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EXPRESS
MUSICAL
NEW

**CHIC · RAINCOATS
'50s BRITAIN
KURTIS BLOW
TRINIDAD
JAH WOBBLE
HIPPIES AT
THE GLC
DEXYS**

Depêche In The Flesh
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MÔDE

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
2	3	GREEN DOOR		
		Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	1
2	3	HOOKED ON CLASSICS		
		Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	4	2
3	1	HAPPY BIRTHDAY ...		
		Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5	1
4	21	LOVE ACTION		
		Human League (Virgin)	2	4
5	8	GIRLS ON FILM		
		Duran Duran (EMI)	4	5
6	12	HOLD ON TIGHT		
		ELO (Jet)	2	6
7	5	BACK TO THE SIXTIES		
		Tight Fit (Jive)	3	5
8	4	CHANT No 1		
		Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	5	1
9	22	CARIBBEAN DISCO		
		Lobo (Polydor)	4	9
10	24	JAPANESE BOY		
		Aneka (Hansa)	2	10
11	9	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS		
		Kim Wilde (Rak)	3	9
12	14	BEACH BOY GOLD		
		Gidea Park (Sonet)	3	12
13	6	WALK RIGHT NOW		
		Jacksons (Epic)	5	6
14	—	WUNDERBAR		
		Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	1	14
15	10	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY ...		
		Sheena Easton (EMI)	6	8
16	26	ONE IN TEN		
		UB40 (Dep Int)	2	16
17	—	TAINTED LOVE		
		Soft Cell (Bizarre)	1	17
18	7	GHOST TOWN		
		The Specials (2-Tone)	9	1
19	18	SI SI JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR		
		Bill Wyman (A&M)	2	18
20	13	NEW LIFE		
		Depeche Mode (Mute)	7	9
21	17	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME		
		Abba (Epic)	5	5
22	28	FIRE		
		U2 (Island)	2	22
23	25	BACKFIRED		
		Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	2	23
24	15	SHOW ME		
		Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	5	15
25	16	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2		
		Starsound (CBS)	7	2
26	19	DANCING ON THE FLOOR ..		
		Third World (CBS)	9	8
27	—	LOVE SONG		
		Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	27
28	29	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO		
		Various (Picksy)	2	28
29	—	STOP DRAGGIN' MY HEART AROUND		
		Stevie Nix (WEA)	1	29
30	—	I LOVE MUSIC		
		Enigma (Creole)	1	30



Soft Cell in at No. 17. Pic: Peter Anderson



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
2		TIME		
		Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	1
2	1	LOVE SONGS		
		Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	1
3	3	DURAN DURAN		
		Duran Duran (EMI)	8	3
4	12	HI INFIDELITY		
		REO Speedwagon (Epic)	16	4
5	7	KOO KOO		
		Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	2	5
6	5	SECRET COMBINATION		
		Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	12	5
7	8	HOTTER THAN JULY		
		Stevie Wonder (Motown)	38	1
8	22	PRETENDERS II		
		Pretenders (Real)	2	8
9	6	KIM WILDE		
		Kim Wilde (Rak)	7	2
10	21	BAT OUT OF HELL		
		Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	7	10
11	13	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER		
		Adam & The Ants (CBS)	39	1
12	4	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2		
		Starsound (CBS)	14	1
13	15	OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM		
		(BBC)	2	13
14	16	CATS		
		Various (Polydor)	3	14
15	10	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH		
		Motorhead (Bronze)	9	1
16	11	BELLA DONNA		
		Stevie Nicks (WEA)	3	11
17	17	THIS OLE HOUSE		
		Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	18	3
18	20	BAD FOR GOOD		
		Jim Steinman (Epic)	13	8
19	14	PRESENT ARMS		
		UB40 (Dep Int)	11	1
20	—	BUCKS FIZZ		
		Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	20
21	9	ROCK CLASSICS		
		LSO/Royal Choral Society (K-Tel)	3	9
22	25	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON		
		Michael Jackson (Motown)	6	6
23	18	JUMPIN' JIVE		
		Joe Jackson (A&M)	7	14
24	26	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NIGHTS		
		Various (Ronco)	13	2
25	19	ANTHEM		
		Toyah (Safari)	12	1
26	—	JOURNEYS TO GLORY		
		Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	15	3
27	—	THE PARTY MIX ALBUM		
		B52's (Island)	2	24
28	—	JAZZ SINGER		
		Neil Diamond (Capitol)	28	4
29	23	THE RIVER		
		Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	21	4
30	—	FACE VALUE		
		Phil Collins (Virgin)	18	2

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	New Life	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(6)	One In Ten	UB40 (Dep Int)
3	(2)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag	Pigbag (Y)
4	(7)	Nero	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
5	(8)	I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys	Higsons (Romans in Britain)
6	(4)	Neu Smell	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
7	(20)	Mattress Of Wire	Aztec Camera (Postcard)
8	(5)	Another One Bites The Dust	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
9	(3)	Motorhead	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
10	(12)	Cover Plus (We're All Grown Up)	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
11	(—)	Release The Bats	Birthday Party (4AD)
12	(9)	Puppets Of War EP	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
13	(10)	Ceremony (12" remix)	New Order (Factory)
14	(—)	All Out Attack EP	Blitz (No Future)
15	(—)	Smiles And Laughter Modern English	(4AD)
16	(14)	Q Quarters	The Associates (Situation 2)
17	(—)	Peace And Love	Misty (People Unite)
18	(13)	My Love	New Age Steppers (Statik)
19	(16)	Too Drunk	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
20	(11)	L'il Red Riding Hood	999 (Albion)
21	(—)	Four Sore Points	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
22	(—)	Dogs Of War EP	Exploited (Secret)
23	(1)	Dreaming Of Me	Depeche Mode (Mute)
24	(15)	Forget The Dawn	Wahl (Eternal)
25	(—)	The Resurrection EP	Vice Squad (Riot City)
26	(—)	24 Hours	The Chefs (Attrix)
27	(—)	Sweetest Girl	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
28	(19)	King's Cross EP	Charge (Test Pressing)
29	(—)	Decontrol	Discharge (Clay)
30	(22)	Brave New England	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Penis Envy	Crass (Crass)
2	(13)	The Last Call	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
3	(2)	The Only Fun In Town	Josef K (Postcard)
4	(3)	Playing With A Different Sex	Au Pairs (Human)
5	(4)	Present Arms	UB40 (Dep International)
6	(5)	Document And Eye-Witness	Wire (R Trade)
7	(9)	Punks Not Dead	Exploited (Secret)
8	(6)	Action Battlefield	N. A. Steppers (Statik)
9	(7)	Black Sounds Of Freedom	Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
10	(8)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)
11	(10)	Anthem	Toyah (Safari)
12	(—)	Drama Of Exile	Nico (Aura)
13	(21)	Prayers On Fire	Birthday Party (4AD)
14	(12)	In The Flat Field	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(11)	Live	Misty (People Unite)
16	(15)	Signing Off	UB40 (Graduate)
17	(24)	Unknown Pleasures	Joy Division (Factory)
18	(23)	Sons Of Thunder	Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
19	(25)	Dirk Wears White Sox	Adam Ants (Do-it)
20	(17)	Stations Of The Cross	Crass (Crass)
21	(26)	Fresh Fruit	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
22	(22)	To Each	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
23	(28)	He Who Dares	Theatre Of Hate (SSS)
24	(—)	Labour Of Love	Mass (4AD)
25	(20)	Lubricate Your Living Room	Fire Engines (Accessory)
26	(19)	Provisionally Titled	Colin Newman (4AD)
27	(16)	Heart Of Darkness	Positive Noise (Statik)
28	(29)	Odyshape	Raincoats (Rough Trade)
29	(—)	Concrete	999 (Albion)
30	(14)	Firehouse Rock	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)

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

REGGAE

1	Tradesman	I Jah Man Levi (Jahmani)
2	Rock With Me	Mighty Diamonds (Truth & Rights)
3	The Sound Of Honourable Marley	Errol Scorcher (Dance Hall)
4	Better Your Life	Ranking Toyan (Legal Light)
5	I'll Be Gone	Rod Taylor (Roots Integrity)
6	Bombo Klaat	Peter Tosh (Intel-Diplo)
7	Up Front	Wailing Souls (Volcano)
8	Check For You Once Girl	Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
9	Rat In The Centre	Archie & Lynn (High Note)
10	Every Time I Hear The Sound	Mutabaraka (High Times)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

FUNK

1	Jamming Big Guitar	Vaughan Mason (Brunswick)
2	I'll Do Anything For You	Denroy Morgan (Beckett)
3	Get Up And Do It Again	Suzy Q (J.C.)
4	Give It To Me Baby (Remix Instrumental)	Rick James (Motown)
5	Catch The Beat	Grand Groove Band (Grand Groove)
6	Walk Right Now (Remix)	Jacksons (Epic)
7	Love Rhythm	Bobbettes (Qit)
8	No No No	Strange Affair (P.B.I.)
9	Central Park	Martina (Brass)
10	Everybody's Broke	Herbie Hancock (Columbia)

Chart by Ker Edwards, Spin-Inn, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

INTERNATIONAL HOLLAND

1	1	The Caribbean Discoshow	Lobo (Polydor)
2	2	One Day In Your Life	Michael Jackson (Motown)
3	3	More Stars	Stars On 45 (CNR)
4	4	Rio	Maywood (EMI)
5	5	You Drive Me Crazy	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
6	6	Chequered Love	Kim Wilde (Rak)
7	9	Wij Zijn De Lachbouters	Sandy En De Lachbouters (Phonogram)
8	7	Going Back To My Roots	Odyssey (RCA)
9	—	A Woman Needs Love	Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
10	—	Wordy Rappinghood	Tom Tom Club (Ariola)

Courtesy BUMA/STEMBRA/Billboard

ITALY

1	4	On My Own	Nikka Costa (CGD-MM)
2	3	Donatella	Rettoire (Ariston/Ricordi)
3	1	Enola Gay	Orchestrale Manoeuvres In The Dark (Ricordi)
4	2	Chi Ferma La Musica	Pooh (CGD-MM)
5	8	E Invece No	Edoardo Bennato (Ricordi)
6	13	In The Air Tonight	Phil Collins (Atlantic/WEA)
7	15	Galeotto Fu Il Canotto	Renato Zero (Zerolandiarca)
8	9	Malinconia	Riccardo Fogli (Paradiso/CGD-MM)
9	6	Semplice	Giani Togni (Paradiso/CGD-MM)
10	10	One Night Affair	Spargo (Baby/CGD-MM)

Courtesy Germano Ruscitto/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	Don't Go Breaking My Heart	Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
2	A Little Bit More	Dr Hook (Capitol)
3	Jeans On	David Dundas (Air)
4	In Zeire	Johnny Wakelin (Pye)
5	Now Is The Time	Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (Pye)
6	Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel	Tavares (Capitol)
7	Let 'Em In	Wings (Parlophone)
8	You Should Be Dancing	Bee Gees (RSO)
9	Dr Kiss Kiss	6000 Volts (Philips)
10	Extended Play	Bryan Ferry (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

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

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	God Only Knows	Beach Boys (Capitol)
3	A Girl Like You	Troggs (Fontana)
4	They're Coming To Take Me Away	Napoleon XIV (Warner Bros.)
5	Mama	Dave Berry (Decca)
6	All Or Nothing	Small Faces (Decca)
7	Visions	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	Black Is Black	Los Bravos (Decca)
9	Summer In The City	Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)
10	Hi-Lili Hi-Lo	Alan Price Set (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	Johnny Remember Me	John Leyton (Top Rank)
2	You Don't Know	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	Well I Ask You	Eden Kane (Decca)
4	Halfway To Paradise	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	Romeo	Petula Clark (Pye)
6	Reach For The Stars	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
7	Quarter To Three	Gary U.S. Bonds (Top Rank)
8	A Girl Like You	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	You Always Hurt The One You Love	Clarence Henry (Pye)
10	Time	Craig Douglas (Top Rank)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

HIT THE MODE, JACQUES...

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON



THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Wyman not to quit Stones shock (yet...)

THE POP WORLD reeled this week at the shock news that Bill Wyman is *not* to quit The Rolling Stones.

This denial followed hot on the heels of the story that itinerant bassist Busta Cherry Jones — currently playing with Gang Of Four, and part of the expanded Talking Heads line-up — had been offered Wyman's job.

Contacted in New York, Busta confirmed that whilst he was in Los Angeles with Gang Of Four he had received a telephone call from US promoter Bill Graham, acting as an unofficial representative of the Rolling Stones office.

"Bill Graham said he was about 70/30 sure that Bill Wyman wasn't going to play on the tour that the Stones were lining up," Busta said. "Also when I played a solo date at the Peppermint Lounge about six weeks ago, Mick Jagger came down to the show. Afterwards he said that although their new album was completed, he'd like to record some more tracks with me on."

Jones now understands, however, that Wyman, currently faring better in the singles charts with his 'Si Si Je Suis Un Rock Star' than The Rolling Stones themselves have done since 'Miss You', will appear on the Stones live dates currently being set up for America and Europe in the late summer.



Busta Cherry Jones

Whether Bill remains a Stone much longer than that, though, still appears in doubt: Jones has been asked by the Stones office whether he will be prepared to work with the group on new recordings following the fulfilment of their present commitments.

As to the offer Busta received from Gang Of Four to work with them on their next LP, he is as yet undecided. However, he almost certainly will be coming over to England to play with the group at Futurama III, he says.

"They want me to start work with them on the new album, but I haven't figured that one out at all yet, because I'm still trying to figure the Stones thing out."

Jones is also scheduled to go into the studio in October with Talking Heads for work on that group's next album.

Meanwhile, the bassist is attempting to sort out a deal for the group he has formed with his former Sharks associate, Chris Spedding. The fact that Chris Spedding once turned down the Stones job eventually taken up by Ronnie Wood is not a conceptual link.

—CHRIS SALEWICZ

First the Capital Jazz Fest... now Battersea reggae show

FASCIST THREATS WRECK REGGAE FESTIVAL

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST reggae festival of the summer was cancelled on Friday after threats from the National Front.

The show, featuring Clint Eastwood and General Saint (of 'Another One Bites The Dust'), Sugar Minott, Matumbi, Errol Dunkley, and Musical Youth, was to have taken place in the Big Top in Battersea Park.

Promoter Oscar Carroll had sunk £15,000 into the project, which had received heavy radio and TV exposure. Eighteen coaches had been laid on from different parts of the country — though all but the Sheffield coach were informed of the last-minute cancellation before departure.

Carroll told *NME* that he began to receive threatening phone calls ten days before the concerts, with unidentified voices saying that they were coming to "get the black bastards". Carroll informed the police, who at that stage advised him to ignore it.

In the days prior to the concert, Carroll's office was receiving around six of these calls a day, from the

same two voices. Then on Thursday, Carroll was stopped by two men — one tall man with ginger hair and long sideboards, one short with braces, who claimed to be from the National Front. They told Carroll that they would bomb the concert at 6.00 if it went on, and that Brixton was for the blacks and Battersea was for the National Front. Carroll's car and the door to his flat were also spray-painted with slogans saying "Bomb National Front Bang National Front".

Carroll says he would have pressed on with the concert, but the security services hired

for the event, ESS, had pulled out, saying that they were alarmed by the killing at the Rainbow Black Uhuru concert and their staff were demanding extra pay which the company was not prepared to give. Carroll had attempted to find a substitute security company, but the other GLC-recommended agency had already turned down the project.

Finally, Carroll said, he decided the risk was too great. But he intends to re-schedule the show, commenting: "No one's going to stop me, and no one's going to stop reggae music."

□ The Minott concert is just one in a line of South London events that have been axed due to threats of violence. Only last month, Capital Radio's all-star jazz festival on Clapham Common had to be cancelled — though this was partially salvaged when Knebworth Park was offered as an alternative venue. And non-musical gatherings have also suffered: a nationwide rally of veteran and modern buses at Brockwell Park, just around the corner from troubled Railton Road, was recently transferred to Gravesend at 24 hours notice following last-minute consultations with the police.

Philthy Phil phined

MOTORHEAD DRUMMER Phil 'Philthy Animal' Taylor was fined £40 for possession of 2.2 grammes of cannabis resin, plus £15 for failing to appear to face the charge in April, when he appeared at Horseferry Road court on August 7.

The cannabis had been found in an early morning police raid at Taylor's West Kensington home last November. Although Taylor had been given a suspended prison sentence and fined £100 for a similar offence in 1978, defence counsel claimed: "It was the pressure of his schedule and tour which led Mr Taylor to feel the need to relax and obtain this very small



Philthy Phil

amount of cannabis for his personal use."

Following the hearing, Taylor was off to a nearby registry office to make plans for his forthcoming wedding with an as yet unnamed bride.

RCA fined in chart hype bust

RCA RECORDS this week admitted that one of their reps had been involved in chart hyping activities.

This follows an investigation by the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) and the British Market Research Bureau (the

compilers of the chart used by the BBC). With the aid of a chart return shop, they were able to prove that Toni Vasil, an RCA rep, was offering free albums and singles in return for false entries.

RCA have agreed to the findings of the BPI-BMRB

investigators, and have taken disciplinary action against Vasil. They have also agreed to foot the £5000 bill for the enquiry.

"This company does not condone chart manipulation, and the person responsible has been dealt with," said an RCA spokesman.

MAJOR NEW FESTIVAL IN LEEDS

BAUHAUS, JAPAN, Echo & The Bunnymen, Killing Joke, X and many others set for a new rock festival in Leeds on September 26-27. Full details on page 39.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT



And now. . . Punk Stars On 45!

LATEST IN THE ever-increasing tally of segue singles is — wait for it — a 'Tribute To The Punks of '76'.

Performed by The Friendly Hopefuls this red vinyl offering remembers 'Boredom', Eater's 'Outside View', The Damned's 'New Rose', The Jam's 'In The City', The Clash's 'Career Opportunities' and The Sex Pistols' 'Liar'. Produced by early Pistols producer Dave Goodman, it's dressed in a sleeve designed by James E Reed, who masterminded the Pistols' 'Never Mind The Bollocks' cover, and it's likely to be making an appearance in your local friendly record emporium this Friday.

The label responsible is Abstract, which operates from the bedroom of Edward Christie, a friend of Goodman's. Christie explains: "We just got fed up with everybody remembering The Beach Boys, who have been boring us for the past 10 years, and decided instead to pay a kind of tribute to those bands who completely revitalised the record industry and got them all off their arses. So we got Andy Blade, from Eater, to do most of the lead vocals, with a band called The Cynics, from Cambridge, providing the back-ups. Dave played keyboards on some tracks, while the lead singer from The Cynics, who's a real Johnny Rotten freak, did a great job of the vocal on the Pistols' song."

Tony 'Tea Leaves' Stewart, who predicted such a release in NME only last week, has now upped his fee for further Typhoo revelations!

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.

From last week's NME

Horsie geed up

ROCKERS star and leading JA session drummer Horsemouth is currently in town as part of the Prince Fari and the Arabs tour of the country. For this, Horsie's first ever UK visit, he has brought with him a total of four self-produced albums which he is presently hawking around the local record companies, with Chrysalis already the proud possessors of one. Horsemouth aka Leroy Wallace can be seen alongside Prince Fari plus guests this Saturday, August 22 at Picketts Lock Centre in Edmonton.



Condition ready, L-R: Wobble, Walker, Animal. Pic: Tony Mottram

GETTING INTO CONDITION

OUTSIDE ISLINGTON'S Screen On The Green cinema, there's a crush which signals the start of a special evening's entertainment. Tonight the film will follow a performance to be recorded in video and stereo, with a cassette of the concert available over the counters of some of the capital's record stores by four o'clock the following afternoon.

"I've been talking for a long time about doing things in an alternative way. But to be honest, I really had to be kicked up the arse by the business to do it," explains Jah Wobble.

For the group who have devised the evening's flexible format are The Human Condition, brainchild of the bassist with some of the sanest and most inspired ideas about making music, plus former PIL

drummer Jim Walker. The pair have recruited Animal, a young guitarist. There is no singer since by design and inclination The Human Condition play only instrumentals.

Since Wobble himself left PIL, he has completed some worthy solo projects whose best results were in beautiful, bassy songs like 'Betrayal' and his cover of 'Blueberry Hill', and he has collaborated with Can's Holger Czukek — "a sideline", he says. He has also spent some time in hospital having treatment for a stomach complaint and several months driving mini-cabs for a living.

Jim, who left PIL after the first album two years ago, has been playing with unsatisfactory primitive punk bands. Both he and Wobble have increased their deep dislike of rock industry machinations since the series of rejections and broken promises which followed The Human Condition's formation six months ago.

"We found out that no-one's

going to give us any help at all. I think it'll do us good," says Wobble.

If The Human Condition's sound has something of PIL's former intense, crushing physicality that's partly, says Wobble, because the bass and drums provide the power.

"Me and Jim have always wanted to have a heavy band without any rubbish in it, just a real depth to it. We wanted to avoid having a singer because of the vocal/focal thing. That makes everything one-dimensional, visually and soundwise. The band is directing everything to the singer and the audience is directing everything to this one-dimensional image. I'd like to get lost in the music."

Wobble's tendency for the unexpected has taken him and Jim towards jazz — "hyper-modern jazz", as Jim describes it, means jazz with a new immediacy and accessibility, a music with something of the spirit, if not the substance, that jazz expressed when it started.

"I've always wanted to play jazz," says Jim. "But it's way up there and you've got to practice for twenty-five thousand years and all this rubbish. It's got fossilised. We're going to revive jazz, but real jazz."

To this end, half The Human Condition's set is improvised around a skeletal structure, but each number is kept short and without obvious indulgence.

"You're an entertainer, right?" says Wobble. "And, OK, you're into this artistic trip or whatever, but you mustn't ever become self-indulgent because otherwise you might as well play in a rehearsal room on your own. So if it seems to be drifting we latch back onto the skeleton, one of the rhythms we know, so we can try again."

"Sometimes it works terrifically well, sometimes it doesn't work at all, and sometimes, like tonight, it works a bit."

"One of the reasons for putting a cassette out is that next week we'll be very different."

The flexibility, speed and simplicity of the cassette medium ties in with a

determination to play a lot without getting trapped in the stale rock circuit. After tonight's performance, the group have also organised a showing of a Clint Eastwood film, one of Wobble's heroes, at the reasonable price of £2.50 for the entire event.

What the fashionable, chatty crowd at the Screen On The Green witnessed first was a set of violent, stripped, primal jazz which sometimes veered uneasily towards an uncomfortable effect but which had more than enough to convince that The Human Condition's jazz sensitivity and latent power is a potentially awesome combination.

Animal hasn't yet really settled down into an effective style of his own, and the lack of a singer means the music's eloquence is concentrated in Wobble's bass. With his increased virtuosity, Wobble's playing has developed its own extraordinary language, while he is steadily acquiring a solid and impressive stage presence.

"I don't practise much but I often think about my bass playing. I'm trying to approach it from different directions. I want to get away from the sledgehammer, slow, monolithic style of playing. I want to be more nimble. I want to move."

"Like one cell is the whole body itself and I basically want the band to be a whole texture, a whole sound. It's not number, number, number, stop, stop, stop, the idea is to let it gradually grow, have a totality to it."

"Give it six months and I think we'll be really starting to approach the sort of sound that could give me a heart attack."

— LYNN HANNA

Old hippies take over at GLC

THEY'RE TALKING about rock music down at County Hall.

No sooner had Labour taken control of the world's largest local government than its leader, Ken Livingstone, was seen giggling with Spirit in the dressing rooms of the Hammersmith Odeon. Then, before you could say Charlie and Di, the Greater London Council was putting on a free royal wedding day concert for 25,000 Londoners at the Crystal Palace Bowl.

Understandably, the sweat was beginning to seep through the evening dress of the city's opera lovers, whose promised £1 million was being debated (and eventually passed) by the radical new

STEVE TURNER does the County Hall rock — "Ken Livingstone, I presume . . ."

administration.

Vice Chairman of Arts & Recreation is Peter Pitt. He's 38 years old and a self-confessed product of '60s rock and politics. He can remember the festivals of that decade, and marching through Earl's Court shouting "Ho Chi Min". His son of 15 keeps him up to date on matters of Specials and Madness now that teaching and politics keep him away from the turntable. His own tastes remain Elvis Presley, The Beatles and folkie Julie Felix.

It was Pitt who was given the job of organising the 'Rock & Royal' gig, after a chain of events which began when Randy California dedicated

Spirit's London gig to the GLC in admiration of the Council's anti-nuclear stance. Ken Livingstone attended the gig, and two promoters promptly approached him to see where else this might lead. In the first instance, it took them to Crystal Palace — but where do they go from here?

"At the moment there's no policy," says Pitt. "Up until now they've just given out grants, there's been no clearly defined policy of what they want to do. Now we're beginning to structure one."

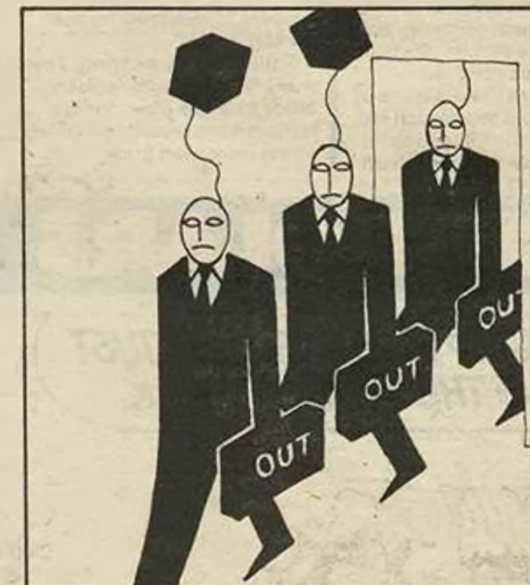
"As far as I can see, the former committee was very elitist in its attitude. It funded quite heavily things like opera and the South Bank complex, but it was almost to the exclusion of everything else. Things like popular music and variety got missed out. I would like to see art forms of all sorts taken to the people."

"I often go to the South Bank

Complex, but I think that it probably caters for ten per cent of Londoners and costs us millions. Is it good value in relation to what it does for London and Londoners? I think it's very questionable. We can provide some kind of free entertainment and activities for people for a sum that would be insignificant compared to the million that the Opera House has got. Crystal Palace, for instance, will have cost us less than £25,000.

"That concert had an underlying message of a new attitude and a new philosophy coming out of County Hall. It was our way of trying to develop a policy looking towards supporting, expanding and funding all areas of the arts and recreation. I see rock music, folk music and all sorts of other music as being a part of that. If we put on classical concerts no one asks us to justify that."

But aren't opponents of the



Mark Farnington

new attitude going to criticise it because rock music is a multi-million pound industry whereas opera and classical music would find it hard to exist without hand-outs?

"Should that work against us

wanting to get involved in it?" he shoots back. "I think that's a statement of fact rather than an objection."

Beneath it all though, there's the obvious feeling that patrons of rock concerts are closer to

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BOOKS

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Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance
Robert Pirsig
Vile Bodies.....Evelyn Waugh
The Heart Of The Matter.....Graham Greene
Last Temptation Of Christ
Cat's Cradle.....Kurt Vonnegut
Dog Years.....Gunter Grass
The Long Goodbye.....Raymond Chandler
London A-Z

RECORDS

Fish And Chip Papers.....Elvis Costello
Layla.....Derek And The Dominoes
Satisfaction.....The Rolling Stones
Marie Elena.....Ry Cooder
Heartbreak Hotel.....Elvis Presley
Strawberry Fields Forever.....The Beatles
Life During Wartime.....Talking Heads
Wuthering Heights.....Kate Bush
Brazil.....Geoff Muldaur
You Never Can Tell.....Chuck Berry

PAINTERS

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Bosch
Goya
Rembrandt
Max Fleischer (Popeye)
Magritte
Ernst
Grosz
Durer
Pirrenzi

FILMS

8½
The Seventh Seal
Dr Strangelove
Pinocchio
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
7 Beauties
One Eyed Jacks
The Discreet Charm Of The Bourgeoisie
La Grande Bouffe
Yojimbo



Pic: Anton Corbijn



TERRY HALL

FILMS

Dance Craze (I've only seen half of it)
Marathon Man
Coming Home
The Marx Brothers
Laurel And Hardy

BOOKS

The Naked Civil Servant.. Quentin Crisp
(I haven't read any other book since I was at school)

OTHER READING

Coventry Evening Telegraph
(Don't like any magazines)

RECORDS

Heaven Up Here
Echo And The Bunnymen
Catholic Boy.....Jim Carroll
(Don't buy many records)

CLOTHES

Pork-pie hats (a joke)
Lynval Golding's father's wardrobe
Blue Rondo A La Türk
Spandau Ballet
(Worst-dressed: Adam And The Ants)

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STUDENTS

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FEATURE

PAGES
51-57



Labour's concerns than
opera-goers who can afford to
shell out £40 for a pair of tickets.
Pitt is concerned to provide

entertainment for those on the
dole queue and to subsidise the
struggling arts fringe.
"If people think the arts,

recreation and sport are
divorced from politics then they
don't understand the system,"
he says. "It's because they're
not divorced that the Opera
House can get a million quid
and yet people will moan
because we give £25,000 to a
rock concert. These are value
judgements underpinned by
people's political perspectives.
People say opera is acceptable,
good and high culture, whereas
rock isn't. I don't agree. It's all a
part of an art heritage and we
should be funding and
developing them all."

Pitt's next project, if he has
his way, will be a children's
festival featuring rock music,
drama, street theatre, puppetry,
etc. He'd like to tie this in with a
CND message.

"We just need a way in to
youngsters to show them there
are alternatives, and I think it's
important to link up our arts
policy with a stringent political
stance. I went to the anti-nuke
rally in Hyde Park last year and
the two speakers who in my

■ Continues over

NEXT WEEK IN NME A Tale Of Three Festivals

CASTLE DONINGTON

Barney Hoskyns puts his head
inside the jaws of the Heavy
Metal behemoth and examines
the dental work.

EDINBURGH

Chris Bohn reports on the
premiere screenings of this
year's Edinburgh collection —
including John Carpenter's
Escape From New York and
Dennis Hopper's *Out Of The
Blue* — plus lots of
Middle-European directors with
unpronounceable names and a
lot on their minds.

JAMAICA

All the runnings at Sunsplash
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Uhuru, Mr Isaacs and a
supporting cast of hundreds,
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poets. Crucial selection from
our woman in the sunhat, Roz
Reines.

GLC ROCK

■ From previous page

view had the most impact were two youngsters who got up and said 'Please don't destroy our future' — because that's what it's really about. The world is run by old men. They want to blow us up. What about the kids of tomorrow? What are we going to leave them?"

Pitt, along with the rest of the Labour council, is firmly anti-nuclear. Although not in a position to deal with armaments or foreign policy, the Council has taken steps to make London 'nuclear free'. This means prohibiting nuclear waste from being transported through London and abandoning Civil Defence policies which they see as inadequate protection against a blast. Livingstone took the first stand when he cancelled the bunker in Essex available to high ranking members of the Council in the event of a nuclear strike.

How would Pitt counter the objection that by organising rock concerts with a built-in political message he'd be taking advantage of young people's love of rock to implant politics?

"That's a very interesting question," he muses. "But is it unfair though? The popular press that they read does it. To draw a crude example, you've only got to look at National Front activity at football matches. I think it's part and parcel of life. People will say that we're taking advantage — and at a superficial level it looks awful, doesn't it — but we shouldn't pretend that this sort of thing doesn't go on anyway."

"Why shouldn't we be saying, right, this is a new administration, this is our philosophy and it manifests itself as this, as an arts policy? Every four years people get the opportunity to pass comment on that."

The new attitude, I suggest, could be seen as the surfacing of the hippie. The protesting student with shoulder-length



"Fresh garbage, anyone?" — Ken Livingstone

hair, John Lennon spectacles and the latest Beatle album wasn't dead in the '70s — he was just sleeping, or most likely

studying and working.

"You've isolated a significant reason as to why we can get this sort of thing through," Pitt admits. "The average age of the Labour side is about 35, whereas the average age of the Tories is in the upper fifties. Ken Livingstone himself is only 35."

"The '60s was a rich cultural time, wasn't it? It was a time when the younger elements of society were almost on the verge of creating something better. People like myself, Ken Livingstone and Tony Banks were around at the time and — had our ideals shaped by the period — most of us with left-of-centre political views and pro-rock views."

"Through the '70s we were much more involved with politics — and now we find ourselves here. What you see is things like Ken's anti-nuclear stance, going to the Spirit concert and the festival we did. Yes, you can see the link."

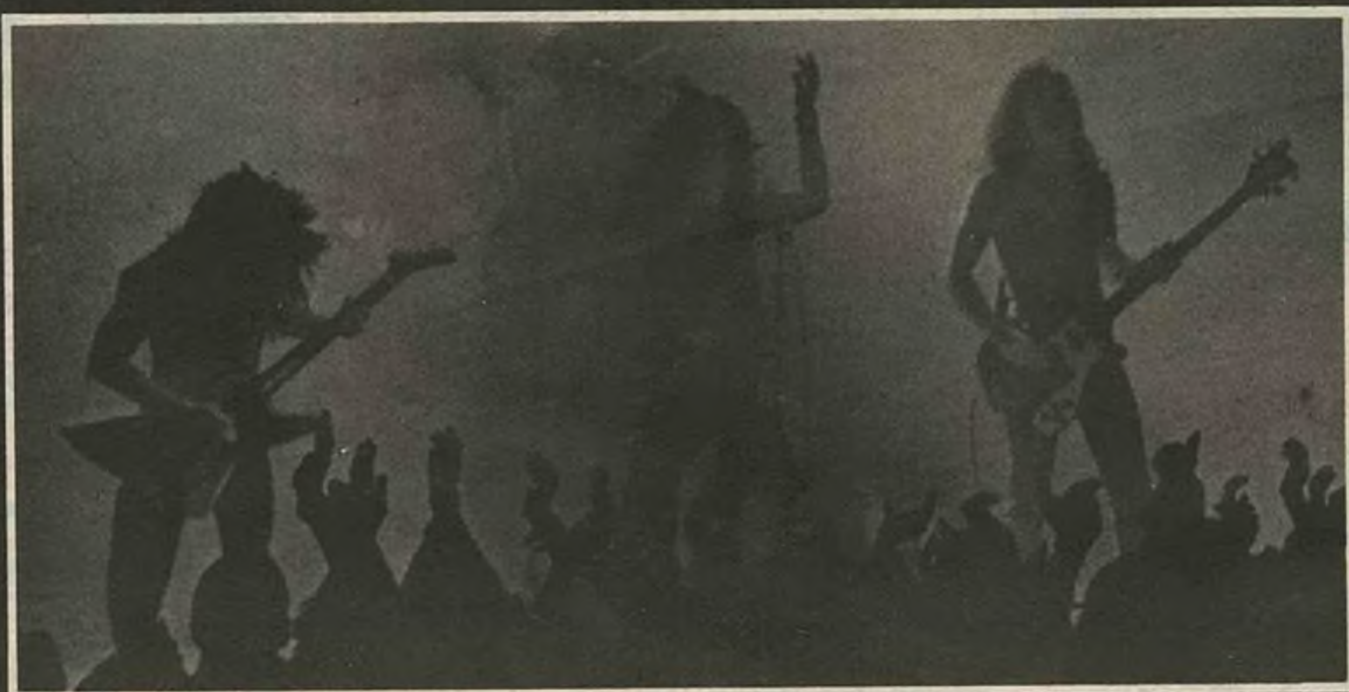


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NME1



John's Children — following in the wake of Mood Six and Squinky Vibes

Psychedelia — new recruits!

SPEARHEADING the new psychedelic movement alongside Mood Six, John P Jones, David Garrick and Dead Sea Fruit arrive the first of the "anti-lust" groups — John's Children.

With the exception of former folk singer and lead guitarist Markie Feld (pictured right) from Wimbledon, the group all come from Leatherhead in Surrey where they manage their own club, Galadriel's Garland.

Manager Simon Napier, who enjoys sticking pins in the exaggerated concept that the pop scene is now a hot-bed of drugs, immorality and degradation, declares the group a permanent thorn in pop-pomposity.

"They have already had a hit in the US charts with 'Smash Blocked'," Simon says. "I wrote it and it was nothing to do with drugs or drink. It was about illicit sex. We came down against it."

The second of the group's "anti-lust" songs was 'Not The Kind Of Girl You'd Take To Bed', which was an "anti-drug" song that Simon had turned down by the recording company who were apparently shocked any group should be so moral.

Their new single is 'Thomas Abeckett'. Says Simon: "We decided to play safe with this and get right away from drugs and sex and into a good healthy murder. They wrote it themselves and it's all about a fella who goes mad and begins playing funerals in his back

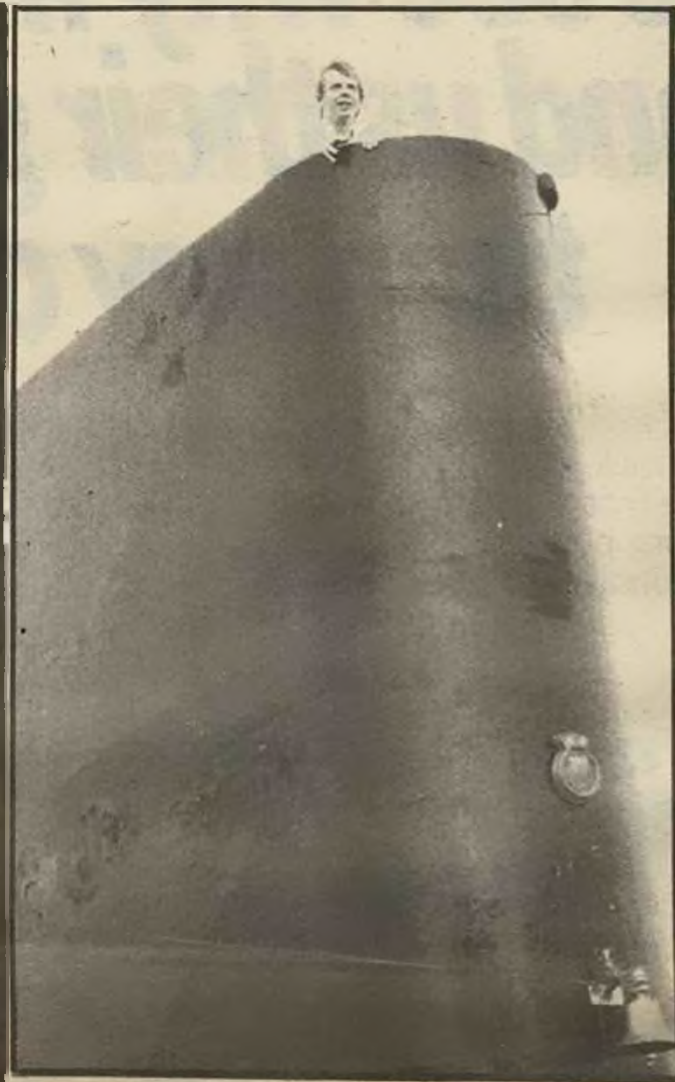
garden."

Meanwhile, Anita Harris issued a press statement this week claiming: "Flowers are so feminine. Throughout the ages, flowers have always been fashionable, but recently they've taken on a completely new significance."

"They now symbolise love and peace — a wonderful thing. The Flower Cult in San Francisco I find a bit disconcerting, but I think the majority of people involved are very sincere in their beliefs."

Finally, in response to The Move's practice of smashing up TV sets on stage, neo-psychedelics Elrond and the Elves have taken to repairing lawn mowers as part of their stage act.

WOULD YOU LISTEN TO



"Hello, sailor" — Rick Wakeman about to sink without trace

WE DID the interview in a submarine, off the coast of Portugal.

Well, it seemed appropriate in a way. Rick Wakeman, after all, is not the man to do things by halves — whether it's drinking beer or staging those grossly over-the-top musical extravaganzas, his "Busby Berkeley syndrome" as he calls it. In an age of austerity, he revels in excess.

Just a few hours earlier, he'd given a sample of his latest fantastical scheme — a deluxe new show that's based around, of all things, George Orwell's 1984. Wakeman performed in a local holiday resort for the benefit of Portuguese radio, and some British sailors came round after the set to invite us back to their sub. It just happened to be in port that day. So we went.

"Never say your Uncle Dickie doesn't fix you up with something special on a trip," he said to me, proudly. "That's one of the great things about being an old rock'n'roller, you can find yourself in a situation like this. If we'd been some young punk group, you see, we'd never have got asked."

The lads of the Royal Navy were indeed fans of Rick Wakeman, many of them well acquainted with his career. One or two approved of him even more now he's had his hair cut.

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LET YOUR BIG BROTHER RICK WAKEMAN'S '1984'?

"'E looks human now, doesn't he?" said Taffy, who was a Welshman. "I mean, like a normal person you can relate to. Not like a pop star, all distant."

I suppose so. Whatever he sounds like, Rick Wakeman does look entirely human, even from quite close up. Tall and boyish, affable and inclined to be humorous, in smartly conservative casual clothes; he looks like a successful, early 30s-ish businessman. Which, some of the time, is more or less what he is.

But Rick Wakeman is certain other things as well.

For one thing, he's busy setting up his own label, to specialise in new European acts, called Moon Records — "after the old mooning out of the windows in the old group days". Signings so far include a Portuguese duo named Ted And Terry, Tenterhooks who are "a Swiss punk Supertramp" and a lunatic/genius called Marc Antoine ("out of every ten loonies you're gonna find a genius, and he's one").

The more famous Rick Wakeman, of course, is the widely-acclaimed composer and keyboard player, a legend-in-his-own-lunchtime with a long and lucrative career behind him. A teenage prodigy at the Royal Academy, he went on to find fame with The Strawbs and, later, fortune as part of Yes. He was also a key session player of the '70s, with credits including the 'Hunky Dory' LP and T. Rex's 'Get It On' (now there's credibility - by association for you). More

importantly, he's sealed his reputation, for better or worse, by a string of solo efforts — such epics as 'The Six Wives Of Henry VIII', the score of *Lizstomania*, 'Journey To The Centre Of The Earth' AND 'The Myths And Legends Of King Arthur'.

On the other hand — not that he needs to be particularly bothered by it — Wakeman is the epitome of indulgent, redundant superstar flash and pretension; the man who

(supposedly) did the dirty on The Sex Pistols; the most unrepentant perpetrator of the dreaded 'concept album' concept.

Well, we'll come to his music in a second — I'm not his biggest fan myself — but this Pistols myth is an irritation. The tale of how he "demanded" that they be kicked off his then-label A&M is sacred in the annals of punk; it cropped up again as witness for the prosecution in NME's demolition of the new

'1984' LP.

In Switzerland in '77, Wakeman explains, he was amused to hear about the Pistols' signing — promptly after their well-paid exit from EMI. So he sent a jokey telex to his executive friend at A&M: "It said something like 'Congratulations on signing The Sex Pistols. Am forwarding a box of safety pins and instruments for ear, nose and dick-piercing. Best of luck, please send us the single. Rick'."

Derek stuck his copy on the wall, and I also kept my copy. Little while later I read in the papers 'Sex Pistols leave A&M after taking 75 grand' or whatever. And they had this quote from McLaren saying he'd seen this telex from me stating that I would resign if they stayed on A&M. Which is the most stupid thing in the world, because I can't say to a record label who's gonna be on it. I'm signed under contract. I can't say 'You can't sign Shirley Bassey'.

"So I got on to the *Standard* and said I'd like to see this telex

of McLaren's. But I'd kept my original, and of course McLaren couldn't produce his; it didn't exist. I got a real bad name out of it. I got people phoning me up, trying to thump me one and saying 'How dare you interfere', which was a load of bullshit."

"And what's hysterical about it is, I've got a package-case company, makes cases for all the rock and roll bands, and McLaren buys all his stuff from us! Totally illogical."

Wakeman's a muso of the old school — "muso" being another favourite term — with a sort of romantic attachment to the traditional rock and roll lifestyle, being on the road, having a loon. He tends to be humorously philosophical about the whole process: well aware of how you fall in and out of fashion, but secure in his own success. In company he's

unaffected, down-to-earth, a regular kind of bloke.

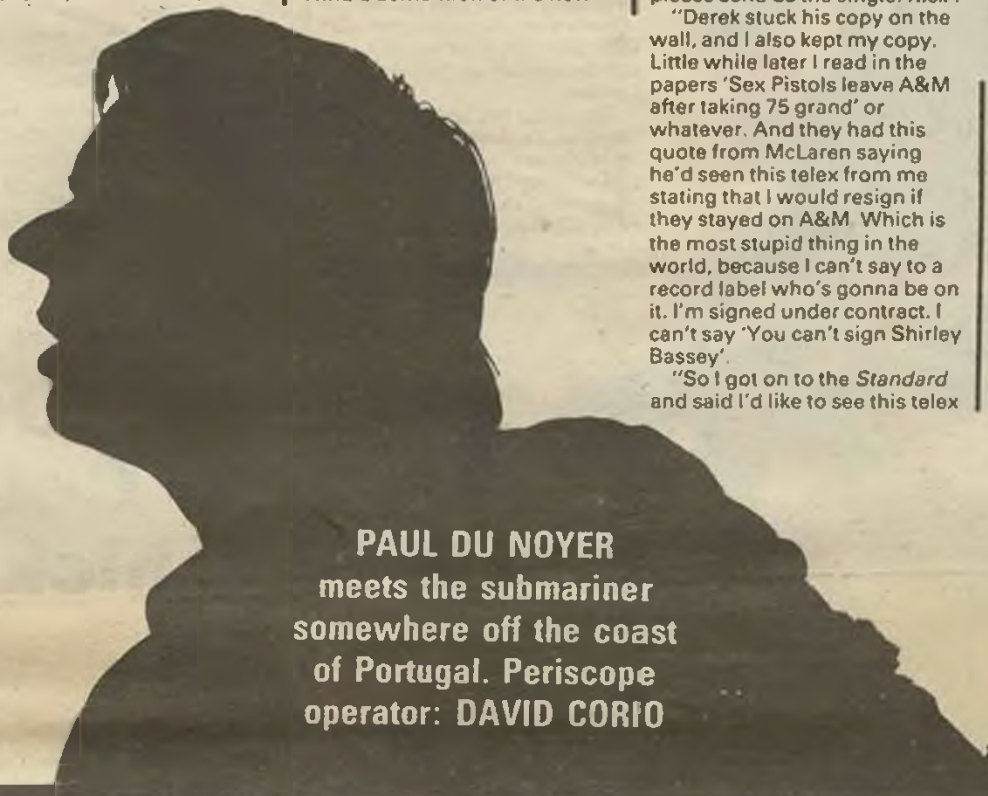
So how come he's associated with bloated concept works, the majestic spectaculars and all the rest?

"I can only write that way," he says, almost apologetically.

"I don't like experimenting on the public. That's why I didn't like some of the Yes albums, like 'Topographic Oceans'; we were playing games, cos none of us knew what was going on when we made that. That's playing games, that's trying to be clever. You could get away with that in the '70s, though, cos everybody was so smashed out their brains all the time."

Since then he's recorded the ambitious '1984', devised a show to go with it, and formed a

■ Continues page 13



PAUL DU NOYER
meets the submariner
somewhere off the coast
of Portugal. Periscope
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MARIE CELESTE



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L-R: Keren, Siobhan, Sarah

B UNZIPPING BANANARAMA

TAKE THREE GIRLS, deck them out in some of the gaudiest gladrags going, add one of the year's most bewitching group names and you have the tempestuous vocal trio who have been turning heads and raising eyebrows among the capital's club clientele this stormy summer — Bananarama!

The Holborn-based threesome — Keren, Siobhan and Sarah — have been together only since the beginning of the year but are already creating quite a stir via their short series of support appearances in and around London.

Tipped for the top by Vaughan Toulouse in his recent *NME Portrait of the Artist*, they played their first date supporting Vaughan's Dept S boys in Cheltenham, and

followed that up by raising a smile of approval from Bruce Springsteen at the Embassy Club.

Their loose but spirited stage act has so far involved anything from friends playing maracas to a troupe of zany male go-go dancers who gyrated onstage at the Embassy.

If there has to be a catch somewhere, it is that the trio have only been able to perform one song to their onstage backing tape to date. On the other hand, it is a great song — a cover of Black Blood's mid-'70s disco stomper 'Aie A Mwana', a gem which Siobhan recently unearthed from her suburban soul girl past.

The song is due for release as the girls' debut single on the Demon label at the end of the month and the recorded artefact lives up to all the tropical promise of their name,

a rama to send anyone bananas!

It could all quite easily be seen as a cash-in-quick industry gimmick, but in fact nothing of the sort — the ideas, costumes and onstage dance routines all come from the group themselves.

Should the single take off — and advance interest indicates that it stands a fair chance — Bananarama have ideas to expand their live set. They are currently rehearsing versions of Dennis Brown's 'How Can I Leave', Yoyella Blade's 'Cairo' and The Contours' 'First I Look At The Purse' in addition to working on a soul-calypto of their own.

Not even the Banana bunch are content to remain one-song-wonders all their lives.

— ADRIAN THRILLS



At last — the real reason why Elvis never played abroad?

'Dutch' Colonel's chicken fried

ELVIS PRESLEY'S 12-year-old daughter Lisa is suing Colonel Tom Parker and RCA Records, who are accused of "collusion, conspiracy, fraud, misrepresentation, bad faith and overreaching limits".

Lisa's attorney Blanchard Tual has prepared a report in which Parker is described as a "super con artist". He alleges that the Colonel has been receiving unethical payments from RCA, bypassing the Presley estate. It is also claimed that Parker grabbed two and a half million dollars in an RCA payment for master tape rights — a practice which, Tual contends, the company did not follow in respect of other artists.

In his report, Tual also questions Parker's true nationality. Parker has always claimed to have been born in West Virginia, but has in fact long been rumoured to be Dutch. This claim first surfaced in Hans Longbroek's *The*

Hillbilly Cat, a somewhat bizarre Elvis book published in Holland during the late '60s.

In its pages it was revealed that the Colonel was in reality Andreas 'Dries' Cornelius van Kuyk, a native of Breda, Holland, who stowed away on a States-bound ship in 1927. Attorney Tual would now seem to have established these Dutch origins beyond all doubt, and his investigations suggest that Parker may in fact be an illegal alien and unable to obtain a U.S. passport.

If this is so, it could finally clear up the mystery as to why Col Parker constantly refused to take his protegee outside of the USA — even though Elvis was once offered one million dollars after tax just to play one show in Britain!

Meanwhile the case continues, and if Tual proves successful then all payments to Parker for Presley's records and films could cease and contracts originally negotiated between Elvis and the Colonel be declared null and void.



"So help me, Colonel Parker — I really believed that two hundred teddy bears, hundreds of outlandish suits and a fleet of pink Cadillacs would give me some kind of artistic and spiritual satisfaction!"

World war not inevitable says Graham Greene

Phew! — Now we can all rest in peace. (Times, Monday)

Orchestral Manoeuvres

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"I'M KURTIS BLOW an' I want you to know that these are *The Breaks*"... Kurtis blew into London last weekend for a quick break from the heat in Harlem; the steaming hot streets of summer in the city of New York.

Manhattan's kingpin of rap was in Britain with his disc-jockeying sidekick Davey D. Reeves to perform at Debbie Harry's extravagant Covent Garden press party and promote his second Phonogram LP *'The Deuce'*.

If rapping is still seen strictly as a 'street' music, then Kurtis Blow represents its more uptown, upmarket echelons: he has a smoother, more obviously commercial way with his words than the likes of The Funky Four or The Furious Five, those rootsy rapping merchants of the tough South Bronx.

This it is not as inappropriate as it might seem. When I meet up with the man himself, it's in the plush environs of a svelte suite in Marble Arch's Montcalm Hotel, the base used by La Harry for her sojourn in London.

Could it be that rapping is gradually moving away from the streetwise sensibility that originally spawned the phenomenon?

"I don't think rapping will always stay that way — as a street music — when you've got people like myself and Blondie, Teena Marie, Stacey Latisslaw and even The Clash doing it. There are so many people on the bandwagon that it just can't stay a street thing forever."

But there is little resentment in Blow's voice. He sees rapping's move into more upmarket pastures as inevitable. He also thinks it can be positive, leaving the rappers, like himself, open to a wider range of influences.

"My main inspiration used to be street life, but it's not just that anymore."

"You just get inspired by the things you see in life. I could write a rap about that hat that you're wearing. Hey! I like the hat!"

KURTIS BLOW'S first single *'Christmas Rappin'* followed hot on the heels of Sugarhill Gang's

'Rappers Delight', the record which first put rap on the map and in the British chart. *'Christmas Rappin'* has been his only UK hit to date, despite the fact that his subsequent single *'The Breaks'* — voted as *NME's* number one funk single of 1980 — was a far superior record.

Blow has been the only rapper to venture as far as recording an LP. His self-titled debut was something of a disappointment, basically a bunch of re-writes of *'The Breaks'* padded out with a couple of soft smoochers. His follow-up, *'The Deuce'*, already available on import and due a British release, is more expansive, although its variety occasionally works against it — as on the horrendous *'Rockin'*, a shit-kickin' bad-assed stomper in which Kurtis steps well beyond the boundaries of good taste. And, anyway, isn't rapping basically a music tailor-made for 12-inch singles and little else?

"The thing is," he explains, "that no one had made a rap LP before I did. I make more money from albums than I do from 12-inch singles! And I'd bet my bottom dollar that if you ask any rapper if they'd rather make an album than a single, they'd all say an album!"

Another frequent criticism, and one with which Blow will concur, is that rap has become repetitive and cliché-ridden.

"I do find a lot of it that way. I don't like a lot of the 12-inch singles coming out of New York right now cause they're not really giving the people anything new. They got the funky rhythm tracks, but they haven't got anything to say. They just talk about themselves all the time. You know the sort of thing."

"Yes yes y'all! To the beat y'all! I'm mean, clean, with my machine/On the radio and magazine/On the disco scene and the TV screen/I'm the sex machine with the gangster lean!"

I get the point.

That's what we call the Bo Diddley syndrome, where you just talk about yourself all the time. Bo Diddley used to make a lot of records, all saying basically that he was Bo Diddley! It was either Bo the cowboy, Bo the gangster, Bo the gunslinger or Bo the spaceman. But it shouldn't all be about Bo Diddley!

"It should be about giving the people something that they can relate to, something they can get motivated or enthused by... some inspiration!"

There are always the practical applications of rap: as an advertising gimmick/jingle and even in schools — Kurtis is seriously considering cutting an alphabet rap to help pre-schoolers with the ABC's!

But with the likes of Kurtis moving upmarket, trying to make himself Mr Rap International, back at the roots the rap means something else again to the ghetto youth.

"You really wouldn't believe it! Everywhere I've been in the States, there have been loads of young rappers. In Chicago they were having rapathons and rap contests. New York was originally the rapping town, but they're not so enthused by it there now. But in the rest of the country, it's gripping the kids the way it did in New York three years ago!"

"Rapping will be around for a while yet, because it is universal. There is a lot that can be done with it. It's like a piece of metal. You can bend it any way you want. You can rap and sing, rap and play with a band, rap and mix at the deejay's desk."

Or you can just rap, pure and simple, not bothering with the niceties of tutored singing. And that is Kurtis Blow.

"As a singer I'm just average, but as a rapper... I'm the best! And I'm gonna stick with what I'm best at!"

BIG BROTHER

■ From page 9

new group — fronted by an American girl Cori Josias ("She can sing, but she can be one of the lads as well, and that's important").

"I just wanted a whole change. You can't get younger, that's a fact of life. But I know people in their early 20s who are living in the early '70s; and there's lots of people in their 30s and 40s who are living in the '80s."

What's unchanged, though, is Wakeman's taste for the grand scale: "The new show that

we're putting together, it's got lots of costume changes — because the '80s is very much like the '30s, people dressing up. So we're doing the big '30s thing, the Busby Berkeley syndrome, lots of pyrotechnics, which I like!" The man's incorrigible.

"And all the things I've picked on before for concepts have been in the past, historical things. And I thought, '1984' was something that would give me that extra kick into the '80s. Because for the first part of 1980, I was nowhere near the '80s at all. You can get

left behind."

It is, as you'd expect, a highly accomplished piece of work. Guests include everyone from Jon Anderson to Steve Harley to Kenny Lynch. The single *'Julia'* aside, I don't like it much. But what I really dislike are the lyrics, written by Tim Rice, which are grindingly trite.

"I wanted to get lyrics that were good, were classy," says Rick, "but that everybody could understand. And I was just totally incapable of doing it myself. Y'see, I'm one of those people that, if I start writing

lyrics and I've got to find a word that rhymes with 'duck', well there's only one word that comes into my mind. I can't help it."

I sympathised as best I could. But it was time, anyhow, to clamber out of that submarine and into the warmth of a Portuguese evening. A sailor stopped me by the gang-plank. "I always play Rick Wakeman records at home," he confided. "It's the one thing guaranteed to drive the missus out the room, see. She can't bloody stand him!"

The Lone Groover

Benyon





The Return of the Thin White Duke.

Images of Bowie by David Currie from Starzone Vol 1.

VACATION

WHERE BETTER to start our survey than with San Francisco's so-aply titled *Vacation* (subtitle: 'The Magazine for Today's Young Sophisticates'). Picking at random from the three issues sent by editor Patrick Roques — graphic designer for Tuxedomoon — Young Sophisticates enjoy a mutual admiration of each other's slim talents which can hardly contain itself even in this large format, slick black-and-white production. They have to resort to manifestos and a lot of talk about sex and their childhoods, which is a bit dull if you aren't that best friend who's conducting the interview. Nevertheless, one does find good stuff: Holly Woodlawn rabbiting on about her forthcoming memoirs and giving away the plot of *Trash II* before telling how to afford decent accommodation in the Big Apple: "You have to be a receptionist to get accepted into the building, a hooker to pay the rent, and sell dope to eat and pay the bills." Also pseudish

interviews with folk like Jimmy DeSana (lensman), painter Duncan Hannah (whose name is spelt wrongly throughout the article) and lots of 'Rock personalities' posing as oh-so-declasse (John Lurie, The Residents, Judy Nylon, Paul Simonon, James Chance and the late Anya Phillips). Typical end of typical interview in *Vacation*: Interviewer: "I still think that real talent will be recognised. I hope that your effort and your art are appreciated soon." Interviewee: "Thank you. It's so encouraging to have good friends like you". Cost: pay \$1.25 per ish, or subscribe for \$20 a year airmail, from: 1071 A Natoma, San Francisco, California 94103 USA. *Starzone* is a brand-new Bowie Fanzine with an apres-Edward Bell cover by one Gina Coyle and a warning slogan ("More idols than realities") running up the side of its stapled spine. A true fanzine, *Starzone 1* (80p plus 14p P&P) is also an ambitious and quality-conscious undertaking, of which each copy out of the first 500 has

CYNTHIA ROSE surveys the current zine scene

been hand-numbered. In addition to David Currie's awed but detailed encapsulation of Bowies's career over the years, there are numerous illustrations by Gina and Kevin Cann, as well as 21 black and white photographs (several unseen before by anyone I've showed this to). One is an amusing recent shot with Bowie playing at James Dean — in wingtips and football jacket — in front of composer George M. Cohan's statue in New York. There's a horoscope for 'David Jones' contributed by Anthony Rivers, and the promise of further issues which will dwell on the specific stages of Bowie's blossoming (Ziggy first). Commendable stuff, from: 7 Churchill Way, Corsham, Wiltshire.

Stringent Measures is a zine now on its second issue. Editor Chris Coleman kicks off this one

TV, OR NOT TV

IN THE LATE '60s American television was on the horns of a dilemma. Their staple diet was feature films which, however manky, were guaranteed a sizeable audience and, better still, kept the sponsors sweet. But something disastrous happened. Hollywood discovered sex and violence. American TV couldn't show *Bonnie And Clyde*, or *Easy Rider*, or *The Wild Bunch*. What to do? Simple. The studios that had been churning out TV series would just up the ante a bit and — ta-daaa! — churn out movies specifically tailored for the weeny screen; no sex, no violence, nothing.

What started out as a desperation stakes stop-gap has turned into a full-fledged institution — the made-for-TV movie. Pabulum that's acceptable to the networks, the advertisers, and — apparently — the audiences. Quite why the BBC and ITV feel compelled to off-load this peculiarly American form of entertainment in their schedules would remain a mystery but for two salient factors: It's summer and they're cheap.

ITV are quite shameless about it. They'll buy up the crappiest examples of this feeble formula and just shove 'em right in there, prime time Saturday nights. The BBC are craftier. They'll select the 'heavyweight' ones, the Emmy-winners and faction dramas, call them 'Film Of The Week' and keep their fingers crossed for BBC2 on a Sunday night. What the hell? It's summer and everyone should be watering the garden anyway.

There were three examples of this hybrid form shown over the weekend, and all were exceptions to the norm (ie none of them starred Rod Taylor or Steve Forrest). *Richard's Things* (ITV Sunday) was different because it was an *English TV* movie. A big deal was made of this fact in the nationals, but English TV movies aren't so rare; it's just that they're usually called *Play For Today*. In any case, *Richard's Things* was a bit of a cheat. Although it's on the box over here, everywhere else it's going into cinemas. This meant that there was a



The networks insist on making their own movies. MONTY SMITH prefers his films kosher

distracting black border top and bottom of the pictures, because the screen dimensions of cinema and TV are drastically different. What went on in between the black borders wasn't enough to put anyone off the ads. Liv Ullman — the unlikely subject of a good gag in *S.O.B.* — frowns and pouts as her husband kicks the bucket, then takes up with his mistress.

Despite — or maybe because of — the impressive credentials (script by Frederick Raphael, direction by Anthony Harvey, photography by Freddie Young), it was all too artful by half ever to be affecting. The most you ever find out about Liv Ullman's Kate is that she hates tea and she hates stiff drinks. The most you ever find out about Amanda Redman's Josie is that she can hold her own with Liv Ullman.

Their coming together is hardly a Billy Wilder 'meet-cute': they exchange glances over a supermarket check-out. Cocksure, careless Josie and sad, scared Kate go through their odd courtship and consummate it after the third ad break in the most tasteful of lighting.

A melancholy little thing, *Richard's Things* was nothing more than a 1980s 'woman's picture'. Richard himself did the decent thing, uttering but one eloquent 'shit' before retiring dead ten minutes into the drama; not a bad judge as it happens.

Based on a 1949 'woman's picture', *Flamingo Road* (BBC1 Saturday) is the great white hope for the autumn schedules. The Joan Crawford original managed to squeeze all its tat into a miserly 94 minutes; this TV version is going to run for 15

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Fame fans boo Bowie

And not before time, thinks Angie, recalling her honeymoon. Spotted in the New York Post's sports section by Adrian Bryan-Brown.

READING

with his objections to too-stratified an idea of a 'Leamington sound', especially "heavy metal with just a smattering of '77 Pistols clones". So hold it right there until you've checked out SM's recommendation of an evening out down Shambles in Clemens St, its announcement that 'Caroline's pregnancy' has terminated Dead on Arrival (there is a memorial article). More too: the Orgasmtrons in casual conversation, Trick Switch feature, info on X Cassettes of Reading and Tapes Only review pages, and comment from 3-way dance. The hottest info is on MAP tape artists Mark A Phillips and Suisse (Suzy to you) who comprise Those African Women Speak Frankly and may comprise Experimenting With The Locals as well. For 45p, excellent value outside a rather naive CND-slugging editorial, and available from: Part-Time Publications, Stansfield House, 4 Coniston Road, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV32 6PQ.

Sheffield's *Grey Matter 3* will be the last issue in this present format; it will merge with local

multi-media mag *Minutes* in September. Till then in No 3: a too-short talk with Dindisc/Factory designer Peter Saville; Sheffield's fringe theatres; a muddy review of a performance artist, Lounge Lizards and Ornette Coleman pieces; a Clock DVA feature in homage to Paul Morley; a solid piece on Sheffield's part in fighting the great British film industry crisis; reviews and the mag's own 'Bodyheat' Nightclubbing chart. From: 8 Hobart St, Sheffield II, for 30p plus 15p — graphics, verse, prose and photos also welcome.

Stick it in Your Ear (40p) is a cassette mag for D-I-Y'ers — and No 2 contains reviews of over 80 tapes — editor Geoff Wall tries to include every tape he's sent. There's also a complete guide to managing your own mail-order tape company, from start to finish, including even a pattern by which to cut labels. And who can resist reviews which kick off with "13 great unrequited (sic) love songs" (Tepid Halibut's 'The Earwig Hunter') or end "the number of people who put

the opening credits of *The Outer Limits* onto their recordings is becoming rather a lot" (The Zimbabwe Brothers' 'Frontier')? Plus: valuable opinion pieces titled 'The BBC and Bootleggers' and Cassette 'Market and Motivation', and John Clare's usual review of a legendary unreleased LP now yours via the magic of tape (next issue: Arthur Lee's '73 'Black Beauty'). Absolutely recommended — I haven't seen this level of enthusiasm and disarming humility in a 'zine in months. Orders/tapes/communiques to G. Wall, 9 Gladstone Rd, Sholing, Southampton.

And finally the latest *Temporary Hoarding*, Rock Against Racism's August '81 edition of their fanzine. 20p plus an s.a.e. to RAR, PO Box 51, London SW10, assures you of a 'zine which unfolds into a giant quad poster on one side and on the other disperses RAR info: Leeds Carnival, RAR news, Specials interview, an RAR 'history', No Nukes Music, plus updates on events, goods, and records.

No sweat; happy reading.

Ray Lowry



"It's a special Government enquiry — looking for the cause of the riots."



"Hi! Mah name is Morgan Fairchild and Ah'd lahe to make it quahite clear that Ah don't fahnd the subject of people with unlahkely names at ahll ahmusin'... (Those with a masochistic bent can hear more of Morgan Honeychile on BBC1's *Flamingo Road*, Saturday nights, before Match Of The Day.)

episodes. The only thing you can say for certain about this *Flamingo Road* is that it's long.

Judging by the first 95 minute slab, it's archetypal TV movie fare: all surface gloss, characters who cast no shadows, dialogue that leaps off the screen and just lies there on the lounge floor. And if you think Eddie Shoestring is a stupid name, try on some of these for size: Lane Ballou, Fielding Carlyle, Titus Semple. *Cat Ballou* I could understand. Fielding *Mellish* is fine. They've peaked with Titus (groan).

Still, at least Howard Duff never had to worry about changing his name; he must've realised he was going to end up in this. Director Gus Trikonis cut his teeth on snappy exploitation B-features and now he's broken his back on *Flamingo Road*. Only another 14 to go.

The BBC2 Film of the Week Sunday night was *Judge Horton And The Scottsboro Boys*, one of those worthy, wordy courtroom dramas based on an actual incident. This one was like *To Kill A Mockingbird* times nine as an Alabama courtroom in the 1930s put on a sham show trial: nine black youths on a trumped up rape charge face petty politicking on the one hand and unbridled bigotry on the other. Although extremely well

written, ably acted (particularly by Lewis Stadlen as the despised defending attorney, a 'jewboy' from New York), and directed with admirable restraint by veteran Fielder Cook (who once made a terrible comedy about contraception called *Prudence And The Pill* — that didn't have any laughs in it either), *Judge Horton* was a demoralising film, its chief purpose seemingly to be an affirmation of the Americans' peculiar propensity for wallowing in guilt over their appalling heritage. This week's Sunday special will be light relief: *Sgt Matlovich vs US Air Force* promises searing insights into a homosexual airman who comes out of the closet. That must have given the advertisers something to chew on.



Bob Lynch

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Grandmasters of CHIC

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Rodgers & Hammerstein...
Rodgers & Edwards...

The new age directors of organised rhyme
get a witness in DANNY BAKER.
Photography: ANTON CORBIJN.

CHIC, THE MIGHTY GENIUS organisation, came into being because of one of those deep-rooted unstoppable attractions that are present in all great and grave events. It was the old story, Bernard Edwards was playing bass in the same makeshift outfit as young struggling guitarist Nile Rodgers. The two may just've easily parted their separate ways to further hack gigs had it not been for that certain chemistry as old as music itself.

On that night in a Bronx nightspot the fingers of fate tightened on Edwards' mind, Dame Chance hurled her cards across the dance floor, and destiny stood in the shadows ready to reveal an awesome stroke. History was born, a great event staggered to its first step, a power driven magical tapestry was given its first stitch. Or, as Edwards himself puts it:

"We met because his girlfriend's mother had the greatest ass I'd ever seen."
Freak out.

THERE WAS A PERIOD, just over eighteen months ago, when the Chic organisation were producing the greatest records in the universe. (Fact verified by the Carl Sagan *Big Book Of Cosmoic Hits*). Then Piff!t . . . they seemed to be spreading themselves thinner than foil and in the process dragging their enormous song creating skills to new levels of baldness.

This co-incided with their growing stature within the rock world; hideous Dingwall-dwelling types were dropping their name as the major word where 'pop music' should be heading. Naturally, a few weeks later, those of sapling-in-the-winds-of rock hipness were decrying those who'd "just gotten into Chic". (Ask the same species of retard taste barometer to produce a copy of 'Everybody Dance' or 'Le Freak' and they'd probably say they had it stolen at a party).

And there, ever since, is where the grand reputation has been: somewhere amongst erroneous reputation, bad I.P.s, last-years-thing and those who still like to drop the name — but never buy a record! — as their token bit of chart knowledge. ("What are Chic up to these days?" they say, notebooks at the ready). The rock/disco conundrum has just peaked with the release of their collaboration with Blondie. The record marks the complete acceptance of Edwards / Rodgers as Big Time in the cesspool outhouse of US rock business. At the same time it would never last five seconds in any halfway decent disco arena I know. 'Koo-Koo' is one of the greatest wastes of talent ever bunged down on full-price vinyl, unlistenable scribble, hollow. I'm sure the cover artist had heard it before drumming up the sleeve shot.

Last week, for the second time in my life, I sat in a room with Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards. For the second time I left knowing they were destined to create something good, solid, worthwhile from the rude avenues open to contemporary music. Chic will emerge great again from the smell of the last eighteen months. And as Chic. As far as I'm concerned all they've released since 'Spacer' is 'Open Up' (from 'Real People') and a couple of singles from the Diana Ross album. The rest is edited out roughly and thrown on a bonfire we should all dance around. The story continues from now. The story starts HERE.

"UHUUUUUUUUUU!" The pair have got this magazine sorted. "UHURU. This is the NME right. That means we don't smile for the photos huh?" But they do. In the gruelling session prior to our interview they do anything Anton asks, joking through it in jive so thick I can't fathom it even on playback. To make the patience even more gracious, Nile Rodgers does the whole session standing on his month old broken foot. "God damned racquet-ball," a pastime which sounds overwhelmingly executive. But that's fitting because, after all, this is The Chic Organization and these are its two major chairmen.

Edwards and Rodgers, well Edwards certainly, are equipped with Grade A No-Junk business minds. They seek to court nobody. All other black musicians in their field, and boy have I met some, still favour the tasteful clothes, the fresh zest for life, the diplomatic 'opinion' when it comes to selling themselves to print. I've no doubt Rodgers & Edwards believe all their peers to be clowns. They sit before me now dressed no way in particular or maybe just as anyone might on a Friday morning while on holiday. In answering, it's Nile who'll be the more likely to spout without

CONTINUES OVER ↓



Nile Rodgers (left) and Bernard Edwards
run through their Mutt & Jeff routine.

CHIC

♦ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

thinking how he'll end the sentence with his partner ready to gun down any horseshit with a cruel laugh. Occasionally it goes the other way, but it's a healthy bit of competition. Overall, their answers are as candid as any I expect to get in an interview.

Who decides who you'll work with?

NR: We do. We look for people, sometimes they'll find us, and we talk it right through with them. We never write in advance, you can't write a Diana or a Debbie song. We sit down and ask them, like, how do you see yourself in this industry? What do you think you are? How should it come across? and then we'll go home and start writing.

What happens with someone like Sheila B Devotion? (A complete lost cause sham of an act).

NR: See now, Sheila was strange because in that case, I'll be perfectly honest, we had no idea of what type of star she was in Europe. (A *White Dwarf* seems apt — DB). She was, uh, unknown to us. Now I don't wanna put her down but the way she sings is, uh, not how I hear music, oh boy. So it was a very big challenge to use that vocal tool to come up with something that someone else might say 'Yeah I like that'. It was very hard.

In the end Chic crafted maybe their finest moment to date for this continental outfit with 'Spacer'. If they can do it there . . .

BE: I think we find the hottest part of a band and bring that out. I think we do have an ability to do that, so yeah, I think we can create stars. I think we did that with Sister Sledge.

But it was a big mistake lingering for two albums there wasn't it? You reached a real low with their second.

BE: Oh yeah. You know last year when we were doing all these albums we were so concerned with what the 'intellectuals' in the press were saying. Like, 'You guys are not doing this right and what about issues of the times' and stuff and that led to us getting crazy and calling our LP 'Real People' and the single 'Rebels Are We' when really we shouldn't have been working at all. We were so very tired last year. Now Sister Sledge came at a time when we were thinking that we were too crazy and that maybe we were pushing our vocalists too hard. So we relaxed and let Sledge get loose. Consequently when we finished that record we looked at each other and said 'What's this? This is not the record we should have made.'

At the same time SS were coming to us and asking to be made into black rock and roll singers. That's what they want. To be black rock and roll singers.

NR: And sexy with it . . .

BE: I told them they were nuts.

What about the trouble with Diana Ross?

BE: There again. See we had very definite ideas on how that record should be. We'd spoken to lots of people on the streets who kept asking why she didn't make hard up-tempo stuff any more like with The Supremes and why she kept singing all these old ballads. But we're a lot younger than her and . . .

Well I remember her uncious press-conference quotes about treating you two to the benefits of her 20 years in showbusiness. How she taught Chic how to capture the Diana Ross sound!

BE: That's absolutely right, that's how it was. But look, the record we wrote for Diana Ross sold 3½ million copies. Her previous album had sold 300,000. Go figure that. We told her to fire us if she thought we didn't know what we were doing. In the end we made it our way, they re-mixed it but they couldn't change the music. A lot of people say the mixes suck — we never mixed the record. But see, Nile and I go for names like Diana Ross because we want to be legitimate. We could throw our songs around fifty different acts a year and earn lots, lots more money but that's not how we do it.

Do you aspire more to the quality, Lerner & Loewe type school then?

NR: That's exactly it. You see that's exactly what we identify with but it's so difficult now because the music doesn't have that same aura it did in the old days. A songwriting team like Lerner & Loewe, Rodgers & Hart or Hammerstein had RESPECT.

How do the acts' egos react?

BE: Oh they all like to believe they are the reasons the record happened, and OK they are, they sang on 'em after all. But we know what we did and we're secure in that.

Have the last five years brought any special pressures on you?

BE: No.

What's the drug scene like in the US circuit now?

NR: Very good. Very nice thank you. Do they free-base a lot over here?

BE: That is so-o-o dangerous. Phew. Contrary to popular belief we do not free base. It's destroying lots of talented people right now.

NR: It's a killer and it's so very popular back home now. Also once you get onto it it's like tens of thousands of dollars. (Starts to sing) "I get no kick from cocaine!"

BE: Well, not often. . .

Why do you record solidly in New York?

NR: Well we like to think we could achieve our sound anywhere, because we're professionals, but we always use the Powerhouse in New York. Everywhere else the pace is much slower, but in NY it's so expensive.

y'know, you gotta work you gotta get out there — powpow you cannot fuck around at \$250 an hour. So you work hard, work serious. In California, where their rates are about \$60 an hour, you get REO Speedwagon playing ping-pong outside and shit. Who cares?

CHIC ACTUALLY gathered their onstage *chic* look in London, hanging around at fashionable clubs while touring with the band New York City. Then to cement their admiration for doing things with style, they turned on *TOTP* one night to see a 1975 Bryan Ferry going through his routine.

NR: I saw this guy with the suits and all these beautiful girls and I said 'BINGO!'. He looked dynamite.

Do you see the last year and a half as badly as I did?

NR: Last year was horrible. Horrible. We came this far from busting up. Really, it was very close to splitting. We were up to our necks, and tired and cutting records we really shouldn't have. Last year was like . . . like if you have a child who you love so much and keep saying 'You're great, you're doing really well at school' and then one day he comes home from school . . . and you can't stand him, you hate him for no apparent reason. That's what happened with Chic last year.

The Blondie move hasn't done any favours though. How's it come about?

BE: Nile and Debbie go back some way, he used to play rock 'n' roll in Max's Kansas City where she was a waitress. Chris and I grew up in Brooklyn. So it was just a get together. No reason for it. No challenge, no reason for it. We just wanted to do it. Hell, we knew there'd be problems.

NR: We weren't into any of that major-album stuff. I imagine the industry was. But to us, whether it even sold or not, it was just fun. Really. Just because we wanted to do it. It happened that casually. . .

Are you known faces in New York?

BE: Nobody has any idea who we are.

NR: Great. I can go downstairs to the delicatessen on the corner, the movies, restaurants. We really give very few interviews back home for just that reason.

Even so, you're very different from other US groups.

BE: You mean the organization? We could have toed the company line way back and very possibly 'got on' much more than we have but I would never put my career in someone else's hands — I did that for years and never got anywhere. Now we direct our own careers it's going great. We run a large organization and I like to say even the lowest person on the role gets a substantial wage, mainly because we were treated so bad at the beginning. And, as you know, most bands are completely run by their record company. The Chic Organization runs this group.

You say you talk things through with prospective clients. How often does that fall through?

BE: It happened with Aretha Franklin. We wrote some dynamite R'n'B tunes for her and had plans to cut a real killer R'n'B album with her. But uh-uh. She didn't want to know. She wanted a disco LP and nothing but. We refused. We did not

want to be responsible for Aretha Franklin's disco LP. After weeks of talk it fell through because she wouldn't give in, but hey y'know, I didn't want people mad at me for turning Aretha disco. Why is it that so many of the old black stars bland out?

BE: I don't know. So many get so far from their audience, so far above them. They're secure. They don't have to go down to the bank and write a cheque. When you don't have to worry about food you stop keeping up with things. He and I we get out, watch people, go to clubs, hear the radio. We got to or become has-beens.

Your style has been outrageously copied more than once. How's that feel?

BE: Well that Queen record ('Another One Bites The Dust') came about because that bass player guy spent some time hanging out with us at our studio. But that's OK. What isn't OK is that the press back home started saying we had ripped them off! Can you believe that? 'Good Times' came out more than a year before but it was inconceivable to these people that black musicians could possibly be innovative like that. It was just these dumb disco guys ripping off this rock 'n' roll song.

Does that sort of crap still go on?

NR & BE: DOES IT STILL GO ON??? WOOOOAAAAHHH! Yes I think you might say it still goes on.

Well, we still got a big race divide as you've doubtless heard.

NR: Hey Bernard where was that when all those uh, skinheads wanted to kill us?

BE: Manchester.

NR: Oh right. Y'know we were playing Manchester and all these skinheads had put out word that everyone should get down there and break up the disco concert. They'd had all these little fly sheets printed saying about sabotaging our show. But after they were all outback watching us get on our coach and they'd backed down with all their rocks in their pockets y'know. They felt stupid cos they'd really liked our show and now they couldn't attack us. They just stood there lookin' kinda dumb. That made me feel proud.

BE: People like that are idiots. I really (he begins to check his anger) hate to meet people like that. OK, I was glad we impressed them but that shit is soooo dangerous. In the past we've faced crowds like that and I've just led the band off — not because I particularly fear for our safety, it's just, if someone around me gets hurt I'll go out in the crowd and start a riot. Because I am not like that, man. Oh boy. Ha, I'm telling you, swinging guitar and all.

You get much of our riots covered back home?

NR: Oh yeah, every day. Y'know today I was listening to your radio this morning these guys were talking about how everyone's pissed off at unemployment and how the ratio between

♦ CONTINUES PAGE 61



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UP AT THE DESPERADOES' hill-top home, dust drives wildly down the deserted yard, fired by the same wind that sets off the torrential rain that will inevitably follow.

Under the red bars that make up the doors of the low, red-brick cattle shed used as a rehearsal area by this top steel-band, sheet music comes rolling like tumbleweed. As the outfit's former chief arranger, Constable Robert Shaw, bowed and lean like an elderly retainer in a Tolstoy novel, races after the runaway pieces of paper, the clammy, draining heat gives way to the relief of sudden, soaking, violent rain.

It never rains but it pours in Trinidad during the wet season: immediately the tension in the air decreases.

There is a surreal, banana republic, high church sense about this setting. It is emphasized by the swirling organ noises or shrill string-like sounds squeezed and seduced out of their oil-can drums by the several pan-beaters scattered with serious concentration about the sizeable rehearsal space. The spirits of this music rise up above the near-mountainous hill, over which benevolently presides the church of Our Lady of Laventille Shrine, set off to its right by the high-tech 30 foot tall illuminated cross on the modern church school.

The squealing wind, swirling about the Laventille summit, whips the tropical rain storm in through the rehearsal studio's open doors from all directions. For an instant it seems like the end of the world.

Suddenly, as quickly as it has appeared, the downpour disappears and the sun is shining once again, a new dryness in the air that will gradually become more and more moist until again the clouds open above the hill.

"It is," wistfully decrees Rudolph Charles, pan-tuner, musical director and manager of The Desperadoes, "a good day . . . A good day for dying."

He stands on the steps of the roadside wooden provision shack by the Despers' yard, glancing with tired contentment the long distance across the valley to the high hills that arch suddenly upwards, like sheep's backs covered with dense green wool.

Wearing the waistcoat and overlong flared trousers of a blue chalk-stripe suit, wicker-work shoes, and a shirt printed with Egyptian hieroglyphics, the tall figure of Rudolph stands like a benevolent patriarch, surveying his terrain. "It is bad gangsters you are dealing with up here. Well, not exactly gangsters, but . . ." he pauses and smiles benignly, satisfied that he's established the rebel nature of the socially undesirable pan-players.

Actually, there is a certain Sicilian sense about this Godfather of pan, and about the steelband elders who ring him, drinking Carib beer and smoking sticks of weed.

The elderly Constable and the almost equally aged Harrison, a former Despers pan-tuner, stand just inside the narrow hut singing the Italian restaurant music of a rigoletto. Wearing on his head a scarlet kerchief knotted above each ear, giving him a Sphinx-like appearance, Harrison describes how the discovery in the '20s of the sounds that could be made on oil cans washed up on the beaches led to the formation of the first steel bands like Alexander's Ragtime Band, rendering redundant the music made by the then prevalent bamboo-bamboo outfits.

"The pan is one of the greatest inventions of the twentieth century," Harrison insists, explaining how it is the chiselling of the oil-drums that blocks the sound and creates the notes. It is the pan-tuners — men like himself and Rudolph Charles — who are the important forces in steelbands, he maintains. "It *hard*, boy. But you must have the love for it."

"In fact," he continues, "I'm surprised the pan has held out on its own, because really it's a piano-like instrument."

Harrison, who thinks that drummer Buddy Rich is a "white negro", believes that "music is everything." It was Harrison who in 1946 re-named The Dead End Kids as The Desperadoes. Like many middle-aged blacks and Indians on the island, Harrison has surprisingly few harsh words to say of the British, who gave independence to Trinidad in 1962. He says that the justice system and democratic principles left by Britain are the best the island possibly could have obtained.

Harrison is very fond of chocolates, and the best ones he ever ate were on the occasion of the coronation of King George V. All the schools then were given special Coronation boxes of chocolate.

He also was rather fond of the chocolate he used to get from the American base when it was here. During the last war the Americans controlled the Caribbean from a massive base close by Port of Spain. However, Dr Eric Williams, the Prime Minister from 1956 until his death earlier this year, fought against American influence on the island when he came to power, insisting that Trinidad could be economically self-sufficient and would not be turned into a holiday playground for North America.

Even so, many more Trinidadians emigrate to America than to Britain in order to try and earn a pot of gold — Brooklyn in New York is a favoured residing place, and pan music enjoys

"Life is like sugar-cane: hard but sweet!" — graffiti proverb sprayed on a wall close by the pan-yard of The Desperadoes steel-band on Laventille Hill, Port of Spain, Trinidad.



THE ADVENTURES OF TRINIDAD ON CALYPSO'S PANS OF STEEL

CHRIS SALEWICZ climbs Laventille Hill, Trinidad, to encounter The Desperadoes, the island's number one steelband.
Photography: **ADRIAN BOOT**



a sizeable popularity in the States. All those present in the Despers bar realise how hard the British system makes it for anyone to rise up above the position into which they've been born.

In fact, Rudolph Charles insists that it is a fallacy that man everywhere must be equal. A natural aristocracy is the inevitable way of things, he believes. Rudolph lectures on steelband music at Berkeley in Northern California for half the year. He is keen to acquire a doctorate for his studies. He cites Charlie Parker who, he says, received one for his knowledge of jazz.

PAN MUSIC is a symbol of the prosperity of Trinidad and Tobago: it could not be made without the oil drums that transport the nation's main source of wealth.

Unlike other Third World countries (like Great Britain) that have permitted themselves to be taken to the cleaners over their natural oil resources, the island eighteen miles from Venezuela that both Sir Walter Raleigh and the sixteenth century Spanish regarded as the gateway to the lost South American El Dorado has become self-sufficient and prosperous: petrol costs 25p a gallon, there is a vast pitch-lake in the south of the island which supplies tarmac to countries all over the world

and which has only fallen by half an inch in the last thirty years, and there are flourishing sugar and tobacco industries.

In fact, it is the British-American Tobacco Company, trading locally as the West Indian Tobacco Company (WIRCO), that serves as The Desperadoes' sponsors, and is backing the forty or so musicians who are about to arrive in England for a lengthy tour.

All major steelbands enjoy the sponsorship of major consumer companies: it is no doubt a useful combination of tax loss, public relations, and ongoing advertising. Other top outfits include The Guinness Allstars and The Catelli (spaghetti) Allstars.

Actually, it is only at carnival time in Trinidad that the steelbands come into their own. Carnival occurs during the three days before Ash Wednesday, and is a wild, hedonistic pre-Lent purging of the flesh which begun on the island at the beginning of the last century by the French, who occupied the island after the Spanish and before the British.

From before Christmas, the steelbands are preparing the songs they will present in front of the judges and which they hope will win them the position of official performers of the Road March. So great is the secrecy amongst competitors that for the Bomb Competition — a surprise classical number — the beaters would practise only with their finger-tips.

In the Rio carnival in Brazil, the bands perform their own compositions. In Trinidad, there is no such tradition, and it is from the repertoire of calypso artists and, more recently, Soca (soul calypso) singers that the steelbands choose the songs they will arrange.

The songs of Lord Kitchener are particular favourites of The Desperadoes, but other acts draw on the work of such luminaries as Sparrow (who sells 200,000 copies abroad of every album he makes), Shadow, Blueboy and Chalkdust, who specialises in the kind of political calypsoes which every year cause considerable controversy.

It was Maestro, who died on Independence Day, 1974, who first developed the rock steady-like soca sound — the music has a far greater everyday popularity in Trinidad than pan-music, which doesn't transfer easily to disc.

"People say soca come from Trinidad alone," Says Rudolph Charles. "But I believe soca was always around in the Caribbean."

"I always had a good radio, and I used to listen to the station in the Dutch Northern Antilles. A lot of soca rhythms were already in use there, and also in Martinique, and places like that."

"Of course, the soca that Trinidad is projecting is slightly different, because they do it with a calypso flavour. But I think soca was always there — they just did it with a different flavour. Music is taken and adapted to suit the needs of the place — that happens with music everywhere."

However, the steelbands, which at carnival time are augmented by inhabitants of the district in which they are based (there is a distinct territorial flavour about each steelband) until they are sometimes 2,000 members strong, are great levellers, bringing together people of all ages, as well as stirring their sense of nationalism. Of Eric Williams, Rudolph Charles asserts: "He was a great educator, a good guy."

About Williams' PNM party there was a faint Black Power underlay. No doubt this accounts for why the main opposition party, the DLP, is mainly comprised of East Indians: forty per cent of the population of Trinidad is of Indian descent — after the abolition of slavery, indentured labour was transported to Trinidad from the British colonies in the east to cut the sugar-cane and work in the rice paddy-fields in the mosquito-infested swamp-land of the south.

Much of Trinidad's current prosperity is owned by the Indians.

"The Indians work very hard," says Rudolph Charles. "All the black guys want to do is fuck plenty women and drive big cars . . . But there's no tension between the races (*laughs*). For years now, black guys have had Indian women, and Indian men have had black women."

There are even all-Indian steelbands like the Guinness Cavaliers, whose music is based on Indian rhythms.

PAN-PLAYERS have always held a low social status in the eyes of upwardly mobile Trinidadians. They are spoken of as being "from behind the bridge" — the bridge over Dry River in Port of Spain, the wrong side of the stream.

Traditionally, in fact, the steelbands seem to have been comprised of some pretty rough customers. Hand-in-hand with the territorial membership was a rivalry akin to gang warfare in the slums of New York or the Gorbals.

This reached its zenith during the 1961 carnival, when two steelbands separately conspired to ensure their routes would cross at a certain down-town point.

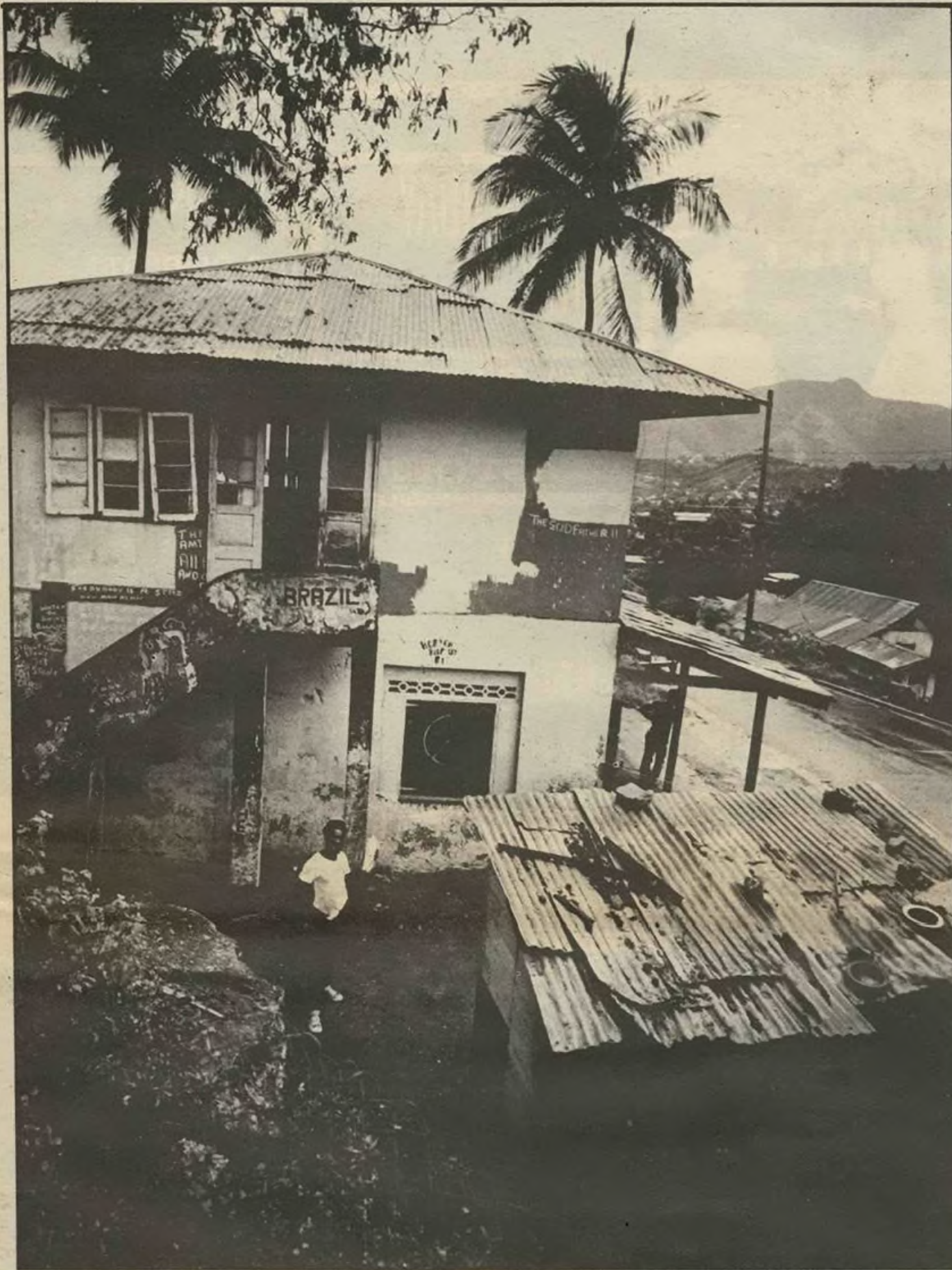
And when they did it was suddenly revealed that the front row of pans of each band were dummies: they concealed bottles and cutlasses and knives. The two sides fell upon each other, slashing and hacking to such an extent that individuals were being chased and stabbed through the corridors and wards of the nearby General Hospital, the floors of which ran with blood.

Fisheye, a famous originator of the Trinidad Allstars recounts: "One way of getting even with the enemy was destroying his pan . . . Illiteracy and the system went hand in hand. In society's head, we were always rogues, vagabonds and outlaws. Discarded people. Rastas are going through the same trip, you know . . . They didn't leave us alone then. But they should leave the Rasta be. He will learn. He'll grow up. We survived, didn't we?"

In order to break down this homicidal rivalry, Eric Williams — commonly known as "The Doc" — instigated the Government Depressed Areas Project: for working between seven and nine every morning on the roads or on construction work as part of this scheme, steelband members receive a living wage. However, Williams insisted that in order to cool things out, the Despers, say, would have to go to work in the territory of Destination Tokyo, or The Renegades.

Every year a squad of senior officers from Scotland Yard visits the Trinidad carnival, with the intention of learning how best to police the Notting Hill carnival — at which Despers are playing this year. One wonders if their recommendations have ever pointed out the social desirability of the Depressed Areas project.

FROM THE NEXT-DOOR house come the confused screams of a young child as it receives a severe beating for having hung



the family puppy up by its front paws on a barbed wire fence. In the yard of Rudolph Charles' hillside house a battered cockerel crows beneath the breadfruit tree in response to the sun's quick evening decline over the Caribbean beyond the town of Port of Spain spread out below us.

Watched over by Robert Greenidge, The Desperadoes' chief soloist and a Stateside session player who worked on John Lennon's 'Double Fantasy' and Stevie Wonder's last record, Rudolph Charles hunches over a pan in his workroom with a hammer and block of wood, transforming the virgin oil-can into a finely tuned musical instrument. The previous day Greenidge had arrived from his home in Los Angeles, in order to get in some thorough practice with Despers before the English tour.

From the works that the forty-piece steelband has been rehearsing, it is apparent that the classical music is at least as great a fondness as the more expected calypso.

"Most of the time," says Charles, "we go with contemporary melody. But sometimes we'll rehearse for up to twenty-fours nonstop on classical music."

"I think," he continues, "the classics are the first link really, for all recognised musics. Not blues or any of those other things, but the classics. They are the basics of all kinds of music. People may disagree with me, but that is my belief. I can see signs of classical playing in traditional jazz, modern jazz — classical passages being utilised. What can be applied to the classics can be applied to jazz — the basics are the same."

He insists that a different feel is *not* involved in the different musics: "I believe it's the *man* that has the rhythm. If a feller has it then he can adapt to any kind of music, once he can get that feel."

Nor does he believe that calypso is necessarily a more natural music for pan: "To play calypso is easier for the pan musician than for another musician. Jazz, though, would be difficult for someone who lives in Trinidad: he'll never find that flavour that an American musician will automatically have."

"Music is based largely on what sort of feeling you have for it."

Really, the Despers' Godfather is a bit of an academic muso. There's something of a sense of 'Brandenburger' by The Nice about all this classical emphasis. Sometimes one wonders if this desire to upmarket pan isn't interlinked with a limitation of the form.

Rudolph Charles emphasises the need for formal study and desires that individual Despers will be awarded scholarships to study at music colleges in America.

He explains that one of the main reasons why steelbands cover the work of artists such as Sparrow and Kitchener rather than write themselves specifically for the instrument is because of the tradition of the Carnival competition: the highest songwriting standards are required in order that the competition will be won. And whenever steelbands perform their own material, they always lose!

"Kitchener, I call him the *poet* of calypso!" proclaims Rudolph. "Real good. Good musician, good writer. So is Sparrow, too."

"But Kitchener has more experience. Sparrow is more the showman. Of all the living Calypsonians who have been and who still are, Kitchener is the one. He was one of the first, and he's *still* one of the first — *real* good."

On The Desperadoes LP just put out by Charisma Records, there are two Lord Kitchener tunes, 'No Pan', and 'Symphony In G'. They were not, however, written specifically for Despers: "It's just that Kitchener like our style, and his styling is especially suited for us. He has advanced the calypso approach more musically than anybody else has done. A Kitchener tune can be interpreted in many different forms."

Notwithstanding the national feeling stirred up by pan, it is not necessarily the favourite music of all Trinidadians. "Reggae is my favourite music," insists a dread — there are many Rastafarians in Trinidad — who runs his own homecraft shoe-stall in the market in Port of Spain's Independence Square. "But I must like and consider highly steel bands, because they are part of my Trinidadian culture. They are part of what I am."

"Well," laughs Rudolph Charles when he's told of this, "that's like when the Australian cricket team toured here: you'd find Trinidadians supporting the Australian cricket team. Very broad-minded people are the people of Trinidad... But I like reggae. I find the reggae rhythm is more easily understandable than calypso. To sell people calypso, it should be sold as calypso music along with its dance."

"Reggae is a certain groove. Calypso has a certain groove, too. But most of the time they just sell calypso as music, and they don't sell the dancing. A lot of people don't even know how to dance to calypso. But the dance *is* a groove — and people should be shown how to groove with it, too. In Jamaica, they marketed their music properly."

In the near future, believes Rudolph, the likes of Robert Greenidge will be emulated and the pan soloists will become a musical force in their own strong right: "I think that some of the pan instruments certainly are going to start being included in their own orchestras... But to see a steelband on its own, though, is still a wonder to see."



The view at the top of the hill: steelband godfather Constable (right); Desperadoes leader Rudolph Charles (below, standing) at The Despers' parlour; pan player at home (above left); one drum that didn't turn into a pan (left).



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Raincoats and brollies by
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OUT OF THIS year's crop of innovative albums, The Raincoats' 'Odysshape' is perhaps the most unusual. As the name implies, its restless rhythms, strange instrumental combinations and gentle, jazzy pulse side-step the restrictions of a convenient category. Nevertheless the record's quiet, introspective spirit glows with a deep sense of soul.

The Raincoats themselves are relaxed women with a calm manner that conceals a firm sense of purpose. Gina Birch is tall, fair-haired and with a slight good-natured gawkiness. On the morning we meet she's nursing a hangover from celebrations following her finals at Hornsea Art College. Ana Da Silva is shorter, rounder and rosy, and her Portuguese origins colour her speech with an attractive accent. Violinist Vicky Aspinall is absent from the interview since she's on holiday in America. "She uses longer words than us," explains Gina, by way of a brief description.

With their natural politeness and functional clothes, it's hard to imagine Gina and Ana as they first met at art school, fervent punk fans of anything from The Clash to The Cortinas. The Raincoats' first proper performance was supporting Chelsea at the request of Gene October. The mellow sunshine that lights their manager Shirley's bright council flat makes an incongruous setting for their fond reminiscences about the sweat, the showers of spit and the bouncing beer glasses.

"Then afterwards," they laugh, "everyone said how much they'd enjoyed it."

Since those early days, The Raincoats have gone their own sweet way with the minimum of fuss or obvious outside influence.

"The melodies that I've been writing lately remind me a lot of the hymns I used to like," replies Gina unexpectedly when I ask about inspiration.

"What I like about reggae music is that you can sit down and close your eyes and feel peaceful and spiritual. I don't think our music is reggae biased particularly, but I identify much more with that feeling than I do with the rock attitude."

IT'S THE delicacy and tenderness of The Raincoats' sound, combined with songs that are often sharp, subtle observations of the female condition, and their heartfelt treatment of themes of sexual injustice that has tagged The Raincoats as having a specifically female sound. It stretches right back to 'Off Duty Trip', their searing, true story of the minimal sentence imposed on a soldier convicted of a vicious rape; even so, it's a fairly absurd generalisation when, as Gina points out, women's groups also include The Belle Stars, The Mo-dettes, The Slits and Girlschool.

So do they find it irksome when they're labelled primarily as an All Women Group, something that still

tends to happen due to the relative scarcity of women's groups?

"It doesn't particularly worry me," says Gina. "But what *does* is that in a way, I'm not so sure that those differences exist; that women will make a woman's music. I think there are different sides to human beings. A lot of men can make very gentle, spiritual music and a lot of women can make a heavy, aggressive racket."

Do they ever feel that their sex has been a disadvantage in that musically they've tended not to be taken seriously?

"I'm not so sure why and how you don't get taken seriously," replies the ever-reasonable Gina. "I know we get dismissed or put down sometimes. I think that's to do with the fact that we're not that concerned with a constant, very tight unit. We tend to stretch it and pull it around. In that respect people dismiss us for not being able to play or just women, or whatever. I'm not sure whether it is because we're women or because of an attitude to the way we play our music," she puzzles.

"It does seem to be the attitude of a lot of people that women just hang around musically. I suppose that is an engrained attitude in a hell of a lot of people, although it's not an engrained attitude in *everybody*!"

"With us," adds Ana, "if someone's not interested or the sound doesn't appeal to them, the easiest thing that maybe the public might believe, is to say, 'They're just feminists'. Full stop. And some people might praise us for that and some people might attack us. And they really don't go to the depths of

what they're saying or the other aspects of what we're doing."

"I think that happens with a lot of groups, people don't go further than tagging them for the most obvious thing. It's a bit sad seeing people missing things."

RATHER THAN praise or damn The Raincoats for some sort of essentially female perception, it's fairer to say that a lot of the warm spirituality of 'Odysshape' comes from a sensitivity and a sense of sympathy, an emphasising of individuality and what's optimistically called the "human" element, when, at least for a lot of its past history, rock has relied on aggressiveness.

"It obviously has a certain amount to do with being women," says Gina. "But it also has a lot to do with what sort of human being you are anyway; the situation you've come from and where you're heading."

"I think it's a bit to do with, how shall I say, a kind of *need* to understand other people," continues Ana.

"I think I could say that everyone in our group cares about that. We like to relate to people in a very open kind of way, very close relationships. If you are interested in building relationships and knowing other people, it gets a bit closer to knowing how we approach things."

'Odysshape' also has a pervasive, soulful sense of sorrow that tends to give the songs an almost blues-like atmosphere.

"I think the sorrow that inspires a lot of people is very much a human condition, which I find more on the pessimistic rather than on the optimistic side," explains Ana.

"There are more times when you feel depressed about things. You just have to look around really."

"I think it's something that's a slight danger of ours," says Gina. "A feeling of joy, happiness, up, is very important. Sometimes we possibly don't get enough of that in."

"I feel great happiness when we play live," Ana elaborates. "Yet we are playing about things that have more to do with sorrow."

"You can say it's melancholic, but I don't think you can say it's negative. I think it's positive — I wish it is anyway."

UNLIKE The Raincoats' first album, which was based on the songs in their live set, 'Odysshape' grew from rehearsals at Gina's house conducted without a drum kit, which perhaps explains why the songs' rhythms are so effectively distributed throughout the odd variety of instruments. On the record the drumming is contributed by Ingrid Weiss, Richard Dudanski, Robert Wyatt and Charles Hayward from This Heat, and as well as looking for a permanent drummer, The Raincoats are also trying to arrange the songs so that they can be played on stage.

"In a lot of groups, somebody writes something and they don't really listen to it," says Gina.

"They just go 'one, two, three, four', and everyone plays along and hopes for the best and it just sticks together somehow. It makes an OK sound and maybe bits will develop, but the group aren't really aware of the sound. Maybe we dissect things too much, but we definitely do take it apart more than that. We try weaving things together. Each instrument doesn't have a specific role. It can jump around. Even within one song it can play different roles."

But then roles are something The Raincoats have always reacted against.

"Being a woman is both feeling female, expressing female and also (for the time being at least) reacting against what a woman is told she 'should' be like," writes Ana in a small book of information on The Raincoats published by Rough Trade.

"This contradiction creates chaos in our lives and if we want to be real, we have to neglect what has been imposed on us, we have to create our lives in a new way."

"It is important to try and avoid as much as possible playing the games constantly proposed to you."

"I'm not glamorous or polished."

In fact

I'm no ornament.

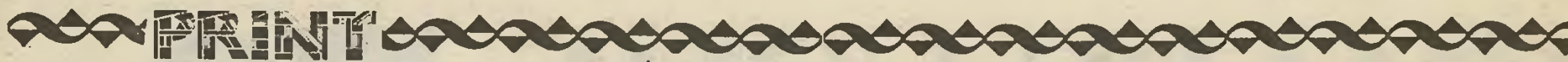
It could be my bodyshape.

I wonder if I'll ever look right? ...

Next time you feel you don't fit, you might try 'Odysshape' for size.

P.S. The Raincoats are still looking for a drummer. For more info contact Shirley on 01-221-2761.





"These are the teenagers...
Young people who suck sticky
brown stuff through straws, stay
out late, wear the wrong
clothes, and think they know it
all. But Tomorrow, for better or
worse, they will be Britain."

— Picture Post 18 March 1957



Anybody got a comb?



Hail hail rock and roll, deliver us from the days of old...

BRITISH GRAFFITI

City Of Spades
Absolute Beginners
Mr Love And Justice
By Colin MacInnes
(Published by Allison & Busby.
£2.50 each)

WHAT WAS IT
LIKE to be
young in 1950s
London? What was it
like to be black in 1950s
London?

During the latter half of the decade that has inspired so many contemporary hair-cuts, both Youth Culture and Black Culture were born; that is, it was then that they were first established as social quantities, to be analysed, interpreted, catered for and guarded against. It was then that teenagers and blacks became... 'problems', in that their behaviour, their clothes and their aspirations did not conform. There were outbreaks of 'hooliganism' in cinemas and there were race riots in Notting Hill, the first in this country since the '30s, when the blackshirts attacked jews in the East End.

So, what was it like? Was it all fun and Coca-cola? Being born in London in 1957, I don't know for sure; but there are aspects of this city that haven't changed in my lifetime and probably hadn't changed much beforehand either. The population, for instance; a mixture of European and New

Commonwealth immigrants, many of whom were invited to settle here after the war, and the remaining (usually working-class) members of the indigenous population who couldn't afford or didn't want to move to the new suburbs that grew in the '20s and '30s.

Taking into account the people who move here from elsewhere in the country, there aren't that many Londoners living in London, strictly speaking. But London is bigger and older than any of its populations, and it can embrace them all.

In a city like London, where the poor live a Borough away from the wealthy and immigrants live next door to Anglo-Saxons, possibilities arise as much as tensions. You can drink Espresso coffee, eat Tandoori Chicken or dress like a negro pimp. You can get rich, get laid or get the latest imported American discs.

In the '50s these options were not commonplace. They were radical. A lot of people didn't even know they existed, and piously denounced them when they found out. But someone who did, and rejoiced in them, and what's more, saw that they would become an irrevocable part of our daily life, was a writer named Colin MacInnes.

MacInnes wrote three novels about London in the '50s, burrowing into the emergent black and teenage subcultures for two of them, and into the shady criminal underworld of street prostitution for the third.

MacInnes was in his forties when he wrote the books, and more of a Soho Surrealist than an Angry Young Man. He was a regular commentator



COLIN MacINNES (left),
delighted in 1950s London and
its emergent sub-culture of
black and teenage youth.
PAUL RAMBALI looks back on
MacInnes' trilogy of
metropolitan life.

on arts and society in the current journals, and more astute on society than he was on art, but by no means just a sociologist. The tone of his London Trilogy is closer to a Canterbury Tale or bedroom farce than the kitchen sink, closer to *Les 400 Coups* than *A Kind Of Loving*; and is larger than life as opposed to merely true to it, like a magnifying glass to his times.

All three books have very sensibly been re-issued in paperback for the first time since the '60s, and they are indispensable reading; not just for nostalgic reasons, but for a painless revelation of how little, in the case of being black, and how much, in the case of being young, attitudes have changed in the past 25 years. And the fascination is double if you live in London, because London is the real hero of these books, with its capacity to nurture and absorb all species of humanity, from bent coppers to bus conductors, delinquents to debs, bigots to libertines. None of MacInnes' characters, often comically-drawn but never less than credible, could have existed elsewhere; and it's London that shapes (and as often as not thwarts) each of

their schemes, large and small.

TAKE JOHNNY FORTUNE in *City Of Spades* (1957), a young Nigerian who comes to study in London, decides to conquer it instead, and winds up living off immoral earnings in the Commercial Rd. before finally boarding a boat back home, very much the wiser but not the least bit chastened.

Fortune befriends a fresh and determinedly open-minded Welfare Officer called Montgomery Pew, who loses his cultural virginity as we explore through these alternate, and happily unblinkered eyes, black London of the '50s; less outwardly militant than it is now, but not that much different. Then as now, black people liked to play their records loud and fondle vegetables before buying. Then as now, these are the details that add up to a culture clash.

If the '50s contained the liberal bud of the '60s (that slowly wilted in the '70s), then *City Of Spades* was part of it. It's as revealing, both factually and psychologically, now as it must have been then. MacInnes doesn't shrink from

or apologise for his subject. He is aware of the dangers of white intellectual patronage of blacks and their culture, chief among these being that *nobody* likes being patronised by intellectuals, and he is aware of much more besides. Here's an exchange between Mr Karl Marx Bo, friend of Johnny Fortune, and Theodora Pace, who works for the BBC:

"We Africans, you see, are not a people who deposit our days in a savings bank, like you do. Our notion is that life is given to us to be enjoyed."

To which Theodora replies: "But one must build... To build a civilisation requires effort, sacrifice. If you find the English mournful, it's because we turn the easy joys into parliaments, and penicillin."

Theodora asks why Mr Bo has come here, and learns that few Africans actually come to settle here, while the West Indians who do would rather go to America, but were denied the open door. No less forwardly, she broaches the question of the colour bar...

"Is there a colour bar in England, Miss Theodora?"

"You know there is."

"If you say so, then, I say it too. Universal politeness, and universal coldness. Few love us, few hate us, but everybody wish we are not here, and shows this to us by the correct, stand-away behaviour that is your great English secret of public action."

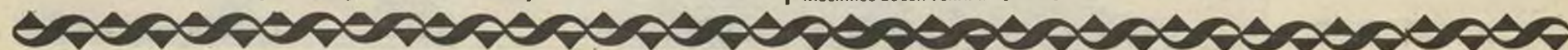
THE SECOND NOVEL in the trilogy, *Absolute Beginners* (1959), concerns the hermetic teenage underground of the '50s, and reads like a pinball machine ricocheting towards TILT, with no chance of a

replay. The hero, just turned 19, swears by "Elvis and all the saints" to live out his last year of grace as though it were just that, before joining, perforce, what he calls the mugs and the conscripts, the tax-paying, complaining, comfortable majority.

One of the things he learns, of course, is that this doesn't happen automatically, though it can happen overnight. He has enormous savvy for a teenager, but then teenagers often do. He reminds me, as I hope he will you if you're no longer one (through age or inclination), of something we tend to forget, which is the *panorama* of life as it seems possible at that age.

Absolute Beginners was written in the days before banks vied for teenage savings and before Unemployment became a buzzword, if not a gloomy suffocating fact. As the hero of *Absolute Beginners* roams across teenage London, encountering a dazzling series of characters, diverse, eccentric and clothed in prose as sharp as a pair of Italian slacks and as vivid as a pair of pink socks, two impressions emerge: first, teenage culture was as fragmented then as it is now; second, being a teenager in the '50s was a much more *hopeful* prospect.

Teenagers in those days were not brow-beaten, cajoled, enlisted to causes and kicked around like a political football, or if they were they paid no attention, as I would hope they don't now. They were not yet something to make capital out of, political or financial, and they knew, as they seem to have now forgotten, that they had the upper hand. Teenagers past and especially present owe it





50s black London: "less outwardly militant, otherwise not that much different." Above: arriving from Jamaica in hat, tie and hope.

to themselves to read *Absolute Beginners*.

The last of the three novels, *Mr Love And Justice* (1960), is a kind of parable about pimps and policemen, Vice and the Law, and love (or lust) and morality.

Colin MacInnes often tangled with the subject of morality in his essays, which was brave of him, since morality, like washing your hands after going to the toilet, is something we learn at an early age and rarely pause to reconsider. If *Mr Love And Justice*, however entertaining, seems rather irrelevant, that's because it was one of the books that helped define the changing moral attitudes of the permissive age.

In it, a long and, as it draws on, marvellously farcical dialogue develops between Frankie Love, a pimp, and Edward Justice, a policeman. The book is memorable for the insight it gives into the criminal mind of a policeman. If policemen didn't have criminal minds, how else would they catch criminals? And more importantly, secure convictions in the face of impartial justice? The logic is simple. The policeman must employ as much cunning and chicanery as the criminal, and though he must, somewhere, have a moral streak, he can be as weak, greedy, vain, ambitious, treacherous and malicious as the next person. This is nothing new nowadays but probably almost a heresy in the '50s.

30 years later, *Mr Love And Justice* has less impact than its companions, while they seem all the more remarkable, because they contain the keys to the present. Colin MacInnes was no stranger to the low-life he captured in his London Trilogy and no academic voyeur either. He was something of a subterranean himself, being unrepentantly bisexual, and there is an episode in *City Of Spades* that draws on his experience of being arrested for possession of hemp (which he denied) during a raid on a black gambling club in the East End in the early '50s.

When he died in 1976, his friend Ray Gosling lamented on the fact that Colin MacInnes wasn't a rock'n'roll singer, because he spoke for the same causes and celebrated the same ideals. *City Of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners* make you feel that the energy, the vivacity and the resilience of the New Britons and the young Brits was a wild and permanent explosion that would make life tolerable in this stuffy land.

Colin MacInnes saw, with a rare and not at all contradictory clear-eyed optimism, a future for black people and young people; and for his sake, though not for ours, I'm glad he isn't around today.



50s teenagers: "not brow beaten or cajoled... they knew, as they now seem to have forgotten, that they had the upper hand."



A cup of char down the caff.



Is she really going out with him?



Putting on the agency, putting on the style
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while...

"HEY!.. WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE TERRIFIC NUMBER PLATES?.. THEY'RE A REALLY GREAT IDEA!"

"THEY'RE NEW MATEY PLATES FROM BETTAPARTS, AND THEY COME IN A WHOLE BUNCH OF ASSORTED SLOGANS!"

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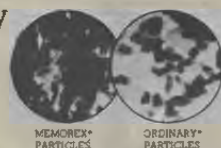
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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE ASSOCIATES: Kitchen Person (Situation). A vicious surge of a song that storms ahead of most of the records reviewed this or any other week for fury unleashed, for sustained savagery, for pure impulse under a charged control. 'Kitchen Person' has the kind of unmistakable intensity that should elevate The Associates to their proper place in the pop hierarchy. The springboard is Bowie, but used only as a point of departure and anyway this is a record that exists entirely on its own terms. There's a sawing, harrowing swing to this song, a tormented undertow that makes a dark and delirious dance beat. A rush of urgent rhythms writhe beneath a cracked coating of xylophone, while Billy Mackenzie's controlled desperation suggests an act of revenge or contrition; a confession? In intent, in execution, 'Kitchen Person' turns much of today's music inside out, it swoops on its subject with such deliberation. A glorious pointer to the heart and soul possibilities of future pop.

WHO'S WHO (left to right, descending): Slits, Modern English, Associates, The Numoid, Altered Images, Mr Dury, Julian, John Foxx, OMD, Uhuru, Polecats, Lynn H.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: Passionate Friend (Phonogram). Cope's gushing excess of enthusiasm seems to have been channelled into softer, safer places since the old Teardrops exploded, and this isn't quite as passionate as promised. Brassy, sweet as hot sunshine and something of a tribute to Cope's '60s pop predecessors, it celebrates a new found freedom but sounds suspiciously sated. Where is the waaaargh?

ALTERED IMAGES: Happy Birthday (Epic). Light and dizzy, dubby dance tune spread too thinly over a twelve inch. Nevertheless the glinting guitars and Clare's airy warble make a mix that still sparkles with a fresh and childish charm. On the B-side Altered Images eerie innocence and menthol clarity make a fragile delight of 'So We Go Whispering'. A record that's only slightly marred by a sly and mannered 'Jeepster' on the end.

THE SLITS: Earthbeat (CBS). The return of the tribal giantesses with their first single on CBS and with Dennis Bovell back helping to place the percussion in all the pertinent places. Like animal stirrings in an early dawn, this captures the sense of organic forces at work that the Slits at their best are able to orchestrate. Quiet vocals call across the soft, jungle drumming in this tenuous otherworld of their own unique imagination. 'Earthbeat' is an awakening; sure, understated and an excellent omen for their soon to come second album.

IAN DURY: Spasticus Autisticus (Polydor). In other hands this might smack of the wilful self-degradation of the fairground freak, and superficially the spectacle of Dury spitting out "I'm spasticus autisticus" is not particularly appealing. But beneath Dury's deranged rap you see the shocking sense in this song. Co-written with Chaz Jankel and recorded with Sly and Robbie at Compass Point Studios, 'Spasticus Autisticus' matches the glancing blow and subtle thrust of the finest funk with a subject that's usually swept under the Social Services carpet and rarely accorded more than an embarrassed smile. A little too literal for liberal sensibilities, I'd guess, Dury's unsentimental paean to the people most of us are quite content to quietly ignore is in stark contrast to the clean gleam of a matchless music. Dury's finest hour since 'Rhythm Stick' and a perfect present to the British public for the Year of the Disabled.

BLACK UHURU: Sponji Reggae (Island). Again the hallmarks of Sly and Robbie's handiwork, only this time stamped on a stately Uhuru track from 'Red'. Lucid disco mix of Black Uhuru's blissfully fluid funky-reggae. Proof of the group's measured grace and massive soul plus the producers' vivid aural imagination.

POLECATS: Marie Celeste/Jeepest/Hip Hip Baby/Down The Line (Mercury). If, like me, you thought the Polecats were the tail-end of the Stray Cats ersatz rockabilly revival, too tiresomely brash and bouncy, too obviously empty-headed to be considered as an entity in themselves, then these four tracks turn out to be a tonic. There's no qualms or apologies, no cynicism or inhibitions as the Polecats sweep through these songs on a swift tide of unaffected energy. A breezy enthusiasm that's irresistibly infectious; a record with a simple sense of sheer physical fun.

JOHN FOXX: Europe — After The Rain (Metal Beat). Warm and enigmatic lament from the mysterious Mr Foxx who has apparently erred on the human side by lining up a flesh and blood band alongside his electronics. Here he conveys delicate

Heart' plus 'Sacred Heart' is an improvement. **GARY NUMAN: She's Got Claws (Beggars Banquet)** The presence of Japan's Mick Karn on bass and sax adds elasticity to Numan's impenetrable electro-plating. Gary's first record this year since he retired from live performances, 'She's Got Claws' is poised between his usual hollow pomp and something infinitely more interesting.

THE GO-GO'S: Our Lips Are Sealed (IRS). This hasn't got the go of the great girl groups of the '60s, nevertheless 'Our Lips Are Sealed' still shines. Wafer-light, sheer and purposely transparent, this is the sort of elegant trifle that makes a pink and pure pop; candyfloss, of course.

HAVANA LET'S GO! Torpedoes (Polydor). Let's stop and get surly; this sexy nonsense went out with pub-rock, only to reappear here, photographed cheek by grinning jowl with mountains of plastic Carmen Miranda props. It's really too treacherous to come over all Latin-Americana when the only rhythm you can muster is so concrete-heavy it's impossible to move a muscle to. Worse are the laboured, playful squeals that punctuate

the middle of this mundane plod. If all was right in the pop world, 'Torpedoes' should safely sink without trace, but given that Havana Let's Go have got A Girl, are eager to please and have Absolutely No Subversive Sensuality, this should go down a bomb with aging radio hacks. Refuse to be contaminated by such reactionary rubbish!

MODERN EON: Mechanic (Dindisc). Modern Eon are irritating, not so much for this soothing, wistful and strangely substanceless song, as for the way their early promise seems to have paled into preciousness. 'Mechanic' drifts into a deathly limbo that cries out for some colour.

MODERN ENGLISH: Smiles And Laughter (4AD). Smiles and laughter sounds an improbable proposition when you're unable to overcome a damaging resemblance to every conceivable echo between the Bunnymen and Duran Duran. Not necessarily a "bad" song, just one that can't transcient imitation into any originality.

THE ROLLING STONES: Start Me Up (Rolling Stones). Bad boys never grow up, they just start to sag. Geriatric Peter Pans make standard Stones noises, slowed down and set

hard into a dull, turgid thud. It's a kind of alchemy in reverse; solid gold effortlessly transmuted into base heavy metal. Even the cover's got a fetishistic furred foot stuffed into a stiletto. Keep on flexing those flaccid muscles chaps.

KIM CARNES: Draw Of The Cards (EMI). In which Kim Carnes husky sophistication is set in a leisured instrumental stroll and spoilt by absurd clichés like canned laughter and a gamely chirping chorus.

PAT BENATAR: Fire And Ice (Chrysalis). **IAN HUNTER: Lisa Likes Rock'n'Roll (Chrysalis).** **PETER FRAMPTON: Breaking All The Rules (A&M).** Pat Benatar pouts from a picture disc that is crass, loud, ugly and as mudane as its metaphor, Ian Hunter's petty, shifty shuffle sounds perfectly pointless and Peter Frampton is irremediably dated by at least a decade.

THE BEACH BOYS: The Beach Boys Medley (Capitol). Tantalising scraps of a true teenage love story that should cause Gidea Park to curl up with shame at his own empty opportunism.

VIVIAN GOLDMAN: Launderette / Private Armies (Window). And to end with an incestuous affair... Vivian Goldman's pretty, ethereal voice hovers over two of her own compositions while a cast of thousands which includes Keith Levene, Robert Wyatt, George 'Levi' Oban and Vicky Aspinall scatter lovely loose and slinky sounds around. On the one side, a sharp look at love and on the other, a stab at the heart of the matter of male mob rule. You can stop pulling my plai's now, Viv. Just joking.

JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE: Jack You're Dead (A&M). This may be taking a personal penchant a mite too far. Affection is not necessarily a substitute for real sassy style, and although Joe swings with sensitivity and skill, what's missing, of course, is the authentic smell of sweat.

RED CRAYOLA WITH ART AND LANGUAGE: An Old Man's Dream (Rough Trade). One from 'Kangaroo' that lampoons the pretensions of modern psychology. The B-side is Mayo Thompson's tongue-in-cheek espousal of pastoral pleasures previously

available on the celebrated Rough Trade/NME C81 cassette. Both sides beautifully orchestrated by the likes of Lora Logic and the Raincoat's Gina Birch.

RED BEAT: Survival (Manic Machine). Survival's a tricky business at the best of times, but Red Beat's humourless preaching seems to make everything much worse. Hoarse, reproachful rant over an adept punky-dub backdrop.

VIRNA LINDT: Attention Stockholm (The Compact Organisation). Intrepid undercover agent disguised as a top international fashion model sets out on a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain, armed only with a firm sense of fair play and a gadget-filled powder compact. Wonderful 'Sixties spy spoof intoned over a sinister soundtrack by the resourceful Ms Lindt, whoever she might be.

HERMINE: TV Lovers (Human). Hermine languishes among genteel violins and a rumbling pianoforte, wondering languidly "Is this love?" Neither she nor the record come to any convincing conclusion.

BILLY LONDON: Woman (RSO). Lazy velvet voice that's had lessons from Lou Reed caresses a stylish synth composition. Undeniably attractive but very vapid.

JO CALLIS: Woah Yeah! (Pop: Aural). Jo Callis has a Scottish pop ancestry that stretches back through Boots For Dancing to Shake and The Rezillos. Aided here by assorted personnel who include Teardrop Troy Tate, he achieves only a pleasantly nondescript party spirit that falls disappointingly flat.

THE LUCKY SADDLES: Both Be Here Today (Albion). Bright and brittle pop sounds incongruously cheerful against lyrics which bemoan a morbid suicide bid.

VIVIAN GOLDMAN: Launderette / Private Armies (Window). And to end with an incestuous affair... Vivian Goldman's pretty, ethereal voice hovers over two of her own compositions while a cast of thousands which includes Keith Levene, Robert Wyatt, George 'Levi' Oban and Vicky Aspinall scatter lovely loose and slinky sounds around. On the one side, a sharp look at love and on the other, a stab at the heart of the matter of male mob rule. You can stop pulling my plai's now, Viv. Just joking.

Reviews:
LYNN HANNA

DANGER! DECORATORS AT WORK!



L-R: Joe, Mick, John, Allan, Steve.

PAUL TICKELL has a brush in with the cosmopolitan Ealing band who paper over the cracks in the Uxbridge Road

"NOBODY likes our name," says Mick Bevan, vocalist and rhythm guitarist with The Decorators. Nobody would like Mick's rat brat features either if they weren't softened out, humanised. On stage he's almost too human, as if he found the enormous Gretsch 'Country Gentleman' guitar which he strums an imposition. Nothing, though, can impose on that voice of his, both warm and dark. It's absolutely appropriate to the melancholy but outward-going pop served up by the rest of the band.

They've been together in one form or other for about six years, ever since Mick and saxophonist Joe Sax were schoolboys and used to practise in the living room. They couldn't think of a decent name even then, so plumped for the endgame of a series of contingent associations: living room... wall-paper... paint... er — Decorators!

Mick and Joe did a lot of hanging out and around Ealing, their native patch of London. At the height of punk they teamed up with other locals — members of The Prisoners — and did a few RAR gigs. By 1978 this joining of forces had resulted in the present permanent Decorators line-up.

On drums is Allan Boroughs, a twenty-year old with a rockabilly haircut and a day job making Rose-Hip Syrup. On bass and the oldest member of the band at 24 is Steve Sandor whose parents came out of Hungary in '56. Adding to the cosmopolitan pedigree of the band is guitarist John Gilani who's from a fairly strict Pakistani Muslim background. His parents think that he's wasting his time in a band and their advice, on being presented with a Decorators single, was: Get a job!

Easier said than done. For The Decorators unemployment is only relieved by bum work like washing up in restaurants. Joe Sax has the cushiest number at the Warehouse, the theatre in Covent Garden where the Royal Shakespeare Company go contemporary.

Joe: "Don't ask me what's on at the moment. I only shift the scenery."

The hand-to-mouth way in which the band live is reflected in their frugal recorded output. Two singles in as many years isn't a lot! The first one was released by New Hormones, the Manchester label started off by the then Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon. He put The Decorators in the studio with producer Martin Rushent; but although there was great rapport between everyone involved, the resulting 45 'Twilight View'/'Reflections' is a disappointing one-dimensional effort which sold poorly.

Boon never lost faith in the band; but, what with the break up of The Buzzcocks and the

distance between Manchester and Ealing, he stalled over putting out any follow-up.

Red Records finally did the honours earlier this year with 'Pendulum And Swinge'.

Unlike the B side 'Strange One' left over from Rushent sessions, it was recorded recently and gives a fair yet far from fully realised indication of what the band are all about.

Mick: "We aren't wilfully obscure, but we do go for atmosphere first. Not a gloomy dour one, mind — we only hint at that."

No, The Decorators don't get bogged down: they're movers.

Mick: " 'Pendulum' isn't about anything like sailors just off a ship, but that's the kind of feeling we're trying to convey."

Roaring-sailor boys on the rampage — a subject so macho it becomes absurd — sounds like a very Iggy kind of song and, not surprisingly along with Lou Reed, he's been a big influence on the band. Both these old masters have a very ambivalent attitude towards the city, sensing its freedom as well as its claustrophobia, feeling exhilarated as well as depressed. The Decorators, too, take a cautious walk on the wild side and have a look at the city's "ripped backsides".

But they aren't yet another outfit (dis)placing themselves along the Stooges/Velvets axis. The Decorators translate, never imitate; their songs are thick with England, making red skies over Wembley and walking down the Uxbridge Rd sound poetic and convincing. Revealingly, Mick — who writes a fair proportion of the band's material — is keen on the peculiarly English pop of the very early Pink Floyd, Kevin Ayers etc.

This influence helps to give the songs a spacious feel, enhanced by Mick singing soulfully over the beat and not neurotically between it: no whining or droning therapy from this boy.

The Decorators are unperturbed by years of obscurity. To them it's all relative: they haven't succeeded, but then again they haven't tried very hard. It's only recently that ambition has started to burn, and the ball begun to roll. EMI were sufficiently impressed with the band to give them studio time, and while this major might not be too impressed with the results, there are others who are and who've started to make inquiries.

The band are now managed by Malcolm Garrett whose company Assorted Images has done artwork for everybody from Buzzcocks to Polecats. Like the bookers at certain London clubs who invite The Decorators back regardless of the numbers they draw, Malcolm is sure the band's time is going to come. It's as if the band, without conceit, are sure too. 'We Know It' one of their songs is called — about time you did.

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moderately drinkable. We stroll past the square shopping centre, probably a local attraction for the postcards, cross a busy dual carriageway, an odd sign of speed, towards the lake — swimming pool.

"A lot of people," Andrew Fletcher — a redhead, with new, dangerously close-cropped hair — tells me. "I think that Basildon is a little country village. Thatched roofs and jukebox-less pubs."

"In fact it has a population of 120,000," Martin Gore — derelict blond curls, a couple of days' tender fluff on the chin — affectionately mocks him. "Oh, Andy knows everything, even the population."

"Believe me," continues Andrew earnestly. "It's got an electorate of 107,000 and that's not including kids. That's the biggest in the country, and next time it has got to be split up into Basildon East and West."

Have you lived in Basildon long? I ask singer Dave Gahan — black hair with a strange lie and an abbreviated fringe pointing down the centre of the forehead. "Since I was four," he says. Depeche Mode are the formalist tingling sound of young Basildon, the alert geometric sound of the new town, the soundtrack for all cosmetic optimism, an evocative representation of the functional artificiality of some environment. Sunbathing suits Basildon: all interviews with Depeche Mode should take place in the open air.

The Swimming Pool is set in a small tidy park: next to the swimming pool is a boating pool, near the boating pool is a putting green. Teenyboppers on school-holiday burn their legs in the sun and look numbly happy in the peace and slowness. Depeche and the *NME* sit on strictly mown grass under a toy tree; missing is songwriter Vince Clarke, who from past interviews appears to be the most prepared to attempt to rationalise the anti-romantic anti-intellectual Mode pop.

"There was a guy who interviewed us for the *Daily Star*, Ricky Sky, and he was desperately looking for a headline, an angle, and he was saying to us — haven't you done anything really exciting, what's been happening? We said well nothing really, although when we played at Ronnie Scott's once all the lights went out! He was excited by this, then he started to talk about looks and he said do you think it's an advantage to be good looking and in a band? Vince said Yeah, obviously, it's an advantage in life to be good looking. Rick Sky made it out that Vince had said UGLY BANDS NEVER MAKE IT, IF YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING THEN YOU'RE NUMBER ONE. Since then Vince has never ventured out of his flat! He is so upset, it really hit him hard. He hasn't been out for six weeks and he had a real bad depression."

At the station I feel that Depeche Mode were going to be early and silent: pop technicians simplifying their existence so that it fits into the interview. Actually, they like talking; what they like talking about more is nothing in particular. There is a reaction of squirreled schoolboy values, an innocently malicious streak. They're in no hurry: they've a cheerily vague idea about where they've been, and aren't too concerned about where they're going. Yet! Tomorrow is just another day: yesterday was a bit of a laugh. Today: flick the switch, talk to the man, fiddle with pieces of glass: Depeche Pop — for all the time in the world and no time at all.

DAVE: "It's just the pop sound of the '80s, that's what I would describe Depeche Mode as."

Andrew: "Yeah, I don't think tours play a major part in what we do. I think most of the people who bought our record have never been to a gig in their life and will never go to one. They'd rather see a picture in a magazine... A lot of housewives bought the record, I reckon, old ones as well as young."

Dave: "My mum always tells me if a song we've made is bad, if it's too choppy she doesn't like it, it's got to have a good beat and run melodically."

Andrew: "A lot of people still don't realise that the whole of our set is pop. Virtually all our songs are pop songs. I think people think it might not be like that."

What do you think people think?

Martin: "They think we're jokes!"

Andrew: "Naah... a lot of people have still got this thing — synthesiser, he must be moody. You get a lot of Numanoids coming to our gigs."

Dave: "There was this bloke come to see us the other day and he said to me after the show — I think it's really bad the way you have all your friends in the audience talking to you and that, and then we're all over here and you don't react to us. I said well what do you mean? He said: I think it's really bad that you have like all your friends in the changing room. I said well what do you want me to do say c'mon all the audience into the changing room. He said — well have you got lots of friends? I said well I've got a few. He said — well I haven't got any! Well pity you mate! Isn't that a friend, a guy who was with him. He said — yeah he's a friend, but not a friend like that."

"It was really weird! I couldn't be bothered talking to him. He thought that we should be like Gary Numan and have the distant lonely look and image. Because we play synthesisers and that we're supposed to look strange at people, and not smile. The bloke didn't like the way I smiled at people!"

DEPECHE MODE are a pop music that is a new values, the subjective sense of pop culture, the sound of flashing lights, a minimalist caricature of repentance and reason, a clinging ringing radiance. Soothing and exciting, pop's equivalent to the TV commercial. Their songs are successive transformation of images, precise parodies of the sense of interplay between technology and man. They're simplifications, cut outs, ironic pop sculptures, lively chairs, a spiked soft drink.

Talking to them — especially without Vince Clarke, the missing trinket — you can't directly appreciate the subtle merit of Depeche pop, where the intention seems to be to disclaim reality as messy and stale, to condemn daily life as heartlessly indifferent to the needs of imaginative life: Depeche Mode is a figurative pop that is the result of a collision between SENSITIVITY and INSENSITIVITY, RESPECT and INDIFFERENCE.

There is more going on than it seems: there will be more going on. Mode's literate, significantly glossy pop has a superficiality that is contradicted by an inner consistency that hints at emotion, tragedy, spirit, or perhaps an anticipation of impatience with the present format. Depeche Mode are moving between the over candid and value-less simplification of Numan, and the convincing confrontation of new possibilities of Cabaret Voltaire. Listening to the focused pop of Depeche Mode — "to sound like a fairy tale full of silent machines, robots, consumer imperatives and mute children in love with the sky" — can put this listener in the best possible mood to take in the day. Today...

Minus Clarke, Depeche Mode talk like teenyboppers: no complications! Depeche unpretentiously admit that they've ended up this way today through a series of lucky breaks. Unlike distant rubbing cousins like Cabaret Voltaire or even The Human League there's been precious little sense of purpose. They find it difficult to frame their new fame. Ingredients, colours, ideas, references, styles were generously, haphazardly scattered: the accidental pattern that's formed is brilliant, attractive and the bright basis for a special design. Depeche are a supreme example of the electronic vitalisation of the basic pop format, and it's the beginning.

Depeche Mode haven't appreciated this yet. They're still adjusting, playing truant. That they're an obvious part of the evolution from Kraftwerk, Yellow Magic Orchestra, Cabaret Voltaire, The Human League and DAF — musically and conceptually — whose observation and explanation of SURROUNDING is dislocated and oddly associated indicates that DeMode have the potential to be a shade more provocative than

SO I'M surrounded by three of the sweet Depeche boys, impressed by the variety of haircuts, surprised by their simplicity, and I do what any responsible writer would do. I go boating with them.

Basildon is close to Southend, Essex, a half hour journey on old stock from a little-known London station. Depeche Mode — 'hurried fashion' — are in between a British tour that ended in Edinburgh last Saturday and the recording of their debut LP, and are meeting the *NME* at Basildon station. The *NME* is twenty minutes late! "Sorry, it's his fault," I glibly blurt, pointing at the lanky lensboy. Depeche look annoyed, don't say much, and hang around the station entrance until their instant photographs have been processed.

We walk through the new town: unlike a close, dirty and snaggy city, Basildon is flat, open, light grey and fresh brick red. The sky looks close. I bet the tap water is



their fakierist contemporaries. Tomorrow:

THERE IS no impudent statement about Mode's employment of electronics; though they relish the opportunities. To them it was natural, a rewarding route to constructing intelligent instant pop songs. There is no rigorous or possessive art background. They're all under 20. Vince Clarke may well have a folkish background — try singing 'New Life' with a finger in the ear, acapella like Steeleye Span singing 'Gaudete'. Andrew was a rock snob — pre-punk into The Who and Deep Purple, out of that when punk churned along, and then fond of the Pistols and Parker. Martin, whose previous group performed the theme from *Skippy*, likes Sparks, The Velvet Underground and Cabaret Voltaire. Dave's background associates the group with the swift shifts of Egan clubland, has placed them near to the air the cults with names breathe.

"Yeah, I was a soulboy, I've done it all. I've been everything. I used to like soul and jazz-funk like The Crusaders. I used to go to soul weekends and hang around with the crew from Global Village and I went to, like, The Lyceum on a Friday night." He got interested in punk, and when that burnt out went back to the clubs for the exotic new electronic fun, the floating fading fantasy of The Blitz and Studio 21.

Depeche Mode were originally Vince, Martin and Andrew, bass guitar and a drum machine. Dave joined up, Depeche Mode became two synthesizers, a drum machine and a vivacious front boy. Yesterday...

"We were just a band and we played in front of friends and that... we didn't start off being a pop group, that's just the way it went, it was just the music we liked making. We never said let's form a band, let's get in the charts, let's be enormous. We didn't intend it to be a career, we were still at work until recently. We just never planned anything. We would have signed any deal, we just wanted to put a record out."

They didn't anticipate the recent shifts from IRRELEVANT BIGNESS towards mobility, colour, commotion: the newest pop urge to participate more in the bombardment of the senses? Pop in discos: pop as part of the rushing crushing soundtrack for the day. "I think we're lucky to fit into all that. We have had a lot of lucky breaks."

MEETING DANIEL MILLER was the sort of lucky break that can be turned into legend. Miller is Normal, Miller is Mute, Miller is ghost, Miller is catalyst. "If we hadn't signed with Dan's Mute label we would have signed with a major label and got

immersed in all that stupid expense, the big rigs and the 20 roadies."

DeMode certainly appreciate their fortunate independence: the flexibility. "We didn't think about it before, but now we run our own thing, plan what we want to do, how and when we want to do it. It could've been the other way easily. We emerged just as all the big labels were searching for their 'futurist' group." Depeche Mode appeared on Steve's Some Bizzare compilation and were therefore momentarily branded as 'futurist'. "We came very close to signing with a major. But we can do anything with Daniel. We could if we wanted do a record that's just a continual noise for three minutes and he'd release it as a single."

If it wasn't for Miller Depeche Mode would have been lost. They would have stood still. Miller has propelled them forward, is helping them see things clearly. His commercially practical yet unconventional vision has given DeMode a properly encouraging context to exploit and perfect their beligerently simple Pop Art. The story goes that at first he didn't want to help them: when he first heard them they were scrappy and he was in a bad mood. Fate needed to make it happy ever after. "We really were lucky to meet someone like him. We're surrounded by people we can totally trust. The people he's got on his label, like Boyd Rice, really are out of order. He puts out a single even though he knows it'll only sell 1,000. He just does it because he likes it... I still don't understand Daniel Miller. I don't see how he's made any money until us. He'll make a bit out of this single! But you know we just never really thought anything really. We just wanted to put a single out. Then we did 'Dreaming Of Me' as a one off for Mute and that went into the lower charts and we were surprised. Then, in a couple of months, everything's happened."

I SAW YOU just before the release of 'Dreaming Of Me' at Cabaret Futura and you didn't move — you were frozen!

Andrew: "That was really terrible... a really funny gig. We hadn't learnt how to move. It's very hard moving when you play synthesizers."

The next time I saw you, on *Top Of The Pops* playing 'New Life', you were hippping and hopping like puppets with broken strings.

Andrew: "It used to be the main criticism of us, that we didn't move enough on stage. But it's really hard, we've relaxed a bit now and we dance but we used to be shy and we used to be really young."

Martin: "We used to be really young! It was

only 6 months ago. We used to have this idea of having rails on the stage and we would be on platforms on stage so that we could be moved back and forwards on stage although we didn't have to actually move! We really want to make our show good but we just haven't had a chance to sit down and think about it."

I've seen people vainly try to imitate Dave's daft dance but they can never do it.

Dave: "Did you see Razmattaz yesterday? We were on it and all these little girls in the background were trying to imitate me — copying me weren't they? I didn't know when we were doing it but they were there doing exactly the same dance — like you go through loads of times before the real performance and the girls must have perfected it towards the end."

Do you like appearing on television?

Andrew: "It's alright. At first I felt a bit like a prune. Like pressing a keyboard and pretending you're really doing it and singing into a mike with a lead going nowhere — half way through you think God what am I doing here, looking like a prat in front of millions of people. We've got used to it now."

Second nature.

Andrew: "Yeah, it's just funny now."

THE INTERVIEW in the sun fades away after 40 minutes. Depeche are obviously bored, and so they should be. We go boating. DeMode are recognised by almost everybody sunning by the pool. Now that they're *FACES* are they into glamour? Shrug, stare into space, laughter.

"There's no glamour. We drive around in Dan's Renault... we don't now because it's broken, so we get trains. Don't know about glamour. Nothing's really changed. We might have a few more pennies in our pockets, and when I say pennies I do mean pennies, but same friends, same places to go to. You always think wouldn't it be great to have a hit single, but when it actually happens nothing really changes."

They seem remarkably unaffected and unimpressed by their success: likeably irreverent. "Oh it's great fun..." Glad to hear it. The three muscle men who hire out the boats recognise local goodies Mode. One of them chats to the boys as he helps them into a boat. "What number are you this week then?" "Fifteen." "That's the way — go get 'em!" He points out the group to what looks like his dad. "Hey this is Depeche Mode, they come from around this way."

"Never heard of them."

"It's really odd, at first you think God, imagine being on *TOTP*, imagine being in the top ten, but it all changes when it begins to

happen. When we got into the lower charts we thought it was good for a while, but then we thought well it's no good unless we get into the top 40. Then we thought well it's no good unless we get into the top 20..."

Depeche finish their boat ride. "All the way to number one!" shouts a boat man; Depeche are confused about what they want, why and what for, and are just beginning to work out guidelines. They intuitively realise that there is MORE than Radio One recognition: the charts the glossy magazines will unusually form the background to a hard artistic growth. Depeche Mode are casual but not silly. Would they mind the mythical mishap of ending up as one hit wonders? "I don't think it would put us off in any way — although some people in the papers would love it. We've done a lot already, we've learnt a lot, but I hope we're not one hit wonders!"

I walk around the pool as Anton focuses. Two little girls ask me if I'm in Depeche Mode. It's nice to be asked, but I point at the threesome. Two early teen lads come up to me and ask me what paper the article's going to be in. Are Depeche Mode local heroes: "Oh yeah really well known!" The two lads argue about whether Stiff Little Fingers are the other Basildon pop stars.

Dave walks the *NME* back to the station: the deal was all over inside 90 minutes, as it should be. Do they get recognised a lot in Basildon?

"Quite a lot... it's funny. The people round here sort of think that if you've got a single in the charts you're going to be driving around in a Rolls Royce, but we still use buses. They see you in the chip shop or the Wimpy and they think it's really odd."

Is his mum excited? "Oh yes. Mum says to my aunts — make sure you see them on Razmattaz! She's been really good about it — she's kind of let me have my own way. She could have been harder."

She had a banking career in mind? "No, no... I went to college doing Design and shop display, but I left. The College were pretty good about it. They sent me a note the other day, saying congratulations on the success."

Detached Dave quietly says goodbye to the *NME*, and straight away seems to have forgotten about them. What did I do today? He might wonder later that night. Tomorrow is just another day... but the day after? Depeche Mode can make intimate and challenging pop art out of routine and insecurity! Dave walks off towards sunsets and sunrises and certain surprises. Depeche Mode will grow and grow. Tomorrow... all the time in the world.

THREE MODES IN A BOAT

PAUL MORLEY skinnydips with the electropop heart-throbs from Basildon. ANTON CORBIJN pictures it.

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CV's DANCE STANCE

Feet and fingers on the fundamental pulse



Cabaret Voltaire. Photograph: Anton Corbijn

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Red Mecca (Rough Trade)

WOULD IT be wrong to read much into the fact that 'Red Mecca' — a title to delight Gaddafi's Libya but displease large dance-hall conglomerates — opens and closes with 'A Touch Of Evil', Cabaret Voltaire's paeon to Orson Welles' steamy, sordid tale of small-town police corruption? Probably not.

Welles' police chief in that picture was a grotesque, terminal cancer that had to be ripped out of the body politic before it stained everything and everyone with its corruption. Though the Cabs' 'Touch Of Evil' is a tribute more to the atmospherics of the film than to its narrative concerns, it serves to introduce and frame the most complete and chilling musical representation of '80s Britain yet produced, a broad sweep of tension and dance cleansed of corrupting superficialities.

It's an achievement they share with D.A.F. and very few others, most bands seeing either the tension without the dance (School of Joy Division Doom and Despondency) or the dance without the tension (School of Darnell

Escapist Fun and Frolics). Some may not "need that pressure on", but that pressure is undeniably there and getting closer by the day; and rather than turn their backs on it and pretend it doesn't exist, Cabaret Voltaire have faced it, clasped it to their collective bosom, and wrought a new dance music for it. A stripped-down and oddly reconstituted dance music, maybe, but one that heeds the needs and circumstances of the age.

The first time I listened to 'Red Mecca' was a few weeks ago, whilst reading the reports of Toxteth. It struck: a perfectly synchronised soundtrack to those social events, a dance of discontent, refusal and destruction. A breaking point. Not so much a case of dance-don't-riot or its obverse, but of riot as dance, the two activities inseparable parts of a wider lust for freedom and expression. The long, almost stately, drawn-out anger and aggression of 'A Thousand Ways' is perhaps the most direct evocation of unrest here, the harsh simplicity of both rhythm and vocal stabbing away linked clauses of an argument

being rammed home relentlessly, or a call-to-arms manifesto.

'Sly Doubt' achieves a similarly unsettling effect by managing to be both warm and threatening at the same time, stumbling along to a hiccup of a beat here and there and generally giving the impression of being in a car swerving from side to side of a road at 60mph and not knowing whether you're meant to be driving the thing. A curious combination of certitude and uncertainty...

Most of the real dancing gets done on side two, a scarlet glow from beginning to end. 'Red Mask', a not-too-distant cousin of 'Nag Nag Nag' and 'No Escape', opens with a metallic clatter of drums from film operative Nik Allday and continues as a rapper of an angry colour, lines sneered and spat out to backdrop of rhythmic threads and stitches of organ, guitar, bass and percussion.

'Split Second Feeling', which first surfaced as 'Untitled' on the 'Live At The Lyceum' cassette, reappears next as a sensuous sway of rhythm box and dense, distorted guitar. 'Black Mask' is a suspension in tension, a perpetual beginning to a non-existent middle

and end, and 'Spread The Virus', easily the most feet-orientated piece the Cabs have ever attempted, runs up to the reprise of 'Touch Of Evil' with a violent, wild and free concoction of mad brass and movement: a stunner of a closing number, further evidence that when CV yoke their idiosyncratic style and technique to that fundamental pulse, they're at their most devastating.

There's never been as big a gulf between fashion — the Great Premeditated — and the social situation ("reality") as now exists, at least since fashion became the province of the lower orders; with 'Red Mecca', Cabaret Voltaire manage to straddle that gulf, making music that is fashionably danceable but well aware of '80s pressures. It's Inner-City Dance Music, as hard and vital a cultural event as PIL's 'Metal Box' in its combination of the footwork and atmospherics of unrest.

It's also the first visionary future-pop LP of the decade; the rest aren't really worth bothering with.

Andy Gill

THE ELECTRIC SPANKING OF WAR BABIES

Funkadelic (Warner Bros Import)

THEY say everybody should have faith in something, and since 1970 I've believed in George Clinton. It stayed that way all through the last decade, when at the same time as stretching the boundaries of soul music to infinity and back, he had answers so deep that it took people years to think up questions to go with them.

Yet come the eighties, the

Mothership began springing leaks that were seriously damaging its credibility. Defections were rife, the Uncle Jam label wasn't the unqualified success it should have been, George quit the show to fry his brain with Sly Stone in between deep sea fishing trips and the last Parliament set was a tribute to self-indulgence. In short, it was falling apart, and out of the confusion, young P. Funk influenced bands were beating them at their own game.

It seemed that 'time' was finally being called as the

outfit that had got by on taking accepted themes one stage further had run out of ideas. Then came 'Electric Spanking' the single, and normal service was resumed. After all, Funkadelic were always the ensemble's backbone, and they couldn't let it go to the wall, much less take it there.

The album though is much harder to deal with instantly. Like 'Trombipulation', it uses different players and producers on each track, thus appears disjointed through too many ideas. It is saved though, as now they seem to

have come to terms with their new found freedom and get it across through music rather than 'in-joke' lyrics, so it isn't too difficult to give it the two or three chances it deserves / needs. After that, what emerges is a re-creation of early days when, in the albums 'Funkadelic' and 'Osmium', ideas were being kicked around, rather than the centric themes of 'One Nation' or 'Uncle Jam'.

These ideas, strongly bear the mark of the person behind them, as examples, Bootsy and Sly Stone highlight bass and drums on the stoned

'Funk Gets Stronger (PT 1)', Junie Morrison's 'Electric Spanking' is a both complex and simple dance track carried by guitar and keyboards, and Garry Shider's two tracks are songs rather than tunes, fronted by himself and George on vocals.

Perhaps this is proof of the statement that George made when he climbed into the back seat two years ago, that "it's not about just one individual... it's about the whole mu'fucking band", but on the other hand it might just be a return to the womb in times of trouble to mark

time while awaiting a second 'One Nation' or 'Flashlight'.

Either way, 'The Electric Spanking Of War Babies' is the true essence of Funkadelic; unpredictable, good listening but complicated dance music and it stays in your head long after the last joint. Reason enough for it to have little chance with today's 'soul folk', who have been raised on Solar, Roy Ayers and The Gaps, but for long-time freak n' funk fans whose faith, like mine, had recently taken a kick in the groin, I'll see you back at the temple.

Lloyd Bradley



DOCTOR ALIMANTADO
Sons Of Thunder
(Greensleeves)

IN WHICH the ital surgeon assembles a collection of 10 titles originally released on Jamaican 45 during the period 1973 to 1977, and neatly complements his similar excursion for the label three years ago: 'Best Dressed Chicken In Town'. Yeah. Uhuh, y'all!

This present compilation falls somewhere in arrears of that impressive debut, but still retains as vital a statement of the worthy doctor's very exuberant style as to render it noteworthy and most meritorious. Zealous and overblown, it is toasting of a type that is, alas, no longer in vogue.

The album opens with one of Tado's classic waxings, 'Chant To Jab', a derivation of the first psalm recorded for producer Bunny Lee in 1975 and set to the rhythm of Slim Smith's 'The Beatitude'. Our man of medicine exhorts mercy from his Creator in terms very definite, and also observes that "in this time you see man doing all kinds of things that's wrong, still they were not taught to do the wrong, they were taught to do the right." In the background, Mr Smith and his fellow Uniques advise all hearers that those possessed of meekness are duly blessed inasmuch as the earth is their rightful inheritance.

'Return Of Muhammed Ali', which follows, recounts the pugilist's encounter with the man Joe Frazier in the ring at New York's Madison Square

Garden in 1974, with especial reference to "bobbing and weaving, a skipping and jumping, dancing and prancing to the Ali shuffle, you know those kind of way."

The title

The title track utilises Jackie Brown's oft used 'Wiser Dread' rhythm alongside storm effects barely witnessed outside the George Pompidou centre for the doctor to read a script of apocalyptic brimstone. A melodica break midway through its course compares with the piano passage in Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs' 'Stay' in terms of brevity.

The first side ends with two further Striker Lee productions, including a version of Cornel Campbell's 'Greenwich Farm' flying cymbal opus from 1975, with apparent reference to one Keith Stone in Alimantado's totally unrelated cry of "dig it Daddy Kool, it's real cool, it's good for you."

Side two is introduced courtesy of 'Born For A Purpose', a song relating the doc's unfortunate meeting with a homicidal lorry driver, and which also served as some consolation for former Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten following his own sufferation at the vicious hands of highly intelligent products of British nationalism. "If you feel like you have no reason for living," Tado castigates the philistines, "gosh, don't determine my life..."

'Careless Ethiopians Repent' is a reworking of a previous Alimantado toast, 'Conscious Man', using Horace Andy's 'Fever' rhythm; whilst 'Oil Crisis' — itself a toast of 'Ain't No Sunshine' — is the rhythm later worked as 'Best Dressed Chicken', and bears all the trademarks of its Black Ark genesis.

And blessed is the man who live up, and blessed is the man who never give it up.

Penny Reel



KURTIS BLOW
The Deuce (Mercury)

Time to fall for the obvious trap
Talk about Kurtis by doing a rap
My man's right here, rapping away
But he don't seem to have a lot to say
He talks about 42nd street
Gets it down cold, right on the beat
But this 'Starlife' bit, well, I dunno
It's all on the surface, nowhere to go
His delivery's the same, track to track
A whole album of Kurt's a pain in the back
Side... check it out!
Tho' Kurtis cool, ain't no doubt
His backup boys seem well into Chic
The rhythms ain't dull but they ain't you-nique
And what makes the whole thing seem absurd
Is that Kurtis don't even write all the words
He got these producers, Moore and Ford by name
And they're the ones who run the game
Now I dig the title track and 'Get Away'
'It's Getting Hot' sounds good today
The first side's cool and the boy got guts
But that second side just drives me nuts
Now that ain't a problem just because
There's Grandmaster Flash and Was (Not Was)
But when that flash wears off and so does the glow
You get awful sick of Kurtis Blow.
Charles Shaar Murray

UPSETTERS
Blackboard Jungle Dub
(Clocktower US import)
KEITH HUDSON & FAMILY
MAN BARRETT
Pick A Dub (Atra)

NOW here to rock the nation from these supersound stations comes the kind of old that should never be sold; three of the originators Lee Perry the dubonic supremo, Family Man Barrett, the man that gave the bass a whole new face; and Keith Hudson the sinister sensualissimo.

'Pick A Dub' came out in the early 70's on the incredible vanishing Mamba label of Brent 'Did He Or Didn't He' Clarke, and belonged to a run of records like 'Flesh Of My Skin' and 'Torch Of Freedom' which even at that early stage demonstrated Keith Hudson as, in a word, brilliant. The man has always moved in such oblique, independent strategies, and his mystique is so dread, that he's never received the mass exposure of a Marley, but actually, he can stand the comparison. Easy.

Joining forces with ex-Upsetters, then Wailers, bassie, the rock solid Family Man as the lnd Street Dreads, 'Pick A Dub' is dub bones, the basics: everything swivelling round the quietly insistent bass in electric shocks of rhythm guitar and tickler cymbals. Music made for *amour*. It's a matter of digging the textures, of appreciating the movement of the manipulated melodies. Dub-wise, it's understated elegance.

I don't know who or how Brad of New York's Clocktower managed to trace down the tapes of 'Blackboard Jungle' which was to reggae music what the Marie Celeste was to shipping: a legend, swallowed up in mist and never heard (of) more. The first time you hear 'Blackboard Jungle', you know why people still yearn for it. This disc is *magic*.

It is needed to be proved again, here's evidence that even a decade or so ago, Lee

Perry had ears from another planet. Who else could hear those colours? Here, the fun and games of dubmutation happen on a set of superb songs, desert island tunes. You get beasts of the jungle screeching through gunfire, Scratch and other people ranting, yowling, or just plain toasting over percussion of a talkative complexity Sly's syndrums aim at. This music is an album of smash hit 45's (unreleased.) This music is happening with some serious depth of field some soft focus, some grainy shots, some where the chemical's just sloshed around and from anarchy cometh beauty (in this instance.) Sepia to colour to black and white. Hear it in the morning and hear it at night. Hear it, you'll love it with all your might. Calling the meek and the humble — welcome to Blackboard jungle!

Viven Goldman

THE MUD HUTTERS
Factory Farming
(Defensive/New Hormones)

CHESHIRE'S Mud Hutters are not the wild musical extroverts their name suggests them to be. They're merely lame and tame purveyors of an introvert avant-garde that's humourless, sterile and dull.

Dreary copyists of a thousand styles, they are to experimental music what Modern Eon or The Freshies are to modern rock — the redundant also-rans who shouldn't bother.

So the brightest thing about this, The Hutters' debut LP, is its shiny red cover, but don't let the packaging deceive. This band have wandered so far left they've fallen over the edge and into an abyss — a vacuum of self-indulgence, futility and the bland.

I'd give their tea party a miss. They're The Hutters stuck-in-the-mud.

Mick Duffy



THE DANCE
In Lust (Statik)

THE DANCE are a New York band, led by husband-and-wife team Eugene Diserio and Steve Alexander, who are exploring the less exotic facets of new funk. Last year, their 'Dance For Your Dinner' EP evinced a rough-hewed, whooping, clanging funkpop that drew comparison with Delta 5: now, with a different drummer and a fresh guitarist, the sound has smoothed out and slicked down a little, not necessarily a change for the better.

The 'In Lust' LP works to a standard formula — choppy funk riffs hurry beneath Diserio's obscure, wordy chants — that is rarely delivered with sufficient verve or flair to sustain either its own promise or the listener's interest. There's too much reliance on repetition; on a studied heavy funk that echoes the lyric's fondness for convolution and a rather deadly earnestness.

The Dance have their redeeming features, though. A few songs work an intense, coherent groove while the title-track — also available on 12" — is an unqualified delight. Lighter in mood, it runs coolly on a thumping rhythm core, flickering guitar talk and a lovely, sweeping organ line that carries you along in its flow. It's the only track here that does *flow*, the one time all the elements gell, a fleeting revelation of how good this band *could* be if they'd just relax a little.

The Dance may be well worth watching but, title-track apart, I think I'll sit this one out.

Graham Lock

THE SLITS



THE SLITS

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JAZZ

IN HIS later years, you could often find Lester Young bottle in hand, record on the phonogram, staring blankly out at Broadway through the window of a cheap hotel room. The great days — with Bessie, Billie Holiday, Buck Clayton — were long gone. Always a fragile, enigmatic man, racism had worn away his spirit leaving him tired, bitter; a chronic alcoholic.

The turning point came, some say, in 1944-5 when he was drafted into the US Army and became the victim of a particularly vicious bout of official oppression, spending most of his time in a Georgia detention barracks thanks to a fake drugs rap set up by a redneck major who resented Young's fame and, above all, his white wife.

Accepted wisdom says that after his discharge, Prez — he was nicknamed 'The President' by Billie Holiday — lost the will to play: the man who blew the sweetest tenor sax in jazz history had become a shadow, a mockery of his previous self. But accepted wisdom will have to be revised with a new series of live LPs on the Pablo label which show Prez in fine fettle, on a Washington club date, in December 1956.

'56 was a good year for Lester Young records. His best post-war studio work comes from January of that year, a two-day session with Teddy Wilson and several of his old Basie band sidekicks, available on the Verve label. Now the Pablo LPs — 'Lester Young In Washington DC, 1956' — reaffirm that Prez could still, on occasion, rise above the problems and produce again that exquisite deftness of tone and touch. To date, three LPs have



Lester Young

been released. All were recorded on the final night of a week-long engagement on which Prez fronted the house trio of Bill Potts (piano), Norman Williams (bass) and Jim Lucht (drums), whose enthusiasm and respect for Young played a large part in

refining his inspiration. The music is vintage Prez; bustling with invention, tenderness and joy. The repertoire is the usual mixture of Young originals — 'Lester Leaps In', 'Jumpin' With Symphony Sid' — and favourite standards like 'A Foggy Day', 'I Can't Get



Ray Charles

TONY MATHEWS
Condition: Blue (Sonet)
MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD
Cruisin' For A Bruisin' (Takoma)

THIS is the modern blues that we've heard about. Tony Mathews has a regular gig playing lead guitar behind Ray Charles, and in the tradition of Albert King and Fenton Robinson, he sets his voice and guitar against jumping, bouncing pinball funk and spices things up with a few jazz intonations and intervals.

'Condition: Blue' shows off Mathews' guitar stuff most nicely: he sounds like he's played a lot of jazz, and some of his improvisations take him into areas where straight bluesmen don't go. His fluency verges on the alarming: Tony Mathews is an extremely articulate guitarist and the funk rhythms seem to suit him very nicely.

Thematically, there is still plenty of evidence to suggest that *Woman Done Him Wrong* and he's obviously *Got The Blues* and all of that palaver, but these days his woman's off 'snortin' white powders and drinkin' hundred-proof alcohol' and clearly having a whale of a time.

Elsewhere, he dodges into everything from a little John Lee Hooker-styled pick, stomp and moan, turns up the voltage for a few Hendrix-isms and turns in an exquisitely passionate and danceable 'Comin' Home To You.' If the idea of a really tasty slice of modern blues marinated in jazz and laid out on a bed of funk appeals to you, then bang it on to a

cassette and go and lie in the sun with it, since 'Condition: Blue' is the best debut by a bluesman in the last five years and one hopes that Mathews' work with Brother Ray doesn't keep him too busy to knock out a few sequels.

From a first album to a last album: 'Cruisin' For A Bruisin' closes the book on Mike Bloomfield, the best white blues guitarist America ever produced (Robbie Robertson is, of course, Canadian). Bloomfield died earlier this year after working with Paul Butterfield, Al Kooper and Bob Dylan to great effect in the '60s and then pottering about making records he liked for John Fahey's Takoma label in the '70s. The groove he ended up in was that of a second-line Ry Cooder, but he lacked Cooder's Showmanship, taste and the spark that enabled Ryland to transform everything he played rather than simply reproducing and paying tribute.

'Cruisin' For A Bruisin' is a warm, yeasty and lazily sentimental album that indicates that Bloomfield had achieved satisfaction without complacency. Neither brilliant, nor deeply moving, it expresses — in the final analysis — that Bloomfield loved the music that he made and wanted to share it. White blues guitarists are renowned for ego and angst; Mike Bloomfield seems to have put all of that '60s crap behind him for good. More cruisin' than bruising, this album represents a solid and unpretentious epitaph for a solid and unpretentious man.

Charles Shaar Murray



Breakin' Away
Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)

FOR a long time, Al Jarreau has been a mystery to me. Hailed as a superstar and one of the current darlings of the jazz/funk set, yet having heard bits and pieces of his work, and seen his album covers I could never work out why. Several plays of this 'Breakin' Away' set, and I'm now thoroughly enlightened.

Fundamentally, it's about the inoffensiveness. There is no way this album is going to upset anybody, as for the most part of it the listener will be blissfully unaware that the stereo is even switched on. To illustrate this, it was only after I noticed that four hours had passed that I realised I must've played both sides.

Presumably Jarreau has appreciated that this is the way to the hearts of middle America, which is in turn a sure-fire passport to the supper-club schlep to Vegas where one can vegetate happily because the only music heard is played on a cash register.

With this album, he is neatly skirting the trap that George Benson, Quincy Jones and suchlike have fallen into, of

stopping along the way to appease the coloured folk, which can delay the quest for a private South Pacific island for a few years. Instead, he steams straight in with a collections of songs and arrangements that would make Tony Bennett or Johnny Mathis proud.

Lloyd Bradley

ANY TROUBLE
Wheels In Motion (Stiff)

THE WAY they sound, the way they look, Any Trouble are nowhere near the height of fashion.

They're straightforward rockers, a bit old-fashioned, but they're not averse to tempering the formula with some sensitivity and intelligence.

'Wheels In Motion', the second LP, finds them serving up much the same mixture as last year's debut: a clutch of brisk, up-tempo numbers, cleverly written yet never greater than ordinary, plus a couple of ballads — just the way a traditional English beat album should be, in fact.

It's only on the slower material, I think, that Any Trouble come across as better than merely competent. Last time around it was 'Nice Girls' and 'Girls Are Always Right'; this time it's the cuts that close each side — 'Dimming Of The Day', a Richard Thompson song, the sole non-Clive Gregson composition; and 'The Sun Never Sets' a real surprise, this, all martial drumbeat and quiet psychedelia.

Paul Du Noyer



IAN HUNTER
Short Back 'n' Sides (Chrysalis)

'Short Back 'n' Sides' is Ian Hunter's symbolic shedding of his rock 'n' roll curls, affording anyone interested the spectacle of yet another ageing bore trying to keep up with the times. The usual parade of helping hands is attendant on the supposed rebirth. There's Ronson, there's Jones, Foley, and Headon from Clashville, NY, and there's even an old Rundgren in tow.

With Mick Jones — long time Motown Fan! — co-producing, 'Short Back 'n' Sides' is for the most part a desperately safe collision of Hunter / Ronson's 79's glam-bam heroics with Jones' attempts at playing a kind of Ladbroke Grove Lee Perry on the mixing deck. Where old-style Hunter (you're never alone with an untalented songwriter) wins out, as on 'Central Park 'n' West', 'Leave Me Alone', or 'Keep On Burnin'', the result is either Knopflerised, sub-Springsteen Dylan or supper-club Bowie.

Where, on the other hand, Ian wishes us to know how hip he's become, the results are plain embarrassing. 'Theatre Of The Absurd', which he calls 'Brixton rock', is sort of c'n-w-calyppo, a cross-breed not even Strummer and Jones at their most uninspired would attempt. Similarly, 'Noises' is Jones remaking 'The Secret Life Of Arabia' in the mould of 'The Magnificent Seven'; dirty and cavernous it may be, but the whole thing is so hopelessly overdone it would make Joe Strummer blush.

The rest of the album sways indifferently between these two unclashed cultures. 'Old records never die', croaks this archetypal 'rock 'n' roll star' (and Jones is another) on one song. Keep singing that to yourself, Ian, because 'Short Back 'n' Sides' will be forgotten long before it's even menopausal.

Barney Hoskyns

EDDIE KENDRICKS
Love Keys (Atlantic)

WHEN great singers split from great vocal groups, nothing much ever seems to happen. Admittedly, both Eddie Kendricks (with 'Boogie Down') and his vital complement in the original Temps, David Ruffin (with 'Walk Away From Love') made

at least one outstanding record in the mid-70's. But the new decade has seen the conventions of mainstream soul music — in terms both of songs and production — ossified almost irreversibly.

Even with Muscle Shoals horns and all, 'Love Keys' is still soul with a paunch — and for such a lean, elegant singer as Kendricks that's rather sad. Moreover, as a first album for

Atlantic, it hardly bodes well. Tamla Motown this year — with the Gaye, Rick James, and Teena Marie LP's — has been turning out stuff far superior to anything either on Atlantic or by ex-Motown artists.

All people like Kendricks need, actually, is a producer who has some idea of how to make soul music.

Barney Hoskyns

Started', 'These Foolish Things'.

Here is Lester Young supple and swinging on the blues, heartbreaking on the ballads; conjuring up those spare, smokey phrases that hang in the air, linger in the memory. These three LPs are a celebration of beauty and of resilience; the priceless legacy of an artist who knew and paid the price of being a sensitive man in a brutal society. Lester Young was only 50 when he died, just two years or so after these records were made, in 1959.

If Prez was a casualty of racism, Max Roach and Archie Shepp are two of its most outspoken jazz opponents. It's no surprise then that the most moving track on their duo set 'The Long March' (hat Hut) is called 'South Africa Goddam'. A double LP recorded live at the 1979 Willisau festival, 'The Long March' is a brilliant exhibition of improvisational skills: Roach — the master of modern drumming — lays out rich and dense rhythm patterns, ably backed by Shepp's bluesy tenor.

'South Africa Goddam' turns through flurries of percussion and Shepp's measured grief to a quiet resolution, its 20-minute duration underpinned by an implacable determination not to forget which is all the more pertinent just now with black squatters in Cape Town being frozen and starved to death by order of the South African government. If it's of less immediate impact than a few well-placed ANC bombs, the solidarity and inspiration this music provides will not be weighed lightly by those who share its defiance. It is the opposite of 'escapist' music because it recognises full well that for many people there is not the slightest hope of escape. That is its strength and its unutterable sadness.

Graham Lock



NAUGHTY SWEETIES
Naughty Sweeties Live (Dauntless)

I'M over the moon about this really great LP, man. There's only one word for it an' that's brilliant — an' even that's an' understatement. They're gonna be huge, The Sweetie Naughties, an' I mean HUGE! Enormous really. I'm only dead glad it was me who got to review this mighty fine piece of American vinyl — 'cos that means I get to keep it forever now. Good, eh? (This LP is the musical equivalent of the above seminal piece of rock journalism.)

Mick Duffy

THE DELINQUENTS
The Delinquents (Live Wire)

SAD REALLY. A no-hoper band from Austin Texas paying lipservice to rock 'n' roll's most ridiculous period — greasy high school types guzzling Cokes and scoffing French fries, tinny farfisa organs, surfing, 4/4 beats and beach parties. This record is underplayed, underwritten, undeserving and hopefully staying underground. Mind you, if you like your music brassy and naive as opposed to brash and innocent then you'll just *love* The Delinquents.

Gavin Martin

LARRY GRAHAM
Just Be My Lady (Warner Bros)

THOROUGHLY execrable sophisto-soul slush, utterly devoid of the spacious bass on which the man's reputation rests. Another talent gelded by affluence.

Andy Gill

ZNR
Barricade 3 (Recommended Records)

ZNR are two French musicians, Joseph Racaille and Hector Zazou, plus a bunch of friends and 'Barricade 3' is a reissue of their first LP from 1976. It's a beguiling mixture of Satie-esque piano, haunting saxes, synths, electronics, assorted bits and pieces. Sometimes funny, sometimes jarring, mostly very soothing. On a line between Eno and Vini Reilly. A cool, curious, captivating record.

Graham Lock

BUDDY HOLLY
Love Songs (MCA)

ACCORDING to this LP, there was no rebel spirit in Buddy Holly. I do not know whether this was so, but I think we should be told.

Andy Gill

FRANK MARINO
The Power Of Rock And Roll (CBS)

EX-MAHOGANY Rush frontman indulges in solo bout of penile dementia; distasteful, to put it mildly. Some things should be done in privacy, Frank.

Andy Gill

JOHNNY WARMAN
Walking Into Mirrors (Rocket)

DAFT POP with a science-fiction coating. Songs are on subjects like Martians stealing his record collection, being coldly delighted by machinery and trendily afraid of the Bomb. Bloodless futurism, not helped by the presence of synthesizer pro Larry Fast and Peter Gabriel on Background vocals on 'Screaming Jets'.

Edward L Fox



THE SLITS
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for the Special Touch

TOUR NEWS

Killing Joke pic: Simon Reeves

JOKES, ECHO, DAF FOR NEW LEEDS FESTIVAL

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN, The Cramps, Bauhaus, Japan and Killing Joke are the headliners in a Leeds rock festival masterminded by promoter John Curd.

The event, which takes place at Leeds Queen's Hall on September 26 and 27, runs from 3pm through to 11pm each day and is being hailed by Curd as the city's answer to the Futurama Festival, which this year quit Queen's Hall and found a new home at Stafford's New Bingley Hall.

Though several bands had still to be confirmed at press-time, the line-up for Saturday (26) reads: **Echo And The Bunnymen, The Cramps, Bauhaus, Thompson Twins, Theatre Of Hate, DAF, X** and at least one other act, while Japan, Killing Joke, Wall Of Voodoo and **Classix Nouveaux**, plus four as yet unnamed bands will be the Sunday (27) attractions.

THE BEAT and **Nine Below Zero**, plus **The Bricks, Artistic Control** and **Spam Parts** are doing a CND/Elephant Fayre Fund concert at a site near Tidford village, six miles west of Plymouth on the A38. The show takes place on September 6 and runs from 4 pm till 11 pm, tickets being £3.50 in advance or £4.00 on the day. These can be obtained from Virgin Records in Plymouth or Alies Smith, St Austell, all postal applications being dealt with by 'Elephant Fayre', The Stable Yard, Port Elliott, St Germans, Cornwall.

SIMPLE MINDS, a featured band at this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, where they play a gig on August 28, are currently rehearsing a new stage show which they take on the road in mid-September. The tour ties in with the release of their debut Virgin album, which will initially sell as a limited edition twin album, 'Sons And Fascination' and 'Sister Feelings Call'. Dates are: Nottingham Rock City (September 17), Glasgow Apollo (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Birmingham Odeon (24) and London Hammersmith Odeon (25), with at least one other date, possibly Leeds or Sheffield, yet to be set. Ticket prices vary but are generally set at £3.50 or £3.00 according to venue. Following the UK dates, Minds embark on a 40-date North American tour followed by a major tour of Australia and New Zealand, where they will appear with top Aussie outfit Icehouse, also possible support unit for the British dates.

MISTY IN ROOTS play an additional date — at Sheffield Top Rank on Friday, August 28. The band, who have a new album 'Wise And Foolish' released on the People Unite label at the end of the month, would like to make it clear that, contrary to any advertisements that may have appeared, they have not, nor will not, play benefit concerts for Bob Marley. "We will not capitalise on his death," they state. "And if unscrupulous promoters wish to do so without the consent of this group, then the public should be warned."

BOW WOW WOW have been added to the Sunday (September 6) headliners at Stafford's Futurama 3 festival, joining **The Cure** and **Doll By Doll**. Meanwhile, the first of four films shot at last year's Futurama has been lined up for an October 1 screening by BBC2 TV. **Young Marble Giants, Artery, Echo And The Bunnymen, League Of Gentlemen, Notsensibles**, and **Classix Nouveaux** are among those featured in the opening programme.

TYGERS OF PANG TANG, Angelwitch, Praying Mantis, More Predatur, Starfighters, Big Noses and **Funny Teeth** appear at Quicksilver Records 'Heavy Metal All Day', which is being held at Reading Top Rank Suite on August 31. The doors open at midday and there are bars and stalls all day. Tickets are £4 in advance.

TALISMAN, the Bristol St Paul's reggae outfit whose 'Dole Age' has been gathering action in the indie chart, headline an NUJ benefit in aid of those experiencing financial difficulty as a result of the *Time Out* and *Pergamon* sackings. The concert, which features **Animal Answer** as support, takes place at London's Margery St, Now Merlins Cave, WC1 and advance tickets, price £2.00 are available from Central Books, 37 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1 or Geraint Rees on 01-405 6900 (ac:257). At the door it'll be £3 or just £1 to anyone carrying their UB40.

STOMU YAMASHITA, the percussionist who has scored some 70 movies including Altman's *Images* and Roeg's *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, brings a show called *Iroha, Life Of Change* to London in September. The show, which runs from September 1-5 inclusive at Holland Park's Court Theatre, was first premiered in 1980 at the 1,200 year-old Toji Temple in Japan. It fuses such opposing elements as a 2,000 year-old fire ceremony with an electric laser storm, while an ancient Zen monk ritual is linked to a manic dance by a modern Kabuki artist via Yamashita's music. Tickets for the show, which runs from 8.00 pm to 9.30 pm are obtainable from Edwards And Edwards, Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.1 (Tel: 01 734 9761), priced £10 and £6, with £4 tickets available on the night only.

SHEENA EASTON has added three extra dates to her UK Autumn tour, these being: Coventry New Theatre (October 19), Southport Theatre (20), and Eastbourne Congress Hall (22).

DUDU PUKWANA, noted Afro Jazz saxman, leads a quintet at Battersea Arts Centre on Sunday, August 23. Tickets are priced at £1.60 or £1.20 to members.

CLINT EASTWOOD and **General Saint**, currently charting with their 'Another One Bites The Dust' single, have lined up a London Venue gig on August 24. Tickets are priced £3.00.

THE DEAF AIDS, the Sheffield four-piece, appear at the London Venue on Monday, August 24, co-headlining with Andy Allan's *Future*, with *Stolen Pets* as support.

BONNIE BRAMLETT, with **The Joe English Band, Cliff Richard, Barry McGuire, Mystery Guests, 100% Proof, Virtual Image** and many others will appear at this year's Greenbelt Festival, which is being held at Odell village (six miles north of Bedford) on August 28-31.

B-MOVIE, set to play the Futurama Festival on September 6, have also lined up the following dates: Glasgow Manhattan Club (August 23), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (24), Manchester Fagin's (26), Cheltenham Eve's (30), Retford Porterhouse (September 5) and City Of London Poly (29).

THE ONLOOKERS, the highly touted Slough band, have lined up some dates and play Fulham Greyhound (August 26), High Wycombe Nags Head (27), Hammersmith Clarendon (30), Southall White Hart (September 14) and London The Pits (15).

SAXON have added four extra dates to their forthcoming tour, which now starts at the Brighton Centre on October 7, the other additional concerts being at Manchester Apollo (13), Sheffield City Hall (16) and Bridlington Spa Pavilion (23). The band's fourth album, 'Denim And Leather' is to be released in mid-September.

BLURT, back from America's West Coast, where they've been working to promote their 'In Berlin' album, play just one London date — at the Mouch Club in Wardour Street's Whiskey a Go Go on August 26 — before immediately departing for a European visit.

RUST, WHO FILMS

NEIL YOUNG'S in-concert movie *Rust Never Sleeps*, shot in 1979, at last gets a London showing when it opens at Islington's Screen On The Green on August 27. The film, which will play at the Islington cinema for a three week season, features Young in the company of Crazy Horse and includes performances of such songs as 'I'm A Child', 'Cinnamon Girl', 'Like A Hurricane' and 'Cortez'. Currently Neil Young is finishing a studio album called 'Reactor', due for release later this year.

THE WHO'S short movie *The Who Face Dances* is being lined up for distribution by CIC. The film, which has a running time of 25 minutes, features the band performing numbers from their 'Face Dances' album along with glimpses of the contemporary painters who contributed to the album's sleeve.

RAR RAG RESTARTS

TEMPORARY HOARDING, the Rock Against Racism newspaper, is back on the streets after an absence of more than a year. *TH* vanished last summer when three of its workers resigned from RAR's central committee due to political and personal differences. But, says *TH* designer Sid Shelton, these have now been resolved and *TH* relaunched "for obvious reasons, really — the rise of the loony Right is getting serious again".

The first issue of the new *TH* has already sold out its initial print run of 6,000 and is likely to be reprinted. RAR also hopes to go ahead with regular future issues, finances permitting.

READING — SPECIAL BUSES

BECAUSE of the threatened British Rail strike, due to begin at midnight, Sunday, August 30 — just 30 minutes before the Reading Festival comes to a close — the Festival's organisers have made arrangements for National Coaches to run a special service between London Victoria Coach Station and the Reading Festival site.

Departures from Victoria are set for 10.30 am on Friday August 28 and 9.30 am on Saturday, August 29 — the return trip to London being guaranteed to all ticket holders who make the outward journey, even if the concert over-runs. Inclusive return tickets, priced £4.50 are now available from Keith Prowse, Premier Box Offices and the Marquee Office, while telephone enquiries regarding reservations should be directed to Beverly, at National Coaches (01-461 2222).

The organisers are currently negotiating with several other travel organisations and further bus facilities will be announced shortly.

Also, the Alex Harvey Band have pulled out of the Saturday night line-up. No replacement is expected to be announced.

PAGE DEATH WISH

JIMMY PAGE is to score Michael Winner's upcoming *Death Wish II* movie, the sequel to the 1974 *Death Wish*, which provided **Herbie Hancock** with soundtrack work. Page and Winner are next door neighbours in West London.

ZEP RAFFLED

JIMMY PAGE'S Yamaha acoustic guitar and a set of nine autographed Led Zeppelin albums are among the prizes being offered in a raffle organised by London's Golden Lion Roadies Charity for Children. Raffle tickets are four for £1.00 and can be obtained from The Golden Lion, 490 Fulham Road, London SW8. The raffle winner will be flown from his or her home — wherever in the world it may be — to be presented with their prize on December 15 by Robert Plant and John Paul Jones.

HELP THE AGED

BANDS and individual artists of every kind are required to help out with an 'entertainment' being organised in conjunction with the Great London Parks Walk, a Help The Aged fund-raiser, which takes place on Sunday, November 15. Anyone who can offer aid is asked to contact the Walks Office at 318 St Paul's Road, Highbury, London N.1 (phone 01-226-9684 or 01-226-9806).

RCA SIGN MOTOWN

MOTOWN have concluded a UK licensing agreement with RCA Records, terminating an association with EMI that has lasted since October 1963, when EMI released **Martha And The Vandellas'** 'Heatwave' single on the Stateside label. The new liaison, which starts on October 1, will provide RCA with one of the strongest black music catalogues in the country since the company already distributes Stax, along with several other labels notable for their black repertoire.

NEWS FLASH

DEEPLY DOPES

DESPITE legal action being taken against its organisers, some attempt to keep the annual Deeply Vale Festival going has been made, though it's proved something of a disaster. One organiser, code-named Wagbeard, stated: "Despite the notices in the press that the festival wouldn't take place, many people still made their way to the site only to be turned back by the Rossendale Police. Later, a new site was established just outside the Rossendale, boundaries but, presumably dispirited by the whole affair, everyone just began taking drugs and ended up getting stoned. As a result no stage was erected and what could have been a good festival just degenerated into the cannabis carnival the local papers had originally claimed the event to be."

But, Wagbeard adds, the festival is to be revived at a new site next year in Cumbria, probably at Keswick or maybe outside Windscale power station. In an effort to raise funds for this proposed event, a gig by the **Notables**, plus local band **Distortion**, is to be held at Keswick's Braithwaite Institute on September 12.

ALBERTOS GIBBERISH

THE ALBERTOS have signed to do their own series for Granada TV and plan to move into the studios from January through till March 1982, after their European dates later this year. The series will comprise seven 30-minute shows and is likely to be titled *Teach Yourself Gibberish*.



Blurt pic: David Corio.

© continues over

TOUR NEWS



OK JIVE have rescheduled their London 101 Club gig from August 30 to August 31. They will now be playing at the Lyceum on August 30, supporting the Au Pairs.

ANY TROUBLE have just opened a mini-tour and visit Cambridge SoundCatcher this Friday (21) before moving on to Oxford Scamps (25) and London venue (28).

THE CHORDS play two nights at the London Marquee on September 1 and 2. Prior to this, they appear at Brighton Corn Exchange on August 28 and at Brighton Corn Exchange on August 31. More dates are being finalised.

BLONDES headline a short tour of provincial clubs next month, the first confirmed dates being Dudley 18 (September 11) and Rixton Porterhouse (12). A full scale club and college tour is being set for October to coincide with the release of an album and single.

PAUL BRADY (ex-Plasmids) is to play a one-off concert at Woolwich Tram Shed on Tuesday, September 1. Tickets are £2.50 from the Tramshed box office (01-855 3371).

SPIDER have sorted some extra dates to their already-announced tour, the first confirmed dates being Dudley 18 (September 4), Warrington Lion Club (5), Portlough Blackamore Hall (6), Clontarf Pizzeria (7), York Old Wharf Club (8), Bedford House And Grogg Hotel (11), Bristol The Grange (12), Wigan Pier Pavilion (16), Ashurst Under Lyme Sports Centre (19), Blackpool J's Club (25) and 26, Birmingham Market Cross Club (26) and Marygate Ship Inn (30).

CHRIS DE BUGH has a November tour lined up and is set to play the following major venues: Oxford New Theatre (November 6), Liverpool Empire (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Usher Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (14), Coventry Fairfield Halls (15), Southampton Guildhall (16), Bristol Colston Hall (17) and London Hammerhead (18). De Bugh has an album 'Best Moves' due out on August 28. Single 'Waiting For The Hurricane' / 'Broken Wings' being released in September.

SNAX, featuring ex-Hot Rods Barry Masters and Steve Nicol, are touring during this month and next, confirmed dates being: Fulham Greyhound (27), Cambridge Sound Catcher (28), Milton Keynes Woughton Leisure Centre (29) and Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (September 13).

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR, recently support outfit on several Joe Jackson 'Jive' dates, have lined up the following London gigs: 101 Club (August 18), Hope and Anchor (19), Stockwell Old Queens Head (18), Rock Garden (19) and Electric Stadium (25).

RECORD NEWS

Gary Numan's first single of 1981 arrives this Friday. Titled 'She's Got Claws' and backed with 'I Sing Rain', the disc will also be available as a 12" featuring an extra track, 'Exhibition'.

Heaven 17, who last time out recorded as BEF, revert to their original name for 'Play To Win' / 'Play', which Virgin are delivering to the world in both 7" and 12" versions. The disc, which is out on August 28, features the resident Heaven 17 personnel along with guest guitarist John Wilson and The Boys From Buddha on 'synthetic horns'.

John Foxx has just completed work on his second album, 'The Garden', which should surface on the Metal Beat label in September. Meanwhile, he's lined up a single 'Europe After The Rain' / 'This Jungle', which will be available in both 7" and 12" versions this Friday (21). Foxx, who has been working with a band on his album sessions — using a line-up formed from Joe Dworniak (bass), Duncan Bridgeman (keyboards), Phil Roberts (drums) and Robin Simon (guitar) — has also been working on the screenplay for a TV film 'The Quiet Man', which will be directed by Stuart Orme.

Pete Shelley's forthcoming solo single 'Homosapien' is to be released on the Genetic label at the end of the month. Genetic is a new label headed by Martin Rushent, producer to Buzzcocks, Stranglers, Human League, Dr Feelgood and numerous others.

A Japan compilation album, titled 'Assemblage' comes out on Hansa on September 11. Prior to this, on August 21, the band's 'Quiet Life' single is being re-released on both 7" and 12" pressings.

Vivien Goldman releases her double A-side single 'L'aunderette' / 'Private Armies' on Window Enterprises this week. The disc, which features such musicians as John Lydon, Keith Levine, Robert Wyatt, Vicky Aspinall (Raincoats), Steve Beresford (Silks) and George Oban (Motion), was formerly a strong selling import under the title 'Dirty Washing'.



Shake Shake, the London-based funk outfit, release a single on August 31. Titled 'Shake Shake' / 'Yellow Ditty', it comes in 7" and 12" versions and is available on the Compact label.

Peter Baumann, former Tangerine Dream member, has been busy putting the finishing touches to his solo album 'Repeat, Repeat' — and working with him, as well as singing on a couple of tracks, is no less a luminary than Robert Palmer. The results of their collaboration will be available, via Virgin, in September.

Koko Taylor, the Chicago blues-shouter, releases her third Sonet album, titled 'From The Heart Of A Woman', in early September.

Cron-Gen, whose 'Puppets Of War' EP, on their own Gargoyle label, recently climbed the indie charts, have now signed to Step-Forward Records and a new single, 'Reality' / 'Subway Sadist' is due for release on September 4.

Rudi the former Good Vibrations band, release their first single for two years this Friday (21). The song is called 'When I Was Dead' and it's the first release on Tony Fletcher's Jammin' label, named after the fanzine of the same name, and financed by the quite wealthy Paul Weller. Distributors are Fresh and Rough Trade. Rudi, who have been based in Belfast for the past five years, are in the process of finalising some headlining London dates for the end of September.

Kevin Coyne has signed to Cherry Red Records and has a new album out in September. This precedes the October release of a collaborative single with Rober Wyatt. Also due from Cherry Red shortly is 'Caught In Flux', a new album from Eyeless In Gaze, which will contain a free 12" single.

Aretha Franklin duets with George Benson on 'Love All The Hurts Away', an Arista single due out on August 28. It is the title track of the new Arif Mardin-produced Aretha album, which comes out the same day.

The Passions release a single called 'The Swimmer' on August 28, which Polydor hail as "a taster from their forthcoming album." It will be available in a limited edition pic sleeve and feature a B-side titled 'Have Fun', which will not be included on the album.

The Portsmouth Sinfonia, indisputedly the world's worst classical orchestra, are attempting to end the current flow of medley-singles with 'Classical Muddly', a collection of 13 ill-fated classical lollipops that should have the Royal Philharmonic begging for mercy. The single, which boasts 350 tin-eared singers rendering the 'Hallelujah Chorus', gets an Island release this Friday.

Robyn Hitchcock returns to the studio this week to cut an album with Sarah Lee (ex-League Of Gentlemen) on bass, Antony Thistlewaite (sax and rhythm guitar) and Rod Johnson (drums). The album is being produced by Steve Hillage.

Vin Gordon, veteran reggae trombonist, gains his first solo single at the end of the month. Titled 'Where's The Love', it's on Vin's own Alpha label and will be available in 12" form.

Morrissey Mullon's newie, due out this week, is a 12 inch title 'Stay Awake'. The song is a Joe Zawinul composition and has long been a stage favourite at the band's Putney Half Moon gigs.

Charlie Dore, voted 'Best New Singer' last year by Record World, releases her first album for Chrysalis this week. Titled 'Listen', it was recorded in California and produced by Stewart Levine.

Def Leppard's 'Let It Go' single, produced by Mutt Lange, comes out this week. The first 10,000 copies include a free Def Leppard patch.

Black Roots, Alarm Clock, The Bite, Forty Blue Fingers and Riz Wah Wah are among the bands from the West Country that appear on 'The Circus Comes To Town', a compilation released this week by Circus Records, of Bristol.

Electric Guitars, a Bristol-based outfit, are completing their new single for Recreational Records with the aid of producer Dennis Bovell. The band have two London gigs coming up — at the Hope and Anchor on August 28 and at the Venue, where they support The Mo-dettes on the following day.

The I Scream Brothers, The Doormen and Mortuary In Wax are the bands featured on '5 Miles To Midnight', a maxi-single compilation released by Pax Records on August 28. The two tracks by the I Scream Brothers were produced by Cabaret Voltaire.

Uoi By Doll release a new single on the Magnet label on August 28. Titled 'Caritas' it will be available in a picture bag and comes in both 7" and 12" versions. The 12" will feature a different mix and also contains an extra track in 'Honest Love', an eight-minute affair recorded live at the Venue earlier this year.

Home Service, the brassy folk-rock outfit comprising six former members of the Albion Band, have a single titled 'Doing The English' released by Jo Lustig's newly formed Luggage label this week. Second release on the label is likely to be a single from Mel Brooks.

Chiswick Records' licensing deal with EMI (UK) is to end on September 1 "by mutual agreement." Talks with a new distributor are now going on.

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Chadwell Heath 108 night
bus to Central London
Admission £1.00
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10.30 pm Sunday

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Friday 21st August
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Saturday 22nd August
PARK AVENUE
+ The Strips

Sunday 23rd August
CHEMICAL ALICE

Monday 24th August
BELGRAVIA
+ The Mercenaries

Tuesday 25th August
R&B Special
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
+ Choco

Wednesday 26th August
NEAL KAYS
Heavy Metal Soundhouse

Thursday 27th August
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LONG TALL SHORTY
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Friday 21st August
ZILA

Saturday 22nd August
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01-534 1637 (Stratford stn)

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Sunday 23rd August £1.00
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Tuesday 25th August £1.00
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Mon 30 / STIMULIN / THE PEOPLE / BLACK ROOTS

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EVEREST THE HARD WAY
+ Play Dead

Tuesday 25th August £1.50
DROWNING CRAZE
+ London Underground

Wednesday 26th August £1.50
FAMILY FODDER + The Unes

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August

Thursday 20th
STARLIGHT, West Hampstead

Friday 21st
THE TAVERNERS, Warringlid, Sussex

Saturday 22nd
ROCK GARDEN

Wednesday 26th
MIDDX & HERTS COUNTRY CLUB, Harrow

THE GREYHOUND

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Wednesday 26th August £1.00
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LONDON CONCERTS

AUGUST
23 Exploded/Ami Past
24 Rick Wakeman
25 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
30 Air Pairs

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
6 Joe Jackson
9, 13 Crusaders/B.B. King
13, 14 Michael Schenker
15 Bobby Bare
17 Desperadoes
28 Hazel O'Connor

OCTOBER
2 Nazareth
4 Dead Kennedys
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
10 Sad Cafe
11, 12 Steve Hackett
15, 16, 17 Ultravox
18 John Miles

17, 18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
20 Johnny Cash
21, 22 Hawkwind
24, 25 Saxon
26, 27, 28 Santana
30, 31 The Shadows

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
7 Styx
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
21, 22 Judas Priest
26, 28 Thin Lizzy
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
24, 26 Blizzard of Oz

FESTIVALS
AUGUST
22 AC/DC, Whitesnake, BOC
28, 30 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
28-30 Reading Rock with Gillan, Kinks, Wishbone Ash

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Friday 21st August £1.25
LITTLE ROOSTERS

Saturday 22nd August £1.25
OK JIVE

Sunday 23rd August £1.00
JANE AIRE and the BELVEDERES

Monday 24th August £1.00
THE HIGSONS

Tuesday 25th August £1.00
RHYTHM METHOD

Wednesday 26th August £1.00
THE ELECTRIC GUITARS

THE MOOCH CLUB

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WEDNESDAY AUGUST 26TH

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THE REPUBLIC

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407, SOA 1: FUNK; RHYTHM 'N' GADGET 2
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TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 1st 9.15.3am.
£2.50 — 11-233 999/999 9999

ROCK CITY

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

Saturday 22nd 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, Selectadise, 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

* THE 100 CLUB *

100 Oxford Street, London W1

Thursday 20th August
Live Reggae

BLACK ROOTS
+ Support

Tuesday 25th August
MARTIAN DANCE
+ Support

FREE CONCERT

F*** Off
presents

Parliament Hill Fields
Adventure Playground
(Kensington Town Tube) 12-8 pm.

Sun 23rd August
ZOUNDS
ASTRONAUTS
THE MOB
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New F*** Off single
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Hamburgers from 235
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MONDAY 24th AUGUST 8pm
TICKETS 4.50, 4.00, 3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 20th August SUNFIGHTER + Support £1.00	Monday 24th August THE BUMPERS + Miles Over Matter £1.00
Friday 21st August MAD-SHADOWS + Paris £1.00	Tuesday 25th August ROY WEARD AND THE LAST POST + The Avengers £1.00
Saturday 22nd August MODERN ROMANCE + Carte Blanche £1.00	Wednesday 26th August THE POPE + Sax Maniacs £1.00
Sunday 23rd August PARK AVENUE £1.00	Thursday 27th August VERY SPECIAL NIGHT Ring for details £1.00

Friday 28th & Sat 29th Aug
CHAS & DAVE Recording for Live Album
This Adv Bridge House £2 Or £2.50 On Door

TALK LIKE THAT
Save tickets for you to
Sunday 23rd August
The Angel, Lambeth Walk S.E.1
Monday 24th August
The Cartoon, 179 London Road, Croydon
Sunday 30th August
Jubilee Gardens, The Embankment,
Next to County Hall, SE1

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
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Thursday 20th August **ORANGE JUICE**
Thursday 10th September **DELTA 5**
Thursday 27th August **FUNKAPOLITAN**
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

AIRSTRIPE ONE
AUGUST
Fri 31st — Old Queens Head, Stockwell
Sun 23rd — Half Moon, Heme Hill
Tues 25th — Thomas a' Beckett, Old Kent Road
SEPTEMBER
Thurs 3rd — Old Queens Head, Stockwell
Mon 7th — Basement Bar, Clarendon
Tues 8th — Rock Garden, Covent Gdn
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Available Now
BERLIN BLONDES
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BASKING SHARKS (+ Many More)
BANKHOUSE ENTS
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A K BAND
Thursday 20th August £1.00
DUXHILL DANCE
Friday 21st August £1.50
THE PAPERS
Saturday 22nd August £1.50
EDUKATORS
Sunday 23rd August £1.00
ROY SUNDHOLM
Monday 24th August £1.00
THE KIDZ
Tuesday 25th August £1.00
R. P. M.
Wednesday 26th August £1.00
KILLER WALES
+ Vocal Imitation

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

Thursday 20th
FLATBACKERS
+ Support
£1
Friday 21st
BOP NATIVES
+ Support
£1
Saturday 22nd
WRECKLESS ERIC
+ Mickey Murphy
£1.50
Sunday 23rd
TALK LIKE THAT
+ Yvettes Disco
£1

FINAL SOLUTION AND HEAVEN PRESENT
ALTERED IMAGES
MODERN ENGLISH
CALLING HEARTS
THE EVENT GROUP
PLUS HOT DISCO & NIGHTVISION VIDEO
9.30PM-3AM, MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH
in Heaven
OVER 100 ONLY THE ARCHES VILLERS ST WC2 TICKET £3 FROM
ROUGH TRADE SMALLWONDER MONKYTONK DONAPARIE PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ON NIGHT

ROCK ON THE TYNE

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY 1981

SATURDAY 29 AUGUST
ELVIS COSTELLO
and the
ATTRactions
IAN DURY
and the
BLOCKHEADS
U-2
PAULINE MURRAY
DOLL BY DOLL
HUANG CHUNG
Special Guests
THE POLECATS

SUNDAY 30 AUGUST
RORY GALLAGHER
AND HIS BAND
DOCTOR FEELGOOD
GINGER'S NUTTERS
featuring GINGER BAKER
DIAMOND HEAD
FIST
TRIMMER & JENKINS
Special Guests
LINDISFARNE

GATESHEAD INTERNATIONAL STADIUM
Near NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE. Ground open 11am. Festival starts midday. ADVANCE TICKETS £7 (either day) or £12 for the weekend. Tickets £8 on the day (if still available)

NATIONAL TICKET OUTLETS

GATESHEAD - M.B.C.	BRIDLINGTON - Holiday Travel Limited	LONDON - London Theatre Bookings
NEWCASTLE - City Hall	BRISTOL - Virgin Records	LONDON - Premier Box Office
MIDDLESBROUGH - Town Hall	COVENTRY - Virgin Records	MANCHESTER - The Bandwagon
SUNDERLAND - HMV Records	DERBY - R.E. Cords	MANCHESTER - Paperchase Records
STOCKTON - HMV	DONCASTER - Angies Records	MANCHESTER - Piccadilly Records
HARTLEPOOL - The Other Record Shop	DUNDEE - Cathy McCabe Records	NOTTINGHAM - Way Ahead Records
DARLINGTON - Williams Records	EDINBURGH - The Other Record Shop	NOTTINGHAM - Selectadisc
CARLISLE - Pink Panther Records	HANLEY (Stoke on Trent) - Mike Lloyd Music Ltd.	OXFORD - Oxford Music Mart
ABERDEEN - The Other Record Shop	HULL - Gough and Davy Limited	PETERBOROUGH - Andy's Records
BARROW IN FURNESS - Earthquake Records	LANCASTER - Ear Eye Records	PRESTON - Brady's Records
BIRMINGHAM - Cyclops Sounds	LEEDS - Barkers Records	SHEFFIELD - Virgin Records
BLACKBURN - Ames Records	LEICESTER - Revolver Records	STAFFORD - Lotus Records
BLACKPOOL - Music Mania	LIVERPOOL - Penny Lane Records	YORK - Sound Effects

POSTAL APPLICATIONS
Send to: 'ROCK ON THE TYNE', P.O. BOX 11T, NEWCASTLE NE99 1LT. Please make cheques or postal orders payable to 'ROCK ON THE TYNE' and enclose a STAMPED, SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. Full information, maps etc. with tickets.
CAMP SITE • FREE PARKING

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters here

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE METEORS
THU AUG 20. Slipped double bass (Gresh) guitar permanently fixed to 1950. Nightlight drum kit - you get the picture but the act is more musical.

FLYING PADDY
FRI AUG 21. An eddily, slappable mix of Shadows/Wentures, McGuire and Vivid improvisation.

REMIPEDS
SAT 22. A bit for comedy and border on Madness. Whistling of influences - or to quote the top but our feet will like it.

SUN. LE MAISTRE + MADSHADOW
MON. G.B. ROCKERS + FRANK FAZE
TUE. KIDS NEXT DOOR + LIFE + ROUTINE
WED. AERIAL FX
THU. EVEREST THE HARD WAY
FRI. JIMMIE NOTE! Sedation happy hour - 7.30pm to 9.30pm every night. Drinks and half price.

OLIVERS
Live Music Nightly

Thursday 20th August 7.5p
RED BEANS & RICE
+ SUPPORT
Friday 21st £1.50
J.A.L.N. BAND
+ SUPPORT
Saturday 22nd £1.25
SNAX (ex Eddie & The Hot Rods)
+ SUPPORT
Sunday 23rd £1
NASHVILLE TEENS
+ SUPPORT
Tuesday 25th Free
KICKS
+ SUPPORT
Wednesday 26th Free
THE CHAPS

Whisky a'gogo

Tuesday 25th August
A temperamental evening with
SCREAMING KING TRIGGER
+ The Androids of Mu
Tuesday 1st September
THE BARRACUDAS
Opens 9pm - 2am
Admission £2.00
D.J.'s ZAK & GABRIOL
35 Wardour St., London W1

ACTUAL 81
music festival
Saturday 22nd August 8pm

FRED FRITH & BOB OSTERTAG DUO
(x An Bears, Henry Cow, solo albums on Ralph)
DIAMANDA GALAS solo
(Singer Galas screams... an anguished babble: horrible, fascinating, terrifying, mesmerising!)

PETER CUSAK solo
(Extraordinary guitarist from Alterations)

ICA Theatre
The Mall
London SW1
Tickets and information available from ICA box office Tel 01-930-3647

For Advertising call 01-261 6153

Nationwide Gig Guide

Marvin Gaye Pic: Pennie Smith



MARVIN GAYE brings his soul back to these shores starting on Sunday at the Brighton Dome. Mr Gaye then moves on up to Stoke Jollies for three days.

ON THE OTHER side of music, the heavy metal hordes will hurl themselves about at the Castle Donington Festival on Saturday.

Booked for their delectation and ear cleaning are (Monsters of Rock) AC/DC, Blue Oyster Cult, Whitesnake, Blackfoot, Slade and More — who have the pleasant task of opening the proceedings.

AND ON ANOTHER side of this multi-faceted jewel you call popular music, there is yet

another Rock Week at the ICA starting on Tuesday with Pigbag, Icarus And Flying Club. On Wednesday Depeche Mode, The Chefs and Tarzan 5 are there to delight you. Also lined up are Dead Or Alive, The Decorators, The Room, Nightdoctor, Kaballa, Blackheart, Way Of The West, Bird With Ears, Stimulin, Black Roots and The People.



AC/DC's Angus Pic: Anton Corbijn

Thursday 20th



Orange Juice: Leeds

Birchington Sands: Ghost
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: Les Barker
Bolton The Gaiety: Warrior
Borden (Stanford) The Robin Hood: Daddy Yum Yum
Bournemouth Jokers Club: Surfin' Dave and the Absent Legends
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Bradford Tiffany's: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Bridgewater Arts Centre: Stiff Bennett & The Memos/Club Whoopie
Cambridge Sound Cellar: Rapiers/Fish Turned Human
Cardiff Grass Roots: The Shattered Dolls
Chadwell Heath The Greyhound: Long Tall Shorty, The Stripes
Cheltenham Copperfields: X-Pupils
Chesterfield Star Club: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes
Chester Northgate Arena: Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive
Chorley Joiners Arms: Madame
Coventry General Wolfe: Channel A, Tarzan 5
Croydon The Cartoon: Monkey
Doncaster Goldthorpe Halfway Hotel: Toy Dolls
Edinburgh Nite Club: Any Trouble
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: Stun The Guards
Erith 2001 Club: Pagan Altar
Hayle Penmare Hotel: The Artists
High Wycombe Nags: The Pencils
Ipswich Rose & Crown: Johnny Coppin
Leeds Warehouse: Orange Juice
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Whispas: Rockabilly Rebs
London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's
London Fulham Greyhound: Siam, Franziska
London NW1 The Pits: The Gas/The British
London Camden Dingwalls: The Inmates/The Cast
London Deptford Royal Albert: The Electric Bluebirds
London Camden Dingwalls: The Inmates
London Canning Town Bridgehouse: Sunlighter
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Meteors
London Fulham new Golden Lion: Park Avenue
London Putney Star & Garter: Sam Mitchell Band
London Clapham 101 Club: Duxhill Dance/Blue Midnight
London Clapham Two Brewers: Spitzbrook
London Fulham Kings Head: Brunel

London Greenwich White Swan: English Rogues
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Islington Hope and Anchor: Shake/Shake
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Heart Patrol
London N16 Pegasus: Hank Wangford
London Riverside Studios: Janet Kay & Victor Romero
London Soho Pizza Express: Waso
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny & The Roccos
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Bumble & The Bees/L'Homme De Terre
London W14 The Kensington: John Cooper Clarke
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin Horse
Milton Keynes Compass Club: The Snax/Pete Townshend
Norwich Flixton Rooms: Red Star
Belgrade/The Vital Disorders/Carl Gustav & the 84's
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Connexion
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: Balistik
Ramsgate Nero's: Naughty Thoughts
Rotherham Travellers Rest: B Troop
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Mortuary in Wax/Urban Religion
Southampton Club Manhattan: The Press
Weston Cottage Club: Mature Young Adults
Windsor Arts Centre: Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick

Friday 21st



Altered Images: Edinburgh

Aberdeen Bobbin Mill: The Cheaters
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Tueser
Bristol Bridge Inn: Recorded Delivery
Cambridge Sound Cellar: Any Trouble/Singles
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Jackie Lynton's Happy Days Skating Vicars
Chorley Joiners Arms: Madame
Chesterfield Birmingham Tavern: Fallen Angel
Chorley Joiners Arms: Madame
Coalville Hugglescote Club: Shades
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Editors
Coventry General Wolfe: Neil Martin Band
Coventry Rhton Bridge: Streetlite
Croydon The Cartoon: The Pencils
Darlestone Rough Hay Tavern: Xpertz

Dover (St Margaret's) Red Lion: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs
Dudley J.B.'s: U.X.B.
Edinburgh Nite Club: Altered Images
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Boys Of The Lough 3 days
Exeter Tiffany's: Talisman
Farnham Pied Bull: Les Barker
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band
Glenrothes Rothas Arms: Saigon
Gloucester Weymouth Hotel: The Nightingales
Hertford The Woolpack: Scarlet O'Hara
Launceston White Horse Inn: Matrix
London Camden Dingwalls: Hank Wangford Band
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jollyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Gerry McAvoy Jam
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick
London Clapham 101 Club: The Papers/Suttel Approach
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Flying Padovanis / The Buzz
London Camden Dingwalls: Hank Wangford Band/Whizz Kids Rock
London West Hampstead Starlight Room: Dolly Mixture/A.K. Band/Auntie & the Men From Uncle

HIPSTERS wishing to see their gigs listed here are reminded that dates must reach us two weeks before the event. That's even more important now as our mail is disrupted. Send your gigs-of-the-century to Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

London Euston Road The Pits: Red Beans & Rice/Steve Hookers Shakers
London Fulham Greyhound: Laverne Brown
London Euston The Pits: Red Beans & Rice/Steve Hooker's Shakers
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Lee Fardon & The Legionaires
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Mets
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Dolly Mixture/Auntie & the Men From Uncle/The Ak Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Venigmas / Top Secret
London Islington Hope and Anchor: Little Roosters
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
London N16 The Pegasus: The DT's
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: East Side Stompers
London Plumstead The Ship: Still Life
London Putney Star & Garter: The Feelers
London Riverside Studios: The Coolnotes
London Soho Pizza Express: Waso
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Aubrey Lovejoy & Tennessee Rain
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: 23 Skidoo/Parting Shots
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: Ak Band
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: Dead Giveaway
Margate Brooklands: Ghost
Nottingham Rock City: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Metro's
Plymouth Central Park: Gary Glitter/Cottle Circus
Ramsgate Roots Hotel: Naughty Thoughts
Salisbury The Grange: The Press
Stevenage The Swan: O-Salm
Southampton Sands Hotel: Back Door Man
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: Paul Costello & Friends
Weymouth Rock Hotel: The Nightingales/Jungle Juice
Woking Cricketers: The Vampires

Saturday 22nd



The Passage: Brighton

Bedminster The Enterprise: Defector
Bicester Nowhere Club: C-Sain
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham CND Canonhill Park: The Nightingales
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: V.Babies
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Brighton Alhambra: The V.D.U.
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: The Passage / TV Scream
Brighton Richmond Hotel: Flying Saucers
Bristol Trinity Centre: Shades
Cambridge Great Northern: Dolly Mixture
Castle Donington Festival: Monsters Of Rock, AC/DC / Blue Oyster Cult/Whitesnake/Blackfoot/Slade
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Park Avenue, The Shots
Chesterfield Manhattan: Mature Young Adults
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Coventry General Wolfe: Delta 5
Croydon The Cartoon: The Jenny Darren Band
Denton Broomstairs Club: Permanent Wave/Helen Watson
Durrington The Plough: The Secret
Edinburgh Nite Club: Those French Girls/sophisticated Boom Boom
Edinburgh Playhouse theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Farnborough Recreation Centre Rocky's
Nite Spot: Arrie, Phonads, Clever Trevor
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Steve Hackett
Goole The Peacock: Thin Red Line

Gravesend Prince Of Wales: English Rogues
Harlow The Orange Footman: Figures Of Fun
Irvine Marymass Festival: Arizona Smoke Revue
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Shake Appeal
London Camden Dingwalls: Mark Ryder & The Heroes
London Canning Town Bridge House: Modern Romance Party Night
London Clapham 101 Club: The Edukators/Boops Crayons
London Clapham Two Brewers: Brunel
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rempedes / Tellygents
London Fulham Now Golden Lion: The J.A.L.N. Band
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Long Tall Shorty
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): Macondo
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: The Breakfast Band
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Dumb Blondes
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: The Five Piers
London Herne Hill Half Moon: A Bigger Splash / Bumpers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: OK Jive
London Islington St James Church Hall: The Sinyx/Epsilons/Terminal Diaster/Rubella Ballet/Neglected Erotics
London Euston Road The Pits: Guilt Edge/Souls Valiant
London Islington Hare & Hounds: The Electric Bluebirds
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Naughty Thoughts
London Camden Dingwalls: Laverne Brown/Mark Ryder & The Heroes
London W.6 Clarendon: Anti-Nowhere League/Short commercial Break
London Clapham The Invitation: Rednite
London Leytonstone Olivers: Room For Humans/Snax
London Leytonstone Oliver's: The Pencils
London Marquee Club: Everest The Hard Way
London N16 Pegasus: Brian Knight Blues Band
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Rio & The Robots
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Soho Pizza Express: Stan Tracey Quartet
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: True Life Confessions
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Talisman / Boys Will Be Boys
London W1 Marquee: Everest The Hard Wax
Lychett Matravers Chequers Inn: Surfin' Dave and the Absent Legends
Manchester Portland Bars: Private Sector
Manchester Rapiers: Altered Images
Mynyddislwyn, nr. Pontillanfraith, Gwent, Church Inn (12 noon—12 midnight): Red Beans & Rice/Tiger Bay/Blooze Barrel/Synz/Messenger/Perfectors and others
Northampton Black Lion: Wheres Lisse/English Dream
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Vetoos
Plymouth Central Park: Gary Glitter/Cottle Circus
Reford Porterhouse: The Loved One
Skegness Festival Theatre: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Wallasey Dale Inn: Rockabilly Rebs
Walsall Pleck ark: Dismal Jackets
West Malling Lebourne Castle: The Chevrons
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: The Kicks
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Woking Cricketers: The Mode

Nationwide Gig Guide

Sunday
23rd

Steve Hackett: Poole

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton Dome: Marvin Gaye
Bromely The Northover: Bill Scott & Ian Ellis (lunchtime)
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Chemical Alice
Chadwell Heath Club: Permanent
Wave/Helen Watson
Croydon The Cartoon: Rockola Big Band
Davenry Dun Cow: Dave Paskett
Dumfries The Ball Castle: H20
Edinburgh Ital Club: Errol Dunkley
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Glasgow Maestros: Josef K
Glasgow Tiffany's: Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive
Hampton Court Thames Hotel: Lavern Brown Band
Irvine Amanda's: Saigon
Kettering Kings Arms: Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Dingwalls: Laverne Brown
London Canning Town Bridge House: Park Avenue
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles for 4 days
London Clapham 101 Club: Roy Sundolm Band/Dirty Strangers
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: The Birthday Party, The Orange Cardigan
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lemaistre, Mad Shadow
London Hackney Chat's Palace: Graham Read's Futurist Rhythm
London Harne Hill Half Moon: Airstrip 1/The Chicanes
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Jane Aire & the Belvederes
London Fulham Greyhound: Nigel Mazlyn Jones / Jenny Louise
London Deptford The Duke: The Electric Bluebirds
London Fulham Kings Head: Wax Effigy / Sound Gallery
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
London N11 Standard Social Club: Young Jazz Big Band (lunchtime)
London N16 Pegasus: Soul Band

London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers
London Parliament Hill Fields Adventure Playground Noon — 8pm: Murphy Federation / 012 / Blue Midnight / Entire Cosmos / Mob / Astronauts / King Trigger / Uncle Phil
London Riverside Studios: Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuji
London Soho Pizza Express: Ron Rubin Trio
London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's (lunchtime)
London Stratford Green Man: Wide Open evening
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Rhythm Method / Soul Variants
London W1 Marquee: Budgie
London W1 Portman Hotel: Ron Russell Band (lunchtime)
Luton The Unicorn: The Kindergarten
Milton Keynes Wilton Lake Mini Bowl: Charity Concert 12 noon — 7pm The Heartbeats / Ice / Kingsize Keen & His Rockin' Machine / Banz Aid / Fools Errand / Mick Cochran / The Hounddogs
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Theatre Royal: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Poole Arts Centre: Steve Hackett
Polyton Folk Centre: The Wassailers
Redhill Lokers Hotel: English Rogues
Sheffield George IV: B Troop
Sheffield Limit Club: Tense / Vendino Pact
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: Shakey Vick Blues Band
Southampton The Eagle: The Press

Monday
24th

Angelwitch: Edinburgh

Bath Rockspot: De Metros
Bearsden Inear Maidstone) Orchard Spot: Babelfish
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Blue Strawberry Club: The Dealers
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Bandanna
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Belgravia/Mercenaries
Croydon The Cartoon: Talk Like That
Edinburgh Coasters: Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive
Edinburgh Nite Club: Angelwitch
Huddersfield Flix: Rok Star's Ezr
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers

London Battersea The Cricketers: The 45's
London Camden Dingwalls: Fay Wray
London Canning Town Bridge House: Psychadelic Night/The Bumpers
London Clapham 101 Club: The Kidsz/The Charts
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: G B Rockers/Praxis/Future Daze
London Camden Dingwalls: Audition Night with Fay Ray/Moscow Philharmonix/Top Secret
London E6 Clarendon Hotel: Close Ups
London Euston Road The Pits: 1990/The Whizz Kids
London Fulham Greyhound: Dolly Mixture/The Uncol Dance Band
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The Step
London Hammersmith Greyhound: Dolly Mixture/The Uncol Danceband
London Hammersmith Palais: Siouxsie & The Banshees
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Higsons
London N16 Pegasus: Black Market
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: New Eureka Band
London NW5 Bull & Gate: Ivory Coasters
London Southall Mod Club: The Giants
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Black Market
London Tooting Broadway The Castle: Night Voyage
London W14 The Kensington: Room For Humans
London W1 Embassy Club: 1
London Wealdstone Royal Oak: Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Everest The Hard Way/Play Dead
London W1 Gilray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London W1 Marquee: Budgie
London W14 Sunset Jazz: The Unloaders
Penzance St John's Hall: The Surgeons/The Victims
Rochdale Wheatsheaf: A Formal Sigh
St Austell Cornwall: Steve Hackett
Sunset Zero Six: Tich Turner's Escalator
Stoke Jollees: Marvin Gay 3 days
Watford Bailey's: Wall Street Crash


Pigbag: London ICA
Tuesday
25th

Abergavenny Gibbs Club: Arizona Smoke Revue
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Odeon: Foreigner/Diamond Head
Edinburgh Nite Club: Birthday Party
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money

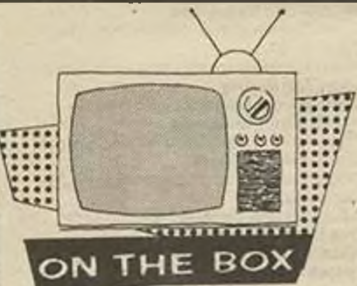
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Motor Boys
Motor / The Crack
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Kids Next Door / Modern Life / Routine
Croydon The Cartoon: The Answer
Dartford Railway Hotel: Dave Peabody
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Leicester Saracens Head: Squirrel On / Joulouka
London Canning Town Bridge House: Roy Weiro's Last Post
London Clapham 101 Club: Bruised Lips/standing On Edge
London Clapham Two Brewers: English Rogues
London Fulham Golden Lion: Mark Ryder & The Heroes
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: The Mint
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: Lucky Saddles/Close-Ups
London Camden Dingwalls: Siam/The Higsons
London Bond Street The Embassy: Mood Six
London Euston Road The Pits: Philip Jap/Thane
London Hammersmith Odeon: Siouxsie & The Banshees
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Rhythm Method
London The Mall ICA: Agbag/Incarus/Flying Club
London N16 Pegasus: Idlers/Chip Show
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Free Hand
London Putney Star & Garter: The Chicanes
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Stratford Green Man: Toe Rag
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
London Westbourne Grove Shakespeare: Harfoot Brothers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Drowning Craze/London Underground
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: Lucky Saddles/Close Ups
London W1 Marquee: The Enid (2 nights)
London W14 The Kensington: The Pencils
Manchester Tiffany's: Funkapolitan
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Roches
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Altered Images

Wednesday
26th

Any Trouble: London Victoria

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Odeon: Siouxsie & The Banshees
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses

Bournemouth Badger Bars: Biz International, Surfin' Dave and the Absent Legends
Bournemouth Maison Royale: Ronnie Mayor Band
Brighton New Regent: Dolly Mixture / Gymelips
Bury Rebecca's: The Elements
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Neal Keys Heavy Metal / Soundhouse
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Croydon The Cartoon: The Decisions
Doncaster Hawthorne Club: Berlin Blondes
Doncaster Hawthorne Club: Rok Star's Ezr
Durrington The Plough: The Britz
Edinburgh Nite Club: Funkapolitan
Kettering Rising Sun: The Work
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
Liverpool Star & Garter: Madame
London Battersea Arts Centre: Stan Arnold/Simon Prayer/Alan Laws
London Camden Dingwalls: Any Trouble
London Fulham Greyhound: The Onlookers, New Rockers
London Euston Road The Pits: Lucky Saddles/Auntie & The Men From Uncle
London W1 Embassy Club: Ritzi
London Camden Dingwalls: O.K. Jive
London West Hampstead Starlight: Ray Shell and the Street Angels/The Gatecrashers/Modern Life
London N.1. The Pits: Lucky Saddles/Auntie And The Men From Uncle
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Pope/Saxmaniacs
London Clapham 101 Club: Killer
Wales/Real Imitations
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Aerial FX/Ton Tons McEcoute
London Dean Street Gossips: High Tide
London Euston The Pits: Lucky Saddles/Auntie & The Men From Uncle
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The Exciters
London Hammersmith Odeon: Foreigner
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Kevin Coyne/Five Or Six/Ben Watt
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Electric Guitars
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
London N4 The Stapleton: English Rogues
London N16 Pegasus: Mr. J.J.
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: The City Gents
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
London Plumstead The Ship: The Blackout
London Soho Pizza Express: Don Harper-Denny Wright Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hot Sox
London Wardour Street Moch Club: Blurt/Bop Natives/The Republic
London Stratford Green Man: The Feelers
London The Mall ICA: Depeche Mode/The Chels/Tarzan 5
London W1 Gossips: The High Tide
London W1 Marquee: The Enid
London West Hampstead Starlight Room: Ray Shell & Modern U
Manchester (Ashton) The Shades: The Politicians
Newbury Northcroft Lane Arts Workshop: Minor Detail/Poisson Tout Moderne
New Romney Seahorse: Jack & Jill
Sheffield Top Rank: Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse
Winchester Railway Inn: Convertibles / Wildlife



Thursday August 20
NORTH TO ALASKA (Directed by Henry Hathaway 1960) Jockey western that's merely an excuse for a series of two-fisted brawls between John Wayne and Stewart Granger; they're supposed to be prospecting but they get sidetracked by Capucine and hoodwinked by Ernie Kovacs. A lumbering style to go with the lumber shacks. (ITV London).

KEEFER (Barry Shear 1978). The Egon Ronay of US TV, William Conrad, goes behind enemy lines in WWII on a dangerous, not to say predictable and banal, secret mission. (ITV Midlands)

Friday August 21
CASABLANCA (Michael Curtiz 1943). "A rotten old Warner Bros film," is how Ingrid Bergman remembers it, but nearly everyone else holds Curtiz's sublime essay in nostalgia very dear indeed. It's Bogie with Bergman in Vichy-controlled Casablanca, a place populated by some of the best character actors in the business (Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt) and if you're puzzled by that little chap in the corner furiously taking notes, it's Woody Allen: Mind you, no one says "Play it again, Sam." (BBC2)

THE MODEL SHOP (Jacques Demy 1969). Gary Lockwood, still zapped from two years' hard labour on 2001, hopes disconsolately around LA, mopelessly infatuated with Anouk Aimee's aloof photographic model. Demy's desultory direction makes LA seem a very dull place indeed but for Max Bell's beady eyes there are embarrassing scenes involving a pop group called Spirit, who recently wrote that moving anthem for these troubled times, 'Hand Gun'. "But it is a good song," says Max as everyone else tries vainly to hide their snickers. Take it away, 'Randy'... (BBC1)

Saturday August 22
THE BRIDE WORE RED (Dorothy Arzner 1937). Funny that the feminists have never championed 'Dot' Arzner, one of the few female directors to have carved herself a Hollywood career. But if you watch this, you'll probably twig the reason why: her films were dreadfully mundane and this glossy little soap opera is a fair indication of her ordinary talent. Joan Crawford, though, is excellent as Anni, a poor but ambitious singer masquerading as a society fashion queen. She certainly outshines Franchot Tone and Robert Young. (BBC2)

MILDRED PIERCE (Michael Curtiz 1945). Joan Crawford again, in Oscar-winning form as a successful businesswoman whose private life disintegrates into a melodramatic nightmare. Jack Carson and Zachary Scott are her feeble foils this time. Warners, incidentally, working on the principle that any film with the heroine's name as its title was sure to be a winner, called Crawford's next movie *Daisy Kenyon*; it bombed. (BBC2)

SOLE SURVIVOR (Paul Stanley 1969). Offbeat made-for-TV flick, dully directed, about an investigation into the wreck of a B-52, discovered in the Libyan desert 17 years after its disappearance during WWII. Familiar faces include William Shatner, Vince Edwards, Richard Basehart and Patrick Wayne (BBC1)

NORTH BY NORTHWEST (Alfred Hitchcock 1959). One of the Master's classics, a mesmerising espionage thriller with Cary Grant chasing Eva Marie Saint and being chased by James Mason. Two of the set pieces — the crop dusting sequence and the scampering on Mount Rushmore — are among the most cherished in screen history. Easily the best 2 1/2 hrs on the box this week; shame about the ads. (ITV all regions)

THE BODY SNATCHER (Robert Wise 1945). Val Lewton's adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's gruesome grave robbing tale brings to a close the Beeb's excellent RKO retrospective. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are the trustworthy chaps providing fresh corpses for Henry Daniell's 'progressive' doctor in 19th century Edinburgh. (BBC2)

THEATRE OF BLOOD (Douglas Hickox 1973). Gross black humour as Vincent Price's lunatic Shakespearean actor wreaks savage vengeance on the critics who've ridiculed him over the years. Sharply directed, expertly paced, incredibly gory. (BBC2)

Sunday August 23
THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER (Ronald Neame 1949). Routinely handled smuggling yarn, set in Tunisia, with Trevor Howard as the unwitting archaeologist, Anouk Aimee (see Friday) his romantic interest, Herbert Lom the heavy. (BBC1)

ZEPPELIN (Etienne Perrier 1971). Stodgy Michael York, podgy Elke Sommer in silly WWII flick which flounders as badly as the airship of the title. (ITV London)

SGT MATLOVICH VS THE US AIR FORCE (Paul Leaf 1978). Another faction drama from American TV as Len Matlovich tries to keep his uniform even though he's owned up to being homosexual. Brad Douif, Marc Singer, William Daniels and Frank Converse (*Shouldn't that be Perverses?* — *M. Whitehouse*) all hold hands in the men's room. Strong stuff, say the Beeb gaily. (BBC2)

Monday August 24
THE WOMEN'S ROOM (Glenn Jordan 1979). It's time to come screaming out of the men's room and plunge despairingly into the women's with Lee Remick as she looks back at 20 useless years of conforming to society's cruel expectations of wives and mothers etc. A kind of contemporary *Dolls House* with even fewer gags. (BBC1)

Tuesday August 25
MUTINY ON THE BUSES (A. Hack 1974). Britain's funniest man Reg Varney in a side-splitting sequel to the greatest comedy ever made. Only Thames would have the nerve to put on such completely worthless drivel at prime time. (ITV London)

FLIGHT FROM ASHIYA (Michael Anderson 1964). Empty-headed air-sea rescue drama, bogged down by copious flashbacks as Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark and George Chakiris worry about the folks back home. (BBC1)

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (Alexander Mackendrick 1957). A script fairly crackling with snide put-downs from Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman provides Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis with enough sarcasm to deflate a boat-load of deaf Jesuits in this richly evocative comic melodrama. Big Burt is brilliant — and damn nigh unrecognisable — as the vicious NY society columnist J. J. Hunsecker, smarmy Curtis no less of a revelation as his cringing press agent. Runner-up to *North By Northwest* as film of the week, and Lehman wrote both. (BBC2) **Monty Smith**



ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Nothing is beyond our Ken as he takes us on an exhilarating roller-coaster ride through a loopy scientist's consciousness, man, by way of a ton of peyote, a few dips in a sensory-deprivation tank and, best of all, brilliantly realised special effects. For spectacle and laughs it wipes the floor with Cecil B. DeMille's entire output; reviewed 4.7.81 (Warner Bros).

AMERICAN POP (Ralph Bakshi). The 'alternative' animator presents the history of American popular music as seen through the eyes of an immigrant Jewish family; reviewed this week. (Columbia).

CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). Mal 'Come' McDowell, John 'Hebrew National' Gielgud and Peter 'Oh' Toole let it all hang out in soft-core *Carry On* style Roman romp, cut for maximum interruptus. Frustratingly bad; reviewed 15.11.80. (GTO).

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Dire drunk driving caper flick which, for 97 extremely long minutes, scrapes the very bottom of the barrel. Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise have never had such crap material; reviewed 25.7.81. (20th Century Fox).

CAVE MAN (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 gags in 90 minutes. (United Artists)

HONEY SUCKLE ROSE (Jerry Schatzberg). Easy-going insight into the country and western lifestyle, sharply acted by Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon and Amy Irving, lovely to look at and put together by Schatzberg as a musical mosaic that's never a slave to its soundtrack; reviewed this week. (Warner Bros)

IN GOD WE TRUST (Marty Feldman). Old bludgeh eyes is back in a frantic satire of American hard-sell religion; to be reviewed. (CIC).

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 Spilbury makes a disagreeable klutz of the masked man but Christopher 'Reverend Jim' Hudson enjoys himself as the heavy; reviewed 8.8.81. (ITC)

MURIEL (Alain Resnais). Between them, Delphine Seyrig and Alain Resnais lead the intellectuals a merry dance in this revival of a 1963 jigsaw about a bunch of contemplative French persons. Not as bad as the silly *Last Year At Marienbad*, but not much better. (Camden Plaza)

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 Antoniennui distractedly plays silly buggers with ugly video colours; reviewed 8.8.81. (Artificial Eye)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). A perfect schoolboy entertainment, apparently, which doesn't hold out much hope for the next generation. Long, violent and witless, but beautifully done; reviewed 1.8.81 (CIC)

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Julie Andrews swears! Julie Andrews has tits! But it's the other bits that provide the main fun in this relentless attack on Hollywood and its attendant venal cronies, with Richard Mulligan outstanding as the Michael Cimino figure; reviewed 4.7.81 (ITC)

SUPERSNOOPER (Sergio Corbucci). Crude comic capers in Miami with Italian superdud Terence Hill taking on the mob with cut price special effects and dumb visual jokes. Unintelligent children and monkeys should find it all a hoot; reviewed 15.8.81. (Columbia)

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Scarifying fantasy resourcefully directed by the estimable Mr Gilliam, with David Warner epitomising evil and Sean Connery's wig symbolising man's highest endeavour. Good fun; reviewed 18.7.81 (HamMade) **Monty Smith**

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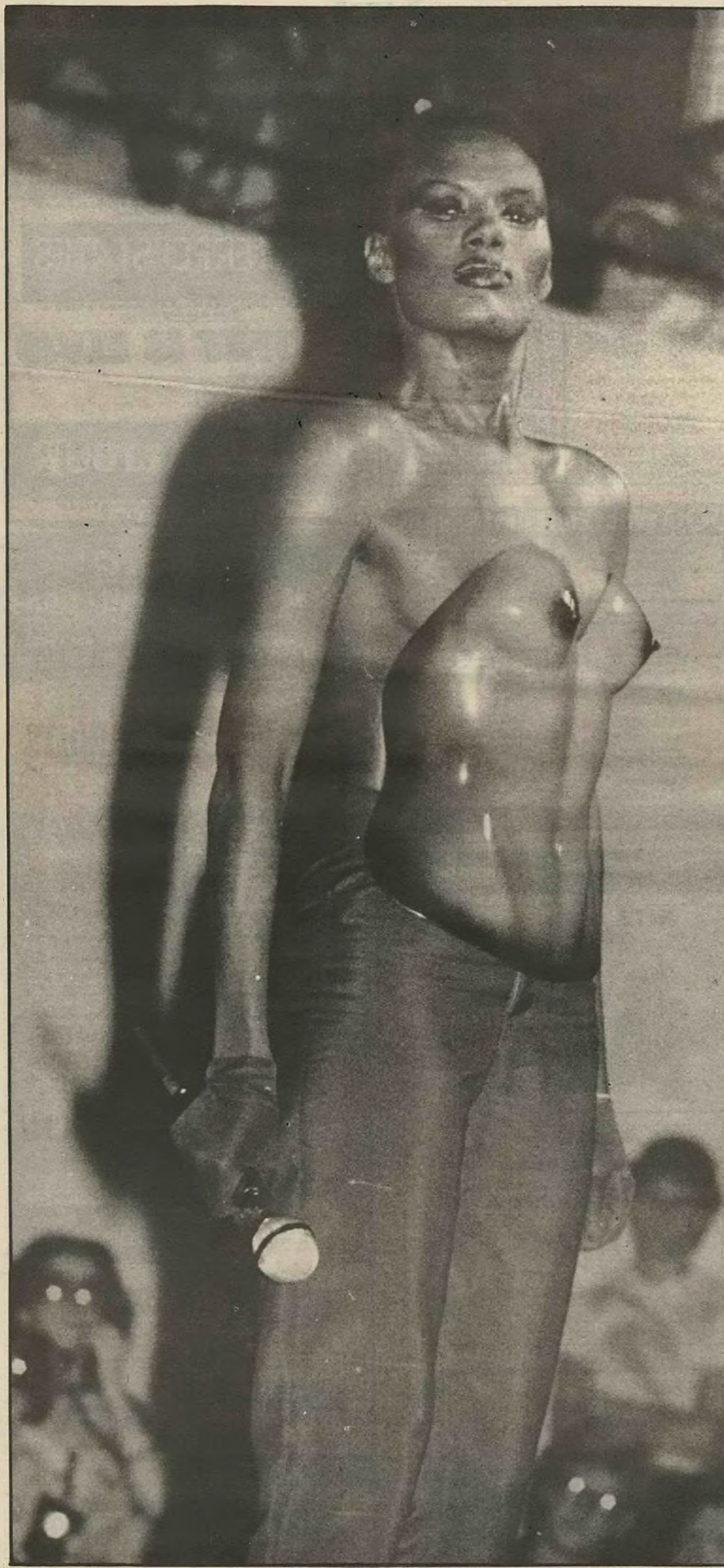
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QUARTET X
A FILM BY JAMES IVORY



LIVE!

Grace Jones

The Savoy, New York

THE FANFARE hardly pronounced itself . . . when out folds a larger-than-life toy monkey with a grass skirt on its bandy thighs and a big tin drum, swinging or swaying up to the singing heights of nightclubbing.

A synthesizer screams each time the creature — *is it?* and *next?*! — blunders on, bounces its way down from platform to platform of a stage-central art-ificial building blocks structure. The (sh)ape moves from one form to another: removes funny head from furry shoulders to reveal . . . revel in . . . her difference. The Singer's singular shape. The sign-ificant haircut. A magnificent sight! Bright Black Clubbing. . .

The brutal-sensual crop drops to our level. The second song — 'Warm Leatherette' — begins with a gear screech in semi-darkness. But . . . no! only a second ago she was . . . now she's . . . silhouetted on a slowly silently descending hydraulic platform. The Shoulders bristle in the spots. The Shadow's singular suit cuts through as visible as can be. The audience has hardly announced its bemused recognition when it becomes apparent that, already waiting elsewhere upstage, is . . .

. . . the *real* illusion. The Shape you see has split, doubled, acquired a lookalike dupe-shape. The lights blow up and the Singer stands ringed by golden cymbals, which seem to hang suspended, surround her aura, like a guard of tiny UFOs. She smashes down and out with ferocious purpose — a transfixing venom — accentuating the acquiescent beat of the song, punishing the percussion. She wrecks the shiny circle and walks gleefully around the ruins. It starts to rain — tyres on wet tarmac — and the next song is . . .

. . . (s)talked: 'Walking In The Rain'. The atmosphere is shocked tense, or wildly grinning. This isn't anything remotely resembling a gig (a gag?); this is theatre, and this theatre is just off Broadway, and this is accomplished aesthetic terrorism. This is . . .

. . . the difference between "Live" as thoughtless reiteration of recorded moments and a wildly interpretative revision completely sold on the nature of *performing*, flaunting the luxury of being *looked at*. The (new) Grace Jones show is just so showy! I won't convince you of the half of it! It rouses a multiplicity of hints and whispers contained under the sheets of smooth surface texture, embedded in her recorded self. The place of the public's eye in the lush experimentation of this entertainment — I've *never* been so entertained! — is respected, reckoned, rocked and reconstituted. It surprises and the prize is prize. It exposes and the pose is prose. It disgraces and the Grace is . . .

. . . surrounded by an immaculate sound. It's quite possibly sharper than her recorded version — an even more successful and outrageous merger of (b)old rhythm and new age flaying. An expensive-sounding PA quality and a maximum of syncopation. Percussionist, bassist and synthesizer embellish — peel and scramble, assault and pepper — a prepared tape of stripped down structures. Overtures

are overhauled, fixtures replaced with mixture and seizure grabs gold where closure might be tempted to settle. The rattling and planing sends out a breeze of dry electric sparks, and holding it all together is . . .

. . . an opulent red hat, a circle cut in half and folded to shadow most of the bone structure. The hat moves to some tom-toms and is soon joined by a sister on guitar and someone louder on a big brass band drum; two masks drop off and one hat starts to sing 'Feel Up', intermittently beating out the song's familiar rhythm. The theatre is . . . non-stop. Pink skies and street accordion ('La Vie En Rose'); the sound of footsteps on a stone hallway floor, that echo up a staircase to a railway station. The destination is . . . 'Demolition Man'. This is possibly the only song on 'Nightclubbing' that sounds like someone's secondhand idea of Grace Jones . . . here it is transformed into a battle with a dying trombone, machine slick and unstoppable. Welding the (wo)man to the machine is . . .

. . . an *idea* of a body, impossible, impassable. It is a chilly masculine frame inhabited by an elastic, erotic poltergeist — half undone in sharpened cloths and creases, viciously shone surface folds pulled over a body whose limbs poke and stretch into sleeves and legs with the violence of a boxing match. The sexual (skin) tones are exaggerated and ridiculed at one point, in a 'naked' body mask. Such *harsh* physical coqueterie! Barthes once differentiated between Garbo as Idea and Hepburn as Event — Jones is Both. Whether it's mock (well, bruisingly rude and forceful, really) bugging a hapless viewer from the stalls (to the delight of every other voyeur in them) . . . an astonishing act of carnal humiliation with manifold connotations (although all that strikes at the time is IT! — it's *entertaining!*) . . . or doing a brand new dance with eyes alone, wiping away real or pretend tears . . . She's both threat and thrill, punch and pull, outrage and intimate.

Grace is free from the prisonhouse of "Live" as mere drill-like demonstration of virtuosity. The (on) lookers witness a Show that is at once immediately thrilling and obviously 'contrived' or (*just about*) controlled . . . and we surrender to a content which is obvious for the context. Others (eg Ferry, Bowie, the Artier post-punks) have had great claims, but only ever grafted *elements* of other worlds — Warhol-art, hi-fashion, Hollywood-selfhood, sex modes — onto the same old "Live" set-up, which we expect, enroll into and EMPLOY: nice costumes within the same customs. (Take notes, Spandau Ballet; I'm sure you are, actually). Grace is . . .

. . . entitled to her magic. It is as much hardworked and hardwon as it is movements and masques. At the moment, this show — flesh-flash, temporal-corporeal thought-thrills — is the one all others will follow. (Watch them now). I need only give a penultimate mention to Eddie Murphy, a sharp young black comic — sharp like we're in danger of forgetting in the (un)United Kingdom — who was a splendid choice to open the Show. Which leaves me coming to the conclusion. . .

Grace is . . .

Ian Penman

James Chance

The Venue

JAMES Ch-ch-ch-ch-chance at The Venue was a shambles. I was going to say, on my radio spot last week, that James' Victoria show was not stirring stuff, that it was something approximating a mopey mechanical execution of the fundamental tension between pleasure and pain, and of the subsidiary tensions formed by good/evil, beauty/ugliness and security/insecurity, but I guessed that all this was too much of a mouthful and probably pretty senseless. Still; let it be printed. Paint it black. Or. James Chance, a revolting individual, has never been clear-eyed and shouldn't always be cherished: at The Venue he was a state, let it be stated. He didn't 'blow it'. This would have been comparatively acceptable. He wheezed.

Let's get serious. Recall the past. Chance — he has a bad arm or maybe two and is not interested in the art of holding up mirrors but could probably closely detail the sophisticated attractions of Destroying The Personality. Chance — he is as well acquainted as anyone with what needs to be going on, with how memory, experience and nostalgia can be extravagantly disorganised, with how the variably therapeutic qualities of art need not be complicated by intellectual responsibilities.

At The Venue anyone not caught up in the indecently restricted cult-ural confusion of pop, unaware of The Chancey Strategy or the manipulative and maybe appropriate support that his music/potential has received, would innocently have noticed that Chance was an altered freak, a weak amusement, committed to reproducing a sentimental vision of fractured funk trapped by luxury-orientated jazz sealed with indifference.

If such an innocent person exists they would be unmoved by Chance's superficial assemblage, but would not make too much of the first appearance because, after all, Chance played around with a quickly picked up band and has recently suffered a personal tragedy. Or, maybe Chance at The Venue was a smudged example of the monster: blow, he left us guessing!

But anyone like me who cannot be bothered to be plain about this, who cannot be persuaded to treat all the details with polite cynicism or silly surliness or bland orthodoxy would quite correctly observe that James in Victoria, in the face of all excuses and the accumulation of myth was, *blow*, NOT VERY GOOD. He didn't tear it up, he shrugged it off. He didn't bother me! Chance, backed by a slop bucket of jammers, including the offensive Toby of Funkapolitan and the ridiculously inoffensive Levene of PiL, presented a lumpy parcel: sliced safety. Not even I could exaggerate the confused, comfortably chaotic show, expand its phantom dynamism into fantasy brilliance. There was nothing to go on: nothing to leap off. It was not as psychically disturbing as a night's television. No centre, no cut-out glee, no derisive abandonment, no values — shock, nasty or otherwise — and believe it or no, NOT ONE EDGE.

Was James Chance alive in one or two senses of the word? James Chance And The Contortions — they weren't The Contortions but they were billed as The Contortions — did not at any time come close to CHALLENGING. The noise had nothing to say, which is no sham, BUT the noise didn't hit the audience very hard at all. Shame! The show was conducted with all the panache and passivity of a rock show — let it all come to us — and there was no (all these no's) synaesthetic showbusiness. Do you see what I'm saying? Take away the myth and you're left with a child's view of the avant-garde



James Chance

Pic: Kevin Cummins

CHANCING HIS ARM

that's not as interesting as that sounds. Or. You see — does Chance deserve the myth?

Pressure didn't inspire Chance, it squashed him. Chance looked impatient and disgusted but never particularly threatening. Was he bothered? Words like 'disconcerting', 'uncontrolled', 'uncontained' can be screamed as loud as possible but in the context of this show make no sense. It was just a backless rant, no panic, no bending. *Get off the floor!* So you get to think, and the boy can't help it, that maybe Chance isn't that good: that he gets easily tired, that he's getting boarded in, that he's losing pride in his own fervour and that he's getting suspicious of the value in his kind of adventure. You get to think that Chance can only lick the lolly a couple of ways, that he's not *much of an acrobat* after all. Can I deduce all this after a *measly minor* half an hour show? Of course.

Half way through the exhibition Chance walked off the stage to do whatever it was he has to do: maybe apologise to himself for being an hour late on stage. (Such an unpredictable chap, Chance.) For minutes nothing happened:

Levene and Toby hung around. Then Chance came back. Noise was played but again for a few minutes nothing happened. James Chance has just got to learn to live with all the nonsense: his records and tapes proved that once he was living to learn; The Venue proclaimed that we must all hesitate before we condemn Chance into history as one of the great exotic heroes of pop. Get fit and see beyond! I could get to be self-righteous about this.

I have a lot more to say.

(This kind of career-error, come to think of it, could indicate that Chance is, after all, a genius. Then again, I wish he'd see himself as *Star*, as *Winner*. . . Then again The Venue was not frustrating, it was just unremarkable. Again, then, remember the options.)

I think I've done.

Or. . .

Paul Morley

Teardrop Explodes Dexy's Midnight Runners Torque Peter Richardson

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. SEEN QUITE a bit in my 23 years, but I've seen few shows as astonishing as the Midnight Runners' Projected Passion Revue — as varied and liberating an evening's entertainment as anything ever presented on the rock stage.

Dexy's have had a tough and testing time of it since the staggering success of the anthemic 'Geno' single, the original eight-handed team disintegrating last Christmas just prior to problems with their old record label EMI led to more upheavals and a free transfer to Phonogram.

Now they are back with Plan B, Kevin Rowland having struck like Polyfilla to his principles in the troughs of adversity and reconstructed the Runners to assemble this stimulating revue — a group, a comedy act and a troupe of teenage dancers.

Peter Richardson of comic duo The Outer Limits acts as the evening's animated MC, although his playfully

physical punch lines and anecdotes suffer slightly on the night from the absence of his usual partner Nigel Planner.

Richardson's two brief solo slots on the stage are separated by the dance troupe Torque, a multi-racial multi-sexual London sextet who have broken away from their tutored roots to explore a series of more expressive jazz-based stylistics. Their steps are warm and sensual, a clear cut above the crass, cornily sexploitive manoeuvres of a Hot Gossip.

I only hope that the television crew who filmed the entire show do not focus entirely on the antics of the two groups — Torque deserve to be seen as much as Dexy's and Teardrop deserve to be heard.

An interlude of classic Aretha and vintage Edwin Hawkins leads smoothly to the gladiatorial entrance of Dexy's themselves. The group's attitude to playing live is thoroughly commendable. They aim to move away from the tired routines of the rock concert, they want the best for themselves and their audience and they are currently among the most vital performers we have.

At a time when so many white boys are dishing up a

sub-standard diet of fabricated funk and synthetic salsa, Dexy's are one of the few groups cutting through all the crap with their quintessential soulfulness.

The Runners don't merely play the music, they *feel* it. Rowland, of course, is the simmering vortex of the musical whirlwind. Sartorially solid in Doc Martens and orange anorak, Rowland contorts himself around his vocal cords, twisting every last ounce of soul out of a song. The passion simply pours out. Such a sensitive approach raises plenty of sniggers and catcalls during the set's quieter moments — a lot of people feel intimidated by such an honest, open-hearted showman — but Rowland remains unperturbed and just gets on with it.

The set is a carefully constructed series of pauses and peaks, mellow moods leading into crisp climaxes dominated, as always, by the bold, beefy horns of saxists Paul Speare and Brian Maurice and trombonist Big Jimmy.

Although 'Geno' is predictably omitted, last year's two other hits, 'Dance Stance' and 'There, There', are included. Both these and the more uptempo new songs are given extra impact by being preceded by temperate ballads. Thus the depressive 'Keep It (Part Two)' is played adjacent to 'Let's Make This Precious', a blazing new number punctuated by some hard, staccato sax.

The highlight of the show, however, is the medley in which the haunting 'Soon' — Kevin accompanied by just a lone piano — segues magnificently into the stormy 'Plan B', the best Dexy's single since their 'Dance Stance' debut.

There are very few bands around with the ability to *pace* their show the way Dexy's do.

The Teardrop Explodes, on this showing, are not really one of them.

They stormed out of the culture bunker and onto the stage to the pre-recorded strains of a jazzy New Orderish instrumental — the theme music from their forthcoming video cassette — but presented, in the shade of the dynamic Dexy's display, a far more conventional rock show.

Teen idol Julian Cope, a bushy-haired Biggles for the '80s in his leather flying suit, puts as much soul into his songs as Rowland but fails to *project* that passion as convincingly, his freshness almost visibly eroded by his band's un-naturally heavy touring schedule.

They play their new single 'Passionate Friend'. The song itself lifts its licks from about half-a-dozen familiar tunes — anything from the Turtles to the Velvets to Marianne Faithful's 'As Tears Go By' — but it really is a killer pop song, maybe their best ever.

That is Teardrop at their best. At their worst, on songs like 'Suffocate' and 'Culture Bunker', they can slip disturbingly into the laborious, overblown arrangements of the archetypal early '70s rock band, something they ought to watch very carefully in the recording of their second LP next month.

The pomp cannot hide Cope's songwriting talents, but it does tend to destroy something that a lot of us have grown to listen to and love — Teardrop The Great British Pop Group.

Step lightly.

Adrian Thrills



Kevin Rowland Pic: Peter Anderson

PLAN P
MOST PASSIONATE
OF PROJECTS



My art belongs to daddy

American Pop

Directed by Ralph Bakshi
(Columbia)

MORE THAN a mere cartoon, according to the ads *American Pop* is "the State of the Art in Living Animation". Made by Ralph Bakshi, the man who did *Fritz The Cat* and more recently *Lord Of The Rings*, this is a sentimental journey through US popular music, from vaudeville to punk, through jazz, swing and acid. And the principal actors are strictly pen-and-ink.

Cartoon, to be fair, would not do justice to what you see. The animations are made by rotoscope (that is, they're drawn directly off real filmed footage) and the effect is a weird mix of the obviously cardboard and the hyper-realistic. Fingers fidget, faces twitch and bodies move with authentic fluency — sometimes combined with newsreel clips or set-piece painted tableaux. It's an often

impressive spectacle. The only pity is that nothing else about *American Pop* is quite so convincing.

It begins strikingly, amid the graphic horrors of an anti-Jewish pogrom in Russia, 1905, blood and terror everywhere. From the the film follows the fortunes of little Zalmie — the orphaned refugee kid who ends up in old New York — and those of his descendants, yea, even unto the present day. It's a kind of kosher *Roots* put to music. In fact, the soundtrack aside, you could easily take the "Pop" of the title to mean daddy, because it's father/son relations that provide the story-line's focus. It's pretty heavy on the schmaltz, too.

So, we watch young Zalmie stumble up Tin Pan Alley and decide that this is the life for him — until he goes and gets his singing voice shot off in the war, then winds up in Prohibition-era organised crime. Come the next generation, Zalmie's begat Benny, a gifted songsmith who dies in the next war — shot in the back while playing the piano during battle. So whaddya want, plausibility already?

Yet life goes on — and so does this film, really. The late Benny's offspring Tony, grown up in the rebel '60s, storms out the family home to become a Dylanesque

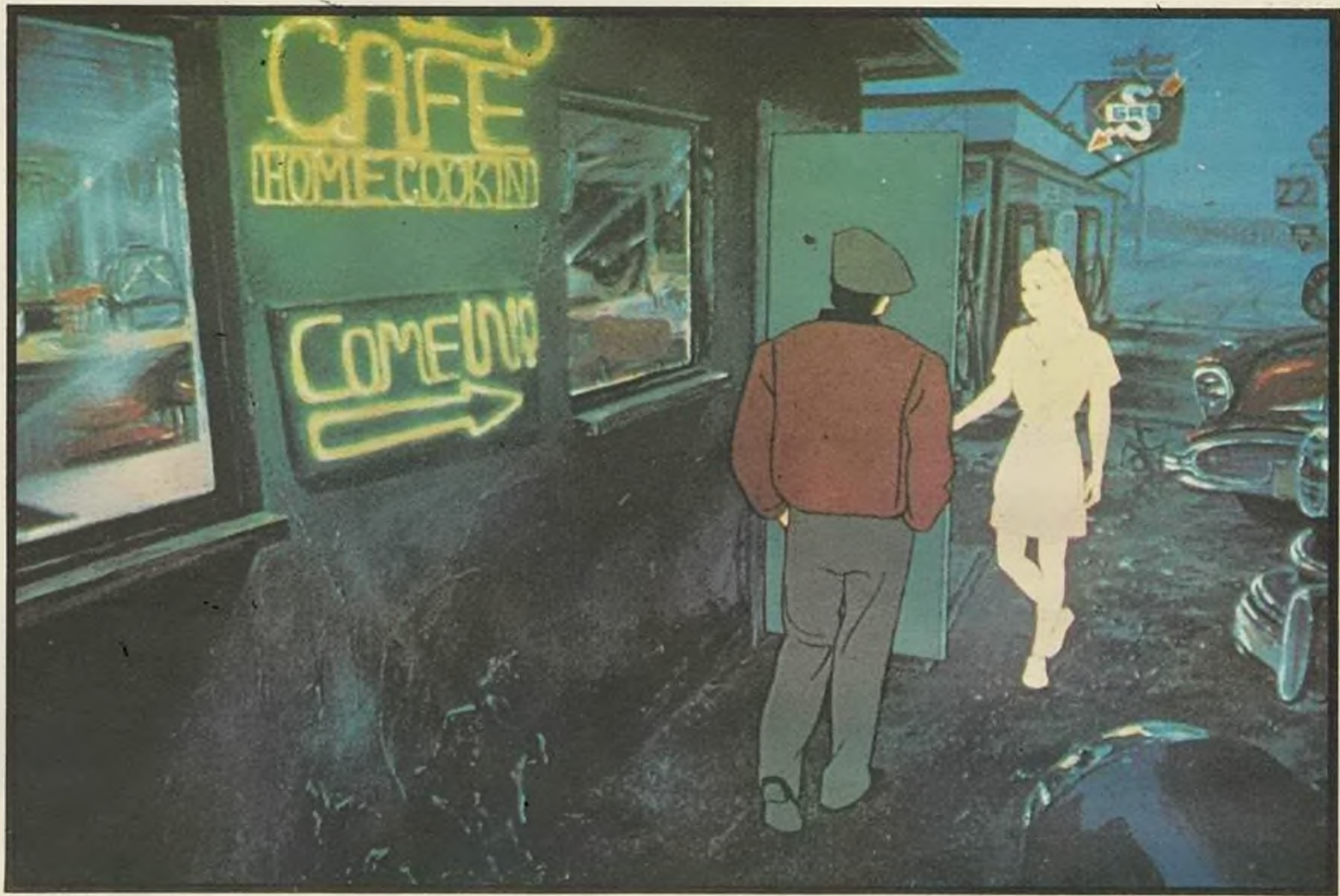
hobo. (Cue Peter Paul & Mary warbling 'This Train'.) Arriving on the West Coast just in time for the Summer of Love (cue The Mamas & The Papas), he offers his songs to an emergent hippy supergroup, and gets sucked into the band's drug-induced self-destruction.

It's to director Bakshi's credit that his transient cast of characters look so lifelike (barring a certain tendency for them to wobble as if with the DTs, or else stand still as dummies when not required for action). But the plot is frankly thin: skipping so briskly down the decades, it never pauses long enough to develop figures beyond stereotype status. Bakshi's re-creation of early-century New York is affectionate, but the Woodstock freak-out era seems his strongest suit. Post-75, though, he's lost: the punk caricatures are glib to say the least.

And the modern soundtrack — previously okay, taking in Gershwin, Cole Porter, The Doors and Hendrix and many more — nosedives comically with the imitation Pistols song and the use of Pat Benatar and Bob Segar to suggest new wave wildness.

But I suppose that's *American Pop* for you: technical skill and promising ideas, sunk by an excess of old-fashioned American pap.

Paul Du Noyer



Scenes from *American Pop*: Down Gasoline Alley (above).



Above: Swinging at the Ritz.



Below: Visions of Johanna.



Willie Nelson greets the dawn C&W style. Slim Pickens worries about having to eat his corn flakes dry.

Second-rate Rose

Honeysuckle Rose

Directed by Jerry Schatzberg
Starring Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, Amy Irving and Slim Pickens (Warner Bros)

A CELEBRATION of country and western music, *Honeysuckle Rose* is a Nashville fairy tale based on a perfect conceit, giving celluloid life to the archetypal C & W themes from 'D.I.V.O.R.C.E.' to 'Stand By Your Man'.

Larded with downhome morality and ethnic chauvinism, *Honeysuckle Rose* never attempts to get to grips with the latent problems involved in a C & W lifestyle, beyond the level of showbiz. Robert Altman's gaudy Nashville nightmare has become Jerry Schatzberg's cosy wet dream; a collection of gaily coloured postcards for the folks back home.

The casting implies more was intended and there is an undercurrent of reality that is never explored in the script. Willie Nelson as Buck Bonham, the ageing C&W star still trying to

make it 'large', has a naturally haunted and hunted look about him; set in a face lined and ravaged by time, alcohol and an almost continuous life on the road, his eyes always seem to be saying something more than his tongue. Similarly, Dyan Cannon as his C&W widow never loses that look of suspicion and despair, even in the climatic onstage reconciliation.

Country and western music has never meant much to me and in looking for something more in this film I may be viewing it from the wrong position. In many ways it is an enjoyable experience on a purely emotional level, and Schatzberg creates a balanced vision of shitkicking highjinks and ill-omened love amongst people who live their lives on stage, communicating with each other through their songs.

It's natural enough, then, that having reaffirmed their love through a duet earlier in the film Cannon should announce their divorce over the PA at a crowded concert with a smiling, ironic "Isn't that what country songs are all about?" Watch her face — the eyes have it.

Neil Norman

CRUEL TO BE COOL

Icehouse

The Venue

ICEHOUSE'S WORTHLESS debut LP has just gone triple platinum in their native Australia, and recently received rave reviews from some of the more simplistic quarters of this nation's music press. However, since this Venue audience was 90 per cent Australian bimbos and 10 per cent Chrysalis hacks, it can't be said that the date has exactly helped to expand their market.

Pushing product like this anywhere but in the most lifeless of Melbourne suburbs is unforgivable — Icehouse deserve to be confined to that hell of mediocrity for life, precisely because they don't appear to realise it is one. If I can do anything to obstruct the promotion and acceptance of Icehouse's music in this country — when people should be killing each other to see The Birthday Party — then I should feel honoured to be entrusted with the task.

Our matey Antipodean cousins smile knowingly at each other as their idol, one Iva Davies, opens his Sylvian-lined throat. Icehouse are the face — for all I know the only face — of Australian futurism. Fortunately, excepting the neatly-pressed black shirts of bassist Keith Welsh and

keyboard player Antony Smith, they dispense with the costume dramas of our native tradition.

Even so, Iva Davies actually looks like Gary Numan, albeit a casual, weekend-off clone, and he lacquers his modest suburban swansongs in a farcically disingenuous lip-gloss of Numanesque keyboards. Not infrequently, he will cast a shy, retiring glance to the floor, eyes all bashful, and for a moment, despite the collarless pub-rock summer shirt, it seems 'az Gaz'az come again.

'We Can Get Together' is their ten-inch single and very possibly the year's most terminally dull pop record so far — something Skyhooks would have been proud of. But nobody, least of all I, enjoys being unmitigatedly cruel, so let me concede here that 'Skin' is really not so bad a song, and that the chorus to their first single, 'Can't Help Myself', is really rather haunting.

At this point, however, my patience ran out with my pen, and as I made my way out through the hacks booing at the back (their eyes naturally turned away from their own product), Icehouse were singing about the lost sons of the earth to their own, quite hopelessly unlost, children.

I hope Iva Davies sees something more of English pop culture than mirrors in hotel bathrooms.

Barney Hoskyns

Vic Godard

Club Left, Whisky A Go Go

VIC GODARD'S residency at the Whisky is one of the best things to happen to London's revitalised club scene since the Speakeasy closed.

Assisted by a fairly flexible light jazz band Mr Godard swings, croons and stands still throughout a selection of standards and other carefully chosen exercises in the art of good lyricism. Godard has managed to adapt the big band vocalist styles of the '40s and give them an authentic update that is a credit to the material; there is no camp contrivance involved.

While the band as a whole is still at the raw talent stage Godard has a strong foil in his keyboard player and a particularly nifty drummer. Occasional sax and trumpet flesh out the instrumental variety and the entire structure of the evening is loose enough to allow for instant cabaret — tonight Johnny Britton (another up-and-coming Club Left figure) rocks a few quiet variations on a '50s theme.

(Better by far are those nights when Bananarama — a three piece all-girl vocal group — perform their showstopping 'Aie A Mwana'. They perform to a tape, which is just as well because the sight of a lot of male musicians like Paul Cook in the background would surely put off the discerning audience.)

Godard's approach — low key music for drinking to, or high class sophisticated bop for swinging lovers — hasn't transferred adequately to vinyl yet, but his improving vocal technique and beautiful pitch should get him into Las Vegas by the end of the century.

Max Bell



Vic Godard

Pic: David Corio

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PERRY: COMATOSE

Alternative TV

101 Club

THIS GRIMY sweat-hole that is a refuge from the Clapham drizzle seems the perfect setting for the reborn ATV. Surprisingly, Mark Perry is still alive. His bitter crusade in the face of, to his mind, the betrayal of punk, would sap the snap out of anyone. Nobody wanted Mark's ideals, so, wringing his hands, he took them to a twilight zone of freebie 'underground' tours that nobody saw. Forsaking hope and glory, Mark P became punk's forgotten martyr. He'll do well to shake off the past.

Unannounced, ATV present their new LP to a gaggle of survivors, allpurpose drop-outs and drinkers. A strangely conventional and plagiaristic set, it's played with bare-bones bash and a

sickly sense of sorrow. The 'Ancient Rebels' single is a pounding opener, but its theme is a much too tired grouse about the revolution lost: nostalgic and predictable, this old obsession can only be self-destructive.

ATV need some fresh incentive. They seem interested, but they're scared of making a mess these days. This circumspect outlook, though, befits the tone of the songs. No more nightmares and phlegm, but a range of ragged reflections on old confusions, faded friends and sour recollections. The anxious whine remains, but shoulders shrug where a finger once pointed.

A shy 'Fuck Off' badge hanging from his stale sun shirt, Perry stumbles awkwardly, grins painfully, and twitches at the rear wall. His air of wired determination

lends the starker themes and sweeter tunes enough crunch for some morbid fascination and a few twinges of pain. The reaction of this dark assembly is polite and patient.

Though we don't know it yet, their only official concession to history will be 'Love Lies Limp'. From halfway back, a shrill yelp intrudes: "I can remember when Mark Perry used to make us think about it all! Now 'e's just like all the rest!" The heretic smiles: "We are the rest. We're part of all the rest. ..." An echo from his own past.

ATV exit through the crowd, and The Mouth resumes its sermon: "Where were you lot in '77 anyway!" Bored silence bellows back. Old purists die hard. Meanwhile, Mark Perry has disappeared, and nobody knows where he's gone.

Dave Hill



Switch Higson

Pic: Kevin Cummins

FUNK-A-MENTAL!

The Higsons

The Mooch Club.

IN GIGGLING expectation of the ultimate submersion in the smooth and suave, my friend wore her coolest cottons, and I baptised my new pink shoes. Swanning in on a garish scene of practised '60s tack, mirrors, mirrors everywhere, and a secondhand soundtrack of Soul Brother Number One, the swiftest sniff betrays the guilt behind the silky shirts and skirts. No amount of tating-up conceals a woopsie in the drawers that says, 'I never liked it then, but I can like it now'. It's salt to the wound of we who fought fourth-form wars for Freda Payne 'gainst that foulest foe: ELP!

The hell with it; teenage, weekend dance-freaks would laugh them off the floor, but dressy dilettantes in search of midnight drinks must do something with their time. As a loutish lush feigns a hearty heave at my feet, I smile and decide: the Mooch Club is rude enough for me!

The Higsons? Well, it's a fallacy to dub them 'funk'. There's too much mess and dislocation for the real deal of slip and slide. Theirs is the splintered sound of serious spasms, a noise we've heard before. Yet they are no forced funk theorists, whose staid craftsmen's target is to transform (what they see as) frivolity into meaningfulness, and thus, crush its special powers. Funk is, remember, its own reward. The Higsons are not snooty, and they still suggest the carefree air of having had a happy accident. Their inspirations are intact enough for some recognisable appeal, and their personal additives give the whole a newish

tang of its own.

As befits their muscular convulsion beat, The Higsons play a series of short, jumbled, speculative jabs, with faint embarrassment and a touch of nerve. They possess a distinct touch of touchedness, and are far too crumpled to be coy. Though it sometimes skids into a mildly regimented muddle, they keep the heat with regular intrusions from some immediate moments: so fundamental. The Higsons are süss enough to take the high dive first, and think about it later. They aim to make you crazy, not impose it as a tangent to some dreary, deep appreciation. They sneak into a special space where you get down now and lay down only when it's over.

Those who've learnt their funk times-tables and take a stab at grooving, actually find they can. Those in skulking search for some exclusive hatstand club are sent, duncelike, to the corners.

All palm-trees and dangling curtain-rings. The Higsons blend the warm and the weird. Stewart is pleased to be pretty, and Simon is That Muppet Drummer. The occasionally clumsy Colin is their deceptively gormless bassist. Terry, who honks and hoots to fine effect, seems kind of shy. Singer Switch is a closet madman in make-up.

The time must come when, from the ranks of today's rejuvenation stylists, there will come some natural hybrid to thrill the feet off everyone. For The Higsons, half revelling in their small success, half wondering what to do with it next, the trick, I think, is to keep the tapping toe, and not to try too hard. And then...? Well, you never can tell.

Dave Hill



Jah Wobble demonstrates that bass playing refreshes the parts that no other instrument can reach and shows off his extended height at the Screen On The Green Cinema, Islington. Wobble, who has grown three feet since leaving PIL and forming his new band, the Human Condition, regaled the audience with his new brand of heavy jazz along with his sidemen former PIL-er Jim Walker and ferocious guitarist Animal. Hands up anyone who remembers Twizzle...

Pic: Tony Mottram

Martian Dance

Dingwalls

WHAT IS this gunk? All of a sudden we're back to pub rock without anybody noticing.

This town is now nothing but a funtime nightclub for the would-be stars of TOTP.

The first mob for the delectation of the deodorised palates were 25 imbeciles goofing around under the name of The Dangerous Bananas. Have I lost my sense of humour? Did this crew ever have one? They're more of an imposition than the inquisition. Hah!

Simply a lot of very silly college girls showing off their latest jumble-sale discoveries while trying to keep in the spotlight. Horrend.

Main attraction. Martian Dance are everyone's best mates except mine.

Essentially no different from Depeche Mode or Duran Duran, they just choose to play a cross between pre-Marco Ants and the Psilocybin Furs' natty pap songs (if you just happen to like it). I don't, which is a drag I know, but that's what comes from having freedom of choice.

In fact I don't like it quite a lot, but that's enough of my opinion. Let's just say that EMI are quite interested if the band would modernise the image a bit; not a lot lads, we don't want you to lose any of that purist integrity stuff. Know what I mean? Long live rock and roll.

Simon Fellowes

It's an epic journey down through the music of American time through the eyes and spectacular moving art of Ralph Bakshi, the creator of "Fritz the Cat," "Heavy Traffic" and "The Lord of the Rings."

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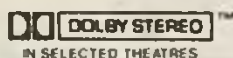
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This Seven Page feature is the beginning of a series of Higher Educational Course advertising which will be running with us over the next four weeks.

We suggest that you apply for courses that interest you as soon as they appear because many become over-subscribed.

Make sure you and your friends get NME for the next four weeks for the complete range of courses. No one else offers you so much choice. GOOD LUCK!

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- ☐ Historical Studies
- ☐ History of Art, Design and Film
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- ☐ Metallurgy and Microstructural Engineering
- ☐ Minerals Estate Management
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Sheffield City Polytechnic

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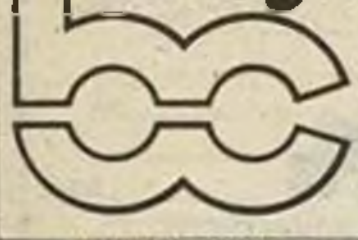
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The river Thames has always been at the heart of London's life and, today, Thames Polytechnic is in the mainstream of London's higher education.

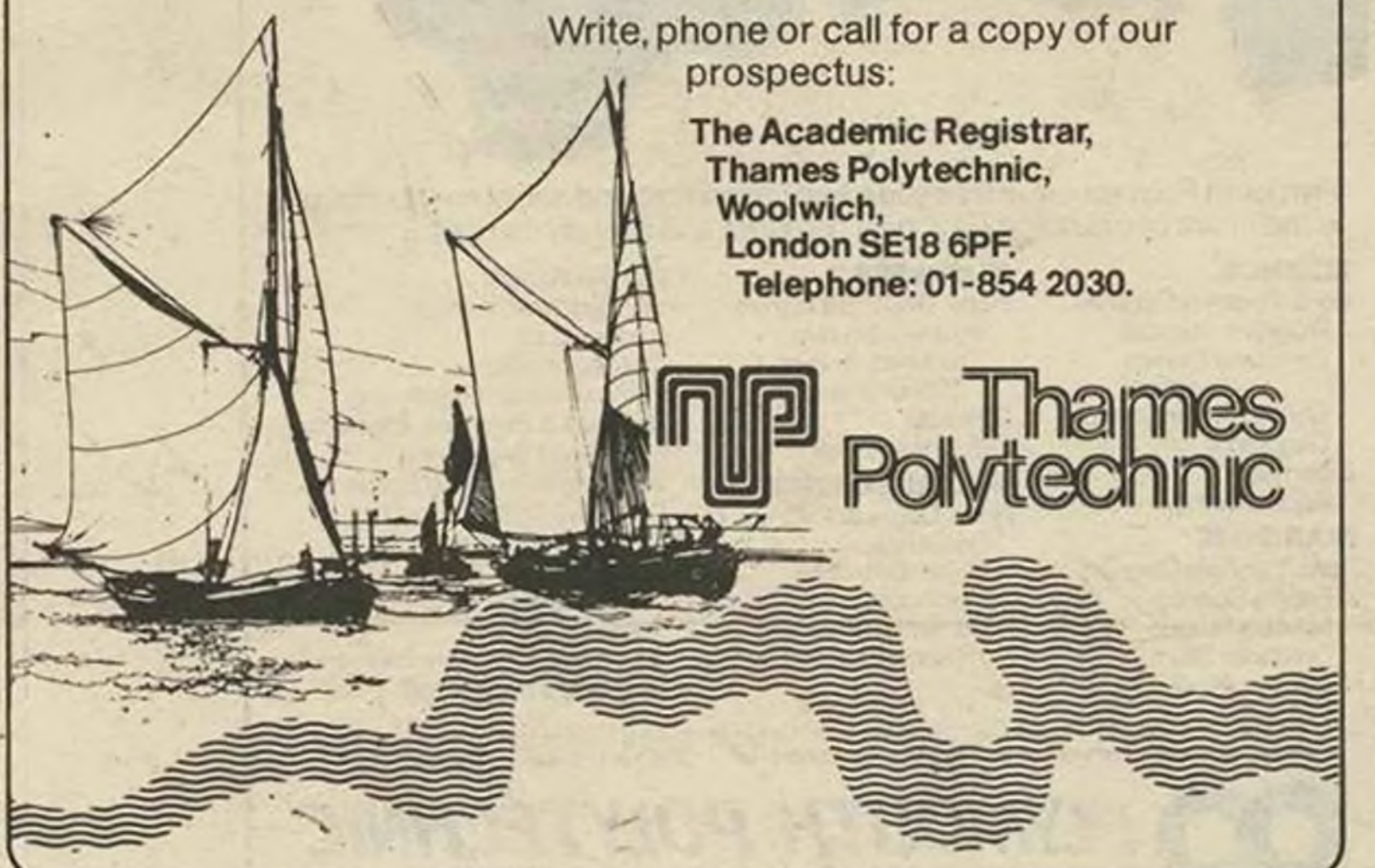
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The Academic Registrar,
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Hons. Degrees/Degrees
Business Studies
Combined Studies
(Social Science)
Diplomas
Business Studies

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Hons. Degrees/Degrees
Social Policy
& Administration
Psychology
Combined Studies
(Social Science)

TECHNOLOGY

Hons. Degrees/Degrees
Architecture
Civil Engineering
Communication Engineering
Electrical & Electronic Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Scientific & Technical Graphics
Combined Studies (Science)
Diplomas/Certificates
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Civil Engineering
Computer Studies
Electrical & Electronic Engineering
Mechanical Engineering

For further information ring the Course Information Unit, Plymouth (0752) 264674, at any time (24 hour answering service) or write to the Registrar (Ref. CD6) at the address below



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For further information contact:

Dept NMI

The Centre for Business StudiesMeridian House, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London SE10
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			BA
			BSc
			3 years
			3 to 4 years
			4 years
Engineering			
Engineering (Comb. Eng. Studies)	•	•	•
Mechanical Engineering	•	•	•
Production Engineering	•	•	•
Electrical & Electronic Engineering	•	•	•
Civil Engineering	•	•	•
Building	•	•	•
Applied Science			
Applied Chemistry	•	•	•
Geography	•	•	•
Social Science & Public Policy			
Urban & Regional Planning	•	•	•
Business			
Economics	•	•	•

Higher National Diploma Course

Discipline	Type of course	Duration years
Faculty of Engineering		
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Production Engineering	Sandwich	3
Electrical & Electronic Engineering	Sandwich	3

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We have extensive halls of residence and in addition we run a Housing Service to help you find suitable accommodation.

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Fill in your name and address, state which course(s) interest you and 'A' levels gained.

Name

Address

Course(s) that interest me

'A' levels gained

NME9

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Hull College of Higher Education

Admissions (Dept 485)

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 (Ref: NME81) The University
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 Buckingham MK18 1EG
 Telephone: Buckingham (02802) 4161

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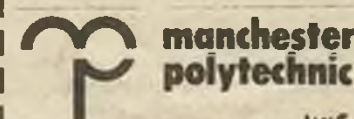
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Please send me your leaflet "What's On"

NAME:

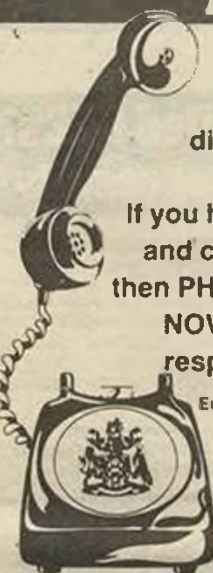
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Polyphone-in

10am to 7pm MON to FRI

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The Registrar, Teesside Polytechnic, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS1 3BA

Send me details of ☐ DEGREE ☐ DIPLOMA courses as ticked above

Name

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Tel. No

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Surveying and Mapping
Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Electrical and Electronic Engineering
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Architecture
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Psychology
Sociology

Business

Business Studies
Accounting and Finance
Applied Economics
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Tel: 01-599 0373. (24-hour answering service)

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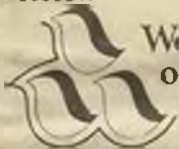
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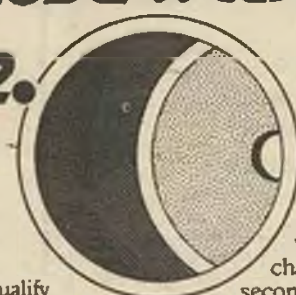
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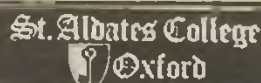
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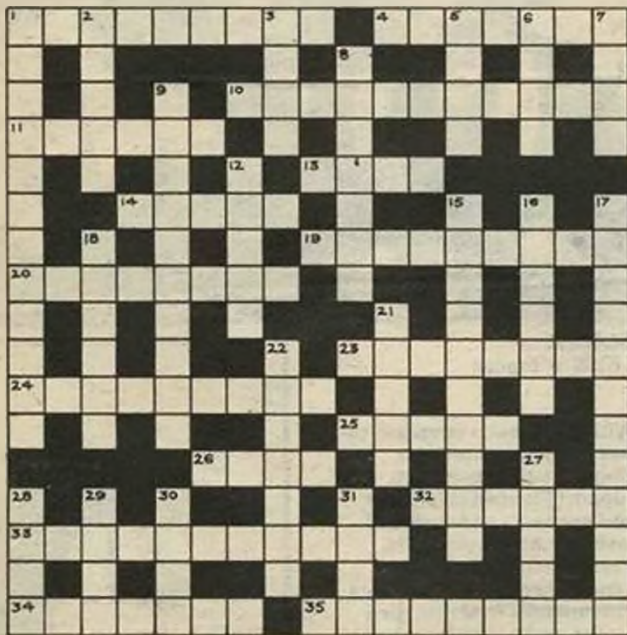
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NME Word



HERE IT IS, then — the one you've all been waiting for — the WILLIAM WOODHEAD crossword. Mr. Woodhead (anag.) is an enigma but we can tell you that he's open to offers — how to solve cryptic clues. Send an S.A.E. to us and we'll pass it on.

ACROSS

1. Went potty about the highest records in the charts (3,6)
4. Heartlessly opinionated concerning laced dope (7)
10. Band able to cope with a blazing reception! (4, 7)
11. Recorded, but yet on record (2, 4)
13. Psychedelic excursion (4)
14. Association for working musicians (5)19. Rocksteady — and where to find a 24? (2, 3, 4)
20. Special effect for a somewhat perplexed bunnyman? (8)
23. Arrangement to live near a T.V. cult figure (8)
24. Agent of the law, and member of a successful 3? (9)

25. Questions the electrical power rating, by the sound of it (5)
26. Repeated musical phrase (4)
32. Find a record company in Derek Block or ovation territory (6)
33. Two-tone band with that little bit extra? (3, 8)
34. Sane M.O.R. arrangement for this state-side outfit (7)
35. Legendary King who was in love?

DOWN

1. T.V. programme — a quiz to find 'Super-Dad'?
2. Artists like J. Cooper-Clarke, Shakespeare, etc. (5)
3. Musical threesome (4)
5. Ziggy loses a bit of sleep before pop (4)
6. Sound quality of an unsteady note (4)
7. Kids disperse to find a record (4)
8. Something lost at a Motorhead gig? — earring, by the sound of it! (7)
9. Small move in the charts — at least in the right direction! (2, 3, 5)
12. Credit voucher made out to Kenneth? (5)
15. Violent social change brought about by the record player? (10)
16. Jene gets back in as a Belle Star (6)
17. Is he unusual in being romantic? (5, 7)
18. Tingling buzz we get from an N.M.E. article ('specially one of Adrian's!') (6)
21. Heavy material (5)
22. Derogatory judgment made by a fan returning from a loud musical event (4, 3)
27. Part equivocally sung? (5)
28. Successful artist that comes out at night (4)
29. Briefly permanent hair-do (4)
30. Nips back to put on a record (4)
31. A tied note, a speech defect, and a slight (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 & 54 Alberto Y Los Trios Paranois; 8 Yes; 10 AC/DC; 14 'The Last Waltz'; 15 Bluey; 16 Cado; 17 GTO; 18 'Train'; 19 Kiss; 21 'Oslo'; 22 A Blurt LP(!); 23 Robinson; 24 'Hair'; 25 Steve; 27 Pluto; 29 See 42 across; 32 Titanic; 34 XTC; 36 see 42 across; 38 Lee; 40 Len; 41 Eagles; 42, 29 and 36 Emerson, Lake, Palmer; 46 Eno; 47 Chic; 48 Sam; 49 One; 50 Reward; 53 ELO; 55 Beatles; 56 Haley; 57 Sheena; 61 Pere Ubu; 62 Magazine; 65 Sue; 66 'Living Ornaments'; 70 'I'm On E'; 72 Wendy; 73 Ultravox; 75 Ross.

DOWN: 1 'Alternative Ulster'; 2 Breathless; 3 Rhada Krishna Temple; 4 Out On Blue Six; 5 Leader; 6 'Sat In Your Lap'; 7 'Orleans'; 9 'Stations Of The Cross'; 11 Charisma; 12 Crossfires; 20 'Live Killers'; 26 Eric; 28 & 74 Across 'Up The Hill Backwards'; 30 & 13 Bill Nelson; 31 New Order; 33 REO Speedwagon; 35 Tar; 37 Men; 43 Ears; 44 & 39 Sonny Bono; 45 Neil Young; 51 Adler; 52 Department S; 58 Tension; 59 Verve; 60 Finn; 63 Essex; 64 Fender; 67 Nils; 68 Mark; 69 Two(...); 71 Eva.

CHIC

FROM PAGE 18

unemployed blacks and whites was enormous. And then they tried to say, yeah well, a lot of blacks don't try for jobs anyway. They're not applying for them and I went 'Heyyyy wait a minute here!' What? I can dig individuals, an individual, maybe lazy — the same way as he and I are over zealous — but you start saying about blacks as a whole and shhhh... you can see that society just hasn't ingested the colour thing at all. BE: And it will eventually destroy it. That 'difference of opinion' will destroy the whole world. That or religion for sure. And that stuff to us... is so hard to understand.

NR: Maybe I should be like my neighbour, I dunno.

Your neighbour?

NR: Yeah back in Connecticut I got this neighbour, and though the age difference is big, he's the most relaxed, together person I ever met. And I said, 'Hey Al, why are you always so cool? Why is life so great for you?' and he said to me, 'Because life is great. Look at Jesse James. All the things Jesse James thought were important. That drove him crazy so he'd blow guy's heads off. And where are those important things now? Nowhere, because JESSE JAMES IS DEAD! You see?'

BE: Yeah and Al has a big house in the country and a privilege of wealth so maybe he can afford to think that way.

NR: Aw you know what I mean! You see people think we have a great deal of money but the truth is we really don't and —

BE: Hell I do!

NR: (Again shot down mid stride) Er, well, yeah you earn a little more than me. Anyway it's certainly enough to sustain us now. At the beginning we were really excited about it and we were going nuts. "I wanna Ferrari and a Masarati!"

So are these, for you two, The Good Times?

NR: Hell yes, hell definitely. The first time Bernard and I walked into a disco and they were playing our music you never seen anything like that man. We didn't have a name or a band, nuthin. All we did was record the basic tracks to 'Everybody Dance' and as we walked into the club we were like ugh... Good Times? Hell yes...

WE STOPPED it there and they went back under the flashbulbs, wise cracking and story telling, while Anton spent another forty rolls of film. The two men who run Chic alert, healthy and alive having cleared the decks and ready to come back in their own right. I tossed in my standard chuckaway question as they posed.

Who would you most like to've been in history? BE: Y'know I kinda like my life. I came from the bottom, was poor, struggled. And the fact that I'm successful — I kinda like that. I'm not egotistical about it.

NR: HA!

BE: Naw come on. The whole bit, everyone telling me to stop wasting my time, I'll never make it — and I'm from the South, pickin cotton and all that crap — so ending up like I am I feel good.

NR: Now they pick polyester right?

What 'bout you Nile?

NR: Does this question require a heavy answer — do I have to be black?

Anything you fancy.

NR: Woooahh, that's different! I wanna be Attila! I wanna be Hannibal!

Bernard Edwards forgot his pose and caught the cock-a-hoop Rodgers with a grand-aunt style withering stare.

BE: Excuse me, but what is all this 'do-I-have-to-be-black?' stuff bro'?

Then the pair of them turned slowly away from each other and threw a wink at me.

That rumbling in the earth you feel says that Chic are on their way back.



C'est Chic n'est pas?

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supporting their farewell tour (well let's hope it's a farewell tour). The Bureau are going to release their debut LP in the USA to coincide with the tour. Tee hee ...

Glad to hear that everyone

connected with Funkapofitan's label are well and truly sick that the groups first single only just managed to limp into the lowest part of the 100 ...

American satirical magazine

Harvard Lampoon have scheduled to produce a dummy issue of *People* with soft porn queen Brooke Shields as cover girl. Brooke earned 1½ million pounds last year. Give me a ring, Brooke, we can discuss cocktails, Turkish delight and the end of the world ...

No-one will want to know this, but I can't resist it. Steve Hackett, ex Genesis, got married last Friday to Kim Poor (daughter of a Portuguese Baroness, a distant relation of me and Shakin Stevens) and Peter Gabriel was the best man. Kim's full name is Elizabeth Kimball de Albuquerque Poor, and she is the daughter of the Baroness Eugénia Alice Cavalcanti de Albuquerque Well. Nice to introduce some class. Have I ever told you my full name? It can wait. It'll have to wait. I need another drink — something with tomatoo, banana, pepper, tia maria and babycham in it ...

Island Records are to distribute a new label, Springtime. First releases are the 82 strong Portsmouth Sinfonia backed by 350 incompetent singers performing Hallelujah Chorus and a 'classical mudley' which is out of tune out of time and out of everything. Second release is Alexie's *Midnight Runners*, that's Alexie Sayle backed by Comic Store people, doing hard 'Pop Up Toasters'. This appears to be an impassioned plea for racial harmony — "bread goes in white and comes out brown." Tee hee? It features kazoo instead of horns ...

Don't pay, dangle say The Delmontes, a little behind the

times but that's the business and boy the business is fun. They say that now it's the form to pay £3.50 to see turgid 'progressive' groups wander round a stage in a daze whilst audiences mope, Edinburgh's Delmontes intend to hold an all night party at Valentine's Discotheque on Sunday, August 30th. Normally the charge would be the usual arm or a leg BUT if party go/ers manage a nice smile and actually look as if they're coming to enjoy themselves then they will be admitted totally FREE OF CHARGE! Is this too worthy? Not only THAT but a full display of videos will be on show (including the as yet unseen 'Chance Meeting' by Josef K. All it needs now is a guest appearance from your loving Errol. Love me, but don't trust me ...

Ran into Adrian of The Human League at Heaven last week, mumbling morosely, not obviously relishing the fact that Heaven 17 were promised chart glory but The Human League turned round and socked them ...

Glad to hear that Simon of Duran-Duran likes to make love in water: I remember, and I'll let you know this for nothing. Our Boy used to love making love in strawberry yoghurt ...

Ian Hunter spent a week in town following the Milton Keynes flop, doing interviews and then, poor thing, playing a real live GIG at London's 101 Club. Eno spent a day in town, dropping in to the Russell Mills/Gilbert and Lewis exhibition at London's Waterloo Gallery. And the missing link, David Bowie, has

also been in town, dining with Debbie and Christine, and doing just a little bit of clubbing ...

I met him down at Gossips last Thursday where he was sat with Jerry Hall, Mick Jagger, Sheena Easton and Cliff Richard eyeing up the local talent. I haven't seen him for ages: the last time I saw him Our Boy was just another rock'n'roll revivalist.

David, I'm a writer now, how about an interview? Why are you dressed in brand new denim jeans and a boring shirt? "The more boring I look the more the girls fall for it." But I thought you preferred boys over girls these days? "Exactly". What do you think of Hazel O'Connor? "Who." What do you think of Modern Romance? "Oooh, yes, the worst group since The Lower Third." What's your next film project? "Ah, Errol, that's a hard one ... I'm taking over Jean Louis Barrault's role in a remake of 'Les Enfants du Paradis', and also funnily enough I've asked to be one of the presenters in the new adult version of *Tiswas*, but that's still under negotiations." Fancy a drink? What about your friend? "Our Boy? I'm not sure I should tell you if he drinks or not. Take me home instead, David ...

Big welcomes, garlands of flowers tossed into the air and massed kazoo fanfares for Lynn Hanna, who this week joins the league of unfortunates on the staff of *NME*. The lady in question will be sitting opposite Monty 'Faith, Hope and Charity' Smith in an effort to persuade him from the error of his ways ...

accept this must accept that they will always have problems. The way we are carrying on at the moment, it is surprising that anyone wants to be British.

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there be in silence." (Desiderata)

In other words, let's all shut up and mind our own business, including me.

Isobel Stevenson, *Halstead, Essex*.

Cute. — M.S.

In reply to the 19-year-old police officer (*Gasbag* 8.8.81):

Have you ever stopped to think why there is so much hatred of the uniform you wear, or who you are really protecting? The uniform you wear represents the ruling class, the rich, the aristocracy, the bosses, and last but by no means least the government. And these are the people who have made the lives of the inner city inhabitants so intolerable.

So before drawing your truncheon, stop and think whose side you're on, who you are protecting, and who you have more in common with. *S Wolfers, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk*.

If, as I suspect, you're one of those Wolfers with sheep tendencies, how about you stop and think? I know the effort may be painful but, who knows, perhaps you'll realise that the police — besides being an easy target — are the wrong target. Certainly in Bury St Edmunds, anyway. — M.S.

SPORT

How dare some commentators compare the events of July 29 to the Third and Fourth Tests in the Cornhill series. *Prince Otto, Fleet St*. Wun-nill! — Richie Bensud (Shurely shome mishtake? — Kenneth Wolstenholme.)

July 29. Street party — road close. Pub open. Children play party games. Union jacks fly; a day to remember. Morning coverage, afternoon celebrations. Police man no violent. Police man no truncheon. He's an active member of the community. Children wear his cap. Barman pour him drink. There no calls on the radio.

Police car sit white and peaceful. It's peaceful today. Another story tomorrow. Man dead in Toxteth. Why?

Police man violent. Police man use truncheon. Police man deceitful. July 29.

Anon, London NW8. Wo-wo-wo-WOW! I'd say you achieved maximum heaviosity with regards to this one. Whoever it was suggested you lot should write poems to *Gasbag* — thanks a million, bub! — M.S.

MORE JOKES!

With regard to (very) Kemp and his 'soul boys', how about Spandau Ballet and 'Quant No. 1 (I Don't Need This Make-up On)'?

Open up another case of the punks, somebody's had too much to think. *Dirty Blue Gene, Cardiff*.

What a piece of sycophantic crap Adrian Thrills' Ballet piece was. If the Spandaus are such soul boys, funny we've never heard mention of it before. But of course, funky is fashionable once again.

Last week new romantics, this week soul boys. Next week? In 12 months none of these turds will be playing soul, but will have pillaged countless other idioms in the name of fashion and bank accounts.

Please don't mention Spandau Ballet and soul in the same sentence again. It's incongruous.

Andrew Dean (aka Major Lance), Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Ah, soul music ... — An extremely rude interloper who somehow managed to breach the Bag's staunch code of ethics.

MEMO FROM THE EDITOR

Why don't you bunch of cosily comfortable metropolitan tossers get off your well-paid fat arses and do a bit of roadwork somewhere north of Hadley Wood, west of Taplow, south of Three Bridges and east of Marks Tey? National rock press? Bah! *Marvin Leatherbarrow, Swansea*.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I read the Jim Carroll interview. I can remember when anyone who came out with crap like "all

good art is risk" would have had their careers ruined with the slugging they'd get. What's happened to *NME*? What's happened to *Thrills*? It used to be one of the best bits in the whole rag; even if the music was crappy you were guaranteed a laugh. What's happened to *T-Zers*? It used to be a really nasty bit of bitchiness; now it's just a soggy soapbox for some turd to shout about his drinking and sleeping habits. And whatever happened to the reviews? Did Barney Hoskyns really get paid for that New Christs review? Rock'n'roll may not be dead, but rock'n'roll humour has long since been buried.

It's such a large downer I can't even think of a pen name. Never mind. There's a Danny Baker piece in here somewhere, and if he doesn't make you laugh you're dead already. — M.S.

ART

If the *NME* is prepared to devote space to cinema reviews, then why are mentions of theatre and drama so scarce? It can't be that it is non-commercial or even unpopular — look at the wilful obscurity and blatant esoterica in your pages at present.

Drama is an art form which is as important as music. It doesn't necessarily mean school trips to see the set O

Surveillance: MONTY SMITH



Send in photos and drawings with your missives, please - we need cheering up.

Level Shakespeare, or just high-minded culture for those who can afford it. Theatre is relevant — not in a John Arden/7:84 sense, but in a participatory sense. What about Artaud, Gratonowski, Peter Brook? Naturalism and 'method' are for TV and films; drama has a much wider scope. What about the San Quentin Theatre Workshop? If 'lifers' can relate to *Waiting For Godot* and become involved in Beckett's work then why can't today's youth explore performance art?

I'm not suggesting that drama/group therapy is the cure-all. But how relevant is Paul Morley's bitchy brand of pretentious cynicism or Ray Lowry's northern puritanism? Okay, it's not hip to form a drama group, but *NME* can help because the main problem is ignorance and stereotyping (actors are poofs, etc). What does it take to make people stop ignoring drama and become involved at some level. (I don't mean *Who Killed Dr Brown* at the local am-dram group or dancing on stage at *Hair*.) For god's sake, don't be so narrow minded, patronising and esoteric. *Paul Webster, Warrington, Cheshire*. When it comes to theatre, dahling, I'll be as narrow minded as I please. But less of the esoterica, please, we're already in trouble over our language. — M.S.

He said 'esoterica', you fool, not 'erotica'. — Ed. And you can leave Beethoven out of it as well. — M.S.

I last wrote to *NME* three years ago. Well, if Kubrick can take four years making a film, what the hell? *Ray Chandler, Crown and Greyhound, Dulwich Village*.

Hasn't Paul Morley got a lovely voice! I'm in love! *An anonymous coward, Bethnal Green*.

He owes it all to those speech therapy sessions with Terry Jones. — M.S.

If I was John Peel I would have told Morley to piss off. *John Peel, Adlington, Macclesfield*. I thupothe you think that-th funny. — Terry Jones.

Unlike P.M. I actually rather like Duran ("If you mean are we up

each other's bums, no we're not") Duran's records. Not wilde about their turn of phrase, though ...

Tom Robinson, Sector 27, Hammersmith. Do I keep the fiver to myself, Tom, or spread it around a bit? Still got a way with words, though, haven't you? "Not wilde about ... Very good. — M.S.

What's all this about Chas and Dave getting married? *Roger Braithwaite, Colne, Lincolnshire*.

That's enough! Bring on the heteros. — M.S.

MAX BELL

Dear Max Bell, The Velvet Underground were the only group of the '60s and you are a wet, weedy nouveau hippy. *Doug, Glasgow*.

"Cliff Richard can sing and Eric Bloom can't," says your singles reviewer Gavin Martin re 'Burnin' For You' by Blue Oyster Cult. The fact is that Eric Bloom can sing, but doesn't; Buck Dharma, who is the lead vocalist on 'Burnin' For You', is the one with the weak voice. I also note a Max Bell rave review of the BOC LP, on the same page as a hatchet job on Bob Dylan by Nick Kent. The rave review of Bob Dylan is three pages earlier.

No wonder your paper is getting confused. How about making your mind up collectively about the new tunes?

Brian Damage and Mick Godwin, Bath.

I can think of few things more boring than a paper with a — ugh! — 'collectivist' stance. — M.S.

Noticed how Shakin' Stevens has a habit of jumping off things in his videos? Hands up those who want him to record 'White Cliffs Of Dover'. *Frankie Vaughn, Wiltshire*.

I see from your *Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer* that Toyah's favourite pastime is 'being scared'. I'd charge at her with an axe any time. *Gilbert Latham, Nottingham*. PS: I'd also like to shoot Hazel O'Connor.

Carnaby Street ...

You guys must be really embarrassed. *S Bray, Leeds*.

NME
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