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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Miaow!

Platinum LOGIC

Exclusive serialisation of Tony Parsons' scathing new rock novel begins this week

CABARET VOLTAIRE
RIP RIG & PANIC
PIRATE RADIO
PAUL WELLER
METEORS
LUDUS

TROPICAL MADNESS

Ian Penman boards the nightboat to Nassau

A dog's as good as a wink. Madness pic by Pennie Smith

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1	3	JAPANESE BOY	Aneka (Hansa)	4	1
2	7	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzarre)	6	7
3	6	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	3	2
4	—	SHE'S GOT CLAWS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	4
5	13	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	2	5
6	2	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	4	1
7	8	CARIBBEAN DISCO	Lobo (Polydor)	6	7
8	14	ONE IN TEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	4	8
9	4	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	6	2
10	1	GREEN DOOR	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	1
11	5	GIRLS ON FILM	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	5
12	12	BACK TO THE SIXTIES	Tight Fit (Jive)	5	5
13	28	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	13
14	21	THE THIN WALL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	14
15	30	START ME UP	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	2	15
16	16	WUNDERBAR	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	3	14
17	27	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2	17
18	10	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7	1
19	22	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO	Various (Picksy)	4	19
20	11	SI SI JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR	Bill Wyman (A&M)	4	11
21	—	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	21
22	25	I LOVE MUSIC	Enigma (Creole)	2	22
23	9	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS	Kim Wilde (Rak)	5	9
24	15	BEACH BOY GOLD	Gidea Park (—)	3	14
25	18	CHEMISTRY	Nolans (Epic)	2	18
26	20	FIRE	U2 (Island)	4	20
27	—	PASSIONATE FRIEND	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)	1	27
28	—	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	1	28
29	19	TAKE IT ON THE RUN	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	3	19
30	—	EVERYBODY SALSA	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	30

OMITD in at No. 21

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	TIME	ELO (Jet)	4	1
2	3	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	1
3	5	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	14	3
4	15	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	13	1
5	(2)	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	10	2
6	—	SHOT OF LOVE	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	6
7	14	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	20	3
8	4	THE OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM	(BBC)	4	4
9	10	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	9	9
10	7	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	9	2
11	6	PRETENDERS II	Pretenders (Real)	4	6
12	12	BELLA DONNA	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	5	11
13	23	CURED	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	2	13
14	8	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	40	1
15	—	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	1	15
16	17	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	18	4
17	13	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	41	1
18	21	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON	Michael Jackson (Motown)	8	6
19	26	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	14	1
20	28	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	20	2
21	20	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	15	8
22	18	BUCKS FIZZ	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	18
23	—	BOY	U2 (Island)	1	23
24	9	KOO KOO	Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	4	5
25	—	LEVEL 42	Level 42 (Polydor)	1	25
26	26	CATS	Various (Polydor)	5	14
27	—	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	1	27
28	11	STARS ON 45 Vol 2	Starsound (CBS)	16	1
29	19	ROCK CLASSICS	LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	5	9
30	—	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	20	2

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (5) Release The Bats..... Birthday Party (4AD)
2 (3) One In Ten ..... UB40 (Dep Int)
3 (2) I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
4 (14) Inconvenience ..... Au Pairs (Human)
5 (12) Kitchen Person..... Associates (Situation 2)
6 (3) New Life..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
7 (6) Mattress Of Wire... Aztec Camera (Postbag)
8 (7) Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag .Pigbag (Y)
9 (1) Nero .....Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
10 (22) One Law For Them 4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
11 (29) All Out Attack EP .....Blitz (No Future)
12 (8) Puppets Of War.....Chron-Gen (Fresh)
13 (8) Neu Smell..... Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
14 (13) Smiles And Laughter Modern English (4AD)
15 (19) The Resurrection EP. Vice Squad (Riot City)
16 (10) Motorhead .....Hawkwind (Flicknife)
17 (16) Sweetest Girl... Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
18 (11) Another One Bites The Dust General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
19 (23) Ceremony (12" remix) .New Order (Factory)
20 (18) Four Sore Points..... Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
21 (—) Brave New England Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
22 (26) King's Cross EP.....Charge (Test Pressing)
23 (—) Dole Age .....Talisman (Recreational)
24 (—) Grass..... Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
25 (17) Peace And Love .....Misty (People Unite)
26 (—) Decontrol..... Discharge (Clay)
27 (24) Dogs Of War EP .....Exploited (Secret)
28 (30) 24 Hours ..... The Chefs (Graduate)
29 (—) Atmosphere ..... Joy Division (Factory)
30 (28) My Love..... New Age Steppers (Statik)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

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

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

REGGAE

1 Phoneline..... Mystic Harmony (Music Ltd)
2 Summertime Blues..... Investigators (Inner City)
3 Ratacutbottle .....Lion Youth (Virgo)
4 Sweet Feeling ..... Black Stones (Jah Lion)
5 Love Me Tonight ..... Trevor Walters (Flat)
6 I'm Never Gonna Change My Mind Freddy Clarke (Nature)
7 Fattie Bum Bum ....Rankin Dread (Greensleeves)
8 It's True .....Donna Rhoden (Santic)
9 Lost and Turned Out..... Heptics
10 Serious Ting / Together Again Sattelites (Startracks)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

FUNK

1 I'll Do Anything For You Delroy Morgan (Becket)
2 Love Has Come Around.....Donald Bird (Elektra)
3 This Kind Of Lovin'.....Whispers (Solar)
4 Turn It Out ..... Emotions (ARC)
5 Do It Anyway You Wanna Mike T (Golden Pyramid)
6 Do Your Own Dance Shades Of Love (Scorp Gemi)
7 Summer Groove ..... Joneses (Good)
8 Jammin' Big Guitar Vaughan Mason (Brunswick)
9 Catch The Beat Grand Groove Bunch (Grand Groove)
10 Sound The Groove.....Wreckin' Crew (Newman)

Chart by Kevin Edwards, Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED STATES

1 Endless Love — Diana Ross and Lionel Richie (Motown)
2 Slow Hand — Pointer Sisters (Elektra)
3 The theme from the "greatest American Hero" — Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
4 Stop draggin' my heart around — Stevie Nicks (Atlantic)
5 Jessie's girl — Rick Springfield (RCA)
6 Queen of hearts — Juice Newton (Capitol)
7 No gettin' over me — Ronnie Milsap (RCA)
8 Urgent — Foreigner (Atlantic)
6 Lady you bring me up — Commodores (Motown)
10 11 Who's crying now — Journey (Columbia)

Courtesy of Billboard

NEW ZEALAND

This wks	Last wks		
1	–	Atmosphere	Joy Division
2	2	Celebration	Kool And The Gang
3	1	Stars on 45	Stars On 45
4	3	Sukiyaki	A Taste Of Honey
5	9	Kids in America	Kim Wilde
6	4	How 'Bout us	Champaign
7	7	Vienna	Ultravox
8	5	Dreamy Island (I Will Return)	Mike Korb
9	8	Slowhand	Pointer Sisters
10	10	Bette Davis Eyes	Kim Carnes

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 Dancing Queen ..... Abba (Epic)
2 Let 'Em In ..... Wings (Parlophone)
3 The Killing Of Georgie ..... Rod Stewart (Riva)
4 Don't Go Breaking My Heart ... Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
5 What I've Got In Mind ..... Billie Joe Spears (United Artists)
6 You Don't Have To Go ..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
7 (Light Of Experience) Doina De Jale .. Gheorghe Zamfir (Epic)
8 In Zaire ..... Johnny Wakelin (Pye)
9 16 Bars ..... Stylistics (H & L)
10 Extended Play ..... Bryan Ferry (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 I'm Still Waiting ..... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
2 Hey Girl Don't Bother Me ..... The Tams (Probe)
3 Never Ending Song Of Love ..... New Seekers (Philips)
4 What Are You Doing Sunday ..... Dawn (Bell)
5 Back Street Luv ..... Curved Air (Reprise)
6 Soldier Blue ..... Buffy St Marie (RCA)
7 In My Own Time ..... Family (Reprise)
8 Did You Ever ..... Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
9 Let Your Yeah Be Yeah ..... Pioneers (Trojan)
10 It's Too Late ..... Carole King (A & M)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
2 All Or Nothing ..... Small Faces (Decca)
3 God Only Knows ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
4 Distant Drums ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
5 Too Soon To Know ..... Roy Orbison (London)
6 They're Coming To Take Me Away Napoleon XIV (Warner Bros)
7 Lovers Of The World Unite ..... David & Jonathan (Columbia)
8 Mama ..... Dave Berry (Decca)
9 A Girl Like You ..... Troggs (Fontana)
10 Visions ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 Johnny Remember Me ..... John Leyton (Top Rank)
2 You Don't Know ..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3 Wild In The Country ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
4 Reach For The Stars ..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
5 Well I Ask You ..... Eden Kane (Decca)
6 Kon-Tiki ..... Shadows (Columbia)
7 Romeo ..... Petula Clark (Pye)
8 Halfway To Paradise ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
9 That's My Home ..... Acker Bilk (Columbia)
10 How Many Tears ..... Bobby Vee (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

MAD DOGS AND...

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Two months of Madness

MADNESS hit the motorways next month for a 33-date tour.

Barso and Co head out on their lengthy jaunt with dates at Bradford St George's Hall (October 8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Aberdeen Capitol (11), Dundee Caird Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Bristol Colston Hall (15), Gloucester Leisure Centre (16), Port Talbot Afan Lido (17), Leeds Tiffany's (18), Manchester Apollo (20), Preston Guildhall (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Nottingham University (23), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (24), Newcastle City Hall (26), Leicester Granby Hall (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), West Runton Pavilion (29), Norwich University of East Anglia (30), St Austell Coliseum (November 1), Southampton Gaumont (2 and 3), Brighton Conference Centre (4), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Oxford Polytechnic (7), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (8), Aylesbury Friars (9), Birmingham Bingley Hall (10), Poole Arts Centre (11), Bath Pavilion (15) and London Dominion (16 and 17). Tickets at most venues have a top price of £4.00, though those at Nottingham and West Runton are £3.50 only and Leeds Tiffany's offer a £3.50 in advance deal.

A new single, 'Shut Up'/'A Town With No Name' is released on September 11, while the Madness movie *Take It Or Leave It* is said to be nearing completion.

Dead return

THE GRATEFUL DEAD return to Britain this month to play five more concerts, in the wake of their four sell-out London dates last March.

They appear at Edinburgh Playhouse on September 30, where tickets will be £5.00 and £4.00, and at the London Rainbow on October 2, 3, 5 and 6, where seats will cost £6.00 and £5.00. All shows commence at 7.00pm and long sets are threatened.

A new live double-album titled 'Dead Set', is scheduled for release by Arista on September 11. It was recorded at gigs in San Francisco and New York.

TOUR NEWS P.39/40

Let them eat rock cake

THE FALL, The Exploited, UK Subs, New Order and scores of other bands are playing free gigs for the unemployed, thanks to the efforts of the South Yorkshire County Council and the orgr ıisers of Sheffield's Leadmill project.

Leadmill involves a large, once disused warehouse where, over the past two years, a small group of unpaid people have created a social activities centre for kids on the dole. Though no gigs can currently be held at Leadmill, bands such as The Fall and Cabaret Voltaire have played benefits at other local venues and many bands are offering their services for "next to nothing" in the spate of free gigs now being organised at Sheffield Polytechnic.

Those involved are **The Fall, Past Seven Days, Disease** (September 4), **UK Subs, Injectors** (5), **Clint Eastwood And General Saint, Reggae Regulars** (7), **The Look, Deaf Aid, Panza Division** (9), **John Peel Roadshow, Artery, Vendino Pact** (11), **Cimarons, Far Image, Paradise Steel Band** (12), **Geddes Axe, Tokyo, Vortex** (14), **Crazy Cavan, The Jets, Free Bird** (16), **The Damned, Rough Copy** (18), **Exploited, Abrasive Wheels, Soshall Sekurity** (21), **New Order, Section 25** (23) and **Comsat Angels, Tense** and **Mirror Crack'd** (25). Tickets are available to the unemployed from various South Yorkshire outlets on the day before each concert.

Revel revel — two tiers for the camera eye of Adrian Boot

Notting Hill great

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

THIS YEAR'S Notting Hill Carnival was three days of bliss: the bliss of seeing another face of the police. They were more than cool — they were positively co-operative.

As I walked towards a front door on Ladbroke Grove, I halted at the sight of a black guy draped round the neck of a laughing bobby, while his mate took a snapshot. He could hardly hold the camera still, he was laughing so much, in amazement. *And* relief.

A lot of people felt protective about this carnival, all the more because it was a neutron bomb, which unless handled delicately could catapult us all who knows where.

But the normal assocation which has built up over recent years — carnival as catharsis, relief for the frustrations of the

■ *Continues over*

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Carnival

■ *From previous page*

year — has been overbalanced by the riots. The simple F-U-N aspect was reinstated.

Because the sun shone last weekend, it made West London seem like New Orleans at Mardi Gras, or like Trinidad, where the Carnival comes from. You wake up with excitement because the day could hold anything at all. You hurl yourself into the holiday like a river and float on a strong current. Sound tracked by different sound systems — calypso, funk, reggae — on every street corner. Half-remembered faces drift past on the other side of the road, across the silver barricades.

Fewer people, fewer police (visible, at least). Really, only people that wanted to be there, to have a good time, eat ice-cream or vegetable patties or rice and peas and rot their teeth with skyjuice, get wildly drunk and/or red, to cruise and to hustle.

As usual, the floats and costumes dazzle, finish and flair showed the love that families and friends had poured into Carnival since January. My favourite was the Mangrove's "Sailors Ashore" complete with sailors of all sexes, including Grace Jones clones. By judges' rulings, the Mangrove split the best steel band award with the Metro Steel Band. Not that anyone heard the Trinidadian Desperadoes glide through 'Swan Lake' will ever forget it.

Musically, many of the greats anticipated did not perform, e.g. Aswad the The Raincoats. Brimstone and The Ras Angles were also among those who were disturbed by the budgets and did not appear, or so I was informed . . . King Sounds made the most of the exposure, and the wide, expansive grin of Adrian Boot's poster photo, which was plastered over the entire Ladbroke Grove area, was duplicated on the TV news. Incongruous to hear those lyrics about Babylonian harassment surrounded by acres of smiling navy regulation serge suits. Night Doctor sounded full, bubbly and brassy: upful as befitted a carnival where cheery calypso was the dominant sound, and reggae sounded dreader than the days deserved. Right for a Carnival where grass skirts were the hippest threads, and hula-hula grass calypso trousers, bagged with string at the knee and ankle.

For me, Misty were the biggest surprise. Without Antoinette, their normal dramatic dirge effects were suddenly a sprightly, almost calypso upswing.

But fighting is like spots; where there's poison in the system, it's bound to come to a head. And some pus poured out along the Front Line, All Saints Road, at 11.00 p.m. Some stupid fight broke out, over nothing it seemed. People groaned; would the peace be ruined?

Word flew round that a policeman was stabbed, and suddenly the streets were full of well-regimented lines of cops slung out over the roads, festooned like Christmas lights in Oxford Street. But it was simple; less people wanted a fight than wanted peace.

And so it turned out for another year. Cool runnings, same way.

● IN SOUTHEND on Bank Holiday Monday, police confronted a 300-yard strong invasion of skinheads. The visitors sieg-heiled their way along the prom, handed British Movement leaflets to holidaymakers — and were promply packed off in trains back to London. There were 15 arrests.

● IN THE trial of 20-year-old Joe Pearce, editor of the National Front "youth" paper *Bulldog*, the jury has failed to reach a verdict on the six charges of incitement to racial hatred. The prosecution arose out of articles in *Bullshit* at the time of the riots. The Old Bailey judge has ordered a retrial.

Pretty Paul *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

JAMMING WITH PRETTY GREEN

PAUL MORLEY asks Paul Weller the questions that count (money)

PAUL WELLER and I talk to each other once a year, but I never noticed before that Paul Weller talks in a really loud, gruff, imposing voice. I never noticed that Weller can be EXCITED! Obviously I knew he was a worker, but I never knew how worked UP he could get.

The year's gone by, so I ring him up at the studio where The Jam are recording their new single 'Absolute Beginners' to ask him about the weather and whether life for Weller is the fun and games it ought to be — and he shouts down the phone at me, well alive I should say. I'm surprised: I always think of your Paul as being a mite pinched, slightly clenched.

So how does he feel about the Jam role: the pop motion and the part he plays. Is he still excited about all those mysterious things?

"Yeah of course! Pop music is more important now than for a long time. There's nothing out there really, it's all dull and boring, and music that can lift and inspire people amidst all this banality, that's really important.

"Music is all fragmented and everything, but it's really exciting because it's what happens when it's all put together, the force, that counts. It's inspiring to think how much music there is, and how much music can do — music can break through any barrier and reach all kinds of people, and there is the challenge, and that's what makes it exciting."

Of course there's files of proof that Weller's not the sort that likes to settle. We all know and love or shrug off the bucketfuls of songs that he's written, and we've shrugged at or imitated the clothes he wears and the hair he grows. Further proof of Weller's belief in action is the recent birth of his Riot Stories publishing company, plus the inception of the Jamming label — Weller financing *Jamming* fanzine editor Tony Fletcher's dream label — and the preparation of Weller's own label Respond.

"It may seem old-fashioned right now to start up new independent labels, but I'm not really bothered by that. I just wanted to stick by my original idealism. Y'know, everyone was always going on that when they were successful they were going to start their own labels and that. It all seemed to get forgotten, and idealism has seemed to become something to laugh at — which makes me sick — but I still have great faith. No one's done fuck all despite their promises and I just felt that now I've got the money and influence I should do it. I believe in doing things like this."

Though often over-cosy, *Jamming* can be the most excited and exciting of popzines, and it's expanded a long colourful way from its initial bed of mods. Forming a label is a logical part of its growth: that Weller is supporting it confirms its romanticism. Jamming Records will be run by the fanzine's 17-year-old editor Tony Fletcher. Weller has no qualms about this. "He'll be runnning it entirely, and I've not thought about him messing it up. I think he's really got it together."

The first release is predictable: Rudi's 'When I Was Dead'. Weller's phrase for Rudi is "tough Irish pop". My phrase is different, but Weller's not bothered by that.

Fletcher himself is very excited. "I want to make the most of it cos really it's like the chance of a lifetime, it's exciting and it's a real challenge. I'm not bothered about fashion or climates or anything, I just want to sell a lot of records. I don't want it to be termed 'independent', with all that entails — we want to succeed, we want to get in the charts. All I want to do now is find a base for both the label and the fanzine and get everything really professional and regular."

Jamming will eventually put out a single by Fletcher's own group The Apocalypse, but we must be suspicious of this. Weller himself will be signing groups to Respond, and the label will be distributed through Polydor. Respond's first two signings are what I would expect — The Dolly Mixtures and Edinburgh's The Questions. Pop with a small p, a big beat and a certain neatness.

"I want to put all kinds of music out through Respond, just as long as it's good. Respond will be a fulltime thing, but obviously The Jam will have first priority. Eventually Respond will just run itself, and I'll be going for quality and releasing a lot of singles — singles will be the main thing."

What about the notice everyone seems to be serving of a 'new' psychedelia? Does he think it's a con? Does he think he has anything to do with it? Will he be putting out any records by these groups on his Respond label?

"Naah, I'm not a part of it. It's the same with the mod thing, it's nothing to do with me really. I don't really know that much about it all yet, I just know that people are going out and enjoying it all and that can't be a bad thing. Really, I don't like to see categorising. I wouldn't want to say that I'll be putting out records by a psychedelic group. If it's good music then that's it really, it's good music."

So that's dealt with the weather. What about The Jam? Does he feel that they're being left behind in any way, that they're becoming old-fashioned?

"No, not at all. The music's always evolving, we always want to keep moving. You once said that we ain't got no soul, but that's ridiculous."

I just felt there was a coldness about The Jam that fans evaded.

"Yeah, well sometimes I'm cold, sometimes I ain't. It all depends when you talk to me. If you talk to me at 3.15 on a Tuesday I might not be so warm, but later in the week I'll be raring to go. You just can't be the same everyday. Are you? I know I'm not."

Speak to you next year, Paul.

24 Hours To Tulsa

— *from Belfast, that is*

MOST HOLIDAYMAKERS are charting some sort of last-minute intinerary before autumn puts paid to vacationing. But it's unlikely that they're as meticulous as Carrickfergus resident John Carson.

Twenty-nine-year-old Carson leaves for America this week, on a four-month "pipe dream" tour he's been planning for two years. And it involves not just himself, but his obsessive love of American music — not to mention a large number of other residents in Belfast.

Carson's trip is a project ('Artwork/Travelogue') and he's called it "An American Medley". Through Delaney's eating house in downtown Belfast, he's also seeing to it that anyone who fancies can participate in his "personal exploration of the American dream — as an Irishman who also wants to find out about Irish-American relations".

Carson has logged a shopping list of stops already immortalised in popular songs which have affected him. He sees Springsteen's Promised Land as Utah, Paul Simon's 'Take Me To The Mardi Gras' as — logically — New Orleans, Barry McGuire's 'Eve Of Destruction' as Selma, Alabama, and then there are plenty of explicit titles: Elton John's 'Philadelphia Freedom', Presley's 'Viva Las Vegas', etc.

From each site Carson visits, he will send back to Delaney's a postcard and a Polaroid photograph. "The postcard will give the image of the town or place and the picture will depict my real experience of it." On the back of each postcard he will write half the words of the relevant song. The other half will be written on the back of his snap — "so that both halves are necessary to complete the picture."

Pic: Pennie Smith

Delaney's has a special window display just waiting for Carson's missives to arrive bit by bit over the next quarter. The emerging artwork can be viewed by passers-by from the outside and read from the inside by Delaney's patrons. Since Carson's visiting 50 sites,

Next week in NME

PRETENDERS

TOM VERLAINE

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PEOPLE
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TV
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DRINK
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FOOD
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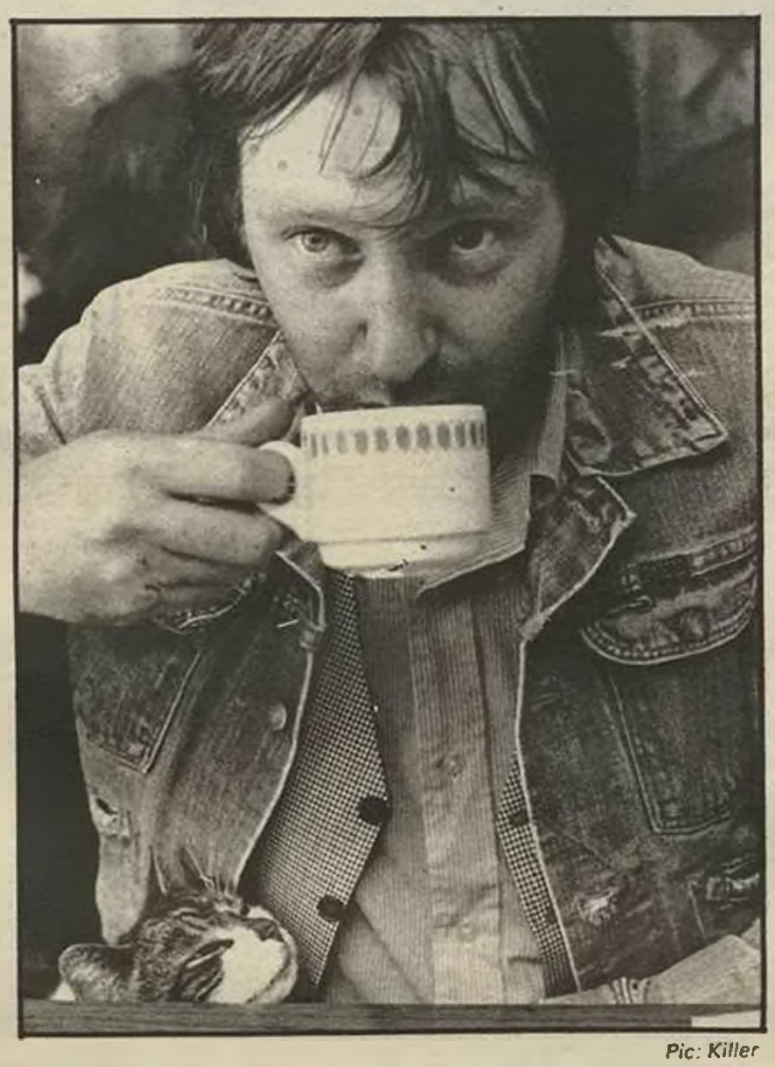


Pic: Killer

A song from under the floorboards

THE PHRASE 'diggin' the music' took on a new aspect recently when BPI solicitors visited the home of Jacqueline and Donald Kane and discovered that the couple had excavated the round beneath their Newcastle council house in order to accommodate a fully equipped recording studio.

But the BPI men were not happy about the activities allegedly being carried out in the room that lay beneath the trap door underneath the living room carpet. For, they claimed last week in the High Court, all the equipment could be used for counterfeiting cassettes which could then be distributed by a barman who used a local pub as an ordering and collecting point.

The Kanes are said to have admitted making at least 12,000 cassettes this year and, after being taken to court by CBS Records, gave an undertaking to desist from dealing in counterfeit cassettes for 21 days. The case resumes on September 16.

the finished display will include 100 images.

It will also include a customised jukebox into which, whenever Carson hits a particular place, proprietor Lawrence Delaney will drop the appropriate record. By Christmas, the whole installation will be fully operative.

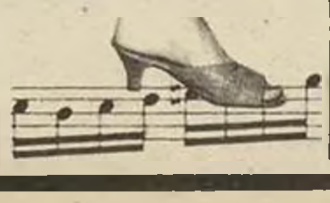
"This is just my way of showing off a side of American culture which has given me a lot," says Carson, "and also of getting the wanderlust out of my system without forgetting to involve people at home." He has financed his mission with awards won from Bass Charrington and the Arts Council, as well as with his own savings of several years and he hopes to use it in conjunction with a two-year art degree. Eat your heart out, Ralph Bakshi!

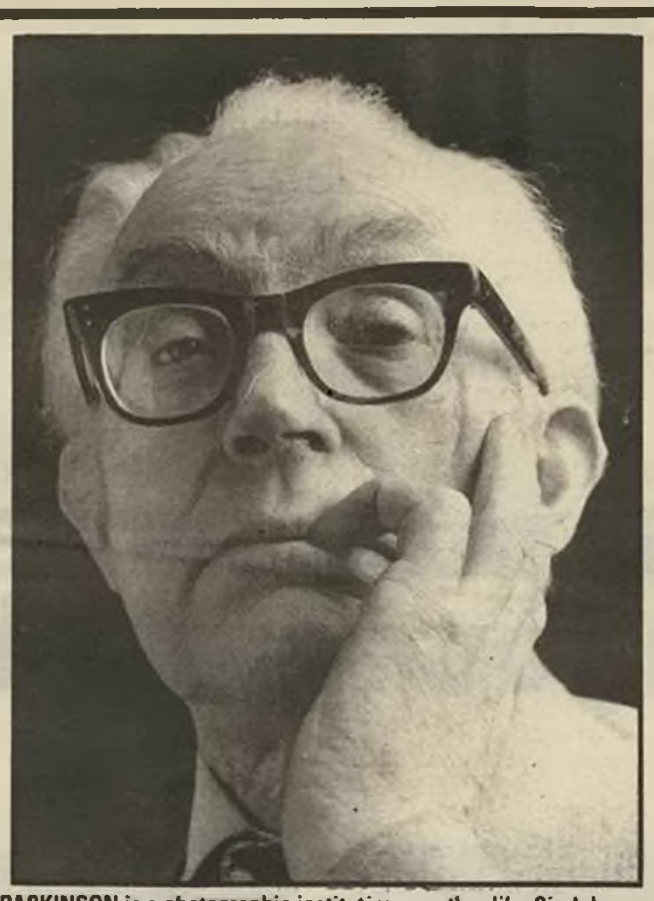
Delaney's Restaurant in Lombard Street, Belfast, will be showing "American Medley" from this week through Christmas. Perusal is free.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Down in the sue-ers . . .

MIKE CHAPMAN and Nicky Chinn, who produced pop-fizz hits for Mud, Sweet and scores of others during the '70s, are sueing Robert Stigwood's RSO Records for the release of their Dreamland label as well as over £4 million in damages. Filing their case in an LA court, the Chinnichap duo allege that Dreamland, which was to have supplied RSO with 15 albums in the first two years of contract, was not marketed and promoted up to the terms of the original agreement with RSO — a document negotiated before Stigwood chopped his staff by a hefty eighty per cent!





PARKINSON is a photographic institution — rather like Sir John Betjeman is with poetry or Macca is to Tokyo pop fans. His 50-year retrospective at the National Portrait gallery is a nigh-on impeccable collection of classy, witty portraits of one style or another.

His work, spanning the '40s and '50s with Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell, and then the '60s with Mary Quant and Twig the wonderkid, amounts not only to a number of sharp and elegant photographs, but also a compact history of British fashion during the last 50 years.

And more, there are scholars, classical musicians, politicians (Michael Foot looking like a diseased rat, above) and pop stars — a leaping Dave Clark Five, the Fab Four, the Stones looking as depraved a bunch of animals in '64 as anyone since (Jagger a far cry from the later, intimate portrait of him with Jerry Hall).

Everyone goes home with a favourite choice, and for me the photograph that really stands out is that of Montgomery Clift. Always striking and always dignified, even in the unlikely juxtaposition of high-class models with Yorkshire miners, this body of work — which has done so much to shape our images of public figures — has to be seen if only for voyeuristic purposes.

— SIMON FELLOWES

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Genesis	Flight to Frankfurt	30th Oct (4 Days)	£149	3
Police	Essen	2nd Oct (2 Days)	£45	4
Police	Essen	2nd Oct (3 Days)	£67	5
Santana	Brusselles	31st Oct (3 Days)	£56	6
Saxon/Oz	Brusselles	30th Oct (2 Days)	£43	7
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ON PAGES 52 & 53

The price on empty heads

DANGEROUS VISIONS

ANDY GILL aspires to the TV set

SOMEWHERE in between the ads for "major new drama series" and predictions of an "autumn of laughter", the TV companies actually managed to show the occasional programme this week. You had to search, mind, but they were there.

For instance, there was **Barry Norman's London Season**, in which a famous media celebrity debased himself as only a media celebrity can, keeping the shoes of the well-heeled or -bred nicely shined in a programme which purported to "take a wry look" at the kind of folk who populate the pages of *Tatler* (possibly the world's least edifying comic).

Mr Norman started out with the opinion that the London Season was "once . . . just a ritual mating dance for the upper classes", and ended with no particular opinion on anything at all, least of all whether or not the function of this absurd circus had changed.

These people's lives seem to revolve round little else but partying, which is nice work if you can get it but nonsense when it becomes a religion, complete with its own strange rites and sacraments. Interviews with former debs and dandies and hand-maiden hacks like Tina Brown and Nigel Dempster were intercut with candid party scenes — not a chin in sight, believe me — and shots of the more formal events on the social calendar, farces like the Queen Charlotte Ball, at which the debs curtsey *en masse* to a giant multi-tier cake, presumably some symbolic icon of class-levels or the idea of *perfect order*.

The interviews bore this out: what the upper classes call "poise" is nothing more than another suit of character armour, as orderly and unnatural as goose-stepping, and just as silly, doing for humanity what landscape gardening does for nature.

It has a function, nonetheless: just as the changing modes of hipspeak exclude the outsider, so poise bestows a more permanent exclusivity on the owner — a necessary social litmus-test these days, what with the *nouveau-riche* and all. A clutch of leotarded Ladies lounging in a gym discussed the relative merits of class and cash, revealing how encroaching poverty is signalled in the slightly cheaper canapes and champagne one provides one's guests with; the consensus of opinion seemed to be that the "meritocracy", as one Lady referred to, you know, *them*, were a necessary evil — after all, parties cost money.

Hence the incursion of some not-quite-U folk in this strange society. Tina Brown, youthful *editrix* of *Tatler*, told how the magazine had become more wide-ranging and fashion-based of late, as the social scene stretches to include all types from peers to barbers. Whether or not this constitutes a "meritocracy" is open to argument.

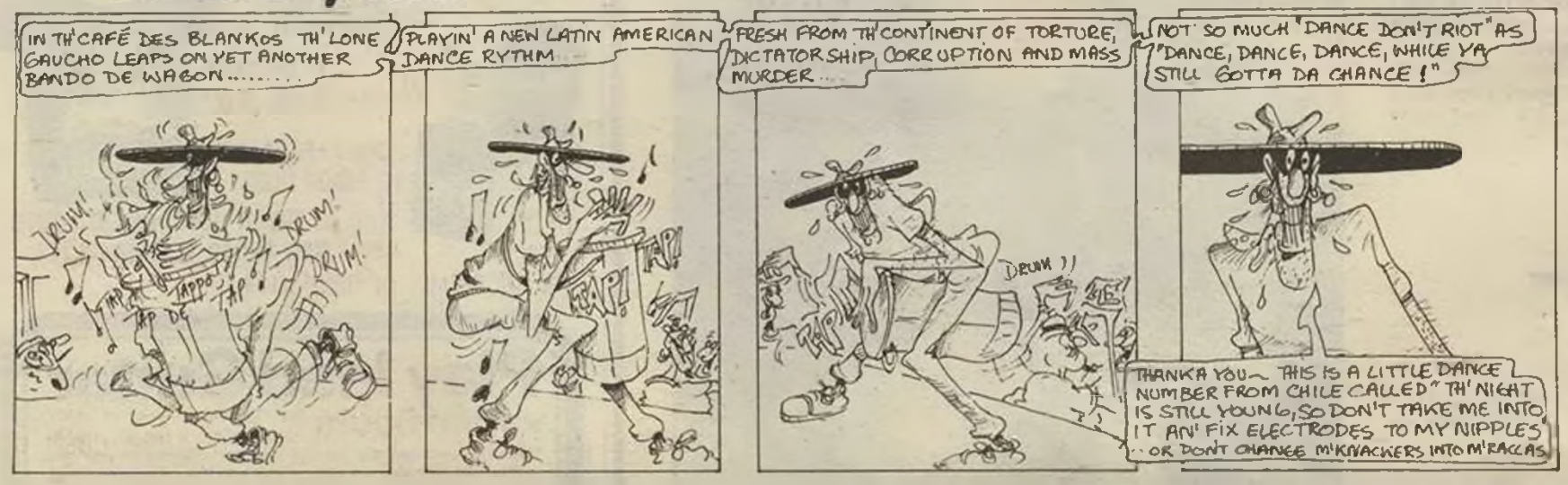
At the end, the fact of lower-class collusion still remained. If this is the unacceptable face of inegalitarianism — and if it ain't, I'd like to know what is — then how come so many plebs are fascinated with these people's essentially uninteresting lives?

The closest anyone came to explaining this was Nigel Dempster, who characterised the London Social Scene as a group of people all watching each other intently, not wanting to be "out" of the subtle nuances of "in", being watched in turn by a larger group of non-participants — which doesn't really explain anything at all.

Barry Norman's London Season, too, was guilty of collusion, shamelessly letting itself become part of what it was investigating, rather than the other way round. In the absence of anything approaching hard analysis, its only *raison d'etre* lay in the voyeurist impulses which fuel the whole affair.

A failure and a fraud, but doubtless a useful little feather in Mr Norman's career-cap — he knows which side his particular slice of Sunblest's buttered, that's for sure. Give me Wogan any day; I like my celebs urbane *and* rude . . .

The Lone Groover — Benyon



As a point of information, the optimum bias setting for SX is approximately 138% of that for EX-II. The average ferric tape in the group required 97.3% of the reference bias, and the average ferrichrome required 109%; the average chrome equivalent required 105% of the chrome-bias standard. We also measured midband (333 Hz) harmonic distortion at typical operating levels: DIN 0 and −10 dB. Note that the meter calibrations on typical home decks generally read about +2 or +3 and −7 or −8, respectively, for these two levels. As a group, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability at 4 kHz – the average is 2¼ dB below DIN 0. The average chrome or chrome equivalent comes in at a little more than 5 dB below DIN 0, the average ferrichrome at about 7½ dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about −12½ dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (−57½ dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is −51½ dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best mid[illegible] noise level [illegible] the whole [illegible] over 5[illegible] dB). The dotted curves for maximum high-frequency output reduce again 3% [illegible] order

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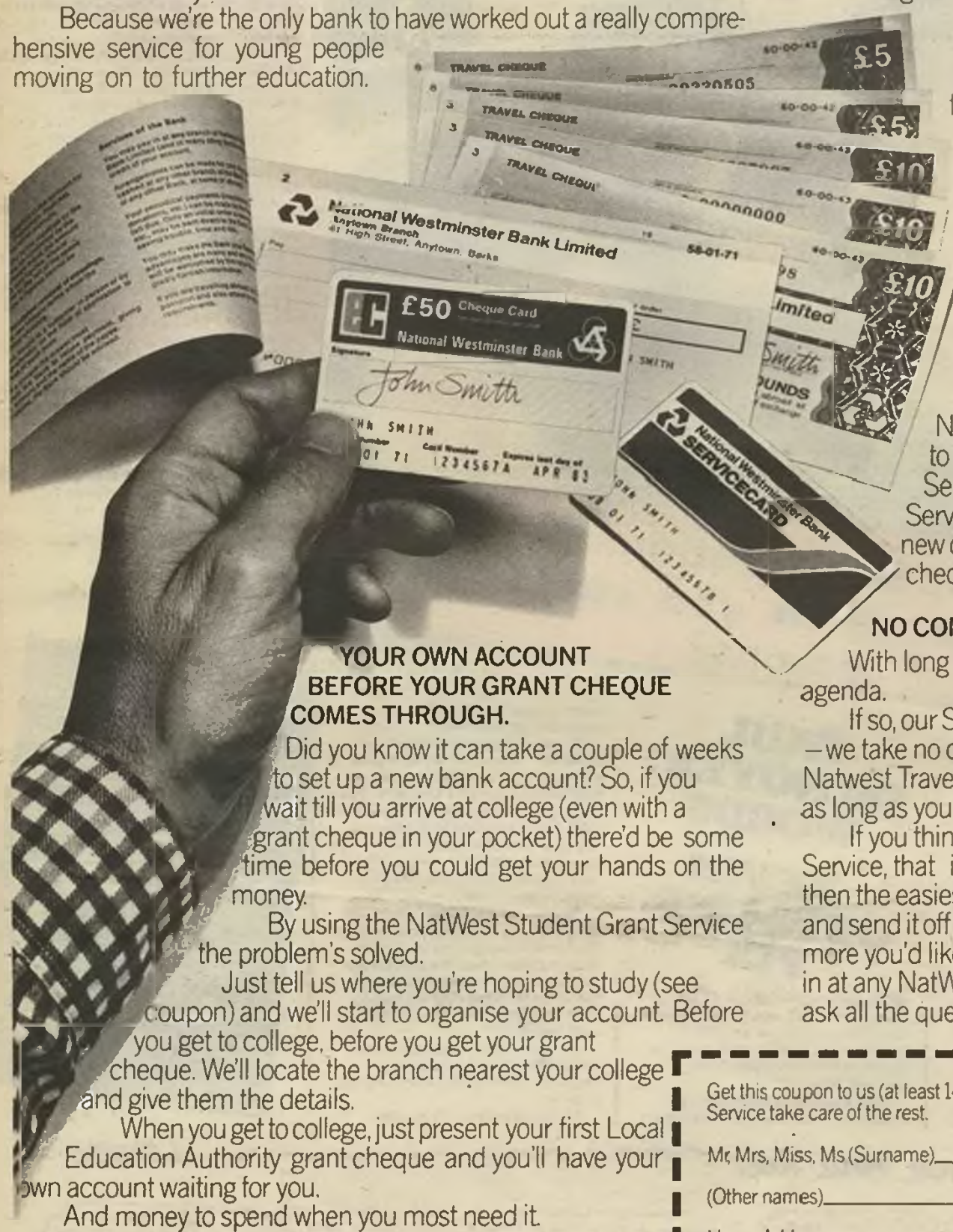

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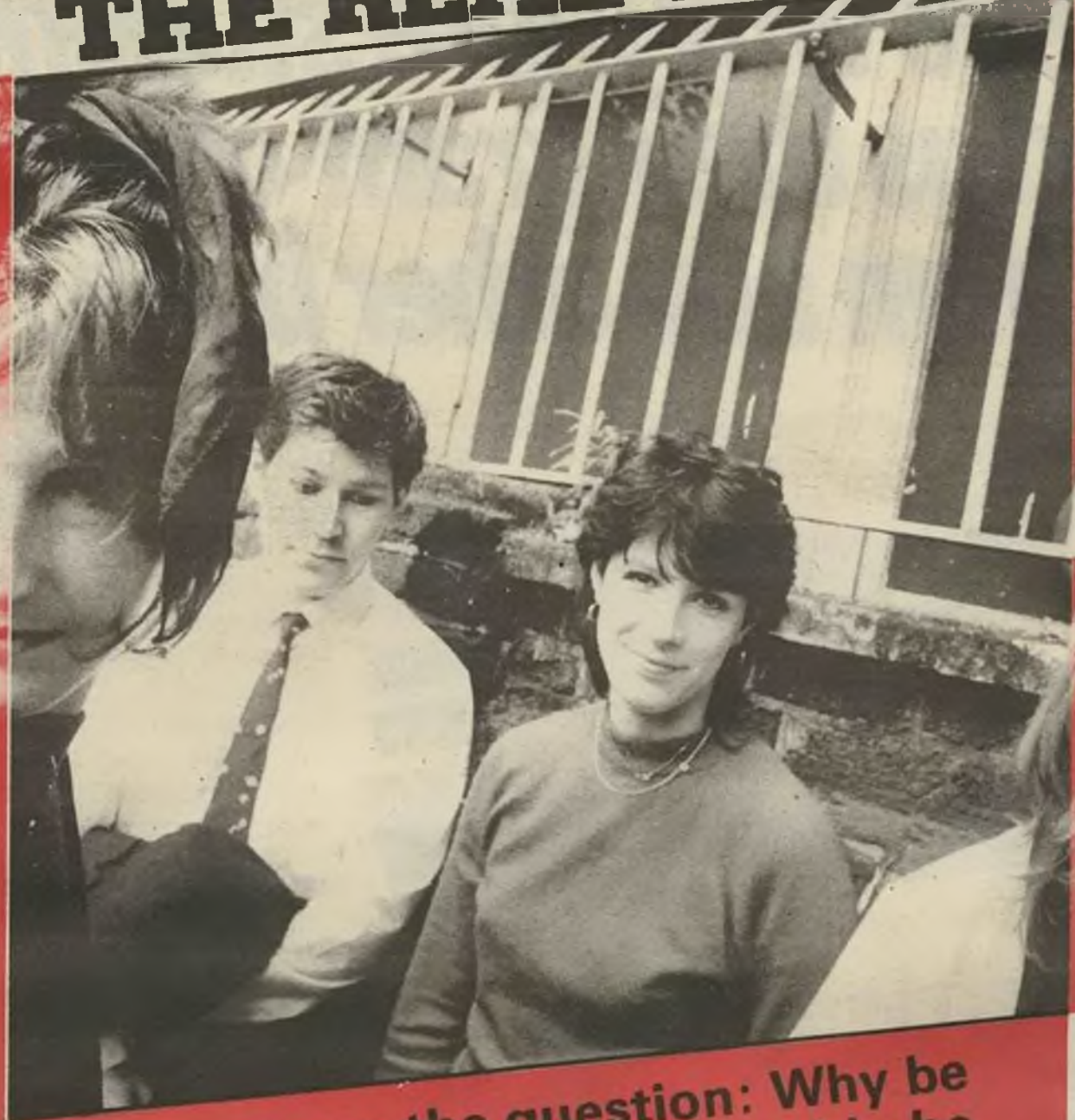

Delta 5 pop the question: Why be alternative when you could be famous?

PAUL DU NOYER: WORDS

KEVIN CUMMINS: PIX

THERE ARE certain obstacles in the way of obtaining The Definitive Delta 5 Interview. Chief among these is the fact that Delta 5 are at their most coherent when drunk.

They turn up for an afternoon meeting, actually apologising for not being adequately "jollified" at that time. They're all tie-tongued and inarticlawhatsit. So evening comes and we go to a pub, and soon they're eloquent as hell. Only the interviewer gets too drunk to remember anything they say. Catch 22.

I suppose I could use this information as evidence of the group's zany and wacky outlook on life, and go on to say it was proof they're not *really* another dullandworthy non-sexist ex-Rough Tradist politico band. But that's another problem with Delta 5 features: well-meaning writers take such pains to kill the myth of that misleading stereotype that you get tired of hearing them do it.

Delta 5 are aware of the situation. They're extremely conscious of their one over-riding objective: to break free of the 'alternative' ghetto of cult appeal, to achieve your actual pop-popularity. In fact, they seem fed up being conscious of it.

Delta 5 (that's '5' and not 'Five', and if your copy of their single says different then it's wrong) are Julz who sings and guitars, Ros and Bethan — known to their keener fans as The Von Trapp Sisters — who sing and both play basses, Alan who guitars and Kelv who drums. Delta 5 is a boring name, if you ask me, but its origin is interesting: the group come out of the same Leeds student circle as Gang Of Four and The Mekons, and played their first engagement as part of a chaotic conglomerate called The Mekon Delta Four (*a la* Vietnam, geddit?).

They spent the early part of their career with Rough Trade, producing three well-received singles, none of which I liked much myself. And then they signed for Pre, part of the almost-major Charisma, for whom they've now done an LP, 'See The Whirl'. It's a radical advance on the sound they'd developed previously, largely thanks to some ambitious horn arrangements and clever additions of keyboards and slide guitar. I think I could get to like Delta 5 after all. Question is: will anybody else?

It's Julz who sets the scene, with a sigh and an ironic tone: "Ah well, here's Delta 5, trying to make the

transition from the alternative to the *real* charts."

And are you? I ask.

"A bit," they finally decide.

"We're sort of nibbling at the bottom of the real world," offers Bethan, apparently quite innocent of any ambiguity.

Although some of the group's long-standing admirers have expressed distaste for the new LP, there must be others like me who've been quite pleasantly surprised by it.

"Yeah, that's how it's worked. And I think when it balances out there's more people who like the LP and we're getting a broader audience because of it. And that's what we always wanted to do. That was one of the things about signing to a larger record company — we wanted to get to more people."

Alan: "Aye, we got in *Loving* magazine. I were dead chuffed."

The girls in the group aren't as impressed as Alan with this conquest of uncharted territory. But they're all agreed on the need to leave the Rough Trade category behind — they're reluctant even to mention the label.

"People tend to hark back so much. We did a radio interview and all he did was talk about RT and 'being a Rough Trade band'. He said something like 'How are you handling it in the big wide world of *rock'n'roll*, the business?' We thought *'Whaat?'* "

Alan, though, is still thinking dreamily of the day they hit all the teeny magazines. And *Bike* magazine. Or anything.

"It's such a good chuckle," he explains. "When you was a nipper you used to see all these groups in magazines and think 'Oh wow! They must be making loads of money and stuff, and it must be brill'. I used to think anyone that was in *NME* must be making tons of money. Well, if *you'd* lived in that little village in Yorkshire. . ."

Drummer Kelv being home sick, Alan's left alone to face the scorn of the female Deltas: "So are you thinking that when the articles are in there, there'll be some kid up in the wilds thinking that about you, even though it isn't true? Is that the satisfaction?"

Alan (back to the metaphorical wall): "No! It's just a chuckle. People'll read it at the school I used to go to . . ."

Jeering laughter. "A-ha! Oh, *that's it* — 'Local boy makes good!' Get stopped walking down the street."

Alan (growing sulkier): "No! I don't want to get stopped walking down the street. I'm quite, what's the word, insular. It just appeals to my sense of humour. The thing is if you get in all those magazines, and loads of people take notice of you, then we can start doing things that maybe we couldn't do before."

The point is accepted, although — by a vote of three to one — they decide not to do *The Playboy Interview* if approached.

Bethan: "What we've always aimed for is to get into all the places that very rock'n'roll groups are getting into, and just be as we are, unchanged, unaffected — and that's a big gain in itself, to do that without compromising."

Delta 5 don't believe they have a stereotyped following these days, but they're sure they could broaden it further still. And yet I wonder. Despite the LP's attractive surface, a lot of the songs deal in moods of threat and menace. They're not an innocuous group, which seems to be a pre-requisite for mass success, doesn't it?

Julz: "There's also a lot of humour in it, though, which tends to get forgotten."

Alan: "There's no reason why you can't be serious and funny at the same time."

Bethan: "You can 'say something' without being intense."

Julz: "It's nice to be intense now and again, though."

How true. It was time for a drink. In the light of earlier comments, it's worth noting that Delta member Ros was stopped in the street. A young computer programmer asked for her autograph. "You taking the piss?" she said, which suggests that Ros wll never be a real star. He wasn't.

"He was quite nice, really," she decides afterwards. "He was wearing a three-piece suite."

Of course, she meant to say suit. How sweet.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

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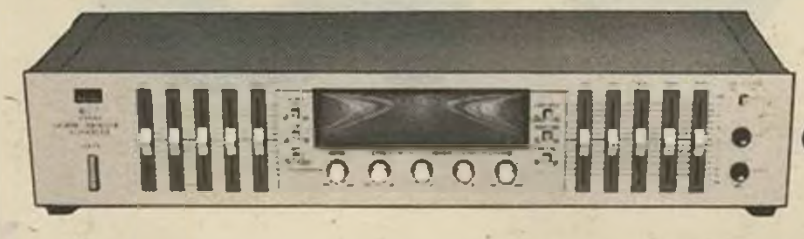

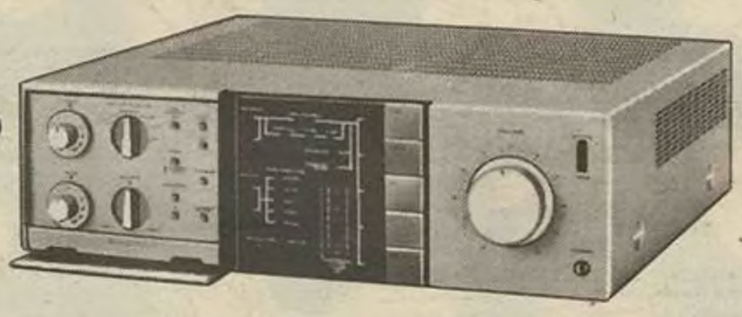

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SUN, SEA & PIRACY

New plunderers of the airwaves

"TUNE IN if you rankin' to a dread outta control: Rebel Radio, the Dread Broadcasting Corporation, DBC, on 214 metres medium wave from 1.30 every Sunday afternoon until early evening."

Tune in if you live in the London area, that is. And preferably if you live in West London, or even *to* the west of London: clear DBC reception has been reported from towns as far out as High Wycombe.

But to cover *all* of London would mean altering the direction of the signal DBC puts out from its North London base; which in turn would require a new booster. Which, at a cost of around £400, means London's first pirate reggae station will just have to go without for the meantime.

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

A new £150 transmitter, mind you, *has* come DBC's way recently, courtesy of a London reggae record company, which also has committed itself to putting up the money for DBC benefit gigs: all part of a campaign to eventually press for legalisation of the eight-month-old station. Then the whole of London will get to hear its sound-system-like diet of roots tunes and wild, witty jingles.

Lepke, the Dread Outta Control himself, believes with a passion in DBC. He never once comes up with any of the ill-defined "Free Radio" aphorisms with which pirate radio operators like to pepper their speech. DBC was born for a purpose, a simple, very basic one.

"Just to tell people to keep cool: to educate, inform and inquire," says Lepke, a highly creative individual who's also into *visual* dub in the shape of Super-8 film-making. "If we do ever become legal, we've plans for real educational programmes: I'd like to have people telling stories about the history of Africa, and of Jamaica, and of the other Caribbean islands. Make it a real community station — have link-ups with the law centres and all the grassroots places.

"Some of the older West Indian parents say we play too much reggae for the amount of time that we're on the air. But they shouldn't criticize what we're playing — they should get behind us and give us some support. Because what DBC means is that now we've got a black radio station in London. Eventually we'll get to the stage where we can play everything."

Lepke, who as our picture shows always wears a gas mask in symbolic protest against the way in which man is polluting the atmosphere, makes little effort to hide his tracks. Or his transmitter — which, instead of halfway up some obscure surburban parkland tree, is sited behind a cabbage patch in his back garden. "That's how strongly I feel about it. I know I'll get caught, but it was just a question of getting it started as quickly as possible. Someone's got to do it.

"The establishment media really is racist: it has to be, because it's basically right-wing. You'll find that a black person like John Conteh will start doing something positive. Yet as soon as he starts getting in a load of bother, a paper like *The Sun* will really pick on it, and blow it right up. It's worth studying over a period of time how papers work things like that."

So far DBC hasn't been busted for the technical offence it's committing against the Wireless Telegraphy Act — a civil, non-arrestable crime for which the maximum fine is usually around £100. A vigorously militant London black pirate station *was* quickly shut down by the authorities when it started broadcasting some eight years ago, however.

In London currently there are two soul stations: Radio JFM (jazz-funk music) and, on FM, Radio Invicta, one of London's longest surviving pirates with around a decade of broadcasting under its wave-band. Invicta, says Lepke, is run by white funk DJs, and is as such not truly a black station. They're good at what they do, he admits, telling how time alone has tightened up the standard of DBC programming since it began broadcasting.

Of the legal stations in the capital, Lepke expresses admiration for Radio London (though not for Tony Williams' reggae programme): "It *is* good. It caters really well for older West Indians. Capital Radio's just a business, though."

But he won't be drawn into tossing insults in the direction of white DJ David Rodigan's Capital reggae programme. Rodigan, in fact, provided the inspiration for DBC's jingles: "In truth, the best jingles I ever heard were on Rodigan's programme — it was he who got people used to the idea of reggae jingles.

"In fact, I like Rodigan's show. We didn't just start up to give him and Williams competition, but even so, we've noticed that ideas we come up with, they copy soon after. Actually, Williams has tightened up his Radio London show a lot since we started.

"Williams always says that we speak with too roots an accent. Except that that's what he tries to do, and all that happens to his voice is it just ends up sounding odd."

In the mid-'70s, Lepke lived for a time in New York. He doesn't see why London isn't capable of providing five or six black radio stations in the same way an American city can.

"As far as this country's concerned," he adds, "we'd like to see the same things happening in all the English cities that have a large black population: youths can just take up a transmitter and do it.

"And if *they* don't then *we* will!"

Oh, and Lepke says to say "Hi" to everyone at DBC: that's Chucky, who DJs with him, and Devon and Miss P and Miss T, the jingle specialists, and Rankin' Sammy and Ray Lyons who do the heavy work. And thanks to Jolly for the transmitter ...

Dread out of control *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

'I know I'll get caught — but someone had to do it' — dub pirate DJ Lepke

THOUGH ITS import is greater than that of most of its rivals, DBC is just one of the dozen or so pirate radio stations to be found every Sunday scattered about the radio dial in the London area.

Radio Jackie, broadcasting for between ten and fifteen hours every Sunday on 227 metres, is the longest established. Like most of the pirates, DBC included, it deals in pre-recorded tapes.

Jackie began as a protest against the 1967 Marine Offences Bill that scuppered all the ship-based British pirates, with the exception of the determined Radio Caroline. The nine main offshore pirate stations, operating from converted trawlers or wartime anti-aircraft forts outside the three-mile territorial limit, were a major force behind the vitality of the '60s British music scene. When they were outlawed, partly as a reaction to a killing during an attempted gangland takeover of the fort-based Radio City, the government offered as an alternative Radio One — which took its format and DJs from the pirates.

Radio Jackie, says its spokeswoman Maggie Stevenson, is more concerned with being "a reasonably good example of a community radio station" than with any large cultural or commercial design. "We are just broadcasting to South-West London," she says, "and trying to allow considerable access to the air-waves."

This is to a background of MOR-tinged pop, and jazz-funk and soul.

Though Jackie lacks the anarchic edge of DBC or the present Radio City, or Luke The Juke's fine Sunday lunchtime London rockabilly station, it is actively concerned, in a somewhat avuncular manner, with raising money for charities — many local causes have benefited.

Perhaps following the French pattern of political pirates, the National Front is said to have experimented with a use of the airwaves.

This fills the Jackie crew with horror. "I think," says Maggie, "that people who would use pirate radio for political ends deserve all they get. We try and stay as apolitical as possible. We don't want our listeners to think we're a load of biased bigots."

Every week Jackie broadcasts from a different outdoor location. Even so, the station has been busted *"many* times".

As other pirates have observed, though, Post Office pursual of unlicensed broadcasters has cooled considerably in the past 18 months. Also, though the Post Office formerly would press for confiscation of pirates' equipment, a 1978 test case by an individual connected with Jackie won the decision that such an action was itself going beyond the law.

Like DBC, Jackie also wants to go legal. Eighteen months ago, a petition was launched as a step towards obtaining a licence. So far 30,000 signatures have been collected.

THOUGH it has yet to mushroom with the same

■ *Continues over*

'There's quite a lot of money involved, so there's been a certain amount of technical adjustment to facial features'

PARIS

BEARING in mind that France's new socialist president Francois Mitterand once spoke out *on* pirate radio *against* the right wing monopoly of the media, Paris's sixty illegal stations are tentatively hoping for a fairer hearing from his minister for communcation Georges Fillioud — especially as Fillioud's son runs one himself!

His is called Radio Gilda (91 mHz) and it broadcasts daily on a 400 watts transmitter. The station's eclecticism reflects the broad scope of pirate entertainment broadcast illegally on FM in the early hours. For instance one station, Radio Tomate (94.1 mHz) plays two hours of music from Cameroon and Zire, punctuated by African proverbs and comedy sketches. Radio Tropique (89.8 mHz) plays strictly dance music from Africa and the French West Indies, its scope embracing salsa, reggae and funk too.

Radio Ivre (88.8 mHz), dating back three years, is the oldest and some say the best, whilst Radio-Cite Future (96 mHz) is one third owned by *Le Monde* daily paper. Though it owns the most powerful transmitter and most sophisticated studios, it has yet to begin broadcasting anything other than a *Close Encounters* styled five note riff 24 hours a day to prevent other pirates jumping in on their frequency. Its future has been put in doubt by an internal quarrel and the government's as yet undefined policy towards *les radios libres*.

— JEAN BERNARD SOHIEZ

✶ ✶ ✶

DUBLIN

DESPITE heavy government interference, Dublin's flourishing pirate radio network has already had a profound effect on Irish broadcasting. In the four years since the immensely popular Radio Dublin established itself, some ten stations have followed, including such names as Sunshine, Leinster, Capitol, Radio City, ARD and Big D Radio. Most of them specialise in pop and all of them offer a potential threat to the official channel RTE's advertising revenue.

Fearing a drop in income, the dour RTE was prompted to take similar preventive action to the BBC's crushing of the '60s offshore pirates. Firstly they had Radio Dublin raided by police and post office men under the Wireless Telegraphy Act and, secondly, they established their own pop service to liven up their previously dull presentation. Their efforts were in vain.

The capital's populace responded with a mass street demonstration in support of Radio Dublin and it was soon back on the air. Since then the government has planned fiercer preventive fines in an effort to scupper the pirates. But following the election of Charles Haughey as prime minister, the new coalition government has been divided over the issue and any new anti-piracy laws look like being held up for some time.

And, during the last election campaign the pirates received a vote of confidence of sorts from some politicians, who advertised for support over illegal airwaves.

— KEN SHEEHAN

'Hopefully the day will come when NME is full of people saying they find it

MILITANT WORDS IN A ROCK AND ROLL VACUUM

LUDUS

By PAUL DU NOYER

ANOTHER ROUTINE interview concluded, I said thank you to Ludus. I popped the recorder in a pocket and looked for the bar. There's not much else to do in a dark, mid-week mid-Manchester discotheque.

But Ludus had other ideas. "Aren't you going to ask us our message for the world, then?" said Ian Devine, the group's guitarist. "Don't you want to talk about politics?"

He wasn't smiling, but it took me a moment to see he was serious. I said that I don't usually raise politics in interviews any more, that it proved too unpopular. And while Linder Ludus sat back in shadow, the other two Luduses leaned forward, suddenly alert.

Well Ludus *are* a militant group, they said. Ian Devine explained.

"Everything we do is a reflection of what we feel about things generally.

"You say most people shy away from talking about it . . . well, hopefully the day will come when your paper's just full of people saying 'Look, we find it *indecent* to be talking about rock and roll, about rock and roll in a vacuum'. Hopefully, the music papers will be full of bands saying 'We *do* give a toss about the world, and we *are* gonna do our bit, do our damnedest to change things, however small that attempt may be.' "

Tough talk from a group often dismissed as effete, artsy doodlers. Dids, aka Graham Dowdell, who's the drummer, took up the theme:

"Rock's always taken a covert fascist stance really, in the way that it's always been male dominated and hero-dominated. And it's time to get away from that, time for rock musicians to look outside the stereotyped sexual relationships.

"Linder's lyrics say very specific things about women's position in the world, and the music hopefully states similar things in more general terms. When we don't comply with traditional musical forms, that's a manifestation of a refusal to comply with the forms of a society that's been dished down to us . . . Rock isn't to be put on a pedestal as 'Art' and separated from life."

Okay. Lundus, it's fairly clear, don't approach the fun world of popular music-making in quite the same way as the majority of their contemporaries. And the three years of the group's existence have seen them grow more, not less, distanced from it.

Once a highly-promising new outfit who played early dates supporting Magazine, they've since split and splintered and come back in different shapes, and drifted steadily away from the mainstream of commercial potential and critical acceptance. Once upon a time, *NME* described them as "bewitching, elaborate and precarious". By the time of their most recent review, a former admirer saw them as "precious but worthless".

I used to rate them an awful lot. Nowadays, although I can admire their uncompromising stance, their musical output seems more erratic: flashes of magic and puddles of boredom.

Line-up-wise, the one constant element since formation has been the singing of Linder, a sort of ethereal jazz. Her remarkable graphics, including drawings and montage (she was responsible for early Buzzcocks and Magazine cover work also) are another integral feature of Ludus product. This was taken to its highest stage yet with the May release of 'Pickpocket', a cassette/booklet package on Manchester's New Hormones label, designed by her, comprising a six-track tape and a magazine of Linder's words and pictures by a friend, Birrer. The tape follows two vinyl releases ('The Visit' EP and a single 'My Cherry Is In Sherry'/'Anatomy Is Not Destiny') and precedes a new 45, 'Mother's Hour'/'Patient'.

As former musicians "drifted away", Ludus came to rest on a nucleus of Linder, Ian Devine and Graham Dowdell. As yet, no one's been slotted in as a permanent bass-player, though "live auditions" continue. And now they find themselves with a backlog of unrecorded material, to be committed to an LP (or perhaps a double 12") "when New Hormones can afford it". What we can be certain of is that the finished

■ *From previous page*

intensity as in France and other European countries like Italy and Greece, British land-based pirate radio isn't restricted to London.

There are stations operating at weekends throughout the country, particularly in the large industrial conurbations.

Up in Liverpool, there are several regulars, including Radio Jackie North, an all heavy metal station started in 1975; MAR, which broadcasts a strictly pop format between 1 am and midnight every Saturday and Sunday; and the more recent Radio J1000.

J1000, on 271 metres medium wave, is more of a music fan's station, playing new independent records, and with programmes dedicated to reproducing '60s offshore pirate shows. Like most of the Scouse stations, J1000 can be heard well into North Wales, and as far up the north-west coast as Blackpool — where, claims DJ Robin Blinde, atmospheric conditions result in J1000's signal being louder than that of Radio One.

On Merseyside, however, there is evidence of extreme hostilities having broken out between rival stations: there is no question that some of the pirates are out-and-out commercial operations, and they run advertisements for local traders.

"One bloke I know," says Blinde (probably not his real name), "is on the social security and making about £400-£500 a weekend. It's all cash-in-hand, and the stations always claim they must put in the ads to make their continuity sound authentic. There's quite a lot of money involved, so there's been a certain amount of technical adjustment of facial features. The other week someone's transmitter got smashed up, along with his flat."

In Liverpool again, there have of late been few busts.

"At J1000 we always put our transmitter in a tower-block," says Blinde, "because then if the GPO come along they can trace the block but not the flat.

"Anyway, when the GPO do turn up, they're not exactly subtle: they have this massive great van with huge aerials sticking out all over it."

IN THE interests of providing a historical perspective, it is worth pointing out that Radio Caroline was scheduled to be back on the air last Saturday, August 29.

"Marlon baby, it distinctly says The Wild ONE here in the script. . ."

Hypothermia

THE JAPANESE have long been appreciative of the comic strip as a fast-food means of digesting vast amounts of information on almost any subject imaginable — and the latest to get the treatment is jazz.

The dozen strips assembled in a new 240-page pocket-size volume published by Big Comics either utilise tune titles as plots or humorously re-tell jazz folk legends.

The proliferation of Japanese language speech bubbles aren't too much of an obstacle. This is, after all, a comic book, and it succeeds on that level. Available from: The Japanese Publications Centre, 5 Warwick Street, London W1R 5RA, price £2.75.

Above: Ornette Coleman suffers the slings and arrows of an outraged audience.
Left: Miles Davis.

PRINT

New label tables

FOR THOSE who *really* need to know that their eighth Fried Egg record was The Exploding Seagulls 'Johnny Runs' and suchlike, the *Zigzag* independent labels catalogue has just entered its fourth edition.

A comprehensive 48-page list of over 10,000 waxings, the catalogue encompasses everything from rockabilly to punk to alehouse rock to garageland gunge — although how the likes of Arista-affiliated Go-Feet concern qualify as an independent simply Beats (ho-ho) me.

A tad on the full and worthy side, the catalogue is nonethless the most comprehensive guide of its type.

Stamp collectors can send £1.50 to the zaggers at 118 Talbot Road, London Q11 or see the guide slip gratis out of the August issue of the magazine itself.

— ADRIAN THRILLS

Collusions of candour

THE APPEARANCE this month of the first edition of *Collusion* (80p) further ventilates the theory that the rock press invariably has the last word: being (hopefully) a thrice-yearly digest of the bizarre and the populist assembled by musician-about-town Steve Beresford.

The major dilemma in producing anything other than a weekly is that it should prove topical upon publication. And this extension of *Musics* (the former organ of London's Musicians Collective) couldn't have been better timed: Sue Steward files an on-the-spot rappers replay, Simon Frith an overview of soundtracking with emphasis on master 'Incidentalists' Bernard Herrmann and Ennio Morricone. Nestor Figueras investigates the seminal side of salsa and, likewise, Robert Wyatt his short-wave radio band. Milford Graves is the focal point of an in-depth dialogue whilst David Toop reports on the plunderin. of the Burundi Beat.

If this debut is any indication, all that *Collusion* need worry about is paying its most pressing bills.

ROY CARR

indecent just to talk about music'

Ludus L/R: Ian, Dale, Linder. Pick: Kevin Cummins

— any band can get rid of the singles. And our single was an attempt to be more accessible.

Lack of widespread sentence, they claim, is due to factors like limited press exposure and no funds to advertise with, rather than to their music.

"I don't think it's inaccessible," says Graham, reasonably. "It's hopefully [illegible] and interesting, but I don't think it's [illegible] only [illegible] listen to Wednesday [illegible] parts of it dance[illegible]. It's not easy to imagine the sounds of, say, Ludus. [illegible] large scale. Anyway [illegible]

Ian Devine gets impatient. "This thing about inaccessibility. Some bands break through [illegible] quickly, they fade three months later. You get other bands like Ludus and that's what we're going to do. We'll do it [illegible] or three years to come through, and that's what we're going to do. We'll do it [illegible] We'll break through [illegible] records instead of 1000. It's just a matter of time."

Graham: "But we wouldn't be interested in diluting the music to do that. It's what the people [illegible] is on [illegible] being [illegible] as ever? Linder is committed especially in the area that's loosely called feminism. "I can't help but deal with those things, because I'm a woman and I'm writing [illegible]. That's how [illegible] the world and I'm treated in a certain way because I happen to be female. It concerns me."

And your music? Linder: "It would be quite easy — because we're technically able — we could very easily do a jazzy sax [illegible] Latin American [illegible] would be easy for [illegible] to think, let's become [illegible] fashionable and develop a [illegible] sick, easy sound. But [illegible] we're not interested [illegible]

shows do demonstrate there's a sizeable crowd prepared to bear with Ludus' experiments. Maybe the post-punk climate has been changing in their favour?

Ian: "A year ago we were supporting UB40 at the Factory and we just got the most terrible abuse right through the set. We were playing, then we stopped, and it was [illegible] 'Fuck off fuck off'. And yet tonight (a sho[illegible] Manchester [illegible] Gallery) the response was much [illegible]er. So the response has changed, but that's an active thing, due to our perseverance, rather than an external force has become more favourable."

And Ludus are ambitious: Ian Devine, particularly, shows no fondness for cult appeal. He's fed up with them bait[illegible] world's oldest [illegible] group and [illegible]

"The Vish" sold 3500 really quickly, and the next single sold 1000, which's really poxy

result will be intensely individual, owing little to anything else around.

For one thing, the group lay stress on improvisation, a tactic that's hardly calculated to endear them to a wide audience. Or is it?

"About a year ago," said Linder, "we were doing these gigs that were totally improvised and we thought [illegible] would [illegible] hate it, be disgust[illegible] and walk out. But they didn't — and we were really surprised."

Whatever the reviews say, the band's infrequent live

A singles mint

THESE DAYS, the record collector fair circuit is infested with fly-by-night trin[illegible]

Co[illegible]nurty clueless spec[illegible]ulist magazines have led people to assume — for example — that a grooved old Londonlabel copy of Eddie Cochran's 'Boom-Boom-Ba[illegible]line Blues' is worth at least half-a-million pounds, when in fa[illegible] a mint copy is only valued at £8 maximum. According to Vintage Records' newly published Collectabilia45s/Price Reference Guide To Singles, one would be far better off owning an original copy of Cochran's 'Sin[illegible]' in The Bloom[illegible] (value: £30-£50) or the extremely rare Jackie Lee Cochran (no relation) Brunswick pressing 'Mama Don't You T[illegible] I Know' which changes hands at £100.

Long acknowledged as [illegible] the straightest [illegible] Vintage [illegible]uide Mike & Pete [illegible] meticulously put together an informative price guide which, for the first time establishes realistic values and offers [illegible] a latitude so that will feel neither buyer or seller will feel short-changed.

Collectable [illegible] comes in two [illegible] out now, £[illegible] due in September) at £3.50 each, and refers specifically to records released between 1950 and '[illegible] It's lovely set to become [illegible]-buck music what Greenley's [illegible]-bbons' catalogue is to stamp collecting.

ROY CARR

Eddie Cochran celebrates the news that he's found an uncracked copy of his own 'Sittin' In The Balcony' — now worth seven copies of 'C'Mon Everybody'.

Duran's comeback under way

So soon after Tony Parsons' demolition job, dears? From the Pittsburgh Press, sent by W. Kothek

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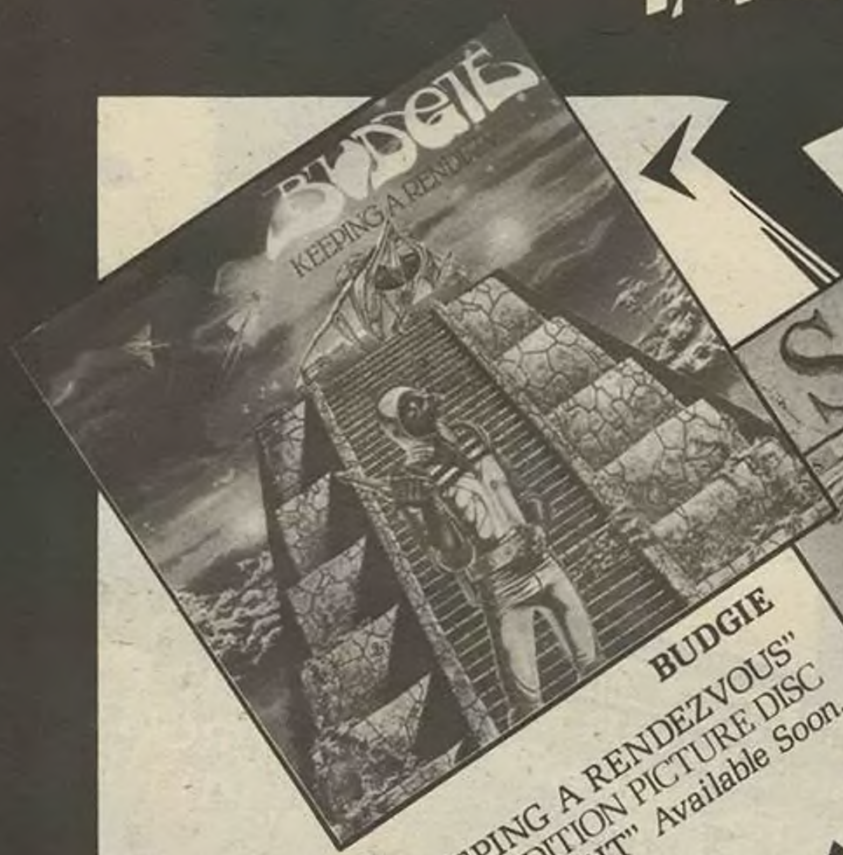

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Platinum LOGIC

Nathan Chasen is president of MOM Records, the biggest independent label in America, which is now threatened with losing its biggest star, Deuce Berner, to a major label.

We join Nathan Chasen at home shortly after he has learnt of the news . . .

DAYLIGHT had broken several hours ago but one room in the huge house out on Long Beach, Long Island, still had curtains drawn and all the lights turned on. The small, thin, under-nourished figure hunched over the telephone with his eyes hidden by thick, black prescription glasses didn't like sunlight, he didn't like it at all.

Lank brown hair cut very short, sickly, pallid skin stretched taut across prominent cheekbones, his face would have had the hollow-eyed pathos of a child bred in the Depression if it wasn't for the shades. They gave his wan, wary, under-fed features a look of runtish belligerence that was backed up by the framed silver, gold and platinum records covering the four walls of his artificially lit room from floor to ceiling. Nathan Chasen doesn't like sunlight, okay?

When he had made the same phone call to the home of every Department head of Mammon Of Manhattan Records he sat in silence, stroking the full-grown Alsatian dog sleeping contentedly by his feet.

A huge black bodyguard leaned his three hundred pound bulk against the door and watched his boss, professional muscle waiting for an order to obey. His name was Drew and he had been a cop until one afternoon in Central Park this Spanish kid who had been supporting his heroin habit by mugging lovers and joggers resisted arrest by going for Drew's skull with a hammer. Drew hit the junkie's jaw with his night-stick, he hit it so hard the junkie's jawbone went through the back of his head and pierced his brain. The NYPD kicked him out but a friend already on the MOM payroll set up an interview for Drew with Ahmet Abbas and later Nathan Chasen himself.

Drew discovered his new employer not only paid better than the City, he rewarded enthusiasm instead of penalising it. Within a year he was Chasen's personal bodyguard. Drew was grateful for each and every opportunity he was offered to prove his loyalty to Chasen; eleven years of his life he had dedicated to the NYPD and it didn't mean a thing after protecting himself from a worthless piece of scum and giving him what he deserved in the process — five years he had worked for MOM and Nathan Chasen treated him better than anyone had in his life. Drew worshipped him.

"Figure they'll all be at the office presently, Nathan," Drew said. "You want I should get the Lincoln out?"

Chasen smiled, gently rubbing behind the Alsatian's ears until the dog turned its face to look up at him.

"No," Chasen said. "Let's wait a while. I want their ulcers to *bleed* a little, Drew. It'll do 'em good."

Somewhere in another part of the house a woman began to sing. Her voice was strong, husky, emotive, a professional, beautiful voice, singing in seclusion for the entertainment of its owner and nobody else, a voice still technically flawless yet not so much casual as unguarded, vulnerable, with the vaguest suggestion of tragedy.

Nathan Chasen winced. He never felt comfortable when he heard his wife Trilbee singing. But he listened tensely until, halfway through the song, she stopped as suddenly as she had begun. He thought he heard Trilbee calling to their daughter Lane and the girl shout back a short reply. Then there was silence and all he could hear was the distant sound of early morning traffic out on the freeway and the measured breathing of the dog. Chasen looked at Drew.

"Get the screen and projector set up in here and then wait downstairs for me. Take Reich with you."

Drew carried out his tasks quickly and conscientiously. When all the film equipment was in place he whistled for the Alsatian and they left Chasen alone. He locked the door behind his protection, turned off all the lights and settled himself in a chair facing the large, white screen after starting the projector. He wasn't sure which film was already loaded in the camera but he was in a hurry.

The countdown flickered down to zero and he felt his heart pumping faster when he saw it was the Harlem Apollo reel. There was no sound tape and all he could hear was the whirring drone of the projector. The film cut from the packed auditorium to the singer on stage and then he wasn't aware of any sound at all.

A young Italian girl, no more than 17 years old, with hair the colour and sheen of blackberries piled high on top of her head into a proud Pentecostal flame. She wrenched the microphone from its stand and slunk along the front of the stage as security men fought back the audience. On top of the high, black stiletto heels she brought into vogue — girls who copied the fashion coast to coast were banned from dance-halls where the spike-heeled shoes were reported to destroy dancefloors and be used as deadly weapons in teenage gang fights — she moved with stealthy, provocative grace, firm, tight, round ass rolling and long-legged spectacular, her voluptuous brown body straining against her short, low-cut, skin-tight red satin dress, her cleavage throbbing. It was the body of the ultimate American Dream whore with a heart of gossamer, and her face was in direct contrast, possessing a tough, intelligent glamour too combative to belong to a mere sperm receptacle.

It was a long, soft, sensual face given strength by the determined, slightly jutting chin, given dignity by the broad, well-sculptured nose, given an ironic air of detachment by the shiny, heavy lids above dark slanted eyes which flashed like black ice.

Her mouth was a severe, salacious ruby red moist gash defiantly testifying the face of the pretty, smart woman and the body of the prurient street-walker were both integral, inseperable, elemental components essential to the complete Trilbee Chasen.

Nathan Chasen swallowed hard, his breathing becoming laboured . . . he wanted her and only her. Trilbee, my wife.

He wanted her as she was on the screen with the tight red dress hiked above her thighs and waist, still wearing the high spike-heeled stilettos that gave her calf and thigh muscles the drawn-taut appearance of the haunches on a filly kept for breeding, he wanted her hair pulled down and tumbling across their faces.

He wanted Trilbee. He wanted his wife. He had heard her singing in another part of the house not very long ago, Trilbee who had slept alone last night, Trilbee who he wanted more than anything in the world.

But she had to be as she was on the screen, as she had been when he married her. And the Trilbee Chasen who sadly sang in some lonely room in their suburban Manhattan mansion was nearly forty years old.

Nathan Chasen rose from his chair and stared up at the screen with wild-eyed desperation. When he spoke his voice was a hoarse, anguished whisper.

"I love you, Trilbee," he said. "God, I love you, girl."

BACK in the Bronx the skinny, scared pubescent Nathan Chasen had been terrified to the point of nausea as he watched the local gang swagger across the street to him in nightmarish brotherhood when they smelt his fear and cackled derisively because they knew Nathan Chasen was paralysed like a rabbit caught in a headlight — running away and fighting back just weren't within his power — and they were free to beat, bully and humiliate him until they grew bored, the only limitation on the variety of tortures they could inflict on Nathan being the feeble imagination of the tiny brains of vicious dullards.

Nathan knew this and it gave him no comfort whatsoever.

Alone in his bed late at night, while the tough kids rolled drunks on the subway for money to lure girls up on the roof of the tenements, Nathan turned his face into the pillow and sobbed with his depair muffled so as not to wake his parents.

When he had cried himself out his mind turned to thoughts of revenge. He imagined he was better off than the tough kids, with more cash in his pockets (he worked in his father's grocery store at weekends and in the vacations but he knew his Dad couldn't afford to pay him more than the pittance he received at the moment), with more and superior power at his command (violence was so abhorent, so alien to him that sometimes even children half his age would drive away the inner city doldrums at his expense) and a prettier, sexier girl with him in the musky darkness up on the roof.

He went to school and his parents worked — his mother on her hands and knees cleaning the floors of rich families in places like Sutton Place and his father slaving for long hours in the store. But there was never any more than just enough to get by, and their home seemed to Nathan as he reached puberty to be no more than a roof to share between three total strangers with nothing to say to each other, no feelings for each other and no bond between them save for the same geographical location of their squalid little shelter from the outside world.

There used to be something deeper than that. He remembered the day he started school and some of his classmates waited by the gates for him afterwards. When they had finished with him he ran all the way home howling with shock, pain and confusion. His parents held him between them.

"They called me Christ-killer!" he said. "They told me that because we're Jews we've got all the money! I told them we didn't hurt Jesus and haven't got any money but they hit me anyway . . ."

The boy burst into tears and he hugged his parents tightly because soon he noticed that they were crying too and it frightened him, making him wonder if the more he went to school the less he would understand

But there were no tears by the time Nathan became a teenager in the winter of 1953. He realized that things were bad because there was no money. He decided he would get a good education so he would one day have a well-paid job, live a happy life and not be disgusted by his wife and children. When he discovered he could learn nothing from the empty, easy lessons even if the unruly, intimidating kids and uncaring, uninspired teachers had permitted him to, he stopped going to classes and roamed the streets, avoiding his tormentors and lost in his dreams of glory until it was the time his mother would expect him home from school, a hot meal ready and waiting for him on the kitchen table.

Then one day he came home to find his mother with her head in the oven and her body looked so matter-of-fact lying there, so startlingly *workman-like*, suggesting a matronly grease-monkey under the chassis of a Ford, it wasn't until after the gas had made him gag violently and he had heard his vomit splatter the threadbare carpet that he began to scream and scream and scream.

Within a year Nathan's father had married a 40-year-old, red-haired widow from Queens whose body was still desirable and whose insurance windfall, thoughtfully provided by her late, lamented bank clerk husband was even better. The widow was by no means rich, but she proved herself certainly comfortable enough to allow her new spouse to shut up shop in the Bronx and open up again surrounded by less concrete, dirt and conflict out in Queens.

Unfortunately for Nathan, she also boasted three children under the age of ten, and a shy, unattractive, awkward adolescent who seemed to suffer physical discomfort when in close proximity

When Tony Parsons (left) joined the staff of *NME* in 1976, his first novel, *The Kids*, had already been published by New English Library.

Three years later he wrote *The Boy Looked At Johnny — The Obituary Of Rock And Roll* with Julie Burchill, and left the staff to concentrate on writing fiction.

Platinum Logic is his first novel since and is published by Pan Books next week, September 11th Tony has since completed another book. He remains a regular contributor to *New Musical Express*.

Platinum LOGIC

From previous page

to another human being just had to be considered a blight on the happy family decor. He was told he would be much happier living with his father's Aunt in Los Angeles, given a hand to pack his suitcase and driven to the Greyhound terminal, following the traditional path of American frontiersman and fortune-hunter, the sun-chasing transcontinental drift Westward running from the Atlantic to the Pacific . . . Promised Land California.

Nathan Chasen arrived in LA and Aunt Emma's two-garage, white-wood hovel in low rent Hollywood — the shrivelled, silver-haired sweet old crone going to great pains to inform him that his father was dirt, always had been, but she couldn't turn away a poor orphan — and within a few weeks he understood that he *belonged* in Southern California the way a surfer is at home on Delancey Street on the Lower East Side. Fifteen years old, built like a field mouse and the colour of a dead goldfish, Nathan felt hemmed in by the bronzed blond blessed children of California, an outsider ignored by every Adonis and his mate, more of an outsider than he had ever been in New York.

He loathed the continual bright sunlight, and when Aunt Emma bought him a pair of glasses to correct his myopia he clipped a cheap pair of plastic Polaroids over the lenses which also served as a protective shield from the rest of humanity.

Then in the first month of 1955 a record came over his tinny transistor radio and he discovered a world where the freak, the weak, the nobody, the ugly, pauper pariah could immerse and lose himself, isolated and safe from the pain, ridicule, degradation and dirt of the not so much *real* as *other* world outside.

"Well-ah, since mah bay-bee left me,
Ah found a new place to dwell."

Nathan dropped out of school and got a job in a small record store on East Seventh Street. He had never been happier. There was money for records he could buy at staff discount prices, he could devote every waking hour to the new music that was electrifying the psyche of young America and, incredibly, he became friendly with kids his own age who came into the shop to spend cash or just pass time, impressed by his comprehensive knowledge of the scene and what they interpreted as the cool, moody image of this wide, wiry New Yorker with a death's head visage forever hiding behind dark glasses, even at night.

A group fronted by a stunning 15-year-old Italo-American lead singer even asked him to produce their first single.

"But I don't *know* anything about being a record producer!"

"Sure you do, Nathan. You know how the sound should be and that's all you *need* to know, man. You just tell the studio engineer what you want and he'll take care of the right buttons. Look, there's old guys with toupees and face lifts producing hit records these days because no kids are coming through to do it. Ah, you want in or not?"

He'd thought a lot about ravaging the business side of the music industry the way Elvis had upended the performing side. He knew he didn't have the look or larynx to get on a stage.

But mostly he agreed to produce them because he had fallen desperately in love with the girl, the singer, Tina Morelli, the first time he saw her. So Nathan went into the studio with Tina And The Jay Dees. When the three hours they hired the studio for were up they played back what they had down on tape and it stunk.

His Tina and her Jay Dees were crushed and went home.

Nathan Chasen quit his job and paid the engineer ten dollars a week for two months so he could spend his nights sleeping on the floor of the studio and his days learning the identity, function and limits of every last protuberance on the engineer's control panel and how to use each one of them to his advantage.

But Tina And The Jay Dees still weren't talking to him. So he found a handful of groups who still had hunger in their bellies, hot blood in their veins, hope in their hearts and a Hire Purchase company hanging on their backs and he wrote their songs, produced their tapes and leased them to record companies.

The records sold well but their success wasn't reflected in the size of the royalty cheques the companies mailed Nathan Chasen. The record industry, he decided, was run by old, stupid, gross Philistines, and he was sick of having to answer to their incompetence, their ignorance and their sensible, safe, senile seven-year investment plans.

He withdrew the 800 dollars he had in the bank and started his very own label named after the fantasy self of the kid who got pushed around by the big guys in his old neighbourhood the same way fat cats were leaning on him in his new career in a new city, the kid who had swallowed so much shit he had lost his sense of taste . . . Mammon Of Manhattan Records.

All across the country, for the first time ever, independent localised record labels were breaking, or attempting to break, the major companies' virtual absolute monopoly of the industry — Berry Gordy's Tamla Motown in Detroit, Chess in Chicago, Stax and Sun in Memphis, King in Cincinatti, Phil Spector's Philles Records in New York and in Los Angeles Nathan Chasen's Mammon Of Manhattan Records. Nathan was aware that several of the majors were sniffing around Tina And The Jay Dees though reluctant to start talking contracts because the only singers in the charts who made parents want to lock up their daughters were all male. He was also aware that Tina Morelli treated him with polite, friendly restraint and made him feel like he didn't exist.

Nathan took them into the studio and cut a single spending 300 dollars on studio time, 500 dollars on the record's label and jacket, 800 dollars to press 3000 singles and 100 dollars on sufficient amphetamine to get them all through the process of taking the Tina And The Jay Dees song written by Nathan Chasen, 'They Buried Him In His Shades', about true love tarnished by mindless adults and a motorbike accident, from the recording studio to the record store. That very first single sold fast enough for long enough for the group to pay Nathan Chasen a visit in his office. The lead guitarist, a tough looking Italian called Sonny, Tina's boyfriend, did most of the talking. "We got an offer from RCA," Sonny said.

Nathan regarded them levelly from behind his desk. "I won't bother asking you what kind of royalty rate they're offering because I *know* it's not as much as the 15 per cent you get from MOM."

"No, it ain't, but shit, Nathan, it's the big time!"

"And I won't ask you if a major will actually *pay* you all the royalties you got coming because I know the answer to that one, too."

"You got no cause for getting mad," Sonny said. "We made you money. But we got our future to consider."

"*Look*," Nathan said, "the industry is geared for records either selling just their initial pressing or breaking the charts. MOM's shown there's a middle-ground where quality product by artists the majors won't touch can sell a few thousand, have the profits reinvested in another pressing, and so on until —" he pointed at the solitary empty glass case on his wall and they all turned their heads "— there's a gold record in my office where *I* call all the shots, give all the orders, show up all the Tin Pan Alley workadaddies for the fucken *sloths* they are . . ."

"Ah, you're *nuts!* Always with the curtains drawn and all . . ."

"My office where the *curtains* are always drawn, where I don't authorize release of so much different product I can't remember it all in the hope that something's got to stick somewhere!" Nathan came out from behind his desk jabbing his finger in Sonny's face.

"Hey," Sonny said, trying to laugh it off. "Hey."

"*My* office . . . Nathan Chasen of MOM Records . . . where I *don't* have to listen to greedy, talentless, dumb *ratscum* like *you*, Sonny, telling me that you're thinking of going to a major! Hah!"

Sonny lifted a clenched fist. "Don't push it, Buddy," he said quietly.

"I'm warning you . . ."

"Don't, Sonny, please," Tina said.

The rest of the Jay Dees murmured malevolent encouragement to their guitarist as Nathan looked at them laughing maniacally.

"You're warning me! *Buddy*, I had dentures when I was ten because guys like you were *warning* me and I ain't *scared* any more, hear it? Go . . . you go to your major . . . you're nothing and you're going nowhere . . ." He turned and looked at Tina Morelli, his voice suddenly soft, urgent, begging. "*You're* the only thing the Jay Dees ever had going for them, Tina. Let them go, let them go . . . but you stay with me and I'll make you the biggest Star this industry's ever seen, I'll make you rich, I'll make you my wife, I —"

Sonny's first punch caught Nathan in the stomach and he bent double, a grunt of pain and shock escaping from his mouth with a whoosh of air as he jack-knifed, his second punch struck Nathan under his chin and everything went black for a moment as he straightened up involuntarily, his third punch he drove home full into Nathan's face and something went crack as the blood started coming from his nose and lips and his dark glasses went flying broken across the room in one direction and Nathan hurtled backwards in the other direction.

Sonny bent over Nathan. "Ready to apologize to my girl, kike?"

Nathan lay on his back and motioned for Sonny to come closer. Sonny bent down beside him and Nathan, through torn lips and broken teeth, spat in his face. Sonny lifted his fist back with a curse and that's when the girl was all over him with her fingernails slashing across his cheeks leaving bloody furrows. His hands went to his face and he whelped with hurt surprise.

"What the hell? What you *doing*, Tina?"

"Tough guy?" she screamed at him. "Big tough guy? Let's see how tough. . .

"How tough with somebody that fights back, huh, Sonny?"

He covered his face with his hands so she clawed at the back of them.

He swung out at her head and she kicked him in the balls, watched him crumple to the floor and knelt beside Nathan.

"Are you okay, Nathan?"

"I look like a *mole* without my glasses. Would you fetch them for me, please?" He touched his nose and mouth gingerly, flinching, staring at the blood that came away on his fingers in awe. Tina brought him his glasses.

"I guess you'll need a new pair, Nathan," she said gently. She turned to look at Sonny, who was being assisted to his feet by the other Jay Dees.

"Proud of yourself, tough guy? What you do for an encore? Pull the wings off insects?"

"I ought to kick the shit outa you . . ."

"Try it," she said.

"Watch your mouth, slime," Nathan mumbled incoherently through his swollen lips. He tried to get up as Sonny and the Jay Dees walked to the door but he didn't come close to making it.

Sonny laughed mirthlessly.

"Take her, kike, she's all yours . . . you deserve each other. In a one-room office on the Strip you should go a long way together."

Sonny and the Jay Dees looked down at them hee-hawing with forced, facile laughter and left.

"I got those guys on a contract so tight if they try to go *near* another company they'll choke to death," Nathan said, grinning weakly at Tina. "The apes don't know that!"

"Nathan?"

"Yeah?"

"You're blushing, Nathan."

A few minutes later, on the floor of the cramped, damp cupboard above an amusement arcade that was home to the newly-born MOM record company, they made love for the first time.

The next day they saw a lawyer about having her name changed legally to Trilbee. A week later they were married, honeymooning in the recording studio. Within a year Trilbee Chasen's third solo record had sold over one million copies and had been Number One in the national charts for five weeks.

By that time Nathan Chasen didn't blush any more.

NATHAN Chasen, Bronx runt, became a music industry magnate before he had to shave everyday by selling Young America the one fantasy every son and daughter of Uncle Sam is reared to subjugate to — he sold them his own particular gargantuan visions of the irresistible myth and magic of . . .

CALIFORNIA.

Mother Nature's affluent, adolescent aristocrats who had more of all the things a '50s teenager wanted and had never known it any other way, a world of love, torment, clean-cut hedonism and trying to stay awake in class, of surfing, drive-ins and parties when the old folks were gone, of customized cherry-red '55 Chevrolet hot-rods and crashed Harley Davidsons with blood on a leather jacket and the quest for the eternal wave while we're still young . . . MOM Records came to embody the Californian dream, that elemental, ethereal folklore USA, the MOM logo the rock and roll equivalent to the Hollywood Sign, and it meant the same to a kid burned black by the sea and sun moving between LA and Baja runaway from home sharing a garage rented for ten dollars a month with two dozen other surfing kids and a Polish kid in Detroit with acne and a job waiting for him when he got out of high school on the General Motors assembly line.

In 1959 the RIAA — Recording Industry Association of America — presented MOM with its first gold record for sales of one million copies of Trilbee Chasen's single, 'Envy In Her Heart'.

Behind drawn curtains, Nathan hung the gold disc in the empty glass frame waiting for it on the wall of his office. Then he rang for his chauffeur and ordered him to drive him to the beach in his brand new, sleek, long, black limousine.

Fragile, furtive, an anaemic looking little man sheltering behind his early success and thick, black sunglasses, Nathan huddled in the back seat of the limo watching the streets of Los Angeles flashing by, and he was flanked by two of the meanest, massive bodyguards that money could hire.

On the beach Nathan took off his shirt, the only item of clothing he ever removed on the rare occasions he went to the beach in his previous life with some vague, vain notion of making friends. Consequently his scrawny frame never did get tanned, though a few times his body had a pink, peeling top half.

With the bodyguards on either side of him dressed in lightweight electric blue business suits, dark ties, white silk shirts and black patent leather loafers imported from Italy, Nathan sat on the sand as the Pacific waves rolled in, breaking against the shore into hissing white foam, and he watched the kids go by laughing, joking, having a good time, carrying their boards, setting themselves up for the nightlife, surf's up . . .

Candy Odell came to New York looking for fame, fortune and glamour, and found only drugs, squalor and degradation.

Meeting Deuce Berner turned out to be the biggest let down of all.

Finally she decides to make a career as a musician in her own right and goes to audition for a new band.

"THE band is called Jailbait," Felix told the 50 or so girls milling around in the basement of a warehouse. "The girls that get chosen here tonight, their job will be to go out there and be Jailbait."

"What's your job?" someone said.

"I see my job as the man responsible for transferring the excitement of live teenage girls onto the stage and cold black vinyl."

He looked them over.

"Everybody here under 20;" he said.

The girls glanced at one another doubtfully. Nobody said anything.

"Good," Felix said. "Okay, let's get started."

He picked up a hose and turned on the tap. A long jet of water spurted out of the nozzle and he pointed it at the ground.

"What's that for?" someone said.

Felix looked at the hose and then at the girls.

"What this is for," he said, "is hosing everybody down before they do their two minutes turn."

"What for?"

"Nobody's gonna be in this band if they don't look horny when they're hot and sweaty," he said. "I call it — Felix's wet T-shirt test. Yeah, I like that."

"Fuck that."

"Yeah. I'm not standing for that shit. I'm a musician."

"Yeah, so am I. Come on, let's go."

"Yeah, you can stick your hose where the sun don't shine."

A number of girls headed for the door, toting their instruments and cursing Felix.

"Unfortunately, ladies," he called to them, "you will be unable to go try out for the LSO until six o'clock tomorrow morning..."

"What are you talking about, chicken shit?"

"Yeah, it's only just after midnight."

"Yes, ladies, but the guy who let me use this basement only did so because I agreed to be locked in here all night so that you young ladies would not be temped to pilfer any of the goods upstairs in the warehouse..."

They tried the door.

"It's locked, all right."

"Oh, you asshole, chicken shit, you mean we got to stay here all night?"

"That's right," Felix said. "I did tell you all that the auditions were from midnight till six, didn't I?"

"Yeah, but you didn't say those times were inclusive, did you, chicken shit?"

"Let's get the bastard."

"Yeah, come on..."

Felix covered his face and balls as several of the girls who wanted to leave kicked and punched him.

When they had finished he rubbed the large, two-tone bruise on his arm and grinned.

"Sorry, but Andre Previn will have to wait until the morning shift arrives..."

"Chicken shit!"

A girl came back and swung a right hook at his head which sent him reeling.

"Ah, leave him. Let's go and make ourselves comfortable. Ain't nothing else to do. You want a joint?"

"Yeah. I got some downers."

"Great."

"Hurry up, please, ladies," Felix called to them. "Some of us have got to work to do here."

"Up yours," one of them grumbled, but they sat down in a corner and started to roll up.

"Thank you, ladies," Felix said. "Okay, let's get cracking, shall we? Who's first?"

"I don't mind going first."

"Okay, put your guitar to one side while I hose you down. Don't want you to get electrocuted, do we?"

A lumpy fat girl with a Les Paul and horrible hippy hair that came down to her waist got hosed down and then lumbered onto the makeshift stage.

She started cranking out discordant heavy metal chords that were just about discernible as 'Whole Lotta Love', grinding her hips and miming the final throes of orgasm, pure ham...

"God almighty, look at that, will ya?" Brooke laughed.

"I can't," Candy said, turning away.

She crouched down, sick with nerves, sick also of all these dumb girls in horrible clothes all around her, not wanting to look at them, not wanting to even consider the possibility that maybe, just maybe, Felix might choose them instead of her. But Candy found solace in Brooke's derisive comments and cackles as she watched the young hopefuls go through their paces...

"Look at the platform boots on that one, should be in a fucken museum ... look at the ass on that one, I'm surprised it ain't ate the rest of the competition... look at her face, hey, honey, you got your broom double-parked outsi ... look at her complexion, looks like Buzz Aldrin should be walking all over it ... listen to that voice, sounds like a tom cat getting neutered with a rusty old can ..."

"Are you really that bad?" Candy said.

"Much worse," Brooke assured her.

"That's a relief," Candy said.

"But this one *is* a little more like it," Brooke said. "She's not got much of a voice but she's got a lovely set of teeth."

Candy took a look.

She saw a small, surly, delicately-built girl with black hair and a cast in one eye skank dancing and baring her teeth as she struggled with Donna Summer's 'Hot Stuff'.

"I know her," Candy said.

"You do?" Brooke said, jealous.

"I met her the first night I was in New York," Candy said. "She was trying to get to Deuce Berner. She's a groupie." Candy smiled. "But let's not start calling each other dirty names here. Yeah, she's the one who had all her teeth pulled out."

"Sue Creamer, The Creaming Lady?" Brooke said.

Candy nodded.

"The same."

"Hey, Felix," Brooke shouted. "You can't have her in a band called Jailbait — that's *Sue Creamer!*"

"The Creaming Lady?" Felix said.

"In person," Brooke nodded. "Hey, Felix, you gonna have a little old lady with no teeth in this here hot-pants, tightass band, huh?"

"No," he said. "Okay, knock it off," he shouted at Sue Creamer, "go teach your grandmother to suck eggs or something."

Sue Creamer stopped singing.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"You're The Creaming Lady," Felix said accusingly.

"So?"

"So I don't want no pink gums in Jailbait. What would happen if your teeth fell out on stage? We'd be a fucken laughing stock.

Besides, you're boss-eyed as hell..."

"Hey," Sue Creamer said, grabbing his arm

desperately. "Hey, wait a minute, will ya?"

"Next!" Felix said.

"Wait a minute. Hey, look, uh, that's just a myth about me having had my teeth pulled out, okay? Just a myth, right?" She stared daggers at Candy. "It was put about by some jealous bitch who took a dislike to me because I pulled Deuce Berner."

"Is that right?" Felix said.

Sue Creamer nodded.

"That's right," she said.

"She's lying," Candy said.

"Through her teeth," Brooke added.

They both laughed.

Sue Creamer glared at them angrily.

"There's one way to find out for sure," Felix said. "Give me a hand."

They forced Sue Creamer to the ground and pinned her arms and legs down as Felix prised open her mouth. He gripped her teeth tightly and was about to give them a yank when her jaws snapped shut. He cried out with pain and pulled his hand away.

Sue Creamer kicked, cursed and struggled. But they wouldn't let her go. Felix tried again, pushing her head backwards then grabbing her nose between this thumb and index finger, pinching it hard so she howled.

He seized her teeth and pulled.

They came away easily.

Felix looked at her with disgust. He tossed her false teeth onto her belly.

"Next," he said.

They let her go and stood up. Sue Creamer fumbled with her teeth, put them back in her mouth but not securely enough and took a swing at Candy, which missed. Brooke struck Sue Creamer in the stomach with the neck of her Rickenbacker and The Creaming Lady sucked in her breath, which caused her to swallow her false teeth. One gulp and they were gone.

She stared into nothing, wide-eyed with wonder. Then her eyes became angry and she focused them on Brooke and Candy.

She bared her gums at them.

"You bashstardsh!" she screamed. "You loushy *bashtardsh!*"

She ran at them with her fists flailing, only retueating when Brooke lifted her bass threateningly

"Okay, who's next?" Felix said.

"Me," said a soft spoken black girl called Wanda.

She set up her drum kit and stood motionless while Felix hosed her down. Her clothes stuck to her tall, skinny frame. Felix gave her the nod and she settled herself behind her kit.

"Okay," Felix said, starting the stopwatch.

Wanda snarled and kicked a sizeable hole in her bass drum, pummelled her snare drum to pieces with her fists, broke her drumsticks as if they were dry twigs with her bare hands, kicked her hi-hat to the ground and stomped on it viciously, sent the cymbal crashing noisily across the floor of the warehouse and had managed to completely destroy her drum kit within the two minutes time limit.

> *"Wanda snarled and kicked a sizeable hole in her bass drum, pummelled her snare drum to pieces with her fists, broke her drumsticks as if they were dry twigs with her bare hands, kicked her hi-hat to the ground and stomped on it viciously, sent the cymbal crashing noisily across the floor of the warehouse and had managed to completely destroy her drum kit within the two minute time limit."*

"Time's up," Felix said.

Wanda stood serenely amongst the wreckage.

"Good," Felix said, "Good."

"Thank you."

"Derivative," Felix said, "but still good."

"Thanks," Wanda said.

"Can you play, too?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Then that's a bonus," he said. "Okay, you're in Jailbait."

Wanda walked back to the others. She picked up a towel and started to dry herself off.

"Great," Brooke told her. "Keith Moon, right?"

"Wrong," Wanda said. "I only destroy my kit. That fat little old prick destroyed himself as well. Destroying your kit is entertainment, destroying yourself is just dumb."

The next girl on was also chosen. She was a long-haired ass-grinding ham not unlike the first girl to try out. The difference with Lola was that she had the wherewithal to show some initiative. She hacked a large scratch on her cheek with the edge of her make-up mirror.

"What happened to your face?" Felix asked her.

"Got a bike-chain across it," Lola said casually, and she was in.

"I saw that," Brooke told her. "That's cheating."

"Brooke! Candy!" Felix shouted. "You're on!"

"Too late," Lola smiled.

They stood still for Felix to hose them down. They trooped on stage, Candy feeling even more nervous because her make-up had run, Brooke ignoring the fact that she resembled a drowned water rat as she looked around for somewhere to plug in.

"What are you going to do?" Felix asked them.

"We're gonna do 'American Nights' from The Runaways first album," Brooke said. "It's my favourite record."

"That's interesting," Felix said, starting his stop-watch. "Okay, go". Candy enjoyed being up there, showing off in front of everybody, she didn't feel scared any more, even though she was singing unaccompanied except for Brooke's throbbing deafening bass lines, which tended to obliterate her voice until Brooke's practice amp blew up and they stumbled around amongst the black pungent smoke, coughing and wheezing.

"Okay, time's up."

They looked at him expectantly.

"It was corny and sloppy," he said, "but I liked the ending, even if it was a little rough around the edges. You got a voice, Candy, and you can play that bass a bit, Brooke, but you gotta watch your volume. You look good, Candy, and you got plenty of attack, just what we need in a front man. You off the junk? Don't tell me, I don't wanna know."

"I'm off it," Candy said.

"Either way," Felix said, "you two got yourself a gig."

Brooke and Candy grinned at each other.

"I'm in a band," Candy said.

"Jailbait," Brooke said. "Our band is called Jailbait."

"Jailbait," Candy repeated, savouring the name of her band. "Jailbait, Jailbait..."

"Is there anybody else?" Felix said.

He looked around the room. Most of the girls who had failed or refused to participate in the audition were crashed out asleep or sitting crosslegged on the floor, smoking the last of their dope. Wanda and Lola and Brooke and Candy stood around shivering, unable to get dry or get over the fact that they were in a band.

"Is that the lot?" Felix said.

"I haven't had my go yet," a girl who had been hanging back from the others said. She was tall with frizzy shoulder length light brown hair and sleepy blue eyes and an old Fender with scratched chrome work.

"What's your name?" Felix asked her.

"Ricki," she said.

"Ricki what?"

"Does it matter?"

"Not at all," Felix said.

"Fine."

"Put your guitar down while I hose you."

"Do you have to do that?"

"Listen, kid, you show a bit of spirit and that won't do you no harm at all. But if you want to show me what a hard nut you are at the expense of Jailbait's public image, then you can go get a band together with Germaine Greer and a bunch of dead women painters."

"Okay."

Ricki put her guitar to one side and flinched as Felix turned the hose on her. When she was sopping wet Felix turned off the hose and started his stop-watch. She stood perfectly still as she slashed out 120 seconds worth of 'Rebel, Rebel' chords, note perfect.

"You look a bit too much like plastic fruit to make the boys in the front row come in their pants," Felix said.

Ricki slung her guitar over her shoulder and stood at ease, her weight on one foot.

"That's their problem," she said.

"It's their problem when Jailbait are a platinum act and can afford to dump all over the audience and still leave the bastards wreathed in smiles, sleeping in the sun all day," Felix said: "Until then it's my problem. . .you can play that old Fender a bit. . .don't do no harm to have *one* anchor man. . .least ways it didn't do the Who and the Stones any harm, the boring old farts. . .okay, you got it, you're in."

Ricki nodded. She went over to join the others, grinning shyly.

Upstairs in the warehouse, there was the sound of the morning shift arriving for work. Somebody unlocked the door to the basement from the outside and gradually the ones who had flunked the audition started to get their things together and leave. Upstairs, those still left in the basement could hear the warehouse workmen shouting lewd comments and the girls who were filing out into the new day shouting back at them. Insults and laughter. Dawn was breaking grey and cold through the small windows high up in the walls as Felix got Lola and Wanda and Brooke and Candy and Ricki up on stage to look at the five of them together for the first time.

"Jailbait," he smiled. "We're going to be enormous. . ."

He went upstairs to cross somebody's palm with silver so that they could use the basement to rehearse in all day.

Jailbait were wet and tired. Felix gave them a bottle of cough mixture each and told them to drink it straight down to fortify them. They decided a work out on 'School's Out' would be perfect. But before they had struck their poses in preparation for their very first private performance, Ricki dropped her guitar and fell on the floor, writhing and moaning and mumbling incoherently.

"The stuff ain't *that* good," Lola said.

"What's wrong with her?" Candy said.

"Oh, Jesus," Brooke said.

Wanda knelt by Ricki's side.

"This kid's an epileptic," she said. "Give me a stick to keep her mouth open so she can't bite her tongue off. Don't just stand there! Give me a hand!"

They rushed to help her with Ricki.

Only Felix was not perturbed.

"Don't worry," he said. "We'll fill her up with downers and nobody will ever know."

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Read about Nathan Chasen's novel way of keeping MOM's senior executives in line in next week's extracts from Platinum Logic.

Illustrations by Jill Mumford

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Virgin

Mark, Paul and Nigel. Pic: Peter Anderson.

HOW NOT TO CRAMP YOUR STYLE

The Meteors pour Gavin Martin a Psycho Killer and refute any suggestion of America B-movie input.

IN THE BEARPIT

IN A recent 20-minute cinema short called *Meteor Madness*, The Meteors, starring, were billed as "the Maniac rockers from hell".

Downstairs at the Rock Garden may not actually be hell but it's as close as I ever want to get. Descending its stone cold steps you get a feeling you're going *somewhere else*, to a world far removed from that of the conceited art bores and fat rock lags in the diner above.

You enter a dark, dank, airless bearpit of twilight perversity and dancefloor callisthenics. There's an elephantine slob stripped to the waist and dripping with sweat draped over the scaffolding at the side of the stage. The place throbs, sweats and smells of psychotic, twisted beat. Rolling and sliding over the dancefloor is a teeming mass of bodies, the dancing as much mock GBH as it is modern jitterbug. The sea of bobbing heads, surging back and forth from the stage in great mad rushes, is a fair ratio of skins to spikes to quiffs.

The reaction, the setting and the songs give your writer culture shock. Instant *deja vu* — it's The Harp Bar in 1978 and The Outcasts are whipping up a frenzy. It seems like a thousand years ago.

CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?

REST EASY, it's calm now. Two thirds of The Meteors — drummer Mark Robertson and skinny stand-up bass player Nigel Lewis — join me at the table of a West End bar. They've been spending the meagre £7,000 advance from Island Records today; buying new equipment, a few books and a couple of long sought-after records. Although they've only been together a year and released two singles, The Meteors have played over 70 gigs up and down the country and garnered a big grassroots following.

Last year, before it all began, Nigel was in the theatre (well, he was a cleaner in the London Palladium) and Mark was collecting income tax.

What did your mothers think when you gave up your jobs to play the 'billy beat?

Nigel: "My mum loves it, she buys all our records."

Mark: "Mine came to one of our gigs at the The Music Machine and she loved it. She starting hyping us in Newcastle where she lives, going into all the shops and ordering our records."

Mark and Nigel seem surprisingly polite and reasonable throughout the interview. But at the end of the evening with the empty lager bottles piling up, they introduce me to their personal nightcaps. Mark's was a Psycho Killer (cherry brandy and Southern Comfort), Nigel's a Tower of Babel cocktail (¾ pint of Special Brew and a brandy topped up with a measure of Kaolin and Morphine stomach medicine). I haven't felt the same since.

THE RATE OF THE THE PULSE

IT'S 1981 and we're all growing up. I want music with mystery or magic, something new, something precious; worth having. The Meteors seem to be a sluggish piece of motion, driven by inadequate motive and aiming at base instincts.

Or . . .

The Meteors are the age-old amphetamined punk purge matched to frantic horror and the blackest beats of rock-a-billy. They are rock-a-billy rebel rebels, decrying and reacting against both the in-vogue predilections of the pop world and the tamed flash of all the other media Brat Cats. The closest comparison would be that of a youthful Cramps raised in grubby British alehouses rather than on junk American TV. Not a comparison songwriter Nigel Meteor or the absent enigmatic guitarist and vocalist P. Paul Fenech readily entertain.

Nigel: "It's inevitable that we get compared to them but, outside of the lyrics, we're totally dissimilar. It's impossible that the four people in The Cramps are the only ones thinking the ideas they have for their songs.

"Most of my songs are on a horror theme to give them a bit of humour but they deal with serious topics. Usually, they're about outcasts getting their own back on society. Like, after seeing that television documentary about the mental hospital at Rampton I re-wrote The Stones' 'Get Off My Cloud'. It's like, are those people really mad or have they just different ideas, different ways of looking at things, that make people think they're mad?

" 'My Daddy Is A Vampire' is about an actual family that I know — the old man comes home pissed every night and beats the wife up and one member of the family sits up in his room all day, locks the door and listens to records. And his mum and dad think he's nuts!"

Mark: "You don't have to watch vintage horror films to find weird things going on."

THE STYLE OF THE BOP

INDEED YOU DON'T. Standing on a chair at the back of the hall, the peroxide blonde, a tacky Norma Jean clone, surveys the scene with contempt. Her upper lip peels out of its pout and curls into a snarl. She's shuddering now as the beat sends out catatonic signals. It goes right up her body from the leopard-skin clad hips to the top of the spine and there's a little quiver across her playful demeanour.

The searing scuzz guitar heralds a wave of scummy verbal from P. Paul Fenech, The Boy With The Bullfrog Eyes. *"I don't even think abaht it, don't give a damn abaht it / Couldn't give a whaank abaaht it . . ."*

Yeeeuch! Messy? Filthy! Ugghh. But her head moves closer and she's in the mesh of frayed guitar and dance-floor fury. Half-closed eyes water, somewhere between rebuke and feigned sensuality, and then *she starts to sing along with the words.* Very strange.

Mark: "We've always had a lot of girls following the group, right at the front leaping around. We played The 100 Club last week and the manageress said, 'It's good to see a mixed audience; we had Anti Pasti here last week and it was all men.' I think it's good because it can defuse situations. If there's a group of fans going crazy and a girl is getting crushed in the middle of it all, people care enough to stop and take her out and make sure she's all right."

It's 1981. Pop music should be growing up. The effects of the music and the aspirations of its makers should be getting clearer, broader and more informed. I think The Meteors' live presentation is outmoded, restricted by money-infatuated promoters and club owners. With no space, the audience is bound to certain codes of behaviour. Their live show, by its very nature, is restrictive as it works on too many inbuilt assumptions; the meaning of 'wild' and 'fun', f'rinstance.

Mark: "I don't know if you go to many punk gigs in London nowadays but they're just total rituals, like The Stray Cats at the Lyceum. What I think we're doing is taking the healthy bit of what punk was in 1976, which is pure excitement, the total release that music can give you. Rockabilly is meant to be *wild* music — I think you can have energy in your music without having violence. We played The Hambrough Tavern in Southall before it got burnt down and when the crazies started to jump around, the landlord didn't know what to make of it. But he stood back and realised after the first few numbers that it's all just good fun."

Whenever I do go to a punk gig in London, it's hard to find the dividing line between out and out enjoyment and mindless violence.

Mark: "Of course, if you get a crowd of people crammed into a small place and they're all boozing, the danger of trouble is always there. But the question is, do you approach it by saying we'll cool everything down and all stand around looking at each other's clothes, sipping cocktails and watching videos? I'm not really into that.

"Tension *is* a part of the excitement and it adds to some people's enjoyment of the gig. I remember I stopped going to punk gigs because, around 1979, anytime a group with a bit of life was playing, there was bound to be violence. What we're trying to do is show you can have a good time without knocking each other to pieces. Hopefully at the end of the evening, everyone's got it all out of their system and they can go home without any trouble."

TO THE HEART OF THE BEAST

DRAINED, dizzy and dripping, the weary bodies spill out into the night. There's some laughter, a few tuneless hollers and sweat. Lots of sweat. Hell, even I know how they feel; a little tired but there's enough energy racing round the old Central Nervous System to keep them going all night, if it takes all night.

Somewhere a mob has been hiding and from out of the shadows they come. Two kids get caught in a circle, a bottle smashes, there's a wail of pain. It's all over very quickly and some poor bugger gets hauled off to hospital for several stitches in the head.

The first inkling of trouble came after the *Daily Mail* included a picture of The Meteors in its centre page expose on Oi music and fascism. As soon as she saw it, Nigel's mum was straight on the blower to the paper's editor to complain that the link which the picture implied was odious and incorrect. Mark is visibly disgusted and frustrated at what's happened.

"It started at the 100 Club, all these idiots Sieg Heiling at the front and we told them to piss off. It was nothing too serious.

"But at the Rock Garden, they organised. British Movement supporters with chair legs and bottles. They broke in through a side door early on in the evening and I think some of them hid around until afterwards. In over 70 gigs we'd

CONTINUES PAGE 57

ROCKERS TIME

The Mighty Diamonds. Pic: Vernon St. Hilaire.

REGGAE SINGLES REVIEWED BY PENNY REEL

JOHNNY OSBOURNE: Give A Little Love / Backra (Jah Guidance 12"). In the twelvemonth or so since issue of his 'Truths And Rights' LP for Studio 1, Johnny Osbourne emerges as the most consistently enjoyable artiste in the whole wide field of reggae music, at least in the estimation of this reviewer. Affection engenders respect following Mr Osbourne's onstage appearance at the Rainbow earlier this year, when, in front of an audience rendered almost inconspicuous within the dimensions of that spacious auditorium, he gamely proved himself to be a performer of powerful voice and no small merit.

This latest offering on US discomix is a rhythmically ponderous Henry Lawes production of average content. Its lyric serves by way of comment on the greater majority of those involved in the music profession. *"Some people will use their conscience,"* observes Johnny, *"while some have no conscience at all."* My eyes have seen it, my heart feels it, my mind won't believe it at all.

The flipside disguises itself in patois riddle as proof against ears not attuned to the message it conveys. My role as interpreter deems I mention the word *backra* translates as the Caucasian overseer. *"Everything you have them want it, never have nothing fe give."* Currently playing out on dub, courtsey Frontline International.

JIMMY RILEY: Girls Like Dirt (Power House). JIMMY RILEY & THE STRUGGLERS: We Are On The Go (First Choice). Up until last year, when he finally comes into his own with a consecutive string of superior sides, including the solid 'Fort Augustus', the man named Jimmy Riley, kinda wily, maintains a steady output for various producers over the past decade and longer, with minimal success. Sadly, these two new Jamaican releases would seem to signal a regression into bad habits, as neither match his brief renaissance, though the title on the singer's own Power House label, paraphrasing the rock-steady "music like dirt" catch cry of Desmond Dekker and others, *"saying pick your choice, the whole of 'em hice,"* has its sound system devotees. Joined by The Strugglers, he invokes the spirit of 1962 on a theme of national, um, upward mobility, with an eye perchance on the approaching Festival, with a song which in fact suggests otherwise.

MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Rock With Me / Rub-A-Dub Style (Truths Rights). Tabby, Judge and Bunny would also seem to be contenders in the '81 Festival stakes, though with considerably more successful results. Up- tempo rhythm, bubbling guitar and those wistful harmonies cooing: *"make we party, let's go street dancing tonight."* The winner — in a rub-a-dub style!

LARRY & ALVIN / SOUNDEMENSION: Hush Up / Hush Up Version (Studio 1). OTIS GAYLE / BRENTFORD ALL STAR: Lady Dub For Lady (Studio 1). LORD TANAMO / CANJAM BAND: Good Loving 1 Version (Studio 1). Meanwhile, back at Brentford Road . . . Old time music from Larry Marshall and erstwhile partner, the latter presumably filling in between David Seville sessions, on a short and typically sweet rock-steady selection that rebukes lips which would rather chatter than kiss, and borrows in a vague way from rival producer Duke Reid's 'Love Is A Treasure'. Otis Gayle's reputation rests on a tune recorded some years previous for Studio 1, the legendary late night blues 'I'll Be Around'. This rendition of a Kenny Rodgers compostion falls some way short of its redoubtable predecessor, in spite of some thoughtful orchestration, and is pleasant merely. His Lordship Tanamo aka plain Joe Gordon croons further C&W sentiments with a song of endearment undistinguished apart from its dreamy horn section.

DELTON SCHREECHIE: On My Way (Center Forward). Former Nigger Kojak protege, young Schreechie switches allegiance to Ranking Roger with comment on Kingston's legacy of violence. *"On my way up to Jamaica swap shop, sight fe me idren bredda get shot."* Songs of this nature are a recurrent theme in reggae, and make for very depressing listening. It is another man bite the dust. The simplest thing is blam, blam, blam . . .

PABLO GAD: Beggarman's Child / Poor Man Verses Rich Man Dub (Form 12"). Lyrically impoverished but otherwise hypnotic and utterly lovely production from one of the brightest stars in the local reggae galaxy. In the past couple of years Pablo Gad has made a good reputation for himself with titles such as 'Hard Times', 'Trafalgar Square', 'Bloodsuckers' and others, and this latest item emanates from his "Gaelic sessions" recorded earlier this year. Black from creation, the pick of the crop.

I JAHMAN LEVI: Thank You (Jahmani). I JAHMAN LEVI: Trades Man (Jahmani). Now resident in Jamaica, I Jahman Levi records sporadically for himself and his productions are always of interest. Like Burning Spear, he has one song and as many variations on a single theme as there are permutations of Rubrik's cube. 'Trades Man' is the supreme recording here, a paean to all masters of apprenticeship, with especial mention for carpenters, masons and plumbers. The latter glorified in this sample lyric: *"I run you a river, not of tears but of fresh, clean water. I don't want no more plastic soda."* Upful.

EDI FITZROY / ROOTS RADIX: Check For You Once Girl / Check Dis Ya Dub (Musical Ambassador). EDI FITZROY: Handle And Blade / First Aid (Klasse 1 International). The continuing story of youth in progress. Edi Fitzroy was tutored under the jurisdiction of Mikey Dread, with minor results, and has now braved the world of freelance recording with two promising new titles. 'Check For You Once Girl' is in the Barrington Levy mould, a pounding rocker of barely requited love that is currently one of the hotter pre-releases on the London scene. 'Handle And Blade' regurgitates The Heptones' oft versioned 'I Got The Handle' tune with some power.

PETER TOSH: Bombo Klaat (Intel Diplo). In which Peter Tosh utters profanities on disc. *"Bombo klaat,"* says the former Wailer, *"raas claat"* he continues, and a girlie chorus in the background echo the same very prettily. Actually, the subject is more serious than a cursory listen might at first anticipate: Mr Tosh is moved to swear more in rage than for effect. *"Its been so long, we need a change,"* he protests, *"so the shitsem we got to rearrange,"* before going on to mention his brutalisation at the hands of the Babylon.

from Eurythmics—Ann Lennox & Dave Stewart

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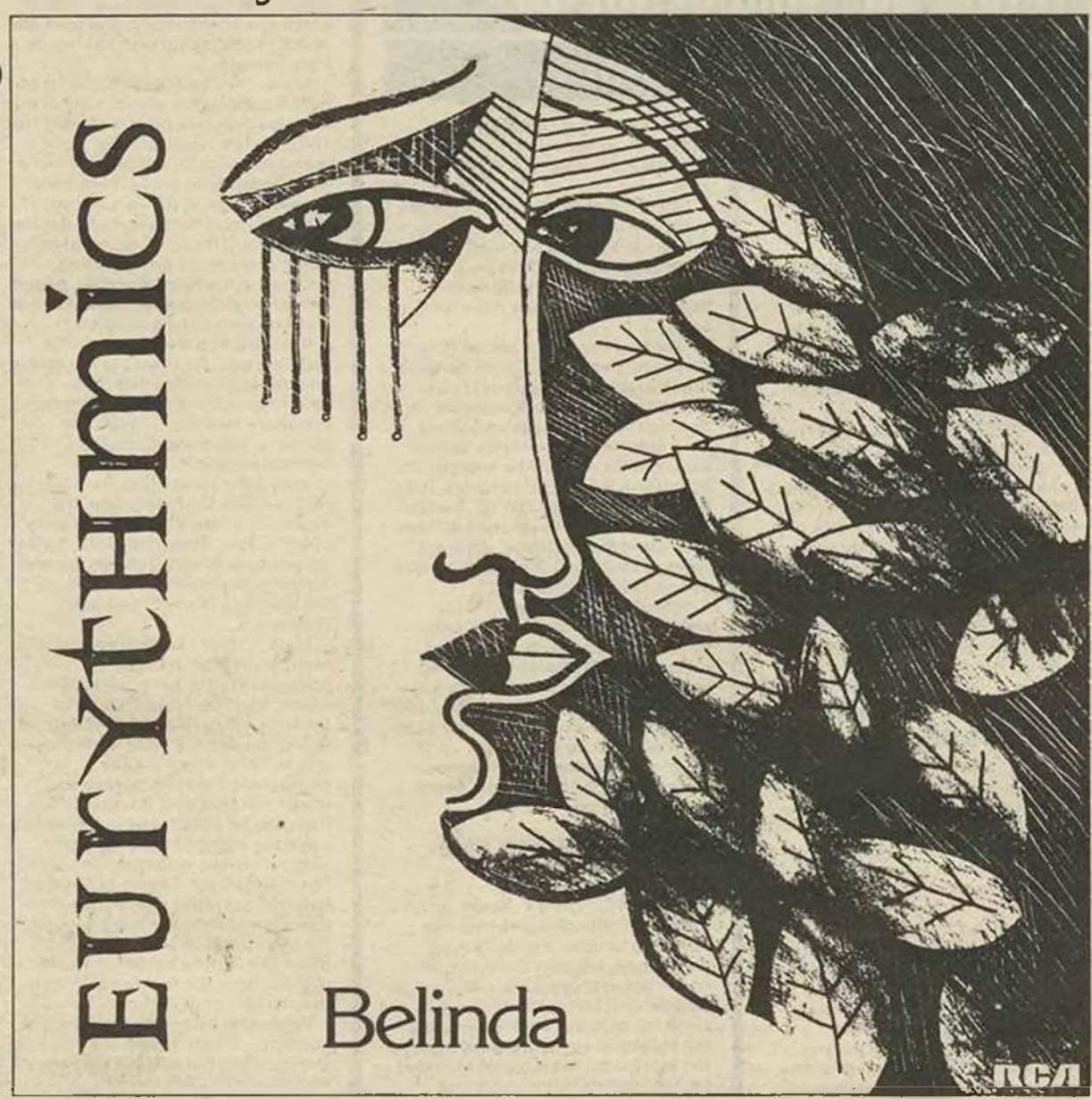

Produced by Conny Plank & Eurythmics

SINGLES SELECTED BY DANNY BAKER

BEFORE THE BEGIN — THE USUAL INTERNAL NOW LET ME tell you what happened. This was to have been the second singles page collaboration between myself and Charles Shaar Murray. But it seems the Hungarian got in a week too soon and, what with everyone jetting off for a bank holiday, I appear to be stuck here alone with nothing except a recorded delivery letter from Murray's lawyer demanding compensation for his client because I failed to show up last week. Whichever way this unsavoury mess resolves itself, it seems that the only way we're going to get a duo-column today is by the skilful use of a scrapbook, some lethal scissors and a family-sized can of Pritt (The Non-Sticky Sticky Stuff). Now let's get all off-hand . . .

WAS (NOT WAS): Where Did Your Heart Go (Island)

IMAGINATION: In and Out Of Love (R&B). Two songs that bear living testament to the unwavering popularity of James Bond films. Imagination base the entire concept of romance around the Swiss mountaintop scenes George Lazenby shared with a succession of little-miss-redsock type lovelies in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Their silky muzak creeps around your ankles eyeing the crotch while the performers act out soft-core (FACT!) videos to match the soft-focus sound. You can tell when people grew up with Valentino posters around the house — that shot from *The Sheik* where Rudolph is pointing the way out like Clive Thomas in an exceptionally important cup-tie.

Was (Not Was) go for a theme song. Choking back the envy of Sheena, they belt out Tony Orlando's greatest unrecorded moment, a sound popular critics always term 'haunting' — probably because everybody thought melodies as cheesy as this died about the time Victoria acceded to the throne. Both these words have superb chances of making money — Imagination hot favourite — which, after all, is what the game's all about.

BUDGIE: Keeping A Rendezvous (RCA). Through a succession of Roger Dean sleeves, Budgie have kept alive the notion that inherent in their title is something fantastic, awe-inspiring, slightly evil and futuristic — y'know the covers they have of weird creatures with birds' heads. But take these terms again — fantastic, awe-inspiring, evil, futuristic — and put them alongside your common or garden budgie and the imagery may pale a little. If HM fans can swallow a name like Budgie then I'm going to have to be controversial and say I have my doubts about their music. There.

MSO: Music Man (Mainstreet). I've been warning of a Latin explosion for some time now, but now that it's here it all sounds like it's been preceded by some bass voice saying: "Well we're sorry for the breakdown in our film, we hope to get back to it as soon as possible. Until then here's some music ..." and in wafts something like MSO's 'Music Man'. Cheap and vulgar it is. As it happens I once courted a Latin American girl, fizzy personality, half-Swedish and prone to biliousness. Yes, here's to you, Elke Salsa. Oh, how can they say vaudeville's dead when jokes like that still survive!

MULTIVIZION: Work To Live (Situation). God these make me curl up. A very passable disco back-track is squashed by some flakey Earls Court type putting on his best baaaad soul brother rap to give off some well-meaning social worker message. Had it remained instrumental — though Narada Michael Walden may have sued — it could've sneaked by. But as it is it's like Mick Jones covering 'Lost In Music' with new lyrics by Ken Livingstone.

JAPAN: Quiet Life (Hansa). The 'Quiet Life' must be the one their latest single led. I always feel the need to impart a ripping yarn whenever reviewing Japan singles — my last concerned the 'Ahead Of My Time' theory as you will recall — I do this to cover the barren timidity of the group's work. Now hear this: I contest that the current number one, 'Japanese Boy' by Aneka, solely concerns Ariola Hansa's guilt at letting Japan slip away and onto Virgin Records — Hansa being both Aneka's and Japan's stable at one point. A scant listen to the lyric will underline this. Moreover, on this disc, Japan say: *"We leapt about and hollered Eureka!/Now we're on Virgin and free of Aneka!"*. Well actually they don't but this particular argument may need some padding. Here's to the next one, boys!

LIONEL RITCHIE & DIANA ROSS: Endless Love (Motown).ARETHA FRANKLIN & GEORGE BENSON: Love All The Hurt Away (Arista).
Lionel and Diana and Aretha and George take a verse each and battle to coo sexily through the type of romantic achievements that send droves into the arms of Tenpole Tudor. Lionel, in case you're under the impression that Di has dragged in some old tramp off the street, is Mr Commodores. The Commodores had a neat line in dance music until, after a couple of slow successes, they became convinced that any tune that moved faster than five bpm required a man with a red flag to walk in front of it. 'Endless Love' continues Lionel's belief. Our other pair on Mr and Mrs today share a similar fate, though vocally they're streets ahead. I do hope George has the good sense to return to Quincy Jones after this, he needs the cushioning. (You'll have noticed there's a lot of competition amongst the smoochers this week and, I warn you, all of them sound likely to be popular, with only the Jacksons being durable. NB: Quincy!)

TEARDROP EXPLODES: Passionate Friend (Mercury). Nein, nein, no, no, no! Stop flinging Teardrop Explodes singles at me. This is the third I've had to cope with- (Audience falls about as ol' Baker cracks one of his subtle funnys). Teardrop Explodes sound like a Partridge Family splinter group. Bloodless brass and sitars again! Only because they share Madness' producers do I acknowledge that they qualify as singles makers. The flipside is called 'Christ Versus Warhol' which is meant, I believe, as a wry price of bait for knockers like me. ('Knockers, appears courtesy of *NME* Advertising Dept Standards Division).

THE PASSIONS: The Swimmer (Polydor). Perpetrators of the dreary 'German Filmstar' blunder away with an even shallower piece of writing. OK, OK I know the gag stinks but with so many swim jokes available I figure I'm entitled to just one.

RUDY GRANT: Space Oddity (Ensign).
ODYSSEY: It Will Be Alright (RCA).
Rudy Grant was mysteriously, some would say sinisterly, ignored with his great cover

■ *Continues over*

We apologise for the break in our music. In the meanwhile, here's a programme ...

ADAM & THE ANTS: Prince Charming (CBS). Advance orders of this record, some quarter of a million, will ensure that it goes straight in at number one. But who is he, this so called 'Adam & The Ants'? This week, Twentieth Century Box looks at the man behind the mask. The obscure shepherd's son who rose to become the most successful human being ever. We unearth something of his past, where he's coming from, where he's been and where he might go if he had H. G. Wells' Time Machine. I'm sorry I don't know why I said that last bit. Anyway, roll the film. (Outside broadcast footage of elderly man in deerstalker looking anxiously off-camera.)

Man: "Now? Now? Oh, I see."

Cockney Presenter: "Ere guv, ain't it right yew knew this ere Adam Ant bloke like?"

Man: "Well frankly yes. He owes me much."

Cockney: "Oo are ya?"

Man: "His tailor and I want my money." (Into shot comes length of fishing rod with line and hook dangling dangerously near aforementioned hat). "My name is Eve Goddard and for twelve years I have been posing as Mr Ant's wife. Here's my card."

Cockney: "But it's blank."

Man: "Business is bad." (Fishing hook suddenly whips hat off out of shot).

Man: "My Hat!"

(Cut to nervous mousey woman chewing her inner lip.)

Cockney: "Ere gal, wass all this abaht Adam being a bit of oriright then?"

Woman: "Yis. I am chairman of Adam Ant's fan club in Hove and embrace thirty members. We all agree that Adam is er the sliciest thing since best bread and we are partitioning Downing St to get more Ant music on the television. Furthermore we demand an Adam'n'Marco postage stamp in 1982."

(Cut to shot of same woman apeing some banal daily routine 'as though cameras weren't there'. Over this voice drones some dry statistics. Dissolve to well-known features of Adam himself).

Cockney: "Tell us all abaht y'self Adam!"

Adam: "Oh I'm just enjoying it all in an affected cockney accent ain't I? I believe in showbiz that's all, don't take it too serious, it's fun, I'm really boring off stage, I like Les Dawson an things, I love sex and romance, spiders frighten me. There I'm all out of stock cliches."

(We notice he's wearing deerstalker from opening scene).

Adam: "Our next album is called 'Hound Of The Baskervilles' after this incredible book I just saw the film of on BBC2 — I've always been into Basil Rathbone, ever since I saw him advertised as part of BBC's great new autumn season. However, I do feel the time has come to bow out of live performances so as we can concentrate on the studio."

Cockney: "Records only now then, eh?"

Adam: "Well yus and no. We will be releasing record sleeves but we've reached a point wherein we can see no futher point in actual records — I think our public will understand that move. We've only just completed our latest sleeve at Air in Monserrat and then we've got to take the new video around the US TV stations. We've a new 45 sleeve out next Friday and hope to launch a new magazine in January called *Flexi-Sleeve* — the idea being artists donate a sleeve free of charge just for the kids."

Cockney (chuckling): "Ere Adam, when you release your Sherlock Holmes LP will you be changing your name to The Speckled Band?"

Adam (puzzled): "Er no . . . why should we?"

In Part Two Adam gives us a sneak preview of his Autumn Wardrobe. Also Steve Strange models his Spring Sideboard and Midge Ure shows off his Winter What-Not. That's all in part two of Twentieth Century Box, don't miss it!

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

version of Stevie Wonder's 'Lately' — a sound I wagered my teeth would be a Top Ten hit. Consequently, I now get big laff when ordering my diet of foup and foft fegetablef. No such dental risks with this one. If this strikes home, I'll crawl backwards down Oxford Street to be tattooed with every lyric Teardrop Explodes have ever put to vinyl. It's a clumsy hobnailed reggae run of 'Mad' David Bowie's cheerful first smash.

Odyssey are not included just for the obvious title connection. The other side to their smoochy little song — sweet enough but certainly no 'Looking For A Way Out' or even 'How Bout Us' — is a one-legged LA reggae version of 'Oh No Not My Baby', the song indelibly linked to chucking out time at the Sundown, Charing Cross Road. This version not only scrapes the barrel but should be nailed down into one and sent over Niagara Falls.

SHEENA EASTON: Just Another Broken Heart (EMI). The executives who're 'carefully handling' Easton's career and who appear to plot their next move on gold graph paper like she was a singing sensation or something have buggered it up. Overreached. In the boardroom's eyes, she can't go much higher than singing for the new Bond picture — champagne all round when that coup was pulled off, no doubt — but after soaring amongst the diamonds and furs their product has now to try to credibly wallow in the mucky old pop singles market again; and, well, I just reckon they think that's getting to be too tacky for their star. It's a necessary chore what with there *still* being so many young fans of hers about but its a niggling, cock-eyed illegitimate circle for such a product to be seen moving in. After America and 'For Your Eyes Only' the correct procedure would've been to marry Robert Goulet and moved into Bel-Air, but *it all happened so damn fast.*

So the *new* single sounds like a broken *old* Easton song, the pale but unavoidable step backwards. I suspect Sheena may disappear altogether soon, retired early like some billion dollar racehorse investment, where, in twenty years time, she'll turn up in the tabloids either (a) showing off her mansion and saying how much she's enjoyed being a filthy rich housewife these last two decades, pausing to thank all those loyal fans who "still write after all these years". Or else (b) is the Ruby Murray forgotten, fade away on the downward spiral to lousy small venues and sordid scandals about drink and the bad performance, pausing only to thank all the fans who still write after all these years.

TANGERINE DREAM: Choronzon (Virgin).
PETER BAUMANN: Repeat Repeat (Virgin).
Both stirring from their stupors five years too late for the electro-pop market. These days wrist-watch alarms carry better tunes.

Bananarama.

ADAM & THE ANTS: Prince Charming (CBS). Unlike Adam, who probably is quite close to being a singing sensation. Jesus Mary and all the saints I don't know how he'll end up. He hasn't peaked yet, success like his doesn't peak it just gets usurped suddenly and overnight. I wrote a letter to CBS advising that as they're sister company to Epic, isn't an Adam/Shakin' duet the only obvious thing to do at Christmas, but they haven't replied yet. Now that would be a peak, a glut that even their hysterical publics would feel sated with. There'd only be one album in the partnership — a mega-seller that would date quicker than Starsound records — and afterwards both careers would be but shadows like Joe Frazier after the second Ali match. They'd both try to pick up as was but nah, nothing there; the public would see every release as merely half a deal and any reconciliation as desperate. Shakin' then goes into being a mild host on TV light entertainment while Adam records three LPs with Kim Wilde, none of which sell.

BEGGAR & CO: Chant No. 2 (RCA). A lot is expected of Beggar since the Spandau connection — odd, since there was barely a ripple up here during their 'Help Me Out' hit. Of course, their modest talent doesn't stand up to much scrutiny; their vocals are strained and thin and their choice of actual 'howlalong' chants is right at home in yobbo country. *"WoahOOOAAAHoaahhh"* this one goes. 'Chant No. 1' Liked a lot; tighter, harder and a sight better produced than this. Moreover, the cover and lyric are peppered with lumbering balderdash about 'new romantic warriors' that I'm sure even Spandau Ballet themselves have long since weighted with an anvil and tossed into the Thames. No, no. Just when Beggar & Co could've nicked points off their pals by striding out with a strong identifying sound, they've shown all the ambition of a groomed ITV comedian given his first hour-long special — staying in and under the wings.

THE JACKSONS: Time Waits For No One (Epic). The 'Triumph' album was a real sleeper. There were no hits from it for a couple of months until they sent for me to give advice. Now we greet the fifth satellite to spin out from it. One more and they inherit the 'I Am'/'Off The Wall' charity decanter and inscribed toothbrush rack. What has happened with this one is that Epic have been jolted by Motown's frank cashing in on Michael's weepy appeal. The sentiment here, if expressed in purchasers' tears, may have us all heading for the high ground before October. But I love it; a sucker, but I do. Incidentally, any reviews you might see of this that cracks the old *Gasbag* Tom Waits pun are written by half-way house journalists.

RHYTHM METHOD: Diana (Watteau). Amongst all the piffle and dross may I recommend a record? This one. A tart bit of bop, the Paul Anka standard and anyone influenced by The Beat is alright in my ink. I'll keep this, try and find it yourself.

BANANARAMA: Aie A Mwana (Demon). Although I'm always sceptical of obvious Europeans plundering black ethnic chants for effect, this song has been around a while and is due for a dusting. I think Black Blood did it . . . or was that 'Witch Doctor Bump'? Anyway, sprightly it is with a full sound and in a sparse bank holiday selection it shines. Bit too wild and ragged for radio though.

DONALD BYRD: Love Has Come Around (Elektra). People sometimes bowl up to me and start rattling off the names of hot new funk records and I confess I'm lost inside two sentences. For the most part it appears I'm not missing much. Donald Byrd's twelve inch is *Number One* in Groove Records' chart so I bought it. MUG. It stinks. It's stinking the place up right now! Patchy, ham-fisted arrangements, and no tune. Byrd has hardly moved an inch from his 'Flight Time' single of seven years ago. I'm just waiting for someone to suggest this to me so I can go "SHUT UP YOU FOOL! I'VE GOT THAT ONE AND NOW I'VE GOT TO LEAVE ALL MY WINDOWS OPEN FOR A WEEK!" If this seems overstating the case then it's because this record is merely the latest in a long line of disappointments with the genre. While we're here, can I just add that I think 'Me No Pop I' STANK and eight out of ten August Darnell records STINK. Class dismissed, heh heh.

Don't Listen to us!

MELODY MAKER.

LEE FARDON Stories Of Adventure' (Aura AUL 713)

SCANNING fraught emotional landscapes with a brawling intensity and a fierce disregard for sentimental disguises, Lee Fardon's debut album whips off the bandages, tears at its wounds, lands bleeding on the deck, a victim of its own nightmare vision.

Describing a bleak, injured world Stories Of Adventure is testing, occasionally overwrought, obsessed with the fall out of random acts of violence, the casual disruption of assaulted lives. Populated by characters ridden with madness, distress and delusion, Fardon's songs are mostly concerned with extremes of passion. Pressing home his preoccupations with a power that wouldn't disgrace Parker and an insistence that will remind some of Costello, Fardon nevertheless retains a convincing individuality, he never resorts to imitation.

He even survives his record company's unnecessary comparison with Bruce Springsteen. Fardon's songs successfully evade Springsteen's bullying sentimentality. 'Fast At 17', for instance, is a brutal, disturbed demolition of Springsteen's romanticism. Automobiles in Springsteen's fictions are vehicles for freedom and escape, here they become symbols of trapped lust, an erotic disfigurement . . . her legs now sticking to the leather of the seat and the window is steaming . . .

Fardon looks at the cults and realises that every way out leads us back into the monkey house, there is no escape. Even his comparatively lighter songs, like the dockland fandango 'Strange Kinda Love' and 'Don't Wanna Be Me', are possessed by an intimidating fury, a helpless anger.

The more nocturnal his songs, the meaner his images become. His characters are capable of consuming each other, they claw and bleed, spit promises of revenge and murder, take an unnerving delight in their capacity for vicious contempt. In 'Meant This Time' Fardon . . . recalls the . . . of a former lover . . . make you . . . you gotta do . . . learn how . . . Fardon . . . sounds delicious with hate.

'Sleepwalking' may be his reply to her. The song opens with windswept acoustic guitar, assumes the bruised tempo of one of the Stones' ragged country ballads. Fardon's voice is an aching threat straining over a ghostly chorus. The lyric is cruelly explicit: 'You know I can't remain here to break you again honey. I could kill you, I may kill you again, you know you're too pale to survive, you know you're dead, not really alive . . .'

'Sleepwalking' and the similarly intense 'I Don't Know How to touch You Anymore' create atmospheres of quite spectacular anguish, finally recalling the tortured profile of Gram Parsons' epic version of 'Wild Horses' or the bizarre passion of Alex Chilton's 'Waltz Across Texas'. The Fardon songs have a similar biting grief, a comparable air of battered dignity, shattered pride.

A grimly authentic acknowledgment of impotence, 'I Don't Know How To Touch You Anymore' finds Fardon driven to some crumbling edge, the precarious lip of sanity. Wrecked and hoarse, his voice is barely supported by the increasingly pugnacious rhythm section and the blustery saxophone asides.

Again, the lyric is chillingly exact; Fardon doesn't evoke despair, he recreates it. The results can be painful: "You say I'm nervous and unprofessional, I should have warned you that I like the lights out but now it's over oh, you see the sun is risin' I can't watch and yet I keep trying . . ."

Sexual inadequacy hasn't been so forcefully scrutinised in a rock song since Costello's 'Miracle Man'. But then neither Fardon or Costello find being in love an especially comforting experience. Fardon's 'Mystery Lover' reduces love to an almost primal expression of violence. Every moment of potential tenderness is exposed an another kind of betrayal.

'Stories Of Adventure' isn't a reassuring album. It doesn't deal in ambiguities, it's not an especially pleasant album to live with. Some will find its emotional outpourings exaggerated, even overblown. Right now I'm not prepared to argue with such criticism. 'Stories Of Adventure' has a strange power, a haunting presence, a genuine voice. I'm learning to live with it might be uncomfortable, but I have a feeling it might prove essential.

ALLAN JONES

Stories of Adventure
New Album AUL 713
New Single AU 128

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SPREADING

Sound scientists Cabaret Voltaire are hard at work developing their new strain of dance music, the jitter-bug.

Mal, Richard and Chris or. . .

THIS STORY has a traditional beginning. The train draws into Sheffield on time and the Cabaret Voltaire triumvirate is at the platform to greet it with a quip about the weather.

"It's a standing joke that it's always miserable when the papers come up here," remarks Voltaire matinee idol Stephen 'Mal' Mallinder. "You're the first writer who has come to see us when it wasn't raining."

The *NME* — spreading sunshine throughout the world. We're all squinting under its blinding rays, apart from Voltaire insectoid Richard H. Kirk, who's struggling to keep his mirror-shades from slipping off his slight nose. As for Voltaire's third man, Professor Chris Watson, he seems too weighed down by the business contents of his briefcase to be too concerned about the weather.

We board a bus to the triumvirate's Western Works studio and the fare comes to a princely six pence ("Six pence? It's gone up!" — an indignant Andy Gill). Who said Sheffield was a grim place? Where else in the Western world would the council annoy local Conservatives by raising the red flag above the city hall?

Sheffield is the capital of South Yorkshire, which rumour has it will one day declare itself an independent socialist republic. The county breeds hardy, fiercely independent people, and I'd say that's about the extent of Sheffield's environmental influence on Cabaret Voltaire — it's no surprise that two of them named Clay Cross rebel MP Dennis Skinner as their favourite politician.

On the other hand it would be stupid to insist that their surroundings have no effect on either the triumvirate's psyche or music. The Western Works' shoddy location in a disused factory is situated behind a lot emptied of life and buildings — with the exception of a mysterious Mount Zion structure — and just around the corner lies a light engineering plant that emits a persistent, mechanical percussion thud. The noise prompts Richard's ears to prick up as we walk by.

"It's funny, but we've never thought of recording or using that noise before," he comments with an air of genuine surprise.

But it's not all grim, as in the stuff of Northern kitchen sink drama. The Works overlook a lush green churchyard, while a peek from any of Sheffield's many rises will reveal that the old stone houses and time-darkened church spires aren't out of harmony with the stunning new concrete and glass structures of the city's redevelopment programme.

The Western Works used to be similarly reflective of the old and the new. Cabaret Voltaire once shared it with The Human League, who have since followed a more traditional path to fame and fortune, leaving Cabaret Voltaire to doggedly pursue methods more suited to their violent and beautiful renunciation of pop music. The day we come to see Cabaret Voltaire, The Human League have made front page news in *The Star* with their Top Ten hit 'Love Action'. It took them a drastic division, a bass-playing additive, and two glamorous dancers to do it, though. Meanwhile Cabaret Voltaire still stalk the streets unrecognised. Do they begrudge their erstwhile Works mates their hard-won success?

"Not at all," murmurs Mal reasonably. "We wouldn't have done it that way ourselves, but we're happy for Phil, now that he has got what he wants."

That's enough of the success story, let's talk about tomorrow's heroes today. Cabaret Voltaire are modestly willing conversationalists and, unlike most groups, in which one dominates the chatter, they each have something to say that reflects their own quietly subversive ways. For instance, Chris Watson, who could be the kid you knew from the back of the science lab dissolving coins in nitric acid, is, amongst other things, a computer bankload of useful/useless data. "I read in a booklet that somebody sent me that the GPO have got a computer monitoring thousands of phone calls. It's programmed to recognise key words to do with espionage and political subversion, so that when one is said the phone call is automatically recorded. Hundreds of thousands of calls are being monitored . . ." Where does this fit in with Cabaret Voltaire?

"I've no idea," he deadpans, "but it's fascinating to postulate about it."

As a former post office technician he's the technologically informed member of Cabaret Voltaire, who programmes and operates their tapes and who in the past has overseen their Works studio progress to its present advanced eight-track stage.

Mal is the voice and look, the block bass noise and the pulsebeat rhythm operator. Richard is the abstract guitar and entwining melody line, the mystery element, the art school drop-out.

Mal: "We've all got totally different backgrounds, but we've grown up together into Cabaret Voltaire." And earlier: "It's also important to know that our intake isn't purely musical, we get a lot from various sources, like film."

The opening title of their most virulent strain 'Red Mecca' is called 'A Touch Of Evil' after the awesome Orson Welles' *film noir* classic, and the surrealist filmmakers are another valuable source.

"I sometimes see a lot of parallels between us and Bunuel," remarks Chris. "The way things happen at random in his films is close to our method. I like his *El*, which is about a paranoid who thinks that people are laughing at him all the time."

. . . CUT THE MUTTERLINES TO THE MASS MEDIA . . .

CABARET VOLTAIRE'S exotic, inescapable vortex of sound is as much an exciting displacement of pop as the lighter work of Ze hucksters, like August Darnell. Theirs comes out darker because they draw their inspiration from the real world and not Hollywood nostalgia shows. And if they adamantly refuse to etch a grin into the grime of human suffering, the undoubted glee that goes into the music's creation prevents it from fading to grey.

It's a moving, seething noise that incorporates taped fragments, primitive rhythms and spartan melodies, that contrasts acoustic softness with electronic harshness. They're at their best on their brilliant new LP 'Red Mecca' which, though it doesn't mark a new direction, is a vital summation of its predecessors' preoccupations — most notably with the control mechanisms of the mass media and their indifferent treatment of real tragedy. By isolating and repeating phrases from news bulletins or by bitterly satirical use of coarsened and meaningless gutter-press language they attempt to fold naked emotion back into their chosen subject.

Mal explains the method: "It's a matter of putting scenes, images and sounds together that might first appear out of context and thus give them a new meaning. We don't have a very dogmatic approach to what we do, though. In fact we'd like to think that the things we record start taking on a life of their own."

Richard: "It's also a case of taking different elements of music, stripping them down and reassembling them in different ways, taking the best out of things that have been done in the past and putting them together like a jigsaw. The end result can be tellingly different, but there are always plenty of reference points. Certain guitar, drum and vocal sounds for instance might be lifted from certain periods of music to give songs a specific mood or atmosphere."

Mal: "We don't do anything that in the purist sense could be construed as original. We don't use new sounds or drastically new approaches. If there is any originality in what we do, the context in which we place things gives them a new lease of life."

Librarian Chris pulls out a letter by way of illustration: "The letter asks if our title 'One Thousand Ways' was taken from the Nico line *"There's a thousand ways to make the world"* on 'Marble Index'."

Temporarily embarrassed, Mal flusters: "That's weird. Yes, she does say that, but I never thought of it that way. I've just listed it as one of my favourite albums, too. People will think we're ripping Nico off!"

Cabaret Voltaire refuse to make their subversive music too comfortable, they accept the difficulties some people will feel in its presence.

"We've never been a fad," says Mal. "We've never been particularly into or out of fashion. Everything we do goes off a little bit at a tangent, some things hit the circle, some things don't. We're still the stain on the coffee table that you can't wash out.

"Well, it's okay keeping that position, but you have to expect to learn a bit and move on."

Unlike most musical conglomerates' inflated views of their own worth, Cabaret Voltaire have always geared their operation to an accurate assessment of their popularity. They've never over-reached themselves commercially, they know how many records they can sell and, being sensible about it, they're now completely self-sufficient. Over the past few years, meanwhile, their following has grown in proportion to the strength of their music, so much so that they sense 'Red Mecca' is capable of selling far more than either 'The Mix Up' or 'The Voice Of America'. The pre-release run-up led to some soul-searching meetings with Rough Trade in an effort to suss if the label could handle the expected demand.

"We thought," says Mal, "we'd go to the other side and give the LP more appeal in the way we present it. We had talks with Rough Trade and told them that we felt the time was right for both them and us to move on. And we made it clear that we didn't just want the record to slip out without anybody knowing about it, the way most Rough Trade records do."

Richard: "It's an attempt to show that independence isn't synonymous with amateurishness. We're showing that you can do things in a professional, good and slick way without destroying what you're trying to do in the first place by being on an independent label."

If Cabaret Voltaire have escaped the vicissitudes of fashion, Rough Trade's moralism has undoubtedly gone out of favour. Many felt that once their aesthetic and anti-commercial principles were firmly established they could more gamely deal with the market place without compromising their ideals. Their unwillingness to do so means that they've fallen behind and the groups still with them are in danger of being tarred with the same dour brush.

"We've been given a certain image by being associated with Rough Trade which we've always tried to steer clear of," points out Mal. "I think it's important to compete, it's important to grasp that side of pop, as pop is the most immediate way of getting over to people."

"It's not really a case of competition," argues Chris, "because we're not really in the same sort of race. There's no way you can compete with the larger aspects of the entertainment industry. The only thing you can do is go along with it as far as possible, but it's important to retain those elements that are individual to you and get *them* across."

. . . WE INTEND TO DESTROY ALL DOGMATIC VERBAL SYSTEMS . . .

THE INDEPENDENT labels boom was initially a necessary rejection of the record company monopoly over pop communication — a destructive urge that shattered record company ideals and lousy ethics, until they realised how to come to terms with it: sack the A and R department and sift out the best-selling indies. For Cabaret Voltaire the independents provided a valuable outlet, but they're not so concerned that they feel the need to carry its banner. However they do acknowledge its significance.

Richard: "I suppose the thing with independent labels is that they helped demystify the whole process of making and distributing records; suddenly the magic gloss was peeled away. Soon the time will come when people will realise they can do their own radio, or do their own TV."

Spreading the virus?

THE VIRUS

Chris Bohn visits Sheffield, Red Mecca of the north, to liberally split infinitives with them. Peter Anderson gets the picture.

"Spreading the virus of communication and thought," explains Richard. "The communication of ideas — you're usually encouraged to accept information and not to think for yourselves. Spreading the virus is a recurring theme throughout Cabaret Voltaire's work."

Cabaret Voltaire's obsession with the broadcasting media goes further than monitoring and taping its output. They fully realise that to have any real profound, subversive effect, the media must be infiltrated — its messages interrupted or at the very least, a viable alternative must be established. They're naturally drawn to the activities of the media pirates, but they're under no illusion as to its effectiveness.

The conversation now borders illegality and the realms of dream, becoming woolly round the edges, as they're loathe to fall into the rock trap of discussing projects beyond their capabilities.

Meanwhile Watson's analytical mind is checking out all the possibilities. "Pirate radio is something that is definitely within our budget. The problem is that (large scale) pirate broadcasting was something that was destroyed with the '60s. They used to be all over the place then, but they were finished off by interventidnal legislation and now people think that that stage is finished, its possibilities exhausted. They're not though, possibilities are definitely still there. We are in the situation where we could organise something on a radio station to start with, which is definitely worth considering. There are one or two at the moment but they're all so *small*."

. . . SWITCHING SOUND TRACKS AND IMAGE TRACKS . . .

THERE ARE already signs that the sight and sound media are being rescued from the monopolies. In the future each little act of subversion will be important, every home-made video will key people in to the processes of packaging information while opening up possibilities of home broadcasting.

It'll be even better when cable TV takes off. New York now has its own private TV stations, though money would've bought that privilege anyway. Meanwhile in Holland there's a pirate TV station that hooks into the national channel when it closes down at night.

"That's what we're all waiting for here," continues Richard. "There are quite a lot of people who share similar aspirations. It's just amazing the possibilities cable TV has opened up."

Chris pulls out his metaphorical pen and paper: "There are already people who have got the technology and know how to do similar things here, and we're ready to provide the programme material. It's just a matter of organisation and motivation," he concludes helpfully.

As yet Cabaret Voltaire's visual aids are the least developed side of their assault on the senses. The films they use live are a ragbag of images thrown together and hurled randomly at the unsuspecting viewer. It can be disturbingly effective, when image and sound gell, but the effect is deliberately hit and miss.

And the 30 minutes of video film they've so far compiled consists of various promos and shorts shot in New York and for Factory Benelux. Meanwhile they've completed the soundtrack for film-maker Peter Care's *Johnny Yesno*, which demonstrates how effectively Cabaret Voltaire's music can synchronise with image. The long tracking shots of a night-time journey through city streets accompanied by Cabaret Voltaire's 'Taxi Music' proves beyond all doubt that CV have as much to do with the neon-streaked night as with the grimier aspects of urban living.

Prolific as ever, Cabaret Voltaire are planning to put out a soundtrack LP with accompanying booklet before Christmas, as well as two more singles — one seven inch and one 12 inch. Their productivity stems from their inquisitiveness, their enthusiasm for investigating new, untried forms, and their alertness to the events happening around them.

The riots were probably the closest public manifestation to embrace the anger, frustration and pent-up emotion that Cabaret Voltaire channel from media sources into their music.

How did the riots affect Cabaret Voltaire personally?

Richard: "I was quite pleased in a lot of ways. It was good to see people kicking out against the shit, but it was sad that things had to come to that."

Mal: "It was frustrating and disorganised. A lot of people didn't know why they were releasing their frustration or who they were directing it against. In a way it was shouting in a bucket."

Chris: "I tried to record the police broadcast for future cut-ups."

. . . I WOULD SAY THAT SILENCE IS ONLY A DEVICE OF TERROR FOR COMPULSIVE VERBALIZERS . . .

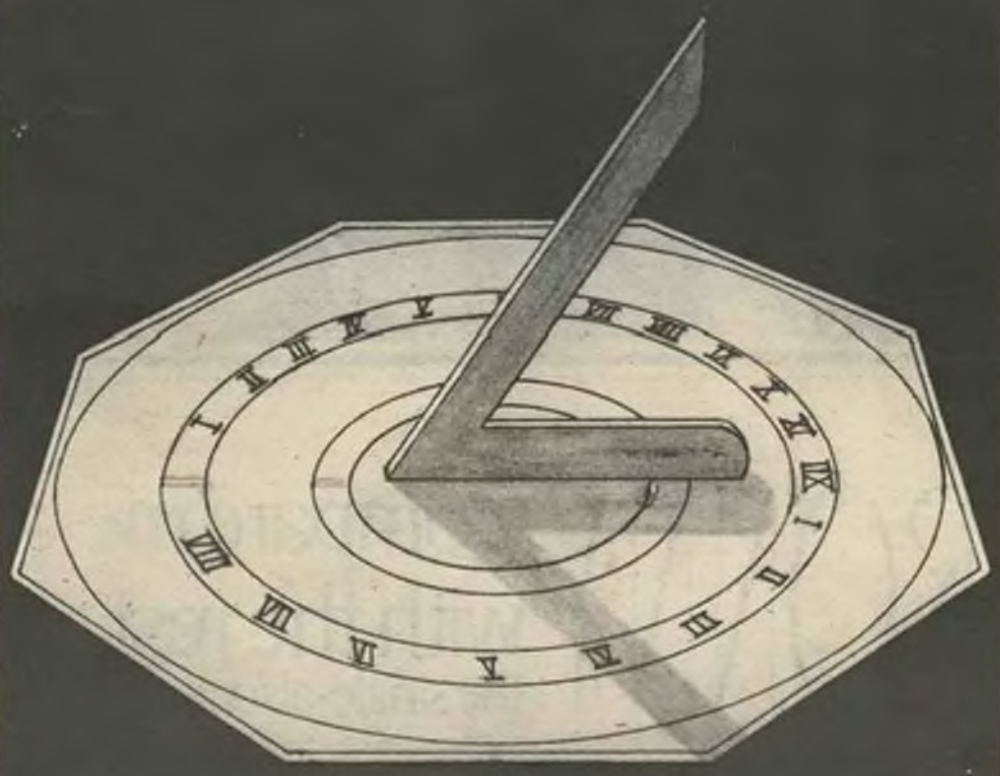
The End

(read outs from William Burroughs: *The Job*)

Conversely Mal, Richard and Chris

THE COMSAT ANGELS

The Album



SLEEP NO MORE

Silver Screen

Outland

Directed by Peter Hyams
Starring Sean Connery, Peter Boyle and Frances Sternhagen (Warner Bros)

ONE OF the Ladd production company executives thoughtlessly dubbed *Outland* "a kind of *High Noon* on Jupiter" and the description has stuck. Sure, the plot premise is similar — Marshal Sean Connery is the lone lawman on Jupiter's moon, Io, and he receives no help from the mining community when he comes up against corporate corruption — but there are more differences than similarities. Technically, it's a bit like comparing *The Old Dark House* with *Alien* (again, basically the same plot but separated by over 40 years of cinematic technology); stylistically, there is no basis for comparison.

Where *High Noon* was a tight, pared-down drama in a small western town — so rigidly drawn, in fact, that the on-screen action corresponded with actual time — *Outland*, despite its oppressive setting, is expansive and, as befits its sci-fi origins, extravagantly mounted.

Immediately, *Outland* draws you into its angular world of murky mineshafts, hideously cramped living quarters and unspectacularly functional administration buildings. Even the hospital looks grubby.

Good and plausible as Peter Hyams' vision of the future looks, there's something naggingly unsatisfactory about *Outland* — and it's not just that Jerry Goldsmith's deafening score is full of self-parodic portentousness.

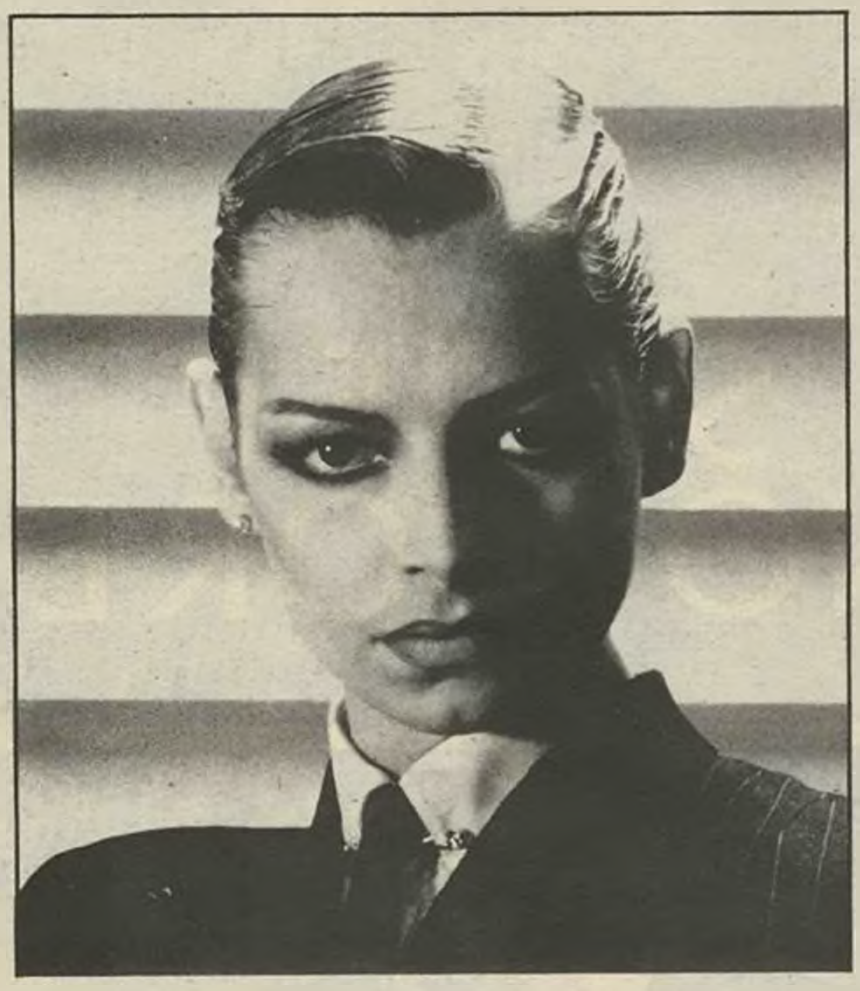
The problem, I think, lies with Hyams' script. His direction is fine — bold and assured, typified by a thunderous chase sequence through the labyrinthine living quarters, a seemingly endless corridor of metal hutches; but the information we're given, through computer read-outs as well as dialogue, assumes a phony weightiness that's at odds with the simple story being told.

Maybe Hyams has developed into one of the new breed Hollywood brats (like Brian DePalma, George Lucas and John Carpenter) who're better directors than writers yet insist on scripting their own films. The funny thing is, Hyams started out as a writer (and has to his credit *Capricorn One*, a classic in the conspiracy thriller field).

Still, there's no disputing *Outland's* meticulous visual appeal and it's great to see the talented Sean Connery given a lusty role worthy of his peculiarly surly presence. Even more importantly, here at last is an adult sci-fi drama that makes absolutely no concessions to comic-strip juvenilia.

Monty Smith

RONNY Compare me with the rest. the single·also as a 12"



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DESTINED TO become the first international success from New Zealand since the amazing Fred Dagg, *Goodbye Pork Pie* is an exciting and offbeat road movie.

Fred Dagg? New Zealand?? *Goodbye Pork Pie*??? Right, right and right. You didn't laugh when *Silver Screen* championed the Australians' new wave cinema, so don't scoff now. Mind you, you will laugh at *Goodbye Pork Pie* because it happens to be very funny.

"*Easy Rider* meets the Keystone Cops," said *Variety*. "Brisk and inventive," said *The Observer* when it came back from its hols. "A fantasy of sex, dope and car chases . . . funny, loving and subversive," said the *PSA Journal*, whatever that is.

For tickets to an exclusive late night preview of *Goodbye Pork Pie* — to be held on Tuesday, September 22 in London's West End — clip out this section of *Silver Screen* and rush it to NME, Pork Pie, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1, remembering to include your name and address. Then Brent Walker Film Distributors and *NME* will be delighted to invite you and yours to this special screening of *Goodbye Pork Pie*. And sorry — but no employees of British Rail need apply. Only joking.

Rust Never Sleeps

Directed by Bernard Shakey
Starring Neil Young and Crazy Horse (Blue Dolphin)

NEIL YOUNG-related films have a habit of being delayed, indeed if they come out at all. *Journey Through The Past* is still a mystery to British audiences, while the Dennis Hopper film based on Young's title song *Out Of The Blue* is only now being shown after two years spent on the shelf.

Out Of The Blue is a timelessly brilliant enough evocation of punk despair to absorb the delay, but *Rust Never Sleeps* — a filmed document of the concert devised as Young's response to new wave's late impact on the West Coast — has lost its topical edge in the interim. It's a shame, because Young, being one of the few '60s artists capable of coping with the upstarts' attesting to his generation's obsolescence, deserves the break that a better timed release would have given his film.

Two years on from its conception, Young's parody of the hard rock megawatt stage set, featuring giant amplifiers and microphones, appears more ridiculous than absurd, while the admittedly eerie sight of "roadeyes", dressed in monk's cowls from the shadows of which torches shine like demon orbs, scampering around stage grows wearisome after a while.

But if you're prepared to make the necessary leap in time, the film has its compensations, notably Young himself. Coming on like a Neanderthal Huckleberry Finn in *Clockwork Orange* drag, he makes a winningly daft, ironic entrance perched atop one of the giant amps plucking an acoustic guitar in accompaniment to 'Sugar Mountain' — always one of his sappier songs. He proceeds down to the stage and through more acoustic songs, before he's joined by Crazy Horse for a set that vacillates wildly between the strained guitar work outs that he can just about get away with to the genuinely affecting 'Out Of The Blue' — both acoustic and electric versions. The latter recalls the gloomily moving era of the purgative 'Tonight's The Night', ever since which his work has ranged between devil-may-care eccentricity and sheer whimsy.

It would be pressing the point too far to suggest that punk made him care again, but it's too much of a coincidence that the song endeavours to reconcile, no matter how pointlessly, rock's heritage with the iconoclasm of Johnny Rotten. That he himself is the missing link rock historians have been searching for is more a testament to his surviving spirit than his (film) present self-indulgent sensibility.

Anyway, Dennis Hopper's *Out Of The Blue* is a far better celluloid realization of Young's vision of punk. And what's the point of employing the Shakey pseudonym to carry the can?

Chris Bohn

A gloss of gore

Amin The Rise and Fall

Directed by Sharad Patel
Starring Joseph Olita, Tom Baptiste and Geoffrey Keen (Intermedia / Film Corporation of Kenya)

IDI AMIN was an unspeakably evil military dictator, nurtured in the ranks of The King's African Rifles to usurp a Ugandan government led by 'leftist' Milton Obote. To the British and the Americans he was an amazing, eccentric chap first and a quick tempered native brute second.

As this film shows, we still can't come to terms with the horror of Amin In Our Time. It's the sort of film Chamberlain would have made about Hitler, it asks no questions, ignores history, comes in like a hick and limps away like a ham.

For Sharad Patel and Joseph Olita, who plays Amin, this is a big screen debut, and it certainly shows. The film flits from frame to frame treating successive horrors and outrages to glossy high action and gory sensationalism.

Olita delivers a stale and perfunctory performance, his purges carried out by stereotyped *Shaft* pimps while he swans and sweats with poolside queens and bedroom whores. Almost as condescending is the picture drawn of British writer Denis Hills who plays himself and emerges as the voice of reason and sanity in a cell full of screaming negroes.

Patel uses sicko sensationalism to capture the terror of Amin's reign: a gun is shot through the forehead and brains spill out the cranium; riddled by bullets in slow motion, a torso becomes a fleshy, bloodied tea-strainer; a fridge door is opened and two frozen gore-encrusted heads peer out, eyes open.

Amin was responsible for all this and more but by presenting the horrific in a slick and lifeless way, without thematic tenacity or moral fibre, this film lacks not only analytical incision, but also, fatally, credibility.

As long as people can only absorb personality politics, in this instance Amin as whiteman's lackey and black superstud, then the twisted psychology and savagery behind the facade can and will happen, right here and now. As will films like this.

Gavin Martin

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Pic: David Corio

L-R: Sean, Gareth Mark

beret 'n' biro

Neil Spencer

You squares get hep or flip the page cos we're gonna dig RIP RIG & PANIC — the cats who're making music that's strictly 'out there' and . . .

KNEE DEEP IN BEAT ROOTS

GO GO GO

"*HEY - MA - REEMA - reema - heyma! Broda - rodee - hey - na - briddee -bayo . . .*" Mark 'Perfect Body' Springer sprawls across the shiny black Yamaha piano and jibbers frantically into the recording studio microphone.

His surreal scat-singing complete, he sends a spray of rapid piano phrases sparking off the keyboard as an answering stream of vocal gibberish rings forth from the cubicle in the corner of the studio, to be followed by rude farts of sound from a bass clarinet that sounds like it's being disembowelled.

Gareth Sager — for it is he whose simian growls and belching horn make the answer — hunches forward, torso aglint, and stammers out his solo as bass and drums leap forward with puma-like agility, describing a throbbing African beat.

Behind a sound-screen, studio centre, the father and daughter team of Don and Neneh Cherry rock in time. The younger confines herself to complementary vocal background, whilst Cherry Senior, tall, angular and sporting strides of verdant green, stoops forward occasionally, using a peculiarly shaped African trumpet to paint a landscape of sound with sparse, muted phrases, much as a skilled water colourist might fashion a whole sky and mountain range with a few deft strokes of a wet brush.

The presence of the jazz master — who has played with virtually every jazz giant of the age, not to mention a brief sojourn with Ian Dury last year — lends an authority and urgency to this session, and the four musicians repeatedly flick looks in his direction for confirmation.

Rip Rig And Panic are at work, a memorable fusion of talents and cultures is afoot, music for the new age is being forged in the heart of old London, music that stubbornly resists easy categories and the dictates of fashion and simply roars out the joy and anguish of life. No moaning here: "We hate whiners."

Whether this session will ever reach the public ear remains uncertain. Don Cherry had heard the Rip Rig's debut LP on which his step-daughter Neneh contributes some memorable lead vocals, and was sufficiently impressed to suggest an exploratory meeting of horns. The contrast between his delicate, spatial statements and the rush of Rip Rig's all-out attack make for compulsive listening. "It's quite a wild trip," he says as everyone listens to the playback. "What do you think Gareth?"

"I think you and me ought to go outside and have a wrestle," laughs Sager.

THE RIP RIG LP in question is inescapably one of the most compulsive and innovatory debut sets to be released this year, staking out a new direction for the creative surge of today and singling out Rip Rig And Panic as an important new presence, although the group have in fact been in existence for several months. They made their live debut at designer A. Rebours' nightclub back in January, since when they've added a handful of fitful gigs, their show at London's Primatarium drawing forth round flutings of praise from *Times* critic Richard Williams.

Interest in the outfit was high from the outset since drummer extraordinaire Bruce Smith and multi-instrumentalist Sager were both in the now-defunct Pop Group, and carried that group's peculiar reputation before them.

Ah, The Pop Group; the very name conjures forth a labyrinth of conflicting feelings for the trailblazing Bristol combo. Their spiky, provocative and at times hysterical music, their outraged espousal of humanity's cause, their chaotic gigs . . . all conspired to both attract and alienate, sometimes simultaneously. They were never well understood, even if now they are widely viewed as a vital and influential force in the world of post-punk exploration.

The centre could not, inevitably, hold. The Pop Group split. "It just turned sour," says Smith. "We just stopped feeding off each other," says Sager.

In the aftermath of the split, bassist Simon Underwood went on to form the very wonderful Pigbag, singer Big Mark Stewart to record a contemporary version of William Blake's 'Jerusalem', and Sager and Smith to form Rip Rig And Panic, swiping the name from an old Roland Kirk LP.

They recruited an old schoolmate Mark Springer on piano, and a wandering teenage bassie Sean Oliver, who had first met Sager while busking Last Poets' songs on the London Underground and who had since spent several months with Essential Logic ("absolute torture").

Determined to work without the customary record company pressure to 'direct' a group's output, Smith and Sager sunk such royalties as they had into financing the sessions that produced their album. Insistent that it should appear as two 12" 45rpm discs, they eventually settled on Virgin as a straightforward way to release it on a one-off basis, together with the single 'Go Go Go This Is It' which serves as an ideal introduction to their blend of impassioned vocal and horn statements set to powerful polyrhythms (one hesitates to drop any kind of 'funk' tag on it).

Sager entitled the LP 'God'. A bit modest isn't it?

"No big concept, just something for people to seek out for themselves."

So what about God? "She's a good cat."

THIS IS IT

SAGER, NOW IN his early 20s, is one of the more gifted and madcap personalities currently prowling London's musical underworld. No-one doubts his ability — he plays violin, guitar and keyboards as well as saxes — but many can't handle his boisterous extrovert character, the mischievous behaviour and wild drive that sometimes descends into almost manic self-destruction. "I'd like to slap him hard, like a naughty child," is a typical comment from an exasperated associate.

Sager's self-belief and self-determination tend to lead the charge with the almost equally offbeat Springer and Oliver in tow. Smith provides a steadying influence, a maturity beyond his years. He's just got married to Neneh, who has an unlikely American/Swedish nationality and who has yet to see her eighteenth birthday. Both Bruce and Neneh appear with The Slits, one contributing sticks duties, the other a dancing partner for *chanteuse* Ari Upp, all three being among the occasional motley that goes under the name of The New Age Steppers. All the members of Rip Rig and Panic bring with them unusual backgrounds, Bruce's father being a successful American painter and the drummer having spent his childhood in San Francisco. Springer's parents are Germans who fled the holocaust, and his father a jazz violinist. Sean, born and raised in unlikely Suffolk, remembers his mother giving him a Spanish guitar with exhortations to learn how to play.

The three bright Bristol boys became part of that city's burgeoning 'beat' scene, an oddball west country response to the upheavals of the late '70s, forerunning the current infatuation with things beat by several years. It was much less to do with the traditions of rock — guitar grunge'n'mandies — more to do with the jazz, mushroom'n'scrumpy traditions that still survived from the early '60s.

"The Bristol scene was a big field of people getting into things that had more soul and spirit in them," says Sager. "Different people of different ages always helps; we used to know guys like Pete The Beat. On the other hand we'd all hit the disco scene in a heavy way, that teenage thing. That disco stuff from the early '70s — Bohannon, the Fatback, JB — were better than most of the stuff they're coming up with today.

"It got pretty crazy. People like Weasel were living in trees. I suppose Springer's your man as the one who got us into jazz. He was a freak, he'd be going out and buying

● *rip to page 57*

Baharmy days & nutty nights

Best Sellers moves to the Bahamian island of New Providence where rum mixes freely with rumination and young people elevated to the hot heady heights of 'pop' success let their ambitions . . . and desires . . . run free.
Introducing Pennie Smith
Implicating Ian Penman
and getting round to Madness in about the third episode.

Main pic: Madness find it a squash.

Hot dog takes a bit of Mike Barson.

WE LIVED on . . . *Doritos* nacho cheese flavored tortilla chips ("The Flavor Stands Alone"), white rum, *Cocktails For Two* ready mixed bloody mary, rice 'n' peas and hot tiles. The tropical humidity gets you snappy but drowsier. The beach by day gets you sticky and sandy, matted but meditative.

Dive straight into the swampy depths of a local banana dacquiri (correct pronunciation essential) after bathing. The white rum slams up against the heat. . .and you're guaranteed to *wash* your way back home.

"No one had been on holiday for years so when we first got here it was YIPEE! out in the sun. . .People ended up having baths in cold cream a couple of days later."

THE TWO hour flight from the bohemian islands of New York to the Bahamian island of New Providence was a breeze; excepting that it afforded my only on-holiday brush in six flights with an American airwolf — the true-to-caricature middle-American tourist beast.

A diminutive wife peered over the cusp of her husband's seatbelt buckle to ask me: "Were you at The Wedding?"

Once in three weeks isn't so bad, I suppose.

"No, for some reason we weren't invited," I replied in a brave attempt at pre-emptive humour. It failed to cross the Atlantic.

"You *weren't?* Awwww. . ."

Later, over breakfast, the husband is leaning over mine in an unnecessary move to reach the ears of a peer. The peer is well into his second midday J&B — on-the-rocks — when my left hand man starts itching

something philosophical. "This age we live in. . ." he beams.

The exclamation marks prang about cabinspace as he gesticulates beatifically around our 20th century creature comforts. The peer launches a baffled brow back towards us. "What's that you said? *These eggs wur havin'?*"

Eventually they both get on board the same tangent and my bar stool sociologist concludes his declamation. "Jus' think what they had to put up with somewhere like the 15th century HU HU HU HU!"

I was. Oh, I *was*. What you had to put up with in the 15th century, if you happened to be lounging about in the vicinity of the Bahamas minding your own business, was the like of Christopher Columbus and his God-backed beach parties. What you had to face up to was how 'savage' you were — according, that is, to the tenets and tests of the enlightened European rationalism explorers such as Columbus represented. For example, it was obvious how 'uncivilized' you were since you did not sport a beard. Fact!

Columbus checked into the Bahamas round about 1492. The first footprint on the beach, however, belonged to some Arawak Indian from South America who'd arrived in a canoe some 600 years earlier. The two main immigrant tribes were the Lucayans and the Caribs. The latter inspired our words for cannibal and barbeque — just two of the 16 Arawak words we use today — whilst the Lucayans were a touch more laid back — into hammocks, tobacco, no recourse to weaponry aside from the occasional toot through a conch shell.

Anyway, civilization shackled up the Arawaks from islands everywhere and chartered them off to die in South American mines. Civilization has a way of doing this sort of thing for peoples quite content with centuries of the same stuff they'd always been into.

Bahama comes from the Spanish Bajamar, or *shallow*.

Those Arawaks must've wondered why Columbus clanked when he walked.

Few know it, but pineapples were first produced commercially in the Bahamas.

How do I know it? I learn all these things in a handy guide purchased in a funky Nassau bookstore. My companion opts for a Socialist Party of Bahamas history inversion, but I stick where things are still authorized.

Discovery Of A Nation by Michael A. Symonette. ABOUT THE AUTHOR: "This is a non-history of the Commonwealth of the Bahamas," remarks author Michael A. Symonette. . .His book is a twinkle-eyed guide to 500 years of Bahamian history. A bachelor, he lists his hobbies as golfing, cooking and writing. I learn also that the Bahamas are at present presided over by a Progressive Liberal government. In fact, Michael A. has the Prime Minister doing his Foreward for him — a guy who goes by the name of Lynden O. Pindling.

Wouldn't you smile a lot more if you lived in a place where the sun shone a lot and the person to blame for anything had a name like that?

CHRIS BLACKWELL, if I follow my Symonette correctly, is what is called "a Bay Street Boy" (or something like it). "You cannot become 'a Bay Street Boy'. You are born one — of an old colonial family with money and political power," says Sym, who is one himself.

Chris Blackwell is head of Island Records, his father the other half of something on your pickle jar which runs Crosse & . . .I don't know about political power but Blackwell Jnr owns and runs a nice piece of property in present day New Providence. Blackwell's three year old Compass Point studios are about 15 miles from Nassau, five miles from the island's airport, and sit on a stretch of sand called Love Beach — an unfortunate enough name even before it was immortalized in an ELP album title a few years ago.

An Island leaflet about the studios doesn't beat about the bush, citing the "unquestionable political stability and. . .tax concessions" the Bahamas offer. These factors have made them an "important financial and banking centre". . .and, well, a nice place to record once you've left scruffy, scuffling days behind.

Although visited and utilised by a great many people, Compass Point is probably best known as something of an Island acts commune-cum-playpen encompassing the work or whims (depending on whether one likes it or not) of Grace Jones, Robert Palmer, Tom Tom Club, Sly 'n' Robbie 'n' various supersessioneer chums, plus satelite acts like The B-52s and Plastics, plus producers and engineers like Blackwell himself and Alex Sadkin (co-producers of the last two Grace LPs), young whizz-kid Steven Stanley and recent recruit Paul (son of Jerry) Wexler.

A recent LP whose title showed even less imagination than that ELP is 'Compass Points' by Desmond Decker recorded guess where, produced by Robert Palmer and released on Stiff. If you're wondering why. . .

. . .I haven't mentioned Claude Levi Strauss so far, it's because I opted for the human interest intro and saved this quote from his *Tristes Tropiques* (not so much my holiday reading as temporary unconscious) until now:

"Exploration is not so much a covering of surface distance as a study in depth: a fleeting episode, a fragment of landscape or a remark overheard may provide the only means of understanding and interpreting areas which would otherwise remain barren of meaning."

I BUMP into Madness in studio B on a guided tour of Compass Point, which pretty much adds up to studio A through a corridor to. . .be introduced to Madness.

Madness: what a mass! Ma ss: what a madness!

Madness have been recording their third LP in Compass point for three weeks before I intrude. One week to go. For this expection, the Madness community numbers between 15 and 20, including family and friends. Faces are gradually named for my benefit, but in the waves of tropical heat and similar haircuts it's difficult, especially for a memory worryingly less agile than it used to be.

I know the signs of Suggs and suspect that *that* is Chas (so why do they call him Carl?), and I know Woody who is married to Jane and I recognise Clive Langer over the mixing desk who names co-producer Alan Winstanley (the same two that produced the other two Madness LPs), but that still leaves a lot. Of that lot it is bass player Mark, his omnipresent grin and unruffled air that put me most at ease. He is also the perfect group tension complement to the other — manic — extreme of Carl Smash.

One hour CS is to be found slumped and surly, disengaged from communal banter, TV-dozing, cradling a bit of his trumpet. . .and a bit later you'd swear speeding —in this neck of the woods, *where from* you bugger? — the night away, had you not been briefed by someone quiescent with his wild biorhythmic fluctuations. A little hurricane, that Chas Smith.

"We're getting away from the mellow sound again!"

So I tag. Invited over for cups of tea and bits of TV (a comfort meeting such nice folk so far from home). I sit down and slump along and watch the grounding down and sounding in of a third time out. I calculate casual entrances. I explore areas which would for me otherwise surely remain barren of meaning. I answer questions about, mainly, riots and chart positions. I just jot a lot, mainly.

"It's no different than any other studio. People just come here for tax reasons. . ."

The acquisition of knowledge is hindered by my own self-absorbed shyness, the terrible temptations imposed by the skyline, a working atmosphere which suggests social conversation rather than QUESTION and ANSWER — and the fact that the Mass ive community is working, or waiting to, and that one turns imperceptibly and exhaustingly into the other. This is especially true for the two producers: there's rarely more than one musical member of Madness required at a time — such is the modern recording process — whereas Langer and Winstanley are shackled to the full 12 hour stretch and hardly get to see let alone indulge a sun soaked day.

"I feel like Bjorn Bjorg going about in these shorts all the time. . ."

I'M STARING at an aerosol can of *Sudden Beauty* hair-spray, Superhold New Formula. Most of what I hear is Lee Thompson pressing saxophone into already completed instrumental stretches of new Madness tracks.

A seat squeaks and a saxophone squeals.

They keep going round in circles, round, tracking down right moments and coincidental mixtures, looking for better treasures, trying to construct a more meaningful leisure music. Things are gotten tighter, taped together tight as a dream. Sections are played and played, played and played around with. It's a nerve tiring process. It's surface flaying. It's play working. It's taxing. It's hard tact.

"It sounds as if the sax is out of tune, maybe . . ."

"My saxophone's been out of tune ever since 'One Step Beyond'!"

Lee wheels away a massive baritone on a tiny trolley; it looks like a piece of archaic deep sea diving equipment. out comes the tenor for the afternoon. Another adjustment (croak) another chord (boop) and he enters the music abruptly (press) ruptures the surface and withdraws rudely. He is working on one solo split down into three 20 secondish sections (speed it up) each of which will take upwards of 20 minutes (calm down) to get *just so*.

Contortion (after) contortion. It's like a lush Junior Walker nightstroll with a white cane taking the cues (I mean, sorry) time after time after that. One section (and again) especially niggles. It takes an inordinate amount of time to stalk down the desired timbre. One flustered flurry after another until it's *tight!* and Lee Thompson lets out a victory snarl something between elated and anguished. Played back, the split second post solo snaARGHr! sounds superb (rewind) like a spontaneous soul track first take sigh. YES. Not at all like the near-hysteria relief scream.

The saxophonist wanders round from studio to control room. I tell him his snarl sounds like he scored somebody's winning goal.

"I've been trying to score THAT goal for bleedin' hours."

WAITING FOR some Madness to wander up and warm in, I hang in the wake of studio whizzkid Steven Stanley, who is in the process of mixing a new Hortense Ellis track for Sly 'n' Robbie's Taxi label. Stanley is a young guy with light brown skin, a crowning 'Afro and movements that seem a little soft focused until you catch him in the mixing desk seat. For a good example of what he does there, compare his 12" remix of Grace Jones' 'Pull Up To The Bumper' with the original LP version — compare the split levels and altered states, the ineluctable modal merger of dub irresponsibility and funk vertical take off, an itchy schizo skank: nag nag NAG!

This year he's also working on the just-completed Tom Tom club LP and the soon-released Ian Dury 'Spasticus Autisticus' LP. I don't attempt to interfere but just try and keep track as his noticeably delicate hands go! go! go! go! in a multiplicity of directions, upsetting the balance of as many functions. The gentle flicker of fingers is belied by the brutal cuts in the sound emerging from three pairs of speakers distributed round the control room. The overload of rings and bracelets on Stanley's fingers and wrists only adds to the effect.

Sly wanders in and begins to converse with the now animated Stanley about the tics and tacks of the tune, in a syntax equal parts dense patois and an almost comical sing song scat.

"Goo goo goo goo!" urges Sly, exiting to prepare a piano.

The hi tech equipment of Compass Point is encased in enough pine casing and polished gloss for it to pass as any advert's space age kitchen. In amongst it all, a tiny Madness amp gives up the ghost — faints or falls asleep or dies.

"Hire one from Miami like we did before," is one suggestion.

"Like bleedin' Habitat — good on the outside, crap inside," is another.

Minds wander whilst places are found . . .

"We're pretty big in Russia . . . our T-shirts go for £60!"

The tracks roll round again. The bass walks. The drums talk. Tempers behave themselves. Madness are very social workers and their work is strongly socialist — in invariably arguable or agreeably camouflaged ways. The choices and even crash courses evident on this next LP see that Madness also avoid any hint of self-parody, of sounding how people like me expect(ed) them to sound. The horns and slurred mesh of piano and organ give it a swinging, Southern soul, Allen Touissaint sound. Believe it or not!

Most of the Suggs voices I hear sound remarkably *hurt* — post 'Grey Day' Madness pop gets clammier, less chummy, and peers closer along the broken back of this ingrate Britain.

Words snap into bitter sorrow and sneer all over smoothing pleasantries. 'Mrs Hutchinson' deals with National Health incompetence and national cosiness — set to a 'callous' chin-up knees-up jaunt. 'Day On The Town' is another 'Grey Day', but with a specifically jaundiced subject in its sketch of a lifeless London Town over run by tourists (it sounded good in Nassau: "Summer in London, watery sunshine . . .") An overall anti-complacency nerve pokes through both the fractured and forlorn expressions. Caught in an immaculate funk, it's easy to hear Dury's better moments on 'Do It Yourself'. The new Madness murmurs tilt just as solidly at our dirtier debts, pacts, jokes and tricks.

Madness moving on a mechanical ideological . . . madness (that is what this piece is about: madness, don't you know?).

I TUMBLED OVER Madness in the cadence of the tropics. From what I heard and where I heard it, large portions of the frightening THIRD LP have unimaginable soul splendour. I keep thinking *Allen Touissaint* and telling people who say *no!* and telling myself I'm exaggerating but I'm not. Madness' new found funk is multi-directional, with depth. It isn't a superficial swipe: it isn't surface attractions. It is party music with snares, so much more focused and concentrated than the two Made in Camden LPs. It makes me ponder *and* perspire. Deftly dislocated pop: pop dislocated deftly. (I jumble up Madness in anticipation of my deadline).

"How many drinks does it take . . . to put you in that tropical island mood?"

Concluding this exploration: I can speak more freely. A weight is lifted from my mind. Just one of many scales falling from its eye. And then. A drink will be placed in front of me.

"And then we'll talk; what shall we talk about?"

'SEAL OF APPROVAL' MICHAEL LYE

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GARY NUMAN
Dance (Beggars Banquet)

'These New Romantics are Oh so boring I could swear I've been there once or twice before' (Moral)

LET'S NOT muck around. Gary Numan — spoilt, but why not — is having trouble with all the new competition. He's not used to being bustled: he doesn't like it, and 'Dance' (the first Numan toy you'll have trouble dancing to however perverse you are) is the work of someone who wants to have something to say, who wants to be listened to as detached, seasoned commentator. Formerly the plastic commuter: now the steely eyed and steeled Commentator.

Not long ago the lonely wan was alone in successfully pulping a pulped version of Roxy, Bowie, Eno, Germany into some cheaply clinical, machine-minded, high on syn and low on feature trance pop: he renewed the glam image, made attractive pop patters out of other artists' high life. He was never, though, as he'd like to think, A Leader. No one of any worth will be influenced by Gary Numan, despite his best wishes. Now that he's being swamped by camp gooders similarly influenced, many who are more exciting, now that he's being pushed around by During During, Soft Step, Visage (Visage seems to particularly hurt for Numan) Depeche, The League, Numan is attempting to move into a role as a kind of elder statesman. 'Dance's' tone is certainly world weary: and in a very square and blocked way, 'adult'.

'Dance' is Numan's attempt at getting his music's energy accepted as a serious force, not just a disintegrating teen-type thing, easily excusable and easily avoidable. 'Dance' is a thoughtful response to the new competition: Numan self-controlled and sophisticated.

Numan is not content with being marked down in time as a pre Spandau electro Cassidy, nor can he be happy when sympathisers justify his music as only being valid in the chart context . . . Numan wants to come out on his own, but 'Dance' for all its ambition and its diplomatic illusionism remains part of the pulp class, the class of little class new capitalists who rip away the surfaces of past avant-pop music without ever getting to grip with depth or detail. 'Dance' is an unusually gentle and varied pulp pop LP — lots to note and maybe dote on — but as an intellectual provocation it is limp. By responding to the new competition, by searching for a more satisfying respect, by trying to lift himself out of the teen pool, Numan has ended up in the middle of nowhere! In ways this matters. He's too restless to be satisfied with his new automatic pop parade placings: too inhibited and imprecise to achieve the kind of inspirational resonance he desires. Numan can filter and exploit past noises as sensibly, even as surprisingly, as anyone, but he will never be an original. Maybe not much should be expected of him: but the implication of 'Dance' is that he expects it to be expected.

Numan has felt his way through to a new flexibility, he's taking in warmth and he's watered down the garish colours of his music, extracted all the corniness, cuteness and conventional coldness. Gazza has done his best to eliminate all the unintentional brashness. He's expanded his singing: sounding now like John Martyn being slowly tickled, which is 'human' of a kind, and often a sweet self-parody. Instruments, pace, lengths are varied: song titles are no longer one word. There is a proper rejection of the one dimensional. We lose Numan's bubblegum: we gain. . .drip, trickle, tickle, slip, this maturity.

'Dance', especially side one and especially the opening piece 'Slowcar To China' is Numan's neatest, cleanest and most responsible homage to Brian Eno. The elements of Eno's meditative adjustments and slippy neology are used well, but the fundamentals and the knowledge that Eno's music on 'Another Green World' and 'Before And After Science' — its breathtaking personality, intimacy, grace and irony — are lacking. Numan is very sober: very self conscious about appearing 'serious'. Numan gestures, he throws shadows, and 'Dance' is Eno's more unhurried and uncluttered music without the intrinsic values: discovery, dare, the unselfconscious cultivation of randomness and irrationality. 'Dance' is a better collection that anything Ultravox have done, it's more vivid and absorbing than Foxx's recent work, but, you see, we're back placing it amongst the pulps. 'Dance' does prove that when Numan is judged amongst his proper peers he can come out well. But he wants to be BETTER than those peers. Judge him on high standards and he doesn't make it. Gary Numan is no better than he deserves to be.

So Gary Numan is in this strange limbo. His stuff will sell, but he won't be seriously revered. You want sex a go-go — choose D.A.F. You want tense action — choose Voltaire. You want the real way — choose Eno and Can. You want instant pop thrill — choose Depeche. You want a good giggle — choose Strange. You want silly convention — choose Duran. You want singles of the year — choose Japan, Leer, League. Where does this leave Numan? Sitting pretty sulky: close to feeling inert, just another name, nothing remotely special. The repetitious hit maker — despite his efforts to be aloof and different — set deep inside his own pride and regulated by his paranoia. What matters? Gary, though, does seem quite prepared to fly away from the new competition and the old confusion. He'll just have to get used to the fact that his reputation will never amount to much that is. . .serious.

'I should grow wings and forget the club.' (Moral).

Paul Morley

THE ROLLING STONES
Tattoo You (Rolling Stones Records)

HERE we are! The Rolling Stones have made another album! Depeche Mode and Soft Cell join more established names like Duran Duran at the top of the charts, the trumpet and timbales become the totems of the newest wave of cultural imperialism, Stimulin look to be next month's Blue Rondo . . . and The Rolling Stones pop up again, weathered and sneering, going through their motions as if it's all they want or know how to do.

This may, of course, well be the case. After all, there they were on *Top Of The Pops* looking like they'd paid in full for every 'good time' they'd ever had, old heads on youngish shoulders, stuck in their act and not caring. Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts — who are, as ever, the real faces of the Stones — exchanging sidelong glances of amusement at each other as the three mummies cavort up the front, giving the impression of having gotten The Joke slightly ahead of the front ones.

The Joke is, of course, that The Rolling Stones aren't the slightest bit worried about self-parody. Old rockers like Chuck Berry may succumb to it, contemporaries like Pete Townshend can get into a right angsty old tizz about it and thrash around like a wounded ape worrying about it, but The Rolling Stones will just get up there and be the biggest, grossest caricature of The Rolling Stones imaginable. Wasn't that what they were on that 'Start Me Up' video? And isn't 'Start Me Up' itself little more than a neat, forceful caricature of 'Honky Tonk Woman' right down to Charlie Watts' patented bump and grind drums — Charlie's *still* good tonight, innee? — and Those Chords?

'Tattoo You' is, by some alchemy, a good, minor Rolling Stones album — there'll never be a major one again, and it doesn't matter — which manages to stay mostly within accepted Rolling Stones boundaries without trying any hip ethnicisms of the reggae / disco / salsa varieties.

So there's the usual mix minus a lot of the crap: there's a blues with some rather shaky lead guitar and some of Ronnie Wood's squittering Jimmy Reed mouth-harp licks, a bit of fake country music, one of Keith Richard's pass-the-bourbon-who-gives-a-shit non-vocals, some classic Charlie Watts drumming, a few jams with vocals stuck on top to turn them into songs, one extremely weird psychedelic ramble that doesn't really fit in anywhere and therefore fits perfectly ...

And a couple of fake Temptations numbers at the beginning of the second side which move me more profoundly than I was prepared to believe I could be moved by anything on a contemporary Rolling Stones record. It's got nothing to do with lyrics — which are mostly either inaudible or banal — or guitar solos — which are nothing to write home or anywhere else about, but the rhythms are good and greasy and on 'Worried About You', which opens the second side, there's something wonderful happening on the bass. It's a marvellously compassionate sound — healing, forgiving — and it provides an affecting counterpoint to Jagger's vulnerable, uncertain falsetto.

Traditional Stones fare, in other words. On one level it's an open invitation to castigate them for all the usual reasons — totally uncreative, repetitive, uninspired, irrelevant, clapped-out old junkies snatching the bread from the mouths of the unemployed with their outworn assumptions (cont p. 94) — and of course, there's no defence whatsoever against such charges. I could well have written just such a review myself on a different weekend, and there isn't even a 'Miss You' or a 'Beast Of Burden, on this one to act as the token Good Songs. 'Tattoo You' is The Rolling Stones standing exposed as an ageing rock band with severe musical limitations and a collection of well-worn mannerisms as all that stands between them and oblivion: a tatty old legend long, long past its prime.

For anybody who either lost interest in The Rolling Stones years ago, or never had any interest in them in the first place or who never could tell the difference between them and The Little Roosters anyway, 'Tattoo You' won't change a thing. Part of The Joke is that The Rolling Stones don't matter, even in that very minor sense in which any rock band can be said to matter, and their total irrelevance even within current popular music has freed them to just be The Rolling Stones and stop worrying about it. Nothing to get worked up about. The Rolling Stones have made another album, that's all.

Charles Shaar Murray

SIMPLE MINDS
Sons And Fascination / Sister Feelings Call (Virgin)

AFTER THREE LPs and a label switch, Simple Minds really should know better than to be persisting with an "innocents abroad" strategy. While they might argue that 'Sons ...' / 'Sister ...' are excursions into virgin territory they've got no excuse for forgetting all that they'd learnt with their last Arista record, the excellent 'Empires And Dance'.

On that one they'd worked out an exciting way of dealing with the confusion of being strangers in strange lands, a subject Jim Kerr talks so compellingly about. By translating their travellers' impressions into rich disco epics they were able to relate their awe of *being there* and a finely tuned sense of place to their coming to terms with alien ideas and different cultures. Going by this two LP set, though, they exhausted their capacity for new experiences in Europe, as these disjointed travelogues suggest they were too overwhelmed by the old / new world of America to do anything other than report what they saw, folded in with what they'd heard about Americans elsewhere. Naive amazement would be enough if they were willing to settle for expressing just that, but they rather pointlessly present the knowledge they gained as some enigmatic voyage of discovery without

□ continues over

□ from previous page

letting on the location of the departure point. The packaging doesn't help: one LP — Sister Feelings Call' — could be a pleasantly abstract exposition of other's baffling riddles. (Or, more likely, just another ill-conceived Virgin marketing manoeuvre.) Venturing inside, the track listing reads like a set of particularly obtuse crosswords anagrams — '70 Cities As Love Brings The Fall' 'Careful In Career' — and little more is revealed by Kerr's impossible cryptic lines, which are held together in place of 'Empire's narrative threads by the slightest of associations.

Only if seen as a reflection of the group's fragmented state of mind following their American trips do the songs begin to make sense — not that sense itself is necessarily important if Kerr's jumpcut imagery formed a potent montage of information and colour instead. Sadly they rarely work in either the concrete or the abstract.

'In Trance As Mission' (of 'Sons ...) almost reaches a workable compromise between the two extremes, it being an effectively wrought acknowledgement of Simple Minds' sudden loss of perspective. Gliding on a slowly uncoiling keyboards melody, Kerr's ever dark, eternally grand voice outlines the dreamlike state they've been reduced to by the perpetual motion of an American trip.

Though no masterpiece, it is only bettered on 'Sons ...' by the set's one transcendent moment, 'This Earth That You Walk Upon'. The tune's inexorable movement recalls the epic sweep of 'Empires' while, in the song's concern with establishing an identity to avoid being lost in the whirl of the world, Kerr achieves a rare moment of lucidity: *What's your name? What's your nation? / Sense of order, sense of speed / Earth that you walk upon ..."*

Elsewhere, Simple Minds are accomplished enough to suggest what they're not prepared to state clearly. The music is at times claustrophobically close, at others sharply descriptive of great yawning landscapes and the imminent excitement of approaching cities. The instrumental 'Theme For Great Cities', from the looser, more palatable 'Sister Feelings Call' is quite simply the most deliciously wanting electronic melody that Gary Numan never recorded, one of the most beautiful since Kraftwerk's 'Neon Lights'.

Unfortunately in their pursuit of perfection they've lost the lurching disco movement that made them Europe's most modern exponents of travel music and what they've gained in poise and sophistication only emphasises the uncertainty of the songs. Add to that the increased outrageousness of Kerr's incredible vocal conceits and a large gap begins to form between the weight shape of Simple Minds' music and its actual content. This sort of gap, between lofty ambition and banal realisation, was the breeding ground for the pomp of the early '70s.

Such an accusation doesn't really apply to the simpler companion LP 'Sister Feelings Call', but only the rigorous execution of 'Sons And Fascination', plus its (imagined) preoccupations with the real world (the title track might be about American hearts and minds strategies) prevent it from being so arraigned. That their detractors have plenty of evidence to make out a case against them is Simple Minds' own fault. They probably envisage the collection as some labyrinthine test for the listener. I think most will only find its mystery excessively and inexcusably laboured.

Chris Bohn

Jim Kerr's Simple Mind.

ORQUESTA LA SOLUCION
La Solucion (LAD — import)

THE YOUNG lords that roamed *No Man's Land* — that densely populated ten block patch between 115th and 125th Streets on Manhattan's Lower East Side — were referring to Salsa as *La Nueva Ola* (The New Wave) around the same time as both Carlos and Jorge Santana released their first albums. The guitarists passionate *moderno* interpretations of the *Barrio* pulse-beat found instant favour with those youthful Spanish-speaking Cuban and Puerto Rican expatriates who identified with the majestic self-pride, sensual strutting and provocative body language this extrovert dance music exalted. And while a decade later impish August Darnell takes it upon himself to further contemporise the genre for the masses, Orquesta La Solucion continue their seemingly inexhaustible run as America's *numero uno* Salsa seller from New York to Miami Beach.

Directed by bassist Robert Rivera, this nine-man aggregation is multi-directional, being adept in subtly shifting the focal point between the *loving-tongue* lead voices of two of the four percussionists Jose 'Frankie' Ruiz and Jaime 'Megui' Rivera, the seinging block-chord piano of Edgar Valez and the deceptive bite of a lush three trombone backline.

It's these scintillating vocal performances as much as anything that enables Orquestra La Solucion to file patent on a joyously spirited, deeply soulful identity.

Artistry of the quality attained herein is becoming increasingly rare and should not be seized upon for any transient chicness but enjoyed for its uncompromising virtues.

Roy Carr

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ALTERED IMAGES
Happy Birthday (CBS)

1981. THE year the pop world wakes up to the new pop (Teardrop and U2) and the year new pop wakes up to the pop world (The Human League and Soft Cell). But as the rush goes on the debut album from young, bright Scottish band Altered Images leaves them stranded at the starting post.

Altered Images should be part of the motion, incision and wit of the new noise. What you expect is a group driven by urgency and fresh desire, rearranging the form and colour of the music. As a group in the post Buzzcocks mould they have all the component parts: the graphics, the scratchy guitar, softness of touch and irregularity of shape. But 'Happy Birthday' shows them allowing themselves to be shoved unfeelingly into the marketplace — youth ironed out, ineffectual material pampered, ineptitude mangled and sealed into a tidy package as low on gloss as it is on substance.

Altered Images are often compared to The Banshees, an odious analogy and one that the group are anxious to avoid. Rightly, too: they give awe instead of cynicism, light charming songs instead of pseudo intellectual exposes, generally fizzy bop rather than gothic slop.

The group's sound is fragile and needs a careful hand at the controls, only one song here is treated accordingly. The Images seem to acknowledge this themselves by making 'Happy Birthday' an intro, an outro and a single. It's produced by Martin Rushent — a tremendous rush of clear, sharp and pure pop power forcing even the most unbiased Banshee fanatic to remark on the difference between this track and the rest of the Steve Severin produced material.

That said, the actual songs on side one, 'Real Toys' and 'Idols' in particular, sound as though the song writing ability doesn't always offer the necessary ingredients to shape a successful record. There's not enough contrast or twisting going on, Altered Images' movement away from the rock race isn't all that profound. The guitar and drum drill stays on a rote format, Claire's breathy charm becomes clammy and more than a little grating.

Ultimately this record gives the impression of being made as the result of external pressure rather than inner creativity. Altered Images are offering too little too soon, farming for an illusive flowering pop dream but the seeds they sow are falling on barren ground. And the dream stays the way it is — out of reach.

Gavin Martin

Claire's Altered Image. Pic: Peter Anderson

URGH! A MUSIC WAR
Various Artists (A&M)

I COULDN'T be certain about this, but I think 'Urgh!' is the soundtrack to a nasty horror movie, featuring 27 different acts in concert. (Usherettes will, presumably, press valium into your hand as they lead you to your seats . . .) The album (a double live set) was recorded at various venues in London, Paris and America, during last August and September, and is already hopelessly out of date.

Most of the contents fall nicely into one of two categories:
'Who the hell are they and why do they bother?' (Wall Of Voodoo, Oingo Boingo, Klaus Nomi, Alley Cats, Fleshtones, X) and 'Whatever happened to . . ?' (Athletico Spizz '80, The Members, XTC, Jools Holland, Joan Jett, Gang Of Four, John Otway, 999 and Skafish). Unless Joan Jett screaming *"Never been afraid of deviation don't care if you think I'm strange . . ."* or XTC doing Motorhead impersonations excites you in any way, then none of the above are worth the vinyl they're pressed on.

Which leaves us with: Steel Pulse, The Police, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Go-Go's, Devo, Echo And The Bunneymen, Au Pairs, Pere Ubu, Gary Numan, The Cramps, Magazine and Toyah. (Wouldn't you just love to punch Toyah?) Out of which could be scraped a barely tolerable live EP, with a hint of sparkle from Gary Numan, The Cramps, Devo and the Bunnymen.

In all though, the New Wave Monster in all its vile glory. Kick it as it limps, dying, into a pauper's grave.

Kirsty McNeill

DAVID JOHANSEN
Here Comes The Night
(Blue Sky)

THE THIRD solo LP by the ex-New York Doll finds him at a dead-end; hung up on all kinds of rock'n'roll trivia, stranded on the sandbanks of history and fashion.

The Dolls may have been a vital link between the fag-end of glam-rock and the first stirrings of the punk blitzkrieg but Johansen's solo work is strictly mainstream and far less interesting. In place of the Dolls' engaging ramshackle sleeze, he slugs it out on sub-raunchy rockers and overblown ballads that are notable only for their crassly sentimental versions of adolescent lust and New York street-life. His first two LPs did have their highspots — 'Frenchette', 'Melody' — but 'Here Comes The Night' is so much hack work, not least due to a graceless band — led by ex-Beach Boy and co-writer Blondie Chaplin on guitar — whose clotted hard rock backing is barely more than a noisy plod, while their assay at reggae on 'Rollin' Job' is embarrassing.

Johansen must take the blame for his lyrics, though: a patchwork of rock cliches on love, sex, jealously, parties, fun never once enlivened by an original thought or witty line. It's a teenage view of life sung in the world-weary voice of a man old enough to know better and it just sounds grotesquely dumb.

'Here Comes The Night' is not the night of rock'n'roll promise — of sex, style and sassyness — it imagines itself to be. It is the night of oblivion, of an artist vanishing in the darkness, after the last flicker of imagination has gone.

Graham Lock

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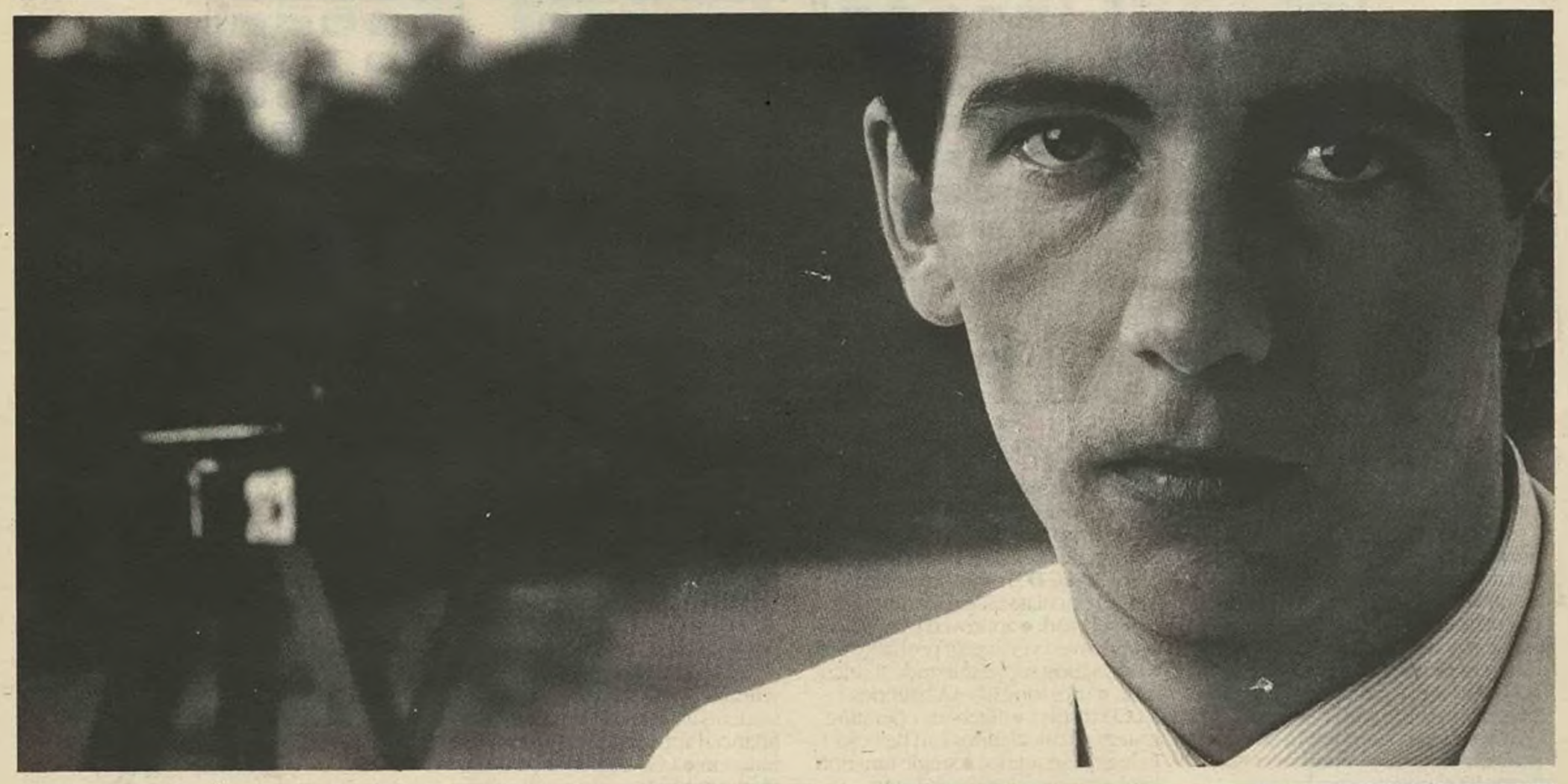

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ISLAND

ROBYN HITCHCOCK
Black Snake Diamond Role (Armageddon)

THOSE OF us who never could see all that much of worth in Syd Barrett's music, either solo or with that group he used to be with, will be hard pushed to understand why anyone should want to set themselves up as heir apparent to whatever "throne" he was supposed to have parked his arse on.

Robyn Hitchcock may not actually have said so in so many words (and in interviews he'll probably deny ever having heard any of Barrett's dreary whimsy), but 'Black Snake Diamond Role' gives the rather unsubtle impression of someone trying on the Madcap's coat of many colours — even though it's left up to us scribes to allot such roles in black and white certification.

To give him his due,

Hitchcock's making most of the correct noises — even if a great many of them sound a little, ah, *anachronistic* after all these years — and utilising a few more recent additives that fit, like the wide, warm ADT on the vocal track to 'The Man Who Invented Himself'. In fact, 'BSDR' is quite a pleasant little record on a purely musical level, less patchy than the Soft Boys' albums, though lacking anything as exhilarating as 'I Wanna Destroy You'. *Nice*, y'know?

What really boils my beef about this record is the lyrics — a selection of Dylanesque nonsense parables with undoubtedly "deep" inner meanings — and the way they're put across, the vocals so far forward and "correctly" enunciated they're almost screaming out for attention they don't merit. I think we're being "told something" here, in the sickly absurdist-allegorical code that passes for lyricism in this neck of the woods . . .

For instance, is the phrase *"All aboard Brenda's iron sledge"* a sexual metaphor or a drug reference? If so, who cares? If not, who cares? In fact, who cares *what* it means? Has anyone got the stomach to decipher this kind of psychedoggerel anymore? Does anyone still *really* believe one human rock-music-playing being has anything vaguely approaching insight and/or intelligence to impart to the world in general and the youth of Britain in particular?

Apparently so, if we're to believe (or at least treat with a certain seriousness) the nascent rumblings of a psychedelic revival in our midst. Hitchcock may — who knows? — end up as mainman or hero of some kind with such a movement, in which case we can expect tedious two-page interviews with the oracle dedicated mainly to explicating the imagery of dross like 'Acid Bird'. God help us all.

For the time being, though, the New Psychedelics — The Cult With No Taste — can keep this particular lightning-rod to the muses to themselves. They're welcome to him.

Andy Gill

THE ROCKATS
Live At The Ritz (Island)

EVEN THIS early in their career, I should imagine that The Rockats are well pissed off with the hand dealt them. In their original guise as Levi & The Rockats, this youthful Anglo-American fivesome (along with Whirlwind) more or less predated *nouveau* Quiffabilly. Such was their national media coverage Stateside that The Rockats came remarkably close to achieving the impossible — breaking into the Big Time without benefit of a record deal. As the American Wax industry is notorious for its inability to recognise the first symptoms of a potential new craze (only equipped to milk it), The Rockats were able to build up their impressive collection of A&R rejection slips.

After fair warning, The Quiffabilly fad erupted on this side of the Atlantic, which meant that The Rockats — stuck in the wrong place at the right time — are still flicking their cat clothes free of the dust kicked up by just about every whippersnapper from The Stray and Pole Cats right through to the all tough acts to follow. This isn't the moment to instigate a chicken-or-the-egg enquiry, but visually (check guitarist Barry Ryan's abnormal blond pompadour and flashy threads), The Rockats can't help but get themselves compared to The Stray threesome — yet another obstacle for them to surmount.

Initially rushed-out in limited quantity within 48 hours of being taped at the New York Ritz, this artefact amounts to a vigorously honest representation that could possibly enable The Rockats to gain lost ground before mass-market interest peaks. Now, an abundance of (genuine) enthusiasm compensating for all manner

of other deficiencies is a widely-held misconception attributed to 'real gone' state-of-the-art rockabilly. But those seminal artists who survived the initial adrenalin rush of the early '50s were fortunate enough to have the material to support their unworldliness. It wasn't just the Devil who had all the good tunes; as Elvis affirmed, Leiber & Stoller were an equal match.

Within the established present limitations of the style, The Rockats' vitality and instrumental adeptness is very much in evidence throughout Eddie Cochran's 'My Way', The El Dorados' 'At My Front Door' and 'Room To Rock'. But 'Go Kat Wild' is where The Rockats truly mean business. Dibbs Preston hammers home his most assertive vocal whilst his sidekicks reveal a dynamic sense of purpose not always found on other tracks. This song, if rerecorded, could prove to be the stuff from which (at the very least) moderate-size hits are carved.

However, for Quiffabilly to survive beyond its current fashion and not be moth-balled until a future generation is again attracted by its garishness, then the genre must discover a means of developing.

Elvis Presley managed to pull that one off and conquered the world. Well, the way I see it, the stricken ol' planet is again up for grabs.

Any takers!!!

Roy Carr

LIGHTNING STRIKES

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Terpsichore (EMI)

A FLIPPANT, cosmopolitan compilation of, er, futuristic snippets. Lots of moody etherealisms, dark oblique voices, a few melodic moments and an effete giggle or two. A hazy, lazy, coffee-table disc posing as an exotic flit through a temple of indolent delights. Presented by Falcon Stuart who aint no Arthur Mullard.

Dave Hill

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Street To Street Vol. II (Open Eye)

ANOTHER LIVERPOOL compilation, but a flatly insipid follow-up to Volume I. Only two tracks by Systems (makers of last year's likeable 'Scenery' single) show something like life and excitement. The others (many taken off the recent 'Episode 3' cassette LP) comprise Egypt For Now, Cooling Towers, Games and Chinese Religion. And a listless brigade they are too: waxing drear and mysterious, hiding a lack of ideas behind opaque names and meaningless enigma. A curiosly *reluctant* album — sounds like it was recorded at gun-point.

Paul Du Noyer

STARGARD
Back 2 Back (Warner Bros)

WITH THE appearance in our midst of a new Ultravox single (symbolically pressed on transparent vinyl), the illusion is again perpetrated that Bowie is the first person to immediately recheck when inspirationally bankrupt. Similiarly, contemporary Black American music more than ever appears to rely upon what's previously been overlooked in Sly Stone's back catalogue. This slap-dash Norman Whitfield affair leads off with Little Sister's sensual tease, 'You're The One', but whereas the 1970 Sly Stone creation left absolutely no doubt as to the object of the lady's desires, Stargard are unmoved by a particularly hard back track (the only one on the entire album) and could, for all anyone knows, be cooing at their own reflection in the powder room mirror.

Roy Carr

HILLY MICHAELS
Lumia (Warner Bros)

A DECEPTIVE foundation of perky synths, snappy drums and humming guitars and a glossy facade of peppermint-pop consciousness Hilly echoes Plastic Bertrand, Snips, Sparks and The Boomtown Rats — all bores together. Obscurity.

Julian Wilde

CHARLIE DORE
Listen! (Chrysalis)

SHE HAS Joni Mitchell's voice, cheekbones (just) and beret but Charlie must have dropped the sense of adventure somewhere back along the trail. Even Ian Underwood and Celab Quay fail to inject any real highlights into the pastels created by Charlie and producer Stewart Levine. Listen! Counting sheep is cheaper and just as effective.

Julian Wilde

NAZARETH
Greatest Hits. (Vertigo)

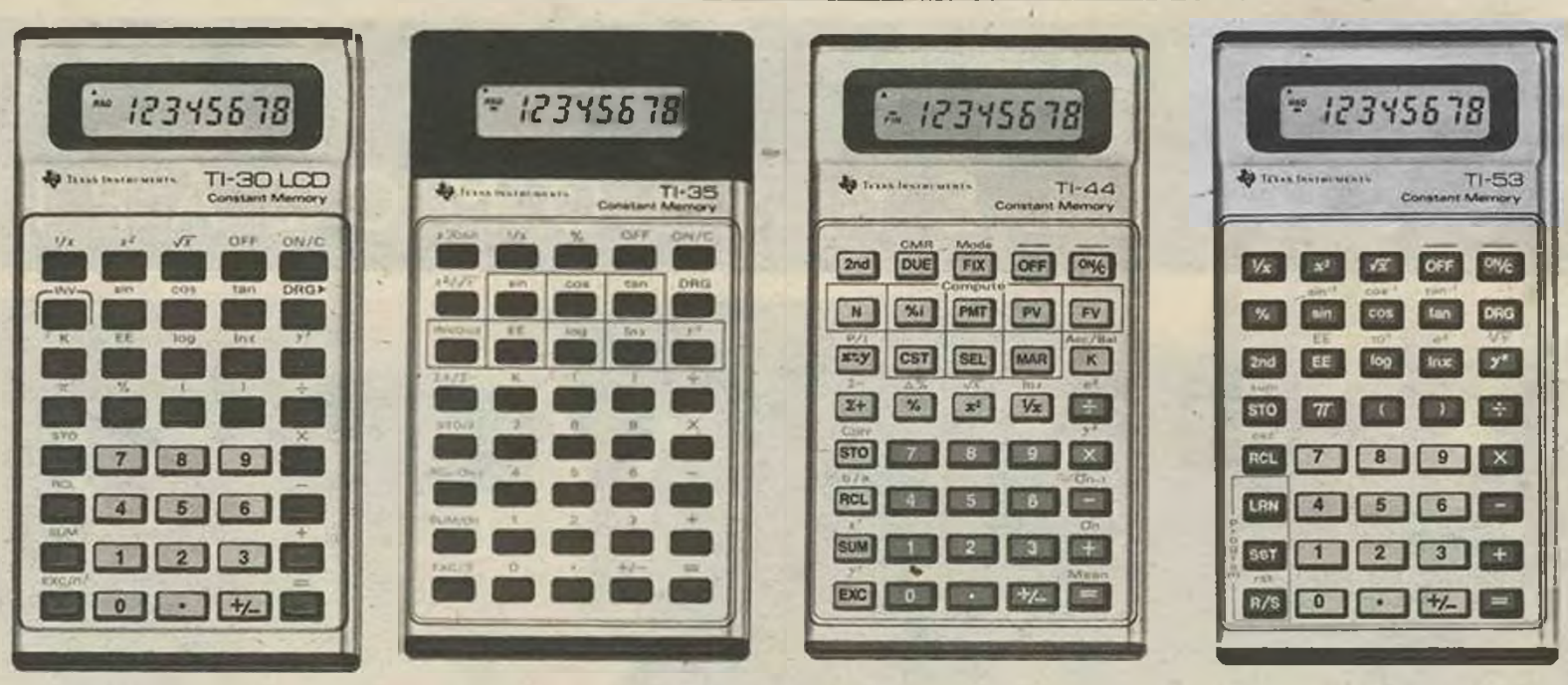
PIMPLE-PINCHING voice, pelvic parades, paltry plods and pretend pandemonium. A smouldering dog-end for nostalgic masochists. "Ill Rock 'Hard' Dei Nazareth", rejoice the Italian sleeve-notes. Oh, the truth it hurts.

Dave Hill

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



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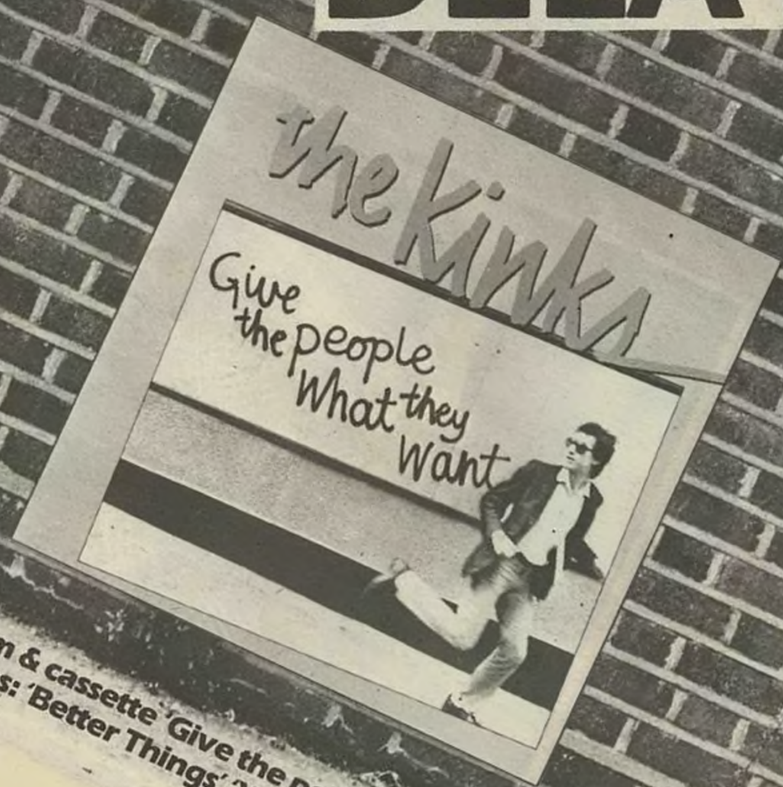
TEXAS INSTRUMENTS
LIMITED

the Kinks

Give the people What they Want

DELAYED



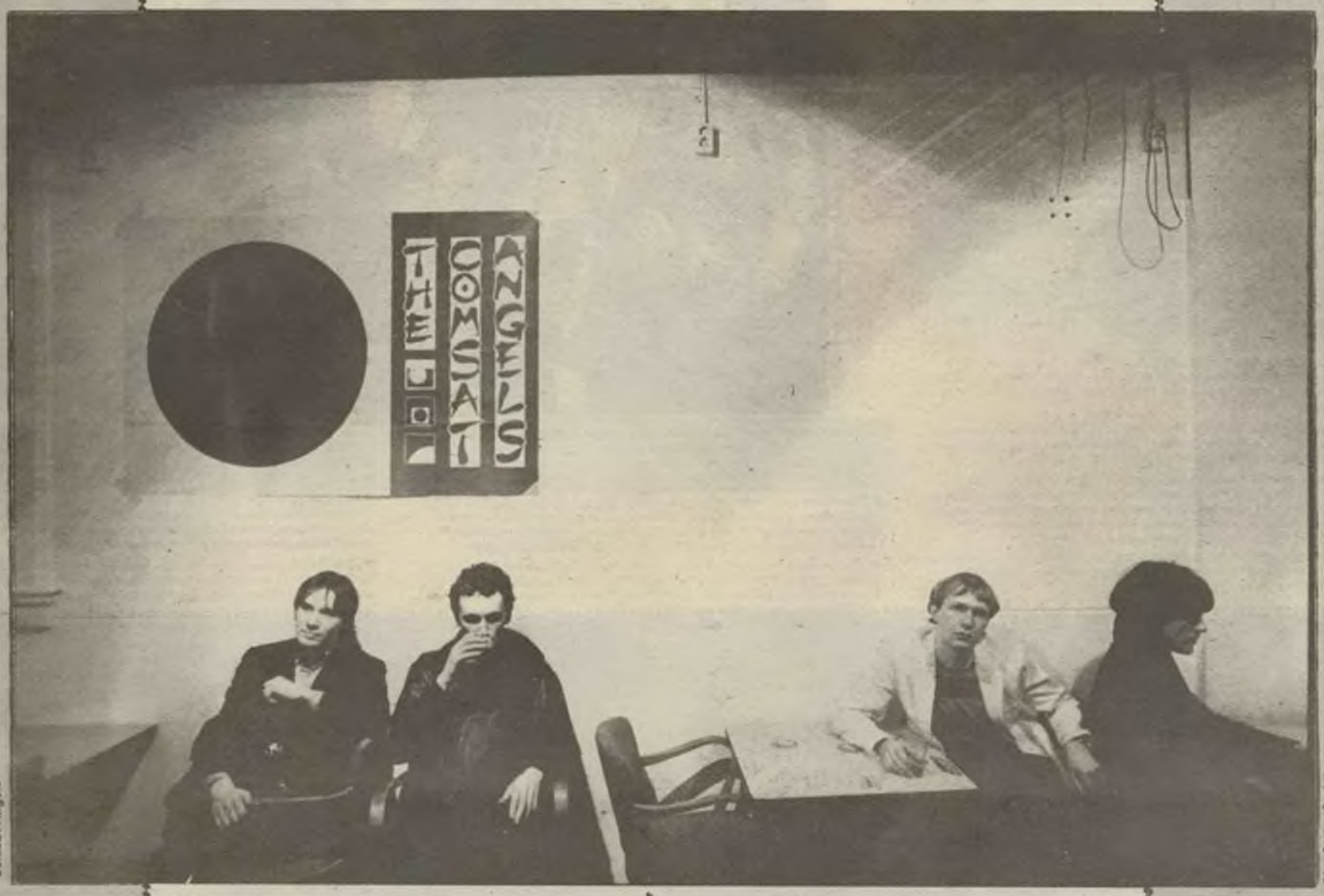
New album & cassette 'Give the people what they want' includes: 'Better Things', 'Yo-Yo' and 'Predictable'.

Konk records and tapes

THE ROLLING STONES
TATTOO YOU

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE
OUT NOW
INCLUDES THE SINGLE 'START ME UP'

TOUR NEWS



Comsat Angels

Pic: Anton Corbijn

☐ **COMSAT ANGELS** and **The Sound** co-headline on tour shortly, each band taking turns to play top spot on the bill.

First dates to be announced are: Edinburgh Nite Club (September 18), Aberdeen The Venue (19), Kirklevington Country Club (20), Manchester Poly (22), York TA Centre (23), Leeds Warehouse (24), Birmingham Opposite Lock (26) and Bath Tiffany's (27). Comsat are also playing the gig for the unemployed, at Sheffield Poly on September 25.

☐ **BOW WOW WOW**, who seem to have sorted out their album-sleeve problem, are playing four dates before embarking on a tour of the States. They return to Britain in October for a full tour which will coincide with the release of that much publicised LP which, RCA lead us to believe, will be titled 'See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Gang Yeah! City All Over! Go Ape Crazy!' Meanwhile, those four dates are: Leeds Warehouse (September 3), Grimsby Central Hall (4), West Runton Pavilion (5) and Stafford Bingley Hall (6), the last gig being part of the Futurama festival.

☐ **MISTY IN ROOTS** have announced a string of dates to coincide with the release of their 'Wise And Foolish' album, which emerges on the People Unite label this month. Dates are: London Kings Cross St James Hall (September 10), London Porchester Hall (11), Gloucester Jamaican Club (12), Oxford Cowley Centre (18), Huddersfield Cleopatra International (19), Bournemouth Town Hall (25), Acton Town Hall (26) Brighton Top Rank (October 2) and Stevenage Oval Community Centre (3).

☐ **HUMAN CONDITION**, the group headed by **Jah Wobble**, will be playing a gig at London's Collegiate Theatre on September 13. The gig will be recorded and cassette copies will be available from specialist shops the next morning. This, the group claim, is their way of freeze-framing and documenting their constantly changing set. Also in the works is an already recorded 12" single, which is likely to emerge on their own Human Condition label. Though it's not definite, the disc is likely to feature a piece called 'Sleazy'.

☐ **ANDROIDS OF MU** plus **Rubella Ballet** play a benefit for and at London's St James Church, Pentonville Rd, Kings Cross on September 4

Androids

☐ **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** are the first band to play a new Thursday gig — at 'Extreems', New Regent, West Street, Brighton — which kicks off on September 3. Also lined up for future dates are **Blue Orchids** (10), **Why Worry Orchestra** (17), **Blurt** (24), **OK Jive** (October 1) and **Modern English** (8).

☐ **THE COMIC STRIP**, a show featuring emerging comedians **Alexei Sayle**, 'The Outer Limits' (**Peter Richardson** and **Nigel Planer**) and '20th Century Coyote' (**Rik Mayall** and **Ade Edmondson**) goes on the road later this month, visiting: London The Venue (September 16), Glasgow Curzon Cinema (18), Edinburgh Nite Club (19), Newcastle Jesmond Cinema (20), York Drill Hall (26), Kirklevington Country Club (27), Leeds Hofbrauhaus (28), Sheffield Poly (29), Manchester Oscar's (October 1), Southampton University (4) and Brighton Cine Scene (5). The tour coincides with the Springtime Records release of a live album 'The Comic Strip' and a single 'Pop-Up Toasters' by **Alexei's Midnight Runners**, an outfit who bear an uncanny visual resemblance to some other 'beat combo'.

☐ **DR HOOK** commence a 16-date tour of the UK at Manchester Apollo on October 16, and then move on to Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Preston Guildhall (19), Glasgow Apollo (20 and 21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bristol Colston Hall (27), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (28), Birmingham Odeon (30 and 31), London Wembley Arena (November 2 and 3), Southampton Gaumont (4) and Brighton Centre (5). Ticket prices for all venues are £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 except Wembley Arena, where they're £6.75, £5.75 and £4.75. All concerts start at 7.30pm and feature a yet-to be-announced support act.

☐ **UK PLAYERS** start a 16-date tour on September 15 to coincide with the release of their A&M single 'Girl'. Opening gigs are Southampton Top Rank (September 15), Middlesex and Herts Country Club (16), Colwyn Bay (18), Southend Queen's (19) and Brighton Sherry's (20).

☐ **THE ROLLING STONES** have announced that they will be touring the USA from September 25, when they play a concert in Philadelphia, through to December 8, when they close in Washington. It is therefore a certainty that no British dates will be undertaken before early 1982 — if then.

☐ **THIRD WORLD'S** UK tour, details of which were only released last week, has been cancelled. Though no official explanation has yet been received, one source claimed: "I think the band wanted to do another album before they did the tour."

☐ **HAMBI AND THE DANCE**, whose 'L'Image Craque' single emerges from Virgin on September 18, move out of Liverpool in October to play Salisbury Technical College (October 2), Derby Lonsdale College (3), Warwick University (4), Glasgow Technical College (7), City of London Polytechnic (16), Watford College (23), Portsmouth Polytechnic (24), Keele University (November 18), Worcester College (20) and London City University (25). Further dates are being arranged.

☐ **DOLL BY DOLL**, whose 'Caritas' single has just been released by Magnet, play a one-off gig at London's Marquee club on Saturday, September 12, where the support will be **Manufactured Romance**. The band undertake a comprehensive UK tour in October.

● *Continues over*

NEWS FLASH

SURF'S UP IN SUDBURY!

BEACH BOYS 3rd Annual Fan Convention takes place at Elms Hall, Church Gardens, Harrow Road, Sudbury, Mddx on Saturday, September 12. Videos, including one of the 1981 USA TV Special, will be screened and there'll be auctions and raffles, one of the prizes being an original set of *NME* Beach Boy articles by Nick Kent, autographed by the lad himself! Admission is £2.00.

RAVE ON!

***THE BUDDY HOLLY Story, Mister Rock'n'Roll, Let The Good Times Roll, Shake, Rattle And Rock* are the films to be screened as part of the Buddy Holly Rock'n'Roll Movie 'Week', which takes place September 7-11 inclusive. The event will be held at London's Electric Cinema in the Portobello Road and *The Buddy Holly Story* will be screened along with a different second feature each night. Some '50s newsreels and adverts will also be screened, the price of this McCartney-masterminded shindig being four shillings (20p) per night.**

ANOTHER NME FIRST!

OUR AUGUST 15 *Newsflash* regarding the advent of a two-hour weekly reggae and blues show on Northern Ireland's Downtown Radio was premature to say the least. So far, nothing more than a short pilot demo has been recorded and no decision about such a show has been made. We apologise to Downtown for this inaccuracy and also to Terri Hooley, whose Good Vibrations shop was mentioned in the report.

NEWS FLASH

ELVIS — MORE OWED THAN OWING

BETTER OFF dead? The US Internal Revenue Service claims that the Elvis Presley estate still owes over 14 million dollars in taxes and say that the estate tax returns have failed to include all profits derived from enterprises embarked upon prior to, and since, El's death — even the property value of Gracelands, where Presley and his parents are buried, has come into question. Meanwhile, further trouble would seem to be looming for Colonel Parker. A government suit, filed in a Washington Tax Court, claims that Elvis did not receive his fair share of profits under his contract with the Colonel.

NO MORE WALKIES IN THE WINDY CITY

CHICAGO CITY Council is considering banning Sony Walkmans from the streets following an incident in which Alderman Louis P Farina nearly ran down a cyclist engrossed in the output of his tape-deck. If the ordinance goes through, then cyclists or car drivers caught wearing headphones could be fined $50.

MASSIVE 1982 FESTIVAL PLANNED

PETER GABRIEL and Robert Fripp are among those participating in a massive cross-cultural festival already being planned for 1982. The venue will be 'somewhere in Somerset' states the organisers' first communique. Stay tuned for further news

COMSATS, SOUND FOR JOINT TOUR

RECORD NEWS

● **Paul Carrack** this week confirmed that he was joining **Carlene Carter's** new band **The CC Riders**, playing keyboards alongside **Martin Belmont** (guitar), **James Eller** (bass) and **Bobby Irwin** (drums). A single by Carlene Carter and the band is being released by F-Beat this week. Titled 'Do Me Lover' / 'If The Shoe Fits', the A-side comes from a forthcoming album 'Blue Nun', which was produced by **Nick Lowe**. Carlene Carter And The CC Riders will play a string of selected UK dates during September and October, one of which will be an engagement at the London Venue on October 3.

● **Heaven 17's** debut album has a Virgin birth on September 18. And, yes, it will include 'Fascist Groove Thang'! Expect a tour of selected discos to be announced shortly.

● **Depeche Mode's** third single for Mute arrives on September 7. The A-side is titled 'Just Can't Get Enough' while the B-side is an instrumental called 'Any Second Now'.

● **Cedric Myton**, lead singer with **The Congos**, has signed a solo deal with Arista and releases his first single, 'Can't Take It Away', this Friday. The single, which is on **The Beat's** Go-Feet label, comes in both 7" and 12" versions and is listed as by Cedric Myton And The Congos. Myton previously contributed backing vocals to The Beat's 'Wha'ppen' album.

● **Godley-Creme** release 'Ismism', their second Polydor album, next week. The duo are currently producing the new **Boomtown Rats** single in Ibiza and also piecing together a video for **Duran Duran**.

● **Virgin Prunes, Lemon Kittens, Lol Coxhill, Kevin Coyne, Mark Perry, Eyeless In Gaza, Morgan-Fisher, Robert Fripp** and ten others contribute previously unreleased tracks to 'Perspectives And Distortion', a Cherry Red compilation that's out this Friday. Also available now is a Cherry Red info booklet called *New Puritan*. It's completely free and contains news and items on Cherry Red artists and the New Puritan movement in general. If you want a copy, just send a SAE to 53 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2.

● **The Kinks** release their first studio album in more than two years on September 4. Titled 'Give The People What They Want', it's on Arista and features tracks cut at the band's own studios during May and June this year.

● **The Dead Kennedys'** 'Holiday In Cambodia' single is to be re-released in both 7" and 12" form on September 11. The disc was originally issued in July 1980 and has been deleted for the past nine months.

● **Marianne Faithfull's** 'Dangerous Acquaintances', **Toots And The Maytals'** 'In My Neighbourhood' and a compilation titled 'Tropic Of Beat', figure among Island's releases for September. Island will also be issuing **Pete Shelley's** debut album for Genetic, the new label formed by producers Martin Rushent and Alan Winstanley.

● **Sugar Minott's** next single, due out in late September, will be a version of the Addrisi Brothers' 'Never My Love', a song which provided The Association with a US No 2 back in 1967.

Sisterhood Of Spit pic: Val Wilmer

● **Sisterhood Of Spit**, the 20-piece all-woman jazz big band, are one of the acts featured on 'Making Waves', a compilation LP of all-women bands on the new indie label Girlfriend. Other acts on the LP, which will be distributed by Rough Trade, are **Amy And The Angels, The Androids Of Mu, The Belles, The Guest Stars, The Gym Slips, Ministry Of Marriage, The Mistakes, The Nancy Boys, The Real Insects, Rock Goddess** and **The Tango Twins**. A gig, featuring several of the bands, is planned for early October to coincide with the LP's release.

● **Tom Verlaine's** second solo album for Warner Brothers comes out on September 4. This one's called 'Dreamtime' and features the former **Television** mainman in the company of drummers **Jay Dee Dougherty** and **Rich Teeter**, bassist **Fred Smith** and guitarist **Ritchie Fliegler**.

● **The Cramps** release their new 12" single on September 11. Titled 'The Crusher', the A-side is taken from the 'Psychedelic Jungle' album. The B-side is formed by two new recordings, 'Save It' / 'New Kind Of Kick'.

● **Ray Campi's** 'Rollin' Rock Singles Collection' and newly recorded 'Rockabilly Man' are among the Rollin' Rock label's mid-September album releases, others being **Johnny Legend's** 'Soakin' The Bone' and **Jackie Waukeen Cochran's** 'The Lonesome Drifter'.

● **Gary US Bonds**, back in the limelight following his liaison with **Bruce Springsteen**, is the subject of a 'Greatest Hits' collection, coming your way via Ensign Records on September 8.

TOUR NEWS

● *continued*

GILLAN, after headlining at Reading, are preparing to embark on a mammoth UK tour which begins on October 31 in Leeds and ends in London on December 22. The full itinerary reads: Leeds University (October 31), Manchester Apollo (November 2), Sheffield City Hall (4), Edinburgh Odeon (7), Aberdeen Capital (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Dundee Caird Hall (11), Newcastle City Hall (13), Liverpool Empire (15), Preston Guild Hall (17), Bradford St George's Hall (18), Carlisle Market Hall (19), Hull City Hall (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25), Swansea Top Rank (30), Bristol Colston Hall (December 1), Cardiff Top Rank (2), Guildford Civic Hall (3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7), Great Yarmouth (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Oxford New Theatre (12), Brighton Dome (14), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (21 and 22). Before their round of gigs begin Gillan should complete work on 'Double Trouble', their half live, half studio album, which Virgin hope to issue in early October.

INNER CITY UNIT, **Nik Turner's** band, hope to plug their Brit Bizzy Boogie and Benidorm single by a series of gigs inside and outside various travel centres. On September 9 they turn up outside Thomas Cook's in London's Leicester Square, then move on to Iberia Airways in Regent Street, the British Airways Terminal at Victoria and finally the West London Air Terminal in Cromwell Road. September 10 sees ICU welcoming the afternoon flight from Benidorm at Luton Arrival Lounge, which on September 11 they hope to dismay arrivals at Gatwick. But they should be arrested long before then.

BLACK ROOTS, the Bristol reggae band, are playing a number of dates this month in order to promote 'Bristol Rock', their new single for Nubian. They visit: Leicester Highfield Community Centre (September 5), Salisbury St Edmund's Art Centre (16), Winchester College Of Art (24), Bath Moles Club (25), Bristol Legalise Cannabis Festival (26) and Bristol Coconut Grove (27).

RAVENNA AND THE MAGNETICS, the young US rockabilly outfit fronted by a female vocalist, fly in from Seattle this week to appear at the following London venues: Fulham Greyhound (4), Dingwall's (5), Fulham Greyhound (11), Herne Hill Half Moon (12), The Embassy (14), Rock Garden (19), Hampstead Moonlight Club (23), Fulham Golden Lion (24), Leytonstone Oliver's (27), King's College (October 9) and City of London Poly (29). The band will also be filming at Fulham 3 date on September 6 plus a number of German gigs.

ROCKY BURNETTE will front the original band led by his father **Johnny Burnette** at this year's Caister Rock 'n' Roll Weekend Hop on November 6-8. The band, who played on many of Johnny's hits, will play a set that is to be recorded for a forthcoming live album. Though **Ronnie Hawkins** has postponed his appearance until next year, **Frankie 'Sea Cruise' Ford** will be appearing, along with such rockers as **Crazy Cavan, The Crazy Cats, The Stargazers, Flying Saucers, Shades, Black Cat, Johnny And The Roccos, Phantoms, Delias, Zip Guns, Fifties Flash, Wild Wax** and **Wildcat Pete**. Tickets are priced at £25 — which includes chalet accommodation.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON OF THE FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
6, 7 Joe Jackson
9, 13 Crusaders/B B King
13,14 Michael Schenker
15 Bobby Bare
17 Desperadoes
25 Simple Minds
28 Vic Damone
28 Hazel O'Connor

OCTOBER
2 Nazareth
4 Dead Kennedys
5 Donovan
5 Grateful Dead
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
10 Sad Cafe
11,12 Steve Hackett
15, 16, 17 Ultravox
16 John Miles
18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
24,25 Saxon
26, 27, 28 Santana
28 Janis Ian
30,31 The Shadows
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
7 Styx
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
20 Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark
21,22 Judas Priest
25 Peter Skellern
25, 26 Thin Lizzy
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

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SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
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THE CHEFS + Exploding Seagulls

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THE BUMPERS
+ Miles over Matter

Tuesday 8th Sept £1.00
SFX
with Alan Murphy & Tony Beard

Wednesday 9th Sept £1.00
THE POPE
+ Small World

Thursday 10th £1.00
TO BE CONFIRMED: LOOK FOR NEXT WEEK'S AD!

THE Venue
160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

Main Band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 3rd September £2.00
B. MOVIE
+ Thunderboys

Friday 4th September £3.00
MERGER
D.J. LEO

Saturday 5th September £4.00
CHI-LITES
Featuring Eugene Record
D.J. LEO

Monday 7th September £2.00
DADDY YUM-YUM
+ Jump Squad + Edukators

Tuesday 8th September £2.00
MODERN ENGLISH
+ Drowning Craze

Wednesday 9th September £4.00
SUGAR MINOTT
with Black Roots
(Featuring Jackie Mitto and Rowland Alphonso) + Musical Youth
+ Sandra Laban
D.J. LEO

Thursday 10th September £2.00
BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ London Underground
+ King Trigger

COMING SOON

Friday 11th & Saturday 12th September £3.00
Q-TIPS
• Reality D.J. LEO

Wednesday 16th September £4.00
COMIC STRIP

Friday 18th September £4.00
THE DESPERADOES
with Taj Mahal & Viv Stanshall

Saturday 19th September
5.00pm show, under 18's £2.00)
(8.00pm show, over 18's £3.00)
DEPECHE MODE

Thursday 24th September £2.50
THE MEMBERS

Friday 25th September £3.00
THE INMATES

DARRYL HAYDENS MOD CLUB

CLARENDON CAVERN, HAMMERSMITH BDWAY
EVERY SUNDAY
Sunday 6th September
PURPLE HEARTS
+ Hidden Charms

WHITE HART, UXBRIDGE RD, SOUTHALL
EVERY MONDAY 8-12
Monday 7th September
Voted Best Group At The Rainbow All-Dayer
HIDDEN CHARMS

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday September 5th 7.30 pm
JOE JACKSON JUMPIN' JIVE
+ DOLLY MIXTURE

Tickets £3.00 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL More Dunstable and Luton, DJ Holland Bletchley and Leighton Buzzard, Hi Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford or £3.00 at door on night. Life membership 25p
JIM JAM JUMP IT'S THE JUMPIN' JIVE
MAKES YOU NINE FOOT TALL
WHEN YOU'RE FOUR FOOT FIVE

★ La Rox ★
Monday 7th Sept
Zero 6, Southend
Wednesday 9th Sept
Marquee, London

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 3rd September £1.50
THE BLUE CATS + The Deltas

Friday 4th September £1.50
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND + Ravenna & The Magnetics

Saturday 5th September £1.50
JO-ANNE KELLYS SECOND LINE
With Special Guest Sam Mitchell

Sunday 6th September Free
DISCO

Monday 7th September £2.50
UK SUBS + Support

Tuesday 8th September £2.50
UK SUBS + Support

Wednesday 9th September £1.25
TURANO SAWYER (ex-Joe Cocker, ex-Crusaders)
+ 3 x A Day

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1412

Thursday 3rd 75p
THE MGs

Friday 4th £1.00
45's

Saturday 5th £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE

Sunday 6th 75p
BILLY FRANKS & Caper

Monday 7th 75p
JOHN SPENCER

Tuesday 8th 75p
DUCK SOUP

Wednesday 9th 75p
DOWNBEATS

Thursday 10th 75p
SUTTEL APPROACH

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

Thursday 3rd £1.00
ANDYS ALLANS FUTURE

Friday 4th £1.00
RED BEANS & RICE

Saturday 5th £1.00
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Sunday 6th £1.50
DOLLY MIXTURE

Thursday 10th £1.50
JOHNNY MARS BAND

Fri 11th — TBA
Sat 12th — Chefs & Mood Elevators
Sun 13th — A Flock of Seagulls
plus support most nights, phone for details
HAPPY HOUR BETWEEN 9-10pm
ALL BITTERS (inc Real Ale) 50p pint

TOP RANK SUITE, BRIGHTON
The Organization presents
CLINT EASTWOOD
with **INITY ROCKERS** + *Black Harmony*
Friday 4th September at 8.00 pm — Tickets £3.00 Adv
Virgin, Cloaks, Subway, Top Rank — 0273 25895

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6153

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30pm - 10.30pm

Wednesday 2nd September £1.50
AMAZON
+ The Boolie

Thursday 3rd September £1.50
TERRY VISION & THE SCREENS
+ Don't Panic

Friday 4th September £1.75
GUILT EDGE
+ Boys Will Be Boys + Datura

Saturday 5th September £1.75
STOLEN PETS
+ The Bronx

Sunday 6th September £1.50
007
+ Distant Echo

Monday 7th September £1.75
Norwich Night Out
RED STAR BELGRADE
+ CARL GUSTAV & THE EIGHTY-FOURS
+ VITAL DISSORDERS

Tuesday 8th September £1.50
WORLD SERVICE
+ The A-Levels

Wednesday 9th September £1.50
MOTHERS RUIN
+ The Vampires

Thursday 10th September £1.50
THE METS
+ Support

BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE
& Derek Block in association with Dave Woods presents
Siouxsie And The Banshees
PLUS SUPPORT
FRIDAY 4th SEPTEMBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·00 in advance, £3·50 on door
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS

100 CLUB,
100 Oxford St W1
Friday, 4th September
JAZZ-SALSA-FUNK
with
CAYENNE
+
MACONDO
£1.50 JCS/100 £2.25 others
8.30pm - 1am late bar
Ring (01) 580 8532
(01) 636 0933

OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, SW9 737 4904

Thursday 3rd
Free **AIRSTRIP ONE**
+ Boys Will Be Boys

Friday 4th
Free **DODGER**
+ That Red Stuff

Saturday 5th
50p **TALKOVER**
+ Rockin Kurt

Sunday 6th
Free **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS**
+ Jodo Hain

Monday 7th
Free **TALK LIKE THAT**

Tuesday 8th
50p **A BIGGER SPLASH**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

28th August–4th September
CLOSED FOR RE-DECORATION
(Well a slap of paint, anyway)

Saturday 5th September £1.25
THE BARRACUDAS

Sunday 6th September £1.00
SAD AMONG STRANGERS

Monday 7th September £1.00
BOP NATIVES

Tuesday 8th September £1.00
FOREIGN PRESS

Wednesday 9th September £1.00
THE VARIATIONS

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

Thursday 3rd September £1.50
CHINA CRISIS
+ The Editors

Friday 4th September £1.50
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ We're Only Human

Saturday 5th September £1.75
ALTERNATIVE TV
+ The Models

Monday 7th September £1.50
THE HIGSONS
+ C'est la Vie

Tuesday 8th September £1.50
PHILIP JAP
+ Empty Vessels

Wednesday 9th September £1.50
NAKED LUNCH
+ Orange Cardigan

D.J. BEEF BOX

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

Thursday 17th September £3.00 adv
SIMPLE MINDS

Friday 25th September £3.00 adv
NAZERETH

Saturday 3rd October £3.50 adv
SAD CAFE

Saturday 24th October £££££ 3.50 adv
THE BLUES BAND

Friday 2nd October £3.00 adv
U2 + Comsat Angels

Thursday 22nd October £3.00 adv
JUNIOR WALKER
+ ALL STARS

Friday 30th October £4.00 adv
GILLAN
+ Budgie + Nightwing

Friday 20th November £3.50
STRANGLERS

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks Lincoln — In the Groove, Alnold — Rock It, Ilkeston or by Post from Rock City, please enclose SAE

FINAL SOLUTION AND HEAVEN PRESENT

OVER 18's ONLY. HEAVEN IS UNDER THE ARCHES AT CHARING CROSS, WC2. TICKETS £3.00 FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK, BONAPARTE AND PREMIER BOX OFFICE OR ON THE NIGHT

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath BR night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 3rd September
Rhythm and Blues
JOHNNY MARS
+ Fer Canal

Friday 4th September
Psychedelic Night
BUMPERS
+ Maire & The Underdog

Saturday 5th September
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Tangeant

Sunday 6th September
Heavy Rock
MONTAGEREAL ESTATE

Monday 7th September
Heavy Rock
MINUS TIRITH
+ English Rogues

Tuesday 8th September
WRECKLESS ERIC (2 sets)

Wednesday 9th September
NEAL KAYS
Heavy Metal Soundhouse

Thursday 10th September
NO DICE
+ Ultraine

101 CLUB
101 St John Hill, Tel 01-223 8309

Wednesday 2nd September £1.00
A Psychedelic Night
THE BUMBERS
+ Mo-Lang

Thursday 3rd September £1.00
THE LINES
+ Dodger

Friday 4th September £1.50
MIKE KAHN BAND
+ The Refreshers

Saturday 5th September £1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Souls Valiant

Sunday 6th September £1.00
Flying Ducks Night
WORLD SERVICE
+ A Levels

Monday 7th September £1.00
ACCELERATORS
+ Hit & Run

Tuesday 8th September £1.00
THE SCREAMING HENRYS
& The Valtones

Wednesday 9th September £1.00
THE HEARTBEATS
+ One Ego

Whisky a'gogo
Tuesday 8pm
DOLLY MIXTURE
+ The Chefs

Opens 9pm - 2am
Adm £2.00 before 10.30
£2.50 after

35 Wardour St
London W.1

SUNSET JAZZ
3 North End Crescent, W14
Tel: 603 7006

Thursday 3rd September
JO-ANN KELLY'S SECOND LINE (R&B)
Friday 4th September
DIGBY FAIRWEATHER FRIENDS
Saturday 5th September
ROOT JACKSON
+ THE GB BLUES CO
+ Tom Nolans Blues Busters
Thursday 10th September
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Friday 11th September
CHRIS BARBER

HOT SAX
wanted

for modern sharp Stax/Dexy's Band (Sheffield Based)

Must relish lots a gigs!!

Ring Bill
Bankhouse Ents;
048 489 2478/3939

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

ZOUNDS
THUR. 3 SEP. "Their thrash is exhilarating and light headed.....more garage band than punk" NME

FLYING PADOVANI'S
FRI. 4 SEP. An oddly likeable mixture of Shadows/Ventures, add punk and vivid improvisation

LEVI DEXTER
SAT. 5 SEP. Dexter was perfecting perpetual Mo-mention in '77. Since then his classy Rockabilly act has zapped audiences here and in the U.S.A.

SUN. HEARTBEATS + CIVILISATION + ROGUE'S GALLERY
MON. Carte Blanche + Roulette + Jagged Edge
TUE. AIRSTRIP ONE + IDLE FLOWERS + RHYTHM TRICKS

THE CHEFS
WED. 9 SEP. Bright, bouncy, clever pop from London quartet who can number at least 3 hit 45's in their set.

BERLIN BLONDES
THUR. 10 SEP.

IMBIBERS' NOTE! Sedation happy hour - 7.30pm to 9.30pm every night. Drinks are half price

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 AM till 9 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1424 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

* THE 100 CLUB *
100 Oxford Street, London W1

Thursday 3rd September
BLACKHEART
+ Damaged Youth

Tuesday 8th September
CHELSEA
CHRON GEN
VICTIMS OF PESTILENCE

AIRSTRIP ONE
September Dates

Thurs 3rd — Old Queens Head, Stockwell
Fri 4th — Basement Bar, Clardendon, Hammersmith
Tues 8th — Rock Garden, Covent Garden
Mon 14th — Electric Stadium, Chadwell Heath
Sat 26th — Starlight Club, West Hampstead
Mon 28th — Gossips, Dean Street, Soho

music for PSYCHOTHEQUES
for bookings contact
Freezned Entertainments
01-659 5818/01-761 5377

MCP presents MSG
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
plus THE STARFIGHTERS

ODEON THEATRE
HAMMERSMITH
SUN 13th & MON. 14th SEPT. 8.00 p.m
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. 01 748 4081/2 and usual Agents

FUTUROK STARS
Available Now!
BERLIN BLONDES
ROK STARS E2R
BASKING SHARKS
VLIOs
STUDIO 45
+ Many More
BANKHOUSE ENTS
Holmfirth, Huddersfield, Yorks
048 489 2478/3939

Kiltorch and Regular Music present

SIMPLE MINDS

APOLLO GLASGOW
SAT. 19th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.75 from box office, Renfield St., tel 041 332 9221/2

APOLLO MANCHESTER
SUN. 20th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Ardwick Green, tel 061 273 1112

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
MON. 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Northumberland Rd, tel 0632 20007

ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
TUES. 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Roe Street, tel 051 708 7811

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS. 24th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, New Street, tel 021 643 6105

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRI. 25th SEPTEMBER 8pm
tickets £3.50, £3.00 and £2.50 from box office, Queen Caroline Street, W6, tel 01 748 4081 and usual agents

Plus Support

FUTURAMA·3
New Bingley Hall — Stafford 1981

SATURDAY 5th SEPTEMBER
GANG OF FOUR
BAUHAUS
the HUMAN CONDITION
(JAH WOBBLE : JIM WALKER : ANIMAL)
THE PASSIONS
THEATRE OF HATE
O.K. JIVE
THE SOUND ★ FELT
23 SKIDOO ★ THE LINES
REVENNA AND THE MAGNETICS
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
PONDEROSA GLEE BOYS
ANOTHER COLOUR
CROWN OF THORNS
SISTERS OF MERCY
REALLY
MY SILENT WAR
WITH GUESTS:
TYMON DOGG
AND MARTIN BESSERMAN (POET)
(1pm — onwards)

SUNDAY 6th SEPTEMBER
SIMPLE MINDS
(AT 9pm)
BOW-WOW-WOW
(AT 7pm)
DOLL BY DOLL
MODERN EON
EYELESS IN GAZA
THE DIAGRAM BROTHERS
VIRGIN PRUNES (from IRELAND)
BLUE ORCHIDS ★ UK DECAY
HAVANA LET'S GO ★ SECTION 25
THE HIGSONS ★ LUDUS
MARTIAN DANCE ★
B-MOVIE ★ EVEREST THE HARD WAY
THE TEASET ★ CRY
VENA CAVA

guest: **RICHARD STRANGE**
ROK STAR AND STEVO
(noon — onwards)

Both days — LASERS : VISUALS : STALLS etc.

FREE CAMPING FACILITIES *(or sleep in the Hall)*

Buses to and from Stafford

TICKETS £6 EACH DAY or £10 BOTH DAYS

From: JOHN KEENAN, P.O. BOX HH9, LEEDS 8 LS8 1AN
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OR ON NIGHT

Postal Orders and S.A.Es. only
Late info (0532) 663252

Imitation Is a Capatilist Form Of Flattery How For Your Soul?

Nationwide Gig Guide

Blue Orchids. Pic: David Corio

Bow Wow Wow. Pic: Kevin Cummins

THE COMSAT ANGELS, bless 'em, headline the weekend bash at Stafford New Bingley Hall. Their place in the Futurama drama is sometime on Saturday, along with Everest The Hard Way, The Meteors, O.K. Jive and Crown Of Thorns. Futuramalamalama continues unabated on Sunday with Blue Orchids, B-Movie, Doll By Doll, The Diagram Brothers and Havana Let's Go among the suitors.

FRESH FROM their recent media blitz, Bow Wow Wow raid Grimsby Central Hall on Friday. Nothing fishy about that one.

ON THE subject of blitz, The Beat and Nine Below Zero benefit and benefit from their involvement in the CND gig at Tickford on Saturday.

Thursday 3rd

The Birthday Party: Brighton

Bingley Arts Centre: **The Elements**
Birmingham Barrel Oargan: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **720**
Bradford Club Metropole Pub: **Surfin' Dave**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Alhambra: **In Steps**
Brighton New Regent: **The Birthday Party**
Cambridge Sound Cellars: **Pencils**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Johnny Mars**
Chadwell Heath The Greyhound: **Johnny Mars & Far Canal**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coleshill George & Dragon: **The Armpit Jug**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Pigbag**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Bauhaus**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Babelfish**
Glasgow Dial Inn St. (West Regent St.): **The Imprints**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Barracudas**
Leeds Brannigans: **Spiral Visions**
Leeds The Warehouse: **Bow Wow Wow**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Madame**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Searchers**
London Fulham King's Rd: **M.G.s**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Plumstead Bag O'Nails: **The Escorts**
London WC1 Gossips: **The Frantix**
London W. Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Birds With Ears/This Colour/Kino Mundo**
London W1 The Horseshoe: **24 Hours**
London Bond Street Embassy Club: **The Original Bucks Fizz**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zounds**
London Dean Street Pizza Express: **Rafael Rays**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Marvin Gaye (3 days)**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
London Hammersmith Glarendon: **Future Daze/The Silence**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Andy Allen's Future**
London Old Kent Road Green Man: **The Chicanes**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett: **Hit & Run**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Dynamite Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Airstrip One**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **No Mystery/Jump/Grunt**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spoilers (3 nights)**
Peacehaven Coppersongs: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Quinton Punch Bowl: **The Set**
Reading The Target: **Midnight Sun**
Scunthorpe Tiffanys: **Coast To Coast**
Stockport Smugglers: **Urbane Gorillas**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Ray Campi**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Dark Star**
Yeovil Somerset Inn: **Martin Carthy**

Friday 4th

Bauhaus: Edinburgh

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bolton Blighty's: **Matchbox**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Brighton Alhambra: **Kino Mundo**
Brighton Top Rank: **General Saint & Clint Eastwood**
Cambridge Sound Cellars: **Modern Jazz**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Charlwood Rising Sun: **Martin Carthy**
Chelmsford Oden: **Ray Campi**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **Coast To Coast**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Coventry Rhyton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Edingburgh Nite Club: **Bauhaus**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **Dark Star**
Fylde Folk Festival: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Gillingham Central Hall: **Spider**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Bow Wow Wow**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Life Of Riley**
London Fulham King's Rd: **45's**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Chickenshack**
London Herne Hill Half-Moon: **Electric Guitars plus Deadbeats**
London N1 Pentonville Road St. James Church: **Androids Of MU / Rubella Ballet**
London Southall White Hart: **The Three Laws**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Marillion**
Newbury Waterside Civic Centre: **Relay / Under Offer / Minor Details / Outer Limits**
Newcastle City Hall: **Michael Shenker Group**
New Cumnock The Glens: **The Imprints**
Sheffield The Lion: **Further Experiments**
Sheffield The Lion On The Wicker: **An Ordered Life**
Shfnal The Star: **Micro-Dots**
Southampton British Transport Club: **Breathless**
Spalding The Birds: **The Pleasure**
Sutton Red Lion: **Rednite**
Leeds Brannigans: **Private Dicks**
London Bond Street The Embassy: **The Original Buck's Fizz**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Manufactured Romance**
London Dean Street Pizza Express: **Red Norvo / Tal Farlow Trio**
London Finsbury Park Nativity Club: **Shake Shake**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Mainland**
London SE18 The Ship: **Hepatitis Risk**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Tammy Clime**
London Southall White Hart: **Fad Gadget**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Streatham The Park Taverne: **Hoi Polloi & The Ploy**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **OK Jive**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Guilt Edge / Thunderboys / Datura**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wishaw Crown Hotel: (lunchtime): **The Pets**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Shader**

Saturday 5th

Nine Below Zero: Tickford

Aylesbury Friars: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bolton Blightys: **Matchbox**
Borehamwood Civic: **Clientelle**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Language From Memory**
Chadwell Heath The Greyhound: **Chemical Alice**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Coast To Coast**
Coventry General Wolfe: **D.T.'s/Borderline**
Dudley J.B's: **Berlin Blondes**
Edgeware Montrose Playing Fields: **Treatment / Psycho Hampster / As Above So Below / The Phil Inn Band**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Restricted Code**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **John Peel / The Twinset / The Dreamboys**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Shader**
Kingworn Quinzie Neuk Hotel: **Dark Star**
Leeds Brannigans: **Dance Chapter**
Leighton Buzzard Vandyke Road Youth Centre: **Play Dead/Battery Park**
London Bond Street The Embassy: **T.B.C.**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitzbrook**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Levi Dexter & The Ripcords**
London Dean Street Pizza Express: **Red Norvo/Tal Farlow Trio**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Dawn Patrol**
London Hampstead West Moonlight Club: **The Chefs**
London Hayes The Brook House: **The Attendants**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **King Trigger Plus Mouse & The Underdogs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Barracudas**
London Leytonstone Red Lion: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Suttel Approach**
London N19 Ormond Road: **The Papers**
London NW1 The Cellar: **Kityske Will**
London Plumstead Lord Raglan: **The Escorts**
London Putney, Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Wreckless Eric**
London Westbourne Grove Shakespeare: **Harfoot Brothers**
London West Hampstead Starlight Toom: **Stolen Pets/The Bronx**
Neath Talk of the Abbey: **Level 42**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spoilers**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Quartz**
Retford Porterhouse: **B-Movie**
Rowington Green Village Hall: **The Armpit Jug Band**
Saffron Walden SIACO Social Club: **The Work**
Shifnal The Star: **Future Toys / Active Restrain**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **Futurama: Comsat Angels / Crown Of Thorns / Everest The Hard Way / Felt / Meteors / OK Jive**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Ray Campi**
Sunderland The Old 29: **Prophet**
Tamworth Arts Centre: **Michaels Nightmare / Instant Oblivion**
Tideford CND Concert: **The Beat / Nine Below Zero etc.**
Titchfield Coach & Horses: **Martin Carthy**
Warrington Lion Club: **Spider**
Walsall The Spring Cottage: **Dismal Jacket**
Wilmslow British Legion: **Permanent Wave**
Wilmslow Royal B.L.: **Permanent Wave / Helen Watson**
Woking The Cricketers: **Relay**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Xpertz**

Sunday 6th

Dolly Mixture: London, Hammersmith

Ashington Central Club: **Prophet**
Bingley Arts Centre: **George Melly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **720**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Montage Real Estate**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rockola Big Band**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
East Kilbride Dreadbeat Club: **Misty In Roots**
East Kilbride The Gemini: **The Imprints**
Edgely Bungalow Club: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Misty In Roots**
Glasgow, Burns Howff: **The Optics**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Berlin Blondes**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Bond Street Embassy Club: **T.B.C.**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for 4 days)**
London Dean Street Pizza Express: **Red Norvo/Tal Farlow Trio**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Stagestruck**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Five**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The World Service**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Blue Cats/Chicanes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Dolly Mixture**
London N11 Standard Social Club: lunchtime **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Cobras R'n'B**
London Putney White Lion: **The Hampsters**
London Snaresbrook The Eagel: **Martin Carthy**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Wide Open (evening)**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Bones Of Contention**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bop Natives**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **007/The Distant Echo**
Manchester Apollo: **Michael Schenker Group**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **Spring Offensive**
Pontefract Blackmore Head: **Spider**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jake Thackray**
Royston Railway Hotel: **Que Bono**
Slough Alexandra's Blues Club: **Brian Knight Band**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Brian Knight Blues Band**
Southend Zero Six: **La-Rox**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **Futurama/Blue Orchids/B Movie/Doll By Doll/Diagram Bros/Havana Let's Go**
Walkden The Bull's Head: **J. G. Spoils**
Woking The Cricketers: **Arris**

Monday 7th

A Certain Ratio: London, Charing Cross

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Sticky**
Birmingham Locarno: **Twinkles Bros / Xpertz**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Dark Star**
Cleethorpes Pepper's: **Sider**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rogues Gallery**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds The Warehouse: **Virgin Prunes**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **A Certain Ratio / Swamp Children / Jazz Defectors / Nightvision Video /**
London Clapham Junction 101 Club: **Accelerators / Hit & Run**
London Essex Road Carved Red Lion: **Mouse & The Underdog**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Streetwalkers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Airstrip One**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Southall White Hart: **Dolly Mixtures**
Southampton Tiffany's: **Level 42**
Southend Zero 6: **La-Rox**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Talk Like That**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Tooting The Castle: **Night Voyage**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Red Star Belgrade / Carl Gustav & The 85's / The Vital Disorders**
London W1 Gilray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Sheffield Maples: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Southend Zero 6: **La-Rox**
Walkden Bulls Head: **Shader**
Watford Bailey's: **Chi-Lites**

Tuesday 8th

Wreckless Eric: Chadwell Heath

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn The Bay Horse New Inns: **J.G. Spoils**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Dead Giveaway**
Bradford Tiffany's: **Level 42**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Decisions**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Paul Downes/Phil Beer**
Birmingham Albert's Wine Bar: **The Editors**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Duff Party**
Glasgow Mayfair: **Altered Images**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Shader**
Keighley Kings Head: **96 Tears**
Leeds Cinderellas: **Berlin Blondes**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All Stars Jazz Band**
London Fulham King's Head: **Duck Soup**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Speed'os**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Foreign Press**
London Marquee: **Amazon/The Heartbeats**
Lonon Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Starlight Club: **The World Service**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **A Bigger Splash**
London Tottenham Prince Of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **The World Service/The A Levels**
Manchester (Stretford) Moulin Rouge: **'Victor Mature' Ex-Local Heroes**
Perth Ramickans: **Dark Star**
Scarborough Tiffany's: **Level 42**
York Olde Worlde Club: **Spider**
Watford Bailey's: **Bucks Fizz (3 days)**

Wednesday 9th

Level 42: Burnley

Aylesbury Brittania Club: **Marillion**
Batley Blades Club: **George Melly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Burnley Tiffany's: **Level 42**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Plugs**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Neal Kay's HM Soundtrack**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel: **The A Levels**
Croydon Cartoon: **Monkey**
Derby Old Bell: **Michael's Nightmare**
Harrow Roxborough: **The Hamsters**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Xero**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Papers**
London Dean Street Gossips: **The High Tide**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Downbeats**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Fix**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Variations**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Kinghtsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Issacs Duo**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Escorts**
London SE18 The Ship: **The Battz**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Dummies Don't Talk**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hot Sox**
London, Wardour St Marquee: **Ld-Rox**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Thunderboys**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Mother's RuinPThe Vampires**
Manchester (Ashton) The Shades: **Politicians**
Manchester Peter St Gallery: **Dr Filth**
Sheffield Royal Hotel: **Mortuary In Wax**
Southampton Gaumont: **Michael Schenker Group**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Winchester Railway: **The Secret**

Thursday 3rd September
THE EAGLE HAS LANDED (John Sturges 1977). One of those films that has everyone and everything except you and your interest — this one employed Michael Caine, Donald Sutherland, Robert Duvall, Jenny Agutter and Donald Pleasance. A breathlessly 'cryptic' plot that ... bored already? I guess we can always laugh at Michael Caine's accent if he's cast as a German or wait for Pleasance's monocle to fall out if he is. **(ITV)**

Friday September 4th
FLARE UP (James Neilson, 1969). Racquel Welch plays a go go dancer (as much as she has ever played anything, except on her figure) on the run from a psychopath. Could it be anything to do with the Muppet Show she was special guesting in over on t'other channel earlier tonight? Put that axe down, Ms. Piggy! **(BBC)**

Saturday September 5th
OBSESSION (Brian De Palma, 1976). To De Palma's 1976 what chum Scorsese's Taxi Driver was to his — the crossroads between cult and box office status; and both films have a Paul Schrader script and a Bernard Herrmann score in common. De Palma traces a clammy labyrinth of illusion and duplicity around Cliff Robertson's widower and the woman whose likeness to his dead wife spooks him out (Genevieve Bujold). A cert for everyone 'cept vertigo sufferers. (Silly cineaste's joke for *le grand auteur celebre* M. Smith of Gillingham). **(ITV)**

Saturday September 5
ROMANOFF AND JULIET (Peter Ustinov, 1961). Ustinov wrote, directed and produced this overblown piece of whimsy, which liberates Shakespeare's narrative and sets it free with anarchic relish in Modern Times, where the fatally opposed families now go by the names of America and Russia. Sandra Dee pouts. **(BBC1).**
LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSY (Sidney J Furie, 1970). If you can manage to avoid extreme boredom by way of a (ZZZZZZ) motorbike movie and the ever dynamic Robert Redford, catch everyone's favourite co-star Michael J. Pollard playing the incongruously placed mid-'70s German avant-garde rock group Faust and Lauren Hutton as the easy rider (blame Sidney J not me) who tears them apart. **(BBC1).**
TOP DOG (Feliks Falk, 1976) Funny, my Halliwell's Film Guide doesn't list this one — *and* it stars Jerzy Stuhr!!! Part of BBC2's opportunist corporate exploitative "Polish Week", which does actually look to contain some interesting bits and pieces. *(What sort of attitude is that toward culture? — PolitBureau Ed.)* The BBC says this one is "regarded as a picture of corruption in the Socialist system" and they should know. **(BBC 2).**

Sunday, September 6
THE HASTY HEART (Vincent Sherman, 1949). According to the BBC press release this stars an American actor called Ronald *Reagon* — yes, the one who later become Presidont. Patrica Nail and Richard Tidd keep him company in this prosaic British look at life in a wartime Burmese convalescent hospital. **(BBC 1).**
JUGGERNAUT (Richard Lester, 1974). This one's got three of my three least favourite actors in — Omar Sharif (Omar bloody Sharif — an ACTOR?) Richard Harris and David Hemmings —so I might just watch this dreadful moneyspinner to see if they go down with the ship (the film's central character is a transatlantic liner laced with a tone loon's bombs). **(BBC 1).**
ROUGH TREATMENT (Andrzej Wajda). In schools, offices, shops and workplaces all over Britain on Monday people will be saying to one another "Wajda watch last night? Wajda think of that Polish geezer . . . ?" Jerzy Stuhr stars once again as a chap who oversteps the party line. I'd predict dialogue a plenty and quash any hopes of a car chase. **(BBC 2).**

"Isn't it great to get it off our consciences? To have a clean heart again? So we're agreed — sergeant's oath? — overboard goes this dummy hamper full of chips? For the first time in his life Ritzik has some money and we have no reason to interfere. . ."

The Carnaby St Phil Silvers Fan Club on their annual Transatlantic outing to Fort Baxter. L-R: . . . aw, that'd be telling wouldn't it?

BEFORE AND AFTER: consternation for madcap scientist Dr Eddie Jessop (William Hurt) as he emerges from the climactic experiment in Ken Russell's mindbending new epic to find both himself and his faithful assistant (Bob Balaban) in a truly altered state. "It's all in the cause of Gonzo Spiritualism," Jessop says, in an effort to console his sidekick.

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). As far as insights into the Human Condition go, I'd go as far as *The Great Muppet Caper*. As far as outrageously enjoyable co(s)mic conceit and a horrible alternative to the dangers of your own particular hedonism(s) go, this goes as far as we're likely to get — or want? — before the introduction of a VCR that plugs straight into your CNS. Who'd "be" Ken Russell's gofer? Reviewed 4.5.81. **(Warner Bros)**
AMERICAN POP (Ralph Bakshi). Animated immigrants in Amerika bop to kosher — and mostly quite cosy — soundtrack of the roots and indeed results of rock and roll. Too much car and not enough toon? (So i'm no Monty Smith — sue me!); reviewed 22.8.81. **(Columbia)**
AMIN — THE RISE AND THE FALL (Sharad Patel). Uncomfortably dodgy looking big budget biog of yesterday's dictator. Is this really the way to meddle with recent history — packaging up its atrocities in a hard-sell *Lawrence of Arabia* format? To be reviewed. **(Twin Continental)**
CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). The director's name is the funniest thing about this epicene and hardly obscene would-be Erotic Epic. The softest of all possible porn — voyeurs stick to your booths (what a horrible thought); reviewed 15.11.81. **(GTO)**
CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Craftsman Ray Harryhausen is apparently the real star of this Grecian 'un, with his cast of craftily animated creatures. Don't forget to swash behind your ears! reviewed 11.7.81. **(CIC)**
EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). Depending on your mystic bent, either the bottom (ley) line in Arthurian fantasy or an incredible bore, man. Nicol Williamson shines as latterday Tommy Cooper and acid-head Merlin; reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**
HONEYSUCKLE ROSE (Jerry Schatzberg). Laid back and lovingly made paen to country 'n' western mythology with winningly authentic acting from Dyan Cannon and Amy Irving as the ladies and Willie Nelson as the lush. The soundtrack's as straight to the heart, warm and sharp as a shot of Jack Daniels (and he seems to shoot quite a few people in this li'l story); reviewed 22.8.81. **(Warner Bros)**
THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (Jim Henson). Best wait for Gonzo to go solo — the next Bond, maybe? Reviewed 1.8.81. **(ITC)**
IN GOD WE TRUST (Marty Feldman). No, no — In Gonzo we trust! Feldman writes, directs, stars and flops in soft core satire; reviewed 29.8.81. **(CIC)**
THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER (William Fraker). Pub-cultural icon Christopher Hudson as the Baddie is the only thing worth buying a stretch in the stalls for; reviewed 8.8.81. **(ITC)**
LION OF THE DESERT (Moustapha Akka). Like *Caligula*'s Glinto Brass, the director's name is a dead giveaway. Matters aren't helped by total typecast overload — Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed as Bedouin parrot *(PATRIOT, you fool — Moustapha Lager)* and lovable fascist respectively, locked in overblown desert duel.
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). Hollywood's new boy network continues to rework a shared revision of their adolescent American Dreams to expertly realized but increasingly tedious effect; reviewed 18.8.81. **(CIC)**
TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Madcap and madwig as comic imagination gets overblown to just the right degree on a paltry budget. The likes of Spielberg could learn a thing or two from our brave British lads, why I remember when a seat in the stalls only cost . . .; reviewed 18.7.81. **(HandMade).**

Ian Penman

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1: OUTLAND (AA) 70mm Dolby Stereo
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.10. Late show Sat 11.10
2: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.15, 8.15. Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Fulham Rd. 370 2636
Seats Bkble Last Sep. Prog. L'cnd Bar. Doors open 15 mins prior
1: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.30, 5.35, 9.10
Sep. Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: OUTLAND (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep. Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.20, 5.35, 9.10
Sep. Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
4: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep. Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
5: TIME BANDITS (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.15
Sep. Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1, 2, 3 Bayswater (Queensway) 229 5191
1: OUTLAND (AA)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.40. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.00
2: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: TESS (AA)
Progs. WK. & Sun. 3.45, 7.15. Late show Sat. 11pm

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, Edgware Road 723 5001
1: OUTLAND (AA)
3.20, 6.0, 8.40. Sun: 6.0, 8.40
Progs. 2.45, 5.20, 7.55. Sun: 5.20, 7.55
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
2: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.50, 8.45
Progs. 2.20, 5.05, 7.55. Sun: 5.05, 7.55
Late show Sat. 11.15
3: AMIN — THE RISE AND FALL (X)
Please contact cinema for times
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
4: FRIDAY THE 13TH (X)
MAD MAX (X)
Please contact cinema for times
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15

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Saturday 5th September
Landis'
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE (AA)
& Adler's
UP IN SMOKE (X)
Sunday 6th September
Hitchcock's
REBECCA (A)
& SPELLBOUND (A)
Thursday 10th September
Gilliam's
MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (X)
& McNaughton's AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (A)

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2 SEAN CONNERY in OUTLAND AA
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Progs. WK 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30 Sun. 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11.00

3 ALTERED STATES X
Progs: Weekdays 1.10, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15. Sundays 3.15, 5.45, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 JOHN BOORMAN'S EXCALIBUR AA
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Sun 6 Sept
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Mon 7 Sept
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Wed 9 Sept
THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN 7.00 + 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE 5.25 9.05
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3 RALPH BAKSHI'S AMERICAN POP AA
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4 Walt Disney HERBIE GOES BANANAS!
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HIGHLIGHTS

The Polecats dedicating a song to me.
The Polecats going berserk on stage
The strawberry milkshake on sale at the site/sight
Bono waving to me from the stage. (I waved back, so did hundreds of other people, I was embarrassed But Bono said he was waving to me "It's funny but I always spot you." It's my nose.)
U2 not being too rock'n'roll.
The walk away from the stadium on Sunday night

Three Tia Marias at the hotel on Sunday night after leaving Rory Gallagher to get on with whatever it was or may once have been.
Elvis Costello saying hello to me in the hotel bar on Saturday night.
Bedtime.
Ian Dury talking about Jack De Manio at breakfast on Sunday, and anticipating appearing on Brian Matthews' Radio Two show the next day.
Tim of The Polecats telling me that I'm Jake Riviera's least favourite 'journalist'. Wind up or not, I blushed.
Missing all but three minutes of Dr Feelgood's set.
Missing all but ninety seconds of Rory Gallagher's game.
Not even knowing if Fist, Diamond Head, Huang Chuang and whoever replaced Pauline Murray actually played.
Spotting Brendan Foster.
Being mistaken for Ian Penman.
The Polecats' van breaking down as they tried to make a sensible getaway — the battery had gone flat because they'd been watching too many videos.
Leaving Newcastle.

PAUL MORLEY visits Newcastle for the Rock On The Tyne festival and returns with the festival report to end all festival reports (we hope). PETER ANDERSON went along for the suntan.

U2's Bono

BALDERDASH

Like all pudding mild mares, the rock on the Tyne just wouldn't hurry up and let me go. Lifelessness was in the air: my mind was numbed, my feet were jammed, the view was the same. You're acquainted with that whopping list of complaints: The Festival Review — a stiffening parody of such an event's deadlock. Tyne was, even with Saturday's gesture towards American New Wave/the play abandon of new pop, yet another show down of bald stability.

The Festival, any outdoor pop roll-up lull, has past the point of being a toothless saunter, a waste product of adjourned intentions and occasional enterprise. The Festival is Paralytic. Inert. Dried up, not to be spied on, cried over, lied about . . . Festivals are the village fetes in the pop world: the traditional comfort, run by vicar-types, opened and shut by make-believe celebrities, attended by the village idiots.

Two habitual readers from Middlesboro wanted to know why I was there at all — they knew the sterile operation would find no favour EVER EVER EVER. Why didn't *NME* send someone who likes festivals/heavy metal?

Impossible.

The *NME* is bulging with sensitive, God or something fearing separates, not one of whom sees the point in aligning pop music to the great outdoors, bordered with hot dog vans, ice cream vans, baked potato stalls — the milkshake stall can stay where it is — padded with sleeping bags, riddled with passivity. The Festival is not even the minor riddle it once was.

It is just a baggy thing that lurks, hopelessly. Somewhere for the dunces to dance. Lots of people have a good time? These people are backward. THEY ENJOY PLAYING PANTOMIME GAMES WITH LINDISFARNE AT FIVE O'CLOCK ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON!

The Festival Fiend is the peter pan fan — change holds no attraction, but the greatest thing in the world is if a conga player who once sold Eric Clapton an anarchist pamphlet with the centre page torn out and the crossword puzzle three-quarters filled in forms a group that encores at a festival with 'Sunshine Of Your Love'. Ginger Baker's Nutters — take them away! — encored to a million mouselike screams with 'Sunshine Of Your Love', and along with Lindisfarne parting the Tyne with their thousandth version of 'Meet Me On The Corner' this decade, and the very appearance of the third chubbiest performer at the festival (Gallagher, beaten by the Feelgoods' drummer and, horrifically, The Attractions' singer), this was the weekend's true highlight for the Festival Fiend.

The Festival Fiend needs his bearings: life's appeal lies inert as a combination of the obvious, the predictable, the discredited, the appeased, the ruined, the compliant. To the Festival Fiend, life is one act of being rooted to the spot. The Festival Fiend clings to the belief that loud noise, scruffy clothes, dirt, lethargy and 'Led Zeppelin 1, 2 and 3' are the ultimate in anti-parent propensity. Some of us older ones have been a trifle silly in our time, some of us were perhaps fond of something the Feelgoods did, or whatever Gallagher had once upon a time. A lot of us have had flirtations with silly musics. But we grew out of it. We recognised the con. We responded to change, to choice. There was this strange urge to completely reject the tranquil treat of annual repeats of emaciated standards.

For the Festival Fiend the only hope in life is the retreat supplied by the sound of 'Freebird' or a dickhead trying to resurrect Wally or the tell-tale skulking of a Rory Gallagher solo. Can I tell all this without even going to Reading? Easily. Saturday attracted a less mugged sort of correspondent: Sunday was the implicating last word in ROOTED TO THE SPOT. The Festival Fiend screams give me my bearings. The Festival Fiend demands repeats. It'll be back next year.

THE REST

I went up to Newcastle for a restful weekend. I made a mistake. I won't have recovered by the time you read this.

LOWLIGHTS

Elvis Costello — watching and trying to listen to Costello in these sort of circumstances is like trying to read Dostoyevsky in a cold waiting room in Crewe surrounded by bored United supporters. He played some new songs. I wrote down the titles on a piece of paper, but lost the piece of paper. This is the sort of thing that makes my editors sick.
Ian Dury — it was very little use without four walls.
Newcastle.
Ginger Baker.
Walking to the Stadium on Sunday morning knowing all that was going to happen was Baker, Feelgood and Gallagher.
Ginger's Nutters.
The music played between performers.
Ginger's dogs.
Doll by Doll's legs.
Ginger's beard.
The crowd leaping to their feet to greet Lindisfarne.
Ginger's jacket.
Doll by Doll's flakin' feedback.
Ginger's trousers.
The price of a bloody mary in the guests' bar.
Ginger's hair.
The ruthless organisation which suggests that despite the meagre attendance, Rock On The Tyne will be as regular as Reading. Brendan would make more money holding a jumble sale. Or preferably holding up a bank.
The peace!
Sunday's exceptional lack of excitement.
Ginger's memories.

Elvis Costello

Ian Dury

ANOTHER ROCK WEEK AT THE

I C A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID CORIO

Tuesday

Pigbag
Icarus

by David Corio

SO YET another ICA Rock Week, this time with more of a multi-racial feel to it than before, although the choice of groups on the whole seems fairly predictable.

Icarus are one of the few mixed-race bands that play solely roots-reggae. Although occasionally sounding like a much diluted Spear, they do have their own individual sound — something often sorely lacking in British reggae acts — mainly due to their two lively frontmen coming clearly through a sometimes muddy mix.

There are very few groups (with the notable exception of the Lounge Lizards) who can play an hour-long instrumental set and still retain a refreshing vitality with lots of variety whilst losing none of their continuity — Pigbag not only do that, but do it with ease.

Based around a strong rhythm section of bass and drums, they can at any one time be augmented with a four-piece horn section, bongos and various percussion, strings or guitars, with all six members swopping instrumental roles without being in the least pretentious. None of the

Kaballa

songs are long enough to become tedious, and because most of the songs are based around funk, Afro or jazz rhythms there doesn't seem to be one prevailing influence throughout their material.

As none of the songs were introduced only the single, the sublime 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' and its flip, 'Backside', were identifiable, performed with even more intensity than the recordings. Sad to say, but it seemed quite unusual to see a band obviously enjoying themselves as much as the audience were ...

Pigbag. Ain't it funky now.

Dead Or Alive

Wednesday

Depeche Mode
The Chefs
Tarzan 5

by Leyla Sanai

THE SECOND day of the ICA Rock Week sees the immaculte combination of The Chefs, Tarzan 5 and Depeche Mode. The Chefs are high-grade Peelie pop, accessible, catchy, euphonic and slightly uninspiring, with a faultless if faintly languid cover of 'Femme Fatale' to their credit. Tarzan 5 play exigent tribal rhythms and keep up an urgent beat pounding.

Two clean supports, but the anticipation is for chart cherubs Depeche Mode; they bring their happy synth pop to the ICA, and everyone dances. *TOTP* weenies' first gig, new life for a night, and jolted instamatic photos for the inside of next term's desk.

To lump together Depeche Mode with Duran/Visage/Spands and label the resulting package 'Futurist' is convenient, conventional, conjectural, and a contravention of the truth; in short, a con. Birds of a feather they may seem, but while Duran and their ilk resemble avaricious magpies, cold eyes roving, darting, eager to pilfer glinting ideas, personal inspiration a no-go, sharp beaks prising their way into the nation's hearts and bank books, Depeche Mode are inoffensive fledglings, wide-eyed and fluffy haired, experimenting, investigating, neither making pretentious usurpations, nor wallowing in superficial bliss, "getting more shags" . . .

Spands and Duran sport shop-bought panache — nip along to King's Road, cash turns to dash in a flash. Their personal criteria are very different from Depeche Mode's — Dagger and Strange yearn to be associated with words like 'phenomenon', 'new cult' and 'self expression', whereas Depeche have no objection to being mentioned in the same breath as oOrange sorbet, *Jackanory*, and the pub down the road.

Depeche are danceable, electric, earnest and endearing, young, glowing and sweet, they've got more poise than pose, and they're proud to appeal to all. Besides, they smile more.

Thursday

Dead Or Alive
The Decorators

by Leyla Sanai

Depeche Mode

I MISS The Room — put it down to the usual punctuality of the Jubilee Line. The Decorators are surprisingly palatable to the cool, coiffeured ICA audience. When they cross melancholy with cabaret, they come out with tracks like 'Without You', all '30s Berliner sax and seductive drawled Reed vocals. The greyer moments

are when inchoation takes refuge in safety, resulting in insipid drabness.

Dead Or Alive are on stage when I re-enter from the stifling bar. Pete Burns looks like he's escaped from a nightmare, a shock of black hair decorated with limp, dead white ribbons framing a stark face in which glass black eyes smoulder with a manic evil. Or maybe I was hallucinating and he's just Adam gone bi. His voice, as subversive as his appearance, plummets and soars, Morrison meets McKenzie, spitting out power and passion with a frightening potency. On some songs like 'Falling', the intensity is intoxicating. I left before I got drunk.

Friday

Nightdoctor
Kaballa
Blackheart

by Richard Cook

WHAT LOOKED suspiciously like the Rock Week's token Black Night moved mostly to a reggae rhythm. Babylonian ragamuffin that I am, most skanking-inna-UK isn't (Aswad apart) very close to my heart, and Blackheart did little to remedy that. A thunderously bullying multi-racial six-piece, they waded through a depressingly one-paced batch of routine exhortations. If these men are angry, their threat's blunted by a macho outlook that's only a few steps from the empty pretence of heavy metal, an impression bolstered by the deadweight guitars.

An incongruous inclusion, the seven members of Kaballa are (much) older and wiser — it's sunshine they're after. A start of cornet and trombone muscling out of a viscous bed of cross-rhythms brought expectations of a desk-top Solar Arkestra, but they're nearer to Osibisa, unadorned riffs spiced by some woyaya vocalese.

After an age, headliners Nightdoctor put forward their case. Theirs is a full-fathoms-five sound, blackened keyboards rolling into the chuntering rhythm section as persuasive, indistinct footing. Their singer has a yearning if rather anonymous voice, and the bitters come from the sax duo: sharp-toned parts spelt

Pigbag

out with acid finesse, no surrender to the temptation of straggling solos.

But their material saps their strength. Songs like 'Babylon' and 'True Love' are as sleepily familiar as their titles, with the occasional twist in the tail a mean recompense; I was yawning by the end.

Saturday

Way Of The West
Birds With Ears
Academy One

by Simon Fellows

CONRAN'S PARADISE enters its penultimate showing. If this is Saturday it must be the Mall and its anodyne atmospherics glide down the gilded corridors of the ICA.

Here the music and the bands, like every other art / artefact, is distanced almost to the degree of being placed on a pedestal, thus retaining an almost precious quality of the aesthetic.

Academy One were impressive enough in their own virtuosity, yet the songs remained cluttered by a blanding influence of instrumentalisation cutting down the hard soul that would otherwise have burst through. However, they proved to be by far the most interesting

The People

crew of the whole evening with a lot of depth and style both in approach and output despite the clear fact that they have yet to find their own specific personality and succinct shape as a complete unit. At the moment the influences are all too plain to see and hear, whether Factory or New York circa '77-8, but in time and with necessary development and hardening up they'll be a useful force to contend with.

As for Brighton-based Birds With Ears — another bunch of serious no - hope - for - anyoners let alone themselves; the only talking point they aroused was the ridiculousness of the singer's image — his suit tied up with strings. Bondage south of Box Hill and songs about 'Emotions — One, Two, Three' are better left for the likes of Brian Cant and the *Playaway* gang.

Finally the main attraction, Way Of The West, appeared neatly on schedule and rattled their way through their 'Rockist' selection. Exploiting that 'White Boys' single for all it was worth in true Pigbag fashion, they are no more than a thinking man's Jam. Their set strikes me and several others as a totally monontonous and tedious affair and archetypal of all whitey's attempt to 'get on down' with the net result being nothing more than that sinking feeling. I'd rather watch it on the monitors with the sound turned down, and that, thank God, was one thing the ICA wholeheartedly catered for.

Stimulin

Sunday

Stimulin
The People
Black Roots

by Charles Shaar Murray

STIMULIN ARE going to have to blow it pretty drastically if they are to avoid becoming massively popular in the near future. Last Sunday night a vast horde of people dressed to the back teeth squashed themselves into a comparatively small space to dance themselves stupid, shout "Stim! Stim! STIM-U-LIN!" and generally make it plain that this is what they considered the next big thang to be.

File under Funk if at all: Stimulin are a sextet — bass, drums, guitar / vocal, percussion, trumpet and vibes — and their style is so sharp it hurts. The vibes provide an unusual texture, something like ice clinking in a glass, that blends fiendish well with that fiery trumpet, and the resulting sound is quite unlike anything else in their immediate vicinity. The singer / guitarist has a harsh playfulness that contrasts alarmingly with the high-spirited enthusiasm of the trumpeter, and their rhythm section is more than irreproachable.

Stimulin are serious happeners, and once they get on *TOTP* there won't be a lot left of Spandau Ballet other than a small stain on the carpet. FACT.

They were preceded by The People, a reggae/rock quartet founded by bassie Charley Anderson and keyboard player Desmond Brown, the first two to leave Selecter before that promising band's implosive collapse. Their set was mostly pretty dull, eventually ending up at the energy level at which it should have started, but the circumstances were less than propitious, what with Desmond being ill and his chair being filled by Charley H, the Selecter's drummer. The man in The People's drum chair seemed appallingly stiff — 'couldn't drive a fucking Dinky Toy, let alone a band' was one of the more complimentary comments — and the most charitable reaction would be to reserve judgement until they've sorted themselves out a bit.

The People seemed especially lacklustre after a powerful and decisive opening set from Black Roots, and eight-piece reggae band from Bristol whose declamatory vocals and galvanic rhythm section had more people on the dance floor than Anderson and Co managed to attract. 'Bristol Rock' scored well with a singularly arresting intro, and they appear to be definitely on the way somewhere, but the night unquestionably belonged to Stimulin. The name sounds like an up drug, and their music acts like one. I could tell you to seek them out, but I've got a feeling that you'll be hearing them soon whether you want to or not.

URGH.

URGH!

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EXPLOIT YOURSELF!

The Exploited
Anti Pasti
Vice Squad

The Lyceum

WHEN PUNK erupted in '76 screaming (musical) Anarchy In The UK, it was a reaction against workaday rock-a-boogie rites. The early buzz-words of punk and its careerist rebellion were only trappings, though its activity and energy should have (and in some cases did) lead it to areas of high ecstasy and real passion.

But real punk in 1981 is Rock Cancer Incarnate because it ignores spirit in favour of trappings — WILD CLOTHES, YOU DON'T NEED TO BE ABLE TO PLAY, RIDICULOUS HAIRCUTS and, of course, THE WHOLE WORLD HATES US.

The music of these groups packed into the Lyceum cattle-dip for an evening of geriatric gymnastics tries to put the flame before the spark. Without exception it has no tension, no depth and no climaxes. It is an endless barrage of gormless, sexless and hopeless noise (offering no hope to the listener, no opportunity for its own expansion). It is generated and kept alive by ageing hacks, cynical entrepreneurs and a well-worn code of rebellious ethics, and offers no room for personal initiative, instinct or emotion.

The Vice Squad are from Bristol and with a girl singer they inevitably sound like a ramalama Siouxsie And The Banshees. Their sound was more serrated than shrill and they set the scene for the rest of the evening, braving the gob, showering the audience with beer, water or *something else* and playing songs written with the head in a bucket of sand and the feet in two jars of glue.

It's hardly surprising that the latest segue single is a tribute to the punks of '76. These long Sunday night slogs at the Lyceum have for the past year or so been its live equivalent. It's ironic that despite their facile "fight the system with a pot of Evostick and two chords" type, manifesto, both the entertainers and the consumers epitomise the worst form of capitalist leeching — PACK THEM IN, MAKE THEM SWEAT, TAKE THEIR MONEY AND THROW THEM OUT BEFORE LAST ORDERS.

Bouncing around the stage like kinetic action men, Anti Pasti came and went — unreal, detached and almost a satire. Songs like 'The Last Call' and 'One More Dead Soldier' present a surface picture of life in the new apocalypse. So much useless energy and heartless bluster wasted on very flimsy cliches.

While in their own terribly limited way, Anti Pasti and Vice Squad were trying to say something vaguely agreeable, all The Exploited seemed to do was look on the dark side of the evening and out of the stench of the barn, whilst the brutality and dogma of the music tried to create a rampage of mindless violence.

When a movement is afforded the respectability and financial push this lot have received from the likes of *Sounds* and Straight Music, one expects a little more from the headlining band than songs like 'Kill A Mod', a dedication to the Irish ("I hope the fuckin' maggots get them") and petty diatribes against the music press.

Not only are any mod Irish *NME* writers going to be very put out, but the audiences are going to start asking a few questions. So what started as pure mad raving dissipated to the point where the group were pushed to get an encore. Vaudeville punk hack Charlie Harper turned up for the last number looking and sounding like a drunk uncle at a party, and was similarly dismissed by the audience.

The Exploited failed in their mob-handed rabble rousing — even those in BM T-shirts didn't take the bait. But if the fears of another Southall being imminent are justified, on this showing the people to watch are those on and behind the stage, not those on the dance floor.

Gavin Martin

WARRIOR WORDS

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Edinburgh Nite Club

UNDER HUGE lazy fans the dancefloor celebrates the reggae beat. Adam Ant flashes up on the video screens — shallow style warrior. Later in the night will come the true freedom fighter.

Linton Kwesi Johnson writes accurate, angry songs about Brittania's deep-rooted prejudices; songs that clearly state it's far too late for crying and moaning — fight them back. And if you find that a shade too threatening, then tough. Go and nod along to the Au Pairs, or join the mob in a rousing chorus of The Beat's 'Stand Down Margaret' — great fun, don't you think?

Using backing tapes, LKJ sings and recites material mainly from his 'Forces Of Victory' and 'Bass Culture' albums. The music is exhilarating and completely accessible. It's *"Thunder from a bass drum sounding / Lightning from a trumpet and an organ / Bass and rhythm and trumpet double up / Keep up with the drums for a deep down searching . . ."*

Dressed in a tracksuit and soft hat, the slight, unimposing figure stands motionless, his face expressionless as he briefly introduces each song. Surprisingly, perhaps, the most effective are those which are recited without backing music. 'All Wi Doing Is Defendin' and 'Sonny's Lettah' hold the audience completely still. Theatre at its most effective: applause follows instinctively.

Returning briefly to sing 'Fite Dem Back' his mood is unmistakably urgent, ominous.

The one main problem is that his own audience already know where they stand, and so there is no challenge. And once you start preaching exclusively to the converted, it's all too easy to let complacency creep in . . .

There is no room for that here.

Kirsty McNeill

Soft Cell

Maximus Club

SOFT CELL make good records — not particularly fussy or frilly but straight forward stabs at noise with the danceability factor turned UP! 'Memorabilia' — insistent, all bass synth and electrodrums, nonsense lyrics, underground hit; now 'Tainted Love' — commercial, simplistic, and with Marc Almond giving the *TOTP* come-on, Top Ten smash.

Soft Cell don't like being called a band. Soft Cell are Cabaret. Why do Soft Cell play "gigs" then? Maximus Disco, Leicester Square; Compact, plush, comfy. The discos playing the right tunes, so why is no-one dancing? Perhaps they're waiting for Soft Cell. Waiting for the cabaret. Disappointment. Soft Cell appear and play a gig.

The dance floor is now packed with stationary bodies as Soft Cell get animated in a two-man kind of way. Davy Ball, stock-still — very Ralf and Florian — makes the machines go thump and buzz, while lovable Marcy is all northern camp in leather and pan stick, producing at times an almost passable impression of a soulful voice. The sound is dreadful — the bass and rhythm box, on record sprightly and efficient, are leaden and spongy, and turned up to swamp everything else.

Mr Almond springs about a lot, and contorts himself into a right old lather, but the sound desk is not being kind to him tonight — and despite the availability of lots of nice things to climb about on, he gives short change in the personality projection department. Things get a bit more interesting as a back-up songstress appears — perhaps this is the way they should go in future, ahem, "engagements": lots of wobbly singers, lots of jiggly synthi-players, lots more fun!

Marcy and Davy, I'm sure you've got it in you to be more than just an el yawno "studio band" — but if you go on playing the version of 'Memorabilia' that my feet did the walking to (exit wise), and pushing this dullsome twosome bit, no-one's going to pay money twice.

James T. Kirk

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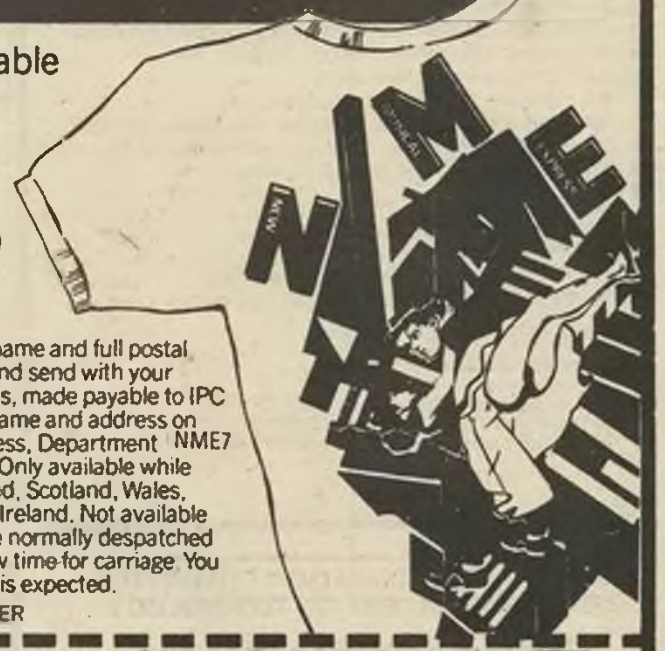

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MORE METEORS

FROM PAGE 19

never had any trouble. You always tend to think it could happen to other bands but it won't happen to us. If you've got a load of Nazis following you and you know it, you've got to do something to frighten them away. You've got to take an extreme opposite stance."

So what would he do?

"I'd start playing dub reggae, make it impossible for them to follow the band. Sort it out, like The Specials have done because what's happened with Oi is that a load of right wing extremists have moved in on it and nothing had been done to eliminate them."

It's 1981 and the expanse and interest of contemporary music has never been greater, *can't* ever have have been greater. You may find it strange to hear The Meteors talk fondly of dub, John Lennon, Holger Czukay, Bob Marley, Jah Wobble . . . but they like a change and realise the need for change.

Nigel: "It's ridiculous that groups still have to come to London, put on a zoot suit and play to a lot of art flunkies before they can become famous. When we was in Cardiff, there was hundreds of bands. I think music wise South Wales must be the most obvious place for bands at the minute."

Mark: "We're toying with a lot of ideas and musical forms other than rock-a-billy because we all listen to different types of music. I think we're heading to a much greater freedom in our music. You've got to have the courage that tells you your audience will stick with you no matter what sort of music you play."

It's 1981. Somewhere a blonde puts and snarls, a kid is slashed and badly shaken, a writer thinks of the past and turns away.

It's 1981. And The Meteors are landing.

KNEE DEEP IN BEAT ROOTS

● *rigged from page 29*

Coltrane albums when he was 13 while the rest of us at school were into 'Cum On Feel The Noize'."

THE BEAT CONNECTION was no idle infatuation with images either, as the current *mode* threatens to be. They lived it. Spontaneity, creativity, craziness, a lack of snobbery about dress and decor, the 'let's have the scene right here' attitude — these are the sort of 'beat' values that came to be valued and which still find expression today. There's also the 'beat' language which the Rip Rigs like to pepper their speech with; conversation is full of 'cats' who 'dig' music that is 'out there'.

"It isn't just a case of saying 'Daddyo'," says Smith. "The music has to have a root, like you get people in the States playing their music in the streets. It doesn't matter what people are wearing, what the video is, if it's got that root."

"I think the rock group thing should finish," says Sager. "Groups are there just to be saleable, so *Jackie* can sell your ass — 'Jimmy plays drums, Bobby sings . . .' People have to loosen up and play with everyone else.

"Playing in the streets is the best place anyway, you don't have any choice about who you're playing to. That's when you get the heavy things thrown at you, too."

Sean: "Spontaneity is really important. We're not gonna limit ourselves. People sometimes say it's 'undisciplined' but you have to think much more when you play like us, really listen to what the others are doing."

"There's a lot of discipline," says Gareth. "I dig cats doing two-and-a-half minute songs if that's what they really feel. James Brown used to fine people for playing a wrong note. We're just trying to give things a more uptempo feel, to loosen things up."

The musical elements that the group have taken for their musical alchemy are evident enough, taking in the furthest reaches of black music over the last 20 years; the beauty and inspiration of jazz giants like Coltrane, Mingus, Kirk; the spaced-out bewilderingly eclectic explorations of Sun Ra; the vocal dexterities of The Last Poets; the gutsy funk of mid '70s soul; the sweet melodies of African pianist Dollar Brand and the icy elegance of Cecil Taylor. All ciphered through an English sensibility acutely aware of the deep madness in what society's establishment assures us is a 'normal' world. What they've made from their sources is entirely their own.

What the world will make of Rip Rig And Panic and their uncompromising stance is another question.

"They probably won't play the record much cos it hasn't got whining on it," says Gareth. "It's definitely time to give the moaners the elbow. I like the cats who are . . . they're complaining but they're saying 'Yeah' at the same time.

"Imagination is hard to make a living from, though. That's much more likely to come through constant drudgery."

Or, as a title on the LP has it, 'It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Brrodd. You know, that *"Broda - rodee - hey - na - bridee - bayo . . ."*

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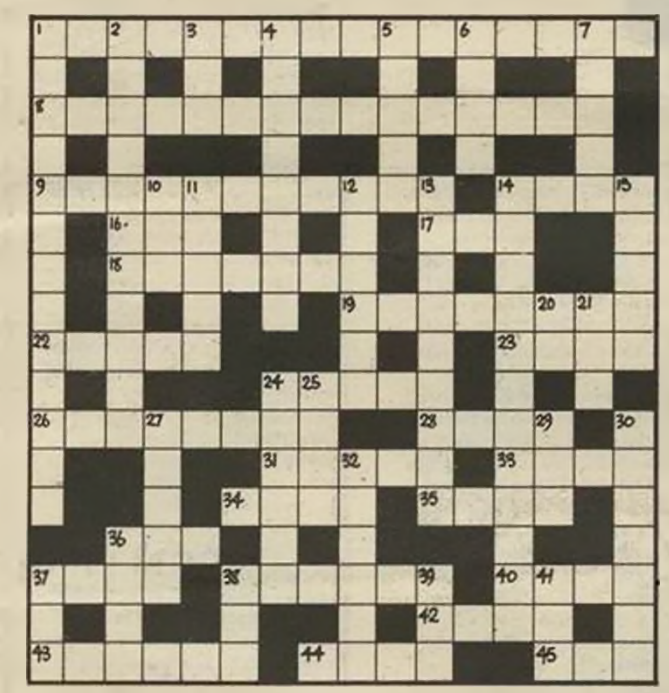


ACROSS

1. Joy Division L.P. that should perhaps have been on the Virgin label (7-9)
8. Bauhaus single (4-7-4)
9. A note from Herman's Hermits that says it'll have to be black coffee . . . (2-4-5)
14. . . . or a strange cup of tea made by Cream (4)
16. How long before you forget this one-hit wonder group? (3)
17. Elton John single that did nothing, except maybe for himself (3)
18. Depeche Mode and their rave from the grave (3-4)
19. The Stones *Gimme Shelter* movie featured music from this 1969 US festival (8)
22. Take me home, Livvy, the country way (5)
23. A prison sentence on the dark side of the moon? (4)
24. ——— Love — After The Fire single (5)
26. Easy role messed up — still the show must go on (3-5)
28. Knock three times, especially if you want me up this early (4)
31. The London Park currently giving Good Vibrations a spin — and sounding giddier! (5)
33. Keith Emerson's band before ELP (4)
34. See 37 down
35. Former drummer with Spencer Davis Group, he quit with Hardin to form a duo (4)
36. Recent film musical (3)
37. Lizzy and the white duke (4)
38. Rick Dees had a cast of them for his Disco Duck (6)
40. Hey girl don't bother me warblers (4)
42. Thirteen years on, and have the Moody Blues found this chord yet? (4)
43. All things bright and . . . well, not quite beautiful for these Things from the '60s (6)
44. No thank you Crass, I wouldn't fancy my one turning green with this — or anything else for that matter (4)
45. I saw the film, Elvis, and only you had this in Acapulco (3)

DOWN

1. 1973 Hawkwind single (5-8)
2. Teardrop Explodes mountain expedition (11)
3. Spizz post Energy (3)
4. & 15 & 27 A Top 20 hit in 1967, 1972 and again in 1979 (6-2-5-5)
5. A musical set in a revitalised area (5)
6. Who gave us odds and ———? (4)
7. Driver of the Hot Rods (5)
10. Eddy Grant's label (3)
11. Lew, Linda or Ramsey (5)
12. Fleetwood Mac single (6)
13. Matt Monro, Marianne Faithfull and Ray Charles all charted with this Beatles number (9)
14. Two mobs ran to join up as a group (8-4)
15. See 4
20. Apparently the term for skinhead music — looks more like a Chelsea score to me though! (2)
21. You've got 30 pence worth of this under your nose (1-1-1)
24. ——— of Xanadu, by Dave Dee, etc. (6)
25. Acker Bilk's tune from 1976 (4)
27. see 4
29. Mr Turner, who was the wind part of Hawkwind (3)
30. What David Dundas sang when caught with his pants down (5-2)
32. Flamboyant US artist whose earlier psychedelic albums included 'Gris Gris' and 'Babylon' (2-4)
36. Group of outdoor miners? (4)
37 & 34. John Peel's Radio One show in his earlier years (3-4)
38. Mrs Tilsley, who The Paramounts and The Lambrettas shrewdly assessed as being poison . . .? (3)
39. . . . still never mind Bert, Brian and Gail, the Family Stone have an even more unlikeable leader (3)
41. The latest group to relinquish their name and revert to just their initials (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS.

ACROSS: 1 Robyn Hitchcock, 5 Them, 7 Toys, 8 Led, 9 Strange, 13 Rats, 15 Lovers, 17 Ants, 18 Pink, 19 Bread, 20+36 USA Pie, 23 RCA, 24 True Colours, 26 Ono, 27 To, 29 Mo, 30 Oi, 31 Camus, 32 Brel, 34 Limo, 35 Say, 36 see 20 across, 37 Air, 38 Shirts, 39 Nico, 41 Kings Road, 43 Costello, 46 Out, 47 Breaking Glass.

Down: 2 Yaya, 3 The Coasters, 4 Kraft, 5 The Run, 6 Maxs Kansas City, 10 Tess, 11 Andy Blade, 12 Here, 14 Aladdin Sane, 16 Dead, 18 Paul Weller, 21 Jet, 22 Crimson, 25 Court, 28 Bush, 33 Knack, 35 Skidoo, 36 Prince, 40 John, 42 Dig, 44 S.O.S., 45 E.M.I.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

POPULAR North London songstress **Samantha Rose** has a new LP released this week on the Third World label. Arrannged and conducted by mentor Les Cliff, the set is a lavish production entitled 'Tell Me Why' (TDWD 27), recorded at three London studios and featuring a roster of leading session musicians: Black Slate bassist Elroy Bailey; Jah Bunny and Sonny Binns of The Cimarons; Tribesman's Paget King; guitarist John Kpiaye and others, plus also backing harmonies from Cool Notes vocalists Lorraine McIntosh and Heather Austin. Included on the album is Ms Rose's two most recent hit singles 'I Can't Believe I'm Losing You' and 'Never Knew Love Like This Before'.

Meanwhile, Jamaican female singer **Marcia Aitken** has her debut album currently circulating UK reggae import specialst outlets on Joel Gibson's Miami based JGM label. Entitled 'Reggae Impact' (JGML 6036), the set contains for the most part songs written by guitarist Willie Lindo, as well as Ms Aitken's interpretation of the Alton Ellis title 'I'm Still In Love', a hit for her circa 1976, and the original rhythm of Althea & Donna's chart topper 'Up Town Top Ranking'.

Three new discomix titles issued out of Sound 7 in Dalston market: a soca repatriation plea from **Cecil B** entitled 'We West Indian People' (SSMD 008); plus lovers rock titles by **Mystic Harmony & LPJ Band**, 'Phone Line' (SSMD 004); and **Diana Duberry**, 'Magic' c/w 'Sweet Baby' (SSMD 006). Imminent from the label are further lovers laments: **Jennifer Benjamin**, 'Killing Me' and **Sharon Mitchell** with 'Birds Of A Feather'.

Also new on discomix is Hackney vocal trio **The Blackstones** with adaptation of Carlton & His Shoes' 'Sweet Feeling' c/w 'Riding High' (Jah Lion); **Determinations**, 'See Me In The Park' c/w **Cliff Mathews**, 'See Me In Africa' (King Jam); **Lacksley Castell**, 'Government Man' c/w 'Straight To The Government' (Negus Roots); and **Trevor Walters**, 'Love Me Tonight' (Ital).

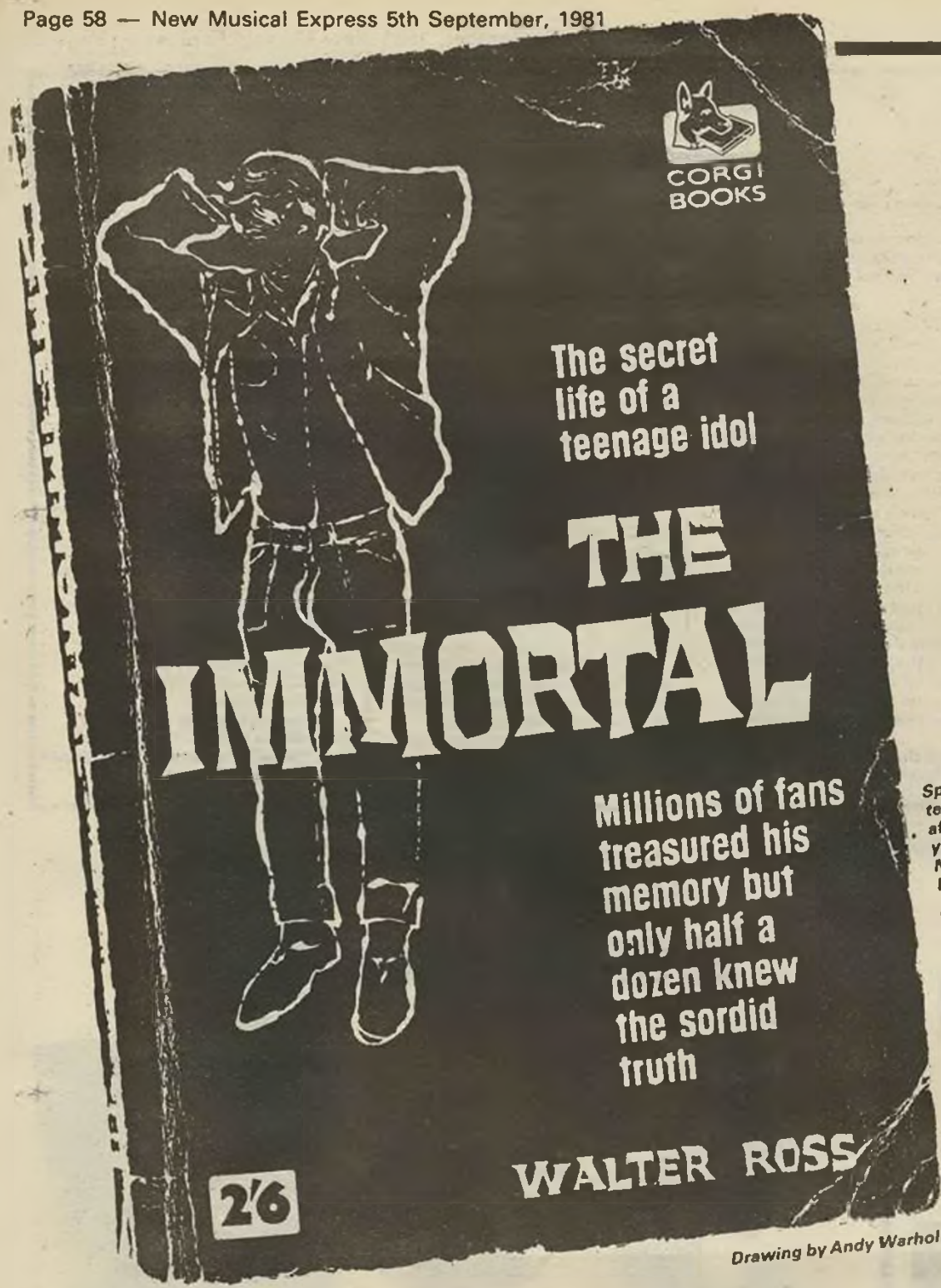
Latest 7" pre-release titles from Jamaica include: **Lientenant Pie-que**, 'Who Discover Jamaica?' (Lieutenant); **John Giscombe**, 'Children Of Israel' (Sun Lover); **Omar Bernard**, 'Man A Kill Man' (Ipa Productions); **Sammy Dread**, 'Mona Lisa' (Black Roots); **D Mansolin Pitter & Bunny Hewitt**, 'My Time' (Trinity ESP); **Glen Lewis**, 'Go To Get Away' (Gettho); **Gabriel and the Angels**, 'Jah I Pray' (Golden Air); **I Daniel**, 'Memories Of Nesta Marley' (Faithful Few); and **Glen Judah**, 'Economic Slavery' (Epistle).

Big sound system event this Friday, September 4 when Dub Plate presents How The West Was Won at the OK Corral, Acton Town Hall, Uxbridge Road — from 8.00pm until 1 o'clock rock — a run rhythm four the hard way, featuring **Jah Shaka + Sir Coxsone + Frontline International + Young Lion.** Good food on sale. Admission: £3.00 plus upful behaviour.

Penny Reel

OBSERVER STATION

1 WAS IT TRUE? Tommy Isaacs (Astors)
2 UP FRONT, Wailing Soul (Volcano)
3 TOURIST SEASON, Scorcher (Ja-Man)
4 ALL NATIONAL HAVE TO BOW, Ranking Devon (Zodiac)
5 CHECK FOR YOU ONCE GIRL, Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
6 BACKRA, Johnny Osbourne (Jah Guidance 12")
7 TRADES MAN, I Jahman (Jahmani)
8 ECONOMIC SLAVERY, Glen Judah (Epistle)
9 ROCK WITH ME, Mighty Diamonds (Truth Rights)
10 WHO DISCOVER JAMAICA? Lietenant Pie-que (Lieutenant)



Drawing by Andy Warhol

GASBAG

Spill the beans to the teenybop bag, the page not afraid to reveal it all! Send your dark secrets to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

Lynn Hanna sorts out the scandal

So Midge Ure didn't know who is the lead singer of The Teardrop Explodes on *Pop Quiz*.

Does this mean that Julian Cope isn't that famous or that Midge Ure is thick?
A. Wellwisher, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.
Or both, even? — LH

How surprised I was to find in buying my favourite music rag an interview with my old history teacher and friend, GLC councillor Peter Pitt. However, it seems to me your writer is labouring (no pun intended) under some misapprehensions about this old loony. For a start, Pitt is no more a child of the '60s than Horace Cutler; he thinks that The Velvet Underground are something to do with London Transport and that The Doors are wooden planks on hinges. If Pitt is going to be preparing events for London, I suspect we can all look forward to the Red Army Choir and those well-known '60s rebels Abba, whose records can be found in abundance in Pitt's record collection, along with the blandest Nashville country: I know, I've seen them. Also there is no way that Pitt can be described as an old Hippie, old boozer would be more accurate; here's a man who could hold his own with Monty Smith.
Bill Badger, London.
We may not agree on much up here, but we *are* quite certain that no-one could beat Monty at a bar. — LH
Shorely shome mishtake here. — MS

Is it true that Ken Livingstone is to make it compulsory for *NME* to be subscribed to each member of the GLC?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
We hope so, maybe then they'd stop supporting Spirit. — LH

As an avid listener of "rock" music, I would dearly love to know just what UB 40's 'One In Ten' is about. The lads just don't seem to make themselves clear as to whether they're singing about homosexuality or being on the dole or whatever. With the words "an accident of birth" in the song, I doubt whether it's about unemployment. But then again there is one in ten people out of work.

If it is about being gay then I can assure the boys that they have nothing to worry about as anybody has the sexual potential for anything, it's just society which forces us to go one way or the other. So c'mon chaps, what's it about?
Ken Livingstone, China.
Winner of the Liberal Sentiment Of The Week Award. — LH

I read with dread the latest news in the *Enema* of an imminent psychedelia revival. This prediction, coupled with the emergence of colour haphazardly spread over recent issues, has alarmed my ageing eyeballs. They could cope with it 14 years ago whilst deciphering indiscernible vulgarities in *Oz* (hi, Charlie). But in this day and age of high technology and digital New Romantic printing, they are struggling harder than ever.

How long will it be before the new improved 3-D *NME* brings Max Bell's latest epistle resplendent in gold type-face lurking two inches under the surface of the page in subterranean (hi, Nick) hues of swirling pink and blue?
Myopic Noremac.
Eager purple-robed acolytes are already at work on our neo-psychedelic souvenir issue. And here's someone else who's suffering from a surfeit of magic mushrooms — LH

For a long time now, gnomes have been ignored, and yet there is a growing school of thought which suggests that the gnome is in fact only one step away in the evolutionary cycle. For instance in Libya, in 1976, in a dimly lit Tripoli back-street, "gnome-people" were seen catching flies. These people exhibited hideously formed gnome characteristics, such as short, stocky legs and pointed heads. It is believed by Professor Jules Wick, who is currently reviewing his opinion of evolution, that in less than 2,000 years' time, the accepted human body form will actually resemble that of the common gnome. Gnomes have also been at work in the field of contemporary rock journals. Typical 1981 "gnome music" is exemplified by a band called Famous Gnomes, resident in Highgate, North London. Famous Gnomes play very loud music and gig in Venice, on gondolas.

If you see someone walking along Carnaby Street apparently displaying these initially disturbing characteristics, please do remember that they are human-beings like you and me.
B. Guage, Highgate, London.

Please can we have the word "progressive" back?
The Keepers of Useful Sarcasms.
Certainly not! — LH

There was a time when I could do about half the *NME* Crossword. This used to impress people where I work. (They're not too bright on Rock Music). However, since the introduction of the new harder Crossword, I struggle to do even 10 clues. Please bring back the old crossword so I can impress again.
Mike Read, Radio One, Broadcasting House, London.
You must try harder Mike, and that goes for all the rest of your colleagues too. — LH

The first thing I do when I get my *NME* is read every Paul Morley piece. Witty, abusive journalism is always a pleasure (i.e. Duran Wimp).

Adrian Thrills: Thanks for the honesty and guts it took to admit that The Clash *are* the best live band. Paul Du Noyer: Thanks for realising the greatness of the Bunnymen. They continue to be severely underrated in the 'States by the rockcrits and the people.

The girls in the UK have lousy taste in men if they think those powder puffs in Duran are anything to write home about. Here's a Yankee top three:
Paul Simonon — words cannot express. But those muscles!!!
Youth, Killing Joke — those dreads and the dazed eyes! He needs someone to take care of him. Like me.
Mac, Bunnymen — those lips! That hairdo!
Anon, South Plainfield, New Jersey.
PS. Please print a picture of Paul Morley, so I can put a fourth picture by my bed.
Just for you, Anon, here is Mr Morley pictured in "conversation" with Richard Strange. It comes to you with Paul's love and kisses from the paper that will do *almost* anything to oblige. — LH

What is a "bimbo"? Are all Australians bimbos? Are *only* Australians bimbos? If, as I suspect given the general tone of Barney Hoskyns' review of Icehouse at the Venue, "bimbo" is a term of disrespect, a gratuitous insult, then can we look forward to more of this forthright journalism in the future?

You may consider this a slight over-reaction, but in this classless society in which we live, I feel it is essential that we don't restrict our racist and nationalist slurs to those groups who through no fault of their own suffer no great disadvantage other than the lack of a cricket team.
Malcolm Frazer, No Fixed Abode.
I'm assured that "bimbo" is a completely internationalist multi-racial insult. — LH

Can I be the first to start the Ian Botham backlash?
Anon.
Not now. — LH

Hello from a fellow colony. We in Australia have long ago changed masters, glad to see you in the UK are now living under the glow of US/Japan benign rule.

Music in Oz is more diverse than I think *NME* correspondents care to consider. Certainly we produce rubbish, but was not 'Shaddup Your Face' also Number One in the UK? You are not above our rubbish.

What seems to be ignored is that Oz music has another face. The Birthday Party are a group that has been well accepted by such as yourselves, but a recent *NME* article suggested that The Birthday Party arose from a vacuum. Do you really think this possible?

In Australia we have our own political and social environment. Our population is greater than London or the North, we are the most urbanised country in the world and truly our music is not trapped in some mid-'70s time warp. Objective opinions suggest that FM Radio Stations such as 2JJJ in Sydney or 4ZZZ in Brisbane are among the best in the world. Does the UK have 24 hour FM stereo new wave or whatever, broadcast with no commercials? Please do not trivialise by ignorance.
Chris Gow, Sydney, Australia.
You Australians do seem to have suffered somewhat at the hands of successive critics. Forgive our arrogant insularity and we won't mention the Test Matches. — LH

Personally I thought Thrills' bit on Spanner and Mallett was quite good. About time someone admitted to being a soulboy. Of course, Mr Deans is quite incorrect when he says they never mentioned it before, because they did. I quite liked 'One Love' too. And what is most of their material if it isn't disco? Funky is fashionable, I agree, but it's about bloody time too.
Simon, Enfield.
PS: I won't be wearing the same underpants in 12 months' time, either. There's progress.

I don't know very much about "soul music" but 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' still makes me cry whenever I hear it.
Yona.
And with that perhaps the argument on what is, and what is not, soul can be ended at least for this issue. — LH

Why did *NME* quote Depeche Mode's comments on good looks and then show lovely Dave Gahan out of focus on the cover?
Disappointed, Barnet.
Yes, but the *photo* looked lovely though, didn't it. And the other three were in focus. — LH

Let me start by saying I've just come back from a holiday in Spain and the most melodic group of all time, Chic, are featured in *NME*. You don't believe that they're melodic? Well, just listen to 'Savoir Faire' through headphones and feel your head spin.

But having come from a land where Starsound are an institution, I find no less than seven monumental botches in the British Charts. Worse still I see Enigma featured on *TOTP* with possibly the worst chart record of all time. There's no excuse for this travesty, but I suppose they feel that if Kim Wilde can get away with three hits with songs which have no difference to the tape they use to announce trains at Finchley Road tube station, then why shouldn't they?

As if Enigma weren't bad enough, Lobo present us with a medley of TV commercials. But then to the serious records; 'Green Door' Number One (I refuse to say his name), Tenpole Tudor (surely the biggest wimp since Adam Ant) and The Human League (Tone Deaf Jokers). Thank God I didn't have to see those perpetual Piss Artistes Spandau Ballet.

The one bit of culture left in society is the Crapped On Factor with that Thunderbird Puppet Gordon Burns.
Omnipotence Joe, Head of the Dead Loss Don Moss Fan Club, Nowhere Near Any Rioting, England.
PS: I have just discovered Adam Ant's new single will feature the drumming interlude from the start of the classic puppet series *Stingray*. Remember "Anything can happen in the next five minutes"?
It's no good berating us about the state of the Charts. You're the people who put the pop there. Anyway you can't complain about the League, Soft Cell, Spandaus and Depeches. And I speak as someone who's got a Thunderbirds Are Go badge. — LH

Front to back thing damn the write you, course of, unless. 'So' with letter a begin to *not* difficult quite actually it's, it about think you when! Vital so yet and — insignificant so, unassuming so — sure be to, word small a. 'So' with begin letters *Gasbag* many how exactly just consider to paused ever you have. So.
A devoted but not altogether on-the-case reader, Newly Fashionable Tooting, London SW17.
So? — The entire writership of *Gabsag* . . .

T'ZERS

ERROL HERE, pacemaking for **Steve Ovett**. Just watch me go! (with straw in mouth to suck in vital whisky sour nourishment.)

The new **Ian Dury** LP is now titled 'Lord Upminster' . . . **Mick Jagger** uses Ultima II Wrinkle Stick on his lips . . . **Kathy of Sister Sledge** spliced to **Philip Lightfoot**, the group's percussionist, recently in Norristown, VA . . . The new **Meatloaf** single is called 'I'm Going To Love Her For Both Of Us' . . . **Hazel O'Connor's** camping holiday was cut short when rampant cows demolished her tent . . . An unreformed **Steve Rubell** back from the nick and off to open a new Studio 54 in Paris . . . **Andy Warhol** is planning a magazine of photographs and interviews with **Adam Ant's** knees . . . **Chinn and Chapman** are the latest team to sue **Robert Stigwood** . . . **Roxy** are rumoured to be interested in **Mark of Level 42** (the new best bass player in the world), but he's not interested in leaving 42 . . . Can I keep up this pace? You didn't know I was fit did you? I'm always being told how fit I look. Why only the other day . . . Oh no, I better not talk about that. Phil won't like it . . .

Talking of **Oakey**, I trust you all read about the 'secret agony' behind the new **Human League** hit. Now The Human League are the richer and adored superstars they deserve to be, the dailies are lapping up Phil's milky married past. 'Love Action' — as we all knew anyway, well I did anyway, I mean I didn't know who to side with — is the story of his wrecked marriage to red-haired 23-year-old **Anthea**. "At first it made me sad," said Anthea. "Then I realised it was a great song." Anthea has in fact sold me her story, and I'll be serialising it in this column very soon. Don't go away! Phil's past is pretty desperate . . .

Josef K may have split up. They may not have. (We know who to blame, don't we?) Whatever, there should be another single from that quarter and a half, and **Paul Haig** is currently in the studio recording some sort of single probably for release on Rational Records. **Orange Juice** were down in London last week, now fully prepared to sell their body to a big record label. The big record labels are falling over themselves to get their body, (it'll be either Island or Phonogram) and publishers are trying to sign up anything remotely Postcard, even if it's only a pigmentation of Alan Horne's imagination . . . Darnell has not left Zilkha: this is so official, you read in in *NMZE* . . .

THE ROLLING STONES on *Top Of The Pops*: it was good said **Penny Reel**, it was the scandal of the year said **Ian Penman**, but your **Errol** was the lump in Jagger's trousers . . . Oh, and the *NMZE* is now telling you that ZE are putting out a Christmas LP, as are Factory . . .

Club Left last week was the same as it was the week before, the new '60s Dingwalls for the '80s. **Tenpole Tudor** was there. One of Tenpole's greasy group got in a fist fight . . . Can anyone believe that **James Chance And The Contortions** played a repeat show at The Venue due to PUBLIC DEMAND? . .

Alex Sadkin (the co producer of the last two **Grace Jones** novels and possibly the director of an **ABC** adventure movie with a double 'A' certificate) is at present mixing some floozy jazzy razzy crazzy beady seady heady ready **Vic Godard Subway Sect** strolls. Vic Godard, incidently, is this month's Errol Vocalist Of The Month. Other awards go to the bar person who mixes the Pernod and black at Le Beat Route, to **Ian Penman** who's sold out every rotten principle he ever had to join the angry arrogant drunken sexy staff of *NME* (get to work Penman), and to **Miles Davis** who's finally putting out a 45 in America, called 'Shout' . . .

Department S's one hit 'Is Vic There' is on US disco Top 80, titled 'Is Vick There'. **Toulouse** never bloody told me his so called mystery song was about a vapour rub . . .

Hey, hurry up **Steve**, what's keeping you, you've got to sprint . . . I mean look at comic **Richard Pryor** — he's hurrying up. He's just got married for the sixth time. I was never married to him, but we once thought about having an affair . . . I bet you'd all thought I'd forgotten about The Fun Party, but no way. I'm getting ready for the Croydon by-election, and I might even put myself up as the candidate. I'm still drawing in funds. This week's advertiser is **Rusty Egan** . . . Well, his money's no different from anyone else's . . .

(Here follows a commercial for Rusty Egan)

HI I'm **Rusty Egan**, and I want to tell you about my life. Listen here, mates, I've got my club, I've got my group, I've got my production company, I've got my 850 pairs of trousers, I've got my pilot's licence, I've got my American Express Card, I've got my house in the country, I've got my string of shops, I've got the football club I'm chairman of, I've got 760 bank accounts, I've got 17 wives and 64 poodles, I've got me mam, I've got my D video cassette recorder, I've got my knighthood due, I've got the respect of my peers, I've got **Norman Mailer** ghosting my autobiography, I've got my holiday cottage on an obscure Island in the South Pacific, I've got my minders, I've got **Steve Strange's** ex directory phone number, I'm getting my Lear Jet, I've got my Rolls, I've got my Land Rover, I've got my personal doctor for ever by my side, I've got a cocktail named after me, I've got my will all made out.

I've got **Victor Stallone** starring as me in the film of my life, I've got **Richard Jobson's** inside trouser measurements, I've got my nuclear shelter, I've got ten years supply of bloody marys, I've got all the **Gary Cooper** films on tape, I've got the secret recipe for Coca Cola, I've got the largest fan club a drummer has ever had, I've got class, I've got personality, I've got swing, I've got a 40 per cent share in **MacDonalds**, I've got flair, I've got a future, I've got a vault full of gold, I've got **Richard Burgess** as a foster parent, I've got age on my side, cos you see I've got my health and frankly if you got your health, what else matters. Right? Look out for me . . .

LOOKS like I'm going to have to go all the way, **Steve's** lagging behind . . . I'm told that I should pop into the Contrast Galleries in Dover St. (London!) to see **Brian Griffiths** photography exhibit, especially to see the picture of **Steve Strange** which got bounced from the cover of *Rolling Stone's* issue with the New Romantics article. Can anyone stomach another photo of S. Strange? Well? . . .

Listen, was that really **Katherine Hepburn** backstage at the first night of **The Jacksons** Madison Square Garden 'event' in New York? It certainly wasn't **Cary Grant**. But which one of the babies does **Kathy** have an eye on? Is there a script we don't know about? And did you know that **Donny Osmond** (apologies to The Jacksons for dragging him into this) has taken up video directing, and that his first project will be something to do with **Grover Washington** . . .

Phew, running with **Steve Ovett** that itty bitty little Better Badges advert isn't half hurtling towards me . . . **Gavin Martin** and **Siouxsie Sioux** finally met at **Altered Images** Heaven show last week. Sioux didn't quite manage to kick Gavin, voices were raised, they never want to meet again . . .

Word comes to me from the West Coast of America that **Ariana** of you know who **The Slits** had a shock when she went into a wholefood restaurant (part of a chain!) to order a nutburger. The waitress couldn't understand the — eh — beauty in Ariana's idiosyncratic behaviour and promptly performed a citizen's arrest. Ariana was later slapped on the wrist and conditionally discharged. But the embarrassment!'

Come on Steve move it . . . right, I'm dropping out, it's up to you now, another lap, a leap over the Betta Badge advert and you'll have the world record. I'll leave you to soak up the glory. (Typical of me). I'm just glad I didn't run in the shoes **Gary Numan** is wearing in the photo on the inside of his latest LP. The shoes Gary Numan is wearing are the worst shoes ever worn by an apparently sane human being in the 20th Century. It was because of those shoes that the Reading Festival refused Numan permission to perform this year. That's the business, that's my bed, and that's me going for some fun . . .

. . . where was I? Well, I had a terrible dream last night that I was trapped for the whole weekend at that Newcastle belch or was it the Reading burp or could it even have been on board an InterCity train full of Leeds supporters? It's all snakes and ladders to me.

Scarcely anyone worth mingling with at the Notting Hill spill — no one with a pocket worth, well, poking. There was **Paul Clash** and **Pearl Clash** and **Poole Clash** and **Bluurgh Clash** and **Poe Strummer** trying to get **Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus** to play triangle on their next double live lp . . . the **Aswaddies**, the ghost of **The Members**, **August Darnell's** favourite tax loss **Funkapolitan**, a marquee containing **The Slits**, **Rip Rig and Panic**, **Pigbag** and **This Heat**, and the only person I would have bought a drink, **Taj Mahal** . . .

Summertime and the jivin' is easy. **ABC's** debut single is called "Tears Are Not Enough". Pernod and blackcurrent, Jack Daniels, vodka and Five Alive, soda crystals, a slice of lime and a bucket of ice possibly is (wide open spaces to dance recommended, though). **Alex Sadkin** did not direct, it is rumoured to have taken 10 nights and eight thousand pounds to record. I trust them implicitly, but even I'm shocked about this. A measly eight thousand? It's all chops and channels to Ze. . .

Whether it's **Penman** joining the staff or not I don't know but the cheap shot in last week's *Observer* "Living" (they have a nerve) section article on 'pop' journalism about the *Melody Maker* and *NME* joining forces is totally without foundation (or rouge or . . .) *NME is* losing a LOT of money VERY quickly these days — but that's just my bar and dry cleaning bills. . .

Pic: Ebert Roberts
Illustration: Serge Clerc

TO LOS ANGELES, where we find **The Jacksons** arriving by stacker-truck at the premiere of **Joseph L Loomkey's** new musical production of *The Longest Day* starring **Burl Ives, Christopher Walken, Peggy Mount** and **Rod McKuen**. The film, an updating of the oscar winning 1962 flick by Ken Annakin, also features The Jacksons themselves in one scene.

Explains **Tito**: "We play Confederate soldiers who materialize in the middle of one of the naval battle scenes. It sounds kinda kooky but Mr Loomkey thought the picture needed a historical perspective which we deliver in a song called 'Fort Sumner Was A Bummer' which is a kind of word play thing the Japanese taught us. Then **Michael** gets a dance routine to himself as he dodges the flak on the beach — it's very clever and very funny."

The boys arrived at the movie in the costumes they wear in their scene.

"We just gave **General Lee's** uniform a contemporary razzle-dazzle," claimed **The Big Figure**, "although, as drummer in **Dr Feelgood**, I have little idea why I'm in this caption."

'The Longest Day 81' opens in December at the Elhamborough Tavern Upstairs, Dulwich. (Admission £1.80 inclusive of two free drinks).

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NEW ALBUM

HAZEL O'CONNOR

Cover Plus

FEATURES THE SINGLE (COVER PLUS) WE'RE ALL GROWN UP

TOUR

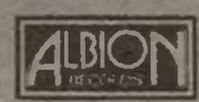
September

THURSDAY 10TH	SALISBURY CITY HALL
TUESDAY 15TH	BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
WEDNESDAY 16TH	EDINBURGH ODEON
THURSDAY 17TH	NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SATURDAY 19TH	BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SUNDAY 20TH	IPSWICH GAUMONT
TUESDAY 22ND	SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 23RD	MANCHESTER APPOLLO
THURSDAY 24TH	LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
SATURDAY 26TH	BRIGHTON TOP RANK
SUNDAY 27TH	LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MONDAY 28TH	HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY 30TH	PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

October

FRIDAY 2ND	BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
SUNDAY 4TH	LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
MONDAY 5TH	CARDIFF UNIVERSITY

Album Includes Poster and Lyric Sheet



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