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## ANNABELLA

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# UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1		<b>PRINCE CHARMING</b> Adam & The Ants (CBS)	4	1
2	21	INVISIBLE SUN ..... Police (A & M)	2	2
3	2	TAINTED LOVE ..... Soft Cell (Bizzare)	10	1
4	4	HANDS UP ..... Ottowan (Carrere)	5	4
5	7	ENDLESS LOVE Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	3	5
6	5	PRETEND ..... Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	4	5
7	13	BIRDIE SONG ..... Tweets (PRT)	3	7
8	3	SOUVENIR Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	5	3
9	25	UNDER YOUR THUMB Godley & Creme (Polydor)	2	9
10	(—)	SHUT UP ..... Madness (Stiff)	1	10
11	5	WIRED FOR SOUND ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	3
12	(—)	SLOW HAND ..... Pointer Sisters (Planet)	4	9
13	14	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW ..... Hi Gloss (Epic)	4	13
14	24	STARS ON 45 VOL. 3 ..... Starsound (CBS)	2	14
15	11	SO THIS IS ROMANCE ..... Linx (Chrysalis)	3	11
16	28	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	16
17	10	HOLD ON TIGHT ..... ELO (Jet)	7	2
18	27	HAND HELD IN BLACK AND WHITE Dollar (WEA)	3	18
19	16	IN AND OUT OF LOVE ..... Imagination (R&B)	3	16
20	8	JAPANESE BOY ..... Aneka (Hansa)	8	1
21	19	ONE IN TEN ..... UB40 (Dep Int)	8	8
22	(—)	LET'S HANG ON ..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	22
23	15	LOVE ACTION ..... Human League (Virgin)	8	1
24	12	START ME UP ..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	6	4
25	23	ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS ..... Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	23
26	(—)	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	26
27	29	HOLLIEDAZE ..... Hollies (EMI)	2	27
28	20	EVERYBODY SALSA. Modern Romance (WEA)	5	11
29	(—)	PLAY TO WIN ..... Heaven 17 (Virgin)	1	29
30	(—)	SEASONS OF GOLD ..... Gidea Park (Polo)	1	30



The Police — in at No.10 and moving to No.2. Lee Madness pic: Nigel Illegible.



# UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
17		<b>ABACAB.. Genesis (Charisma)</b>	2	1
2	1	DEAD RINGER ..... Meatloaf (Epic)	4	1
3	2	TATTOO YOU ..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	4	2
4	3	RAGE IN EDEN ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	3
5	6	SHAKY ..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	5
6	5	TIME ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	1
7	9	WIRED FOR SOUND ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	7
8	22	SUPERHITS 1 & 2 ..... Various (Ronco)	2	8
9	(—)	HOOKED ON CLASSICS Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	1	9
10	14	CELEBRATION ..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	10
11	15	WALK UNDER LADDERS Joan Armatrading (A&M)	3	10
12	24	PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	2	12
13	11	SECRET COMBINATION Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	18	3
14	13	BAT OUT OF HELL Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	13	9
15	12	PRESENT ARMS ..... UB40 (Dep Int)	17	1
16	4	DANCE ..... Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	3
17	21	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER Adam & The Ants (CBS)	45	1
18	10	DURAN DURAN ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	14	2
19	7	LOVE SONGS ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	13	1
20	(—)	ANGELIC UPSTARTS Angelic Upstarts (Zonophone)	1	20
21	19	HAPPY BIRTHDAY ..... Altered Images (Epic)	2	19
22	8	STARS ON 45 VOL 2 ..... Starsound (CBS)	2	8
23	(—)	LEVEL 42 ..... Level 42 (Polydor)	1	23
24	18	HITS RIGHT UP YOUR STREET Shadows (Polydor)	2	18
25	23	MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	2	23
26	(—)	BUCKS FIZZ ..... Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	18
27	26	BLACK & WHITE ..... Pointer Sisters (Planet)	2	26
28	20	DANCE DANCE DANCE ..... Various (K-Tel)	2	20
29	(—)	DENIM & LEATHER ..... Saxon (Carrere)	1	29
30	(—)	THE GARDEN ..... John Foxx (Virgin)	1	30

## INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	Just Can't Get Enough Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(5)	You Scare Me To Death Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
3	(10)	Reality ..... Chron-Gen (Fresh)
4	(4)	Release The Bats ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
4	(2)	All Out Attack EP ..... Blitz (No Future)
6	(8)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
7	(6)	Holidays In Cambodia (12") Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8	(3)	One In Ten ..... UB40 (Dep Int)
9	(—)	Thunder In The Mountains ..... Toyah (Stiff)
10	(—)	Everything's Gone Green New Order (Factory)
11	(12)	Leather Bristles, Studs & Acne GBH (Clay)
12	(7)	Inconvenience ..... Au Pairs (Human)
13	(9)	I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
14	(12)	She's In Love With A Monster Man Revillos (Super Sell)
14	(11)	Kitchen Person ..... Associates (Situation 2)
16	(—)	Police Story ..... Partizans (No Future)
17	(15)	Puppets Of War EP ..... Chron-Gen (Fresh)
18	(20)	Neu Smell ..... Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
19	(16)	The Resurrection ..... Vice Squad (Riot City)
20	(25)	One Law For Them 4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
21	(14)	Nero ..... Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
22	(—)	Stretch ..... Maximum Joy (Y)
23	(—)	Message/Speech ..... Associates (Situation 2)
24	(18)	Brave New England Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
25	(21)	4 Movements ..... Thomas Lear (Cherry Red)
26	(27)	Grass ..... Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
27	(—)	Jelly Babies ..... Epic Soundtracks (R. Trade)
28	(23)	Hit The Moon ..... Ellery Bop (Ace Ideas)
29	(30)	Aie A Mwana ..... Bananarama (Demon)
30	(—)	Searching For The Only One Frantic Elevators (Cracking Up)

## INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	Red Mecca ..... Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
2	(1)	Wise And Foolish ..... Misty (People Unite)
3	(5)	Present Arms ..... UB40 (Dep International)
4	(8)	The Last Call ..... Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
5	(3)	In Concert ..... T Rex (Marc)
6	(4)	Cover Plus ..... Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
7	(7)	Early Years ..... Fall (Step Forward)
8	(11)	Fire Escape In The Sky ..... Scott Walker (Zoo)
9	(10)	Playing With A Different Sex Au Pairs (Human)
10	(8)	Penis Envy ..... Crass (Crass)
11	(14)	Always Now ..... Sector 25 (Factory)
12	(16)	Closer ..... Joy Division (Factory)
13	(12)	Anthem ..... Toyah (Safari)
14	(13)	Signing Off ..... UB40 (Graduate)
15	(15)	Punks Not Dead ..... Exploited (Secret)
16	(22)	Only Fun In Town ..... Josef K (Postcard)
17	(—)	This Heat ..... This Heat (R. Trade)
18	(17)	Document And Eye-Witness Wire (R. Trade)
19	(28)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
20	(24)	In The Flat Field ..... Bauhaus (4AD)
21	(9)	Prayers On Fire ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
22	(—)	The Curse Of Zounds ..... Zounds (R. Trade)
23	(—)	Snazz ..... Nazareth (NEMS)
24	(18)	Caught In Flux Eyeless In Giza (Cherry Red)
25	(20)	Drama Of Exile ..... Nico (Aura)
26	(21)	Black Sounds Of Freedom Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
27	(—)	In A Roman Mood Human Sexual Response (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
28	(—)	Mark Of The Mole ..... Residents (Ralph)
29	(23)	Stations Of The Cross ..... Crass (Crass)
30	(—)	Rock'n'Groove Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

## REGGAE

1	Never Gonna Hurt Me Again (12") Israel Vibration (Vibes)
7	Arab Oil Weapon (12") Bunny Wailer (Nighthawk)
3	I Know (12") ..... Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
4	Creation ..... Topia (Wackies)
5	Fort X ..... Lone Ranger (GG)
6	Tourist Season ..... Errol Scorcher (Ja Man)
7	Love In A Name ..... Jim Brown (Studio 1)
8	Youthman (12") Edi Fitzroy (Municipal Ambassador)
9	Backra/Give Love A Try Johnny Osborne (Jah Hits)
10	Thank You ..... I Jahman (Jahmani) Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

## FUNK

1	You've Got The Floor* Arthur Adams (Incultation)
2	Give It To Me ..... Conquest (Prelude)
3	Give ..... UK Players (A & M)
4	Menergy* ..... Patrick Cowley (Fusion)
5	(You're) In The Pocket ..... Linda Taylor (Groove)
6	Hold On To This Moment* ..... Mystery (Bump)
7	Station Brake* ..... Capt. Sky (WMOT)
8	Can You Feel It* ..... Funk Fashion Band (WMOT)
9	Shake-n-Skate ..... Dr. York (Groove)
10	Mama Used To Say Junior Giscombe (Mercury)

(\* denotes import)  
Chart: Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek St., London W1.

## INTERNATIONAL DENMARK

1	(1)	You Drive Me Crazy ..... Shakin' Stevens (CBS)
2	(6)	Maybe I'm Crazy ..... Laid Back (Strand)
3	(7)	Hands Up ..... Ottowan (Carrere)
4	(2)	Stars On 45 Vol 2 ..... Starsound (CNR)
5	(5)	Hold On Tight ..... ELO (Jet)
6	(8)	Chaquered Love ..... Kim Wilde (Rak)
7	(3)	Stars On 45 ..... Starsound (CNR)
8	(10)	Bette Davis Eyes Kim Carnes (EMI America)
9	(—)	Kids In America ..... Kim Wilde (Rak)
10	(9)	Shaddup You Face ..... Joe Dolce (Frituna) Courtesy BT/IFA/Billboard

## AUSTRALIA

1	(3)	You Drive Me Crazy ..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
2	(2)	Jessie's Girl ..... Rick Springfield (Wizard)
3	(4)	Who Can It Be Now ..... Men At Work (CBS)
4	(1)	DEV-O LIVE ..... Devo (Warner Bros)
5	(8)	Louise (We Get It Right) ..... Jona Lewie (Stiff)
6	(5)	Say I Love You ..... Renee Geyer (Mushroom)
7	(11)	If I Were A Carpenter ..... Swanee (WEA)
8	(7)	Stars On 45 ..... Starsound (Mercury)
9	(6)	Making Your Mind Up ..... Bucks Fizz (RCA)
7	(9)	Slow Hand ..... Pointer Sisters (Planet) Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

## FIVE YEARS AGO

1	Dancing Queen ..... Abba (Epic)
2	Mississippi ..... Pussycat (Sonet)
3	I Am A Cider Drinker ..... The Wurzels (EMI)
4	Can't Get By Without You ..... Real Thing (Pye)
5	I Only Wanna Be With You ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
6	Dance Little Lady Dance ..... Tina Charles (CBS)
7	Blinded By The Light ..... Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze)
8	The Killing Of George ..... Rod Stewart (Riva)
9	Aria ..... Acker Bilk (Pye)
10	Sailing ..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

## TEN YEARS AGO

1	Maggie May ..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	Hey Girl Don't Bother Me ..... The Tams (Probe)
3	Did You Ever ..... Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
4	(Believe In Love) ..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)
5	Tap Turns On The Water ..... C.C.S. (Rak)
6	Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum ..... Middle Of The Road (RCA)
7	You've Got A Friend ..... James Taylor (Warner Bros)
8	Cousin Norman ..... Marmalade (Decca)
9	Nathan Jones ..... Supremes (Tamla Motown)
10	For All We Know ..... Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

## FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Distant Drums ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	I'm A Boy ..... Who (Reaction)
3	You Can't Hurry Love ..... Supremes (Tamla Motown)
4	Little Man ..... Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
5	Send It ..... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
6	Too Soon To Know ..... Roy Orbison (London)
7	All Or Nothing ..... Small Faces (Decca)
8	All I See Is You ..... Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	Winchester Cathedral ..... New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
10	Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	Johnny Remember Me ..... John Leyton (Top Rank)
2	Wild In The Country ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	Kon-Tiki ..... Shadows (Columbia)
4	Michael ..... Highwaymen (HMV)
5	Jealousy ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
6	You Don't Know ..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
7	Reach For The Stars ..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8	Get Lost ..... Eden Kane (Decca)
9	Hats Off To Larry ..... Del Shannon (London)
10	You'll Answer To Me ..... Cleo Laine (Fontana)

**NME**  
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

**INSIDE INFORMATION**



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Bauhaus p.50



Carl Perkins p.35

**ANGER ON THE ROAD**

**Music for the march on Tories**

A SERIES of special concerts has been organised by Rock Against Racism, in conjunction with the Right To Work Campaign, to entertain the hundreds of unemployed youngsters who will be marching on the Tory Party Conference this month.

The march, similar to the Liverpool-to-London trek in the spring, will this time converge upon Blackpool — where it plans to vent its wrath upon the Tories, under the banner of "Run Thatcher Run", by lobbying them at their annual showpiece.

The shows, billed as "Anger On The Road", will be free to the jobless producing dole cards — though a charge of £1 or £2 will be made to the more fortunate members of the public. First gig is at Manchester Polytechnic on October 10 with Aswad, The Distractions, Harlem Spirit and Zero Sounds; and in the same city's UMIST the next night there's a RARdical cabaret with Mike Carver and Ernie Dalton.

Other events include a RAR party at Bolton Institute of Technology (12); The Mo-dettes, Blitz, Attack and Zero Sounds at Blackburn King George's Hall (13); Tarzan 5, Dislocation Dance and Climate Of Treason at Preston Polytechnic (14); Dialektrik and The Distorted at Preston Warehouse (also 14); and an eve-of-rally show at Blackpool Squires Club on October 15 with The Distractions, Coup De Grace, The Out, Personal Column and Zero Sounds.

The following morning (16) the marchers assemble at 11am at Blackpool North Railway Station for their lobby of the conference, called "The Anti-Tory Party".

**Au pairs away**

THE AU PAIRS will be busy promoting their newly released Human Records single 'Inconvenience' when they hit the road later this month. Their 18-date schedule is highlighted by a headliner at London Hammersmith Palais on November 5, which will be a special Guy Fawkes Night party show. The other gigs, promoted by TBA, are at: Bristol Polytechnic (October 15), Sheffield Polytechnic (16), Newcastle University (17), Leicester Polytechnic (21), Leeds Warehouse (22), Aberdeen University (23), Glasgow Strathclyde University (24), Fife St. Andrew's University (25), Edinburgh Valentino's (26), Portsmouth Locarno (29), Brighton Sussex University (30), Reading University (November 3), Canterbury Kent University (4), York Alcuin College (7), Liverpool Warehouse (11), Coventry Warwick University (12), Hull The Tower (13), and Manchester University (14).



The sound of marching feet — but this time to Blackpool. 'Eric's protest' pic: Derek Massey.

**Human's Love Action**

THE HUMAN LEAGUE have announced plans for a major UK tour later in the autumn, highlighted by two shows at London Rainbow. The outing follows the release this month of their new album and single, on which they've been working since midsummer with Martin Rushent. The single, issued by Virgin this weekend and the follow-up to their 'Love Action' hit, couples 'Open Your Heart' with the instrumental 'Non-Stop' — and there's also an extended 12-inch version which runs for a total of 17 minutes. The new LP, which follows their highly successful 'Travelogue' set, comes out on October 16 and is titled 'Dare'. Tour dates are Glasgow Apollo (November 20), Edinburgh Playhouse (21), Lancaster University (22), Coventry Apollo (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (25), Sheffield Lyceum (26 and 27), Manchester Apollo (29), Birmingham Odeon (30), Southampton Gaumont (December 2), Liverpool Royal Court (3 and 4), London Rainbow (5 and 6), Aylesbury Friars (8), Ipswich Guamont (9), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Brighton Dome (11) and Derby Assembly Rooms (12). Tickets are now on sale at all venues — in fact, the first nights at both Sheffield and Liverpool are already sold out, prior to the tour being announced officially. Prices vary, but average at around £3.50, with London tickets costing £4 and £4.50. December dates in Belfast and Dublin will be slotted into the schedule later.



**Bonus Bow**

BOW WOW WOW have added another five dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, which opens on October 8 at London Strand Lyceum. The extra gigs are at Norwich East Anglia University (October 10), Manchester University (17), Hull Tower Cinema (18),

Bradford St. George's Hall (23) and Reading University (30). There have also been a couple of venue changes — their Nottingham show on October 16 is now at Kimberley Leisure Centre instead of Rock City; and the Birmingham date on October 19 is the Tower Ballroom, not the Town Cinema.

**Jobson's choice**

THE SKIDS, now basically the nucleus of Richard Jobson and Russell Webb, have spent most of the summer working on a new and broader aspect of their music. There's always been a slight Celtic influence within the framework of their songs, but more recently they've decided to expand this by using traditional instruments. And they've been experimenting with the aid of Mike Oldfield, among others — simulating the sounds of the Scottish bodhran (drums), bagpipes and fiddles.

Then, quite by chance, they met a quartet of young Glasgow buskers who specialise in these instruments — and the four were quickly co-opted by Jobson and Webb to accompany them in a John Peel session currently being recorded.

**Depeche modes**

DEPECHE MODE — whose single 'New Life' enjoyed a nine-week chart run in the summer, and has now been replaced by their follow-up 'Just Can't Get Enough' — set out at the end of this month on their first major UK tour. They're playing 13 dates around the country, climazing in a major London show, and tickets at all venues are £2.50. The tour has been put together by Dan Silver of TBA, and it comprises: Newcastle University (October 31), Edinburgh Coasters November 2), Manchester Fagins (3), Birmingham Locarno (4), Nottingham Rock City (5), Liverpool Mountford Hall (6), Sheffield Polytechnic (7), Bristol Locarno (9), Basildon Raquel's (10), Brighton Top Rank (11), Poole Arts Centre (12), Leicester University (14) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (15).



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# DANCIN' MASTER

Another tape exclusive: a 24 track all-dancing extravaganza; a feast of moveability!

REMEMBER the C81 cassette? The original NME exclusive that's been gracing the nation's most discerning tape-decks for the best part of the year?

Oh good, well now you can forget it: as your sensibilities struggle to take in another incredible offer — for your ears only. Response to C81 was so good that we felt honour-bound to top it with something even better. So! Now you can boggle your mind in style, and move your feet in time, as we unleash the NME Dancin' Master.

Words can only ever tell you part of the story. The Dancin' Master cassette — at a pathetic £1.99, inclusive of the two p's, it's yours for the cost of a 12" single — represents the essential soundtrack to our weekly ravings. Take our tape and you'll understand: the NME is the paper you really can dance to.

And all we've done is assemble 24 slices of the danciest dance music of the day. From rockabilly to reggae, funk, electro-pop, you name it — the barriers are down. (Pick a partner, not a category.)

Above you'll see a mere eight of the top-ranking names who've collaborated with us. There's plenty more to come: the rare, the unique, and some so new they ain't even been born yet. All they've got in common is a body-moving quotient of 101.

Even as we speak, the review room floor is vibrating to the gyrations of our dancin' jury — busy selecting the choicest cuts for your party pleasure. And a ridiculous sight they are too. But never mind them: stand by for your instructions . . .

HERE'S YOUR FIRST DANCIN' MASTER COUPON.



Merely collect any three of the six exquisite little coupons we'll be printing over the next month and a half. This offer is strictly mail-order, for NME readers only. It will never be sold in the shops. And the cost is just £1.99 (inclusive of 35p postage and packing).

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Introducing . . .  
The first Magnificent Eight.



## TALKING HEADS:

A rare — but stupendous — live rendering of 'Cities'.



## GRANDMASTER FLASH

The US — only release 'The Birthday Party' — by the Bronx King of the quick mix.



## LLOYD COXSONE:

The unheard-of dub rhythms of 'Zion Bound'.



## THE JAM:

Another scoop — captured live in the UK.



## TOM BROWNE:

His classic 'Funkin' For Jamaica' — a different version!



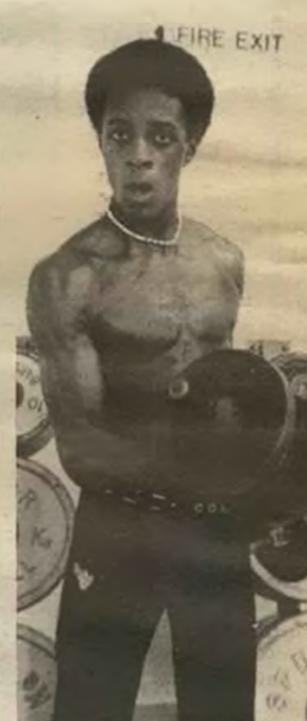
## IAN DURY:

At his livest — all Blockheads intact.



## POLECATS:

Would you believe, a dub of 'Rockabilly Guy'? Quiff kids team with producer Dennis Bovell.



## BEGGAR AND CO:

Best of Britfunk — a cut called 'Laughing On'.

And that's just Episode One — there's much, much more to follow. Collect the set!

## Then there were 2 Skins

ANOTHER OF the founding members of the 4 Skins, guitarist Steve Pear, this week quit the group saying that he'd "had enough". His departure follows only a few weeks after singer Gary Hodges had parted company with the group.

"It might seem an odd time to be going since our single is doing well ('One Law For Them' is currently in the NME Independent charts), but I'd had enough of all the bollocks," Pear told NME, referring to the reputation the group have acquired, especially since their concert at the Hambrough Tavern in July which ended in a full scale riot in the streets of Southall. Readers will recall that local Asians, incensed by

the arrival of coachloads of skinheads shouting racist taunts, and by violent incidents involving skins in the High Street, had attacked — and later burned the pub, forcing the three groups inside — The 4-Skins, The Last Resort, and The Business — and their audience to flee.

Since then, the group has found it virtually impossible to find gigs. "Everyone was calling us Nazis," said Pear. Hardly surprising under the circumstances old boy. "I'm no Nazi," said the guitarist. "I lost a lot of friends because of the whole business about Southall."

How about 4 Skins manager and self confessed ex-British Movement member Gary Hitchcock?

"No, he's still my friend." So what's the plan now?

"I'm forming a new band with Mickey Adamson who was with Wasted Youth. We're starting a band called October Revolution, which will play mostly stuff in The New York Dolls, Iggy Pop vein. The Dolls were always my first love . . ."

October Revolution? You mean like storming the Winter Palace, Moscow 1917, a touch of the Bolsheviks?

"Nah. To be honest we got the name from an old picture of the Dolls. It was the time when McLaren was managing them and they were into their 'communist' trappings. Johnny Thunders had a T-shirt on saying 'October Revolution' and we just nicked it from there. Smart name though isn't it?"

—ALEXANDER KROPOTKIN

## THRILLS DESK: CYNTHIA ROSE



## In the Soup, In the Swim

JIM CARROLL'S 'Basketball Diaries'; Jerry Hopkins' 'Elvis: The Final Years' and 'Jim Morrison: No One Gets Out of Here Alive'; Dave Marsh's 'Born to Run: The Bruce Springsteen Story'; Greil Marcus' 'Mystery Train' ... even Ed Sanders' 'Tales of Beatnik Glory' and Viv Goldman and Adrian Boot's 'Bob Marley: Soul Rebel / Natural Mystic'. What do these books have in common? (a) They're the sort that get mentioned frequently in these pages and, (b) They're also the sort most likely not to be easily found in provincial libraries and bookstalls. But they can find their way into your home and heart, through the magic of mail order run by the ever-reliable reggae journalist / bookshop proprietor Nick Kimberley. Kimberley has just

compiled his latest mail-order catalogue and it includes a lengthy list of rock and rock-related books with accurate info on how and how much. If you'd like a copy, rush your sae to the man who first brought Patti Smith's published poetry to British bookshelves at his shop Duck Soup, 11 Lambs Conduitt Passage London WC1. Then jump between the covers with Jack Kerouac, John Cage of Ms Smith.

CYNTHIA ROSE





Pic: David Arnoff

What a shower: Richard, Mel & Chris go into collective brainstorm.

**FILM**

- Scorpio Rising
- The Wild One
- Satyricon
- Towers Open Fire
- The Man With The Golden Arm
- Most Bunuel films
- If
- Aguirre Wrath Of God
- A Touch Of Evil
- Midnight Express
- Texas Chainsaw Massacre
- Johnny Yesno
- Kagemusha
- Apocalypse Now
- Metropolis

**Portrait Of The  
ARTIST**

**As A Consumer  
Cabaret Voltaire**

**MISCELLANEOUS**

- Launderettes
- Junk Shops
- Sainsbury's Gin
- Years Of Lightning
- Video cut-ups of news footage
- Foreign travel
- Indian food
- Rothmans
- Carry On films
- Cottage cheese
- Grouse malt whisky (large one)
- '50s/early '60s magazines
- Collecting images
- Eating out
- German police issue trousers

**SOUND**

- Tiny Pyramids ..... Sun Ra
- Wildtracks ..... John Kirby
- The Enfield Poltergeist ..... Geoff Rushton
- Moonshake ..... Can
- Ah Pook Is Here ..... William Burroughs
- Blaubert ..... Dennis Bovell
- Mantras ..... Stockhausen
- Yasassin/Low/Heroes ..... David Bowie
- The Living Night ..... Derek Jones
- The Man Machine ..... Kraftwerk
- Future Days/DizzyDizzy ..... Can
- Lady Godiva's Operation ..... Velvet Underground
- What A Day ..... Throbbing Gristle
- Pagan Muzak ..... Non
- The Idiot/Lust For Life ..... Iggy Pop

**BOOKS**

- Psychic Self-Defence ..... Dion Fortune
- Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas ..... Hunter S. Thompson
- The Natural History Of Selbourne ..... Gilbert White
- Journey To The East ..... Herman Hesse
- Electronic Revolution ..... William Burroughs
- Yoga And Nutrition ..... Karen Zebroff
- Venus In Furs ..... Sacher-Masoch
- Doors Of Perception/Heaven And Hell ..... Aldous Huxley
- Invisible Cities ..... Italo Calvino
- Last Exit To Brooklyn ..... Hubert Selby Jr.
- The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test ..... Tom Wolfe
- Re-search Magazine
- Selected Letters ..... De Sade
- The Third Mind ..... William Burroughs And Brion Gysin
- Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain ..... Ostrander and Schroeder

**THE BEAT IS ON!**

FOR THOSE OF YOU who were hanging out in Mustique last week, 'The Beat' refers to the mind-boggling **Tensai Rhythm Machine**, who debut in these pages on Thursday took our musical clientele by storm (we're still trying to fit in Thursday's lunch break). It's one of those why-didn't-they-think-of-that-before ideas, a **two-track recording section with overdub plus rhythm generator and radio** — all in a portable unit which **ONLY** yours truly are selling at a **very silly £69.95**. Come in and try one! (Oh, yes, we CAN mail-order them — The printers omitted a line reading P&P £4.95). What else? **AKAI's** in this week — amps, cassette decks, turntables and speakers from £30 and the excellent Hitachi 9140E with detachable speakers is in stock at **£159**. **See you soon!**

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Sonyo RD4028 Dolby cassette deck (S/Soiled)	£45
Teco A-108 SYNC Simulsync cass deck (New)	£115
Rotel RP310 Belt drive turntable & cart	£45
Marantz SD2060L FM/AM Stereo Tuners	£34.95
Pioneer PL-300 Quartz D/Drive deck & cart	£89
Marantz CD320 Portable Dolby cass deck	£69
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LONDON  
CINEMA GUIDE  
On Page 41**

*Lowry*

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the hell out  
of me ...

Daily Mail

# QUADROPHENIA

Starring Phil Daniels  
and featuring Sting and Toyah.

Top ten box office success and voted best film by NME readers. On the cinema circuit earlier this year but only now freed for video, this film gives a frighteningly real portrayal of teenage life in the sixties and of the conflict between mods and rockers.



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## PLUTONIUM BLONDES

**N**EXT WEEK will see the debut of the No Nukes Music fanzine *Rebel With A Brain*, whose traditional A4 format will showcase the writing of two "exceptional" 16-year-old writers, plus features on staunch NNM supporters such as Poison Girls, Au Pairs, Birthday Party and The Papers. There's Sioux's thoughts, more info on Luxyln and CND news in general. Available for 20p and a large size, from No Nukes Music at 9 Poland St, W1.

IN THE 2½ years of their existence, SANE — Students Against Nuclear Energy — have brought the NUS and over 50 separate student unions to their militant anti-nuclear stand. Their national and Scottish offices produce regular newsletters and co-ordinate national demos and direct actions in line with their policy of total opposition to the whole of the nuclear chain, from uranium mining and the violation of land rights it entails right up through the proliferation of nuclear weapons and the production of nuclear waste.

Possibly most important among their targets is their aim for '81: "to highlight, expose, and terminate nuclear involvement in Higher Education." For only 15p, their new broadsheet/poster details exactly what students can do to help in this aim, and to stop nuclear development.

The main intent of the broadsheet is to serve as a guide to the campaigns within Britain which are fighting against the evolution of a nuclear nation at every point — where companies plan for power stations, aim to base arms, or seek to transport and dump nuclear waste. It makes no claim to be complete, but the campaigning sites it informs on range from Scotland's Torness (targeted since '81 for a Three Mile Island-type PWR reactor — the sort recently revealed in America as having developed rust problems which took its specialists/apologists by surprise) to campaigns against waste dumping or transport in Cumbria, Wales and London.

SANE's handy and informative poster is available from them at their London mailing address: 9 Poland St, London W1.

EARLY WARNINGS for CND's massive London rally on October 24th include three No Nukes Music gigs. The first takes place October 2nd at the Round House on Wandsworth Common near Clapham Junction station, at 8.30pm and features Natural Scientists supported by the Colours. The second will be held at Brixton Town Hall on October 16th, headlined by the Birthday Party and assisted by Maximum Joy. And on October 23rd, on the eve of the rally, the Gang of Four and Theatre of Hate (plus special guests to be announced later) play a No Nukes gig at the Rainbow. Tickets for both the latter gigs are available in advance through Rough Trade, Beggars Banquet, Honky Tonk, Small Wonder, Moonfleet and the Record and Tape Exchange.

October 22nd sees a gig of a different sort, when American Secretary of Defence Casper Weinberger plays Chatham House, off Piccadilly. CND are organising a demonstration outside, to protest the American defence policies he represents, and they are also able to provide accommodation for anyone who wishes to attend this event then stay over through

the major rally on the 24th. For further info about either, contact CND at 11 Goodwin St, London N4 or via 01-263 4954.

*Nuclear Resisters* is an impressive pamphlet just produced by the Feminists Against Nuclear Power. Or, to be exact, a group of six women who got together for one reason — all were horrified by the growing threat of nuclear technology. The women began to meet and to compare their readings and researches — from the casual to the intended. Gradually, they learned about safety, weapons, alternatives to nuclear power, anti-nuclear politics, civil liberties and the anti-nuclear perspectives they felt as women — whether single, married, heterosexual, lesbian, believers in passive pacifism or confirmed militants.

Each topic in the book has been written up by a different one of the six, but all share an informality which confronts facts and passes them on to the reader with considerable impact and no condescension. Most important of all, *Nuclear Resisters* demonstrates why anyone who has shied away



Illustration: Peter Kennard

from 'politics' as unfashionable, frightening or 'beyond control anyway' should think again if they really want any control over their individual lives and futures.

Available by mail order from Feminists Against Nuclear Power for 80p and 25p P&P via Sisterwrite Bookshop, 190 Upper St., London N1.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



Gary Barnacle (left) & Ross Middleton (right)

Pic: David Corio

## TWO'S A COMPANY — THREE'S A BAND

**I**N KEEPING with the fiscal mood of the times, Ross Middleton — literary secret agent and former leader of Positive Noise — has gone into partnership with in-demand saxophonist Gary Barnacle to form Leisure Process, a limited company with unlimited ambitions, naturally.

Company? What's with all this business talk all of a sudden? Just another example of gimmicky rockspunk or an important break with rock orthodoxy as represented by the group format? So long as affairs are handled correctly, I'll go along with the latter.

The company ideal, as pioneered by PiL and more fully exploited by BEF (parent company to Heaven 17), offers a release from the group straitjacket that has often stifled creative persons — henceforth referred to as "artists" — by imposing upon them the group's needs and identity. These fast-change, cut-throat times leave little room for such sentiment and those not ruthless enough to shed deadweight inevitably sink with it.

New pop companies allow artists to contract work out to those most capable of doing it, instead of fellow group members who invariably can't cater for their changing demands. Thus when Middleton and Barnacle Inc. want to play funk they hire the best musicians for the job — which is exactly what they did on the demos that earned them a contract with CBS Epic.

On the punning, high finance, furrowed brow funky love song 'Cash Flow', for instance, they brought in Level 42's rhythm section, featuring the best bass player in the world (says Paul Morley and I trust him) and it

shows. The completely different 'Love Cascade' — sweetly flowing pop crying out for a full production number — is destined to be their first single.

Both songs — co-written by Middleton and Barnacle — are a long way from the wildly enthusiastic organ pumped up rock of Positive Noise, and when they crossed over into funk on 'Charm' they never sounded this good.

"It wouldn't matter what I asked them to play," recalls Ross, "or what mood I was trying for, the music would always end up sounding the same."

New partner Gary Barnacle is infinitely more adaptable and has a track record to prove it — his distinctive sax voice has been heard on Clash, Ruts DC, Positive Noise and Simple Minds records, to name but four.

Teaming up Middleton's chameleon songwriting and Barnacle's multi-faceted composing and playing abilities with a million other musicians will certainly make for variety then, but where will the unifying style spring from? Leisure process's two partners aren't unduly worried on that score. "Ross's voice is always strong enough to leave its mark on whatever we do," asserts Gary nonchalantly.

Noting other pop/art companies' many unfulfilled promises to produce anything from videos to less easily defined packages, the duo sensibly choose to remain silent on extra-musical activities. Their first plan is, they reveal, to take a leisurely trip through Europe and New York under the pretext of searching for a suitable working environment. Perhaps a travelogue is in the offing.

— CHRIS BOHN

# INVISIBLE SUN'S UNVISABLE VIDEO

## Police promo film banned from nation's screens

**W**HILE THE new Police single 'Invisible Sun' storms up the charts, the accompanying video has not been shown on either *TISWAS* or *TOTP*.

Shot in Belfast, the film shows scenes that are considered too controversial for small-screen entertainment, although the group intended the video to enlarge on the message expressed in the song.

*TOTP* have used a photo-montage of the group and played the single at the end of the programme. A spokesman commented: "The theme of the song itself is anti-violence, and while the lyrics make oblique references to the troubles in Northern Ireland, it does not favour any political or religious group. The film is solely devoted to footage shot in the Province which could be misinterpreted and said to convey meanings which are not present in the lyrics."

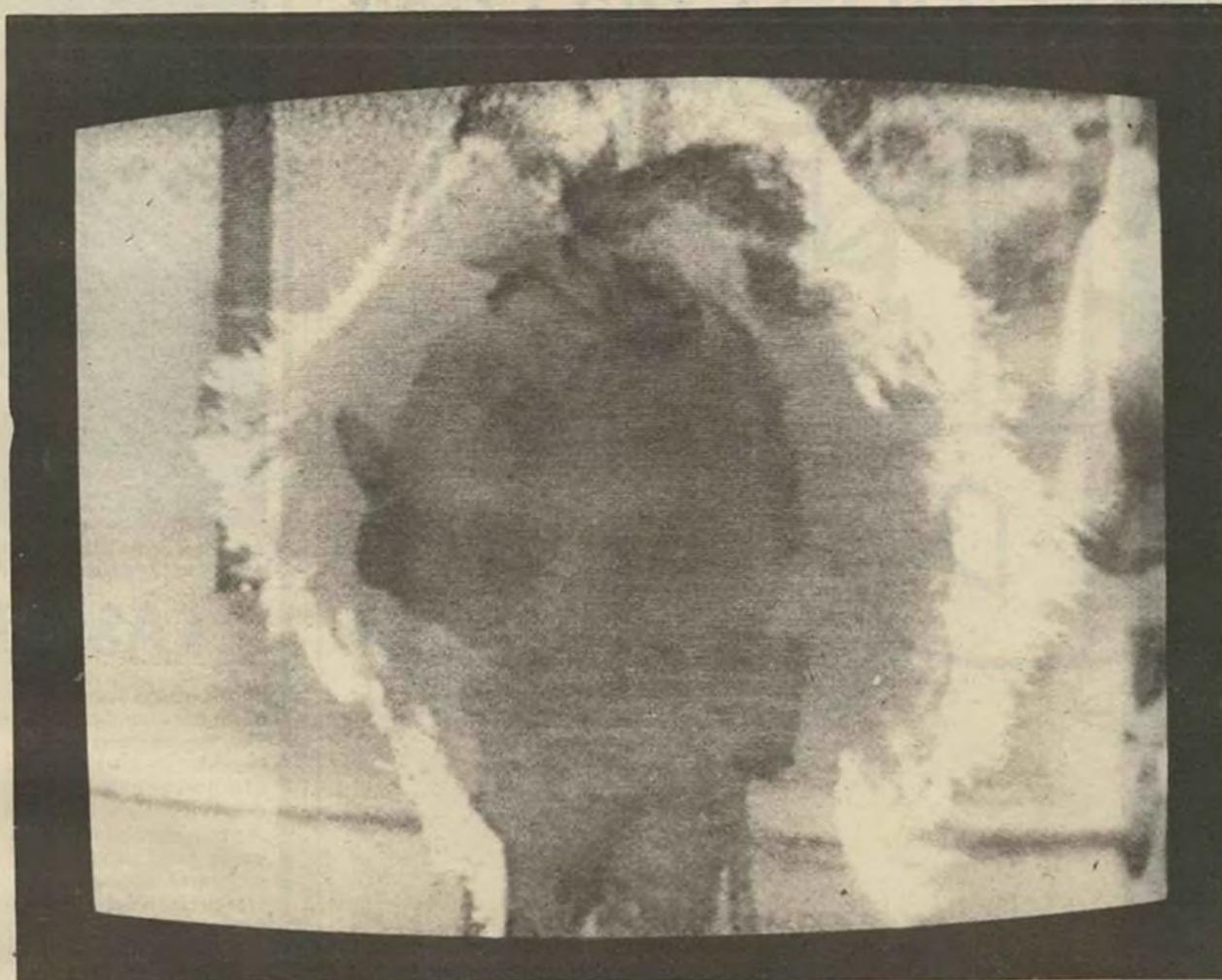
The Police's manager Miles Copeland has issued a statement condemning the BBC as "petty bureaucrats who are attempting to stifle artistic impression. The video is no different from those seen every day on BBC news and current affairs programmes. It is anti-ignorance and pro-youth at a time when everyone could use an invisible sun. It astounds both The Police and myself that the BBC could possibly object to that."

Meanwhile an interesting sideline has been developing as a consequence of the Police's involvement in more directly political issues.

Survival Music, who are planning a compilation album whose proceeds will go to CND groups, claim that they attempted to approach The Police to take part in the project, which already involves Madness, The Jam, The Clash, The Beat, The Specials and Echo And The Bunnymen.

When organiser Chas Mervin contacted Miles Copeland in Los Angeles, the Police's manager allegedly replied: "I don't give a shit about two-bit organisations that don't know what the hell they're playing at. It's the Russians who need to disarm, not us."

"There are two ways of looking at this," commented Chas Mervin. "To be cynical, it looks as if a band which is basically supporting the establishment, is at the moment making publicity out of attacking the establishment. On the other hand, perhaps there is an internal band argument and possibly Sting has not been informed of our approach."



## Chapman asks for his album back...

THE *New York Post* reports that John Lennon's killer, Mark Chapman, is suing to recover the copy of the Lennon/One album 'Double Fantasy' that Lennon autographed for Chapman prior to the shooting.

Chapman had hidden the album outside the Dakota apartment building before the murder. One of the many fans who gathered there after the

killing found the album, and turned it over to police. After the trial, the police returned it to the fan.

Chapman's lawyer says that Chapman wants the album auctioned off and the proceeds — which might be considerable — to go to an organisation lobbying for handgun control!

— RICHARD GRABEL

## NUCLEAR EXTRA

THE international pro-nuclear community had best wear protective clothing when it holds its annual hard-sell exhibition in Basle October 6-9.

Reliable word reaches us that the hothead Swiss Youth Movement intends to comprehensively trash the proceedings.

British interests will again be represented but not the real industry heavyweights.

As the Anti Nuclear Campaign (ANC) report: "UK firms are dispirited, having lost almost all export momentum and markets to foreign competitors."

The ANC will themselves be in Basle, together with other dissenting groups from Europe, America and Australia. They plan demonstrations, receptions and technical sessions at which they will stress the lethal link between weapons and power.

Students Against Nuclear Energy intend to covertly take a

band of dissenters. If you are interested in a £44 return train journey to Basle — leaving Friday (2nd) returning Sunday (4th) — call them as soon as you reach the next full stop on 01-486 4564.

— ANDREW TYLER



## ERROL

ERROL HERE, making up my own fun. My special contribution to the hemmed in hammed up new psychedelia: a game for members of either sex. If you were a fish what would you like to be? There's no catch! It's the sexiest game in London right now. Played in all the right night clubs. Here's a list of your favourite pop stars and the fish that they'd like to be all jumbled up so you can't tell who wanted to be what! Sort through the list and decide what fish your favourite pop star wanted to be:

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| Steve Strange  | Smoked salmon |
| Hazel O'Connor | Octopus       |
| August Darnell | Beached Whale |
| Errol          | Shark         |
| Siouxie        | Dolphin       |
| Julian Cope    | Prawn         |
| Phil Oakey     | Whale         |
| David Sylvian  | Angelfish     |
| Grace Jones    | Goldfish      |
| Tina Weymouth  | Electric Eel  |
| Tenpole Tudor  | Jellyfish     |
| Jerry Dammers  | Gunyard       |
| Kim Wilde      | Piranha Fish  |
| Kevin Rowland  | Mermaid       |

ERROL ANSWERS: Tina Weymouth — Angelfish, Steve Strange — Shark, Tenpole Tudor — Gunyard, Jerry Dammers — Jellyfish, Kim Wilde — Octopus, David Sylvian — Goldfish, Grace Jones — Dolphin, Siouxie — Electric Eel, Julian Cope — Prawn, Phil Oakey — Smoked Salmon, August Darnell — Beached Whale, Hazel O'Connor — Beached Whale, August Darnell — Octopus, Steve Strange — Mermaid, Kevin Rowland — Piranha Fish.

## The Lone Groover



## Benyon

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Members of the DHSS snoop squad prepare to take bourgeois individualist Bert Tilsley for a wash and brush up down the station.

## EASTERN BLOCKHEADS

GRANADA'S Tuesday night documentary-drama *Tiny Revolutions* was heralded as the highlight of the week's viewing everywhere you looked in the popular and highbrow press. After watching the programme, one wondered if the critics had heard only the plotline rather than actually having seen the whole film.

*Tiny Revolutions* told the story of Czechoslovakian 'satirist' Jan Kalina, who was arrested and imprisoned by the authorities because of a series of books and cabaret shows which debunked life behind the Iron Curtain.

Played by Freddie Jones as a bumbling, slightly eccentric figure, Kalina — who was after all a professor — emerged as the type of hack literati usually confined to Covent Garden wine bars.

Large prominence was given to Kalina's work, which was something far removed from art as a hammer, art as a mirror or even art imitating life. Much worse, it was Kalina imitating *Not The Nine O'Clock News*. It was implausible: the secret police officers and court officials who tried Kalina emerged as replicas of characters Kalina was meant to be parodying in his sketches.

There was no trace of the sly repression or the subtle mystery that would be likely to produce real fear. Instead the botched script painted red totalitarianism by numbers with the underhand sneer of invidious western moralising and slimy propaganda.

Of course it is a disgrace that Kalina should end up in jail for his 'crimes', yet one couldn't help but wonder, if he really felt so strongly about the state of his country and was willing to put his head on the chopping block, why he didn't temper his barrage of cynicism with a determination to change, like the great Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa.

Kalina's humour was, it seemed, enjoyed by a small coterie of jaded intellectuals and was much the same as Irish or Jewish jokes — once you've heard one you've yawned at them all. An endless procession along the lines of:

Q. "What's 200 yards long and eats cabbage?"

A. "A meat queue in Poland."

It was hard to see what all the fuss was about — on the part of the Secret Police or on the part of Granada. Although he may deserve sympathy, on the evidence of *Tiny Revolutions*, Kalina didn't win it. The memory of documentaries like *Rampton*



and *Silent Minority* still burn powerfully — as examples of outrages in our own backyard, the barbaric way we treat the 'mentally handicapped'.

One was forced to grasp at a cliché both Kalina and his dramatist had omitted to include in *Tiny Revolutions* — CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Sympathy is a quality TV programmes never tire of trying to invoke in the viewer. But it's far more likely to be won when the character is someone you can both feel acquainted and able to identify with and the viewer is not cajoled into submission a *la Tiny Revolutions*. This week the nation's heart went out to (I think) number 11, Coronation Street, where, having failed to declare his earnings, unemployed Bert Tilsley was caught by a DHSS snooper.

Coronation Street never fails to present an hour of entertainingly intelligent,

witty and moral television each week. The script is always incisive, and the characters are a lot more like real people than some real people I know. The storylines are always skilfully woven, perfectly scanning the work-a-day mundanity of a big city suburb.

Monday's episode was great — with red haired/tempered Ivy Tilsley rallying the whole street, from the sanctimonious community officer Ken Barlow to the suborn Len Fairclough, in a proud display of community spirit and repulsion. Ivy's motivations are pure and noble — love for her husband ("If they send him to prison it'll ruin him. Is that what they want to do, ruin a good man?") and hatred for the government policies ("Well, we all know where they are getting their orders from — flippin' 10 Downing Street, that's where").

It was fine art, reaching understanding without pretention or condescension. Classic last scene. Bert storms off, blaming his wife's militant encouragement for precipitating the crisis in the first place. Ivy is left at the dinner table fuming with disgust.

Ne'er mind Ivy, you've taken Hilda Ogden's place as pin-up of the week.

## ROCK "THE REAL PORNOGRAPHY"

EXPLICIT SEX was much less dangerous than pop records which debase the Christian concept of love for young people, a university professor claimed during a speech to leaders of Britain's public schools at the Headmasters' Conference in Oxford last Tuesday.

Disc Jockeys were singled out as the real pornographers of the media, by the Rev. Professor Moelwyn Merchant, Emeritus Professor of English at Exeter University. He said he had enormous admiration for Mrs Mary Whitehouse because she was identifying areas that were in need of closer scrutiny, though he felt that pop music deserved even closer scrutiny and criticised the BBC for the amount of money it spent on DJs.

"I think explicit sex is much less dangerous than, for instance, plugging pop records that lower the whole tone of human relationships, particularly the tone of love for adolescents," he said. "That seems to be identifiable pornography, which we are not identifying," he told the assembled headmasters.

While the likes of Mrs Whitehouse may be content to echo the opinions of leading women's libbers and point to Soho porn merchants as the source of spiritual and feminine debasement the good professor equates these sex-shop men with DJs.

"It is the Disc Jockeys and their plugging of debasing sensory material, the debasement of images, who are the real-pornographers and I think we should identify them as such." He later refused to name any particular DJ when asked, but went on to say, "I think when young people simply have these diluted emotions poured over them all the time, they are never really going to understand what intense genuine emotion is."

We can only presume that the Rev. Professor's remarks were designed to warn the headmasters present of the dangers of allowing their pupils to listen to pop music in general and BBC1 in particular, though he went further by expressing the opinion that almost all the records heard on *Top of the Pops* fell into this corrupting category.

— JOHN MICHAEL

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**NatWest Student Grant Service**

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# King Crimson Discipline



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# The Lost Tribe Loses Its Shrine

WIGAN CASINO CLOSES



FIFTEEN HUNDRED devotees of Northern Soul — alias rock's Forgotten Tribe — turned up the other week for the final night of their most hallowed shrine, the Wigan Casino.

Falling attendances, rising costs, the recession — all the usual factors are blamed for the club's closure. Casino manager Harry Green could only describe himself as "heartbroken" that the venue is no more. But for almost a decade, this unpretentious 1923 building in a northern backstreet has been the heart of Northern Soul, the obscurantist dance fanatic's cult to end them all.

There were teardrops on the dancefloor as fans from across the country — some who'd queued from 7.30 — went through the motions from midnight till nine in the morning, to a soundtrack of soul classics from DJ Russ Winstanley. Meanwhile on the record stall, prized obscurities changed hands for as much as £50.

Right now, the Wigan Casino's future is one big question mark, but there's little doubt Northern Soul will struggle on — another time, another place. Keep the faith.

PAUL DU NOYER & FRANCESCO MELLINA



Still looking for 'Afternoon Of The Rhino'

## INCEST CORNER PT.1

Lynn Hanna takes VG tips

**M**USIC writers who have crossed over into subject matter can make for irritatingly incestuous articles. However, Vivien Goldman has had what she calls "a uniquely circular association" with the music press, and as she's threatening to leave the safer pastures of these pages for the greener grasses of the other side . . .

Back in '74 while still working as a publicist for Island Records, she started her writing career with *NME*, switched to *Sounds* where she had a spell as features editor, moved on again to *Melody Maker* which was then under the editorship of Richard Williams until an industrial dispute resulted in his resignation last year and Vivien revolved round to *NME* again.

"I've done just about everything in the music business; working for record companies, radio, a bit of managing, writing in all sorts of capacities. And now I'm doing one of the only things that's left, which is the music," she says.

Vivien's fresh foray into the musical field has so far been a star-studded collaboration with PiL's Keith Levine, Robert Wyatt and The Raincoat's Vicky Aspinall, who all play on her single 'Launderette/Private Armies', the recording of which was partly financed by PiL during their 'Flowers Of Romance' studio sessions.

"I first met John Lydon backstage at the Roundhouse where he was slagging me off for not being sufficiently up-to-date with my reggae column in *Sounds*, when hardly anyone was writing about reggae at all," she says.

In fact Vivien is probably best known for her pioneering reggae coverage, although the affinity of a strong-minded white woman brought up in Jewish faith with the world of militant black male Rastafarians is on the face of it surprising.

"There's a lot of overlap," Vivien explains. "Of all people, I was not likely to feel alienated by the dreads. Rastas have the twelve tribes of Israel, the dietary laws, are the same, the women cover their hair and I actually have cousins in North London right now who have earlocks that religious Jews grow for the same reason as dreadlocks."

"Whereas when you have your average honky going to interview a dread, they can't get over the feeling that this guy is bananas, they cannot really respect him because he's some kind of loony who never cuts his hair. But if they were loony I was loony too, because the same thing was in my blood."

"But the first time I was in Jamaica, they couldn't believe that you were a woman doing serious work. In that sense it was against me, but on the other hand because they couldn't take you seriously, they'd be more open with you, maybe. Of course as the years went by, they'd got to believe it. Even then there were a lot of funny incidents,

VIVIEN GOLDMAN puts on a brave face as an African land snail consumes her ear.



Pic: Vanette Beckman

## SHE CAME IN THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOW

the half that's never been told, the bits of the interview cassettes where I'm saying 'GET OFF, I'm here to do an INTERVIEW!'. There was one incident where I said, 'I'm going to switch the cassette off if you don't leave it out right now,' 'cos it wasn't like mild flirtation, it was getting nasty. So that person never did get his interview in the paper and rightly — if you can't treat another individual with respect . . ."

Vivien also had a long journalistic association with Bob Marley that goes back to the time when she handled his press for his highly successful '75 tour and stretches up to the book she's just written on him (see page 15) from which a third of the profits are earmarked for the Bob Marley foundation.

"He was a good bloke. I don't have a bad word to say about him. He had a lot of women that he was very fond of in a non-nauseating way, that he was close to, that he actually liked".

She can also claim something of a coup in inspiring 'Punky-Reggae Party' since it was she who took a copy of the first Clash album round to the studio where Marley and Lee Perry were working on a brief visit to London.

"They said, 'What are these people with the funny hair?' And I

explained what I thought they were trying to do. A week later I went round and they said 'Listen to this!'

Viv also introduced Blondie to 'The Tide Is High'. "I knew a lot of punk musicians and although I never really liked the music, because of the social scene I was involved in, I was one of the people who were a channel between the cultures," she says of that time. "It hasn't done much to avert nuclear war, or made much difference at all really. But that, in retrospect, was what my function seemed to be. And I'm also really glad that I did the article on women musicians when they first started out, that helped a lot of people get in contact with each other. A lot of people have said that it gave them strength to know that there were other women doing it, and now, of course, it's feeding back to me."

Vivien is a round, blond, bubbly woman in her late 20s whose fizzy, vigorous conversation acts as a tonic to some and can prove rather overpowering to others, although one sometimes suspects that Viv's brash shell of enthusiasm hides a considerably more fragile soul.

A constant stream of visitors wash

♦ Continues over

# HAMBLES the Dance

October			
Fri 2	SALISBURY	Technical College	
Sat 3	DERBY	Foodservice College	
Sun 4	COVENTRY	Warwick University	
Tue 6	GLoucester	Ilkley College	
Wed 7	BRISTOL	Technical College	
Fri 9	GLoucester	New College	
Sat 10	GLoucester	J&S	
Fri 17	LONDON	City of London Polytechnic	
Sat 17	COVENTRY	General Works	
Sun 21	LIVERPOOL	Plato's	
Thur 22	LONDON	The Venue	
Fri 23	WATFORD	Watford College	
Sat 24	PORTSMOUTH	Portsmouth Polytechnic	
Sat 27	KEELE	Keele University	

new single LIMBO CRACQUE



Vivien

From previous page

in and out of the red, green and white room where Viv's sharing fruit buns for breakfast. Every few minutes the telephone and door bell interrupt the interview as she springs from her seat to offer advice or consolation or hangs out of the huge window which frames the street and the shoppers threading through the traffic of Ladbrook Grove below.

In fact it's this selfsame window which has proved a source of inspiration to Vivien, both in her track of the same name on the Flying Lizards album and in calling her embryonic record and video company Window Enterprises.

"The word 'window' has so many resonances for me, right from when I was a little girl feeling very isolated and having this constant image of a wall of glass between me and the world, to the possibilities of women's music involving

non-authoritarian non-dominant, non-aggressive sounds. Women in music are going to open the window."

"I have lots of plans in store," she enthuses. "Writing is like a solitary vice and I'm really a gregarious person and it's so nice to work with people. Even though there is that moment of truth, standing there in front of a microphone in a studio where everyone's going 'ho hum' and looking at their watches. It's really stretching me."

Vivien's planned projects include covering 'Do It Twice', an old Waller's song with Neneh Cherry, daughter of Don and side-de-camp in the Rip, Rig and Panic conglomeration plus recording a Rodgers and Hammerstein composition with those other nouveau Bristol bo-hos Pigbag. She also harbours an ambition to record in NY with drummer Denardo Coleman, son of Ornette, and George Oban, former bass player with

Aswad.

"George comes out of reggae and he's very much towards jazz. Denardo comes out of jazz and he's very fond of reggae. The basic rhythm is so deep in him that he can just dance around it," she says.

"It's so important now for women to do, so that other girls don't have to go through the same shit and take as long to come to the same realisations as I did. Like when Puma from Black Uhuru was being interviewed by Roz Reines in NME and she's spouting how us women have got to watch what we're doing, the devil speaks right through us, and I'm thinking this woman was a militant in Harlem? What have they done to her?"

"This is the first time that me and the Slits and The Raincoats can say what we feel. And what is art but a passing on of information on one level, like journalism, a reflection of different kinds of reality?"



LIZZY MERCIER DESCLOUX

## Ze Zound Of Ze Ze...

**M**ICHEL ESTEBAN is the man who put the E in ZE: as the former partner of ZE president Michael Zilkha, he was the vital French connection during the early days of the decade's most-talked-about record label.

The pair joined forces in 1978, combining the initials of their surnames to give the label a name. The partnership lasted until early last year when Esteban quit to launch his own Paris-based label IT.

Esteban's new company takes up from where his involvement with ZE left off, bearing all the familiar hallmarks of mystery, mischief and stylish subversion. With a roster which currently contains chanteuse Lizzy Mercier Descloux, Pierre Goddard and the group Octobre, "the third new wave band in France", Esteban visits London this week in the hope of securing a British distribution deal for IT.

Bearing in mind the impression his former partner Zilkha has made on the consciousness of the club cognoscenti of Britain over the past year of so through ZE, the activities of IT should be well worth keeping tabs on.

The most bizarre and bewitching talent on IT has to be dizzy miss Lizzy Mercier Descloux, whose second album 'Mambo Nassau' is already available as a French

import. The follow-up to her ZE debut 'Press Color', 'Mambo' was recorded with producer Steven Stanley (Third World, Tom Tom Club) at the Compass Point hit factory in Nassau; coming straight from the ZE school of discolated dance music, it is alternately brilliant and totally banal, showcasing Lizzy's own songs alongside a shallow cover of Kool And The Gang's vintage mid-'70s stinger 'Funky Stuff'.

The remaining two IT acts, Pierre Goddard and Octobre, are more obscure, although Goddard was the main motivating force behind the group Suicide Romeo whose debut album on ZE is worth investigating, if only for their quirky release in the late autumn.

Esteban himself is remarkably frank about the reasons behind the split with Mothercare-heir Zilkha at the start of 1980: "It was about money really. I just didn't have the resources to keep up with some of the projects that Michael was planning. But there were no real differences between us. I've still got a lot of admiration for what Michael has since done with ZE."

What Esteban goes on to do with IT remains to be seen, but the tale of the two Michaels who launched ZE doubtless has some way to run yet.

— ADRIAN THRILLS

### Benyon



As a point of information, the optimum bias setting for SX is approximately 138% of that for FX-II. The average ferric tape in the group required 973% 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 2 1/4 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 7 1/2 dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about -12 1/2 dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (-57 1/2 dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is -51 1/2 dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best midrange reproduction (20-15,000 Hz). The ferrichrome bias setting is 150% of the ferric bias setting. The noise level setting for the ferrichrome is 150% of the ferric noise level setting. The ferrichrome equalization curve is 150% of the ferric equalization curve. The ferrichrome bias setting is 150% of the ferric bias setting. The ferrichrome noise level setting is 150% of the ferric noise level setting. The ferrichrome equalization curve is 150% of the ferric equalization curve. The ferrichrome bias setting is 150% of the ferric bias setting. The ferrichrome noise level setting is 150% of the ferric noise level setting. The ferrichrome equalization curve is 150% of the ferric equalization curve.

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# Lady sings her dues

Patti Austin — the voice of studio America and superstar candidate

PATTI AUSTIN'S is perhaps the most heard voice in America. Yet few know who she is, and even fewer know what she looks like. For she is the voice behind nearly eighty per cent of the US's musical radio and TV commercials — and the same voice is to be found on albums by such people as Paul Simon, Roberta Flack and Billy Joel.

Now in a country where peanut farmers and substandard movie actors can rise to the very top of the bill on the whiteness of their teeth, putting in a lot of hard graft to sell someone or something else may not seem like much of a life. However, Patti Austin is very rich, very together and very happy.

The secret, it seems, is an early realisation of exactly what you want out of your chosen career: that there is no shame in playing second fiddle providing you play it well, and that fame and fortune are more likely to be tooth and nail than hand in hand.

Enlightenments such as these, coming on Austin's recent promo-visit to (re)launch a solo career (it ran up the Creed Taylor blind alley several years ago, and died with the epitaph "Who needs to be a star when you can live good for a year off one twenty-minute TV commercial session?") have to be a bit iffy. But as they unfolded over a lunchtime interview, staying out of the spotlight became increasingly attractive — and in the end I believed. So here, courtesy of a low-profile specialist is what they ought to have told us at school.

"You've really got to know what you want from this business, and how far you're going to go to get it. I wanted to make a financial success, and at the same time enjoy myself doing it.

"I enjoy singing, and get the chance to do as much as I want — without having to worry about booking the studio, organising a band, getting a tour together, being seen in the right places, doing the right things and generally keeping up an appearance. Have you any idea how much all of that can cost?"

"You've got to be a very big star before

you're a rich one! People like me just turn up, either sing or stand around and get paid union rates whether the album is a hit or not! An awful lot of studio people have got rich, and at the same time have been able to carry on a normal existence so they can relax and enjoy the money they've enjoyed earning. How many people do you know can say that?"

"You see when you're a studio person, it's like the difference between being management and one of the employees — and as an employee you get to see a lot more of what is going on. You can't be in the picture and put the whole canvas into proper perspective. Thus you can work out exactly what you want to do and more importantly, what you don't want to do, and avoid a lot of the mistakes. I've found that leading artists who have worked as either session players or musicians (and there's not that many of them) have the jump on people who dedicate their efforts to being stars.

"That's not a slight on stars, it's just that studio people are usually the most professional, and it requires more actual technique to be a studio singer than it does to be a solo performer. Of course it helps if you do have the technical ability, but you don't have to be able to sight read or sing in five different voices to be a star. What you need is character and personality, which is why not many studio people transcend to becoming solo artists. Often they don't have the desire, the wherewithal, to do that because it's more like a job than a way of life with us."

If all that is so, why is this lady making the change?

"I feel that I've been around long enough, and learnt enough to be able to branch out. And that's what it is, branching out, as I've still got all my other work to pay the bills! Anyway, it's an album with Quincy Jones, who I've worked with all my career, and he promised he'd do for me 27 years ago!"

Maybe patience should be added to that formula for success.

— LLOYD BRADLEY



Patti Austin. Pic: Peter Anderson



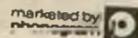
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**Bob Marley: Soul Mystic — Natural Rebel**  
by Adrian Boot and Vivien Goldman (Eel Pie/Hutchinson paperback £2.95)

TO DATE the name of the man who took Trenchtown rock around the globe hasn't been submitted to the kind of hack hagiographical treatment which John Lennon's has, so let's hope that this hasty but thoughtful tribute to Bob Marley by photographer Adrian Boot and NME writer Viv Goldman sets the tone for the other artefacts which will undoubtedly follow.

Although the short introductory text isn't an attempt at a comprehensive biography, it does set out the basic details of Bob's career and provides useful insights into the development of the Jamaican music industry and into the emergence of militant Rasta. Interspersed with some of the hard facts are Viv's own personal reminiscences of the man and chunks of interviews which he's given — you know the kind of thing, wry trickster comments buried in ganja hazy biblical exegesis.

The accompanying photos don't try to see Marley in deified isolation. They put him in the context of the people who helped to make him what he was, so there are excellent shots of Lee Perry, The Three Is, Bunny Wailer etc. Adrian Boot didn't follow Marley everywhere, of course, which means that the visual testament is far from complete: it's a pity, for example, that there are no pictures of the triumphant Independence concert in Zimbabwe. Again, some of the lay-out is wasteful in places: too much blank space about.

All in all, though, both words and photos make this book a worthwhile buy.

— Paul Tickell

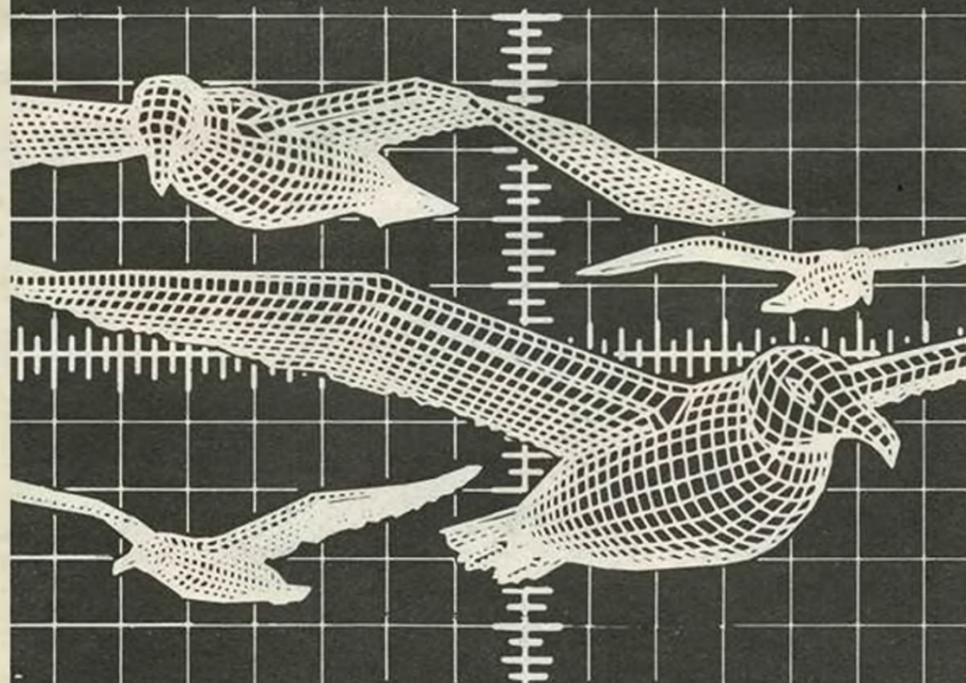


**Heavy Metal A-Z**  
by Brian Harrigan (Bobcat £3.50)

**HEAVY METAL** is obviously the worst music known to man because it gets obscene consumer guides such as this written about it. It could not be more transparent. Want to buy a book? Get the paperback of Kenneth Tynan's *Show People* published by Virgin at £1.95p. Want to know more about heavy metal than you'll find here? Read James Maw's official biography of Adam Ant. Don't want to know nothing about heavy metal? Good for you. Perhaps we're not alone, and this will be lucky to sell 45 copies.

Paul Morley

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# POP PUPPET ANSWERS BACK!

**"I'm not a cheapo nymph," says schoolgirl starlet Annabella, 15- without Malcolm's strings attached.**

Paul Du Noyer reports from America on another British wow — a Bow Wow Wow



**'M NO CHICKEN**, but I crossed the road — Park Avenue, New York, New York. Half an hour earlier, the midday, mid-town street had echoed to the sound of gunfire. A car had bumped a pedestrian on one of those Walk/Don't Walk crossing places. A tiff followed. The driver got tired, pumped a couple of bullets, and drove away unapprehended. The pedestrian bled to death. In this land, the automobile rules, okay or otherwise.

I crossed the road to meet Bow Wow Wow. They were way up high in the plush, silent RCA buildings, whose air-conditioned corridors are lined with portraits of BWW's illustrious predecessors: Dolly Parton, John Denver, David Bowie and most of all, but of course, Elvis Presley. Will Annabella ever hang there? Or Dave Barbarossa, Matthew Ashman and Leroy Gorman? Or even, if you'll pardon the expression, Malcolm McLaren? After all, plenty of people would like to see him hang *some* place.

As it happens, Malcolm and Bow Wow Wow are swinging from trees at the moment. The city, as I believe it's been pointed out before, is a jungle — and few cities more so than this one. But the Bow Wows' jungle vision is a more literal one: like, leaves, and creepers, and loincloths. They're in New York right now to show themselves, for the first time over here, and to launch their first LP proper — a wild slice of tropical abandon that labours under the name 'See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Gang Yeah! City All Over, Go Ape Crazy'.

It's a breathless, sensuous soundtrack for the aftermath of urban breakdown, the post-industrial society if you like, when going wild in the country is the one way to escape. As the song ('Jungle Boy') says . . .

*"When the city turns to rubble . . . Big trouble!"*

Maybe Bo Derek's been twiggling something all along.



**ANNABELLA'S NO** chicken either. At the tender age of 15 she's already been on the receiving end of enough lurid publicity to last a lifetime. Mostly it's focused on her supposed role as hapless, puppet-like vehicle for the sinister schemings of manager Malcolm — as under-age sex starlet,

paedo-whatsit pin-up, corrupted minor (as investigated by Scotland Yard) plucked from the obscurity of laundrette and comprehensive school.

And yet she's coped, she's come through. The Annabella I meet in a secluded RCA conference room is far from being an empty-headed little stooge in someone else's masterplan. It's not that she's a precious, precocious showbiz kid, either. Just a surprisingly level-headed, ordinary North London teenager. A normal girl who's doing her best to make sense of some very abnormal circumstances . . .

Like explaining to some geezer from the *NME* how she has to deal with fatuous public images of herself:

*"Early on when we started, right, I said I wanted to be an air stewardess, and it got all out of control, the whole thing. When I said that, that was at the time. I was still at school. I mean, you have to have something to work for, your goal . . ."*

continues page 18



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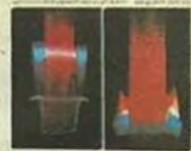
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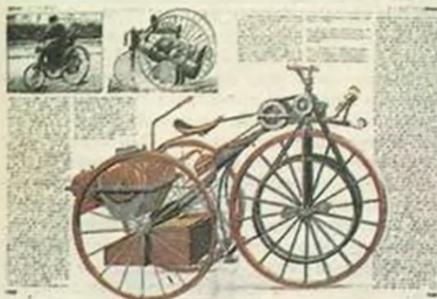


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## BOW WOW WOW

from page 16



"And I dropped that altogether, but because of it, and other such things, because of people thinking of me as a little girl all the time — because of my age, basically — but y'see, I think young people are more mature and aware these days of what's going on. And I just happen to be *one* of the people, out of millions of boys and girls who've sussed out what's going on. But because I'm in a band, and in the media, it just works out this way."

Ah yes, her age. In an industry of firmly adolescent roots, it's odd that the discovery of a 14-year-old singer should cause such a stir, but there's no getting away from it. However good it might be for group image, Annabella's youth has posed BWW with no end of problems. Apart from the inevitable controversy fuelled by Malcolm's exploitative marketing ideas, the difficulties of guiding an underage career are enormous. The necessary costs of taking a tutor on tour were one factor in the band's departure from original label EMI. Last year's planned American debut — at the Ritz, a date

replaced in the end by PIL's fateful appearance at the venue — was scuppered when the vital permits couldn't be secured.

And then there's Annabella's mum: a formidable woman, from all accounts. RCA staff seem to age visibly at the very mention of her. Even Malcolm gives the impression that he's met his match here.

At a court hearing in London the other week, Mrs Lewin almost blocked this US trip, fears for her offspring aggravated by the plan to use a nude photo of Annabella (after the style of Manet's *Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe*) on the LP cover. In Britain, RCA have had to agree not to use the picture, nor to market the singer in America as "a sex kitten".

Further conditions stipulate that Annabella do three hours' schoolwork each day, under the care of an on-tour tutor-cum-chaperone. Just for good measure, her big brother's come along as well. And, or so the story goes, she's supposed to be back in her hotel bed by midnight.

Whatever headaches these provisions might cause, their publicity potential hasn't been overlooked either — the US press coverage tends to dwell on them almost to the exclusion of the music. One paper, the *SoHo News*, pulls off the scoop of the visit by running a full-colour centrespread of the offending photograph.

Malcolm McLaren, as we know, is notoriously good at creating good copy. It's left to his charges to disentangle themselves from it all.

Annabella sighs irritably: "One of the things I'm always getting is 'Is it true you were discovered in a laundromat?' I say No, it was a dry cleaners." (Her former Kilburn Saturday job). "Everyone seems to think I went to this laundrette and Malcolm suddenly appeared. It's very boring, actually."

But it was a good story, wasn't it?

"You reckon?" She's genuinely surprised. "I don't understand that!"

Well, it sounds like the script of some old showbiz movie.

"Hmm. I wouldn't know. I've never seen the script of an old showbiz movie..."

Annabella doesn't really mind interviews, but she hates posing for photos. She really likes Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson, Earth Wind And Fire, blues and soul, Latin American

bands, Ella Fitzgerald, The Ronettes, Diana Ross, Dionne Warwick and Donna Summer. Dead normal. Really.



MEET UP with the other Bow Wows later in the day. It's their big meet-the-media day in New York: gruelling. And they do look gruelled. Leroy Gorman, blond bass-player, says hello and goes off to a commitment elsewhere. Matthew Ashman, sort-of-mohican-headed guitarist, joins me but doesn't feel up to offering much. Which leaves Dave Barbarossa, drummer, who's like

Annabella — willing to do a spot of polite PR work if it'll help the band.

I'd talked to her separately because if there's any kind of fracture line in this unit, it's between her and the three boys. She's younger, she's a girl, she wasn't in Adam And The Ants (the band that became Bow Wow Wow when Malcolm arrived and Adam left to team up with Marco). They have their ups and downs, everyone admits it.

"Ow was Annabella, then?" asks Matthew, contemptuously.

Fine, I answer. She has some interesting things to say. "Did she? That's a bleedin' miracle. We must *manipulate* her a bit harder than — she's getting brainy."

Talk turns to the last major release, the eight-track 'Your Cassette Pet' pack, which gave us those primal tribal Burundi beauties such as 'Sexy Eiffel Towers', 'Louis Quatorze' and 'Uomo Sex Al Apache'. I thought it was great.

"It's the only thing I've ever made that I can play a lot," says Dave. "It's really got a mind of its own, that cassette. It's so bad, so fast, and the production's so tacky, cos we did it ourselves. But it's got something about it."

Whereas the new LP displays distinct variations of pace and atmosphere. It's even quite romantically tender in parts.

"Yeah, we got more confidence, bit more experience. Cos when we started it was a kinda punk rocky attitude to our music, even if it was technically a lot more than punk rock. We'd lay into every track as hard and as fast as we possibly could. But now we're realising that's not always the best way."

Bow Wow Wow material is generally credited McLaren / Ashman / Barbarossa / Gorman. How hard is it to come up with songs?

"We write such a lot of songs, you'd be surprised, but a lot of them get thrown out. We've got a really high critique in the band. We won't do a filler. Malcolm's still doing a lot of lyrics, but a lot of his get thrown out as well."

Is there really a theme to the new stuff?

"Not really, just the same stupid lyrics. There's one that's a bit anthropological ('Hello, Hello Daddy, I'll Sacrifice You'), about the reasons why people get married, about the wedding ceremony and how it comes from tribal days. Same old stuff, really. Probably a bit better written... We had a lot more control over ourselves this time. Like, doing the eight-track we were totally wired-up. We just went mental in the studios. But this time we were a lot more studious over the material. We've just grown up a bit."

It seemed logical to ask how well they expected to do in a new environment like the States.

"I don't know. Apparently we're 'tailor-made' for America, so everybody tells us. Cos we're not like the rest of the English groups that come over here — like Steve Strange and all that poncing about, very cold-arse. We gotta lot more drive."

At this point, Matthew Ashman decides to re-enter the conversation, with succinct summary of what he believes makes this group special.

"Me."

But he continues: "We're just one of a kind. Any really original group that's not *precious* about their music will always be a great group. You get a lot of original groups, but they just tend to stay in their bedrooms and be really precious and arty about it. But the Bow Wows — we've got an original sound and we don't mind playing and letting people know about it."

So you're optimistic?

Barbarossa: "We're really optimistic. The material's getting better. Annabella's getting better. We've got a lot more ideas than when we started, funnily enough. We're picking more and more up."

But you must be disappointed not to have really charted yet?

"Yeah, well disappointed. But, y'know, we're a brilliant group. We've got no problems. Sooner or later it's gonna come. You know the story of 'C30' (the debut 45, allegedly 'de-hyped' by EMI on account of its embarrassing home-taping message), that was fucked up by the business. 'W.O.R.K.' was fucked up cos we left (EMI) halfway through it being released, so they didn't concentrate on it. The eight-track was just a bit of a freak, so you don't expect anything from that. And 'Prince Of Darkness' (a recent single) wasn't that great a record. So it's okay."

And now the group have a worldwide deal with RCA. Sitting in its New York HQ, how do they find it?

"Much better than EMI. I gotta say that Americans really piss on English people for working hard. Jesus. They don't half make me feel lazy. Different league to EMI, really, they're so together and that. They've got more suss, an' all, even though they're Americans — who aren't the most tasteful people in the world. They really seem to be on the ball. I like 'em."

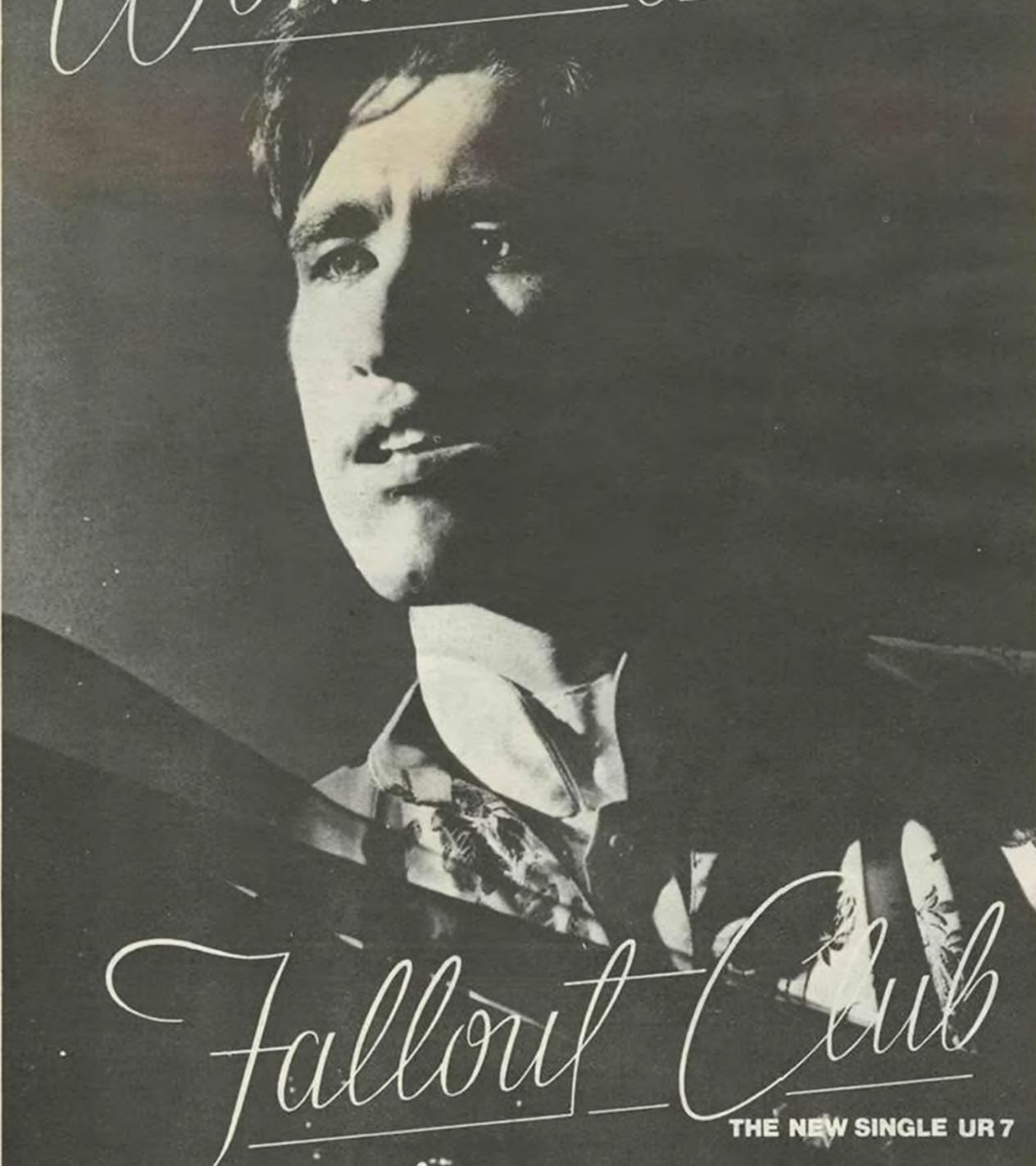
Matthew Ashman, meanwhile, has mixed impressions of the country: "It's the land of the fat arse. Birds are pretty rough, but they give good head. Aven't seen any real spunkers though."

Suddenly, something else seems to occur to them both: "Ere, you seen Malcolm about. Never around when you fuckin' need him. I don't half hate that geezer."

I do believe I've heard that routine somewhere before, a long long time ago.

"Bow Wow Wow was formed when Malcolm McLaren, ex-manager of The Sex Pistols, teamed 15-year-old vocalist Annabella Lwin — whom he discovered in a laundromat — with former Ants (as in Adam And The...) Matthew Ashman, David Barbarossa and Leroy Gorman. Firmly ensconced in the English New Romantic movement, Bow Wow Wow have already achieved considerable success in England with a number of singles, commencing with 'C30 C60 C90 Go!' Such a title suggests an interest in cassettes that was substantiated by a cassette-only release in England entitled 'Your Cassette Pet', which resembles a cigarette pack. Heretofore, Bow Wow Wow have reached American audiences through heavy import sales; in fact, 'W.O.R.K.' was no 1 on the Rockpool charts. 'Chihuahua' (their first US single) and 'Orangutang' (a tribal rock instrumental homage to The Ventures) are both fair indication that with the release of their first album (produced by McLaren), Bow Wow Wow should

# Wonderlust



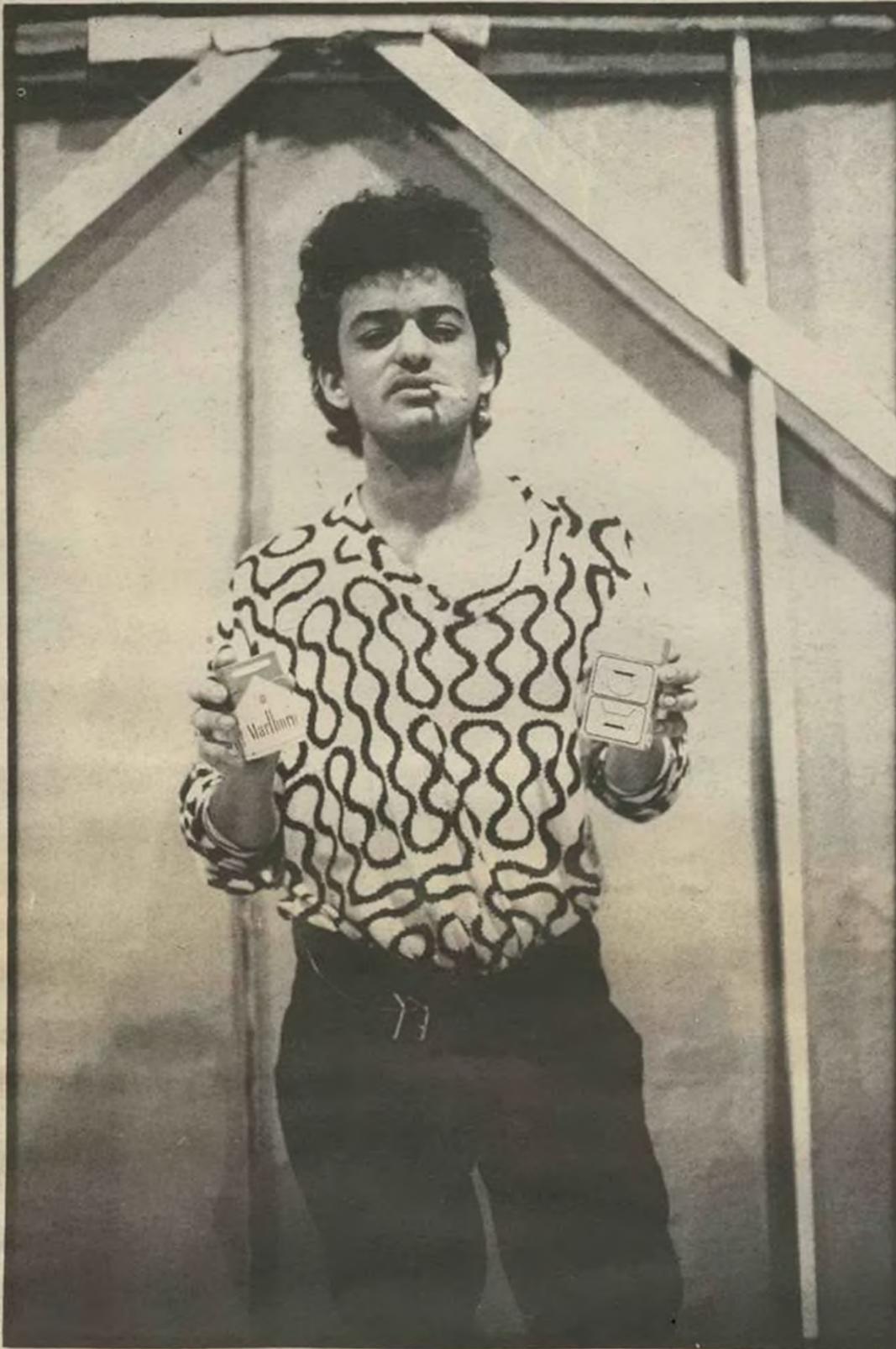
# Fallout Club

THE NEW SINGLE UR 7

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A HAPPY BIRTHDAY RECORD

“Annabella had some interesting things to say? That’s a bleedin’ miracle. We must manipulate her a bit harder then — she’s getting brainy.”

— Matthew Ashman



Dave Barbarossa. Pic Pennie Smith

“I thought that was a good picture. It’s not really pornographic. I was in the nude, but it’s not as if I’m showing everything. I think it’s very artistic and very tasteful, beautiful to look at. A lot of people reckon it’s a hell of a lot better than the painting.”

— Annabella

have no trouble matching their English success in the States.” (RCA American press release)



**IT** HIS TIME AROUND, Bow Wow Wow do get to play the Ritz. And — pow! — success is theirs (although, of course, New York is just New York, and not America; a law unto itself.)

Supporting are a team called The Zulu Nation — one of the South Bronx rapping outfits exciting Malcolm’s interest right now. Formed into “projects” of rappers, a DJ and dancers, a lot of these kids have

never even seen Manhattan. “It’s a total no-go area down there!” Malcolm enthuses on the flight over.

“No police, literally no money in the whole area. I was the only white face when I went to see one of those gigs. Unbelievably heavy! And these kids, these DJs, they play cut-ups of stuff like The Monkees and Gary Numan. They’ve never even heard of Gary Numan, but they just like that abrasive electronic noise, and old jangly guitars. They’ve taken it beyond funk.”

The Zulu Nation, as it turns out, aren’t quite as extraordinary as super-salesman Malcolm would lead you to expect, but they’re pretty impressive all the same: dozens of black kids, rapping onstage to expertly-spun snatches of vinyl

funk, or dancing in the crowd, even to a looped Rolling Stones intro.

One of the Nation wears a logo that shows a map of the USA, small and white, inside a scale map of the Black African land-mass — swallowing it whole. And, according to McLaren, the South Bronx kids have adopted the title ‘punk rock’: they’ve never heard of the Pistols, but they like the sound of the term.

The Zulu Nation invite BWW back to the Bronx, for a party some time. “Hardest geezers in New York,” marvels Dave Barbarossa. “Reckon I’d be alright there (referring to his dark Mauritian skin) — if I crinkled me hair up a bit. Dunno about you, though, Matthew. You’re a bit coloured.”

Bow Wow Wow, however, are not to be upstaged. Incorporating an expensive cassette-shape lighting backdrop (rendered non-functional by zealous US customs) and two Annabella-like dancers called Boo and Flo, their current stage act is red-hot. Even if it tends to go on a little longer than the material can strictly bear, it still swaggers with dash and glamour. It’s a welcome injection of colour, freshness and vitality into the scene.

Great that greedy beat. All three instrumentalists display unique approaches to their playing: Barbarossa banging out his frantic, hypnotic drumbeat, Gorman bullying his bass, thumping a brutal bottom line, and Ashman, veins bulging down the bald sides of his head, sending those brittle ripples

of tremelo sound like Hank Marvin throwing a particularly serious fit.

Annabella and her sidekicks manage a winning blend of amateur awkwardness and spontaneous, infectious joy. It’s a perfect visual vocal parallel to the band’s brave rush of noise, which is skilled yet uninhibited.

They got the encores, they got the acclaim. And then they got the plane to Boston.



“YOU LIKE NEW YORK, Annabella?

“Yeah! Went to the Empire State Building, Macy’s. It’s really mad over here. People stay up half the night. But the TV programmes — I think the TV over here is a great insult to the intelligence, the crappy adverts, so overdone! God, they really overdo everything.”

“The audiences are less inhibited, by far. They don’t care, they just *know* when something’s there. In Britain it’s all ‘Uh, is it cool to dance now? Is it all right to move?’”

Only mosquito in the ointment, it seems, is her compulsory lessons: “I just can’t concentrate. Until I’m 16 or something, my tutor’s got to report to the inspector, takes my books to the education authority to prove I’ve been working. Otherwise, if I don’t do that I’m going to be in trouble, and I might have to go to school. I might not even be able to go on tour — they can even go as far as that. Which really annoys me, cos it makes me feel as if I’m in prison or something.”

I notice the *SoHo News* on the table, and wonder what the inspector might make of that infamous picture. (Quite well done, actually, with Annabella, Dave and Matthew taking the exact poses of Manet’s 1863 original, set in some riverside leafy glade.)

“That picture I thought was a good picture. It’s not really pornographic. I was in the nude, but it’s not as if I’m showing everything. I think it’s very artistic and very tasteful, beautiful to look at. A lot of people reckon it’s a hell of a lot better than the painting!”

Do you regret doing it?

“I did that picture because I was forced into it — might as well be blunt with you — I was forced into it because at the time I wasn’t really sure about doing it. But then I done the picture and there’s no point saying, ‘Oh, I’m really ashamed’, because I’m not. In some ways I regret doing it because, even though I wasn’t showing anything, I was in the nude. And to my Mum, close people, friends of mine, they might think of me as cheap. ‘A cheap nymphette’, I’ve been called in one paper. Which is a damn cheek, cos I’m not, y’know?”

“That’s what really makes me sick about those cheapo papers, cos they just label me for some stupid reason. They’ve got no right to judge me. No one has.”

Who forced you? Malcolm?

“Oh no, no. They talked to me about the picture, but RCA apparently were behind the idea as well. It was a shock to me, cos I’d been asked in an interview once before. ‘What would you do if Malcolm tried to get you into porno movies?’ And if you get an idea in your head, it *builds*, y’know? So when it finally crops up, you might think of it as worse. And that’s exactly what happened.”

“I didn’t want to do the picture, because people might think I was some nymphette, some cheapo, that I was being rude and disgusting and a little bitch. But people can think what they like. I did it because it was a commitment to the band.”

“I would never do a picture like that again, because I don’t want to hurt my family any more. Because they trusted me. My mum’s very possessive over me, very protective, because I’m the youngest in my family, I’m the only girl in my family.”

You see, the general suspicion is that you’re being manipulated by your manager.

“He’s very good at manipulating, Malcolm is. He’s very good, I agree with you. But I’ve got a brain to think with, and all that. Malcolm is a very clever clever man. He does manipulate us in some respects. But he’s the one who started us off in respect of ideas. Like, the band, when they were Adam And The Ants, they didn’t get any ideas because they were just playing, and they didn’t have any expression. But in *this* band, they’ve got expression, with the *guidance* of Malcolm. He tries to give you guidance, basically.”

Are you enjoying Bow Wow Wow?

“Yes, I am actually. Well, let me put it to you this way. I’ve had my problems with the band (sacked twice, to date), they’ve had their problems with me. But that’s what you expect — I enjoy what I do. It’s interesting. There’s always something going on that’s new. But it’s very very creative, and that’s one thing I lack at the moment, creativity in respect of lyrics and ideas. Maybe it’s my confidence. I’d like to be able to contribute more.”

What are your hopes for the future, then Annabella?

“All I can say is I hope that it lasts, this feeling I have for the band. Cos when it ends, then I’ll be off.”

What is the feeling you have for Bow Wow Wow?

“Mmm, exciting, madness, interest, enthusiasm, colourful... different!”

How different?

“I don’t know. All I feel is that we’re definitely different — ‘Oh, the usual cliched line’, you’re gonna say — but I feel we *are*. But we’ve gotta get better, don’t get me wrong. Personally I feel I’ve got to work a lot harder, cos we haven’t ended here. I’ve got to develop what I’m doing. I don’t know what it is I want yet. I couldn’t tell you ‘What I want out of life’ and all that crap, cos all I want is to be happy, and all I want to do is express myself to people, and hope they get my message, and feel the same way.”

What sort of questions do people never ask you, which they should?

“Well, what I never get asked is if I think I’m any good as a singer. I reckon I’ve got a *sound*. I don’t know if I can sing all that well yet. But like I said, I don’t wanna be just known as ‘Annabella, 15, that’s it, found in a dry cleaners, exploited, did this picture blah blah’. I don’t want to be known like that. I want to be known if people think I can sing.”

“I *have* got a brain, I’m not a bloody puppet, y’know what I mean? I mean, you get manipulated in some respects, but I’m not stupid. It’s just amazing what images can do.”

You tell ‘em, Annabella. You tell ‘em.

“I’m sick of people reviewing our records and saying, ‘Malcolm McLaren blah blah’ and at the end ‘Oh, not a bad record’. It just depresses me. But: To look on the bright side! I love what I’m doing. I think the band are great. A really good band!”

“When you’re so involved, you can’t tell, admittedly. It’s like being in love, I suppose. If you really love someone, you’re blind to things, too blind to see...”

And then, like the pro she’s fast becoming, my interviewee heads the last question off at the pass: “Not that I’ve ever been in love before. But I can imagine.”

Ever imagined yourself in love with Bow Wow Wow? Don’t be chicken. Just try it.

# MARIANNE FAITHFULL

HER NEW ALBUM

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LORA LOGIC



GASPAR LAVAL



LAURIE ANDERSON

**T**HIS IS dedicated to the two carrier bags of vinyl that never made it to this reviews page... to all that yearning, burning creativity that found an outlet in making a single that seemed — to the makers — to be a valid and valuable contribution to Western popular music, only to be rejected by the reviewer and hurled headlong into oblivion.

This reviewer takes advantage of living in London and hustles off to Dub Vendor and Groove Records to supplement the diet of derivative drivel she's spent all day listening to before shoving it into two carrier bags and — oblivion. Express.

Remember that for every single reviewed on this page there's ten others that failed to qualify — perhaps for reasons of whim. Destiny interferes everywhere, even on the NME singles page.

Plus: the many singles that didn't make it are mostly awful to atrocious. I wanted to spare all of us, not just me.

**THE COMMERCIALS:** Sixteen Again And Again (Commercial Music) If ever a label was ironically named, this is it. The Commercial wrote a poignant angry note about the demise of NME's *Garageland*. Good ideas — Sixteen, life's a dream, but you're having trouble sleeping — expressed in the tradition of shambling British amateurism — a Basil Fawlty record, all ideas and zero skill of execution. Because the music's so duff, less people will listen, sadly.

**GASPAR LAVAL:** Kita Kita (Cap). Taken from the man's 'Ajomase' album, already lauded in these pages, this single's saved my sanity this week. It's just what all the dance floors are screaming for right now, what EMI are trying to do with their 'African Connection' twelve-inch — African music in dub, with that happy high-life feel and heavy psychedelic overtones. Impossible to listen to without starting to move and groove in quite intricate ways. Here's all these record companies investing many, many thousands of pounds trying to beat each other in tapping the lucrative demand for African music, since its initial honky colonisation by the T. Heads et al, and here we've got Gaspar Lawal sitting round in West Hampstead probably worrying about his phone bill. Wake up everybody in the monoliths and point your tax-loss wallets in this geezer's direction, 'Cos he's got the funk.

**THE DESPERADOES:** Brasil (Charisma). I was at the recent Notting Hill Carnival surrounded by steel bands and reggae sound systems when I twigged how much we need calypso and high life right now, just to remind us that there is such a thing as a blithe spirit, which it's still physically possible to feel. Most of the best reggae's like the training drill in an army camp when you dance to it, with inevitable suggestions of high-tailing it over prison walls and through sewers like POWs. 'Brasil' is a joyful sound made by lots of people bashing about industrialisation (in the shape of oil drums) to keep happy. It shows up the new EMI semi-samba releases by Manana and MSO aiming at the same market as orange squash instead of the real stuff with the pips still in.

**PABLO:** Boo Mbanda (Island). To prove my point, the first African twelve inch of a projected flood from Island. This is happy Zaire high-life, with the words in African so they could be dealing with anything — but the point is, this disc is full of the magic ingredient, UP. I actually prefer Gaspar Lawal's hybrid cross-cultural synthesis, the beautiful baby of a multi-racial society... still, Bo Mbanda's a foot-tapper at a time when we need all the upfull and positive vibrations we can get.

**ARTHUR ADAMS:** You Got The Floor (Icalcation US Import). Thank you, Arthur, thank you. It's a surprise to hear this record, so totally non avant-garde and/or psychedelic it's the one that should already be sweeping the nation on import, but it proves that class is class and that people still love melody. Arthur Adams made one of my all-time favourite albums for Blue Thumb in the mid-70's called 'It's Private Tonight', and I'd heard nothing about this ex-Crusaders (when they were still hard) sideman since. He's a genuine soul singer, late '60s style, with stylistic links to Bill Withers. Just like he did six or so years ago, Arthur talks about liking people he lusts after with a voice that's rich in affection and that sought-after item, R-E-S-P-E-C-T. You've got the floor, it's up to you, do what you gonna do. My recommendation is, invest in the disc, because it's getting cold, and it works almost as well as whisky (if not central heating). Those horns are deady...

**CENTRAL LINE:** Walking Into Sunshine (Mercury 12" Import). Central Line are North-East London funketeers/funksters/funsters who overlap into Beggar & Co who overlap into Spandau Inc who should be overlapping into a vast sea of merchandising soon if they have any sense. The basic underlying concept of 'Walking Into Sunshine' shovels it into the only positive category of this week's singles: Upfull. The version I got hold of is some kind of super-swank US import for some reason; it doesn't sound that different from the version I hear on the radio and round and about, i.e. light and dancey. File under Little Ray of Sunshine.

**BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS:** I Know (Tuff Gong 12" pre) It hasn't taken long for a flood of post-mortem Marley music to emerge; 'I Know' at least has the distinction of being an official Wailers-approved Tuff Gong release, as opposed to the WEA early demo re-issues. The tune was cut at 'Rastaman Vibration' time but never made it onto the album. Bob's voice does sound pretty ropey as he sings about the comfort and reassurance of religious faith when you're wondering why life can be so very tough. The imagery isn't as tight as it usually is, the notes aren't as rounded and controlled as we've come to expect, but — it's a good song, because it's full of feeling. I suppose Marley wasn't capable of singing a song without that most desirable attribute. I miss him, and I know I'm not the only one.

# SINGLES

Your reviewer:  
Vivien Goldman



**LAURIE ANDERSON:** O Superman (One Ten Records US Import). Available here soon via WEA, this New York performance artist, rave of the *SoHo News* and other Manhattan arbiters of style, is here translated to vinyl. In the 'decay' music family tree, along with Brian Eno, Gavin Bryars, Steve Reich, the haunting sound of falling voices, echoing down to the bottom of the well, just like Sparky's magic piano. Anderson weaves around a machine that's grabbed a central slot in modern media consciousness: the answering machine. With it, disembodied voices of parents, friends, acquaintances, lovers, strangers, assault you with their conflicting messages every time you touch home base. Anderson is oblique, evocative, not afraid of silence. She's daring and very funny indeed. But it would be improved if Anderson had thought more about making a single, not a performance.

**LORA LOGIC:** A Wonderful Offer (l'oeil noir/Rough Trade). When Lora goes disco, it's over a rhythm that's not fresh or dynamic, just adequate. Lora's singing, so sheer silk stocking sensual, turns anyway the possibility of plod. But for me, the scorch is first track on the B-side (talkin' 'bout the twelve-inch, baby) 'Stereo'. Here it comes, the slanting slide of horns, the muffled, fragmented percussion, the lightly scratching guitar, the time-stand-still ambience... "there's something burning, it's my stereo stereo stereo..." The twelve-inch also features an instrumental version, but the seven inch'll do.

**RITA MARLEY:** One Draw (Tuff Gong JA 12" import). European dancers have already wised up to Rita's sweet, swinging pop reggae. Here's her paean to herb, spiced up with a rap movie on a record, a schoolteacher asking the class what they did on their holidays, getting a shock when the youthwomen and men explain that riddim and music and sensimilla make sense. Very bouncy and upfull, full of character, a big step forward for Sister Rita of the I Three. Backed with an extended version of the Rasta woman's view of sexual politics on 'The Beauty Of God's Plan' taken from her album, 'Who Feels It Knows It.'

☐ Continues over



## Singles

□ From over page

**MAXIMUM JOY: Stretch (Y).** Is there no end to these interesting Pop Group offshoots? Is it something they spike the school milk with in Bristol? So far we've got Rip, Rig and Panic, Pigbag, now there's Maximum Joy with the old second edition PG bassie, Dan Katsis, and guitsie John Waddington, spikey guitar stabs complemented by chanteuse Janine's full-blooded yowls.

Very sub-sub Funkadelic, played on white notes only; the B-side 'Silent Street', is slower and more satisfying, doesn't sound like it's trying so hard.

**JUDY MOWATT: You Don't Care (Ashandan JA pre)Rita's** I Three singing partner Judy generalises the old Slim Smith song, in a classy but uninspiring version. A very elegant time-filler.

**DEBBIE HARRY: The Jam Was Moving (Chrysalis)** I'd somehow missed hearing the Chic/Harry combo album, but I'd always thought I'd like it more than the reviews said, but on 'The Jam Was Moving', Debs sounds just like Suzi Quatro, and we've already got Suzi Quatro.

**MARIANNE FAITHFULL: Intrigue (Island)** Years of well-publicised angst have given Marianne's that on-the-edge vibrato that

invests this rather uninteresting tune with a smattering of melancholia that means atmosphere. Suitable for a soundtrack in a spaghetti Western, with vaguely Spanish sounding horns, and Marianne staring fixedly into the glass, vowing that this drink will be her last, that tomorrow she'll get on the stagecoach and clear out of this one-horse town for good. Tomorrow never comes etcetera etcetera. . .

**OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN: Physical (EMI).** The picture sleeve shows Livvy looking great in towelling sports gear, in good old *Health & Efficiency* poses. She sings about getting physical like someone who lives on laxatives.

**MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS: Women Around The World At Work (Dindisc)** The M&M's making some kind of feminist statement, I think, though surely it's not just my stereo making the words almost inaudible. Even if the statement is right on, which I can't vouch for, the music aims at weird ghost-funk but gets stuck on daytime programming. Sub Au-Pairs.

**BLACK FLAG: Six Pack (SST Records US import).** It'll take a long time for us Europeans to appreciate the LA beach punk scene, that fascinating subculture which still seems to produce the kind of fast, pseudo-angry, predictability most of England forgot about years ago, give thanks.

**THE CHILDREN OF TANSLEY SCHOOL: Our Family (EMI).** Sending a propaganda message straight out of *Benefits* Family Party (the prophetic novel by Zoe Faribarns) that directly contradicts the real thrust of our experience, as the classic happy family becomes less and less the norm. As the Tansley School kids, innocent dupes that they are, chirrup these corrosive poison banalities straight to the top of the charts, I'll head straight for—

**THROBBING GRISTLE: We Hate You Little Girls (Adolescent).** This former Sordide Sentimental 45 is cathartic at least. Instead of hearing people lie sweetly through plastic smiles, you hear people fart honestly. Enough to make you wonder whether honesty should always be the only criterion. You can be honest, worthy, and still a pain to listen to.

**THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Blue (Virgin).** At first I thought that the HL's had forgotten to flip their sunny side up, just when they'd begun to cook again. Then I started to slip into the nursery-rhyme prettiness of the piping melody, which partly compensates for the record's dearth of zap.

**RELIGIOUS OVERDOSE: I Said Go (Glass Records).** Those words 'minimalist' and 'sparse' could be used as an excuse for the extreme thinness of this record's song and sound.

**THE IDEAL HUSBANDS: Town Planning (Discovery).** The benevolent face of independent singles. Not structured as a commercial single should be, it's a wry bash at the consumer society in the face of the impending holocaust. Built round tinkling tinkling guitar phrases, sung light and sunny. Not a desert island disc, but at least tolerable and it raises a brief chuckle.

**THE BEE GEES: He's A Liar (RSO).** Nobody appreciates a good harmony more than your reporter, but 'He's A Liar' is a different kind of tragedy. The Gibbs rant on about some domestic scene, while I yawn and reach for—

**THE THOMPSON TWINS: Let's Pretend (T).** Palatable pop song with noticeable sitar influence. Catchy, hum-my, world turns and so does this record . . .

**THE ARMY: Army Life (EMI).** If this was used as a recruitment tune, we'd have a nation of conscientious objectors.

□ continues on page 55

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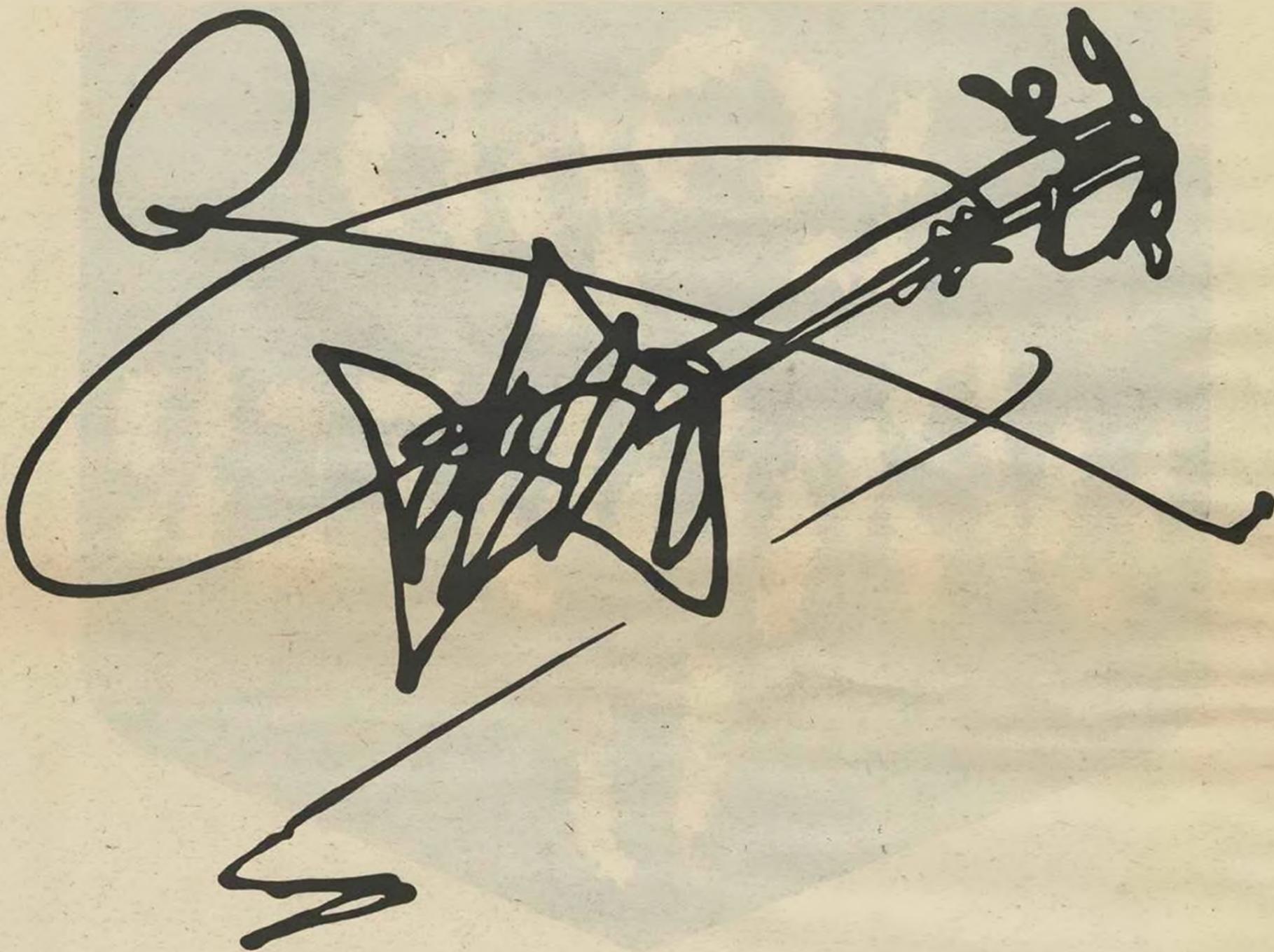
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# GREG LAKE



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1969: Formation of King Crimson (Greg Lake, Robert Fripp, Ian McDonald, Michael Giles), Debut gig at free concert in Hyde Park. "In The Court Of The Crimson King" released — their only album to include Greg Lake.

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1970: Emerson Lake & Palmer formed. 1st public appearance at the Isle of Wight Festival. Debut album "Emerson Lake & Palmer" released.

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## 1981

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Album released October on Chrysalis Records.

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Debut gig Reading Festival with GARY MOORE (lead guitar), TED McKENNA (drums), TOMMY EYRE (keyboards) and TRISTRAM MARGETTS (bass).

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9 ABERYSTWYTH, University.  
10 CARDIFF, University.  
12 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall.  
13 NORWICH, University of East Anglia.

15 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre.  
16 NEWCASTLE, Mayfair.  
18 EDINBURGH, Playhouse.  
19 SHEFFIELD, Lyceum.  
20 MANCHESTER, University, Institute of Science & Technology (U.M.I.S.T.).

22 CANTERBURY, Sports Hall, University of Kent.  
23 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon.  
24 LEICESTER, Polytechnic.  
25 BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens.

26 EXETER, University.  
27 ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum.  
29 CRAWLEY, Leisure Centre.  
30 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon.

  
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SPÉCIAL GUEST STARS  


# LIFE IN A MIND

## HERE WE GO AGAIN...

Daylight. What day is it? Should I get up? Is there anything to do? What am I going to do? Where am I today? Liverpool...

It was the Royal Court last night. Not much of a response, why bother with an encore? Why does everyone look so bored until it looks like we're not coming back onto the stage? What's it like outside? Do I need to shave? Rotten colour scheme in this room... boring hotel. Maybe I should go back to sleep. Fine dreams. A day off today. Some photos to do. Still, the first week of something that's going on for three months. I can't even think what's happening tomorrow.

What is?

What town?

Have I got any clean clothes left?

It's not that late really... Really all this is getting more and more like a respectable job, the petty worries and all that. All the things I wanted to get rid of... I can't face going out and playing much more, especially in this country. It's getting so oppressive and divisive. I hate... I dunno... I just feel there's some kind of betrayal.

This whole procedure, roadies, trucks, big halls, hotels, buses, I can't go through with it much more. But then it's so hard to find the alternative. Yeah, I mean what is the alternative?

This whole tour date planning for months ahead, it's like Dr. Feelgood or the fucking Rush. So then why do I do it? We just use the channels that are already provided yet try and do something new and more emotional...

I dunno, it's like those two passions, there's that spirit we get playing that we just don't get recording. Last year was so terrible we just didn't want to play Britain again. Yeah... I think if I was going for the big alternative I wouldn't sign to a record company I'd get sponsored by a magazine or a vodka company. I think some sort of radical change is needed. I suppose we're not doing much about that side of it but who is...

I never honestly thought we'd end up this far in, so tangled up. You're in Glasgow and you hear the first two Roxy LPs and then you hear 'Real Life' and you think, Fuck working. You see a couple of great films, read those kind of books, and more and more you get the feeling that you just have to do it for yourself, find out for yourself, and in a way you're play acting. But you get the chance and you go for it.

Early on you think what the fuck ever gave me the backbone, the absolute cheek, to think that I could ever do anything? That horror I have... I dunno... I do think that people are getting more anxious these days to be adult earlier... that word youth is dodgy, this supposed voice of youth that sounded out for two decades... what has the voice of youth got to say for itself? What has the point of that voice been? Where is the value in what I'm involved in? Has it been one word, a sentence, an act of violence? What is supposed to be going on? What are we reaching for?

MAYBE IT'S just one moment that can carry you through, that you hold within yourself for the rest of your life. Maybe pop music is like a drug, maybe it does you bad. Drug... that's a complimentary word for it. It's more a tranquiliser for a lot of people, an anaesthetic. I don't know... Too many words, too much analysis... that's why I loved what Morley wrote about Peter Hammill. As fashionable as fuck. All that straightforward way of approaching things and passing on information that just clogs everything up and we've come to accept all this banality, banal music and banal ways of discussing it, and that phrase just brought it right down to what it is.

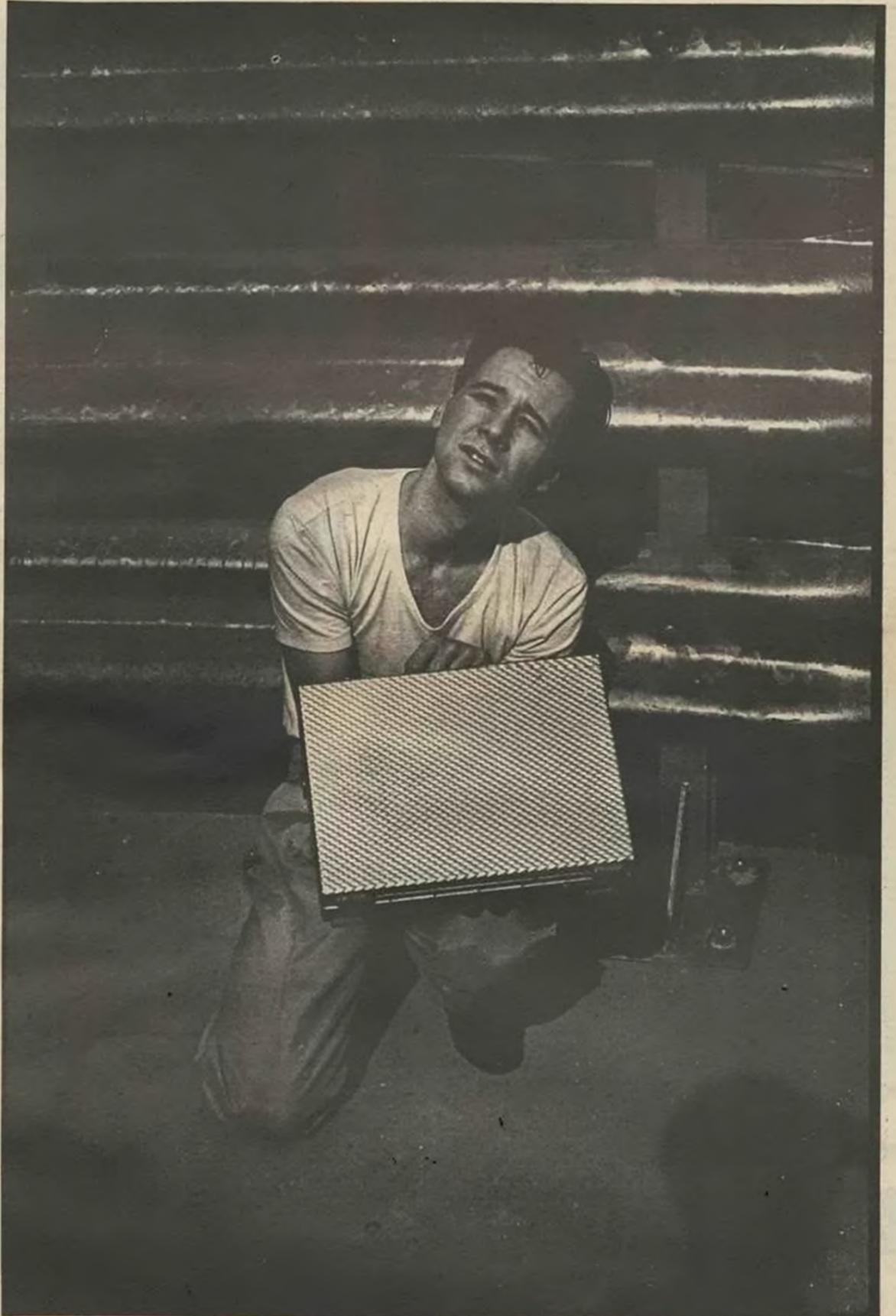
When I went on Radio One a few days after I read that on *Rock On*, just the name gives you some idea of what's going down, it was probably Ted Nugent the week before... and the guy asked me the usual question about how most bands who've been around as long as us would've quit without the conventional success and usually I'd have given the polite rap but I just goes, Well other bands make crap LPs.

I liked that. I'm fed up with patronising myself. This has to be stressed... if anyone is going to make music it may as well be Simple Minds. Who else are we going to look up to in this day? That's a better way to feel.

What did Morley say? The difference between sincerity and authenticity... some groups are content with being sincere, we have to be authentic. The punk thing seems long ago. I've learnt that there's much more than what was suggested back then. You have to go for it. For what? Does it shine? Is it a glory? Aye... it's a glory.



Derek



Jim Kerr thinks aloud.

Paul Morley looks inside a Mind and sees spectacular confidence rise out of dazzled confusion. Photos by Peter Anderson

# A MIND

▶ CONTINUED

People who are truly in love with the world are as cynical as fuck, they don't accept anything straight... because they care. I care. I just want to... that line in 'Love Song': 'America is a boyfriend', it's so throwaway, it means nothing and it means everything, it's just great. It stands for the whole fucking glory. I hate people who ignore ambition and possibility. I just love... celebration.

Today I'd like to have lots of money... just today. There are all those people who've helped us and who I owe things to. Not possessions, but I just feel today that I'd like to buy people loads of things... I don't have to, they don't expect it, but I'd love to... I want a lot of money today. I'd have had that thought a year ago and been ashamed. Today I just feel uplifted. I don't feel guilty. A few years ago it would have been philistine if you didn't have the ultimate conventional social conscience, but now you're allowed, in some ways, room to come in at problems in different ways.

I can sum up all that rock guilt in one line and I can go deeper than just a moan. I accept it both — pleasure and protest, the beauty in fear. Celebrate, that's what it is, there's so much to go on. You have to take things head on. Think of the amount of people I've met who I wouldn't have if I'd listened to those people who said I was being stupid and pretentious. I've never really been stopped from doing anything I wanted to, there's nothing that's been out of bounds in terms of... well, there has really... Greatness...

**L**IKE PAUL SAID, that 'Empires And Dance' was a genuine high and with the new LP we haven't moved on much, just consolidated that whole.

Yeah... I think this has been the end of some kind of phase for us. There were those big leaps between the first and second and the second

and third and with the fourth it wasn't nearly as big a move. We've reached the end of something... I don't know what the next starting point will be... that Greatness I think we've got that at our fingertips...

Last year there was hardly anything up there with 'Empires And Dance'... in time it'll be looked upon up there with the big ones. It just shines so bright, lines, sounds and feelings that come through... at the end of last year we'd just come so far from being termed the wet and wimpy mascara boys and we were being given some true respect. Then it changes and people expect so much from us...

I don't think our songs go on too long, people are missing the point and associating us with totally the wrong images. Our songs deal with trance and gathering forces and motions, and that's just developed maybe to its limits... but think about the repetition in my life... think about the shape and agility in the songs that is being overlooked.

These people talk about the abstraction in my lyrics... just what is abstraction? It's as elusive as the word pretension, using that word to soak up everything I do, it's just a lazy response. Still... reviews used to matter, now you can just throw them away... the standard is appalling...

Morley said he'd read a review of our Manchester show that made him ashamed to write for the same paper... just so condescending and simplistic...

There is like... well... Chris Bohn gave me one of the biggest kicks in my life in terms of that go for it when he came to us all cynical and then went away saying the lyrics to 'Empires And Dance' could have been words to 'Lodger' if Bowie had been younger. That just like elevated me.

Then a year later... don't one year give us this king thing and the next year say we're wasted. Don't call us top of the class in one year and then dunces the next. The gap hasn't been as big but we've not crumped, we've not lost our way. Just what are the expectancies, what do people expect from popular music? Chris Bohn what is your expectancy of Simple Minds... what should I be writing about, Chris, that has value



always be excitement and possibility... we have made something special for ourselves...

**I**'M THE FRONT person in the group and I get all the attention... Paul just interviewed me yesterday... but Charlie and Mick and Derek, it seems not enough to be just musicians or technicians these days, but for me to have the courage and drive to get on a stage and perform I have to have total trust in the people beside me... and they're good. They're no way just a backing group. I'm getting to be just like the pulse behind what they do... in interviews I always go on about musical heroes but right now Burchill and McNeill and Forbes are my heroes... The next stage will emerge out of the great strength we've established amongst ourselves and we're going for an energy that's twelve times greater than what we originally envisaged.

We're not scared to take on any task and what we've achieved in the past has given us the confidence to just go for the next giant jump into some area that might once have appeared hopelessly out of reach. Simple Minds has meant confidence, yeah, and we will take on absolutely anything. For the heck of it. It's a word I wouldn't have thought of using for a few years — but for the sheer *anarchy* of it. For the fun of it. For the necessity. For the vitality.

Any shame I've had about feeling this way about what I'm doing has tuned into celebration. Any nervousness I feel about performing or walking down the street relates to the confidence by keeping the edge, keeping us looking. Bands do make crap records. We don't. There's not many bands who've progressed like us. Because we're fucking good. We've got vision, courage, tons of it...

I look at things that are so floppy and milky and I see that we're part of something crappy and unlovable and we just want so much to be better than all that. We want to make something that people can touch, that isn't manufactured. We want to exploit the industry ten times more than it can exploit us. If the *NME* says to us you can't go on the cover because you've missed the boat we can just tell them to stuff it up their arse... none of that matters any more.

We have a spirit now and nothing can break it. We have this spirit and it's helped us break away from all the silliness and faddiness and it's not sake for sake and it's giving us more and more confidence.

The past two years have elevated me so much. I don't apologise now. I'm more dynamic. I couldn't speak to a person before unless they asked me something. Now I bawl and scream like a madman and I will not feel contrived or embarrassed or any shame. We've got something iron solid whilst other groups are relying on flukes and bits in time...

I've found something that I have to do, a way of growing up, owning up, and I'm going for something. I don't stop for no one. We have taken a long road compared to some groups but we've got this energy that just exists and it's strong and we can see it. We're so fucking good and we're getting better all the time.

Yes, I am going to get up. What shall I wear? What can I find out about this world, anyway?

and vibrancy and where would they difference be to what I'm writing now?

Don't give us the crown and then snatch it away. We deserve better. Do that to the fools.

We know our position, we're not bullshitting anyone and there's no way we're fat and lazy...

**W**E'VE ONLY been together three, four years and this is the first time we've slowed down after tremendous acceleration... like the two LP idea was our own because we had to get all our ideas out of the system ready for the next stage. What the fuck does hype matter? In this bloody world, faced

with all the crap and superficiality, does it matter if Virgin or the *NME* hype something that has some soul and depth?

The thought of doing a double LP, you just get visions of Masters of Rock and The Clash, but how could we get all those songs out? Of course we know that two LPs at that price is going to get us in the charts. I'm not denying that; and I'm not ashamed of that... there are three or four songs on 'Sons And Fascination' that are as good as anything put out this year. Am I ashamed of that? No fucking way.

What's it matter who's hyping you? We control the lust in the music. Everyone's hyped by some force, myth or matter. I could say that the second disc is a gift to the people, a gift to our fans. But am I going to say that? Fuck no. It's just a collection of songs that's over two records. There it is. We'll be lucky to break even... a Top 20 LP for a few weeks doesn't matter much. I'm not ignorant. It represents an end of something for the Minds.

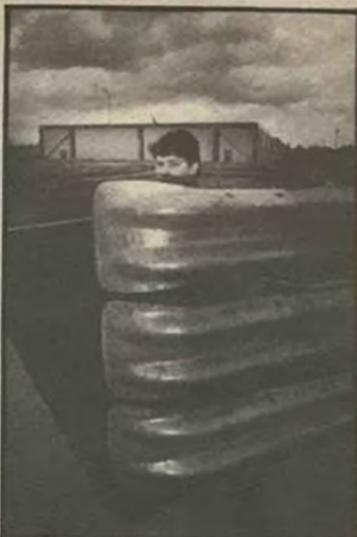
What happens next? We travel a few thousand miles and we'll end up with something different. We always respond to change, we get impatient. We've done four LPs... it's weird, probably pathetic. No one could have expected that... Paul says we've been fucked up because we've toured so much and produced such strong music and we're broke but it's that something that has come to exist within the Simple Minds that is important. No one gets inside us.

Right now I'm broke but that's just a hangover from past bungling... we're doing alright in Britain, we're doing alright in Europe, we're taking off in American discos, we're going to Australia... we're going to make lots of money and as it is we're having a great time and there will

**I'm the front person in the group and I get all the attention... but in interviews I always go on about musical heroes but right now Burchill and McNeill and Forbes are my heroes...**



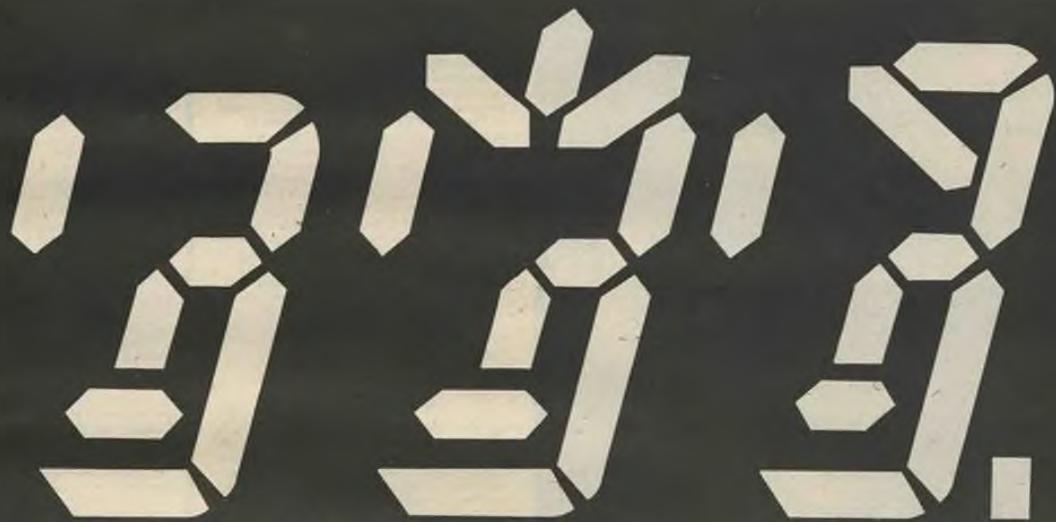
John



Charlie



# THE POLICE



## NEW ALBUM GHOST IN THE MACHINE

ALSO ON HIGH QUALITY CHROMDIOXID CASSETTE



# THE H U

**L**IFE," STATES PHIL Oakey, settling into an armchair in the tacky splendour of a seedy hotel lounge, "has been a constant series of disappointments to me ever since I joined this group.

"Let's be honest, I thought we'd do it with our first single. I thought 'Being Boiled' would be Number One. Then we did The Men single and planned what we were going to do on *TOTP*. We had all these actors and actresses hired for the backing group. Then 'Dignity Of Labour' came out and I thought, well, I know it's a *bit* unusual, but it might just get to Number One."

"Then you got us," Suzanne says from the other side of the table. "And you got to Number Twelve, then Number Three, twice. What more could you want?"

"We knew we were going to be a top group two years ago," continues Philip coolly, ignoring this interruption. "Definitely. We'd got all the names trademarked so people couldn't rush out and make T-shirts because we were going to be so popular, instantly. Then we just sat around and waited for people to buy the records."

"And they didn't," says Suzanne.

**T**HIS TIME AROUND, the Indian summer of 1981 has seen a bright, British electro-pop explosion. Already stirring up the stagnant charts is the serene teen-pop of Depeche Mode and the electro-glide of Soft Cell. Still waiting on the sidelines are Pete Shelley's fresh surge of homosapien love, the smoother electro-glide of Thomas Leer's 'Four Movements', the sensual, cerebral dance floor funk celebration and stimulation that is the very wonderful Heaven 17.

Pushing to the top of the chart pile, setting the scene with 'The Sound Of The Crowd' for the insinuating success of 'Love Action', is the hopeful hit-machine of the regenerated Human League.

And all this after the old League split up last year into the B.E.F./Heaven 17 formation and Phil Oakey and Adrian Wright were left holding the name, the slides and the haircut.

"I thought then we might easily blow it completely," admits Phil. "I agreed with everyone else. I thought we were the ones without the talent as well. But it's possible to have too much talent. And worse, it's possible to have too much talent and think you have even more talent than that."

"I think if we've got anything, it's the fact that we can spot the things that we're bad at. We've always needed someone like Ian Burden, 'Sound Of The Crowd' is his song. I'm quite good on words and tunes, but we've never had anyone who was really good at rhythms and bass lines."

"Jo Callis fits in anywhere he possibly can — if you don't stop him. He's the world's most energetic human being. The problem is to shut him up really. He doesn't stop from when he wakes up to when he goes to sleep, which is about five in the morning. He can do anything. He's the best keyboards player in the group, which is quite good when you consider he's *not* a keyboards player. No one who can play with two hands has ever been in our studio before. He's great, is Jo. I'm glad he's not here."

"It would be really nice if we needed anything to have someone in the group who could do it. I think we've just about got it, now, one of everything."

## NOW WE ARE SIX

**I**CATCH UP with Jo Callis and Ian Burden in the civilised setting of a Chelsea pub, opposite the small studio where the rest of The Human League are supervising the mixing of a backing track for a forthcoming television slot. Jo is small, pale, bouncy and ferret-faced with an endearing habit of punctuating his conversation by chuckling happily to himself. In stark contrast, Ian is tall, dark, slowmoving and softspoken. By coincidence both spent their childhood moving round the country with fathers who were in the RAF.

Ian, whose girlfriend shared a house with Phil Oakey in Sheffield, joined the League in the week that Phil and Adrian spent recruiting new members between the old group splitting and setting out on a European tour to fulfil contractual obligations. Jo, who finally ended up in Edinburgh, has followed a more circuitous route through The Rezillos, Shake — a group who've also supplied the Teardrops' Troy Tate and a session drummer for Heaven 17 — plus early Scottish pop-funk exponents Boots For Dancing.

"We'd have wiped the floor with Funkapolitan," he says with relish.

Jo's own League connection came through a common manager in Fast Product's boss Bob Last and was strengthened by a keen shared interest in '60s childhood esoterica with League slide supreme Adrian Wright.

"When I met him, the first thing he did was open up his wallet and show me two *Thunderbirds* bubblegum cards with the words of this song he'd written. Three years later we eventually finished it."

Jo's past pop connections and Ian's rhythm sensibilities have consolidated the League's new commercialism and both now form an integral part of the varied and complicated songwriting permutations.

"You're talking to the Nile and Rodgers of The Human League here," asserts Jo jovially.

"Listening to the old Human League was like listening to electronic music, but now when I hear a Human League record, it sound like a pop record that just *happens* to have all been done on synthesizers and electronically."

"I think what's good about The Human League compared to Depeche Mode or Soft Cell, is that they're just electronic bands who are fashionable at the moment. With The Human League, obviously there is the fashion and image thing, but I think that at any stage in their development, they've never been dependent on any current trend. In many respects it's taken all these other groups three years to catch up with them."

How do you all get on as a group?

"It's horrendous, like a love/hate relationship. This is definitely the strangest combination of people I've ever worked with. It's like people have been picked up on the way, ending up with this bizarre conclusion. Well, it's not the conclusion, maybe in two years Suzanne will be the lead singer or something."

"Everyone's *completely* different," adds Ian. "No little alliances ever form."

"Part of The Human League concept is that no one knows what anyone else is doing at any given point in time," says Jo. "It's that random element that adds the vital spark."

"Like you'll have Philip, Joanne and Suzanne hitting each other, having a free-for-all while Adrian will be telling you about some film he's just seen, and there's this ridiculous, 'Shut up! Biff! bash!' going on in the background."

"Or they'll be discussing the pros and cons of each others' legs and make up," contributes Ian.

"Or who they fancy," Jo continues, "stuff like that. It's a ridiculously narcissistic set-up."

So how do you two fit into that?

Jo cracks up: "Wait till you see the photos," he chokes.

"We've decided they look like a C&A version of The Village People," explains Ian.

"Plus they've lost half their cases at Heathrow and they've only got what they're standing up in," adds Jo.

"I'm always willing to make a spectacle of myself."

Like a more amiable version of the resourceful hound Muttley in that late lamented cartoon series *The Wacky Racers*, Jo sniggers softly to himself.

**B**Y NOW THE story of how Phil Oakey recruited Joanne and Suzanne in a Sheffield disco is already semi-legendary in the hallowed annals of The Human League history.

"He wanted a tall black singer and he got two short white girls who couldn't sing," explains Suzanne.

Pausing only to take a month off school where both were studying for four A-levels each, the girls set off on tour and embarked on a pop career.

"Don't ask me what my exam results were, please," groans Joanne. "They were highly disappointing."

Were they previous fans of The Human League, I wonder?

"Well, we'd bought tickets to go and see them in Doncaster. I mean, we'd got 'Travelogue', and the singles on tape."

Ask what they feel they add to the group and Joanne replies frankly, "Glamour. Definitely glamour; stuff that gives it a more saleable quality. We're here to sell it."

On the other hand both are lively, forthright 18-year-olds with a dry, canny Yorkshire wit, a sharp sense of humour and pronounced opinions on what they like in pop.

"We've got all we need for a synthesizer group," says Joanne, "plus two extras who are me and Suzanne, and Philip's make-up and haircut. And Adrian's slides when we're on tour."

"When we went on tour, we didn't know anything about the music business, we were still at school. We've been learning, picking up tips, listening to what people say. It's no good jumping in at the deep end and saying I think this should go on the record when you don't know anything about it. That could ruin it. But if we've got an opinion, we're not pushed out."

What was your idea in getting girls in Phil?

"I think women are going to take over almost everything by the end of the century. I don't think it's a man's world anymore. For a little while it will be, but it's just about finished, don't you think so?"

Joanne and Suzanne were originally ardent Gary Numan fans who both dressed alike in black, although they've since developed their own stage style, mainly through shopping in second-hand stores.

"I hate these Spandy clothes that are about now," says Joanne. "What we're doing is trying to be individual in the way we dress and dance. You want people to know what you are."

Joanne stops suddenly.

"Am I sounding like Steve Strange?"

"Everybody says you should dance the same, but we won't. If we stood there and did a routine, it wouldn't be being ourselves."

"I think it works that anyone can do what they want really," says Suzanne. "If anyone comes in and says, 'I want to play keyboards today' no one turns round and says, 'Oh no, you can't, that's not your role in the group'."

"Everyone's supposed to be an individual," states Joanne. "That's what this group is, a set of individuals."

## WE ARE FAMILY

**T**HE HUMAN LEAGUE are an exotic and incongruous spectacle in the tawdry afternooon emptiness of the Bayswater hotel. The girls glow in black, red and gold clothes, colourful paint and powder, bright tights and precariously high heels.

In their midst Phil Oakey reclines in an arm chair, resplendent in bronze face-powder and black eye-liner, the haircut scraped severely back from his forehead and wearing a dark, wide-lapelled suit that seems to have a split in the seat of the trousers. Adrian Wright stands out by virtue of the ordinariness of his appearance, sombre jacket, faded jeans, pointed suede shoes and a calm, cynical manner that contrasts with the loud mayhem created by the other three members of the group who the hotel porter views from time to time with some consternation.

We rejoin the scene as Adrian and Joanne return to the circle around the coffee table after posing for a photo-session with Pennie.

"You've combed your hair Adrian," cries Philip immediately in whedding and irritating



Joanne answers sweetly: "Don't cry Phil. Your mascara'll run." Adrian and Suzanne come between true loves.

# M A N

tones.

Adrian refuses to fall for the bait.  
 "No I haven't," he replies evenly.  
 "You have. I can tell," crows Philip.  
 Adrian appeals to Joanne. "Did I comb me hair?"  
 "No, he didn't," she states seriously.  
 Philip is already closely questioning Suzanne.  
 "Look at that hair. Does it look combed?"  
 "It must have been the photos. We were doing steamy shower shots," says Adrian slyly.  
 Philip bitches back. "In your leather jacket and jeans?"

**I**T'S GRATIFYING to see that the girls give as good as they get in the confusing cut and thrust of The Human League's conversation and the complex internecine system of point scoring where disagreement is *de rigueur*.

Philip is at pains to point out, several times, the split lip he alleges he suffered at the hands of Suzanne only this morning on the train from Sheffield, although beneath the puce sheen of his lipstick no scar is visible.

"I hadn't done anything," he complains in an aggrieved voice.  
 "You did," says Joanne. "You tried to push her through a window."

"That was after. At some stage, I thought I've got to fight back."

"I decided that last December when she hit me the first time," Adrian observes with morose Yorkshire satisfaction to no one in particular.

"Ooh, Adrian," pouts Suzanne reproachfully.

"It's a good job me and Adrian are nice and quiet to calm these two down," Joanne confides.

"Ooh, you quiet, don't give me your innocent look," cries Suzanne.

Joanne smiles serenely.

**T**HE SAME PROBLEMS arise at many points during the afternoon's discussion. While Philip or Adrian are expounding pet theories, the girls will make covert winding-up gestures or pull bored faces behind the boys' backs, gazing at the ceiling with feigned innocence whenever a suspicious glance flickers their way.

"In my opinion," starts Adrian. "You shouldn't have friends in a group."

"You shouldn't what?" says Joanne. "Me and Suzanne are best friends."

"You two don't have anything to do with the songwriting," says Philip sternly. "When you do and you have different opinions..."

"We already have different opinions," declares Suzanne loftily.

"We always have different opinions," confirms Joanne.

"But it's not important until your name's on the song," Philip persists. "Then it gets very personal."

He glares at Adrian with as much venom as a man can muster beneath an inch of make-up. "I could kill him. Now."

Adrian stares back unabashed.

"You two are really good friends," says Suzanne sagely.

"It's because we don't like each other."

"No, but you do!"

The Human League pause for a few seconds to consider this strange paradox.

"They don't," decides Joanne.

**L**IKE ANY GROUP who've transcended a cult following, The Human League have incurred some wrath in Sheffield, it seems, from faithful followers who are now forced to share a private appreciation with a wider public.

Suzanne: "The only reason they think we've gone commercial is because there's two girls joining and it's, 'They've gone like Buck's Fizz', that's what they're saying."

Adrian: "But even our commercial songs don't sound as if they're selling out, they still sound like us. It's not as if we've become The Archies all of a sudden."

Suzanne: "No, but we're in the same league as them now."

Adrian: "No we're not. We're just bracketed that way."

Philip: "I hope we are."

Adrian: "I'd rather be like Abba."

Joanne: "What's the difference?"

Adrian: "There's a lot of difference. Abba are very good at writing songs, and there's hit records and there's wonderful hit records. I'd rather be compared with Abba."

Joanne (dreamily and pursuing a private train of thought): "Buck's Fizz are nice people."

Philip: "We went out to dinner with a couple of them in Sheffield last week. They were great!"

Were they?  
 "Yeah, we thought the same as you're thinking. Oh God, we don't have to go out and see them. But they were really nice."

Joanne: "Just like us."

Philip: "Well, they weren't just like us. They were really nice. Just like me."

#### WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY

**A**LTHOUGH PHILIP will attribute the commercial disappointments of the old League to the fact that the group had a pariah, an unlucky symbol — "It was Martyn. He breaks light-bulbs by walking near them, and synthesizers and hi-fi's. He's got the jinx. Pity really, 'cos he's very talented" — one of the factors in the new League's success is undoubtedly their collaboration with Martin Rushent and the hi-tech opportunities of his rural Berkshire studios.

"It's difficult to tell what difference it made. Probably a great deal. He's brilliant at what he does."

"He's a master of his equipment," adds Adrian. "And a lot of the old Human League records did sound like a lot of blokes in an eight-track studio in Sheffield."

"It's his attitude," says Philip. "A lot of people I've worked with won't take any little dodges to get round something and make it easier. If something could be played by hand, they'd say, 'Keep doing it, you'll do it eventually', and you'd end up wasting six hours, whereas Martin just feeds it through the computer. At every stage, he always goes for the easiest way of getting the best idea down."

Despite the fact that the League fight shy of revealing future plans for fear of encouraging grandiose ideas that may then fall flat, at some stage they plan to release an instrumental LP, and of course, more of their colour-coded pop records.

"Red for posers," says Suzanne.

"For Spandy types," Joanne explains.

"And blue for Abba fans," finishes Philip.

The Human League are determined not to succumb to the temptation of talking about Heaven 17 — "It's like when you fall out with a boyfriend and you slate him to everyone because you've been so close," says Joanne. "It's really trivial. It shouldn't happen."

However, it's obvious that comparisons rankle.

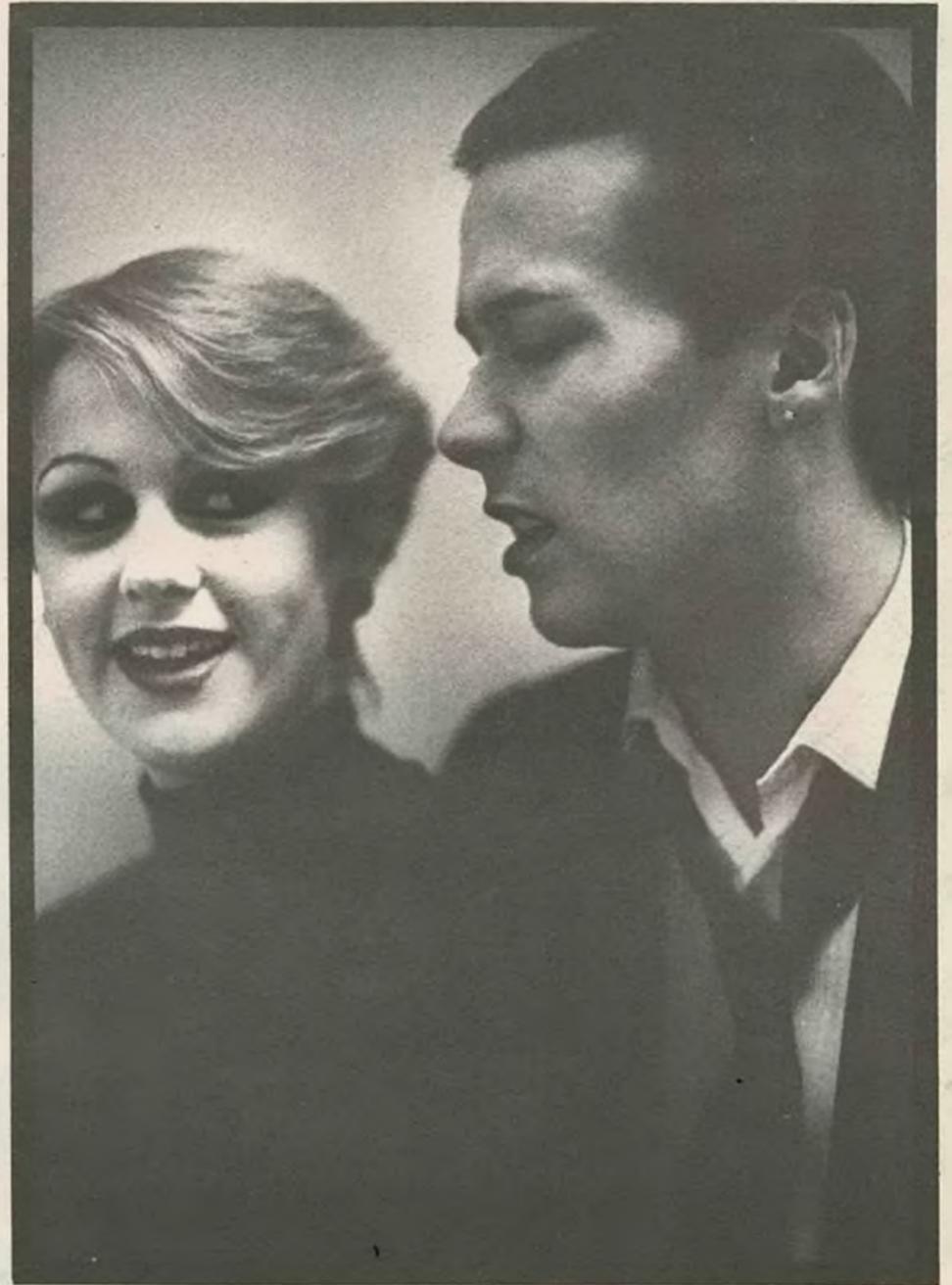
"There's the swing against us, which at the moment is being shown in Heaven 17 reviews," asserts Philip. "There's this thing about how we're not divergent and that we're only writing pop songs which makes us less worthy. That annoys me. We're writing pop songs because we want to and at the moment we can shelve everything else. I don't think we're selling out because that's part of what we want to do, although it's not all we want to do. At the moment it makes a lot of sense to write the best pop songs we can."

"When we were doing the album, we considered everything as a single, because that's the sort of LP we like, the Blondie LPs and Michael Jackson. I'll buy an album with five singles on it because those are the ones I want to hear."

"In the long term, so long as you're writing good songs, you've got it made. It doesn't matter what you look like, someone will sing them somewhere, someone will want to hear them. I think that's really what it's all about."

And who could argue with that?

# LEEA



Philip (above) serenades Joanne (far left):  
 "You were working as a waitress in a cocktail bar when I met you  
 I picked you out, I shook you up and turned you around  
 Turned you into someone new  
 Now five years later on you've got the world at your feet  
 Success has been so easy for you  
 But don't forget it's me who put you where you are now  
 And I can put you back down too  
 Don't, don't you want me  
 You know I can't believe it when I hear that you won't see me."



## TRUE, DARE, KISS OR PROMISE

Adrian combs his hair, Philip ladles on the Max factor and Joanne and Suzanne tell how they made The Human League an electro-pop success. And everybody bitches behind one another's back . . .

SOCIALITE: LYNN HANNA

EXPOSURES: PENNIE SMITH

# GUÉE

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Message Oblique Speech sept

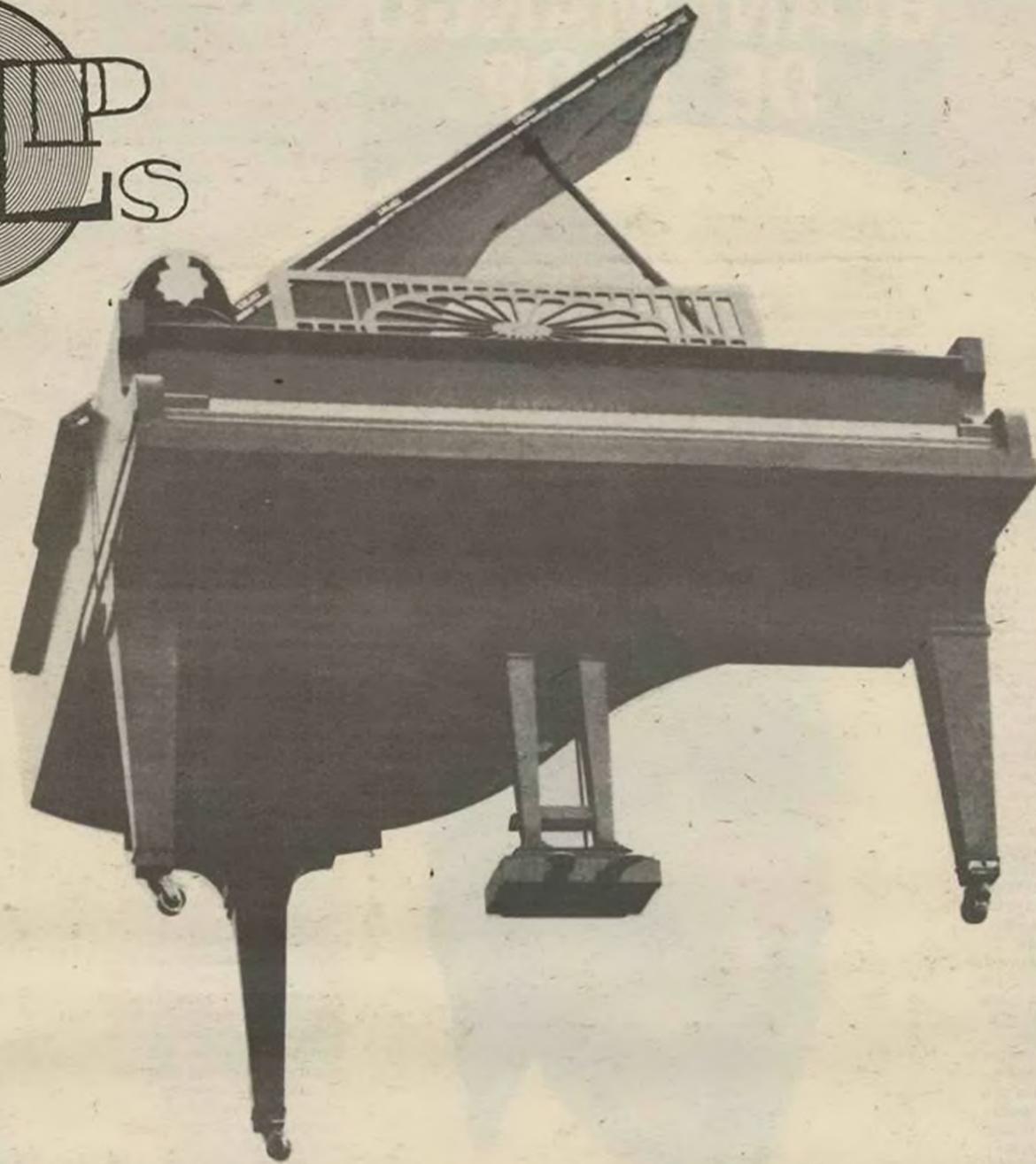
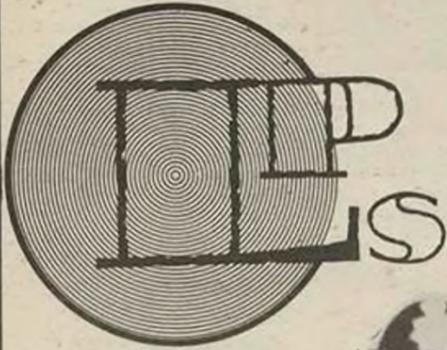
White Car in Germany oct

Kitchen Person aug

Q Quarters jun

Tell me Easter's on Friday mar

**Associates** 1981 SINGLES ON SITUATION 2



# 7 UP SMASH

MADNESS  
7 (Stiff)

WITH THIS, the third LP from Madness, the group take massive leaps and bounds and go into areas that pop stars do not usually enter. Madness are fans scanning the vast expanse of music and attitudes that pop history has to offer — the urchin charm of The Sex Pistols, Motown's three minute symphonies, ska's compassion, mid-period Beatles' melodies and optimism... Tie the knots and give the components contemporary credence and you have a glittering mosaic from the best things in history making some of the nicest things of the present.

There's a popular line of critical appraisal that crusty old hacks love to apply to Madness — good tunes, great fun but *let's keep it in its place, chaps*. So let me just say here that with a lot of the material on this album Madness capture the mood of Britain 1981 better than any one of the trumped up soap-box cranks regularly afforded the position of latter day messiahs in these very pages by people who really should know better.

'Cardiac Arrest', 'Grey Day' and 'Mrs Hutchinson' in particular grasp the feeling of tawdry despair and alienation many young people and their parents are experiencing in the present bewildering social climate. But they realise that to have strength you need to be able to smile and to keep your pride you have to make a, sometimes figurative, dance through the depression. Align the group's understanding of their surrounds with an intuitive grasp of music very much in the ascendent and you have a precious combination.

Although the LP was recorded in Nassau there is nothing on the sleeve or the record to tell you as much. What is noticeable, however, is the seriously improved tact and style with which the group boost their back beats and rhythm flows.

Musical supremo Mike Barson expands his instrumental range to include vibes and marimba while drummer Woody helps out by playing congos and, not to be outdone, self-styled stage-invader-made-star Chas Smash adds trumpet and vox contribution to his footsure dance steps. The capacity the group now have to bear the full fruits of their imaginative and shrewd songwriting is very much expanded and on the first side — every song a gem — they dive into the splash with much grace and enthusiasm.

'Cardiac Arrest' tumbles out of the speakers head over heels with all the scatter-brained nervous energy of a flustered office worker later for an appointment, trapped in the rush hour. The insight and black humour that is the twin edged attack of their lyrics is well to the fore in a song which recalls The Jam's superb 'Smithers Jones' only this time the song ends with the poor sod actually going over the brink.

'Sign Of The Times' is a sneer at gutter press mentality, cutting out and across familiar paths and routines while 'Missing You' is a heartache lovesong somewhere between The Temptations with Whitfield and Beatle bounce, possibly the sort of thing The Moptops would have made if they hadn't started to take their drugs very seriously around about the time of 'Revolver'.

Madness are presenting an ingenious form of creative entertainment, a very special natural talent which is being ruthlessly crushed in today's Britain but thanks to them it's a gift that is being kept alive and healthily refurbished. They manage to say a lot — musically and lyrically — with the minimum of fuss. 'Mrs Hutchinson' is a perfect example — the music gorgeously crafted, nimble fresh and sweet and the song weaving its way towards being a sharp little paradigm on the rapidly declining welfare state. While many composers deal with reality and make it sound trivial, Barson, Foreman *et al* take formalism and turn it into reality.

While 'Benny Bullfrog' and 'Pac a Mac' fall short of the wealth of achievement elsewhere on the record, it has to be said — '7' is the most consistently appealing and resilient album since 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. Madness have successfully wedded the aims and aspirations of their first two records and come up with an irresistible balance and fortitude. '7' is pop as a communal expression, it's pop as a rejuvenated artform and it establishes them as giants in a field of their own. Don't miss it.

Gavin Martin

## Bratpop 'n' puppets

**BOWWOWWOW**  
See Jungle! See Jungle!  
Go Join Your Gang Yeah,  
City All Over! Go Ape  
Crazy! (RCA)

**NOUVEAU NATURALISM** or chartered voyeurism? Either way Lord Of The Fleas Malcolm McLaren knows the price of naked flesh. In leading his willing participants from the city to the jungle, he establishes a working relationship with teen protege Annabella Lwin that is about as tasteful as that of new Tarzan filmmaker John Derek to his Jane Bo.

As Bowwowwow's unscrupulous strategist and undeniably witty lyricist, McLaren gambled on his own hip reputation to carry him through charges of chicken sexism and has apparently won — not before winning widespread coverage of the naked LP sleeve controversy first. As it is, the final sleeve looks great, now featuring Annabella swathed in a sheet, while one Wow! picks nits from her head and the other two frolic in the river.

And it does set the tone for McLaren's Monkee-like version of Rousseau's noble savage theory. In re-writing *L'Enfant Sauvage* as a sexy

Jonathan Richman song he has Annabella extolling the joys of a simple life far removed from city dirt. If they were her own words, the songs would be a wild and punny celebration of youthful sensual pleasures, but as they're put into her mouth by a puppeteer twice her age their innocence is tainted somewhat. One's suspicion is hardly alleviated by the ironic declaration of 'Chihuahua': "I'm a rock and roll puppet! In a band called Bowwowwow! Better off to be a rabbit! At least they have more fun with a gun!"

But why swell the controversy by rising to the bait? Best is to dwell on the brighter side of Malcolm's bucolic vision and acknowledge that the Bowwowwows (Annabella — or her mum — possibly excepted) are more than willing to profit from his games. Accepting his direction, they now make a brash, brilliant bratpop — far better than anything they did with Adam — that bursts out of the record like hungry rats from a cage, scattering in all directions up the trouser legs of the city elders and tickling child sensibilities.

Their tribal drumming seems more derived from Sandy Nelson than Burundi

Black to me, which is probably why it works so well in conjunction with the buzzed updating of Ventures and Hank Marvin guitar primers. The extraordinary rush of sound is punctuated by Annabella's exclamation! mark breathless whoop singing that is at once childishly eager, guileless and yet coyly knowing. Pity it's spoiled by McLaren's calculated lust for life, but then if it weren't she'd still be entertaining the locals at the laundrette.

Chris Bohn



This is madness. Mike Barson awaits his pianer

**TOM TOM CLUB**  
*Tom Tom Club (Island)*

WHAT are words for, anyway? One could never feel quite the same about Talking Heads after learning that Tina Weymouth — founder-member bassist of that strikingly original and highly individual little ensemble — was required by tall, bony, haunted-looking David Byrne to re-audition for her job after the band landed its first recording contract. A less sweet-natured and reasonable sort of person might well — when subjected

to this extraordinarily demeaning demand — have told Byrne to go and suck shit, but Weymouth kept her temper and her job, and indeed provided T. Heads with one of their most tangible assets. Words are — in this case — for asserting that T. Weymouth does not actually need Pointy Heads in order to

# BLANCMANGO DE TROP

function as a creative person. Tom Tom Club is a framework created by Weymouth and her husband, T. Heads drummer Chris Frantz, to team up with likeminded souls and create some music. In this case the likeminded souls include Tyrone Downie (keyboards), Adrian Belew (guitar) and no less than three of Tina Weymouth's sisters (singing).

The album opens with the long version of 'Wordy Rappinghood' (this person's single of the year, thus far) and proceeds accordingly. While still undecided about the namechecks bestowed on various popular musical artistes in 'Genius Of Love', but in absolutely no doubt about the clipped sweet stutter of the rhythm guitar, the poker-faced breathiness of the vocals and the assertive guile of the bass and drums. Tom Tom Club music is powerful and pumping without ever degenerating into thrash, it's intelligent and witty without becoming

**THE POLICE**  
*Ghost In The Machine (A&M)*

O STING, where is thy depth? And whoever suggested that it was necessary or desirable to plumb it? The Police have run a fair old racket on the world since 1977, when their collective stock was so low that the idea of The Police ever becoming massively popular was only fractionally less ludicrous than the notion that Adam And The Ants could do likewise. Through deafening storms of approbation in every country in the world where Coca-Cola is sold, three well-padded albums and enough decent singles to fill most of one side of a greatest hits album, Sting — The Most Beautiful Man In The World — steps forward to answer that vital question 'Who's your favourite philosopher?'

Well, Lynn Hanna gave the game away completely last week, and the answer must have come as one hell of a shock to the Watsonian Behaviourists in The Police's audience. One imagines a contest somewhat akin to a cross between the Deputy Leadership and the Oscars: Bette Midler rips open an envelope and announces, 'The winner is... Arthur Koestler!' as B. F. Skinner, lips trembling, complexion ashen, does his best to applaud like a good loser should while

choking on the fact that the new Police album will not be entitled 'Beyond Freedom And Dignity'.

To support the weight of their current subject-matter, The Police have come up with A New Sound: they've ditched the sharp, cool interlocking fragments of texture and rhythm with which they pioneered New Wave in America and created a sonic blancmange involving hundreds of guitar-synthed, effects-ridden Andy Summers overdubs, a lot of saxophones and several harmonising Stings. They now sound like a cross between The Bee Gees

a swaggering upful call for unity which almost certainly meets with Miles Copeland's full approval. Even there, Summers' guitar sound is muffled and spongy, but the song's feel and sentiment carry a genuine warmth which is unambiguously appealing.

Its worst arrives at the end of the first side: The Police unveil their version of 'Demolition Man', the song that Sting wrote for Grace Jones. This rendition of the song pretty much is a 'walking disaster': Summers plays an extended Heavy Metal solo all the way through the song, and... well, I thought my razor

concerned and aware on 'Invisible Sun', he and his colleagues combine a woolly sound with woolly thinking to minimum effect. Even when they briefly return (via a song for which Stewart Copeland wrote the music) to the punky-trash vein which they mined before the Big Skank hit them, 'Rehumanise Yourself' — the album's second-best track, as it happens — is still weighed down by too much paraphernalia.

It's all good humanistic stuff and if rock bands are going to push their favourite philosophers I'd take a reggae-ish pop band promoting Arthur Koestler over a pomp(ous)-HM group pimping for Ayn Rand any day of the decade. The fact remains that — as far as this particular listener is concerned — 'The Ghost In The Machine' is AMAAAAAAAZINGLY DULL. Sting is obviously a decent, intelligent chap and if we were debating politics and philosophy I'd probably find large areas of agreement with him, but dull music with worthy sentiments attached is, ultimately, no more rewarding an aesthetic experience than dull music with foul sentiments.

Koestler's book is available in a Picador edition for considerably less than the cost of The Police's album.  
Charles Shaar Murray

Sting pic: Bob King



and a reggaefied Yes which I'm sure everybody will agree is one hell of an advance. Only Stewart Copeland's clattering, bustling drums — as audaciously busy and showy as ever — hew to the original blueprint, and Copeland is consistently the most interesting player throughout.

The album's best moment comes halfway through the second side with 'One World',

was dull until I heard the bass line.

Everywhere else is blancmange (maybe a better title for the album would have been 'Blancmango De Trop', which would at least have preserved conceptual continuity with their first three efforts): whether Sting's being 'sexual' on 'Hungry For You', metaphysical on 'Spirits In The Material World' or

easily have come from 'Remain In Light' or 'My Life In The Gush of Boasts', and elsewhere Belew's vocals sprout in these more techno dazzle climes.

Vocals, of course, have always been of secondary importance in King Crimson — Fripp's an instrumental chap at heart — and here the main musical interest's down to the guitars of Belew and Fripp, the latter stamping his

personality firmly on proceedings with ample portions of Fripperetition ('Frame By Frame') and endless, aching sustain ('Matte Kudasai'). Belew's more wide-ranging, sessionally talents are sprinkled here and there with impeccable technique and no mean amount of imagination, but it's Fripp who provides the dominant defining atmospheres of the band.

It's all technically tight and ship shape, as you'd expect, and will no doubt be a source of some excitement for those who get into a lather over light-fingered fretboard work and similar musicianly virtues. It's also incredibly

**GENESIS**  
*Abacab (Charisma)*  
**KING CRIMSON**  
*Discipline (EG)*

THE FIFTH-formers of a few years ago are now nicely placed in mid-twenties middle-management, and they're still buying Genesis albums. Or, to put it another way, Genesis are still making music for them. Not the same music, or even the same kind of music, but the kind of music that reflects the same people's altered values on entering the heady world of young adulthood.

'Abacab' is its audience: it drives smart cars with four-door speaker systems,

frequents wine bars, and talks at length about the amazing production on the last Peter Gabriel album; it's fussy and "cultured" in a stylish, contemporary way, but it doesn't really have anything to say, and though it feels duty bound to discuss things like despair and alienation, it's never really had to worry, either. It doesn't much like pop music, but it never does more than poke a tentative

toe into the sea of possible alternatives. At the end of the second side, it says "Put another record on" and is promptly filed and forgotten.

Less bought but better remembered, maybe, will be 'Discipline', the first offering of the new Crimson congregation of Fripp, Bill

Bruford, Adrian Belew and Tony Levin.

Rather than its audience, 'Discipline' reflects its makers' associations, particularly Belew's tenure with Talking Heads. Thela Hun Ginjeet, the adapted Afro-flavoured chant that opens side two, could quite



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+ new dub mix  
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IN YOUR MIND'**

October Tour

- |                          |                            |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 NEWCASTLE University   | 9 WALES Poly               |
| 2 BRADFORD University    | 10 SWANSEA University      |
| 3 NOTTINGHAM University  | 11 NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall |
| 4 COVENTRY General Wolfe | 12 CARDIFF University      |
| 5 KENT University        | 13 SHEFFIELD Limit Club    |
| 6 READING University     | 15 ESSEX University        |
| 7 BRIGHTON Poly          | 16 LOUGHBORO University    |
| 8 OXFORD Poly            | 17 LONDON Dingwalls        |

MCA RECORDS

You can resist  
everything  
but  
**TEMPTATION**

Oscar Wilde  
THE MOTHEMEN

**MUSICIANS**  
SEE NME'S  
CLASSIFIED ADS  
ON PAGE 56

some cute cerebral parlour game and it combines a lot of wide open spaces with a continuous series of events, not to mention a continuous flow of ideas. Tom Tom Club (centrally Weymouth, Frantz and their co-producer Steven Stanley) make exceptionally elegant use of shifting textures over solid rhythms: change plus continuity.

Particularly deft touches include using Adrian Belew's effects laden guitar to play a synth part in 'L'Elephant', the vocal deployment in 'Lorelei' and the chorus of 'On On On On' (a title derived from the dub section at the end of the

song): 'Here we come / on and on / there are scores / of us.' An intelligent, innocent journey through funk and reggae, 'Tom Tom Club' is a fair facsimile of the knees of the bees. Despite the fact that the cover is hideous, I would be ashamed not to say that I loved it.

Charles Shaar Murray

# SUN RA RA RA!

## THE BLUES BAND Itchy Feet (Arista)

BRITISH rhythm and blues has never known a cleaner combo than The Blues Band. With polite, boyish enthusiasm, they serve up frisky shuffles and hollers with studiously authentic flourishes from Dave Kelly's

slide guitar and Paul Jones' harp: the ultimate BBC2 R&B group, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as can be.

On 'Itchy Feet', they move from straightforward R&B fare like 'Talkin' Woman Blues' through the neo-metal of 'Who's Right Who's Wrong' to a Chuck Berry cover and a wee dab of country blues; cuts, lively and immaculately presented throughout. An alarming contrast to the epic seediness of the Feelgoods, The Blues Band represent the final Hamsteadisation of the blues. 'Itchy Feet' is R&B for the SDP.

Charles Shaar Murray

Wages, and one from Edwin Bruce.

The title track is the outstanding waxing on 'I Need A Man' and is the only female vocal in the entire collection. Ms Barbara Pittman, whose yearnings are thus stated, belts out a nonstop rocker in their description. On the sleeve she is described as a friend of Elvis, and duly benefits by the association. The set is also noteworthy for Carl Perkins' famous 'Boppin' The Blues' and 'Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby', nor can we

though it is hardly more than a novelty carousel relating the adventures of certain little green men in the manner of mid period Dovells at their most gimmicky, and is notable chiefly for its line: "I couldn't understand the things they said, but that crazy beat it just a stopped me dead." Much better from the same singer is the jump 'Red Hot', which surfaces often on previous compilations issued by Sun, a style also evidenced on his further swinger, 'Pearly Lee'. Similarly keen is 'Put Your Cat Clothes On' by Carl

'All Night Rock' introduces the Roy Orbison 'Rock House' paean, which has some archival merit, and 'You're My Baby', which has little. Glenn Honeycutt suggests the title track, and Junior Thompson whips up some excitement for 'How Come You Do Me?'. Also featured is Jack Earls, Ray Harris and two pieces from Guy Mitchell clone Gene Simmons and the ubiquitous Sonny Burgess.

Hayden Thompson dominates the final set, 'Rockabilly Jamboree', and lends his voice to a semi-articulate but nonetheless fine interpretation of the Davis-Mitchell standard, 'You Are My Sunshine', plus the countryfied 'Love My Baby' and 'Fairlane Rock', and a dull 'Mama, Mama, Mama'. Dean Beard contributes two monograms, of which 'Don't Lie To Me' is the better, and Carl Perkins and Sonny Burgess yield one each, the latter singer performing vocal contortions on 'So Glad You're Mine'. Jerry Lee Lewis sings two, notably the 'Old Time Religion' tune given classic rock 'n' roll treatment by Jack Scott, and later transformed at the hands of Captain Beefheart for 'Moonlight In Vermont'.

Penny Reel

## VARIOUS ARTISTS Rock, Baby, Rock It I Need A Man Flyin' Saucers Rock 'n' Roll All Night Rock Rockabilly Jamboree (Sun)

A TOTAL 50 inches featuring 50 titles from the Rock 'n' Roll '50s, attractively packaged as period facsimiles on the Sun imprint, and dispensed by Charly in the company's role as saviours of music.

'Rock, Baby, Rock It' showcases Johnny Carroll who bears all the influence of Elvis Presley, and sets a precedent for the whole collection. Absent himself, the presence of he whom Ray Lowry refers to as the Memphis Flash is felt throughout. Mr "Hot Rock" Carroll sings the title track, the well known 'That's The Way I Love' and a slow, dramatic version of 'You Made Me Love You'.

Other principal recordings on the set are the oft repackaged 'Miss Froggie' from Warren Smith, plus the same singer's stomping interpretation of Slim Harpo's 'I've Got Love If You Want'. The remainder of the LP includes two tunes apiece from the virtually unknown Dick Penner and Jimmy



Barbara Pittman

discount the late Warren Smith's staccato 'Ubangi Stomp' and Sonny Burgess alongside his Pacers bemoaning 'Ain't Got A Thing'. Messrs Smith and Burgess also do the honours on the set's remainder, with Malcolm Yelvington contributing a couple of ordinary rockers as well.

Around 1971, Billy Riley's 'Flyin' Saucers Rock 'n' Roll' is one of the most sought after and discussed records in the whole Sun catalogue, even

Perkins, which continues the sartorial saga of 'Blue Suede Shoes', plus a pleasing reading of the 'Green Back Dollar' tale from one Ray Harris. The outstanding performance, though, is from Jerry Lee Lewis, who serenades 'The Crawdad Song' at breathtaking speed and amid many whoops of self aggrandisement. Mr Sonny Burgess returns with a further four frenzied deliberations to complete the set.

dull and pointless, like a film that sacrifices plot and characterisation for flashy special effects and stunts. No real risks are taken, and not an ounce of authentic joy or anger cruises its pedantic grooves. All 'Discipline' does is stake out the ground the new King Crimson wish to work in: new ground for Crimson, perhaps, but not exactly unmapped territory. It exists not to be enjoyed, but to be admired, and, like 'Abacab', will be bought by plenty of admiring adults.

Growing up need not be synonymous with seizing up; it only appears that way in rock music.

Andy Gill

## MEAT LOAF Dead Ringer (Epic)

THIS IS the heavy heavy monster sound. In the work of Mr. Meat Loaf, man and music are inseparable: one's as gross as the other.

Mind you, there's refinement as well, notably in

the lyrics of songwriter Jim Steinman, and that's the combination which ensures success for this long-delayed follow-up to the massively popular 'Bat Out Of Hell'. For the fan of Meat Loaf's widescreen epic style, 'Dead Ringer' represents a no-risk

investment. And never was that old cliché 'You either love it or hate it' more applicable.

I'll sign up with the latter category: listening to this stuff is hard, hard going. In the panoramic arrangements, in the singer's grandiloquent delivery, in Steinman's

urban-operatic compositions, there's melodrama by the shovel-full. But it's the difference between soul and emotion: this is the pumped-up sound of a masculine rock 'n' roll Shirley Bassey.

It's the material, of course, which enables ML to transcend the label of roaring

headbanger. Steinman's songs are clever and literate, but superficial and pseudo-passionate. I mean: "Then I saw you making love to two of my best friends". These people know but one way to lay it on — thick, very thick. The record's excess is its very charm, perhaps. To me, it sounds phoney and desperately overdone. Imagine Springsteen, coarsened and exaggerated them multiply by three.

Wrapped up in bad street-poetry and hack cover-art, 'Dead Ringer' is a NATO-scale exercise in emptiness. Rock 'n' roll — phew-tille...

Paul Du Noyer

# FRIGHT ARE COMING!



## Madness movie opens

MADNESS have their first full-length feature film *Take It Or Leave It* opening in London later this month. It's screened initially at Camden Town Gate 3 Cinema from October 14 (with prices reduced to £2 for the benefit of the band's younger followers), then on October 18 it opens at three more cinemas — Romford ABC 3, Croydon ABC 3 and Hammersmith ABC 3 — with more widespread release later. Filmed in and around London earlier this year, and financed by Stiff Records and the band themselves, it features many of the most popular Madness songs plus new material from their latest album '7'.

## Glitter Band are back

GARY GLITTER has re-formed The Glitter Band for his latest tour, announced last week — with originals Gerry Shepherd (lead guitar), John Springate (bass) and Pete Phipps and Tony Leonard (drums), plus newcomers Brian Jones (sax) and Eddie Spence (keyboards). Glitter's projected date at Bradford Tiffany's on October 13 is now cancelled, but he's added extra shows at Durham University (October 31), Bradford University (December 8) and Bradford University (9).

## Otis Rush for jazzfest

OTIS RUSH, one of the greatest living blues guitarists and singers, pays what's only his second visit to this country to headline one of the nights in this year's Camden Jazz Festival — staged at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse from October 26 to 31 inclusive. Rush and his band appear on October 27 (tickets £3 to £5), and British blues veteran Alexis Korner is on the same bill. Most of the acts in the festival are strictly jazz — including headliners the Archie Shepp Quintet (28), George Coleman Octet (29) and Brotherhood Of Breath (31) — but one attraction of special interest is the opening night (26) billtopper, the Carla Bley Band with Mike Mantler.

## Lindisfarne on the way

LINDISFARNE take a break from recording a new album, their first for almost three years, to play a 13-date concert tour during the first half of this month — visiting Bradford Queen's College (tonight, Thursday), Reading Hexagon (Friday), Chippenham Gold Diggers (Saturday), Hull City Hall (Sunday), Sunderland Empire (October 6), Ayr Pavilion (7), Fife St Andrew's University (8), Glasgow Strathclyde University (9), Leeds University (10), Lancaster University (11), Manchester UMIST (12), Sheffield University (13) and Loughborough University (14). It's expected that they'll also be playing their traditional Christmas concerts at Newcastle City Hall, but details aren't yet available.

## Gregory Isaacs returns

GREGORY ISAACS, one of Jamaica's top reggae stars, returns to the UK later this month for a series of concert appearances — including a headliner at London Rainbow. With two or three more venues still to be finalised, dates confirmed so far are Manchester Russell Club (October 16), Leeds University (17), London Rainbow (18), Brighton Top Rank (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Nottingham Palais (22), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (23), Aylesbury Friars (24), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (27) and Birmingham Locarno (28).

## Gibbons back in action

STEVE GIBBONS BAND are back on the road this month, in support of their new RCA single 'BSA' and album 'Saints & Sinners'. They play Glamorgan Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), North Staffs Polytechnic (Friday), Wakefield City Hall (Sunday), London Victoria The Venue (October 5), Leeds Florde Green (8), Birmingham University (9), Oxford Rock Club (12), Reading University (13), Wigan Pier (14), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (15), Newport Harper Adams College (16), Liverpool Warehouse (17), Ayr Pavilion (20), Durham University (21), Coventry Warwick University (22), Huddersfield Polytechnic (23), Retford Porterhouse (24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), Manchester University (26), Bradford University (28), Dundee University (30) and Glasgow University (31).

## Eastwood & Saint gigs

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT are on tour at Glasgow University (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Polytechnic (Friday), Sittingbourne Martens (October 5), Plymouth Poly (6), London Queen Mary College (8), London Southbank Poly (9), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (10), Bradford University (17), Manchester University (30), Walsall Town Hall (31), London Victoria The Venue (November 2), Guildford Surrey University (6), London Woolwich Thames Poly (7), London Rainbow Theatre (11), Nottingham Rock City (16), Reading University (17), London Strand Kings College (20), Bristol Poly (21), Sheffield University (28) and Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus 1 (30).

# TOUR NEWS



New Members ANDY ANDERSON (left) and JOHN READ are in front of old hands JO SHAW (left) and JACKIE LEVEN. Pic: Sheila Burnett.

## DOLL BY DOLL: NEW LINE-UP HITS THE ROAD

DOLL BY DOLL have undergone a major personnel upheaval, shortly before setting out on an extensive British tour. Founder members Jackie Leven and Jo Shaw remain, but the rhythm section has been changed, with Dave McIntosh and Tony Waite leaving the band — and they've been replaced by two experienced session musicians, bassist John Read (who's recently been working with Taj Mahal) and drummer Andy Anderson (whose past credits include Steve Hillage and Jimmy Pursey).

The decision to change the line-up came after the band's recent sell-out London concerts and the release of their single 'Caritas', and it coincides with a shift of musical emphasis. Although their stage act still features certain numbers from their first two albums, much of their new material lays greater stress on what they call "danceability".

The new-look band have been rehearsing intensively in the Welsh mountains, and are about to introduce their new members by way of a comprehensive UK tour, starting next weekend. Support act on all dates will be Polydor three-piece The Gas, and the schedule comprises:

Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (October 9), Dundee University (10), Glenrothes Lomond Centre (11), Edinburgh Napier College (12), Newcastle University (13), Huddersfield Polytechnic (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (16), Coventry Warwick University (17), Leeds Warehouse (20), Bradford University (21), Manchester Polytechnic (22), Leicester Polytechnic (23), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (24), Norwich East Anglia University (25), Swindon Brunel Rooms (27), Bournemouth Town Hall (28), Oxford Polytechnic (29), Birmingham Polytechnic (30) and Bristol Polytechnic (31).

## ELO play four big 'uns

ELO have announced plans for four big British concerts at the end of the year — at London Wembley Arena (December 1 and 2), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (12) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (16). Wembley tickets are £8.80 and £7.80 including booking fee, while for both Birmingham and Edinburgh they are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50. Details of booking arrangements are as follows:

- WEMBLEY — by post only from MAC Promotions (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), P.O. Box 28Z, London W1A 2BZ.
- BIRMINGHAM — by post only from NEC Box Office, National Exhibition Centre Ltd., Birmingham B40 1NT. Make cheques or POs payable to "NEC (ELO Concert)" and enclose SAE.
- EDINBURGH — postal applications are now being accepted at Aberdeen The Other Record Shop, Ayr Speed Records, Carlisle Pink Panther, Dundee I & N Records, Edinburgh Playhouse Box Office, Glasgow Apollo Box Office and Newcastle City Hall Box Office. Tickets will be available to personal applicants at all these outlets from next Monday (5).

## MERRY XMAS FROM SLADE

SLADE have now announced details of their 12-concert pre-Christmas tour, plans for which were revealed last week. They visit Sheffield Lyceum (December 6), Hull City Hall (8), Lancaster University (9), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Ipswich Gaumont (11), Reading Top Rank (13), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Nottingham Rock City (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), and London Hammersmith (20).

## Nine Below warming up

NINE BELOW ZERO, who supported The Who on their last UK outing, have announced their own major tour — culminating in a billtopper at the Hammersmith Odeon. It's preceded this weekend by the release of their new A&M single 'Why Don't You Try Me Tonight', and will be followed in the New Year by their next album, currently being recorded with the aid of Simon Boswell. With still more dates to be finalised, those set so far are:

Coventry Warwick University (October 29), Guildford Surrey University (30), Cambridge Corn Exchange (31), Slough Fulcrum Centre (November 2), Wakefield Unity Hall (4), Newcastle University (5), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (6), Glasgow Strathclyde University (7), Redcar Coatham Bowl (8), Lancaster University (9), Durham University (10), Nottingham Rock City (13), Aylesbury Friars (14), Belfast Queens University (15), Reading Top Rank (16), Manchester University (17), Liverpool University (18), Bristol University (19), Birmingham Aston University (20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (21), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (22), Cardiff University (25), St. Albans City Hall (28) and London Hammersmith Odeon (29).

# Blondie comeback

BLONDIE are not the extinct stars of yesteryear that many people believe them to be — in fact, next year could well see them re-emerging as a potent force. Even now, a new Blondie album is taking shape in New York and — although there are now new faces in the line-up — the nucleus of Debbie Harry, Chris Stein and Jimmy Destri remains intact.

The reactivation evidently stems from the fact that Debbie's dalliance with Chic, and her resultant solo album 'Koo Koo', were not as successful as might have been expected — the LP was a chart hit, certainly, but not a smash like previous Blondie albums.

Debbie is still interested in working with Chic, and it's understood she may make guest appearances in some of their U.S. concerts this autumn — and there's even talk of her coming to Britain with them towards the end of the year. But it looks as though a new chapter in the Blondie story is about to be unfolded, with the imminent release by Chrysalis of

their 'Greatest Hits' collection, and the new album planned for early 1982 release.

As yet, there's no official word on live activity by the re-shaped group. But their British spokesman, who's just back from visiting them in the States, says that anything could happen in the New Year — and probably will!

ALICE COOPER, whose peak of success was almost a decade ago, is also back in business in a big way — and planning British concert appearances. His current American tour has proved to be little short of a triumph, with capacity houses and rapturous audiences all the way along the line, and now he wants to bring his new show to this country. In view of major venues already heavily booked for the pre-Christmas period, it's understood that prospective New Year dates have been submitted to Alice for approval.

He has, of course, just received an unexpected boost over here — by way of



DEBBIE ponders the prospect of re-bleaching her hair.

the video film for Adam and The Ants' new single 'Prince Charming', in which Adam is seen impersonating Alice. And a couple of weeks ago, Alice and Adam met in New York — a meeting which produced a hint of co-operation on a future project.

- BAD MANNERS have switched their major London concert, part of their UK tour announced last week, from Hammersmith Odeon on November 11 to the Rainbow Theatre on November 16 — they've apparently decided that the latter is a more suitable venue, and tickets are now available. They've also added Swindon Brunel Rooms (November 15) to their schedule.
- KOOL & THE GANG have added Southport Theatre (November 3) to their British tour, reported two weeks ago, and their Brighton concert on November 9 is switched from the Conference Centre to the Dome.
- JOHN MILES has made a couple of changes in his itinerary, announced last week. What was originally the opening date at Bradford St. George's Hall tonight (Thursday) has been put back to October 15. And on October 12, he now plays Corby Festival Hall instead of Barry Memorial Hall.

- DEPARTMENT S make their first London appearance for six months when they headline at Victoria The Venue on Friday, October 16. Support act is Way Of The West, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.
- MINK DEVILLE make two changes in their UK tour, announced last week. They add Birmingham University (November 7), and switch their November 9 gig from Sheffield Lyceum to Edinburgh Coasters.
- THE BELLE STARS have been confirmed as special guests on the 33-date Madness tour, starting on October 8, and they'll have a new single issued by Stiff during the course of the outing. After the tour, the girls headline at London Camden Dingwells on November 21, to replace their September date which had to be postponed.



RAGE are set to headline their first major British tour, under the banner of "The Power Package" — a totally integrated light-and-sound spectacular featuring both live and recorded music, plus big-screen videos of top acts. The Liverpool hard-rock quintet take their show to Swindon Brunel Rooms (October 20), Leeds Florde Green (22), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (23), Northampton College (24), Oxford Blades (26), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (27), London Marquee (28), Bristol Granary (29), Gillingham Central Hotel (30), Nottingham Boat Club (31), Harrogate Adelphi Cinema (November 2), Northallerton Centre (3), York TA Hall (4), Workington Slipped Disc (5), Stoke Mayfair (6), Liverpool Warehouse (7), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (8), Chesham Underground Club (11), Margate Winter Gardens (12), Coventry General Wolfe (13), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14) and Sheffield Limit Club (15).

- PIGBAG — already set to co-headline with The Raincoats at Manchester University (October 24) and Leeds Tiffany's (25) — have other dates in their own right at London Strand Kings College (October 16), Oxford Scamps (26), York TA Centre (November 4), Coventry Warwick University (5) and Norwich East Anglia University (8). Support on the London date is Schlaflose Nacht, a group they met on a recent trip to Berlin.

- THE BIRTHDAY PARTY return from the States to play five selected dates this month — at Oxford Scamps (October 12), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (14), London Brixton Town Hall (16), North London Polytechnic (23) and Guildford Surrey University (24). Their single 'Mr Clarinet'/'Happy Birthday' is reissued this week.

- AFTER THE FIRE have named Afraid Of Mice and Top Secret as special guests for their concert at London Rainbow at London Rainbow on October 10. Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50.

- THE CHEFS and THE MOOD ELEVATORS are going on tour together. London dates are at Middlesæx Polytechnic (this Friday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (October 8), Clapham 101 Club (15), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (16), Southbank Polytechnic (23), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (31), City Polytechnic (November 10), London University (13), North-East Polytechnic (19) and Whiskey A Go-Go (24). Elsewhere they visit Bristol Granary (October 7), Manchester University (9), Guildford Surrey University (12) Keele University (14), Solihull Pop Club (November 12), Bristol Trinity Hall (20), Brighton New Regent (26) and Kingston Polytechnic (December 3).

JOHN PRINE, the renowned American singer and composer, returns to the UK to play London Victoria The Venue on October 28. It will be his only date here at this time, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50.

KING CRIMSON will now mark their reunion by playing two nights at London Victoria The Venue — on October 8 and 9 — instead of the one originally announced. And these shows are preceded by warm-up gigs at Chippenham Gold Digger (October 6) and Aylesbury Friars (7). Blur are the support act on all four dates.

ULTRAVOX have added a fourth concert at London Hammersmith Odeon to their current UK tour schedule. It's on Sunday, October 18, and tickets are on sale now.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS, who played a string of sell-out London concerts earlier in the year, is returning here for a nationwide tour. Details are still being finalised, but it's likely to be around Christmas, either just before or soon afterwards. Meanwhile, his new album 'It's Time For Love' is released on October 9, preceded this weekend by the single '9 Times Out Of 10'.

- THE POLECATS have added two more dates to their British tour, which opened this week — at Bristol University (October 6) and Leeds Warehouse (11). And looking ahead, they've been confirmed as the headliners of a special Christmas Eve party show at London Southgate Royalty Ballroom — though, before that, they'll be undertaking a five-week European tour.

# RECORD NEWS



## Rod's yours

ROD STEWART, who's been conspicuous by his absence recently, returns with a new single 'Tonight I'm Yours' for release by Riva Records on October 9. It's the title track from his new album, due out in early November, though the B-side of the single 'Sonny' isn't on the LP. Stewart is currently putting the finishing touches to the album in Los Angeles, and shortly sets out on an extensive U.S. tour. Plans for 1982 include dates in Australia, New Zealand and the Far East, but there's nothing on the cards for the UK at this stage.

## Jam on the boil again

THE JAM release a new Polydor single on October 16, titled 'Absolute Beginners' backed with 'Tales From The Riverbank', both Paul Weller compositions — and the initial pressing comes in a special picture bag complete with lyric sheet. The band are now recording tracks for their next album, planned for New Year release to coincide with their UK tour.

BUGGLES are back with a new single, issued this weekend by Carrere and titled 'I Am A Camera' — a song which originally appeared on the Yes album 'Drama' under the title of 'Into The Lens', though this is a completely new version, produced by its composers Trevor Horn and Geoff Downes. Buggles now revolve around Horn and newest member, keyboards player Simon Darlow, as Downes is no longer a member and is working on other projects.

● Although still figuring strongly in the charts with 'Hands Up', Ottawan will have a new single issued by Carrere on October 30 called 'Hello Rio'. And this will be followed before Christmas by a 'Greatest Hits' collection.

● Disco star Prince has his single 'Controversy' released by WEA on October 16 in both 7" and 12". It's composed, arranged, produced and performed by Prince, and is also the title track from his upcoming album.

● Olivia Newton John releases her first solo album for three years on October 12, titled 'Physical'. The title track is issued as a single by EMI this week.

## EURHYTHMICS' DEBUT ELPEE

EURHYTHMICS have their self-named debut album issued by RCA next weekend — it was recorded at Conny Plank's Cologne studio, and produced by Plank, Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart. Among musicians involved are Holger Czuczay and Jackie Liebeck of Can and Clem Burke from Blondie. A tour is being set up for November, involving a new concept in stage presentation, with a special PA system designed by Plank. The touring band will differ from the LP line-up, and will include Adam Williams from The Selecter.

● UB40, who are planning a British tour at the end of the year, release the album 'Present Arms In Dub' on their own label this weekend.

● 'Dead Cities' is the title of a three-track EP by The Exploited — it's out this week on Secret Records and is their first release since their hit album 'Punk's Not Dead', and they're now being lined up for a 20-date UK tour in November. Two new singles from the same label are the double A-sider 'Pyjama Song'/'Cheong Sam' by Temporary Title, and 'Northern Lights' by Paul Duppre (ex-Radio Stars and Cowboys International).

● The debut album from Imagination comes out on October 9 on the R&B label. It's named after their first hit 'Body Talk', though their current single 'In And Out Of Love' is also included.

● The Religious Overdose single 'I Said Go' is now available on Glass Records. The band also feature on the label's compilation album 'The Wonderful World Of Glass', along with The Lemon Kittens and Where's Lisse?, among others.

● An up-dated version of the old Ketty Lester hit 'Love Letters' is the debut single by Caprice, issued this weekend by Beggars Banquet in both 7" and 12" formats.



## Landscape go European

LANDSCAPE follow their hits 'Einstein A Go Go' and 'Norman Bates' with a new single issued by RCA this weekend titled 'European Man'. Although it's included on their recent chart album 'From The Tearrooms Of Mars', it originally appeared over 18 months ago as a limited edition 12-inch club promotion single, and was regarded as one of the first true futurist or new romantic records — and, in fact, this original single is now a collector's item valued at £25. The band spend November and December recording a new album for issue early next year, and plans are under way for a major tour of the UK and Europe to coincide with the LP's release.

● Rodney Crowell, a member of Emmylou Harris' original Hot Rod Band and composer of many of her songs, has his single 'Stars On The Water' released by Warner Brothers on October 9 — and among the backing names are Albert Lee (guitar), Booker T (piano) and Rosanne Cash (backing vocals). His self-named album follows shortly.

● Orange Juice, who recently signed to Polydor, will have their debut single for the label out next weekend — their version of the Al Green song 'L.O.V.E.'. Their album 'You Can't Hide Your Love Forever' follows shortly.

● 'The Best Of Beverley's' is a Trojan compilation album featuring some of the best work of renowned producer Leslie Kong — it stems from the 1969-70 period, and includes three tracks by Bob Marley & The Wailers and two by Peter Tosh, among others. From the same label comes a Derrick Harriot compilation, circa 1972-75, titled 'Songs For Midnight Lovers'.

## U2 LP 4 U

U2, whose British tour begins this week (see Gig Guide), have their new album issued by Island on October 12 to coincide with their outing. The follow-up to the hit LP 'Fire', it was recorded in Dublin with producer Steve Lillywhite, and has the apt title of 'October'. One of the 11 tracks, 'Gloria', appears as a single next Monday — with a live version of 'I Will Follow' on the B-side.

● Donovan, whose comeback UK tour opens this weekend, has a new single issued on the Luggage label to coincide. Titled 'Lay Down Lizzie', it's a track from his upcoming album 'Love Is Only Feeling'.

● Dome, who comprise B. C. Gilbert and G. Lewis, release their third album in 12 months — not surprisingly titled 'Dome 3'. It's on their own label, through Rough Trade.

● The Marc Bolan single 'You Scare Me To Death' has now been made available by Cherry Red in picture disc form (through Pinnacle). The Bolan album of the same title is out this weekend, and it contains a 40,000-word biography of the late singer.

● To mark the tenth anniversary of his death, Gene Vincent's album 'The Bop They Couldn't Stop' is released by Magnum Force — it originally appeared under the title of 'I'm Back And I'm Proud' on the Dandelion label, but has been deleted for many years. Another Magnum Force LP is 'Live At The Paradise' by Link Wray, recorded in Amsterdam during his 1979 European tour.

● The oldest swinger in town Fred Wedlock has his latest single out this week on Rocket, titled 'Jobsworth', and he's being lined up for a nationwide tour later in the autumn.



## SEXUAL DECAY

UK DECAY have a new single out this week on Fresh Records, a double A-sider featuring 'Sexual' and 'Twist In The Tale'. It's the follow-up to 'Unexpected Guest', which climbed high in the indie charts, and it's followed on October 23 by their debut album titled 'For Madmen Only'. Now that the band have acquired a permanent new bassist (Eddie Branch), after using stand-ins for six months, they'll be setting out on a UK tour at the end of this month — details to follow shortly.

● Northern rock group Mama's Boys currently supporting Hawkwind on their UK tour, have their single 'Silence Is Out Of Fashion'/'Rock'n'Roll Craze' issued by Spartan to coincide with the outing.

● London-based band Panic, currently on a one-nighter tour of the capital, have their first single out on their own label — featuring 'Never Ever Ever', 'Automatic Man' and 'Midnight 1980', and playing at 33rpm. It's pressed in red vinyl and packaged in a red sleeve, to complement their own all-red stage dress. Price is £1.75 (including p&p) from Panic at 96 Chayne Walk, London S.W.10. There's also a cassette version (£2.25) with a bonus of three extra tracks.



## LAURA SOLO — LOGICALLY

LAURA LOGIC has her first solo single out this week on Rough Trade, coupling 'Wonderful Offer' and 'Stereos' — and there's also a 12-inch version with a bonus track called 'Rather Than Repeat'. Laura also appears on the recently released Red Crayola LP and single. Her debut solo album 'Pedigree Charm' will be out shortly, and she's busy setting up a recording studio with This Heat. There's also talk of a lead movie role for Laura in the winter, and if it goes ahead, she would also do the soundtrack.

● Manchester band The Freshies have left MCA and teamed up with Pinnacle to form the Razz Pinnacle label. First release is the single 'Dancin' Doctors'/'One To One', out this weekend.

● A four-track live EP by The Epileptics, who are now Flux Of Pink Indians, is out this month on Spider Leg Records — and the label has also issued a six-track EP by Wiltshire band The Subhumans. A 12-inch multi-track EP by the present Flux Of Pink Indians will follow later in October.

● Breathless are a Welsh rock'n'roll band formed by Crazy Caven's two younger brothers, and they debut on October 9 with a four-track EP 'Sock-Hop Boppin' on the Magnum Force label. They're also being set for a string of UK dates in November.

● North London co-operative label Melodia Records this weekend issues the second single by A Popular History Of Signs, coupling 'Crowds' and 'Crossing The Border' — available through Rough Trade and other indies.

● The Virgin Prunes have three singles out this month through Rough Trade — an orthodox seven-inch titled 'Sandpaper Lullabye'; a ten-incher featuring 'Come To Daddy', 'Sweet Home Under White Clouds' and 'Sad World'; and a 12-inch called 'A New Form Of Beauty' which runs over half-an-hour. This latter title will also be available in book and video cassette form in November.

● James King, described by Virgin as "a Glasgow legend" (but then, aren't all Virgin acts legends?), has his second single 'I'm Tired'/'So Alone' issued on the Virgin/Cuba Libre label on October 9.

□ REMIPEDS are back on the road, after being sidelined by injuries to two of their members. With their album 'The Tahiti Syndrome' now available through Pinnacle, they have London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (October 6), Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (9), Herne Hill Half Moon (11), Covent Garden Rock Garden (17), Clapham 101 Club (23), Southbank Polytechnic (November 6) and Chelsea College (7). Out of town, they visit Oxford Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Polytechnic with the Albertos (this Saturday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (October 10), Coventry Warwick University (31), Kingston Polytechnic (November 5), Swindon Brunel Rooms (10), Brighton New Regent (12) and Cambridge Sound Cellar (13).

□ MOOD SIX, who seem to specialise in playing bizarre venues, have chosen The London Dungeon (Tooley Street, near London Bridge) for their next one. It's this Saturday (3) from 8pm to midnight, and tickets are £3.50 (advance) and £4 (doors).

□ ZZ TOP seem to be unable to make up their minds about their British visit. They were originally announced for Bradford Tiffany's (October 28) and London Hammersmith Odeon (29), then subsequently the Bradford date was switched to Liverpool Royal Court. Now the Liverpool gig has been cancelled, and the Hammersmith show (which will now be their only UK date) is brought forward to October 26.

□ IRON MAIDEN, newly returned from a 15-nation world tour, are planning a few selected British dates before Christmas — and they'll be touring here extensively in the New Year. These will be the first opportunities to see their new singer, Bruce Bruce (formerly with Samson), who has now taken over from Paul Di'Anno.

□ KEVIN RIDDLES (bass) and Dave Dufort (drums), from the now defunct Angelwitch, are putting together a new five-piece band and are already lining up dates for their live debut in November. A recording deal is under discussion for the still unnamed outfit.

## Stop Press

BARRY MANILOW concerts: London Royal Albert Hall (January 11-15), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (17-18), Manchester Apollo (20-22), Brighton Centre (26-27) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Show Centre (29-30). More dates and postal booking details follow shortly.

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Friday 2nd October £3.00 <b>U.K. PLAYERS</b>	Wednesday 7th October £2.50 <b>MORRISEY— MULLEN BAND</b> + Cayenne
Saturday 3rd October £3.50 <b>CARLENE CARTER</b> + Bikinis	Thursday 8th & Friday 9th October <b>KING CRIMSON</b> + Blurt
Monday 5th October £2.50 <b>STEVE GIBBONS</b>	

COMING SOON

Saturday 10th October	<b>MOTION</b> featuring George Oban	£3.00
Monday 12th October	<b>WALL OF VOODOO</b>	£2.00
Tuesday 13th October	<b>WRECKLESS ERIC</b>	£2.00
Wednesday 14th October	<b>CHARLIE DORE</b>	£3.00
Thursday 15th October	<b>RIP RIG AND PANIC</b>	£2.50
Friday 16th October	<b>DEPARTMENT S</b>	£3.00
Saturday 17th October	<b>THE PASSIONS</b>	£3.50
Wednesday 21st October	<b>JOHN PRINE</b>	£3.50
Thursday 22nd October	<b>PETER HAMMIL</b>	£3.00

Collect your free brochure with every ticket bought at the Venue Box Office.

## THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

THURSDAY 1st OCT <b>RIP RIG + PANIC</b>	TUESDAY 6th OCT <b>THE THOMPSON TWINS</b>
MONDAY 5th OCT Short Promotional appearance by <b>HEAVEN 17</b>	WEDNESDAY 7th + THU 8th OCT <b>Q-TIPS</b>

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

M.C.P. presents

## Nazareth

VIC VERGAT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON  
Fri. 2nd October 8.00 pm  
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25  
Available from B/O Tel. No.: 748 4081/2 and usual agents

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

Back by public demand

## GRATEFUL DEAD

Rainbow Theatre

Friday 2nd, Saturday 3rd, Sunday 4th and Tuesday 6th October 7pm.  
Tickets £6 and £5 from Rainbow and usual agents.

## HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW IN ASSOCIATION WITH MAM PRESENT

### RICK WAKEMAN

in concert  
MONDAY 23rd NOVEMBER 8pm  
TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50  
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Presents

## AFTER THE FIRE

AND SPECIAL GUESTS

Saturday 10th October 7.30pm  
Tickets £3.50

Available from the RAINBOW THEATRE Box Office and usual agents.

## ROCK CITY

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

Fri 2nd Oct £3.00 adv. <b>U2</b> + COMSAT ANGELS + Wall of Voodoo	Sat 24th Oct £3.00 adv. <b>THE BLUES BAND</b>
Sat 3rd Oct £3.50 adv. <b>SAD CAFE</b>	Thurs 29th Oct £2.00 adv. <b>THE GO'S — GO'S</b>
Fri 9th Oct £1.00 adv. <b>RADIO TRENT CASTLE ROCK 1st BIRTHDAY PARTY</b>	Fri 30th Oct £4.00 adv. <b>GILLAN</b> + BUDGIE + Nightwing
Fri 16th Oct £2.00 adv. <b>THOMPSON TWINS</b>	Fri 20th Oct £3.50 adv. <b>THE STRANGLERS</b>

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectradisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, Lincoln — In The Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston, or by post from Rock City. Please enclose SAE

HOPE & ANCHOR UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 30th September £1.00 <b>MOTOR BOYS MOTOR</b>	Sunday 4th October £1.00 <b>THE EVENT GROUP</b>
Thursday 1st October £1.00 <b>THE FORCE</b> Featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla	Monday 5th October £1.00 <b>TON TON M'ECOUTE</b>
Friday 2nd October £1.25 <b>SHAKE-SHAKE</b>	Tuesday 6th October £1.00 <b>THE SMART</b>
Saturday 3rd October £1.25 <b>NIGHT DOCTOR</b>	Wednesday 7th October £1.00 <b>KID CAIRO'S MASTERPLAN</b>

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT MON. OCTOBER 5TH

## SHAKE SHAKE - EQUIVALENT VIII

A CRUEL MEMORY - JOE TRAWKA  
PATRIK FITZGERALD

DANCE MUSIC & NIGHTVISION VIDEO  
1.30 PM - 3.00 AM - UNDER THE ARCHES, VILLIERS STREET, W.C.2

## SUNSET JAZZ

3 North End Crescent, W14  
Tel: 6037006

The Wonderful World of  
**LOUIS ARMSTRONG**

featuring  
Big Chief Russell More  
Peanuts Hucko  
Dick Cary  
Arvell Shaw  
Barrett Deemes  
Digby Fairweather & Keith Smith

**SAT OCTOBER 3rd**  
Only London Club date!!  
Tickets £7.50, Member £7.00

M.C.D. by arrangement with FFB presents

## GREG LAKE

plus guests VOYAGER

HAMMERSMITH ODEON  
FRIDAY OCTOBER 30th 7.30pm.  
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50, Available from bio Tel: 01 748 4081/2 and usual agents

## GOSSIPS HEAVY METAL SOUND CLUB

- EVERY SUNDAY — CARDINAL WOLSEY HOTEL'S "Night Club", Fair Green, Hampton Court 7.30-10.30. DJ Alan Goff
- EVERY TUESDAY — TENNESSEE NIGHT CLUB The Broadway, Wimbledon 8-12 (doors shut 10.30) DJ Tony Simons Over 18's. Free Membership. Neat Denims please. GREAT SOUNDS PAST AND PRESENT

# Nationwide Gig Guide



Joe Strummer Pic: Joe Stevens



U2 Pic: David Corio

THE CIRCUIT is really hotting up with nearly 600 dates this week. And pride of place must go to THE CLASH, who are playing their first British dates for well over a year, climaxing in a seven-night London stint later in the month — but starting at Manchester (Monday and Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

U2 go on the road, hot on the heels of their chart success with the album 'Boy' and single 'Fire', and they're supported by Wall Of Voodoo in the first three gigs — at Norwich (Thursday), Nottingham (Friday) and Salford (Saturday). Then The Comsat Angles take over for the rest of the tour, initially at Glasgow (Sunday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).

THE REVILLOS, fresh from the Leeds Queens Hall bash last weekend, begin a series of dates at Kingston (Friday), Southampton (Saturday) and York

(Wednesday) — and the trio size RENAISSANCE, still fronted by Annie Haslam, kick off their first tour for almost 18 months at Aberystwyth (Thursday), Cromer (Saturday) and Manchester (Tuesday).

THE GRATEFUL DEAD arrive for a four-night season at London Rainbow, from Friday to Tuesday, excluding Monday — and the re-shaped KING CRIMSON, prior to two London concerts next weekend, warm up at Chippenham (Tuesday) and Aylesbury (Wednesday).

Among other acts setting out this week are JOHN MILES, MATCHBOX, LINDISFARNE, GARY GLITTER, STEVE GIBBONS BAND, WEAPON OF PEACE, DONOVAN, POISON GIRLS and SHEENA EASTON, who commences her lengthy concert series at Inverness (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

## Thursday

1st



Crass: Salisbury

Aberystwyth University: Renaissance  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ida-Red  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver  
 Birmingham Odeon: Sad Cafe  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail  
 Blackpool Jenks Bar: Whipps (for five days)  
 Bolton The Gaiety: A. Pencil  
 Borehamwood Civic Hall: Chas & Dave  
 Bournemouth Town Hall: Capital Letters / Ebony Rockers  
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero  
 Bradford Queens College: Lindisfarne  
 Bradford 1 in 12 Club: Harsh Words  
 Brighton New Regent: OK Jive  
 Bristol Polytechnic: Carlene Carter / Slow Twitch Fibres  
 Cambridge Carioca Club: Poison Girls / The European Theatre Of War  
 Cambridge The Sound Cellar: The Whizz Kids / Micro-Dots  
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Long Tall Shorty / The Down Beats  
 Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes  
 Chippenham Gold Diggers: Matchbox  
 Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: Siris / Megaton  
 Coventry General Wolfe: The Passions  
 Folkestone Springfield Hall: Spider  
 Glasgow Dial Inn: The Imprints  
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: The R.B.'s  
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: Steve Hackett  
 Gloucester Sibley Hall: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia  
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: Dolly Mixture / The Gymslips  
 Hereford Nell Gwynne Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers  
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Wreckless Eric  
 Hull College: Q-Tips  
 Leeds (Eiland) Bar Bados: The Cause  
 Leeds The Poster Bar: Perfect Strangers  
 Leeds Warehouse: Rip Rig & Panic  
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Ultravox  
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: David Essex  
 Liverpool The Masonic: Stun The Guards  
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals  
 London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's  
 London Camden Dingwalls: Frankie Miller Band  
 London Canning Town Bridge House: National Gold / Paris  
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: The King Swingers  
 London Clapham 101 Club: John Vincent's Lonely Heart  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dr Mix & The Remix  
 London Euston The Pits: Naked Lunch / Blancmange

London Fulham Golden Lion: The Bumpers  
 London Fulham Greyhound: Sad Among Strangers / Radio Radio  
 London Fulham Kings Head: The Dirty Strangers  
 London Hackney Chats Palace: Elton Dean Quartet  
 London Hackney Pembury Arms: Scarlett O'Hara  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Hidden Charms/The Recognitions  
 London Hammersmith Palais: Enigma / Torso  
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus  
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Singles / The Suggestion  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Force  
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins  
 London Lambeth The Angel: Red Beans & Rice  
 London Marquee Club: Amazon / The Exciters  
 London N.W.1. Sherlock's: Prime Cut  
 London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: The Morris Band  
 London Putney Half Moon: Juice On The Loose  
 London Putney Star & Garter: Hellrazer  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Red Norvo / Tal Farlow Trio  
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Flying Saucers  
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: Victorian Parents  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Johnny Mathis  
 London Victoria The Venue: Wasted Youth  
 London Wandsworth Southbank Polytechnic: The Ak Band  
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Stolen Pets / Uropa Lula  
 London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: Diz & The Doormen  
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: The Electric Bluebirds  
 London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: Cris Williamson (for three days)  
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Hawkwind  
 Manchester Golden Garter: The Drifters  
 Manchester Henry's Rock Club: Fireclown  
 Manchester Mayflower: The Dead Kennedys  
 Manchester Oscar's: The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle  
 Manchester Polytechnic: Gary Glitter  
 Manchester University: The Distractions / The Members  
 Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: Rockin' Horse  
 Margate Winter Gardens: Alan Price  
 Milton Keynes Compass Club: Killer Wales / Glen O'Halloran Doin' It  
 Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: Prophet  
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Tom McEwan  
 Newcastle The Junction: The Green Eyed Children / Marshal Hall Experience / Maiden Voyage  
 Norwich East Anglia University: U2 / Wall Of Voodoo  
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers  
 Oldham Sholver Inn: Watch With Mother  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Chinatown  
 Peington The Coverdale: Anthropology / Nebulous Whisks

Pontefract Mill Lane Inn: The Gents  
 Salisbury The Grange: Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety  
 Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: The Mirror Crack'd  
 Southampton Joiners Arms: The Cosmetics  
 Southampton University: Neil Innes  
 St. Albans City Hall: Nazareth  
 Stevenage The Swan: Mirror  
 Stockport Smugglers: Manner / Sharp Edge  
 Swansea University: The Polecats  
 Wallasey Dale Inn: The Chase  
 Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: Johnny Mars Band / Nigel Stanger Band  
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: Dismal Jackets



**Friday** 2nd

**The Inmates: Birmingham**  
 Aberystwyth University: The Polecats  
 Birmingham Aston University: The Inmates  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys  
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Black Symbol/Stylex  
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Carnestromo  
 Birmingham Imperial Cinema: The Dead Kennedys  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Grace  
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Donovan  
 Bridgend Recreation Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers  
 Brighton Top Rank: Misty In Roots  
 Bristol Trinity Hall: Slow Twitch Fibres/Scream & Dance  
 Buckhaven E.S. Club: The Imprints  
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Amyl Dukes  
 Cambridge The Sound Cellar: Siam/The Vampires  
 Canterbury Technical College: Here & Now  
 Cardiff Great Western Hotel: The Dynamos  
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Dolphins  
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: The Bumpers/The Crack  
 Coventry General Wolfe: Siris/Megaton  
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: The Winners  
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Hillsiders/The Naden Brothers/Carey Duncan/Front Page  
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Showaddywaddy  
 Durham New College: Fast Car  
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pete Stacey Band  
 Galashiels College of Textiles: Tom McEwan  
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: The Strutz  
 Halifax Civic Theatre: The Shadows  
 Hanley Victoria Halls: Steve Hackett  
 Kidderminster Boars Head: Strontium Dog  
 Kingston Polytechnic: The Revillos  
 Leeds The Poster Bar: Radio I.D.  
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Hawkwind  
 Leicester Saracens Head: Future Toys

Liverpool Empire Theatre: Sad Cafe  
 Liverpool Polytechnic: Clint Eastwood/General Saint  
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: John Miles  
 London Brentford Red Lion: Chuck Farley  
 London Brixton Town Hall: Tribesman / The Outskirts  
 London Camden Dingwalls: Jane Aire & The Belvederes / Watt Noys  
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band  
 London Central Polytechnic: Aswad  
 London City Polytechnic: Delta 5 / Apocalypse  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co  
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: African Star / The Last Detail  
 London Euston The Pits: The Bluesbusters  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Panik  
 London Fulham Greyhound: La Rox/The Whizz Kids  
 London Fulham Kings Head: The 45's  
 London Greenwich White Swan: Moonlight  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Mothers Ruin / M.K. Trickster  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Nazareth  
 London Hampstead Straight Room: Cuddly Toys  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Venigmas / Mad Shadows  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Shake Shake  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog  
 London Lambeth The Angel: The London Apaches  
 London Marquee Club: Praying Mantis  
 London New Cross Royal Albert: The Electric Bluebirds  
 London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: Steve Pheasant Quintette  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia  
 London Plumstead The Ship: Praxis  
 London Putney Star & Garter: The Cobras  
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Grateful Dead  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Richardson Quintet  
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Country Shack  
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Dolly Mixture  
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose  
 London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Johnny Mathis  
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Yeow Band  
 London Victoria The Venue: U.K. Players  
 London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: Natural Scientist  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Blur/The Transmitters  
 London W.14 The Kensington: The Differents  
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: Geraint Watkins Band  
 Maidstone Mid-Kent College: Budgie  
 Maidstone Oakwood Park Tech. College: Spitzbrook  
 Manchester City College of Higher Education: The Cheaters/Watt For  
 Manchester Ratters: Rip Rig & Panic  
 Manchester UMIST: The Freshies  
 Narbath Queens Hall: Andy Pandemonium  
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Q-Tips  
 Northampton Black Lion: Where's Lisa? The Syndromes/Directorix/White

Rabbit / Loaf Of Bread Pt 1 / Antibodies  
 Nottingham Rock City: U2 / Wall Of Voodoo  
 Ormskirk Edge Hill College: The Dance Band  
 Oxford Caribbean Club: The Tonix  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Vetoos  
 Paisley Technical College: The R.B.'s  
 Preston Gatsby Nitespot: The Gents  
 Reading Caribbean Club: Between Pictures  
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Lindisfarne  
 Ringwood The Elm Tree: The Secret  
 Salford University: Weapon Of Peace  
 Salisbury Technical College: Hambl & The Dance  
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Gary Glitter  
 Sheffield The Marples: Artery  
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Katz  
 Southampton University: The Thompson Twins  
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: The Passions  
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Steve Gibbons Band  
 Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: Stray  
 Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: Paul Costello & Friends  
 Walsall West Midland College: Close Rivals  
 Weymouth Dorset Institute: Black Roots  
 Weymouth Pavilion: The Albion Band  
 Writtle Agricultural College: We're Only Human



**Saturday** 3rd

**The Passions: Bristol**  
 Barrow Civic Halls: David Kossof (tribute to Paul Kossoff)  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan  
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Judy's Jungle / Doldrums  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts  
 Birmingham Odeon: Ultravox  
 Birmingham Polytechnic: Gary Glitter  
 Blackpool J.R.'s: Fireclub  
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: Weapon Of Peace  
 Bradford University: The Members  
 Brighton Alhambra: V.D.U.  
 Brighton Polytechnic: Alberto Y Lost Trios  
 Paranoids / Remipeds  
 Bristol Polytechnic: Neil Innes  
 Bristol University: The Passions  
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Perfect Vision  
 Cambridge The Sound Cellar: Future Toys / The Happy Few  
 Cardiff University: The Polecats  
 Carlisle The Pagoda: The Dolphins  
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Chris Thompson & The Islands  
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks  
 Chiddingfold Six Bells: BabeFish

# Nationwide Gig Guide

Chippenham Gold Diggers: Lindisfarne  
 Chorley Joiners Arms: Natural Scientist  
 Colchester St. Mary's: Troops For Tomorrow / Panamanian Craze  
 Coventry General Wolfe: I  
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Renaissance  
 Derby Lonsdale College: Hambli & The Dance  
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: The R.B.'s  
 Edinburgh Nicky Tam's: An Alternative To Culture  
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: The Graphics  
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Mr. Superbad  
 Grimsby Community Hall: Vice Squad  
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Q-Tips  
 Kilsyth Rangers Club: The Imprints  
 Leeds Brannigan's: Free State  
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Siris / Megaton  
 Leeds The Poster Bar: The Runners  
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Steve Hackett  
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Showaddywaddy  
 London Camden Dingwells: Buzzz / Killer Wales  
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Fallen Angels / This an' That  
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Spitzbrook  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Bop Natives / The Tee Vees  
 London Euston The Pits: The Cobras / Ronnie Golden  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Mike Berry / Rockola  
 London Fulham Greyhound: Sore Throat / Taiwan Pins  
 London Fulham Kings Head: Red Beans & Rice  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Gatecrashers / Switchback  
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends  
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Levi Dexter & The Ripchords / The Frantic  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Alstrip One / Sad Lovers & Giants  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Electric Bluebirds  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: A Flock Of Seagulls / The Recognitions  
 London Islington St. James Church: Here & Now  
 London Lambeth The Angel: Shakey Vick Blues Band  
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Human Beans  
 London Marquee Club: Rose Tattoo  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Sluts / Black Market  
 London Putney Star & Garter: Salt  
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Grateful Dead  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Kathy Stobart Quintet  
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Little Roosters / Steve Hooker's Shakers  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief  
 London S.E.1 (Tooley St.) The London Dungeon: Mood Six  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Johnny Mathis  
 London Twickenham Maria Grey College: Dolly Mixture  
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Yeow Band  
 London Victoria The Venue: Carlene Carter  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tallman / Matt Fretton  
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins  
 Manchester Golden Garter: The Drifters  
 Manchester Portland Bars: Private Sector  
 Manchester The Gallery: Strange Relations  
 Manchester University: Cabaret Voltaire  
 Neath Talk of the Abbey: UK Players  
 Northampton Black Lion: The Russians / Social Disease / Religious Overdose / Workshop / Death Sentence / Loaf Of Bread Pt. 2  
 Northampton County Ground: Budgie  
 Nottingham Rock City: Sad Cafe  
 Nottingham University: The Inmates  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Sunfighter  
 Paisley Technical College: The Significant Zeros  
 Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: Spider  
 Salford University: U2 / Wall Of Voodoo  
 Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: Stray  
 Sevenoaks Roundhouse: Back Door Man  
 Sheffield University: John Miles  
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Alan Price  
 Southampton University: The Revillos  
 St. Albans City Hall: Matchbox  
 Stevenage Oval Community Centre: Misty In Roots  
 Sunderland Empire Theatre: The Shadows  
 Wakefield Bretton Hall College: The Dance Band  
 Whitley Bay Mingos Club: R & B Spitfires  
 Wildes Big Jim's Hotel: The Gents  
 Winchester Theatre Royal: George Melly & The Feetwarmers  
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests  
 Worcester College Of Higher Education: The Set

## Sunday 4th



**Steve Gibbons: Wakefield**  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar  
 Birmingham Odeon: Ultravox  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out  
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video  
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero  
 Brighton Pavilion Theatre: Delta 5 / T.V. Screem  
 Bristol Colston Hall: Sad Cafe  
 Bristol Dockland Settlement: Coolerators  
 Bristol Hippodrome: Donovan  
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis  
 Canterbury Salisbury Inn: Back Door Man  
 Carlisle Coach House: The Dolphins  
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Spider  
 Cheltenham Everyman Theatre: The Albion Band  
 Chorley Joiners Arms: Natural Scientist  
 Coventry General Wolfe: Reality  
 Coventry Warwick University: Hambli & The Dance  
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: David Essex  
 East Kilbride The Gemini: The Imprints  
 Edinburgh Ital Club: Tapper Zukie  
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: Tom McEwan  
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: The Shadows  
 Glasgow Tiffany's: U2 / Comsat Angels  
 Hull City Hall: Lindisfarne  
 Hull College of Higher Education: Fault  
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: Sheena Easton  
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Chris Barber Band  
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests  
 Lancaster University: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype  
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Stray  
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows  
 Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: Andy Caven  
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Hawkwind  
 London Barons Court Tavern: The 45's  
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys  
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Adrian Henri / Roger McGough / Carol Ann Duffy / Andy Roberts / John Gorman etc  
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Cindy & The Action Men / Hieronymus / The Cut Outs  
 London Deptford The Duke: The Electric Bluebirds  
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: L. A. Hooker  
 London Finchley Torrington: Red Beans & Rice  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Geno Washington  
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers  
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Virtual Image / The Silence  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Bumpers / This Colour  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Event Group  
 London Lambeth The Angel: The Cannibals  
 London N.11 Standard Social Club: Young Jazz Big Band  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Unlimited Source  
 London Putney Half Moon: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia  
 London Putney Star & Garter: Johnny G Band  
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Grateful Dead  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Ken Clayton  
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Dead Kennedys / Anti-Nowhere League / D.O.A.  
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Tonix / The Heartbeats  
 London Wimbledon Theatre: Madeline Bell / Nelsons Column Band  
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Barney Bates Band  
 Luton Cesar's: Gary Glitter (for three days)  
 Maidstone Hazlett Theatre: Ian Carr's Nucleus  
 Manchester The Gallery: The Freshies  
 Mansfield Leisure Centre: The Showaddywaddy

## Monday 5th



**Patrik Fitzgerald: London**  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band  
 London Fulham Greyhound: D.O.A./Urban Dissidents  
 London Fulham Kings Head: John Spencer Band  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Virtual Image/Crown Agent/24 Hours  
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Yeow Band  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Tons tons m/écoute  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Frames  
 London Putney Star & Garter: Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line  
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: Panama Francis & The Savoy Sultans (for three weeks)  
 London Royal Festival Hall: Donovan  
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: Manufactured Romance/Zeitung Da  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Andy Williams (until Saturday)  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: The Helicopters  
 London Victoria The Venue: Steve Gibbons Band  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Family Fodder/A Popular History Of Signs  
 London Woolwich Tramshed: St. Limbo/Turkey Call  
 London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: Sad Among Strangers  
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
 Luton The Mad Hatter: Cosmic Force/Phallic Symbols/The Conscientious Objectors  
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Clash  
 Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: The Square Pegs  
 Oxford Scamps: B Movie  
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Sad Cafe  
 Scunthorpe Tiffany's: Weapon Of Peace  
 Sittingbourne Martens: Clint Eastwood & General Saint

## Tuesday 6th



**Renaissance: Manchester**  
 Bath Tiffany's: The Passions  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts  
 Birmingham Night Out: The Drifters  
 Birmingham Odeon: Hawkwind  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money  
 Bolton Cotton Tree: Fireclown  
 Bristol Colston Hall: Ultravox  
 Bristol Polytechnic: The Polecats  
 Bristol Railway Hotel: Chainsaw  
 Brighton Cine Scene: The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle  
 Bristol Colston Hall: Ultravox  
 Bristol Trinity Hall: Wall Of Voodoo  
 Canterbury Odeon: David Essex  
 Cardiff University: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype  
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Janine/Victim  
 Chester Gateway Theatre: Will Gaines  
 Croydon Cartoon: Human Beans  
 Derby Albion Rooms: The Thrillers  
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Hawkwind  
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Steve Hackett  
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: The Shadows  
 Glasgow Morley Nitespot: Odyssey  
 Iford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers  
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: 96 Tears  
 London Charing Cross Heaven: Patrik Fitzgerald/Shake Shake/Equivalent VIII/A Cruel Memory  
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Routine/Zoomilz/Blow-Up  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Plaza/Panic/The Signals  
 London Euston The Pits: Wreckless Eric  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Smart  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Prime Cut  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Inflation  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: The Cosmetics  
 London Putney Star & Garter: The London Apaches  
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Grateful Dead  
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband  
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: The Deltas  
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: A Flock Of Seagulls/The Recognitions  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Suttel Approach  
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wreckangles  
 London Victoria The Venue: The Lemons/Nightdoctor/The People  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Scotch/Metropolis  
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Virtual Image/The Switch  
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Clash  
 Manchester University: Renaissance  
 Newcastle City Hall: The Shadows  
 Northampton Nane College: Siris/Megaton  
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Matrix/Stealer/The Bricks/Angle/Magma  
 Plymouth Polytechnic: Clint Eastwood & General Saint  
 Poole Wessex Hall: Sad Cafe  
 Scarborough Tiffany's: Weapons Of Peace  
 Sheffield City Hall: Steve Hackett  
 Sheffield University: Ray Wehrstein's Azz/The New Stompers  
 Southport Arts Centre: About Time  
 Sunderland Empire Theatre: Lindisfarne  
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Wall Of Voodoo  
 Virginia Water Gleekclub: Le Mat/The Routine  
 Wolverton The Victoria: Fool  
 York Arts Centre: Ian Carr's Nucleus

## Wednesday 7th

Aylesbury Friars: King Crimson/Blurt  
 Ayr Pavilion: Lindisfarne  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey  
 Birmingham Night Out: The Drifters  
 Birmingham Odeon: Steve Hackett  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound  
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses  
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: John Miles  
 Bradford Vaults Bar: Little Brother/Willi Beckett/Mark Mywords/Joolz  
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Sad Cafe  
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters  
 Colwin Bay Dixieland Showbar: Siris/Megaton  
 Corby Rufflers: Energy  
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Donovan  
 Croydon The Star: The 45's  
 Edinburgh Napier College: Tom McEwan  
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Sheena Easton  
 Exeter University: Here & Now  
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Clash  
 Glasgow Technical College: Hambli & The Dance  
 Hull City Hall: The Shadows  
 Hull University: Albertos Y Lost Trios Paranoias  
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero  
 Leeds The Warehouse: Q-Tips  
 Leeds University: The Blues Band  
 Leicester Polytechnic: U2/The Comsat Angels  
 London Camden Dingwells: The Twinkle Brothers  
 London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: Jeremy & Jeanette  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: D.O.A.  
 London Euston The Pits: The Onlookers/The Variations  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Clocks  
 London Fulham Greyhound: Black Roots/Release De Beat  
 London Fulham Kings Head: Katy Heath Band  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: David Essex  
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Shell-Shock/Decoy Ave  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Kid Cairo's Master Plan  
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
 London Marquee Club: Mothers Ruin  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: New Orleans Ramblers  
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite



**Ultravox: Portsmouth**  
 London Plumstead The Ship: Dirt/Hepatitis Risk  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Ronnie Scott Quintet  
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The Fix/Empty Vessels  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Electric Bluebirds  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: Hellrazer  
 London Tulse Hill Maxwells: Back Door Man  
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Apocalypse/The Variations  
 London Victoria The Venue: Morrissey Mullen/Cayenne  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Jane Aire & The Belvederes/L'Homme De Terre  
 London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: The Earwigs  
 Lymm YMCA Vortex: Burning Airlines  
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians  
 New Romney Seahorse: Denigh  
 Nottingham University: Gary Glitter  
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Ultravox  
 Sheffield City Hall: Hawkwind  
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: Ian Carr's Nucleus  
 Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: Odyssey  
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Weapon Of Peace  
 Southampton University: The Polecats  
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers  
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Energies  
 Swansea University College: Fred Wedlock/Graham Larkbey  
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: Rockin Horse  
 Uxbridge Brunel University: The Passions  
 Wigan Pier: Dark Star  
 York T.A. Centre: The Revillos  
 York University: The Thompson Twins/Neil Innes

Gig dates should reach the NME by the Wednesday, a week before publication. Address them to:

Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.



**BUSTIN' LOOSE** (Directed by Oz Scott). Much better than the reviews (including ours) would have you believe. Sure it's cornball stuff, but Richard Pryor's in good form and only hardened hacks would be curdled enough to sneer at him for helping out a bus-load of kids in search of a good time. Reviewed 19.9.81. (CIC)

**CITY OF WOMEN** (Federico Fellini). Closer in spirit to "10" than *B&S*, according to the *Observer*, which should be recommendation enough. Personally, I doubt that Fellini could ever be as funny as Blake Edwards. Reviewed 26.9.81. (Artificial Eye)

**THE CONSTANT FACTOR** (Krzysztof Zanussi). The man whose name is a cross between a character actor in *M\*A\*S\*H* and a piece of Japanese software with the film that was required viewing for the poor deprived Polish 'Solidarity' workers. They loved it, and it's picked up a few festival awards. Include me out. To be reviewed. (Cinegate)

**ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** (John Carpenter). Possibly the best film so far this year — hard, fast and funny, beautifully judged by Carpenter and brilliantly acted by Harry Dean Stanton, Donald Pleasence and (best of all, in a hilarious take off of Clint Eastwood) Kurt Russell. But, of course, it's merely American pulp stuff, evil and venal and worthless; let's watch another Zanussi or, even better, another Wajda. With any luck, this'll have 'em shouting from the rafters. It's great. Reviewed 26.9.81. (Barber International)

**THE FINAL CONFLICT** (Graham Baker). On its own, not enough to shut down the

entire Rank circuit but it tries hard. (20th Century Fox)

**HEAVEN'S GATE** (Michael Cimino). Expansive and expensive essay on the invalidity of the American Dream, stuffed with bursting with beautiful and brutal images. When Cimino learns how to tell a story (you remember stories, don't you — Hitchcock built a career on them) he may well develop into one of the great directors; there's no doubting his ability, merely his discipline. Reviewed this week. (United Artists)

**MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR** (David Gladwell). Penman obviously isn't happy with anything more taxing than glossy homoeroticism vis-a-vis mannered matinee idol (and misogynist marvel) R. De Niro, for he totally misread this sterling text on the impossibility of a redefined feminine *eros* under monopoly capitalism and its attendant avarices. Obviously outside the experience (palloentric) of Hollywood (not to say Allen, Woody) *hombres* under the skin

(not to say flick), bit I found *Memoirs* genuinely encyclopedic in its ability to move — slowly, like the sensuality of the hermaphrodite slug — from the personal to the Post Office (deserted, of course: a crucial symbol). Tenderly pessimistic, coherently lost. Awesome. And profoundly useless. Reviewed this week. (EMI)

**OUT OF THE BLUE** (Dennis Hopper). Highly rated by Chris Bohn when he copped it in Edinburgh a few weeks back and certainly better than any film Bernard Shaky's ever done. To be reviewed. (Cinegate)

**TARZAN THE APE MAN** (John Derek). Whatever director Derek pretends, this is about as innocent as those salacious Cadbury Flake ads. It looks just like one, too, though it's never as funny. Yes, you see Bo's boobs — you're not really given the opportunity to see anything else. Reviewed next week when Paul Morley makes his *Silver Screen* debut. (CIC)



**Kris Kristofferson in Heaven's Gate**

**MAN OF IRON** (Andrzej Wajda). Woops, nearly forgot this one, which won Mr Unpronounceable the Grand Prix at this year's Cannes festival. And if you're interested in a fictional reconstruction of the riveting goings-on at the Gdansk shipyards then this is the film for you. Me, I'd like to see a film where the Russians nuke the Poles in to overdue submission; wouldn't our 'impartial' press love that? To be reviewed. (Artificial Eye) Monty Smith

# London Cinemas

**Scala CLUB CINEMA**  
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 1  
James Dean  
**REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE** 7.10  
EAST OF EDEN 5.10, 9.00

Friday 2  
**RED NIGHTMARE** 5.30, 7.55, 10.15  
I MARRIED A COMMUNIST 6.35, 8.55, 11.15

Saturday 3  
Kurosawa **SANJURO** 1.45, 5.20, 8.55, 12.35  
YOHIMBO 3.25, 7.00  
All night horror **DEMON + COMMUNION + MARTIN + BLOOD SISTERS**

Sunday 4  
Jazz **STORMY WEATHER** 7.00, 9.20, 8.30, 8.50  
- **JAZZ SHORTS** (Louis Jordan etc)

Monday 5  
Bertolucci's **THE CONFORMISTS** 5.15, 8.45  
- **GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS** 7.00

Tuesday 6  
Asteris / Rogers  
**DAMSEL IN DISTRESS** 7.15  
**THE GAY DIVORCE** 5.20, 9.00

Wednesday 7  
Bogarde Resnais' **PROVIDENCE** 7.05  
- **LOSEY'S ACCIDENT** 5.15, 9.00

Thursday 8  
**THE GREAT SANTINI** 5.00, 8.35  
- **Lucas' THX** 11.30 7.00

**PARIS PULLMAN**  
Drayton Gardens, SW10 01-373 5898

Friday 2nd October  
Cronenberg's **RABID (X)**  
& **SHIVERS (X)**

Saturday 3rd October  
McDowell's **THUNDERCRACK**  
& Wood's **GLEN OR GLENDA?**  
(Club members only)

Sunday 4th October  
Fosse's **ALL THAT JAZZ (X)**  
& Jewison's **AND JUSTICE FOR ALL (AA)**

Thursday 8th October  
Temple's **THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE (X)**

The man who won't get out of bed!

Nikita Mikhalkov's award-winning Russian comedy

**Oblomov**  
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Paris Pullman  
Drayton Gardens, SW10 01-373 5898

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KEITH PROWSE 836 2184  
PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245  
ALBERMARLE 283 5314

Other Tour Dates  
Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 2nd), Bristol Hippodrome (4th), Croydon Fairfield Halls (7th), Worthing Assembly Hall (9th), Hatfield Forum (10th), Southport Theatre (11th), Reading Hexagon (13th), Coventry Apollo (18th), Manchester Palace (18th), Glasgow Theatre Royal (25th), Edinburgh Playhouse (28th), Oxford New Theatre (29th)

Tickets priced £4, £3, £2  
available from Box Office and Usual Agents

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Saturday 3rd October £1.50  
**SORE THROAT + TAIWAN PINS**

Sunday 4th October 50p  
**MIMMS & GOLD (Folk Duo)**

Monday 5th October £1.50  
From USA  
**DOA + URBAN DISSIDENTS**

Tuesday 6th October £1.25  
**JOHN WATTS (ex Fischer Z)**  
+ **THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT**

Wednesday 7th October £1.50  
**BLACK ROOTS + RELEASE DE BEAT**

**classic**  
West End Presentations  
CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

**HAYMARKET** 839 1527 (Piccadilly Circus Tube)  
**OXFORD ST.** 636 0310 (Opp Tottenham Court Rd Tube)

1 **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK**  
John Carpenter's  
In Dolby Stereo  
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 2.55, 5.30, 8.10  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **STRIPES**  
Bill Murray Warren Oates  
Progs 1.30 (not Sun), 3.20, 5.50, 8.15  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **JAMES CAAN**  
*Violent Streets*  
In Dolby Sound  
Progs 1.00 (not Sun), 3.05, 5.40, 8.15  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

**CHelsea** 352 5096 (Kings Road)  
Last performances bookable

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN**  
Progs 2.00, 5.05, 8.15

2 1981 Royal Film Performance  
**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**  
In Dolby Stereo  
Progs 2.30, 5.35, 8.25

3 **ALAN BATES MAGGIE SMITH**  
**QUARTET**  
Progs 2.40, 6.05, 8.55

4 **JAMES CAAN**  
*Violent Streets*  
Progs 2.10, 5.25, 8.20

**classic LEICESTER SQ.**  
(Charing Cross Rd) 930 6915

1 **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK**  
Progs 12.50 (not Sun), 2.10, 5.35, 8.00

2 **Bo Derek**  
**TARZAN THE APE MAN** AA  
Progs 1.10, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **James Bond is back**  
**FOR YOUR EYES ONLY**  
In Dolby Stereo  
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 **ENTER THE NINJA (X)**  
Progs Sun & Week 1.50, 5.25, 9.00  
**NIGHTWING (AA)**  
Progs Sun & Week 3.25, 7.00  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm  
Feature only

5 **Bill Murray Warren Oates**  
**STRIPES** AA  
Progs 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

6 **TIME BANDITS**  
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

**THE NEW classic** 0123  
**TOTTENHAM CT. RD.**  
(Tottenham Court Rd Tube) 636 6148

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN**  
Progs 2.50, 5.35, 8.25  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **Omen III**  
**THE FINAL CONFLICT**  
Progs 2.50 (Sun from 3.30) 5.25, 8.05  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **John Carpenter's**  
**ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK**  
Progs 1.50 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.55, 8.25  
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

**LONDON CINEMA GUIDE**  
01-261 6153

**WARNER WEST END**  
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791  
ADVANCE BOOKING LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED

## 5 Cinema Complex

1 **THIS IS ELVIS**  
From Arthur Penn  
© 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved  
Progs 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30  
Late Show Sat 11 pm

2 **SEAN CONNERY in OUTLAND** AA  
A Ladd Company Release  
© 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved  
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 11 pm

4 **NINJITSU- THE SUPREME MARTIAL ART!**  
**ENTER THE NINJA** X  
Progs: 2.40, 4.35, 6.35, 8.35  
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

5 **JOHN BOORMAN'S EXCALIBUR** AA  
Progs: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05  
Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

**LONDON CINEMA GUIDE**

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**PHOENIX**  
Friday 2nd October — 10.50pm  
*Bridges'*  
**THE CHINA SYNDROME (A)**  
& **Lumet's FAIL SAFE (A)**

Saturday 3rd October — 10.45pm  
*Clint Eastwood double*  
**THE GAUNTLET (X)**  
& **OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA)**

**ABC West End Film Guide** EMI

**ABC 1 & 2 SHAFESBURY AVE**  
Sep perf. All seats table  
1: **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (X)**  
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.05, 8.05  
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**  
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.15, 8.15

**ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD**  
1 Paul Raymond's **EROTICA (X)**  
2.25, 5.40, 8.55, Sun 5.40, 8.55  
**EMILY (X)**  
4.0, 7.15, Sun 7.15  
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15  
2: **SCUM (X)**  
Wk & Sun 5.0, 8.50  
**BREAKING GLASS (AA)**  
3.0, 6.45, 5.0, 8.45 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15  
3: **TARZAN, THE APE MAN (AA)**  
3.30, 5.55, 8.20, Sun 5.55, 8.20  
Progs 2.05, 5.30, 8.00, Sun 5.30, 8.00  
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15  
4: **CAULGULA (X)**  
1.45, 4.50, 8.05, Sun 4.50, 8.05  
Progs 4.25, 7.30, Sun 7.30, Late show Sat 11.15

**ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)**  
1 Steven Spielberg's **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**  
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45, Sun 4.45, 7.30  
Late show Sat 11.15  
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**  
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50, Sun 5.0, 7.40  
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00  
3: **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (X)**  
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.40, Sun 4.45, 7.35  
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00

**ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD**  
Seats table last sep prog. Lunch bar  
Doors open 15 minutes prior  
1: **TARZAN THE APE MAN (AA)**  
2.20, 5.30, 8.55, Sep progs Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30  
2: **THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)**  
Wk & Sun 2.30, 5.25, 8.10, Sep progs 2.0, 5.0, 8.30  
3: **TIME BANDITS (A)**  
Wk & Sun 2.40, 5.45, 8.15, Sep progs 2.0, 5.0, 8.30  
4: Steven Spielberg's **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)**  
Wk & Sun 2.35, 5.30, 8.10  
Sep progs 2.0, 5.0, 8.30  
5: **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (X)**  
Wk & Sun 2.35, 5.25, 8.10, Sep progs 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24 HRS)

**ON THE BOX**

Thursday October 1  
**THE CASSANDRA CROSSING** (Directed by George Pan Cosmatos 1977). Even a *Mad* magazine parody would be hard-pushed to better the dialogue in this woefully inept disaster pic. The strangers on a plague-carrying train include Sophia Loren, Burt Lancaster, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner and Martin Sheen (hi, Max!). Oh well, *Jaws* will be on next week. (ITV all regions)

Friday October 2  
**THE CALL OF THE WILD** (Jerry Jameson 1976). The third film version of Jack London's Klondike classic, made-for-TV but occasionally surprisingly stark and well-enough acted by John Beck and Bernard Fresson. The dog's good, too. (ITV London)

THE EXTRAORDINARY SEAMAN (John Frankenheimer 1968). Eccentric mishmash of '40s newsreels and '60s comic surrealism, with David Niven in the title role, commandeering a long lost WWII ship. Virtually unreleased, here and in America. (BBC1)

Saturday October 3  
**SCUNNY SIDE UP** (David Butler 1929). 'If I Had A Talking Picture Of You' joins the title number and others in quaint early musical starring Janet Gaynor as an East Side department store worker who falls for Charles Farrell's big knob from the right side of town. (BBC2)

A STAR IS BORN (William A. Wellman 1937). First and best version of the hoary old Hollywood melodrama with Janet Gaynor and Frederic March as the ill-starred movieland couple. In colour too! (BBC2)

JULIA (Fred Zinnemann 1977). Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman in turgid, narcissistic evocation of the playwright's romantic and political adventures in Europe in the '30s. Vanessa Redgrave, Meryl Streep and Jason Robards (as Dashiell Hammett!) are among the others in this glorified 'women's picture'. (ITV all regions)

MY WAY HOME (Bill Douglas 1977). The last part in Douglas' celebrated trilogy sees young Jamie down the mines and, later, off to pastures new... but just as arid. Impressive avoidance of car chases. (BBC2)

THE PRODUCERS (Mel Brooks 1968). With his gut-busting *History Of The World* opening next week and an *Arena* special devoted to his fierce humours yesterday (Friday) this is as good a time as any to glory in his first feature, a relentless black comedy set on Broadway. Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder, hopeful con-men behind 'Springtime For Hitler', have never been better. "You'll piss yourself!" — NME. (BBC2)

Sunday October 4  
**BIRTH OF THE BLUES** (Victor Schertzinger 1941). Bing Crosby leads entertaining trifle about the trials and tribulations of a New Orleans jazz band. (BBC1)

**BATTLE OF THE VI** (Vernon Sewell 1958). Called *Unseen Heroes* in America and this dire WWII yarn — the Polish Resistance (the ones not helping kill the Jews in Warsaw, that is!) set out to destroy Hitler's buzz-bombs — can quite happily remain unseen over here. (ITV London)

**THE WAR LORD** (Franklin Schaffner 1965). Charlton Heston exercises his feudal rights (all over Rosemary Forsythe as it happens) and thereby hangs a medieval tale. Self-consciously literate but visually impressive. (BBC1)

**NASTY HABITS** (Michael Lindsay-Hogg 1976). The Americans didn't laugh at this one-joke film (Watergate inside a Philadelphia convent) and despite the cast — Glenda Jackson, Edith Evans, Melina Mercouri, Geraldine Page and Sandy Dennis — it was never shown over here. Shall we now laugh at it, or not? I bags not; it sounds like a silly idea. (BBC2)

Monday October 5  
**THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD** (Stuart Walker 1935). Charles Dickens didn't finish the novel but Stuart Walker completed the film, and Claude Rains does a fair job of impersonating the drug-addled choirmaster with a fatal predilection for his pupils. (ITV London)

Tuesday October 6  
**THE TRAIN** (John Frankenheimer 1965). Implausible but thrilling WWII drama, Burt Lancaster hijacking a train-load of art treasures from under the noses of the Nazi scum (lent an eerie dignity by being led by the imposing Paul Scofield). (BBC2) Monty Smith

  
Vanessa Redgrave in *Julia*

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- 7th Leicester Pol-technic.
- 8th Sheffield Lyceum.
- 9th Newcastle Mayfair.
- 10th Liverpool Royal Court Theatre.
- 12th Brighton Top Rank.
- 13th Portsmouth Locarno.
- 14th Cardiff Top Rank.
- 16th Stoke Kings Hall.
- 17th Bracknell Sports Centre.
- 18th Bristol Locarno.
- 19th Birmingham Locarno.
- 20th Leeds Tiffanys.
- 21st Hemel Hempstead Pavilion.

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This is the End of Summer

## THE TONIX

Fri 2 Oct — CARIBBEAN CLUB, OXFORD  
Sun 4 Oct — MOONLIGHT CLUB, WEST HAMPSTEAD  
Thur 15 Oct — CLARENDON, HAMMERSMITH  
Fri 16 Oct — CARIBBEAN CLUB, OXFORD

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## Camden Jazz Week

26-31 October 1981

- Monday 26 • Carla Bley Band
- Tuesday 27 • Otis Rush Blues Band + Alexis Korner/Colin Hodgkinson
- Wednesday 28 • Archie Shepp Quintet + Louis Moholo's African Drum Ensemble
- Thursday 29 • George Coleman Octet + "Hannibal" Marvin Peterson + Don Weiler Quintet
- Friday 30 • Steve Kuhn Quartet, featuring Sheila Jordan, Bob Moses + John Schwartz + John Surman's Brass Project + Adir by John Warren
- Saturday 31 • Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath + Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) solo

All concerts begin 7.30 pm  
Booking Details: £1.50 £1.75 £2.00 £2.25 £2.50 £2.75 £3.00 £3.25 £3.50 £3.75 £4.00 £4.25 £4.50 £4.75 £5.00

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**GREYHOUND, Fulham Palace Road,**  
Friday, October 16th  
**MARQUEE, Wardour St**

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WED 7 OCT USHER HALL	EDINBURGH
THUR 8 OCT MAYFAIR	NEWCASTLE
SUN 11 OCT TIFFANYS	LEEDS
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THURS 15 OCT GRAFTON ROOMS	LIVERPOOL
SAT 17 OCT QUEENS UNIVERSITY	BELFAST
SUN 18 OCT CITY HALL	CORK
TUES 20 OCT LOCARNO	BIRMINGHAM
THURS 22 OCT SAMSON & HERCULES	NORWICH
SUN 25 OCT LOCARNO	PORTSMOUTH
MON 26 OCT HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	LONDON
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Live Reggae

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Tuesday 6th October

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Thursday 1st October £1.25  
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Thursday 1st £1.00 <b>NATIONAL GOLD</b> + Paris	Monday 5th £1.00 <b>LITTLE ROOSTERS</b> + The Deadbeats
Friday 2nd £1.00 <b>JACKIE LYNTON BAND</b> + Silent Running	Tuesday 6th £1.00 <b>CHRIS THOMPSON AND THE ISLANDS</b>
Saturday 3rd £1.50 <b>WILD HORSES</b> + Devotion	Wednesday 7th £1.00 <b>ROY WEARD'S LAST POST</b>
Sunday 4th £1.00 CO-HEADLINE <b>THE POPE</b> + MAD SHADOWS	Thursday 8th £1.00 <b>NATIONAL GOLD</b> + Support

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

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Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 Available from B.O. Tel. 580 9582 or Usual Agents

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133 Stockwell Rd SW 9.

Thursday 1st October £1.00 Opening Night Polydor Records Present <b>VICTORIAN PARENTS</b> Cheese & Wine served free before 9	Monday 5th October £1.50 <b>MANUFACTURED ROMANCE</b> + Zeitung Da
Friday 2nd October £1.50 <b>DOLLY MIXTURES</b> + Idle Flowers	Tuesday 6th October £1.00 <b>AIRSTRIPE ONE</b> + Recognitions
Saturday 3rd October £1.50 <b>LITTLE ROOSTERS</b> + Steve Hoobers Shabers	Wednesday 7th October 1£.25 <b>THE FIX</b> + Empty Vessels

## TOLWORTH RECREATION CENTRE

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Saturday 3rd October £1.50 <b>THE COBRAS</b> (Ex Dr Feelgood, Ex Yardbirds) + Ronnie Golden	Wednesday 7th October £1.50 <b>THE ONLOOKERS</b> + The Variations

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**STAR**  
296 LONDON RD. CROYDON

Thursday 1st October <b>BRIAN WHITES BAND</b> Hot 'n' Bluesy Jazz, straight off the Mississippi	Monday 5th October <b>SOUTHERN COMFORT</b> Backing band for Long John Baldry. More Blues than the Blues Band, plus natty brass section
Friday 2nd October <b>S.A.L.T.</b> + Human Beans The occasional blues, featuring Little Stevie Smith harmonica player to the greats	Tuesday 6th October <b>GOUFF DUBBER BAND</b> Dixieland Jazz, with Clarinet so hot he burns his lips!
Saturday 3rd October <b>HERSHEY AND THE 12-BARS</b> Recommended by Little Steve. You might not have heard of them but you will	Wednesday 7th October <b>THE 45s</b> "Irresistible to even the most hardened voyeur" (Sounds) 5-part harmonies Beach Boys? This lot are better.
Sunday 4th October (Lunchtime) <b>THE 45s</b> Look at Wednesday listing Breezy pop with a hangover.	

## SUNSET JAZZ

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Thursday 1st October  
**ELECTRIC BLUE BIRDS**  
(Cajun)

Friday 2nd October  
**GERAINT WATKINS BAND**  
(R'n'B)

Saturday 3rd October  
**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG**  
(Featuring Member Of The All Stars)

Thursday 9th October  
**HARP PARTY**

Friday 9th October  
**ROCKET 88**

Saturday 10th October  
**HARRY GOLD & HIS PIECES OF EIGHT**  
(Dixieland)

## FAIRFIELD CROYDON

Sunday 4th October, 8.30  
**DAVID ESSEX**  
8.15 perf. All tickets sold

Tuesday 6th October, 8.45  
**JOHN MILES**

Wednesday 7th October, 8.00  
**DONOVAN**  
and his musicians

Sunday 11th October  
**SAD CAFE**

Tuesday 20th October, 8.00  
**RANDY EDELMAN**  
with guest LABI SIFFRE

Bookings: 01-688 9291

# LIVE ADS

**HONKY TONK NIGHTS**  
at  
**WHITE LION PUTNEY**  
Fri 2nd October  
**SAM MITCHELL BAND**  
8.15 Bottleneck Blues £1.50  
Sat 3rd October  
**NICKY BARCLAY BAND**  
8.15 Lady Rocks the Blues £1.50

**Follow The BEATROOTS**  
Tuesday 6th October  
STARLIGHT ROOMS (9.30)  
Thursday 8th October  
100 CLUB  
Friday 9th October  
SOUTH BANK POLY  
(With Clint Eastwood and Gen Saint)  
Wednesday 14th October  
CRICKETERS, OVAL (9pm)  
Wednesday 21st October  
CRICKETERS, OVAL (9pm)

**TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON**  
BRIGHTON SOUL SOCIETY PRESENTS  
**MISTY IN ROOTS**  
+ support  
**Friday 2nd October 8pm**  
ALL TICKETS £2.50  
FROM TOP RANK, VIRGIN AND USUAL AGENTS

**TALK LIKE THAT**  
New Machine takes you to  
Thur 1 Oct — NORTH LONDON POLYTECHNIC, Highbury Grove, N5.  
Fri 2 Oct — TWO BREWERS, 114 Clapham High Street, SW4.  
Sat 3 Oct — WHITE SWAN, 13 Blackheath Road, SE10.

**THE ANGEL**  
73 LAMBETH WALK  
LAMBETH SE11  
01-735 4309  
(Lambeth North Tube)  
R'n'B Weekend  
Thursday 1st Oct  
**RED BEANS & RICE** £1  
Friday 2nd Oct  
**LONDON APACHES** £1  
Saturday 3rd Oct  
**SHAKY VIC BLUES BAND** £1  
Sunday 4th Oct  
**CANNIBALS** £1  
plus R'n'B records & competitions (prizes Charly Records) each night.  
Thursday 8th Oct  
**TO BE ANNOUNCED**  
Fri 9th Oct — Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators  
Sat 10th Oct — The Mops & Mouse And The Underdog  
Sun 11th Oct — True Life Confessions & Answer

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

**WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN**  
**DR. MIX & THE REMIX**  
THU. 1. OCT. 8.15  
**G.B. BLUES**  
FRI. 2. OCT. 8.15  
FRI. 2. OCT. Brass & Blues outfit which regally swings and delivers effortless sweet entertainment. + Root Jackson on vocals.  
SAT. 3. OCT. DOUBLE BILL WITH  
**BOP NATIVES**  
Play that fat back swing thing! That's jump band style R'n'B and man it cooks.  
**TEE VEE'S**  
The Rebirth of the Cool - fluent alto... mellow guitar... unobtrusive stylish drum ing... always compelling... said SOUNDS.  
**SUN. CINDY**  
**MON. PLAZA + PANIC + SIGNALS**  
**TUE. STARS + VAS + INFLUENCE**  
**DOA VANCOUVER**  
FINEST!!  
WED. 7. OCT. Rousing set of mad young rock n' roll. + said the L.A. TIMES.  
**DROWNING CRAZE**  
THU. 8. OCT. Chart the oceans of mood (4 year ago angst) with POP sensibility.  
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 - ALL THE EVENING SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 - 11.12. REAL FLE AND COASTAL'S POSIT. TRILLI YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 AM - 11 PM. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNERS OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN. PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 636 7424. PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 260 3961

**THE MOONLIGHT CLUB**  
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW4

Wednesday 30th September £1.75  
**CHEFS + Furniture**  
Thursday 1st October £1.50  
**STOLEN PETS + Urope Lulu**  
Friday 2nd October £1.75  
**BLURT + Ut + Transmitters**  
Saturday 3rd October £1.75  
**TALISMAN + Matt Fretton**  
Sunday 4th October £1.50  
**THE TONIX + The Heartbeats**  
Monday 5th October £1.50  
**FAMILY FODDER + A popular history of Signs**  
Tuesday 6th October £1.50  
**SCORTCH + Metropole**  
Wednesday 7th October £1.50  
**JANE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES + L'homme de Terre**

**JOJI HIROTA**  
Japanese percussionist. Ex Stormy Yamashita Red Buddha Theatre. Will perform his new work, together with his wife, singer

**MICHI HIROTA**  
Backing tracks by  
**COLIN TOWNS**  
(Ian Gillan Band)  
7.30pm 3rd & 4th October  
Tickets £2.50  
**THE ALMEIDA THEATRE,**  
1 Almeida St.  
Islington N1  
Booking at theatre  
Telephone: 359 4404

**THE GREYHOUND**  
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex  
Nearest B/R Goodways or Chadwell Heath N98 sign  
bus to Central London  
Admission £1.00  
(£1.50 Fri & Sat)  
Open - midnight  
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 1st October  
Mod night  
**LONG TALL SHORTY**  
+ The Dawnbeats  
Friday 2nd October  
Psychedelic night  
**BUMBERS + The Crack**  
Saturday 3rd October  
**CHRIS THOMPSON AND THE ISLANDS**  
Sunday 4th October  
**SPIDER**  
Monday 5th October  
Heavy Rock  
**JANINE + Victim**  
Tuesday 6th October  
Progressive rock  
**TWELTH NIGHT**  
+ Tanager  
Wednesday 7th October  
**NEAL KAYES HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE**  
Thursday 8th October  
Mod night  
**THE STRIPES**  
+ The Crowd (all female mod band)

Immaculate Management Presents  
**CLOSE-UPS**  
Tues Oct 6th  
STARLIGHT ROOMS  
Sat Oct 10th  
ELECTRIC STADIUM  
Tues Oct 27th  
THE PITS  
DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT

**STARLIGHT CLUB**  
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW4  
Sunday 7.30 pm - 10.30 pm

Wednesday 30th September £1.50  
**JOHNNY MARS + Risk**  
Thursday 1st October £1.50  
**THE SINGLES + The Suggestion**  
Friday 2nd October, £1.75  
**CUDDLY TOYS + Support**  
Saturday 3rd October £1.50  
**BLUECATS + The Frantics**  
Sunday 4th October £1.50  
**VIRTUAL IMAGE + The Silence**  
Monday 5th October £1.50  
**THE YEOW BAND + West Side**  
Tuesday 6th October £1.50  
**BEATROOTS + Close Ups**

**TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING**

**OCTOBER**  
2 Nazareth  
2, 3, 4, 6 Grateful Dead  
4 Dead Kennedys  
5 Donovan  
6-10 Andy Williams  
6, 7 David Essex  
8 Bow Wow Wow  
8 Udders  
8, 9, 10 Grace Jones  
10 After The Fire  
10 Sad Cafe  
11 Thompson Twins  
11 Matchbox  
11, 12 Steve Hackett  
12 UK Subs  
13, 14 James Brown  
16 John Miles  
16, 17, 18, 19, 20 Randy Crawford  
18 Sheena Easton  
18 Jack Jones  
18-26 The Clash  
19 Blues Band  
20 Johnny Cash  
20 Tangenna Dream  
21, 22 Hawkwind  
22 Ramones  
24, 25 Saxon  
26 ZZ Top  
26, 27, 28 Santana  
29 Janis Ian  
30 The Shadows

**NOVEMBER**  
1 John Martyn  
1 Randy Edelman  
1 John Martyn  
2, 3 Dr Hook  
4, 5, Rush  
8 Styx  
7, 8 Kool & The Gang  
12 Enigma  
16, 17 Madness  
12, 13 The Nolans  
17 Stranglers  
18 Chns De Burgh  
19 20 Orchestral Manouevres in the Dark  
21, 22 Judas Priest  
23 Rick Wakeman  
25 Peter Skellern  
25, 26 Thin Lizzy  
28 Glen Campbell  
29 9 Below Zero  
30 Shakin' Stevens

**DECEMBER**  
5 Human League  
6 Shakin' Stevens  
8 Echo And The Bunnymen  
12, 13 Joan Armatrading  
20 Slade  
21, 22 Gallan  
24, 26 Blizzard of Oz

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PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME  
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE  
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.  
**LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS**  
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

# RECORD NEWS

● The husband-and-wife team of Ashford & Simpson have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Capitol. In addition to their renown as songwriters and producers, they've already recorded three gold albums for Warners, and news of their first Capitol LP is expected shortly.

● Cabaret Voltaire will have two singles issued in October, via Rough Trade. The first is a seven-inch coupling 'Jazz Is The Glass' and 'Burnt To The Ground'. And the other is a 12-inch featuring 'Eddie's Out' and 'Walls Of Jericho'.

● The new Christopher Cross single issued this week by Warner Brothers is 'Arthur's Theme (Best That You Can Do)'. It's from the soundtrack of the film *Arthur* — starring Dudley Moore, John Gielgud and Liza Minnelli — due to open here later in the year. And meanwhile, Cross has just started work on his second studio album.

● Virgin Records are about to launch a video label and the first two releases, due this month, are Mike Oldfield live in concert at the Knebworth Festival and the Devo film 'The Men Who Make The Music'. They will retail at £29.99.

● Y Records (through Rough Trade) release the debut single by five-piece band Maximum Joy, coupling 'Stretch' and 'Silent Street'.

● Elaine Paige has signed to WEA, and her debut single for the label is issued this week, titled 'Far Side Of The Bay'. It was produced by Tim Rice and Andrew Powell, and is taken from her upcoming album.

● A new single by The Passage titled 'Taboos' should be available by this weekend, with their third album 'Degenerates' due out in early November.

● Due for imminent release by Rock Steady is a 12-inch single from A Certain Ratio, coupling 'Sommadub' and 'Abracadabra' — plus a 12-inch four-track EP by The Surface Mutants, which was produced by Cabaret Voltaire.

● Billy Preston & Syreeta, who reached No.3 in the charts early last year with their single 'With You I'm Born Again', have finally come up with a duo album. It's out on Motown with their names as its title — and as a result, their long-awaited UK concert is now likely to materialise this autumn. This is the last LP to be released under Motown's contract with EMI, before the Detroit label switches its British outlet to RCA this weekend.

● Manchester label Object Music is ceasing activities, and its final album — 'No Man's Land' by Spherical Objects — is released tomorrow (Friday) with distribution through the usual indies. Rough Trade will handle the label's back catalogue until stocks are exhausted, but there will be no re-pressings.

● Flicknife Records have gone ahead with the release of the Nico single 'Saeta'/'Vegas', despite Aura Records threatening to take action to prevent it. Aura and Nico are currently involved in a legal dispute over her album 'Drama Of Exile', but Flicknife point out that the new single isn't taken from the LP, so it's outside the court's jurisdiction.

● Some Bizzare have a single out by The The called 'Cold Spell Ahead', and they want to make it clear that distribution is by Pinnacle, not Phonogram.

● Shakin' Stevens joins the current medley craze with a single featuring eight Presley hits, titled 'Shaky Sings Elvis', though it was actually recorded in 1978 when he was starring in the London production of *Elvis*. The songs are lifted from an album sold only in the theatre foyer during the run of the show, and they've never been available through normal retail outlets. It's on the reactivated Solid Gold label (through PRT).

**101 CLUB**  
10 St John Hill, Tel 01-223 8308

Wednesday 30th September £1.00  
**TONIX**  
Thursday 1st October £1.00  
**LAGUNA CASTILLE**  
(ex Sector 27)  
Friday 2nd October £1.50  
**STIFF ALL STARS**  
Saturday 3rd October £1.50  
**KOUSH**  
Sunday 4th October £1.00  
**KING TRIGGER**  
Monday 5th October £1.00  
**THE ROUTINE + THE ZOOMIIZ + BLOW-UP**  
Tuesday 6th October £1.00  
**UP-SET**  
Wednesday 7th October £1.00  
**VICTORIAN PARENTS**

# Reggae

# Runnings



Michael Prophet. Pic: Adrian Boot

A NEW album from Jamaican singer Michael Prophet is currently circulating UK specialist outlets up on import from the isle of springs. Entitled 'Know The Right', the LP is a 10 track Yabby You production issued on the Vivian Jackson label and featuring former singles 'Step Right In' and 'Economic Crisis Deh Pon Top', here retitled 'The Crisis'. New songs on the set include 'Roots Man Time', 'Man Of Experience' and 'Stop Throw Stones'. Current also from the singer is latest pre title 'Gun Man' (Volcano), produced by Henry Lawes.

Anthony Waldron dons his mask as toaster The Lone Ranger on a new LP up from Brooklyn under the title 'M16' (J&L Records). Recorded and remixed at Channel One studios in Jamaica, the set is a nine track production featuring various recuts of Studio 1 rhythm and includes his recent single 'Fist To Fist'. Other current titles from Ranger number 'Lovelorn', being a reworking of the 'Love Bump' theme co-produced by Clive Jarrett and issued on Power House, and 'Ford X' (GG's Hit) — an Alvin Ranglin production.

A trio of new Black Solidarity pre-releases garner performances from Triston Palma with 'Collie Man' plus rendition of Joe Scott's much versioned 'Never Let Go'; and Tony Tuff, 'Never Trouble Trouble'. All feature musicianship from the Soul Syndicate brethren and production and arrangement from the partnership of Phillip Morgan and Oswald Thomas. On Volcano pre Barrington

Levy also emerges with two titles: a reworking of 'Under Sixteen' and 'Moon Light Lover', backed by the Roots Radics with Henry Lawes in the production booth.

Other new pre-releases are: Bunny Wailer, 'Galong So' (Solomonic); Echo Minott, 'Ten Miles' (Minibus); Junior Walker, 'No Respector Of Persons' (Jusic International); and The Mighty Abidjans, 'Guiding Light' (Swing Bird). The last named tune was previously recorded by the same group circa 1976 in their incarnation as The Fashioners.

Released on UK discomix: Delroy Melody and The Front Line Possee, 'Yvonne' c/w 'You Nearly Fooled Me' (Venture EAR 32); Michael White, 'Nice Nice Girl' c/w 'Mus' 'Ave Fe Rub A Nice Girl' (Ambassador); and L G Grant with Zion, 'Babylon' c/w 'We're Gonna Make It (Blackbird)'.  
"To all those who like to rave in style here's something out of this world!" Lebert, Maureen and Mavis proudly present The Sportswear Spectacular on Saturday, October 3 — 7pm to 3am — boat cruise and dance along the River Thames rocking to your entertainer Sir Tubby Imperial. Boat leaves from Westminster Pier at 7pm sharp. Please note: you must be dressed in a sportswear outfit.

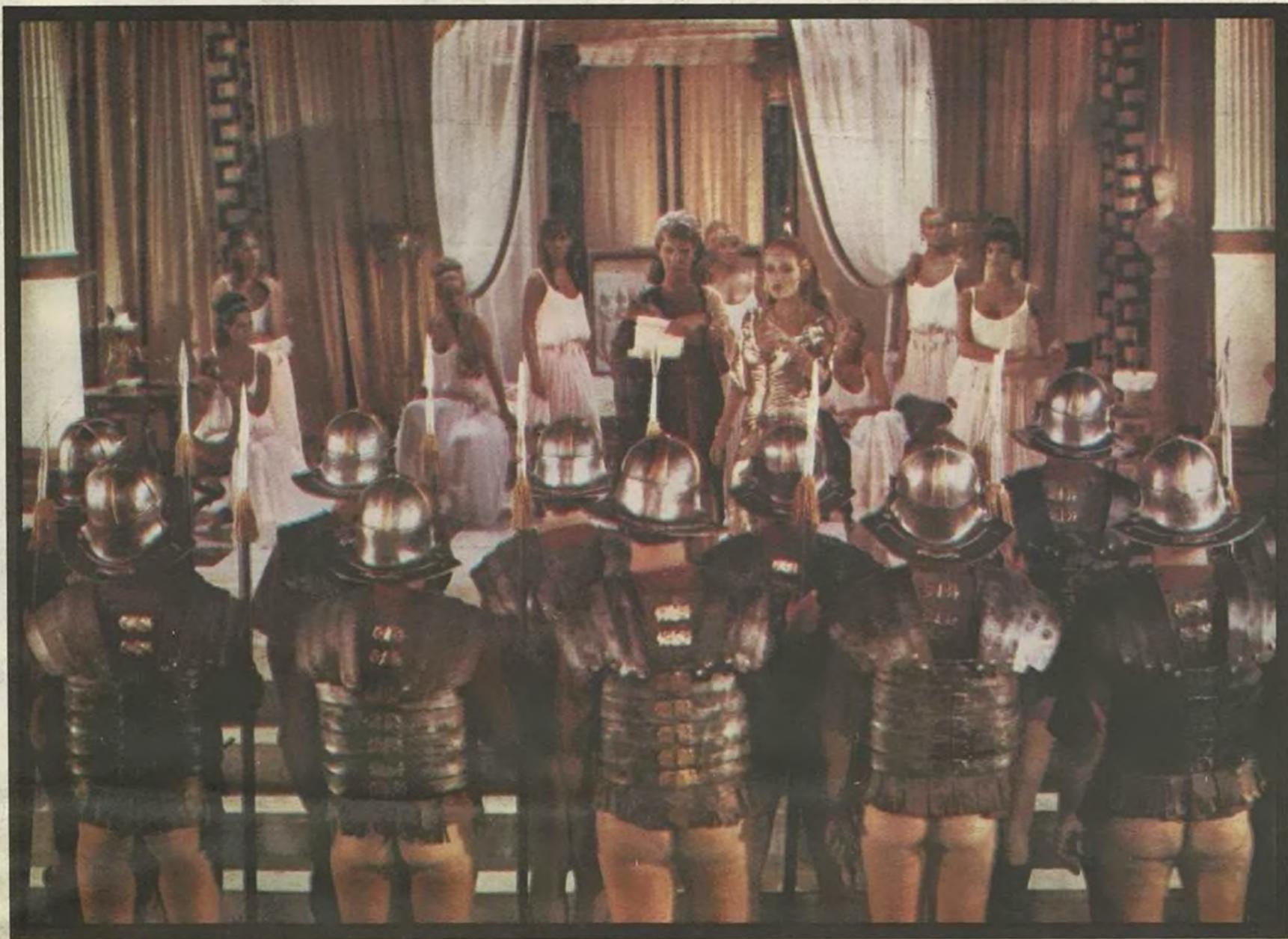
Finally, Dread Broadcasting Corp presents Rebel Radio featuring a dread outta control every Sunday afternoon from 1.30 to 3.30 transmitting on a semi-frequency at 214 medium wave. Tune in if you rankin'.

Penny Reel

**HAMMERSMITH ODEON**  
OUTLAW presents  
**STEVE HACKETT**  
SUN./MON. 11th/12th OCTOBER 8pm  
TICKETS £4.50, £4.00, £3.50  
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL BOOKING AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)



N°1 in France



History Of The World Part One: Madeline Kahn's Empress picks her escorts for the midnight orgy, and makes some pretty big decisions.

## GETTING BEHIND MEL BROOKS

**I** HAVE A SORE throat. I have a sore throat from screeching at people about the new Mel Brooks film. Not many people have seen it as yet but those that have I seem to attract like some kind of therapeutic wailing wall. "Isn't it awful?" they wail. "Just about the most puerile, infantile, bargain basement rubbish I ever received complimentary tickets for."

The damage that modern comedy notions have done to good old fashioned red-nosed gags would seem to be irreversible. The market is soaking from poignant, ironic one liners that spring from real life and relationships — the can of worms *Annie Hall* flung about the theatre — or the sensationally off-beat that in the end smacks clinical and gratuitous. Not that there aren't a mountain of laffs around, it's just that — well, when the gang stay straight-faced at Harvey Korman saying "Don't be saucy with me, Bernaise" I reckon I can get all the company I need from a tape of *Blazing Saddles*.

I write this in advance of a clutch of reviews that I know are bound to blanch at the busting collection of truly hairy old jokes and preposterous liberties that make up *History Of The World Part One*. What level of

chuckle are we dealing with? OK:

Nero is pacing Ceasars Palace when he is gripped by inspiration. "Bring me a small lyre," he commands, to which on stride two huge centurians holding a weasly little old runt howling, "I didn't do it! I didn't do it! I didn't do it! I wasn't even there! There's a cheque in the mail!"

Low comedy? In this borough sarcasm stands like the Chrysler building.

**T**O MEET Mel Brooks I had to go legit. Haircut, neat trousers, jacket and tie. In the lobby of the Connaught Hotel, even in my best, the floor-walkers eye me like I've got a bell round my neck. Thirsty too, but order a drink and you can bank on a fee that demands nothing short of your first born daughter. Suddenly he's here — a shortish, stocky bloke with hair that looks like the stuff they fill car seats with. Informal, bustling and apologetic, he fixes himself with a tie and we go into lunch.

"I started as an actor. Then as a drummer. And I was working the holiday resorts all around the mountains, the Catskills, and one evening the comic got sick."

The story's classic but, in this case, true. "Terrible jokes," he smiles, with love in his eyes. "I'd do terrible jokes like, 'I just flew in from Chicago and "(ALL TOGETHER NOW)" boy, are my arms tired! Y'know, I got a room so small — the mice are hunchbacked.'"

Down the years ring the rimshot and bass-pedal tags to the end of whiskered old crackers like those.

The new film, apart from

actually featuring a stand-up act in it, is just a hammy frame for Brooks and his players to rattle them off. I sat through the opening minutes unbelieving. I couldn't believe anybody thought such obvious and straightforward material funny. It takes a while to re-adjust. You wait for that wink to the audience, the reason for it all, but when it gets around to the grand old timer of "Would you walk this way" the cast play it like *Mel just wrote the line!* It's an outrage! Brooks you bastard! Here we are all done up in our finery, waiting to be stimulated, inched forward and you're squirting a soda-syphon in our face! It's at that point where you either

participate and roll with it or go home to the Rowan Atkinson albums.

**M**AX AND Kate Kaminsky were Russian Jews from Kiev. They — or rather Kate, Max died young — raised four sons in the poor Jewish Williamsburg area of Brooklyn. Melvin was the baby.

"Actually it's sort of a lie about my Jewishness really. See, I grew up in such a Jewish neighbourhood that I never felt anything was wrong or that there was even a scintilla of anti-semitism in the world because we were the overwhelming majority

and that was so till I went in the army — I got into the army and said 'Who are all these gentiles? Do we need so many?'"

Like for so many other elder comics, it was the army that underlined Mel Brooks' gift. The wisecracking that springs out of choking panic and fear steered Mel Brooks through the fighting in France and Belgium. The young actor Brooks had turned *tumbler* — a flipped-out poolside nut that amuses holidaymakers. Usually with sure-fire bits like staggering along carrying four heavy suitcases until you 'accidentally' walk off the end of the diving board. Sounds pretty dopey, don't it, but by Christ, I'd love to lay back and watch someone do it. This clumsy, if effective, schtick was superceded by the aforementioned headliner's illness.

"My job back then was tough, real tough. To stand there and make working people on vacation laugh. This was their holiday and they demanded, y'know, something pretty good. But they suited me because I was probably from a poorer background than they were. The great thing I learned then was to go with the flow of a live audience. As opposed to pre-conceiving what will break them up.

"Even now, if I'm previewing a film I'll always run it for the company secretaries first. Where they laugh I keep stuff in. In effect they really cut the film, then after I'll talk to them and they'll fight amongst themselves, y'know, 'It's offensive' and 'Naw, it's wonderful' — all that kinda stuff. But certainly to show it to an audience, rather than say company execs, is critical.

That's where Michael Cimino and *Heaven's Gate* fouled up."

So how easy is it to judge if you're funny? I mean, do you just say 'I'm Mel Brooks, I'm funny?'"

"You have to be professional. Sure. I got a sense of what's correct in characters and storylines but the chemistry and magic you can never know. I do quite a lot actually on the set but that doesn't alter the actual lines.

"Y'see, you've got to be brave. It's no good saying 'I don't know, I hope to God it turns out alright in the end'. You've got a job to do, so go do it.

"Groucho Marx said 'People think comedy is easy' and that's true. I think that's possibly the problem Marty Feldman's having with his pictures. He's taking himself just a bit too seriously. He's very talented but he has a bit too much respect for the term 'film-maker' and not enough respect for the word 'comic'. Because 'comic' is the light and the golden beauty of it all — 'comic'. There's no finer profession."

You touched on 'offensiveness'. Are you offensive, Mr Brooks?"

"Oh, I certainly have very bad taste. Yes, bad taste. But deliberate bad taste is very different from naive bad taste."

Is it that everyone else is too busy wearing the colours of the hip wry liberal then?"

"Naw, not really. I think the kids who did *Airplane* — they were wild. They punched the shit outa those Hare Krishna people at the airport, didn't they? They did some wonderful stuff. I'm hoping to film with them when I get back, that'd be great. That'd be great, just to jam like that,

■ continues over



Melvin Kaminsky

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■ from previous page

like we did when I was a drummer. Musicians jam but there's nothing like nearly enough of that going on in comedy."

In *The New York Times* recently critic Vincent Candy took space to shield *History Of The World* in a piece called 'In Defence Of Bad Jokes' but blew it completely when he let it slip that, since discovering Brooks' angle in the film he would have to go back and re-view films like *Blazing Saddles*. Re-view? It's inconceivable to me that any living creature that ever crawled out of the swamp could sit through any ten minute segment of *Blazing Saddles* and not realise they were experiencing rare crazed comic magic.

"My movies always get a good review — always. And always one movie too late. When *Young Frankenstein* came out they loved *Blazing Saddles* which they had knocked-the-shit out of earlier. In this new movie the critics gave me a hard time over jokes like 'walk this way' which they just saw as myself trying to pass off old jokes. They didn't know that I knew. It is deliberate. They didn't know I've used the joke before in *Young Frankenstein* either."

On that occasion Brooks did what was expected of him and used a 'smart' variation on the gag, twisting it enough so as to get the laugh with the guilt. *History Of The World* abounds with burlesque cracks played straight: A street salesman in poverty stricken Paris sells rat-stew, rat-soup and the ever-popular ratatouille; after selecting the best-hung centurians for her orgy, Madeline Kahn, as Empress Nympho, is congratulated with "You made some pretty big decisions there." Other times the 'jokes' are just pure wanton vulgarity: In ancient Rome a vendor yells "Get plumbing. The latest invention to hit Rome. It's astounding. It's amazing. Pipe the shit right out of your homes."

There are no grand claims to be made for this material. Mel Brooks isn't sending the stuff up or using it in 'interesting' ways. It's no good looking for clues. Whack! That's it. That's the joke. Like it? Ok, well — Pow!

— here's another one. "I was walking across the 20th Century Fox lot when this guy who worked with me as a grip yelled out 'Hey, Mel! Working on anything BIG?' So I just shouted back 'Yeah, the biggest!'. He says 'Oh yeah? Like what?' I said 'Like the history of the world, that's what.' And, well, it kind of hung around after that, though I did tag on 'Part One' as a kinda proviso."

Is there gonna be a part two? "Are you kidding? No, no." But there's a long trailer for *Part Two* at the end of the film. "Yeah, that's wild isn't it!"

IN HIS introduction to the book of the film (of the street of the suit of the Pippa Dee party) Mel goes into his reasons at rather more length: "The French Revolution shows us better than any other period the incredible difference between the haves and the have-nots, the rich and the poor. The poor were eating rats so in my movie they're making ratatouille. The rich can't do enough foppery and tomfoolery... they're just about the most indulgent and least considerate swine who ever lived."

The slightly bitter tone there continues the indignant tone that coloured his earliest short-story writing. Brooks came out of the army a determined anti-fascist and, for a while, could be found with a — if not red — certainly healthy pink political outlook.

But his love of music and musicals eased the message from his work and some of his



Mel Brooks as Mel Brooks, professor of behaviourism with more than a passing resemblance to the garcon de pisse.

**"'Comic' is the light and the golden beauty of it all — comic. There's no finer profession."**

most fondly remembered work lies in early off-Broadway productions like *Shinbone Alley* in which he starred with the young Eartha Kitt. Another Brooks creation fondly recalled — this time by the public — is the clueless Maxwell Smart, secret agent 86, fighting against KAOS on TV in *Get Smart*. More neglected over here are the Brooks/Carl Reiner albums featuring *The 2000-year-old man*. Brooks played the man in a series of ad-libbing interviews whose view of civilisation through the centuries was both mundane and marvellous.

Reiner: "Most people are interested in living a long and fruitful life, as you have..."

Brooks: "Fruit is good. Fruit kept me going for a hunnert and forty years once when I was on a very strict diet. Mainly nectarines. I love dat fruit. It's haffa peach, haffa plum. It's a helluva fruit — not too hot, not too cold. Just nice. Even a rotten nectarine is good, that's how much I love 'em. I'd rather have a rotten nectarine than a fine plum, what do you think of that?"

Do you ever watch the older films?

"I do, and I'm ashamed to say I love 'em. My favourite is *The Producers*, y'know, and invariably at the end of the movie I puddle up — really. Because it was my first experience and because I remember it so well. Hang on — SCOOP! Danny Baker scoop! I have actually now made enough money to buy back *The Twelve Chairs*, my second film. Last Tuesday I bought it back. I now own the

negative."

That film has rarely been seen.

"I know, but you'll see it now, soon. You know, I lived in Yugoslavia for a year making that film an' it was hell. Tito had the car — we couldn't go no place! Hey, you know who you talk like? Michael Caine!"

Not a lot of people know that. Do you like Britain? "Oh sure, sure. You know what's really great — in Britain, y'know, money doesn't control what time something goes off the air. You stop a programme at 9.05. 9.05! You don't know how that makes me dance. A programme going off the air at 9.05 is the most anti-capitalist thing that ever happened in the history of art. Hey, I just did a documentary for the BBC that will last 80 minutes. 80 minutes! In the United States there is no such thing as 80 minutes!"

IN AUGUST this year Mel Brooks celebrated his seventeenth wedding anniversary to Anna Louise Italiano, otherwise known as Anne Bancroft. Asked whether Anne, from a fierce Catholic background, would have to convert to Judaism, Brooks said "Convert? She doesn't have to convert — she's a star!"

Their marriage flourished because, as Anne has said, "We both enjoy the same humour and the same rage. If we didn't we'd be in jail!"

Brooks on screen, too, never portrays the 'Little guy' gaining advantage from being a loser. (A tag which is quite erroneously attached

exclusively to Woody Allen. See *Manhattan* for update).

"No. I would never, have never portrayed a loser. Why? Well because, really," and he starts to bob enthusiastically like *The God in Blazing Saddles*, "because I firmly feel that everyone in this world is out there hustling. Yes. We are all after a buck and grab what we can."

Oh, come on, Mel. Even family?

"Especially family, and in particular my brother Lenny."

*History Of The World Part One* — together with the funk rap single he's recorded in London to go with it — is released very soon. If I've made too strong a case for what is a baggy pants revue then that's showbiz. If you see it and it stinks, then OK. But if I might just offer a couple of tips. See it at a rowdy old fleapit, this one'll probably benefit from hecklers — in fact, it begs it.

Brooks has sworn on this one to "tell the whole truth whether it's true or not". He quite obviously too has been nudged a little by Benny Hill's recent US success. But it's a riot. From a fellow who knows that higher targets might achieve the Laurel and Hardy handshake and immortality but is settling for what cracked 'em up back at the poolside — rough, tough and gruff. Aw, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

"These days I like to be alone and to sit and wonder what I'm doing and I'll say 'Melvin... why do you say that when you know yourself well enough to say just plain Mel...'"

## Memoirs Of A Survivor

Directed by David Gladwell  
Starring Julie Christie,  
Christopher Guard and Leonie  
Mellinger (EMI)

"MEMOIRS"? What sort of way is that to market a modern movie? It sounds portentous enough for a novel, never mind transferring the guilt onto the silver screen. Although, having sat through what seemed like an afternoon of this leaden screen adaptation of the Doris Lessing "novel", I think I am quite within my rights to dub this critique... *Memoirs Of A Survivor* (to be enunciated with the grandiloquence one normally associates with after-shave commercials.)

This loathsome screen adaptation of Doris Lessing's *Memoirs Of A Survivor* (beginning to roll of the tongue already, eh? *Survivor* has "a lot going for it". It is a media-attention cert, as we in the entertainment business say: the first time Doris Lessing has been translated into cinema; the first of a few films which together constitute Julie Christie's "comeback"; and risible socio-political "currency", depicting as it — PLOD PLOD PLOD — does, a London Sometime In The Future, overrun by urban anarchy and unkempt apathy.

"The fear of anarchy, of disorder, of madness, of the world disintegrating about us," runs the synopsis. "Most people spend their lives searching, in their own way, to free themselves of this fear." Well, aside from Tony Benn trying to free Labour politics of Denis Healey — and I see over on the other side of the room Monty is trying to free himself of his disintegrating jacket — this is fair enough, in its own flatly obvious, hackneyed, wet homily, pastiche-of-R. D. Laing Gurdjieff-and-Walt Disney's



Julie spies the milkman: "No eggs today!"

## DOOMHATCH

*Jungle Book* way. That people, necessarily or not, take themselves to the brink of achieved or received wisdom (about perception, personality, knowledge) is nothing new. In fact, I have a feeling it is going to be a popular "theme" at the cinema in the months to come.

There is already *Altered States*, of course — which stands a few comparisons with *Memoirs*; mainly that they are both based on the flimsiest of cosmic-conceitful plots that should have been left to hatch in the late '60s, that are tarted up with EERIE MUSIC and that end in the silliest of resolutions. But where *States* went to one

end of the cinematic spectrum to disguise its basic ideological vacuum — BOOM KERRRASH WHIIIZ!!! — *Memoirs* stays at home and does its knitting, so to speak. The protagonist of *States* gobbled half the hallucinogenics in Peru and turned into Yogi Bear... Julie Christie takes one puff on her roll-up and starts walking through *The Wall*, talking about "vivid expectancy".

What we get is a sort of combination of *Celine And Julie Go Boating* and *If...*, where the animal madness of urban descent could just be a ripple in our protagonist's consciousness (her name is D.,

by the way — just D.) or vice versa.

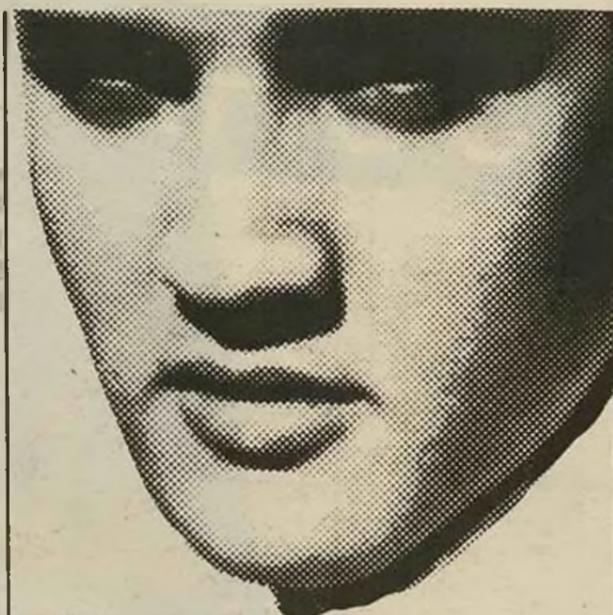
Time dissolves (I should have been so lucky), memory segues into archetype (sort of 'Jung On 45') and everything moves with that constipated sense of "stillness" and "detachment" some Euro-critics have unwisely called "inherently feminine". Seeing as how *Memoirs* was directed by a bloke, one can only assume it reflects instead his relative immaturity as a film maker, unable to transcend prosaic material and swamped by redundant notions of what "madness" maketh of the individual's perceptions. (The pristine/rotting White Mansion was particularly gross in this respect, I thought. Julie Christie has very little to do, bar looking moody and looking out her living room window; she is all but upstaged by *The Wall* (nice little cameo by a wall, here).

As Joan Didion has said of another Lessing novel, it is not "about the play of ideas in the lives of certain characters but a novel in which the characters exist only as markers in the presentation of an idea." Pausing only to reflect on Ms Lessing's "arrogantly bad ear for dialogue," Didion concludes that "we are dealing here with less than astonishing stuff."

Seconded. The residual hints of a poke or two at patriarchy's stubborn mores flounder amidst all the on-going nonsenses — the Laura Ashley equivalent of phenomenological pertinence. We come to the all important CONCLUSION where the assembled company leave behind all those nasty, nasty social conditions, one and all, by walking through the living room wall and into a giant egg. A giant egg.

So kids, don't riot... er, find yourself a giant egg to work it on out with. (Cries of "Damned literalist!" from the Doris Lessing lobby.)

Ian Penman



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## HEAVEN'S A NEAR MYTH

### Heaven's Gate

Directed by Michael Cimino  
Starring Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, Isabelle Huppert and John Hurt (United Artists)

MICHAEL CIMINO made pots of money with *The Deer Hunter* and was given carte blanche and a big budget for his next project. The rest, as they say, is a mystery. Cut from four hours to two and a half (after pressure from the studio and hostile responses at film festivals), *Heaven's Gate* will now need to gross 100 million dollar to break even. It probably won't.

It's a pity about the off-putting hubbub surrounding *Heaven's Gate* because, failure though it is, it remains an interesting, at times magnificent, piece of work.

Cimino has set out to make a national epic and has chosen America's national genre — the western — to do so. The form has never been the same since Sam Peckinpah started to play with it in the '60s, twisting and subverting it in the '70s with *Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid*; Arthur Penn didn't do a bad job either with *Missouri Breaks*. While these films addressed themselves to traditional western themes, they certainly didn't come out with all those traditional 'essentially American' values. For example, in most westerns the frontier is represented as a mythic place, a sort of agrarian Disneyland; but these directors, while juggling with the mythic resonances, also introduced sour, uncomfortable reminders about the development of 19th century capitalism: their cattle barons were less country gents, more tough industrialists.

*Heaven's Gate* in fact echoes many of the concerns of *Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid* (another hacked-about film), uses the same star (Kristofferson) and even shares the same cinematographer (Vilmos Zsigmond) — knocking on heaven's door?

It's set in 1891 during the Johnson County Wars, when the Association (of stockholders and cattle barons) decided to deal with the influx of Eastern European farming immigrants by shooting them to bits. On the side of the immigrants stands Averill (Kristofferson). He's a rum one: having been born into a rich family he doesn't have to go in for all this sheriff 'glory guy' stuff. And surely he could do better than the madame of the local brothel (played by Isabelle Huppert) whom he shares with Champion (Christopher Walken), a gunslinger for the Association. Also on the Association's side is a former friend of Averill's called Irvine, a drunkard (played by John Hurt who's never been so embarrassing since his druggie role in *Midnight Express*) who continually harks back

to his college days with Averill when both were encouraged to go out and make America good and beautiful. But it's a long way from Heaven's Mandate in Harvard to Heaven's Gate, a recreation centre in a small town in Wyoming, where everyone is out to get their share of the land of the free — WASP cattle barons permitting because some people are more free than others.

Cimino, unfortunately, never succeeds in fitting his subject matter into a cohesive narrative. He's far too eager to keep filling the frame like those Breughels filled the canvas. While this spectacular approach works for some scenes (for example, the bustling muddy town) it's indulgent in many others. Cimino is no better with smaller, more intimate scenes: the attraction-repulsion aspect of the Averill/Champion relationship is never properly dealt with; it's not enough to have them (more echoes of Pat and Billy) gazing in the same mirror.

The director is always doing this — symbolically freezing a tableau yet not extracting any meaning, as when the sophisticated, inebriated rhetorician Irvine comes face to face with a backwoods storyteller and wind-up artist and... not much.

The biggest problem with *Heaven's Gate* lies with Cimino's original intention — that epic, those birth pangs of a nation. "We're all immigrants here", a character remarks at one point, and we have a glimpse of the film which Cimino would like to have made.

The immigrants, the farmer outcasts, are the nation and would have spiritedly become so in the course of the film. But the plot which the director has decided on can't be so neatly resolved — the historical nest of vipers which he has dug up won't go away. There can never be the pat nationalism of *The Deer Hunter* when the good old US Cavalry are so obviously aligned with cattle barons, racists and gun thugs.

Paradoxically, it's the loose ends to *Heaven's Gate* and the bewilderment of its director which are also its strengths. Willy nilly, a genuine contradictory sense of history comes over, and in this way the film is more satisfying as an epic than *1900* (more histrionics than history) or *Apocalypse Now* (more trip than truth).

*Heaven's Gate* has a dogged, if wooden, integrity; its shadowy characters and overblown spectacle persist. It refuses to avert its gaze, just like Averill in the coda to the film, gazing out from his yacht near Rhode Island in 1903. He's like some ageing Gatsby, dreaming; only Averill knows there never was an American Dream — not in his past.

Paul Tickell

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## Cabaret Voltaire

North London Polytechnic

MAL CROSSES the stage under a huge white light circle and a radio advert plays. "Save your face with Face Fader, the only thing for spots." It's so dark here I can't see any spots.

Noises crank into a beginning. I know the tones and criss-crossing melodies. Something stirs in my chest, a sort of pubescent excitement. Cabaret Voltaire are fetishist listening for me, I play them on my little headset in the city streets. The spaces in their songs are private and personal. They are painting by numbers, a jigsaw. A one-to-one competition where you read your own achievement into them, but really you add nothing at all.

By the second number I'm fully attuned, accustomed to the dark and appreciating the flickering films running on the wall.

The stage is high and I'm so small so really I can only focus on Mal's face. His voice comes out of mobile lips but never sounds human... the treatments it sustains seem to place it out of synch with everything. If he's so close to the mike it's a rasping whisper, if he's far away it booms out. There's so much charisma in his stage presence that I hardly notice anything Chris or Richard do.

'Red Mask' begins, my current favourite from 'Red Mecca'. The wheezing melody finds its way out of the taped montage and Møl grimaces into the mike. "He will signal, he will broadcast." The sound is excellent and not overloud, the tones echo and rebound in a perfect recreation of their recorded material. Their stage habits have some kind of sexual menace, there is an air of wanton revenge.

Bee-buzzing guitars and what must be barely audible subliminal messages make me uneasy, but I like it. Little sparks of sound bounce off at right angles while I'm still trying to catch up with sliding harmonisers and spooky crowd noises.

I got too hot, too close, and too cramped, so aiming for the back I discovered a whole new world. A freshers ball with lost, lonely newcomers lining the walls. Onstage, the trio look small and eerie, but

not diminished. From this distance I can hear another layer of sound, punctuated by the entrance of a drummer.

In the ladies room a student whines about how unfriendly London is. Down in the tube someone plays a tape very loudly. Voltaire echo along the platform. Everyone clusters nearer, listening. Their music enhances the wait; the acoustics and the atmosphere enhance their music.

Laura Hardy

# LIVE!

Emerson, Lake & Palmer caught on their comeback tour by Peter Anderson

## Ultravox Eddie and Sunshine

Newcastle

ULTRAVOX could be everybody's dream group. Just a glance around the City Hall at the dotting crowd proves it: the girls are dreaming and looking and the boys are looking and being. It's not Ultravox's fault that they're good looking and capable at the same time, but at least they've got the good grace to recognise that in dreams begin responsibilities.

Ultravox shoulder their responsibilities like men, which is maybe why so many people look up to them. Ultravox have been sturdy constants through all this effete faddism; rooted in pre-punk glamour, they've persevered long enough to catch on during the brief coming out of the New Romantics. Their sterling traditional virtues were recognised by the masses as well and the massive hit 'Vienna' has won them a broader, less fickle following that is now a strange cross-fertilisation of nu-style and high street fashion.

Ultravox obviously take

their leap from dance hall to city hall status seriously and have adjusted their stage set accordingly. Now in place of the 'Vienna' tour's austere lighting effects, they've constructed a baroque setting out of mock classical moderne motifs — a cloudy blue backdrop, their three-horsehead chariot logo and functional block columns totally at odds with the fussy ornamentation. Ironically their music has gone the

other way. They've stripped away the expediently decorative 'Vienna' to reveal a gloomier facade in keeping with the more introspective mood of 'Rage In Eden'. That it is now often unrelenting and monotonously monaural isn't just my opinion, as the new material isn't greeted with anywhere near the same enthusiasm by an audience wanting to be impressed.

The shift is understandable

from Ultravox's point of view, but to a crowd looking for pop highlights, their new rock dourness isn't a particularly welcome departure. Its worst manifestation comes during 'Stranger Within', which features guitarist Midge Ure and violinist/keyboards player Billy Currie moving centre stage to trade lines like seasoned jazz players. Trouble is, they're not playing anything that warrants the extra attention. Like too many Ultravox movements it comes across as a distractingly empty gesture.

Ultravox sometimes try too hard to impress. They walk a thin line between moody pop and portentous pomp anyway, and it doesn't take too much to tip the balance in the wrong direction. Their strength lies in neat and functional ensemble playing — only God knows why they can't resist the temptation to show off with unnecessary classical flourishes. Their ostentatiousness thus throws their elaborate stage set into poor relief.

Compare all that waste of space with Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson's excellent and effective deployment of a few props in an area pegged

out of the heavy black curtain that hides Ultravox's set. Fortunately their modern cabaret doesn't need much room, as their delicately rehearsed dance routines are often in a circular motion.

Their understated presentation is much appreciated, the audience listen intently and respond warmly to their gently nudging satire, even if they're not sure just what Eddie and Sunshine are all about. An ageless couple dressed in their Saturday night best, they deadpan carefully through a set that is nostalgically appealing yet disarmingly sinister. With Eddie and Sunshine the division between theatre and reality is diminished beyond recognition, and that's probably what disturbs.

Nothing Ultravox do is so convincing, but then they're staging a spectacle and not a performance. The touching 'Your Name', though, approaches Eddie and Sunshine's sweetly stylised simplicity. A shaded lightbulb is lowered above a seated Midge Ure, setting a seductively melancholic atmosphere for his recollection of lost moments.

Otherwise we have to rely on errors for glimpses of the group's humanity, the most revealing of which comes right at the beginning, during their slow build up. A synth tape introduces a group murkily masked by a gauze curtain. 'The Thin Wall' starts to play and the curtain slowly unfurls. Only it sticks half way. The drama is blown, but the group carry on regardless.

Chris Bohn

# VOX POMP?

# DAZE OF THE WEAK

## SATURDAY

"I THINK we're all dead — and this is hell."

Such was the glum summary of one sodden fan standing behind me in the long, long rainswept queue around Leeds' Queen Hall. (How long? About an hour or so . . . and that was after the doors had opened.) And that was before he'd seen inside.

What with all the big-name pull-outs, poor facilities and the damp dinginess of the venue itself, the Daze Of Future Past bash was calculated to test the punters' enthusiasm to the limit: the dedication it takes to hitch across the country, to sleep rough in Leeds Station or City Square. I'm as fed up as you probably are with all this year's moaning festival reports, but the conclusion's inescapable — these big bills are grim affairs. How many times was I accosted by miserable kids, vainly asking me to buy their ticket for the second day?

**The year is 1981. The whole of Leeds has been turned into a maximum security prison. PAUL DU NOYER and MICK DUFFY star in the low-budget horror epic Escape From Queens Hall. Cinematography by DAVID CORIO.**

I guess some people like it. I remember I used to pay my way into similar events myself, years ago — a way of scoring a year's worth of acts for the price of only a couple of concerts. But I wised up; the boredom and squalor just weren't worth it. Not even a good group, like Echo And The Bunnymen, can shine very hard in this setting. Probably the only enduring memory I'll have of this gig is the sight of young punks, slumped in dark slummy corners, faces buried in plastic bags of glue, sucking in, out, in, out . . .

Anyhow, on with the fun. The first group up — nobody I spoke to could remember who

it was — I missed on account of the queue. So, apologies. I caught about half of American act Wall Of Voodoo. It sounds callous, but they made zero impression: just a vague noise, rumbling around the black vacuum between stage and hamburger stall. Another time, another place maybe.

**Altered Images**, on next, didn't register a whole lot stronger. The presence of singer Clare was at least a positive element. She projected warmth in the cold, colour through the gloom, personality through the cavernous hall. Beyond that, they struggled. As did their successors, **The Thompson Twins**. Live, I very much care for these people, and the familiar sound of such as 'Politics' and 'Perfect Game' was cheering. But across that great gulf, they only seemed distant. You found yourself a mere spectator, wondering why those faraway figures were dancing around, banging things. And for a band who put involvement at a premium, that's sad.

Now for the good review. **Theatre Of Hate**, whom I'd never seen and didn't expect much of, were a revelation. The group's tight, tense rock attack, augmented by emotive saxophone and the passionate edge of Kirk Brandon's singing, these ingredients made for a very special impact. The music of TOH is powerful by virtue of its self-belief, and strong with a sense of rebellion that

somehow carries a smack of realism — so removed from the usual rock'n'roll play-acting that dismissing the band as HM, or lumpen punk, is very wrong. They dared, and to my mind, they won.

Mind you, the black leather punketariat who dominated this audience (all sorely missing the cancelled Killing Joke, I'd imagine) were more noisily supportive of . . . **Bauhaus**. The appeal of Peter Murphy and crew remains a closed book to me, so I'll not dwell. For what it's worth, a more specious and pompous, pseudo-atmospheric set I'm hard pushed to remember.

"Human" isn't the first word that springs to mind in describing **The Cramps**. But after Bauhaus, that's exactly the quality which today's top US attraction supplied. I've got no particular love of The Cramps' bloodbank of imagery — gothic horror camp, junk kultur, the trash aesthetic. But their clomping swamp rockabilly is enjoyable. We got the first laugh of the day when Lux Interior led his mutants — Nick Knox, Ivy Rorschach, Kid Congo — into, of all things, 'Green Door': suddenly, one imagined that portal's secret to be something far, far ghastlier than anything dreamt of by old Shakey.

Headliners **The Bunnymen** are preceded by (what else but?) a tape of **The Doors** 'The End'. And, well, they look good at least. Drummer de Freitas ensconced on one side, the other three range across a plain white backdrop, colours and shadows back-projected in a stylish tableau. But they sound a bit rough: MacCulloch talks movingly of his recent cold. (I think he did. They have odd



... move this way . . .

accents, these people; one can never be sure.) Two-thirds into the set, we've had, among others, 'All My Colours', 'Read It In Books' and 'A Promise' — I've already heard my favourites, but not been much uplifted.

It's not a *bad* show on their part, but still a routine reworking of the records: only drier, less assured, more mechanical.

Two thoughts console me as we exit: it could have been an outdoor event, and they could have asked me to review Sunday . . .

Paul Du Noyer

## SUNDAY

"AAGGHH!"  
"Somethin' the matter?"  
"Yagottalemmehoutahere!"

"Sorry, no passouts."  
"No Passouts!  
AAAAGGGHHH!"

The louder you screamed the more excruciating the pain. But no matter, there was no escape from this particular rock 'n' roll House of Horrors. Practically *locked in* a squalid warehouse-come-Hades from lunch time on, I was unwillingly forced to watch in their entirety *all* the acts of this, the most unpromising bill of the year.

And what a string of mediocre bands made up this Bloodless Sunday. Nothing here to set the heart pattering, save the mildly intriguing Gang Of Four. Having originally planned to come here to snatch a glimpse of the seldom seen Heavenly 17 and a hopefully revitalized



"At these festivals, we musicians make a bit of noise. . ."

# Adam and the Ants, E.L.O., Beatles, Jacksons, Sheena, Diana Ross, Police. They're all on Radio Luxembourg.

## SUNDAY

Tony Prince's Top 30 Disco Show 9-11pm

The Golden Jackpot in The Golden Hour with Rob Jones — 11pm

## MONDAY

The Brasso Show and the Chart Champions 7-9pm

The Top 30 Airplay Chart with Rob Jones 9-11pm

## TUESDAY

Britain's Top 30 with Bob Stewart 9-11pm

Lots of prizes in the Golden Jackpot 11-midnight

## WEDNESDAY

Brasso with a Top Disco's Top 20. 9pm  
The Beatles Hour. 10pm  
Night Tracks with Benny Brown 1-3am

## THURSDAY

Top of the Pops as on TV with Rob Jones 9pm

The Number Ones Show 10pm

## FRIDAY

Stuart Henry's Rock Show 8-10pm

The Sensational Sixties Show 10-midnight

Tony Prince's Midnight Disco Party and Top 20 Imports

## SATURDAY

Golden Oldies from Stuart Henry's Haunted Studio 8-10pm

# RADIO LUXEMBOURG

More Charts, less chat





... and that way ...

Cure, by the time they'd both cancelled I'd already made a commitment to do this review. Shame.

But worse off were the paying punters faced with the escape clause on the six quid day ticket which allowed no refunds to those unsatisfied with 'amendments to the cast'. Outside Queens Hall, early Sunday, more people were trying to sell tickets than were actually buying them. *Double shame.* When will the public learn to boycott festivals altogether? Never-never, Grasshopper. Rich men and masochists have more fun. Always.

First tiresome threesome along the conveyor belt of grey gifts were the stunning-punning Miles Over Matter, Past Seven Days and

Inner City Unit. With these I played a word association game. Now let's see what's written on my paper. 'Dour', 'contrived', 'sterile', 'banal'. Hmm. I could have used the same words all day long, but unlike most of the bands on show today I get bored doing the same thing over and over.

Though Past Seven Days were like the hazy hangover to the previous night's Bunnymen celebration, they were still the best band of these early three. And if they stop plagiarising Echo's every hop — and others of A Certain Division and add more polish to their lacklustre style, they'll sow the seeds for a brighter future. To those other two, your Agony Aunt offers this

sound advice — split up! Some cynics suggest The 4 Be 2's came to fame solely because Jimmy's Johnny's rotten brother. The Bollock Brothers stretch the suspect link even further, being the band who used to have a leader who has a brother who used to be a singer of a band who used to be the world's most notorious punk band.

In line with those further down their mouldering family tree, technically they're musical non-starters. Perhaps realising their own songs are pompously unimaginative they lace their set with cover versions — 'Monster Mash' and Kraftwerk's 'Model', for

example. But at least they tried to be different and a little entertaining by featuring half-a-dozen girlish girls who danced and posed just like the Human Leaguettes, and later they presented a burlesque scenario, some parody of *The Bride Of Dracula*.

But never mind The Bollocks, here's The Professionals; Cook and Jones looking old and jaded, sounding old and jaded and making me feel old and jaded. Back to the mediocre and I tried to escape back to my hotel. But still, *no passouts!*

They couldn't stop me passing out *inside tho'*, and

for ten pence a young punk lent me his sleeping bag to have a snooze on. Well, if Penman can fall asleep in the company of Darnell I vehemently defend my right to fall asleep during *Classix Nouveau's* un-novel set. I saw them not.

Similarly, I was too comatosed to remember hardly anything about *B-Movie*, though I've seen them three times recently. Second division Futurists with two good songs amongst a whole basket of bad apples, the most striking thing about them is the singer's absurd bulge in front of his leather

trousers. Some turn-on, eh girls? Well, a boy's got to put his make-up somewhere.

And finally, for those who survived that long, *Gang Of Four* were the rejuvenating force that redeemed us from our misery. Better and brighter than everything else before them, they seem to have added a harder, more aggressive edge to the sound that sometimes faltered on their 'Solid Gold' LP. Tonight the Gang were on awesome form, they were captivating entertainment — but what had they to beat? And how easily might even they have been outshone by Heaven 17?

Mick Duffy

... and then we piss off home." From left: a Thompson Twin, a Cramp, an Altered Image and a Bunnymac.



**'ONLY IN IT FOR THE MANET TOUR'**

OCTOBER

- 8 LONDON, Lyceum
- 9 NORTHAMPTON, Cricket Club
- 10 NORWICH, University of East Anglia
- 12 BRISTOL, Locarno
- 14 BRIGHTON, Corn Exchange
- 16 NOTTINGHAM, Kimberley Leisure Centre
- 17 MANCHESTER, University
- 18 HULL, Tower Cinema
- 19 BIRMINGHAM, Tower Ballroom
- 20 HANLEY, Victoria Hall
- 21 CARDIFF, Top Rank
- 23 BRADFORD, St. Georges Hall
- 24 NEWCASTLE, University
- 25 EDINBURGH, Valentino's
- 26 GLASGOW, Mayfair
- 28 LIVERPOOL, University
- 29 SHEFFIELD, Lyceum
- 30 READING, University
- 31 BATH, Pavillion

RCA

# UNCOOL FOR KITTENS

## Lemon Kittens

Camden Musicians Collective

I MISSED 21 Skates. Sorry. I was probably using the inconvenience in the pub across the road, as the Camden Musicians Collective can't boast *une toilette* of its own.

It can't boast much of a stage of its own either, so even though I saw Broadcast, I didn't see Broadcast, if you see what I mean.

Anyway, they weren't very good. In the interests of Science I stood on a chair to get a better look. A more smug looking lead singer you'd be hard pressed to find, though what he looks so smug about I can't imagine. His voice isn't bad, but his material's awful. Tuneless and tacky, it has to compete with a disparate din being made by the rest of the band.

Suspect any band that dedicates songs to foreign film makers with self-conscious smirks on their faces. The band, not the film-makers.

Orange Cardigan weren't bad. I suppose they should have been terrible. The drummer and bass player were constantly out of time with each other, while the guitarist tuned up all the way through the songs.

Still, I stick by what I said, they weren't bad. They danced a lot and encouraged everyone else to do the same.

Apparently, there's been a fair bit of hoo-hah over The Lemon Kittens. Described temptingly by some as "alternative and avant garde", I had heard little else

of or about them until tonight. I kept my mind open and my fingers crossed — it had been a dull weekend so far.

The Lemon Kittens appeared, via the audience, in body paint and loin cloths, looking not unlike the Pop Group cover. It was a spectacle and everyone rushed forward for a better look. It's notable that by the end of the set, the crowd at the front had diminished to two deep.

The Lemon Kittens are nothing special. Surprisingly, they're not dreadful either. The trouble is that they try so hard to be weird.

They may have been alternative three years ago when they first formed (though I doubt it), but now they sound like a watered-down mix of The Pop Group and Lene Lovich. The predictable aspirations/inspirations are heavily in evidence; gaunt and gothic European classical, ethnic/eccentric, madmen gone native. It's all too obvious for words.

The inevitable comparisons between Danielle Dax and Bush/Lovich have to be made. That shrieking falsetto! All that hair! Which came first — the chicken or the hag? It's a shame really, because she has her moments, the most notable being in 'Small Mercies', a short and disturbing love song which she screams and whispers to great effect.

If the group have anything going for them it's probably her, and I wouldn't bet money on that. As I said, they're nothing special.

Maureen Rice



"Hello. I'm an artist. I saw 'Tin Drum' and came up with this. I'm banging Oskar's drum and Daniella over there is imitating Oskar's scream."



"In this picture I'm washing my hands and Danielle is holding her breath until her face turns purple. We're not sure what to call it yet."

Pix: Santo Basone.

## Cayenne

Pied Bull

THE WEEK that they were lauded in this very publication as pioneers of a current fad, Cayenne did their best to spice up Saturday night for the habitués of The Pied Bull, an Islington hostelry that presents jazz seven nights a week and makes it work, no mean achievement these (or any other) days. Clad in jazzers' mufti — the most awful suburban casualwear imaginable — in sharp contrast to those members of the public who are accustomed to tripping over their watch-chains, they cantered through their set with considerable aplomb considering that two of their principal soloists were away.

One of the ringers was Pete Thomas, the gigantic moustachioed trombonist from Landscape, trying hard to make it happen, which meant two 'bones and no sax. Most of the ensemble seemed rather subdued, with the notable exception of the timbale player, who exploded over his drums like a small firework, and the pianist, who was next to inaudible. The bassist was one of those irritating 'musicians' who coast through numbers until they get a solo, and then it's agonised creative facepulling and Jaco Pastorius licks in the upper register until normal service is resumed.

Cayenne's soul resides with guitarist Robert Greenfield though, and his stylish presence and dazzling Wes Montgomery runs seemed to drive the band where the bassist didn't. The music was fine and fiery, and could have been much more so — it probably is when they're all there — and the clothes were a real let down. I mean, what's really important about this thing? Salsa? Sauce!

Charles Shaar Murray

## Dudu Pukwana

Battersea Arts Centre

WHILE I'M waiting around for The Human Condition to bring back 'real jazz', I may as well go and see another of these old black guys who still think they're playing it. Wrong, of course, to put Dudu in that aged jazz bag. Years of playing this sort of venue have done nothing to quench his enthusiasm or dampen the drive to create — thunder in his heart, lion on his breath, Pukwana remains a charged spirit.

This group — trumpet, piano, bass and drums, plus his own alto and soprano — is a well-greased groove for the man. They open with a clean-heeled recall of nascent soul jazz: 'Big Apple' and 'The Blessed Light' are echoes of Cannonball Adderley's group circa 1960, the lounge-suit cool peppered up to choice. But it's a short step to Pukwana's own brand of Afro-Jazz. Linda comes into deliver a mocha-dark vocal on "Sunshine" and from thereon in it's a seam without fissures.

Themes roasted and crackling from a township sun come scorching from the horns and the rhythm section feeds the push or pull away as appropriate; there are passions of sorrow and joy here, but it's geared mainly to the raising of spirits, with the feet a prime target. Only a snifter of funk, maybe, but the motion is organic.

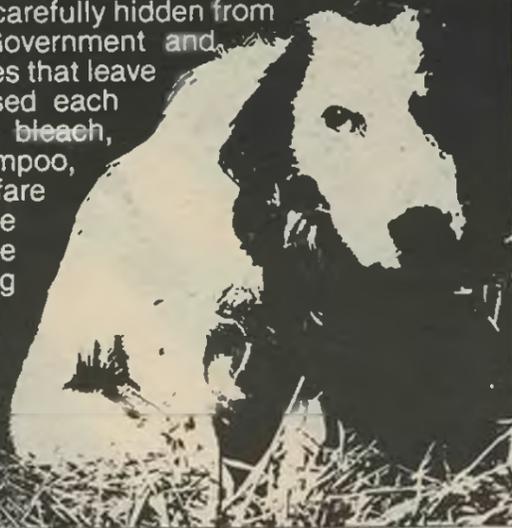
A good group — pianist Frank Roberts, a longtime cohort, is the unobtrusive lynchpin — but Dudu dominates all. On alto, short, swivelling phrases played with lung-busting intensity; on soprano, an iron tone, long held notes played louder and LOUDER until they unclench into clusters. He skips the outfit like a grizzled tugboat cap'n, bumps on the spot, brings a soloist in or out with a peremptory whistle, is never still. Really — let Dudu do it some more.

Richard Cook

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NEW RELEASES FROM HUMAN RECORDS

- Human Records releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

NEW ALBUMS

- New album releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

NEW U.K. 12" VINYL

- New U.K. 12" vinyl releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

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- Hard core punk releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

JOY DIVISION

- Joy Division releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

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- UK psychopop/80's beat LP's releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

REGGAE SOUNDS LP's

- Reggae sounds LP's releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

ZE FUNK/DANCE/FUTURIST LP's

- Ze funk/dance/futurist LP's releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

CASSETTE MUSIC (P&P 26p/Per Cass)

- Cassette music releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

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- Industrial/avant garde/experimental LP's releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

NEW IMPORT LP's

- New import LP's releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

COLLECTORS CORNER

- Collectors corner releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

VITAL VINYL (NEW SINGLES)

- Vital vinyl (new singles) releases including 'The Beatnuts', 'The Beatnuts'.

SINGLES

from page 21

LANDSCAPE: European Man (RCA). Daniel Miller did this better with TVOD years ago. In common with so many records this week, there isn't enough MUSIC in it to warrant a 45. Without the lush sensuality of some of the Euro Disco this disc hopes to grow up to be, it's just a machinoid thrash that sounds less exciting than an electric coffee grinder.

CAPTAIN SKY: Station Brake (WMOT US import). Half rap, half sing, all funk, like a non-militant 'Mothership Connection'. While you're grooving to the consistent beats on the dance floor, any bit of lively humour goes down well! Captain Sky doesn't exactly crack you up like Richard Pryor, but it's got character and that counts.

MEL BROOKS: It's Good To Be A King Parts 1 & 2 (The Luggage Label). Actually seeing the film this comes from, MB's History Of The World, is a bad experience, and I mean B-A-D, as in not good. But this single, gravel-rapped by Mel over a reasonably dance-y rhythm, is funnier than Captain Sky, and should get people falling into each others arms at the disco. And that certainly counts. Produced by Pete Wingfield.

LENA ZAVARONI: Somewhere South Of Macon (President). Little Lena grows up. She takes off her braces, slips into something more sequinned, and before our very eyes becomes the Coal Miner's Daughter. That tiny figure, belting out a sad and seamy escape from a cotton-mill town. She's singing from the heart about her Mama's conditioning — shame the country backing's so ordinary. It's a freedom song, alright, but why doesn't she work with some better arrangers and musicians? Lena's capable of excellence, and she's still just advertising soap.

SINGLES 2 VITAL DISORDERS: Snatcher Thatcher (Vital Discords). Like the Ideal Husbands, the positive legacy of this country's freedom to make a single with little or no backing. Like a female UB40, with lyrics you can practically guess from

the title. Built around the sort of lazy, loosely played, straightforward honky reggae schtick, 'Snatcher Thatcher' actually a pretty tune, although it just avoids being a tedious shambles. Militant stuff, though, complete with Serious Sister rap at the end. Amusing horn allusions to the national anthem woven in to neat effect. This comparatively endearing tune is available from Backs Records, 3 Swan Lane, Norwich. Let's keep the old spirit of private enterprise blazing, eh what?



CONQUEST: Give It To Me (If You Don't Mind) (Prelude US import) The Conquest guys and gals don't specify what they want me to give them (if I don't mind giving it up) but from the zest with which they ask, it sure ain't a social disease. High flyin' dancey — ask for some more on the disco floor. Conquest swing and they don't bore, you can make new friends galore...

R.J.'S LATEST ARRIVAL: Bodysnatcher (Sutra US import) With the title to hit the hot heavy vein of symbolism in all our souls, the galloping bass spanked on the flank with the hot handclaps, the sweet woman singing like the siren in the story...

PATRICK CROWLEY: Menergy (Fusion US import) The spaceship is landing. Hit that strobe! The room's begun to throb with gold, purple, green and bright white lights. The floorboards have changed to flashing squares of red, white, and blue. Out in the gents, there's a fight going on, and in the ladies' the door's locked tight and you can see four pairs of dancing shoes under one cubicle door... these wild swathes of jiggling synthesiser put a shine on the depression, a sheen on the recession...

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTONS: Good Year For The Roses (F Beat) Classical country tune about the break-up of a marriage, ready to be covered by chanteurs / euses of all races, colours and creeds. Lena Zavaroni would do a good job, for example. If they supplied a mug of flat beer to cry into, we'd be all set for a good old weep-in. All aboard for Tearjerk City...

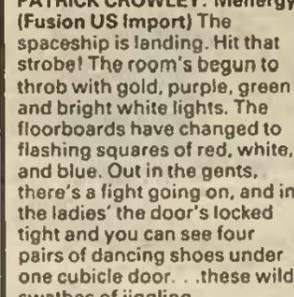


his equivalent of Gaye's 'Let's Get It On.' Listen to 'Dance Rock' and you won't stop.

BEN WATT: Cant (Cherry Red) A very lovely tune, straight to all John Martyn or Tynon Dogg fans heads. Acoustic guitars and violins, plaintive singing, lots of haunting minor drones and faint pipings in the distance. A one-man opposition to the tide of machine music, produced by Kevin Coyne. The folk revival soon come...

EPIC SOUNDTRACKS: Popular Classical (Rough Trade) Away from the crash-bang-wallop of the Swell Maps, Epic makes another non-machinoid, very human record. Humanity's helped by having the to-the-bone source singing of Robert Ellidge, aka Robert Wyatt, on the mournful melody of 'Jelly Babies'. So sad, so sweet.

THE RAYBEATS: Holiday Inn Spain (Don't Fall Off The Mountain) New York combo treading the path The Specials first cleared with 'MOR'E'. Used to be that the phrase 'background music' was an insult. So was MOR, come to that. Whoops, talked my way right through that one and didn't register a single note.



BUNNY WAILERS: Galong So (Solomic JA pre) A tune to nice up the dance, but not as strong as the songs on the magical 'Rock And Groove', Bunny's current chart-topper.

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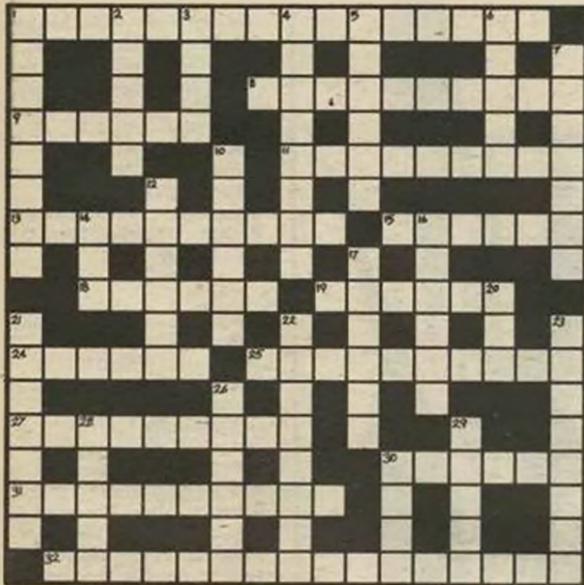
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# NME X-Press Word



- 3 Hard cases in Madness? (4)
- 4 "A boy -----"; Johnny Cash song (5,3)
- 5 Lancashire stew laced with spicey dope? (6)
- 6 Omitted two letters from orchestral manoeuvres in the dark (1.1.1.1.1.)
- 7 Premonition a couple get concerning a satanic film (4,3)
- 10 Most followers of psychedelia will offer you this! (6)
- 12 NF gale blown by an affects-pedal (6)
- 14 Loud advertisement — a brief craze (3)
- 16 Discordant sounding music from a cat on alcohol (6)
- 17 Guitar on a car (6)
- 20 Initially, the special patrol group (1.1.1)
- 21 What hardworking guitarists sweat over all day long? (3,4)
- 22 Hard core ends cut in 8's? (8)
- 23 British musical movement championed by Level 42, Linx, Beggar & Co. etc. (8)
- 26 Place for recording and painting (6)
- 28 Perfect single deal (5)
- 29 Break up and leave (5)
- 30 Snack on the drum kit (4)

- ACROSS**
- 1 Single that launched the Police up with the stars! (7,2,3,4)
  - 8 Thin layer of dirt seen in a porn movie (6,4)
  - 9 Current fashions — tends to be about right (6)
  - 11 Made a brief visit and edited a bum note in the recording studio (7,2)

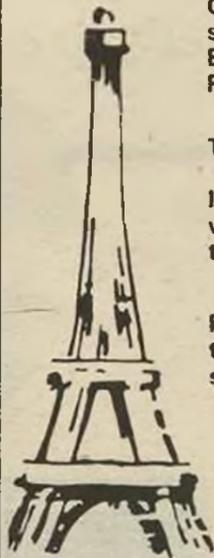
- 13 Failing to capitalise on a hit single (2,6,2)
- 15 Public address rowing team (1.1.4)
- 18 Craned awfully to see a member of Hot Gossip, for example (6)
- 19 NME's o.k. about this band (straight out of a Dan Dare story) (6)
- 24 Gore is splattered in these after-gig excesses! (6)
- 25 Fan of heavy metal (nutcracker!) (10)
- 27 Makes one feel strange when Alien ate something, partly (9)
- 30 Steal a riff in the Post Office (3,3)
- 31 Chrissie Hynde's impersonators? (10)
- 32 "Colourful dance in the French style of an Ottoman" — must be another band into salsa! (4,5,1,2,4)

- DOWN**
- 1 Cowboys films (8)
  - 2 Everett — can't in Scotland, by the sound of it! (5)

**LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS**

- ACROSS:** 1 Inconvenience, 7 XTC, 9 Three Dog Night, 10 'Ram', 11 'Bullet', 13 'Dana', 14 Leeds, 15 'One in Ten', 17 'Tennessee', 19 Gates, 22 'Poor Me', 23 'Easter', 25 'Aja', 27 Doobie Brothers, 31 Plant, 32 Ewan, 33 (Eden) Kane.
- DOWN:** 1 'In The Flat Field', 2 'Caribbean Disco', 3 'Needles', 4 'Night', 5 'Nag Nag Nag', 6 'Extra Texture', 8 Camel, 12 'Eloise', 16 Eden (Kane), 18 Edge, 20 Sweet, 21 'Jarrow', 22 Parton, 24 Reed, 26 Beck, 28 Oil, 29 'Ben' 30 Sun.

## In NME next week:-



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  - 11 LONDON Lyceum
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J41C BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



## Gasbag's autumn schedule starts here . . .

### A LITTLE PRAYER

"I'd prefer to show the Government how much I loathe and despise their actions by doing everything within the limited scope of my influence to see that they're smashed . . ."

How will you do that, Roy Lowry? Focussing your energies on bitter attacks on fellow journalists for writing about 'pop' and attendant subjects? That should scare the capitalists out of office . . . Please, Ray, you used to be funny. Like Danny Baker, I distrust comics who "want to be serious". Back when you were just another cartoonist, you did us good by waking us up to the stupidities in Pop and Politics. Every joke (a tiny revolution. Now you bore. You served serious political intent far better when you didn't care so much about the validity of your comic role. It was valid, Ray, not like the trivia you deal with these balmy days.

It's not as if you're ever close to the mark: the *NME* is more politically attuned now than ever before. Morley's subject is the theory, necessity and uses of Pop (surely the *raison d'être* of the paper): he comes clean(er) every week. His fast turnover is better attributed to a healthy disrespect for the cult of the individual, and the tireless pursuit of his own ideals (at the expense of the idiots he puts up and knocks down). Penman is obsessed with the politics of language, he has dealt as well as anyone ever with the tensions and delusions of journalism. That's dealt with the tricky ones. The others are easily spotted: Burchill, Parsons, Lock, Goldman, Farren, Salewicz, Baker . . . For God's sake, Ray! The *NME* endlessly deals with politics: if Cabaret Voltaire, Costello, The Specials, UB40, Au Pairs, Dury AREN'T political then I don't know what you think is. Haven't we escaped the Jefferson Airplane approach to a caring society, safe world, worthwhile lifestyle, etc.? We're growing up!

The writers you criticize aren't 'above criticism', but they're scarcely 'Tory'; in the sense of a valuable brake, a worldwise stabilising force, you and Erroll are the most traditional and conservative elements in the collective . . . you the outsider with the distanced common-sense view, he the (transcendentally) sarcastic, amoral *NME* voice.

More pix, less dialogue Ray, please. Politics isn't serious, it's crucial . . . and the TRB aesthetic turned away the floating voter in droves. Dour is dull is criminal.

Mark Sinker, Cowley, Oxford.

Right! The race is on for *NME* deputy leadership. — Morley Penman Incorporated (Card carrying Socialist Democrats).

### A PARTING SHOT

Is Neil Spencer telling me to think rich? (I refer to the parting shot in his answer to Graham Baker's recent letter). It's all very well for him to tell me that I don't have to think poor just because I am, he gets a nice fat wage packet every week, doesn't he? I'm not on the dole, I'm at college, so the only money I get is from my parents. When did you try thinking rich on £6.00 a week Neil? With the prices of records, gigs, drinks, etc. being what they are, I have no chance but to think poor. I avidly await your typically witty and sarcastic reply.

Noni.

Oh, you damned literalists! We were all 'poor' once — except Errol, who may or may not have been "born into wealth" — even our Editor, once a struggling theology student. His riches came out of the works of Nietzsche: philosophize with a cackle! Living well is the best revenge. — IP

### CRISS CROSS

THERE are some problems with the view of the present state of 'real' punk given by Barney Hoskyns in last week's *NME*.

He says of Derek Birkett's sleeve notes to Flux's record — 'his facts on nuclear waste are properly researched (like Crass's) and his attack on the killing of animals is based on direct observation in a slaughter house'. Does he really mean to imply that a visit to a slaughter house by a committed vegetarian can be said to constitute 'proper research' — by which term is usually meant an attempt at an objective study? And does he really think that Crass — a band he calls 'the beacon of hope' — transcend what he refers to as a lesser punk's "conventionally vague" struggle between "us" and "them" — in their presumably 'properly researched' cover notes to 'Nagasaki Nightmare' (a record he calls one of the year's best), where Crass write —

"They need nuclear reactors to make the materials for their bombs. Those reactors give off a lot of heat. So they make steam with the heat and use it to make electricity, and pretend they're using nuclear energy for "peaceful purposes". Crap."

Indeed. Crap. Not that such a construction cannot be put upon the evidence — if you try hard enough — but at the very best this is a hopelessly misleading and simplistic reduction of a serious issue to a childish and paranoid posturing against the 'themes' of a mythical 'system'.

Here's another example of Crass's 'properly researched' polemic from the same source (italics mine) —

'Imagine all those men in grey suits and fancy uniforms down there (in fall-out shelters). Imagine them

dreaming about being the survivors of the nation they're destroying. Imagine them dreaming about being the survivors of the Brave New World they'd build, without the awkward people who get in their way. A world ruled by their kind of men, rebuilt in their image. Those men dream about raping their secretaries down in the bunker's womb in their duty to keep the race going. They must be stopped.'

Are we really supposed to take this as part of a serious attempt to deal with a serious problem? — and in terms other than a simplistic opposition between an 'us' and a 'them'? One only has to add a 'black' before the 'men' and a 'white' before the 'secretaries' to recognise that we have heard this hysterical style and quality of rhetoric before.

It's not hard, reading Crass, to see who it is who dreams about a world 'rebuilt in their image', for Crass never tire of reminding us smugly that they are the ones who have got it right — 'If everyone was like us', said Crass's guru Mr 'Rimbaud' in one interview, 'it would work'.

Trouble is there aren't enough cosy country cottages to go around.

Oh — and by the way, Barney, isn't it rather contradictory to make sneering remarks about the them who "whine out some unique statement as: 'fink cloves are reely important . . .'" (sic) in an article in which you attempt to justify the gratuitous excesses of a puritanical group who go to great lengths to tell people just how important it is that they themselves parade the sanctity of their beliefs before the rest of us by their po-faced adoption of a particular mode of dress?

Whilst Flux might well represent 'a more passionate lease of life' for punk, Crass have not 'stuck to punk with a conviction that leaves the music press totally unplussed'; they've done so

with what seems more like a psychotic desperation that leaves all but the blindest sycophants totally appalled. Conrad S. Marlow, West Norwood, London.

I know we can rely on you for a windscreen sticker or two. — The Socialite Demolishcrass Alliance.

### LECH'S GDANSKI

Your writer Lloyd Bradley displays the unmistakable symptoms of the inveterate johnny-come-lately bandwagon jumper. His piece on Beggar & Co contained several veiled and not-so-veiled criticisms of Chris Hill and by association, the company whose A&R Dept. he heads, Ensign Records. He makes cheap jibes at a man who has, in his capacity as a pioneering DJ nurtured the 'britfunk' explosion from a seed, to the potentially massive phenomenon of the '80s, and '90s. This he has achieved despite years of banging his head against the wall of jaded 'rock' sloth and blind indifference. In the manner of Lech Walesa at the Gdansk shipyards, he has climbed over that wall, seized the moment and shown a new generation that there can be life after rock.

Where was Lloyd Bradley in the bleak mid-'70s, when nights at the Goldmine, Canvey Island were portentously heralding the dawn of the funk era . . . and punk/new wave, come to that? Ask Siouxsie.

There have only been seven industry figures who have understood hip pop music culture in Great Britain. They are Richard Williams, Malcolm McLaren, Chris Blackwell, Guy Stevens, Andrew Oldham, Joe Boyd and Chris Hill. The mid-wife of Rock&Roll (born c. 1955 — deceased c. 1975) was Alan Freed. The mid-wife of Funk (G.B.) is Chris Hill. Although black USA gave birth to the music via James/Sly/Clinton, there is no respect or acknowledgement on their

side of the puddle . . . how long it's taking them to realise that Ellington, Gershwin, Ives, Kern, Porter and Wonder ARE their Bach and Beethoven!!

Historically, thanks to the enthusiasm and perseverance of people like Chris Hill, Robbie Vincent, Tony Hall (early '60s Radio Luxembourg) David Simmons (Radio London Soul '76/77) journalists Geoff Brown and Cliff White, producers Mike Vernon and Chris Thomas, publishers Mike Collier and Brian Freshwater, song writers Rod Temperton and Chas Jankel and whoever it was at Polydor who signed Level 42 . . . a major sea-change is taking place in popular music in this nation . . .

The exhausted runner of rock bands hands the baton on to the New Age Stepper in the Funk Relay and Circuit. ABC, Atmosfear, Beggar & Co., Blue Rondo, Buzz, Cayenne, Central Line, Freez, Funkapolitan, Haircut 100, Higgsos, Imagination, Incognito, Inversions, Jody St. Junior, Level 42, Linx, Morrissey/Mullen, Multivision, Pigbag, The Rah Band, Rip Rig & Panic, Shakatak, Spandau Ballet, UK Players . . . they'll do for starters.

J. Kit Stephens, Muswell Hill, London N. 10.

But can you gdansk to it? — IP.

I don't know where Lloyd was in the mid '70s — grooving to Parliament/Funkadelic I imagine, certainly not dressing up as Glenn Miller and posing to swing records. Can't imagine why you're telling US about all these bands — *NME* has been strongly supportive of nearly all of them — NS.

### NORTHERN POLES

Soft Cell are the Zager and Evans of 1981. *Villez Ricards, New Mossley, Ireland.* I'd put good money on it. — IP.

### Ian Penman leaves through readers' mail.

The Northern Beat Goes On . . . A real choice. 'Too Late' — Watson & Williams. 'Don't Depend On Me' — Fantastic Johnny C. 'I'm Coming Home In The Morning' — Lou Pride. 'Time Will Pass You By' — Tobi Legend. 'Right Track' — Billy Butler. 'They're Talking About Me' — Johnny Bragg. 'Unsatisfied' — Lou Johnson. 'We Were Made For Each Other' — Terrible Tom. 'What A Difference A Day Makes' — Esther Phillips. 'Baby Boy' — Fred Hughes. *Dave Furze, Stoke on Trent.* What music! What memories! What names! Fantastic Johnny C . . . Pride, Legend, Bragg . . . Terrible Tom! Dave Furze! — IP.

Having devoured your long overdue *Altered Images* interview, I would like to inform Mr Bohn that well known 'Glasgow' group Orange Juice hail from Bearsden, which is akin to calling Depeche Mode born and bred Cockneys. He does, however, shrewdly point out that Josef K. are 'The complete antithesis of the caricatured Glaswegian.' This is understandable as they come from Edinburgh.

Minor quibbles aside, Bohn obviously does not realise that Alex Harvey (who he grossly underates) and Jimmy Boyle represent far more of the average Glaswegian than *Altered Images*, *Orange Juice* etc, who enjoy slightly higher status than Ron Greenwood. *Altered Images* are a great wee band but sons of local MPs don't cut much ice about here, and until Mr McEil one junior stops patronisingly discussing 'bad bits' they are not likely to. The fact is Glasgow is sliding fast downhill into the seething slum of violence and alcoholism that we fought so hard to get out of.

Maybe if this or any other Government could see the hordes of up and coming Jimmy Boyles walking our streets they would be tempted to give us some action for a change.

Jim McIntyre, Castlemilk, Glasgow.

Hordes of Jimmy Boyles? This or any other Government would be down in the bunkers before you could say "Ibrox Park". — IP.

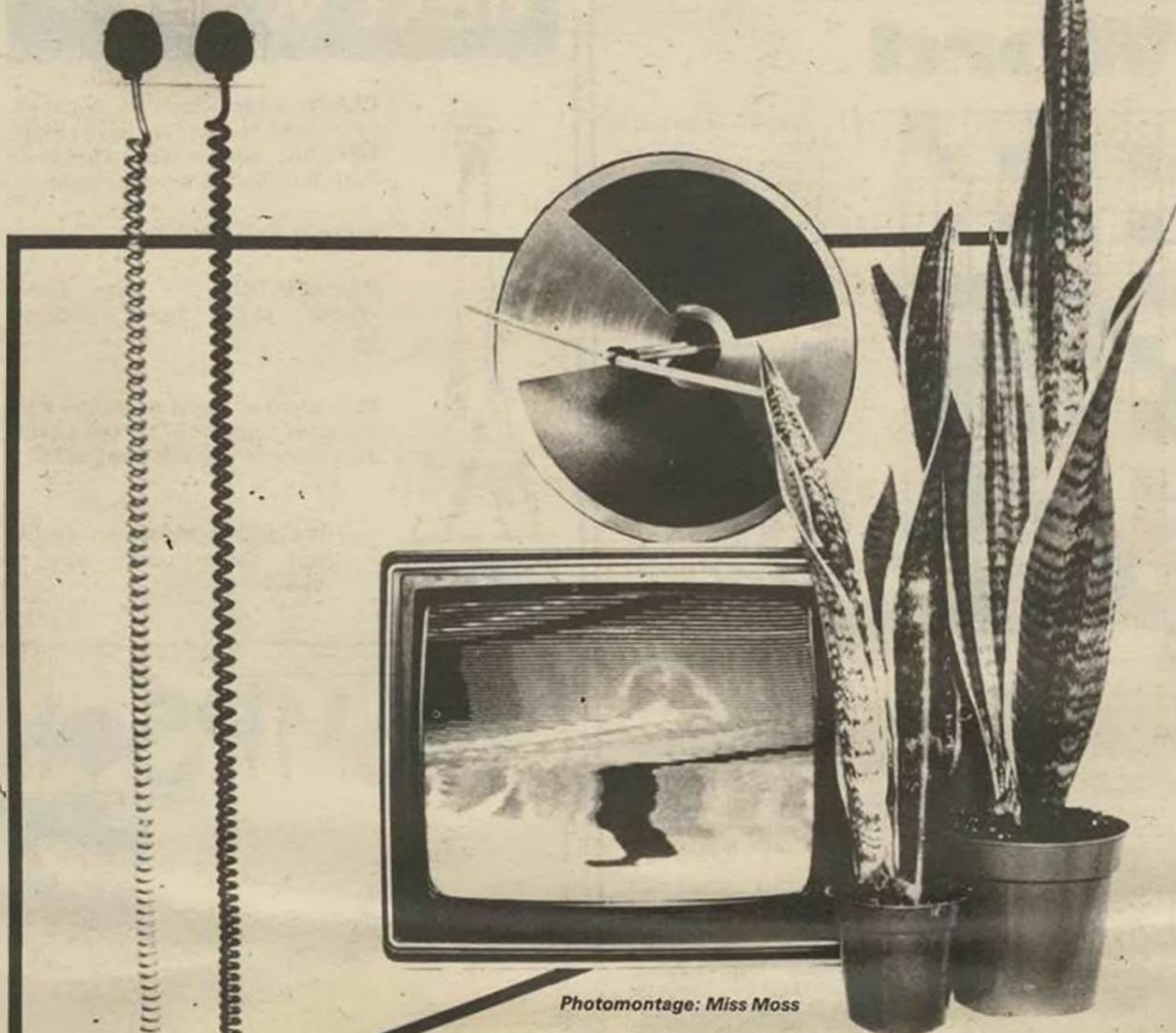
### HOMEWORK: THE EPIC NOVEL

*Platinum Logic* is to literature what Thatcher is to philanthropy. I'd just like to know a few things: Did Julie read this boring old tract after TP had written it? If she did, how come it ever got into print? Why hasn't TP left the country to escape from this embarrassing, puerile, sub-CSE level tripe?

As for his portrayal of stereotypical "women" he is just perpetrating the myth of the Little Miss etc style of no-brain, come-play-with-me sex object. I cannot imagine how Julie (a great writer) ever let him get away with it. As a novel it's about as much use as a chocolate fireguard.

Love, Pammy, Stoke-on-Trent.

Balls up? I should say so. It might have been a good idea to have read *Platinum Logic* before agreeing to serialise it. You underestimate your readership if you think they'd find this puerile trash of interest (still, I suppose it's understandable when every week the letters page is blitzed with prole-politics from angry young pseuds with ridiculous noms de guerre). What's more, I don't care if it becomes a bestseller, simply because — as the author's wife wrote in one of her erratic doodlings — millions of people watch *Dallas*. Don't think just because it's generated correspondence, *Logic* is a viewpoint controversial enough to stimulate readers' opinions.



Photomontage: Miss Moss

The thing is, it sucks. One distasteful aspect of *Logic* is the nasty undertone of glorified violence and indiscriminate bigotry. Thin or fat, old or ugly, all come in for a smirking torpedo. Parsons himself, judging by the photo that accompanied the first instalment of *Logic*, looks like a member of the King's College choir.

Stacy Lee Lindsten, Stroud, Kent.

I'm informed by someone higher up the hierarchy that a very objective review of *Platinum Logic* will appear in the PRINT section fairly soon. I think that hedges our bet with regards to this one — Spokesperson for the Liberal faction of the Socialist Democrat Party (bring a magnum).

This week in fact. Page 15. — Jo Grimond.

**YOUNG CONSERVATIVES**

The earth shattering but rather biased information imparted in last week's *T-Zers* that I once stood as a Conservative candidate for the Warwick University student executive failed to mention that my candidature was proposed by a member of the Socialist Worker's Party, seconded by a member of the Labour Party, and that my entire election campaign was treated rather less than seriously.

Paul Shurey (*Mood Six*). Just like your current campaign, in fact? — IP.

**ROTTEN LOW-LIFE EDINBURGH FILM FESTIVAL FAGGOTS**

As an inveterate filmgoer, I was delighted when *NME* instigated its *Silver Screen* section and even more pleased when it became a weekly regular rather than its original and irregular fortnightly potpourri. It seems to have reached some consistency now, and I'd venture to suggest that *Silver Screen* is fast in danger of becoming predictable.

You persist in concentrating on mainstream films — to the detriment and deprivation of European cinema and, more importantly, independent British films) and your regular reviewers each appear to have their own little niches: Chris Bohn is the European specialist (when he's allowed any space), Paul Tickell and Neil Norman share the dross, Ian Penman deigns only to write about Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro, Charles Shaar Murray seems to have stopped seeing films, and Monty Smith writes opinionated little paragraphs on every film, often blatantly contradicting *NME's* own reviewers! If you were to be more adventurous — how about interviews with Don Letts and Bill Douglas, genuinely talented *British* film makers, or even reviews of video films made by students? — perhaps you might halt *Silver Screen's* slow slide into mediocrity as it continues to write about the dreadful films now being made in America. *Fergus MacLellan, Edinburgh*. I know your (dishonest) sort: all social realism and sulky monochrome in theory, but underneath it all there beats a heart of pop and corn. Wadja think of *Escape To New York?* — IP.

Winner of the Editor's 'Lost Ark' anti-Hollywood spittoon — NS.

**OBITUARIES**

Notice in the 'Promotions' department: Ian Penman is now a staff member. Has he compromised too soon? He has certainly been typecast. Another Chris Welch in 10 years? Another Julie Burchill in five? *Theo Lipman, Brighton*. *Hey!* Another Joan Didion in five, another Paul Schrader in ten — IP.



Pic: Vinnie Zuffante

Who are these men and why does one have the courage to show his teeth while the other keeps his gob firmly shut? Answer: on the right David Bowie cuddling Keef as the *Groaning Bones* launch a 2001 city US tour. Where are they? A New York dentist; him on the left is still to get the treatment.



**YOUR CARING, sharing, big-hearted T-Zers** starts this week with an appeal on behalf of *Stiff Little Ali McMordie*, bass person and *Finger*.

Last Sunday night — when SLF were not appearing at the Lyceum, contrary to promoter's ads — Ali was out celebrating his impending marriage in the company of *Jake Burns*. 'Pon return, he found his home broken into and a much-prized, limited edition Ibanez bass missing. The runaway instrument may be recognised by its natural wood finish and rosewood fingerplate, and it answers to the serial number G806061. Info leading to its capture will be rewarded, so make a clean breast of it to *Hugh at Chrysalis*, 01-408 2355.

Last week's *Singles* column appeared to get seriously scrambled somewhere along the line (enabling you to play that grand old game of match-the-review-to-the-record) but to marify clatters somewhat: *Sudden Sway's* single is £1.40 including post'n'packing, from *Chant at 190 Mayors Walk, Peterborough*.

The question that's on everyone's lips was finally asked at *Simple Minds'* Hammersmith show the other night. When *Jim Kerr* fell over

on stage his brother ran on to pick him up and demanded: "What the fucking hell are you doing, you cunt?" Answer on the page after next.

*Annette (Funicello)* and *Frankie (Avalon)* are back! Which is big news to those who never knew they'd been away, and even bigger news to anyone who never knew they'd been around in the first place. The peachy pair are in circulation as a nightclub act. So it's beach blanket bingo once again — long as the lights are kept low.

The mythical Liverpool scene finds itself in the dole-drum just now — venues closed down, label activity minimal. But the horizon brightens with the imminent re-viving of *Open Eye Records*, one department of the *Open Eye Communications Unit*. *Open Eye* can offer an eight-track studio, darkroom, video facilities, cafe and gallery, and they're looking for local acts — any style — for release on the label. Alright, la? The name's *Hugh*, the address is 90-92 Whitechapel, Liverpool L1 6EN, and the number is 051-709 9460.

In the darkest Portobello Road, or brightest, depending on the time of day, yet another duo plans its comeback: *Glen Matlock* and *Steve Nieve* are rehearsing their new act.

*Charlie* was "a big boy with strong legs... Even now he will still walk across the road to kick a stone." So that was how he met *Mick and Keith*?

This is just one of the parental revelations to be found in *The Rolling Stones: The First Twenty Years*, an upcoming book by *David Dalton*. We also learn that *Mr and Mrs Jagger* expected their offspring to become a politician, that *Keith* used to keep a pet mouse, *Brian Jones* wanted to become a dentist (so that was how he met *Keith*?) and that *Bill Wyman* was a member of his church choir, would go upstairs to read his bible when something annoyed him and got turned away from a dance for wearing tight trousers.

**GARY NUMAN'S** devotion to all things technological may have been shaken when his plane-engine copped out during his round-the-world flight, obliged him to make a forced landing in India — where he was promptly arrested on suspicion of

spying. A grateful *Gaz* is supposed to have attributed his release to the intervention of the *Daily Star*. Which sounds like another good reason for sticking to the *Mirror*.

*Priscilla Presley* — no relation to former King of *Rock Reg* — is "madly in love" with "World-famous Spanish singer" *Julio Iglesias* who is 38 and "known as the Latin Elvis". *Iglesias* was, as you know, a "soccer star until a traffic accident ended his career".

At the premiere of the *Madness* film, the laddos trooped up onstage in midfilm to ape the routine of their screen selves. *Suggs* was wearing a kilt. That is correct: *Suggs* was wearing a kilt. Whilst he would pass no comment on the state the group was in on this occasion, there is no reason to suppose they were feeling thirsty. Oh, and *Mark Adders* conveys his thank-yous to *Ian Penman* for giving them a mention in his article the other week.



Pic: David Corio

**CLASSIX MODERN NOUVEAU RICHE**

Last Tuesday's *Axiom* tog-out took place at *Steve Strange's Club for Zeroes* in an atmosphere where personality was submerged in primping. *Sun* photographers competed to corner the posers who bore the most cleavage and the boses who projected the greatest pose, while sheer paranoia about 'style' pervaded the rather constipated congregation — who received little of the show with enthusiasm.

Other than that of *Strange* himself, that is, who replete in pigtail, slap and silly hat shrieked enthusiastically and applauded wildly *Melissa Caplan's* clothes for rich *Kings Rd* dumpies from the vantage point of her parents' laps.

Only *Chris Sullivan's* re-vamped zoot suits (re-styled for easy retailing and modelled by *Robert Elms* and various *Rondos*) met with equal excitement from the audience who squealed with delight. Their mode of appreciation seemed appropriate to the porky proportions of most of the *Axiom* 'models'.

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