

# NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

Complete Womadness

## SYLVESTER STALLONE THE NME INTERVIEW WOMAD FEST BRILLIANT BUT BUST

### MADNESS

WIN THEIR  
PLATINUM  
PLATTER

DIAMANDA  
GALAS

KID

MONTANA

ALAN

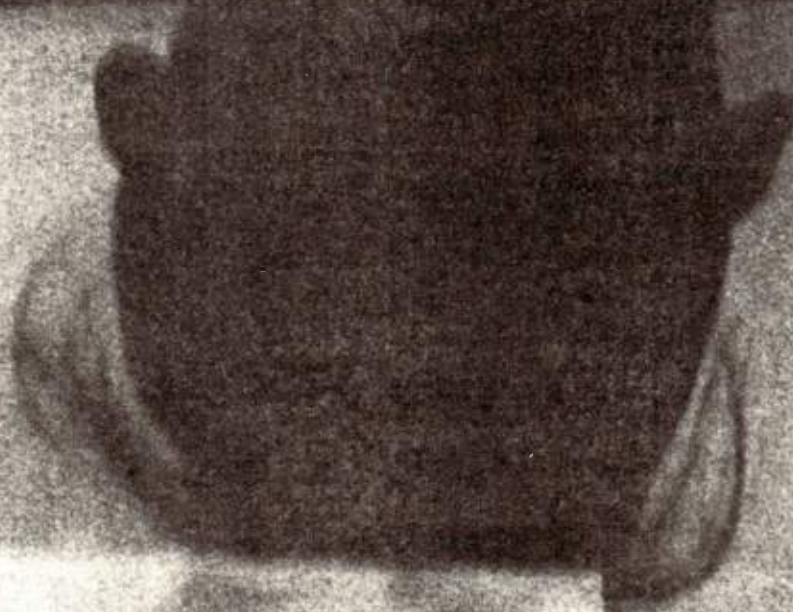
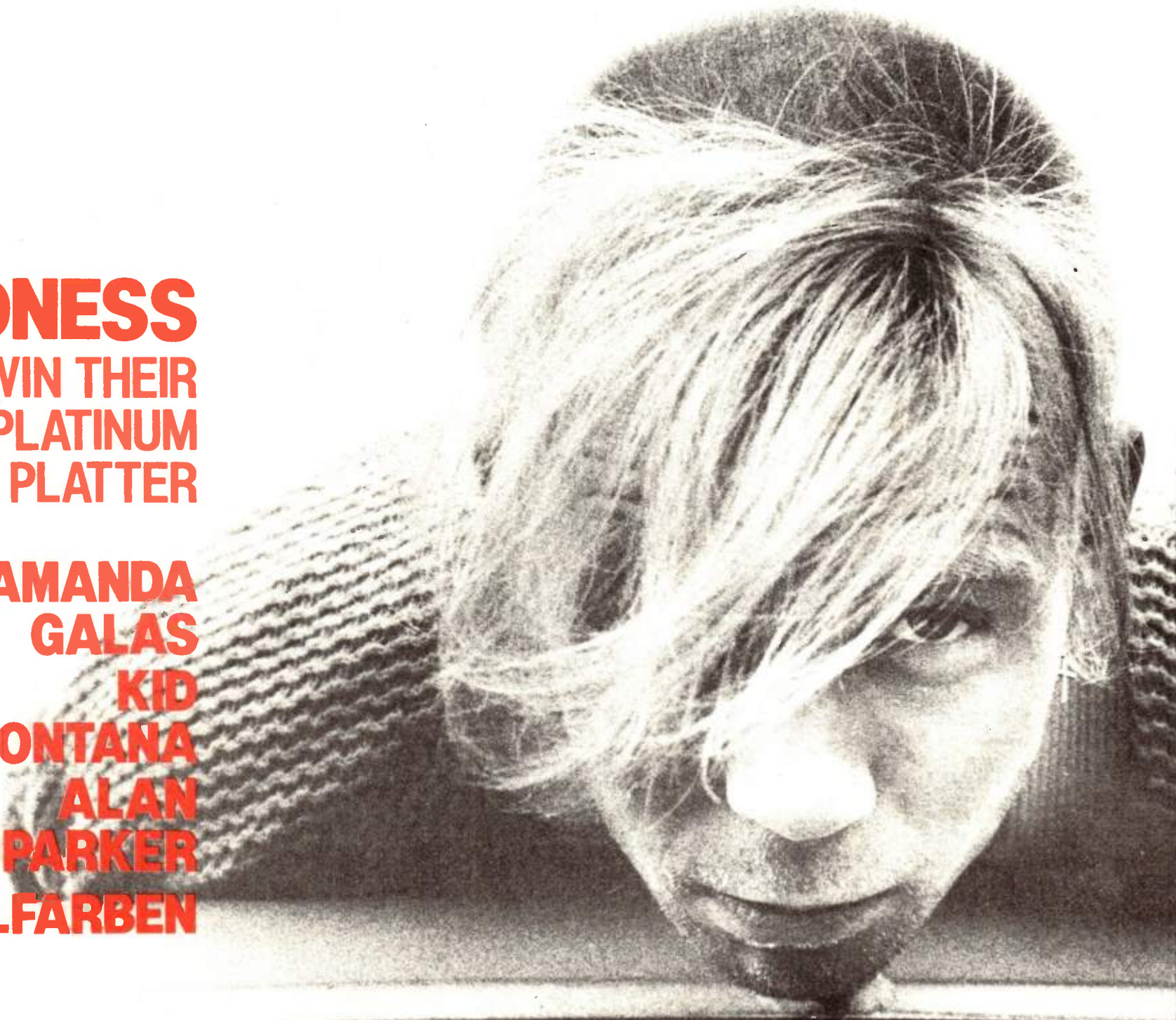
PARKER

FEHLFARBEN

GETTING  
TO KNOW  
YAZOO

GETTING  
TO KNOW  
ALL ABOUT  
YAZOO

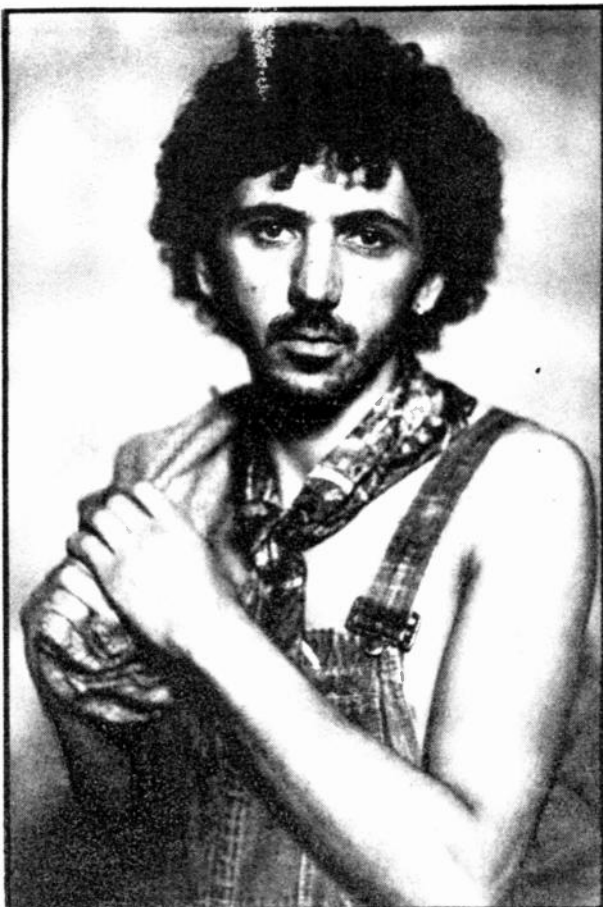
BY ADRIAN  
THRILLS





# UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
		2 <b>FAME</b> ..... Irene Cara (RSO)	3	1
2	21	DA DA DA ..... Trio (Mobile Suit)	2	2
3	1	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	5	1
4	17	SHY BOY ..... Bananarama (London)	3	4
5	6	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER ..... Shalamar (Solar)	4	5
6	3	INSIDE OUT ..... Odyssey (RCA)	5	2
7	18	IT STARTED WITH A KISS Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2	7
8	5	MUSIC & LIGHT ..... Imagination (R&M)	4	4
9	4	HAPPY TALK ..... Captain Sensible (A&M)	4	1
10	8	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	8
11	12	IKO IKO ..... Natasha (Towerbell)	5	11
12	(—)	DON'T GO ..... Yazoo (Mute)	1	12
13	(—)	I SECOND THAT EMOTION ..... Japan (Hansa)	1	13
14	27	NIGHT TRAIN ..... Visage (Polydor)	2	14
15	16	MURPHY'S LAW ..... Cherie (Polydor)	4	15
16	9	NO REGRETS ..... Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	5	9
17	7	JUST WHO IS THE 5 O'CLOCK HERO Jam (Polydor)	4	7
18	22	FREE BIRD ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	4	18
19	(—)	THE ONLY WAY OUT ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	19
20	24	ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING) David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	20
21	13	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	13
22	14	LAS PALABRAS DE AMOUR ..... Queen (EMI)	5	14
23	(—)	DRIVING IN MY CAR ..... Madness (Stiff)	1	23
24	25	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME) Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	24
25	15	WORK THAT BODY ..... Diana Ross (Capitol)	7	7
26	11	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY The Beatles (Parlophone)	7	10
27	30	VIDEOTHEQUE ..... Dollar (WEA)	3	27
28	23	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	10	4
29	(—)	COME ON EILEEN ..... Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	29
30	26	TAKE IT AWAY .. Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	2	26



A band of gypsies wander in at No. 29



Dexys' Kevin Rowland pic: Anton Corbijn

# UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
		2 <b>LEXICON OF LOVE</b> ABC (Neutron)	4	1
2	(3)	FAME ..... Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	2	2
3	2	AVALON ..... Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	8	1
4	(15)	LOVE & DANCE League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	2	4
5	(10)	PICTURES AT ELEVEN Robert Plant (Swan Song)	2	5
6	6	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81) Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	7	2
7	(—)	SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE Judas Priest (CBS)	1	7
8	4	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	5	4
9	6	COMPLETE MADNESS ..... Madness (Stiff)	13	1
10	(13)	IMPERIAL BEDROOM Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	2	10
11	5	TROPICAL GANGSTERS Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	8	5
12	(—)	GOOD TROUBLE ..... REO Speedwagon (Epic)	1	12
13	19	OVERLOAD ..... Various (Ronco)	3	13
14	(12)	MIRAGE ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	12
15	(—)	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	5	17
16	18	ASIA ..... Asia (Geffen)	10	13
17	8	RIO ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	9	2
18	(—)	HAPPY BIRDS ..... Odyssey (RCA)	1	18
19	22	NIGHT BIRDS ..... Shakatak (Polydor)	10	6
20	11	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	4	4
21	17	TUG OF WAR ..... Paul McCartney (EMI)	12	1
22	25	FRIENDS ..... Shalamar (Solar)	2	22
23	20	HOT SPACE ..... Queen (EMI)	10	2
24	16	THREE SIDES LIVE Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	6	3
24	9	TURBO TRAX ..... Various (K-Tel)	5	9
26	24	PELICAN WEST ..... Haircut 100 (Arista)	20	1
27	21	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack) Vangelis (Polydor)	29	6
28	(—)	LOVE SONGS ..... Barbra Streisand (CBS)	23	1
29	14	THE CHANGELING ..... Toyah (Safari)	5	6
30	23	FABRIQUE ..... Fashion (Arista)	3	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES	
1	(6) Don't Go ..... Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2) The Big Bear ..... Pigbag (Y)
3	(3) 17 Years Of Hell ..... Partizans (No Future)
4	(1) Woman ..... Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
5	(8) Night And Day Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
6	(18) Bela Lugosi's Dead Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
7	(7) Waiting For The Blackout Damned (Big Beat)
8	(4) Temptation ..... New Order (Factory)
9	(—) Run Like Hell Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
10	(5) The House That Jack Built Conflict (Crass)
11	(—) Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows Weekend (Rough Trade)
12	(10) Running Away/Time .. Paul Haig (Twilight)
13	(19) Xo Yo ..... Passage (Cherry Red)
14	(12) Sick Boy ..... GBH (Clay)
15	(16) Take No Prisoners ..... Red Alert (No Future)
16	(25) Wild Sun ..... 999 (Albion)
17	(27) Viva La Revolution ..... Addicts (Fall Out)
18	(—) Rub Me Out ..... Cravats (Crass)
19	(9) Force ..... Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
20	(17) Go To Hell ..... Threat (Rondelet)
21	(—) Who's In Control Lunatic Fringe (Resurrection)
22	(24) IEYA ..... Toyah (Safari)
23	(15) Tearing Up The Plans ..... 23 Skidoo (Fetish)
24	(—) Open Your Eyes Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
25	(—) I Think I Need Help 12" Farmers Boys (Waap)
26	(20) View From Her Room Weekend (Rough Trade)
27	(—) Some Velvet Morning Lydia Lunch & Rowland S. Howard (4AD)
28	(21) El Salvador ..... Insane (No Future)
29	(—) Love At First Sight The Gist (Rough Trade)
30	(22) Faithless ..... Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS	
1	(1) 2 x 45 ..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
2	(3) We Are The League ... A.N. League (WXYZ)
3	(4) He Who Dares — Live Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
4	(2) Troops Of Tomorrow ..... Exploited (Secret)
5	(6) Degenerates ..... Passage (Cherry Red)
6	(7) Thermo Nuclear Sweet Defunkt (Hannibal)
7	(5) The Changeling ..... Toyah (Safari)
8	(8) Greatest Hits. Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	(12) Riotous Assembly ..... Various (Riot City)
10	(9) Wergasm ..... Various Artists (Pax)
11	(—) Junkyard ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
12	(10) Caution In The Wind. Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
13	(17) 4th Drawer Down Associates (Situation 2)
14	(13) Movement ..... New Order (Factory)
15	(19) Dr Heckle And Mr Jive ..... Pigbag (Y)
16	(24) Lords Of The New Church Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
17	(23) Punk'n'Disorderly ..... Various (Abstract)
18	(14) In The Flat Field ..... Bauhaus (4AD)
19	(16) Change Of Heart ..... Positive Noise (Statik)
20	(15) Hear Nothing, See Nothing Discharge (Clay)
21	(28) Those French Girls Those French Girls (Safari)
22	(27) Garlands ..... The Cocteau Twins (4AD)
23	(25) Send Me A Lullaby Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
24	(18) The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins 4 Skins (Secret)
25	(—) Tench ..... Shriekback (Y)
26	(11) Scientist Wins The World Cup Scientist (Greensleeves)
27	(—) 1313 ..... Lydia Lunch (Situation 2)
28	(26) Speak And Spell ..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
29	(—) Still ..... Joy Division (Factory)
30	(—) Children Of Rarn ..... Marc Bolan (Rarn)

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

REGGAE SINGLES	
1	In The Army Peter Metro & Zu Zu (Dynamite)
2	I'm Getting Divorced (12") Yellowman (Jah Guidance)
3	Cuss Cuss (10") ..... Lloyd Robinson (Tads)
4	Assassinator ..... Eek A Mouse (56 Hope Road)
5	Don't Be Surprised ..... Jr. Byles (Morwells)
6	Nah Leave Mi Chahua ..... Charlie Chaplin (Love)
7	Tell It To The Nation Ranking Devon (Afro Eagle)
8	Nue Up The Scene ..... Leroy Smart (W.W.)
9	Jamaican Music Johnny Claphe (Music Works)
10	Declaration Of Rights ..... Abyssinians (Clinch)
11	Africa Is Calling ..... Morwells (Tr Int)
12	Pretty Little Girl ..... Linval Thompson (Gorgon)
13	Baby Come Rock Me Wailing Souls (Volcano)
14	Wine Up Your Hip Eek A Mouse (Thompson Sound)
15	Love At First Sight Trevor & Joy (Channel One)
LPs	
1	Operation Eradication ..... Yellowman (Pama)
2	Not Satisfied ..... Aswad (CBS)
3	Morning Glory Locksley Castell (Negus Roots)
4	Ride With Rasses ..... Royal Rasses (God Sent)
5	Skidip ..... Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
6	Love Has Found Its Way Dennis Brown (A&M)
7	Big Ship ..... Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
8	At The Control ..... King Tubby (Tads)
9	Dance Hall Style ..... Horace Andy (Bullwackies)
10	C&W Dub ..... Jr Dan (Clappers)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES	
1	Don't You Want Me The Human League (A & M/Virgin)
2	Rosanna ..... Toto (CBS)
3	Hurts So Good ..... John Cougar (Riva)
4	Eye Of The Tiger ..... Survivor (Epic)
5	Let It Whip ..... Dazz Band (Motown)
6	Hold Me ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
7	Love's Been A Little Bit Hard On Me Juice Newton (Capitol)
8	Tainted Love ..... Soft Cell (Warner Bros)
9	Only The Lonely ..... The Motels (Capitol)
10	Caught Up In You ..... 38 Special (A & M)
US LPs	
1	Asia ..... Asia (Geffen/Warner Bros)
2	Willie Nelson ..... Always On My Mind (Columbia)
3	Dare ..... The Human League (A & M/Virgin)
4	Toto IV ..... Toto (Columbia)
5	Still Life The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
6	American Fool ..... John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
7	Eye Of The Tiger ..... Survivor (Epic)
8	Get Lucky ..... Loverboy (Columbia)
9	Tug Of War ..... Paul McCartney (Columbia)
10	Special Forces ..... 38 Special (A & M)
CANADA	
1	Rosanna ..... Toto (CBS)
2	Hurts So Good ..... John Cougar (Riva)
3	Body Language ..... Queen (Elektra)
4	Abacadabra ..... Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
5	Heat Of The Moment ..... Asia (Geffen)
6	Who Can It Be Now ..... Men At Work (CBS)
7	Crimson And Clover Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
8	Love's Been A Little Bit Hard On Me Juice Newton (Capitol)
9	Ebony And Ivory Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (CBS)
10	I've Never Been To Me ..... Charlene (Motown)

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corps/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO	
1	I Feel Love ..... Donna Summer (GTO)
2	Me Baker ..... Boney M (Atlantic)
3	So You Win Again ..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)
4	Fantasy For The Common Man Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
5	Angelo ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
6	Pretty Vacant ..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)
7	Oh Loni ..... Alessi (A&M)
8	Baby Don't Change Your Mind Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
9	Slow Down ..... John Miles (Decca)
10	Peaches ..... The Stranglers (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO	
1	Puppy Love ..... Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2 ..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	Sylvia's Mother ..... Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
4	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do ..... Partridge Family (Bell)
5	I Can See Clearly ..... Johnny Nash (CBS)
6	Circles ..... New Seekers (Polydor)
7	Seaside Shuffle ..... Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
8	School's Out ..... Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
9	Join Together ..... The Who (Track)
10	Starman ..... David Bowie (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO	
1	All You Need Is Love ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
2	San Francisco ..... Scott McKenzie (CBS)
3	It Must Be Him ..... Vikki Carr (Liberty)
4	Alternative Title ..... Monkees (RCA)
5	She'd Rather Be With Me ..... Turtles (London)
6	A Whiter Shade Of Pale ..... Procol Harum (Deram)
7	There Goes My Everything ..... Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	See Emily Play ..... Pink Floyd (Columbia)
9	Up-Up And Away ..... Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
10	Death Of A Clown ..... Dave Davies (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO	
1	I Remember You ..... Frank Field (Columbia)
2	I Can't Stop Loving You ..... Ray Charles (HMV)
3	Speedy Gonzales ..... Pat Boone (London)
4	Picture Of You ..... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
5	Come Outside ..... Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
6	Don't Ever Change ..... Crickets (Liberty)
7	Here Comes That Feeling ..... Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8	English Country Garden ..... Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
9	Our Favourite Melodies ..... Craig Douglas (Columbia)
10	Good Luck Charm ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)



# NME

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## Subs play Poland

THE UK SUBS were this week poised to become the first Western band to perform in Poland since the suppression of Solidarity and the imposition of martial law. They flew out to Warsaw at the weekend, and were scheduled to open a ten-date tour of that country last night (Wednesday).

And in a surprise relaxation of controls, the Subs were due to be supported by Brygada Kryzys — who, until now, had been banned from performing live in their native land because they played some benefits for Solidarity last year. Completing the package

was another leading Polish band, Republika.

The Subs have a staunch following in Poland, and have received considerable fan mail from there — which is why they decided to apply for permission to perform, although they were dubious that the authorities would permit it. But much to their amazement, the Polish Government issued visas and work permits within two weeks.

The Subs' schedule includes a headlining appearance in a new-wave festival outside Gdansk, the birthplace of Solidarity. And it's particularly surprising that Brygada Kryzys are being allowed to perform there, as they had earlier been told that they could never again work together under that group name.

## Bath fest goes bust

DETAILS are emerging of the misfortunes that befell the WOMAD festival at the Royal Bath and West Showground last weekend.

A statement released after a meeting on Monday said the directors had "resolved to liquidate the company due to its inability to pay its debts and a liquidator is being appointed". The festival was organised by the Bristol Recorder cassette

magazine and rock star Peter Gabriel, who had put up much of the money.

After two years of careful and dedicated planning, events beyond their control were outlined by WOMAD directors as the major factors behind the festival's failure.

Heavy thunderstorms the previous week turned much of the site into a quagmire and stage construction was delayed to the point where most artists appeared later than billed.

The national rail strike prevented many would-be festival-goers getting to the site, and may yet contribute to the closure of the local line to Castle Cary, five miles away.

Attendance figures are yet to be released, but are expected to be below 10,000.



New Feelgoods L-R: Pat McMullan, Lee Brilleaux, Johnny Guitar, Buzz Barwell.

## Figure quits Feelgoods — rock mourns

DR FEELGOOD have undergone a significant line-up change involving half their personnel.

The Big Figure and Sparko have left the band for personal reasons, though we're assured that the split was amicable in both cases. And the new rhythm section comprises drummer Buzz Barwell, who has previously played with Lew Lewis, Wilko Johnson and Wreckless Eric, among others; and bassist Pat

McMullan, formerly with The Count Bishops and and old sparring partner of Johnny Guitar, who himself joined the Feelgoods last year. The new-look band are currently involved in a seven-week bash around Spain, and won't be seen in Britain before headlining a major tour in October and November. A new album will be released to coincide with the outing, and will be the last to feature the two departing members.



## Bauhaus' Scottish assault

BAUHAUS are the first star act confirmed for this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, which coincides with the city's annual International Festival — and they open the festivities when they headline at Edinburgh Coasters on Thursday, August 16.

A spokesman for Regular Music, who are organising the event, said there will be eight or ten similar gigs at various venues during the festival period — they will include Simple

Minds, and full details are promised for next week.

On their way to Edinburgh, Bauhaus play Derby Assembly Rooms on August 14 and Glasgow Tiffany's (15). On all three dates they'll be previewing material from their third album, which they're recording for autumn release — and a more extensive tour can be expected when the LP is released.

## Clash add

THE CLASH have added an extra date at Brixton's Fair Deal on Friday, July 30 due to public demand. The support act has yet to be confirmed, but the band promise a Casbah Club extravaganza.

## ICA mooches

LONDON's ICA Theatre in The Mall is presenting another of its specialised seasons, this time a string of seven nights under the banner of "The Joy Of Mooching". Again sponsored by Capital Radio, it's been organised by ex-Mooch Club entrepreneur Kevin Molony and designer Steve Smith, with a view to showcasing the wide range of new music currently being revealed by the one-night club scene. The full line-up is:

Ex-Albertos man C.P. Lee with his one-man show *M'Lords And Ladies Lord Buckley*, ex-Pigbag member Roger Freeman's new group *Drinsville Quartet, Scream & Dance and Peking Opera* (August 6); *Animal Nightlife*, *The Three Courgettes* and *Luke Lanelli* (7); *Weekend, The Flying Pickets* and *The French Impressionists* (10); *Dudu Pukwana's Zila*, *Certain Ratio* offshoot *Swamp Children* and *The Republic* (11); British debut of Belgian funk band *Allez Allez*, *Hermine* and the *Afro Toshiba* big band (12); *Animal Magic*, *The Kray Brothers* and six-piece *Afro-jazz outfit Da Gamba* (13); and *Eric Random & The Bedlamites*, *Biting Tongues* and *Household Name* (14).

Throughout August, the ICA will also be presenting Tuesday night screenings of rock videos — which range from King Crimson to Kid Creole and a Grace Jones spectacular. Admission prices are £3 (mooching gigs) and £1.25 (rock videos), plus a 40p day pass for non-members. Enquiries to the box-office at 01-930 3647.

## Joe for Leeds

THE JOE JACKSON Band have been added as a last-minute attraction to The Rolling Stones' final gig of their current tour — at Leeds Roundhay Park this Sunday (25) for which The J. Geils Band are already set. And it's understood that the venue, on which an 80,000 crowd limit has been imposed, is now sold out.

This now becomes the opening date of Jackson's UK tour, to which another late show has just been added, at Nottingham Rock City next Wednesday (28). And to coincide with the outing, A&M rush release his new single 'Breaking Us In Two' this week. ● Another upcoming event in Leeds, currently in preparation, is a three-day festival at the Queens Hall over the weekend of September 24-26. This will follow the lines of last year's "Daze Of Future Past" event at the same venue — which featured Echo & The Bunnymen, Theatre Of Hate, Classix Nouveaux, Gang Of Four, The Professionals and The Cramps, among others. Promoter John Curd claims that the 1982 re-titled festival will have an even stronger line-up, featuring "the biggest names in the new romantic idiom".

## Playtime

CAN YOU input a clean output, trigger it from the sequencer, gate it through using a filter to shape — and be rich and famous? Mulligan of Fashion tells all in *Workers' Playtime* on page 45.

# Rust-proof.

The trouble with most Metal tapes is that although they sound brilliant they tend to oxidise. (That's rust to you). Which is why on Maxell MX Metal tape all the metal particles are specially coated to stop them oxidising. So they carry on sounding brilliant, not rusty.

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## SHORT SHARP SHOTS

### In dry Doc

□ **Nightdoctor** — the ten-piece reggae band, best known for their recordings on Brad Special's Race Records label and their support role on UB40 tours — have broken up. They say the decision has been forced on them by their failure to achieve any real commercial success, and the reluctance of the major labels to become involved with reggae. Their inability to secure a lasting record deal, coupled with the logistics of touring ten musicians without financial support, made their existence impracticable.

As an epitaph, they leave two live cassettes — 'Nightdoctor Live 1980-82, Volumes 1 and 2', which trace their career from the early days with Vin Gordon leading the band, to the final gigs with *lauwata*. These are obtainable through Rough Trade, or by post at £3.50 each (including p&p) from Nightdoctor Tapes, 457 Latimer Road, London W.10. Nightdoctor say they would like, through *NME*, to thank the public for all the support they have received over the past three years.

□ **More mole news:** BBC's *QED Guide To Armageddon*, featuring ex-TV Smith Explorer Eric Russell spending two weeks in a fall-out shelter, has been rescheduled for next Monday and Friday showings respectively. Originally programmed to run during the Falklands crisis, it was postponed so as not to upset sensitive viewers.

□ **Remaining Pretenders** Chrissie Hynde and drummer Martin Chambers are presently recording a new single 'Back On The Chain Gang', their first since the death of James Honeyman-Scott and the departure of Pete Farndon. Bassist Tony Butler and ex-Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner dep for the departed and Chris Thomas is producing. They point out this is not a permanent line-up.

# MY BREADLINE

## HELL

The stars' sob stories are always in the *NME*!

### Pop idol Sting tells of nude modelling and blocked sinks as a High Court judge chokes back the tears

**GLOBAL GO-GETTER**, international chart-topper, and sex throb to millions, Sting, of top pop group The Police, wept openly in court yesterday, as he described the years of pain and poverty which gave birth to his career as the Crown Prince of Carnal Pop.

Sting, ex-teeny girl sex-education schoolteacher, had to clamber up a few rungs to get where he is today. On the tightrope to recognition, the roof wasn't always lit by lucky stars — it was often where he kipped!

Sting is suing his former publishing company Virgin Music over the rights to hit songs worth millions, claiming they did "nothing" and took advantage of his penniless, lawyer-less position.

#### Cats

Sting, then just Ordinary Gordon Sumner, read aloud extracts from a diary kept in those early stony broke days. One entry — before the germ of an idea that was The Police had even gone 'on the road', never mind the bottle of peroxide — read:

"Feb 17. Tuesday. Frances (wife / sexy brunette TV temptress) got the cats neutered today. Did the pools, watched Crown Court, then went down the Crow and Cock for a few jars w' lads. Jack Heathclough says I should call myself after me favourite brew, but I told the stupid auld sod that *Stingo* wouldn't look good at all on cover of *Rolling Stone*..."

#### Spangles

Sting never retained that surplus "o" — he had that pop Sixth Sense even then. But success was slow in coming.

Sting's baby blue eyes clouded visibly as he read again from the diary, a few months on, still mired in the

soul-destroying mire of unemployment, having to support a wife and child, and being denied the certain acclaim he knew was his for the taking:

"April 11. Tuesday. Had to unblock bloody sink after dying me hair the wrong shade again (aubergine really isn't me). Right mess that were. One day I'll pay people to unblock sinks! Still, put me Social on a cert at Newmarket — Cope-land's Ploy in the 3.15 — and made enough to last me months. Spangles for the kiddie and a night down club for Fran, to hell what she thinks of their scampi on a tray. Legless again. Better go and take Newcastle empties back to office — you can get ten pence in (crossed out) on a bottle..."

#### Sweeney

At one point it was all too much for Sting's wife Frances Tomelty, who wept in the public gallery during this entry:

"February 20. Tuesday. Lots of slush out. Couldn't even be bothered to go to newsagents.

Fran at mother's. Fish fingers. Sweeney — good one, Jack got his end away."

#### Gigolo

But there were, apparently, lighter moments. Sting continued, in slightly less grave tones:

"May 10. Tuesday. Smethick and Heathclough ribbin' me again about me barmet. Smethy: 'You'll see me walkin' on the moon before you'd catch me wi' a lassie's head a hair like that, Gordon son!' Might have given me an idea for a song though. *Giant streaks are what you get*... da da... *Bleaching out your hair*. No — (rest deleted)."

But things soon turned back to their grimmest:

"May 11. Tuesday. Fran says she thinks I'm going bonkers, writing songs about bottles of peroxide. Also says look like some 'ruddy gigolo' in current colour ('Dark Peach'). And why don't I take the bloody part-time post the school's offered me? I won't bloody pose nude for any bugger."

"Fish fingers yet again. Cat's got diarrhoea. I'm sending out an SOS!"  
— *Sting's diary*,  
August 4, 1975



STING IN COURT... the reclusive Raj of Pop won't appear in public without his make-up and ruby-studded turban.

#### Bryan Ferry

Sting, now pale and drawn, finished with a long extract from the summer of 1976. Riches and fame were soon to be within his grasp, but he was still a lad in love with the simple pleasures of life on the afternoon of June 17:

"Tuesday. 20p bus ride to Washington. Guided tours room BF's (Bryan Ferry, another expatriate Georgie) old cottage £3 bloody 50, though. Someday! Bought a few bottles of ale and wandered around a bit on me own. At least that's what I'll be telling Fran. (Idea for great new song called, probably, 'Roxanne'). Usual nagging when I got back late and legless (again). APPARENTLY I was supposed to help her with a new script. Pinter. Said I thought that was some kind of American car made by Ford. She wasn't amused."

#### Sweat

Sting was most recently in the news as author of an award-winning jingle for a TV ad.

ONE EVENING, pondering simplistically on the entirety of the music world I came to the conclusion that all of it could be broken down into two basic schools: Hot, and Cold.

When someone asks "What's hot in music right now?" I have to tell them nothing. We're in a Cool period. Have been for some time. All that funk and rapping and mutant disco and electrotechno pop suggest sweat, but they're all highly self-conscious and carefully structured. They might make you dance, but they'd never make you cry. Even the revered New Orleans — transcendent, morbid, desultory — are ultimately post-modern, complacent, distanced. They think too much.

Diamanda Galas, however, is not Cool. This Greek-born San Diegoan neomusic 'singer' melted down her audience of structural post-mods, downtown intellectuals and teenagers at New York's Danceteria last month, after bombarding them with her instinctual marriage of heaven and hell — a spectrum of gut noise ripped seemingly from psychosis.

She moves freely back and forth from shrieks to groans, sputters, using four mikes, and sometimes hitting two notes once. Screaming does not describe what she does. "I take a scream," she told me, proudly, "and multiply it by a hundred." You might call it white noise for voice. Galas modifies that: "White and pink noise."

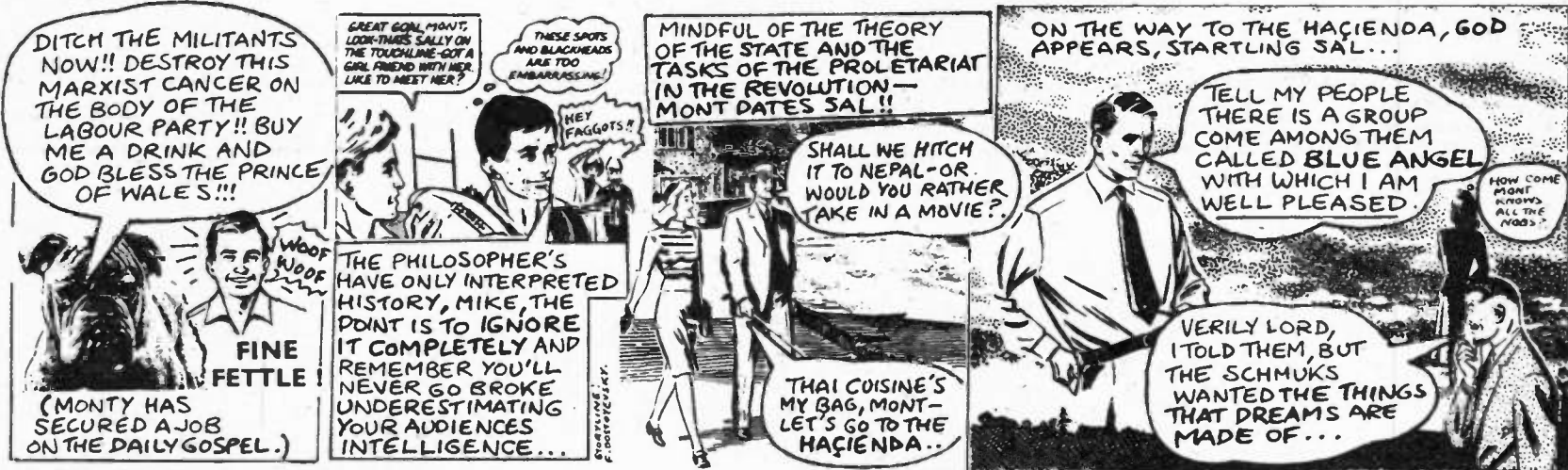
She's surprised that her wild record on Y, 'The Litanies Of Satan' (including a piece titled 'Wild Women With Steak Knives') has sold so well, particularly in Britain. She considers it "the most non-commercial record of the year". But it's more than novelty that gets people to listen to 40 minutes of high-pitched torpor-on-vinyl. It's catharsis.

Galas completely rejects constant comparisons to rock shriekers such as Yoko Ono or Nina Hagen. "I guess I better come up with a name for what I do soon," she concedes, "because a man on the TV news in New York called me the next punk singer. Maybe because my record's on a British label. But that's as bad as being called 'a performance artist'. I'm so far from punk. I have a hardcore attitude, it's true. I call shit shit. But I'm not tough — or not completely. To focus on the 'tough' or 'violent' aspect to the exclusion of vulnerability would just be... fashionable."

Galas, highly opinionated, often highly caffeinated, talks nearly as fast as she 'sings', and attempted to give me her entire theory of performance music, psychology, love, and everything else I haven't mentioned in about three hours on a rainy Saturday, shortly after her first New York club appearance. This is the centre of all the fire she generates as performer — she is the performance. Although constantly denouncing opera (perhaps her name perpetuates the association), she qualifies as Diva purely by temperament. "I approach the voice like an actor — my whole being goes into it. It becomes an instrument of catharsis. The work is really ecstatic, or what I call 'wilful schizophrenia' — and is an extension of some research I did in biochemistry. The sound I attempt is the biological configuration of the soul."

"I was strongly influenced by

## not only rock and roll lowry



## the lone groover benyon





**MERLE GINSBERG** gets decidedly uncool about Diamanda Galas — maker of 'The Litanies Of Satan' — a fiery singer whose burning passion has made her New York's newest hot property

# ART OF GALAS



Diamanda, star forever... (No, we don't know what it means either but it sounds good).  
Pic: Joe Stevens.

De Sade at 18. Breaking boundaries in performance is a metaphor for complicity, the celebration of pain. You break beyond the limits of pain into something *else*. This is not about autobiography — no one cares about all that personal shit — it's about transcending.

"I began doing solo performance in mental institutions, purely for confrontation. I never had any idea what I was actually going to do when I did them. When you stand in front of an audience the way I do, in a completely human and confrontational way, it's an act of warfare. That's why I like performing in clubs right now — it's totally the wrong context for what I do. People are completely shocked." (I defy anyone to pose while a woman is on stage shrieking her guts out.)

"And, of course, I love the risk. That's only what performing is for me — risking. I'm going to take bigger and bigger risks.

"It's an immense amount of work, as well as emotion. I train like a fighter. I do my own exercises and take constant classes. I work my fucking breath like a saxophone player. It's like martial arts. I want the entire vocal spectrum of my

voice at my fingertips.

"What's interesting about the human voice as the initial generator of the whole macrocosm of sounds is that it is human. The propulsion of it extends directly from the bloodstream. Sometimes I know my voice sounds inhuman, but it still has all the *nuances* of human. In popular music there's a lot of posing — pretending to be inhuman; that's not anti-humanism, just naive."

Galas's heroes read like The Politics of Excess: Chopin, Van Gogh, Artaud, Baudelaire, Poe, Beethoven, Xenakis, Jimi Hendrix. Especially Hendrix. "He wasn't intimidated by flamboyance — he was *about* it, and yet, unconcerned with it. I'm not consciously flamboyant, either — yet that's a form my energy naturally takes."

Not conscious? As we arrive at the photo session at Joe Stevens' studio, Galas slips off to the bathroom for a mere 45 minutes, where she proceeds (I

assume) to torture her already Medusa-like locks into a mass of electrocuted snakes. The eyes are coated with thick black lines, the mouth exaggerated nearly the same colour. The voluptuous Greek body is poured into skin-tight black leathers and pointed-toe cowboy boots. Siouxsie Sioux as Maria Callas.

"I've been around drag queens too long," is how she justifies her stylistic preferences, then shrieks (as usual) with laughter. "You know, Ultravox asked Y Records if I was a *drag queen*!! I told Dick O'Dell, who met me through one of The Slits, to tell them, absolutely!"

"Baudelaire said the most beautiful woman in the world is the one wearing the most make-up. Her face becomes a mask, and a symbol for all women. I'm really into artificiality as a look. I mean, I don't think the 'natural look' suits me, do you? Flamboyance takes me out of myself. Life should imitate art, if you have

to make a choice."

The flamboyance of her physicality (particularly on stage, where she wears tight long sequined gowns) does not contradict the pure romanticism of the music. They're both about chaos, as an ideal. If the term 'new romanticism' conjured up anything but ruffled blouses and electropopsters (it was once a perfectly good term before it had the meaning stripped out of it), I would use it to describe a movement that Diamanda Galas could singlehandedly generate.

It's curious to imagine where this Ethel Merman of the avant garde will find her niche — or whether she really needs to have one. The 'music' tends to offend or overwhelm; mostly overwhelm, at this point. In this age of blase or bust, psychosis is *not* the hot topic. But, observing Galas's press and growing number of devotees, I sense right now she's not the only one who's through being cool.

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portrait of the  
artist as a  
**CONSUMER**  
GOES MAD!

# Midsummer Madness

Suddenly, it seems this Portrait Of The Artist thing is trying to take over the paper — half the English cricket team last week, and now the complete Madness! Or rather, the almost complete Madness. As you'll observe, Monsieur Mike Barson is conspicuous by his absence. But there's a method in our madness — turn to page 8 to see why



Suggsy

## SUGGSY

**LPs**  
Handsome ..... The Kilburns  
The Best Of Otis Redding  
Revolver ..... The Beatles  
On Top ..... Four Tops  
Talk Talk ..... Psychedelic Furs  
Nothing Can Stop Us... Robert Wyatt  
Motown Chartbusters Vol.3  
The Best Of Lee Perry And The  
Upsetters

**SINGLES**  
Huffety Puff ..... The Kilburns  
Watching The Detectives  
Dance Cleopatra..... Prince Buster  
Strange Fruit ..... Robert Wyatt  
Cry Me A River..... Julie London  
Come Up And See Me Cockney Rebel  
Big City  
Vietnam ..... Jimmy Cliff  
Dream A Lie ..... UB40  
Reflections..... Supremes  
Come On Eileen  
Dexys Midnight Runners  
I Can't Help Myself ..... Four Tops  
Respect  
Otis Redding/Aretha Franklin  
Think ..... Aretha Franklin  
Dock Of The Bay ..... Otis Redding  
Crying Over You ..... Ken Boothe

**FILMS**  
Performance (1970)  
Time Bandits (1981)  
Fingers (1977)  
Raging Bull (and all Scorsese's films)  
Most Ealing comedies  
Mad Max II (1981)  
The Beast With A Million Eyes  
Clockwork Orange (1971)  
Coalminer's Daughter (1980)

**READING**  
Shout ..... Philip Norman  
Fahrenheit 451 ..... Ray Bradbury  
Guinness Book of Hit Singles  
Shogun ..... James Clavell  
Brighton Rock ..... Graham Greene  
2000 AD  
All Roald Dahl's  
Dynamic Anatomy ..... B. Hogarth  
1984 ..... George Orwell



Lee

## LEE

**FOOD**  
George Tilley's Portions  
(First class, the only chef  
know who serves i  
shorts)  
Pam's Sunday roast  
Deb's Bubble Gum pie  
Sansiro (Camden Town)  
The Restaurant in Caledo  
nian Road  
Hope's Dining Rooms i  
Holloway Road  
Shirley's Park Way

**LIKES**  
Black  
Children  
Dancings  
Frogs  
Superballs  
Cycling  
Ducks  
Stupid Noses  
Backpacks  
Kingsize skins  
Specious trousers  
Walkman  
Pink Dr. Martens  
Hats  
Anton Corbijn  
Madness

**DISLIKES**  
Abuses  
Blind followers  
Bouncers (especially Faral

**MOVIES**  
One Flew Over The Cu  
koo's Nest (1975)  
Taxi Driver (1976)  
Midnight Express (1978)  
Any Pink Panthers  
Most Orson Welles  
Entertaining Mr. Sloa  
(1969)  
Arsenic And Old Lace (194  
Harold And Maude (1970  
Snow White (1937)  
Trapeze (1958)

**SEVEN WONDERS**  
Space shuttle  
Jack Nicholson  
London Parks  
Freight trams  
The Sun's coverage  
Denyer House  
Daydreams  
Melvin Toad

**DISLIKES**  
Oxford St  
'Opinion through ignorance'  
Breitner  
Martini  
Gossip  
Bluebottles!  
Diners  
Gold  
Old farts who talk about rock and  
roll  
McDonald's  
Business as usual  
Wankers, too numerous to mention

**PERSONS**  
James Fox's acting  
Anton Corbijn's art  
Ralph Steadman's scratches  
Humphrey Ocean's strokes  
Brian Moore's eyes  
Clive Langer's ears

**LIKES**  
The Motown Corp  
Sunday afternoons  
Bowler hats  
Liverpool for holidays  
Anne  
Football  
Indian ice cream  
Anton Corbijn's art  
The CND  
Cafes  
Bicycles  
Trojan Records  
The Face  
Brogues  
Red buses  
Fly swats

## CHRIS

**LIKE**  
Wide open spaces  
My son  
Making our videos  
My ideas

**DON'T LIKE**  
Long tours  
Rude people  
Hip dudes

**TV**  
Phil Silvers Show  
Coronation Street  
News At Ten  
What The Papers Say

**GOOD READS**  
Letters  
Good graffiti  
The Times  
2000 AD

**CHARACTERS**  
Sgt. Bilko  
Groucho Marx  
Mr. Bosh  
Lone Groover

**TRANSPORT**  
Bus  
Tube  
BSA Javeline pushbike  
Walking  
(Occasional taxi)

**CLOTHES**  
Farahs (black)  
Gabicci cardigans  
White loafers (with the little gold  
bits on, Guy)  
Jeans  
Track suit  
Dr. Martens

**FOOD**  
The Great English Breakfast

**DRINK**  
Vodka Tonica  
Tea  
7 Up

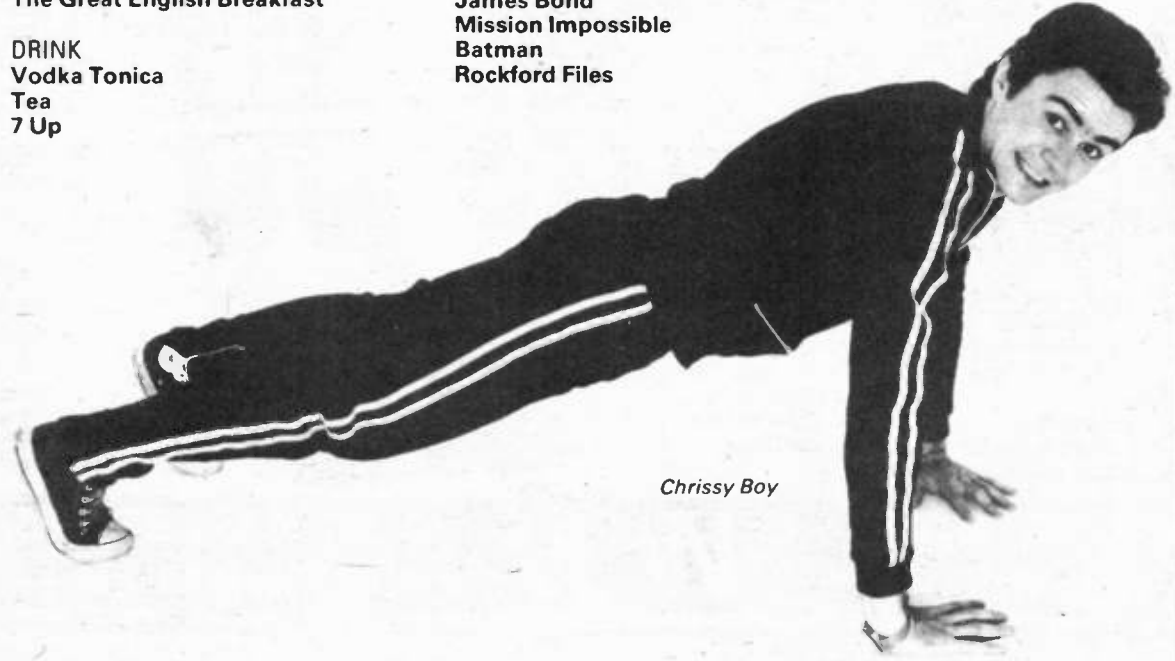
**COMEDIANS**  
Laurel And Hardy  
Arthur And Terry  
Cannon And Ball  
Little And Large  
Morecambe And Wise  
Barson And Thompson  
And most politicians

**THEME MUSIC**  
James Bond  
Mission Impossible  
Batman  
Rockford Files

**TEETH**  
Gibbs SR  
Wisdom Hard

**HAIR**  
Vosene  
Grecian 2000

**FACE**  
Nivea Lotion



Chrissy Boy



**CARL****LIKES**

Clown noises  
Top hats  
Ventriquoists' dummies  
Dice  
Walking canes  
Mirror shades  
Fingerless gloves  
People

**HUMOUR**

Chrissy Boy  
L. Thompson  
Alexi Sayle  
Jimmy Jones  
Mike Barson  
Three Stooges  
Walter Matthau  
W.C. Fields  
Laurel And Hardy  
Lenny Henry  
Spike Milligan  
J.J. Kalanowski  
Dave McCullough  
Alan Arkin  
Bob Hope & Bing  
Chalky & Toks  
Johnny 'Sarge' Wynne

**PHOTOS**

Anton Corbijn  
Claire Muller

**ACTORS**

Rod Steiger  
Charles Bronson  
Walter Matthau  
Jack Nicholson  
Shelly Duvall  
Robert De Niro  
Al Pacino  
Gene Hackman  
Robert Duvall  
Clint Eastwood  
Barbra Streisand  
John Wayne

**HOBBIES**

My two cats  
Living  
Staying sane  
Writing  
Questionnaires  
Pool  
Avoiding bills  
Taking bad photos  
Keep fit programmes with Suggs  
Bicycle riding with the rest of the band

**FANTASIES**

No.1 all over the world for Madness  
Everyone treating everyone OK  
Banning The Bomb  
Becoming President of America for one month  
Astral travelling  
To write a book

**SINGLES**

One And One Is One  
Jeepster.....T. Rex  
Big Yellow Taxi.....Joni Mitchell  
Lola.....The Kinks  
Al Capone.....Prince Buster  
Waiting For My Rude Girl  
Judy Teen.....Cockney Rebel  
C Moon.....Wings  
Hole In My Shoe.....Traffic  
Neanderthal Man.....Hot Legs  
Everything I Own.....Ken Boothe  
Just My Imagination.....Temptations  
Coz I Luv You.....Slade

**FILMS**

The Informer (1935)  
The Ninth Configuration (1981)  
Taxi Driver (1976)  
Being There (1980)  
Oliver Twist (1948)  
Once Upon A Time In The West (1968)  
The Wizard Of Oz (1939)  
Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia (1974)

**BOOKS AND OTHER WRITING**

Nuclear Nightmares  
Oscar Wilde Short Stories  
A.D. 2000  
Shout.....Philip Norman  
Ireland A Terrible Beauty  
The Onion Eaters.....J.P. Donleavy  
The Dice Man.....Luke Rhinhart  
Catch 22.....Joseph Heller  
Still Life With Woodpecker  
Tom Robbins  
Crime And Punishment.....Dostoevsky  
Shogun.....James Clavell  
Noble House.....James Clavell  
Tai Pan.....James Clavell

**FAVOURITE SAYINGS**

Make a cup of tea  
This is a tool  
Crack one up  
You really do my brain in  
Why?  
I'll sort it out tomorrow  
What a laugh

**DISLIKED SAYINGS**

Hey all right you got it  
That's rock and roll, man  
You're nicked  
You are overdrawn  
What is the highpoint of your career?  
When did the band start?

**ALBUMS**

Clockwork Orange soundtrack  
Phil Spector Christmas album  
The Gift.....The Jam  
Marvin Gaye Greatest Hits  
Motown Story  
Talking Book.....Stevie Wonder  
Transformer.....Lou Reed  
Motown Greatest Hits Albums  
Revolver and most Beatles  
Most Undertones  
The Wall.....Pink Floyd  
Phil Collins  
Eno old albums  
Present Arms In Dub.....UB40  
All Linton Kwesi Johnson  
Fun Boy Three  
Louis Jordan's Greatest Hits

**MORE FAVOURITE SAYINGS**

Ian Horne  
No one leaves this world alive  
It's been a pressure working with you  
I resemble that remark  
That's what I like about you  
Fuck all

**PLACES**

Mayo  
London

**BOOKS (I've tried)**

Peter Sellers' auto  
Juntus United by Peter Chipendale & Ed Hariman  
The Family Of Man by Carl Sandburg & Ed Sticken  
Shout by Philip Norman

**BOOKS (read to me)**

The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe (C.S. Lewis)  
Of Mice And Men (John Steinbeck)  
Big Bad Bovi's Book Of Fairy Tales  
Mary Poppins

**PAINT JOBS**

Norman Rockwell  
Phil Castle  
Mike Barson  
Tony Hilton  
Myself

**PEOPLE**

Coco Brothers  
Jack Scannell (Uncle)  
Pat McCarn  
Pete McGee  
Cary Grant  
Jimmy Jones  
Diane Keaton  
Woody Allen  
Gary Glitter

**SINGLES**

The Numberer  
Just My Imagination.....The Temptations  
Return Of Django.....The Upsetters  
Huffety Puff.....The Kilburns  
Lola.....The Kinks  
Vietnam.....Jimmy Cliff  
Love Of The Common People  
Nicky Thomas

**Shop Around**

Smokey Robinson & The Miracles  
Neanderthal Man.....Hot Legs  
Long And Winding Road.....The Beatles  
Froggy Went A-Courtin'

**LPs**

Any 'Tighten Ups'  
Any 'Chartbusters'  
Fats Domino's Greatest  
Coasters' Greatest  
Handsome.....The Kilburns  
Revolver.....The Beatles  
Changes  
Split Enz (last three)  
Sgt. Pepper.....The Beatles  
Hideaway  
Roxy Music

**TV**

Minder  
Wild Life On One  
Tom And Jerry  
Play For Today  
Horizon  
Butterfly

**MARK****BOOKS**

Sombrero Fallout. Richard Brautigan  
The Plague.....Albert Camus  
The Dice Man.....Luke Rhinhart  
George Orwell  
Graham Greene  
Despatches.....Michael Herr  
The Poor Mouth.....Flann O'Brien  
Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas  
Hunter S Thompson

**BUILDINGS**

UDT Milk Factory — Wolverhampton  
The Eagle Pub  
The Guggenheim — New York  
The Armadillo Tea Rooms — Liverpool

**BEST GOAL OF THE WORLD CUP**

Falcao (Brazil) vs. Italy

**FOOD**

Weetabix & banana  
Toasted cheese & ham sandwich  
Tuna fish  
Crab & sweet corn soup  
The Hope Diner — Highbury  
Tilleys — Camden Town  
The Goodfare Cafe — Camden Town

**PEOPLE OF THE MOMENT**

Bette Davis  
AM Cassandra  
The Cumming Boys  
Walter Matthau  
Miranda Joyce  
Jimmy Greaves on ITV

**SONGS**

So What.....Miles Davis  
Cry Me A River.....Julie London  
Too Late To Stop Now (live album)  
Van Morrison

Up The Junction.....Squeeze  
The Beatles  
Some Elvis Costello  
The Blue Coat Man  
Diz & The Doormen

Prove It.....Television  
Make It Funky.....James Brown  
And anything in the charts

**WOODY****ARTISTS**

Albrecht Durer  
Hieronymus Bosch  
Leonardo Da Vinci  
M.C. Escher  
Salvador Dali  
Norman Rockwell  
Mervyn Peake

**MOST LOVABLE GREETING CARD**

Bathing Beauty by Pighien

**FAVOURITE ILLUSTRATORS OF 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' AND 'THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS'**

Sir John Tenniel (Macmillan, London 1865 & 1972)  
Mervyn Peake (Zephyr Books, Stockholm 1946)  
Bessie Pease Gutman (London 1908)

**MUCH LOVED BOOKS**

Winnie The Pooh, The House At Pooh Corner, Now We Are Six, and When We Were Very Young (A.A. Milne)  
Where The Wild Things Are (Maurice Sendak)  
All Asterix books (by Goscinny & Underzo)  
All Peanuts books (by Charles M. Schulz)  
All Babar books (by Jean De Brunhoff)  
All Orlando (the marmalade cat) books (by Kathleen Hale)  
The Hobbit and Lord Of The Rings (by J.R.R. Tolkien)  
All books by Beatrix Potter  
The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran

**HOBBIES**

Collecting soft toys  
Drawing with 8B pencils, and blue biro  
Lettering with Osmiroid and Speedball pens (mainly Old English Text)  
Writing drum music  
Collecting books on the works of Albrecht Durer

**PLAY THE PORTRAIT  
GAME YOURSELF AND**

**WIN**

**A 'COMPLETE MADNESS'  
PLATINUM LP — OVER**



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Having printed six of their seven portraits of t'artist as consumer, we now want you, dear NME readers, to guess at the complex character of the Magnificent Seventh!!!!

What is this mysterious Mad-man Mike Barson really like? Could you possibly envisage what kind of nutter lurks behind those omnipresent shades? Of course you can't, so invent one ... now ... that's an order!

What kind of books, records, movies, TV, drink, jokes and cars do you think would or should appeal to this Mad-Cap? There's seven categories, and all you have to do is supply just *one* answer to each.

Who wants to know? The other six members of Madness — that's who. Shock them, amuse them, impress them, confuse them — get your ace tastes on the case and draw up a hits list for Monsieur Barso!!

Get scribbling — but one last hint ... he already knows the one about fanny-flavoured ice cream!!

Taaaarrrrraaaa — and here are the glittering prizes:

**FIRST PRIZE:** Your very own (to cherish for ever and ...) personally engraved platinum disc to commemorate the Nutty Boys' 'Complete Madness'

To: NME SUMMER MADNESS Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE9 6YP.  
Please give ONE suggestion for each category:-

- 1) Record.....
- 2) TV: .....
- 3) Movie: .....
- 4) Book: .....
- 5) Drink: .....
- 6) Car: .....
- 7) Joke: .....

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

Phone .....

THIS competition is open to all readers resident in UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, members of Madness and the staff of Stiff Records. The Editor's decision is final and results will be published in a future issue of NME. Closing date: 19.8.82.

selling more albums than the combined sales of every LP ever released past, present and future.

We're not about to send anything as precious as that through the mail either — so, quite probably against your will, we're going to drag you screamin' to London to meet up with Madness themselves, get your picture took with the band and generally hang around long enough to make yourself a nuisance — date and venue to be agreed at your mutual convenience so to speak. Before we dump you back from whence you came, we'll stuff a copy of the *Complete Madness* fun-filled video in your sticky hand and tuck the complete *autographed* works of Stiff Records' number one rascals under your arm. And that means the lot — singles (including picture discs) and albums!

Oh yeah, and we'll even make you a star and get you to fill out one of our Portrait Of The Artist questionnaires (*Steady on!* — Ed.).

Personally, we couldn't think of a worse fate that could befall a hapless NME reader, but there you go!

**SECOND PRIZE:** When nobody was looking, we swiped the registration plate (MAD 7) from off the Morris Minor Madness used for both the pic sleeve and promotional video for their latest hit 45, 'Driving My Car'. It's yours. And, along with this unique souvenir, NME and Stiff Records are also slinging in one of those superb *Complete Madness* videos and a complete set of the lads' recorded works. (Incidentally, you *won't* be able to use that registration plate on your own car — not unless you want to be arrested!)

**THIRD PRIZE:** A complete set of the recorded works of Madness are yours for the taking, autographed by the band.

**PLUS:** The next 30 runners-up will each receive a copy of the 'Complete Madness' LP and the group's latest single, 'Driving In My Car', autographed by the band.

### MIKE BARSON — A PEN PORTRAIT TO HELP YOUR PORTRAIT



'Monsieur Barso' is the musical mind behind the nutty nuances of Madness. Classically trained at the piano, he pens almost all the group's tunes and a fair share of their lyrics too, having been responsible for the words of gems like 'Grey Day' and 'My Girl'. From his days as a young hoodlum in Highgate, Barson graduated to art college in Hornsey but left after his tutors refused to let him study drawing. Instead he became a founding member of The North London Invaders with Chris Foreman and Lee Thompson, assuming the role of band leader and picking up his reputation for moody pessimism in the process. A more contented character now that he has hatched some of the band's biggest hits, the burly Barson lives with his wife and dog in North London.



The Escape L-R: Stuart Morgan, Emil, Alan Griffiths. Pic: Frank Passingham.

## Escape into fear ...

A GROUP with The Escape's strength of purpose is an unusual find in Bristol. A trio with an acute intelligence, their songs like 'Murder', 'Desolation' and 'Castin' Vote' have an atmosphere which recalls the cinematic care of a Hitchcock thriller — the confrontation of that *Ultimate Fear*. As singer/guitarist Alan Griffiths remarks: "We want to let people's imaginations finish off the ideas we offer, instead of us giving them everything."

The Escape deal in duality, setting jagged sensitivity against full-blooded passion. The guitar, bass and drums format still has plenty of life in it when used creatively, merging the unorthodox with the familiar. Behind Alan's razor-sharp guitar chords and soulful vocal cords, Emil provides carefully planned patterns from his three-drum kit, while newest member Stuart Morgan has a pulsating bass style that has lifted The Escape into a phase which Emil describes as "moving away from a bleak feeling, to one of peace".

Like an Escape song, the observations that the group make of themselves are short and to the point.

The Escape have completed work on a video and will be releasing their debut single 'No Go' on their own Volatile Records label: the former a complete package, the latter a concise statement of intent. With typical disarming humour, Stuart comments that the group had thought about calling the label Death Records, but "people might have got the idea we were all doom and gloom ... and they're absolutely right!"

It's that appreciation of the dramatic mixed with an occasional flash of humour that gives The Escape such a double-edged attack. There is a music which could never leave the listener depressed and, as Alan admits, the name had been chosen "because we wanted the ultimate effect of our music to be uplifting and almost an alternative road for people to take." It's not merely the new pop that shines so brightly. The difference is that The Escape offer hope and consolation, but with a total honesty and force of conviction best summed up by Alan's parting comment.

"I don't know if you've ever walked through a graveyard at night but there is this strange feeling there of all the people who have 'gone', and it makes you aware that you don't have much time and so things must get done now."

— DAVE MASSEY



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THE OTHER RECORD SHOP, 1/7 The Arcade, Stirling.



# Soweto — the township shakedown

BEEN WONDERING what Malcolm McLaren intends to 'maximise' next? So are the members of South Africa's multi-racial music scene, since reports insist that he's got his ear tuned to Soweto township music.

And Malcy's not the only white enthusiast of this black form (which has yet to leave SA). South African musician and Palladium fanzine writer John Handley dropped by NME this week to enthuse about developments back home.

"The township musicians have to have an impact on the pop and rock we've already got," says Handley. "It's just too good not to influence other recording styles. The problem at the moment is that it's also too indigenous for either the white South Africans or the English to relate to."

Township music, says Handley, "is usually just three chords with chant-like vocals and a repetitive rhythmic backbone... very danceable and clever. The guitar work is bright, cute and very difficult to copy, as the great guitarists are usually non-readers — old experienced session men who use peculiar domestic tunings."

"The music incorporates sax, keyboards, and a lot of bass under its chants. It's very up, happy music — incredibly well played."

Handley brought news of other SA developments too. There's the already notorious book-of-the-business: Muff Andersson's *Music In The Mix*. "She's taken a look at the SA recording scene through the present day. It's patchy because she didn't have any money; and the minute it was published she left South Africa... But it's very good, it covers the exploitation

of black musicians and all sorts of corruption up and down the business."

South Africa's latest alternative magazine is *Who Was That Masked Man?* which wants to view its country's politics through its music, with the emphasis on "challenging and exciting listening." The list of bands whose material fits this description has been steadily increasing since we covered it last April: Pett Frogg, Johnny Teen and Murder, Housewives choice of Cape Town, The Insisters, Le Metro Trois...

Another SA phenomenon is Rhythm Against Detention, a new organisation which raises money to fight the country's repressive security laws. RAD publishes its own magazine and sponsors benefits and events. South Africa has seen approximately 5,000 detentions during the past 20 years and the RAD governing committee say

"we'd be stupid if we hoped to stop detentions with just concerts; we want to change the society of which detention is a part — change it person by person into a democratic, non-racialist country."

The sentiments are not confined to one organisation: they permeate the 'new music' scene, from The Bionic Automatons' "Though you might love this country / you hate its fucking laws" to the more gentle militancy of the reggae at Johannesburg's Scratch club. Over the past two decades, fifty people are known to have died in detention — and of these fifty, 25 are supposed to have 'committed suicide'.

Politics are upfront in South African music not only because of detentions. Musicians have no union to protect them and are often troubled by security police if their material is too political, audiences are often

forcibly segregated, and the South African Broadcasting Corporation has airplay in a reactionary stranglehold.

"South Africa is essentially tribal," stresses Handley, "and the Afrikaansers are the white tribe." Radio reflects this, with stations divided ethnically. On the Bantu stations, almost all music, songs and legends also push a tribal line — with the majority of the music set in the homelands and adopting a 'look out for the big city' tone. Radio 5, supposedly the 'young white' music station, limits itself to disco and MOR muzak.

For bands, large-scale recognition still really boils down to one thing: overseas. Many of the new bands and their supporters, however, object to the old overseas — is — better equation. They're proud of the diversity of live listening SA has produced and want to concentrate on breaking down

the barriers at home.

"Until the security laws are abolished," says Jon Handley, "none of the legislation related to human rights means anything because you can be detained for a parking ticket. It's the ultimate political threat."

"Yet despite the divisions, I still see this as quite a happy nation in many ways... it's not really a depressed nation. I don't see a revolution on the horizon but change will occur over the next ten or twenty years."

—CYNTHIA ROSE

● For information about copies of *Music In The Mix* (Raven Press), contact The Palladium, PO Box 5026, Eerstemyn, 9466 South Africa. Rhythm Against Detention can be contacted via s.r.c. press, u.t.c. private bag, rondesbosch 7700, South Africa. *Who Was That Masked Man* available from 24 Cachet Rd, Lambton, Germiston 1401, South Africa.

# 33 WAYS

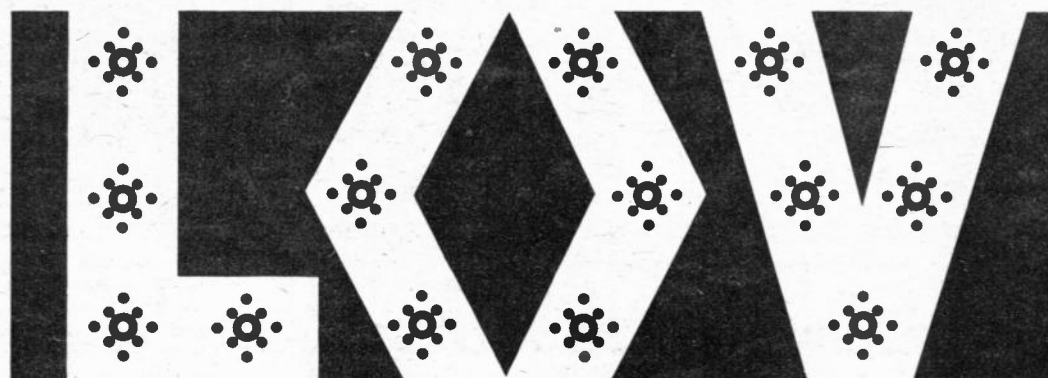
IF YOU'RE going to grant precious time to any of the new music coming out of Germany just now, then Fehlfarben might deserve more than most.

As Chris Bohn argued in his *Liaisons Dangereuses* feature two weeks ago, the packaging of Neue Deutsche Welle (German New Wave) imposes exactly the kind of uniformity they're trying to escape. Fehlfarben are among EMI's projected slice of the cake, with a quartet of fascinating tracks on a new 12-inch EP; but as comparative veterans of the German rising wave they're not about to sit comfy on a one-way bandwagon.

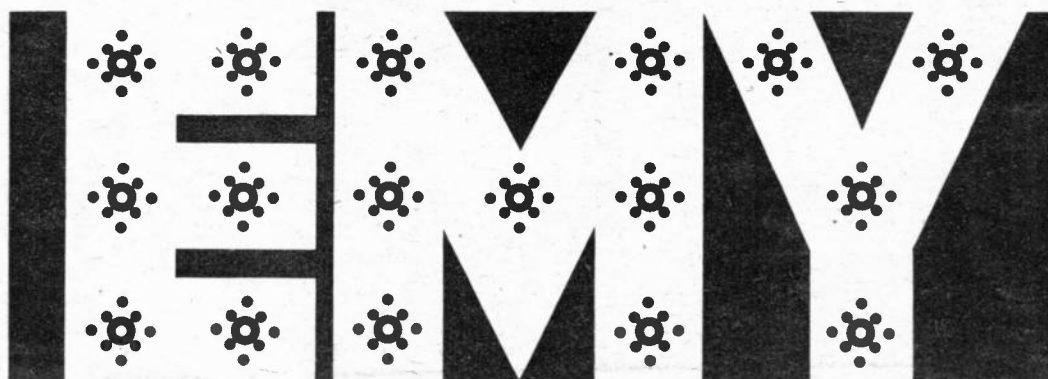
"We're still outsiders," says the baby-faced guitarist Thomas Schwebel. "We're not critics' favourites, we have no image to sell, we're not outrageous enough for audiences in Germany who like to see silly-acting bands. NDW will go down eventually. The audience for that is very young now, between 12 and 16, and they like very cheap things. Very stupid summer hits,



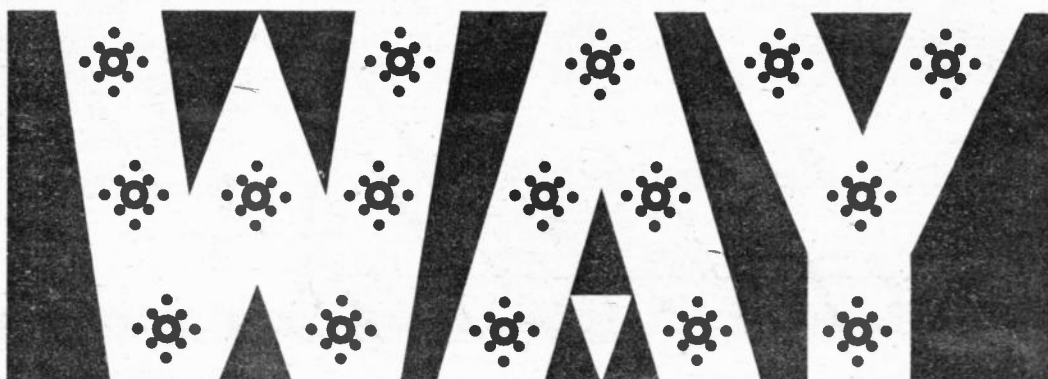
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RICHARD COOK meets Fehlfarben — special friends of Chris Bohn

# TO BREAK THE CHAINS

like 'Da Da Da'."

Schwebel and drummer Uwe Bauer are here on one of their frequent visits. They first had the idea of forming this group after one such trip, seeing Teardrop Explodes play in London in 1979. The original nucleus also involved Peter Hein, an explosive vocalist who can be heard on 'One year (It Goes Ahead)', the one track on their EP drawn from the first LP 'Monarchie Und Alltag' — something of a landmark of the German new wave.

Certain admirers claim Hein — who subsequently left before their second LP '33 Tage In Ketten' ('33 Days In Chains') — as the most interesting character of the group, but to these ears Fehlfarben have grown from a rather scurvy hybrid of pop forms in flux, to a witty if faintly scholarly flow of alternately flip and punchy dance music. 'Uuh Cherie' and '14 Tage' in particular summon a wild sense of swing. How then will they avoid the NDW tag?

"We never speak of it," admits Thomas darkly. "Except we are always being asked about it — people over here want to know why English music no longer sells quite so well in Germany!"

"German music is still very much linked to an electronic sound. We're playing pop music with some things to say

— and by singing in German we retain *Deutsche* identity."

How can an English audience get on with it?

"It's very hard for them," offers Uwe. "English people are very intolerant to other languages. Even DAF didn't make much of an impression over here, whereas Germany has been full of English pop for over twenty years."

Would they do any songs in English?

Thomas: "It wouldn't make any sense, because you can't translate German expressions so easily — it would be a commercial course."

Even so, their newest tracks sound steeled for success in any marketplace. The surly urgency of the two-year-old track at the end of the EP sounds grey in comparison.

"The songs we played then were very aggressive," agrees Uwe. "They were more like music about music. Now we're playing things that we really feel a part of."

"It's the only way to play pop music now," says Thomas. "Adapting other styles to your ideas. There's a back catalogue of 20 years of great pop music, waiting to be mixed up."

What styles do they like to use?

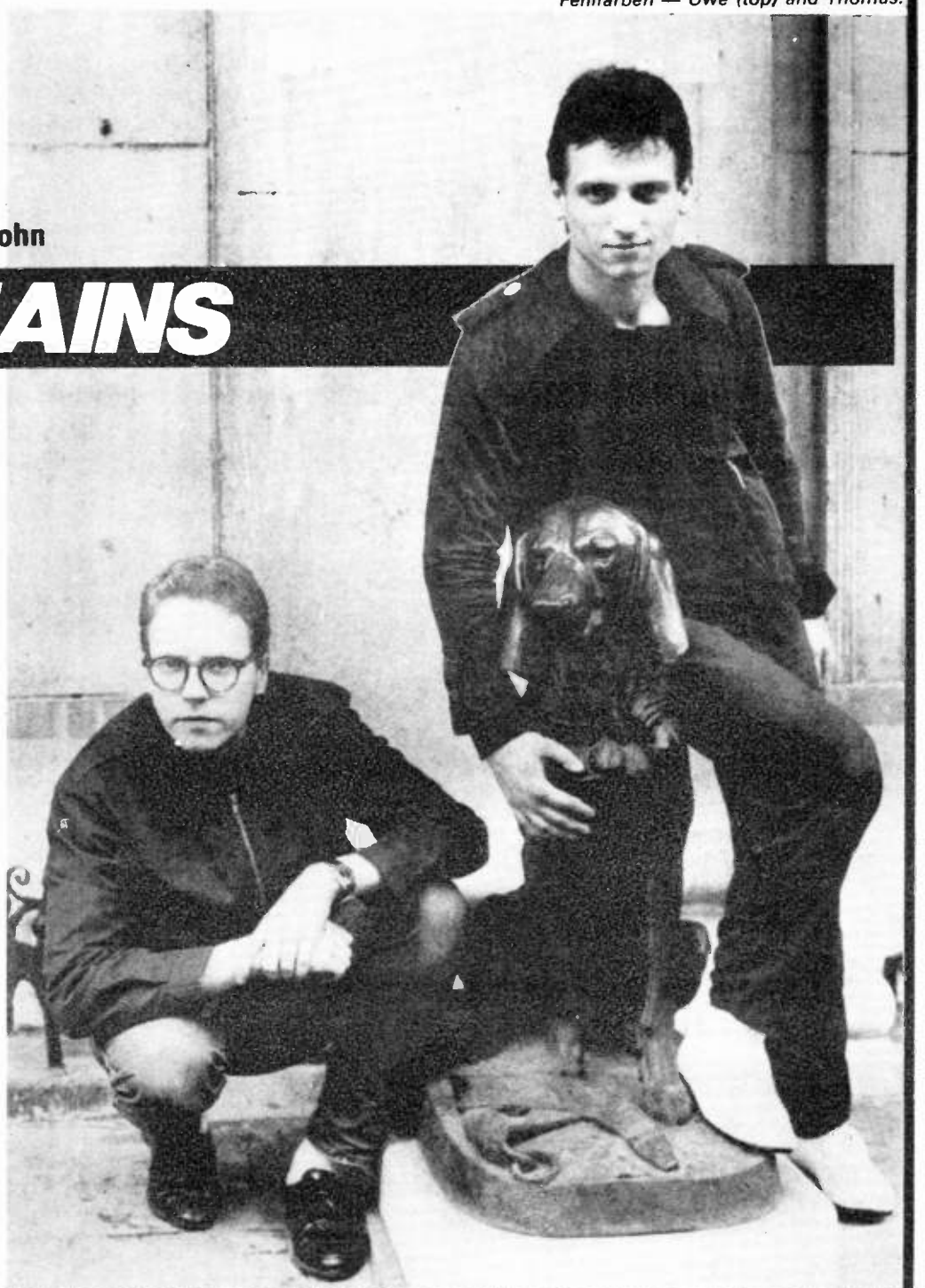
"Anything we can get — Chic we like a lot, there's a sort of thank-you to them with our new one."

Uwe confesses a great love for The Small Faces too. But if anything is holding back this provocateur's workshop it's the almost complete lack of any German counterpart to the resources of English Production: there is no team of great pop producers, and certainly no one — with Conny Plank a possible exception — to match up to the likes of Horn and Rushent.

"There is almost *nobody* who knows how to work with German new wave bands.

People are paid to sit around for eight hours a day, one hour mixing folk music, one hour for *schlager*... then you go in and do yours. So you're on your own and you have to stay awake to everything. There's some people coming up but it's nothing like it is here. Nobody is receptive to anything unusual in the studio. If we want an out-of-tune guitar the engineer says No, I won't record it!"

Fehlfarben's struggle with a scene which is far from the cauldron of revolution that the facile face of NDW might promote, means that they have a lot to do at home before they can think about outside acclaim. Still, investment in this enterprise shouldn't leave you disappointed: it's a beat of some distinction. In anyone's language.



## THE FINAL TESTAMENT

The Playboy Interviews with John Lennon and Yoko Ono plus many unabridged and unpublished conversations and Lennon's song-by-song analysis of his music.

Interview by Dave Sheff  
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### THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS

with

## John Lennon & Yoko Ono



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John Lennon





**T**HE FRIDAY morning after the nation had seen them perform their new single on *Top Of The Pops*, Vince Clarke and Alison Genevieve Moyet pull a smaller though no less curious audience as they bask under some bland British sunshine.

Posing patiently outside Vince's small second-floor council flat for the benefit of Lanarkshire lensman Peter Anderson, the pair attract the attention of two passing housewives who decide that they want in on the action too.

"'Ere, ain't you two in that pop group?" one of the passing pram-pushers enquires. On receiving an affirmative reply, the two women insist on a few hurried Polaroid snapshots of their own "for the little boys" before they make a satisfied departure.

In the bright, polite Essex new town of Basildon, Vince and Alison — or Alf as she calls herself — are big news. Together they are Yazoo and along with Vince's former playmates Depeche Mode, they are responsible for putting their hometown on the map as something more than just another overspill estate for the run-down docklands of East London.

Things could hardly have gone better for the duo since they teamed up at the turn of the year: their two exquisite Mute singles 'Only You / The Situation' and 'Don't Go / Winter Kills' have charted convincingly; their first Stateside release (a remixed version of 'The Situation' on Warner Brothers) is already making the sort of waves in the New York clubs to suggest that they may well be the next British act to make inroads into the American chart after The Human League; their debut album 'Upstairs At Eric's' is due out in August and their first live shows are being set up to coincide with its release.

Using the chart as their playground, Yazoo have hinted at the coming harder edge that will surely soon provide a foil to the peachy-sweet 'frivolity' of far too much contemporary pop. The most remarkable thing, though, is that they are offering their antidote to the plastic smiles without losing sight of a crisp commercial streak.

Yazoo take their two simple tools — Vince's synth and Alf's voice — and use them to make music that, at it's best, combines technical precision with stunning emotional range and power. From the tender textures of 'Only You' to the more abrasive 'Don't Go', they effortlessly embrace the melancholy mood of a deep soul tragedy and flavour it with the deceptive simplicity of great pop, icing the cake with a timeless sense of a good tune in both cases.

**L**IKE THAT other stubbornly independent, maverick chart duo Mackenzie and Rankine of The Associates, Clarke and Moyet of Yazoo are An Odd Couple.

Their musical backgrounds are totally different; Vince's roots stretch from an early gospel duo to Depeche electropop; and Alf's interests encompass blues, punk and greasy Canvey Island R&B. They also look pretty strange together: Vince is small, skinny and fair; Alf almost exactly the opposite.

At 22, Vince is the older of the two, his hard, hollow features and casual clothes topped by the oddest haircut since Terry Hall — a straw-tinted fringe that either hangs limply over his forehead like a net curtain or is swept back over the dome of his number one crop: "It's the sort of cut that you have to go to a real barber for, the ones with Durex displays in the window! You go to one of trendy stylists and they're scared to cut your hair."

In complete contrast, Alf is a plumpish 21-year-old, the daughter of an English mother and French father. Dressed in denim and leather motorcycle gear, she had biked the four miles across town to Vince's flat from her parents' home. A shot of deep red dye, faded from washing, highlights her short, feathered tufts of hair.

One of the things that Vince and Alf share is an earthy lack of pretension. In conversation they are warm and friendly, if sometimes a bit unsure of themselves, Vince giving away little at first and Alf hiding a shy streak with her generous spirit and ironic sense of humour.

"I generally don't like meeting people," she confesses as we move upstairs for coffee in Vince's tidy, compact frontroom. "I get nervous and start to stutter. After we'd done our first round of interviews, I wasn't too keen to do any more. It used to be aggravating when writers would meet us for ten minutes and draw these massive conclusions about our personalities."

Did being in a band and in the public eye make her self-conscious about her weight problem?

"Sometimes it did. You can try to come on all strong and indifferent, but some of the things that people say do affect you. It offends me when people talk about me on a personal level and who are they to know what I'm really like?"

"But if people want to remark on my clothes or my shape, then it's up to them. There's no point in trying to disguise things like that because people are going to mention them sooner or later. Everyone has their own paranoias. Either their ears are too big or their feet too small, so what's the point in worrying about it?"

"Sometimes I think that people don't quite know how to take me. A lot of people think that girls in groups should be real pin-ups. But as long as people are more concerned with the music, that's alright with me. If people are going to judge us on the way we look, I just don't take them seriously."

**Y**AZOO TAKE themselves seriously enough to place musical credibility highest on any list of group priorities, way above singles sales or the superficial glamour of pop: if it came to the crunch, they would rather be seen as earnest musos than shiny young pop stars.

"I've never really been into the glamour thing," says Alf. "I think we would look really silly if we went for a deliberately glamorous image. When the first single came out I did try dressing up a bit because I thought it was the thing to do, but it's just not me. I'd just feel really silly and you can't do anything if you feel silly. It would come across as a sham if we tried to do it."

"The only level on which I can take the group seriously is a musical one."

"The glamour of being on TV and getting recognised can be a big kick," adds Vince. "But when it comes down to it, that means nothing in ten years time. The only thing that really matters in the long run is the records and hopefully when the album comes out people will judge us on that, because we've spent a lot of time to try and get the best results."

"Ideally, I'd like to try and get away from the singles market. As a rat race, the singles chart is terrible. Bands are always under so much pressure if one single fails to do as well as another. I'd rather be in a position where we can release an album every now and then without having to keep such a high profile as a singles band."

**T**HIS TIME last summer Vince was enjoying his first flush of fame in Depeche Mode: the 'New Life' single had just charted and composer Clarke looked to have laid himself the foundations of a fruitful songwriting career with the Basildon electroboppers.

A few months later he was out of the band, his enthusiasm blunted by the rigours of touring and the lack of vision he detected in the group. Once he had fulfilled his remaining obligations in Depeche, finishing their European tour and writing all but two of the songs on the 'Speak And Spell' LP, he told them that he was leaving. Fortunately, the split hasn't hit the three remaining members too hard, Martin Gore immediately assuming the mantle of main songwriter with some success.

"It wasn't really a personal thing," explains Vince. "It would be out of order for me to say that their attitude was *wrong*. It was just very different to mine. At first there were a few bad feelings, but that seems to have died down now that everybody concerned feels more secure about what they are doing now."

"I don't think of Yazoo as a continuation of Depeche or even as an improvement on Depeche. It is a completely new project and fortunately it has

# THE PIED PIPERS OF BASILDON

ADRIAN THRILLS meets a girl named Alf and a boy called Vince and asks how do you YAZOO? Photos PETER ANDERSON



always been taken as that.

"When I left, I never really thought of what the consequences might be. In the past I'd always left jobs without thinking too clearly about what I was going to do next. You have to take chances like that. You might as well be dead if you're not going to take a few risks with your life."

**T**HE WIDELY-QUOTED tale of how Alf and Vince met through an advert in a musicians' paper is not strictly true. The pair originally met years earlier at a Saturday morning music school in Basildon where Alf was learning the oboe and Vince the violin.

It was Vince who renewed the acquaintance late last year when he heard that Alf was looking for 'rootsy Blues musicians' and had the audacity to propose himself.

After growing disillusioned with punk — "it became another fashion, just like disco" — Alf sought refuge in R&B, attracted by its lack of pretension and the fact that so many of its prime movers, from the Feelgoods to Lew Lewis, played so regularly in the south Essex area.

She was certainly no big fan of the likes of Depeche, her previous band having been a smalltime Southend pub combo who called themselves The Screaming Abdabs and dragged a set of R&B standards (Muddy Waters, Ike & Tina) around the coastal clubs, only occasionally venturing as far afield as London venues like Dingwalls and the Fulham Greyhound.

Her ideas changed radically, though, after Vince made contact and asked her to collaborate in a one-off electronic single on Mute.

"I never envisaged that what we did would become a full-time thing. I just saw it as a stepping stone, something that might get my name known and enable me to get a blues band together."

The unholy union of Vince's refined synthesiser refrains and Alf's gritty, full-throated vocal worked so well in the studio that the duo decided to make the project full-time before the first fruits of their labour had appeared on vinyl. With Alf nicking the name Yazoo from an old Mississippi blues label, a band was born and 'Only You' released.

At the time, Alf was studying musical instrument technology at the London College Of Fashion in Aldgate, a course which she was forced to quit when the single began to take off.

"I was basically learning how to tune pianos ... I mean, all those old Blues pianists are blind, aren't they!" she jokes. "But really, something like tuning is a skill that you can only learn through practice. It's not something that you can perfect by spending hours writing essays. When it comes down to it, people aren't interested in whether or not you've got a diploma. They want to know whether you can do the job or not."

"When it came down to a choice, I was always going to go for the band rather than the college."

**Y**AZOO WERE never a conscious attempt to contrive a fusion between the blues and electropop and happily they don't sound that way.

They use the synthesiser as if it were any other instrument, occasionally embellishing their sound with an acoustic piano too, as on 'Winter Kills', the desolate B-side of the current single and Alf's impressive solo songwriting debut.

Elsewhere, the neat economy of Vince's grainy electronic raindrops provide a perfect counterpoint to his singer's passion, Alf's pub apprenticeship also giving the group an added degree of control and discipline to help keep Yazoo well clear of the electro-pomp of some of their peers.

The contribution of the Mute maestro Daniel Miller and his engineer Eric Radcliffe is also a vital one, allowing Yazoo a level of artistic and commercial freedom that most majors, and indeed many independents, would never contemplate. As Vince says, even when he left Depeche Mode, there was never any question of him leaving Mute.

"As far as I'm concerned, Mute are the best label in the world. From what I know of bands on other labels, we're much better off where we are. A lot of major labels don't seem to know how to handle a band in the way that the independents do. The majors are simply too much of a big business. The independents are much more aware and at the same time they are also much more efficient at charting records than they used to be."

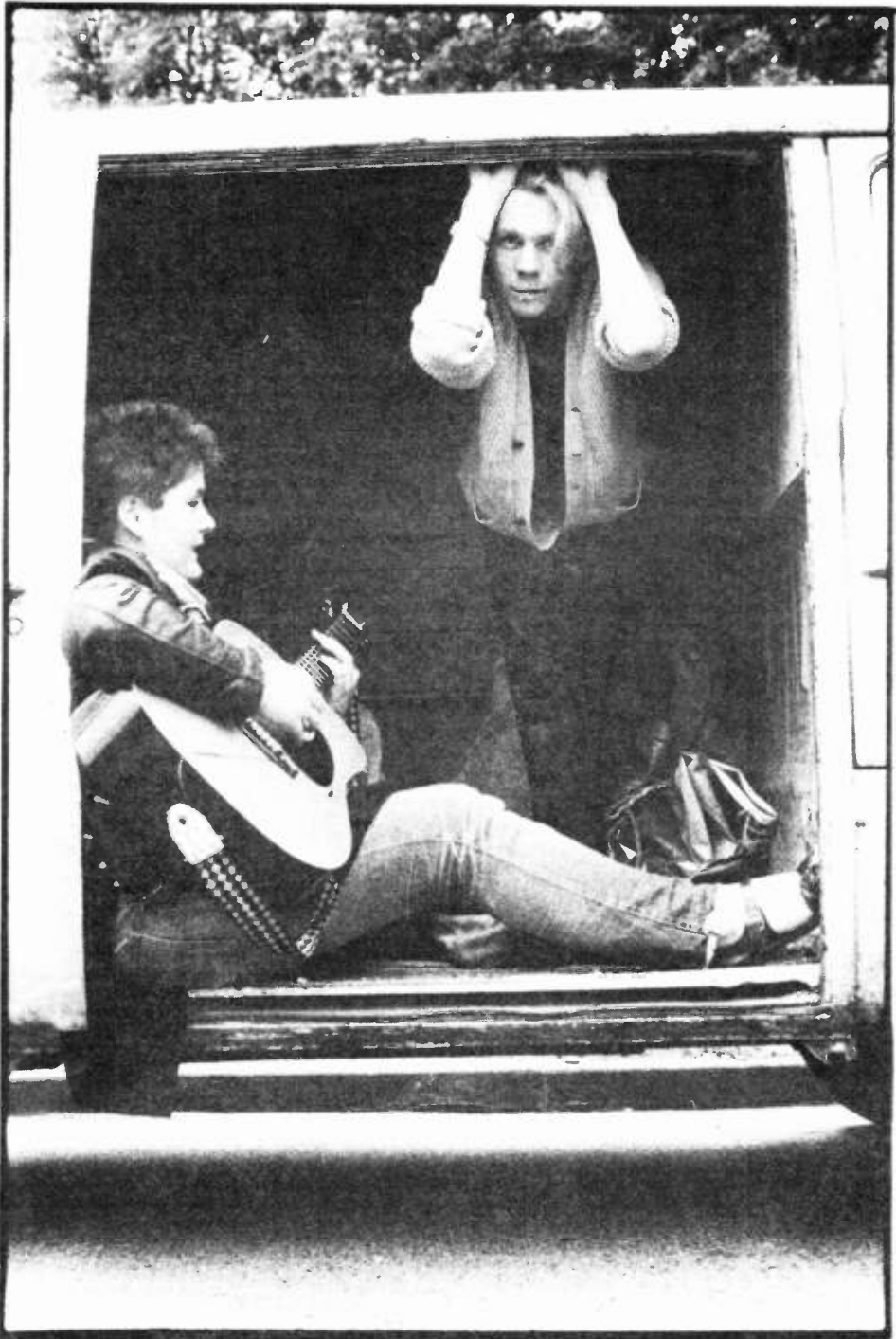
**Y**AZOO REFUSE to flirt with the more frivolous trappings of the pop process. They don't fit neatly into any of the pigeon holes and their appeal has little to do with fad or fashion. Their respect for the more noble musical virtues might be a bit boring at times — Vince's comments about singles could have come from Pink Floyd or Led Zeppelin — but it should also guarantee them greater longevity than most of the acts currently alongside them in the national chart. When the bottom has fallen out of the present pop boom this time next year, Yazoo should still be around.

"I've always attached more importance to music than to image," says Vince. "I don't think we've got a particularly strong image anyway. I don't think we could carry off being a pop band. We're not pretty boys. What you say and what you look like can change from day to day but the music should be more permanent."

Alf obviously feels the same way, pointing at the sleeve of 'Don't Go' — which shows the mythical Pied Piper serenading a roomful of toy dolls — as a symbol of the heart and soul of Yazoo.

"I think that the sleeve is representative. We don't believe in putting our pictures on our sleeves, but I think the Pied Piper sums us up pretty well. He's a pretty unglamorous figure, but there is still something a little strange and enigmatic about him."

As for Yazoo, the follow on starts here.



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# WHAT'S SO PRECIOUS ABOUT EUROPE?

After Euroman, The Eurokid cometh. KID MONTANA, that is. CHRIS BOHN interrogates.  
Pic: PETER ANDERSON

EVER DIALLED-A-DISC and got a crossed line? It happens to me all the time. Why, just the other day I called up two favourites — Simple Minds' 'I Travel' and John Foxx's 'Europe After The Rain' — when this bilious foreign voice of some French-sounding kid cut in. Though it was rude of him to intrude, his comments proved illuminating.

The conversation went something like this (hum your own accompaniment):

The foreign Kid, quizzically: "Bones in cars/Deaths from Avis/No more jobs/That's Roman.../What's so romantic about

Europe?/What's so fascinating in Europe?" SM's enthusiastic Jim Kerr: "Decadence and pleasure towns!/Tragedies, luxuries, statues, parks and galleries!"

The Kid, still unconvinced: "So what's so fascinating?/My accent whistling in the wind?"

John Foxx, suavely: "Your voice is hiding things/When you say/I've hardly changed/In Europe after the rain/When the nights are warm/and the summer sways..."

The Kid, now exasperated: "Europe after the rain/Or before the storm?/No more colonies that were there before/The Third World has its sway!... So what's so precious about Europe?"

The Kid's got a point. Suspecting he's about to slam his receiver down, I take his name and number to check out later just why he's bugged so bad by Britons' rose-tinted vision of the continental mainland. He says he's Kid Montana, he's from Brussels, Belgium, not France, and he'll meet me at an Italian cafe in Soho.

AS HE'S INCONGRUOUSLY dressed in a gaudy Hawaiian shirt, he's not hard to find. He's looking nervous — in a shirt like that I'd be nervous too — "I don't like sitting with my back to the door," he apologises.

Must be the gunslinger mentality, I figure, as we swap places... and a few facts about his past.

Small and perky, with an acute sense of pop's more

absurd pretensions, he reminds me of early Spizz. His few records have the same untutored vitality, bluff pomp-pricking humour and lurching unpredictability. His connections reinforce an image of a pop poltergeist.

Kid Montana has just joined Gene Loves Jezebel in London; before that he worked in Fad Gadget's touring group and, back in Brussels, with the British exile Mark Beer. But his Belgian experiences are more interesting. He played in the post-punk swing group Digital Dance, with whom he recorded the excellent cult single 'Faulty', which was described thus by John Peel.

"He said: If you don't know how boring Belgium is, play this record," the Kid recalls. He'd contest Peel about the quality of the record — so would I — but he's not about to argue the point about Belgium. That's why he's here.

In between times he spent eight months in Africa working in a tile factory. He was later drafted into the army and it was while he was alone guarding a quiet base, with only a transistor for company, that he cultivated his disgust for the new romantic view of Europe.

"Here I was in this camp training to fight other Europeans and I hear all these songs about Europe!" He smiles at the irony. "All these fashionable songs about how romantic Europe is, about making love by the Danube, when it's really chaos here! In Switzerland people are

fighting over a youth club! Amsterdam and Berlin are full of junkies, Vienna is a really boring town.

"And then I hear a song like Ultravox's 'Vienna'! It's like listening to a holiday prospectus. I mean, I could write a song about Peru and it would sound like an attractive place. It's a very funny situation, but I don't see why I should help mystify Europe, too. So I decided to write about what I considered to be important in Europe."

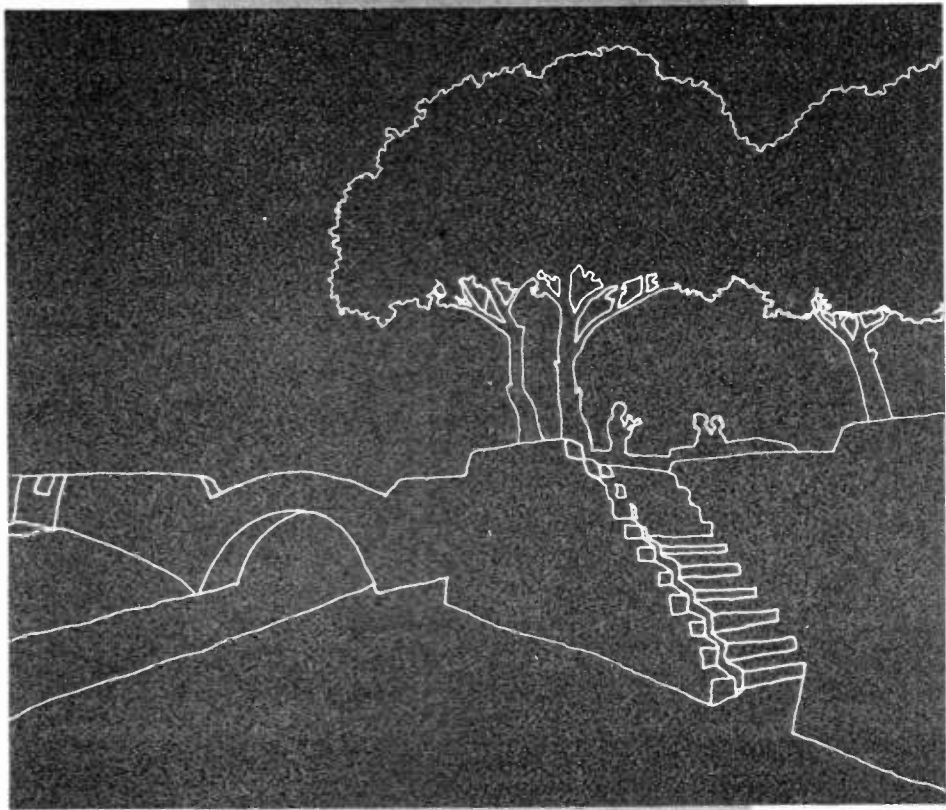
The result is the spiked fun of 'The Last Cruise', whose lyrics make up Kid's part of the opening conversation. It's available on the Kid's 12" EP 'Statistics Mean Nothing When You Get On The Wrong Plane', which contains two other soured synth observations and a delicate love song — 'La Passionara' — sung in French. Because the last is in his native tongue, it sounds more comfortable than the English tracks. Doesn't he have any reservations about writing in English?

Surprisingly, no. On the contrary, Kid explains: "My English isn't very good. I don't understand different shades of meaning so I must look words up. This means there's no poetry in what I am doing, just clear dictionary definitions. No ambiguity, I mean exactly what I say."

He pauses, smiling. "Besides, if I write for the Belgians, I can reach only ten million people. But with English..."

No ambiguity about Kid Montana's ambition either.

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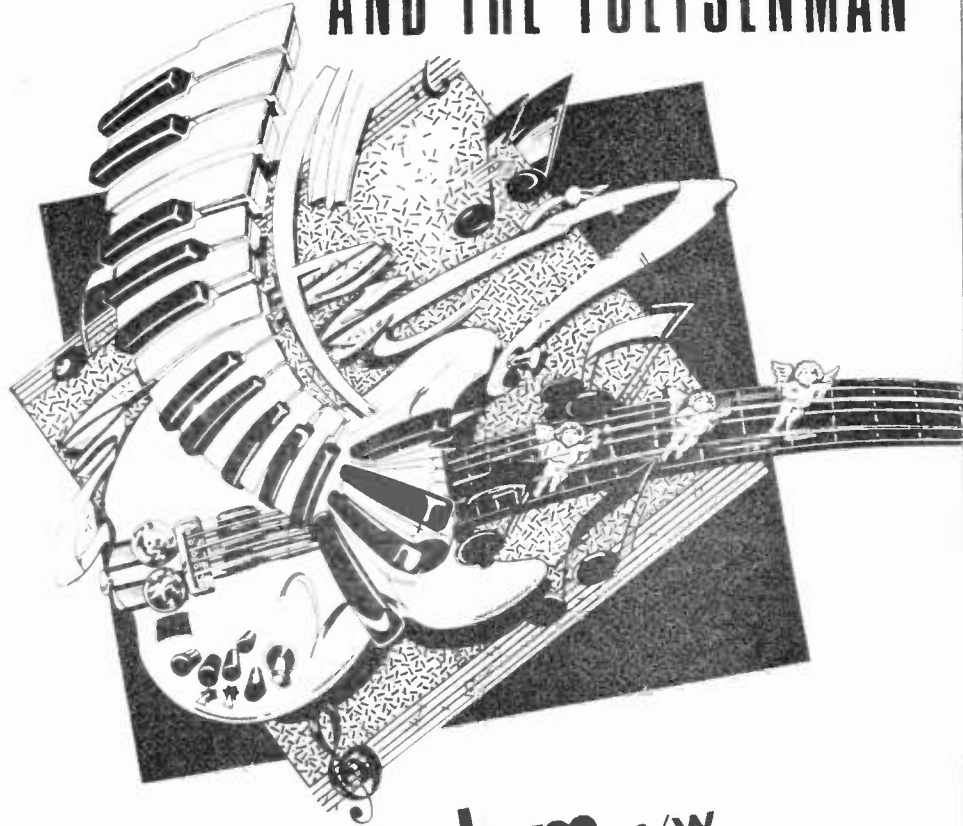
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**N**OT A MAN to cross, Alan Parker.

Though affable enough in an interview situation he's quick to spot a disbeliever in his cinema of operatic emotions: righteous melodramatic flourishes, sweeping extremes of feeling, a scepticism towards the poetry of pure image.

Parker's a stocky, studied-scruff of a man. His North London accent remains intact and his volubility belies an initial air of professorial vagueness. I meet him on the eve of the West End opening of *The Wall*, his visual interpretation of Roger Waters' slice of Floydian bombast.

He tells me he'd volunteered an interest in assisting with rather than actually directing a film of Waters' memoir, but having completed his previous *Shoot The Moon* in California without any hitches, it turned into a Parker project after all.

Up to a point. Rumours of ugly scenes in post-production between Parker and Waters have abounded.

"The music was played in my house all the time. There's a semblance of a narrative line in it, which is the most important thing, and I thought it would lend itself well to film. Normally an idea in music is lost when a screenplay gets super-imposed over it, but Roger had a clear vision of how this should be.

"We were both used to getting our own way, and the problems were to do with creative authorship, not the film. It was to do with our own egos and it only happened in post-production. Editing a film is a far more sophisticated process than mixing a record — fortunately our editor was smarter than both of us. The film never suffered over our differences."

He doesn't elaborate on the apparent bitching and I have no great interest anyway. Instead I muse on how *The Wall* fits in an oddly disordered sequence of films: *Bugsy Malone* was an offbeat debut in 1976, scarcely clarified by the ensuing run of *Midnight Express*, *Fame* and *Shoot The Moon*.

"Why does there have to be a theme?" is the brusque



Alan Parker and an out of focus Bob Geldof on the set of *The Wall* and (below) the critics see the final print.

## PARKER: UP AGAINST THE WALL

Richard Cook asks Alan Parker what he thinks of film critics. There was this horrible hush, and then . . .



see me tackling *Tess*, I suppose."

Me neither. If there's one thing Parker's cinema has no time for it's the camera as prism of dewy reflection. Although a film like *Midnight Express*, which purports to be blunt-edged, is finally sentimental in its Dickensian view of squalor, Parker's movies are never rarified. Even *Shoot The Moon* is sold on a classic drama ticket, not pathos. Does he think it even possible to construct a film purely on image?

"You could do it . . . but it wouldn't be very interesting. In *The Wall* we've used images all through but they're to tell a story. Images for their own sake mean nothing. Then it's just like rock promo junk."

He's not taken by pop videos? "No. I think it's atrocious. Button-pushing takes over from real thinking about what film is and what it can do. I sat on a panel viewing promos and about the only ones I liked were by Russell Mulcahey."

Has he found much difference between making films in Britain and in America?

"I never have. There's more receptive ears in America. There aren't really British films any more. But in actually making them there's no difference — Spielberg and Beatty can come here, and I can go to America. Crews are much the same — like Ken Russell said, they always spill coffee over your script!" He allows himself a benevolent chuckle.

PARKER'S GREATEST strength is his grasp of film as manipulative force: the content of *Midnight Express*

more sensitive towards that sort of thing.

"It's a very megalomaniac thing being a director on a set. You say do something and then 60 people jump to do it. But if you're surrounded by friends who are ready to tell you you're full of shit or whatever, then that's healthy."

I wondered if he was bothered by film-makers like Godard receiving bounteous critical and intellectual kudos, while a 'populist' director like himself was somehow denied it. He appears suitably miffed, if a little resigned to the attitude.

"I think that's down to the snobbery of people like yourself. I don't believe the pretentiousness of Godard and people like that. They're like the Emperor's New Clothes. It's a matter of who you want to be accepted by. What I do is always done with integrity and I do it for a very wide audience. 40 million people saw *Midnight Express*. It changed the law between the US and Turkey. It may be easy for you to put me down but when the book's written in 50 years' time . . ."

Yes. Are his films a solution to our declining cinema audiences, then?

"It's never been part of our culture. We're down to about four per cent of the world audience now. Because, I don't know . . . the television, I suppose, which here is the best in the world. It's too easy to watch TV at home. People have got out of the habit of going to the cinema."

Does he have a favourite among his own films? He answers without hesitation.

"The first thing I did, a short 50 minute film which we did with our own money — *No Hard Feelings*. We sold it to the BBC. No pressures. It was set in Islington where I grew up and I think it had the most love. If I saw it now I'd probably be appalled!"

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# THE CINEMA IS DEAD — LONG LIVE MOVIES!



Jimmy Hill heads clear for AFC Soweto Town Utd

## LOOK BACK AT ANGER

### Lucifer Rising

Directed by Kenneth Anger  
Starring Marianne Faithfull

A GREAT, gaudy birthday cake, complete with lurid pink and white icing and candles, awaits Lucifer's return. The tone of Kenneth Anger's long-awaited film is just about irrelevant enough for us not to be surprised if the Fallen Angel received it full in his face upon his arrival. That he doesn't is only a minor disappointment.

Anger's painfully nurtured 15 years-old project, severely altered and reworked into a tight 45 minutes after its first star Bobby Beausoleil (now in jail for his part in the Manson murders) stole the original print, betrays no sign of its labour. It's an exuberant celebration of the Age of Aquarius even if it's as dated as the period it evokes. Nevertheless it feels all the better for missing the boat, as the distance of time removes the film's more directly evil connotations, leaving you free to enjoy it purely as spectacle. Indeed the absorbing rituals it reconstructs in a peculiar teen fanzine colour tint appear more quaint than real.

As with his mentor Aleister Crowley, there's something of the charlatan in Anger

which, combined with his background as childstar and investigator of Hollywood's more bizarre history (c.f. his extended gossip/snipe column Hollywood Babylon), has instilled in him the will to entertain. Unlike most underground film-makers, he's not sloppy and his classical training means he's capable of realising a truly personal cinema.

Lucifer Rising has no narrative as such; it progresses on a series of image associations that begin with the earth opening up, unleashing unnatural forces, move through the ruins of Egypt where a high priest invokes the elements, and settles momentarily in Europe where Marianne Faithfull calls on ancient magic sites. Despite its rapid interchange of time, location and characters, it remains remarkably lucid, thanks partly to an excellent Bobby Beausoleil soundtrack (Neu meets 'Dark Star', recorded in jail), but mostly because Anger has forsaken the abrasive montage and corny-but-effective juxtaposition of good-and-evil of his best known Scorpio Rising.

The illusion created is of an alternate, yet harmonious world, the effect is one of quiet ecstasy. You don't need to share Anger's revisionist view of Lucifer to enjoy it and there is no danger of leaving the cinema tainted.

Chris Bohn

THE DECLINE and fall of the Empire, Leicester Square, is writ large in the accountant's ledger. Cinemas everywhere — or rather in the places where they still exist as cinemas — are suffering. They're suffering from TV, from video, from crappy 'supporting programmes', from Italy winning the World Cup — you name it, cinemas are suffering from it. But mostly they're suffering from people not paying money at the ticket office. People have got out of the habit of going to the pictures.

And yet... and yet hundreds of the buggers are still being made. Why? Simply because however alarmingly cinema attendances are dropping off, the potential audience retains its intense fascination for film as film. This is proved time and again whenever a Steven Spielberg or a George Lucas hits the jackpot with a *Jaws* or a *Star Wars*, whenever a film becomes an event.

The current example is Spielberg's latest, *E.T.* — *The Extraterrestrial*, which has queues already forming for next Tuesday's performance in New York and which United International Pictures cheerfully assume will not only make them heap big bucks but also clear the national debt. So long as the Spielbergs, Coppolas, Scorseses (fill in money-making / 'interesting' director of your choice) continue to make movies that strike a chord with the public at large, then there will always be the showcase cinemas in major cities throughout the world. (Rest easy, Empire Leicester Sq!)

And with the advent of Channel 4, cable TV and the already established video market, it's clear that the demand for films — all kinds of films — is actually dramatically increasing.

This occasional column, a subsidiary of *Silver Screen Inc.*, hopes to keep you informed of the more enticing 'forthcoming attractions'; whether they eventually show up in your local Bijou or on the box in the corner is something for the accountants to sort



## IN THE WORKS

As the Empire collapses, the movie brats strike back. These — they hope — will be the forthcoming attractions at your local Odeon.

out. And if none of the ensuing items tickle your fancy then you're looking at the wrong page.

□ STEVEN SPIELBERG, nowhere near 40, is already one of the great populist film-makers. He achieved modest success with his first two films, *Duel* and *Sugarland Express*, went through the roof with his next two, *Jaws* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*, and then spent the proceeds on a 'wacky' World War 2 comedy called *1941* (once spotted for an entire week at the Odeon Rochester). Undaunted, he tinkered with *Close Encounters* and come up trumps with the magnificent *Special Edition*, then trod water with the unadventurous — but phenomenally successful — *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*. Now he has two box office hits playing across America: *E.T.* — *The Extraterrestrial* and *Poltergeist* are currently rivalled only by Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky III*. It seems certain that *E.T.* (by all accounts an intensely moving drama about a 'friendly' invasion from outer space) will become the most popular film of all time, even before it reaches these shores sometime in December. *Poltergeist* ("the first real ghost story") is credited to Tobe Hooper, though Spielberg wrote and produced, and has told American reporters that he "designed" the film as well; it is apparently illegal to direct two films simultaneously. His next project is *Steven Spielberg Presents The Twilight Zone*, an anthology based on the rotten old TV series. The four segments are to be directed by Spielberg,

John American Werewolf Landis, Joe Alligator Dante and George Mad Max Miller. Even so, the most remarkable fact is that the budget has been set for a mere \$7 million, which just about covered the laundry bill on *Jaws*.

□ FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, 40-ish, is the man who sells his house every time he wants to make a film. Sometimes this gamble pays off: *The Godfather*. Sometimes it doesn't: *Apocalypse Now*. Sometimes it backfires so badly (his eccentric musical *One From The Heart*) that his whole studio — the somewhat altruistic Zoetrope — goes out of business. But Coppola, mad obsessive that he is, goes on. His production of Wim Wenders' *Hammert* (starring Frederic Forrest as Dashiell) is due for release this year, and he has recently started shooting, from his own script, *The Outsiders*, on location (bye bye Zoetrope!) in Tulsa. The cast includes Tom Cruise (previously seen in *Taps* and *Endless Love*, two of Ian Penman's very favourite movies), Matt Dillon (no relation to James Arness), Leif Garrett and Tom Waits (two tunesmiths of remarkably dissimilar style). Evidence that Mr Coppola may indeed be suffering from Oklahoma-induced 'sunstroke' are confirmed by reports that he is also working on an adaptation of *Peter Pan* (FACT).

□ SCIENCE FICTION continues to be fair game for film-makers. The Spielbergs are already making their mark in America, and at least one huge film buff (hello Andy Gill!) is holding his breath for Ridley Scott's long-awaited

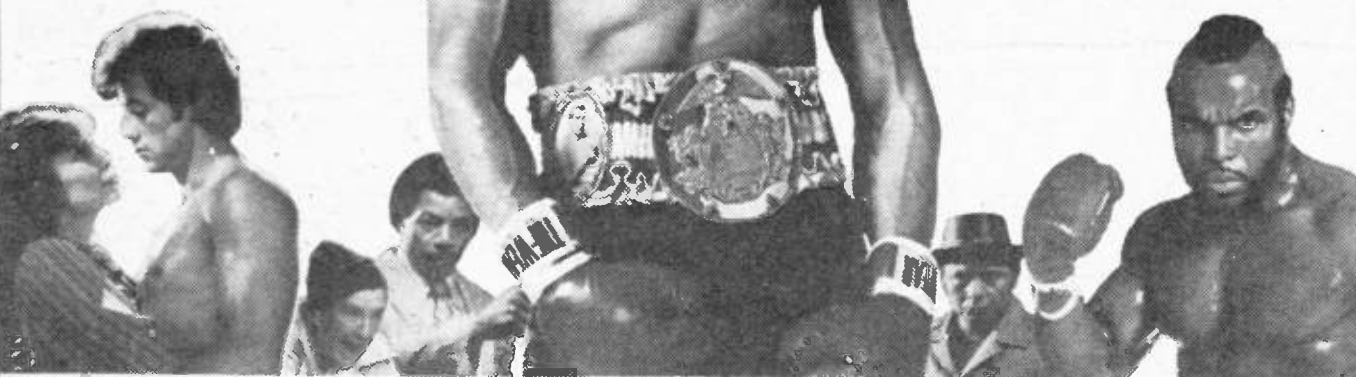
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ACROSS LONDON FROM SUNDAY



Wednesday July 21  
Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed? (Daniel Mann 1963). True star, Real Hero, King Drink, Mr Dean Martin in a wild goose chase after the few scraps of script that deserve his presence, in this stale story of a TV smarm sex symbol beset by private bedroom paranoia. This one's on you, Dino. (BBC1)

Thursday July 22  
Send Me No Flowers (Norman Jewison 1964). Fi' st off in a Rock 'Roy' Hudson season, with screen sweethearts Doris Day and Tony Randall. Roy is a hypochondriac convinced of encroaching death, determined to set wife (D.D.) up with alternative spouse. Light, elegant laffs. (Douglas Sirk fans note: this season includes — at last, Beeb! — *All That Heavens Allows*.) (BBC2)

Friday July 23  
The Big Store (Charles Reisner 1941). Starring the Brothers Marx in what's considered one of their weaker MGM moments. But as with a Dino Martin, it's got to be good for a few gags or gawpy expressions. (ITV Thames)

Saturday July 24  
Pocket Money (Stuart Rosenberg 1972). This comic Western has a reputation as peculiar and noble failure, aided and abetted by Laszlo Kovacs behind the camera and a pre-Badlands Terrence Malick behind the typewriter. The company includes Paul Newman and Lee Marvin (as two down-at-heel outlaws), Wayne Rogers and Strother Martin. (BBC1)

Strangers On A Train (Alfred Hitchcock 1951). Unforgettable Hitch to start off the Beeb's laudable season of the grand, grizzly old boy's (Monty Smith, that is) favourite director. Robert Walker is one of the cinema's all-time psychos, Oedipus-style family ties and all. Some of the lower-key scenes are at least the equal of the film's more famous set-pieces (anyone for tennis? a fairground ride?) (BBC2)

Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock 1960). The originary chiller, every stitch right, from Anthony Perkins' eyebrows to Bernard Herrmann's score. Writing in his *Only Miserable Old Bow Wows Pass Up On My Boy Hitch (A Collection of Critical Essays)* Monty Smith says of *Psycho*'s subtextual seams of erotic violence: "Pheh, what a scorcher! At 109 minutes *Psycho* leaves us stranded with only the merest hint of 71 minutes to fill on a new Hitachi E:180. And taking into account the less, shall we say, long 101 minutes of *Strangers On...*" (BBC2)

Sunday July 25  
A Question of Honour (Jud Taylor 1980). Smart-looking TV movie surrogate for *Prince Of The City* (the what it's not true???) with all round excellent cast in Ben Gazzara, Robert Vaughn and Paul Sorvino. (BBC1)

Dial M For Murder (Alfred Hitchcock 1954). "... where *Dial M For Murder* at 105 minutes takes care of at least another of our endlessly expectant Hitachi E:180s, and causes us to consider, in its own way, how many other films we have on tape with Ray Milland as a sneaky old loony. Furthermore..." (BBC2)

Monday July 26  
The Hill (Sidney Lumet 1965). Lumet's intense, relentless study of POW camp sedition and sadism. Humid, all-out ensemble playing from Ian Hendry, Sean Connery, Harry Andrews, Alfred Lynch, and many more. (ITV Thames)

Ian Penman



follow up to *Alien*: based on the Philip K. 'Don't Call Me' Dick novel *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?*, *Blade Runner* boasts special effects by Douglas Trumbull, Kubrick's colleague on *2001* and director of the underrated *Silent Running*. Dubious credits: The hopelessly wooden Harrison Ford glumly takes the lead, and the music is by Vangelis ('*Chariots Of Fire*, she a quite a gooda fillum'). Richard Cook is already raving about John Carpenter's latest, a complete re-moulding of the Howard Hawks 1950 classic, *The Thing*. Kurt Russell (Clint Eastwood in *Escape From New York*) takes his chances against the special effects, the music's by Ennio Morricone (Carpenter must've run out of themes), and by all accounts this *Thing* is only about 73 times more terrifying than *Alien*. And still somethings sci-fi this way come: Harry Bromley Davenport's *Xtro* is now shooting in and around London, starring Bernice Stegers, previously seen in Fellini's *City Of Women* and Alain Tanner's *Light Years Away*; and the Disney corporation are completing *Tron*, their heavyweight SF contender featuring computerised animation (full report in the next *Works*). With all this fantasy flying about, it'll be curious to see how well Philip Kaufman fares with his adaptation of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*, an account of how the American astronaut programme developed; already cast are Sam Shepard, Scott Glenn (as Alan Shepard), Kim Stanley, Levon Helm, Fred Ward and Ed Harris (as John Glenn). As for all the sword and sorcery nonsense, we'll save that for next time too.

□ SEQUELS AND SHORT TAKES: With *Grease 2*, *Star Trek 2* and *Rocky 3* upon us, the hapless film fan could be forgiven for supposing that at least most of the shit had been shoved in the projector. Not so! Here we go: *Halloween 3* (Debra Hill, you should be ashamed of yourself), The

*Godfather 3* (Coppola's not involved), *Airplane 2* (with William Shatner joining Lloyd Bridges and Peter Graves), *The Next Sting* (without Redford and Newman, so we'll all be queueing up for that one, won't we?), *The Triumphs Of A Man Called Horse* (don't know why they didn't just call it *Flogging A Dead One* and have done with it) and *Porky's* — *The Next Day* (absolutely no comment) ... Joining Robert De Niro in Sergio Leone's *Once Upon A Time In America*: Treat Williams (Danny Ciello in *Prince Of The City*) and Louise Fletcher (Nurse Ratchett in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*) ... After appearing with De Niro in Scorsese's *King Of Comedy*, and featuring in the screen adaptation of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slapstick*, Jerry Lewis has been given his head for the first time in ten years: Danny Baker's favourite film star is writing, directing and starring in something called *Smorgasbord* ... Walter Hill follows *Southern Comfort* with a thriller, *48 Hours*, starring Nick Dog Soldiers Nolte ... Woody Allen's next: *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, co-starring Mia Farrow and Mary Steenburgen ... Mel Brooks' next: *Robin Hood* (and he'd like John Cleese) ... John Cleese will star (with — Andy Gill-sized gulp — Cheech and Chong) in *Yellowbeard*, a comedy-style film written by Peter Cook and Graham Chapman. Fingers crossed ... Tom Clegg, who cut his teeth on *The Sweeney*, is putting together the official film of the 1982 World Cup. Perhaps Brazil will beat Italy in this one ... In the next *In The Works*, details on Fassbinder's last film, Bill Forsyth's new one, Ken Russell, Dudley Moore, *National Lampoon*, and Dustin Hoffman as a woman. Until then, a warning for all serious film lovers: Tinto Brass, the aptly-named man who brought *Caligula* to your local toilet — er, sorry — fleapit, is at last working on another film: *Fanny Hill*, your time has come ...

Monty Smith

## Star Trek II: The Wrath Of Khan

Directed by Nicholas Meyer  
Starring William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and Ricardo Montalban (UIP)

YOU WANNA see cheap? I'll show you cheap: an SF movie with no special effects credit. That's cheap. *Star Trek The Movie* raked in — so I'm told — \$100,000,000, and parts of it were as wondrous to behold as other parts of it were ludicrous to hear, but this one is strictly from cheapsville, a warp-factor-five soap opera designed to bring a tear to your nose and a lump to your wallet.

To compensate for the absence of Stunning Visuals, we have Kirk in a revolting new haircut doing lots of character stuff about how he hates being an Admiral and would be much happier back aboard the (free) Enterprise meeting and exploiting interesting new life-forms; Ricardo Montalban making a risible attempt at Slinky Menace in the role of Khan, the chief bad person, and succeeding only in looking like Conan's grandfather after a long session at the



Kirk: "Human instincts after all, Mr Spock. You couldn't turn down the moolah either, eh?"

hairdressers; ... and the Death Of Spock.

Ah, yes. We become attached to the most absurd fictional characters for the most trivial of reasons, and since Leonard Nimoy has allegedly grown tired of wearing the Joe Strummer-type false ears, it is probably unnecessary for the producers to invest in lots of hi-tech stuff to get bums into seats. Everybody who's ever taken the slightest interest in *Star Trek* — let alone the hardcore Trekkies — will

want to see the impassive old bugger get his.

Which of course he does in a highly heroic manner, nobly sacrificing his life to save his comrades, etc., etc., but it's somewhat anticlimactic after all those years of service to the cause of Interstellar Tack. I mean, he doesn't even get to become One With The Universe like the knuckle-jawed dolt who got snuffed in the last *Star Trek* movie. What he does get is launched into the infinite void while old

Beam-Me-Up-Scottie plays 'Amazing Grace' on the bagpipes.

Anyway, there should be quite a lot of dollars — not to mention generous sums in other well-known and highly respected currencies — generated by the Death Of Spock. No doubt his resurrection — one or two movies hence — should be equally successful. After all, there's an old Vulcan greeting which goes 'Live long and prosper.'

Charles Shaar Murray

A BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. A BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, BETWEEN A WARRIOR AND A MADMAN, BETWEEN THE AWESOME POWER OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE AND THE WRATH OF KHAN. FOR SOME IT WILL BE THEIR FIRST MISSION, FOR OTHERS IT WILL BE THE LAST.



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and Starring RICARDO MONTALBAN as KHAN Music Composed by JAMES HORNOR Executive Consultant: GENE RODDENBERRY Based on STAR TREK Created by GENE RODDENBERRY  
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**Cat People (Paul Schrader).** I wish they'd hurry up and release this down here, so I can actually talk to someone about it, without giving anything away. Wonderfully layered work from Schrader and his handpicked crew — effective as shocker, erotic fantasy, pure aesthetic movie pleasure, or tapestry of cinema references / Schrader sign(ature)s. A work of love and lore. (UIP)

**Clean Slate (Bertrand Tavernier).** Appearing at your local art house if you're lucky — one of the other umissable movies of this year. Every little element in Tavernier's cross-Atlantic translation of Jim Thompson's novel is magic: Sarde's score, Noiret's walk, the speedy camerawork, seedy scenery and moral uncertainty. How to be philosophically bleak and voluptuously funny in one and the same instance (as Noiret's handgog countenance often is, too). (Curzon)

**Fantasia (Walt Disney).** Not about my sweetheart's sister — Fantasia Dinski, anyone? No, I thought not — but about as big as animation gets on the cine screen, made when the backroom Hollywood boys got their acid from Tex Avery's man, and not cocaine from ... search me. Bloody Mickeyphysical magic, anyway, whatever state you're in when you look at it. (Disney)

**Firefox (Clint Eastwood).** What stirred old tight lips' interest in this smudgy '60s retard / retread is anyone's guess. Ronald Reagan's might be a good one, as Commie-fearing Yankees have

made it a box office biggie — and for a 150 minute thin-as-our-budget thriller, that's a good indication of where mass movie viewing sensibilities are heading. Who wants carefully crafted films that respect your intelligence, after all? Get on your horse and head back to form, C.E. (Warner Bros)

**Laura (David Hamilton).** Hire a video camera from yer local Radio Rentals and bring your wet dreams to life instead. Hamilton's are wetter than most, and not at all interesting or arousing — unless you're into sniffing Laura Ashley catalogues, that is. (Bordeaux)

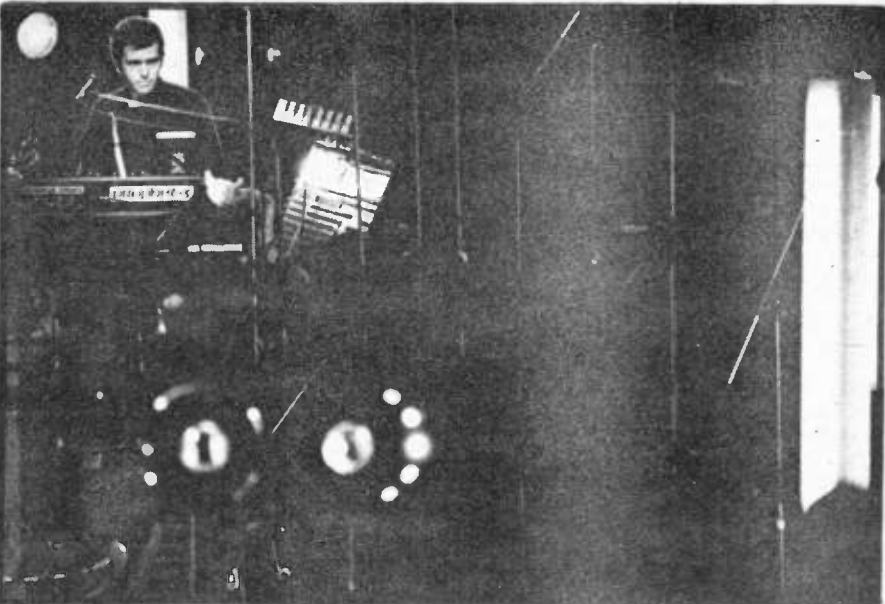
**Porky's (Bob Clark).** Accusatory study by South Peckham Rastafari Collective the Sons of Jaw, an indictment of white society's injection of bread and offal into that already bloated signifier of Babylon, the pre-packed banger — surely a me(a)taphor we should heed, before time runs (contd page 53 Ceefax Minorities: White Liberal Glutton's Guilt). (20th Century Firefox)

**Shoot The Moon (Alan Parker).** What you might get — and want to forget — if you crossed Ingmar Bergman at his Woodiest, an M1 pile up, a Richard Brautigan 'portable', and Alan Parker's National Health psychoanalysis bill for late 1981. (UIP)

**The Wall (Alan Parker).** What you might get if you had a headache; the catch here is some self-pitying, sickeningly wealthy shallow egomaniac of a rock "star" thinks his headache is Art. Hypocritical Bob "Honest" Geldof agrees with this but makes the film (and his accountant happy) anyway, and Alan Parker makes it two turkeys inside a year. I mean, it's just like a wall, man, y'know, society's — put the other side of that Pigbag record on — just a Wall's pork sausage, man, Babylonian, man (cont page 305 Bir Sur Revisited). (UIP)

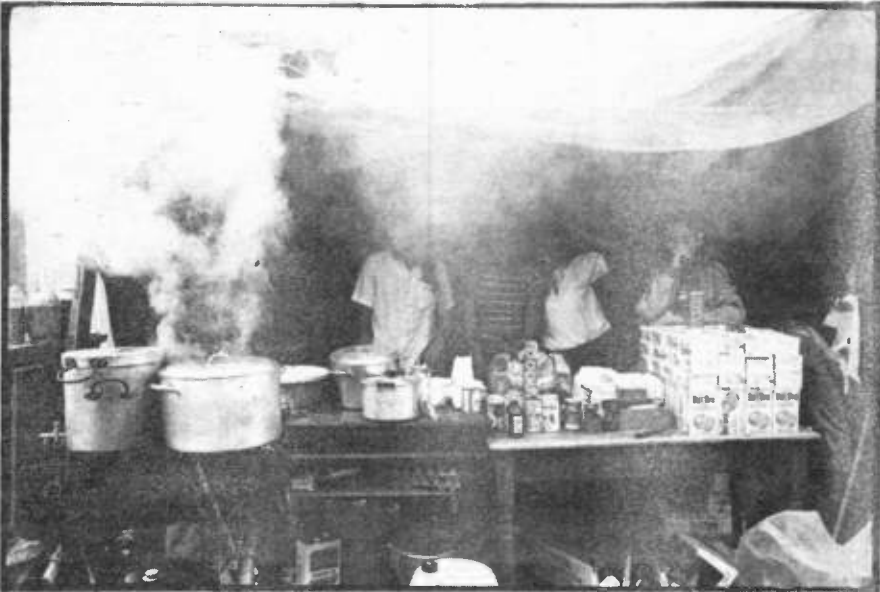
Ian Penman,man





WOMAD organiser and performer, PETER GABRIEL

Would you buy a used see-through blouse from these men? MUSICIANS DU NIL set up shop and music.



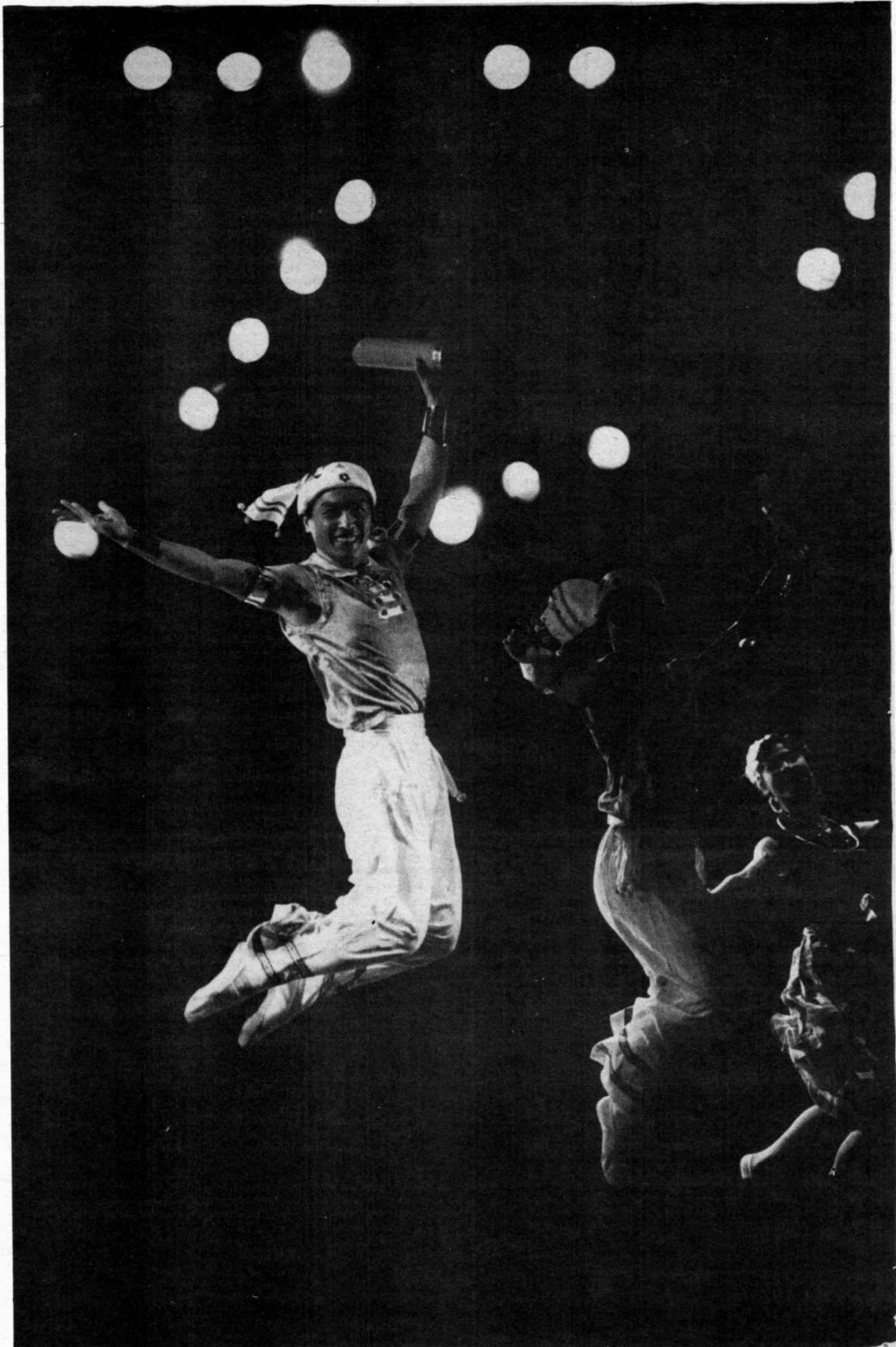
Cooking ... a well-known slang expression for a hot musical experience ...

Drumming up business, THE BURUNDIS.



# WOMAD





The flying Chinese dancers, TIAN JIN.

VIVIEN GOLDMAN takes a trip around the WORLD OF MUSIC AND DANCE and discovers that even the beauty of ethnic cultures can be a victim of economic restraints, governmental ignorance and union action. It was one helluva way for the WOMAD organisers to go bust.

PHOTOGRAPHS PENNIE SMITH

**I** DON'T KNOW whether I'll wear it a lot — it'll have to be a very special date — but my new Egyptian see-through, black net gown encrusted with turquoise, red, green and white sequins will always remind me of the WOMAD Fest.

Two of the Musicians du Nil, in their grey robes and white headwraps, were squatting on the grass by the Musicians' Village of caravans, framed in the rolling green of England's most magical countryside. WOMAD was after all about intercultural communication — music is one method, capitalism another. I hadn't had such a good haggle since I was in Morocco, although I reckon they got me for a sucker — I responded like a dumb tourist right on my home turf.

They wanted £7.00. I offered £4.00. Uh-uh. From across the caravans drifted the delicate, hypnotic chimes of the Balinese Gamelan. A pity that Balinese culture doesn't encourage the same merchandising yen of the Egyptians — I'd have swapped a few reggae samplers for the Balinese dancers' tight yellow satin waspies. The Egyptian musicians screwed me for £8.00 for the useful see-through dress, with a sequinned scarf thrown in.

Then the 'hard' guy — that's a technique as good in marketing as in interrogation — whipped out one of his instruments from under his robe, a stringed affair with a gourd and a bow. He began to scrape out 'Happy Birthday', Egyptian style. My mouth watered. £20.00. Too dear, too late. I'll have to stick with my triangle.

As I left them, I ran across the Chinese dancers, the Tian Jin, getting on their bus to leave. The day before, they'd reduced me to a quivering pulp with their performance. We all smile. We bow. We applaud each other. From across the Cheese Building drifted the sound of African drumming. Who was it? Could have been anyone.

Gasper Lawal, Britain's foremost African musician, was camping out with Gus "Damabala" Anyia and some other Nigerians a couple of hundred yards away. In the Cheese Building there was an African drum workshop, with a bunch of hippies and new wavers bashing away at ragged, heartfelt rhythms in a mock-up of an African village. Yer actual Burundi Drummers were knocking about somewhere — probably playing football. What a cultural confusion!

What a creative situation!  
What a WOMAD!

**I**N LAST WEEK'S preview, I talked about "wallowing in the best of both (musical) waters". Sometimes during the three WOMADays, I felt more like floundering.

The Royal Bath and West showground, with its Babycham pavilion shaped like a crown, its banks, and its Milk Marketing Board stands, is normally used for agricultural livestock shows it was a welcoming welter of musics, an embarrassment of riches, really. As with all great festivals, there was a fair amount of pelting about, running across other people and agonising about what we'd missed. The eternal problem facing hypersonity — how to be in three places at once — got me again.

Sprinting up and down the dirt tracks, through a temporary medieval fair of commerce, against the rolling green backdrop. Past the Simple Simon wholefood store, the genuine Portobello Road sweetcorn stand ("the best in the west"), the wholemeal crepes stands, the fish 'n' chip stalls, the Jamaican fish 'n' fritter stalls, all great chow and great value. You elbow and shoulder past Bristol bohos, London nightlifers, old hippies, new hippies, punks, Haysi Fantayzee'd daughters and sons of Slits, with their odd hats and head-wraps. Apart from the regular festival gang, most had probably never attended a festival. But Bunnymen haircuts grooved easily to Prince Nico.

You passed a rather unfortunate quantity of bouncing artificial antennae. Past the retail outlets flogging the Fest's most popular consumer buy — super-bright multicoloured clothes that change into other clothes: hats that become bags, trousers that become shirts, jackets that become trousers and make the tea, embroidered with mystic slogans like 'For Planet Earth Only', perfectly portable for the post-hippie nomadic generations. They helped blur the tribal frontiers, vague enough at the Fest, between hippies, punks, and white dreads.

With multi-musics swirling in the WOMAD liquidiser, you've got to ask: what's going on here?

I passed some time roaming around with my colleagues discussing the validity of shoving on

OVER



# WOMAD

CONTINUED

these assorted 'ethnic' musics out of context, arbitrarily, selected (unlike most multi-national arts fests), by a rock sensibility. I was the pragmatist, ultimately — despite the political dialogue and debate, here were all these nationalities hanging out together in a field near Glastonbury, communicating with and learning from each other. Even if at home, their people were starving, or had no freedom of speech. Putting the art back into party. It's right that it should be some kind of free-for-all, everyone welcome, just bring your own culture. Somebody has to be the first to speak, or we'll never get talking at all.

Out of the four main colonising powers — Britain, France, Portugal and Holland, the UK is in a unique position to be the midwife of the international spirit the globe needs if it isn't to explode. We had a special way of colonising, which has a lot to do with the despised lady of the manor gracious paternalism, that part of the English upper-class spirit known as fair play. The basis and backbone of colonialism (the practical captive market merchandising aspect came after the initial Bible-bashing thrust, remember) is an understanding of the world that's decidedly MAD.

Who gave these people the arrogance to assume that only their way was the right way? That's a lack of respect for other peoples that can only mean lack of self-respect in the colonisers themselves.

Still, it's done now. Those nutters went out and imposed their culture on other people just as hard as they could; and because the British weren't quite as vicious as the French (remember: in France, you're guilty under law until proven innocent, unlike here), the vitriol between England and the Commonwealth countries isn't quite as bitter as between, say France and Algeria, or France and Guinea.

The people that the English imported for slave labour got the vote at least — unlike the Germans' Turkish immigrant workers. So let's try and work with the legacy of colonialism. The primary positive is that any English-speaking person can cross the globe and actually talk to someone else in Africa or the Caribbean. And vice versa.

The legacy of colonialism means that two attitudes are quite valid. One was expressed by Pigbag's Simon Underwood, standing on the side of the stage, marvelling at the Burundi

Drummers' energy and sheer life-force that illuminated the entire festival. Meanwhile, leaning against the stage-railings were several Egyptian Musicians Of The Nile, well into posing for the photographers with keen, hawk-like expressions.

After their set, the Pigbaggers were off to Heathrow, to fly to Japan.

"After we've finished there," explained Simon, "we're going to Bali. I'm going to post my stuff back. I'm just going to have some shorts and a big hat, and I'm going to Egypt. I'm just going to travel around and play with as many people as I can." His eyes were gleaming at the prospect. That's the true spirit of fusion.

**P**RINCE NICO MBARGA, though unknown here, is a big superstar in Africa. His energising sets were among the most popular at WOMAD, although, as in the early days when Jamaican artists first came over here, he has to play with our Ivory Coasters instead of his own super-bad Rocafil Jazz musicians.

The Ivory Coasters did a good job under the circumstances (one week's rehearsal), but they sounded scrappy.

Still, Prince Nico together with his wife and co-singer, Louisiana Tildon, put on a dancing demonstration in the 'spoon position' that was a great example of the 'advertise-it' school of movement.

Prince Nico's acrylic knee-breeches with a ruffle down the side, and his yellow knee-length boots with a handy pocket in mid-calf, could start a new fashion trend. He's determined that his African pop will lead the trend for African music abroad.

Like Fela, Prince Nico comes from Nigeria, though he relocated to the Cameroons and evolved his music there during the Nigerian war. Prompted by the mention of Fela, Prince Nico nods vigorously.

"I like musicians who Africanise, who don't adopt the white man's culture. Africa is full of music, it's a national resource, and we have enough to exploit it for the next 500 years. I can't imitate Johnny Halliday, but he can't play our music. So why not get our own well blended and send it to the white people? The time has come when Europeans and whites should listen to the other parts of the world. African musicians should leave Western culture. Why should musicians play what they can't get to the peak, the top?"

Opposed, but somehow parallel to Simon Underwood's view, Nico's talking about the necessity for colonised people to un-learn, then re-learn, their own cultural expression. He's right;

you've got to know your own stuff first, or there won't be anything to exchange.

I suppose it's not surprising since most of the imports were Master Musicians dealing with an inherited bedrock of skill, but the rock groups didn't come off too well at the Fest. Only two actually forced me to leave the room — Simple Minds and Echo And The Bunnymen.

The Beat came off particularly well, especially during an impassioned 'Stand Down Margaret' that rocked the house like a revivalist meeting with mass fervour. Pigbag were rambling at times, but basically delivered the good-time party-down for which they are known and loved.

Peter Gabriel and The Bunnymen both suffered from their new additions — the stunning Bristol Afro-Caribbean dance and rhythm group Ekome (who along with the Burundis were the stars of the Fest), in the case of P.G., and the Burundis themselves with Echo. But the Echos were a horrible noise, compared to whom Peter Gabriel (our host with the most) was a great spiritual experience.

Rip Rig & Panic packed out their tiny tent. As usual, there was such a mad party of writhing forms onstage that the audience must submit to their firecracker, volatile Molotov cocktail or leave the room. Luckily, their sturdy rhythm section is a strong enough foundation to carry any almost-missed moments forward.

Neneh Cherry was particularly glorious, chiding the audience: "I'm jamming better than y'all, and I'm pregnant!"

Together with bassie Sean's sister Andrea, they provide a warmth and human depth that holds the music together like superglue. Neneh's daddy, Don joined then followed their set with a magical session from one of his combos, Codona, featuring the brilliant Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos and sitarist Colin Walcott. The blend was liquid, lilting, soft and emotional, rounding off with Don rapping about his instrument, the dousongone: "I didn't find it, it found me... this guitar came from MALI... this guitar's called a DOUSONGONE... this guitar comes from AFRICA! — Mali..." strumming as if the dousongone was a super-resonant double bass.

The welter of Cherry — jazz — sitar — Africa — Watts — Surrey — Bristol — funk connections provided by the Codona/Rip Rig & Panic axis typified the positive aspect of WOMAD far more than the Burundi's massive beat outweighing the Bunnymen's angst-laden guitar, probably because it's part of a lengthy development of interchange rather than an impromptu grafting. Though the Burundis did tune in to the Liverpoolian rhythms on 'A Promise' not to mention improving them.

One of the greatest source musics presented by WOMAD was the Balinese Gamelan, playing their ego-less ensemble music on exquisite elaborate red and gold instruments. Their unexpected subtle crescendoes were emphasised by extremely glamorous dancers dressed in tight purple red gold and yellow robes who re-validated feminine movements. Sound and visual were both an inspiration.

Subtler sound overlaps were the resonances between, for example, the sets by the mastersingers of the Dhrupad singers from North India, Zia Fariduddin Dagar and Ritwik Sanyal, with Babulal Pakhawaji, and that of Canadian Jon Hassell, whose c.v. flits about between Brian Eno, Terry Riley, Lamonte Young, Stockhausen and the Indian vocalist Pandit Pran Nath. The two outfits both made underwater music, that lilted and lapped, enchanting you back into the womb before all this aggro started.

The most surprising, moving sound for me (mainly because I'd never really heard it before) was the lush, epic romance of the Chinese music. For their cross-cultural contribution, someone sang that old favourite, 'Drink To Me Only'. Apart from that, the Tian Jin's sense of colour was enough to make you drunk, even without West Country scrumpy and magic mushrooms. The pink lighting! The clear, singing blues, red, purples and yellows! Their colours evoked unpolluted air. The music was romantic and passionate, with melodic changes that make 'Lara's Theme' from *Dr Zhivago* sound like Throbbing Gristle.

Apart from the thrill of the dance of the young married couple returning to see her family — where the bride dances in a colourful pantomime horse — and the dance for making the fragrant rice wine — expressing their sincere wishes for their motherland to have a bright future (I quote from the delightful spoken commentary) — the lithe, eloquent Tian Jin Dancers acted out their folk stories with seductive grace.

The triumphs were the sword dance, and the spectacular number where the dancers waved long red ribbons, till they made shapes in the air that seemed to extend their body movements like ectoplasm streaming from the fingers on a Kirlian photograph.

**I**NTERVIEWED Cao Hoxing, a magnificent composer and head of the group, and Yuan Chengwu, their artistic director, with the aid of an interpreter. This was the first time the troupe has played in Western Europe, and obviously I was fascinated to know their response.

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I never succeeded in breaking through their charming politeness and, yes, inscrutability! The subtlest question to provoke a specific, nay, personal response was gently but firmly sidestepped by a string of diplomatic platitudes — what was their biggest surprise on their first visit here?

"In Bristol the people are so kind and hospitable. The Welsh villagers were so friendly although we couldn't understand each other . . . And the rock groups? You don't have them in China."

"Our people love our traditional music. But we are eager to understand. We know your Shakespeare and your George Bernard Shaw, but we do not understand as yet your present. Many Chinese love Western classical music."

Would it be possible to hold a similar event in China?

"We already have sporting events, but probably, in the future . . . not in the *near* future."

We parted, bowing and applauding each other, and I wandered out onto the crazy camp-site and onto a field where King Trigger were going bang-bang-thud. Ugghhh. Over in a corner, I see Lee, the friendly bespectacled main Chinese interpreter, standing with another musician. Hurray! Out of the official eye, maybe we can get some dialogue going!

Lee's friend was very communicative, talking very fast Chinese while looking straight in my eyes before I even had a chance to ask a question.

"He wants to know, for how long has this music been popular in your country?" translated Lee.

Ummm . . . it started in the '50s, but was mostly American-influenced, started to take a more national shape in the '60s and has evolved since then . . . I wondered whether I really wanted King Trigger to represent three decades of British rock evolution. This musician, who plays the gahu, a kind of Chinese bass, didn't seem to rate them too highly.

What about groups in China?

Lee said that many young Chinese love the Western rock they pick up on the radio, but they could never afford the instruments. Prompted by the super-amicable spirit between the three of us, I open my big mouth.

"I think the whole world is full of people, then politicians. Isn't it great when the politicians allow the people to get together and talk?"

Lee translates to his friend. His friend says something back in rapid Chinese. Lee turns to me. "I am so sorry, we have to go to catch the bus now."

Nope, I just couldn't scrutate 'em. Too inscrutable. Even when I saw them leave on the bus, three hours later. We bowed, we smiled.

**T**OWARDS THE end of the third day, I ran into Peter Gabriel. Unlike the majority of our rock establishment, typified by the disgusting Rolling Stones, Gabriel and Pete Townshend have put their money where their mouth is and tried to put back into the community that gave it to 'em in the first place.

As far as I can see, Peter Gabriel deserves a slap on the back and some red roses. But the man did not look happy, despite his brightly coloured festival waistcoat that probably doubled as a pair of hiking boots.

I knew instantly. Artistically, the Festival had been an unqualified success, a three-day musical orgasm, in fact. It could only be the bucks that brought a frown.

"Have you had enough people here to cover costs?"

"In a word . . . no," said Peter, bravely trying to force a smile. I recalled his crack the week before about there being interesting places like the bankruptcy court.

"Even with the video rights?"

"We have to see if we can sell it, first. But," he said with conscious positivism, "at least we've shown that there are people who want to hear other musics apart from rock. Even if we can't carry it on, somebody else will."

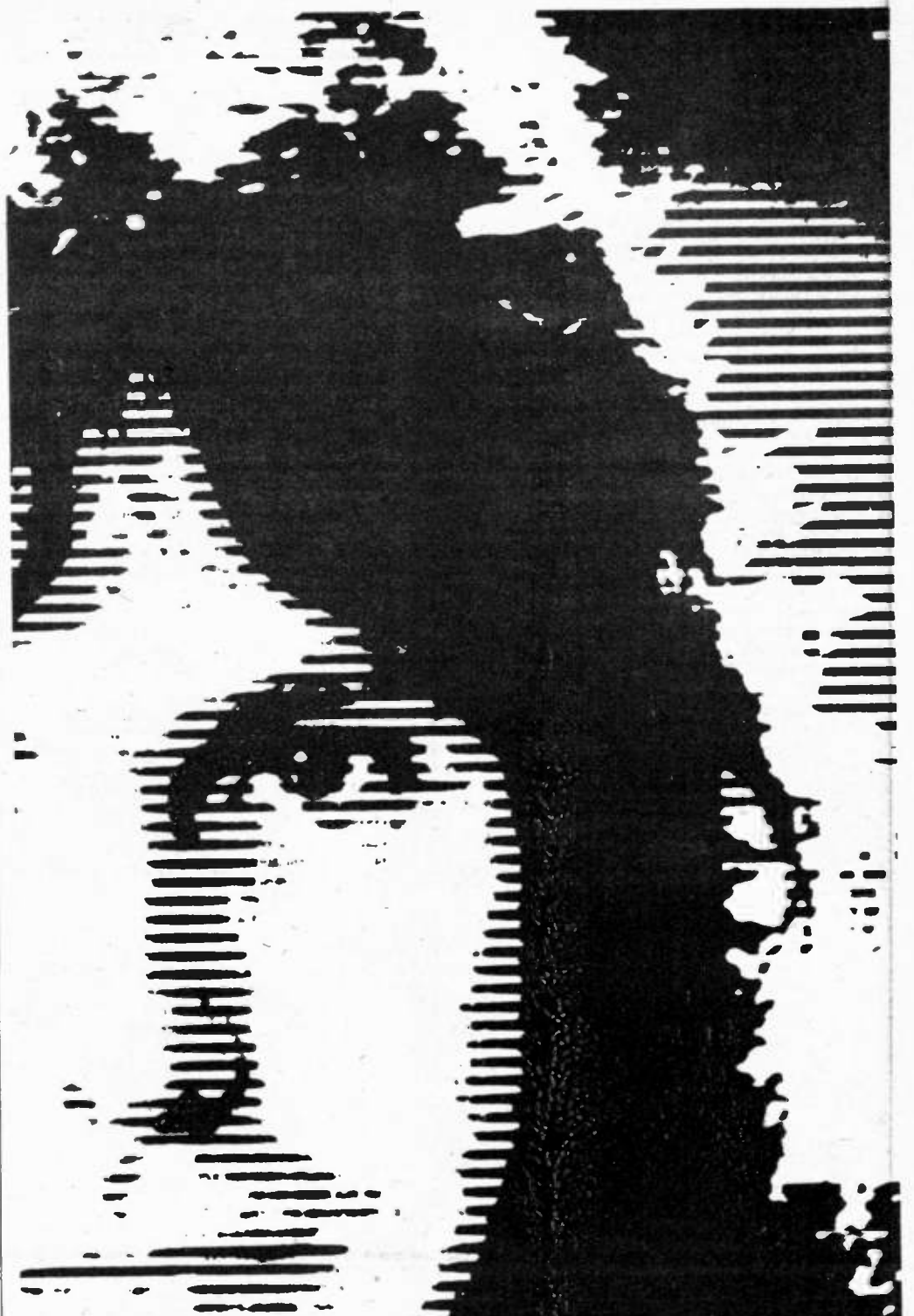
The brave, bold, visionary WOMAD Festival ship crashed on the rocks, its direction misled by the combined Philistine powers of the Tory government and the Unions in the shape of the rail strike that kept many at home . . . But perhaps it was over-ambitious: nobody could possibly have checked out the massive gathering of the international talent presented simultaneously on the stages. The WOMAD Festival, however, was a beacon for the future.

And there undoubtedly is a future, because there are enough people who feel other cultures, not for political or academic reasons, but because people do feel. Like Martin Lovis, the collage artist whose work, like John Heartfield's, is shatteringly apposite satire on South Africa. I somehow expected him to be a black South African, but no, Lovis is a west Londoner and white.

How did you learn so much about South Africa? Have you spent a lot of time there? Do you come from there originally?

"No," said Lovis. Then he added, "But in a way, I suppose I do."

That human spirit that politicians can never control makes me think we'll see another WOMAD somewhere, somehow. By any other name, it would be as sweet.



# FRANKIE MILLER

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## SINGLE OF THE MOMENT



Pic: Joe Stevens.

Bronx's king of the quick mix.

## GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: The Message (Sugarhill)

Patronised by Tina Weymouth and New York's SoHo art crowd, overdosing on crazy street jive and astrological bull — all the immediacy and presence seems to have disappeared from the rap music on Sugarhill recently.

But careful with that critical backlash, Eugene. The Grand Master has been away watching, waiting and brooding (some say in a mental institution after having his soda pop spiked with mind warping hallucinogenics — and the claustrophobic visions of this record certainly bear that out). 'The Message' is a devastating return, going far beyond 'rap' or 'protest'. So far in fact that it's one of the most mesmerising records you're likely to hear. Ever.

It's summer in New York City and the noxious fumes are getting thicker and the ordinary folk who work hard and play hard all year are starting to get restless and agitated. On the streets and on the sidewalks faces begin to twist and grimace. The tension is becoming unbearable and some people are beginning to crack up. Right, Flash — take it away.

"Broken glass everywhere, people pissing on the stairs, y'know they just don't care. I can't take the smell and I can't take the noise. Got no money to move out. I guess I've got no choice. Rats in the front room, roaches in the back. Junkies in the alley with the baseball bat. I tried to get away but I couldn't get far because the man from the garage re-possessed my car. Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge. I'm trying not to lose my head."

There's greed, ambition and despair in the battle for a place at the head of the rat pack and 'The Message' clocks it all perfectly. A pathetic bent figure with zombie eyes tells a story in itself.

"Crazy lady living in a bag, eating out of garbage pails. Used to be a fag hag. . . Was seen up on Princes seemed to have lost her senses. Down at the peep show watching all the creeps so she can tell the story to the folks back home. She went to the city and got social security. She had to get a pimp she couldn't make it on her own. Don't push me, I'm close to the edge. I'm trying not to lose my head."

From the seamy underbelly of Times Square way up to the tenements of Harlem and back down to the bums on The Bowery and the advertising execs with the alligator skin shoes on Madison Avenue the heartbeat of the city is struggling to keep on top of its own internal cancer. 'The Message' fixes on your spinal vertebrae like a clamp, puts the central nervous system into overdrive and takes you through seven minutes of menace and shock — the bass pumps like a piston and stings like a scorpion. The phasing moves through the mix like a scythe, tearing into the city's ripped back sides while Flash builds from bitter frustration until by the end of the record he's spitting out huge bellyfuls of ugly black bile.

"A child is born with no state of mind, blind to the ways of mankind. God's smiling on you but he's frowning too. Cause only God knows what you're going through. You grow in the ghetto living second rate and your eyes will sing a song of deep hate. The places you play and where you stay are like one great big alleyway. You'll admire all the number book takers, duds, pimps, pushers and the big money makers. Driving big cars spending twenties and tens and you want to grow up to be just like them. Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers, pickpockets, peddlars and even panhandlers. You say, 'I'm cool, I'm no fool' but then you end up dropping out of high school. Now you're unemployed or null and void. Walking round like you're pretty boy Floyd. Turned stick up kid but look what you've gone and did. Got sent up for a eight-year bid. Now your manhood is took and . . . You spend your next two years as an undercover fag being used and abused to work like hell until one day you were found dead in the cell. It was plain to see that your life was lost. You was cold and your body swung back and forth. And now your eyes sing the sad sad song of how you lived so fast and died so young."

'The Message' is part of a great tradition in black music which thrives on alertness and prides itself on morality and strength. As an incisive contemporary overview on the inner city malaise it is without parallel and combines with the break dancing teams presently setting New York alight to make a truly potent upheaval of the soul tradition. And when you compare the sass and conviction of this to any of our homegrown pork pie and pint punk poets or so called mobile, energetic new pop groups you get the impression some people aren't telling the truth. Get 'The Message'?

## BOW WOW WOW: Louis Quatorze (RCA)

I'm sure Malcolm McLaren's eyes went dollar bill as soon as he put Bow Wow Wow together. It must have come as a shock when it took well over a year for the group to get a hit record. Where the old rat made his mistake was that he was trying to sell dirty old man sex to 14-year-old kids in the form of a nymphette who hated her parents and was surrounded by three lecherous slob. Didn't he know that the typical adolescent loves its parents and gets their sexual experiences in a much more healthy and practical way than 'controversial' pop records? The idea may appeal to some tired old scumbains — Fleet Street or music press hacks — but then they're not actually going to buy the records. (Though they'll keep putting Annabella on their cover till the cows come home).

Anyway now that Bow Wow Wow have had a hit with the sort of song that makes Charlene sound special it's time to go back and start trying to sell the group on the premise that they were originally put together. 'Louis Quatorze' is from the 'Cassette Pet' and its filled with all the little gasps and moans that are absent from skin mags. It's been re-recorded with Joan Jett's mentor Kenny 'I've got the longest tongue in the music business' Laguna at the controls and is about as subtle and sensual as a two-ton bull at mating time. "He's my partner in this crime because I'm just 14. Whooo," squeals Miss Lu Win. Still only 14? After two years? Malcolm certainly got himself a good investment that time.

few times, the song's dissected and then taped together, half-way through the trombonist gets kicked and phones in the solo from the hospital bed across the street where she was lying in a coma. Am I close?

## ALLEN GINSBERG AND THE GLUONS: Bird Brain (Wax Trax)

**TOM ROBINSON: Now Martin's Gone (Panik)** Two people who've always been full of good advice, setting the world to rights putting us all on the straight and narrow whenever we strayed from their path, their inspirational light shining bright. Allen Ginsberg wrote a poem called 'Howl' in 1958 and created the world a few years before. The Gluons could be another name for his dentures which he definitely seems to have taken out for this hideous consumption of decades old hippy paranoia and years old punk pretend rebellion. 'Bird Brain' is anything that sticks out a mile, anything you're not sure about — a shopping list of injustices and horrors from international history. Do us a favour Al and take that old bore Burroughs with you back to Algiers, do you really think we need old dopes like you to tell us about the world?

Maybe you could take Tommy boy as well. After a few years of using records as a political fly posters Tom's returned to the moody bed-sitting introspection of dirges like 'Too Good To Be True' and now uses them as problem papers.

**SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem (Rough Trade)** For Scritti Politti the transition



for the turn in the singers voice and the curling bass guitar.

## THE SYNTHETICS: Japanese Toys (Cheapskate)

Round about 1979 The Vapours released a record called 'Turning Japanese' and since then we've never heard the end of the place. Not content with their tasty but way way over-priced food and knack of making everything ten times

in a sleeve that would hardly make it onto the Vision On picture gallery The Tom Tom Club clump and drag where The Drifters were stylish and magnificent. Tina adds lickle gurl charm where Johnny Moore offered a deep rich baritone; the whole thing's a horrible shambles. TTC are one of many groups finding there are few things harder to cope with than the annoyance of a good example.

## THE MONOCHROME SET: The Mating Game (Cherry Red)

So far the career of The Monochrome Set has mirrored that of Scritti Politti without the politics or NME C81 behind them. Their horribly twee 'tea and buns' type English whimsy has been gradually angled around to the mass market and this slice of giggly Grammar school boy soft porn could be the one to do it. Benny Hill for post graduate wine bar drinking cheeps: "Squeeze, suck, pinch, pluck. Wobble wobble grab and gobble darling ahhh/Unzip — ooze, drip. Dippy, dippy wet and slippery."

Oswald! Peregrine! Put your hands above the table where I can keep my eyes on them.

## BILL LOVELADY AND SHANKAR: Himalaya (WEA)

You have to be quick in this game, I can tell you. You can nob off to the pub at lunch time and by the time you come back some totally new and wonderful musical happening has lit upon the world. So you can imagine my chagrin when last week I returned to the office after a few swift ones to see superior mugs seated behind the typewriters. I opened the paper to discover the awful truth — somewhere all these livelier than Lucifer blokes were whipping up some great jungle frenzy, a sort of dynamic new wonder drug and where am I? Down the pub. Africa was in and I was up The Khyber without a pass. I wouldn't say I was embarrassed but everytime I opened my mouth somebody tried to stick a letter down my throat.

This week though I'm way ahead of everyone. I've invested in the patchouli oil, curry powder and cheap coloured cloth. Yup, it's time to go Indian! All you'll need is a hog of a song and a contribution to 'WOMAD', just ask Shankar. It's something all you earnest young men with fringes falling in your faces could consider as an alternative career. And it's accompanied by some sort of noise from Will Sergeant of The Bunnymen with a lead instrument that sounds like the vocalist from the first side caught in a mangle.

Thanks all the same, but next week I'll just stay in the pub.

## SINGLES

REVIEWED BY GAVIN MARTIN

## BAD MANNERS: My Boy Lollipop (Magnet)

Doug Trendle is a smart guy who doesn't believe in overworking his brain when it comes to making music. This must be the most obvious thing Bad Manners could do at the moment and I suppose the ability to realise what is the most obvious thing you can do is in itself one of the fundamentals of having hit records.

Maybe some day Dougie will give it all up to start using his skill to do something really important like to become champion Stoke Newington and district pie and bitter consumer. Until then this is the sort of thing you'll be well familiar with — rude, rumbustious and jolly.

## THE FUNBOY THREE: Summertime (Chrysalis)

No-one's ever likely to get worked up about FB3 — good solid lads who always support the right causes and if they want a little sweetness and limelight — fair play to them. Sweet. Actually . . . I think this record is, at least, a minor disgrace. It really sounds as if they had no motivation or interest in recording it, as if it was a toss up between recording this and picking their noses all afternoon. Nobody had any spare change so they decided to do both.

Terry Hall plays the defrocked choirboy, George Gershwin's spirit is exhumed and kicked around the studio a

from earnest theoreticians of the new noise to smartie tongued darling intellectuals of the new pop seems to have been an easy and painless move. One year living in a Camden squat and the next year . . . well they may still be in the squat but they're also on the front page of the music press.

For all their lyrical waxing about the classic paradigm that can be set by the pop song they aren't really very good at composing melodies — look no further than the atrocious sprawling 'Faithless'. Basically all that's changed is that they've discovered Green has a voice like raspberry syrup and started to ladle it all over jittery little attempts to be commercial rather than jittery little attempts to be obscure like they used to. After that s'easy — just blind them with science. How else do you explain a derivative rag of a song like 'Asylums In Jerusalem'?

**THE KEYS: Suspicious (A&M)** One of the more accomplished releases this week although it suffers from an execution which is a little cautious and a production which doesn't give the song the depth it requires. The Keys come from Portsmouth and 'Suspicious' is the sort of astute stalking funk I'd have thought Link would have progressed to after their first LP. The playing is great, using a lot of fresh ideas where you expect to hear the usual clichés. Watch out especially

smaller than normal, the Japs are now trying to make their own music. And once or twice they almost succeeded but ended up with The Plastics and The Yellow Magic Orchestra, which must be a bit like asking for sushi and getting cod roe.

But what's even worse is that lots of really dull English groups are making records that they think they would be making had they been born in Japan and were able to coast through life on hi-tech rollers — everything a lot more compact and less complicated than back home. And lo and behold we have pots of piss like 'Japanese Toys'. Hugh. Imagine wanting to be part of a trend started by The Vapours.

## THE DRAMATICS: I Can't Stand It (Capitol)

A bit too long on 12-inch but it sounds like prime time modern day Isleys music and, as any fool knows, at their best The Isleys make some stormers. No complaints here, this is a very good record indeed.

## THE TOM TOM CLUB: Under The Boardwalk (Island)

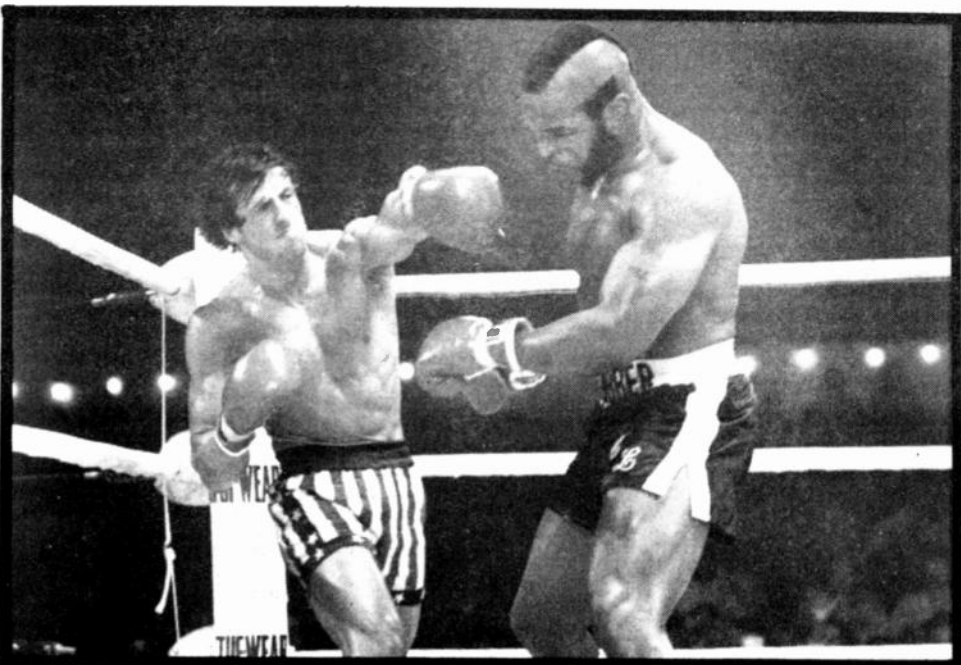
We've already had Terry Hall way way overplaying a supposedly endearing vocal delivery and here we have Tina — Kooky college kid from the city turned all ethnic, funky and carefree — doing the same thing with her squeaky pitch. The rush for the single of the summer is on and watch how many classic songs get murdered in the rush. Dressed



# THE ITALIAN STALLION COMES TO TOWN

The man who made *Rocky* roll is back and pulling no punches. SYLVESTER STALLONE, the star and director of *Rocky III*, reveals the dream he's built into an epic American myth. Inside every giant, there's a little guy just busting to get out ...

**INTERVIEW: RICHARD COOK**  
**PHOTOGRAPH: PENNIE SMITH**

STALLONE VS CLUBBER IN *ROCKY III*

## GO FOR IT!

**D**O WE HAVE ANY HEROES LEFT IN THESE TIMES?

Imagine a kid, born in Hell's Kitchen, New York, raised in a broken home, expelled from schools, growing into a man built like a dockland hell-raiser; scuffling for parts in plays and movies, sleeping in bus stations; scribbling scripts and failing a thousand auditions; and finally, when almost 30, struck Zeus-like with inspiration: a story of a fighter, a lovable no-quitter pug, a guy determined to bust through the ceiling on limitation and shake a dream by the throat until it takes solid shape. A story to make his own life run the same expressway to the stars.

You don't have to imagine him. It's Sylvester Stallone.

"Rocky is a pretty accurate barometer of people's own feelings towards their own situations. They can relate to not being able to accomplish what their own dreams and aspirations are. They see that maybe it can be done through, just . . . raging perseverance, going for it, taking that one shot. They can accomplish it, at least vicariously.

"Rocky works solely on the emotions. If it doesn't reach you through the heart, it's failed. If it reaches you intellectually, it's failed. It's a cathartic experience."

Can you resist it — the dizzying roar of the crowd, the sweeping gaze taking in the rows of bulging eyes and outstretched arms and wolverine eagerness for triumph? Can you resist surrendering control to that seismic exhilaration?

## THE BELL

**S**YLVESTER STALLONE WAS A STRUGGLING CHARACTER ACTOR WITH A SIDELINE AMBITION AS A SCREENPLAY WRITER WHEN IN 1975 HE HAD THE IDEA OF CREATING ROCKY BALBOA.

He'd seen the fight between Muhammed Ali and Chuck Wepner, an over-the-hill roughneck who pushed Ali to 15 full rounds. If that could happen in *real life*, why not the movies too?

The way *Rocky* took shape and eventually took American box offices by storm, is so dream-like it's as if Hollywood reincarnated itself as Stallone's plaything. The Chartoff-Winkler production team offered him hundreds of thousands for the script (Stallone was virtually skint at the time), but he turned down every cheque until granted the shot at starring in the film too. United Artists must have groaned when the picture took slow returns at first; yet somehow the film struck a universal allegiance that made takings soar. When the Academy responded by giving the film Best Picture too, Stallone was set up for keeps.

In retrospect, the reversion to a deliriously romantic outlook must have been embraced with open arms by a cinema establishment sated with the dour chic radicalism of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. *Rocky's* environment was the ring, enshrined in the American dream as a mythic gateway to untold wealth and prestige for a simple prole ox; it doubled as a heavyweight tearjerker, with the blossoming love between the winningly clumsy fighter and Talia Shire's lisson Adrian; and it drove a rousing climax where, though Rocky misses the title, he is the victor in all else.

It was enough like life to charge the spirits of a million would-be champions and still kept inside the ropes of Hollywood's tradition; leave 'em with a song in the heart and a tear on the cheek.

Stallone's portrayal was so hand-in-glove it surpassed the method book. Stallone was — and still is — Rocky. Boxing movies were all but buried by John Huston's 1972 *Fat City*, which — although depicting the club fighter circuit with a soft skid row poetry — seemed like a death knell for the sport. *Rocky* performed a Lazarus act. The fighter's simple dignity made him seem more like the little guy standing tall than the lumpen, bludgeoning meat head he could have been: and it was down to Stallone's polish that he came out so genuinely heroic.

Remember the innocent chased by a crazed Jack Lemmon in *The Prisoner Of Second Avenue*, the crag-headed punk screwball driver in *Death Race 2000*, and the Bowery pigeon fancier, all lower lip and ominous bicep, in *The Lords Of Flatbush*? Stallone's build had led him to bit roles that now look like starting blocks for *Rocky's* bravura one-man show.

*Rocky II*, the inevitable sequel, was his first try at directing the character as well as playing

him, and it underlined where Stallone's affection for the movies lay — in the three ring circus of emoting, camera and editing techniques telescoped into the service of, well, the straight knockout punch.

In the climactic sequence where the road-training Rocky is followed by a gathering army of idolatrous kids, until an entire neighbourhood has tailed him and the great Hercules acknowledges the acclaim, the huge, bountiful, critically-confounding love that fuels Stallone's cinema *gushes* forth. It's archetypally manipulative, but I defy you to remain immune.

**S**O HOW DOES THIS CELLULOID TITAN SHAPE UP IN PERSON?

We're holed up in the slowly fading elegance of the Dorchester, awaiting his appearance. At last he walks in: rather incongruously, there's a pipe between the lips; but in every other detail — the great shoulders, the swept, pristine hair, the flawlessly chiselled face, open-neck shirt and heavy gold neckchain, the calm, deliberate strides and perfectly judged handshake — this is exactly The Great Sylvester Stallone.

"Rocky is a noble savage. He's doing in the 20th century what people cannot now do, chasing their destiny. Today we're relegated to office work, going from here to here, with constant government intervention in what we do. The era of the free spirit — the Crusades, or whatever — has all gone; and Rocky belongs to that era. He's a throwback. A gladiator in tennis shoes."

Stallone leans forward to sip some coffee. Though his rich, New Yorker's voice has a sleepy quality that sometimes recedes into a deep drawl, his absolute lucidity is soon apparent. Only a trace of weariness in the eyes hints at his fatigue, caught up in a week-long whirlwind of interviews to promote the new *Rocky III*.

*Rocky III*? *THREE*? Come on! Rocky finally got his title in *II* — surely he can't struggle through another extravaganza of mug-bashing?

In fact, *Rocky III* is a brilliant success. Fears that Stallone might have milked his man beyond tolerance are dismissed by the fired-up exuberance that runs through the whole film. In living out every cliché in the text of sports melodrama — the noxious challenger unseating the champ, who in turn has to face up to his own fears in an attempt at finding his 'eye of the tiger', the last-chance shot at regaining the title — Stallone renews film's ability to transcend: *Rocky's* jousting is *ecstatic* in its suspension of disbelief.

Cinema is many things to me: but if any film this year has made me want to stand up and cheer, head and heart bursting, it's *Rocky III*.

"The most interesting aspect to me is the accomplishment of the dream, to get to the top of the mountain. But even more fascinating is how you stay on the mountain and then get down gracefully. I guess I've gone about as far as I can go in notoriety and the thing now is to try and get out unscathed, not to do anything that's truly embarrassing to myself or to my work."

"For me, to keep that *hunger* is to take on different challenges and go into other areas of film-making that I know nothing about. I don't want to make *Rocky IV*. In *Rocky III*, people can identify with what he's got — they see his suits and success and know he has something worth losing. Not just his pride, but his house, welfare, children . . .

"For people who've followed the other two *Rockys* it's like watching your child grow up, making all these terrible mistakes, like *what are you DOING?* There's almost a maternal angle to it. And it is sorta autobiographical — there's that truth in it."

It may seem easy, but the construction of emotions in spate inside the laborious stop-go technicality of film-making must be infinitely more taxing than the frigid design of introversion that's supposed to characterise 'significant' cinema. How does he reconcile the extremes?

"It's strange," he reflects, rather taken by the question. "I do become very dispassionate and clinical — like, well, that's a very wonderful, emotional scene, I got a little tear out of that scene — but it throws off the emotional impact two scenes later. When a producer says, Hey — make a cut there, he doesn't realise that that affects the rhythm of the next 15 scenes."

"So when at the end of the day, I'm feeling drained, I'm with my editor and we're looking at the film — if I don't feel that certain tingle then I know it's boring. If I feel nothing then it's back to the drawing board. The way I work is purely instinctual."

"My brain can be the clumsiest part of my body!" says this smart man. "I'm an emotional character and I deal with emotional subject matter — when it starts getting brainy . . . Let's see how cute we can be here — let's throw a dead chicken into the ring and see if anyone reads any symbolism into it. I'll leave that to the smarter people."

Which reminds me — did he pay much attention to *Raging Bull* while making *Rocky III*? The treatment of some of the fight scenes seems reminiscent . . .

"No. *Raging Bull* is an entirely different kind of film. They showed the more sordid and realistic side of boxing. *Rocky* uses boxing as a metaphor for life in general."

"They used some of the people from *Rocky II* to choreograph the boxing, but otherwise there's nothing you could interchange. He



one camera, I used nine — the surrealistic that could stretch out to 30 feet . . . The ts were very surrealistic — blood coming of the ear, *ptui!*”

He grants Mr Scorsese a lazy smile. If La ta and Balboa dance on the same canvas, /re never in the same ring.

s inescapable, though, that Rocky’s mphs are wrought in an arena where narity can seem suspended: to be aimed for hammering the shit out of ther man — what crown does that deserve? time when the anti-boxing lobby has never n stronger, *Rocky III* can seem to epitomise myopic romanticism which the sport has akely gained.

ow does Stallone equate Rocky’s humanity the implied barbarism of his trade?

“You know,” he says, after a pause of ditative pipe-chewing, “is it barbaric or is it le? Why is it barbaric when you have two -matched people who are trained to fight? baric to me is when you take an innocent, killed person and beat him up. Boxing is no re barbaric than 30 other sports I could ne.

Rocky is the epitome of what most fighters today: a very gentle guy whose mind ches over to the warrior side which we all e when he gets into the ring. If pushed hard ough you could make anyone a fighter. And /d enjoy it! There’s nothing more edible than standing over someone who is able of totally defeating you. It’s a *sport* — re’s rules, referees, strategies, training . . . I /t see any hypocrisy there at all. At all.”

ime is short, so although nter-arguments are easily mounted I ose not to press the point. Stallone delivers -view calmly; and he insists on Rocky’s erprise as a metaphor. He is never trapped he actor/director’s tempting snare of -r-reaching for art.

Entertainment. I’ll leave art to the painters. ally. It’s very hard to make a piece of art in a eective format. We have to make mpromises and great art never came through , period. It’s like snatches of art here and re, and even then the audience has to ide. It’s so dependent on the acting, which -carry the directing along — or the other / around. So it’s not like a single effort. The art in making films is communication. ore you communicate to is the name of game, to me. I think of *Rocky* and *E.T.* as -stic entertainment movies. You say OK, at does it mean? But they’re not meant to be nething Franz Kafka would write — my -fession is not a small segment of the world. ant to do things that are relatable. It would ego-flaunting of me to do films that are ely for my own edification.

A cult film is something that everyone talks out and nobody goes to see. If I’m gambling n 15 or 20 million dollars of someone else’s ney that’s not very fair, is it?”

airness — of course, it could be Rocky ing.

If you were financing it and then you were ching this film you’d be going, What — did ou — do? Why did you make a movie out . . . incest?”

His voice trembles in mock fear as hapless kers of *Butterfly* break into a cold sweat. ‘Some movies would have been better as ms or short stories. I know — I’ve done ne that should have been!’

uch as?

Like *Nighthawks*. That was not the movie I out to make. They recut it and made it a mula film. It was originally a movie with a ole underground of subsidiary characters t they just *eliminated*. It turned into a ndard cop-chase film, which was better off being done at all.

“*Escape To Victory* (Huston’s sloppy POW -tball ‘adventure’ — Stallone the goalie) was ther one. It wasn’t worth the time and sweat t went into it, because it never started to live to the way it was conceived.”

## THE COUNT

**S**TALLONE TURNED TO IRECTION AFTER THE FIRST ROCKY. HOW IMPORTANT IS COMPLETE CONTROL OVER A LM TO HIM?

“I like to sit back and be directed. But it’s like ing an aeroplane — everything’s OK until u hit turbulence and then you want to jump and grab the controls. That’s pretty much / philosophy on it. Who wouldn’t want to rn a nice living, just learn your lines and end most of your time in your trailer?”

The great man plays Will Rogers for a oment.

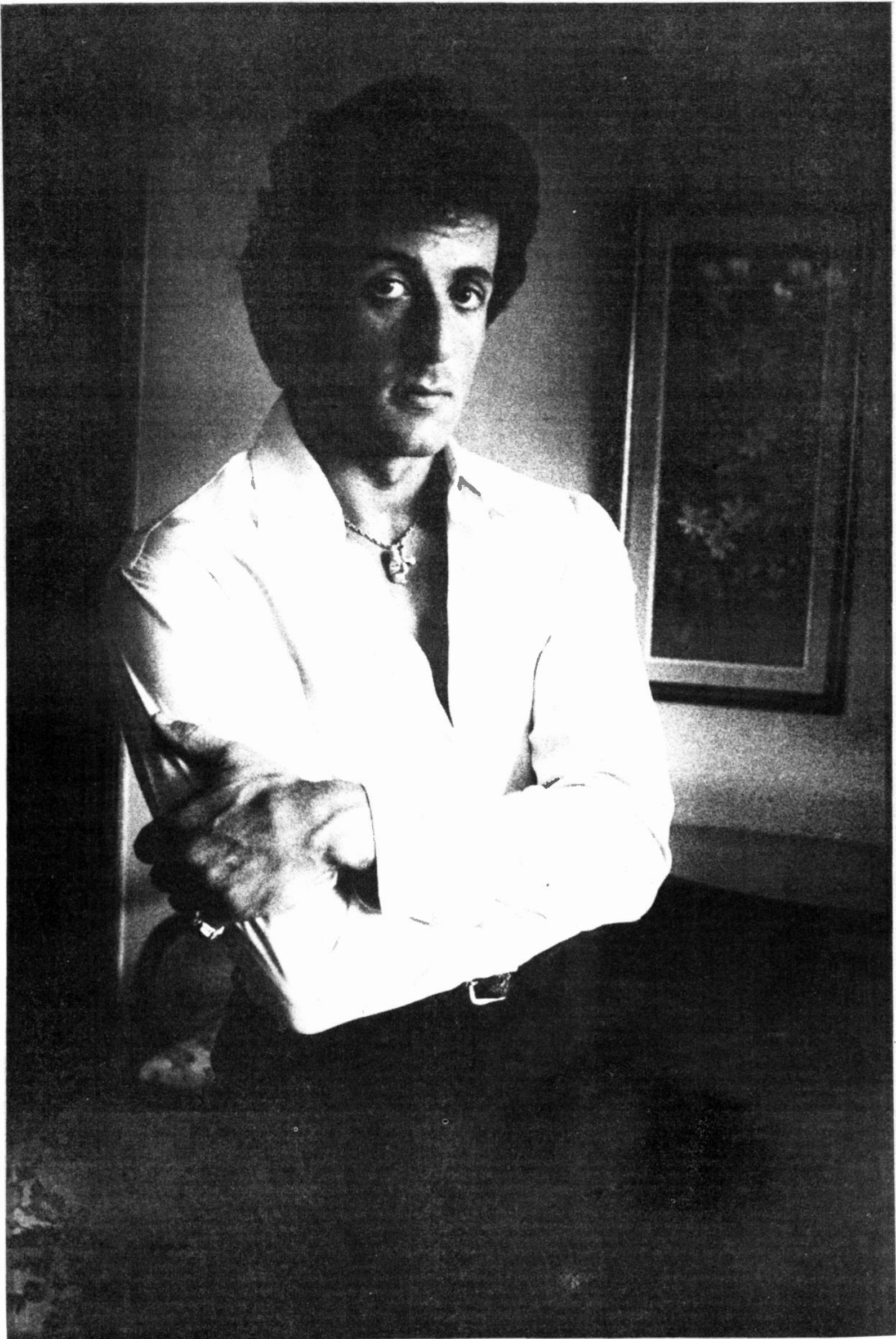
“Directing and writing takes a hell of a toll on ur personal life. My personal life is a ambles. You oughta do a survey of how many -divorced directors there are. Very few.” He -vers the words like he’s sizing up a body unt. “Very few.”

What’s the hardest thing about ff-direction?

“Mmm . . . I’m usually watching the other or. If we were playing a scene right now — e leans forward and begins squinting at me) the camera’d be over my shoulder and I’d be rt of — (an elaborate mime of expressions) — ing the things I’d want you to do! And before ow it only 70% of me is there and the rest -been scattered.

“The biggest fear is the fatigue factor. Five or

**“Rocky is a noble savage. He’s doing in the 20th century what people cannot now do, chasing their destiny. Today we’re relegated to office work, going from here to here, with constant government intervention in what we do. The era of the free spirit — the Crusades, or whatever — has all gone; and Rocky belongs to that era. He’s a throwback. A gladiator in tennis shoes.”**



MAMA'S LITTLE ITALIAN BOY, A SOUTHPAW SLUGGER.

six weeks into the film you begin to hallucinate. Like on *Rocky III* I'd be up at six, work all day, do the boxing, eat my dinner while watching dailies till ten, then go and work out until eleven-thirty, finally going to bed at twelve. My wife'd say, Hey — what happened today? And I'd say, Aah, I don't wanna talk about it.

“Your movie set becomes your reality and

your real life is the fantasy. It's an unreal existence. The silence at home is overwhelming — you wonder where the people are asking you things. I thought it might be just me, but I read about Frank Capra saying the same thing. Then you know it's time to take a vacation. A *long* vacation.”

How concerned is he at film's power to

control the emotions?

“It's a powerful tool. You can warp someone's outlook for a long time. My son saw a rabbit die in *Watership Down* and he was — wiped out! He'd say, is there a dead rabbit in that room?”

“I cut down a lot of the violent scenes in

CONTINUES PAGE 41



THE

# FUN BOY THREE



NEW SINGLE

## Summertime

AVAILABLE IN 7" CHS AND 12" CHS

Chrysalis

FB3



# LPS

## BAD GIRL COMES GOOD

DONNA SUMMER

Donna Summer (Warners)

QUINCY JONES produces this record and, with Rod Temperton writes a lot of its material. The bass and drums (some of them programmed!) the synths and strings, the guitars and horns, are just too much: to detail their interaction and, above all, their light and shade and economy of effect would take reams.

Let's just take a sentence: this album is a masterpiece of funk-soul-disco offered up as heightened, tightened muzak. And, like so much of Jones' work which aspires to middle-brow musical spheres (the hardest to attain?), it seems to be scored rather than written; but the result is never obviously orchestral: the played and the programmed, the cooked and the cooled, underpin song structures while at the same time, without any pretentiousness, brimming beyond them. The Arrangement. Next to it, for instance, 'The Lexicon of Love' (much as I love it) sounds like it has a way to go.

I nearly forgot Donna Summer, who since the mid-70s has come a long way. Nobody's suggesting that she hadn't arrived right at the beginning of her career with the sinuous minimalism of those Moroder productions (machine heat as body music), but now she's willing to try so much more and develop a variety of styles. And we should remind ourselves of her middle transitional period, of numbers like 'Hot Stuff' and 'Bad Girls' (so proud of their guitar at a time when everyone else was busy catching up with Moroder synths. From the same period (late '70s to 1980) as the riffing and strutting came a rather baroque reflective version of 'MacArthur Park': it was as if Donna was so busy telling the world what a technically good singer she was that she got

lost a little along the way, reminding the listener that she never quite gets to have a great voice.

On her new record, tracks like 'Love Is Just A Breath Away' and 'Lush Life' suffer from a similar problem, though the last lines of this latter song, which ends the album, cut the listener and the smokey sentimentality of the piece dead: "I rot with the rest/Of those whose lives are lonely too". It's a great moment, but the exploration of feeling and the attempt at grandeur and epic melancholy are better on 'Mystery of Love' (great synclavier quotations of Moroder) and 'The Woman In Me' with its magical exotic intro complete with talk-over vocal.

'State Of Independence' is another kind of epic, relying on a deadened thudding Afro-beat set against flighty keyboards and a big choir (including Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder and Dionne Warwick). This track, imaginable as a mumbo-jumbo mystical chant in the hands of its writers Vangelis and Jon Anderson, has its spirituality erotically super-charged by Summer as she conducts a sort of secular Song Of Songs: "Home, be the body of your love/Just like holy water to my lips."

'Living In America' again with choirs goes for expense too, but in a straighter-laced fashion even if the chorus has the feel of drum majorettes getting funky. This cut's words could be naughty: "He left the block and reached the top" and "He's paid his rent, he's president" etc. However, kitsch or straight up, here's a glorious Fanfare Of The Underdog in the Big Country.

The skill and polish of the album are often part and parcel of an elegant hardness. Try the fire and danceability of 'Love Is In Control' (currently burning up the singles chart) and 'Protection', written specially for Donna by Springsteen and with the man himself on guitar. Interesting how women (Smith's 'Because The Night' and The Pointers' 'Fire') always do the best versions of his songs. Donna Summer is no exception and, like on the rest of this album, she sounds like she's singing back at — shaping — the listener. At the start of her career her repetitiousness and those rippling synths functioned as simple reassurance: Donna, a fantasy, was yours. You could say now that it's the other way round. Whatever, 'Donna Summer' offers the whole spectrum of enthrallment.

Paul Tickell



Donna Summer

Pic: Mike Putland



James Brown

Illustration: Ian Wright

## IT'S A BAD, BAD, BAD RECORD

JAMES BROWN

The Best Of (Polydor)

PUTTING TOGETHER a 'Best Of' to span the entire career of an artist such as James Brown on a single album just cannot be done. Twenty-five years and about a thousand songs

cannot be condensed to eleven tracks without so many omissions that it becomes worthless, no good to existing fans who don't want to keep jumping from album to album in order to find the crucial songs, and not much help to the recent converts looking for the essence of what went

before.

Polydor Records must've had this constriction somewhere near the front of their minds throughout the conception and execution of this project. Very little thought, and probably no consultation at all with somebody who knows — Cliff

White or Charles Shaar Murray for instance — has been used. It's almost as if they stopped the milkman, slipped him a couple of quid and made him write down his James Brown Top Ten, then added 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud' to give this Unigate Hit Parade some semblance of street cred, and pressed up a few hundred copies!

I certainly hope that there's not many more than that going about, because a compilation as unbalanced as this being touted as 'definitive' or even 'enlightening' will do artist and audience no good at all. It's not that the tracks are a bit dodgy, or anything like that; all of them are good, but no attempt is made to draw an overall picture of James Brown, the music he's made or the different styles he's been through, showing the effect the man has had on R&B/soul/funk music in the '60s and '70s.

Too much is taken from too early, and it runs out of room for post-'71 material, so ignoring the aspect of JB that took things from soul to funk with songs like 'Good Foot', 'Superbad' and a couple of film soundtracks. There are too many ballads and not enough excitement. Brown has always been about excitement, with the slower numbers put in to give himself and his audience a breather, but side one of this set is almost entirely down-tempo, which makes it a bit of an effort to even get to side two if you're in any sort of high spirits!

That brings us on to the running order of the tracks, which doesn't appear to be chronological, emotional or really anything at all. They've just been whacked down leaving you and I to figure things out for ourselves, when a bit of care and a good set of sleeve notes (none here other than some gratuitous waffle that's a complete contradiction to the musical

content) could've been the turning point of the set.

Ultimately, the whole thing reeks of Pickwick or K-Tel, as small an outlay as possible to hit as many mug punters as possible. Don't buy it.

Lloyd Bradley

## EMPTY OF EASTERN PROMISE

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The INDIPop Compilation ASIAN Album (Virgin)

AFTER MONSOON, the deluge. Western acceptance of Indian music hasn't moved on much since the days when Beatle-band's Hari Georgeson crowded out Abbey Road with moonlighting Bangladeshi bus conductors to add sitar-spice to what remained essentially Britpop songs — opening the floodgates to a tide of hippy-trippy novelties like 'Hole In My Shoe'. Then when Ravi Shankar played a major US show, and had to explain to the ecstatically-clapping audience that he'd only been tuning up, well, the whole fad collapsed in a sea of embarrassment and Quintessence bargain-bin fillers.

Monsoon, for it is they, kick off this new collection of stuff by UK-based Indian musicians, with two tracks from their debut EP. Like most that follows, the songs are ultimately pleasant, but the eastern influence is no more than flavouring. That is, it sounds "Indian" in the same

way that an Opal Fruit might claim to be "strawberry" or "lemon". Other tracks raise other suspicions, like Thika's 'Snake Dance Raja' — aren't snake dances a little obvious? I mean, are Italian chart songs, say, all about gondolas and spaghetti? I doubt it. It does smack a little of cultural tourism, very much angled for white consumption, like a Findus frozen curry.

Manchester's Suns Of Arqa also contribute two, both produced by one Michael Mafia (er, fine work sir! no complaints whatsoever from me!) in Monsoonish vein, but there's still a lot of variety. Why, though, is Indonesian music (Sulaeman's 'Catrik') and Arabic (John Kelihor's 'Trance Dance') lumped under an "Indipop" tag? Because it's all foreign anyhow, and who knows the difference?

Some cuts, like Saregema's 'Spirals', are apparently more strictly Hindu-traditional, although East End-based Dishari's 'Trade Union' is openly UK-oriented (no pun intended) and Jhalib's 'Mysteries Of The East' is another Air Indian-style title. But let's not get purist about this: the project of blending Asian feel with Western elements isn't, in itself, anything to be condemned. After all, if we can't even get different musics to harmonise, what chance have people got? As Kid Creole is always pointing out, purist authenticity is a destructive thing to get hung up on. Cultural mix is where the action is.

If only it didn't all look so opportunist and trendy. Taken as a whole, the album makes for exotic easy listening, and it would be good to know more of these artists in some depth, allowing them time and scope to present themselves as more than stop-offs on an aural ethnic awayday. As a sampler, it's cheaply priced, as well, so by all means give it the benefit of my doubts if you want to.

Paul Du Noyer



# LIGHTNING STRIKES

## STEELY DAN

Gold (MCA)

HERE'S A new Steely Dan compilation LP featuring songs not previously available on any other Steely Dan compilation LP. That's what I call value for money! Actually, I've always had some room in my loft for the quick wit and ready repartee of Becker and Fagen — upper-middle class New York Cool School variety — even the increasingly dried-up insularity of the later stuff, of which this LP is compiled. Absolutely no room for this souvenir though.

Mark Cordero

## JOHNNY COPELAND

Copeland Special (Demon)

## CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN

Alright Again! (Demon)

JOHNNY COPELAND's album took last year's W.C. Handy Award for best blues album of 1981. I can't see it myself: Copeland is a deft guitarist and a gusty, expansive singer, but hardly exceptional: the material is decidedly ordinary and the album is — by contemporary blues standards — indifferently produced.

However, Gatemouth Brown's album is an entirely different cauldron of crustaceans. The 58 year-old Texan operates parallel careers in blues, jazz and country music — he played bluegrass fiddle before he got into blues guitar — but here it's solid Texas jump and swing, as he fronts a spectacular 11-piece band with a shouting, flagwaving brass section and a booting bass and drums. 'Alright Again!' is a more than worthy companion piece to 'San Antonio Ballbuster', Charly Records' collection of his original sides from the late '40s and the '50s. Where T-Bone Walker meets Louis Jordan at the grass roots of swing, you find Gatemouth Brown.

Sheer joy is what it is. Catch this train.

Charles Shaar Murray

## TED NUGENT

Nugent (Atlantic)

"AN ECOLOGICALLY sound recording pressed on 100% recycled backstage nooky hide," it says on the inner sleeve. Ted obviously has a wonderful sense of humour but as far as I'm concerned any bloke who sports a Cheryl Campbell hairdo, a black leather twinset, knuckle dusters and high heels can't be all good; the simple fact is that Nuge is really no good at all. The very first track is called 'No, No, No'; it's probably the only thing we've got in common. Another track is called 'We're Gonna Rock Tonight'; I don't know why that makes me chuckle, but there it is. 'Nugent' is the kind of stuff that makes Joe Walsh sound innovative.

Monty Smith

## LARRY CARLTON

Sleepwalking (WEA)

WE HAVE come to expect better things from Lar. We cast our mind back to some of the fine guitar work he has provided in his capacity as East Coast session player for outfits like Steely Dan and artists like Miss Ronstadt and Bonnie Raitt. 'Sleepwalking' — what do you mean you sly old dog? — really isn't up to par. Sure, the musicianship — Jeff Pocaro on drums never fails to at least ignite a small corner of our listening interest — is flawless, but something is certainly missing (sleepwalking?). I'm not sure, but it could be... imagination????

Ian Penman

## STEVE ROBERTS

Do You Know Who I Am? (Exploited)

'FRAID NOT.

Leyla Sanai



"But Nick, genius is still pain, even in the '80s." Pic: Pennie Smith

# A MILLER STALE

STEVE MILLER BAND

Abracadabra (Phonogram)

WITH THE charts currently awash with some of the most desperate garbage ever, there's scarcely any point in pondering as to why the western world should choose 1982 as the year to let Steve Miller get close to their wallets

once more.

Miller's one of those crusty old pop journeymen, initially noted for being a fair blues guitarist, then for getting slotted into the West Coast psychedelic rock niche back in the late '60s. In fact, Steve Miller's forte this past decade or more has proved to be one of trotting out slick Buddy Holly rewrites whilst tooling

around with synthesizers, so it's no great surprise that the old hack should score with a piece of irrepressibly sappy pop pap like this album's title track.

Steve knows the ropes: rhyme "fire" with "desire", throw in a bit of 'I Dream Of Genie' level shenanigans alongside a good 'funky' bass-line, heat until lukewarm and serve it up to the rubes once every four years. Et voila! A quick killing and enough filthy lucre to stay horizontal down on the farm for another mild eternity. What a pro!

A note to fans: 'Abracadabra' is the second album to come from the sessions that spawned its predecessor 'Circle Of Love' and is superior to the latter simply due to the fact that Miller could only come up with seven songs during his five years in the tank and with five used on 'Circle' already, he had to get his band — principally drummer Gary Mallabar and rhythm guitar Kenny Lee Lewis — to even up the ante. The results make for a bunch of hummable brusque ditties in that inoffensive pop pabulum tradition that ole Steve's been mining since Christ knows when. Nothing really nothing to turn off, on, or over, but hardly anything to rail against. Steve's got nothing to say as per usual but he's saying it the best that he can. So what else is new?

Nick Kent

# SAFE AS MILK

IDEAL

Der Ernst Des Lebens (WEA)

PRODUCED BY Conny Plank and with half a million copies

# UPTOWN

SIR COXSONE SOUND

King Of Dub Rock Part 2 (Regal)

FRED LOCKS AND THE CREATION STEPPERS

Love And Only Love (Regal)

A THUNDER-clapping voice riddled with effects hammers out the introduction: "This is reggae outernational from the ghettos of Kingston, Jamaica... introducing 'King Of Dub Rock Part 2'". Lloyd Coxson, founder and spiritual mentor of the mighty Sir Coxson sound system, presents a serious contender for the most intense reggae album of 1982.

At a time when so much of reggae is withdrawing into an insular doldrum (with the definite exception of Adrian Sherwood and his commune of itinerant dubsters) and

already sold in Europe — sounds like 'Der Ernst Des Lebens' might be worth investigating. Not so: Ideal bore me rigid.

Suspensions are first of all aroused by the cover: the impression is partly that of a bunch of old sweats and closet musos hiding their venerable heritage by dressing all 'new wave' or contemporary or something. Eff Jott Krueger (guitar), Hans J. Behrend (drums) and Ernst U. Deuker (bass) sport some very dodgy suits indeed, and Annette Humpe's get-up isn't much better — she, by the way, plays some nice mysterious keyboards and is the main vocalist, when one of the fellows isn't making an intervention.

Perhaps this sleeve, though, is meant to be some kind of joke: certainly some of the music is *meant* to be witty and

# the stranglers

## NEW SINGLE

# STRANGE LITTLE GIRL

## c/w CRUEL GARDEN

### BP 412





## AND ECHO STYLE!

Contentedly living a glib lie in an unreal world, 'King Of Dub Rock' shows its claws, shapes up and comes out fighting sharp. Sharper than most, this is an elaborate and thankfully mostly instrumental exhibition of electronic amusement-arcade gadgetry winding and weaving round forsemouth and Sticky's percussive fervour. Powerful horn intrusions and fi-beaten-track guitars temper an urgent tempo into corporate whole.

This is tuff rock dub style displaying the convictions of the ska, intensified and distilled into a crucial cocktail of multi-faceted and thrilling reggae. Mixed by the irreverent Scientist, 'King Of Dub Rock' has gone a long way towards restoring some of my sorely depleted faith in the virtues of Jamaican music.

If there are any weak links at all on this album, they occur on the vocal front. Aside from the hilarious introductions (*a la* Emperor Rosko but dubbed up-town and echo-style) in between tracks, DJs Pebbles ('Psalms 87.2') and Levi Roots ('Poor Man's Story') succeed between them in pillaging and undermining the strengths of this record by adhering so blindly to the well-trodden vocal conventions. Less than a small dose of lyrical inspiration and vocal prowess would have planted 'King Of Dub Rock' securely on the tree of reggae classics.

Right. Enough of the praise. You wanna hear how dull and deadly reggae can really be? Just take a listen to Mr Fred Locks and his crew of Creation Steppers. Bland, madam, bland.

Amrik Rai

ironical. But the band's idea of a clever little statement is 'Monotonie', or five minutes of reggae jazzed up for pop and rock consumption with some verbal swipes at Campari and Martini Culture. Give us a break, you lot, and take your obvious slant on reality and your even more obvious deployment of musical influences (cliches disguised rather than redefined) elsewhere. But no, for eleven tracks Ideal have their little (very minor) fling: a lot of it comes over like a very dour and cold mix of Martha and the Muffins (deservedly forgotten) and the B-52's.

Ideal, then, are just the opposite of their name: so down-to-earth as to be literal-minded and prosaic. Want to hear some songs about psychopolis and its robotic inhabitants and their asphalt angst? Then listen to Eiszeit ('Ice Age'), 'Ich Kann

Nicht Schlafen' ('I Can't Sleep') and other songs which deal with the violence lurking below the boring and robotic surface of city life by themselves being boring and robotic. . . . Numbers in their Euro-pop-rock vein of runny vinyl existentialism are made even worse by the solidity of the production and the dominance of solid rockist guitar. Again, of course; Ideal-ists might say I'm missing out on the joke — on the deadpan exotic atmospherics, for instance, of 'Sex In Der Wüste' ('Sex In The Desert'). Oh really? Hahahahahahaha.

There's obviously some good music coming out of Germany (1000 Chris Bohn articles cannot be wrong), but trust WEA, with the worst track record amongst all the majors last year, to choose the chumps.

Paul Tickell

## JAZZ

BY RICHARD COOK

IN A new batch of releases from WEA's Elektra Musician label, the Clifford Brown / Max Roach session sets a standard so blazingly intense it withers the average milieu of the hard bop blowing session to dawdling pleasantries; makes, for example, the Woody Shaw LP from the same source ('Master Of The Art', a fair enough show of middleweight strength) seem tame and washy.

Recorded in 1956 just prior to trumpeter Brown's death in a car wreck, 'Pure Genius Volume One' centres on a 20 minute romp through 'I'll Remember April' that has a quality of shining, silver fire in the way Roach's breathtaking percussive urgings — all starbright cymbals and reflexive skin scatterings — force the two hornmen to give their all. Sonny Rollins is on tenor, already into his first great period and scanning the harmonic sinews of the song for altered directions: though sometimes suggesting the strain of shrewd urbanity which came to hallmark his playing, Rollins is inflamed by this atmosphere. He's on a charge.

Brownie, though, is even greater. His trumpet was always bereft of the tragic utterance of Navarro or Beiderbecke — the feeling that pours out of chorus after chorus, gigantic tasks set and demolished, repeated phrases glistening in the radiance of that beautiful tone, is unfettered exuberance. Sorrow is exchanged for a lyrical tenderness in the usually gloomy 'Lover Man': Brown's jazz showed a world brilliantly lit. There's 47 precious minutes of it here.

Bud Powell's domain was dark, turbulent, riddled with doubts: the 1953 date released now as 'Inner Fires' shows his art stranded on a tightrope between his queer delirium and an impatient faltering that eventually fogged over flashes of genius. Powell granted the piano the fleet attack of the bop horn players and grafted on a fluctuating harmonic density that could recompose cheap ballads with wrenching gravity.

There is nothing of that here ('Lullaby Of Birdland' is no more than a sardonic trifle) and the way 'I Want To Be Happy' and 'Nice Work If You Can Get It' are pocked and discoloured implies the onset of his estrangement from consistency. Yet in the stronger meat of Miles Davis' 'Little Willie Leaps' and, more surprisingly, 'Salt Peanuts' —

a warhorse Powell must have worked over many, many times — rare resources of logic and suddenly energised invention are drawn on. 'Inner Fires' tells nothing new of Powell's art but is bitter, flawed and fascinating.

No such raw nerves with a benevolent old rascal like Dexter Gordon. His 'American Classic' teams him with, of all people, Grover Washington on one side; and the elder tenorman has the measure of his garrulous junior's soprano with every trick. On 'For Soul Sister' Washington empties his bag of double-time blues inanities and Dex strolls away from the opposition with a pitch that sounds by turns luxurious and rough as the gutter.

Elsewhere I love his try at 'Besame Mucho', floppily stating the theme like an old lush doing an after-hours

rhumba, then cutting a little deeper into the core of matters; and on Hoagy Carmichael's lovely 'Skylark' Gordon takes an unhurried browse in his ballad library and locates a few fresh pages. A purr rather than a roar from this fatherly lion — but a lion's voice, all the same.

I can't let the Affinity reissue of Charles Mingus' 'East Coasting' pass without a word. This is one of the first Mingus masterpieces — a 1957 sextet LP numbering six tunes — and if you're used to his later stuff, warrior storming in search of the ultimate catharsis, you might be surprised by the gentler keys employed here.

'Memories Of You' is one instance of this glowing drift. The bassist rescored the tune (a ten-cent tearjerker musty with age even then) to invoke voicings of awful desolation, momentarily enlivened by Shafi Hadi's spiny alto solo and then returned to the fault. Mingus assembled a remarkable group for this session: Clarence Shaw, whose acrid grasp of the blues and almost painstaking attention to melodic detail made him an uncommon interpreter, was the best trumpeter he ever employed; in Hadi, trombonist Jimmy Knepper and the brilliant pianist Bill Evans he had musicians responsive to every nuance in his ideas.

Few groups could have mastered the muscular lyricism of 'West Coast Ghost', with its uncanny ebb and flow of time and space and colouration; or found the intelligence and wit to produce the required contrasts of stern melancholy and calm fantasy in 'Celia'. 'Conversation' deploys harmonies with a sultan's opulence: the horns weave and duck minus the merest hint of fluster. Enough in any one track here to fire a thousand thoughts and enchant a dulled heart.

Richard Cook



Charlie Mingus

# JOHN FOX

HIS NEW SINGLE

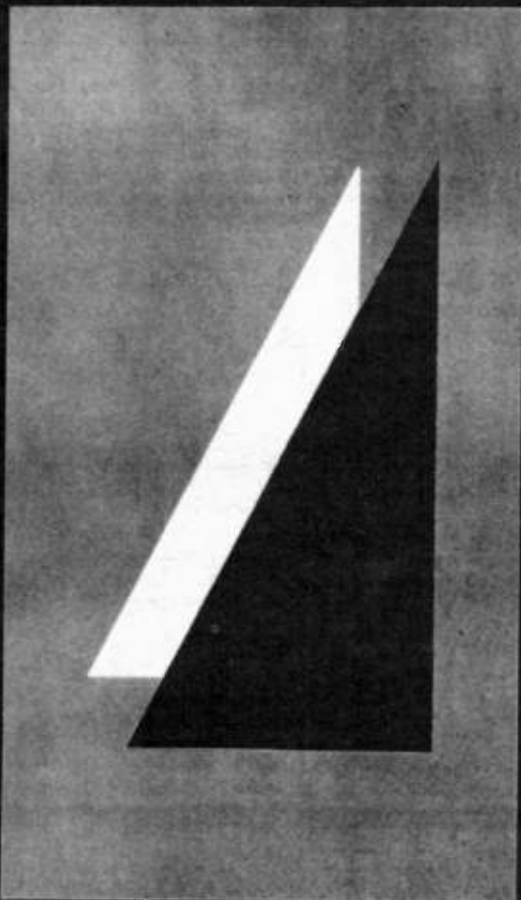
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Ava Cherry? No thanks...

**AVA CHERRY**  
*Streetcar Named Desire*  
(Capitol)

FOR HER leading part in the chorus line of Bowie's 'Young Americans', Ava Cherry has had an unacknowledged but smart place in my heart. That her voice deserves care and attention makes the ineffectual shots of this LP, which almost without exception fall wide of the mark, more regrettable than if I'd had no idea where they were coming from. The eight slight excuses for songs are bracketed by synthesised instrumentals, which were possibly conceived as the frame for some concept of a Nightlife Panorama, but are about as distinctive and forward as a Klein-designed daydream.

Stereo-typecast degrees and obvious angles of sexual assertion are the main mode of side one, though the sum of 'Streetcar Named Desire',

'Fast Lover', 'Love To Be Touched' and 'Protection' is less than even a part of Donna Summer's 'Hot Stuff', for instance. The bass-lines are serviceable, the synths charming (if a bit smarmy), but it's the guitars which carry the main thrust, dragging the LP down to the level of most of the music which emanates from LA these days. Greetings? No, it just says "Have a nice day."

Over on side two, though, things move around to slightly more engaging effect. 'Awkward Situation' describes the untimely meeting of a number of Ava's concurrent lovers at the bar, and includes some sprightly spoken dialogue: "What did you say your name was again? Rich? Oh, Rich!"

It's the lighter touches which are the more self-assured ones here; the dumb and distastefully crass 'Street Victim' being more representative of the pervading mood of the record. Typical of Musicbiz LA, it sounds like a song which only ever had to walk across a pavement, never along it, and only then with a headful of something to nullify any stray emotions and undesirable elements.

This LP's equivalent of the Philly soul breeze which Ava Cherry helped to blow through 'Young Americans' is a stultifyingly permanent band of smog, under which Ava's all dressed up like some polyester ad-man's fantasy meeting between Donna Summer and Millie Jackson. It's *that* sophisticated.

Mark Cordery

## TALK TALK

*The Party's Over* (EMI)  
A COUPLE of OK 45s aside (and you'll find them both included here) 'The Party's Over' marks the debut proper of Talk Talk, a young quartet formed around the

songwriting of singing Southender Mark Hollis. It's a decent stab at classic modern pop — very orthodox in structure and very '82 in sound — and it's nothing that TT need be ashamed of. It's a frustrating record, just the same, because for all their ambition, the group aren't really *there*, not yet.

Talk Talk's strongest attribute is the way they've got of knocking out good tunes. There isn't one of these nine tracks without a class melody line to its name, the 'Talk Talk' number itself being a good example. And that ability suggests that the band will give a good account of themselves before they finally make or break. On the other hand...

The line-up dispenses with guitar, relying on voice and washes of synth to carry each song. But instrumentally, the result is slightly mushy and grey, badly lacking some hard edge or backbone. In other words: lush, but limp. Mark's vocals fit into this problematic picture all too well, being smooth and soft and lost inside the mix. He's also got this technique of croaking something like "Oergh Oergh-Oergh" at moments of emotional climax, sounding more like he's being strangled.

There's an impression of whinginess about this stuff, borne out by lyrics that are generally earnest and depressed, and sometimes given to E. J. Thribb-style poetry. If there was some toughening-up done all around, more aggression and drive, and if the range of moods to be tackled could be wider, then it seems entirely feasible that Talk Talk might produce work with a genuinely epic stamp to it. As it is, the torch songs flicker but dimly. There's beauty here, but I'd love to see it *blazing*.

Paul Du Noyer

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## MADNESS, BEAT: BEACH PARTIES

MADNESS, The Beat and Bad Manners are among the stars of a series of "Beach Parties", which are being lined up to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Radio 1's *Summer Roadshow*. All gigs will feature a headline act, a support band, a Radio 1 disc-jockey and various surprises — and they're being recorded for later broadcast. They're being staged by Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments, and all tickets are £3.50 in advance (from the venues and local record shops), or £4 on the doors if any remain. The line-up is:

Bad Manners, Any Trouble and Mike Read at Cardiff Top Rank (tomorrow, Friday); The Beat, Come In Tokio and Simon Bates at Deeside Leisure Centre (July 30); Shakatak plus support and Steve Wright at Carlisle Market Hall (August 6); Gary Glitter plus support and Dave Lee Travis at Gt Yarmouth Tiffany's (13); the first-ever UK appearance of Junior, plus guests and Tony Blackburn at Poole Arts Centre (27); and Madness plus support and Peter Powell at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on September 2. The bill for the August 20 show at Southampton Top Rank has still to be finalised.

## Kelly package hop

KELLY MARIE, who scored a No.2 hit in 1980 with 'Feels Like I'm In Love', tops a package of Red Bus Records artists which begins a three-week tour next Monday — the other three acts being Splashdown, Marsha Raven and Roy Hamilton. It plays Romeo & Juliet's venues at Derby (July 26), Sheffield and Doncaster (both 29), Oldham (30), Blackburn (31) and Bristol (August 6), with other dates at London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom (August 2), Brighton Sherrys (3), Rhyl Poppies Country Club and Llandudno

Speakeasy (both 7) and High Wycombe Tuesdays (13). More are being set.

All four acts have new singles out to coincide with the tour — Kelly's is 'Love's Got A Hold Of You'; Splashdown are the Fun Boy Three discovery, whose debut 'It's A Brand New Day' was produced by Neville Staples and Lynval Golding; Marsha hails from Detroit and offers 'I Like Plastic'; and Roy Hamilton's first single is 'Take Your Time'.

## Clash back to Brixton

THE CLASH, who opened their re-arranged UK tour at London Brixton Fair Deal on July 10 and 11, have decided to return to that venue for a third concert at the tail end of their schedule — apparently because they were so pleased with both the audience reaction and the acoustics of the theatre. The extra Fair Deal date for the band is on Friday, July 30, and tickets are on sale now — all at the one price of £4.

## WILLIAMSON TOURS HERE

ROBIN WILLIAMSON, founder member of the Incredible String Band, plays a three-night stint at Edinburgh's Reid Concert Hall (August 26-28) during the city's annual international festival — when he'll be featuring the debut performances of a music, dance and theatre piece called 'Tree Of Leaf And Flame'. Other Scottish dates include Argyll Lochgilphead (tomorrow, Friday), Skye Festival at Portree Drill Hall (August 10), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (20) and Aberdeen Arts Centre (31).



## IMAGINATION EXPAND

IMAGINATION have now sold out three consecutive nights at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre, and have just added a fourth show there on Sunday, October 3. They've also added an extra concert at Ipswich Gaumont on September 11, a late-night performance at 10.30pm, to follow their sold-out show at 7.30pm. And there's an additional date at a new venue in their schedule — Derby Assembly Rooms (21). Supporting the group throughout their UK tour will be the Techno Twins. A new Imagination album titled 'In The Heat Of The Night' will be issued by Red Bus on September 3 to coincide with the outing, as the follow-up to their gold album 'Body Talk'.

YAZOO have decided to postpone their first major UK tour, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week, until mid-autumn — this is because of the complexity of the stage production being put together by Vincent Clarke, which is said to be breaking new ground in computer control systems. Meanwhile, Mute Records this week release a 12-inch version of their new single 'Don't Go', which features an extended remix of the A-side — plus an extended re-mix of the A-side!

SUN RA ARKESTRA — who, as announced last week, are playing two shows at London Victoria The Venue on July 27 and 28 — have now been confirmed for a couple of out-of-town dates. They play Manchester Royal Northern College of Music (July 29) and Glasgow Mitchell Theatre (30).

THE AU PAIRS are playing a benefit gig for *The Leveller* magazine at London Lambeth Town Hall (Brixton) on Thursday, July 29, supported by The Androids Of Mu and a third band still to be named. Tickets are £2.50 (advance), £3 (doors) — or, in both cases, £1.75 for the unwaged.

MOTORHEAD's open-air show in East London this Sunday (25) at the Hackney Speedway Stadium — with Saxon guesting and five other bands supporting — still has some advance tickets on sale to personal callers at Brixton Fair Deal, London's Zig Zag Club and Downtown Records of Ilford. And an allocation of tickets will be available at the gates on the day.



## Knebworth Park hosts Greenbelt Festival

KNEBWORTH PARK, currently staging its second Capital Jazz Festival, is to play host to this year's Greenbelt Festival, over August Bank Holiday weekend — and the four-day event has achieved something of a scoop by booking chart-topping Charlene, of 'I've Never Been To Me' fame, for the final night. Other highlights include Paul Stookey (formerly one-third of Peter, Paul and Mary), the Bryn Haworth Band and a live broadcast of the *Radio 1 Roadshow* with Peter Powell. The festival starts at 4.30pm on Friday, August 27, and finishes at 11pm on Monday (30) — and bookings include:

FRIDAY: Dynamic, Steve Flashman, Paul Field, Iva Twydel, Paul Stookey. SATURDAY: Pew Shakers, Collision, Andy Pratt, Moral Support, Kenny Marks, Servant, Bryn Haworth Band. SUNDAY: Quiet Commandos, The Predators, Giantkiller, Paradise, Resurrection Band, Adrian Snell. MONDAY: Xtras, Rebel X, *Radio 1 Roadshow* with Peter Powell, Barry Crompton, The Barratt Band, Charlene.

## Rockin' ball in Cornwall

INNER CITY UNIT, The Androids of Mu, Foxes & Rats and Design For Living are among bands taking part in a two-day event this Saturday and Sunday (24-25) in Cornwall — called 'Alice And The Mad Hatter's Summer Rock Ball', it's at Trewillis Farm, Coverack, near Helston. Others appearing include the Newtown Neurotics, Abacus, The Review, The Gift, Restriction and Sons of Albion — plus, subject to confirmation, Amazulu, British Intelligence, Scream & Dance and The Escape. Tickets are £2, and (here's a novelty) children under four-feet tall are admitted free!

## FIERY GRAND PRIX CIRCUIT

GRAND PRIX are on the road during the first half of next month, with dates at Glasgow Night Moves (August 1), Edinburgh Nite Club (2), Ayr Pavilion (3), Aberdeen The Venue (4), Winchester Theatre Royal (6), Bristol Granary (7), Birkenhead Sir Jaems Club (9), Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns (10), Blackpool J R's (11), Liverpool Warehouse (12), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (13) and Retford Porterhouse (14).

## Yazoo tour will 'break new ground'; Sun Ra extra; Bob James concerts

STEVE MILLER BAND, who last week added a second concert at London Hammersmith Odeon, have now — in response to heavy demand — slotted in a third show there. It's tomorrow night (Friday), and tickets are on sale now priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

BOB JAMES, one of jazz-funk's prime exponents, is playing a number of UK concerts in the early autumn — and the first three confirmed are Birmingham Odeon (September 23) and London Hammersmith Odeon (24 and 25) — tickets on sale now priced £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Birmingham) and £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (London). It's not yet certain who the supporting musicians will be, though they're likely to include Steve Gadd, Eric Gale and Mark Colby. CBS have just released a new James album titled 'Hands Down'.

BLURT are playing four selected British dates to promote their new album and 12-inch single, and these will be their only UK appearances this summer. They are Bristol Trinity Hall (this Saturday), Cheltenham Arts Centre (July 31), London Victoria The Venue (August 18) and Brighton New Regent (19).



## Essex summer tour —

DAVID ESSEX — currently enjoying considerable success with his hit single 'Me And My Girl (Nightclubbing)' and his BBC-1 weekly series — is to undertake a 22-date summer tour. He'll be featuring material from his latest Mercury album 'Stage-Struck', as well as his established favourites. Dates and venues are: Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (August 15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Edinburgh Usher Hall (17), Dundee Caird Hall (18), Carlisle Assembly Rooms (19), Blackpool Winter Gardens (20),

Derby Assembly Rooms (21), Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Poole Arts Centre (25), Brighton Dome (26), Southampton Gaumont (27), Oxford New Theatre (28), Ipswich Gaumont (29), Margate Winter Gardens (30), Manchester Palace (September 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Reading Hexagon (3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), London Hammersmith Odeon (5 and 6), Leeds Grand Theatre (7) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (8).

## and Sedaka in autumn

NEIL SEDAKA undertakes an extensive UK tour in the early autumn, playing 18 dates which — in view of some double performances — involve 24 concerts, including five in London.

The schedule comprises Bristol Colston Hall (September 30), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (October 1), Manchester Apollo (4), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (6 and 7), Birmingham Odeon (9), Glasgow Apollo (11), Aberdeen Her Majesty's Theatre (12 and 13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Sunderland Empire (15), London Wembley Conference Centre (16), Reading Hexagon (18), Brighton Dome (19), Cardiff St David's Hall (20), Scarborough Futurist (22), Harrogate Conference Centre (23) and Liverpool Empire (24).

There are two shows nightly at Sunderland, Wembley, Reading, Harrogate and Liverpool, plus the first night at London Dominion (October 6). The tour is promoted by Tony Harvey for the Derek Block Office, and ticket prices are:

£7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Bristol); £8, £7 and £6 (St Austell); £8, £6, £5 and £3.50 (Manchester and Birmingham); £10, £8, £6 and £4 (both London venues); £7.50, £6, £5 and £3 (Glasgow); £9.50, £8.50, £6.50 and £4 (Aberdeen); £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Edinburgh and Harrogate); £8, £7.50 and £6 (Sunderland); £9, £7, £5 and £3 (Brighton); £10, £8, £6 and £2.50 (Cardiff); £9, £7.50 and £5 (Scarborough); and £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Liverpool).

## BENSON'S BONUS

GEORGE BENSON has added another two dates at London Wembley Arena, due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand, making a total of five at this massive venue. The extra shows are on Saturday and Sunday, October 23 and 24 — and as with his concerts there the three previous nights, now virtually sold out, he'll be backed by his own band and a string section from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Promoters are Kennedy Street and PLP.

Tickets for these additional shows are available by post at £12.80, £10.30 and £7.80 (including booking fee) from Kennedy Street Enterprises, P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing SAE. They are also on sale at the Wembley box-office priced £12.50, £10 and £7.50 — and they are available (plus booking fee) at London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse and Albermarle. There are still a few remaining tickets at £7.50 only for the July 20 and 21 shows.

## Rusty nuts are cracked

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS is the new name for the hard rock trio, formerly known as Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, and the change means that their first single 'Just For Kicks' (on the Cool King label through Pinnacle) is being re-pressed with new labels and having a new picture sleeve printed.

They support The Blues Band at London The Venue tomorrow (Friday) and have been added to Motorhead's show at Hackney Stadium this Sunday. Other London gigs are at Southall White Hart (tonight, Thursday), Wembleydon Nelson's (July 28), Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (29 and August 19), Marquee Club (August 18) and

Camden Dingwalls (23). Out of town, they visit Kingston Grey Horse (August 16), Oxford Pennyfarthing (21 and September 23) and Carshalton Cottage of Content (Sept. 4).

## RASSES GIGS

PRINCE LINCOLN & The Royal Rasses have now added five provincial dates to their two London shows, reported three weeks ago — which were Victoria The Venue (August 12) and Tottenham Lordship Park Broad Water Free Festival (now 28 instead of 21). The extra gigs are at Cardiff Top Rank (August 13), Manchester P.S.V. Club (14), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (20), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (23) and Nottingham Zhivago's (30).

BLUE FEATHER — the Dutch band whose single 'Let's Funk Tonight', recently released through Phonogram, is knocking on the chart door — support Light Of The World at London Hammersmith Odeon on July 31. They then begin a series of dates in their own right, and so far confirmed are Hitchin The Regal (August 5), Manchester Unity (7), Cardiff Top Rank (September 3), Brighton Top Rank (10) and London Victoria The Venue (11).

999 headline a concert at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, August 8 — also featuring Tenpole Tudor, Weapon Of Peace and Stolen Pets (all tickets £3.50). It's strictly a one-off for 999, although they will be undertaking a full UK tour in the autumn, to coincide with the release of their new Albion Records album.

23 SKIDOO have slimmed down to trio size, though the nucleus of Alex Turnbull, J. Turnbull and Fritz will augment with occasional musicians when necessary. This follows the departure of Sam Landell-Mills and Tom Heslop to pursue various individual projects. The new-look Skidoo made their first appearance at the WOMAD Festival last weekend.

ROUGH JUSTICE are playing an apres-Stones gig at Leeds Haddon Hall this Sunday at 9.30pm (admission 80p). The idea is apparently to give people something to do after The Rolling Stones finish their set in nearby Roundhay Park at 7.30pm!



# record NEWS



**ADRIAN LEE**, former keyboards player with Toyah and co-writer of 'Thunder In The Mountains', has his first album released by DJM on August 6 — and it comes in picture disc form, at the same price as a normal LP. Titled 'The Magician', it features Lee as singer, writer and musician. A single from the album, called 'Do As The English Do', follows on August 20.

**STING** has a solo single issued by A&M on August 6, a revival of the 1930s song 'Spread A Little Happiness', written by Vivian Ellis. It re-appears now because it's featured in Dennis Potter's film *Brimstone & Treacle*, starring Sting, which is to be released on September 9.

**BAD MANNERS** come up with their 'summer special' single this weekend on the Magnet label. It's a re-working of Millie Small's 1964 smash hit 'My Girl Lollipop', and it's available in both 7" and 12".

**TOM PETTY** & the Heartbreakers have their single 'Refugee', from their album 'Damn The Torpedoes', issued this week on Backstreet/MCA — it has been released before, but this time it appears as a picture disc. The B-side 'Insider', featuring Stevie Nicks on harmony vocals, is from the 'Hard Promises' LP. The band are currently at work on a new studio album, for release in the autumn.

**UB40** have a new single issued on August 16 on their own Dep International label, through Spartan — titled 'So Here I Am', it's coupled with a live version of 'Silent Witness'. The band are now in Ireland recording their fourth album for autumn release — but despite various overseas commitments, there are no UK dates planned at present.

**THE HUMAN LEAGUE** want to stress that their current hit dub album 'Love And Dancing', issued under the name of League Unlimited Orchestra, was intended as a bonus to fans and was supposed to be sold cheaply — the suggested price is not more than £3, though apparently some shops are selling it at around a fiver. The League are currently working on their long-delayed follow-up to their smash hit 'Don't You Want Me'.



**DAVID SYLVIAN** of Japan has, as previously reported, been working with the Yellow Magic Orchestra's Ryuichi Sakamoto — and the initial outcome is a double A-sided single for Virgin release on July 30, coupling 'Bamboo Houses' and 'Bamboo Music', the latter being largely instrumental. It's possible that the duo may record an album together.

## Floyd get busy

**PINK FLOYD** have a few single out next week on the Harvest label, 'When The Tigers Broke Free' / 'Bring The Boys Back Home' — and initial pressings come in a triple gatefold sleeve featuring stills from their film *The Wall*, currently showing in London's West End and due to go on general release at the end of August.

The movie includes many tracks from Floyd's double album of the same name, as well as a collection of new songs penned by Roger Waters — and these are to be released on August 31 on a new LP called 'The Final Cut'. Meanwhile, Avon Books have just published the book *Pink Floyd The Wall*, featuring Waters' lyrics and a large collection of colour photos from the film.

- **Alphonse Mouzon**, best known as co-founder (with Larry Coryell) of 11th House and for his association with Weather Report, has his new album 'Step Into The Funk' available this week through Import Music Service. Guest musicians on the set include Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke, Lee Ritenour and Larry Williams.
- **Shooting Star**, the Kansas-based hard rock band, have their third album released by Virgin on July 30 — titled 'Three Wishes', it's the follow-up to 'Hang On For Your Life', which gave them their first Stateside hit.
- 'Someone Loves You Honey' is a Charley Pride song, now performed in reggae style by June Lodge & Prince Mohammed, and released by Arista this weekend. It's already been top of the Jamaican charts for two months.



## Kate dreaming

**KATE BUSH** has a new single issued by EMI next Monday (26), titled 'The Dreaming', and it includes contributions from **Rolf Harris** and bird impressionist **Percy Edwards** — it's coupled with 'Dreamtime', an instrumental version of the A-side. 'The Dreaming' is also the title of Kate's fourth album, scheduled for release on September 13, and the first which she has produced entirely.

● A Starsound-type single, out this weekend on Mercury, features extracts from the original master tapes of seven hits by **The Platters** — 'Only You', 'Harbour Lights', 'The Magic Touch', 'Twilight Time', 'The Great Pretender', 'My Prayer' and 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes'. They are segued together under the title of 'Platterama Medley'.

● Canadian rockers **April Wine** have their first album on the Capitol label issued this week, titled 'Power Play'. Other albums from the same source include 'Quiet Lies' by Juice Newton and 'All Night Long' by the **BB&Q Band**.

● EMI is reissuing many of the classic jazz albums from the catalogue of Blue Note, America's premier jazz label from the early '40s to the mid-'60s. The initial batch of 21 includes three each by **Herbie Hancock** and **Sonny Rollins**, and two each by **Thelonious Monk**, **Miles Davis**, **Bud Powell** and **Art Blakey**.

● The latest single from Swiss rockers **Krokus** revives 'American Woman', which was originally a hit for US Band **Guess Who**. It's out this week on Arista.

● London three-piece outfit **A Bigger Splash** are to be produced by Mike Chapman, who caught them at a recent gig and said he'd like to start recording them as soon as possible. So they'll be off the road throughout August while they cut an album with him.

● **Marietta**, who's married to Rick Parfitt of Status Quo, has her version of the Cliff Richard hit 'Do You Wanna Dance' issued by Polydor on July 30 — with Rick producing and Cliff on backing vocals, plus Kevin Godley on drums.

● **Bob Fish**, former lead singer with Darts, releases his first self-penned single this week — titled 'Hotel' and produced by Andy Hill, it's on the Magnet label.

● **Thomas Dolby** has an extended version of 'Windpower' issued next Monday in 12-inch form on his own Venice In Peril label, through EMI. It was written and produced by Dolby, who will be touring the UK in the autumn.

● Former Bread co-leader **James Griffin** and ex-Hollie Terry **Sylvester**, whose single 'Please Come Into My Life' was issued recently by Polydor, now have their debut album together on release — titled 'Griffin & Sylvester'. And the duo are planning some UK dates, including a London concert, in the late summer.

**BOW WOW WOW** have a 16-track album issued by EMI next Monday (26) called 'I Want Candy' — which includes the title song, 'Cowboy' and the re-recordings (produced by Kenny Laguna) of 'Louis Quatorze' and 'Mile High Club'. These latter two songs are released this week as an RCA single.

**10cc** come up with a brand new song on the Mercury label this weekend — titled 'Run Away', it was co-written and co-produced with Andrew Gold. The flip side is 'Action Man In Motown Suit'.

**THE DRIFTERS**, now featuring both Ben E. King and Bill Fredericks, have up-dated the Arthur Alexander classic 'You Better Move On' — a song that's also been covered by The Rolling Stones and Mink DeVille — as their new Atlantic single, released on July 30. The flip side is the original version of 'Save The Last Dance For Me'.

**MODERN ROMANCE** revive 'Cherry Pink & Apple Blossom White', a double No. 1 in 1955 for Perez Prado and Eddie Calvert, as their new single for release by WEA Records on July 30. The track showcases their trumpet player John Du Prez, so it's appropriate that the B-side should be titled 'Who Is John Du Prez?'.

**DAVE EDMUNDS** has 'From Small Things Big Things Come', the song specially written for him by Bruce Springsteen, issued as a single by Arista this weekend. The B-side features a version of 'Your True Love', recorded live at London's The Venue.

**BILL NELSON** follows his hit album 'The Love That Whirls' with a new single issued through Phonogram this weekend, coupling 'Flaming Desire' and 'The Passion'. There's also a 12-inch with an extended version of the A-side, plus an extra track titled 'The Burning Question'.

**DIANA ROSS** has a third single from her debut Capitol album issued next Monday, as the follow-up to her current hit 'Work That Body'. The A-side is 'It's Never Too Late', coupled with 'Sweet Surrender'.



**SCRITTI POLITTI** have their new single out on Rough Trade Records this weekend, 'Asylums In Jerusalem' / 'Jacques Derrida', the latter being a remix of a BBC studio recording. A 12-inch follows on July 30, with an extended version of the B-side and an extra track called 'A Slow Soul'. Their album 'Songs To Remember' is due out shortly.

**ROCKY SHARPE & The Replays** have their new album out on the Chiswick label, with distribution through PRT, and you won't be surprised to learn that it's called 'Shout! Shout!'. It contains 14 tracks, and a cassette version will be available next week.

**T. REX** are to have four EPs issued by EMI over the next two months, each featuring four Marc Bolan songs and sleeved in a picture bag. The first of the series is out next Monday and comprises 'Children Of The Revolution', 'I Love To Boogie', 'Solid Gold Easy Action' and 'London Boys'.

**ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions** have their single 'Man Out Of Time', taken from their current hit album 'Imperial Bedroom', issued by F-Beat in 12-inch form this weekend. The B-side features 'Town Cryer' (an alternative version from that on the LP) and 'Imperial Bedroom'. The seven-inch format, with 'Town Cryer' as the B-side, follows on July 30.



## THE SOUND OF THE WAVES

**THE WAVES**, the band formed by ex-Soft Boys guitarist **Kimberly Rew**, have their debut single released on July 30 by Albion Records with distribution by Spartan — coupling 'Brown Eyed Son' and 'She Loves To Groove'. During the last 18 months, Rew has released two solo singles on the Armageddon label, one of them being 'My Baby Does Her Hairdo Long' on which he was supported by The dB's — and it

was this record that provided the inspiration for his own group sound.

With Rew on guitar and vocals, The Waves are Katrina Leskanich from Kansas on Fender Telecaster, fellow American Vince De La Cruz on bass, and drummer Alex Cooper. After European dates during the rest of the summer, they're planning a full-scale assault on the London circuit from late September onwards.

● **Magnum Force** have signed, for both recording and management, The Strollers — the band formed out of Johnny & The Jailbirds and Gina & The Rockin' Rebels. Their debut album 'Five Cats Down' has just been issued, and their first single 'We Say Yeah' is due in August.

● Two new labels release singles this week — **Prefab Spout** debut with 'Lions In My Own Garden' / 'Radio Love' on Candle Records, and four-piece North London band **The Pencils** have 'Watching The Tears' / 'You Say You' on The Next Record Company.

● 'Steel Crazy' is a heavy metal compilation for release on August 12 by Abstract Records (through Pinnacle), with a maximum price of £3.99. Acts featured include **Brian Johnson** (now with AC/DC but on this track with **Geordie**), **Girlschool**, **Krokus**, **Twisted Sister**, **The Rods**, **Stampead**, **Starfighters**, **Praying Mantis** and **Lautrec**.

● **Spider Leg Head Records** next week release a four-track EP by Bristol punk band **Amebix**, titled 'Carnage'. Distribution is through Rough Trade.

● **Laughing Academy**, the Fife band formerly known as Strutz, have a cassette-only LP released titled 'What Is... This?'. It's distributed by Fast Product, or is available by mail (£1.99 including p&p) from 74 High Street, Burntisland, Fife KY3 9AS.

● 'I Want You' by Swedish band **Free Style** spent 14 weeks at No. 1 in their own country, and now it's released here by Swift Records (through PRT). The outfit is a six-piece with two girl lead vocalists, one of whom is Rita Marley's younger sister.

● Southern band **Steve Hooker's Shakers** have signed with Ramen Records, and have their first single issued on July 30, titled 'When Girls Get Together' There's 'Nothing But Talk'. It was written by Hooker and produced by Mickey Jupp.

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Tickets are also available by post from: Woolfare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall WS5 4QQ. Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Woolfare Limited and S.A.E. Tickets are £10.00 advance inclusive of VAT. £11.00 on the day. (People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance.)

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## LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

# marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01 437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm  
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,  
ALL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 22nd July (Adm £2.50)

## S.O.S.

Featuring  
**BERNIE MARSDEN**  
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri 23rd July (Adm £2.00)

## JACKIE LYNTON

Plus support &amp; Jerry Floyd

Sat 24th July (Adm £2.00)

## ROCK GODESS

Plus guests &amp; Martin Ball

Sun 25th July (Adm £2.00)

## LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

Plus support &amp; Nick Henbrey

Mon 26th July (Adm £2.00)

## SAMSON

Plus Ore &amp; Martin Ball

Tues 27th July (Adm £2.00)

## OVERKILL

Plus Support &amp; Jerry Floyd

Weds 28th July (Adm £2.00)

## PARK AVENUE

Plus guests &amp; Jerry Floyd

Thurs 29th July (Adm £2.00)

## PRIDE

Plus Support &amp; Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

## READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

# FRARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Wednesday July 28th 7.30 pm

## THE

# POLICE

Tickets £5.00 available from Frars Box Office only. Tickets will go on sale this Sunday July 25th at 9.00 am. The first 700 tickets will be sold to Frars members with membership cards only (maximum 2 tickets per person). The remainder will be sold to members or non members (maximum 2 tickets per person). No postal applications. Life membership 25p. Hungry for you

Saturday July 31st **JOE JACKSON**

Tickets 3.50 available now or at door on night.

## THE PIED BULL

1 Liverpool Road, Angel N1 (Angel tube)

The Friendly Venue

Thursday 22nd July £1

## THE SHAKERS

Friday 23rd July £1

Rock'n'Roll Disco

## WILD WAX SHOW

Saturday 24th July 7.00 or 30p

## GAY WORKSHOP

Sunday 25th July £1

## RED BEANS AND RICE

Monday 26th July £1

## HOLLOWAY ALLSTARS

My Mate Nigel's Party (bring Your Own Beer)

Tuesday 27th July £1

## BAD DETECTIVES

Wednesday 28th July £1

## OXY AND THE MORONS

+ Spare Tyre

## TRICYCLE THEATRE 328 8626

253 Everside High Road, London NW6

MUSIC LIVE

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# THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS

LIVE

Sunday 25th July

MOONLIGHT CLUB

Monday 26th July

EMBASSY CLUB

Tuesday 27th July

CLARENDON

(Idiot Ballroom)

Wednesday 28th July

GOLDEN LION

Sunday 1st August

ROCK GARDEN

Monday 2nd August

FAIR DEAL

## WHITE LION

14 PUTNEY HIGH STREET, SW15

01-788 1540

(Putney Bridge Tube-Buses 14, 22, 30, 37, 74, 85, 93, 220)

Thurs 22nd July £1.50

## THE ADDICTS + Supports

Fri 23rd July £1.50

## SAM MITCHELL BAND

Sat 24th July £1.50

## LAVERNE BROWN BAND

Thurs 29th July £1.50

## SEX GANG CHILDREN + CHAOS

Fri 30th July £1.50

Idle Flowers / NORMAN LOVETT / HAZARDOUS PETS

## HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET

ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 21st July £1.25

## JUDIE & THE SHADES

Thursday 22nd July £1.25

## THE DEADBEATS

Friday 23rd July £1.50

## BERLIN BLONDES

Saturday 24th July £1.50

## THE BARRACUDAS

Sunday 25th July £1.25

## THE HELICOPTERS

Monday 26th July £1.25

## THE YA-YA'S

Tuesday 27th July £1.25

## URBAN SHAKEDOWN

Wednesday 28th July £1.25

## STUDIO 2



## NATIONAL CLUB

234 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6

DEREK BLOCK presents

# THE UNDERTONES

PLUS GUESTS

MONDAY 16th AUGUST 8pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50

Available in advance from National Club 01 328 3141.

Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office &amp; all usual agents.

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.00AM LICENSED TO 3.00AM

**Le Beat Route**

GREEN STREET LONDON W1 - TELEPHONE 437 5742 - 499 2645 day

**MONDAY**  
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS  
**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
EVERY MONDAY  
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Couthard  
Cabaret - Prizes - Balloons  
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight  
Admission £2.50

**TUESDAY**  
**60's Soul Night**  
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's  
**JAMES HAMILTON**  
plus ALEX GERRY  
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

**WEDNESDAY**  
**DON'T BLINK**  
NIGHT  
ALL DRINKS 25p

**THURSDAY 22nd JULY**  
**LIVE MUSIC**  
From  
**THE BEATROOTS**  
All drinks 50p till 11.00pm

**FRIDAY**  
**FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE**  
(MEMBERS ONLY)  
STEVE OLLIE  
STEVE LEWIS - CARLO

**SATURDAY**  
**OWEN WASHINGTON**  
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

HAMMERSMITH ODEON  
Derek Block presents

**JOE JACKSON**

In concert

No Support - Joe Jackson On Stage 8.15pm (with interval)

**SUNDAY 15th AUGUST**  
TICKETS £4.00, £3.50 Doors Open 7.30pm.

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 and USUAL AGENTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING  
GEORGE BENSON OCT 20, 21

**JULY**  
23 Steve Miller  
24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival  
25 Hackney Rock Festival  
25 Rip Rig & Panic  
30 Clash  
30 Bucks Fizz  
30 Average White Band  
31 Light Of The World  
31 The Police

**AUGUST**  
8 999  
15 Joe Jackson  
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)  
27, 28 Jethro Tull  
27, 28, 29 Reading Rock Festival

**SEPTEMBER**  
16 Mike Oldfield  
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie  
18 Echo & The Bunnymen  
19 Gloria Gaynor  
24, 25 Bob James  
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey

**OCTOBER**  
3 Imagination  
3, 11 Shadows  
8, 9 Saxon  
18, 19 AC/DC  
21, 22 George Benson  
22 John Martyn  
24, 25 Depeche Mode  
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Iglesias  
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

**NOVEMBER**  
12, 13 Hawkwind  
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.  
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.  
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

**LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS**  
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

The LYCEUM  
DEREK BLOCK presents The Strand, London WC2

**999**

**stolen pets**  
SUNDAY 8th AUGUST 7pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715  
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

BIG BEAT MUCH FUN

**THE GREAT DIVIDE**

Friday 23rd July. Herme Hill, Half Moon. 8.45 pm  
Wednesday 4th Aug. Moonlight. 9.00 pm  
Monday 9th Aug. Ad Lib. 9.00 pm

**THE GREYHOUND**  
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.8

Thursday 22nd July £2

**S.V.T.** featuring Jack Cassidy ex. Jefferson Airplane  
+ Top Secret

Friday 23rd July £2

**NO DICE**  
+ Tripwire

Saturday 24th July £1.50

**THE DANCE BAND**  
+ Naughty Thoughts

Sunday 25th July £1

**BASKING SHARKS**  
+ The Survivors

Monday 26th July £1.25

**THE MASKED ORCHESTRA**  
+ Bad Detective

Tuesday 27th July £1.25

**THE TIMES/SMALL WORLD**

Wednesday 28th July £1.50

**SHEA RAMAH**  
+ Bella Donna

**THE Venue**

160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB  
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm  
Main band on at 9.30 pm

**THIS WEEK**

Thursday 22nd July £2.50

**TALK TALK**  
+ Roy White & Steve Torch  
+ Glass Torpedoes

Friday 23rd & Saturday 24th July £4.00

**THE BLUES BAND**  
+ Support

Monday 26th July £2.50

**MONOCHROME SET**  
+ Ben Watt

Tuesday 27th & Wednesday 28th July £5.00

**SUN RA ARKESTRA**

Thursday 29th July £3.50

**J. WALTER NEGRO & THE LOOSE JOINTS**

**COMING SOON**

Friday 30th & Saturday 1st July £4.00

**ASWAD**

Monday 2nd August £2.50

**ORCHESTRA JAZIRA**  
+ HOLLOWAY ALLSTARS

Tuesday 3rd August £2.50

**LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH**

Wednesday 4th August £3.00

**AZTEC CAMERA + CARMEL**

Thursday 5th August £3.00

**BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Friday 6th August £3.00

**BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Friday 6th August £3.00

**OK JIVE + MY SILENT WAR**

Tuesday 10th August £2.50

**MODERN ENGLISH + THE ROOM**



# LIVE ADS (01-2616153)

## INCOGNITO

UK SUMMER TOUR  
+ CELL MATES (Dance Band)

Wednesday July 21st — BOGNOR REGIS PIER  
0243 820531  
Thursday July 22nd — NOTTINGHAM PALAIS  
0602 51075  
Friday July 23rd — HASTINGS PIER  
0424 522566  
Saturday August 1st — ALBANY EMPIRE  
01-691 8016  
Friday August 6th — CINDERELLA  
Near Hurstpierpoint  
0273 833795  
Monday August 9th — MARGATE WINTER GARDEN  
0843 21348

### THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday July 22nd  
**THE SWINGING LAURELS**

Wednesday July 28th  
**LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH**

Thursday July 29th  
**FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD**

Late bar 9 - 2 am

ANIMAL  
NIGHTLIFE  
at  
HEAVEN  
mon. 26th July £ 3.00

### KINGS HEAD

4 Fulham High St SW6 736 1413

Thursday 22nd July  
Australasian night £1.50  
**LITTLE SISTER**  
Friday 23rd July £1.50  
**THE 45's**  
Saturday 24th July £1.50  
**RED BEANS AND RICE**  
Sunday 25th July £1.00  
**THE FEELERS**  
Monday 26th July £1.00  
**LAZLO AND THE LEOPARDS**  
Tuesday 27th July £1.00  
**DOUBLE VISION**  
Wednesday 28th July £1.00  
**BASILS BALLS UP BAND**

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

### WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THU. JUL 22. A colourful sound, an insistent rhythmic blend of neat yet nervy tunes, brilliantly instantaneous, "said NME."

### THE INMATES

FRI. 23. Possibly the only band London has produced who inject r'n'b with something fresh instead of merely re-working old stuff.

### THE BEATROOTS

SAT. 24. Late night reappears, smooth paced and more inclined towards the floating brass sound of UB40 than the militant rockers of Studio One.

### ZERRA I

WED. JUL 28. Two man synth act with the emotions and musical attack normally only a quartet can deliver.

### THE GROUP

THU. 29. BRAVE

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 12.30 till 6 AM. MOST DAYS, WE OPEN THE CORNER OF KING ST & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN. MUSIC FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 636 1124. PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3361.

### BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Fri 23rd July  
A night of serious fun  
**AVOCADO FIVE-O**  
+ The Bazookas £1.50  
Sat 24th July  
**THE HIGH TIDE**  
+ The Hunger Project £1.50  
Sun 25th July  
**ITALIAN VACATION**  
+ Pleasure Dome £1  
Mon 26th July  
**THE MASKED ORCHESTRA**  
+ Bad Detective £1.25  
Tue 27th July  
**THE TIMES/SMALL WORLD** £1.25  
Wed 28th July  
**SHEA RAMAH**  
+ Bella Donna £1.50  
Real Ale 7.30 — 11.00pm

# THE POLICE

MCP for AIMCARVE LTD presents

## U2 THE BEAT

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

**GATESHEAD INTERNATIONAL STADIUM**  
SATURDAY 31st JULY 3.30p.m. GATES OPEN 1.30p.m.

Tickets £8.30 (inc booking fee) £10.00 on day available from

Gateshead Sports Stadium Reception	Aberdeen Other Record Shop	Sheffield Virgin Records	Darlington Williams
Leisure Centre Box Office	Dundee Cathy Records	Lincoln The Box Office	South Shields Image Records
Newcastle City Hall Box Office	Cardiff Pink Panther Records	Liverpool Penny Lane Records	Blyth Music Box
Sunderland Spinning Disk Records	Preston Guild Hall Box Office	Manchester Piccadilly Records	Durham Musicore
Middlesbrough Town Hall Box Office	Lancaster Ear Eye Records	Stoke on Trent Mike Lloyd Music Shops	Leeds Cammish Travel
Hamilton	Bradford St. Georges Hall	Nottingham Select a Disc	York Sound Effects
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre	Derby R.E. Cards	Gough & Davy	HMV Records
Glasgow Apollo Theatre	Leeds Virgin Records	Bridlington Holiday Travel	Futurist Theatre
		Birmingham Cyclops Records	The Other Record Shop

or by post from Aimcarve Ltd., P.O. Box 123 Walsall W55 4QQ. Enclose Cheques or Postal Orders made payable to AIMCARVE LTD and enclose S.A.E.

# CINEMAS

## BURNING ILLUSION

an

A Film Written & Directed by MENELIK SHABAZZ  
Starring CASSIE McFARLANE & VICTOR ROMERO  
Special Appearance by TREVOR LAIRD, JANET KAY & CORINNE SKINNER-CARTER  
LONDON, EDINBURGH FILM FESTIVALS  
A BFI RELEASE

'COMPULSIVE WATCHING' NME

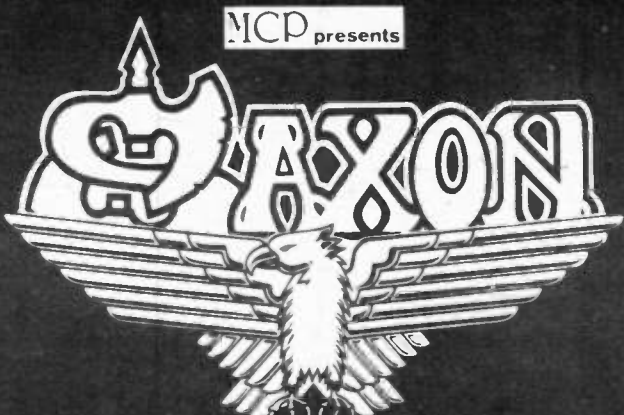


From Thursday JULY 22 **SCREEN ON THE GREEN ISLINGTON** 226 3520  
From Sunday JULY 25 **PECKHAM** 639 1722

### Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 22nd & Friday 23rd  
The U.K. Premier Of Kenneth Anger's LUCIFER RISING  
+ Other Anger Films And Animation 4.30 7.50  
+ Roger Corman's Classic THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY 8.30 9.50  
THE ENTIRE PRISONER SERIES OVER 8 DAYS  
Saturday 24th  
THE PRISONER: JUDICIAL 1.00, 5.00, 8.00  
+ CHIMES OF BIG BEN 2.00, 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: EPIC 3.00, 7.00  
DANGERMAN: THE BROTHERS 4.00, 8.00  
ALL NIGHT 80's POP, ROLLING STONES, BEATLES, THE SUPREMES AND LOADS MORE  
Ring Cinema For Details  
Sunday 25th  
Special Matinee Herzog's Double  
WOYZECK 1.00  
+ AGUIRRE THE WRATH OF GOD 2.25  
THE PRISONER: A, B AND C 5.00, 9.00  
+ FREE FOR ALL 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: THE LYING DEAD 7.00  
DANGERMAN: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY 8.00, 10.00  
Monday 26th  
THE PRISONER: SCHIZO MAN 1.00, 5.00, 9.00  
THE GENERAL 2.00, 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: RETURN OF THE CYBERNAUTS 3.00, 7.00  
DANGERMAN: ARE YOU GOING TO BE MORE PERMANENT 4.00, 8.00  
Tuesday 27th  
THE PRISONER: BARRY HAPPY RETURNS 1.00, 5.00, 9.00  
+ DANCE OF THE DEAD 2.00, 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: DEATH'S DOOR 3.00, 7.00  
DANGERMAN: WILD GOOSE CHASE 4.00, 8.00  
Wednesday 28th  
THE PRISONER: IT'S YOUR FURNERAL 1.00, 5.00, 9.00  
CHECKMATE 2.00, 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: ENGLISH BREAKFAST 3.00, 7.00  
DANGERMAN: ENGLISH LADY TAKES LOGGERS 4.00, 8.00  
Thursday 29th  
THE PRISONER: HANDED INTO ARMY 1.00, 5.00, 9.00  
A CHANGE OF MIND 2.00, 6.00, 10.00  
THE AVENGERS: YOU HAVE JUST BEEN MURDERED 3.00, 7.00  
DANGERMAN: SHINDA SHIMA 4.00, 8.00



CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE  
FRIDAY 17th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00, £3.50  
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 320007  
APOLLO THEATRE, GLASGOW  
SATURDAY 18th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00, £3.50  
Available from B/O Tel: 041 332 9221  
PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, EDINBURGH  
SUNDAY 19th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00, £3.50  
Available from B/O Tel: 031 557 2950  
APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER  
MONDAY 20th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00, £3.50  
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 1112  
DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER  
TUESDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444  
ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY  
WEDNESDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0332 369311  
BRIGHTON CENTRE  
THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O 0273 202881  
ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL COLISEUM  
SATURDAY 25th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: PAR (072681) 4004  
COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL  
Sunday 26th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 291768  
CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD  
MONDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295  
ST. GEORGES HALL, BRADFORD  
WEDNESDAY 29th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 32513  
CITY HALL, HULL  
THURSDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O and usual agents  
VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY  
FRIDAY 1st OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from Mike Lloyd Music and Lotus Records Stafford

APOLLO THEATRE, OXFORD  
SATURDAY 2nd OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0865 44544  
GAUMONT THEATRE, IPSWICH  
SUNDAY 3rd OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641  
ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM  
MONDAY 4th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 6101  
ARTS CENTRE, POOLE  
WEDNESDAY 6th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 02013 85222  
GUILD HALL, PORTSMOUTH  
THURSDAY 7th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.00  
Available from B/O Tel: 0705 824355  
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH  
FRIDAY/SATURDAY 8th/9th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.  
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50  
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081  
NOTE BRISTOL COLSTON HALL GOES ON SALE ONE MONTH PRIOR TO THE SHOW  
**NEW ALBUM**  
**The Eagle Has Landed**  
**ON CARRERE**



thursday

22nd

# nationwide GIG GUIDE

Basildon Raquels: **Blancmange**  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**  
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**  
 Brighton Jazz Club: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**  
 Brighton New Regent: **Southern Death Cult/The Jungle**  
 Bristol Colston Hall: **The Jamaican Folk Singers**  
 Bromsgrove The Hundred House: **Teaser**  
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Ray Charles, His Orchestra & The Raelets**  
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Pluto**  
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**  
 Croydon The Star: **Wolfie Witcher & The Radical Shicks**  
 Eastcote Bottom Line: **Juissance**  
 Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Precautions**  
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**  
 Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**  
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**  
 Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **The Clash**  
 Leeds Cosmo Club: **Household Name**  
 Leeds The Phonographic: **V-C-O**  
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Swinging Laurels**  
 Leigh The Moonraker: **The Relatives**  
 Lincoln New Penny: **White Diamond**  
 Liverpool Kirklands: **French Lessons/The Wined-Up**  
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Bedlam Prod/The Modernaires/Rebel Da Fe**  
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**  
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Vein/Skeptic**  
 London Balls Pond Rd Greyhound: **First Offence**  
 London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **Saracen**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Chicago Sunsets**  
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tony McPhee Band**  
 London Chalk Farm Musicians Collective: **Cast Iron Fairies In At The Deep End/Kazuko & Co/The Seven Minute Set**  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**  
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Big Country**  
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Any Anxious Colour/Street Allens**  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mood Elevators/Serious Drinking**  
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Howard McGhee/Bobby Wellins Quartet (until Saturday)**  
 London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Morrissey Mullen**  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **S.V.T./Top Secret**  
 London Fulham Kings Head: **B.B.Q. Band**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wasted Youth/Danse Society**  
 London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**  
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Shakers**  
 London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Flips/The Flatz**  
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**  
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Pyne**  
 London Marquee Club: **Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Dawn Trader**  
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Prince Hammer/Undivided Roots**  
 London Putney White Lion: **The Adicts**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**  
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ray Alexander Quartet**  
 London Southall White Hart: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/L.A. Hooker**  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**  
 London Victoria The Venue: **Talk Talk/Roy White/Steve Torch**  
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**  
 London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **High Life Internationals**  
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**  
 London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Maximum Joy/The Go-Betweens/Restriction**  
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Birthday Party**  
 Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Four Minute Warning**  
 Newcastle Bier Keller: **Warrior/Turek/The Alphas**  
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Samson/Angelwitch**  
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**  
 Nottingham Palais: **Incognito**  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **V.H.F.**  
 Preston Warehouse: **Blitz/Peter & The Test Tube Babies/One Way System**  
 Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts/The Flyboys**  
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**  
 Wokingham Angie's: **Trimmer & Jenkins**



Mr Joe Jackson

Pic: Mr. David Corio

THE OPEN-AIR season is now at its peak, and this weekend's activities are highlighted by THE ROLLING STONES' last two concerts of their current tour — at Dublin Slaine Castle (Saturday) and Leeds Roundhay Park (Sunday) again with the J. GEILS BAND guesting. And MOTORHEAD play their first UK shows with new guitarist Brian Robertson, both outdoor events — at Wrexham Football Club on Saturday with BUDGIE, TWISTED SISTER and four other bands; and London Hackney Stadium on Sunday with SAXON, MORE and four others. . . SAXON incidentally, are headlining their own show on Saturday at the Mildenhall Stadium in Suffolk with MAGNUM and ANGELWITCH, among others.

The second half of the Capital Jazz Festival takes place at Knebworth Park this weekend, and his section — apart from RAY CHARLES' contribution on Saturday — is really out-and-out jazz. In fact, Sunday's bill is sheer magic for genuine jazz freaks, with such giants as BENNY GOODMAN, LIONEL HAMPTON and DAVE

BRUBECK appearing. By the way, Ray Charles and his entourage play a couple of warm-up dates at Camberley (Thursday) and Brighton (Friday).

Two important new tours opening are by 'LIGHT OF THE WORLD, who kick off at Southend (Friday), Gravesend (Saturday), Brighton (Sunday), Tunbridge Wells (Monday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday) — and the JOE JACKSON BAND, now back in the contemporary mould after Joe's nostalgic dalliance with the jive era, who open in Nottingham on Wednesday with the bulk of their dates to follow in August.

The near-legendary SUN-RA and his Arkestra play one of their extremely rare visits to London, for a couple of shows at The Venue on Tuesday and Wednesday. . . And another capital hot spot will be at the Lyceum on Sunday, when there's a summer soiree with THE BELLE STARS and RIP RIG & PANIC.

friday

23rd

Aberdeen Heotel Metro: **Nohumaneye / John Trowsdale**  
 Argyll Lochgilphead: **Robin Williamson**  
 Aymestrey Crown Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**  
 Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Quartz**  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**  
 Birmingham Odeon: **Average White Band**  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**  
 Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Blancmange**  
 Bradford Palm Cove: **The Aemotic Crie**  
 Brighton Centre: **Ray Charles, His Orchestra & The Raelets**  
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Monochrome Set / Flex**  
 Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Talk Talk**  
 Cardiff Top Rank: **Bad Manners**  
 Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Sticky Fingers**  
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Limelight**  
 Chorley Joiners Arms: **White Diamond**  
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**  
 Dover (St. Margaret's) Red Lion Inn: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**  
 Dunfermline Chimes: **Jap Dessert**  
 Durham The Castle: **The Stingrays**  
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Significant Zeros**  
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Clash**  
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Toy Dolls**  
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Lords Of The New Church**  
 Grimsby Community Hall: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**  
 Harrow Northwick Park Hospital: **Tilt**  
 Harrow The Roxboro: **Dream Cycle 7**  
 Hasting Pier Pavilion: **Incognito**  
 Hayes Grange Youth Centre: **007**  
 Hitchin The Regal: **Pluto**  
 Hull City Hall: **Bucks Flizz**  
 Liverpool Warehouse: **The Birthday Party**  
 London Acton George & Dragon: **Chilli & The Dills**  
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**  
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Exercise**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Electric Bluebirds / Pink Umbrellas**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**  
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**  
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **John Copper Clarke**  
 London City University: **Hank Wangford Band**  
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue / Tempa Red**  
 London Clapham 101 Club: **South Side**  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Escape**  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / Tripwires**  
 London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Avocado Five-O / The Bazookas**  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Great Divide**  
 London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Special Duties / The Accursed / Today's Kids**  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Berlin Blondes**  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**  
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Liaison**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Micky Jupp Band**  
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Pyne**  
 London Marquee Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**  
 London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Carl Gibson / George Moody & The Country Squires**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Red Holloway**  
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**  
 London Plumstead The Ship: **Third Door**  
 London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne Band**  
 London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Origiani East Side Stompers**  
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Quintet**  
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**  
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band**  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Saracen**  
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**  
 London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Blue Zoo / Miles Over Matter**  
 London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Fantantiddlyspan/A Room Full Of Candy/ Agent BZ**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Negus**  
 Nyahbyngi  
 Manchester The Gallery: **Apocalypse Choir / Nick Toczek**  
 Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Demon**  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**  
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Adicts**  
 Salisbury Arts Centre: **Pookiesnackeburger**  
 Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Crossfire**  
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Rapids**  
 Southend Maritime Bars: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**  
 Southend Zero Six: **Light Of The World**  
 West Kirby Black Horse: **French Lessons**  
 Wokingham Angie's: **Ground Zero / Hieronymous Bosch**

Continued over



# nationwide GIG GUIDE

From previous page



Rolling Stones: Dublin

**saturday 24th**

Aldershot West End Centre: The Stills / Movita / The Erection Set / The Ballistics  
 Andover Avalon Hall: The A-Heads / Corrupt Abuse/Black Easter  
 Ashford The Centrepiece: 007  
 Bath Moles: Blancmange  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan  
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Mood Elevators / Fundametal Furniture / Domestics  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts  
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: Annette Peacock / The Rapiers  
 Cardiff Troubadour Leisure Centre: The Nashville Teens  
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: Demon  
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks  
 Chorley Joiners Arms: White Diamond  
 Dublin Slaine Castle: The Rolling Stones / J. Geils Band  
 Fareham Technical College: Dirt / Polemic  
 Feltham Assembly Hall: The Meteors / Screaming Lord Sutch / The Ricochets  
 Gravesend Woodville Hall: Light Of The World  
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Another Language  
 Helston (Coverack) Trewellis Farm: Inner City Unit / The Androids Of Mu / Foxes And Rats / Design For Living / The Newtown Neurotics / The Review etc. (continues on Sunday)  
 Huddersfield Town Hall: Bucks Fizz  
 Inverness Ice Rink: The Clash  
 Kings Lynn Marham Village Hall: Adicts / Deconstructors / Rotton Corpses  
 Knebworth Park: Ray Charles, His Orchestra & The Rascals / Gerry Mulligan Big Band / M.J.Q. / Carmen McRae / Freddie Hubbard & Ron Carter / Clark Terry / Midnight Follies / Onward Internationals etc.  
 Leeds Compton Arms: Saracen  
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Utang Tumblers  
 Leicester De Montford Hall (afternoon): Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol / Roaring Jelly / Webbs Wonders / John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris. Evening show: The Albion Band / The Battlefield Band  
 Liverpool Dockers Hook: Abraham Ali Band  
 Liverpool Merseyside Police Club: Iana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra  
 Liverpool Warehouse: Rad Lipstique / Kindergarten Paint Set  
 London Barnes Bulls Head: Red Holloway  
 London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires  
 London Brixton The Fridge: Tommy  
 London Camden Dingwalls: Ruby Turner / The Camers  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Dana Gillespie / Diz & The Doormen  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles  
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Any  
 London Clapham 101 Club: Native Hipsters  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Beatroots / The Mighty Stripes  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Mickey Jupp  
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Dance Band / Naughty Thoughts  
 London Fulham Kings Head: Red Beans & Rice  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The High Tide / The Humer Project  
 London Harrow Rd. The College Park: Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Natural Scientist  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Barracudas  
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Stan Tracey  
 London Lambeth Country Show: Pookiesnackburger  
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Mouse & The Underdog  
 London Marquee Club: Rock Goddess  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Midnite Follies Orchestra  
 London Plumstead The Ship: Jump Squad / Weeping Wall  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: New Era Jazzband  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Mike Carr Trio  
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover / Makka  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief  
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: The Jamaican Folk Singers  
 London Victoria The Venue: The Blues Band  
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Gilly Elkin Band  
 London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: Art Theman / Tommy Chase Trio  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: P.M.T.  
 Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs  
 Middlesbrough The Cavern: UK Decay  
 Milldenhall Stadium (near Newmarket, Suffolk): Saxon / Angelwitch / Bernie Marsden's S.O.S. / Samson / Magnum / Stampede / Tutch

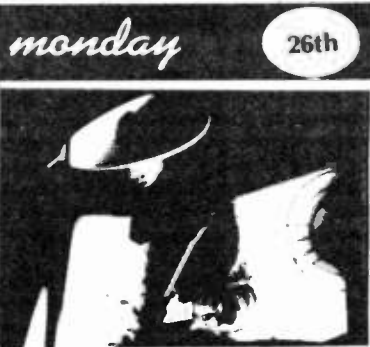
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: Marillion  
 Nottingham Boat Club: Chelsea / Peter & The Test Tube Babies  
 Oxford Jericho Tavern: Trixta  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Pencils  
 Retford Porterhouse: The Birthday Party  
 Sheffield The Hanover: A Bohemian Situation  
 Shefford The Airman: Electric Savage  
 Shoreham Community Centre: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers  
 Southampton Canute Hotel (lunchtime) and Poole Chequers (evening): Crossfire  
 Stafford Borough Sports & Social Club: The Quarter / Sensa Yuma  
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests  
 Wokingham Angie's: Licks 'n' Vixen  
 Wrexham Football Club: Motorhead / Budgie / Tank / Twisted Sister / Raven / Orion / Shoot The Moon



Motorhead: Hackney

**sunday 25th**

Aberdeen Copper Beech: Nuthin' Fancy/M3  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar  
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Xpert  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out  
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video  
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero  
 Brighton Top Rank: Light Of The World  
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis  
 Buxton Pavilion Gardens: Battlefield Band  
 Coventry Whitley Abbey Hotel: 25th Floor/The Orgasmotrons  
 Croydon The Star: Wolfie Witcher & The Nightriders  
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Spynal  
 Chrodz/Jim Barclay/Gabi & Chloe  
 Derby Playhouse Theatre: Roaring Jelly  
 Dundee Caird Hall: Average White Band  
 Folkestone Golden Arrow: English Rogues  
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators  
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band and Guests  
 Knebworth Park: Benny Goodman/Lionel Hampton Big Band/Dave Brubeck/Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers/Morrissey Mullen/Zoot Money/The Breakfast Band/National Youth Jazz Orchestra/Barney Kessel etc.  
 Leeds Roundhay Park: The Rolling Stones/J. Geils Band  
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evenings): Volunteers  
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys  
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein  
 London Battersea The Latchmore (lunchtime): Paul Lacey  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Bitelli's  
 London Camden International (lunchtime)/The London Apaches (evening)  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles  
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Natural Scientist  
 London Clapham 101 Club: Arena/Rockworld  
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Robin Jones' Ritmo Cubana  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Claire Hamill's Transporter  
 London Fulham Greyhound: Basking Sharks/The Survivors  
 London Fulham Kings Head: The Feelers  
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythms  
 London Hackney Speedway Stadium: Motorhead/Saxon/T.34/Morfe  
 Spider/The Lightning Raiders/Sleek  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Italian Vacation/Pleasure Dome  
 London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): Kristo Hughes  
 London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunkx): Combat 84  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Helicopters  
 London Islington Pied Bull: Red Beans & Rice  
 London Marquee Club: Lords Of The New Church  
 London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band  
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Alvin Roy Band  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny M's Tribute to Hoagy Carmichael  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Republic  
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Belle Stars/Rip Rig & Panic/The Three Courgettes  
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's  
 London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin's Centre: Blowzabella  
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: The 45's  
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Digby Fairweather Quintet  
 Margate Ship Inn: Dave Corsey Band  
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners  
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader  
 Poynton Folk Centre: Fault  
 Skegness Festival Theatre: Bucks Fizz  
 Watford Pump House: The Hamsters  
 Weymouth Pavilion: Chas & Dave  
 Wigan Riverside Club: Warrior  
 Wokingham Angie's: Juvenessence



Monochrome Set: London

**monday 26th**

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers  
 Birmingham Night Out: Chas & Dave (until Wednesday)  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw  
 Birmingham Up The Junction: Ruby Turner Band  
 Blackpool Vinyl Drip Club: Vee VV/Switzerland  
 Derby Romeo & Juliet's: Kelly Marie / Splashdown / Marsha Raven / Roy Hamilton  
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: Lone Wolf  
 Harrow The Roxboro: Tilt  
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers  
 Keighley Funhouse: Peter & The Test Tube Babies / Complete Disorder / Sick Youth  
 Kingston Grey Horse: Fugitive  
 Leicester De Montford Hall: Bucks Fizz  
 Liverpool Dove & Olive: Shattered Hope  
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Precautions  
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Jungle / Dresden / Greetings No. 4  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Pokadots  
 London Clapham 101 Club: P.S. Personal / The Busters  
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Red Holloway / Steve Melling Trio  
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Steel An' Skin / A Bigger Splash / The Flying Pickets  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Rock Band  
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Masked Orchestra / Bad Detective  
 London Fulham Kings Head: The Coyotes  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Legal Tender / Miser Coke Bottle Willie  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Ya-Ya's  
 London Islington Pied Bull: Holloway Allstars  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Liaison  
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Bill Watrous / Eddie Thompson  
 London Marquee Club: Samson / Ore  
 London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Bobby Wellins Quintet with Jim Mullen  
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: Joe Pass / Nells Henning Orsted-Pederson (for two weeks)  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: 20th Century Blues  
 London Victoria The Venue: The Monochrome Set / Ben Watt  
 London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: I Am Alone  
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
 Sandown I.O.W. The Court Jester: The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)  
 Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: Negatives In Colour  
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse  
 Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Light Of The World  
 Wakefield Pussycat: Pluto (until Wednesday)  
 York Bay Horse: Thin Red Line



Light of the World: Southampton

**tuesday 27th**

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Teaser  
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money  
 Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: Silverwing  
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: The Enemy / Necromancy / Burning Fuse  
 Bradford University: Wrathchild  
 Colchester The Affair: V.H.F.  
 Kingston Grey Horse: Click  
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero  
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers  
 Liverpool Warehouse: The Workforce / Apologies For Innocence/A Different Motion  
 London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires  
 London Camden Dingwalls: Zac Starky  
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wrecktangles  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: Wit Of A Banker  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Mouse & The Underdog  
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Red Holloway / Steve Melling Trio  
 London Fulham Gold Lion: Cook The Books  
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Times / Small World  
 London Fulham King's Head: Double Vision  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Idiot Ballroom Beach Party  
 London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: The McCalmans  
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Urban Shakedown  
 London Islington Pied Bull: Bad Detectives

London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Morrissey Mullen  
 London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: Hank Wangford Band  
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)  
 London Marquee Club: Overkill  
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Tilt  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Conflict / Rubella Ballet / Omega Drive  
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Macrami Brothers  
 London Victoria The Venue: Sun Ra Arkestra  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Liaison  
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Bumble & The Bees / The Escorts  
 London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: The Nice Men  
 London W.9 Zig Zag Club: Reverberockets / The Red And The Black / Airport And Dean  
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Street Aliens  
 Penzance Arts Centre: Robin Williamson  
 Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance  
 Southampton Top Rank: Light Of The World  
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Fixx  
 Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Bucks Fizz  
 Westhoughton British Legion: Warrior



Average White Band: Southend

**wednesday 28th**

Aberdeen Valhallas: Segue  
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey  
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound  
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses  
 Bournemouth Pinecliffe Bars: Crossfire  
 Brighton Cavern Bar: The Ammonites / Cold Sweat  
 Bristol Bridge Inn: Spot The Dog  
 Cardiff Top Rank: Light Of The World  
 Cheltenham The Plough Inn: Roadsters  
 Dudley The Crown: The Statues / Endless Bob Brown  
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero  
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Noel Murphy / The Fyfe Brothers  
 London Camden Dingwalls: Amazulu  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Striding Benny & The Strutters  
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles  
 London Clapham 101 Club: Hoi Polloi / Siren  
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Wallace Davenport / Brian Lemon Trio  
 London Deptford Albany Empire: B Sharp / The Hamsters/Christians In Search Of Fifth  
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Impossible Dreamers  
 London Fulham Greyhound: Shea Ramah / Bella Donna  
 London Fulham Kings Head: Basils Ballsup Band  
 London Highgate Jackson Lane Community Centre: The Jackson Sisters  
 London Islington Grapes: Red Holloway  
 London Islington Hare & Hounds: Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers  
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Studio 2  
 London Islington Pied Bull: Oxy & The Morons/Spare Tyre  
 London Kensington Ad Lib: Ray Shields  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Diz & The Doormen  
 London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: The Heavenly Bodies  
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
 London Marquee Club: Park Avenue  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Fan Club / Me  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Butch Thompson & The Ragtime Orchestra  
 London Plumstead The Ship: The Coastguards / Zoavent  
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans / Martin Brinsford / Pierre Bensusan / English Country Blues Band  
 London Soho Pizza Express: Bill Watrous (until Saturday)  
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Jay Monque'd  
 London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: Bitelli's Onward Internationals  
 London Victoria The Venue: Sun Ra Arkestra  
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Naughty Thoughts  
 London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: The Joys / Rosalie Stilleto D'Boot  
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: The Three Courgettes / Roman Holiday  
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Dana Gillespie  
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians  
 Manchester (Duckfield) Drifters: Red Alert  
 Manchester Hacienda Club: Buzzz  
 Margate The Ship: Fokker Triplane  
 Margate Winter Gardens: Morrissey Mullen  
 New Romney Seahorse: Another Language  
 Nottingham Rock City: Joe Jackson Band  
 Ryde I.O.W. Airport: GBH/Peter & The Test Tube Babies/Urgl/Soldiers Of Destruction  
 Scunthorpe Tiffany's: Negatives In Colour  
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: The Relatives  
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Average White Band  
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers  
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Hot Gossip  
 Worcester Swan Theatre: The Dancing Did

## PLUTONIUM BLONDES



Whitelaw: rocked backwards.

## HARD LUCK WILLIE

CND scored a cheering victory last week when an irritated William Whitelaw confirmed that Operation Hard Rock — the two-week 'war game' planned for September and October — had to be postponed.

Its cancellation was forced upon the government when 20 of the 54 county authorities involved refused to participate.

Nearly all the authorities who declined to take part in the sham war exercise have declared themselves 'nuclear-free zones'. At a jubilant press conference last Friday, CND's Alison Whyte said the organisation believed Hard Rock had been cancelled largely because of the nuclear-free zone campaign. Others cited CND's counter-campaign, Hard Luck (Plutonium Blondes 17.6.82).

Following Whitelaw's announcement, the CND national council took a decision that Hard Luck would go ahead. The Scientists Against Nuclear Arms (SANA) who helped prepare Hard Luck say they feel the public should still be made aware of their estimate — that 300 strategic targets would be involved in Hard Rock's make-believe 220-megaton attack. (Sites in their view include the Polaris and Poseidon sub bases at Faslane, the cruise missile base in Greenham Common and Molesworth, Cambridge).

"Most of the UK," said a SANA spokesperson, "would receive high levels of blast damage and at least 60% of the population would be immediately affected."

These estimates came after more sobering announcements from the British Medical Association, who held a symposium last Friday on the effects of nuclear attack. The meeting issued a strong call for all doctors to join in the campaign against nuclear weapons since, in the words of Professor Jack Boag of the Institute of Cancer Research, "the only cure for this disease is prevention."

Professor Boag chairs the Institute of Radiology's inquiry into the aftermath of nuclear war — a survey / study which will be completed by September and published in the New Year.

"If survivors emerged from their fallout shelters after three months," stated Professor Boag, "they would find themselves stranded amid toxic radiation 10,000 times greater than the 'safe' level, with a contaminated water supply."

Survivors would have to choose between dying immediately of thirst or later of cancer.

"If there are any rescue services left," he said, "they will not be allowed into the radiation areas for up to two weeks, during which the injured would be left to themselves."

Dr Andrew Haines, a senior lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital's medical school, added that the surviving population would face a food shortage and that any meat or milk from surviving livestock would remain contaminated with Caesium 137 and Strontium 90 until the end of the century.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



# LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

**THE HALF MOON**  
93 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD,  
PUTNEY, SW15.  
01-788 2387.

Thursday 22nd July  
**COMBO PASSE**  
Friday 23rd July  
**KEVIN COYNE**  
Saturday 24th July  
**CRANNOG**  
Sunday 25th July  
**STAN WEBB'S**  
**CHICKEN SHACK**  
Tuesday 27th July  
**MORRISEY MULLEN**  
Wednesday 28th July  
**BOB KERR'S**  
**WHOOPEE BAND**  
Monday 2nd August — **TAJ MAHAL**  
August 10th, 11th & 12th — **FAIRPORT CONVENTION**  
August 16th & 18th — **DAVE KEELY BLUES BAND**

New Venue  
**THE RED LION**  
HOUNSLOW HIGH STREET

LATE BAR 8-12  
Opening Monday 26th July  
with  
**THE WHITE HOT**  
**PICK UP BAND**  
**TRAVELLING SHOES**  
**LITTLE SISTER**  
Entrance £1.00.

get wise to  
**EXERCISE**  
live at  
the **FRIDGE**

friday 23rd july

**MOONLIGHT**

100 West End Lane  
(West Hampstead Tube)  
Sundays 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 21st July	£1.50
<b>THE EUROPEANS</b>	
+ Support	
Thursday 22nd July	£1.50
<b>THE RED AND THE BLACK</b>	
+ Airbridge	
Friday 23rd July	£1.75
<b>WRATHCHILD</b>	
+ Soldier	
Saturday 24th July	£1.75
<b>THE FRANTIX</b>	
+ Support and Disco	
Sunday 25th July	75p
<b>THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS</b>	
+ Blue Midnight and Disco	
Monday 26th July	£1.50
<b>IN 2XS</b>	
+ Out Baroque	
Tuesday 27th July	£1.00
<b>LIAISONS</b>	
+ The Critics	
Wednesday 28th July	£1.50
<b>SANITY CLAUSE</b>	
+ Naughty Thoughts	
<b>STARLIGHT</b>	
Saturday 24th July	
<b>LOT 49</b>	
+ Tunnel Vision	
Monday 26th July	
<b>JUMP SQUAD</b>	

make a date at  
Club Coincidence  
every Tuesday with the  
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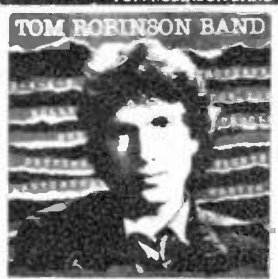
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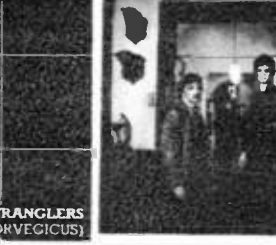
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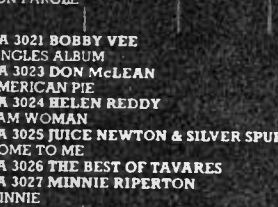
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FA 3023 DON McLEAN  
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FA 3024 HELEN REDDY  
I AM WOMAN  
FA 3025 JUICE NEWTON & SILVER SPUR  
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**PLUTONIUM  
BLONDES**

FROM PAGE 36

Between 25-30% of all survivors could die of diseases such as dysphtheria, dysentery, hepatitis and typhoid from the breakdown of sanitation systems. Damage to the ozone layer of the atmosphere might well let in enough ultra-violet light to cause blindness in mammals and the plague might well reappear if the labs which kept the smallpox virus were disturbed in the attack.

The assembled doctors also spoke out about the Department of Health's current "post-attack plans", which cost £500,000 a year and which are regarded with

'cynicism' by many within the medical profession.

● Fervent anti-nuclear feelings also fire much of Terry Johnson's new play *Insignificance*, currently on show at London's Royal Court Theatre. It investigates themes of scientific power and guilt already familiar from Durrenmat's *Der Physiker* (*The Physicists*), but invests equal energy in portraying the fictitious interaction of a clutch of archetypal '50s celebrities. They are Marilyn Monroe, Albert Einstein, Joe DiMaggio and Senator Joe McCarthy.

Einstein is engagingly acted by absent-minded professor lookalike Ian McDiarmid and the talented Australian actress Judy Davis (*My Brilliant Career*, *The Winter of Our Dreams*) makes a doubly difficult debut on the London

stage as Marilyn Monroe. With Larry Lamb as an explosive DiMaggio and William Hootkins' McCarthy a sinister Horatio Alger climbing the wrong ladder, *Insignificance* makes a notable example of theatre whose political points do not descend into mere agitprop. It's highly recommended for Ms Davis' Monroe alone. At the Royal Court, Sloane Square, London SW1, 01-730-1745.

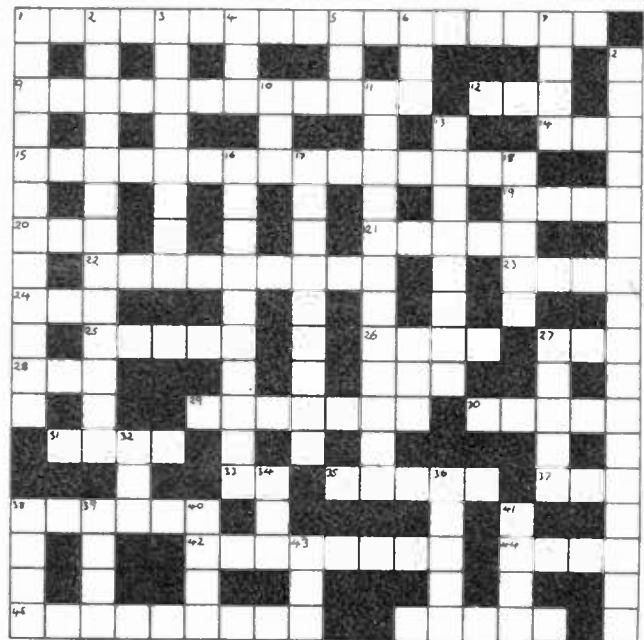
● Walthamstow CND will be holding a 'peace gig' on August 7, behind Bush House Quaker Building, Bush Road, Leytonstone. It will feature Wasted Youth, Mikado, and Design For Living, supported by Jimmy Riddle and Red Shift (12 noon and continues through 7 pm); tickets are £1 and include various stalls and a benefit auction.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

**WORLD  
PRESS**

ACROSS

- 1 Bill Nelson's no-scorer — but still worth a few spins (3-4-4-6)
- 9 Swathed in bandages, he had a 19th nervous breakdown at dead man's curve (4-3-5)
- 12 He took away from Killing Joke an unfinished form of music (3)
- 14 See 23A
- 15 How to strike it rich using a small slice of McCartney's fortune? (4-1-6-4)
- 19 'Oh' said Alessi, before hearing the truck (4)
- 20 See 8D
- 21 Ay ay moosie? Yes yes deerie? This pearl's a singer (5)
- 22 & 42A Capt. Sensible's talk on how every Damned thing happened? (7-2-3-5)
- 23 & 14A "I don't know why sometimes I get frightened — you can see my eyes and..." 1980 hit (1-3-3)
- 24 & 44A Just a small measure of rock from Tyrannosaurus Rex (3-4)
- 25 & 46A "I could be a ticket-man at Fulham Broadway Station" — Dury (4-1-5)
- 26 Forename of Irish blues-rockers who started out as founder member of Taste in late '60s (4)
- 27 The cost of the Tubes? (3)
- 28 & 41D Paul Weller's got what is needed for the presenter's job (no, not Patrick Moore's haircut) (3-4)
- 29 ...and is Haircut's Nick Heywood still growing his way into the style of these '60s fun-boy fourers? (7)
- 30 & 18D One time business manager of both Beatles and Stones (5-5)
- 31 Sounds like they come from the sticks, but the U.S. is their homeland (4)
- 33 & 27D "Combien sont la a cause de \_\_\_\_\_, Parce qu'ils ont \_\_\_\_\_" — merci Monsieur Burnel (2-5)
- 35 Commodores make no move (5)
- 37 His first solo album was 'Here Come The Warm Jets' (3)
- 38 Not quite Blackmore but definitely Havens (6)
- 42 See 22A
- 44 See 24A



COMPILED BY TREVOR HUNGERFORD

- 45 Bauhaus get to work by keen city hike, perhaps? (4-2-3-3)
- 46 See 25A

DOWN

- 1 She sends messages via Talking Heads and Tom Tom Club (4-8)
- 2 Anti Pasti singing 'From New York To LA'? (4-2-2-4)
- 3 Their drummer Colin Cowan was tragically killed recently (8)
- 4 See 45A
- 5 They were known as Special \_\_\_\_\_ on their first hit 'Gangsters' (1-1-1)
- 6 Not Prince Charles's favourite band I'm sure, but the sort of sound he'll be listening to day and night for some years yet (3)
- 7 Nothing doing for the Small Faces on Sunday (4)
- 8 & 20A Strictly speaking B.T.O.'s arrival on the charts in 1974 translated to 'You've Seen It All Before' (double negatives etc) (3-4-4-6-3)
- 10 & 38A Let's hear it for XTC — well this bloke gave them a big hand anyway (3-4)
- 11 He recently covered the old Searchers' number 'When You Walk In The Room' (5-7)
- 13 Unlikely that you'll find anything new on this Birthday Party album (8)
- 16 Cockney Rejects first hit (if position 65 counts) (2-3-1-4)
- 17 Keyboardman for Genesis (4-5)
- 18 See 30A
- 27 See 33A
- 32 How Georgie Fame answered — at the double (3)
- 34 Good spade work from Motorhead on the cards (3)
- 36 She comes just before lunch (5)
- 38 See 10D
- 39 Chicago lose their past and become a totally new band (4)
- 40 The strange town where Jam got armed (4)
- 41 See 28A
- 43 Not many oldies this week, so to finish off how about '\_\_\_\_\_ Is Me' by Helen Shapiro (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: — 1 See 7 Across, 6 Talk, 7 + 1A Rotting Vegetables, 9 Firecat, 11 Rage, 12 I.P.S., 13 Them, 14 + 28A Thermo Nuclear, 16 Gap, 18 Hesse, 22 Safe, 25 Ure, 27 Tropical, 28 See 14 Across, 31 Gun, 32 See 24 Down, 34 Kiki, 35 Surf, 37 Pent, 38 ABC, 40 Pathe, 42 NME, 44 Rosemary, 45 Energy.

DOWN: — 1 Virgin, 2 Gates, 3 Thirst, 4 Buggle, 5 Skidoo, 6 Theatre, 8 Na, 10 Tom Verlaine, 15 Rust, 17 Paul, 18 Hep'n, 19 Section, 20 Dinosaur, 21 Fear, 23 (Rod) Argent, 24 + 32A Fourth Drawer, 26 Red, 29 Circus, 30 Rapper, 33 WEA, 36 UB, 39 Tom, 41 Eon, 43 Meg.

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# LIVE!

## KILLER DISCIPLINE OF MANIC LOVE

TALKING HEADS  
TOM TOM CLUB

Wembley Arena

THAT FEAR of music — or of ticket prices — which is keeping attendances down seemed to have struck again when Tom Tom Club took to the stage of a half-full Arena, suggesting that T. Heads were over-ambitious booking two nights at Wembley, instead of the accustomed smaller venues. Not so, though: by mid-evening there was barely an un-bummed seat to be seen, which was gratifying because here are two acts with more to recommend them than most. Even if I'd much rather they'd done more dates, in more intimate places, both the Club and the Heads could have sent very few away disappointed.

'On On On On' came Tom Tom Club with that very number, taken, like the bulk of this brief set, from their first album — the notable exception being a distinctly *gimpy* version of 'Under The Boardwalk', to use a Bananarama-ese term. The Tom Toms, as you must know, are the offshoot group of the Head husband-and-wife team of drummer Chris Frantz and bassist Tina Weymouth — supplemented by Tina's sisters Lani and Laurie (the Weymouth trio in cheer-leader-style mini-skirt uniform), plus Tyron Downie (keyboards), Steven Scales (percussion) and Alex Weir (guitar).

The rhythms are crisp, the mood is light and upbeat, a relaxed alternative to Talking Heads' more fractured artiness and sinister depth. 'Wordy Rappinghood' and 'Genius Of Love' wrap up the performance enjoyably, the latter featuring a nice interplay between the gruff brown vocals of the back-up players and the pink prettiness of the frontline singing trio of Tina, Laurie and Lani. In total, Tom Tom Club's music is intelligent without demanding too much of the listener, and tonight it made for an appealing kind of fun.

The contrast with Talking Heads, as it turned out, wasn't so severe as you might expect, for the headliners' set was an amiable affair in a strange way — right from the opening 'Psycho Killer', which downplayed the song's manic intensity, coming on like an almost-breezy re-introduction between old friends. Throughout the show, David Byrne's familiar, neurotically-normal stance is endearingly eccentric rather than disturbing, and the immediate point-of-comparison isn't so much Anthony Perkins as Basil Fawlty.

It's a more compact line-up than that on last year's segment of the recent live LP, comprising the crucial four plus Weir and Scales (of Tom Tom Club) plus Dolette McDonald on backing vocals and Raymond Jones who plays keyboards, freeing Jerry Harrison for a largely guitar-playing role. This is good news for anyone like me who feared we might be losing the essential discipline and structure of the sound, in favour of vaguer and over-extended rhythmic grooviness. As it turns out there's only one lengthy passage, leading into 'I Zimbra', where the band surrender to a protracted funk work-out, and get boring in the process. That aside, matters are kept agreeably economic, strengthened by the group's winning match of the fluent and the clipped.

Even a full-size set can't find room for certified TH classics like 'Building On Fire', but we do get 'Cities' ('the, uh, only song we do that mentions London,' mumbles a bashful Byrne) and 'Once In A Lifetime' and 'Houses In Motion'. It's 'Life During Wartime', however, which lifts the show to a climax, picking up a momentum which takes us over into the encores of 'Take Me To The River' and 'Crosseyed And Painless'. New material is kept to a minimum — surprising when you recall how long it is since we had any new material from the whole band — and doesn't get introduced by name anyhow. From the overall health of the show, though, there seems no real reason to fear for Talking Heads' continued worth and promise for the future.

Paul Du Noyer



◆ Lean  
◆ Lurking  
◆ Byrne-up



## BORING HEADS 1977

(re-visited)

### THE METEORS PETER AND THE —TEST TUBE BABIES

Clarendon, Hammersmith

Hu, oh... No Fun Time. Celebrations of this sort conjure up far too vividly the memories and reasons for ny forsaking such a grubby and desperate circuit years ago. The fists and glasses were flying as the rival 'enthusiasts' attempted to convince each other of the various musical merits their particular chosen heroes were trying to expound onstage. Kings Road 77 re-visited.

Surely five years on even the tiniest pea-brain can appreciate the sad comedy of media-induced Punk v Ted headline manipulation? Apparently not. The spike tops and flat tops were content to hurl themselves (and anything else moveable- at each other, the onstage entertainments providing a mere bludgeoning soundtrack for the fray.

I entered the tawdry- Clarendon, sadly, unoriginally renamed Klub Foot for tonight's event, picked my way through the comatose leather, to experience Peter and his AID cronies already embarking on their vociferous downward spiral.

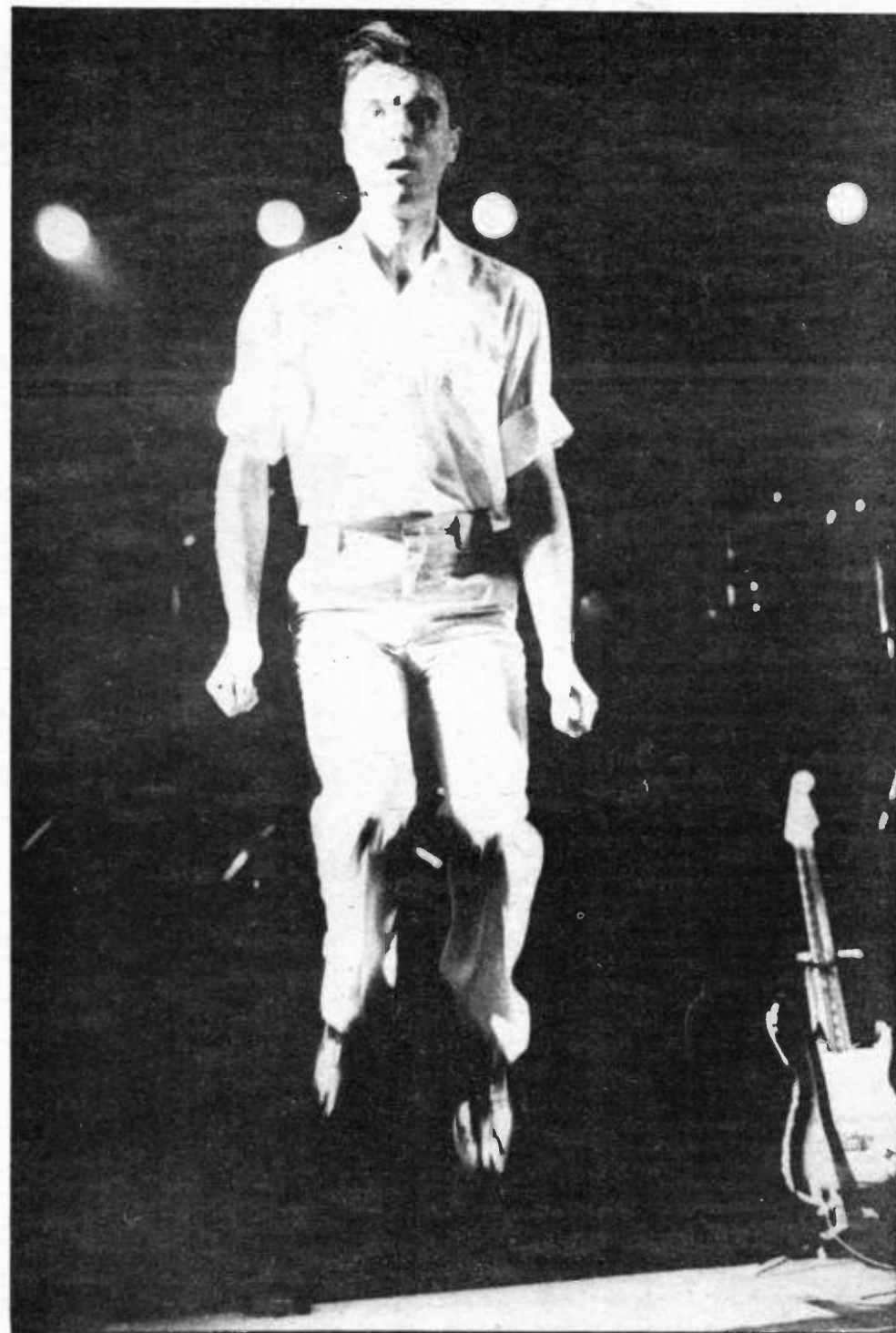
Undoubtedly, within their narrow horizons, they stand as kings among men, or perhaps men among minnows — tightly pummelling audience and instruments alike with a barrage of monotone metal. There are songs lurking in there somewhere, but heavily disguised by the same-four-chord syndrome and lashings of impotent boorishness. The guitar has a daunting elephantine three-dimensional quality — slow, slothful but always set to crush and maim through sheer bloodminded perseverance. Allied to the requisite tumbling drums, fuzz-bass and wailed bar-brawl voice Peter and Co are well equipped to fulfil their mission. That they are going nowhere fast is not in question, how many poor souls they can succeed in taking with them sadly is.

That the once great Meteors should now have to ply their trade in such sorry circumstances bears vicious witness to the destructiveness of this circuit. After the various line-up changes I was definitely expecting the worse and preparing my nib for the obituary. Whatever it is, though, the Meteors are still in tenuous possession.

Essentially still a three-piece, despite the addition of a hyper-active Idol whose irrespressible stage movement far outshadows the wavering lead vocal he occasionally supplies, the Meteors ability to produce a psyched-up cascade of thumping TV-shlocko — loopy Duane Eddy rockariffing seems undiminished. And it's all because they've still got *that man*, on guitar and predominant vocals. He's always been The Meteors.

His hiccuping Shards of slashing billy-guitar drive, pummel, coerce bu never violate — always in command despite falling basses and invading hordes. As long as he's there The Meteors will continue to irritate and deserve attention. But hopefully not in pointless re-runs of tonight's main event — the bloody Main Bout floorshow.

James T. Kirk



All pics: Peter Anderson

### DREAD BROADCASTING CORPORATION

WHETHER brushing up for the London night-time, getting down at a discriminating party or just winding down after the working / workless week, Dread Broadcasting Corporation has consistently offered the most exciting Friday night hours of musical radio around.

Besides the excellent choice of reggae with Lepke and the rest of the crew, there is a broadly based blues programme, which stretches to include swing and bluebeat, and an hour of hard funk from the very wonderful Lady Di. The most militant in both old and new soul, be it Gil Scott-Heron or The Valentine Bros, is mixed with an admirably generous selection of George Clinton

Productions (Flashlight! Boots! More!) and lots of music from the new funk generation.

But even given the very high quality of the music — music virtually ignored on other radio stations — DBC's real success must be put down to its presentation. Initially it can sound genuinely surprising and perhaps even a little threatening. The sound of a voice dubbed beyond

human recognition, toasting over a tough dub, in the middle of the night can be quite a shock! But then, DBC is not interested in sedating or patronising its listeners.

Where most radio programming is prepared to hide behind its records, where DJ voice-overs generally effect a dissipation of energy and excitement, DBC force constant changes. Unlike most radio, disc and DJ feed

off one another, instead of stumbling dozily into each other. Even in sleepy London, they can make you believe that there is something going on out there; they could make you want to move again!

Whether or not you are still interested in moving at 11 p.m., the approach of DBC's presenters makes the music sound more powerful and dignified than it otherwise would. It certainly made this

soul-boy reassess his attitude to reggae music.

With cities like Paris and New York offering such a great diversity of music and comment, and with London offering so little, it is incredible that a station like DBC should be illegal.

While they can, DBC broadcasts on 103.8 FM in the London area on Friday nights. They got up and used it. Why shouldn't others?

Marcus Boon



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# WHSMITH

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## LIVE!

### SIMPLE MINDS

Glasgow

**BODY TO BODY.** City to city. We're the audience that always has, always is, and always will be, eager to see Simple Minds. 'Local boys make good' is an understatement to the damp, hot bodies pressed close, frustrated and impatient for the sight of our local heroes.

Kerr, the *enfant terrible*, takes the stage to screaming fandom, we're sweating bullets. Trans Atlantica first on the mystery tour with 'Theme From Great Cities', Kerr exhibits his vicious ballet, the pallid cherub dominates the stage with a masterful grace; ducking, diving, dancing. The rest are static figures moving microscopically to sway to the relentless Minds rhythms. They are hesitant, the sound mixes with sweat, sluggish and sweet. The stark mechanics of the music are mingling with atmosphere and producing the thing that is Simple Minds rolling and tumbling and filling the hall with sweeping walls of music.

Leap a continent and we're at the early beginning again, a changed and disordered 'Changeling', mysterious buzzing in a pop veneer, 'I Travel' with machete keyboards cutting through the crowd. The hits, the missed hits, in a set that we could have predicted most of before we even came in. Twice there are subdued moments as we hear a long forgotten tune, then on to more stardom on the slow ascent, 'Sweat In Bullet', and a big cheer of the Big Hit Single 'Promised You A Miracle', which is done without their usual menacing deliberation, as they stumble over themselves to sweep this anachronism under whatever carpet is available. There is a strong feeling that Simple Minds are astounded at the success, the pop prophecy of the latest hit, they are trying on their pop star hats for the first time and finding the fading of a cult a little uncomfortable.

This is quickly forgotten as they warm Kerr's bellow to the Middle Eastern European trip, 'Celebration', zip... more hits fast and furious: 'The American', 'Sons And Fascination', a cacophony of changing landscapes to glorious melodies — how could you fault them in full flood, or doubt them in their darkest moments!

They disappear for a moment, Kerr with a bouquet in hand, reappearing to do the hit single with hard-earned conviction and bow out with 'Love Song'.

The mysterious fascination with this band is more than menacing melody and Jim's hypnotic gaze, but the final surge of a heat-stoppingly slow career. The Minds are and will be great, grandiose performers in a category of their own. And Kerr is still weaving strange spells and sitting back to watch.

Paul Corter

### RITUAL

#### The Moonlight

THERE ARE a refreshingly large number of young people at The Moonlight and even though that means young as in 'nowhere to go' rather than 'too wild to care', it's a striking change from many of London's more sartorially upbeat night-spots. The admission price of £1 is similarly refreshing, though The Moonlight lacks the entertainment and excitement

## STRANGE SPELLS AND GLORY DAYS

Jim Kerr

### SEND NO FLOWERS BLACK

Liverpool

THE MINISTRY is arguably the centre of the new Liverpool music scene, offering rehearsal rooms which are invaluable to new bands, and it's still used by Echo And The Bunnymen. Tonight was a showcase for some of the better Ministry hopefuls and offered a good measure of the health of the local scene.

Black stumbled on stage first. Black is just one handsome young lad, Colin Vearncombe, who's been creating a lot of interest lately. Having done away with his old band members (*sounds drastic* — Ed) to give himself more freedom, he now sings over backing tapes. He says that playing without a

drummer means he can sing instead of shout; and sing he certainly can, with a strange hybrid of a Billy Mackenzie/Scott Walker voice.

Black alone on stage is compelling, his voice soaring over a funky dense soundtrack with an early Bunnymen rough edge to it. Black can go places — maybe he'll need a group, but he dances real good, looks pretty and he's got a strong single 'Reunion' out soon on Pete Wylie's Eternal label.

The main attraction was Send No Flowers — a very young four-piece who boasts a stunningly cute girl vocalist who doubles as rhythm guitarist, and probably the stupidist-looking drummer you're ever likely to see. They started nervously with a lumpy instrumental and a

couple of pleasant but unremarkable tunes, but their confidence grew and by mid-set they were in full flow, with an incredibly powerful sound for a group who've only been together about a year. They create an intense Banshees-type noise, with a lighter more poppy feel.

Their inexperience was shown by the absolute lack of movement on stage and one false start, but they overcame these 'faults' with strong material, particularly the more uptempo ones like 'Caprice' and 'Days Of Age' — the crowd favourite and encore. They've got good ideas and talent, and they've also got lots of time. And hopefully, the most promising Liverpool group since Echo and Teardrop won't be rushed by some uncaring record label.

Kevin Mc

### JACKSON BROWNE

Hammersmith Odeon

IT WAS A very American evening: either Browne had brought his entire audience across the Atlantic with him, or else a lot of Londoners had decided to be Californians-for-a-night. "A lot of shit's gone down in five years, right?" he mused, by way of recalling it's a long time since he last played over here, but he can't have felt too far from home.

People would shout "Who! Rawkanroall!" at him; he'd swap banter about cocaine and similar arcane West Coast references with them. And while nobody present could quite match the Sylvikrin-ad perfection of his hair, he wasn't the only one sporting those crisply-laundered work-clothes, the timeless uniform of the US gig-attender. Some even tried reviving the inane practice of holding up lighter-flames in the darkness. I blame it on this being tourist season.

Still, this is not to sneer (well, maybe just a *little* bit) because Jackson Browne has turned out some highly impressive work — however off-putting his singer-songwriter image may be to the UK post-punk frame of mind — and if you've never heard him, then please believe that the man's followers are *not* deluded or foolish in rating him. A selective dip inside his catalogue could yield you some surprisingly good results.

The new single 'Somebody Baby' was a robust, straightforward start. It offers less of the dreamy, romantic symbolism he's noted for, but does showcase his current super-competent band of LA session stalwarts like drummer Russ Kunkel and keyboard player Craig Doerge. Collectively they cruise through the early set in tidy, medium-stomping fashion: class stuff of its kind, rarely heard in the UK at this level of professionalism.

But by common consent, I think, the heart of a JB show

comes when the lights go down, mid-way, and he takes to the piano for solo or near-solo material. Few would be un-moved by his 'For A Dancer', about the death of a friend, and dedicated tonight to James Honeyman-Scott of The Pretenders. And that's even truer of his version of a song called 'Crow On The Cradle', a very affecting peace-song for which he's joined by The Chieftains' Paddy Maloney, who plays Irish pipes in a way that's devastating if it hits you in one of your weeper moods. (JB's anti-nuke stance, it's worth pointing out, goes back years before the fashion.)

Next up is the number I've always thought to be Browne's masterpiece. 'Before The Deluge' is a rolling anthem of huge lyrical scope, amounting to nothing less than a poetic post-mortem on the rise and fall of the '60s generation; its sympathetic hindsight merges with honest realism to produce a telling story of dreams gone wrong. Another



value of a Heaven or Hacienda.

Besides a few sad animal-like creatures who hollow a pit out in front of the stage and writhe about in it, no-one seems very excited by support band Sunglasses After Dark. Throughout a short and messy set, they seem uninterested and insignificant, while their faces register a smug delight at being in so exalted a place.

Ritual come as a very pleasant surprise. The

blending of The Birthday Party, Theatre Of Hate and The Apocalypse could certainly not be described as my idea of an evening's pleasure, but, despite all the justifiable prejudices Ritual certainly made an impact. Drummer Raymond and bass Mark are a proficient rhythm section; guitarist Jamie, sax-man Steve and vocalist Errol stir up quite a storm between them. Errol's singing, besides reminding me of The Pop Group's Mark

Stewart, is rough and passionate, far removed from the droning whine of the Apocalypse brigade.

Ritual do not cut quite deep enough yet — still tied by their more obvious influences and The Lexicon Of Punk to demolish in the same way as The Birthday Party.

But this is 'rebel' music more powerful than that of Clash or (C)ross, is the 'harder edge'. Those who seek either should find Ritual.

Marcus Boon



Pic: Kevin Cummins

## WAR

New York

THEY ARE veterans of long standing, and they've been through it. All those serious, pioneering rhythmic fusions — 'Cisco Kid', 'Slipping Into Darkness', and 'Me And Baby Brother'.

I didn't expect them to come on hot as hungry youngbloods trying to make a splash, and their new album doesn't set my heart afire. So what a great surprise to find that on stage, War haven't lost their punch. They've stayed close to their sources.

They've stayed tough, hard, bad. These words denote strength, uncompromising refusal to dilute the substance of one's music. Everywhere, people are running for cover, and I expected War to be at

least a little slicked up.

But there they are in their funkier street clothes, pouring out a sound that sings of the East L.A. and mean Oakland streets they come from, a sound full of feelings, let loose and a vicious bite, demanding to be taken on their own terms. All right!

The crowd look good too. War are what many pretenders would like to be — a people's band. The crowd isn't dressed up — it's too hot — but they look good because they feel good.

War are primarily a rhythm machine, heavy and strong, with the extra boost that comes from two drummers who know how to work with each other. The vocals are ringing, full of conviction. The colouring — organ, guitars, harmonica, form an almost seamless whole.

They do lapse though. The

harmonica solos are uninspired and much too long. A lot of the material is basic blues boogie, funky up a little to make it War-like but still stuff we've heard too many times. And they do interrupt the songs occasionally for some show-business jive and the obligatory "Are y'all having a good time" chatter.

But when they get down to it, it does get down. War can make their ballads not just sweet but really soulful and their tough funk has its own California *barrio* flavour.

What comes across is that the members of War, drawn from the baddest and blackest places California has to offer, have held on to their identity. They sound like they're still playing for the neighbourhood.

Richard Grabel

of his best, 'The Pretender' covers similar country, from a more personal perspective: "I wanna know what became of the changes we waited for love to bring" sings the subject, wryly noting how easily idealism is often seen off by time and materialism. File under ex-hippy toying with his conscience and growing even richer in the process — if you must — but there's a beauty in the music

that's harder to deny.

In comparison, the set's sections of full-blown US rock'n'roll sound mundane, though crowd-pleasing. It underlines that final lack of a consistent edge which is most frustrating about Browne: mostly, he's happy just taking it easy, and in a land where blandness sells like hot-dogs, there can't be much pressure on him to do otherwise. It's

as if, after that deluge, he's been paddling happily in the sludge of post-Woodstock complacency. At any rate, the rising damp has definitely got to him when he can end shows with cringe-inducing little raps about how sincerely he loves us, how the audience amounts to "one amazingly beautiful person". I really wish he hadn't said that.

Paul Du Noyer

## STALLONE

FROM PAGE 25

*Rocky III*, because when I looked at *Rocky II* I thought, God, looks like I was run over by a bulldozer. It's like the Marquis de Sade was the referee on that one! I used a video playback system on *Rocky III* that could wipe things off fast if I thought there was too much."

What's his yardstick for a film's success?

"Financial. It means you've hit the broadest audience. Otherwise I could rationalise everything as — yes, it didn't make any money, but a great movie. No, no... then every director could say, Yes, I've never made a failure. When the audience doesn't go, something's failed."

"Everyone wants to know their art's being communicated, cherished, paid for and rewarded. Nobody wants to make a film that five people go and see. Anyone that tells you different — is lying."

Period?

"Period. I talk to a lot of directors... and that's what they all talk about."

What interests him about a role?

"One side of me wants to do things like *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame*, something so off-the-wall... and the other side says I have to do something within my capability. I realise my ambition far exceeds that. As versatile as an actor thinks he is, an audience really only sees a certain aspect of your persona. That was proved by *F.I.S.T.*, which I thought was a fairly decent film, but people couldn't see it after *Rocky*."

"People keep saying, *F.I.S.T.* bombed, or the debacle of *Paradise Alley* (his first try at direction) — you know, *F.I.S.T.* made 14 million dollars. It's just that anything pales beside *Rocky*. I wouldn't mind any of my films only doing as well as *F.I.S.T.*"

Does he have a great admiration for old-time Hollywood?

"Yes! The studio system — incredible. Like a high school for megalomaniacs. Creating the myths that made American actors like royalty, keeping their weaker sides under control and making films that highlighted their strengths. We've never come close to that discipline since."

"Of course, there were bad sides to it, but... Stallone's eyes shine as he thinks of that golden heritage — the movies!"

"If they could keep that today with some sense of fair play, it would be amazing. We need that now, 'coz the way it's going now just the big spectacles will be made and all the small personal movies will go into cable TV. If *Rocky (I)* were made five years from now it would never make the big screen."

What does he dislike most about American film-making today?

"There's a lotta silent partners that get involved in post-production, in the selling of a movie. That bothers me a great deal. You try and do a serious film and suddenly it looks like a romp, with cartoon characters on a poster."

"And it's like German cinema has come to America for a few years, too: heavy, soul-searching — everyone's like a junior Siddhartha. What is the secret of life? There is no secret of life, man, life is not a question. When everything is heavy — heavy — heavy — heavy... that's when those films that no one goes to see are made. Make them move!"

Impervious, Sylvester Stallone clears his cinema of metaphysical debate. But can any hero do that? Can, indeed, any All-American hero still carry any credibility?

"The avenue is always open because people like to make myths. We've always created legends: if *Rocky* passes on there'll be another one. When people are rooting for him, they're rooting for themselves."

Will *Rocky* be an inescapable spectre for him?

"It is already. *Rocky* is here to stay and I will go, eventually. That's why I took my name from above the title. When I walk down the street I know people are looking at *Rocky*, not me. They look at my arms, look for scar tissue, ask me when is my next fight. He is *burnt* into the American consciousness."

"I don't know if there is life after *Rocky* for me. I'll exist, I'll do other things, but I'll never duplicate the popularity he's had. It comes along once in several lifetimes."

How would he personally like to be remembered, then?

"I guess... as someone who punched out the truth. And who knew when to get off the ride. I feel as though we come along, say something important — and then get lost. I've done my statement and it's worked. Maybe it will be my swansong. I've prepared myself for that. I've taken a job as a soccer player next week!"

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**JIMMY CLIFF** describes his controversial tour of South Africa in 1980 as "a mission... a parachute mission. You go in and drop the bomb, then you pull out and watch it blaze."

Cliff has been touring Africa again, reputedly receiving a wild reception in the Cameroons, and in Zambia he was honoured at a state dinner given by President Kenneth Kaunda, obviously no stranger to reggae.

He urged Cliff to write more songs calling on oppressed people to intensify the struggle for equality and recited a poem of welcome and tribute.

Zambian TV described him as a "revolutionary political champion" and last week in Jamaica he was awarded the 1982 Norman Manley Award For Excellence in the field of music.

Cliff and Oneness were at Knebworth last weekend for the Capital Jazz Festival and coinciding with the showing of *Bongo Man* CBS are releasing his single 'Roots Radical' coupled with the excellent 'Rub A Rub Partner'.

■ **HORACE ANDY**

■ **JOHNNY CLARKE**

■ **BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH**



Cliff... honoured.

His new album 'Special' produced by Rolling Stones producer Chris Kimsey, may indicate a retreat from the Roots Radics "Now" sound that has characterised his recent works.

After completing the current European tour he will return to JA before embarking on a major US tour. The Peter Tosh-Jimmy Cliff package will also include JA group Native and Betty Wright.

**TEN-INCH** single of the week is **Johnny Clarke's** supa dupa, self-produced 'Give Me Love' (Cha Cha) with **Bobby Melody's** 'Dreusland Rock' (Pama)... "step it up the gully bank, keep on rootsin', never stop"... coming close second. Also released on the Progressive label is a Jah Son production 'I Won't Be Around' by **Peter Negus** and **Waterhouse** along with **Delton Screechie's** 'Sweet Africa' c/w 'History' Early B (Jamrock).

The Steppers Award Of The Week must however go to 'Guidance' which teams **Johnny Clarke** with **Blackbeard** and his **Dub Band** and results in a killer 12" single on the Red Nail label.

**Horace Andy** fans will welcome the 12" release on

**Solid Groove** of 'Love Hangover', formerly available on import from **Lloyd Barnes' Bullwackies** label.

For those of you who have been unable to locate a copy of the mighty 'Mini Bus Driver' fear not as **Negus Roots** are due to release it as a 12" single.

Following the release of **Sugar Minott's** 'The More We Are Together' **Black Roots** have released a six track disco 45 featuring the talents of **Robert Emmanuelle** and **Rankin Simeon**.

On the Lovers front, **Arista** are somewhat belatedly due to release the excellent cover of **Randy Crawford's** 'You Bring The Sun Out' by **Janet Kay**, featuring keyboards giant **Jackie Mittoo**.



**OUT OF** New York's Bronx and strangely echoing the atmospheric of **Creation Rebel's** material is **The Love Joys'** second album 'Lovers Rock — Reggae Style'; big city reggae with shades of the Upsetter connection.

**Dread Broadcasting Corporation** sang their praises of the first LP 'Reggae Vibes' and this current set, in showcase style, featuring five original tracks plus an uptempo version of **Rita Marley's** 'One Draw', is a fitting follow-up.

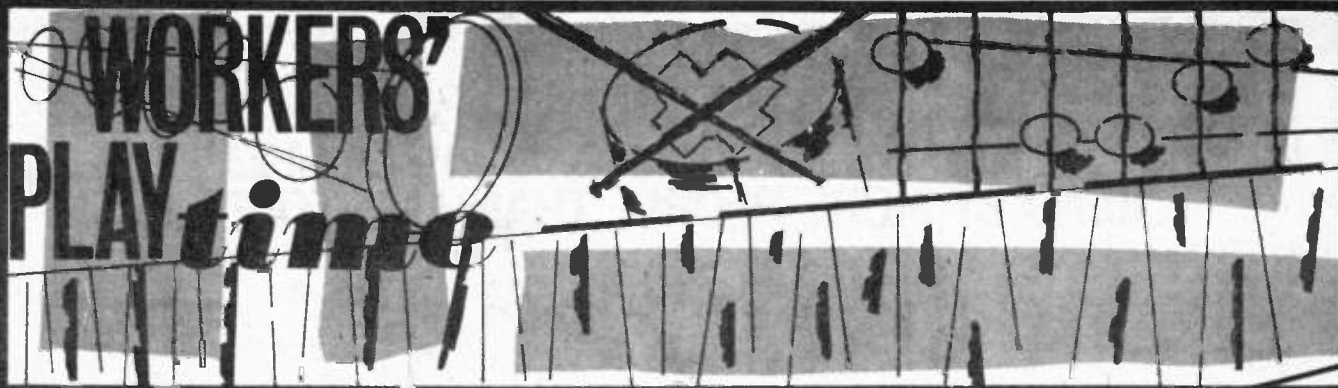
**Bullwackies'** love of dub, unified with the sharp sound trade mark of much reggae from the Apple, and the excellent vocals of the two militant-looking sistren **Claudette** and **Sonia** makes a winning combination which is getting good dance hall response.

**BRIXTON** West Indian Society presents a fund-raising benefit to set up a Music School for the kids' Sunday at the Ferndale Sports Centre, Ferndale Road (12 noon-9pm). Live on stage are

**Jean Adebambo**, **Vivian Jones** and **The Pieces** with special guests **Junior Delgado**, **Dennis Brown**, **Jah Man** & **Carroll Thompson**. Sounds from **Frontline International**. Admission is £1 adults, kids under ten free, others 50p; Fancy Dress Parade at 3.30pm; good behaviour.

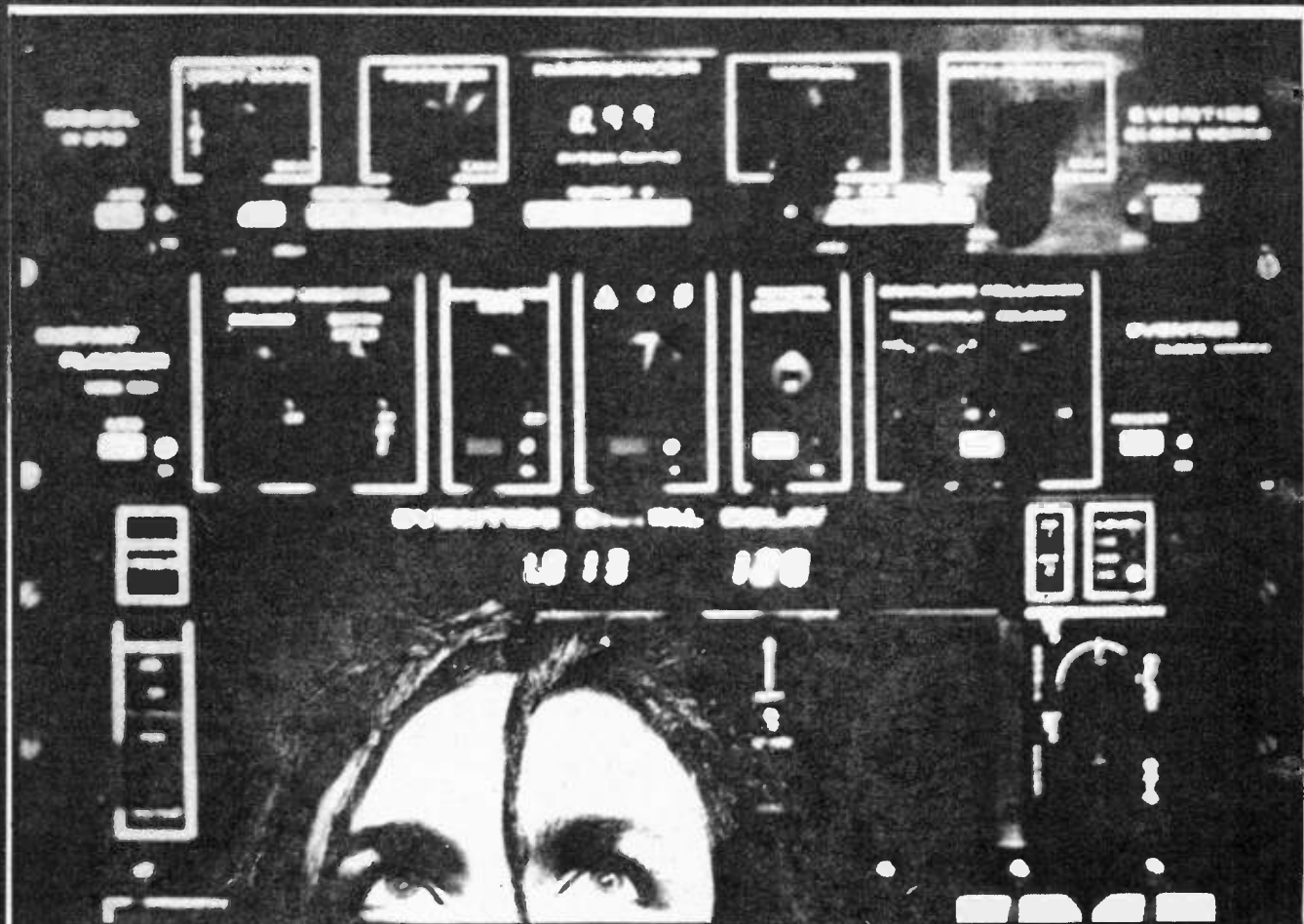
**DUB POET Benjamin Zephaniah** will appear at the **William Forster School**, Langham Road, N.16 today (Thursday), as part of a week's events organised by the **Haringey Bob Marley Committee**. The cultural evening will include the **Sam Morris Black Experience Dance Group**, **Yaa Ashentewa** and **Swakesi dance groups**, **Pamela de Sands** the 'Queen of Limbo', **The Itheopians** (Rasta drummers), local steel bands and guest artists. Admission is free. On Saturday, **Ras Benjamin** will at the **Leamington Spa Civic Centre**.

—**PAUL BRADSHAW**



## SYNTHESIZERS

## MULLIGAN (FASHION)



Mulligan's Mission... a synthesis of technology and emotion.

Pic. Peter Anderson

**MILK HAS** spilt into the mixing desk at **Utopia Studios**, and there's no computer-controlled switching device to mop it up. An engineer attends to the job: there are some things even electronics can't handle. Lounging amongst the wall-to-wall technology is **Salvator Mulligan**, a synthesist determined to input a little humanity into the voltages, a founder member of **Fashion**, and an enthusiastic collaborator in the task of **Naming The Parts**.

"**N**ORMALLY, live, I use a **Roland SH2**, through a **Boss Touch Wah** and a harmoniser, with the **CSQ600** sequencer linked up to it. The **Touch Wah** is an automatic envelope chase, making it like non a normal bass guitar where you get that "pop" as it's plucked with the finger. On a real-time sequence it sounds really effective, because the depth of the envelope chase changes with the volume of the note that goes into it — it gives it that human feel, which is something I've been searching for.

"Then I have a **Roland Jupiter 8 (JP8)**. First of all, I put it through an **Electro-Harmonix Clone Theory** chorus, like a harmoniser, so you've got a direct out and a Clone out, giving me two outputs. So I take the clean output to the external input of a **Roland SH09k**, and then use a trigger from the sequencer to the **SH09**, so you can play a chord on the **JP8** and gate it through the **SH09**. Or, without using any trigger, put it through the **SH09** and use the filters of the **SH09** to shape the sound of the chord. It's the same sound that was at the beginning of **Visage's** 'The Damned Don't Cry', that full-chord, staccato

sound. We've used it on 'Love Shadow' and other stuff.

It's also good to put a chord from the **JP8** through the **SH09** on sample-and-hold because that gives you a pattern, specially if it's triggered, which is on the beat but gives a different collection of frequencies each time. The effected line, from the **JP8** through the **Clone Theory**, I put through a phaser.

"I also have a **Moog Source** on stage which goes through a **Touch Wah** too for when I'm playing manual bass things. And I have a **Roland Promars** which has very good bass, and I use it for voice sounds, strings, the bells on 'Move On'... the obvious advantage of the **Promars**, the **Source**, and the **JP8** is they're all pre-settable. So that means going from one number to the next with completely off the wall sounds which no-one will expect — you can give the impression of having a very, very complex keyboard set-up with very few keyboards.

"I have a mixer on stage to mix all the keyboards — it's got echo and reverb which I think are the two most important things to give the keyboards ambience and some sort of feel. It's obvious that different sounds need different feels: like a flute sound would need more ambience than a bass sound, which normally doesn't need any at all apart from maybe a

touch of reverb. I also like to have the **Roland Space Echo** next to me because there's several things you can do — perhaps get a single note to echo and then make the echo rise by taking the speed of the echo up, which gives you a lift so you can go to another keyboard.

"We've used all kinds of flangers... we've changed over to **Yamaha** because they're a lot more powerful. The sweep is great, especially on strings, and we use it on bass drum as well which is good. The bass drum sound is a very short, sharp thing — we use it through a gate as well so you just get that "bomph!" (claps hands).

Because of the slow sweep of the flanger and its depth, each beat of the bass drum is like a different frequency. The pattern's still there, but the actual sound quality is more flowing. And we use a phaser on the hi-hat live, and pan that across. What we're all trying to do is make the sound as interesting as possible out-front, so that you actually get something more than you expected.

"In the studio, in addition, I use things like the **Moog Polymoog** through a **Minimoog**, in the same way as I use the **JP8** and the **SH09**, gating it. And of course there's the **PPG Wave II**, that's terrific. You can set sounds up on it — it's not that far away

from the **JP8** really, but the actual sounds are a lot more digital. I used it for string and voice sounds, but I didn't quite get to grips with the polyphonic sequencer function because we only had it for a week and we were really busy while we had it. It's the instrument I next want to come to terms with.

"I've used a **Roland MC4** microcomposer at home on demos I've been working on myself. You've got four channels, and on each you can control the length of the note, the emphasis, the way it comes out — a total of four triggers on each. I took it step by step, taking it on from using a normal sequencer, starting with a bass pattern, then a second line of, say, a string-like semi-sequential line that changes in the middle. That leaves two channels free: normally I would have left the sequencer playing the bass line and played the second part manually, so here I'd have the opportunity of three more parts including a manual part.

Theoretically you can put a whole song on the **MC4** — you can have a keyboard brought in at just one point, unlike a sequencer where you can't have a rest of any real duration, and you can have lines that change all the way through the whole song.

"To find a synth solo part is easy: listen to the part where you're supposed to drop in, listen to the frequencies used in that part, and put the solo in a space between the other instruments. Basically, it's common sense. Synthesizer players have got to learn to hold back a bit more, because it's easy to dominate or clutter the sound up just by the nature of the instrument. The whole point of what **Fashion** is doing is that it should be emotional and realistic, although we're using an awful lot of technology and we're all totally fascinated by it."

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

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### MULLIGAN MEMORABILIA

**Musical tuition:** "Only off the singer De Harriss"

**Non-keyboard extras used:** Sennheiser vocoder, old ARP sequencer, Roland TR808 drum machine.

**Favourite synth players:** Andy Clark; Hideki Matsutake; Vince Clarke; Riiichi Sakamoto (in that order).

**Favourite instrument:** Roland JP8 for live; PPG Wave II for studio.

**Favourite venue played:** Heaven for atmosphere; Lyceum "I felt was our most successful gig"; Mothers, Chicago for best in-house sound facilities.

**Favourite studio/engineer:** Studio Q Jean-Jaures/Jean-Pierre Massiera; Studio St Nom la Breteche/Christian Gence; Utopia/Nick Froome.



## THIS YEAR'S THINGS

The Ten Commandments of 1982:

1. Thou shalt not refer to Martin Fry and ABC as a bunch of untalented spotty little oiks or ridicule their inept 'live' performances on *TOTP*. For Morley knows otherwise and is of great learning and unlike lesser mortals.
2. Thou shalt not ridicule the Folk scene as its stars do not talk of 'alternatives' and then sign to Multi-National Corporations.
3. Thou shalt not talk in 'Dave Spartist' terms about the "great Working Class" for you know full well that the stupid sods have been bought off with Video Recorders and Techno Toys and since the Falklands Fiasco have become 'Born Again Patriots'.
4. Those who hate Dollar shall be considered wise for they know the story of the 'Emperor's New Clothes'.
5. Thou shalt not condemn Heavy Rock knowing that you have full sets of LPs by Led Zep, Blue Oyster Cult and Saxon plus a cardboard 'Flying V' secreted away from 'cool' and 'hip' prying eyes at your pad.
6. Great men of knowledge shall be those who know what happened in the last episode of *Coronation Street*.
7. Thou shalt not become a Paul Weller, talk about honesty, commitment and empathy with the audience and then play an arrogant 50 minutes set on the second night at Leicester De Montfort Hall.
8. Those who write for *NME* shalt not plagiarize *Private Eye*.
9. Thou shalt not call Pigbag 'new' and 'vital' until one has compared their track on the *NME Jive Wire* cassette with the Carlos Santana and Buddy Miles LP (circa 1971).
10. Thou shalt not ridicule Cambridge United FC, for although they are the most boring team in the Football League they have done well with the limited resources. *Son Of Godzilla, Histon, Cambs.*

Fair enough. Just tell me, how did you know about my Saxon LPs?—NS

I was interested in your six month compilation of best LPs, singles... And noted to my disappointment the omission of Mr. Czukay's great platter — 'On The Way To Peak Of Normal'. I hope you all remember to include at the year's end...  
A Philip Glass fan.

I noted with interest your half-yearly selections and must say that your choices left me bewildered.  
Good to see Elvis consistently at the top. I've heard 'Bedroom' a few times and I believe you, he certainly hasn't slipped up. Looking back on previous Christmas finals he has ended 3rd in '77, 3rd in '78, 6th in '79, 2nd in '80 and 7th in '81; could this be his year?

You're not telling me that awful thing by Soft Cell takes precedence over 'Pelican West'. I hate their image as well, I've bought Nick Heywood toilet paper and door mats, but the music is stupendous. Their next will change you.

Morrison, Reed and Verlaine: give me a break, I thought we had got rid of this in '77, definitely the cream of the crap.

Hey! No Jam! Well you can't be accused of playing to your audience.  
Interesting to note that the survivors of '77 — The Clash, The Jam and Costello — have never had "best of" efforts released. Now that speaks volumes (1 & 2).

ABC: well despite the three singles rip-off they do pack a punch thanks to Mr. Horn. My theory about your numbers 1 & 2 is that both 'Imperial' and 'Lexicon' contain the words "barrier reef".

As for the rest, I fed them into my computer and the



Maybe not everyone's cup of tea  
— but it sure takes the biscuit!

solution was that *NME* should have a clean out and get shot of the jazzy, arty bearded-ones over 30, put them out to stud at *Melody Maker*, introduce some new writers with fresh ears for the latest wax.

Still there's six months to go and LPs from Dexys, League and the Heads to come. Meanwhile three cheers for Elvis! Hip hip hooray yippy i yippi i aih! *Richard Robson, Cottingham, Hull.*

Surely the final outcome of '82 rests on the new Duran Duran concept album?—NS

## THIS WEEK'S THINGS

So Haysi Fantayzee think they've got something new! The first time I heard that record of theirs I thought — "Bloody hell they've nicked that riff off Benny Hill's early '70s hit 'Ernie, The Fastest Milkman In The West'". By gum, if that's the future of contemporary music I think I'll start listening to Max Bygraves, or better still Slim Whitman and Frank Ifield for the yodelling revival. *Fagan.*

PS. And what the hell's goin' on? Tryin' to create "The next big thing out of the rags I threw away back in the 1860's".

## ADRIAN; THRILLS; IS!BIG! LEGLESS! SHOWDOWN!

Adrian Thrills is a dwarf! Ugly! small! and desperate to make up for his physical disabilities — he is an arch groveller sucking up to anyone he thinks might cure him socially and nothing else! But worst of all you pay this jerk to insult us! Of course anyone he insults should be pleased because the "winsome can" he refers to is himself.

So Culture Club are one bandwagon he couldn't jump on! What a pity, he could do with a few inches of prestige! The namechecks for Steve Dagger in his Singles column only go to show what length he will go to — Adrian Thrills own guide to self mockery! And now only seconds after his Animal Nightlife bluff he has found a bigger con in the glorious shape of Haysi Fantayzee.

We've seen him move from 2-Tone boot licker to "uptown new romantic informare" — he is as revolting as Robert Elms. Is there any difference? Why doesn't someone buy him a Pina Colada? Take him to Coconut Grove! Introduce him to Martin Fry — or even give him a gun! I'll supply the bullets.

Anyone with a brain! A Heart! A Sense Of Humour! And the slightest bit of imagination! There are those who find the idea of Culture Club accusing the Hayseeds of being a con and "bandwagon jumping" faintly, if not hysterically laughable. Personally I dislike anything to do with Benny Hill. — NS

## SERIOUS STUFF

Dear Reader, how far into the *NME* X-press word did you sweat before you realised that the answers were staring you in the face? Wizard Wheeze chaps! Is nothing arse! S.D.C. (anag.)? *Christopher & Jane.*  
PS. First time we managed to finish it.  
Sorry, haven't got a clue how this happened (see 17 Down) — NS

I missed the point in the Singles column that *Gasbag* correspondent Vincent Homolka complained about in the July 10th issue, but I take his side. Pound notes aren't insulted by being called "quids", nor pubs "boozers" nor cigarettes "fags". But gays are insulted when they're called "fags". That's 'cos we're people. So don't disguise your filthy prejudices

behind accusations that we're "paranoid"; we don't need paranoia, we've plenty to be really worried about — don't forget that Adolf junked us along with the "niggers" and the "vids", and it's people like you who bought the lampshades.

You wave the radical chic banner for feminism, racial equality and "world peace" so stop the ambivalence/hypocrisy on this one — you're either pro-gay or anti, so now it's time for you to climb out of your closet, funsters.

And don't forget, by your standards, one in twenty of your readership (minimum) are "paranoid" — and we're out here waiting for an answer.

*Spikey Mike, Coventry.*  
The terminology used in gay publications and movies doesn't exactly sparkle with prurience, Spike. I'm sure that when *NME* people talk of 'fags' they're adopting the same, uh, familiarity. — NS

For your next Japan interview, how about a headline saying 'Camp David Talks'? *Berni Inn, Dyfed.*  
See what I mean? — NS

What the hell has got into the *NME*? Have you now decided to change your political views after so long, or are we just having a short intermission before the return of *Plutonium Blondes*? I know it's hard to fight the system, but it's harder still when people like you continue to change their views constantly. Do you no longer want to survive or have you, with your profits gleaned from us, at last managed to purchase and install a fall-out shelter? If you have now decided to give up the fight for Peace then you must have some reason. May I suggest that you turn down the bribes from Maggie and Ronnie and continue to reflect attitudes and beliefs of your readers and bring back some sanity into your paper with the return of *Plutonium Blondes*. *S Carlsson, Sandwich, Kent.*  
*Blondes* is back and proud and living under the kitchen table on page 36. — NS

## SHUCKS IT WAS NOTHING DEPT.

Wonderful Laurie Anderson article. Thank you.  
*Sarah Douglas, Ramsbottom, Lancs.*

Congratulations to Adrian Thrills for his Singles column (10 July '82). It's nice to read about the music for a change, instead of the usual drivel that doesn't give you a clue what the record is like. Whether he likes the song or not, at least he gives me a clear idea what it's like.  
*Marv V, London W11.*

I used to rob trains until I discovered... THE PERFECT CRIME.  
*Ronald Biggs, Rio de Bann, Irlanda del Norte.*  
P.S. Thanks for finally publishing an article on this magnificent band.

## COOL CATS & CRAZY DADDIES

Hands off Nastassia, Penman, I discovered her first.  
*Roman Polanski, Somewhere in France.*

I'm surprised at Chris Bohn. After his excellent reports from Eastern European countries telling of the youth struggle for freedom of artistic choice/expression he used the King Crimson 'Beat' album review to slight Jack Kerouac.

Can't you see that Jack and the beats were involved in a similar struggle for artistic freedom — those were the days before the *Lady Chatterley* trial you know. But Jack went further, he wrote about flesh and blood life, which is why he wrote about "society's nobodys" (as Chris disparagingly puts it),

'cos Chris, we're as important as the rest of you.

Why shouldn't grown men take it straight? It's a nice relaxed, happy, life-style. Who are you gonna dig when you grow up Chris?

*Kerouac fan, Torquay, Devon.*  
Chris owns the entire Kerouac collection in original 2/6d paperback first editions, spines cracked and pages dog-eared from being humped down to Cornwall wrapped in his bed-roll. One suspects this has something to do with his aversion to *Crimson's* daft disc. — NS

## OTHER BUSINESS

While I cannot fundamentally disagree with Graham Lock's review of Esther Phillip's opening set at our establishment (he was right when he said she had just come off a long tiring flight and had no chance of rehearsal with the band), I'd like to set a few errors straight to protect the innocent.

The maligned sax player was Mike Hobart from Mr Clean filling in for Mel Collins for one night only, and the drummer was Alan Coulter, not Alan White.

As for the admission price to the club itself, it was £5 for a week night performance (not the Friday night price of £6 as stated by Lock) which, after VAT is deducted, leaves only £4.25 to pay for a major act flown in directly from L.A.

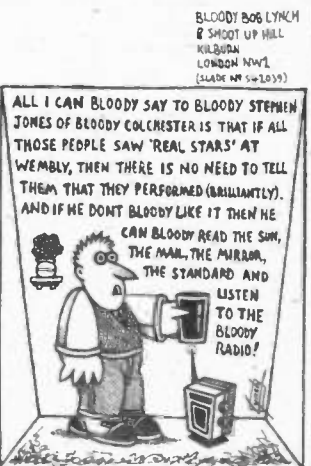
As long as VAT is added to entertainment prices at the source, I'm afraid there will be no alternative to high door charges.

As an old newspaper reporter, I respect Lock for writing what he honestly believes (and wish more British reviewers would do the same), but feel that he should look more to Parliament for the UK's current economic worries and not our Club. *K C Sulkin, Music Director, The Canteen, London WC2.*

The reactionary argument of Stephen Jones (*Gasbag* 10.7.82) that Simon and Garfunkel somehow deserve a review in preference to such groups as Design For Living, Big Combo, etc., in his words 'to be quite honest makes me sick'.

If his criteria had been adopted, ie that groups that attracted a large audience should be automatically selected for inclusion in 'Live', then it would have been that much more difficult for Simon and Garfunkel to reach 'ignorant morons' (again his words) like him.

Presumably, *NME* is written about events loosely based around a musical ethos, and to and by people that relate to those events. I have seen at least one of the groups derogatorily mentioned (Design For Living) and believe that 99% of *NME* readers would relate to them more than to a couple of aged, 'famous celebrities' (yet again, his words), brought out of retirement by the lure of fast money, and singing songs about middle-town America. I suggest that if Stephen Jones wants to read about Simon and Garfunkel he should try the Sunday colour-supplements or the *Radio Times* for their more than average media coverage. *Eileen O'Grady, London E1.*



Letters washed up by Neil Spencer

Write to: GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG





**YES, GOOD AFTERNOON.** You don't really know me. My name is **Metronome Pratt**. Funny name isn't it — **Metronome?** My mother was a music teacher and she decided that when she died she would like the world to remember her professional self. So here I am — **Metronome Pratt**. Of course, **Pratt** isn't an ideal surname but, you know, I've grown to live with it. At school they called me old "tick-tock" **Pratt** or sometimes just of **Pratt-face**.

But enough of me let's talk about why I've been asked to open this column. The reason I have been asked to open this column is because I have become, by default, quite famous. Yes. You see for the last eight years I have been living beneath the floorboards of the *New Musical Express*. Don't ask me why because it's a story too bizarre to contemplate, let's just say I have my reasons. You know, when you're beneath the floorboards you get lots of time to wonder where life is leading you. Where was life leading old **Metronome Pratt**, I would often ask. And the answer came: Underneath the bloody floorboards. Not much of a prospect for a man with four 'O' levels and a Black & Decker sanding tool. So I decided to come out from under. And here I am. I have enjoyed this little talk with you. Thank you for listening. It's time to creep back now. Oh yes I still creep back. Old habits die hard you know...

Thanks **Met** that was great. Incidentally, you know what **Met's** favourite single is? Why it's *Magazine's* 'Shot By Both Sides'. (I think you've missed the joke here — **Ed**). Let's go to **Epping Forest**. It was here amongst the strapping larch and burly oak and weeping willow and **Robert Elms** that **Fred Thompson** finally got nicked. **Fred** is the father of **Madness' Lee 'Kix' Thompson** and has just been arrested for his alleged part in a monster amphetamines racket. We tried to get a quote from **Fred** but he was talking so fast his teeth became molten and just dribbled down his chin. His ragged ne'er do well son, however, had the following to say: "I'm humiliated. Bad pressings are very annoying and can easily be avoided with the proper security checks. For my part I receive a regular security cheque for £6.85 every Friday week. After this joke I would like to say that out of blind humiliation I am changing my name to an **Imaginative Lee Thompson**. This should protect my children." (And you're sure that last bit's funny are you — **Ed**)...

**PIL** have re-hired their original drummer and London's most notorious interior defecator **Martin Atkins**. **Martin** is very famous for being "unparticular" where he defecates. A favourite spot is on the living room floor. Meantime — **Greenwich Mean Time** — **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow** like to defecate on hotel room floors. Where do you like to defecate? (Oh please! — **Ed**) **PLUS!** **Atkins' partner** in disgust, shock headed punk rocker **Johnny Rotten**, is in London. **Rotten** is planning to "get active" and start "work" again next week "home" in New York including a new record album and US dates. **John** is famous for saying: "I'm basically all about anarchy. The kids know the



"Really thrilled to meet you, Paul."  
"Yeah, me too, Paul, s'great."  
"No, really, I'm really pleased."  
"Right. Yeah. S'fab."

truth but the government oppress us all"...

**Dexys Midnight Runners** have once again "put back" the release of their Western Swing LP 'Too Rye (She's Got A Ticket)'. This is the 80th time they've done this and a spokesman for their Strawsucker label told us: "Oooh arrr. Kebin be a roit stickler fer arl this 'ere gettin it roit. E tol' me joos yesterday on the farm, he say, **Jedediah**, he say, these grittles be the foines I ever did a taste. Fry up a whole mess o' catfish with **Emmylou** and get to the store to buy me some gingham. Ooh arr then call **Martin Rushent** and —" (*Joke Over* — **Ed**)...

Foreigners and The Secrets Of BonH: while the fascinating and worthwhile **Lydia Lunch & Her Birthday Party Band** were touring Berlin they recorded a song with the well-known ultra famous really popular **Einsturzende Neubauten**. (Really subtle digs here — **Ed**) In the resultant distressing drone one singer called enchantingly, "**Blixa Bargeld**" had his body miked up and then was pummelled for 20 minutes by his comrades. The boomy thuds and biffs were laid down on the track as "percussion". Germans — tremendous people, so gifted. Performance Art — true value for money...

**LET'S HEAR IT** for Our Guys, The Americans... In San Francisco a level headed youth held up his local radio station and, at gunpoint, forced the DJ to read "a long rambling statement". The writing touched on several points including Islam, a possible nuclear attack on London, and country & western music. Yay for the loonies! Writes **X. Moore**: "OK, a joke's a joke, but how much better this guy should let rip his understandable grievance against a fascist

regime that oppresses all workers ever ever ever. Basically it's all about anarchy and how many of us, when looking to our hearts, can say we're (cont'd next issue of *Sniffin' Glue*)..."

**Paula Yates** has dropped **Bob Geldof** references and now just unashamedly plugs his dull movie *The Wall* 325 mentions so far and counting...

**Rod Stewart** in *The Mirror*: "I don't cry if Scotland lose anymore but if the kids fall and hurt themselves it means a lot to me." A Dr writes: "Mr Stalwart's indifference to Scotland losing is a direct result of over exposure to the condition. He has built up what we Dr's have termed a Britishtennisplayersbrain or, more simply, a resignation to overwhelming and total defeat by all nationalities"...

**Elaine Page** can and will play **Evita**! After one of Broadway's tensest courtroom battles **Elaine Page** has ousted **Liza Minelli** from the hotspot! (*Hackspot more like it* — **Ed**). On **Liza's** side was movie bigwig **Robert** "If Dirk Won't" **Stigwood** but winning the (pay) day was **Tim** "Frankly Neil Normanish" **Rice** who said, "If **Elaine's** out — I'm out!" **Evita** starts filming in January and will be followed up by **Ryvita**! the tale of one peasant girl's rise to be ruler of the greatest crispbread industry the modern world has ever seen...

**Miaowww!** Scottish promoters **Regular Music** have "banned" **NME's Kirsty Macneill** from all their concerts after several "off-colour" accusations she may have made about them. **Kirst** was turned away from a recent **Tiny Wee Simple Minds** show which left her father, **NME's Phil**, boiling. "Frankly this is all about anarchy," he bumbled over the phone from the next room, "my daughter has an inalienable right to attend

whatever function I see fit. This doesn't stop here you mark my words." At this point he received a writ from **Regular Music**. "No wait," he continued, "yes, actually, it does end right here. Now I see the light. I think she should die"...

**Squeeze** received a two page full colour puff in the excellent *Sunday* magazine. The piece was full of gushing praise for the punk band comparing them with, and even running photos of **Lennon & McCartney**. We rang **David Bowie** who told us: "You want my quote again? Sure, here goes. I love **Squeeze** I've got all their records. And then I add sorry who is it we're talking about?" We love running jokes...

The flop band **Bow Wow** Wow's guitarist "Wild" **Mathew Ashman** is almost definitely getting married soon and is looking for a suitable house. "One with an inside toilet would be nice," he said. **Martin Atkins** says: "Inside toilets are all very well but what happens if you need to go while you're in another room? And don't give me all the 'journey to the bathroom' rubbish. That's idiotic time wasting modernist cant"...

**DUCK!** **Andy Summers**, the grey haired diseased one-legged Arthur Askey-style guitarist with **Police**, **The Pop Group**, is to publish a heady tome. We say that because some of the photos in it look as though they were snapped while he'd left his heady tome (head-at-home). Good writing eh! Anyhow, the grubby little book will be on sale in time for Xmas and will document the dodgy heroes' trek round the world or somewhere similar. Says an IPC lawyer: "Should you receive a copy of **Andy Summers' Diary Of Terrible Photos I Took Whilst Drunk On Success** this Christmas you do have a case for prosecution

under the Passing Of Worrying Journals Law 1797. If you can find the giver of such rubbish you may be able to get them put away for thirty years or, at a pinch, hanged. I know my stuff bub"...

**John Blake**, the Soaraway *Sun's* King Of Pop, earned his money last week, when he, or possibly a stringer, unearthed the alarming fact that the current mohican-craze in hairdressing is not Mohican style at all. The distinctive cut belongs to another group of red layabouts **The Hurons**. Mohicans wear it long and braided. **John Blake** wears it **Veronica Lake**-like. The headline to this great bit goes: **Huron** in ten minutes **Mr Strummer**...

A recent edition of *Playboy* featured a beautiful gazelle slime elfin beauty in the bath playing with a rubber duck. Onst this duck was written '**Joan Jett**'. Nobody knows why, least of all a "very unhappy" **Gaye Advert**-style **Jett**...

Respected but dreary US funk band **Defunkt** (*They're not dreary at all* — **Ed** & "Most" of the staff) make their respected but dreary UK TV debut on zany **B. A. Robertson's** new BBC1 programme next Monday. Oh wait, this is a week old. Start over. Weren't **Defunkt** tremendous / respectful / dreary on Monday night eh? No really weren't they though eh?...

Backstage at the **Gang Of Four's** end-of-the-pier show in NYC **Busta Cherry Jones** seen embracing **Andy Gill** happily. This was not the **GoF's Andy Gill** incidentally. This was **NME's own Gill** who told us: "Are you sure it was me? It can't have been. I've been hiding behind my settlee for ten years now in mortal fear of public retribution against an old article of mine: *The Meek Shall Inherit My Girth*. No, it must've been someone else or perhaps two other people eh?" Eh?...

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