

NEW **NME** MUSICAL EXPRESS

COSTELLO ON COSTELLO

ELVIS INTERVIEWS HIMSELF

A SOLDIER'S TALE

AN EX-PRO TALKS

DAVID LYNCH

Mr ERASERHEAD

RAVISHING BEAUTIES

ASWAD - GRASS LP

GO BETWEEN

ICA MOOCH - IN

**DON'T PUSH ME 'CAUSE
I'M CLOSE TO THE EDGE
GRANDMASTER FLASH**

SOUTH BRONX EXCLUSIVE BY RICHARD GRABEL

COMES

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
1		COME ON EILEEN Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)	5	1
2	21	THE EYE OF THE TIGER Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	3	2
3	5	DON'T GO..... Yazoo (Mute)	5	3
4	2	FAME..... Irene Cara (RSO)	7	1
5	3	IT STARTED WITH A KISS Hot Chocolate (RAK)	6	3
6	7	STRANGE LITTLE GIRL The Stranglers (Liberty)	4	6
7	4	DRIVING IN MY CAR..... Madness (Stiff)	5	2
8	6	STOOL PIGEON Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	4	6
9	13	MY GIRL LOLLIPOP..... Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	9
10	16	THE CLAPPING SONG..... Belle Stars (Stiff)	3	10
11	15	ARTHUR DALEY..... The Firm (Bark/Stiff)	3	11
12	10	THE ONLY WAY OUT.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	9
13	(—)	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU Boystown Gang (EMI)	1	13
14	17	TAKE IT AWAY.. Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	6	14
15	22	JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY Hayzee Fantayzee (Regard)	2	15
16	18	LOVE IS IN CONTROL Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	3	16
17	(—)	BIG FUN Kool & The Gang (De Lite/Phonogram)	1	17
18	25	18 CARAT LOVE AFFAIR Associates (Associates)	2	18
19	14	DA DA DA..... Trio (Mobile Suit)	6	2
20	8	SHY BOY..... Bananarama (London)	7	4
21	24	HI FIDELITY..... The Kids From Fame (RCA)	2	21
22	20	CHALK DUST—THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK The Brat (Hansa)	3	20
23	11	I SECOND THAT EMOTION.....Japan (Hansa)	5	10
24	28	SUMMERTIME.....Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	3	23
25	(—)	BAMBOO HOUSES Sylvain Sakamoto (Virgin)	1	25
26	(—)	I EAT CANNIBALS PART I Toto Coelo (Radical Choice/Virgin)	1	26
27	(—)	SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS.....Sting (A&M)	1	27
28	9	ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING) David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	6	9
29	(—)	HURRY HOME..... Wavelength (Ariola)	1	29
30	26	TOO LATE..... Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	4	22



Shadow of your smile. Sting in at No. 24 Pic: Adrian Boot



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in
2		TOO-RYE-AY Kevin Rowlands & Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury)	3
2	(1)	THE KIDS FROM FAME..... Various (BBC)	4
3	3	FAME..... Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	6
4	8	TROPICAL GANGSTERS Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	12
5	6	COMPLETE MADNESS..... Madness (Stiff)	17
6	4	LEXICON OF LOVE..... ABC (Neutron)	8
7	5	LOVE & DANCE League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	6
8	9	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	9
9	7	AVALON..... Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	12
10	(17)	DONNA SUMMER Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	3
11	(—)	LOVE SONGS..... Commodores (K-Tel)	1
12	13	FRIENDS..... Shalamar (Solar)	6
13	(—)	TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT Steve Winwood (Island)	1
14	12	MIRAGE..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	6
15	19	RIO..... Duran Duran (EMI)	13
16	11	STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT) Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	11
17	10	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	9
18	20	CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	3
19	16	TUG OF WAR..... Paul McCartney (EMI)	16
20	(—)	THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS Jimi Hendrix (CBS)	1
21	(—)	SHANGO..... Santana (CBS)	1
22	14	PICTURES AT ELEVEN Robert Plant (Swan Song)	6
23	15	I WANT CANDY..... Bow Wow Wow (EMI)	3
24	24	NIGHT BIRDS..... Shakatak (Polydor)	14
25	21	A CONCERT FOR THE PEOPLE Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	3
26	(26)	BAT OUT OF HELL..... Meat Loaf (Epic)	37
27	(—)	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden (EMI)	13
28	28	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	8
29	25	THREE SIDES LIVE Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	10
30	18	ASIA..... Asia (Geffen)	14

INDEPENDENT SINGLES	
1	(1) Don't Go..... Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2) Asylums In Jerusalem Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(3) Run Like Hell Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
4	(4) Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows Weekend (Rough Trade)
5	(8) Religious Wars.....Subhumans (Spider Leg)
6	(14) Whatever Is He Like... Farmers Boys (Back)
7	(—) Bleed For Me..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
8	(7) 17 Years Of Hell..... Partizans (No Future)
9	(9) IEYA..... Toyah (Safari)
10	(18) Bela Lugosi's Dead Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
11	(5) Night And Day Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
12	(10) Running Away.....Paul Haig (Twilight)
13	(15) Open Your Eyes Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
14	(6) Big Bean.....Pigbag (Y)
15	(21) House That Jack Built..... Conflict (Cream)
16	(—) Warriors..... Blitz (No Future)
17	(24) Temptation.....New Order (Factory)
18	(11) Only You..... Yazoo (Mute)
19	(28) Some Velvet Morning Lydia Lunch & Rowland S. Howard (4AD)
20	(12) Something On My Mind Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
21	(25) Fuck The Tories.....Riot Squad (Rondelet)
22	(13) Fuck The World Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
23	(—) More Short Songs Six Minute War (SMW)
24	(16) Woman..... Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
25	(17) Love At First Sight The Gist (Rough Trade)
26	(22) Rub Me Out..... Cravats (Crass)
27	(—) Rising From The Dread UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
28	(30) Who's The Enemy... Amoebics (Spiderleg)
29	(23) Who's Gonna Win The War Hawklords (Flicknife)
30	(26) Dead Hero.....The Samples (No Future)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS	
1	(1) Junkyard..... Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(2) Garlands..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	(7) We Are The League... A N League (WXYZ)
4	(—) Christ — The Album..... Crass (Crass)
5	(5) Lords Of The New Church Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
6	(3) 2 x 45..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
7	(4) Thermo Nuclear Sweat Defunkt (Hannibal)
8	(6) The Changeling..... Toyah (Safari)
9	(17) Skidip.....Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
10	(9) Caution In The Wind. Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
11	(13) Wargasm..... Various Artists (Pax)
12	(8) Greatest Hits. Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
13	(16) Trench.....Shriekback (Y)
14	(23) 4th Drawer Down Associates (Situation 2)
15	(14) In The Flat Field..... Bauhaus (4AD)
16	(24) Punk'n'Disorderly..... Various (Abstract)
17	(15) Movement.....New Order (Factory)
18	(19) Change Of Heart..... Positive Noise (Statik)
19	(20) He Who Dares..... Theatre Of Hate (SSS)
20	(25) Riotous Assembly..... Various (Riot City)
21	(11) Two Bad DJ General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
22	(—) Hear Nothing See Nothing Discharge (Clay)
23	(29) Scientist Wins The World Cup Scientist (Greensleeves)
24	(—) Live At The Roundhouse Pink Fairies (Ace)
25	(—) Soweto..... Various (Rough Trade)
26	(—) Drumming The Beating Heart Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
27	(10) Degenerates..... Passage (Cherry Red)
28	(28) African Queen..... Allez Allez (Kamera)
29	(26) Speak And Spell..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
30	(—) Those French Girls Those French Girls (Safari)

REGGAE SINGLES	
1	Betcha By Golly Wow Errol Dunkley (Black Roots)
2	Hold On..... Dennis Brown (Power House)
3	Starliner..... John McLean (Music Lover)
4	It Takes A Miracle.....Joy White (Exclusive)
5	Falling In Love..... Debbie Gee (TNT)
6	No War In A Dance..... Lloyd Parks (Plantation)
7	Your Love..... Carol Thompson (S & G)
8	Never Fall In Love..... Techniques (Black Joy)
9	Ooh Boy..... Sandra Reid (Sir George)
10	That Feeling..... Mystic Harmony (S & G)
11	Bad Man Possee Junior Murvin (The Dread At Control)
12	Night Nurse..... Gregory Isaacs (Island)
13	Paradise..... Winston Reedy (Dafala)
14	Matty Santa Walk Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
15	Smoker Joker..... Triston Palma (Greensleeves)
LPs	
1	Not Satisfied..... Aswad (CBS)
2	Hi Yo Silver Away ..Long Ranger (Greensleeves)
3	Love Has Found Its WayDennis Brown (A&M)
4	Special..... Jimmy Cliff (CBS)
5	Operation..... Yellowman (Pama)
Bluebird Records, 155 Church St, London W2	

US SINGLES	
1	Eye Of The Tiger..... Survivor (Epic)
2	Hurts So Good..... John Cougar (Polygram)
3	Abacadabra..... The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4	Hold Me..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	Hard To Say I'm Sorry Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
6	Even The Nights Are Better ...Air Supply (Arista)
7	Keep The Fire Burnin' ...REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8	Rosanna..... Toto (Columbia)
9	Vacation..... The Go-Go's (A&M)
10	Wasted On The Way Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
US LPs	
1	Mirage..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
2	Eye Of The Tiger..... Survivor (Epic)
3	Asia..... Asia (Warner Bros)
4	American Fool..... John Cougar (Polygram)
5	Pictures At Eleven..... Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6	Abacadabra..... The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7	Good Trouble..... REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8	Daylight Again ...Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
9	Toto IV..... Toto (Columbia)
10	Always On My MindWillie Nelson (Columbia)
Courtesy Billboard	
NEW ZEALAND	
1	I Ran..... A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)
2	Goody Two Shoes..... Adam Ant (CBS)
3	I've Never Been To Me..... Charlene (Motown)
4	Poison Arrow..... ABC (Mercury)
5	Six Months In A Leaky Boat Split Enz (Mushroom)
6	Crimson & Clover Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Liberation)
7	Key Largo..... Bertie Higgins (Epic)
8	View From A Bridge..... Kim Wilde (Rak)
9	Only You..... Yazoo (Mute)
10	More Than This..... Roxy Music (Polydor)
Courtesy Billboard	

FIVE YEARS AGO	
1	Angelo..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
2	Float On..... The Floaters (ABC)
3	You Got What It Takes..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
4	The Crunch..... Rah Band (Good Earth)
5	I Feel Love..... Donna Summer (GTO)
6	Nobody Does It Better..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
7	We're All Alone..... Rita Coolidge (A&M)
8	Something Better Change..... The Stranglers (United Artists)
9	That's What Friends Are For..... Deniece Williams (CBS)
10	Ma Baker..... Boney M (Atlantic)

TEN YEARS AGO	
1	School's Out..... Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
2	Seaside Shuffle..... Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
3	You Wear It Well..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
4	Silver Machine..... Hawkwind (United Artists)
5	Popcorn..... Hot Butter (Pye)
6	Puppy Love..... Donny Osmond (MGM)
7	All The Young Dudes..... Mott The Hoople (CBS)
8	Layla..... Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
9	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do..... Partridge Family (Bell)
10	10538 Overture..... Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO	
1	San Francisco..... Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	I'll Never Fall In Love Again..... Tom Jones (Decca)
3	I Was Made To Love Her..... Stevie Wonder (Tama Motown)
4	The House That Jack Built..... Alan Price Set (Decca)
5	Even The Bad Times Are Good..... Tremeloes (CBS)
6	All You Need Is Love..... Beatles (Parlophone)
7	Death Of A Clown..... Ray Davies (Pye)
8	Just Loving You..... Anita Harris (CBS)
9	Up Up And Away..... Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
10	It Must Be Him..... Vicky Carr (Liberty)

TWENTY YEARS AGO	
1	I Remember You..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	Speedy Gonzales..... Pat Boone (London)
3	Things..... Bobby Darin (London)
4	Guitar Tango..... Shadows (Columbia)
5	Roses Are Red..... Ronnie Carroll (Phillips)
6	I Can't Stop Loving You..... Ray Charles (HMV)
7	Once Upon A Dream..... Billy Fury (Decca)
8	Sealed With A Kiss..... Brian Hyland (HMV)
9	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do..... Neil Sedaka (RCA)
10	Let There Be Love... Nat King Cole/George Shearing (Capitol)

NME

DE INFORMATION



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Dep dubbers' tour, new LP

UB's autumn of '44

UB40 are the latest to announce their Autumn tour plans and on September 13 commence a brief jaunt which takes them from Liverpool to London by way of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Coventry. The tour is sparked by two dates at the Liverpool Empire on September 13 and 14, after which the dub vendors move on to Glasgow Apollo (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Coventry Apollo (18 and 19), London Brixton Fair Deal (20 and 21) and London Hammersmith (22 and 23).

All ticket prices are £4.00 — though a reduction of £1.00 will be given to UB40 card holders and members of the UB40 fan club — these tickets being available from the respective box offices. Postal applications are also being accepted for the Fair Deal gigs only and cheques or postal orders should be made payable to DBPC and sent, together with an SAE, to Derek Block, DBPC, Richmond House, 12/13 Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, London W1.

The band release a new album 'UB44' through their own label, Dep International, on September 13 and this is claimed to feature a sleeve based around a new British hologram process never used in this country before.

In the meantime, while UB40 prepare their new set, Graduate Records, to whom the band were signed before starting Dep International, are rush-releasing 'UB40 — The Singles Album' this week. "The band consider it a bit of a rip-off," claimed a spokesperson. "Graduate have got only old material and they've just bided their time till we announced the new album so that they can cash in."

Graduate are unrepentant counterclaiming that all the singles contained on their albums are deleted and that releasing them on one disc priced at £3.99 represents good value for money.

UBs practise the politics of fun

Pic: David Travis



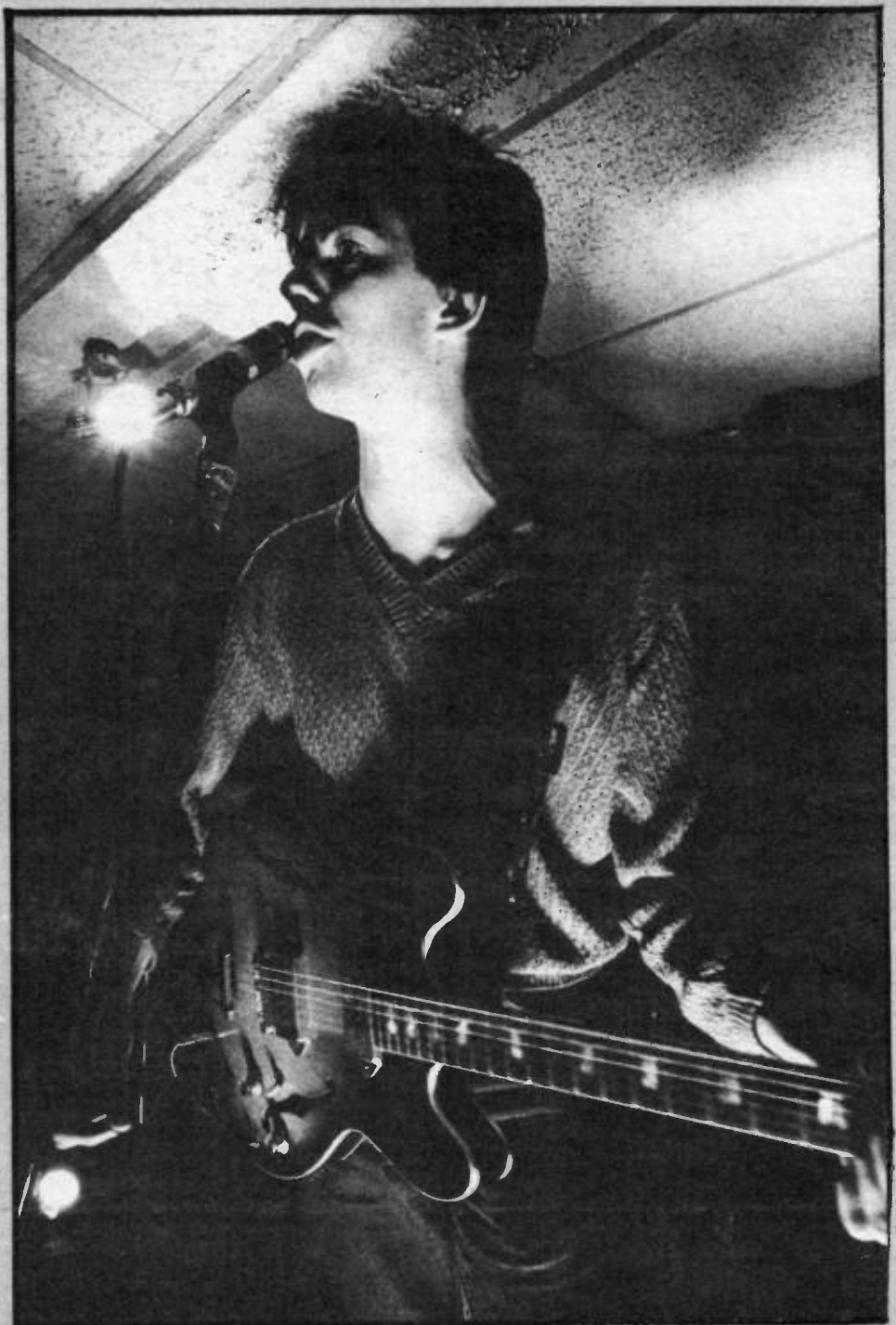
Not Turkish delight

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK percussionist Mike Bynoe was last week rushed to hospital suffering from a reported case of severe food poisoning. At press-time he is still in hospital and likely to be out of action for at least a month, as a result of which, Blue Rondo have decided to cancel and reschedule the opening dates of their recently announced tour.

The band are now auditioning for a temporary replacement to fill the vacant percussion seat and hope to commence their bop-trot at Gillingham King Charles Hotel on August 22, the rest of the tour now reading: Newport Stowaways (24), Bristol

Tiffans (25), Nottingham Rock City (26), Blackpool Scamps (27), Birmingham Cannon Hill (28), Brighton Sherrys (September 1), Dartford Flicks (2) and London Kensington Palace Gardens (3). The cancelled gigs include one which was to have taken place at Preston Clouds tonight (19) and one at Blackpool Scamps tomorrow (20), the latter being replaced by the August 27 show.

The possibility of a second Birmingham date in addition to the Cannon Hill show can now be discounted.



Mac the axe

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Echo before Xmas

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN, as announced in last week's NME, have been forced to pull out of their intended September-October tour due to recording commitments. A brief pre-Christmas tour has now been set up, these dates being Glasgow Tiffans (December 16), Leeds University (17), Poole Arts Centre (20), Nottingham Rock City (21) and Aylesbury Friars (22), with a few more December dates still to be confirmed.

The Glasgow date is a replacement for the one originally intended for September 28.

Following Christmas the rearranged tour takes place, commencing at Lancaster University on January 15 and then moving on to Newcastle City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), Guildford Civic Hall (26), Brighton Dome (27), Ipswich Gaumont (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30), Cardiff Top Rank (February 2) and Bristol Colston Hall (3), with re-organised Edinburgh, Sheffield, Manchester, Hanley and Liverpool dates still to be announced.

All tickets will be valid for the rearranged dates or will be refundable from point of purchase.

Poet's mysterious death

DAVE WALLER, an original schoolboy member of The Jam was found dead in a Woking Hotel bedroom last week. Acute heroin poisoning is the suspected cause of the death but pending the

coroner's report further comment from Woking police or Paul Weller, who admits that Waller's poetry served as an influence on many Jam compositions, was unavailable

Waller co-wrote 'In The Streets Today' on 'This Is The Modern World' and in late 1980 his poetry collection *Tales From Hostile Street* was the first book to be published by The Jam's publishing company Riot Stories. The book sold out its print run but nothing more was heard from Waller until his tragic death last week.

Four Tops tour, Yazoo LP • More news p.34-6

Rust-proof.

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Beeb changes

□ The Beeb will not now be screening *Celebration At Big Sur* as part of their forthcoming Rock Week (August 28-September 3) because the print they have received is of poor quality and transmission has been shelved until a better copy is forthcoming. Apart from the crop of celluloid goodies listed in last week's *NME*, producer Michael Appleton has also lined up *Jock 'n' Roll*, a documentary about Scottish rock, which goes out on September 2, plus screenings of *That'll Be The Day* and *Stardust* (August 28 and September 2 respectively), *Yellow Submarine* (September 3), *Genesis At The Lyceum* and highlights from the *Rock Goes To College* show featuring The Specials, (both August 30).

Beatles birthday

□ Beatlemania is being revived by EMI, who have looked at their sundial and worked out that the Fab Four presented the company with their first hit nearly 20 years ago — on October 5, 1962 to be precise. All of which means that you are about to be lumbered with half a million crossword competition leaflets resulting in half the population getting kitted out in Beatles T-shirts. Other wheezes and devious happenings will be reported as they occur.

Double vision

□ CABARET VOLTAIRE have announced that their new 1½ hour video release, 'Doublevision presents...' (reviewed last week), is to be used to launch a whole new independent video distribution network called, quite cleverly, Doublevision. The Cabs told *NME* that Doublevision's initial projects will include the distribution of the entire range of Residents videos which have previously been unobtainable in this country.

Ooops...

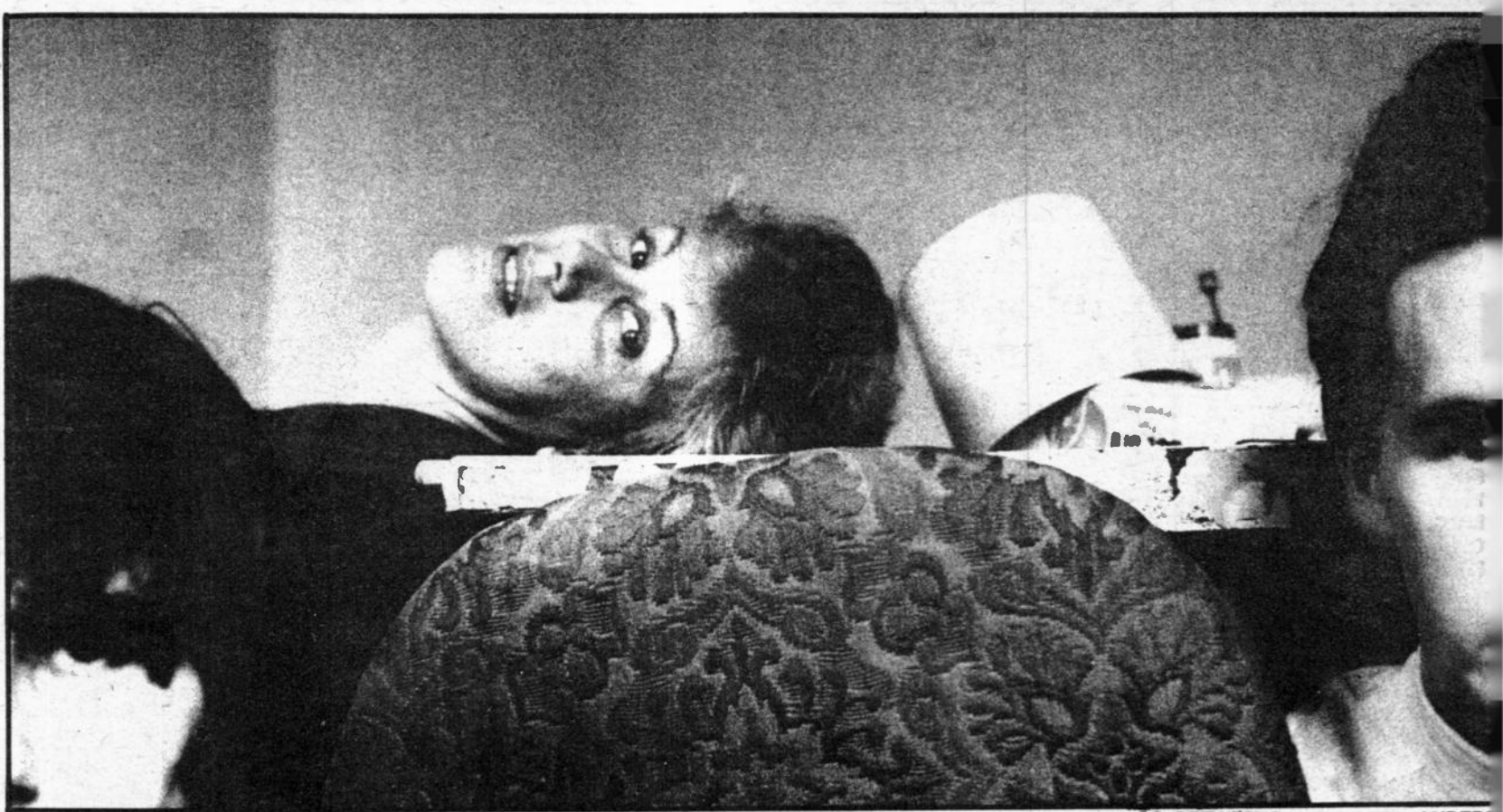
□ In a story on the Independent Labels Association last month we recorded that Chas and Dave's Rockney Label were about to join the new Rebel Grouping. We now find we were misinformed by the ILA or, in the words of C&D's Manager, Bob England, "that's a load of total coppers" (expurgated version). C&D's Rockney never was not intended to be an ILA member.

Opportunity knocks

□ Free tickets now available from the Venue box office for the Shelley Maze show at that venue (ie the Venue) (Stop it. — Ed) on Tuesday August 24. Never heard of Shelley Maze? Not surprising, really, since she's a fictional character, fronting her own band. Cameras will be at the gig to film the entire event for a major forthcoming Central TV drama series set in the sweaty confines of the music biz, man. Tickets are available until the day before the actual concert.

Bid for fame

□ The Monochrome Set's lead vocalist Bid is currently working on a film called *Delta*, written and directed by Harriet Pacaud, in which he plays the central role. It concerns the relationship between a doctor and his patient, and much of the location shooting is taking place at the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases. It will be shown at the Cannes Festival next year, before going on general release. When Bid has finished this commitment, the band will resume gigging to promote their new LP 'Eligible Bachelors'.



GO-BETWEENS PIC: PETER ANDERS

THE GENTLE THREE-HEADED MONSTER

Treading carefully among the Go-Betweens — these Aussies bite!

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, the Go-Betweens and the Laughing Clowns all played London's Venue recently, which was a neat way of seeing three of the planet's better groups.

They're all Australian and all know each other, but obvious connections cease there. The same spirit moves them in different directions, and in each direction they lead the pack.

The Go-Betweens are the quiet ones. Both live and on record they are deceptively unassuming. Simultaneously direct and oblique, their music's lyrical melodiousness barely conceals a core of violent passion.

Singer, songwriter, bass player and occasional guitarist Grant McLennan elaborates: "I'm embarrassed by extravagant outbursts in myself. I can't do it and that's why I don't do it on stage; but there is a perverse interest to want to be like that."

Grant is neat, compact and deliberate. He shares with the two others a relaxed amiability and intense seriousness, but at times his wit is as taut and cutting as an E string.

By contrast, fellow songwriter, singer and

guitarist Robert Forster gives the appearance of unruffled bemusement which accords with his considerable height. But once stirred he shoots from the hip.

Completing the trio, Lindy Morrison just *lives* drums. Energetic and leonine, she beats a constant tattoo on chairbacks, jampots, anything. "I choose beats because I can't trust words."

Robert and Grant have been partners for four years since student days. Their single 'Lee Remick/Karen' on their own Abel label caught the attention of Postcard's Alan Horne, who contacted them whilst on their travels in the U.K. The result was the acclaimed 45 'I Need Two Heads'.

Robert enthuses over Postcard and the movement associated with it: "The last time any rawness or genuine passion broke through was about April last year when Orange Juice put out 'Poor Old Soul', The Scars put out 'All About You' and The Fire Engines put out 'Candyskin'. They were great records and there was a promise that all that would go through — and it didn't. Groups like the Human League and Soft Cell came along.

All that music is rooted in

pop like Gary Glitter, Abba and T. Rex, whereas Orange Juice and The Fire Engines were drawing on non-standard stuff like The Velvet and Television. It wasn't a recognisable sound that people had known over the past ten years like glamrock."

Ironically Robert scorns the man who did so much in print to put OJ *et al* into the public eye.

"It comes from people like Paul Morley — that whole Dale Carnegie approach that he's got to pop, of money, action, power, 'my five favourite people' — all that camp Warhol stuff. 'Dollar is the most avant-garde group in the world'. It reads well, certainly — it's outrageous, nobody else is thinking that. Paul Morley's first, just trying to drum up something around himself. ... a journalist who wants to attach himself to a generation like Tom Wolfe does."

Grant: "There's only one person around who talks about passion in music and we all know who he is — and he's just a hippy sham."

Kevin Rowland?

"Yeah, Mr Passion."

Robert: "Just him standing there with the clothes and the profile. ... How people can still talk in terms of soul and commitment being the absolute charlatan that he is."

Grant: "All the great songs they're meant to be writing nowadays — they're just

borrowing phrases. Ian Penman wrote that they're not being passionate, they singing about passion. A totally different thing. I tend to trust passion more when it's in a quieter voice, when it doesn't announce itself".

Quite so.

Grant and Robert thus returned to their native Brisbane, and in the summer of 1980 the trio was completed by Lindy who had drummed in local bands for five years. The aggressive versatility of her style (she lists Max Roach, Elvin Jones, Billy Ficca ex-Television now Waitresses, and Geoffrey Wagner of the Laughing Clowns amongst her influences) dissipates any suspicion of whimsicality in the Go-Betweens' music.

Frustrated with Brisbane, they moved to larger, swankier Melbourne, home of The Birthday Party. There they recorded the album 'Send Me A Lullaby' for Missing Link. It's a minor masterpiece. Though their main influences — early Talking Heads, the "beautiful cathedral-like sound" of pre country Byrds, Dylan, Richman, '60s folk-rock, the Velvets — are apparent, the strength of their own vision distinguishes the Go-Betweens as true originals. Their songs are the expression of authentic and complex feelings — inspired, inspirational and affecting.

But mass exposure still eludes them. As Robert says: "If you make great records

you want as many people possible to hear them."

So when Rough Trade offered an advance of three plane tickets to the UK as part of a deal on the British release of 'Lullaby', the Go-Between not surprisingly took off.

Before leaving Melbourne they found themselves in the studio with The Birthday Party, when members of both groups recorded a McLennan-Forster number 'After the Fireworks'. Its fate a subject of dispute between bands and labels. As for what it's like, Robert comments: "It's an interesting mesh of Go-Betweens' and Birthday Party's styles. The Birthday Party win."

Since arriving in London in the spring, uncomfortable survival has been possible with the sympathetic support of Rough Trade, for whom they will be recording their second album in October. Judging by new songs aired live and on the Peel show, the promises to be a classic — more sharply defined and fully realised than their debut.

The last word to Grant: "The Fall are a band I've got immense respect for. I love that idea of hillbillies coming into a big place and just doing what they want. Like The Birthday Party — the response they got was great, these will people! And whilst we're not as loud as The Fall or as photogenic in a crazy way as The Birthday Party, I'd like to think we're close."

— MAT SNO

the lone groover benyon



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

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Bob Dylan 1961-64

SONGS

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Just Like Gold Aztec Camera
So Strange..... Kevin Coyne
Eight Miles High.....The Byrds
Everything Happens To Me... Billie Holiday
Muddy MouthRobert Wyatt
Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars
Blossom Dearie
Solid AirJohn Martyn

FILMS

The Third Man
Brief Encounter
Mephisto
Chimes At Midnight
The Way To The Stars

BOOKS

Frankenstein Mary Shelley
Vile Bodies..... Evelyn Waugh
Henderson The Rain King..... Saul Bellow
Getting EvenWoody Allen

TRACEY

HEROINES
Billie Holiday
Lesley Woods
Siouxsie
Nico
Astrud Gilberto

SONGS

Let's Get It On Marvin Gaye
The Sweetest Girl Scritti Politti
Until The Real Thing Comes Along
Billie Holiday
Make Me Sad.....Vic Godard
DesafinadoStan Getz
Summertime
Ella Fitzgerald & Louis Armstrong
You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When
You Go Bob Dylan
Let There Be Love
Nat King Cole & George Shearing

FILMS

Badlands
The Misfits
Assault On Precinct 13
Payroll

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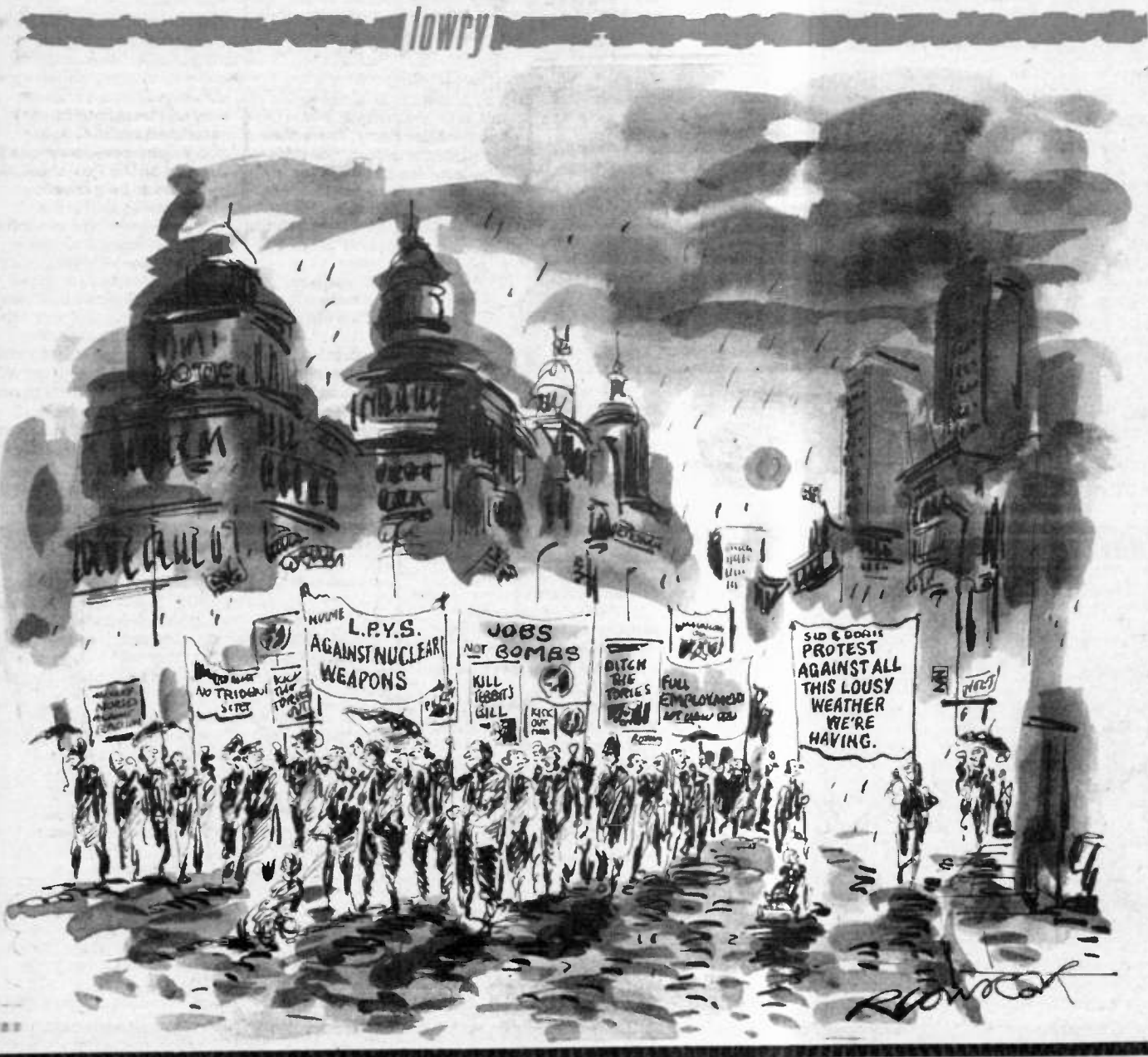
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INTERNATIONAL





THE PASTELS
PIC: ROBERT SHARP

COLOUR ME POP

A who's hue of THE PASTELS

— Yazoo, 'Fame', 'Freebird', 'The Wall', Visage, Cliff, Madness, Steve Miller, Blondie, Haysi Fantayzee (Jeremiah Prat should be drowned in hot fat) . . . Dexy's?

Oh come on! 1982 — the year of DJ as television personality. Record producer as genius. And the golden-age popsters all too eager to water down, tart up and bland out for the chance to become another insignificant guest on Des O'Connor, *Summer Time Special* or the *Radio One Roadshow*.

I wouldn't be surprised if the Thompson Twins had a hit. Fashion are bound to. And The Psychedelic Furs desperately deserve to . . . At least most of those half-baked unspirited exercises in 'that area' inspired by Vic Godard will run the course and vanish.

It's high time Davy Henderson livened-up some living-rooms; and someone paid James King and the Lone Wolves to make exciting records. But while the surprising talents of their fellow-Glaswegians Set The Tone and Bourgie Bourgie are still being hidden under wrappings; you could do a lot worse than lend an ear to 'Heavens Above' — the deadpan, flat, but wonderfully fresh debut single by The Pastels.

The group is the unique result of a kind of father and son partnership between young newcomer Stephen McRobbie (distinct vocals, lighthearted lyrics and brimming enthusiasm) and Brian Superstar (notorious

cynic, solid guitar). Brian, sporting a Throbbing Gristle armband, and churning out bootlegs from his bedsit, was — Stephen proudly claims — "The first punk in Glasgow".

A brief spell in the near-legendary Oscar Wilde ("We played once in Troon: it was hugely affected punk — one of our songs was 'Wow Wow Wow Dustbin' . . .") sent him scurrying to work in a local record store, where during the height of the independents' glory he stubbornly maintained his opinion that indies were hopeless, generally badly-produced and didn't stand a snowball in hell's chance of charting.

The Pastels have just signed to Wham Records — the label started by an ex-member of the Television Personalities: you'd be hard pushed to find a more obscure little 'indie' if you tried . . .

Brian, does your total hypocrisy not worry you?

"Of course not! The only reason I'm in The Pastels is because I enjoy it. I still think all those things I said are true; but I'm not going into this as a career. It doesn't matter if we can't have hits, we'll be making records that we like. There are some disgusting trends just now: particularly the 'new funk' — when the rock journalists finally reached the bottom of the barrel that's what they found. Rock groups do it so abysmally.

"And it's really bad to be caught up in this whole thing about writing the classic rock/pop song — wanting to be like Bob Dylan or Burt

Bacharach, and ending up sounding like British versions of Bruce Springsteen. The great songs were never intentionally contrived in such a calculating manner."

And The Pastels? "I'd like us to sound like a '60s group with an element of bubblegum in it," says Stephen, "The Pastels are punk, but not like The Exploited or Anti-Pasti — they're just stupid and silly — more like Swell Maps, TV Personalities; that's the way punk should have gone . . ."

Really? And what's so good about them anyway? "Well I think they're total fun."

So are Bad Manners meant to be . . .

"Yeah, but they're ugly — the Swell Maps are cute, and it was a brilliant idea, the reincarnation of The Beatles . . ."

"Personally, I don't like the TV Personalities or the Swell Maps," Brian confesses. "But don't print that: I suppose they're OK but it's certainly not my taste. My favourite groups are The Byrds, Beatles, Buzzcocks and Cramps."

Are they pleased with their first recording?

Stephen: "I've only bought two records this year, and The Pastels is one of them . . ."

Brian: "The last single I liked was Smokey Robinson's 'Being With You' — and all things considered; yes, I do like ours for what it is."

If you find the party spirit starting to wane, then stick on 'Heaven's Above' — as I said, you could do a lot worse.

— KIRSTY McNEILL

RIGHT NOW, purveyors of the popular product are carrying off booby-prizes right, left and centre. And if there is a contender out there for the big star prize,

then I sort of wish they'd start playing the game . . . This party's getting boring — won't someone spoil it with a punky sneer?

One thing's for sure; it won't be Paul Haig — he's still just learning to say he

admires Dollar. And the only thing distinguishing them from Tight Fit, Bucks Fizz and The Belle Stars is a fleeting shock-value whim. Terribly smart though — hands up all the suckers stuck with a dreary copy of Videothelquel Sorry for laughing, but there's not much happening: and what's that stale old smell

PRINT

A JARROW EDUCATION

JARROW MARCH
by Tom Pickard (Allison & Busby £2.95)

*The steel's gone cold, the docks are frozen,
the town's in hiding.
The point of life's lost on the starving,
the gaffers feel no desperation.*

*Another voice calls from behind you,
a voice to stir the hearts of workers.
"It's up to you to fight for your jobs"
Now we march on London town . . .*

DURING THE last Great Depression in the 1930s there were numerous marches of the unemployed, a catalogue of protests, riots and struggles. Yet of all the marches, it is the march by 200 men from the Tyneside town of Jarrow in October 1936 that is best remembered and still widely taken as the prime symbol of defiance in that decade of unemployment and war. A notoriety which is sad. Sad not only because the story of Jarrow (the story of a working community clinically destroyed) like the story of Merthyr in the '30s, the London

in so doing presents a vivid sketch that is beautiful and pathetic.

Although Pickard's book doesn't get to grips with how the onslaught of the depression could have been countered, it does offer a picture of conditions during the '30s: a picture of an already savaged working class under attack, of a rapacious class of industrialists masterminding that attack and reaping yet more profit, of an aristocracy having cups of tea with Adolf Hitler and making friends with Nazism.

His portraits of the working class are inevitably the sharpest and most familiar. The hardness of life without work is sickeningly recognisable: fathers digging coal from between the sleepers on the shipyard lines to get a bit of coal for their kids suffering from pneumonia or their old folk with TB; men blagging a sneek-lifter, the price of a place at the dominoes table inside the pub away from the cold of the street corner; old blokes still oiling the points in the empty shipyards, unable to grasp that their livelihoods are gone for good.

Pickard's technique is to mix the reminiscences of workers with current press reports and the quotes of those involved in the shipyards' closure. The effect is to capture the events in a rushing dialogue, a rattling series of news stories and short bursts of conversation. The author intervenes only to add the occasional poem to the pictorial evidence leaving the combatants to argue the case, the bitterly sharp divide between employers and workers.

Pickard chronicles the shipyards' closure and the sordid history of the proposed Jarrow steelworks — oft mooted, never implemented. With additional information discovered in confidential reports and Board of Trade minutes, he adeptly illustrates the reasons for the yards' destruction and subjects the credibility of the steelworks plan to quite exhaustive analysis. Having established, however, that the town's workforce was sacrificed for others vested interests — that most vested of interests, profit — and that the talk of new employment was no more than a palliative used by a government who had no intention of realising any such scheme, the treatment of the march itself is relatively naive.

The details of the march are moving: the pits turning out at Ferry Hill to welcome the march and prepare a "magnificent breakfast",

half a dozen miners as chefs in white hats; Sandy Powell the comedian unable to get 200 tickets for his show (in Harrogate I think, though the book doesn't say), organizing taxis to shuttle artists from the theatre to where the marchers were staying; the spirit and discipline of the marchers in the face of the police . . . but there is no examination of why such fantastic spirit and such magnificent solidarity should come to so little.

Pickard doesn't seek to locate the Jarrow march amongst the wider struggles of the unemployed and employed in the '30s or with the work of Wal Hannington and the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, who receive barely a mention. Instead the book ends, like the march, by returning to a Jarrow still without work.

Jarrow March shows a workforce sacrificed with calculation and subsequently kicked even harder, tricked, misled, lied to and blocked at every turn. What is inspiring is that in spite of a brutal government and a march leadership tragically at odds with the realities of the situation, the strengths of the marchers themselves, and the thousands of workers who supported them, shine through. The story strikes a chord now, just as the march struck a chord then.

This book leaves many questions unanswered but makes one towering statement: the history of the working class is a living history. For all its shortcomings, this is the beauty of *Jarrow March*. Reading it is like hearing Harry McShane talk, one of the NUWM's leaders in the '30s, now 91 and still as ferocious as ever — it has an urgent, crystal relevance.

Towards the end of his book, Pickard quotes from one of the directors of Jarrow's shipyards: "Now it's like the Irish and the Battle of the Boyne. People who had nothing to do with the march still think of it. It's passed on from generation to generation, which is a great mistake. You should forget the past and look to the future."

Jarrow March links our past with our present — read it and follow it with a trip to Alan Price's brilliant stage-musical *Andy Capp* (now on in Manchester and coming to London) and know that the spirit of the march by the men of Jarrow in 1936 has everything to do with all of us.

— X. MOORE



docklands in the '70s or Consett in the '80s is a sad one, but also because the symbol of brave Jarrow is not so much one of defiance as one of appalling defeat.

Geordie poet Tom Pickard's *Jarrow March* unwittingly pinpoints the tragedy: both of Jarrow's fate and its desperate response, and



Beauty & the thief: Margox MacGregor & Jamie Reid.

Cash From Chaos (continued)

FIRST MURMURS of a new anarcho-musical to be launched this autumn reached *NME*'s ears last week from former Glitterbest and Malcolm McLaren associate Jamie Reid, the man responsible for Pistols and early Bow Wow Wow artwork among other things.

The musical, entitled *Chaos In Cancerland*, has been written entirely by Reid and Liverpool actress/singer/celebrity Margi MacGregor — better known in the 'Pool as Margox — who also takes the starring role in the show.

The duo, who met some years ago while Margox was working on Tony Wilson's *What's On* Granada TV slot — have been in Paris these past months preparing the show and "getting in dreadful trouble with French record companies we got interested in the show." We can expect, however, a single of the title track and 'Beauty And The Thief' next month.

Chaos, says Reid, "is in the tradition of things like John Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (the basis for Bertolt Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*) and Voltaire's *Candide*."

Margox apparently plays the part of a temptress who inveigles her man to steal consumer goods, a kind of 'all because the lady likes Hoover' send-up.

"Margox is sensational," says Reid modestly. "She's a Marie Lloyd for the '80s."

MACHEATH

Spools from the Pool and other cassette news

MORE CASSETTE magazine news on a separate front from Liverpool's Peter Martin who took time off from sitting A-levels to compile *Quest*. His current issue, which was inspired by *SFX*, features an interview with Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, a chat and two tracks from China Crisis (including the original version of 'African White' as recorded in the living room on the day the band wrote it), ranter Seething Wells and comedian Tony Allen live at Liverpool's Pyramid, and a talk with John Peel.

Of more interest elsewhere around the country may be a track 'Caught On Film' by Liverpool's Glass Torpedoes and two tracks from the very new Liverudians Heart Of India.

Issue two of *Quest* is out in two weeks and it's a special Top Five In Liverpool effort featuring Echo, Bauhaus, Pale Fountains and The Jazz Babies, and the band that everybody wants to see signed, The Wild Swans. (The Project, who use China Crisis tapes for backing will also be available.)

All credit to Peter for singlehandedly supporting his local scene. Copies of *Quest* cost £1.50 plus a double stamped addressed envelope. They can be ordered from 46, Teynham Crescent, Norris Green, Liverpool L11 3BJ.

IN *New York Rocker*'s special Indie America supplement last May, Bomp impresario Greg Shaw correctly pegged the main prob for the USA's most exciting new local musics: distribution. And, as *NME* has long been saying, one of the few acute ears to this grass-roots ground is the *Sub/Pop* newsletter, now gone cassette.

Sub/Pop currently alternates quarterly between a 60 minute, transregional tape and accompanying booklet (the TDK is all music with a



tiny splurge of sound art), and a 'networking newsletter'.

Now out, *Sub/Pop 7* offers solid US Underground value, with cuts by Jason and the Nashville Scorchers (whose 'roots music looking for the original site of Country and failing to quite find it' rivals The Blasters, on 'Broken Whisky Glass'), Little Bears from Bangkok (well, Seattle actually, but bassist Tracy has one helluva unique voice), the minimal female rap of Twin Diet's 'Communicate', and a satirical hardcore come-on called 'Give All the Power to the US' by Angst.

There's also instrumental trio Pell Mell, Northwestern girl group the Neo Boys (offensive, I thought, with their 'industrial posh' vocals, but Tom Robinson is slated to produce their LP), Vibrant Fiasco's wacky 'Lizard Lips' rap, and more, including the Yard Apes, Get Smart and the Embarrassment — familiar voices to owners of The Fresh 101 indie tapes.

Sub/Pop 7 (complete with cover art by Charlie Burns of Death Rattle Comics and RAW magazine fame) can be ordered for \$5 from the Lost Music Network, Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507 USA.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

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ELVIS OPENS THE
DOORS TO HIS
IMPERIAL BEDROOM

TALKING IN THE DARK

As EC sets off to
reconquer America, Nick
Kent eavesdrops on 'A
Conversation with Elvis
Costello', the promotional
album of the album.

IN A BETTER WORLD, of course, things would be different. There would be a sense of communal *esprit de corps*, a ban on empty gestures, psychochic and smug voyeurism, the stress factor would be nullified, and the 'Imperial Bedroom' album would be number one throughout the charts of the Western World.

But reality in its habitually turgid manner dictates otherwise, and as morale flounders so do sales of Elvis Costello's latest masterpiece, highlighting once again this most perplexing of phenomena: the fact that however stunning each successive Costello creation has proven itself to be as an aesthetic coup (discounting 'Almost Blue'), the general public simply doesn't want to know.

Recorded at Air Studios just before Christmas, 'Imperial Bedroom' has thus far failed to ignite the fuse attached to the all-important commercial detente an artist of Costello's stature requires in order to blast him above the ho-hum sales notched up by predecessors 'Get Happy' and 'Trust'. Also, although 'Almost Blue' captured a new market as well as buoying up sales on the home front, over in America this gracious homage to country music's stoic sincerity fell foul of 'marketing' and 'categorization' to the point where much damage has been caused to Costello's prestige. Even though the receding US sales of 'Get Happy' and 'Trust' denoted the singer-songwriter's inability to break into the populist echelon of a Springsteen, he nonetheless couldn't be dismissed casually, demanding major league consideration from all other quarters. 'Almost Blue' almost destroyed Costello's aesthetic momentum and demanded a severe reconsideration of ways in which to return.

Thus the current two month US tour of East and West Coasts, with detours into the Midwest and South, concentrating on 'Imperial Bedroom' material, some new unreleased

songs, a clutch of old chestnuts plus the odd 'Almost Blue' selection. Two days after the Attractions' return, EC and company embark on the lengthy British tour terminating in London this Christmas.

Meanwhile, whilst heatedly promoting 'IB' through live gigs, Costello has apparently been considering the odd interview for the American market. *Rolling Stone*, for example, have been negotiating with Riviera for a possible cover story, although beyond simply backing up these rumours, F-Beat spokespersons became vague regarding concrete results.

There is however 'A Conversation With Elvis Costello'; a two album set

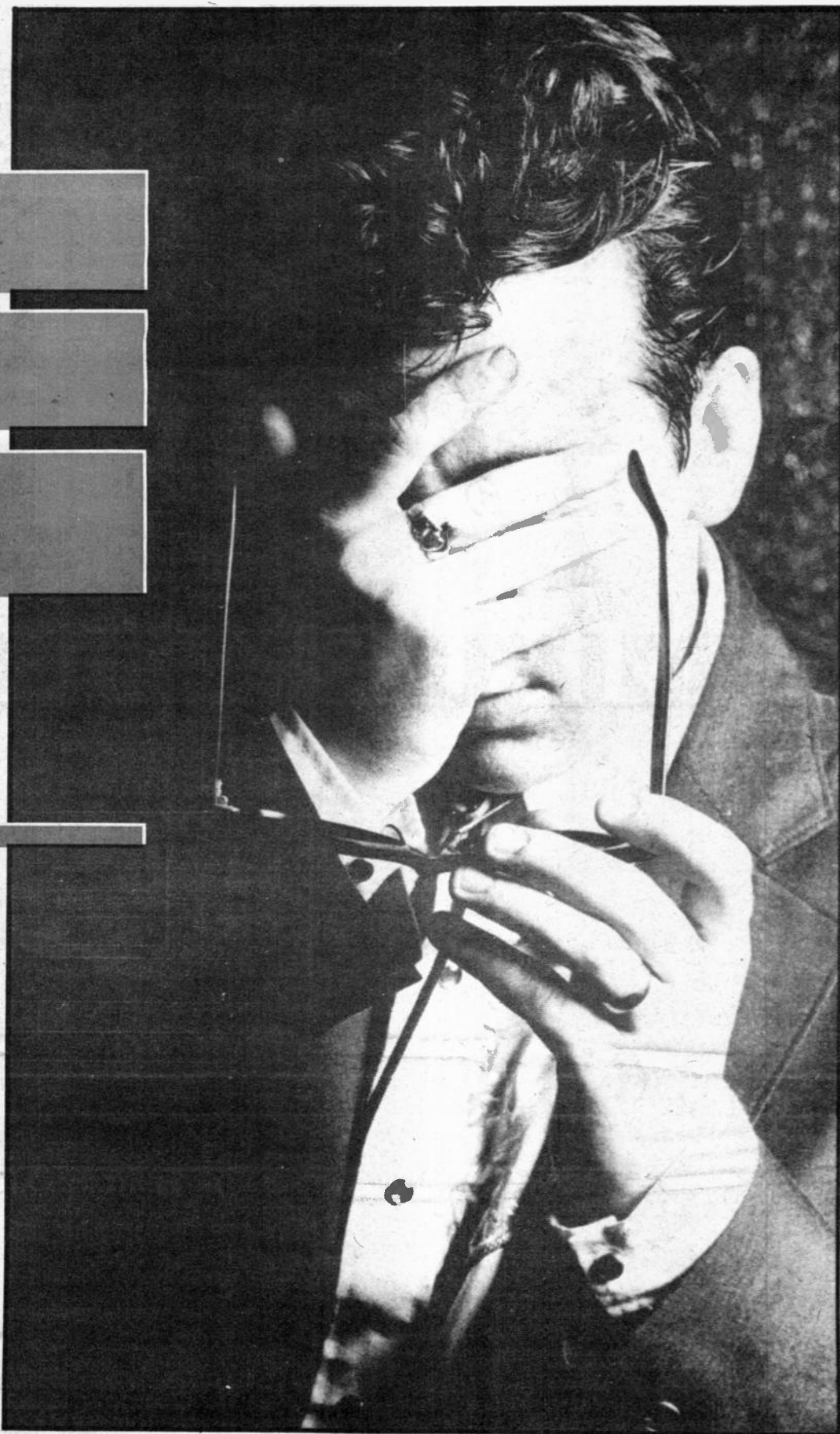
that diligently pairs IP's 14 tracks with lengthy explanations and details of everything from myriad techniques through to the exact meaning and inspiration of the song from the Master's Voice itself. With 300 copies pressed primarily for radio promotional purposes, Costello's good natured banter takes up a good hour of listening time, and affords anyone even vaguely intrigued by our pre-eminent pop composer's quirky genius a solid and agreeable insight into its workings.

"The title — 'Imperial Bedroom' — you really get the title when you announce it and everyone goes 'ah yes'. Titles are peculiar things in

that they usually are phrases or words that come up in conversation and happen to evoke a particular mood. It was exactly the same with 'Get Happy' and 'Trust' which was originally going to be called 'Cats And Dogs'. (laughs) And that was it! Then someone at the sessions 'I really think we should have some trust here'.

"The original title of 'IP'... it was going to be called 'This Is A Revolution Of The Mind'... which is a line from the fade out of James Brown's 'King Heroin.' (Quotes) 'This is a revolution of the mind/Get Your mind together and stay away from drugs.' I thought it was a great thing to say, y'know. A great idea

"God, I wish I hadn't asked myself that."



which was both a bit tongue-in-cheek but also denoting a "healthy change of attitude." Then some people said it sounded like a Moody Blues album title, considering it as deadly serious as though we'd gone to... Venus (laughs).

"Then it was gonna be 'PS I Love You' (the phrase crops up twice at the conclusion of 'The Loved Ones' and 'Pidgin English') until we discovered some dodgy K-Tel type compilation of — y'know '20 beautiful, silky, romantic hits' so we dropped that.

"Then one day I thought up 'Imperial Bedroom' and it was automatic, y'know: Ah perfect. Because the two words achieve just the right combination of 'faded splendour' and 'sleaze' to fit all the tracks on the album. It's 'Imperial Bedroom' music. That title evokes for me the perfect definition... I mean, I can just see the 'Imperial Bedroom' itself."

"Recorded just before Christmas, it turned out to be the longest album to make, mostly because, as co-producer I had to keep running from the control room to the studio in order to hear the take we'd just completed. Geoff Emerick took care of all the sound and mixing whilst my side of things really involved y'know. "Is it a good take"? As a result of my being more directly involved in production, there was a part in the band to treat each track individually as opposed to going for an overall production 'feel' which had always been the case before. Like on 'Get Happy' there was the 'soul' idea so that every song conformed to that concept.

"Geoff Emerick (best known for being George Martin's lay engineer and thus having worked on most Beatles' cuts, not to mention a plethora of the most diverse recordings) was the perfect man for the job of producer, possessing as he does endless patience, great ideas, vast experience and — something we both share — a healthy suspicion with regard to some of the more dubious 'trends' in modern production. Like, I didn't want to make a '60s — sounding record but there are certain elements to the '60s production thing that have gradually been eroded. For example, the bass drum has got louder and louder to this ludicrous state where it drums out the whole rest of the kit, whilst voices have got quieter and quieter with more and more effects that are almost too subtle. I've always believed that an effect should be used solely to leap out and grab you, plus I wanted my voice mixed up loud so you can hear the words.

"Some of the songs that I had (slight pause) in my 'bag', so to speak, around the time of 'Almost Blue' didn't make it onto the album. I think in fact only one or two that were around before 'Almost Blue' made it onto the record. This was all due to something of a radical change of attitude generally as regards my songwriting. Having chosen the particular clutch of songs I wanted to record, we (Costello and the Attractions) rented a cottage in Devon — very old fashioned (chuckles) — in order to rehearse for about a week exclusively without interruption. We ended up in fact with a double album's worth of material, though no one seriously considered that particular option. And the songs were too long for another 20-track effort — having been through that pantomime already. (laughs)

"Once in the studio I had serious doubts, some fairly radical shifts of opinions, regarding the sound whilst certain songs changed dramatically — in structure — from their initial arrangements. In fact this album marked the first time I've ever rewritten material in the studio which probably had a lot to do with me being in control.

"On 'Beyond Belief' the first track, I noticed that the backing track had this great conviction whilst my initial melody was weak and needed drastically rearranging. The original lyric was garbled because it was at more than twice the speed. So I halved the lyrics and halved the speed of my vocal delivery which make for a nicely *disconcerting* effect of calm vocals over this rattling back up, instead of yet another *frantic* track which we've done too often before.

"Similarly 'Tears Before Bedtime' — there were something like four versions of that. A county version was recorded during the 'Almost

Continues over

not only rock and roll lowry



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COSTELLO

From previous page

Blue' sessions, plus a rock 'n' roll arrangement. Then we did a sort of Fats Domino arrangement which ended up sounding too dated... in fact, it sounded like John Lennon's 'Starting Over' (laughs). Then there was a rhythm shift, like on 'Strict Time' off 'Trust' which we nicked off The Meters. A much sleazier approach which I carried on by doing a fairly humorous vocal set-up which ended up sounding like The Coasters (laughs). It needed a more buoyant feel because the subject definitely isn't lightweight but tended to sound a bit too angst-ridden to begin with. People have had enough pain and misery anyway. Particularly on our records! (laughs)."

The dialogue continues track-by-track the length and breadth of IP's devious architecture. A number of Costello's remarks are particularly illuminating. 'Shabby Doll', a musical equivalent of David Lynch's brilliantly disorientating

'Eraserhead', came about due to "seeing this ancient music hall poster in which one artiste was referred to as 'she's just a shabby doll,' while 'Long Honeymoon' turns out to have originated as a piano instrument that Costello's publishers had sent to legendary New York lyricist Sammy Cahn ('All The Way' 'The Tender Trap' 'Three Coins In The Fountain'). Cahn sent the tape back after two months prompting Costello, his ego mildly grazed, to reshape the melody line and compose the lyrics himself.

'Almost Blue' "was an attempt to write in the classic mode. Its lyric style is more akin to the '40s era although 'nostalgia's the last thing I wanted to suggest. That's why there's not more of an arrangement." Inspired by Chet Baker — Costello's favourite singer alongside Frank Sinatra — 'Almost Blue' itself is "my most sincerely sung ballad."

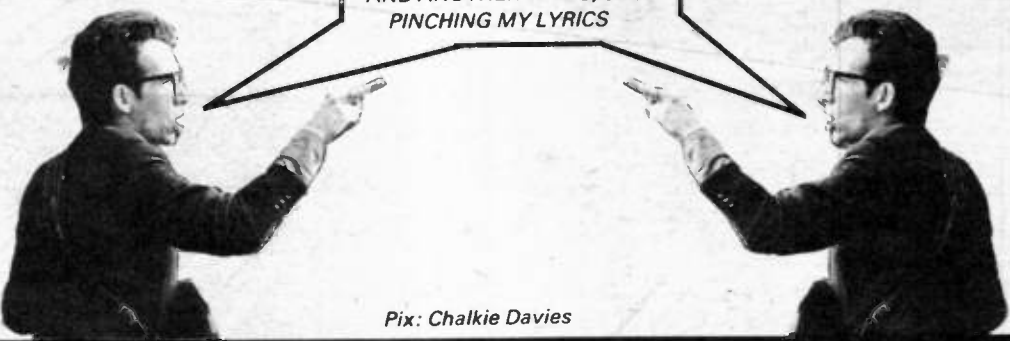
'And In Every Home' meanwhile started life as a rocker, believe it or not; "another 'Pump It Up' but too many chords and the story was too delicate to be sledgehammered to oblivion." The story "suggested a performance

with more innuendo in it. It's a song about being out of work quite simply. Most songs on the subject always take a grim, realistic point of view. Certainly it's not a situation to boast proudly about but instead of aggrandizing it, I just wanted to state that ultimately a person is of more worth than a job."

By the commencement of the album's second side, the Elvoid is in expansive state. Most surprising is this statement:

"The idea stated in 'The Loved Ones' is basically To hell with posterity you know... it's better to live than to die young in what foolish people assume to be a romantic way.

AND ANOTHER THING, STOP PINCHING MY LYRICS



Pix: Chalkie Davies

"For every junkie musician or alcoholic writer who dies in what are twistedly regarded as romantic conditions — this supposed blaze of phoney glory — there's a mum or dad or a sister somewhere just crying their eyes out over it all. I mean, they're the ones who've got to bury the sod. This cheerful tune underscores an utterly morbid concept. Actually, it's not morbid, it's simply about wanting to live and not die. That's why there's the 'PS I Love You' at the end, the voice beyond the grave."

Costello defines his moral concerns with an endearingly erudite candour when talking about three of 'Bedroom's'

more initially evasive songs. 'Little Savage', for example, "is a sort of love song. Most love songs are written on this very firm conviction of love found or love lost. There aren't nearly as many about people in the middle, and there are a lot of those people. They're the ones who don't know if they're Mr Average or Little Savage, right?"

"Pidgin English" is a political song, yes, because I think it's pretty disgusting the way the English language is being taken to pieces, particularly by certain newspapers. The way the *Star* and the *Sun* are trying to turn everyone into morons, people actually won't be able to talk properly in 50 years time. The English language is very expressive when used properly but everything's being turned into jargon.

"There's nothing wrong with slang as shorthand to put over ideas so that other people can latch on immediately. Fashion's a good idea because it can give you this special sense of pride. But when it becomes just this degeneration of intelligence then it's dangerous because you end up being manipulated by people who've taken away your ability to say anything different. The whole reason for me writing a pop song about that issue is that it's become a popular disease, it's pretty serious."

"'You Little Fool' is about a young girl who's worth a lot more than she's getting. This

fellow — a real creep — is taking advantage of her and she doesn't know quite enough to say 'Leggo'. Thus the split personality vocals: the guy singing the chorus sounds horribly slimey, I wouldn't want to meet him."

"The central theme is one step up from 'Mother's Little Helper' by The Rolling Stones — when they were still like a group — the girl keeps getting this useless advice from her mother, who thinks she's being liberal but who is giving her daughter no help whatsoever. That goes on a lot."

"Like Adam Ant says, you don't have to lose your virginity at 15. You're your own master."

"A lot of people have been saying for 20 years now that kids are too permissive, but it's more the mothers reading *Cosmopolitan* feeding them this kind of garbage. The kids themselves usually know what's going on. They don't need to read *The Sensuous Woman*. What a load of bollocks that is."

Finally, with a swift nod to 'Towncryer' ('The key line is 'I'm never going to cry again' — on 'Almost Blue' — people had enough of me wingeing on"), one quote lingers as a perfect reason for Costello's supremacy as pop writer and the perfect reason for the general public, choosing to keep on ignoring him.

"Most people, I think, are confused regarding their identities, or how they feel, particularly about love. They're confused because they're not given a voice, they don't have many songs written for or about them. On the one hand there's 'I love you, the sky is blue', or total desolation, and inbetween there's this lack of anything. And it's never that clear-cut. There's a dishonesty in so much pop — written, possibly, with an honest intent — all that starry eyed stuff."

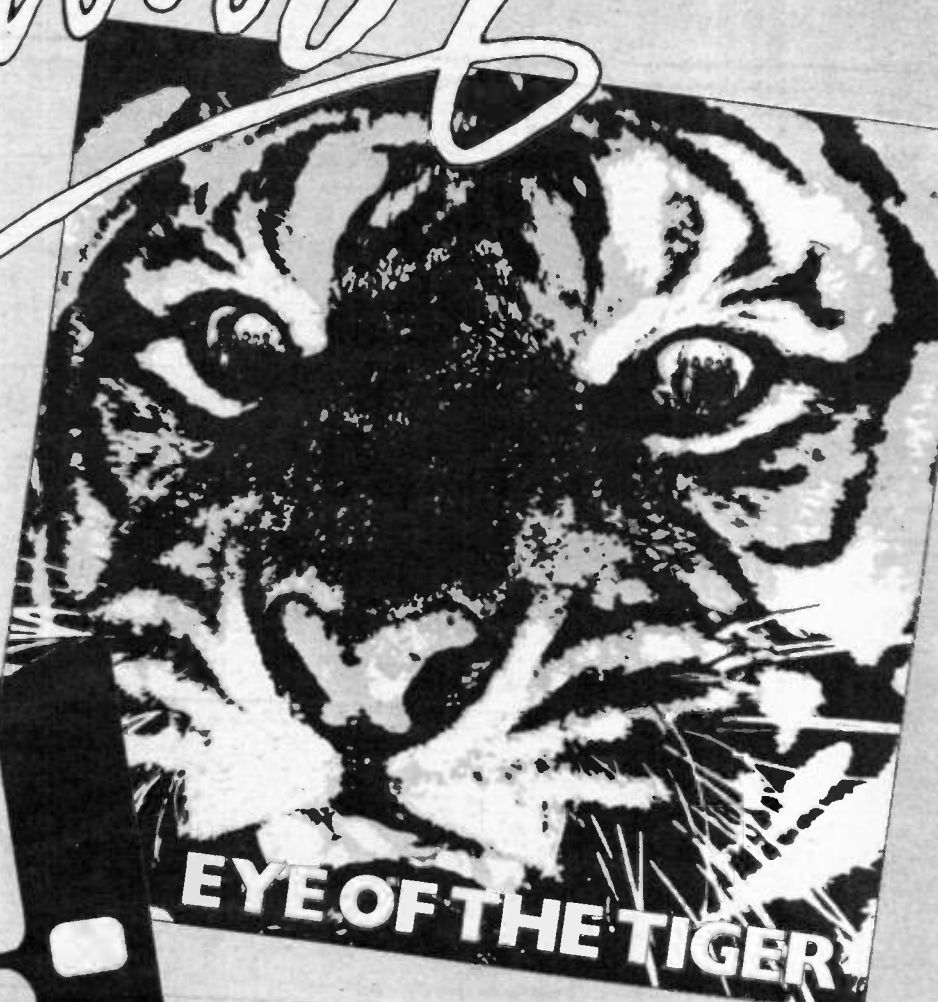
"I believe I fulfill the role of writing songs that aren't starry eyed all the time."

— NICK KENT

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Getting Wired

UNDER A BANNER of "Jazz, Improvised Music and..." the first issue of *The Wire* has appeared — and at last a British alternative to the doddering *Jazz Journal* is under way, with Anthony Wood, Honest Jon's supreme and staunchless keeper of the Actual Music flame, in the editorial chair.

For a cover price of 85p there's features on post-bop tenorman Harold Land, pianist Ran Blake, the incomparable Eric Dolphy and John Stevens, among others, plus a rare interview with Max

Roach and a fine Brian Case piece on Steve Lacy. While a good deal of the writing is rather mixed it's a worthwhile start: in particular it's good to see such an intensely visual music being given a generous photographic representation. With protagonists like Case and Valerie Wilmer on the strength things are sure to be smokin' in future numbers.

Cats in the capital can pick it up in the specialist shops, everybody else send a quid to The Wire, 23 Mirabel Road, London, SW6 7H.

RICHARD COOK

ARCHIVE FUN



THE ORIGINAL FUN BOY THREE: George Gershwin, Du Bose Heyward, and Rouben Mamoulian, creators of Porgy And Bess.

Summertime — and the versions are easy

THE ODDBALL thing about George Gershwin's 'Summertime' is that, despite the fact that everyone from Monty Smith through to our cat (note the whisker connection!) knows the ditty, it had never really been much of a punter-puller for anyone in particular till Fun Boys Tel, Nev and Lynval got their mitts on it.

Singing bricklayer Al Martino did manage to push a surprisingly nifty version into the damp-course of the Top 50 back in 1960, while The Marjels, a group with a penchant for 'boom ba ba boom' intros and a belief in the power of permanent hair waving, achieved a similar sliver of success with the song during the following year. And even a paralysing, powerhouse, tongue-destroying, sock-it-to-the-universe rendition by soulful Billy Stewart could only graze the UK Top 40 in 1966 — though, back in the States Stewart did what such other 'Summertime' single suppliers as Sam Cooke, Rick Nelson and Chris Colombo failed to do and snuck the

once gentle lullaby into the US Top 10.

But then 'Summertime' has always been used to failure, having started life as the opening mood-setter for Gershwin and De Bose Heyward's 'Porgy And Bess', a folk-opera which opened in Boston during 1935, moved onto Broadway where it got panned by the pundits and initially slithered into oblivion after a season spanning just 124 performances ('Fiddler On The Roof' played 3,242!) losing its investors a whole heap of moolah in the process.

First publicly performed by one Abbie Mitchell — who played Clara in the original cast of Gershwin's musical, Gershwin insisted on writing for an all-black cast even though New York's Theatre Guild once contemplated a black-face cop-out starring Al Jolson! — the song has since been recorded by several hundred singers, musicians and you-name-its, ranging from Janis Joplin and The Zombies to Xylos Inc (really!) all of whom hoped to make it to the place where 'the living was easy'.

But, Stewart's American success apart, nobody ever got there on the back of 'Summertime'. Until Fun Boy Three, that is. Overture and beginners please!

— ZIEGFELD STARDUST

BLACK & WHITE HARMONY

The Drama of West Indians in the Big City from a London Minister's Notebook



EBONY AND IVORY — THE EARLY YEARS.
Pre-dating Paul 'n' Stevie's efforts by a good 20 years, come this dynamic duo from reader Judy of Chippenham, Wiltshire.
The legend below the pic says: "You can play some sort of tune on the black keys: but to produce real harmony you must play both the black and the white keys."



lowry



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ELIVES

Chrysalis

THE EURYTHMICS plug in to life itself.

"THIS TIME," says Dave Stewart, with a determined air and a ginger beard, "we want everything to be exactly as we want it to be. We feel like we're coming out, really, coming out the closet. And when you come out the closet, you've got to have your clothes on, you know what I mean? With 'nae tatties on yer plate' as they say in Sunderland."

Right, right. But what the hell is he on about?

He's on about Eurythmics, which is himself and partner-in-vinyl Annie Lennox, and he's on about the lessons they've learnt from their old group The Tourists and the masterplans the duo are hatching for the future.

Nowadays, Stewart and Lennox amount to the very definition of a small mobile unit — they've even been known to turn up for radio sessions pulling their entire equipment in a trolley behind them. Fleeing the pressure of the band-format and of hits-at-all-costs, Eurythmics now pursue a scheme and a dream of flexibility, self-determination and job satisfaction. Artistically, if not yet commercially, the approach is showing signs of paying off.

To recap briefly: Annie and Dave emerged gratefully from the ruins of the disbanded Tourists (a band once popular, but not much missed) and pointed themselves at producer Conny Plank and his

studio in Germany. Fruitful goings-on ensued, helped out by musician pals like Holger Czukay, and a debut Eurythmics LP 'In The Garden' appeared last year. A

promising beginning it was: all sensuous electro-mood, melody and mystery... and decent tunes. A single, 'This Is The House' followed a while ago.

But it was Eurythmics' recent 45 'The Walk' that suggested they'd finally cracked the combination — especially in regard to Annie's singing. The first album was

intricate but definitely low key, a reaction against The Tourists' strident '60s pop, and the vocals "were like a woman singing to herself as she did the washing-up," says

the woman herself. "But my voice was denying itself. It was an experiment to sing in that unaffected way, but it was like I was just using one colour from the whole paintbox of



Annie Lennox: "Hang on Dare I think I've got it working."

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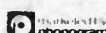
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Annie Stewart: "Beam me down Annie." Pix: Peter Anderson

choices."

The unleashed soulfulness of 'The Walk' saw her finding way forward from that: "It was an emergence. It really is a landmark for us — in our development as writers, in mine as a singer. We've put our flag down there with 'The Walk', and the next steps forward will follow on from here."

Eurythmics was financed by an RCA advance to start with, and now the group function courtesy of a bank overdraft. It's lucky, then, that they're "rediscovering the joys of doing things simply," hidden away in a small self-built studio, with limited but ingenious equipment. Friends guest on recordings as and when, and help out for live

dates, but increasingly it's down to the two of them. They've even shrugged off management. Plans for future performance are wide-open: they could take in a full-blown line-up, plus backing singers, or get stripped back to acoustic essentials. Freedom of option is everything.

The Tourists' history, as they tell it, was one of squabbles — "the relationships were such that if looks could kill, if feelings that come off people could physically do damage, we'd all have been casualties" — and of compromise. Now, the guiding principle is that both should like *all* that's put out in their name: "And that's a tough number. There's no excuses then, you're responsible for what's released."

Annie Lennox: "In the old group, I felt like a prisoner, chained to something, like some silly dancing doll... In Eurythmics, we expected the music we were going to make to be the opposite of what people who came to see the Tourists would like. And we wanted it that way, we wanted the danger of that. People would just see me as that figurehead I'd become — but they're only seeing one tiny aspect of you that's been blown out of all proportion."

"In a way it's like a big monster following you around, even in the streets, and I had to get rid of that. This was one of the reasons I changed the way I looked, or why I wore a wig. It was to kind of say, That person from the past doesn't exist any more. I have a right — anybody has a right — to change and grow and develop. And not be put down for it, but to be encouraged."

"One thing I learned about compromising yourself to any degree is that the only person who really pays for that, in the end, is you."

— PAUL DU NOYER

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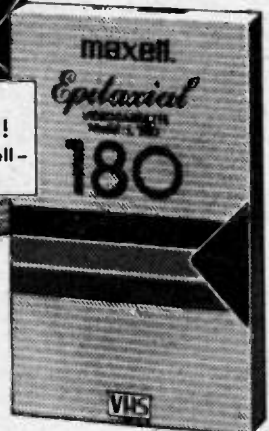
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RICHARD GRABEL follows the tracks of New York's hottest, hardest hit to the Disco Fever club in the heart of the Bronx, and brings back the message . . . Flashpoint pics: JOE STEVENS.



Flash means trouble

THERE'S BEEN a justifiable fuss already so I shouldn't have to shout too loud to make the point: 'The Message' by Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five is the single of the summer, and probably of the year.

It's a "political" rap if you want to see it that way, but really it's much more than politics. It's life, it's vivid observation of the streets. If you're poor and live in a big city, it's the pressure you face every day. It's also as tough musically as it is verbally. It's The Bomb. And with Toxteth set to burn again, it obviously has international relevance.

The only other thing you need to know is that here in New York it's A Hit. Blaring out of every box, on all the soul stations in heavy rotation. Played in every club. The people were ready for something like this.

And Grandmaster Flash, the man whose name is on the record (he didn't actually make the record, but he is very involved — we'll get to that), doesn't have a phone anymore, has moved, and — according to his record label — can't be reached.

No matter. As he's done for years, every Wednesday night when he's not on tour, Flash is DJ'ing at Disco Fever in the Bronx. Let's go see him.

THE SIGN on the wall announces "Disco Fever — Home of Sweet G, Jun-Bug, T-Ski, Starski, Hollywood, Disco Bee, Kurtis Blow, Grandmaster Flash, Sequence, Kool Kyle . . ." and on and on. It's the Mecca of rap, the place where they all started and where they still hang out.

Disco Fever has a legendary and fierce reputation. Most white Manhattan club-goers, even those well into rap who regularly make it to the wonderful Friday night rap-and-break-dancing events at the Roxy, are convinced Disco Fever can't be taken on without an armed escort. It isn't so.

This part of the Bronx, however, is intimidating, and you should take a cab rather than walk from the subway. You also have to pass through a metal detector on your way in and by a big guy announcing, "If you have any weapons on you please tell us now. This means knives, guns, cans of mace." "It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder."

But inside the atmosphere is completely loose and relaxed. The place is unprepossessing, with a medium-sized dance floor, a few back rooms, a good but not overwhelming sound system. There's none of the posey self-consciousness of the downtown clubs, just people having a party and being very friendly.

I get there just as Flash is taking a break from spinning discs. He and Cowboy from the Furious Five lead me to a quiet, private office. Two guys there are introduced as members of Slave. Oh yeah, you guys are *bad*, saw you at the Palladium blah blah blah.

I whip out a copy of Gavin Martin's singles review and give it to Flash. He starts reading it, gets as far as the part about him being rumoured to have been in a mental institution, and starts spluttering.

"Oh shit! Who wrote this? Wait a minute!" "Okay, I see, what he's saying, in an intellectual way, is that after 'Flash To The Beat' came out and it did good but it really didn't make that much noise, that I sat back for awhile and just cooled out. I said I got to lay back a little and check out my environment. I knew the next record I put out had to be a monster. And to make something good takes time."

"The idea for 'The Message' came from Miss Robinson (Sylvia Robinson, who heads Sugarhill Records) and Ed Fletcher, who is Duke Bootee on the record. Ed is the percussionist in the Sugarhill Band, the band that plays on all the Sugarhill records. Ed had done the track, he had the idea for the record, but he needed to find the right artist to do it. The track had been complete for a year, and Ed had been working up some lyrics."

The other writing credit on the label, beside

FAST FLASH

etcher a nson is M Glover.
 "That's Mel Glover, Melle Mel. So we were in the middle of making our album, and Miss Robinson brought us away from that and said we should do this."

"We shied away from it at first. We were scared, the record was too serious. But Miss Robinson said it would be a monster."

"You know the conventional rap record is 'I'll throw you hands in the air' and all that. And this one is really the other side of the coin."

Cowboy: "We thought it had a lot of ownfalls."

Flash: "We thought the people will resist it. Why bring your troubles to the discotheque? But Miss Robinson kept putting it into our heads that it would be big. She said, 'You're the only ones who can do it. We're honoured that she picked us out of 25 acts on the label. So we did it, and we took it to a radio station, I won't say which one, but they picked up on it right away and then the others did.'"

Cowboy: "And it went gold in 21 days."

Flash: "We really have to give her the credit. Not everything she puts out is good. They like to put out a lot of records there and a lot of the records they put out aren't appealing. But she knew this one would appeal when we were scared to do it, and she made us believe it."

Flash, your name is on the record but other people wrote it, played it and rapped it. What's your role?

"Well, I do have some vocals on it this time, but mostly what it is, as far as the re-construction of the record, that's where I come in. Listening to the way the tracks and the rap fit, what sounds good and what doesn't. 'Cause I've been a DJ for ten years, so I know."

"On the album we're doing we're getting to singing, and I'm doing more of the singing. I've got a pretty good singing voice."

"But this record was co-operative effort: etcher, Sylvia, me and the Furious Five."

Cowboy: "It's the people that made the record. It's the people's experiences."

Flash: "It's reality. Bootee, he's into that old Poets kind of rap. The only other thing that was close to it was The Temptations' 'Ball of Confusion', Stevie Wonder's 'Living on the City', that's what they compare 'The Message' to."

Cowboy: "The other night our car broke down on the highway, and we had to wait and get towed away, it was like where the record says 'the man with the tow truck possessed my car.' It was like the record jumped up and slapped us in the face."

THE MESSAGE is not the first bit of social commentary from Flash and the Five: The last part of the rap on 'The Message' first appeared back in '79 on 'Superappin', their first record. To go back and listen to that record now is startling. After several minutes of the usual bull about the guys' cars and how neat they are with the ladies (which all seemed quite fresh back then), comes this tense rap about growing up in the ghetto and going to jail.

Cowboy: "But that record didn't really get the beat was too fast. It's slower on this one, it's got that feel."

Flash: "You can focus on it more. It's death, it's the best rhyme on the record." Some critics have complained that the references to "fag hag" and "undercover fag" are insulting to gays.

Flash: "Let's put the right perspective on it. We didn't mean no insult. Our aim is to be as realistic as possible. You look into the reality of it, that's what goes on in jail. You spend two days in jail and that's what happens to you. It wasn't meant to be sultative."

So how come you've got the hottest record town and no phone?

"I can get one, but I don't want one. If I had choice I'd never have a phone. It's always ringing, day and night. I guess we'll all have to get one eventually, but I wish I didn't."

IT'S TIME for Flash to go back to DJ'ing. The club is filled with dancers. Flash works his turntable magic, cutting back and forth between two records and constructing something entirely new out of them. It's even more amazing than 'Adventures On The Heels Of Steel'.

Cowboy is on the mike in the DJ booth, asking people to shout various things (they shout), and talking about "show no shame Wednesday". Then Starski (who did the great positive Life record under the name Love & Starski) takes a turn.



Flash, Ness and Cowboy — all for the high jump.

Flash cuts up current hits with old soul classics and a lot of things I've never heard before. He plays a disco track with a beautiful piano figure. I go up to the booth to ask what it is.

"We call it 'The Piano'. Who did it? Can't tell, it's a secret."

"I'm a recording artist," Flash tells me. "I don't need to do this. But I have to keep coming back to my roots. Any other disco would think they're too sophisticated for us."

Over in the corner an old geezer called Soul Camera Man has some lights set up. Every once in a while a young couple, or two girlfriends, step up to have their Polaroid snapped. In the back rooms people are smoking and sniffing, in the front room the dance floor is crowded. I leave at five am, but the Fever will be rocking for a couple of hours more.

TWO DAYS later Joe Stevens and I head up to the Bronx for some daylight picture taking. At Flash's flat we meet Flash, Cowboy and Mr Ness. The whole of Flash and the Furious Five are due at the Sugarhill Studio later in the day, but no one knows where Raheem, Melle Mel or Creole are. This operation does not run with clockwork efficiency.

Flash has moved since our last visit, but his new neighbourhood is as funky as the old one. "Broken glass everywhere..." — you know that. And again Flash is a neighbourhood hero. Kids follow him around shouting "yo, Flash!" A young mother, carrying a baby, steps out of a doorway to yell, "Flash and the Five, number one!"

The group is working on an album, which will have singing on it as well as rapping, and a track called 'It's A Shame'. Flash says it's "in the same area as 'The Message'." Flash shows me a copy of the artwork. There's an interesting list of dedications.

"It's inspirational credits," Flash says. "Rick James, basically he's our idol. The way he performs onstage, it's an insight into how we'd really like to be out there. Sugar Ray (Leonard), the way he came up he's the undisputed God in his own weight. In his weight class he'd just be knocking people off. We want to have the same power to rock 'em wherever we go. Stevie Wonder because he's a musician, one of the greatest. Ali (Muhammad Ali) because he was the greatest — we also hope to be the greatest one day. God, of course, that speaks for itself."

"If we had gotten into personal credits the list would have been three days long. So we just said in general, thank the people."

"Hey how's England? We're supposed to be going over there the end of this month or next month."

You'll do great. You guys are already a legend there.

"For real? You're just living!"

Cowboy: "You guys are just trying to make us feel good. You know we're gonna act like little babies over there, just got a new toy. How do they party over there? They don't do turntable rock do they? How do you think we'll get treated over there? Nice girls over there?"

Joe and I try to satisfy Flash, Cowboy and Ness that everyone in England will love them and the girls especially.

HOW DID Sugarhill manage to put together such a great "house band"?

Ness: "They've been out there."

Flash: "There was one hit I got from them, they made a version of 'Always There', when they were called Wood Brass and Steel. We didn't know it was the Sugarhill Band. Music? I mean there's very few bands you can just talk to, do do do, and have them duplicate it."

Cowboy: "And they stick, they hang together. So you know anybody that hang together, they get close and if they want to say, Hey let's go practice they just go do it."

What do you guys think of the breaking scene right now? At the Roxy there is a crowd gathered every Friday night to watch kids like the Rock Steady Crew dance.

Flash: "You know what it is. It's sorry that it took so long for people to really start noticing it. If you had done that back four years, you would have seen some breaking that was unbelievable. I'm talking about with the smoke pellets and people just flippin' the other person."

Cowboy: "People were sleeping on it, just like they were sleeping on rapping."

You think it's past its peak?

Cowboy: "Definitely. To a younger crowd you might get respect from a younger crowd."

Flash: "But the older crowd know better 'cause they know where it really came from. When that shit was really kickin' hard. I mean, everybody would go home and eat, sleep and dream a new dance to burn the next person."

Cowboy: "That's where the word burn came from, I'll burn you man."

Flash: "It was competition. Like with us, when all the amateurs like ourselves had to turn around and realise it was a money-making thing, another crew would be giving a party right down the block, and it was a rat race to see who could get the most people."

Ness: "But even before we made records we used to get the most people. That's why we knew our records would jump off. The name — we had the biggest DJ name out."

These things start in the Bronx and Harlem, then filter down to the downtown crowd, and by the time it's publicised it's past its prime.

Flash: "Basically that's it. But it's good that people are interested."

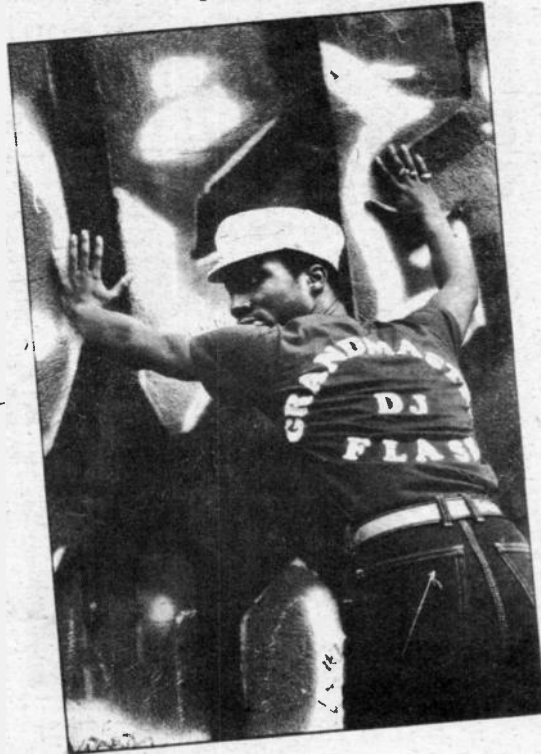
Cowboy: "See back in the days when people didn't really think much about rapping, sometimes people would want to interview you, but they wouldn't do all the things that you do, walk in, put up with all the kids."

Flash: "They wouldn't come to this area. We had to go to their area, downtown."

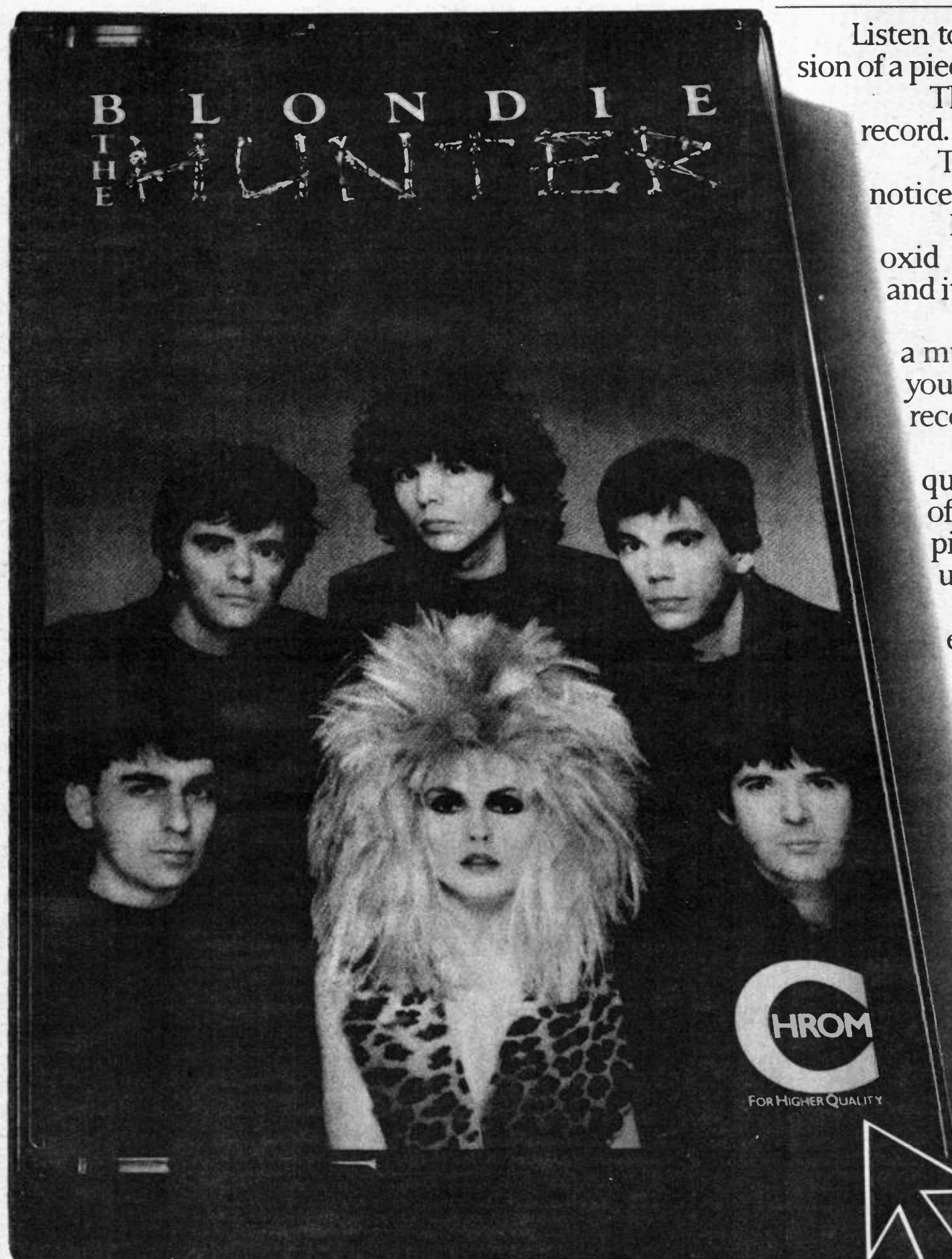
Cowboy: "They'd want to take photos of us in Central Park. Why Central Park? We never came from Central Park. We'd be around here."

For awhile it looked like rap was dying, just repeating itself, but a record like 'The Message' puts new life in it.

Cowboy: "Yeah. Before it was all about I'm so and so, and I can do this and I've got that. But 'The Message' is about, you better watch it out there 'cause it's like this, and something is critical like that, it's what's out there. That record'll smack you in the face so much. You'll be walking out here and you'll see something that's on the record and you'll go, Oh my God! If you're a down and out person and you listen to 'The Message', whew. 'Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge.' Anything that comes to the edge, is liable to fall off."



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IT COMES AS quite a surprise when Virginia Astley tells you how drunk she was last night.

Virginia, you see, has the soft voice, quiet composure and delicate colouring of a classic English rose, and something about her makes the possibility of such hedonistic excess seem extremely unlikely.

Her music too speaks of a dreamy childhood spent in a rambling country garden beneath a pale summer sun. But if all this sounds a little too precious for the popular palate, let me reassure you that there's more to Virginia than first meets either the ear or the eye.

Take the name of the group that she founded, The Ravishing Beauties, with all its connotations of doomed innocence, passionate idealism and a swooning sense of nostalgia. You'll find all these qualities in her music, plus something a little chill and eerie, a sadness that sometimes borders on the sinister and a rare quality of enchantment that comes from a wayward imagination which has somehow skipped the moulding process of rock and pop for an altogether different set of stimuli.

SITTING IN the airy Thames warehouse that accommodates Why Fi, her record company, Virginia's dressed soberly in black and without a trace of her previous evening's entertainment marring her complexion. Occasionally calling to order a boisterous King Charles spaniel puppy, she muses politely on her influences and ambitions, and it comes as a little surprise to learn that her all time heroine is that inventive electronics artist Laurie Anderson.

"I think she's brilliant," she enthuses. "Seeing her was the best thing I've seen in ages — ever, virtually. I'd love to do something like that. I always console myself by thinking, she's 30, so at least I've got 10 years of working at it and getting it right."

Apart from the integrated art of Anderson as performer, Virginia also admires the way she's been so successful in preventing a personality cult from intruding on her work, and she has no illusions about the destructive and deadening processes that bedevil the rock business.

"So much of it seems to have so little to do with music. It's really hard to keep above it, keep detached from all that. I love playing live though. But the charts and that kind of thing, the way it matters so much to people . . ."

Some of Virginia's distaste no doubt springs from the fact that as Pete Townshend's sister-in-law, she's followed his career from a personal perspective since the age of 11, and in fact played piano and synthesiser on his last LP.

OVER ♦

NO LONGER RAVISHING

VIRGINIA ASTLEY has a formal training, a famous family and has recently recorded the sounds of an English summer. She talks to **LYNN HANNA** about changing a classical tradition into a contemporary experiment. Pix: **PETER ANDERSON**.

RAVISHING

CONTINUED

'All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes'.

"He's always there to talk to," she says. "I remember him saying when I was at school, Keep out of it. And it does make me really miserable sometimes."

"Pete's album was the first thing I'd really done like that. I was terrified. He asked me to do it because he thought it would be a different angle on things, I think. It was very nice, because there was another girl who played percussion and a girl tape op. I always hate it when I'm in the situation where I'm the only girl in a working sort of way. It does make a difference."

Pete Townshend's two young daughters Emma and Aminta also sang backing vocals on Virginia's first EP, the ethereal 'A Bao A Qu'.

"They're really very funny," she says fondly. "They've both got groups at school. One of them has planned a world tour, she's got the T-shirts and everything. When we played at the Purcell Rooms, they were sitting in the front row. I was trying to get them to come and sing and they went all bashful and shy. My brother pushed them up so they had to come and do it. They were pleased really," she laughs.

VIRGINIA HERSELF has a twin sister and comes from a still close and spreading family of five children. Her parents moved to the Oxfordshire countryside — where she now finds rural inspiration — when she was 14. At that time, however "I couldn't bear it," she remembers. "I couldn't stand the thought that there was one bus an hour."

Her father works as a

composer and arranger of film and TV themes, and Virginia herself went first to music school in Manchester for a couple of years and later studied at the Guildhall School of Music, a course which she didn't finish.

"When I go home and there's all the family there — my dad and my brother who runs a record shop and fixes hi fi's, my other brother, Pete and me — we all talk about music. When I was younger, I used to hear all these technical conversations and I was on the other side of it. Now I'm much more part of that. My mum and my two sisters and my sister-in-law are all talking about other things. My brother has got two daughters as well, so there's always a lot of people there."

"I was always interested in music right from when I was very young. I was really moody and difficult when I was little. In all the old photos, I'm always the one with a stupid hat on or odd gloves, or I'd put my clothes on back to front — anything to try and look different. Whenever I had an argument with anyone, I'd go and play the piano."

"I was really soppy and sentimental too. I've still got this one thing I used to play that made me cry every time," she laughs. "I'm sure if I hadn't been the sort of child I was, and my parents had made me play the piano, I think it would probably be different. I might not necessarily have done music at all, I might have been a scientist!"

SINCE THEIR tour with The Teardrop Explodes there's been changes in the personnel of The Ravishing Beauties — initially a flexible performing organisation anyway — with Nicola Holland now musical director of The Fun Boy Three and Kate St. John pursuing

her modelling career. There's also been a very promising progression in Virginia's own writing.

'Love's A Lonely Place To Be', probably the next Ravishing Beauties single, is a song that's equal parts charm and desolation and it has the sort of sweet insistence that could well make it an unusual chart success.

There's also her sympathetic setting of Wilfred Owen's tragic World War poem, 'Futility', that will be surfacing on the next NME cassette. She's also recorded an excellent first LP, 'From Gardens Where We Feel Secure', originally intended as a summer soundtrack for the Zoo label but sadly as yet unreleased by anyone.

Mainly instrumental, it's a series of impressions of the summer countryside that was made as background mood music, although it's generally too interesting to want to talk through. A dawn chorus, an owl's hoot, the creak of a swing, the splash of oars, a carillon of church bells all act as a subdued pastoral accompaniment for compositions that are sometimes light and fanciful, thick with gentle ghosts and have a deceptive tranquility that's both poignant and disturbing — as in 'When The Fields Were On Fire', where an awed emotion is skilfully transmuted into menace.

It's important to stress that although some of the structures, rhythms and arrangements come from a classical tradition, the influence is fed through the '80s sensibility of someone who likes Yazoo and Echo And The Bunnymen ("things that have got a depth to them"), has worked with Richard Jobson, John McGeoch and independent film maker John Maybury, and the result is far from being some fey or crude pastiche of the past.

"I'm glad you said that,

because I hate it when people say it's classical music, because it isn't. You could get a Mozart sonata and make up a song and words, which would be so shallow and awful. It's really that I'm trying to do something of my own, but that's influenced me."

"When I first started writing, I was much more interested in that way of thinking. I never listened analytically to other sorts of rhythms. In a way I think it's good to do something that's a different approach, because I don't know about snares or anything. When I programme the rhythm machine, I always end up doing really stupid rhythms, because I haven't a clue what I'm doing."

"Well, not stupid," she reconsiders, "they're just, well... stupid, yeah," she laughs.

Of course it can come as something of a cultural shock to a contemporary audience to be confronted by someone who loves Mozart, Bach and Debussy and the spacious clarity of the great choral works. Virginia herself is very concerned with not slipping into the careless or clichéd and being misinterpreted as twee.

"I was worried that it wasn't going quite the way it should do. It was getting labelled twee all the time," she says of the old Ravishing Beauties set.

Was that a valid criticism at any time, I wonder?

"I think it could be, yeah. Some things were a bit superficial at times. Some of the things I really feel, like 'Futility' and 'We Will Meet Them Again' (with words translated from Mahler's 'Songs Of The Death Of Children') I just read the words in both cases and thought, God, these are so sad. They're more than sad..."

"Some other things I've done have been maybe falsely like that, or slightly like that,

but they haven't been as sincere or as meant. It's very difficult, because the way we started, going live and doing that tour, I never really thought about the way I'd be onstage or the way I'd appear. And then," she stops. "It's horrible to think that people might think you're being twee when you're not at all," she stresses.

"I do take it seriously. Maybe it is true that I haven't been totally sincere all the time, although most things are..."

There's also the danger of appearing pretentious in introducing Mahler or the War Poets into a contemporary entertainment setting.

"I didn't ever really worry about it," Virginia replies. "I think everybody comes across things they really like. It was just that I had the Mahler record with the English translation on the sleeve. And I had a book of Wilfred Owen's collected poems out of the library. In both cases I did the tunes first. I think if I started calculating things, I definitely could be accused — so I won't," she smiles.

ALTHOUGH MOST of her music seems to arise out of that dreamy, tender melancholia that comes from too much introspection, there is another side to Virginia. She's the sort of person who instinctively distrusts undue self-importance and the silences in which she searches for the right phrase to convey some seriously considered theory are just as likely to be balanced by a laugh and a smile at the end of a sentence.

"When I'm cheerful I get drunk, and when I'm depressed I write songs," she says. "I used to go out a lot. I don't so much these days."

"Jo (a friend who plays sax in Kissing The Pink) and I have got drunk together since we were 14. Last night we

decided that to get in the right mood to do something that's really got that depth, that tension, we had to have all the lights out and try to get really drunk. In the end we just ended up giggling."

"I think a lot of people are like that — a total contradiction. You know what people say about a man that he can't be successful and also kind, because if his career comes first, he's got to be ruthless. It just as easily applies to women, I think. And if they're both, they're bit schizophrenic, it's terrible to be a mixture of the two, because at least if you're totally out of yourself, you don't ever fool anyone, you don't ever change and mess up a lot of people up."

"I'm 22 and I think, what a shame I didn't do teaching because I love children. I'd love to do something like that in the end, because it's too horrible to think you'd start thinking about yourself too much. It's totally out of proportion."

Let's hope the teaching profession doesn't gain a new recruit soon, since what Laurie Anderson has done for America, Virginia Astley could one day do for England.



Virginia at play on the Thames



Mike Rutherford

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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY CHRIS BOHN



THAT WHICH DOES NOT KILL US . . .

UK DECAY: Rising From The Dread (Corpus Christi 12")
SEX GANG CHILDREN: Beasts (Illuminated 12")
BLITZ: Warriors (No Future)
MOFONGO: El Salvador (Rough Trade)
ZOUNDS: More Trouble Coming Every Day (Rough Trade)

The renewed barbarism: Conan-ism or onanism? Before answering that question, let's briefly map out the need for a few despicable raging warriors. Not since the swinging London of the '60s have the icons of British power and British pop been this pally. Tourists take home Human League LPs in Lady Di bags, the League romance mirrors that couple's, and gurgling Associate Billy Mackenzie has taken to imitating the royal baby on *Top Of The Pops*. The forced hilarity of British pop has provided a unifying soundtrack to the kitsch pageant of '82 — the pope's

visit, jingoism, victory celebrations and the Royal birth — helping sustain the nation's hysterical happy atmosphere by being so fucking reasonable through the period of crisis.

Thus neatly knotted into it, how do you unravel pop from the suffocating social fabric? "Shatter the idols and you shatter the social structure. . . that's what this tactic is about: desecration, madness." (William S Burroughs: RE/Search Nos 4/5).

Enter the barbarians. Unfortunately the postpunk alternative is just as easily contained. For the most part postpunks join tribes with whom they're safely shuffled off to reservations. What separates the few Conan-ists, then, from the many onanists is an individuality and strength of purpose that keeps the Conan-ists blindly lashing out long after the onanists have timidly withdrawn, their mission unfulfilled.

None of the five named above have real staying power, but for a few exhilarating minutes UK Decay can boldly assume the warrior mantle. Their superbly drilled tunes are reminiscent of Siouxsie's circa 'The Scream' — they're that good — encapsulating the discipline and anonymous ferocity that poses to pop the sort of giggling threat terrorism can be to the state rationale. Only the convoluted mysticism of their songs lets them down, although the toppling of totems is effective

enough on 'Jersulaem Over (The White Cliffs Of Dover)'; and the invigorating 'Werewolf' transcends the banality of its inner beast beckonings.

Really they ought to be more careful with their invocations — they might summon up something so inept as The Sex Gang Children's 'Beasts', which will turn out to be more of a hindrance than a help to the cause — whatever that might be. In that sense even the thuggish Blitz are more valuable — '... there's useful work for these boys to do' (WSB). Zounds play jester cum sluggish commentator to this particular camp, while the American Mofungo remind one of the noisy efficacy of a wheezy organ/guitar mesh.

MAKES US STRONGER!

SIMPLE MINDS: Glittering Prize (Virgin 12")

One of the few British popstars left who can furrow his brow without looking foolish, Jim



The Author

Kerr has nevertheless taken to brightening his face with a wry smile and Simple Minds feel all the more comfortable for it. This has something to do with a newly discovered luxury, nothing to do with complacency. The confused state they explored before with such curiosity and intelligence has cleared up with the success of the dizzy 'Promised You A . . .'. But just how do you follow up a miracle? Easy. Dangle a glittering prize some ways in the distance and Simple Minds will always chase after it. Better, they now convince that they're getting there and they're positively exuberant about the prospect. Ever outrageous, Kerr's voice takes even more extravagant liberties, leaping in and out of the buzzing enchantment of SM's confidently slow, densely textured dance patterns.

DEPECHE MODE: Leave In Silence (Mute)

If Simple Minds have learnt how to smile, Depeche Mode have discovered a few of life's bitter-sweet sorrows, the corresponding hurt — hardly great gawping gashes of the stuff, but hurt nevertheless — lending some ironic depth to their hitherto fading effervescence. 'Leave In Silence' is a wonderful, deserted love song, which has David Gahan manfully tackling pending departure without collapsing in tears. A vast improvement on 'The Meaning Of Love', a softly stated rhythm

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

BORSIG: Hiroshima (Super Max 12")
MONA MUR UND DIE MIETER: Jeszcze Polska (Super Max 12" — German imports)

Two defectors — 16-year-old Berlin Wunderkind Alexander Borsig has slipped every school that ever tried to hold him, while Mona Mur made the more desperate leap from a Russian dance troupe during a West German tour. Whatever the anti-social element is that keeps Borsig out of school, he channels it rather brilliantly through his various purgative noise projects. Once a member of Einstürzende Neubauten, he's currently working with that group's F.M. Einheit (also of Abwärts — whose LP was reviewed in NME last week) and together they've constructed the most disarming and evocative collage of disaster this side of German filmmaker Hans Jürgen Syberberg's extraordinary visual compositions. 'Hiroshima' opens with Borsig fiddling with the receiver, tuning through the radio static to fix on another time, another place — pre-war Hiroshima — where one can hear a weirdly displaced waltz on top of which Borsig's voice-over recalls rosier days. The signal finally weakens and his voice is once again lost in the crackling ether, but not before he's achieved an intimate sense of loss that is as overwhelming as it is sensibly emotionless.

Borsig and Einheit form half of Mona Mur's Mieter (Tenants) who are equally adept at conjuring up moods to match the misery of various historical defeats. Being stateless Mona swears allegiance to no one and everyone, her unique view of both sides of the Curtain standing her in good stead to trade off either's atrocities one against the other. 'The cold war — the dead lead the dead!' she sneers in 'A Little Bit Of Peace'. Her weapons are a passionately bloody voice, a sharp tongue and a gift for multilingual puns — 'My Lie' (Me Lai) — which with the benefit of hindsight and Abwärts' jarring systems shocks, she applies to acerbic commentaries on the East-West divide. The most potent is unsurprisingly the title track 'Jeszcze Polska', whole cod-religious purple march tune is a persuasive reminder of Poland's blight: foreign occupying powers. In their own way, Borsig and Mona Mur's urges to escape inform their respective musics with an aura of recklessness so lacking in most Western forms; which brings us to . . . (Both records should be readily available on import. If you have trouble finding them write to Rip Off Produktion, Rambachstrasse 13, 2000 Hamburg 11.)

and muted synth horns lead Depeche Mode out of the idiot chattering seasick electro-trough they were threatening to fall into. 'Leave In Silence' is less boys-keep-swinging-pop-of-the-cherry, a touch more experienced, and sounds all the better for it.

RIP RIG AND PANIC: Storm The Reality Asylum (Virgin 12")
 Cut up the word and the future leaks through new permutations. Repeat the process and the past seeps back in. Rip Rig's ragbag of

Brion Gysin-like beat epigrams — 'Time is a trick of mind' — might stylistically suit the bop swing of their occasionally bracing fusion of jazz and mushroom madness, but conjuring up some other period's idea of freedom and expression seems to me to be both contradictory and self-defeating. Unless of course you manage to violently wrest those notions from its old context and make something radically new of it. Rip Rig don't, but they do pull off some neat tricks, like bleeding horns out of the

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Alexander Borsig

Pic: F. Brinckmann

voices to offset reality's symmetry, aiming to further undermine its foundation by boring into it with a naggingly insistent seesawing violin. Ultimately, the lyric's glib phrasing unties the instrumentalists' good work, but 'Storm The Reality Asylum' is provocative enough on its failure to count for something.

NICO AND THE INVISIBLE GIRLS: Procession/All Tomorrow's Parties (1/2 Records)
CHRISTIANE F: Gesundheit... (Posh Boy—US import)

If two people have survived that which should have killed them they are Nico and Christiane F. But has it made them stronger? In Nico's case let's just say it's made her the most enduring legend of our time, one potent enough to voraciously suck in such butterflies as The Scars, Blue Orchids, and now Martin Hannett's Invisible Girls. 'Procession' hasn't got the deliriously lost edge of her last excellent 'Saeta Vegas'; nevertheless, the Girls buoy up her deathly vocal with a cold consumptive tune that

efficiently chills without really expanding on the mystery cloud Nico's been pumping out of her harmonium for the past 15 years.

The world's most notorious teen junkie Christiane F, now cured, slips from one dangerous addiction into another — an LA fame based solely on her soiled celebrity status. Decide for yourselves which one is more fatal.

DIE ZIMMERMANN: Erwin The Dancing Knife (Zickzack 12" — German import)

THE FLYING KLASSENFEIND: Sin City (Line Music 12" — German import)
That's Flying Class Enemy to you McCarthyites out there. As the name implies The Class Enemy devour pop with the same sort of cannibalistic glee as The Flying Lizards used to, regurgitating the remains in bizarre new arrangements. Their reworking of the Gram Parsons standard is quite simply fab, the nominal runthrough of Reed's 'Venus In Furs' unnecessary and drab. Their two self-composed contributions don't exactly support my elaborate theory of the American Forces Network insidiously planting in Germans the desire to be dead county stars, but I'll gamely admit they have a deliberately crude charm of their own. The Class Enemy's Detlef Diederichsen forms with Palais Schaumburg's Timo Blunck the motivating force of Die Zimmermann, whose 'Erwin The Dancing Knife' is the sharpest (sorry) thing on the dancefloor this week. Disco, dada and Deutsche Schlager makes for an extremely engaging, not to mention tuneful mix, and whichever one of them is doing the crooning should give a few lessons to our Vic. From here on in I guarantee this column to be completely German-free. (Line Music, Parkallee 20, D-2000 Hamburg 13; For Zickzack check the Rip Off address earlier).

SCATTERSHOTS

GARY NUMAN: White Boys And Heroes (Beggars Banquet)
White boy? He's presently positively anaemic! Not even a hefty daub of Japan blusher can cover Numan's cheek.

KIM CARNES: Voyeur (EMI America)

In light of the A-side's tabloid revelations I flip to 'Thrill Of The Grill's full of guilty anticipation as to the possible happenings out on the patio, but am only served with a dose of southern grits, the like of which one might expect at a Capricorn / Carter picnic.

J GEILS BAND: Love Stinks (EMI America)

You might not know this but Geil is a German word for randy or horny. So what's in a name? The 'j' stands for jaundiced.

WARREN ZEVON: Let Nothing Come Between Us (Asylum)

If you believe Rolling Stone, this man wears his bandoleros in bed! Sold as some latterday Hemingway, Zevon the adventurer must've written this one after the bullet munched up his brain. Expect a Doris Day cover shortly.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Give Me Your Heart Tonight (Epic)
Shakey returns from the army softened and chastened. Personally I'm a sucker for accordion, but prefer it alpine or racey, as on Johnny Allen's 'Promised Land'.



SWEET PEA ATKINSON: Don't Walk Away (Ze/Island)
Was that the floorboard squeaking or...? (Not Was's) constipated stutter disco is only good when it's funny. Sweet Pea's sorry attempt to break cover and go serious is patently silly in light of the rasp he works his voice through.



ROCKERS REVENGE: Walking On Sunshine (London 7" and 12")

THE SOUL SONIC FORCE featuring AFRICA BAMBAATA: Planet Rock (21 Records 12")
Just to let you know these two hot selling imports are now available in Britain and to endorse previous nice things said about The Soul Sonic Force's absurd planting of Kraftwerk's electronic grids in the heart of Africa. As to Rockers Revenge, my patience is exhausted after 7" of meandering percussion and maundering synth themes, long before I get to the 12".

VARIOUS: Europe In The Year Zero (S/Phonogram 12")

Featuring Yazoo, Sudeten Creche and Colour Me Pop uniting behind a No Nukes banner. Admirable sentiments but nobody's giving much away. CMP are a slightly earthier version of loopy Linder's Ludus, Sudeten Creche are nondescript electro flow, and Yazoo's 'Goodbye '70s' has none of the hallmarks of craft and control that distinguishes their two hits.

FORCE OF HABIT

SECTION 25: The Beast (Factory 12")
MODERN ENGLISH: I Melt With You (4AD)

After Eno and Howard Devoto, Section 25's bassist has the third best skull in pop. Judging by the way they've been banging their heads against the wall without anyone noticing, I should imagine it's all knocked out of shape by now. It's a pity, but then their dogged following in Joy Division's footsteps was hardly likely to guarantee them much recognition. At least they immersed themselves in the darkness as if it were a life and death mission. The dilettante Modern English on the other hand dip in and out of the gloom with the skill of seasoned opportunists, which doesn't mean to say their lighter variant will be any more successful.

DELTA 5: Powerlines/The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter (Pre)
As Delta 5 are talking Carson McCullers, I'd suggest Clock Without Hands as a more apposite title to lift. Not that they've noticed it passing, but someone should point out to Delta 5 that time doesn't stand still. Furthermore, their once excitable doubling up of basses and chatterfunk guitars isn't the timelessly precious thing they consider it to be.

PURPLE HEARTS: Plane Crash (Roadrunner)
SQUIRE: Girl On A Train (Hi Lo)

Nothing more pathetic than watching careerist teenagers struggling to come of age when the bloom of youth begins to fade. Squire are too insignificant to bother with; Purple Hearts once wrote the definitive anthem of that 1980 mod summer in 'Millions Like Us', but whatever it is they had then they haven't anymore.

J. GEILS BAND

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LOVE STINKS
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Lloyd Bradley finds out why Britain's foremost reggae rockers still aren't satisfied. Pix: Peter Anderson.

IN HOLLYWOOD'S golden years, before movie brats and technology overkill, a director's biggest headache could well have been having to work with the Marx Brothers.

The reason? It was practically impossible to get all four of them into the same place at the same time. One would show up, see that the others hadn't, and go off to look for them... while he was away, the rest would arrive, separately, and wander off with the same intention. Sometimes this could go on all day!

All Saints Road, London W11 is in all ways distant from Hollywood past, but I figure Peter Anderson and I come pretty close to feeling just like those film makers as we await Aswad.

The number of band members present is never more than three out of four, always at least one, with whoever is there never "quite sure exactly" where the others are... but certain they'll "soon come".

You see, down here on The Frontline where Jah people can gather just outside the clutches of Babylon, Aswad are at home; they're local celebrities and so nearly every passer-by provides some sort of distraction.

We spend an hour in the afternoon sun, watching, listening and waiting before drummie Zeb appears from a cluster of identikit dreads and with a slightly crooked smile asks: "Feeling the vibe of The Frontline yet? ... Seen, let's go and do it!"

Suddenly, everyone's there. Levi was never far away, Tony Gad materialises with the supplies (strictly fruit juice), and Brinsley Forde roars up in a BMW. There are still a couple of trips "round the corner" to be made and a photo session in the local park where the lads swap hats, from a supply in Tony's flat, and down in poses of exaggerated dread before the tape recorder finally rolls.

ASWAD HAVE survived as a unit for seven years now — seven years of standing on the verge of huge success in a curious no-man's-land bordered by critical acclaim and public rejection. Their move to CBS last year, after a long silence, looked set to change that, but their first release for the label 'New Chapter' — despite being the most innovative and advanced reggae album ever — stayed in that void.

Now, after such a disappointment and learning to take a small step sideways to make their latest set 'Not Satisfied', less demanding on ears and brain, Aswad are



ASWAD **STEPPING ACROSS THE FRONT LINE**

looking more relaxed than I have ever seen them. They are talking easily, and willing to discuss the shortcomings of their career so far.

Brinsley begins: "New Chapter" was exactly that, a new chapter. Apart from 'Showcase' (A compilation of their singles with updated mixes) it was the first thing we'd put out since 'Hulet' (a gap of several years). We were with a new record company and we wanted to put out something special. It was the first album we've ever made that was consciously looking for direction.

"What happened was that we perhaps put too much effort into it and it turned out too intricate, missing the mainstream reggae market. That's the market we've got to break first if we want to go on anywhere else, so we put out the 'New Chapter Of Dub', which was some of the tracks that we'd already given to the sound systems, and now this album which is much more immediate."

Tony: "A lot of the tracks on this set were recorded before we did 'New Chapter', so it's not like it's a step backwards. We felt that we needed something that we can get to the people straight away, and then take them back to where we were with 'New Chapter'."

Failure to break into the hardcore reggae market is a major reason for the band's lack of success. It is a notoriously conservative area, with a built-in defence system against changes on the scale Aswad are

attempting, but obviously they have spent a long time thinking around the problem.

Brinsley: "If you listen to what really happens on the sounds or in the shops, it's really just one rhythm track that goes round and round, lasting for about six months 'til something else takes over. Now, we're not really dealing with that — we could go and make music just for sound systems, we do dub mixes for that purpose, but we want to do the music that people will take home as well."

"That's why we had to find the balance like we did with 'Not Satisfied', so that it will appeal to the mainstream after one hearing and still have enough to listen to when you take it home."

Drummie: "As well, our sound is not a studio sound which is what the main reggae market is used to."

"When we first came out, we did break that market. Then we did a lot of touring, often with rock or 'new wave' bands, and we started playing music a little differently. That's when the people (reggae buyers) started to change, and talking about 'Nah, English reggae business'."

"Then came our absence, when the band went through some changes, and that was the time when we had some material that would've suited the market and still've been different, but we had no one to release it with. By the time we'd got to Grove Music and tried to take it from there, we'd got out of touch with the studio, because all our work had been live. It was at

that time that we got some of the stuff on this new album together."

AS WELL as balancing the music to reach one audience, Aswad have also been working on their lyrics. The talk of confrontation has been replaced with words of love and harmony, and the mystic/spiritual lines have been phased out so as to make it all more accessible.

Brinsley: "It's something we've learned over the years, you know what the market's like, anything too spiritual is like a cult thing. People who aren't into it look on it as a sort of code, like another language, and pay it no mind. But to do it like this, the same message will get across but in a way that anybody can put their own interpretation on it and so accept it. After all, it's the same problems that face everybody, and we're all

struggling for the same things out of life — whatever name we put on it."

Tony: "There's a time when it's right to come straight out and say things, and a time when you should be more subtle. When we were younger, we'd say anything to anybody. (Aswad had a reputation at Island Records for taking the straight-talking bit too far at times, and pissing off a lot of people.)

"But now we know the right way to get things done. I suppose it's a matter of growing up."

That is it, right on the spot. Aswad have grown up. The acceptance that their music must be aimed at more than one type of audience and their philosophical approach to lyrics, in fact their relaxed manner in general, is a sign that the band has come of age.

They are big enough to see that what they have should not be trapped in All Saints

Road, as it can benefit the whole society. Also, they are not ignoring that area by cutting reggae that would be accepted only on a *Radio One* playlist. Simply, they want to take The Frontline with them on their travels, tearing down a few walls while they do it. Balanced music to lead to a balanced world. It's quite a mature theory.

I think I'm getting close to what Aswad are really about, past the army fatigues and those belligerent stares in publicity shots, so finally I ask why they've stuck it out so long, and where they see it all leading.

Drummie: "Well obviously we're in it to sell records, because the more records we sell we know that more people are hearing the message (of love and unity)."

Brinsley: "If we were looking for that number one single, and to go and rave on *Top Of The Pops*, we'd have stopped years ago!

"You get up there for two or three weeks, and then you're forgotten. We're about something more serious than that, and while we have to make sure that our music sells we don't want to let what we feel as musicians suffer. We want to make every album better than the one before... we can improve on 'Not Satisfied', but it won't be obvious until you hear the next one."

Tony: "We'll go on until we can't improve no more, because what's the point of stopping when you've still got something more to offer, or going on when you haven't?"

One third of the twelve tribes: Zeb, Levi, Gad and (front) Dan.



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OUT TO LYNCH

KRISTINE McKENNA
interviews cult director
DAVID LYNCH, the maker
of *Elephant Man* and
Eraserhead.

DAVID LYNCH has completed just two films in his 35 years but they've both been acclaimed as masterpieces. The first, *Eraserhead*, was made on a shoe string budget while he was a student at the American Film Institute. Described by Lynch as "a dream of dark and troubling things", *Eraserhead* is one of the most startlingly original films ever made. A surreal black comedy of terrible beauty, it has enjoyed a rabid cult following since its release in 1977.

However, Lynch's official arrival came when Mel Brooks plucked him out of the chorus line and appointed him director of an extremely hot property, *The Elephant Man*. That Lynch could leave his stylistic mark on a story so wholly different from *Eraserhead*, without awkwardly imposing it, was conclusive proof of his talent.

One of the glorious things about Lynch's style, and something common to both these films, is the magical depth of visual field he achieves. His movies are painstakingly composed and richly detailed, and one can look far back into every frame and discover a wealth of treasures, odd little objects, and ephemeral gestures that are utterly strange and perfect.

Lynch is presently engrossed in pre-production work for his third film, Frank Herbert's sci-fi classic *Dune*, which is scheduled to begin shooting next February on location in Rome, with a release date set for 1984.

Born in Missoula, Montana, Lynch lived in various US cities throughout his adolescence, and presently resides in Los Angeles. Schooled as a painter, Lynch is a well-scrubbed, modest gentleman who favours preppy clothing and exudes a gee-whiz enthusiasm and innocence that is initially hard to believe but is in fact quite genuine.

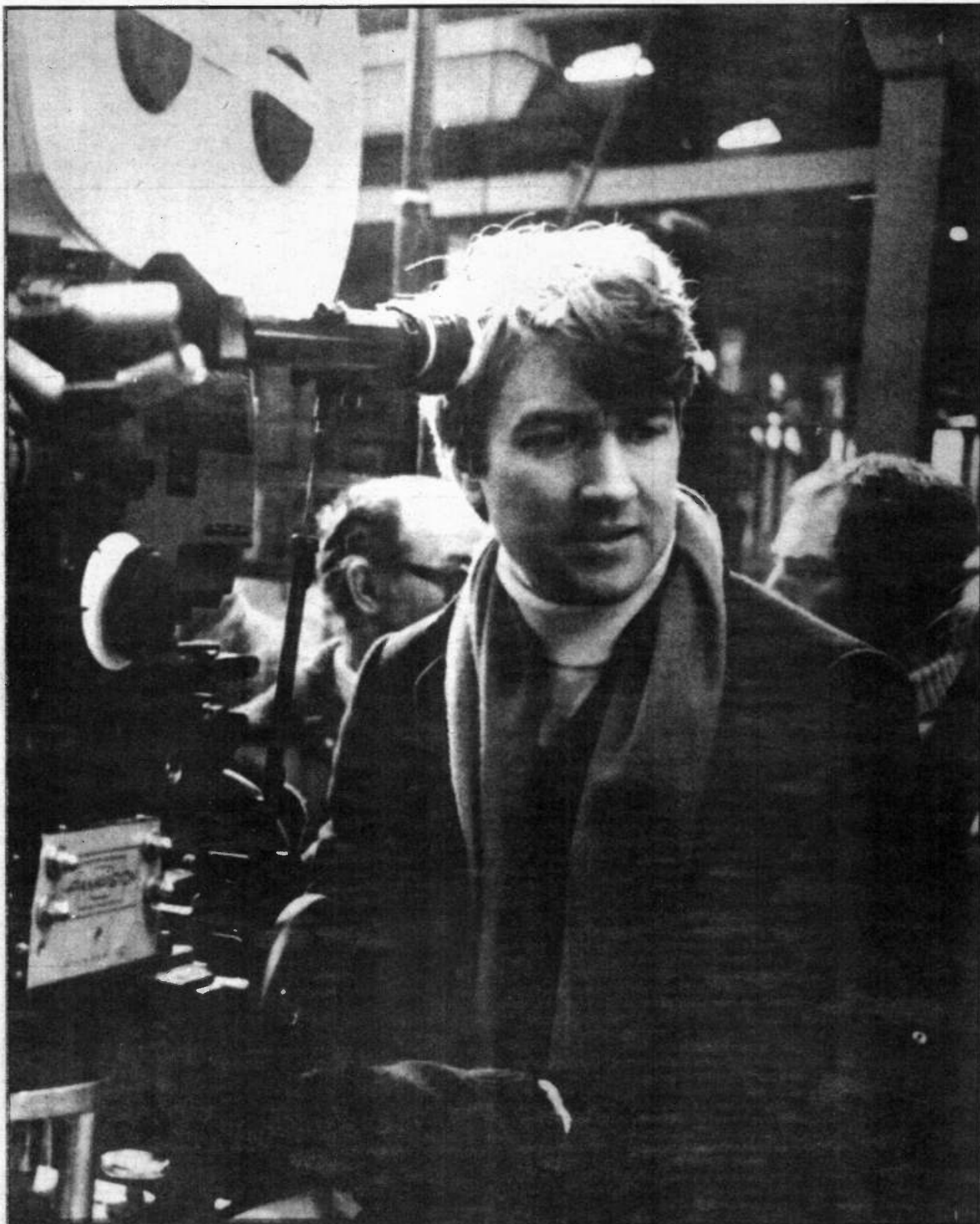
I interviewed Lynch on a smoggy July afternoon in his office at MCA/Universal City, which is the largest movie studio in the world. Penetrating the net of security that surrounds this sterile walled city was tougher than sneaking into Russia, and it was pleasing to think of Lynch hatching his brilliantly perverse movies within this huge, rigid, well-oiled money machine. It's almost as if there were a spy on the premises! Lynch's mind darts in and out of places the film industry brass have never dreamed of.

Kristine McKenna: How did the success of *The Elephant Man* change your life?

David Lynch: "Even if the film hadn't been successful I got a lot more confidence by going through that experience. You just can't realise what it is to do something like that until you do it, and it really was a baptism by fire. It was hell, and I felt an unbelievable pressure knowing that people's careers were in my hands. Those pressures didn't exist at all with *Eraserhead* because it was never thought of as a film that was going to go out into the world. It was basically something I wanted to do — sort of had to do really. There weren't five million dollars and people's careers on the line and it wasn't going to hurt anybody if it failed. It ended up helping a lot of people actually."

Why are you presently working on *Dune* as opposed to one of your own scripts?

"I do have one script of my own, a thing called *Ronnie Rocket*, that I'd really love to do, and Francis Coppola wanted me to do it for Zoetrope. I was there for a while but all their plans went out the window. Dino DeLaurentis is now interested in it so maybe I'll be able to do it next. I was barraged with scripts after *Elephant Man* came out and *Dune* was the only one that interested me at all — so, here I am making *Dune*."



Lynch. Photo Frank Connors

Black and white is an important part of your style, yet you've chosen to shoot *Dune* in colour. Why?

"I don't like colour movies and I can hardly think about colour. It really cheapens things for me and there's never been a colour movie I've freaked out over except one, this thing called *Deep End*, which had really great art direction. That to me is the whole thing — it's what you're pointing the camera at. You can fiddle in the lab all you want, but if what you're shooting is badly designed, you'll wind up with nothing. I wouldn't have minded shooting *Dune* in black and white, but it really is a colour movie. I don't know what the colour will be, but it will have to have a certain feeling. Freddy Francis, the man who shot *Elephant Man*, will be shooting *Dune* and we have a lot of ideas we're exploring. There are certain things that work well in black and white whereas in colour it might just look like a badly received television image. You need time to discover things but movies cost so much to make that it's like riding a fast moving train while you're making them. Things just zoom by."

You spend an average of four years on a film.

Does it bother you that you don't turn them out at a more rapid clip?

"It bothers me in a way because you always have this illusion that the world is going by, which of course isn't true at all. It would be great if you could knock movies out and have them be great but I think they really do take a lot of time and you can't get depressed and weirded out about it."

What's the first film you recall having had an impact on you?

"*Wait 'Til The Sun Shines Nellie*. I saw it at a drive-in with my parents and I remember this scene where a guy is machine-gunned in a barber chair, and a scene where a little girl is playing with a button and suddenly her parents realise she's gotten it caught in her throat. I remember feeling a real sense of horror. I saw the movie again many years later and I could hardly stand to watch it. It wasn't a good movie at all and I didn't want to watch it because it was ruining the images in my mind that I had from it."

Are the figures and episodes in your films intentionally symbolic?

"No. I used to be a painter and maybe because of that, I think a lot about that other level that

you don't — in fact, can't — talk about. And that's one of the things that makes working in movies weird and hard for me. How in the world are you supposed to tell somebody about your idea for a film if you can't explain it in concrete terms? In a way that's the whole trouble with Hollywood. Only certain types of films can make it through all the committees and get made. It's like the emperor's new clothes. You've got millions of dollars riding on it so everybody's got to understand it and it's got to be safe, but there are many things in life that are not that way and they don't have a prayer. One good thing about *Dune* is that it has the potential for satisfying everyone in the studio system and for being a commercial film, but it also has the potential for doing some wonderful cinematic things."

Do you have a hard time conveying the pictures in your mind to the people you work with?

"Unbelievably difficult! One of the good things about the work I'm doing now is that it forces me to learn to articulate the things that are in my mind. See . . . before, I couldn't even talk. The first interview I ever did they had this 16 millimetre camera on me and I couldn't speak."



The Elephant Man

I just didn't understand how to talk! I felt like everything I had to say couldn't be said."

Which characters in your films have you most identified with?

"The Elephant Man and Henry I suppose. But in a way, you have to identify with all the characters when you're making a film. It's like a dream — you know, they say you play all the parts in your dreams. Actually, I don't know that I identify with any of them. It's more like I know them. Henry is a thing that is knowable by several different people and I felt that if I was absolutely true in my depiction of that quality then everyone would know him and say well yeah, that seems right, he would do that."

What's the most important function a director fulfills on a set?

"You're like a filter and if the filter is trying to be honest then it's going to be a certain kind of film. Everything passes through you and is regulated by your filter. Actors, for instance, are capable of many things, some of which are immediately thrilling and those things pass through your filter without you fiddling with them. Other things need to be tinted, edited, regulated."

Can a directorial eye be learned?

"You can learn a lot in art school but if you don't have something inside you to begin with you'll still wind up with a nifty bunch of nothing."

Are there specific issues that are best addressed in film?

"There are all these things called movies but they're not the same thing. They don't care about the same things and they have different goals. Personally, I think movies should do something that books or music can't do by themselves. The story can be about any number of things, but there should be a ringing of truth that's completely powerful and thrilling. Movies like *Sunset Boulevard* and *Lolita* are much bigger than the stories they tell."

Is the movie industry interested in creating the kind of deeply profound films you just described?

"I could be wrong, but it seems to me that people are willing to settle for less these days. It's like a piece of popcorn. Just put some butter and salt on it and it's a piece of popcorn — it doesn't have to be any better. But who knows? Maybe you could have Italian food in the theatre and people will get used to that and really demand it."

Film critic Andrew Sarris recently commented: "Cinema is retreating into the deep sleep decreed by the dream merchants long ago. The current trend in American film making is away from realism in all categories — dramatic, psychological, even optical."

There does seem to be a preponderance of films designed to appeal to the child in people. Why do you think this is happening and do you think this is a good direction for movies to be taking?

"My basic response to that is that tomorrow it could be something totally different. It's similar to the way that left and right wing politics alternate. *Frances Farmer* is coming out this fall so then they'll probably say that that it's *film noir* time again. These currents shift so quickly that if somebody began a film today based on the success of *E.T.*, by the time they finished the picture they'd have missed the boat completely. Spielberg is doing what he really wants to do and it happens that the timing is really working out for him, and that's great."

What steps do you take to edit your input from the world?

"I don't watch a lot of television. I like to watch old movies and science shows, but really, TV isn't a very engrossing medium. One shift of the eye and there's the cat's scratching post and you're out of the story. Sometimes I watch the news but I always feel unsatisfied after I do. There's so much going on in the world and it can be very upsetting the way they slant the

things they pick to show. In pre-media times there could be a race riot and most people wouldn't know about it. Now if there's a race riot a million miles away everyone knows about it and is involved. Those problems poison every neighbourhood. Of course this could work in a positive way but it never seems to."

What's your idea of an immoral film?

"A movie that glorifies negativity — and there are a lot of movies that do that. One that did, in my opinion, was *Saturday Night Fever*. The family scene that took place at the dinner table was one of the most horrible things I've ever seen. There was something really wrong with that whole set up."

What's the most significant change you've observed in America over the course of your life?

"Oh brother! In *Eraserhead* this character Bill says 'I've seen this neighbourhood change from pastures to the hell hole it is now,' and I'm not kidding, that's what I've seen. Decay and confusion. People used to stand up and oppose the things they thought were wrong but now they just let them happen. We say what can I do about it?"

Who are your favourite figures from history?

"I really dig Van Gogh. I'd love to have been in Paris when all those guys were around. I would've loved to have gone up and had breakfast with Picasso and kind've gone out and stood in the sun with him and kicked stuff around. Those two aren't actually my favourite painters though. I like Edward Hopper. There's a mood to his stuff that just thrills me. His stuff is like music — so much comes through. I could make an entire movie from one of his paintings. And I don't know how he did it because the painting itself is not wildly great. But it's great!"

What's the earliest memory fixed in your mind?

"Sitting in a mud puddle in Idaho with my friend, and we're just kind of working this mud."

As an adult have you managed to fulfill your childhood fantasies?

"Not all of them, and I don't know if I want to fulfill all of them. In a way films are a way of playing out fantasies because it's a way of getting other people to perform something that originates in your mind."

What sort of architecture do you like?

"I like the architecture of the '30s, factories, old gas stations. New gas stations are too real but a good old gas station is just a beautiful thing, partly because it represents a time that's lost. I see an old gas station and my mind goes out behind it and sees little scenes happening. Then I go into the woods beyond the station and my mind sees things that couldn't happen now. It's mysterious and it's another world and there are romances back in there that wouldn't be like now."

Is your imagination always working that intensely?

(Laughing)
"Well, yeah... I guess it is."



Eraserhead observer

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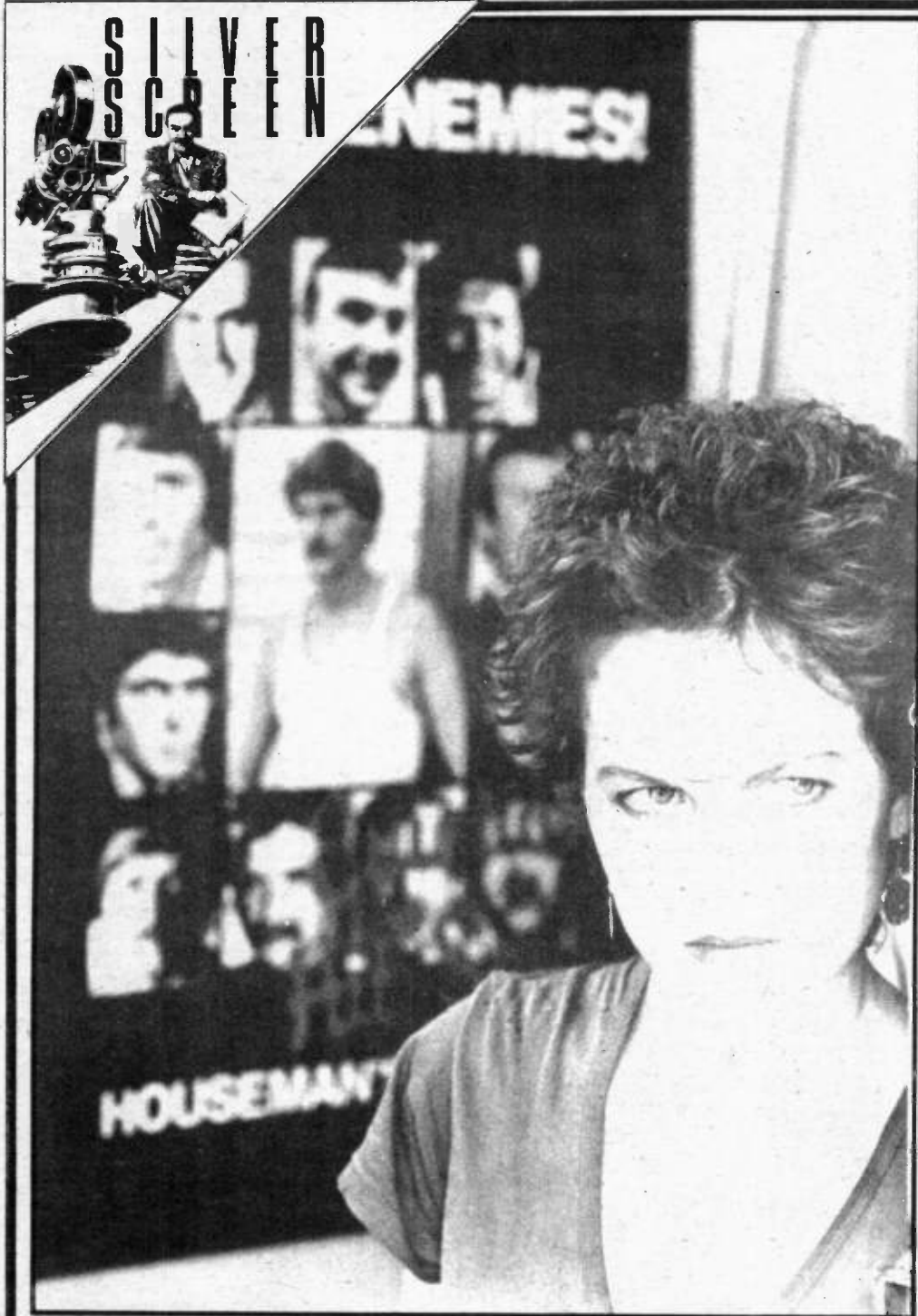
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Judy Davis, smouldering in *Heatwave*.

A siege on Sydney streets

Heatwave

Directed by Phillip Noyce
Starring Judy Davis and Richard Moir (Mainline)

SHOT THROUGH the other-worldly corona of Australia's Xmas hols, *Heatwave* is Philip Noyce's sinuous, sweat-splashed treatment of a familiar trajectory; high level corruption rooted out vaingloriously by the belligerent, uncomprehending 'individual', who finds everything incestuously rotten in the stakes of the material world, impossible to reverse with one shot or two words in the right place.

American cinema has relished this aesthetic of disappointment. In Ivan Passer's *Cutter's Way*, John Heard comes to America the Poor's rescue brandishing a pistol, screaming revenge and last minute retribution on the archetypal white charger; to no avail. To reiterate the quotation James Toback gave James Caan's *Gambler*: "Buffalo Bill is defunct". Noyce and his



Dark deeds down Sydney's mean streets.

co-scriptwriter Marc Rosenberg are obviously well aware of their story's pitfalls and precedents, and they handle the danger with equal parts irony and invention. The Yuletide heatwave is supposed to see the inauguration of Sydney's latest multi-million dollar architectural dream. With the profile of that famous Opera House in the middle distance, the thematic barb is obvious: dollars are the real 'architect' of this scheme.

The site is a scurrilous web of public (sector) and private (ownership) connivance, which sits on planning idealism like oil on water. The idealist is main architect Stephen West, his dream home a massive complex called, almost touchingly, Eden. The initial struggle is between the construction company and a handful of tenants in the way of progress, who are being egged on to sit pretty by a few local political activists. To the fore is Kate Dean (Judy Davis), who starts out a bubbly playschool Bolshevik, but digs darker when — under the headline "The Apple Turns Sour" — people disappear and allegiances become obscure.

Here's everything a conspiracy thriller could ask

for: death threats, arson, Union involvement, drugs, mysterious floating companies, double helixes of violence and power.

Dean's bedsit politics wash away into pure stubborn anguish — "anything's better than quietly suffocating" — whilst West's moneyed commitment to Eden is watered down by double deals made in his absence, and they join forces (on and off) to get the dirt. Noyce smartly contains the manifold number of twists and turns, and lets things unravel very slowly — as if the usual frenzy of this kind of narrative were blanching out by the indelicate humidity.

Both main characters are too gauche to elicit much empathy — probably a good thing — and Noyce only makes one big mistake with his material when the anarchist and the architect find union in unconditioned fornication; banal in both reasoning and realisation, it's just too obvious. This might also be true of the about-turn revelation concerning class origins.

Possibly, for in the closing nightmare minutes of New Year's eve — Noyce's real triumph — all is rendered palpably meaningless, as the tableaux of slowly connecting loose ends is swept away, leaving a gagged vacuum: a brusquely thrilling set piece.

Heatwave's 'dragging' pace is involving rather than irritating, and although it stumbles a few times — a bit showily pointilistic — the hypnotic curve is worth submitting to. The lack of logic is frightening.

Ian Penman

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Abel Gance's Napoleon.



Annie (Directed by John Huston). Aileen Quinn is delightfully right in the one-off title role (cf Mark Lester in *Oliver!*) and Huston's direction is resolutely anonymous; an old-fashioned, high-spirited musical. (Columbia)

Buster Keaton Festival. We should have mentioned this before. Sorry. But it's not too late, for those in London, to catch some of the funniest cinematic set-pieces ever ever etc, because the Keaton festivities continue at the Barbican Centre until the end of the month, complete with live piano accompaniment. It's all here: *College*, *The Navigator*, *Steamboat Bill Jr*, *Our Hospitality* and, of course, *The General*. This man was funny. (Barbican Cinema 1)

Fantasia (Walt Disney). Sneered at by many for being so determinedly vulgar and low brow, *Fantasia* continues to exert an utterly unique fascination in its sheer celebration of animation. And now it's in stereo. (Disney)



Buster Keaton fails the Napoleon auditions.

Napoleon (Abel Gance). The Golden Oldies continue: Gance's 1927 epic has been painstakingly reconstructed by film historian Kevin Brownlow, and shown to much acclaim at the London Film Festival. The Barbican Centre presents *Napoleon* in two parts on August 26 and 27, and in one part (the full six hours) on August 28, with full orchestral accompaniment. Tickets range from £6 to £15. Francis Ford Coppola likes it. (Barbican/BFI)

Rocky 3 (Sylvester Stallone). The cinematic equivalent of a Roy Lichtenstein 'painting': you can almost see the bubbles coming out of Stallone's mouth. (UIP)

Thursday August 19
Robin And Marian (Dick Lester 1976). *The Menopausal Years* might as well be the sub-title. Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn (who reportedly burst into tears when she first saw the completed film) cope personally with a terrible James Goldman script which turns Sherwood Forest into some kind of medieval microcosm. Dick 'Don't Call Me Dick' Lester throws in Ronnie Barker as Friar Tuck for a few cheap laughs. (ITV network)

Friday August 20
The Liberation Of L. B. Jones (William Wyler 1970). Racial conflict in a small Tennessee town. Lee J. Cobb the lawyer defending Roscoe Lee Browne, Yaphet Kotto cropping up in a supporting role. (BBC1)

Saturday August 21
Rich And Strange (Alfred Hitchcock 1932). The first of four Hitchcocks today. A genuine curiosity, starring Joan Barry, the lady who spoke for Anny Ondra in *Blackmail*. (BBC2)

Under Capricorn (Alfred Hitchcock 1949). A rare Hitchcock flop, set in New South Wales in 1831. Joseph Cotten is the wealthy ex-con married to luscious lush Ingrid Bergman. (BBC2)

Family Plot (Alfred Hitchcock 1976) The last film, made when the Master was 75. An extremely sprightly comedy-thriller revolving around extortion and kidnapping, with an excellent cast — William Devane, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris and Karen Black. (ITV network)

Suspicion (Alfred Hitchcock 1942). Quintessential Hitchcock, set in a mesmerically mythic Hollywood England, with Cary Grant in hypnotic form as the gay blade who marries mousey Joan Fontaine. Unmissable. (BBC2)

Tuesday August 24
They Were Expendable (John Ford 1945). One of Ford's most-admired works, a banal World War 2 adventure set among the PT boats in the Philippines theatre. John Wayne, Robert Montgomery, Ward Bond, very long. (BBC2) Monty Smith

Richard Pryor Live On The Sunset Strip

Directed by Joe Layton (Columbia)

TRY THIS, comic cats: (1) douse yourself in ether; (2) set fire to yourself; (3) be funny.

Not easy, huh? Comedy, like any other sport, requires that you keep yourself in shape, and to this end comedians throughout the ages have devised various stringent training regimes to keep the gags flowing. Fields had his booze, Steve Martin has his slices of salami ("I put one in each shoe, and when I go out on stage I feel funny!"), and so on; the Pryor Plan outlined above does seem a little drastic, all the same.

And it doesn't seem to work too well, either, judging by Pryor's lacklustre performance in *Live On The Sunset Strip*. Which is a sad surprise, as I came away from this film's predecessor *Live In Concert* convinced that here was the funniest man alive, one whose verve, audacity and powers of comic observation were

Death Vengeance

Directed by Lewis Teague
Starring Tom Skerritt, Patti LuPone, and Michael Sarrazin (EMI)

THE PUT-UPON residents of Philadelphia's Little Italy have had enough of the break-ins, the armed robberies, the pimps and the pushers messing up their park. But not for them the lone wolf approach. They don't expect to be saved by a crazed Viet-vet or a bleeding heart liberal who's been pushed too far (cf *Taxi Driver* and *Death Wish*). That's too much like the movies.

So they club together and form the People's Neighbourhood Patrol, a paramilitary outfit complete with reinforced vehicles and ambulances (and clubs and guns, of course, lots of them). Because these are their streets and this is real life.

Or so the film-makers would have you believe. After all, some 20,000 communities in America are similarly 'protected'

(according to the National Sheriffs Association). The trouble is, who the hell do you root for in a film like *Death Vengeance* which doesn't begin to come to terms with the horrible problem? The underprivileged blacks (apparently leering pimps in pink Cadillacs) who beat up on their women? Or the white shopkeepers who are nothing loath to beat up on them? Certainly not the fence-sitting police or the media-conscious politicians.

No, this is exploitation cinema at its scummiest, a violently racist film that pretends to be critical of society as a whole while relishing in its clinically conceived 'excitement'. And director Teague (lauded by the lefties for his trashy *Lady In Red* and *Alligator*) displays the political sensibility of a naif: "I wanted to show the price a vigilante pays for what he does."

The price you'll pay for sitting through *Death Vengeance* is deeply cynical 'entertainment' fit only for the more slack-jawed amongst us. Monty Smith

unchallenged in the western world.

For those who know him only through his comic acting in films like *Silver Streak*, *Stir Crazy* and the recent stiff *Some Kind Of Hero*, Richard Pryor's stand-up routines bear certain parallels with Billy Connolly's this side of the pond: both are well versed in the arts of scatology and comic mime, and both deliver lines in racial slang largely incomprehensible to untuned alien ears.

Pryor's sketches here are flat, and tinged with a sourness and self-absorption

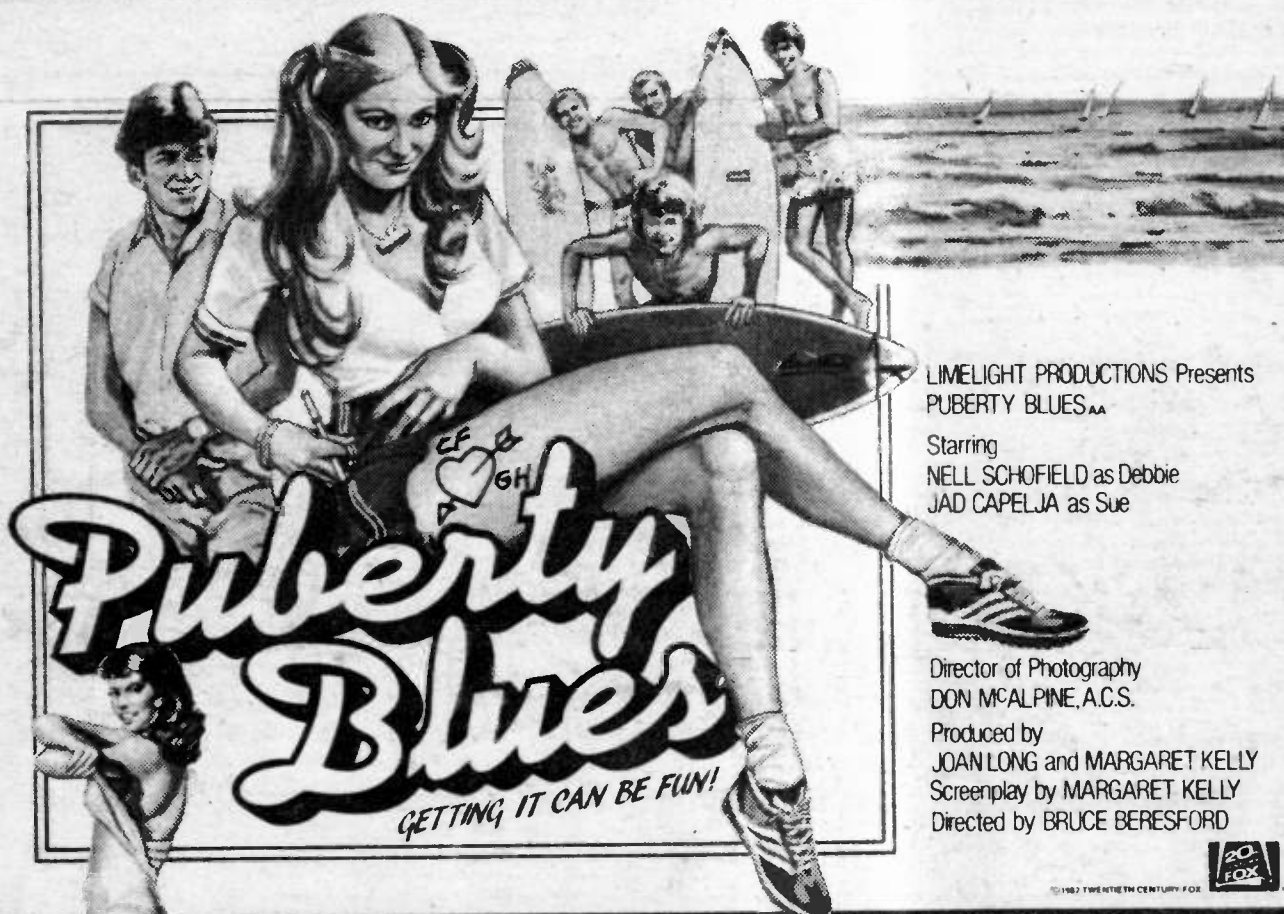
that kills spontaneous laughter but fails to achieve the caustic power of misanthropic comedy. It's a halfway house in which the laughs come partly from embarrassment and partly out of sympathy with Pryor's recent plight: the cut-away shots to healthy, hooting, Californicating faces show this quite clearly. They're egging him on, wishing him well, and only as an afterthought enjoying themselves.

Live On The Sunset Strip isn't comedy; it's a pep rally. Andy Gill

Richard Pryor
LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP
Irreverently funny! - DAILY MAIL
Black and blue comedy! - DAILY MIRROR
Fascinating but unsettling
- DAILY TELEGRAPH
Jokes go off like repeater fireworks!
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As nationalism strengthens in the post-Falklands euphoria, ANDREW TYLER interviews an ex-soldier who talks about the reality of being A Professional and fighting in Ulster. For obvious reasons, he has asked that his identity remains secret.

Poor old Britain. She rocks and she rolls, blood and malice pouring from the wounds of old empire.

We've seen extraordinary violence these past months; so much blood it hasn't been able to fit on the front pages. Riot and war (WAR!), spy leaks and incursions — as they're now called — into the Palace, Barry Prudholm, bent coppers by the thousand, Hyde Park, Regents Park. . . Vera Lynn.

You'd have thought Vera Lynn, frosted English rose, would have been laughed at in 1982. But did you see her leading the TV Falklands salute: the welling of such passions.

Vera Lynn, it turns out, is as crack up to date as Margaret Thatcher herself. Both can make the heart swell, can tap into that heavy tide of Union Jack nationalism that is as frighteningly close to the surface as it is unreasoning.

The Falklands factor might have waned by the next election but now that the skeleton of empire has been rattled we can be sure it will be rattled again to scare off any element that holds out against what's Best For Britain, not least the union wage traitors.

Meanwhile, we are being coerced into accepting that the Falklands war was the most marvellous in the recent history of this country. There has been no popular disavowal of this line. The quality dailies and Sundays, the BBC, all elements of the mass media have fostered a uniform lie that it has been somehow a clean, swift war unlike *real* war.

Even the blood of the Falklands has been a cause for song and smiles, or else for painless melodrama — the reunion scenes on the wharf, Hearts Of Oak swelling in the background.

There was a picture in the *Mirror* you might have seen which showed a line-up of returned warriors, one with half a leg missing, others with bits of face and hands blown off. They sat in a row smiling, their wounds proffered

to the readership for approval. The caption exhorted us to smile with them.

And then these poor bastards no doubt limped home for the rest of the gaudy reception, after which they fall back into the shadows, medals pinned to their chests, drinking pints they probably can't afford for the Old Country. This, the pox end of nationalism. Excepting for those for whom it was just a job in a bad climate.

I found it comic when the first boat came in and the anthems rang out. Then they put dozens of plastic flags up in the local pub. More boats came in. The books went out, the TV series. How lucky for the BBC that it doesn't have to go on winning and re-winning the Second World War now that there's new fuel for the patriotic fires.

More boats came in. More flags went up. More youth clamouring to join the armed forces and suddenly. . . it wasn't funny. There was suddenly the ghost of that other less swift war the day the bombs went off in Central London and people and horses were torn apart.

In the aftermath of that episode it was learnt we British prefer our wars far away. The mutilation of the South Atlantic in which 2,000 or more people died is an unpleasant if obscure fact for most of us. But Hyde Park was horror, brutal, insane. Papers such as the *Guardian* which had covered the Falklands in terms of a Biggles adventure now lingered over the grisly reality.

Mr. David McCulloch, who works at a building site across the road, was walking away from the bandstand when the bomb exploded: "I fell flat on my face when the blast hit me in the back," he said. "There was a hole in the middle of the stand and a soldier lying there with all his intestines hanging out. One man was cut in half."

Hyde Park might have taught us that war, whether it be to vouchsafe a last portion of empire across the Atlantic, or across the Irish Sea, is murderous. People are cut in half. Relatives grieve in whatever language. But it didn't teach us. So far the Falklands news has been so managed as to render the truth and the pain invisible.

But Ireland is closer. We should be able to find out what Ireland is about — the experience, for instance, of an average English youth who at 20 finds himself in Belfast's Ardoyne performing what he's led to believe is a peacekeeping task.

IN SHEFFIELD I discovered such a person. We'll call him Tommy. He is now aged 26, blonde, sharp blue eyes, a small muscular frame, frayed blue jeans, a nervous and persistent manner.

We met furtively on a concrete ramp under a wall in the city centre. As trucks roared by he told me his story. He was born in a southern naval town, one of a family of six to a petty officer and a housewife mother — "a typical working class background," as he describes it, that produced in him notions of white supremacy and loyalty to the flag.

His father witnessed the explosion of Britain's first nuclear bomb, on Christmas Island. "He physically crapped himself," says Tommy, "everybody did, even though the blast was miles away."

Dad left the navy for a factory job and got caught up straightaway in the country's longest-ever official strike. It broke his marriage.

Tommy became a boy soldier at 15 because school bored him and local job alternatives didn't appeal. He was assigned first to a junior tradesman's regiment in Rhyll; learnt signals and driving, climbed cliff faces, fired off guns, got his body and mind honed for the task to come and partook of strange masculine rites.

"You know, the various little cruelties like hanging you from beams, scrubbing your nipples with wire brushes, throwing bleach. . ." he suddenly looked at me as one who is apart; an un-initiate. Even now there were things that mustn't be said.

At 17 he was deemed a man soldier and assigned a professional regiment that, at the time, was serving in Ireland. He was put on hold for six months on Salisbury Plain — tank battles, more honing of adolescent slackness.

He joined his professional comrades at Gillingham and noticed the day he approached the gate an atmosphere at once more chilly and fraught. "This was the Professionals," he says, "no more boy soldiers."

After a year came action in what was then British Honduras — now Belize. A threat was divined from the Guatemalans. A spearhead battalion flew out, dug trenches in the jungle and returned unscathed.

Next came Cyprus where the Turks had just invaded and where one of his fellows got his head blown off by a farmer who took him for the enemy.

"He was 19 and the first death of a comrade. I think my reaction was very much Let's go out and get the bastard. He shot one of our mates. But you forget about it after a few days. It's just one of those things. He wasn't in our platoon. He was in a different section. I remember sunny beaches from Cyprus. Finishing work at 11 and lying on beaches all day. I suppose it was just another part of the world where imperialism had its interests."

Germany followed — "horrible, boring Germany". British soldiery cut a niche for itself there with ferocious drinking, whoring and fighting in local bars. Other times it would be training; battle exercises with the Americans that involved "thousands of troops and motorised battalions ploughing up the countryside. The farmers would get quite a lot of money for all this but I don't think they liked it that much."

As a signalman he operated command vehicles. It was a function that brought him into close contact with officers who in the main, he says, conformed to the Ealing Studio twit image.

"The majority, to put it bluntly, are thick in terms of having any commonsense. You'd have to pander to their whims; organise things in terms of what was going on on the battlefield. There were accidents, yes. People got run over by tanks. They fell out of helicopters, all those sorts of things."

THE TIP-OFF that he was going to Ireland came six months in advance of the actual posting. Training started the next day. Gun targets were shortened and took on the features of men. They were taught shoot-to-kill. One day there was a visit to an empty cinema for a morality play by a team of officers. It opened with a complacent soldier dying under a thunderclap from an enemy rifle. The audience shook rigid — "Right you lot! Wake up! There's a war on, and that's what we're training you for!"

In Germany, he says and somewhere near Dover too they have a Riot Village built on the lines of a place such as the Ardoyne. Men from other regiments take part dressed as the civilian enemy so that they might practise street patrols and the quelling of riots.

"It's not a fun and games thing," says Tommy. "Somebody will throw bricks or pinch your gun and a riot situation starts. The atmosphere is made as tense as possible."

No bullets are fired in this scenario but CS gas is pitched in and combatants frequently retire bloodied and puking.

They flew him to the real zone in an old prop Britannia. Straight off the plane he was into a four-ton truck, down to the Ardoyne, billeted in an old linen factory called Flax Street mill. By now it was occupied by the army, complete with a hi tech intelligence/operations centre, and a computer called Vengeance that told a man on the ground whether a passing car was stolen, or suspect, within a micro second.

Tommy, when not on patrol, performed 12 hour radio watch; again in the company of officers.

"That was the role the officer mainly played," he says. "Out on the streets it would be the men with corporals aged 22, 23 in charge of patrols."

The Ardoyne he describes as burnt out and poor, thick with barbed wire "like a very rough, very rough council housing estate you might see over here."

"You'd be walking with a gun that's loaded, kids playing around you in the streets and you think this is really strange. You've done all this training and you expect to see this horrible IRA enemy in every nook and cranny and really it's a community you're in, one that's obviously suffering from being repressed and isolated. And you patrol up and down the streets, four of you criss-crossing other patrols, doing your Monty Python silly walks to make yourself a hard target and you'll be looking up at windows thinking, Jesus it could come from anywhere; a very scary experience in a way but the way you appreciate it is, Well, it's too fucking late now because I'm here."

FOR A RESIDENT of the Ardoyne an army P check could come seven or eight times a day — name, address, where've you been, where are you going; every detail written down, every movement recorded.

A stranger, or a single strange event such as

an extra pint of milk on the doorstep, might alert intelligence. Maybe the data would be added to other scraps combining in sufficient quality to inspire a house raid.

"A pig (armoured vehicle) would fly into street and while patrols watch front and back the blokes jump out, kick the door down and get whoever it was. Maybe take them to the RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary) or the Crumlin Road jail for questioning."

Beatings in the back of the pig or a Land Rover, he says, were not uncommon. Usually it was undertaken by older soldiers who after several tours of duty had become embittered.

"Maybe you've heard stories before of what the Argylls did, the Southern Highlanders people like the paras. A Scottish regiment were involved in a recent trial where two of them were said to be going round the border areas hacking people to death with knives and things. And of course you get the para who would be vicious because there was no image to uphold; a level of toughness close to the SAS. But all we're talking about now is degrees of violence. Violence was there all the time."

(A booklet called *Silent Too Long* argues that the violence is not as one-sided — ie the IRA murdering Protestants and members of the security forces — as is popularly perceived. Published by "the combined families of victims of British loyalism" it points to "a



INSIDE OLIVER'S

vicious and continuous campaign of assassinations against the Catholic/Nationalist people waged by the British security forces and loyalist paramilitary groups."

And unlike the atrocities from the other side, says the booklet, this campaign is not officially recognised. "During the Long Kesh hunger strike of 1981 Margaret Thatcher and British and Unionist politicians constantly spoke of the victims of terror and said that the 2,000 plus deaths were attributable to the IRA. These remarks went unchallenged by television and newspaper reporters."

"The truth is that 119 innocent people (mostly Catholic) have been killed by British forces. 622 people (mostly Catholic) have been killed by loyalist paramilitary forces. Another 34 people were killed by loyalists in the early riots. 25 loyalists were blown up by their own bombs and 13 members of the security forces were killed by loyalists. The security forces have killed 83 IRA/INLA members and 13 loyalist paramilitary members."

A spokesman at the Northern Ireland Office answers that it is impossible to establish each time a death takes place whether the victim was of one faction or another, whether the cause was sectarian or non-sectarian. He was certain, however, that "the majority of 2,000 plus deaths have been caused by the IRA and INLA."

As to the security forces, he acknowledged, they were responsible for "200 or so" deaths — this according to a Government Parliamentary statement 18 months ago.)

In 1976 — a particularly bloody year — the role of Tommy and his regiment was called criminalisation. It was to isolate the republican movement from the broader Catholic community, to paint them as terrorists, to say "they're causing the war, sort of thing, and we just want to get out. But it was pretty obvious to us soldiers on the ground that it wasn't going to work."

He remembers leaning amicably on a garden fence and getting barked at by a woman so loudly he almost repeated in his paints what his father had done on Christmas Island.

"It's fucking ridiculous. You just know the whole community is behind getting the Brits

Continues page 40



OLIVER'S ARMY by Elvis Costello

Don't start me talking
I could talk all night
My mind is sleep-walking
While I'm putting the world to right
Hello, careers information
Have you got yourself an occupation

Oliver's army is here to stay
Oliver's army are on their way
And I would rather be
Anywhere else but here today

There was a Checkpoint Charlie
He didn't crack a smile
But it's no laughing party
When you've been on the murder mile
Only takes one inch of trigger
One more widow, one less white nigger

Oliver's army is here to stay
Oliver's army are on their way
And I would rather be
Anywhere else but here today

Hong Kong is up for grabs
London is full of dabs
We could be in Palestine
Over-run by the Chinese line
With the boys from the Mersey
And the Thames and the Tyne

Oliver's army is here to stay
Oliver's army are on their way
And I would rather be
Anywhere else but here today

But there's no danger
It's a professional career
Though it could be arranged
With just a word in Mr Churchill's ear
If you're out of luck or out of work
We can send you to Johannesburg

Oliver's army are here to stay
Oliver's army are on their way
And I would rather be
Anywhere else but here today

Lyrics courtesy of Plangent Visions Music Ltd.

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CRASS — THE CONCEPT

CRASS

Christ The Album (Crass)

WHAT'S GOING on here, for Crass-sake? I mean, a double-album boxed set? In its plush and stylish packaging (plain black container with discreet Crass symbol), this new artefact might look more at home on the hi-tech coffee table of a Barbican apartment than in some teeming anarchist squat. There's more than a hint of wind-up here, I guess, but who *really* knows the secret of the black magic box?

Only the inscriptions on the box-side betray the contents and persuade you that, no, nothing's really changed after all: a catalogue number of Bollox 2U2, and the ritual enjoinder to "pay no more than £5.00". Open the box, and once inside, it's business as usual — with a vengeance. Coming with one of those renowned and lurid posters, and a comprehensive 28-page booklet, 'Christ — The Album' amounts to the most complete Crass package yet delivered. It's both the ideal summary and the best introduction to the notorious life and crimes of Britain's foremost anarcho-punk bandit gang. The contents might infuriate, inspire, appall or merely bore you — but the total deal is so painstakingly thorough that it leaves you no

more room for misunderstandings. If you've got the least curiosity as to what these people are about — and I think you should have — enquire within.

To be exact, 'Christ — The Album' is just the first LP of the pair: 15 newly-recorded numbers. The second 12" is called 'Well Forked — But Not Dead' and comprises 25 tracks: a mix of live recordings, radio takes and assorted rarities. It takes in such Crassic-classics as 'Nagasaki Nightmare', 'Banned From The Roxy' and 'Do They Owe Us A Living?' ("course they fucking do!"). So taking the two together, you get a Crass-course update on the band's musical history, plus a conducted guide around their activities '82-style. The differences, it has to be said, aren't enormous.

Despite the signs of increasing refinement that've crept into the output (subtler recording, greater expertise) the essential Crass-attack hasn't changed in character. The tracks still rush and splutter, hearty bashes and nasty thrashes, a rasping, crashing torrent of disgust and indignation — characterised by Steve Ignorant's harsh and strangled vocal attack, over manic guitar, bass and drums.

At worst, you'll be exasperated by just how

Crass

wrong-headed and clumsy some of the onslaughts are. At best, on the other hand, there's always something exciting about such raw passion; anger which hits so hard that — if you're prepared to give it a listen at all — every idea in your head gets

shook up, violently. I've never come out the other end of the experience *agreeing* with Crass — but they challenge your cherished preconceptions so fiercely that you're absolutely forced to re-examine where you stand. And unless you can put

Illustration: Ian Wright

your opinions to this kind of test, I think, you've got no right to your opinions anyway.

Obviously, it's not pleasant listening, and I know I won't be playing this record very often, if at all. The occasional vocals of Joy De Vivre come

like an oasis of attraction amid the scorched-earth frenzy of the standard sound. Often more interesting are the snatches of dialogue compressed between tracks: news-bulletins, advertisements, Thatcher being sanctimonious about something or other, all squashed up in grotesque collages, the better to bring out Crass's sour satire. But for me, the main interest of 'Christ — The Album' comes with the booklet inside.

Densely-typed, professionally-produced, *A Series Of Shock Slogans And Mindless Token Tantrums*, as it's sardonically titled, sets out the group's reason for existing in a more lucid and palatable (and more effective) way than their music usually manages to do. Apart from the recording data and song-words (which, quite often, you can afford to use and so dispense with the records altogether), there's an extended essay by Crass drummer Penny Rimbaud (or Elvis Rimbaud, as he's taken to crediting himself).

Again, there's plenty to take issue with, but it's an impressively-written document. It's wide in scope, taking in a broad range of concerns — from a scornful tirade against Oi to the treatment of mental patients, or those officially defined as mental patients, and much more besides — and should serve to balance the monotonous bitterness which usually seems the only emotion they can convey through the songs. It's long been my criticism that if Crass really stand for something humane and positive — and they do — then the limited approach of the music, repetitively contemptuous, fails to give a rounded idea.

Bassist Pete Wright contributes a piece on education and mind-control, and Mick Duffield writes a considered analysis of the nuclear threat and nonviolent opposition to same. Reading the booklet in its entirety, it's impossible to come away preserving the protective shield of ignorance which so many people erect between themselves and what Crass really are.

Rummage through the wreckage — the black box holds some answers.

Paul Du Noyer



Jimmy Cliff

Pic: Saddri

CLIFF — THE SHADOW

JIMMY CLIFF

Special (CBS)

NOT QUITE as special as his previous album though, and in fact something of an overwrought disappointment. Whereas 'Give The People What They Want' merits kudos in respect of its spartan arrangement, a set of sovereign songs approached without affectation, this latest

offering suffers in comparison from laboured distraction: the heavy-fisted guitar of Ron Wood, for instance, making unpleasant and too frequent intrusion; a veritable Mahler of background harmonies echoing each meretricious chorus; pompous production in an archaic rock vein from wonderknob Chris Kimsey, late of the Rolling Stones. The

whole puts me in mind of Mr Cliff's similar unvaunted efforts for the likes of EMI in the mid '70s, the titles of which I have long since forgotten.

In their wisdom CBS have chosen one of the weakest songs on the album as a single. 'Roots Radical' comes across as spurious as its title, and quite as tedious as the

Roots Radics group's current stultifying music for Henry Lawes. While the similarly-paced title track is memorable mostly for the sentiments it steals from the catalogue of Mr Gregory Isaacs.

Speaking of stealing, I don't know what it is about Earl Zero that condemns him to the particular fate outlined below. A decade ago he writes a song entitled 'Enter Into His Gates With Praise' which he takes to the producer Bunny Lee, who promptly records his own artist Johnny Clarke singing it, and credits Clarke as the composer. Some years later, novelty rocker Jonathan Richman cuts an instrumental version of the same, which he entitles 'Egyptian Reggae', as written by one Jonathan Richman. Now Jimmy Cliff adapts Zero's great 'Please Officer' — "are you a warrior, you carry more guns than an aircraft carrier" — to his own lesser 'Peace Officer' — "are you a warrior, why are you carrying so much ammunition, more than an aircraft carrier." Composition for which Mr Cliff takes full credit!

Two tracks on the album that really are special. 'Treat The Youths Rights' is as judicious as its title, rides a loping rhythm and rhymes the familiar sentiment "what was hidden from the wise and prudent, now revealed to the babes and sucklings" with the ingenious and ingenuous "what was hidden from the high school student, now

revealed to the kids and ducklings". While the *fundae* based 'Originator' discovers Cliff adopting his idiosyncratic tenor vocal to declare "Some say go right, some say go left, I man say balance", in lieu of a song of some consummate beauty. Last year's single release 'Rub A Dub Partner' also merits approbation.

For the rest, 'Rock Children' falls far short of Rad Bryan's scintillating original, while the romantic reflections 'Love Heights', 'Where There Is Love' and 'Love Is All' are no way to rewrite 'Sitting In Limbo'. In the final analysis, a forward step backwards, a failure with reservations.

Penny Reel

GRAM PARSONS

Gram Parsons (Warners)

ELVIS COSTELLO understands country music, the moods which it lyricises and the spirit which it keeps up. This didn't stop 'Almost Blue', his Nashville album, from being an execrable affair, with The Attractions thinking that playing at being a country bar-room band meant forsaking delicacy and Elvis himself mis-reading the emotiveness of the music as simple bluesy crooning.

Hell, though, Costello is already making-up for this little venture with his selection of the best material from Gram Parsons' early '70s solo albums 'GP' and 'Grievous Angel'. The gist of Elvis' sleeve notes is that Parsons,

but for his squalid junkie death, would've been up there with Hank Williams — in fact listening to cuts like 'Hearts On Fire', 'Hickory Wind' and 'In My Hour Of Darkness', he probably already is. It was Emmylou Harris who helped him get there: her own solo work may be something of a turn-off, but there's little that's more sublime than her duets with Parsons — listen to 'Love Hurts'.

Although Parsons never enjoyed big success in his own lifetime, he managed to shake up country music and give edge to its melancholy — much more so than thinking outlaw types like Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. Unlike them he didn't resort to macho posturing to compensate for any sensitivity: he let that vulnerable voice stand up for itself.

Parsons' background was partly a rock one, with spells in The Burrito Brothers and Byrds, a fact which Costello is very dismissive about. Wrongly, I think, because a song like '\$1000 Wedding' would be less great without its uptempo middle, where the style is rocking rather than the shit-kicking barn-dance one of 'Las Vegas' and 'Cash On The Barrelhead'. Don't let's split hairs, though: Elvis has chosen well, and what he says about Harris and Parsons singing in unison can be applied to all of this album. "If it should fail to move you — then you have a big problem".

Paul Tickell

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BENGT BERGER

Bitter Funeral Beer (ECM)

A FASCINATING cross-cultural exercise which filters the unrestrained emotions of African funeral ceremonies through the more usually glacial sensibilities of Swedish jazz musicians, being a series of pieces by the unfortunately named Berger based on funeral music from several Ghanaian tribes.

'Bitter Funeral Beer' itself is the most mournful track here, featuring authentic African wailing against a backdrop of harrowing horns; but for the most part Berger, aided by Don Cherry and a battalion of musicians from the Stockholm collective A Lifetime Memory, opts for celebration rather than sadness. 'Blekete', a polyrhythmic percussion interlude, leads into 'Chetu' and 'Tongsi', which scatter shafts of bright trumpet (Cherry) around the funeral shadows in preparation for the side-long 'Darafo/Funeral Dance' which follows, an uptempo breeze of high-life style which bears comparison with the best indigenous sounds. The most accomplished ECM for quite some while, and certainly the most involving.

Andy Gill

SEARCH

Search 1 (Philly World)

AT LAST! Every single funk cliché now available on one album! Search... and destroy.

Charles Shar Murray

ROY WOOD

The Singles (Speed)

"ALL THE major hit songs written by the legendary Roy Wood" claims this album's press-blurb. Wrong. There are several Roy Wooden successes not to be found here, like 'Curly' and 'I Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day'. And some of the things which are there, mainly the recent releases, couldn't be called hits at all. (Hands up who remembers Roy Wood's Helicopters?) Still, 15 songs, from '68 to '82, and that's not bad at all. From The Move's nasally pseudo flower power ('Blackberry Way') through Wizzard's galumphing sub-Spector nostalgia ('See My Baby Jive') to the newer but cute obscurities ('Green Glass Windows'), the man's peculiar pop charm rarely fails him. I don't believe Roy Wood's really "legendary", but at least I hope he's rich.

Paul Du Noyer

MICHAEL ROTHER

Fernwarme (Polydor Import)

'KATZENMUSIK', Rother's last LP for the Sky label, showed him veering towards territory usually occupied by Hank B. Marvin and The Shadows: unassuming, delicate, but pleasant nonetheless. This time round, he's sounding more like Cluster, tracks such as 'Elfenbein' and 'Klangkörper' being slow, dour, minimalist variants on his usually lush, psychedelic overdub technique, but lacking both the flaming heart and strength of melody of earlier tunes like 'Fontana Di Luna'. A past master at the art of constructing high-class muzak, Rother here has achieved something approaching perfection of a kind: a truly unaffected record, one whose music excites not a single emotion, implying nothing save the logicity of its progression. And it's not even produced by Trevor Horn!

Andy Gill

ADRIAN LEE

The Magician (DJM)

AN EXHIBITION of hackneyed robot dance from the ex-keyboards player with Toyah is just the sort of thing I'm into these days. Get the picture disc and put it on the wall to cover up all those nasty blu-tack marks.

Amrik Rai

PLUNKY AND THE ONENESS OF JUJU

Every Way But Loose (Buddah)

'EVERY WAY But Loose' (the single) was a smooth, undulating slice of dance nirvana that topped the American disco charts for over a month. It deserved its success, which is more than can be said of the album of the same name, produced by old Plunky himself with the aid of his bass-bossing sidekick Muzi Nkabinde.

Plunky and company play medium hard funk with distinct West African and Afro-Caribbean leanings, but nowhere on the album does the fusion work as fluently as on the single, included here as a US remix. Hardly a wholly recommendable album, although future JuJu 45s should still be worth that second glance.

Adrian Thrills

MISSING PERSONS

What's Wrong With A Tune You Can Whistle (Less Records)

MISSING PERSONS sound like they should have 'Farm' in their name, and be recording their second session for John Peel. Boisterous and happy.

Leyla Sanal

HENRY KAISER

Aloha (Metalanguage)

A DOUBLE album by experimental guitarist Kaiser, better known for his duet escapades with Fred Frith. Side three's multi-tracked guitar-noise collage 'Aloha Gamera' is the most interesting thing here, sounding like a drunken elephant piloting a spaceship full of rabid witches into the sun, but the LP will sell (if at all) on the strength of side four's bluesy Beefheartian excursions which utilise, amongst others, The Great John French on drums. One of Kaiser's shorter solo improvisations, '945', is described by San Franciscan poet Tom Mandel, in his liner notes, as "upper register SE Asian wo/ow into slack key back door back through Paki 'banjo' of dentist drill sincerity. Ship plucks bottle."

That seems to cover it...

Andy Gill



CANDI STATON

Suspicious Minds (Sugar Hill)

CANDI STATON has a strong, but unexceptional, voice. She really needs good songs and a sensitive production to make her music work; and on 'Suspicious Minds' she gets neither.

The LP is a bitter disappointment. Producer Dave Crawford is the man who made 'Young Hearts Run Free', but here he fails utterly to recapture that graceful float and sting, putting in its place a wheezy, hissing, clumping background clutter that suffocates the record from first to last. Mind you, it could be an act of mercy — most of these songs are so unspeakably bad, they don't deserve to live.

'Count On Me' is honourably excepted, but that's already familiar as a 12". As for the rest, the less said the better. For the label that began with a bang and a Flash, 'Suspicious Minds' is a pretty damp squib.

Graham Lock



Malaria

Pic: Edo

MADCHEN IN UNIFORM!

MALARIA!

Emotion (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)

DAUGHTERS OF Fritz Lang and Scott Walker, brooding Berliners Malaria! form the direct link between Metropolitan angst and the violent turbulence of the soul. I think Malaria! in the same mindspan as Wagner and Lou Reed, within which love and death commune through deep passions that consume and eventually destroy. Or at the very least scar. Treasure such wounds.

In Malaria!'s case it's revealing that *Leidenschaft* (German for passion) springs from the word for sorrow. Once love fades into familiarity, it takes some such tragedy — be it just a bitter break up — to wrest us from the crushingly mundane motion of making ends meet; and though it would be patently foolish to actively

court grief, it would be equally silly to deny its ability to unsettle when it comes. The 'Emotion' of Malaria! rightly esteems such shifts in mental balance.

'Emotion' is the shared experience of five girls dressed in black and locked in a cell, where they reveal to each other their loves, obsessively pick them over, work them up into grand desire and then refine them into songs that are suffocating in the intensity of their embrace, frightening in their refusal to disguise those longings that make most of us feel ashamed. From the sensuous gloom of their room, they peer through barred windows at the world outside.

What they see hardly inspires yearning, but it does account for one of the LP's few moments of irony. In 'Human Being' — the German of which is sometimes stated as a mild curse *Mensch!* — Bettina Koster's

extraordinarily stirring dark voice emerges from the banter of computer games and giddily spinning rhythms to clearly map out the *Metropolis* existence Malaria! gladly avoid:

"Morning I am tired waiting at the bus stop going to my factory and there I work/In the evening the bus takes me home again and I have my leisure time/It's nice in the evening after working in the day in my factory/I'm tired in the evening but it's nice because it's leisure time..."

Passion perverts such soul destroying order. Its power is necessarily anti-social. Possessed by it, people act according to their own intuitions, they no longer even notice society's normal constraints on behaviour. Of course, the tumult it brings carries its own dangers, most of them directed inwards rather than out.

Malaria! understand this but nevertheless they'd rather invoke uncontrollable urges

than feel nothing at all, even if these manifest themselves as often in acts of aggression as displays of affection.

'Emotion' is a music single-minded in its commitment to the notion of passion. It's a brilliantly tight, heady and claustrophobic LP which — through the seductive curves of its circular rhythms, from which cloudy tangential melodies/meshes of sax and synth form — sucks you into a vortex of desire and ambition, lust and resentment, sorrows beyond dreams.

'Emotion' is Malaria!'s pledge of love, and woe betide anyone who betrays it. A key song, 'Jealousy's' intimation of vengeful murder is a sombre warning to those contemplating only a brief encounter. Malaria! are about love-death pacts. 'Emotion' is a *Liebestod* for the '80s.

In other words, love it to death or not at all. See you on the other side.

Chris Bohn

HABIT FORMING

THELONIOUS MONK

Genius Of Modern Music Vols 1 & 2 (Blue Note)

Thelonious Monk Memorial Album (Prestige)

WHEN THELONIOUS Monk died this year he'd left the piano alone for ten years, as if he knew all had already been said. These records, two forming part of the Blue Note reissue programme and one a specific tribute, are full of '40s and '50s music of such intrigue and complexity they constitute baffling, exhausting adventures. Monk's music was as fascinating and impenetrable as silence.

The two Blue Notes should be a keynote in any post-bop thesis. Monk's hand in the birth of bop is unclear — the 1947 tracks that fill the first and fill out the second bear scant resemblance to the contemporary Parker and Powell sessions. The velocity slows, the harmonics diverge and the most wilful and outlandish humour is manifested: Monk was already into the next stage.

The six trio cuts are most characteristic of him — a listen to the piecemeal fragmentation of 'Off Minor', tumbling to an arbitrary stop, or the impervious flattening of a sweet standard like 'April in Paris' is constantly bewildering. Trademarks

become familiar — the oblique roll down the keyboard, a treble ivory struck as if to squash a bug, phrasing made frugal enough to give pauses equal status — until the paranormal has supplanted the natural order and we're through the looking-glass.

Although many of the later, horn-bolstered tracks seem rather perfunctory treatments this is the premier repository of jazz composition. Improvisers can study and develop a lifetime on Monk's 19 tunes here. His reading of 'Thelonious' is almost enough on its own: a cantankerous line that seems to twin anxiety and naivety sets him off on a cakewalk that turns into Harlem stride before buckling into the most intangible shapes.

The four sides of the Milestone set travel across his albums for Prestige and Riverside in the '50s, all excellently recorded by Orrin Keepnews, who contributes some fine sleeve notes. The stellar list of sidemen and the awful troubles they had in sorting out the music show how distant Monk was from his colleagues: hardly anybody, except vibist Milt Jackson and Art Blakey, read Monk's moves to their advantage.

Take 'Epistrophe'. The 11 minute version here includes John Coltrane and Coleman



Thelonious Monk

Hawkins among the horns — 'Trane puts together a solo that fits but which he clearly has no control over, while Hawk twice starts too early and is reduced to stating the theme to calm his nerves. Monk simply glowers at the piano. It's extremely serious and wildly funny.

He was a gentle and home-loving man. His treatment of 'I'm Getting

Sentimental Over You' is not so much sarcastic as unrequited: ordinary ballads were alien planets in Monk's universe. The one solo track, a deeply committed trace on his beautiful 'Round Midnight' confirms his human warmth.

If you have these, plus the solo Milestone recital 'Pure Monk', then you have a fair set of the Complete Genius.

Richard Cook

BACK FROM THE DEAD?

RUTS DC

Rhythm Collision (Bohemian)

REMEMBER THE best single to hit the punky turntable in 1979? Remember that emotive blast from the People Unite label? Let me remind you: "If you're in a rut, you gotta get out of it, out of it. OUT OF IT."

And the flip side? "You're so young / you take smack for fun / It's gonna screw your head / you're gonna wind up DEAD."

Yes of course you do. How could anyone forget the disastrous irony of The Ruts' first single? It wasn't only Malcolm Owen that died either — the spirit of that band was also unceremoniously snuffed out.

Sure, the DC version continued to pound their distant drums against the nearest brick walls but, stuck in the abysmal rut of the Virgin cash 'n' carry trading policy and glued permanently with THAT stigma, Ruts DC was an ultimately hopeless cause.

Now, close to a year after what seemed to be a permanent and overdue demise, Ruts DC return with a swagger in their stride and 'Rhythm Collision' on their lapels: a powerful statement of future intentions and past betrayals.

'Rhythm Collision' tunnels deep into the Southall roots that spawned the original Ruts, borrows a space and an echo from Misty, steals a ghost sax from Dave Winthrop, begs a harmonica

from Mitt and leaves the rest in the dreadified control of Mad Professor. He stirs up the militant action, Ruts DC add a dash of voice and a lot of guts.

'Whatever We Do' is the housewarming party for Bohemian Records, the Ruts DC's own label, a lulling, rock-steady beat overdubbed with a nagging, grating and doggedly insistent harmonica. A big two-fingered salute to Virgin Records' own reggae policy (demised).

"Your future hangs in the balance / Your kingdom might never come." 'Militant' instils its message over a throbbing bass and clicking, clocking rhythms that tick tick under an urgent production. John Segs, David Ruffy and Paul Fox (Ruts DC) play the well-versed, strictly rehearsed dub musketeers effecting / affecting their caustic stance.

'Push Yourself — Make It Work' is the new Ruts DC manifesto. They push their heady convictions before them with an almost arrogant determination. Handclapping effects march in time to punch the funk into dub and make it work. Then flip over to 'Accusation' and 'Pleasures Of The Dance' for an exhibition that's more overtly experimental. Add a dash and slow it down and dub it anywhere you can. Wind them up and watch those rhythms reel and spin.

It's important that you listen to the sound and feel of 'Rhythm Collision'; it'd been an injustice if this record did nothing more than raise patronising eyebrows.

Amrik Rai



Hugh Mundell

Pic: Jean-Bernard Sohiez

HUGH MUNDANE

FREDDIE MCGREGOR

Big Ship (Greensleeves)

HUGH MUNDANE

Mundell (Greensleeves)

JOHNNIE OSBOURNE

Never Stop Fighting (Greensleeves)

IS THIS some kind of conspiracy? Three of my favourite reggae singers, all blessed with voices that can easily wheedle cash from my pocket, make three albums of shoddy quality.

It starts with a drought of songs.

Just for fun, I skipped my way through the side that starts with Mr. Jogging's current hit, 'Big Ship'. Sure enough, practically each song on the side fitted in, with all the close-fitting melodies fitting like so many harmonologic harmonies! Kinda cute, in a way — but it means that although any tune could sound OK heard in isolation at a party, hearing them in succession is as baffling as meeting six identical twins in a row.

I listened to these albums again and again. I hope you never have to hear them as often. I searched for beauty like any gold prospector, treasuring every grain — like Osbourne's 'Freelance Lover' or McGregor's 'Don't Play The Fool.' (At least Mundell offers more moments than the others, with some heavy extended dubs).

I tried the game on different days, at different times and weathers, in case different moods moulded my hearing. But I got bored in the end; and so might you.

I spent some time wondering why three of JA's greatest singers were in such a pathetic plight. Osbourne and Mundell were both produced by Henry 'Junjo' Lawes, who's dominated reggae for three years or so now; all three LPs are backed by the equally heavy monopoly of the Roots Radics Band. Conceivably all these overworked individuals are suffering from sleeping sickness induced by boredom at doing the same thing every day indefinitely.

If so, I wish they'd wake up.

Vivien Goldman



Al Green

Pic: Alain de la Mata

SEXUAL SALVATION

AL GREEN

100 Minutes of Al Green (PRT Cassette)

AT THE Age of 17 Al Green was thrown out of his home and family gospel group when his father found him listening to a Jackie Wilson record. A rural boy raised on baptist fire and fervour, wooed in his teens by the sharpness and identity offered by the sound of the city, he was the last of the great thoroughbred soulmen (Sam Cooke, James Brown and Otis Redding just some of the others). Like those before him the duality of his musical upbringing was to characterise his finest recordings.

With producer arranger Willie Mitchell, Green took the Stax sound of the '60s and re-shaped it to fit his own vocal magic. For most of the '70s he reigned supreme. Using a rhythm section as precise and full-bodied as The MGs, Mitchell brought The Memphis Horns upfront where they punctuated or counterpointed Green's vocals, which would ease in beside dazzling but tastefully understated string arrangements. The sound was ripe, cool and assured but the signifying instrument, the one that invested all the others with meaning was Green's voice, a voice like no other.

To many, especially when he accumulated a string of million-selling singles ('Let's Stay Together', 'I'm Still In Love With You' and 'L.O.V.E.' among those included here), he was the heir apparent to Otis Redding, but really their talents and approaches were vastly different. Where Otis was gritty and demonstrative, Green was lithe and sensual: they both had supremely powerful voices but Redding's swept you up with surging force or dynamics, whereas Green's enveloped you in a magical flow with an awesome control over its phrasing, projection and tone.

Unlike the smooth soul smoochers who succeeded him in the '70s Green was a truly special singer, his genius lying in an ability to suddenly remodulate his pitch or turn a phrase and wring more feeling from a song than seemed possible. Often, as with the toe-curling note he holds on Roy Orbison's 'Oh Pretty Woman' or the piercing falsetto plea that follows the line "Sometime I hold out my arms and I go..." on 'Tired Of Being Alone', it would blow the listener clean away.

Although it was impeccably presented pop there was no denying the inbred gospel conviction that lay at the centre of Green's

music. But it was the reconciliation between the two elements that made it so fascinating. Green took the approach of a rural gospel preacher: songs like 'Sha La La', 'Let's Get Married', and his version of Jerry Butler's 'I Stand Accused' are sermons where he's looking for sanctity, but whether he was pleading or yearning or foxy or playful the answer always lay in sex, not religious salvation. In Al Green's world sex was salvation and his voice and his records exuded it: sex as something shameless and totally fulfilling.

It's hard to fault this cassette-only release when it includes songs like 'Tired Of Being Alone', the lusty blues version of The Temptations' 'I Can't Get Next To You', or the glorious 'Take Me To The River.' But on PRT's part it is a lazily put-together compilation, being nothing more than a slight reshuffle of the 'Spotlight On' set which they released 18 months back. The man and his audience could have been better served — the outstanding 'Call Me' album, for instance, is all but ignored (the title track and the consummate musical achievement of 'Funny How Time Slips Away' painfully absent).

The tape includes 'Belle', the title track of Green's 1978 LP, his first without Willie Mitchell, the record that also marked his return to sacred music and an ensuing artistic decline. 'Belle' itself is fine but the line "Belle, it's you that I want but it's him that I need" spelt it out: the co-existence that his music had revolved around was over and, inevitably, he'd opted for the spirit rather than the flesh. Perhaps Green's partnership with Mitchell had run its course but his failure after 'Belle' has been to produce music that makes the same demands and produces performances of the sterling calibre of his golden years.

Sadly, Al Green seems to have come home to roost for good now; it's unlikely we'll ever hear his voice reach the height it once did.

Last year he released an LP called 'Higher Plane' which consisted of entirely religious songs. Don't get me wrong, some of the finest music I've heard recently has been pure gospel stuff, but Al Green wasn't exerting himself like The Swanee Quintet or The Soul Stirrers once did, he just sounded a lot older, richer and more complacent than he'd ever sounded. There was nothing remotely as good as the best performances on this cassette. But then again, there'll never be anything quite like the best performances on here.

Gavin Martin

MR HEAD POTATO

RANDY CALIFORNIA

Euro-American (Beggars Banquet)

ALRIGHT: I know you wouldn't be seen dead with a hairstyle like that. Okay: he is a bit of an old hippy. And sure, he does fall back on the old axe-hero poses now and again. But none of these is any excuse for ignoring Randy California. Even his name is no excuse for ignoring Randy California.

RC's regular group is Spirit, makers of such cult goodies as 'Twelve Dreams Of Doctor Sardonius' (1970) and

'Potatoland' (1982); but his solo work isn't especially different — he's even backed here by original Spirit personnel. The album's divided (for reasons which remain obscure to me) into two sides, "American" and "European", and the second one demonstrates why I think he's more than just some surrogate-Ted Nugent bare-chested guitar-scruncher.

While the first side comes down to run-of-the-treadmill hard rock 'n' raunch, with few echoes of Randy's classic past achievements, the Euro-side displays more scope for his melodic romanticism: 'This Is The End' has him tra-la'ing some straight Pilot-style pop, while 'Mon Ami' reveals him as the dreamer he's always seemed to be at heart. 'Hand Gun (Toy Gun)' (with lyrics strangely altered from his

performances of same on OGWT last year) nicely undercuts his macho stance with some humane and essentially decent sentiments about shooting people and how basically undesirable that pastime is.

So what else is new? Well, not a lot. The closing version of 'Wild Thing' reminds us that California (the man) isn't a whole lot more updated than California (the place), being but little removed from the hey-day of Jimi Hendrix. Yet... yet with an open mind and a few pound notes, you could discover there are hours in your life when a little Randy comes in handy. And fact: Randy California is "red" Ken Livingstone's favourite rock performer (something to do with RC's support for the GLC no-nuke campaign, I daresay). Ignore him at your peril!

Paul Du Noyer

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● **Betty Carter**, acclaimed by many as one of the world's greatest jazz singers, now has her own Bet-Car label distributed in the UK by IMS. Three albums are released immediately — the 1979 live double, 'The Audience With Betty Carter', plus two single LPs, both titled 'Betty Carter', from earlier in the '70s.

● **Imagination's** 'Flashback', Jesse Green's 'Nice And Slow', Sinnamon's 'Thanks To You', and others by Roni Griffith, Oneness Of Juju, Touchdown, Decoupage, Search, Fonda Rae, Savanna and K.I.D. are included on PRT's double package, 'Bumper 2 Bumper', which emerges on the Calibre label this week. A disco special, the album features some US remixes.

● **Typhoon Saturday**, a four piece from Sheffield, release 'I Have Love', their third single, through Polydor on September 3.

● **Tik And Tok's** version of the Lovin' Spoonful classic 'Summer In The City' comes out on Survival Records this week. Produced by ex-Metro man Peter Godwin, the disc will be available in both 7" and 12" versions.

● **Dead Or Alive** release a new single on August 20, 'The Stranger' / 'Some Of That', through their own Black Eyes label, distributed by Rough Trade. The group, who've just announced the departure of keyboard player Martin Healey, will be playing at the Liverpool Warehouse on August 21.

● **Simple Minds'** first three albums — 'Life In A Day', 'Reel To Real Cacophony', 'Empires And Dance', plus the compilation 'Celebrations' have all been acquired by Virgin Records and are to be re-released in a special price range. All four albums were previously owned by Ariola-Arista. Virgin are also shortly planning to release a new Simple Minds album, titled 'New Gold Dream '81, '82, '83, '84'.

● **Praying Mantis**, the heavy heroes who play London's Marquee on August 24, just prior to their Reading Festival appearance, have signed to Jet Records, and have an EP out on August 27. Tracks are 'Tell Me The Nightmare's Gone' / 'A Question Of Time' / 'Turn The Tables' / 'Give Me A Reason'.

● **O.K. Jive**, who earlier this week played an 'African Evening' at London's Sadlers Wells Theatre, release a new EP single titled 'Anyway' on August 27. It's the first the band have cut since signing new bassist Bonaventura Wanda.

● **Blackfoot**, special guests at this year's Reading Festival, have a new 'live' single released by WEA Records on August 27. Titled 'Highway Song', the track was cut during the band's London gig earlier this year. An album 'Highway Song — Blackfoot Live' is likely to surface next month.

● **Iggy Pop's** 'Run Like A Villain', Gun Club's 'Fire Of Love' and Walter Steding's 'Secret Spy' are the first three Animal Records singles to be released in the UK through Chrysalis. Animal, a label formed by Blondie guitarist Chris Stein, has also signed James White And The Blacks and Snaky Tate And The Confessions. The singles are to be rush-released this week (20) while the first Animal albums, by Iggy, Gun Club and James White are scheduled for September.

● **Spizz Energi II** — featuring Jim Solar, Pete Petrol, Brian B. Benzine and C.S. Gas — have recorded a new single, 'Jungle Fever' / 'The Meaning', which Rough Trade is to release this Friday (20). The disc will be the seventh independent single by Spizz, who also provided another four through A&M.

● **The Hollies'** 'He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother' is the first of a series of classic singles to be reissued by EMI. The series, called 'Past Masters', gets underway on August 16, future releases including **Gerry And The Pacemakers'** 'Ferry Cross The Mersey' (August 31) and **Manfred Mann's** 'Do Wah Diddy Diddy' (September 13). All these reissues will be released with their original B-sides.

● **Gerry Rafferty** comes up with a new album — his first for two years — on September 13. Titled 'Sleepwalking' it will be preceded by a single 'Sleepwalking' / 'When I Rest', scheduled for August 16 release.

● **John Du Prez**, the trumpet player with Modern Romance, has 12" version of 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White' out on MCA this week. The number was originally a hit for mambo star Perez Prado, who performed it the 1955 movie *Underwater*.

Hall and Oates, SLF tours

Odyssey's disco nights

ODYSSEY, whose recent disco hit 'Inside Out' reached the Top Ten, have now confirmed details of their British tour, which commences at Watford on September 28.

Full dates are: Watford Balloons (September 27-30 and October 1 and 2), Manchester Golden Garter (4-9) Birmingham Nite Out (11), Poole Arts Centre (12), Oxford Apollo Theatre (13), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (14), Warrington Spectrum Arena (15), Chippenham Gold Diggers (16), Croydon Fairfield Halls (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Sheffield Lyceum (20), London Dominion (21 and 22), Southport Theatre (23), Nottingham Commodore Suite (25), and Windsor Blazers (26-30). A single, 'Magic Touch', taken from the 'Happy Together' album, will be released to tie-in with the group's arrival. It will be available both as a 7" and a 12", the 7" coming in a special picture bag.

HALL AND OATES head for Britain once more in October, when they play dates at Edinburgh Playhouse (October 12), Southport Theatre (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Birmingham Odeon (15) and London Hammersmith Odeon (17, 18 and 19). London tickets are priced £7.50 while those for other shows are set at £6.00.

THE BLUES BAND set out on a major UK tour early next month, before singer Paul Jones gets involved with autumn stage productions, which will restrict the band's activities for a while. The outing coincides with the release of their fourth album, and the first to feature new drummer Rob Townsend — titled 'Brand Loyalty' it's issued by Arista on September 3. Their tour schedule, which includes their first headlining appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon, comprises:

Ayr Odeon (September 6), Glasgow Tiffany's (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Newcastle Mayfair (9), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (12), Reading Hexagon (14), Brighton Top Rank (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (17), Sheffield Lyceum (18), Birmingham Odeon (20), Middlesbrough Town Hall (21), Manchester Rotters (22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Oxford Polytechnic (24), Huddersfield Polytechnic (October 1), Aylesbury Friars (2) and Bristol Locarno (3).



STIFF LITTLE FINGERS stretch their stiff little legs in October as they head out on an extensive UK tour encompassing 28 towns. The tour, which has been dubbed 'Out Of Our Skulls', kicks off at Dunstable Queensway Hall (October 3) after which come gigs at Portsmouth Guildhall (4), Chippenham Rock Theatre (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Hull City Hall (8), Grimsby Central Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Mansfield Leisure Centre (14), Bradford St George's Hall (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Bristol Locarno (17), Brighton Top Rank (18), Bangor University (22), Cardiff University (23), Reading University (26), Sheffield Lyceum (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Dundee University (30), Poole Arts Centre (November 1), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (2), Norwich University of East Anglia (3), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Aylesbury Friars (5), Dublin TV Club (8) and Belfast Whitley Hall (9).

A single, 'Bits Of Kids' / 'Stands To Reason' is being issued on August 27, this being made available both as a 7" and as a 12", the latter only costing 30p more than the average price of its smaller cousin. An album is due to appear in September.

DUDU PUKWANA, Harry Beckett, Chris Biscoe, Harrison Smith, Pete Thomas, Lucky Ranku, Mervyn Africa, Ron Herman and Alan Jackson are among those forming a big band version of Jazz Afrika, which Julian Bahula will be leading at London's 100 club this Friday (20).

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS and Subhumans provide the double-bill at London's Moonlight Club next Monday (23). The following Friday (27) Flux join Dirt and The System for a triple-header at Gravesend's Red Lion Pub, before moving onto Bishop Stortford's Triad where they once more renew acquaintance with The System (30).

C. P. LEE'S one-man show 'M'Lords, M'Ladies — Lord Buckley opens at London's Old Red Lion Theatre, Islington, for a three-week run, on August 25. The show, which starts at 9.30 each evening, is directed by Charlie Hanson of the Black Theatre Workshop.



'All of Yazoo.

Pic: Peter Anderson.

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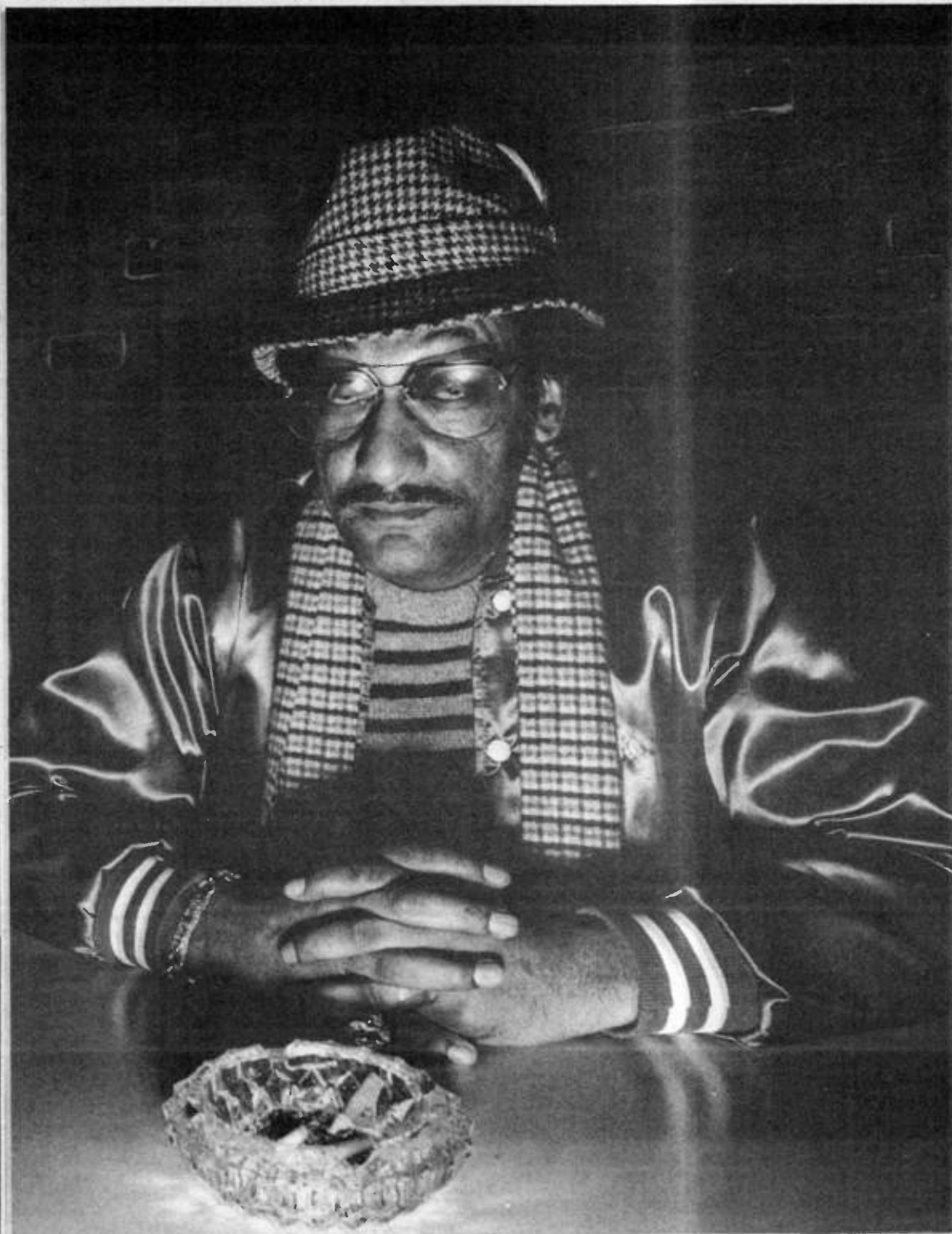
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The Four Tops' Abdul Fakir in the seventh room of gloom.

Pic: Adrian Boot.

Four in a Tops spin

THE FOUR TOPS, purveyors of a string of chart hits earlier this year, return to Britain shortly to embark on a tour that commences at Liverpool Empire on Sunday, October 17. Other confirmed dates are Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Aberdeen Capitol (23), Batley New Frontier (25 and 26), Chippenham Gold Diggers (27), London Dominion (29 and 30), Stockport Davenport Theatre (November 1), Lewisham Concert Hall (2), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Eastbourne Congress (4) and Southampton Gaumont (5). Two gigs in Ireland are being planned for mid-October while dates on October 31 and November 6 are still to be filled. Ticket prices will be announced shortly.

MIKE OLDFIELD has switched the two opening dates on his forthcoming tour and now plays Oxford Apollo on October 15, instead of October 5, while the Sheffield City Hall gig, originally scheduled for October 6, now takes place on October 10. Also an extra date has been added at Birmingham Odeon, which Oldfield will play on both October 12 and 13.

A new Oldfield single, 'Mistake', produced with the aid of David Hentschell, comes out this week, but Richard Branson's favourite multi-instrumentalist is planning an all-out studio onslaught for the near future — Oldfield's current ambition being to record two albums at the same time. And a remake of 'Tubular Bells' may also be in the offing. You have been warned!

U.K. DECAY play two dates in support of their recently released 'Rising From The Dread' 12" and as a prelude to a full Autumn tour to be shortly announced. Gigs are at St Albans Civic Hall on August 27, where the support is Danse Society, and at London's Klub Foot on September 9, where Sex Gang Children and Blood And Roses form the full supporting bill.

GAZZA'S BLUES ROCKERS, an R&B outfit headed by Gazza Mayall, son of the Bluesbreaker man, appears at the Arts Theatre Club, in London's Great Newport Street on August 24. Admission is £2.50.

DOLLY MIXTURES, Walking Wounded and alternative comedian Jim Barclay are the attractions at the Sizewell Stomp, an anti-Nuke gig being held at London's Poplar Civic Hall on Saturday, September 4 — entrance £2.00 or £1.00 if in possession of a UB40. The actual Stomp, a march from East London to Sizewell, in East Anglia, sets off next day.

TICKETS for the forthcoming Anti Nowhere League/Meteors/Defects gig at London's Lyceum on August 29, were stolen from Klub Foot last week. The tickets, which are blue and priced £3.00, come from a numbered sequence known to the promoters and anyone in possession of these dubious assets will be refused admittance at the venue. Punters therefore should only buy gig tickets from authorised outlets — the Lyceum box office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Rock On Records, or from Klub Foot during club hours.

PYRAMID, Echo Base and Kabuki, all Birmingham based outfits, are putting on a benefit show to help save Digbeth's Boot Nightshelter, a temporary emergency accommodation shelter for 16-25 year olds, which is threatened with closure because of social service cuts. The concert which is due to take place at Moseley's 2,000-seater Carlton Cinema on Saturday, September 11, will also feature UB40, while other leading rock acts from the area, such as Duran Duran, Fashion and The Beat, have indicated that they would like to be involved in some way.

THE JAM this week announced some amendments to the ticket outlets for their forthcoming mini-tour. Tickets for the Whitley Bay Ice Rink gigs on September 28 and 29 are now available from the Ice Rink, Newcastle City Hall Box Office; Image Records South Shields; Spinning Disc, Sunderland; Gateshead Leisure Centre; Music Box, Blyth; Musicore, Durham and Hamilton's Middlesbrough, while those for the Leeds Queen Hall show on September 30, may be obtained from Queens Hall Box Office; Virgin Records, Leeds; HMV Shop, Bradford; Sound Effects, York; Virgin Records, Sheffield; Cavendish Travel, Sheffield and Middlesbrough; and Gough and Davy, Hull. Tickets at both venues are priced £5.00.

THEATRE OF HATE, Southern Death Cult and Under Two Flags play a special gig at Sheffield Polytechnic on Wednesday, September 1.

● continues over



Yazoo's kind of climber

YAZOO, whose 'Only You' and 'Don't Go' singles recently topped the NME indie charts, release their first album on August 23. Titled 'Upstairs At Eric's', it's on the Mute label and was produced by E. C. Radcliffe and Yazoo with some assistance from Daniel Miller. The twosome's planned British tour for September has been postponed due to 'technical difficulties' but dates are now being re-scheduled for November.

SHALAMAR'S 'There It Is' single is released by Solar on August 27. Penned by Beard, Meyers and Sylvers, the team who wrote the group's recent 'A Night to Remember' hit, the single will be available as a 7" and in extended 12" format.

THE JAM release a new single on September 10 to coincide with their forthcoming tour. The A-side, 'The Bitterest Pill (I Ever Had To Swallow)', features Jeannie McKeown of Belle Stars on backing vocals, while the B-side features 'Pity Poor Alfie', a Weller song which segues into Little Willie John's original 'Fever'.

TRACEY THORN, lead vocalist with Everything But The Girl and Marine Girls, graces the record catalogues with a mini-album this week. Dubbed 'A Distant Shore', and retailing at a price of £2.99, it contains seven original numbers plus a version of the Velvet Underground classic, 'Femme Fatale'. The label to look for is Cherry Red.

● continues over

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Abdullah Ibrahim

Pic: Peter Anderson

Empire for dance

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (formerly Dollar Brand), the brilliant South African jazz keyboardist, and RICO, a name well-known to 2-Tone freaks, are among those appearing at London Deptford's Albany Empire's five day festival of music and dance, which takes place from Wednesday September 1 through to Sunday, September 4. Ibrahim and Dishari, a group of Bengali musicians based in London's East End, play the venue on the opening night (1) when tickets will be priced £4.00 or £3.00 for the unwaged.

Other shows feature G.B. Blues Company and Root Jackson plus Gaspar Lawal and his Drum Oro Band (2). Trombonist Rico, Afro-Caribbean outfit Steel'An Skin, and Music For Front Rooms (3). Dicky Hart And The Cardiacs, The Great Indian Dancers, Ekome and Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika (4), Jazira and salsa band Cayenne (5).

Tickets for these shows are £3.00 or £2.50 for the unwaged. This series of evening concerts will be augmented by an outdoors event from 11.00am till 4.00pm on Saturday September 4, plus a series of workshops led by musicians and groups playing at the festival. For further info, ring 01-691-8016.

SQUEEZE play a special one-off show at Hitchin's Regal Theatre on Bank Holiday Monday, August 30, when an excerpt is to be broadcast live, at 10.00pm, as part of BBC2's 'Rock Week'. Tickets for the show are obtainable only from the Regal box-office and not from the Beeb.

SUS and Icarus are two of the bands playing at the Stand Firm And Unite Festival which is being held at Reading's Central Club on August 21. The event, which utilises both sport and music in an effort to unite people of different races, commences at midday and can be reached from London by means of coaches leaving from Shepherds Bush's Simba Y Project. The combined coach and festival ticket costs £8.00 and can be obtained from Hawkeye Records, Harlesden, Studio One, in West London's Askew Road, or various record shops in the Shepherds Bush area. For further details ring 01-749 7679.

THE APOLLINAIRES, the latest 2-Tone signing, have armed themselves with a five-piece brass section and set out from their native Leicester to play gigs at London's Beat Route (19), Sheffield Limit (26) and Salisbury Art Centre (28), with threats of more to come.

more Record News

● Randy California has a 12" EP released by Beggars Banquet on August 27. A five-track job, the disc contains the Spirit-man's version of 'All Along The Watchtower', 'Easy Love' and 'Breakout', two tracks from California's recent 'Euro-American' album, plus 'Killer Weed' and 'Radio Man', a brace of items recorded in this country and as yet unavailable elsewhere.

● Nico, one of the special guests at this year's Futurama, is backed by The Invisible Girls on 'Procession'/'All Tomorrow's Parties', a Martin Hannett-produced single which arrives this week on the 1/2 label. A 12" version featuring two extra live tracks will be available shortly.

● Billy Bremner's latest single, 'Meek Power' comes out on Demon Records this Friday (20). The song was written by Howard Werth and the record produced by Will Birch. Bremner has recently been playing guitar with Shakin' Stevens and has also contributed to a forthcoming Pretenders single.

● Inner Forces' 'Holiday', Newmantics' 'Tears Of A Clown' and Foreign Press's 12" three-track 'Climbing' are the first singles to be released on the new Music International label, which debuts this week.

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 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Last Detail
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton New Regent: Blur/The Group
 Bromborough The Archers: French Lessons
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: Chas & Dave (3 days)
 Carlisle Assembly Rooms: David Essex
 Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes
 Colchester Embassy Suite: Troops For Tomorrow/Choc and Gilly
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 Edinburgh Astoria: Disco Complex
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 Gateshead Honeysuckle: R & B Spitfires
 Glasgow The Dial Inn: The Dolphins
 Hastings Rumours Club: The Imperial Eve Band
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Choir/Harry/The Jump Jets
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Alistair Anderson & Sam Sherry
 Leeds Peel Hotel: Raw Vibes
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 Liverpool The Warehouse: Naklon/Cri de Coeur/Chain Of Command
 London Battersea The Latchmere: Duffo
 London Battersea The Pavilion: Empire ex Gen X
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Uno Rufo
 London Brixton Late Club: Spartacus R
 London Camden Dingwalls: Dave Kelly Band
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Tex Axile & Los Incognitos
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Clapham 101 Club: Arena/Zero Option
 London Covent Garden Canteen: Allen Eager (until August 28th)
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Gene Loves Jezebel/Pleasure Dome
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: The Truth
 London Fulham High St. Sound Dogs
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: Sabre/Zero Hour
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: Mad Shadows
 London Homerton E9 Chats Palace: Louls "Fingers" O'Neil
 London N1 Greyhound: XL's
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Moonshine
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Nervous Germans
 London Islington Pied Bull: The Beatroots
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: The Table Committee/The Shattered Dreams
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Feelers
 London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: Dumpy's Rusty Bolts
 London N4 The Stapleton: Loose Talk
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: Squire
 London Putney Half Moon: Tony McPhee Blues Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Bill Brunskill Band
 London Stockwell The Plough: Dave Alexander Trio
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: The Flying Pigs
 London Stockwell White Hart: Fugitive/Teaze-Dancer
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
 London Strand The Dive: Shock Corridor
 London Victoria The Venue: Annette Peacock
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight: Dirt
 London W1 Charlotte St. Sol Y Sombra: Jay Lazer & The Phantom Orchestra
 London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: Room 13
 London W1 Le Beat Route: The Apollinaires
 Luton Cottars: Scarlet O'Hara
 Manchester Hacienda Club: Bow Wow Wow
 Manchester Smithfield Band On The Wall: Arild Anderson Quartet
 Newcastle Quayside The Courtyard: A Right Load Of Wit
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Oxford Penny Farthing: Chinatown
 Peterborough The Glasshouse: The Point
 Preston Guildhall: Bucks Fizz
 Ramsgate The Flowing Bowl: Ghost
 Ripple Plough Inn: Singalong With Stella
 Sheffield Limit Club: Marillion
 Sheffield The Hanover: Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas
 Skegness Eastgate Centre: Matchbox
 Southall White Hart: Fugitive
 Wakefield Pussycat Club: Liquid Gold (3 days)

friday

20th

Berkshire Wokingham Angies: Blue Condition
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys

nationwide GIG GUIDE



Annabella Innocenti (200SX?)

Pic: Joe Stevens

FASHIONABLE beauty and frightful beasts — BOW WOW WOW hone their fickle following with a mini tour this week, starting tonight in Manchester, and the ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE head out on their sprint at Brighton on Sunday.

PHEW! — headbangers convene at Donington on Saturday for the Masters of Rock bash, headlined by STATUS QUO, GILLAN, SAXON, HAWKWIND AND ANVIL.

PROCESS POP — THE ASSOCIATES play three dates at the Edinburgh Rock Festival (today, tomorrow and Saturday), moving to Glasgow and Manchester before heading to London next week.

JUMPING JAZZ — ANNETTE PEACOCK plays a rare date in London tonight while echoes of the be-bop era reverberate around Covent Garden as tenor saxophonist ALLEN EAGER starts a short season in the capital.

HIPPIETY HOP — several unpronounceable groups star in the Welsh Underground Festival at Meiford near Welshpool on Saturday.

Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teaser
 Blackpool Winter Gardens: David Essex
 Bradford Hollings Road Palm Cove: Crying Shame
 Broadford (Skye) Village Hall: Battlefield Road
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: Big Country/Perfect Vision
 Cardiff Paget Rooms: Wilkid Stilts/Absolute Foundations/Feast of Friends
 Cheriton White Lion Hotel: The Feel
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetline
 Coventry The Woodlands: Speech Majors
 Croydon The Star: Dump's Rusty Bolts

Dudley JB's Club: Kid Gloves
 Dunfermline Chimes: The Shattered Family
 Edinburgh Buccaneer: Disco Complex 99 / Sombre Reptiles
 Edinburgh Festival Theatre: Shriek Factory
 Essex the Gold Mine: Amazulu
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Pulsators
 Folkestone The Black Bull: Nick & Sue
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: Eddie Waldo's Go Kill The Flowers Band
 Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Robin Williamson
 Harrow The Roxborough: Dream Cycle 7
 Huddersfield Cleopatra's: Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasas
 Leeds Peel Hotel: Soldier

Leicestershire Oakham Ferrers School: Boy Turns Animal/Alrglow
 Liverpool Tom Halls Tavern: Tears Of Joy
 Liverpool Warehouse: Export
 London Baker St. Barracuda Club: The Table Committee
 London Battersea The Latchmere: Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore
 London Battersea The Pavilion: The Decorators
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Little Sister
 London Brixton Fair Deal: Ruts DC
 London Brixton Late Club: Ruts DC
 London Camden Dingwalls: Jackie Lynton's Happy Days / The Bottles

London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Red Beans & Rice
 London Canning Town The Bridge House: Martin Turner's Stolen Face
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Masked Orchestra / Hunger Project
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: My Silent War / Bush Fire
 London Cricklewood The Hogs Grunt: The A Band
 London Deptford Empire: Jona Lewie & Friends (2 days)
 London Euston Town Hall: Devilish Tin Trumpet (2 days)
 London Fulham Golden Lion: David Kelly Band
 London Fulham High Street: Laverne Brown Band
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Vane
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: Vane/Playschool
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: No Dice
 London Homerton Chats Place: Ivory Coasters
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: London Apaches
 London Islington Pied Bull: Afghan Rebels
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: T34/Freehand
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Geraint Watkins Jamboree
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: The Creams/The 'A' Band
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Jazz Afrika
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo
 London Plumstead The Ship: China Syndrome / Weightwatchers Cabaret
 London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Original East Side Stompers
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Macrami Brothers
 London Strand The L-Shaped Room (underneath the Coal Hole pub): Doctor and the Medics
 London Tottenham The Spurs: English Rogues
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Short Stories/The Fan Club
 London Willesden Grosvenor Rooms: The Fabulous Emerald Band / The Kenny Fender Band
 London W1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: The 45s
 London WC2 Arts Theatre Club: Trevor Watts Trio
 Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: Bucks Fizz
 Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: Snap On Tools
 Middlesbrough The Cavern: Marillion
 Newcastle Quayside The Courtyard: Summertime Blues
 Oxford Caribbean Club: The Gators
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Splash
 Rayleigh Crocs: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 Ripple Plough Inn: Rocky's Trio
 Southampton Top Rank: Bow Wow Wow
 Wallasey Dale Inn: French Lessons
 Warwick Red Lion: Collapse
 Whitworth Rawstron Arms: The Relatives
 Woodford Motorcycle Rally: Tobruk

saturday

21st

Ayr Way Inn: Actors' Studio
 Berkshire Wokingham Angies: The Alligators
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Cannon Hill Park: The Bloomsbury Set
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Bridgewater Sheep Worring Festival: Headless Horsemen
 Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: Ruts DC/What Noise
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: Pencils/Annodomini
 Canterbury Parkers Social Club: Bill Dent
 Carlisle Mick's Club: Pallas
 Castle Donington: Status Quo/Gillan etc. 'Monsters Of Rock'
 Charing Royal Oak: Nick & Sue
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: Soldier
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
 Cumbernauld Theatre: Gordon Giltrap Band
 Derby Assembly Rooms: David Essex
 Dudley JB's Club: Ruby Turner Band
 Edinburgh Festival Cephass Cellar: Shriek Factory
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: It's Blair
 Folkestone The Black Bull: Dokey Hill
 Hastings Rumours Club: The Tony McPhee Blues Band
 Hereford Market Tavern: DT's
 Irvine Folk Festival: Battlefield Band
 Kettering Rising Sun: Precious Little Idols Play
 Leeds Astoria Ballroom: The Dynamite Band
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: George Melly and the John Chilton's Feetwarmers
 Liverpool The Masonic: French Lessons
 Liverpool The Warehouse: Dead Or Alive
 London Aberdeen Palace The Crown: My Club/Too Hot Shirt Sleeves Sound System
 London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires
 London Battersea The Pavilion: The Feelers/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Fast Buck
 London Brixton The Fridge: Eddie & Sunshine/Trindy Gonk Aurora Show
 London Camden Dingwalls: Root Jackson's G.B. Blues Co./Transporter

CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Camden Dublin Castle: Ricky Cool/Gerraint Watkins
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Dave Kelly Band
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Clapham 101 Club: Subtitles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Electric Blue Birds
 London The Fridge: Eddie & Sunshine
 London Fulham High St.: Red Beans & Rice
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: Jacky Lynton
 London Hammersmith Bishops Park: New Vaudeville Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Bow Wow Wow
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: The Destructors/Transistors
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: The Lurkers/Jump In Your Datsun
 London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunk): The Subhumans
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Beatroots
 London Islington Paradise Park: Ivory Coasters (lunchtime)
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: Moontier/Marshall Howe
 London N7 Paradise Park: Steel & Skin
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.
 London Plumstead The Ship: Sexagisma/His Create Her
 London Putney Half Moon: Crannog
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: New Era Jazzband
 London Shepherds Bush Wellington: The Dave Ellis Band
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover/Makka
 London Stockwell The Plough: Mike Maver Quartet
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Ivory Coasters (evening)
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Gilly Elkin Band
 London WC2 Arts Theatre: Art Theman/Tony Marsh Trio
 London Woolwich Clockhouse: Replaceable Hedz/New Catalonia/Skiffle Band/No Supermarkets/Dandelions/Your Heterosexual Violence/The Body Electric/Urban Renewal/Lasting Damage/Harry Murray's Plumbing Squad
 Manchester Smithfield Band on the Wall: Gary Boyle Band
 Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: The Feel/R&B Meiford (Wales): Welsh Underground
 Festival Yr An Hrefn/The Rejected/Pretty Pretty/Green/Malice/Y Blodau/Minor Details etc.
 Newcastle Quayside The Courtyard: The Flying Pickets
 Northampton Black Lion: Groovy Underwear/Syndromes/Insect Flack/The Exit Girls
 Nottingham Maid Marian Way Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Dumpy's Rusty Bolts
 Preston Warehouse: Membranes
 Ripple Plough Inn: Stour Valley Stompers
 Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance
 Shoburness The Cambridge: Steve Hooker's Shakers
 Walmer The Lifeboat: Night & Day / MOR Duo
 Wishaw Crown Hotel: The Pests (lunchtime)

sunday

22nd

Aberdeen Copper Beech: Blaze
 Ashford Bybrook Tavern: Pete Turner Jazz Band
 Berkshire Wokingham Angies: The Laverne Brown Band
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Ambassador Club: Kabuki
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Dave Blackpool Opera House: Chas & Dave (3 days)
 Blackpool Pavilion Theatre: Hot chocolate (2 days)
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Bromley The Northover: Bill Scott / Ian Ellis (lunchtime)
 Brighton Top Rank: Anit - Nowhere League
 Cheriton Golden Arrow: Tarkus
 Cromer Pavilion Theatre: George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers
 Edinburgh Festival Cephass Cellar: Shriek Factory
 Edinburgh Queen's Hall: Rip Rig & Panic
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Maroon Dogs
 Gillingham King Charles Hotel: Blue Rondo A La Turk
 Glasgow The Dial Inn: The Dolphins
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators
 Hinkley Cocks Wine Bar: Speech Majors
 Kettering Kings Arms: Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Leeds Central Station: Volunteers (evening)
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Volunteers (lunchtime)
 Liverpool Warehouse: Skeptic
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)
 London Battersea The Latchmere: Paul Lacey Band (lunchtime)
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Fast Buck (lunchtime)
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Rodeo (Eve)
 London Camden Dublin Castle: lunchtime — Bitelli's Onward Internationals, evening — The Laverne Brown Band
 London Canning Town The Bridge House: Trilogy

London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Trees
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Monkey Trash / The Macc Lads / Cool Snap
 London Dean Street Pizza Express: Johnny Parker
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Janet Kay / Pressure Point
 London E9 Chats Palace: John Altman Trio (lunchtime)
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Electrix
 London Finchley Torrington: Dave Kelly Band
 London Fulham High Street: The Websters
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: Straight 8
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: The Three Laws / The Catatonics
 London Hammersmith Palais: Bow Wow Wow / Dancing Did
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Vetoes
 London Islington Pied Hall: The Fan Club
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Red Beans & Rice Rhythm & Blues Revue
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Pete Neighbour Band
 London W1 Portman Hotel: Johnny M & The Midnite Express (lunchtime)
 London Putney Half Moon: Little Sister
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: lunchtime — Elise & Her Jazzmen, evening — The West End Stompers
 London N11 Standard Sports Club: Young Jazz Big Band (lunchtime)
 London SE10 Greenwich Theatre Bar: Harry Beckett and his Band
 London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Steve Waller & Stevie Smith
 London Stockwell The Plough: Jazz Iviners
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Breakfast Band
 London Trafalgar St Martin's Crypt: Tony Rose
 London Wimbledon Nelson's: Downliner's Sect
 Margate Ship Inn: Dave Corsby Jazz Band and Friends
 Middlesex Hallford Rd The Goat: Jackie Lynton Band
 New Brighton Floral Hall: Bucks Fizz
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nuneaton Riversley Park Community Festival: Ruts DC
 Poynton Folk Centre: Jez Lowe
 Stone in Oxney The Crown: Stour Valley Stompers
 St. Margarets Red Lion: Bill Dent
 Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: David Essex

monday

23rd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham City Lights: Iganda/As-One
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Odeon: David Essex
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Bob Blythe
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: Lone Wolf
 Glasgow Night Moves: Silly Wizard
 Glasgow Ultratech: The Associates
 Keighley Funhouse: Yap-Yap/4th Arch/The Breed
 London Baker St Barracuda Club: The Hollywood Killers/Stranger Comforts
 London Battersea The Woodman: The Extraordinaires
 London Brentford The Red Lion: The 45's
 London Camden Dingwalls: Dumpy's Rusty Bolts/Little Sister/Static
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Polkadots
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Alan Eager - Jon Eardley Quintet (one week)
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sad Lovers & Giants/The Sheek
 London Fulham High St: Laslo & The Leopards
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: T34
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: Apocalypse/Cheron
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: Latche/Sketch
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: ABA
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: Sanity Clause/Who Ha
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on The Park: Eddie Thompson (two days)
 London Marquee: Dave Kelly Band
 London NW2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
 London Old Brompton Road Troubadour: Mike Burgess
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Arild Anderson Quartet
 London Putney Half Moon: The Albion Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Pete Corrigan's Band of Hope
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Myst
 Middlesex The Roxborough: The Amazing Rhythm Burglers
 London Soho Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Drama
 London W1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 Manchester Golden Garter: Shakatak (one week)
 Nottingham The Hearty Goodfellow: Radar
 Oxford Apollo: Bucks Fizz
 Poole Wessex Hall: Anti Nowhere League
 Sandown (I.O.W.) The Court Jester: The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse
 Thatcham Silks: Soldier
 Walmer The Lifeboat: Ian Shawcross Quintet

tuesday

24th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Teaser
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Money
 Bradford Hollings Road Palm Cove: The Enemy/The Expelled/Frikton Agitators
 Canterbury Millers Arms: The Swingband
 Chippenham Goldiggers: Gary Moore
 Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: Fourteen Karat Soul (four days)
 Edinburgh Little Lyceum Theatre: Pockle Snakenburger (until Sept 12th)
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
 Liverpool Warehouse: SPK/Subtle
 Hints/Room To Manover
 London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires
 London Battersea The Woodman: The Amazing Rhythm Burglers
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Blackfoot Sue
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Cannibals/Milkshakes/Stingray
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: Wt Of A Banker
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dance On A Telephone/Politics Of Pleasure
 London Dean St. Pizza Express: All-Star Band
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: The DT's
 London Hammersmith The Broadway: Idiot Ballroom Beach Party
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: Ronnie Lane & Mick Green + Larry Miller Band
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Impossible Dreamers
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: Transporter
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 25th Street
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Loose Talk
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Exploited
 London Putney Half Moon: The Breakfast Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: 20th Century Blues
 London Stratford Green Man: The Funky B's (lunchtime)
 London W1 Stallions: Diversen
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Exciters/The Escorts
 London W1 (Gt Portland St.) The Albany: The Nice Men
 Portsmouth Locarno: Anti Nowhere League
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Air Crew

wednesday

25th

Aberdeen Valhallas: Laughing Academy
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Extra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Cheltenham The Plough: Roadsters
 Corby Strathclyde Hotel: Soldier
 Dover Dover Stage: Pinto
 East Kilbride The Village Theatre: George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers
 Edinburgh Stanleys Bar: Twisted Nerve
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Atlantis Rising
 Kent Faversham The Ship: Sandy & The Deckchairs
 Liverpool Warehouse: Punxarma/Instant Aelony/ATA/Social Disease
 London Baker St. Barracuda: Antilles/Campbell & Wheeler
 London Brentford The Red Lion: Johnny Storms
 London Camden Dingwalls: Unity
 London Camden Dublin Castle: CSA
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Laughing Clowns
 London Dean St Pizza Express: Keith Nichols Trio
 London Frith St Ronnie Scotts: The Corporation
 London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: Lost Patrol
 London Hammersmith The Greyhound: Moontier/TNT
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Richard Callison
 London Islington Hare & Hounds: Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Helicopters
 London Islington Pied Bull: Cannie Lassie
 London Kensington Ad Lib Club: The Sines/Arc Connexion
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: J J & The Flyers
 London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: The Heavenly Bodies
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Marquee: Gary Moore (two days)
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Parallel Bars
 London Plumstead The Ship: A Plant/The Impossible Dreamers
 London Putney Half Moon: Kevin Coyne Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Trevor Rose & The Chislehurst Ramblers
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: Blue Condition
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Chip-Shop Bar Show
 London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: Bitelli's Onward Internationals
 London W1 Charlotte St. Sol y Sombra: Beasts in Suits/Balloons
 London Wimbledon Nelsons: Side Effects
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
 Manchester Hacienda Club: The Associates
 Manchester Smithfield Band on the Wall: Gags
 Margate Winter Gardens: Chas & Dave (4 days)
 Margate Ship Inn: City Blues Band
 New Romney Seahorse: The Rage
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: 23 Jewels/If All Else Fails
 Poole Arts Centre: David Essex
 Plymouth Top Rank: Anti Nowhere League
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers



PROTEST IN STYAL

AS OF LAST week, Lancaster peace groups were able to claim perhaps the first ever sponsored prison sentence for a woman detainee. Thirty-four-year-old Sue Cowgill, a teacher, was arrested while taking part in a peaceful blockade against cruise at Greenham Common on March 22.

She refused to pay a £25 fine and spent 97 hours in Styal Prison, Cheshire. Supporters rallied to sponsor every hour Sue spent in gaol, promising, as she had said, "to show that her beliefs are shared by hundreds of other people and that the nuclear disarmament movement will grow stronger the more authorities try to suppress it."

Sue's prison fund soon amounted

TWO NEW records labels are making a financial contribution to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's coffers: 11:59 Records, who debut with a red vinyl pressing of 'Isn't That Enough', b/w 'Kleeshay' by FIFO (their founder's band), are donating all their profits to the CND Central Office. They can be reached directly at 6-10 Lexington Street, London, for orders — or through Rough Trade. Vital Organs' first release ('Radioactive') on the Airship Label will donate a share of their sales to the same cause. Vital Organs, who headlined the Action for Peace Apocalypse gig, are a five-piece from Brighton, the reconstituted remains of the Piranhas, Crybabies and Pinheads. Their address is DOA Systems, 18 Church Street, Steyning, Sussex.

to several hundred pounds, which will now be used to finance further non-violent direct actions against nuclear weaponry (another Greenham Common peace campaigner Helen Johns had previously spent a week in London's Holloway Prison for refusing to pay a £15 fine). For further information about the fund, please contact Jeanne Feasey on Lancaster 61074 or Eileen Bell on Lancaster 73274.

Sue said: "Since cruise missiles have been accepted without the approval of Parliament we must use non-violent methods, including where necessary civil disobedience, to force the government to think again about denying the majority opinion of this country."



Illustration: Steven Appleby

PIECE WORK FOR PEACE

THOSE HARDY campaigners Greenpeace are also at it again — in their traditional four areas of direct action, public participation in specific campaign areas, scientific research and diplomatic lobbying. This year marks the closest they've come to achieving a ban on whaling, when the European Commission prepared to consider a ban on seal imports. Its plans to oppose radioactive waste-dumping in the sea have provoked a long legal action and they too are encouraging direct actions on a local basis.

Greenpeace needs volunteer help, however, and would welcome the assistance of day workers who live within travelling distance of London and would be willing to help stuff envelopes, perform odd jobs and generally assist office routine. The pay is nil but the coffee's free and so

is the lobbying experience. Greenpeace are located at 36 Graham Street, London N1 8LL; phone them there on 01-251-3020.

WORD WAR

A GROUP CALLING themselves Poets for Peace have also just issued an anthology in pamphlet form, called 'Images of War'. There are 18 writers involved, from Jeff Branin who served in the Vietnam War as a combat engineer, through John Elsborg, US editor of a new poets' anthology, through lyricists like David Morgan. The press which issues 'Images of War' is Kawabata Press, and you can obtain a copy of their booklet for 50p (plus postage if mail ordering) from Knill Cross House, Hr Arderton Road, Millbrook, nr Torpoint, Cornwall. NAM — which was praised by Paul Foot, among others — is also still available from Kawabata Press for £1.25.

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My Silent War
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Sunday 22nd August
Lunchtime Jazz
GERALD TOLAN QUINTET

INSIDE OLIVER'S ARMY

From page 29

out. It's painted on every wall."

Less subtle inroads were the checks of pubs and clubs made usually by the intelligence or commanding officer, supported by a couple of patrols, one out, one in, aiming their donk (plastic bullet) guns and lead-carrying guns at the suddenly silent interior. The Crumlin Star Bar was a particularly awesome experience with its 2,000 drinking customers.

"The officer would do a tour of the place, his nose stuck in the air and you used to think, what a prick because it was all so fucking obvious, and no one would be there."

"There was one particular incident where we had a guy attached to us from the SAS, supposed to be a big cool man because he had his own rifle. He had to be cool and take the stuffing out of his flak (bullet proof) jacket so he could run faster and lighter and he was a fucking idiot as far as I was concerned."

"Apparently he went in a pub one day and asked some guys their names and they didn't answer, so he kicked over the table with all their pints of beer on and said fucking watch out, sort of thing, because I'm SAS; hostile. Yeah, he got away with it. When you're in the army you go out and do what you want."

"The SAS are seen very much as an elite. Elite nutters. And if you're actually in there, you look up to such nutters; this very specific kind of animal who you don't see, who don't have the bullshit of everyday army life. I don't say they all go around doing what this guy did. They do a lot of work in Ireland. Undercover work and work on the border, lying in bushes with twigs in their hair just like the image."

"But for the average professional soldier it was a job. You wonder why it's going on but you never object to it. It'll be over in a few months, sort of thing. The older guys who've done a few tours, they build a hate for the IRA and I suppose become more politicised."

ULTIMATELY, he says, Ireland is hard work. Even boring. You start wishing for action; perhaps inventing it. "We used to do 18 hours a day. Even in the operations room we'd do 12. After your meal you'd have six or seven hours sleep if you were lucky, if you weren't doing a stag in an OP, or something."

OP's are the concrete observation posts that mark out the Ardoyne. They look down on every street, telling the observer — if curtains are open — what's on a dinner plate. There are camera and spotlight facilities and a constant accretion of data that is passed daily to the foot patrols who in turn pass it to Flax Street.

In an OP are facilities for washing and cooking. A section of men occupy one for half a week. It was from one of these Posts that the most poignantly tragic event of Tommy's tour came about.

"A young man was running through open ground with something in his hand. The guy in the OP thought it was a rifle and opened up. He sent a 'contact' message over the radio and everything in the area raced over. They called for the boy to stop. He didn't and they cut him to ribbons, this young guy, who it turns out was well known in the area. He was about 18 with a mental age of nine. What he had in his hand was a stick."

His own regiment were lucky. They suffered no fatalities, although two men assigned to them did die on their first day out. He remembers "hurting a lot of people in terms of doing P checks or arrests, in terms of being involved in mini riots and using the butt of my gun." But his was a no-reputation, no-bully regiment. One that "went out there and did its bit."

Ultimately the bit got tiresome. The wide world beckoned where he "could be free of regimentation and discipline."

There was a job on a building site, a little bedsit, a sports car bought with army wages. On the advice of friends he moved to London where, in pubs, he ran into new political ideas and gradually stripped himself of his "white, racist union jack stuff."

He came to see Ireland in terms of English imperialism, England holding on to lands which, if let go, could trigger a mortal collapse of the Kingdom. After Ireland it could be a separate Scotland, Wales or Manchester.

He now runs with the Revolutionary Communist Party and an RCP creation called the Irish Freedom Movement. The painful irony is that Tommy is still taking orders from the top; barking the loyal anthem of an authoritarian master.

He has discovered new obedience, new truth which he repeats like the persistent dripping of a tap. Perhaps the Tommys of England are natural fodder. I wish him well. We met furtively in Sheffield because his war hasn't been won yet. Tommy's life, like the Irish Troubles, like that apparently swift Falklands episode hasn't a clean and happy ending. The soldier's life is a bloody one.

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LIVE!

Y-DISTINCTION

Sheffield Top Rank

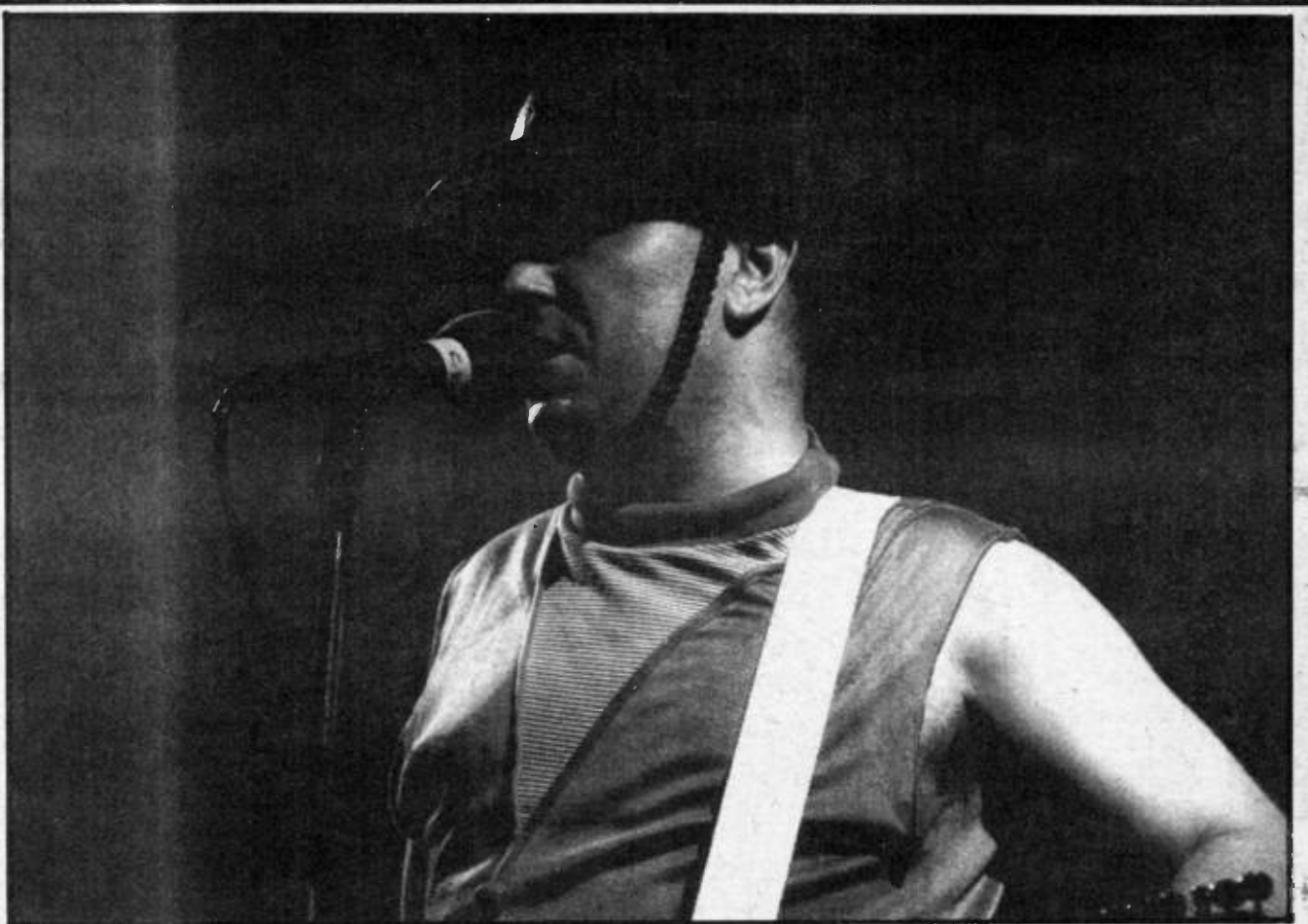
IF Y-DISTINCTION punched the drums and twanged the bass much harder, they'd be another Funkapolitan. If Y-Distinction used those claves and danced like there was no tomorrow, they'd race at Blue Rondo's heels. But there, as they say, is the rub or rather the distinction.

Although Y's music is peppered with all things topical, they still emerge sounding relaxed, controlled and completely natural. The six pieces to the Y-Distinction jigsaw combine effortlessly to create a music that is at once sleazy and funky, bluesy and chunky.

The vocals, shared by percussionist and bass player, display an unusual urbane subtlety: chantsing is as good a word as any. At their most potent, Y-Distinction conjure up songs like 'In The Heat Of The Night', a most appropriate title for the music: featuring a lusty brooding saxophone walking in and out of laid back percussive rhythms.

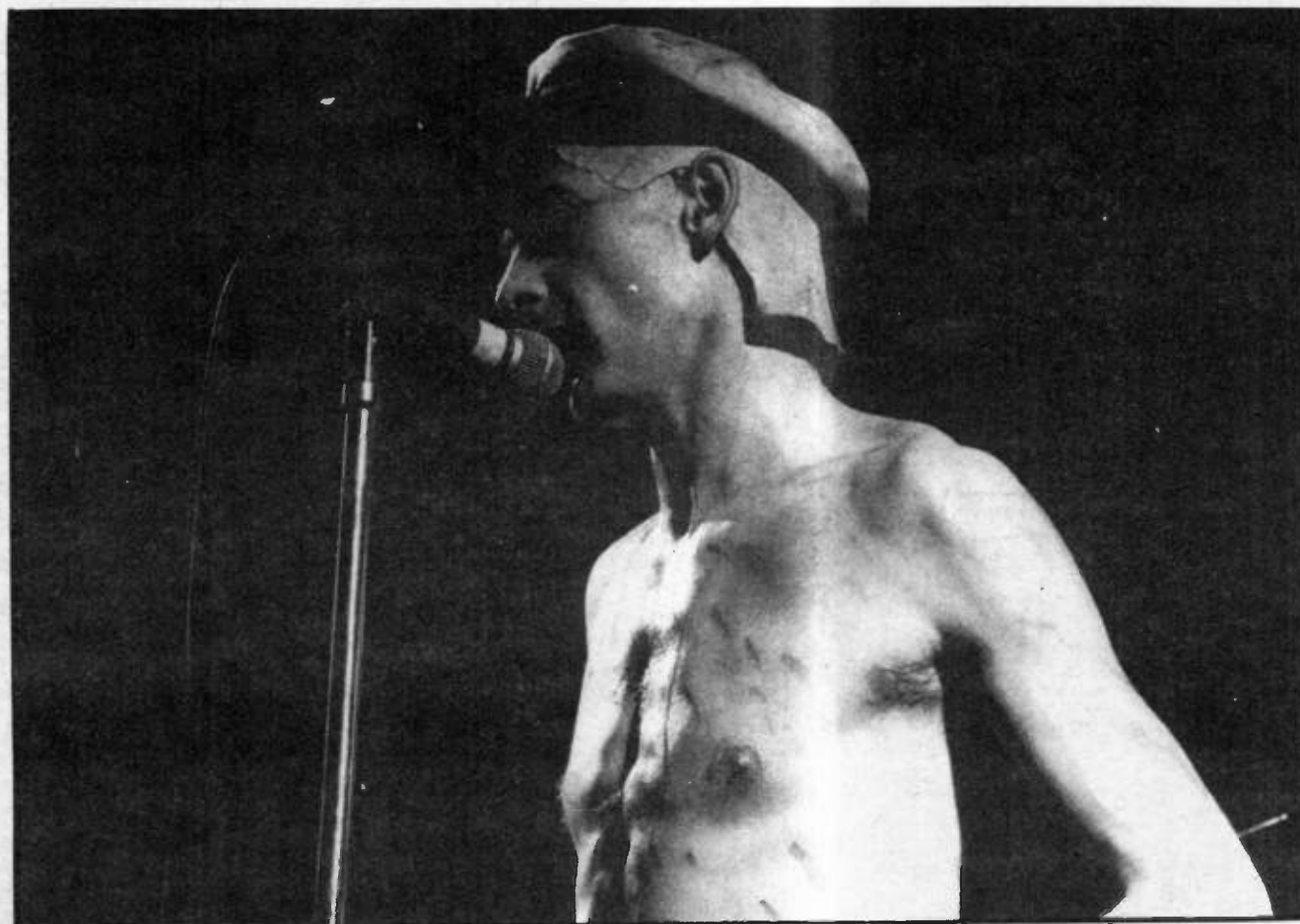
Y-Distinction ask you to sway but not swing, twist but not shout. . . If Warner Bros. or CBS have got any sense, they'll be singing your way soon.

Amrik Rai



Fat Man In Hat: 999's Nick Cash . . .

PANTING PANTO PUNKOMIME-TIME



Thin Man In Hat: Tenpole's Eddie. Pix: Mark Broomer

999

TENPOLE TUDOR

Lyceum, London

IT'S PANTO PUNK night at the Lyceum, Sex, Sweat and Blood. Or — it's panto punk night at the Lyceum tonight, Pogo, Piss and Spit. Is this a generation fighting for its future?

Tenpole are full of redeeming factors when placed toe to toe to the concrete punk of 999; Eddie's jovial anarchy-cum-sarcasm for his phlegm-filled audience ("Oh spitting . . . how quaint!") stands in biting comparison to Nick Cash's false-faced ethics and sycophantic slogans.

Eddie gladly refutes the punk tag "that we slipped into for six months." Even 'Swords' seemed less like an anthem and more like a nasty dagger or a nail in a coffin. Tenpole are all go, though . . . No subtlety here — no need for heavy musical appreciation. Just nod and laugh at this truth-telling jester. Just watch him vent his awesome wrath on an innocent chair, smashing it to toothpicks, and strewing the wreckage on the floor.

999's Nick Cash? How ever fat Lydon got he couldn't have been bigger than this expatriate. The music? Unbelievably it's twice as fat as Cash.

Dry ice? Searchlights? "Hitler has only got one ball" . . . ? What does all this mean? What do the theatrics add up to? Ah, I see . . . 999 have forgotten to adapt their American act to the British stage. This must be how they convince our kissing cousins that they are the real McCoy — a real roots punk band. Ha!

The American flavour salts more than a handful of songs: 'Custer's Last Stand', 'Obsessed', were they the same songs? The sound was flat, the fake enjoyment crass. Professional they may be — but this was a flat imitation of what may have happened five years ago.

It was the corpse of everything that was so hopelessly purged in '76/'77. New tracks like 'Arabesque' were so amorphous, so dense, that it was almost a pleasure to hear the 'Titanic Reactions' and 'Emergencies' of the 999 world. 'Nasty Nasty' — did it mean anything then? Does it mean anything now?

999 can ring and ring, but the only emergency service that's going to come for 999 is an ambulance . . .

David Dorrell

ULSTER BOYS: (NOT QUITE) OVER THE MOONDOGS

CONTROL ZONE THE SECT WATERFALL RUDI MGM

Fermanagh, N. Ireland

A FAR-FROM-FLAT field in Fermanagh, 2000 Scouts from all over the world, milling locals and few spectators over the age of consent comprise tonight's slice of the Lady of the Lake festival — several days of rural high jinks set in the wide deep greenness of some of the prettiest hillsides in the country.

But almost ruining the view is the festivals 'rock event'; noising up the landscape in an effort to boast the best of current Ulster bands when, in fact, only Rudi could be

reasonably touted as able to hurl their way past the other butt-ends of spent squibs. And worse, more than anything the bands veer towards a preposterous emulation of all things Moondog, something they should've forgiven and

forgotten long ago.

Control Zones' crypto skin stance comes over crystal clear, baseball boots rather than DM's but strictly Ramones via the Moondogs none the less. Likewise Derry's The Sect — a vaSECTomised, constricted

powerpop corset holding in amorphous pea-brained teenage podge. Jam via The Moondogs this lot, plenty of Welleresque jumping and mid-Atlantic Jags jawing.

And then Waterfall, an old bona fide ex-Moondog here, gnawing away at the same

silly old bone, still making a mess. Dire and Strait, with every expense spared. Thus far it seemed like no one was going to get very far beyond the valley of the Moondogs until Rudi took up both stage and cudgels in a prodigious and mighty display

Here the concert's technical hitches gremlined themselves to the fore, the mix suddenly killing keyboards, mikes, amps and drums, all the way through a set that was brimful of pluck, urgently straining at the leash with enough candescent bubble and squeak, and a spray of excitement to moisten your cares to carelessness.

But where Rudi produced streamlined pop, fine and in the forefront, M.G.M. swelled and wound up the night's unease with a craven, sweated exhibition of offensive Sumo rock that wobbled and blubbered.

And so: a no-contest grand slam showcase for Rudi. A dashing engagement brought off with swashbuckling (p)irate love.

You've never needed it so bad. Adrian Maddox

SEX GANG CHILDREN

Marquee, London

LOOK AT that sweat pouring off vocalist Andreas's face, torrenting off his chin in buckets it is, as he labours hard at his angst and torment this swelteringly hot Marquee night.

I've never seen anyone sweat so much, and we're only ten minutes into the set, most of the songs thus far (and their attraction) hinging

upon the lyrical urgency of (say) a UK Decay married to almost Theatre of Hate bass runs.

This sort of low-market decadence is still a strong rallying cry for a lot of people — the packed Monday night, leather-sodden audience shows just how strong — and to these people Sex Gang Children are the current darlings.

'Beasts', with its haunting, cutting guitar offsetting the theatrical Andreas to good

effect, deservedly received the best response of the night. The place was gripped in a proverbial frenzy, not a dry arm-pit in the house etc.

It was only in the second last song, 'Shout And Scream' when the exhortation turned to exhaustion and the mask almost slipped, you realised that THIS perhaps was the problem.

Like they've constructed a whole flawless mask, woven out of hard-edged early '70s glam and post-Ants

punk-S&M, forgetting human irrationality in the process.

Both the group and the audience desperately wanted it to be 'early Ants'. With some human failing, real emotion — even a quick grin 'tween onstage members — it could have been so. Instead it was like going to see a fast moving, quirky film; enjoyable, but watching them boiled down to just that, watching.

Windy Miller

IT'S

C. P. LEE SCREAM AND DANCE

DRINKSVILLE QUARTET PEKING OPERA ICA

WHAT SORT of images do the Tatters ICA stir up in your mind? Dungarees, bookshop and will - you - sign - this - petition - please? Exactly. Any attempt to transport the sweat and excitement of The Mooch Club's summer of '81 spell at the Whiskey A Go Go was always going to be an ambitious one.

Happily, the care with which The Joy Of Mooching had been arranged, especially compared to previous ICA (non) events, was quickly established: the stage set, an angular metropolis skyline looked superb, the sets were timed so that, between the main stage and the upstairs bar, something was always going on, and the DJ spun a good selection encompassing the usual JB and Charlie Parker. Everything that could be "organised", was...

...except for the quality of the entertainment. All performers tonight crept around a jazz base of percussion and double-bass, augmented by brass and guitar for Peking Opera, assorted congas and bongoes

for Scream And Dance and assorted strings and things for Drinksville Quartet, whilst C. P. Lee, occasionally interrupted by a horn or cymbal, stuck to jazz age discourse.

Peking Opera, despite periods of dull meandering, sounded like the best hopes for any future development. Like many groups around at present, one noted a definite indecision as to which side of the ABC / Pigbag axis to stray: too restrained for all-out jazz attack, yet seemingly too bothered by the "constraints" of pop music to leap into the brighter spotlights.

The singer proved to have a very good voice indeed, notably on Stormy Weather, whilst the drummer played a big beat, but energy and emotion lacked focussing and too often degenerated into aimless "free" blowing. As Paul Morley said of ClockDVA, Peking Opera should stop standing around on the edge and JUMP!

Scream And Dance consist, as their name might well suggest, of a very heavy rhythm section and two girls bawling and squeaking the night away in a manner which reminded one (unfortunately) of The Slits.

The stripping down of sound to rhythmic basics is a very reasonable idea, and when employed by ESG or Grandmaster Flash, a very

ALL

effective one too; with Scream And Dance, however, it becomes yet another dreary, ghetto-ised, half-hearted alternative.

Drinksville Quartet were a polite whisper in a half-empty bar, perhaps entertaining under other circumstances, but... nothing. Similarly, C. P. Lee's Lord Buckley monologue, a series of swing reminiscences, which might have seemed quite different in front of a lively, drunken audience or a television camera, registered... nothing.

Marcus Boon

ALLEZ ALLEZ HERMINE

ICA

"WHAT IS enjoyment... what is entertainment... what is pleasure? I sink we should ask ourselves this question." (If the spelling is a bit clumsy, Hermine's accent is a bit like that too.)

Hermine... Not so absent-mindedly toying with an Eiffel Tower model — some fragments of some songs — some slapstick Nico — clown-y brandishing of scissors after severing the bass-player's pig-tail. To say that she doesn't sing very well is less appropriate than to say that she makes the most of

Continuing Our Non-Stop
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The ICA's
JOY OF

International language (1). Allez Allez's Sarah smiles.

Pic: David Corio

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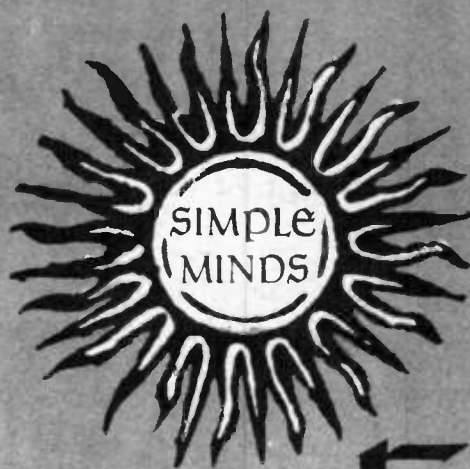
12 — London Lyceum

15 — Reading Top Rank

17 — Brighton Top Rank

GLITTERING

PRIZE



TOO

what she does; which she would never get away with a lot of places, though she did here. Her group of alto and soprano saxophones, and bass or piano support attentively.

There's some talk of "not much happening", off the record, this silly season...

Oh, really?
ALLEZ ALLEZI

Details? There were lots... in Sarah's floating polylingual singing; in slinky, flirtatious (funky) guitars; something brassy, something stolen, something new. They also make it abundantly clear (again) how French language facilitates maximum enjoyment. I hope they are never linked by an unwanted "and" or comma to any lesser groups.

They are neither innocent nor wicked; more like hearing The Impressions' 'Big Sixteen' and 'New Order's 'Temptation' at the same time. They're an aphoristic aphrodisiac...

Before too many adjectives start to slip out, I'll leave Allez Allez at the ICA — pausing only to say that I haven't enjoyed so much in ages.

"Things fall apart but they never leave my heart..." The next day I had to get my own copy of 'African Queen', slightly abashed being such a time behind its release...
"Five o'clock in the morning,"

MOOCH

too drunk to stand or speak, still she beckons... "Tonight Allez Allez are my favourite group.

Mark Cordery

ANIMAL MAGIC KRAY BROTHERS

ICA

THIS ICA Rock Week engaged earnestly and admirably in the battle to be different, I fancy this one, Friday, came the nearest to overturning the weary conventions of rock entertainment.

Ask the 'notorious' Kray Brothers (my apologies to Da Gamba; I was unavoidably detained) bawling confident northern finger-snapping harmonies in far from funereal fashion. Rumbustiously funny. My kind of novelty.

The heartily heckled MC Mr Green, humbly subsides, giving way to Animal Magic (not Nightlife or Magnet. It's important you remember that), a Bristolian sextet with a millstone of second division late coming about their necks, high on associations with famed attractions from the same locality, but low on the same's allocation of media space. Sad business.

Animal Magic's pair of burbling, flag-waving 45s are a mild kind of pleasure

(nothing more), yet a vastly greater vigour and sense of intent pervades their appearance in the flesh. Hot stuff, you could say.

A girl and five boys, are Animal Magic, purged of all instinct to orderly behaviour, dealing in no waffle and no mess, but just the right number of sore-nosed variations on a theme. Bass guitar, funk guitar, saxophone, trumpet, much percussive drumming and sundry exhortations to flare on up.

Now here is a group you really, truthfully, actually *do* dance to with no planning in advance. Away with your theoretical footwork mythologies Mr Critic, and prepare to give your sweat vents their head. Blam, smash, shake that fat. Animal Magic are young, terse, blank-eyed with involvement, untainted by potential beatnik pretensions, and single-mindedly hungry for the business of walking it fast and stramy, where others merely talk.

Add to this, the Magic haircuts and demeanour and here is a strong and healthy punk funk in action. Fine, philistine physical exertion. No other function but to wear us people out, says the breath I have left. Emergency oxygen in this direction. Magic mission accomplished

Dave Hill

MOOCHING

WEEK

LIVE! MOOCHES
ALONG TO PAGE 48

International language (2). Cafe clowning with Hermine.

Pic: David Corio

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Further information is available from the Admissions Office, Room G56, West Sussex Institute of Higher Education, College Lane, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 4PE or telephone Bognor Regis (0243) 865581.

West Sussex Institute of Higher Education
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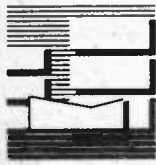
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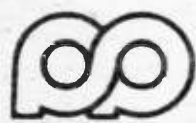
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North East London Polytechnic

Telephone: 01-599 0373.

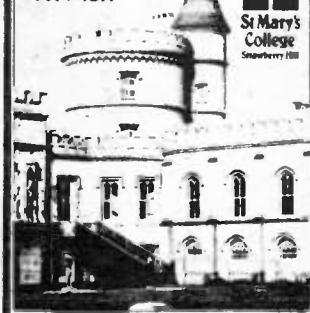
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Humberside Education Committee

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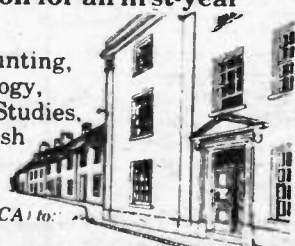
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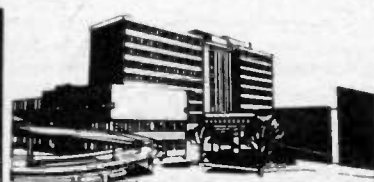
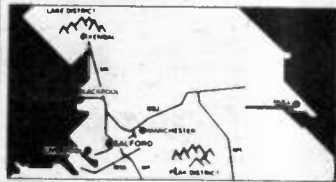
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Ilkley College

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			3 to 4 years
			4 years
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Engineering (Comb. Eng. Studies)	●	●	●
Mechanical Engineering	●	●	●
Production Engineering	●	●	●
Electrical & Electronic Engineering	●	●	●
Building	●	●	●
Applied Science			
Applied Chemistry	●	●	●
Applied Physics	●	●	●
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Discipline	Type of course	Duration years
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HOUSEHOLD NAME ERIC RANDOM BITING TONGUES

ICA

SATURDAY NIGHT at a very quiet ICA: the dance floor is as empty as three in the morning, and expectations sink to an all-time low. Who might have predicted the appearance of a group as good as Household Name? What should I say to make you believe me, to grab your attention? Facts? Household Name are from Leeds: I know nothing more. Descriptions? The drummer hits the snare, hits the hi, hits it right and tight. A grinning girl plays a slinking sliding bass that seems to pop (up) in all the right places. The saxophone twists from contorted atonal scream to northern soul swagger.

Two guitars run from speedy chatter-funk towards abrasive chaos, whilst voices shout and percussion rattles. Metaphors? I think of Simple Minds Miles, Fire Engines, Slave, ACR (back in those days when they were too young to know and too wild to



B.P.'s Nick Cave

Pic: David Corio

care . . .) and DVA, Talking Heads . . .

Though there are still certain edges — those of name, lyrics and performance — which need to be thoroughly and systematically tattered, Household Name, are as beautifully raw and

ragged as one could hope from a "white" "funk" group in 1982 . . . still running on "rock" lines, but getting it 'right. Expectations were shattered and bodies were moved. I await more, breathlessly.

Biting Tongues, as Ray

Lowry succinctly put it, work in an area "where Marxist thought takes over from tired rock clichés! Where new ideas are born . . . to that afro-cuban beat!" Unfortunately, this merely means the construction of a new rock cliché, all concept and gesture

THE OUTSIDER WRITES...

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY The Venue, Victoria

CRITICISM IS — generally, dismally, cretinously — substantive, and tries, for instance, to implant upon the scorched, scarlet face of The Birthday Party such impressionistic mudpacks as *analysis* and *mythology*. No wonder that they are escaping from this circuitous purgatory to endanger themselves in yet another "alien" home (see Hoskyns, Barney *NME* 14.8.82). To be voluptuously destroyed by the *dead line* of this monster. . .

So, poetically, was your correspondent reflecting, as he contemplated the 'outer' night of The Birthday Party's "exit" concert (before they take residence in Berlin): They are leaving us only their tortured *absence*! Pleasing irony, then, that I had been refused entry to this venue celebration, by a member of the charnel house's "security" (am I that much of a threat? I hope so) staff. This, truly, was a Birthday Party to start all birthday parties.

Yours (*noblesse oblige*) Ian Penman

with little aim or effect. The boys on stage seem to find it all very funny and outrageous. Personally, I returned to the bar.

Eric Random (the lighter side of Cabaret Voltaire maybe?) would make pleasant enough Sunday afternoon

listening with his wistful slices of electronic sound and his *chanteuses'* misty jazz vocalese, but after Household Name's dazzling attack, it all seemed too quiet and ineffectual. From a whisper to a scream? That is still quite a distance.

Marcus Boon

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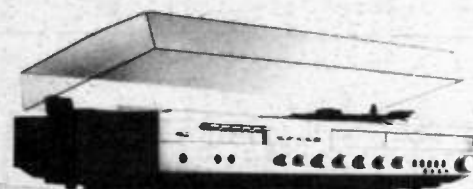
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I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT!

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Hammersmith Odeon

POOR OLD Light Of The World are in a bit of a pickle — just missing out on the hip, chart action of Linx, Junior and even previous compatriots Beggar And Co. — carrying the mantle of hard-working Britfunkers but not reaping much in the credibility stakes.

It must be irritating, for lurking in amongst the repetitively poor mixes on record and the dodgy clothes are some pretty terrific tunes.

The new album highlights their predicament — an ugly, cheapo sleeve, featuring some well-crass photos, combines with the cotton-wool "LA" mix to put the mockers on the good songs gasping for breathing space, and not boding well for an evening's heavyweightfunking.

But . . . Light Of The World on stage confounded my scepticism by delivering a supremely beefy entertainment.

A fierce, steely rhythm — drummer Mel Gaynor (Central Line, Finesse) in possession of possibly the largest (synthetic?) snare sound this year augmented by Tubbs Williams' viciously metallic bass slaps and pulls. The horns, duplicating some ecstatic quasi-EWF riffing, needle sharp, fresh and clean. The basic three LOTWers,

joined by six more from the floating Britfunk pool, make a big, big sound that is still clear and separate. Nat Augustin's constant chippety chip rhythm guitar is always a neat focus.

Visually, though . . . problems still obviously exist. At least there's no over-the-top plastic Romanticism (see the 'Check Us Out' sleeve — ugh!) but frontman Gee Bello was wearing red trousers! A hotch-potch amalgam of various casual styles worked against the strident unity of the sound but *did* match the outlook of the teen Soul Patrol audience.

As a frontman, Bello tries to cut it as a cut-price David Grant minus the fleetfootedness — he can't really dance so plays it more for laughs than swoons. He is in charge of a Voice, though, demonstrating precise range and control despite all the rabble rousing.

In this more benevolent setting the group's songs were finally permitted to reveal their hooky dancefloor strengths, hinting what a whopper could result from a decent producer's 12" mix.

Light Of The World's homecoming was a perfectly paced and delivered assortment of perfectly arranged songs. I think only a couple of fingers need to be pulled out before some chart reward is imminent.

James T. Kirk

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

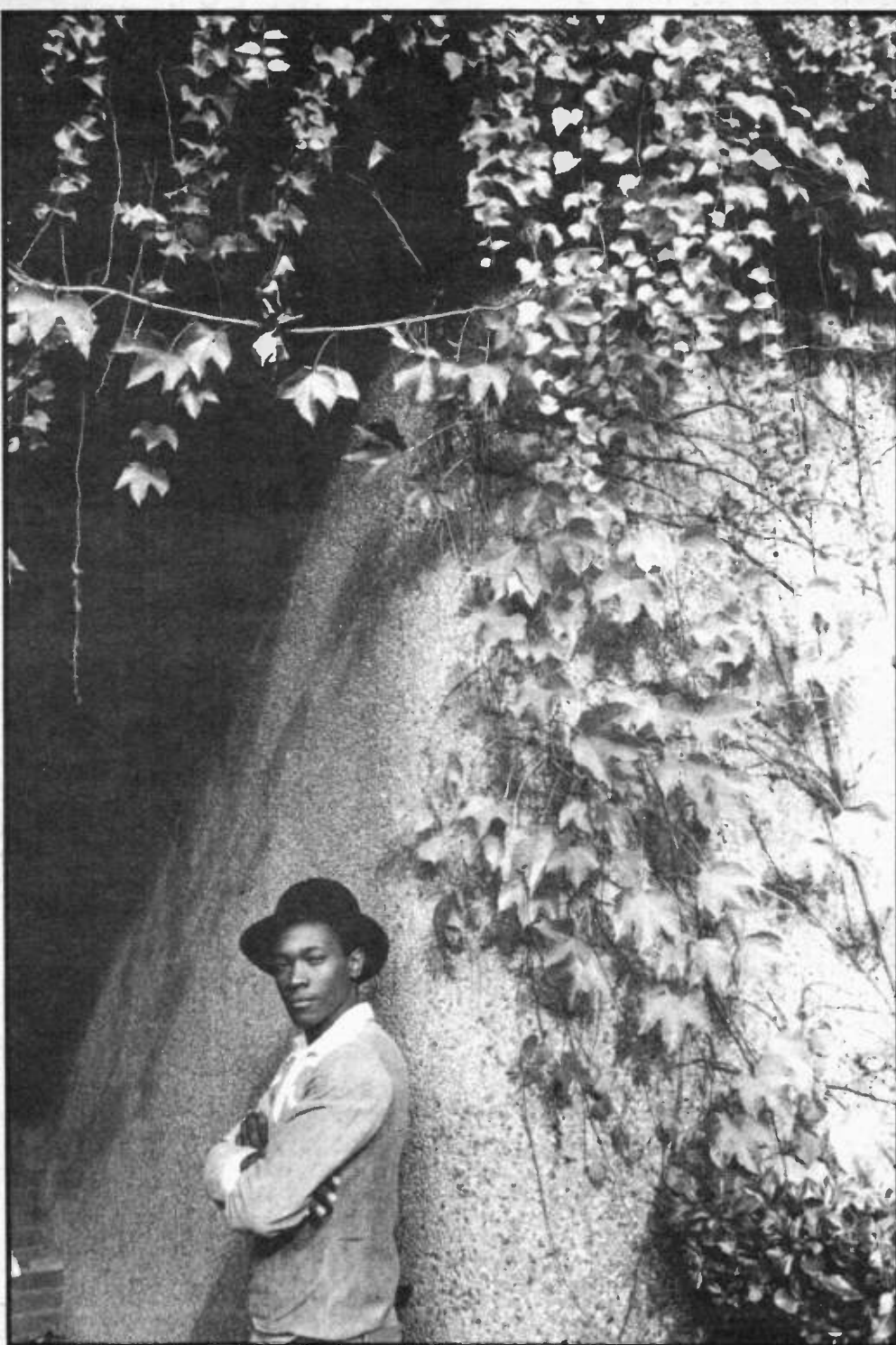
OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing fitfully from a semi-frequency — I feel I am, I only know I am ... following Peter Metro & Zu Zu's satirical anti military 'In The Army' romp for Clive Jarrett, toaster "Private" Welton Irie pleads guilty on a charge of desertion with similar theme for a new Tanka — Blankness In Motion 10" entitled 'Army Life'. Over on the flip Earl Sixteen begs 'Stay With Me' ... and plod upon the earth as dull and void ... meanwhile, the toaster with Rodigan's Roadshow namely Papa Face has a new title out on the Top Notch 10" label coupling 'Dance Pon The Corner' and 'Girls', the topside utilising the horn section of the Soul Vendors' 'Frozen Soul' tune. Early pressings of the same can also be found on a blank Fashion label currently circulating. Previous recordings by Mr Face for the chic Claphamites were 'DJ Jamboree'/'Sweet Reggae Music' and 'In A Jamaica Style' ... earth's prison chilled my body with its dram of dullness ... upcoming from Top Notch are new toast duo Laurel & Hardy with a version of the 'Adina' rhythm for 'You're Nicked' c/w 'Tell Us Seh Me Sorry'; and on the parent Fashion discomix imprint UK recordings with Johnny Clarke and Keith Douglas ... and my soaring thoughts destroyed ... also out on 10" and billed as the "sound of young British" is Rankin' Bogart and the Schoolgirls with 'Schoolman Skank' (Real Wax) ...



I FLED TO SOLITUDE FROM PASSIONS DREAM but strife pursued ... Lambar's Disco presents male vs female exotic go go dancers and the sound of Imperial Rockers featuring DJ Sir Lincoln every Thursday night — 9pm until late — at 95, Kingsland High St, Dalston, London E8. Members: £2.50; guests: £3.00. Dress casual but smart ... I only know I am ... in tune to a sound called Hot Shot entertaining each and every Thursday — 9.30 pm until 3.00 am — Upstairs at Ronnies, 47 Frith Street, Soho, W1. Admission: £2.50 ... I was a being created in the race of men ... Southend Reggae Club exclaims universal love and presents Jah Tubbys — Ranking International at the Palace Hotel Dance Hall, Pier Hill, Southend-on-Sea this Saturday night from 7pm until 12. Admission: £2.00 at the door ... disdaining bounds of place and time ... on the same night Notting Hill Carnival present a Gala night at the Commonwealth Institute in Kensington, launching the following week's festivities with an evening of music and dance. The event will be hosted by Alex Pascal of Radio London and live music provided by the Metronanes and Mangrove. Selection of the Carnival King and Queen and the Calypso King will also take place during the evening ... a spirit that could travel o'er the space of earth and heaven ... also on Saturday, live on stage Hi Tension plus the Second Generation Dancers with sounds by TWJ at the Queen's Hotel, Church Road, Upper Norwood, London SE19 — from 7.30pm until late. Tickets and information from Junior on (01) 732 8036 ...



LIKE A THOUGHT SUBLIME, TRACING CREATION, like my maker, free ... 'Living Poetry & Drama' is the title of a presentation by the Poets & Players Association at Roundwood Park Summer Theatre, Willesden, London NW10 this Sunday from 4-6pm. The event features T Bone Walker, Jamal Ali and others and admission is free ... a soul unshackled like eternity ... new 12" discomix titles issued in the UK this week include: Carroll Thompson, 'Your Love' c/w Hubert Grant, 'My Love' (S&G — SG 20); Johnny Clarke, 'Guidance' c/w The Dub Band, 'Protection' (Red Nail — RN 0039) — produced by Dennis Bovell; and Bill Spencer, 'Imagine (Lovers Rock Stilele)' c/w 'Do You Really Love Me (Summer Feel Stilele)' (Olympic — PIC 002) ... spurning earth's vain and soul debasing thrall ... two new pre-release titles from Robert French up on 7" via Triston Palma's Black Solidarity label: 'Mr Babylon' and 'Problem Is A Cry' ... but now I only know I am — that's all ... and on Western pre is issued: Kutchie with 'Crying In The Ghetto' and Keith Porter leading the The Itals for 'Highly Tighty'. Meanwhile, Itals harmony vocalist Ronnie Davis solos in his own right for GG's Hit pre label with 'Wondering' ... One Love ...



Hi yo, Silver, away

Lone Ranger pic: J. B. Schiez



Shank I Skank

ONE OF the year's most endearing rhythms, the fourfold 'Shank I Shek' stepper is now the subject of an entire album issued on T A Dawkins' TAD's label out of New York and comprising a dozen versions of it in various guises of songs, toasts and instrumentals.

Entitled 'Shank I Shek Vol 1' (TRD LP 41381), the LP devotes its first side to the vocalists, with Dennis Brown singing in customary style on 'The Earth Is The Lord' principle, Sugar Minott rearranging the Archway reflections of Stanley Holloway for 'We're Going To Zion In The Morning', Horace Andy murmuring romantically, Triston Palma providing a further workout on his 'Run Around Woman' theme, Delroy Smith reasoning rhyme on Mr Palma's own 'Round The World' sentiment and new group Kal Vibes declaring

'Here Comes My Woman Forward Home'.

Side two features a brace of toast translations, with Ranking Joe exclaiming a variation of 'Mortima Simmonds', Ranking Dread invigorating a barnstorming version of 'When The Saints Go Marching In' in accents uncannily like those of his cousin Tapper Zukie, U Brown providing a 'Skidip' chant, Dean Frazer blowing a horn instrumental and King Tubby credited with mixing a bass and drum workout, though more probably mixed by Scientist. The last track on the set is an appeal against badness from Linval Thompson. All tracks are credited merely as 'Shank I Shek', further versions of which can be heard on generally current material laid by Hugh Mundell, The Fantells, Lone Ranger and others.



Ranking Dread goes cycling in

THE DEBUT album from Jamaican singer Lacksley Castell is issued on the Negus Roots label and entitled 'Morning Glory' (NERLP 002). Produced by Robert Palmer and recorded at Tuff Gong and Channel One studios, the LP is a nine track effort of new songs plus his popular hit from last year 'Government Man'. Born in Kingston, JA, Lacksley Castell started

Ranger Stranger

"Bim! Now you know Papa Ranger can sing ..."

SOME stylistic variance distinguishes the new Lone Ranger LP 'Hi Yo, Silver, Away' released this week on Greensleeves of Shepherds Bush.

Recorded at Channel One and produced jointly by Ranger and Clive Jarrett, the album yields an old fashioned rant by the toaster in the style of Dennis Alcapone on a new cut of 'Tom Drunk', with Carlton Lingstone providing background vocals. An original talkover of this tune was formerly given voice by U Roy the originator.

Also included is Ranger's recent single hit 'Johnny Make You Bad So', an excursion tracing the life and death of a rude boy, on which he sings, and tunelessly too.

For the rest is relinquished regurgitation of a Bill Haley theme for 'The Clock', further remonstrance on the saga of 'Solomon', an item entitled 'Legalise The National Herb' and the title track, formerly entitled 'Fort X', and not to be confused with the mid '50s 'Hi Yo, Silver' laid by Bob Carroll for London.

Also issued on Greensleeves discomix: Triston Palma, 'Joker Smoker' c/w Papa Bruce, 'Loafter Smoker' (GRED 93).

RELEASED out of Edgware on the Echo label is 'Red Cloud In Dub' (STLP 1009), an instrumental album of rhythm tracks laid at Chalk Farm for the most part and produced by former Klik sidekick FL Seivright, who also plays piano on the set.

Comprising a band of UK session musicians ascribed under the name Red Cloud, the music features Specks (drums), Palma Taylor (bass), Ojemba (organ), Eddi Tan Tan (trumpet) plus guitar organ and saxophone. Four of the tracks are of JA manufacture and include Derrick Stewart, Sonny Binns, Rico, Scully, Trevor Starr etc in lieu of renditions of the romantic for 'Let It Be Me' and 'When A Man Loves A Woman'; roots workouts on 'Jah Jah Why' and 'Babylon Shall', and even a fundae exposition 'Rasta Roots Man'.

On 12" discomix from the same label is: June Lodge, 'Someone Loves You Honey' c/w June Lodge and Prince Mohammed, 'One Time Daughter' (12-007) — produced by Joe Gibbs; and Bill Gentles, 'Ever Since I Met You' c/w 'I Want To Be Loved' and 'I Saw You' (12-009), produced by the singer.

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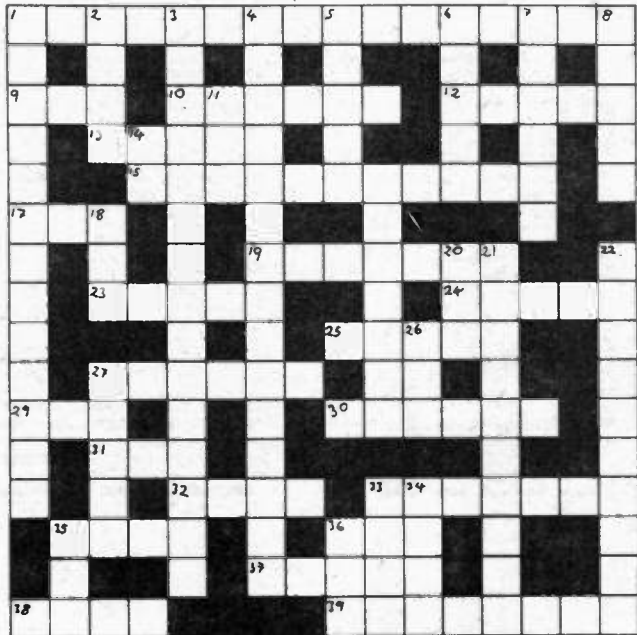
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NME Xpress



ACROSS
 1 Celebrating not only an anniversary but their last UK gig (3, 8, 3)
 9 Not before but after Brian (3)
 10 '55 Days at -----', '62 Charlton Heston film (6)
 12 He wrote *A Doll's House* among others (5)
 13 Envisage this entrepreneur, a strange experience (5)

15 This flash guy doesn't understand how he keeps from going under in this jungle (11)
 17 The Only Ones sang about the whole of it (3)
 19 Ohio musicians (7)
 36 + 23 US producer responsible for the Mamas and Papas, Spirit and Carole King. Well, someone has to be (5)

24 It is out with Black Uhuru (5)
 25 Sweet Minott (5)
 27 Twice pleaded for me by the Beatles (6)
 28 Where none of us has ever been. (Not Paradise) (2)
 29 Deco tower of the old stock now in peril of demolition (3)
 30 Ms Phillips sings (6)
 31 Blondie's present child (3)
 32 Lords Of The New Church demand this of your eyes (4)
 33 Cartoon character, but the correct spelling (7)
 35 Da Da Da ists (4)
 36 See 23 Across
 37 Ronnie Lane's faces (5)
 38 Bob in the Wall (4)
 39 The Damned waiting for Bowie (8)

DOWN
 1 Will someone please show it to Cliff (3, 4, 3, 3)
 2 Piccadilly's statue of love (4)
 3 Costello gets into interior decor and soap (8, 7)
 4 Red Alert do as Lou Reed once did. But differently (4, 2, 9)
 5 Fabric making yet another comeback (5)
 6 Feature cartoon film for which Nilsson wrote the score (5)
 7 Last label? (6)
 8 American film about Americans being American (5)
 11 Little/Perone (3)
 14 They held their funeral in Berlin (1, 1)

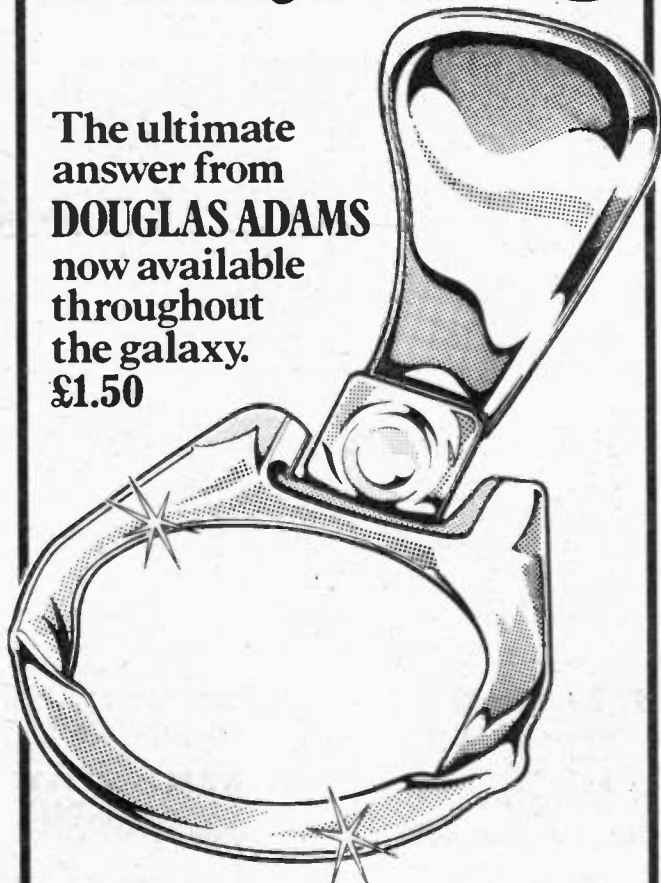
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 'Fourth Drawer Down', 10 'Upside Down', 12 City Boy, 13 'News (Of The World)', 15 'The Edge', 16 Fashion, 18 Angelo, 19 'Sam', 20 'I Wish', 22 Rah, 23 'In The (Ghetto)', 25 Fall, 26 'Kid', 27 & 29 'Dirty Faces', 28 'Humble', 31 Diana Ross, 33 '(In The) Ghetto', 35 Ars (Nova), 36 TVC, 37 Wah, 39 Nash, 40 'Six Minute War', 41 'Black (see 9D)'.
DOWN: 1 Flux Of Pink Indians, 2 UK Subs, 3 'Tide (Is High)', 4 'Rio', 5 Wings, 6 'Rock The Casbah', 7 '(News) Of The World', 8 'Nobody's Hero', 9 'Hey Hey My My Into The (Black)', 11 Donna, 14 'We Are Glass', 17 '(Tide) Is High', 21 'In Dreams', 24 Tom Tom Club, 30 Echo, 32 Althia, 34 Track, 37 'Wow', 38 Herb.

NME

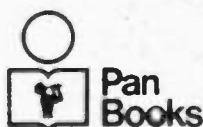


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Motor Cycle News

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HORS D'OEUVRES

Sunday night: *Some Like It Hot*. Jack Lemmon, or was it Tony Curtis?, speaking on the look of love: "ever tried making an omelette without cracking an egg?"

Sleeve notes to 'Poison Arrow', Martin Fry: "... a love affair without a broken heart? Like making an omelette without breaking an egg".

Enjoying a good film is as easy as ABC.

Love and Kisses, Marilyn.

"The egg is not simply broken. Think of it: scattered, dispersed, stirred, sizzling, then born anew... only to be consumed in the voluptuous embrace of the lips and teeth." Who said this? Answer at the foot of the page — IP

I haven't yet heard the new album by The Go-Go's, but I have heard the new single and if this is anything to go by the album is very good. The Go-Go's are a brilliant band and are much better than The Raincoats, who are just as boring as their name. All five girls in the band are extremely talented and the lyrics of some of their songs are very clever (for example 'This Town'). How can you say they have no talent? Try listening to the B-side of 'Vacation'. Belinda does not 'whimper' at all — her voice is very powerful and expressive.

The Go-Go's deserve all the fame they get in America and it's a shame there aren't more English people who realise how good they really are. *A Girl Who Recognises Talent When She Sees It*. Surrey.

Yes, I think that 'interview' with two of The Go-Gos by the Bertrand Russell of Pop Hagiography, Jonathon King, on *TOTP*, proved conclusively what absolutely super soaway young people of today those girls are! We're all 'going' to a Go Go, hey?! — IP

How about an in depth Spike Milligan interview? Or perhaps you might persuade him to contribute an irregular jazz column to your thing. *Auntie Veronica*.

Most irregular, I would imagine. — IP

THE PLIGHT OF YOUTH TODAY

... So I missed your 'Jive Wire' cassette offer because the Post Office Giro takes at least one month to send, and *NME* arrives here after 20 days. (The fault is not yours, but Italian mail's.) This is just an example, because everything here goes slow and arrives late (except the football team, of course). We only get a few gigs (none in small towns like Lucca, where I live) and not even actual rock institutions like The Rolling Stones will play in Florence, the nearest big town, because the authorities are afraid of the invasion of people coming to see the concert from everywhere in Central Italy.

Some say that the presence of the group increases the usage of every kind of drug. Local groups have no possibilities because you can't find a room to rehearse (too much noise, they say). I play in a new wave group and when our drummer quit last November we weren't able to find a new one until April. Now this one is quitting too because he prefers to laze around some sultry beach picking up chicks, rather than playing with us — and all that when some friends had invited us to play in Holland this summer!

But no one here really cares, people go to sleep and wake up and eat and go to work, these are the things that do matter, the rest is only some way of filling in spare time. I will never be a "musician", because such people don't belong to Italy, or rather: Italians think this.

And so... the name of my group (does it really exist?) is NO FUN.

Your Italian subscriber (am I the only one?), Raga Lucca, Italy. You could do a solo gig for the Autonomy movement... otherwise, I must say, lazing around on a sultry beach, waiting for the Muse to visit, well! Or have you tried retreading Nietzsche's footsteps in Turin? The possibilities are endless! — IP (and no TZers-style bad-caricature Italians whining about winning the Worlda Cupa for Mama, we take-a the ball, and we-)

A GUILTY HACK WRITES

Being responsible for the uncredited quotes in Cynthia Rose's dismissal of *New Women In Rock*, I feel reasonably justified in asking exactly what's wrong with describing (in, if I say so myself, reasonably articulate English) the fact that Marianne Faithfull's had more than her share of bad times, or that Chrissie Hynde remains an essentially humble human being?

As for the slur on press officers, I seem to recall that, like most hungry freelance writers, Ms Rose herself has penned more than one record company-sponsored official biography — for Iggy Pop, among others. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black!

Agreed, there is some rough writing in *New Women In Rock*, and I wouldn't exactly call it essential compared to, say, Harlan Ellison's *Jeffery Is Five*. But isn't that just as true of the blessed *NME* itself?

I could have written you a better review — and I don't mean complimentary either — for the same money. *Giovanni Dadamo, London, N1*.

PS This is not a job application. This is not a poorhouse! — IP (The *NME*'s own compilation, 'Old Men In Hock', including chapters by Andy Gill —



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DIIG?

ends dry scalp



Illustration by Ray Lowry

burnt out shell of Beirut (just for instance):

I even like Captain Sensible's new single, as it happens. Must be the absurdist in me, or him, or somebody. — IP

EDITOR IN RED "GAY" SCARE! BEANS SPILLED!

After reading Neil Spencer's piece on Lydon I thought I'd write about his comments regarding Communism. He dismisses Communism by pointing out the deficiencies in the Russian and Eastern Block 'systems' and he's absolutely right. But what Neil fails to mention is that these so-called 'Communist' countries 'ethic' is as close to the true Communism as I am to, say, the throne. Communism is an ideal, a great idea, a great dream, but unfortunately it doesn't work, mainly because of man's inherent greed, his lust for power (Orwell wrote something on this matter, but I can't recall it at this moment).

Neil Spencer is not one I would call upon to comment on this subject with his fat salary, his safe politics and what's more he's part of the 'media'; power yet again.

On a lighter note is Neil the only member of *NME*'s staff who isn't a lefty? Is he a government 'moll'? Did he go to Cambridge? Is he a — I think we should know — Fag-bag.

John, Dundee, Scotland. I did go to Cambridge one day, but it was closed. — NS

DO YOU CHABROL? NOT ON YOUR NELLIE KAPLAN!

I am very irritated by Monty Smith's glib treatment of the French film director Claude Chabrol. His scant reviews and scathing comments merely serve to illustrate his lack of comprehension. Mr Smith's attempts to compare Chabrol and Hitchcock or Chabrol and Truffaut are foolish and unnecessary. He fails to recognise the talent of the director and in his ignorance writes fatuous and childish stubborn reviews. As Mr Smith is not prepared to recommend the films of Chabrol, I definitely am. *Paul Spencer, Nottingham.* I'm not being fatuous, I'm being honest. You're being deceived. — MS

SLIGHTCLUBBING

In *NME* (7th August, 1982) you wrote an article about the Barracuda club. Not only in my opinion, but also that of several others, who have been members of the club, the article was extremely unfair. The description of the people who attend the club as "strictly peroxide 'n' dark roots, Money 'n' Muzak, a paradise for cultured pimps" is to say the least mildly untrue. The atmosphere has always been friendly and carefree — a 'live and let live, attitude. Your article was not only a put-down of the Barracuda club, but also the people who attend it.

In reference to the cost of the drinks inside, they are pretty much the same as anywhere in the West End. (50p minerals, 75p spirits). An apology I feel should be made not only to the members but also the management of it. *H. Thomas.*

The devil-may-care dandies amongst us — not to mention the sweatbound dance troupers — hereby apologise for the misdirected ire. We have dressed X up in the latest Armani range, given him a Gold American Express and sent him off to Santa Barbra to set his morals straight. — IP

The more I read your magazine, the more I realise how incredibly fast it is declining in sales, taste and culture. This feature on the Duma Express in Birmingham is such an example of the fourth rate narrow minded 'mag' that *NME* has become. I was going to lay the blame on

Mimesis, Durability, Tequila and Orange In The Novellas of Thomas Pinchedon — Tony Stewart's much-requested *Expenses Frameth Not The Souls of Men* and the never-before-released Gavin Martin meisterwerk *A Great Wee Gap I Know In Nashville*, will be published in the autumn by Bleakpocket & Winge, £7.99)

MEAN METAL MUTHA BONANZA!!!

Twisted Sister, what a load of scrap iron. These morons couldn't play in front of a gay convention without wetting their knickers never mind playing in front of a Heavy

ASYLUMS IN BOHN

Just a few remarks regarding Chris Bohn's observations (Singles 7/8/82) about the "hermetically sealed academy" (ulp) that is the new pop. Please, how will we know when "the sources run dry," and how can we spot a song where the artist is "being or doing" (OK, other than in the outro of Sinatra's 'Strangers In The Night'), rather than sitting pretty in the middle distance? A difficult one, that.

I'm just listening, yet again, to the slow "soul" song which graces the 12-inch of 'Asylums In Jerusalem': if you really think that's distant then go get some EARS! Like 'Faithless', its emotional

is hardly going to be 'My Boy Lollipop' revisited, now is it?) Can you honestly envisage those "sources" running dry? *A J Marks, Leeds.*

'My Boy Lollipop', maybe. The clashing of armour plates, burrowed pates and pop palates — Chris Bohn in the Walter Benjamin silk shorts and tender Left jab, Scritti Politti's elected body under red, green and gold awnings — will be transmitted in *NME* shortly. Like, heavyweight. — IP

EMINENTLY SENSIBLE

So Captain Sensible "dislikes vicars", eh? I thought The Captain was OK — till I read that. My popsie's a man of the cloth and I'm proud of him for that. He's as broadminded a bloke as you'd ever get. Why are vicars constantly misunderstood as being inhuman, stuffy, boring, etc, etc — just cos they believe in something?

Does The Captain judge all religious people by the one who he has met. If so, you can tell him from me that he's just a narrow minded arsehole. Captain "Sensible"? — my foot! *Kate, London W9. (An Angry Vicar's Daughter)*

"Angry Vicar's Daughter" sounds like the sort of group you'd find at number 17 in the Indie Charts, probably affiliated to Crass, or related to X Moore (*Cut it out — Ed.*) (Only an affectionate jibe — IP) (My ass — Ed.) Anyway, anyone who avers a dislike for the scrounging, land-owning, anachronistic bastions of our enemy Organized Religion, is more than OK by me. That religion still lives is beyond 'belief' — after all, we have killed all your Gods, and any "good works" His (sic) people perform, only prolong the illusion of their promised better world another day. Nietzsche long ago demonstrated the cruelty at the base of all righteousness and it is his laughter I hear ringing round the pitiful,

Goatee and sandals: Ian Penman

Metal British audience. We can't really be expected to take seriously this Transatlantic Transvestite rubbish. Every photo of them has them posing like queens — surely they are corrupting young heavy metal fans' minds. Get Mary Whitehouse to ban them, she banned Andy Pandey and he is on the same level as Twisted Sister.

Get some new good British metal in your papers eg CLOVEN HOOF. This band has got to be a big band of the future, their music is brilliant they are visually fantastic. If you haven't heard of them check them out at their next gig or let's have interviews, photos of this fantastic band. *Mark Spencer, Colchester.*

I've a feeling something's amiss here. Can't quite put my finger on it though. — IP

impact is considerable and in a world where our so-called emotional chargers have fallen to covering 'Love Hangover', that's pretty important. Billy MacKenzie should note that fist-clenching and screaming are but the trappings and the suits of woe, and Chris Bohn should be aware that a muted, lazy song (however clever he deems it to be) has its own particular emotional field.

Rather these complex webs of signifiers than crass remakes of tired old models, and if you're playing 'spot the reference' you're playing the wrong game. It's a matter of slipping INTO the song and moving around within it, not tiptoeing from one edge of it to the other in a straight line. And with Scritti Politti's breadth of reference (any song called 'Jacques Derrida'

Blow your solo to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

'Nocturne', or Chris Bohn to those less enlightened creatures — until I realised that he is just an insignificant little rat bite in NME's paranoiac deace. This increasing "Oh my jod nothing's happening in London again, let's tear everybody else to pieces" syndrome is quite getting out of hand.

Every week we are subjected to reviews and interviews with incompetent no hope London bands, who get the press because they hail from our greasy overrated capital (in name only). As soon as anything good happens anywhere else it is either totally ignored or one of your degenerate 'hacks' spills in from the 'Big City,' gives it the once over, gets pissed out of his brain and falls back into the train waking up hungover, bad tempered and ready to write a shit review about anything that has caused him such inconvenience.

This bloke claims to know Birmingham, even to have lived here for 21 years — couldn't wait to get to London — thank God he's gone, that's all I can say. He's probably living in some squalid overpriced little bedsit thinking how great it all is. Sure, London's cool: extortionate drink prices, third rate clubs run or owned by talentless 'in' people, 'in' because they live in London, bored after a fortnight deciding it wasn't all that 'incredible' after all, how pathetic it all is.

At least there is a 'scene' in Birmingham and nearly every other town except London. You people just cannot accept that London is nothing or don't want to. I pity you. Duma Express is an important but small part of Birmingham's nightclub scene. Chris Bohn seems to have spent 21 years here with his head up his arse — it's obviously still there. *Someone who thankfully doesn't live in London.* On the other hand... suave, worldly Mr Bohn gave your inner city's new club a glowing review. Gotta bee in yer bonnet about something? The coverage may seem a bit token; but your rage seems a lot, lot more paranoid. — IP

'FAME'. NOT JUST FAME. 'FAME'.

'Fame' was always likely to make numero uno and once it was there, it was never going to be shifted easily. Not with it being played twice in the space of five minutes and then again some 46 minutes later every Thursday evening. 'Fame' (the macroconcept) holds it axiomatic that 'Fame' (cash 'n' kudos) is something we all want, something only the few will get, and that somehow both these characteristics are entirely NATURAL.

So what are we to make of this? This free enterprise approach to the distribution of Fame (the consumer durable) suffers in much the same way as does its economic counterpart. As an example: we might (and indeed do) argue against the privatisation of medicine on the ground that, while need is equal, access to health care (ie the ability to pay) isn't. Similarly, Fame (the drug) should be distributed according to merit. Now, 'Fame' (the entertainment) no doubt has it that the good guys and gals triumph in the end but, I ask you, are Scritti Politti household names? And is 'Fame' (the whole gamut). I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Or perhaps I don't. Fame is effectively distributed by the media, and — Simon Anthony.

...and, I'm sorry, we've run out of time on this one. Our next **Krypton Factor** contestant is a Mr Marshall McLuhan. Marshall, you're employed as...? — IP



AT LAST, the page that promises you the vilest gossip, the most scurrilous scandal, the slimiest allusions, the most loathsome innuendoes... Take a deep breath, hold your noses and dive with me now, down to the scummiest recesses of the putrefying ultimate column — the section that worms out the secrets, ruins reputations, presents you with scantily-clad unlovelies, sex, more sex and verbal violence (*There'll be mayhem in a minute if I don't get this page away — Harrased Production Ed, smoking six Gauloises and sweating profusely*).

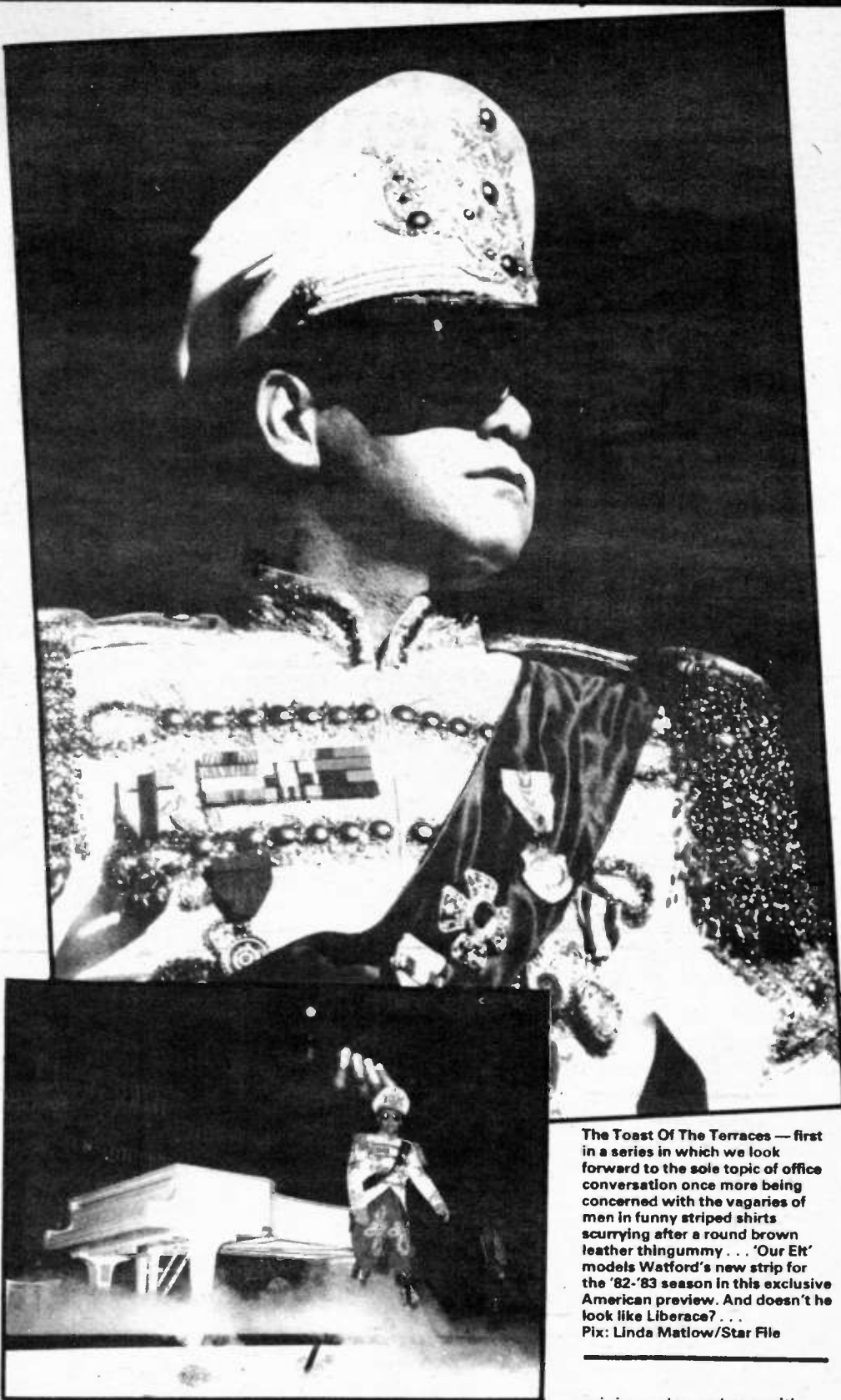
Tantalisingly adorned in only the flimsiest of pretexts, we proudly present T-zers, the page that's just as much imagination as mystery. And we defy you to sort out the real filth from the mud-slinging...

Starting with a thoroughly disgusting '60s-style "party" whose ripples have been stirring up the stagnant sludge of Fleet Street. We're talking about Simon Napier-Bell's launch of his vicious little book, *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me*, where faded celebrities disported themselves amongst fountains of free booze. A set of pics suitable for several blackmailers to live off comfortably for the rest of their naturals has "come into our possession". Who, for instance, was the blousy blonde with Richard Strange? And why was his namesake Steve wearing such a ludicrous outfit? Also what possible publicity advantage did Napier-Bell hope to gain by hiring two strippers to remove all vestiges of common decency and indulge in what the late John Lennon once referred to as "doing it in the road?" Dreadfully dull darlings...

Onto some saucy news from Beckenham, the quiet suburb that hides a thousand secret shames. Here it is that Nick Heyward of the popular Don't Spoil My Haircut 100 spent the halycon days of his youth monkeeing around with some of the sorts of nasty habits that don't go too well with a clean-cut heart-throb image. If we said sniffing tubes of glue, would you sue? And if we said we had an awful lot more less innocuous stuff would you wine and dine and dance away the evening with us in a discreet and exclusive little niterie entirely of T-zer's own choosing?...

Hold the front page! The Secret Seven have just been tipped for the very, very top by our own fetchingly tousled Sheffield talent scout, Amrik Rai. It seems that the Manchester fivesome had been hopefully sending tapes off to the grubby independents, only to have them returned with a less-than-lukewarm "we'll call you". Enter Factory supremo Tony Wilson who suggested they try the majors. Severally enter a bevy of slit-eyed men in lurid satin tour jackets, all jostling each other for a view of the Hacienda stage last week. "They were fantastic," breathed Amrik (see review next week) OK, you can let go now...

MIRROR, mirror on the wall, who is the sexiest of them all... Paul Simonon??!! No, here missus, don't laugh... It says here that *Playgirl* readers voted him among the ten sexiest men in the world. Also among the motley crew of



The Toast Of The Terraces — first in a series in which we look forward to the sole topic of office conversation once more being concerned with the vagaries of men in funny striped shirts scurrying after a round brown leather thingummy... 'Our EH' models Watford's new strip for the '82-'83 season in this exclusive American preview. And doesn't he look like Liberace?... Pix: Linda Matlow/Star File

male specimens thus honoured was the 86-year-old comedian George Burns, which perhaps goes some way towards explaining it...

ALRIGHT GUV, it's a fair cop I'll come quietly section: The Firm have had a tidy bit of press mileage over the fact that they claim to have written their one-hit wonder 'Arthur Daley' whilst in one of Her Majesty's rest homes. Well, according to our correspondent, singer Ronnie Sykes is really one Tony Thorpe, ex of the excruciating Rubettes. What's more, he lives in Burnley, an awfully long way from Sarf London and the nice chap has never been near the nick in his life...

Oh and while we remember... grovelling apologies are due to John Peel — "Grandmaster Baldhead" to his colleagues (fact) — who rang to deny the report in Kev Mc's review of *Ice Ice Works* in Liverpool last week, suggesting he was in the audience and drunk. Peellie replies that (a) he wasn't there and (b) he doesn't drink much anyway, "except after the match". Apart from getting accused of being places where he isn't, John also reports a problem of getting accused of *not* being where he really is — namely when entering the BBC to present last week's *Top Of The Pops*, when BBC commissioners refused to believe that this character had turned up to host the show with the most. "You're not Jimmy Saville, are you?" sneered a suspicious

jobsworth...

And now, little leeches, a set of coincidences stranger than fact and funnier than fiction, more unlikely even than *Monochrome Set's* "music" itself... With many an assurance of "I can prove all this, you know", a press officer rang your incorruptible T-Zers all agog to suggest first that Bid, The Set's singer is an Indian Prince descended from the Vadic Saints — the first rulers of India; secondly that the real name of their guitarist Lester Square is really Tom Hardy, and that, yes, you guessed it, he really is a descendant of that fatalistic Wessex whiner Thomas Hardy. Finally he assured a frankly sceptical T-Zers that one of the tracks on The Set's new LP is written in Knockian, an obscure mystical Nordic language... (*Honest Ed, that's what he said — fawning T-Zer cringing in front of irate Ed demanding an immediate explanation for the above load of old rubbish*).

Miaoow! And the cat's out of the bag for that "colourful" lightweight combo The Belle Stars and their increasingly desperate attempts to conquer the charts. Before releasing their two cover versions of 'Iko Iko' and 'The Clapping Song' Stiff had London's Rock On Records compile them tapes of suitable "gurdy group" successes, including The Dixie Cups and Shirley Ellis originals of The Belle Stars abominations...

Remember Gary "Proverbial Bad Penny" Tibbs, the pouting blonde bombshell who progressed from his all-too-humble

origins as bass player with post-punkies The Vibrators to find fame, fortune and later a services-dispensd-with situation with Roxy Music and Adam And The Ants? Well, the indestructible old trouper has turned up again, this time playing a DJ in ITV's new serial *Radio*...

OK, OUT with the Kleenex and prepare to be really moved, man, by Rak Records wonderfully purple prose about Hot Club's pathetic little ditty 'The Dirt That She Walks In Is Sacred Ground To Me'. Picture the sentimental scene: there are the four happy wanderers lost in Spain and straggling through the dust of half-built hotels and the steamy clouds of chicken 'n' chip fat from all those English-style Red Barrel bars. Suddenly they see "a gypsy girl, walking barefooted along the village street. To them she was the essence of the proud, but natural Spanish beauty portrayed in paintings and films. Like the one Picasso went loopy over in Orson Welle's *F For Fake*. The impression was vivid and shared by all. She was a creature of pure beauty." And they were lost from the moment they saw her, they said...

Cancel your subscriptions! Finally we bring you the sort of mysterious but irritating little item guaranteed to send faithful readers rushing red-faced with fury into their nearest newsagents, stabbing at the offending yellow newsprint with a smudgy black forefinger... Paul, missing you, from all of us hacks here... What does it all mean? We ask you...

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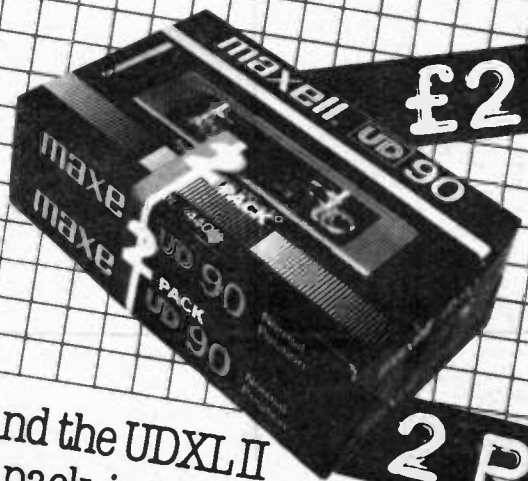
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