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BOY GEORGE
GOES GREEN



SPECIAL ELECTION VOXPOP - PAGES 12 & 13

AZTEC CAMERA YOUNG HOPEFULS FROM THE HIGHLANDS

RODDY FRAME INTERVIEW BY KIRSTY McNEILL

ANGRY SAMOANS
BOWIE IN COLOUR
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
JIMMY THE HOOVER

WHY THE UNDERTONING STOPPED ● TALKING HEADS NEW LP & FILM ● DURAN DURAN GO MENTAL ●

THE UNDERTONES, as promised, have now issued a statement on the reasons for their decision to split next month. Unfortunately, the explanation leaves us little the wiser. They do add, however, that the break-up was a spontaneous decision, and none of the members has any definite plans for the future — except it's likely that all five will continue to make records.

In the wake of the split, the group's back-catalogue (including material released on Sire) will soon be available again on the Ardeck label, through EMI. The first release on June 20 is the single 'Teenage Kicks'/'Emergency Cases' — and the 12" version will come with a bonus of added tracks 'Smarter Than U' and 'True Confessions'. The first two albums, 'The Undertones' and 'Hypnotised', will follow in mid-July at a

specially reduced price. And six more singles will be reissued at intervals over the coming months. And the reasons for their split? Well, see what you make of this... "We have felt in recent months that, being on the verge of international superstardom with all the trappings of wealth and the restrictions that such a predicament would bring, was not too much of an attractive

proposition. The thought of having to live in luxury in exotic tax havens, lazing by the pool drinking cocktails served by lightly clad females, flying the world in private jets, and the ultimate — being interviewed on Breakfast TV by Mike Smith — would ruin our ability to continue making such great records, and would eventually even affect our position as the world's number one live group." So now we know. Or do we?

ADRIAN THRILLS FINDS JIMMY THE HOOVER'S HOT POINTS. PENNIE SMITH DUSTS OFF HER LENS CAP.

AT last...the sun crashes into sleepy London Town on the back of a thunderstorm and, in the calm that follows, something tender and tantalising this way comes.

At last...a definitive single for the summer that lies ahead, a 'Wham Rap', or 'Dutchie' or 'Sunshine', custom cut for 1983.

At last...humpy rhythms and a bamba beat, a guitar sound somewhere Chic and the centre of Zaire, the voice of a lovelorn urban spaceman and a chorus that you will be sick of hearing by the middle of July.

It goes "wo woo ee yeh yeh", it is called 'Tantalise' and the nomad tribe behind it is known collectively as Jimmy The Hoover — five international thieves with no blue blood, but hearts that beat like a drum and cultural perms on overload. They're another major building block in the dominion of dance currently under construction at Innervision Records. It could well be a number one, but first — Jimmy The...who?

The five are Derek (vocals, Scotland) Simon (keyboards, Malta), Mark (guitar, England), Carla (drums, Los Angeles) and Flinto (bass, Zambia), and they camp just south of the river on a council tenement in Borough.

So why Jimmy? Simon: "Everyone in the band is so different that we wanted to have one name, one character, to represent the whole group. We also wanted to get away from calling ourselves 'the' something and all those serious names like Ultravox and Mezzoforte: we wanted to give ourselves a name that people could smile about, unless they have no sense of humour, in which case they get all self-conscious when they repeat it to anyone."

That was as long ago as December 1980, when the original nucleus comprised Simon, a face from the '76

POISED FOR FAME, THE 'TONES SPLIT BEFORE BEING POISONED BY IT

BABEL-ON BYRNE-ING

TALKING HEADS re-emerge this month after a year of solo projects. Their new album 'Speaking In Tongues' is released by WEA next week — their first since the 1982 live set 'The Name Of This Band Is The Talking Heads', and their first studio LP since 'Remain In Light'. And they'll be featuring much of the material from the new album in a live TV special, currently being prepared for transmission by Channel 4 — full details to follow.

Produced and written by the band, the album contains nine tracks, and is issued on June 17 in conventional black vinyl form. It's followed a week later by a specially packaged limited-edition version, designed by artist Robert Rauschenberg in collaboration with the Heads — it consists of a clear vinyl disc which, when correctly aligned with the sleeve, produces an image.

The nucleus of the band remains David Byrne, Chris Frantz, Jerry Harrison and Tina Weymouth. But on the new LP they're augmented by another guitarist, a violinist and three percussionists, plus vocalist Nona Hendryx.

DURAN DURAN hope to play an open-air charity concert this summer at Birmingham's Aston Villa football ground, with the estimated proceeds of around £75,000 going to MENCAP, for the purpose of establishing an open university course to deal with the problems of mental illness.

Application for a licence has been made to Birmingham City Council's general purposes committee, who were due to make their decision shortly after NME closed for press this week. There have been the inevitable protests from local residents, but the committee chairman has said she is in favour of the concert going ahead.

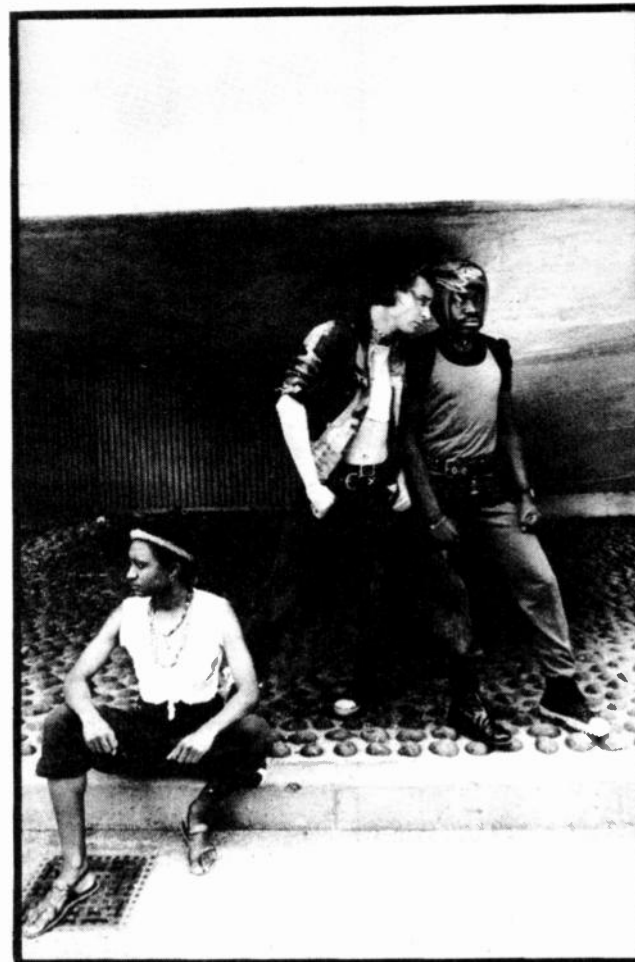
The date won't be fixed until approval is granted, and the group would then have to choose between two alternatives. They fly home from recording in Montserrat for their Prince's Trust concert at London Dominion on July 20, and they could fit the Villa Park show into the same visit, possibly July 16 or 23 — it's short notice, but tickets would be snapped up instantly, so that would present little problem. Or they could wait until their Caribbean sessions have finished, which seems less likely as it would conflict with the start of — or preparations for — the new football season.

If the committee gives the go-ahead, they would also have to fix a limit on the crowd size, and it's expected this would be around 40,000. Hopefully, all will be revealed next week.

CHELSEA have re-formed and will be back on the road next month.

Leader and vocalist Gene October took the decision to resurrect the band after constant pressure from Chelsea devotees, as well as a deluge of phone calls from Geoff Sewell and Peter Dimmock, who both had the same idea in mind.

The new Chelsea line-up features bassist Dimmock and guitarist John Thurlow (both ex-Chron Gen), drummer Sewell (who played in the last Chelsea before the split) and new guitarist Davey Jones from Glasgow. They are currently rehearsing in readiness for a July gig schedule.



Three Hoovers: left to right — Carla, Derek and Flinto.

LIFE

David Byrne. Pic Peter Anderson.

NEW NME 12 VOXPOP SPECIAL

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Readers and pop stars give their own political opinions and cast their votes on the eve of a new Victorian age. Photo montage on the right by Peter Kennard.

007 BOND

That's his licence to kill — or is it to print money? — not the page number, dummy. CSM comes to grip with Octopussy and sees who's got their tentacles in the till.



- 20 ROBBIE R
- 24 LPs: SUNNY ADE,

29 GIG GUIDE

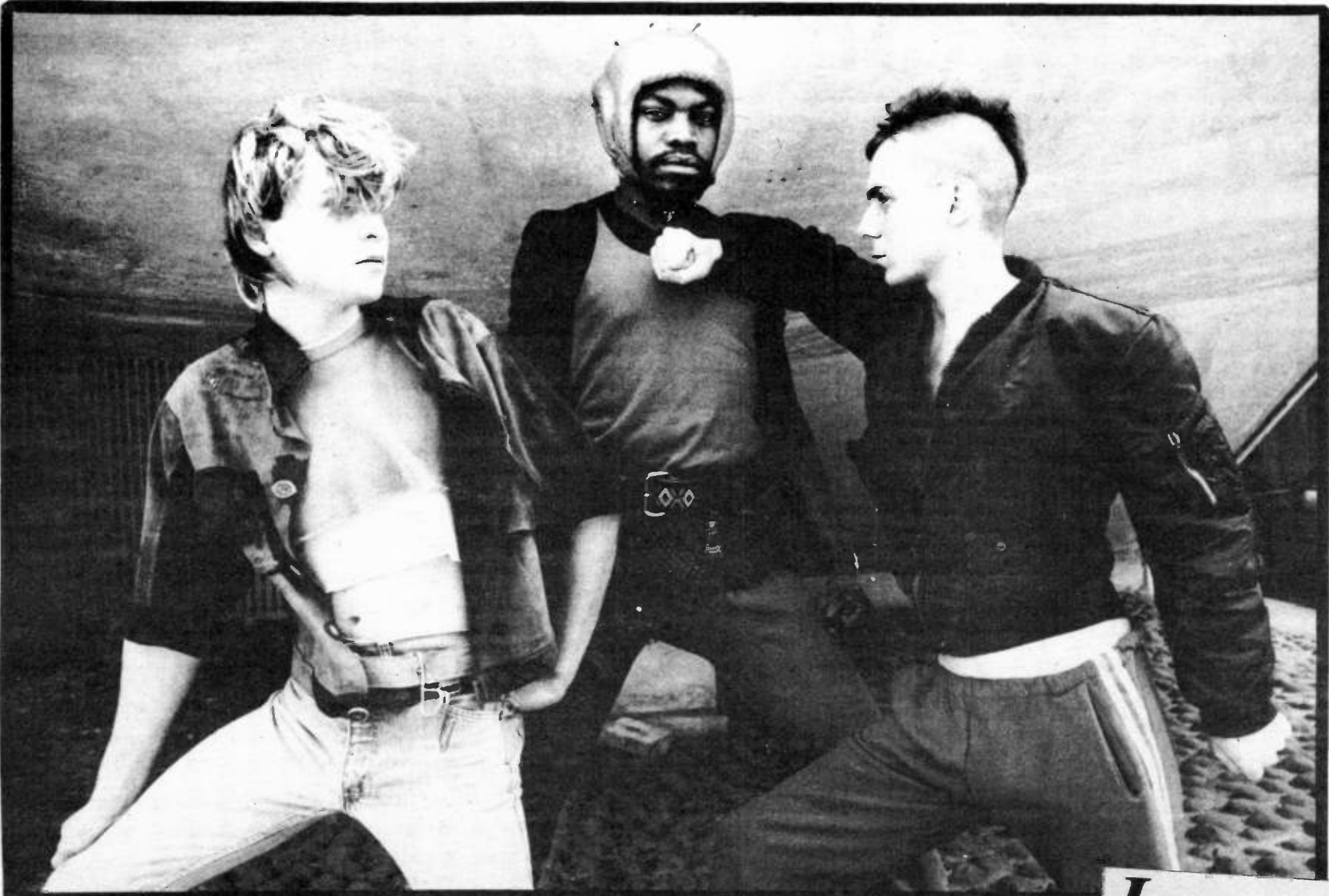
32 BOWIE IN COLOUR

Pictured right by Jak Kilby, Bowie doing mime in 1968. Fifteen years later he has graduated to dance. Gavin Martin reports from Wembley in a Live Colour Special.

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JIMMY THE HOOVER COME CLEAN ● WOMAD & RADICAL BINGO DATES ● HOW FARNDON DIED ●



More attachments: Mark, Filinto and Simon.

Oxford Street punk scene, and Derek, born in Aberdeen but brought up in Zambia where his father worked in the copper mines. It was in Africa that Derek met Filinto, the next to join, followed by Carla and Mark, whose influences were both more Hispanic — his from a training in Spanish classical guitar and hers from an LA upbringing.

A brief support tour with Bow Wow Wow aside, the band preferred to promote their own shows, at London venues like the Africa Centre, staying well outside the more claustrophobic established club scene. Lack of finance and rehearsal time frustrated their musical ambitions for two years before their Innervision contract was signed early this year. But haste had never been part of their plan.

Derek: "We wanted a record company eventually, but there was never any rush. When we formed the band, I had an idea of what I wanted us to sound like — something like 'Tantallise' — and it wasn't until about six months ago that we even began to realise those aims. It was better that we got the music exactly right before we signed."

The highlife influence is obviously an integral part of the Hoover sound, but the African connection is played down.

Derek: "We don't play African music. I'd be insulted if people thought of us as an African band, and I'm sure all the Pablos and Sunny Aides would be insulted by us too if that's what we were claiming. Obviously, both Filinto and I have spent a lot of time out there and I certainly learnt a lot, but I wouldn't want to make it a big thing."

Subconsciously, I suppose we were also aware of the Afro hip thing that was going on last summer and we never really wanted to be part of that. Thankfully that seems to have died down a bit now, letting people listen more to the music."

'Tantallise' is produced by Steve Levine, lauded for his work with Culture Club, but chosen not as a wizard with a wand that might wave the group into the chart, but for the crispness and clarity that we could bring to the complex rhythmic backseats of the band, rhythms that are rooted in the bamba music of Filinto's native tribe in Zambia.

Simon: "When we heard Levine's production of 'Time', the Culture Club single, we were impressed by the way he made the instruments sound so clear when a lot of other producers would have made them sound really fuzzy. There are a lot of percussion parts in 'Tantallise' and it would be easy to end up with a very cluttered sound, but Levine manages to make everything sound clean."

The single is slightly deceptive. It's gentle melodic lilt is not totally representative, the rest of their set being harder, with more emphasis on a solid rhythm. Right now, though, it looks set to be the record that makes their tracksuit togs, sparring helmets, headbands and African hearts one of the hallmarks of the summer. If the saturation play that they are currently getting from Peter Powell doesn't tantallise the nation, then the video — a low budget, low gloss affair made on film rather than cathode ray and currently being shown as a short in certain cinemas — will.

The Hoovers have it in the bag...go, Jimmy, go!

THE LATE Pete Farndon, former bassist with The Pretenders, drowned in his bath after taking drugs, it was revealed at the inquest into his death held in London recently.

Farndon, who was a registered addict, died immediately after taking a mixture of cocaine and heroin. A syringe was found lying next to his bath.

The Westminster Coroner Dr Paul Knapman (who also held the inquest on Pete's Pretender colleague James Honeyman-Scott, who died of a cocaine-induced heart attack) said: "This is perhaps not the best example to set to the youth of today. There is no evidence that Mr Farndon intended to kill himself. He was incautious and died by taking a little too much of the drugs."

Farndon's body had been discovered by his wife, who told the inquest she had "never seen any sign that Peter was addicted to drugs". She believed that he was feeling considerable pressure before his death, as he was about to cut a demo tape with his new band.

LONDON'S ICA has announced the full line-up and running order for its two major summer seasons — the week of modern cabaret called Radical Bingo (June 21-26) and the WOMAD Festival which is itself part of the five-week Capital Music Festival (July 5-17).

The Radical Bingo season has Seething Wells as caller in all six nights, and those appearing are Joolz, Fatima The Fantastic and The Joeys (June 21); Little Brother, 3 Mustapha 3, Tim Bait and The People Show (22); Yip Yip Coyote, Atilla The Stockbroker, Wild Willy Beckett, Slade The Leveller and Jim Barclay (23); The Three Johns, The Nightingales, Surfing Dave and Eddie Chippington (24); The Chevalier Brothers, Jenny Lecoat, Los Me Sombreros, Terri Rogers and Mark Miwurdz (25); and The Poison Girls, Benjamin Zephaniah, Akimbo and Tony Allen (26).

Last year's first WOMAD Festival was staged outdoors in Somerset and, despite being widely acclaimed for its fusion of global cultures, was not a financial success. The 1983 event is slightly more slimline, and the combination of Capital Radio sponsorship and a Central London venue is bound to make it a viable proposition. There will be a number of afternoon seminars, lectures, workshops and films, but the main evening shows features:

Gasper Lawal Band plus Mark, Sean and Flash from Rip Rig & Panic (July 5); Durutti Column and Irap's Sadi Al Hadithi (6); The Marine Girls, Dick Gaughan and India's Ritwik Sanyal (7); Orchestre Jazira, Senegambia's Amadu Jobarteh and a Congolese dance troupe (8); Jah Wobble & The Invaders Of The Heart and Zaire's Kanda Bongo Man (9); Misty In Roots and Kanda Bongo Man (10); 23 Skidoo plus videos (12); David Cunningham & Peter Gordon, Scotland's Boroughloch and India's Lakshmi Jayan to be announced (14); Penguin Cafe Orchestra and Ekome Dance Company (15); South Africa's Malopoets and star guest to be set (16); and Final party Night with Test Department, guest DJs and surprises (17).

Nightly admissions to the ICA Theatre in The Mall is £3 (unemployed £2.50) for Radical Bingo and £3.25 for WOMAD. Non-members must also purchase a day pass for 50p — or, in the case of WOMAD, season membership for £1. The ICA box-office is on 01-930 3647.

IN A VACUUM

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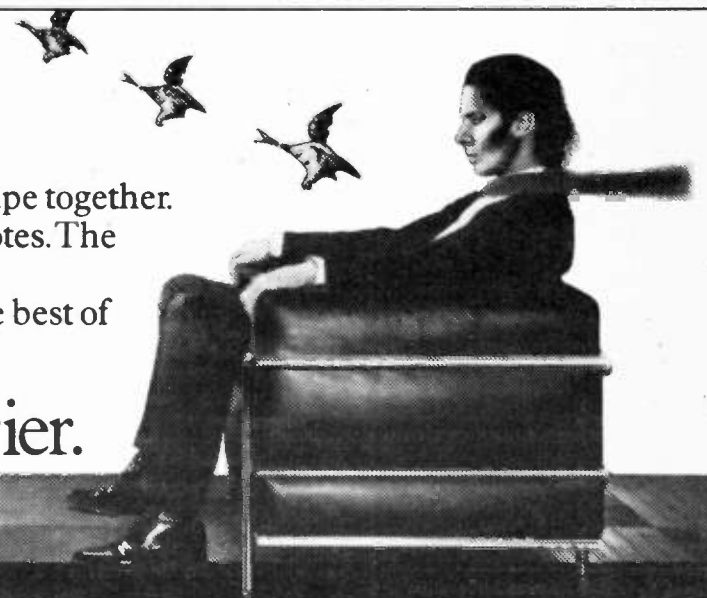
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ARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	Last Week		Highest
			Weeks In
1	2	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE.....Police (A & M)	3 1
2	3	BAD BOYS.....Wham (Innervision)	4 2
3	7	NOBODY'S DIARY.....Yazoo (Mute)	4 3
4	1	CANDY GIRL.....New Edition (London)	8 1
5	12	JUST GOT LUCKY.....JoBoxers (RCA)	4 5
6	9	BUFFALO SOLDIER.....Bob Marley (Island)	5 6
7	4	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU.....The Beat (Go Feet)	6 4
8	8	MONEY GO ROUND.....Style Council (Polydor)	3 8
9	14	LOVE TOWN.....Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	2 9
10	5	TRUE.....Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	8 1
11	6	TEMPTATION.....Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	8 2
12	10	WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.....Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4 10
13	18	IN A BIG COUNTRY.....Big Country (Mercury)	3 13
14	25	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME).....George Benson (Warner Bros)	2 14
15	13	OUR LIPS ARE SEALED.....Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	7 5
16	39	CHINA GIRL.....David Bowie (EMI-America)	2 16
17	24	WAITING FOR A TRAIN.....Flash 'n' The Pan (Easy Beat)	3 17
18	20	FEEL THE NEED IN ME.....Forrest (CBS)	4 18
19	15	GLORY, GLORY MAN, UNITED.....Manchester Utd Team (EMI)	3 15
20	(-)	FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING.....Irene Cara (Casablanca)	1 20
21	11	DANCING TIGHT.....Galaxy (Ensign)	8 4
22	35	WE CAME TO DANCE.....Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2 22
23	(-)	PILLS AND SOAP.....The Imposter (Demon)	1 23
24	31	STOP AND GO.....David Grant (Chrysalis)	5 24
25	38	BABY JANE.....Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	2 25
26	26	BRING ME CLOSER.....Altered Images (Epic)	2 26
27	(-)	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES.....Elton John (Rocket)	1 27
28	16	BLIND VISION.....Blancmange (London)	6 9
29	19	SHIPBUILDING.....Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	5 19
30	(-)	HANG ON NOW.....Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1 30
31	22	BLUE MONDAY.....New Order (Factory)	12 8
32	(-)	MOONLIGHT SHADOW.....Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1 32
33	23	PALE SHELTER.....Tears For Fears (Mercury)	7 4
34	36	THE KIDS ARE BACK.....Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	2 34
35	33	JUICY FRUIT.....M'tume (Epic)	4 33
36	(-)	TAKE THAT SITUATION.....Nick Heywood (Arista)	1 36
37	40	LET'S LIVE IT UP.....David Joseph (Island)	2 37
38	21	MUSIC (PART 1).....D Train (Prelude)	6 21
39	48	FLESH OF MY FLESH.....Orange Juice (Polydor)	2 29
40	(-)	LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT.....Imagination (R & B)	1 40
41	27	WORDS.....F.R. David (Carrere)	10 3
42	(-)	SHEEPFARMING IN THE FALKLANDS.....Crass (Crass)	1 42
43	34	THE WHEEL.....Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	2 34
44	17	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION.....Human League (Virgin)	8 2
45	42	MORNING.....Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	3 42
46	(-)	I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	1 46
47	(-)	WALKING THE LINE.....Brass Construction (Capitol)	1 47
48	28	STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM.....Modern Romance (WEA)	5 21
49	30	FAMILY MAN.....Hall & Oates (RCA)	6 16
50	46	LITTLE RED CORVETTE.....Prince (Warner Bros)	2 46

1	Last Week		Highest
			Weeks In
1	1	THRILLER.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	25 1
2	6	LET'S DANCE.....David Bowie (EMI)	8 1
3	2	TRUE.....Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	13 1
4	3	CONFRONTATION.....Bob Marley (Island)	3 3
5	5	PIECE OF MIND.....Iron Maiden (EMI)	3 5
6	4	THE LUXURY GAP.....Heaven 17 (Virgin)	6 1
7	7	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES.....New Order (Factory)	5 5
8	8	FEAST.....Creatures (Polydor)	3 8
9	26	CRISES.....Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2 9
10	9	TWICE AS KOOL.....Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	6 9
11	21	DUCK ROCK.....Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	2 11
12	12	NIGHT DUBBING.....Imagination (R & B)	5 9
13	13	CARGO.....Men At Work (Epic)	8 3
14	11	THE HURTING.....Tears For Fears (Mercury)	13 2
15	10	DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	4 10
16	28	ANOTHER PERFECT DAY.....Motorhead (Bronze)	2 16
17	15	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND.....Meatloaf (Epic)	6 3
18	14	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK.....Thompson Twins (Arista)	15 2
19	20	TOTO IV.....Toto (CBS)	15 3
20	17	CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND.....Various (Ronco)	3 17
21	(-)	TOO LATE FOR ZERO.....Elton John (Rocket)	1 21
22	19	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS).....Eurythmics (RCA)	15 1
23	16	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT.....Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	8 3
24	(-)	IN YOUR EYES.....George Benson (WEA)	1 24
25	(-)	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF.....The Beat (Arista)	1 25
26	22	RING OF CHANGES.....Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	3 22
27	18	WHAMMY!.....B-52s (Island)	3 18
28	27	THE COLLECTION.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	3 27
29	25	WHITE FEATHERS.....Kajagoogoo (EMI)	7 8
30	23	THE FINAL CUT.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	11 1
31	(-)	HIGH DIVER.....Dio (Vertigo)	1 31
32	34	WAITING.....Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	12 7
33	24	SONGS.....Kids From Fame (BBC)	5 17
34	43	HELLO I MUST BE GOING.....Phil Collins (Virgin)	30 2
35	40	NAKED.....Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	2 40
36	(-)	TUBULAR BELLS.....Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1 36
37	33	JARREAU.....Al Jarreau (WEA)	8 24
38	32	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN.....Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	8 12
39	30	H ₂ O.....Hall And Oates (RCA)	4 27
40	39	OUTSIDE INSIDE.....Tubes (Capitol)	2 39
41	(-)	WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME.....Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	1 41
42	(-)	YES SIR I WILL.....Crass (Crass)	1 42
43	44	HUNKY DORY.....David Bowie (RCA)	1 43
44	37	PRIDE.....Robert Palmer (Island)	8 15
45	45	THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST.....David Bowie (RCA)	5 38
46	31	DIAGNOSIS.....Blackfoot (Atco)	4 23
47	29	CHINERA.....Bill Nelson (Mercury)	5 13
48	41	WE ARE ONE.....Maze (Capitol)	5 27
49	38	LAUGHTER AND TEARS COLLECTION.....Various (WEA)	4 33
50	(-)	MARY JANE GIRLS.....Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	1 50

1	CANDY GIRL.....New Edition (London)
2	DANCING TIGHT.....Galaxy (Ensign)
3	CHINA GIRL.....David Bowie (EMI)
4	FLASH DANCE — WHAT A FEELING.....Irene Cara (Casablanca)
5	STOP AND GO.....David Grant (Chrysalis)
6	NEVER GONNA STOP.....Midnight (Tivoli)
7	MINIFIELD.....I-Level (Virgin)
8	BAD BOYS.....Wham (Innervision)
9	LOVE TOWN.....Booker Newberry III (Polydor)
10	BLUE MONDAY.....New Order (Factory)
11	LADIES NIGHT RE-MIX.....Kool & The Gang (DeLite)
12	SMILE.....David Essex (Mercury)
13	DO YOU WANT TO BE STARTING SOMETHING.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
14	EUREKAKAKA.....Robin Scott (Albion)
15	THRILLER.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
16	COST OF LIVING.....J. Walter Negro & Nicky Tesco (Albion)
17	DID YOU HAVE TO LOVE ME.....Coconuts (EMI)
18	TRINI.....Combo Passe (IDS)
19	MEDLEY.....Michael Jackson (Discomix Club)
20	NEXT.....Richard Strange (Interslam)

Chart by — Theo Loyla — Independent DJ 02273 64806



New Edition hit the dance floor on the rebound from the top fifty.

NEW YORK LATIN LPs

1	EL GATICO.....Anibal Bravo (Kubaney)
2	CON GANAS.....Camilo Sesto (Pronto)
3	15 EXITOS DE AMOR.....Camilo Sesto (Telediscos)
4	DE COLECCION.....Menduo (Profono)
5	LA HISTORIA DEL IDOLO.....Jose Luis Rodriguez (CBS)
6	ARRASANDO CON TODO.....Bonny Cepeda (Algar)
7	ENTRE EL AGUA Y EL FUEGO.....Jose Luis Perales (CBS)
8	UNA AVENTURA LLAMADA MENUDO.....Menudo (Profono)
9	POR AMOR.....Menudo (Profono)
10	EN LA SOLEDAD.....Emmanuel (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard

AUSTRALIA 45s

1	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART.....Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
2	I WAS ONLY 19.....Redgum (Epic)
3	BEAT IT.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	BILLIE JEAN.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
5	SAVE YOUR LOVE.....Renee & Renato (RCA)
6	DROP THE PILOT.....Joan Armatrading (A & M)
7	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW.....Duran Duran (EMI)
8	DER KOMMISSAR.....Falco (A & M)
9	WHAM RAP.....Wham (Epic)
10	1999.....Prince (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	PROMISED LAND.....Dennis Brown (Simba)
2	BUFFALO SOLDIER.....Bob Marley (Island)
3	LOVE IS TOPS.....Alton Ellis (Body Music)
4	LOVELINE.....Tiger (Ethnic)
5	YOU MAKE ME FEEL.....Trevor Walters (Ital)
6	REVOLUTION.....Dennis Brown (Taxi)
7	WHIP IT.....Derrick Harriott (Hawkeye)
8	YOUNG REBEL.....Johnny Clarke (Top Notch)
9	JUST A MEMORY.....Lorna Pierce (Ital)
10	ALL KIND OF PEOPLE.....Al Campbell (Greensleeves)

Compiled by Observer Station

JAMAICA 45s

1	HEARTBREAKER.....Dionne Warwick (Artist Music)
2	BUFFALO SOLDIER.....Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
3	PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.....Tavarez (RCA)
4	IT MUST BE LOVE.....Carlene Davis (Orange)
5	REBEL TOUR.....Bare Essentials (Thunder Bolt)
6	TRULY.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
7	YOU LOOK LIKE LOVE.....Cynthia Schloss (Merritone)
8	UNMETERED TAXI.....Sly & Robbie (Taxi)
9	UP WHERE WE BELONG.....Jennifer Warnes & Joe Cocker (Arista)
10	THE GIRL IS MINE.....Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)

Courtesy the Gleaner

JAZZ LPs IMPORTS 10

- 1 JAZZ USA.....Sonny Criss (Jap Imperial)
- 2 CHET BAKER VOL. 1.....Chet Baker (Pacific Jazz)
- 3 CHET BAKER VOL. 2.....Chet Baker (Pacific Jazz)
- 4 CAPUCHIN SWING.....Jackie McLean (Blue Note)
- 5 ALADDIN SESSIONS VOL. 1.....Lester Young (Liberty)
- 6 ALADDIN SESSIONS VOL. 2.....Lester Young (Liberty)
- 7 SLIM GAILLARD RIDES AGAIN.....Slim Gaillard (Dot)
- 8 JUDGEMENT.....Andrew Hill (Blue Note)
- 9 THE SAVOY RECORDINGS.....Charlie Parker (Savoy)
- 10 STAR PEOPLE.....Miles Davis (CBS)
- 11 THE ALTERNATE GOODMAN VOL 8.....Benny Goodman (Phonostatic)
- 12 MINGUS AN UM.....Charlie Mingus (CBS)
- 13 MORE DREAM DANCING.....Ray Anthony (Capitol)
- 14 OLDE ENGLISHE.....Ted Heath (Jasmine)
- 15 LONDON BY NIGHT.....Julie London (Liberty)
- 16 IN PARIS VOL. 1.....Bill Coleman (Swaggie)
- 17 IN PARIS VOL. 2.....Bill Coleman (Swaggie)
- 18 BAD PENNY BLUES.....Humphrey Lyttleton (Hi-Fly)
- 19 BEST OF.....Billy May (MFP)
- 20 THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA.....Gil Evans (Mole)

Courtesy Dobells Jazz Shop,
21 Tower Street London WC2. (01-240 1354)

US BLACK 45s



The Isley Brothers — dressed to kill.

- 1 JUICY FRUIT.....Mtume (Epic)
- 2 SAVE THE OVERTIME FOR ME.....Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
- 3 BETWEEN THE SHEETS.....The Isley Brothers (T Neck)
- 4 CANDY GIRL.....New Edition (Streetwise)
- 5 BEAT IT.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 6 MY LOVE.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 7 BOTTOMS UP.....The Chi-Lites (Larc)
- 8 ALL THIS LOVE.....Debarge (Gordy)
- 9 LOVE IS THE KEY.....Maze with Frankie Beverly (Capitol)
- 10 FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING.....Irene Cara (Casablanca)
- 11 DO WHAT YOU FEEL.....Deniece Williams (Columbia)
- 12 RAID.....Lakeside (Solar)
- 13 INSIDE LOVE.....George Benson (Warner Bros)
- 14 STYLE.....Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
- 15 SIDE BY SIDE.....Earth Wind & Fire (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

US BLACK LPs

- 1 THRILLER.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 2 LOVE FOR LOVE.....Whispers (Solar)
- 3 LIONEL RICHIE.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 4 JARREAU.....Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
- 5 ALL THIS LOVE.....De Barge (Gordy)
- 6 JUICY FRUIT.....Mtume (Epic)
- 7 FLASHDANCE.....Soundtrack (Casablanca)
- 8 VISIONS.....Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
- 9 MODERN HEART.....Champaign (Columbia)
- 10 UNTOUCHABLES.....Lakeside (Solar)
- 11 COMPUTER GAMES.....George Clinton (Capitol)
- 12 1999.....Prince (Warner Bros)
- 13 WE ARE ONE.....Maze (Capitol)
- 14 STYLE.....Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
- 15 KASHIF.....Kashif (Arista)

Courtesy Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 RIVERS OF BABYLON.....Boney M (Atlantic)
- 2 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT.....John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
- 3 BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY.....Darts (Magnet)
- 4 NIGHT FEVER.....Bee Gees (RSO)
- 5 IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU.....Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
- 6 WHAT A WASTE.....Ian Dury (Stiff)
- 7 CAPLANE POUR MOI.....Plastic Bertrand (Sire)
- 8 LOVE IS IN THE AIR.....John Paul Young (Ariola)
- 9 OH CAROL.....Smokie (RAK)
- 10 BECAUSE THE NIGHT.....Patti Smith (Arista)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 YOUNG GIRL.....Union Gap (CBS)
- 2 JUMPIN' JACK FLASH.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 3 HONEY.....Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
- 4 A MAN WITHOUT LOVE.....Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 5 THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE.....Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
- 6 BLUE EYES.....Don Partridge (Columbia)
- 7 ALBATROSS.....Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
- 8 DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE.....Dionne Warwick (Pye Int)
- 9 RAINBOW VALLEY.....Love Affair (CBS)
- 10 I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE.....The Herd (Fontana)

IMPORTS 10



Dental treatment courtesy of Einsturzende Neubauten.

- 1 LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.....Liaisons Dangereuses (Roadrunner)
- 2 DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.....Dream Syndicate (Ruby)
- 3 INCUBUS SUCUBUS.....X-Mal Deutschland (Zick Zack)
- 4 COLLAPSE.....Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)
- 5 STRAFE FUR REBELLION.....Strafe fur Rebellion (Peur Freud)
- 6 MITTAGS PAUSE.....Mittags Pause (Peur Freud)
- 7 SCHWARZ.....Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)
- 8 THE DOG IS BORN.....Belfegore (Peur Freud)
- 9 DIE LETZTE RACHE.....Der Plan (Attatak)
- 10 THIRSTY ANIMAL.....Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)

Courtesy Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11

MUSIC VIDEOS 20

- 1 1 DURAN DURAN.....(EMI)
- 2 4 JAPAN.....(Virgin)
- 3 6 LES COMTES D'HOFFMAN.....(EMI)
- 4 5 LA FILLE MAL GARDEE.....(EMI)
- 5 13 GENESIS—3 SIDES LIVE.....(EMI)
- 6 (—) ROXY MUSIC—THE HIGH ROAD.....SPECTRUM
- 7 17 THE NUTCRACKER.....(CBS)
- 8 (—) I AM A DANCER.....(EMI)
- 9 (—) GRACE JONES—A ONE MAN SHOW.....(Island)
- 10 (—) THE STRANGLERS VIDEO COLLECTION.....(EMI)
- 11 (—) HOT GOSSIP.....(EMI)
- 12 16 GISELLE.....(PRT)
- 13 2 VIDEOTHEQUE.....(EMI)
- 14 (—) LA BOHEME.....(Covent Garden/EMI)
- 15 19 ABBA—THE MOVIE.....(MGM/UA)
- 16 20 HUMAN LEAGUE.....(Palace)
- 17 (—) BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS LIVE.....(Island)
- 18 (—) AIDA.....(Longman)
- 19 (—) ROD STEWART—TONIGHT HE'S YOURS.....(Embassy)
- 20 (—) GARY NUMAN—MICROMUSIC.....(Palace)

Courtesy of HMV Shops Limited

FRED FACT

IT'S been a hot time for old Cathay this week. As Japan's 'Canton' heads out of the singles chart Bowie's 'China Girl' moves in. Additionally, China Crisis have a new single on the slipway, 1000 Mexicans have a cassette out called 'Chinese Whispers' and our Elton has taken Watford F.C. on a junket to junk-land, presumably to ascertain just what all the fuss is about. The Bowie involvement is understandable. Having lost interest in the music created in the shadow of one wall, he's moved to its 725km Ch'in-built counterpart for inspiration. Then, China's always effected Western pop culture throughout the years. Trumpeter Henry 'Hot Lips' Busse cottoned on to this way back in 1920. He recorded a number called 'Wang Wang Blues' and it sold a million when millions were hard to sell. Later, in the '40s, Frank Loesser demonstrated the power of Peking-pop when he penned 'On A Slow Boat To China' and of Peking-pop when he penned 'On A Slow Boat To China' and saw six different versions climb into the U.S. charts, all at the same time! Not that it was one way traffic. In 1951 a girl called Hue Lee recorded 'May Kway O May Kway', a song based on a traditional Chinese melody, and turned into one of the biggest selling discs in Britain — despite the fact that she performed the number in her native tongue. Since then there's been 'Yellow River' (amazingly adjudged the best record of 1970 in Japan!), 'Kung Fu Fighting' and a score of other Ming-swingers, each and every one of them successful. Little wonder that the inscrutable Bowie has opted for a touch of the orientals. Confucius he say: "Man who sell the world, velly likely to Taiwan on."

Fred Dellar

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 CAN THE CAN.....Suzi Quatro (RAK)
- 2 ONE AND ONE IS ONE.....Medicine Head (Polydor)
- 3 SEE MY BABY JIVE.....Wizzard (Harvest)
- 4 RUBBER BULLETS.....10 c.c. (UK)
- 5 AND I LOVE HER SO.....Perry Como (RCA)
- 6 YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE.....Stevie Wonder (Tamlam Motown)
- 7 ALBATROSS.....Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
- 8 STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU.....Stealers Wheel (A&M)
- 9 GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH).....George Harrison (Apple)
- 10 WALKING IN THE RAIN.....Partridge Family (Bell)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 I LIKE IT.....Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia)
- 2 DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET.....Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
- 3 FROM ME TO YOU.....Beatles (Parlophone)
- 4 IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY.....Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)
- 5 TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART.....Ray Charles (HMV)
- 6 ATLANTIS.....Shadows (Columbia)
- 7 WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU.....Billy Fury (Decca)
- 8 SCARLETT O'HARA.....Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
- 9 DECK OF CARDS.....Wink Martindale (London)
- 10 LUCKY LIPS.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)

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THE TARTAN TEARAWAY



CATTERED around the floor of Roddy Frame's room are the kind of wonderful moments that often come creeping out of cardboard boxes on sleepless nights.

There's some Velvet Underground, 'Ambition', 'The Pictures On My Wall', some Postcard, The Fall, 'Treason'...

An electric bar burns in the corner and the curtains are drawn. Clothes lie heaped in piles and even the dim light can't conceal the rather ghastly mixture of fabric and furnishings.

Outside, the midday sun is beating off the street, though later on stormy seaside weather will soak him to the skin.

It's been a year now since he packed his bags and left behind the home comforts of East Kilbride: a Scottish New Town similar to the Cumbernauld setting of *Gregory's Girl*. His room is a right mess and a haircut is long overdue, but otherwise, living alone in London has had no obvious ill effects.

Taller than when I last saw him, he's more confident, his gaze is direct; it's been a good year for Aztec Camera.

Their first LP 'High Land Hard Rain', and recent single 'Oblivious', went a long way to lifting them out of relative obscurity and dispelling vague notions of the group as a dishevelled bunch of wet adolescents strumming acoustic guitars to trembling wimpy ballads. 'Walk Out To Winter', their new single, should stem such an idea once and for all; though a number of television appearances confirm that Aztec Camera don't give a tinker's curse if they often look pretty shabby.

Roddy pulls a jacket on over his fringed leather waistcoat and stuffs a packet of Embassy tipped into the pocket.

"You'll know immediately when I'm lying!" he laughs, pushing long brown hair back out of his eyes.

E FIRST met three years ago, in the days when Aztec Camera were little more than a faint sparkle clutching an unhealthy number of Joy Division records; The Bluebells were nothing more than an Orange Juice melody; and Robert Hodgkins (better known to his public as Bobby Bluebell) was interviewing Aztec Camera for our fanzine *The Ten Commandments*.

Roddy was 16 and his songwriting was swiftly improving. Shortly afterwards the group met Alan Home — who at that time was living on a staple diet of potatoes and chocolate — and joined with Orange Juice and Josel K as The Sound Of Young Scotland on Alan's unorthodox Postcard Records.

"When our interview was in *The Ten Commandments* I was looking at this group Orange Juice, and going, God — Americans from Bearsden! I don't believe it! I can remember the day clearly. Alan asked us to come up to 185; it was quite exciting. He was a bit nervous and I always wondered how on earth he was managing a record label. Then Edwyn and Malcolm Ross arrived with bottles of lemonade, and it was all really funny.

"Alan said some great things, like on your demo 'We Could Send Letters' could be a great song, but it sounds like The Eagles or something. He wanted good songs, but he still had this punk thing obviously quite close to him, and he didn't want any of his groups to sound bland. He never did. I don't think I got to know Alan very well. I mean he's a weird guy. He doesn't contrive to be one — he just is one!

"At the time I thought Postcard was just another little movement — you'd go to play gigs, and get people coming backstage with the checked shirts and Edwyn Collins haircuts, all saying, the only music we've ever listened to is The Beatles, The Byrds, Love... and rhyming of all those rubbishy things. But it was really great; Postcard did nothing, but good for me.

"I think Alan was really pretty hip, and whether the papers thought he was an asshole or not, he still got plenty of coverage and gossip items. We got two pages in the Christmas issue of *Sounds* before we'd done anything."

Aztec Camera released two singles on Postcard: 'Just Like Gold' and 'Mattress Of Wire', the latter being the last record ever to appear on the label. Tired with the growing indecision, Roddy and bass player Campbell Owens left Postcard and East Kilbride last May and moved to London and signed with Rough Trade.

"Orange Juice had gone on to Polydor and we were playing Toffs lounge bar in Glasgow — it all got a bit boring," he recalls.

With the addition of the old Ruts drummer Dave Ruffy, and a 16 year-old former fan, Craig Gannon on guitar, the familiar Aztec Camera trio is now a compact foursome. Roddy has always written and arranged all the group's material, and as his recent songs show, he's sharpened up dramatically in public. There's a growing awareness of the power that often lies in more conventional song structure —

a good chorus never harmed a strong melody.

However, he now seems to be at something of a crossroads — not only in his style of approach, but also in deciding whether to relinquish the title of Great Independent Hope, and leave the familiarity and petty cash box of Rough Trade, following The Pale Fountains and Scritti Politti for the lure of fatter cheque books.

There's a whole world of difference between the intriguing complexities of their first Postcard single 'Just Like Gold', and the infectious simplicity of 'Down The Dip', the last track he wrote for the LP.

"I'm really glad we did 'Just Like Gold' as our first single on Postcard; I still like it, and I don't think I could improve it in any way. I spent a long time trying to sound un-clichéd: there's no chorus in it, nothing's repeated. But 'Down The Dip' is just the most clichéd thing I've ever written. I suppose that's a form of cynicism, though all I meant there was just a gesture of saying that I don't want to be particularly arty or clever or contrived, because I recognised that a lot of things I'd been doing in the past had been quite contrived: trying to be Mark Smith when I wasn't really like Mark Smith.

"So I was just thinking that it's more important to come to terms with what's round about you, before you start pushing above that. 'Down The Dip' has got the clichés in it that I particularly like!"

HOUGH THIS might seem to be a kind of progress in reverse, it's not as deliberately contrary as it sounds. Despite the strange construction of his earlier songs often heightening their compelling nature, the intricacies were mostly due to his stubborn refusal to imitate tried and tested basic formulae.

"Remember things like 'Green Jacket Grey', just after our Joy Division period? Well, at that time I thought that to do something better than everyone else was doing, you had to do something more complicated. It's good that we went through that in a way, in that I did for a while get very involved in things that were a bit out of my depth, because it means that I've got a little bit of that behind me. I've got a slightly different perspective from a lot of people since I did play about with something that wasn't quite the pop formula.

"At the time I thought simple, simply arranged pop songs were just so standard, and decided that I'd go one step ahead of that and do something a bit different, because that was the spirit of punk: that you were going to do something a bit different from what had gone before. You were going to pioneer — and I did that. I think 'Just Like Gold' does that.

"You see, most of the time I think I'm learning to put a lot of those notions I had away; but sometimes I think, God, I'm just becoming like what I hated two or three years ago. I'm wondering what the criterion is, and how far it is between 'Just Like Gold' and Des O'Connor — you know what I mean? Sometimes I still worry about that..."

Basically, what Roddy now appears to be learning is that *knowing* every last trick in the book backwards, blindfold or blind-drunk, doesn't necessarily mean he should use as many of them in a matter of minutes as is humanly possible.

'Walk Out To Winter', he concedes, benefits vastly from strength and order of arrangement. Complete with snatched intro, it's sleek and bright, and not at all like Des O'Connor.

"I did just take the chords from 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' for that little section on the record," he laughs in agreement.

"I always remembered Alan talking about that — using introductions that have been used before — and thought it was a great idea. So I thought if we want this played on the radio we should make it more like 'Ain't No Mountain'. The album version is a bit more intense; there's a lot more guitar on it. I suppose it's a bit less commercial. But the single is more paced, more mature I think."

Though 'High Land Hard Rain' is something of a retrospective — naturally a summary of Aztec Camera to date — is there now an onus on him to state a fresh case?

"Only you know it's old stuff — most people don't," he points out. "We'll leave it behind immediately, but it did take us a long time to get an LP out. It's the best of what we've done over those three years. Every LP should be like that: the best of what we've done."

"One of The Go-Betweens said to me, what I like about you is you over reach. And after a while I thought right enough. In a way we did over reach and we still do. I think I try to do things with guitar, bass and drums which maybe you shouldn't. Maybe you should get a producer in who's going to say, look forget about doing that on the guitar: that should be done on violins. Our first LP just over reached a bit in the way we did it, and the whole atmosphere was like we were striving for something and sometimes it came. A lot of the time it didn't."

"The first LP is establishing Aztec Camera, and it's got enough there to show the potential."

"To most people, it's saying here is Aztec Camera: buy the LP. They play acoustic guitars sometimes, some of it's quite wimpy, sometimes they put in a bit of that poppy rocky stuff; but there

isn't a bad song on it!"

Should we then expect more of the same, or does the huge improvement on 'Walk Out To Winter' at least impress with the thrill of a big production?

"I think I've covered a wide ground with the songs, and the next LP will just be a little more in the direction of one of those songs. I don't know about production," he hesitates. "I might have opted for getting some whizz-kid producer in and go for The Big One, or just decided to go the opposite way. It's quite open, because we could do anything — go either way, I think."

Well, which way would you rather go?

"I don't know. I'm thinking about it just now. I quite fancy using a guy called Lenny Waronker, who's worked with Ry Cooder and things like that. I'm considering making a very American influenced LP, because a lot of the stuff I've been listening to just now has been like that anyway: stuff like Neil Young, early Jackson Browne, The Eagles' 'Desperado'..."

HIS WOULD seem to be an opportune moment to test his reaction to recent accusations that Aztec Camera are just a new generation of hippies.

"Yeah, I think I played on that a bit," he laughs, totally unperturbed, pushing his hair back. "I don't think we are."

"Hippies, to me, when I was younger always seemed quite glamorous. When I was about six or something and pointed out Roy Wood on the telly to my Mum, going that guy's brilliant, he's got electric guitars and long hair and it's all funny colours! She said, oh you don't want to look like that son, that's terrible: he's just a dirty hippie. Immediately she said that I thought it was brilliant. So I probably had a really good impression of hippies when I was young, through thinking they were quite rebellious."

"It was so disappointing when you got to the stage when you realised that those people were really just disgusting and mainstream and not really rebels at all..."

"By the time punk came, it was a pity because I think they wanted to push forward as well — but I think it was too late then. When you heard punk at first, and you heard the Pistols and things, you thought it was really good, really vital — which it is. But the mistake at the time was that you thought they were doing something new, and they weren't."

"Steve Jones just wanted to be Johnny Thunders, but does that distract? Because their initial credibility was that they weren't like all those boring old farts, wasn't it?..."

I suggest that obvious sources are far less of an issue than the manner in which they are interpreted.

"Yes. When you're young you tend to be very intense about certain things, but now I've reached the stage where I don't really care if things are that original or not. It's not important to me; originality doesn't really matter at all. I used to really generalise, but as I get older I get a bit slacker. Even looking back a couple of years I can listen to some of my songs and think, oh yeah, I can imagine how a 16 year-old would feel about that. But then sometimes I think he was probably right!"

ODDY HAS been playing guitar for years. When only young, he decided his earliest fascination would make an infinitely more appealing future than a regular job.

"This sounds made-up," he explains, "and you probably won't believe me, but when I was about four or five I was on Santa Claus' knee in Lewis, and I didn't just say to him, can I have a guitar? I said, can I have an electric guitar? Because I'd seen The Move on the telly and my sister had all The Beatles' records, and I was just taken on by that completely."

"And then when I was nine or ten, I remember seeing Bowie do 'Starman' on *Top Of The Pops*, and thinking he was different to what was going round. I thought he wasn't 'pop': what I didn't realise until my sister pointed it out, was that 'pop' is just an abbreviation of popular..."

"I was never told to go out and get a job or anything; I never really caused much trouble. Well, when you reach the age of 13 or 14 you start hating this and hating that, and you hate your parents for not letting you stay out, or you hate them for not understanding you. But I don't think I was ever very 'teenage rebel'. Certainly not in the way of anything glamorous — just in quite an embarrassing way."

HILE RODDY works on the eventual follow-up to 'Walk Out To Winter', there is growing speculation as to what label it will be on — not least at Rough Trade. Although it's happened to them with repeated regularity, it must be rather disheartening for them to see their prize groups whiffing the charts and hightailing it into town.

Roddy is aware of that, and reluctant to make any firm decision right now.

"I'll be very sad if we do leave Rough Trade; we've always had a brilliant relationship with them. But I can see their bad points obviously. Like I wouldn't mind if they sold 4,000 LPs in Germany and got depressed about it; but they sell 4,000 LPs and think it's really good. I mean, if Bowie sold 4,000 LPs in Germany he'd probably shoot himself through the

head!

"I think you've got to be realistic," he reflects. "There's no basic fault of theirs or ours; they're just out of time."

"I don't mind being on £40 a week, I just mind that I turn out things that are just as viable as Duran Duran or even Echo And The Bunnymen, but we don't have an equal opportunity — there's no way we can even compete."

If Aztec Camera do leave Rough Trade — and it seems fairly likely they will — at least they won't be so readily classed along with their sad impersonators; a grouping that he finds particularly offensive.

"Even when we were abroad last month, people were saying, oh you're part of a New British Scene: Tracey Thorn, The Pale Fountains, The Farmer's Boys... I was really affronted — I thought it was terrible for people to say that!"

"I remember playing Nightmoves in Glasgow, and the sound guy asked Alan Home what kind of group Aztec Camera were, and Alan said, they're just mainstream rock. At the time I thought, how dare he call us mainstream rock? But I see now that we are. I don't think we're folk-rock or new wave sentimental romanticism or whatever — it is quite mainstream."

"Those post-Postcard groups always picked up on the wrong end really — the acoustic guitars, being quite untethered and listening to Love. But some of the stuff on those LPs is just the worst ever. They probably don't get an impression of what timing's about, and think everything should be quite loose and easy. It's all a bit misguided."

"I'm trying to find a recipe for goodness or inspiration or whatever you want to call it; that peak where you feel totally good without outside stimulation. But that's a real chase — it's really hard."

What inspires you most?

"Well, I think one of the most natural inspirations is love. That tends to supersede everything else that's going on. I used to think that you only got inspired by the love you had for a certain girl; like, not really far removed from what *Gregory's Girl* was about — you use them as a little symbol of your ideals, and in the end you get disappointed."

"But there's loads of different kinds of love that are inspiring. It doesn't have to be that sort of big romantic Ultravox thing with your collar turned up and the rain hitting off your head. It can be quite civil."

"I don't think that we're particularly unique. But it's not as important to be unique as to be different in your time. That can even mean the way you dress..."

Do you think, then, that you are valid in your time? "I don't know. I doubt myself more as I go on. I sometimes think that what we did was good in its time."

"You've got to try and keep your head above water, and the only way we can do that is by trying to keep our faces in the charts or something. Because underground is just a word for unpopular. Like 23 Skidoo or Psychic TV probably think they're underground, but in effect all they're doing is getting the chance to put out records which really shouldn't be put out."

"I used to be more naive about it and think I could recreate what the Pistols had or something; that out of the way thing. Like acoustic guitars when everyone else was getting into the Banshees and doing that whole bleak thing — which we'd already done anyway."

"But maybe it would have meant more if we'd had acoustic guitars on CBS. We'd have got knocked into shape a lot more then."

T 19, Roddy Frame's doubts have nothing on his aspirations. He's staking a claim on the best of both worlds, and it's all well within his grasp.

"No matter what I do, I hope I do it in a different way. Not necessarily different from what's been before — because you can't be that — but just different from what's going on at the time."

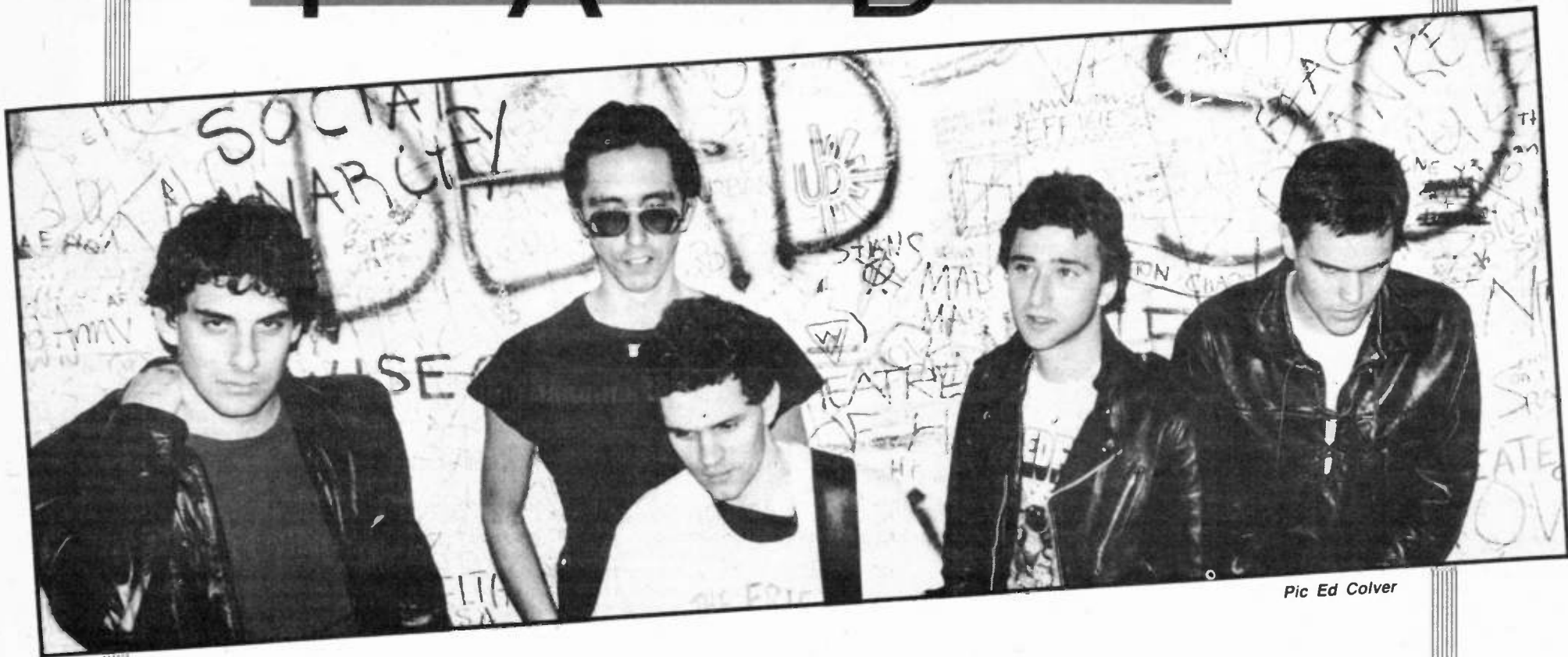
"Just always to have something a little bit subversive within a potential number one."

What can I say? It's there until that gold just slips away.

Hippies or hopefuls? AZTEC CAMERA are a bewildering mixture of both. KIRSTY McNEILL interviews Roddy Frame and discovers they are about to abandon independent cult status for national success. Cameraman: PETER ANDERSON.

SHORT SHARP SHOCKING SAMOANS ●

THE ANGRY BRIGADE



Pic Ed Colver

ONE of the singular charms of 'Back From Samoa' by L.A.'s Angry Samoans is that it's over before you even realise you've put it on the deck. With each side of the record clocking in at under eight minutes, the thoughtful Samoans allow you more time than any other contemporary rock group to watch TV, feed the dog, darn your socks or just about anything.

'The only risk is that you'll flip the stylus back to the beginning of the LP to check that music is actually secreted within its grooves. Then you might believe your ears. You might start to enjoy yourself.'

Because from the totally ripped opening chords of 'Gas Chamber' to the last dazed groans of 'Not Of This Earth', it's clear that what the Samoans do is re-trash what others fear to recall. Back from a timeless zone of stupor and vagrancy, this music is retrogression of the first order.

Actually, the Angry Samoans aren't Samoan at all. They are the warped dreamchild of Metal Mike Saunders and Gregg Turner, two infamous rock scribes who claim their common musical denominator is the crazed Texan acid casualty Roky Erickson. In appearance a kind of shrunken David Letterman, Metal Mike in 1974 was still having his head forced down toilets by redneck hippies for listening to the Stooges when he had a review of 'Billion Dollar Babies' published in *Rolling Stone*. He subsequently became their resident expert on the Dictators, Black Sabbath, and Slade.

Five years later, after disbanding Vom (a trio with fellow writer L.A. icon Richard Meltzer), Saunders and Turner conceived the Samoans and enlisted Todd 'the Hippie Stabber' Homer on bass, horticulturalist Billy Vockerath on drums, and airplane fanatic P.J.

Galligan on third guitar. The group quickly made headlines with their 1980 tribute to Hollywood DJ and new wave personality Rodney Bingenheimer, entitled simply 'Get Off The Air'. The song, which described this small, rodent-like creature as a "pathetic male groupie", outraged not only Bingenheimer but even such groups as Black Flag, who had a song in his *Rodney On The Radio* compilation.

The Samoans claimed their message was "mental psychosis — basic hatred", but Rodney threatened legal action and clubs mysteriously ceased booking them. Even L.A.'s own equivalent of Charlie Harper, veteran Lee Ving of Fear, fearing the mighty midget's displeasure, asked to have his production credit scratched from the record. Moral: hardcore iconoclasm is a fine and healthy thing until it gets to Rodney Bingenheimer.

Turner says: "We thought at the time, what could be funnier than making fun of some guy who was just a total nurd but at the same time was presenting himself as king of whatever fad came along."

Amidst rumours of mafia contracts, the Samoans' indispensable 'Inside My Brain' EP appeared. A frantic blend of mash metal and garage speedcore, it erupted on Hollywood's anaemic facepakk of a music scene like a dermal inferno. Yet beneath the record's hard surface lurked a humorous snarl which alerted your average zombie skinhead to the fact that these guys didn't take themselves as seriously as The Germs.

Without gigs, or indeed any following whatever, the Samoan vilification of new wave mores was prematurely silenced. The Metal one went into Prospero-like hibernation in Northern California, the others returned gloomily to their day jobs. With Metal Mike temporarily replaced by Jeff Dahl (now of Power Trip), they cut a terminal testament to trash, the 'Queer Pills' EP, but live performances were no less

irregular.

Now the original lineup has miraculously resurfaced with 'Back From Samoa', a real album-style elpee on Bad Trip Records. While 'Back' lacks the grungy, sawn-off quality of 'Brain' (which was closer to The Saints than to The Circle Jerks), its scenarios of psychosis are like the visions of Roky Erickson condensed into mind-shattering spurts of hardcore. Cross The Ramones with The 13th Floor Elevators, or 'Tyranny and Mutation' with 'Group Sex', and out spew 'Coffin Case', 'Haizman's Brain is Calling', and 'Not Of This Earth'. Also included are classic Saunders blowouts like 'Steak Knife', 'You Stupid Jerk' (exactly 25 seconds long), and 'Homo-Sexual' (credited to one J. Falwell). Todd's comparatively epic 'Ballad Of Jerry Curian' (over three minutes!) tells of a "social type" who drives a Ferrari, sleeps with midgets, and eats arseholes. As Gregg says, "with Todd's post-adolescent *gestalt*, it's so real, we don't need to worry about whether we're posing..."

'Back From Samoa' is naturally pointless as a cultural exercise but it's a healthy, heady dose of the cretin hops when you've got a minute or 14. It's been said that the Samoans are the dark side of the Dictator's soporific dream, but along with The Ramones they're also one of the only honest "punk" groups left in America: less streamlined, less teenage than The Ramones, but like 'Commando' (which they used to cover) combining cynicism with a certain moronic humour. "The point", says Gregg, "is to recycle typical things in a context of mental psychosis. The whole sound and accent of Mike's voice has a Roky Erickson aspect to it." In Saunders' absence, Todd confirms that "the real Metal Mike" is "a Texas psychopath", and says it was through Mike that he "discovered" the sound which he swears by today.

Having been fanatical garage buffs for so long, is it difficult to escape the obvious influences? Can you get beyond being a nihilistic pastiche band?

Gregg: "Right, one has prototypes that are so obvious, so maybe you take the best of what each of your models has to offer and synthesize them into something a little different which we don't do but that's OK too, or you pick one out and just sorta permute it, just really mutate it to the point where it's stamped by you even though you're using a format."

"I always hated The Germs, how anybody could look at that and say they represented any sort of scene was just assinine, but at the same time it was a perfect commentary on L.A. Here was some guy who was just regurgitating Bowie and every single rock-star move and it was grotesque and funny."

"That's why we don't pay much credence to what we do. When people eat up that kind of shit, which recycles everything that was dumb, there aren't any more standards to worry about. You can't really believe people take the time to wonder whether something's different or not."

I wonder. Lines like "they saved Hitler's cock/and now it wants to talk", or "my old man's a fatso/but you know he owns this house", may not resound with the thunder of the ten commandments, but The Angry Samoans will do for me. As the L.A. *Reader* once commented, "nothing in this life is completely gratuitous, except perhaps the Wilshire subway, Jerry Dunphy, and The Angry Samoans."

Metal Mike Saunders is today alive and dead and making a comfortable living as an accountant in a mental hospital. Reports Gregg, "he's real happy in the field of mental health".

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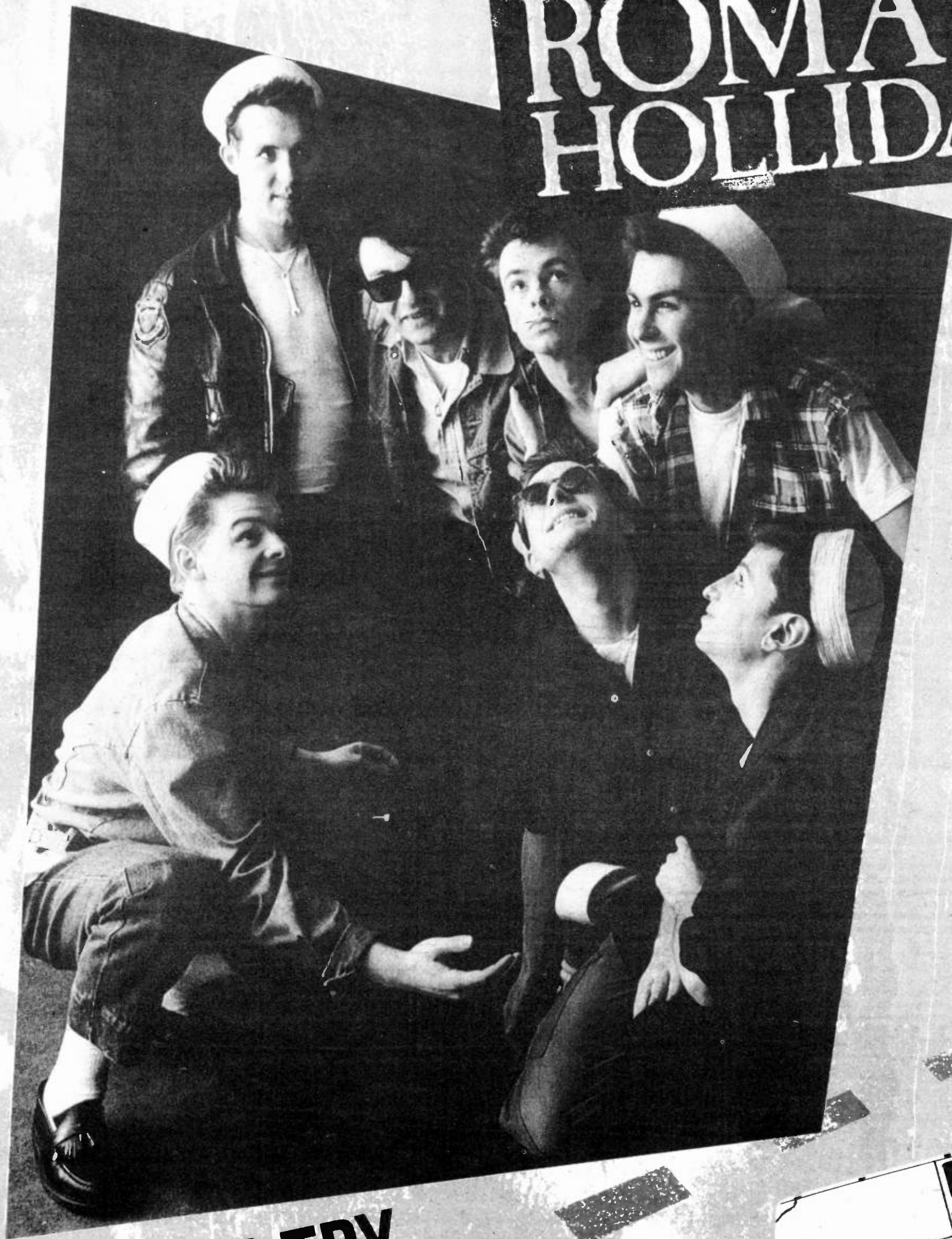
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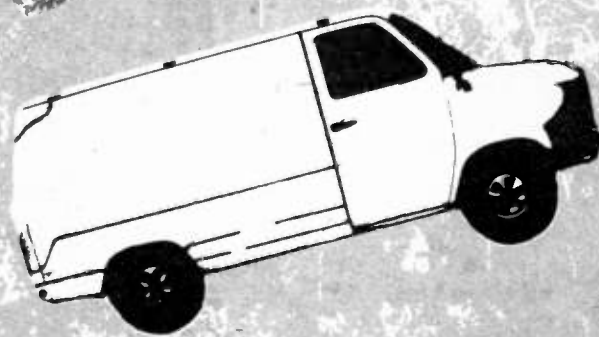


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WORKING IN THE DARK ● READING BETWEEN THE LINES

● SPANDAU IN THE MAKING ●

UPHILL
MANOEUVRES

IF EVERY picture tells a story, this one tells you all you need to know about *Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark*. Observe Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys re-staging the myth of Sisyphus — whom the Gods condemned to heave a rock up a hill, over and over, for ever and ever. The rock that threatens to roll back on them is their half-assed intelligence, which serves nothing except the identification of the impossibility of their task.

"I don't think you can convey things very precisely in music," reasons Andy. "It's very difficult not to be misunderstood. It's a very lousy medium for communication, I think. We have a lot of ideas that are very important to us, but you can't hope to capture them in what you're doing. We never have done yet. The only time we got close to sounding like what we want is on some of 'Architecture and Morality'."

The endless incline up which they must push the stone is their declining fortune, a state of affairs heralded by the poor reception of their recent LP 'Dazzleships' — a tentative venture into more experimental waters. Collages, loops and "found voices" nestle sullenly alongside the sort of pretty pop tunes that OMD do well. But to what point? Nothing is resolved.

"The nature of the people in OMD is that we're never convinced enough of the rightness or wrongness of certain things. We have begun to be, and that's why this album reflects some of those changes in attitudes. But surely you don't go making sweeping statements unless you are quite sure of the facts or the outcome."

Who's got time to sit there reasoning things out when the stone threatens to roll back and crush you? Stop pushing the stone! Smash it! Get angry!

"But it doesn't get anywhere most of the time," despairs Andy. "You just have to calm down, apologise and carry on with the work."

What else to say, except keep knocking that rock?

CHRIS BOHN



pic Peter Anderson

PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER
THE GO-BETWEENS

GRANT W. McLENNAN,
LINDY MORRISON,
ROBERT VICKERS,
ROBERT FORSTER

LIKES

GWM: Carole Lombard, Jimmy Stewart, cognac, Piero Della Francesca, jeans, Christmas
RV: Monet, Degas, Renoir, Bonnard, Gramercy Park, Singapore, CBGB's
RF: Girls that wear glasses, Widows, Katherine Hepburn, history

READING

GWM: *Duino Elegies* — Rilke
Collected Stories — Katherine Mansfield
Great Expectations — Dickens
Playboy Of The Western World — J.M. Synge
Modigliani — William Firfield
RV: Joseph Conrad, Kingsley Amis, Graham Greene, Hemingway
RF: *A Confederacy of Dunces* — John Kennedy Toole
Picture — Lilian Ross
Nick Kent
Newspapers

MUSIC

GWM: Creedence Clearwater Revival, Birthday Party, Mamas And The Papas, Blue Orchids, Velvet

LM: Underground (drum tracks): Jet Black on Strangers' 'Golden Brown'; Ringo Starr on Beatles' 'Come Together'; Budgie on Slits' 'Typical Girls'; Martin Hughes on Robert Wyatt's 'Shipbuilding'; Tony Thompson on Diana Ross's 'Upside Down' 'Brown Eyed Girl' — Van Morrison
RV: 'I Want You' — Dylan
'Up The Ladder To The Roof' — Supremes
'Oh Sweet Nothing' — Velvet
RF: 'How Does That Grab You Darling' — Nancy and Lee
'Walking On Thin Ice' — Yoko Ono
'I Can't Stop Loving You' — Ray Charles
Buddy Holly
Talking Heads as a

three-piece
'Funhouse' — Iggy And The Stooges

FILMS

GWM: *Masculin / Feminin* (Godard)
Beat The Devil (Huston)
The Mother And The Whore (Eustache)
Love In The Afternoon (Wilder)
Vampyr (Dreyer)
RV: *Notorious* (Hitchcock)
Treasure Of The Sierra Madre (Houston)
Strangers On A Train (Hitchcock)
Chinatown (Polanski)
RF: *The Apartment* (Wilder)
Fury (Lang)
The Late Show (Benton)
Jackson County Jail (Miller)

Archive
Fun

So true... funny how it seems that the nation's number one heart-throbs and arbiters of new soul style were once just a bunch of pub-gigging hipster-wearing hobos whose idea of a good night out was a drive down to the Global Village disco in Charing Cross at the weekend.

Yes, as we delve deep into the vaults of our resident North London pub rock historian Arthur Bitter, we arrive somewhere around the year 1978 PB (pre-Blitz) and find five handsome lads hot on the trail of the power-pop trend. The band went by the name of The Makers and they were (left to right) drummer John Keeble, crooner Tony Hadley, guitarist Steve 'Spiny' Norman, bassist Richard Miller and — yeah! — yet another guitarist, Gary Kemp.

The hapless Miller was, of course, later replaced by Kemp's younger brother Martin, and the band went on to become first The Gentry and then Spandau Ballet. But back in the summer of '78, it was the Rochester Castle rather than the Royal Albert Hall where you would have caught Islington's soul-boy visionaries strutting their funky (?) stuff.





**LEE JOHN
IMAGINATION
CONSERVATIVE**

"Old Maggie seems to have done very well — she has a glamorous image, great presentation and is obviously a star. I don't agree with all her points, she needs to get her arse moving regards unemployment, and I wish she'd leave school dinners alone. But I'll probably stick by the old girl."

**ASHLEY INGRAM
IMAGINATION
NOT VOTING**

"I hate politics, there are too many other important things in my life. If there was a Jamaican Labour Party I'd probably vote. But as it stands I'll abstain."



**ERROL
IMAGINATION
CONSERVATIVE**

"So far Maggie has really earned her name as the Iron Lady because she's the only one that has stuck to her guns and really tackled inflation and if it takes another four to five year term to complete her objectives then she should be given the chance to do so."

**SALLY
EROTIC CABARET ARTISTE?
LABOUR**

"I'll definitely be voting Labour. I think Michael Foot is the wisest leader this country has had since I've been able to vote. The SDP are just chasing their own careers, and Thatcher... well, I agree we should bring back hanging, for her."

**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
MUSICIAN
POET**

"I won't be voting, I never have voted because none of the parties appeal to me. I don't believe in the election system because it reinforces the status quo and the ruling class."

**JOHN
FILM PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
CONSERVATIVE**

"I'll be voting Conservative because I get taxed a lot anyway, but if Labour get in I'll get taxed even more. So it's purely selfish."



**CAROLINE FOX
STUDENT
CONSERVATIVE**

"I'm in favour of disarmament, but not in the way suggested by the Labour Party. I think it would be daft to disarm totally without negotiation. I also think that the Conservatives have done what they said they would do. As for unemployment, I don't think that anyone could do much to help that just now."

**MARK INNES
UNEMPLOYED
CONSERVATIVE**

"I'm voting Conservative. Two main reasons: one is that the Labour Party is getting that close to Communism, they're doing that to try to get the unemployed to vote for them. Two, the Conservatives are weeding out the weak businesses. We've got to be done to put the country back on its feet. For example, how many people are unemployed? But you don't see anybody on the edge of suicide or depression. There's only

THIS THURSDAY IS EITHER YOUR LAST DAY OF FREEDOM AND ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS 1984 OR A NEW AGE OF SOCIALISM. IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE ELECTION RESULTS. IN THIS VOXPOP SPECIAL WE CANVASSED A CROSS SECTION OF TEENAGERS AND POP PERSONALITIES FROM DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE COUNTRY TO SEE WHICH WAY THEY'D CAST THEIR VOTES.

INTERVIEWS: GAVIN MARTIN, PAOLO HEWITT, X. MOORE, DAVID DORRELL, BILLY MAN, AMANDA ROOT AND ANDREA MILLER.

going to be two or three years before the country will be back in a job.
"The Labour Party would keep us in work while they were in power, but after five years we'd be back where we are now."

**JAYNE CASEY
PINK INDUSTRY
LABOUR**

"The last four years in Thatcher's monetary wasteland has taught people in Liverpool a hard lesson. 'Mass Unemployment' has become just an empty phrase that get bandied about, the reality of which can be seen on the streets of Liverpool, and it's frightening, it feels like a time bomb that's about to go off."

"No matter how hard she tries to uphold law and order, no matter what concessions she gives to the police, Thatcher is crazy if she thinks people are that down they will just accept it. I don't think they will just accept it and I think she's going to have a long hard fight on her hands if she gets in."

**LEMMY
MOTORHEAD
WEREWOLF**

"I'm going to vote werewolf because it would make a change."



**EDDIE AND
SUNSHINE
LABOUR**

Eddie: "Normally I spoil my vote as a protest against the whole stupid so-called democratic system. But this time I've decided to vote for Labour, partly in support of their pro-CND stand, but mostly because the increasingly fascist character of Thatcher and her men really scares me. They must be stopped."

Sunshine: "I'll be voting Labour in this election so I don't have to decide whether to emigrate or not. This is the first time I've ever voted — it's against my religion."

**LEROI JONES-HEMMINGS
BAND MANAGER
NOT VOTING**

"I think that calling this election now was a ploy. I haven't been able to register. I've been working in different places and you're never told you can't vote until it's too late. It's the plebs that haven't bothered to register, it's not the bourgeois that haven't registered. It'll be a pity if Thatcher gets in again. They'll just be more chaos."

**ERROL GUNZI
UNEMPLOYED
NOT VOTING**

"Whatever we say makes no difference at all. The Government always just does what it wants."



**GARY KEMP
SPANDAU BALLET
LABOUR**

"I'm voting Labour."



**MARI WILSON
POP SINGER
LABOUR**

"Probably Labour. I think they'll do something about unemployment and they're probably closer to doing something about disarmament. It definitely won't be Tory. You don't have to be too politically minded to figure out that Thatcher and her mob do not have very fair policies. Conservatives widen the gap between the have and the have nots."

**TREVOR BOW
SONS OF JAH
LABOUR**

"Voting Labour because people can't face another four years of Thatcher with unemployment for the poor and more tax relief for the rich and very rich."

**ASTRO AND ROBIN CAMPBELL
UB40
LABOUR**

"We will be voting Labour in desperation. It's the lesser of two evils as it is a vote against the Tories."

**VOTE
Conservative**

**GENESIS P-ORRIDGE
PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN
ALLIANCE**

"We're going to vote for the Liberal/SDP Alliance simply because we want proportional representation. For that reason alone, and also because there is no way I'm going to give my vote to Thatcher or Labour. I think the Alliance is shit, too, but I'd rather vote for something that might break the two party system. Not that they will. Paula (Mrs. P-Orridge) says Ken Livingstone should be Prime Minister because he's the only person to get things done. In that sense he is the perfect man for PM. His low fares scheme was brilliant."

**DARRIN STEWART
DRIVER
CONSERVATIVE**

"Well, quite frankly, I'm going to vote Conservative, vote for Maggie. Maggie for two reasons. The first is that I don't believe in Labour's policy of doing away with the nuclear arms cos they're sending the country up. I don't believe that they could do away with nuclear arms and Britain would still be a free state. Secondly, I don't believe that Labour could create more jobs without putting the country into another recession. I don't think the Conservatives will help me personally, I know a lot of people think I've got no money and all that about themselves and their interests, but I'm thinking about what's best for the country. "I can't see no future for me though, no promotion. Years ago you'd get a job and you'd think of promotion. Now you're humble with that job."

**MARIETTE CLARE
STUDENT AND MOTHER
LABOUR**

"When I can't sleep at night, I think about how I would kill my children — quickly and painlessly — if there was a nuclear war. I couldn't bear it to let them suffer lingering and agonising deaths from the fallout. I think that this is a recurrent fantasy amongst women who've got kids. I'm voting Labour because the nuclear issue haunts me."


**MALCOLM McKAY
UNEMPLOYED
LABOUR**

"They are the best of a bad bunch. I don't want Roy Jenkins to hold Hillhead (Malcolm's constituency) because I think he's a carpetbagger and that the middle of the road policies of the SDP won't help anybody. The Tories, on the other hand, aren't helping me get a job and aren't giving me much money in the meantime."

**PAUL COWAN
PAINTSPRAYER
LABOUR**

"Ah, I'll vote Labour, not because I believe in the Labour Party. I've only voted Labour to get the Tories out. I believe in Tony Benn, Livingstone and Tatchell and Shore. I believe them to be true socialists. Those who vote Tory are the biggest shower of idiots I've known in my life. I don't believe we should just give up on the Labour Party — the only way to get rid of them (rightwing Labour politicians) is to work to get rid of the wankers."

"I joined the Labour Party because I don't think it's right that people have given up on them. But they are the only future for young people. Good socialists shouldn't be privileged. Now look at the Tories! Do you know what Tory means? It means loyal to the Crown. Conservatism is another flag to make out they're so good, to con people. To vote for Thatcher is to vote for a dictatorship."


**MARC ALMOND
SOFT CELL
LABOUR**

"I'm definitely going to vote Labour, not that I have a lot of faith in any of the parties though. A lot of people seem to feel like that. All they see is

parties slagging each other off in political broadcasts, never telling you what they think — you just don't know which way to turn. But anyone who's going to vote Conservative must be absolutely mad, especially now they're giving the police absolute control. If the Conservatives get in with an absolute majority, what with 1984 looming up next year, maybe George Orwell's book should be given more thought. Maybe his prophecies might come true . . . Something's in the air. I don't know what, but you can feel it . . . 1984, total control, something has to explode. Either that or you get to the stage where you just don't care anymore."

**ROD STEWART
ROCK CELEBRITY
NOT VOTING**

"I won't vote. Why should I? I've been away too long. It's not up to me now. I don't think anyone is going to get in the way of Margaret Thatcher. I think she's here to stay and I think she does deserve another period. Inflation is down, productivity is up, unemployment's up but that will be the last thing to come down. I think Britain is turning the tide a little bit. That's how it looks from a distance especially as Reagan has copied her economic plan completely and America is just turning the tide."

**DENISE DUFORT
GIRLSCHOOL
MONSTER RAVING LOONY**

"I'd vote Monster Raving Loony providing their policies include more drink for the workers."

**BOB BERESFORD
PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICER
LABOUR**

"During Mrs Thatcher's term of office her heartless monetarist theme has caused a serious contraction of public services. Local authority rate support grants, so important in the maintenance of adequate public services, have been slashed. Civil servants are trying to cope with ever increasing workloads with fewer and fewer staff."

"Against the backdrop of high unemployment and an increasing percentage of the elderly it is most important that there are adequate levels of services. Good public services are symbolic of a caring society; Mrs T is symbolic of an uncaring profit motivated regime offering only glib sympathies to the needy."

"As someone who works for the public I'm voting Labour for your sakes as well as mine."

**RODDY FRAME
AZTEC CAMERA
LABOUR**

"I'm going to vote Labour as a token effort to get the Conservatives out. But it doesn't matter which way you vote because the Conservatives are still going to get in."

**STEVE JONES
CIVIL SERVANT
NOT CONSERVATIVE**

"Sadly most people vote primarily with themselves in mind, and despite the disastrous level of unemployment, the vast majority of people are still in work, and they want (for themselves) lower direct taxation, a chance to own their own (council) home, the facility to have medical treatment when and where they want..."

**ALISON BERRY
UNEMPLOYED
LABOUR**

"The Labour party simply contains a far greater proportion of human beings to monsters."


**HILARY CORR
CLERK
LABOUR**

"The Conservatives are making it more difficult for women to claim dole, aren't they? I'm voting Labour. Soon you'll have to have a sex-change to claim dole. The Tories are trying to force women back into the home as well. And they've got plans to abolish the family allowance."

**MICK BOX
URIAH HEPP
CONSERVATIVE**

"I'll vote Tory because Maggie Thatcher sticks to her guns and, of the three leaders, is the one best suited in the long term to fight unemployment which is the single most important issue."

**DAVE COLLINS
JOBCENTRE CLERK
LABOUR**

"In my capacity as a Jobcentre clerk, I witness at first hand the effects of unemployment on people and the despair it causes. The policy of non-intervention by the Tory government in creating jobs is a recipe for social disaster. The Labour party offers hope to the unemployed."

**WINSTON
STREET CLEANER
NOT VOTING**

"I neither vote for he, she nor the old lady. You vote for them you suffer; you don't vote for them you still suffer."

**HAYSI FANTAYZEE
POP GROUP
NOT VOTING**

Paul Campin: "I'm not voting because there is nobody to vote positively for."

Kate: "I'll be away on June, but I've given my proxy vote to an American and he's going to vote Labour."

Jeremy: "I'm not voting — hasn't it been fixed already?"


**BOY GEORGE
CULTURE CLUB
ABSENT ON TOUR**

"I lean more towards the views of the Ecology Party — improving the country by preserving old buildings and demolishing council estates."

**ADE MOYSE
PROJECT ADMINISTRATOR
LABOUR**

"Unemployment is the main issue of this election and the Tories have completely ignored the problem. They have created a more stratified society — a Them and Us situation — with greater class distinction and I think that should be opposed. I am a bit dubious of Labour's Defence Policy, but I don't think it will turn out as radical as its current proposals suggest."

**BETTY
SINGER
CONSERVATIVE**

"I'm voting Conservative because I want a choice. Looking at the Labour Manifesto it doesn't seem as if we'll get a choice in certain things like what happens to savings, schools and the NHS."

**MARK BEDFORD
MADNESS
LABOUR**

"I'll be voting Labour because I feel strongly about the fact that the Falklands Crisis should have been avoided, and I don't trust Thatcher when she tries to introduce things like the Police Bill."

**STEVE 'SCAR' TOMBIE
CONSTRUCTION WORKER
NOT VOTING**

"I ain't gonna vote. Labour wanna destroy this country by getting rid of arms and all that, obvious innit? CND are a bunch of Commies and I ain't gonna vote Tory cos that stands for the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. The SDP are just a bunch of fuckin' plums. The NF can't get in, but I reckon they'd do a good job if they did."


**JOHN PEEL
DISC JOCKEY
UNDECIDED**

"In the past I've always voted Labour, but I've never been quite sure whether it was just a romantic taken gesture cos I live in one of those rural constituencies — our MP is the faintly appalling John Selwyn Gummer — and voting Labour out there is just like spoiling your ballot really because the Conservative candidate is always elected by a whopping majority. I would imagine the Social Democrats or Liberals, whichever we've got — I can't remember, to be honest, which shows how fascinated I am by the whole proceeding — will probably come second with the Labour man a poor third."

"But this year I actually feel, having read a piece by Paul Gilroy in *City Limits*, that I may not bother to vote or just spoil my ballot — in a way it's like more of a political gesture than actually voting."

"Y'know, what I think we are witnessing if it doesn't sound like a ludicrous thing to say from some kind of pamphlet, is the collapse of capitalism — and not just the collapse of capitalism because similar things are happening in the Communist world. We're reaching a stage at which the old games just simply won't work anymore, y'know."

**DAVID JENSEN
DISC JOCKEY
CONFIDENTIAL**

I always vote but I don't like the idea of tactical



voting — I'd like to see the system changed to Proportional Representation. I live in an area heavily dominated by Conservative voters and because of the system Labour know they've got very little chance of getting in; the Tories know they'll get a landslide. But I want to vote for the party of my choice."

Really I'd like to see a system similar to that in the United States where you have Congress and the Senate. That's the other thing I feel strongly, that the House of Lords should be reformed. It seems crazy that people should be there because they're born with titles."

I will vote, I do believe in exercising your vote, but the system should be changed."

**EDWYN COLLINS
ORANGE JUICE
NOT VOTING**

"I'm going to abstain from voting this year as there is no Marxist candidate for the borough of Hackney and I feel it would be a personal compromise to vote Labour."


**JOHN CURD
CONCERT PROMOTER
NOT VOTING**

"I ain't voting for anybody — I ain't voting on principle. I'll vote for Screaming Lord Sutch, Monster Raving Loony Party. I would possibly vote for the Conservatives if Skipper Ted (Heath) was in charge. Bring back Skipper Ted and smuggle more hashish into the country on board the Morning Cloud."

RED ROCKERS TAKE THEIR CHANCES ● FLYING DARTS ● NORTHERN CLOUT ●

JAZZ is often said to have been born in New Orleans, and the city still boasts a lively R&B scene in its clubs and bars. With such a rich soil to till, it's odd to imagine the youth of New Orleans going out and forming English-influenced punk rock bands, but that's exactly what they were doing back in '79. The Red Rockers started out as a garage band called the Rat Finks, learning by playing along with early records by The Clash. The Damned, Stiff Little Fingers and Buzzcocks. Their first album, last year's 'Condition Red', was a fair approximation of the sound of the first Clash album, featuring buzzsaw riffing and politicized lyrics, but not enough distinction. On 'Good As Gold', their second album, Red Rockers have found a voice of their own. In a blindfold test, you'd have trouble identifying both albums as having been made by the same band.

'Good As Gold' is far more sophisticated musically, developing a sensuous rock style tinged with country touches here and there, and a far more subtle lyrical approach. This record deals with personal politics, dreams and dilemmas more than with the affairs of the world. It's not a work of genius but it is a good, solid rock album. But there's some worry in the Red Rockers camp about how the punk purists among their hometown following are going to receive it.

"We were trying to think of ways to defend ourselves because we kept thinking that people were gonna give us a lot of grief for changing so much," says Darren Hill, the group's boyish-looking bass player. "And finally we said, we don't have to explain ourselves to anybody. It's just us and it's coming out this way. You have to keep changing to survive."

"To keep your own peace of mind," adds vocalist/guitarist John Griffith "you've got to do something different."

Darren and John make up the band's very kinetic frontline, charging around the stage (the way they no doubt once saw The Clash do). James Singletary, the tall and lanky lead guitarist hangs out in the background. Hard and muscular drumming is provided by Jim Reilly, the newest member, an Irish boy who used to drum with Darren and John's idols Stiff Little Fingers.

Darren: "We were on tour, and we called up Howie (Kline, president of the band's label, 415 Records) and told him we had to get rid of this guy, our old drummer, 'cause he was causing too many problems. And Howie said 'You'll never believe what just happened' because Jim had just been in his office asking Howie if he knew of any work."

Jim says he feels quite at home playing the band's occasional rocked-up covers of Johnny Cash tunes.

"My father's still a big country fan. Ireland is the biggest country and western market in the world, after America. There were always Elvis Presley records around the house, and Slim Whitman, Hank Williams, all that stuff. My father yodels better than Slim Whitman."

Red Rockers are a refreshingly new kind of American rock band — idealistic but not starry-eyed, not shallow but not pretentious either.

Though their label is now distributed by CBS, who are getting ready to push them, they don't seem like a band getting ready to "go pop star". It's that they are undefensive and honest and have a genuine belief in what they do and say.

Our conversation ranges from the voodoo tradition they tell me is still being practised out in the Louisiana swamps to the racism of Southern society to the fact that the American State Department won't let the widow of Salvador Allende (the deposed

SEEING
RED
IS
BELIEVING



Red Rockers good as gold?
(left to right) James, John,
Darren and Jim.

leader of Chile) into the country because they're afraid of what she'll say.

Darren: "That really scares me. And the average person has no idea what's going on. And if they do know what's going on they're convinced that it's right."

But don't you find as much apathy among young music fans as among anyone else?

"Exactly. That's what we're saying. The future is in the hands of the kids and it's disgusting to see them thinking like those people. Because kids have always been rebellious, but what went on in the '60s, you don't see that happening today at all. And music is the best medium for getting the word out. 'Cause face it, how many people actually sit down and read a book. But everybody listens to music."

What about people who say that rock is tired, dead.

John: "That's corporate rock. Aerosmith, Journey, all of that. That's all washed up."

So you believe in rock as a medium through which you can say something vital.

Darren: "Oh yeah. Maybe the people that are saying that are old, and have grown out of it or something. But to us it's a whole new thing. It's where you make it."

"I don't see how anybody can say that if they're really a part of it. Because a kid growing up now, he hasn't heard all of that stuff before. That's why I think the Stray Cats are popular. Because a lot of kids hadn't gone through that, it's new to them. I think it will just keep going. As long as bands are willing to take chances, keep expanding the horizon."

RICHARD GRABEL



HOLED-UP in a two-bit hotel in London's seedy Kings Cross was where I found Gerry Arkwright, Channel 4's 'secret' star. He's 'down south' to prepare for a show on his life for Channel 4 — to go out live on Election night.

Something of an enigma, Gerry was recently pictured on our T-Zer page, performing as the "Northern Industrial Gay". He's still very annoyed about the caption which reported that he was in fact C4 exile Keith Allen. "He's trying to cash in on my bloody name, it's a typical southerner's trick."

His last trip to London was to promote his 'soon come' single on Rinka Records, 'The North's Gonna Rise Again'. This time it's to work on the TV show. Gerry works as a night watchman in a disused factory somewhere on the Lancs/Yorks border. In the programme he'll be giving us his views on the election, although he reckons "they're all the bloody same mother, up here it's work and oil and sweat that counts, not bloody poncey words."

For some reason C4 have kept the whole event shrouded in secrecy — any requests for information are refused for "security reasons". Gerry too, is remaining tight-lipped about the show, telling me that if I want to know more I should "tune in on the bloody night, woman".

The fact that it's going out live is, I expect, the main reason for all the silence — with a character like Gerry, you don't leave too much to chance. Make sure your set is tuned to C4 late on June 9th, for what'll probably be the most exciting television you'll see this year.

LEIGH KELLY

JUST a postcard, really...Thing is, darts are flying again. Fresh from their successful run in the London run of Leiber/Stoller musical Yakkety Yak, Britain's best beloved doowoppers are out and about once more and looking to re-establish their old supremacy in the field of unashamed R&B based good times-a-gogo. First step in the campaign was to negotiate a parting of the ways with record company Magnet — with whom relations became less than close-harmony. And first release on their very own Choice Cuts label was the recent single 'The Mystery Of Ragoula' — a nutty cross of Kid Creole-style tropicana with vintage Darts dementia. The follow-up, 'Lorraine', takes a bow within the week. Of course, with no major money backing (and nine mouths to feed), Darts harbour no illusions about an easy or imminent return to the glory days of chart success ('Daddy Cool', 'It's Raining', 'Boy From New York City' etc). But the current return to regular live work around the country should prove if their aim is true. Singer Rita Ray tells me the next few months could be crucial. But at the same time: "Nothing's impossible — not if you want it badly enough."

PAUL DU NOYER



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Rowan's Report

NICK ROWAN
Peter Murphy
Nick talks to Peter Murphy, one of Britain's leading young show jumpers, and watches him in action at the Great Yorkshire Show.
DIRECTOR/PRODUCER
ALISTER HALLUM
Yorkshire Television Production

A MAN OF
MANY FACES

NOT SO much a case of 'She's In Parties', suggests reader Don Morris-Vincent — more like a load of hunt balls. Bauhaus take a run and jump, courtesy of TV Times.

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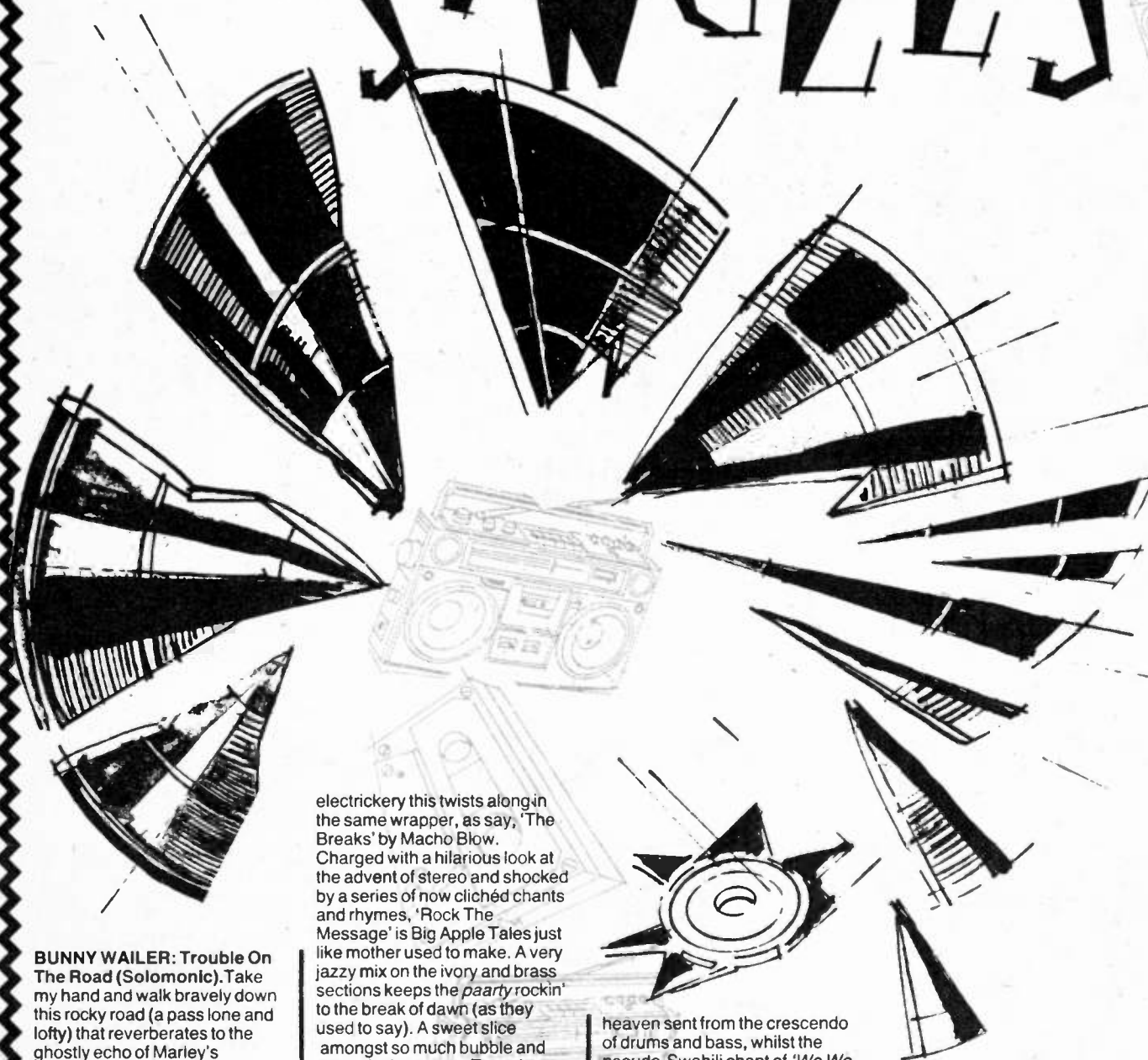
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WINDSOR



REVIEWED THIS
WEEK BY:
DAVID DORRELL

PLINGLES



BUNNY WAILER: Trouble On The Road (Solomonic). Take my hand and walk bravely down this rocky road (a pass lone and lofty) that reverberates to the ghostly echo of Marley's 'Redemption Song' and the barefoot steps of a world population plagued by oppression. We are two years further along this sad path that is the '80s and Wailer highlights that with the disturbing clarity only the great can muster. And in the wake (I presume) of another Tory Government, the Great of this ilk are rarely glimpsed. However, there is a buoyancy here that suggests Wailer, Heron and Costello as constant confederates in this reactionary climate.

"It is the beginning of sorrows which storms the ending of joy/We are now facing a sad tomorrow where human lives are treated like toys."

'Trouble On The Road' seems to capture the plaintive cry of the Third World's collective soul, turning it slowly into a rousing chorus of pride and indignation. Whilst others contend with so much slick fuckery, Wailer triumphs with space, simplicity and a modicum of production. The vocals march sure-footed, abreast of the taut drummer-boy dub; the lyrics are (as ever) stark and depressing, holding communion with 'Shipbuilding' rather than 'Pills And Soap', yet keep loose faith with the tenet that the worst is yet to come. With Wailer the despair of the refugee is only momentary, whereas the hope is resolute in its durability. Grasp his hand and stand firm.

GRANDMASTER FLASH WITH CHILLI-T AND STEVIE-G: Rock The Message (Eclipse). Now this is history. What at first sight appears to be another re-working of the 'poor-black-gay-with-a-wife-and-seven-cockroaches-to-support-theme' from the fabled sable MC is in fact an archive's piece. Recorded some three years ago by The Man the project was shelved only to be discovered and dusted by some intrepid engineer. And just to remind you that RAP can spell FUN, the 'Message' is 'Love' not poverty.

Spliced in the days before Arthur Baker discovered

electricker this twists along in the same wrapper, as say, 'The Breaks' by Macho Blow. Charged with a hilarious look at the advent of stereo and shocked by a series of now clichéd chants and rhymes, 'Rock The Message' is Big Apple Tales just like mother used to make. A very jazzy mix on the ivory and brass sections keeps the party rockin' to the break of dawn (as they used to say). A sweet slice amongst so much bubble and squeak electrofunk. Taste it.

JONZUN CREW: Space Cowboy (Tommy Boy). FREEZ: I.O.U. (Beggars Banquet). **STEVE HARVEY: Something Special (London).** Just to prove that I'm an enormous hypocrite here are three of the best, the boldest and the brassiest electrofunk filaments to short the circuit since 'Looking For The Perfect Beat'. Of course, (can you imagine otherwise?) two of them have jumped from the wand of Grand Wizard Baker and his magician's apprentices, Robie and 'Jellybean' Benitez.

The Jonzun Crew apologise for their blatantly unoriginal 'Pack Jam' effort with a Spaghetti Western vs Jedi Knight number that virtually ropes your feet onto the dance floor. *The Magnificent Seven* will never be quite the same again.

Whilst Ennio Morricone falls foul of these Cosmic Cowboys, Freez find themselves and their fairly average North London soft soul shuffle transported from these redundant shores to the enclaves of Baker's megamix Utopia. Diamond dogs and gold plated cuts find themselves joined by moaning sluts and a language lab of vocoders in an ending that makes Armageddon sound positively tame. Who said that the Colonies were worthless?

Steve Harvey meanwhile opts for a more familiar format reminiscent of Michael 'Mannequin' Jackson. And although the ingredients are plain enough — with plenty of resonant syn-toms and resident falsettos — the final beat is the creme de la creme. 'Beat it?' Boy... this stuff was WHIPPED into shape.

JIMMY THE HOOVER: Tantalise (Wo Wo Ee Yeh Yeh) (Innervision). So finally someone remembers summer and the sun. And at last the sound of the Drum Oro from the dark continent shines through the rain forest of British pop. Steel guitars seem to spring

heaven sent from the crescendo of drums and bass, whilst the pseudo-Swahili chant of 'Wo Wo Ee Yeh Yeh' smiles gloriously across the face of the record.

The apparent dilution of the Ivory Coast sound will plague purist Afrophiles for years but the fact remains — 'Tantalise' is a warm embrace, a dance in the tropical sun, filtered through the sound system of a Soho club. And it's glorious. I've only to hear it and my heart beats like a...

JANE: It's A Fine Day (Cherry Red). With their usual genius for finding contemporary 'folk' singers — and I use the term loosely — Cherry Red present Jane. Jane pure and simple. In some respects plain Jane. But whatever way you look at it, it is just Jane. Moreover, it is Jane alone, singing with a spectral otherworldliness to herself. The two songs border on nursery rhyme in their repetition, but ultimately transcend the kindergarten and its nonsensical poesy for something far more prosaic... and beautiful. The silence is pierced by random observations and forget-me-nots that read like an innocent's diary of the day, yet the cumulative effect is one of wholesomeness and wistful remembrance rather than childish prattle.

But there — I've spoilt it all by adding complexities. As a belated introduction to a sentient soul I shall say... here is Jane. Now listen.

PETER DUNCAN: Cold As Ice (Deb Records). Anyhow, as we're near the playground, let me introduce you to my friend Peter. Peter is the presenter of *Blue Peter* and a jolly helpful friend to have when you need to make Auntie Edna an Easter Egg holder or Uncle Jeff a jacuzzi for Christmas. Sadly, I fear his talents are limited to messing about with empty cornflake packets and the kittens, Jack and Jill. Is it too late to start a 'Bring Back John Noakes' campaign?

THE SMITHS: Hand In Glove (Rough Trade). **SEONA DANCING: More To Lose (London).** **THE ORSON FAMILY: You**

Shake My Soul (Be My Ball And Chain (Orson Enterprises). Three dissimilar numbers that all scream the same message that Jane sings:

"We're young, fresh and simple Love us." (Or some such cliché!) What is really young, fresh and simple about it all is that they have the gall to get away with it. Worse still, I found myself clapping them on! Just as I was ready to slip the noose around the quite limp neck of that wicked child molester Pop Muzak, The Smiths ride up, 'Hand In Glove', to knock me from my own gallows. With a paucity of effects they seem to pierce the cool of a Julian Cope/Teardrop sensitivity with a certain vigour that only we young ones can adopt. Morrissey's vocal invocations just RISE above the fuzz of treble. Truly a new Bunnymen.

Seona Dancing escape the pitfalls of a thousand claspnet and synth duos by sticking to the basics of melody and forfeiting the perpetual motion of heavy rhythms. In its brevity, 'More To Lose' glints like the last rays of a moonlight sonata, finding its fountainhead in the crystal sparkle of 'Atmosphere'. The fond solace of Ricky Gervais' vocals are complemented perfectly by the distance of Bill Macrae's oddly classical keyboard arrangement. All of which is a far cry from the visions of Dixie that beset The Orson Family.

Hailing from the southern comfort of Ealing, The Orsons regale us with what could be 'Goo Goo Muck' by The Cramps but turns out to be Gene Vincent. An unprecedented onslaught of pure Bourbon and blues. Dontcha just lurv these bastard 'billy idioms'? I know I do. Rise! And remember Gettysburg!

THE MAIN T POSSEE: Fickle Public Speakin' (Respond). If, as they suspect, the landslide win is to cover us all in the blue mud of Tory politics, then we have no one left to blame for our own choking but ourselves.

Undoubtedly the hardest arrangement to storm from the gates of the Respond farm, 'Fickle Public Speakin' opens with the laughter of the music hall and closes with obvious disdain for the show on stage. Us.

Vaughan has been off the scene for a long time now but manages to swing us where Weller shoves us. The heartfelt emotion comes rapped in a John Wayne on Quaaludes throatiness, that offsets the bass and refrain with continual amazement and amusement. And although the production job has erased some of the rough edged mistakes, it's still not too shiny to dance on.

Joe and Joanne Public may be slapstick to some of you but to the Main T Possee they're tragic-comics. If only a few hear the word then we might not hear so much 'Fickle Public Speakin'. A Hit... depending on whether Joe and Joanne like it...

LEISURE PROCESS: Anxiety (Epic). Anything finding itself daubed 'neurotica Mix' should hold cause for concern, but fortunately 'Anxiety' steers clear of the furrowed brow that wasted 'Cash Flow' and hearkens back to those orgiastic days of 'Love Cascade'. Ross proves that his ability for vocal arrangement is as agile as ever and turns round a rare torrent of ebullience. A hit? Nothing to worry about here Mr Middleton...

SPECIMEN: Returning (From A Journey) (London).

BRILLIANT: Colours (Risk). Ah! Old friends breaking dark territories. And in this case it's not just the bar area of The Batcave.

Now, in all honesty (and before you shout "hypocrite!" again) I've never put hand to jugular and actually said I liked either Specimen or Brilliant. I like the 'Cave as much as the next ghoul, but I'm afraid both of these leave me fairly cold (which is probably exactly what they set out to do). Maybe Mr Punter the producer (of the Specimen 'specimen') is not actually in tune with his name thus lacking the necessary tenacity and venom that Ollie and the Gang spit with such lust from the PA. Maybe they were looking for the perfect beat... whatever the answer it cuts no dry ice with me. Uurgh! It's all clean and sanitised. Sorry Ollie, but I much prefer the sleaze and the glam that you deal with live.

Brilliant, meanwhile, open with that lust for orgasmic groans and then produce an overblown line in bathos; in a way it's as if they've jumped into a sea of Page Three girls and discovered that they can't swim. In fact, the 'Monster-Mix' on the flipside drowns by its own hand in a tidal wave of plucked bass riffs. Still, there is something there but only if they can get away from that pile of K.I.S.S. tapes in Youth's flat. There is something there... isn't

GRAPHICS BY:
JILL MUMFORD
AND TOM DIXON

there Youth... Youth? Come back, I was only joking...

SAZOU AND WEMBA: Malimba (Crammed Discs). THE HONEYMOON KILLERS: Subtitled Remix (Crammed Discs). Now I'm the last person to ask. I really am. How should I know why people see Belgium as an inescapable pit of banality? Here you have two fairly fine slates, both immaculately packaged and both brimful of snappy ideas. Indeed, it's probably enough to make your average denizen of Brussels sprout (sorry) pommes frites from every orifice.

Zazou (was he in your French text books as well?) And Wemba compose a PanAfrican sketchbook outlined in Zazou's Satie influenced background and coloured with Wemba's natural Zairean fecundity. All lush colours and airy sound, like, I suppose you'd call it African furniture sound — but then you haven't heard it yet, have you?

The Killers also toy with text book teaching, escaping their usual mono-linguistic bind by adding vocal 'Subtitles' to their native French tongue. Of course the tongue and the French have always been inextricably linked, so it seems quite sad that they have foregone their native lick of language for an indeterminable series of English scripts. The humour is pure arthouse irony and aural slapstick in a peculiarly Belgian vein; probably green as in innocent (though I do not rule out the chance that it's blue as in dumb, lewd, conservative etc...) Weird maybe... Boring? Never.

THE EX: Gonna Rob The Spermbank (Sneeleleer). Donated by the Dutch, 'Rob The Spermbank', is the dealing of uncertainty that most bands never find in their hands. Screech guitars speed through the womb of drumming that offers some certainty to the casual listener, yet in the final throes even that sanctuary is denied. Instead, we find the goosestep of some vaguely Teutonic figure grinding the song into its untimely end. cf Holy Toy on 'Soldier Toy'.

The second track on this four track EP is a positively anarchic litany on the construction and destruction of Molotov Cocktails. Whether this is indeed a sublime Dutch funny or an ardent call to arms is difficult to tell, but as Lester Del Ray once said (and I think rightly): "Writing for the trunk (bottom draw) is masturbation." "As The Ex point out on the cover, "Spermbanks ain't worth a fuck! (Do-it-yourself is still the melody)" Somehow I think that The Ex really do mean business...





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SILVER SCREEN

The Year Of Living Dangerously

DIRECTOR: Peter Weir
STARRING: Mel Gibson,
Sigourney Weaver, Linda Hunt
(UIP)

PETER WEIR'S new film is his first mature work.

The curiously joyless *Gallipoli*, carefully staged as his international breakthrough, appeared to betray poor dramatic judgement by a director whose first films (*The Cars That Ate Paris*, *The Last Wave*, *Picnic At Hanging Rock*) inhabited the more discrete shadows of the multi-faceted thriller medium. *The Year Of Living Dangerously*, while flawed, has a much finer and striking grasp on matters.

To a degree, Weir has returned to his earlier preoccupations: the sparks struck among an isolated and estranged community of journalists and diplomats in the Indonesia of 1965 — a year of brooding unrest, when politicians and revolutionaries constantly lived dangerously — seem to come from the anvil that hollowed out the queer folk of Paris and a rain-sodden Sydney.

To this fractious little gathering comes Guy Hamilton, unfearing Australian correspondent on his first overseas assignment; he finds an unexpected ally in the dwarfish half-caste cameraman Billy Kwan, and when the two scoop a hot interview with the Communist leader, Hamilton wins his spurs and the mixed admiration and jealousy of the typewriter corps.

Billy is also the part-narrator of the story, and he is played by the diminutive actress Linda Hunt in a wholly remarkable performance. Weir makes him our enigmatic tour guide to the



Linda Hunt patches up Mel Gibson

A ROMANTIC DRIFT

maze of social and political intrigue that Guy runs himself breathless in, and we never really learn where Kwan's allegiances lie, or why he keeps files on his workmates and acquaintances, or why he is so eager to fix a romance between Guy and Jill Bryant, PA to the British Embassy's military attache.

The film pivots on Billy: his conflicting loyalties to his friends, his people and the President he idolises reflect the awkward tug of ideas at the movie's centre. It's characteristic of Weir to make this peculiar little man so important to a clan of dislikable Westerners.

But the film is not about Billy. Its heart is led elsewhere, to the relationship between Hamilton and Jill, and here it comes a little apart. Having set up this romance between two strong-willed outsiders — one a terse, pugnaciously naive liberal, the other a sympathetic and compromised expatriate — any clear currents of message and direction are dispersed by the aimless drift of the courtship.

Yet the film is still absorbing. Besides Hunt's almost virtuosic craft in her lizard-voiced portrayal, and the attendant cameos by splendid veterans like Noel Ferrier and Bill Kerr, Mel Gibson is

irrefutably winning as the phlegmatic Hamilton.

Gibson is choosing his parts well, and if he continues to perform with this kind of understated bravado we may have another Eastwood on our screens. He reads Hamilton's confusions with a surly energy, a brusque indifference to decorum that has an engaging charm about it.

When he clambers into a crumpled tuxedo to arrive at the eleventh hour of an Embassy ball, every inch the gatecrasher, he still sweeps Jill off her feet. When he takes off his shades to get past a guard at the Presidential palace, the darkest, suavest eyes melt us

pitiably into submission.

Sigourney Weaver has much less to do as Jill — Weir casts her as a spunky, rather windblown ex-deb with only a perfunctory entanglement to offer. What interests him more is the play of unusual people in an impeccably composed series of alien landscapes, an Eastern world tugged out of its orbit of corruption and poverty by insurrection. And it's depicted with such genuine life and vigour that one tends to forget the opacity and be swept along, like Guy Hamilton, by a rushing romantic impulse. Peter Weir is becoming a master of his craft.

Richard Cook

Octopussy

DIRECTOR: John Glen
STARRING: Roger Moore,
Maude Adams, Louis Jourdan,
Kabir Bedi (UIP)

TWENTY YEARS ago, the James Bond movie series was launched as simple upbeat fun: Ian Fleming's '50s consumerist coldwar glam reinterpreted as kicky, decadent swinging '60s entertainment around the sardonic, vulpine figure of Sean Connery.

In the '80s, they have degenerated into racist, sexist bombast in which a dummy Western Civilisation is regularly rescued by a dummy Bond, hardware takes priority to such an extent that it makes the average Lucasfilm seem like an intimate little teledrama and the predictability rating rises as high as an elephant's eye (the elephant crops up about forty minutes in, by the way).

Octopussy is based on little more than one of Fleming's titles: the title character (Maude Adams) is the daughter of the central figure in Fleming's original novella, and the auction scene that starts the ball rolling is lifted from another Fleming throwaway entitled *The Property Of A Lady*.

The screenplay (by George MacDonald Fraser, Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) cobbles together assorted bits from other Bond artefacts:

Octopussy's all-girl circus-cum-crime cartel is a dead steal from the one operated by Pussy Galore in *Goldfinger*, the villain's chief heavy (Kabir Bedi) is the latest in the line that stretches from Oddjob to Jaws, the needle match over the gambling table (backgammon, this time) has its antecedents in *Moonraker*, *Casino Royale*, *Goldfinger* and *Diamonds Are Forever*. Even the villain's punchline — "I should spend the money quickly, Commander Bond" — is straight from stock.

In other words, Bond by numbers, which is how Roger Moore has been playing him ever since he took over from the highly underrated George Lazenby.

No appreciation of Moore can top this exquisite pen-portrait by Pauline Kael, from *Reeling*: 'Dimly suavity is Moore's speciality, and his smoothness seems to have gone to his throat, his refined velvety diction makes

The Popsicle boys join up in more ways than one.!

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Roger Moore as James Bond 007

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John Forsythe sound like a Newark truck driver... Moore confers blasé weightlessness on all his roles impartially. As Bond, he stood in for Sean Connery; as The Saint, he stood in for George Sanders. Moore wasn't born, he was recycled... Physically, he's large, but his personality is small, pink and shiny.

In other words, Moore struggles through all his running, jumping, fighting and shooting with great aplomb, though he has a little difficulty with the acting. His three basic modes — bland self-satisfaction, mild irritation and slight puzzlement — are applied to the basic situations in the usual manner, but since nobody else (with the possible exception of Louis Jourdan as a rather pettish villain) does much better, he gets away with it much more easily than in *The Man With The Golden Gun*, where the incomparable Christopher Lee acted him right off the screen.

What there is of the plot takes in

a renegade Soviet general who decides to smuggle a nuke onto a US base in West Germany in order to blow it up, thereby tricking all us brainwashed CND peace freaks into demanding the withdrawal of all US missiles from Europe and leaving us defenceless against the might of the USSR. However, *Octopussy* hedges its political bets by having the General's colleagues and bosses override him with a solemn bromide about how "world socialism will be achieved by peaceful means."

Most of the front half of the film takes place in India, which provides opportunities for both an entertainingly chaotic chase scene through a Delhi Street market and for Bond to distribute his backgammon winnings to the menials from the Service's Indian branch with a smirking "That should keep you in curry for a couple of weeks." The entire film takes on Moore's smirk when we are expected to laugh at the effect

of the ageing process on the ever-pining Miss Moneybags (Lois Maxwell), but ignore Moore's increasingly blurred jawline.

The reason why recent James Bond films are only worth catching when they show up on TV is twofold: the new films lack the freshness and genuine verve of the old Bond films, despite their increasing dependence on bits from the originals (even the precredits sequence is a rerun from a similar shtick in either *Goldfinger* or *Thunderball*) and they also lack a credible Bond. Roger Moore is a big stuffed dummy, whereas Sean Connery was — and is — an immensely sophisticated actor with a more genuine screen presence than anybody else in his price range. He animated Bond, and even managed to suggest that the character had some sort of off-screen existence. Moore always looks as if he'd been

CONTINUES PAGE 24

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 9

Decision day! Should you watch the full complement of Election coverage (a whopping five or six hours' worth on either BBC1 or ITV) or try to avoid it at all costs?

Early evening's no problem: *Car 54 Where Are You?* (C4) and *Get Smart* (C4) provide a light run-up to Hitchcock's *North By Northwest* (ITV) or Lumet's *Murder On The Orient Express* (BBC1). The latter's hardly up there with the prime Lumet of *The Pawnbroker*, *Prince Of The City* or *The Verdict* — and anyway, it's been screened so often (or so it seems) that only the proverbial Antarctic explorer could fail to know whodunnit — but on the other hand, the sublime *North By Northwest* will probably suffer from ad-laceration and cack-handed cutting (the last time round, ITV displayed the killer touch by axing Cary Grant's arrival at the crop-dusting sequence, about as vicious a case of philistinism as one could find). Flip a coin to decide, or be swayed by the way they come across on TV.

Alternatively, leap into the past with *Do You Remember?* (C4) for the spectacle of early '60s poppers like Del

Shannon, Tommy Bruce, Heinz, Screaming Lord Sutch (him again?), Kathy Kirby and Billie Davis growing old disgracefully (and why not?), before catching the last of the repeats of *The Young Ones* (BBC2) or the nowhere-near-the-last-of-the-repeats of *Soap* (C4).

After that, *Britain In The Thirties* (BBC2) — on the creation of a Garden City — looks interesting, as do *What The Papers Say* (C4) and *The Nightwatchman* (C4), a late-night live satirical thing featuring Keith Allen. Apart from that, it's all movies: *Nelly's Version* (Directed by Maurice Hatton 1983). Early TV showing for a film which only opened a week or two ago at the ICA. Film and documentary maker Hatton's story starts with a middle-aged amnesiac (Eileen Atkins) booking into a hotel as "Nelly Dean", then finding her suitcase stuffed with money. Burglary, mugging and arson follow before the mystery is finally "solved". Looks promising. (C4) *Room At The Top* (Jack Clayton 1959). Timely re-screening of John Braine's tale of self-serving social climbers in the '50s. Dour, early example of the social realism which monopolised British cinema in the '60s. (C4) *Steelyard Blues* (Alan Myerson 1973). Daff but engaging "alternative" comedy starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland as misfit bohohooked on Demolition Derby who devise a scheme to renovate an old aircraft and fly away from it all. Crystallises the naive hope of the time as well as any film from the late '60s/early '70s; Peter Boyle steals the show as the enigmatic Eagle. (BBC2) *Kluge* (Alan J. Pakula 1971). Second half of the Fonda/Sutherland

double-bill; low-life private dick Sutherland gets embroiled in murder-mystery shenanigans involving call-girl Fonda (her best performance) and a pervo client. Well worth seeing again. (BBC2)

Alternatively, of course, you might prefer to ignore all the above, go out to the pub and get shitfaced drunk, fall asleep half-way through the election results and wake up at four in the morning to watch:

Bullitt (Peter Yates 1968). The chase movie *par excellence*, just the thing to keep you blinking till Breakfast TV. Steve McQueen is fine as the tough, anti-hero 'tec caught up in political intrigue and mafia manipulation, but the real star is San Francisco. (ITV)

FRIDAY JUNE 10

Lots of post mortems lightened here and there by *The Hollywood Greats* (BBC2) on Errol Flynn. *Switch* (C4) featuring The Bluebells. *Spear Of Destiny*, *Style Council*, *First Light*, *Aztec Camera* and *Eddy Grant*, with archive footage of Otis Redding doing 'Shake', *Peggy Lee in Jazz On Four* (C4), the wonderful *Cheers* (C4), and a few films:

Scum (Alan Clarke 1979). Salutary life-in-Borstal lesson for the young survivor, starring Ray Winstone as the new boy who won't take orders. Hard-hitting, nasty stuff, and not a threatened female in sight. The moral appears to be: if your heart's set on a life of crime, make sure you're a tough guy or can do a convincing impersonation of a loony. (C4) *The Sleeping Tiger* (Joseph Losey as Victor Hanbury 1954). Bogarde vehicle of no great distinction; a psychiatric *menage à trois* directed by a pseudonymous Losey during his blacklist period. (BBC1) *Crooks Anonymous* (Ken Annakin 1962). British screwball comedy about an Alcoholics Anonymous-style organisation for would-be reformed crooks. Stars Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter, Willfrid Hyde White, James Robertson Justice and Julie Christie, making her big screen debut as Babette the Stripper. She hasn't changed a bit, has she? (BBC1)

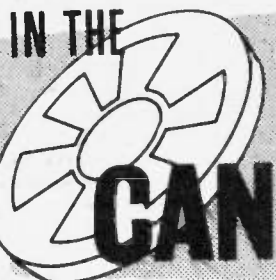
SATURDAY JUNE 11

The Consultant. First of a four-part suspense story about computer theft.

CONTINUES PAGE 24



Charles Ives (Makers, Saturday C4)



Six Weeks (Directed by Tony Bill). An utter farrago that suggests that Dudley Moore vehicles aren't going to establish a worthwhile Hollywood innovation. His sister Mary Tyler is as improbable as ageing soft-hearted tycoons come and Katharine Healy dies the most sanitised death since *Love Story*. Feels more like six years. (Rank)

Bad Boys (Rick Rosenthal). Sean Penn, last seen as the radishbrain goof who was the only interesting thing about *Fast Times*, turns in a superbly

ugly performance as the anti-hero of this reformatory meller. Rosenthal's direction is uselessly cack-handed but it's not hard to see why this is a big American hit — it's *An Officer And A Gentleman* turned rancid and rowdy with enough vicarious kicks to sweep up an across-the-board appeal. (EMI)

Friday The Thirteenth Part 111 (Steve Miner). I can deal with this one chop-chop. (UIP)

That Championship Season (Jason Miller). Put back several weeks, Miller's indigestible stew of rhetoric comes glossed with gigantic cast credibility — Mitchum, Dern, Keach, Sheen, Sorvino — only to choke on indiscriminate masculine anguish. Not enough ketchup. (Cannon)

Tootsie (Sydney Pollack). The best fun on the circuit even if, as with Forsyth's overrated *Local Hero*, a modest little idea is finally overstretched. Hoffman's terrifically energised playing overcomes the shortfall of an erratic script and his



Passion (Jean-Luc Godard)

teamwork with Bill Murray hints at an explosively effective partnership which

some enterprising producer should look into immediately. (Columbia)

Android (Aaron Lipstadt). New World's patchwork look at Asimovian theory bears close resemblance to Carpenter's *Dark Star* but is not quite so neatly under-achieved. Kinski is amusingly loopy as the boss of a remote space station which fleeing bandits stumble upon, although like everyone else he doesn't seem to get enough to do. (Miracle)

Passion (Jean-Luc Godard). The best film released so far this year, and contrary to the dismissive incomprehension displayed in such journals as *Melody Maker* eyes and ears will suffice to enjoy the richest cinematic experience in town. Godard fragments some of his most absorbing reflections on the business of living across the borders of work (in the studio and at the factory) and amorous interplay (between friends and strangers). Despite the persistently non-linear form it's as lucid and frank as one might expect from a director who is drawing together the essences of his art. (Artificial Eye)

Richard Cook

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Ferrer Double
BLOW OUT (La Grande Bouffe) 4.25, 8.40
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THE TRUTH

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7th JUNE - MANCHESTER, GALLERY
9th JUNE - BRISTOL, DINGWALLS
10th JUNE - LOUGHBOROUGH, UNIVERSITY
12th JUNE - DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL
18th JUNE - OXFORD POLY
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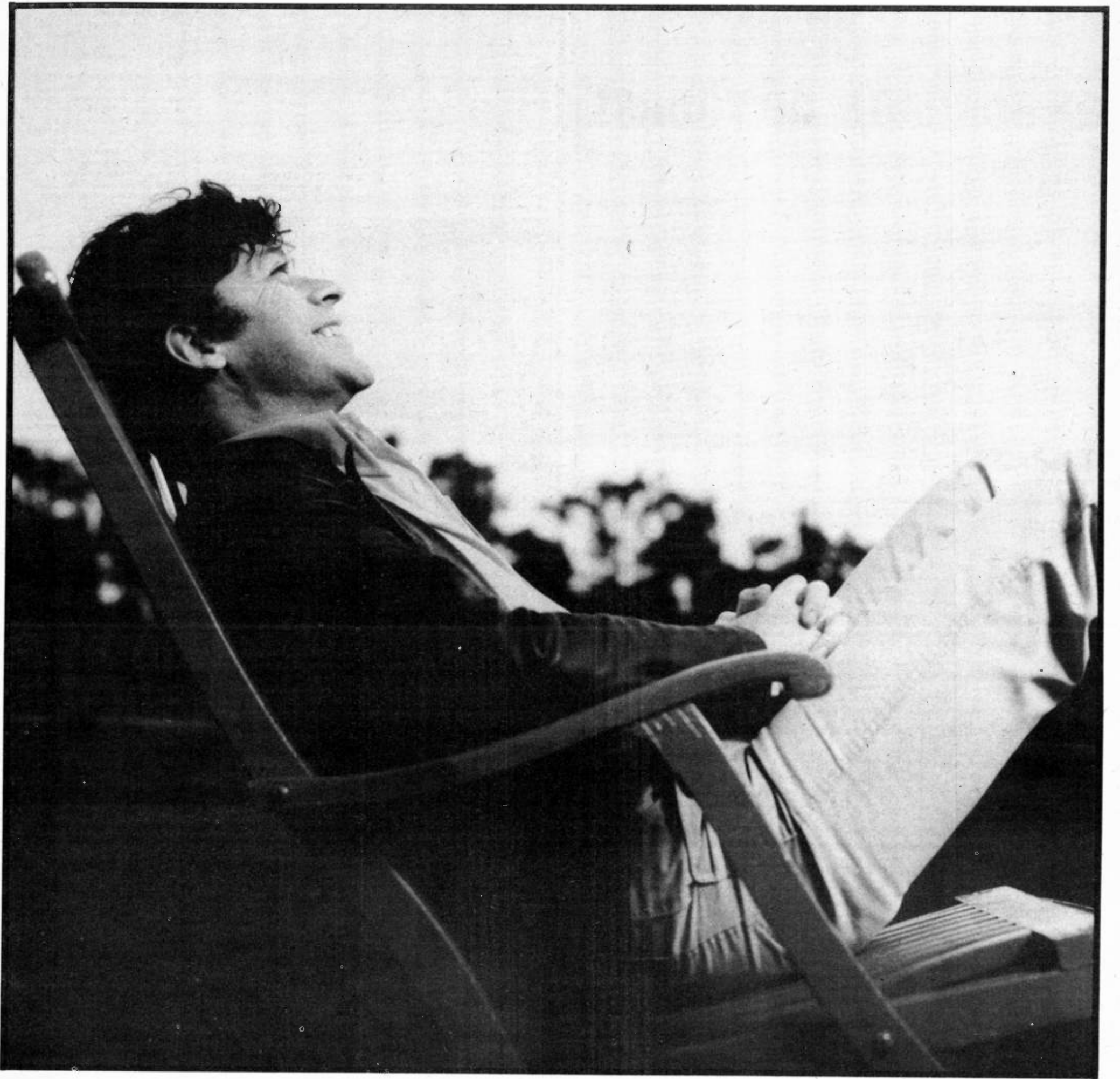
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TRUTH IF

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Robbie goes **WAY**



Since America's most dignified and American group The Band danced *The Last Waltz* in 1978, their leader **Robbie Robertson** has successfully branched out into movies. He's already starred in the cult classic *Carny* and scored Scorsese's latest *King Of Comedy*. Here, he talks to **Kristine McKenna** about The Band, the American Bandstand, movies and rock videos that should be banned. Photo **Bonnie Shiffman**.

OUT WEST

ROBBIE ROBERTSON was born in Toronto, Canada in 1944. A self-taught musician, he began playing guitar and writing songs when he was 13, and at 15, left home and became a member of Ronnie Hawkins' backing band, The Hawks.

They put him in contact with other like-minded musicians and in 1961 Robertson, along with Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel, Levon Helm and Rick Danko formed a group and named it The Band.

The Band made music that touched on a variety of ideas, people and feelings, but the central character in all of its songs was America. Along with Randy Newman's best work ('Sail Away', 'Good Old Boys'), no other contemporary music has better captured America's bittersweet sense of its own past.

The bulk of The Band's material was written by Robertson, and like the boy who runs away from home to join the circus, he saw America as a wild frontier, a place of lurid folklore and unlimited possibilities. Most of Robertson's songs were written as third person narratives and frequently took the form of fables.

As with much of Dylan's work, there was a biblical undercurrent to Robertson's morality plays, which often examined the plight of the good man, living in a complex world that won't allow him to survive on goodness alone.

The Band's music was as vibrant as the stories it told and incorporated the essence of many American styles: the melodic grace of Tin Pan Alley; the colorful storytelling of country & western; the leering bump and grind of rhythm and blues; the raucous swing of dixieland; the kick-ass swagger of rockabilly. Traces of folk, gospel and bluegrass were also in this eclectic mix, which was played on an unorthodox array of instruments that included the tuba and accordian.

They cut thin musical teeth playing juke joints on the eastern seaboard and in the south. Reflecting on those early days Robertson laughs. "We had one thing on our minds — Stomp!"

They shaped up to be such a firecracking live act that Dylan recruited them to be his backing band, and they toured with him in 1966 and 1974 in addition to writing songs and recording with him.

While the Band may have been hellions on stage, the albums were marvels of elegance and depth. Beginning with their debut LP of 1968, 'Music From Big Pink', and culminating ten years later with their eleventh and final album, 'Anthology', they produced a body of work of unequalled scope, innovation and dignity. Their records — and the group — were phenomenally successful considering that The Band never pandered to the teenybop audience supposedly responsible for making albums go platinum. They put out intelligent, complex, challenging music and the rock audience rose to the occasion. (Kinda makes your heart swell with pride don't it?)

In 1976 The Band decided to quit touring and staged a last hurrah on Thanksgiving in San Francisco. Numerous rock luminaries came to pay their respects, and the proceedings were filmed by Martin Scorsese, who turned the footage into the movie *The Last Waltz*.

Robertson's compelling presence in the film showed him to have definite matinee idol potential, and it swept him into a film career and partnership with Scorsese (ironic considering that Robertson never seemed to crave the spotlight and had always been content to have other members of The Band sing his songs).

Robertson's only subsequent film appearance has been in *Carny*, a story set in the carnival milieu which he wrote and produced, however, he has been busily at work on a variety of multi-media projects.

Recent work includes the production of the soundtrack for Scorsese's new film, *King Of Comedy*, for which Robertson juxtaposed new wave upstarts The Pretenders and The Cars against seasoned veterans Ray Charles, Van Morrison and B.B. King.

The soundtrack also includes a new song by

Robertson which he performs with vocal backing by former Bandmate Richard Manuel. Robertson has completed a script co-written with Mardik Martin (author of screenplays for *Raging Bull* and *Mean Streets*) for a film in which he plans to star.

He's presently involved in pre-production work for a series of music specials for cable TV which will be produced by Robertson and directed by Scorsese. The shows will run 45-50 minutes, feature one artist per segment, and be shot on a soundstage without an audience and, says Robertson, "without any little kid shit in the background."

He is not a fan of rock video.

Now 39, Robertson has been married for 16 years, has three kids, and lives in a house in Pacific Palisades which a mutual acquaintance describes as looking like a southern mansion. He even has a chef. Robbie Robertson, country squire. Perfect, huh?

I recently interviewed Robertson at a recording studio in Santa Monica and came away extremely impressed. Why? Because Robertson takes life seriously enough that he's worked to make his own have some kind of positive meaning, but he doesn't take life so seriously that he can't laugh at it.

Robertson is a *very* funny man (this surprised me), one of those people with a knack for cutting through the bullshit and sizing up any situation with a brief, blunt quip. He has no burning points or particular impressions he's bent on making and has a relaxed, natural manner that's irresistibly appealing. And he wrote all those exquisite songs to boot.

Robbie, if you're out there, you are the coolest.

INGREIL Marcus' book *Mystery Train*, he implies that you arrived in America from Canada hoping to change America, but that it changed you instead, and that your ideas about America became progressively darker the more time you spent here. Is there any truth to that?

(*Laughing*) According to Greil. I don't know what he's talking about. I read his book a long time ago and thought it was brilliantly written and that he nailed some things wonderfully. But a lot of the time I didn't know what or who he was talking about.

Marcus also implied that your first visit to the American south was a revelatory experience for you. Was there in fact a time when you were enchanted with a mythical idea of America?

Yeah, and I found there to be a lot of truth behind the myth once I got here. To come from Canada and go down to where Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer and the Mississippi River were — just the sound of those things seemed so cool to me. In Canada you don't have names and expressions that feel good to say and it was like a goldmine of songwriting for me.

It was so different from what I'd grown up with that it made me think to write 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down'. I mean, why didn't somebody from Tennessee write that song? Because they're so close to it and it's so taken for granted that they'd never think of it.

What sort of music was in the house you grew up in?

Country music. When I was around eight years old I can remember uncles and cousins playing country music.

You once commented that Canada has no distinct musical heritage of its own.

It does, but it's a lot like the music of the British Isles, Louisiana Zydeco music is rooted in Acadia, and in Canada there's a music called Acadian that's comparable to Zydeco. Acadian music features accordian and fiddle and is comparable to Irish jigs.

You once described 'Northern Lights, Southern Cross' as being The Band's most Canadian record. How so?

(*Laughing*) I don't know, maybe because it had 'Acadian Driftwood' on it. I said that? Jesus, I said a lot of things! Goes to show, you'll just say anything!

Village Voice critic Robert Christgau once commented that "The Band seemed overly worried about the passing of the world as they knew it, and always looked backwards because the future presents itself as a vacuum." Is that an accurate observation? He might have been talking about something specific, but on the chance that he wasn't, I don't know anything about the future so how could I write about it? I do know about what's happened and I've had a chance to understand it. As to the band's music being obsessed with the

past, things about the past *do* stand out. And, there was a challenge to writing something about the past that had a timeless quality to it, to create the feeling that the song could've been written a hundred years ago, or now, or anytime.

We did do one record that sort of posed the question, what are things coming to? 'Cahoots' dealt with extinction, and that was the record that had 'Life Is A Carnival' on it. It's sad, you know, when you see things like carnivals and blacksmiths vanishing, but I think everyone feels sad to see those things go, and that feeling isn't something that was unique to The Band.

(*Laughing*) I mean, you never hear anybody say, fuck the blacksmiths!

Have you ever formally researched American history and traditional music styles, or did you just pick up a feel for those things by playing juke joints in the south and whatnot?

Most of what I've learned came from the folk music people that I knew. Bob Dylan in particular told me about a lot of things and played songs for me. I learned a lot through him.

YOU ONCE made the comment "when you get very close to mythology you get very close to insanity". Can you elaborate on that?

(*Laughing*) No, I can't. Where did I say that? It sounds good! It's true. At the time I was obviously thinking about something.

You've always downplayed yourself as a vocalist. How do you feel about yourself as a singer?

I was with a group that I think was an unusually legitimate band, in terms of being a band. Everybody did something, like a little workshop. You know, one guy fixed the electricity, one guy repaired the window, and everybody had their little job. If I had been writing the songs, playing lead guitar *and* doing the singing, it wouldn't have been a band anymore. The Band was like spokes in a wheel. It had real balance and everybody felt good about what they were doing and knew they weren't expendable.

So, that was the reason why I didn't sing. Now that I don't have those guys around all the time, I don't have any choice but to sing my songs.

Are you still in contact with the other members of The Band?

I see them every once in a while. Rick (Danko) and Levon (Helm) are living in Woodstock again. Richard (Manuel) sang on a few tracks on the *King Of Comedy* soundtrack. He still lives in LA and he's in great shape, seems real calm.

Why was an authorised version of 'The Basement Tapes' finally released?

That was really initiated by the public. That was the first big bootleg and we felt it was a bit of history, so rather than have it coming out on nineteenth generation pressings, we thought we'd do it decently.

The songs were recorded as songwriters demos and the idea was to send them around and see if anybody wanted to record them. At that time the songs just kept coming and we all felt there was something amazing going on. Somebody would figure something out, we'd run down to the basement and record it, and a little later there'd be another one. I'd be in the bedroom with the guitar, Bob would be at the typewriter, and somebody else would be in the corner working on something. It was definitely happening and it was really exhilarating.

Have you enjoyed being famous?

At first it was enjoyable, but then it got crazed. You could see that when you take regular, half decent people and put them in that situation, they invariably become totally fucked up. It's that same old Elvis Presley story. It's as if there's some kind of disease that lurks around fame.

What's been your biggest disappointment in life?

I don't know if I've had a big disappointment in life, and if I have, I try not to think about it too much. I don't know, I always thought about being the King of France but it never came up, so what can you do? Seriously, I don't have many gripes. I've always thought of myself as being very lucky in that nobody tells me I can't make music or movies or whatever seems to be a good idea at the moment. There are a lot of talented people who can't get the time of day.

How autobiographical is your writing?

I like to think of myself more as a storyteller than as someone who writes about themselves all the time. I don't think that I spill my heart and soul out.

Do you like writing that does that?

It's OK, but it embarrasses me a little bit, me, me, me, me. I did this, I went there, look at me. (Sings the first line of 'Misty') "*Look at me!*" (*Laughing*) Can you imagine writing a song with a first line of "*look at me!?*"

ROCKABILLY and American roots music were founding stones for The Band. What do you think of The Stray Cats, The Blasters and the rest of the groups currently popularising rockabilly? Do you think they capture the spirit of that music?

I went and saw The Blasters the other night and they're very good, but they have a problem in that...it's campy. They're dealing with a problem, I'd hate to be trying to do Gene Vincent's routine now. But I'm not one of those people who only listens to the old things. I love what a lot of people are right now and you'd probably be surprised at some of the stuff in my record collection. I have two daughters, 12 and 14 years-old, and they turn me on to a lot of things. They took me to see Devo, Peter Gabriel, Neil Young.

In talking about the filmed music projects you're working on with Martin Scorsese, you described them as "specials devoted to artists that are really classy and devastating to look at". Who fits that bill?

A lot of people. We're talking to several people right now and it's still a bit early to be name dropping. But I can tell you who I think fits that bill: David Bowie, Springsteen, The Police.

In recent interviews you've commented on how bad you find most rock videos to be.

What do you think is the central flaw in most of them?

If there is a central flaw it would probably be that they don't have enough money to do them right. You can tell that some of them had a fairly substantial budget, but most of them are approached as little record promo items. Basically they're made as commercials, and *look* like commercials. And they're silly. You see somebody riding around in a boat pretending that they're singing. Am I supposed to take that seriously? **Would they be more effective if the people who performed the music didn't appear in them at all?**

Possibly, but that's not what I'm interested in. If it's a performer that I'm interested in, I want to see them singing the song with real theatre and drama, and they should look incredible while they're singing without having to resort to cosmetic effects. I want to see music shot in a classic style using everything that's been handed down to us from *The Threepenny Opera* to *The Red Shoes* to some things that Scorsese did in *The Last Waltz*. He shot the Staple Singers and 'The Theme From The Last Waltz' like a movie with set-ups. I don't want to see anybody pretending they're singing. I mean, we're going back to *American Bandstand* here.

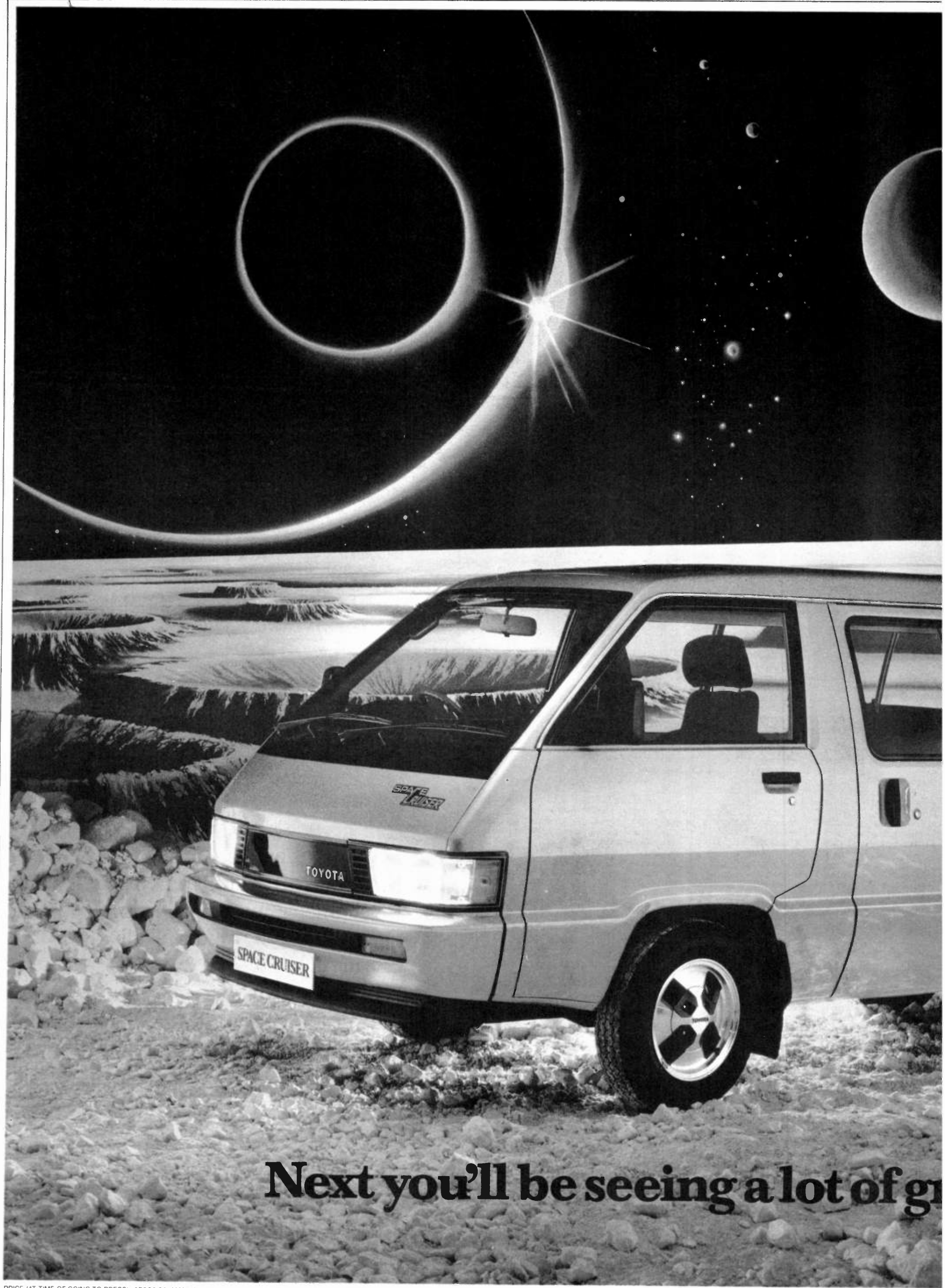
What's the most effective combination of music and film you've ever seen, an instance where the music and the visuals really enhanced each other?

I hate rockumentaries or whatever they're called. I really can't watch them. They bore me to death. I like musicals, but I generally don't like music films or rock'n'roll movies. One exception was *The Girl Can't Help It*, which was shot in scope. It has this great scene where the camera goes from the street up into the window of some apartment and Gene Vincent is inside the apartment singing. Little Richard was also terrific in that film. That was a good rock'n'roll movie but it's very rare that they come off well.

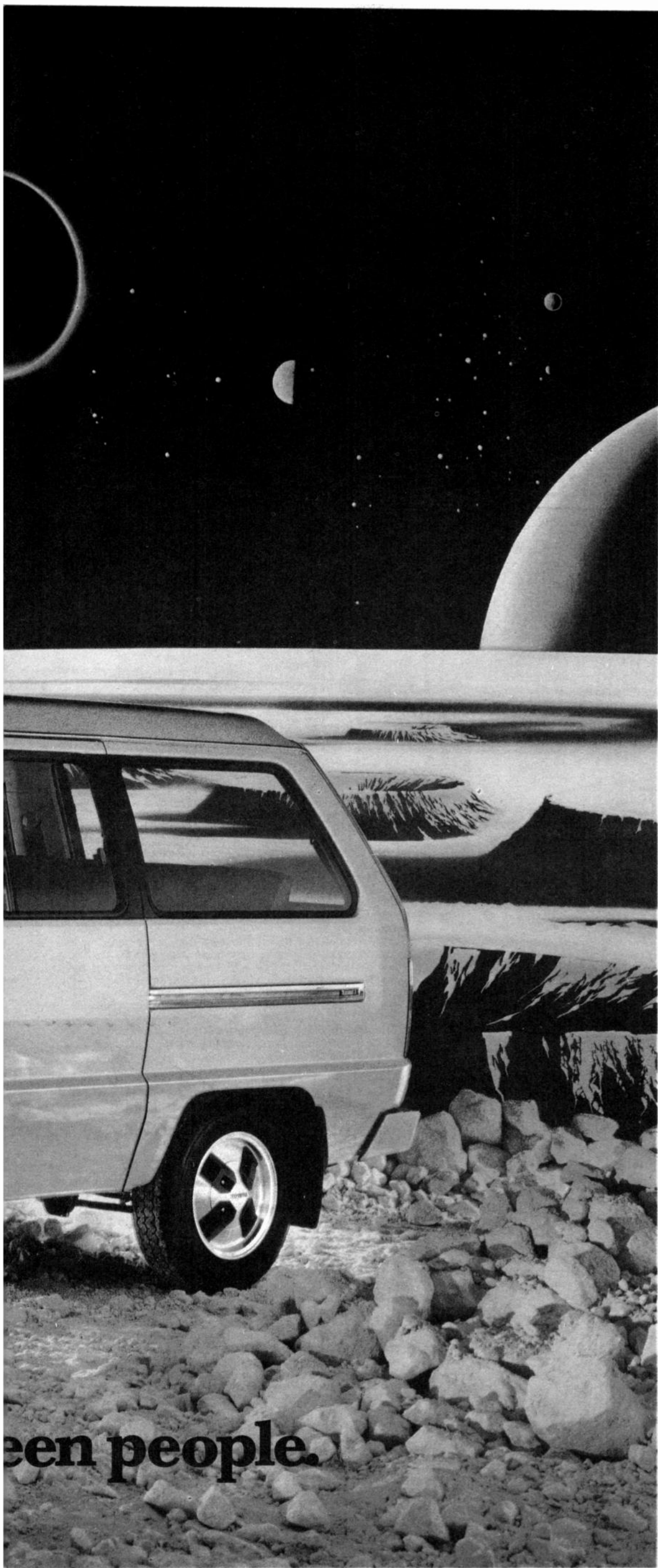
If you dislike the genre so much why did you make *The Last Waltz*?

Because I wanted to see it done better. The artists involved, Martin Scorsese and the cinematographers he used — we were all experimenting and trying to make it more like a movie, rather than a bunch of cameras winging it, trying to shoot a concert. It usually stinks the way they do it on the screen. I'll hear a record and think it's great, and then I'll see the person on some television show or something, and I invariably think, that's it? It's *always* disappointing.

YOU RECENTLY completed a script with Mardik Martin who wrote *Mean Streets* and *Raging Bull*. What's that about?



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BONDAGE!

FROM PAGE 19

freshly unpacked.

Connery is, in fact, returning to the role of Bond in something called *Never Say Never Again*, which I await with keen interest.

Other disappointments include an extremely pedestrian new M (Robert Brown in the role created by the late Bernard Lee) and a rather characterless bad guy in the shape of the aforementioned Louis Jourdan, who doesn't even get to sing 'Caldonia' or even a few bars of 'Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby'. The best that can be said for director John Glen is that he locomotes the action along at a fairly sustained pace, manipulating the props with sufficient energy to keep the film from collapsing in its tracks every few minutes.

He doesn't seem to have bothered much with the actors: Maude Adams doesn't even seem to have been given a character to play: simply a name, a wardrobe and a few lines of dialogue that have no other function than to tell other characters bits of information that they need to keep the plot moving. When she calls Moore "a paid assassin" he rapes her, and she is then utterly loyal to him for the remaining duration of the movie.

Octopussy is, of course, merely

'fluff' or 'entertainment.' Even by those carefully adjusted and garbage-compensated standards, it is determinedly third-rate. James Bond has, in the manicured hands of Roger Moore, declined to the point where even Indiana Jones and the *Star Wars* cast are comparatively well-rounded characters.

By comparison, Arnold Schwarzenegger's performance as Conan was *acting*, and when one thinks back to other '60s spy cycles such as James Coburn's *Flint* films and Michael Caine's Len Deighton trilogy, one wishes that producer Albert Broccoli had knocked it on the head when Connery quit.

(On the other hand, maybe things could have been worse. They might still be making Matt Helm films with Dean Martin.)

Charles Shaar Murray

ON THE BOX

FROM PAGE 19

scripted by Alan Plater and starring Hywel Bennet. Watch for a few hints on contemporary career opportunities. (BBC1)

The War Wagon (Burt Kennedy 1967). Light-hearted western caper starring John Wayne, Kirk Douglas and a young Bruce Dern. (BBC1)

The Owl And The Pussycat (Herbert Ross 1970). Mouthy call-girl Barbra Streisand links up with schlemiel bookstore clerk George Segal. Lotsa

lauffs for a romantic comedy. (BBC1) **There Was A War When I Was A Child** (Sadaro Saito 1982). Recent Japanese film, set in the later stages of WW2, about the greening of an evacuee child in a remote village. Sounds like a first cousin to Ishiguro's *Pale View Of Hills*. (BBC2)

Square Pegs. Easy-going, sporadically amusing teen sitcom about life in an American high school. (C4) **Makers**. The second of this series of arts documentaries focuses on the work of American composer Charles Ives. (C4) **Jane Eyre** (Robert Stevenson 1944). The definitive screen version, dominated by Orson Welles' portrayal of Rochester. Can't keep a good ham down, eh? (C4)

SUNDAY JUNE 12

These Three (William Wyler 1936). The first of Wyler's two versions of the Lillian Hellman play *The Children's Hour*, about two schoolteachers whose lives are ruined by a pupil's accusations of lesbianism. In this version, starring Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, the lesbian theme is transposed to heterosexual action. This was the '30s, after all. (C4)

The South Bank Show: Ken Russell's View Of The Planets. Ken being well-known for his subtle, sensitive approach to The Arts, maybe we can expect a few out-takes from *Altered States* in this cross-cultural exercise. (ITV)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (Gilbert Cates 1973). Earnest attempt at an American *Wild Strawberries*; Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam take a tour of European battle scenes in an attempt to sort out their marriage

(or America, if you want to go for the allegory). Not a lot of fun. (BBC2)

TUESDAY JUNE 14

Mutiny On The Bounty (Lewis Milestone 1962). A short Brando season opens with his, ah, *eccentric* portrayal of Fletcher Christian. Over the next few weeks, however, we get *On The Waterfront*, *One-Eyed Jacks*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Reflections In A Golden Eye*, *Teahouse Of The August Moon* and Brando's film debut *The Men*. Time to buy another box of E180s. (BBC2)

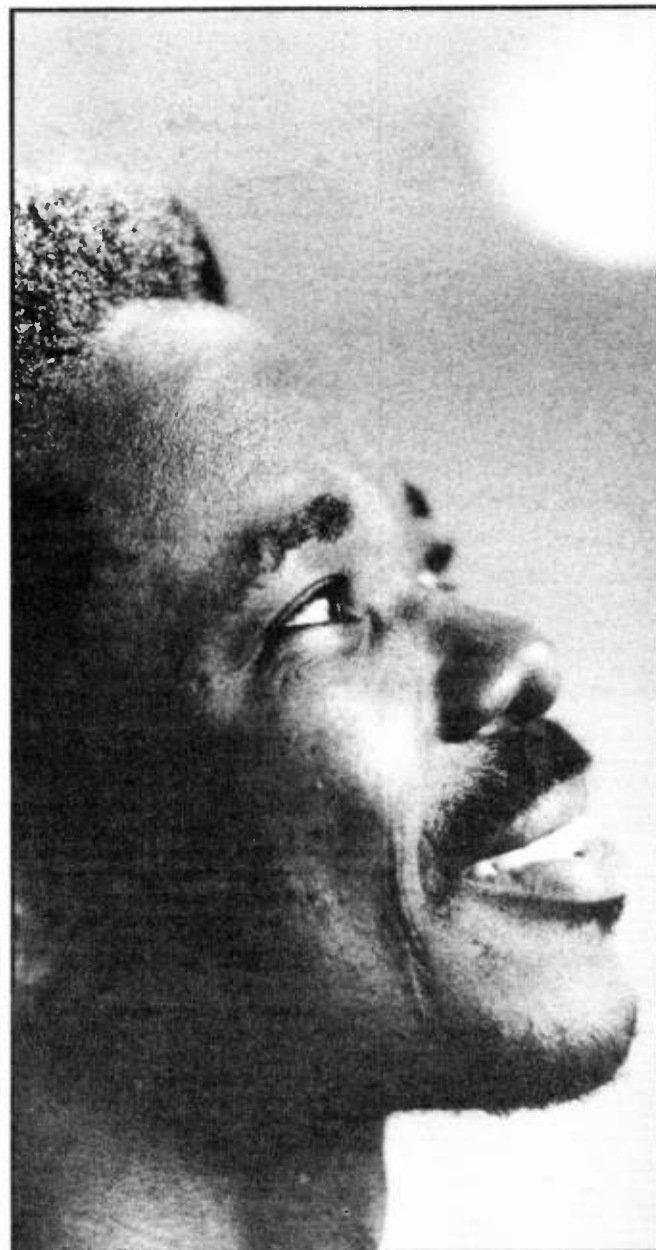
The Dick Van Dyke Show. Funny. (C4) **First You Cry** (George Schaefer 1978). Not so funny. Mary Tyler Moore in her "I am a serious actress" period (which has lasted from the late '70s to the present day): here she tries to come to terms with her life after a mastectomy. Based on the real-life experiences of TV news correspondent Betty Rollin. (C4)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 15

The Black Adder. First of six new sitcoms starring Rowan Atkinson as the eponymous Adder, a purulent prince of the Dark Ages. In this episode, we get the added bonus of Peter Cook as Richard III. Miss this and you either have no taste or no TV. (BBC1)

The Munsters. Having tried his hand at wrestling, movies, hot-rods and robbery, Herman now gets involved with bronco-busting. Will he ever learn? (C4)

Harlan County USA (Barbara Kopple 1976). Critically-acclaimed, Oscar-winning documentary about a miner's strike in Kentucky. (C4)



King Sunny Ade

Plc: Peter Anderson

KING SUNNY ADE AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS

Synchro System (Island)

IN A threadbare year for outstanding pop records, 'Synchro System' is something to set excitement aflame — a torch song for the powers of rhythm. It's the most scintillant and perfectly honed African record to be customised for European ears to date.

It scores touchdown first by dismantling most of the sacrosanct preconceptions and rules knotted around the idea of 'African pop'. Ade's group is gigantic — all eighteen of them are singularly depicted on the cover, a roll-call that signals the King's democratic party line — and they are all constantly involved; yet the record sounds as breezily open and airy as a summer sky.

Great batteries of drums boom and click in the machine room without any burdensome, excluding atmosphere of unknowable tribalism. Voices — grand and proud voices that traverse a scale from opulent bass to mischievous tenor — wait between this massed rank of pulsebeats and exultantly call the lyrics. A mixture of chant, talk and singing: a newly *vocal* sound.

Repetition, which some might call the cul-de-sac of the greatest black music, is outside close detection in Ade's music. There are the hypnotic shuffles, the booting circular swing, the regular bounce in the rhythm: but there is no stuck-needle groove. I would guess Ade has a low boredom threshold, for he permits no step to outstay its welcome. Every time they double back a fresh leaf has been turned.

Of course there are mannerisms and callsigns that punctuate the African Beats' language. Ade's wistful, heartsore voice, one of the most affecting sounds African pop has yet revealed, leads call and response systems with his other singers that layer every song. The guitars have the sparkly tang, the bass the supple and unpredictable vibration — that much anyone of the briefest acquaintance will recognise.

Ade's inspiration as a composer doesn't flag over forty minutes. 'Mo Ti Mo', 'Synchro System' and 'Tolango' have the vitality of instantly written ideas and the grace and wisdom of real melodic imagination. Melody, a currency deflated to an impoverished wallet of recycled tricks by Western pop, grows and breathes in Ade's music. It evolves out of rhythm as it was meant to, instead of being grafted clumsily to an artificial thrash.

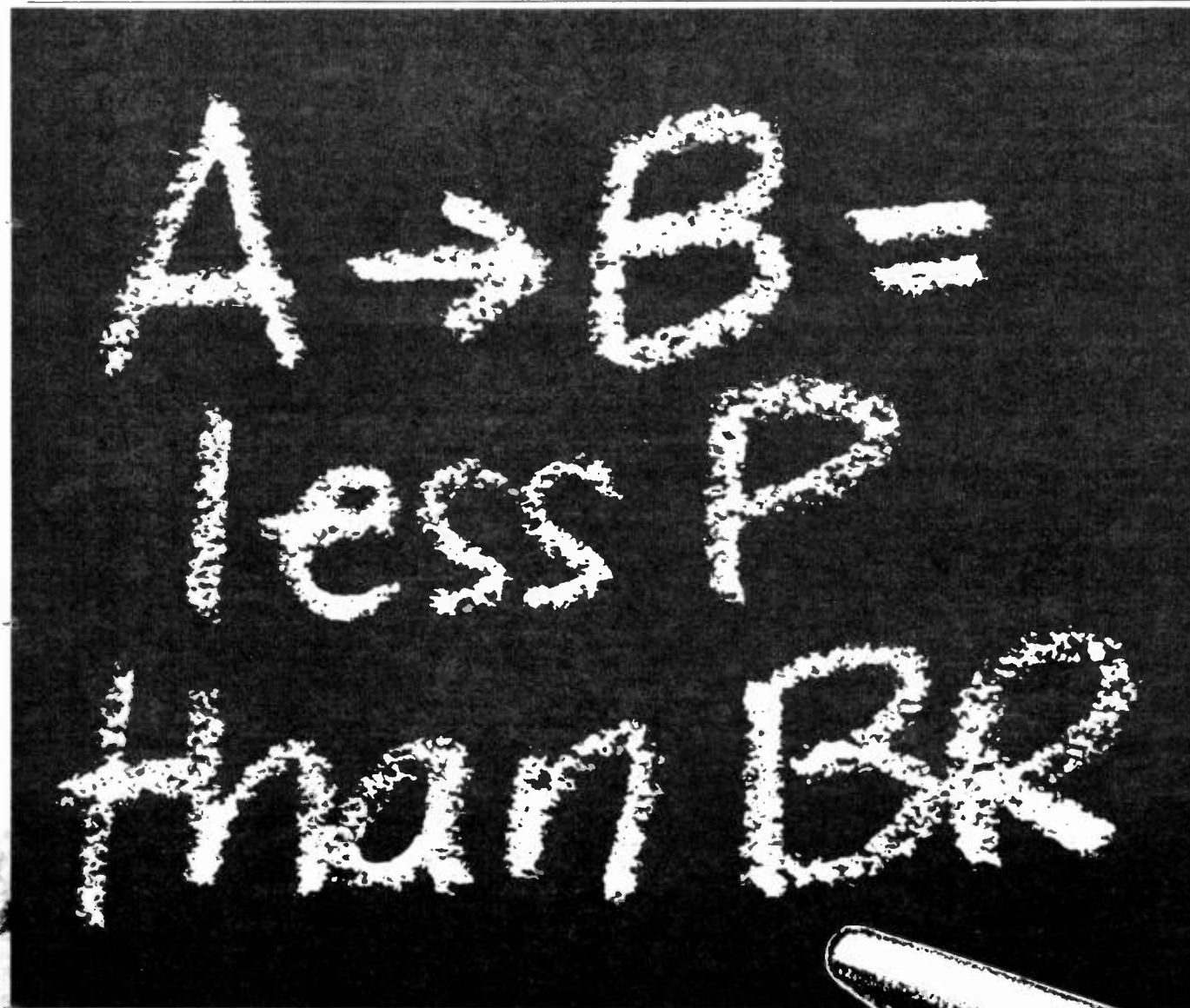
On top of this natural gift comes a sophistication that marks out 'Synchro System' as a major step forward. Martin Meisssonier's production is a rethink of JuJu music that transfigures Ade's group without betraying it. Percussion has scarcely ever sounded so kaleidoscopically diverse, so simultaneously deep and solid and bright as here.

'Maajo' opens with a vocal shout that is dropped for a drum work-out that's gloriously self-sustaining — all we hear is beating skins and an occasional electronic flash and it's still a total music. Nothing seems to be missing.

That character infuses everything here. When a synthesiser suddenly pops into 'E Salye Re' it sounds like a magical new instrument has just been discovered. The only worry is that in this glistening wonderland of skilled recording the truest complexion of Ade's group may go missing.

But what you remember most is a gentleness, something no producer's streamlining can fake. As joyous as 'Synchro System' is, there is a vulnerability in the King's orchestra that still softens the hardest sheen Meisssonier could have put on them. A long, almost endless dance — a song of life-enhancing delight — and a humanity that is more than a backbeat. It is a living soul.

Richard Cook



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LPs

LONG PLAYERS

TALKING HEADS

Speaking In Tongues (Sire)

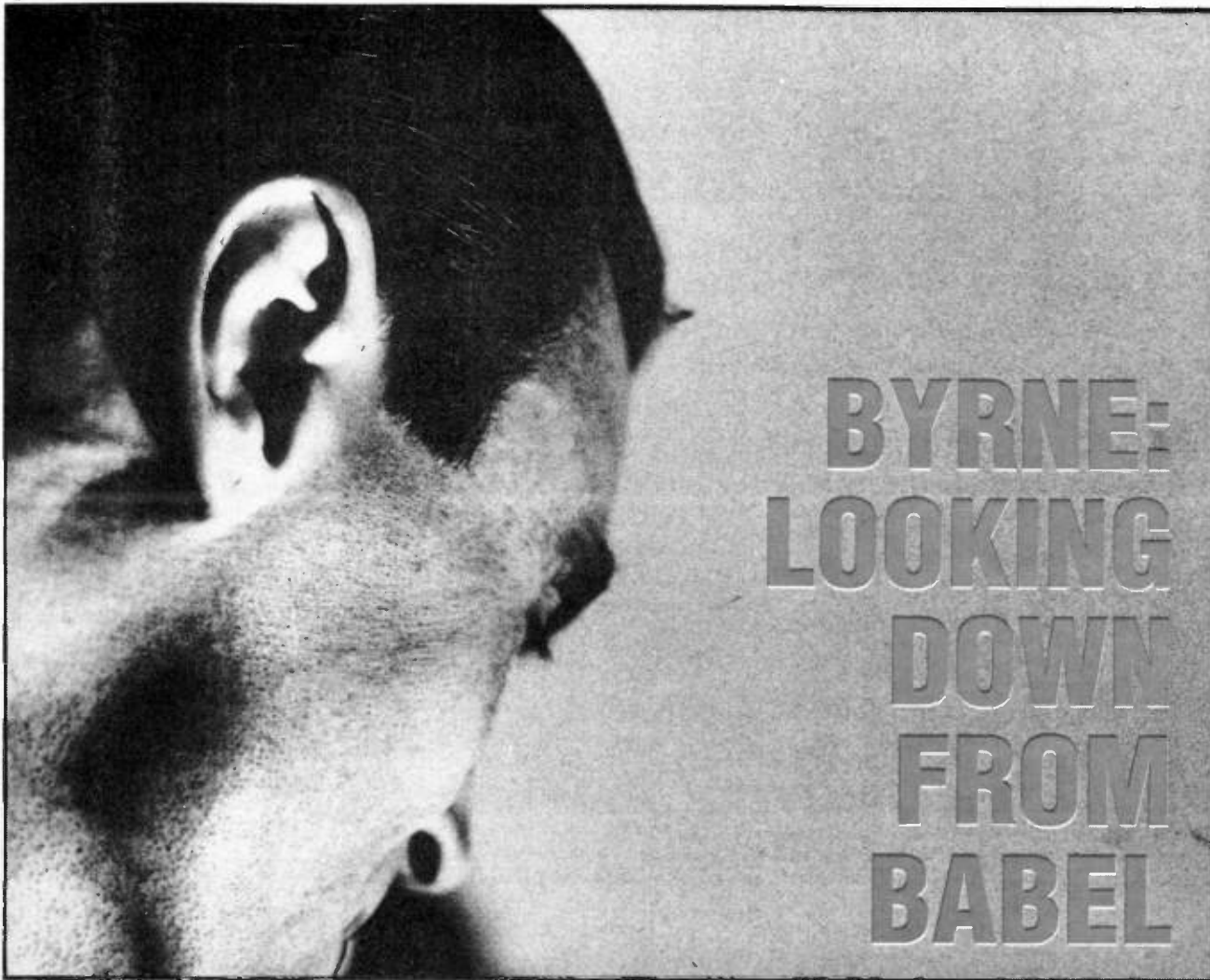
DAVID BYRNE is a man with a moon in his throat, is an intellect nervously filling out a fool's cap and greasepaint, is the writer and strategist of 'Speaking In Tongues'.

The dialects of the record are housed in Byrne's trenchant voice; it is to Byrne's step and mood that the music murmurs. Whether you take to it or not depends mostly on your tolerance for his civilised anguish. 'Speaking In Tongues' is passion organised to the most urbane ends.

The long wait for the record, a couple of years after 'Remain In Light' first set up an Afro-New York hotline (for artists only, naturally) has wrought no dramatic change on Byrne's fascinations.

All that panstylistic jostling boiled down to so much dilettante hootch, anyway: the symptoms of a mind spreading out and netting figments of selected 'random' phenomena. Talking Heads' interest in Third World cultures seemed to miss both the affectionate curiosity of a Don Cherry or the braggart delirium of something like McLaren's 'Duck Rock'. It was diagrammatic, manicured.

So Byrne has cut away his experiments to a waterline of succinct, edgy pop — the pop zip of '77, in fact — with only periodical blusters of other activity applied to it. The urban darkness of 'Fear Of Music', which reached its apogee in the interesting clutter of Jerry Harrison's 'Red And The Black' solo record, is sometimes at hand; but Byrne has cooled out



David Byrne

some. There are certain melting moments to be encountered.

To start at the end, Byrne admits 'This Must Be The Place' (wryly subtitled 'Naive Melody') to be his first personal love song. There is something familiar about it that won't reveal its source.

A rickety-tick munchkin rhythm propels what is proposed as a ballad — a drifting, domestic love that's sung directly into someone's mouth — and Byrne has pulled his old trick of hiding his heart. One is scarcely warned by such a departure, and so does the rest of the record unreal.

Intimations of the flesh of Byrne's feelings are scattered like shredded love letters through these stories of towns that disappeared completely, burning houses and girlfriends with smoke in their eyes: a crowded, astonishing world that is richly

tactile, cinematically visual. Byrne sees a million opportunities for love — "It's a wonderful place...and I can't wait to be there!" — and they prove to be outside his reach.

A cogent parallel to the sound of 'Speaking In Tongues'. All the tracks sound flushed out, as if they were out-takes from 'Remain In Light' subsequently cleared of their excess cultural baggage.

Sometimes it works brilliantly: 'Slippery People' has a terrific chorus that intercuts Byrne's most deranged accents with a mighty gospel chorus ("He's alright! The Lord won't mind!"), and the music is lucid and clever in its spare polyrhythms and electronics. A piano plays a little figure in the mix that is shamelessly lovely, and small touches like that accost the ear time and again.

Fuse that with Talking Heads'

knack for the artful hook and the record starts to seem genuinely impressive. But Byrne's neatness has demilitarised the Heads' music. Staving off the rushing globalism they were moving into hasn't resulted in a return to the explosive tension of 'Fear Of Music'; it has instead disjointed some strong ideas and squeezed others into narrow and inappropriate frames.

'I Get Wild/Wild Gravity' is a tantrum with nowhere to go, a sluggish hysteria; 'Burning Down The House' is a queer mixture of muted atmospheric and brute percussive force that can't decide its course; and the soul of 'Swamp' is about as convincing as you might expect David Byrne singing delta blues to be.

While hardly a failure — there is still enough in 'Slippery People', 'This Must Be The Place' and the

tremendous drive of 'Making Flippy-Floppy' and 'Girlfriend Is Better' to sustain any record, and as a white dance collection it plays a creditable cousin to 'Let's Dance' — 'Speaking In Tongues' treads too much water too often. Although Talking Heads records have always been bloodless, for all their paranoid rage, Byrne has now retreated instead of refined.

The most disappointing aspect is that the suggestion of a sprawling, intoxicated systems music in 'Listening Wind' and 'Once In A Lifetime' has been reined in to these much plainer pastures. The irony must be that in getting back to proper Talking Heads music, Byrne has all but dissolved the group's character. The tongues spoken here are all his own.

Richard Cook

Pic: Peter Anderson

CULT DEATH THROES

THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

The Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)

NOW THAT the disorder has been realised and The Southern Death Cult are no more at least it is possible to look back on the band with the rigour of constructive criticism without being nailed to some spurious 'backlash' charge.

Last winter The Southern Death Cult had become inflamed out of all proportion. They realised it themselves, but their more feverish followers stuck with a fierce defensiveness to the image that had been created around the increasingly out-of-control quartet.

That the first incarnation of the Death Cult was ultimately a failure is a conclusion of startling obviousness. But, as tried to point out in a much misunderstood review some months ago, the failure was only partly theirs.

SDC were a band too much in their time, arriving precisely as the search for a new set of noble braves reached its peak. The result was that they were stretched beyond the power of their initial ideas too soon.

Thankfully they've realised this and called it a day in a split which can only end up as creative.

Meanwhile, with hope for the new Death Cult running high, this product is released as the last remnant of the old, ten tracks constructed from session material, alternative recordings and three tracks from a live performance at Manchester Raffles at the end of last year.

Herein are the strengths and the weaknesses of the old band. You could see this release as the last legacy of the last project, in which case it has a disconsolate ring indeed. Or, to strike a hopeful stance, you could see its power as a force which bodes well for the new incarnation.

Ultimately it's the strength of the spirit which endures, through the vastly improved versions of 'Fatman' and 'Moya' and even the lyrical immaturity of 'Crow' making this collection enjoyable if flawed.

The major fault, if one must be picked out, lies in the lack of control which the band appeared to have over their all important dynamics; there's something in the instrumentation which huffs and puffs a great deal, smoulders a little and smokes a lot but never releases its immaculate promise and bursts into glory. Too much should be sheer quicksilver, sounds strained, sluggish and overstretched.

In the end the album is nothing more than the skeletons cleared from the closet of the new project. It stands as a corrective lesson to The Death Cult and clears the ground for future creation — but there's a fire at its core that keeps the promise burning.



Don Watson Buzz

Pic: Shrike

IN AT THE DEEP END TOO SOON?

INDEEP

Last Night A DJ Saved My Life (Sound Of New York)

ONE OF the greatest pitfalls of the brilliant debut single is its too frequent culmination in the dud debut album.

Indeep's 'Last Night...' 45 of early this year — the dancefloor's golden retort to appraisals of disco's inanity — cut a deeper groove than any dance track since 'The Message', updating the concept of a story-in-song with rap and humour and guiding the whole thing through with that meandering bass line and irresistible guitar refrain.

You either loved it or hated it to death — no half measures — which sadly is what this album seems to be made up of. Although occasional splinters of magic glint through the cuts, that essential fusion of elements occurs so rarely that of the seven tracks — total length less than half an hour — no more than three stand out. The rest don't really take off for one reason or another.

'Buffalo Bill' starts with a lot of noise and steam but Reggi Magloire's rodeo rant — "Buffalo boys when they come to town/They like to jam and get on down" — hardly breaks new ground lyrically in the wake of Malcolm McLaren's furious buff(oon)alo jiving of late, and the underlying guitar doodle is too limp to perk things up much. 'Lipstick Politics' is no more than a sax solo in disguise, and 'There It Is' is too cluttered to find its own feet, leave alone move anyone else's.

'When Boys Talk', the last single, is fairly incisive and features a nifty nettled diatribe against cheap-talkin' boyos, but being one of the only two tracks here featuring Mike Cleveland's steely rap proper, it's a pity that more isn't made of it with mix, scratch, edits, sound effects and the rest.

Of the three gems, the most obvious is the title track which still pounds a vital pulse half a year after its release. The other two are 'real' singing cuts. 'Slow Down' is a dreamy soulful love song in the best tradition sung by sweet-voiced Rose Marie Ramsey, while 'Love Is Like A Gun' is a blast of pure vitality with some dynamo A1-class vocals from Reggi Magloire and real razor-sharp claws: "I wake up in the morning there's another girl in bed/You say it's alright she's just resting her head/Love is like a gun — it's just a weapon in your hands".

Three tracks well worth buying — it seems a pity you can't get them on 12". There are plenty of sparks in Indeep, it's just a pity they've jumped on the LP synthesis conveyor belt too soon.

Leyla Sanai



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King Austin has surely come. Pic: Kevin Burke.

MIDNIGHT OIL

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BOMBS AND TRENCHES ALL IN ROWS
BOMBS AND THREATS STILL ASK FOR MORE

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WHO CONTROLS THE ISSUE
YOU LEAVE US WITH NO TIME TO TALK
YOU CAN WRITE YOUR OWN ASSESSMENT

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SEEMS TO ME TOO MANY TRYING
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PUT A SOCA IN IT

EXPLAINER

Nature

KING AUSTIN

This World (*Charlie's U.S. Import*)

KING AUSTIN S brand of Trinidadian soca combines incisive lyrics with a more mellow musical approach than is usual in this generally hopped-up genre. He uses an easy, relaxed groove, but a deep one.

This is confident, expertly crafted music, satisfying on every level. There are unexpected guitars that pick away with an African accent reminiscent of another King, Sunny Ade, organs that glide along like magic carpets, horns that sing sweetly.

King Austin's voice is instantly likeable, familiar, friendly. But the lyrics it wraps itself around are serious.

'The World Today', set to a cooled-out reggae-soca hybrid beat, is a look at violence and destruction that bristles with righteous indignation while its musical track bubbles with good feeling. It reminds me of The Beat's best work in its approach and effect — it's a song that you feel good about playing and makes you feel good while it's playing.

The other stand-out is 'Guardian', which takes up from where the Mighty Diamonds' 'Bodyguard' left off. It asks a "Question for the Lords / Who are to guard these guards?" It mentions the usual villains — the CIA, KGB, Scotland Yard, and some unusual ones, like the people busily suppressing freedom in the newly independent ex-Colonies, the "Ministers of State Defense and many heads of Intelligence." 'Guardian' is a song with something to say and a musical method to gently and persuasively put its message over.

Not all of King Austin's songs have such import. 'Can't Please All The People' seems to be about the perils of judging a talent contest. But on the whole this is an intelligent album with some very seductive music.

While King Austin takes the political side of soca a step further, Explainer continues to push the form's musical expansion. His reputation as a hit maker is an advantage — Explainer gets the pick of the Trinidadian session players to work with. The result is that 'Nature' is full of musical invention, a sound that jumps up and comes alive.

The bad news is that nothing here combines a jumping dance track with clever and funny lyrics as perfectly as 'Lorraine' did. The best dance track here, 'Gettin' Down', doesn't have lyrics you'd notice. And 'Have Mercy', the most interesting song lyrically, is a slower, reggae-derived rhythm made more for listening than dancing.

'Gettin' Down' celebrates the internationalization of soca. It's the kind of song that makes people smile and move their bodies and ask "what's that?". Its rhythm is upful, the horn arrangements blissfully smooth, and the chorus is the kind you'll walk around singing after hearing it once.

'Have Mercy' is the kind of "message" song on which Explainer originally made his reputation. It's a spiritual prayer to the Heavenly Father asking for mercy and justice for the world's downtrodden, and it is framed with a lyrical sincerity and a haunting musical delicacy that are truly touching.

Every Explainer album has one song on a feminist theme, and the one here is variously titled 'Rasta Chick' on the album jacket and 'Rasta Sister' (which makes more sense) on the record label. It has to do with the right and proper way for a man to deal with the sistren and also makes a great party number. On the slower side, but lyrically engaging, is 'Heroes', which deals with the cultural inferiority complex Explainer sees in Trinidad, a typical post-colonial hangover.

Both these records show soca expanding its topical concerns and musical horizons, becoming an international Caribbean music and a universal music, without surrendering its Trinidadian identity.

For the English or American listener, soca can be a refreshing change, a Caribbean sound that's lighter than reggae, colourful and clever. It's not looking to become the next bandwagon. It's just looking for a place at the party. Treat yourself.

Richard Grabel

SPARKS FLY

SPARKS

Sparks In Outer Space
(Atlantic)

RON AND Russell have just got up. While Ron fixes breakfast, bro Russell flicks through the papers. He reads the funnies first, then sees a travel feature about Belgium. It sounds real nice. "Hey, Ron!" he calls. "Let's make our new album in Belgium!"

Five years ago, Ron — malicious, weird Ron — would have fixed Russ with a red-veined eye and strolled off in contempt. But he's a lot better now, and, rubbing arms still stiff from his special jacket, he grins. "Belgium! Gee, Russ, that's a good idea!"

So Ron and Russell go to Belgium. Both of them are pretty happy. Their pal Jane Wiedkin of The Go-Go's is coming along to do a couple of duets with Russell, and Ron's got these new synthesizers that sound kind of space age. Russ was worried in case Ron

went funny on him again, but everything's OK. Sure, some of those lyrics are about, well *doing it*, and there's this song about being really ugly, but mostly it's family material. And if Ron does keep snickering when he writes stuff like "I'm so glad that we met, and I like you so much/And I'm also glad that I got all those friends", well Russ'll just make Ron stand at the back on the videos. So he relaxes and lets Ron play his European synthesiser things over some tunes that are on the good side of melodic. The record shapes up; it's kinda like those Giorgio Moroder things they did, but Jane Wiedkin says *she* like it because it's like a Go-Go's album. Ron just sucks his thumb and grins a lot.

Eventually, it's time to fly home. On the plane, Russ plays the album back on his Walkman. Those lyrics are getting to him a little... "And you're the only girl I ever met who hates 'Hey Jude'..." "I got a real ugly mom/I got a real ugly

LONDON

JULIE LONDON

Julie Is Her Name (Edsel)

CONTRARY TO recent myth, just because performers don't concoct their own words and music, it doesn't render them any less talented. As with actors, often the true skill is their *interpretive* prowess. Before insignificant egos ran rampant through pop's playpen, it mattered not that a number of different singers simultaneously elected to cover the newest doddlin' from a chart-hot tunesmith. Ultimately, the fate of each record depended entirely upon who best delivered the goods.

When, in 1955, Julie London set about programming her debut album, she had at her disposal the collective output of the greatest contemporary songwriters from which to make her selection. Save for the custom-composed 'Cry Me A River' — the one song that has sustained the longest running pop cult — all the remaining 12 titles had been extensively covered elsewhere. But it was the persuasive late-hour intimacy with which Julie London confided in the attentive listener that transformed these lost and found love songs into an eternal torching glow.

Chosen as much for their poignant lyrics as their attractive tunes, La London didn't play it safe by presenting each song against fail-safe widescreen crushed velvet backdrops. She preferred the make-or-break challenge of showcasing her sultry sable husk against the skeletal support offered by a high bar-stool, Barney Kessel's muted electric guitar and occasional double bass figures.



CALLING

Throughout, Kessel's melodic invention and rhythmic suppleness complement London's casual underplaying of her lead role and, in doing so, they achieve a more tender perspective. In dealing with the most fragile of human situations under varying degrees of emotional stress, London avoids the tired theatrical angst and neurotic overkill which, currently, has become commonplace. Here each song is invested with subtle ironic twists, wry word games and the kind of detailed realism which so few self-obsessed lyricists now even attempt to emulate.

On the subject of loneliness, it's not the shriek or the sob that highlights the predicament — the personal and private sense of loss in 'It Never Entered My Mind' is depicted as "...and now I have to scratch my back myself." At the other extreme, 'No Moon At All' forever junks the most clichéd romantic assumption, "...this is nothing like they told us of/just to think we fell in love/and there's no moon at all."

Over the years, this LP has become something of a highly-desirable period icon, perhaps second only to original items of Frederick's Of Hollywood corsetry. Unfortunately, such irrelevance can divert attention away from the album's genuine worth. 'Julie Is Her Name' constitutes a debut brimming with clear artistic judgement and simple elegance — when ingenuity was of equal importance as image and a singer such as Julie London was confident enough to record without feeling obliged to name-check her cosmetician, coiffeur and costumier.

Roy Carr

SKANKS FOR THE MEMORY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Trojan Story — Volume Two (Trojan)

CERTAINLY AN array of styles expresses this box of three albums and four dozen titles spanning the decade 1971-1981! The collection compares favourably too with predecessor 'The Trojan Story', itself already a decade old.

Of course, Trojan relinquishes its virtual monopoly on the UK release of reggae during the mid '70s and this reflects here in a

general slackening of quality towards the set's end, illuminating in its own certain way as each of the 48 tracks of this meticulous compilation is.

"This verse will quench your musical thirst," says I Roy riding an early Moodisc recording by way of introduction, and our odyssey begins.

The first side is of especial quality. It includes The Ethiopians' 'The Selah' and Niney's 'Blood And Fire', the two best tracks from 'Tighten Up Volume 4', itself the best of the series, and Delroy's 'Better Must Come' from Volume Five.

'The Selah' is a rumbling bass psalm in grousation style, while 'Blood And Fire' merits that adjective overworked in reggae currency, *crucial*. I remember it being sung with particular venom by one prominent black power character aghast at the liberal encampments he encounters during patrol of a Windsor festival in the early '70s, while Niney himself tells me the song's militance caused him much personal and indirect grief following its release. 'Better Must Come' of course was the PNP rallying call during the Joshua elections of the same era.

Also on side one is the Eternals' 'Push Me In The Corner', a lovely melodic harmony vocal that harks back to the then defunct rock steady style, Little Roy's struggler lyric 'Hard Fighter', U Roy on an Upsetter excursion and Alcapone toasting the praises of his sound system 'El Paso'.

The second side is similar excellent fare, if not quite the same extreme peak. We hear the great Dennis Brown's plaintive 'What About The Half' and the great Alton Ellis exact a superb disgruntled performance on 'Big Bad Boy', perforce a quirky rhythm featuring the hand of Keith Hudson somewhere in the mix. Also some strong DJ lyrics, Shortie's rocking yama 'President Mash Up The Resident', one of a handful of releases from Winston Scotland's shortlived career 'My Little Filly': "Introducing for this skank herealong with the man called Noel Brown, along with the man called Pat Satchmo and the little brother called Scotty" — ie The Chosen Few interpreting 'Playgirl' — and Scotty's own brilliant 'Skank In Bed'. What more can I say of a record I wore out two copies of than what you fixing for me girl, ackee and saltfish?

Sides three and four reflect Trojan's beginning decline. During this period the best Jamaican reggae was coming out here on Bamboo, Banana and a growing number of smaller labels like Count Shelley, Lord Koos, Magnet, Atra, Ethnic, Black Wax in Birmingham and others.

I Roy's 'Highjacking' contains the immortal word "mell" and a young Prince Hammer as Berry Simpson toasts Glen Brown's 'Wedding March' amid some more ordinary tracks from Delroy Wilson, Freddie McKay and Upsetters on side three, while the flip improves some for Gregory's 'Ba Da', Big Youth bringing a new dimension to Ray Charles, Johnnie Clarke's shrugged 'Cold I Up' and from the same Striker Lee stable U-Brown in hilarious form suggesting 'Don't You Cut Off Your Dreadlocks' as an ethereal Linval Thompson wails the sentiment's echo somewhere between the flying cymbals. Not forgetting contributions from Horace Andy, Heptones, John Holt and Ken Boothe in fine style.

The last two sides introduce another era, though Clive Hunt's 'Milk And Honey' which begins the fifth belongs to both. Enlightening material too from Sugar Minott, Michael Rose, more Linval, all showing the sparser style that was shortly to become so pronounced, and by way of a significant closer the familiar nasal tones of Mikey Dread announcing "musical disc called the 'Barber Saloon and I'm a Gemini and I was born in June..."

The final side contains names currently prolific, including one of Ranking Joe's soaring inspirations 'Choice Of Colour', a typically determined Barrington Levy song, Bim Sherman in there, The Viceroy's, another amazing heartfelt performance from Ken Boothe...

Penny Reel

IRON MAIDEN

Piece Of Mind (EMI)

IRON MAIDEN'S 'Number Of The Beast' LP has sold two million copies worldwide since its release a year ago. HM may languish in the shadow of media deprivation, but its sheer size demands attention.

Iron Maiden's preoccupations epitomise all the clichés about Metal. On the cover, their mascot Eddie, now shorn to reveal his pulsating brain ('Piece Of Mind', geddit?), leers at you in his struggle to escape chains, straitjacket, and padded cell. The grotesqueries continue within. Iron Maiden's world is populated with figures from Judge Dredd style comix, pulp sci-fi and gung-ho action movies.

On the face of it these represent vulgar macho fantasies, reprehensibly wallowing in gore, brutality and apocalypse. But a tongue waggles ambiguously in the cheek, and, as Paul Morley once pointed out, Iron Maiden's world is an adolescent playground where nobody comes to grief.

As it happens, Iron Maiden aren't very witty — certainly not in Blue Oyster Cult's league with such hilarious gross-outs as 'Joan Crawford' or 'Harvester Of Eyes'. But then again, words run a very poor second to the music.

Iron Maiden punch clean and hard. Riffs are fair to middling, and solos are models of economy, although Dave Murray and Adrian Smith's guitar tones are limited to fuzzy grunt or stellar note-bender. Steve Harris and Nicko McBrain play bass and drums with surprising inventiveness, and Bruce Dickinson screams and bellows just as you'd imagine.

Maidenheads may be disappointed at the absence of a stand-out anthem like 'Run To The Hills', but the epic pounding of 'To Tame A Land' will probably be hailed as a classic of its kind.

So, situation normal. Fans will buy in huge quantities and everyone else will totally ignore it. Isn't pop just one big happy family?

Mat Snow

THE DECORATORS

Rebel Songs (Red Flame)

THE DECORATORS not exactly an *exciting* name for a group. In fact, an overall shortage in the "image" department may have worked against this West London band in the past. With a 1982 LP already out, various singles and numerous live dates to their credit, it's only now that The Decorators are shaping into a more marketable commodity.

'Rebel Songs' is a six-song mini-thing; while it still lacks something in the way of spine-tingling brilliance and immediacy, it is rich in promise, and suggests The Decorators are, at least, possessed of a vision of their own.

The recruitment of Pete Saunders (ex-Dexy) on keyboards, brings their line-up to six and fills out the sound rather well, complementing the sax and guitar work. Vocalist Mick Bevan, meanwhile, tends towards that dry and nasal school of English singing, a la Peter Perrett. In fact, this approach suits the material, the lyrics to which are intelligent in a sly and understated way. And funny with it, in places.

You'll find many groups whose sum supply of imagination and wit goes into thinking of a name for themselves — so much so that there's none left over for the music. The Decorators appear to have reversed the syndrome.

Paul Du Noyer



The modern Mael.

Pic: Paul Canty.

dad"...and all that stuff about sex. Russell starts to giggle nervously. He wishes he hadn't, because it sets Ron's cackle off. And while Russell's reaching for Ron's pills, Ron's doing that thing with his

fingernails again. His moustache is throbbing on his lip, and he chortles through foam-flecked lips, "I have created a MONSTER!"

David Quantick

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10-19 Dean Martin	3 Hanoi Rocks	26-29 Tom Jones
11 Shriekback	4 Bauhaus	OCTOBER
12 Anti-Nowhere League	9 Peter Gabriel	6,7 Depeche Mode
13 The Armoury Show —	9 Dollar Band Quartet	
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15 Richie Havens		
16 The Adicts		
17-19 Glastonbury		
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Available from B/O Tel: 0202 670521

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WRH

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday
9th

Barnackburn Tamdhu: **Dagaband**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bristol Dingwalls: **The Truth**
 Cardiff Village Gate Club: **Hartfoot Brothers**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **Turnstyle** (until Saturday)
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**
 Cholesbury Rose & Crown: **Strange Piano**
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Decorators**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Enroute**
 Dartford Flicks: **Matt Fretton**
 Folkestone Peter Piper's: **Emotional Play**
 Galashiels Three J's Club: **First Priority**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **The Armoury Show**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **School Report**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Protocol/Dawn Trader**
 Hull Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
 Hull Spiders: **Urban Shakedown**
 Leeds Phonographic: **Third Party**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Kissing The Pink**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liaison**
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **The Game**
 London Brixton Ritzy Cinema (all-nighter): **The Republic/Avant Gardeners/Nocturnal Emission/Hermine/Frank Chickens etc.**
 London Brixton The Ace: **Brigandage/Action Pact/Screaming Bongos**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Champion Doug Veltch/Garage/A-Team**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **High Zierra/Guns For Hire**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson & Trio** (until Saturday)
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eastern Alliance**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/The Out**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Isis**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **303's**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Exocettes**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **De Dannan**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Ronnie Golden/Jenny Lecoat/Ian Kelly/John Hegley**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Laverne Brown Band**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dominic Alldis & Francois Reelac** (until Saturday)
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night/Larry Miller**
 London N.1 Almeida Theatre: **Alterations/Lol Coxhill**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Abrasive Wheels/Ikon A.D.**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
 London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Foot & Mouth/Akimbo**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Durham Quintet**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Wild**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperfs**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Combo Passe**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Dean Martin** (until June 19)
 London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Rea**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Zen & The Unknown Colours/Room 13**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **Hey! Elastica**
 Manchester The Gallery: **Doctor Filth/Splat/Knobbit & Run**
 Manchester University Union: **New Shoes**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **China Crisis**
 Norwich Tudor Halls: **Del Shannon**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
 Nottingham Midland Group: **Dagarti/Mario Bayer**
 Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Drifters**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Reading Target Club: **Mungo Jerry**
 Redruth Parc Vein Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
 Sheffield Dingwalls: **Mezzoforte**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
 Southport Diamonds Club: **Passion Polka**
 Stockport Smugglers: **The Enemy/State Victims**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Spirit Level**
 Watford Verulam Arms: **The Wise**
 Wellingborough Chequers Club: **1.Q.**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Jabba**
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

friday
10th

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Armoury Show**
 Barrow Civic Hall: **Nervous Condition/Prospect Zero/Indoor Fireworks etc.**
 Bath Pavilion: **23 Skidoo/Ekome**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Age Of Change**
 Bradford University: **Kissing The Pink**
 Bridgwater Arts Centre: **UK Subs**
 Brighton Top Rank: **The Boomtown Rats**

Bristol Dingwalls: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
 Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Crucial Music/The Mighty Strypes**
 Clacton Princes Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Man**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Basilis Ballsup Band**
 Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Allstar Russell**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Another Dream**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Flakes/The End**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **The Smiths**
 Grangemouth New Imperial Rock Club: **Chasar**
 Hanley The Place: **Talking America**
 Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Hastings Rumours Club: **The Playn Jayn**
 Hull Dingwalls: **Stampede**
 Inverness Ice Rink: **Dagaband**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Liverpool Notre Dame College: **Passion Polka**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **China Crisis**
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Jazz Quintet/Julio Pereira & Musicians**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Colahs**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Chris Farlowe/Gonzalez**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
 London Camden Musicians Collective: **The House Devils/The Other Man/Rowna Tosh/Bet Lynch**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **David Tipton**
 London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **The Drifters**
 London E.C.1 Empress of Russia: **Elton Dean & Friends**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dick & The Fireman/Hinkley's Heroes**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Hunters & Collectors**
 London Fulham King's Head: **The Snorkels**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tredegar**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Floyd Lloyd Selwright/Gene Rondo/Red Cloud/Sweet Distortion**

RICHARD JOBSON



COMPARED with the hectic activity of the past two months, it's a relatively quiet week — David Bowie has taken himself off to the Continent prior to returning here at the end of June, the aggregate number of gigs has dropped (as is usual in summer), and only two new tours are setting out on the road. But it's only the lull before the storm because, although big-name tours are few and far between at this time of year, the season's major open-air events get into full stride next week — and goodness knows there's plenty of them this year!

First of the new tours is the long-awaited UK outing by EDDY GRANT, who was originally scheduled to open earlier this week, but then decided to opt out of the build-up to — and aftermath of — the General Election. Or so the story goes. Anyway, he pulled out of three gigs, which he'll now be playing when he returns for a further string of gigs in October. Meanwhile, he picks up his spring tour schedule in Nottingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Dublin (Monday and Tuesday).

Saturday also sees the start of the BAUHAUS tour, which would probably have taken place earlier in the spring if singer Peter Murphy had been fully fit. He hasn't long recovered from a bout of viral pneumonia, and the band have just been playing a string of dates in exotic Eastern venues, combining business with Murphy's

convalescence. Now it's back to dear old Blighty to visit even more exotic locations — such as Aylesbury (Saturday), Brighton (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Swansea (Wednesday).

The week also sees Richard Jobson's new band THE ARMOURY SHOW making their debut on the circuit, the highlight coming on Monday when they play London Charing Cross Heaven. Also in the capital, Victoria's The Venue is back in top gear with gigs by CHRIS REA (Thursday), STEVE HARLEY (Friday) and ANY TROUBLE (Wednesday) . . . There's an ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE showcase at the Lyceum on Sunday . . . and the near-legendary SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS is in town for dates at Camden Dingwalls (Thursday) and Brixton Ace (Saturday).

The problems at London West End postal sorting office, which caused extensive delays to NME's incoming mail, now seem to have resolved themselves and your letters are now arriving on time (well, almost). We're sorry if your gigs were affected and consequently didn't get printed but, of course, the matter was out of our hands. However, you can now send gig details with confidence to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — bearing in mind that they must arrive at least ten days before publication date.

EDDY GRANT SETS OUT POST-ELECTION



London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **D'Rango Slang/No Sweat**
 London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Lionel Grigson Quintet**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Mike Scot Tracey Band**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Lucy Show**
 London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Fred Wedlock/Chris Newman**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Gina & The Tonics**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Republic**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The NoGoodniks**
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
 London Marquee Club: **Solstice**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
 London N.W.3 Fleet Community Education Centre: **The Bop Squad/Kilimanjaro/The FJB**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band/Terry Smith Blues Band**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Putney Half Moon: **De Dannan**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Monty Sunshine Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **McJazz**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley/The Bloomsbury Set**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma/Hollywood Sex**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Flying Pickets/Facing West** (until Sunday)
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Vamoose**
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **The London Band**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Bonsai Forest/The Flips**
 Loughborough University: **The Truth**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
 Manchester The Gallery: **The Decorators**
 Manchester University Union: **The Cherry Boys**
 Paisley Technical College: **First Priority**
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
 Preston Warehouse: **New Model Army/Joolz**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Hey! Elastica**
 Southampton Guildhall: **Chris Rea**
 Sheffield Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
 Southampton College: **Separate Energy**
 Stourbridge The Mere: **The Statues**
 Stourport Severn Manor Hotel: **Mezzoforte**
 Tonnes Civic Hall: **Black Slate**
 Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**

saturday
11th

Aylesbury Friars: **Bauhaus**
 Bangor University: **Dave Kelly Band**
 Barrow Public Park (2-7 pm): **Grown Up**
 Strange/Big Among Sheep/Nervous Condition/The Instructions
 Bath Moles: **Matt Fretton**
 Blackpool Yellow Submarine: **The Nashville Teens**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Rod Shearman & Dave Houlden**
 Bradfield (nr. Reading) Copyhold Farm: **Twelfth Night**
 Brighton Zap Club: **Yorkshire Actors present Bouncers/David Rappaport**
 Bristol Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Chiddingfold Six Bells: **English Rogues**
 Colne Francis: **Play Dead**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
 Croydon The Star: **Larry Miller**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Solstice**
 Dudley The Arches: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Dundee Maryatt Hall: **The Armoury Show**
 Dundee University: **Robert Halpern**
 Eastbourne Kings Club: **Del Shannon**
 Elgin Town Hall: **Dagaband**
 Exeter St. George's Hall: **Black Slate**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Bad Brains**
 Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
 Hastings Rumours Club: **The Piranhas**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Doris & The Dots**
 Ipswich Albion Mills: **Danserye**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Spirit Level**
 Kinghorn Cuznie Neuk: **Chasar**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Man**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Artex Wall**
 London Brixton The Ace: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Darts/Gina & The Tonics**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Shriekback/Maximum Joy/Urban Shakedown**
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Tredegar**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Orchestra Jazira/Ekome**
 London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **The Drifters**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/Step By Step**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Salt**
 London Greenwich Park Bandstand: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds/Tango Grill**
 London Hammersmith Bishops Park Summer Theatre: **Lydia D'ustebyn Swing Orchestra**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Hollywood Killers/The Junkies**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Tony Griffin & Blueberry Buckle**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harlem Jazz & Blues Band/Al Casey Quartet**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Home Service**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Ann Kelly & Pete Emery**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Alvin Roy Band**
 London St. Martin's Lane Duke of York's Theatre (2pm) and Brixton Frontline Theatre (10.30pm): **Culture Shock**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
 London Woolwich Clockhouse Community Centre: **Spartacus R/Pat Condell/Jenny Lecoat/John Hegley**
 London Woolwich Public Hall: **Stutz Bear Cats & Company**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Carol Grimes Band**
 Manchester Circle Club: **Major Accident/Action Pact/Uproar**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
 Manchester Thompsons Arms: **The Bears From Belle Vue Zoo/Splat!**
 Manchester University Union: **Electric Jam**
 Newcastle Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis/21 Strangers**
 Newcastle Heaton Buffs: **Caffrey**
 Nottingham Midland Group: **The Lost Jockey**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Eddy Grant**
 Prestatyn 69 Club: **Passion Polka**
 Sheffield Dingwalls: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Box**
 Shildon Civic Hall: **Major Accident**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **Un Deux Twang**
 Staines Town Hall: **The Truth**
 Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Cookman**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Naughty Thoughts/Potentially Disasterous**

sunday
12th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Colne Francis: **Startlighters**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mezzoforte**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood** (lunchtime)/**The Drivers** (evening)
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Willie & The Poorboys**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Truth**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**

CONTINUES OVER



MORE GIG GUIDE

Bauhaus on the road

Left: PETER MURPHY

Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Eddy Grant
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Battersea Nag's Head: Jugular Vein
 London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): Major Willey
 London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)
 London Camden Dingwalls: Roy Harper/Shazam/Mick Ralphs/Chris Jagger
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/Laverne Brown Band (evening)
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey Mullen
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Little Sister
 London Fulham Greyhound: Bella Donna/The Repro Sexuals
 London Fulham King's Head: Shake It To The East
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Rae James Quintet
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Nantuck Five
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: De Dannan
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Juke Jump (lunchtime)/Deva (evening)
 London Marquee Club: Pendragon
 London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): Pete Neighbour Band
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Littlejohn's Jazzers
 London Putney Half Moon: Dave Kelly Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Buzz Green Jump Band (lunchtime)/Willi Haste Quintet (evening)
 London Stockwell The Plough: Brendon Hoban's South London Jam
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Republic
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Anti-Nowhere League

London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: Pete Cooper
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Gerry Gibbs Quintet
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Dance Hall Style
 London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: The London Band/Harvey & The Wallbangers
 Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Harty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
 Oban McTavish Hotel: Dagaband
 Peterlee New Town Football Club: The Hurricanes/Side Effect
 Poynton Folk Centre: Gary & Vera Aspey
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: Kissing The Pink
 Sheffield The Leadmill: 23 Skidoo/Double Vision/Pete Care/Junk
 London Soho Pizza Express: Brian Leake Duo
 Sheffield The Leadmill: 23 Skidoo
 South Shields Legion Club: Caffrey
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Riccochet
 Wokingham Angie's: Doug Faraday (lunchtime)/Illusionz (evening)

monday

13th

Birmingham Odeon: Jasper Carrott (until Saturday)
 Bournemouth The Academy: Mezzoforte
 Brighton Top Rank: Bauhaus
 Bristol Bridge Inn: Shantih Shantih
 Bristol Dingwalls: Stone Lovers/Street Chorus
 Cambridge Sydney Sussex Hall: The Monochrome Set
 Cambridge Trinity College: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Croydon The Cartoon: Deliverance
 Derby Telegraph Inn: Duo Nova
 Dublin Stadium: Eddy Grant
 Hastings Downtown Saturday: The Specimen present The Batcave

Hazel Grove Red Lion: De Vice
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Motorhead/Anvil
 Liverpool The Venue Club: The Outcasts
 London Abbey Wood Harrow Inn: English Rogues
 London Brentford Red Lion: The 45's
 London Camden Dingwalls: Bad Brains
 London Camden Dublin Castle: King Klear & His Savage Mooses
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Pokadots
 London Charing Cross Heaven: The Armoury Show
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Lee Konitz & Trio (for two weeks)
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Liaison
 London Fulham Greyhound: Urban Shakedown/Picture Of Dance
 London Greenwich The Mitre: The Scene/Soleil
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: A Bigger Mercedes/Dig Dig Dig
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Sunwind
 London Knightsbridge Plaza on the Park: Elaine Delmar/Brian Dee & Guests (until Saturday)
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: The Wait
 London Marquee Club: Tank
 London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Pete Thomas Quintet/Spirit Level
 London Putney Half Moon: Vin Garbutt
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Frog Island Band
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Baby 'n' The Monsters
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Poor Boys
 London Woolwich Tramshed: New Albany Band/Billy Adams Jump Band
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: Eddie & Sunshine
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Spring Heeled Jack

Middlesbrough The Albert: Joe's Bar Five
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs
 R&B All Stars
 Newcastle Dingwalls: The Gymslips/Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
 Nottingham Rock City: Midnight Oil
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: X.W.F.
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse

tuesday

14th

Birmingham (Edgbaston) Portland Club: Sub Zero
 Bristol Dingwalls: Roy Harper
 Bristol Locarno: Bauhaus
 Croydon The Cartoon: Remacadz
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: John Williams & Friends
 Dublin Stadium: Eddy Grant
 Gt. Yarmouth St. George's Art Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Hickstead Cinderella's: The Specimen present The Batcave
 Ilford Oscar's Club: Trilogy
 Leeds Beckett's Park: Shake Appeal
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
 Liverpool State Rooms: Kissing The Pink
 London Adlib at The Kensington: The Walking Floors/The Tempest
 London Battersea The Latchmere: Alan Francis
 London Brentford Red Lion: Juice On The Loose
 London Camden Dingwalls: Tenpole Tudor
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Jay Stapley's Chiswick Flyers
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wreckangles
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Game
 London Fulham Greyhound: Throwing Stones/G.I. Orange
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Hot House/Red Brick Houses
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Bourbonese Quail/Nocturnal Emissions
 London Hampstead New End Theatre: Jeb Million (also Wednesday)
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Kennington The Cricketers: S.F.X.
 London Marquee Club: Stray
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Subhumans
 London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Don Weller/Dave Suttle Trio
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Bullet Club: Taming The Outback
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Kinetics/Presence
 London W.1 (Jermy St) Maunkberrys: Richard Green & The Next Step
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The Electric Bluebirds
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Willie Payne Quintet
 Preston Guildhall: Motorhead/Anvil
 Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: Raider
 Sheffield The Harover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance

wednesday 15th

Blackburn King George's Hall: Blancmange
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Born Loser
 Bristol Dingwalls: Winston Reedy
 Chippenham Goldiggers: Mezzoforte
 Dundee Caird Hall: Motorhead/Anvil
 Felixstowe Spa Pavilion: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Hanley The Vine: The Artex Wall
 Hazel Grove Red Lion: Unexpected Guest
 Hull Dingwalls: Unity
 Keele University: Kissing The Pink
 Leeds Brannigans: The Gymslips/The Membranes
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leeds Warehouse: Hunters And Collectors
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Shannakey
 London Battersea The Latchmere: Wilma Williams & The Combo
 London Brentford Red Lion: Little Sister
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Cafe Cabaret
 London Brixton The Ace: Richie Havens
 London Camden Dingwalls: Mary Wells/The Marvellettes
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Swamp Creatures
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Hollywood Killers
 London Fulham Greyhound: Shoc
 London Fulham King's Head: Basils Ballsup Band
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Foreign Flags Cut Out Shapes
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Stoned Dates with Gail Williams
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Steve Waller Band
 London Marquee Club: Mama's Boys
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Ken Colyer Band
 London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Pete Allen Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: Bert DeKort (until Saturday)
 London Southgate Cherry Tree: Big Chief
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Neapolitans
 London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: Bitelli's
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Menage A Trois
 London Victoria The Venue: Any Trouble
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Straw Dogs/Second House
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Mark Hewins Group
 New Romney The Seahorse: 3 Parts Human
 Nottingham Rock City: Fun Boy Three
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: John Williams & Friends
 Scarborough Taboo Club: Shark Taboo
 Sheffield Dingwalls: The Angelic Upstarts
 Sheffield The Leadmill: Madison Blues Band
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: John Otway
 Swansea Top Rank: Bauhaus
 Swindon Solitaire: The Sinatras

Triffids
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THE HIGSONS
 + HONEST
 2 Discos — Food — Live Music
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 A Certain Ratio — Clock DVA — Mark Miwurdz
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Wednesday 15th June SNAKE DAVIES & HIS ALLIGATOR SHOES	Thursday 16th June MARCH VIOLETS + Living In Texas
Wednesday 22nd June SET THE TONE	

LATE BAR 9.2a m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

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 Sunday 12th June
THE TRUTH
 Saturday 25th June
JOHN OTWAY
 + Twelfth Night
 Tickets from Box Office, F.L. Moores Record City Luton, Classical Rock Harpenden, Record Room and Zodiac, St. Albans, B. — A. Blechley, EGE Watford 42493 or on Doors

Monday 10th June
THE LUCY SHOW
 + Drunk On Cake
 The Half Moon, Herne Hill, Half Moon Lane SE24
 Admission £1 50

THE Venue
 160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
 Tel 834 5882
 Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
 Tickets only available from Virgin Megastore 14 Oxford St, W1 Tel: 631 1234

Thursday 9th June	CHRIS REA + A Bigger Splash	£3.70
Friday 10th June	STEVE HARLEY + The Bloombury Set	£4.70
Saturday 11th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Wednesday 15th June	ANY TROUBLE + Menage a Trois	£3.20
Thursday 16th June	MOVING HEARTS + Johnny Duhan	£3.70
Friday 17th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Saturday 18th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Wednesday 22nd June	First of Special 4 week residency	
Friday 24th June	MIDNIGHT OIL + Support	£3.20
Saturday 25th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Wednesday 29th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Thursday 30th June	MIDNIGHT OIL + Support	£3.20

FAC 51
 THE HACIENDA

Thursday 9th June
HEY ELASTICA!
 Thursday 16th June
FUNBOY THREE
 Friday 17th June
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
 Wednesday 22nd June
CURTIS MAYFIELD
 Thursday 23rd June
SET THE TONE
 Friday 24th June
SOUL FANS WATCH THIS SPACE
 Wednesday 29th June
A CERTAIN RATIO
 N.B. members door prices back to 82' members
 Free Monday — Thursday
 11-13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST, MANCHESTER
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THE CASTLE CLUB
 452 Finchley Road, London NW11
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Thursday 9th June Adm £1.00
ELECTION SPECIAL PARTY
 Friday 10th June Adm £1.50
HIGHZIERRA
 Ex. Department S & Guns For Hire
 Saturday 11th June Adm £1.50
AGENT ORANGE

HAZLITT THEATRE
 EARL STREET, MAIDSTONE

Proudly Presents
CANIS MAJOR
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 "R.A."
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 Saturday 11th June
 8.00pm
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 URBAN SHAKEDOWN

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 BY POST (Postage & Packing) £4.00
 SAT 17th JUNE
 Camden High St
 OR. Rock on.
 T.B. - Premier
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 at BRADFORD UNIVERSITY

Saturday 18th June
MARI WILSON & THE WILSATIONS
 + guests In Great Hall
 Tickets £3.50 Adv £4.00 Door

Friday 10th June
KISSING THE PINK
 + support
 Communal Hall
 Tickets £1.70 (unwaged with UB40)
 £2.50 Waged
 Tickets for the above events are available from Bostocks Records (BFD) Union Shop on campus or by post. ENQ (BFD) 734135.
 Open to the public. No Dress Restrictions.

Thursday 23rd June
THE BOOMTOWN RATS
 + Guests
 Great Hall
 Bar Till Midnight
 Tickets £3.00 Adv £3.50 Door

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY STREET, LONDON WC1

Thursday 9th June £1.00
THE SPIES
Solid Space + D.J.

Friday 10th June £1.50
BONSAI FOREST
+ The Slips

Saturday 11th June £2.00
CAROL GRIMES

Sunday 12th June £1.00
DANCE HALL STYLE

Monday 13th June £1.00
SPRING HILL JACK
(ex-ORE)

Tuesday 14th June £1.00
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS

Wednesday 15th June £1.50
MODERN JAZZ

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 9th June £1.00
THE 303's
+ The Acme Demolition Company

Friday 10th June £1.50
TREDEGAR (ex Budgie)
+ Gandarf Wizardy

Saturday 11th June £2.00
THE ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
+ Stax Bodene and the Horizontals
+ Tango Grill

Monday 13th June £1.00
SOLEIL + The Scene

Tuesday 14th June £1.00
HOT HOUSE
+ Red Brick Houses
Wednesday 15th June
A Stag Night
THE MITRE
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Warren Zevon
IN CONCERT — plus support
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Thursday 9th June 9pm—2am
DE DANNAN
+ RAYMOND ROLAND'S QUARTET

Sunday 12th June 8pm—Midnight
DE DANNAN
+ TARBOLTON

Tickets £3 in advance from Box Office, £3.50 on door

MEAN FIDDLER 28A HARLES DEN HIGH ST, NW10 TEL: 01-961 5490

KINGS HEAD
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ISIS

Friday 10th June £1.50
THE SNORKELS

Saturday 11th June £1.50
SALT

Sunday 12th June £1.50
SHAKE IT TO THE EAST

Monday 13th June £1.00
ROUGH ENTRY

Tuesday 14th June £1.50
DOUBLE TROUBLE

LONDON FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB
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Friday June 10th

THE DEFECTS
Plus supports
Friday 17th June
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P.L.P. present

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL
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TICKETS £2.50-2

TUE. 19th JULY 7.30
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Make cheques payable to Echo & The Bunnymen Concerts
enclose SAE and 30p booking fee per ticket (allow 6 weeks delivery)

EUROPEANS

FRI - JUNE 10th
CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC

SAT - JUNE 11th
ANGIE'S, WOKINGHAM

THUR - JUNE 16th
COVENTRY DOG & TRUMPET

FRI - JUNE 17th
DUDLEY J.B.'s

SAT - JUNE 18th
TRENT POLYTECHNIC.

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Clarendon Hotel,
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Thursday 9th June £1.00
BARNEY'S 50'S DISCO

Friday 10th June £1.50
D'ANGO SLANG + No Sweat

Saturday 11th June £1.50
HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
+ The Junkies

Sunday 12th June £1.00
THE NANTUCK FIVE SHOW
+ Guests

Monday 13th June £1.00
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DIG DIG DIG

Tuesday 14th June 50p
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LIVING TV
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
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Tel: 01-437 2661 £2.50
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6 SEAL ROAD,
BASINGSTOKE,
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presents
THE HIGSONS
+ JUNK FACTORY

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Source: NRS Jan-June 1982

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THUR 9 **SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS**

FRI 10 **CHRIS FARLOWE**

SAT 11 **DARTS**

SUN 12 **ROY HARPER SHAZAM**

MON 13 **BAD BRAINS**

TUES 14 **TENPOLE TUDOR**

WED 15 **MARY WELLS & MARVELETES**

THUR 16 **ORCHESTRE JAZIRA**

FRI 17 **THE PIRATES**

THUR 9 **BAD BRAINS**

FRI 10 **CAFFREY ROUGH JUSTICE**

SAT 11 **WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS**

MON 13 **THE GYMSLIPS**

TUE 14 **HEY ELASTICA!**

THUR 16 **UNITY**

FRI 17 **NICO**

SAT 18 **ROY HARPER**

MON 20 **DOCTOR JOHN**

THUR 9 **WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS**

FRI 10 **STAMPEDE**

SAT 11 **SEE LOCAL ADS**

MON 13 **HEY ELASTICA!**

THUR 16 **KISSING & PINK**

FRI 17 **ROY HARPER**

SAT 18 **DARTS**

SAT 25 **DOCTOR JOHN**

THUR 9 **THE TRUTH**

FRI 10 **SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS**

SAT 11 **Dr. FEELGOOD**

TUE 14 **ROY HARPER**

THUR 16 **GOD'S ARMY**

FRI 17 **WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS**

SAT 18 **CHASE THE FADE**

FRI 24 **MEZZOFORTE TOKYO OLYMPICS**

THUR 9 **MEZZOFORTE TOKYO OLYMPICS**

FRI 10 **WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS**

SAT 11 **HUMPHREY LYTTLETON**

WED 15 **ANGELIC UPSTARTS**

THUR 16 **SCREAMING LORD SUTCH & THE SAVAGES**

FRI 17 **PANZER**

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LIVE

DAVID BOWIE

Wembley Arena

STRIDING FORWARD without a swagger, without any pouting or preening, comes David Bowie. He's lean, bronzed and flaxen haired, carrying himself with the confidence and sophisticated *elan* of a matinee idol. Although none of the audience can actually see into his eyes, you know that if they could they'd find their own childlike wonder and anticipation reflected in those wide shimmering pools. His mouth is circled with the trace of a smile, a smile that says to one and all "Tonight, tonight we'll have it all again, old friends. I'll take you and you'll take me — we'll ride out those crazy memories, the spacey, shattered dreams, and celebrate that we've come through it all, that we've come this far and still look and feel this good."

At the end of the stage flank he stands before the mikestand, and the cheers from the adoring mass reach new heights of adulation; he bows and says "Thank you so much". Nothing more, he's almost humble in his brevity. But, like all accomplished actors/performers, Bowie knows the value of balancing small points of etiquette with a grandiose gesture. He sidesteps and kicks an inflatable globe, which had been thrown around the stage by his backing singers (who we'll call The Dotty Duo) during 'Ashes To Ashes', into the crowd. "Take better care of it," he smirks as it sails over the mass to be bobbed back and forth for the rest of the set.

He grabs an acoustic guitar and fires the band into 'Young Americans'. "Do you remember your President Reagan?..." the first night of the Serious Moonlight Tour at Wembley was into its final blazing straight with the 10 piece band playing fully detailed, finger popping electrotech disco funk-crunch and it was the positive summoning of resources we were always led to believe it would be, though there had been several hiccoughs along the way.

Serious Moonlight, with its basic 'greatest hits' format and Levi's sponsorship, is a catch-all megabuck enterprise but has a vigour and freshness far greater than the Stones' repugnant parody. Unlike many of his peers, Bowie grows into maturity — this is due in no small part to his adaptation of a crooner's persona around the time of 'Station To Station'. He is often called this generation's Frank Sinatra and I guess, given the strange fragmented path his career has taken (an institution that's covered virtually every surge of activity in pop music), he is the same sort of reassuring survivor.

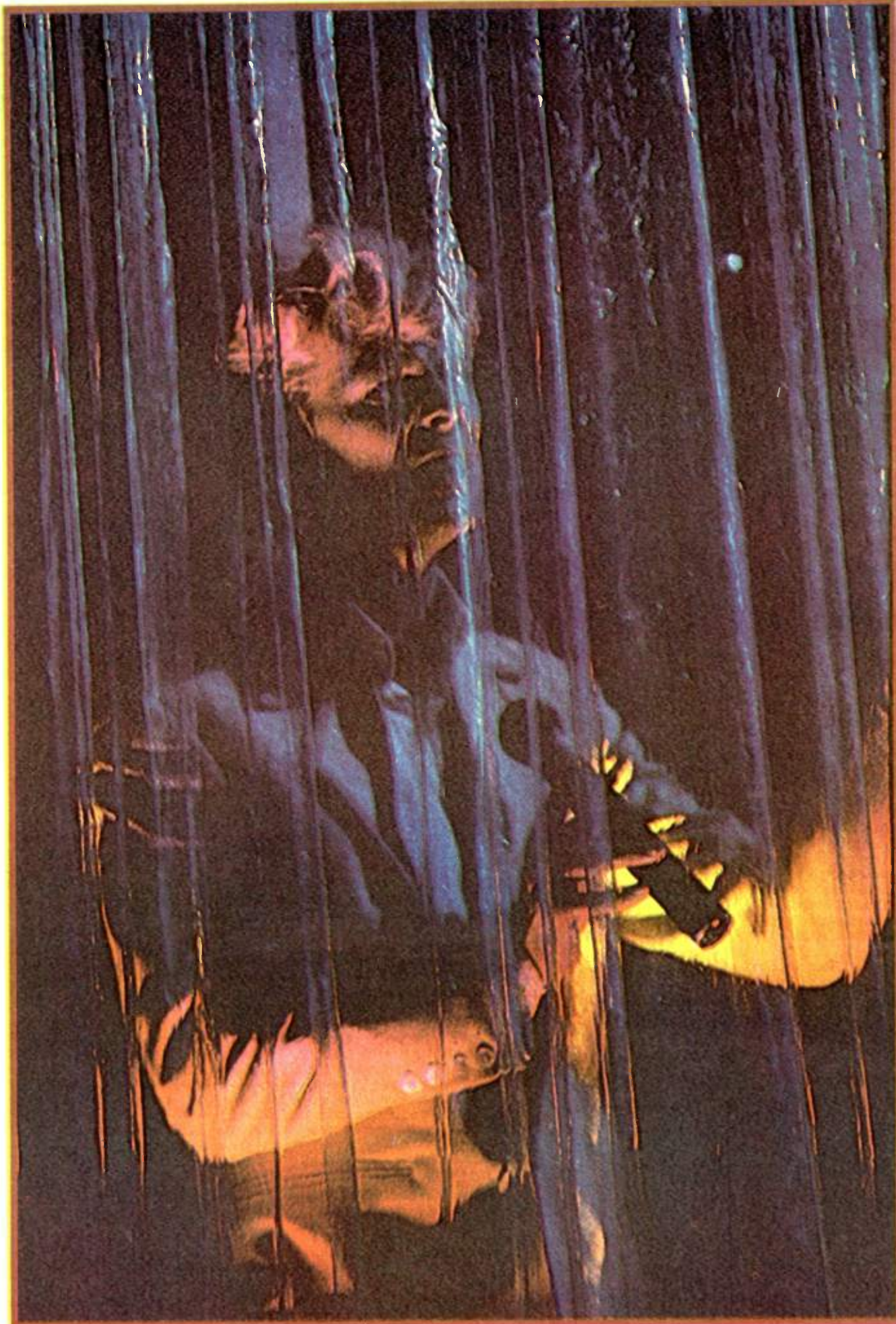
The first of two hour-long sets however does little to back up that hypothesis. The opening salvo of 'Jean Genie' and the aptly titled 'Rock 'n' Roll Suicide' are atrocious — down to the acoustics and sound mainly, but atrocious nonetheless. Going for immediate cut and thrust, Bowie and his crew play too loud and too fast; the squash court sound ricochets prevailed until a genuinely uplifting 'Life On Mars'. But for the audience the theatrical presentation was fair compensation.

The band were decked out in international costumes, presenting the



Him again

Pic: Peter Anderson



Ol' Green Eyes, Gold Teeth 'n' Steel Nose Bowie

Pic: Peter Anderson

sort of life and colour associated with Culture Club, and the clockwork/silent movie antics of The Dotty Duo — alternatively complementing and mocking the movements of Bowie — recall the scatty animation of Madness. But nothing can hide the fact that the sound was not the massive integration it should be — high calibre musicians with the flair and ingenuity of Tony Thompson or Carlos Alomar are wasted in parched, dated, minor chiv-rock pieces like 'Rebel Rebel' or 'White Light White Heat'.

The second half was much more musically cohesive, taking the searing, molten fury of 'Cat People' and wedding it to a super sleek funk that allows the group full flourish. The theatrics and Bowie's own performance (faultless throughout) merge into the whole and, at its best, it is a sonic, soaring tour de force. There are still lapses — the hammy bathos of the *Hamlet* cameo on the inferior 'Cracked Actor' and the dowdy 'Jean Genie' requiem in the encore — but, for the most part, Bowie comes into his own, transcending his tacky past and singing with a passion I'd never have associated with the man (though to call him "the finest white singer alive" is pushing it a bit, Charlie).

'Young Americans' was the highlight, while the stabbing and spurting star-struck innuendoes of 'Fame' and the peppy 'TVC 15' took the momentum to a satisfying close. Overall though it had been a patchy performance. I'd like to have seen him after he'd mastered the Wembley sound problem (if such a feat is possible) but I have a feeling my reservations would still stand — the value of much of Bowie's older material escapes me and it sounds dated in today's environment.

However, that would be to miss the point of the whole thing. Serious Moonlight serves its purpose because it presents David Bowie in fine shape — singing, dancing, giving his all for two solid hours. Still the face, still looking the epitome of whatever it's ever been worth being the epitome of. For the fans, that alone was vindication enough.

Gavin Martin

WEAPON OF PEACE Manchester The Gallery

OH DREARY! Oh dreary! You know, Midlands reggae band — visions of dull, plodding, pease-pudding UB40 reggae wash.

There are, in this sad world, few pleasures that compete with that of being genuinely surprised by a band. I'm thrilled to report that Weapon Of Peace took me by the feet and danced away my preconceptions. Playing with the same exuberance and irresistible charm of The Beat, Weapon Of Peace managed to add edge where The Beat tend to melt into sloppy MOR. They're younger, harder and hungrier. Their inspiration comes from very real anger and political awareness and exposes what passes as white funk/soul for the flabby dross that it is.

Their material seems to be progressing toward a distinctive dance fusion, with more than a nod in the direction of contemporary US funk. Which is a

problem, since at the moment it is their very 'English' approach to funk that makes Weapon Of Peace exceptional. I'd hate to see them discard it for a softer dumbo-dance option.

Three numbers into the set and the audience were won over by their unique blend of funk, reggae, pop and soul, which is surprisingly effective and defiantly BLACK. Most exponents of said fusion blanding out into a white culture vacuum.

The bitter-sweet 'Destiny' highlights Weapon Of Peace at their best, an uncompromisingly HARD wedge that drives into the cranial cavity whilst activating the feet at the same time. They also are fortunate to have a frontman who is charismatic, sexual and a pain in the arse. Destined for great heights — he also possesses a good voice.

Go out there and catch Weapon Of Peace while they're still fresh and vital; engage your brain in a little footwork for a change. Men! it can be done. I swear I just seen it.

Liz Neer

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS London 100 Club

NOW THAT the psychedelic revival is well and truly kaput, any group within that field who are half as wackily interesting as the type made out stand a fair chance of objective appraisal. Thus we can see, creating a stir and building a sturdy following, Doctor And the Medics — led by the man who, by opening the infamous freak-out parlour The Clinic, started the whole damn mess off in the first place.

Anyway, as the good Doc says, psychedelic is yesterday's thing and trash/garage is the sort of stuff that today's going, going, gone kids want to groove to. And who can blame them.

Forget the acid and pass along the aspirin and coke and just listen to the Medics' first number which gives the uneducated a potted history of those garbage sounds. In this case it's on 45; the zealously backcombed and

tousle haired Doctor raps, in a gloriously annoying false LA accent, between snips of classics from The Kingsmen, The Sweet and The Cramps. Bliss.

Yes kids, it's more of a joyful immersion *in*, rather than simply a tribute to or pastiche of *it*. e this time for 'real'.

The rest of their wonderful set is made up from bits and bobs of a trashful past, familiar fun chords and licks are punctuated by suitable cover versions. And full credit for some inventive and different choices including a surprisingly powerful celebration of Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine' and a very sing-a-long cover of 'These Boots Were Made For Walking'.

As they say in the song, when the sun goes down and the moon comes up, and you're feeling a bit like a teenage goo-goo muck, well, what else can you do but sing, dance and generally revel along with Doctor And The Medics.

Richard North

CHINA CRISIS

Manchester Ritz

IT WAS, to say the least, a static performance. Nobody moved, especially China Crisis. Rooted to the spot, they went through tracks from the album, which was the main, obvious plug of the evening. Even during the so-called 'funky' number, everybody was stock still, except the bearded men behind the mixing desk. Ironically the venue is normally a disco.

China Crisis are a nonchalant bunch of lads — smoking cigarettes as they walked on stage, chatting amiably to each other between and during numbers, and still chatting when they walked off. Their songs are full of vague, fanciful fragments drawn from a sensitive imagination. These images — generally amounting to little more than the elaboration of a twee title — proved to be the focus for most of the audience reaction. And so a song like 'Red Sails', another from the album and really a sort of lazy modern-day reworking of 'Red Sails In The Sunset', got the anticipatory applause of an imminent revelation.

Hardly ever waiting to gauge how the audience reacted after each song finished, the group consolidated on what people expected a song to be like when announced. The centre of the set was of course taken up by the singles, or rather by announcing the singles. "You'll remember this one..."

And that was that. It cost people £3.50 to see them and the group didn't stay on stage for more than an hour. They'd done one encore, and that was a repeat of something we'd seen earlier on. "Wasn't long, was it?" somebody in front of me said, quite happily, as the lights went up.

China Crisis want to be blue, delicate, with a classical styling, rather like a piece of old Wedgewood. They succeeded in being precious and impractical. And they only seem to want to come out of the cabinet on special occasions.

Bob Dickinson

SWIZZ!

KAJAGOOGOO cadge a teen audience by dressing up techno-rock as sweetmeat pop. **RICHARD COOK** feels cheated.



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PORKY PALMER

A CHEAPER KIND OF MEAT

ROBERT PALMER
London Lyceum

AS DUSK falls slowly over London, two blonde men in their 30s run a Remington around their rich, suntanned features and take stock of their famous reflections.

Robert Palmer breathes deeply and threads an expensive dark leather belt through immaculately pressed white linen trousers. Reaching for a well tailored short jacket with padded shoulders, he allows himself a self-congratulatory smirk that he's reached the last night of his British tour and still lives to tell the tale.

David Bowie just grins. His body never looked so good; and while hordes of moody

Europeans talked fashionably about their music representing pure sex, he went off and *did* it — in minutes, on film, in the street, on the beach in the most inspiring rock video for ages.

Bowie's show is well under way at Wembley while Robert Palmer stands waiting in the wings as Spike Milligan sings 'Thank Heavens For Little Girls'; I can't think why this seems so insidiously perverted...

Whatever his faults, Mr Palmer is acutely aware of his own limitations and has paced his performance accordingly, he rarely moves from the one spot. Furthermore, his movements are severely limited by his two hard and fast stage rules 1) Don't turn your back on the audience, and

2) Don't smile too much. Because from the side and the back he resembles a waddling duck, and smiling makes him look like Elton John. His winning formula of laid-back, lilting melodies works perfectly well until he starts forgetting those rules and breaks sweat. The jacket comes off and the myth crumbles.

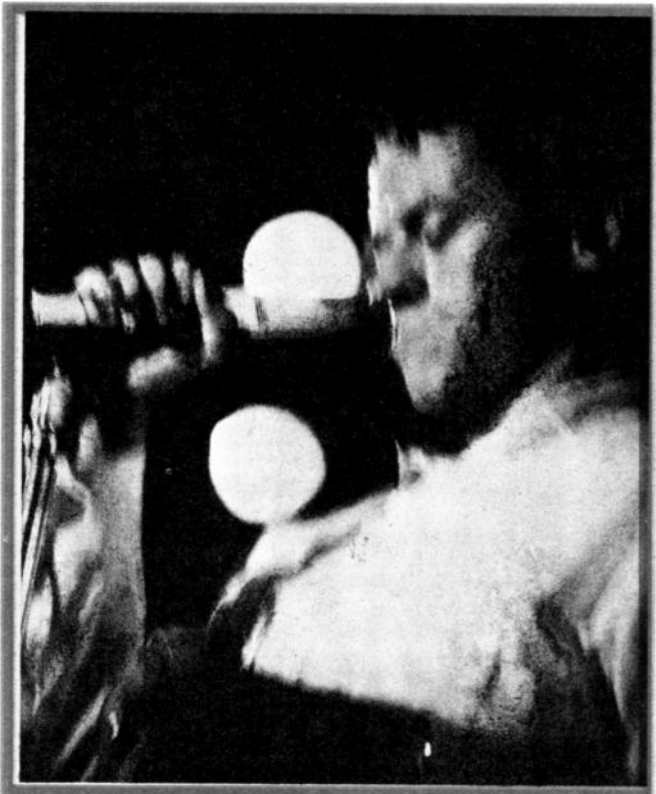
You see, when Kool And The Gang vocalist James Taylor glides to the front of a stage smiling beautifully, and sings "You can have it (take my heart) If you want it (come on darling)..." it sounds like the kind of wonderful offer that no girl in her right mind could refuse. From Robert Palmer's lips these words assume the kind of going-cheap appeal of meat in the supermarket well passed its best: You can have it if you want it.

The most enthusiastic applause comes from all the little Robert Palmers in the audience. Some guys have all the luck, and it could be you! — given a smart white suit, styled hair and some West Coast sunshine.

The one piece of Californian culture most obviously missing from his routine is the F-Plan Diet.

Over at Wembley Bowie keeps swinging, as Robert Palmer collapses into his dressing room and loosens his belt with a sigh of relief.

Kirsty McNeill



Smoothie 2, Robert Palmer

Pic: Chris Clunn

PUPPY LOVE
IN THE
PLASMA-GLOW

KAJAGOOGOO

Hammersmith Odeon

AS PHENOMENA go, Kajagoogoo seem like the nastiest end of a train that starts in Boy George's inspirational and *self-sufficient* glamour and ends in the carnivorous, protuberant teeth of Kaja's bass player, a man with the most unappealing stage presence I can remember colliding with.

If Culture Club are a glittering, mysterious bazaar and Duran Duran a smart, anaesthetised shopping mall, Kajagoogoo are a Hampstead jumble sale — upmarket cast-offs slack around the vitals.

In their smelly, plastered show they display the kind of integrity and rapport one normally associates with rutting buffalo. There's something disgusting about men with palpably no ideas or personality TALKING DOWN to an audience ready to slaver over their every gesture. Although such adulation has been the froth on pop business since Beatlemania it has seldom been expended on such a whimpering and utterly heartless group as this one. Mark E. Smith has summed up the situation as well as anyone: "If I were fourteen or fifteen I'd feel swizzed."

Kajagoogoo are a swizz because they are so ignorantly, ignobly competent. They play loudly enough to paper over an execution so dull it could derive from any dribbling support group, and an occasional ker-pow from the keyboards or guitar betrays their real desire: to play techno-rock. They are men who keep secretly prized copies of 'Yessongs' at home.

This supine competence suits their songs admirably because this is the flattest, doziest, most lacklustre monotony to



masquerade as a set of pop songs. 'Ooh To Be Ah', 'White Feathers' and 'The Hand' ("This one's about how machines are designed to fit the hand" — which is about the most boring topic for a song I can possibly imagine) are too flimsy to shake a stick at, much less bother with a handclap or even a secret gyration. Only 'Too Shy', spitefully kept as a single encore, has anything of the sweetmeat hook about it. It is performed with such blundering joviality that it resembles being force-fed with gobstoppers.

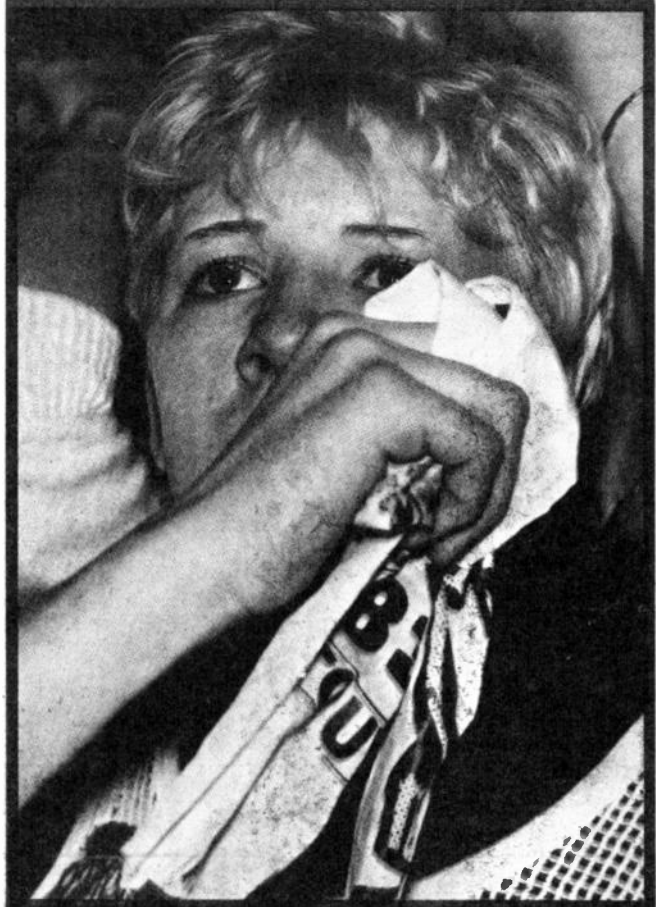
These are rotten people. They *cheat*, all the time and with a bad grace. They sing songs about living together and jetset girls to impoverished young people who get a measly show for the money they've saved (not even a decent lights spectacle), and who don't know what an awful time life has in wait for them. Kajagoogoo are candy-stealers of the worst kind. We don't want to work, they grin, which suggests they could be in tune with the future; but they want lots of money for their clothes and their hair, and if the work ethic stops for the rest of us too they wouldn't get it any more.

Maybe, in the end, the joke will be on them. After a while I turn my attention from the group to their audience. It is the youngest crowd I can recall being in, and their unlined faces look cherubic in the plasma-glow of the stage lights. But these followers have technological liberation in their hands. They all seem to have cameras and cassette recorders with them, and they are piratically clicking at every cherished profile in between their screams. They will have their booty. They will pick Kajagoogoo to the bone, and the flesh will be dry and cold.

After 'Too Shy' I slip through the multitude, down to the exit...and there outside are scores of parents, arms patiently folded, family saloons nearby, waiting to take their charges home.

Richard Cook

Plasma-Glow pics: Kevin Cummins



Kaja play Hammersmith — the man from NME sees a measly show, and the young pups think they've seen heaven.



ROBBIE

FROM PAGE 21

It's a fictional story. I would plan to play the lead should the film be made. It's set in contemporary America, but it isn't at all autobiographical. I don't know what to tell you about it because the story is very complex. It isn't about a guy and a girl and they meet by the river and she drowns and he can't pull his life together. It's too involved to really describe. We're just finishing it up now and haven't gotten to the stage of presenting it to anybody yet.

What sort of characters are you interested in playing on screen?

Anti-hero types I suppose, characters who are not likeable. There's more of a challenge in making that work.

Were you pleased with how *Carny* came out?

I was pretty pleased with it under the circumstances. There were things that bothered me about it, but maybe it's that way with everything. I thought it was a piece of Americana that should be done. It's all Magic Mountains and Disneylands now, and the travelling carnival is a dying breed. The carnival world has always mystified me. I always wondered, what do they do behind those tents? And isn't this an odd bunch of creeps?

Does acting call for skills similar to those required to play rock'n'roll?

Not really. When you're just a few feet away from a Panavision camera and there's a crew of 30 people standing around being real quiet, it's very intimidating — more so than walking out in front of a live audience because it's closer and more intimate. If you were used to performing music it might take some of that edge off, but if it was your first time in that type of situation you'd probably just die.

A lot of people have trouble making the transition into film because they make them for the wrong reasons. Usually they just want to see themselves on the screen. I was lucky and it just sort of fell in my lap. After *The Last Waltz* I was deluged with scripts. I was living at Scorsese's house then and there were stacks of scripts everywhere. He thought the whole thing was very funny and felt totally responsible for this change in my life because I'd never even thought about acting before. Of course, most of the scripts I was getting at that point were pretty worthless. Most of them were about screwed up rock stars overdosing on drugs, and that was the one thing I was determined not to do.

What criteria did you have in mind in putting together the soundtrack for *King Of Comedy*?

It was to be just source music, subliminal, like in life. You go into a restaurant, it's what's playing in the background, you're on the street and you hear it coming out of an apartment or a car radio. Marty got some flack along the lines that he and were being indulgent with the soundtrack and just using music that we liked, and that it had nothing to do with anything else. And it was true! But what were we supposed to do? Use music that we didn't like?

Who are your favourite composers of film music?

Nino Rota, Morricone, Alex North. Alex North was the best American film composer there ever was. He did *Streetcar Named Desire* — one of the greatest scores bar none — *Viva Zapata*, *Carny*. I did the source music in *Carny*, but North did the underscoring.

Exactly what is it about Scorsese's work that appeals to you?

I like people who take chances and there's a real

edge to his movies. Nothing is ever just wonderful. I'm not big on movies where life is just wonderful and marvellous all the time. His movies are just very curious. I think he's easily the best American film maker that there is.

And, he has an extraordinary knowledge of music, from obscure New York punk to street corner vocal groups. He's been into new music since the very beginning of the punk thing, and he sends me tapes that are completely outside of anything I've ever heard. He really loves music and that's basically why he wants to do these music films. He's offended by the way he sees music being handled on film, and he wants to see it done right.

Did you find watching *King Of Comedy* to be an uncomfortable experience?

A little bit, but I saw it a lot so that discomfort kind of went away, that shocked response of, God, this guy doesn't deserve anything! He's desperate to be famous, but he doesn't want to pay any dues! That's what Von Morrison said when he saw the film: It's unfair what this guy wants! He didn't pay his dues!

***King Of Comedy* has been criticised on the grounds that it's going to trigger exactly the sort of incident that it depicts. Do you think that's a possibility?**

I don't think so. I think that the John Hinkley incident was a very off-the-wall, fluky kind of thing, and to say that it happened because of Martin Scorsese's irresponsibility in dealing with the human race is unfair. I mean, if we have to live our lives so carefully that we can't... Marty and DeNiro discussed this before they made *King Of Comedy*. They said here we go again, people are going to be saying these things about us. So what are we gonna do? Do we go on with what we do, or stay home? Does this mean we have to stay home from now on?

What effect should a movie hope to have?

There are many effects that work. *Scanners* is supposed to affect you one way and something else is supposed to take place with a Rossellini film.

Is a movie that tries to change the culture in a positive way more valuable than a film like *Scanners* whose sole intent is to function as a financially profitable form of escape?

I don't think so. I don't think people go to the movies to be taught something. Most people go to be entertained and if you can get that value out of it and it's also interesting, then that's a score. But basically Joe Blow doesn't want to know. I want it violent or hot, entertain me, scare me, make me laugh. That might not be our personal opinion, but I think that's what most people want.

WHAT was the first film you can recall having had an impact on you?

Lots of movies scared me or made me laugh, but when I saw movies like *Stagecoach* there was something about the way the shots were put together that struck me in an unusual way. It wasn't just positioning a camera and recording what was going on. There was something else, something more happening. I'd see movies like that and I'd think, gee, this is really quite beautiful.

Having been away from Canada for almost two decades, do you now have mythical memories of that place, as you once had of America?

No. Time or distance isn't the thing. It's mystery, and where you grow up isn't mysterious to you. I had these feelings about the United States because I grew up wondering what was over on the other side of the hill. What's across those lakes? Those big lakes.



Jayne Casey

Pic: Penny Potter

PINK INDUSTRY

Liverpool Mr Pickwicks

LIFE, SOMEONE said, is an island of ecstasy in an ocean of ennui — and with their debut LP 'Low Technology' currently basking in small-scale success, Pink Industry are keen to try on some new, skimpy bathing cozzies.

Slinking cross-stage at Mr Pickwicks (the newly established playground for Liverpool's young, musically minded bore-geoisie) comes the mysterious, dark, bespectacled figure of shopfloor chanteuse Jayne Casey. Her stage return after two years in the wilderspool was never likely to embrace anything revolutionary; vinyl-pose would be nearer the mark. But to prove she still has a sense of humour, Casey's opening bars sounded like a pigeon with a poker up its arse, and it took a burst of self-conscious laughter midway through the first number to put the balls into her voice.

Rich and simple, Pink Industry is the precarious marriage of rough and smooth, ugly and beautiful. A sound that picks its nose and squeezes its spots in public, but comes home all warm and seductive.

The set was disappointingly short and, unlike their music, Jayne Casey looked frighteningly unapproachable. But then she's a style fetishist with a dirty whip; a closet sadist with a cleverly concealed weapon of pleasure. And by the end of the performance I considered myself well and truly spanked.

Billy Mann

THE SECRET SEVEN

Manchester Hacienda

THE ARTHUR Askey of pop returns. Those of you who remember prototype popsters The Distractions will also remember the scorching voice of frontman Mike Finney — a curiosity in the world of pop-hairdressers, and a man on the receiving end of more odious comparisons than I care to recall.

Last year looked to be, as they say, THE BIG ONE for Manchester's Secret Seven — looking for the fame and fortune which The Distractions surely deserved, they linked hands with other unmentionables in the 'Gang Show' of pop hams. Nearly a year later, same venue. The Secret Seven limp back sans hit single but clutching a gen-u-ine recording contract with Bronze — the company that brought to your ears Uriah Heep.

As cloying coy as the name suggests, The Secret Seven never managed to raise above rather ineffectual good-time pop-rock. 'Hold Onto Love' was played twice ("This is the single...") and generally lolled around pathetically, imprisoned in some Dollar pop gap video nightmare. Still plugging away at last year's thing with the desperation of a band only too aware that this time they must 'make it'.

It's their implicit, passive belief in POP (capital 'p') which is so distressing to watch. As we all know it merely rots your teeth and leaves you senile.

The whole thing is an insult to both audience and Finney's fine, soulful voice. The Secret Seven being remarkable but only for their complete lack of anything approaching 'SOUL', but their unique ability to look like a bunch of tedious civil servants with silly hats on.

Oh...they were FUN, a right laugh. But it rings a little hollow. 1983 should demand so much more than a band. And I don't think we'll see it from The Secret Seven.

Liz Neer

MINK DE VILLE

London The Venue

IF (TO paraphrase X) the world's a mess and it's all in a kiss, you can bet that smacker belongs to Willy de Ville. Along with many folks wearing 'I've been to Big Sur' T-shirts — the first English preppies I've ever seen, I think — I arrived ready to give Mink de Ville the benefit of many doubts but his 55-minute delay in deigning to appear dampened my interest considerably. Eventually the de Ville visage floated into view, a grin of mighty dental decay hovering gruesomely above tailoring (magenta shirt, skinny black tie, rosary, hankie for nose-wiping and gold lamé cummerbund) that looked like he's slept in it all the way over el Atlantic.

The coke rap went on awhile with expansive embarrassment ("We've had an hour to tell our own jokes" grumbled the guy next to me) but when Willy finally launched into over-operatic, croaking travesties of once-worthwhile material — 'Cadillac Walk' for instance — it was alarmingly obvious just how UGLY de Ville has allowed pharmacological pursuits to render his voice.

Tonight, when he does manage to stop throwing glasses, babbling and mumbling about Customs men with rubber gloves, long enough to render a few of his sweeter numbers, it's just a creepy con; a stoned loser regarding his audience with undisguised (and unfocussed) contempt. When he used to usher wife Toots onstage, she looked like the perfect '50s complement to his fiction of street romance; this time round she's equally bedraggled — and sulky Cruella de Ville more than Mrs Mink.

Forget up town '63 or even under the Boardwalk; see ya down at 53rd and 3rd, Willy. The sorry sight of impacted intestines staring you in the face from within Shaft-skinny drainpipes ain't worth nobody's £4.20.

Cynthia Rose *Skinny Willy* Pic: Leon Morrison



LIVE

VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA

Manchester Hacienda

JUST AROUND the corner from The Hacienda there used to be a club called Scruples — a meeting place for dodgy-looking taxi-drivers ("Is Des in yet?") or host to an anonymous trail of ac billed as 'Exotic Dancers'. The sort of place where Vicious Pink Phenomena would mix 'n' match perfectly.

Vicious Pink Phenomena are not so much performers as exhibits — as in Stuffed Coots, 1975 — and to make things worse, they suffer from sawdus deficiency. A sorry, sagging spectacle.

One half of the phenomena is futurist Liberace type who apparently dealt with the navigation of tapes and synthesiser. To his left was a shop-window dummy with a wig on. His partner was a saucy, leg woman dressed to please geriatric leather fetishists, mini and high heels, any colour you like as long as it's black. "I'm not your kind of girl," she sang, quite unnecessarily.

They failed to be a kitschy parody of porn, they failed to be fun, they were cheap and two-bit. Frankly, dears, they flopped. It was like a bad 'turn' at The Wheeltappers and Shunters Club. A dire cover of Dusty's 'Spooky' song with the word 'fetish' in it a their celebrated rendition of 'Je T'Aime', a performance that recaptured all the sexy secrecy the last Manchester United sing. The turn climaxed with Master Liberace politely assuaging the dummy. As someone remarked it's got to last a whole tour.

Cath Carr

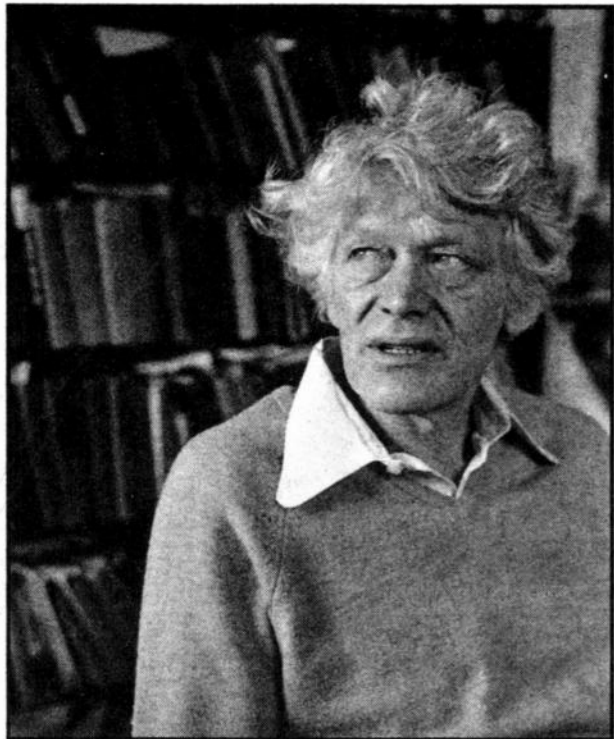
The British people must make a decision on June 9 which will affect, in the most real sense, their lives and the lives of their children. If these are to have any lives at all. Yet we are not being serious about it." E.P. Thompson is a historian, who has devoted a life/time to working for peace, since his pamphlet *Test And Survive* gave more than a slogan to CND three years ago. Now he has written a sequel, *The Defence Of Britain* a personal and passionate pamphlet written in anger inspired by today's action.

E.P. THOMPSON is a man of trust; an activist without a taste for power, and as he says in his pamphlet, a healthy "disrespect for politics". How blessed the British people would be if a man as honourable would undertake in the sordid political parade. As it is, we're numbered with three main virtues ranging from the shy-washy wobbly to the thal.

He loves William Blake, our prophet, poet and sage, and loves Great Britain with aicism and intensity rare in an academic. "I know all the dangers national feeling, and I know more than most (since I am an historian) about Britain's imperialism. Yet I cannot agree that the story of this island has been, in any way, a disgraceful one; nor at there is nothing in it that is worth defending." (*The Defence Britain*) E.P. is concerned with our additional liberty and rightly so when you see how Thatcher's



PLUTONIUM BLONDES



E.P. Thompson — inspired with anger
Pic Jean Bernard Sohlez

PUTTING A CROSS AGAINST CRUISE

police are cracking down on peaceful protesters. The right to demonstrate peacefully is a human necessity we have the luxury of taking for granted. We'd miss it if we didn't have it, that's for sure.

"We may, truly be coming to a

point of final choice. If we miss the bus this time around, there may not be another... what we are making a choice between is also two kinds of Britain: a Britain which is independent and still has some influence and respect in the world, and a Britain which is

becoming little more than a servile NATO security state..."

Although we've been bombarded with 'information' about this election till we've had to turn off the telly in sheer self-defence, what is this information really worth? As E.P. points out, "this election has been confiscated by the media and is played according to its rules... The media themselves decide what are the 'election issues' and they do this by blowing up whatever is trivial, searching out 'colour' and 'personalities'... bludgeoning day after day with meaningless opinion polls, shoddily put together and based on illiterate or irrelevant 'yes/no' questions which refuse electors the chance to express alternatives, complexities, hesitations or doubts."

As I write, we're still facing the choice the election presents us with and every NME reader has a stake in the outcome, and the ability to actively influence the outcome.

"We've got to put a cross against Cruise", says Thompson. "If that lot get back everyone is going to get screwed and pushed about in a way they've never dreamed of. I don't see curfews and a fascist society, but I see people stopped and searched in the streets with the powers of the new proposed police bill. Those who've got the guts to protest, particularly about peace, will be bugged and surveyed."

It's a choice between two Britains, the old nationalist imperialists and the Britain which was the first to establish certain freedoms and rights, like a free press and the jury system, trade unions and co-operatives were invented here, and they've been helpful to the world."

Well, the choice is ours. Vote.

'The Defence of Britain' by E.P. Thompson available mail order 65p (£1.00 for two copies) from: European Nuclear Disarmament, 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 2DA.

Vivien Goldman



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BEWARE



BEWARE

Clint Eastwood and General Saint say Beware... Beware" of the nuclear arms race.

There are plans to bring more nuclear weapons into Britain:

★ to put American Cruise missiles around the British countryside.

★ to spend more than £10,000 million on Trident, a 14-fold increase in Britain's submarine strike force.

Some say we need these weapons for our defence against the Soviet Union. That our way of life can only be secure if we build more nuclear weapons.

Others say that Britain and America can already destroy the Soviet Union 20 times over. They think the money would be better spent on providing jobs, homes and hospitals. And that the only safe defence for Britain is a non-nuclear defence.

Whichever way you see it, survival is the key issue in this election.

Your vote counts on June 9.

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ECM 1114 Pat Metheny Group
ECM 1097 Watercolours
ECM 1073 Bright Size of Life

YES-MEN REUNITE FOR LP, CONCERTS

FORMER members of Yes are currently working on a new album, some 2½ years after the break-up of that group, and will be touring Europe and the States in the autumn to coincide with the LP's release.

Those involved are Jon Anderson (vocals), Chris Squire (bass and vocals), Trevor Rabin (guitar, keyboards and vocals) and Alan White (drums) — and they've been joined in the studio by original Yes keyboard man Tony Kaye, though it's not yet clear if he will be going on the road with the others. The LP is being produced by Trevor Horn,

himself a former Yes member.

They started work on the project under the group name of Cinema, but it now seems likely that they will revert to the name Yes, though apparently former Yes manager Brian Lane is contesting their right to do this — he is now managing Asia, whose line-up includes two other ex-Yes men.

Up-date on Stonehenge

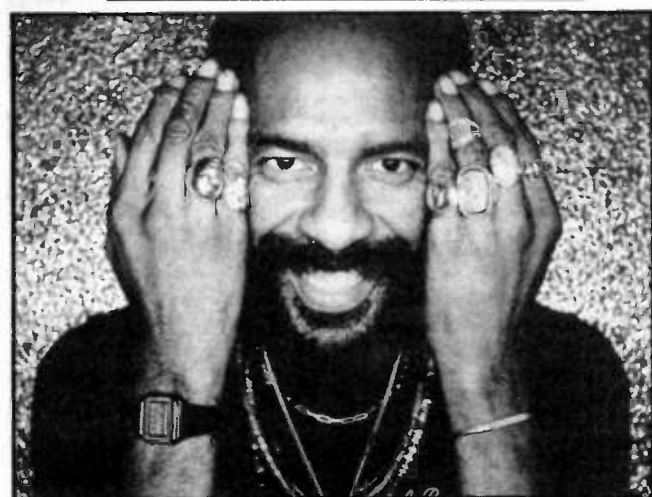
STONEHENGE FESTIVAL now intends to concentrate most of its big guns into the June 20-22 period. That's because it immediately follows the adjacent Glastonbury CND Festival, and some of the artists from that event will be coming along to Stonehenge, so ensuring a star-studded three days. Among those in action will be The Impossible Dreamers, The Nomadniks, Ekome, Poison Girls, Benjamin Zephaniah, Here & Now and The Case (June 20); Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Carol Grimes, Solstice and the Arizona Smoke Revue (21); and Artful Dodgers, Urban Shakedown and Orchestre Jazira (22) — plus, of course, the acts from Glastonbury. There will still be music over the June 17-19 period, mainly from smaller bands.

Poison Girls to headline 'Fools' cabaret package

POISON GIRLS are taking their *Cabaret Of Fools* on tour, and they'll be accompanied on all dates by guests Akimbo, Benjamin Zephaniah and Tony Allen. The package appears at London's ICA Theatre on June 26 as part of that venue's *Radical Bingo* season — and other dates are at Brighton Polytechnic (June 17), London Brixton The Ace (18), Stonehenge Festival (20), Bristol Dingwalls (22), Birmingham Mermaid Hotel (23), Manchester Morrisseys (24), Bradford College (25),

Newcastle Dingwalls (27), Sheffield Leadmill (30) and Hull Dingwalls (July 2).

To coincide with this outing, the band have a new single released by Illuminated Records on June 17, coupling 'One Good Reason' and 'Cinnamon Gardens'. Their current line-up comprises Vi Subversa (vocals and guitar), Richard Famous (guitar), Chris Grace (fretless bass), Lance D'Boyle (drums and percussion) and new member Cynth Ethnics (synthesisers).



HAVENS' UK CONNEXION

RICHIE HAVENS begins a short UK tour this weekend in support of his new single 'Death At An Early Age'. He plays Cardiff St. David's Hall (this Saturday), Bristol Dingwalls (Sunday), London Bond St. Embassy Club (June 13), London Brixton The Ace (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Bradford University (17), Hull City Hall (18) and Newcastle Theatre (19). One or

two other dates have still to be confirmed.

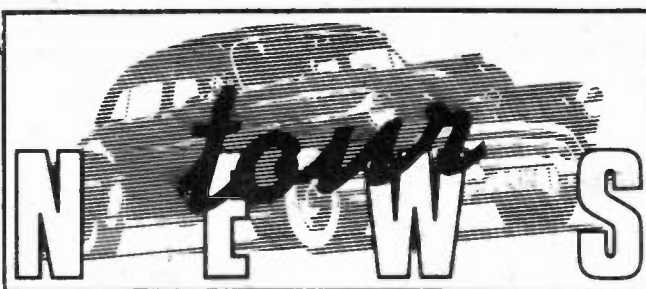
The new single is on Connexion Records, a label part-owned by Havens and based in Newcastle. It's been lifted from his upcoming album 'Common Ground', which is due out in the autumn at the same time as another single called 'Dear John' — Havens' tribute to his close friend John Lennon.

Higsons hit the road

THE HIGSONS, who recently headlined at London's Electric Ballroom, set out this weekend on a summer jaunt. The first leg of their tour comprises 13 dates — at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (this Saturday), Cambridge Clare College (June 13), Cambridge Emmanuel College (14), Liverpool Venue Club (15), Derby Lonsdale College (16), Colchester Wood Sports Centre (17), Oxford St. Anthony's College (18), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Basingstoke Martine's (22), Leeds Charles Morris Hall (23), Leicester Digby Hall (24) and Southampton La Sainte Union College (25). Details of the second leg of the tour will follow shortly.

Twins join Bowie gig

THE THOMPSON TWINS were this week confirmed for another guest spot in a major open-air concert, this time in David Bowie's show at Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium on June 28, when the bill is completed by Icehouse. As reported last week, in Bowie's outdoor shows at Milton Keynes (July 1-3), The Beat and Icehouse are the guests. It was also announced in our last issue that The Thompsons would be one of the guest acts in Peter Gabriel's concert at the Crystal Palace Football Ground in South London on July 9 — the other guest spot being the farewell UK appearance by The Undertones.



Damned showcase

THE DAMNED, your actual prototype punk group, are to play another major London showcase — this time at the Hammersmith Palais on July 10. It's been set up partly to recompense those who were disappointed recently, when the band played a sell-out concert at The Ace in Brixton, and over 1000 people were turned away. Rest of the bill comprises Lords Of The New Church, Blood & Roses and Le Mat — tickets are £3.50, and the promoters are Head Music. The Damned, having now parted company with Bronze, are currently negotiating a new record deal — and when it's finalised, they have a batch of material all ready for release.

● Killing Joke's show at Hammersmith Palais on July 31, reported last week, also has a £3.50 admission — not £4.50, as announced.

MANILOW; AUGUST 27?

BARRY MANILOW's massive open-air concert at Blenheim Palace in Oxfordshire, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week, was on the point of being confirmed as we closed for press — for Saturday, August 27. The event was still not definite at the weekend — final discussions were taking place between the palace administrators and the promoters, and Manilow himself was not prepared to sign a contract until the venue was certain. But it looked as though negotiations were coming to a head on Monday, with an official announcement expected this week, and tickets have already been printed — in the form of small souvenir brochures, complete with map showing how to get to the site.

Setting the tone, shiftin' the air

SET THE TONE, the Glasgow band who've already made an appreciable impact with their singles 'Dance Sucker' and 'Rap Your Love', are playing a string of dance-club dates to coincide with the release of their debut Island album 'Shiftin' Air Live'.

The tour, not surprisingly billed as 'Shiftin' Air Live', takes in Aberdeen The Venue (June 16), Arbroath Smokies (17),

Edinburgh Outer Limits (18), Liverpool State Rooms (20), Sheffield Limit (21), Leeds Warehouse (22), Manchester Hacienda (23), Colchester Embassy Suite (26), London Charing Cross Heaven (27), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (29), Dartford Flicks (30), Hickstead Cinderella's (July 1), Bolton Dance Factory (2) and Glasgow Mayfair (3).

Poetry cabaret event

APPLES AND SNAKES, the organisation renowned for its poetry cabaret, is staging a two-night event on July 1 and 2 at London Kennington Oval's Surrey Banqueting Suite. It's billed as 'The Old Reptilians Dance And No Dinner', and those featured are Joolz, Slade The Leveller, Jenny Lecoat, Little Dave, Markus Jahn, Pete Murry and Son Of Man (July 1); Little Brother, Spartacus R, Kevin Coyne, Belinda Blanchard, Chris Cardale, Emile Sercombe and The Czechs (July 2). Tickets are £2.50 nightly (or £1.50 concessions), and for a two-night ticket it's £4.50 (or £2.50 concessions). Both nights run from 8.30pm to 1am, and there's a late bar. Enquiries to 01-699 5265.

So why not, Minott?

SUGAR MINOTT, who should have been touring Britain right now, appears to have blown out his commitments here. The reggae star, whose dates were announced two weeks ago, simply failed to turn up in this country. The promoter told *NME* that he had managed to contact Minott, who merely stated blandly that he wasn't coming, and offered no explanation whatever. At press-time, efforts were being made to re-schedule some of his gigs for the end of this month — but under the circumstances, you'd be wise to check before going along to any advertised Minott show.

Capital festival extra

CAPITAL announce further additions to their five-week Music Festival starting later this month. Yellowman has already sold out his three 2000-capacity concerts at London Edmonton Picketts Lock, and has now added a fourth show there on July 6. Fats Domino's concert at the Royal Festival Hall on July 18 will also feature Jay McShann and Jimmy Witherspoon — and at the same venue on July 19, the Wynton Marsalis Quintet will also be playing in the concert by Herbie Hancock's VSOP II.

● Alexei Sayle is the latest addition to the Glastonbury Festival bill (June 17-19).

Devoto sounds stilled

HOWARD DEVOTO is not touring Britain this week — despite what you may have seen if, in a moment of mental aberration, you happened to read another music paper last week. What happened is that, three weeks beforehand, Virgin Records announced a Devoto tour schedule — then withdrew it 24 hours later, before details could be printed, because Devoto had decided to delay his outing for a few weeks. Just why *Sounds* revived the non-existent tour last week is a mystery — though we can tell you that Devoto dates are currently being lined up for the near future.

BRIXTON VENUE BACK IN ACTION

Fair Deal rocking again — now it's The Academy

BRIXTON'S Fair Deal Theatre in South London is back in action again, now re-named The Academy, after remaining "dark" for more than nine months. At present it is being used solely for rehearsal purposes, but it will be back in full swing in September, and a string of major concerts is promised for the autumn.

The 5000-capacity venue, originally the Astoria Cinema, opened as the Fair Deal at the beginning of last year — but, due to a succession of unforeseen circumstances, it steadily lost money. In early autumn, the lease-holding company went into liquidation and manager Alan Briggs absconded, allegedly taking a considerable sum of money.

Since then, local business man and master builder Philip U-Ming has been trying to take over the venue, and his discussions with the owners (Watneys the brewers) have finally come to fruition — he took control two weeks ago.

Mrs U-Ming told *NME*: "We can't open The Academy to the public until September, because the place was left in a shocking state by Mr. Briggs, and a great deal of refurbishment is necessary — besides which, we want to make some improvements of our own. But when we do open, there will be regular concerts and a disco every night — plus a pool hall, which will also feature The Golden

Cue competition, which Watneys are sponsoring".

Even during its Fair Deal days, the venue was acknowledged as having some of the best rehearsal facilities in the country, and these are now operative again at The Academy. Among acts who have rehearsed there during the past fortnight, or have booked sessions in the coming weeks, are Iron Maiden, The Thompson Twins, Motorhead, and Genesis.

The Academy also offers live-in accommodation for crews (up to 16 people) and their own canteen. Bookings may be made on 01-274 1525.

Reading hang-up

THE LINE-UP for this year's Reading Festival (August 26-28) is not now being announced this week, as was expected. This is because the proposed headliner for the Sunday night, Jeff Beck and his band, withdrew at short notice — and the promoters are still negotiating an alternative.

Footing the bill

X MAL DEUTSCHLAND, widely tipped as one of the hottest prospects of the moment, have another London headliner on July 7 when they play the Klub Foot — which is now operating again on an occasional basis at the Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith — and they're supported by James King & The Lone Wolves. Tickets are £2.50.

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TICKET & TRAVEL DETAILS



WHEN THE WIND BLOWS
by Raymond Briggs (Penguin, £1.95)
**OVER OUR DEAD BODIES:
WOMEN AGAINST THE BOMB**
edited by Dorothy Thompson
(Virago, £2.95)

'WAR IS peace' goes the Party's slogan in Orwell's 1984. With Thatcher now claiming the Tories are peacemakers, that particular example of doublethink has turned up seven months early.

In fact, the Tory response to the peace movement is pure 1984: war, they say, is more likely if we remove the missiles! So they co-opt a genuine fear and twist it for their own ends until the truth is totally reversed and disarmament equals danger. There are also dark hints of treason and Moscow gold — be careful, woolly-hatted peaceniks, BIG SISTER IS WATCHING YOU.

Thatcher's gung-ho attitude to defence is the most alarming of her many insanities. There seems to be little doubt that she sank the Belgrano to scupper peace plans and promote a war that not only saved her face — after the Tories had bungled the affair, and in effect, invited invasion — but also salvaged her standing in the opinion polls (just 15 months ago she was Britain's most unpopular Prime Minister ever) and, er, torpedoed the SDP/Liberal Alliance which was ploughing full steam ahead into the Tory vote.

Nor does her behaviour since the Falklands war give much joy to peacelovers. She's a multi-lateral disarmer but a unilateral armer. Today Belgrano, tomorrow the world!

Thatcher is the spirit of NF — No Future. She is obsessed with the past, on her 'Victorian values' which are really no more than the



Illustrations from When The Wind Blows by Raymond Briggs.

BOOMTIME FOR THATCHER

dour platitudes of a smalltown grocer's daughter growing up in the '20s and '30s — an inflexible, mean-minded petty-bourgeois notion of 'respectability' that masquerades as moral conviction. Really, she is corrupt to the core, a true capitalist. She could have prevented a Falklands war by using economic sanctions against Argentina, but profits

come before lives. Now she sells them arms to use against British soldiers. Thatcher's mind must be a steel snare whose jaws snap shut on every caring or compassionate feeling that strays in.

She plans to destroy the Welfare State, to run down the Health Service and the railways, to eat away civil liberties, harass

black people and cripple the Trade Unions, to raise unemployment to four or five million, to cut back on housing and education, to stamp out local government and deal what is probably a mortal blow to democracy. In short, more of what she's been doing for the last four years.

The union-jackboots are on the

march, and it's a race to see if Britain will end up a Police State or a US arms dump. Dying the death of a thousand cuts or going up in smoke when they drop the big one.

The one prospect bleaker than Thatcher attacking this country is Thatcher defending it. I know people who are convinced that if Thatcher wins the election, we'll

GRAHAM LOCK looks at two bestsellers about nuclear war and concludes that the only thing more frightening than Thatcher's attacks on this country is her defence of it: if you want to stay alive, VOTE LABOUR

all be dead within five years. The logic of that feeling leads to assassination, a dubious last resort. But for the less pessimists of us, there are signs of hope — Greenham Common, in the peace camps, in CND and END, in the women's movement, in West Germany's Green Party.

This is where the radical alternatives can now be found. And unless Labour can rid itself of its right-wing careerist thugs and rediscover the courage of a red-blooded socialism, parliamentary politics will wither and die. Already they have been compromised by too many years of politicians' lies, opportunism and power games, by election campaigns conducted by advertising agencies, by state secrecy and the cynical manipulation of public opinion. Truth is not just the first casualty of war, it's also the first casualty of a parliamentary career. A Thatcher victory will finish it off, and possibly the rest of us too.

When *The Wind Blows* is a (literally) graphic account of the slow way you can die after a nuclear attack, by radiation sickness. Raymond Briggs' highly-praised cartoon, now available in paperback, follows the last days of a retired couple who struggle to understand "the international situation" and the government's pathetic *Protect And Survive* instructions, then try to cope with life after the Bomb. When the milk and newspapers mysteriously fail to arrive, the radio has gone dead, funny blotches break out all over their skin, and they feel sick and dizzy and...well, you can guess.

Briggs' use of colour for the pre and post-war scenes has a desperate eloquence, and his humour and matter-of-factness make *When The Wind Blows* all the more chilling.

People complain that there have been too many anti-nuke books recently, that there's a danger of literary overkill. But works as unusual as Briggs' or as wide-ranging as *Over Our Dead Bodies* are invaluable assets in persuading people that nuclear deterrence means nuclear death.

Over Our Dead Bodies is a collection of essays by "women against the bomb", each of whom takes a different perspective on nuclear matters. They range from Ann Pettitt's paralysing catalogue of likely post-war horrors to Connie Mansueto's expose of arms race origins in US inter-service rivalry (!) and Angela Carter's brilliant polemic on living in the shadow of Hiroshima.

brilliant polemic on living in the shadow of Hiroshima.

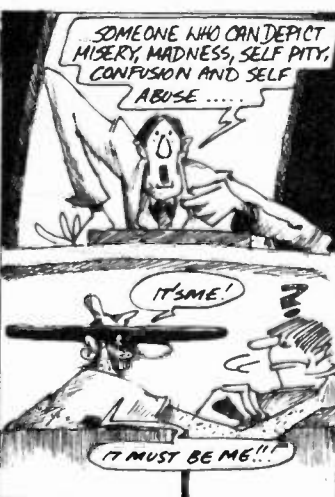
The strength of the book is in its variety and in its writers' determination to fight back. And if as they say and as the evidence suggests, violence, from splatter movies to holocaust, is a perverse pleasure, and largely a male pleasure, then it's about time men started to fight back too, and let go of their continual nit-picking whinges about feminism.

Both Angela Carter and Salman Rushdie — in his excellent anti-Thatcher tirade in a recent *Guardian* — resort finally to Dylan Thomas' "Rage, rage against the dying of the light". Today, if you want to stay alive, you can vote Labour. But if Thatcher wins, if our arguments are ignored, our emotions overridden, our morals scorned, then anger will be the last line — that rage all that stands between us and the likely end of the world.

I just hope we aren't too bloody 'British' to use it. Because the only boom we'll ever see under Thatcher is the one in the Randy Newman song, "Boom goes London, and boom Paree"...

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BOWIE TICKET July 1st. M. Keynes or swap July 3rd. 0282 53308.

BOWIE TICKET Keynes July third. Phone 043871 4585.

BOWIE TICKET, Keynes (Sat). Offers, Romford 40409.

BOWIE TICKET Keynes, Saturday, offers. Spam 04393 582 after 7p.m.

BOWIE TICKET Keynes, 061-790 3431.

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BOWIE TICKET M.K. 2nd July. Tel. 01-803 6713.

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BOWIE TICKETS Keynes 2nd July. 0533 738869 Stewart.

BOWIE TICKETS, Milton Keynes. Hertford 56471.

BOWIE TICKETS, Milton Keynes. Phone Claire 01-261 8251.

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BOWIE TICKETS, three for Milton Keynes, on 3rd July. Phone 041-952 9315 after 5 p.m.

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BOWIE SWAP two MK Sunday for MK Friday. Derby 76920 (evening).

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BOWIE SWAP two 1st July for two 2nd (Sat). 01-679 5138 or 551 2674.

BOWIE SWAP 2 Keynes 1st July for 2nd or 3rd. 01-986 3807.

BOWIE SWAP 2 Keynes 1st July for 2nd 3rd. 01-698 9525 after 6.30 p.m.

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BOWIE SWAP 2/7 for 3/7. 02572 74431.

BOWIE SWAP 3rd for 2nd July. Huntingdon 811632.

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BOWIE TICKETS July 2nd, swap any other date. Luton 36892.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes swap 4 1st July for 2nd or 3rd. 01-203 6484.

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G A S B A G

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES

Marx was wrong. He assumed that the masses were intelligent enough to understand when they were being exploited. Most of them are not. The readers of the *NME* are probably among the more intelligent of the working class, so don't give me any bullshit about your intelligence.

The 'average' (a word I don't like to use) working class youth likes Duran Duran/D Train/Culture Club and other such crap, buys 'Smash Hits' every fortnight and considers him/herself to be a serious soul/jazz-funker.

If the masses in general were remotely intelligent, we would be a socialist/communist state.

Jim, the world's new Marx, Greenwich.

If the masses in general were remotely intelligent, communism would be a defunct concept. — AG.

THAT'S A BOOK BY GOETHE, STUPID!

With regard to our impending General Election, I have quizzed several of my friends and relatives about their voting intentions.

Typical reactions were: "Why should I vote? Thatcher will win anyway and my one vote won't make any difference!" and:

"I'm not voting for Labour because Michael Foot is a scruffy get!"

I can only assume that with one half of the proles voting Tory through misguided beliefs and the other half as thick as pigshit, that our great nation will indeed return the Bitch to Number 10 in June.

Fil The Mean.

A country gets the government it deserves. If people would rather act on what the leader-writer of *The Sun* tells them than on the first-hand evidence of their own situation, they deserve no pity. Which is exactly what they'll get. — AG.

OR WAS IT GOGOL? I CAN'T REMEMBER

I buy your paper every week and will be voting Conservative at the next election. A contradiction in terms, you may think. No?

I have felt for some time that it is a shame for a paper with obviously the best writers to take such an obviously 'left' political stance as probably half your readership (and half or more of your subject matter ie groups) don't share your views.

Not all people who believe in Mrs Thatcher and a Nuclear War deterrent are rabid Jackboot Stomping Fascists. Some, like me, are caring people concerned with the plight of 'workers' and minority groups, but do not see any other road to better their plight than the one offered by the Tory party. Honestly.

Please at least redress the balance or change your name to the *Socialist Musical Express*. Charles Bateson, Camberwell I rest my case. — AG.

GOGOL? DIDN'T HE DO DEAD SOULS?

I'm really glad of the stir Tim Culley's letter (May 12) on the Monster Raving Loony Party has caused.

You've already had a letter saying 'don't be so silly, vote Labour' and no doubt the Tories and SDP are just finishing writing to you saying exactly the same.

I think anyone who has a real feeling for justice does come down on Labour's side, but the old Labour Party let us down badly (public spending cuts, £1,000 million on Nuclear arms) and why with all the new boys making up today's Labour Party do I feel I'm being patronised by a load of self-righteous bastards?

I think it would do the three political parties no end of good and teach them a lesson they'd never forget if Maggie Thatcher, Roy Jenkins, David Steel and

(much as I like him) Michael Foot all lost their seats to the loony party. It'd give our £15,000-a-year MPs a kick up the arse they badly need.

In the words of Dave Dorrell (in reply to Tim Culley's letter): Tim, you're right, you really are right, I'm going to vote Monster Raving Loony too.

Mick Davies, Guildford.

"Defeatism and dreams walk ever hand in hand." Who said that? It may well have been me. Pretty good, eh? — AG.

NAZI WHOREHOUSE? WASN'T THAT A VIDEO NASTY?

So Paul Du Noyer reckons that the sleeve of the New Order LP doesn't say what it is? Not true! Work out the code using the design on the back of the cover and there it is, clear as day. The LP is called 'SEIL DNA NOITPURROC REWOP'.

Tone.

Glad we've got that sorted out. By the way, you ever noticed how 'GOD' spelled backwards is 'DOG'? Makes you think, eh? — AG.

Contract, etc.) Even the unfairly acclaimed *Ghandi*, whatever its primary intentions, tends to linger lovingly on the lawns and in the drawing rooms of stately homes. Ah, the good old days! (And let's not forget *Heat And Dust*).

Simon Witter, London.

Nor Return Of The Soldier, for that matter. You're being a bit hard on *The Missionary* and *The Draughtsman's Contract*, though: the former takes the

Certainly there are good working class poets/playwrights/novelists: but Willy Russell's point is that their audience is not predominantly proletarian.

What does X Moore offer instead? Geordie poet Tom Pickard — yeah, he's all the rage round here; public libraries — your average dolite (unfortunately) won't have seen the inside of one for a long, long time, if ever; "back copies of the *NME*" — well I must say it's not the first thing I would have put at the top of a list of major

Liverpool or any other city outside of London, you will find there is more to life than the "Soho Poly Theatre", or "the lyrics of 'The Gift' LP" or, ha ha, "Tony Parsons on Blondie".

In Liverpool we'll give you more than a cultural cosh. Come and find out for yourself X. Moore. Or are you scaredy-kid? Rita, Working Class.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH 'SHOCK' AND 'HORROR'?

Is X. Moore never going to grow up? The manner of that Willy Russell diatribe last week just leaves me embarrassed and depressed, and I'm on his side, 'The Gift' indeed! If it's to be anything, socialism is love, not ill-informed posturing bile. You see the problem; X has got me at it now. Let's just mention the work put out by the members of the federation of worker writers and community publishers, and venture a bet that Willy Russell and his pals in Liverpool have not been unsupportive of local writers' groups there.

Kinks fan, Watford.

'Gobshite X', 'Dickhead Burchill'... that's what I love about placid liberals. They always talk so dirty come election time. Howsabout some of you scousers take a tip from the right side of the Pennines and direct a cultural cosh at Trevor Jones and pals. As Dennis Skinner so cutely put it: People who live in glass houses shouldn't come the hard case. — X 'Kick Out The Liberals' Moore. Girls! Girls! Put down those hockey sticks! — AG.

OKAY, HERE GOES: SHOCK!

When will the *Real* significance of African music be articulated within the realms of the popular media? Apart from the occasional — albeit excellent — reportage your journal has offered on this new (old!) wave, the energy, joy, and force of this music has been largely ignored by the press, TV and especially radio.

Come on *NME*, bang the table — other European rags have celebrated the new rhythms sweeping London and Paris (over a dozen clubs committed to music from the dark continent).

Marc Butler, Hartlepool.

Ah, the phrase "Come on *NME*! Haven't seen that since the mid-'70s. Fair warns the cocksies. — AG.

THAT WORKED QUITE WELL. LET'S TRY ANOTHER...

After reading the last edition of *Gasbag* can I be the first to remind John Connolly that eight-year-olds can't vote. Steve, Runcorn.

Oh, I suppose so. — AG.

HORROR!

Could Gasbagger William 'Benji' Falkner remind me which *novels* I wrote, because I honestly can't remember.

Friedrich Nietzsche, das *Irenhaus*, das *Vaterland*. Nietzsche? Didn't he do the screenplays for *Ubersensch I, II and III*? — AG.

That's quite enough of that, thank you. We've tried that technique, and it doesn't work half as well as 'Shock' or 'Horror!'. — The Crossheads. Now hang on just a goldarn minute! We think it's about time you Crossheads got your act together. After all, you get the chance to spout off in BIG BLOCK CAPITALS while we have to make do with miserable lower-case type, and all you can come up with is a series of crummy puns. Besides which, the space at the end of the letter is *ours*! One more word from you and we strike! — The Union of Ed's Comments and Associated Invective. THIGHS! — The Crossheads. Right! That's it. Everybody out! — UECAI.

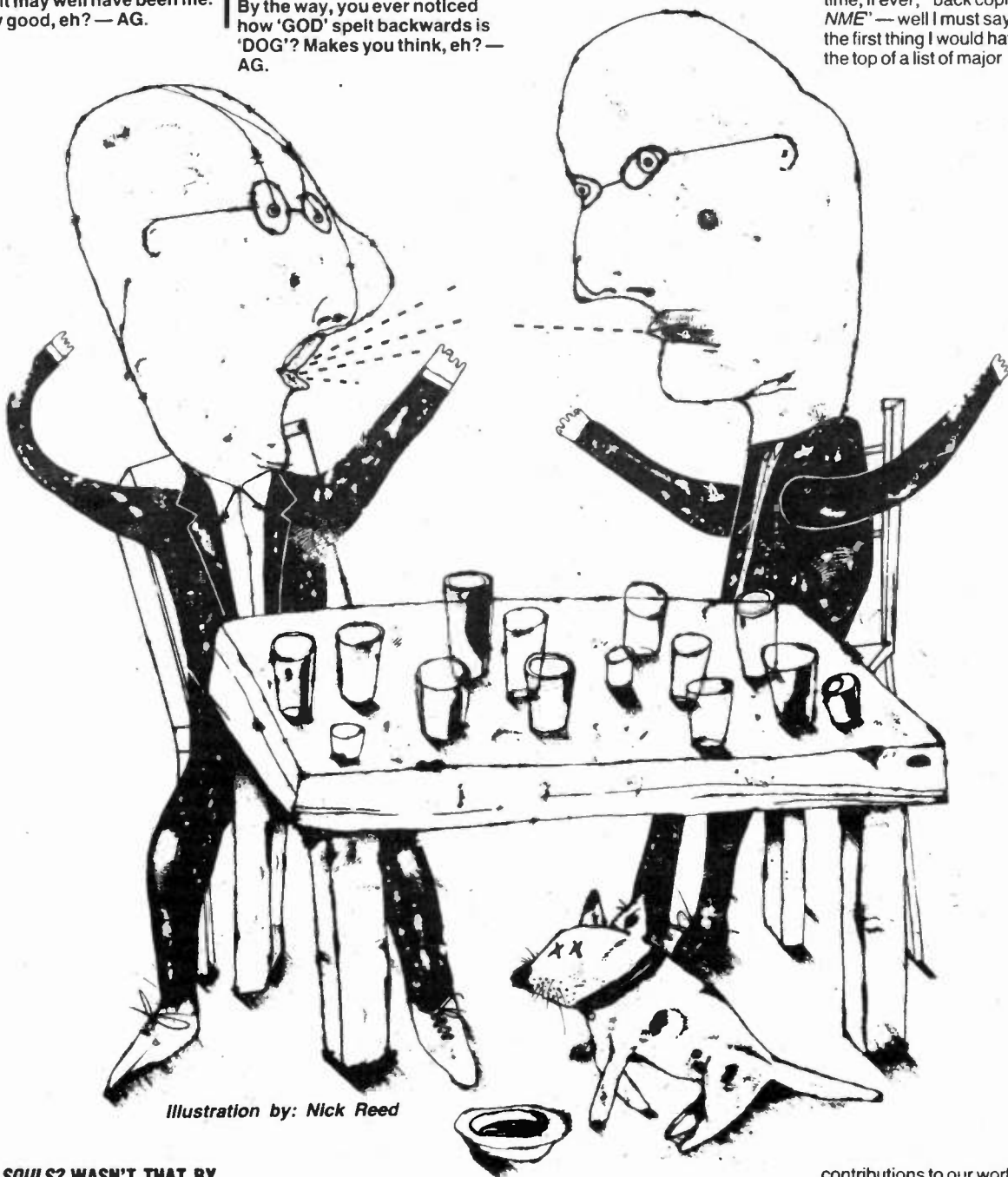


Illustration by: Nick Reed

DEAD SOULS? WASN'T THAT BY JOY DIVISION?

It seems really stupid starting a letter like that.

Well, I'm just a poor baffled reader who needs enlightening. Why can't I understand most of the letters that other *NME* readers send in? They all seem to use big words and talk about politics and how stupid the staff are.

Most of the things I read I have to believe 'cos I don't know any better. If so, is it true that you are all bastards as one reader said. This is very unfortunate and I sympathise deeply. Surely if you got some kind of elderly couple to adopt you all it would make you feel a lot better.

Shirley, Limawadn, Northern Ireland.

You are correct on one point: it does seem *really* stupid starting a letter like that. Almost as stupid as continuing like that. — AG.

JOY DIVISION? WASN'T THAT A NAZI WHOREHOUSE?

When I was a little boy I used to play an album called 'Mind Games' in the company of a pretty bourgeois girl called Lynne, who was undoubtedly vile. Does this mean I am a qualified vile Lynne player? I am desperate.

A Dodo.

No, it means you are suffering from Connolly's Syndrome. You have six weeks to live. Sorry. — AG.

As the Great Debate draws to a close, ANDY GILL finds himself trapped in the corner of the pub with a pile of readers' letters.

VIDEO NASTY? DOESN'T HE RUN THE CLUB DOWN THE ROAD?

The Man at the Manpower Office says that if I get my letters printed in newspapers and magazines, research the subject of Journalism and in general "show interest", he will "stick his neck out for me" and get me a job at our local newspaper.

So... Thomas O'Donnell, Fethard, Co. Tipperary. For Thomas O'Donnell of Tipperary, opportunity knocks! — AG.

CLUB DOWN THE ROAD? ISN'T THIS ALL GETTING A LITTLE SILLY?

AREN'T THE *NME* film critics taking their time about hip-hopping onto the "Britcrap" bandwagon? It's the latest thing, also known as "New Patriotism", a wave of films either openly celebrating (*Chariots Of Fire*), or passively revelling in the splendour of Olde Engleande (*The Missionary*, *The Draughtsman's*

piss out of the church and aristocracy, etc, while the latter weaves a web of intrigue around the patriarchal basis of real estate, thereby making an implicit criticism of the landed gentry and their pals. At least, that's what I think it does. — AG.

WELL, WE'VE GOT TO JOLLY UP THE CROSSHEADS SOMEHOW

What a gobshite X. Moore turns out to be! A frantic rant because Willy Russell said the written word didn't mean much in working class culture.

Because to be honest it doesn't — and nor for that matter does the spoken word in its dramatic form: check the audience of *Blood Brothers* or go to the Liverpool Everyman, where good working class sentiments/content are listened to and applauded by, for the most part, the cultivated bourgeoisie. This is why Bleasdale wouldn't let the BBC screen *Black Stuff* on a Friday night — because the people he wanted to watch it would be out on the ale.

contributions to our working class culture; some series of plays at Soho Poly — what? X Moore must have been a long time in the south and it's affected his brain because, although I've never been to Soho Polytechnic, I very much doubt whether it's the centre of proletarian culture and I don't see how it can be. It sounds like a bunch of students with good intentions, which is a very different thing altogether.

Which leaves us with the lyrics to a Jam album (written work? surely 'The Gift' is a collection of songs) — and we all know what Jam fans are like.

Working class culture is what? The match, brown mixed, Foster and Allen (or Chas and Dave down south most probably). I don't say it should be like that, but that's the way it is. X Moore and Willy Russell are both trying to change that, which is great, so am I. But there's a long way to go yet, and when we get there, we'll all be socialists. But I don't see how the cause is furthered by clagging off *Educating Rita* only to advocate Soho Polytechnic and a London pop music paper.

Michael, Liverpool.

PS: Julie Burchill is a dickhead too. Remember when she said that *What The Papers Say* — a Granada programme — had never been screened outside London. "The crass arrogance of the ignorant" indeed.

X. Moore: If you ever set foot in the real world, somewhere like

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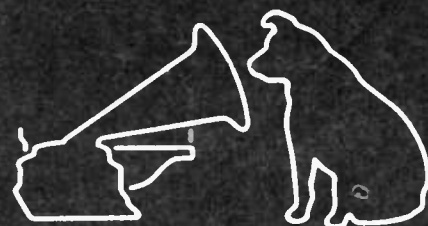


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