

**NEW
MUSICAL
EXPRESS
NME**

Remain in light

CABARET VOLTAIRE
CULTURE *VERSUS*
COMMERCE
THE CABS GO MAINSTREAM
BY ANDY GILL

**YELLOWMAN
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
GEORGE BENSON
BIG COUNTRY**

COSTELLO AND CULTURE CLUB TOURS ● TOWNSHEND'S FINGER IN ANOTHER PUBLISHING PIE ●

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions set out on a major UK tour in October, taking in 19 dates around the country, and with the exception of Ipswich, all the venues are standing only – and this includes three separate venues in London.

The four-piece line-up will be augmented on the road by The TKO Horns, who also guest on Costello's upcoming album 'Punch The Clock'; they comprise Paul Speare and Jeff Blythe (saxes), Jim Paterson (trombone) and Dave Plews (trumpet).

Tour dates are Newcastle Mayfair (October 5), Glasgow Tiffany's (6), Manchester Hacienda Club (7), Liverpool Royal Court (8), Ipswich Gaumont (10), London Hammersmith Palais (17), London Streatham Cat's Whiskers (18), London Tottenham Mayfair Ballroom (19), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (20), Oxford Polytechnic (22), Brighton Top Rank (23), Margate Winter Gardens (24), Bristol Studio (25), Poole Arts Centre (27), Cardiff

Top Rank (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31), Sheffield Polytechnic (November 1) and Bradford University (2).

This is the tour which was originally planned for last month, but it had to be called off because contractual problems delayed the new LP's release – at the time, F-Beat Records were in the process of switching their marketing and distribution deal from WEA to RCA, and this hiatus led to Costello's single 'Pills And Soap' being issued under the alias of The Imposter.

He and The Attractions, again with The TKO Horns, undertake an extensive Stateside tour during August and September – then launch into the UK outling immediately on their return.

Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, but they are generally available from box-offices and local agents. Tickets for the three London shows are also available from Hammersmith Odeon and the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road – or by post from Elvis Costello Concerts (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW, enclosing SAE and allowing up to six weeks for delivery.

I & I AM

Hotter than mustard, cooler than custard, it's Yellowman! The singing, talking reggae sensation. Hey! In this weather everybody's hot – even OBSERVER and photographer PETER ANDERSON.



Covent Garden. Capital Radio. Yellowman. How's that for tasteful?

In London for the first time for four sold out concerts at the equally tasty sports centre at Pickett's Lock in the Edmonton marsh as a highlight of the radio station's current music

festival, and with the sun searing well into the 80s, a piazza restaurant within Inigo Jones' imposing arches Yellowman holds court.

A posse of photographers, including the familiar black lensmen from the West Indian press, pace in restless anticipation of their prey. Something stirs.

THE WORLDS of literature and rock collided with a dull thud last Thursday when Who's Who gentleman rockstar Pete Townshend threw a press conference to announce his association with the noted publishers of the literary gentry, Faber and Faber.

Townshend, who recently wound up his own publishing company, Eel Pie Books, will have his own imprint (label) within Fabers and will effectively be an independent commissioning editor.

The conference, at Faber's penthouse suite in deepest Bloomsbury, saw Townshend (crop, DB suit, white T-shirt) announce his intention to commission a variety of work, concentrating on creative writing with music, film and video spin-off potential. Though the imprint will not deal solely with music, PT did promise "a guide to rock journalists – so's you can avoid them". Townshend deplored the current state of rock writing – which was "following the descent of the music", though NME did receive a

THE TIME U.K. is the name of the band launched by former Jam drummer Rick Buckler and ex-Tom Robinson Band guitarist Danny Kustow, and they're now busy gigging in the UK.

If that comes as a surprise to you, it's because their present policy to play only lowkey and unadvertised gigs, and they already have over a dozen to their credit around the country. They've set up their own company and are about to record their first single, for release in early August – and once it's been issued, we can expect them to emerge in the full glare of publicity.

The line-up comprises RAY SIMONE and DANNY KUSTOW (guitars), RICK BUCKLER (drums), NICK SOUTH (bass) and JIMMY EDWARDS (vocals).

● **BRUCE FOXTON**, Buckler's former Jam colleague who recently signed a major deal with Arista Records, releases his debut single for the label on July 22 in both 7" and 12" forms – it comprises two self-penned songs 'Freak' and 'Writing On The Wall', produced by Steve Lillywhite and has the personalised catalogue number of BFOX 1. He's currently preparing material for his album, due out in the autumn, and he's soon to be heard in an already recorded session for John Peel on Radio 1.



Photo: Anton Corbijn

HOWARD DEVOTO has cancelled his London concert at the Commonwealth Institute in Kensington on July 23, which was to have climaxed his current solo tour, and would have been his first major appearance in the capital since the demise of Magazine.

Virgin explain that the date was scheduled before cursory checks were made on the venue and, after these, it was considered unsuitable for Devoto and his new band.

So the London show has been postponed until a more fitting venue can be found, and details of the alternative date will be announced shortly.

Meanwhile, his long-awaited debut solo album 'Jerky Visions Of The Dream' is now set for July 25 release – it features all new material written by Devoto, and produced by him together with Greg Walsh. His single 'Rainy Season' is already out and, say Virgin, is being totally neglected by the BBC.

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ICK BUCKLER GETS TIME ● SHEFFIELD DINGWALLS CLOSES ● MELLOW YELLOWMAN ●

CURIOUS YELLOWMAN

When flanked by compatible Capital couple, impressive-in-pink promotions person Mike Addons and Reggae Rockers host David Ridden" Rodigan, and with bustling business agent Lee Eisenberg in busy tow, he arrives, smaller, frailer than the Jamal Pete cartoon character familiar from a number of album sleeves; an altogether more mellow Yellowman that his explicitly boastful records might lead to rather shadowy figure the casual observer to expect.

In the arena he is surrounded by cameramen and shutters click rantically. A bashful man who stands blinking in the blazing sunlight and affects an unconcerned air.

His hosts have hired one of London's few yellow cabs for the occasion, and we loop across to James Street for further languid pose for the posse, where a nighttime crowd flock also.

Who's that then? they ask. Winston Foster I say.

Back in the arena it is the turn of the reporters. A dozen pocket cassettes hang on to his every word. The black press want to know how much money he earns. *The Sunday Times* correspondent is closely buzzing his financial adviser. A bewilderment of enquiries ensue.

His eyes spin rapidly, but he answers each question he catches with a precise courtesy.

To the charge of bragging in his lyrics he says: "I don't boast about myself. I grow up rough, you know. When I was growing up in Kingston you had people used to jeer me, laugh at me. All those things. So I started a DJ, kind of giving them an insight to who I am. I am not different from them; I am just like them. The only difference is my colour."

This record 'King And Queen' with Sister Nancy. Are these your roles?

"Well, Sister Nancy's not really my queen you know. I don't go out with her. We just chat one and two tune together."

King and Queen of the DJs, perhaps?

"Yes."

What other DJs do you really rate out there?

"Well, Peter Metro at the moment, you have this next man Captain Sinbad, Briggie of course, U Roy and Big Youth from a bigger time. Whole lot of them."

Do you resent being called Yellowman?

"No man, me glad for it."

So who can make the dance ram? Who can make the dance ram? Who can make it cork? Who can make it cork?

"No other DJ in this island, ongul Yellowman can."

word of acknowledgment for its quality work.

More importantly, Townshend spoke of a book about heroin and its irrent despoilation of the nation's youth. He talked of the "Hong Kong method" whereby young people are introduced to the deadly powder early and provide a steady market thereafter until death. Townshend has personal experience of heroin, having been cured from his addiction by lectro-acupuncture.

Spokespersons from Faber's waxed lyrical about the collusion, seeing it perhaps as a chance to recover some of their former radical image, established when they first published the likes of Eliot and Auden.

Not everyone was so full of joy about the deal, notably employees and others suffering from his dissolution of Eel Pie Books. They point out that Townshend had even more independence as his own boss, and that the company was prospering, with several of its titles turning into best sellers, among them titles by NME writers.

As Paul Simon once noted, one man's ceiling is another man's floor.

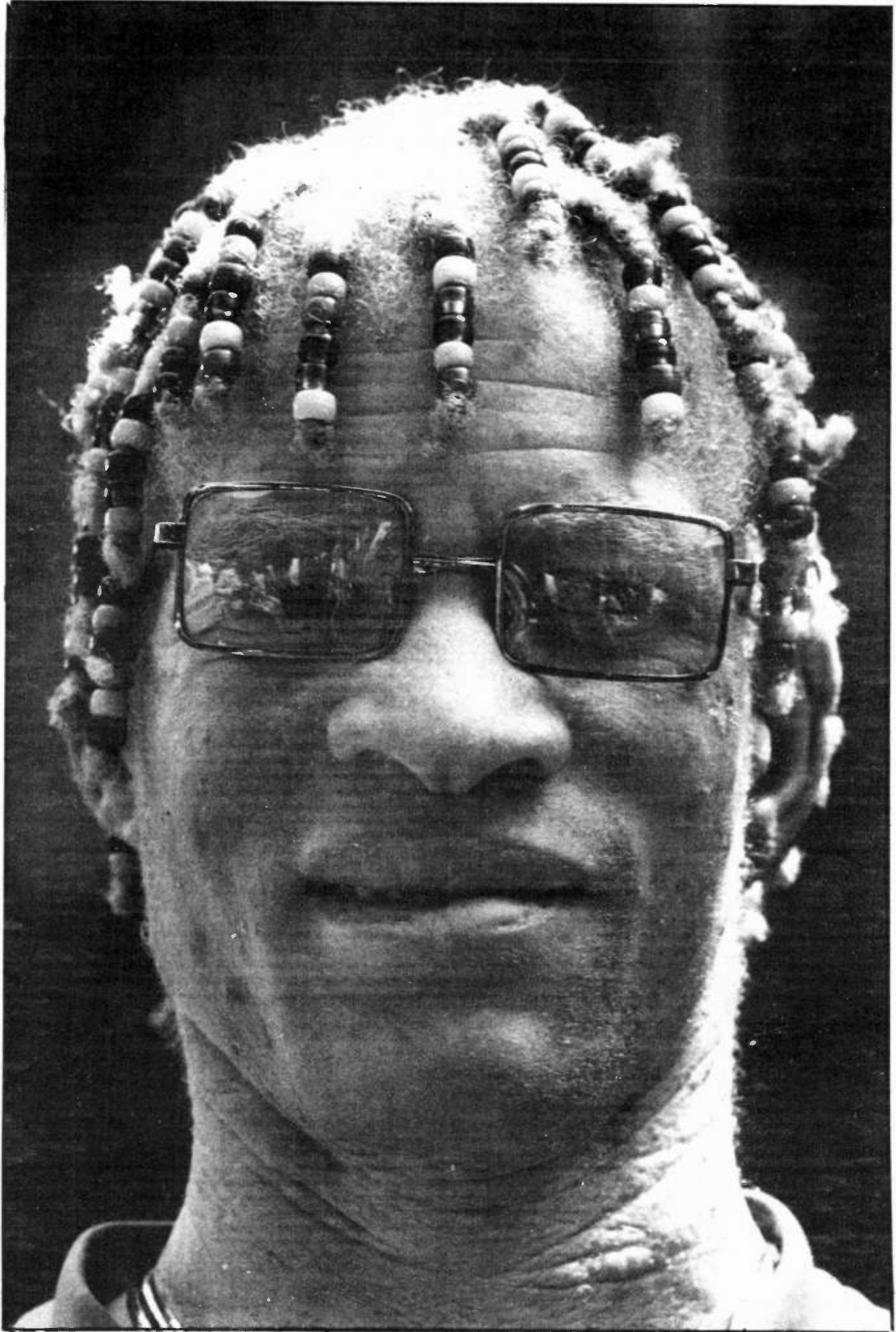
DINGWALLS provincial network suffered another blow last week, with the sudden closure of the Sheffield venue — the second shut-down in the chain.

The original London Dingwalls was taken over last year by Harvey Goldsmith and Peter Gross, who decided to launch a string of provincial venues under the same name — and Dingwalls in Sheffield, Liverpool, Newcastle, Hull and Bristol duly opened at the

beginning of this year, with the promise of a sixth in Blackpool to follow shortly.

Not only did Blackpool Dingwalls fail to materialise, but Liverpool closed in the spring, and now Sheffield has followed suit.

A spokesperson for the network said that Sheffield "wasn't doing too well", but added that the proprietors are now considering possible improvements to the venue, with a view to reopening in the autumn. And it's stressed that all the remaining Dingwalls are faring well and are in no danger of closure.



W i d e b i a s.

Put a cassette in a tape deck, and the deck automatically applies 'bias'—high frequency electric current—to the tape to prepare it for recording.

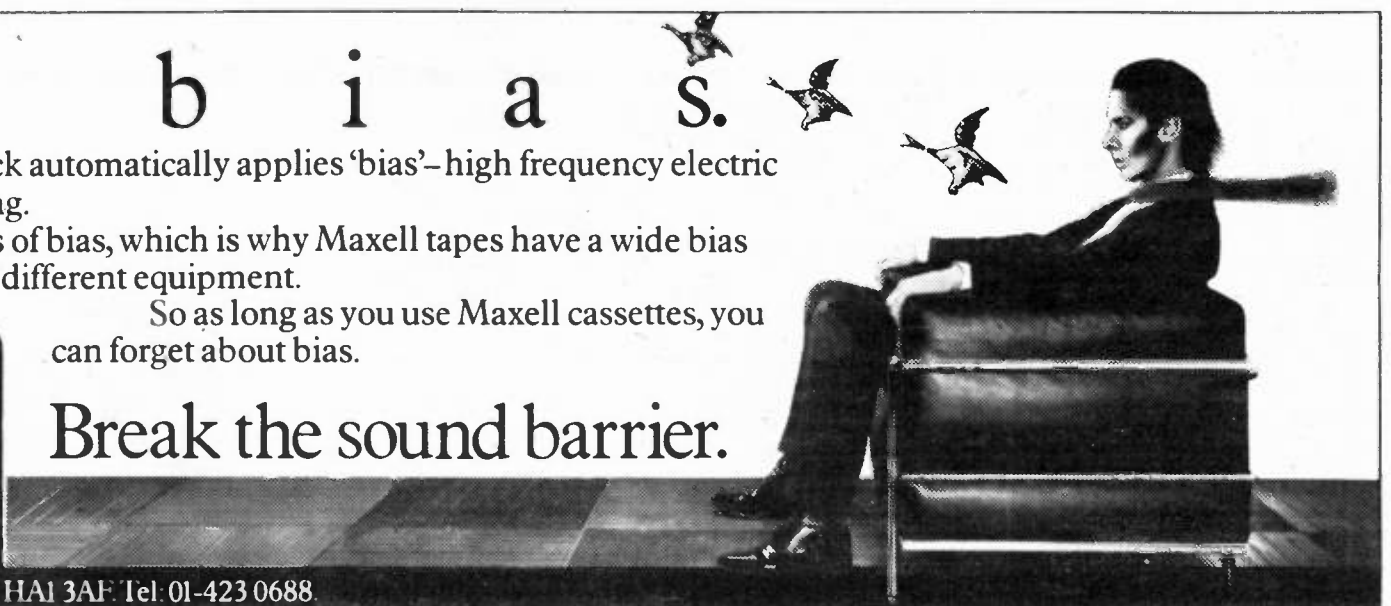
Different decks apply different amounts of bias, which is why Maxell tapes have a wide bias latitude, so they respond in the same way to different equipment.

So as long as you use Maxell cassettes, you can forget about bias.

Break the sound barrier.



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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	Last Week			Highest
1	7	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	4 1
2	1	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	7 1
3	4	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	6 3
4	2	FLASHDANCE... WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	6 2
5	6	I.O.U.	Freeze (Beggars Banquet)	4 5
6	8	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	3 6
7	12	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	4 7
8	10	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	5 8
9	5	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	9 5
10	19	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3 10
11	17	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	5 11
12	11	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELQ (Jet)	4 11
13	3	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A & M)	8 1
14	20	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	5 14
15	26	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	2 15
16	18	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvain & Sakamoto (Virgin)	3 16
17	47	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	2 17
18	8	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)	7 1
19	40	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	2 19
20	23	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	3 20
21	14	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4 9
22	15	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	8 6
23	33	TANTALISE	Jimmy The Hoover (Innervision)	3 23
24	13	BAD BOYS	Wham (Innervision)	9 3
25	46	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	2 25
26	25	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	5 23
27	16	I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)	6 7
28	21	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7 10
29	(—)	CRUEL SUMMER	Bananarama (London)	1 29
30	(—)	NEVER STOP	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1 30
31	24	DREAM TO SLEEP	H2O (RCA)	5 16
32	22	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	9 3
33	(—)	AFTER A FASHION	Ure & Karn (Chrysalis)	1 33
34	(—)	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	1 34
35	30	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	4 30
36	39	TELL ME WHY	Musical Youth (MCA)	2 36
37	36	GET DOWN SATURDAY NIGHT	Oliver Cheatham (MCA)	2 36
38	31	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holiday (Jive)	3 31
39	(—)	THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	1 39
40	28	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	Marillion (EMI)	5 17
41	29	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)	10 5
42	48	BRING IT ON - BRING IT ON	James Brown (Sonet)	3 42
43	(—)	PIECES OF ICE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	1 43
44	(—)	MESSAGES FROM THE STARS	Rah Band (TMT)	1 44
45	(—)	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	Isley Brothers (Epic)	1 45
46	38	LET'S ALL GO	Killing Joke (EG/Malicious Damage)	4 30
47	37	ACKEE 1-2-3	The Beat (Go-Feet)	2 37
48	32	TRANSFER AFFECTION	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	3 32
49	(—)	THE MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)	1 49
50	(—)	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Epic)	1 50

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)
2	2	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)
3	13	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)
4	6	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
5	5	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)
6	10	BIRDS FLY	Iceberg Works (Situation 2)
7	4	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)
8	3	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)
9	7	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)
10	(—)	WHO DONE IT	Crass (Crass)
11	12	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)
12	16	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)
13	9	EVOLUTION EP	Subhumans (Blurg)
14	23	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)
15	19	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)
16	8	WALK OUT TO WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
17	11	COLOURS	Brilliant (Risk)
18	18	LIONS IN MY OWN GARDEN	Prefab Sprout (Kitchen Ware)
19	14	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
20	(—)	THINK ZINC	Marc Bolan (Ram)
21	(—)	SEBASTIANE	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
22	27	NEW RISEN	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
23	(—)	GARY GILMOUR'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)
24	20	ALICE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
25	21	ARE YOU READY FOR THAT FEELING	Virgin Dance (Spartan)
26	15	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)
27	(—)	SUFFRAGETTE CITY	Rose Of Victory (No Future)
28	30	I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU	Durutti Column (VU)
29	(—)	WOMAN'S HOUR	Danse Society (Society)
30	17	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)

1	13	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	2 1
2	1	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	4 1
3	5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	13 1
4	2	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	5 2
5	6	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	7 5
6	4	SECRET MESSAGES	ELQ (Jet)	3 4
7	3	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	30 1
8	7	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	6 5
9	10	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	11 1
10	8	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	6 4
11	19	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	2 11
12	(—)	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	1 12
13	9	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	5 3
14	26	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2 14
15	20	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	7 11
16	12	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	11 7
17	18	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	5 12
18	21	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	3 18
19	22	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	8 3
20	32	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	8 5
21	16	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	3 16
22	23	GIRLS AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	3 22
23	11	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	18 1
24	14	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	4 10
25	30	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	3 25
26	15	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	5 8
27	38	LOVERS ONLY	Various (Ronco)	2 27
28	17	WHAT IS BEAT / BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	6 10
29	28	HIGH DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	5 12
30	25	STREETSONDS IV	Various (Streetsounds)	4 20
31	29	XL-1	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	3 29
32	34	WAR	U2 (Island)	2 32
33	24	CHARTSTARS	Various (K-Tel)	4 24
34	33	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	4 33
35	27	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	8 17
36	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson & The Jacksons (Star)	1 36
37	(—)	IN THE GROOVE	Various (Telstar)	1 37
38	43	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	2 38
39	35	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	18 2
40	31	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	4 23
41	(—)	ROSS	Diana Ross (Capitol)	1 41
42	(—)	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	1 42
43	RE	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	1 43
44	44	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	20 1
45	RE	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	Marillion (EMI)	1 45
46	RE	RE QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	1 46
47	(—)	I-LEVEL	I-Level (Virgin)	1 47
48	40	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	6 24
49	RE	MAGICAL RING	Clannad (RCA)	1 49
50	36	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	10 5

1	ROCKET	Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
2	BODY ROCK	Jazzy Verand (Jazz)
3	THE KEY	Wuf Ticket (Prelud)
4	COLD WIND MADNESS	Ice T (Satur)
5	BODY GROOVE	Omni (Fountai)
6	ROCK THE WORLD LP	Crown Heights Affair (Delir)
7	JUST BE GOOD TO ME	SOS Band (Tab)
8	ON THE GRID (remix) LP	Lime (Prisr)
9	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motow)
10	RAY-GUN-OMICS	Project Future (Capitr)
11	I WANTED TO TELL HER	Ministry (Arist)
12	TECHNOLOGY	The Group (Jiv)
13	REPTILES EP	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Releas)
14	AMOR	Gabi Delgado (Virgi)
15	DOMINATOR	Killing Joke (Ei)
16	NEW YORK NEW YORK LP	Pulse Of New York (Glas)
17	PREPARE TO ENERGIZE	Torch Songs (Promo Cassett)
18	SEX	Paul Young (CB)
19	JUST FASCINATION CRACKDOWN	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizar)
20	NEVER GIVE UP	Paul Haig (Les Disques du Crecuscul)

(All Records are 12")

Courtesy of Eddie Richards & Colin Faver,
DJs At Camden Palace, London NW1

Paul Young - hats off to the dancefloor. Pic Peter Anderson

AFRICA

LPs

1	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rhythms) ZAI
2	AUTHORITY STEALING	Fela Anikulapo Kuti (Kalakuta) NIGER
3	IJIMLE ODU	King Sunny Ade (S.A.L.) NIGER
4	NEW STYLE	Master Mwana Congo (Eddyson) CON
5	100-1	Joe Mpoyi & L. Diathio (Maikano) ZAIRE/IVORY COA
6	MAA JO	King Sunny Ade (S.A.L.) NIGER
7	MAKOROKOTO 7"	The Four Brothers (Earthworks) ZIMBAB
8	PEPE	Nyaboma (Maikano) ZAI
9	LE RETOUR	Pierre Moutouari (Eddyson) CON
10	KO SE MANI LOBIRIN	Dr. Orlando Owon (Shanu-Olu) NIGER
11	UNE FLECHE MALIENNE	Ama Maiga (Eddyson) MA
12	LE RETOUR DES EVADES	Lolo Lolitta & Tchico (Badmos) IVORY COA
13	IYOLE	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rhythms) ZAI
14	AMBITION	Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey (Obey Records) NIGER
15	DEDEPRISCILLA	Lea Lignanzi (Salsa Musique) C.A.
16	MA COCO	Pablo Porthos Lubadika (Salsa Musique) ZAI
17	NAKA	Naka (Safari Sound) GUIN
18	ISE LOGUN ISE	Barrister (Siky Oluyole) NIGER
19	NEEREM	Mabab (Mabab) CAMERO
20	AMI-DYOMIYO	Bebe Manga (SIIS) CAMERO
21	DIAKARLO 83	Etoile 2000/Youssou Ndour (M.C.A.) SENEG
22	MEDIM ME YOM	Tity Edima (Dragon Phoenix) CAMERO
23	RASCALITY	Barrister (Siky Oluyole) NIGER
24	BASONGUEUR	Mpongolo Love (Safari Sound) ZAI
25	PROPULSION	Pamelo Mounka (Eddyson) CON

Courtesy Earth Works

SKA

45s

1	YOU LEFT ME STANDING	Laurel Aitken (Ri)
2	SAVA MAMA	Royals (Bluebe)
3	A MAN WHO KNOWS	Maytals (R&B)
4	MISS LULU	Derrick Morgan (Bluebe)
5	WICKED PEOPLE	Sonny Burke (Black Swa)
6	TAKE IT EASY	Prince Buster (Bluebe)
7	IT'S YOU	Vikings (Islan)
8	FABERGE	Baba Brooks (Doctor Bir)
9	GYPSY WOMAN	Derrick & Patsy (Islan)
10	GYPSY WOMAN	Cosmo (Bluebe)

REGGAE

LPs

1	THE VERY BEST OF	Ruddy Thomas (Mobilis)
2	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley And The Wailers (Islan)
3	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Volcan)
4	COME ON OVER	Freddie McGregor (Ra)
5	WITH LOTS OF EXTRA	Sugar Minott (Hitboun)
6	SATISFACTION FEELING	Dennis Brown (Tad)
7	EARTH	Misty In Roots (People Unit)
8	OUTLAW	Josey Wales (Greensleeve)
9	FEELINGS	Jean Adebambo (Ade)
10	LOVE IS AN EARTHLY THING	Michael Prophet (CS)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

KINGSIZE

TESTAMENT

"I WOULD like to see jazz music enjoy more success because I think it's the greatest music in the world. We are allowed to express ourselves without limit.

"For that reason it's the greatest. You are allowed to go further than any other music. You can be a highly polished technician or have just enough to express your ideas — you still communicate."

How can we dismiss a man of such good judgment?

RHYTHM

Sylvia is a friend of mine. She's 22-years old, has a charming baby daughter and lives in a pleasant little flat in a North London suburb.

She enjoys holding a barbecue with some of her acquaintances. She goes shopping in a little car of her own. She likes the music of a few groups like Imagination and Earth Wind & Fire, and she has Lionel Ritchie's album. But her real favourite is George Benson.

Ask her why she likes him particularly and she'll smile and say she doesn't really know. She says she wouldn't buy a record *just because it was by him*, but she seems to like all the things that he's done which she's heard. She knows how the songs go — the tunes have a way of staying in her head, although she can't always recall all the words. Sometimes you might hear her humming one of them.

She would love to see him play because she doesn't go to many concerts.

Sylvia can probably remember dancing to 'Give Me The Night' and 'Never Give Up On A Good Thing'. Something's exciting about those . . . "So when there's music in the air and lots of lovin' everywhere just gimme the night" — Yes! I'll take it!

George Benson knows how popular he is with young people, not just those of Sylvia's age but the singles buyers of 14 and 15 who chart most of the hits on the radio.

"I know they like rhythm. They like to pop their fingers and get involved with the song. We try to do songs about things they know about but we don't get too *mature* on the danceable singles. Things that are nice and simple, that everybody can sing. Not everybody can sing 'On Broadway', but it had a great pulsating rhythm.

"And people always like to pop their fingers."



BUT HOW did he do it? How did a workaday jazz guitarist — a player of jazz on an instrument that had lost all its impetus in the maelstrom of post-Coltrane improvising — become one of the major pop figures of his time?

Is he a man deserving of this good fortune, if fortune it was?

"I really didn't know what to expect. When I was coming up people told me I was going to be very successful. Although they sounded very sure of what they were saying I found no real basis for it and I couldn't believe that. Hm! You're going to be a very rich man! And I would say — really? I spent years of being recognised by my peers as one of the top players and it still didn't materialise."

George Benson looks at me and smiles. The dark tenor voice of glittering dance cutlets like 'Turn Your Love Around' seems to sing in conversation too. It's a pleasant sound to converse with. While John McEnroe buries Ivan Lendl on a silent screen elsewhere in the room, Benson thinks back to the travail of his lean years.

Crossover musicians are the favourite patsies for critical vitriol. Benson has suffered more than most because he's apparently abused all quarters.

Jazz cognoscenti have little time for a man whose '60s records for Columbia showcased the man who was probably the last in a line of great post-bop guitarists — Wes Montgomery, Grant Green, Kenny Burrell — in his most challenging format, only to let 'pop' overrule his skills. Placing the hungry energy of a track like 'Benson's Rider' alongside the glib excerpts of guitar on his current records is enough to confiscate his jazz credentials — or so the story goes.

Soul followers hold a similar grudge. Benson is too blandly poppy, too old, too deficient in a soul man's passion. His new 'In Your Eyes' LP is a glistening mirror before a lifestyle measured in silk shirts and Cadillacs, sweetened by the widescreen velvet of Arif Mardin's production and dosed up with expurgated adult feelings — songs for swingin' divorcees, indeed. Benson can't be customised to 12-inch.

Instead, of course, Benson has caught the massive audience in between, the silent majority of record buyers who aren't bothered by jazz status, are oblivious to soul elitism and basically enjoy a good pop tune when they hear one. The Sylvias who only buy a few records and know a few names.

Benson has their number: he possesses a brilliant ear for pop melody (his 'Collection' double set drips good tunes), and he refuses to compromise on it.

What his detractors miss is that dedication to music. Benson is a far more complex character than the painless swing of his hits suggests. His contradiction elicits a contradictory tug between his head and his heart: he wants to please people, respects the sounding board of a popular audience, and — as a man from a poor working class background in Pittsburgh — grips his success with the tenacity of someone who can remember truly hard times.

But he knows the music he likes best, too, and he knows that music — jazz improvisation in a severe 4/4 mould — is a root strain that he can't afford to give up.

"I THINK my career stands on my experiences. There's a legitimacy about it because of the years I put in when I wasn't recognised. Records where I tried pop, R&B, blues . . . if anyone wants to question my legitimacy it's all there on record.

"I never gave up on being really successful. There are a lot of people who are legends and make a splash, but what I call real success is when the public lays those accolades on your household. That's what I call truly successful. It didn't happen to me until much later, when I was saying to myself it's time to get out of the music business — and as soon as I said that I had a commercially successful album."

'Breezin' was the record in question, Benson's seven-piece unit gliding through a lush bag of tunes with a Benson vocal on 'This Masquerade' that suddenly woke up a huge audience. To the guitarist it was just another record, another set of melodies to work out on, but it appeared at a particularly grey time (1975) and offered a discreet, sophisticated whisper of the good life.

Click. Benson was made.

"I don't like raggedy edges," he says, relaxing in a suit which has never heard of such a phenomenon. "To young people it's important to not know exactly what's going to happen — they're hungry, they want some edges! And I don't necessarily dwell there. I insist on a certain amount of perfection for an artist of my years. Everything I do should have a certain amount of class."

And there is the tension: between Benson's pop base and the search for a 'class' that most black popular music has hankered after for the last 20 years, the respectability Motown yearned for, the quality that affluence sees necessary.

"It's always creative. There's always room for improvisation. When I play for the public I'm there to fill a certain need in their lives. But I like to leave them with an impression of something memorable, and that's where improvisation comes in. Something they haven't heard before, something that only happens once and won't happen that way again.

"I play one of the most popular instruments in the world, so guitar players are always checkin' you out. If you do one thing they didn't hear before they all know

it. They go home wondering, what was that he did?"

Then how does he stay fresh as an improviser playing the same set?

"The room we leave for improvisation is still enough. The confinement as far as harmony and rhythm is concerned still leaves a lot of room to bounce off the chord changes and drum licks. I keep my tours short so I don't get bored hearing myself play and the band aren't sick of playing the set. *Routine is out.*"

Sentiments that seem at odds with Benson's slackest records — where his guitar gets lost in a soup of budget orchestrations, supine rhythm tracks and soft-focus production — until you listen properly, which admittedly is something the sound tends to discourage. The best moments of 'Weekend In LA', a club date by Benson's regular group, tell a harder story.

'On Broadway', the old Drifters song about a famished kid determined to hit the bigtime, might have been written for Benson: he lives it out. But the real sting is in his guitar parts. The improvisations here and in 'Windsong' and 'We All Remember Wes' are responsive and full-blooded flights of imagination to equal those of any guitarist since Wes Montgomery made his overwhelming live set 'Smokin' At The Half Note'. No matter that the accompaniment is competently pushy instead of ruthless, or that the material veers towards the sappy too often — Benson drives harder to keep himself interested. He is insatiable for challenge.

The final proof comes in 'Ode To Kudu', where the guitarist squeezes a ballad for every nuance and flourish he can extract. Amidst all the accusations of his being unfunky, comatose and saccharine — all undeniable to ears raised on James Brown, Maurice White and Johnnie Taylor — people have missed Benson's romanticism. His music is founded on the romantic intellect.

If his pop hits pay the rent, that intelligence is still in the backbone.

CREATIVITY

BENSON'S YEARS at the top have made him astute. He watched the jazz audience drift away in the '60s with a certain sympathy.

"I think the biggest enemy was the jam session with too many musicians, playing *one* song for *too long*. I don't care what it is, you can get tired of it. It's like eating cake all day. After an hour and a half of one song I'm tired. You can relate to beginnings and ends, but when it's open-ended you forget what it's all about."

And the players drifted away too.

"Players today don't have the advantage of the arena we had years ago. They could go and see Wes Montgomery or Django Reinhardt. We have a very vamp-orientated society from a musical point of view, one which is harmonically very limited. Vamps test your imagination, and from that point of view we have some great guitarists. It's very difficult to play against something with only one change in it, and it's interesting to hear what guys can do. But it also takes a lot of brains to play against a lot of changes which are constantly moving around and keep *that* interesting. I like harmony better."

But the guitar did lose out. While most jazz instruments kept up with Ornette Coleman's revolution, guitarists surrendered wholesale to rock 'n' roll. When Hendrix came along nobody wanted to hear about jazz guitar any more.

"I think they were fooled into believing that the only way to make a living was to play rock 'n' roll," reflects Benson. "I never fell into that trap. I'll never forget my manager at that time telling me — why don't you go back to rock 'n' roll and make some money? But I couldn't do it with my heart. When you heard Hendrix play you knew it was something he believed in — but I couldn't do that."

"So I said, well . . . if the other music comes back I'll be one of the few guys who can play. And you know, it almost turned out that way?"

George has amazement in his voice. As well versed as he is at the ways of the game, some things you can't get over.

WHEN HE says that his first aim is to make the songs "sound as if they're worth playing" another spectre rears its head. That job usually falls to a producer, and a talent like Benson's is at a producer's mercy.

His records for CTI immediately prior to 'Breezin' laid down all the faults Benson is prone to: they were simply too dull to listen to. How does he face up to the producer problem now?

"Well, a producer has a lot to do with the way something comes out. But what made 'Breezin' a hit —

and it could have been many other albums which didn't make it — was that I was allowed to contribute the mixing. I was *shocked* to find that some things weren't important to the producer.

"When I hear some of my old records I hear all the things that I hate sticking out, and I wonder what happened. The truth of it was, the producer never heard them."

"So when I went to the mixing and the engineer told me what I didn't want — that was the first time my opinion was accepted."

There must still be a problem when someone of the stature of Quincy Jones (who produced Benson's classic 'Give Me The Night') is involved — a danger of ending up with a Quincy record, not a Benson one.

"That's true, man. And you've got to make your mind first that you know the way it's gonna be. If that's important to you you make up your mind in advance and get yourself over. On that one he sent me the mixes after he'd done them so I could make comments — *up to a certain degree.*"

George laughs a little. Producers!

"Some people call it nitpicking, but *the slightest thing* . . . a touch too sweet, or not quite enough sugar . . . I lost 'Love Ballad' because of that. It's *just* too slow. We missed the temp by a half-metre. The wrong temp — and it could've been corrected like *that*. That always be in my mind. Melody, performance, won a grammy, the whole thing . . . but we lost it! You couldn't dance to it!"

Such minutiae grease the wheels of black music now. What of the loss of soul power — the spontaneous testifying of gospel, improvised wit of jazz, unfettered energy of R&B — which Benson's softer side exemplifies?

"Yeah, we have lost that," he smiles. "The first successful records I had were successful because they were cut live. It reminds me of Chuck Berry. The distorted sound we got was from overdriving a little amplifier — and then they had to invent a little box to the distortion in! We're going backwards. We're spending a quarter of a million dollars to get things that could've got on ordinary equipment in straight performance."

"The problem is you got producers who get grade on the quality of their work. They like a second character. They like what happened on take two on the front and take three on the back part. We got into the trap combining performances. I don't always know if a clean sound is helping me or not because the energy and ambience is missing."

The contradiction again: polish verses feel.

"My best things, even on 'In Your Eyes', are the ones where I play live with the band. The instrumentals we just put straight down, and to me they're the best things on record."

"All my best tracks were first-timers. 'This Masquerade' is one take. No second vocal. 'Breezin' is one full take. 'So This Is Love' — one time down. I was anxious just to *play*!"

Will he go on, just playing indefinitely?

"I think music will change to the point where I'm no longer compatible with it. A lot of the electronic thing, don't like, you know — WHEEEEE! I don't think that's important at all. Things like that let me know that maybe I'm getting a little senile or something!"

"I look forward to having a nice rest when it's over. He wipes his brow. "Whew! What a turn I had!"

MUSIC

EVERY HERO has an idol of his own. In Benson's case it was Wes Montgomery — a gentle man, dead at 43. A guitar hero to destroy all comers.

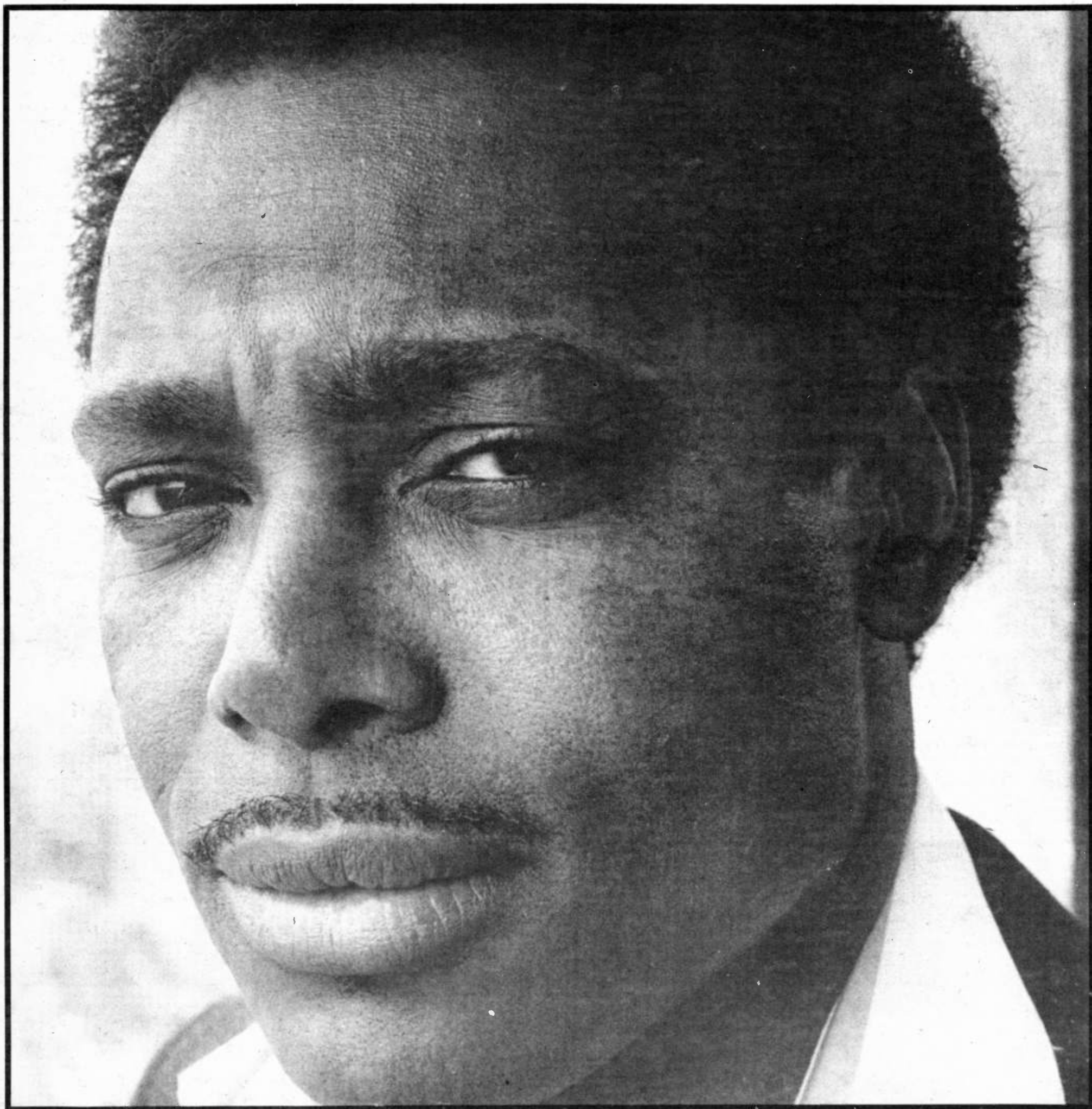
"When I was a kid I heard about him. People'd talk about this guy in Indianapolis. When he came to my town I was playing R&B and his brothers came over to listen. They said to me, man, you should be playing jazz! I said, oh, I can't do that, I'm into R&B."

"Then I went across the street and heard something that was truly different — everything that a musician wants to accomplish in his life! He had a great reputation for blowing people away. People'd come out babbling, I heard him, I heard him! A great legend. George smiles at the memory."

I can't pretend that Benson's records take up much of my time, but his particular art is one I would miss. It is the last of the great black guitarists in the tradition Charlie Christian, who first made the amplified guitar swing: and he is *still* great. If that art takes second place to pop considerations, it's still there. Pop is about great *moments* too, and every time 'Lady Love Me' comes on the radio I hear that unique tone bite through the intro. When a Benson LP smooches off the stereo a single phrase can still stick.

That music is still going to be made and gentle people like Sylvia are still going to buy it. I think it's rather fine that beside all those copies of 'Thriller', 'Body Wishes', 'True' and 'In The Heat Of The Night' there'll be a record or two by a tough, brilliant jazz guitarist. Never give up!

BENSON



So just how did this workaday guitarist called GEORGE BENSON sidestep the critical vitriol of the jazz and soul purists to become one of the major pop figures of today? RICHARD COOK provides the answer. BLEDDYN BUTCHER takes the pictures.

S. A. MUSICIANS JAILED • NELSON MANDELA

JAILED FOR A FREEDOM SONG

TWO South African musicians have been imprisoned under that country's Internal Security Act for singing a "Free Mandela" song at a Johannesburg concert earlier this year.

Joseph Charles and Rufus Radebe, guitarist and drummer for reggae band Splash were each sentenced to four year jail terms when a magistrate found that they "indirectly furthered the aims of the African National Congress (ANC) whilst performing at the open air Free Peoples Concert". According to the judgement, it is illegal to call for the release of imprisoned ANC leaders such as Nelson Mandela.

Although the Internal Security Act has extensive powers (it was whilst detained under this act, for example, that trade unionist Neil Aggett died) this is the first time the intricate web of legislation has ensnared musicians. The high profile 'Release Mandela' campaign, initiated by a Soweto newspaper in 1980, enjoyed vociferous and overt support from liberal parliamentarians and academics, as well as trade unions, student, church and community groups. Aside from inevitable detentions and harassment, no court appearance previously resulted from the campaign.

While the banning of movies, albums and



SPLASH: Joseph Charles (at rear) and Rufus Radebe (at front) both received four years gaol for singing 'Free Mandela'.

literature occurs almost daily in South Africa, this is the first time that musicians have been imprisoned. The sentence seems to reflect an intensified clampdown on those aligning themselves with the struggle for a democratic and non-racial South Africa.

An ironic feature of the conviction is that the offending song was not the band's own, and was a cover version of a popular number by a Zimbabwean artist.

Nevertheless, it is frightening to know that security policemen monitored the concert, and musicians were detained, interrogated, and convicted. As a close associate of the band points out: "in a country where Black Uhuru badges and Marley's 'Survival' album are banned, you can never be surprised at who they'll bust next."

Indeed, only a week before the Splash conviction at the end of May 1, police shut down a non-racial concert organised by students at Durban's University of Natal. Having declared the concert an "illegal gathering", riot police armed with rifles, dogs, teargas and whips moved in and ordered concert-goers to disperse. This action, too, was taken in terms of the Internal Security Act.

LEN DER HAAN

MANDELA 21 YEARS OF FORCED SILENCE



Nelson Mandela, Westminster, 1962

Pic: Mary Benson

THE MAN who would be Prime Minister of South Africa, given fair elections, has instead spent the last 21 years in jail, and since last April entombed in a cell 24 hours a day with five of his countrymen.

Nelson Mandela is the undowned spirit of resistance of Afrikaaner serfdom and no matter what ingenious methods of hardship are devised for him he continues to hold out. His 65th birthday will be marked in London July 17 with a concert at Alexandra Palace organised by the exiled

African musician Julian Bahula. On hand will be his own Jazz Africa, plus Gonzale, Hllife International, Orchestre Jazira, Cabbala, Spartacus, Hugh Masekela (his first British visit), Osibisa, and Dudu Pukwana's Zila.

Bahula intends the atmosphere to be celebratory rather than mournful but he must know that the news seeping from Pollsmoor Prison near Cape Town is not good. Mandela was switched there 14 months ago after 20 years on the notorious Robben Island.

Despite heavily censored letters and vetted conversations with his wife Winnie (she must talk only about the family; he must not mention prison life) it is now learnt "conditions are deteriorating terribly".

When it rains the cell is flooded with water. More subtly, the shoes he is forced to wear are so small they have led to him having a toe operation. On Robben Island he and his comrades were allowed outside exercise, study and twice weekly films. At Pollsmoor these activities take place in confinement and the two films that have been offered up in eight months have been stills made for children in the '30s.

The most savage deprivation has been the separation from his old Robben Island friends. "For men serving life sentences together," notes the exiled South African writer Mary Benson, "the comradeship is crucially important. Mandela, Walter Sisulu and Ahmed Kathrada, for instance, had worked together for liberation since the 1940s."

They continued struggling together on the Island where for years they laboured in the lime quarry, crushed stones, repaired roads and collected

seaweed from the sea and beaches. Through in-prison and international protest reforms were gradually achieved. Then came the wrench in April last year — for reasons not specified, but quite probably to prevent Mandela and co. continuing to excite the spirits of a new militant generation.

Pretoria assures the world that the extreme cruelties of apartheid are being eliminated. But despite a modernisation, the roots remain undisturbed.

Africans still cannot vote or move freely about the country. They are more widely taxed than whites and their educational facilities impoverished. More than 200,000 were arrested in 1982 for passbook offences and each year hundreds of thousands are forced onto desolate, barren 'homelands' where malnutrition and disease are rampant. The homelands are basically dumping grounds for women, children and old people while the men (who can get it) work for cheap wages in white areas. It is a system that breaks up thousands of families.

The list of apartheid's cruelties would fill NME. Julian Bahula hopes he can fill Alexandra Palace July 17, 11am to 11pm and thus fittingly mark

the birth day of the Old Black Pimpernell.

The nature of the man was summed up in his 1962 dock speech when he declared: "During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in

which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die." For ticket information write: Anti Apartheid Movement, 13 Selous Street, London, NW1 0DW. Prices: £5, £3 unwaged, £1 children.

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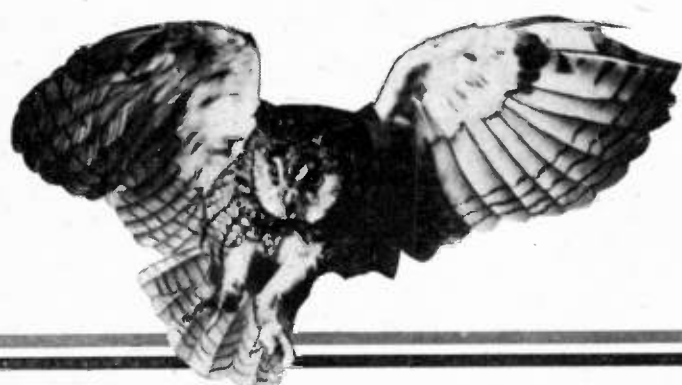
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YOUTH TV'S TALKING HEADS●

TV CLASS OF '83

THE NME END OF TERM REPORT

BY CATH ODIOS



KEITH ALLEN
Whatever You Want (C4)
One of the *Comic Strip* team of alternative comics, an obvious choice for the first 'alternative' youth TV programme. After a few provocative interviews and reports Allen turned tiring and bratish, and running scared of the inanity of so much youth TV he soon became a self-conscious rebel. The programme itself didn't help with its bellyful of bleak noisy live groups and scrappy presentation. The show's Christmas Party with Keith playing silly buggers round the Christmas tree with Shirley Williams was the death knell. If Allen wants to be anything more than a good argument against anarchic television presenters he'll have to stop head banging against the wall and get down to business. He may still have a lot to offer.

Sincerity Count: 7 Fun Factor: 6

DAVE LEE TRAVIS
Top Of The Pops (BBC1)
The so called 'hairy monster' he is indicative of how old and how cliched so called youth television presenters are allowed to become. DLT is just the sort of jolly, reliable rumpious old windbag the Beeb love. Like many of his colleagues he's had a stab at getting in on the act by releasing a single which was actually a minor success. But as a presenter, with any semblance of life or animation he's well past it, living on a tired string of stock routines. About time he was put out to grass.

Sincerity Count: 3 Fun Factor: 3

MARK MIWURDZ
The Tube (C4)
A quicksilver pleb with a fascination for day to day trivia and door to door politics. Relying on the spontaneity value of a very ordinary joke told at breakneck speed, his performances on *The Tube* are more often than not

stilted and forced, but give him a stage and he has the hallmark of a great cut-throat comic. An irreverent Yorkshire lad, who still lives with his mother in Sheffield, he spent years spitting out his lunatic diatribes in every available pub and toilet until Tyne Tees recruited his services as a voice-over on a programme called *Check It Out*, featuring Heaven 17, The Human League and a host of other local faves.

Sincerity Count: 6 Fun Factor: 6

MARC ISSUE
The Switch (C4)

Dour, pedantic, self important and self obsessed, he manages to make his weekly five minute spot the most embarrassing on screen. His brain cell count seems to be considerably lower than the buttons on the flies of his Johnsons trousers. Nothing to say, nothing to say it with; if this is the 'voice of a generation', God save it.

Sincerity Count: 2 Fun Factor: 1



KID JENSEN & JOHN PEEL
(The Rhythm Pals)

Top Of The Pops (BBC1)
The odd couple—bright, blonde, earnest Jensen and bumbling laconic Peel. The latter is a welcome relief from the usual squeaky clean *TOTP* presenter and has a wit dry enough to deflate the show's self congratulatory atmosphere. Jensen has had years of experience as the oldest teenager on radio and is now starting to grow up (though as Willy Rushton said of Cliff Richard we'd hate to see the picture in his attic). The pair work well as a foil to each other and do their best within the *TOTP* framework.

Sincerity Count: 7 Fun Factor: 7

PAULA YATES
The Tube (C4)

Had a career handed down to her on a media platter when daddy Jess 'The Bishop' Yates left *Stars On Sunday* in circumstances that



were considered 'scandalous' by the popular press. As the celeb deb about town and spouse of King Rat Bob Geldof, Yates became perfect gutter press gossip column fodder following her appearance in a soft porn mag. She suddenly became a model! a TV presenter! A photographer! A writer! Her style of presentation on *The Tube*—coy passes for male interviewees, jolly hockey sticks commentaries for all—was the most sickly of this entire bunch. Viewers outside London can breathe easy as she's now left *The Tube*—where, it must be granted, she carried off her pregnancy with aplomb—and signed with LWT where her salary is reputedly in excess of £40,000 a year. Yippee.

Sincerity Count: 4 Fun Factor: 7

JOOLS HOLLAND
The Tube (C4)

Burdened with an unfortunate resemblance to a younger Francis Pym there is undoubtedly a hint of wetness in his brand of The Danny Baker School Of South London Jack The Lad presentation. However he has a good deal more life and spark than most and his previous experience as a performer serves him well on live television. Has gradually improved throughout the series, becoming less tolerant and more forthright in his approach to shallow guests and

sharpening up his wit. Should be even more effective in the new series now that he's supremo and no longer encumbered by that terrible Yates girl.

Sincerity Count: 6 Fun Factor: 7

DAVID HEPWORTH & MARK ELLEN
Old Grey Whistle Test (BBC2)

Music programmes may come and music programmes may go, entire youth cults blossom and perish, empires tumble and armed insurrection rise in the streets, but the *Old Grey Woolly Vest* remains untouched and unchanging, still committed to a view of popular music and a style of presentation that was old fashioned when the programme started in the early '70s. Very much the undertaker's slot, both in terms of artists featured and presenters fronting them, the doomy duo of Hepworth and Ellen have raised the programme's energy count marginally higher than the less than zero achieved by the forlorn and unlamented 'Whispering' Bob Harris. Annie Nightingale at least was lively. Managing Editor and plain ol' Editor on supergloss teensheet *Smash Hits*, the tiresome twosome can find no place for the racy colourful style of their publication and instead give us the televisual equivalent of the

live reviews page of a 12 year old copy of *Sounds*. Bor-ring.

Sincerity Count: 5 Fun Factor: 1

STEVE TAYLOR
Loose Talk (C4)

The man! The show! The shambles! One of the most banal rock critics of all time, Taylor continued the facile nature of his commentaries for *The Face* with this disastrous display of inept amateurism. When interviewees managed to break away from the boring lines of questioning he insisted on following, he'd soon return with a totally irrelevant comment. Perhaps too anonymous and mild mannered for this sort of job, he seemed unable to tell when guests were being openly contemptuous (cf Coati Mundi), though the latter meeting and Steve's befuddled expression while being torn apart by Danny Baker were the funniest things in the whole series. Some dullard up there in the Channel 4 echelons liked it however, and the programme is soon to be repeated in the late night slot. Definitely something to stay out for on its present showing.

Sincerity Count: 5 Fun Factor: 2



DAVID BARRIE & JULIE HALL
Ear To The Ground (C4)

Hapless victims of Channel 4's apparent urge to stifle youth with boredom, David and Julie contrive to make even the Decline Of The West about as interesting as a Labour Party Political Broadcast. The ratings figures for *Ear To The Ground*, a sort of kiddies' *World In Action* (more like *World Inaction*, actually) will presumably reflect this. Bonny Julie and epicene David, twin founts of fake bonhomie tempered with Deep Concern, take turns to interview The Unemployed, YOP victims and minor establishment figures—the latter surely quaking in their Oxfords at the prospect of facing two such hard-nosed

interrogators—before reaching firm inconclusions.

Sincerity Count: 9 Fun Factor: a big fat zero.



GRAHAM FLETCHER-COOK
The Switch (C4)

Yer token street kid, acne and all. Mumbles lines, forgets intros and acts like he's been on a comedown for most of his life. Very authentic. Has featured in such classic films as *Bugsy Malone* and *The Small Bunch* whilst his TV credits include *Steptoe And Son* and *General Hospital*, playing the same part and quoting the same lines in every production. More metaphysical than Method, we wish him a speedy recovery.

Sincerity Count: 3 Fun Factor: 3



YVONNE FRENCH
The Switch (C4)

Bright, bouncy and vivacious, Yvonne manages to cram more words per minute into her intros than most of us manage in a day. That she often forgets who or what she's introducing or that her spiel bears no relation whatsoever to the show, doesn't seem to bother her too much. Or her employers. Dresses colourfully, always smiling and haphazard enough to keep the switch on.

Sincerity Count: 5 Fun Factor: 6



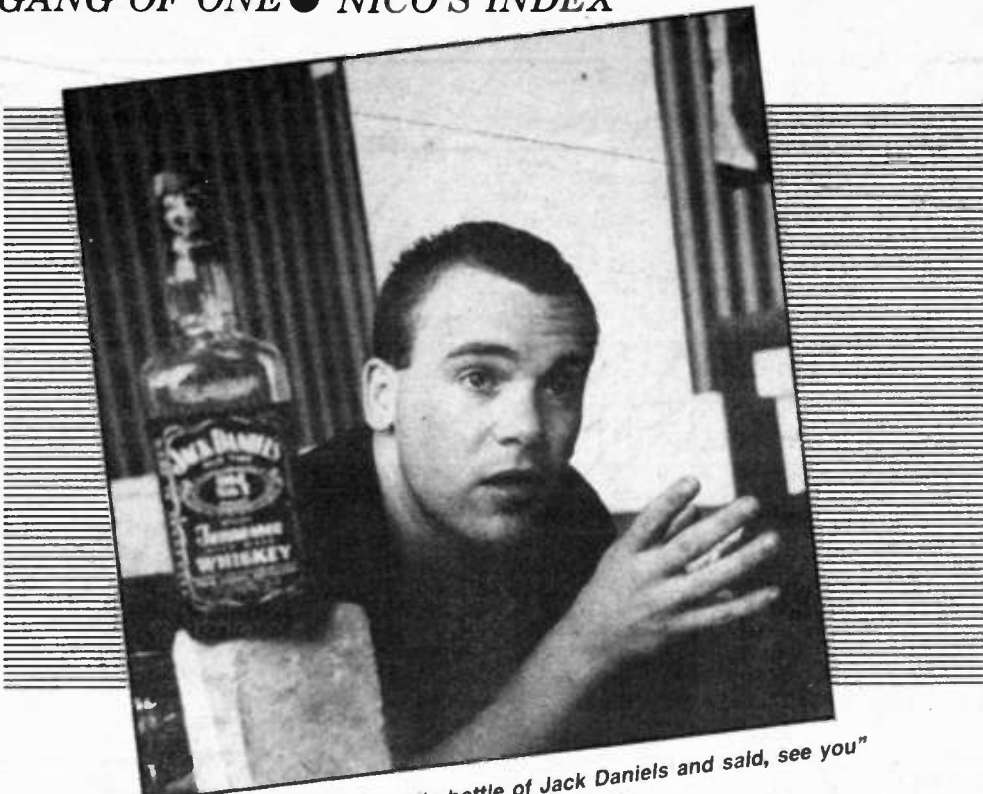
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NEW SINGLE "DAD SINGS THE BLUES"

GANG OF ONE ● NICO'S INDEX



Burnham:
"And then they gave me this bottle of Jack Daniels and said, see you"

Plc Chris Horler

HEGEMONY FOR HUGO

BYE BYE GANG OF 4—HELLO JOB CENTRE

"Basically, it was six years of great times. Going from supporting the DPs in Leeds to 45 people to playing the US Festival in 110° heat in front of 73,000 people was quite something." So sayeth Hugo Burnham, lately departed from the drum seat of Marxist dance-chart firm Gang Of Four, over an exemplary pint of lunchtime Guinness in Brixton's Railway Tavern. The cracks which appeared in the Gang's monolithic facade when their original bassist Dave Allen left to form Shriekback—taking with him their then manager Linda Neville have finally widened to chasm proportions, which is why founder members Jon King and Andrew Gill (no relation) were off making the Four's fourth with their mate and collaborator Jon Astrop telling the Linn what to do. The breach was probably inevitable: since the departure of

Allen and Neville, Burnham had the dual responsibility of recreating the Gang's groove with new bassie Sara Lee and also of handling the band's management. He would frequently find himself in the position of having to hardtalk some US promoter minutes after (or before) performing. The result was that the band split—quite classically, in Marxist terms—into those responsible for theory (songwriting, musical direction) and practice (management functions, book-keeping, administration). "There was," remarks Burnham dryly, "a natural friction." "I learned a lot from doing that, and learned to appreciate the problems that other people who we dealt with might be having, but the others didn't." Matters finally came to a head when Gill and King came down to Burnham's place in Brixton (instead of the usual, which was him going to see them) and told him that things had got rather distressing and that it would be better if he left. "Then I got a six-year catalogue of old grievances, so I asked if I could have an option to remain on a strictly session basis like Sara and that was denied. Jon said, 'I want everything to go my way'." "Finally, they took the band's chequebook off me in case I did anything naughty like writing myself a golden handshake. I thought that was a fucking insult. Then they said, 'Things will be cool, won't they?' It was all very gentlemanly and nobody got too emotional about it."

The Gang Of Four—if the name still means anything more than a handy designation for a specific noise—now have Heavy Management in the States, courtesy of one Bennett Glotzer, who does the honours for Frank Zappa. According to Burnham, Jerry Weintraub's Management III (purveyors of fine contemporary products such as John Denver, Frank Sinatra, Neil Diamond and Bob Dylan) and Cavallo-Ruffalo (the Prince mob) also bid for the honour of breaking the Gang rilly big. Burnham, in the meantime, is represented by Vicki Wickham, who manages Nona Hendryx, with whom Burnham did a session spot on Channel 4's *Switch* a couple of weeks back. So where does that leave our hero now? "I'm up for grabs and frightened as it happens. At the moment I'm trying to set up some drum lessons with Bill Bruford. I want to learn to read; be a pro drummer and not a slob. I was quite touched that Premier Drums—who I had a deal with when I was in the band—still believe in me enough to want to keep the deal going." "It's funny: I never saw the end of Gang Of Four like this. I always thought that it would end with us all saying, 'Okay chaps—let's split the money and run'. I don't think it was ever the same after Dave left. What the others need now is strong management, which is what they've got. They need order, and a very practical approach."

Two cheers for democracy?

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SKIPPING ● GAY RASTA

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPES

Promotional events are odd things. Mr. Malcolm 'Talcu Maicy' McLaren knows this well; in his time he has organised a trip down the river with The Sex Pistols, a hoedown for the 'Buffalo Girls' single — and now he invites us to watch The Ebonettes skip at the Camden Palace, so that he might all the more easily flog 'Double Dutch' to people.

Well, I like 'Double Dutch', and I like The Ebonettes — Renee, Monica, Tina and someone whose name I didn't get. Four young girls from New York, they performed wonderfully, skipping like whirlwinds. Actually, they get it wrong quite a lot, but when they get it right, The Ebonettes are Really Skipping.

And we older folks were invited to have a go. Your skipping scribe joined the

cool-free punters in making a lead-footed fool of himself, and most of us got as far as two skips. The Ebonettes showed remarkable tolerance, even though they occasionally looked a trifle, shall we say, over-familiar with it all. Not surprising, really; they were on for the whole eight minutes of the single, and, without a break, went on for a further eight. All this, incidentally, with no sign of McLaren, whose voice could be heard on the record, oozing the rapping charm of a British Rail station announcer.

Will it sell the single? I expect so. That's all there is, except I'd like to thank Mr. Malcolm McLaren and The Ebonettes for a far from ropy evening. As it were. . .

DAVID QUANTICK



Plc: Chris Clunn



DREAD BATTY DREAD

BOOTS SEX DREAD. Name ring any bells? Well, his new 12" single 'Tickle Tune' b/w 'Pentel' is the most played record on Breakfast Pirate Radio right now.

It's the first gay Rasta record, with Boots chanting obscene suggestions and declarations of his sexual preferences over an old Channel One rockers rhythm.

Having heard it, I knew I had to track down the man who called himself Boots Sex Dread.

I called BPR. The most they would divulge was the record company — Rinka Records. I looked 'em up in the book — not listed. Eventually, after much hassling, Rough Trade gave me their address.

The Rinka HQ was situated in the 'front line' of London's Notting Hill. Taking my life (and .38 special) in my hands I caught a cab to the wrong side of town. I made my way past the smell of greasy Jamaica patties and stale Red Stripe into Rinka's office.

There was only one man in there, a middle-aged, slightly receding man. He could have been an ex-boxer. He was on the 'phone so I waited by the door. He spotted me.

"Yeah, whadda ya want" he shouted.

"I'm from NME and I want to speak to Boots Sex Dread."

"Well you're in luck, he's on the line right now."

Through the crackling of the long-distance line from Kingston Jamaica, I asked, "Tell me about the record, Boots?"

"I wrote dat liddle tune about two an' a half year ago. Me 'ad jus' discover meself, an' feel me 'ave to write about me sexuality." It must be difficult being gay and being Rasta; surely the two don't mix?

"Gay? Dem your words sister, not mine. Dere's a lot more of it goes on in Jamaica dan you could imagine. Me do have problem bein' a chock-ice boy in Trenchtown, it's basically a melt-down situation. Dat why me 'ave to make dis record under another name. Me very well known in reggae circles, an' me can't use me true name."

"Me used to play with Prince Buster, an' ting, but de time 'as come to leave Jamaica. Perhaps me come to Inglestun."

"Have you been here before?"

"Nah, but me come in maybe two or tree weeks' time to promote de record. Ya see, me nah wan' to come over like me brethren did, an' be repressed. Me nah wan' to work on the buses, me wan' to busk on de workers. Me hear how your country is so liberated, dat's why me chose it to release de record. Me love your English sense a' humour."

Where do you see yourself fitting with Rasta culture?

"Well, since Bob (Marley) left us, there's bin a vacuum in popular reggae, an' me wan' to fill it. Cos like, me an' Bob . . ."

click brrrr . . .

The line went dead. Before I left, I managed to ask Mr Rinka a few questions. Like is Boots 100% serious?

"Of course he is, darlin'. We never joke where big money's concerned. It's been a hard slog, getting it put out. None of the record companies would touch it. So we've pressed it and distributed it ourselves. It's worth it though, we'll give this 'Yellowman geezer a run for his money — either that or we'll get lynched!"

Indeed. 'Tickle Tune' is available from Rough Trade Mail Order, 202 Kensington Park Rd, London W11.

JO COOL

"You need protection from the physical art of conversation. Though the fist is mightier than the lip, it adds the aberration." (Eliot Castello)

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(35)

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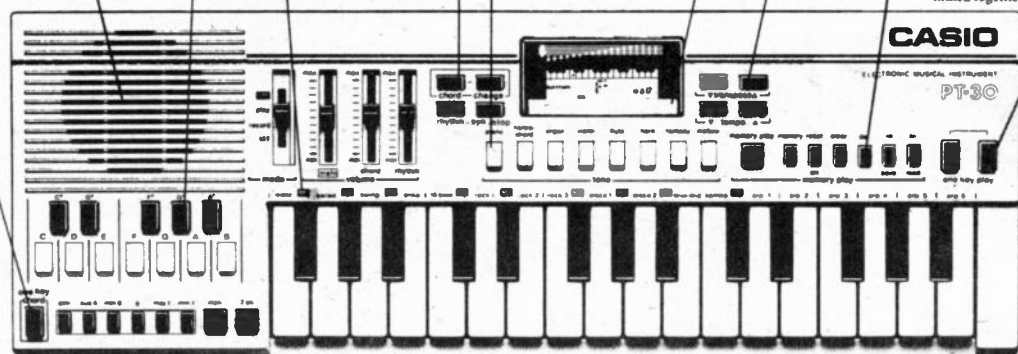
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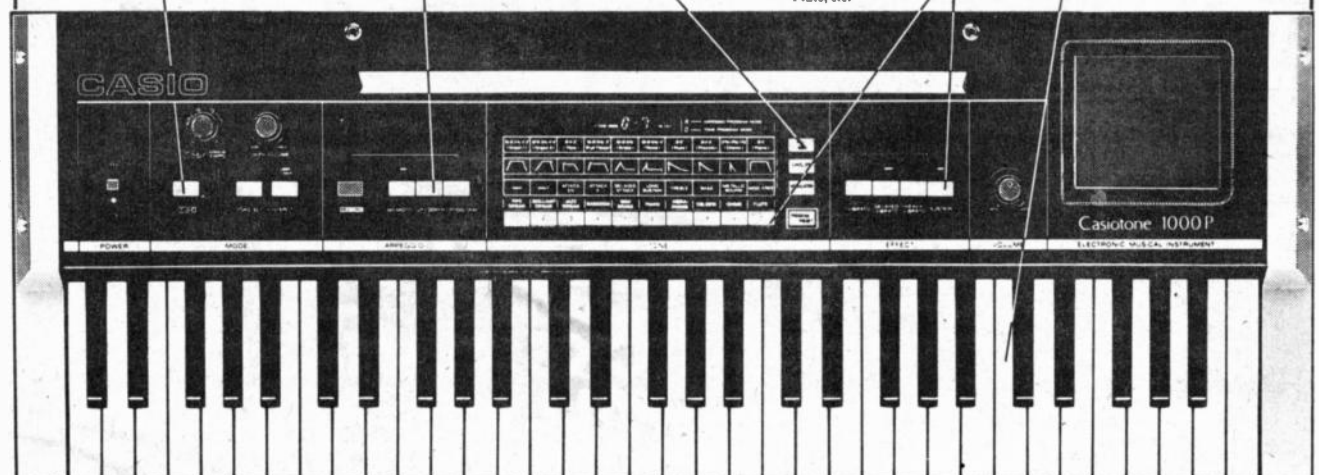
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COMPETITION CORNER ●

NME/GIBSON GUITAR CONTEST— THE WINNER!

"Powerful axes can withstand government cuts" . . . With these immortal words of wisdom, reader John Crosbie of Formby, Liverpool, becomes winner of the NME/Gibson competition. For his efforts, John acquires a handsome new Gibson MV2 guitar, worth £700, to accompany him on the road to axe-hero status and fabulous riches. You couldn't bung us a couple of quid when you get there, could you John?

But there was no quid-bunging done in *this* competition, no sir. Mr Crosbie won it fair and oblong. Apart from the tie-breaking quote he supplied (as above) he gave correct answers to the four questions we asked, namely:

1. Who started the Gibson Guitar Company? Answer: Orville Gibson.

2. Which decade saw the arrival of the famous Les Paul model on the market? Answer: the 1950s.

3. Which Gibson is associated with BB King? Answer: the ES335.

4. What does SG stand for in the SG range? Answer: Solid Guitar.

So, congratulations to John Crosbie, and commiseration to all the other entrants. You know, really and sincerely, we wish you could *all* have prizes, and (*Oh shut up—Hundreds of disgruntled contestants.*)

WIN A PORCUPINE

In their infinite wisdom and foolish generosity, Korova Records have handed us a stout box of ten copies of the new Echo & The Bunnymen Video cassette 'Porcupine' to give away in NME's easy to enter competition.

Twenty six minutes of assorted concert footage of Liverpool's answer to the entire psychedelic era can be yours. All you have to do is fill in the empty balloons on the left with your whackiest captions and bundle the photo and the entry form off to the address below. Simple huh?

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This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Korova Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME. Closing date: 30th July 1983.



Mac and pal

Plc Joe Stevens

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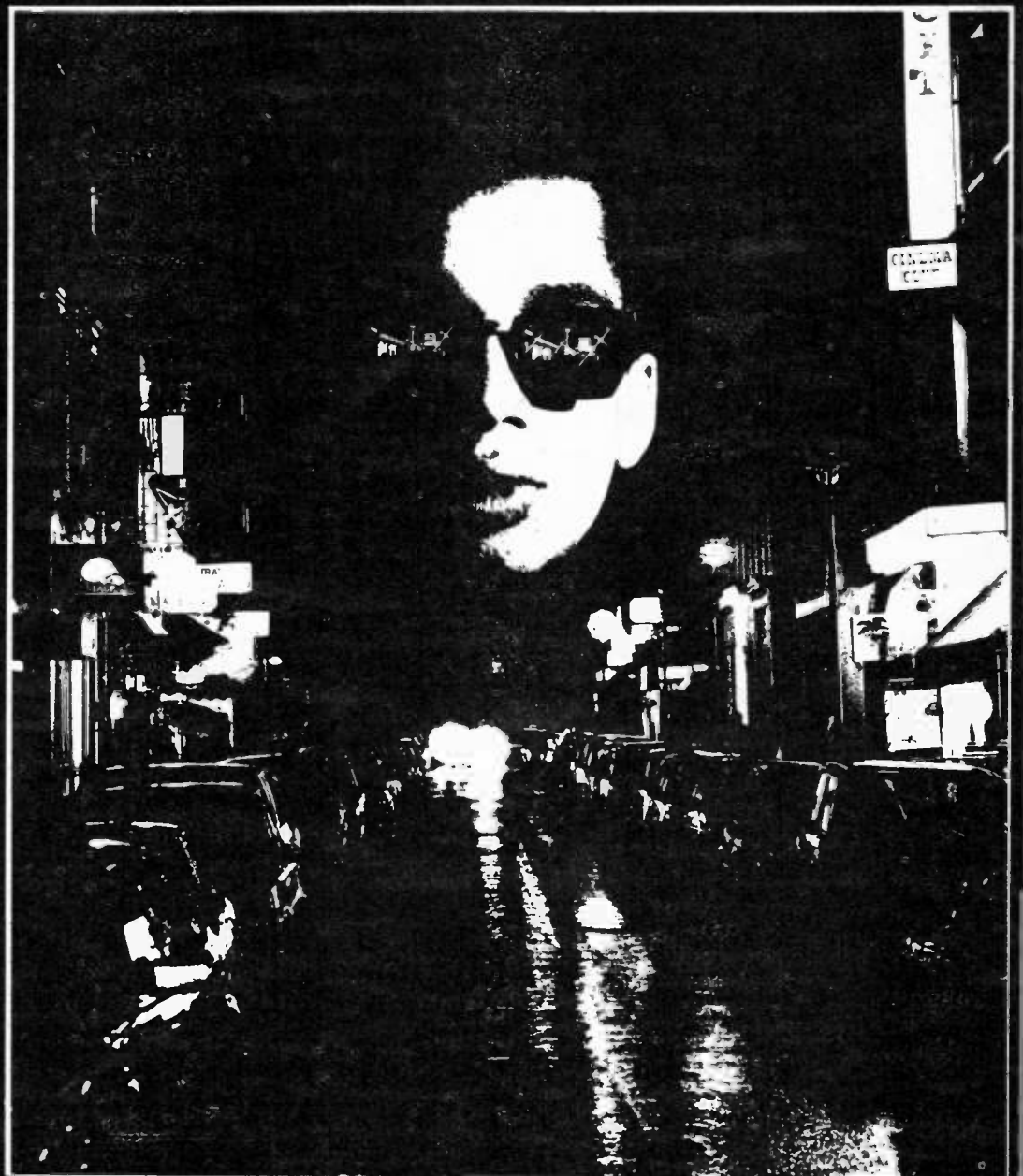
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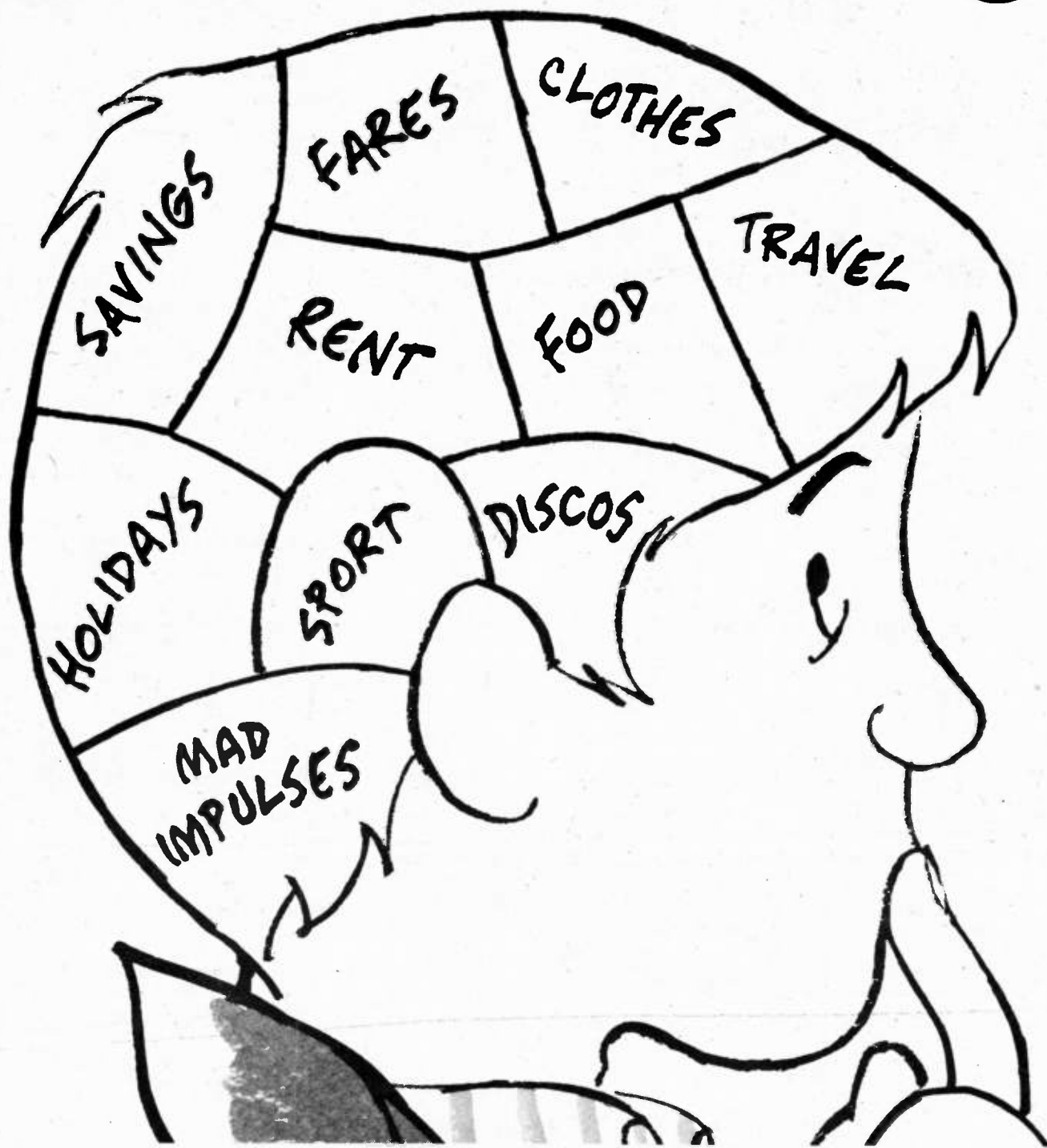
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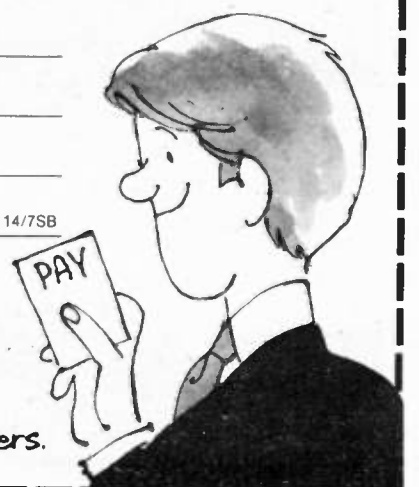
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WHEN THE studio's quiet, and the only sound interrupting the peace of the late afternoon is the distant whirr of a lawnmower, only the Space Invaders in the toilet and the framed Grateful Dead in Egypt poster in the bedroom betray the stately Manor's affiliation with the whacky world of popular music.

In the games room, Stuart and Sandra Adamson's 15 month old son Calum is tackling the problem of cues and coloured balls in a somewhat direct manner—perched on top of the snooker table.

"Stuart phoned me at home the other week," recalls Sandra, "and said, I think I've written a good song, but I wasn't so sure when I first heard it..."

The song was 'In A Big Country', the follow-up single to 'Fields Of Fire', and it has now consolidated the success of that fiery hit; and incidentally, it's also a very good son.

Currently between tours, the group have recently been recording their first LP—'The Crossing' for release at the end of this month—at The Manor, with producer Steve Lillywhite putting the 'Big' in Big Country.

"What's great about Steve," Stuart enthuses, "is he makes a Big Country record. He doesn't make a Steve Lillywhite record. And he doesn't have that set producer sound."

It's two years now since Stuart Adamson effectively disbanded The Skids when he left to lay low for a while in his hometown of Dunfermline, gather his wits and team up with guitarist Bruce Watson. Bruce (also from Dunfermline) began his musical career in the lesser known Delinquents.

"That was when I was 15, and still at school. It was just all mucking about really—we were the sort of first punk rockers at school, Ken? My heroes were Alex Harvey and Bill Nelson, but

punk was just magic. Stuart told me about a year before The Skids split up that he wanted to get another band started. I was working in the dockyard at the time... My dad still thinks I work in the dockyard!"

AFFABLE, SKINNY and handsome, and just turned 25, Stuart has changed little over the years. With Bruce and a handful of songs, he waited another year to find the right musical half to complete the group.

"I was getting really fed up with it all towards the end of The Skids, and that's one of the reasons I left. But I knew I still wanted to be writing songs and making music in some sort of form. So I got together with Bruce, and we never intended to get a full group together. We were probably going to be one of those duos with the tapes in the background!"

"But we tried some boys from Dunfermline and that didn't work out—it was too much of a wally sound. Everybody was playing like mad all at the same time; so we knocked that on the head and came down to do some demos for Phonogram."

"I'd previously known Tony and Mark anyway, so I asked them to come along and play. And it just clicked right away. Because if you're going to have a complete group—especially with the situation that I'd just come out of—it's got to be the right people as well. There's got to be some sort of meshing of spirits at certain points. And you've just got to have people that are level-headed: because there's enough bullshit that goes on in music without people believing their own publicity and getting ego-ridden stuff like that. I just hate all that."

"I wouldn't have thought it would be possible for me to work with people who were distanced, because Bruce and I still live in Dunfermline, and Mark and Tony are down here; it never worked with Richard and I, having it like that. We just got

into totally different things and it really diversified."

Stuart met drummer Mark Brzezicki and bassist Tony Butler when their group On The Air (with Simon Townshend) supported The Skids on their last tour. From a completely different background to the others, Mark and Tony did a lot of session work together; forming a team called Rhythm For Hire.

"We tried to build up a reputation as a rhythm section, which was beginning to work. But it was in the back of our minds always to find a group," explains Tony. "Mark and I were just moping about when Stuart called, which was just brilliant—totally out of the blue. I cherish that day when I got that tape through the post."

"What's going to happen now is like something I've been working for for the past 15 years. I'm doing what I want to do and that's the way I've always functioned. I want this group to be good and there's nothing that's going to stop me from making it good—and that is my own quarter of determination for this group."

"Personally, I was really quite shocked that 'Fields Of Fire' did so well. Considering how badly 'Harvest Home' did anyway, it was a tremendous shock..."

"Tony was more into Big Country than I was to start with," continues Mark, "because I'd got used to living off playing with anyone. I was actually good at it. But it gets a bit stifling: I never get to hear half of what I've done unless it's actually on record and out in the shops and I go and buy it. It's not very fulfilling."

"With Big Country, Tony was over the moon about it all, and I felt the same. But I found it harder to say, is this it? because I suddenly realised that I'd got used to—I'd actually got to like—not being committed. I suppose it's like being a bachelor too long. You know, when the right thing comes along you're a little bit more dubious than you

should be.

"I think we're in a field of our own and I like it for that a lot. Being original is a great feeling. I don't think we sound like anything else..."

ALTHOUGH THE group evidently have a distinctive identity, what makes their interpretation of the rock mould different?

"Well, it is basically a rock formula," Stuart agrees. "It is a totally standard line-up, but we do—or I'd like to think we do—something that's a bit different within that, by orchestrating all the parts, say, instead of just strumming chords. And I don't think that anything we do is in an American style. And I think that's probably why people accuse me of having a guitar that sounds like bagpipes sometimes. Because it's not based in American music at all—it's much more British-based than say Hendrix and rock 'n' roll and all that sort of stuff."

Is rock an attitude to guitars? "Aye it is. Totally. Rock guitarists definitely have a certain way of holding it and standing with it—the total phallic posture. You've got to have it at least down at groin level... right? ... on a long strap, and one arm fully extended as if you've got a mighty penis!"

"There's one thing that we'll never get away from," adds

Tony. "Stuart's guitar sound and the way he plays it. Because that was basically The Skids. What Big Country can do—the rest of us can form another identity around that guitar playing, which I think we're doing."

"I think The Skids were heavily reliant on his guitar sound and the way he played things and the songs that he wrote at that time. But I think we're all putting in so much more, and I think Stuart had drawn a lot from the group to inspire him to start writing songs as good as 'Fields Of Fire'. You need that amount of inspiration to get going again I suppose."

WOULD THEY accept that 'Fields Of Fire' was something of a terrace anthem?

"Well, we talked about this before," answers Stuart, "and I went, '400 miles until Kevin Keegan scores a goal' and it doesn't work! There's no 'ois' or 'oh ohs' in it or anything like that. It is basically a simple melody anyway. And there's only two choruses in the whole song."

What was the idea behind it? "There's four or five different ideas in the song. First of all, 'The 400 miles' thing is like the distance between me and my family when I'm in London working. 'Between a woman and

a boy, between a child and a toy' is about a special relationship in families that sometimes gets spoiled. And another line as well, 'Before the falling of the West' is about how ordinary people are totally ignored by people in positions of power. No matter how much they say they're doing for you or whatever..."

"I just think that it's totally ridiculous that that much money should be spent on fucking bombs really. It sounds a really cheesy thing to say, but there's no other way to put it. I've got plenty of questions, I suppose, but I don't have many of the answers..."

And Dunfermline's still home? "Oh, completely. I draw a hell of a lot of inspiration from just being there in the peace and quiet. Being around the family and people that I've known for years."

"Some of my friends are alright about the group," adds Bruce. "But some of them treat it different. You think that it's you, but it's not—it's them. I've got friends that I've been with since primary school, and they're fine. But the pals you meet going into the pub are like, Oh, on Top Of The Pops the other night, you must be rich—lend us a tenner. Or it's, Oh there's that poof that plays guitar with Big Country."

"They treat you like something different. You're always a poof..."

COUNTRY

SO WHO PUT THE BIG POP INTO BIG COUNTRY?
KIRSTY McNEILL REPORTS. PHOTO: PETER ANDERSON

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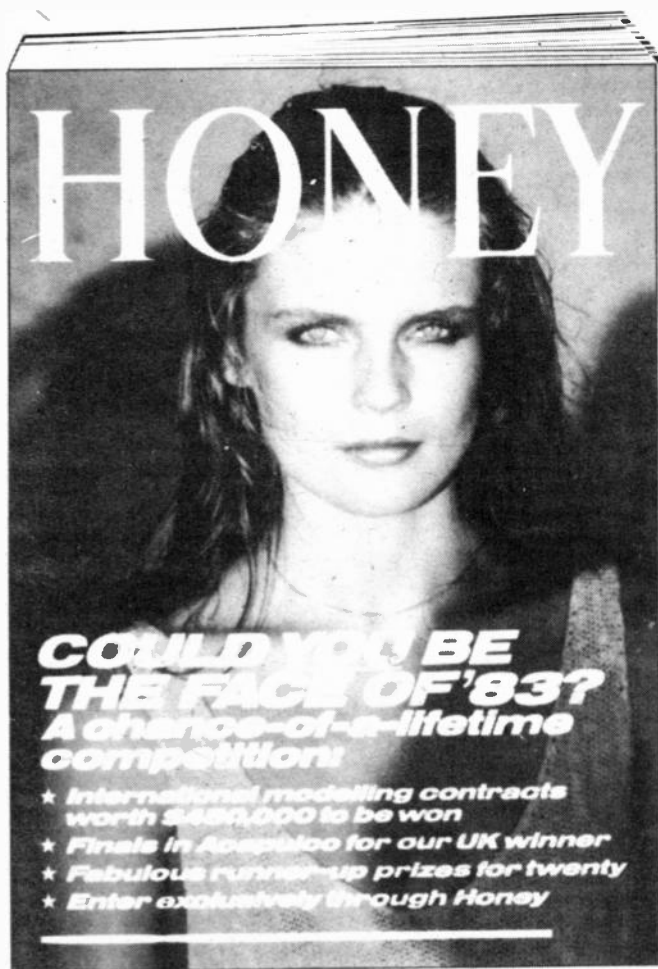


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NME 16/7/83

SPEED



PAUL DU NOYER goes over the sea to Skye in a mystic quest for ECHO the Rabbit God and his favourite group.

Photography:
PENNIE SMITH.

ECHO IS, as we all know, a Rabbit God, and he lives in a fjord in Norway. We're also told that he "doesn't like The Teardrop Explodes". He is also a stern master: even his most whimsical dictates must be obeyed.

Thus it was that Echo's devotees — who comprise a pop group called the Bunnymen and their manager Bill Drummond — found themselves despatched to the Outer Hebrides, to play there as part of their grand Tour Of The Northern Hemisphere. So far as I know, Echo did not deign to grant us his physical presence at these gigs, but his spirit could be felt among us.

This much was especially clear on the second date, on the remote Isle of Lewis. Another successful show over, guitarist Will Sergeant and myself set off with Bill Drummond and a man from the *News Of The World*, for a moonlight drive across the barren midnight moors — to the mystical stone circle of Callanish.

Having read the guidebook, I gather that this site is some kind of primitive tribute to Mick Jagger:—

"Before the time when the Stones found a new 'use' in the antiquarian/tourist era, the Stones passed through a long period of neglect, during which their original purpose was forgotten."

An incisive piece of "rock" writing, that... we can only pray that the Bunnymen escape a similar fate.

Once at the site, manager Drummond lay prostrate at the circle's centre, absorbing quantities of magical vibration and damp peat. Scoff if you will — but at that moment, his protegee Mac McCulloch was back at the hotel, being inspired to whomp a belligerent Scotsman, following a heated argument about socks and politics. Obviously, we were meddling with powerful forces.

On our drive back to the hotel the mists were thickening, our homeward path grew perilously elusive. 'Twas at that moment a little rabbit appeared in the car's headlights (this is all true, you bastards), scampering forwards, guiding us to safety... Echo, one feels, looks after his own; his minions are at hand in the hour of need.

COSMIC WEIRDNESS aside, the Bunnymen's island jaunt was not terrifically extraordinary. It's perhaps only in the conceited London music business that it sounds bizarre and outlandish to tour the Outer Hebrides. If you happen to be a Bunnyfan living in Stornoway or the Isle of Skye, then your attitude is, well, why the hell shouldn't they play here?

True, Ian McCulloch admitted he felt a bit uncomfortable playing tiny halls to a few hundred rabid supporters — many of whom had followed them from the

mainland — but he also suggested his discomfort could have been caused by the trousers he was wearing.

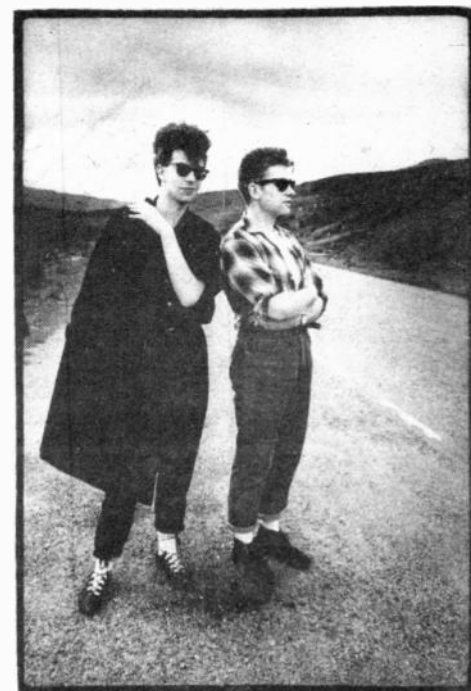
(Completely by the way, it should be noted that Mac is the only Bunnyman not to wear boxer-style underpants — a fact that emerged in a discussion of the group's on-tour pastime of "rixing", an obscure party game involving the wearing of Brian Rix-type shorts and hiding in hotel closets.)

The two gigs showed the group playing in confident and aggressive form, bearing out the optimism they feel for the release of 'Never Stop', their first new single since last year's traumatic 'Porcupine' LP sessions. An extra guitarist left Mac free to pose at the microphone unencumbered; by the time the tour reaches the Albert Hall the line-up will be extended even further. Whether the set continues to include covers of 'Light My Fire' and Nat King Cole's 'When I Fall In Love' remains to be seen.

SO WHY the Hebrides, anyway? The group themselves weren't too sure, although Les Pattinson took care to pack his beloved fishing rod. Bill Drummond explains the trip as "a chance to see my favourite group in my favourite part of the world", although he denies theories that the tour is following a global ley line. Financially, he says, it's a ludicrous thing to do, compensated by all the spin-off press publicity. Also, it means that few UK fans can moan that the band never plays in their area.

More vaguely, Drummond hopes the islands and highlands will influence the group in some positive, semi-spiritual way. A group like The Jam, he theorises, aspire to a housing estate outlook, and Wham! for example, reflect the inner city — but the Bunnymen, in Drummond's eyes, are tapping "more glorious" sources — hence the exotic settings that have become a feature of their LP sleeves and videos.

In any case, the Bunny people are apt to refer you back to Echo the Rabbit God for ultimate explanations — and he's not on the phone.



BUNNY BOAT



Top: Echo in the Skye with Bunnies.
Above: Where the hell's this gig then?
Right: Bunny Prince fan ponders the
meaning of Hebrideen buttercups.

SINGLES

BY BARNEY HOSKINS

SNIGGLES OF THE WEAK

THIS WEEK, very simply, the message is FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP DANCING.

It's all over. It was a hoax. We never meant you to take it seriously.

The fact is, all I live for now is to get away from dance, to somehow flee the omnipresent forage of filtered snares and Linndrum progs and tic-tac guitars and gaping flaps of chronic mellotronic overproduced tru-curl hair-slick fur-lined pimp-spat raparound cocaine Cadillac emulators of brain cells scratching mainman's mix of foxy penthouse bitch's groovestick lovegun! I'm through! Delirious! My brain is like oatmeal!

DANCING ROTS THE BRAIN. If you don't believe me, take yourself for a little ride: start with 'Trouble Funk Express', **Trouble Funk's** abject duplicate of 'Planet Rock', pilfered without so much as a by-your-leave or batting-of-eyelids from you-can-guess-which crafty work... continue on through **C-Bank's** contrived hip-hop 'Get Wet' (Next Plateau, US import), good for 30 seconds of schizoid channel jumping on Bambaataa's perfect beat, thereafter yawningly routine... **Mary Jane Girls'** 'All Night Long' (Gordy), like the sprightlier 'Candy Man' running out of juice within three bars...

Orlando Johnson And Trance's toneless, sleep-inducing 'Turn The Music On' (Magnet)... the ancient **Manhattans** turning George Benson around for the tediously procedural 'Crazy' (Columbia, US)...

Michael Wycoff's energetic but formula-fed 'Tell Me Love' (RCA)... 'Get It Right' (Arista), **Aretha Franklin's** flaccid retake of 'Jump To It'... 'Stone Love' (Arista) by **Kashif**, who despite proving himself a minor genius with Evelyn King's 'Betcha She Don't Love You' is here just as happy to show that half his brain consists of polystyrene balls...

Dynasty's 'The Only One' (Solar), state-of-the-art-of-the-run-of-the-mill: a ballad... **Terri Wells'** 'You Make It Heaven' (Philly World): nembuttal... tailor made for the Caister fur dice set: **Warner's** 'Live And Learn' (Oscar Jay), **Lonnie Liston-Smith's** 'Never Too Late' (Dr. Jazz) (long-term symptoms of 70's fusion)... **Status IV's** 'You Ain't Really Down' (TMT) which might be bearable if the singer didn't sound like the "singer" of **Animal Nightlife's** frightful 'Native Boy' (Innervation)...

...but don't stop, here's the rap you must take: **Gary Byrd Experience's** 'The Crown' (Motown), 10'45" of Sfevie Wonder-produced raising of black consciousness... Byrd being the brain behind the **Romper Room** militancy of Wonder's own 'Black Man' (1977), you can no doubt imagine for yourself the bellicose conviction of his jovially rhetorical questions (I've often heard it argued that when Martin Luther King said that every black person in the world was *somebody*, he omitted out of kindness to say "except Gary Byrd")...

Newtrament's garbled emulation of Mel Message in 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' (Jive)—Jonzun Crew on fish'n'chips wrapped in *Sounds*... still hanging in there? ...undoubtedly the dearest dance of '83, all the caucasian mucus flailing about in the synthetic overspill of soul... like **Depeche Mode's** lost, listless 'Everything Counts' (Mute)... or **Sense**, whose 'Three Minutes Later' (Carrere) worth of white-soulboy-lost-in-machining-age Dave Ball should have known better than to produce... or former-Depeche acolyte **Robert Marlow**, a swine before whose

'Face Of Dorian Gray' (Reset/RCA) Vince Clarke similarly should not have strewn his pearls (unless Marlow is a Wilde thing that rots in an attic enabling Clarke to roam forever young)... **Chicago's Ministry**, whose 'I Wanted To Tell Her' (Arista) is on reflection not so completely unspeakable... **Phil Thornalley**, one-time Mickie Most apprentice, with his own one-man ABC/Duran-ish 'So This Is Love' (Riva) going nowhere at approximately the speed of light...

...it's not over yet... there's still **Chas Jankel** bleeding anaemia in 'Without You' (A&M), **Captain Sensible** pointlessly rehashing the enjoyable 'Wot' (A&M), and lastly, suggesting a truly awesome scope of imagination by having their record produced by Francis Rossi, **Tokyo Olympics**, 'Radio (Turns Her On)' (Ritz)... even **The Nolans**, sensing competition from the likes of Belle Stars, have temporarily

2/ BRASS CONSTRUCTION: We Can Work It Out (Capitol). To me this is what a Dennis King (Chic/Kleer) remix of the dinosaur-age 'Movin' would resemble. It has no padding. Everything pushes forward. It kicked me round the room at least half a dozen times. It's divine.

3/S.O.S. BAND: Just Be Good To Me (Tabu, US import). Jimmy and Terry of The Time's pounding colossus of a tribute to Lonnie Simmons and 'Don't Stop The Music'. Good for these guys to get out of Prince's earshot, at least until the international prancing tease can deliver another 'Cool'.

4/ DEBARGE: All This Love (Gordy). Chirping songbirds for a computer age. 'All This Love' is an ethereally sexless ballad whose soft limpid bliss is bridged by a perfect acoustic guitar solo which could only have been played by John Platania. Heaven in a piece of candy.

5/ B BEAT GIRLS: For The Same Man (Juice). Frantic post-

Bonzo even *talk*? Anyway, I have been advised that 'Big Log' (WEA) is an elegy to an old elm in Robert Plant's garden that caught Dutch elm disease and had to be cut down... not sure about this one, Sid, but it goes on to say the tree was re-Planted (guffaw) in XTC's 'Wonderland' (Virgin), where it now happily dozes away its warm dull days.

WAKE UP! Two from the 'Heart'-land are Canadians **Bryan Adams** and **Quarterflash**. Pocked pretty boy Adams, content to be marketed as a less runty Cougar, is coming 'Straight From The Heart' (A&M) while new-AOR-wave Motels xerox Quarterflash (the one with the sax-playing lass in cavalier knickerbockers) ask us to take them to heart (Geffen).

Adams gets a day's leave from Cougar to be the Rod Stewart of 'Sailing', the Q's in 'Take' add little to their earlier 'Harden'. Actually, the heart of the matter is that both these records are a piece of shite.

POOR ADVERTS FOR

review. Hearing this po-faced Herbie Mann romp complete with solemnly arranged swingtime big band, all I can say is take me back to Nancy and Lee. Not available? Well, how about Nina and Frederick? Oh.

Esther and Abi?

On, on, on. Further adventures of the Gang of Cults or is it Cult of Gangs? take us all the way up to the very latest EP of **Death Cult**. Yeah, I'm pretty excited too. One day, I swear, D. Cult will mature into a splendidly heroic metal powerhouse. Right now, hearing this boy superimpose Eric Bloom onto Kirk Brandon is not my idea of a good time. Excepting the melodramatic frenzy of 'Horse Nation', this EP is clumsy and very pretentious.

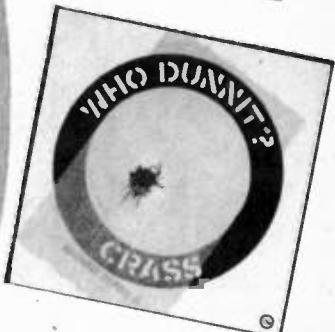
I hate to sound chauvinistic but the alternative kitchen funk of (ex-Kleenex) **Liliput**, 'You Did It' (Rough Trade) sounds awfully dated. In other words, it's nothing Buch Tetras or The Raincoats didn't do a lot better in 1981. This is



pretty song is his best record since 'Your Song'. Fabulous.

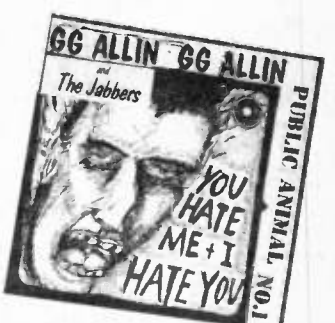
2/ THE THREE JOHNS: Men Like Monkeys (CNT). Loved last year's 'White Boy Engineer', but this savage uproar is something else again. One of the few records this week that is actually *doing something*. Chewing and spewing and sprawling and clawing, The Fall meet The Birthday Party over manic electroshock eurodisco. Humour, hunger, anger. Welcome back to the planet of apes. On 'Two Minute Apes', Can scratch 'I Am The Walrus'; dog's bodies assume the body of God.

3/ JAKKO: Dangerous Dreams (Stiff). Recalling those luxuriant interludes in Horn's Dollar opuses, and not a million massed choirs from the arching grace of Toto's 'Won't Hold You Back', 'Dangerous Dreams' is an extraordinarily pretty techno-soul ballad which will stroke and caress a path into the most worn of hearts. Deserves to hit, or I'll eat my... I'll eat... I'll eat it.



4/ UNDIVIDED ROOTS: True Love (CSA). Nothing novel, just an effortlessly relaxing, languidly fluttering lover's taking its time to do right woman—do right man. Also check Roots' just-out 'Sweet Woman' on their own Ruff Cuff label.

5/ G. G. ALLIN & THE JABBERS: You Hate Me & I Hate You (Orange, US). Currently the single most bloody-minded record at my fingertips. New Hampshire pastry maker Allin is widely renowned to be the most useless individual ever to breathe, but has anyone ever juggled such a perfect couplet as "Don't go playing with me emotionally/Or I will make you bleed internally"? The guy must be a long lost son of Metal Mike. Available from: Catch 22, 124 Bath Rd., Cheltenham, Glos. GL 53734.



forsaken their Luton Casino scrubbers' togs for an old Hot Gossip wardrobe and trundled out a safe dollop of raunch in 'Dressed To Kill' (Epic), replete with such genuine features of funk as a cut-price Jerry Hey horn part. Be careful, girls—flirt not with weird cults... as for Errol Kennedy's sister, the swarthy **Grace**, she's obviously tut-tutted young Errol's high living so long that he wants to make it up to her, and what better way than getting Leee and Ashley (and Swain and Jolley) to make her a hit record... the amusing part of the story being that 'All I Want Is You' (Red Bus) is really *bad*! Yeah, that's right, *bad*! I dunno, what a pair of laugh merchants, I tell you... but that STILL is not the end of your ordeal at the summer dance camp, because there's STILL the Aphrophia au Butlins of **Bunny Mack**, 'Disco Africa' (CBS), **Caiphus Semenya**, 'Angelina' (Jive Afrika!), the unlovely Eddy Grant-produced calypso of **Mighty Gabby**, 'Jack' (Ice), and the third-rate Ottawan of the valiant **Gibson Brothers**, 'My Heart's Beating Wild' (Stiff)... there, it's over.

INNOCULATION BY THE INNOCUOUS
"The drum was angry, but the lute shall whisper what you will" (James Shirley, 1598-1666)

HERE ARE some perfect sleepwalking songs, eyeless images... obviously still under the delusion that she is Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*, Clare Grogan of *Altered Images* would 'Love To Stay' (Epic) and I would love to put her up... only I can't put up with this nebulous, narcotic wisp of summer a minute longer...

1/ JIMMY SPICER: Money (Dollar Bill Y'ALL) (Spring, US import). It's a rap but I'm bored with rap; besides, I think we've finally digested the lesson that money counts, talks, and generally rules the jungle. So for me it's the instrumental, a thick, tight compression of upfront bass and drum sluiced by an electric piano from Staples '72 or 'Straighten It Out'. Deep-set and slowly stabbing, this is a pure pulse isolated in a web of limbs.

Parrish keyboards and Vixenish cross-purposes make this a catchy proposition.

Aside from these precious exceptions, I'm very open this week to anything that is not only difficult to dance to but actively promotes states of autism and, if necessary, death. Oh for the rigour of mortis! Anything still, silent, sickly enter here. (Songs impregnated with hate or contempt also welcome.)

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HERE ARE some perfect sleepwalking songs, eyeless images... obviously still under the delusion that she is Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*, Clare Grogan of *Altered Images* would 'Love To Stay' (Epic) and I would love to put her up... only I can't put up with this nebulous, narcotic wisp of summer a minute longer...

Eyeless In Gaza's 'New Risen' (Cherry Red) is the song that would go where China Crises have gone before, a lullaby catch enough to set even the eyelids tapping... another duo, Ian Brodie and Paul Simpson of **Care** just stepped out of Edith Nesbit or some Ealing war picture, all baggy pants, big ears, parted mops of hair... hence 'My Boyish Days' (Arista), sung by the plummiest tenor ever to confront a microphone, keeps up the revolutionary spirit of Blakean childhood... **The Police** tread water with 'Wrapped Around Your Finger' (A&M)... but what do you know, even young **Robert Plant** is using a drum machine! What would Bonzo have said? What would Bonzo have said? Could

YOUTH: as once great T.V. Smith put it, there's no guarantee the stimuli must be perceived the same... and looking through a punk's eyes today I see very little... which isn't to say I don't obtain a smidgeon of mirth from **Riot Squad's** warning to police that "you'll not fill me with terror and fright", which sounds like some cretinous, doomed hag in a Hammer flick under lugubrious threat from Vincent Price... 'ye'll no an'lamadeef me, ye monster'... which is probably the way to deal with Mrs. Thatcher also... as to 'Don't Be Denied' (Rot EP), imagine if you will four fists of ham hurtling at breakneck speed down the Sheperds Bush Road...

Crass are less amusing on 'Who Dunnit?' (Crass), a Great British Pub Singalong directed against a certain "murderess", "criminal", etc. If it is the implication that these folks would normally be gathered around the upright to bellow 'Britannia Rules The Waves', might that not be construed as a mite condescending? Penny and his cohorts at least retain the *noblesse oblige* to enclose a postcard telling me that the record "reflects the state of the nation", though I have no idea what that means. (OK, Penny, you can start the letter now!) Still a terrific advert for crazed youth is 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes', and **The Adverts'** masterpiece has been re-released by the original label Bright.

From America meantime come pretty boy guerillas with sawn-off Fenders **Red Rockers**. Their 'China' (415 CBS) is a catchy cross between U2 and Modern English, but 'Voice Of America' on the reverse belies a more earnest young American Clash.

We're a week late on 'Right Now' (Polydor), doubtless because Julie Burchill has already said everything about the ridiculous **Creatures** in her album

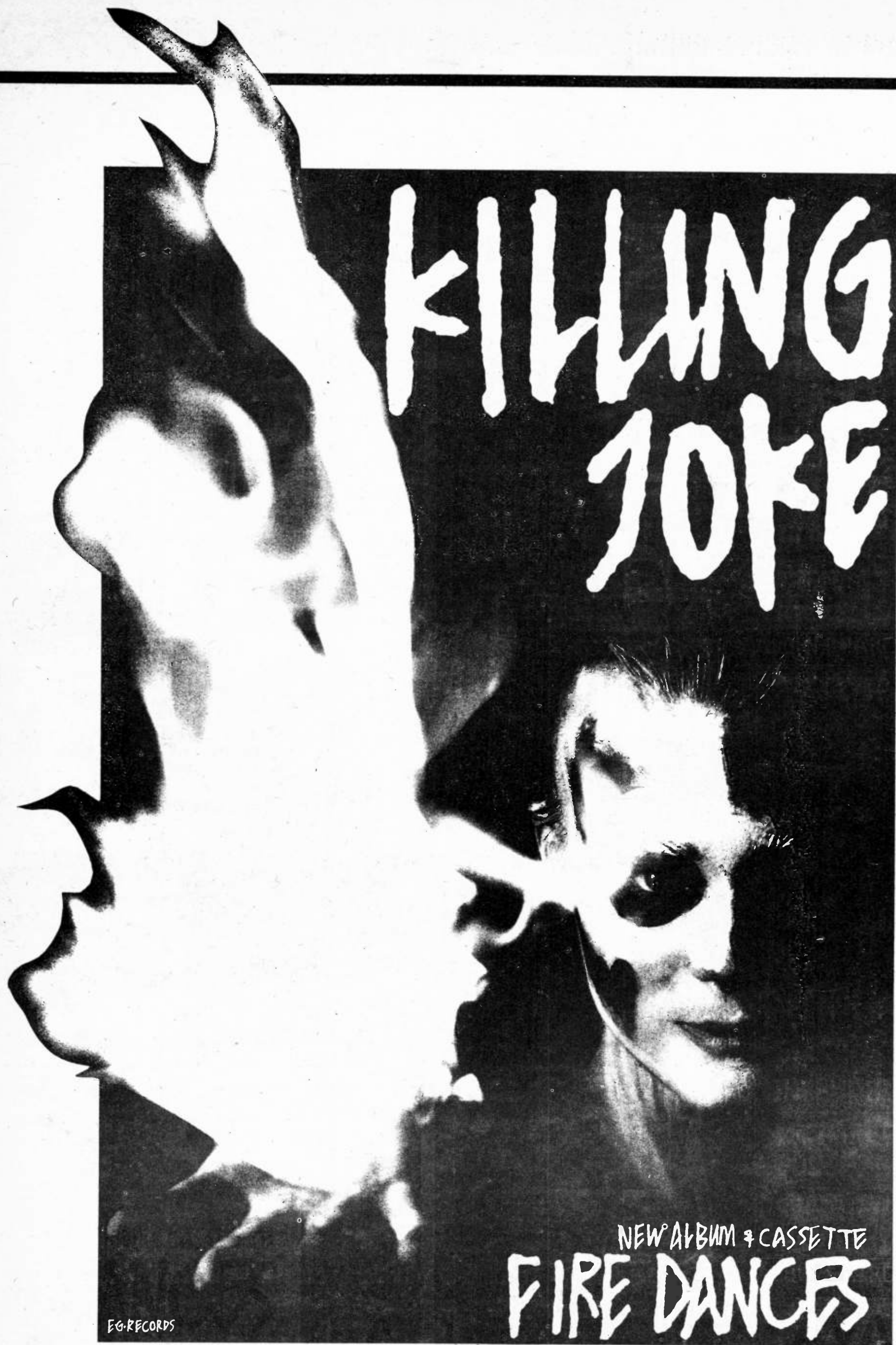
possibly why Liliput is calling it a day. It makes me feel like Gulliver strapped down by a thousand miniature Malarians. As to the disbanding of **The Jazzateers**, since that terrible over-Lou'lggified voice so beloved of post-P. Card Scots is so exaggeratedly employed in '16 Reasons' (Rough Trade), I don't imagine I shall miss them too sorely.

LATE is clearly the word for one **Shakin' Stevens** and his version of 'It's Late', here attributed to Dorsey Burnette (lending further weight to a long-standing theory that ol' Dorse was in fact a psychotic schizophrenic). Whoever it is that attempts the James Burton solo ought to be publicly arraigned for his impudence. Meanwhile, Stevens' old producer 'Stu' Colman attempts to chalk up another hit for **The Jets**, whose bland popability 'Blue Skies' only confirms that one-hit status common to EMI artists.

ARE YOUR ROOTS SHOWING? is a question one might well put to **Amazulu** or **Sandra Lobban**. Sinister things be peeping through 'zulu's 'Smiley Stylee' (Towerbell) and Lobban's 'Another Dirty Trick' (Loose End). In the latter's case it's just an obvious desire to have a hit with Musical Youth producer Peter Collins, but the song is too stalely saccharine. But in Amazulu's case, there's a crude bid for a slot as dread Belle Stars, and the strained upfulness of 'Smiley Stylee' is about as likely to coax a smile from these lips as would being drafted into the British Army.

FIVE GO TO A DESERT ISLAND OF THE MIND

1/ ELTON JOHN: I'm Still Standing (Geffen, US). Will they release it here? This dynamically



• JULY TOUR •

21 SHEFFIELD LEADMILL • 22 GLASGOW NIGHT MOVES • 23 NEWCASTLE DINGWALLS
24 MANCHESTER THE METRO • 26 CARDIFF TOP RANK • 27 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY • 28 HULL DINGWALLS
29 DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY HALL • 30 BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH CIVIC HALL • 31 HAMMERSMITH PALACE

SMALL STORIES

Pauline At The Beach

DIRECTOR: Eric Rohmer
STARRING: Pascale Gregory, Amanda Langlet, Arielle Dombasle. (Gala)

A FIFTEEN-year-old girl and her older, separated cousin. A villa near the beach. A prospecting route. A charmless young man, not too smart. A quick-witted boy. A candy girl who works the beach. Eric Rohmer has another of his little stories to tell.

Rohmer is Feydeau minus the split-second complexities: the same dropped knickers but fewer labyrinths of coincidence. *Pauline At The Beach* intertwines a small cast round and round a maypole of infidelities, chance affections and sudden burns on young hearts. Pauline gets sweet on the boy, her older companion spurns her former boyfriend and embarks on a pointless fling with the sly free-thinker.

Jealousy and malice soon have everyone in tears. Rohmer cajoles all the humour from such flyaway sorrows until all but Pauline are made ridiculous in turn. They all get their come-uppance too, except there can be no lasting hurt. We know at the end that they will go away and do it over again, because people never learn.

The director takes it all down with an elusive, unfussy skill. Sometimes he edges his camera away to blink momentarily at a background, or he will linger on a puzzled face as if nudging our attention. People are peculiar, he says, but there's nothing like them. A witty diversion for a lazy moviegoing evening.

Richard Cook



Marty's daddy Charlie

YOUNG GUNS?

Italian American

DIRECTOR: Martin Scorsese
STARRING: Catherine Scorsese, Charles Scorsese, Martin Scorsese (Cinegate)

American Boy

DIRECTOR: Martin Scorsese
STARRING: Steven Prince, Martin Scorsese (Cinegate)

SCORSESE CULTISTS willing to forfeit an hour and three-quarters of their time will benefit from the insights offered by this pair of early documentaries, made to serve "as profiles, almost magazine-style profiles".

Their resonance has increased along with Scorsese's *ouere*. *Italian American* was begun as a "personalised documentary about immigration" and turned into a celebration of his parents' "40-year marriage and love story". Actually, it's film of Catherine Scorsese cooking plus her husband and son eating, reminiscing and chatting; it radiates all the fascination, self-indulgence

and incipient arrogance of someone showing off their 'roots'.

Like most parents' remembrances, the Scorsese's tales fascinate without gliding, reflecting a world of tough realities, stable values and clear loyalties. Since both are first-generation Italian Americans, it seems ironic that the world they inhabit with such gusto should be such a *small one* — Catherine confides how the Irish at first resented the immigrants of Little Italy; Charles recalls earning pennies as a nipper by lighting fires over religious holidays for the Orthodox Jews "down on Delaney" who were foresworn labour during holy hours; both recall furious disagreements over the Biggest Decision — whether or not to move across the street.

Catherine and Charles ("His real name is Luciano and they call him Charlie!") are likeable, opinionated, unassuming and utterly traditional. Other than their acerbic wit and anecdotal skills, the most exotic fillip in this film is the re-printing of Catherine's sauce recipe at the end of the credits.

Not so with *American Boy*, a long, dull and frightening slice-of-somebody's life carefully orchestrated into fake orderliness (cinematic variety) by that associate who knows just the right psychological strings to pull: Scorsese. The principal is junkie actor/manager/producer Sandy Prince, a longtime Scorsese sidekick who played the gun-salesman in *Taxi Driver*.

Prince is a soul steeped in self-deception, evading through uneasy laughter a self-loathing that seems to be eating away his frail shell of identity. To a much greater extent than Catherine or Charles, he is also here defined by his reminiscences — which are no less gritty, just *dirtier*, than those of Scorsese.

Yet the essence of the event which determine this life — dope, guns and gay embroilments — are kept resolutely off-screen, figuring only as accessories to anecdotes. It's more than creepy to realise that Scorsese stole much of this for later film fiction and that he deliberately orchestrated this film into a 'theatrical' experience. That's 'Marty' there on the spot — coaxing and prodding Prince into every 'reminiscence', including the one about how he emptied a full pistol into an Indian who attempted to steal some tires from a gas station where he, the 'attendant', was on the nod.

American Boy is not naive film-making; that's just how it's supposed to look. It offers some extremely pertinent questions about whether or not directors like Scorsese can in any way 'redeem' these sorts of sins through the transmogrification of them into newer, neater, more aesthetically organised scenarios for the screen.

Cynthia Rose

WRECKED!

Smash Palace

DIRECTOR: Roger Donaldson
STARRING: Bruno Lawrence, Anna Jemison, Keith Aberdein (Mainline)

THIS MIGHT be described as a protracted non-starter: every time the safety catch on Roger Donaldson's film seems about to flip open and let violence overhaul everything he obtusely checks the uneasy drift and ducks back into domestic security. *Smash Palace* is about the distances in a marriage and the lengths a man will go to for peace of mind, but it's finally stifled by insecurities of its own.

Donaldson — who also wrote the screenplay — has no good purpose for his material. He shifts sympathies between husband and wife in a manner that is more undecided than elusive. The direction skins tragedy back to a surface of tiffs and quarrels that becomes as irksome for the observer as it is for the unfortunate couple; and no effective use is made of the setting, a vast wrecking-yard of shattered vehicles where the hapless Al and Jacqui fight out a similarly disaster-strewn state of wedlock. Their daughter Georgie looks on with the lonely eyes of a nascent tomboy.

When Jacqui overtakes Al's tedious obsession with the yard, where he is renovating a car to put him back on the racing circuit, she turns inevitably to mutual best friend and local copper Ray for solace. As Al's reactions escalate from sullen apathy to rage to confused vengeance it looks

certain that an accidental bloodbath of some sort will overtake the otherwise innocuous backbiting of enforced separation.

Whether it finally does or not I leave to your viewing. But *Smash Palace* is a minor retreat for the New Zealand cinema after two excellent and very different features (*Goodbye Pork Pie* and *Scarecrow*). The slackness of the narrative drops all momentum on to the characters' shoulders and they simply aren't interesting enough to spark the picture into life. Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison turn in thoughtful performances as the two leads without escaping the general lethargy that permeates a very dry atmosphere.

The director has a fair eye for a setting — the first reel looks deliberately redolent of Weir's early pictures — and he may have intended to pivot two alienated people (an expatriate Frenchwoman and an exile back from years in Europe) in the unfriendly embrace of an ugly rural community. The local reaction to Al's plight is mob cruelty. Yet this is another wasted opportunity: perfunctory, cardboard people are scattered in the couple's path while the setpieces — the front door of Jacqui's house being ripped off in slow motion — look fussy.

Somehow the film never strikes up an accurate tempo — portentous when it should be fleet, throwaway when a harsh touch is in order. And the climax is so mishandled it dries out all the sweat the film has worked up. A serious disappointment all round.

Richard Cook

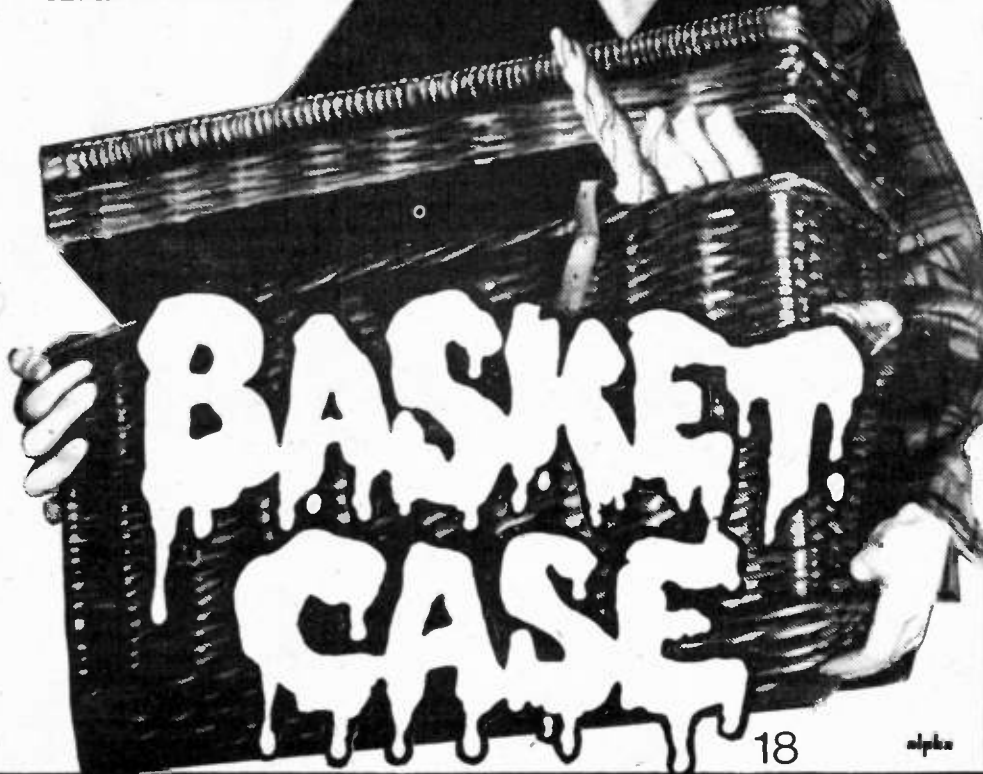


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NORTHERN LIGHT AND SHADE

L'Etoile Du Nord

DIRECTOR: Pierre Granier-Deferre
STARRING: Simone Signoret, Philippe Noiret, Fanny Cottencon (Gala)

A FILM adapted from a Simonon story, *Le Locataire*, and Pierre Granier-Deferre's treatment would probably have appeased the old storyteller's poisoned sense of melancholy. It's also dragged down into stuffiness in the midst of acting of old-world elegance: continental cinema of a familiar stripe.

The ever-reliable Philippe Noiret is ideally cast as Edouard Binet, a guileless exile who ships out to Belgium in penniless circumstances after years of affluent living in Egypt. The floozy he picks up *en route* is gold-digging with a wealthy Egyptian known to Edouard; in despair, when he discovers his only treasure (a ruby ring) is worthless, the sad-eyed dupe falls into a terrible crime and takes refuge in the girl's family home.

It is his relationship with the lady of the house, Mme Baron (Simone Signoret), which is the

bleeding heart of the film. She heads a household of two scheming daughters who cannot afford tenderness, a gentle fool of a husband and a selfish pack of roomers: but they are loyal to her, and see Edouard's intrusion as vaguely threatening. Mme Baron wavers between her family and the tempting if pointless allure of a man full of stories of a mystical distant land.

Simone Signoret has grown into an old age of splendid dignity. The film's changes are gauged in the rigours of her proud face, a landlady faithful to her lot in life but with secrets and regrets of her own. The play of expression between those beautiful features and Noiret's placid cow face is frequently moving — something less than love, more than respect.

Unfortunately the direction is dreadfully sluggish where it needs to be slowly intense. Simonon stories are chamber pieces right enough but M. Granier-Deferre is living in the past if he expects a modern film to survive at this funereal tempo. A few itchier gestures like Mme Baron hacking off fish heads at a moment when it seems Edouard's fate is sealed look self-conscious in the extreme. A '30s Brussels rattles in the background to the sound of trams and the roar of the docks.

Two hours is too long to tell such an anecdote, although the final reel is quietly affecting. Old school acting of great tenderness lends a quality an average film scarcely deserves.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX
is on the page 38



THOUGH SOMEWHAT lacking in the wilful outrage and untrammelled gagery that made his debut *The Producers* so successful, Mel Brooks' *The Twelve Chairs* nonetheless provides enough light moments to justify its reissue.

Originally made in 1970, it tells the story of an impoverished Russian nobleman (a finely-mugged portrait of greed and nastiness by Ron Moody) on the trail of a dining chair reputed to contain his family jewels, secreted there by his mother when the family fled the revolution. Aided and abetted by the oily, unsympathetic Frank Langella, Moody chases the elusive dining suite from Moscow to Yalta and back again, disembowelling each chair as he gets his hands on it.

The best moments, however, come from Dome De Luise

(above) as a ruthless Russian priest set on acquiring the jewels himself, and from Mel Brooks as Moody's former servant, a man whose stupidity is only matched by his masochism. De Luise, a fixture in several of Brooks' films, understands his comedy like few others, accentuating the oafish and over-the-top into an edifice of epic hysteria which drives the film along.

Though hardly as substantial as later outings like *Blazing Saddles*, *High Anxiety* and *Young Frankenstein* (and lacking the hard-edged Russian-ness of Woody Allen's *Love And Death*), *The Twelve Chairs* is nonetheless more than welcome in a year which has so far seen pitifully few comedies worth their weight in laughter.

Andy Gill

Bruce Foxton



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ARISTA

Cabaret

TAXI TO THE

"The way I see it is capitalism's a sponge—consider yourself to squeeze it. Squeeze it while it's here, be prepared to pick up the machine-gun when it falls."

— Stevo

THE FIRST time I encountered Stevo was on a London tube train, somewhere between Mile End and Oxford Circus on the Central Line.

This would be about the time Soft Cell were first flexing their magic muscles in an otherwise grey and moribund national pop consciousness.

Stevo's voice was flushed with the realisation of power and its possibilities as he briefed the young lady next to him with the forthcoming day's itinerary: *she* was to contact such-and-such a publisher, *he* would visit such-and-such a record company, and so on.

It was easy to overhear their conversation, even sitting opposite as the train screeched tortuously round the twists and turns between Liverpool Street and Bank; Stevo's voice, like his physical presence, is burly and threateningly extrovert.

The second time I encountered Stevo, apart from an occasional glimpse or nod in some London hostelry or other, was also on a tube train, in the front room of his Hammersmith house.

Where other successful young showbiz folk might purchase Persian rugs or Capo Di Monte porcelain, Stevo's set himself up as a patron of The Arts, letting his magpie sensibility run riot through his home with all manner of glittering baubles and kitsch ephemera: a shiny scale replica of the head of King Tut's casket sits on top of the TV, flanked by a pair of curly-toed Oriental slippers; brass dildos punctuate the bric-a-brac on shelves, and framed portraits jostle for wall-space with a garish tapestry of The Last Supper and leering papier-mache masks.

The taunt of The Joker is in evidence everywhere, and in the middle of the room is the biggest joke so far, a full-scale replica of the inside of a tube train, two seats either side of floor-slats, with a springy handle dangling overhead like some Sword of Damocles. It's not the most ideal setting for an interview, but it's certainly one of the most original.

"The most important thing, for me, is... if we can get a cult, because of human beings' tribalistic instincts—which you might know as fashion—if we can get a fashion, a cult which is a contradiction of a cult to cross over..."

Stevo's trying to explain his plan, his dream, his life's work, and he's not making too good a job of it. It's too close to his heart to be expressed with the lucidity of objectivity.

"... and the people in this cult are the innovators, and we cross over a mass of bands who are all innovators, so no one's treading on anyone else's toes, and they're all in their own pigeonholes, on their own—that is my dream. That's all I'm trying to do."

my life to doing that, that three months could earn me retirement.

"But the point is, my pride won't let me do that. All those bands are basically soundalikes. The first is the real McCoy! Any band that dismisses adulation and encourages creation is totally on the right track. You end up being quite an elitist after a while, because you realise there aren't a lot of people around with the same viewpoint."

Among the groups and individuals considered the real McCoy by Stevo are Psychic TV, Soft Cell and its offshoots, Matt ('The The') Johnson and Foetus, most (or all) of whom have profited from Stevo-devised deals with major companies.

One of the latest additions to his roster is Cabaret Voltaire. Their next album, 'The Crackdown', will be released through Virgin.

THE PAST

UNLIKE THE general mass of the music biz, Stevo's stance as a latterday Diaghilev of pop entails a free flow of cash into his artists' projects. Chastising the independent labels for following the majors' line in holding onto groups' money just to earn a bit of interest (a perennial grouse of Cabaret Voltaire during their tenure with Rough Trade), he claims that Some Bizzare is "the only company that doesn't hold onto money, because when we get paid, we pay".

He could, of course, be a very rich man himself. "If I wanted to just earn money, I could, at this particular moment in time, be in Fiji, with my own house, drinking Pina Colodas, knowing that I've got enough money to live for the rest of my life. I've got so many tapes—enough to reach from your feet to your head three times over—of bands I know I can go in and pull off a magnificent, brilliant deal with great advances."

"If I wanted to dedicate the next three months of

**"Don't hold on to what's not
No, don't hold on to what's not
Wait, wait, wait... how can you wait?"**
— Cabaret Voltaire 'Talking Time'

WHEN CABARET Voltaire first set out on the path to public recognition, they were at best a tinpot organisation, consisting of three people, one room, a rudimentary drum machine, cheap bass, guitar and keyboard, and a simple but effective box of tricks or two, augmented on their rare in-person appearances by a few scratchy slides and Super-8 films.

On a scale of orderliness, the early Cabs would rate somewhere near the chaotic, yet from such inauspicious beginnings they fashioned possibly the only truly independent, self-financing creative unit to come out of the whole post-punk indie boom, releasing seven LPs and a slew of singles, solo projects and the like, performing in such far-flung climes as America, Japan and Europe, and building up a sizeable armoury of audio-visual equipment—mixers, harmonisers, equalisers, synthesisers and, more recently, three video recorders, a couple of cameras and a video mixing console.

Like Stevo, their policy has been one of reinvestment, ploughing royalties back into new projects, but adapting and reassessing those projects to fit their income and their strict independent stance.

Few groups have been as self-supporting, and none have achieved as much on such a stringent shoestring budget.

"For me, it's been a good way of learning," says Richard Kirk, one half of Cabaret Voltaire since Chris Watson left to pursue a career in TV a couple of years ago. "Not leaping forward too fast, just taking it step by step, familiarising yourself with the workings of each thing."

"In terms of recording, for instance, we started with a cheap little tape recorder and moved up gradually from two-track to four-track to eight-track to 24-track. Maybe we missed out the 16-track, but..."

"I'm glad that's how we've done it, because some people get put straight into a 24-track studio and they're in awe of the whole thing. We knew the

possibilities of what we could do. It's the same with video and film—we've learnt from a basic level, self-taught; you don't look at the rule book, you do things from instinct, how it feels, or whatever."

Exposure to increasingly sophisticated equipment, however, is only a small factor in their motivation. More predominant are the social circumstances operating on the group, the simple fact of living in a decaying northern industrial city.

"Whatever you want to bash out, you'll always find a way of bashing it out," says Mai—Stephen Mallinder, the other half. "It's a dual thing—you make yourself *au fait* with the technology, and use it to answer those circumstances back in their own terms."

Even on their earliest recordings, the Cabs displayed a rare gift of being able to answer back, with records which somehow managed to crystallise a social moment. Besides instigating and defining an entire genre—the electronic garage band—their second single 'Nag Nag Nag' encapsulated a mood, a place, a time, an attitude. One of the purest adrenaline rushes committed to record, it still sends shivers down my spine when I hear it. And it's as "relevant" today as 'The Message' was last year.

Their third studio album 'Red Mecca', released into the riot-strewn summer of '81, also seemed to capture a moment. Within its grooves, the polarising pop concerns of dance and riot converged into a soundtrack of abandonment, desire and anger: zeitgeist music at its purest, and like all zeitgeists, an unconscious reaction.

Mal: "We wouldn't actually contrive anything like that, but the amount we allow our subconscious to take over, it's natural that it comes out like that."

Does it happen often? Do you find you can look back and say, Ah, we caught something there?

Richard: "A helluva lot, yeah. A lot of things, to me, make more sense after the fact. I don't think we conceptualise at all, really, about what we're doing—it's only afterwards it seems to make sense."

"Like with 'Three Mantras', Mal expands.

"Without trying to contrive it, when the record came out it was amazingly close to the whole East-West rivalry of that time—Afghanistan, Iran, etc.—and the record had a strong division between the east and west cultures: 'Eastern Mantra' and 'Western Mantra'.

"In retrospect, it's a reflection of what was happening *outside*, even though we didn't sit down and conceptualise it. It's just the way we work. We try and keep it as spontaneous as possible."

"It's the same with the new album," adds Richard.

"Some of the techniques might have changed, but it's still a very spontaneous way of working. When we went into the studio, we had one and a half structures, and we ended up with a full album."

Ah yes. The new album.

THE PRESENT

present—n. that which is present: present business or occasion...

present—n. a gift.

— Chambers 20th Century Dictionary

DO YOU want to be pop stars? Define the term 'pop star'.

Do you want to be in a situation where you can't go shopping in Woolies in case you get recognised?

"Not particularly! My privacy is something I respect!"

But is it possible to have top ten hits, appear on TOTP and still retain your privacy?

"I'd like to think so. It's personal choice—whether you want to sell your face and your body as a product. A lot of people don't recognise certain pop stars on the street because they're selling themselves as kids on the street. So it is feasible."

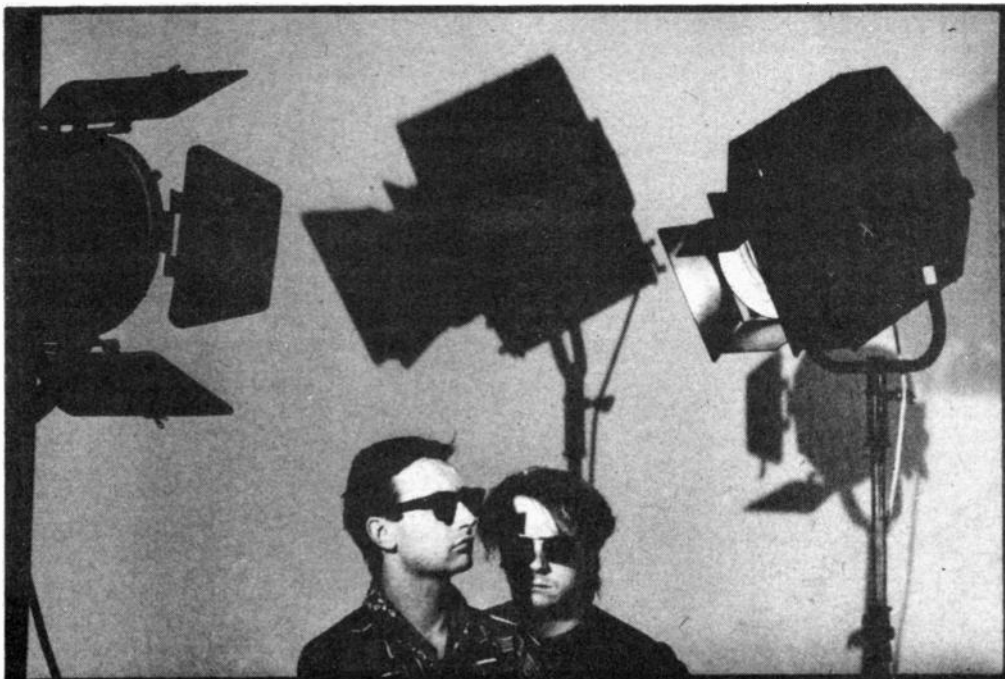
Who are Wham!, by the way?

"Exactly! They're the ones who walk down everybody's High Street."

After ten years as exemplars of the indie ethos, Cabaret Voltaire have entered into a relationship with prime hip capitalists, Virgin Records. This is a penetrating look into how and why, and what part the elfin Stevo plays in this some bizarre situation.

Script: Andy Gill
Stills: Anton Corbijn

RICHARD AND MAL.



Voltaire

ERMINAL ZONE

STEVO FIRST approached the Cabs last October, with a simple proposition: he'd pay for them to do an album in a 24-track studio, and get a deal based on what both parties wanted.

"It was as simple as that," says Mal. "Positive encouragement from an outside source. We agreed."

Accordingly, producer John Luongo (an acquaintance of Stevo's who's worked with The Jacksons, Gladys Knight and Blancmange, among others) was brought in from New York, and a single 'Just Fascination' and 12in discmix 'Crackdown' were recorded, on the strength of which Stevo set about getting a deal.

"It was a case of reaching a certain point, knowing our strengths and capitalising on them," says Mal. "From an internal point of view, in terms of the music, to capitalise on our rhythmic strength — the way it's related to the way music's gone over the past few years, the way it relates to a lot of dancefloor music — that's where we saw our *internal* strengths."

"And from an outside point of view, working with someone like Stevo, who's from an entirely different field from the Rough Trade/independent side, who plays a different ballgame. It wasn't a compromise working with Stevo, because he's not with a record company."

"I don't know whether it's a step *up* a ladder, or a step on a completely different ladder."

The album that ensued is a sleek and shiny beast compared to its abrasive, spiky predecessors. Whether it catches a moment as well as 'Red Mecca' remains to be seen, but it'll certainly catch a wider audience. In many ways, it's the album they always threatened to make: without sacrificing their techniques of collage and scrambling of information, they've tempered them to produce a dancefloor disc that works on head as well as feet. For one thing, you can actually hear what Mal's singing, for a change. He's got rather a good voice, as it happens.

"It's certainly more 'accessible'," he agrees, "and if we can utilise the things available to us now, we're certainly going to cut across more barriers than, say, the last couple of records have done."

"We've made sure we steered clear of that notion that if something is more commercial or accessible, then those terms are synonymous with 'bland'. We're very self-conscious about that — we've tried to make sure that what we've done has maintained the energy and aggression and *atmosphere* of what we did before."

"With 'accessibility', it's a case of accessible *to* what? Music can be accessible in the sense of body music, which doesn't necessarily make it bland, whereas other aspects of commercial music are too much form and not enough content — too many trimmings and not enough substance. One thing we've done, and will carry on doing, is to emphasise the *simplicity* of music."

"The most simplistic things are usually the most effective anyway," adds Richard. "You've only got to look at what Kraftwerk do. There's not a great deal there when you first look, but..."

"I think the cross-reference point between what we've done in the past and whatever's accessible is picking up on a lot of black American disco records. We listen to those and think, We've done things like that before, but maybe it's not been as well structured or organised — there's so many similarities."

"BASICALLY, WHAT Cabaret Voltaire never had was distribution," opines Stevo. "All these major companies are like machines — they just turn over all the time, chucking out records. But that machine is powerful — they can get records in the shops all over the country. Rough Trade never had that."

"Once you've got a distributor like Virgin, you're reliant on the radio. As far as I'm concerned, there's no barrier on people's acceptance of music — but they can't accept something they can't hear."

But why sign with Virgin specifically?

"For a start, there seemed to be a lot more enthusiasm, which I go a lot on. And you can't dismiss their distribution and their chain of shops. They can do a good job."

He's right about the enthusiasm. One of the more depressing things about rock journalism — and, to a large extent, the cause of the music press's general

CONTINUES OVER



VOLTS

CONTINUES

antipathy towards the major record companies — is that a journalist will go along to do a piece on a band and find that s/he knows more about the band than anyone in the record company. It happens time and time again — but it rarely happens with Virgin. They may have their faults, but lack of enthusiasm isn't one of them.

For the most part, this is down to Simon Draper, head of the Virgin record label since its inception in 1973. Ask anyone in the company why they think Virgin's been so successful over the past few years, and the first thing they'll mention will be Draper's enthusiasm, the way he involves himself with all aspects of the business, from music to marketing.

It was he who, in Virgin's first flush of Oldfield-funded success, signed such left-field eccentricities as Tangerine Dream, Faust and Henry Cow. Equally important to the case in hand is his ability to take a moderately successful cult group like Japan or Simple Minds and relaunch them to international stardom — though he modestly puts these successes down to a combination of luck and timing.

Draper first considered signing Cabaret Voltaire about a year and a half ago, with the intention, like Stevo, of putting them in a larger studio. After talking to Rough Trade, it became apparent that the group were still wary of 'the biz' and certainly weren't interested in the usual long-term (five album) contract.

So when discussions started with Stevo, he took the unusual step of offering a two-album deal with an option between records and an advance, for the first album, of £50,000. The Cabs, in conjunction with Some Bizzare, provide Virgin with a finished product, including artwork, and Virgin distribute it throughout the world (excluding America, which is still under discussion).

As Stevo puts it, "They've got to sell quite a lot of records to get their money back!"

What I wondered, first attracted Draper to the Cabs?

"The idea of them, I think. We have a history of electronic bands of all descriptions, right from Virgin's early days. And I've always had an interest and predilection for electronic music. Although electronic instruments are used throughout pop music now, sometimes it's not really the essence of it: there are a lot of groups now who are part of the mainstream of a tradition, who just happen to be using these instruments to give it a modern flash. "Cabaret Voltaire are steeped more in the tradition of experimental music — and we have a tradition of being able to sell music which is ostensibly uncommercial, experimental, avant-garde in some sense, to a wider public.

"Also, we like to sign groups that have a very strong sense of their own identity. We're not a record company that like to manipulate and manufacture images for groups. Besides, we wanted to have a full set of Sheffield bands!" (The other two being The Human League and Heaven 17.)

What's it like negotiating with Stevo? One hears so much about his curious business methods...

"He's an enthusiast, a real enthusiast. I think he thinks it's good publicity and good value to get record companies up and be the wide-boy funster — and that can be tedious. But also sometimes quite amusing.

"But the thing about Stevo is that although he has a reputation for being difficult, at core he's really enthusiastic about what he does, and that's something you can always come to terms with. He's not an idiot, by any stretch of the imagination."

One most famous aspect of Stevo's business dealings, of course, is his habit of inserting strange riders in contracts. In the Cabs' case, this involves a compact-disc machine (when they signed), a set of matching luggage (when they do their first European TV show) and a waterbed (if they've recouped at the end of the contract). There was some talk of a bubblecar, but that proved a bit too difficult for Virgin to lay their hands on. (Well, when was the last time you saw one?)

For Stevo, the rationale behind these riders is simple: "Anything that is non-recuperable is a free gift. If you can get free gifts from them, all well and good!"

Not an idiot, by any stretch of the imagination.

THE FUTURE

"News is the first rough draft of history."
— Ben Bradlee (American journalist)
"Journalism combines adventure with culture."

— Oriana Fallaci (Italian writer)
"If it's far away, it's news, but if it's close to home, it's sociology."

— James Reston (American journalist)

DO YOU consider yourselves fortunate?
Mal: "Yes. I'm not saying everything's gone smoothly, but at least we've made our own decisions..."
Richard: "...and we've been able to finance it



and do exactly what we wanted, within certain limits. But I think now is the time to gain access to more finance and go into bigger projects. There's nothing we'd like better than to do a feature-length film, work with other people on it. Things like that become more and more attractive."

Mal: "Music's become so much more transient — people with any degree of suss are being forced into other areas to actually create something of lasting satisfaction. Music is more and more just a game, to use, but it's so transient you're forced away if you want to maintain standards in what you're doing."

VIDEO! The word cuts through contemporary culture like a cold knife through lowfat polysaturated margarine; there's no way of getting away from it, whichever way you turn.

Where the lowliest of workingclass abodes would often boast the second car, they now avail themselves of video in almost lustful manner. Whenever I schlep off to my local video club to procure the latest video nice or nasty, I'm amazed by the sheer quantity of audio-visual output consumed by Joe and Jane Public: whilst I have one or two full cards of hirings, they have six or seven; their appetite is voracious, though their taste may be questionable.

It would be nice to believe that all these consumers were building up a degree of cinema literacy, catching up on a decade or two's filmic artworks, but that's just wishful thinking: it's splatter and porn for the most part, the kind of stuff they wouldn't dream of going to the cinema to see, but are quite content to ogle in the privacy of their homes.

And why not? Who should legislate for art and morals, or the way people spend their few hours of free time? Not me, for sure.

The effects, though, cut much deeper. Not in the simplistic manner proposed by prudes of all political colour, some of whom seem to believe that anyone who watches a porn film automatically becomes a rapist, but in the way we assimilate and categorise audio-visual images. It's one thing to indulge yourself in *Driller Killer* or *Debbie Does Dallas*, and quite another to be running through a film you've

recorded off the box and find, after the end, the remnants of some news or current affairs programme long since forgotten: the real atrocity bringing into sharper focus the 'reality' in which you live.

It comes as no surprise that Cabaret Voltaire spend a lot of their spare time with video. They catch the moments there as much as in music.

Over the last few years, a lot of poppy persons have proclaimed their interest in the medium. Who could forget, for instance, Pil's assertion that they weren't a music group alone, but a company whose output would diversify into other areas, specifically video? Have you seen their videos? Me neither.

In most cases, the confluence of pop music and video has resulted in a limp array of promotional professionalism, as young gun after young gun consorts with this year's Mike Mansfield to the benefit of both's bank balances. Nothing less, and certainly nothing more.

Cabaret Voltaire, it must be said, have never really had to make a promo video. There's never really been the need. Instead, they've used the medium as they use music, collaging current affairs into something with its own life and its own point. Their two-hour *Doublevision* cassette is a barrage of images whose meaning derives not from the images themselves but from the montage, from the relationship of the images to each other, the syntax and grammar of their juxtaposition.

It's not 'perfect', of course — there's no way the average promo-fed pop kid would be satisfied (sated) with this fast-cut stream of images and tyro techniques — but it's not without a certain cumulative power. In dispensing with a strict narrative flow, they've used their autodidact's freedom to create a form of audio-visual journalism, reprocessing events as oblique commentaries on life in '80s Britain. It's a similar process to their musicmaking, but in a different medium.

"In the past, we had a tremendous amount of input," says Mal. "We took a hell of a lot in and regurgitated it out, and a lot of what came out, what we threw against the wall, stuck. What's changed about us is that we've now learnt to control our output, redirect it and make it more concise."

"One thing that's helped us is access to video, and the video label — the input has been greater these past few years, with the pace of the technological revolution, and it means the directions of our output have varied slightly. In terms of music, it's meant that we can concentrate on one thing and still be satisfied that another area can be satisfied with another sort of output."

You were trying to do things in music which might be better expressed in video?

"Exactly. It's enabled us to redefine the roles of each thing we work in."

"To put it another way," adds Richard, "a lot of the music we did that had a soundtrack feel about it now has a home, in that we can create the visuals to accompany the soundtrack."

Mal: "In terms of 'cleansing the soul', video can cleanse you of a lot more things and leave you that much more time to work with other things. You can use music as a much more positive thing, without feeling as though you're ignoring the other side of the atmospheric or the ambient."

Besides the *Doublevision* cassette and the films they've used in live performance since their inception, the Cabs have another visual project in the works, a video magazine featuring contributions from a wide variety of sources.

Richard explains: "It'll be like a television programme, but it won't have a load of wanky presenters! It'll probably never get shown on TV in England, but there's possibilities abroad, in America and Europe, with cable and things like that."

"There's something for everyone in there; maybe we're being a bit too ambitious, but once we set out to do it, it was really surprising how many things were offered to us. It's not a moneymaking thing, more a promotional thing for the video company, to try to get more attention. It's just above the price of a blank tape, so if people don't like it they just wipe over it, or borrow their mate's video and copy the bits they do like."

"It did seem to cheapen it a bit, thinking of it as a 'magazine', but we did want to keep the idea of disposability," adds Mal. "When you read a magazine, the page you turn to doesn't automatically relate to the previous page. We wanted to cover a broad cross-section, and not just push one idea or one editorial policy."

"The people on it might not like much of the other stuff on it, but nobody covered in the *NME* objects if the previous page is about the group they hate most in the world. Why should it be any different with a video?"

AS JOURNALISTS, they're perfectly placed to comment on the state of the nation.

Living in Sheffield and visiting London frequently affords them a not-so-unique opportunity to see the country from both sides of the North/South divide and chart the end of the Industrial Age — a process bleakly apparent to anyone living in a northern city.

The post-industrial revolution we've all been hearing about for a decade or two is finally, suddenly upon us, and we're all paying the price for the blinkered, head-in-the-sand ignorance of those who should have been prepared — successive governments of both parties, more concerned with battles of the past or this year's inflation figure than the challenges of the future; and the unions, solely concerned with shoring up jobs in industries of dwindling significance.

In the future, things like coal and steel — the backbone of an industrial nation rooted in the last century — will fall away in the face of an onslaught of more abstract earners like software programming and leisure industries.

In retrospect, it seems an obvious change, but no one wanted to see it coming. Phrases like 'harsh reality' are cheap, but they're also uncomfortably apt. All Margaret Thatcher is doing is speeding up the change, running down old industries a bit ahead of time; the cruelty of her regime resides in its refusal to make provision for anything beyond the end of the Industrial Age. The great wealth-producing cities of the north are being left to rot, with only a few pathetic Heseltine plantations offered as sweetener for the bitterest pill of all.

"It would do a lot of people in London a lot of good to just go up and see what it's like in the north of England," says Mal. "There doesn't seem to be any conception of what it's like, not just in Sheffield, but in all the provincial cities — Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, etc."

"It's an important contact point with reality, being there: it is shit, it is boring, it is sad and depressing to see a lot of what's happening, but it's still also a motivation as well, which seems to be lacking down here. I don't think a lot of people in the south understand it at all. Either they cosmetically cover it up by some form of devolution, work schemes, etc, or they don't — they just let it run down, like you say."

Will the north ever rise again?

"According to Mark Smith it will!"

In what form?

"It all depends what Margaret Thatcher does over the next decade," says Richard. "How far she thinks she can take it, and how far other people can take it."

"In the south it's not so bad," adds Mal. "It's very acute in the north — that whole generation of people who were taught they should be working aren't working, and that is where the screwed-up psychotic nation is. If anything is going to explode, it's going to explode in the north."

WHAT WILL be the role of the artist and entertainer in the Britain of the future?

Mal: "Because we're living in a very conservative age, the most powerful approach that an artist or entertainer can have is satire. I don't mean comedy satire specifically, I mean just throwing some of it back at people and provoking them, that sort of satire. It's gradually becoming people's last area of comment. I don't see the role as just an anaesthetic."

Do you think that the idea of rebellion, of small-scale revolution, is defunct?

"I hope not. Whatever happened, I would still like to feel as though I could kick out against it. I'm not saying that I don't want entertainment, or I don't want anaesthetic, but I want to choose when and how I want it."

"I'd hate to feel I was putting myself in that position of anaesthetising other people, that I was the one providing the valium — or the valium itself."

"When I look at the charts," adds Richard, "I see 90 per cent of it as unadulterated sludge. To me, rock 'n' roll started out as the spirit of rebellion; youth and rebellion used to go hand in hand, but that situation's changed now. It makes me sad to think that so many young people are so fucking conservative. That's the frightening thing."

"And the attitude is the frightening thing," continues Mal. "It's not the records themselves, it's the attitude that underlies those records. There's a lot more to a record than just a song on a piece of vinyl — there's a lot of ideology and things behind it. That's what I question. I still feel, in this present conservative climate, a right not to be conservative about what we do, to still keep something amoral and provocative."

I second that motivation.

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LPs

LONG PLAYERS

MTUME

Juicy Fruit (Epic)

AFTER LISTENING to two sides of Mtume's 'Juicy Fruit' consecutively, I felt as happy as the last time I stopped banging my head against the wall. Trapped in a cell by tyrannical drum machines, like some fiendish slapping machine devised by prefects at one of those kinky public schools.

So coy, too! Every time a cliché—all credit to Tawitha's intense vocals, she manages to burn through in a manner that suggests she could sing the phone book as if it was written by Sylvia Plath.

Meanwhile, she has to put up with the dreary old mortality play of Mtume's disco love. An interminable chat-up composed of all the corniest lines in the book, laden with all kinds of hideously ominous corollaries and sub-clauses to affection you can imagine, boredom prominent amongst them.

However, I didn't grab Mtume's album from the editor's desk for no reason. Their 'Juicy Fruit' title track is sweetening the upper reaches of the dance charts, because along with two of the eight album tracks, it contains the wonder ingredients—character and humour. All very sub-Bootsy and Papa George Clinton, but nonetheless a cut above the dreary drivel that gums up too much of 'Juicy Fruit', the album.

Will Mr. Mtume discover the delights of bachelordom? Will Tawitha finally get to sing some material worthy of her voice? Will I ever play this album again?

Vivien Goldman

SISTERS UNDER THE SCALES

SISTERS OF MERCY

The Reptile House EP (Merciful Release)

DEEP IN the woods a funeral is swinging...

The Sisters Of Mercy habit is catching on fast, and so I make no apology for spilling a gallon of ink over an (admittedly good value) EP's worth of tunes.

Ever since the Pistols proclaimed 'No Fun' back in '76, The Stooges have swum in the punk mainstream as a Major Influence, but more as a *style code* than an inspirational virus. The Psychedelic Furs and Bauhaus have flirted with the death trip, and the Sisters are the latest and most faithful to the Look, if not the spirit.

Pre-Stooges, Jim Osterburg crooned for The Iguanas, hence the name Iggy. But he's not the only—though by far the most important—scaly creature in 'The Reptile House'. The Lizard King aka Mr Mojo Rising aka Jim Morrison gleams darkly in the Sisters' memories. And listening recently to Suicide's first album from 1977, it struck me how close the Sisters' Andrew Eldritch sounds to Alan Vega's Latin lounge lizard billyfied into an eye-rolling, slobbering psycho. Furthermore Suicide's Martin Rev's drum-machine anticipates the Sisters' Doktor Avalanche by five years, and their would-be Ashton guitar barrage uncannily echoes Rev's fuzzy garage synths. Check out 'Rocket USA' and 'Ghost Rider' for proof.

But the Leeds werewolves would really like to sound like The Stooges of 'Dirt', 'Anne' and '1969' (a song they covered on the 'Alice' EP). Craig Adams' bass-lines stalk down a dark alley, as they should, but on record the guitars of Ben Gunn and Gary Marx as well as the drumming sound distinctly underpowered. But produced by Andrew Eldritch, it's not surprising that his voice is given star treatment.

Doomy, sepulchral or threatening are words that simply don't adequately convey the consequence of ten tons of reverb on the human vocal chords. Eldritch sounds so like the Grim Reaper from Monty Python's *Meaning Of Life* that you've got to, well, laugh. And it's on that level that I get my rocks off to The Sisters Of Mercy in general, and 'The Reptile House' in particular. Anyone who can utter the lines "The razor bites and the shriek subsides" ('Valentine') or "The night draws near and the daylight fades" ('Lights') can't be entirely serious. But paradoxically, the Sisters are well-known to have been mortified at the news that their idols The Birthday Party were distinctly underwhelmed by their music.

To fail The Birthday Party's *auto da fe* is no doubt upsetting, but from the starting point of The Stooges, the two bands have developed in very different ways, and should not really be compared.

The Sisters revel in the myths, the appearance, the *schtick*, and their obvious, literal-minded homage works by dint of sheer conviction of delivery. And it's this great *weight* of commitment to their chosen vice that fails to transfer from stage to vinyl.

As mentioned before, their recorded sound lacks that swelling, visceral punch they pack live. And if you can't get physical with the Sisters, your brain takes over and whoops!—disbelief rears its ugly head. 'Valentine' should have been a killer, but you have to crank up the Dansette to danger level, shut your eyes and and imagine you're writhing in the morass before the correct degree of darkness falls. What is more certain to induce a cast-iron case of the screaming abdots than a deliriously *slooooow* intro, kicking off with a steam-hammer sexbeat, then a death knell of Sabbath-style drone-riffs ushering in a cavernous voice of shuddering horror? Ah, if only it could happen here...

As it is, we will just have to cherish the Sisters' live performances of 'Gimme Shelter', 'Emmaline' and 'Jolene' a while longer until they learn how to fill those grooves with mercy and mortality, let alone fear and loathing.

Mat Snow



Sisters Of Mercy. Illustration Ian Wright



Those Blasted Alvin brothers. Pic Debbie Leavitt

BLASTIN' THROUGH THE MULESHIT

THE BLASTERS

Non Fiction (Slash import)

OVER THE past three years, white American music's been getting a real recharge from several California couples: John Doe and Exene Cervenka of X,

Chip and Tony Kinman of Rank & File, and brothers Dave and Phil Alvin in The Blasters. The sparkplugs they've been firing on are of course familiar genres and not all white musics—but in each case the band involved is producing remarkable new and original work.

Counting a mini-album of live stuff, 'Non Fiction' is The Blasters' fourth and best-yet waxing: one which suggests something truly formidable in the offing from the combination of Dave Alvin's lyrics and Phil's delivery. This band's difficulties stem from its very vehicle; they're unabashedly a

cooking, steaming, spare but highly-seasoned rockabilly based danceband.

The requisite diesel fumes and parking-lot whoopee have never been a musical dilemma—semi-member Steve Berlin's baritone sax could melt tarmac and pianist Gene Taylor (who sings on the cover of 'Tag Along' here) pumps in a barrelhouse style that recalls Huey Smith's best boogie. But rockabilly history is a) redneck: traditionally conservative and resistant to articulation and b) energetic largely through resentments: it was the music of white trash class-rebellion and hell raising.

Fully aware of these facts, The Blasters simply took the offensive—to force their favourite form to expand, to replace anger with enthusiastic energies—and they've yet to relinquish it. One only calls these latest results 'mixed' because it now seems possible that the Alvins could become the very sort of pop force Chuck Berry once was. And in those circling ante is up considerably on where they go from here.

To get specific, the best cut on 'Non Fiction'—'Long Black Cadillac', a sinister, streamlined threnody of a tribute to Hank Williams—can't be topped by anything else they've done. It's fast-rolling, dense and different (the epitome of Alvin's just the emotional facts here economy prevails over sentiment) to any similar dedications.

Springsteen's unrecorded 'Bye Bye Johnny' probably remains the song on music's fallen stars, but

it's his 'Mansion On The Hill' from 'Nebraska'—the populist flipside to Hank Williams' hit of the same title—which best illustrate The Blasters' biggest obstacle on this LP. As Hank himself put it, "The hillbilly sings more sincere than most entertainers because he was raised rougher than most entertainers. You got to have smelt a lot of muleshit before you can sing like a hillbilly."

It's that necessity rather than lack of muscle or sincerity or poetry which renders this band's current pronouncements on the Great Depression's Hoovervilles ('Boomtown', 'Jubilee Train') or blue-collar romance ('It Must Be Love') authentic, but not quite... right. Yet The Blasters are honest and red-hot and 'Non Fiction' contains two other truly special rockers: 'Bus Station', which breaks lyrical ground by alternating public 'confidences' with private thoughts verse by verse, and 'Leaving'—an archetypal Saturday night Slow Song that shares its honesty with the listener, rather than the object of its devotion.

Musically the rest is the best of the '50s perfectly distilled and furnished with lyrics scrambling for that big sky with all the energy you can imagine in one world. 'Non Fiction' means just what its title implies—business. These guys are out to wring the night itself dry and, as immaculate as this is, it sounds like they're just getting started.

Cynthia Rose

JULUKA

Scatterlings Of Africa (Safari)

THERE IS some controversy surrounding Juluka at the moment. In the public houses and cafeterias, old men with caps and grizzled beards hotly dispute Juluka's difficulties with the Musicians' Union, while many a casual flick through the 57p singles in F. W. Woolworth has turned into a bout of fistcluffs because someone has spotted a Juluka single.

I personally think Juluka are reasonably right on—one doubts that a band whose new single describes the Zulu victory over the British at Isandhlwana are on the Walkmans of BOSS employees.

So to the album. Anyone expecting a Malcy Approved Just Like Ade Incredibly Authentic African Record will be disappointed. Juluka specialize in a kind of folksy pop, blended with an indefinable African swing. It's more like an English band trying to add an African touch than the other way round. With Johnny Clegg's vocals paying a rather too obvious tribute to the music's roots (not to mention his clothes—ever seen a Zulu with a moustache and a goatee beard?), the impression of Steeleye Span trying to be ethnic is a strong one.

David Quantick

THE UNDERTONES



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JIMMY

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TEENAGE
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MY PERFECT
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ARZLK

QUEEN REE'S RIGHTS & WRONGS

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Get It Right (Arista)

IT'S A classic year for soul, with the music's youngbloods rapping, body popping, B-breaking and electro funkling into the outer reaches of synthesised space (*faaar* from the street), and the acclaimed masters and *grandes dames* of the craft reminding everyone just what made them so acclaimed in the first place.

Bag one is presently spilling out explosive summer specials from the Jonzun Crew, Johnny Dynell, Troublefunk, and the like. Bag two boasts new editions of might from superheroes like James Brown, Michael Jackson, The Isleys and ... Aretha Franklin.

'Get It Right' finds the queen in entirely regal form again after her rehabilitation last year to hitsville USA courtesy of the good graces of chubby *wunder kind* Luther Vandross, who penned and produced 'Jump To It' and likewise bosses the credits on this new set.

It's virtually a re-tread of last year's prizewinner in fact, the same mixture of Vandross originals and a couple of standards with a crushingly

obvious and instantly appealing hit single leading the charge. And what a charge 'Get It Right' itself is, an ankle-snatching riff tugging away beneath a melody lifted into sublimity by Aretha's performance. It's that voice again — soaring, swooping, aching, a voice that can stroke heartstrings as surely as any operatic diva and which still carries the unmistakable accents of its gospel youth. It's about as good as human vocal chords come and right now the voice is defying reality: "Don't give up, never stop, we can take it to the top, if we just take the time to get it right."

With its exhortations equally applicable to matters personal and political, with Aretha's interpretation somehow implying all the options at once and with Vandross having the sense to ease off the orchestral production pedal for once, it's unmistakably one of the best records of the year, a tune which will be as fresh in ten years as the O'Jays 'Backstabbers' is today. (Did I say in ten years time — well, if we get it right).

The rest of the album falls predictably short of such rarefied excellence. Aretha's never less than outstanding, but the material

and production only match her quality fitfully. As most other '70s output testifies, she can be directionless and apt to choose inferior material for her talents. She needs guidance.

Mr Vandross, of course, is a very forceful producer and his trademarks are unmistakable. Much has been made of his penchant for supper club soul of the blandest and most syrupy varieties, but he rarely stoops here to the banalities which litter his own records. The impression is that on the thin line between lush and slush Vandross doesn't know what side he's treading most of the time.

His style — basically a cunning synthesis of the orchestral sounds of early '70s Philly and Barry White (to whom VD's kitschy quasi-opulent manner owes more than a little) and the trimmer sprightlier rhythms that emerged after disco — is undeniably appealing (let's face it, it moves plenty product units), but

he rarely shakes off the lurking suspicion that it's ultimately plain vacuous.

Certainly too many of the numbers here sound like he punched in a few chord sequences on the mixing desk computer console, keyed in matching arrangements and went off to buff the whitewalls of his Lincoln Continental while Aretha salvaged some meaning and emotion from the soundtrack.

The re-vamp of the Tempt's 'I Wish It Would Rain' confirms one's worst fears; it's overwrought and contrived ("Let's see, now, how can we better Norman Whitfield's arrangements." Answer, you can't). 'Every Girl (Wants My Guy)' and 'I Got Your Love' leave a pleasing and distinctive mid-tempo imprint on matters, but the remainder just smooches about harmlessly really, the audio equivalent of the airbrushing on the queen's cover shot.

Neil Spencer



Aretha's regal wave. Pic: Peter Anderson

WAITRESSING FOR GODOT

DONNA SUMMER
She Works Hard For The Money (Mercury)

DIANA ROSS
Ross (Capitol)

DONNA SUMMER has adopted a succession of irresistible role models — the sex Goddess of Moroder's sensual motorik disco, the modern day Cinderella of 'Once Upon A Time', the sassy supervamp of 'Bad Girls' — and my heart turned to putty once more when I saw the cover of her LP. There she is — lovely Donna, sweet, glowing magnificent Donna — an angel in white, a soda pop waitress who looks like she's about to break Dion Di Mucci's wayward heart.

My heart turned to stone when I heard the record, she doesn't play the part at all. Instead Donna wants to be herself — a concerned, socially aware artiste. Last year she began to discard the lovable archetypes of her past but had the glittering production of Quincy Jones behind her, this year it's obvious — she's been up too long, too high on showbiz sugar mountain to write songs of the people for the people without sounding gratuitous and condescending.

Like Diana she is a solid but unremarkable talent who only becomes sensational with help from a mastermind, Michael O'Martian (who he? the first

Irishman in outer space?) is the producer this time and he's certainly no mastermind — compare the fresh fiery drive of 'Bad Girls' to the grinding sweaty title track, or the dynamic spice of 'Love Is In Control' to the heavy handed 'He's A Rebel', or goopy murk like 'Love Has A Mind Of It's Own' to any of the Moroder or Jones produced stuff. This is drab, unimaginative music, bereft of the special palpitating atmosphere of past work.

The songs are images of America filtered through a pious, servile Born Again perspective. The cover soon turns sour when Donna starts playing a po-faced Sunday School matron — SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!! 'He's A Rebel' (nothing to do with The Crystals) is a hymn that paints JC as a cross between Abbie Hoffman and James Dean, 'Unconditional Love' is a disgrace that preaches acceptance of whatever shit comes your way. It includes Musical Youth on chorus but still sounds like The Goombay Dance Band on quaaludes.

There are people — Simone, Scott-Heron, Mayfield — who have carved proud careers out of songs with a stirring spiritual base and a cutting social insight. But when Donna tries to do it she is myopic and, if not embarrassing, downright offensive.

The cover of 'Ross' doesn't raise any expectations, the lady looking like she's been on a stable diet of ether and marijuana. The

title is particularly telling — her voice, her name is worn like a leading brand name as if it in itself is enough, there is no need for her to stretch out or come off her aloof pedestal.

It's common knowledge that Ross reached her present position by being the classroom favourite of Berry Gordy, other starlets of the time had much better voices. Hers is like whipped cream to be spread over the inventions that support it — nothing here lends it the soaring majesty of Supreme-acy or her early Chic-produced solo work.

With former Steely Dan producer Gary Katz at the controls the first side starts off perky though hardly astonishing. Donald Fagen has written a song but it sounds like a third rate outtake from 'The Nightfly'. One song — 'You Do It' — is the best thing she's recorded since her

work with Chic but its honest simplicity is soon swamped by guitar laden raunch paunch and heartless confectionery. If she's not riding a mean, searing guitar ('Let's Go Up' and 'Upfront' should have been renamed the LA chainsaw massacre), it's bland superficial gloss like 'Love Or Loneliness' or 'Girls', the former a self written tribute to the nameless faces on fashion magazines. She probably feels she can identify with them.

There you have it — two girls at the top of the tree, neither of whom is able to justify their status. Donna tries to be meaningful and ends up sounding ludicrous and Diana just sails by anonymously. Undoubtedly they'll both remain very rich but, on these showings, not in the currency that really counts.

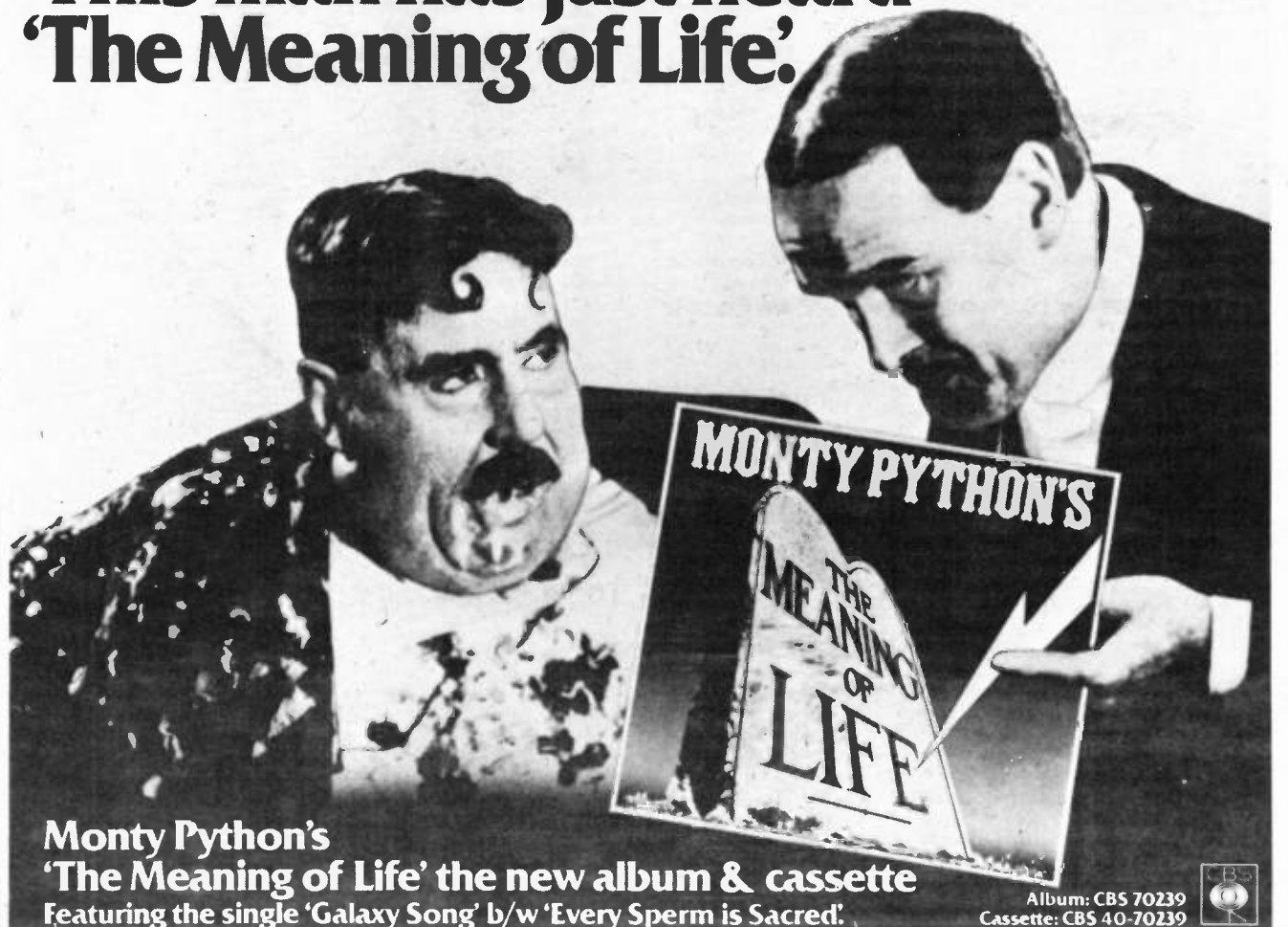
Gavin Martin



Some are born great, Summer merely born again.

Pic: Anton Corbin

This man has just heard 'The Meaning of Life'



Monty Python's
'The Meaning of Life' the new album & cassette
Featuring the single 'Galaxy Song' b/w 'Every Sperm is Sacred'

Album: CBS 70239
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DEAD MAN'S SHADOW

The 4P's (Expulsion)

DEAD MAN'S Shadow are one of those lucky punk bands that do not quite fit into any specific sub-section; they're neither Anarcho, Oi or Positive (gulp). Thus, we might have expected from them a free-wheeling piece of enthusiasm that knows no bounds. Instead we have 'The 4P's', a loose collection of musical and lyrical identikit punk clichés. Where there should've been an endless number of possibilities for variety and change, there's simply a lack of identity and direction.

This affair is similar in many ways to other recent standard punk releases, for example LPs from One Way System, The Vibrators and Conflict. All of these make the common post-'77 mistake of equating speed and brute force with power and excitement. Thus we have the rise and rise of monotonous heavy-metal thrash — it's as though Status Quo had played the 100 Club and not the Pistols.

Here on 'The 4P's' are the same old familiar chugga-chugga power chords with bits of lead overdub slapped on top. Only a couple of interesting tracks break up the tedium: one is 'Insecure', a brooding mess of a song, and the other is 'We Can Do It Together', which brings back memories of a raw and sparkling SLF. But even this is let down by some appallingly clichéd lyrics, "When we're apart we're very weak, when we're together we're very strong". Hmmm, when we need another Sham 69, we'll ask for one.

Yes captain, the dull riffs churn on and the mundane lyrics along with them. "Reject slips are soul destroying", DMS finally scream. Well, sorry boys, but don't call us ...

Richard North

SCAREDY CATS STAY COOL

MARK STEWART'S MAFIA

Learning To Cope With Cowardice (On-U Sound)

BASTARD FUNK to idiot reggae. Pop Group Mark is still the daddy eclectic of 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil'; trying to marry his burning politico soul to the most inconvenient of musics.

This year's model is The Mafia—Charles Eskimo Fox (drums), Evar (bass) and Fatfingers (Keyboards)—a trio of maverick dubsters from Adrian Sherwood's On-U Sound. And 'Learning To Cope With Cowardice' is a collection of brilliantly neurotic ripping yarns of police state paranoia and paramilitary phobia. Mark Stewart is hanging out his washing and talking dirty over the garden fence.

Opening with the title track, Stewart's familiar excesses—a rabid brew of rant and whine, twist and pout—are dragged head first into the mix, turned inside out and cleaved with a malignant cut-up dynamism. All around him, The Mafia paint wicked murals with

rhythm, spray-can style; perverting the primary colours of rock into a dubbed-up dyslexic graffiti.

'Learning To Cope With Cowardice' is not for the weak-hearted nor the easily satisfied. It's a brave perspective, the hard-edged geometry of rock, the lush evocation of reggae and the upstart allure of pop all looked at in a wicked hall of mirrors. I can listen to the Wham! album without blinking, but this side of the pop coin—and I see no reason for not calling these condensed dance dictates pop—has flipped its lid and turned over the rocks to reveal a million maggots.

It could be, in its simplest form, a guttural curse on the desensitised rituals and blood money bartering of the pop market place. It is chilling. Let's hear it for The Mafia. Yowsah!

Amrik Rai



Sitting Dax

ZING!

track on 'Whammy!' that I cited as filler/dull—was a B52-vian version of Yoko Ono's 'Don't Worry, Kyoko' (lyrics went uncredited and music mis-credited on my Island pressing). Another proof that so much of the to-do about 'art music' is less conceptual than credential-conscious!

'Pop-Eyes' has less going for it in the latter category than it might, considering it's packaged in a disgusting jumble of medical-mag pix which certainly won't pass muster as a "comment on the meat-market syndrome" of the music biz—and that fully half its lyrical content is sheer twaddle.

The thing is that the other half (the one that's fully thought-out) is good and gutsy and—with the exception of final, kiddie-voice track 'Cutting The Last Sheaf'—the actual sound kept reclaiming my attention even when I tried wrenching it away.

Former Lemon Kitten Danielle Dax not only wrote and orchestrated the whole thing; she also sings and plays all of it (that includes guitars, drums, keyboards, banjo, sax, trumpet, tapes, drone, a TR808, assorted percussion and 'toys').

Two tracks—'The Stone Guest' with squatty, blustery horns set over an aggressive strum and 'Kernow' which is augmented by wails 'n' scales—are instrumentals. The others cover a

surprising range of vocal styles; from 'Numb Companions', a churchy piece sung with all the resonance of a real folk recitation, to 'Bed Caves', a slighting slice-of-life-today track rendered in the breathy, Astrud Gilberto Redux mode for whose revival we may blame Tracey Thorn.

The best singing is the least fettered and or most straightforward; the best compositions ('The Wheeled Wagon', 'Here Come The Harvest Buns' and 'The Shamemen') are

as visionary as the songs Sam Shepard used to outline for his early theatrical experiments... They have that sort of economy, comment, impact and—in the case of 'Harvest Buns'—sheer zing. The best of 'Pop-Eyes' somehow manages to avoid both arch artiness and the killer kiss of 'finish'. Perhaps that's why its worst seems as banal as its terse does exciting... because it's honest exploration.

Cynthia Rose



The Godfather of Pout. Pic Len Hooper

SPLAT!

SOZIALISTISCHES PATIENTEN KOLLEKTIV

Leichenschrei (Side Effekts)

THE CORPSE screams again! Dead but dreadfully reluctant to let go, Western-style industrial states approximate signs of life as best they can. The entertainment wings that are their last lively twitching limbs

are well versed in dissimulation. Cosmeticians turned morticians do a fair job of prettying up the corpse—enough to keep drawing the consumers back anyway. But every so often they are given a serious jolt by maggots breaking through the skin.

The Sino-Australian-NZ terrorist group SPK is such a multi-mouthed maggot. Part pre-aesthetic trash monger, part post-industrial preacher, SPK feed off the industrial corpse only to puke everything back up over you. 'Leichenschrei'/'The Corpse Screams' is a grim, gaudy document that splatters all

over the pavement its most sustained feast to date.

Fragments of medical discourse are folded into taped conversations with paranoid schizophrenics ('The manager of the corporation tried to give me syphilis by wiping his cock on my sandwich'). In case the words themselves are not enough to keep you horribly absorbed, they've been grafted onto gargantuan machine noises sculpted into lurching neo-primitive rhythms and broken up by metal percussion exorcisms.

It is a bizarrely ugly beast to be sure, made up of human

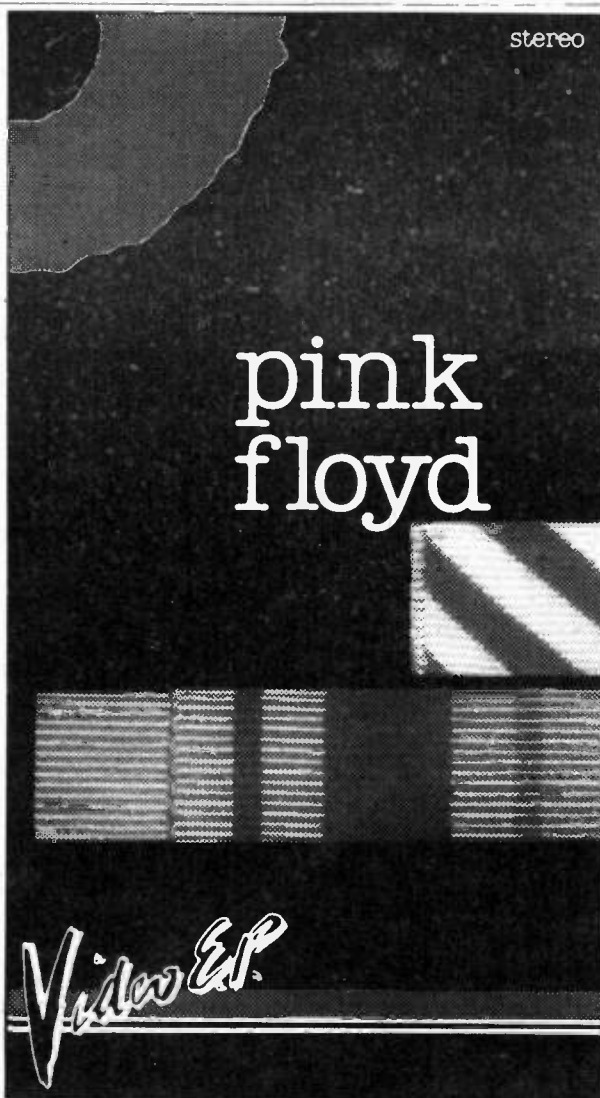
flesh and metal, but it moves in all senses of the word. Best of all it wants to move among people and therefore refuses its freaks status. Behaving like latterday shamans, SPK presents itself as the symptom of the disease and also its possible cure.

Recorded and first released in America 18 months ago, 'Leichenschrei' is nevertheless quite lumpy compared to SepPuku's more recent 'Dekompositionen' 12in, which comes closer to the meeting of savage and civilised minds that is SPK's intent. Best investigate the pair in tandem.

Chris Bohn

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WHSMITH



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JULIE BURCHILL looks at the autobiography of the man who has modern history Taylor-made

20th CENTURY ROUNDHEAD

A PERSONAL HISTORY

by A. J. P. Taylor (Hamish Hamilton, £9.95)

ALAN JOHN Percivale Taylor is the History Superman; so telegenic that he makes Jaclyn Smith resemble Cyril in comparison, while his body of work (this is his 28th book) comprises the most important subject in the world written in the most beautiful prose on the planet.

The first draft of this autobiography contained 76 cases of libel, according to the publisher's lawyers; there is no mention at all of his second wife, Anthony Crosland's sister Eve who told him she would take him to the cleaner's if he so much as mentioned her name. But the book conceals nothing about Mr Taylor himself: it is truly the bard stripped bare.

He was born in 1906 into a family rich from the favours of King Cotton. His grandfather, convinced he was about to die, retired at 50 and made his eldest son Percy senior partner. The grandfather lived for another 35 years, devoting his time to his abiding obsessions of lying about his age and taking thermal baths. Mr Taylor writes beautifully about his babyhood: his bath nights, his adorable ailments, his passionate love for his old Percy, a wonderful man — "I try to look as innocent and harmless as my father."

At school he played *Cavallers and Roundheads* — "I do not need to say which side I was on, indeed commandeered. Miss Purvis complained that I took the game too seriously; *Cavallers and Roundheads*, she explained, were only the names for the two sides. I did not take this view. The *Cavallers* represented privilege — long scented locks, silk garments, affected ways of speaking. The *Roundheads* were the party of the people — men of simple life, believing in equality and of course speaking with a Lancashire accent."

His childhood is recalled with dry wit and perfect pacing, which makes a change; in most biographies, the childhood is definitely the bit to skip — either one long overwrought incestuous trauma or so insipid that it makes the lid of a chocolate box look like a Sam Peckinpah film. At Bootham he preached anarchy for the school and Communism for the country: he writes with matter

of fact horror about the cruelty and loneliness of boarding school — the cold, the bullying, the lack of privacy, the homosexuality vented with a coy sadism. But at least one good thing happened to him there; he found Atheism, the true Faith. One day a voice in the Art Room whispered to him "There is no God"; "What a relief. From that moment Christian's burden fell off my back forever. I have had many troubles in life, but religion has never been one of them — no running around after faith or worrying about the Unseen."

The 1917 Revolution converted his parents from the Liberal Party to socialism. His father joined the gas workers branch of the TGWU although he had never been near a gas works in his life and was rich and retired; his mother made huge financial contributions to the Communist Party "as the records of the Special Branch probably show." Mr Taylor himself daydreamed of becoming a revolutionary leader, "curiously enough always dressed in Cromwellian armour".

He acquired his first friend at 17 — a tall Edinburgh Calvinist called George — "My first love." They exchanged voluminous letters discussing such overblown, high-flown subjects as whether Tess was, as Hardy asserts, "a pure woman". George insisted she could not be; A.J.P. was more inclined to be tolerant. Together they walked the Lake District — walking and looking at churches are Mr Taylor's great platonic passions — but "sadly we had only one year together". He went south to take a scholarship exam for Oxford: "On the last night I was invited to dinner at Balliol high table. Our host asked about my political views. I told him and when he asked what should be done with Oxford in a Communist society I replied 'Blow it up after I have gone down'." He went to Oriel instead.

At Oxford he was taught only ancient history — non-dangerous history. 1688 was about as modern as it got. In modern history, which he has devoted his life to, he is entirely self-taught. It is not surprising that to enliven his time at Oxford he joined both the Communist and Labour parties, unaware that this is considered darkest treachery by both. Tom Driberg was his fraternal friend (A.J.P. relates with dry disgust how the only politician to show up at

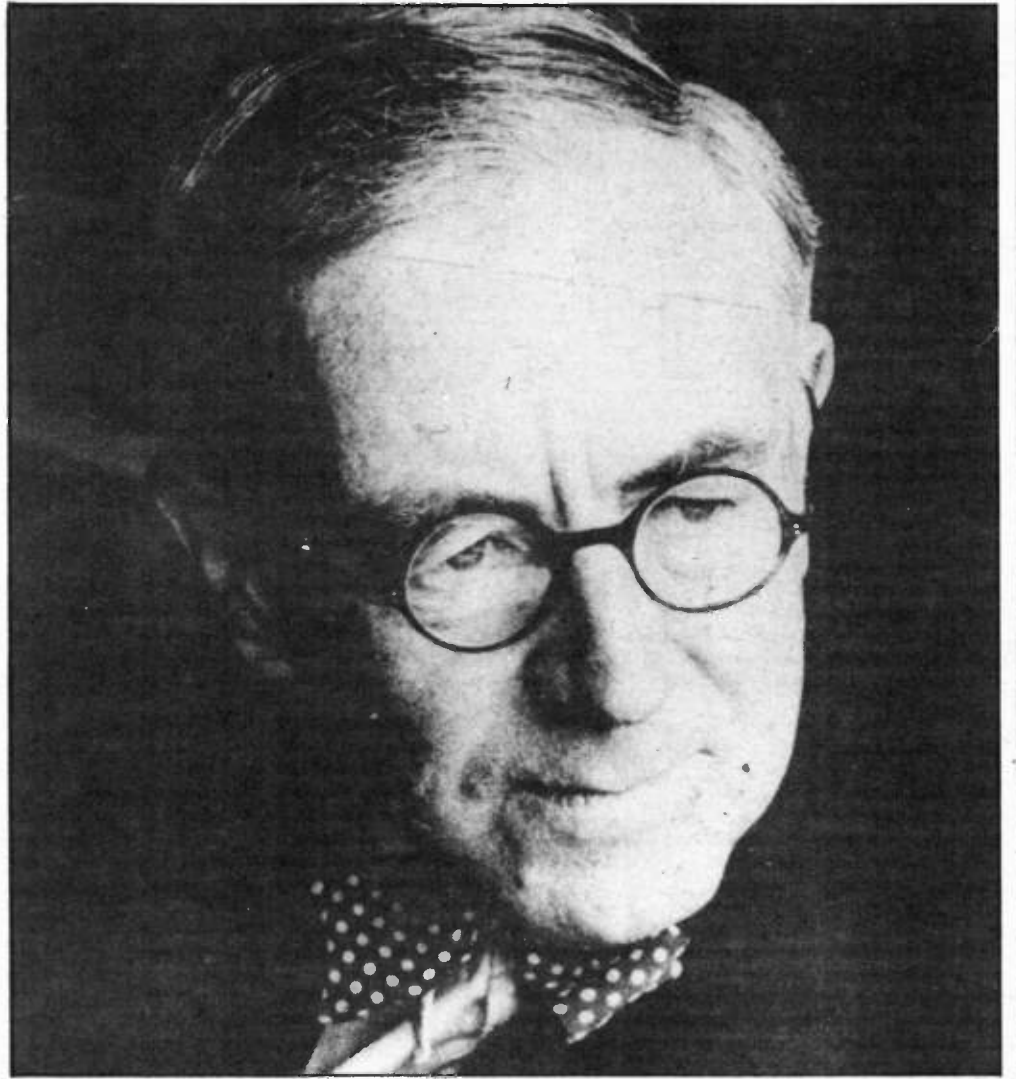
Driberg's funeral was Barbara Castle); the activism of the Oxford CP (Taylor and Driberg and that's that) makes hilarious reading. They met in Driberg's rooms with the curtains drawn, candles burning and jazz playing. "We divided our labours. I looked after the Labour Club in the sense of making semi-Communist speeches there. Tom did more practical work such as selling the *Worker's Weekly* at the Cowley factory gates, an activity that enabled him to become acquainted with the better looking factory workers."

He had another friend at Oxford who tried to have his way with a hen, of all things — "a vain attempt. Not surprisingly he was being psychoanalysed." His own brushes with sex are documented with stark stolidity — this is no 'Later, Much Later' graduate of Mr Rank's Charm School but a teller of the nasty truth.

When Mr Taylor broke the news to his mother that the girl he intended to marry was not a Bolshevik, Mama Taylor developed a pronounced limp that remained with her for the rest of her life. She blamed him totally. This may well be the one recorded instance in which mother really did know best, because Taylor goes on to open old wounds writing about the rampant lechery of his first wife who first threw herself at the young Robert Kee with mouth-foaming fervour. Mr Kee made his excuses and left — it must have been a relief for him when he was shot down by the Nazis and put in a POW jail.

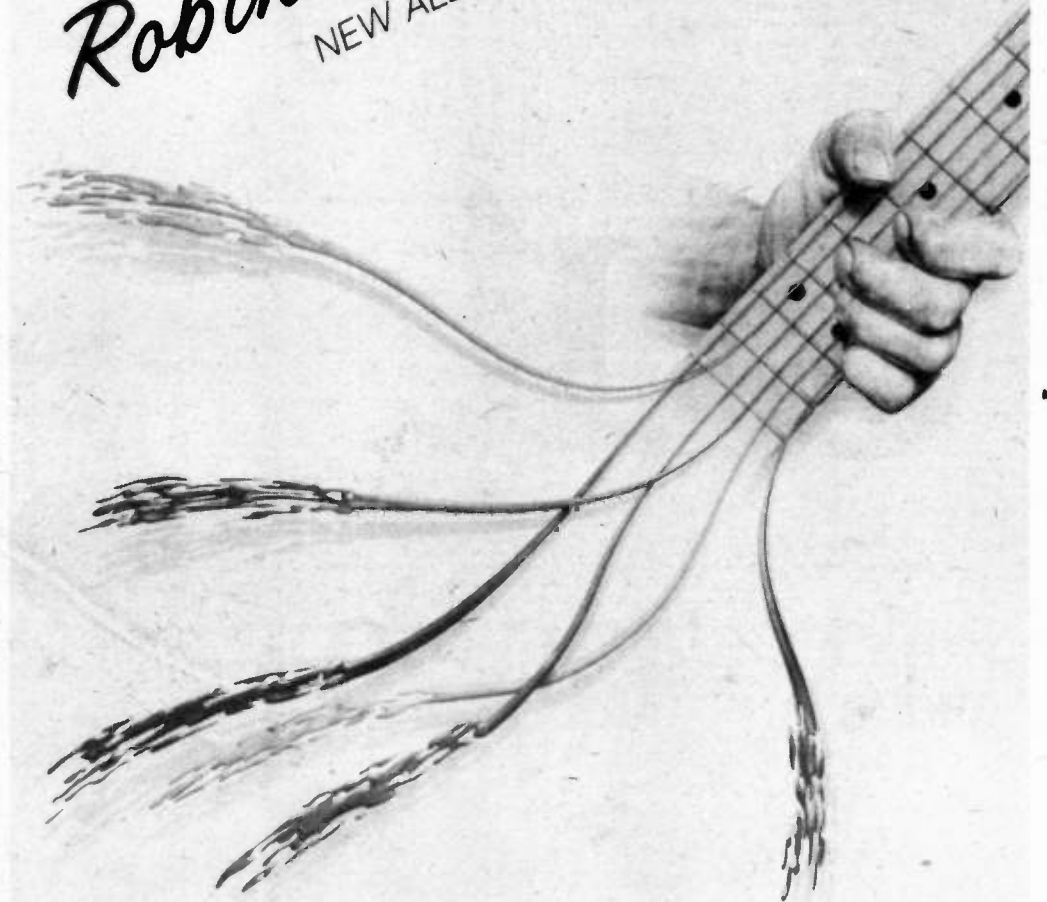
The first Mrs Taylor then went after Dylan Thomas, brilliantly exposed as a conman and all-round creep by the Taylor pen of burning gold: "I disliked Dylan Thomas intensely. He was cruel. He was a sponger even when he had money of his own. He went out of his way to hurt those who helped him." A.J.P. helped him — and grew to hate him, with good reason. The ugly poet took money from Mr Taylor and took everything that was going from his silly wife, boasting in pubs all around Oxford that he had the wife of a rich don "hooked".

A.J.P. Taylor takes us through his rather happier love for Beaverbrook (one of many sensitive Left-wing bloods — Mr Foot being the most prominent — infatuated by the wild colonial newspaper baron), his career in broadcasting (the only man who can talk to a camera with wit and wisdom for 30 minutes without the aid of a teleprompter), his career in perfect, popular journalism and finally his marriage to Eva Harasz, the Hungarian historian. This is a spectacularly teeming book, each page brimming with incident, character, analysis and quips — but it is, above all, an A.J.P. Taylor Book; there simply is no higher praise.



Mr Taylor — the bard stripped bare.

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This week's round-up

ZAINE GRIFF is this week playing a midnight residency at London Piccadilly Theatre—it continues until Saturday (16), and he goes on stage after the main show of the evening has finished. He's working with the same eight-piece band who backed him in his sell-out May residency at the Marquee Club. Details of a new single and a major London concert in late July will be announced shortly.

JUKEBOX—the non-stop live extravaganza featuring the best music of the '50s, '60s and '70s—opens tonight (Thursday) at London's Astoria Theatre in Charing Cross Road. It features a singing and dancing cast of 26 up-and-coming youngsters and an orchestra of 14 musicians. Its unbroken continuity, says producer Bill Martin (best-known as one Britain's most successful songwriters), will leave audiences "exhilarated and completely exhausted".

THE REPUBLIC headline a benefit show at London University Union this Saturday (16), in aid of Workers Against Racism, who are helping a Bangladeshi woman Afia Begum to fight a deportation order (tickets £2.50 or £1.50 for the unwaged). **THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE** are also in the show, and they have other London dates at Bond St. Embassy Club (August 1), Brixton The Frigate (11) and Greenwich The Mitre (25). The Frigate gig is a Sid Vicious tribute, with the Legendary Luton Kippers supporting.

THE DEATH CULT—the band recently formed from the ashes of Southern Death Cult, Theatre Of Hate and Ritual—have a major London showcase at The Ace in Brixton on Saturday, September 17. Tickets are not yet on sale, but we understand that they will be limited to just £1.



QUASAR, now featuring lead singer Sue Robinson, have made several changes and additions to their date sheet listed two weeks ago. On July 19, they now play Sheffield George IV Hotel instead of Leyland; they're at Preston Clouds instead of Blackburn Clouds (21); and they visit Blackburn Regent instead of Garstang (22). New bookings are Milton Keynes Peartree Centre (July 18), South Shields New Crown Hotel (August 8), Darlington Lucinda's (9), Newcastle Cooperage (10), Southport Follies (11) and London Fulham Golden Lion (15).



B. A. ROBERTSON is one of the stars of a charity gala this Sunday (17) at Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre, in aid of the Stars Organisation for Spastics. Among others appearing are Stephanie Lawrence, The Bouncing Czechs and compere Tim Rice.

TENPOLE TUDOR have added another London show to their list of London dates, reported last week—it's a headliner at Brixton The Ace on Thursday, July 28, with King Kurt and Serious Drinking supporting. As already announced, they have a residency at Camden Dingwalls on alternate Thursdays from July 21.

THE PASSION PUPPETS, the five-piece London band who recently signed a long-term deal with Stiff, play a one-off on July 21 at London Kensington Sunset Club—support act is One On One, and tickets are £1.50 (members) or £2 (non-members). This is in the nature of a prelude to a full-scale autumn tour, which will coincide with the release of their debut album. Meanwhile, their single 'Like Dust'/'House Of Love' has just been issued.

ALTERED IMAGES have slotted in one more date this month, prior to their August tour—at Exeter University on July 22.

TOUR NEWS

LONNIE LISTON SMITH flies into the UK to play three dates later this month—at Hitchin The Regal (July 21), Brighton Top Rank (24) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (30). There will be two performances at the Dominion, at 6pm and 9pm. He'll also be appearing on TV during his visit.

ONE THE JUGGLER have added further dates to their previously reported tour, which supports their current single 'Damage Is Done' on Regard Records. The new gigs are at Liverpool Venue Club (July 27), Glasgow Night Moves (28), Ayr Darlington Hotel (29), Retford Porterhouse (30) and London Woolwich Tramshed (August 4).

THE NIGHTINGALES play two dates early next month—at Shrewsbury Music Hall (August 5) and London W1 Adams Arms (6)—prior to recording a new album and single for Red Flame Records, to whom they've just signed after spending periods with Rough Trade and Cherry Red. They'll be touring extensively in the autumn to promote the new LP and single.

THE CHEVALIER BROTHERS, who appear in the WOMAD event at the ICA Theatre tonight (Thursday), are playing a number of other London dates this month—at Covent Garden Rock Garden (this Friday), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (18), Putney Half Moon (21), Camden Dingwalls (22), Brixton The Frigate (23), Stoke Newington Pegasus (29) and Fulham Greyhound (30).

THE BOX, already set to join The Fall at London Brixton Ace tomorrow (Friday), play three further dates before they leave for Europe in August—at Newcastle Dingwalls (July 20), Leeds Warehouse (21) and Hull Dingwalls (22). They're promoting their new album 'Secrets Out', which received a near-rave review in last week's NME and is already established in the indie charts.

SARACEN have newly booked gigs at Reading Target (July 21), Gravesend Red Lion (22) and Norwich Whites (23), then—after a ten-day tour of Venezuela (originally due to begin last week, but now postponed until July 27)—they play Manchester Tiffany's (August 10), Hull Dingwalls (11) and Retford Porterhouse (13), with more being set.

QUEEN IDA & Her Bon Temps Zydeco Band, who return to the UK to appear in the Cambridge Folk Festival at the end of this month, play three other dates beforehand—at London Camden Dingwalls (July 26 and 27) and Bristol Dingwalls (28). Her album 'On Tour', out here on the Sonet label, won a Grammy Award earlier this year in Los Angeles.

Gabriel on the road



PETER GABRIEL follows his open-air show last Saturday at Crystal Palace FC by undertaking his first UK tour since spring 1980. He plays St. Austell Coliseum (September 4), Southampton Gaumont (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (7, 8 and 9), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (10), Glasgow Apollo (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (17) and Liverpool Empire (18).

Ticket prices are £6.50 only (St. Austell), £7 and £6 (Glasgow and Manchester) and £7, £6 and

£5 (all other venues). They are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, the one exception being Birmingham for which it's post only—from Petour (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 2AD, London W1A 2AD, enclosing SAE and allowing up to 28 days for delivery.

Gabriel will be on the road with the same musicians who backed him at Crystal Palace—Tony Levin (bass), Jerry Marotta (drums), Larry Fast (synthesizers) and David Rhodes (guitar).

Autumn Shalamarathon

SHALAMAR, whose latest hit single 'Dead Giveaway' has happily coincided with their brief UK visit to appear in the Channel 4 special *A Midsummer Night's Tube*, will be back in this country in the autumn—an extensive tour is currently being lined up for them, and full details of dates and venues are expected to be announced before many weeks have passed.

Meanwhile, their new album and the long-awaited follow-up to

the platinum-selling 'Friends', is released by Solar (through WEA) on July 22—it's called 'The Look', and it includes the current chart single. Shalamar comprise Jeffrey Daniel, Jody Watley and Howard Hewett.

● WEA this week denied reports, which were even heard on radio last Friday, that Shalamar have broken up. The rumour was evidently sparked by the fact that one of the group went back to the States in advance of the others!

DEBBIE IS DOWN IN THE DUMPS

DEBBIE HARRY has evidently abandoned plans, announced a few months ago, to perform in Britain later this year. In fact, the word from New York is that she's gone into hiding and has refused to leave her house since the collapse of the Broadway play *Trafford Tanzi*, in which she starred as a lady wrestler—it was unanimously slated by the critics and closed after just one day.

The flop is all the more surprising in view of Toyah's success in the London production. Now, with all thoughts of Blondie behind her, Debbie wants to develop her film career and—according to her London spokesman—has been considering a couple of screenplays. She's also been working spasmodically on a solo album, though it's unlikely to be ready for release before next year.

Labels in summer blitz

RED FLAME release a six-track mini-LP by *The Room*, the first to feature their new line-up—existing members Dave Jackson, Becky Stringer and Peter Baker are now joined by guitarist Paul Cavanagh and ex-Wild Swans drummer Alan Willis. Later this month, the same label issues a new double A-sided single by *Artery*, coupling a reworking of 'Alabama Song' with 'The Death Of Peter X'. Upcoming shortly are a single titled 'Yemo Osee (Rejoice)' by *Kabbala*, and albums from *The Laughing Clowns* and *Patrik Fitzgerald*.

MAGNUM Music Group, who last week announced the release of the *Don Everly* album 'Brother Juke Box', have four more albums scheduled for August. They include a self-named set by *Band Of Joy*, the outfit closely associated with Robert Plant in his pre-Zeppelin days, and 'Guitar Magic' by *Dev Douglas*. The other two are special budget priced sets—'That Rockin' Guitar Man' by *Carl Perkins* and 'The Original Blues Brothers—Live' by *Buddy Guy & Junior Wells*.

SONET release three compilation albums this month—'Alligator Shoes', drawn from the catalogue of Chicago blues label Alligator Records and featuring the likes of *Albert Collins*, *Professor Longhair* and *Johnny Otis*; the double-LP 'Legacy Of The Blues' including *Big Joe Williams*, *Memphis Slim* and *Champion Jack Dupree*; and 'Flashbacks Vol. 4' with *Little Richard*, *Frankie Ford* and *The Platters*, among others. Also from Sonet comes the album 'Midnight Sun' by *Sir Douglas Quintet*.

ROIR (Reachout International Records) of New York release three cassette-only albums next Monday (18)—'One Way System' by *Dub Syndicate*, '... Revisited' by German all-girl group *Malaria* and 'Babes In Arms' by *MCS*. The latter is a collection of special remixes, rare versions, out-takes and previously unissued material, all dating from the period 1966-1970. ROIR material is available in the UK through Red Rhino of York (0904-36499). Upcoming from the same source are tapes by *Glenn Branca* and *Joe 'King' Carrasco*, plus a Trousar Press compilation.

IMS (the import division of Polygram) include a number of mid-price albums in their latest supplement. Among them are 'The Masquerade Is Over' by *Al Jarreau* (recordings from the early '70s), 'Latest Edition' by *John Mayall* with an all-american band (1974), 'Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted' by *The Animals* (their first reunion in 1976), 'Blue Benson' by *George Benson* with an all-star band including *Herbie Hancock* and *Billy Cobham* (1976) and 'A Black Box' by *Peter Hammill* (1980). At full price, there's the first album by *Ginger Baker* and his new band titled 'From Humble Oranges', recorded in Italy last year. The label also offers a 24-track double-LP called 'The Rock 'n' Roll Story' featuring the likes of *Little Richard*, *Fats Domino*, *Bill Haley*, *Chuck Berry* and *Jerry Lee Lewis*.

● 'Blood On The Roq' is a compilation album of Los Angeles punk groups, including *Black Flag*, *Circle Jerks*, *Minute Men* and *Agent Orange*. It's out this weekend on Quiet Records, with distribution by Rough Trade, Jungle and The Cartel, and it should sell at a maximum £2.99.



● The Dolly Dots are six Dutch girls, all with names which are virtually impossible to pronounce. They are regular chart entrants in their native Holland and, we're told, they're also big in Japan! This week they take a stab at the UK market with the single 'Money Lover (Bite The Dust)'/'Sick Of Your Games' on the WEA International label.

● 'Show Me The Door'/'Sixteen Reasons' is the first and last single by four-piece group Jazzteers, released this week by Rough Trade Records, together with their album which has their name as its title. They have now split into two new groups—three of them in Bourgie Bourgie, and the other as founder of The White Savages.

● Following their success with 'Theme From Harry's Game', Clannad have been signed to write and perform the main theme for the new TV series of *Robin Hood*, as well as individual themes for the main characters. British screening begins in January, and RCA will be releasing the main theme to coincide.

● James Brown, whose single 'Bring It On' has restored him to the British charts, has his album of the same title issued by Sonet this weekend. It has a longer duration than the American version of the LP, which is already on release in the States, because it includes the full-length version of the hit single.



● The Photos, who've finally shaken off the tag of "the group that used to have Wendy Wu as singer", will soon be unveiling their new sound to the nation. They're about to go into the studio with producer Colin Thurston to record their debut album for Rialto Records. They now comprise Steve Eagles (guitar and vocals), Dave Sparrow (bass) and Ollie Harrison (drums).

● Jeremys Secret, the four-man group of multi-instrumentalists formed a year ago by Simon Fisher Turner and Colin Lloyd Tucker, have a four-track 12-inch EP issued this week by Papier Mac'ie (through Rough Trade and The Cartel), and live dates will follow soon.

● 'One Perfect Day' by Melbourne band The Little Heroes, written by lead vocalist Roger Hart, was the second most played record on Australian radio last year. Taken from their recently released album 'Play By Numbers', it's issued here this week as an EMI single. The band are currently in the UK recording a new LP, for September release.

● Bernie Q Zero has also established a name for himself on the Australian rock scene, but now he's moved back to Britain (where he was born) in the hope of breaking through here. The initial step is his first UK single 'The Numbers Man', issued this week by Utopia Records (through PRT) in both 7" and extended 12" forms.

● Four albums scheduled for July release by specialist blues label JSP Records are 'Blasting The Blues' by Jimmy McCracklin, 'Zydeco' by Clifton Chenier & The Red Hot Louisiana Band, 'Hooked On Blues' by John Lee Hooker and 'Ball & Chain' by Big Mama Thornton.

● Miles Copeland's IRS label has formed a new division called Juice Records, concentrating on new dance music from New York. First 12-inch singles, issued this week through A&M, are 'For The Same Man' by The B Beat Girls and 'B Bop Rock' by The Beat Boys.

● Leading Liverpool band The Cherry Boys have signed with Crash Records, distributed by Spartan. First single, out this week in red vinyl, is 'Kardomah Cafe'/'Airs And Graces'—and there's also a 12-inch format with an extra track titled 'Plead Sanity'.

● Sheffield band They Must Be Russians release their debut album this week, with their name as its title. It's on German independent label First Floor Records, available here on import. Also issued is a 12-inch single called 'Chains', which doesn't appear on the LP.

● Kabuki Records (through Rough Trade) release a 12-inch single by Kissed Air, the Irish band now based in London. The first two tracks comprise a double A-side, 'Kawaraya' and 'Everything', and the flip side features 'Kick, Kick'.

RECORD NEWS

PAUL YOUNG, currently hitting the high spots with his single 'Wherever I Lay My Hat', has his debut solo album 'No Parlez' released by CBS on July 22. Initial copies will contain a free 12-inch single featuring extended versions of 'Iron Out The Rough Spots' and 'Behind Your Smile'. The cassette album contains four extended versions plus an extra track. Young is being lined up for a UK tour in September.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE, now down to a seven-piece following the departure of the two girls Chrysta and Leah, release their third single for Innervision Records (through Epic) this weekend—a summer record titled 'Native Boy' coupled with 'You've Lost Me'. They're joined on these tracks by *Carole Kenyon*, who sang with Heaven 17 on their recent smash hit, and *Dee from Wham*.

GRAND PRIX, who recently released their debut Chrysalis album 'Samurai', have one of the LP tracks 'Shout' issued as a single this week. The B-side of the seven-inch features 'Keep On Believing', while the 12-inch has that track plus 'Feels Good', and both those titles were recorded live at last year's Reading Festival. The first 10,000 copies of the 7" contain a free sew-on patch.

THE HYPOTHETICAL PROPHETS, alias Norman D. Landing and Josef Weill, have their single 'Fast Food' issued by Epic this week. It's lifted from their album 'Around The World (With The Prophets)', it's available in both 7" and 12" forms, and we're told that the latter "comes in a partially hydrogenated version with Vitamin A and B sides". If you believe that, you'll believe anything.

MARC RILEY, formerly of The Fall, this week releases his first solo single 'Favourite Sister'/'Carry Me Card', which he recorded with a few ex-cohorts. It's on In Tape, a new label formed initially as an outlet for Riley's material, though it will also support other artists in the future—and this can be done by the unique process of artists signing the label, rather than signing to the label. Distribution is via Red Rhino and The Cartel—or by post at £1.40 (including p&p) from In Tape, Unit 3, 104 Northenden Road, Sale, Cheshire.

THE BEE GEES' new album 'Staying Alive' is officially released next week by RSO Records (through Polydor). These are the songs from the movie of the same name, the sequel to the record-breaking *Saturday Night Fever*, and the LP is confidently expected to sell several million copies around the world.

ACTIFIED have their 12-inch single 'Dawn Of A Legion' issued by Jungle Records on August 5, and the four tracks it features are 'Creation', 'Prophecy', 'Innocent' and 'Exit', with a retail price of £2.25. Following the departure of lead vocalist Weazle, his role has been taken over by lead guitarist David Rogers, and the band have spent three months completely re-working their set—but they will be on the road throughout August to promote the single.

It's all happening outdoors!

READING TIMETABLE

READING FESTIVAL has finally got itself together and organised a running order for this year's event (August 26-28), now that the bill is virtually complete. Little Steven & The Disciples of Soul are now officially confirmed, but negotiations for The Belle Stars have fallen through. Another new booking is Stevie Ray Vaughan, who was lead guitarist on David Bowie's 'Let's Dance' album, and was a member of Bowie's tour band until he left to pursue other projects—he'll be appearing with his own group. A few more acts have still to be finalised, and will obviously have to be inserted into the running order, which stands at present as follows:

FRIDAY: The Stranglers, Big Country, Steel Pulse, Pallas, Hanoi Rocks. **SATURDAY:** Black Sabbath, Marillion, Suzi Quatro, Survivor, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Magnum, Mama's Boys, Heavy Pettin', Wendy & The Rockettes. **SUNDAY:** Thin Lizzy, Little Steven & The Disciples of Soul, Steve Harley, Climax Blues Band, The Enid, One The Juggler, Sad Cafe, The Opposition.

A reminder that advance tickets for the full weekend are £15.95, including camping and parking—available from NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 45Q, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing SAE.

● Epic Records will be releasing Stevie Ray Vaughan's album 'Texas Flood' on August 5 and the new Survivor LP 'Caught In The Game' in September.

ST. HELENS

ST. HELENS stages a two-day free rock festival on Thursday and Friday, July 28 and 29 (noon-10pm). Visiting bands include Soma Coma (London), Cyka (Halifax), Big Mama Blues Band, Rize and Blue Moon (Liverpool), Engine (The Wirral), Virginia Wolf and The Floating Adults (Manchester), Fallen Angel and Still (Warrington) and Ulterior Motive and F.T.W. (Widnes)—and they join 11 local outfits including White Flame, Mick Robson Band, Ordeal and Aftermath, plus jazz and folk artists. Organiser Chris Coffey is also looking for sponsorship to help finance the event—contact him at 0744 817130.

RUNCORN

RUNCORN, just eight miles from St. Helens in Lancashire, has its 1983 People's Festival this Saturday (16) from 3.30 to 9.30pm. The Enid headline the bill, which also features The Farm and The High Five, both of whom recently supported The Style Council at Liverpool Empire. Other acts include Virgin Dance, Ulterior Motive, F.T.W. and Fair Warning. Advance tickets are available at usual outlets in the area priced £3, and on the day they will cost £3.50.

CASH IN HAND—and other US visitors

JOHNNY CASH returns to Britain in the autumn to headline three major concerts—at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (November 10), Birmingham Odeon (11) and London Hammersmith Odeon (12). The shows will also feature his wife, June Carter, and his showband. Tickets for Nottingham are priced £11, £9 and £7, and for the other two venues they are £10, £5, £9.50 and £8.50—they are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents including, for the Hammersmith show, London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box Office.

THE JONZUN CREW, who've been enjoying a fair degree of success in the UK with their debut album 'Lost In Space', will be making their first visit to this country towards the end of September. Their New York office announced that they are to "tour England" at that time—but in

ARETHA FRANKLIN recently followed her award-winning 1982 album 'Jump To It' with a new LP titled 'Get It Right', her fourth for Arista. And this weekend, the title track of that latest set is issued as a single—with 'Giving In' as the B-side, and the full-length version of 'Jump To It' as a bonus on the 12-incher.

BRIAN ENO has a new album out this month on EG/Polydor, with a distinctly cosmic feel—it's called 'Apollo'. Other new albums on the Polydor label include 'Stop! Please Stop!' by ROCKY SHARPE & THE REPLAYS and 'Is This The Future?' by FATBACK.

SAXON release their new single 'Nightmare'/'Midas Touch' on the Carrere label this week, both tracks taken from their current album 'Power And The Glory', and the seven-inch is also available as a picture disc. The limited edition 12-inch contains an extra track, a live version of '747 (Strangers In The Night)', plus a give-away patch.



THE POLICE have the follow-up to their chart-topping 'Every Breath You Take' issued by A&M this weekend. Written by Sting, the new single is called 'Wrapped Around Your Finger', and it comes from the 'Synchronicity' album. The B-side is 'Someone To Talk To', penned by Andy Summers, and it's previously unreleased. It comes in 7", 12" and picture disc forms.

THE BELLE STARS' new Stiff single 'Indian Summer', taken from their debut album, will be available from this weekend in both 7" and extended 12" formats—and the B-side is 'Sun Sun Sun', a song which has been in their live set for some time. The girls go into the studio next month to start work on a new album.

BERNARD EDWARDS follows in the footsteps of his Chic partner Nile Rodgers by releasing his own solo album this month—the self-produced set contains seven tracks, and features Edwards on lead vocals and bass, aided and abetted by fellow Chic-sters and well-known session musicians. It's called 'Glad To Be Here' and the label is Atlantic.

JIM CAPALDI releases a new single on WEA International on July 22, containing two tracks from his current album 'Fierce Heart'—they are 'Living On The Edge' and 'Gifts Of Unknown Things'. It was produced by his former Traffic colleague Steve Winwood.

JACKSON BROWNE re-emerges with his first single since last summer, the self-penned 'Lawyers In Love', which appears on the Asylum label on July 22. It's also the title of his upcoming album, due out shortly. B-side of the single is 'Say It Isn't True'.

MIDSUMMER SPECIALS



THE CURE

CORNWALL'S FAYRE

THE CURE have now finalised their personnel for their headlining appearance in the Elephant Fayre in Cornwall on Saturday, July 30, their only UK concert this summer—the nucleus of Robert Smith and Laurence Tolhurst will be joined on bass by Phil Thornally (who engineered the current Cure single 'The Walk') and Brilliant's drummer Andy Anderson, though obviously this is not a permanent line-up. As reported, the support acts are S.P.K. and Laughing Academy. A couple more names have been added to the Sunday show (31), and the complete bill for that day is now Roy Harper, Rip Rig & Panic, Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis, Roy Williamson and Ivor Cutler. For bookings and further details, phone 0503 30816.

NORWICH

SUMMER DREAM FAIR is the name of a four-day festival being staged over August Bank Holiday weekend (August 26-29) at Lyng in Norfolk—ten miles west of Norwich on the A47. Among many acts confirmed are Donovan, Ground Zero, Bedside Manners, Jah Warrior, Vital Disorders, Original Mixture and Woden Forge—plus folk, dancing, children's entertainments and fringe events. Admission is £1.50 daily, and it starts at 8pm on the Friday, though for the rest of the weekend it runs from 10am to midnight every day. And the good news is that the bar is open the whole time!

London, Ian Wright of TBA said they'll be coming in mainly for promotion, and that live appearances would probably be confined to the London area. Details are not expected for a few more weeks, but meanwhile their new single 'Space Cowboy' is issued by Polydor this weekend.

FORREST—who's already scored a couple of Top Twenty hits in the UK this year with 'Rock The Boat' (which reached No. 3) and 'Feel The Need In Me'—pays his second visit to this country next month for another series of one-nighter dates. The first to be confirmed is at Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club on August 18—the remainder are currently being finalised and are expected to be announced next week.

● The Tempest are a five-piece band who played their first major London date recently, supporting Bauhaus at the Hammersmith Palais. And this week they have their first single issued by Glass Records, 'Lady Left This'/'Attic'.

● Hamster Records are releasing their first LP, 'A Leading Surgeon Speaks!' by Ipswich duo Push-Button Pleasure, which takes the unusual form of featuring half the duo exclusively on each side. Available from normal outlets, or by post at £3.99 (including p&p) from the label at 80 Colchester Road, Ipswich IP4 4RZ.

● Hertford band Khartomb, who've already made their presence felt on John Peel's show, have their debut single out this week on Wham Records. It's a double A-side featuring 'Swahili Lullaby' and 'Teekon Warriors', and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track.

● The Corvettes are recognised (we think) as London's premier surf band, and their debut single also marks the launch of Bitch Records. It's 'Surf, Don't Walk'/'She'll Be Blond', out this week with distribution through Pinnacle.

● The Legend release their EP '73 in 83' this month, with musical backing by Patrick Fitzgerald, and a free flexi-disc with each of the first 2000 copies. Another EP is 'Loud And Clear' by Cambridge band Subculture. They are on the Creation and Essential labels respectively, both distributed by Rough Trade.



● Emma Sharpe & The Features, the Brighton band who are constantly gigging along the South Coast, have been signed by EMI. The label issues their single 'Remember My Jealousy' next Monday (18).

● Secret Harts are a new Beatles-influenced duo who've been snapped up by WEA Records. Their debut single for the label, the self-penned 'Dance Like Boy, Dance Like Girl', was produced by Tony Visconti and it's released this weekend in both 7" and 12".



● Female vocal trio Simplicity release their single 'Let's Rock'/'Let's Dub' on East London label S&G Records (through Jet Star, Marcus, Ruff Lion and Body Music). The 12-inch disco single was written by the girls, who will soon be starting work on their debut LP.

● Action Pact release a 12-inch EP this week, featuring an extended version of 'London Bouncers' from their recent album 'Mercury Theatre On The Air', which has been figuring strongly in the indie charts. The B-side features three new songs—'Gothic Party Time', 'New King's Girl' and 'The Cruel Thief'—and it's on Fall Out Records (through Jungle and The Cartel). The band will shortly be starting a series of live dates.

● John Themis was discovered working in a "chips with everything" cafe, so we're told by Beggars Banquet, whose associate label Coda has signed him up. His debut single 'Goblins Of Sherwood (I Love You In The Morning)' is on sale this week. With chips?

● Four-piece Ulster group Silent Running, who've been supporting Robert Palmer on his UK tour, have their EMI debut single 'When The 12th Of Never Comes'/'Go For The Heart' out this week.

● This week sees the release by 21/Polydor of the single 'Fadeaway' by Loz Netto, in both 7" and 12" formats. It's already climbing the US charts.

BASILDON

BASILDON in Essex stages a free Peace Festival in Gloucester Park this Sunday (17) from 11am to 8pm, organised by the local CND with support from the council. The Pinkies, who themselves hail from the town, are the headline act—and nine other local bands will be playing on two stages, along with folk artists and poets. Other attractions include a children's fair, stalls, games and refreshments.

GLASGOW

GLASGOW has its first late-night open-air rock concert tomorrow (Friday). It's a free event at the Kelvingrove Park Bandstand, a venue with a 5000 capacity, and it runs from 10pm to midnight. Leading local band The Dolphins have been granted special permission by the city council to stage the show, which coincides with the start of the city's holiday fortnight—and they'll be bringing in extensive lighting and fireworks.

THE METEORS
UNDER TWO FLAGS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
SATURDAY 30th JULY at 8:00pm
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE FROM ROCK ON RECORDS, KENTON TOWN ROAD (BEHIND ELECTRIC BALLROOM), OR FROM FOLLOWING AGENTS: BOOKING FREE (HARGREAVES) LONDON, THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KENTON TOWN ROAD, ALBANY, ST. MARY'S BOY OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS AND THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET, KING'S ROAD) OR £3.50 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

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KILLING JOKE
RAY DEAD
SUNDAY 31st JULY 8:00
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245
KEITH PROWSE TEL 830 2142 ALBANY TEL 283 8281 STANKEEN TEL 437 5282
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

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Midsummer Open Air Concert at Loreli, on the Rhine, West Germany on Saturday August 20th. Be with 30,000 Americans and see

DAVE EDMUNDS, U2s, STRAY CATS, JOE COCKER STEVE MILLER

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FAC 51

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FUNK NIGHT with COLIN CURTIS & HEWAN
Sunday 17th July and Monday 18th July
A Play "NEWGATE 2"
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Friday 22nd July
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Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
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THIS WEEK

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Monday 18th July £1.50
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+ Guests

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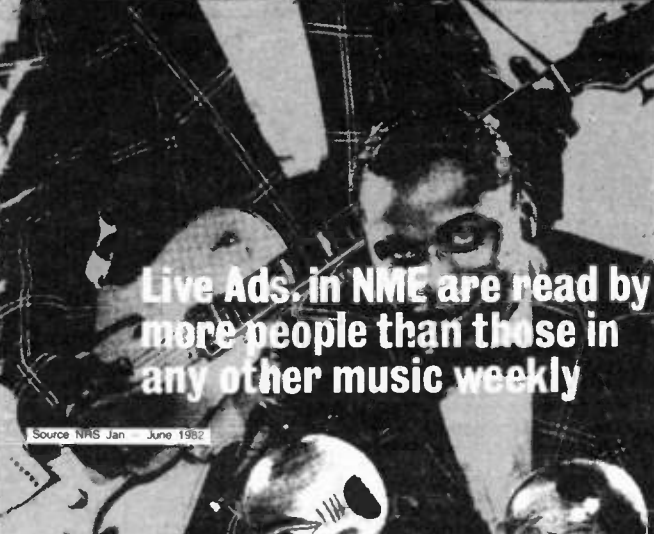
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thursday

14th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Pendragon**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Duma Express: **Marche**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Play Dead**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bradford The Yarnspillers: **The Word**
 Bristol Bridge Inn: **The Trains**
 Bristol Dingwalls: **Henry's Boot Blacks**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **Radiation** (until Saturday)
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
 Coalville The Railway: **Nineteen**
 Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre: **Living In Texas/I'm Dead/Choc & Gilly**
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **One The Juggler**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Poor Boys**
 Derby Tiffany's: **The Fall**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **School Report**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **John Tuck Band**
 Hereford Castle Hall: **Lost Marbles/Long John Thomas/The Hellum Brothers**
 Hull Dingwalls: **Strange Days**
 Leeds Cosmo Club: **The Persian Version**
 Leeds La Phonographique: **Party Day**
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Alarm**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Adlib at The Kensington: **Seducer**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
 London Brixton Fringe: **Yip Yip Coyote/Bronski Beat**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Coherents**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Meteors/Sex Beat**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Iceicle Works**
 London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **John Stevens' Away**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Salena Jones & Her Quintet** (until Saturday)
 London Crouch End King's Head (The Culture Bunker): **The Living Room**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Exciters**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Legendary Luton Klippers/Touch**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Springheel Jack**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Misfits**
 London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **Monty Sunshine & Ken Colyer**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kensington The Jungle (at The Sunset): **The Nancy Boys/Bonsai Forest**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Red Richards/Mike Pyne** (until Saturday)
 London Marquee Club: **Solstice/I.Q.**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Decorators/The Time Dance**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Skidmore-Richardson Quintet**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Elaine Delmar/Brian Dee Trio**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Frank Chickens/Scream And Dance**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tenpole Tudor/Jive Marines**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Photos**
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K. K. Khan**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tentigo**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **Howard Devoto**
 Manchester The Gallery: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
 Newcastle Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
 Newtownards (Co. Down) Knightsbridge Inn: **True Colours**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Exit**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Penzance Crocus: **The Kinetics**
 Reading Target Club: **Tredeggar**
 Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
 Royton The Railway: **Yes Sir**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Ton Tons Macoute**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Big Country**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Major Accident/Skreemint/Hillbillies**
 Watford Bailey's: **Gary Glitter** (until Saturday)
 Watford Verulam Arms: **Take Away**
 Weston-super-Mare Playhouse: **Cilla Black** (until Saturday)
 Whitley Bay Banqueting Hall: **Club 75**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**
 Wolverhampton Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

friday

15th

Badgers Mount (Kent) **Black Eagle: English Rogues**
 Bath Moles Club: **One The Juggler**
 Bedford Kempston Addison Centre: **Jah Warriors/Tarish/Fitawari**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **UK Subs**
 Bradford Prince Arthur's: **Haze**
 Bristol Dingwalls: **Steve Gibbons Band/The Artists**
 Cambridge Jazz Club: **Esmond Selwyn Trio**
 Cheriton White Lion: **Isengard**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Bronze**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Zodiacs**
 Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Ghost**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Okko Sirocco**
 Edinburgh Le Metro: **Laughing Academy**
 Feltham Football Club: **Guana Batz/Sunglasses After Dark**
 Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Direct Drive**
 Glasgow Nightmoves: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
 Hanley The Vine: **Yes Sir**

Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Scimitar**
 Hull Dingwalls: **K. Bule Band**
 Ilfracombe Mermaid Inn: **Bo-Speak**
 Lancaster University: **Steven Winwood**
 Leysdown Stage 3: **Heatwave**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Liverpool The System: **Malchix**
 London Barnes Bulls Head: **Bebop Preservation Society**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Marsha Prescod/Ian Saville/The Joeys/The Creamies**
 London Brixton The Ace: **The Fall/The Box**
 London Brixton The Fringe: **Combo Passe**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Banner/48 Chairs**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Lenny Henry**
 London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **De-Compositions/The Other Man**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Screaming Lord Sutch**

London Fulham Greyhound: **The Wolfgang/Radio Moscow**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **B Sharps/Straw Dogs**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Poison Girls/The Mob**
 London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **Our Pleasure/Think It Over/Suppose I Laugh/Rough Entry**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Cajun Leather/1926**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Cotton Gin**
 London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Derek Brimstone & Jon Betmead**
 London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes & Crocodiles**
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
 London Marquee Club: **Solstice**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **John Mizaroll**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **District 6**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Cuff Billet**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nichols Hot Six**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban & Al MacLain**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London S.W.1 Holy Apostles Church Hall: **Super Combo**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Wild About Harry**
 Macclesfield Broken Cross: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Safari**
 Manchester The Gallery: **Play Dead**
 Newcastle Dingwalls: **21 Strangers/Off**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller**
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
 Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Les Barker/Mrs Ackroyd/Graham Larkbey**
 Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **Maroondogs**
 Reading Caribbean Club: **Warm Snorkel**
 Salisbury City Hall: **Big Country**
 Southend Blue Boar: **Pendragon**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **Times Square**
 Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Tredeggar**
 Wavendon The Stables: **Tony Coe Quartet**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**

saturday

16th

Birmingham (Handsworth) Red Lion: **Kinky Boots/Cutting Room 4/A Formula**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Howard Devoto**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Captain J. J. Waller**
 Bristol Dingwalls: **Wildlife/The Industrial North**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Play Dead**
 Cross Keys Institute: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
 Dingwall National Hotel: **Pendragon**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Here & Now**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Big Country**
 Feltham Football Club: **The Destructors/Chaos**
 Hastings Rumours Club: **Tredeggar/TNT**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **The Rockets**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Nashville Teens**
 High Wycombe Newlands Club: **Jah Warriors/Black Symbol/Channel One**
 Hull Dingwalls: **Moscow**
 London Barnes Bulls Head: **Don Weller & Terry Smith**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
 London Brixton The Fringe: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band/The Tender Trap**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Seducer**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bouncing Czechs**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Lenny Henry**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Opposition/Workshop**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **T34/The Flying Pigs/Head Of State**
 London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rough House All Stars/Pogue Mahone**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Poacher**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
 London Islington Whittington Park: **The Time Dance**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cayenne**
 London Kensington Town Hall: **Sweet Talks/Members of Osibisa**
 London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
 London Leicester Square Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
 London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Moonshine**
 London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Marsha Prescod/Ian Saville/The Joeys/The Creamies**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Champion Jack Dupree/Littlejohn's Jazzers**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Tony McPhee Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers (lunchtime)/Keith Nichols New Era Band (evening)**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Janus Carmello Quintet**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Borderline**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Peter Hammill**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Eddie Tenpole Tudor**
 Lymington Olde English Gentleman: **Unicorn**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Inheritance**
 Manchester Morrissey's: **Chelsea/The Playn Jayn**
 Newcastle Dingwalls: **Geno Washington & The Soul Band**
 Nuneaton Hollybush: **The Wolfmen**
 Northampton Black Lion: **A Popular History Of Signs**
 Oldham The Candlelight: **Yes Sir**
 Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Joshua**
 Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Heatwave**
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Alarm**
 Sheffield Kiverton Park: **The Nerve**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Howdy Boys**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Winwood**
 St. Albans The Crypt: **Blood And Roses/Did You See Deirdre!**
 Torquay Corbyn's Head: **Chapter 29/The Calling/The Golgotha Boys**
 Wallingford White House: **Fair Exchange**
 Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Carrick's Heritage Hall Stompers (lunchtime)/Cat's Whiskers (evening)**
 Winchester Hat Fair: **Ekomé**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wokingham Angie's: **K. K. Khan**
 York Bay Horse: **Haze**

sunday

17th

Bath Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 Bournemouth The Badger: **Unicorn**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **The London Apaches**
 Dartford Flicks: **The Alarm**
 Derby The Garrick: **Duo Nova**
 Dublin (Naas) Punctunest Racecourse: **Dire Straits/The Undertones**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The D.T.'s**
 Exeter Riverside Club: **Daemion/Voice Of Kenya**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 London Alexandra Palace (11am-11pm): **Festival of African Sounds**

CONTINUES OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE



DURAN DURAN
pictured in . . .

. . . their secret
hideaway

ALL QUIET on the tour front this week, as the live circuit indulges in a touch of midsummer lethargy. Not a single new tour of any significance hits the road and, apart from local festivals, there are no major outdoor events. If you can hold your breath long enough, you'll find that things start to hot up again next week, but meanwhile the principal attractions for the next few days are mainly one-off shows.

The top event is unquestionably the Prince's Trust rock gala at London's Dominion Theatre on Wednesday, with DURAN DURAN and DIRE STRAITS, though that's long since been sold out and tickets are like the proverbial gold dust. But both bands will be in action again a few days later, as next week's *Gig Guide* will reveal—and Irish readers have the opportunity of seeing Straits topping an open-air Dublin festival on Sunday.

With so little to shout about this week, attention again turns to London's Capital Music Festival, which continues to do us proud. The WOMAD season at the ICA comes to an end on Sunday with a final night all-star party, and the same evening jazz star TANIA MARIA is at the Dominion. Then it's over to the Royal Festival Hall on Monday for a rare appearance by the great FATS DOMINO, who's joined by JAY McSHANN and JIMMY WITHERSPOON—and at the same venue on Tuesday, HERBIE HANCOCK fronts his reunited VSOP II.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN started their tour almost

within splitting distance of the Arctic Circle, and they continue their southbound progress—stopping off in Blackburn (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday) and Birmingham (Saturday)—before coming to the grand climax in London's Royal Albert Hall on Monday and Tuesday. The only other two big-name acts still doing the rounds at the moment are BIG COUNTRY and STEVE WINWOOD.

Also worthy of note are a couple of shows by THE FALL at Derby (Thursday) and London Brixton (Friday), their only dates prior to an extensive autumn tour. . . a one-off by NEW ORDER in Manchester on Wednesday . . . and a three-night stint by the highly talented ROY AYERS at London's The Venue, starting on Wednesday.

By the way, we should tell you that we're still experiencing a few problems with mail deliveries in the area of the NME office, so we do urge you to get gigs in the post to us as early as possible. At the best of times, we need eight clear days' notice prior to the Thursday of publication, but under the circumstances it's advisable not to leave it until the last minute—in the past few weeks, a large number of dates have been delayed and have eventually arrived too late for us to print. Remember, the address is NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG—and bear in mind that we'll gladly print all gigs that are submitted, providing they reach us in time.

London Barnes Bulls Head: Elaine Delmar
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)
 London Brixton Vining Street Green: Culture Shock
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/The Living Daylights (evening)
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Solo Sons/Lucky Monkeys
 London Finchley Torrington: The Blueberries
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): Young Jazz
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Little Sister
 London Fulham Greyhound: Bella Donna/Rapids
 London Fulham King's Head: The Websters
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Rae James Quintet
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Freehand/Optimax
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Stockton's Wing (lunchtime)/Teresita & Interstate 65 (evening)
 London Islington King's Head Theatre Club: Roberto Campoverde/Lol Coxhill
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Red Beans & Rice (lunchtime)/The Breakfast Band (evening)
 London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: Suppose I Laugh
 London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: Mel Wright's Quaggy Delta Blues Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Brian Knight & Kick Out The Jams (evening)
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Champion Jack Dupree/Littlejohn's Jazzers
 London Putney Half Moon: Stockton's Wing
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Brass Impact (lunchtime)/Wholey Cats (evening)
 London Soho Pizza Express: Red Richards
 London Stockwell The Plough: Brendon Hoban's South London Jam
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Republic
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: WOMAD Final Party Night
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Tania Maria
 London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: Fabulous Salami Brothers
 London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: Marsha Prescod/Ian Saville/The Joys/The Creamies
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Alan Littlejohn Quintet
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): East Side Torpedoes
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: Steve Winwood
 Oxford Radcliffe Arms: Private Enterprise
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): 32-20
 Poole Arts Centre: Big Country
 Poynton Folk Centre: Fault/Bram Taylor
 Rotherham Wath Montgomery Hall: The Nerve

Sheffield The Leadmill (lunchtime): The Darktown Band
 Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: B.A. Robertson/The Bouncing Czechs
 Sutton Secombe Centre: Five To Five
 Torquay Princess Theatre: Cilla Black
 Wavendon The Stables (lunchtime): Esmond Selwyn/Kenny Baker
 Windsor Blazars: Heatwave (for a week)
 Wokingham Angie's: The Legendary Lutton Kippers

monday

18th

Blackpool Yellow Submarine: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
 Broxburn Astor Club: Pendragon
 Croydon The Cartoon: The Naked City
 Harrow The Roxborough: The Mob/Look Mummy Clowns
 Hull Dingwells: Steve Larkman Band
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 London Battersea The Latchmere: The Copy
 London Camden Dingwells: Apartment/India/Dekka Dance
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Diz & The Doormen
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Pokadots
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Baby Go Boom/The Time Dance
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Colin Purbrook Quintet
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Maria Muldaur and Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Down All The Days
 London Fulham Greyhound: Mantilla/The Anonymous Sisters
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Zen & The Unknown Colours/Redline
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Chevalier Brothers
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Phil Miller In Cahoots
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Five O'Clock Club
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Mike Carr & Guests (until Saturday)
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: The Wait/Dancette
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Warm Front
 London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
 London Putney Half Moon: Double Trouble
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Frog Island Band
 London Royal Albert Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
 London Royal Festival Hall: Fats Domino & His Band/Jay McShann & The Kansas City Quartet/Jimmy Witherspoon
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Baby 'n' The Monsters
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Poor Boys
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Exposure
 London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: Margo Random
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies



STEVE WINWOOD: a man with a message?

Manchester Band On The Wall: 48 Chairs
 Middlesbrough The Albert: North Winds
 Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: Quasar
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs
 R&B All Stars
 Plockton Village Hall: Boys Of The Lough
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: Rapids
 Scunthorpe Epworth School: Moscow
 Stockton John Walker: Joker/Avarice
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse
 Watford Bailey's: Rocky Sharpe & The Replays (until Saturday)

tuesday

19th

Bristol Granary: Chelsea
 Croydon The Cartoon: Eat The Bear
 Guernsey Beau Sejour Centre: Big Country
 Hull Dingwells: Cold Dance
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
 London Barnes Bulls Head: Tommy Whittle Group
 London Brixton The Fridge: The Europeans
 London Camden Dingwells: March Violets
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Steve Waller Band
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wrecktangles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Jumping Belafontes/Top Cats
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: Duffo
 London Fulham Greyhound: Ground Zero/Peacock Parade
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Blind Tenant/Danger Zone
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Idiot
 London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: Fred Wedlock & Chris Newman
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue

Jazzband
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Rockets
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Rhythm Method
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: UK Subs/The Dossers
 London Putney Half Moon: Jazz Sluts
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Terry Smith/Dave Suttle Trio
 London Royal Albert Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
 London Royal Festival Hall: Herbie Hancock's VSOP II
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Showbar: Blue Mask/Through The Looking Glass
 London Woolwich Trashed: Stained Rain/Seducer
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: Dogs D'Amour
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: Richard Green & The Next Step
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Lees & Hobson
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Willie Payne Quintet
 Newcastle Dingwells: The Angelic Upstarts
 Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: Cruise
 Sheffield Limit Club: The Nerve
 Sheffield King George IV: Quasar
 Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance
 Stornoway (Isle of Lewis) Cabarfeidh Hotel: Boys Of The Lough
 Tring Trilby's: Jiffy Boy Jive
 Wolverhampton Scruples: Sub Zero

wednesday

20th

Aberdeen Valhalla: Alone Again Or

Birmingham Railway Hotel: Born Loser
 Bradford Tickle's (1 in 12 Club): Chumbawamba/Warhead/Icon A.D.
 Colne Francis: Quasar
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: Geno Washington & The Soul Band
 Jersey Fort William: Big Country
 Leeds Brannigans: Serious Drinking/King Kurt
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 London Barnes Bulls Head: Humphrey Lyttelton Band
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Cafe Cabaret
 London Brixton The Fridge: Luke The Duke
 London Camden Dingwells: Tallman/Farenji Warriors
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Electric Bluebirds
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: International Rescue
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: The London Apaches
 London Fulham Greyhound: Vitale Voice/Oriental Tongues
 London Fulham King's Head: The Websters
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Stax Bodene & The Horizontal/Red Brick Houses
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Jingo Huckster
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Bob Cairns/Paul Castle/John Davies
 London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: Brass Monkey & The Watersons
 London Kennington The Cricketers: The Continuing Story
 London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: The Wild Girls
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Marquee Club: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 London N.1 Radnor Arms: Marcus Hadley
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Kaiso
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Acker Bilk Band (25th Anniversary Party)
 London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Lista Davis Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: Dix-Six Band
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Fufu & Lightsoup
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Dire Straits/Duran Duran (Prince's Trust Rock Gala)
 London Victoria The Venue: Roy Ayers (until Friday)
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Phil Miller/Eltan Dean/Pip Pyle etc.
 Luton Charlie Brown's: Anarchist Formation
 Dance Team/3-D Scream/Go, Dog, Go!
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Yes Sir
 Manchester Hacienda Club: New Order
 Ness (Isle of Lewis) The Hall: Boys Of The Lough
 Newcastle Dingwells: The Box/The Wake
 New Romney The Seahorse: Inner Secrets
 Plymouth Sound City: The Works
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Swindon Solitaire: Here & Now
 Worthington Westlands Hotel: The Nerve

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jive. "And fun! The TV's
said. Dukes in tux and bow
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Sun Jul 17: Solo Sons +
Lucky Monkeys

Mon Jul 18: Baby Go Boom +
Time Dance

Tue Jul 19: Jumping Belafontes
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Wed Jul 20
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FRI. 7th OCTOBER 8pm
MANCHESTER HACIENDA
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MON. 24th OCTOBER 8pm
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TUES. 25th OCTOBER 8pm
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THURS. 27th OCTOBER 8pm
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FRI. 28th OCTOBER 8pm
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SAT. 29th OCTOBER 8pm
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TUES. 1st NOVEMBER 8pm
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EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre B/O
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WORKERS PLAYTIME



The Linndrum, invented by Californian Roger Linn, stores digitally-recorded real drums and percussion instruments in its memories for the player to programme into songs. Any Trouble's ANDY EBSWORTH explains his work with the machine on the group's recent LP. Interview by TONY BACON

WHAT IMPRESSED me as a drummer about the Linndrum is that it makes you do things that you'd never consider on a real drum kit—maybe it lets you do things that you can't even do normally. And I think you can add something to the programme that you put into the machine if you're not a drummer, sometimes. I have a very clear-cut way of approaching it and I know basically what is supposed to go where. But you get people using their imaginations rather than their training or their experience, and that sometimes gives them a freer scope. Of course, you also get them trying to do horrible, really crass sounding things too.

When Clive does our demos he always uses a little Tensai knocking box, so we thought it'd be nice to get a little bit more sophisticated. We decided to use producer David Kershenbaum for the new album, and when we spoke to him he was really keen to use the Linndrum for the percussion effects—not the drum sounds.

So we went into rehearsals, and I'd never worked a Linndrum before. Phil, the bass player, and I sat down with the machine and said right, how does it work? As you gradually become more aware of the possibilities within it, it just explodes—the possibilities are in fact almost limitless.

It's very simple how it works—first of all it gives you an infinitely variable pulse for you to work along with and work out all the other digitally recorded drum and percussion sounds you want to programme in. There's a simple facility where it keeps going around on an eight-bar 'roll', and you can develop and experiment within that. Once we started, though, we began to programme in a set length of bars, whatever you want to do. Within that structure you have verses, middle eights, whatever, and you put them all in and add them up in a 'chain'. That process is actually very simple.

For the album we used the first type of Linn, although I would have liked to have used the new, second model, which is actually called 'the Linndrum'. We're gonna buy one of those—there are certain facilities on the first one that are marvellous, though, and it's a lot easier to understand. But the new one's got separate triggers on the back, which is invaluable—for example, you could trigger the clap sound off a live acoustic snare drum. But then you can't choose the tuning on some of the sounds, so there's gains and losses.

'Foundations' from our new album is a good example of how we used the Linn. I'd been playing the song for about a year, and we came up with a final arrangement just before Kershenbaum came in. So he made us put the drum pattern exactly as I would play it, and the percussion parts, on the Linn, and we'd see how it went.

That was really the crucial stage, working with good, representative monitors in the rehearsal studio. When we were all quite happy with that, the drum parts of the Linn programme were erased and I played the acoustic drums. From there we developed certain things in the arrangement which wouldn't have happened without the Linn.

For instance there's a



Any Trouble in search of a Linndrum

sequencer-like line that runs through 'Foundations' which came directly from something the Linn was doing, something that was in fact going to be a conga part. The sequencer line is now the root of the song. We thought the song was really nice before it had it, but now that line is an integral part. Live we use a Roland Bassline for the sequencer part and I play along with that and our percussionist, Martin, does the Linn patterns.

It would have been nice to have taken a Linn out on the road, or at least have done it on two-track, but we were supporting Joan Armatrading last month and we weren't really sure of how the monitor system was gonna work

for us as we were the support.

When we came to record 'Foundations' we recorded the Linn pattern with the drum pattern as well, and swapped a few things around. I went out in the studio and did it on my own with the Linn after having started it up a bit, and that was that.

We kept all the software, that's the programme recorded on to cassette, from the outset. I think that's imperative because you can put something down and maybe even by mistake you get something that sounds better, perhaps, than when you think too much about it all. The Linn really would be unuseable without the software, the cassette-dump facility. Although the first model,

the one we used on the album, has 99 memories, they disappear rapidly when you get complex chains in there. You can't really store more than one song at a time. It's a lot easier with cassettes because you're not searching around the memories for something in particular, it's all on the cassette.

You can have Linn put your own recorded sounds on to the machine—we had a Linn from the F-Beat organization for a little while, Costello uses it I think, and so does Nick Lowe. They had had a few of their own sounds put into it—an explosion-type thing, for example. You have to be careful how you record the sounds for them apparently—there's a section about it in the manual, but it's all written in American.

The hi-hat sound, for example, is very controllable, but because of the way it's 'sampled'—flat and clean off a pair of bright hi-hats, I'd guess—I find, in any event, that there's a very narrow frequency band within the tuning where the cymbals actually sound natural, and that was also true of the two open-and-closed controls. I struggled a bit to get a reasonable hi-hat sound from it, but as it happened we didn't use the hi-hat sound on the finals.

I've since gone on to use the Linn again in a different setting: Kershenbaum went on to produce the new Graham Parker album and asked me to programme the Linn on that. For the first time I wasn't wearing a drummer's hat as I went into the studio, and I just went in fresh with the Linn.

I'm not going to go as far as saying that the Linndrum gives you ideas for melodies, of course, but it certainly does give you a different perspective on things and makes you think in different ways. And that's quite unusual for a machine, really. A lot of people tend to think that the Linn is cold and dispassionate, but it's not. You can get an awful lot of warmth and colour out of it.

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JULY 14

Britain In The Thirties: The Day War Broke Out. This (mainly) excellent series concludes with reminiscences about the 3rd September 1939 from various contributors to the earlier programmes. Expect to see Neville Chamberlain waving that bit of paper again. (BBC2)

Inside The Third Reich. First of a two-parter (to be continued tomorrow) based on the autobiography of Albert Speer, Nazi architect and munitions expert, by the same team that brought us *Holocaust*. The presence of Rutger Hauer assures that the Aryan quotient will be kept suitably high, though what Gielgud's doing in this is anybody's guess. (ITV)

Shelley. Repeat of one of the better British sitcoms of recent years. In this one, Shelley signs back on the dole. (ITV)

Lou Grant. Hackdom American style, with a moral message or two to chew over afterwards. (ITV)

Car 54 Where Are You? Toody tries to evict a gipsy fortune-teller from her stall, and gets cursed for his trouble. Gentle laughs with Joe E Ross and Fred Gwynne. (C4)

Get Smart: Survival Of The Fattest. Max tangles with the world's strongest spy, who just happens to be a woman. (C4)

Merchant Of Four Seasons (Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1971). This week's feature in the "Bags of laffs with Rainer" season stars Hans Hirschmuller as a man whose life is crippled by urban tyranny and his relationships with women. Five quid says he snuffs it by the end. (C4)

What The Papers Say. The second or third week running that Paul Foot's been slated to present the *Street Of Shame* review. Maybe he'll do it this time. (C4)

Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Crystal Trench. Hitchcock's Half-Hour returns with a tale of a young woman who refuses to remarry when her husband gets killed in an avalanche. Patrick Macnee puts in an appearance as a professor. (C4)

FRIDAY JULY 15

On The Beat (Robert Asher 1962). Norman Wisdom, Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee, good times... well, Norman Wisdom, anyway. (Thames)

Civilisation: Romance And Reality. The third part of this welcome repeat of Well-Read Ken's series deal with the Gothic world of St Francis, Dante and Giotto. (BBC2)

Switch. A goodie! Soft Cell, Defunkt and Gwen Guthrie in the studio; Paul Haig, Tracie, Cramps, Cabs, Talking Heads and Animal Nightlife on video. (C4)

Trouble In Paradise (Ernst Lubitsch 1932). Film Of The Week! Herbert Marshall and Miriam Hopkins star as a couple of upper-class confidence tricksters out to separate wealthy widow Kay Francis from her jewels in

the comedy commonly accepted (by the director, amongst others) as Lubitsch's best. As light, frothy and insubstantial as Zabaglione, and twice as rich. Unmissable. (C4)

Jazz On Four: Talmage Farlow. Documentary film about jazz guitarist Farlow, recommended by Honkin' Dick Cook as one of the best jazz films of recent years. It's up to the standard of last week's Les Paul film, it probably is. (C4)

SATURDAY JULY 16

Bride Of Frankenstein (James Whale 1935). Reckoned by many to be superior to the original *Frankenstein*, this teams Whale with Karloff again, but adds Elsa Lanchester as the eponymous bride to produce a

macabre comedy classic. Eek! (BBC2)

The Mad Death. First of a three-part thriller about rabies. Fun Fun Fun! (BBC1)

Get Set. Includes Depeche Mode in the studio, and Boy George on the receiving end of (Peter) Powellite inanities. (BBC1)

The Tube. Late-night re-run of the C4 series. (LWT)

Ultra Quiz. Anglicised version of the sadistic Japanese mega-quiz, absolutely certain to top ratings. Michael Aspel is the perfect anchor man, urbane and unselfish, and Sally James makes a fine, vivacious foil. Having Russell Grant and David Manuel as respective Stars and Science predictors is a neat idea, too. Last week saw something like a thousand contestants stiff out in the first few rounds, but in retrospect they may be the lucky ones—the rest have to endure several weeks in the noxious company of Jonathan King, whose personal qualities are being put to good (albeit unsuitable) use as The Bad Guy. Though just an armchair contestant, I'm still in there, hitting with the best of 'em. (ITV)

The Rose (Mark Rydell 1979). The Janis Joplin biopic, fine if you can stand more than five minutes of Bette Midler at a stretch. If not, there's always Alan Bates. Some would say this is no choice at all. I'm among them. (LWT)

The Golden Age Of Comedy. Another old comedy compilation, this time featuring Laurel & Hardy, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon and Carole Lombard. Doesn't sound as strong as last week's *Funny Business*, which included priceless W.C. Fields routines (including early film of his extraordinary juggling act) and the classic Abbott & Costello 'Who's On First' clip, but still a pleasant way to spend an afternoon. (C4)

What Went Wrong? First of three "searching programmes" into the decline of the Labour Movement. Great Saturday evening programming again from (C4)

A Woman's Face (George Cukor 1941). Joan Crawford stars as the woman whose life changes drastically when she has plastic surgery to remove a facial scar. That'll teach her to mess around with coat-hangers! (C4)

SUNDAY JULY 17

The Invisible Man (James Whale 1933). Claude Rains walks around naked, and nobody complains. The rest of the time his head's swathed in



Joan Crawford (rt.) in *A Woman's Face* (Saturday, C4)

bandages, which makes John Hurt's feat in *The Elephant Man* seem like a piece of cake. The first of a season of films based on the H.G. Wells book features excellent special effects from John P. Fulton (look, no wires!) and typically subversive humorous touches from James Whale. (C4)

Giant (George Stevens 1956). After the Brando season, we now get a Liz Taylor season, which will at least give some of us a chance to check whether she really is the worst leading lady of all time. *Giant*, an interminable tale of Texans (everything's bigger there, right?), charts Liz's progress from sex symbol to Flabby Hag of the Gossip Columns. Rock Hudson, James Dean (his last movie), Dennis Hopper (not his last movie), Carroll Baker, Mercedes McCambridge and Sal Mineo provide the support Liz could do with these days. A film for people who'd rather be reading a blockbuster novel. (BBC2)

MONDAY JULY 18

Panorama. A report on relations between police and the black community, including an assessment of the "human awareness" training given to young cops. The mere need for such training speaks volumes about the country as a whole. (BBC1)

The Picture Of Dorian Gray (Albert Lewin 1945). Hurd Hatfield stars in the Cliff Richard life story. (Thames)

Hill Street Blues. Trouble at t'station when the squad get IOUs instead of pay checks. Currently being remade as *The IPC Story*. (Thames)

I Love Lucy. So what could top the past two weeks' hobnobbing with Bob Hope and Orson Welles? *Lucy And*

Superman, maybe (C4)

Ear To The Ground. Current affairs for The Kidz. See page 11. (C4)

TUESDAY JULY 19

Dick Van Dyke Show: The Night The Roof Fell In. (C4)

The House On Garibaldi Street (Peter Collinson 1979). Made-for-TV movie about the Israelis' 1960 mission to track down and bring to justice Nazi war criminal Adolf Eichmann. (C4)

Trumpets And Typewriters. Documentary about the role and responsibility of war correspondents through the ages. What a pity it wasn't screened during the Falklands conflict. (BBC1)

WEDNESDAY JULY 20

The Munsters: Munster The Magnificent. Herman, aided as usual by Grandpa, tries his hand at magic for the benefit of Eddie's school chums. (C4)

Film Buff Of The Year. A good idea, spoilt by too severe restrictions on subject matter: anything outside the Golden Years Of Hollywood doesn't get a look in. I tell a lie—besides Ingrid Bergman, Frank Sinatra and Gangster Movies of the '30s, this week's special subjects include British Musicals. Big Deal! (BBC2)

The Black Adder. The final episode of this distinctly patchy series sees the Adder trying to recruit the seven most evil men in the world in order to seize the throne. Rik Mayall puts in an appearance as Mad Gerald, There's typecasting for you. (BBC1)

Andy Gill

LIVE

JAMES BLOOD ULMER *Brixton Ace*

SOUND AND loving fury from Blood, ambulating aimlessly about the stage, like a giant teddy bear who's somehow laid his paws on a guitar. Big, capable hands man-handling the music like it was a big meal or a big woman.

Out and out sensual enjoyment seemed a feature of all three musicians in Blood Ulmer's current combo — Warren Benbow, drums, Charlie Burnham, fiddle — judging by the large, un-plastic smiles on stage.

The sound a little way different, taken mostly from his in-progress work, 'Odyssey.' "I haven't forgotten the harmolodic funkateers," Blood said almost anxiously after the show, referring to his direction established through 'are You Glad To Be In America' and 'Freelance', combining his exbandleader Ornette Coleman's harmolodic concept of free-flowing melodies on

different instruments that intermingle, overlap, comment on and dance round one another (each according to its own destiny, and interlinked in unity), with Old Father Funk.

Blood's idiosyncratic sound hasn't changed. He still makes stuttering, staccatoes that sound like they could be made by anything but a guitar, sheets of rhythm writing, never cold, but still abstract. He carries a melody like it was a rhythm, and vice versa. But with his two new spars, the funk became more a jig, pure dance music enhanced by Charlie in his tartan shirt lunging at Blood with his fiddle fretting at the un-square dance. Blood sang a lot too, and though the words were pretty much indistinguishable, the sounds all made sense. A speaking voice.

Blood has innate humour, he exudes it like sweat. And all the songs — 'Church', 'Little Red House', 'Love Dance', 'Are You Glad To Be In America' — invariably had twists and turns to tickle you to a chuckle. Good-humoured and refreshing, a tonic water with a twist of lemon on a sticky day and bubbles going up your nose. It shakes you up, even in its bass-less condition, slightly starting at first.

It's neat for your feet when the beat is free, it's like throwing open a window in the dusty attic of your brain, locked up by 4/4 predictability. Though Blood's songs were regularly and conventionally structured, they shifted from barndance to limbo dance to free expression unexpectedly.

A wake-up call.

Vivien Goldman

»

SWANK, SWEAT & FUNK

— VIVIEN GOLDMAN

GETS SHOOK UP BY

JAMES BLOOD ULMER

»

THE IMPRESSIONS

REUNION — A DIVINE

VISION AS REVEALED

TO BARNEY HOSKYN

CURTIS MAYFIELD, JERRY BUTLER & THE IMPRESSIONS

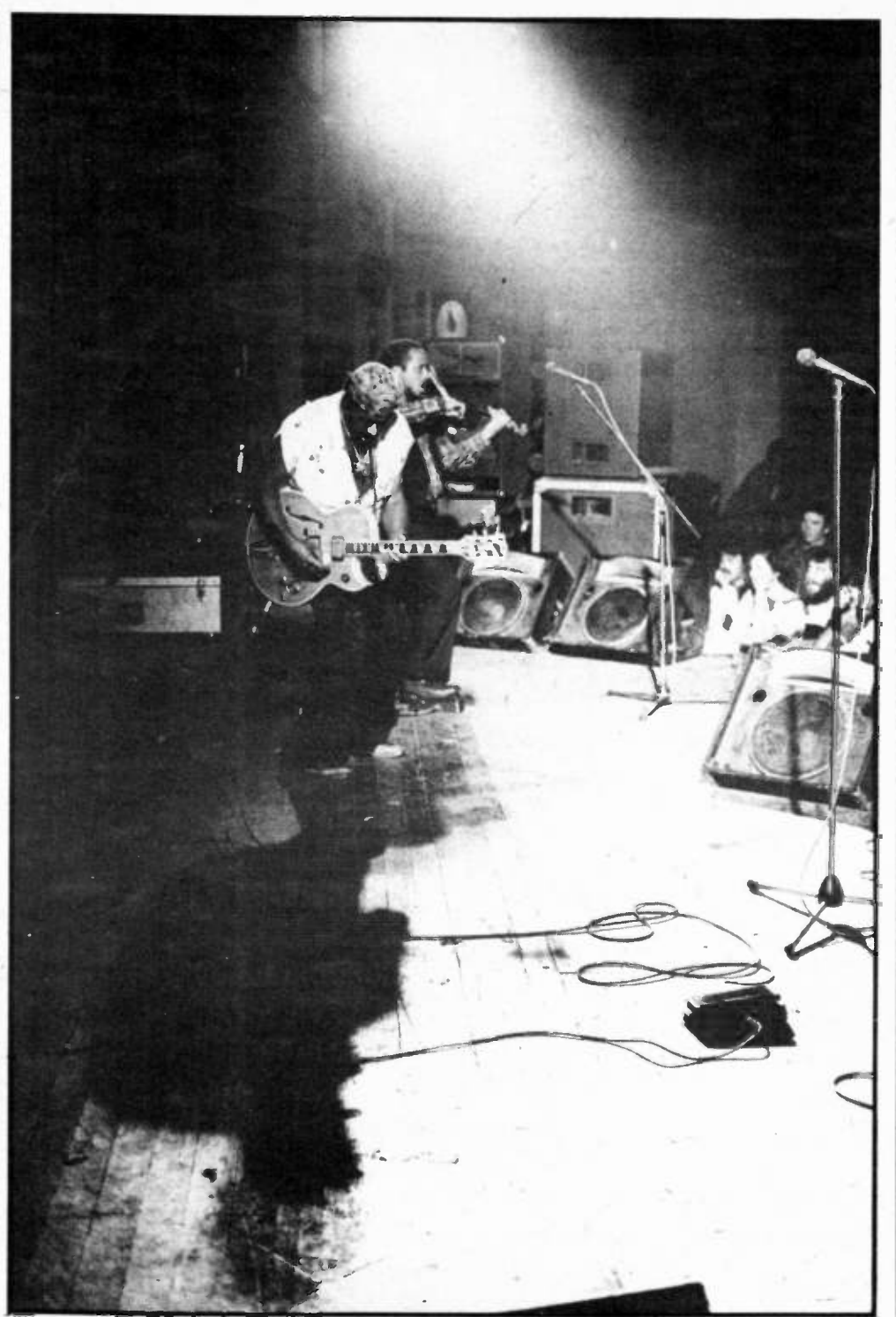
Los Angeles Greek Theatre

FEW THINGS in this amorphous and inchoate universe are so perfect as 'I'm So Proud' or 'Woman's Got Soul' — or very nearly any of the songs Curtis Mayfield wrote with The Impressions between 1963 and 1970. As rival peaks, not even the greatest moments of Smokey Robinson — 'It's Growing', 'Ooh Baby Baby' — touch Mayfield's flawless delicacy. 'Keep On Pushin', 'Can't Work No Longer' ... secular devotionals that sculpt vibrations and sew pearls in air.

A quarter century has passed since 'For Your Precious Love', the matrix and blueprint of all the great soul ballads. Between then

and now a thousand superfluous have been and gone and people are still covering 'For Your Precious Love'. Last week, sponsored by Budweiser, king of beers, Curtis Mayfield, Jerry Butler & The Impressions finally got themselves together — again. Show of the year and reunion of a lifetime. The young mod remembers history.

At the Greek there were no strings attached, just brass and reeds, Curtis' son Tracy on bass, and six black gents in white tuxedos with satin lapels: Nate Evans' quarterback shoulders, Vandy Hampton's Professor Cornelius perm, the smile Sam Gooden's been wearing for 49 years, the grizzled grey pate and granpappy specs of Curtis Mayfield, Fred Cash's tongue rolling over his lower lip like an uncooked chipolata, and, one unto himself, Jerry Butler, with his eyelids at half-mast like those of a



Old Father Funk Blood punks up the rhythm. Phew!

Pic: Andrew Catlin

blind man.

'It's All Right' segues into a perfect 'Woman's Got Soul' and Butler and Mayfield fall away. That was just a taste.

Post-Mayfield Impressions is for the most part an indifferent bag, but tonight's 'Loving Power' was magnificent. Stormy gospel disco never pushed so hard. Sadly, this only made the subsequent individual spotlights — like Nate Evans'

Pendergrassian serenade of 'Sunshine' — look the more draggily over-rehearsed. Rejoined by Curtis, now bearing an even more uncanny resemblance to Pop Staples, the original trio of himself, Gooden and Cash breezed into a gorgeous 'Choice Of Colours', following through with 'We're A Winner', 'Keep On Pushin', and 'I'm So Proud'. Nothing had changed, not even the F-sharp tuning on Mayfield's guitar. The darting, semi-spoken flame of his voice, at once assured and inquisitive, barely missed a note. This constellation of harmonies, whose layered waves seemed to weave through the audience like birds, was almost too pure to be borne.

On the last verse of 'People Get Ready', Butler floated out of the wings like an MC, echoing the words as though he were an appeased deity. Sadly, his solo set was the sole weak link in an otherwise perfect chain of memory. Unlike Mayfield, Butler seemed to be holding back, as if tonight he'd simply decided not to put out. That rich, ruby-warm baritone wasn't coming out of its shell. Backed by an unstartling female trio, 'Only The Strong Survive' and 'Just Because Of You' were kinetic but delivered deadpan. At the first full-throated "oooooh" of 'Make It Easy On Yourself' the audience almost burst in one tear, but Butler treated the song with a curiously abstract stoicism, arms half-extended as though wearily trying to argue a point. When it was over, he shuffled back into darkness. "It makes you wanna cry", said the unmiked, prosaic voice.

If 'Make It Easy' was slow and diffuse, 'Hey Western Union Man' was taken too fast, transformed into brisk, high-stepping funk that drowned the original's loose

punch. It was as if the song had been rewritten in the wake of disco: Philly goes TK, a synth subs for the clavinet. Veteran of duets, Butler closed with the aid of one Debra Henry, who was part of the backing chorus. Both she and the songs were unremarkable, and I kept hoping that Betty Everett would suddenly be ushered on for 'Let It Be Me'. The Ice Man needed a real flame.

Mayfield then reappeared for 'He Will Break Your Heart', a song which takes us back to pop's very inception, before Chicago soul really came of age. Even as Butler's counterpoint, Curtis' voice is amusingly unsuited to the song; it's a little like asking Marvin Gaye to sing 'Duke Of Earl'. This in turn flowed into 'Precious Love'. Even if the original never quite matched the versions of Garnett Mimms or Geater Davis, it's still a sombre and majestic achievement.

Satin lapels or no, Mayfield remains one of soul's half-dozen true originals. He neither looks nor sounds quite like anyone else in black music. His ten minutes were a chilling interjection into the evening's warm, showbizzy flow. When a black sings "protest" in surroundings like these, there's always the vicarious thrill of watching just how far he'll go. This magnetic little man, who looks rather like a wise old parrot, shirked nothing and gripped the sleepy bowl of the Greek with every turn of his head. 'Superfly', 'The Other Side Of Town', 'Stop And Stare' 'Freddie's Dec'd'; granted you can't give the black power salute in a white tuxedo, Mayfield has only to hint at suffering and degradation to make your gasp.

Appropriately, a full return of the six voices rounded off with the gospel medley of 'Talkin' 'Bout Jesus' and 'Amen'. Behind this magic evening lay divine inspiration.



The Smile, The Specs, The Uncooked Chipolata ... Ladeez 'n' Gentlemen, The Impressions!

Pic: Alan Berliner

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LIVE SUNSPASH

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Jamaica

JAMAICANS WILL wear you down one way or the other. First they'll start firing monster joints about a foot from you while you're trying to work, and if constant exposure to secondary ganja fumes doesn't lay you flat, they keep the Sunsplash concerts going from 10 pm one night till mid-day the next, till you're walking with the same velvet footfall and watching with the same other-wordly stare characteristic of the two-thirds of the two million-strong nation that are reputed to ingest this stuff daily and frequently for most of their post-pubescent life.

This year's Sunsplash concerts, staged at the new Bob Marley Performing Centre, were remarkable both for their length and for the backseat given to Rasta by many famous international names, who preferred this year to administer fun rather than religion. Hell, good times, not Sunday service, is what Sunsplash set out to offer seven years ago — and in 1983 the intensity of the Rastafarian revival following Bob Marley's death has finally tapered off, enough to allow even his children to pull off a Las Vegas act.

Wednesday was nostalgia night. From Birmingham, London, New York, Toronto and Addis Ababa, the oldsters came flying back for Sunsplash organizer Tony Johnston's nod to the greats of the past.



Sunsplash: Outernational youngblood Kelvin Pic: Alan Lysaght

Milling around backstage in shifting clusters were Alton Ellis, Derrick Harriott, Jackie Mittoo (Skatalites), Leroy Sibbles (Heptones), Brent Dowe (Melodians), Fred Waite (Techniques), and the musical families surrounding each of them. A night of ska and rock steady revival was about as much dirty, secular fun as one could hope to experience here.

Jamaicans are still scratching their heads about Blue Riddim Band, a distinctly Caucasian bunch from the state of Kansas, who played again, as they did last year, a devastatingly accurate ska and rock steady style. Jamaicans don't really give a damn about flesh tone, and it amused them greatly to watch these kids tear up the old sounds with a passion that some of the returning heroes had trouble matching. One who had no trouble was Delroy Wilson, one-time teenage sensation, who waltzed in around dawn with a musical upper that saved a truly flagging crowd and even brought the disgraced international press,

littered where they fell backstage between 1 and 5 am, back to their feet. No mean feat, that.

Thursday produced less worth talking about, except that Sibbles, declining to appear at the tail end of the first night with three-quarters of the crowd already lost, made a strong appearance. Yellowman, the most popular dubber in Jamaica right now, blew hard enough to be asked back for a second shot, and Gregory Isaacs (fresh from a spot of trouble with the police over a firearm he just happened to be carrying for a friend) rounded off the evening well after dawn, but the crowd couldn't find the same passion they'd had for Delroy Wilson 24 hours earlier.

On Friday things started to cook, with the organizers saving the best for the weekend crowd. The Tuff Gong Uprising, featuring the extended Marley family, was both centrepiece and highspot of the show. Ziggy Marley is taking more accurately after his old man as the years roll by — moving, singing, pointing to the sky, wagging his head — though it doesn't look quite right without the dreadlocks. He could dispense with the other three siblings in The Melody Makers and go it alone, even if folks might miss the engaging Elvis-like flailings of young Stephen's bandy legs. If Ziggy learns to write, he could be God too, just like his daddy.

Rita Marley, already reigning as Queen of Jamaica, entertained as if she too were on a night-club circuit, betraying only rarely the depth of her faith. She toyed with the policemen during 'One Draw', and if the younger cops were trying not to smile, they surely didn't pull it off. (Seeing as these guys have more secure jobs than 90 per cent of the people they're watching over, they weren't, however, going to flush it all away by sharing spliff with the dreads puffing not eighteen inches from them.)

Steel Pulse, earlier, finally wormed their way into Jamaican hearts and minds. For two years there's been some mistrust among Jamaicans, but this year they came round.

Saturday was star time, the first appearance in the Americas of Musical Youth, the Birmingham kids who were justly applauded for fine service to reggae over the past year.

Junior and Patrick Waite fared much better than father Fred on Wednesday night. The Jamaicans could sense the strained internationalism in the Musical Youth lyrics, could sense also that the rhythm section had a way to go, but were otherwise impressed with the accomplishment of these young ones.

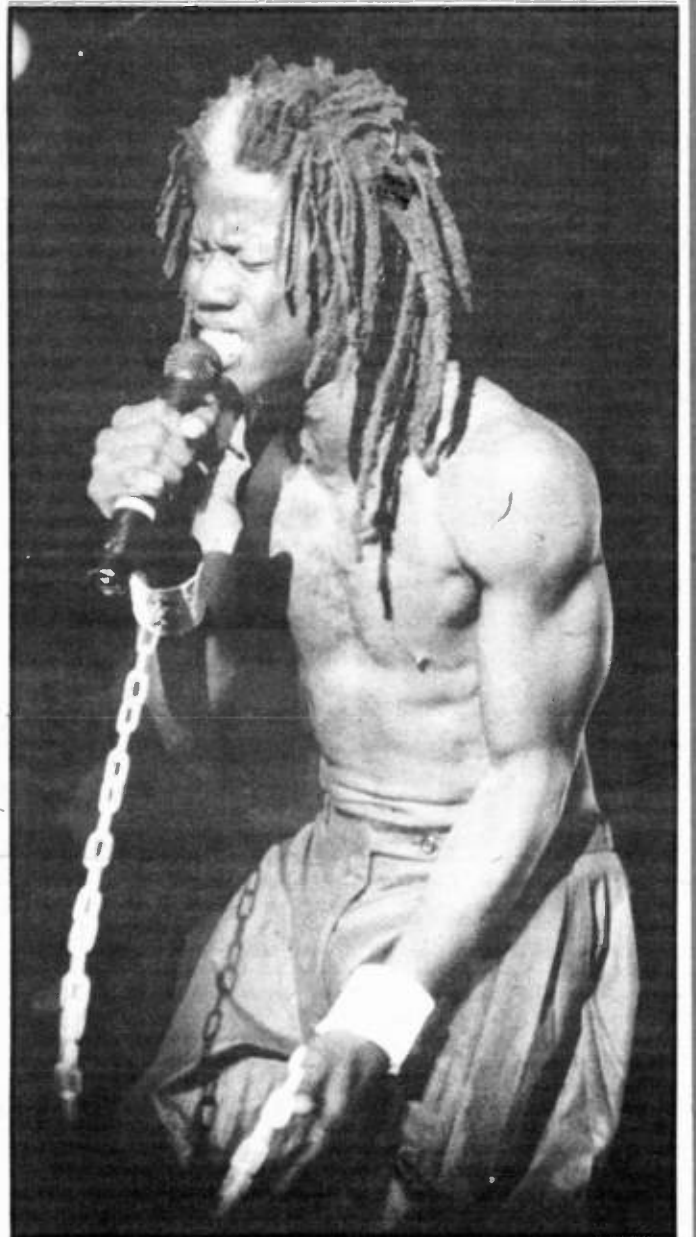
Lead singer Dennis Seaton looked smartly English in black and white, and the crowd was awe-struck whenever Kelvin Grant pulled out his dub routine. There are plenty of sub-teens who do that kind of thing on the streets every day, but there's something about Kelvin, something about the accuracy of his tone, that sends them wild. The rest of Saturday showcased polite, international reggae from the likes of Third World and Judy Mowatt, broken refreshingly by a savage set from poet Mutabaruka, whose band played the toughest music of the entire four days.

Finally, here was one man speaking only to Jamaicans in their own language, a man who, if he dispensed with five magic words at the right time, could push this burbling crowd over the edge into revolution. Black Uhuru's Michael Rose, who remains a father figure for those dreads who still believe in outlaw orgins, seemed tame by comparison.

Yes, reggae can be somewhat restrained and this year's Sunsplash seemed like showtime for the new middle-class. There's more money floating around here than ever before, and the musicians have seen many other parts of the world and experienced diversities that most of the audience will never approach. They have the look and sound of other continents, of Las Vegas and London and not just Kingston.

The Jamaicans are losing sole control of this beast, and they know it.

Paul McGrath



Sunsplash: Black Lenin, Mutabaruka

Pic: Alan Lysaght

P-FLUNK

QUANDO QUANGO

Manchester Hacienda

MANCHESTER'S NEWEST exports, Quando Quango have apparently been copping more than a few kudos from New York's clubland recently. And it's not hard to see why. Tempering a rhythmic ostentation of the Afro variety with undercurrents of a morose, claustrophobic and undeniably English funk, they cut a bruising, guitarless fusion. There always seems to be room for such topical, and slightly eccentric convocations on the NY dance set's dansettes.

Moonlighting from A Certain Ratio (and cannily disguised beneath three weeks' growth), Donald Johnson sweats and frets feverishly on the bass. Beside his bombastic twang, the metronome pound of drums sounds agonisingly pedestrian. Elsewhere coy synth washes, and tumbling, fumbling sax runs alternate with suitably pained, and plaintive, dual vocals.

A typical Quango song reads like a tourist brochure: an eclectic twirl of something a little bit ethnic, the slightest bit exotic and, of course, just a touch of Mancunian glower and metropolitan paranoia. Their attitude — if not their music — brings to mind names like Medium Medium, A Nottingham funkster ratio who scored a big hit with the parched funk of 'Hungry (So Angry)' in the NY clubs but were regarded as little more than mediocre here.

Are Quango the recipe for continued stateside success? Judging from this performance, I doubt it. It may just have been hometown nerves and the awkward situation of having to support ACR, but all too often Johnson's brute, sensuous bass left the rest stranded in tedium. And despite his obvious prowess, the collective Quango gave the impression that they quite simply lack the musical strength to moulder the obvious excesses away from mindless muscle and into anything halfway compulsive.

The biggest Manchester band since Joy Division? The greatest musical experience since the Pistols in '76? While our friendly neighbourhood MM hack (and when I say hack, I mean...) was being really overwhelmed and handing out accolades like boiled sweets, the mere mortals amongst us were closer to embarrassment than elation.

Amrik Rai



Quangolst — sounding like a cheap tourist brochure and dressed to match

Pic: Kevin Cummins

LIVE

PREFAB SPROUT

Newcastle El Hacienda at Tiffany's

DESPITE THE name, Prefab Sprout are not the bunch of wacky funsters suggested. Their current single 'Lions In My Own Garden: Exit Someone'/'Radio Love' gives a truer impression in its collected and sensitive performance.

Prefab Sprout's songs are melodic enough to capture a good audience but at the same time they retain sufficient individuality in their lyrical rhythm and content to make them satisfying.

However, tonight everything seems to be played rather frantically, with a certain nervous excitement and some of the subtle allusions rather the playthings of the wind. Bewildered rather than disappointed, I head for home, having consumed enough greens to keep me healthy.

The Prefab Four appear to be Newcastle's great white hope as Rough Trade are issuing their creditable single nationally, giving the band a real opportunity for wider success. Perhaps those lions are going to rise from their slumber.

Susan Convery

TIN TIN

Birmingham Tin Can Club

MATT FRETTON

Birmingham Duma Express

THE LESSON here is clear: don't be taken in (too much). A glimpse at the soft-focus gloss of either candidates' promotion or advertising—at the pout, the pretty-boy gaze, soft kissing lips, brimming youth, or the real ugliness—and you might have difficulty in telling these two boys apart. But don't be taken in.

Fretton is a pompous snake, a Blue Zoo reject. Another part of the 'moderne' world of blush and bounce and mincing kiss-curl created by the Talk Talks or the H₂Os. With his weedy puppy yelps, and the airless tinny tinkles of his tape-loop (just filtered down Dolby or Duran), Matt Fretton is the sort who would sell his soul to be Peter Powell's Pet For The Week. A rat in a white suit.

Tin Tin at the Tin Can Country Club meanwhile, was by no means perfect but at least there was the steamy suggestion of some substance. A mouse in dark glasses, Tin Tin is still ugly and

puny, thin and awkward enough to give me visions of Kafka, but he steers well clear of Fretton's showbiz smiles, gloating fake confidence or the wet melodrama of 'Love's Sad Memory'. After Fretton's vapid "Dance it up, shake it down" weakness, Tin Tin had a certain cheek and charm and managed to wrap himself around each of his fairly mediocre sin-th pop-songs with a sort of sordid loving, a corrupt involvement.

There's a devious glamour to his shallowness and, ignoring those exceptionally ordinary singles, a piece of bent, booming funk like 'She Loves It' ("But I'm gonna linger/Where I've got my finger") bore the stamp of Marc Almond's seamy wickedness. With his seedy swagger and sneaky charm, Tin Tin could well follow the Soft Cell line in smut and sleaze; Fretton was just the new Phillip Jap. A sugared slug.

Tin Tin looked like he couldn't really care less from the bored fashion in which he dealt out some singles. He is probably a star.

Jim Shelley

BART 'GUITAR' BARTLE GETS WOUND UP

THE CHAMELEONS

Huddersfield Polytechnic

I'D LIKE to be a student at a place like Huddersfield Polytechnic, would gladly trade overalls and the pencil-stub and half-smoked Embassy behind my ears for casual academic cloth and a smug smile. I'd willingly slumber through lectures on Oceanic Farming and attend meetings of The Cubist Madrigal Society and whatever else this lot do for half a decade before dragging their degrees down to the old king cole... if it meant I could fall out of my tree every night on Fosters at 50p a pint, to a soundtrack of what is up and coming in spurts and likely to startle the next-up pop generation.

Manchester five-piece The Chameleons may never set the world on fire, but it was well within their capabilities to shower this small hall with sparks. Evidently from the black-pudding school for wacky scouse-bunnies, it may be cruel of me to suggest they are providing a worthwhile service to the public by playing the smaller and cheaper places the Porcupine Boys have grown out of, but tonight's enthusiastic crowd certainly appreciated it.

What you get is stirring beat and a twisted spoon of ivory syrup underneath the obligatory dark and deep vocals, with guitars liberally splashed across everything. Epic guitars, jangling guitars, twin corny, climatic and carefree guitars. Guitars slipping and sliding on slopes of echo, snapping their wires, fussing and fretting over stampeding drums, getting angry and staccato and falling to harmonic whispers. Guitars like machine-guns and gravel and dominoes falling down marble staircases. Guitars like sharp knives out of shirtsleeves...

Stripped of any nasty connotations and prised from the pathetic stumps of the Old Guard in their Gas-Tank T-shirts, it is surprising how fresh the guitar is sounding these days, from Big Country to The Gun Club, and, of course, not forgetting the formidable influence of U2 and E*O and the B***YMEN, which is where we started.

The Chameleons proved to me the power of the guitar as opposed to prissy pocket gadgetry, but what they need to do now is relax and stop trying to be like the people they admire. Drop the pomp as profundity, Chameleons, hang on to your enthusiasm and guitars, and then try talking about yourselves and the things that matter to you—PROJECT and survive.

As Diaghilev demanded of a wet-behind-the-ears Cocteau: "Etonne-Moi!", and you could be fucking great. Excuse the french.

Bart Bartle

A TALE OF PUNKS, PUNK POETS AND A PARKA...

GBH

LITTLE BROTHER

ENGLISH DOG

MARK MIWURDZ

SEETHING WELLS

Brixton Ace

"FUCKIN' ELL — it's like wading through treacle!" Seething Wells' pertinent comment provoked a storm of vilification. Or rather, it didn't. It mattered not what any of our three gallant wordsmiths said tonight. Their mere presence on stage triggered an unending fusillade of spit and verbal hatred from those clustered around, whilst the even larger numbers at the bar feigned utter indifference.

The avowed aim of self-styled punk poets is to get people thinking, to provoke a constructive reaction. But it's a sad irony that, likely as not, they'll perform either to the blankly converted or else to an unremotely hostile rabble like tonight's, whose punk affiliations are merely cosmetic. Their true colours are the purple and blue of apoplectic ex-colonels baying for blood at the Tory Party Conference. Little Brother's jibes to that effect were bang on target; but of course his barbs flew way over the heads of these pitifully dumb, wasted and bigoted kids.

SWells, Miwurdz and Little B certainly tried. Each pitched his act at its simplest, most attention-grabbing level. SWells cut no ice with his litany of agit-prop buzzwords — capitalism, Channel Four etc. He must feel the most acutely frustrated. Of the three he has made the grandest claims to being voice of a generation, and now here was that generation telling him to fuck off, wanker.

Mark Miwurdz avoided politics and concentrated initially on shitting and smells. This seemed to pacify them a little, but he couldn't win the war. Predictable but very funny diatribes about Duran Duran and discos fell on stony ground. At this point The English Dogs went on and finally the assembly had got something they liked. These boys sound like an even more tuneless GBH, but are fronted by an agreeably fat, mustachioed buffoon who heaved his sweating bulk around to everyone's mighty approval.

Following that, Little Brother must have known he was a goner. Sensibly clad in a parka against the ensuing monsoon of gob, he doggedly stuck it out as the kids' rage boiled over and a pair of numbskulls clambered on stage and attacked him. They were thrown off, and, though shaken, he continued his inventive, trenchant and bitingly funny set whilst flanked by justifiably glaring stewards. (Worth mentioning is the Ace's consistently good-natured but firm security.)

"Britain needs you to die for her" is the token 'inflammatory material' GBH offer to distinguish themselves from HM, but the real difference is that a Motorhead fan is a docile, good-natured sort compared to the pinheads whose jackets are adorned with the GBH logo. 'Leather Bristles Studs And Acne' is the title of their last LP, and it tells the whole story. The trappings of punk are no more than just that: trappings. The high-speed thrash of 'Feel Alright' and 'Alcohol' conveys a buzz of contrived energy, but the accompanying postures are no natural outbursts, just simple stage-craft that can be cynically guaranteed a response from redneck suckers like tonight's.

Punk's not dead; it's decadent.

Mat Snow

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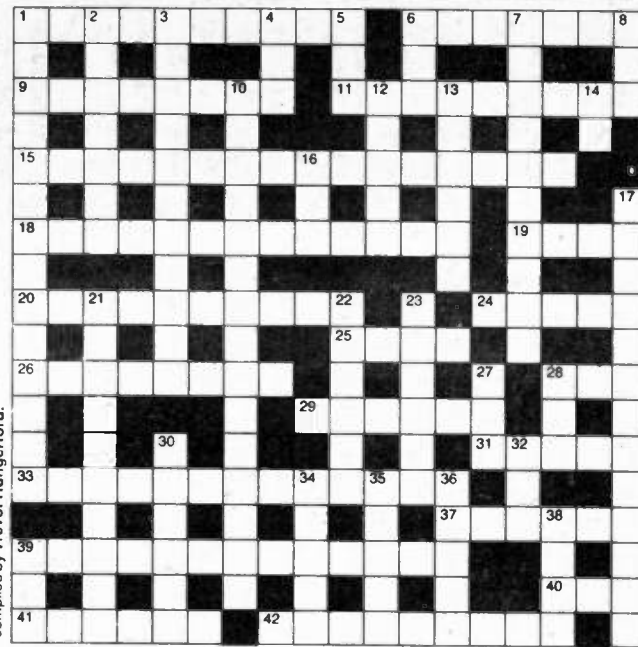
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NME PRESSWORD

CLUES DOWN

1. Good Lord, the record is in the album charts! (6,3,5)
2. End backwards in a mass — they're crazy (7)
- 3 and 42A Squeeze an extra tack in their ticker (7,4,2,2,5)
4. This word features three times in a Medicine Head single (3)
5. Andy — one hit wonder with 'Rock Me Gentle' in 1974 (3)
6. North Carolina band; line up Stamey, Holsapple, Holder and Rigby (3)
7. Fall out — they all do except for this lad who's stayed through the line-ups (4,1,5)
8. Clock the Sheffield band (1,1,1)
10. 'Isn't it rich, aren't we a pair? Me here at last on the ground, you in mid-air' 1975 (4,2,3,6)
12. You gotta say yes when they sing 'She's Got A Gun' ... (5)
13. ... Her gun could be shot by David Bowie (6)
14. and 41A. Partisans, Violators, Attack label (2,6)
16. Something burnt out in Bauhaus? (3)
17. "I saw a film today, oh boy, the English Army had just won the war" 1967 (1,3,2,3,4)
21. Seb cuts way around to follow Vic (6,4)
22. According to John Lennon, 'Woman Is The — Of The World' (6)
23. I go far, especially in a way to escape this 1978 Number One (6)
27. Tracy — Birthday Party bass (3)
28. They give lip back (3)
30. See 6A.
32. Miss Up of the Slits (3)
34. Groan terribly on hearing a keyboard instrument (5)
35. All set for the first word of a Generation X single? (5)
36. Descriptive of Ian Dury's life, when he could have been a ticket man at Fulham Broadway Station (5)
38. Just the flesh, not the bread of this huge singer (4)
39. Basically Heaven 17 without Glenn Gregory (3)



compiled by Trevor Hungerford.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Clash tidy their hair at Gibraltar, perhaps (6,4)
6. and 30D. Reggae chap who came to prominence in 1967 with 007 (7,6)
9. Loud communist sounds emanating from Bill Nelson (3,5)
11. Army nosh? The Knack have got a way of serving it up (2,7)
15. Foot movement, female bird, shaded avenue, not out, TV rental company — must be vocalist from Cabaret Voltaire (7,9)
18. Sung by Lulu, the title song to a film also starring Sidney Poitier (2,3,4,4)
19. Go Feet label band, the — Elevators, (4)
20. Marc Bolan moved this in after 'Solid Gold' (4,6)
24. Treason is just not part of the real life for Teardrops (5)
25. Bee Gees single from 1970, sounds like two of them are in debt (1,1,1,1)
26. Squeezed with love? (8)
28. Place for a slash and a flash (3)
29. Neil Sedaka got up to his monkey business for his first UK hit (1,2,3)
31. Surname of guitarist who was an original member of the James Gang and a passing member of The Eagles (5)
33. Billy Fury's first hit was definitely not yesterday, surely not today but ... (5,8)
37. I'm Alan (sort of) and I'm a lead singer (sort of) (6)
39. Nick Lowe loves the sound of a Bowie single (8,5)
40. She's found herself in real fame (3)
41. See 14D
42. See 3D

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: 1. Womad, 2. King Sunny, 8. Rail, 9. A Bone, 10. Residents, 12. Flash, 14. Gun, 15. Suzi, 17. Eat, 20. Orgasm Addict, 22. Low, 23. Nature Boy, 26. See, 27. Bar, 29. OGW (Old Grey Whistle), 31. Stu, 32. Evil, 35. Ved, 36. Every Picture, 39. Real, 40. Oil On Canvas

Down: 1. Wham, 2. Moonlight, 3. Dresses, 4. Kirk, 5. (M)ile(s), 6. Users, 7. Yes Sir I Will, 11. Sound, 13. Hammer, 16. Down To Zero, 18. TA, 19. Ochs (Phil), 21. Doors, 22. Leave, 24. UB (40), 25. Rainy, 28. Futura, 30. Wheel, 32. Ever (Fallen In Love etc) 33. Ideal, 34. Gl, 37. Plc, 38. Can.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

NEW ORDER

Chris Bohn and Anton Corbijn travel from the Funhouse of New York to the Hellhole of Trenton, New Jersey with with New Order as they break new frontiers in their quest for World supremacy.

CLARE GROGAN

David Dorrell explains how the Images really Altered. "We decided we'd have to do something drastic to make people realise that I wasn't going to parade about in ra-ra skirts for the rest of the century," squeaks a grown-up Clare. "But I don't think I'm gonna be the next Debbie Harry ..."

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CONTENTED

To the tune of 'My Favourite Things':

Nietzsche, Charles Shaar Murray, Burchill and Marxism, Freud and New Order, Thatcher and Death Cult, Stomping At The Savoy and Virginity. These are a few of the things that get you in NME.

Tebbit and Reagan, The Undertones, Bowie, Mekon and Livingstone, Aztec Camera and OMD, Unemployment and John Connolly. These are the things that get you in NME.

Julie (I make everyone sic) Andrews, The Attic, Enfield. Keep taking the scansions. — AG.

THAT'S LIFE

John McEnroe gets fined for being obnoxious. X Moore gets wages. Ain't life strange? John Connolly, New Barnet.

FREEMASON'S CORNER

I think it is significant that 'Me, The Tragic Hag' is an anagram of Maggie Thatcher. That's all. Mark Brown, Sutton Coldfield. That's plenty. — AG.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls. Why is Dick Cook obsessed with balls? Did he actually go to any of Rod's concerts or did he write his boring, unimaginative, stereotype review the day before and go to the pub instead? The sad part is that those who weren't there might just believe Dick and his balls.

There is no danger of Rod losing his Rock 'n' Roll crown and his popularity is now greater than ever. Sorry Cook, you're entitled to your opinion (if you're capable of any original thought) but you simply don't report the truth — you're outnumbered by about six million to one.

Rod kicks them, Dick Cook writes them and good old NME publishes them — BALLS! The Tartan Tearaways, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham. Balls they may be, but you've got to admit they're BIG balls! — AG.

THE BLACK SUBTRACTOR

(a play in half an act)

SHAKESPEARE: No no, Rowan my dear collaborator, thou art have thy scheme of things arse over tit.

ATKINSON: What? SHAKESPEARE: Black Adder. But trust me and take this advice. Open the curtain with some people running all over the stage, shouting 'Yare!', and panicking.

ATKINSON: Great — I could knock someone over, then the rest would fall on top kicking his false teeth out and making his wig fall off.

SHAKESPEARE: No, you dimwitted coxcomb. It creates excitement, then when you say something funny, it's much more appreciatively laughed at as an interval. (Aside: Now in 1600 we had humour. A good chuckle at a Greek tragedy, or people forgetting their lines and having rotten cabbage thrown at them.)

ATKINSON: That's past, you Elizabethan slob. What do you know about modern comedy? You're dead, remember, rotted away. What people need these days is lunacy, incompetence and stretched Monty Python sketches. What are you doing with that quill?

SHAKESPEARE: A new play, Benny, Prince Of Denmark. ATKINSON: That's my idea, you swine! Cat Whales.

MAR A MARATHON

Concerning the UK's first "all-nighter" known as A Midsummer Night's Tube: What a load of crap it turned out

to be. Five hours of boring waffle. Thank god Yates has quit. For Christ's sake change the presenters, they have no style or ability to present a pop programme. They are obviously disliked. Peter O'Dowd, Oxford. See page 11. — AG.

AND AGAIN!

On a general note, the jazz content of NME seems to have all but disappeared. I remember reading about John Coltrane and

next that they like reggae in Brixton. Jerry Kingett, Wimbledon. They do? — AG.

INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

After having read your reply to Peter Howard's letter on Video Nasties, I was very annoyed to see yet another person not prepared to accept that these films are having a great influence upon children.

You seem to be under the illusion that because most

responsibility. Banning the representation of violence does not mean that violence itself is banned. — AG.

I wholeheartedly agree with Andy Gill's comments on the so-called Video Nasties. Far too many people, it seems, know what is good for us. I am enjoyable reminded of watching The Curse Of Frankenstein and seeing copious amounts of blood pour from the eye from a shotgun wound inflicted on Chris Lee. I compared reactions with all of my friends the following morning and the psychological damage was negligible. As far as I know, none of us has yet murdered, raped or pillaged, although one at the time was done for pinching Movie Monsters.

I think that John Bunyan said it all when he wrote in the preface of that most Christian work The Pilgrim's Progress: "If this thou wilt not read, let it alone For some chew the meat and some pick the bone."

As far as I can see this could easily apply to any other medium you care to mention. Raoul Duke's postman.

RAPE

My girl raped! Two 17-year-olds. Said they thought girls enjoyed it after watching videos. Yes, I think that kids "grow up thinking this is the way it is" — how can they think any different when they've had no other experience?

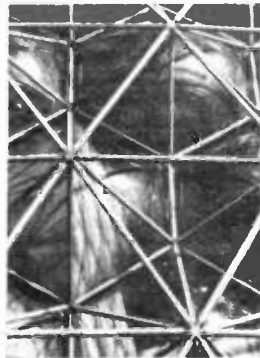
Who do I blame? I blame shit-holes like you who don't know the difference between sexual liberation and pornography. So you think that "nasties" don't affect people? "Nasties" affected two young lads, giving them a distorted view of reality. "Nasties" affected my girl, who's mentally dead for the

sounds remarkably similar to other "mitigating circumstances" or excuses which followed in the wake of Psycho, Clockwork Orange and several other films — a legal tactic which attempts to lay the blame somewhere else. The point is, of course, that there is no excuse for rape, right? — AG.

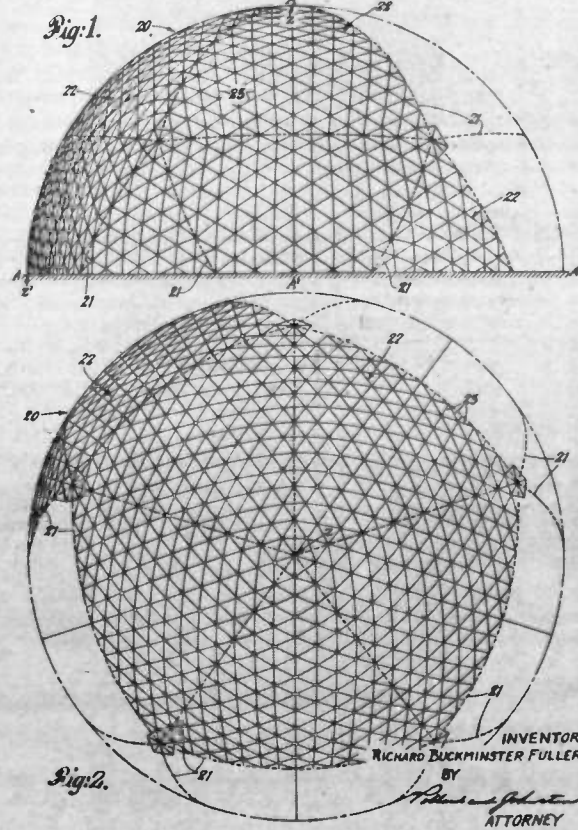
ANGRY

I know that you're all terribly bored with the pornography debate, but nevertheless here's another letter about it because this is IMPORTANT.

I had intended to write in the cold-blooded, factually accurate way you demand; I had intended to reply point by point to the



letters and comments in last week's Gasbag, but I can't because I'm so fucking ANGRY I just can't think straight. Does this make me hysterical and not worth listening to? Because even Andy Gill might get angry too if it was HIS body up there being mutilated in the name of erotic entertainment, and nothing was done because of some half-baked liberal ideas about freedom of expression.



rest of her life. "Nasties" affected me. Yes, me! And I've never even watched one. Yes, it's changed me because now I hate! I just hate! I fucking hate! Anon. And I'm not surprised, if what you say is true. However, the youths' assertion that they were affected by videos

What about MY freedom, my right to be free from fear, to be freed from the obscene images which assault me everywhere I go? Because it is my body up there, just as it is every woman's body.

So maybe I can't prove to you a connection between porn and splatter movies and actual crime,

but I know that there is a connection between porn of all kinds, from ads. to snuff movies, and its image of women as passive, exploitable and contemptible, and the contempt in which men must hold women before they can rape us. I know, because I have to live with that contempt and the fear of what it allows every day of my life.

Still, I don't have to actively subject myself to that contempt, so I won't be buying NME again. That's a better protest than a hundred letters. No longer yours, Eve Powell, Brighton.

FEMSPKAK

It is the essential separation of the person from the body — that is, the creation of an image of women as objects to be bartered rather than as people with desires and wishes of their own, separate from their existence as female bodies — within pornography that is offensive. Thus women who suffer depersonalised image-related hassle due to this constant exposure of themselves in the media as objects to which something is done (eg. sex, violence) rightly see pornography as the propaganda of sexism. Michael Waldie, Shenfield, Essex.

The standard feminist argument as stated above reveals a certain category confusion, in this case between the individual and the group. When I see a depiction of some man as callous, brutish, violent, etc. (eg. Mad Max), I don't automatically associate that depiction with myself. Arrogant as I am, I'm nonetheless prepared to accept that other men exist, and with different habits/desires/attitudes to my own. Ditto women. All this "depersonalised, image-related" nonsense is just another abnegation of personal responsibility in favour of the group rule. Or mob rule, if you get sucked in far enough. — AG.

POETSPKAK

Let's get this straight. Any evil moneygrabbing scummy fascist who seeks to make money or to entertain by depicting a woman's nipple being torn off with a pair of pliers should be locked up. Splatter movies must be banned, and I don't care who does it. If that doesn't sound trendy or liberal enough for you then tough shit. Attila The Stockbroker.

On the contrary, it sounds exceptionally trendy, quite in line with popular left-wing opinion on the subject. Still won't get you into Sisterbite restaurant, though. — AG.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I hate to be a bother but I wonder if you could help me?

I'm in a quandary over Capital Punishment, viz: killing people is wrong, so who will hang the hangers?

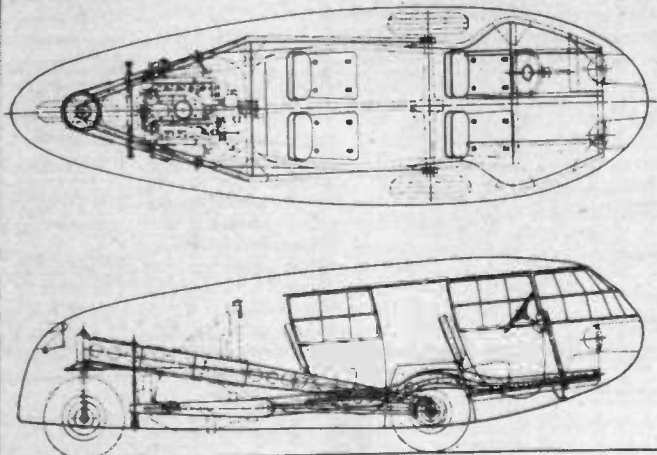
I hope I haven't been a nuisance. Richard, Bradford.

Not at all. How about mild-mannered Attila? — AG.

LABOUR PUNISHMENT

The Labour Party did a bad thing, one of the worst things. They gave working people a false view of socialism. The reason the Labour Party had working class support was that it was a culmination of working class hopes and aspirations. Hopes for change, real socialist change, aspirations that those changes could be brought about through parliamentary democracy. The communists rejected this knowing that the ruling class would never let go of its power and riches without a struggle. The truth hurts and they were thrown out, as was about to happen to Militant when they hinted at socialist change.

The Labour Party had a chance to bring about socialist change. But no, what did those



Steve Lacy in fairly recent issues and you should have articles like that every week instead of filling up space with descriptions of people's hairstyles, earring, etc. The Dead or Alive feature was a classic example of rock journalism that hardly mentions music but concentrates on image. Sue May, London N5

Thanks a million for your sharp-eyed appraisal of our jazz coverage. Funny how you missed the even more recent (and enormous) articles on Cecil Taylor, Gil Evans, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis and Archie Shepp... — AG.

HOW TO BE BOTTOMM

As any fule kno, fotherington-thomas is utterly wet and a weed, not a sissy as quoted in yore paper last week.

Nigel Molesworth, BA (Hons), ALA Literacy Consultant. Chiz! Chiz! All kno fotherington-thomas is a wet and a weed, but it sa heer in the buk that he is "utterly wet and a sissy". So wotch it or grabber

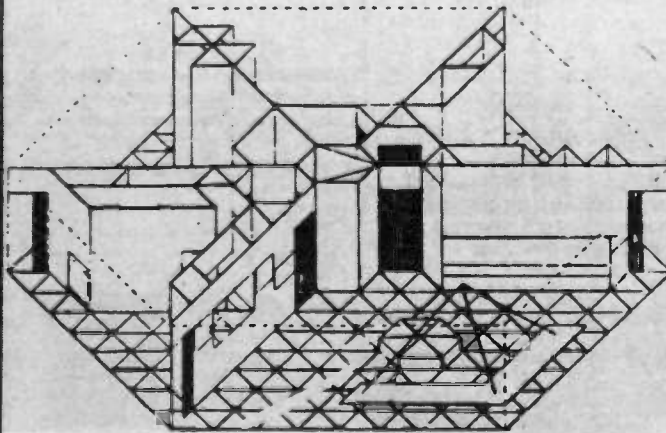
children can tell the difference between fantasy and reality makes it all right for youngsters to see them. I don't think that because they realise what's real means it doesn't adversely affect the way in which they think.

Children who see these films with people being killed and horribly mutilated in a completely lifelike manner tend to become conditioned into thinking needless violence is a normal part of everyday life, and good entertainment.

I've watched children laugh at Channel 4's Vietnam documentary as men are blown up, leaving them limbless and smothered in blood — and yes, they do realise it's real.

I think that when "such an innocent enthusiasm for special effects" becomes an innocent enthusiasm for real life war and death, it's time to take action to rectify the situation. Simon Wallis, Brighton.

Awfully sorry I couldn't oblige you as regards my opinion, but it is mine. I remain firm in my belief that responsibility in these cases rests with the



who is head of the skool captane of everything and wlnor of the mrs joyful prize for raffia work will com round and tough you up. — AG.

JUST FANCY THAT

Coo! The NME's just discovered that Paris is the European centre for Afro-beat — you'll be telling us

parents and other available adults: if you're present when kids laugh at Vietnam footage, it's incumbent on you to take steps to educate them. It's taken us long enough to wrest control of moral issues from the Church; to hand it back to another legislative body is not only retrograde, it's an abnegation of personal

faceless, grey-suited bastards do? They tried to manage capitalism better than the Tories and give the working class people more scraps from the rich man's table. Instead of socialism, after all the fighting and struggling what did we get? Welfare capitalism, capitalism with a nice face, that's what we get from the party we trusted.

Now working people say, "Oh, yeah, they're all the same", and in a way they're right. How can a Labour Party man say he will change a working class person's life, because he won't. Just make it more bearable, that's all, 'cos the bastards have betrayed us. What the working class needs is a party of that class with those old but always new hopes and aspirations at its heart. But who, well, er, um, yes, I've got to say it, "Come back red boys, you were right".

Anon.
Three "aspirations" in one letter! You're not by any chance a trade union leader? — AG.

Another Thatcher government, plenty to whine about there. The Labour Party has now received their widely anticipated kick in the pants. Now is the time to build again from the grassroots, listening to their voters and learning the New Tory art of Dexterous Mouting. Like it or not it is now not enough to just bitch about Tory policy.

People voted for a media-presented image of Power. They bristle with smug pride at the way Thatcher appears on foreign TV. Everyone knows her now. Not like all those other faceless European premiers. As for the "falling inflation rate", are they really trying to tell me my *NME* hasn't gone up by over 14%? *Betty Connolly, Belsize Road, London NW4.*

IT REALLY WORKS!

Having accidentally played my 'Stomping At The Savoy' cassette backwards, I've now turned back into a virgin. Please can I have a refund?
Zoot, Stourbridge.
Hey, don't knock it! You've got the best years of your life ahead of you! — AG.

Twice recently I have read letters concerning virginity. I am recently 27 years of age and still a virgin and I do not have a 'Stomping At The Savoy' cassette.

What can I do?
Philip, Devon.

Buy the album of the cassette. This has been a blatant plug. — AG.

GOOD QUESTION

Could you please tell me why you don't give as much space to the section 'Instruments for Sale' in the classifieds as most music papers do, like *Sounds* and *Melody Maker*.

This section is much more interesting than printing pages and pages of boring ads of record sales.
L. Bailey, S. Yorks.
This has been a public memo to the ad department. — AG.

MORE FAVOURITE THINGS

Ten good reasons for living: New Order, Channel Four, Wire, Albert Camus, Horseracing, Marx's prophecy, Pat Eddery's bottom, Cocteau Twins, *NME* and a fear of pain.

I-bin-Zaidoon
PS: This is a suicide note.
No, no! Wait! Damn! Too late — now I'll never find out who Pat Eddery is. Oh well. — AG.

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T-ZERS

THERE ARE few sounds more soothing to the fevered brow than the steady rhythmic rat-a-tat-tat which pulsates around the office as the conscientious cogs in the *NME* word factory move into action. Unless of course it is the sweet, honeyed cry of "the girl from the reception" as she gently berates staff members into a state bordering on acute disintegration of the nervous system.

But a rhapsody that rises above either of those fair cadences, a sound to truly clear away the earwax of the Gods themselves was the one heard in the early hours of sweltering Tokyo City early one morning last week. It was then that **John Lydon** and his band of **PIL** clones struck up the familiar heartstring-snapping chords of 'Anarchy In The UK' (a rare classic recorded by the old carpet bagger's former pub rock combo **The Water Pistols**). It was the first time Lydon had played the tune since the Pistols split up in San Francisco at the start of 1978. Altogether now, Aaaaah...

Elvis Costello turned up on Breakfast TV reviewing the papers at the start of the week. Where most guests in this spot choose to concentrate on some issue of nail biting importance like the latest royal outing, or **Sue Lawley's** love life, Costello steamed in with a rigorous lambast of the move to bring back hanging. "Any lighter issues?" begged the presenter. Not one to be brow beaten, Costello moved onto the latest round of government cuts. "It's sad to see that people have been conned by the Tories once again," he said. Picking up on a report in the *Daily Telegraph* buried in a half column on page six, he noted that 1¼ million children now lived below the poverty line "and you can see how important they consider that is in the *Telegraph*," opined a sardonic EC. I say! Hardly the sort of thing one wants to hear about over croissants and orange juice old boy...

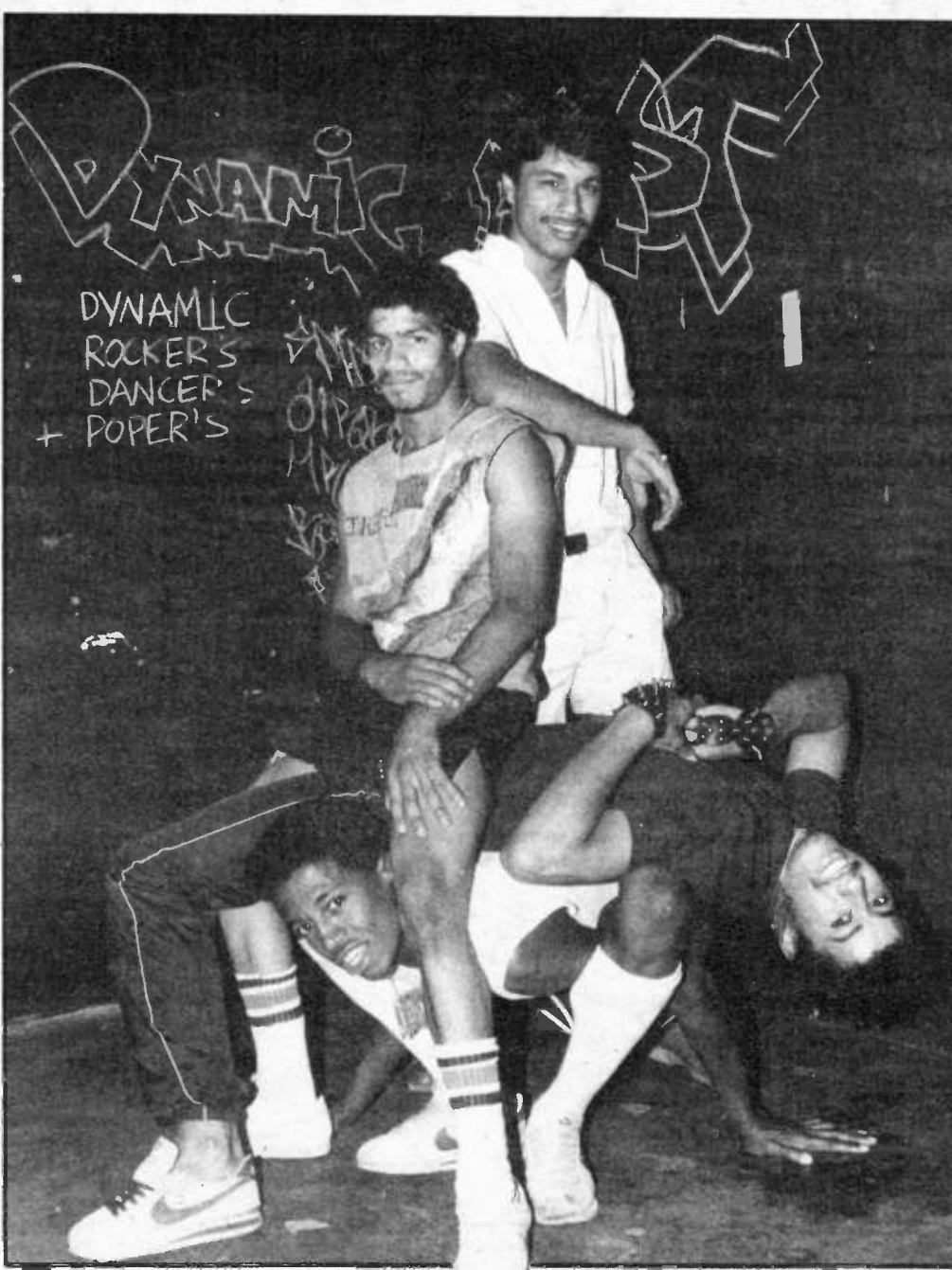
GRACE JONES popped into New York video supplies shop **Crazy Eddie's** and bought 10,000 dollars worth of equipment. The stuff turned out to be faulty. Grace rang them. Got no joy. She rang again, still no response. The lady then phoned the *New York Post* and told them that if she didn't get results she'd go back to Crazy Eddie and throw the 10,000 dollars worth of video equipment through his window. Crazy Eddie retaliated by deleting the entire vinyl and video output of Miss J from his racks. Then Grace appears on telly screaming injustice. That's where we must leave this week's exciting episode of an uppity pop star in New York. Stay tuned for further developments next week...

Former **Beat** saxophone player **Saxa** joined his old buddies backstage after the recent **Bowie** Milton Keynes bash. Wandering round the dressing room Saxa chanced upon what seemed to be a hired hand. "Hey man, where's the beer at?" asked a thirsty Saxa. Exit a bemused and slightly vexed **David Bowie** — that'll teach him to dress like a cut price Italian waiter...

More on Saxa — any truth in the rumour that **Arthur Scargill** is trying to bring about a duet between the man and **Natalie Cole**? Playing under the title of Saxa Cole it would be useful in the campaign to stop closures at the pits...

Unlikely **Silver Screen** rumour of the week must be the story that **Martin Scorsese** has picked **Sylvester Stallone** to play the part of Jesus Christ in his current project *The Last Temptation Of Christ*. Talk about The Rocky Horror Show...

Garth Hudson, former keyboard player with **The Band**, turns up playing keyboards on



New York City breakers team — **The Dynamic Blast** do their renowned impersonation of **Birmingham's spaghetti junction**.

Plc: Joe Stevens

new single by West Coast band **The Call**. Band leader **Robbie Robertson** is set to produce the next single and no less a personage than **Marty Scorsese** (again) has voiced interest in directing the video, which will be the first for Hollywood's superbrat

While a 'high spirited' **Mick Jagger** hung out with a scruffy looking **Bob Dylan** and **Bowie's** 'Let's Dance' guitarist **Stevie Ray Vaughan** following the latter's premiere in New York, the ubiquitous **Sly and Robble** were adding percussive bits and pieces to the new **Stones** album down at **Compass Point**...

NOW WHAT everyone wants to know — exactly what sort of company do the **Bananarama** girls like to pick up when they leave their Holborn abode? Strolling in a nearby park over the weekend the trio chanced upon a coot — that's right **ACOOT** — which had been taken ill. The unfortunate bird was bundled into a waiting plimsoll and dropped off at **Chez-rama**. It's now happily ensconced in the front living room on a staple diet of porridge and milk and practising harmonies for the girls' forthcoming LP...

Jive Records recording artist **Richard Jon Smith**, one of the few black musicians tolerated by the fascist scum bags in the cultural control department of his native South Africa, arrived in Britain last week to make an appearance on TV show *Showcase*. Despite having a work permit to stay in the country for a projected period he was at first refused entry at passport control and after much haggling told that he was allowed to stay for a maximum of 6 days. No further explanation was given. A sign of the times?...

What was **Boy George** up to when he nearly knocked a sturdy *NME* backroom boy off his feet riding through Hyde Park on a Moulton bike the other night? Auditioning for a part in an eco remake of *Easy Rider*? More to

the point what was designer **Andy Martin** doing prowling around Hyde Park at that time of night?

Title of the new **Kid Creole** LP now set as 'Doppelganger'. A predictably lavish set for the forthcoming British stage show will add caves and waterfalls to the usual array of kinglysize **Pina Colodas**, palm trees and the like

In the promo video for the new **Altered Images** single 'Love To Stay' **Clare Grogan** teams up with her *Gregory's Girl* co-star **John Sinclair**. The pair play the part of **Miss Money Penny** and **James Bond** respectively...

Freewheelin' Scientist **Van Morrison** rumoured to be producing new Phonogram signing **Friends Again**. Better be careful, he might have to talk to them...

Still no official word from the **Spear Of Destiny** camp on the recent split which has left the original nucleus of **Kirk's ears' Brandon** and bassist **Stan Stammers**. However, ex-drummer **Chris Bell** confirms he and saxophonist **Lascelle** have fled following "personality clashes and religious differences." That's a new one...

Having dealt with **Crazy Eddie** and co, **Grace Jones** was up to high jinx again when she was spotted at LA airport getting whopped and floored by **Hans The Body Builder**. Apparently the incident wasn't a tiff but a rehearsal for a part she may take in a film...

Another boon for the British film industry. Palace films *wunderkind* **Steve Wooley** now getting into film production. The first film is to be directed by **Nell Angel Jordan** and written by novelist **Angela Carter**. The film is called *Company Of Wolves* and is an original retelling of mythic and legendary werewolf tales. It has a budget of some £850,000...

Coming soon: the new **Bobby Bland** LP on **MCA**, which reliable reports say is the R&B veteran's hottest offering in quite some time. That may have something to do with the fact that our 'reliable source' is not unadjacent to the

MCA press office and it is the company's first Bland release proper for a few years...

Eight of the smelliest garments ever to exist anywhere in the world ever, ever, ever exchanged hands after **The Ramones** turned up to see **The Anti-Nowhere League** at their recent gig in the sweltering non air conditioned **CBGB's** in New York. **ANWL** then moved onto the west coast where they stayed in the posh surrounds of **Lionel Stander's** duplex apartment. **Stander** plays the butler in the loathsome *Hart To Hart* TV series and as his daughter is employed as the League's publicist, he thought it would be a nice idea to find out what sort of business she was involved in. Wonder what he thinks now...

Jeffrey Daniels has written a song for his partner of the last few months **Kate Fantaysee**...

Another *T-Zers* first — this column's fave pin-up cuddly country **Jock McDonald** the subject of a full colour centre spread in Scotland's *Daily Record*...

Roman Hollday spotted in Willesden Green refusing to buy the *Socialist Worker* party rag, proving their political acumen outweighs their dress sense...

After the supremely tasteless but outrageously funny experience of being impersonated by **48 Hours** star **Eddie Murphy**, *Saturday Night Live* guest host **Stevie Wonder** proceeded to do an unnervingly accurate impression of a composite London rock scribe **Roderick Rhythm**. In finest Cockney he embarked on a futile lecture about how it was a good thing that the likes of **Marvin Gaye** and **The Isley Brothers** were singing songs about sex rather than politics nowadays. We at *T-Zers* find it odd but nonetheless supremely apt that **Mr Wonder**, one of the world's foremost and distinguished musicians should turn his attention to one of the world's foremost and distinguished professions. Though it would be much nicer to hear a new LP from him...

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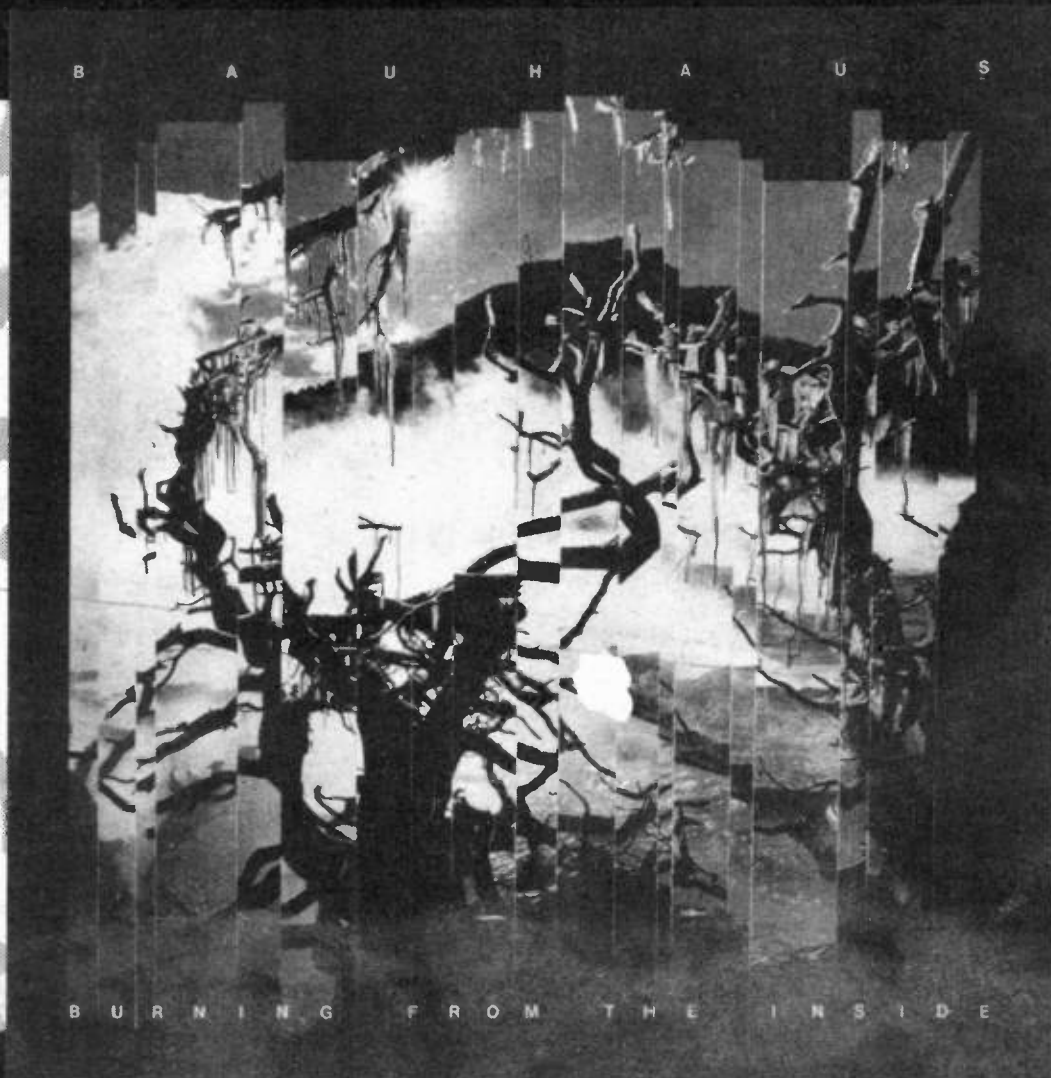
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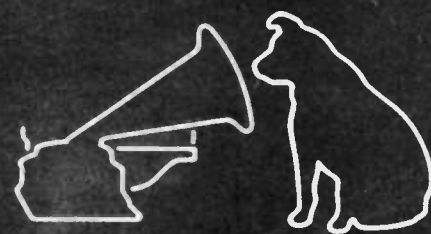
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