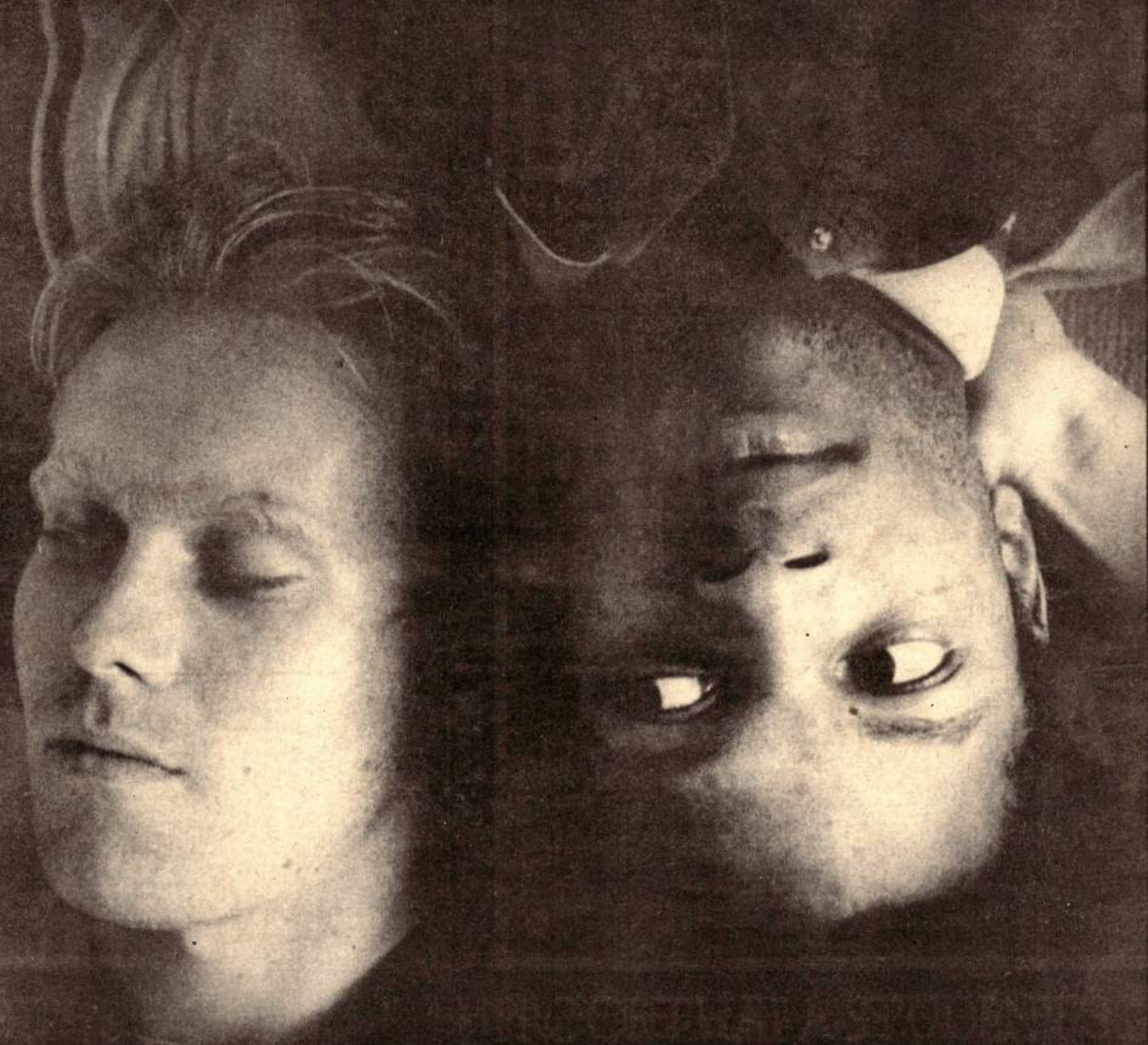


NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

Public eNeMe number one

Soul food blow-out:
New Edition, Clark Sisters,
Peech Boys

Manic Metal Menu:
Dee Snyder
chews up Meatloaf



GENERAL PUBLIC

Ex-Beats get their heads together

TALKING HEADS

Get their beat together

KITCHENWARE

Gets its eats together: Kane Gang,
Daintees, Prefab Sprout,
Hurrah!

MAJOR TOURS FOR MEATLOAF & PAUL YOUNG • BANSHEE PROMS AT THE ALBERT HALL •

MEATLOAF, as predicted by NME, has lined up a number of other British dates in the wake of his Donnington and Cornish Festival appearances.

Following a two-week European jaunt the mountainous one returns to the UK for a date at Birmingham Odeon on Wednesday, 21 September, and then plays Manchester Apollo (22), Wembley Arena (24), Ipswich Gaumont (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo (28), Aberdeen Capitol (29), and Edinburgh Playhouse (30).

Tickets for the Wembley Arena concert are available either by postal application from 'Meatloaf Concerts' PO Box 141, London SW6 5AS (tickets £9.00 and £8.00 inclusive of booking fee—all cheques and postal orders being made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises), or by personal application to the Wembley Box Office (tickets £8.50 and £7.50). Tickets for all other Meatloaf concerts are now available from the various box offices and are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 except at Ipswich and Aberdeen where they're £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50).

CBS are releasing a special double single by Meatloaf to coincide with the tour. Featuring live and new remixed tracks from the 'Midnight At The Lost And Found' album, it will retail at the price of a normal single.



Pic: David Corio

DUB POET MICHAEL SMITH MURDERED

Report by Paul Bradshaw

MICHAEL SMITH, Jamaica's foremost dub poet, was murdered last week, stoned to death by thugs suspected of being activists from the ruling Jamaica Labour Party (JLP).

News of the killing, which took place last Wednesday, August 17, reached London through several reliable source, all of whom fear repercussions if their names are revealed.

The sequence of events which led to the tragedy appears to have started on Tuesday last, when Smith is alleged to have attended a JLP meeting and verbally attacked the local MP, Mavis Gilmour.

The next day the poet set off from his home in Golden Hill to visit a journalist friend. While walking past the JLP constituency headquarters in Stony Hill he was challenged by four men, who demanded to know what he was doing in that part of town. Smith is reported to have answered "I man free to walk anywhere in this land".

He was then chased down the road, past St. Jude's church and into Fort George Road. There he was set upon and his pursuers started to stone him. A woman who attempted to stop them was herself hit by a stone, and offered \$100 not to say anything of what she had seen. It is said that she took the money, but promptly reported the incident to the police.

Meanwhile two others came on the scene from different directions, one of them the local PNP (People's National Party) candidate Herb Rose. Upon seeing the two cars the assailants jumped over the adjacent cemetery wall and ran back to the JLP offices. Smith was taken to Stony Hill clinic, and then to the public hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival.

Herb Rose and other witnesses can apparently identify the men involved in the killing. Rose has since received threats on his life. The men concerned are alleged to belong to a gang based in Tivoli (a JLP area of Kingston), who have been terrorising the area and are working on the construction of a home for orphan children in Stony Hill.

Despite reports in the *Cleaner* and the *Star* that one arrest has been made, it appears that,

at the time of going to press, no one has in fact been detained. The police claim the men are eluding arrest.

As the news reached London so Sistren, Jamaica's representatives at Lift '83—the International Festival Of Theatre, dedicated their performance that night to Smith.

Linton Kwesi Johnson, fellow poet and friend of Smith, was actively engaged in organising support for a picket of the Jamaica High Commission and petitions demanding an impartial inquiry into the incident when I spoke to him at the radical black collective *Race*. Today. He expressed total shock and dismay at the barbarity of the act.

"Michael, it seems, is one of the first victims of the next election campaign. It is an indication that Jamaica has descended into the depths of barbarism and that it seems to be destroying all its great genius. He was probably one of the greatest poets Jamaica has produced and people all over the world will be saddened by his death. We are all mourning his departure."

In an interview with *NME* last October Smith told of growing up in Jones Town in West Kingston and how he'd started writing at the age of 13 inspired by his immediate surroundings, "the contradictions in the system, the tribalism, the bombings, the bad housing...".

A champion of the oppressed and dispossessed, Mickey's poetry is rooted in Jamaica's oral tradition. It combines militant concern with a fascination for different styles of communication; from the DJ at the Sound dance to the rhetoric of the politician or the preacher, from proverbs, riddles or nursery rhymes.

Last year saw him achieve international recognition. The acclaimed 'Mi Cyan Believe It' LP was released on Island, 'Trainer' was included on *NME*'s 'Mighty Reel' cassette, he was the subject of a powerful Channel 4 documentary and performed for UNESCO in Paris.

Still in his 20s, Mikey Smith's life was cut off by the sick, partisan party politics he despised and he has become another statistic in Jamaica's ongoing political warfare... and me, I feel it but I still can't believe it.



Smith: a political killing

Pic: Adrian Boot

JOHNNY RAMONE STILL CRITICAL AFTER BEATING

BITISH VIEWERS who saw a voluble Johnny Ramone on Channel 4's Spector documentary *Da Doo Ron Ron* last Saturday could hardly have predicted that only hours later he would be fighting for his life in a New York hospital.

But at 3.30 am that Sunday, Manhattan police found The Ramones' guitarist unconscious on East 10th Street, the victim of "repeated kicks to the head" allegedly by one Seth Micklaw.

Micklaw—a member of the little-known and little-liked new punk band Sub Zero Construction—was apparently wearing steel-capped boots when he and John clashed in a fist fight outside the house shared by The Ramone and his girlfriend, Cynthia 'Roxy'

Whitney.

Police officers state that John suffered "severe lacerations" to the left side of his head, and advised him to seek immediate medical attention—an offer Johnny declined. After collapsing, however, he was rushed to nearby St Vincent's Hospital. It was there, as John Cummings, that he underwent four hours of emergency brain surgery to remove blood clots caused by a fractured skull.

So what did happen? The Ramones had just finished a concert earlier that night (Saturday) in Queens—the end of their US tour. Said a neighbour who accompanied John back into town in a limo: "I left him just a minute before he got into the fight. I think John just saw his girl with this guy and got a little mad. But somehow this worm got him on

the ground—and he really started enjoying it."

Cynthia Whitney was the first to try and break up the scrap, as she herself told the *POST* in two successive cover stories. These painted the duo's relationship as "tumultuous" and Roxy herself as a kind of punk Jackie Kennedy ("Her shocking pink tights and mini remained caked with Johnny's blood," etc).

Johnny himself "really doesn't remember anything about anything" yet; he's still "blacked out" about the fight and suffering a lot of pain. He'll remain where he is for a week at least, say doctors.

Rumours that the battered Ramone's first words upon attaining consciousness were "Did I make the subway edition?" have yet to be confirmed. But—he did.

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees play their only two planned British dates this year when they present 'The Banshee Prom 1983' at London's Albert Hall on 30 September and 1 October.

For the first time ever, the Albert's management have agreed to the removal of all seats in the arena area during a rock concert, and tickets for this area will cost £6.00. But for those who to prefer to lean over the balcony or leer from boxes, the fee will be £5.00, while a seat in the Gods (balcony) will set punters back exactly £4.00.

All tickets are already available from the RAH box office (phone 01-589 8212). A support act will be announced later.

PAUL YOUNG and The Royal Family—lan Kewley (keyboards), Mark Pinder (drums), Pino Palladino (bass), Steve Bolton (guitar) and back-up vocal team The Fabulous Wealthy Tarts—have lined-up a full UK tour that plays the following dates:

Guildford Civic Hall (24 September), Poole Arts Centre (25), Brighton Dome (26), Southend Westcliff Pavilion, Nottingham Rock City (28), Oxford Apollo (30), Bristol Studio (2 October), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Warwick University (4), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (6), Slough University (7), Loughborough University (8), Redcar Coatham Bowl (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Glasgow Tiffany's (11), York University (13), Lancaster University (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Boston Haven Theatre (16), London Lyceum (17), Norwich University of East Anglia (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Dunstable Queensway Hall (21) and Northampton Derngate Centre (22).

The Royal Family appear on the forthcoming Paul Young single, 'Come Back And Stay', which CBS are releasing on 2 September.

NEW NME EXPRESS INSIDE INFORMATION

- 4 NME CHARTS
- 8 PROBE, LOWRY
- 11 KATIE KISSOON
- 12 STUART ADAMSON IN PORTRAIT
- 15 PRINT



6 SMILES:
But will Talking Heads be so happy with Barney Hoskyns after reading this?

19 PEECH BOYS



12 FISTS:
Would you pick a fight with New Edition? Gavin Martin gets cuddly instead.

20 GENERAL PUBLIC



28 BRIDGES:
On Newcastle On Tyne's bohemian left bank, the Kitchenware label beckons. Adrian Thrills heads the call.

22 SINGLES



44 FINGERS:
Twisted Sister Dee Snider (right) munches Meatloaf live at Castle Donington. Dave Dorrell (right) licks Tukey Bones instead.

24 SILVERSCREEN

- 26 JOHN BADHAM, SUPER DIRECTOR
- 31 LPS: DEPECHE MODE
- 37 WIN A TALKING HEAD
- 38 TOUR NEWS
- 39 RECORD NEWS
- 41 GIG GUIDE
- 50 DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL
- 53 NMEXPRESSWORD
- 54 GASBAG
- 55 T-ZERS

WEIGHING UP ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OF HEAVENLY JOY



The Sisters Clark l. to r. Jackie, Twinkie, Dorinda, Karen, Niecy.

Pic: Peter Anderson

speaking to the young people. Before each song I'll touch up a little, with words to encourage people like, I'm an addict, I'm addicted to God's word. I'm a drunkard because I get drunk in the spirit, I'm hooked to somethin' I can't turn loose. Instead of L.S.D., I take trips on G.O.D., and it makes me higher, and it *lights mah fire!*"

Niecy: "The spirit that we talk about, the Holy Ghost, comes through sacrifice and consecration, fasting and praying. To be before God's people is a task. People come to the concert and they're depressed, but we're talking about the sunshine that's uplifting. And you just can't keep still, you feel the Holy Ghost and you start thinking about Jesus, just taking it as a witness. It's an experience that no one can explain to you, it's something you have to seek after."

Will 'You Brought The Sunshine' set a new precedent for gospel?

Niecy: "I feel that God is tired of sin, and because of the sacrifice that we have made, he used us as the vessels for his Word to be distributed. What people don't understand is that when we're singing these songs, they're scriptural, but we're feeding it to their spirits, and this is what causes them to be uplifted."

"It's something that only God's anointed can project, there's a lot of people that can try to imitate or replicate someone else, but you can't replicate God's original Word."

Jackie: "Gospel records are so stereotyped by disc jockeys. They tend to feel they can only pick from a certain type of music. I think this record is going to open up a lot of doors for other people."

Dorinda: "How are the people gonna know about Christ if we don't have our records in the disco? The Bible tells us to go out to the highways and the byways. We want people to know that at your last end you can call on God."

After lunch we adjourn to an Armenian Orthodox Church across the road. At first proper and formal before the camera, gradually they unwind, set up a handclap beat, then burst into an impromptu acappella medley of 'Sunshine', 'Overdose' and 'Runnin' For Jesus. After filling the air with love and pure, unadulterated soul power, they fall away in peals of laughter.

Niecy takes me aside. "Barney," she confides, "I know you're supposed to be interviewing us, but I got a question for you. Say you're representing the world, how do you react to 'You Brought The Sunshine'?"

World to Clarks: peace in the valley, girls.

BARNEY HOSKYN

IS THE LORD BORED WITH DISCO?

The Clark Sisters think he must be

GOD MUST be tired of pop music. The most popular female gospel act in America, Detroit's Clark Sisters, have the first gospel record in a decade to cross the great divide of race.

Back in the '70s religion had turned in the secular spotlight, when groups like the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Rance Allen, the Mighty Clouds of Joy, and of course The Staples Singers, made the crossover to R&B. Then Mavis Staples went disco and gospel went back to church.

'You Brought The Sunshine' is so exhilarating and irresistible that fellow Motor Cityer George Clinton was moved to remark "these girls are baaaad!" (A comment I learned from directly passing 1.) Fusing classic call-and-response harmonies with what they call a "raggae" beat (like that of Stevie Wonder's "Lasterblaster"), 'Sunshine' is simply heaven on a piece of

plastic.

Initially a house favourite on Washington DC dancefloors, the record zigzagged its way up the East Coast till it found the ears of powerful New York jock Frankie Crocker. Once on WWRL, nothing could stop it, and now WEA has picked it up for distribution in the UK.

What can I say but go this instant and buy it.

The five sisters range in age from 34 to 22, and all, needless to say, have been singing since the cradle. This is not altogether surprising given that their mother, Mattie Moss Clark, is national and international music director of the Church of God and Christ, the very foundation of gospel music.

The girls' ages seem, with no disrespect, to correspond more or less to their respective weights, so that when they enter the Detroit restaurant for the interview, there's a literal, visible pecking order. A sweeter bunch of siblings I've never had the privilege of meeting.

Having ordered a suitably large meal, the eldest, Jackie,

explains how the song originally was the title cut from a 1981 album on Sound Of Gospel.

"It's really been a surprise to us. You see, the song that was a hit in the gospel world was 'Endow Me'. Nobody was really playing 'Sunshine'. If it hadn't been set off by this disc jockey out of New York, it would never have been a single."

What with the record being played in nocturnal haunts of sinners, I wonder if they'd received any criticism from within the church.

"Oh, definitely," says Denise, or Niecy. "They don't like you to say disco, they don't like this 12-inch thing. They've told us the beat is too uptempo, as if we are deliberately trying to draw the attention of the sinner. But music is a universal language and The Bible *does* tell you to win souls."

"Twinkle wrote that tune and heard the raggae beat behind it and that's one way of catching attention. If you really sit down and listen to the message, you know it's strictly gospel. They're saying we've crossed over. No. The song has crossed

over."

Twinkle is the nick-name of Elbernita, the group's stately composer and organist. Twinkle writes all the songs and has two Sound Of Gospel albums of her own. "We're like the Jews", says Niecy, "we like to keep it in the family."

Does Twinkle listen to sinful dance music?

"I don't listen but I *hear!* Having studied at Howard University (DC), I can appreciate all kinds of music, but I don't listen *attentively* to all kinds of music. The Lord has given me what I get ready to write. My vision is that gospel music will be treated as properly as R&B, jazz, funk, and all the others, so the idea came to me that since raggae is the thing now why not put a bit of raggae in the gospel. But you have to know *how* much to put in it."

The 'You Brought The Sunshine' album is evidence that this woman is nothing short of a musical genius of soul. 'Center Of They Will' and 'Endow Me' are ecstatically beautiful, ballad paced love songs to God. And just check

Dorinda's stormily sermonising 'Overdose Of The Holy Ghost' on the flip of 'Sunshine' for the rootsiest, throatiest black music of the year.

Right in the tradition of Georgia Peach and Ira Tucker, this sylph-like creature lets loose and simply *bellows*.

"Dorinda is the preacher of the group," says Niecy. "She's sittin' there all nice and quiet, but believe you me, when she starts up, she really gets *movin'*! Now don't you let her get away! Make her talk!"

Pretty Dorinda laughs herself hoarse at my suggestion that 'Overdose' is real gone funk.

"When Twinkle writes songs," she says, "she always pitches 'em at who's gonna sing them, and that one seemed like it's for me, because I do all the preaching."

Twinkle: "Everyone seems to be tripping off drugs, and I want everybody to know that the highest high they can get is off Jesus Christ. When you get high off of him, you *never* come down."

Dorinda: "She got some stuff off what I talk about when I'm

Economic tape: expensive cassette.

Maxell's most economic tape is UL—but it comes in one of Maxell's most expensive cassettes. All Maxell cassettes are built to the same high standards, because they all have to do the same job: line the tape up squarely with your tape heads, make sure the tape travels smoothly and accurately, and eliminate jamming.

So while you can always economise on your choice of Maxell tape, you never have to compromise on the quality of the cassette.



Break the sound barrier.



Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3AF Tel: 01-423 0688.



CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	Last Week		Highest
5		GOLD Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3 1
2	1	GIVE IT UP K. C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	6 1
3	3	LONG HOT SUMMER Style Council (Polydor)	3 3
4	8	I'M STILL STANDING Elton John (Rocket)	5 4
5	2	CLUB TROPICANA Wham! (Innervision)	4 2
6	12	EVERYTHING COUNTS Depeche Mode (Mute)	6 6
7	11	ROCKIT Herbie Hancock (CBS)	4 7
8	43	WINGS OF A DOVE Madness (Stiff)	2 8
9	10	BIG LOG Robert Plant (WEA)	6 9
10	4	THE CROWN Gary Byrd (Motown)	6 4
11	7	DOUBLE DUTCH Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	8 4
12	14	RIGHT NOW Creatures (Polydor)	7 12
13	17	FIRST PICTURE OF YOU The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	7 13
14	9	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT Paul Young (CBS)	10 1
15	6	I.O.U. Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	10 2
16	31	WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME David Grant (Chrysalis)	2 16
17	(—)	RED RED WINE UB40 (DEP International)	1 17
18	38	COME DANCING Kinks (Arista)	3 18
19	13	WHO'S THAT GIRL Eurythmics (RCA)	8 2
20	22	TOUR DE FRANCE Kraftwerk (EMI)	3 20
21	27	WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT Galaxy (Ensign)	4 21
22	19	LOVE BLONDE Kim Wilde (RAK)	4 19
23	34	THE SUN GOES DOWN Level 42 (Polydor)	2 23
24	35	BAD DAY Carmel (London)	3 24
25	21	MOONLIGHT SHADOW Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	12 3
26	(—)	LIKE AN ANIMAL The Glove (Wonderland)	1 26
27	15	CRUEL SUMMER Bananarama (London)	7 9
28	37	GIVE IT SOME EMOTION Tracie (Respond)	3 28
29	46	DON'T CRY Asia (Geffen)	2 29
30	16	FREAK Bruce Foxton (Ariola)	5 16
31	28	THE WALK The Cure (Fiction)	8 12
32	33	BLUE MONDAY New Order (Factory)	18 8
33	25	GUILTY OF LOVE Whitesnake (Liberty)	2 25
34	26	DISAPPEARING ACT Shalamar (Solar)	2 26
35	18	IT'S LATE Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6 10
36	(—)	WALKING IN THE RAIN Modern Romance (WEA)	1 36
37	32	BALLERINA Steve Harley (Stiletto)	2 32
38	49	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	8 24
39	(—)	POPCORN LOVE New Edition (London)	1 39
40	(—)	WHAT AM I GONNA DO Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1 40
41	(—)	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	1 41
42	20	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER Police (A&M)	6 5
43	24	COME LIVE WITH ME Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	10 7
44	(—)	STAY ON TOP Uriah Heep (Bronze)	1 44
45	(—)	INDIAN SUMMER Belle Stars (Stiff)	1 45
46	44	(SHE'S) SEXY AND 17 Stray Cats (Arista)	2 44
47	(—)	STREET OF DREAMS Rainbow (Polydor)	1 47
48	(—)	JOHNNY FRIENDLY JoBoxers (RCA)	1 48
49	42	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT Roman Holiday (Jive)	9 12
50	48	NATIVE BOY Animal Nightlife (Innervision)	3 48

1	Last Week		Highest
4		FANTASTIC Wham! (Innervision)	8 1
5		GREATEST HITS Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	7 2
3		NO PARLEZ Paul Young (CBS)	5 1
1		PUNCH THE CLOCK Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	3 1
6		PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS Robert Plant (WEA)	6 5
16		ALPHA Asia (Geffen)	2 6
7		THE VERY BEST OF Beach Boys (Capitol)	4 7
11		TOO LATE FOR ZERO Elton John (Rocket)	12 4
8		THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)	36 1
12		YOU AND ME BOTH Yazoo (Mute)	7 2
2		THE CROSSING Big Country (Mercury)	4 2
22		TRUE Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	24 1
13		THE LOOK Shalamar (Solar)	5 6
10		SYNCHRONICITY The Police (A&M)	10 1
19		STREET SOUNDS VOLUME V Various (Street Sounds)	2 15
13		THE LUXURY GAP Heaven 17 (Virgin)	17 1
21		IN YOUR EYES George Benson (WEA)	11 2
14		LET'S DANCE David Bowie (EMI)	29 1
17		CRISIS Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	13 5
15		LAWYERS IN LOVE Jackson Browne (Elektra)	3 15
18		CRACKDOWN Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)	3 18
20		DUCK ROCK Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	13 11
27		SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS Eurythmics (RCA)	25 1
24		BODY WISHES Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	11 2
47		TORMENT AND TOREROS Marc And The Mambas (Some Bizzare)	2 25
29		GOLDEN YEARS David Bowie (RCA)	2 26
26		HITS ON FIRE Various (Ronco)	5 19
25		WAR U2 (Island)	8 23
23		FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK Various (Casablanca)	8 9
34		RIO Duran Duran (EMI)	3 30
30		BURNING FROM THE INSIDE Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	6 7
28		JULIO Julio Iglesias (CBS)	8 12
39		BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf (Epic)	3 33
33		ROSS Diana Ross (Capitol)	7 26
31		CLOSE TO THE BONE Tom Tom Club (Island)	3 17
36		POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order (Factory)	16 5
37		RE PRIVATE COLLECTION Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	1 37
37		SPEAKING IN TONGUES Talking Heads (Sire)	11 12
39		RE OFF THE BONE Cramps (Illegal)	1 39
40		(—) FUTURE SHOCK Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1 40
32		LIVE Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros)	3 32
46		THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN Dennis Brown (A&M)	2 42
43		(—) LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S Weekend (Rough Trade)	1 43
38		JERKY VISIONS OF THE DREAM Howard Devoto (Virgin)	4 20
45		40 QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK Thompson Twins (Arista)	3 40
46		41 OIL ON CANVAS Japan (Virgin)	11 3
47		(—) SING FOR YOU Kids From Fame (RCA)	1 47
48		RE TOTO IV Toto (CBS)	1 48
49		(—) I WAS THE ONE Elvis Presley (RCA)	1 49
50		RE HEROES David Bowie (RCA)	1 50

1			
1	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)	
2	IS IT LOVE	Gang Of 4 (EMI)	
3	BROTHER BROTHER	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	
4	LEAN ON ME!	Redskins (TNT)	
5	MY SPINE / LINED UP	Shriekback (Y)	
6	BREAKDOWN	Clock DVA (Polydor)	
7	LONG HOT SUMMER	Style Council (Polydor White Label)	
8	HOLY MACKEREL - LEE HARVEY OSWALD (LP Track)	Ambrose Kelly Reynolds (Zulu)	
9	WAKE UP	Danse Society (Society)	
10	LIKE AN ANIMAL	Glove (Polydor)	
11	GEE GEORGE	Cartoons (Stiletto)	
12	PASS THE BEAT	New Edition (London)	
13	YASHAR (Import)	Cabaret Voltaire (Crepesque)	
14	SENSELESSNESS	Del Amitri (No Strings)	
15	NATIVE BOY	Animal Nightlife (Innervision)	
16	16 REASONS	Jazzteers (Rough Trade)	
17	COLD AS ICE	52nd Street (Factory Benelux)	
18	WILL YOU STAY TONIGHT	Comsat Angels (Jive)	
19	CRACKDOWN (LP Track)	Cabaret Voltaire (Virgin)	
20	OR JAM (IN THE SLAM)	Men At Play (Design)	

chart by Nick - DJ at The Dance Factory, Edinburgh & Dundee

AFRICAN LPs

1	ZULU JIVE VOL I (Cassette)	Various Artists (Earthworks) South Africa
2	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Porthos (Cosic) Zaire
3	BOBBY	King Sunny Ade (S.A.L.) Nigeria
4	VIVA ZIMBABWE	Various Artists (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
5	CHOC CHOC CHOC	Franco & Rochereau (Choc) Zaire
6	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro Rhythmes) Zaire
7	ELISE DANGWA	Syran Mbenza (Afromania) Zaire
8	RINGO STAR	Ringo Star (Sonics) Zaire
9	MAMA ANE MOT DUMA	Etamba (Afro-Gui) Equ. Guinea
10	NEEREM	Mabah Togo

chart by Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

WRITER'S 45s



Friends Again back again.

Pic Rowan Main

1	SUNKISSED	Friends Again (Phonogram)
2	BRIGHT LIGHTS	Special AKA (2-tone)
3	TUTTO LO SANNO	Marine Girls (In-Phase)
4	THE ELEMENT WITHIN HER	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
5	LOVE'S A LONELY PLACE TO BE	Virginia Astley (Why-Fi)
6	REMINISCENCE	Dexys Midnight Runners (Phonogram)
7	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
8	BAD DAY	Carmel (London)
9	LETTERS OF LOVE	Steve Walsh (Innervision)
10	SHOW ME THE DOOR	Jazzteers (Rough Trade)

(Compiled by Adrian Thrills)

REGGAE 45s

1	UNDYING LOVE	Ernest Wilson (Studio 1)
2	EASY TAKE IT EASY	Dennis Brown (Studio 1)
3	SKYLARKING	Horace Andy (Studio 1)
4	LEND ME THE SIXTEEN	Johnny Osbourne (Studio 1)
5	RUN RUN	Delroy Wilson (Coxsone)
6	FEEL LIKE JUMPING	Marcia Griffiths (Coxsone)
7	IS IT TRUE	Lincoln Sugar Minott (Studio 1)
8	MR VINCENT	Black Crucial (Jammys)
9	POOR MAN PICKNEY	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
10	INFORMER	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
11	BABY DON'T MAKE THAT SAME MISTAKE	Sammy Dread (Black Roots)
12	HOLD TIGHT	Tony Tuff (Black Roots)
13	MY GIRL	Little John & General Plough (Black & White)
14	SWEETEN MY COFFEE	T Palmer (Minibus)
15	I AM NOT THE SAME	Merva Grier (Cross Roads)

REGGAE LPs

1	BEST OF STUDIO 1 VOL II	Various Artists (Heartbeat)
2	SUFFERERS CHOICE	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
3	VERSION GALORE	U Roy (Treasure Isle)
4	FROM JAMAICA WITH REGGAE	Justin Hinds And The Dominoes (Treasure Isle)
5	DUB STORE SPECIAL	(Studio 1)

Chart compiled by Lee at M&D Record Centre, 36a Dalston Lane, E8. 01-254 2643

FILM VIDEOS

20

JAZZ

LPs

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| 1 FIRST BLOOD | EM |
| 2 HEAVEN'S GATE | Warners |
| 3 PIXOTE | Palace |
| 4 THE THING | CIC |
| 5 MAD MAX II | Warners |
| 6 ANDROID | AFC |
| 7 AMERICAN GIGOLO | CIC |
| 8 POLTERGEIST | MGM |
| 9 YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE | Warners |
| 10 CAT PEOPLE | CIC |
| 11 GALLIPOLI | CIC |
| 12 SUPERMAN II | Warners |
| 13 AI NO CORRIDA | Virgin |
| 14 MAD MAX | Warners |
| 15 FELLINI SATYRICON | Warners |
| 16 TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS | VCL |
| 17 APOCALYPSE NOW | CIC |
| 18 TRUE CONFESSIONS | Warners |
| 19 HAMMETT | 3M |
| 20 SOPHIE'S CHOICE | PRT |

Based on video rentals. Courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.

US

45s



Sweet dreams go on and on for Annie of the Eurythmics. Pic Steve Rapport.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE | The Police (A&M) |
| 2 SWEET DREAMS | Eurythmics (RCA) |
| 3 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY | Donna Summer (Casablanca) |
| 4 MANIAC | Michael Sembello (Casablanca) |
| 5 STAND BACK | Stevie Nicks (Modern) |
| 6 IT'S A MISTAKE | Men At Work (Columbia) |
| 7 IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW | Duran Duran (Capitol) |
| 8 (KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION | The Human League (A&M) |
| 9 PUTTING ON THE RITZ | Taco (RCA) |
| 10 I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA | Culture Club (Virgin/Epic) |
| 11 HOT GIRLS IN LOVE | Loverboy (Columbia) |
| 12 CHINA GIRL | David Bowie (EMI) |
| 13 FLASHDANCE... WHAT A FEELING | Irene Cara (Casablanca) |
| 14 TAKE ME TO HEART | Quarterflash (Geffen) |
| 15 HUMAN NATURE | Michael Jackson (Epic) |

US

LPs

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 SYNCHRONICITY | The Police (A&M) |
| 2 THRILLER | Michael Jackson (Epic) |
| 3 FLASHDANCE | Soundtrack (Casablanca) |
| 4 PYROMANIA | Def Leppard (Mercury) |
| 5 THE WILD HEART | Stevie Nicks (Modern) |
| 6 LET'S DANCE | David Bowie (EMI-America) |
| 7 KEEP IT UP | Loverboy (Columbia) |
| 8 STAYING ALIVE | Soundtrack (RSO) |
| 9 REACH THE BEACH | The Fixx (MCA) |
| 10 DURAN DURAN | Duran Duran (Capitol) |
| 11 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY | Donna Summer (Mercury) |
| 12 CARGO | Men At Work (Columbia) |
| 13 FRONTIERS | Journey (Columbia) |
| 14 PIECE OF MIND | Iron Maiden (Capitol) |
| 15 THE PRINCIPLES OF MOMENTS | Robert Plant (Swan Song) |

courtesy Billboard

5

YEARS AGO

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 THREE TIMES A LADY | Commodores (Motown) |
| 2 IT'S RAINING | Darts (Magnet) |
| 3 RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING | Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa) |
| 4 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT | John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO) |
| 5 DREADLOCK HOLIDAY | 10 cc (Mercury) |
| 6 SUPER NATURE | Cerrone (Atlantic) |
| 7 SUBSTITUTE | Clout (Carrere) |
| 8 FOREVER AUTUMN | Justin Hayward (CBS) |
| 9 THE KIDS ARE UNITED | Sham 69 (Polydor) |
| 10 NORTHERN LIGHTS | Renaissance (Warner Bros) |

15

YEARS AGO

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 HELP YOURSELF | Tom Jones (Decca) |
| 2 MONY MONY | Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor) |
| 3 FIRE | The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track) |
| 4 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU | Herb Alpert (A&M) |
| 5 I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU | Bee Gees (Polydor) |
| 6 DO IT AGAIN | Beach Boys (Capitol) |
| 7 SUNSHINE GIRL | Herman's Hermits (Columbia) |
| 8 I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN | Dusty Springfield (Philips) |
| 9 I PRETEND | Des O'Connor (Columbia) |
| 10 DANCE TO THE MUSIC | Sly And The Family Stone (Direction) |



Made in Japan—big in Britain. Lionel Hampton pic Jean-Marc Birraux

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 JAZZ AT OBERLIN | Dave Brubeck (OJC) |
| 2 MADE IN JAPAN | Lionel Hampton (Timeless) |
| 3 THE ALTERNATIVE B.G. | Benny Goodman (Nostalgia) |
| 4 BLUES IN ORBIT | Gil Evans (Enja) |
| 5 AFRICAN DAWN | Dollar Brand (Enja) |
| 6 NEW ORLEANS PARADE | George Lewis (Cadillac) |
| 7 APARTMENT SESSIONS | Charlie Parker (Spotlite) |
| 8 CALENDAR GIRL | Julie London (Edsel) |
| 9 THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA | Gil Evans (Mole) |
| 10 LIVE AT VILLAGE VANGUARD AGAIN | John Coltrane (Jasmine) |
| 11 ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE | Slim Gaillard (Hep) |
| 12 WORK TIME | Sonny Rollins (OJC) |
| 13 BEBOP LIVE | Al Haig (Spotlite) |
| 14 YERBA BUENA JAZZ BAND | Lu Watters (Dawn Club) |
| 15 AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM | Ted Heath (Jasmine) |

Courtesy of JSU Distributors, 21 Bull Green, Halifax HX1 2RZ

FRED FACT

That Herbie Hancock's made the chart with 'Rockit' comes as no surprise to those who have regularly propped up the bar at Ronnie's. Come Charleston, Cha-Cha or Charlton Athletic, jazzmen have had a habit of confounding those who write them and their music off as having merely minority appeal. The Original Dixieland Jass Band, the first jazz outfit to cut discs, had massive sellers as soon as they began recording their own material for Victor in 1917. Mind you, they had to change the spelling of their moniker slightly 'cos the graffiti jobs of the day had a tendency to strike out the 'J' of Jass on posters—but that's another story. To continue... Mammie Smith, the first black woman to record a blues ('Crazy Blues' 1920) found she had a hit on her hands, her single selling over 100,000 copies within a month, while Bessie Smith's debut recording 'Down Hearted Blues' was even more remarkable saleswise, eventually edging past the million mark. Jazz trumpet star Red Nichols had a million-sealer in 1927 and throughout the '30s and '40s, jazz and swing merchants cleaned, thanks to a combination of jukebox and jitterbug ball. Saxman Jimmy Dorsey logged four US No. 1's in one year alone while trumpeter Harry James had a single that rooted itself to the No. 1 spot for 13 solid weeks in 1943. For a while, they had it made. Then the arrival of amplification and rock killed off the big swing bands. But not all of them. Count Basie, whose biggest hit came in 1947 with an R&B number 'Open The Door Richard', won the 'Best Rock And Roll Band Of The Year' award in 1956 after the Basie band's residency on the Alan Freed Show. And though jazz did take something of a back seat for a while, the slow haul back was made by such hit-hipsters as Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Ramsey Lewis, and the multitudinous Trad dads who literally went for the Ackers during the late '50s and early '60s. More recently it seems that hardly a week goes by without jazz making some impression in the pop charts—though, admittedly, it sometimes comes in strange guises. Then, what is jazz anyway? As Fats Waller once remarked: "If you have to ask, you sure ain't got it!"

Fred Dellar

JAPAN

45s

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 GLASS NO RINGO | Seiko Matsuda (CBS) |
| 2 TAMEIKO ROCKABILLY | Masahiko Kondo(RVC) |
| 3 TANTEI MONOGATARI | Hiroko Yakushimaru (Toshiba-EMI) |
| 4 TOKIO KAKERU SHOUJO | Tomoyo Harada (Canyon/Variety) |
| 5 FLASHDANCE | Irene Cara (Polystar) |
| 6 HATSUKOI | Kozo Murashita (CBS) |
| 7 HANBUN SHOUJO | Kyoko Koizumi (Victor) |
| 8 KANASHII IROYANE | Masaki Ueda (CBS) |
| 9 OMAENI PITA | Yokohama Ginbae (King) |
| 10 NAGISANO LION | You Hayami (Taurus) |

courtesy Music Labo Billboard

10

YEARS AGO

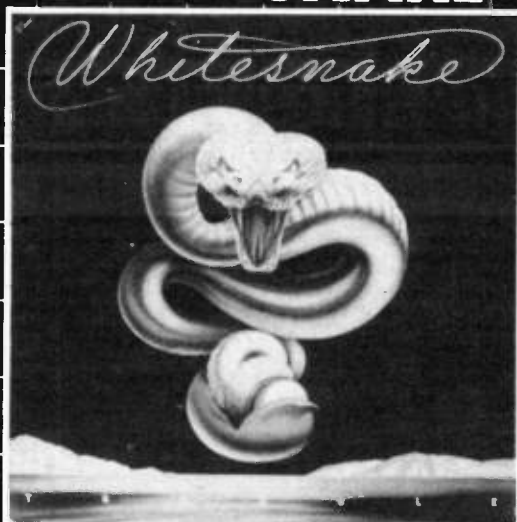
- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG | Gary Glitter (Bell) |
| 2 YESTERDAY ONCE MORE | Carpenters (A&M) |
| 3 DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT | Barry Blue (Bell) |
| 4 YOU CAN DO MAGIC | Limmie And The Family Cookin' (Avco) |
| 5 WELCOME HOME | Peters & Lee (Philips) |
| 6 SPANISH EYES | Al Martino (Capitol) |
| 7 48 CRASH | Suzi Quatro (RAK) |
| 8 SMARTY PANTS | First Choice (Bell) |
| 9 YOUNG LOVE | Donny Osmond (MGM) |
| 10 ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT | Mungo Jerry (Dawn) |

20

YEARS AGO

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 BAD TO ME | Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone) |
| 2 SWEETS FOR MY SWEET | Searchers (Pye) |
| 3 I'M TELLING YOU NOW | Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia) |
| 4 IN SUMMER | Billy Fury (Decca) |
| 5 TWIST AND SHOUT EP | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 6 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME | Cliff Richard (Columbia) |
| 7 I'M CONFESSIN' | Frank Ifield (Columbia) |
| 8 WIPE OUT | Surftaris (London) |
| 9 LEGION'S LAST PATROL | Ken Thorne (HMV) |
| 10 TWIST AND SHOUT | Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca) |

WHITESNAKE



THE STRANGLERS



Fame

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD RECORD STORES

£2.99

ALBUM OR CASSETTE

BE A SUCCESSFUL LEAD GUITARIST

Make money playing while you are still learning.

With the unique Rockmaster Method you can learn exciting lead and rhythm playing to rock band standard after just 3 lessons!!! INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE!!! You could join a money-earning band just weeks after starting the program!!!

Guaranteed fastest learning method known today Find out more about how you can be a successful player.

Send today for free Rockmaster pamphlet and details of unique FREE 21-day trial offer.

ROCKMASTER PUBLICATIONS, 64 W.M.P. (Box 117), High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 0EZ.

Name _____ Address _____

M.G.P.
INTERNATIONAL CONCERTS

Mead Gould Promotions

Mixgate House, 38 Hamlet Court Road,
Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS07NS.
Telephone: (0702) 353533 Telex 99305

POLICE UB 40 KAJAGOOGOO FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

+ Another Major Band?

LIVE IN FRANKFURT, W. GERMANY

Sunday 18th September
£59 includes • Ticket for Festival • luxury coach from London • first class Hotel
• cross-channel ferry.

Depart 16th September return 19th September PF

SPANDAU BALLET LIVE IN MANNHEIM, W. GERMANY

Saturday 8th October
£59 includes best ticket for concert • luxury coach • cross channel ferry • first class Hotel • full free day in Germany SB
Depart 6th October return 9th October

SPANDAU BALLET LIVE AT THE CIRCUS ROYALE, BRUSSELS

Wednesday 21st September
£39 for bargain skipper price includes all transport by coach from London and ticket for concert.
Depart September 20th return September 22nd SBB

MGP—NO * IN EURO CONCERTS TURN TO PAGE 39 FOR EVEN MORE LIVE MUSIC

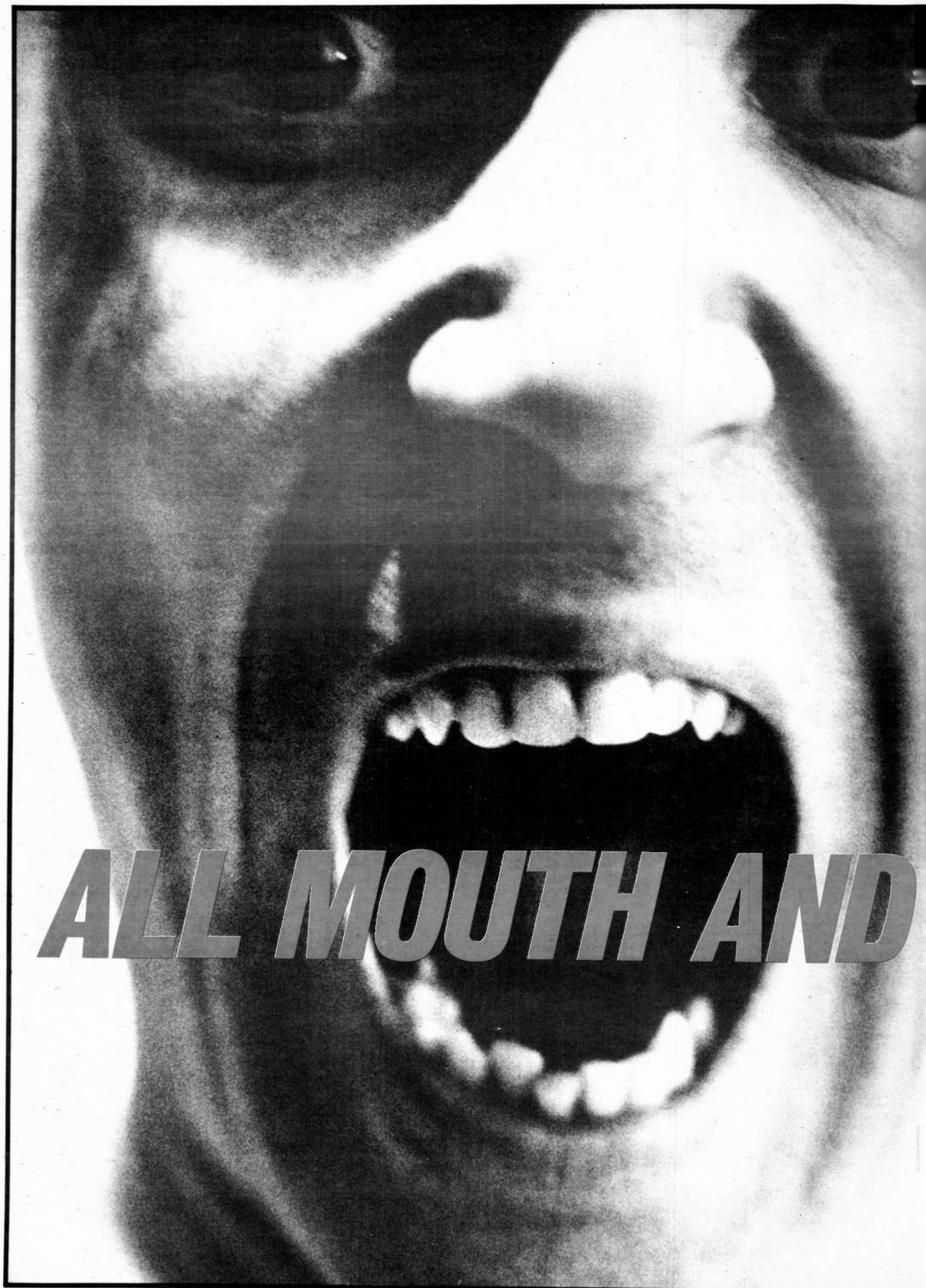
Send £20 deposit per person plus £5 personal and cancellation insurance (optional) made payable to MGP to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the no. places required.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

NME 19

PF ☐ SB ☐ SSB ☐

PHONE 0702 353533 FOR CREDIT CARD HOT LINE



ALL MOUTH AND

ANOTHER YEAR, another album, and the global village medicine show is on another round of the American rock circuit.

I am flown into Columbia, Maryland, bearing as introductions only misgivings about these uninteresting, off-key songs sold under the generic of pop.

Immediately I'm confused by a plethora of merchandise, by a new logo more appropriate to a heavy metal battalion than to the preppie quartet I heard in 'Book' or 'Government', all of which argues that Byrne has adjusted to the circus ritual of promotion, happier than ever in a public self, when the music of 'Speaking In Tongues' says no, I don't know what I'm doing, let me out of here.

For important groups, the fatal turning point is always the same: when there's no way to stretch further, only the past to rediscover. Groups will always look over their shoulders, gaze fondly back at the innocence of the first tunes, written when commercial success seemed not only improbable but irrelevant.

Like seeing home movies of the day you took your first toddling footsteps into the Great Unknown of material earth, it's bound to trigger uneasiness about where your legs are now taking you.

It's hardly surprising. In Talking Heads' case, it's only amazing it hasn't happened before. To push rock beyond 'Fear Of Music', to open it into 'Listening Wind' and 'Once In A Lifetime', was extraordinary.

What would you do if you'd made the supreme disco production of WASP paranoia — perfectly justifying David Byrne's contention that black dance production was more radical than punk rock — then expanded disco into an oceanic, subliminal trancefest?

The pub-rock revival starts there, right?

It's amazing enough that Iggy crawled on after 'Dirt', that Sly bothered after 'Riot', or that The Birthday Party could squeeze out a whole EP after writing 'Junkyard', a song which prefigures a total self-immolation of music. Stranger things have happened, but offhand I can't think of them.

REALLY, IF it weren't for 'This Must Be The Place', the naivest and loveliest melody since 'Heaven', Talking Heads for me would be a shut case, burnt out by brilliance. 'Speaking In Tongues' is driven by a stylistic desperation, by a voice that cannot find its place. Reducing the pyrotechnic panorama of 'Remain In Light' — that breadth and detail — to a sterile lunar funk, Byrne is trying to feel his way back to 'Pulled Up', 'Stay Hungry', even 'Cities', back to miniatures of environmental study, except the preoccupations are so vague, so fragmented and diffuse they never focus on a single specific experience.

Surely even those who thought Eno blew 'Buildings And Food' would have to agree that this pruning allows no new shoots to show.

On 'Speaking In Tongues', David Byrne unconsciously stifles everything that was growing, moving in their music. He is burning down houses in motion.

Where the tribal techno-disco of 'Remain In Light' freed Byrne of his cheap psycholiate neuroses, the tongues of 'Speaking' are merely variants on a

preset, rigidly unstable character. With the spotlight once more trained on his face (down his throat), he is back in a mode of panicky exclamation, saying the first thing that comes into his head. SOS lyricist in distress: nothing left to say.

This is why the music is so hollow, so forced.

What is hard to fathom is that Byrne appears to believe 'Speaking In Tongues' is an album of pop songs — in a word, "catchy".

"I think they are. The last one has a real melody. Perhaps there's nothing as melodic as the first two volumes, although when I listen to the first two I often just hear my screechy vocals and I don't hear as much of the melody. On those earlier records the melody often seems to be in the bass part or some place other than the vocal."

TODAY DAVID Byrne is impossibly nervous. I pictured some long-limbed Ivy Leaguer with a casual grin and a frank handshake. At least I expected a sense of humour.

In what flesh he has, Byrne is innocuous, absent, a shrimp completely at odds with the palm-slapping, baby-sucking gathering of nouveau hippies backstage. In performance, his face moves, a smile is stretched over the skull; one-on-one his mouth is almost invisible, a faint slit emitting feeble tremors that make him sound permanently on the verge of tears.

The situation is not helped by the notoriously unco-operative Gary Kurfirst management. If Byrne's talk seems thin, bear in mind it comes from one continuously interrupted 20 minute conversation. Cooped up in a ventilation-free dressing room on a 95° August afternoon, Byrne sweats and flinches every time I reach for a glass of water.

He says it was listening back to old live tapes for the unremarkable 'Name Of This Band' that prompted the narrower sound.

"I liked what we did and it made us take stock of what we'd done, what we'd gained and what we'd lost in the various stages we'd been through. I think we felt there was some sort of charm and tightness in the earlier material that maybe we had lost, so we consciously tried to regain that and yet keep some of the other things that we'd done. Looking back, we said to ourselves that we shouldn't write that off so quickly, that there was something quite nice about it that we should try and get back."

Was it difficult to see how you'd got beyond 'Lifetime' and 'Listening Wind'?

"Things sort of took care of themselves. After listening to those tapes, it became obvious that that's what we should do, that we should clear the sound out a little bit, let things be heard a little bit more."

Is it then a consciously non-Eno sound?

"We've kept something that we found in him. It would be foolish not to. It's difficult to say where the influence is. It's entirely possible that if we'd worked with him we would have ended up with the same record. He might have felt exactly the same way, that we should have pared down the sound."

It's like trying to do a lighter 'Fear', like doing that album in the spirit of '77, except without that tight, choppy sound, that Telecaster pop funk. Does it work?

"It's easier to some people. To some people it's more accessible than the last couple of records. It has some similarities to 'Fear Of Music', though to me it's a lot more positive sounding."

"At the time I thought 'Fear Of Music' was just melancholy, but when I read the press there were reports that it was pretty doom-laden. I think some of the melodies on this record are quite pretty, but we've still kept to a minimum of chord changes, and that tends to make things a little less poppy."

Some songs don't appear to concern much

besides the frustration of communication itself; the lyrics are very random, dislocated. You say "nothing can come between us", "everything is divided / nothing is complete", "for God's sake help us lose our minds", as though the dreams of "mystical communion" in 'Remain In Light' had failed.

"I don't feel that. Maybe you should wait and see how the show goes over."

"The lyrics on 'Remain In Light' are certainly more general, and in a way more abstract, and some of these new ones are in the first person, but I don't agree that they're all about frustrations and difficulties. If it comes across that way, that's a mistake on my part, because that's not what I intended."

"I spent a lot of time on the words of this record, more than I did on 'Remain In Light', and I was trying some things which I suppose would connect with some people and not others. I was aiming for a kind of dreamworld, non specific in the way that dreams are, which leaves things open and requires interpretation in the way that dreams do — the way that dreams contain powerful images with a strong emotional impact but you don't know what they mean."

"I hoped to do that with these lyrics. For some people it seems to work, others just find it confusing. I suppose it depends on how you approach them, what your preconceived notions are when you hear a song. It takes a while for someone to discover what they're about — even I don't know what they're about."

So you've discovered Freud. How did the songs take shape?

"The music was more of a joint effort than before, at least in the beginning it was. The basic tracks were all joint efforts, and the vocal melodies and things I did later on top of that stuff. We all had a good time doing it, and I think Chris and Tina were happier."

Perhaps it might have benefitted from a little more 'Genius Of Love' and a little less 'Catherine Wheel'.

"Well, people like this record, and the audiences like it when we play it. My position is, I don't feel I have to justify what I'm doing or defend it. I think it's good or else I wouldn't have put it out. And . . . that's about all . . ."

ALL I GET, to be precise. Half an hour on and a white-suited Byrne is shambling onstage like a cross between Buddy Holly and Mark Mothersbaugh, clutching a jumbo acoustic in one hand and a ghetto blaster in the other, to the tumultuous applause of a newly MTV-enfranchised audience in college sweatshirts and denim cut-offs.

"It's always showtime / Here at the edge of the stage", which in this case is deserted and completely black. A thudding click-track starts to fill the arena and, tapping one of his wobbly legs on the side of the stage, Byrne launches into a skiffle 'Psycho Killer'. As the song ends, he goes into a berserk duckplod of random jerks while an enormous black coffin of an amplifier is prepared for Tina Weymouth.

'Heaven' à deux ensues, another piece of the jigsaw — the drum kit — is locked into place, and a rather portly Chris Frantz joins for a hoedown of 'Sending An Angel'.

Next extension is Jerry Harrison, for the still extremely pretentious 'Building On Fire', and with the basic quartet assembled we're ushered through a quick tour of Heads chestnuts like 'Book I Read', on each a further wing of the machine being reopened for public gaze, until finally 'Cities' boasts the full nine-piece crew of Byrne, Harrison, Frantsmouths, Scales, Worrell, one or two ex-Brides Of Funkenstein, and Alex Weir on guitar.

'Cities' is almost street funk, 'Burning Down The House' a big jabbing onslaught. All this works in a moderately impressive way, only failing to gel on Byrne's own 'Big Blue Plymouth' and 'What A Day That Was'. 'Life During Wartime' involves balloons and much leggy romping from the black girls (who dance like whites), but as with 'Psycho Killer' I could never abide its phoney frenzy in the first place.

Twenty minutes divide the show's two sets; the band returning with 'Flippy-Floppy' and inane back-projected slides consisting of three words/phrases in series, e.g. KITCHEN — FOOD — DRUGS, revealing all kinds of horrors we'd never imagined about what it is to consume . . . (cont. P.94).

'Swamp' is bad Grace Jones, or how David Bowie would cover 'Goo Goo Muck'. (In fact, 'Speaking In Tongues' is very much a failure of vision in the manner of 'Lodger' or 'Monsters' — there are some parallels here.) Naturally this is all lapped up by a new species of Dead Heads with nary a furrowed brow.

'This Must Be The Place' is as already noted an agonisingly charming song and treated here quite drolly, as Byrne and doll-ettes line up with a lampshade against images of bookshelves, navels, armpits and so forth. (One assumes that, for David Byrne, home is wherever he left his brain.)

The cosmic 'Love Action' of 'Once In A Lifetime' is doctored, confined to a bedrock of synth and closed to all the quivering rivulets of the disc, though Bernie Worrell is never less than sublime (check *The Warriors* snatch on 'Girlfriend Is Better'), and squeezes more into a single phrase than Jerry Harrison contributes to entire songs.

As if deliberately to devalue the power of that song in memory, the awful 'Zimbra' and even more awful 'Great Curve' are dragged out — the latter like never-ending Certain Ratio played backwards — but their numbing effect is pleasantly blotted out when, like a stricken deer, Byrne flees the stage and everyone else piles haphazardly into the marvellous 'Genius Of Love', on which Frantz and Weymouth get to prove that for a couple of Ivy League army brats they're not a bad domestic Sly and Robbie.

'Girlfriend Is Better' is a perfect example of the way the current album checks out the old wardrobes and mispairs garments, and a ghastly 'Take Me To The River' is that (mercifully) rare event known in the trade as new wave Delaney & Bonnie.

Why not follow with 'Pull Up The Roots', the only "dance" cut on 'Tongues' that actually maintains the momentum of 'Punches' or 'Jezebel Spirit' or even 'His Wife Refused' from the 'Catherine Wheel' fiasco? Going out on 'Crosseyed' was sensible, since Worrell's extremely soulful intro was the evening's highlight.

Granted that live these songs — these slippery flippy-floppies — escaped the bonds of 'Speaking In Tongues', there's still no doubt they lack that special "something" to which Byrne refers. Note that 'I Get Wild' and 'Moon Rocks' — possibly the two most lifeless songs he has ever written — were excluded from the set.

Whereas at the time of 'Remain' he welcomed the chance to step out of the spotlight, here he can't work out whether he's the star or the outcast — whether indeed a coup isn't secretly hatching behind his back. The title of the record suggests possession by outside voices, but Byrne appears repossessed by his role, his "everything is so normal it's crazy!" / David Thomas-in-the-body-of-Ron Mael persona, which increasingly suggests not adoption but complete takeover.

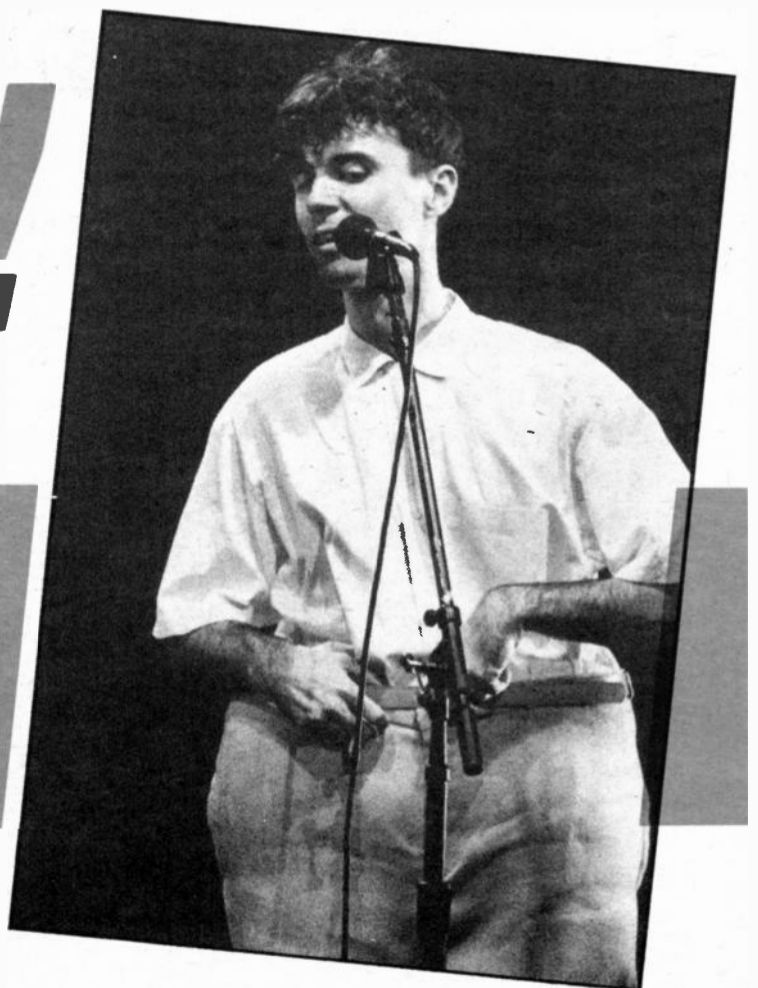
"I got hundreds of expressions / Try to make a good impression", and yet "I got a rock in my throat". 'Speaking In Tongues' shares something of the one-dimensional aimlessness of Jerry Harrison's

CONTINUES PAGE 53

TROUSERS!

TALKING HEADS ARE BURNING DOWN THE MOTIONS AND BEING WILLINGLY DRAGGED INTO THE ROCK MACHINE. A TONGUE-TIED DAVID BYRNE SQUEAKS UP FOR HIMSELF. BARNEY HOSKYNs GETS FILLED IN, AND PETER ANDERSON SNAPS HIS SHUTTER.

All the fun of the rock 'n' roll circus: David Byrne clowns around in baggy trousers.



LIVERPOOL CORNER SHOP'S OWN BANDS ● ELVIS-REAL OR FAKE?



Pic John Stoddart

STUCK DOWN a backstreet in the heart of this dying city you'll find Probe; a small dingy record shop which has played a vital, if largely unsung role, in shaping the pock marked face of that legendary beast, 'The Liverpool music scene'.

A wonderfully eccentric middle-aged enthusiast, Geof Davis, set up the shop in 1971. Today it's still the best source of indie vinyl, provides an essential service for reggae lovers, and it's always been the only place to get those obscure works which, when requested elsewhere, result in bewildered glances from sales assistants who imagine you're taking the piss with imaginary titles.

The wacky elite that make up the staff of Probe aren't beyond a little customer abuse either—that is, when they're not intent on ignoring you or talking to their (usually famous) mates, or laughing at your choice of records. A few years back at the start of punk, the man behind the counter placing the latest cult faves into my sweaty palms (in between his many words of wisdom broadcast to all and sundry) was a young Pete Dinklage. Even today you can still be served by a 'star', if that's your bag, in the colourful shape of 'bitching' Pete Burns.

Providing employment for the city's needy isn't Probe's only function. Upstairs

above the tatty chaos of the shop is the more recent but no less shambolic set-up that is Probe Distribution, providing a much needed service for indies in the North. This same cramped room has seen much of the wheeling, dealing and signing of bouncing cheques that's enabled Geof Davis, our financially 'troubled' entrepreneur, to put out a handful of worthy singles on the Probe Plus label.

After early efforts by Cook 'Da Books and Public Disgrace new impetus was given to the label around the turn of the year with the release of Ex Post Facto's magnificent synthesised epic, 'Oceanic Explorers', which met with some well deserved indie success and a Jensen session. They've since tightened up considerably; on stage they're now producing an impressively grand swirl and are currently being courted by a major label.

Following up the acclaim heaped upon 'Explorers', the last month has seen a burst of activity with the release of two more Probe Plus singles of almost equal stature. Skelmersdale's Virgin Dance have been causing quite a stir locally and 'Are You Ready (For That Feeling)?' is a classy, surprisingly accomplished slab of commercial pop-rock. It's already picked up some daytime Radio One Play. Virgin Dance are genuinely harder than most of

the half-hearted slop served up today, and look set to be one of the more prominent Mersey groups of the next few years.

The inventive dark dance of Bamboo Fringe hasn't yet received the same sort of exposure accorded to the other two Probe acts, but this rather anonymous trio are a district cut above your average electro-poppers; the sweet deceptive simplicity of their 'Dorian Gray' 45 provides a catchy tease that only hints at the more subversive depths of their intricate and persuasive melodies.

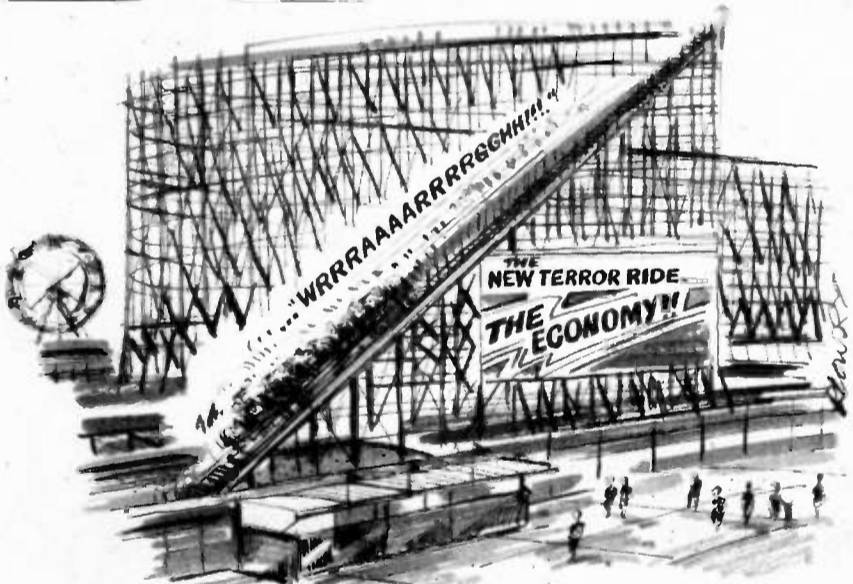
All the groups acknowledge the debt they owe to Probe, which will never have the appeal of the Zoo label of a few years back, but which, in its own quirky way, has played a significant role. These are hard times, less records are being bought, competition is increasing and the shop is struggling to stay afloat ("I keep baliffs in business" Geof remarks) but already the next release is planned: an unusual reggae-ish 45 by the mysterious Mr Amir. There's also talk of a Probe package tour.

Geof's always managed to muddle through somehow and, together with the long-deceased Eric's club, the shop is responsible for bringing life to a once-dull corner of the city. It would be a tragedy if it were to disappear.

KEV MC

PROBING BEHIND THE MUSIC SCENE

lowry



ANECDOTES ABOUT ELVIS: Number Three

My wife had never been a very healthy woman, you know, and during our marriage her strength gradually deteriorated until she became bedridden. She lost interest in most things but the one thing that kept her going was her love of ELVIS PRESLEY records and souvenirs.

Why, her bed was surrounded by posters and album covers, and she even had a signed sock that ELVIS had sent to her when I wrote to him about her illness. One day old Doc Smithson took me aside and said that he thought she was going and that she only had at the most a month left. Well, I was heartbroken, and I knew that the only thing that would help her to die happy would be to see ELVIS in the flesh; I also knew that with him being so famous and busy and all it would be virtually impossible for him to spare the time.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, though, so I wrote him asking if he'd be able to come and see her. Imagine my surprise a few days later when a parcel arrived on the doorstep. I opened it right up and there was a letter from ELVIS himself. It said that he couldn't visit my dear relative or friend in person, but he'd sent an ELVIS disguise kit and a personalised record. If I wore the disguise and stood in a darkened doorway and played the record, my friend or relative would think it was ELVIS.

I was so overcome by this gesture that I wept for two and a half hours. I hid in the bathroom that night and tried on the disguise. It was a fake leather suit and a fake quiff and sideburns. There was a wooden guitar but the neck had got broke in the post. I guess on a white man they'd look pretty effective, but I wasn't sure they'd work on me.

I tried them on and stood in the parlour. I shouted "Guess who's come to see us, my dear", and I put the record on and stood in the bedroom doorway. The quiff slipped. "Hi, I'm ELVIS" said the record. "I hope yuh . . . I hope yuh . . . I hope yuh" It got stuck.

Never mind. My wife was smiling for the first time in years. I cried. She died two days later, but I will always thank ELVIS, and the Lord, for giving her those two happy days."

E. Montgomery, Birmingham, Alabama.

New Single

Produced by bob sargeant
12" re-mixed by laurie latham

THE BEAT

Save it for later

*** A LIMITED EDITION IN ORIGINAL GO-FEET SINGLE BAGS!**

ARISTA
7"-FEET 333 12"-FEET 12333

DO YOU CARE WHICH BANK GETS YOUR GRANT CHEQUE?

Every bank is eager to get its hands on your grant cheque.

And we frankly admit that we're no exception.

But where we are exceptional is in the range of services we offer in return.

So before you give your cheque to just any bank, check out what we have to offer.

Student Business Officer.

Every student who banks with us is assigned a Student Business Officer. There's one at every branch near a college.

More or less your own age, they're there to sort out any financial problems you might have.

They'll advise you on your budgeting, even supply a reference for your landlady if you need one.

Barclaycard.

The day you pay in your Local Education Authority grant cheque you can normally have a Barclaycard (as long as you're 18).

It guarantees cheques in the UK up to £50 and enables you to draw up to £100 a day from almost any branch, provided your account can stand it.

A Barclaycard also doubles as a credit card.

£100 Overdraft.

We'll give you an overdraft certificate for £100 as soon as you give us your grant cheque.

If at any time you think that your grant isn't going to stretch far enough, present the certificate to your Student Business Officer.

Provided you've handled your account responsibly, he'll arrange for you to have up to £100 at a special rate of interest.

Cash Card.

At Barclays we never close.

With your Barclaybank card you'll be able to use the Barclaybank machines outside many of our branches at any time.

As long as your account can stand it you'll have access up to £100 a day, in the week and at weekends.

Talking of weekends, you'll be interested to know that a good many of our branches are also open on Saturday mornings.

Low-Cost Insurance.

Since you'll be living away from home your belongings won't be insured.

That's why we've come up with a special insurance scheme for students.

For just £25.50 a year (£19.50 for your first student year) we will insure your belongings while you're at college. And you can pay the premium in two instalments.

Free Banking.

It doesn't make sense to us to ask students to pay bank charges.

So as long as your account's in credit, cheques, standing orders and statements come absolutely free.

This applies even if you decide to take advantage of our £100 overdraft offer.

Deed of Covenant.

If your parents are contributing anything to your education we can help you arrange for it to be paid under a Deed of Covenant.

This could give you a substantial tax benefit.

For every 70p your parents pay you may be able to re-claim 30p from the Inland Revenue.

Budget Planner.

As its name suggests our Budget Planner will help you plan your spending and keep track of

your money. Use it to keep a check on your income and outgoings.

It's handy because when you're living on something as slim as a grant every penny counts.

Graduation Loan.

We also offer you something to help tide you over in that crucial period between your last grant cheque and your first pay cheque.

A graduation loan.

You can normally have up to £500, again at a special rate of interest.

Opening an account.

To open an account with us, call in at your local branch or send us the coupon.

Don't worry if you're still not sure which college you're going to.

If you open an account now through your local branch, we'll make sure your cheque book and Barclaycard are ready and waiting for you at the nearest branch to your college the day you arrive.



Surname (Mr/Mrs/Miss)	
Forename(s) (BLOCK CAPITALS)	
Address	
Tel. No.	
I shall be studying at	
(NAME & ADDRESS OF COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY)	
Course	
Start Date	Length
Residential address at college (if known)	

NME 4

DO NOT USE THIS COUPON LESS THAN 14 DAYS BEFORE YOU ARRIVE AT COLLEGE. WE WILL SEND YOU THE BRANCH ADDRESS BEFORE YOUR START DATE.

Post to: Paul Wilson, Barclays Bank PLC, Juxon House, 94 St. Paul's Churchyard, London EC4M 8EH.

For written details of our credit terms, write to the address above.



BARCLAYS



NEW LP

and tape
includes the single
'she's SeXy and 17'

RANT n' RAVE with the

STRAY CATS

ARISTA

KATIE KISSOON'S SOLO 'FLIGHT' ● ROTTEN LOT ● TAPING THE REVOLUTION ●

SOUL SURVIVOR



SHE'S DONE THE POP SONGS, THE SESSION WORK AND NOW THE DANCEFLOOR ROUTINES WITH HER NEW SINGLE 'YOU'RE THE ONE (MY NUMBER ONE)'. WHAT NEXT FOR KATIE KISSOON TEN YEARS ON? THE SOUL BALLADS OF HER DREAMS. . .

OUTSIDE IN the wide tree lined avenue the birds are singing and the sun is shining. Inside, Katie Kissoon — relaxed and radiant — springs around her ranch style kitchen in a jogging get up looking for all the world like a Kid From Fame. Stirring her tea she smiles and says: "It's been a long while but the buzz of getting back into performing is coming back and it feels great."

After almost ten years of making records, first with her brother Mac and then over an extensive period as a session singer Katie Kissoon has just released her first solo single and the reaction seems to be as rosy as the bouquet in the back garden.

Back in the early '70s Katie went straight from school and a childhood spent besotted by old Aretha and Gladys records to form a duet with her brother Mac. They enjoyed immediate success in Europe and worked the disco/nightclub circuit in Britain rigorously — their

tame chirpy pop outings from 'Sugar Candy Kisses' appealing to the Darby and Joan as much as the youth club. But as time passed the initial enjoyment tailed off, the format being too restrictive to satisfy the higher aspirations that came with maturity.

"I guess I always knew it was inevitable that we would split. Those days were a lot of fun but it was just like part of growing up." Katie relocated in Los Angeles where she went to meet up with her boyfriend and ended up being introduced to Van Morrison with whom she has enjoyed a sporadic but fruitful relationship. Her readings of 'Crazy Love' and 'Hungry For Your Love' have been two of the highlights of any show on which she has guested.

It was her work with Morrison that brought out the real strength in Kissoon's voice, she really had the gift of Lady Ree or Miss Pip to fly off and soar just when the songs' yearning spirit needed it most. If the vague plan for her to work with Morrison someday materialises it would be doing both of them a favour.

At the end of the '70s Katie and her songwriter husband Russ moved back to Ealing, raised a family and established themselves — he with a hit single for Peaches and Herb ('We Do It') and she as a session singer. Lucrative, but I would have thought hardly satisfying work.

"I didn't mind it at the time. It was a good way of keeping busy and finding out what was happening. I wouldn't knock those sessions but sometimes I found myself having to hold back because you get to the stage where you want to do it yourself."

When she was recording at a studio close to Jive records she was heard by one of the label bosses and a solo disc was suggested, the only surprise was that the suggestion hadn't been made before.

"Oh it was but I don't think I was ready. I was gaining experience. I felt I needed a break to look at it from the outside. But now it's actually a relief for me to be able to express myself the way I want to because I always felt restricted in the past."

Using Sharon Redd's old producer Darryl Payne her single 'You're The One (My Number One)' is a peppy if slightly routine dancefloor treatise. She obviously enjoys that sort of song and talks enthusiastically about the PAs she's been doing around the country. She also sees it as a way of gaining exposure and allowing her to branch out to her true love — deep soul ballads.

"I think timing is very important and although I love being with the kids I think they realise that mummy has to go to work now. I really feel this is my time," she says. And all she has to do now is learn how to fly.

GAVIN MARTIN

Driver's mates in dirty protest

By DEREK MEE

Mr John Rotten's lorry was so filthy that workmates would not use it after he had been in the cab and he was generally so scruffy that customers complained, an industrial tribunal heard in Birmingham.

"Although nobody expects a lorry driver to arrive at work in a pin-striped suit, some standards are necessary," Mr. James Cooper, for the haulage contractor, H. T. Arnold and Son, said.

But Mr. Rotten did not seem too interested in standards of any sort, said his former employer, Mr. James Arnold.

"His lorry was the dirtiest in the fleet. He smoked a pipe and would spit in the cab. Other drivers refused to get in his vehicle because of the smell."

"and at one factory where he was working, his trousers fell down but staff said he could not have cared less."



Mr. John Rotten: Kept himself as tidy as he could.

AT LAST it can be told — Wobble'n' Levene's reasons for leaving. Well, would you do a 90-date rock'n'roll tour in the same van as that man?

Home-taping



is killing record-companies.

... and it's about time.

YET MORE propaganda from Benelux bolshies The Ex (inventors of the "Home taping saves money" logo), enclosed with the lyrics.

marcia griffiths

'ELECTRIC BOOGIE'

ORIGINAL JAMAICAN MIX • FEATURING BUNNY WAILER

AVAILABLE NOW ON 7" & 12"

PRODUCED & ARRANGED BY BUNNY WAILER

LIVE SEPT. 7-8, LONDON DOMINION.

15-16, BIRMINGHAM TOP RANK. 18, BRISTOL COLSTON HALL.



ISLAND

NEW EDITION AT WORK AND PLAY ● BIG COUNTRY MAPPED OUT ●

GAVIN MARTIN MEETS
FIVE ROXBURY BOYS FOR
WHOM IT'S NOT ALL FUN
AND POPCORN BUT
BUSINESS AND MONEY.
PICS PETER ANDERSON



Ronnie
— just
playing
around



Ralph and Michael (right) look like they mean business

Nearly every waking moment of New Edition's two week trip to Europe is occupied with some publicity garnering process. The boys get up, meet the people from the record company and spend the day being shunted and moulded into any pop slot, no matter how garish or tame, that has been prepared for them.

Employing a team of freelance pluggers and spending a financial 'arm and a leg' London records obviously see great market potential in the five cute slick mini song and dance men from Boston. They could be right — even if the 'Candy Girl' LP is

squeamish calculated pap and New Edition are a feeble desensitised package wherein all the fire and the potency that's been mustered on the east coast these past few years is turned to lime jelly — Joe and Josephine public have a habit of lapping up the most ingratiating Schlock that America can produce.

New Edition may be closer to the brain rot of The Osmonds than the style and verve of The Jackson 5 — but that doesn't look like too big a problem.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock and the group arrive in Camden's TV AM studio to record a two minute slot for Saturday morning broadcast. The recording takes about two hours, what with the producer buying them clothes to go with the

backdrop and the boys teaching linkman 'Timmy' how to do 'the wave' dance. Timmy in his green, orange and blue trainers, dayglo emerald shorts, tie-dye T shirt and pink framed spectacles is like something you'd see on Play School if you were on a bum trip. He's one of the twerps that are paid very good money to terrorise our children and to see him prancing on the screen, playing the genial infantile adult says absolutely tons about the state of the country as a whole.

The slot is based around 'Popcorn Love' and has the boys dancing outside a popcorn parlour which, according to the TV AM researchers, are very popular in America right now. Ralph, Robert,



SONGS THAT HAVE MOVED ME

Avalanche — Leonard Cohen
Sisters of Mercy — Leonard Cohen
Rain — Nils Lofgren
The Sun Hasn't Set — Nils Lofgren
Pyjamarama — Roxy Music
Song For Europe — Roxy Music
Hymn For The Dudes — Mott The Hoople
Seven Rooms Of Gloom — Four Tops
Ghosts — The Jam
Villiers Terrace — Echo And The Bunnymen
Hungry For Your Love — Van Morrison

BOOKS

Anything by George Orwell, Albert Camus, John Wyndham, DH Lawrence
Also:
The Dceman — Luke Rheinhardt
Kenny Roberts — Barry Coleman
Dispatches — Michael Herr
Any of the Pan Books of Horror Stories
Photographic collections

FOOTBALL

Dunfermline Athletic (especially 1966–1972)
Manchester United

Plc John Stoddart

MAGAZINES/NEWSPAPERS

Bike, Which Bike
(especially Mark Williams' column),
Daily Record,
Dunfermline Press, Sunday Post

FILMS

Apocalypse Now, One Flew
Over The Cuckoo's Nest,
The Last Detail, Ben Hur,
Gregory's Girl, Wuthering Heights,
all of the Marx Brothers and
Laurel And Hardy stuff

DISLIKES

Nuclear weapons, Tory governments,
jealousy, flying, coffee, queues

LIKES

Motorbikes, photography, sunny winter mornings,
the sea, forests, peace and understanding, live music

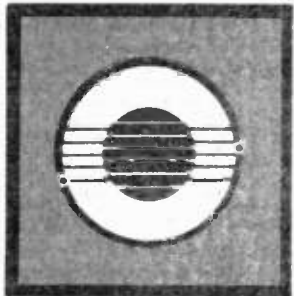
PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER

STUART ADAMSON

(ONE QUARTER OF
BIG COUNTRY)



TRICKED

new single

SMOKISS

available on 7 & 12"



FALKLANDS SPANNER IN ICICLE WORKS ● ABBEY ROAD REVISITED ●

NEW EDITION SAME OLD STORY...

Michael, Ricardo and Bobby have never heard of "popcorn parlours" but rather than disrupt the flow they say they have and when Timmy grins like a jackanape and says "I hear they're a great place to meet the other sort," the boys all laugh and agree. Absolutely super chaps, one more run through and I think we're there.

The final product is so much like an advert as to be virtually indistinguishable from the Birds Eye on Jelly Tots campaigns of the early '70s, that seem to have had such a profound effect on the men who put these pop pieces on television.

When it's all over the New Edition crew are patted on the head, given some popcorn and tins of coke and put in the minibus that will bring them back to campaign headquarters in the West End. For a few deliciously abrasive moments during the ride however the goodtime facade of the group breaks down. It happens when group member Michael Bevin complains that they are concentrating too much on dancing and that their singing is going to suffer. Assistant manager/chaperone and elder brother of group member Bobby, Ronnie Brown is quick to silence him.

"Look, it's all about money. That's what you're here for, to sell as many records as you can. If dancing is what makes people here buy your records then you'll dance. If the singing is what makes them buy your records in New York then you'll sing there. Otherwise you can go back to funk'n' Roxbury and do nothing and see how you like that. You want to make as much as you can, a million dollars or more that's what it's all about," he roars.

Duly chastened Michael keeps quiet while frontman Ralph, who usually shows a deal more sass than his colleagues makes an uncharacteristically careless remark, "Yeah but it's not good to let people know that," he says.

In 1980 New Edition, then aged 12-13, came second in a talent contest run by Maurice Starr. At the close Starr announced that he'd like to work further with the group as he had a set of songs written over the past few years just suited to them. Brought to New York awhile later and in what seemed like no time at all 'Candy Girl' was a worldwide hit.

Immediately comparisons with The Jackson 5

were made. There are so many carbon copies of old Jackson 5 songs on the New Edition LP that it would be impossible for the group to deny those similarities so they say it's an honour to be seen in this light at such an early stage in their career and that as they progress people will be forced to look at them in their own right.

Whether this is true or not, only time will tell but in the time I spent with them I gradually began to doubt if the group could reach the heights and diversity achieved by the boys from Indiana. For a start they're surrounded by managers and songwriters with much less skill and resource than The Jacksons had in their early days and they're treated like an odd new toy rather than a truly priceless commodity.

It would be hard to imagine anyone being privy to an incident like that in the minibus if they were travelling with The Jacksons and the guys themselves have a habit of acting a bit more childish than even their age decrees. They can seem very blaze and precocious at times—arguing about nothing in particular when we take them for a photo session in Hyde Park, refusing to eat pizzas ordered for them by the record company.

When they go to The Lyceum following a short PA they go for a dance and are immediately besieged by a crowd of girls about four years older than them. Clearly they are living in a bubble far different from most kids their age, I ask Ralph Trevesant about this, realising even as I do I'm adding to the ridiculous process.

How would he like to end up like his hero Michael Jackson in a Los Angeles mansion with only mannequins and a cinema for company?

"My lifestyle is a lot different from a regular teenager, I don't get to do regular teenager things but then regular teenagers don't get to do the things that I do so it balances out. I don't think Michael Jackson is weird at all, he is himself, it is his only way of living as he never grew up in the streets or around people. My life's been pretty open for a while but I guess from hereon it's going to be kind of private for me growing up too."

Doesn't it seem strange having to explain yourself to people like me, over and over again?

"Well you wonder if this is really necessary but you think about it and you know it is necessary, and

there's no need for you to think about it anymore. Since I've been here it hasn't been like that because I know that this is what I have to do if I want any single or any record I put out to be pushed. In the states I'm used to it because we do them all the time.

When Ralph sings onstage he looks much older than he is, sweat glistening on the forehead, neck muscles bulging. In interview he sits in his shorts legs apart rubbing his hands up and down his thighs very much the junior businessman, primed to say all the right things, all the pop-carreerist clichés.

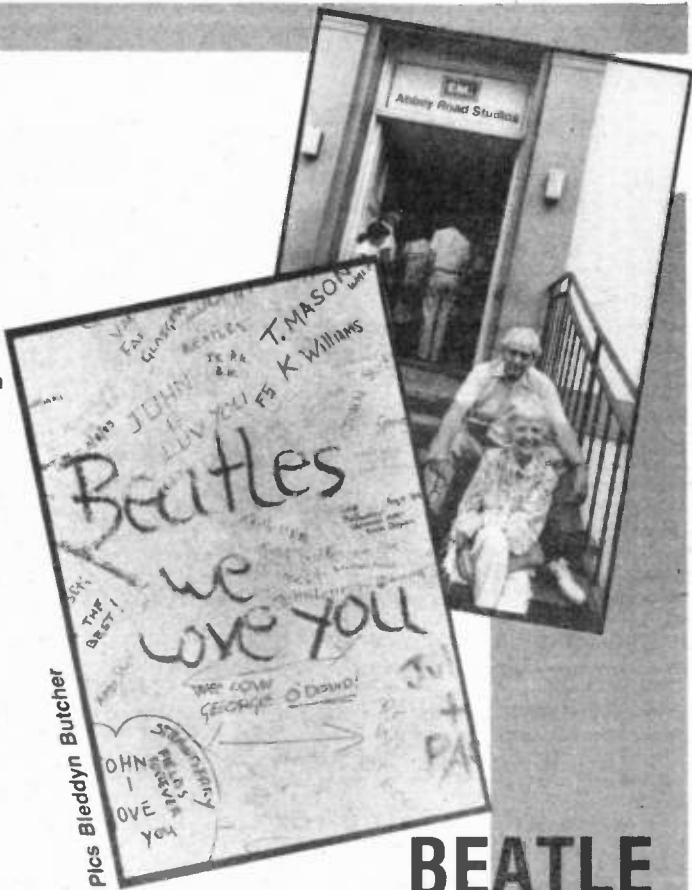
"Money's nice to have I'm not saying I'd go out there and perform for nothing. But it's a feeling I get onstage, I could do something else if I was just worried about money. It's not the money it's just about having fun... money is just going to come naturally."

Undoubtedly however the group is also a passage out of the insidious racism that is rife in the slum projects of Boston.

"There's a lot of racism there, it's a lot different here. People seem much nicer and you can go wherever you want without anybody nagging or calling you names. I get bussed to South Boston High School and Roxbury kids can't go there and be welcomed. Pretty soon I'm going to a private school, get a tutor or just go to a school in Roxbury," says Ralph.

When I've finished talking to him Ralph Trevesant, a little man with a pop business brain starting to tick in his head, goes out to join his less articulate and more mischievous colleagues. Some are licking ice creams, one is sucking rock and another is playing with a remote control car lying on his belly in the middle of the floor. You can see that everyone finds it a lot of fun having these odd kids who are at once stars and large earners around.

Just then two people from The Specimen walk in their torn gladrags, crazy spiked hair and painted faces. Young Ronnie looks up from his model car and his jaw drops so far he has to gulp to catch a fresh breath. "Do those people really dress like that," he splutters. No, I say, they're usually pretty weird looking. "How can people do that to themselves," he asks, truly amazed. And the sad thing is he probably thought 'Timmy' was quite normal.



BEATLE WORSHIPPERS THIS WAY...

WALKING INTO Abbey Road's Studio Two was like entering a church. The room was hushed, dark, and packed with people staring up at images of John, Paul, George and Ringo on the video screens and walls, reverently mouthing along to their familiar lyrics.

The man next to me — an unemployed building worker who had hitched down from Scotland for the event — choked back his sobs, while the woman on the other side gazed down at her feet with religious awe. "Just think," she whispered to her friends, "he may have stood there."

Maybe Lennon was right after all. Maybe The Beatles are bigger than God. Certainly no one expected the response that followed EMI's announcement that the shrine where They created Their sound was to be opened to the public.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Studio Two could not be used for recording while alterations were made in the control room, so why not let people see inside? So the walls were painted, Beatles pictures put up, and a video put together from promo films, TV shows, and the reminiscences of their early engineer Ken Townsend (now manager of the studios). A new neon sign appeared and tickets went on sale at £4.50.

Then the deluge began. Around 400 people a day have since passed through the studio, along with, it seems, most of the world's press. Locals, long used to the sight of quite sane, sober-looking people tearing off their footwear to have photos taken on that zebra crossing, can now be entertained by novelties such as 20 Scandinavians singing 'Yellow Submarine' on the front steps, egged on by a TV crew.

The video soundtrack is jealously guarded by EMI, who have installed an airport screening device to stop bootleggers with radio mikes, but it mainly consists of outtakes, mistakes, incomplete or as yet unreleased versions of the standards (ominous, how often those words "as yet" were repeated). Four totally new tracks — 'How Do You Do It?', 'That Means A Lot', 'You've Got Troubles' and a cover of Little Willie John's 'You'd Better Leave' — were mentioned but not played.

The verdict? I found it depressing that people were willing to pay simply to sit in a room where The Beatles had sat, but then they were never that important to me. Places where the famous have trod will always have a fascination, as one cameraman proved. Apparently uninterested in the Fab Four furore, he sidled up to a passing tape op with the same, awestruck look. "Is it true that Roger Whittaker records here?" he asked. "Have you met him?"

SHERYL GARRATT

OUT OF ORDER

NEVER had any doubts about the conviction behind 'Fuck The Task Force' by The Clash until I found out that its real title was, disappointingly, 'Rock The Casbah'.

'Gun Boys' seems pretty obvious too. It's the third track on the 12" version of The Icicle Works' current single 'Birds Fly / Whisper To A Stranger' and it's causing a flap because of its tongue-in-cheek comment on the Falklands campaign.

"It was obviously a piss-take," explains lead singer and lyricist Ian McNabb, "but when Hugh Jones (producer) first heard it, he criticised it for not being cynical enough and he thought we might get a lot of people listening to it and thinking 'Oh they're into Maggie and the Falklands and everything.'"

Which is in fact what happened; and The Icicle Works were thought to be taking a political stance somewhere between the carnival and the Monday Club.

"But it was just meant as a huge ironic joke," continues McNabb "but I don't think it came off very well."

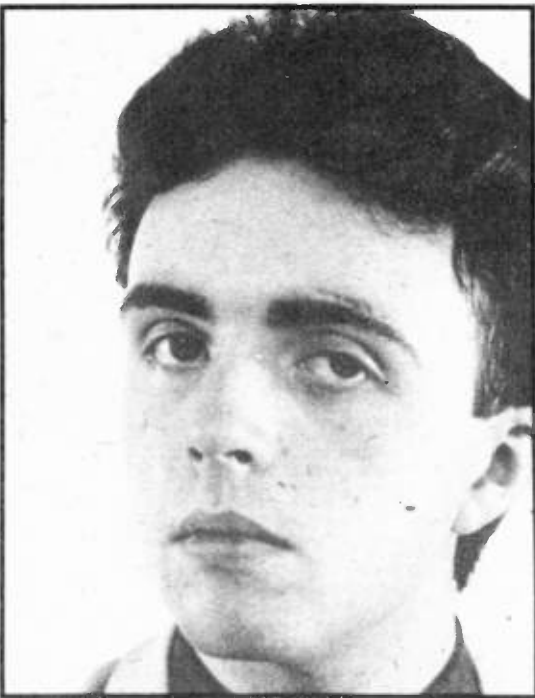
"There's a line that goes (with reference to the Task Force) 'I would be there with you if I were able,' and we're obviously being sarcastic but not a lot of people sussed it out."

The root of the confusion appears to be in the fact that the lyric is strongly characteristic of the Liverpool school of sarcasm, which is difficult to grasp (for outsiders) even at its most blatant.

The BBC emerged as dinosaurs as ever: "We did it for a Peter Powell session," says McNabb "and they asked us to change the words would you believe? They asked me to change the first line which is 'Remember when the Argies...'. They said that 'Argies' is out. So I had to change it to 'Do you remember when...'. And at the line 'So Margaret sent the fleet in,' I wasn't allowed to say 'Margaret' — I mean, I just can't work that out. So I had to say 'And so THEY sent the fleet in,' which is just totally ridiculous."

Pic John Stoddart

Pic Ian McNabb — 'piss-take mistake'



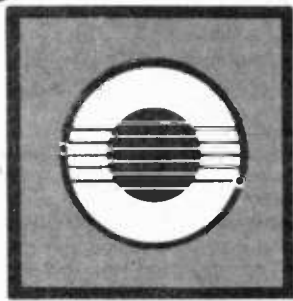
BILLY MANN

Friends Again

new single

SUNKISSED

available on 7" & 12"



THE SPECIAL AKA

RACIST FRIEND

BRIGHT LIGHTS

NEW 12 AND 7 INCH SINGLE



2
TONE
RECORDS

SKINNY

DUPING

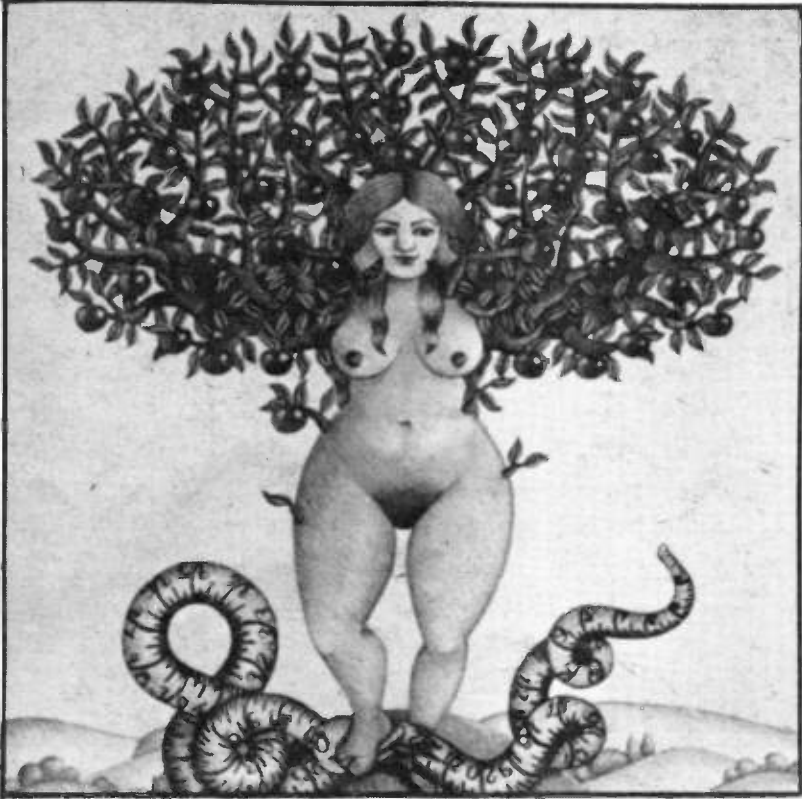


Illustration Mandy Hall, from *Womansize*

WOMANSIZE – THE TYRANNY OF SLENDERNESS

by Kim Chernin (*The Women's Press*, £4.50.)

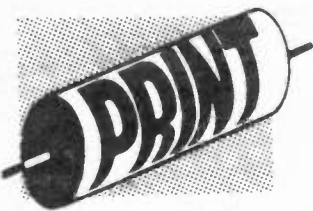
"IN THIS age of feminist assertion men are drawn to women of childish body and mind because there is something less disturbing about the vulnerability and helplessness of a small child – and something truly disturbing about the body and mind of a mature woman."

So writes Kim Chernin, author of *Womansize – The Tyranny of Slenderness*. She goes on to point out that fashion today depicts women dressed and shaped as 12-year-olds, and links this with the fact that child pornography is becoming ever more popular.

Here is a remarkable book. Written with the compassion and understanding of a one-time anorexic, Ms Chernin explains her ideas with clarity and force, destroying one "comfortable" stereotype image after another.

I compulsively consumed the book in a day, relieved that others had shared this quietly hysterical and desperate obsession with weight and food and body shape. Calmness followed, when I realised there had been a rationale for what had hitherto appeared so irrational.

In our male-dominated society, it is men who decide how women look. Since he currently prefers the angular child-woman that is what must be. The mature woman petrifies him with his memory of the infant terror he felt when his mother left him for the first time and he feared for his very survival.



ANGELA PRICE sizes up a weighty tone on the ups and downs of curvaceousness

It is no accident, says Chernin, that during the '60s anorexia nervosa began to be a widespread social disease and Weight Watchers opened its door, because it was precisely at that time that the feminist movement emerged asserting women's rights to authority, liberation and above all, power. These were two differing responses to the same awareness of women's changing role in society. Feminists speak of "enlarging" themselves whereas the slimmers talk of "contraction" and "shrinking." Becoming less of themselves.

A woman who believes losing weight will solve her personal and cultural dilemma is entering the domain of the body politic and so, says Chernin, her action of entering a slimming organization becomes, symbolically, a political act. And while she agrees that culture rewards those who comply by its standards – slim girls get preference – "we have to wonder what cost the woman is paying when she sacrifices her

body in this way for the approval of her culture."

Chernin suggests that the more obsessed a woman becomes with the shape of her body, the further she draws away from being able to pay attention to her soul and see what shape *that* is in. So the more she works at conforming to society's image of an angular child-woman and denies her natural appetite then the worse shape will be her inner self.

Women share men's rage against women. A woman knows that in our culture, to be a woman is to be despised and she fears this. She, too, rages against her mother who taught her to behave differently from her brother, and caused her own first experience of terror.

In desperation she turns to controlling her own flesh. Kim Chernin writes: "Like all the anorexic girls of our time and the women climbing onto scales this morning, and all the women taking too many laxatives tonight, we too have proved to be submissive, eager to please the culture of our fathers, through the mastery of our bodies and the sacrifices of all the hungers of our soul."

Womansize reasserts the attitude of Renoir and the much-loved women of his paintings, to which Kim Chernin draws our attention. By today's standards the women are fat, but "One is drawn to them through a force that is larger than the sexual, drawn down into this feminine side of existence, with its rounded forms and dappled surfaces, its rose tints and hues, which seem to stand for sensuality itself."

KEPLER

by John Banville (*Granada*, £1.95)

BORN IN rural Ireland, John Banville now lives in Dublin and his five books to date have won him a host of international prizes. His latest book – for which he won the Guardian Fiction Prize – is about the life of Johannes Kepler, next to Galileo perhaps the most significant astronomer and physicist of Renaissance Europe.

Kepler's achievements lifted astronomical science from one mould and set it into another. He deduced at certain assumptions about the cosmic order were false and, by correcting those assumptions, the science was once again permitted to progress. Banville's novel, however, is no treatise on Keplerian science. It is a subtly woven tapestry of 17th century Europe that is, at times, quite breathtaking in its richness, its colour and its authenticity.

Kepler is portrayed as a restless spirit, a literal and metaphorical stargazer, forever striving after some

seemingly elusive vision of cosmic harmony. Never allowed to devote himself fully to work, we see a man battling against an endless array of obstacles while miraculously still finding time to unravel the mystery of the stars.

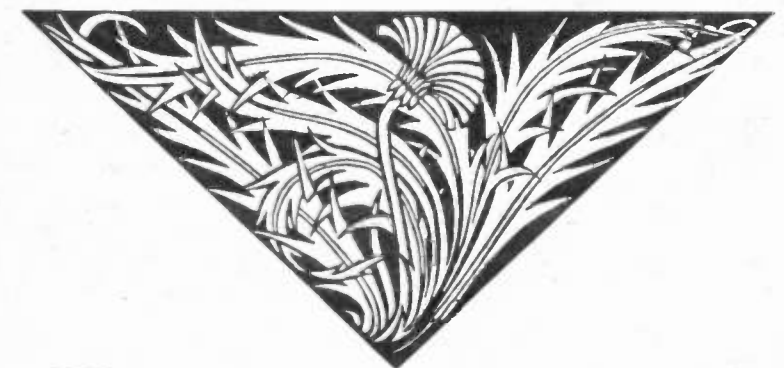
He is plagued with illness, constantly subject to the religious persecution of whoever happens to be in power – which means that every other year he's banished from one city or another and forced to drag his quarrelsome family around Europe with him – and his total political ineptitude renders him a prey to all and sundry in the daily power struggles of court life.

At the announcement of each new catastrophe we expect his spirit to disintegrate for once and for all; but it does not and, for me, therein lies the greatest riddle of the book, that such a sensitive soul and one continuously drained by the appalling barbarity of his people and his times, manages to hang on to his dreams and to reality at all.

VIV FONGENIE



BIG COUNTRY



CHANCE

NEW SINGLE

7" CHANCE • TRACKS OF MY TEARS (Includes limited edition group photo)

12" CHANCE (Long Mix) • TRACKS OF MY TEARS • THE CROSSING

TOUR DATES

August 26th READING FESTIVAL • September 13th BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL • September 14th BIRMINGHAM ODEON • September 15th SHEFFIELD CITY HALL • September 17th ABERDEEN CAPITOL • September 18th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE • September 19th GLASGOW TIFFANYS • September 20th NEWCASTLE CITY HALL • September 22th LIVERPOOL EMPIRE • September 25th MANCHESTER APOLLO • September 26th NOTTINGHAM THEATRE ROYAL • September 27th OXFORD APOLLO • September 28th SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT • September 29th HAMMERSMITH ODEON

HMV remix the price of singles.

Associates A Matter Of Gender	50p	Marc Bolan Deep Summer	£1.79
Boomtown Rats Charmed Lives	50p	David Bowie China Girl	£1.79
Original Mirrors Dancing	50p	David Bowie Let's Dance	£1.79
Was (Not Was) Where Did Your Heart Go?	50p	Cabaret Voltaire Some Fascination	£1.79
Orange Juice Love	50p	China Crisis African and White	£1.79
Associates Party Fears Two	99p	Clash Rock The Casbah	£1.79
The Beat Hands Off, She's Mine	99p	Cocteau Twins Lullabies	£1.79
Pat Benatar Shadows Of The Night	99p	Phil Collins Can't Hurry Love	£1.79
Blondie Atomic	99p	Colourbox Breakdown	£1.79
Fashion Move On	99p	Culture Club I'm Afraid Of Me	£1.79
Fun Boy Three Telephone	99p	Culture Club White Boy	£1.79
Japan All Tomorrow's Parties	99p	Damned White Rabbit	£1.79
Grace Jones Demolition Man	99p	Def Leppard Photograph	£1.79
Kid Creole Me No Pop I	99p	Depeche Mode New Life	£1.79
Billy McKenzie Ice Cream Factory I	99p	Depeche Mode See You	£1.79
Sal Paradise Living In A Dreamboat	99p	Depeche Mode The Meaning Of Love	£1.79
Gil Scott-Heron Johannesburg	99p	Dept. S Going Left Right	£1.79
Sly 'n' Robbie Don't Stop The Music	99p	Devo 4 Track EP	£1.79
Spandau Ballet Communication	99p	Howard Devoto Rainy Seasons	£1.79
Thompson Twins We Are Detective	99p	Dexys Midnight Runners Let's Get This Straight	£1.79
Ultravox Reap The Wild Wind	99p	Thomas Dolby Europa	£1.79
Visage Mind Of A Toy	99p	Duran Duran Hungry Like The Wolf	£1.79
Wah Hope	99p	Duran Duran Girls On Film	£1.79
Care My Boyish Days	£1.20	Clint Eastwood & General Saint	
Matt Fretton It's So High	£1.20	Another One Bites the Dust	
Fun Boy Three Our Lips Are Sealed	£1.20	Echo & The Bunnymen The Back Of Love	£1.79
The Higsons Run Me Down	£1.20	Echo & The Bunnymen The Cutter	£1.79
Lotus Eaters The First Picture Of You	£1.20	Eurythmics Love Is A Stranger	£1.79
Specials AKA War Crimes	£1.20	Eurythmics Sweet Dreams	£1.79
Stray Cats Stray Cat Strut	£1.20	Eyeless In Gaza New Risen	£1.79
Midge Ure & Mick Karn After A Fashion	£1.20	Flash And The Pan Waiting For A Train	£1.79
Midge Ure No Regrets	£1.20	Fun Boy Three The More I See	£1.79
Cava Cava Burning Boy	£1.49	Eddy Grant Electric Avenue	£1.79
Haysi Fantayzee Shiny Shiny	£1.49	Eddy Grant Frontline	£1.79
One The Juggler Damage Is Done	£1.49	Hanoi Rocks Malibu Beach	£1.79
Thompson Twins In The Name Of Love	£1.49	Heaven 17 We Live So Fast	£1.79
A Certain Ratio Flight	£1.79	Heaven 17 Penthouse And Pavement	£1.79
King Sunny Ade Ma Jaiye Oni	£1.79	Jimi Hendrix All Along The Watchtower	£1.79
Allez Allez Valley Of The Kings	£1.79	Human League Don't You Want Me	£1.79
Altered Images Don't Talk To Me About Love	£1.79	Human League Mirror Man	£1.79
Angelic Upstarts Women In Disguise	£1.79	I-Level Minefield	£1.79
Associates 18 Carat Love Affair	£1.79	The Icicle Works Birds Fly	£1.79
Aswad Warrior Charge	£1.79	Japan Canton	£1.79
Aztec Camera Walk Out To Winter	£1.79	Grace Jones Private Life	£1.79
The Band AKA Joy	£1.79	Juluka Ijwanasibeki	£1.79
Bauhaus Telegram Sam	£1.79	Junior Murvin Police & Thieves	£1.79
The Beat Too Nice To Talk To	£1.79	Kid Creole & The Coconuts	
Birthday Party 4 Track Compilation	£1.79	I'm A Wonderful Thing, Baby	£1.79
Birthday Party Bad Seed EP	£1.79	Killing Joke Almost Red	£1.79
Black Uhuru Sinsemilla	£1.79	Mark Knopfler Going Home	£1.79
Blondie Rapture	£1.79		

ALL OFFERS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

12"

CUTS

Level 42 The Chinese Way	£1.79
Madness Our House	£1.79
Magazine 4 Track EP	£1.79
The Maisonnets Heartache Avenue	£1.79
Bob Marley & Wailers No Woman No Cry	£1.79
Modern English Life In The Glasshouse	£1.79
New Order Blue Monday	£1.79
O.M.D. Telegraph	£1.79
O.M.D. Joan Of Arc	£1.79
Orange Juice Two Hearts Together	£1.79
Orange Juice I Can't Help Myself	£1.79
Orchestra Makassy Mambo Bado	£1.79
The Pale Fountains Thank You	£1.79
Robert Palmer Looking For Clues	£1.79
Pretenders Back On The Chain Gang	£1.79
Prince Little Red Corvette	£1.79
Prince Charles Cash (Cash Money)	£1.79
Raw Sex, Pure Energy Stop The War	£1.79
Ranking Dread Shut Me Mouth	£1.79
Rip, Rig & Panic Storm The Reality Asylum	£1.79
Tom Robinson War Baby	£1.79
Roxy Music Take A Chance With Me	£1.79
Alexei Sayle Ullo John! Gotta New Motor?	£1.79
Scritti Politti Sweetest Girl	£1.79
Sex Pistols The Biggest Blow	£1.79
Pete Shelley Homosapien	£1.79
Simple Minds Promised You A Miracle	£1.79
Siouxsie & The Banshees Slow Drive	£1.79
Skids 4 Track EP	£1.79
Soft Cell What?	£1.79
Southern Death Cult Fat Man	£1.79
Spandau Ballet To Cut A Long Story Short	£1.79

The Specials Ghost Town	£1.79
Bruce Springsteen The River	£1.79
Style Council Money-Go-Round	£1.79
D Sylvian & R Sakamoto Rice Music	£1.79
Talking Heads Life During Wartime	£1.79
Talking Heads Burning Down The Houses	£1.79
The The Uncertain Smile	£1.79
Third World Try Jah Love	£1.79
Tom Tom Club Wordy Rappinghood	£1.79
Tom Tom Club Under The Boardwalk	£1.79
Toyah Be Proud Be Loud Be Hard	£1.79
UB40 I Think It's Going to Rain	£1.79
Ultravox Vienna	£1.79
Wah Story Of The Blues	£1.79
The Waitresses Christmas Wrapping	£1.79
Wall Of Voodoo Mexican Radio	£1.79
The Waterboys A Girl Called Johnny	£1.79
Ben Watt & Robert Wyatt Summer Into Winter	£1.79
Wham Young Guns	£1.79
Wham Bad Boys	£1.79
Robert Wyatt Shipbuilding	£1.79
Xmal Deutschland Qual	£1.79
XTC 3D EP	£1.79
Steel Pulse Ravers	£1.79
Yazoo Only You	£1.79
Yazoo Don't Go/Winter Kills	£1.79

At the HMV Shop, we've done our own remix and made the price of 12" singles sound as good as the records.

Of course, we always did have the best selection. But now, we also have even better prices.

In fact, there are hundreds on offer from only 50p each.

So come and pick up your 12" cuts now. It's an offer we can't extend forever.



**More records. More tapes.
More discounts.**

ALL OFFERS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.



Two professional tapes for only £3.25

BASF Chromdioxid II is a blank tape that is so good the record industry uses it. In fact nowadays many of the latest pre-recorded tapes available are recorded on BASF Chrome tape.

And at W. H. Smith, you'll find a double pack needn't cost the earth. A pack of two BASF Chromdioxid II C90 blank cassettes will cost you a mere £3.25. That means a saving of £1.05*

There's nothing like a W. H. Smith offer for saving money on quality blank tapes.

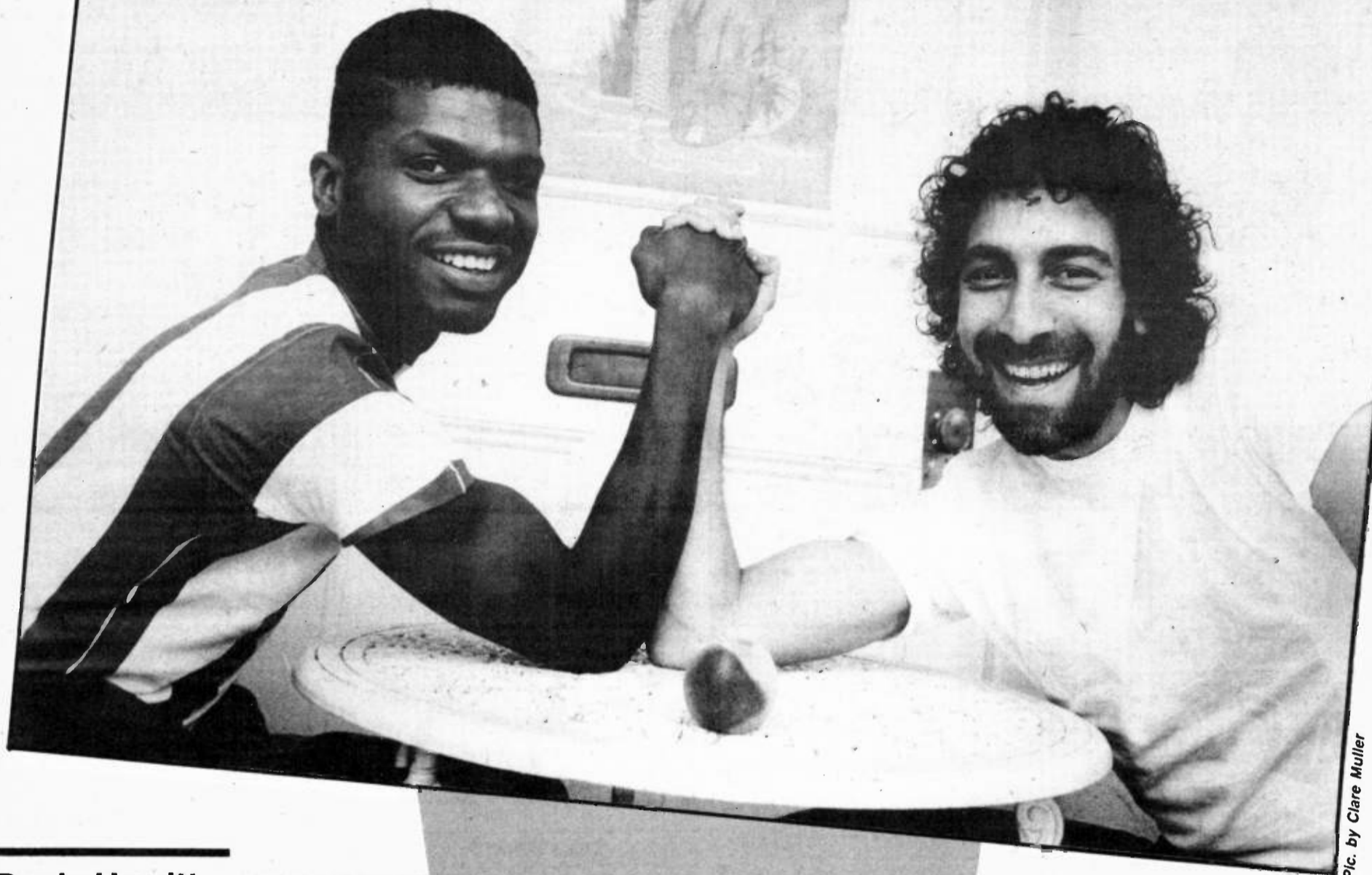


W H SMITH



*Based on the price of tapes bought separately. At selected branches only. Prices correct at time of going to press. Subject to availability. While stocks last.

MUSCLE PEECH PARTY



Pic. by Clare Muller

Paolo Hewitt checks for the Peech Boys' Console Companions Larry Levan and Michael "Mafia" Benedictus

TO HEAR Larry Levan and Michael de Benedictus enthuse about the Paradise Garage club in New York is to hear the sound of two people who are convinced that they have just discovered nirvana on earth; that the Second Coming (whether it be E. T. or Buddha) has just happened and somehow landed plum centre in their neighbourhood.

Phrases such as, "there is no place like it, anywhere" and "incredible people, incredible club" trip hurriedly from their tongues.

Why, even the group they produce and play keyboards for respectively emanated directly from The Garage. It was a chance meeting between the two that led to the formation of The Peech Boys and the making (and this is where I get interested) of two innovative and exhilarating dance records.

'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'Life Is Something Special' were epics in sound, encompassing — mainly through vocalist Bernard Fowler's distinctly soulful voice — an array of emotions punched into the sterner by a churning, astonishingly huge rhythm embellished with subtle turns and twists.

Imagine the Freeez record mixed with a usual Otis Redding and you're getting somewhere near it. 'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'Life' scored automatically because they were also allied the Law Of Repetition. In other words, say it long enough, loud enough and proud enough and eventually something will stick. And the clubland success of both tunes proved that small fact.

But even outside of that glittering sphere, ten life's wheels were beginning to grind, and records impressed and uplifted whatever the environment. They are songs

backed heavily by the beat as opposed to linear grooves dedicated solely to dancefloor delights.

An important distinction. And The Peech Boys made them. Yes, Juicy fruit indeed.

ITCH IT up! Itch it up! Heaven is a place where Larry Levan deejays with sass and nerve, mixing up the weirdest concoctions, feeding the speakers with immaculate bass and sound as the young multiracial crowd take to the floor.

No alcohol is served at The Paradise. It's not needed, and once in a while Michael de Benedictus will amble over to his synthesiser, pick out a few melodies to spray on top of the bass and drums Levan is booming out from his turntable.

By all accounts, The Paradise is something special, a point Levan and de Benedictus are quick to push home.

"There's no other focus than the music," says Michael. "People come to dance and they take it seriously. The best dancers in the world are there. They don't come to cruise, they don't come to get drunk or get high. They come to dance. For 14 hours. You see all the break dancing, electric boogie, all the stuff."

"And the fashions! They all look so incredibly different but they can't go to Fiorucci or Jumping Jack Flash to get that look, so they go to their closet and they see something, rip it apart and sew this part to that part and suddenly there's a look there."

"Then Norma Kamali," he says laughing, "will take that look and display it in Paris as being the new fashion and everybody will go and spend 500 dollars for a pair of leg warmers! But the kids do it out of necessity because they're creative, they want to look different and they are very resourceful. They come to the club dressed to dance and just dance."

"And it's not black, it's not white, it's not Puerto Rican... it's everyone! And that's the beauty of it. And they don't have a problem dancing next to each other."

"Heartbeat", in New York at least, was massive and Levan's phone was never on

Benedictus is cooler, an observer rather than a participant, a catalyst for Levan's erratic skills. Both have differing backgrounds.

De Benedictus is from out of New York, about 100 miles north. He fell in love with the organ round about age six and spent most of his youth practising a classical music repertoire.

Through his devotion he landed jobs in organ showrooms demonstrating the latest model to bemused locals. At school the kids always asked him to join their band. But he didn't have the time or the inclination until he got busted for dope one day and was fired from the organ shop.

"That was the transition between the real establishment music business and rock'n'roll."

Michael joined bands, found local success, built his own studios at home and got bored with the limitations of his life. He moved to New York and started hustling. Six months later he noticed a group of people leaving the church on the corner of his street.

Immediately he rushed inside to "look over the organ. Even now I can't help myself." An hour later the Church had employed him and his talents. It gave him the stability and freedom he needed and months later he was rehearsing and demoing with the nucleus of The Peech Boys.

Larry Levan, meanwhile, was deejaying around town at various spots until with a partner he opened the Garage club. After the initial struggle, the club began to enjoy popularity. Eventually de Benedictus would have to turn up there.

When he did, he and Levan immediately hit it off, but making records was never brought up in conversation. The friendship was such, though, that when Levan got asked to mix a record by Taana Gardner he took Michael along with him. A week later they had created the sublime 'Heartbeat' — one of this era's innovative dance specials.

"Levan said to me, come on this record needs something. I don't know what it is but come on let's go. We messed around with it and it came out like that. Slightly out of tune and out of time. No way did we expect it to be such a success but the public, because they had been used to all this sterilised stuff, just said, Oh what a refreshing record."

Either way, The Peech Boys have proved themselves capable of some glorious epics. We shouldn't make them wait too long.

the hook as the offers came flooding in. Every time he accepted a job part of the contract included de Benedictus.

When they weren't making records, they were down The Garage.

"One night the lightman didn't show up," says Michael, "and the lights were doing this really bad pattern. Finally, I boiled and I started doing the lights just to change the room, it was driving me nuts."

"In the light board was a siren so I pushed the siren at a peak of the record, the siren came to full pitch and it was flat to the record, didn't sound right. I said, damn I wish I could tune that siren. Well, that's not hard all I need is an oscillator and I've got four of them on one synthesiser and eight of them on another. So I said, Larry can I bring my synthesiser and make sirens and other assorted noises? He said yes."

"Well, from making a siren it went to bass lines and from bass lines it went rhythm, chords and then Larry would just play the drum breaks on records and I would play the rhythm and we would make records."

Then we bought a drum machine and just shoved the records off, turned on the drum machine and I would play bass rhythm and he'd be doing overdubs with other records. Through that experimentation other people would hear it at the club. Then weeks later someone would call me and say, Gee Michael you did a great job on that record."

"I'd say what are you talking about? Oh so and so's record. I didn't play on that record. You didn't? Sounds like you."

"I'd go and hear the record and they were right, it sounded like the things I did at The Garage. All of a sudden we snapped. The producer of that record was at the club three days ago and paid a lot of attention to what was going on. He came over and stood by my synthesisers and watched what I was doing. So we said, well that's not nice Arthur Baker, let's make our own records."

SET AROUND the core of Levan and de Benedictus, The Peech Boys emerged with 'Don't Make Me Wait' featuring an acapella version on the 12", the result of a mix up of tapes between the studio and The Garage. None the less,

'Don't' proved to be massive.

"Well 'DMMW' is about sex," opines Levan, "and everyone can relate to that. It was very, very passionate, very rough, then it was tender, then it was cold and then it was sparse. It touched on all bases. Don't make me wait, just that statement, people relate to it, people want to relate to that."

The effects the group put on the record they feel were groundbreaking, a new approach that others now slavishly copy: the handclaps, the acapella mix.

"We don't sit around saying, well no one has done this or that," says Michael, "we just put a lot of trust in ourselves to be creative and being honest. That's the most important thing, just to be honest with the music and it will come out."

For 'Life Is Something Special' the reaction was muted, the splash not so hard. De Benedictus puts this down to the lyrics, an exhortation of life's possibilities, and a celebration of joy and optimism.

"People in England, the young kids, don't have the hope of really attaining a special life. They can't see it. I've discovered that just being able to live the day out is a gift and you can either make it good or bad. That requires some basic rules. I believe in hope, I have faith and I trust somebody. Now in America the system makes you know a little bit more about how to get over. There's other ways, other avenues, because Americans always been told that if you really try you can do whatever you want to do."

"Here in England I don't think people think life is special because it's hard to work, hard to find a job. I go to school or 12 years, I get out and I can't work. What's that all about?"

It's more than a glib assessment on de Benedictus's behalf. The failure of The Peech Boys to significantly storm the charts lies more in the BBC's moribund attitude to black music (they recently refused airplay to Kurtis Blow's new rap single because there was already one rap song, 'The Crown', in the charts and two would be pushing it...) than in the 'depressed' state of mind of the nation's youth.

Either way, The Peech Boys have proved themselves capable of some glorious epics. We shouldn't make them wait too long.



PAOLO HEWITT puts heads together with Ranking Roger and Dave Wakeling, finds why they knocked off The Beat, and which way General Public are facing.
Photography: PENNIE SMITH

WHAT WAS that Beat?
Some Two Tone trickery?
Morally dedicated
musicians? A vivid collage of heat
and excitement? Stand up
Wakeling! Stand up!

The Beat, judging by their recent 'What Is Beat' Greatest Hits LP, were a band who shone on singles and dulled quickly when faced with the demands of the LP. A sometime alluring mixture of incisive saxophone and Wakeling's cool vocals, The Beat emerged out of the Two Tone fuss with a cover version of 'Tears Of A Clown' and quickly asserted themselves with charm (Saxa's presence and Roger's flashing smiles) and panache. They released vigorous singles like 'Mirror In The Bathroom' and for a while walked on air.

They were everyone's darlings with all bases covered. Kids loved them for their sense of fun, writers took them seriously because of their political leanings, well articulated by Wakeling through the media or espoused on songs such as 'Stand Down Margaret'. A revolutionary pop group! No less.

In the space of two years a lot changed. The Beat went from being fashionable to struggling. A mediocre second LP, some flop singles and the spurious redefinition of pop by the likes of Heyward and Fry, saw them fighting to hold ground.

With the advent of the '80s, The Beat's colourful musical mixture seemed suddenly outdated, the group itself devoid of new ideas. Although they still maintained a loyal following in England, salvation came with their growing popularity in the States which at least allowed them time and room to breathe.

It wasn't enough. After a poorly received third LP (which contained two pearls, 'I Confess' and 'Save It For Later', amidst the ramblings) and more chart failures with their singles, Wakeling and Ranking Roger decided enough was enough. Then out of the blue came a surprise hit with an old number 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' (originally by Andy Williams) and they both decided that it was the perfect time to end it all. Go out on top and explore a new beat in fact.

HIDDEN AWAY in the Welsh hills, Rockfield rehearsal studio is a large 18th century house set in typically picturesque English scenery. It's here that The General Public and their new member, keyboardman Mickey Billingham (last seen with Dexys) have been rehearsing and pushing into shape some of the 20 songs they have amassed over the last six months.

There are no distractions here, except maybe for the crying of either Wakeling's or Ranking's small babies who, along with their respective mothers, are present and correct. Otherwise it's a tranquil setting and when I arrive Wakeling and Roger seem happy with their lot, easy going and talkative.

When it comes to the interview, however, Roger stays mainly silent whilst Wakeling, although as

articulate as ever, seems slightly apprehensive about the whole affair.

Reading between the lines it would seem that the major reason for The Beat's split stems more from his frustration in trying to mobilise certain members than anything else. You get the feeling that Wakeling finally buckled under the pressure of trying to keep The Beat a viable force artistically whilst being lumbered with the day to day mundane affairs of running both the group and their now defunct label Go Feet.

This then, to coin the first cliché, is your General Public speaking.

PH: When did you decide to put General Public together?

DW: For me, I think it was in Denver about two months ago.

RR: Nah, there was talk about it on that tour. . . . DW: Well there's been talk about it, for me anyway, ever since the first single. I never really thought . . . none of us did . . . that's what was charming about The Beat, no-one ever took it seriously at all. It came out of the blue and it was like we were on holiday. I kept thinking this is never going to last, we'll make this record and I'll go onto something else. So that's been going on for years and years. What's the plans for the next album? I don't know actually. (Laughs)

This last year we got to the point where we were quite popular, in America particularly. We were doing lots of live shows but what four years together shows you is not only your strengths but your weaknesses. You start isolating things, so that even if everyone was really committed you realise you've never going to get over a particular hurdle. You find out the things that work well, but you also find out the things that you should never attempt because it's going to screw you up.

Did you attempt those things with The Beat?

DW: Well no. You didn't because you didn't think it would ever work. So it was more a restriction than a disappointment. The main thing for me is that everyone who is around you should be pushing. If you ever get to the situation where it's like (adopts resigned, weary tone) 'Ah, that will do', then you're being satisfied with your weak shots. If someone is hovering saying, 'Are you sure about that?' Then it forces you to try and do better yourself. So that's what I'm looking for. That's why the change happened. It's more down to levels of commitment than any particular change in musical direction.

Is that the way you feel Roger?

RR: No, I think I probably look at it different. With The Beat, when everybody was at business meetings I never used to go. Or I would go once in a while. I learnt four years later that I wanted to know more about the business. So it's good thing for me because everything that comes through our manager comes through to us directly. It isn't eight people arguing out whether it should be yes or no, it's only two people. I can now learn a lot more, and that's what I want to do.

Why learn about that side of things?

RR: Why? Cos if you're going to be making money you got to know where it's coming from. I think, because with The Beat (talking to Wakeling) most of the business was done between you and Andy. After a while it became dependent on you and Andy and no-one else would get involved.

DW: That's what it is. After a few years you get into various roles it gets to the stage where you sit around like a group of Thomas Moores, no-one saying anything, thinking that's enough to get away with. If you said anything you had a chance of being wrong and someone could say, 'You were wrong about that. But if you say nothing then it's, 'Well I never said anything, it wasn't my fault!' (laughing)

Was there much anger over the split?

Chorus: Noooo!

DW: It was nicer than it had ever been really. More friendly day to day. The only bad side of that was it was pretty comfortable which was probably the opposite of

what we require. But everyone got on really well considering we spent so much time in buses in America. I actually thought—get out with a hit single and that came really unexpectedly. The fact that it was 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' was quite ironic. There must have been a temptation to keep it going.

DW: More for financial reasons than musical ones, certainly. Even when we said we were going to leave the whole of the business side of things said 'Keep the name, keep the name'. We said we don't want to keep the name, we want to do something different. Then they'd say, 'But if you keep the name you can go straight into doing 20,000 seat stadiums in America because it wouldn't matter who else was in the group.

So that was like sacking the band innit? We had to be quite firm. So we told them General Public and they had it a few days and then said, 'Oh yeah I like that. I heard someone on the news say General Public and it made me think of the group. So they warmed to it then.

Over the last year or so the actual notion of a 'group' as such seems quite dated now.

RR: I look at the charts today and I see more people in twos and threes than anything else.

DW: Sometimes I felt really old fashioned last year being in a group. There was an element of that. Just when you see some of those colour magazines. If you see seven people they look like a football team. There's all these ones and twos and threes and it does look out of date when you see this huge team of people.

Is it touring that kills bands?

DW: It certainly shows you a less glittering side of the pop world. I don't think it's true that it finishes you off but it's probably true that it takes all the energy out of you; that you can't relax. The idea now of going out and doing two months anywhere just to get your face shown is pretty long winded. Touring should be more a celebration of successes than an actual mechanical thing.

Record companies always want you to do long tours and you always want to do short tours. The last time we did a tour in England we got the record company to write down all the sales of all the records the week before the show, the week of the show and the week after it. There was no difference, no pattern. No-one rushes out and buys a record afterwards. It's much better I suppose to spend your time doing everything as right as you can first and then going and playing. I think that would allow you to keep acting properly.

IS THAT how you're going to approach things now?

DW: Well that's the idea. Because of The Beat thing me and Roger are signed to IRS in America. I had to go and see Miles Copeland and tell him the news. First thing he said, 'Keep the name'. Well we've already had this conversation, we're not actually keeping it. 'Oh. Is this going to be a live band? Yes. It's not one of those goddam synthesiser studio bands. No, a live band. 'F-aaa-n-tastic! October and November with The Police, big tour'. No, no, no, you've got the wrong end of the stick (Laughs) . . .

I like playing live but I hate playing live too much. There's nothing more upsetting than driving hundreds and hundreds of miles somewhere, getting thousands of people to come and see you because they think you're a good singer and by the time you get onstage you're croaking away, your voice is broke, you've got dreadful laryngitis because you've been doing it for five weeks and every time you go for the high note you die. That spoils it.

It becomes more about being an entertainer than being a musician because if you can't get a high note you can dance back from the mike, a little jump in the air and it works better than if you had stood there and got the note. If you do it too much you start learning all the Des O'Connorisms which can see you through a set. But that's a pretty wicked way to treat music, it must mean you're going about it the wrong way. I didn't enjoy it once it got to that stage. And stayed there.

Before you split did you still think The Beat had some kind of future?

RR: In America, yeah.

DW: Oh yeah, no doubt about it. In financial terms.

How about artistically?

DW: In artistic terms it depended really. I could have seen a point where we could have pushed it . . . it was very democratic. Like everyone had a vote but hardly anyone bothered to use it. And so the only way to start moving . . . you would have started to feel like a

dictator and that's a bit disenchanting.

I don't think democracy as such works within a large group.

DW: It didn't with us. Well it did to a certain extent. RR: But not forever.

DW: It did work quite well for three years. I thought if it was a small group of people who were fairly like minded that would be dead perfect, with everyone sticking in as much as they could as often as they could because they liked the situation. What you found was that people most grateful finding themselves in that situation doing loads. But lots of the bright ones, if faced with the choice of getting up Tuesday or not, and the money was the same on Thursday, decided to stay in bed more often than get up and do something for the common good. That disillusioned me. I expected more. But then I expected more of myself.

How do you mean?

DW: Well no-one pushed each other musically. I don't know if that's the same as saying that it's greed that spurs you on. But there's some element in inequality that spurs you on. Like you always tend to play your best table tennis when you're a few points behind. Miles had a good laugh about it when he heard how The Beat was run. 'Ah you've seen the light now have you?' he said. When are we going to hear 'Stand Up Margaret' then Dave? Thanks Miles.

Will you still retain political issues with the new songs?

DW: There's little bits, various lines that crop up in songs. I haven't got that many political issues that I haven't vented my spleen on. It seems really funny to try and do it twice.

Don't people shy away from that kind of song anyway?

DW: Oh yeah, course they do. If you write 12 songs for a LP and not mention anything that's going on you've got to be trying quite hard haven't you? It's not like it's hidden away from you. But people do definitely shy away from it and I don't suppose it ever did The Beat the best as a career move. Like 'Stand Down Margaret' being on the radio for a bit and then people twigged what it was about so it got took off pretty sharpish. Then the next one was much harder. It didn't go in with the same whack that they always used to do before that. It was like very tentative. Eh, is this another political song? Are we going to look daft in a couple of weeks? So I think that definitely had some effect.

It was much better when we did the first LP because no-one had said that we were a political group or any of that. They were just pop songs and they liked them. Quite a lot of people seemed to like the message in the songs but there hadn't been any great fanfare. Then in the year between the first and second LP that's all anyone would ask us.

Well, what about the politics Dave? (Points at Roger) He used to go barmy. He'd come in and say talk to me about fucking music or anything, but that. It did get too much. When it gets to that point you think . . . it's only things that you felt in passing. It wasn't like you sat up all night going (puts on a melodramatic voice) I've got to tell someone about this! You don't feel like that at all.

But The Beat did get cordoned off into that area.

DW: But then whatever you do you get that unless you keep changing. Then you get criticised for changing all the time. (Pauses) They seem to have got more mixed up, the lyrics. But mine and Roger's seem to be more about personal and party politics at the same time.

Which is a probably a better way of seeing it than number 3 is a love song and number 4 is a song about oppressed people in. The songs sound a bit angry listening back to them last night. I wasn't expecting it. I was quite glad.

Is it easy to lose your edge then?

DW: Yeah. I think that was one of the hardest things to bear about The Beat, being shot straight up there to the point where you think, 'God I've only got to belch and someone will buy it. It's hardly the thing to push you.

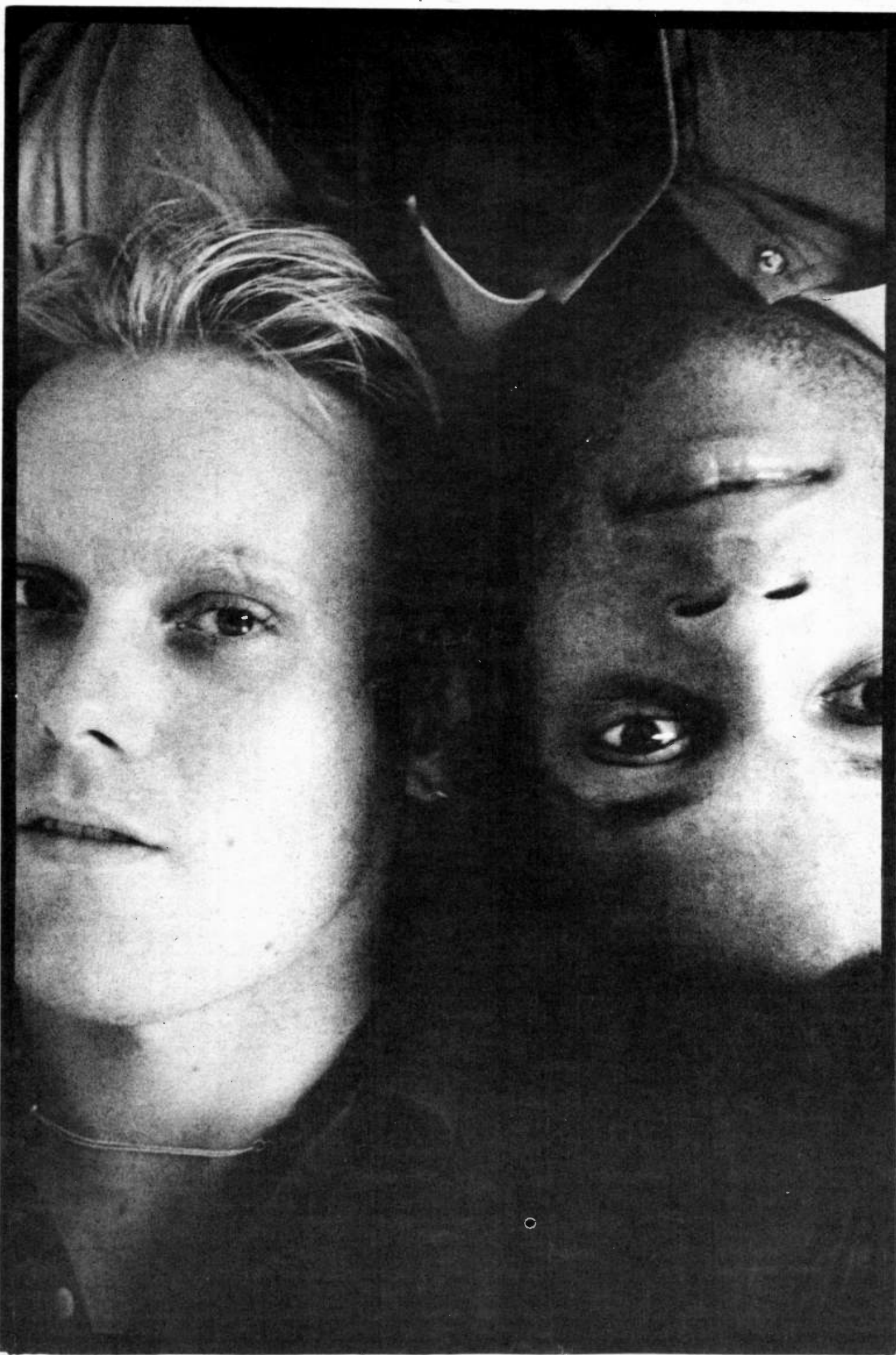
Did things get a bit too routine with The Beat? A bit 9 to 5?

DW: (Laughing) No it was about 1 til 4. That was the problem. It didn't get regimented but the touring took the sting out of it, so it was generally laissez faire in the end. We ended up not doing a lot of things that would have been really good because we just couldn't get through the bureaucracy the way it was set up. There were a number of things.

I remember we were going to do a cover version of 'Begin The Beguine' but it was that much bother to learn all the chords to it. We talked about it for four weeks and then Julio Iglesias had a number one with it. But there were lots of things more serious than that which we never did. It wasn't as if there were any stand

going

“Our new songs seem to be about personal and party politics at the same time. Which is a better way of seeing it than ‘Number three is a love song and number four is about oppressed people’.”



up arguments because no-one could be bothered to do that either. It wasn't horrible. Well it hasn't been so far. I'm quite pleased about that. As soon as we were on *Top Of The Pops* for the last time I thought, well, I hope we get out of this as nicely as we got in.

The Beat got a bit dated as well?

RR: We weren't fashion but we came out with fashion therefore we got classed as fashion.

DW: You get pigeonholed. It doesn't matter from the people who buy your records because they know exactly what they're doing, but the other 40 million people go. Ah one of them Two Tone bands. The more exciting it is when they're saying it when you're on the up, the more dull it's going to sound to people when you say it two years after. But you can't really have any sour grapes about that because unless people hadn't got sick of The Buzzcocks or The Undertones or various other names then we'd have never... because those names got dull then it was, Ah, This Two Tone it's new! So they listen to your record. It's the same system. I was surprised that the business side of things were telling me to keep the name The Beat. I would have thought they would have said that a different name was much better anyway.

Was that another reason for leaving? The pigeonholing?

DW: I think if it had been okay internally any amount of out of datedness wouldn't have worried me too much. I might have tried to do something about it if internally it felt like it was worth persevering with. It just generally felt that it had run its course and it should be gently laid to rest.

It always seemed, especially in the latter stages, that The Beat were always at loggerheads with Arista, your record company. Were they a reason for disintegrating?

DW: They were enough to disillusion anybody. If somebody had a good idea they'd be too scared to say it in case it would upset anyone in another department. It got a bit said in the end. You'd wait for the record to come back and you'd all sit around giggling saying, I wonder what's going to be wrong with this one? Then you'd say, Nah I bet they get it right this time. And it would come back all screwed up. I think we'll probably get bothered more by Virgin. They seemed to have a higher decree than Arista have. But they weren't anything to do with the split. I think they were probably far more involved in Haircut 100's internal politics.

With the new group have you formulated any concrete ideas yet about the sound or the look?

DW: Eh? (Silence) Well there's the answer. No not really. We had a rough idea that we wanted it so people could dance to it. And that seems to have happened. All the tunes that we've come up with, apart from sounding quite good, are good to dance to. That's about the only thing.

It would be daft to say, Right it's going to sound totally different to The Beat but then we were only a part of The Beat so it's not going to sound like it anyway.

RR: You'll probably hear what influences we had on The Beat. Know what I mean?

Those 20 songs you mentioned to me earlier today, you haven't written all those since quitting The Beat have you?

DW: Some of them. What's probably happened is that either one of us will have a tune at any one time and this will be the first time they've been played with more than one person on it, so they start turning into songs. Quite a lot of them are the fruit of the last six months. Some of them seem more exciting... maybe it's because they are new to us, but they sound really impressive. Most of them have got nothing more than an idea for what you might call a song.

Over the last couple of years or so there's been quite an emphasis put on funk and soul music. Has that affected you at all?

DW: I think anything you hear on the radio you're always quite influenced by it. We always quite liked it in The Beat but it was very rare that we were tight enough to play it. You have to be very very tight to play funk that it's imaginative. It calls for very precise finishing and we never quite managed it. But we will! (Laughs)

I spent a bit of time in discos and quite often when they played our records there was so much going on in it, all trying to be so subtle, that you actually heard fuck all of it by the time it got to a big pair of speakers and a dancefloor. You actually missed the punch as well.

It was embarrassing enough when they put one of your records on in a club anyway, especially when you don't like it! That's even worse (laughs). Hopefully with just the three of us and then adding things precisely where it's needed will mean that most of the things on the records will be at full effect. (Pauses) Hopefully that is.

public

SINGLES

BY PAUL DU NOYER

ZZ TOP: Gimme All Your Lovin' (WEA) Some mischievous instinct within me says, Make this your Single Of The Week. And dammit, I think I will—if only to irritate the soul-snobs (a new breed who've completely supplanted their equally unappealing counterparts the early '70s rock-snobs). Certainly this song (embarrassment stops me repeating its awful title) is the thing I enjoy most on all of the page you see before you. I mean, I may not agree with ZZ Top's trousers, but I will defend to the death their right to wear them. This lavishly be-bearded Texan trio have a brand of pure-grunge rock 'n' roll boogie that's as enchanting as it's anachronistic; they unleash some atavistic headbanging urge, even in us effete sophisticates: "You gotta whip it up / And hit me like a ton of lead!" Awright! Love it! I'm suddenly nostalgic for a more youthful time, when politics seemed simple and sex looked problematic... eventually you find it's the other way around.

THE SPECIAL AKA: Racist Friend / Bright Lights (2 Tone) Ah, now then, here's where matters go all complicated. A "double A-side" says the press release, and the 12" sleeve agrees. But no! The record company ring me up and say 'Racist Friend' is the real A-side and would I please review it as such? Trouble is, 'Racist Friend' is by far (several kilometres in fact) the weaker track. Rest assured that this record is *definitely worth buying*, but the reason for that is 'Bright Lights'—an unadulterated gem and translucent proof of Jerry Dammers' songwriting stature.

First, though, to 'Racist Friend': a sombre and moody thing. "If you have a racist friend," (or mother or brother or anything) so the warning goes, "now is the time for your friendship to end." The statement entailed is blunt and powerful, but its slow reggae backdrop is rather routine stuff. Much to my own surprise, I find myself in disagreement with the sentiment expressed, as well. By all means, mobilise your mind and gob against racist acquaintances, but to cut them off entirely can surely do nothing but create two separate camps of people: the one all self-righteous and right on, the other one busily reinforcing its members' own odious delusions. In other words, the answer must lie in communication, *not* excommunication. Am I wrong? 'Bright Lights', by contrast, is—uh—brighter and as snappy a piece of work as you'll hear all year. Lead vocals are taken by Rhoda Dakar, and the lyrics detail big city disillusionment with bitterness and wit. The story's central character moves down to London Town, as millions of us did, for fun and profit: "The streets really must be paved with gold / if everybody goes WHAM! and has fun on the dole..." (I trust you'll spot the reference there.)

NEW ORDER: Confusion (Factory) 'Confusion' is that rare thing, a New Order title which

actually figures in the lyrics of the song to which it's attached. The music itself, however, is more of a piece with all the group's output this year—perhaps too much of a piece. In other words, it's another fragile slip of a song, delicately pinned to an extended electro dance track. The melody walks a thin line between simplicity and banality, the rhythm ditto. And while the finished artefact shapes up respectably well, I think the track would have sat better in among the recent album tracks it so resembles.

A new New Order single should be something more striking than all of this, and more surprising. Goes on a bit, as well: the 12" format finds room for one long version of the song itself, plus three Arthur Bakerised variations on same. This dance-mix fetish is all very '83 and trendy; it's also very easy and a bit bleeding boring. Ironical, too, in that New Order's audience aren't *really* dancers—or, if they are, it's more by ideology than inclination.

PIL: This Is Not A Love Song (Virgin Japanese Import) First off I might stress that Messrs Virgin *will* be releasing this record UK-wise quite soon. So none but the most devout PiLocks need rush to their megastores and slap the requisite arm and a leg upon the counter for the import version. Truth to tell, it's not an utterly *essential* purchase anyway—being not a lot more than a repetitive chant to the effect that this, as the title points out, is not a love song. Personally I'm glad to have it all the same: Lydon's insidious whine has touched a deep and peculiar point in the psyches of all us Class-of-'76 types, and probably always will.

RED GUITARS: Good Technology (Self Drive) Shameful that no one on *NME*'s reviewed this already; it's been about my favourite 45 of the past month. Via one delicious melody and an ominously building beat, Red Guitars itemise the sundry achievements of modern science, from underarm personal hygiene to the hardware of instant Armageddon. In so doing, the song constructs an unforgettable vision of a world that's grown too clever by one-and-a-half at least. The Red Guitars are a five piece who, through no particular fault of their own, hail from Hull, and there they presently languish. This record, and one or two more like it, should go far towards improving their situation.

JOE JACKSON: Cosmopolitan (A&M) The only time I've much enjoyed JJ was in his '40's big band Jumpin' Jive time—musically speaking, the cut of his zoot suit concealed the chips he carries on either shoulder. Nowadays he's back from sweet to sour. 'Cosmopolitan' is the work of a dogged tunesmith, sulking to no great purpose (unless the lyrics are relevant to the film *Mike's Murder*, from which soundtrack this is taken). A laboured song, it carries the manifesto of some conceited character ("I read the right

magazines") of whom we're presumably invited to disapprove. Joe's performance, though, lacks the *extra* which might establish some distance between him and his target.

R.E.M.: Radio Free Europe (IRS) With REM, dear reader, you come to a blind spot in your reviewer's usually encyclopaedic knowledge of musics modern and mouldy. Those initials, for example: "Really Emotional, Man"? I know not. But I do know that this is pretty good: fast and urgent, even exciting, with a soaring chorus that inclines me to seek further enlightenment.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS: Judas Sheep (Virgin) Austro-rockers Hunts 'n' Colls leave me sceptical. Studiously "disturbing", they sound to be in a post-Pop Group, post-Talking Heads school of self-conscious and over-educated posturing—we are not bland! We twitch, manically, and stuff! We're dangerous, honest!

ENDGAMES: Love Games (Virgin)
HOWARD JONES: New Song (WEA)
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Bruises/Punch Drunk And Brando (Situation 2)
SILENT RUNNING: When The 12th Of Never Comes (EMI)
Hey-ho, away we go, bandwagon-riding, bandwagoning-riding (*trad. arr.*). Feed a computer with all the salient details of each British pop hit of the last six months, and the chances are it'll spew something like Endgames' new single back at you. Thank God for the human factor—all smelly and unpredictable as we are—to upset such bloodless calculations. Likewise Howard Jones: he sings all about being individual and anti-herd, but just to be on the safe side he ropes in the producer of Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo. The result is just as individual and anti-herd as you'd expect. Gene, meanwhile, loves Jezebel but I can't find a good word for either of them. Like Irish band Silent Running, they're trudging a rocky

path that U2 have worn into a rut already. I don't say they've deliberately copied Bono and co—but there are times when, like Scott of the Antarctic, you've just got to accept that Amundsen has got there before you, and go off and try something else.

BIG COUNTRY: Chance (Phonogram) Another track from their LP—a song wherein Stuart Adamson imitates Bruce Springsteen with almost HeeBee GeeBee-like accuracy—though its downbeat dolefulness may disappoint fans reared on rousing clan-clarions like 'Fields Of Fire'. Far be it from *me* to berate anyone who can make a stand for proud guitar-based rock and non-funkified backbeat—more power to his Marshall stack, I say—but this song is merely okay-ish. Indeed, Big Country's music puts me unpleasantly in mind of porridge and Presbyterianism, while by habit and baptism I am implacably opposed to both.

SHAKATAK: If You Could See Me Now (Polydor) Strict journalistic ethics mean I *never* review a record without hearing it, and carefully. With Shakatak, it barely seems to matter. Just show me the plastic it's pressed on and I'd say: mellow jazz-funk of zero emotional impact. Upwards of six close listenings persuade me I was right first time.

GENESIS: Mama (Virgin/Charisma) *Au contraire* to popular belief, there is no *NME* party line on anything—never has been and never will be. It just happens that we all sincerely loathe Genesis. The new single, admittedly, is less baroque and sterile than of yore. Beyond that, well, I think I prefer Shakatak.

GARY NUMAN: Warriors (Beggars Banquet)
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: (It's Not Me) Talking (Jive) You may laugh at the sight of Gaz, all dressed up in *Mad Max* swag to promote his 'Warriors' image. But the music, you may depend on it, will wipe the smile straight off your face. Our old friends the Seagulls are finding similar difficulty in bestowing a kiss of life on their commercial cred. This dry electro-didge is no more fun than Numan's. Tedious nonsense, both. With knobs on.

DORMANNU: Powdered Lover (Illuminated) How to describe Dormannu? Well, their press biog takes pains to stress how they're not "Positive Punk"—from which you can safely deduce that they're positive punk. Indeed Dormannu have their roots in Bradford—the very centre of Death Cultdom—so the case is open and shut. Still, I'm fond of this lot: the music is just one more permutation on the theme of adolescent angst, but it's executed with such stomach-thumping thud that anyone who fell for Theatre Of Hate may well find themselves feeling that certain thrill again.

IVOR CUTLER AND LINDA HURST: Women Of The World (Rough Trade)
CONFLICT: To A Nation Of Animal Lovers EP (Crass) How do you like your protest, loud or soft? For all you soft 'uns, wizened Scotch eccentric Ivor Cutler has teamed with opera-trained Ms Hurst to make a fragrant appeal for peace—proceeds go partly to the Greenham wimmin—arguing that "women of the world" should "take over" because the men will only blow the whole place up. At the end, Ivor whispers "but not you-know-who", which I take to be an admission that Mrs Thatcher is not the sort of woman of the world he had in mind.

Conflict's songs, on the other hand, are short on pristine dignity, though long on the bellowing three-chord howl that signifies being Seriously Pissed Off. Their particular beef (or should that be lentils?) is with the killing of animals. As with many Crass-label releases, the real substance comes not with the music but with the sleeve: packed with polemic and graphics and info, it also includes a list of addresses of people who make money from the trade and slaughter of animals... just in case you'd like to send them a Crizzy card or something.

COOK DA' BOOKS: I Wouldn't Want To Knock It (KiteLand) My token north-western seaport inclusion for this week, CDB conclude their trilogy of Liverpool-inspired singles with a song that's dreamy in the style of their European mainland megahits, but sharp-edged with it. Like the song says, I wouldn't want to knock it, but right now I can't think of any major reason to praise it.

THE BEATLES: She Loves You (EMI) Whoops, looks like another home town bunch have snuck into the column. Re-released under EMI's policy of permanent re-cycling, yea, unto the last syllable of recorded time, 'She Loves You' happens to be one of the greatest songs ever released. And still it wouldn't bother me if I never heard it again in my life. Says a lot for the immortality of pop, doesn't it?



Illustration by: Ian Wright

STANDING IN THE LIGHT



THE NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

Produced by **Larry Dunn** and **Verdine White**

AVAILABLE FROM THE FOLLOWING DEALERS ON ALBUM AND CASSETTE AT £4.79 OR LESS FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

LONDON
 SELFLEDGES, W1 HARUM, N10 HARUM, N19 HARUM, N8 SOUNDS TO GO, N7 CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE, NW5
 GEOFFS AUDIO, N22 BAKER ST RECORDS, W1 ARCADE RECORDS, N12 LOPPYLUGS, N3 OLIVER CRUMBLE, NW11
 BLUEBIRD, W2 DISCOUNT RECORDS, W12 BEGGARS BANQUET, W5 SARGEANT PEPPER, E9 SARGEANT PEPPER, E8
 MASTERBLASTER, E4 SOUNDSRIGHT, E17 SOUNDSRIGHT, E15 LEATHER LANE, EC1 FARRINGDON, EC2 FENCHURCH
 EC3 CITY SOUNDS, WC2 TREBLE CLEF, SE20 SHADY DEALS, SW15 PAGE 43, SW9

SUSSEX
 MAX RECORDS, EASTBOURNE LEWES RECORD CENTRE, LEWES RONDO RECORDS, NEWHAVE, DISCUS RECORDS,
 LANCING DISCUS RECORDS, STORINGTON WOODS RECORDS, BOGNOR REGIS ROUNDER RECORDS, BRIGHTON
 ROUNDER RECORDS, BURGESS HILL CLOAKES, CRAWLEY RECORD CENTRE, WORTHING

MIDDLESEX
 RAINBOW RECORDS, VIEWSLEY HARUM RECORDS, ENFIELD EARTHSHAKER, TWICKENHAM MUSIC MACHINE, ENFIELD
 STEPHEN SAGER, EDGWARE LOPPYLUGS, EDGWARE RECORD & DISCO CENTRE, BAYNERS LANE LIGHTNING RECORDS,
 BUSLIP BEAKHURST, HAYES

KENT
 TRADE CENTRE, BECKENHAM SHOWELLS, WEST WICKHAM VOLUNTEERS ORPINGTON VOLUNTEERS, TUNBRIDGE
 WELLS

SURREY
 RECORD SHOP, KINGSTON NSS, CROYDON CHICKABOOM SUTTON PURLEY CAMERA/RECORDS, PURLEY ARCADE
 RECORDS, SUTTON VENUS RECORDS, GUILDFORD VENUS RECORDS, FARNHAM SUBWAY RECORDS, GUILDFORD

BUCKS
 VENUS RECORDS, HIGH WYCOMBE ATLANTIS RECORDS, BEACONSFIELD RECORD HOUSE, AYLESBURY RECORD HOUSE,
 AMERSHAM

OXFORDSHIRE
 HAKEN & BELL, ABINGDON MUSIC MARKET, OXFORD MUSIC MARKET, BICESTER

BERKS
 RECORD CENTRE, SLOUGH G KNIGHT READING MUSIC MARKET, READING NSS WOODLEY READING NSS,
 CAYERSHAM MARK 1 RECORDS, WOKINGHAM OPUS ONE RECORDS, MAIDENHEAD REVOLUTION RECORDS, WINDSOR
 HANTS
 NSS BASINGSTOKE VENUS RECORDS, WINCHESTER SUBWAY RECORDS, FAREHAM DISC MUSIC CENTRE

BOURNEMOUTH
HERTS
 P. L. MOORE, STEVENAGE TRACKS, WARE LIQUORICE PIZZA, BOREHAM WOOD HARUM RECORDS, BARNET STREETLIFE,
 POTTERS BAR RECORD SHOP, HITCHIN TRACKS, HERTFORD TRACKS, HODDESDON

ESSEX
 DISC CITY, LOUGHTON TRAMPS, LOUGHTON HI TENSION, BASILDON HI TENSION, STANFORD LE HOPE HI TENSION
 GRAYS DOWNTOWN, ROMFORD KELLEYS, BRENTWOOD STANTON, BRENTWOOD PARROT, HARLOW PARROT,
 COXCHESTER PARROT, CHELMSFORD CHEW & OSBORNE, SAFFRON WALDEN PARROT, SOUTHEND PARROT, BRAintree
 PARROT, ROMFORD GOLDEN DISC, SOUTHEND ADRIANS, WICKFORD GODFREYS, BASILDON

NORFOLK
 BAYES, KINGS LYNN WHEELERS, KINGS LYNN ANDYS, NORWICH HI TENSION, THETFORD

SUFFOLK
 ANDYS, BURY ST EDMUNDS ANDYS, HAVERHILL ANDYS, IPSWICH PARROT, IPSWICH PARROT, SUDBURY HI TENSION,
 MILDENHALL COLLINS, FELISTOWE

CAMBRIDGE
 ANDYS, CAMBRIDGE ANDYS, PETERBOROUGH PARROT, CAMBRIDGE TRACKS, ROYSTON

NORTHANTS
 DISCOVERY, CORBY DISCOVERY, MARKET HARBOUROUGH

BEDS
 F. L. MOORE, DUNSTABLE

SOUTH WALES & SOUTH WEST
 TRACKS, CWMABRAN SPILLERS, CARDIFF RAINBOW RECORDS, PONTYPRIDD EAGLE RECORDS, BRIDGEND DERRICKS,
 PORT TALBOT HMV, CARDIFF HMV, SWANSEA HMV, GLOUCESTER HMV, BRISTOL HMV, EXETER HMV, PLYMOUTH
 RIVAL, BRISTOL RIVAL, BATH TRADING POST, STROUD DISC N TAPE, BRISTOL VIRGIN, CARDIFF VIRGIN, BRISTOL
 VIRGIN, PLYMOUTH MUSIC MARKET, NEWBURY MUSIC MARKET, BATH MUSIC MARKET, BANBURY MUSIC MARKET,
 GLOUCESTER MUSIC MARKET, WORCESTER MUSIC MARKET, LEAMINGTON MUSIC MARKET, SWINDON RADIO
 RENTALS, BRISTOL RADIO RENTALS, TAUNTON PITTS, EXETER LEFT BANK, EXETER SOUNDZ, PAIGINTON TERRY DART
 BRIKHAM PRECINCT RECORDS, BIDEFORD PR SOUNDS, MELKSHAM PR SOUNDS, DEVIZES MUSIC MAN, CHIPPENHAM
 MUSIC MAN, TROWBRIDGE MUSIC MAN, WARMINSTER HOCKING, ST AUSTELL ARCADIA (NSS), PLYMOUTH

CHANNEL ISLANDS
 No. 19, GUERNSEY LADY JAYNE, JERSEY INNER SLEEVE, JERSEY

NORTH
 AMES, ACCRINGTON AMES, ALTRINCHAM BRADLEYS, BARNLEY AMES, BLACKBURN REIDY'S, BLACKBURN RAYS
 MELODY, BLACKPOOL VIBES, BURY AMES, BURNLEY AMES, CHESTER MALCOLM'S MUSIC, CHORLEY AMES, CREWE
 BRADLEYS, DONCASTER COLEBOURN, DOUGLAS, TOM AMES, ECCLES SOUND TRACK, FLEETWOOD, PRIDE, GRIMSBY
 BRADLEYS, HALIFAX BRADLEYS, HUDDERSFIELD DOWNING, LIVERPOOL BRADLEYS, MANCHESTER SPIN INN
 MANCHESTER AMES, NELSON AMES, PRESTON AMES, RAWTENSALL KAVERN, RHYL BRADLEYS, ROCKDALE
 BRADLEYS (CHAPEL WALK), SHEFFIELD BRADLEYS (FARGATE), SHEFFIELD AMES, ST HELENS AMES, STOCKPORT AMES,
 WARRINGTON JT SMITH, WIGAN

MIDLANDS
 RE CORDS, BURTON ON TRENT HUDSONS, CHESTERFIELD RANDLES, COALVILLE RE CORDS, DERBY RICHARDS, DERBY
 SIREN, DERBY WAY AHEAD, DERBY PRIDE, LINCOLN CASTLE RECORDS, LOUGHBOROUGH REVOLVER, MANSFIELD
 PRIDE, NEWARK ARCADE, NOTTINGHAM PENDULUM, NOTTINGHAM REVOLVER, NOTTINGHAM SELECTADISC
 (BRIDLESMEITH GATE), NOTTS SELECTADISC (MARKET ST), NOTTINGHAM REVOLVER, SUTTON IN ASHFIELD BLONDE ON
 BLONDE, WORKSOP HMV, BIRMINGHAM VIRGIN, BIRMINGHAM HMV, COVENTRY GOULDS, WOLVERHAMPTON
 DISCOVERY, SOLIHULL DISCOVERY, LEAMINGTON SPA SHOOTING STAR, NUNEATON SHOOTING STAR, HINCKLEY
 SOUND CENTRE, HINCKLEY FAT CITY, RUGBY REVOLVER, KETTERING REVOLVER, WELLINGBOROUGH REVOLVER,
 NORTHAMPTON REVOLVER, LEICESTER ST MARTINS, LEICESTER AINLEY, LEICESTER A.G. KELE, WIGSTON

SCOTLAND
 STEREO ONE, PAISLEY LOST CHORD, GLASGOW A ONE, GLASGOW TOP CHART, GLASGOW EAR ERE, LANCASTER
 DISCO MUSICCENTRE, MOWECAMBE SMYTH'S RECORDS, BOWNESS ON WINDERMERE OTHER RECORD SHOP,
 EDINBURGH OTHER RECORD SHOP, INVERNESS OTHER RECORD SHOP, STirling OTHER RECORD SHOP, ABERDEEN
 RECORD EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH THISTLE TV, ABERDEEN ROUNDSOUNDS, WISHAW ROCK BOX, ELGIN G1
 RECORDS, EDINBURGH ORBIT RECORDS, FALKIRK SLEEVES, FALKIRK SLEEVES, KIRKCALDY E DONALDSON,
 GLENROTHES B.G. FORBES, DUNDEE TASTE, PENICUIK ALLANS (LEVEN ST), EDINBURGH

TYNE & WEAR
 WINDOWS, NEWCASTLE CALLERS, NEWCASTLE MUSIC BOX, BLITH MUSIC BOX, BEDLINGTON

YORKSHIRE
 TURNERS AUDIO, BRIDLINGTON DEANS, SCARBOROUGH

HIGH NOON
FROM **TWO SISTERS**

12" NEW YORK CLUB SMASH
NOW AVAILABLE IN THE UK!
PFSX 1021



I.R.S.

STUDENTS

SEE OUR EDUCATIONAL FEATURE ON PAGES 48 & 49


HE'S OUT THERE...



ROY SCHEIDER
IN
BLUE THUNDER 15

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents
A RASTAR-GORDON CARROLL Production A JOHN BADHAM Film
ROY SCHEIDER "BLUE THUNDER"
WARREN OATES · CANDY CLARK · DANIEL STERN
and MALCOLM McDOWELL
Music by ARTHUR B. RUBINSTEIN Edited by FRANK MORRIS
Director of Photography JOHN A. ALONZO, A.S.C.
Executive Producers PHIL FELDMAN and ANDREW FOGELSON Written by DAN O'BANNON & DON JAKOBY
Produced by GORDON CARROLL Directed by JOHN BADHAM
FROM RASTAR Original Soundtrack Album Available on MCA Records and Tapes
PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR® Prints by DELUXE®
Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors

STARTS THURSDAY AUGUST 25
CLASSIC HAYMARKET IN 70 MM WARNER WEST END
CLASSIC OXFORD ST · CLASSIC CHELSEA · ODEON KENSINGTON
PLUS ODEON SWISS COTTAGE · ODEON WESTBOURNE GROVE
LOCAL CINEMAS IN LONDON & TV SOUTH AREAS



CRACKER OR PLUM DUFF?

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence

DIRECTOR: Nagisa Oshima
STARRING: David Bowie, Ryuichi Sakamoto, Tom Conti, Takeshi (Palace)

NAGISA OSHIMA's third international film is a collection of striking faces, oblique decisions, peaceful interludes: an album of gestures and reminiscences that cloaks a personal and guilty fascination with ritual in the manners of a commercial cinema. It works on that count, if only periodically. But the machinery of this meditation is in disrepair: something is wrong with *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, and with a kind of inscrutable irony that befits the enterprise its element of success springs from an aspect of the film that is incidental to the director's purposes. The drift of the story is taken from Laurens Van Der Post's *The Sower And The Seed*, although Oshima has abridged the details of the narrative to isolate the kernel of the idea — the discovery of a spiritual doppelganger in human form and the maintenance of that flame, even through the

rigours of an intense moral and religious code. David Bowie plays Major Jack Celliers, the crack New Zealander (transposed from SA) captured by the Japanese and imprisoned in wartime Java; Ryuichi Sakamoto is Captain Yonoi, the camp commander who glimpses his number in the mirror of Celliers' face. If the motives of the picture are buried in that inexplicit relationship all of its other actions and reactions are spun out between the other principals. There is Tom Conti's amiable Lt-Col Lawrence, an Englishman with a troubled working knowledge of the Japanese and their language; the old school British leader Hicksley-Ellis (Jack Thompson), puffy with imperial contempt and impervious honour; and Sergeant Hara, whose odd flashes of humour in dealing with the prisoners scarcely disguises a plain loyalty to the cruel religion of his duty. Takeshi, the Japanese comedian, realises this strangely fashioned man with something like devotion. The monster of Van Der Post's book is made into a double-sided creature, and the peculiar affection Lawrence feels for him is made believable. Takeshi's face is as menacing or


Blue Thunder

DIRECTOR: John Badham
STARRING: Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Candy Clark, Daniel Stern (Columbia)

THERE'S SOMETHING irresistible about helicopters. They look more like overgrown buzzbox toys than weapons of surveillance and destruction, which lends a kids fantasy touch to any thriller built around chopper cut and thrust. *Blue Thunder* channels that boyish exhilaration through some disquieting ideas about search-and-straft control tactics, and John Badham comes up with the smartest action picture of the year. Like the director's *WarGame* it operates just this side of truth to grant a cutting edge to a fantastic storyline. As a teletype blips out the opening message that all hardware to be seen is now in use in the United States, veteran SWAT pilot Frank Murphy (Roy Scheider) takes rookie officer Lymangood (Daniel Stern) for a tour of nighttime duty over the suburbs of Los Angeles. And one political assassination and some surreptitious snooping later Murphy is grounded until the chance comes up to fly a prototype helicopter of terrifying assault capabilities. Of course, they call it... *Blue Thunder*. Exactly how Murphy becomes enmeshed in a federal conspiracy to bring ghetto areas under brutal control and how he eventually has to fight off copious threats from skyward opposition in the stolen *Blue Thunder* (including missile-carrying F-16s) I leave to your viewing. I'll say merely that Badham has judged this shrill and incredible story absolutely right. He dwells on the 'copter's technical accomplishments — infra-red cameras, ultra-sensitive mikes and



"Very nice, old chap, but the cummerbund goes outside the shirt." Tom Conti offers Takeshi some sartorial advice.



Regular Express Coaches to over 50 European Destinations

Paris £16	Costa Brava £43
Lyon £24	Costa Del Sol £64
Nice £48	Florence £44
Geneva £28	Rome £45
Lisbon £53	Athens £75

Fares shown are student single. Adult fares on request. COMFORT & ECONOMY ACROSS EUROPE

REMEMBER
It's always cheaper to Book RETURN

EUROWAYS

To Book call at Euroways/Wallace Arnold Budget Travel Shop, 73 Russell Sq., WC1. Tel 01-837 6543. Also at 8 Park Lane, Croydon. Or your Local Travel Agent

FREE CAREER BOOKLET

Train for success, for a better job, better pay

Enjoy all the advantages of an ICS Diploma Course, training you ready for a new, higher paid, more exciting career.

Learn in your own home, in your own time, at your own pace, through ICS home study, used by over 8 million already! Look at the wide range of opportunities awaiting you. Whatever your interest or skill, there's an ICS Diploma Course there for you to use.

Send for your FREE CAREER BOOKLET today—no cost or obligation at all.

GCE Your vital passport to career success <input type="checkbox"/>	ELECTRONICS ENGINEERING <input type="checkbox"/>	GUITAR <input type="checkbox"/>
COMPUTER PROGRAMMING <input type="checkbox"/>	CAR MECHANICS <input type="checkbox"/>	COMMERCIAL ART <input type="checkbox"/>
BOOK-KEEPING <input type="checkbox"/>	MOTORCYCLE REPAIR <input type="checkbox"/>	CREATIVE WRITING <input type="checkbox"/>
BASIC ELECTRONICS <input type="checkbox"/>	RADIO, AUDIO & TV SERVICING <input type="checkbox"/>	PHOTOGRAPHY <input type="checkbox"/>

Name _____
Address _____
P. Code _____

ICS ICS Dept K171 160 Stewarts Road London SW8 4UJ
Division of National Education Corporation

01 622 9911 (all hours)

CACC



Here comes the chopper to chop off your (chicken) head.

THUNDER ENLIGHTENING!

computerised firepower of awesome potential — to the point where it almost bogs down in detail; and then takes off the gloves and piles into the daredevilry. As helicopters flip crazily between skyscrapers and dart under bridge struts like enraged gnats you find yourself clutching after imaginary seatbelts.

Extraordinary as the stunts

are — enhanced by quicksilver reflexes at the editing machine — the script (co-written by Carpenter associate Dan O'Bannon) manages to squeeze in the sort of stereotypes that a fine cast can attack with relish. Warren Oates is splendidly ornery as Murphy's boss, Stern gets to use his doughboy features in another impeccable greenhorn

pastiche and Malcolm McDowell contributes a beautifully unpleasant cameo as the prime hood and nemesis to Murphy in the air.

Scheider lets that crumpled-leather face swing between professional terseness and appalled confidence at what he can do in this ruthless machine. If the tone is dangerously exciting, the

treatment is basically apolitical. The director concludes with a moral of sorts but lets you draw your own response from a satisfyingly open-ended thriller.

It's here, it's now... so what do you say? Go see a terrific picture and give yourself the chance to choose. Catch you later.

Richard Cook

joyful as a Hallowe'en pumpkin. Just as he appears conventionally humane the savage bark of his voice pulls him back.

This tug between orders and feelings, which reverberates through levels of social conduct, military duty and family loyalty, is the argument meant to sustain the film. Yonoi, one of the 'shining young officers' disgraced by the rebellion of 1936 and left to this routine posting, watches Celliers from a distance (they hardly ever meet), notes his indomitable strength after beatings that would destroy a weaker man, recognises a defiance and mistrust of ancient stigmata; while he himself engages in a private debate with his warrior legacies.

Lawrence is an unwitting go-between for this dialogue. He is made to watch an attempted harikiri by a guard caught raping a Dutch prisoner and then attend a funeral service which he wrecks in anguish, as if kicking against historical and religious taboos he half comprehends. It's at that moment that we grasp the role Oshima has set aside for us: the

Westerner led into a situation he is permitted to know only so much of.

But the director has gone awry in balancing his film. He hints at a mysticism that the production gloss of a prestige film hardly accommodates. The eventual execution of the guard is recorded with a (habitual) lucid formality, yet an overtone of communion between the Dutchman and his assailant seems a crudely inserted precursor of the film's climax. The memory which Celliers relates to Lawrence, telling of the betrayal of his deformed brother in a school ritual, is the heart of the book; in the film it's reduced to a golden flashback that sits awkwardly in the crook of the story.

And the Western performers cannot strike the right note in Oshima's design. Bowie looks so concerned to underplay a role ripe for the grand flourish that he's finally stranded between stools, half staunchless young blade, half embittered figure of destiny: too actorly, and too easily competent.

Tom Conti makes a

sympathetic Lawrence, and his scenes with Hara have a chemistry beyond professionalism about them; but his heavenward glances over every atrocity grow stilted, and when partnered with the makeshift jingoism of Hicksley-Ellis the British contingent starts to look lame.

Disappointing, perhaps, because Oshima is so good with actors — his masterpiece, *Diary Of A Shinjuku Thief*, operates mostly through brilliant performances — and from Takeshi and Sakamoto he draws riveting work. Takeshi's screen presence is so magnetic as to overpower the screen. Perhaps he is almost too likable, with that head like a Melies moon always capturing the frame's attention. Sakamoto, though, establishes precisely the turmoil of emotions in a terribly strict man: from the stencilled, breathtakingly handsome features through the viperous rasp of his English he seems like a man permanently clenched, shackled to contradictions he is reluctant to

face.

The conflict between this responsiveness and the other, stylised playing damages the movie instead of tightening it. That and a certain uncaring dryness in Oshima's shooting, which only muddles the reflections on brutality and homosexuality instead of illuminating them.

Nevertheless, the film exerts a fascination and a life which two viewings made me realise was constant; and it is down to the director's faith in our intelligence. This is that rarity, a mainstream film which assumes our wisdom in participation. We are carefully guided, not shoved along by a circus of effects and commonplace thrills. Elements are concealed because our powers of interpretation are not insulted.

Something to be grateful for. What Oshima has attempted is, after all, unattainable: to recreate the movement of gods in men. "An ancient light, refuelled, quickened and brightly burning..."

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

Featuring the return of IAN PENMAN!

THURSDAY AUGUST 25

Car 54 Bewitched and Soap (C4) for American set-piece family comedy: actors whose names maybe never turn(ed) into star signs, but whose ensemble playing is always exemplary. In terms of secrets, skeletons and weird sex is there really a world of difference between Munsters, Addams, Bates and Campbells? Tom & Jerry (BBC 1) — in *Purrrchance To Dream* — for American cat and meeces supertime surrealism. Tom Bell simmers in *Out* (C4) — is Frank Ross mad or criminally moral? Whatever, the series has a Brit Mean Streets tension our drip-dry Film Industry could sure use. What *The Papers Say* (C4): all too brief (too often flip and incestuous) armchair self-deconstruct — what the writers say the papers should have written: clashes with 1984 (BBC1) — CBS News Correspondent Walter Cronkite saying what he sees 'our' Orwell foresaw for us (numerologists note: it adds up to 22). More newspeak or notspak: *Lou Grant* (Thames) — just like Ed — gets blacklisted. The USA may have more shame to write about, but they've also got a higher quota of papers doing it less than shamefully — would that we could say the same.

FRIDAY AUGUST 26

The Monkees (BBC 1 9.00 am) are at the movies: human cartoons. *Switch* (C4) The The The Special AKA, The Stray Cats. My supper shall be *False Hare* — Bugs Bunny (Bugs Bunny Corp 1) followed by more human cartoons: *The Spy In The Green Hat* (Joseph Sargent 1966); as a boy with full U.N.C.L.E. kit I saw David McCallum in the mirror, but Robert Vaughn is a hero in any role these days. If you think my Monkees (and) Uncle are in dubious taste, catch *Young Doctors* (ITV) — a purgative experience. W.R.K.P. (C4) is touching USA comedy, but no replacement for *Cheers*: boy, we miss Coach and Norm around here. Never mind, new *Taxi* season soon.

I Married A Witch (Rene Clair 1942). Veronica Lake a pre-Bewitched Samantha, Frederick March is her suitor, Robert Benchley is verbally hirsute. Was it "Women's Lib", we ask? Between burning heretics and burning bras (ha ha) our Witch went from evil Hag to soft-centred comedienne. (C4).

The Cheaters. Boris Karloff Presents 18th Century alchemy, looking glass violence and the horror of Truth. Let's hear it for the stoned philosopher. Versus part two of Tobe's TV Salem's

Lot (BBC1). *Republic of Sin* (Luis Bunuel 1959) Slice two of the season: South American political nightmares (BBC2).

SATURDAY AUGUST 27

Cram and Overt stew in Brussels (*Grandstand*, BBC1). Dickie Davies sports blinding new colour 'hair' on the other side of Saturday afternoon. *Match of The Day* (BBC1) returns to put any remaining 'soccer fans' off the game with Jimmy 'Call me Kissing' Hill, and the rodent-like Barry Davies. Punters assure me of the Beeb's superior coverage, but I always preferred ITV's commentators. I'd much rather tune into Brian Moore, Ian St John and Jimmy Greaves. When *Comedy Was King* (Robert Youngson 1959) compiles everyone bar Rupert Pupkin. Repeat of the Day? *Blake's Seven* — the last (ever?) episode — beats *Catweazle* (ITV) on points. Man of the Match? *The Rockford Files* (BBC1) — in off the post-last orders line.

Rock Around The Clock (BBC2). Fifteen continuous hours of anything on TV — come to think of it, 15 continuous hours of anything, awake — is an unbearable thought. Fifteen continuous hours of BBC2's soporific-liberal Popular Music programming... forget it. At least C4 have rough edges (if not always diamonds) in their 'coverage' — they are getting close to not treating Rock Pop as some kind of microcosmological bargain basement. But this — "David Hepworth, Mark Ellen, Anne Nightingale, Steve Blacknell and friends" (that "friends" is ominous) — would you choose to rock around the clock with those people? Some measure, some MADNESS, please, BBC. Forty-five minutes of Hendrix; a Marley documentary — if he wasn't being over-canonized at the moment; after this... after all, what binds such delicacies together with Roman Holiday or Spandau Ballet? Only a sociologist's dream. Basically this 'Rockathon' is just a rag bag of what's available: a bit of worthy (is Randy Newman a visually dynamic figure?) a bit of repeat, a bit of nostalgia, a bit of Live = What's Happening. No risk, no register.

SUNDAY AUGUST 28

Breadline Britain (ITV) and *The Bottom Line* (C4) survey this scuppered isle: have a nice Sunday! Edge of the seat for the conclusion of *The Fugitive*: will David Janssen get to smile? Buy a new anorak? (ITV Thames). *Gaslight* (Thorold Dickinson 1939) Marital melodrama with Anton

continues page 51



Bud 'n' Lou meet the Invisible Man (Sunday, C4)

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
PRESENTS

KOYAAANISOQATSI

Ko-Yaa-Nis-Katsi (From The Hopi Language)

Life Out Of Balance

"AN UNQUALIFIED MASTERPIECE" The Guardian

IRE

A Film By GODFREY REGGIO. Music By PHILIP GLASS. Director Of Photography RON FRICKE. Soundtrack Album Available On Island Records And Tapes.

DOLBY STEREO



Lumiere Cinema 836 0691

ST MARTINS LANE, COVENT GARDEN NEAREST TUBE LEICESTER SQUARE ADVANCE BOOKING ACCESS/VISA

3 WEEK EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT SEPTEMBER 1ST-
SEPTEMBER 21ST PROG. TIMES 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00
LATE NIGHT SHOW FRIDAY & SATURDAY 11.00 PM

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Friday 26th
TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES 1.25, 5.50, 9.15
→ NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE 3.55, 7.20
Saturday 27th
THE EVIL DEAD 2.50, 5.55, 9.00
→ EQUINOX 1.20, 4.25, 7.30
Sunday 28th
ALL NIGHT BEACH PARTY MOVIES
don't forget your sun tan lotion!!!
starts 11.30pm
Sunday 29th
Jeanne Moreau Double
THE LIFT TO THE SCAFFOLD
1.00, 4.20, 7.40
→ DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID
2.40, 6.00, 9.20
Monday 29th
SALO 12.50, 5.00, 9.10
→ SALON KITTY
2.50, 7.00



Wednesday 31st
Rare Tullay Triple
THEY SAVED HITLERS BRAIN 1.00, 5.15, 9.30
→ MARS NEEDS WOMEN 2.25, 6.45
→ CREEPING TERROR 3.55, 8.10
Thursday 1st
THUNDERCRACK 2.15, 6.45
→ Carl McDowell's GAY SHORTS
4.45, 9.15

SOMEDAY THESE MEN WILL LEAD THE COUNTRY
UNLESS SOMEONE HAS THE COURAGE
TO STOP THEM.



THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE 15

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A HERB JAFFE/GABRIEL KATZKA PRODUCTION
A FRANC RODDAM FILM - THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE
DAVID KEITH - ROBERT PROSKY - G.D. SPRADLIN - MUSIC BY HOWARD BLAKE
BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY PAT CONROY - SCREENPLAY BY THOMAS POPE AND LLOYD FONVELLE
PRODUCED BY HERB JAFFE AND GABRIEL KATZKA - DIRECTED BY FRANC RODDAM
CIP READ THE CORTI PAPERBACK

NOW PLAZA

Off Piccadilly Circus

11.00 3.30 6.00
8.30 Late show
Fri & Sat 11.15pm

MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE 18

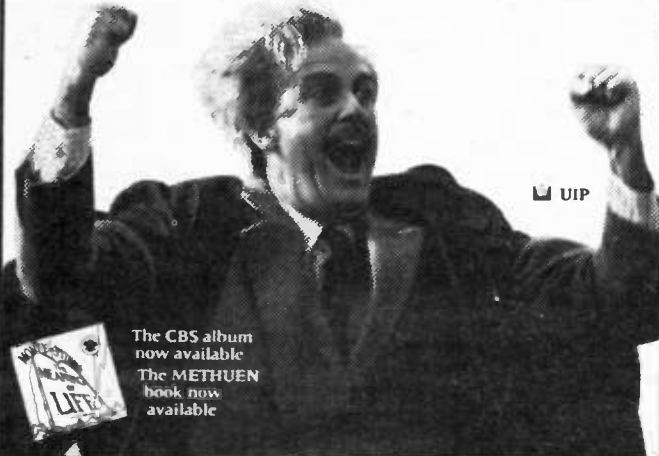
...here's something right over the top...brilliant.

...shockingly funny. NEWS OF THE WORLD

...this hilarious film... OBSERVER

...the team has developed into a formidable force in the contemporary British cinema.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH



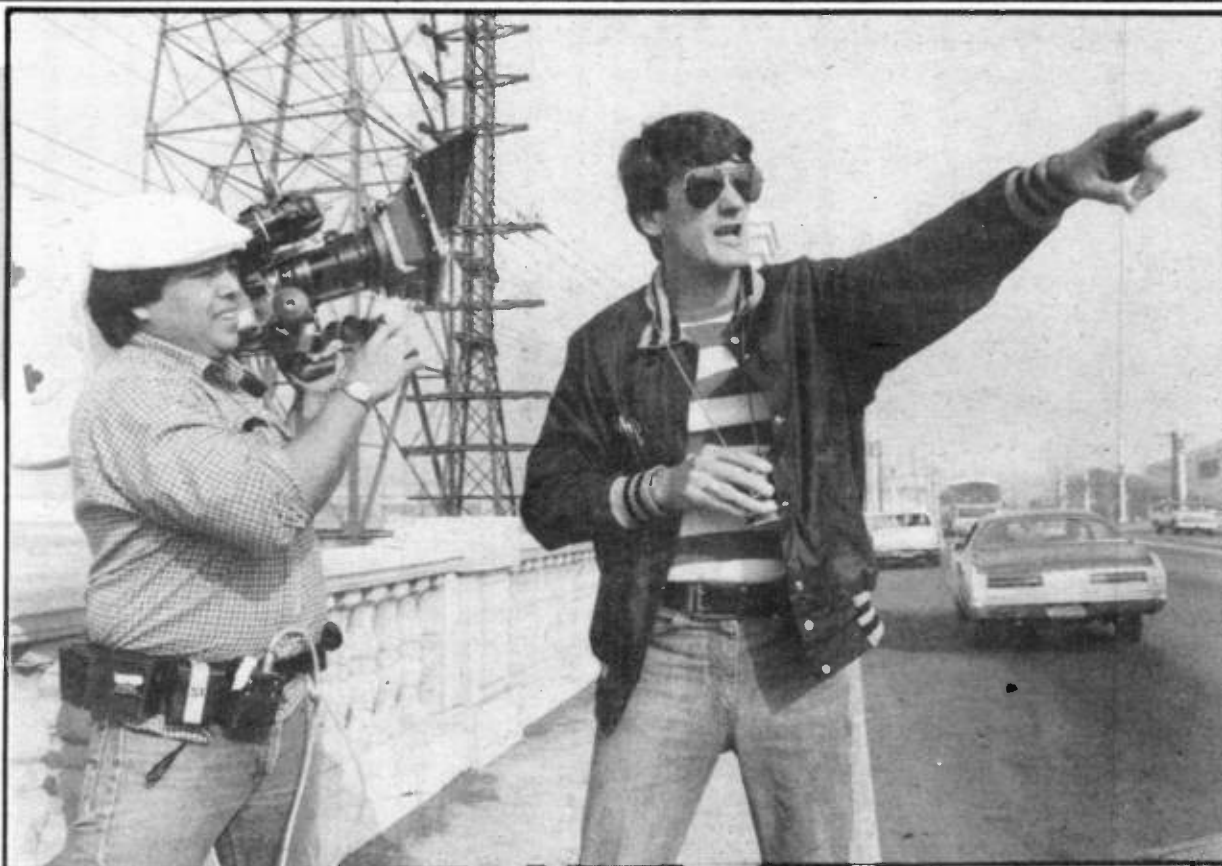
The CBS album
now available
The METHUEN
book now
available

NOW PLAZA

ABC SHAFTESBURY AV

ABC FULHAM RD
EDGWARE RD

AND ALLOVER LONDON



With two hit movies opening in as many weeks, JOHN BADHAM (arm aloft, left) is one of Hollywood's hottest properties. ANDY GILL meets the man they're calling the next Spielberg.

"I personally love gadgets, I think they're great. They're more fun, y'know? Tell me a new video machine has some new things in it, or that a new tape recorder is smaller, and I'm looking at it and wanting to play with it. But I spend so much time taking them all to the store to be repaired!"

In *WarGames*, most of the plot unfolds on TV screens and other visual display units. How did he manage to extract action from something which takes place on screens?

"That's very tricky. You have to keep asking yourself, 'What's going on in the story? Does the audience understand what's going on?', because if they don't, you're totally lost. There's all kinds of information on those screens, but part of my job is to point up the key bits of information."

"There are 12 motion picture screens in the set, and 70 or 80 video screens, each one with its own separate pieces of information—a huge quantity of information going on, because we wanted it to look very real. But you only have so much tolerance for absorbing information, you can only catch so much in a fast-paced film, so it's important to be clear about what you're doing. Also, you're making it for an audience who don't necessarily understand that much about computers, so you have to give them a few hand-holds along the way, touchstones and things to help them know where they are and what's going on."

"Which is why Matthew Broderick (the teen hero of the movie), as he types things into his computer, is verbally repeating them. Nobody minds it, because they're absorbing the information. Reading it would be a bore. If we wanted people to read it, we'd put it out in the form of a book."

Badham was actually the second director on the *WarGames* project, the first, Martin Brest, being fired by MGM/UA for several reasons: "When the studio started to see footage, they were getting a much darker film than they wanted, the attitudes of the characters were much more depressed and blacker, there wasn't much humour in it." Besides which, it was going fearfully over budget.

"They called me up, said 'read the script, see the film, see what you think'. Once I read the script, I said 'This is great, this is a lot of fun!'. When I saw the film, I said 'Whoops! This isn't a lot of fun!'"

Badham went back to the early drafts of the script, which were much funnier, added a lot of humour himself, rewrote it in four or five days in collaboration with the original writers, and was on set directing within ten days of first hearing about it.

It's this ability to work quickly under pressure, in partnership with others, that makes Badham such a valuable director in these big-budget days. The notion

CONTINUES PAGE 53

AN otherwise deserted street somewhere in downtown LA, a film crew is busily preparing for a shot.

Cameras and mikes are in place, stunt drivers are primed for action, and gigantic cranes suspend six huge hoppers over the street. A man wearing an outside fake chicken head holds a big white flag in readiness. A cameraman consults his lightmeter and makes worried noises. It's winter in LA, and though there's no snow, good light is pretty hard to come by. If they don't get this shot soon, they'll have to call it off.

Finally, they're ready. Spools silently start turning, and a squad of cop cars roars down the street, each sliding neatly into its appointed place. The man with the chicken head waves his flag, and... what should have been a torrent of roast chickens is reduced to a fine drizzle of poultry. There's 3000 of the farm-fresh, force-fed, fingerlickin' little beasts in those hoppers overhead, and only one of the damn things has spilled its load on cue.

When the groans subside, they decide to lower the hoppers, check their mechanisms and replace the fallen chickens. But before the hoppers reach the ground, something goes right at just the wrong moment, and the remaining five unleash a shower of fat and fowl. It's a tough business, making movies.

The completed scene is one of the most surreal and funny to come out of Hollywood in some time, a brief tension-relieving moment of laughter in the final nail-biting chase sequence of *Blue Thunder*, an everyday story of an impregnable helicopter and corruption in high places.

The man with the chicken head is its director, John Badham.

Thus far, Badham's best known for *Saturday Night Fever*, though that state of affairs is liable to have changed by the end of the year. In the past two weeks, two Badham films have been released—*Blue Thunder* and *WarGames*—and I wouldn't

make any bets against them both being monster hits. For the time being, at least, no one has their finger as firmly on the pulse of film as he.

Most of the action—and I do mean action—in *Blue Thunder* takes place in the sky over Los Angeles, with Roy Scheider (good goodie) and Malcolm McDowell (great baddie) shooting it out in a full-blown chopper dogfight, taking out sizeable chunks of the city along the way. Wishful thinking, some would say. Filming over the metropolis, of course, presented extra problems for the director, besides the basic task of getting good aerial footage.

"When you get under 500 feet," explains Badham, "you have to clear out all pedestrians, motorists, everything—you can't go below that unless you're in a safe area like a landing field. So we had to make downtown Los Angeles like a landing field, and you can only do that on a Sunday, when everyone's home in bed, or in church, or out in the country. It was very expensive, because the crew was on double time, and to add insult to injury, as it was November or December, it didn't get light till late and got dark very early, so we had a very short amount of time to do a lot of work each Sunday."

"It'd be terrible to make a movie where you injured or killed someone, as happened last year on *The Twilight Zone*. We were working before that, but we knew we were doing very dangerous things, and had to discuss with the City, the Police and with our own pilots about how we could do it safely. Everybody had to agree on the procedures to be taken, mostly a great deal of care and a great deal of constant communication like 'I'm flying the helicopter around the building; I'm now going to turn it right...'—everybody knew what was going on."

"And you've got to have the best pilots in the world, otherwise all the discussing in the world won't get you anything."

Even so, things aren't always as smooth as synchronism.

"We were 40 or 50 storeys above the ground, filming the scene where McDowell's helicopter sneaks up on Scheider's and is about to ambush him. As we're lining up the shot, the engine

explodes, and Carl the pilot says 'Whoops! I'm going down!', in the calmest fashion.

"One of the things any helicopter pilot has to learn to do is auto-rotate, which means that even though the engine is shut off, there's still some lift in the rotor blades. Not much—it's not like a feather dropping to the ground, more like a rock—but the drop is cut a little bit by this. And because we had the parking lots below clear, and police blocking off pedestrians and traffic, we were safe, and he was able to set it down in the parking lot without incident. *Thank God!*"

This can't have been too reassuring for poor Malcolm McDowell, who's so terrified of flying he had a clause in his contract stating he didn't have to go in the air. No one, however, thought to tell Badham about this, and when the time came to do a simple take-off shot—chopper touches down, McDowell runs over, jumps in, chopper lifts off—McDowell couldn't pluck up enough courage to tell Badham whilst Roy Scheider was present.

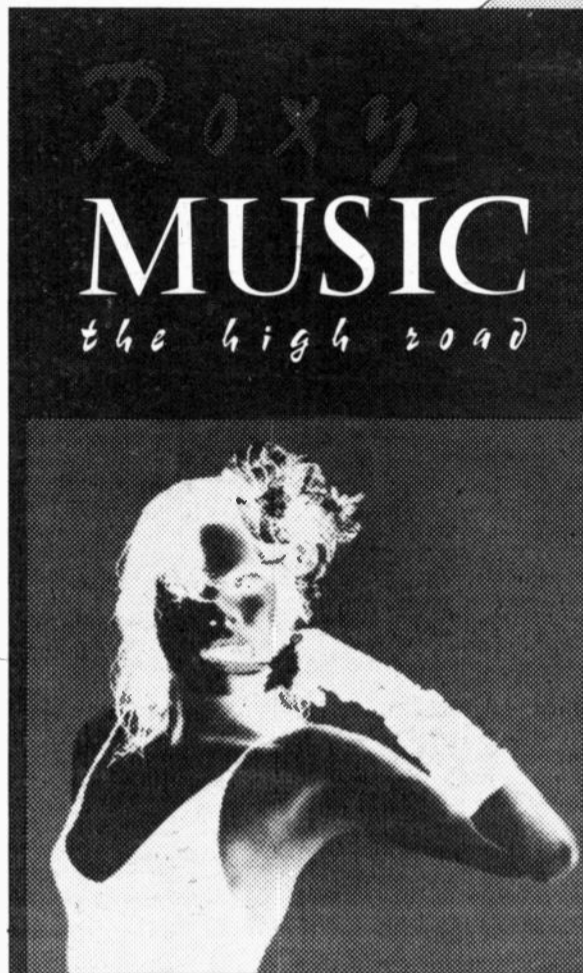
He did the shot, and as soon as the chopper touched down again, he jumped out, ran into a corner and threw up. What with this and the several sets of aerial close-up shots he had to do, it's hardly surprising McDowell looks prematurely aged and ashen in the film. It's a tough business, making movies.

BADHAM HIMSELF was airborne "several hundred times", there being no effective substitute for the first-hand view. He did try out a remote video playback system, but it kept breaking down. There's a certain irony in this, both of his current movies using new technology as a central theme. For Badham, this is only to be expected.

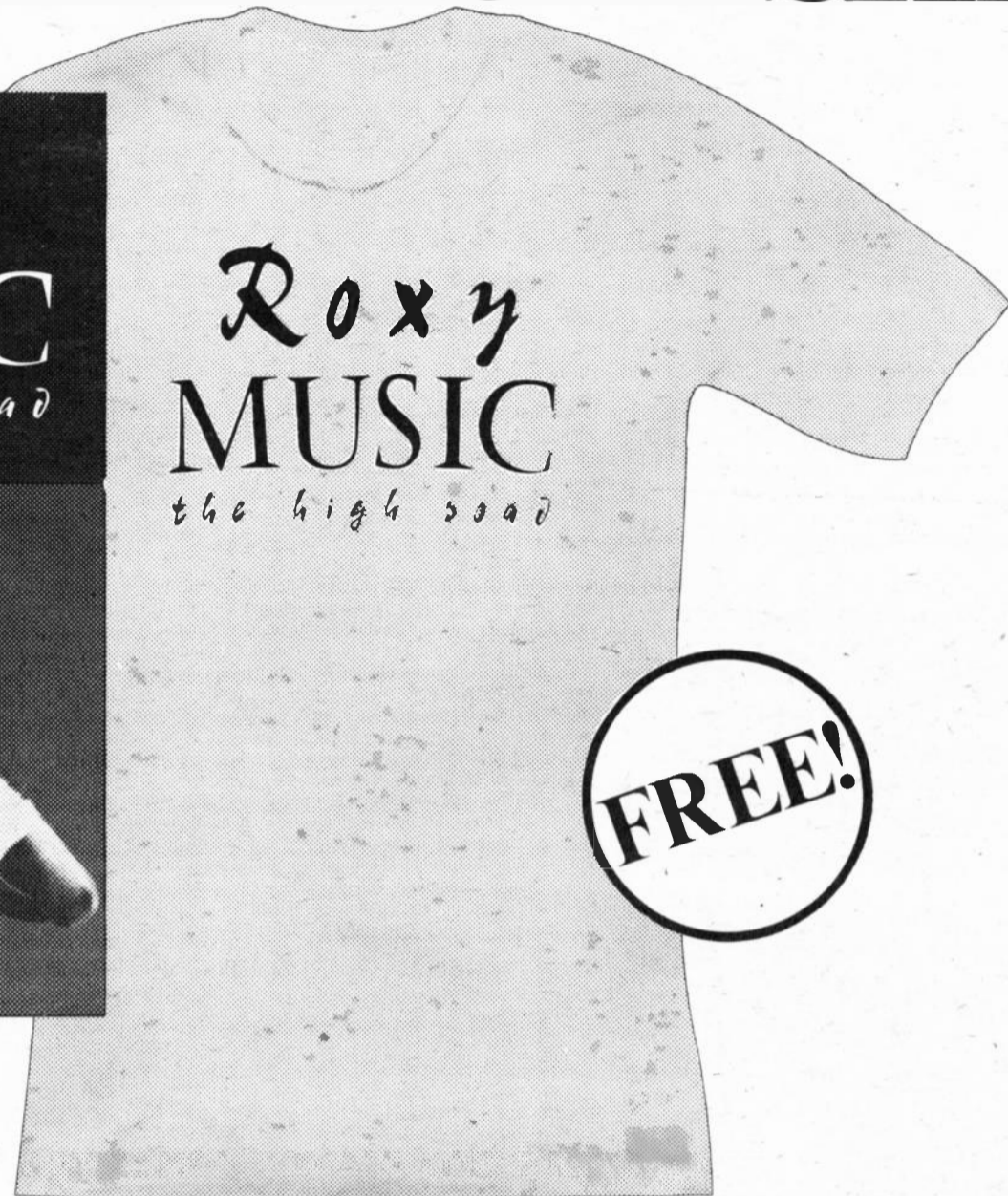
"Part of the theme of both of these pictures is that all this technology is all well and good, but you have to know you're still responsible for how things go, that the technology will break down, and if you've put all your trust in it, you're in deep water. You have to depend on yourself more than on technology. We used to want to put all our faith in religion, or in our psychiatrist, or in technology—various things that are going to take our problems off our shoulders. And of course they never do."

HOLLYWOOD CHICKENHEAD!

You provide the T.V., we provide the T-shirt

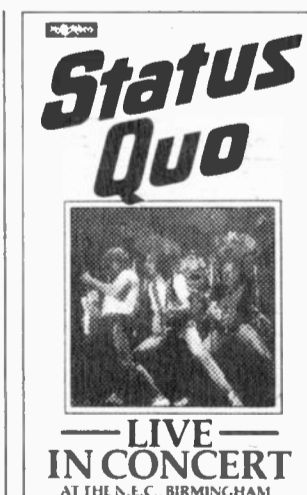


Roxy Music - 'The High Road'
comes with
free T-shirt. **£22.95**
Limited stocks only.

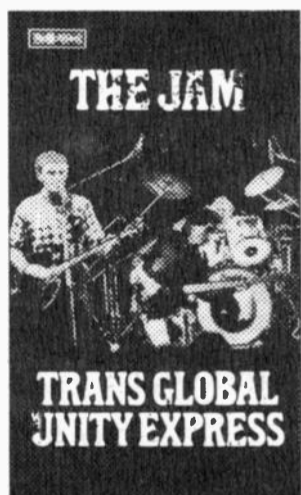


Buy any of the pre-recorded videos shown here, and you'll get a free matching T-shirt. For example, buy the Roxy Music video 'The High Road' for only £22.95 and get a stylish Roxy Music T-shirt free. So while you're looking at your TV, you'll be looking your best.

The rest of our video range is worth more than a second glance too. So why not cotton on to a great offer while it lasts?



Status Quo
Live in Concert
Free
T-shirt **£22.95**



Jam
Trans Global Unity
Express
Free
T-shirt **£19.95**



Rainbow
Live between the Eyes
Free
T-shirt **£22.95**



Rush
Exit Stage Left
Free
T-shirt **£22.95**



Siouxsie and the
Banshees
Once Upon a Time
Free
T-shirt **£19.95**

WHSMITH



Offers while stocks last. Prices correct at time of going to press. Limited stocks only. Where you see this sign



THE PHOTOS Right: Head cook at the Kitchen, KEVIN ARMSTRONG. Below: TAFFY of HURRAH! Main pic: PAUL & MARTIN of THE KANE GANG. Far right: MARTIN, MARTIN & CHRIS of THE DAINTIES. Over the page: MARTIN, PADDY & WENDY of PREFAB SPROUT.

ON THE TOP floor of a high-rise council block with a stunning panoramic view of Newcastle's dockland skyline, a young man sits with his nose buried in a book. On an adjacent stereo system, the Donny Hathaway version of Bob And Marcia's anthemic '69 reggae hit 'Young, Gifted And Black' is spinning softly.

The young man is Keith Armstrong, head chef at the city's ambitious, aggressive independent record label Kitchenware.

He is reading about the life of Martin Luther King and reflecting to himself how the pride and self-respect that King helped instil in a generation of black Americans during the late '60s was in sharp contrast with the mood of hopeless resignation that exists in Britain now.

King's creed was hardly ever intended for a fiercely idealistic upstart bent on chanting down the plastic walls of shallow pop that pass as modern music, but Armstrong nonetheless takes inspiration from his example.

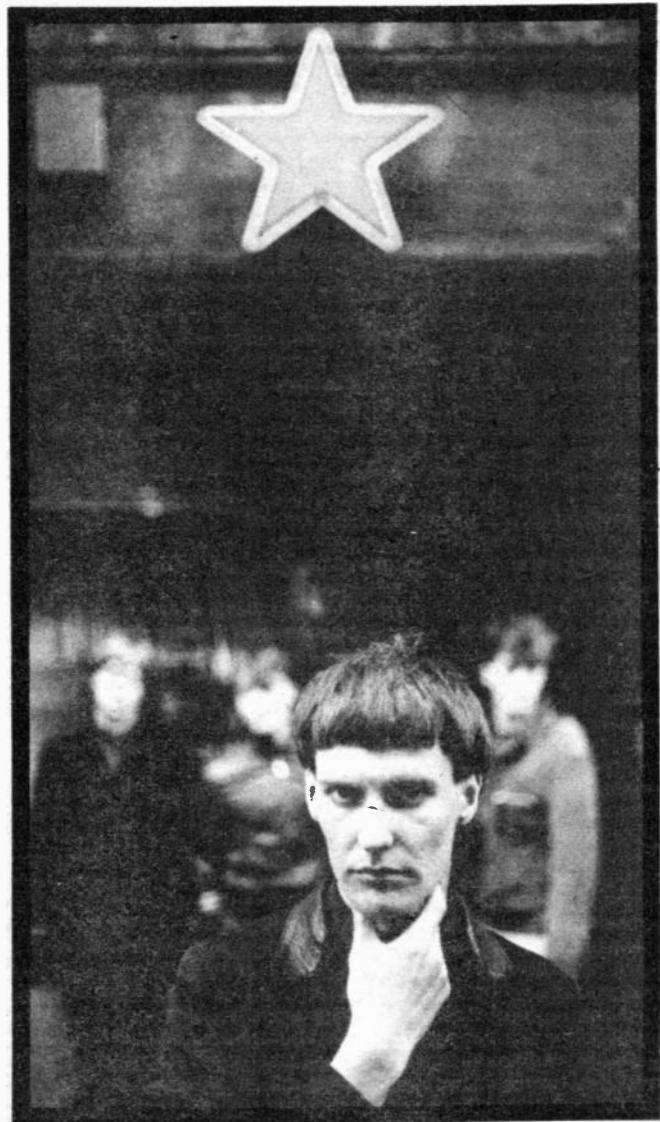
Looking across the room towards the stereo, his spirits are lifted by the sentiments seeping from the speakers: "To be young, gifted and black is where it's at..." His gaze drifts to a couple of smartly packaged singles in his record rack. They are the debut singles by two local groups, Hurrah! and The Dainties, released last summer on Kitchenware.

If his label is to make a mark, he vows, it will be with a similar brand of loud, passionate optimism.

THE SUN SHINES HERE

THREE MONTHS later, fire in his eyes and a tremor of impatience in his soft voice, Keith is sitting in the same room with a view.

With disarming directness, he is talking about Kitchenware. Over in the vinyl rack, the Hurrah! and Dainties records are now stacked



beside two more singles on the label, the debuts by Prefab Sprout and The Kane Gang.

"Everyone involved with Kitchenware is positive about what we are doing. It's important to us to have pride, even when things seem to be going against us. We are searching for the spirit that you found on records like 'Young, Gifted And Black', 'Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy' and 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud'. It's not only the spirit that is lacking in most music today, it's the spirit that was missing in the election, the spirit that is missing in this country."

As a symbol of the pride and dignity he is striving for, Keith put a portrait of Martin Luther King on the sleeves of the Kane Gang single and used the phrase "young, gifted and black" on the label. It seems preposterous, of course, to draw a parallel between the aims of an independent record label on which all the musicians are white and the struggles of the civil rights movement.

It could easily be taken as a presumptuous, patronising affront — but Keith is at least aware of the torrent of criticism he could be inviting.

"It certainly is not racist," he says. "I completely detest all forms of racism, even down to the issue of any national passport, and I know that I could justify using that slogan to anyone who came up to me. It's just that the phrase 'young, gifted and black' totally encapsulates the spirit that we are striving for, that pride in yourself."

"A slogan like that is important to how we regard ourselves. We share the sentiments expressed in the song, feeling proud even when people are trying to shit on you from a great height. It expresses our refusal to be kept down by the recession. So many people have just accepted the recession and use it as an excuse to justify being miserable and depressed, but it doesn't have to be like that."

"You have to be positive about things."

THE SOUL KITCHEN

KITCHENWARE grew out of a club run by Keith, his partner Paul Ludford and Phil Mitchell called The Soul Kitchen. Thoroughly frustrated by the lack of an adventurous live venue in the city, the three of them threw open the Kitchen doors at the Casablanca Club in the summer of '81.

The first group they booked were The Fire Engines, with Keith personally leafleting every pub and bar in the locality to ensure that the evening was a sold-out success. Subsequent shows by Orange Juice, Josef K, The Jazzateers, New Order and Blue Rondo established The Soul Kitchen as something special and gave an ailing, reactionary local scene a sorely needed shot of adrenalin.

The Soul Kitchen — "It's not sarcastic, all great music is soulful" — was a great success. It was only an occasional club, switching its location regularly with the kind of hit-and-run nomadism of London's Dirtbox, but it spawned a healthy activism.

Dancers were invited to bring their own records and groups encouraged to cut out the rip-off middle men by promoting their own dates. The club also branched out beyond the usual confines of a live show by incorporating slides, videos and photographic exhibitions into an evening's entertainment.

More importantly, The Soul Kitchen acted as a focal point: it brought together local groups, designers and artists and fired Keith Armstrong's imagination. When it closed in August '82 after being open exactly one year, the next steps had already been mapped out.

The last two shows at The Soul Kitchen featured The Bluebells and Aztec Camera, the former supported by Hurrah! and the latter by The Dainties, the two bands whose debut singles were to mark the start of Kitchenware as a label.

KITCHENWARE

AS INDEPENDENT labels go in 1983, Kitchenware is virtually unique. Smart, colourful, uncompromising and idealistic, it builds on a tradition that dates back to post-punk labels like Fast, Zoo and Postcard, but shuns the inverted snobbery that characterises the independent scene. Its quality control standards would shame any of the majors while its horizons extend far further afield than the cottage labels that occupy the grubby ghetto of the weekly indies chart.

Though he is a slightly reluctant catalyst, Keith is essential to the character and credibility of the label. At the age of 24, he is very much the man behind the men behind the music.

Newcastle born and bred, he works by day as manager of the large HMV record shop in the city centre. He was previously in charge of the company's Derby branch, where he became their youngest ever manager after taking an EMI-sponsored course in marketing. The course entailed spending weeks on the road with sales reps and radio pluggers, vital experience that has served him well in setting up Kitchenware. An idealist at heart, he is far from naive, his enthusiasm being matched by an acute understanding of the seedier side of the music business.

He sees Kitchenware as more than just a record label. It is also a management company, looking after the interests of all four of the bands, and a focus for local artists, designers and film-makers. The first Kitchenware product — SK1 — was actually a video made for Tyne-Tees TV of Hurrah!, Orange Juice and The Fire Engines at The Soul Kitchen. Additional activities extend to cassette compilations of otherwise-unavailable material and even an occasional magazine that is sent to all those writing to the label.

Armstrong is prepared to seek outside help from time to time, but only on his own terms. He has turned down offers from WEA for Prefab Sprout and Phonogram for Hurrah! and The Dainties, but recently signed a distribution deal with London Records for the Kane Gang single 'Brother Brother'. A publishing advance received from April

From the mists of Geordieland Prefab Sprout, The Dainties and the sound of Kitchenware Record where does Martin Luther King THRILLS (bonny words) and BL find out just what is cooking in

Music for Hurrah!, The Dainties and Prefab Sprout has already been put to use improving the label's rehearsal and office facilities in Newcastle.

One label with which Kitchenware is often compared is Postcard, although there are marked differences between the two set-ups, not least in Armstrong's greater understanding of business matters. But as someone who booked every Postcard band into The Soul Kitchen and became a friend of the label's Scottish *svengali* Alan Horne, he doesn't deny that they were an influence. His respect and affection for the now-defunct Glaswegian independent, however, is tempered with criticism.

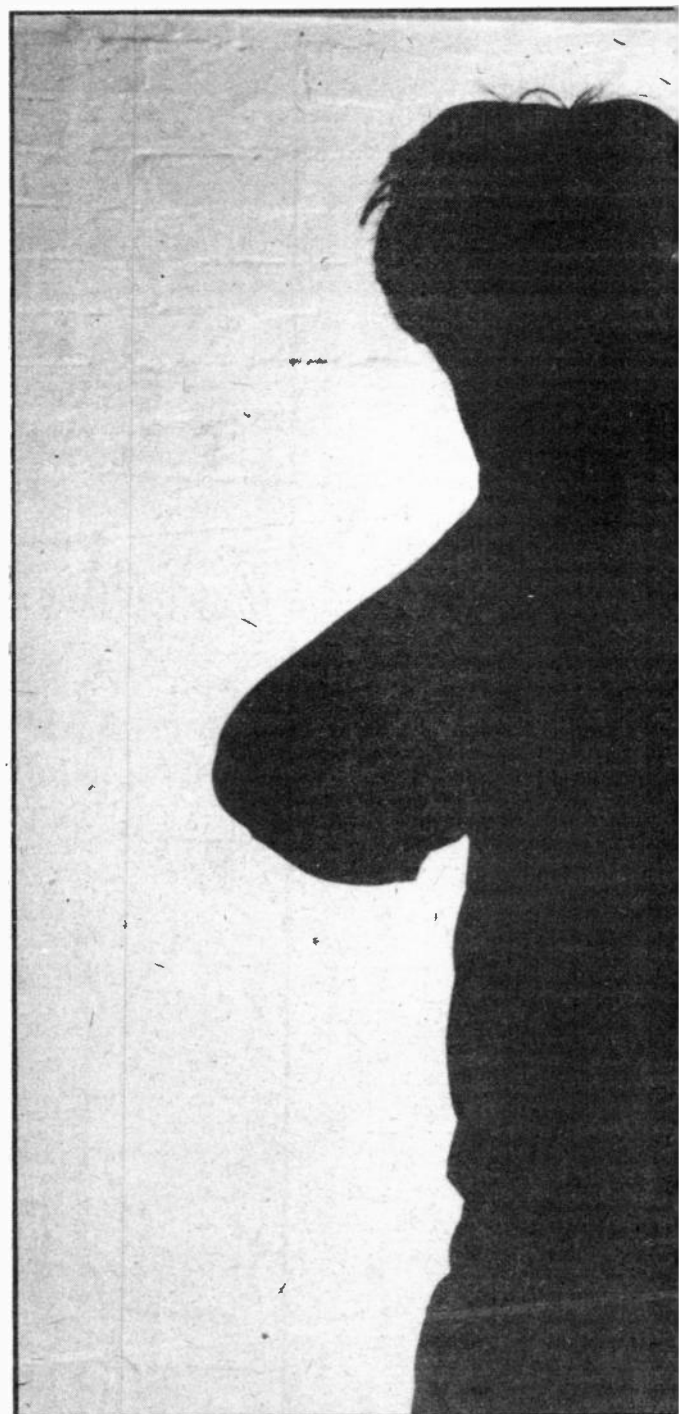
"One of the problems with Postcard was that Alan wanted to be as big a star as Edwyn Collins. He also tried to impose his own musical tastes on his bands too much. He'd get them to do cover versions of his favourite songs, which was too close to manipulation for my liking. If anything, I try and get them to bring out and exaggerate what is already there."

He claims his approach is closer to a McLarenesque mode of operation, though a more acute analogy might be with the combination of philosophy and propaganda with which Steve Dagger initially attracted media attention to Spandau Ballet.

Armstrong's most obvious attention grabber is his sloganeering. The label was launched on a wave of catchphrases, many of them lifted from the lyrics of Hurrah! songs, and the trait has continued, his current favourite being the accusatory "are you scared to get happy?"

As long as they are not taken too seriously, the slogans are fine. There is a danger, though, that the theory could become so over-stated that it starts to over-shadow the groups themselves. Again, Keith seems aware of the pitfalls.

"In a way, it's just playing the media at their own game. To a lot of people, music is secondary these days to image and we're just making fun of that with the slogans. You have to get noticed, even if it means kicking people in the bollocks to do so, which is why we sometimes



YOUNG, GIFTED

they came . . . The Kane Gang, and Hurrah! Newcastle is calling with words. But does it taste good? And, come into all this? ADRIAN EDDY BUTCHER (canny snaps) The Soul Kitchen.

come up with preposterous slogans."

The Kitchenware story to date can be divided into two phases, the first being the launch of Hurrah! and The Daintees last year, the second the consolidation provided this summer by The Kane Gang and Prefab Sprout. All four bands, however, are treated on an individual basis by the label. So different are all four musically, that it would be pointless in trying to foster any kind of label "sound" or even assume a smug 'family' identity.

"All the bands are there for a different reason," says Keith. "But between the four of them, you've got all the qualities that you look for in music. Hurrah! are the big conscience, the Daintees are the big fun, Sprout are the big songwriting talent and The Kane Gang are the toughness."

HURRAH!

IN A small soundproofed rehearsal room in Clayton Street on the outskirts of Newcastle's main shopping precinct, Hurrah! hold their jangling guitars high on the chest and run through a short, melodic set for the benefit of the *NME*.

The sound is pert and piercing. The Orange Juice shadows that have always haunted the group are hard to sweep totally under the carpet, although their stinging guitars and vicious snare drum cutbacks are closer to a more tuneful version of The Fire Engines:

A quartet, their debut single 'The Sun Shines Here'/'I'll Be Your Surprise' was the first record on the label when it was released a year ago. Their involvement with the collective began long before that, though. They were regulars at The Soul Kitchen and later helped Armstrong and his partners to build the Clayton Street studio.

The three original members of the band, guitarists Paul Handyside and Taffy Hughes and bassist David Porterhouse, have been together for three years, initially as The Green-Eyed Children. Drummer Damien Mahoney is a more recent addition, coming to the group after a series of unhappy experiences in Dick Witts' Mancunian ensemble

The Passage.

Their singles—the debut plus the current 'Hip Hip'/'Flowers'—portray Kitchenware's rugged, uncontrived optimism at its purest, although the group are far from happy with either of them.

"They don't really give an accurate impression of what we're like," says Paul. "The new one is a step up, but it's still not quite what we want. We wanted a rougher sound, but it's hard to combine that with the level of quality that we're striving for. We want to get daytime radio play, because it's vital to get this kind of noise onto stations like Radio One. There's got to be room for this kind of thing in a wider arena."

Are they affected at all by the constant Orange Juice comparisons? "It's not an insult, because we do like a lot of early Orange Juice records," says Taffy. "But I don't think it is really accurate. Maybe we both listen to a few Byrds tracks, but it doesn't go much further than that. Orange Juice were almost deliberately bad at times and we've never gone along with that kind of amateurishness. It is possible to be rough and maintain a certain quality at the same time."

Over tea and cake in the interview cafe, Hurrah! veil their natural buoyancy with a morose shyness. Beneath their reticence, though, lurks a deep desire to do things *their* way without moving too close to the chart mainstream.

"It might take time to become successful without compromising," says Paul. "But we are hopeful. It took daytime radio three years to play New Order and Orange Juice, but they got there in the end. I'm not saying that we're never going to sign with a major record label or anything like that. It's just a question of finding the right label and the right people."

THE DAINTEES

FROM LONNIE Donnegan to Johnny Thunders, Hank Williams to Hank Marvin, The Velvet Underground to The Ventures and Roddy Frame to Roddy Radiation, nobody plays old guitar licks with as much freshness as The Daintees' wide-eyed rosy-faced frontman Martin Stephenson.

On the stage of a graffiti-strewn community centre in their home town of Sunderland, The Daintees refresh the parts of rock'n'roll history that no one under the age of 20 should even know about.

They are playing in this concrete cell known colloquially as The Bunker for the purpose of a live recording, possibly a six-track mini LP for future release on Kitchenware. They had the chance to use a local studio, but felt that the live setting suited their exuberance far better.

Now down to a trio—they were a quartet when they recorded their sole single 'Roll On Summertime'/'Involved With Love'—The Daintees possess an innocence and vibrancy that is, as yet, untainted by the corrupting forces of the beat business.

In trimming their line-up down to just guitarist Martin, bassist Chris and drummer Marty, the group have given their music greater impetus

and drive, the softer resonances of the single now detectable only on a couple of the tracks they play live.

"The music is a lot more gutsy now," says Martin. "We probably got a bit bored of being soft all the time. I think we've been influenced a bit by rehearsing in the same place as a lot of the local punk bands. I've always thought we're more of a live band than a studio one anyway. When we go into the studio, we can't always capture the excitement that we feel live. We're not like Paul Weller who can practically live in a studio, so we lack experience."

"I can't get used to the fact that you pick a day, 2 October say and you have to be in the mood to record your song that day. It just doesn't work like that with us."

The one occasion that they did manage to summon up the spontaneity came when they recorded their single. It was made the same day as Hurrah! cut their debut, The Daintees nipping into the



studio and completing their two tracks in single takes while their labelmates were out for lunch.

Though they have toured with Aztec Camera and recorded some unsatisfactory demos for Phonogram, The Daintees treat their music essentially as a hobby, something they are loathe to analyse in an *NME* interview. Influences? Aims? Attitudes? Talking about things like that simply isn't on their list of priorities.

"I don't really care about what people say about us," concludes Martin. "Some will like us and some won't. What's the point of worrying. We'll just keep on playing and whatever happens will happen!"

THE KANE GANG

IF THE first part of the Kitchenware campaign started with the ripples being made by the spiky pop of Hurrah! and The Daintees, then phase two began in the wilds of rural Durham. It was here that Adam raised a Kane, a gang of three bred on gumball machines and inspired largely by the power and purity of gospel music.

The Kane Gang are vocalists Paul Woods and Martin Brammer—the latter no relation to the former Fall person—and versatile multi-instrumentalist Dave Brewis. Despite their lack of a contrived image or the looks necessary to project any kind of snappy photogenic facade, The Kane Gang are currently Kitchenware's great commercial hope. The distribution deal with London is a sign of their willingness to make a shrewd concession without compromising either their ideals or the morals of the label.

As a band, The Kane Gang are linked inextricably with their environment. They sing of pain and neglect, their music a perfect soundtrack to the decay and desolation wrecked by the recession on the small valley towns and mining villages of their native north-east. In songs like 'Amusement Park' and 'Mighty Day', they angrily acknowledge the wrongs, but never lose sight of the hope and humour that still survives the suffering.

This is the small town creed, expressed with a gritty, demented vocal passion rooted in gospel and set to a blistering white funk score that acknowledges the influence of George Clinton, Sly Stone and The Gap Band without being overtly copyist.

Apart from the drumming—which is provided by Daniel Jones, a guest from Prefab Sprout—all the instruments are played by Dave. If there is a criticism, it is an occasional messiness, the single being one example: it is far from sloppy, but it would certainly benefit from a tighter, more aggressive mix.

The three group members have been together from school, originally as The Reptile House and then as The Kings Of Cotton, the latter playing live around the Sunderland area with the aid of backing tapes. They eventually attracted the attention of Armstrong who, by then, had already started Kitchenware.

The very name of the group was an early indication of their infatuation with American gospel music. It is a genuine influence, but one which reveals certain flaws and contradictions when put under scrutiny. What, for example, have three lads from just outside Sunderland got in common with a music that only makes true sense in the Bible Belt that runs through the states of the Deep South?

CONTINUES OVER

DAND...WHITE?

SOUL KITCHEN

CONTINUED



"We're just trying to create some atmosphere," says the instrumentalist Dave, a little defensively. "I loved the sound of spirituals like 'Oh Happy Day' by The Edwyn Hawkins Singers. I just wanted to try and recreate a bit of that, without ripping anything off."

The obvious comeback is that the Kanes are meddling with something that they can never fully understand, a music that in its most pure forms they can never hope to equal, let alone adapt and better.

"But there is nothing wrong with taking certain elements of a music and utilising it in your own way," argues Martin. "The only reason that Paul and I sing the way we do is because we feel comfortable doing it. We wouldn't feel right singing like the bloke out of Depeche Mode. It suits our voices to sing the way we do."

"We don't do the same thing as groups like the Staple Singers, even though we admire them tremendously. There's no way that a group like the Staples would write about contemporary subjects or about living in a small town just outside Sunderland."

In fact, The Staples, in addition to some of their more spiritual tunes, did write some songs of immense social significance, but the general point that the Kanes are trying to make is clear.

"People can say all they like about lads from the north-east soiling their hands with soul and gospel. I think we've got a hell of a lot to do with it, even down to our circumstances. I'm not trying to glamourise the industrial North-East, but living in the back end of beyond like we do probably isn't that different from strumming out the blues on your front porch in one of the Southern states. What's so strange about someone from Sunderland having a similar kind of feel for things?"

Are they aware of the flak they could be laying themselves open to by being so blatant about the gospel influences?

"I think we are," says Paul. "That's one of the reasons that the next few songs we do will move away from that slightly. None of us is particularly religious, so there are times when we feel a bit uncomfortable with it, but you can't become too over-conscious of it."

The group place great emphasis on the spontaneity of the singing. Paul and Martin take turns to improvise over a basic vocal line.

"We try to be as natural as we can," says Martin. "You can't decide to stop the mix at a certain point and throw a scream in. We also don't rehearse very much. If we rehearsed three times a week, we'd probably lose some of the anger and feeling. If you rehearsed the

screaming, it might become clinical."

Though they are nothing like any of the other Kitchenware bands musically, the Kanes share the uncompromising idealism that is one of the label's hallmarks. They lack a glossy visual image, something that has already caused a few interesting confrontations. They are fond of relating a tale of how a team from Channel Four's *Switch* show travelled up to Newcastle to watch them rehearse and were shocked to find that they did not look like Wham! There was no talk of tarding themselves up for the TV cameras, however, and the group recorded a slot for the show in all their small-town glory last week.

"We're coming up against people who expect us to do things in a certain way," says Paul. "We just tell them that we won't do them, unless we can do them our way. I just don't see the point in doing anything that you don't feel comfortable with."

PREFAB SPROUT

THE NAME, of course, is wilfully awkward.

It is also totally apt for a group who seem to go out of their way to be unconventional rather than straightforward. Their penchant for the unorthodox, however, has not clouded the judgement of the many critics who deem Prefab Sprout the true jewel in the Kitchenware crown.

Among them is no less a commentator than one Elvis Costello who, on a recent edition of Gary Crowley's *Magic Box* radio show, lauded their single 'Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)"/"Radio Love" as one of the best he had heard all year.

Originally issued on the group's own Candle label and then picked up by Kitchenware, 'Lions' is a typical sprout song. The instrumentation is simple enough — acoustic guitar, bass, drums and a smattering of vibes — but the structure completely ignores the conventional verse-chorus pattern, the meandering melody line taking more than a cursory listen before it connects. The lyrics, too, are slightly unusual, almost surreal, the title being something of a puzzle in itself with the first letter of each word combining to spell the name of the French town Limoges, the subject of the song!

So who are Prefab Sprout, and why have they been playing unheralded around the pubs, clubs and colleges of County Durham for almost four years without making any significant impact until now?

Another quartet, the group are singer, guitarist and songwriter supreme Paddy McAloon, his bass-playing brother Martin, second vocalist Wendy Smith and drummer Daniel James, the latter also a part-time member of the Kane Gang. They have actually been together since 1977, while McAloon claims to have had the name since 1974! Patience might be a virtue, but this is taking it to ludicrous extremes!

Now that they have made that all-important Kitchenware connexion, the Prefab Four are all set to make up for lost time. They are currently recording an album, 'Swoon', in an Edinburgh studio for late autumn release, while a second single 'The Devil Has All The Best Tunes'/'Walk On' is already complete.

Despite his unnaturally long apprenticeship, Paddy McAloon, at 24, is still relatively young, and in the interview cafe, he certainly comes across with the vigour and determination of one who still has everything to prove... things like being the best songwriter in Britain.

"It might sound a bit pompous, but I really am ambitious to be acknowledged as the best. It's not that I think I'm as good as the real greats — people like Steven Sondheim, Burt Bacharach and Paul McCartney — but when I look at the competition around at the moment, I don't really see anybody to fear."

This guy obviously isn't pulling his punches, something that becomes clearer as he starts to write off one of the more celebrated contenders.

"When you compare some of those great songwriters with people like Paul Weller, you realise just how low the standards have sunk. The sentiments of something like 'Say A Little Prayer' or even 'Alfie' are better expressed, musically and lyrically, than anything Weller has ever done. He talks about emotion and heart, but I don't think I've ever seen anything with less emotion than the Respond package!"

What is it that he admires in the work of someone like Sondheim that makes him so superior to anyone around now?

"What I like about Sondheim is that he can put a set of precise emotions into a song lasting a certain number of minutes. If he had an odd shaped sentiment, he would construct an odd shaped melody to accommodate it. There was never any sense of it being a happy accident."

Asked to come up with a recent song fit to rank alongside the old masters, McAloon racks his brains before coming up with a couple, 'Party Fears Two' by The Associates and 'War Crimes' by The Special AKA.

"Both those songs were great because they broke the mould. In their structure, sound and harmony, they were both revolutionary compared with everything else around. I remember the interview in the *NME* in which Roddy Frame was saying that he'd given up trying to find unconventional structures in favour of a more direct songwriting style. Sometimes there is a pressure on me to do that, but I would rather be more adventurous. There are too many songs in which the writer is being pushed into saying a certain thing just by the shape of the rhythm, like with all the rock dance rhythms around at the moment."

McAloon's desire to elevate the art is admirable, although not always successful. A Prefab song will often get lost in its own complexities or an unorthodox chord change that tries the patience of the listener. Isn't he placing craft above accessibility and emotion?

"Not really, because all my songs are written straight from the heart. In some ways, it is more contrived to write a song in the verse-chorus-bridge style that most people seem to favour. At the same time, the people who I respect most are those who can combine being adventurous with being commercial. I don't think our songs are clever in the avant-garde sense."

"I like playing around with songs and titles. 'Lions' was written about my girlfriend being away at university in Limoges. I just saw the word Limoges written down on an envelope and tried to see what kind of phrase I could make from the letters."

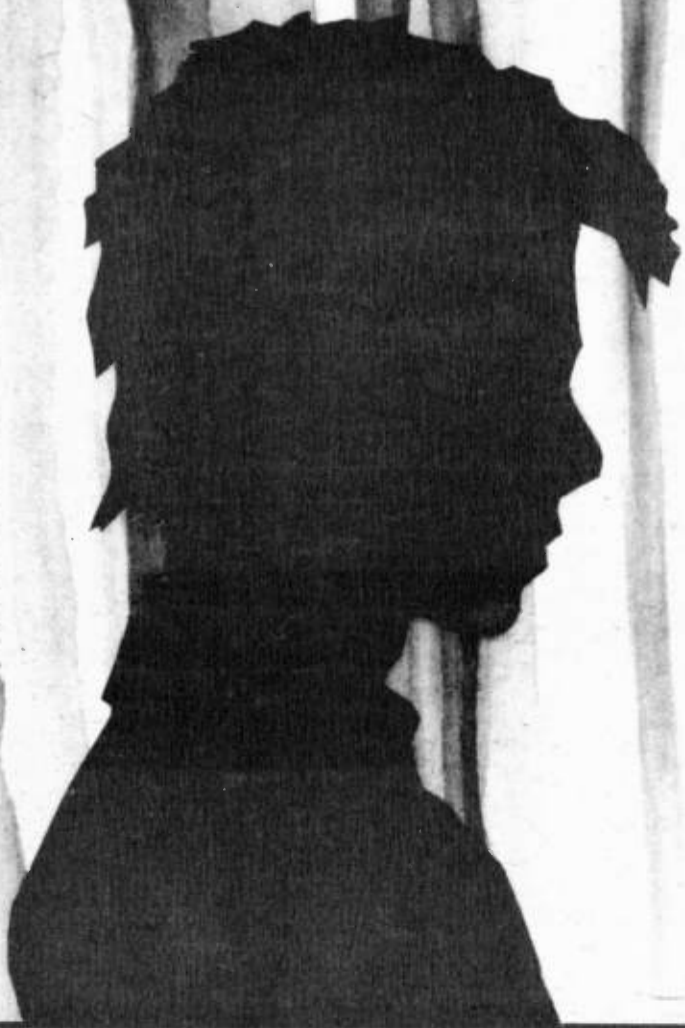
"One of the best phrases became the title of the song, 'Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)', which might not mean anything literally, but it does convey the sense of someone leaving and another person being vulnerable as a result of that. I hope that doesn't sound too clever-clever, because I still think it is quite an easy song."

"The conservatism of the A&R men is one of the reasons why we're staying on an independent label for the time being. When the LP comes out and people get a chance to really listen to the songs, I'm confident enough that they will see the quality in them. Just because the LP's on Kitchenware and not WEA doesn't mean it will be something that we're going to be ashamed of in five years time. It will be true to what the songs are about and it will be good."

Like the unwavering Paddy McAloon, Kitchenware's Keith Armstrong is confident and determined. The groups on his label might be flawed in places, but in 1983 they are undoubtedly important. With pop currently in an awful rut, both morally and musically, Kitchenware are a beacon of sanity.

Are you scared to get happy?

DAVID BOWIE



We Can be "Heroes"
Just for **Two Days**

Full details revealed next week

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

VAUGHAN TO BE WILD

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND
DOUBLE TROUBLE

Texas Flood (Epic)

DAVID BOWIE didn't discover Stevie Ray, the power blues specialist who by the sound of this solo LP was sorely tempered on Bowie's tepid 'Let's Dance'. It was the legendary John Hammond, who previously sponsored Billie Holiday, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen among others. (Hammond has been telling the press that in the ten years since Springsteen, Stevie Ray is the first "decent human being" he's run across in the biz).

The executive legend also served as Executive Producer for this debut — which comes across as amazingly powerful considering it involves only three musicians, eight days and two overdubs. Rare of course is the Austin musician of note who can't knock your socks off when he tries: the state that gave us Ornette Coleman, the Legendary Stardust Cowboy, T-Bone Walker, Bobby Blue Bland, Question Mark, Doug Sahm, Junior Parker and Sam The Sham (you forgot Joe Ely — Ed) is quite a proving ground. But Vaughan (whose brother plays with The Fabulous Thunderbirds) produces Dixie-fried fireworks that constitute an entire raucous roadhouse of their own. He's abetted by bassist Tommy Shannon and drummer Chris Layton.

Vocally, he sounds more like Johnny Cash after he's had a finger stuck in the wall socket for some hours than he does like a 'real' bluesman: it's those mighty, mightily gutsy gee-tar doodlings that have attracted the attention. They've earned him some obvious Hendrix comparisons (and his cover of the Isley's 'Testify' does recall Hendrix). But neither subtlety or invention are Vaughan's strong suits — this is still real downhome Texas barbecue boogie. Personally the only track I just can't take is his overwhelmingly successful (American) single 'Pride And Joy' ("She's my sweet lil thang She's my pride and joy She's my sweet lil baby I'm her Little lover boy").

But even cloth ears and the most hostile of hearts would have to rate the cantina-rumbler 'Rude Mood', the mean, blue and trembling 'Dirty Pool' and a tranquil closer called 'Lenny' (a serenade to the wife). Undeniable virtuosity aside, though, the LP's sleeve — sort of a desert portrait which evokes those Spanish paintings on black velvet — promises a clearer image than the music inside actually delivers. But that music certainly radiates ambition most robustly. Which, I suspect, is why Stevie and the Thin Worried Salesperson came to a parting of the ways.

Cynthia Rose



Depeche's Dave Gahan sails forth to attack capitalism. Pic Anton Corbijn

UPLIFTING NEW BUILDINGS

DEPECHE MODE

Construction Time Again (Mute)

"LOTS OF surprises in store! This isn't a party! It's a whole lot more," sings Dave Gahan in 'More Than A Party'. It's a song from 'Construction Time Again', Depeche Mode's third album, easily their best yet.

First impressions: the sleeve of last year's 'A Broken Frame' portrayed a peasant woman wielding a sickle over a dauntingly endless steppe of wheat. No big deal, laughed the Basildon boys at the time; it was just a pretty picture. Come the next witch-trials, they won't be able to offer any such flimsy excuse for 'Construction Time Again'. Again beautifully photographed by Brian Griffin, a hero of socialist realism stands poised atop a mountain crag, his hammer raised aloft. And you thought British Leyland had problems: "There was a time/When all on my mind was love/Now I find/That most of the time/Love's not enough/In itself" ('Love, In Itself').

You'll find no 'Meaning Of Love',

'See You', or even 'Leave In Silence' here; 'Construction Time Again' avoids the personal. It's on its soapbox, thinking aloud about the world and its woes with a voice in equal measure acute, uncertain, naive and gauche. But there's an honesty, almost a shyness, that convinces you that Depeche Mode aren't just another bunch of two-bit pop stars sounding off the party line to garner some intellectual credibility.

Indeed, in today's escapism, a right-on attitude stands low in the list of chart cert ingredients. And so it must be to Mode's credit that they have abandoned the evergreen moon-June formula which has brought them thus far so enjoyably in favour of a thought-provoking breach of teen-dream etiquette. Who would have thought it? Would ABC take such a risk? Would Roxy? Would Bowie?

To me 'Everything Counts' is Mode's best ever single, and undeniably one of their biggest hits. Yet the nation didn't clutch it to its bosom to endorse its analysis of how capitalism can only

thrive on the most selfish motives. It sold because it combines edgy and poignant melodies held in thrilling tension; a tough, urgent dancebeat; and a gleamingly modern sound with an element of quirkiness to mark it out in the crowd. And the same goes for every other track on the album.

Alan Wilder's 'Two Minute Warning', one of a pair of his compositions here, is a dreamlike anticipation of the Big One, set in a haunting melody whose transition from verse to chorus explodes in one of those breathtakingly uplifting moments so beautiful because so rarely heard.

'And Then...' is similarly inspired. An Oriental percussion motif, like Chinese water torture or ringing hammer blows (note the symbolism) introduces the song. Variations of this idea, evoking the two linked concepts of the Communist East and tireless industry ('Construction Time Again' — geddit?), thread through the whole LP. 'And Then...' continues with a contrapuntal synth-bass line which flexes and drives the song onwards

through the verses of weary despair, then upwards into a soaring chorus of shimmeringly spacious rapture reminiscent of The Police at their best. At such moments you would believe Mode can fly.

What else? Dave Gahan's voice resounds with unsuspected strength and subtlety, and Martin Gore must now be regarded amongst our premier songwriters. The sounds and textures Mode's Gore, Fletcher and Wilder coax from their synthesizers and associated hardware are so rich and various that Messrs Heaven, League and Clarke appear by comparison somewhat primitive. European tonemasters like Kraftwerk and Yello's Blank had better look to their sequencers.

Like one of '83's other great LPs, Soft Cell's 'Art Of Falling Apart', 'Construction Time Again' demonstrates how obsolete the term "electro-pop" has now become. Depeche Mode have made a bold and lovely pop record. Simple as that.

Mat Snow

ZAIRE PEP STEPPERS

FRANCO ET ROCHEREAU

Choc Choc Choc 1983

PABLO LUBADIKA PORTHOS

Idie

Revient En Force
(Dist. by Earth Works)

THIS MEETING of Franco and Rochereau, the Kings of Zairean swing, is guaranteed to generate hip-swinging, shoe-shuffling ecstasy among the patrons of the nation's more enlightened dance floors. Swim in that sea of rippling guitars, soar along on those harmonies and wind up your waist to a bassie whose punch is well below the belt.

'Choc Choc Choc 1983' consists of four sides of sublime rhythmic and ambient sensuality. Put together to celebrate the onstage cooperation in Brussels and Paris of 'Le Grande Maitre' Franco and 'Le Seigneur' Rochereau, this set even surpasses last year's irresistible



The Fab Pablo

alliance of Franco and Sam Mangwana.

One time singer with Franco's outfit, Rochereau is a superstar in his own right and between them they have dominated the Zairean music scene for two decades.

This time round it's Franco who is the guest. He forsakes his Le T. P. O.K. Jazz for Rochereau's Section Afrisa and I'm not complaining 'cause the band is wicked. Deciphering the sleeve pics it looks like Franco and a

young buck called Michelino are responsible for those sweet chattering guitar licks, Matalanza that bubbling sax and Tshaba those succulent basslines.

Franco and Rochereau's vocals inject a tension into the music, lifting it higher and higher. Only on 'Suite Lettre No 1', which I'm told harks back to early Franco, does the pace relax. Dominated by acoustic guitars, this dangerously slow and seductive track could have serious repercussions if spun at any late session.

Attempts to uncover the contents of the 'Lettre A Mr Le Directeur General', around which the whole album is based, have so far been unsuccessful but I can't say I'm heartbroken about it. 'Choc Choc Choc 1983' is as mellow a slice of African jive as you'll find and though it'll cost you around a tenner this is one music lover who wouldn't hesitate to flash the readies.

Hanging on in with the Zairean posse we discover two solo albums from session supremo Pablo Lubadika Porthos. 'Idie' surfaced earlier this year only to vanish as quickly as it had appeared. Now widely available thanks to Earth Works, this Richard Dick-produced album is a serious showcase for the versatile young guitarist. The title track never fails to fill the dance floor, as

Dave Hucker's Dancefloor Chart recently testified. Pablo plays bass, rhythm, mi-solo (a complementary solo played slightly below the top-line guitar) and lead guitars and always conjures up a light stepping spacious sound.

'Revient En Force' finds Pablo forsaking the "Direction Artistique" of Richard Dick, to concentrate on writing and arranging. He takes a backseat throughout, relinquishing the solo and mi solo guitar parts to two no less talented pickers. Add a strident horn section and the result is yet another inspired dance floor selection for those who like pep in their step.

Music for sunworshippers or subterraneans; start with 'Suite Lettre's No 2 and No 3', fling open the windows and play loud.

Paul Bradshaw





Vini Reilly falls asleep while playing. Pic Anton Corbijn

THE WOLFGANG PRESS

The Burden Of Mules (4 AD)

THE WOLFGANG Press are made up of various ex-members of Rema Rema and Mass, those two mid-period, low-running influential avant-garde musical groups. I can remember with a certain amount of awe the Marco Pirroni fuelled 'Wheel In The Roses' Rema Rema 12" that contained the most psychotic piece of feedback ever. Also, with less satisfaction, the more measured strangeness of Mass.

Where the previous two concerns were rather more innovative than imitative, or at least free-thinking rather than overtly derivative, 'The Burden Of Mules' is a mis-mash of such modern sources as PiL, The Birthday Party and A Certain Ratio. Ironically these very groups owe a debt to the 'tense as a trip wire' tumult created by both Rema Rema and Mass. Somewhat embarrassingly, the master becomes the disciple.

Tracks such as 'Complete And Utter' and 'The Burden Of Mules' are so akin to PiL circa 'Flowers Of Romance' that a smart entrepreneur could, with confidence, put them out as a bootleg of studio out-takes. Here, in evidence, are the crashing, variable rhythms, the spicy synths and the cynical Lyonesque intonations, "complete and utter boredom / complete and utter ignorance".

The rest of the album is a combination of the aforementioned influences. Waves of electronic noise merge with wild sound effects battling with pseudo-ethnic beats. The tone created is very intelligent, pleasingly tense but unfortunately directionless.

The difference between that and eclecticism is slight. To their cost The Wolfgang Press seem to have found it well enough.

Richard North

GWEN'S GROOVE THANG

GWEN GUTHRIE

Portrait (Island)

FROM JA to New York, from New York to JA, the perfect fusing point between cool reggae running and soul city walking is a spot that many have striven for but precious few actually found. Bob Marley got there on 'Could You Be Loved', Grace Jones went there (and a whole lot further) on parts of 'Nightclubbing' while the mighty Morya are passing through right now Inna Brooklyn style on 'Go Deh Yaka'.

But on a mythical musical map of the Americas, the place

BLUE MOANDAY PEOPLE

DUET EMMO

Or So It Seems (Mute)

DURUTTI COLUMN

Another Setting (Factory)

IF I must forge links between these two — and I must — then it would appear that both 'Another Setting' and 'Or So It Seems' are both prepared purely to hover in the distant background. They are precious and protected, never testing or purposeful: they have merely arrived before me.

The first chugs out, drags a limping limb, hints at some startling effect but then, or so it seems, broods and grumbles before chugging on some more: Duet Emmo step out of the crash between Mute (Daniel Miller) and Dome (Gilbert & Lewis) and

sprawl noisily, bitterly, painlessly into a black, big hole. They are clearly stubborn.

The other, meanwhile, drifts away into grey dejection, suggesting something brushing against beauty or peace or fragile pains, only to drift on by, without touching: Durutti Column remain quiet, crushed, frail beyond praise but still sadly vague and lacking heart. They're freely uncertain.

For what it's worth (as if I could care), Duet Emmo are at least important-sounding. Heaving themselves miserably through their metallic mess, boiling slowly in the rubble of strange pointless noise and black thuds, they chug and chug, belch and curse and chug on. They grind themselves into this vacant stench of darkness and serve only to

conjure the waste of Wire or the neglected promise of Mute-perk.

And while Duet spend their time crashing into thumping tortures, Vini Durutti remains weak and contemplative, still slipping, still still, with a peace of mind and sense of peace that is truly perfect. But Reilly's methods of capturing such shimmers and sighs of sorrow are wearing thin.

It's gruelling malevolence against drifting sorrow, a long groaning chug against one light breath of regret. It's hard to keep either in mind but Durutti at least hit the soft spot of my heart and with a piece of perfect reflection and elegaic calm, like 'Prayer', they can still capture the quietest moment. And for that I can almost forgive them anything.

Jim Shelley

where the two genres really clash must be Compass Point Studios in Nassau. It is here that we find three of the true thoroughbreds of the soul/reggae crossover game — Gwen Guthrie, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare — collaborating for the second time in just over a year.

The pedigree of Jamaican rhythm kings Sly and Robbie — who write, play and produce here — is acknowledged universally. Ms Guthrie's credentials, however, are no less impressive: it was she that wrote Ben E King's superb 'Supernatural Thing' single while her credits as a session singer read like a Who's Who of black American music from Ray Charles to Quincy Jones and Aretha Franklin to Roberta Flack.

So 'Portrait' is the sound of Gwen as a solo performer, stepping out from behind the curtain and into the limelight, and it is generally agreeable if a little patchy in places. Though

the music is a mellow mix of uptown soul arrangements and reggae-wise rhythmic dynamics (Sly still plays snare like a steam hammer crushing a pile of rusting cars), Guthrie's vocals owe just as much to free jazz, the delivery languid and easy with an uncontrived warmth.

Nowhere is the recipe more effective than on 'Hopscotch', over five minutes of sabretoothed, sinuous hip-hop that avoids the excesses of the South Bronx brigade courtesy of a wonderfully understated, economic arrangement. The opening 'Peanut Butter' is good too, with Gwen coming across as Grace Jones's elder sister on a tough tirade that certainly takes this week's 'Pull Up To The Bumper' award for imaginative sexual metaphor in lines like "spread yourself over me, like peanut butter..."

Elsewhere, the policy of sharing around the compositional credits tends to come unstuck. The album's

eight tracks star seven separate writing teams which ensures that all the gang receive a royalty cheque, but sacrifices something in the field of an overall mood and texture. Ironically, really, that the one cover is a version of Sly Stone's 'Family Affair'!

Guthrie herself contributes only two songs, both good enough to suggest she could have written more. The first is the plaintive 'Younger Than Me', — the older woman in love with the fresh young gun — and the second the poignant 'Oh What A Life', an end-of-the-affair ballad fit to rank alongside the great 'For You', the standout cut on the debut album she released last year.

1983 has been far from the classic year that Compass Point — or indeed Island Records — gave us a couple of summer's ago, but there's enough on 'Portrait' to hint that there is still some goodness in those there grooves.

Adrian Thrills

NORTHERN PRACTICAL WOODWORKING EXHIBITION

Sponsored by Practical Woodworking Magazine
Belle Vue, Manchester September 7-10, 1983
September 7-9, 10am-7pm September 10 (Saturday) 10am-6pm

Features included in price of admission

★ Machinery and demonstrations for the woodworking enthusiasts and newcomers

★ Craft Market Place

★ A FREE Sotheby's valuation on your interesting wooden possessions

★ Major display of carving by T. H. Kendall

Admission prices: Adults £2.00

Children under 16 and Senior Citizens £1.50

Party rates: Adults £1.50 Children £1.00

(Group of 20 or more *Plus 1 free ticket for teacher or organiser).

For further information contact the Exhibition Manager, Northern Practical Woodworking Exhibition, Reed Exhibitions, Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ.

See August and September issues of Practical Woodworking Magazine for 50p reduction voucher



MAGAZINE

FOR THE WAY YOU LOOK...



19's fashion makes eyes widen and heads turn because it's just that bit ahead of its time to make sure you're noticed. And there's our regular 'chiconomy' feature which gives individual looks at budget prices. Beauty-wise, there's no beating 19 for the latest in products, shapes and shades — and everything you need to know to keep you healthy and fit...and looking great.

AND THE LIFE YOU LEAD...

19 knows what you're into. So we bring you the facts, the features, the people you want to know about. Our hard-hitting features don't tell you what to think but give all the facts from all sides to set you thinking for yourself — and you'll find advice on everything from sex to consumer problems. And in 19 we cover films and their stars, music and its makers, exhibitions and events to cater for all tastes, in fact everything that's of interest to lively minds.

19's for the woman who wants to know everything...and then think it out for herself.

MAGAZINE OUT NOW



Superman in search of Fred Dellar.

KRYPTONITE FEVER

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Superman III (Warner Bros)
Stayin' Alive (RSO)
Doctor Detroit (MCA/Backstreet)

ROCK SOUNDTRACK albums are currently very big business indeed. So much so that if *Birth Of A Nation* was ever pushed into the delivery ward for a remake, odds are that Dr Hook would be the name on the obstetrics sheet.

But Giorgio Moroder's the sound-stage mainman right now. Mainly responsible for the success of the *Flashdance* soundtrack — though Phil Ramone was down as that particular flick's musical supervisor — he is also the producer of the rock and pop tracks on 'Superman III', the more mundane, fit-the-action, surroundsound pieces being the responsibility of British arranger and one-hit wonder Ken Thorne. Given Marshall Crenshaw, Chaka Khan and the ever-humorous Roger Miller to work with, Moroder wasn't beset with too many problems. But half an album is still only half an album and even if Warners gave away free chunks of Kryptonite to purchasers, 'Superman III' still wouldn't be much of a bargain.

Likewise, 'Stayin' Alive' comes packed with pop-arama but still fails to ring my particular cash register bell. The toytown rumble of a title

track, which had us all Travoltaring into style in '78, serves only to remind us how The Bee Gees' particular brand of bray for today has languished while the threesome have pursued the Holy Grail of a good song in the interim — a search not resolved on the brothers' half of the album. And the remaining portion of the record is even less rewarding, this comprising a collection of songs from the likes of Tommy Faragher, Cynthia Rhodes and Frank Stallone (most definitely a relation!), all of whom present fare fashioned by something less formidable than a Sinclair ZX80. Consequently 'Stayin' Alive' makes staying awake a difficult task indeed.

Finally, in our trip round Barry Norman's underpants, there's the 'Doctor Detroit' soundtrack, on which surviving Blues Brother Dan Ackroyd receives a set of valuable assists from James Brown, who donates a brace of healthy get-on-ups; T.K. Carter, the provider of a nutty shufflebum called 'Yo Skidilow'; the perpetually dotty Devo; and Patti Brooks, a singer whose mix of torrid and tender excursions into souldom ensures that the quality level stays permanently in the 'up' position.

Chartwise, things probably favour the brace. Musically though, it's no contest — 'Detroit' is the doc, the rest just anaesthetic.

Ready when you are, Mr De Mille!

Fred Dellar

SWINGIN' ON THE GATEMOUTH

CLARENCE 'GATEMOUTH' BROWN

One More Mile (Demon)

JAMES BOOKER

Classified (Demon)

SIXTY YEARS old and Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown's sense of adventure and cross-fertilisation is stronger than it could ever have been. With his nine-man band, often sounding more like 29, he glides through a cornucopia of sheer delight — cajun carouses with be-bop, big band swing bustles with the blues and crosses into country.

The great thing is that Brown and his cohorts make everything sound so natural. Why not mix up these cultures? Country laments and soul ballads, punchy goodtime be-bop and slick-backed swing — they all search for the same effect. These irresistible combinations, these tangiest of musical flavours should make Brown massive. In his way he is undoubtedly something of a genius, and it's his music that Americans should be turning to — not bamstick fodder like Toto or Donna Summer — to appreciate their culture and the intrinsic values that are worth salvaging.

There are many moments to savour — the hilarity of Brown's sibilant violin on 'Song For Renee', the reckless hungry spirit of 'Ain't It Dandy' and the daredevil magic of 'Big Yard'. From Tommy Dorsey to Louis Jordan, from Jimmie Rodgers to Flaco Jimenez, from the country



Gatemouth keeps it shut. Pic Milt Claydon

to the city and back, there is very little in popular American folk music that isn't included in Gatemouth's (like the name) broad sweep.

In New Orleans they breed piano players who reinvent the instrument, developing a whole new vocabulary as they cast a scintillating spell over the ivories. Along with Professor Longhair, Allen Toussaint and Doctor John, James Booker is one of the most entrancing players the city has produced. For many years his idiosyncratic style was moulded behind an impressive array of names — Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex, B. B. King and even ole Gatemouth. Coming five years after his first solo LP, 'Classified' fashions his past work and classical childhood training into an embarrassment of riches.

Variety is the spice of his record's life, that and a gifted motivation to renew and overhaul old standards. Booker never allows himself the luxury of repetition in either style or song — check the bumptious spine-knotted funk of 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy', the dazzling rainstorms he showers over 'Hound Dog' and 'King Of The Road'. And you'll see — he owns those songs.

To Gatemouth's catholic embrace Booker brings a sense of the sublime and ridiculous. The title track is a self-testimony for the man who blames his drug problem on being hit by an ambulance when he was 10 and receiving his first shot of morphine. Like everything else, it bears the trademark of mad philosopher and a wizard with golden fingers.

His musical set-up is basically simple but the playing is bewitching — rolling bass, majestic arpeggios, tumbling cadences and an extended flow on 'Angel Eyes' that carries the ineffable mark of elusive beauty. His performances are like that — from sheer artistry to comic cut crack-up.

I've been told to keep this review short. You know the way it's really hip to like all 'that old soul stuff'? Well — screw that! This marvellous music is here and now, bringing the tributaries that run through America's REALLY PROUD HERITAGE smack up to date. Booker and Gatemouth are two of the most accessible and under-publicised mavericks around. Don't miss out any longer.

Gavin Martin

NEW SINGLE

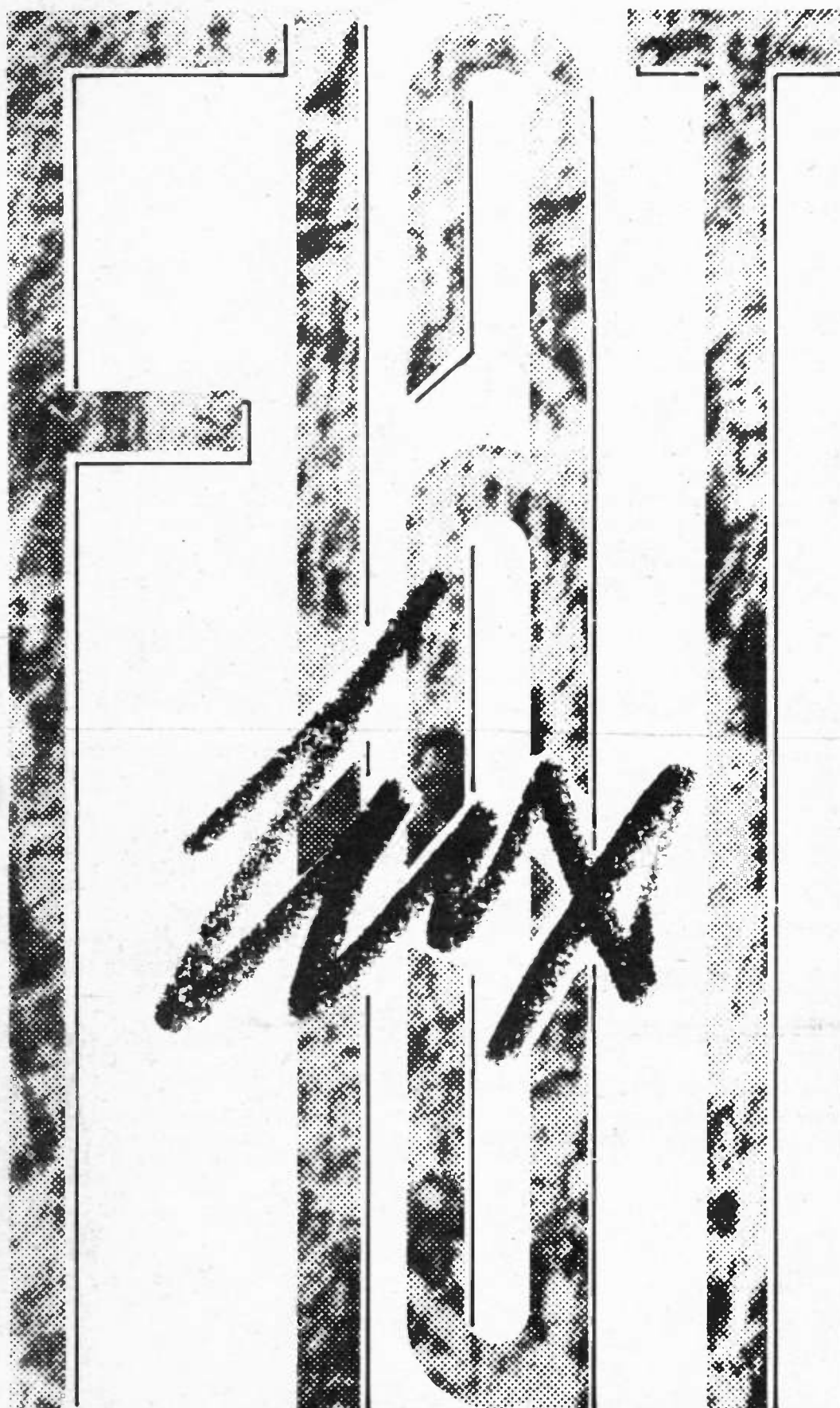
It's Not Me

Like A Traveller

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS



BOTH IN PICTURE SLEEVES
THE CLASSIC TRACK AVAILABLE NOW AS A
NEW 7" AND 12" ■ 7" REMIXED ■ 12" FULL
VERSION, PLUS EXTRA TRACK — LIVE VERSION
OF 'THE TRAVELLER'



PHOTOGRAPHY

B/W AQUA VITAE

7" & 12" VERSION

First ten thousand 7" with PERSONALITY BOOKLET

FIAT

HALLELUJAH

THE DIXIE HUMMINGBIRDS

Best Of

THE FIVE BLIND BOYS

Best Of

Best Of Volume Two

THE MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY

Best Of

Best Of Volume Two

THE SENSATIONAL NIGHTINGALES

Best Of

(MCA - US Imports)

FROM 19TH century slave revolts and the Underground Railroad to the Voter Registration drives in the South during the 1960s, the church was the place where American Blacks planned resistance and revolution. The music that came out of that church is some of the deepest to touch the ear, something that is not accidental for it is in itself a survival technique.

This notion confuses some political theorists because they are unable to recognise the varied forms resistance rituals take. What is clear is that the African-American spiritual encapsulates not just the hope of better days ahead but a determination to shake off oppression.

To capture on record the



The Five Blind Boys — a six-man Gospel quartet. Figures? Pic Jean-Pierre Leloir

atmosphere of a determined congregation is impossible. The hand-clapping alone can be deafening, the unbridled expression of emotion shattering to even the non-believer. But these albums convey something of the range and excitement of the music, even if they are confined to male quartets. Available here on import only (though a UK release is being mooted), they originate from the Houston-based Peacock catalogue. No recording dates or

other information are given, but apart from some tracks by the younger Mighty Clouds, most of the music seems to come from the '50s and '60s.

Some of the music can actually be quite unnerving for someone unfamiliar with the genre, although Gospel's raw emotions have become commonplace through Soul music. The men on these records were, in fact, the role-models for some of the great stars of soul. Wilson Pickett, for

TAMLA O...

DeBARGE

All This Love (Motown)

WELL TAILORED, competent and ultimately dull production line LP from the company who once promised all and now simply follow fashion. It's not a case of Motown setting the standard anymore. It's more a question of how successfully they can keep pace. At present their track record is hardly

startling.

It's taken them at least four years after the event to latch onto rap, circa Gary Byrd, a year to even start matching Prince (Rick James) or his all-girl outfit Vanity Six in the form of the tacky Mary Jane Girls.

Their new crop of artists, Finis Henderson, Michael Lovesmith etc, aren't likely to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors either. Where Motown once excelled in glorious pop music, they now tread water with numbing efficiency and this, the debut

LP from DeBarge, characterises Motown's Malaise.

Another all family group, DeBarge specialise in competent funk and lovesick ballads that mirror exactly everything that has gone before them. There is no attempt here at forging new ground or establishing some kind of solid identity. Instead 'All This Love' borrows from the obvious sources and parodies modern soul to a tee. We should be grateful for this?

Paolo Hewitt



16 and 17 year olds ...

Come September will you have a job?

It's been a long hot summer, plenty of time to enjoy yourself but when everyone else is back at school you're going to be back down to earth with a crash. No job and no prospects of one. Now's the time to do something about it. If you're 16 or 17 and live in the London area, there's a great opportunity for you to train and work at a job you'll enjoy. As part of the national Youth Training

Scheme, the London Chamber of Commerce and Industry have set up training centres and organised London companies in a unique year-long programme to give you a good start in a career. And while you train you'll be paid. Sounds just right for you? Telephone **739 8583** (London East) or **993 2204** (London West) And do it soon ...

The London Chamber of Commerce and Industry
Working for London's youth



The LCCI Youth Training Scheme

HOTLINES

example, copied his singing and stage-movements from The Sensational Nightingales' Julius Cheeks; Ray Charles was inspired by the phrasing and screams of Archie Brownlee, lead with The Five Blind Boys. (Note 'Lord You've Been Good To Me' on Vol. One where Brownlee uses the phrase "why-a-why" to break up a riff and add intensity. Charles did exactly the same thing in the middle of 'I Got A Woman', itself taken from 'I Got A God', and so on...)

Dominant though women have been in the church, the tradition of a *cappella* male quartets goes back to the start of modern gospel 50 years ago. Some of this music breaks with that tradition, but there are echoes of those early quartets—confusingly, the term also embraces five and six-piece groups—wherever gospel music is sung. What, after all, were groups like The Temptations other than an extension of it?

The music takes a bit of getting into, but there are plenty of familiar handholds to help the adventurous listener. The Blind Boys' 'No Need To Cry', for example, is pure doowop, and the Mighty Clouds with Joe Ligon in charge feature guitar extensively, the introduction of which actually heralded the end of an era in gospel. Ligon is a full-throated

baritone shouter. His rasping intakes of breath on the passionate intro to 'None But The Righteous' give some indication of the emotions that go into this music. Behind him the street-corner harmonies, sopranos and all, echo everyone from Frankie Lymon And The Teenagers on down.

The Clouds also do gospel version of two songs familiar in their secular recordings: 'Stand By Me' made famous by Ben E. King and 'Man Can't Get No Satisfaction' made famous by you-know-who. It is tempting to suggest that the latter, credited to the Rev. Lee Wallace, was the Stones' actual source, another reason why the lack of informative liner-notes is infuriating.

Throughout these 12 sides there are moments to take your breath away—if you will let them—though a more judicious selection of releases might have included more by the 'bird' groups, less of the Clouds, some of whose material is unexceptional.

Ira Tucker of the Hummingbirds is a key-figure in the history of gospel, not least for introducing the uninhibited dancing of the Sanctified Church into his stage act. His is a beautiful tenor voice like Bobby Bland's, fractionally deeper, and he testifies with the bluesman's debonair coaxing.

Hardly surprising, as Tucker actually coached Bland in the early days of his career. 'What A Friend' is pure Bland, squall and all.

Two Nightingales tracks are truly spellbinding 'I Want To Go' which features Julius Cheeks roaring near the edge of hysteria as the singers create unbelievable polyrhythms around him in tandem with a rocking drummer, and 'Prayed Too Late' which raised my goose-pimples. The harmonies are dramatic and dense and the falsetto singers sound just like women as the mighty Cheeks works at his story, moving towards the edge of pain.

To American documenter Tony Heilbut, gospel is "our greatest national music", and there is a sense in which it goes even deeper than blues. Where the blues musician was essentially an entertainer who relieved the communal burden, the church singer, whether a star of the 'programmes', an angry domestic or fieldworker, was dealing with something bigger than the individual experience. For them, it was often a case of 'Nearer, My God, To Thee'. For secular listeners, it may well be a case of coming nearer to ourselves by sharing a tiny part of that experience.

Val Wilmer

MOTOWN O

FINIS HENDERSON
Finis (Motown)

TODAY'S SUCCESSFUL young man! Finis Henderson—formerly a promising young comedian discovered and encouraged by no less a personage than Richard Pryor—appears on the front of his album lounging in leathers and on the back cutting a nifty step in neat jazz-funk threads.

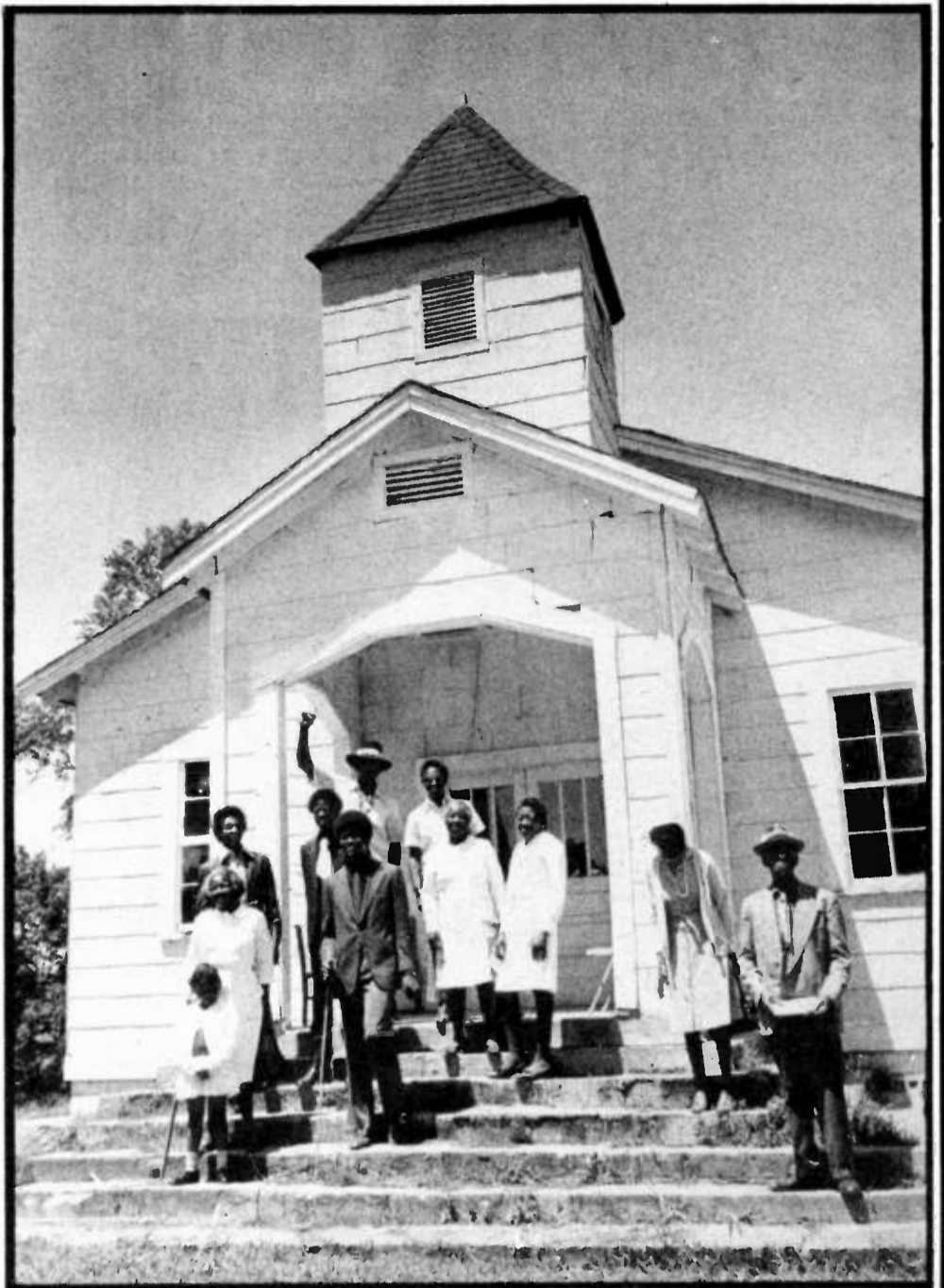
Similarly, the music within boogies ever nearer to that disco/heavy metal fusion utilised by Michael Jackson on 'Beat It', with an increasing reliance on a guitar and drum sound more reminiscent of Journey than Chic.

The album's premier single 'Skip To My Lou' sets a standard not maintained too successfully throughout, with only 'Call Me' and Stevie Wonder's ballad 'Crush On You' leaving any real aftertaste. Henderson himself is a slick and skilful if not particularly

distinctive singer; more than able to sound either butch or insinuating depending on producer/guitarist Al McKay's demands.

Finis Henderson cannot be much more than a holding operation for Motown: if The Corp is to maintain a commanding position it has to do so with singers and grooves as irresistible—in contemporary terms—as the ones who got them there in the first place. Somebody better sharpen up their act.

Charles Shaar Murray



A church in Mississippi. Home of Black resistance and some of the world's deepest music. Pic Val Wilmer/Format

Intaferon

12"
At 7" Price
Includes
radio
mix



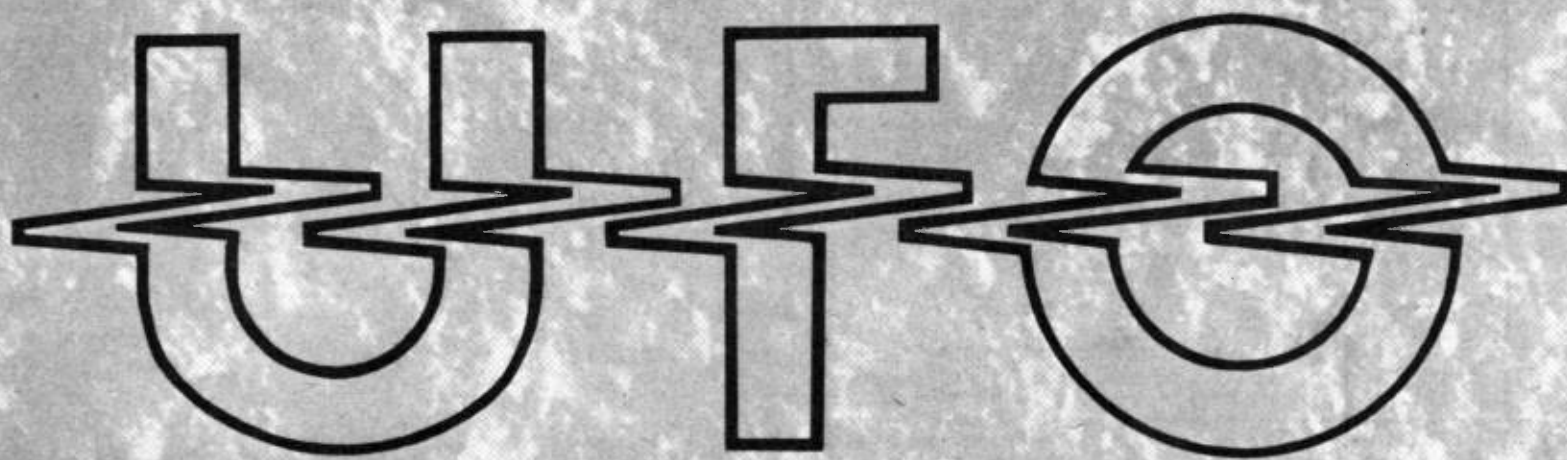
GET OUT OF LONDON

Chrysalis

Intacontinental ballistic mix

HEADSTONE

THE BEST OF



DOUBLE ALBUM

WITH

PETE FRAME FAMILY TREE

INCLUDES

TRACKS BY WHITESNAKE,
SCORPIONS, LONESTAR

PLUS

5 TRACKS RECORDED LIVE AT
HAMMERSMITH, APRIL 1983

SPECIAL LOW PRICE



PUT WORDS INTO DAVID BYRNE'S MOUTH AND GET A WHOLE LOAD BACK

GET TALKING!

After Talking Heads' 'Speaking In Tongues', album sleeves will never be the same!

To coincide with their new studio LP, Talking Heads commissioned internationally celebrated graphic artist Robert Rauschenberg to create a unique presentation for a limited edition pressing.

Quite different to David Byrne's artwork for the regular priced copies, this special edition comprises an all-plastic container holding a clear vinyl pressing of 'Speaking In Tongues'.

Three plastic wheels, each imprinted with a different stage of the four colour separation process and depicting an original Robert Rauschenberg photo-montage are affixed to the package. The top wheel rotates and, when turned, resolves separate aspects of the montage in full colour. As designed by Rauschenberg, the revolving wheel will clarify only one segment of the cover at a time, abstracting the rest into simple colour and shape.

The music pressed into 'Speaking In Tongues' is also pretty nifty.

With our usual flair for arm-twisting, we've managed to 'liberate' 20 copies the Rauschenberg limited edition from WEA/Sire Records and these and other prizes are on offer to those 20 NME readers who supply the best captions to the Talking Heads photo printed here.

The outright winner will not only receive one of Rauschenberg's graphic packages but also a complete set of Talking Heads' WEA/Sire LPs. That's copies of: 'More Songs About Buildings & Food', 'Talking Heads '77', 'Fear Of Music', 'Remain In Light' and 'The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads'. Add to that, solo LPs from David Byrne ('The Catherine Wheel') and Jerry Harrison ('The Red And The Black').

That's not all, a video cassette of Talking Heads' new single 'Burning Down The House' is also yours together with a limited edition shirt-of-the-single with a picture of the BBC ablaze emblazoned on the back. Wishful thinking, eh!

Well, that's what the outright winner of our picture caption contest cops! The 19 runners-up will each receive one of Rauschenberg's limited edition 'Speaking In Tongues' packages.

THE RULES

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 WEA/Sire Records, The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME.

CLOSING DATE: Sept 5, 1983

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO:

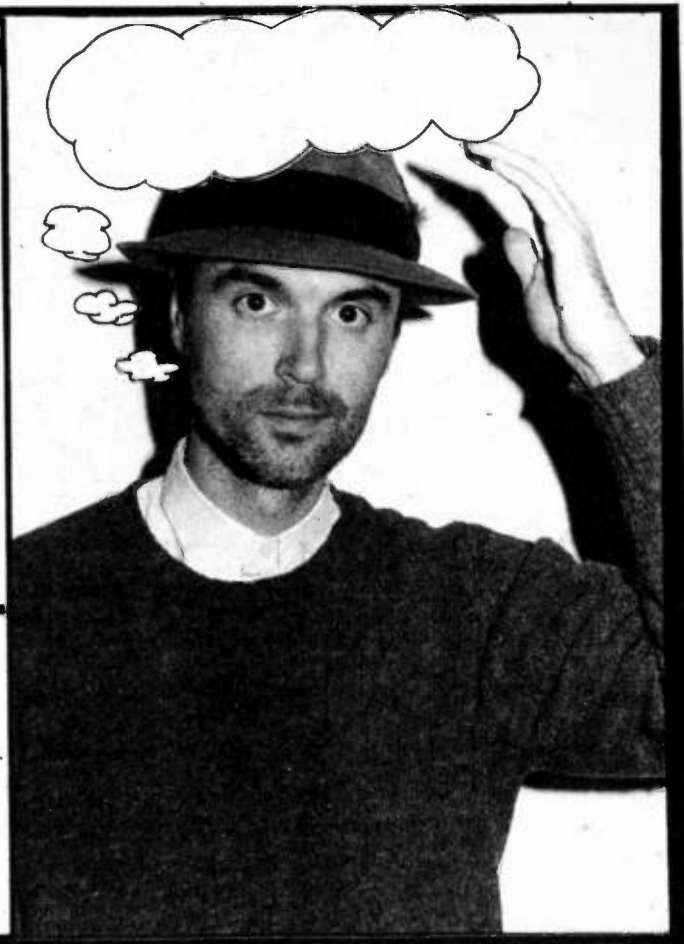
NME/TALKING HEADS COMPETITION
55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....



BUNNY FUNNIES

WELL, WHAT did the rabbit say to the pop star? This was the riddle we asked you to fiddle, by filling in the caption bubbles. And you did — mainly along somewhat obscene lines concerning the whereabouts of Ian McCulloch's right hand.

H. weaver, we've extracted ten winners from this pile of filth and innuendo, and they'll each receive a copy of the Echo And The Bunnymen video 'Porcupine'. (Oh yeah, and we dumped all those 'prick' gags as well.)

Here are the terrible ten... Tim Spencer (no relation), Petersfield, Hants; Paul Schofield, Hull; Jonathan Harrison, Barnsley, S. Yorks; Tony Murphy, Dublin; Ian Oakes, Twyford, Berks; Clive Davies, Guildford, Surrey; Stephen Vowles, Bristol; Gary Barham, Hounslow, Midd'x; Steven Wren, Gt Baddon, Chelmsford; Rafael Galili, London N13.

And here's a few of the winning entries (to spare their shame we won't tell you who came up with what)...

MAC: What can we call our group? RABBIT: I

don't know. I'm only a bunny, man!

MAC: Stop worrying, Will, think of all the free

publicity. RABBIT: I knew we shouldn't have

started messing round in that friggin' mystical

stone circle of Callanish!

MAC: Pretty useless wedding present aren't

you? RABBIT: Look pal, what did you expect

from Julian Cope?

MAC: Right, here's the plan. We hide inside the

rabbit and when we get inside the NME office we

leap out and bash 'em up while they're sleeping.

RABBIT: Er, shouldn't I be a horse?

MAC: Mmm, rabbit stew for dinner tonight, I

think. RABBIT: Spare us the cutter, Mac!



Mac and pal

Pic Joe Stevens

BUY ANY PRE-RECORDED TITLE FOR £4.99 OR OVER

These are just a few examples of the wide range of cassettes available from Boots Record Departments. So whatever your taste in music, buy a pre-recorded cassette from us costing £4.99 or more and we will give you, absolutely free, a Sony BHF C90 Tape worth £1.45.

...AND GET THIS FREE!

SONY BHF 90 135m COMPACT CASSETTE / CASSETTE COMPACTE

SONY BHF90

Boots

Offer ends 10th September 1983. Subject to stock availability. Prices refer to Great Britain and may not apply in the Channel Islands or Northern Ireland.

THE BEST FOR MUSIC

TOUR NEWS

**CLAPTON, PAGE, BECK ONE-OFF
YARDBIRDS, ANIMALS RETURN**

GUITARS TO ARMS

ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK and **JIMMY PAGE**, arguably the three most influential guitarists to emerge from the British rock scene, wield their axes at two charity concerts to be held at London's Royal Albert Hall. The first takes place on Tuesday, 20 September in aid of the Ronnie Lane appeal for ARMS (Action for Research into Multiple Sclerosis), while on the following night (21), the same musicians appear in aid of the Prince Charles Trust. Among those who have also agreed to appear are Steve Winwood, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, Kenny Jones and Andy Fairweather-Low, while several other major talents, some of superstar proportions, are likely to be added to the bill within the next few weeks. Tickets for the concerts go on sale from Saturday, 20 August, priced £25.00, £20.00, £12.50 and £8.50 and these can be obtained from the RAH booking office, usual agencies and also by means of instant credit card reservations (phone 01-836-2184).

Ronnie Lane, the instigator of the ARMS concert is a musician who has first hand knowledge of the problems which face sufferers from multiple sclerosis — a virtually incurable disease — and it's typical of Lane that he wishes to aid others and help them to receive the hyperbaric oxygen treatment which has aided him.

These concerts are the first this year by Eric Clapton, who will be announcing further dates shortly.

THE YARDBIRDS, who recently reformed for a gig at The Marquee, appear at a special charity gig at a new venue, The Ritz, in Surbiton, on Sunday, September 18. Support act on the gig, which is in aid of a local children's hospital, is The Steve Warley Band, a Jive Records act. Doors open at 8 p.m. and tickets are £2.00.

The original **ANIMALS** — Eric Burdon, Alan Price, Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine and John Steel — are to appear in concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on 17 October. Tickets, priced £15.00, £12.50, £10.00, £7.50 and £5.00 are available from 'The Animals Box Office', 215 St John's Hill, London S.W.11 and from all branches of Keith Prowse but not from the Albert Hall itself. The group, who reformed earlier this year, are currently touring the States and have recorded an album, 'Ark', for Miles Copeland's IRS label, which gains a UK release on 9 September. A single, 'The Night' / 'No John No' also appears that same day and this release will also be available as a 12-inch containing an extra track in 'Melt Down'.

JUDAS PRIEST, whose recent exploits include a sell-out concert at New York's Madison Square Gardens, have announced a series of pre-Christmas UK dates, these being: Manchester Apollo (15 December), London Hammersmith Odeon (16 and 17), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20) and Birmingham Odeon (21 and 22). Tickets for all gigs are £5.00, £4.50 and £4.00 and go on sale immediately. Currently Judas Priest are recording a new album in Ibiza and hope to have it in the shops by 4 November.

DANIELLE DAX, the Medusa-tressed half of the now-defunct Lemon Kittens, unveils her new stage act (visually bizarre, she claims) at Soho's Sunset Strip on 26 August, when the sleaze joint gets taken over by the residents of the Bat Cave. Further Dax-attacks are planned for Heds, in London's Stratford Place on 2 September and at Battersea's Latchmere on 12 September.

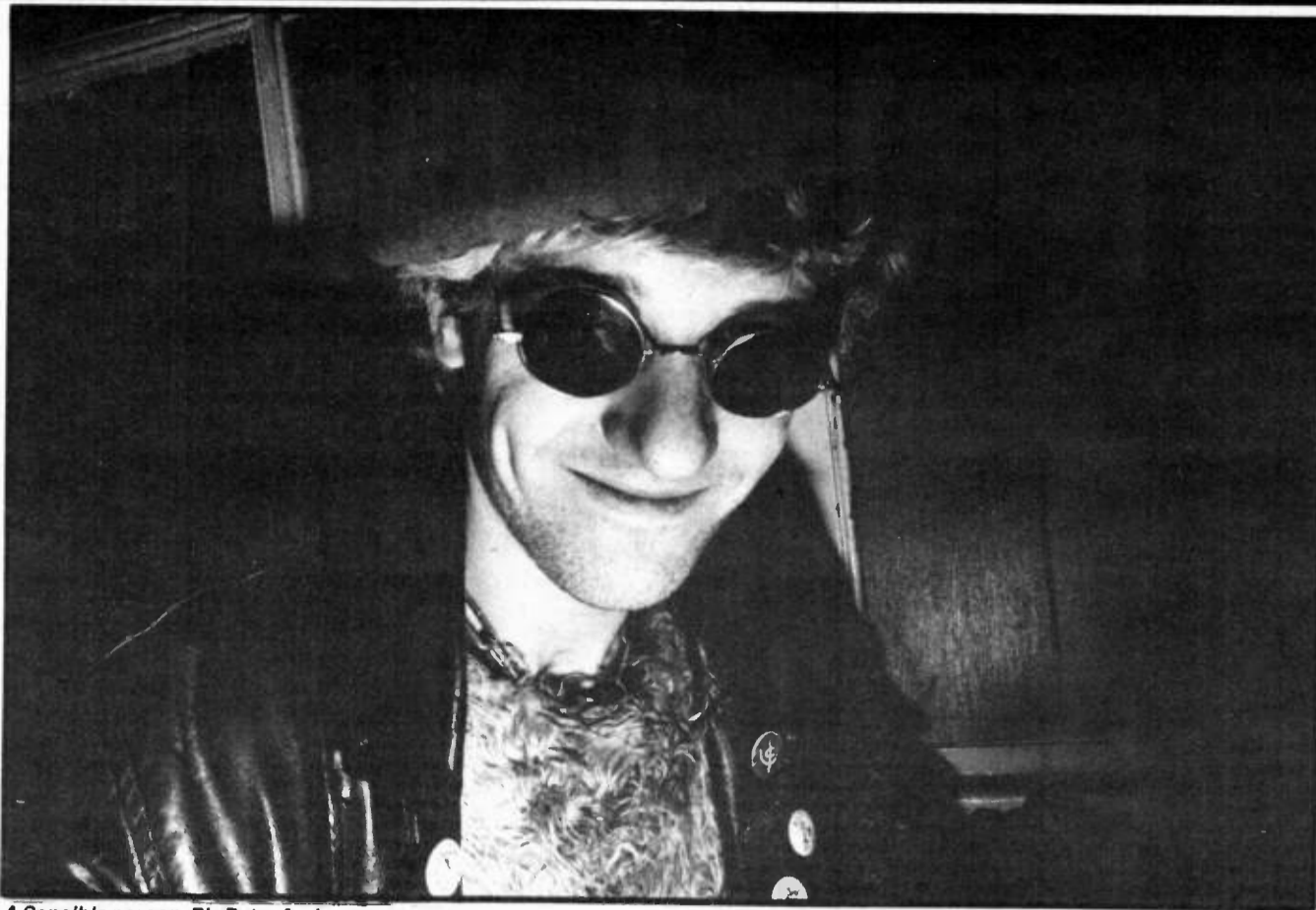


Hit the Hiatt. Pic Anton Corbijn

HIATT SNEAKERS

JOHN HIATT, the singer-songwriter-guitarist who built up a cult following in the wake of his appearances with Ry Cooder, provides a special one-off show at London's Putney Half Moon, on Wednesday, 7 September. Hiatt has been touring Europe with Nick Lowe and Paul Carrack and completing work on an album 'Riding With The King', part-produced by Lowe, which should see a Geffen release at the end of September. The Half Moon show will be a solo outing, with no bands and heralds a series of tasty dates at the Putney venue, these particular gigs involving appearances by Country Joe McDonald (12 September) and Clarence 'Frogman' Henry (24).

JIMMY C NEWMAN and Cajun Country appear at London's Harlesden Mean Fiddler tonight (25). Newman's a cajun hero from Louisiana and best known for his US hit 'Alligator Man'.



A Sensible person. Pic Peter Anderson

EXCLUSIVE DAMNED DATES, KILLING JOKE FOR FUTURAMA

YOU'LL BE DAMNED

THE DAMNED, who sold out their Hammersmith Palais gig in July, have now lined up a short tour that plays Nottingham's Sherwood Rooms on Wednesday, 7 September before moving on to Birmingham Tower Ballroom (8), Manchester Metro (9) and the already announced date at London's Hammersmith Palais on 11 September.

Revealing their plans exclusively to *NME*, the band claimed: "There's been a great resurgence of interest in our music of late but things have been difficult because we have had no one to organise the business side of things. We've lost our manager, our agent and our record label — which means we haven't managed to get tours organised and which accounts for the debacle at Knebworth recently, where the date was suddenly cancelled!"

Support band at all the dates is Beast, the band headed by ex-Cramps man Bryan Gregory, while at Hammersmith, The Damned and Beast will be joined by Playdead and Flesh For Lulu. Tickets for the Nottingham, Birmingham and Manchester dates are £3.00 in advance and £3.50 on the

door, while those at Hammersmith are set at £3.50 in advance or on the door.

KILLING JOKE have been confirmed as headliners on the second day at the Futurama Festival, which takes place at Leeds Queens Hall on September 17 and 18.

"It'll be a jet set sort of thing for the band," explained promoter John Keenan. "They play Berlin on the 16th, fly to Britain for the Futurama date on the 18th, then fly off again to appear at Milan just two days later."

Other bands added to the 18 September bill at Futurama are Poison Girls, Pink Peg Slax and Mark My Words plus the Ekome dancers. But Keenan faced another problem this week when **WHAM**, who were planned to headline the festival's opening day were forced to pull out due to recording commitments. It's expected that another major band will be signed during the next few days in order to strengthen the now weakened Saturday bill.

NOTTING HILL LINE UP

ASWAD, Red Beat, Farenji Warriors and Winston Reedy are among the acts appearing onstage at this year's London Notting Hill Carnival, which takes place over the holiday weekend. Although no actual running order had been supplied at press time, the full line-up of acts appearing on Saturday 28 August and Monday, 29, reads: (At the Portobello Green stage) Rapp, Red Eye, Urban Warriors, Peaches, Abacush, Farenji Warriors, Persons Unknown, Oshamar, Hard Rock, Renegades, Sons of Jah, Winston Reedy, Spartacus R and, possibly, Les

Entants Terribles, the refugees from Rip, Rig and Panic. (At the Meanwhile Gardens Stage) Curfew, Sweet Distortion, Black Nights, Red Beat, Aswad, King Sounds and The Israelites, African Woman, Ricky and The Mutations, Wisdau, Crucial Music, Impossible Dreamers. Also various other musical events are planned, one involving Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers, a band headed by John Mayall's son, that appears outside Risk, the Portobello Road clothes stores, on both days.

FESTIVAL ROUND-UP: ROTTERDAM,

TOM ROBINSON, STEEL PULSE ROCKIN' BERRY

CHUCK BERRY is confirmed as the headliner at the Rock'n'Roll Spectacular which is being held in a giant, 500 capacity circus Big Top sited on the banks of the River Nene, at Peterborough. The show, which takes place on Saturday, 3 September, is being presented by Hereward Radio in association with the organisers of The Peterborough Country Festival and features such '60s stars as Billy J. Kramer, Billie Davis, Screaming London Sutch, Tommy Bruce, plus The Glitter Band. Another feature of the event will be the floodlit dance floor areas which will enable fans to indulge in terechorean activities should the spirit move them. Tickets for the Spectacular, which runs from 7 p.m. till midnight, are priced at £8.50 and are available from Hereward Radio, Bridge Street, Peterborough, or The Chuck Berry Concert Office, Folksworth Manor, Folksworth, Peterborough. All cheques should be made payable to 'Chuck Berry Concert'.

Many British Rock Acts are included on the bill at Rotterdam's **PANDORA'S MUSIC BOX FESTIVAL**, which is being held on 2 and 3 September in the city's Dedoelen Concert Hall. The line-up for Friday, 2 September reads: Peter Hammill, Skeleton Crew, Force 10, Nick Cave with Die Haus, Niewhip Sillin, Slouxsie And The Banshees, Howard Devoto, Durutti Column and Jah Wobble with Invaders Of The Heart. And on the Saturday (3) bill there's: Armory Show, Violent Femmes, Danse Society, Death Cult, Fad Gadget, Big Country, X-Mal Deutschiand, Spear Of Destiny, Kowalski D.C. Matic and Virgin Prunes.

TOM ROBINSON, John Cooper Clarke, Basking Sharks, Radiation, The Cherry Boys, Radar Angels, Steve Womack and DJ Janice Long appear at Wakefield's Nostell Priory Music Festival on Sunday, 28 August. The Festival begins on Friday (26) with a country music show, headed by George Hamilton IV, Pete Sayers, and Raymond Froggatt, while David Essex is the eleventh hour headliner on Saturday (27) — the result of another Essex venue not now being available. Tickets for the event are £6.00 each day or just £8.00 for a weekend.

STEEL PULSE appear at Birmingham's Tower Ballroom on Tuesday, 13 September, as part of that city's International Festival of Music, which runs from 10-17 September. Magnum also play the Tower Ballroom on 12 September as part of the event while Ekome, Ruby Turner and Weapon Of Peace appear at the Cannon Hill Park Marquee on Sunday, 11 September, tickets for this all day show being £4.50 (or £3.00 for Weapon Of Peace's evening concert).

KING, Perry Haines proteges from Coventry, play a one-off date at Manchester's Hacienda tonight (25). And DJ for the evening will be Gary Crowley, dulcet-toned pilot of the airwaves.



Slimline Tonic

VICEROY OF VOUT

SLIM GAILLARD, viceroy of vout, jazz jester and purveyor of sea soup symphonies appears at London's 100 Club, in Oxford Street, on Friday, 26 August, in the first of a series of shows promoted by Honest Jon's Records. Gaillard will be supported by the Tommy Chase Quartet, featuring alto star Alan Barnes, an outfit that has an album due out on Ace's Bopcity label in October. Other forthcoming Honest Jon promotions at the 100 club include: The Art Farmer Quartet (19 September), Diz'n 'The Doormen and The Chevalier Brother (3 October) and **THE CHET BAKER QUARTET** (10 October). Baker is the legendary trumpet-player and singer who recently guested on Elvis Costello's 'Punch The Clock' album.

CARMEN MCRAE, **GEORGE SHEARING** and **MEL TORME** appear together for the first time on a British stage when they present a series of concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall from Monday, 12 September, to Friday 16 September. Torme will be backed by a British orchestra, while McRae, one of America's finest jazz vocalists, will be bringing her quartet. Tickets are available now, priced from £3.50 to £12.50.

WHAM have added an extra date to their forthcoming trip round these hallowed isles and now begin their tour on Sunday, 9 October at Aberdeen's Capitol venue. Tickets range from £4.00 to £5.00 and are on sale now.

RECORD NEWS

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL and FELT are unlikely to leave Cherry Red, despite the rumours quoted in last week's *T-Zers*.

"We're not letting them go for any amount of money or under any circumstances," the record label phoned to say. But The Monochrome Set and Fantastic Something will be moving to join suple-Indie Blanco-Y-Negro, a company run by Mike Alway of Cherry Red, Geoff Travis of Rough Trade and Michelle Duval of Crepuscule.

"It's untrue too, that there'll be any Beggars Banquet involvement," claimed one gang of three member, adding that Blanco-Y-Negro won't merely be a rock label but will encompass, classical music, jazz, pop and "every shade in-between."

STEVIE NICKS ▼ BILL NELSON

● **Stevie Nicks'** 'Stand Back' single is being re-launched by WEA on 26 August to herald a live TV special by the Fleetwood Mac singer. The single will be available in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions both releases containing a previously unissued track in 'Garbo', while the 12-inch contains a full-length rendition of 'Stand Back' along with the now obligatory bonus track, which in this case is 'The Wild Heart'. The TV special, featuring Stevie onstage in America, is being screened by BBC 1 on Thursday, 29 September at 10.40 pm.

● **Bill Nelson** is currently in Japan recording a single with Yukihiro Takahashi, of Yellow Magic Orchestra,

which is to be released under their joint names. Nelson, who has just completed producing San Francisco's The Unit for CBS, has also announced that he is no longer contracted to Phonogram Records for any of his releases.

● **The Sinister Ducks**, a Northampton band rumoured to include David Jay bass-player with the recently bowed-out Bauhaus, have a double B-side single 'The March Of The Sinister Ducks'/'Old Gangsters Never Die', available for inspection through Beggars Banquet this Friday (26). This one's packaged in a double-sided fold-out poster sleeves.

17 WHEELS

HEAVEN 17, currently planning their third album, have a new single released on 30 August. The seven-inch version comprises a special remix of 'Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry' (from 'The Luxury Gap' album) which is split into two separate halves, the B-side of the disc continuing where the A-side leaves off. All in best Gary Glitter tradition, claims Martin Ware. Also there's a 12-inch which boasts the original album version of 'Crushed', plus a funky meaga-mix rendition of the same number, the latter giving free rein to the bass-playing of John Wilson. Meanwhile Martin Ware's being completing work on a couple of tracks with Tina Turner, both of which are likely to surface on Tina's forthcoming album for Capitol.



He's In Heaven. Pic Anton Corbijn

COMMODORES, 10cc TOURS

READING: LATEST CHANGES

GUN SPIKED

Following *NME's* exclusive interview with Jeffrey Lee Pierce last week — in which he expressed doubt about playing the London Lyceum gig on 8 September following a split within **THE GUN CLUB's** ranks — it's been officially announced that the proposed show will not now take place.

Following the news of their London dates, **THE COMMODORES** have now released full details of their September UK tour. The first gig's at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on Saturday 17 September, after which comes shows at Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Batley Frontier Club (20), Newcastle City Hall (22), Birmingham Nite Out (23 and 24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28), Windsor Blazers (29) and Southport, Southport Theatre (30). For the Cardiff, Bristol, Newcastle and Nottingham concerts, tickets are priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. At St Austell, Birmingham, London, Croydon, Windsor and Southport they're set at £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00. For Batley, consult local press for ticket details. Tickets are available from the respective box offices or usual agencies. Gary Byrd and The GB Experience have now been confirmed as the supporting act at all shows.

IOCC start their October 1983 tour at Northampton's new Derngate Centre on Monday, 3 October, before moving on to appear at Reading Hexagon (4), Norwich Theatre Royal (5), Halifax Civic (6), Warrington Spectrum (7), Boston Haven (8), Llandudno Astra (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10), Southport, Southport Theatre (11), York University (12), Derby Assembly Rooms (13), Crawley Leisure Centre (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Chippenham Goldiggers (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (17), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (18), Worthing Assembly Hall (19) and Margate Winter Gardens (20). Ticket prices vary from venue to venue but generally range between £4.00 and £6.50, though those at Reading and Boston are slightly higher. Tickets are now on sale from the box offices and usual agents. Support band throughout will be The Park, a Phonogram signing.

SURVIVOR the 'Eye Of The Tiger' band, have pulled out of the Reading Festival along with Australia's Wendy And The Rocketts and Germany's Kowalski. But there are some last minute additions to the bill, these being Lee Aaron, a heavy metallist from Canada, who appears on Saturday (27) plus Pendragon and Auto Dafe, an outfit currently being recorded by Phil Lynott, who now augment the Friday (26) bill.

THIS EBENEZER GEEZER, XTC



Chief but no Caesar, that's Ebenezzer.

IOBEY

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY, who's made over 80 albums in his native Nigeria during the past decade, has now lined up a single and album for UK Virgin release. His new single, or seven-inch and 12-inch, is 'Jeje/Paje', with the 12-inch bearing an extended version of the A-side. Both cuts come from the Chief's 'Jekajo' album which breaks from cover on 19th September. The single will be available on 30 August.

XTC, who now qualify for the description 'a Swindon-based trio', emerge from their slumbers with 'Mummer', their seventh Virgin album, which comes out on 30 August. But there are no plans for Partridge and Co to appear live, the trio seemingly being happy to write and generally potter in their studio.

● The Original Soundtrack to *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* is released through Virgin on 30 August. All the music to the film, which stars David Bowie and Tom Conti, has been composed by Ryuichi Sakamoto. The album will feature the voice of David Sylvian on an extra track, the recent hit 'Forbidden Colours', though this vocal version does not get an airing in the film itself.

● **Kool And The Gang**, Leon Hayward, Steve Harvey, Tania Maria, Cameo, Ingram, Central Line and Booker Newbury III are the acts that are lined up on Phonogram's 'Come With Club' compilation due out this Friday (26).

● **A Flock of Seagulls**, currently touring the States, have a Bill Nelson-produced single 'It's Not Me' Talking' released by Jive Records on 26 August. The B-side's titled 'Tanglimara', both tracks also

appearing on a 12" edition which also includes a live version of 'The Traveller'. Upon their return to Britain, the band are to record an album masterminded by Robert Palmer.

● **Junior** has a new single 'Runnin', out through Phonogram on 26 August. Available both as a seven-inch and as a 12-inch, it features a common-to-both B-side called 'Women Say It', while the 12" includes an extended remix of 'Runnin', along with an instrumental rendition of the same number.

● **Randy Crawford**, whose Warner Bros single 'Nightline' comes out on 2 September, will whisper in your shell-like anytime you care to pick up the phone and dial 01-388-5188. But should you wish to merely lash out on the 12-inch version of the single, then you gain an instrumental version of 'Nightline' plus an extra track in 'Last Night In Danceland'. Incidentally, the seven-inch is backed with 'This Night Won't Last Forever'.

MERRY CHRISTMAS ▲ CLUB FUNK

THE THE release a new single on Some Bizarre Records on 2 September, this particular item being in not two but three different formats.

The A-side of all three is 'This In The Day', which lines-up alongside 'Mental Healing Process' on the 'normal' seven-inch. Next there's a limited edition, seven-inch double single in a gatefold sleeves, the incentive here being a free single comprising 'Leap Into The Wind' and 'Absolute Liberation'. Finally there's the 12-inch, the reverse of which is 'I've Been Waitin' For Tomorrow (All Of My Life)'. An album's the next thing on The The agenda, Matt Johnson — who is The The — promising one called 'Soul Mining' which CBS have scheduled for October.



Jon King hears his new single. Pic Anton Corbijn

ONE FOR FOUR

GANG OF FOUR have now confirmed their London date, which is at the Lyceum on 25 September. Tickets are priced £3.50, these being available from the Lyceum box-office and all usual agents.

CAROL GRIMES AND THE CROCODILES are doing a special gig on behalf of London's Whittington Park Community Association at the Whittington Centre on 3 September at 9 p.m. The nearest tube is Archway and the price of admission is £2.00 or £1.50 for the unwaged.

THE TOM ALLEN Community Arts Centre in Grove Crescent Road, Stratford, London E15, is putting on an 'East End Showcase' on Friday, 9 September, from 7pm–11pm. Any local bands who feel they would like to contribute a short set should contact Anna Jones on 01-555 7289.

NEW ORDER's 'Confusion' video, shot in New York by Charles Sturridge, gets a special preview at Manchester's Hacienda this Friday (26) at midnight.

M.C.P. Mead Could Promotions
Mixgate House, 38 Hamlet Court Road,
Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS0 7NS.
Telephone: (0702) 353533 Telex 99305

BLACK SABBATH

LIVE IN BRUSSELS

Saturday 1st October
£39 ticket for concert plus all transport
Depart p.m. 30th September return a.m. 2nd October
or £59 includes ticket for concert • 1st class hotel •
luxury coach • cross channel ferry
Depart 29th Sept p.m. return 2nd Oct a.m.

POLICE

LIVE IN PARIS

Tuesday 20th September
£65 includes ticket for concert •
1st class Hotel • luxury coach •
cross — channel ferry
Depart 18th Septemb'r return 21st September

PETER GABRIEL

LIVE IN BRUSSELS

Monday 26th September
£56 includes ticket for concert at Vorst Nationale •
1st class Hotel • luxury coach • cross channel ferry
full free day in Brussels.
Depart September 24th return September 27th
£39 includes all transport
and ticket for concert
Depart evening September 25th return a.m. September 27th

Send £20 deposit per person plus £5 personal and cancellation insurance (optional) made payable to MGP to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the no. places required.

NAME
ADDRESS

.....NME 19

BSS ☐ BS ☐ P ☐ PG ☐ PGS ☐

PHONE 0702 353533 FOR CREDIT CARD HOT LINE

Klub Foot THURSDAY 8th SEPTEMBER at 8:00pm:

THE ADICTS
The DEFECTS
THE PLAYN JAYN Tickets £2.50

THE DAMNED
PLAYDEAD
BEAST
FLESH FOR LULU
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
SUNDAY 11th SEPTEMBER at 8:00pm

FOR PEOPLE WHO TAKE THEIR JAZZ SERIOUSLY— THE RETURN OF BLUE NOTE:

Many Great Favourites Now Available From The Definitive Label Of Modern Jazz, Including:

THE EMINENT JAY JAY JOHNSON — with Clifford Brown, Hank Mobley, Kenny Clarke etc. Vol 1 BLP 1505
CLIFFORD BROWN — Memorial Album with Gigi Gryce, Charlie Rouse, Lon Donaldson etc. Vol 2 BLP 1506
SIDNEY BECHET — Jazz Classics Vol 1 BLP 1201
JOHNNY GRIFFIN — A Blowing Session Vol 2 BLP 1202
LEE MORGAN — The Cooker with Pepper Adams, Bobby Timmons etc. BLP 1559
ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS — A Night in Tunisia BLP 81578
JIMMY SMITH — Midnight Special with Stanley Turrentine, Kenny Burrell BLP 84049
DEXTER GORDON — A Swingin' Affair with Sonny Clark, Butch Warren, Billy Higgins BLP 84078
HANK MOBLEY — Workout with Grant Green, Wynton Kelly etc. BLP 84133
THELONIOUS MONK — Genius of Modern Jazz with Kenny Dorham, Lou Donaldson, Max Roach etc. BLP 84040
ART BLAKEY — A Night at Birdland with Clifford Brown, Horace Silver etc. Vol 1 BLP 1510
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY — Somethin' Else Vol 2 BLP 1511
HERBIE HANCOCK — Takin' Off with Freddie Hubbard, Dexter Gordon, Billy Higgins etc. Vol 1 BLP 1521
HERBIE HANCOCK — Empyrean Isles with Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter, Tony Williams Vol 2 BLP 1522
HERBIE HANCOCK — Maiden Voyage with Freddie Hubbard, George Coleman, Tony Williams etc. Vol 1 BLP 1542
DONALD BYRD — I'm Tryin' To Get Home with Stanley Turrentine, Herbie Hancock etc. Vol 2 BLP 1558
WAYNE SHORTER — Speak No Evil with Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Elvin Jones etc. Vol 1 BLP 1542
SONNY ROLLINS — with Donald Byrd, Jay Jay Johnson, Thelonious Monk etc. Vol 2 BLP 1558
HORACE SILVER — Song For My Father with Carmell Jones, Joe Henderson etc. BLP 84185
ERIC DOLPHY — Out To Lunch with Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Tony Williams etc. BLP 84183
ORNETTE COLEMAN AT THE GOLDEN CIRCLE — with David Izenzon and Charles Moffat BLP 84225 Vol 1
MILES DAVIS — with Jay Jay Johnson, Jackie McLean, Jimmy Heath etc. Vol 1 BLP 1501
CECIL TAYLOR — Conquistador with Bill Dixon, Jimmy Lyons etc. Vol 2 BLP 1502
DUKE ELLINGTON — Money Jungle BLP 84260
JOHN COLTRANE — Blue Train BLP 84157

Marketed and Distributed by **Conifer Records**
and Available From All Leading Record Shops

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

IF IT'S August Bank Holiday, there must be a festival! And in the glut of holiday gigs, you'll probably find the hottest music and the sharpest threads at Notting Hill, where ASWAD, SONS OF JAH, WINSTON REEDY, SPARTACUS R, FARENJI WARRIORS, and IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS will be heading a host of groups, dubsters, DJs, steel bands and toasters galore.

The Reading Festival, like the Queen's Speech, is an institution that's probably better slept through, but this time there's a (slight) move away from Heavy Metal torpor with THE STRANGLERS, STEEL PULSE, BIG COUNTRY (Friday), BLACK SABBATH, MARILLION, SUZI QUATRO (Saturday), THIN LIZZY, STEVE HARLEY and TEN YEARS AFTER (Sunday) among the headliners.

Other weekend festivities include Knebworth Greenbelt with CLIFF RICHARD and MARIA MULDAUR, the St Austell spree on Tuesday with CHUCK BERRY, 10cc and MEATLOAF, and don't forget that the ICA's Actual Music festival with STEVE LACY continues through to Sunday.



"Hey, Mister DJ!" Notting Hill Carnival pic: Val Wilmer/Format

THURSDAY 25th

Aberdeen 62 Club: Subhumans / Faction / Malfunctor
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Duma Express: Virago
Birmingham Peacocks: The Copy
Bognor Regis Pier, Ocean Room: Gary Brooker / Andy Fairweather-Low / Mickey Jupp / Mel Collins / Henry Spinetti
Bournemouth The Academy: The Peech Boys
Brentford Red Lion: The Hurters
Bridgewater Huntworth Boat & Anchor: Scarlet Downs / India / Alkaloids / System Beat
Chesterfield Aquarius: O'Hara's Playboys
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes
Croydon Cartoon: Dr Feelgood
Canterbury Alberrys: Emotional Play
Deal Swan Hotel: Sidewinder
Ferryhill King's Head: Crucified By Christians
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: Odin
Leeds Warehouse: SPK
Liverpool Cleopatras: Change To The East
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: Shout
Records Night
London (Bond Street) Embassy Club: Separate Energy
London Brixton Old White Horse: Coherents
London Brixton The Fridge: Apocalypse / The Playn Jayn
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Zodiacs
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: The Milk Shakes / The Prisoners
London Catford Black Horse: The Wild Eagles
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Childs Hill Castle Club: Dizzy Lizard and The Nolan Brothers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sad Among Strangers
London Elephant And Castle The Butt: Anthrax / Naked
London Fulham Greyhound: The Opposition / True Colours
London Fulham Kings Head: Johnny G
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Heartbeats / Laughing Sams Dice
London Greenwich Mite: The Greatest Show On Legs / Barflies
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Jimmy C Newman
London Holland Park World Music Village: Primitive Society / Spartacus R / Persons Unknown
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: El Trains
London Kennington The Cricketers: Red Cloud
London Kennington Sunset Club: The Screaming Lobsters
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Dill Jones & Tony Lee
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
London The Mail ICA — Actual Festival: Keith Tippet Project
London N7 The Favourite: Jans Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Suja
London Oxford Street 100 Club: The Decorators
London Putney Half Moon: Jazz Sluts
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Fred Hunt Trio
London Soho Pizza Express: Digby Fairweather Band
London Stockwell Plough: Chicago Sunsets
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
London Wardour St Marquee: Magnum
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London WC1 Margery St. The Cave: National Gold
London W1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: Gothique
London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: Room 13

Manchester Hacienda: King
Margate Winter Gardens: (3 days) Chas & Dave
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples
Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers
Penzance Regent Hotel: The Recessions
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: Aquavita
Reading Target: Larry Miller
Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: New Jubilee Band
Sheffield The Hanover: Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas
Sheffield The Leadmill: Cairo / Protocol / Baroque / Crime Of Passion
South Croydon Swan & Sugar Loaf: The Misfits
Torquay Town Hall: Chapter 29 / The Golgotha Boys / The Calling
Watford Verulam Arms: Joker
Wokingham Angie's: G. T. Moore & The Outsiders
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: Sub Zero

FRIDAY 26th

Bath Moles Club: Farenji Warriors
Birmingham Tin Can Club: Jayne County
Brentford Red Lion: Mick Ralphs / Mixed Blood
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: The Ghost Shirts
Bristol Upstairs: Brilliant Corners
Coventry Rhyton Bridge: Streetlite
Croydon Cartoon: Chuck Farley
Digbeth Fantasy: Jayne County
Edinburgh Minto Hotel: The Story So Far
Feltham Middx Football Club: The Pests / Black Easter
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Tokyo Rose
Glasgow Nite Moves: Under Two Flags
Harrow The Roxborough: Dream Cycle 7
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: Stax
Hereford Market Tavern: Static Activity
Hertfordshire Hall: Hellum Brothers
Norwich (Lancs) Rivington Barn: Acker Blik Band
Kendal Folk Festival at Brewart Arts Centre (until Sunday): Stocktons Wing / Allstar Anderson / Bob Fox & Stu Luckley / Ray Laidlow & Rod Clements / Strawhead / Johnny Coppin / plus more
Kings Lynn Fairstead: Rendezvous
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: Laughing Sam's Dice / Peacock Parade
London Brixton The Fridge: Second Image
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Fractured Nerve
London Camden Dublin Castle: Steve Waller Band
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: The Chameleons / Just A Ha Ha
London Camden Palace: Out
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Gothique
London Fulham Greyhound: The Gymslips / Killer Koala
London Fulham Kings Head: John Otway
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Gothique
London Greenwich Mite: Killer Queen
London Hammersmith Clarendon: Guana Batz
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: The Breakfast Band
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Jimmy C. Newman
London Holland Park World Music Village: Osibisa
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: Turkey Bones and The Wild Dogs
London Kennington The Cricketers: Caroline Davidson
London Kentish Town The Falcon: Dix-Six Band
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Gillie McPherson Duo & Guests
London The Mail ICA Actual Festival: (at 3 pm) The Tippet Project / Spontaneous Music Ensemble (at 8 pm) Talker with Frankie Armstrong
London New Cross Goldsmith's Tavern: The Famous Five
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Combo Passe
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Slim Galliard / Tommy Chase Quartet

London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo Rose
London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra
London SE8 Creek Road Duke: Missing Almen
London Soho Pizza Express: Benny Waters Quartet
London Southbank National Theatre: (6.30 pm) Ipso Facto / They Must Be Russians
London Stockwell Plough: Brendan Hoban and Al MacLean
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Wardour St Marquee: Magnum
London Woolwich Thames Poly: Vex / Blood Fetish
London Woolwich Tramshed: The Glitter Band / Facing West
Lyng (Norfolk) Summer Dream Fair: Donovan / Ground Zero / Bedside Manners / Jah Warrior / Vital Disorders / Original Mixture / Wooden Forge / plus folk dancing
Manchester Millstone Hotel: Karamojos / Jump'n'Grunt
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Vetos
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: Kris Gayle & Trio
Peterborough Nene Embankment: Country Festival — Hank Locklin / Cathy Stewart
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: No Surrender
Queensborough (Isle of Sheppey) Queen Phillips: The Misfits
Rayleigh Crocs: UK Subs / Beer's In Brothers
Reading Festival (3 days): The Stranglers / Big Country / Steel Pulse / Pallas / Hanoi Rocks / Man
Sheffield University: Total Institution / Hula
Tyldesley George & Dragon: Ex-Directory
Wokingham Angie's: John Spencer Band
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: David Essex
Worthing Pavilion (until Sunday): British Country Music Festival with Little Ginny Band / Kevin Henderson / Emerald / Frank Jennings Show / Patsy Powell / Pinkertons Colours / Colt 45 / Yellowstone Picnic Band / plus more

SATURDAY 27th

Birmingham Mermaid: Whitehouse
Birmingham Stratford Road Mermaid: Whitehouse
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Johnny & Barbara Ley
Brenford Red Lion: Fast Buck
Brighton Alhambra: The Playn Jayn / Saving Face
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: Flying Saucers
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: The Liquorice Allsorts
Birmingham Tin Can Club: SPK
Cardiff Casablanca: Farenji Warriors
Cheriton White Lion: Zip Culture
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Chiddingfold Six Bells: English Rogues
Corby Boating Lake: 10 am to 11 pm — Energy / Syndromes, Deuce, Skating For Cover
Croydon Cartoon: Freehand
Digbeth Fantasy: SPK
Dudley JB's Club: High Climate
Garstang Festival: David Essex
Glasgow Burns Howl: Chas
Gravesend Red Lion: Tredegar
Great Yarmouth Big Apple: Innocent
Hanley The Place: Eddie Burke
Henley The Jolly Waterman: Fair Exchange
Hereford Market Tavern: The Banque
Leicester Nags Head: Rockin' Bastards / Clockwork Soldiers / HMS Herpes
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: Lutan Kippers / Purely By Chance
London Bond St. Embassy: Moose The Mooche / Mistaken Identity
London Brixton The Fridge: Gaz's Rebel Blues
London Brixton The Fridge: Gaz's Rebel Blues
London Brixton The Fridge: Gaz's Rebel Blues
London Camden Dublin Castle: Red Beans & Rice

London Camden Lock Dingwalls: The Chevalier Brothers / Eastern Alliance
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Childs Hill Castle Club: Innamanna
London Finchley Rd. Castle Club: Innamanna
London Fulham Greyhound: Naked Lunch / Thirteen At Midnight
London Fulham Kings Head: Double Trouble
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Chickenshake
London Hammersmith Clarendon: Stingrays / Obvious Wigs
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Dance Trance
London Homerton Chats Palace: Inspiration / Frederick Williams / Blackheart
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: The Helicopters
London Kennington The Cricketers: Paz
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: Hank Wangford Band
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Gillie McPherson & Guests
London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at the Subway): The Rhythm Men
London The Mail ICA: Actual Festival: (at 3 pm) Steve Lacy and Brion Gysin (at 8 pm) The Tippet Project / Peter Kowald and Joelle Leandre (midnight) Cassiber
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: The Creamies
London Putney Half Moon: Juice On The Loose
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Eggie Ley's Jam Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Benny Waters Quartet
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30 pm): The Decorators
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover
London Stockwell Plough: Borderline
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: Sonny King & The Song Of Swing
London Woolwich Thames Poly: The Untouchables / Taming The Outback
London WC1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: Dr And The Medics / Out To Lunch and others
Maidstone Maids: The Searchers
Manchester Morrissey's: The Enemy
Newcastle (Cowgate) Ord Arms: Freak Electric / The End
Oxfordshire Blenheim Palace: Barry Manilow
Peterborough Nene Embankment: Country Festival — Stu Stevens / Colorado / Raymond Froggatt / Kelvin Henderson
Rayleigh Crocs: Jayne County
Reading Festival: Black Sabbath / Marillion / Suzi Quatro / Stevie Ray Vaughan / Magnum / Mama's Boys / Heavy Pettin' / Lee Aaron
Sheffield The Hanover: A Bohemian Situation
Southampton Gaumont: Kid Creole & The Coconuts
Sunderland Bunker: Subhumans / Faction / Instigators / Reality Control
Telford Travellers Joy: Ion Age
Tunbridge Wells Sherwood Park Community Centre: The Misfits
Wakefield Nostell Priory: The Nerve
Wingham Well (Kent) 8 Bells: Denigh
Wishow Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wokingham Angie's: Illusionz

SUNDAY 28th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: Sub Zero
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brenford Red Lion: Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)
Bristol Hippodrome: David Essex
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Cromer Pavilion Theatre: Acker Blik Band
Croydon Cartoon: Dave Kelly Band
Derby The Garrick: Duo Nova
Dudley JB's Club: The DT's
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Chas & Dave
Harrow Willow Beauty Club: Gothique
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators

Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
London Battersea Nag's Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Big Jay McNeely / Chuck Higgins / Young Jesse / Willie Egans / Red Beans & Rice / Juice On The Loose
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Clapham Common Bandstand (lunchtime): Nellie The Elephant / Aurtzaka
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): Young Jazz
London Fulham Greyhound: Jayne County
London Fulham Kings Head: The Rockets
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Chuck Farley / Zodiacs
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: Brian Abrahams' District Six
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylites
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: The Milkshakes
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): Roland Perrin Quartet
London Kennington The Cricketers: Zybra (lunchtime) / Jazz Sluts (evening)
London The Mail ICA: Actual Festival (at 3 pm): Fred Frith's Duck And Cover / (at 8 pm) Steve Lacy and Steve Potts
London Notting Hill Carnival (over two days): acts at Portobello Green include Rapp, Red Eye, Urban Warriors, Peaches, Farenji Warriors, Sons Of Jah, Winston Reedy, Spartacus R (at Meanwhile Gardens), Curfew, Sweet Distortion, Red Beat, Black Nights, Aswad, King Sounds And The Israelites, Rudy And The Mutations, Impossible Dreamers, African Woman etc.
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Pete Neighbour Band
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Littlejohn's Jazzers
London Putney Half Moon: Jazz Sluts
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Bob Taylor Band
London Stockwell Plough: Brendan Hoban
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Cayenne
London Strand Lyceum: GBH / Peter & The Test Tube Babies
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: The Wild Ones
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Digby Fairweather Quintet
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): East Side Torpedoes
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Newquay Cosy Nook Theatre: The Searchers
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
Nottingham Palais (all-nighter): Winston Reedy / Carroll Thompson
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: Low Profile
Peterborough Nene Embankment: Country Festival — Joe Brown / Poacher / Tom T. Hall / Frank Ifield / Mel Hague
Peterborough Glasshouse: European Tourists
Poynton Folk Centre: Gentleman Soldier / Charlie Watts
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: Innocent
Reading Festival: Thin Lizzy / Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul / Steve Harley / Climax Blues Band / The End / One The Juggler / Sad Cafe / The Opposition / Ten Years After
Sheffield The Manor: The Nerve
Sutton Secombe Centre: Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co.
Wokingham Angie's: Juvenessence

MONDAY 29th

Birmingham The Hummingbird: Marcia Griffiths
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Los Me Sombrosos
Croydon Cartoon: Laslo And The Leopards
Croydon Fairfield Hall: David Essex (2 days)
Deal Swan Hotel: Innocent
Derby Football Tavern: Duo Nova
Eastbourne Tivoli Arts Centre: The Hip Troop /



Big Jay McNeely and friends.

The Young Americans / Sub-Terraneans
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: Joolz (until Thursday)
Harrow The Roxborough: Fear / Circle Of Sin
Harrow Wealdstone Football Club: The Shillalagh Sisters
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: Cliff Richard / Maria Muldaur / The Mighty Clouds Of Joy / Lloyd Blue / Andy Pratt / Robin Lane / Randy Stonehill / Kenny Marks / Mac & The Bees / Mark Williamson / Garth Hewitt / 100% Proof / Sheila Walsh / Clarity / The Fat Band / June Osbourne / Early Warning
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: Era / Satska Latta
London Brixton The Fridge: King Kurt
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Polkadots
London Childs Hill Castle Club: The 2nd Great Buffalo Pool Contest
London Fulham Greyhound: Ruthless Blues / Facing West
London Fulham Kings Head: Space Studio
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Toucan Troils
London Greenwich Mitre: Sleepwalker / Xtrax
London Kennington The Cricketers: Hubbard's Cupboard
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: Blowzabella
London NW2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Big Fun
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Julian Bahula's African Drummers / Timbukt
London Putney Half Moon: Sammy Mitchell Band



Carroll Thompson. Pic David Corio

Lovers Rock star CARROLL THOMPSON teams up with WINSTON REEDY for an all-nighter at Nottingham Palais on Sunday, the same day that BIG JAY MCNEELY, CHUCK HIGGINS, WILLIE EGANS and YOUNG JESSIE head a '50s "R&B jamboree" at London's Electric Ballroom. Two more offbeat visitors to the capital are bebop singer/pianist SLIM GAILLARD at London's 100 Club on Friday, and Louisiana cajun star JIMMY C. NEWMAN, of 'Alligator Man' fame, who hits Harlesden's Mean Fiddler, also on Friday. Meanwhile, KID CREOLE and LEVEL 42 have national tours underway this week.

London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Maic Murphy Stompers
London Soho Le Beat Route: Playne Jayne
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30 pm): Phil May Band
London Southgate Pink Elephant: Rock'n'Roll Alldayer (noon till midnight) with Sonny King / Blackcat / Screaming Lord Sutch
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Reactors
London Strand Dixieland Cafe: Acker Bilk Band
London WC1 Pindar Of Wakefield: Suppose I Laugh
London W1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
Margate Winter Gardens: Level 42
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars
Newcastle-Under-Lyme Tiffanys: Tobruk
Peterborough Nene Embankment: Country Festival: Jimmy C Newman / Barron Knights / Karl Denver Trio / Frank Jennings / Brian Golbey
Poole Arts Centre: Kid Creole & The

Coconuts (2 days)
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: Improvised Music Ensemble
Starcross Atmospheric Railway: Mustang
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin' Horse

TUESDAY

30th

Croydon Cartoon: Jamboree Band
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: Accent
Harrow The Roxborough: Gothique
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: Xero
Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: A Scanner Darkly / Monomix
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Bonanza Bros
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: The Smiths
London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wreckangles
London Childs Hill Castle Club: Satska Latta
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The

Remarkable Family
London Fulham Greyhound: Loudness / Rhino Edwards
London Fulham Kings Head: The Odd
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Solstice
London Greenwich Mitre: Driving South / 17 Fish
London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue
London Islington Hope'n Anchor: Telephone Boxes
London Kennington The Cricketers: The Chasers / Two Heroes
London Marquee Club: Anvil
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Travelling Shoes
London Oxford Street 100 Club: UK Subs / State Victims
London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Pete King / Dave Suttle Trio
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London W1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: Richard Green & The Next Stop
Luton Blockers Arms: Fractured Nerve

Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Willie Payne-Syd Warren Quintet
Newton Aycliffe (Durham) The Turbinia: Occidental Artbeat
Nottingham Ad Lib: Subhumans / Faction / Verbal Warning
Oxford Apollo: Level 42
Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance
Sheffield The Leadmill: Tyrion / Tadge / Thief / The Word
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Chas & Dave (2 days)
St. Ives (Cornwall): Meatloaf / 10 cc / Renaissance / Aswad / The Opposition

WEDNESDAY 31st

Aberdeen Valhalla: D. F. Dance
Batley Frontier Club: The Searchers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Born Loser
Bradford Tickle: Curia Veritas
Buxton Harper Hill Social Club: Roaring Jelly
Croydon Cartoon: Trimmer And Jenkins / Bromley Blues Band
Derby The Birdhouse: Insane Pagola
Dover Louis Armstrong: Innocent
Dunstable Civic Hall: Level 42
Leeds Brannigans: The Lurkers / Cult Maniax
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: Just A Ha Ha / The Coup
London Brixton The Fridge: The Frantix
London Brixton Frontline: Cafe Cabaret
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Electric Bluebirds
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: Gene Chandler
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Fulham Greyhound: Legendary Luton Kippers / Purely By Chance
London Fulham Kings Head: Geoff Dunn / Ronnie Johnson Group
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The Cavern / The Models
London Grays Inn Road Pindar Of Wakefield: Garage
London Greenwich Mitre: Red Brick House / Key Club
London Hammersmith Clarendon: Sleepwalker / Chinchilla
London Islington Hope'n Anchor: Yes Lets
London Kilburn National Club: Dave Berry
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London N1 The Radnor Arms: Marcus Hadley
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Ken Colyer Band
London Putney Half Moon: Kevin Coyne Band
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Mike Daniels Big Band
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Committee
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Opposition
London Victoria Venue: The Farmers Boys
Manchester Jilly's: Jayne County
Margate Winter Gardens: David Essex
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Swindon Solitaire: Tredegar

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW and PLP Present
BIG COUNTRY
One the Juggler
THURSDAY 29th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS 4.50, 4.00 from Box Office and usual agents

Live Ads.
in NME
are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly

SOURCE NRS JAN / JUNE 1982

BACK BY PUBLIC DEMAND
MICHAEL CHAPMAN AND RICK KEMP
NETTLEFIELD HALL
NORWOOD, HIGH STREET SE27
FRIDAY 2 SEPTEMBER
Tickets £2.50
JAMMETH AVENUE SERVICES
Tel: 01-455 3501
021 6655 355

THE CASTLE CLUB
452 Finchley Road, London NW11
Thursday 25th August
Tel: 01-455 3501
Adm £1.50
DIZZY LIZARD AND THE NOLAN BROTHERS
Friday 26th August
Adm £1.00
Saturday 27th August
KIP'S DISCO
Adm £1.50
INNAMANNA
Monday 29th August
Adm £1.00
Tuesday 30th August
2nd Great Buffalo Pool Contest
Adm £1.50
SATSKALATTA

THE GREATER LONDON COUNCIL AND CARIBBEAN CRAFTS CIRCLE PRESENTS
THE BLACK ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR
MONDAY AUGUST 29 TO SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3
FROM 11am - 8pm DAILY:
AT COVENT GARDEN MARKET, WC2
ARTS AND CRAFTS MARKET, DEMONSTRATIONS, SALES AND DISPLAYS
(POTENTIAL STALLHOLDERS CAN CONTACT CCC ON THE TELEPHONE NUMBER BELOW)
ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PIAZZA WITH 18 ACTS, FEATURING EKOME, MATAYA, THE YOUNG BLACK THEATRE CO-OP WORKSHOP, STEEL & SKIN.
FOR FULL DETAILS RING:
01-633 1273/1 GLC
01-630 8633 CCC

GLC
Working for London

Caribbean Crafts Circle

TEL: 485 9006
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
THUR 15th SEPT
8.0 pm
£3.50
Tickets - at
Premier A + LTB
Rock on -
CAGE (Kings n)
Post: 184 -
Camden High
St NW.1.
(P.O. + SAE)

WILE & WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
AN EVENING OF AFRICAN SOUNDS
MONDAY 5 SEPT AT 7.30
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERD ROAD, LONDON W6
MANU DIBANGO
GASPAR LAVAL KABBALA
TICKETS £5.00 FROM ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (01-261 6153) KEITH PRODUCE (01-261 6153) HUGH TRADE RECORDS
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (01-261 6153) DUB VENDOR RHYTHM RECORDS PREMIER BOX OFFICE (01-261 6153)

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING ALEX on
01-261 6153

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ROCK CITY

Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm-2am

Tuesday 6th September £4.00 Adv

ORCHESTRAL
MANOEUVRES
IN THE DARK

Wednesday 14th September £3.50 Adv

LEVEL 42

Tuesday 27th September £2.50 Adv

THE FALL

Wednesday 28th September £3.00 Adv

PAUL YOUNG

Tuesday 15th November £3.00 Adv

AZTEC CAMERA

Tuesday 22nd November £3.00 Adv

DEATH CULT

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from
Rock City Box Office Selectradisc Victoria
Box Office Nottingham-Re-cords & Way
Ahead Derby-Revolver, Mansfield-Pride,
Newark-Mirage, Leicester, The Box
Office, Lincoln Re-cords, Burton or by
post from Rock City, enclosing S.A.E.THE HALF
MOONHalf Moon Lane, SE24
01-274 2733

Friday 26th August

T34

+ Mode Trains
Saturday 27th August

DANCE TRANCE

+ Action Holidays

Friday 2nd September

LITTLE SISTER

+ The Bar Flies

Saturday 3rd September

ERA

+ Red Brick Houses

Doors open 8.00pm £1.50

Tube Brixton, B. R. Herne Hill,
Buses 68, 40, 37, 2, 3, 172, 194

A HAAAA!

ARE COMING YOUR WAY!
SEE THEM AT DINGWALLS,
CAMDEN, FRIDAY AUGUST 26th
AD—LIB CLUB, KENSINGTON
WED AUGUST 31st

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

TAJ MAHAL

& THE INTERNATIONAL RHYTHM BAND

AT HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

242 SHEPHERDS BUSH ROAD / LONDON W6

TUESDAY 6 SEPT 83 AT 7.30



TICKETS: 1st ROW 45p. 2nd ROW 35p. 3rd ROW 25p. 4th ROW 15p. 5th ROW 10p. 6th ROW 5p. 7th ROW 2p. 8th ROW 1p. 9th ROW 50p. 10th ROW 25p. 11th ROW 10p. 12th ROW 5p. 13th ROW 2p. 14th ROW 1p. 15th ROW 50p. 16th ROW 25p. 17th ROW 10p. 18th ROW 5p. 19th ROW 2p. 20th ROW 1p. 21st ROW 50p. 22nd ROW 25p. 23rd ROW 10p. 24th ROW 5p. 25th ROW 2p. 26th ROW 1p. 27th ROW 50p. 28th ROW 25p. 29th ROW 10p. 30th ROW 5p. 31st ROW 2p. 32nd ROW 1p. 33rd ROW 50p. 34th ROW 25p. 35th ROW 10p. 36th ROW 5p. 37th ROW 2p. 38th ROW 1p. 39th ROW 50p. 40th ROW 25p. 41st ROW 10p. 42nd ROW 5p. 43rd ROW 2p. 44th ROW 1p. 45th ROW 50p. 46th ROW 25p. 47th ROW 10p. 48th ROW 5p. 49th ROW 2p. 50th ROW 1p. 51st ROW 50p. 52nd ROW 25p. 53rd ROW 10p. 54th ROW 5p. 55th ROW 2p. 56th ROW 1p. 57th ROW 50p. 58th ROW 25p. 59th ROW 10p. 60th ROW 5p. 61st ROW 2p. 62nd ROW 1p. 63rd ROW 50p. 64th ROW 25p. 65th ROW 10p. 66th ROW 5p. 67th ROW 2p. 68th ROW 1p. 69th ROW 50p. 70th ROW 25p. 71st ROW 10p. 72nd ROW 5p. 73rd ROW 2p. 74th ROW 1p. 75th ROW 50p. 76th ROW 25p. 77th ROW 10p. 78th ROW 5p. 79th ROW 2p. 80th ROW 1p. 81st ROW 50p. 82nd ROW 25p. 83rd ROW 10p. 84th ROW 5p. 85th ROW 2p. 86th ROW 1p. 87th ROW 50p. 88th ROW 25p. 89th ROW 10p. 90th ROW 5p. 91st ROW 2p. 92nd ROW 1p. 93rd ROW 50p. 94th ROW 25p. 95th ROW 10p. 96th ROW 5p. 97th ROW 2p. 98th ROW 1p. 99th ROW 50p. 100th ROW 25p. 101st ROW 10p. 102nd ROW 5p. 103rd ROW 2p. 104th ROW 1p. 105th ROW 50p. 106th ROW 25p. 107th ROW 10p. 108th ROW 5p. 109th ROW 2p. 110th ROW 1p. 111th ROW 50p. 112th ROW 25p. 113th ROW 10p. 114th ROW 5p. 115th ROW 2p. 116th ROW 1p. 117th ROW 50p. 118th ROW 25p. 119th ROW 10p. 120th ROW 5p. 121st ROW 2p. 122nd ROW 1p. 123rd ROW 50p. 124th ROW 25p. 125th ROW 10p. 126th ROW 5p. 127th ROW 2p. 128th ROW 1p. 129th ROW 50p. 130th ROW 25p. 131st ROW 10p. 132nd ROW 5p. 133rd ROW 2p. 134th ROW 1p. 135th ROW 50p. 136th ROW 25p. 137th ROW 10p. 138th ROW 5p. 139th ROW 2p. 140th ROW 1p. 141st ROW 50p. 142nd ROW 25p. 143rd ROW 10p. 144th ROW 5p. 145th ROW 2p. 146th ROW 1p. 147th ROW 50p. 148th ROW 25p. 149th ROW 10p. 150th ROW 5p. 151st ROW 2p. 152nd ROW 1p. 153rd ROW 50p. 154th ROW 25p. 155th ROW 10p. 156th ROW 5p. 157th ROW 2p. 158th ROW 1p. 159th ROW 50p. 160th ROW 25p. 161st ROW 10p. 162nd ROW 5p. 163rd ROW 2p. 164th ROW 1p. 165th ROW 50p. 166th ROW 25p. 167th ROW 10p. 168th ROW 5p. 169th ROW 2p. 170th ROW 1p. 171st ROW 50p. 172nd ROW 25p. 173rd ROW 10p. 174th ROW 5p. 175th ROW 2p. 176th ROW 1p. 177th ROW 50p. 178th ROW 25p. 179th ROW 10p. 180th ROW 5p. 181st ROW 2p. 182nd ROW 1p. 183rd ROW 50p. 184th ROW 25p. 185th ROW 10p. 186th ROW 5p. 187th ROW 2p. 188th ROW 1p. 189th ROW 50p. 190th ROW 25p. 191st ROW 10p. 192nd ROW 5p. 193rd ROW 2p. 194th ROW 1p. 195th ROW 50p. 196th ROW 25p. 197th ROW 10p. 198th ROW 5p. 199th ROW 2p. 200th ROW 1p. 201st ROW 50p. 202nd ROW 25p. 203rd ROW 10p. 204th ROW 5p. 205th ROW 2p. 206th ROW 1p. 207th ROW 50p. 208th ROW 25p. 209th ROW 10p. 210th ROW 5p. 211th ROW 2p. 212th ROW 1p. 213th ROW 50p. 214th ROW 25p. 215th ROW 10p. 216th ROW 5p. 217th ROW 2p. 218th ROW 1p. 219th ROW 50p. 220th ROW 25p. 221st ROW 10p. 222nd ROW 5p. 223rd ROW 2p. 224th ROW 1p. 225th ROW 50p. 226th ROW 25p. 227th ROW 10p. 228th ROW 5p. 229th ROW 2p. 230th ROW 1p. 231st ROW 50p. 232nd ROW 25p. 233rd ROW 10p. 234th ROW 5p. 235th ROW 2p. 236th ROW 1p. 237th ROW 50p. 238th ROW 25p. 239th ROW 10p. 240th ROW 5p. 241st ROW 2p. 242nd ROW 1p. 243rd ROW 50p. 244th ROW 25p. 245th ROW 10p. 246th ROW 5p. 247th ROW 2p. 248th ROW 1p. 249th ROW 50p. 250th ROW 25p. 251st ROW 10p. 252nd ROW 5p. 253rd ROW 2p. 254th ROW 1p. 255th ROW 50p. 256th ROW 25p. 257th ROW 10p. 258th ROW 5p. 259th ROW 2p. 260th ROW 1p. 261st ROW 50p. 262nd ROW 25p. 263rd ROW 10p. 264th ROW 5p. 265th ROW 2p. 266th ROW 1p. 267th ROW 50p. 268th ROW 25p. 269th ROW 10p. 270th ROW 5p. 271st ROW 2p. 272nd ROW 1p. 273rd ROW 50p. 274th ROW 25p. 275th ROW 10p. 276th ROW 5p. 277th ROW 2p. 278th ROW 1p. 279th ROW 50p. 280th ROW 25p. 281st ROW 10p. 282nd ROW 5p. 283rd ROW 2p. 284th ROW 1p. 285th ROW 50p. 286th ROW 25p. 287th ROW 10p. 288th ROW 5p. 289th ROW 2p. 290th ROW 1p. 291st ROW 50p. 292nd ROW 25p. 293rd ROW 10p. 294th ROW 5p. 295th ROW 2p. 296th ROW 1p. 297th ROW 50p. 298th ROW 25p. 299th ROW 10p. 300th ROW 5p. 301st ROW 2p. 302nd ROW 1p. 303rd ROW 50p. 304th ROW 25p. 305th ROW 10p. 306th ROW 5p. 307th ROW 2p. 308th ROW 1p. 309th ROW 50p. 310th ROW 25p. 311th ROW 10p. 312th ROW 5p. 313th ROW 2p. 314th ROW 1p. 315th ROW 50p. 316th ROW 25p. 317th ROW 10p. 318th ROW 5p. 319th ROW 2p. 320th ROW 1p. 321st ROW 50p. 322nd ROW 25p. 323rd ROW 10p. 324th ROW 5p. 325th ROW 2p. 326th ROW 1p. 327th ROW 50p. 328th ROW 25p. 329th ROW 10p. 330th ROW 5p. 331st ROW 2p. 332nd ROW 1p. 333rd ROW 50p. 334th ROW 25p. 335th ROW 10p. 336th ROW 5p. 337th ROW 2p. 338th ROW 1p. 339th ROW 50p. 340th ROW 25p. 341st ROW 10p. 342nd ROW 5p. 343rd ROW 2p. 344th ROW 1p. 345th ROW 50p. 346th ROW 25p. 347th ROW 10p. 348th ROW 5p. 349th ROW 2p. 350th ROW 1p. 351st ROW 50p. 352nd ROW 25p. 353rd ROW 10p. 354th ROW 5p. 355th ROW 2p. 356th ROW 1p. 357th ROW 50p. 358th ROW 25p. 359th ROW 10p. 360th ROW 5p. 361st ROW 2p. 362nd ROW 1p. 363rd ROW 50p. 364th ROW 25p. 365th ROW 10p. 366th ROW 5p. 367th ROW 2p. 368th ROW 1p. 369th ROW 50p. 370th ROW 25p. 371st ROW 10p. 372nd ROW 5p. 373rd ROW 2p. 374th ROW 1p. 375th ROW 50p. 376th ROW 25p. 377th ROW 10p. 378th ROW 5p. 379th ROW 2p. 380th ROW 1p. 381st ROW 50p. 382nd ROW 25p. 383rd ROW 10p. 384th ROW 5p. 385th ROW 2p. 386th ROW 1p. 387th ROW 50p. 388th ROW 25p. 389th ROW 10p. 390th ROW 5p. 391st ROW 2p. 392nd ROW 1p. 393rd ROW 50p. 394th ROW 25p. 395th ROW 10p. 396th ROW 5p. 397th ROW 2p. 398th ROW 1p. 399th ROW 50p. 400th ROW 25p. 401st ROW 10p. 402nd ROW 5p. 403rd ROW 2p. 404th ROW 1p. 405th ROW 50p. 406th ROW 25p. 407th ROW 10p. 408th ROW 5p. 409th ROW 2p. 410th ROW 1p. 411th ROW 50p. 412th ROW 25p. 413th ROW 10p. 414th ROW 5p. 415th ROW 2p. 416th ROW 1p. 417th ROW 50p. 418th ROW 25p. 419th ROW 10p. 420th ROW 5p. 421st ROW 2p. 422nd ROW 1p. 423rd ROW 50p. 424th ROW 25p. 425th ROW 10p. 426th ROW 5p. 427th ROW 2p. 428th ROW 1p. 429th ROW 50p. 430th ROW 25p. 431st ROW 10p. 432nd ROW 5p. 433rd ROW 2p. 434th ROW 1p. 435th ROW 50p. 436th ROW 25p. 437th ROW 10p. 438th ROW 5p. 439th ROW 2p. 440th ROW 1p. 441st ROW 50p. 442nd ROW 25p. 443rd ROW 10p. 444th ROW 5p. 445th ROW 2p. 446th ROW 1p. 447th ROW 50p. 448th ROW 25p. 449th ROW 10p. 450th ROW 5p. 451st ROW 2p. 452nd ROW 1p. 453rd ROW 50p. 454th ROW 25p. 455th ROW 10p. 456th ROW 5p. 457th ROW 2p. 458th ROW 1p. 459th ROW 50p. 460th ROW 25p. 461st ROW 10p. 462nd ROW 5p. 463rd ROW 2p. 464th ROW 1p. 465th ROW 50p. 466th ROW 25p. 467th ROW 10p. 468th ROW 5p. 469th ROW 2p. 470th ROW 1p. 471st ROW 50p. 472nd ROW 25p. 473rd ROW 10p. 474th ROW 5p. 475th ROW 2p. 476th ROW 1p. 477th ROW 50p. 478th ROW 25p. 479th ROW 10p. 480th ROW 5p. 481st ROW 2p. 482nd ROW 1p. 483rd ROW 50p. 484th ROW 25p. 485th ROW 10p. 486th ROW 5p. 487th ROW 2p. 488th ROW 1p. 489th ROW 50p. 490th ROW 25p. 491st ROW 10p. 492nd ROW 5p. 493rd ROW 2p. 494th ROW 1p. 495th ROW 50p. 496th ROW 25p. 497th ROW 10p. 498th ROW 5p. 499th ROW 2p. 500th ROW 1p. 501st ROW 50p. 502nd ROW 25p. 503rd ROW 10p. 504th ROW 5p. 505th ROW 2p. 506th ROW 1p. 507th ROW 50p. 508th ROW 25p. 509th ROW 10p. 510th ROW 5p. 511th ROW 2p. 512th ROW 1p. 513th ROW 50p. 514th ROW 25p. 515th ROW 10p. 516th ROW 5p. 517th ROW 2p. 518th ROW 1p. 519th ROW 50p. 520th ROW 25p. 521st ROW 10p. 522nd ROW 5p. 523rd ROW 2p. 524th ROW 1p. 525th ROW 50p. 526th ROW 25p. 527th ROW 10p. 528th ROW 5p. 529th ROW 2p. 530th ROW 1p. 531st ROW 50p. 532nd ROW 25p. 533rd ROW 10p. 534th ROW 5p. 535th ROW 2p. 536th ROW 1p. 537th ROW 50p. 538th ROW 25p. 539th ROW 10p. 540th ROW 5p. 541st ROW 2p. 542nd ROW 1p. 543rd ROW 50p. 544th ROW 25p. 545th ROW 10p. 546th ROW 5p. 547th ROW 2p. 548th ROW 1p. 549th ROW 50p. 550th ROW 25p. 551st ROW 10p. 552nd ROW 5p. 553rd ROW 2p. 554th ROW 1p. 555th ROW 50p. 556th ROW 25p. 557th ROW 10p. 558th ROW 5p. 559th ROW 2p. 560th ROW 1p. 561st ROW 50p. 562nd ROW 25p. 563rd ROW 10p. 564th ROW 5p. 565th ROW 2p. 566th ROW 1p. 567th ROW 50p. 568th ROW 25p. 569th ROW 10p. 570th ROW 5p. 571st ROW 2p. 572nd ROW 1p. 573rd ROW 50p. 574th ROW 25p. 575th ROW 10p. 576th ROW 5p. 577th ROW 2p. 578th ROW 1p. 579th ROW 50p. 580th ROW 25p. 581st ROW 10p. 582nd ROW 5p. 583rd ROW 2p. 584th ROW 1p. 585th ROW 50p. 586th ROW 25p. 587th ROW 10p. 588th ROW 5p. 589th ROW 2p. 590th ROW 1p. 591st ROW 50p. 592nd ROW 25p. 593rd ROW 10p. 594th ROW 5p. 595th ROW 2p. 596th ROW 1p. 597th ROW 50p. 598th ROW 25p. 599th ROW 10p. 600th ROW 5p. 601st ROW 2p. 602nd ROW 1p. 603rd ROW 50p. 604th ROW 25p. 605th ROW 10p. 606th ROW 5p. 607th ROW 2p. 608th ROW 1p. 609th ROW 50p. 610th ROW 25p. 611th ROW 10p. 612th ROW 5p. 613th ROW 2p. 614th ROW 1p. 615th ROW 50p. 616th ROW 25p. 617th ROW 10p. 618th ROW 5p. 619th ROW 2p. 620th ROW 1p. 621st ROW 50p. 622nd ROW 25p. 623rd ROW 10p. 624th ROW 5p. 625th ROW 2p. 626th ROW 1p. 627th ROW 50p. 628th ROW 25p. 629th ROW 10p. 630th ROW 5p. 631st ROW 2p. 632nd ROW 1p. 633rd ROW 50p. 634th ROW 25p. 635th ROW 10p. 636th ROW 5p. 637th ROW 2p. 638th ROW 1p. 639th ROW 50p. 640th ROW 25p. 641st ROW 10p. 642nd ROW 5p. 643rd ROW 2p. 644th ROW 1p. 645th ROW 50p. 646th ROW 25p. 647th ROW 10p. 648th ROW 5p. 649th ROW 2p. 650th ROW 1p. 651st ROW 50p. 652nd ROW 25p. 653rd ROW 10p. 654th ROW 5p. 655th ROW 2p. 656th ROW 1p. 657th ROW 50p. 658th ROW 25p. 659th ROW 10p. 660th ROW 5p. 661st ROW 2p. 662nd ROW 1p. 663rd ROW 50p. 664th ROW 25p. 665th ROW 10p. 666th ROW 5p. 667th ROW 2p. 668th ROW 1p. 669th ROW 50p. 670th ROW 25p. 671st ROW 10p. 672nd ROW 5p. 673rd ROW 2p. 674th ROW 1p. 675th ROW 50p. 676th ROW 25p. 677th ROW 10p. 678th ROW 5p. 679th ROW 2p. 680th ROW 1p. 681st ROW 50p. 682nd ROW 25p. 683rd ROW 10p. 684th ROW 5p. 685th ROW 2p. 686th ROW 1p. 687th ROW 50p. 688th ROW 25p. 689th ROW 10p. 690th ROW 5p. 691st ROW 2p. 692nd ROW 1p. 693rd ROW 50p. 694th ROW 25p. 695th ROW 10p. 696th ROW 5p. 697th ROW 2p. 698th ROW 1p. 699th ROW 50p. 700th ROW 25p. 701st ROW 10p. 702nd ROW 5p. 703rd ROW 2p. 704th ROW 1p. 705th ROW 50p. 706th ROW 25p. 707th ROW 10p. 708th ROW 5p. 709th ROW 2p. 710th ROW 1p. 711th ROW 50p. 712th ROW 25p. 713th ROW 10p. 714th ROW 5p. 715th ROW 2p. 716th ROW 1p. 717th ROW 50p. 718th ROW 25p. 719th ROW 10p. 720th ROW 5p. 721st ROW 2p. 722nd ROW 1p. 723rd ROW 50p. 724th ROW 25p. 725th ROW 10p. 726th ROW 5p. 727th ROW 2p. 728th ROW 1p. 729th ROW 50p. 730th ROW 25p. 731st ROW 10p. 732nd ROW 5p. 733rd ROW 2p. 734th ROW 1p. 735th ROW 50p. 736th ROW 25p. 737th ROW 10p. 738th ROW 5p. 739th ROW 2p. 740th ROW 1p. 741st ROW 50p. 742nd ROW 25p. 743rd ROW 10p. 744th ROW 5p. 745th ROW 2p. 746th ROW 1p. 747th ROW 50p. 748th ROW 25p. 749th ROW 10p. 750th ROW 5p. 751st ROW 2p. 752nd ROW 1p. 753rd ROW 50p. 754th ROW 25p. 755th ROW 10p. 756th ROW 5p. 757th ROW 2p. 758th ROW 1p. 759th ROW 50p. 760th ROW 25p. 761st ROW 10p. 762nd ROW 5p. 763rd ROW 2p. 764th ROW 1p. 765th ROW 50p. 766th ROW 25p. 767th ROW 10p. 768th ROW 5p. 769th ROW 2p. 770th ROW 1p. 771st ROW 50p. 772nd ROW 25p. 773rd ROW 10p. 774th ROW 5p. 775th ROW 2p. 776th ROW 1p. 777th ROW 50p. 778th ROW 25p. 779th ROW 10p. 780th ROW 5p. 781st ROW 2p. 782nd ROW 1p. 783rd ROW 50p. 784th ROW 25p. 785th ROW 10p. 786th ROW 5p. 787th ROW 2p. 788th ROW 1p. 789th ROW 50p. 790th ROW 25p. 791st ROW 10p. 792nd ROW 5p. 793rd ROW 2p. 794th ROW 1p. 795th ROW 50p. 796th ROW 25p. 797th ROW 10p. 798th ROW 5p. 799th ROW 2p. 800th ROW 1p. 801st ROW 50p. 802nd ROW 25p. 803rd ROW 10p. 804th ROW 5p. 805th ROW 2p. 806th ROW 1p. 807th ROW 50p. 808th ROW 25p. 809th ROW 10p. 810th ROW 5p. 811th ROW 2p. 812th ROW 1p. 813th ROW 50p. 814th ROW 25p. 815th ROW 10p. 816th ROW 5p. 817th ROW 2p. 818th ROW 1p. 819th ROW 50p. 820th ROW 25p. 821st ROW 10p. 822nd ROW 5p. 823rd ROW 2p. 824th ROW 1p. 825th ROW 50p. 826th ROW 25p. 827th ROW 10p. 828th ROW 5p. 829th ROW 2p. 830th ROW 1p. 831st ROW 50p. 832nd ROW 25p. 833rd ROW 10p. 834th ROW 5p. 835th ROW 2p. 836th ROW 1p. 837th ROW 50p. 838th ROW 25p. 839th ROW 10p. 840th ROW 5p. 841st ROW 2p. 842nd ROW 1p. 843rd ROW 50p. 844th ROW 25p. 845th ROW 10p. 846th ROW 5p. 847th ROW 2p. 848th ROW 1p. 849th ROW 50p. 850th ROW 25p. 851st ROW 10p. 852nd ROW 5p. 853rd ROW 2p. 854th ROW 1p. 855th ROW 50p. 856th ROW 25p. 857th ROW 10p. 858th ROW 5p. 859th ROW 2p. 860th ROW 1p. 861st ROW 50p. 862nd ROW 25p. 863rd ROW 10p. 864th ROW 5p. 865th ROW 2p. 866th ROW 1p. 867th ROW 50p. 868th ROW 25p. 869th ROW 10p. 870th ROW 5p. 871st ROW 2p. 872nd ROW 1p. 873rd ROW 50p. 874th ROW 25p. 875th ROW 10p. 876th ROW 5p. 877th ROW 2p. 878th ROW 1p. 879th ROW 50p. 880th ROW 25p. 881st ROW 10p. 882nd ROW 5p. 883rd ROW 2p. 884th ROW 1p. 885th ROW 50p. 886th ROW 25p. 887th ROW 10p. 888th ROW 5p. 889th ROW 2p. 890th ROW 1p. 891st ROW 50p. 892nd ROW 25p. 893rd ROW 10p. 894th ROW 5p. 895th ROW 2p. 896th ROW 1p. 897th ROW 50p. 898th ROW 25p. 899th ROW 10p. 900th ROW 5p. 901st ROW 2p. 902nd ROW 1p. 903rd ROW 50p. 904th ROW 25p. 905th ROW 10p. 906th ROW 5p. 907th ROW 2p. 908th ROW 1p. 909th ROW 50p. 910th ROW 25p. 911th ROW 10p. 912th ROW 5p. 913th ROW 2p. 914th ROW 1p. 915th ROW 50p. 916th ROW 25p. 917th ROW 10p. 918th ROW 5p. 919th ROW 2p. 920th ROW 1p. 921st ROW 50p. 922nd ROW 25p. 923rd ROW 10p. 924th ROW 5p. 925th ROW 2p. 926th ROW 1p. 927th ROW 50p. 928th ROW 25p. 929th ROW 10p. 930th ROW 5p. 931st ROW 2p. 932nd ROW 1p. 933rd ROW 50p. 934th ROW 25p. 935th ROW 10p. 936th ROW 5p. 937th ROW 2p. 938th ROW 1p. 939th ROW 50p. 940th ROW 25p. 941st ROW 10p. 942nd ROW 5p. 943rd ROW 2p. 944th ROW 1p. 945th ROW 50p. 946th ROW 25p. 947th ROW 10p. 948th ROW 5p. 949th ROW 2p. 950th ROW 1p. 951st ROW 50p. 952nd ROW 25p. 953rd ROW 10p. 954th ROW 5p. 955th ROW 2p. 956th ROW 1p. 957th ROW 50p. 958th ROW 25p. 959th ROW 10p. 960th ROW 5p. 961st ROW 2p. 962nd ROW 1p. 963rd ROW 50p. 964th ROW 25p. 965th ROW 10p. 966th ROW 5p. 967th ROW 2p. 968th ROW 1p. 969th ROW 50p. 970th ROW 25p. 971st ROW 10p. 972nd ROW 5p. 973rd ROW 2p. 974th ROW 1p. 975th ROW 50p. 976th ROW 25p. 977th ROW 10p. 978th ROW 5p. 979th ROW 2p. 980th ROW 1p. 981st ROW 50p. 982nd ROW 25p. 983rd ROW 10p. 984th ROW 5p. 985th ROW 2p. 986th ROW 1p. 987th ROW 50p. 988th ROW 25p. 989th ROW 10p. 990th ROW 5p. 991st ROW 2p. 992nd ROW 1p. 993rd ROW 50p. 994th ROW 25p. 995th ROW 10p. 996th ROW 5p. 997th ROW 2p. 998th ROW 1p. 999th ROW 50p. 1000th ROW 25p.

GEORGIE
FAME
MORRISEY
MULLEN
VAMP

(TEALURING EX KOKOMO VOCALISTS)

SUNDAY 4TH SEPTEMBER

CLAPHAM COMMON BANDSTAND

ADMISSION FREE 3.00PM LICENSED BAR

LIVE ADS

ACTUAL FESTIVAL 83

MUSIC • DANCE • PERFORMANCE

Saturday 27th August Midnight Special:
CASSIBER
with Chris Cutler/Heiner Goebbels/Afred Harth/Christoph Anders

Sunday 28th August 3pm:
Fred Frith & friends:
with Fred Frith/Chris Cutler/Dagmar Krause/Tom Cora/Heiner Goebbels/Afred Harth/George Lewis
SKELETON CREW with Fred Frith & Tom Cora
at the ICA THEATRE, THE MALL, LONDON SW1
TICKETS £3.60 per concert (+50p day membership)
SEASON TICKET (exc. Midnight Special): £25.00 (inc. 1 year ICA Membership)

APOCALYPSE

+ THE PLAYN JAYNE

Tonight Thurs. 25th

BRIXTON FRIDGE

390 BRIXTON ROAD
SEE IT!

NATIONAL CLUB

234 Kilburn High Rd, NW6

'THE BALLROOM OF ROMANCE'

Wednesday 31st August 9pm-1am
over 21's Golden Oldies Disco
'The Music of 60's'

Live on stage

DAVE BERRY

('Little Things' - The Crying Game')

Tickets £2 before 10.00 p.m.
£3 after 10.00 p.m. Licensed bars,
restaurants, D.S.s.
Welcomed

Guest D.J. John Sachs
Capital Radio
Bookings and enquiries 01-328 3141

p.l.p. present

MURRAY HEAD

plus guests

DOMINION THEATRE
FRI. 7th OCTOBER 8pm

tickets £4 and £4.50 from box office tel. 580 9562
and usual agents

HEREWARD
RADIO
presents

Rock'n Roll Spectacular
The One and Only
Living Legend of Rhythm & Blues

CHUCK BERRY

Plus Full Supporting Programme
from the 50's & 60's Era

- ★ Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas ★
- ★ Screaming Lord Sutch ★
- ★ Tommy Bruce ★
- ★ The Glitter Band ★
- ★ Billy Davies ★

Peterborough Embankment
Saturday 3rd September Tickets £8.50p.

Dont Miss This chance in a lifetime for 'yesterdays' swingers to relive old memories and for todays kids to see 'The Master' in action. For a night to remember Ring Hereward Radio now on (0733) 46225 or call in at Hereward Radio, Bridge Street Peterborough and collect your tickets. Alternatively post cheque or postal order payable to 'Chuck Berry Concert'. Tickets also available from Chuck Berry Concert Office, Folksworth Manor, Folksworth, Peterborough. Tel: (0733) 242444

C'mon get out those drapes and petticoats and rock the night away.

'CHUCK BERRY'S IN TOWN'

Show begins 7.00p.m. ends midnite

Licensed Bars/Refreshments - Plus Trade Stands selling Rock gear, records etc.

See You There!

Artists and Billing subject to alteration Free Car Parking

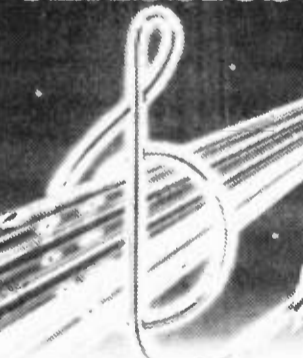
RAYMOND GUBBAY presents

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

Saturday
September 10th
Sunday
September 11th
at 7.30 pm

WHITBREAD

Hooked on CLASSICS



LOUIS CLARK conducting The
ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Music from the great albums
HOOKED ON CLASSICS
CANT STOP THE CLASSICS
JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLASSICS
Tickets £3, £4.50, £6.50, £8, £9
BOX OFFICE: 01-928 3191 and usual agents
CREDIT CARDS WELCOME: 01-928 6544

THE HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney, SW15
Tel: 01-788 387

Thursday 25th August

JAZZ SLUTS

Friday 26th August

HANK WANGFORD BAND

Saturday 27th August

JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Sunday 28th August

BREAKFAST BAND

Monday 29th August

TONY MCPHÉE

Tuesday 30th August

MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND

Wednesday 31st August

KEVIN COYNE BAND

Thursday 1st September

CHUCK FARLEY BAND

Sunday 18th September

THE STRAWBS
Tickets now available

LIVE



Wild Man Of Rock and Bermondsey
goldfish aficionado, Danny 'Turkey Bones' Baker
Pic: Lawrence Watson

CRAZEEEEE ...AS IN GOLDFISH

TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS

London Hope And Anchor

IF YOU awaited sweet subtlety, forget it—Turkey Bones And The Wild Dogs are fucking beserk and you'll probably hate them. But who cares? They probably hate you.

Still, come in (if you must) you pale and inconsequential bastards. Come in and see the true face of our mad age—for it is 'Turkey Bones' own, and it is uglier than you think.

Thankfully this hirsute

grotesquerie doesn't smile at you. It scowls because it hardly cares for your fads and your quirks, your stance and your whine. So come in fools and all—there are no bars in this show. If you're lucky the Turkey will only flap and the Dogs merely howl. I dread to think of you being unlucky at a Turkey Bones Thanksgiving...

ask yourself, where does he get his bones from? Ah, yes! They are uglier than you'd think and their madness is fresher than you'd expect—it is a celebration with the mental lights out. If the Birthday Party had refused cunnilingus with the cannibals then maybe they too

DEE SNIDER

'MAD' DORRELL

'SLIDE IT IN' RAI

& EVEN SOME BANDS

would have sunk this low, this deep into depravity. I would dare Nick Cave to wrassle with these swamp things—but I am a compassionate soul.

Turkey Bones are the utter debris of a band. Once there may well have been some structure, some semblance of unity. Now there is only the shuddering wreck of a musical format manned by wasted hulks. Wasted.

Crawling from this wreckage comes the fowl protagonist himself, the squawking, strutting Turkey; his eyes stem from gouged pits and saliva flies onto his matted locks. At his worn heels bay the Wild Dogs, tugging at their instruments as if enacting some rude, forgotten ritual. Dishevelled, drawn and demented, they lead into an aural attack of DT's; this is 'Helicopter Man' and from here things can only spiral into bedlam and insanity.

As Turkey screams through the set—losing his glasses, his cool and his voice—the audience lose their mind. To his left, the bass player loses his strings one by one. Turkey hits him on the head with his mike. Hard. Arab (for it is he) strikes for the groin. Harder. On stage the gnarled veneer of civilisation is being worn away. In the crowd weird things are starting up...

Then it happens. Turkey cries in a whisper at some vision; he cries out twice, a cry that is no more than a breath—"The Goldfish! The Goldfish!" In a mess of Doors riffs and Warsaw drums they subject themselves to some fiendish demon muse. And teeter on the very edge of a song...

Hurling themselves from one pit to another, they reach the blood curdling tale of patricide that is 'Raymond'. Between one frenzy and another, Turkey retreats to the toilets. He is suffering from fever and if he dies we are ordered to pick him up—and continue. The few straight jackets in the audience take this as an excuse to leave the sty.

Turkey freaks. Clawing at the air he turns and leaves. This man is very sick...

For that we should give Thanksgiving. It could have been a Birthday Party but someone had ground the cake into the carpet and set the curtains on fire with the candles. So go to it, crazies. Go gobble with the Turkey and lick with the Wild Dogs... because this is not the worst, the worst is yet to come...

David 'Mad' Dorrell

ONE THE JUGGLER

London Marquee

EVEN FOR the most ordinary set, perverse circumstance can sometimes turn suspicion inside out. Another time, any other place, and perhaps I'd have come home yelling that these five 'young' men were artfully reworking a tradition, that they triumphed over their drawbacks, and deserved their soon-come stardom.

Not this time, not here. The tradition they work is worked out, too ancient and parochial, an early '70s aesthetic barely lightened with occasional punky speed. Their handout image is a hack's godsend, where 'Romany' and 'Tarot' can be uncritically translated as 'Passionate' and 'Strange'; but on this showing, Romanies are neither as wild or as weird as rumour had it. I was left hoping desperately for a little Tzigane-madness, even the most clichéd horror film gypsy mannerism, just something to surprise or amuse, to challenge

my preconception of Marquee Macho.

Indeed, they worked hard, but the longer they played, the more like a time capsule this evil place seemed.

One The Juggler were men out of time, but what matters is that in this faery castle no one noticed.

Mark Sinker

DICK GAUGHAN ALY BAIN

CILLA & ARTIE

London Purcell Rooms

FROM THE sublime to the ridiculous. In the red corner, Dick Gaughan and Aly Bain (sublime) and, in the blue corner, Cilla and Artie, resplendent in contagious skirt and cacophonous trousers respectively (ridiculous).

The Ridiculous duo went for all the cheap shots: folk winking at sex à la Benny Hill, and impolite singalongs for eight year olds. Cilla is all set to be the next Isla St

Clair, but what Artie will be doing in five years time, I can't imagine. Hanging round public toilets probably.

It may have been a Scottish evening but Dick Gaughan and Aly Bain came from a different country entirely. Aly Bain is the master of Shetland fiddle music. One moment he throws out a whirligig of notes chattering like a machine gun playing scales, the next, grating violin chords that hang like jagged glass in a broken window.

Dick Gaughan's songs are drawn from a Scottish urban folk tradition, one that confronts head on the social and political conditions of our time. In 'Workers Song' Gaughan combines anger, compassion, lyricism and insight, never falling prey to the kind of smug and sluggish platitudes that such songs all too often wallow in.

Dick Gaughan's music resonates with the same mixture of earthy power and honest diffidence as that of the great bluesmen.

Abe Smith

**STUDENTS
SEE OUR
EDUCATIONAL
FEATURE ON
PAGES 48 & 49**

**MORE COURSES
NEXT WEEK
APPLY NOW
TO AVOID
DISAPPOINTMENT!**

METAL!



METAL PICS: LAWRENCE WATSON

MEATLOAF, SNIDER, DIO, ZZ TOP . . . MONSTERS OF ROCK

Castle Donington

THIS BIG!

SMALL RONNIE tells tall stories—ten inch scarlet fever purple platforms raised on scaffolding and he still falls short of the bass player's shoulders! Bullied at school—surrendered his dinner money before



"Jeez, if those two guys ain't talkin' outta their ass, I'm a bearded Dutchman. . ."

registration most days—this pocket sized legend has wormed his way into favour by backtracking into his very own saga-stacked Camelot.

Dio is the mouse that's learnt to roar, parrot-fashion! Where his predecessors on the stage, Diamond Head, had floundered—elephants with water wings!—Dio's Holy Divers snatch Excalibur from the lake with a succession of epic constructions—vacuuming organ sweeps and monolithic melody, the primary flames of braggard rock. Second division rock 'n' roll but climbing.

THAT MOUTH!

Dee Snider has two peculiarly gross and extraordinary red lips. They hang off his face like gilets: dripping profanity. A full frontal labia! Lip glossed lip service to an ascetic denim and leather etiquette; a bump 'n' grind, lumpen barrage of cliché propelled .44 calibre rack 'n' raw! pouring out from a maw of gory geranium—broiling magenta would have been tastier but not quite Snider! Dee's mouth comprehends what the Rolling Stones mean.

His band—and his fans—have swapped the mundane tassels of life for the glad rags of glam heavy metal: they've given up on their choices, resigned themselves to going blind making others deaf! Dee's Twisted Sisters live in a claustrophobic bedsit in an ivory tower at the edge of the world; a precarious perch, an eyrie which the entire world is apparently hell-bent on evicting them from.

But Dee's rocksteady, armed and ready. Twisted Sister are nothing if not a stoic resistance—prepared to lay down their wives, their lives, almost anything but their chequebooks to quash the massive forces of conservatism out to stop rock 'n' roll. (And occasionally, the lips breaking through the ululation: "Stop throwing stones. Sick motherfuckers!") Cinderella's ugly sisters are the biggest fun at the ballroom blitz.

THAT'S HAIRY!

PHENOMENAL PILOSY! ZZ Top's beards are staggering but false—two foot gonzoed goatees surplus to requirements from the Deliverance artistes' wardrobe! They came, these wise men from the west, in a candy-apple scarlet jalopy—a '32 Ford Coupe with a 4.7 litre Mustang engine, and Jaguar independent rear suspension—trailing facial thatches from the windows, to play some grizzly Texan boogie.

Three cowpoke funnies fanning Donnington's flames with a showstealing rapid-fire bear-garden blues 'n' grate guitar technique and a line in off the cuff sarcasm. ZZ Top: a whole new concept in shag carpet advertising!

HIS GROIN!

DAVID COVERDALE has obviously got a very small willy and several pairs of freshly laundered, towelled socks in his trousers! A prurient purveyor of the priapic principle—continuous erection of the penis without sexual excitement—David pumps his microphone (his personalised electronic fecundity) in ecstatic simulation. Cosy Powell thumps rhythm method overtures and David straddles and thrusts in Sunday best baritone without ever attaining ejaculation point as he wrist-hops through a litany of sexual conquests—the phallus/snake peels back his coils and rubs around in a dream parade of subjugation: tails of lions and maids made for male heaven. The aesthetique du schlock!

David bellows first person do's and dareisms—AHVE BEN MESTRETERED, YEAH BAH-BEE, AH BEN AHBOOZED—of bars where women with a lot of thigh and garter strap are lured, seduced, hooked and shanghaied as call girls by leering red devils in silk toppers. And a bespectacled vicar (not God!) watches in helpless, voyeuristic dismay.



Lost for words, Meatloaf struggles to reply.

THOSE SONGS!

Children Of The Sea Man On The Silver Mountain Holy Diver You Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll Destroyer I Am (I'm Me) Eliminator Gimme All Your Lovin' Bat Out Of Hell Fool For Your Lovin' Would I Lie To You?

Amrik 'Slide It In' Rai



Shooting from, er, somewhere around the hip. . . Snider lets loose a rush of verbals.

THAT FAT!

What an interesting situation this is—the slandered getting his chance to be a slanderer. Well, instead of proving that I am just as big an asshole as some of the critics in this business, I think I'll show them how it should be done.

When critiquing a show there is one question above all others that should be answered, and that is, 'Did the artist do what he set out to do?' That's it. No other bullshit. Just did they get the job done. The answer in Meatloaf's case is an overwhelming YES! He was fantastic. He was powerful, commanding, aggressive, exciting and all those other adjectives that make rock 'n' roll the thing it is. . .

By the way, for the rest of this piece, all jokes, puns and innuendos about fatness are to be eliminated—this man deserves more than cheap shots like "FAT OUT OF HELL".

I must admit I was surprised to see Meatloaf on the Castle Donnington bill because in America he is not regarded as a heavy rock act. He is considered more of an MOR artist. But he certainly proved that you don't need to have Marshall amps and thunderous drums to be heavy. (I said no puns!)

He took the stage with authority, grabbed the 'overly enthusiastic' crowd by the throat and dragged them through a 90 minute set filled with true rock 'n' roll vaudeville! Great singing, playing and acting. The crowd's reaction was tremendous, yet different from the reaction to any of the other bands that graced the stage that day. They seemed more polite and enthralled, like they were watching a Broadway show not a rock 'n' roll concert. Except for the constant throwing of things at the stage, which I can't understand considering how well Meatloaf was going over—is there such a thing as positive bottle throwing in the UK?—the audience was enraptured by his performance.

There may be some complaints about Meatloaf's recordings but this man has lost nothing when it comes to live performances. Well done Meat, you definitely kicked some ass. You are truly a SICK MUTHA' FUCKER! (Well, at least I held out till the end.)

Dee Snider



"Trashing Instruments is hopelessly outré." "Trivial stunts at gigs will not suffice. The only way to substantialize urban decay in a cultural vacuum, reverse futurism and beat Test Dept to a CBS advance is transparent. We must annex the Sudetenland." Plc: Jeremy Bannister

BASHING!

EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Notting Hill Acklam Hall

IT IS the professed aim of Einstürzende Neubauten to exhaust music, to drain it until it implodes into a single catastrophic moment. This, however, is not enough to stop them first draining the physical resources of their audience.

Having on this most unbearably humid of nights actually turned the boilers UP, Neubauten threw in a free sauna and trapped its spectators in a claustrophobic test department of stamina. Our sweat was their spectacle.

Industrialism only starts to make sense with these low-tech delinquent dilettantes. In complete contrast to the sober constructivism of the real Test Dept., Neubauten have fun at

our expense while offering their own bodies as objects, utensils to be played and if necessary assaulted. They are punks of sorts.

Like some renegade heretic inciting a slaves' rebellion, Blixa Bargeld oversees the mad callisthenics of Mufti and Unruh wearing a neatly pressed dog collar. SPK want "this industrial thing" to build into a propagandist guerilla movement, but like Nick Cave, Blixa is an addict only of desire, and his *sehnsucht*, sung tonight with almost Hitlerian sternness, is for Kollaps.

I've not been to Berlin so cannot vouch for its urban decay being different from urban decay anywhere else, but Einstürzende Neubauten's approach to sounding out their cracked, ravaged environment is one of indisputably Germanic glee. Their collecting of garbage is, like Holly Woodlawn's in *Trash*, absurdist,

rather than methodical, like Test Department's. There is a randomness in their sound, a chaotic spree of noise which sets them away from parallel entities. Unlike Z'ev, they are not interested in pursuing "the performance of pure form". They have a total disrespect for rhythm that disqualifies them from trappings of primal or hypnotic beat, but if they are not elemental, neither are they bothered, as are SPK or Cabaret Voltaire, with altering the technological channels of information.

Neubauten's bashing of objects, if in bursts and free runs highly syncopated, is rarely an accompaniment, always a sheer beating of surface. Their attack on urban debris takes the form of savage copulation, a frenzied caress of man on metal. They are the sound of compression, of things driven into each other and into human skin. They are also the noise of man himself as an object (hence the miking of Blixa's bones for 'Thirsty Animal').

The end of this is that Neubauten treat cities not within civic parameters, as spaces to be cleaned up, organised, but as battlefields, human constructions that have lost their use, their meaning. They revcrse futurism. And they are right to say their music goes beyond tone. They excite through a kind of balletic brutality, concentrating and exhausting themselves as a mass: a sonic meltdown, a black whole. It won't collapse on itself but will continue to expand and contract like a Möbius strip.

Neubauten drill the ears, their gristle throbs. They are on the verge.

Barney Hoskyns

21ST CENTURY LEISURE



MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE

SOUNDTRACK OF THE FILM
STARRING TOM CONTI, DAVID BOWIE
AND RYUICHI SAKAMOTO
—ON NATIONAL RELEASE FROM
AUGUST 25TH

4.29

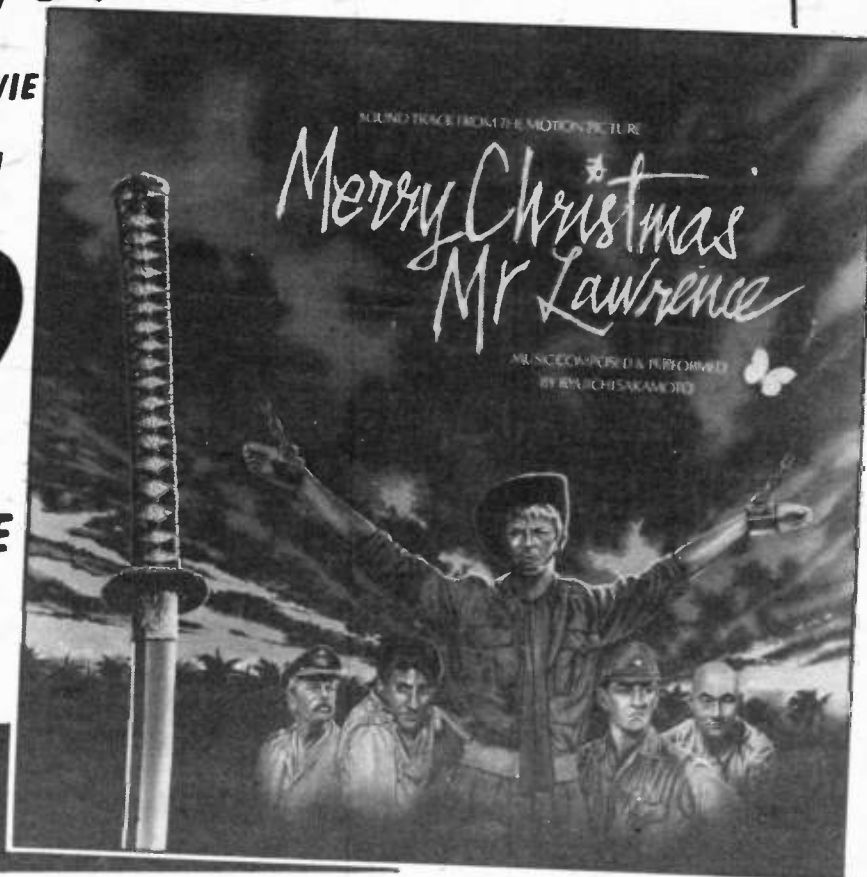
ALBUM OR TAPE

INCLUDES HIT SINGLE
'FORBIDDEN
COLOURS'



YORK —

NEW VIRGIN STORE, 5 THE FEASEGATE



OUT OF LONDON SHOPS BIRMINGHAM 74 Bull Street BRIGHTON 5 Queens Road BRISTOL 12/14 Merchant Street CARDIFF 6/7 Duke Street CREWE 28 Victoria Street CROYDON 46 North End DURHAM Unit 9, Milburn Gate Centre, North Road EDINBURGH 131 Princes Street GLASGOW 28/32 Union Street LEEDS 145 The Briggate LIVERPOOL Units 4 & 7 Central Shopping Centre, Ranelagh Street MANCHESTER Unit BB, Arndale Centre, Market Street MILTON KEYNES 59 Silbury Arcade, Secklow Gate West NEWCASTLE 10/14 High Friars, Eldon Square PETERBOROUGH 34 Queensgate Centre PLYMOUTH 105 Armada Way PORTSMOUTH Units 69-73 The Tricorn, Charlotte Street SHEFFIELD 35 High Street SOUTHAMPTON 16 Bargate Street YORK 5 The Feasegate LONDON SHOPS 9 Marble Arch MEGASTORE 14-16 Oxford Street (50 yards from Tottenham Court Road tube station) The Marbles Shopping Centre, 527-531 Oxford Street ALSO AT AMES RECORDS AND TAPES ACCRINGTON 25A Broadway ALTRINCHAM 91A George Street BLACKBURN 19 Market Way BURNLEY Balcony, Market Square CHESTER 52 Northgate Street ECCLES 74 Church Street NELSON Marsden Mall Arndale Centre PRESTON 12 Fishergate Walk RAWTENSTALL 27 Bank Street ST. HELENS 8 Palatine Arcade STOCKPORT 20 Deanery Way WARRINGTON 2 Dolmans Lane, Market Square WIGAN 5 Makinson Arcade, Market Place

LIVE

CABBA CABBA HEY

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Leeds Warehouse
London Electric Ballroom

FOR A band that have always seemed so *ahead*, there's something strangely old fashioned about the current Cabaret, working as it does with the values of dance and derision. Just at the time when the bop seemed to have stopped, Voltaire make their first (almost) straight dancefloor disc and now that the guitar is making a certain return, Voltaire have almost excised it from their act. Most importantly, when attention turns towards the underground, the archetypal musical guerillas have chosen to move into the central spotlight. There's a curious perversity at work here.

In the claustrophobic confines of 'Crackdown' the hues of oppression and oppressive humour work their magic through a delicate nuance of sound, indicating the finely honed skill of the studio which the pair have developed. In the living cinema of their live performance it's an altogether more risky affair, with only isolated bursts of passion substituting for the understated threat of the LP.

Compared with the previous confrontational display, the current show is subliminal in tone, it draws you deep in an echoing repetition, invites you to lose yourself in the speed of a lurid vision of Japanese night-life.

A lumbering beast of a beat builds up into fast-cut flashes of urban clichés and provides an overture to a bewilderingly comprehensible Voltaire scheme. Unlike before, there's a plethora of references floating through the sound, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from 'Love Song' Simple Minds to Blåncmange. What they've done is take the juxtaposition of catch-phrases approach to songwriting favoured by Blåncmange and their banal bunch and set it against an insistent dance pulse, turning verbal bankruptcy into an insane persistence with obsessive overtones and aggressive undertones.

The fashioning of art from nonsense, though, like driving, is a dangerous game. A repetition of 'That's why some motherfucker's gonna get killed' cutting into the sci-fi sarcasm of '24-24' stops the heart straight, but when the momentum drops the audience attention span snaps.

Cabaret Voltaire continue to dance on a razor's edge, although their medium has moved from conflict and confrontation to the sublime and the subliminal. Ultimately, this was not the clean laceration that we might have hoped for, but I caught a mischievous glint on a sharpened blade.

Don Watson

FLASHES

SENSE

London Lyceum

SENSE BEGIN with 'Discriminators', which is punchy Depeche Mode (or maybe it's live disco-pop), and people start dancing. Two songs later, a sax, trumpet and slap-happy bass are added and the field is clear for an assault on an electronic world of whiter-than-white funk. It's guitarless and melodic, all edges are smoothed, but Sense have a kick which others in the same field lack and they manage to inject some life into a genre which we all thought had been sequenced to death.

In the wake of Limahl and the Kajias doing a Heyward/Haircut schism, if I was a record exec I'd go see Sense. They're not as pretty as the Kajias, but meat and potatoes might last longer than empty vol au vent cases.

I. Jones

OUT

Deptford Youth Club

ALIX SHARKEY, ex-Stimulin mainman, is back. And his new five-piece Out are, quite simply, the best group I've seen in years.

Including ex-Squeeze man Don Snow on keyboards and the excellent Phil Butcher on bass and synthesiser, and augmented in the vocals department by Mike and Jeff from 7th Heaven, they play a brand of funk that combines the best of mod New York with a distinctive British feel.

Don't miss Out, go see them as soon as you can!

Jo-Anne Smith

LOST LOVED ONES

London Marquee

NOWADAYS, prospective guitar heroes don't want to be Ritchie Blackmore, they want to be The Edge. As a result, echo chamber melodies and riffs based on harmonics clutter the sound of the Lost Loved Ones until it gets like some jam in a garage where the geezer with the new Fender and matching FX pedal can't stop showing off. The Marquee's ambience suits the band to a T.

The Lost Loved Ones are a power trio who manage, despite the aforementioned richness, to inject some young and dynamic life into their branch of rock. And granted their addiction to the whole 'Here comes the new dark age and we don't care' scam, they possess a certain winning naivety.

I. Jones

CHICKENS GO DOWN A STORM AT VENUE WITH NO TOILET! CRITIC STUNNED IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS FRANK CHICKENS

London Musicians
Collective

THE WORD 'cabaret' is usually enough to summon the dreadful vision of Frankies S and V strutting their stuff in Las Vegas, yet as soon as Frank Chickens bounced onto the stage, the word took on a whole new meaning.

Their set is built around backing tapes of Japanese cocktail-bar music, over which the two girls sing, dance and mime — their themes as diverse as men's souls and UFOs — and afford an insight into a world which seems both upside-down and inside-out to us Westerners. Two of the numbers were their own — a haunting one about street vendors in Japan and a lighthearted rap about Ninjas, a comic-strip Samurai.

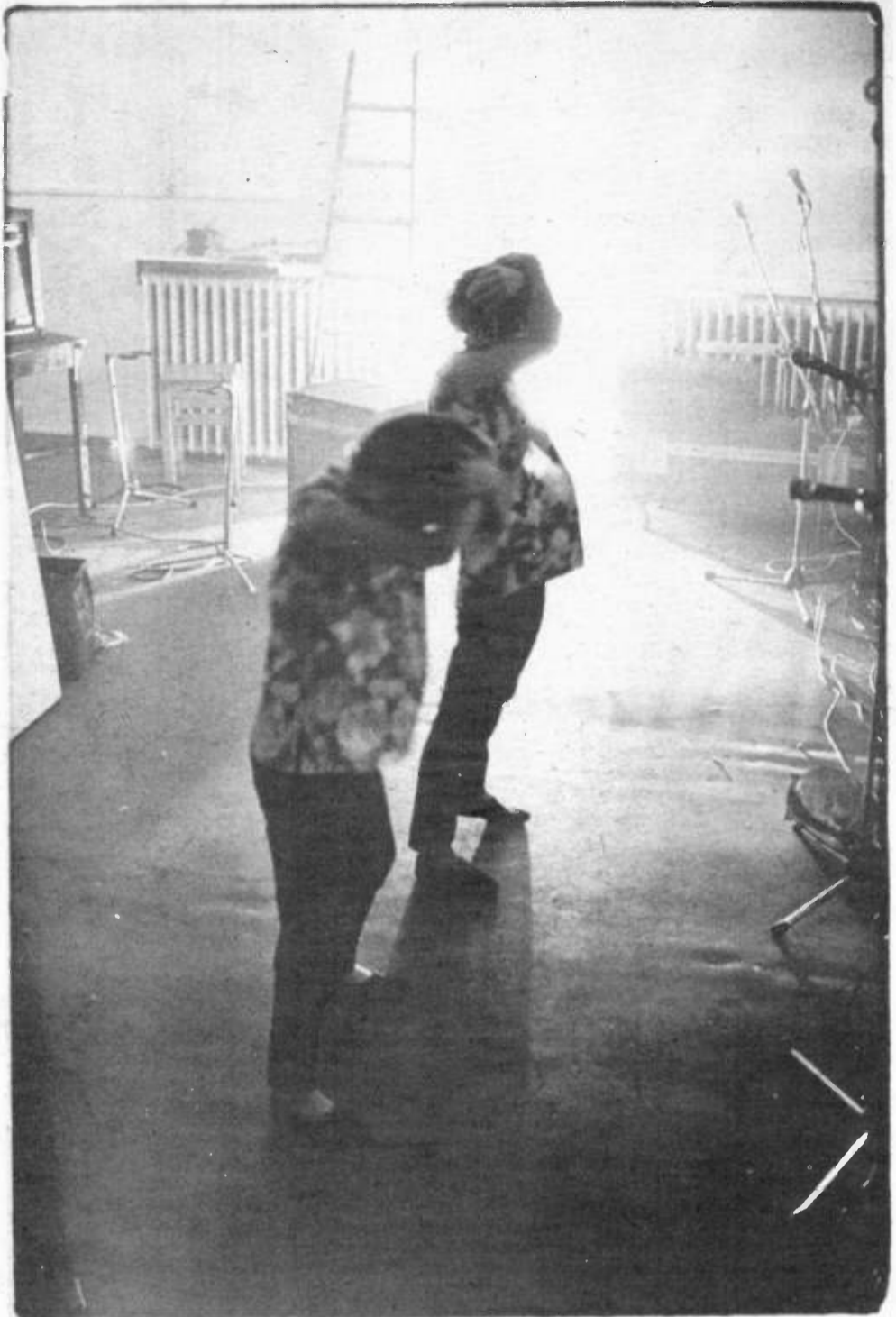
Humour is international and Frank Chickens inject it even into topics like the big mushroom, with witty dialogues and crazy riddims. Some of the songs were in Japanese, and occasionally the stage banter slipped into heavy pidgin, but this couldn't detract from the element of pure entertainment.

Overcoming impossible conditions at the LMC (no toilets or bar, and half the audience stuck outside), Frank Chickens' zest and fun sparkled throughout.

For Impossible Dreamers, it was rather a case of being blown off the stage; most of the audience had left before their set. Comprising trumpet, two guitars, drums, and two female singers in close harmony throughout, this band could be pigeonholed equally jazz/funk/ska/reggae, so eclectic was the music. The set started sloppily, but by 'In the Army', which had a great trumpet melody, things were tightening up.

Perfect for a free festival, I found them old-fashioned and uninspiring — back to the days of '74/'75, and easy to believe that '77 never happened.

Lindsay Shapero



Frank Chicklets overcoming impossible conditions at LMC gig — no stage, no bar, no instruments, no Perrier, no soft bog paper in toilets which aren't there anyroad... no friggin' audience — just a row of microphones left over from last week by some Visual Media Studies student recording the proceedings for a thesis on rad fem silo dancing. Hot stuff.

Pic: Andrew Catlin



Ruby Turner

Pic: Mark Rusher

BUM BLUES FOR MRS TURNER

RUBY TURNER

Camden Dublin Castle

FUNNY HOW things turn out, isn't it? In a pub in London's Camden Town, which regularly features such acts as Diz And The Doormen, The Mickey Jupp Band and The Dana Gillespie Band, The

Ruby Turner Band begin their set with a slickish version of Van Morrison's 'Checkin' It Out'. A competent groove is thus established and maintained through the first three numbers.

I'm woken up by a performance of the Etta James song 'I'd Rather Go Blind' and am reminded that

this must be similar scenery to that inhabited by Alison Moyet before the day her Vince did come.

Ruby Turner's band (She — black, a big young girl. They — five pale and skinny, a rather weary looking assortment of old mods and rockers) are from Birmingham, and they play clean, if rather pedestrian blues and soul in mid-tempo accompaniment to Ruby's slightly rougher Soul Shout.

It is accurate to think of them, and theirs, as more of a continuation than a revival, but this evening saw pub-rock head up its ugly rear — stirring, for me, little more than the aroma of reawakened sweat.

Simon Says

LIGOTAGE

London Marquee

THE STORY so far... Beki Bondage, former singer with top EMI punk act Vice Squad, opts for a solo career with ex-members of Chelsea and The UK Subs. Meanwhile, the nation's youth assembles in London's Marquee Club to see the rightful queen of new wave punk rock reclaim her crown.

1981, I think it was, when bad punk stopped sounding like Eddie And The Hot Rods and began to acquire new boundries and clichés. Behind every gelatined Mohican was a drummer who never played one part of his kit when all of it would do, and a bass player and guitarist who had redefined 'energy' as how fast you could play without slicing your fingers off on the strings. The object seemed to be to compete against Ramones records, and doubtless the up and coming leaders of he new punk would put 'Rocket To Russia' on at 45 rpm and try to beat the clock. Then they'd go on about how punk wasn't dead and get in *Sounds*...

So two years on, nothing has changed — the DJ at the Marquee mumbling incoherently all night through a selection of records by The Lurkers, Cock Sparrer, and the likes of The Anti-Nowhere League. A delightful mix of Scandinavian students, punks and Charlie Harper strolled about (my friend was right, Charlie does look like Lionel Blair). Then Ligotage (or, as they are often called, Beki Bondage's Ligotage) came on. And they were just like all the things I said above. Except the guitarist looked a bit like Ron Wood. Or maybe Rod Stewart.

David Quantick

Nene College Northampton

Tel: 0604 715000

- BA/BSc (HONS) COMBINED STUDIES (3 years)** ☐
BEd (HONS) (4 years) ☐

A wide range of 30 subjects is available from the Arts, Humanities, Sciences, Social Sciences, Education, Business Studies and Mathematics.

- Degrees are awarded by the University of Leicester
- Students select their own programme of studies
- Subject choices can be changed up to the beginning of the final year
- Almost all subject combinations are possible
- College and university careers service

TEC HIGHER DIPLOMA (ENGINEERING) (3 years sandwich)

Students study engineering principles and specialise in either electrical/electronic or mechanical/production engineering.

TEC HIGHER DIPLOMA (LEATHER TECHNOLOGY) (2 years)

Designed to provide a sound education in applied chemistry, the technology of leather manufacture and chemical and tannery engineering.

BEC HIGHER DIPLOMA (BUSINESS STUDIES) (2 years)

Subjects include Economics, Accountancy, Personnel Administration, Law, Data Processing, the skills of the Personal Assistant.

BEC HIGHER DIPLOMA Personal Assistant's option (2 years)

(Entry one A-level—mandatory grant available) The course covers secretarial studies including word processing skills.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT'S COURSE (1 year)

(designed for graduates and applicants with 2 'A' levels)
DATEC HIGHER DIPLOMA IN GRAPHIC DESIGN (2 years) ☐

Please send me prospectus/leaflets and application forms for the courses ticked above

Name

Address

To The Academic Registrar, Nene College,
 Moulton Park, NORTHAMPTON NN2 7AL
 Ref: NME/27.8

SUCCESS IN YOUR GCE...

Study at home—pass first time with RRC's Complete Home Tuition Service ● Self contained courses, regularly updated ● Fully inclusive fees ● No costly text books to buy ● Everything in handy booklet form ● Your own personal tutor ● Timetable to suit you ● Continued tuition at no extra cost if you don't pass first time ● 370,000 exam passes.

Over 50 GCE 'O' & 'A' Level Courses including—

- | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| English Language | Business Studies | Geography | Law |
| Mathematics | Chemistry | German | Physics |
| Accounting | Economics | Govt. & Politics | Psychology |
| Art | French Literature | History | Religious Studies |
| Biology | French | Human Biology | Sociology |

...SUCCESS IN YOUR CAREER EXAM

Also, over 40 Career Courses including—
 Accountancy, Book keeping, Secretarial, Also available:
 Banking, Computer Programming, Selling, Radio Amateurs
 BEC Nat. Certificate, Management, Transport, Non Exam Business Courses

For FREE book please tick choices and return with your name and address to:

THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE,
 Dept. JD17, Tutton House, London SW19 4DS
 Tel: 01-447 7272 (9am-5pm) or ring 01-946 1102 (24 hour
 Recordcall for Prospectus requests) quoting Dept. JD17.
 CACC accredited.

THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

HONOURS DEGREES AT COLCHE

COLCHE, soon to be a part of Liverpool Polytechnic continues to provide CHOICE.

We offer THREE year B.A. and B.Sc. HONOURS degrees validated by the University of Lancaster.

Intending teachers may qualify for Primary (7-12 years) and, Secondary (Craft and Design) posts via our B.Ed. HONOURS AND ORDINARY options.

Our B.A./B.Sc. students combine their degree programmes from an interesting range of 20 subjects: Art and Design, Biology, Community Studies, Drama, Education Studies, English, Environmental Science, French, Geography, Geology, German, The Handicapped Individual, History, Industrial Archaeology, Mathematics, Music, Physical Education, Psychology, Religious Studies, Sociology.

The general entry requirement is 2 appropriate 'A' levels.

We provide College accommodation for all first year students.

The College is set in 75 acres of park land on the edge of the lively City of Liverpool.

We have a daily LATE ADMISSIONS PHONE-IN SERVICE (051-489 6201) which will deal with your enquiry immediately. For up-to-date information on subject vacancies ask for late admissions or write to:

The City of Liverpool College of Higher Education
 Liverpool Road, Prescott, Merseyside L34 1NP
 Telephone: 051-489 6201

Enjoy study in Devon

Degrees validated by Exeter University

Ample residential accommodation on compact campus near the sea. Extensive opportunities for Recreation in the local area.

B.Ed. courses for Nursery, Infant, Primary and Middle school teachers.

B.A. Combined Studies: two or three subjects chosen from Art, Biology, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Politics, Social Science, Theatre Arts and Theology.

Further information from the Admissions Tutor, Dept. N

Rolle College

EXMOUTH · DEVON · EX8 2AT · TEL: EXMOUTH (0395) 265344

ADVERTISING

Advertising Diploma. 2 'A' levels. 1 year, full-time
 For Advertising / Marketing careers with agencies, advertisers and the media.

BUSINESS

Business Studies (HND). 1 'A' level. 2 years, full-time.
 Options in Accountancy, Advertising/Marketing, Banking, Company Secretaryship, Executive Secretaryship, Law, Personnel, Purchasing.

COMMUNICATIONS

Courses leading to management careers in Publishing, Design, Printing, Packaging and communication technology. BSc in Printing and Packaging Technology.
 2 'A' levels. 4 years, sandwich.
 Higher Diploma in Printing (TEC) 1 'A' level. 3 years, sandwich.
 Diploma in Typographic Design. 3 'O' levels. 2 years, full-time.

good jobs start at Watford College

Leaflets and information from Dept NME 161, Watford College, Hempstead Road, Watford WD1 3EZ. Watford 412114.

MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC!

Join the other NME types on HND Business Studies. Two years full time at Luton College. Options in marketing, finance, personnel, public administration or tourism. One 'A' level essential plus an interest in a business career.
 Contact Janet Hazell, Luton College of H.E., Park Square, Luton. LU1 3JU. (0582) 34111 ext. 266.

Brown & Brown and Tutors, Oxford.

Principal: C.H. Brown, M.A. (Oxon.)
 G.C.E. and OXBRIDGE ENTRANCE

Individual and small group tuition (maximum 3 students). Weekly educational guidance. Short courses (1 term) for those resitting. Accommodation, sports, and social facilities.

Prospectus: BROWN & BROWN and TUTORS, 20 Wamborough Rd., Oxford. Tel: (0865) 56311 and 513738

THE BYAM SHAW SCHOOL OF ART

is an independent fine art school founded in 1910. It offers one of the best 3-year courses available in London.

All teaching is by practising artists. Applicants are selected by work and interview.

Full time, diploma, extra mural, post-graduate/post diploma and short-term courses available.

Over 70% of UK students receive Local Authority grants.

Apply now for a prospectus to 70 Campden Street, London W8 7EN (or phone 01-727 4711—24 hour service).

GET ON COURSE AT EALING

Degree, diploma, postgraduate, professional and other post 'A' level courses on a full-time, part-time and sandwich basis... only twenty minutes from Central London.

DEGREE COURSES

BA(Hons) Accounting Studies

A broad based degree that integrates business subjects with Accounting and Finance. Options in Computing and Languages. Recognised by the Accounting Institutes for exemption purposes.

BA(Hons) Applied Language Studies

2 or 3 languages (1 from scratch) from ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE, FRENCH, GERMAN, RUSSIAN and SPANISH (Spain or America), studied in their contemporary context.

*BA(Hons) Business Studies

4 year "thin" sandwich course (industry-based). 3 industrial periods in your sponsoring firm. Specialisms in FINANCE, MARKETING, MANPOWER or QUANTITATIVE BUSINESS ANALYSIS.

BA(Hons) Economics

Study economics in the context of wider social and business issues. Options in INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT, PUBLIC SECTOR, THE FIRM AND ITS ENVIRONMENT, as well as ECONOMICS.

*BA(Hons) Humanities

Over 100 options from AMERICAN STUDIES, ENGLISH, FRENCH, GEOGRAPHY, GERMAN, HISTORY, HISTORY OF ART, MUSIC,

PSYCHOLOGY, RUSSIAN, SPANISH and URBAN STUDIES.

*BA(Hons) Law

The core law subjects and a wide range of legal and socio-legal options. Recognised by the profession for exemption purposes.

BA Librarianship

Courses in BIBLIOGRAPHY, INFORMATION RETRIEVAL, LIBRARY ORGANISATION/MANAGEMENT, LIBRARIANSHIP IN SOCIETY, including COMPUTING, STATISTICS and student selected PROJECT.

BA(Hons) Modern European Studies

Social Science Studies in ECONOMICS, GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, POLITICAL SCIENCE, and a LANGUAGE. 2 study periods abroad financed by the College.

MA in Manpower Studies

Post-Graduate Diploma in Personnel Management. Two linked part-time career development courses for personnel professionals.

MA/PG Diploma in German

2/3 year part-time courses in Contemporary German Studies. Language of instruction—German.

PG Diploma in English Studies:

for Language Teaching Methodology and Materials
 1 year full-time course for teachers with experience of TEFL.

*Also available on a part-time basis.

OTHER POST 'A' LEVEL COURSES

Accountancy Foundation Course

A 1-year course giving exemption from the foundation examinations of ICA, ACA, ICMA, CIPFA and CISA.

Diplomas in Secretarial Studies

1 year courses combining secretarial skills with business studies or languages.

HND in Business Studies and Tourism

2 year full-time or 3 year sandwich courses. Options include secretarial studies, languages, marketing, computing, accounting, personnel management, travel and tourism.

TEC Higher Diploma in Hotel, Catering and Institutional Management

3 year sandwich course giving a sound foundation for an operational management career in a major service industry.

Higher Diploma in Visual Communications

A 2 year DATEC course with advertising, graphic design and audio-visual studies.

Apply to: Admissions Unit (Room 644), EALING COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION, FREEPOST, LONDON W5 5BR. Telephone: 01-579 4111.

FOR LATEST INFORMATION ON DEGREE AND DIPLOMA VACANCIES AND ADMISSIONS ON

0482 41451

OR WRITE TO

HUMBERSIDE COLLEGE of Higher Education



BA (Hons.) Performing Arts

Nonington College is set in 110 acres of beautiful parkland within Kent's 'Garden of England, between Canterbury and Dover.

The College provides superb facilities for work and study — our Student's Union provides arrangements for social and recreational interests.

The following three year degree courses are validated by the University of Kent and offer students the opportunity to study in a unique and stimulating environment.

B.A. (Hons.) Performing Arts

A combined Honours Degree in the Performing Arts which combines a main subject and a subsidiary subject to be selected from Dance, Drama and Music.

The following Degrees consist of major and minor elements taken from the Single Honours Movement Studies Degree and the Combined Honours Performing Arts Degree.

BA (Hons.) Movement Studies (major) and Music or Drama (minor).

For course leaflets, a prospectus and full details of the college, just contact The Academic Registrar, (Room 11), Nonington College, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Tel: (0304) 840671.



Career Orientated?

The Career Orientated Degree Programme of the College of Ripon & York St John has been granted a Certificate of Recognition by the Royal Society of Arts under its Education for Capability Recognition Scheme.

BA & BSc Ordinary & Honours; DipHE; BEd Honours
Collegiate Awards of the University of Leeds

To find out more: write to the Registrar,
The College of Ripon & York St John,
Lord Mayor's Walk,
YORK YO3 7EX
Phone (0904) 56771



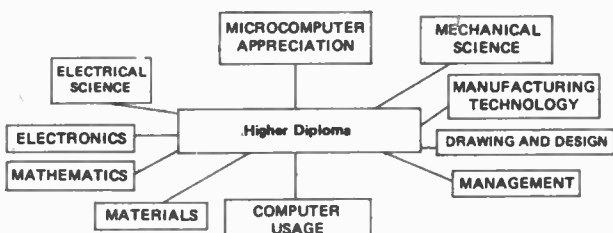
Ripon & York

Nene College Northampton

HIGHER DIPLOMA IN ENGINEERING A NEW COURSE FOR TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGIST THE COURSE COMMENCES SEPTEMBER

- Provides a base in Engineering with specialisation in either Electrical and Electronic Engineering or Mechanical and Production Engineering.
- Students may be college or industry-based and will normally be eligible for a mandatory grant.

If you have studied 'A' levels you could be eligible for this 3 year sandwich course.



OTHER ENTRY QUALIFICATIONS: A TEC Certificate or Diploma, OND or ONC, Appropriate City & Guilds Advanced Certificate.

APPLICATIONS FROM MATURE STUDENTS ARE WELCOMED.
AWARDING BODY: TECHNICIAN EDUCATION COUNCIL

Write or 'phone: Mr L J Hyde (Northampton 714101, ext. 225) or Mrs B Wackett (Northampton 714101, ext. 228) at Nene College, St Georges Avenue, Northampton NN2 6JD, for further details and application forms, or to arrange an informal visit to the College.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department

BLACKBURN COLLEGE of Technology and Design

An Institution of Further and Higher Education
Feilden Street, Blackburn, BB2 1LH

Courses for September 1983 with
Entry Requirement of

ONE A LEVEL or OND or ONC

BTEC HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMAS TWO YEAR

Full-time Courses Mandatory Grant

BUSINESS STUDIES

Marketing, Personnel and Management Services,
Purchasing, Secretarial, Accounting Options

ENGINEERING (MECHANICAL OR PRODUCTION)

Three year Sandwich (in collaboration with Preston Polytechnic)

MATHEMATICS, STATISTICS AND COMPUTING

MICROPROCESSOR APPLICATIONS

Unique course for sunrise industry careers

TEXTILE DESIGN

Course for creative designers of textile fabrics (waiting list)

Write to the Student Advisory Service at the
College indicating area of interest.
(Tel: 0254 55144).

DORSET INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Just received 'A' Levels Results?

We have some vacancies on
certain courses: a special
enquiry service is available.

USE IT NOW

BY Telephone: Bournemouth
(0202) 524111 BY Post - Write to:
DORSET INSTITUTE OF
HIGHER EDUCATION
Room L09 Wallisdown Road,
Poole, Dorset BH12 5BB.

A full list of part-time courses is also available.

DORSET an enjoyable place to study

B.A. and BSc Degree Courses—
principal subject areas are:
Business Studies, Catering,
Computing, Administration,
Economics, English, French,
Geography, History,
Landscape Studies, Law,
Media Studies, Politics.

Higher Diploma and

Professional Courses—principal
subject areas are: Accountancy,
Archaeology, Building,
Business Studies, Catering,
Computer Studies, Ecology,
Electronics, Engineering,
Hotel Management,
Management Studies,
Mathematics,
Microprocessor Technology,
Nursing, Sciences, Statistics,
Social Studies, Tourism.



NORTH CHESHIRE COLLEGE

DO YOU find these relevant to life
today?

MEDIA * RECREATION *
THEATRE
ENVIRONMENT * SOCIETY *
LITERATURE

WE DO and that is why we have
put them at the heart of our B. A.
programmes.

Whether you're a school-leaver or at a later
turning-point in your life WRITE NOW for
details to:

Admissions (NME),
NCC, Padgate Campus,
Fearnhead Lane, Warrington WA2 0DB

Take up the challenge at Bradford!

Prepare for the future at Bradford & Ilkley Community College
— the largest college of its kind in the country.

Bradford & Ilkley is one of the few colleges in Britain that
has a firm commitment to the needs of
living in a multi-racial society and is also committed to meeting
the needs of tomorrow's challenging business world.

DIPLOMA OF HIGHER EDUCATION

A two year course focusing on the needs and problems of
urban, industrial, multi-cultural society and combining inter-
disciplinary academic studies with practical placements.
NORMAL ENTRY:- Two 'A' levels.

You can then opt for either a third year of study leading to:-
BA (HONS) — ORGANISATIONAL STUDIES — which will
develop your ability to become a competent administrator.
Or a third and fourth year of study leading to:-
B.Ed. (HONS) — which gives qualified teacher status for the
3-9 or 7-13 age group. Special attention is given to the
teaching of reading, writing, mathematics and the special
needs of the multi-racial classroom.

B.Ed. (HONS) HOME ECONOMICS

This course offers a secondary school age range specialism
which enables you to meet the challenge of teaching Home
Economics in contemporary society.

B.A. (HONS) HOME AND COMMUNITY STUDIES (4 years)

This course offers the opportunity to integrate study of Home
Economics with Social Sciences and apply the understanding
and skills to work in community settings. It equips people to
enter a wide range of employment in the fields of community
work, caring services, education and commerce.

B.A. IN COMMUNITY STUDIES

4 Year Honours Degree including an opportunity to
specialise in Leisure and Recreational Studies or a
3 Year Ordinary Degree.

These courses equip entrants to take up a very wide range of
employment under the general heading of "Community
Work".

Practical placements are an integral part of the courses and
our aim is to give students an opportunity to examine their
own views and values in the light of their studies and of their
involvement in the complex society in which we live.

BEC HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMA IN BUSINESS STUDIES

This two-year full-time vocational course prepares students
for a managerial or administrative career in either the private
or public sector. Emphasis is placed on the
development of personal and practical skills through student
participation in work related learning activities.

Specialist study streams include:-

- Accounting, Computing and Administration.
- Marketing and Purchasing.
- Personnel and Industrial Relations.
- Public Sector Administration.
- Secretarial and Office Administration.
- Secretarial Linguists.

Entry Qualifications:-

Normally one 'A' level plus three other 'O' levels.

Mature students over 21 may be admitted with relevant work
experience. Secretarial Linguists normally require an 'A'
level in French.

Grant Status: Mandatory award.

To find out more, just 'phone or write to ...

The Admissions Officer,
Bradford & Ilkley Community College,
Room No. 264 Great Horton Road,
Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD7 1AY.
Tel: (0274) 753111.

Taking up the challenge
of tomorrow today!

Bradford & Ilkley
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

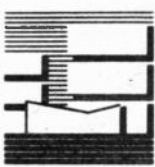


Study in the South

2 A levels BA(Hons) Modern Languages and European Studies, Professional Accountancy; BSc in Marine Engineering.

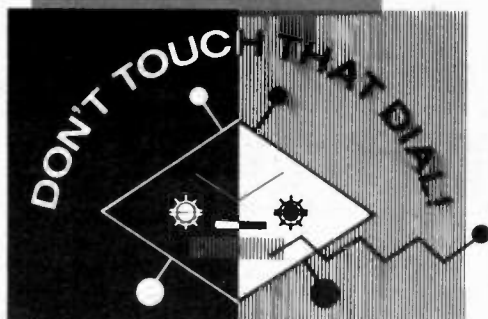
1 A level BEC/HND in Computer Studies, Business Studies, Financial Studies, Public Sector Studies; Advanced Secretarial; HD in Construction, TEC HDs in Production Engineering and Chemical Engineering; HNDs in Marine Engineering, Electronic and Communication Engineering; Naval Architecture; College Diploma in Yacht and Boat Design, Yacht and Boatyard Management; ISVA Auctioneering, Estate Management, Fine Arts and Chattels; CAM in Creative Communication Studies.

3, 4 or 5 O levels Electronics and Communications (Marine); SIAD Graphic Design; DATEC diplomas in Graphic Design, Graphic Design & Production, Scientific Illustration, Design Crafts (Jewellery, Ceramics, Environmental Design), Fashion; Foundation Diagnostic Course.



SOUTHAMPTON COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

East Park Terrace, Southampton.
Telephone (0703) 29381



THE AIWA F770 CASSETTE DECK—NOT ONLY DOES IT LOOK DEAD FLASH BUT THE GADGETRY IS ACTUALLY USEFUL! TONY BACON TWIDDLES THE KNOBS AND FINDS THIS JAPANESE MACHINE A WINNER.

NOW here's a clever one. The Aiwa F770 is a relatively expensive cassette deck—around £270—but one that nevertheless gives you plenty of useful gadgetry with which to while away those spare moments.

I've always had a feeling that Aiwa, Japanese maker though they may be, have had something of an air of quality about them and, more importantly perhaps, a precise sound quality to their credit. A friend has had an Aiwa 6800 model which has given years of good service, and this new 770 seems based to some extent on the older 6800.

The Aiwa 770 will flash and wink its many LEDs at you as you turn the power switch on. This naturally gives the owner a satisfied feeling that this must, after all, be the 1980s in which we are living, and that technological expertise isn't reserved solely these days for plastering on the insides of submarines.

No, here lights tell you whether you've chosen such harmless things as Tape or Source to listen to—what's on a pre-recorded cassette, or what's coming into the 770 from your vast battery of ancillary sound equipment.

Another light next to the four-digit counter tells what mode this read out is in—it doubles as a time-still-to-go counter, telling the lucky user roughly how much time is left on the cassette running. It's by no means a totally accurate counter, but can be a helpful guide, especially when recording.

To the right of this are the level indicators, bargraph types for each channel which, strangely enough, measure signal levels as well as their more important task of looking dead flash.

Below these are yet more lights, set into the clear black plastic frontage which needs the occasional wipe to rid it of those inevitable sticky paw marks. Soon as you stick a tape in the little flap that conveniently opens at the merest tap of the eject button, lights tell you what sort of tape it is: normal (ferric); CR02 (chrome); or Metal. In fact there seem to be two virtually identical sets of lights to tell you this—in case you miss one lot in the Blackpool-like onslaught, no doubt.

This tape-type indication works by checking the cut-out slots on the top of the cassette housing, so if you've got any older metal tapes knocking around (like an old Agfa C60 of mine) without the two

central holes, the Aiwa will happily insist that this is a Chrome tape. Tsk tsk.

Another light tells you whether you've selected no noise reduction, Dolby-B, or Dolby-C. Thus you can choose pure, hissy non-Dolby if you're a Doubting Thomas; you can play back that stack of old tapes recorded with Dolby-B; or you can enjoy the even less noisy environment enjoyed with the recent Dolby-C system fitted to this Aiwa and most new cassette decks.

The 770 also has a new Dolby system fitted called HX—this is not a noise reduction system, rather a complex-sounding way of constantly varying the bias signal to allow more accurate recording of high-frequency sounds. It seems a welcome addition.

Next to the noise reduction lights is one of the better features of the 770, the so-called DATA system (an Aiwa acronym for Digital Automatic Tape Adaptation, apparently—wonder what it is in Japanese?). At the tap of a button, this'll set up an optimum bias, eq and 'sensitivity' level for any tape you care to bung into the machine. So you don't just have a compromised three-position switch giving set levels

for ferric, chrome and metal, but can set the machine up as accurately as possible to get the most from each tape you use.

The 770 will remember the contents of the DATA circuits for up to 24 hours after it's been switched off, so if you settle on one regular tape for each of the three types, and turn the machine on once a day, you needn't do much more than press the record button still to get optimum results.

Other features scattered around the plastic include a Timer system that needs a separate timer unit to give time-shift recording a la video. Also, each time you turn the machine on there's a brief couple of seconds inactivity while the head is automatically demagnetised, effectively lessening noise build-up. Worth the wait, in fact.

Underneath the main indicator block on the front is a shelf-like projection which bears the controls. The tape transport buttons are on the left, with all the usual stuff, plus the rather useless Record Mute button. Next to these are a brace of tiny blue buttons which deal with the digital read-out counter, and also give a series of return-to-zero functions so you can replay bits of tape and

find the start of certain sections.

There's also an Intro Play function which'll give you the first few bars of recorded tracks, or run through to find a certain track. Useful. There's a level slider, and to the right a few more knobs and buttons for noise-reduction selection, levels, and channel balance.

It would have been useful, if the DATA system had some kind of indication of the level of the settings it silently makes for itself—no matter how foolproof the system is, I somehow don't trust a single flashing LED for each constituent to tell me that everything is just fine. And it would be handy to know how different tapes compare with one another in their setting.

Recommending certain tapes

for use with the 770 is a little pointless with the DATA system on-board, but I got good results in my tests with Maxell UL for ferric, TDK SA-X for chrome, and Fuji Metal and TDK MA-R for metal.

On the positive side, the 770 is a good and sensibly developed machine with few obvious frills and lots of practically useful features. Setting up tapes with the DATA system and bombarding them with Dolby C and HX enhanced signals gives some exceptional results.

The only problem may be the small matter of 270 notes. You can get a slightly cheaper version, the 660, which doesn't have DATA, for £40 or so less. But if you're already spending over £200 on a cassette deck, DATA is well worth another £40.

AIWA VITAL STATISTICS

MEASURES 420mm (W) × 280mm (D) × 110mm (H).
WEIGHS approx 5½kg
INPUTS Mic jacks; Line-in phonos; (optional) Remote Control DIN.
OUTPUTS Line-out phonos; headphone jack.
FREQUENCY RESPONSE (manufacturer's figures) Metal tape 20Hz-20kHz; chrome tape 20Hz-19kHz; ferric tape 20Hz-18kHz(!)
REWIND TIME (one side) 80 secs (C90); 55secs (C60); 45secs (C46).
PRICE Recommended £270
● MORE INFORMATION Aiwa Sales & Service (UK) Ltd 163 Dukes Road, Western Avenue, London W3 0SY. Tel: (01) 993 1672.



Illustration Catherine Denyer

NEXT WEEK IN NME

HOW AGREEABLE to reflect that today, in a topsy-turvy world of hurly-burly, hubbly, bubble, toil and, indeed, trouble, certain of our great national institutions remain. Bulwark-like, as a mighty rock that withstands the pulverising waves of time's unceasing tide, behold one such in the NEXT WEEK BOX.

Lo! It rises before us! Speak, wizened oracle! What delights await us in our next issue?

"Uh, yeah well. **SIMPLE MINDS** I got **STEVE WALSH** I can give you. And if the mood takes me I might throw in **TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS** and all."

We gasp, we ponder. We place an order with our newsgagents.



SERGE CLAP



What we do best is breed... revival session in Leicester this Friday at the Maidstone Club from 8pm with Papa Shifta Hi-Fi (Studio 1) + Mr Blues Hi-Fi (rock steady) + The Vikings (soul and calypso) ... **August Bank Holiday, whole populations explode**... on Saturday takes place an outing to Hastings Pier participating in a grand circus—fun fair with music by the Mighty 7 Warriors from North London. Soca dancers contest. Coaches from Tottenham, Wood Green and Forest Gate at 9am sharp. Tickets from Body Music 01-802 0146 ... **across the wolds**... also on Saturday is an outing to Clacton-on-Sea and dance to the music of Sir Biggs. Coaches leave 9.30am sharp from Hornsey Rise, Tottenham, Finsbury Park and Caledonian Road. Tickets from Burlett Biggs on 01-272 2311 ... **and in a slot of small cars pullulate by couples**... on the lawn at Broadwater Farm, Lordship Lane, Tottenham on Saturday afternoon live onstage Winston Reedy, Winston Fergus, Eli Emmanuel, Instigators, Barry Isaachar, Yaa Asawenta and sounds of Unity, Fatman and First Choice ... **Millington Meadows flower with campstools**... at Popular Civic Centre from 6.30pm to 11.30 Saturday live onstage Spartacus, Carroll Thompson, Sweet Distortion, Gene Rondo and Floyd Lloyd. Admission £3 and £2 (UB40) ... **at Beverley the font has a cover carved like a goblet**... from 7pm until sunrise on Saturday at 14 Peto Place, off Marylebone Road, NW1 is established a great night of carnival bonanza featuring a special tribute to the young girl posse with special guests Sunset Band and Neapolitans Band plus Sugar Dread and Jennifer Bushkamush dancer. Sounds by Stereograph Hi-Fi introducing dynamic duo Speedy Rankin and cousin Captain Starksy under style and culture with a big boucha ... **the new baby is fed**... at Chats Palace in Homerton on Saturday from 7.30pm is a night of jazz, reggae and modern music and dance inviting you to jump, jive, tango, twist, crawl, shout and throw yourselves about with Debbie Baddoo and the Sundance Kids, People's Unlimited, Jamel, Jah Globe, Brian the Lion and others. Adm. £2 and £1 (unwaged) ... **I stumble back to bed**... and sailing from Westminster Pier an hour after midnight on Saturday is a late night cruise on Mayflower Garden with JJ and Barber Roy. Coaches leave Tottenham Town Hall from midnight. Tickets from Body Music ... **I hear the owls for a long time hunting**... on Sunday at Brockwell

Park in Brixton is held a festival of arts and culture featuring Cynthia Williams, Brixton Underworld Band, The Ramblers, Osis-i-Iku, street poet Markus Jahn etc plus sounds by Stereograph and Saxon from noon until 8pm ... **or are they never in the winter grey of before dawn**... 12 hour session at Lewisham Boys Club, 1-9 Morton St, SE13 on Sunday—from 4pm till 4am—funking and grooving upstairs with Jet sounds and downstairs Saxon International. Flashdancing competition. Raffle. Rollerskating. Food. Drinks. Fruit ... **those pure long quavers, cries of love?**... also on Sunday is a splash out beachwear dance at Westcliff Leisure Centre, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex—from 6pm to 3am—dancing to the sounds of Hawkeye International plus Simeon Super Sound with Noel at the controls alongside Blaka Dread and Spider Ranks. Coaches from Deptford and Harlesden at 4pm. Tickets from Hawkeye 01-961 0866 ... **I put my arms around you**... show and dance at Banqueting Suite, 352 Norwood Road, SE27 on Sunday—8pm until 4am—with live onstage Norma White and George Williams plus King Tubbys Hi-Fi and Four Star. Licensed bar and food. Tickets 01-737 3906 ... **small mice freeze among tussocks**... the 4th national reggae all-nighter at Nottingham Palas Sunday stars Winston Reedy and Carroll Thompson with sounds by Sir Coxson and commences from midnight to 8am ... **the baby walls in the next room**... and later on Monday evening at the Mohammad Ali Centre, Icknield Street, Hockley, Birmingham from 8pm Carroll Thompson stars in her own right alongside sounds Studio City and Hytal Hi-Fi. Tickets 021-328 8378 ... **upstairs Mrs Ramsden dies**... all day outing to Weymouth Beach followed by a dance inna Bournemouth Town Hall on Monday with the mighty Jah Observers. Coaches leave Thornton Heath, Brixton and Ladbroke Grove from 9.30am. Dancing from 8pm to midnight. Tickets from Dub Vendor 01-969 3375 ... **and the house is full of the cries of the newborn**... one stop outing to Queensway Community Centre, Wellingborough, Northants on Bank Holiday Monday dancing from 2pm to 2am to Sir Coxson in the green corner, Unity Hi-Fi in the gold corner and Frontline Int. in the red corner. Live onstage Black Shade, Yvonne Douglas, Sandra Dee plus the fantastic Simplicity. Special guests Black Slate. Coaches leave noon from Brixton, Bethnal Green, Deptford and Stoke Newington. Enquiries 01-980 0762 ... **In red and smoky wood a follower of Wren carved it at Beverley**... from 8pm till 1am at Tottenham Town Hall on Monday is a Bank Holiday rave up with Fatman Hi-Power. Tickets from Shuttle at 23 Turnpike Lane, N8. Tel: 01-341 1080 ... **the generous womb that drops into the sanctified water immediate fruit**... finally at Old Covent Garden, WC2 from 11am to 8pm daily starting Monday through to Saturday September 3 is organised the Black Arts and Crafts Fair with entertainment by Ekome, Mataya, the Young Black Theatre Co-op Workshop, Steel & Skin, demonstrations, sales and displays and more ... **what we do best is breed**...

ON THE BOX

from page 25

Walbrook crossing schizophrenia cinema-style, Diana Wynyard his cornered spouse. History signs this a 'classic British film'; look for the signs—the smog of Victorian "morality"—and wonder from whence they came and whither they went. (C4).

Abbott and Costello Meet The Invisible Man (Charles Lamont 1951). Facial, farcical and linguistic turmoil. As ever, we see that 'mere' comedy is built on the metaphysical oppositions that haunt us all. Here: fat/thin, flapper/dapper and concrete/ethereal... plus C4 vs BBC1 if they let *Bilkon*. How to get in touch with the other side? Your VCR.

MONDAY AUGUST 29

BBC1 Giant sandwiches and caterpillars in *Knockout Star Gala*; *Cram*. Overt and Wells in *Bank Holiday Grandstand*, Jimmy Saville OBE and George O'Dowd in *Jim'll Fix It*; Napoleon III and Bob Dylan in *Mastermind International*. A waste of Jean Stapleton in the disappointing *Archie Bunker's Place* (C4). A waste of airtime featuring the increasingly smug and unfunny Clive James *At The Movies* (C4 repeat). *Shirley's Wedding* (Helma Sanders 1976). The disposal process of immigrant workers in West Germany—living production line, temporary solution. Directed by the notable Sanders (C4).

STIFF CITY MAIL ORDER

LPs	
MILKSHAKES	AFTER SCHOOL SESSION £4.00
MILKSHAKES	WITH THE GOLDEN GUITARS £4.00
MILKSHAKES	14 RHYTHM & BEAT GREATS £3.00
STINGRAYS	DINOSAURS £4.00
ESCALATORS	MOVING TARGETS £4.00
THESE CATS	VARIOUS INC. STINGRAYS £4.00
MILKSHAKES etc.	MEAN TIME £5.00
BARRACUDAS	TASTE OF PINK £4.00
PRISONERS	EARLY RECORDINGS £4.00
LINK WRAY	GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT £4.00
ROULETTES	RUSS, BOB, PETE & MOO £4.00
ACTION ARTWOODS	PARAMOUNTS, BIG THREE £4.00
MOJOS, MERSEYBEATS & THE ESCORTS	ALL £4.50
CREATION	HOW DOES IT FEEL £4.50
CREATION	WE ARE PANTHERMEN £5.00
CREATION	THE REST OF £5.00
SMALL FACES	ODGEN'S IN MEMORIAM £5.00
THERE ARE BUT FOUR	SMALL FACES £5.00
YARDBIRDS	ROGER THE ENGINEER £4.50
YARDBIRDS	FIVE LIVE & GREATEST HITS £5.00
KALIDOSCOPE	BACON FROM MARS £5.00
MUSIC MACHINE	TURN ON THE £5.00
COUNT FIVE	PSYCHOTIC REACTION £5.00
LEAVES	HEY JIVE JIM £5.00
BARBARIANS	THE BARBARIANS £5.00
STRANGELOVES	I WANT CANDY £5.00
TURTLES	IT AIN'T ME BABE £5.00
LOVE	LIVE £5.00
MADNESS	AMERICAN ALBUM £5.00
DAMNED	1st & 2nd DOUBLE LP £5.50
MINDROCKERS	AMERICAN 60's NUGGETS STYLE £5.00
COMPILATIONS—EXC. TRACKS	ALL £5.00
BROKEN DREAMS	VOL. 1 £5.00
ENGLISH 60's COMPILATION	£5.00
SINGLES	
MADNESS	WINGS OF A DOVE 7" £1.25
MADNESS	EX 12 & P.C. DISC £2.00
MILKSHAKES	ITS YOU £1.25
ESCALATORS	MUNSTERS THEME £1.25
ESCALATORS	SOME THINGS MISSING £1.25
STINGRAYS	SELF DESTRUCTIVE P. £1.50
BANANAMEN	CRUSHER P. £1.25
TALL BOYS	ISLAND OF LOST SOULS £1.25
POOR BOYS	MOVIE BABY MOVIE P. £2.00
FANTOMS	HEARTS OF STONE £1.25
THE IMPOSTER	
THE IMPOSTER	PILLS & SOAP £1.25
BARRACUDAS	THE HOUSE OF WICKS E.P. £2.00
BARRACUDAS	INSIDE MIND £1.25
BIG STAR	KUZZMA £1.25
ALEX CHILTON	HEY LITTLE CHILD £1.25
FLAMIN' GROOVES	SNEAKERS £2.45
COUNT FIVE	DYNAMITE INCIDENTS 12" £4.25
SEEDS	WEB OF SOUND, RAW & ALIVE £5.00
FALLIN' OFF THE EDGE	FUTURE, FULL SPOON £5.00
BEAU BRUMMELS	INTRODUCING VOL. 2 £5.00
GODDIE & THE MUSIC VOL. 3	ALL £5.00
J. CIPOULINA & GRAVETTES	MONKEY MEDICINE £4.00
UNKNOWN	THE UNKNOWN £4.00
CRAWADDY	CRAWADDY EXPRESS £5.00
IGGY & THE STOOGES	I'M SICK OF YOU £5.00
BIG STAR	THE THIRD ALBUM £5.00
ALEX CHILTON	LIVE IN LONDON £5.00
ALEX CHILTON	LIKE FLIES ON SHERBET £5.00
SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS	FRENZY £4.50
JOHN LEE HOOKER	VOLUME 1 £4.50
ELMORE JAMES	KING OF THE SLIDE GUITAR £4.50
ELMORE JAMES	BEST OF £4.50
B. B. KING	THE MEMPHIS MASTERS £4.50
B. B. KING	BEST OF £4.50
HOWLING WOLF	RIDING IN THE MOONLIGHT £4.50
JOHN YACE	MEMORIAL ALBUM £4.50
FANTASTIC BAGGY'S	SURFIN' CRAZE £4.50
BOBBY FULLER FOUR	FOUGHT THE LAW, KING OF THE WHEELS & LET THEM DANCE £5.00

IKON F.C.L.

VIDEO RELEASES

Fact 77
"Taras Shevchenko"
New Order
live concert footage (1 hour approx).

Fact 37
"Here Are The Young Men"
Joy Division
live concert footage (1 hour approx).

Fact 56
"A Factory Video"
a selection of pieces,
1980-82 (1 hour approx).

All tapes are available by Mail Order from "Factory Communications Limited," 86 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester 20. Price £12.50 plus £1.50 post and packaging EACH. Make cheque or postal order payable to "IKON F.C.L." The tapes are available in either VHS or Beta, please specify which format is required.

For NTSC format contact: "Factory America," 325 Spring Street, Room 233, New York, New York, 10013. Price \$25 plus \$2 post and packaging EACH. Make cheque payable to "OFIKON, New York."

FACTORY COMMUNICATIONS LIMITED

Adrians

Ref No. 36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX

We now offer a visit to Wickford to 40 mins direct from Liverpool St. Station. Open Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-1pm.

OPEN BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY 10am-1pm

THIS WEEK'S NEW FASHIONS

7.50 BALLETT (Duff P.) 2.99

7.50 VADO (Duff P.) 2.99

7.50 PENATANT (Duff P.) 2.99

7.50 SEAGULLS (Duff P.) 2.99

7.50 E.O. Secret messages (After all (P)) 2.99

NOTE: In Superstar import 1-1/2 inch. insert.

L.P. GARY MOORE: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

L.P. DUFF: Duff's Fingers (Duff's Fingers) 11.95

THE RECORD SPECIALIST

OUR FARM THROBING POLICY

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

"We do not have a record policy. We have a record policy."

JOHN BADHAM

FROM PAGE 26
of directorial autonomy, as advanced by auteur theorists, gets short shrift from him:
"It can be done, but it seems folly not to take advantage of all these people around you. It's your responsibility to control all this, to weed out the good ideas from the bad. In *Saturday Night Fever*, some of the funniest dialogue is stuff Travolta made up on the spot, stuff I wouldn't have thought up in a million years. It would have been foolish for me to say 'John, that's not in the

script', or 'Norman Wexler won't like it'.
"On the other hand, actors do love to improvise, and they are frustrated writers, think they're cleverer than the writer, and they can really lead you down the garden path, too! There are some embarrassingly bad films where the actor's improvising and you know it's nothing short of masturbation. It's the director's job to slap their wrists, bring them back into line."
As regards the traditional

struggle between studios, producers and directors, he invokes historical precedent to justify his pragmatic approach.
"They (the studios) are in the business of making money, and not just being great patrons of the cinema, dispensing 15 or 20 million dollars just to give you the chance to play. Those times are... I started to say long gone, but I don't know if they were ever here. When you read about the pope giving money to Michelangelo for the Sistine Chapel or the Last Judgement, he bloody well wanted results! He wanted something good, and was annoyed at how long it was taking.

"There was a lovely documentary on Leonardo Da Vinci, which said at the end that nobody would hire Leonardo to do a job, because the fellow never turned up with what you paid him for! You had to give him money up front, and he'd wander off, think about it, and nothing ever happened. One of the popes wrote about it, and said it was so maddening—'he keeps talking to me about the vanishing he's going to use, not the concept of the painting. At least Michelangelo will get in there and chip away; he's slow, but it gets done'.
"So you see, things never change!"

TALKING

FROM PAGE 7

'Red And The Black'.

The group's character is purged, finally as neutral as they always looked.

YOU SAID what to David?? Two days later, on the outskirts of Detroit, Chris Frantz is agast.
"You said there should be more 'Genius Of Love' and less 'Catherine Wheel'?! (Pause) Maybe that's why you got a short interview."

Tina hangs her head. "You see, David was trying so hard on this album to open up and be lighter. And I do think it is much happier. I know it doesn't always sound happy, but can't you tell when you see the songs live?!"
Her look says 'see here, young man': "Do you know how the lyrics were written? He improvised the vocal melodies on top of the music in the studio, not knowing what he was going to sing before he started. He would just take little bits that sounded good and continue to embellish those things."

"He did it very quickly, and it was all in gibberish, so afterwards, when he went home, he couldn't think of any other tunes to sing, because then he had the improvisations in his mind; he had to actually invent lyrics to fit the gibberish, and some of it was actually used, like when he says 'home!' at the beginning of 'Naive Melody', that's actually from the very first improvisation."

"It just flowed out, came out of his mouth, and he had to continue doing that, he had no choice but to try to make all the words fit the same sort of vowel sounds or the more percussive kinds of vocalisation. He would have to sit at home for hours at a time and just keep going over basic tracks, and letting lyrics just pop into his head. They do have meaning, because so many phrases came that some had to be chosen over others."

Anyone for speaking in automatic writing? Cut-up gospel? Chris: "It might not seem quite as smooth as some pop music, say Thomas Dolby, but it is. The songs are maybe not as ambitious conceptually as the past couple of albums, maybe they're a little easier to swallow. Probably what David is thinking is pop songs compared to downtown conceptual music—the Philip Glasses and Steve Reichs."

'Tongues' is like a midpoint between the art-garage pop of '77' and the dark, clustered combustion of 'Fear', but I have to say again that I don't find it very successful as "pop music".

Tina: "On the other hand, nobody seemed to think '77' was catchy when that came out. Everybody thought that was pretty jarring. It took me a while after this music was written to accept David's lyrics. The vocal melodies on some of the songs don't go with the original music. Now that we've been playing some of them live, they flow more easily for me."

Chris: "I think the reason we feel happier now is that we have two outlets. One is much more serious than the other. We can have our lighter moments with Tom Tom Club."

Tina: "It's pushing it to the extreme, because we're extremely light with Tom Tom Club. If Talking Heads wasn't so extremely serious on the other side, I don't think we ever could have come up with such light music."

David said 'Remain In Light' and the extended lineup released him from the burden of leadership of the "mythical archetype" rock fans tend to identify with. Has bringing Talking Heads down to size put the emphasis back onto him?

Tina: "I don't know if he wants the burden removed. I very much doubt it."

Chris: "This is the first album where David gave us full credit for what we did in terms of songwriting. Clearly he's unburdening himself somewhat there."

So the individual tangents have helped and tensions aren't smouldering. You can keep the "show on the road"...

Chris: "It'll probably continue for a pretty long time, actually. As we get older, we're getting more and more outlets besides the rock'n'roll stage. The Talking Heads will be around for a real long time doing stuff other than so-called 'pop songs'."

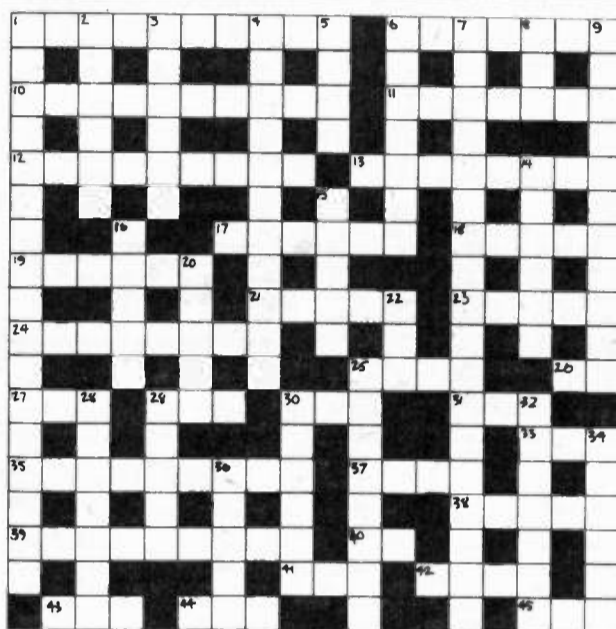
THERE'S NO moral lesson here, this is not a parable, but quite honestly 'The Man With The 4-Way Hips' makes a lot more sense to these ears and bones than 'Making Flippy-Floppy'. The way I look at it is that David Byrne can't write black music without Brian Eno's arm round his shoulder. Not even Jellybean Funhouse mixes of 'Flippy' and 'Slippery People' are going to change that.
And this must be the place to end.

NME PRESSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

- Run off agog, when bewildered by this quartet (4, 2, 4)
- Not the true story of an indie label? (7)
- Rinsed wart, and squeezed out a US singer (5, 5)
- Beatable Roger (7)
- Cabaret Voltaire's version of Chas And Dave's 'Rabbit'? (3, 3, 3)
- Dutch group who held the Number One spot for four weeks with 'Mississippi' (8)
- 25D + 44A. Dusty Springfield hit from 1968 (3, 2, 1, 8, 3)
- Jay — of Bucks Fizz (5)
- Two of their albums were 'On The Border' and 'The Long Run' (6)
- 'Fire' 1973 Manfred Mann's Earthband LP (5)
- Fear of the Judge's ten commandments (5)
- Sounds like you in mixed fortune — though this indie label suggests nothing will come of it (2, 6)
- US Country Rock group best known over here for 'Rose Of Cimmaron' (4)

- 26 + 3D Duran's fourth single back in late 1981 (2, 3, 3)
- Ay, it's before, and it's after too — from Kevin and the Dexy's (3)
- King Sunny (3)
- Na Nog British band from the early '70s (3)
- 'Still I'm —', Yardbirds single (3)
- Chris, who had a minor hit with 'Fool (If You Think It's Over)' (3)
- 35 + 34D "You're cool and hard and if I sound like a lecher, it's probably true but at least there's no lecture". 1983 hit (5, 4, 1, 5)
- Farewell at the corner to Andy Fairweather-Low (4)
- Sheffield band on Fast Products, they later became The Musical Janeens (5)
- I'm no roady — but will I get that Top Ten hit from 1979? (2, 2, 5)
- A quick laugh from Killing Joke as they play live (2)
- Yep — it could be the old Kinks label! (3)
- See 1D
- Just something that kept getting under Adam's feet (3)
- See 17A
- Fixx's skies (3)



compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

- "Then I awake and look around me, at four grey walls that surround me..." 1966 hit (5, 5, 5, 2, 4)
- A breath of fresh era from Blitz (3, 3)
- See 26A
- So Nora, a clue especially for you to turn up that old Hollies number (2, 1, 8)
- Hard to find Bowie album still currently available? (4)
- The maths principle of Magazine and Visage (7)
- At one time, Sting couldn't bear being away from our company (4, 5, 6, 3)
- 8 + 15D. Same title, different numbers from David Essex and Julie Felix (2, 1, 5)
- Round the clock singing from Joe Jackson last year (5, 3, 3)
- Adge — and the Wurzels (6)
- See 8D
- All-girl South African group who had a hit with 'Substitute' (5)
- Their lead singer is Adrian Borland; one of their albums was 'From The Lion's Mouth' (5)
- Somewhere far away for Duran to go to (3)
- See 17A
- Laden me with a Randy singer (7)
- Forename of clarinet player who had a hit with 'Stranger On The Shore' (5)
- Dance Theatre? (3, 3)
- Dear me, that's wrong, but right after all — yes it's a hit from 1975 (7)
- See 35A
- Country in which Cliff Richard was born (5)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Everything, 5 That, 9 Riot Going On, 12 Ann, 13 OMD, 14 Paint Me Down, 18 Eva, 19 PA, 20 Energy, 21 Ex-Pop, 23 Ads (Adverts), 24 Anthem, 26 Saturn, 28 Out, 29 Chords, 31 God Bless, 33 Far, 34 Imposter, 35 And, 37 Gary Gilmore, 38 Two.

DOWN: 1 Europe, 2 Emotion, 3 Hai, 4 Nag, 6 Head Expanded, 7 Tantalise, 8 Anon, 10 Guthrie, 11 Nod, 15 Ely, 16 Operator, 17 Wax, 22 Watching, 25 Trooper, 26 Sugar, 27 Urban, 30 DBs, 32 Steve, 33 Feel, 35 AOR, 36 GT.

FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING PHONE 01-261 6172

Europe's Most Exciting MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Send today for style Paris. A quality nylon underbrief with very narrow sides. Colours: Black, Red, White, Blue. See-through Flesh. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. Price: £5 each (inc. p + p) * SPECIAL OFFER * 3PAIRS FOR ONLY £10

FREE WITH ORDER Kiniki's famous catalogue of Underbriefs, Thongs, Pouches. Backless see-throughs. Exotic sun & swimwear beautifully shown on live models. For catalogue only send £1.00 (deductible first order)

KINKI (Dept. NME) 20, Shubbs Gate, Newcastle, Staffs. ST5 1LU

NEW TEE-SHIRTS

(Silk Screen Printed — Not Transfers)

- NEW BILKO (Wacky)
- BOWIE (Aladdin Sane)
- BOWIE (Scary Monsters)
- STONES (Spent The Night)
- STRAHLERS (Cornwell)
- DEAN (Giant Face)
- JAM (Farewell Tour)
- JAM (Modern World)
- STYLE COUNCIL (Weller)
- DANIELS (Vampires)
- PIKE FLOYD (The Wall)
- SPANDAU BALLET (True)
- AVENGERS (John & Emma)
- BILKO (The Wall)
- DENNIS THE MENACE
- MARILLION (Lester's Tear)
- ULTRAVOX (Rage In Eden)
- STONES (Spent The Night)
- DEAN (Rebel Cause)
- U2 (War + Tour Dates)
- BRANDO (Streetcar)
- JAM (Tube Station)
- JAM (Absolute Beginners)
- HENDERSON (Bird As Love)
- MARILYN (Giant Face)
- MARILYN (7 Yr Itch)
- CLASH (Bank Robber)
- CLASH (Straight To Hell)
- CLASH (Know Your Rights)
- JAPAN (Sons Of Pioneers)
- YOSHA (Ginga Joo)
- CLOCKWORK ORANGE
- SILOUSIE (Creatures)
- STONES (Tongue)
- FAT FREDDY'S CAT
- LENNON (Working Class Hero)
- CHINA CRISIS (Tour)
- 800 COUNTRY (Tour)
- JO BOXERS (Boxerbeat)
- DURAN DURAN (Faces)
- T. REX (Marc Bolan)
- BAUKHAUS (Burning from the inside + Tour Dates On Back)

Sizes 34-36-38-40-42 (£4.80 incl P+P)
Illustrated Catalogue 40p (Free with Order)
CARDS + POSTERS (Dept NME)
ROOM 24, 1 ALBERT ST, BIRMINGHAM 4

STAY IN THE SHADE!

BLACK WRAPAROUNDS

Only £1.75 inc. P & P

JAM GLASSES

Only £2.50 inc. P & P

LENNON GLASSES

Only £2.50 inc. P & P

Send SAE for our alternative clothing catalogue. Wholesale enquiries welcome

Send Postal Orders/Cheques or International Money Orders to

MARK LORD PROMOTIONS (Mail Order) Ltd.

Air Industrial Estate, Wallisbourne, Warwick CV35 9JJ.

POINTED BOOTEE

SIDE GUSSET, KITTEN HEEL

SUEDE — Colours, Pink, Black, Red, Elec. Blue, Grey, Purple, Mustard and Turquoise.

LEATHER — Pink, Black, Elec. Blue, Red, White and Orange.

and Leopard Fabric.

SIZES 3 — 7 (INC. HALF SIZES)

£19.99

(INCLUSIVE OF POST AND PACKING)

CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDERS ONLY

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ORDERS ONLY

Schuh

9 NORTH BRIDGE ARCADE, EDINBURGH

Please send for full colour catalogue.

X CLOTHES BOOTS

TOP — SKI BOOT, black leather or suede 74.00 plus 1.40 p+p. MIDDLE — BOO BOOT, black leather or suede, 22.00 plus 1.40 p+p. BOTTOM — TONGUE BOOT, black leather or suede 19.99 plus 1.40 p+p. All three designs sizes 3 1/2 to 7 including 1/2s. Please send your order with cheque or P.O. to X CLOTHES M.O. 42 Call Lane, Leeds 1, or send large SAE for our new M.O. POSTER, or call to see our full range of clothes and footwear at our shops in Leeds, Sheffield or Manchester. Leeds still has some very cheap shoe clearouts in small or very large sizes

Send SAE for our alternative clothing catalogue. Wholesale enquiries welcome

Send Postal Orders/Cheques or International Money Orders to

MARK LORD PROMOTIONS (Mail Order) Ltd.

Air Industrial Estate, Wallisbourne, Warwick CV35 9JJ.

POINTED BOOTEE

SIDE GUSSET, KITTEN HEEL

SUEDE — Colours, Pink, Black, Red, Elec. Blue, Grey, Purple, Mustard and Turquoise.

LEATHER — Pink, Black, Elec. Blue, Red, White and Orange.

and Leopard Fabric.

SIZES 3 — 7 (INC. HALF SIZES)

£19.99

(INCLUSIVE OF POST AND PACKING)

CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDERS ONLY

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ORDERS ONLY

Schuh

9 NORTH BRIDGE ARCADE, EDINBURGH

Please send for full colour catalogue.

MAIL ORDER

ADS IN NME

ARE READ BY

MORE PEOPLE

THAN THOSE

IN ANY OTHER

MUSIC

WEEKLY

Source NRS Jan-June 1982

★ THE CHEATERS ★

New Single
CONFIDANTE

Rec. No. Holly 005

From the Forthcoming
Album/Cassette

HIT ME I'M HAPPY

On Holyrood Records and Tapes
Distributed by PINNACLE



AKG

ACOUSTICS

The AKG D80 — a new dynamic microphone developed for today's vocalists and musicians, with an excellent all round specification which includes good frequency response and sensitivity figures, tailored to give a full, rich sound to vocals and instrumental performance. Supplied with 5 metres of cable; fitted with XLR/jackplug connectors, plus a stand adapter, all for less than £29 including VAT. Full details from your nearest AKG stockist. Clip the coupon for information on our complete microphone range.

Full and post this coupon. Full details by return.

NAME

ADDRESS

AKG

AKG Acoustics Ltd. 191 The Vale, London W.3
Telephone: 01-749 2042



THOSE WE HAVE LOVED

Where is Monty Smith these days? And tiny Ian Penman? Whatever became of Max Bell then? God, we used to boot it around back then. I used to write *T-Zers* y'know. Way back before you were born. "Sorry, who is it we're talking about?" was one that always got a laugh. So did phrases like "A frankly exhausted Ben Sidran told us 'I'm frankly exhausted'". And names! Aw, we had names back then, we didn't need stars. Mimsie Weatherwax. Ernst Mountain. Genevieve Pepperfeathers. Fantastic. Whatabout when we made the entire thing up and it got reprinted as fact right across Europe. Great headlines too. Remember that terrible war film in Africa with Rod Steiger. HEADLINE: Touché Duce! (or A Nice Place To Visit But I Wouldn't Wanna Libya). Or when Saatchi & Saatchi were hired by Phonogram and ran 'Every Picture Sells A Tory'. That knocked Phil out. And what ab54@ & %3%4(

OK I'll take it.
 Danny Baker in the type writer shop in Beak St bored but with a pocketful of 50 pound notes. (Gags — I got 'em!)
 PS: I still enjoy a handsome, weekly, wrinkled old retainer.
Danny's Greatest Gags — official? Even if it's not you, Danny, we're pleased to hear from you. And as I write the Wee Ghost is sitting pretty as ever on Page 24/25 before *On The Box* — CB.

The NME is beginning to whiff of the stale newsprint of 1973. Hardly a week goes by without some article or a reader's letter berating the current climate. All this "where did we go wrong, man?" stuff is rather reminiscent of the attitudes of ten years ago. As someone who is rapidly sliding into his mid-20s I can sympathise, but isn't all this nostalgia just the '80s equivalent of "Where have all the flowers gone?"

Please, I don't want to be called a boring old punk and if you have any sense neither should you. Music may not be particularly exciting at the moment, but I'm a great believer in what we scientists call "the lull before the storm theory" — cf 1975. So, all you ex kids out there, clap hands for 1986 — the late '80s Epstein/Lambert/McLaren slot is still wide open. Book early.
 Paul D. Conaghan, *Northern Ireland*.
Why wait? It's here! See below — CB.

AVANT... LE DELUGE

Einstürzende Neubauten, SPK, Test Department — does this mean that skiffle's back?
 Jean Pierre Baudrillard, *The Eggbox*.

I say huh to Neubauten, Test Dept etc. They might claim to be the first to define a new industrial blues but some of us still recall Captain Beefheart's *Blue Collar* song 'Hard Workin' Man'. Not to mention what Pere Ubu used to get up to with a blacksmith's anvil! *The Foreman, Sheffield Steel, Yorks*.

How many more times do we have to read such pretentious drivel about the latest "in" band? I'm referring to your cover story on Test Dept and in particular to the claims that Test Dept make "The most important sound of today, something capable of breaking down the mundane fabric we see around us and building something new from the wreckage. With their new single they're getting there at an alarming rate."

It's all been said before, little has changed. When will these bands and certain journalists ever accept that such people will never change the word nor build something genuinely beautiful from the wreckage? What they possibly can do is offer people the chance to obtain a great deal of pleasure from their music. Isn't this enough? It's certainly a more realistic aim. The integrity of people making great claims is always in doubt. Even with the help of such professional media coverage as Don Watson's article

DANGEROUS

gives, Test Dept offer no threat to anyone. "That's what makes them fascinating. And that's what makes them dangerous" indeed! Maggie must be shaking in her court shoes.

The Cynic, Gravesend.
 Once it is accepted that music is unimportant, meaningless, nothing, who's to stop anyone making of it what he wants, filling the available space with an art that excites, stimulates, cheers, drenches or encourages? I find it great that wantonly destructive characters such as Einstürzende Neubauten both physically and symbolically clear so much ground. Test Dept's drumming up of punishing rhythm is as impulsive as anything by Sunny Ade. I doubt Test Dept are pleased with the ill-chosen application of a word like dangerous, but if you wanna check out early effects of the metal workers on the mainstream I suggest you try Depeche Mode's 'Construction Time Again' — CB.

Gee — now that Chris Bohn's German reports from the front are being ripped off right left and centre (witness this week's *City Limits* who appropriate a phrase he used to describe Die Toter Hosen as what their name means; it doesn't translate as 'old tat', that's part of Bohn's old review... even a non O-level holder like me can tell ya it's DEAD TROUSERS (and it was worth taking Bohn's tip on 'em too). While *City Limits* gets even the title of their record wrong, YOU — employers of Mr Bohn — get Einstürzende Neubauten's name consistently wrong. Hands across the Channel or just more NME finds for Channel Four, CL, and all that lot to pilfer?
 Max Schreck, *Finchley, London*
 PS: Should have had Bohn on the Cramps. Better a jackbooter than a dumb Yank who can't see the inherent greatness of the Stingrays!!!!
 Thanks for noticing. Kind of you not to spot the deliberate error with our Stingrays review, which was penned by Jane Solanas. The LP Cyndy hated

was Lita Ford's — CB.

Pow Wow! We have crackdown, more like letdown. Why kill time listening to this landslide. This is mere taxi music. I have a sly doubt that my obsession with Cabaret Voltaire will be gone in a split second feeling. Why this sudden move towards commercialism? Soon there'll be no escape: Cabaret Voltaire on every other street. Music is just a fool's game — there's a thousand ways to spread the virus but this is just gut level Mal. If this is entertainment then I'll stay out of it.
A Lancashire Fish.
 Back to Go, Fish! The indie-major crossover/sellout equation is too easy to deserve any marks — CB.

EUROPE AFTER THE RAIN

Upon hearing 'Abbey Road' for the first time in years I have made an internal vow that pop music is finished dead. Just as Marcel Duchamp predicted that "painting is dead" (circa 1918 whatever) the same can be applied here.

Here, I invoke the timeless class factor: Who plays '77 punk now? Assuming you have a modicum of intelligence of the NOW, what will really last? Echo? No sir, the NEW can't write love songs or great ballads for everyone.

Our greatest loss is the loss of the artist in art: Van Gogh, Cezanne, Mondrian, Matisse, Monet. And in literature Camus, Orwell, Tolstoy, Kafka etc. And in real music Saint Saens, Debussy, Satie, Stravinsky etc. Why is it no one can touch the masters of modernity (late 19th — mid 20th century)?

One hopeful aspect is that "aware" people will defy the

mundanity and resort to the timeless class factor.

Someone, somewhere will find a medium to express what an artist is. Finally, pal, don't make analogies between a narcissistic prat like How'art' Devoto and that great surrealist painter Max Ernst.

If The Beatles were not on the level of Great Art no one today is. *Baz, Leeds.*

Huh! Your "timeless" sounds like a fullstop to me. I'm with Joseph Beuys on this one: Art as flux, "the silence of Marcel Duchamp is overrated": In other words, keep talking pal. As for Max Ernst, I've seen better apocalyptic pictures in an X-Men centre spread — CB.

A TEN MINUTE REED THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

My first thoughts on reading the interview with X. Moore were "not another piece of self congratulation". But, thinking it over, I found a lot of sense in what the leader of The Redskins was saying. There isn't really much social comment music around, is there?

Despite the growth of CND and the Peace Movement you still find the Greenham Common women singing 'Give Peace A Chance' — written back in '69.

So what has happened to the revolutionary impact of popular music? Punk had 'God Save The Queen', but in all honesty who can catch all the lyrics? It's not enough just to agree with the sentiments. In any case punk has become a fringe fashion movement, while the Monarchy goes from strength to strength. The Specials' 'Ghost Town' was a song for its time, what with the Summer riots going on. But look at what topped the charts in the year of Thatcher's

war: 'Seven Tears' at the beginning and 'Goody Two Shoes' at its close. The less said about Adam's change from star of *Jubilee* to an appearance in the Falklands victory show the better!

Sadly when pop should be pushing a strong message it seems more trite than ever. Bands like The Jam, Beat and Funboy Three, who were capable of making a social comment, have folded only to be replaced by the likes of Drone Drone and Gagagoogoo.

It would be extremely ironic if the new Bob Dylan LP turned out to be the most political record of the year.

Timothy J. Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
 Want rebel music? Try Camp Sophisto's 'Songs In Praise Of The Revolution' single (Pure Freude — German import). Pure joy! — CB.

SATISFIED!

At last you've managed another in that occasional series of

straightforward informative and non-political articles!

In his interview with Robert Smith, Richard Cook refrained from asking irrelevant questions and gave Smith the chance to tell an emotive story.

I hope Mat Snow, who recently dismissed The Cure's Elephant Fayre concert as "banal, pretentious and dreary... self obsessed and self important", paid close attention to Smith's own account.

Robert revealed in his conversation with Cook that he is none of the above and is, in fact, a perceptive performer already in the daylight. Whether The Cure have or have not delivered brilliant music since 'Pornography' is immaterial. That they have in the past created such atmospheric and glorious music is sufficient.

Or are we in such a competitive age that no one is allowed to feel tired?

Margaret Amos, Glasgow.



THE BAG OF DESTRUCTION



READERS' PROTESTS
 DIFFUSED BY:
SAPPER BOHN
 DIRECT YOUR MISSIVES
 TO:
 NME-5-7 CARNABY ST.,
 LONDON W1V 1PG

Zzzzzzzzzz. Does that answer your question? — CB.

DISGRUNTLED, GRIMSBY

John Peel you are pathetic! I have listened to your show nearly every night for the past few weeks hoping to fill 15 hours of blank tape but the task proved impossible. Sad, because I remember all those years when you actually deserved your job, when you had the courage to play the bands who refused to conform, giving them valuable exposure they wouldn't otherwise get. But now it's hip to like "fine music" and appear on *TOTP* your show puked up nothing but safe trash — you were the first to play Lotus Eaters' bleeding awful 'First Picture Of You'. And the safe alternatives you play — Killing Joke, The Box, the occasional classic by The Birthday Party — are nothing compared to the real alternatives you should be playing.

Don't forget your show is for the minority. The minority prefer progression, experimentation — that which is UNDERGROUND.

Ironically you haven't once featured on your show those 100s of experimental/underground bands featured of late in *Sounds* and *NME*, such as: SPK, Einstürzende Neubauten, Nocturnal Emissions, Chris And Cossey, Nurse With Wound etc. Okay so you've got sessions coming up by SPK and Test Dept, but if you spent less time searching out old jazz and new African records, you'd make some progression and stop serving as the self indulgent time waster who'd never dare differ.

The mere fact you agree with the John Lennon dictum that "avant garde is French for bullshit" proves you shouldn't have your nightly show. Not too long ago the horror stories claiming the BBC were to fire John Peel annoyed me. Now I'd welcome this move.

Ian Taylor, Wigan.
Your turn, John? — CB.

So the Beeb are hunting for the sixth *Doctor Who*, eh? How about giving the part to Mark Smith, of The Fall. I can just picture him in his megastore anorak clambering out of the Tardis. Well, it's either him or John Peel.
David Grigg, St. Austell, Cornwall.

Why don't the "alternative" *Channel 4* give us an alternative music programme which features up and coming bands and the indie charts? *Switch And The Tube* provide a change from *TOTP* but they're still pop and chart orientated.

I thought this while reading Adrian Thrills' views on today's music scene and agreed with him that there isn't anything too creative happening at the moment. Then, the media isn't giving us the chance to see what else is available.

Don't get me wrong, I like *TOTP*, but the whole of music presentation now is geared towards chart sounds or to chart certs, thereby ignoring the first releases of young hopefuls, which are so damn good they'd probably be classics if they were pushed. Sheanagh Wilson, Hull.

Going by the execrable *Alter Image* it would appear *Channel 4*'s idea of alternative is getting the viewer to turn over. That, or The Chevalier Brothers busking in Covent Garden — CB.

DISMAYED, GRAHAMSTOWN

My Mum asked me once what I wanted for my birthday and I said a Mickey Mouse outfit would do fine and she gave me the South African government. So here I am colonialising among the racists and receiving the *NME* its normal five weeks late. The only musical defect to come here to date is some twit called Rod Stewart, though a glimmer of talent lies ahead in the form of Peter Tosh (scheduled for Swaziland). This country is full of fucking shit. Bain, Grahamstown, South Africa.

T-ZERS

WHAT GOES ON behind pop's closed doors? Quite a lot it would seem as two national papers sit patiently on two inflammable stories about the *Kajagoogoo* split until such time as it would be plain bad journalism not to print them. Who knows the real story and when are they going to tell it?

Well it won't be *News Of The Screws* or their sickly colour supplement *Sunday* which ran a cover on the *Kajagoogoo* success story over a week after it was common knowledge they had broke up.

Feisty Joan Jett currently receiving the rough end of the stick in the States where cassette copies of her new album have been withdrawn from 50% of retail outlets because of an unlisted version of the old *Stones* song 'Starfucker'. A new version without the offending song is hurriedly being packaged. Why can't Joanie get away with it when that old pouting ponce can? You tell us.

Censorship problems are also hindering the release of the new *Ian Dury* LP '4000 Weeks Holiday'. On one song, 'Noddy Harris', Dury indulges his penchant for the vernacular to excruciating and some say offensive extremes. When the folks at Polydor suggested that a warning sticker should be stuck on copies of the LP, a heated argument ensued which resulted in Dury storming out of the offices, hurling a few portions of the selfsame vernacular at all and sundry.

BILLY CHILDISH, frontman for garage beat combo *The Milkshakes* is finding his other career as the man behind a series of infantile and sleazy sexual poetry books is getting him into some trouble with the police. After receiving numerous complaints the Chatham CID visited Childish at his home last week where they confiscated his 'work', telling him he'd hear from them later. As indeed he did, a few days later when he was picked up and questioned about a rape case. All

writers of lewd lyrics please take note.

Readers in Manchester may be interested to note that this Friday (26th) at midnight the world premiere of the *New Order* video *Confusion* takes place at The Hacienda.

Readers in London, suitably fired by the Clark Sisters 'You Brought The Sunshine' single (the LP of which is holding the ace space on US gospel charts) may be interested to note that every Sunday from 9-10 am *Radio Invicta* broadcast an hour of the best in modern gospel music. Sure beats morning mass or *Songs Of Praise*.

Morticia, aka actress **Caroline Jones** of the currently popular (for the second time round) *Adam's Family* has died from cancer aged 52.

Police are chasing a crazed aural masochist after the disappearance of 200 passes for the Reading Festival on a London tube.

A hard knock for Belfast group **Big Self**, who spent most of their savings moving to a new base in London. Last week they had a lot of their equipment stolen from the house where they were staying in Brixton. They are offering a small reward for the return of the equipment. Anyone with information can contact The Little Bit Ritz cinema in Brixton.

That boisterous goodtime reckless soul star **Prince** has taken time off from being his usual forthright self to put in a bit of extra curricular work. After being told by **Stevie Nicks** that 'Stand Back' her new hit single was inspired by 'Little Red Corvette' he came over to play the synthesizers on the song eschewing any credit.

As **Clem Burke** and **Nigel Harrison** (ex-*Blondie*) join up with **Sex Pistol Steve Jones** and two other nonentities to form a group with the wishful thinking title *Chequered Past*, so they get dropped from the roster of megamanager **Shep Gordon**. Steve Jones has also broken his arm in a Dylanesque motorcycle accident which means he can't use it to drink beer, make phone calls or any of the other exciting things semi famous people get up to. On the bright side — he won't be able to play guitar for a while, either.

Bruce Springsteen, ever one of rock's great originals and forward thinking artists, has come up with a spectacular and thrilling title for his new album — 'Born In The USA'.

What the hell do they expect dept? **Einsturzen Thingy** nearly had their gig at Leeds Warehouse

stopped when the venue's manager threatened to beat their manager to pulp if they went ahead with the well known routine of applying a pneumatic drill to the hall's walls.

Watch out for the 15 years in the works story of *The Faces* — A *Variety Of Annoyances* — by old chums **Rod Stewart** and **Ronnie Wood**. Guaranteed to be choc a bloc with the sort of stories to make the most hardened granny drop her knitting.

Wham! reportedly almost came to fisticuffs with **Paul Morley** when the sturdy Manchester fly half tackled them on a few of their galling misrepresentations of teenage — yeah, fab — life as part of an interview for art school posezine *Blitz*. "It took all I could muster not to chin him there and then," said **Andy Ridgeley**. Morley remained elusive, stimulating, trivial etc.

Production team **Langer / Winstanley** are off together on a round Europe cycling trip while Man Boy of the year **George O'Dowd** and **Marilyn** return from Egypt where they got sore bottoms after being constantly pinched by men who thought they were women. You've got to take the rough with the smooth, as the fisherman said to the skate.

Yoko Ono has inked a contract with **Johnny Carson** for a yet to be penned film of her life with **John Lennon** from 1965 to his death. Working title is *Imagine: The Story Of John Lennon*. With that sort of skill and imagination going into the title, maybe they'll get **Bruce Springsteen** to write the screenplay.

CHANNEL FOUR's outrageously successful *Switch*, now in its sixth stupendous month but approaching the end of its current series, will be back on your screens again next spring. Their second series begins in April with mouth almighty **Gary Crowley** as presenter.

So have **Edwyn, Zeke, Malcolm** and **David** finally decided to rip it up and start again? Signals suggesting just that — an *Orange Juice* split — have been getting stronger and more frequent over the past week, and would seem to be confirmed by **Ed's** comment to a passing *T-Zers* tray on Saturday evening at The Wag Club. "Once we've finished the LP we're doing, Zeke and I are off to do our country and western album." With **Malcolm** and **David** both working on another project, the divide

between the two segments seems to be growing. The *OJ* LP, incidentally, is tentatively titled 'Swansong'.

Let me take off this shirt of shame: *NME's* crack soccer squad humiliated 5-4 by a lacklustre Island Records team, with 'Blind' **Lloyd Bradley** throwing the game away after Italian hitman **Julio Hewitt** had sharpshot the Carnaby Street dynamos ahead. Referee was **Jah Wobble**, who unsettled our lads by shouting "Come On Island" at regular intervals.

Following British heavyweight boxing hope **Frank Bruno's** cameo appearance in the *JoBoxers* video for 'Johnny Friendly', the five 'Boxer Boys' — a bunch of bantamweights to a man — were challenged to a sparring session in a London gymnasium. In order to even up the odds a little, the five 'Boxers' will all be in the ring against **Bruno** simultaneously. Full story next week.

Allan (*Rock And Roll High School*) **Arkush** has enjoyed favourable responses to his new film *Get Crazy*, — the story of a New Year's Eve concert at the old Fillmore. It features **Lou Reed** as a Dylanesque recluse making his big comeback — his name is 'Auden' — and **Malcolm McDowell** as a coked-out **Rod Stewart / Jagger** clone. Other cameos from former rock figures include **Howard Kaylan** as a 'leftover hippie', *Doors'* drummer **John Densmore**, *Shindig's* **Bobby Sherman** and **Fabian**.

America just launched a mainstream TV programme of rock vids (*Friday Night Video*) to compete with MTV, the all-music cable channel. Its first evening featured a '1980's Battle of the Bands' where viewers called in to vote for the next video: a choice of **Duran Duran** or **Davie Bowie**. Durans won, with a 20,000 margin. Funny, both acts are on EMI, who certainly can't have lost.

And lastly, *T-Zers* sends its sincere condolences to the family and friends of **Thomas Reilly**, who was shot dead in a Belfast street early last week. Reilly, the younger brother of former *Stiff* *Little Fingers* drummer **Jim**, worked for a rock merchandising firm and was a familiar face about the foyer on numerous tours. His funeral was attended by all three members of *Bananarama* while *Altered Images*, *Spandau Ballet* and *The Style Council* all sent wreaths. A British soldier last week appeared in court charged with his murder.

lowry note oilskin base



benyon the lone groover



NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR

Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor

Tony Stewart

Assistant Editor

Paul Du Noyer

News Editor

Derek Johnson

Production Editor

Jo Isotta

Associate Editor

Andy Gill (Films/TV)

Special Projects Editor

Roy Carr

Contributing Editor

Charles Shaar Murray

Staff

Adrian Thrills

Gavin Martin

Chris Bohn

Graham Lock

Paolo Hewitt

Don Watson

Art Editor

Andy Martin

Photography

Pennie Smith

Anton Corbijn

Peter Anderson

Contributors

Nick Kent

Fred Dellar

Tony Parsons

Julie Burchill

Paul Morley

Danny Baker

Penny Reel

Andrew Tyler

Cynthia Rose

Vivien Goldman

Serge Clerc

Richard Cook

Barney Hoskyns

Lloyd Bradley

Ian Wright

Amrik Rai

Kristine McKenna

David Dorrell

Mat Snow

Cartoons

Tony Benyon

Ray Lowry

New York

Joe Stevens

(212) 674 5024

Mick Farren

Richard Grabel

Research

Fiona Foulgar

Editor's Secretary

Wendy Lewis

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.

Room 2535

Kings Reach Tower

Stamford Street

London SE1 9LS

Group Ad Manager

Peter Rhodes

(01) 261 6251

Ad Manager

David Flavell

(01) 261 6206

Classified Ads

(01) 261 6122

Live Ads

(01) 261 6153

Ad Production

Pete Christopher

Barry Cooper

Lee McDonald

(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson

IPC Magazines Ltd

Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden

FREAK BROTHERS

The above design of Fat Freddy's Cat Full Colour £5.50 each

FREAK BROTHERS COMICS

Freak Brothers No's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, each £1.10

Fat Freddy's Cat Comics No's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, each 90p

Thoroughly Ripped (full colour) £5.50

Rep Off Comic Mag No's 11 & 12 each £2.95

(Freaks in full colour serial)

KNOCKABOUT COMICS

Knockabout Comics No's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 each 90p

Knockabout Comics No's 4 & 5 each £1.65

Anarchy 3 £1.65

Juniper 5 £2.00

NEW IMPORTED COMICS

Vierds 7 (R. Crumb) £2.00

San Francisco Comic Book 7 £1.65

Anarchy 3 £1.65

Juniper 5 £2.00

Send For FREE Catalogue of Badges, posters Books.

Dept N, Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Rd, London W10.

FREE

A Commission-Free Current Account
If you're a student and operate your Midland current account normally, we won't charge you any commission—even if you're overdrawn.

EASY

24-hour Cash Withdrawal
Your cheque card can be used at over 1600 Midland and NatWest cash dispensing machines to withdraw up to £100 cash per week anytime you like, seven days a week.

FREE

ISIC CARD. This entitles you to one third off any ordinary National Express coach fare, plus discounts on other goods, theatre tickets and accommodation. We'll also give you free membership of British Airways Jet Club.



EASY

Cheque Card Facilities
Every Midland student on an LEA grant automatically receives a cheque card and monthly statements free of charge.



FREE

Advice. We have special Student Financial Advisers in over 100 branches nearest to major universities, polytechnics and colleges, who are ready to help you.



EASY

Overdraft. If you open a Midland current account but your LEA grant cheque is late, show us your grant letter and we'll talk about arranging a special low-interest overdraft.

EASY

Opening Your Account
The easiest of all.
Fill in the coupon or pop into your local Midland and arrange to have your account opened at the branch nearest your college.



PROOF THAT A STUDENT'S LIFE CAN BE FREE AND EASY

We're not suggesting that college is all play and no work. But at the Midland we try to make the money side, at least, as free and easy as possible.

That's why we've introduced our Students' 'plus' package. It gives you everything you need to make your grant easier to manage, including a special student financial adviser.

You qualify for the package as long as you fulfil two simple conditions: you must begin or be attending a full time course of further or higher education for which an LEA mandatory award is available; and you must open your first current account with us this year.

(If you already have an account with us, and you're becoming a student during 1983, then naturally, you'll qualify too.)

Even opening your account is easy. Just fill in the coupon now, or phone Teledata on 01-200 0200 and we'll do the rest.

Or if you prefer, pop into your nearest branch today. It's quite free.

To: The Student Adviser, Midland Bank plc, PO Box 2, Sheffield S1 3GG.

(Please complete in block capitals.)

I would like my current account opened at the nearest branch to

which I will be attending this year. And/or I would like details of Midland's Students' 'plus' package.

Name _____

Address (home) _____

Term time address (if known) _____

NME 27/8 FE



Midland

The Listening Bank for Students