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**IAN
DURY**

**PAUL
YOUNG**

**MARK
SMITH**

TOM WAITS

**"JUST ANOTHER
SUCKER ON THE VINE"**

INTERVIEW BY KRISTINE McKENNA

GOING FOR A BLYTON WITH DURY ● X-MAL AND POISON GIRLS UK TOUR ●

TOO MUCH NODDY BUSINESS

WHERE HAS IAN DURY BEEN FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS, AND WHY HAS HIS LONG WAITED NEW LP, '40,000 WEEKS HOLIDAY' BEEN DELAYED UNTIL JANUARY? GAVIN MARTIN INVESTIGATES THE CONTROVERSY. PHOTO: PETER ANDERSON.

LOOKING FIT and well Ian Dury hobbles round his manager's offices singing intermittent snatches of 'Riders On The Storm'. After being laid up for the first six months of the year with hepatitis — "I came back from Australia feeling great and suddenly I turned all yellow. My head just went and I got really depressed." — he's back on form and keeping in trim cycling and swimming regularly. For the hour and half or so we meet, ostensibly to discuss the postponed release of his new '40,000 Weeks Holiday' album, his first release in nearly two years, Dury is optimistic and cheerful, if slightly repentant.

The reason for this and the postponed release is a track on the LP called 'Noddy Harris', a trite nursery rhyme which labours under a barrage of unnecessary expletives.

"The people at Polydor got wind of it and phoned up the Townhouse where I was recording and asked the engineer would he mind bleeping it. He said, does Ian know? And they said, oh Ian's cool, but I knew nuffin about it. Then the lyrics that I wrote for the LP came back with every other word in 'Noddy' scribbled out and it made me worry about the song more than I needed too because it was only a throwaway item."



That contradicts what he said elsewhere, claiming it was one of his best five songs.

"Yeah, well I'm bound to say something like that," he admits, "cos I do think it's straightforward and I still find it funny, but I couldn't defend it like I could defend something like 'Plaistow Patricia'; it's not a real document."

"But my mate Lawrie was round me gaff t'other week and he said you might be called upon to defend it because of all the news there was at the time — our man Len getting busted and those awful people from PIE. He said if some journalist from *The Sun* or *The Star* picks up on 'Winnie The Pooh is having a wank' they could crucify you. It's the housewives that really scare me, if they turn against me then my bum goes straight away."

So 'Noddy' was dropped and replaced, but re-setting the art work and slotting it into release schedules means it will not now see the light of day until January ("Going for the Christmas record token market," says Ian). But the delay doesn't bother him.

"I was more frustrated four years ago not being able to take a lot of trouble over my records."

IT TRANSPIRES that the new LP is the only one in his catalogue that Dury now feels happy with.

"I heard 'New Boots And Panties' for the first time in ages the other week and I don't like it all," he admits.

His musical partner on '40,000 Weeks Holiday' is newcomer Michael McEvoy, who he met through Blockhead Davey Payne.

"Michael criticised what I'd been doing very accurately. We started working and it just felt like we was doing something, I was harnessing his energy and he was making me sound good."

Since the completion of the LP Dury has been working on a follow-up with Chaz Jankel and Blockheads Norman Roy-Watt and Charley Charles.

"Before I hit the road again I'll definitely have two albums because with 'New Boots And Panties' we just went out and milked it like a great big dairy cow for two and a half years."

To coincide with the new LP, which he reckons is going to re-establish him artistically and commercially, Dury envisages a promotional tour of record stores where he'll sing along to backing tapes. Promotion was something he didn't do with his last LP, the poor 'Lord Upminster' which left him owing the taxman "a few shillings".

"I spent most of my time apologising for 'Spasticus'. My mum's me hardest taskmaster and she tells me I overestimate my audience's

ability to understand what I'm trying to get at. She said I definitely hurt people with 'Spasticus', mums of disabled kids and that. I think she was right, I think I was being silly. Polydor didn't want to release it as a single, but I knew it was the only good thing on there. The rest of it was a bit underdone, under cooked. I was very disappointed with it; I was ashamed of it to tell you the truth. I just couldn't go out representing it."

Aside from music Dury's considerable talents as a writer have brought him several offers to write biographies but he's no plans to do anything just yet.

"It's like I never get into hard drugs, if I'm offered I always say I have to wait until I'm 70 like they do in Thailand. Drugs are for the old folk. In the same way I think I'll get into writing books when I'm older."

In two months time a Channel 4 documentary, on Dury's life and work, made by his friend Francis Rosso (who directed *Babylon*) will be screened.

"We wanted it to be a feature film but we couldn't get the money. No Hollywood bigshot would touch me with a barge pole. Last year I met Fellini through someone or other. He said to me film is about faces and I-a like-a your face a very much. Guiseppe's in there going, but he's got a beard and I'm going, don't worry, that'll come off on Tuesday. But he went and made the film without me, the old bastard."

The last time The Blockheads played with Dury was abroad before Christmas, ("it was great I did all me old skanking and it was a really warm and joyful tour"); but that's not a partnership that has gone by the board. Keyboardist Mickey Gallagher is presently sorting through some eight hours of live tape and Dury verbal for a forthcoming live album.

For myself, I can't endorse much of the music I've heard on the new record, but Dury is full of confidence, raring to go.

"It's a good period for me cose when 'New Boots And Panties' was gestating, or whatever they call it, I hated most of the music thriving at the point and I feel the same now. So I feel like a righteous bastard putting my record out — at least it doesn't sound like that!"

Though he hasn't been in the limelight much he still gets spotted and stopped a lot, but he's not too keen on it.

"I love going for walks, y'know. I could walk for miles. But like I went up to see me mum in 'ampstead recently and I got stopped by this little girl and her dad, so I did the autograph bit. So I'm going up the road and another car load stops and gets out with cameras. I ended up getting a cab."

"I'm just one of the ones they recognise, like Gary Glitter. One of those."

MY CLARE LADY

NOW THE DARLING OF NEW YORK SOCIETY, CLARE GROGAN TALKS ABOUT SEX, LOVE AND MARRIAGE TO DAVID KEEPS. PHOTO: JOE STEVENS.

TEEN IDOL Matt Dillon was playing cards in the hotel lobby, and on the way to Clare Grogan's suite, an irresistible Hollywood scenario sprang to mind.

Matt looks grim, having failed to draw an inside straight, when suddenly this fascinating creature saunters by, completely oblivious to the cinematic charms of the *Over The Edge* star. Their eyes

meet. The bewitched young Matthew hails a Checker and tails her limo to a nightclub called the Ritz. Once inside he uses his celebrated face to get backstage with an earnest proposal, but the fair Miss Grogan rejects his offer to co-star in the next Coppola epic, settling instead for simple domestic bliss in the Shetlands.

Ah, but this is New York. While Dillon sits downstairs trying to figure out the rules of the game, our Clare is playing Interview Encounter like a seasoned pro. A coy love note from another journalist lies on the coffee table, disembodied from a vase of roses — carelessness or calculation? That's the central ambiguity of the *Altered One's*

new sophistication, but it's an issue of little concern to the Yanks who drool over every droop of a shoulder strap.

Clare Grogan sells sex and youth more tastefully than Debbie Harry and Annabella; now that she's commandeered Mike Chapman to mix her lush disco cocktails, she could well become the newest starlet in America's chartlands.

She is direct, slightly flirtatious, and thoughtful enough to puzzle over a hypothetical question.

And, yes, you can talk to her about...

LOVE

"I DON'T think I've ever been in love. I fall in love all the time,

though. The boys in the band think I have the worst taste imaginable. I pick up on something, a mannerism or whatever, and become totally obsessed with it. Then I guess when it gets too close I lose interest. When things are at a distance they're exactly what I want them to be."

ROMANCE

"HEARTACHE. Romance is something I could go on and on and on about. I think I'm a romantic fool, actually, I want to be proposed to at the top of the Statue of Liberty; or even the Empire State Building would do."

GLAMOUR

"BROOKE Shields is pretty glamorous. When I think of glamour I think of *Vogue* magazine and

X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND make a quick return visit to the UK, and their arrival next week happily coincides with the indie chart success of their new 4AD single 'Incubus Succubus II'. Dates so far confirmed are at Norwich Gala

Ballroom (7 October), Coventry General Wolfe (8), London ICA (9), Leeds Warehouse (10), Sheffield Leadmill (11), Dundee Dance Factory (12), Edinburgh Nite Club (13), Glasgow Night Moves (14), Nottingham Rock City (18), Blackburn Gun Club (20), Liverpool The System (21) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (22). Support act on all dates is

another 4AD band, The Wolfgang Press.

POISON GIRLS headline a new variety tour, which hits the road next week under the banner of "The Big Brother Cabaret

Tour". The group (dubbed "the unacceptable face of popular music") are joined on the bill by American satirist Janice Perry, pop poet Mark Miwardz and Toxic Shock — and occasional special guests include The Nightingales, John Cooper Clarke and Tony Allen. The package plays Swansea University (4 October), Oxford

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GROGAN GUSHES ● DILLINGER TOASTS THE UK ●



Tatler, and people who are six feet tall. I'm only five feet tall, so I guess I'm a whole foot away from being glamorous. I wish I looked like Natassia Kinski. All of her. I'd settle for all of Natassia, it's not bad going."

SEX APPEAL

"I'M NOT frightened that I'm a girl in a group. The cover of 'Bite' caused quite a stir because I'd been such a lollipop for such a long time. But I couldn't do the album cover in a live situation. Fancy trouncing around stage in a ball gown!"

"I've always thought that I've managed quite well to portray quite a sexless image. I just don't really have that much confidence in my sex appeal. I've got a 20-inch chest and I'm as blind as

a bat. I think of my performance as 50% me and the other 50% slightly tongue in cheek; I like to dance and I like to be over the top sometimes. But I don't like to analyse what I'm doing at all, 'cause I'd probably get paranoid about doing it."

DECADENCE

"DECADENCE is nice, 'cause I don't get to be decadent too often, I guess. You always want the things you're not allowed. I like drinking Cointreau. I s'pose that's not really decadent, but I have very heavy management."

MONEY

"I REALLY hate money. See the problems money causes? When you don't have it, it's awful. I

think it's very naive to say, who needs money? Money's very handy and I like spending it. But it causes a lot of problems, worrying where the money's gonna come from for that new frock I see at Fiorucci."

"The single great injustice of the world? The rich get richer and the poor get poorer. (Cooing) But I don't mind if you want to give me your money, I'll look after the excess."

FILM STARDOM

"GREGORY'S GIRL wasn't hard work; I honestly felt it was like making home movies and I was working with people who weren't dead heavy about it. Now I'm at an awkward age; I'm 21 and most people think I look younger, so it's a crossover age from playing

adolescents to adult roles and I'm just as well sitting that out."

"I'm doing what I always wanted to when I was in school, but sometimes I wish I was back at school. I mean, you just can't win. When I was in school I never wanted to work at all, and I thought acting would be a rilly cushy lot. Complete naiveness, y'know?"

FILM FAVES

"MY FAVOURITE kinda movies are really cutesy Doris Day or Audrey Hepburn movies, where it's all just fun. Nobody makes fillums like *Don't Eat The Daisies* or *Move Over Darling* or *Pillow Talk*. I think it's because I love the style of the cars and the clothes."

THE PERFECT DAY

"GETTING UP around 11, having breakfast with my mum and dad and getting on really well. When I think of perfection I think of all the people I want to be with when I'm away from them. The perfect date would be Richard Gere. Maybe we'd stay home and watch television. If you get a date with Richard Gere, you don't want to take him out anywhere for the rest of the world, you want to have him locked up in an attic."

GROWING UP

"I'M ACTUALLY beginning to think that all children should be separated from their parents at birth. It's all too much. When you think of how you're part of your

mother's body and you grow up and become this person that your parents sometimes can't relate to and don't understand and there's actually a part of them in you."

CLARE AT 40

"I LIKE TO think I'll be like my mother. I'd like to stay as young as I am now. In spirit. Looks would be nice too. The thought of being alone is very unattractive to me and I'd like to think I'd always have someone along the road. I'm scared of loneliness. I'd like to have children, three girls and two boys. I'd like to think I'd be married."

"I wish you wouldn't print this, though, because all these quotes about how I really just want to be married and have babies make me out to be so naff."

Co-op Hall (5), Portsmouth Polytechnic (6), Hereford Market Tavern (7), Bristol Trinity Hall (8), Cardiff University (12), Wrexham Connahs Quay Town Hall (13), Sheffield Polytechnic (14), Shrewsbury Music Hall (17), Liverpool Gatsby's (18), Leeds Brannigans (19), Edinburgh Nite Club (21), Newcastle

University (22), Middlesbrough Rumours (24), York INL Club (25), Manchester Adam & Eve (26), Nottingham Palais (27) and Colchester Institute (28), with more being set.

The new Poison Girls single 'Happy Now'/'Cream Dream' is released on 7 October by Illuminated Records, distributed by IDS.

DILLINGER, the Jamaican "roots rock reggae" superstar, has been lined up for a series of UK concert dates – which, when further gigs have been finalised, will comprise his longest-ever tour of this

country. Confirmed so far are Birmingham Hummingbird (17 October), Glasgow Mayfair (20), East Kilbride Olympia Ballroom (21), Leeds Cosmo Club (22), Bournemouth Town Hall (24), Reading University (25), London Camden Dingwalls (27), London Central Polytechnic (28), Sheffield

Limit Club (3 November), Dublin TV Club (4) and Hitchin The Regal (10).

With nine albums already to his credit in Britain – including two for Island and one for A&M, the latter featuring his big stage favourite 'Melting Pot' – Dillinger has now signed to Virgin's new 10 Records label, and a single will be released

shortly via his new outlet.

A former disc-jockey in Kingston (Jamaica), his toasting attracted the attention of such bands as The Talking Heads and The Clash, with whom he's worked extensively in the States.



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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Last Week			Highest
			Weeks In
1	3	KARMA CHAMELEON..... Culture Club (Virgin)	3 1
2	1	RED RED WINE..... UB40 (Dep International)	6 1
3	5	COME BACK AND STAY..... Paul Young (CBS)	3 3
4	4	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE..... Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	6 4
4	2	MAMA..... Genesis (Virgin)	5 2
6	16	MODERN LOVE..... David Bowie (EMI-America)	2 6
7	6	DOLCE VITA..... Ryan Paris (Clever)	4 6
8	11	WALKING IN THE RAIN..... Modern Romance (WEA)	5 8
9	8	OL RAG BLUES..... Status Quo (Vertigo)	4 8
10	13	CHANCE..... Big Country (Mercury)	5 10
11	18	BIG APPLE..... Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2 11
12	28	BLUE MONDAY..... New Order (Factory)	23 8
13	40	SOUL INSIDE..... Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	2 13
14	20	GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP)..... Monyaka (Polydor)	3 14
15	7	WHAT AM I GONNA DO..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	6 4
16	15	NEVER SAY DIE..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	4 15
17	10	CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY..... Heaven 17 (BEF)	4 10
18	45	REBEL RUN..... Toyah (Safari)	2 18
19	22	THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG..... PiL (Virgin)	2 19
20	33	TAHITI..... David Essex (Mercury)	3 20
21	9	WINGS OF A DOVE..... Madness (Stiff)	7 2
22	14	CONFUSION..... New Order (Factory)	5 6
23	(—)	DEAR PRUDENCE..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)	1 23
24	12	THE SUN GOES DOWN..... Level 42 (Polydor)	7 8
25	34	BODY WORK..... Hot Streak (Polydor)	3 25
26	(—)	68 GUNS..... Alarm (I.R.S.)	1 26
27	(—)	(YOU SAID) YOU'D GIMME SOME MORE..... KC And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	1 27
28	41	WHAT I GOT IS WHAT YOU NEED..... Unique (Prelude)	2 28
29	(—)	BLUE HAT FOR A BLUE DAY..... Nick Heyward (Arista)	1 29
30	(—)	THEY DON'T KNOW..... Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	1 30
31	24	GOLD..... Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	8 1
32	17	I'M STILL STANDING..... Elton John (Rocket)	10 4
33	44	SUPERMAN..... Black Lace (Flair)	3 33
34	(—)	JAM ON REVENGE..... Newcleus (Becket)	1 34
35	35	COME DANCING..... Kinks (Arista)	8 11
36	27	RIDERS ON THE STORM..... Annabel Lamb (A&M)	4 27
37	(—)	SUPERSTAR..... Lydia Murdock (Korova)	1 37
38	42	THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN PARADISE..... Kid Creole And The Coconuts (Island)	4 38
39	43	DR. HECKYLL, MR. JIVE..... Men At Work (Epic)	3 39
40	29	CLUB TROPICANA..... Wham! (Innervision)	9 2
41	19	WARRIORS..... Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	5 10
42	21	LONG HOT SUMMER..... Style Council (Polydor)	8 2
43	48	TEARS ON THE TELEPHONE..... Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2 43
44	47	SAFETY DANCE..... Men Without Hats (Statik)	2 44
45	38	A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION..... The Truth (Formation)	5 19
46	32	DISAPPEARING ACT..... David Grant (Chrysalis)	7 10
47	39	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND..... Meat Loaf (Epic)	3 39
48	(—)	UNCONDITIONAL LOVE..... Donna Summer (Mercury)	1 48
49	(—)	SOMEONE BELONGING TO SOMEONE..... Bee Gees (RSO)	1 49
50	(—)	BOOGIE DOWN..... Al Jarreau (WEA)	1 50

Last Week			Highest
			Weeks In
1	12	LABOUR OF LOVE..... UB40 (Dep International)	2 1
2	1	NO PARLEZ..... Paul Young (CBS)	10 1
3	2	THE CROSSING..... Big Country (Mercury)	9 2
4	20	BORN AGAIN..... Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	2 4
5	4	FANTASTIC..... Wham! (Innervision)	13 1
6	10	THRILLER..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	41 1
7	11	TRUE..... Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	29 1
8	3	THE VERY BEST OF..... Beach Boys (Capitol)	9 2
9	6	GREATEST HITS..... Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	12 2
10	24	WARRIORS..... Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2 10
11	5	STANDING IN THE LIGHT..... Level 42 (Polydor)	5 5
12	9	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN..... Depeche Mode (Mute)	5 1
13	7	BENT OUT OF SHAPE..... Rainbow (Polydor)	3 7
14	32	THE HIT SQUAD..... Various (Ronco)	2 14
15	8	FLICK OF THE SWITCH..... AC/DC (Atlantic)	5 1
16	41	LIKE GANGSTERS..... JoBoxers (RCA)	2 16
17	15	DOPPELGANGER..... Kid Creole (Island)	3 15
18	19	LET'S DANCE..... David Bowie (RCA)	34 1
19	16	THE LUXURY GAP..... Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	22 1
20	13	HEADLINE HITS..... Various (K-Tel)	3 13
21	42	CANTERBURY..... Diamond Head (MCA)	2 42
22	14	TOO LOW FOR ZERO..... Elton John (Rocket)	17 4
23	37	UNFORGETTABLE..... Johnny Mathis & Natalie Cole (CBS)	2 23
24	22	THE PRESENT..... Moody Blues (Threshold)	4 13
25	18	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS..... Robert Plant (WEA)	11 5
26	25	THE LOOK..... Shalamar (Solar)	10 6
27	17	BODY WISHES..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	16 5
28	27	SUNNY AFTERNOON..... Various (Impression)	4 25
29	28	BORN TO LOVE..... Peabo Bryson and Roberta Flack (Capitol)	2 27
30	26	YOU AND ME BOTH..... Yazoo (Mute)	12 2
31	35	NO. 8..... J. J. Cale (Mercury)	2 30
32	21	BUILT TO DESTROY..... Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	4 15
33	48	FUTURE SHOCK..... Herbie Hancock (CBS)	11 18
34	31	ALPHA..... Asia (Geffen)	7 4
35	30	SYNCHRONICITY..... Police (A&M)	15 1
36	33	IN YOUR EYES..... George Benson (WEA)	16 2
37	34	RIO..... Duran Duran (EMI)	8 30
38	38	WAR..... U2 (Island)	13 23
39	29	BLUE SUNSHINE..... The Glove (Polydor)	3 29
40	36	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES..... New Order (Factory)	20 5
41	50	MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE..... Ryuchi Sakamoto (Virgin)	4 29
42	25	PUNCH THE CLOCK..... Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	8 1
43	40	CRISES..... Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	18 5
44	(—)	DANCE MIX — DANCE HITS II..... Various (Epic)	1 44
45	(—)	RITMO..... Judie Tzuke (Chrysalis)	1 45
46	(—)	SWORDFISH TROMBONES..... Tom Waits (Island)	1 46
47	44	AN INNOCENT MAN..... Billy Joel (CBS)	3 30
48	(—)	MIKE'S MURDER..... Joe Jackson (A&M)	1 48
49	(—)	HARD..... Gang Of Four (EMI)	1 49
50	47	MEAN STREAK..... Y&T (A&M)	4 25



A bit of Culture 4 ya! Pic Anton Corbijn

1	I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA (Remix)..... Culture Club (Virgin)
2	YOU'RE MY NUMBER..... Radiance (RN & BE)
3	TALK TO ME..... Lew Kilton (B.I.A.D)
4	ONE MIND TWO HEARTS..... Paradise (Priority)
5	THE WILDSTYLE..... Time Zone (Celluloid)
6	HOLIDAY..... Madonna (Sire)
7	AM-FM..... Natasha King (Ecstasy)
8	CONFUSION..... New Order (Factory)
9	KISS FM MASTERMIXES VOLUME II..... (Prelude LP)
10	SHINE ON ME (Remix)..... One Way (MCA)
11	HOT HOT HOT..... Arrow (Air)
12	RIDERS ON THE STORM..... Annabel Lamb (A&M)
13	GET OUT OF MY MIX..... Dolby's Cube (Capitol)
14	LOVE TEMPO DUB..... Quando Quango (Benelux)
15	GOT TO HAVE YOUR LOVIN'..... Feel (Posse)
16	BUILD ME A BRIDGE..... Adele Bert (Geffen)
17	SUPERSTAR..... Lydia Murdock (Team)
18	FOOT IN THE DOOR..... Onward International (Paladin)
19	LA DOLCE VITA..... R Paris (Carrere)
20	WHEELS OF STEEL..... Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)

Chart by Peter Haigh at Scarthwaite Hotel
Caton & Cassineus Standish.

INDIPOP

10

1	PREMA SHANTI DHARMA SATYA..... Sheila Chandra
2	EASTERN PALACE..... Risan
3	CAN'T FACE THE NIGHT..... East-West
4	WINGS OF THE DAWN (Hindi Version)..... Monsoon
5	THE DREAM..... Ganges Orchestra
6	STEPPING TO THE MUSIC..... Suns Of Araa
7	I WANNA GO BACK (TO SWEET INDIA)..... Dee Kathrecha
8	NAACHO, NAACHO..... Rahi
9	ALADDIN..... Sanjay
10	ALL YOU WANT IS MORE..... Sheila Chandra

Courtesy Steve Coe, Indipop Music Limited,
92 Birbeck Rd, Enfield, Middlesex.

ETHNIC

LPs

1	HOT HOT HOT..... Arrow (Dynamic) Montserrat
2	DJESSY..... Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rhythms) Zaire
3	VIVA! ZIMBABWE..... Various Artists (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
4	SYNCHRO SYSTEM..... Sunny Ade (Island) Nigeria
5	ARIYA SPECIAL..... Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
6	CARNIVAL '83..... Byron Lee Dragonaires (Dynamic) Trinidad
7	SUPERMAN..... Blue Boy (Charlies) Trinidad
8	REVIEN EN FORCE..... Pablo Porthos (Cocoric Music) Zaire
9	SUPER SUCCES SALSA..... Various Artists (Sonodisc) U.S.A
10	GOING OFF..... Shadow (Strakers) Trinidad
11	CHOC CHOC CHOC..... Franco/Rochereau (Choc) Zaire
12	AGWAYA..... Orchestra Makassy (Virgin) Kenya
13	MAN FROM THE GHETTO..... Explainer (Sunburn) Trinidad
14	ZULU JIVE (Cassette)..... Various Artists (Earthworks) South Africa
15	CUBA BAILA (Cassette)..... Various Artists (Areito) Cuba
16	SAMANTHA..... Pamela Mounk'a (Eddyson) Zaire
17	MAA JO..... Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
18	SOUND D'AFRIQUE Vol I..... Various Artists (Island) Various
19	BLACK PRESIDENT..... Fela Anikulapo Kuti (Arista) Nigeria
20	TRAHISON..... Eba Aka Jerome (Papa Disco) Ivory Coast

Courtesy Nomad Records (Mail order), 21 Torbay Court, Clarence Way,
London NW1 8RL

REGGAE DISCO

45s

1	GIVE ME THE RIGHT..... Leroy Sibbles And The Heptones (Success)
2	WATER PUMPING..... Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
3	ELECTRIC BOOGIE..... Maria Griffiths (Island)
4	TAKE A SET..... Sugar Minott (Wackies)
5	COTTAGE IN NEGRIL..... Tyrone Taylor (Love & Inity)
6	MOI EMMAH OOH..... Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
7	BROTHERMAN..... Mighty Diamonds (Reggae)
8	FIGURES CAN'T CALCULATE..... Rikki Barnett (Hawkeye)
9	IF I HAD KNOWN..... Ken Boothe (Greensleeves)
10	BABY LOVE..... The Sensations (Treasure Isle)
11	LEVEL VIBES..... Sugar Minott (Tads)
12	MR VINCENT..... Black Crucial (Black Joy)
13	PICTURE ON THE WALL..... Natural Ites (CSA)
14	BODERATION..... Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
15	WHY..... Peaches (Peach)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	2	BLUE MONDAY..... New Order (Factory)
2	1	CONFUSION..... New Order (Factory)
3	3	EVERYTHING COUNTS..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	11	INCUBUS SUCCUBUS..... X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
5	12	SONG TO THE SIREN..... This Mortal Coil (4AD)
6	6	TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS..... Conflict (Grass)
7	(—)	KICKER CONSPIRACY..... Fall (Rough Trade)
8	14	4AD 12" EP..... Bauhaus (4AD)
9	7	THE CRUSHER..... Bananamen (Big Beat)
10	30	REBEL RUN..... Toyah (Safari)
11	5	TREES AND FLOWERS..... Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
12	4	LEAN ON ME!..... Redskins (CNT)
13	8	GOOD TECHNOLOGY..... Red Guitars (Self Drive)
14	9	IGNORE THE MACHINE..... Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
15	13	ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY..... UK Subs (Jungle)
16	29	DISCOVER LOVE..... Fad Gadget (Mute)
17	(—)	LOVE IN ITSELF..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
18	10	MONDAY/MUNSTER THEME..... Escalators (Big Beat)
19	15	BRUISES/PUNCH DRUNK AND BRANDO..... Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
20	(—)	SHINE..... Play Dead (Beggars Banquet)
21	18	DEATH CULT EP..... Death Cult (Situation 2)
22	16	CHEERIO TODDLERIP..... Toy Dolls (Volume)
23	(—)	LEST WE FORGET..... Under Two Flags (Situation 2)
24	24	SOMEONE'S CALLING..... Modern English (4AD)
25	19	LINED UP (REMIX)..... Shriekback (Y)
26	21	WHO DUNN IT..... Grass (Grass)
27	17	ONE DAY..... APB (Oily)
28	(—)	RAPIST..... Combat 84 (Victory)
29	20	NIGHT CREATURES EP..... Screaming Dead (No Future)
30	25	HIP HIP..... Hurrah (Kitchenware)

1	1	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	2	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES..... New Order (Factory)
3	3	YOU AND ME BOTH..... Yazoo (Mute)
4	5	FETISCH..... X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
5	7	OFF THE BONE..... Cramps (Illegal)
6	7	CHURCH OF THE DEATH..... Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)
7	10	THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME..... Serious Drinking (Upright)
8	6	FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE..... Virginia Astley (Rough Trade)
9	8	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN..... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
10	19	BOLLOX TO THE GONADS..... Various (Pax)
11	16	SEDUCTION..... Danse Society (Society)
12	12	LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S..... Weekend (Rough Trade)
13	(—)	BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS..... Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
14	18	VIOLENT FEMMES..... Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)
15	11	PATIENCE..... Peter Hammill (Naive)
16	21	1981-82 MINI ALBUM..... New Order (Factory)
17	9	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS..... Various (Cherry Red)
18	20	FUCK POLITICS..... Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
19	14	ANOTHER SETTING..... Durutti Column (Factory)
20	13	DEMOLITION BLUES..... Various (Insane)
21	17	JAZZATEERS..... Jazzateers (Rough Trade)
22	30	ARMAGEDDON IN ACTION..... Destructors (Radical Change)
23	15	THE FIRST FLOWER..... Play Dead (Jungle)
24	(—)	UK-DK..... Various (Anagram)
25	(—)	DANCE IN THE MIDNIGHT..... Marc Bolan (Bolan On Wax)
26	22	YES SIR I WILL..... Grass (Grass)
27	28	UNKNOWN PLEASURES..... Joy Division (Factory)
28	23	THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED..... Subhumans (Spiderleg)
29	26	PRIVILEGE..... Ivor Cutler (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	INTO GLORY RIDES..... Manowar (Music For Nations)

LOOKING AT THE



GUISE

MARK SMITH doesn't like looking back.

Mark Smith the married man, sitting with his wife in this horrendous rock musician's hotel in West London is quite happy. He's doing what he most likes doing: talking, drinking, smoking and revelling in the absurdity of his surroundings.

He's feeding off the energy of the capital and watching it with a distanced and amused loathing.

The horrible has always been an inspiration for Mark, whether in the fictional setting of an EC Comic strip, or in the events he sees around him.

Apart from the Columbia Hotel, the prospect of a Northern soul night in the high-tech surroundings of the Hacienda is something which has recently aroused the sharp Smith sense of the grotesque.

"It sounded great," he glories, "I didn't go myself, but apparently it was just like a procession of corpses. the DJs didn't know what they were doing, and they were just playing all these horrible Tamla Motown imitations. It must have been really disgusting in The Hacienda. I'd have loved to have gone."

YES INDEED, the horrors of life hold no fears for this man — except when it comes to looking back. His hatred of it extends almost to phobia level.

"That was half the reason that Marc Riley had to leave," he explains, "because he kept on saying, Ah, it's not as good as this or that we did a year ago, and that is just not the point of The Fall at all. If we've ever had any videos done I've tried to keep the lads from watching, so that we're always looking towards the future and never towards the past."

Why this memoraphobia? It could be the fear of the retrospective disease that swamps British music; the apparently endless need to resurrect anything from the late '70s backwards. Or it could simply be that this new, smartened up Mark Smith, in his tab collar shirt and neat black suit, doesn't want to relive the greasy haired prole with the elephantine lapels in front of Brix, the sultry, blonde LA punkette he married on The Fall's last American tour.

Whatever the reason, it makes my task more difficult; that task being to take a journey through the whole career of The Fall, to sort through the six albums, eight singles and a 10 inch and answer the question, just what the hell are The Fall anyway?

Prole art aesthetic boot boys, or the vanguard of a new sound radicalism? Humourless industrialists, or directors of a comic theatre of real life freaks? Most of all what is this secret of The Fall?

All of these questions may be answered in due course, but first we must ask where to start?

For so long The Fall seem to have simply been there that establishing a starting point is as difficult as predicting where they might end. The Fall have been that necessary touch of evil, the band who took a step sideways, and from their altered perspective sniped at the custom and regimentation which resulted from it.

They were these enemies of culture who sought to question *everything*, to destroy established values and replace them with... well, nothing.

The Fall, although pinned as an alternative band, always fell shy of actually offering the alternative that was claimed for them. Behind their iconoclasm there was a frightened vacuum; nothing to latch on to and no readily assimilated images. They disturbed the equilibrium and, from the point of disruption, it was up to the listener to find his own way out. It was a challenge which many found offputting.

But what is the secret of The Fall? It's an age old question which the mystery of the sound has seemingly created. Amongst the majority of disciples and dilettante observers alike there is a seemingly unshakable conviction that behind this ramshackle organisation, there is a mysterious message, buried in the repetition, repetition, repetition.

Yet the only invocation of this repetition is of a Buzzcocks date in the Spring of 1978 and hearing that sound for the first time, on a pre-release tape bridging the departure of Subway Sect and the arrival of The Buzzcocks.

In that context, the sound of The Fall was an immediate shock, hovering between a mood of the moment and a biting parody, perpetually on the edge of a self-consuming burst of hilarity.

At the time that seemed to be the most important factor in The Fall. They were wallowing, as we all were in the same rock and roll nightmare, but they were among a select breed capable of seeing just how *funny* this whole this was. "Blank generation/ Same old blank generation," they droned, as as you looked at the vacant faces lining the front rows and mucus-dripping Shelley squealing "Don't spit, don't spit" you knew exactly what the voice meant.

Perhaps punk had meant something to mark when he first started writing in '76, fired by a vague energy from a distant source. But by '78 there was nothing to glory in save the ugliness of the spectacle. And that was something to which Mark Smith was highly attuned.

"We'd always be laughing up our sleeves whenever we played with any of those old punk bands. Most of them were so bloody awful," he now says.

The art of The Fall, though, existed in feeding on the basically grotesque and distorting it to horrific proportions.

"Play something that sounds like The Beatles," Mark would instruct the group of North Manchester semi-musicians he'd collected. Then, as the mad orchestrator, he would pick apart the noise, emphasising this, excising that. Thus they arrived at The Fall; the ideal of prole plagiarism, a band whose identity derived from obsession and parody. Distorting and distending they arrived at a manifesto...

"We've repetition in the music and we're never gonna lose it. It's not so much of a motto now as when it was first written," Mark comments, "I mean, repetition, they've got machines for it now, haven't they?"

REPETITION, repetition, repetition. And the secret is... there is *no secret*. The Fall are as meaningless and as magnificent as a Buster Keaton sketch.

As Mark says, "People always reveal more about themselves than anything else when they write about The Fall."

Thus, the above words probably reveal very little about The Fall, but more about me. The Fall are essentially a mirror to your own obsessions: Barney Hoskyns found a strange and poetic course of cultural revolution; Richard Cook discovered a man with a long term fixation with the sheer power of music; and when I looked into the mirror of The Fall I discovered what... A Northern boy with an obtuse sense of black humour and a fascination with comics and horror films. Strange that — The Fall as some cold-war science fiction film monster, that penetrates the identity of the observer and confronts it with an image of itself.

When 'Repetition' finally appeared on record it was the B-side of their first single, 'Bingo Master's Break Out', a song Mark had written while on an excursion with his parents. Charting the decline of a bingo caller, it opens a poetic relationship between Smith and the Northern traditions of his upbringing that always contained more hate than love. Yet in the South, it was taken either at face value as a faintly charming Northern song, or it was canned off stage.

"That was where 'Witch Trials' came from," Mark comments with ill-concealed venom. "Because at the time I was always being attacked onstage for not being a punk. Here were these kids who had been heavy metal fans six months before and they were now attacking *me* for having long hair. And it was mainly in the South where it happened. People always forget that now we're liked so much down here, but in the beginning they used to really hate us. They were all into Chelsea and Generation X and crap like that."

The Fall were sniped at as outsiders, only partly by their own choice. Before 'Witch Trials' came out, though, there was a second single. The A-side, 'It's The New Thing' merely consolidated their position as the parodists of the scene, but the B-side, 'Various Times' revealed the full extent of the literary potential hinted at in 'Bingo Masters'.

A Dr Doom tale of Nazi Germany, it packed all the atmosphere and the violence of a Heinrich Böll

**FROM 'BINGO MASTER'S BREAK OUT' TO
'KICKER CONSPIRACY', DON WATSON TAKES A
JOURNEY THROUGH THE FALL'S NORTHERN
LANDSCAPE WITH MARK SMITH.
PHOTOS: BLEDDYN BUTCHER.**



Mr and Mrs Smith — Mark and Brix.

novel into a single song. "1940, no money and I live in Berlin/ I think I'll join up become a camp guard/ No war for me/ An old Jew's face dripping bread... Everyone I meet now's the same/ No brains/ A good case for the systems we want, we get."

It was their ability to embody hatred that revealed the hard line anti-humanist streak revealed by Barney Hoskyns in his 1981 live review. They set themselves up not against the Left, but against the libertarian tradition that surrounded it, displaying an ability to penetrate a phenomenon rather than mouthing platitudes about it. Inevitably this brought them up against the small minded sections of the political community.

"We had all these fuckin' feminists who'd come up to us and say, You're sexist for wearing a leather jacket; or You're fascist for singing about Nazis. And now, exactly the same people come along and fawn and slobber all over me, and they've all got dyed hair and stuff. The people that are behind this new punk thing. It's all very sinister."

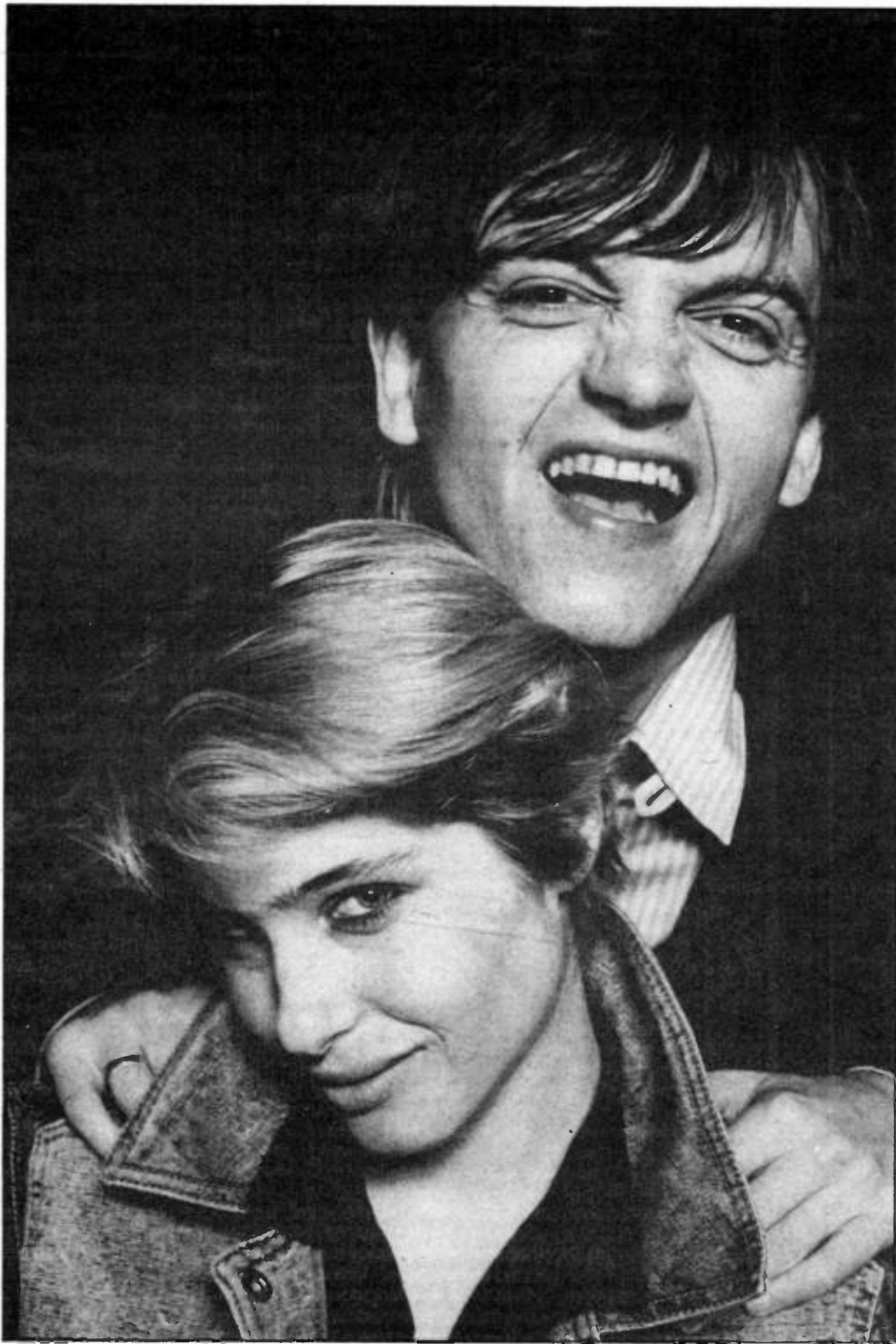
"Even now we still get idiots ringing up and asking us to do anti- non-vegetarian benefits, and you can't understand why if they'd even listened to The Fall."

THE SPIRITUAL continuation of 'Various Times' came up as the very first track of the 'Live At The Witch Trials' LP ('79). 'Frightened' remains

possibly the greatest speed song ever written, an enormous swell of elemental instrumentation tensing behind a cracked vocal that alternates somewhere between object paranoia and sharp edged elevation. After the uneasy high, 'Witch Trials' dissolves into a shambolic mess of parody and humour; a wonderful disorganisation in the midst of which a jukebox develops a mind of its own, and the prevalent industrial clichés of the day get a neat drubbing. It's an LP of stunted growth and seminal emissions, crap rap and sharp traps — a trash classic in glorious monochrome.

"Well, I'm glad you see the humour in that LP," says Mark. "A lot of people genuinely didn't. Even I sometimes almost forget the spirit in which the record was made. I mean I thought they were really funny ideas at the time, but then when the LP came out in the mainstream of all those rock albums it seemed to take the edge off the wit of it."

"'Witch Trials' was actually a pretty bad time for me, because we had a democratic band at that time and it was produced by Bob Sergeant and all that. Basically, it was a bloody good job the thing never



took off — that would just have been the end of us straight off."

Mark was more pleased with the follow up 'Dragnet', although it's a grey affair in retrospect, remarkable mainly because it first introduces the rockabilly motif that led to 'Fiery Jack' more than for its single tone dynamic. Its saving grace is 'A Figure Walks', perhaps the funniest of Smith's distortions of industrial clichés — "a song written during a long walk home wearing an anorak which restricted vision by two thirds," it sounded like urban paranoia revisited.

"If you actually listen closely though," he points out, "it's not a human being at all that's following the character, it's actually this monster from outer space. I like to think of it as my big Stephen King outing."

But the rockabilly rumble that worked its way through 'Dragnet' was not to have its full effect until the following year (1980). And 'Fiery Jack', a pair of popping eyes and a couple of scorched nostrils

above anything on the second LP, picked the brain of the sharpest snag The Fall had fashioned, and ushered in an era when they just might have become pop stars.

The next two singles — 'Elastic Man' and 'Totally Wired' — both featured hooks of equivalent strength, if not the same madcap hustle that had made 'Fiery Jack' so wonderful. By the time they'd reached the last of the three, though, the production seemed to have become deliberately impenetrable, giving a rusty edge that maintaining the interest of the converted, but simultaneously killed off any commercial potential present.

"I suppose that's because I think anybody can write hooks," Mark comments blithely. "If you can get a Top 20 hit just by taking a title like 'Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry' and putting a toney voice on top of that dullard's version of that whole the-north-will-rise-again crap... it just shows you how easy it can be."

"I reckon, though, if something like 'Totally Wired' had been properly produced I would have heard things missing in it, like crackles which I thought out to be part of the sound. Actually, originally that song had the 'Grotesque' production and it was really clean — but then we re-mixed it to sound horrible," he adds with a grin.

At this time The Fall had split wide open. They were a contradiction: a band rotted in the North, reflecting its decay but at the same time detesting its stubborn intransigence. The only solution was a break-up; not of The Fall, but of the personality of Mark Smith, who developed the alter ego Roman Totale.

"I just wanted some character that I could talk through without it actually being Mark Smith talking," is the only comment Mark will make about the now deceased Totale.

But in his time, Totale was more outspoken about Mark Smith: "I don't particularly like the person singing on this LP," he said on the sleeve of 'Totale's Turns', "that said I admire his guts."

Totale was the old fashioned Northerner, the traditionalist in Smith, but he lasted only until the last track of the fourth LP, 'Grotesque'. A rambling play on flat words, flat caps and flat beer, The NWRA (The North will rise again, or possibly North West Republican Army) catalogues the white crap Northern attitude, part romantic rebellion and part stubborn call a spade a spade and yourself a peasant pessimism.

In the climax Roman Totale inglorious snuffs it. Somewhere in this loose brick and broken glass scenario the prole art threat was conceived, a couple of images born of confusion and reflecting contradiction. Here was where The Fall genuinely did pass all understanding and step over into the realms of the sublime.

The 10-inch 'Slates' extended into pale faced pictures of dramatic dance hilarity. For the first time, the lyrical power shot out on its own on 'Slates', leaving the music disjointed and splintered in its struggle to keep up; which is probably why Mark still listens to it now.

What is often ignored again is the *humour* of the artefact. 'Pink Press Threat', in particular, is an hilarious tabloid satire that got taken straight.

"That song actually started off as a play, about some commuter type bloke who flips out on leftism and gets caught up with M15 and all that. I just compressed it and made more of a joke about it."

At the time, you could have been excused for thinking that Mark himself took the Prole Art Threat seriously.

"It was really an attempt to get through to a lot of people that tend to get just ghettoised into Oi music or something sad and pathetic like that because bands like The Fall never make any attempt to reach that sort of person. What we were really trying to do was break away from the raincoat brigade."

It's the irony of any parody where, as with the Alternative Comedians of the Comic Strip, the audience is comprised primarily of the victims of the joke.

"Yeah, it's quite dangerous really 'cause if you're not careful people start cottoning on and stop coming — then you don't eat."

However parodic it might have been, the fascination with Northerness continued with 'Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul', released with typical timing, just as the laughable London fashionmongers had all discovered spontaneously that they'd always been into Northern Soul.

"That song actually did create quite a bit of resentment in the North because people thought it was being snobby and horrible about the old soul boys, which it was never about anyway. Because I was brought up with people that were into Northern Soul five years before anybody down here had even heard about it. But they've all grown out of it, which is what the song is about, but it wasn't putting them down at all. If anything, it was glorifying them, but not in the format of, where are those soul boys that used to be here?"

"There are actually a lot of old soul boys who like The Fall, because that music was always offbeat

and it gives them a feeling for the sort of wackiness that you find in our music. It's really funny because Dexys bust a gut trying to attract that audience and never even got close. All the kids I know just thought it was pathetic 'cause they were wearing the clothes they'd been wearing six years ago and ripping off all these horn riffs that they knew off by heart from the originals."

FROM THE power of poetry on 'Slates' and 'Lie Dream' to 'Hex Enduction Hour' is a long way indeed, as the musical power takes a peculiarly timed quantum jump. Suddenly it's simply the sheer immensity of the soundtrack that reaches beyond the words.

Recorded partly on an empty stage in Hitchin and then in a rock walled studio in Reykjavik its sound is a radical shift, a hard nose to the windscreen burst of acceleration backed with a double drum line up, featuring Karl Burns from the 'Witch Trials' era in tandem with Paul Hanley. It was intended as a hard hitting reaction to everything around, and it was a huge critical surprise success. Just the same, Mark regards it as a dangerous period.

"I felt we were in danger of turning into some sort of big band, like the sort of epic rock sound that the Bunnymen were moving towards at the time, and that's never been the idea of The Fall. That's why 'Room To Live' was such a necessary album."

'Necessary' probably sums it up. It's by no means as bad as Amrik Rai (or indeed most of us) thought at the time; but if it is not uninspired it at least lacks conviction, with the air of a clear out rather than the energy of a strong restatement.

With that lapse, Riley gone and the failure of 'The Man Whose Head Expanded' to match the brilliance of its conception (a science fiction vision of an overload of books and films), you could so easily conclude that The Fall have run themselves into the ground, rotated so fast around their widening circle that they've ended up dizzy and done for. And yet this would discount the ability of the monster always to rise at the least expected point. Like the maverick villain in a tense pulp masterpiece, The Fall will always strike when they seemed to be dead and buried.

This time round, their hand reached from the grave at the Brixton Ace with a formula familiar in its basis but more startling in its effect than ever. Now they've hit the point home with the hard leather thump to the gut of 'Kicker Conspiracy', a new single that shows a bitter power where we might have expected complacency.

Mark may be happily married, but he's far from settled.

"We've just seen too much, right from the early days of idiots like Stiff Little Fingers shooting way up beyond us where you could see they had no real ability, now dullards like Heaven 17 hitting the heights with most pathetic versions of what The Fall did years ago. I do hate looking back in the sense of glorifying the past, but I do think you have to be aware of the fact that The Fall have always been ahead of their time, because it's realising that which will give us the impetus to move forward."

And this is precisely the virtue of their past work: not a call for The Fall of 'Repetition' or of 'Pink Press Threat', but a recognition that there is more to the repetition. The Fall's masterpieces are valuable because they were intended at the time to be so transitory, like the genius that sparks in a throwaway comic.

"On the new LP we've got the words 'We are The Fall' he continues "precisely because we've seen so much dross in the last couple of years and we've appeared to stay in the same place while all these morons have risen above us. Now I'm trying to instil some pride in the lads; just state that we are The Fall and be aware of what that means."

So as The Fall continue undefeated, darkness falls on the tidy world of a West London Hotel, and from out of the deep there echoes a strange disembodied laugh...

● CLAPTON & CO IN CONCERT ● REBEL IN PAPERBACK

Ronnie Lane with a little help from his friends.

RONNIE LANE, with Steve Marriott, wrote a string of classic hit singles for The Small Faces. After they broke up in '69, he played bass in Rod Stewart's band The Faces. After a few years he left to go solo, and his songs became increasingly rural in feel, reflective and wistful: 'How Come' and 'The Poacher' still resonate beautifully today. Then he dropped out of sight. I didn't know why until tonight's Albert Hall concert was announced. Ronnie Lane has multiple sclerosis, and all this evening's stars are playing for him.

First on is Eric Clapton, one of the most fluent and fiery rock guitarists ever, who has for over a decade been mellowing into a surrogate J. J. Cale. Soberly-suited, rigid and uncharismatic, he is cheekily upstaged by hyperactive percussionist Ray Cooper, long-time accomplice of Elton John.

Charlie Watts and Kenny Jones drum a monolithically basic backbeat; Stevie Winwood and Chris Stainton churn out keyboards bluesology. Dapper in Je Suis Un Rockstar threads, Bill Wyman plays bass and smokes a cigarette with equally amused nonchalance; Andy Fairweather Lowe on second

guitar attempts to compensate, with boyish enthusiasm, for EC's beatific elder statesmanship. The combined effect is of a jet-powered lawnmower, but things improve when Winwood takes the spotlight.

"I hear Rod Stewart's flown in specially to appear tonight," vouchsafes the lady next to me during the interval. Time would tell.

On next, Jeff Beck is still the rat-faced would-be younger brother of Keith Richards. As a guitarist he straddles Duane Eddy and Jimi Hendrix, yet since '75 he has blunted his brash, exhilarating poke in arid techno-jazz-rock. But his beautifully plangent solo when Andy FW returns to sing The Impressions' 'People Get Ready' is one of tonight's highs. Beck's singalong stomper from '67, 'Hi Ho Silver Lining' does its usual trick.

Two Yardbird guitarists down — Jimmy Page to go. And in accord with his heavy reputation, he appears pretty gone. His skittering lurch is totally out of sync with what he plays, as if miming to a completely different soundtrack in his own head. Yet he grins and waves with youthful delight and plays the night's most exciting guitar. I can do without an instrumental

'Stairway To Heaven', but when Winwood sings 'Move Me', Page's raucous histrionics ring out electrifyingly.

"Ooh ee, it sure looks good to me" bellows the celestial throng like The Band's *Last Waltz* UK style. Never have there been more rock stars on one British stage, nor ever a more forgettable mega pub-rock version of 'Layla'. Cursory and untogetherness, Clapton's albatross still sends the audience's well-heeled 30-year-olds into ecstasies.

A hush, and then a mighty roar of recognition and support as the frail figure of Ronnie Lane is helped onstage. He thanks everybody, and the band take up acoustic guitars, Winwood a mandolin, and Lane sings in that gruff but tender voice a pastoral lament of sad beauty. And finally a swelling 'Goodnight Irene' which is so honest and direct as to be almost inexpressibly moving. Our hearts beat as one and, well, there's hardly a dry eye in the house.

Rod never shows, and by then nobody cares. Ronnie Lane retains the greatest talent to show some emotion of all his generation. He should never be neglected again.

MAT SNOW

Dean Street Revisited

ALMOST A decade since it premiered in paperback, Plexus Publishing is reprising David Dalton's *James Dean The Mutant King*. At the more affordable price of £4.95 it's a masterpiece of gooey conjecture.

The problem is that Dalton evades speculation about the real areas of interest; the subject who becomes Jimmy by paragraph two of page one may be a classic poseur (demanding photo approval, initiating all his entrances, stepping out with starlets to further the ole career), but he's 100% heterosexual and all American. A red blooded farm boy from Marion, Ohio, transmogrified into glamorously self-immolating image.

You won't get the truth about Jimmy's trousers, his relationship with Vampira, or whether or not he was still the "Calis. virgin" he claimed in a 1954 letter to an ex-girlfriend. You will get plenty of pix: Jimmy posing with pigs; with bongos; with Ursula Andress; in a coffin. And they alone are enough to set you wondering.

CYNTHIA ROSE Jimmy considers his sex life



Anarchy, Peace, Tea and two sugars.

THE RECENT occupation of an empty office-block in London by fifty punks and activists, with the aim of turning it into a peace centre, highlighted the fact that London is one of the few major European capitals where the government hasn't yet given any such facilities to its disaffected youth.

In Vienna and Zurich you can go to large cafe/art gallery/rehearsal and concert rooms in rambling old buildings, financed by the respective Austrian and Swiss governments to quell the street-political unrest. Walk around the Kreuzberg district in Berlin and on practically every major street you will come across banner and slogan emblazoned buildings with names like The Criminals Club and The Alcoholic Anarchist.

Amsterdam of course still has the highest proportion of squats of any city in Europe, and their alternative cafe/centres are listed in official guide books. Similarly, other large cities in Holland and Belgium have their own government sponsored communes and peace centres.

Meanwhile in Britain, radical agitation has produced peace centres in towns like Sunderland and Sheffield. London however has had no lasting alternative since the eviction (and subsequent demolition) of the west London Anarchy Centre last year.

A combination of cynicism and swift police raids has seen previous attempts thwarted before they properly began, and the GLC seem reluctant to take their peace year ideas any further than the planning stages. Now, however, with the recently transformed office-block, London is ready to rejoin its companion cities in a new-look, squat-the-recession Europe.

The first sign of warm weather activity was in West

Hampstead, where a disused shop underwent drastic re-decoration to become Kafe Kollapse. Each Saturday, from midnight to 4am, people would turn up for raucous parties, usually with at least one or two groups playing live. It was opened by a group of activist punks who'd been involved with similar ventures in Germany — like many people they arrived back in London to find it sorely lacking in any entertainment that didn't involve high prices and intimidating 'security'.

Furthering their success within the small confines of the cafe, they occupied another empty building on nearby Finchley Road specifically for concerts. Named the Burn It Down Ballroom, bands that have played there so far include Crass and The Mob. The Kafe has since expanded to include a clothes-stall, Burn It Down Clothes.

And now there is the Peace Centre. After successful entry into the four-storey block, the squatters quickly produced a 'come and join us' leaflet, in which they put forward their proposals to open it as a vegetarian cafe/bookshop/concert centre, with workshops for printing, animal liberation and feminism.

In the two weeks it's been open, donations of furniture, a cooker and kitchen utensils have been received, and 20 people have started living there. The cafe and bookshop have been opened on the ground floor, and so far two successful concerts have been held in the basement.

The GLC are to decide what action to take about the Centre at their next planning meeting.

The Centre is situated at 99-119 Roseberry Ave, London N1.

TONY D

Jimmy Page soars and strains against M.S.
Pic: David Koppel

mark beyer



NEXT WEEK - RAGE!

© 1983 MARK BEYER



Recognise this modern metal landscape? Maybe you even snapped the shutter that captured it? The photograph is one of the winning entries in the NME Olympus Rock Photography competition that was judged last week, the problem being that there was no name and address on the back. So if you took it (and we have ways of knowing), please ring 01-734 5473 promptly. A handsome prize awaits your call.

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RECORDED AT BATTERY STUDIOS LONDON

ON TOUR IN OCTOBER

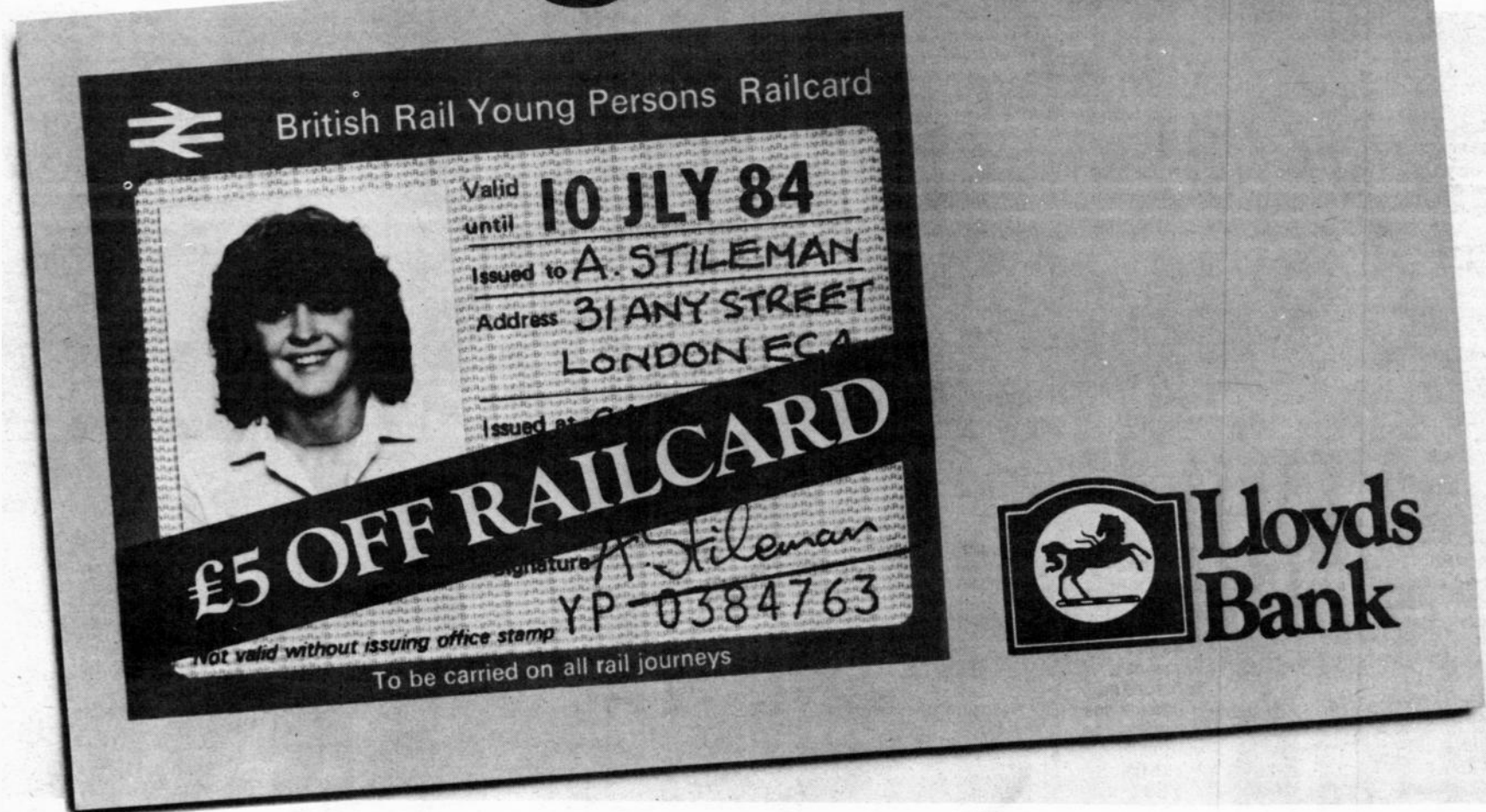
5th LONDON - MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC (TOTTENHAM)
6th COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC
7th KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES POLYTECHNIC
8th BIRMINGHAM - TIN CAN CLUB
10th SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
11th LIVERPOOL - THE SYSTEM CLUB
12th MANCHESTER - ADAM & EVE CLUB
13th LEICESTER UNIVERSITY

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● GANGING UP ● STRIKING UP A 'MALVINAS MELODY'

FOUR GET OUT THEIR TREES

ANNENE KAYE opens a branch account with the GANG OF FOUR.

OHLORDY, it's one of those not so run of the norm days when seasonal winds blow my skirt over my head and I wander blind around some back streets brickopolis searching for that special someone who today happens to be The Gang Of Four.

As you know everything changes and the Gang ain't four no more but three (including the charming Sara Lee on bass), except when they're on the road and then there's six or seven of 'em. Look, there's Mr Jon King sitting on a bench, or up a tree if you prefer. Let's go talk to him!

"I think our old drummer Hugo is having something to do with Wall Of Voodoo," says Mr King helpfully in almost the same roundish tones that have like, launched ships and sold records and stuff. He is having a cold. Even though it's 9:30 in the morning and I'm sick in the guts I think Mr King is a very nice man who will not give me nightmares and insomnia the way Breakfast TV's weather woman does.

My fave aspect of the Go Fo sound is you can sing all the guitar parts if you're so inclined. Try it for yourself some day, you'll enjoy it so much you won't be able to stop. All of a sudden when you're at church or the supermarket, your throat will constrict and a frantic "EER EEEEEHHCKKKNNAAH FAA ERRR EEEEEKKKK" will come shrieking out. It's one of the best things in the world and can be more satisfying than smoking cigarettes or blowing up cars, and you'll be happy to find the new album 'Hard' is no deviation from this pleasing chronic grind.

One of the album tracks, 'A Man With A Good Car' is great to scream along to in the shower. "It's very industrial, isn't it? I like loud, distorted guitars . . . that kind of ripping noise has such a good groove to it. 'Good Car' is about this guy who's got nothing, but he's proud cos he has his car. The Band, who were always lyrically one of my absolute favourites, used to write things about the American mentality which weren't critical, but sympathetic even if they didn't agree. We're trying to use it that way."

Mr Andrew Gill comes wandering over a hill with a tale of woe on his lips. A passing lorry has mangled his nifty bike and nearly his nifty leg, but the lucky boy lives to answer my silly queries. What I'm wondering aloud is why they picked 'Is It Love' as the single even though it isn't the catchiest song on the album.

"We picked it in the end cos

that, more than anything, DJs will play on Radio One," explains Mr Gill, who is still the voice of reason despite his hair blowing experience.

"It's the first thing we've had that's getting nine plays a week on Radio One," enthuses Mr King God bless him. "The problem we've always had is like last year. 'I Love A Man In Uniform', which we thought most acceptable to the powers that be, was banned because of the Falklands. We've been banned twice now, 'At Home He's A Tourist' was also banned by the BBC. It's a pleasant surprise to find that 'Is It Love' hasn't been banned."

IS THAT Steve Goulding scrambling around in the bushes? Maybe not, but in any case Mr Goulding, who has thumped the skins with the likes of The Rumour and Lene Lovich is set to accompany the Gang on their upcoming European tour, so he must be around here somewhere. "I am bored by our own history in that people sometimes seem to think that our first album was conceptually perfect," continues King Jon. "They resent in a bizarre way that we've changed and moved on. Even as it was happening, when we did the first record we became these kind of standard bearers . . . politics in inverted commas, which we didn't want. Obviously what we wrote was political, and we still have that thing, but we got fed up with being treated like evangelists. That's why we didn't print the lyrics on the second album. It's just as if there's just the words and no music to them, and sometimes you think it would be nice to be a band like Imagination."

It got windy up them thar tree branches (or on the bench if you prefer), and the band rushed off to practice leaving your authorette out on a limb, as it were, to ponder a parting tidbit. Julio Iglesias shared a studio with the Gang down in Miami a-go-go, and the tan and royal one is very seriously considering executing a Spanish language version of 'Is It Love'. Somebody please come and get me down from here!

INDISFARNE SINGER Alan Hull has found himself embroiled in controversy over his new solo single. Entitled 'Malvinas Melody', the song attacks the waste of life occasioned by the Falklands war. To date, a dozen national papers have jumped on the story, the obligatory Tory MP to brand the record as "sick and cynical", and obtaining distressed quotes from bereaved relatives. While Alan Hull's record company, Black Crow, accuse radio stations of censorship in not playing the single, the singer himself has said: "The fact that two nations could waste young lives fighting over a bit of land and six million sheep is beyond my comprehension. The song is a criticism of war as a solution to disputes. . . . As for cashing in on the subject, I would only say that it is people making Exocet missiles and other weapons who should be accused of that."



Above: "Hey, Bleddyn, tell us one of your wacky Aussie jokes."



Right: "Yeah, great, a real gutbuster that."

Pix: Bleddyn Butcher



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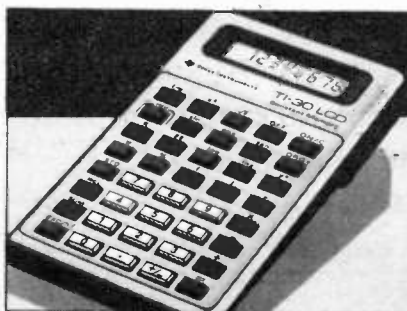
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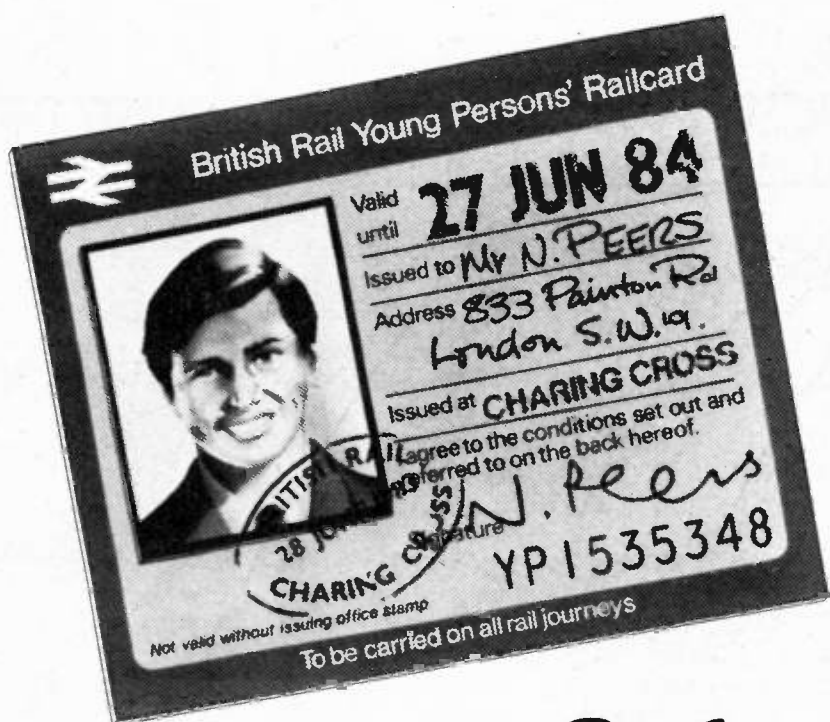
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This is the age of the train

DARREN SHAKESPEARE

STARTED GETTING death threats through the bastard post. Heard a knock on the door at some bastard hour and when I opened it the postman fell in with a knife in his back. He opened his mouth and a letter fell out. It said "If you don't stop being a ranter I'll kill you. Ranters are the scum of the earth. Not like us bus drivers." I was bastard baffled.

Who the hell would want to kill me? Normally I hate the bastard bobbies but I took the note down to them. Some bastard's trying to kill me I said to the bloke behind the desk. "Well if he doesn't hurry up he'll be too bastard late" he said "I hate ranters an' all". Bastard! I rang his bell for him. That got the bastard enraged. He hit me with his copy of *The Guardian*. It felt heavy. It had a bastard *Daily Telegraph* stuck inside it. Cunning!

I need bastard bobby protection I shouted from the floor. He kicked me in the plonker. "Now you need bastard Willy protection an' all" he said. I could just see him on bastard *Starburst*. A plain clothes man came in and the bloke stopped kicking me and said "This ranter thinks somebody's trying to kill him" and the plain clothes bloke said "He's not trying bastard hard enough".

I got really mad and said Look I've had this note. I showed him the note. He said "Where did you get this" and I said It fell out a dead postman's gob, and the plain clothes bloke got three truncheons out and hit me with them. The other bloke, the desk bastard, looked at the note and said "I've got an idea who did it". I said It takes a bastard professional to spot that well-hidden bus driver clue and he said "You did it: you killed the postman".

I said, for a joke, Yes I did. They looked at me. I said It was a joke you silly bastards. They laughed and threw me in a cell. They stood outside pretending to unpack a self-assemble torture kit and I was bastard petrified. Then my best bud Don the surrealist Milkman arrived with my bail.

"I've come to bail my mate out" he said. You can't do that they said he's a suspected murderer. "Will this do?" he said and he gave them a gold brick. They let me out and gave me a box of bastard cigars.

As we walked down the street I said where did you get a bastard gold brick. He said "It's not a gold brick I put 25 canaries through a car crusher". Sometimes I do wish he wasn't a bastard surrealist.

(As told to IAN McMILLAN)

THE LAMB LIES DOWN WITH THE LIZARD KING

Annabel Lamb explains how to cover a Jim Morrison song for fun and profit. Mostly profit.

A COUPLE of months ago, on her way to the Tube All Nighter, Annabel Lamb was stopped on Kings Cross Station.

"At first I thought he must be somebody I knew, but then he told me he'd bought my album and seen me on the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, and I realised he was 'a fan'... an Annabel Lamb fan! I didn't even know they existed. I wanted to pick him up and hug him!"

Things have changed somewhat since then, transformed by the release of her fifth single. Her first album's sales have revived, a tour with labelmates The Europeans is on for October, and TV appearances have put a stop to her hanging round railway stations incognito.

The tune is a cover of The Doors' 'Riders On The Storm', a hymn to the darker side of the '60s. It's not the most crucial of the five Lamb platters, but deserves its acclaim: a tricky exercise handled with a healthy respect for the song, retaining all the spooks, sparseness and straining menace of the original.

Not an easy task for your average up and coming pop star, but then Annabel Lamb is hardly your average anything. The last of five sisters in a "small, staunchly middle-class town in Surrey," she trained as a nurse followed by a spell as an airline ground hostess. Then suburbia

closed in, Miss Lamb became Mrs Something, but rather than sit back she left her job, husband and hometown in the same afternoon, to head for London and the Music Biz.

Two years of keyboard and singing sessions left her with an all round knowledge of the studio, a list of the best players in town, exercise books full of songs and a yen to sing lead instead of doo-wops. Last year she signed with A&M, and put out two singles so memorable that she omitted to mention them and no-one at the company could remember what they were called. It was her debut album that started Lamb cooking, so to speak, a haunting set that dealt with a dozen aspects of female angst (tinted by a wry, sly smile) under the title 'Once Bitten'.

The LP's two singles brought critical credibility but not much cash, then the good fairy waved her wand to cause a series of fortunate events that led to 'Riders'.

"My regular producer Wally Brill had played 'Once Bitten' to his counterpart in Los Angeles, Dave Anderle who produces Rita Coolidge, to discuss its American release. David really liked my voice, and struck a co-production deal with Wally for the next album. After that, I told Wally I wanted to put 'Riders' on the next album, so he mentioned it to Dave—who turned out to

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TEST TUBE BABIES

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QUICK! PUT THE FACE PAINT BACK ON!



In case you ever wondered why they went with all that face-grunge so long . . . Okay, okay, so you never did. But here's the hideous truth all the same. Kiss reveal themselves in all their naked facial yeucchiness for America's MTV video station. A cosmetic-less world tour is planned.

LEFT: Simmons, Vincent, Stanley and Carr modelling the grotesque New Look. Pic: Chuck Pullin/Star File

BELOW: Thingy, so-and-so, whatsisname and the other fella—the unforgettable Kiss of yesteryear.



Annabel Lamb: "the sort of things nice girls don't talk about,"

Pic: Bledydd Butcher

be the A&R man at Elektra Records 20-odd years ago who was responsible for signing The Doors.

"He jumped at the idea, but said not to wait, to do it now as a single and in time to put it on the American release of 'Once Bitten'. When we got there to do it, Dave told us of Ray Manzarek, The Doors' keyboard player, who was now an A&M solo artist and in-house producer. Ray loved my voice and arrangement of the song, and wanted to play keyboards on the session."

"At that point, because before I'd never dreamed about being members of The Doors having anything to do with it, it became really important to me that Ray liked it. Had he not given his approval, I don't think I could've gone ahead with it."

SHE WAS flying to California for the sessions a couple of days after we met, and was naturally excited. The lure of the City Of Angels, with a luxu studio and big time producer, is seductive. But, on the strength of 'Once Bitten', it doesn't seem entirely suited to Annabel Lamb's style.

It's a record full of images and atmosphere, remarkable in what is left out and to the imagination, rather than what is put in. She describes it as "a bit like giving somebody your diary to read . . . the sort of thing nice girls don't talk about". The music and mix are as provocative—mentally and sexually—and the whole is a far cry from the safe, all-done-for-you results of Los Angeles laziness and sunshine.

The area is something of a graveyard for the creative female artist. Presumably this is something Annabel Lamb has considered, but how much, if at all, does it worry her?

"Not at all . . . not now anyway. We're starting the album here, spending three weeks doing the rhythm tracks, and then going to LA because I'm determined that it should sound English and not West Coast."

"It won't affect the music though—there's no way I'm going to become a middle America female soft rock singer! I'm still going to retain all the same control over content. I can see how singers, unfortunately more women than guys, with great voices get pushed down that soft rock road—but I differ

from them by not only knowing what I want in the studio, but knowing how to get it.

"During my time as a session player I noticed that far too few artists can get involved in their work technically. It became essential to me to be good enough in the control room to put my hands on the desk myself, help with the mix, or just know about all the

outboard gear.

"Also, the way I write my albums is with the view of them being an album, with a thread or theme, not just a collection of songs that can be switched around. Changing the running order can completely wipe out any potential impact of the set as a whole, but so many artists are advised to do it—'We've done two down tracks, now

we'd better do three up ones'—and accept it.

"They don't think about relating to the listener on their albums, it's more to put themselves up on a pedestal—'This is what I do, don't you think it's great', instead of saying 'This is what I do, can you understand it'. That's the approach I'm always going to take."

LLOYD BRADLEY

lowry



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Photo: Rennie Smith



PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER

READING MATTER

Playboy
Penthouse
Escort
Razzle
Men Only
Oui

TV

Coronation Street
Only Fools And Horses
TV am

RECORDS

New York New York – Sugar Hill Gang
Blow The House Down – Junior Walker
Last Record Album – Little Feat
Highland Hard Rain – Aztec Camera

All Along The Watchtower – Jimi Hendrix
Anarchy In The UK – Sex Pistols
Your Generation – Generation X
That's Why They Call It The Blues – Elton John

FILMS

The Long Good Friday
Raging Bull
Rocky I, II, III
Mad Max I, II
Carry On Henry
On The Waterfront
Mutiny On The Bounty
A Streetcar Named Desire

LOVES

Sunshine, Cars, Clubs, Home, Work, Music, Money, Laughing,
Clothes, Food, Mum and Dad.

ACTOR

Brando

DRINK

V and T

FOOTBALLER

Charlie Nicholas

PAINTERS

David Band and co

FRENCH SPY UNMASKED IN UK

"I AM going to draw now a man, keeking in a candy macheene in ze underground."

Can this really be Serge Clerc talking? If he didn't look, in his baggy clothes and creepers, so much like one of his own characters, frankly I might doubt it. Can it be true that the creator of all those tableaux of cocktail sodden sophistication has turned to scenes from the subway? These must be tough times indeed.

"Then soon, I am releasing an album of stories with my character Phil Perfect – an English club-going type. He drinks too much but he is perfect." Now that sounds more like the world of Clerc, an idealised nightlife underworld that never closes, inhabited exclusively by bemused and bespectacled wimps or supercool sots.

Featured in the NME since he tripped over Neil Spencer in the gutter outside a Parisian night dive, Serge is over in England at the moment to consult with Stockport screecher Carmel on the sleeve of her forthcoming LP. After that he'll be returning to France to work on a Phil Perfect TV series.

"It's based on the same idea as the British series Jane, with an actor set in a comic strip format." Most of Serge's inspiration comes from his trips to England.



"I recommend this one sir, sleeve by Serge Clerc."

"It's all an imitation of the Mod thing in France at the moment," he maintains. "England isn't as exciting as it was mind you," he continues, "but I zink I might start drawing some Mohicans."

DON WATSON

YOKO ONO is apparently set to release two new LPs in October. The first will be called 'Milk And Honey' and is constructed along the lines of 'Double Fantasy', with half the songs by Yoko and the other half previously unheard material by John Lennon. The second album will be entitled 'Every Man Needs A Woman' and will feature a variety of artists on Ono material new and old. John and Yoko's son Sean is also featured prominently, and according to one source, even helped out on the mixing desk during the sessions.

AT THE CUNARD International Hotel, at Hammersmith in London, on the 1st and 2nd of October, folk will be gathering for the World David Bowie Convention. This event will include 15 years of Bowie videos, a "vast film theatre showing all David Bowie feature films, spanning three decades", hairdressing and make-up displays (it says here), plus personal appearances by celebrities involved in the career of the Man With Gravestone Teeth. Mime artist Lindsay Kemp, ex-manager Ken Pitt and producer Mickie Most will be speaking, and will also be holding question and answer sessions for those eager to know intimate details of the man's career. High point for obscurity fans must be a live show by various members of DB's '60s combo The Lower Third and

Oddity or commodity?

Buzz, with lead singer... John Hutchinson. (John sang backing vocals on 'Space Oddity', pop kids). Jeffrey Daniels and his dance troupe Freeze Frame will be hoofing, while the discotheque sounds of Simon Bates and Nicky Home are also featured, promisingly accompanied by lasers. Some tickets will be available on the door for £6.90 (one day) or £9.90 (two days). The fun starts at 12 noon each day.

DAVID QUANTICK

THE FACE

ANNIE LENNOX UNMASKED
THE HIDDEN FACE OF FANTASY SEX
IN THE MIX: SEARCHING FOR N.Y.'S PERFECT BEAT
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- 26th BRIGHTON Dome
- 27th SOUTHEND, Westcliff Pavilion
- 28th NOTTINGHAM, Rock City
- 30th OXFORD, Apollo

OCTOBER

- 2nd BRISTOL, Studio
- 3rd LIVERPOOL, Royal Court
- 4th WARWICK University
- 6th SLOUGH, Fulcrum Theatre
- 7th CARDIFF University
- 8th LOUGHBOROUGH University
- 9th REDCAR, Coatham Bowl
- 10th NEWCASTLE, City Hall
- 11th GLASGOW, Tiffany's
- 13th YORK University
- 14th LANCASTER University
- 15th MANCHESTER, Apollo
- 16th BOSTON, Haven Theatre
- 17th LONDON, Lyceum
- 18th NORWICH, University of East Anglia
- 19th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
- 20th SHEFFIELD, City Hall
- 21st DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall
- 22nd NORTHAMPTON, Derngate Theatre
- 23rd WINSFORD, Civic Theatre
- 24th CHESTERFIELD, Shoulder of Mutton
- 25th LEEDS University
- 26th CHIPPENHAM, Goldiggers
- 28th ST AUSTELL, Cornwall, Coliseum
- 29th SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont
- 30th HAMMERSMITH Odeon

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STORY BY
RICHARD COOK

PHOTOGRAPHY
DEREK RIDGERS

REHEARSAL

WE MAY BE old pros to a man out here but you can tell there's new venture nervousness about all this.

It's the second night of Russell Harty's live programme for BBC1, *Harty*. The first run-through is under way and everything is behind schedule. While technicians prepare to record the trailer, Harty sits morosely on his cosy stage settee.

If he affects blasé boredom his restless fidgeting gives away his nerves. He smokes like a man awaiting the executioner's dawn. Almost alone in the audience stalls, I mimic his lugubrious posture and try and triple my chin. He doesn't notice.

So I return to chewing over my own problem: how to conduct an interview with one of Harty's guests, Paul Young.

What to ask this blandly cheerful man, whose persona seems as bluff and uncomplicated as his big, plain face? Do I search for needle or merely thread together biography?

Well, I could start with...

INTERVIEW — ONE

PAUL, DO you like talking about yourself? There's nothing much else to really talk about, is there? I can only talk about my own experiences. It's a bit of a chore. I twist things around a bit to stop it getting too boring. What do you think is a good voice?

Um... A good voice is an expressive voice. Technically I haven't got a good voice because it's rough.

It's unusual, someone like yourself, who's in among a lot of pop stars who want to be so many things — and you just want to be a good singer.

Yeah, I suppose it's a bit of an old-fashioned view to a lot of people. But I can't make myself out to be anything else. I'm no great spokesman about anything, really. I only ever wanted to be a musician. Even the business side doesn't interest me.

Then do you feel uncomfortable around some of your contemporaries?

No, not at all. 'Cos I enjoy the social aspect of musicians... I feel uncomfortable in most other situations, though.

You lose a lot of seriousness, working live. You get deeply into things when you're recording but it's a chance to let go when you're playing live. It keeps you up. All of this messing around goes on all the time.

WARMING UP

TRACEY ULLMAN, hair in curlers, gyrates through a mime of 'They Don't Know'. This isn't even the full dress rehearsal, so the pantomime is decidedly limp. Young and his group The Royal Family are getting their stage clothes on.

They are, as you might imagine, messing about.

I switch my attention back and forth between the monitors and the group themselves during the dress run of 'Come Back And Stay'. Paul is a hooper of the old school, the mikestand swivel and the backheel spin, but he gamely follows the turns of his recorded voice. 'Stay' has a rather tempestuous vocal which he has to hurl himself into in the mime. He feels a bit daft, in fact.

"I've never got used to miming, y'know. It's like you're not really in control. When you go out on a stage you can command it but on television it's more like..."

He squeezes his fingers into his can of lager. Do you still get nervous, Paul?

"Yeah, I s'pose I do," he smiles.

It takes Paul a little time to relax with people he's not sure about — uncomfortable, as he

HOW TO MAKE A MINT

Paul Young

says. In an interview situation he looks waxen, stiffened, as if he has a fit of trembles desperately under control. He seldom elaborates on answers, and when we talk in the big brown tour bus for a chat just prior to the telecast, it's hard for him to unwind.

It's a little sad, because he is a friendly man. He admits that this sudden thunderclap success, arriving like a detonation in a career that looked terminally middleweight, has caught him out. He's trying his best to keep a perspective on it all and take everything as it comes, and so far his humour is keeping him clean.

But it's a strain.

INTERVIEW — TWO

WHY do you think 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' was such a success when your last two records did very little?

I really don't know because I was so sure it wouldn't be. I thought 'Love Of The Common People' was a really good single and I couldn't understand why it failed. There was everything in there — nice playing, good arrangement — and I didn't overplay the part of being a singer on that track. Because I don't think a great vocal performance make a good pop record now, not as much as it used to.

The trend has gone away from singers. You don't get solo performers now. You get a few people together working for an atmosphere on a record, not necessarily a performance. It might just have been that 'Hat' was the best song.

Erm... I think there's better songs on the album. 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' was a better song. 'Come Back And Stay' and 'No Parlez' too. Do you think it's absurd that people could get worked up over someone like yourself 'daring' to cover 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'?

No, I can understand it. I feel the same about Leo Sayer singing 'Till You Come Back To Me', the old Aretha one, because I don't think there's another way you can do it. I think we did something drastically different to 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' which has brought out the song.

I've got a bit of a fight on with the record company because so many people say it's an obvious single. I think if it's an album track you can take it or leave it, but if you make it a single you're throwing it in people's faces a bit. I feel quite adamant about that.

Are you conscious of how much 'No Parlez' is a producer's record?

When I signed the solo deal and sat down and thought about it I knew I didn't want it to be a solo singer's album. Because I didn't think that was what music was about any more. It was a chance to try out ideas I'd had with Q-Tips on sound while making a record. I wanted to make a record, not a solo-singer-album.

I realised the mistake we made with Q-Tips. You can't just go in and play a song and record it as you play it.

And you can't just play, anyway. You need a video and a promotional image and...

I'm just starting to get to grips with all that. Enjoying being a singer, everything else gets to be secondary. Videos is just... some tracks I get ideas for. Most tracks videos don't immediately spring to mind! P'raps people now, y'know, they just go in with an idea for the video before they record the track.

You know, Paul, that you can't just be a 'singer of songs'?

I'm going to try to be. It's working out at the moment. I think it'll work for a certain period of time and then the popularity will go down, but I think there's enough ideas floating around to work steadily and then surface again a little bit later. In everyone's case the second album is a bit of a problem. I don't know whether it'll be that way now because I've been doing music this long.

Are you at a good age for the big time?

No, I wish I'd started earlier. You have a lot more fight. I haven't got a lot of fight left in me now. All I'm doing is, um... is — enjoying myself. I'm not out to say — you must listen to this! I just want to keep working. Funny way of

looking at it, really, innit?

I don't feel on the same level as my contemporaries. I've had a number one which they may not have had, but after doing this for five or six years and only now getting success, I can't automatically switch to being a 'successful artist'. They seem above me, somehow. There's so much luck. To grab hold of success and think you've got it is really stupid.

NICE AND QUIET, STUDIO!

AN UNLIKELY gaggle of names — James Garner Paul Young Richard and Peter Cook Tracey Ullman — rub shoulders in the dark wings of the Harty studio.

The floor manager is ticking off seconds. Fiona, Russell's hostess, statuesque as a lamppost on VE night, bugs a cigarette. One of Tracey's backing singers slips a hand into the midriff vent on her skirt and adjusts her knickers with a wriggle.

As the show runs through its flavourless titbit roster, a skimpy cabaret of English eccentricity and token celebrity, I fall to thinking again about Paul Young's mystery dance with fame. How did it all come about?

Young's success is one of those quirks of a business where the unpredictable is now virtually non-existent. When there's a wave coming you can be sure somebody's already packaged it; and if Young seems an unlikely bedfellow with Wham!, Culture Club and Heaven 17, the music he's making now is also some distance from the the vigorous musclerock of Big Country and Style Council.

His background, from Luton soulboy to surly electroclintz rocker, needs no recounting here. The pop gabsheets have logged it over and over.

In his two hits, Young treats the songs with the disrespect of a young blade and the sober attention of the old hand: it should be a satisfying coupling, but there is a curious strain



in the joints: as if Young is awkward in the gleaming, creaseless togs of the digital man, his trousers pinching, his shirt sticking to his back.

He sings 'Come Back And Stay' like a man whose frame has abruptly grown too big for him, who wants to burst; and the smooth lustre of the recording can permit no such folly.

Most of 'No Parlez' is like that — accomplished and inoffensive music topped by a rough, dockland sort of voice. It's painful to be reminded of Rod Stewart's 'In The Town', but that's the sort of record that comes to mind; and Young, like Stewart, resembles a working singer seduced by a champagne production.

They do an entertaining run-through of 'Come Back And Stay' for the programme, a crew of mates already nonchalant about broadcasting — "I hate television, all that waiting about," they

all say — but secretly a bit chuffed and frightened.

Harty presents Paul with a gold disc for his LP as a surprise; the poor fellow looks genuinely abashed and his teddy-bear eyes roll away in dismay. It's easy to feel proud for him.

"How about a cheque, Russell!" shouts keyboardist Ian Kewley.

"You be quiet," says Harty with a cavalier pout. He's card.

A CHAT WITH PAUL

CATCH Young again afterwards. He is far more relaxed, the ordeal over. A bright golden disc leans against the mirror of a BBC dressing room.

Just six months ago Paul Young was a struggling British soul boy, hacking out a living. But with the sudden success of 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' he rocketed from cover singer to cover boy — an unlikely pop idol who's still bemused by his own stardom.

Jagger's?

"I don't want to be Mick Jagger. He's trying to keep the same rock'n'roll thing all the time. I can see it from a live point of view, the Jagger and Stewart type of thing, where you're basically polishing a single style. But I can never see that for records. Rod's stuck to the same formula and it's really thinned out. Even now we're changing the live show a little bit, more danceable..."

Young's enthusiasm always perks up if you talk plain music with him. Because it's what he knows best, and what he loves the most, it's like breathing to him. He isn't ashamed of being a muso because he doesn't know how to feel bad about it.

The shades of esteemed performers dog Young's presence: Gaye, Jagger, Stewart... they seem to loom over him like giants, curious at an upstart's first steps. And him already a veteran! Perhaps, like Gaye, he might distance himself from his work until he is two men: The Singer, and the singer's man inside.

"Once the work's done you do tend to stand back from it. I feel detached from it when I hear it on the radio now. And I wonder now where it's going to go next. I'll be writing songs for the next record, but if they aren't good, I won't do them."

Young is so reticent about his limelight it's almost touching. A man who prefers the company of a group, sent suddenly into the isolation of a solo role. We consider Michael Jackson, a boy made lonely by megastardom, and the hollow in the heart of his ballads; and Paul wonders if the very success of 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' tore up the personality of its lyric.

"For myself, if I'm left alone I can go into downers because I enjoy the company of other people so much. I really rely on a band a lot — I suppose I shouldn't do — but I need to have a band around me. I felt happy as this band was being formed."

"I'm a bit embarrassed about it all being Paul Young. I feel a responsibility to pull the others in."

Are you an emotional sort of bloke, Paul?

"In some ways," he says, in the same conversational tone. "In some ways I'm quite cold. I don't let a lot out to a lot of people. I dunno, it's very difficult to express myself. Other people in the band have said that to me — I think it's down to background."

"I don't find it as easy, y'know. I really like them a lot, but it's that thing of trying to show it. I'm really on my guard 'cos when you show affection you feel as if you lay yourself open."

Like putting your arm around someone's shoulder?

"Yeah... I do that. I can say to someone, Oh, you played great tonight. I do that, but I feel selfconscious when I say it. I'm close to my family and I probably show my affection to them more than I used to. I suppose this kind of situation brings it out more."

Perhaps he is more like his peers than he thinks. He already seems a rather lonely figure — keen to be with friends but lacking the touch to make intimacies work for him. Like the Gaye of 'What's Going On' or the Morrison of 'Veillon Fleece' — inflated comparisons, but they will do for now — Young is an inward man gone public.

He sniffs when I ask him how he found the hoopla of tonight's television —

"Embarrassing". He could've sent it up but he's sharp enough to know that would've backfired.

"It got me, that," he almost snaps, thinking about the reaction to the photos on his LP's inner sleeve. "It was just a way of breaking down those images. The image on the front could create the wrong impression."

What image is that? Paul takes another drag on his cigarette.

"Very smooth."

We do a Beatles-style runner through the building to where the bus is waiting on the other side of a crush of teenagers. As decoy (my usual lot) I duck out and into the van. Paul doesn't quite escape: a particularly tenacious girl, no more than 13, runs up and steals kiss on one cheek. Instead of being the man and shoving her away he returns the favour in a flash and jumps inside the vehicle with a brotherly grin.

He's not been spoiled yet.

BY BEING ORDINARY

— THE LOTUS EATERS —



NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE

— YOU DON'T NEED SOMEONE NEW —

ARISTA

THE WEATHER GIRLS: I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair (CBS)

Boystown bravado! And over the top they go. Sassy, simplistic and as bright and garish as disco gets, The Weather Girls elevate the trivial with vocal performances sublime over a classic driving rhythm. Best is the beginning. The backing girls demand, "rub him out of your phone book and jump him out of your dreams," and the leading lady responds by reaching down into herself for a shattering, climactic, "y-eeee-aaa-hhh!"

From then on it's crashing cymbals, blaring horns and The Weather Girls riding high with their gospel tinged voices attacking the catchy Rodgers and Hammerstein chorus with impressive gusto.

Culled from *South Pacific*, the musical that revived Captain Sensible, it's five minutes worth of fun, brilliance and nonsense. From Bogarts to Bolts and all disco spots between, this trash flash, The Weather Girls!

JAYNE EDWARDS: Harmony / I Got It (Profile) Gospel is the bright end of religion, a form that actually celebrates life with a vigorous harmony as opposed to dividing it into a sombre, a solemn battle. This particular celebration, once the backing band have gone through their paces, is nothing new, radical or blue. It is an archetypal gospel performance—all rolling piano and joyous shouts—but it showcases and convinces by Jayne Edwards' voice, a young Aretha burning with conviction and delight. Why? Because she's got it and she knows how to tell it too, at times a shade too frantic but still an object lesson in the power of upliftance as she swoops and then soars above the urgency of the music. Vocal performance of the week and at times spine chilling. Bless the reason why children.

DAVID GRANT: Love Will Find A Way (Chrysalis) Since hitting the solo beat (a course favoured by many artists these days) David Grant has a) lost all credibility by adopting a dodgy image somewhere between Michael Jackson and Jeffrey Daniels, and then denied the connection. And b) released a couple of lightweight mediocre records that pertinently lacked any of Linx's panache or charm. 'Love Will Find A Way', whilst reversing this trend by being his most accomplished effort to date, still fails to register in the same way that his previous group did, simply because he hasn't a Sketch there to throw the odd spanner of flamenco guitar into the orthodox, neat and ultimately conservative overtones of his music. Time to (h)itch it up David.

JB's ALL STARS: One Minute Every Hour (RCA) When Northern Soul doesn't sound like a cheap demo concocted in a Woolworths recording studio, when there's clear frantic melody colliding with beautiful bass and booming drums (check The Isley's 'Tell Me It's Just A Rumour' circa 1967) then pop music doesn't come any better. This is a faithful enough rendition of a John Miles tune (don't choke: for years I thought Al Green was a genius simply for 'How Do You Mend A Broken Heart'). Then, one profound morning, I checked the label and found The Gibb Brothers' names there... that Brad from The Specials, with assorted cohorts, has adapted well, put all the accents in the right place, kept lively and danceable, but somehow slightly pointless. Better to incorporate these elements into your own music surely? One to keep the torch flickering rather than burning brightly.

BOOKER NEWBERRY III: Teddy Bear (Montage) I'm standing in the crowd watching Booker run through a perfunctory reading of his massive 'Love Town'. I'm not taking much notice when all of a sudden Newberry launches into some high pitched scat singing which he alternates with rugged, deep growls. His face breaks into a sweat, my spine tingles and for 30 seconds I'm transfixed. Booker goes home and months later releases this; a trite, undignified statement about (cringe!) wanting to be someone's teddy bear! He coerced us to 'Love Town' with a voice that spelt sex and demand, backed by an agreeably sharp melody. Here he goes *Playtime* on us over a stringent rhythm that deserves better. A love town let down, no less.

THE COMMODORES: Only You (Motown)
LIONEL RITCHIE: All Night Long (All Night) (Motown) You expect slush so nearly get crushed. From the man responsible for some of the wettest ballads and duets in recent history comes this cool carousel. The opening tension (low key percussion and restrained vocal) suggests an *apres party* mood as Ritchie adopts a voice nearer to Marley than Manilow, but 'All Night' is deceptive as it rushes towards its classy conclusion, complete with African chorus, pulling strings and stated horns. Because you don't expect this from a man like Ritchie, a wet manipulator of cheap emotions, 'All Night' pulls

you up and suggests there's more than just a bank balance at stake here.

With The Commodores' effort, no such doubt clouds you; cloying, 'sentimental' balladeering as they drop through their paces in three instantly forgettable minutes. The saddest songs are nearly always the best, perfect for wallowing in, but this doesn't come anywhere near to effectively pulling the strings. For a million housewives I may be wrong.

A CERTAIN RATIO: I Need Someone Tonite (Factory) Clumsy, gritty pop/funk that tries to push its obvious American influences (Cameo?) into some kind of order and ends up with an identity problem. From Donald Johnson's forced yelp about a minute into the song to the upfront bass that irritates rather than moves, 'I Need Someone Tonite' is neither desperate or dirty enough to justify its intentions. Rather it's a drab exercise in funk meddling which, when placed next to the exuberant drive of say The Weather Girls, is shown up for its complete lack of character.

On the flip side is a word perfect rendition of Stevie Wonder's 'Don't You Worry Bout A Thing', which, like the JB All Stars, begs the question why?

SEONE DANCING: Bitter Heart (London) The lead singer approaches me and says that MM had called his single "arrogant and pretentious." "Sounds great I think to myself. But can he think of a better description?" "Yes," he replies, "confident." He's wrong.

'Bitter Heart' is the dull end of electro-pop, a dragging tune set to schoolboy poetry that reads, "With pleased last goodbye, I'll break the noise and we'll silently fly apart..." Hardly Hardy, my man. No passion, no danger, no risk, just a bitter taste.

MARY JANE GIRLS: Boys (Motown) Tame stuff in comparison to Vanity 6, The Mary Jane Girls rode to fame on Keni Burke's bass line from 'Rising To The Top' which Rick James, their Lord and Master, was smart enough to nick when only five people bought Burke's record. This time around James filches from The Sly Stone Annual Of Bass Lines to let The Lane Girls burble on about how much they "lu-rr-ve" the male species. There are many embarrassing moments but none more so than when they giggle at the "boy in the tight jeans". "Can we take you home?" they childishly plead in unison. This boy remains silent.

DALEK I LOVE YOU: Ambition (Korova) When all your ambition is to retread John Kongos' 'He's Going To Step On You Again' then hope certainly doesn't spring eternal. It doesn't make for great singles either. Rambling to nowhere, let me contribute to NME Incest Corner by stating that the best thing about this artefact is the Ian Wright sleeve. Enough.

PLAY DEAD: Shine (Situation 2) It amazes me how today's young saps, however artful their sleeve or label, insist on playing what is merely bad heavy metal, regurgitating the worst excesses

of a tradition best left alone to the sordids of this world. Neither suitably over the top or dignified about its proceedings, this just grinds itself out to ground, leaving stains everywhere.

THE LOTUS EATERS: You Don't Need Someone New (Sylvan Records)
SHAKATAK: Out Of This World (Polydor) Return of the Wettists! Perhaps it's the inane grins they pull every time they venture on TV, the self-contained smugness they permeate or simply their bland coyness. Either way these endless muzak merchants rankle like no others. The Lotus Eaters are winsome and whimsical, neither tender or caring, but sallow and hollow with soft centres, whilst Shakatak once again gather round their awful electric piano, which they seem so inordinately fond of, and put their faltering formula to work again. Drip dry music, return to cleaners.

DION: We Don't Talk Anymore (Aura) Remember the exuberant arrogance of 'The Wanderer'? The sharp pizzazz? The good humoured strutting over that rolling, delightful tune? Dion doesn't.

STONE CITY BAND: Ladies Choice (Motown)
PALADIN: Onward International (Rough Trade)
RUMPLE-STILTS-SKIN: I Think I Want To Dance With You (Montage) Rick James rears his clown's head again on the Stone City Band's raucous but sexist, patronising funk workout (my feet won't go where my heart says no), Rumble-Stilts-Skin produce a dreary arrangement which is fractionally saved by its ridiculous chorus and Paladin come up with a classy but ultimately subdued jazz-funk instrumental that is apparently a wow amongst the Ford Cortina Gabichi set. All pass the day and all pass me by.

WEST STREET MOB: Break Dancin' - Electric Boogie (Sugarhill)

TOM BROWNE: Rockin' Radio (Arista) All this rapping, breaking, scratching and funk is making me itch. Two examples of typically aimless nonsense that reiterate effects and noises that have gone before and thus defeat the point. The West Street Mob are simply tiresome children playing with their new birthday presents, all vocoders and squeaks, whilst Tom Browne, responsible for the towering 'Funkin For Jamaica', is actually wise enough to leave the studio halfway through his single whilst Jonzun and Starr muck

around on the electronics. He eats a pizza, catches a game of ball and returns just in time to put his name on the label some echoing trumpet at the song's intro before heading home, another hard day at the studio over. Absolutely fascinating.

SPACE MONKEY: Can't Stop Running (Innervision) Press release of the week: "Space Monkey," reads the classic statement, "is Paul Goodchild: an artist against the system; a man against the crowd." Apparently this tortured artist, this lone beacon of defiance, "galvanises funk and metal". What he does, in effect, is create a rabble-rousing, myth inducing song that bears no depth or substance. Innervision dumped Animal Nightlife for this? Forget the record but read the release.

PAUL HAIG: Justice (Island) More meanderings by the Boy With Dubious Talent. Inexcusably duff, 'Justice' drifts into nothing and stays there. No doubt we can expect the obligatory video to feature an exquisite looking mannequin polishing her nails whilst Haig rushes around, desperation at having another flop single etched into his forehead. Misguided nonsense of the highest order.

FRANK STALLONE: Far From Over (RSO) That Stallone, Travolta and the rest of their ilk have got disco so patently wrong is confirmed further by this, an awful retread of 'Eye Of The Tiger' set to a beat that has trouble breathing let alone, ah, staying alive. Idiomatic and laughable, please keep them clear of *Godfather III*, Don Coppola.

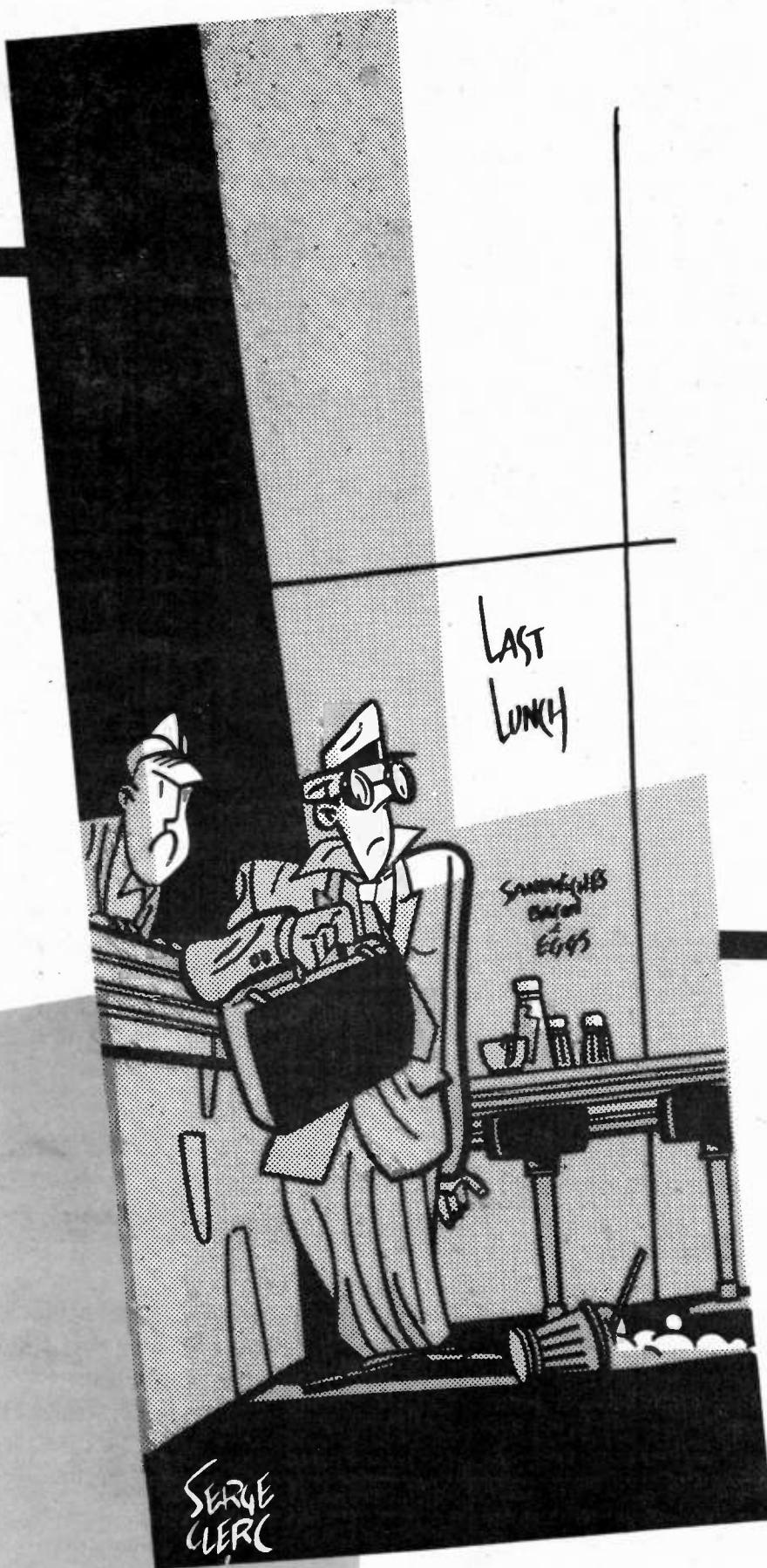
SIMPLICITY: Let's Rock (S&G Records) Classic ska rhythm marred by a muddy mix but still a cool exercise in the art of simplicity. The lady vocalist sounds uncertain at times, the band a trifle muffled, but the understated power of the rhythm section pull them through. One to sway the head of any decent suedehead.

SUGAR RAY 5: Lazy Hours (Interdisc) Pointless amalgamation of Haircuts and Dexys that won the recent TDK Battle Of The Bands contest. Not hard to see why.

THE KINKS: Don't Forget To Dance (Arista) I reviewed this last time round and had it tagged as cheap, maudlin and sexist. I see no reason to revise my opinion. You'll see what I mean when it's a hit.

SINGLES

PAOLO HEWITT



SILVER SCREEN

Something Wicked This Way Comes

DIRECTOR: Jack Clayton
STARRING: Jason Robards,
Jonathan Pryce, Diane Ladd,
Pam Grier (Disney/UK)

RAY BRADBURY's book seems so natural a choice for a screen fantasy that it's a surprise to realise it hasn't been made before; but *Something Wicked This Way Comes* has not experienced the easiest of transpositions to celluloid.

Jack Clayton began filming in 1980 and the long gestation of the picture has given it a studied and slow quality which is not so much dreamy as fatigued. A film that should spin and glitter and deceive has ended up as cautiously artificial, labelling the magic of Bradbury's excellent story and making it mere illusion.

Which is not to say that *Something Wicked* isn't fun. Perhaps it's too much fun. Disney are again struggling in the 'mature young person' market, airbrushing the horror into familiar dream sequences and generally holding back on the real punches. This is a story of satanic possession and the awful consequences of vanity and greed, after all, even if father and son devotion proves the stronger force in the end.

The father in question is Jason Robards' Charles Halloway, town



Jonathan Pryce, tailed by a coterie of inconspicuous CIA agents.

Plc: Jeremy Bannister

SOMETHING HACKNEYED THIS WAY COMES

librarian and dad to Will; and it is his struggle with the evils of Mr Dark's travelling fair that climaxes the film. When the town patriarchs are drawn to the fairground by eerie promises of wish fulfilment that go horribly sour, only Will and his chum Jim see that something queer is going on. And Dark sees their wide eyes and determines to capture their souls too.

Jack Clayton—who hasn't made a film since his chocolate box reading of *The Great Gatsby*—unsteadily balances the story's attention between village character studies and camera hocus pocus. Some of the effects

sequences have a neat panache, like the plague of tarantulas that descends on the bedroom of one of the boys: a juvenile version of the bug terror in *Creepshow*. Inexplicably, though, the producers have finally stunted on the visual bravado. Expected moments of computer animation (as used in *TRON*) are notably absent.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment is the way Bradbury's characters are reduced to indifferent cameos. Jonathan Pryce has the right sort of leerily malevolent eyes for the life-sucking Dark which don't

make up for a stiff and mannered performance. Only Robards is equal to his character. We're used to seeing him as a mean-minded hard nut and this soft man with a weak heart is a skilled portrayal, an actor measuring up to his declining years with intelligence and grace.

There's a moderately spectacular climax which momentarily blots out the unmagical build-up; otherwise *Something Wicked* is a slight entertainment. Not kidstuff, maybe, but hardly wicked enough.

Richard Cook

'NEVER NEVER' NO

We Of The Never Never

DIRECTOR: Igor Auzins

STARRING: Angela Punch MacGregor, Arthur Dignam (Mainline)

OUTBRACK PICTURES are easy prey to a photographer's indulgence, and *We Of The Never Never* soon saves its small energies for the pleasures of raw geographic beauty. The story is filmsy at best, bordering on the offensive at worst—the indomitable human/female spirit expressed in the most colourless and gullible terms.

My Brilliant Career is the yardstick here—also drawn from the journal of a woman struggling to come to terms with an unwelcoming male world around 1900—and Igor Auzins' film never approaches that artless serenity. Jeannie (Angela Punch MacGregor) marries the incoming boss of a cattle station and has to make a home amongst hostile stockmen and uncaring Aborigines. She succeeds, but the personal cost is dear. There are battles over duty and role to be fought and they are filmed with a disarming inarticulacy.

For all the grasping after a human touch it's a low and mechanical film. All the sexual tension of the situation is eclipsed by the director's interest in the period and scenery, and some interesting opportunities to explore the boundaries of male companionship are similarly dispersed by a one-dimensional script. Neither MacGregor nor Arthur Dignam have it in them to make the couple bigger than their surroundings, the only course which would have roused the film.

Hearland explored this kind of terrain with a far more appealing tenderness—and a much sharper sense of economy. This film labours through an undemanding and bland two and a quarter hours.

Richard Cook



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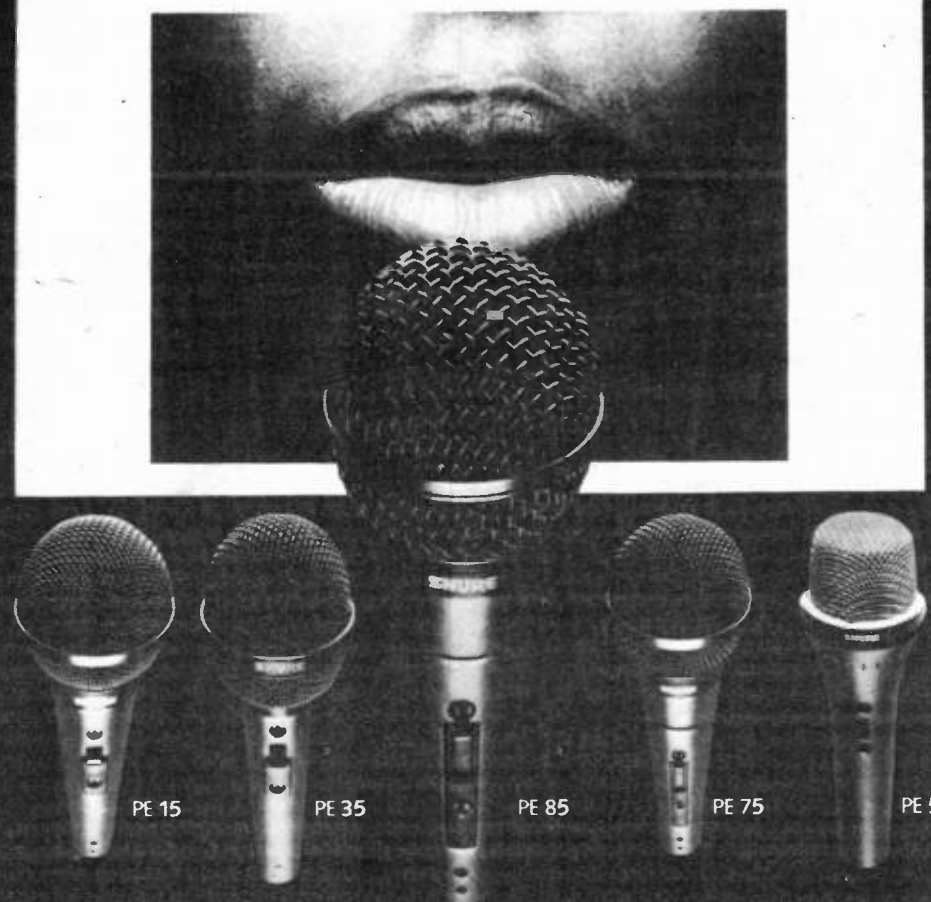
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ON THE BOX

BY ANDY GILL

THURSDAY SEPT 29

Those still searching for good reasons why California should slide into the sea at the first available opportunity need look no further than **Late Night In Concert** (BBC1), which tonight features AOR America's Number One Wet Dream Stevie Nicks. A quote from the Beeb's press info: "In 'The Highwayman', she draws parallels between the rogues of old and today's romantic 'outlaw' — the rock musician." Phew, gasp, well I never, cor strike me down with an ounce of coke etc. Those desirous of something pitched at a slightly higher intellectual level are directed instead to **Open Space: Who's Looking After The Kids?** (BBC2), in which a panel of experts aged four months to four years old are interviewed by Michelle (four) and Edward (three) on the subject of day nurseries. I dig: baby talk!

Also on BBC2, **Travellers In Time** features a film taken in 1900 by Dead Serious film maker Edward "What, Me Whacko?" Curtis in which he smears his body in red paint and dances with rattlesnakes as part of some Hopi Injun ritual. And you thought Performance Art was a modern trend!

Channel 4 gets off to a flying start with **The Addams Family** (6.30), in which Uncle Fester turns Pugsley into a chimp, and after a brief degeneration

with alien mores and manners (BBC1, 10.50); **Tristana** (Luis Bunuel 1970), in which Catherine Deneuve loses a leg but gains deeper erotic potential in the eyes of lecherous uncle Fernando Rey (BBC2, 9.00); and **Angels With Dirty Faces** (Michael Curtiz 1938), a typical Warner Bros social comment flick in which Cagney, Bogart, Pat O'Brien and the Dead End Kids act out a screenplay inspired by the Jimmy Pursey punk anthem (*Are you quite sure about this?* — Ed) (C4, 11.30). Spoilt for choice, I'd say. **The Lost Honour Of Katharina Blum** (Volker Schlöndorff 1975) also features on LWT at 11.00, but the competition looks a bit too stiff from where I'm sitting.

Series ending tonight include **Civilisation** (BBC2, 7.40) — on an oddly optimistic note — and **About Men** (C4, 10.30), one of the more asinine slices of liberal-vegetarian garbage to slither out of that channel's Guardian sensibility.

SATURDAY OCT 1

One of Burt Reynolds' less auspicious career decisions crops up on ITV at 9.15pm in the form of **The Mean Machine** (I.M. De Plorabile 1974), yet another of his Gridiron Football flicks. Expect expletives to be deleted. **The Twilight Zone** (BBC2, 11.25) features the ever dependable Martin Balsam and Ida Lupino in **The Sixteen Millimeter Shrine**, a kind of low-budget *Sunset Boulevard*. If you wanna see something really scary, though, **The Boomtown Rats** are on LWT at 1.00 in the morning playing a bunch of ancient songs no one wants to hear. Terrifying stuff.

The Avengers makes a welcome return with **Murdersville** (C4, 9.00pm), in which Steed and Emma get married and odd things happen in a sleepy English village; two more marriages occur on the same channel, as Spencer Tracy ties the knot with Katherine Hepburn in **Woman Of The Year** (George Stevens 1941) at 2.25 and repeats the act later on (11.30) in **Without Love** (Harold S. Bucquet 1945). The former features the couple as feuding columnists on the same paper, the latter as misogynist and man-hater embarking on a marriage of convenience. Ian Penman puts in a surprise appearance as the man who has just cause for their not being joined in holy matrimony. Infatuation is just cause, he hopes? Also returning is a repeat of **Fox** (C4, 10.00pm), the thoroughly unpleasant Sarf Lunnun Villain Saga.

SUNDAY OCT 2

The big yoks of the day are expected to be spilt between **Bilko** (BBC1, 11.15pm) and **The Battle For The Labour Leadership**, which goes its gory way throughout the day on BBC2.

Apart from that, it's mainly sport: the first live league match (Spurs v. Forest) is on **The Big Match Live** (ITV, 2.30pm) — an easy win for Forest, I'd say, though after last week's pussyfoot performance at Wembley I might not even bother watching at all; far more excitement gets crammed into an hour of **American Football** (C4, 6.15), despite the infantile presentation by Big Dork and Little Dork. Part of the fun with American Football lies in the statistic-swamped commentary by Yanks with names like Don and Bill. The recent Steelers/Packers game featured an absorbing discussion on the relative size of angstroms and iotas, and the following deadpan exchange:

"That's Gary Lewis blocking the

conversation there; not to be confused with Gary Lewis the '60s popstar. D'you remember Gary Lewis And The Playboys, Don?"

"No I don't."

I'm with Don on this one.

That's followed at 7.15 by the final part of the increasingly excellent **Remember Harlem**, which this week charts the decline and rebirth of the community during the past two decades. Tracy and Hepburn get married yet again (C4, 11.15) in **State Of The Union** (Frank Capra 1948).

MONDAY OCT 3

1984 is just around the corner: **The Prisoner** has his dreams manipulated on C4 at 10.00, **Propaganda With Facts** deals with Britain's changing responses to *Our Soviet Friends* (BBC1, 11.15), while **Riverside** (BBC1, 7.05) makes a determined attempt to keep teen tastes stuck firmly in 1982 with a special "wets" edition featuring Steve Jansen from one Japan, Ryuchi Sakamoto from another, Nick Heyward, Gerry Anderson and Joseph Beuys. Yawn.

TUESDAY OCT 4

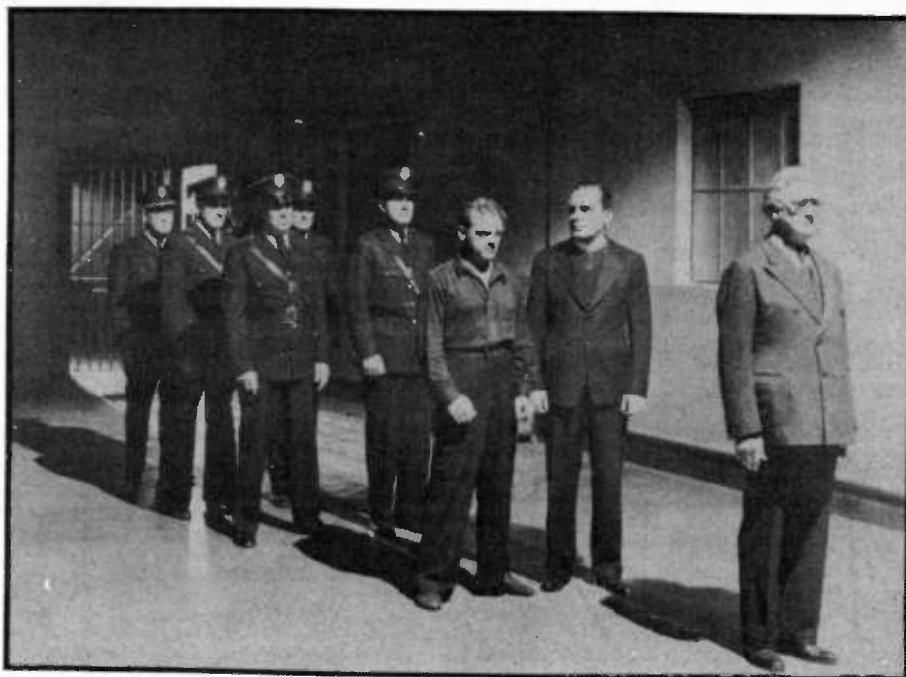
Loose Talk (C4, 10.55) has the usual bunch of inarticulate guests, awful music and inept presenters; all three epithets crop up earlier in one body when the (sadly deteriorated) **Taxi** presents **Larka The Playboy**: the presence of George Wendt (Norm from *Cheers*) may serve to jolly things up a little (BBC1, 7.45).

WEDNESDAY OCT 5

Rich people pat themselves on the back in a special British Film Institute beano evening. **Barry Norman Live At Guildhall** (BBC2, 6.20), **Britain At The Pictures** (BBC2, 7.30) and **Fifty**

Years Of The BFI (BBC2, 9.30) should manage to sent us all to sleep long before **The Rockford Files** wends its cryptic way at 10.55 on BBC1. Apart from that, it's sport again: Milk Cup football in **Midweek Sports Special** (ITV, 10.30), Frank Bruno in

Sportsnight (BBC1, 9.55). Alternatively, leap into the unknown with the first of a season of Latin American films, **Black God, White Devil** (Glauber Rocha, 1964), which is on C4 at 10.10 and about which we know nothing.



Angels With Dirty Faces (Friday, C4)



Black God, White Devil (Wednesday, C4)

with **The Malibu World Disco Dancing Championship** (8.00), rams home its advantage with **The Naked Civil Servant** (9.30). Quentin Crisp's autobiography starring John Hurt. Show your solidarity by refusing to dust your mantelpiece this week — that'll show 'em! Alternatively, ignore everything else and switch on at 10.30 for **The Sweeney** (ITV).

FRIDAY SEPT 30

Kim Wilde, Robin Gibb, Paul Gambaccini, Carlene Carter and Tony Visconti are the judges for **International Battle Of The Pop Bands** (BBC1), presented by Kid "Don't call me Dave" Jensen. Holland's **The Nits** get the *NME* vote, being the only group involved we've actually heard of.

Filmwise, it's a toss-up between **Taking Off** (Milos Forman 1971), a serio-comic examination of the generation gap which, considering it was the Czech expatriate's first American film, copes remarkably well



Tracy and Hepburn (Saturday and Sunday, C4)

...a whopper of a cliff-hanger.
...whizz-bang adventure...I'm all for it.

Margaret Hinxman — DAILY MAIL

...an exciting adventure
that will have you on
the edge of
your seat.

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WARGAMES PG

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An Exclusive Mad Mix peek into the album that got away – the still to be released Billy MacKenzie showcase.

2. **BONSAI FOREST – The Great Escape**

Madness maestro Mark Bedford's proteges with a muscular Mad Mix exclusive.

3. **JAMES BROWN – Bring It On . . . Bring It On.**

Soul Brother Number One with what most funkateers insist is his best in an age. Count it off!

4. **CABARET VOLTAIRE – Why Kill Time (When You Can Kill Yourself)**

The originators of cut-up electro funk and still the leaders in the field.

5. **THE EURYTHMICS – Satellite Of Love**

The best ever cover of a Lou Reed song proclaims Lou Reed. Who are we to argue? A Mad Mix exclusive of The show stopper.

6. **FRANK CHICKENS – Shellfish Bamboo**

The acclaimed female Japanese pop duo make their recording debut with electro evocations of Nipponese street trading. Sounds fishy. Another Mad Mix exclusive.

7. **ARETHA FRANKLIN – Get It Right**

The Queen of Soul reigns on with help from studio courtier and producer Luther Vandross and Miles Davis' bassman, Marcus Miller.

8. **J.B. 's ALL STARS – One Minute Every Hour**

Special AKA sticksman Brad with a flash of nouveau Northern Soul.

9. **JoBOXERS – Crime Of Passion**

Whodunnit? Go Lower East Side with Bashstreet Boxers and find out for yourself.

10. **THE KANE GANG – Small Town Creed**

A cheeky commentary on this year's trends from the Tyneside funk force. A magnificent Mad Mix exclusive.

11. **KAS PRODUCT – Pussy X**

Purring Parisiennes. Kas cats get carnal over slinky synths.

12. **N.Y.C. PEECH BOYS – Don't Make Me Wait**

More juicy fruit from the Big Apple: the new boogaloo down Broadway and a classic club cut.

13. **THE NEW BLACK MONTANA – Magumede**

Revolutionary dance music from Zimbabwe, bubbling with a thousand darting guitars.

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Tweedom come, tweedom go – but there's always room in your heart for off-the-wall pop. More tasteful Kitchenware.

15. **SANDII & THE SUNSETZ with DAVID SYLVIAN – Living On The Front Line**

From one Japan to another. Sylvian gets to sing with the real thing. Discover why The Sunsetz are The Rising Sun's most exciting prospects.

16. **THE SPECIAL AKA – Lonely Crowd**

Dammers and the Gang in off-beat instrumental mood. John Barry – forget it! Exclusive to Mad Mixers.

17. **THE STYLE COUNCIL – Party Chambers**

Mick Talbot without his master's voice, letting the keyboards do the talking.

18. **U2 – Two Hearts Beat As One**

A Mad Mix exclusive US mix from Ireland's finest, caught in exelcis.

19. **TOM WAITS – Frank's Wild Years**

Black comedy from the last Beat on Sunset Strip. One more for the road bartender.

20. **XMAL DEUTSCHLAND – Sehnsucht**

Post punk 'yearnings' from the Hamburg fivesome currently spearheading a new German breakthrough. A special Mad Mix re-mix.

21. **YELLOWMAN – Who Can Make The Dance Ram?**

The latest boast from reggae's number one chanting, singing, strutting phenomenon. Area!

22. **YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH – Halo Flamin' Lead**

Aesthetic terrorist Foetus (Jim to his mates) throws everything and the kitchen sink into this exclusive Mad Mix clatter.



Special AKA pic
by Anton Corbijn

THE NME ACE CASE

IN THE tradition of acclaimed *NME* compilations like 'The Pocket Jukebox' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy' comes the *NME* Ace Case. In collaboration with the supremely tasteful Ace label, we've compiled a power packed showcase of classic R 'n' B and vintage soul, 22 tracks assembled at a bargain price of £2.25. Here's what's on offer:

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3. Young Jessie – Hit Glt And Split
4. Bobby Marchant – Quit My Job
5. Huey Piano Smith – Don't You Just Know It
6. Arthur Alexander – Anna
7. Irma Thomas – Time Is On My Side
8. Benny Spellman – Fortune Teller
9. Richard Berry – Get Out Of The Car
10. The Chanters – She Wants To Mambo
11. Alvin 'Snake Eyes' Tyler – Peanut Vendor

SIDE 2

1. Ike & Tina Turner – I Can't Believe What You Say
2. Shirley Ellis – The Nitty Gritty
3. The Olympics – Hully Gully
4. Mary Love – You Turned My Bitter Into Sweet
5. Bobby Bland – Call On Me
6. B. B. King – Ain't Nobody's Business
7. Johnny Guitar Watson – She Moves Me
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5. Dancing Mood – Delroy Wilson (1966)
6. Swing Easy – Soul Vendors (1967)
7. 007 – Desmond Dekker (1968)
8. 54-46 Was My Number – Toots & The Maytals (1969)
9. Rivers Of Babylon – The Melodians (1970)
10. Skank In Bed – Scotty & Lorna (1971)
11. Book Of Rules – The Heptones (1972)

SIDE 2

1. King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown – Augustus Pablo (1973)
2. Tenement Yard – Jacob Miller (1974)
3. Slavery Days – Burning Spear (1975)
4. Police And Thieves – Junior Murvin (1976)
5. Two Sevens Clash – Culture (1977)
6. Smile Jamaica – Bob Marley & The Wailers (1978)
7. Bredda Gravidicious – Walling Souls (1979)
8. Hard Time Pressure – Sugar Minott (1980)
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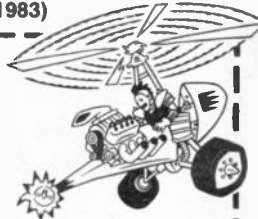
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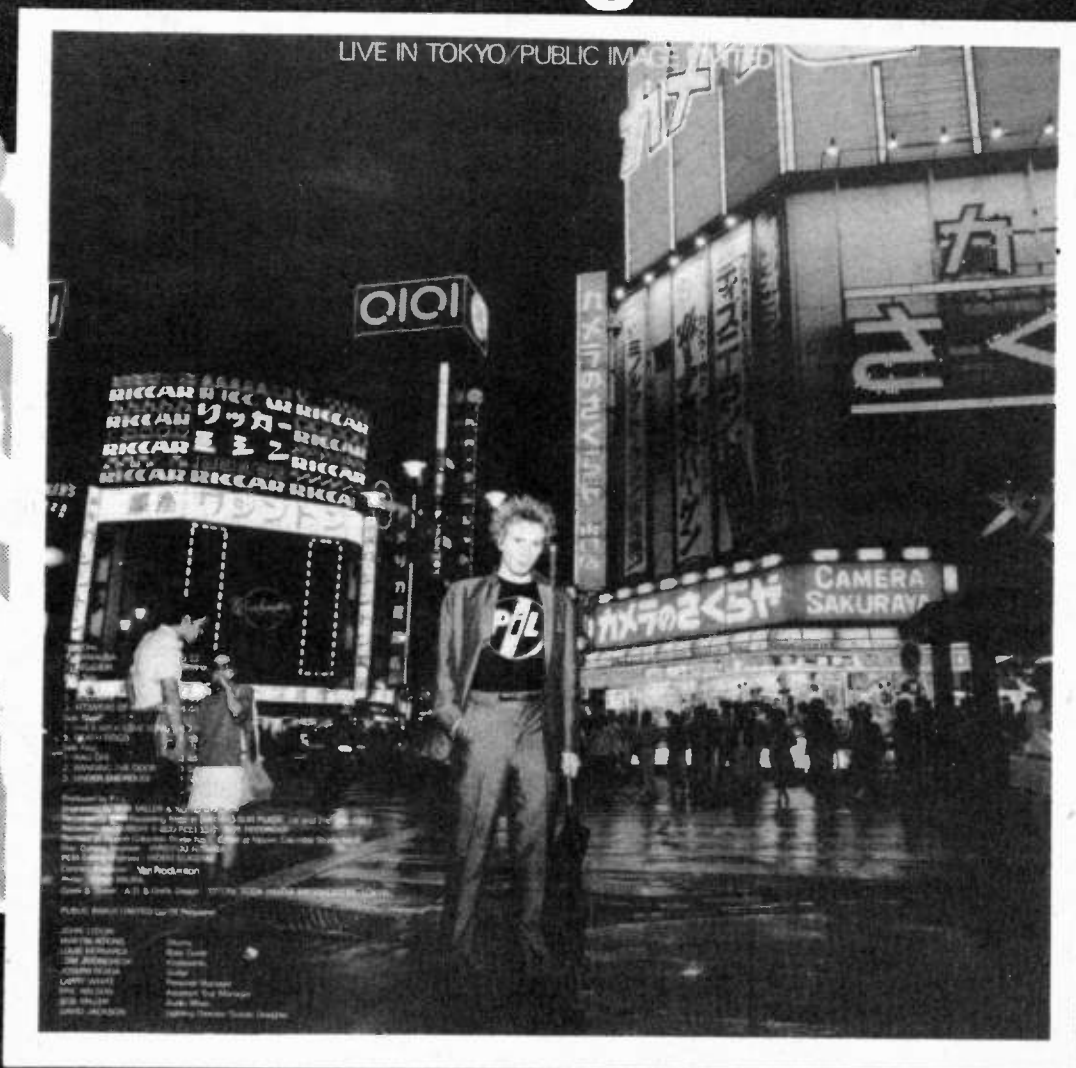
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AMERICA'S URBAN underbelly has been kitschified, neutered, defanged, rendered cute 'n' cosy.

Film noir, Damon Runyon, carnies and circus folk, the '50s Beats, pulp mysteries—all have congealed into a familiar lineup of lovably motheaten types. Two-bit gangsters, wino philosophers, whores with hearts of gold—you've seen 'em in a million corny movies.

None of this, however, changes the fact that actual poor people, transients drifting through life on a river of alcohol, social outlaws and fringe characters still exist, many of whom have stories and ideas worth hearing.

Tom Waits makes music about these people and he does it with an impressively even hand. Waits never patronises his subjects, nor does he go for the sympathy vote. His songs are often brutally funny, and Waits calls an asshole an asshole regardless of what is or isn't in his wallet.

Being broke and drunk doesn't necessarily make a man brilliant. Nonetheless, some monumental souls do get lost in the cracks of this creaking world, and Waits is out to resurrect a few of them.

Contrary to popular opinion, Tom Waits is not a bum.

He is a performer with a palette of colours, a set of skills, and it's a credit to his abilities as an entertainer that people believe he is the picture he paints.

This is not to say Waits is a fake. He frequents the boozy netherworld not as a social researcher, but because he genuinely likes it there. But Waits wasn't raised in a smoky pool hall either.

Born December 7, 1949, as one of three children to a school-teaching mom and pop, Waits grew up in Southern California and had what he describes as a standard childhood. His parents divorced when he was 12 and he worked his way through the full course of miserable jobs until 1972, when he was discovered in an LA club and signed to Elektra Records.

Waits reckons vocabulary is his main instrument, and though his growling, whisky-whisper of a voice certainly wouldn't do much for Gilbert & Sullivan, it is ideally suited to his material.

Well versed in American musical idioms, Waits positions his characters in aural landscapes that incorporate blues, jazz, Tin Pan Alley, be-bop and R&B. There's a considerable amount of Lord Buckley's *Hip Semantic* in Waits' work too. Like Buckley, Waits is a latter-day vaudevillian who weaves folk tale and street patois into a hip new suit of his own design. Words count for a lot in this music—but that's not all. He is a gifted melodist as well, and many of his tunes exude a gorgeous, epic melancholy evocative of Gershwin; particularly evident on his 1974 masterpiece, *The Heart of Saturday Night*.

Waits has released eight critically acclaimed albums, and though other performers have scored hits with his tunes (The Eagles, Bette Midler), Tom has never had a one of his own. And he doesn't particularly hanker after one either.

I recently met Waits to discuss some current developments in his life and career one hot afternoon at Wayne's Cafeteria, a greasy diner located in the heart of old downtown LA. He lives in this district (as does the ghost of Raymond

Q: How do you feel about yourself as a vocalist?

A: At best, I'm a barking dog, but I think my voice is well suited to my material.

Q: Have you taken steps to protect your voice?

A: Protect it from what? vandals?



With the release of his 'Swordfishtrombone', TOM WAITS talks about America, marriage, music and his film work with Francis Ford Coppola.

Chandler in case you've been looking for that), and he arrived punctually.

He is a courteous, articulate and rather shy man who measures his words carefully. He is boyish, yet old fashioned; the kind of guy who watches what he says in front of ladies. I was charmed.

Topics to be discussed included his new album (a significant stylistic change), his blossoming career as an actor and his relationship with Francis Ford Coppola, and the change in his life brought about by his marriage.

'SWORDFISHTROMBONE' is Waits' ninth LP, and the first for his new label, Island. Musically, it is different from his previous work; the instrumentation is bizarre, almost Beefheartian, incorporating marimba, bagpipe, harmonium and accordion. It also has a cinematic quality, segueing ballads, instrumental passages, raw blues, and the hilarious monologue, 'Frank's Wild Years'. What, exactly, is this movie about? Lonesome soldiers, sweet midwestern girls (Waits married one of those) and middle class dreams gone to seed. One of the highlights of the LP is a thumping cut called '16 Shells From A Thirty-Ought-Six', whose jivey, nonsensical verse is worthy of Vachel Lindsay.

Dig this American poetry:

*"I filled me a sachel full of old pig corn
And I beat me a billy from an old french horn
And I kicked that mule to the top of the tree
And I blew me a hole 'bout the size of a kickdrum
Well I slept in the hollar of a dry creek bed
And I tore out the buckets from a red Corvette
Lionel and Dave and the butcher made three
You got to meet me by the knuckles of the
skinnybone tree
With the strings of a Washburn stretched like a
clothesline
You know me and that mule scrambled right
through the hole."*

Waits recently completed a video of the 'Swordfish' single, 'In the Neighborhood', which was shot by heavyweight cinematographer Haskell Wexler. It never hurts to have friends in the film community, and Waits has some powerful ones. He did the soundtrack for Francis Coppola's star-crossed experimental film *One From The Heart*, and has since become a permanent member of the Coppola troupe.

He played a bartender in Coppola's *The Outsiders*, proprietor of a pool hall in *Rumble Fish*, and he has been cast as the backstage manager in *Cotton Club*, another Coppola film currently in production, whose story is built around the famous Harlem nightspot of the '30s and '40s. He also had small parts in *Wolfen*, *Paradise Alley*, and is scheduled to appear with Robert Duvall in *Stone Boy*.

It was through Coppola that Waits met his wife Kathleen, who was a scriptreader at Coppola's Zoetrope Studios. They married in 1981, and had their first child, a girl, last month.

There was a period when Waits had quite a reputation in LA. Living in a rundown hotel room crammed full of pawnshop junk, out all night, drinking hard, keeping company with colourful kooks, Waits really did look to be a character from one of his songs. His music has always been rooted in that sort of neon living and one would assume that his "settling down" would signal some major changes in his work.

But the walls you live in don't necessarily frame your view of the world, and it's apparent listening to his new album that having found a peaceful valley he can live in/with has not impaired his ability to empathise.

He may no longer be living a gin-soaked life of busted dreams and chaos, but he still sees the people who are with a sharp and compassionate eye.

YOU ONCE commented that "people will write about you in a way that what they're essentially doing is constructing your personality on rumour". Has the press shackled you to a persona of their own invention?

A certain amount of it is fiction. It's like when you tell somebody something which they tell somebody else who tells somebody else, and by the time it gets back to you you had three black eyes and a busted collarbone. So yeah, in terms of the folk process, a certain amount of information gets embellished. But that doesn't bother me. Pieces of 'my image' are right and some of it aren't. Much of your music exudes a melancholy sense of the past, a yearning for some intangible thing that seems to have been lost. Is memory a source of comfort and joy for most people, or is it more apt to be a source of pain?

My memory isn't a source of pain. Parts of it are like a pawnshop, other parts are like an aquarium, and other parts are like a closet. I think there's a place where your memory becomes distorted like a funhouse mirror and that's the area I'm most interested in.

Do experiences tend to be idealised by the memory?

Some things yes. It makes other things worse than they really were.

What's the earliest memory fixed in your mind?

I have a very early memory of getting up in the middle of the night and standing at my doorway by the hall in the house and having to stand there and wait while a train went by. And after the train passed I could cross the hall into my parents' room.

Was there a trainyard nearby where you grew up?

Not at that particular house, but there were

trains in all the places I grew up. My grandmother lived by an orange grove and I remember sleeping at her house and hearing the Southern Pacific go by. This was in La Verne, California. My father moved from Texas to La Verne and he worked in the orange groves there. I also have a memory of wild gourds that grew by the railroad tracks, and putting pennies on the tracks.

What sort of music did you hear as you were growing up?

The earliest music I remember was mariachi, ranchera, romantica—Mexican music. My father used to tune that in on the car radio. He didn't listen to jitterbug or anything like that.

You once told an interviewer, "There's a common loneliness that sprawls from coast to coast here. It's very tragic and it's very American". Can you elaborate on that?

At the time I made that remark I was on the road a lot, so I think that loneliness was something I had in my billfold.

You don't think there's a loneliness, a melancholy that's peculiar to the American people?

Yes I think there is. This friend of mine named Paul Hampton and I once collaborated on this thing called 'Why Is The Dream Always So Much Sweeter Than The Taste?' that was sort of about this subject.

Could that loneliness have to do with the sheer size of this country, and the fact that there are often great distances between people and places?

I think that's exhilarating, especially when you set out in the morning in a late model Ford and you're leaving California, driving to New York. It's thrilling to know that the country is big enough that you can aim your car in one direction and not have to turn the wheel for seven days. I think there's a great feeling of flight there.

Are the clichés about Los Angeles true?

It depends on where you live and what your experience here is. People come here to escape. LA is where everything's supposed to be alright. As soon as we get to California, honey, I'll have a flowered shirt and we'll have a little place at the beach.

Does that dream ever pan out for people?

Sometimes. You can make a lot of money in America and nobody will ask you how you made it—if you were a slumlord, or sold drugs, or smuggled illegal aliens into the country.

Does the Los Angeles that Nathaniel West wrote about still exist?

He had a very dark, surreal view of LA. Yes, there are parts of his Hollywood that still remain.

YOU'VE OFTEN expressed your admiration for Jack Kerouac. Exactly what was it about him and his work that appealed to you?

He had a great stool at the bar and nobody sat there except Jack. But you know, he was writing his own obituary from the moment he began, and I think he was tragically seduced by his own destiny—although I'm not really qualified to say. But there have been countless biographies on him written by people who knew him well, and it seems that he really did believe in the American Dream.

I enjoy his impressions of America, certainly more than anything you'd find in *Reader's Digest*. The roar of the crowd in a bar after work; working for the railroad; living in cheap hotels; jazz.

Was Kerouac instrumental in your falling in love with those things too?

I think so, yeah. He made several recordings of himself doing readings and his records are really funny. I think he was very bitter when he died, and it isn't so nice to leave with the feeling you've been kicked in the pants. Ultimately he will have his place.

In reading over some reviews of your work, I came across a critic who attacked your music on the grounds that "it romanticises failure". Do you think there's any truth to that?

No, I don't accept that as a valid criticism. I resent that remark and I'll have his job!

What sorts of things usually trigger a song for you?

Sometimes the title comes first. Here are a few I'm working on now (pulls a small notepad out of his pocket)... 'Martini Plans', 'The Colour Of Dolls', 'Bad Directions'...

Do you enjoy writing?

Yes I do. I don't enjoy it when I'm not writing.

How do you feel about yourself as a vocalist?

At best, I'm a barking dog, but I think my voice is well suited to my material.

Have you taken steps to protect your voice?

Protect it from what? Vandals?

There was talk for a while that you were destroying your voice with the way you were living, and I notice you're no longer smoking.

Yeah, I quit smoking so I've got more wind now, but I've never taken voice lessons or anything like that. Giving up tobacco was tough.

What do you consider your chief strength as an artist?

That's a good set-up for a very flippant remark—I'd say it would be my Get Out Of Jail Free card. I don't have parties and sit down at the piano and play



INTERVIEW: KRISTINE McKENNA PHOTOC

THE HEART OF THE ROAD

old favourites. I don't enjoy sitting down at the piano in that sense. Lately I'd say my strength is an ability to take something and combine it with something it doesn't belong with, and make sense out of it. I'm trying to find different ways to use an umbrella and get away from just chronicling things.

What do you consider your best work?

I like the story in 'Burma Shave' off 'Foreign Affairs', 'Tom Traubert's Blues'. Off the new album I like 'Dave The Butcher' and 'In The Neighborhood'.

WHAT DO you see as being the dominant themes that recur through all your work?

You try not to just chew your cud but, thematically, you do tend to wind up in a particular, comfortable musical geography. I'm trying to break away from that though. I don't want to feel as though I'm knitting something, then unravelling it and knitting it again. And I think I did get beyond that with the new record. Musically, it's pretty different. There are no saxophones on the record and that's a conquest for me.

What was the central idea that took you through the making of the new record?

I wanted it to be a bit exotic, and more like a painting than a photograph. I see it as being a sort of odyssey, and I also thought of it as a wreck collection.

Why haven't you ever assembled a band with whom you could consistently work?

I don't know. You're usually worried about money when you have a road band. Studio musicians are reluctant to leave town because they're making good dough in the studio. It's awkward. I'm gonna try to put a band together in New York. I'm going there next week and I'm gonna try to do a show there, an off-Broadway run of my own demented kabuki burlesque. I want to work it out in New York, get all the snags out, and maybe we'll take it on the road.

All the people who play on the new record live in LA, so I'm gonna use different musicians. I don't know what the show will be called, but it'll include some earlier songs, and I'll write new things for it too. I don't know if I'll use sets but there will be some props. I think we're gonna have an oversized cocktail glass with a midjet in scuba gear swimming in it.

Sounds great!

Just trying it out on you. Thanks. Maybe we'll keep it in the act.

How do you work up the arrangements for your songs?

It's sort of like casting a movie. You select the correct players and the arrangements seem to follow.

How do you see your music evolving? How is the new record different from your first?

Harry Dean Stanton once told me he found a copy of my first album across a railroad track. He was in the middle of nowhere shooting a movie and he found this record melted over the tracks. I kinda like that. Nicer place to end up than in a cut-out bin at a record store.

You tend to cram a lot onto your first album. I'd say the new one is a little more adventuresome than ones I've previously made in terms of subject matter, detail and arrangement.

It feels very much like a film score to me. In fact, the specific film it reminds me of is *The Last Detail*.

Oh yeah? I just saw that again recently. "Gets his kicks fuckin' over charity. Up your ghi-ghi with a wah-wah brush and break it off". (That's some dialogue from the film.)

HOW HAS working in film changed the way you approach making music?

It's given me a better sense of developing pictures, but its effects haven't been all good. Music shouldn't necessarily give you a feeling of some other place or remind you of the beach of your girlfriend. At its best it exists alone and carries all the properties of an independent apparatus.

Do visuals always enhance music for you?

No. I don't think you can arbitrarily nail a piece of music to a discombobulated piece of film, and it's rare when it works. One thing I did learn from working with Francis Coppola, and that whole process with *One From The Heart*, is that your first idea isn't always right. Francis will wait and wait and wait. He never finishes anything, somebody just takes it away from him, and he continues to make changes up until the very last minute.

Isn't it hard for those around him to work, when the central core is always in a state of flux?

That is a problem, but you just have to be committed to that process, and to him. There are many people who work with Coppola who become disturbed, paranoid and anxiety ridden when they're between films. They need a mission, and in between films they just wait.

CONTINUES PAGE 39

GRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN



“Pop music is money and music sleeping in the same bed together. You see these trends come down the pike and you know you’ve seen ’em before and they won’t be around too long. You keep getting newly elected officials in pop music, but there are no new offices.”

ZTIS 101

You naturally hear Zang Tumb Tuum
called by it's friendly abbreviation 'Z.T.T.'
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an incidental special. 'into battle' by art of noise.
edited and selected by trevor horn and paul morley.
featuring 'beat box' and 'moments in love'.
about 25 minutes at about the beginning.

This has been number TWO
in Zang Tumb Tuum's blue INCIDENTAL SERIES.



ZANG TUMB TUUM PART TWO September 1983—January 1984
ZTT Records, The ZTT Building, 8-10 Basing Street, London W11



LPs

LONG PLAYERS

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED
Live In Tokyo (Virgin)

EVAN PARKER

Tracks (Incus)

THE CURRENT interest in music fashioned from noise is less a courageous investigation than a joyless retreat. At a time when mainstream pop has never sounded so faceless inertia has manufactured this dubious adventure as an antidote.

Tension is giving the movement strength, because there is a pull between the sound commenting directly on cultural and social isolation and its (extremely youthful) exponents springing, naked, from no cultural base. Except, of course, nobody can do that. Everybody has forebears. The group which shadows these young people like a parental ogre is Public Image Ltd.

What makes John Lydon virtually unique among white pop influences is that he has no comprehension of melody, in any form. Lydon has always been about noise. From the violent electric retching of the early Pistols to the bare rhythms of 'Death Disco' he has practised in an arena that has forgotten tunes. His singing on 'Live In Tokyo' is constantly pitched as a piercing modal rip through air: its suspension above the busy instruments is eerily detached.

Alas for us, poor acolytes of this attack on music, for it is born out of ignorance instead of determination. Lydon's invective, his studied disgust, reaches its nadir on 'Live In Tokyo'. A double edge has always persisted in PiL's output — the sense that an audience was being suckered even as it applauded these

ONE BLOWS, THE OTHER SUCKS



The real and the rotten. Evan Parker pic (above) Jak Kilby, John Lydon pic Joe Stevens

moneyed miscreants in their 'iconoclasm' — but here it carves up its master. 'Tokyo' is Lydon, the entertainer, in ghastly pieces.

PiL is now down to him alone. Martin Atkins is back at the drums but his role, like that of Louie Bernardi, Tom Zvoncheck and

Joseph Guida, is merely to perform charts. PiL's sound has become as formal and inelastic as elevator music: it is, again, noise

— without heart or flesh of any sort.

The form it takes is a codifying of PiL's cheerless songs into blank gestures. The four sides (12 inches by 45 rpm) follow a PiL chronology, dispensing with the purgative rock of 'Annalisa' and 'Religion' first and settling afterwards into the sarcastic disco steps of 'Low Life', a movement which scarcely alters for the rest of the record.

It is sarcasm only in conception, not execution. The songs are performed with the dryness of sessionman competence. Whatever point the originals of 'Death Disco' and 'Banging The Door' had in musical terms is sanded down to these impervious shells. Lydon's voice bounces off them like an insect striking perspex. It starts as a discomforting spectacle.

Until the sheer monotony of the show destroys interest. What the music of 'Live In Tokyo' finally makes clear — we'll leave the lyrics aside, for the insights offered by '(This Is Not A) Love Song' and 'Banging The Door' are gratuitous sops to an adoring public — is the chicanery of PiL's play on pop. Just as the debacle of the 'Flowers Of Romance' LP affirmed that the absent Jah Wobble was the real force of imagination behind early PiL, so these listless renditions of transparent songs blow away the credence of 'revolutionary' material.

The PiL of 'Flowers Of Romance' were illiterates toying with resources they had no idea what to do with. It was an indulgence that grew into a grand joke on business, media and audience alike, one which Lydon has doubtless been enjoying to this day. That he has never had to face an interviewer with the gumption to offer a constructive challenge has nurtured the jest; 'Live In Tokyo' proves its longevity.

Child of noise that he is, Lydon has never grasped the difference between noise-making and music that has evolved away from conventional rhythm and melody. Both he and the new groups working out to an industrial beat would do well to hear Evan Parker's 'Tracks', for the lessons in that music speak more pointedly than anything these rock-driven extremists have ever produced.

'Tracks' is four improvisations by Parker (tenor and soprano

saxophones), Barry Guy (bass and electronics) and Paul Lytton (percussion and electronics). They range from five to 19 minutes in duration; like 'Live In Tokyo' they were digitally recorded on a single occasion, and like PiL's record it superficially consists of 'noise'. But where PiL stop at surfaces, Parker's music has a profundity that defies such a tag. You never reach the bottom of it.

'Sidetrack', the longest piece, is like a supremely complex idea which is slowly unravelled from germination through a teeming middle life to a beautiful, singing resolution. There is no simple theme to hum but a mosaic of fragments which also make up the other three tracks: it can be brutally intense or as delicate as gossamer.

The connection cannot be shirked: the politics of PiL, the late Throbbing Gristle and the new industrialists blindly aspire towards making a kind of music which men like Parker have already been distilling for years. 'Tracks' is no product of an 'art' background, either. Parker is considered and exacting where his opposites are aggressive and indiscriminate because his approach is empirical: he has worked it through, every rigour and inflection. If the blunt physicality of the PiL or Neubauten beat seems missing — and it's true that the sound level of 'Tracks' is rather curiously low — the dynamic is far more volatile.

Beside this immense concentration, this rich masque of exploration, the new music of PiL is so much pipsqueak piffle. As conceptual blandness it's probably on a par with Throbbing Gristle's 'Twenty Jazz-Funk Greats', but Lydon's plebeian wrath was never to be linked with such a grotesque pantomime.

Or was it? Perhaps 'Live In Tokyo' is precisely that. Lydon acts the entertaining artist to the hilt. He even encourages an audience singalong on 'Love Song' and a faintly amusing excerpt of 'Under The House'. Even when he played behind screens or with his back to the audience he was obsessively public, gorged on attention. Parker, one of the most painfully self-effacing of men, wishes to be invisible when he plays: his music is himself. The difference... is the difference.

Richard Cook

WHO ARE EUCLIDING, JOHN?

JOHN FOXX

The Golden Section (Metal Beat/Virgin)

ACCORDING TO Penguin's Art And Artists dictionary The Golden Section is "the name given to that irrational proportion, known at least since Euclid, which has often been thought to possess some aesthetic virtue in itself, some hidden harmonic proportion in tune with the universe".

It doesn't necessarily help you to know this, except as an indication of John Foxx's ambition. Is he seeking, for his third solo LP, a perfect balance of all pop's imperfections, an ultimate harmony in the pop universe of homage and plagiarism, of influence and input? If so, then the acid maze of The Beatles between 'Revolver' and 'The White Album' is

an odd point of departure.

Despite, or perhaps because of, Foxx's excellent craftsmanship he comes out sounding like he took off somewhere between '66 and '68 only to crashland in ELO circa 1972. Like them, he and collaborator Zeus B. Held dishearteningly restore order to a set of Beatle sawtooth string derangements, whose original charm was their being out of kilter.

Anyway, no matter where these songs begin, they all seem to end in the same runaway chorus — there to unleash Foxx's healthily muscular voice, now desperately in need of a more varied setting. 'The Golden Section' — a very late flipside to 'Eldorado' — is not it. 'Something / Anything' would be better.

Chris Bohn

GUCCI GULLEY

THE COMSAT ANGELS

Land (Jive)

HE STUDIED his mirror reflection critically. Outside the unblinking summer sun scorched down from a still blue sky. It reminded him of the long time lapse between his last recording session and today. The fruition of nine months of studio labour was seeing the light at last. A new sound, a new style, a new image. He winced at the word and pushed the play button on his cassette player.

Even on the hissing mono the

sound was rich and fulsome. The band had never sounded so together, so clean and well-knit. The strains of the new single filled the room. Undemanding and unexceptional, 'Will You Stay Tonight' was characteristic of their new work. His voice was assertive and his guitar riffs simple. Kev's bass was restrained and polite and Mic's drumming was so subdued it was barely discernible in the overall sea of sound. Even Andy's keyboards merged unobtrusively into the background, sucked into a vacuum of coalescence.

He was glad they'd stuck to obvious hooklines this time around. Safety was the keyword, that and the cohesiveness provided by Mike's production. Mike's polish could give them their final leg-up to chartland — after all, having OMD, China

Crisis and A Flock Of Seagulls to your credit was no mean feat. In fact the new Comsats didn't sound so different from Mike's other proteges. From anyone, really.

The groomed strains of the remixed 'Independence Day' filled the room. He was suddenly struck by the inexperience of the original and he blushed, remembering how gauche they'd been. Those hazy ethics...

A ghost of doubt shadowed his optimism but he pushed it back to his subconscious, and focused his attention on the glossy pop magazine on his desk. Out in the street the car rolled up and a PR face he'd never seen shrieked a greeting. He grabbed his Gucci and made for the door.

Leyla Sanal

John Foxx illustration: Ian Wright



LAZY MADONNA

MADONNA

Madonna (Sire)

IN WHICH a competent but far from outstanding girl vocalist tackles eight slices of routine dance music and emerges with a solid if slightly listless performance that leaves the listener asking, why? For despite the presence of such 'names' as Reggie Lucas, John 'Jellybean' Benitez, John Guthrie, Madonna, (both girl and LP) rarely rises above its medium, rarely justifies the slight fuss surrounding her.

There's little to love here, only the sprightly single 'Lucky Star' which has a tricky guitar motif worth checking and the couplet in the otherwise dross of 'Burning Up' which reads, "I put myself in this position / And I deserve the imposition."

Otherwise, competence meets mediocrity and is rarely inspired. Time rhymes with mine, fire with desire, me with see, door with more, you with do, around with down, sway with... need I go on? There are obligatory stops and starts, incredibly bland arrangements of even blander songs such as 'I Know It' and 'Burning Up' and Madonna somewhere in the middle with a voice that faintly tickles, struggling to overcome and push the music into some heady circle.

In the hands of Change, Madonna's 'Holiday' could have been a classic; here it's a drag. In the hands of Chaka Khan, Madonna's 'Everybody' would have been passable; here it's trite. And so it goes. One out of eight, and available as a single. Need I say more?

Paolo Hewitt

MUDDY WATERS Hoochie Coochie Man (Blue Sky) Rollin' Stone (Blue Moon)

NEARLY 70 years ago in the Mississippi delta McKinley Morganfield was born — a boy who grew into a man, I mean MAN (spelt M... A... etc.) called Muddy Waters. Muddy Waters created the most enormous sound galvanising the bedrock of delta blues into a tower of strength, integrity and inspiration.

Muddy Waters made a music that ate up everything in sight: possessed with an unshakeable power and certainty, it steamrolled through the depression and post-war years creating and absorbing rock'n'roll — from its first magnificent eruption right up to its lame latter day posing. So that even in his twilight years Muddy emerged as hard and as strong as he had ever been, his appetite insatiable, his faculties razor-sharp. He was ready. He meant business. "I'm drinking TNT, I'm smoking dynamite/I hope some school boy wants to start a fight/Cause I'm ready, ready as anybody can be."

'Rollin' Stone' and 'Hoochie Coochie Man' are two collections showing the man at two of his creative peaks — the first is the original classic 'I'm Ready' album from his seminal '50s Chess recordings in all but name, and the latter is the cream of four albums he recorded with producer Johnny Winter in the latter half of the '70s. 'Rollin' Stone' not only stirs the listener with its base of eerie, spine-shivering swamp blues but impresses as a set of songs that make sense as an LP, an asset that is all but lost by most groups today.

From the opening 'Forty Days' through 'All Aboard' (a song that was the Godfather of Presley's 'Mystery Train') and the mighty 'I'm Ready' to the cumulative serenity of 'Goin'

Home', Muddy Waters has the listener in his grasp, inexorably drawn into a strange world that alternately frazzles and freezes, that buzzes and stings.

By defining himself and his worldview so resolutely, Muddy Waters changed the world, inasmuch as any 20th century musician can hope to change the world. This LP and the other songs he recorded at the time were a well pool from which successive generations of musicians would draw. It demanded attention for the deep cultures on which it was founded, breaking down the myopia of white urban 20th century American man to uncover the true depth and immensity of the country and its history, while his proud declarations of dignity and intent foreshadowed the rise of Civil Rights.

It never sounds dated or quaint — you recognize on impact what it must have meant to have heard the first mean rasp or moan from Muddy. The guitar snapping into blazes of colour — stretching out whiplash tentacles only to be cut short (he understood the way to utilise brevity to stunning effect), letting those moments of sheer exhilaration or tormented agony hang suspended in space. This is mind-blowing, heart-stopping stuff, a beat like no other.

And if the sheer magnitude of that wasn't enough he stepped up 20 years later, still fresh, his abilities undiminished, with a new version of 'Mannish Boy', perhaps the single most powerful track ever recorded. An electric minefield of guitar with drums that would make anyone with a functioning sphincter dirty their pants and a voice that meshed into the whole searing backing track — so confident, proud and defiant.

At a time when most would be — excusably — rehashing their old glories, Muddy



Waters of the Mississippi. Pic Joe Stevens

THE M-A-N WHO ROLLED THE WORLD

Waters was recreating and redefining his music and his stature. The songs on 'Hoochie Coochie Man' are old blues standards, but they are relocated with masterful accuracy, mustering the often misused might of electric rock'n'roll and making it work for him, showing the way it

should be done. Everyone rises to the occasion, to Muddy Waters' presence — be it veterans like Willie 'Big Eyes' Smith on drums, the excellent Jimmie Rogers on guitar or relative newcomers like producer Johnny Winter and Charles Shaar Murray on sleeve notes.

Together these LPs go a large part of the way to providing a fitting testimony to the totality of Muddy Waters music. For those who weren't around at the time, this great man and his earth-shattering music will blow you clean away. Still.

Gavin Martin

DAVID KNOPFLER "SOUL KISSING"

THE FIRST SINGLE FROM DAVID KNOPFLER'S ALBUM "RELEASE" ON PEACH RIVER RECORDS LTD.



photo Jane Bown

Single no. BBPR 7, Album no. DAVID 1, Cass. no. ZC DAVID1. — Distributed by PRT Ltd. 640-3344

nazz

MUSIC FOR THE BACK OF YOUR MIND

NAZZ

Nazz
Nazz Nazz
Nazz III

(All Rhino imports)

THESE THREE records have such a giant reputation, the original pressings as sought after as moon dust, that they would have to be utterly sensational to match their legend. They aren't, of course, but they are unique: they slam a stylistic psychedelia inside a showcase, a '60s kid's joy in his toys. Some of this Nazz music is almost perfect.

The group was Todd Rundgren's first proper plaything (1968-9). He wrote most of 'Nazz' and 'Nazz III' and every note of 'Nazz Nazz'. The occasional distractions, like Carson Van Osten's acid blues pastiches on the third record, only make you impatient for Rundgren's return. He allows keyboardist Robert 'Stewkey' Antoni most of the lead vocals and sweetens the harmonies himself; the meticulously deranged fuzztone guitar he has stuck by to this day. And he was already speaking his child's mind about the ways of the world.

Look no further than 'Some People' or 'Lemming Song' for all that. But Nazz pop was too darn young to make Rundgren's freak daydreams any more than that—a clear-air vision of romance seen through music that grew out of The Troggs, The Move and The Herd. Nazz were Anglophiles second to none—the first side of 'Nazz Nazz' is like some glittering carousel of the most inspired snippets of English psychedelic pop—and they were great because those influences set them on fire. They took off from 'Night Of The Long Grass' and 'Blackberry Way' instead of merely duplicating them.

No English paisleyists could ever have conceived of 'Open My Eyes', anyway. You had to

have a Buick in the garage and Mitch Ryder on your radio to make such a thunderous, virtuosic record as that. It opens 'Nazz', was subsequently anthologised on 'Nuggets' and remains the single most potent memory of the group, a furious onslaught of guitars and voices bursting out of themselves and whirled right off the planet by the most thick-spread phasing imaginable.

If a wander through these six sides fails to turn over anything else quite as magnificent, the ear is constantly enchanted by the dazzle of the Nazz imagination. Thom Mooney, as his name implies, was like an even younger and more enthusiastic Keith Moon—his snare assaults have kept the tracks' momentum alive. Rundgren, meanwhile, was already fascinated by the studio. The chimes he uses on 'Only One Winner' or the strange, singing fantasy of 'Letters Don't Count'—even the 11 billowing minutes of 'A Beautiful Song', a prophetic indulgence—portray a young magician at work.

As hard-edged as Nazz could be, it was Rundgren's ballads that showed them at their most lustrous. Nobody else trod a line so finely spun between white soul and pop as he did on 'It's Not That Easy', 'Gonna Cry Today', 'Hello It's Me' and 'You Are My Window'. These are songs so fragile and crystal-pure, almost sexless, that you feel a breath of wind would shatter them.

Yet they have survived, as strongly as the epic fever of 'Magic Me' and 'Back Of Your Mind'. The Nazz were an American group caught in an exact balance between eras, between the breathless bloom of '60s pop and the stolid accomplishment of '70s rock: as Lenny Kaye noted, they suggested that "the new age which had long been threatening was now about to show its hand".

They weren't permitted to be a part of that age. Instead, time sealed them up in three collectors' item LPs—now available for all to hear.

Richard Cook

ADRIAN BELEW

Twang Bar King (Island)

SOMETIMES ONE wonders how record companies make any money. They are forever signing commercial and artistic disasters, people who make neither money nor history. People like Adrian Bewle, now on his second LP.

Bewle has achieved fame as a guitarist for David Bowie and Talking Heads. His zonking great solos were occasionally imitated by the likes of Japan, and there is a great temptation

to compare the poor fellow to Mick Ronson. Both had this marvellous habit of ruining large sections of Bowie records—and, as a reward, they both got solo contracts.

Like Ronson, too, Bewle is cursed with the inability to escape the routines of his employers. Just as the Spider from Hull only sounded happy doing third-hand 'Aladdin Sane' pastiches, so Adrian can only make convincing noises through the appropriated vocal chords and composing style of David Byrne. Around half of 'Twang Bar King' sounds like

out-takes from 'Fear Of Music', all wistful melodies, straining voice and garbage lyrics. Bewle does occasionally break out of this prison, but only to securely lock himself up in pointless renditions of "rockers", or piss about for 30 seconds with a tape-deck.

At one point, he does a truly awe-inspiring impression of David Byrne pretending to be Bruce Springsteen... why Americans all want to be train-drivers until an advanced age is a mystery to me. At another, he tells us that he was a fish-head. Quite. David Quantick



Todd—nice and Nazzty



Miss Lou to you

WE NAH AVE FE SHAME

LOUISE BENNETT

"Yes M Dear"—Miss Lou Live (Island)

"If you did hear what Auntie Roachy say..."—Lloyd Hussey (1983)

"The greatest comedian Ranny and Miss Lou..."—Peter Metro (1983)

THIS LONG time gal me never see you, come mek me hol' you han'. Peel head John Crow sit

head John Crow sit dung pon treetop pick off de blossom, you know what I mean? Well massa, I gwine tell you what it mean.

Because most Jamaican people will know fe we have peel head John Crow. Barbajan people won't know. No massa, because you know how some Barbajan people did come a Jamaica one time and when them see the peel head John Crow you don't know: "Jamaica turkey does fly high". Oh my child! So y' see, this peel head John Crow he's really a vulture. So he doesn't pick blossoms, peel head John Crow don't eat blossom at all. You know weh vulture eat! So when I say peel head John Crow sit dung pon treetop pick off de blossom, what a situation! what an unusual ting! what an impossible thing! I never thought we would have met me darling, come hol' me han'...

Now my chile I have to tell you a few things. Y' see when I said peel

For my Auntie Roachy say when the Asian culture and the European culture back up on African culture in the Caribbean people, we stir them up and blend them 'til we flavour, we shake them up and move them 'til we beat, we wheel them and we turn them and we rock them and we sound them and we temper them and last the rhythm sweet. Yes m' dear.

So then we don't need to shame o' the t'ings we have at all, at all... Like my Auntie Roachy say she vex anytime she hear any people a come style fe we Jamaica language as corruption o' the English language. You ever

hear anything go so? Auntie Roachy say she no know wha' make them no call the English language corruption of the Norman French or the Greek and the Latin when them say English is *derived from!* Oono hear the world! English derive but Jamaica corrup'. No massa that no go so.

Plenty of the words them in a fe we language weh them tell we seh a corruption are good good African word that come from a nice African language name *twi*. A one good language. And mek me tell you missus, y' see all word like *bankra*, eh eh a *twi* that, a basket. And when we say *nyam* and them gwan like when you say *nyam* you a talk bad. Hum. A one good word. Eh eh, food and eat and all them things there. Yow! Oh man, like *fenky fenky* and *pia pia* and *su su* and *seh seh* and *cuss cuss*...

So we nah 'ave fe shame at all, at all... For my Auntie Roachy say the whole thing that happen, when the English forefathers them was a try fe muss and bound the African ancestors them fe chat so so English, but the African ancestors them pop them. Yes sir. For them disguise up the English in a the African in such a way that them still couldn't understand it. Listen now man. And up 'til today although *plenty o'* we Jamaica word them got English in a it, no Englishman he can't understand wha' we a say if we no want them understand... A true!

Lawks I tell you chile! Hear the foo foo gal. Yes m' dear.

Penny Reel

THE THRASHING HEART

MALARIA

Revisited! (ROIR cassette)

39 CLOCKS

Blades In Your Masquerade (Flicknife)

NEIL COOPER's ROIR cassettes-only are attractive, useful as addenda. Occasionally they're even good. Malaria's live tape isn't great but they are a group which has a great effect on me, regardless of how well they play or how well they are recorded. OK, so they're consumptively torn by all the sorrows of young Werthers and everything that's emotionally disastrous in the German spirit, but their mournfulness is as hard and demonized as a Nazi march.

The sadness is so powerful it's as if they had the weight of the whole Third Reich pressed on their shoulders. Malaria melt Nico into Banshees: innocent yet cold, their monotony thrashes the heart. If 'Tod (Death)' is a mess against 'Emotions' original, I'm thrilled by the icy throb and desolation of 'Cold Clear Water'. Malaria's synths are mad, now out of control, now militarily reigned in. The noise is raw, digital, brutally clear, yet the feelings are those of grand opera. Bettina hits a deeper despair than the Siouxsie clones. It's because she's operatic that something real, something pure, comes through.

There's nothing camp in Malaria's stark pallor and black togs. They are other-worldly, with a female masculinity, a staunch camaraderie. They are at once amazons of apocalypse and women at the weeping Wall. Wedged between the bits of DAF and Liaisons D is something definitively theirs, which infects and overpowers me. It's real.

On 'Blades In Your Masquerade', 96 Tears turn into 39 Clocks, and a German duo give us an entertaining Hanoverian slant on Suicide and The Velvet Underground dubbed "psycho beat". This compilation could be roughly described as Helmut Berger fronting the Velvets: I'm sure I can hear Berger hissing "blades in your masquerade, imperialist pig!" somewhere in Victory At Entebbe. Nice one. Barney Hoskyns



GADGET'S GIGS SET

FAD GADGET, already set to support Siouxsie & The Banshees in their concerts at London Royal Albert Hall this weekend (Friday and Saturday), subsequently undertakes a short tour in support of his new Mute Records single 'I Discover Love'. He visits Liverpool Pickwicks (11 October), Bradford Queen's Hall (12), Glasgow Night Moves (13), Edinburgh venue to be set (14), Sheffield Leadmill (15), London Victoria The Venue (19), Manchester Hacienda Club (20) and Birmingham Aston University (21). The band's current line-up comprises Frank Tovey (vocals), David Simmonds (piano and synth), Nicholas Cash (drums), Joni Sackett (vocals and viola) and David Rogers (bass).

MORE TOUR ADDITIONS

JoBOXERS, PAUL YOUNG, JUDAS

JoBOXERS have now confirmed a major London date to climax their current UK tour, reported last week — it's at the Hammersmith Palais on Tuesday, 25th October. Support acts are The Milkshakes plus another band to be named, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50.

EDDIE & SUNSHINE have added Reading University on 15 October to the Living TV schedule, which means that Coventry Warwick University is brought forward from that date to 12 October. Their show on 8 October is switched from Liverpool to Dundee University.

THE ALARM have added Bath University (20 October), and their cancelled Aylesbury Friars gig has now been re-set for 5 November. THE SPECIMEN have extra gigs at Derby Blue Note (6 October) and St. Albans City Hall (8).

THE ANIMALS, who make their UK reunion appearance at London Royal Albert Hall on 17 October, have added a second at that venue due to heavy ticket demand. The group — featuring the original line-up of Eric Burdon, Alan Price, Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine and John Steel — will now also be playing there on 18 October. Tickets are £15, £12.50, £10, £7.50 and £5 from all branches of Keith Prowse.

JUDAS PRIEST have announced another couple of dates for their pre-Christmas outing, previously reported. They are at Newcastle City Hall (12 December) and Glasgow Apollo (13). Admission is £5 and £4.50, with additional £4 tickets at Newcastle.

PAUL YOUNG is in such demand, as the result of his chart success, that he's added another seven dates to the tail end of his current tour — at Winsford Civic Theatre (23 October), Chesterfield Shoulder Of Mutton (24), Leeds University (25), Chippenham Goldiggers (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (28), Southampton Gaumont (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (30). Tickets are £4 only at the first five venues, then £4.50 and £3.50 (Southampton) and £5 (London). The Hammersmith show has been added because his date at London Lyceum (17 October) has sold out.

DIO have now added Birmingham Odeon on 3 November to their debut UK tour, reported two weeks ago. This was the date originally announced for Cardiff St. David's Hall, which now moves to 4 November.

THE TRUTH have slotted an extra date into their current extensive tour — at Bournemouth Dorset Institute on 19 October. And their gig at Brighton Pavilion moves forward two days from 25 to 23 October. Their London showcase is set for the Lyceum Ballroom on 29 October.

BIG COUNTRY's additional concert at the Hammersmith Odeon is this Friday (3) — not last Friday, as we understood and duly reported. Sorry if you were misled.

Misty on the roots trail

MISTY IN ROOTS — newly returned from the first-ever reggae tour of Poland, where they performed in concert to audiences up to 6000 strong — begin a series of British dates this weekend. They play Birmingham Hummingbird (tomorrow, Friday), Aberystwyth University (4 October), Salford University (8), Bradford University (12), Liverpool University (14), Colchester Essex University (15), Uxbridge

Brunel University (21), Aberdeen University (27), Edinburgh University (28) and Dundee University (29).

They've also launched a mail order record club in order to circumvent the high prices in shops, enabling people to purchase records by Misty In Roots (and other artists on their label) at reduced prices — details from People Unite, 2A Dudley Road, Southall, Middlesex.



LIA APPOINTED VICE CAPTAIN

VICE SQUAD have not disintegrated following Beki Bondage's departure, as many cynics felt they might — in fact, her replacement Lia looks well suited for the role. The band are already busy in the studio recording a new single, while simultaneously working on a live set for upcoming gigs. The current line-up is (from left to right) Lia, Dave, Sooty, Mark and Shane.

MONSTER HALLOWE'EN EVENT

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH top a Monster Halloween Ball at London Lyceum Ballroom on Monday, 31 October — along with Beat, Flesh For Lulu, Crown Of Thorns, Geschlecht AKT and one other band still to be named. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50. Promoters are Head Music.



C-C RIDER

... IN A LIGHT BLUE ESCORT

JOHN COOPER CLARKE this week begins a lengthy two-month schedule, which rejoices in the name of the "Ten Years In A Light Blue Escort World Tour". British dates are interrupted by a two-week visit to Australasia (12–23 October), and more have still to be finalised — these include a major London show as special guest on the Poison Girls-Mark Miwardz cabaret tour. Those confirmed so far are:

Hereford Market Tavern (tonight, Thursday), Oxford Polytechnic (Friday), London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre (Saturday), Birmingham Aston University (6 October), London North-East Polytechnic (7), Hull Spring Street Theatre (8), Salisbury Arts Centre (27), Exmouth Pavilion (29), Leeds University (2 November), London Strand Kings College (4), Bracknell South Hill Park Centre (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (18), Birmingham Midlands Arts Centre (20), Oxford St. Catherine's College (24) and Cardiff Wales Polytechnic (25).



Whitesnake poised for attack



DAVID COVERDALE: hair today and gone tomorrow

Bluebells out in autumn

THE BLUEBELLS, who recently made a sizeable impact with their single 'Sugar Bridge', are playing a string of 11 dates in October — at London Kensington Imperial College (3), Hatfield Polytechnic (4), London Hampstead Westfield College (5), Kingston Polytechnic (6), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (7), Brighton Polytechnic (8), London Marquee Club supported by White Savages (10), Liverpool Edge Hill College (14), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (15), Aberdeen The Venue (20) and Edinburgh University (21). This is only an appetiser for a major tour they'll be undertaking in the New Year.

THE CHIEF OBEYS CALL TO UK

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY — the high priest of African ju-ju music (that's allowing for King Sunny Ade being the monarch) — brings his full entourage to Britain for two major dates in late October. His 24-piece outfit — including singers, dancers, electric guitars, electric bass and several African talking drummers — will be in action at Birmingham Hummingbird (28 October) and London Hammersmith Palais (30), and tickets at both venues are £3.50, on sale now.

FLESH TONES FLYING IN

THE FLESH TONES, the New York R&B band who've just released their second album 'Hexbreaker', have been lined up for their second British tour — and during the course of it, A&M Records will be releasing their latest single 'Screaming Skull'. They open with two nights at London's Savoy Ballroom on 18 and 19 October as special guests of The Alarm, but the rest of their dates are in their own right, as follows: Bognor Ocean Bars (20), Rayleigh Crocs (21), Hastings Rumours (22), Leeds Warehouse (24), Liverpool Venue Club (26), Sheffield Polytechnic (27), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (28), Birmingham Tin Can Club (29), Exeter University (30), London Marquee Club (31), Manchester Fagins (2 November), Glasgow Night Moves (3) and Dudley J.B.'s (4).

HEAVY PETTIN, whose debut single 'In And Out Of Love' attracted considerable attention, are headlining a ten-date tour in support of their first Polydor album 'Letting Loose' (released on 14 October). They play Leeds Fforde Green (this Saturday), Birmingham Golden Eagle (Sunday), London Marquee (3 October), Bristol Granary (4), Cardiff New Ocean (5), Manchester Adam & Eve (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7), Glasgow Mayfair (9), Edinburgh Nite Club (10) and Ayr Pavilion (11). They're also being negotiated for the guest spot on two major tours.

THE FIXX — the London band who've been hitting the high spots in the States, where their album 'Reach The Beach' has been certified gold — return home for a short respite between US engagements, and play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on 17 October. Their new single 'One Thing Leads To Another', has just been issued.

WASTED TALENT, the agency responsible for the affairs of many leading rock groups, has disputed the claims made last week by London Brixton Academy. A spokesman for that venue said that The Police, Eurythmics, The Pretenders and Simple Minds were among acts being negotiated for appearances there — but the agency has vehemently denied this.



LITA FORD, who's just finished touring with Rainbow, is returning to the UK to headline a one-off at London Marquee Club on 11 October. She and her band — Randy Rand (bass) and Randy Castillo (drums) — then fly back to the States to record a new album.



ANOTHER FINE MESS OF LAUREL & HARDY DATES

LAUREL & HARDY set out this weekend on their own headlining tour, coinciding with the release of their first single for Upright Records, 'Dangerous Shoes'/'Write Me A Letter'. They'll be touring with an eight-piece band, which was originally formed for the recording of their debut album, due out in late October — included in the line-up are drummer Richie Stevens (from Denis Bovell's Dub Band), keyboards man Reg and bassist Spy (from The Investigators) and trombonist Annie Whitehead, who's recently been working with the likes of The Fun Boy Three, Paul Weller and Jah Wobble. Confirmed dates are Bath University (this Friday), Brighton Polytechnic (Saturday), London Stratford Theatre Royal (Sunday), Hatfield Polytechnic (4 October), Bradford College (5), Newcastle University (6), Glasgow University (7), Edinburgh University (8), Fallowfield Owens Park (9), Birmingham University (14) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (15).

WHITESNAKE this week announced details of their end-of-year British tour, plans for which were revealed by NME in early August. They'll be appearing in six of the country's largest venues during the period immediately before Christmas, and the concerts will be billed as the "Slide It In Tour", so-called because their new EMI album for mid-November release is titled 'Slide It In'.

Dates and venues are St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14 December), London Wembley Arena (17), Leeds Queen's Hall (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Glasgow Apollo (21) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (23). It's not inconceivable that one or two other shows will be added, particularly at Wembley, and it's significant that a couple of spare dates have been left in their schedule.

Ticket prices are £5 (St. Austell), £6 and £5 (Wembley and Birmingham), £5.50 (Leeds) and £5.50, £5 and £4.50 (Edinburgh and Glasgow). They are available now from box-offices, though there are additional outlets for three of the venues — details as follows, bearing in mind that booking fees are payable at agencies:

● WEMBLEY: From Premier Box-Office, Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings and Albemarle Agency. Also available by post at £6.30 and £5.30 (including booking fee) from MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ — make cheques and POs payable to "MAC Promotions", and enclose SAE.

● LEEDS: Barkers (Leeds), Virgin (Newcastle and Sheffield), Bradleys (Huddersfield and Halifax), Record Village (Scunthorpe), Hamiltons (Middlesbrough), Solid Entertainments (Grimsby), J.A.T. and E.G.S. (Wakefield), Sound Effects (York), Gough & Davey (Hull), Piccadilly (Manchester), Bostoks (Bradford), Fox's (Doncaster) and The Box-Office (Lincoln).

● BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops and Odeon Theatre (Birmingham), Way Ahead (Nottingham), Piccadilly (Manchester), Leicester De Montfort Hall, Goulds (Wolverhampton), Apollo Theatre (Oxford and Coventry), Penny Lane (Chester and Liverpool), T.L.C.A. and Royal Court Theatre (Liverpool), The Box-Office (Lincoln), Way Ahead (Derby) and all Mike Lloyd Record Shops.

David Coverdale collapsed from exhaustion last week, while working in Munich on the new album. On doctor's orders, he's now resting in London for two weeks, then returns to Munich to finish the LP.

Co-op paying dividends!

PALLAS, SOLSTICE & TRILOGY are co-headlining a major UK package tour, which hits the road in November under the banner of 'Brave New World'. It's been put together on a co-operative basis, with the three bands sharing the costs, and they've also concluded a deal with EMI Records for the release of a mid-price compilation album featuring all three of them — this will be issued at the time of the tour, details to follow.

They play Swansea Leisure Centre (10 November), Cardiff New Ocean Club (11), Oxford Polytechnic (12), Sheffield Polytechnic (15), Newcastle University (17), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (20), Glasgow Night Moves (21), Coventry Polytechnic (23), Bangor University (25), Guildford Surrey University (26), Dunstable Queensway Hall (27) and Loughborough University (30), with a prestige London venue still to be announced. Pallas are currently recording a new album in Atlanta, while Solstice have gigs in their own right at Northampton White Lion (tonight, Thursday), Coventry General Wolfe (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Sheffield Leadmill (Sunday) and Northampton Slipper (next Monday).

WINSTON REEDY has been named as support act on the upcoming UB40 tour, opening in Glasgow on 9 October — he'll be appearing on all dates, except Birmingham, backed by a group called Hard Rock. To coincide, Reedy (who was formerly with The Cimarons) releases his first solo album 'Dim The Light' this weekend on Inner Light.

THE ORIGINAL CHI-LITES — Eugene Record, Marshall Thompson and Squirrel Lester — are being lined up for a club and cabaret tour by promoter Henry Sellers. Dates so far set are at Colchester Tartan House (28 October), Watford Bailey's (31–5 November), London Brixton The Academy (6), Peterborough La Scala (9), Birmingham Hummingbird (11) and Manchester venue to be announced (12).

HELIX, the five-man Canadian outfit, are to be special guests on the upcoming European tour by Kiss — which includes eight UK dates in late October.

THE DEFECTS are playing a couple of dates next week — London Marquee Club with The Outcasts (this Sunday) and Feltham Football Club (7 October) — to preview their new single, a cover of the Presley classic 'Suspicious Minds', due out on 28 October. It's their first release on the I.D. label after leaving WXYZ Records.

RECORD NEWS

● A distribution deal has been signed between IDS and Brand New Records, the label launched by Mike Vernon who's previously been responsible for chart success by the likes of Rocky Sharpe, Level 42 and Dr. Feelgood, prior to which he headed Blue Horizon Records. First release under the deal is the album 'Good Rockin' Tonight' by Scottish rock 'n' rollers Johnny & The Roccas (out this week), and it's followed next week by a Chris Farlowe single titled 'Livin' Ain't Easy Without You'.

● Phil Thornalley, whose recording career runs parallel with his work as a top engineer and producer, has shot off to Australia to help finish off the new Duran album. But he'll be back in time for the release of his next Riva Records single in late October, and he'll then have less than a month to record his debut album — which he's writing, producing and mixing, as well as singing and playing all the instruments — before flying out to Nassau to co-produce the new Thompson Twins LP.



SHEILA CHANDRA

● Indipop have put together a 'Music & Dance Compilations' featuring a blend of eastern and western music producing a hybrid of reggae, soul, dance music and Asian sounds. Among the ten acts on the LP are Monsoon (with Bill Nelson guesting), Sheila Chandra, East-West and the Manchester-based Suns Of Arqa. It will be issued by a major label early next year, but meanwhile it's pre-released by mail order from Indipop Music Ltd., 92 Birkbeck Road, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 0ED — price £4.50 (including p&p), Postal Orders only.

● Highly-rated American band X release their second album for Elektra on 7 October, titled 'More Fun In The New World'. It was produced by ex-Doors keyboard man Ray Manzarek — and, unusually for US albums, contains 13 tracks.

● Warner Brothers release the debut album by Michael Sembello on 7 October, 'Bossa Nova Hotel'. It was produced by Phil Ramone, and the ten tracks include 'Maniac', which was taken from the 'Flashdance' soundtrack LP.

● Film star Sissy Spacek, best known for her role as Loretta Lynn in the movie 'Coal Miner's Daughter', has her debut album 'Hangin' Up My Heart' released by Atlantic on 7 October. Hank Williams and Loretta Lynn are among composers featured.

● American singer Ronnie Dyson releases his second album this weekend on the Cotillion label (through WEA). Titled 'Brand New Day', it includes his current single 'All Over Your Face'.

● Four-piece Los Angeles outfit Motley Crue — the flash rockers who dress in studs, leather and stiletto heels! — have their new album 'Shout At The Devil' issued by Elektra on 7 October. It's the follow-up to their self-named debut set last year.

● 'Shock Horror' is the title of a mini-LP by The Waves, featuring ex-Soft Boys member Kimberly Rew, and it's out this week on Aftermath Records (through Pinnacle and Rough Trade). From the same source comes the 12-inch single 'Blades Of Battenberg', by Paul Roland, best known for his versions of unreleased Marc Bolan songs.

ELTON JOHN whose album 'Too Late For Zero' has just gone gold releases a new single on Rocket next weekend titled 'Kiss The Bride' — it's already been a hit in America, and this is the US edited version, while the B-side is the previously unused 'DREAMBOAT'. It's also available as a double-pack, with a free single featuring two of his previous hits, 'Ego' and 'Song For Guy'.



HAIRCUT 100 release their second Polydor single on 7 October, 'So Tired'/'Fish In A Bowl', available in both 7" and 12" forms — the latter contains both the standard and extended versions of the A-side, plus a "deeper version" of the coupling. There are no plans yet for the group to tour, though they will be playing a few selected dates to tie in with the release of their new album, details to follow.

TIGHT FIT haven't so far released a new single this year, even though they've sold three million in the last 18 months! But their first 1983 offering appears tomorrow (Friday) on Jive Records, titled 'Love The One You're With' — also available as a 12-inch with extended and dub mixes. The B-side 'Hirewire' was written by group leader Steve Grant, who's been spending the last nine months building a studio at his home, while the two girls — Vicky Pemberton and Carol Dean — have been doing modelling and session work.

ABSTRACT'S MAJOR SIGNINGS

ABSTRACT RECORDS enter a new phase of expansion with the signing of four important acts, all highly rated in their respective fields — 1919, The Three Johns, Joolz and New Model Army. The first release this weekend is the single 'Cry Wolf'/'Storm' by 1919, available in 7" and 12", with a bonus track called 'Dream' on the latter. Leeds band The Three Johns follow on 14 October with 'A.W.O.L.'/'Rooster Blue' and, in this case, the 12-inch features two extra tracks. In the vanguard of the new breed of poets is Joolz, whose single 'Denise'/'The Latest Craze'/'War Of Attrition' is out on 28 October (12-inch only) — it was produced by Jah Wobble, who also wrote the music. New Model Army's debut for the label will be in November, and details will follow shortly.

● Union Records (through Pinnacle) are releasing the farewell album from De Press, the ancestors of highly-rated Polish-Norwegian group Holy Toy, titled 'On The Other Side'. Other albums from the same label are 'Agape-Agape (Love-Love)' by mysterious German outfit Popol Vuh, 'Assassin' by English synthesist Mark Shreeve and 'Small Mercies' by Oslo-based Fra Lippo Lippi.

● Recommended Records release a self-named LP by Japanese group Wha Ha Ha, who were formed out of the Yellow Magic Orchestra, and have so far had three albums issued in their own country — this is a compilation culled from those three sets, and the first 1500 copies come with a hand-printed Japanese poster. The same label releases the debut 12-inch EP 'Meridian' by The Camberwell Now, the group formed out of the now-defunct This Heat — and it reissues the first two EPs by Tin Huey in their original picture sleeves, 'Tin Huey' and 'Breakfast With The Hueys'.



Cliff's 46th LP — and a box set

CLIFF RICHARD, who begins his 25th anniversary tour next week, releases his 46th album to coincide — appropriately, it's called 'Silver', and it comprises ten new songs. At the same time, EMI are also making available a limited edition presentation box set — it contains the new LP, plus a second album titled 'Rock'n'Roll Silver', featuring ten rock classics selected by Cliff and produced by his band Thunder. This second LP will only be available as part of the box set — it includes a new recording of his very first single 'Move It', and the box also contains a booklet of specially commissioned photographs.

● Marilyn, who's recently achieved a degree of notoriety as Boy George's companion, has signed a worldwide singles and albums deal with Phonogram, whose spokesman commented: "We regard him as a major new talent and he's starting work in the studio this week. He's already written some excellent material, and we hope to have his first single out in late October."

● Cumbrian five-piece Bitches Sin release a six-song cassette called 'Out Of My Mind', with a recommended retail price of £2.49. It's being distributed nationally by Pinnacle.

● BBC Records have released an album of the soundtrack music from the current BBC-1 thriller serial 'Dark Side Of The Sun', as well as a single of the main theme. And Red Bus Records have issued a single of the theme from the current ITV series 'Reilly, Ace Of Spies', played by The Olympic Orchestra.



SHEENA EASTON releases her fourth album 'Best Kept Secret' on EMI next Monday (3), recorded in Los Angeles during May and June. Although she has no UK tour plans for the time being, she will be undertaking a promotional tour here during October.

CRUELLA DE VILLE appeared on the all-Irish edition of Channel 4's 'The Tube' back in March, performing 'Gypsy Girl', and the next day were inundated with approaches from various publishing and recording companies. In fact, it's EMI who have signed them, and they re-recorded 'Gypsy Girl' for release next Monday (3) — it features the guitar work of Collin Mulner, whose speciality is using a violin bow on his guitar.

GENESIS release their 14th album on Monday next (3), their first since the 1981 'Abacab'. It bears the inspired title of 'Genesis' and contains nine new songs, all penned by Phil Collins, Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks — and including an extended version of their hit single 'Mama'. They begin a lengthy US tour in November, with British dates to follow.

DIAMOND HEAD, who begin a UK tour next week, release a new MCA single on 7 October — 'Out Of Phase' (from their current album 'Canterbury'), coupled with 'Kingmaker', and it's also available as a limited edition picture disc. A 12-inch single issued the same day has as its A-side a live version of 'Sucking My Love', recorded at last year's Reading Festival, and 'Out Of Phase' reverts to the B-side.

CHINA CRISIS release their new single 'Working With Fire And Steel' on Virgin next Monday (3), and it's coupled with two more new tracks 'Dockland' and 'Forever I And I', the latter having been recorded in Eddie's bedroom! The 12-inch format contains a fourth track, a remix of the A-side. Their new album is due out on 31 October, and plans are afoot for live dates later in the autumn.

KILLING JOKE, currently finishing off their European tour, have a new single 'Me Or You'/'Feast Of Blaze' released by Polydor on 7 October in both 7" and 12" formats. The first edition only comes in a gatefold sleeve, containing a free single of 'Wilful Days'.

LINDA RONSTADT's new album 'What's New', issued on 7 October, is her ninth for Asylum but her first this year. Produced by Peter Asher, it contains ten classic songs from the '30s and '40s, and is backed by the Nelson Riddle Orchestra — with whom she's recently been playing concerts in the States.

SHALAMAR follow their recent hit 'Disappearing Act' with a new single titled 'Over And Over', taken from their current album 'The Look' and released on 7 October by Solar (through WEA). The B-side is 'You're The One For Me', and there's also an extended 12-inch version which features the extra track 'Uptown Festival'.

STREET SOUNDS, whose fifth compilation LP has recently been figuring strongly in the NME Chart, now release Volume 6. It features an hour of the latest dance tracks, all full-length versions — by Raw Silk, Serge Ponsar, Beverley Skeete, El Chicano, The S.O.S. Band, Paradise, The Rake, Candido, K.C. & The Sunshine Band and Newcleus.

KATE GARNER is, as you are doubtless already aware, one half of Haysi Fantayzee — and on 28 October she's releasing her own solo single 'Love Me Like A Rocket' on Regard Records (through RCA). It was produced by Torch Song, and is described as "psychedelic dance-floor music". She starts work next month on recording the new Fantayzee album.

PAUL MCCARTNEY & MICHAEL JACKSON, who scored a massive worldwide hit last year with 'The Girl Is Mine', will have another duet released by EMI on 3 October. Titled 'Say, Say, Say', it was written by the duo and produced by George Martin, and is taken from McCartney's upcoming album 'Pipes Of Peace'. The B-side 'Koala Bear' isn't on the LP, while the 12-inch format has the bonus of a seven-minute instrumental of the A-side.

UB40 are putting out a new single next Monday (3), even though their current hit 'Red Red Wine' is still setting the charts alight. Available only as a seven inch, it's 'Please Don't Make Me Cry'/'Sufferin', and it's on the group's own Dep International label. The B-side features two female vocalists, Natty and Nya from the Brent Music Co-op, who wrote the song's lyrics.

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7 Murray Head	24.25.26 UB40	22 Y & T
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YEW TREE, YARDLEY, BIRMINGHAM
Thursday 29th September
TYSELY CLUB, BIRMINGHAM
Friday 30th September
BODIES, HANDSWORTH BIRMINGHAM
Saturday 1st October
RESEVOIR HOTEL, EARLSWOOD
Sunday 2nd October
ST BERNARDS GRANGE, BIRMINGHAM
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DEC. 12th MANCHESTER APOLLO Box Office: Tel. (061) 273 112/3
DEC. 13th SHEFFIELD CITY HALL Box Office: Tel. (0742) 735295/6
DEC. 14th LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL Box Office: Tel. (0533) 544444
DEC. 15th NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE Box Office: Tel. (0802) 42328/9
DEC. 16th MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL Box Office: Tel. (0642) 242561
Tickets for the above are available from each venue's usual Box Office and agents.

These are the only "CHRISTMAS SPECIALS" Lindisfarne will be playing, with FREE ALBUMS, PARTY HATS and the band on stage for the entire evening with an interval and no support act.
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DEC. 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.
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Tickets for shows on Dec. 18th, 19th, 28th, and 29th are available only by personal application to Newcastle City Hall Box Office. Tickets for all other shows are available by POSTAL APPLICATION ONLY to "Lindisfarne at Christmas", P.O. BOX 1LT, Newcastle NE9 1LT. Please state first and second choice of date, enclose S.A.E. and send crossed cheques and postal orders only payable to B.M.I. Ltd. Allow 14 days for delivery of tickets and free album vouchers. Tickets for Newcastle are £6.25 and £4.00. Special "Lindisfarne Show" accommodation rates are available from Newcastle Great Hotel (2 minutes walk from City Hall). For details telephone (0632) 326191 and quote "Lindisfarne Show" Special Rates.

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Sunday 23rd October	£5.00 Upstairs, £6.00 Downstairs	
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OPPOSITION

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SEPT 30
THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM
PALACE ROAD
(+ BILLY BRAGG)

OCT 1
HOPE
AND ANCHOR

THURSDAY 29th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Meatloaf
 Arbroath Smokies: JoBoxers
 Bedworth Civic Hall: Cilla Black
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham (Erdington) Upstairs at Posers: Swell Mob
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Truffle
 Birmingham Night Out: Chas & Dave (until Saturday)
 Birmingham The Old Contemptibles: The Famous Five
 Birmingham Tysley Club: Suggestive Motion
 Blackburn Gun Club: The Smiths
 Bognor Ocean Bars: John Otway
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton Richmond Hotel: Spiral Antics/Weeping Crocodiles
 Buckingham Mire Club: Tredegar
 Canterbury Art College: Emotional Play
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: Beal Street Boys
 Cardiff University Union: Gwyn Davies/The Old Arcade
 Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Truth
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: Foxes & Rats
 Edinburgh Buster Brown's: Seclusion
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Shakatak
 Edinburgh University: Natural Roots
 Ferryhill King's Head: Limbo Dancer/The Edge
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: Culture Club
 Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: Eek-A-Mouse
 Glasgow Night Moves: Beast
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: Rhabastallion
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: Pseudos
 Hereford Market Tavern: John Cooper Clarke
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: The Nashville Teens
 Kingston Polytechnic: Kabbala
 Leeds Polytechnic: The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Leeds Wellies Hotel: Adrian Henri/Nick Toczek/Jane Wilson
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: The Webster/Koala Lunch
 London Battersea Arts Centre: African Dawn
 London Brentford Red Lion: Shockleader
 London Brixton Old White Horse: Amazing Band
 London Camden Dingwalls: Prince Hammer/Undivided Roots
 London Camden Dublin Castle: King Kleary & His Savage Mooses
 London Catford Black Horse: The Wild Eagles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Bobby Henry
 London Deptford The Swan: Pat Condell/Captain J.J. Waller/Akimbo/The Creamies
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Heartbeats/Steamboat Willy
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Legendary Lutan Klippers/Foreign Flags
 London Fulham King's Head: Jokers Wild
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Tall Girls/English Accents
 London Hackney Chats Palace: People's Unlimited/Supercombo
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Big Country
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: The Paladins
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: New Empire
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kensington Sunset Club: Ah Leu Cha
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Jill McManus/Colin Purbrook (until Saturday)
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 London Marquee Club: Silent Running
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: Farenji Warriors
 London N.7 The Favourite: Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Insight
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: The Sunny Boys/Off By Heart
 London Putney Half Moon: Tony McPhee Band
 London Richmond The Bull: Georgia & Guests
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Al Fredericks Quintet
 London Soho Pizza Express: Bernie Stanton Quartet
 London Stockwell The Plough: Chuck Farley
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Casiopea
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Opening this week...

...TRACIE & THE SOUL SQUAD in the Respond package

London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Eddie & Sunshine
 London W.1 (Charlotte St) Soly Sombra: The Chevalier Brothers
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: Room 13
 London W.1 (Wardour St) The Wag Club: Garage
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Gary Numan
 Manchester Thompsons Arms: Attila The Stockbroker
 Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: Gothique
 Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: The Junco Partners
 Northampton White Elephant: Solstice
 Norwich Gaia Ballroom: The Destructors
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Colin Staples
 Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: Richard Clayderman
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Black Rose
 Penzance Regent Hotel: The Recessions
 Perth Plough Inn: Quasar
 Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomoffski
 Poynton Folk Centre: Mose Scarlett/Plan B
 Rayleigh Crocs: Crusification
 Reading Target Club: Twelfth Night
 Redruth Parc Vein Hotel: New Jubilee Band
 Rotherham Clifton Hall: Double Gray
 Sheffield City Hall: Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble
 Sheffield The Hanover: Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas
 Southend The Dickens: The Shakers
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: Chameleone
 Uxbridge Brunel University: Mark Miwardz
 Wakefield Hellfire Club: Gene Loves Jezebel
 Windsor Blazers: The Commodores/Gary Byrd
 Wokingham Angie's: The Europeans
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: Sub Zero
 Worcester Waterside Club: Dagaband
 Worthing Assembly Hall: Level 42

.FRIDAY 30th

Ashford (Kent) Stour Centre: Gloria Gaynor
 Bath University: Laurel & Hardy
 Birmingham Bodies: Suggestive Motion
 Birmingham Odeon: Richard Clayderman
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: Eddie & Sunshine
 Birmingham The Mermaid: Reggae Ina Different
 Birmingham University: The Truth/The Smiths
 Blackburn King George's Hall: Culture Club

Brighton Richmond Hotel: Tredegar
 Brighton Top Rank: Chelsea/Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Toy Dolls/The Playn Jayn
 Cambridge Fisher Hall: Black Slate
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: Pressure Point
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: Depeche Mode
 Cardiff University Union: Martyn Oram
 Chesterfield Aquarius: Rupert's Tribute To Elvis
 Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: The Meteors/Three Times A Day
 Coventry General Wolfe: Solstice
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
 Coventry Warwick University: Maxie & Mitch
 Durham Dunelm Dive Bar: The Edge
 Edinburgh Calton Studios: Blues 'N' Trouble
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Meatloaf
 Edinburgh Queen's Hall: Jack Graham Band/McColl-Conduct Quintet
 Feltham Football Club: Chron-Gen
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: Madd Daddies
 Glasgow Night Moves: JoBoxers
 Glasgow The Venue: Glasgow
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: I.Q.
 Harrow The Roxborough: Dream Cycle 7
 Hereford Market Tavern: Truffle
 Huddersfield Cleopatra's: Eek-A-Mouse
 Hull Spring Street Theatre: Attila The Stockbroker/Swift Nick
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Maddy Prior Band
 Kendal Leisure Centre: Shakatak
 Leeds Adelphi Hotel: Seething Wells
 Leicester Spectrum: The Recessions
 Liverpool Leasowe Hotel: The Needle
 Liverpool Planet X: Beast
 Liverpool Polytechnic: John Otway
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Kid Creole & The Coconuts
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: The Legendary Lutan Klippers/Purely By Chance
 London Brentford Red Lion: Jackie Lynton Band
 London Brixton Old White Horse: The Newtown Neurotics/The Wild Girls/Pauline Melville/The Barneys
 London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: Animal
 London Brixton The Fridge: APB/Colour Me Pop
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Motivators/Taming The Outback
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Electric Bluebirds
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll
 London Blues Band
 London Central Polytechnic: Hershey & The 12 Bars

London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: Paul Stevens & Ian Chisom
 London Deptford Engineers Club: Pat Condell/Captain J.J. Waller/Akimbo/The Creamies
 London Deptford The Duke: The Reactors
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Trilogy
 London Farringdon Metropolitan: Bailey/Evans/Lipere
 London Finchley Rd. The Castle: The 01 Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Lost Boys/Co-Co Barosse
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Opposition/Billy Bragg
 London Fulham King's Head: The Websters
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Red Brick Houses/Yo Yo
 London Hackney Chats Palace: Omega Tribe/Gumba Wumba
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Downbeats/Moonlight By Moonlight
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Big Country
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Tom Jennings/Few Dollars More
 London Holloway North Polytechnic: The Fall/The Moodists
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Gonzalez
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: The Dix-Six Band
 London Marquee Club: Stray/Tigres De Oro
 London Middlesex Polytechnic (All Saints): John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomoffski
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Combo Passe
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight
 London Royal Albert Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: Dave Curtis/Simon Fanshawe/Christine Ellerbeck
 London Soho Pizza Express: Betty Smith Quartet
 London Stockwell The Plough: Little Sister
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The Alarm/The Climb/Styles
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 London W.C.2 School of Economics: Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias/The Orson Family
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Gary Numan
 Manchester Band on the Wall: Xpertz
 Manchester Millstone Hotel: The Rhythmaires/Jump 'N' Grunt
 Manchester Portland Bars: The Shapes
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Bad Manners/Electrix
 Newhaven The Fort: The National Game
 Northampton Dergate Centre: Mike Harding
 Norwich Gaia Ballroom: Sisters Of Mercy/Gothic Girls
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Daryl & The Chaperones
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: Paul Young & The Royal Family
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Wildfire
 Oxford Polytechnic: Kabbala
 Oxford Westminster College: Hambi & The Dance
 Passfield Royal Oak: Geneva
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: Kris Gayle & Trio
 Pontypridd Polytechnic of Wales: Multi Story
 Portcawl Grand Pavilion: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Portsmouth Guildhall: The Spinners
 Rayleigh Crocs: The Europeans
 Southampton Solent Suite: Un Deux Twang!
 Southampton Top Rank: The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Southport Theatre: The Commodores/Gary Byrd
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: The Cuban Unit
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Any Trouble
 Stroud Subscription Rooms: Ekome Dance Company
 Weymouth Dorset Institute: The Sinatras
 Wokingham Angie's: Double Trouble
 Woodchurch Stone Bridge Inn: D-Talk

SATURDAY 1st

Aylesbury Friars: The Alarm
 Bath College: Kabbala
 Birmingham Central Hall: Reggae Ina Different
 Birmingham Hummingbird: Rocky Sharpe & The Replays
 Birmingham Odeon: Richard Clayderman
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: The Rockets
 Bolton Sports Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Bournehead Westbourne Hotel: Opera
 Brighton Lewes Road Inn: The Bel-Airs
 Brighton Polytechnic: Laurel & Hardy

Bristol Polytechnic: The Truth
 Cardiff University Union: Delusions Of Grandeur/Colin Dennis
 Chesterfield Aquarius: Rupert's Tribute To Elvis
 Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
 Colne Francis: Gene Loves Jezebel
 Coventry General Wolfe: 52nd Street
 Cross Keys Institute: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Gary Numan
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Solstice
 Earlswood Reservoir: Suggestive Motion
 Edinburgh Dominion Cinema: Buddy De Franco Quintet
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: S.O.S.
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: Larry Miller
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Culture Club
 Hereford Market Tavern: African Star
 Hornsea Hole In The Wall: Moscow
 Kingston Polytechnic: The Questions/A Craze/Tracie & The Soul Squad/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Kingston Royal Charter (lunchtime): East To West
 Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: Quasar
 Leeds City Varieties: Billy Bragg & Alternative Cabaret
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Kid Creole & The Coconuts
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Slade The Leveller/Attila The Stockbroker
 London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck
 London Brixton The Fridge: Danny & The No Goodniks/The Rhythm Men
 London Camden Dingwalls: Stocktons Wing
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Ian Stewart Band
 London Central Polytechnic: The Anonymous Sisters
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (lunchtime): Wolfe Witcher Band
 London City Polytechnic: Amazulu/The Smiths
 London Covent Garden Community Centre: Match Me Sidney
 London Cricklewood Hotel: The Newtown Neurotics/The Wild Girls/Pauline Melville/The Barneys
 London Deptford The Crypt: Blubber!
 London Finchley Rd. The Castle: Montage
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Hinkley's Heroes/Empty Pockets
 London Fulham Greyhound: Tigres De Oro/Black Fox
 London Fulham King's Head: Carol Grimes Band
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Silent Navigation/Madonna Ronde/Hollow Expressions
 London Hackney Chats Palace: See You In Vegas/The Mekons
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Look Back In Anger/3D Screen
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Kenny Fender/Few Dollars More
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Bastille/Boys From Brazil
 London Kings Cross Tavern: Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl
 London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): The Rhythm Men
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight/Eggy Lay's Hot-Shots
 London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
 London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: Graham & Eileen Pratt
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Frog Island Band
 London Royal Albert Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 London Soho Pizza Express: Vic Ash Quartet
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover
 London Stockwell The Plough: Jeff Russell
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
 London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: The Tremeloes/Swinging Blue Jeans/Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: New World
 London West London Institute: The Orson Family
 London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: Dynamite/Tommy Bruce
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Janette & The Planets
 London W.C.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: The Mekons/Jasmine Minks/The Resident Legend/The Love Children
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Ozzie & The Zappas
 Newcastle Ord Arms: Instant Replay
 Norwich Theatre Royal (Studio Theatre): The Blue Warhogs/Tropical Aliens/Little

CONTINUES OVER

SIOUXSIE

IT'S ALL GO again this week, with so many acts vying for attention, but we'll give pride of place to the two faces peering at these words. ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions open another tour in Newcastle on Wednesday, and continue doing the rounds for three weeks... and SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are making a couple of rare London appearances, their first this year, in the hallowed precincts of the Royal Albert Hall on Friday and Saturday.
 The second RESPOND package tour is on the move, again topped by THE QUESTIONS and TRACIE—aided and abetted by A Craze, The Main T Possee, Vaughn Toulouse and, on some dates, Big Sound Authority. Initial gigs are at Leeds (Thursday), Southampton (Friday), Kingston (Saturday), Brighton (Sunday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).
 Reggae enthusiasts will welcome the arrival of the near-legendary EEK-A-MOUSE, whose reputation has long since preceded him, and there's little doubt that he'll be playing to full houses when he kicks off his UK schedule at Glasgow (Thursday), Huddersfield (Friday), Reading (Saturday), Birmingham (Monday), Middlesbrough (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). London dates follow next week, when he opens the re-vamped Brixton Academy.
 The JoBOXERS tour, promoting

their new Like Gangbusters album, actually opened a week ago—but we didn't mention it on this page in our last issue, for the simple reason that we weren't informed about it in sufficient time, the dates only being announced a few days before the first night. But we'll make amends now by telling you that they're in action during the next few days at Arbroath (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Warrington (Saturday), Bangor (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Hull (Wednesday).
 It's hard to believe that CLIFF RICHARD has been on the scene for 25 years, but it's a fact, and on Wednesday he'll be setting out on his Silver Jubilee tour. At most of the venues he visits, he'll be playing a string of several nights—and the first of these is Oxford Apollo, where he'll be in residence until Saturday (8).
 10cc haven't been around quite as long as Cliff, though it seems like it! They're another of the big-name acts who this week join the autumn frenzy on the circuit, with initial concerts at Northampton (Monday), Reading (Tuesday) and Norwich (Wednesday).
 And that's by no means the end of the latest batch of tours. American veteran DOBIE GRAY returns to these shores for another one-nighter series, starting in Rotherham on Thursday... The following day sees THE ALARM in South London, at the outset of their

latest trek... Country star BILLIE JO SPEARS teams up with skiffle king LONNIE DONEGAN for a nationwide jaunt beginning in Bournemouth on Saturday... and hard rock merchants DIAMOND HEAD launch their attack at London Hammersmith on Wednesday. Additionally, both THE FALL and CHELSEA are each playing a number of dates around the country.
 Two special events get under way during the next few days. The Leeds Fringe Festival features a variety of contrasting acts at a number of different venues over a ten-day period—the first being SEETHING WELLS on Friday, though you'll find at least one attraction in the listings on every subsequent day. And London's Institute of Contemporary Arts is presenting its latest Rock Week, this one called 'Pop Goes The Easel'—it begins on Tuesday, and CLOCK DVA and THE SMITHS are among those on view during the first two days.
 Leading Japanese jazz-rock outfit CASIOPEA are headlining their first-ever UK concert on Thursday, when they appear at London Dominion... and the next day sees an 'Artists For Animals' show in Brixton (South London), appropriately topped by ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE. And if that's not enough to keep you going, there are plenty of other tours already on the road—check listings for details.

ELVIS



Icaria
 Norwich Whites: I.Q.
 Nottingham Newton Club: **The Nashville Teens**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: Depeche Mode
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Jackie Lynton Band
 Peterborough Postillon: Rhabastillon
 Reading Central Club: **Eek-A-Mouse**
 Salisbury Arts Centre: Robin Williamson
 Sheffield The Hanover: A Bohemian Situation
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Shipton Bellinger The Boot: Truffle
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Level 42
 South Shields Courtyard: Natural Roots
 Stafford Top of the World: Dobie Gray
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
 Tonymandy Naval Club: Tredegar
 Warrington Spectrum Arena: JoBoxers
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Mike Harding
 Worcester College: B-Movie/The Wild Flowers

SUNDAY

2nd

Bingley Arts Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Sub Zero
 Birmingham St. Bernard's Grange: Suggestive Motion
 Birmingham University: **Hambi & The Dance**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan
 Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
 Brighton Coasters: The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T
 Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Brighton Richmond Hotel: Dance Factor 7
 Bristol Avon Gorge Hotel: Keith Tippett/Evan Parker/David Holmes
 Bristol The Studio: Paul Young & The Royal Family
 Deeside Leisure Centre: Gary Numan
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Culture Club
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Trevor Burton Band
 Fetcham Riverside Club: Dagaband
 Glasgow Theatre Royal: Buddy De Franco Quintet
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: The Alligators
 Hull Spiders Club: Moscow
 Ilford Kenneth More Theatre: Temperance Seven
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kingston Grey Horse: Georgia Jazzband
 Leeds City Varieties: Indiscriminate Hoax
 Fund/The Lost Pandas/Mick Furbank
 Leeds Grove Hotel: Billy Bragg
 Leeds Ritzy Central Park: Red Eye/Argon
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Battersea Nag's Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Diz & The Doormen
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Double Trouble
 London Fulham Greyhound: The E.F. Band/Rhino Edwards
 London Hackney Chats Palace: The Touch/John Hegley/The Popticians/Spare Tyre Theatre Co
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Foreign Flags/Hush Hush
 London Hounslow Civic Centre: Pat Condell/Captain J.J. Waller/Akimbo/The Creamies
 London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt (lunchtime): Pete Neighbour Band
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra (evening)
 London Soho Pizza Express: Jill McManus & Dave Green
 London Stockwell The Plough: Brendan Hoban's South London Jam
 London Stratford Theatre Royal: Laurel & Hardy
 London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: Pauline Melville/The Newtown Neurotics/The Wild Girls/The Barneys
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Ge

Pictured right: EDDIE & SUNSHINE whose 'Living TV' tour continues this week

Gibbs Quintet
 Manchester Gilly's: The Toy Dolls/The Enemy
 Manchester Palace Theatre: Richard Clayderman
 Mayfield Huntsman Club: Chasas
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 New Brighton Floral Pavilion: Shakatak
 Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): East Side Torpedoes
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Northampton Old Five Bells: Precious Little Idols
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): Fretz
 Plymouth Guildhall: Level 42
 Rochdale Flying Horse: Excaliber
 Sheffield The Leadmill: Solstice
 Slough Thames Hall: Gloria Gaynor
 Southampton Compton Arms: Geneva
 Sutton Secombe Centre: The House Band
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Eddie & Sunshine

MONDAY

3rd

Aberystwyth University: The Alarm
 Bangor University: JoBoxers
 Birmingham Hummingbird: Eek-A-Mouse
 Birmingham Odeon: Gary Numan

Coventry Apollo Theatre: Kid Creole & The Coconuts
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble
 Gateshead Talk Of The Tyne: The Edge
 Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: The Fall
 Harrow Wealdstone F.C.: The Starlights
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Culture Club
 Leeds Dortmund Bier Keller: Jazzawaki/Llamas In Pyjamas/Vince Berkeley
 Leeds Ritzy Central Park: The Mekons/The Must Be Russians
 Leeds University: Amazulu
 Leeds University Riley Smith Hall: Joolz
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Paul Young & The Royal Family
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: The Montellas/Creature Beat
 London Fulham Greyhound: Guana Batz/The Stingrays
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Karpel Ketchup/Foreign Flags
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: 1919/The Innocence
 London Fulham King's Head: Sly Street Fox
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Dave Frishberg (for three weeks)
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: Hershey & The 12 Bars

London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Diz & The Doormen/The Chevalier Brothers
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Cuff Billet
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Reactors
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Suppose I Laugh
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.C.2 School of Economics: Wild Willy Barrett
 Manchester Band On The Wall: The 3 Johns/Nick Toczek/To Be Continued
 Newcastle City Hall: Richard Clayderman
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs
 R&B All Stars
 Northampton Dergate Centre: 10cc
 Northampton The Slipper: Solstice
 Plymouth Guildhall: Depeche Mode
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: Gettysburg Address
 Scarborough Futurist Theatre: Shakatak
 Sheffield University: John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomoffski
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse

TUESDAY

4th

Barnackburn Tamdhu: Quasar
 Barnsley Rebecca's: Daryl & The Chaperones
 Birmingham Hummingbird Club: Amazulu
 Birmingham Odeon: Gary Numan
 Birmingham Polytechnic: The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T
 Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Blackburn King George's Hall: Shakatak
 Cardiff University Union: Just Us/Tommie Quinn
 Colchester Essex University: Andrea Lynn Band
 Coventry Warwick University: Paul Young & The Royal Family
 Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: Accent
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: Level 42
 Edinburgh Buster Brown's: The Fall/Del Amitri
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Richard Clayderman
 Edinburgh University: The Truth
 Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Paul Rutherford Trio/Ken Fraser
 Hatfield Polytechnic: Laurel & Hardy
 Leeds Dortmund Bier Keller: Zoot & The Roots/Jam Jah/The Craters
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
 Leeds Polytechnic: Rapid Pips
 Leeds Ritzy Central Park: MRA/Household Name
 Leeds University: The Alarm
 Leicester University: JoBoxers
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: A Scanner Darkly/Beat The Drum
 London Camden Dingwalls: APB
 London Camden Dublin Castle: The Batham Alligators
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wreckangles
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Chuck Farley
 London Fulham Greyhound: New Empire/The Scouts
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Easy/Pressgang
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Final Seconds/The Team
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomoffski
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Ian Bellamy/Dave Suttle Trio
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Strand Kings College: The Europeans
 London Stratford North East Polytechnic: The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker
 London The Mall ICA: Clock DVA/Flesh For Lulu/Creature Beat
 London Victoria The Venue: Odyssey
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberries: Richard Green & The Next Step
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Alan Hare Big Band
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Dave Kelly Band
 Newcastle City Hall: Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Willie Payne

Sid Warren Quintet
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: Thirteenth Candle
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Eddie & Sunshine
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: 10cc
 Sheffield City Hall: Mike Harding
 Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Froggy
 Worthing La Carrioca: Smash The Dive/Toy Factory/Knotted Beard

WEDNESDAY

5th

Aberdeen University: Del Amitri
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Quasar
 Birmingham Odeon: Shakatak
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Born Loser
 Bradford College: Laurel & Hardy
 Bradford 1 in 12 Club: House Hold Name
 Cambridge Fisher Hall: Great Divide/The Face
 Canterbury Kent University: Under Two Flags
 Carlisle Mick's Club: Dave Kelly Band
 Cardiff University Union: Fred Wedlock/Kevin Seisay/Seven Seven
 Coventry Apollo Theatre: Gary Numan
 Dundee Whitehall Theatre: The Truth
 Edinburgh Buster Brown's: The Invitation/Color Me Cupid
 Great Yarmouth Pontin's Holiday Village: Rocky Sharpe & The Replays
 Harrow The Roxborough: Gothique
 Hull University: JoBoxers
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Seducer
 Leeds Brannigans: Partisans/Icon A.D./Anti-System
 Leeds Dortmund Bier Keller: Phoenix Rising/Assassin
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
 Leeds University: Level 42
 Liverpool Polytechnic: The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T
 Possee/Vaughn Toulouse
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Eek-A-Mouse
 Liverpool Venue Club: The Alarm
 London Battersea Arts Centre: Shusha
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: English Gamelan Orchestra
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Cafe Cabaret
 London Camden Dingwalls: Amazulu
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Steve Waller Band
 London College of Pharmacy: Hershey & The 12 Bars
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sense
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Two Heroes/New World
 London Fulham Greyhound: A Bigger Mercedes/Drunk On Cake/Kayo
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Hotknife
 Performance Collective
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Diamond Head
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: The Exiles
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: SiSi Cemola
 London Islington Radnor Arms: Marcus Hadley
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Mike Daniels Big Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: Vi Redd (for two weeks)
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
 London The Mall ICA: The Smiths/Quando
 Quango/The Impressions
 London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: The Comsat Angels
 Manchester Band On The Wall: No Mystery/Victor Brox
 Manchester Hacienda Club: Eddie & Sunshine
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Elvis Costello & The Attractions
 New Romney The Seahorse: Reel To Reel
 Norwich Theatre Royal: 10cc
 Nottingham Final Solution: The Howdy Boys
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: Cliff Richard
 Oxford Polytechnic: Joolz/Attila The Stockbroker
 Preston Guildhall: Richard Clayderman
 Sheffield City Hall: Mike Harding
 Sheffield Polytechnic: The Europeans
 South Shields New Crown Hotel: Dagaband
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: Rab Noakes/Bill Mitchell
 Swindon Level 3: Chron Gen/The Newtown Neurotics
 Weymouth Verdi's: Unicorn

GIG GUIDE: PART TWO



TOUR NEWS —CONTINUED

PENDRAGON are soon to begin an extensive seven-week one-nighter tour, taking them almost to Christmas, and it includes a major London appearance at the Dominion Theatre on 12 November as special guests of The Enid. Headliners so far confirmed are at Cross Keys Institute (22 October), Worcester Waterside Club (27), Coventry General Wolfe (28), Dudley J.B.'s Club (29), Cardiff University (5 November), Hastings Rumours (11), Gloucester Barge Semmington (16) and London Marquee Club (25). Remaining gigs will be announced shortly.

SHARK TABCO are headlining their own 'Happy Happy Sad Tour' over the next few weeks. With several more dates still being finalised, those set so far are Portsmouth Polytechnic (12 October), London Woolwich Tramshed (13), Guildford Surrey University (16), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Alton College (20), Leicester Polytechnic (21), Kingston Polytechnic with The Smiths (27), Manchester University (28), Cardiff University (4 November), North Staffs Polytechnic (11) and London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (12). There'll be a different local band as support at each venue, and the maximum admission price is £1.50.

UNDER TWO FLAGS set out next week on their 'Raising The Standards Tour 83', in which the highlight is a London showcase at the Brixton Ritzy Cinema on 19 October with special guests. Other dates include Canterbury Kent University (5 October), Birmingham Tin Can Club (7), Leeds University (11), Exeter University (16), Leicester University (18) and Brighton Alhambra (20), with more being finalised.

AMAZULU have added a further six dates to their current gig series—at Bristol University (8 October), Bournemouth The Academy (10), Manchester Fagins (11), Liverpool The System (12), Keele University (13) and Brighton Sussex University (14). Details of dates in Wales and Ireland will be announced shortly.

THE METEORS have confirmed another half-dozen gigs, prior to setting out on an extensive French tour. They are at Colchester Woods Centre (tomorrow), Friday, Manchester Jilly's (this Sunday), Sunderland Old 29 Club (3 October), Newcastle Shelley's (4), Wakefield Hellfire Club (5) and Bolton Dance Factory (6).

CHICK COREA & GARY BURTON, two of the most respected artists in modern jazz, resume their partnership for a concert at London Royal Festival Hall on 27 October—tickets on sale now priced £8.50, £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. The show will include the premiere of a new work for piano (Corea), vibraphone (Burton) and string quartet, a seven-part composition called 'Lyric Suite For Sextet'.

LESLIE ASH has been named as the new co-host of Tyne Tees TV's *The Tube*, replacing Paula Yates who's now joined London Weekend TV. She'll be teaming with the other presenter Jools Holland for a new 25-week live series, which starts on Channel 4 on Friday, 28 October (5.30pm).

THE EUROPEANS have added another eight dates to their current tour, and they also announce the 7 October release of their debut album 'Vocabulary' on A&M Records—it contains ten tracks, including their latest single 'Recognition'. The extra gigs are at Retford Porterhouse (this Saturday), Liverpool The System (10 October), Leeds University (17), Manchester Fagins (18), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Bournemouth The Academy (20), London City Polytechnic (21) and London School of Economics (22). Still more are being finalised.

LARRY MILLER, the rock trio named after their leader, begin a new tour at Guildford Wooden Bridge this Saturday (1 October)—followed by Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (6), London Brentford Red Lion (7), High Wycombe Nag's Head (8), Gravesend Red Lion (15), Cross Keys Institute (29), Oxford Pennyfarthing (5 November), Bristol Granary (12) and Banbury Football Club (26), with more being set.



WENDY & THE ROCKETTS—the Australian five-piece group led by Wendy Stapleton, who cancelled their project visit in August when they were to have played the Reading Festival—will now be touring here in October in support of their debut UK album 'Dazed For Days', newly released by A&M. They guest with Canadian star Bryan Adams in his British concerts, starting next weekend, and headline their own shows at London Marquee Club on 14 and 15 October—with one or two more dates still to be set. ● Bryan Adams has added two shows to his British schedule, reported two weeks ago—at Hithin The Regal (7 October) and Blackburn King George's Hall (8).

GEORGE MELLY, arguably the busiest artist on the circuit, continues gigging in October at Bolton Sports Centre (this Saturday), Bingley Arts Centre (Sunday), London Wimbledon Dog & Fox (6), Brighton Gardner Centre (8), Liverpool The State (12), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (13), Middlesbrough The Crypt (14), Rochdale Gracie Fields Theatre (15), Northampton Dergate Centre (16), Aberdeen Beach Ballroom (18), Aberdeen Her Majesty's Theatre (19), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (20), London Stratford Theatre Royal (23) and Chichester Festival Theatre (28). As usual, he's backed by John Chilton's Feetwarmers.

'THE OFF THE KERB ROADSHOW'—featuring John Hegley, The Popticians, Roy Hutchins and Podomoffski—is undertaking an autumn tour. Dates so far confirmed are at Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Middlesex Polytechnic (Friday), Sheffield University (3 October), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (4), Leicester University (11), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (12), London Central Polytechnic (13), Kingston Polytechnic (25), London North-East Polytechnic (28), Canterbury Kent University (23 November) and London Birkbeck College (9 December).

PASSION PUPPETS are appearing as special guests on the Paul Young tour, which opened last weekend, and they'll have a new single issued by Stiff during the course of the itinerary (details to follow)... A **CERTAIN RATIO** play a rare London date at the North London Polytechnic on 14 October (tickets £2.75), and they're also set for Nottingham Rock City on 8 November... **TEMPERANCE SEVEN** insist that they haven't split up, and they're playing a concert this Sunday (2) at Ilford Kenneth More Theatre to prove it... **JESS COX**, former singer with Tyners Of Pan Tang and Lionheart, is taking his new band on the road next month (dates to be announced in a week or two) to support his new album—tentatively titled 'Piece Of The Action'.

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

Across the hills and in the valley's shade ... collected by Kingdom under the title 'Herb Dust Vol 1' are various early to mid '70s Roy Cousins productions, previously available only on Jamaican pre. Featured are classics Vinnie O'Brien's 'Heart In Pain' and Lloyd 'Scunna' Ruddock's 'Genuine Way' plus The Royals themselves with 'Message' ... **alone the small script goes** ... up on Inner Light is the Winston Reedy solo debut 'Dim The Light'. Recorded at Channel One and mixed in Easy Street with Jackie Mittoo producing, the set also contains 'Daughter Of Zion' and current hit 'Moi Emma Ooh' ... **seeking for Benedict's beloved roof** ... embarking on their UK tour this weekend, Misty In Roots are recently returned from Poland where they played the country's first ever reggae tour supported by a Polish reggae group Israel. On Friday Misty are live onstage at the Hummingbird, Dale End, Birmingham along with St Christopher steelband plus Caribbean Harmonics and Mr Barley Wine. Sounds: Mevis * Pete * Sir Dees. The venue is also host to Eek A Mouse on his first UK tour on Monday (Oct 3) ... **where waits its sure repose** ... while at Cleopatra's, Venn Street in Huddersfield on Friday - 7.30pm until late - Eek A Mouse is live onstage with on the floor Baron Hi-Fi and Earthrocker ... **they come and find** ... also

on Friday from 8pm till late check out Fee's Corner at 28 Jacksons Road, off Holloway Road, N1 featuring music by Peoples War with the best in steppers, lovers, Studio 1, soul and electrojazzfunk. Videos, pool and refreshments. Adm. £1.50 ... **the tired travellers** ... and at the Regal Rooms, Embassy Suite, Sterling Way, Edmonton, N9 on Friday - from 8pm to 2am - is a Cari-Festa dance with live entertainment featuring Victor Romero Evans plus soca with North Star steelband, Yaa Ashantewa dance group and Shaka Dedi. Sounds by the ever popular Roxy. Bar and West Indian food. Tickets: Elvis 01-805 5846 ... **green herbs and ample bread** ... on Saturday is held a lovers night at the Queen Hotel in Hastings dancing and rocking to the sweet sounds of Tokyo the Monarch from East London. Coaches leave sharp from Tottenham Town Hall and Bakers Arms (6pm) and Walthamstow Central and Leyton Town Hall (6.30pm). Tickets £6 on 01-520 1462 ... **quiet and brothers' love and humbleness** ... every Tuesday musical sessions 7pm until 11 at the Lecture Hall, Compton Crescent, off White Hart Lane, Tottenham, N17 with resident sound Jah Marcus Outernational featuring opper like Ranking Pee, selector Senata Bee and MCs Sister Shorty, Sean & Flinty Ranking, Super Natural, Muma Richie and Mickie Dupa. Special guests this Tuesday (4): Jamdown Rockers. Adm. £1 ... **Christ's peace on every head** ... finally, flying still in the US is the *Riddim* newsletter published monthly on subscription from PO Box 14301, Chicago, Illinois 160614, USA. Recent editions feature Selassie I (cover), Carifesta report, Bob Marley, Kofi Komo, Sister Carole (July) and Eddy Grant (cover), UB40, Tony "Big Red" Aikens, Godfrey Blair, Mighty Invaders (August) ...

BREAKOUT!

Three of the world's most feared bands have NOT escaped from this high-security NME Next Week Block! They include 'Evil Eye' EURYTHMICS - the well-known synthesiser snipers rounded up by our droll moll Cynthia Rose - **PERFECT CRIME** - the Irish band whose name spoke for itself, until they met notorious newshound Gavin Martin - and 'Deadly' DEADLY DORIS - the er, deadly German agents of barmy Berlin boogie uncovered by war hero Chris 'Blitzkreig' Bohn. **Supergrass? "Yeah, man, it's Acapulco gold."** NME - it's a fair cop.

CURIOSITY WILL KILL THIS CAT

This cat may be dead already. It is part of a British experiment where electrodes are put into cat's brains and the animals are subjected to tests - just to see what happens. After three years the cats are killed.

This is just one of the thousands of behavioural experiments carried out in this country every year. Although this area of research is classed as medical it has no parallel with human behaviour - and the animals are subjected to mental distress and physical pain. They are deprived of food, deprived of water, deprived of light. They are forced to suffer the pain of inescapable electric shocks. They are driven mad with bright flashing lights, they are made to undergo fits. Babies are taken from their mothers to study the distress of both mother and baby.

No civilised country should allow this suffering. The animals can't protest, but you can. Join us now in our campaign to end behavioural experiments in 1985.

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NME

LIVE



LIVE! GETS GONE



Punk-folk superstar Morrissey shakes ascetically lustful tambourine in a Genet style. Pic: Bladdyn Butcher

RIDICULOUS & WONDERFUL

THE SMITHS THE GO-BETWEENS

London The Venue

TWO STRANGELY jarring acts from Rough Trade, one increasingly abstruse, the other ever more open, engaging.

I have a hard time with The Go-Betweens. They fascinate me because there's something missing in them and I don't know what it is. It's as if they write sweet songs, Postcard ditties, then impale them to the ground with lead stakes. Instead of flowing, the songs writhe under dead beats.

They've been compared to The Band, which is valid only insofar as this isn't rock music. Stray "rock" elements - say, Television, Talking Heads, Alex Chilton - are shrunk into peculiarly prosaic pain, then hardened by stark, brittle guitars which coldly stitch the edge of beats. The new twin guitar play is an important extension, Grant McLennan now spiking the offbeats while Robert Forster strips off flakes

of Verlaine, but opening up the sound hasn't breathed new fire to its lungs.

Partly the problem is their bedsit bookishness, an allusive literary shell from which little seems to protrude. Their "fast ballads" don't burst through, don't hit the ear, but seem lost in domestic cubbyholes, stumped pleadings, circuitous poetics. Few Go-Betweens affairs come off with the majestic firmness of 'As Long As That'; the newest songs, like 'Unkind And Unwise' and 'Newton Told Me', make them more inscrutable than ever.

That said, 'It Could Be Anyone' and 'A Bad Debt Follows' were tremendous as live excursions. Lindy Morrison's drumming remains great in the way that Levon Helm or Charlie Watts are great: precise, quirky, inventive. But because The Go-Betweens so consciously, so demonstratively decline to pull on the heartstrings and write clear melodies, they leave us with something crabby and colourless, a bleak beauty torn

by doubt. Dank lighting and malfunctioning monitors didn't help.

What The Go-Betweens lack is bounce (a wave, a curl ...), as in The Smiths' bouncy Nightingales-ish opening of 'Handsome Devil'. The Smiths are saucy. Morrissey may just be another fruitcake in the line of Harley, Cope, Rowland, but 'Hand In Glove' is one of the year's few masterpieces, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. To say that all other Smiths songs are grafted from this splendid stalk only testifies to its perfection.

Jeans hanging off his ass, beads around his neck, Morrissey brandishes his flowers like a new sign of Gabba Gabba Hey. I dunno if the sun shines down from his behind, but he keeps sticking it in the air anyway. He's compulsively watchable, compulsively listenable too. If first impressions are ones of provincial punk-folk, there's a wavering sadness in this monkish maverick's larynx which calls to mind a Tim Buckley or the great folk purists. Every song is put to an idealised "you", a genderless receptacle of love. "Does the mind rule the body or the body rule the mind? I dunno". These loose, crisp songs, fired by the alternately churning and sparkling Rickenbacker of Johnny Marr, are injected with the ascetic lust of Genet.

What is refreshing about The Smiths is that they're not stylised by any period. Their music has a new flow, a real body and life. When 'It's Not Time' suddenly accelerates to a frantic canter, you're swept up by Morrissey's falsetto and left spellbound. When he sings 'Reel Around The Fountain', his voice trembles and bleeds. As David Dorrell wrote last week, Morrissey and Marr could just be penning the best love songs since The Buzzcocks.

The Smiths are Rough Trade's most commercial offering yet, deserving successors to Scritti and Camera. By the encore of 'Accept Yourself', they have two dozen tensies gyrating onstage, swimming in flowers. It's ridiculous and wonderful. Let Morrissey molest you too.

Barney Hoskyns

CULTURE CLUB

Brighton Centre

IF EVER there's a tune crying out to symbolise the genius of Culture Club, it's the final encore of tonight's set, an uplifting, clapping version of Blue Mink's 'Melting Pot'. The "coffee-coloured people" Culture Club turn out "by the score" are their songs, the most clever, imaginative and persuasive syntheses of black and white pop music to hog the charts in years.

And looking around at tonight's gig, I'd guess that increasing numbers of post-school age men are realising this too. At the current rate there will soon be no one left in the world who hasn't twigged what the little girls have always understood, namely that just because you may look like a total berk doesn't mean you can't be a heavyweight talent.

Yet Culture Club are no chameleons, karma or otherwise. There's nothing transitory or deceptive about their musical colours. When Boy George and Helen Terry testify their love in a gospel style duet, that's as real as Aretha, Etta James, Percy Sledge or any true Church voice. When Roy Hay unleashes a gleamingly sustained guitar solo (yes!) in 'You Miss Me', that's as exhilaratingly authentic as the rock/pop soul of The Isley Brothers' 'Three Plus Three'. The steel pan sound of 'I'm Afraid Of Me' is as delightfully infectious as

Trinidad's Desperadoes. Jon Moss's gleefully driving drums on 'Church Of The Poison Mind' fire the feet and swell the heart just like when Stevie Wonder's 'Uptight' hits the deck ...

And Stevie's a big influence. Check out 'Mister Man' or 'Black Money', the best track on the new LP 'Colour By Numbers'. "Do you deal in black money?" cries George in a song as lusciously poignant, as true and heartfelt as the classic 'Time (Clock Of The Heart)', a number Smokey would be proud to have written.

Culture Club's musicians are slick and professional beyond belief, and Steve Grainger's sax is especially sweet and eloquent. Helen Terry's astounding voice andaddy commanding presence inspire great feats from George; the way he phrases high-sounding but awkwardly flat words like "emotion" and "devotion" shows him fast maturing into a great soul singer.

But George will never be a sexually charismatic performer. To see him lumber about in hat and dress like a Christmas panto's jolly dame is to understand why instead of vilifying him the world has taken the Boy to heart.

And if by some strange chance you remain aloof from the Culture Club global takeover, then listen again. It's never too late to enjoy yourself.

Mat Snow

THE JOHNS 'RE GONE!

JOHN LYDON SAID "I WANNA DESTROY", JOHN BRENNAN SAYS "I WANNA GET BLOTTO" — MAT SNOW SAYS THE REAL GONE JOHNNIES B. GREAT!

THE THREE JOHNS

London Adam's Arms

A BODY bounces into my back and hurls me into a clinch with The Three Johns' guitarist. He pulls another face but the riff keeps on coming. I rejoin my neelee, he rejoins his. Limbs entangle, we all fall down... Welcome to the new Prole Art Threat.

In a packed pub upstairs room illuminated by a pair of 50-watt bulbs, The Three Johns strut their stuff amidst a clutter of mike-stands, beer glasses, their Scott Ashton-programmed drum machine and a few tiny plug-nosed amps wobbling on rickety chairs. The trim figure of singer John Hyatt clutches mike to mouth and lurches back and forth in a

straitjacketed hunch. Guitarist and occasional Mekon Jon Langford sounds as if he should be a wired-up skeleton of steel and sulphate, but presents a homely aspect in the flesh. John Brennan on bass moves around more than Bill Wyman but less than Bruce Foxton. All three are linked by invisible elastic to undulate across the stage like wind in a cornfield. They crack jokes and swap banter with the crowd; there is no distance at all between them and us. The Three Johns are very anti-charismatic. That's half their appeal.

Yet they unleash the same frenzied, dionysiac whoop of devilment that Ray Lowry heard in that primeval dawn when Elvis first sang 'That's All Right (Mama)'. You can hear it

too in Vincent, the Stones, Seeds, Beefheart, Stooges, Dolls, Pistols, Fall, Bunynmen, Birthday Party etc etc, most of whom The Three Johns uncannily echo. But they make it all sound fresh again.

Take 'Windolene', a collision of The Birthday Party's 'Cry' and Echo's 'Crocodiles'. It's no great song in a formal sense, nor for that matter is 'Men Like Monkeys', 'Rooster Blue', 'Lucy In The Rain' or any of tonight's other numbers. But as performances they burst with a wild hilarity not often heard these last few years.

For instance, the next single 'A.W.O.L.' is not merely absent without leave, but totally gone. And yet it's as tight as it gets. Runaway train bottleneck guitar chopping, like an out-to-lunch Andy Gill, propels what on paper is no more than a commonplace r'n'b rocker into the realms of primal electric voodoo. It's obviously premeditated yet sounds utterly spontaneous. It's the way certain chords reverberate against certain rhythms that instantly whirls you into a hysterical maelstrom of gleeful mayhem. That's the essence of rock'n'roll. The Three Johns have stumbled upon it and are now working out the direction they want it to take.

And, like all the best, The Three Johns aren't just into music...

Wot then?

They're into chaos, absurdity, satire and surrealism. See them.

Mat Snow



loving with machine-like precision, a man engrossed in his work, a member of the audience nimbly filches the contents of The Three Johns' rider. (The rider being the standard 'fully stocked bar and a prominently displayed Dingle's Folk Club poster') Meanwhile in front of the fireplace, Johnny 'Guitar' Longford struggle artfully with a bottleneck. (Johnny 'Guitar' sponsored by Tizer.)

WAH Wah Wa wa BLASTING THE BLUES

TAJ MAHAL

Hammersmith Palais

TAJ MAHAL made his annual "Say hello to the folks down London town". The man's music defies classification, with that down home country flavour reggae rock blues (capital B) jazz singing calypso son of Africa never mind the griot of now! Whew!

His ingredients don't have chemical additives. Making love to the guitar with a Spoonful of WAH, Wah, Wa, wa... blasting then disappearing into space, hush, dynamics are still here today. The man who made whistling hip still exercising that lip, and that's no joke! The band boogied so funkily not playing funk — what joy to remember there is more than one beat in the book! The blessing of a dying guitar lead fizzing out during his solo spot, gave more contrast in the form of unaccompanied voice joined by massed hands clapping enthusiastically, not just time but across it too, going back to where it all began.

It seems this big heart pounding is too real for any record company. Is it just that he is black or is the music industry plain blind, deaf and stupid? Is it that they can't pigeonhole the man, or that working all these years — Pacific to Africa, Europe to Caribbean — with no vinyl promotion, is not enough to convince that the pot of gold is big enough?

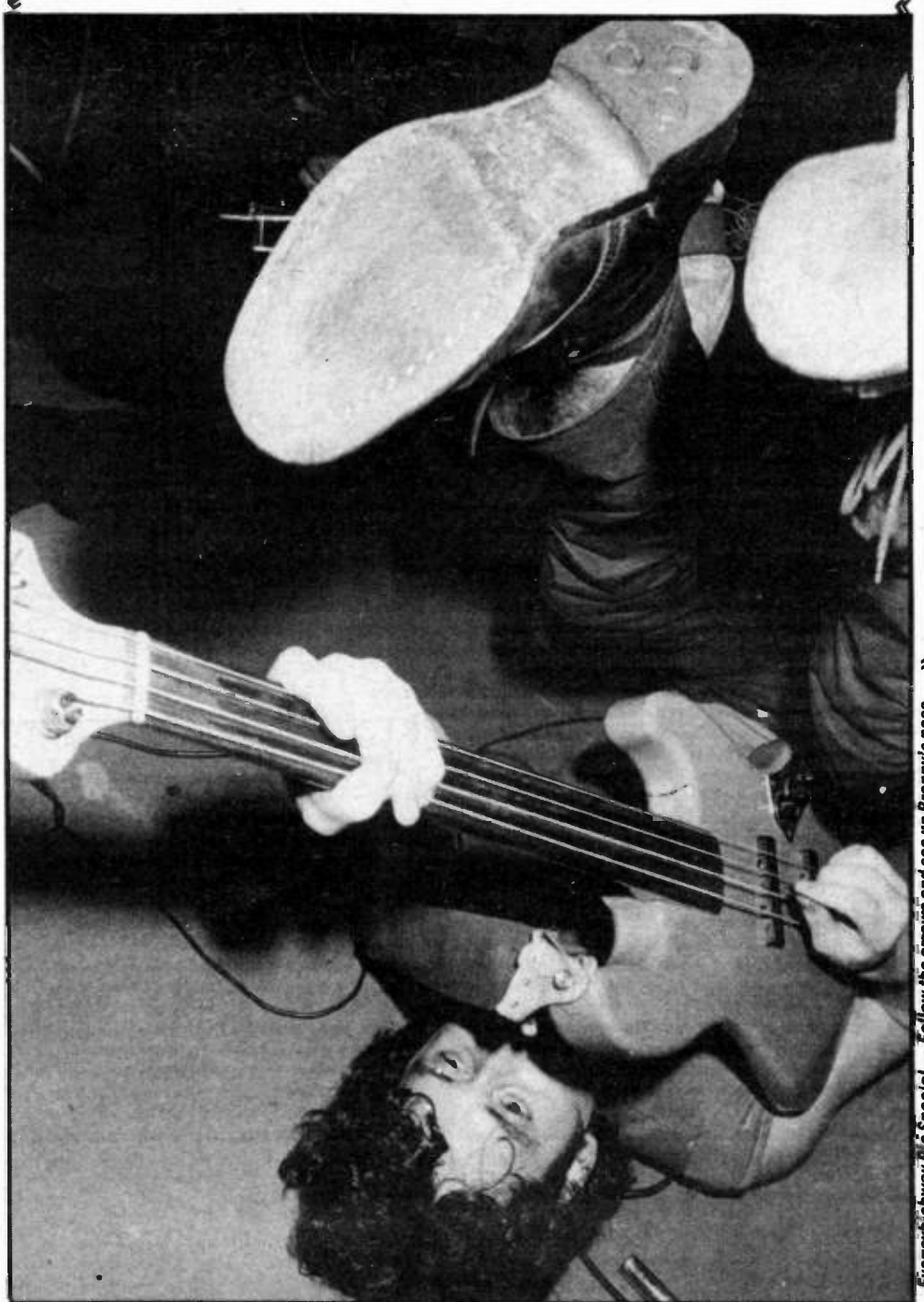
A record production underway in Australia may just filter through to us while those monoliths of glass, concrete and plastic inevitably will fall down. Meanwhile Taj, coming out of the earth, is more lasting. The man who made the blues harder.

Jak Kilby



This man hasn't got a record contract. Is it because he's black or is it because, deaf and blind from birth, he's never been able to see where the audience is and so often plays sideways on, sometimes even forgetting to leave the dressing room before starting his performance? Actually neither. It's because Taj Mahal, known to his closest friends as 'Taj', doesn't go a bundle on mixing with two-bit three-piece leather suited ex-Ents Secretaries called Tarquin. Dig?

Pic: Jak Kilby



Everywhichway Pic Special — Follow the arrows and see up Brenny's nose.

Driven by crazed, electric passion and sponsored by Army & Navy Footwear, 'Brenny' Brennan takes desperate measures to get his boots into camera shot in a bid to appease his sponsors.

BETTER THAN ROMAN HOLLIDAY!

KLAXON 5

Brixton Fridge

MARRIED ONLY by a flailing sound system and the icy entwines of a less than well-stocked Fridge, Klaxon 5 emerge as one of the most exciting dance bands of 1983. Injecting energy and thrash into a fast moving set, this seven piece band fronted by vocalists Mark, Chrysta (ex-Animal Nightlife) and Don blasted the Fridge from the first flash of 'Dynamite' to the final sweat-soaked beat of 'Hothouse'.

Clobbered out like a 3-D Serg Clerc character with matching mouth and suit, Don's vocal and visual presence — strained to its utmost limit — becomes uniquely arresting. Can the human mouth really open like a Black and Decker toolkit and still produce such fine sounds? Is this the man with four-way jaw bones? I think so. "Western man is falling. Western woman is crawling!" he bawls, maintaining his own solid stance in a unique dance movement designed to circumnavigate his right leg with his left. And all in the name of love songs!

And yet, for Klaxon 5 the stupidity of love is something best exposed through inflated theatrical gesture. Exaggerated sexuality serves not as exploitation but merely ridiculous Love and its real Great Pretenders. "I told you so, I told you so," sing the band in 'Stupid Thing', prompting one female spectator to whisper in an aside that must have echoes half-way round Brixton: "God this band are fuckable..."

Grafted on enthusiasm Klaxon



A White Anglo-Klaxon Profligate does her best take of Candy Astar in the 1944 remake of Wind Down Your Windows (While The Sun Still Shines), a film marginally better than the new Roman Holiday video.

Pic: Kerstin Rodgers

5 play music of an adventurous kind. What they lack in originality they make up for in style. After them Animal Nightlife become a Wet-Weekend-In-Bradford, Roman Holiday a Day-Trip-To-

Hull. Propping up this tag end of a summer's night, Klaxon 5 are clearly a band to watch. Prick back your ears and shift your arse. For God's sake go!

Neil Taylor

J O H N F O X X



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LIVE

THE VIOLENT FEMMES Manchester Hacienda

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN, 90 miles north of Chicago. Famous for bad beer . . . over there . . . and over here. Not so famous over here for The Violent Femmes. In the US and on the continent they play to houses packed and baying but meanwhile, back in the jungle, l'ole Hacienda is modestly milling with the oddballoest selection of people. Have the band brought their sisters, cousins and aunts or, dammitall, have those people heard The Album too? Though the philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle of the high aesthetic band if you walk down Piccadilly with a Femmes LP and a lily in your mediaeval hand . . . sittin' in-a la la, waitin' for ma yah yah. Uh huh. Here they come . . . "She's gone, Daddy, gone, love is gone, gone, Daddy, gone, love is gone away."

"Gone, Daddy, Gone" comes halfway through The Femmes' lengthy promotional appearance — Ramones go Skiffle, Son of Lou meets The Modern Lovers and worlds collide. Me, me, me! I've got a copy of 'The Violent Femmes' by this trio from Milwaukee, and you, you, you should at least get to hear 'Gone, Daddy, Gone'. It's all coming back now, that long lost urge to pogo — in the privacy of your own parlour, natch.

They use the most basic equipment. Drummer, Victor de Lorenzo, stood up front using a snare as a bass drum, plus another snare, and a floor tom covered with some kind of large, metal blancmange mould. Varying the sound was quite simple; off came the tin tub. In their wilder moments of improvisation, Victor began playing with his elbows and quite possibly with his nose. Oh, insight! The Marx Bros go to Garageland.

Lead larynx and guitar was supplied by Gordon Gayno, the Singing Sneezer as I'm sure they must all say back home — they all exhibit that vaguely facetious college kid humour which served as a useful irritant to counter their noisy friendliness towards the audience. "Say, you people in Manchester are awful quiet."

Brian Ritchie's semi-acoustic bass combined with the mini-drumkit is the key to their sound, it almost amounts to high-powered busking — and it so happens that busking in public is another of their specialities. They have no real need for the complex wirings and trappings of rock, a truly portable band with a knapsack full of wizard riffs and some clever, smart acappella arrangements. Compare them to OMITD who graced the same stage a couple of days later and began setting up at 11 am! Pff. Makes you think, dunnit?

Cath Carroll



'Horn players LIVE! has spilt beer down its front trying not to laugh at' — No.64: Stuart 'Serious Shades' Hamer. Pic: Jeremy Bannister

SASSY BRASSY

HIGHLIFE INTERNATIONAL

London 100 Club

THE OLD 100 Club hasn't changed since it was host to the late '70s punky reggae party — the same '60s plastique tables and chairs, the same top-of-the-Christmas-tree fairy-light fittings. The only difference — the joint was all but empty. I felt sad for Highlife International even before they hit the stagelet.

But I felt sadder for all members of the might-have-been audience when the Highlifes started swinging, because the seven-piece combo ignored the dearth of party people, and partied hearty, dead authoritative. What beautiful horns! To wit: ex-Ronnie Scott Band-aid

Stuart Hamer on trumpet, and Frank Williams on tenor sax. They played elegant at the times they had to slot in to the upful Ghanaian highlife rhythm, and shouted from their soul like a primal scream when it came time to solo.

The baldhead on bass, Herman Asafoogya, was masterful to the point of macho. Extremely melodic, with a clear, ringing tone, he knew just where to slot the notes, and could have carried the group's tune all on his todd.

Kwabena, the Highlife's founder and guitsie, did such vocals as there were, but frankly, he needn't have bothered. Apparently they're planning on inserting a female singer. Good idea, and till such time, they might as well stay instrumental. But as far as guitar goes, he played a constant, gentle, wah-wah wash that sounded like a jew's harp on heavy reverb. Very pretty.

Other than that, Sam Ashley's congas/perc and Kofi Edu's drumming were all jolly and full of many colours. Songs included 'Highlife In London', 'All That Glitters Is Not Gold', and 'For Better For Worse'. An album will be released on Sterns Record Shop's new Stern's label on the first of next month, for better, for worse. I'll bet it's for better.

Vivien Goldman

WAITS

FROM PAGE 25

Film swallows up so much of your life and your life becomes much smaller than the work that you're feeding, and that's why you have to be very careful about the kinds of projects you work on. You have to make sure that what you're feeding is an animal you're gonna want to take care of.

What are the qualities you and Coppola share that make you compatible workmates?

You'd have to ask him that. For me, I just like the way his mind works. He's unlearned a lot of things and he's managed to remain very childlike in terms of his imagination. He also has a considerable amount of leadership quality, and that's rare. He inspires the people around him.

Your persona as a musician is almost like a character out of a movie. Do you expect to have a hard time shaking that stereotype and assuming other characters as an actor? In *Rumble Fish*, for instance, you play the proprietor of a pool hall.

Yes, which was very easily done. It's true it would be much tougher for me to play an attorney. In *Cotton Club* (Coppola's next film), I play a backstage manager. It's not a principal role, but it's a chance to work with Francis again and I feel comfortable with that.

What are your ambitions for yourself as an actor?

I don't really have any training in it and there's a great deal involved in being able to become completely lost in a character. I have spent a fair amount of time in the film world and you can learn a lot from watching, but you can't learn everything. **Do you feel comfortable in front of a movie camera?**

Not always. In some ways it's like playing music onstage, but it's still like somebody's holding a flashlight on your face in the dark. You can feel the place where the light is. Onstage, doing music, my eyes can roll back in my head and I can get lost somewhere, but you can't do that when you're making a movie.

What are your favourite movies?

La Strada, 8½, that Kurosawa film *Ikiru*. **Is video as important to music as everyone's claiming it is?**

It's unbelievable how many people watch them. It's not just people with tight pants. I don't see them too often, but I don't think they're the saviour in any way, and a lot of them are real cheap. It's arcade shit. It looks real good right then but it doesn't hold up when you get it home.

Do you keep up on musical trends?

I try to keep up on some stuff. What do you mean?

Like what's going on in the music business?

No, not the economics of it. Have you heard any rap music for instance?

Is that the big thing now? That free associating thing? Ultimately the only thing America can claim as a native musical form is black. Miles Davis can

play two chords for an hour and keep you interested. Yeah, I've heard some rap music and I think anything that mirrors the dreams and frustrations of the black community is always urgent, important and valuable.

But I generally don't keep up on pop trends. Pop music is money and music sleeping in the same bed together. You see these trends come down the pike and you know you've seen 'em before and they won't be around too long. You keep getting newly elected officials in pop music, but there are no new offices.

IS it a goal of yours to have a hit single?

I don't know that you should wish for things you don't understand, for reasons that you question.

A hit single means that you make a lot of money and a lot of people will know who you are, and I don't know that that's so attractive. I don't see the importance of having your face on a lunchbox in Connecticut. I don't see how that fits into the grand scheme of things as far as being something to strive for. And it rears its ugly head. It makes you a geek, and you don't want to destroy the very thing that makes it possible for you to do what you do.

A lot of people are looking for affection and acceptance in the form of this anonymous group of people thinking they're wonderful. People they don't even know. You don't want to choose your friends arbitrarily.

Why did you leave Elektra Records?

Record companies are sort of like large department stores. I was at Elektra for over ten years and while I was there I spent a considerable amount of time on the road and blowing my own horn. They liked dropping my name in terms of me being a 'prestige' artist, but when it came down to it, they didn't invest a whole lot in me in terms of faith. Their identity was always more aligned with that California rock thing.

What was the last record you bought?

This thing with Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. Beautiful stuff on there like 'Nature Boy'. I like the kind of notes they play, notes like skipping a stone across water. Just go with those notes, they take you away.

What's your favourite beverage?

I enjoy a nice vintage port around February. On a day to day basis I'd say a good stout malt liquor, a dark beer, or a pale ale, just in terms of quenching my thirst.

Does the public demand too much of pop musicians? It seems that in many ways they're expected to be saintly beings.

I don't know if they're expected to be saint like, but people do want you to wear the same jacket all the time and they're upset, nervous and disappointed when you attempt growth at their expense.

The Devil's Dictionary defines fame as "being conspicuously miserable". A lot of the problems connected with fame are perpetuated by the

performers more than by the public, because many performers use the press as if it's a priest. They tell journalists very private details of their lives and you have to be careful about that because it can be dangerous and damaging. It's a little cheap too, considering that you should probably reserve a lot of that for your close personal friends and relatives. **Is fame fraught with anxiety for you?**

No, because I'm not famous to the degree that it becomes a physical problem. There's a certain luxury in anonymity. It's like notice me, notice me, leave me alone. You want to be accepted but you don't want to be bothered with it. You don't want people around your neck slowing you down, but you also don't want to stand in line at the post office for an hour.

There was a period of time, when I was living at the Tropicana, that I made my address public and it became difficult. But it was my own damn fault and I think I enjoyed that chaos at the time. I think I orchestrated and arranged a lot of it just to be able to conduct. But now I'm different.

Most of your music has grown out of a lifestyle I assume you're no longer living. You're married now and last week your wife gave birth to your first child (a daughter, named Kelly). Do you expect these changes to have a profound impact on your music?

Yes and no. My writing has never chronicled my days verbatim. If that was the way I wrote I'd probably have to be rather busy in order for it to be entertaining. At the same time, there is a certain clarity that you get from having a very safe booth that you don't have when you're behind the register.

Now that I have a wife and family I no longer feel as if I'm out in the world having to make new friends every day.

Do you believe in luck?

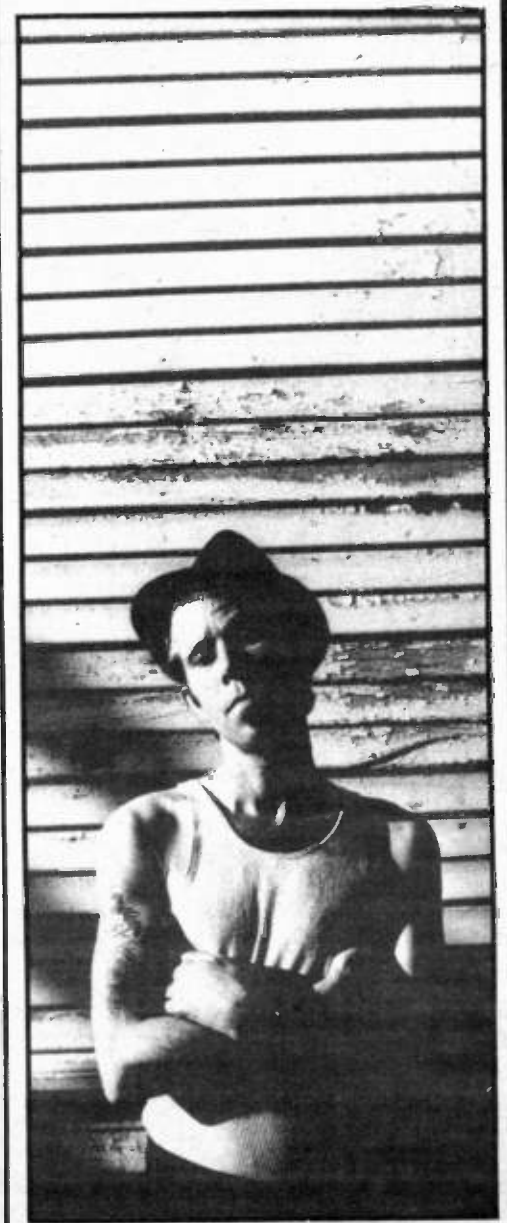
Yeah, there is luck, but the best luck you make yourself. I think I've been lucky. I make these things out of air and I don't have to use a hammer and nails, or work 12 hours in a rotten kitchen and get yelled at.

WHAT IS your dream?

I think my dream is a feeling more than it's an actual piece of geography. Some of my dreams have come true. Going on the road and playing nightclubs was an enormous dream for me. I can remember working in a restaurant and hearing music come out of the jukebox and wondering how to get from where I was, in my apron and paper hat, through all the convoluted stuff that takes you to where you're coming out of the jukebox.

I'm still not played on jukeboxes though, which is OK. If I heard myself come out of a jukebox somewhere my face would probably turn red. **If you could arm your daughter with one piece of wisdom to help her make her way through life, what would it be?**

That you can dream your way out of things and into things. And I don't mean being in a lousy place and pretending you're somewhere else. I think you can dream yourself out of some place and into another place that's better for you. To dream hard enough; I hope I can teach her how to do that.



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SHERYL GARRATT examines that
great British tradition—hooliganism

GOOD RUCKING TONIGHT

**HOOLIGAN—A HISTORY OF
RESPECTABLE FEARS**

by Geoffrey Pearson (Macmillan,
£5.95)

ONE OF the symptoms of the current depression is the rise of the Hovis ad mentality, a sentimental view of the past when folks had nowt but were happy all the same. Life was simple then, all flat caps, real ale, racing pigeons and community spirit, and there was no violence or politics or trouble at all. How many times have you been told that "it wasn't like that when I was young"? Nostalgia is a nice word for brain rot, a retreat into a cozy, safe past that never really existed because the present is too frightening to face, because no one wants to see that things have always been pretty bad and always will be unless they fight.

Pearson's book is about both the real past and the creation of the myth, a carefully researched quest for that elusive Golden Age when, so newspaper editorials tell us, violence and 'hooliganism' just didn't happen. Twenty years ago, for instance—the time when parents tell us that kids respected their elders and the streets were safe to walk in—the papers were screaming in panic that civilisation was being destroyed by those nasty, horrid Teddy Boys. Their behaviour was not, of course, British or anything to do with our stable society.

The *Daily Mail*, as always, was there to point people's anger in the right direction: "It is deplorable. It is tribal. And it is from America. It follows rag-time, blues, dixie, jazz, hot cha-cha and the boogie-woogie, which surely originated in the jungle. We sometimes wonder whether this is the negroe's revenge." It wasn't like this before the war, they crowed.

With quotes from newspapers and official records, Pearson shows that it was: before the 1939 war, before WWI, before the Boer War, and even during the wars. He tells us of a youth who appeared in court in the late 19th century with what sounds suspiciously like a mohican cut, of the original 'Hooligan' gangs, of demon bicyclists, and pub brawls where it was considered a great joke to ask the landlord to put any staff killed "on the bill". He discovers a not-too-distant past when policemen trying to make arrests in the East End risked getting kicked to pieces by locals who would come to the rescue of even violent criminals.

Co-operating with the police or reporting crime often meant being cut off by the rest of the community, all of which may

explain why the statistics for crime were lower. But a return to Victorian values? Pearson shows how the respectable then lived in fear of being garrotted on their way home at night.

The streets have never been safe and free from disorder, but there have always been scandalised voices repeating that it wasn't like this 20 years ago, that this is not the British way.

Again and again, violence and rebellion are blamed on the influence of outsiders, portrayed as a break from the order of the past. 'Permissiveness' and 'lack of parental discipline' are wheeled out continually as causes, along with popular entertainments from the music halls to TV and films, and the curious idea that youths always have too much money in their pockets, even at times of appalling poverty.

Anyone who calls for reforms is a softie who wants to let these alien yobboes destroy us, yet the same people who call for tougher punishments for violence at home are shown to be loud in support of those same crimes when committed abroad in the name of the glorious Empire. Rape, murder or theft just don't count when they're done to darkies, and what is hooliganism for the poor at home is just a prank when done by the rich. The present government have no new ideas.

The 'law and order debate' is and always was a sideshow, a treatment of symptoms not causes, and a diversion from the real issues. More old ladies die of cold or of lousy health care than were ever killed by mugging. More innocent people have been murdered in Chile, El Salvador, South Africa, Vietnam or Hiroshima. Those are the real crimes, yet they go unreported by the press and the respectable voices are silent.

The book skilfully avoids drawing any radical conclusions and at times gets bogged down in academic nonsense (trousers are worn, they don't "enter the discourse"), but it is full of quoteable stories, a fascinating history of street life from the 1600s and how it has been distorted. Stick that in your ads.

SMALL PRINT
a 'Stiff Quiz', a list of chart performances and a danda about the few Stiff film projects. Apart from the fact that answers to the Quiz are not included, this is a modest and unassuming compilation which should interest and serve Stiff fans and collectors.

**STIFF: THE STORY OF A
RECORD LABEL**

by Bert Mulrhead (Blanford, £3.95)

FUTURE POP

by Peter L. Noble (Hutchinson,
£7.95)

TWO LABOURS of love—executed with contrasting degrees of ambition and success. Hot Wacks editor and longtime Stiff fanatic Bert Mulrhead has compiled the ultimate compendium of Stiff product, including his entire correspondence with everyone who helped originate the project. He includes a brief history, discography, artists' biogs (heavily laced with personal evaluation), relevant Family Trees from Pete Frame,

By contrast, Peter Noble's *Future Pop*—which retails for a full four quid more—comes off as pretentious and unfocused. (Not a good sign, since Noble is a photographer and *Future Pop* is built round his selection of 'New Music' plus 'appropriate' quotes rather than around the future of pop.)

Even should one disregard the title, and set aside the slapdash 'design', the photos themselves are nothing above average. Any Joe Schmo record buyer will see better in his or her day-to-day encounters with record store windows, sleeve art and the press than he will by forking out an alarming amount for this patchy selection.

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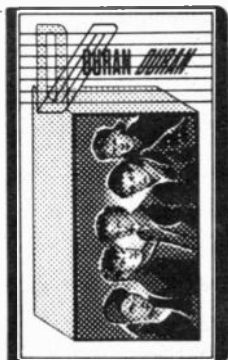
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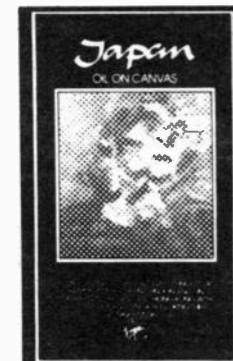
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This is a letter about The Damned. Get your bloody priorities right and...
Kaff, Hillingdon.
The Damned? Priorities right? Sure thing. — LS.

I find your letters page increasingly tedious. Every week the same old parade of pretentious drivel, one-liners and ecstatic hero worship. And every week the editor of the page replies with pretentious drivel, dismissive one-liners and ecstatic hero worship. It is no longer a forum, it is an exercise in masturbation by both letter writers and staff.

It is a self-perpetuating, brontosaurus myth. It is frustrating and depressing to read.

NME can do something. It can stimulate dialogue. If that means letting a subject run for weeks, let it run until expended. Let all viewpoints flourish. Be liberal. If that means printing something NME doesn't agree with, good! It gives NME staff a chance to reply, and then all of us out here on your mythical street a chance to reply.

I encourage readers who wish to initiate a pertinent, responsible Gasbag to do so. Only by altering the input that drives the machine can we hope to change its output. *Disillusioned, Reading, Berks.*
Does the above contribution count as constructive input? Answers to Whingebag at the usual address. — LS.

Angela Price's polemical response to Kim Chernin's *Womansize — The Tyranny Of Slenderness* demands some comment. The review confuses a pathological condition with the healthy and sensible desire to lose surplus weight (which may lead to joining an organisation like Weight Watchers). The state of fatness is not a socially-induced illusion. It makes you feel bad because you're hauling around a load of excess blubber. There's a big difference between being able to run a hundred yards without collapsing into a wheezing, sweaty heap, and compulsively vomiting up your last meal into the lavatory basin.

What indication do Price and Chernin have that a man "currently prefers the angular child-woman"? Look, ladies, if you can bear to, at the pages of the popular wank-mags and you will see bodies of all shapes and sizes.

Price's forays into cod psychology (culled, presumably, from Chernin) are just as unconvincing: "The mature woman petrifies him (contemporary man) with his memory of the infant terror he felt when his mother left him for the first time." Is this a circumstance which has only occurred in the last few decades? Were mothers permanently manacled to their sons before that? Isn't the withdrawal of maternal attention just as likely to lead the man, in later life, to seek a reassuring substitute?

Finally, the invocation of Renoir's "much loved women" is a red herring. Renoir liked big girls, as did other painters in other times, but they were a personal preference not a universal ideal of the era. The women of Degas, Lautrec, and Manet are not predominantly huge, and the women and children in 19th century pornographic photographs are as physically various as those who leer out from the current equivalents.
Bob Pegg, N. Yorkshire.

Whilst I must admit that the ideas expressed in the *Womansize* review provide an interesting theory which might apply to some individual cases, the proposition that it is a general rule explaining the evil dominance of man on womankind is just as foolish as the categorisation of feminine beauty into slim = good, fat = ugly, which it denounces. The statement that men are scared of mature women implies that to be mature, a woman has to be fat. Isn't this just replacing one stereotype with another?

The article also states that "it is men who decide how women look". The opposite statement would be just as redundant and true. An overweight woman might think that losing weight would make her feel more comfortable in society, but it is this same

Eleven's bag

ILLUSTRATION NICK REED
EDITED BY LEYLA SANAI



conformism that makes some men act 'tough' and which keeps plastic surgeons in business. It would appear that the breaking down of sexual stereotypes depends on individuals coming to terms with their own individuality, and not on someone imposing their personal view of the fat/thin, macho/effeminate conflict on others. There's more to life than books you know (but not much more).
Doctor Sax, The Dollarbook Psychoanalyst.

Thinness is a condition desired by, and desirable in, men and women alike, and is not merely a symptom of male domination of women, or of female masochism ("women share men's rage against women"). The propagation of psychological and sociological platitudes regarding the mother, patriarchal society, etc by the reviewer — derived, I assume, from the book — are immensely irritating. A man or woman isn't less of a person simply because they carry less flesh, and more fat does not necessarily entail increased sensuality.

Present-day advertising treats women patronizingly, as it treats everybody and everything, but isn't the old paintings' view of women as passive objects of sexuality less acceptable? Angela Price confuses "natural appetite" with stuffing one's face, and furthermore states that

concern with one's appearance conflicts with concern for one's soul.

John Blair, Nottingham.
Obviously obesity isn't a "socially induced illusion", but the fact remains that most people diet to promote self image by conforming to media ideals, rather than for health reasons. There's nothing wrong with this in essence — equating self concern with submissivity sounds like depressing Spare Rib politics to me. It's just when personal desire — be it to lose weight, make money, or preach beliefs — becomes blind obsession, that the original ideal becomes clouded and the means defeat the end. — LS.

I'm picking my way through the sleeping bags, plastic sheets and pissed and stoned bodies lying on the ground. (*Ho hum... Monday morning up at the NME again — Blear-eyed Bag Ed*) Upfront, one dreary and unimaginative band after another attempt to drag a single weary theme into a whole set. They're matched by a crowd stunning in its stereotyping and conformity to the mould of sheep-like festival audience.

Where am I? Donnington? Reading? No, it's Futurama '83, featuring the pick of tomorrow's brightest hopes and maybe even the next Big Thing. "Meet the new boss, same as the old boss."
Richard Lawson, Leeds.

I am writing to express my anger at the 50 or so THUGS and TROUBLEMAKERS who ruined my evening at the 'Futurama Festival'. Only a week before, I discovered that THE BAY CITY ROLLERS were playing and immediately I sent for a ticket. Let me tell you that I have waited eight years to see THE BAY CITY ROLLERS in concert, I am now 23. I arrived at Leeds Queens Hall at 1pm and found that THE BAY CITY ROLLERS were coming on at 9.10pm.

Throughout the afternoon the audience seemed to be 'getting high'. Eventually at 10.50pm THE BAY CITY ROLLERS appeared on stage. Straight away the trouble started. The thugs pressed forward crushing us into the barrier. They climbed on each other and shouted obscenities. They threw bottles, cans, glasses and beer. We got drenched and two glasses broke above my head, shattering and covering us with broken glass...

Deborah, Manchester.
And then THE BAY CITY ROLLERS started playing!?! Now THAT'S a nightmare! — LS.

"... history and political traditions buried beneath Thatcher's warped vision of little England and *The Sun's* shoddy hyperbole..." "The problem with you English is you've forgotten your own history."

I go along with most of the Depeche Mode article but the above passage goes against the whole tone of the argument. Britain today bears no relation to the Britain of yesteryear, and a good job too. Thatcher's much vaunted Victorian jingoism brings back visions of high-handed colonisation, the glorious Empire, etc. If this is our history, we're better off forgetting it and trying to come to terms with the fact that we are a small island, 'strategic' maybe, but with a trembling economy and an appalling government — facts that Fleet St. seems to forget in a big way. England is little but acts big.

Besides, any Brecht reader worth his chalk circle knows that the way to change attitudes is to destroy the traditions that stifle them. X himself presumably recognised this when he penned 'kick over the statues', a mite extreme perhaps, but laudable nevertheless.

I wish the Mode boys every success in their attempts to open

a few eyes and get a few brains ticking. Mass apathy is a Socialist's worst enemy because people seem willing to unquestioningly put their faith in the big boys. A Gallup poll in America revealed that the church and the army are the most widely admired institutions... that's what I call blind faith.
Shooter.

There's more to British heritage than power lust and jingoism, and this, presumably, is the culture and tradition X was referring to, though I can't share your optimism about our dissimilarity with the 19th century — glss an Island, glss an invincible army — and today. — LS.

While you are quite willing to admit that the music scene isn't exactly exciting at the moment — nor has been for some time — you don't make any attempt to ask why. The reason is, I believe, clear:

Doesn't one ask oneself why there are no 'great' classical or jazz composers about today? In both cases (and in the case of other musical forms) the form has developed from simple beginnings into complex variations, hit its peak, and fizzled out as embellishments on the already well-used framework become more difficult and eventually impossible.

The same is also true of rock music, developing from, among others, blues, gospel and jazz, pioneered by the likes of Chuck Berry, Elvis and Buddy Holly, only to be developed into meaningful (a little pretentious, I know), articulate compositions by Bob Dylan (primarily) and others. Musical developments were pioneered by The Fab Four and later by Pink Floyd and The Doors. But what happened then? A few superficial trimmings in the form of glitter rock, heavy metal and the pompous classical rock of the '70s.

Of course, punk was a reaction, but it could not rekindle the dwindling fire and all that's left is the synthesised pop of today. Nobody can call Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet or Depeche Mode good groups. Although there are a few sparks left in the fire, in all honesty, rock is dead.

Paul Reilly, Fife, Scotland.
If you see music as a slow-plodding technical progression then no wonder you sound so bored. By your argument there's one 'peak' lurking on the horizon and once anyone reaches it it's downhill all the way. How do you compare the different peaks of The Beatles and The Buzzcocks, Joy Division and James Brown? Live a little. There's two things the head doesn't mix with — the heart and the feet. — LS.

This Life: Probably the only truly unique and original thing about this whole life was that it managed to struggle along and survive for the length of time it did. Other, more interesting, more worthwhile lives, were struck down, whilst this totally redundant thing occupied space, attention and time.

This life gave nothing, offered nothing, and ultimately received nothing. It functioned poorly. It lived. It died. Ignored. It began like others, with all before it. It died like others, with nothing behind it. It grew tied to society's stem. It withered, a weed among the chosen flowers. Percentages were against it from its conception. Advantages against it through deception. It needed growth. It was fed scraps.

Occasionally it would seem alive. It would sparkle. It would glow with intensity. It would reach out to others. It would radiate love. It was at one with its planet and all its menagerie of life. The good times were few. Humdrum machines forced this life to be like them. The life surrendered. Defeated, dejected and downtrodden it lay down its spirit, its driving force, its fight for recognition. It died.
Craig Smart, Dunoon, Scotland.
Ta for the preview, Roland — one helluva raver after 'Pale Shelter' and 'Mad World' tho', innit? — LS.

DUNK YOUR LETTERS IN THE POST TO

Gasbag, NME, Third Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

I am writing to express my disgust at the comments made by NME at the end of the letter written by Alan Healy in which he suggested an interview with the right wing Skrewdriver to redress political balance. I, as a liberal, uphold the concept of free speech, be it for Communists or Fascists. If we are to live in a free society, we must not bring about a situation where a person can say what he wants and another can not. NME's comments at the end of the letter stink of the very fascism that they claim to oppose. In my opinion, Communism and Fascism are both as bad therefore I conclude by saying that if NME is not practising fascist policies in their interviewing of bands, Skrewdriver should be interviewed as well as The Redskins.

Michael Castler, East London.
Anyone endowed with half a brain will already know all they need to about fascism. Anyone not so lucky can do without another bellicose battle-cry to follow — LS.

Love Cats! So claim The Cure on their new single. And do you know what our seconds better Radio animator said? "It will still go better than 'The Walk' and 'Let's Go To Bed'!" But look at your old NME (13 August 1983). Did you know listen to The Glove's LP 'Blue Sunshine'? I nowadays just heard 'Punish Me With Kisses' and I nearly don't find it as a summer song as Mr. Robert Smith said about the album.

But he also said "I'd like to do something that's musically violent" and "I don't consider The Cure as a band anyway. We don't exist at the moment. Not today." But what about 'Love Cats' Mr. Smith? Did you make this single instead of getting drunk as you said you do for the two others? I'm sure a lot of people hope that you will get drunk at the next times. I do, but I will yet buy this single.

But if The Cure should nearly go in this way I don't think I will be a good fan any more. Look at New Order. Do you really felt 'Blue Monday' better than 'Confusion'. Also look at The Cure. Just get drunk or be a charts singer admired by the 15 years girls. But for myself, I look for 'Girls Don't Cry' and old illegal things like this. But that's what I think now, but next it could change like The Cure perhaps could change. Did English people prefer tenderness and fun?

Philippe Bourcier, Metz, France.
I didn't say a word! — LS.

I read recently that residents of Greenham Common won a small reduction on their rates because they claimed the presence of peace campers 'lowered the value' of their properties. Surely they would have won a much bigger reduction if they had attributed the fall in value to the existence of the ruddy great US airbase there and the imminent arrival of cruise missiles?

S. McGill, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
Protect And Survive has got radiation sussed but no-one said anything about eyesores like tents and bodies. — LS.

This is the first time I've seen my name in print.
Wanna bet? — LS.

I bet you twats are feeling really smug since we lost 90% of our readers to War Machine. Well, you'll be larfing up your own arses after the merger.
Gazzer Bushells.

This is a letter about The Damned. Get your bloody priorities right and stop raving about awful groups like Test Department who make noises but little music. You're really pathetic. (Sigh — we've come to the literary apex of the issue — Yawning Bag Ed.) So it's now hip to review shit support groups and totally ignore the main band. I refer to the review of the Palais gig where you give no mention of the headliners, the great Damned. (Are we near the end of the page?) Instead, you review the support, the crap neogothic Yank group Beast. (Do you think it's safe to creep off?) They were self indulgent, tuneless and dire. (Right, I'm off.) At worst, they were just plain pathetic. (Byeee!) I think you...

T-ZERS

NO WONDER they're calling it the scoop of the century!

Whilst other papers have spent millions on totally fabricated 'exclusive' interviews with **Vulture Dub's Boy Gorge** we here at T-Zers have saved our money — and made up our own 'exclusive' with this once great cloakroom attendant.

And the story will amaze you. While other papers tell you nothing about the TRUE life of Gorge WE guarantee to TELL you in graphic detail the truth about things that NEVER happened to him. And the lies will AMAZE you!

We won't tell you how Gorge joined a SECRET sect of St. Adriana Of Thrills nuns when he was nine, OR how when he was 16 he used to PRETEND to be a VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY for his old chum **Stephanie Stranger**.

Remember, if you want The Truth then you've probably got a severe medical disorder and you should contact your local GP quickly before he gets made redundant by the government.

If you want a fatuous farrago of heinous fables then turn to Page 60 and read our EXCLUSIVE...

HERE'S A shocker! T-Zers are proud to announce a first in our history — a true story. It's about that weirdo porn band **Soft Padded Cell** and it's absolutely true. Honestly. And it's totally EXCLUSIVE to T-Zers.

In another amazing coup d'etat, **Stevie**, The World's Weirdest Man, wangled 10,000 non-recuperable smackers out of Phoneygram to make a video of 'Soul Inside'. Of course, this is not amazing in itself. What is AMAZING is that they spent the money on re-creating the offices of Phoney HQ. Why, you ask? So that they could re-enact the notorious Soft Cell smashing up Gold Discs, assaulting secretaries and throwing fire extinguishers out of windows saga.

The video, due for release soon, features **Marc Almond** JUMPING on a Phoneygram look-a-like secretary and **Stevie** SMASHING a pile of Gold Discs. Everybody smiled a lot. Injuries sustained included PULLED muscles for Marc, CUT fingers for

Stevie and a SPRAINED wrist for **Jane**, the voluptuous Some Bazaar Supremo. As an added bonus to this T-Zer we offer you the chance to win an actual GOLD chip (as advertised in *Smashed Bits*). Just write, in less than 25 words, what you would like to do with a Music Biz executive if you were a world famous synthesiser star. Answers on a postcard please to: The Wasted Youth Fan Club, PO Box 1969. The Editor's decision is naff...

EXCITING! It looks like the excitement of recording his latest LP with **Rip, Zip & Manic** proved too much for ZANY hippy **Viv Stanshall**. For whilst recording 'Sir Henry In Africa', Viv suffered a minor heart-attack! "Nobody quite knew what was wrong with him, he just turned blue in the face and ran out into the street choking. He's so ZANY!" said a studio technician. Our heartfelt sympathies and a bill from Rinka Studios have been sent on to Viv...

STRANGE! But TRUE! The er, **The Pale Fountains** (You've never heard of them?). Right, The Pale Mountains' trumpet player, er, um, **Reg Summit**, has run away to Tibet. Yeah, really. This might not look important to you — but we happen to know that both of their fans are really upset by the news.

BIZARRE! Grace Jones is to join **The Clash**! No, sorry, that should read: Grace Jones is a young American singer with lots of money. She is no relation to **Mick Jones**...

FAB! The Northern Affairs Desk (who pulled the big one last year with their story on **Ken and Delirdre**) has informed us EXCLUSIVELY that shady scouse duo **Black** have become a trio by dragging in former **Teardrop** skinsman **Gary Dwyer**. When asked about his credibility rating by Scally cult-zine *The End*, he replied, "I own 23 pairs of size 12 'trainees', six Nike T-shirts and eight pairs of sweat pants." Gary hopes to represent Liverpool in the next heat of the four-hundred at Gateshead...

MISTAKE! If you read NO. 1 (currently running at about NO. 27 in the pop-mag wars) then you'll probably know that the debut LP from **The Style Council** is to be called 'Taking It Leisurely'. Really? No don't laugh, they've only been writing for a little while and, well you must remember how it was when you were at school. Always getting things wrong, eh? Stuck on the big words in those *Janet And John* books — you know the sort of thing. Well, a hack who shall remain nameless (Hi Karen!) received a message from a press officer saying that the band were

working on their new LP — but they were taking it easy. This later became the title for the new LP. It's jolly lucky that they weren't fudging about...

PECULIAR! **Kid Congo** has split. He would now like to be known as **Kid** on weekdays and **Congo** at the weekend. He has also left **The Cramps** and returned to his former loony bin, **The Gun Club**...

SHOCKING! Rumours are flying (though not in Russian aerospace) that **Ray 'Kink-y' Davies** the well known octogenarian philanthropist has been signed up as the 'nameless hero' in the film of **Colin MacInnes' SHOCKING** novel *Absolute Beginners*. The fact that the hero is supposed to be a teenager does not seem to have perturbed Ray's old friend **Julian 'My Body Is My Temple'**, who is the movie's director. Still, by way of compensation, **Ranking Roger** is set to play the book's black protagonist. When asked by T-Zers to comment on his casting abilities he offered nothing but that tired old cliché, 'This is a recorded message'. Don't try and fool us Julian — we've heard that old line before...

EXPERIENCE! In this case, **The Sid Presley Experience**, who were last seen cleaning the toilet walls of the NME offices after an enraged **Roy Carr** (PR to **The Redskins**) caught them scribbling their natty little monicker over the once white tiles. Sid told NME supreme **Ed Spence** that this was the start of his attempt to "clean up the music biz".

A couple of weeks ago **TSPE** were refused a gig at hippy hangout **The Fatcave** on the grounds that they weren't quite right for the venue. Fair enough. Well anyhow, a week after said event **The Specimen** (for it is they, if you remember, who run the 'cave') were asked by a man from 'Korma Productions' (Honest!) if they would like to star in a film opposite **Christopher Lee**. Yes, they replied. Meet me at 72a Kings Road said the man from Korma Productions. Well, to cut a long story short (**Spandau Joke** of the week award) they arrived only to be confronted by... **The Sid Presleys**, who with their usual penchant for grubbiness proceeded to throw a bucket of red food dye at them. Unfortunately they missed. The Sid Presley Experience will be cleaning live at No 72 Kings Road for the next four weeks...

Pious tourists at **Liverpool Cathedral** were recently treated to the unscheduled attraction of

Echo And The Bunnymen turning up to sing 'All You Need Is Love' — for an audience of Channel 4 cameras, filming an upcoming series on pop groups in their home town habitats. The episode follows a disappointing blow to the Bunnies' pride when **Liverpool FC** refused permission for them to perform 'You'll Never Walk Alone' on the Kop...

GASP! Can that decadent director, **Nicholas Parsons**, er, **Nicholas Roeg** really be producing the new **Tom Robinson** promo video? ... **GREEN!** North London's prime bizzarist nightspot **The Other Club** is on the move from its current base in Wood Green to a new home at the Flowerpot pub in St Anne's Road, Tottenham: Live bands and a disco to be presented from this Friday (September 30) and every Friday and Saturday from next weekend...

Not surprisingly this T-Zers second only to the one about **The Wasted Youth Revival** in its ability to make people shudder, turn grey and drop dead. From now on all gossip on these two 'jokes' will carry a T-Zers health warning...

APOLOGY: Yes we're proud to announce that we can actually muster up the courage to apologize to people. This week we apologize to all our readers for these T-Zers which were brought to you with a complete disregard for **The Truth** (who we have been disregarding for ages) by **The Woking Central Branch Of The Frank Zappa Muzzy Patrol**.

Our apologies also to **Miss Moss** of **Mossie** who should have been credited with the *Gasbag* illustration in last week's edition.

HOW! **Death Cult** have sacked their drummer **Ray 'Reverend'**. The decision comes after a successful British and European Tour. You're still not laffing? Well get this, they're intent on using **Sex Gang Children** (Hey! *Snouds*, why not check them for 'cheap publicity') drummer **Nigel Preston** for the recording of their new single 'God's Zoo'...

AND AT LAST! You've read the article, you've heard the word, you've been to the club now watch the TV series. Yes the BBC have decided to make a documentary about the **Dirtbox**. We believe that it's one in a series about 'Youth Achievement'. Heck! We didn't think that getting drunk was much HIC! of an achievement... if it is then the T-Zers desk might just be turned into a record breaking soap opera...

note oilskin base



the lone groover



lowry

benyon

NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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Deputy Editor
Tony Stewart
Assistant Editor
Paul Du Noyer
News Editor
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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
Ad Manager
David Flavell
(01) 261 6251

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