

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

NME'S EXCLUSIVE TAPES OFFER
CULTURE CLUB LP

ELVIS COSTELLO

TECHNICALLY A KNOCKOUT
ELVIS PUNCHES THE CLOCK OF YOUR HEART

◆ BY BARNEY HOSKYN ◆

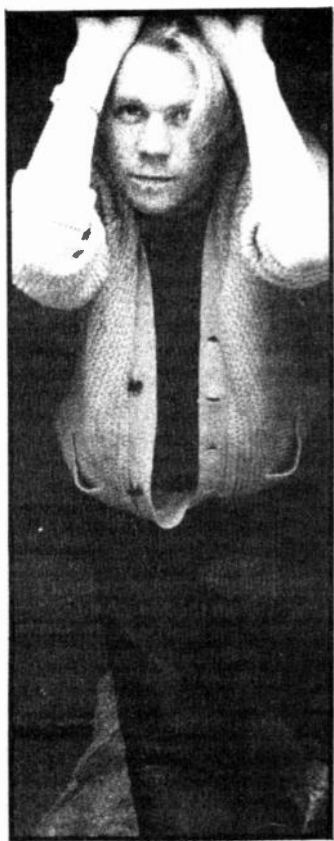
EURHYTHMICS · DEADLY DORIS
GOING UP IN COKE · THE ART OF NOISE · PERFECT CRIME
THREE JOHNS · CRONENBERG

A NEW DUOTONE: VINCE AND FEARGAL • NYOP ON YOUR LIFE CLAIM THE UB\$ •

VINCE CLARKE, formerly of Depeche Mode and Yazoo is now recording again under the name of The Assembly with E. C. Radcliffe, who co-produced Yazoo's albums. And the unusual aspect of this duo's work is that on each single they make they will feature a different guest vocalist.

Feargal Sharkey, ex-leader of the now-defunct Undertones, is the first guest involved in the project. He has already recorded with The Assembly on their debut single, and this is due for release in the near future, probably at the end of October.

Radcliffe said this week: "Although we've now branched out into the field of popular music, The Assembly was originally a project involved in the development of Aplanatic Holographic Lens design"; which no doubt tells you all you need to know!



UB40 have blown their top about reports splashed in the national Press last week, and broadcast by Radio 1, suggesting that they are adding two unemployed youths to their road crew as part of a Government training scheme.

They are particularly annoyed because they are totally opposed to such schemes.

The story was apparently sparked by the band's company secretary being approached about taking on two Government scheme trainees. Believing this to be a purely administrative matter and that theirs was one of only several firms in the area being contacted, also that the work experience in question would be restricted to their office, he agreed in good faith to consider the proposal.

That's as far as it went. But a few days later, the distorted report appeared in the Birmingham Evening Mail and was immediately taken up by the nationals, with TV and radio teams also hustling for interviews. The exact source of the inaccuracy is still unknown, though the band suspect it to be a member of West Bromwich College, who was interviewed on Radio 1's Newsbeat when that programme failed to entice anyone from UB40 to the microphone.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the group say in their official retort: "Members of the band have publicly expressed their disapproval of such training schemes, on the grounds that they are a source of slave labour, and a dishonest means of cosmetically adjusting employment statistics. We have refused many times to become involved in campaigns to promote such schemes, and see no reason to change our policy now."

"It is a great pity that hopes have been raised unnecessarily. This was not our doing, however, and we will not allow UB40's name to be used for Government propaganda. As our studio and other operations develop, we shall need to staff them — and when that happens, we shall employ people through normal channels, in real jobs for real wages."

After delivering the statement to the NME's offices, the messenger headed for 10 Downing Street with a copy for Maggie Thatcher. Will she, we wonder, pass it to Norman Tebbit?

Below: Cronenberg directs Debbie Harry in Videodrome.

THE

INFAMOUS FILM DIRECTOR DAVID CRONENBERG, CANADA'S CAPTAIN BLOOD, NOW BRINGS YOU VIDEODROME IN WHICH HE MAKES A FANNY OUT OF MANKIND. STORY: MERLE GINSBERG



YOU'D THINK anybody who'd been called Canada's Baron of Blood, The Prince Of Horror, and The Master Of Excess And Sensationalism would be a mass-murdering criminal or — at the very least — some flagrant Canadian heavy metal pseudo-star.

But in fact, David Cronenberg is now Canada's most respectable export — its most conspicuous, prolific, and misunderstood film maker.

Two of his recent efforts will be unleashed on the UK shortly — 1982's *Videodrome*, and his recently made version of Stephen King's novel *The Dead Zone*.

How has Cronenberg amassed these dirty nicknames when he's had only the highest and purest of cinematic intentions?

Well, by writing and producing low-budget bio-terror comedies like *The Parasite Murders* (aka *Shivers* aka *They Came From Within* 1975) in which disgusting excretory cum-phallic-looking parasite/aphrodisiacs turn lovely well-bred uptight folks into raving sex fanatics; *Rabid* (1976) wherein porn queen Marilyn Chambers grows new, dangerously male-seeming genitalia with which she murders her lovers and destroys downtown Montreal; *The Brood* (1979) in which Samantha Eggar psychoplasmodically gives birth to her own neuroses — and they aren't pretty, kids; and his best known work to date, *Scanners* (1980): telepathics declare mental war on each other.

The latter earned him another one of his equally-dubious tags

"the film maker who makes those exploding-head movies"

You'd never guess any of that to look at Cronenberg; there isn't a drop of blood on him anywhere. He reserves regurgitated guts for the screen, and appears every bit the pleasant, articulate 40 years old Torontonian who Martin Scorsese (a big fan) once likened to "a gynaecologist from Beverly Hills". Cronenberg loves this description, admitting, "If I didn't make these films I might have become a gynaecologist from Beverly Hills!"

Good thing he chose the former as he's now hobnobbing with the real West Coast bigwigs.

"I'm still amazed the major studios want to work with me after they've seen my work. I think they're sort of hoping audiences will say, Cronenberg — that sounds like Spielberg, doesn't it? This guy must be important."

Although he's now battling the big leagues with *The Dead Zone* (which sold millions in book form, and stars Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams), Cronenberg other films appeal mostly to a kind of cult taste the ever-glib Scorsese observed as sport: "thick glasses and runny noses" and as "probably celibate since birth — and probably Communists".

Only *Scanners* of the repertoire managed to cash in on American box office receipts, although the others have fared fabulously well in Canada, and quite well in Europe and the UK. This is probably the reason *Videodrome* is being released in Britain just prior to *The Dead Zone*, even though it was plucked from most American movie houses within weeks.

JON'LL TUMBLE 4 YA

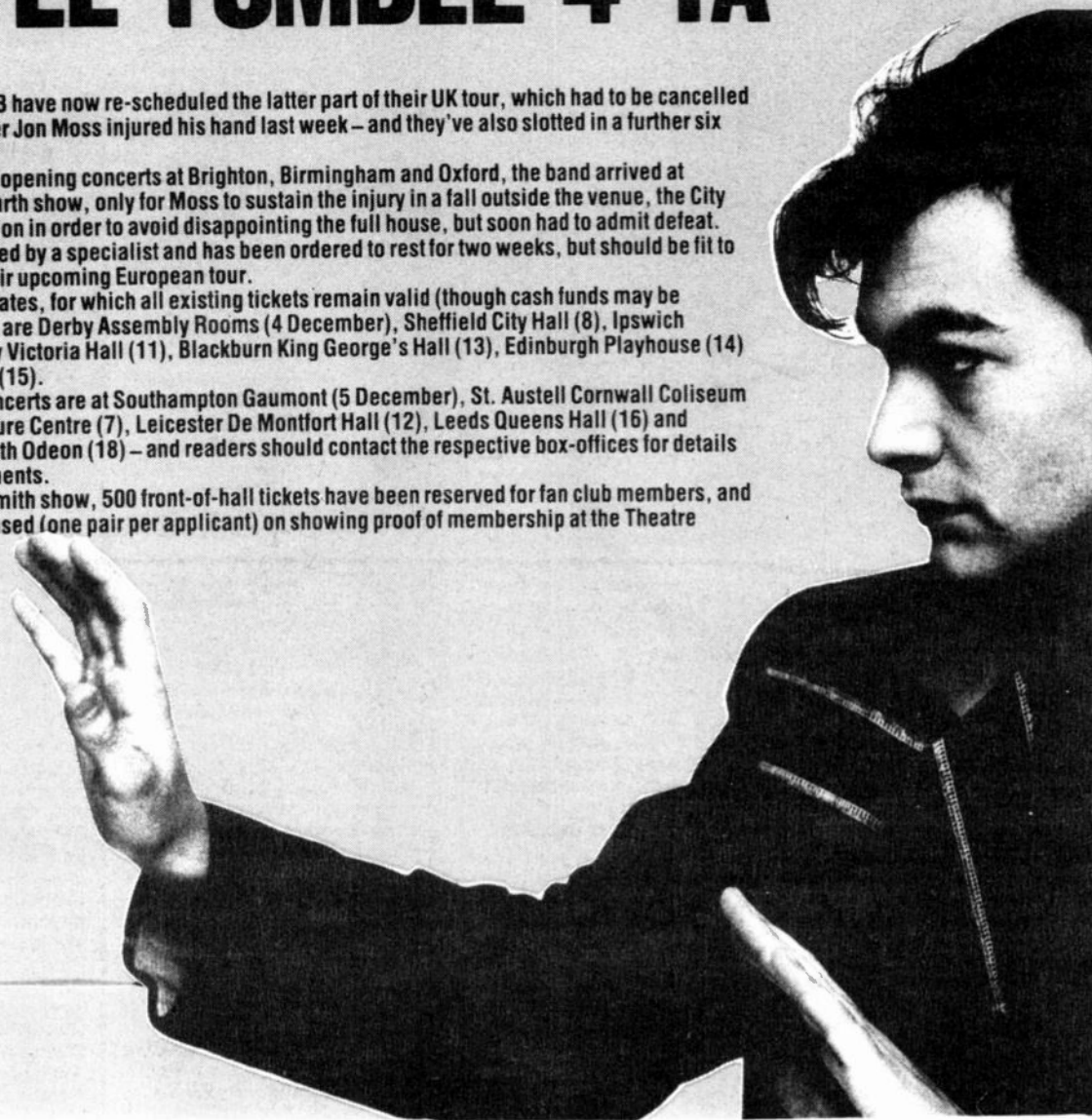
CULTURE CLUB have now re-scheduled the latter part of their UK tour, which had to be cancelled after drummer Jon Moss injured his hand last week — and they've also slotted in a further six brand new dates.

After playing their opening concerts at Brighton, Birmingham and Oxford, the band arrived at Sheffield for their fourth show, only for Moss to sustain the injury in a fall outside the venue, the City Hall. He tried to play on in order to avoid disappointing the full house, but soon had to admit defeat. He's now being treated by a specialist and has been ordered to rest for two weeks, but should be fit to join the group for their upcoming European tour.

The re-arranged dates, for which all existing tickets remain valid (though cash funds may be obtained if desired), are Derby Assembly Rooms (4 December), Sheffield City Hall (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Blackburn King George's Hall (13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14) and Glasgow Apollo (15).

The additional concerts are at Southampton Gaumont (5 December), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (6), Gloucester Leisure Centre (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Leeds Queens Hall (16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (18) — and readers should contact the respective box-offices for details of booking arrangements.

For the Hammersmith show, 500 front-of-hall tickets have been reserved for fan club members, and these may be purchased (one pair per applicant) on showing proof of membership at the Theatre box-office.



INSIDE INFORMATION

6 DEADLY DORIS
Or to be more precise *DIE! TÖDLICHE DORIS* (pronounced Dee Turd Licker Doris), itself a pun on *DIE TÖDLICHE DOSIS*, meaning of course, Fatal Dose. Chris Bohn wrote this article, and Doris is a group. Well, with such perversions she had to form a society...



8 THREE JOHNS
John, John, John and John... now, that's confused you for a start. Barney Hoskyns visits Leeds' leading Luddites and asks, "Gee, which one's Ringo?" Can you believe the level of this humour, humour, humour...

- 4 CHARTS
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44 EURYTHMICS

They'll be wigs on the green... or, in fact, the orange hair of Ann Lennox, who thinks high-tech is a picture frame and the owner of Camden caff. Yes, Cynthia Rose was confused too...



REARRANGING YOUR CULTURE CLUBS • BLOOD AND GUTS AND CRONENBERG •

SWEET SMELL OF EXCESS



"They're not calculated, really. I like to improvise, like guitar players do; I just go with what's hot for me. Somehow, the images always come out as metaphors. I like to surprise the characters, and there's some humor involved with that."

A good example of this is the "slit" James Woods sports in his abdomen in *Videodrome*. He plays Max Renn, a cable exec peddling porn shows who, ironically, is then tortured by the S & M program 'Videodrome' that especially titillated him. "The slit" forms a giant vagina in his solar plexus and his gut is then crammed with anthropomorphic video cassettes, by which his soul is programmed.

During the making of the film, Woods complained, "I'm no longer an actor, I'm just the bearer of the slit." To which Debbie Harry retorted, "Now you know how it feels."

"Yes, I do like to juggle sexual behaviour on my characters," admits The Baron, "and I get a lot of shit for it. It makes people really mad; it makes them think I hate women, or consider vaginal imagery horrific. That's crazy! I'm trying to allow my feminine nature free rein. Again, I'm going for the gut; if you want to deal with repression, you have to be pretty raw about sex."

"James Woods plays a completely unemotional power driven man — that slit is what he needs, and deserves."

It's hard to find the Cronenberg-like characters in his films — he's written as well as directed all of them (except for the upcoming *Dead Zone*), and finds that, in a Jungian way, all of his sickos are really him. In fact, he loves killing off his characters because it gives him a little opportunity to brush up for his own inevitable termination.

Dows this sort of exorcism keep his various devils at bay?

"No, my art does not 'keep me sane', as the artist/madman says in *Scanners*. But... it keeps me off the streets, and it doesn't make me more insane. It's somewhat cathartic, that's all. In the end, that's all you can ask for."

"A true artist constantly returns to the same themes in different proportions. In Fellini's first film, everything Fellini has done is all there. I really want to make the mind, the body, and the psychological manifest. I'll always be looking for the Dionysian consciousness in an Apollonian world. That why I'll keep making odd films. I mean, I doubt I'll confront the Dionysian consciousness, walking down the street in Toronto."

No, but he might in a Cronenberg movie, and it would probably look very bloody.

release last winter.

Its British distributors, Palace, intend to put more care in the marketing of what is really a complicated cross-genre movie. Seems simplistic Americans found it too ugly for the smart crowd, and too strangely smart for the blood-and-guts crowd.

Videodrome is both a disturbing and funny psychological display of the effects of sex and violence on end of cable television, and includes the compelling presence of Blondie's Debbie Harry, as a radio personality with heavy S & M leanings.

So are these horror movies or are they art films? Or are they actually meant to be funny?

Is it possible for a film to do all of the above?

"The films are certainly... idiosyncratic, and not classic horror films, particularly to those who come seeking *Friday The 13th*. But in my sense of what 'horror' means — they are, yes."

"They use horrific images, but for non-sensationalist purposes. I guess they're art films, because they deal with the complications of perception, and repression, using really extreme imagery like avant-garde film makers have. But the extreme imagery isn't there to entice people, it's there to illuminate them."

It's true that Cronenberg's visual violence — much of it

sexually related, as in the S & M and rape-torture/snuff scenes in *Videodrome* — is not gratuitous.

"Isn't S & M a very threatening combination of both demeaning and exalting the body?" he asked innocently.

Every Cronenbergian dripping eye, ripped limb or dislocated orifice is some manifestation of inner horrors, which when liberated create the kind of comedic chaos his characters always try much too hard to avoid.

"In the Freudian formula," he explained, "civilisation is repression — and Toronto, where I grew up, is a very civilised city; much too, in fact."

That's why rock'n' roll was so big here in the '50s. When people heard Little Richard and Fats Domino, they couldn't believe anybody ever really could get that excited. They emulated them. I would like to be Toronto's Little Richard of the '80s. I think my images are freeing, therefore scary to people, which is so healthy. I'm for a visceral mind."

It's amusing he should use the word "healthy" when many critics have enthusiastically labelled him "warped".

"I'm not warped; that implies something that was once straight and is now twisted. I was never straight. I am very balanced, like Scorsese said, because I allow for the

moments of rawness. It's like I'm putting my most intimate dreams on the screen. Not fantasies, dreams. And I'm not embarrassed by that; I don't think bloody and raw special effects are as much of a surprise to the unconscious of those who see the films as they think. Killing somebody with a look, like in *Scanners*, is something everybody can imagine wanting to do. Well-chosen gory images stick in people's minds."

From where does the healthy and non-warped Cronenberg cull these gruesome images — as in the splattered brains of *Scanners* and the tellie-induced tumor-ridden bodies (yum) in *Videodrome*?



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	UB40 (Dep International)	Paul Young (CBS)	Big Country (Mercury)	David Bowie (EMI)	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	Michael Jackson (Epic)	Wham! (Innervision)	Various (Ronco)	Depeche Mode (Mute)	Level 42 (Polydor)	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	Beach Boys (Capitol)	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	Kiss (Casablanca)	Johnny Mathis & Natalie Cole (CBS)	Judie Tzuke (Chrysalis)	Kid Creole (Island)	AC/DC (Atlantic)	JoBoxers (RCA)	PiL (Virgin)	Elton John (Rocket)	Rainbow (Polydor)	Peabo Bryson & Roberta Flack (Capitol)	Culture Club (Virgin)	Diamond Head (MCA)	Moody Blues (Threshold)	J. J. Cale (Mercury)	George Benson (WEA)	Barry Manilow (Arista)	Shalamar (Solar)	Various (Impression)	John Foxx (Virgin)	Tom Waits (Island)	Ryuchi Sakamoto (Virgin)	Yazoo (Mute)	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	Various (K-Tel)	The Glove (Polydor)	Marc Bolan (Marc on Wax)	New Order (Factory)	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	Police (A&M)	Robert Plant (WEA)	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	U2 (Island)	Various (RSO)	Billy Joel (CBS)	Duran Duran (EMI)

1	CHOC CHOC CHOC 83	Franco & Rochereau (Choc I)
2	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Lubadika Porthos (Coco 1001)
3	SHAURI YAKO	Super Mazembe (Earthworks 12")
4	SUCKER DJ'S (I WILL SURVIVE)	Dimples D (Partytime PT 101)
5	DR SATANS ECHO CHAMBER	Yamaha Skank (LP Success 171)
6	THE WHIP	The Ethiopians (Duke Reid)
7	NYARARA WANGU	Thomas Mapfumo (Earthworks ELP2005)
8	SWING	Super Blueboy (Charles BCR 313)
9	BUY OFF THE BAR	Sugar Minott (Taxi 7" pre.)
10	OYELO QUE TE CONVIENE	Puerto Rico Allstars (Jason Records 1003)
11	SEDELINI THINA	Joshua Sithole (Zulu Jive LP ELP 2002)
12	SAMBA	Moussa Doumbia (Sacodis Ls 28)
13	HOT HOT HOT	Arrow (Dynamic DY3424)
14	CHERRY WINE	'Little' Esther Phillips (King)
15	DOUDOU	Tity Edima (Dragon Phenix DPX 823)
16	BESAME	Designer (Charles DCR 320)
17	DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH	Derrick Lara & Trinity (Joe Gibbs 12")
18	CHANGES	Home T 4/Josie Wales (Mobiliser MM68)
19	JEANOT	Lola Lolita and Tchico (Badmos 0001)
20	DUKE OF EARL	Cornell Campbell (Jackpot B14793)
21	BUG SAX!	Sammy (Monkas ML001)
22	AUTORAIL	Baobab Gouye-Gui (Jambaaar JM 5004)
23	DJALENGA	12" Swahili (SWAH 001)
24	ROCK THE BEAT (DUB)	Chilldown (A & M SP 12071)
25	BOPOL MANSIAMINA	Manuela (Syllart 8301)
26	ROOTS KINTA KINTYE	Joe Gibbs (7" pre.)
27	CINQ ANS EKOKI: FRONCO	Orchestra of Jazz (Fiesta 51.054 B)
28	DARKER THAN BLUE	Devon Russell (High Times pre.)
29	AL CAPONE	Prince Buster (Blue Beat)
30	SOLEIL	Kassau (FM 006)

Chart by Dave Hucker, DJ, Dance Dive at Sol Y Sombre,
74 Charlotte St, London W1 (Thursdays)

AFRICAN LPs

2	THE BEST AMBIANCE	Bibi Den's (Tangente) Zaire
3	L'EVENEMENT	Franco & Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
4	SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria
5	AFRICAN FEELING	Mohammed Malcolm Ben (Sterns) Ghana
6	CHOC CHOC CHOC	Franco & Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
7	FRE NO MA ME	Jewel Ackah (Gapo) Ghana
8	BOBBY	Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
9	KONA KOHWE	Eric Agyeman (PMA) Ghana
10	MAKOSSA DIGITAL	Toto Guillaume (Esperance) Cameroun
11	ESWI WO YAPI	Bilibia Bel (Genidia) Zaire
12	TROP BON, TROP COUILLON	Teddy Sukami (Afro-Rhythms) Zaire
13	CA NE SE PRETE PAS	Pamelo Mounka (Eddyson) Zaire
14	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Lubadika (Safari Ambience) Zaire
15	BLACK BEAUTY	Okukuseku Band (RAS) Ghana
16	ASE	Segun Adewale (N'SARPS) Nigeria

Chart by Stern's, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1

REGGAE DISCO 45s



Sugar's level vibes by four

Pic David J. Murray

1	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
2	GIVE ME THE RIGHT	Leroy Sibbles And The Heptones (Success)
3	LEVEL VIBES	Sugar Minott (Tads)
4	COTTAGE IN NEGRIL	Tryone Taylor (Love & Unity)
5	TAKE A SET	Sugar Minott (Wackies)
6	BROTHERMAN	Mighty Diamonds (Reggae)
7	MOI EMMAH OOH	Winston Reddy (Inner Light)
8	COME SEE ME	Tony Tuff (GG)
9	BABY LOVE	Sensations (Treasure Isle)
10	BUY OFF THE BAR	Sugar Minott (Wackies)
11	WATER PUMPEE	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
12	WHY	Peaches (Peach)
13	PICTURE ON THE WALL	Natural Ites (CSA)
14	IF I HAD KNOWN	Ken Boothe (Greensleeves)
15	SUICE OF CAKE	Sugar Minott (Reggae)

REGGAE LPs

1	SUFFERERS CHOICE	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
2	DIM THE LIGHT	Winston Reddy (Inner Light)
3	BEST OF STUDIO ONE	Various Artists (Heartbeat)
4	FITTEST OF THE FITTEST	Burning Spear (Radic)
5	THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN	Dennis Brown (A&M)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
2	2	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)
3	5	SONG TO THE SIREN	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
4	7	KICKER CONSPIRACY	Fall (Rough Trade)
5	8	4 AD 12" EP	Bauhaus (4AD)
6	4	INCUBUS SUCCUBUS	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
7	10	REBEL RUN	Toyah (Safari)
8	3	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)
9	17	LOVE IN ITSELF	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	20	SHINE	Play Dead (Beggars Banquet)
11	6	TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS	Conflict (Crass)
12	9	THE CRUSHER	Bananamen (Big Beat)
13	18	MUNSTER THEME	Escalators (Big Beat)
14	12	LEAN ON ME	Redskins (CNT)
15	11	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
16	16	I DISCOVER LOVE	Fad Gadget (Mute)
17	15	ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY	UK Subs (Jungle)
18	14	IGNORE THE MACHINE	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
19	(-)	I NEED SOMEONE TONIGHT	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
20	19	BRUISES/PUNCHDRUNK AND BRANDO	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
21	(-)	SUPERMAN	Black Lace (Flair)
22	13	GOOD TECHNOLOGY	Red Guitars (Self Drive)
23	28	RAPIST	Combat 84 (Victory)
24	(-)	BLIND AMBITION	Partisans (Cloak And Dagger)
25	(-)	WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOCK IT	Cook Da Books (Kiteland)
26	(-)	HAND IN GLOVE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
27	22	CHEERIO TODDLEPIP	Toy Dolls (Volume)
28	24	SOMEONE'S CALLING	Modern English (4AD)
29	30	HIP HIP	Hurrah (Kitchenware)
30	21	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)

1	1	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	2	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
3	7	THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME	Serious Drinking (Upright)
4	3	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
5	5	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
6	6	CHURCH OF THE DEATH	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)
7	4	FETISCH	Cramps (Illegal)
8	13	BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
9	8	FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE	Virginia Astley (Rough Trade)
10	25	DANCE IN THE MIDNIGHT	Mark Bolan (Bolan On Wax)
11	9	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
12	10	BOLLOX TO THE GONADS	Various (Pax)
13	17	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
14	14	VIOLENT FEMMES	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)
15	12	LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S	Weekend (Rough Trade)
16	(-)	PROMISE NOTHING	Virginia Astley (Crepescale)
17	23	THE FIRST FLOWER	Playdead (Jungle)
18	15	PATIENCE	Peter Hammill (Naive)
19	11	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)
20	16	1981-82 MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)
21	(-)	RIVERS OF DESIRE	Orson Family (New Rose)
22	21	JAZZATEERS	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)
23	(-)	TEXT OF FESTIVAL	Hawkwind (Illuminated)
24	20	DEMOLITION BLUES	Various (Insane)
25	19	ANOTHER SETTING	Durutti Column (Factory)
26	(-)	SUNDOWN	Rank And File (Rough Trade)
27	(-)	MOVING STAIRCASES	The Escalators (Big Beat)
28	(-)	IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
29	22	ARMAGEDDON IN ACTION	Destructors (Radical Change)
30	27	UNKNOWN PLEASURES	Joy Division (Factory)

SOFTWARE

20

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 HALLS OF THE THINGS | Spectrum (Crystal) |
| 2 JET PAK | Spectrum (Ultimate) |
| 3 ZOOM | Spectrum (Imagine) |
| 4 FLIGHT SIMULATION | Spectrum (Psion) |
| 5 PENETRATOR | Spectrum (Melbourne House) |
| 6 PANIC 64 | CBM 64 (Interceptor) |
| 7 MANIC MINER | Spectrum (Bog-Byte) |
| 8 BRIDGE PLAYER | Spectrum (C.P.) |
| 9 TRANSYLVANIAN TOWER | Spectrum (Richard Shepherd) |
| 10 KILLER GORILLA | BBC (Micropower) |
| 11 MUSIC PROCESSOR | BBC (Quicksilver) |
| 12 MATRIX | VIC-20 (Llamasoft) |
| 13 3-D BOMB ALLEY | BBC (Software Invasion) |
| 14 CRAZY KONG (100% MC) | VIC-20 (Avirog) |
| 15 POOL | Spectrum (CDS) |
| 16 SALES LEDGER | Spectrum (Kemp) |
| 17 ROCKET RAID | BBC (Acornsoft) |
| 18 REVERSI | Oric (UK) |
| 19 ENVYMI | VIC-20 (Virgin Games) |
| 20 HUNGRY HORACE | CBM 64 (Melbourne House) |

Chart by The Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W1

JAZZ

LPs

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 JAZZ STUDIO ONE | Various Basie Alumni (Jasmine) |
| 2 INDISPENSABLE | Jack Teagarden (RCA) |
| 3 TIME REMEMBERED | Bill Evans (Milestone) |
| 4 PARIS 1935-37 | Willie Lewis (Pathe) |
| 5 GREAT AMERICAN EVENING | Woody Herman (Concord) |
| 6 SWINGIN' MR ROGERS | Shorty Rogers (Atlantic) |
| 7 JAZZ TRUMPET — CLASSIC TO SWING | Various (Prestige) |
| 8 JAZZ TRUMPET — MODERN TIME | Various (Prestige) |
| 9 NOW | Stan Tracey (Steam) |
| 10 BIGGEST LITTLE BAND OF THE '40s | Eddie Heywood (Commodore) |
| 11 SPRINT | Red Rodney & Ira Sullivan (Elektra) |
| 12 FINE AND DANDY | Georg Kelly (Barron) |
| 13 NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS | Lennie Tristano (Elektra) |
| 14 THINK OF ONE | Wynton Marsalis (CBS) |
| 15 IN EUROPE | Buck Hill (Turning Point) |
| 16 PLAYS COLE PORTER | Sonny Criss (Imperial) |
| 17 A.T.'s DELIGHT | Arthur Taylor (Blue Note) |
| 18 LIVE 1957 | Jimmy Guiffre (Raretone) |
| 19 AT GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL | Hamp Hawes (Concord) |
| 20 AMUM | Charles Mingus (CBS) |

Courtesy: The Record Centre, 44 Loveday Street, Birmingham B4

US

45s



Pick on someone your own size Spandau

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART | Bonnie Tyler (Columbia) |
| 2 TELL HER ABOUT IT | Billy Joel (Columbia) |
| 3 THE SAFETY DANCE | Men Without Hats (Backstreet) |
| 4 MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING AT ALL | Air Supply (Arista) |
| 5 (SHE'S) SEXY AND 17 | Stray Cats (EMI-America) |
| 6 KING OF PAIN | The Police (A & M) |
| 7 TRUE | Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis) |
| 8 MANIAC | Michael Sembello (Casablanca) |
| 9 ISLANDS IN THE STREAM | Kenny Rogers Duet With Dolly Parton (RCA) |
| 10 FAR FROM OVER | Frank Stallone (RSO) |
| 11 DON'T CRY | Asia (Geffen) |
| 12 PROMISES PROMISES | Naked Eyes (EMI-America) |
| 13 HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU | Laura Brannigan (Atlantic) |
| 14 PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ | Taco (RCA) |
| 15 HUMAN NATURE | Michael Jackson (Epic) |

US

LPs

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 SYNCHRONICITY | The Police (A & M) |
| 2 THRILLER | Michael Jackson (Epic) |
| 3 FLASHDANCE | Soundtrack (Casablanca) |
| 4 PYROMANIA | Def Leppard (Mercury) |
| 5 AN INNOCENT MAN | Billy Joel (Columbia) |
| 6 ALPHA | Asia (Geffen) |
| 7 METAL HEALTH | Quiet Riot (Pasha) |
| 8 FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT | Bonnie Tyler (Columbia) |
| 9 REACH THE BEACH | The Fixx (MCA) |
| 10 THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS | Robert Plant (Es Paranza) |
| 11 LAWFYERS IN LOVE | Jackson Browne (Asylum) |
| 12 THE WILD HEART | Stevie Nicks (Modern) |
| 13 RHYTHM OF YOUTH | Men Without Hats (Backstreet) |
| 14 GREATEST HITS | Air Supply (Arista) |
| 15 STAYING ALIVE | Soundtrack (RSO) |

5 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 SUMMER NIGHTS | John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO) |
| 2 LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE | Rose Royce (Whitfield) |
| 3 GREASE | Frankie Valli (RSO) |
| 4 DREADLOCK HOLIDAY | 10 cc (Mercury) |
| 5 I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU | Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) |
| 6 KISS YOU ALL OVER | Exile (Rak) |
| 7 THREE TIMES A LADY | Commodores (Motown) |
| 8 OH WHAT A CIRCUS | David Essex (Mercury) |
| 9 LUCKY STARS | Dean Friedman (Lifesong) |
| 10 JILTED JOHN | Jilted John (EMI Int) |

15 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 THOSE WERE THE DAYS | Mary Hopkins (Apple) |
| 2 HEY JUDE | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 3 JESAMINE | Casuals (Decca) |
| 4 LITTLE ARROWS | Leapy Lee (MCA) |
| 5 HOLD ME TIGHT | Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone) |
| 6 I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU | Bee Gees (Polydor) |
| 7 LADY WILLPOWER | Gary Puckett And The Union Gap (CBS) |
| 8 I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER | Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) |
| 9 DO IT AGAIN | Beach Boys (Capitol) |
| 10 CLASSICAL GAS | Mason Williams (Warner Bros) |

FOLK

LPs

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1 SONG FOR IRELAND | De Danaan (Cara) |
| 2 BRASS MONKEY | Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick (Topic) |
| 3 LIVE | Moving Hearts (Irish WEA) |
| 4 THE COCKTAIL COWBOY | Dave Pegg (Woodworm) |
| 5 HAND OF KINDNESS | Richard Thompson (Hannibal) |
| 6 AT2 | Fairport Convention (Woodworm) |
| 7 REVELRY | Peter Rowan (Waterfront) |
| 8 GRINNING IN YOUR FACE | Martin Simpson (Topic) |
| 9 VIVA SEQUIN | Flaco Jimenez (Rogue) |
| 10 PASSAGE | Tannahill Weavers (Munich) |

Chart by Projection Records Ltd.,
74 High Street, Old Town, Leigh on Sea, Essex.

Fred charts Siouxsie's prudent move. Pic Simon Fowler

FRED FACT

So now The Banshees have followed in the path of Marmalade and gained a hit by swiping a song from The Beatles' White Album. Oddly enough, the mighty whitey, which came out in November, 1968, never provided the Fab Four with a hit single during the life of the band, even though there were 30 tracks to dip into. But others were never so reticent, the Marmas and The Bedrocks being the first off the mark, both bands having a cover of 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da' in the UK charts within days, the former's version climbing all the way to Number One. Meanwhile, the Stateside plunder merchants went berserk and during 1969 Chubby Checker charted with 'Back In The USSR', Ramsey Lewis with 'Julia' and Arthur Conley with 'Admirers', Charles Manson adopting two tracks, 'Piggies' and 'Helter Skelter', as a kind of rationale for his odious activities — and it was in 1969 that his Family made its biggest hit, slaying actress Sharon Tate and her friends at a Hollywood party. Much later — in 1976 — The Beatles did obtain their own White Album hit when EMI belatedly released 'Back In The USSR' as a single and were rewarded with a Top 20 entrant. But since that time, all has been calm on that particular cover-version front ... until Siouxsie and 'Dear Prudence' that is.

Fred Dellar

10 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1 EYE LEVEL | Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia) |
| 2 BALLROOM BLITZ | The Sweet (RCA) |
| 3 MONSTER MASH | Bobby 'Boris' Pickett And The Crypt Kickers (London) |
| 4 NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS | Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists) |
| 5 ANGEL FINGERS | Wizzard (Harvest) |
| 6 JOYBRINGER | Manfred Mann Earthband (Vertigo) |
| 7 ROCK ON | David Essex (CBS) |
| 8 LAUGHING GNOME | David Bowie (RCA) |
| 9 OH NO, NOT MY BABY | Rod Stewart (Mercury) |
| 10 CAROLINE | Status Quo (Vertigo) |

20 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 DO YOU LOVE ME | Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca) |
| 2 SHE LOVES YOU | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 3 THEN HE KISSED ME | Crystals (London) |
| 4 IF I HAD A HAMMER | Trini Lopez (Reprise) |
| 5 I WANT TO STAY HERE | Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme (CBS) |
| 6 SHINDIG | Shadows (Columbia) |
| 7 BLUE BAYOU | Roy Orbison (London) |
| 8 APPLEJACK | Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca) |
| 9 JUST LIKE EDDIE | Heinz (Decca) |
| 10 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME | Cliff Richard (Columbia) |

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS



JAPAN



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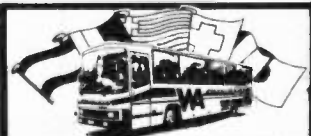
ALBUM OR CASSETTE

GENESIS

In the Gateway Promotions advertisement appearing in NME September 24th 1983, we incorrectly stated that Genesis would be touring Europe in early 1984. This tour will not be taking place and we would therefore like to apologise for any embarrassment and inconvenience that may have been caused to Genesis.

All monies sent by NME readers in respect of this advertisement are now being returned.

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CULTURE CLUB
LIVE IN BRUSSELS

Saturday 22nd October
£39 Includes ● Ticket for concert ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry.
Depart London 21st October. Return AM. 23rd October
or £59 Includes ● First class hotel ● Ticket for concert ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry ● Full Free day in Brussels. CCA
Depart London Evening 20th October. Return AM. 23rd October.

IRON MAIDEN
MICHAEL SCHENKER
GROUP

LIVE IN BRUSSELS

Monday 14th November
£55 Includes ● Ticket for concert ● First class hotel ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry ● Full free day in Brussels. IM
Depart 12th November. Return 15th November
or take "Skipper TRIP" for £35 which includes all transport to Brussels and concert ticket.
Depart November 13th. Return November 15th.

KISS
LIVE IN BRUSSELS

Sunday 13th November
£35 Includes all transport from London to Brussels and concert ticket. KB
Depart Even. 12th Nov. Return AM. 14th November
Still a few tickets left for Kiss in Paris 31st October

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

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CC ☐ CCA ☐ IM ☐ KB ☐

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How Chris Bohn contracted a fatal dose of dada from Berlin's scandalous The Deadly Doris — housewife, superstar of sorts, record breaker and maker of the 8mm masterpiece *The Life Of Sid Vicious*.

I: LUST

WHEN YOU buy a copy of Die Tödliche Doris's LP you are given an address — Doris Postfach: 110 242, 1000 Berlin 62 — and a number. Mine's 1669.

Now you are one of Doris's 3000 intimate acquaintances, there to satisfy her needs, which are many. Apart from the conventional holes she has others she wants filling, a whole heap of holes, nostrils, asshole, earholes and a great many pores. Few of her 3000 have the stamina or imagination to plug them all alone.

In the final count Die Tödliche Doris is left to amuse herself. The things she gets up to!

The elfin figure of Wolfgang Müller emerges from beneath the skirts of Die Tödliche Doris already fully cognizant and grinning wickedly at the light. To his one side marches Käthe Kruse beating a tin drum and to his other stands a distracted looking Nikolas Utermöhlen playing what might have been once a recognisable tune on a battered accordion.

Sometimes they are followed by Doris's most radiant child, a peroxide beauty called Tabea Blumenschein who works as a high society model, designer and face around town when she is not servicing Doris's needs.

But don't expect Die Tödliche Doris to always look like this. Permanence doesn't become her. She is reborn each dawn, constantly taking off and renewing herself through everlasting risk. If she fails to surprise herself when she looks in her dressing table mirror of a morning then she'll return to bed, turn over and go back to sleep. Tomorrow brings another day ...

"One year, 365 days, we'll get one or two ideas in that time, that's for certain," laughs Wolfgang Müller. "If we don't get one one day we don't do anything. It's as simple as that."

"It becomes boring if you take the middle way. So one tries to act on a good idea. And maybe one out of 20 will be not just a joke but something one can really play or work with."

If to some idleness is the beginning of all vice, for Die Tödliche Doris it is the opportunity to lay back and let her imagination expand to fill out her spare

time and convert it into useful activity. Her range is astonishing, as the following list makes clear: maker of two records, countless cassettes and a rack of films, pictures, performances, author of *Geniale Dilletanten*, occasional tour operator, foto documentary archivist (FDA). And each of these activities can be further broken down.

For instance, she classifies her films as romantic, entertainment, love stories and teaching aids (*Lehrfilme*). Teaching aids? Beware of Die Tödliche Doris — pedagogue!

II: CARELESSNESS

HERE, I quote from Die Tödliche Doris's 12" 'Seven Fatal Accidents In The Household'. A drumbeat marks funeral time, a saxophone brays in mourning, Wolfgang's best public information service voice recounts seven case histories by way of warning:

"Elizabeth B, 37, sits before the dressing table and starts dressing her hair. She lights a cigarette. She takes the hairspray and sprays her hair with it. Suddenly the hairspray becomes like a flamethrower. The head's charred and in seconds on the burnt carpet lies a mutilated and charred corpse."

Kurt was 27 ...

The tone of Doris's satire can be deadly. Be careful not to laugh yourselves to death.

III: GUILT

"I am guilty! You are guilty! That is the guilt structure! Doer and done to! (The doer dumps his victim in a bag) I am guilty! You are guilty! We are guilty! Guilty!" — 'The Guilt Structure'

THE MOST enduring of Die Tödliche Doris's 8mm films to date is *The Life Of Sid Vicious*. Filmed in Berlin, it opens with Sid, hair greased upwards, swastika on red T-shirt toddling down Parisian boulevards. It cuts to a squalid urine — lit apartment where Nancy is sprawled half naked across the floor.

The camera observes them at play, pushing and prodding each other. Sid draws a rubber knife, chews on it and subsequently stabs Nancy to death. Shocked by what he's done, a distraught Sid OD's and dies in squalor.

So far as is possible in nine minutes it is



Rising young mini-pop Oskar Dimitroff, aged two and a half, playing Sid Vicious, whose star sunk in 1979, in Die Tödliche Doris's 8mm masterpiece *The Life Of Sid Vicious*.

Nikolas, Tabea and Wolfgang — collectively known as Doris.



an accurate telescoping of events made acutely affecting and horribly funny at a stroke by having the leads played by a two-and-a-half year-old boy and four year-old girl respectively. For a number of reasons it scandalised Germany, but once the shock wears off one is still left with the devastatingly simple metaphor for a childmind playing with things beyond his control.

Aber warum Sid Vicious, Wolfgang? "Well my release into new music in Germany was the whole punk thing, the Sex Pistols, Sid Vicious, etc. But some things don't disappear so fast, such as the swastika, which isn't so commodity-like that one can cancel it or neutralise it with such ease. There is still too much that is political attached to it."

"We thought that we could make that clear if we had a child playing with a swastika. But instead came the alleged childlovers who claimed we exploited or misused the child. It seemed that people

in Germany concentrated more on the fact that he was a child playing with a swastika than that he was playing Sid Vicious."

IV: PRIDE

ON 23 JULY 1983 Die Tödliche Doris departed Berlin, an island awash in East Germany, for Helgoland, a tiny rock in the North Sea, a touchy stone of German pride pingponged back and forth between Britain and Germany over the past century. The allies clung to it after the war, using it for bombing practice up until 1952 when it was given to the Bundesrepublik. Since then it has been restored as a monumental natural folly, to which thousands of daytrippers take a ferry, ostensibly to breathe dust-free ozone-rich air — not to mention tax-free shopping.

Die Tödliche Doris chose it as a site for

their first open air concert and took an audience of about a dozen in a bus with them. The journey lasted nine hours. They spent three hours on the island. Doris sang for some 30 minutes to the accompaniment of accordion, tin drum and stiff wind and then took the ferry and bus home.

Is Die Tödliche Doris mad? The question is irrelevant. With unerring accuracy she manages to touch sensitive spots by weaving traces of German history into her art. Is it within her brief to make sense of it by raking through the ruins of Germany's recent past?

Nothing so conscious, says Wolfgang. "I find history interesting to a point," he says. "In Germany people naturally speak of the past. Well, on the one side they want to forget it and on the other side stand those with a moral conscience who keep bringing it up. There is something cynical/sinful about the way some dwell on the past in Germany."

"Let us see how far we can come without it."

The Helgoland outing was more simply a *Gesamtkunstwerk*— "We'll leave it to others to analyse, though that, too, can be a good game. For us it is trying to realise a completely different house. Others can enter it and find their own way from the door to the window or work out the relationship of this bedroom to that kitchen if they want."

And for a different kitchen another music, for each project a new form. An acoustic *Volksmusik* for Helgoland, vigorous noises and splinters of melody for their first LP, 'Avon Gard' (cosmeticised extremes!) and distorted MOR for their 12" 'Seven Fatal Accidents'...

"The simplest way for music to achieve a strong identity is for it to want to be loved," smiles Wolfgang. "Leave tracks in the heart and then keep following them. *Ganz Klar*, it is easy to compose music with repeated hooks. And as to so-called uncommercial music the case is the same, that is, always pursuing one track, one way."

"With us it's been a matter of losing our way, hopefully to find a totally different starting point..."

"It is not for reasons of coquetry that Die Tödliche Doris doesn't want to be recognised as a musician, an artist, a filmmaker etc. It is simply to avoid having planted in one's mind that one is only a musician and must therefore think only about music."

V: FAITH

"IN GERMANY there's this odd thing about faith," remarks Wolfgang with a grin, "of standing by one's Fatherland, standing by one's music, remaining true to one's school— *I've made music all my life*, never changing one's mind or way, remaining credible. It is a very German trait. With Die Tödliche Doris it is a matter of trying everything, not just being romantic, punky, socially critical or whatever, but looking everywhere to see what she is capable of."

"Should Die Tödliche Doris be honourable? How do you mean honourable? How about an honourable lie?"

VI: NAGGING/PERSISTENCE

PAYS OFF in the end. Die Tödliche Doris's best work is the product of gimlet minds narrowing on the task until it is complete. Some works demand a great deal of patience and research. For instance, Wolfgang's giant crib sheet collage, compiled from cheat aids rescued from waste baskets and his personal archives, was begun when he was back at school in cartown Wolfsburg. It now serves as both document and a valuable source of ideas for those who need that extra push to succeed.

Similarly, the 8mm *Material For The Post War Period* was made by mounting hundreds of pictures found discarded outside photo booths. Destroyed photos are lovingly and meticulously repaired so images you thought were permanently rid of might flash up before you. If you spot yourself you can contact the Foto Dokumentar Archiv (FDA), Berlin, and claim your royalty!

"Naturally it is more interesting to pick up those pictures thrown away than those people keep," explains Wolfgang. "What is it they see in the picture that they don't like about themselves? ... I'd love to get hold of the photos pop musicians throw away. Now they would be a lot more interesting than their press handouts. All that New Wave aesthetic ... urgh."

Die Tödliche Doris's forthcoming release would be exemplary if it was meant to serve as a lead to others. It will be a box set of eight two-inch records, each lasting 20 seconds, which can only be played on the sort of record player found in speaking dolls. (A player comes with each set.)

It is their most radical revising of form and content to date. Never before has a group forced itself to think how it must follow up a previous record or totally tailor a *puppenmusik* to fit. Not to mention all the trouble Wolfgang went to of tracking down a factory in Italy to produce it for them.

"Anything against routine, eh?" giggles Wolfgang modestly.

"Against boredom ha ha"

VII: COVETOUSNESS

Covet these:

'Die Tödliche Doris' (Zickzack LP)
'Die 7 Tödlichen Unfälle im Haushalt' (Zickzack 12")

Genial Dilletanten edited by Wolfgang Müller (Merve Verlag, 1 Berlin 15, Postfach 327—temporarily out of print)

The Films Of The Deadly Doris (including *Sid Vicious*, *PostWar Period*) on video (Twin Vision)

Records and video are available from Rough Trade.

THE DEADLY DORIS

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF

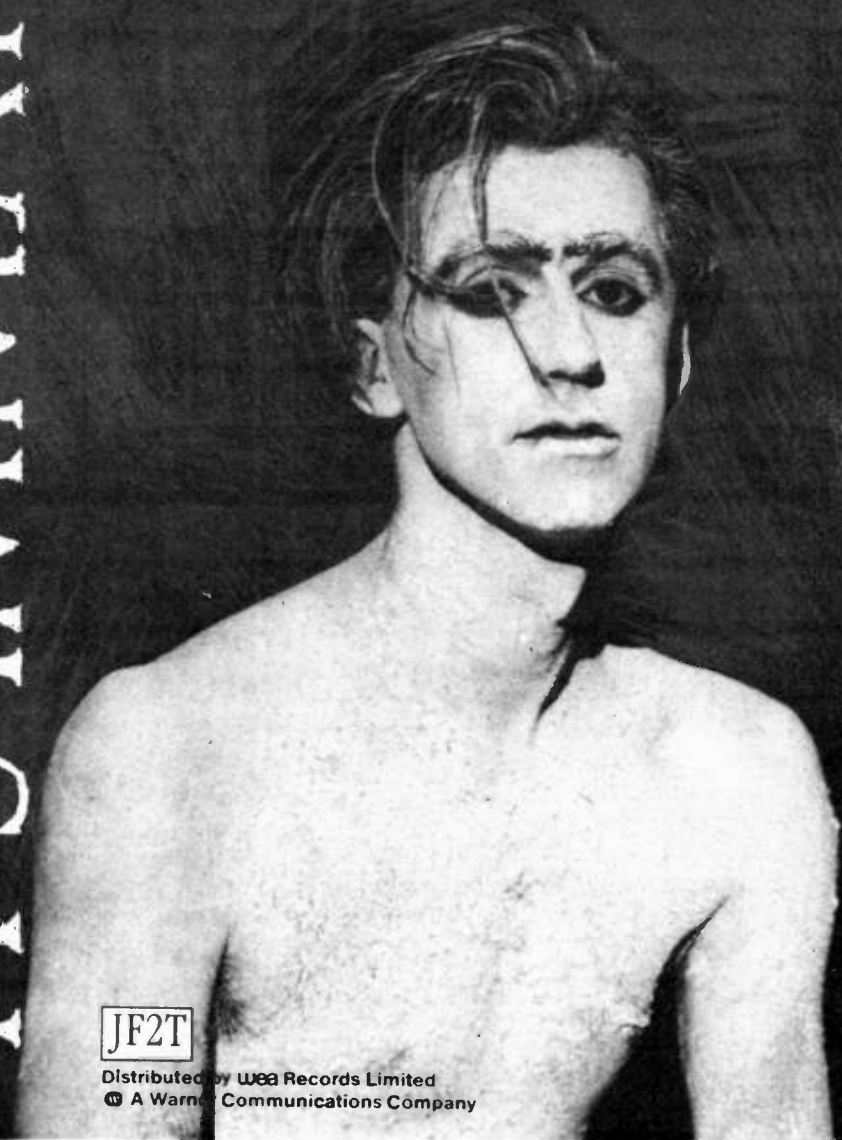
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THE THREE JOHNS HOLD FOURTH ●

JOHNNIES BE BAD

BLARNEY HASKYNS SHOOTS THE APESHIT WITH THE EVOLUTIONARY CREATORS OF 'MEN LIKE MONKEYS'

JOHNN IS one trick with three heads. He'd like to hold fourth a wife. (U can P in these Johns and still walk away a Three man.)

"I've stolen from everybody without copying anyone."

"Our knack is we can make any style of music sound the same."

"We're a mixture of everything, plus cajun."

"John writes the lyrics . . ."

" . . . while John writes the music."

What about John?

"What about John?"

Sir, you are taking the monkey.

"If it's facts you're after, we formed on the eve of the Royal Wedding."

"We dreamt of something humorous, something interesting, something that was not on the wall."

"We didn't really wanna do anything strenuous, just drink and sit in our bedrooms."

"We were inevitable."

"We had a synth, we fiddled with it. No one could play."

"Thanks for asking, it's been going pretty steady. No, we don't like to slog it out . . . we make the songs easy to play and take frequent sabbaticals."

John's from Leeds, makes records. Early summer of '82 was 'The English White Boy Engineer', was Fall, was an angry banging, a tale of skilled limey and his employ in the land of apartypartheid. Presaged laughter, grit, rrvvum'n'abuze.

"For a while there, we 'ad a nice little scene I believe you call it, what with ooz an' March Violets'n'Sisters Of Mersey. It were like a change from the Leeds University Stalinist Society . . . that's what's good, that the Sisters

take the piss out of 'emselfes and Redskins aren't po-faced political either, but are sort of carnival music."

Me No Kon I. You also will dig these scabby baboon toons.

"When we started playing, all the Leeds band, like MRA and Household Name, thought we were very dirty and naughty. This was because we wore leather jackets and played guitars. But we're not really naughty. When I, that is to say John, was in The Mekons, it used to be like we'd 'ave a meeting everytime someone wanted to change the bass line, and we'd then consider the theoretical implications of that change. It were daft."

Then what of the exciting nay positively pummelling 'Min Loik Moonkeys'?

" 'Men Like Monkeys' is about the gap between knowledge / science / technology and ideology / belief."

Stone the crows.

"Like, the world is such that you can feel it, but the mind is such that it's not capable of dealing wi't . . . which is what we mean by the sound barrier."

"It's about democracy as well! Like, no one voted on inventing the atom bomb . . . the scientists' view seems to be that you can't vote on nuclear weapons because you don't know about them."

So it's not about primal apeshit, the "sound bubbling underground"? It's not "ahm a monkeeeah mayan"?

"Pardon?"

"This German guy came over, and he viewed it as a primal scream, Dionysian man, but it wasn't really that, though it does come across as that and it's built into the style . . ."

" . . . it's more about evolution, coz it's about monkey men clubbing together . . ."

But not clubhopping, right, coz you guys are a filthy, absurd, visceral brew of everything that isn't safe, homogenized, anaemic — everything that's, heh, 'Safe As Milk'. I mean, you're Howlin' Wolf, man, you're Birthday Party, you're obsessive, crazy, subversive . . . am I gettin' warm or am I sizzlin'? Huh?

"Well, Blarney, we're not writing romantic songs, like bloody 'Horse Nation', y'know, "I wanna go off and ride horses and be a red indian," which is like bloody heavy metal . . . dunno why I'm swearing so much, I never usually swear, do I, John . . ."

"No."

"No."

" . . . must be because I'm struggling with ideas . . . but anyway, 'Men Like Monkeys' is the antithesis of all that Death Cult twaddle, it's logical and rational, and in that way it's not a primal scream at all. We think of music and lyrics as something realistic that relate to the environment of the people who are making it . . . like cajun, reggae, blues . . . something that caters to the needs of those who make it and deals with what they understand . . . and, oh yeah, I think black people have a really great sense of rhythm . . ."

Wharrabaht poly-ticks'n'breakin' aht ovva yewsual benefit circuit?

"We're not really, er, bovered . . . but we do see ourselves as coming out of an older r'n'b tradition . . . and in a sense, the songs we're doing now, like the next single 'AWOL', are a lot closer to that than to 'Monkeys' . . . 'Monkeys' to most folk were joost a big slab o' wierd . . . now it's just like Peter Fonda B-movie drive-ins."

"I think the songs we're writing now come out of a long tradition of the British left, as opposed to the Gang o' Four comin' out of intellectual Marxism. In certain kinds of Marxism, emotions are denied."

"We're more related to our culture, not so much like The Fall, coz I think Smith's a bit fetishistic, but just closer to real things, things that concern us every day."

Eeow perlitical can pop music get? What can it achieve?

"I think The Specials did something to counter the NF, but all you can hope to do is hold a little candle aloft. All these new pop groups, though, they're just the new conservatism, getting their acts together, going out to grab what they can before it's too late."

And?

"We're not, we're pretty good . . . probably the best band in the world right now . . . the social workers of rock."

What did you say yer name was?

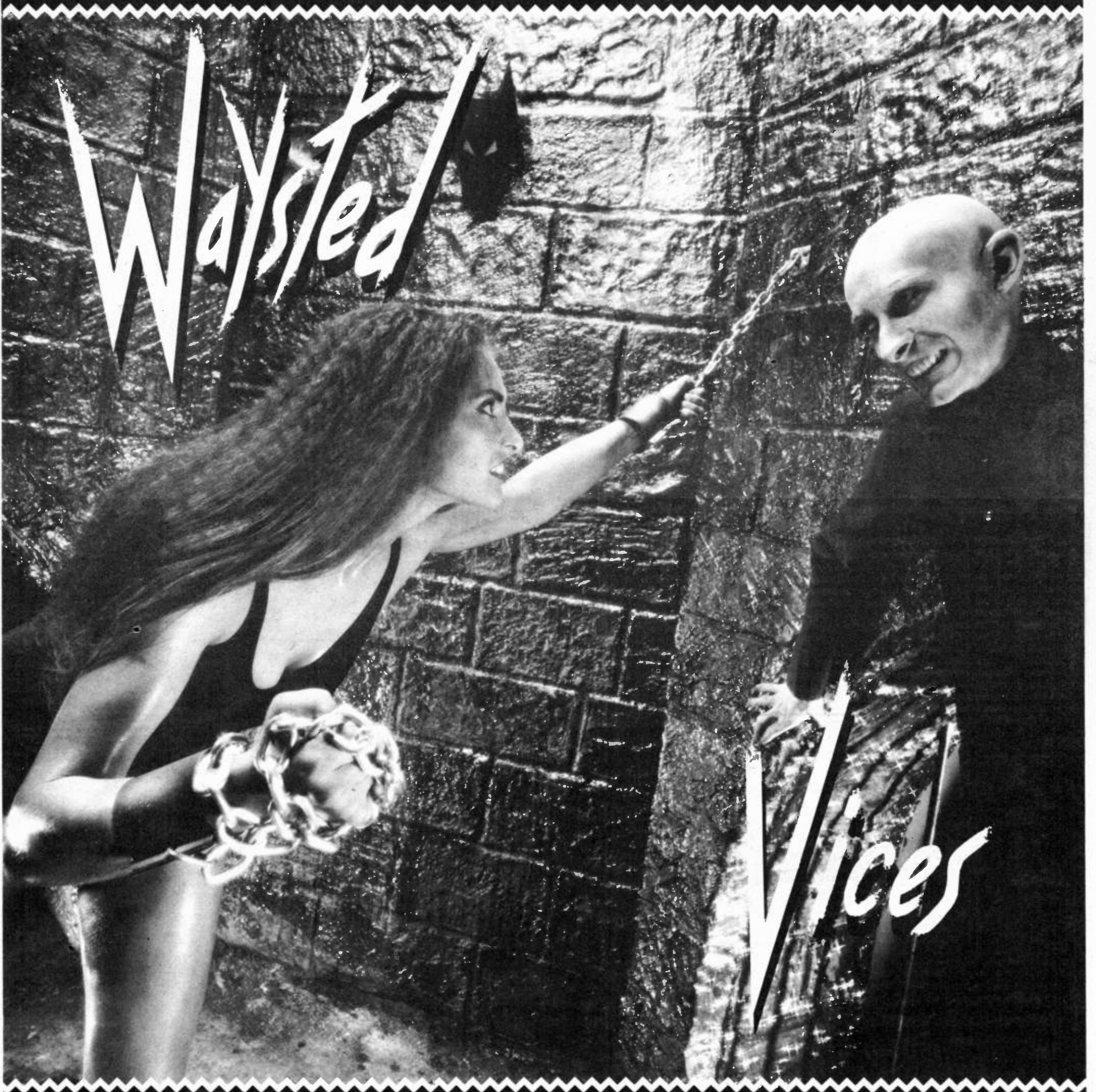


One trick, three heads — (left to right) John, John and John. Pic. Bleddyn Butcher

The Jam

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PERFECT CRIME frontman Gregory Grey is something of an anomaly, living in a modern bungalow ranch in the middle of Ulster's rich, north-west farmland.

Homesteads like the one he has just bought are usually owned by farmers who have made a fat profit over the years. Suddenly in a world of pig breeders, bigots and cow herders there's Gregory moving in with his group and making a sacrilegious racket; a sound out of tune with one of the area's favourite live performers — 'Doctor' Ian Paisley, MP and hellfire preacher extraordinaire.

Rather than blowing their advance from MCA on expensive rented accommodation in London, the group decided to take out a mortgage on the property and have a recording studio built in the backroom.

The others — Donal Boyle (guitar), George Nelson (bass) and Colin Maires (drums) still live with their parents, but Gregory Grey, an incessant gabbler who speaks with a fey affected lilt, lives there alone, seldom leaving his little 'bubble' except when he has to go to his record company in London. However, when all that business jargon starts being thrown around, he feels out of his depth and longs to be back home where the outside world can't intrude and when he has lots of time to write and think about... himself, mostly.

GREGORY THRIVES on insularity, it worries him a helluva lot but he can't get away from it. Outside of the group and music he has no interests; he can't hold a conversation on politics or anything but himself and his perceptions of the world from his bungalow in Aghadowey.

Usually, if any pompous mememe and my art fixated rock artist came up with a barefaced admission like that and proceeded to back it up with an overloaded set of art rock contrivances, I'd have them straight into the Almond-grinder. But, dammit, the Perfect Crime debut single 'Brave (In The Groove)' has woven an overpowering spell on me these past few weeks. It has clamped itself onto my turntable and brainplate and won't let go.

Recorded a few months ago with the aid of a 48-track studio, 'Brave' is where the unstable energetic outpouring of Grey's songwriting and the inconsistent



over — it was a big shake, no messing y'know? Things just seemed very serious.

"Like your father dying, that really shakes you up and you start to reflect on who he was, and that leads you to reflect on yourself and you just start to think, I've been so flippant."

"The first thing I did when I heard about my dad was grab a pen and sat down and wrote what I was thinking. That's the great thing about being a writer — you can grab your experiences, they needn't go off in a void."

While he insists that the group is a platform for each member to bounce off — "It's not a band in the normal sense of the

teenybop hysteria of the Rollers tartan hordes, Rosetta Stone were kept in a cottage in the middle of nowhere doing what Tam Paton directed. For Gregory Grey — a young man anxious to be a pop star — it was too much and he cracked. Two years on he ended up back home. Was he disillusioned?

"Definitely not; people who come all that don't ring true to me. If you're into your music then you're into it no matter what situation is around you. Like, if we lose our contract it only bothers us financially. We may have to get some groups in to use the studio to pay for it, but it won't stop us making music."

Part of the maturing process was to play support slots on nationwide tours with U2 and The Eurythmics. They claim Annie Lennox taught them a lot of hard-headed business suss, while U2 are a band with whom they share similarities — a lambasting attack with a melodramatic showman at the helm. Are they tied to a similar moral/spiritual base?

"Fuck off. No way. Spare me. We're not into a life of rock 'n' roll debauchery, but we're definitely into body abuse. We have this pseudo-theory that if you hit the pits you'll feel pain and you can't sing with soul unless you've felt hard pain, troubled times. Bono thinks you should watch what you lay on people, that a 13 or 14-year-old filled with the wrong headtrips is dangerous, and I can see his point there. But I'm the total opposite. Rather than just singing 'Glooo-oria' and let's celebrate — what about this one, take that for a kick in the balls. I'd rather work that way if the perogative is to get people to think."

Two months ago Grey reached something of a watershed playing in front of 25,000 people at Dublin's Phoenix Park festival. He talks about live performing with animated zeal and an odd turn of phrase.

"I'm not theatrical, I don't go on with a set of shapes to throw. I go on and lose myself and when any human being loses themselves it's usually pretty extreme, maybe people get the wrong end of the stick. But I get onstage, Colin starts thundering the drums, there's 10,000 volts of power going up your backside and you just melt."

Staying in Ireland keeps the group safe from the clutches of A&R men out to shape their sound and image. Grey has a marked aversion to this sort of thing: "They send some guy along to tell you how to play your music!" He recently stormed out of a meeting with image designer Jackie Castellano.

"I sat down with this, err, oriental lady just to please the record company. She told me she thought our image sucked, and I told her she had her face so far up her ass she couldn't hear me laughing at her."

He's almost resigned to the possibility that if their self-produced single doesn't reap some rewards the company may drop them, but he isn't worried — that's purely a business arrangement. He sees the most valuable thing as the interchange and growing process that goes on within the group.

"Maybe I'm just totally impressed by the whole thing, but I don't honestly think that many other groups have what we have. You tend to find things out about yourself, bettering yourself as a musician comes after that, comes out of that. There's a lot of things that you would usually bottle up that come out when you're travelling in a group."

"For instance I know what night of the week Donal Boyle masturbates — it's Tuesday, he told me once when he was desperate for conversation. Last night was Tuesday..."



disparate musical shadings of his cohorts gel together in a buoyant, slashing and leaping panoramic dance music. It's got more sides to it than the main dome of St Paul's — the voice flying into a jaw-on-a-fan-belt mantra, through multi-layered choir boy harmonies, electro operata posturing right down to a coarse Irish brogue.

The rest of the five track EP leaves the listener at a loss to define any direction; the songs are jammed to the gills with vocal histrionics, portentous synths, blaring guitars, jangling acoustics — everything and the kitchen sink. But the second track 'Bright Side' has me sold as well — hissing and splitting atmospherics, drawing on the black recesses of God-knows-what personal fuck-ups and depressions of the Grey boy to come up with the purgatorial soundtrack of your most hellish nightmare.

IN HIS galley kitchen, cooking a hot-pot and drinking tequila sunrises, Gregory, feeling smart and peppy in his new red spotted pleated pants, takes up the story.

"What's it about? Well, you'll see how things get very insular: we got a record contract, I fell in love, my father committed suicide, Colin left the band and we had the wildest argument. That man, he is the height of principles he decided to leave on the day we signed the contract — I can't fucken cope with you was what he was basically saying. 'Brave' was putting it

word, it's a band inasmuch as we'll help each other perform each other's material" — it's inevitable that the spotlight falls on him. Equal parts neurosis, paranoia, enthusiasm and buckets of pretention, the 'Brave' EP — written, produced and mostly played by Grey — is obviously stamped with his character.

Born and bred in the small village of Aghadowey, he was playing for a local Irish Country & Western star by the time he was 13 but got thrown out for growing his hair too long and using a wah wah pedal. At 14 he had his first nervous breakdown — partly the pressure of being one of the few Catholics at a Protestant school. Like many young people, he left Northern Ireland as soon as he could, grabbing the opportunity to become a DJ offered him by Set The Tone manager Gary McGrotty in Edinburgh.

Though he now claims to be a pretty stable person, at 18 he suffered his second nervous breakdown having been put through the star making machinery in double quick time — a year spent with Bay City Roller clones Rosetta Stone under the managerial dominance of Tam Paton who was recently implicated in a child sex home movie scandal.

Gregory looks up from the chopping board and his jaw drops a little.

"Oh fuck — you know... I hated it. I ended up with a nervous breakdown because of Paton, that man... I better not say anything or he'll read it and try to sue me."

An ill-fated attempt to recreate the

LATER HE plays me a song he's written about this called 'The Greatest Hit', but it's not very good: a mundane rock song with lyrics that are much too literal to describe the sensation for which he is searching.

"It's about having a hit, a buzz. Not drugs, though they can be the start of it, mind. I don't like it when people are cynical about drugs because drugs can open doors but they can't keep them open. You get people who resign themselves to a life of psychedelia and they're totally unpsychedelic to begin with."

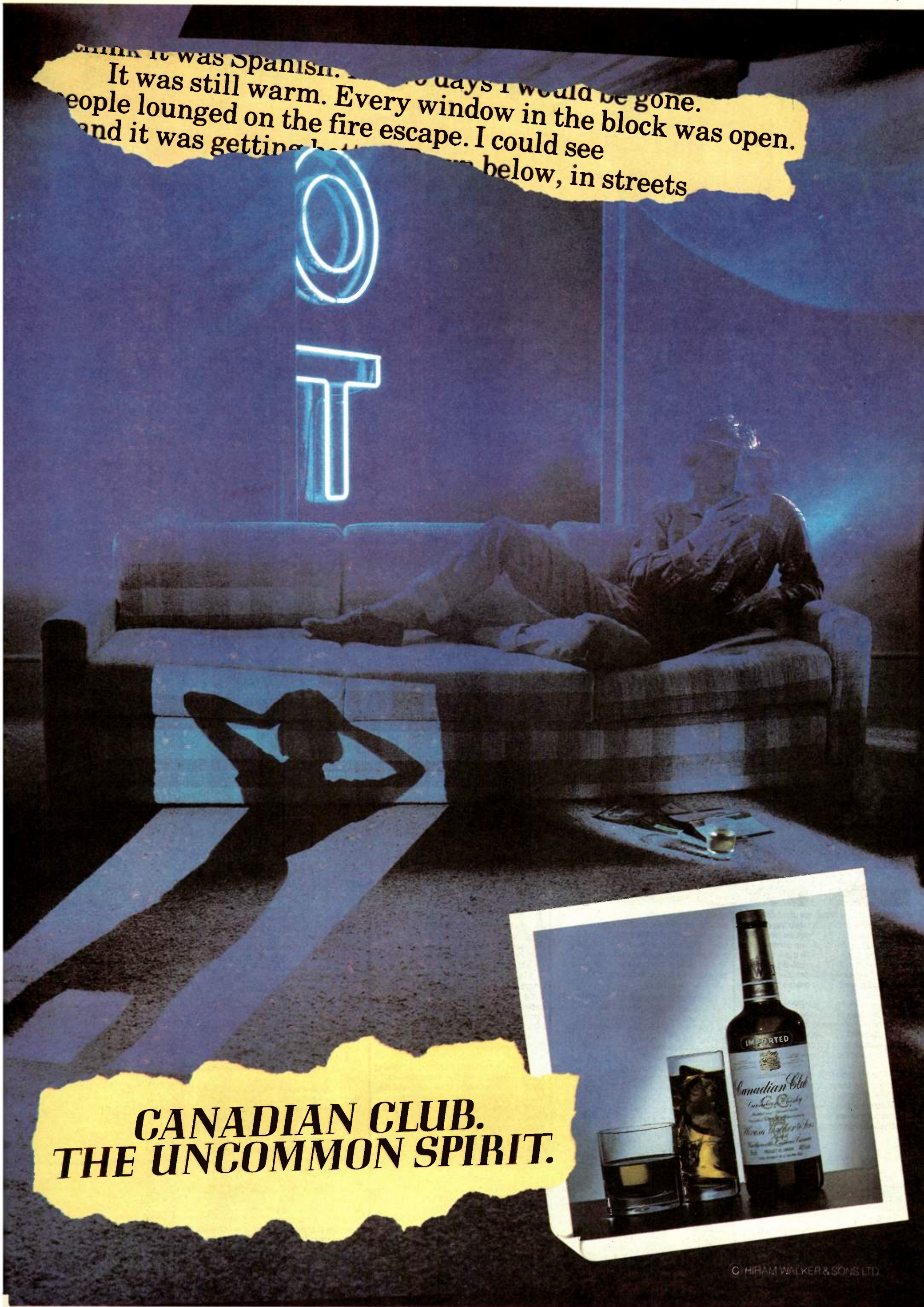
"When I talk about hit I mean something that is going to move me, make me feel good, make me feel terrible — just take me to a total extreme. Make me scream, make me cry, make me do anything, just lay an impression on me — there's got to be something more than this."

Last year, just after their inception, Perfect Crime were playing up to seven nights a week. They claim a weekly residence at The Sportsman in Bangor drew a regular audience of 20, though my spies assure me it was nearer eight.

"We used to calculate but we don't do it anymore because we made ourselves look stupid. We looked at the soup of the day and scraped up to get the best haircuts. We did that a year ago but we've gone through it all; thank God a record contract didn't happen then. If we had been signed last year we'd have been pulled into that stream of bands that came off other people's heads, out of a record company board room," says Gregory.

It was a perfect day when Perfect Crime signed a recording deal: Gregory Grey fell in love, his dad died and a member left the group. Gavin Martin reports. Photos: Clare Muller.

HOW TO GOSSIP THE PERFECT CRIME



think it was Spanish. ... days I would be gone.
It was still warm. Every window in the block was open.
People lounged on the fire escape. I could see
and it was getting hot ... below, in streets

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FROM ROOT TO TOOT

SOMEWHERE DEEP in the Amazonian jungle, a man is squatting on his haunches staring at a large jar of liquid. He does this quite a lot. "Sometimes he will sit there all night," says one of his sons. Hell, if I had as much cocaine as he did, I'd probably find a jar of liquid deeply fascinating.

The man's name is Eliseo, and he makes cocaine, the purest ever encountered, in a little hut somewhere in Colombia. The reason it's the purest is that Eliseo is something of a chemist, forever testing ways of improving his refining techniques. That's why he spends so much time staring at jars of liquid—he's checking out processes of sedimentation and crystallisation the best way he knows how, by eye. Spectrometers are not Colombia's biggest industry.

But cocaine is. It's also pretty big in Bolivia and Peru. It never used to be, mind: though coca plants have been cultivated on an organised basis since Inca times, they've been strictly for domestic use, a kind of universal panacea, pastime and pick-me-up, part of the Indian culture. Refining cocaine from coca leaves was largely unknown till the Americans started to use it as the (hyper) active ingredient in Coca-Cola around the turn of the century. And what America wants, it gets.

Now it wants to wipe the coca plant from the face of the earth, and along with it a culture that goes back a damn sight farther than Christopher Columbus. They sure love offing Indians, those cowboys.

Last week's three hour-long *Frontier* documentaries by Brian Moser (Tuesday and Wednesday, ITV) were the first attempt to deal with cocaine (pardon the pun) in any depth, following the trail from root to toot. Like all documentaries, they were part intrigue, part inertia.

The most intriguing thing about the first part, which dealt with Eliseo's operation, was that it actually got made. Moser spent some eight months with Eliseo and his assistants, worming his way into their trust, before he dared bring in a two-man crew. Even so, some of his subjects harboured (not unreasonable) doubts about his status; in Latin America, every gringo is the CIA.

The refining process itself is pretty dull: there's not an awful lot of hot footage to be had in leaves

and jars and lights and liquid, no matter what the end product. The interesting bits were in the anthropological asides, which dealt with Eliseo's relationship with the Indians who farmed the leaves.

Money has little meaning in the jungle, so Eliseo barter goods—anything from glass beads to guns to outboard motors—in return for coca. But at the rates he pays, it takes a vast amount of leaves to buy an outboard motor, so the goods are bought on credit.

Thus is begun a form of debt-bondage which mirrors, in microcosm, the workings of organised crime as practised by the big drug dealers who control the American end of the chain—which mirrors, in turn, the workings of consumer capitalism. With one bound, Indians and peasants living an agrarian, pre-industrial existence are catapulted into a system of labour relations which has had a century or more to stew and grow in sophistication. A fast, hard education. God only knows what will be the end result; we'll just have to wait and see.

The end result for the Bolivian coca-farming community featured in the second part was plain for all to see, and it had a familiar ring to it, echoes of the outcome of rubber or banana monoculture as practised by the Yanks (and Brits) in Central America and the Caribbean.

For those not too familiar with the workings of colonialism, the process works as follows: an agrarian community exists on what it grows, and consequently grows a varied range of crops; the conditions are found to be perfect for a consumer crop such as rubber, bananas or spices, and since these commodities are in great demand in Europe or America, the community switches to monoculture, growing the one crop for money and buying in the food they used to grow. Inevitably, of course, the bottom drops out of the market—the soil becomes leached and infertile through growing the one crop, or another area is found to be even better for that crop, or (as happened with the Malaysian rubber industry) synthetics are developed which do the same job better—and the farmers are left with a useless crop and sterile land. Q.E.D. and R.I.P.

In the case of the Bolivian coca farmers, the bottom is being forced out of the market by US pressure. Unable to control the "problem" in their own kitchen, the American government is trying to clean up its back yard (© R. Reagan, 1982), using its massive commercial and foreign aid interests in Latin America to push the onus of the problem onto



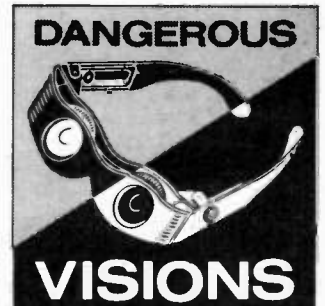
"By the time we mix it with the baby laxative it should be worth at least 20 dollars!"

the frankly dubious governments of the producing countries. Coca itself must be eradicated, says Uncle Sam.

By the look of things, the poor coca farmers have never seen a cent of foreign aid anyway; all they know is that the army are

clamping down on them, confiscating their crops, rationing the amount of coca they can use personally, and generally giving them a hard time. Coca production is now centralised in the hands of the military government in Bolivia, and in a

country where even the smallest degree of power—the local mayor, the smalltown police chief—seems to corrupt absolutely, those on the bottom of the pile have no way to turn and nobody to turn to. They need coca—it keeps shepherds warm up in the



ANDY GILL, nose to the ground, follows the cocaine trail.

Andes, and it's the only way they can get through a gruelling 18-hour day down the tin mines—but when they complain, only deaf ears hear.

One such pair of ears belonged to the Minister Of Agriculture, shown listening to grievances from a group of peasants. A bloated military plutocrat straight out of the pages of a Gabriel Garcia Marquez novel, he sat there stonily, then stood up and delivered one of the most extraordinary speeches a

CONTINUES PAGE 24



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MAKING NOISES ● TEEN MINI NOVEL ● BEYER ●

Voices

ART OF NOISE IS THE FIRST RELEASE ON TREVOR HORN'S AND PAUL MORLEY'S ZANG TUUM TUMB LABEL. NOT DISCO. NOT POP. YET NOT UNTUNEFUL. CHRIS BOHN TURNS UP THE VOLUME.

pic: A J Barratt

BUSINESS EMPIRES of pop easily tumble. All it takes is the right touch. In an era when songs are composed by accountants, just so many words spilt in vanity and tailored to fit skimpy designs, the malicious among us welcome those few willing to splash acid down the back of Spandau trousers, Big Country tartan, Wham! leather, preparing the way, perhaps, for an eventual putsch. Celebrate, then, a new label Zang Tuum Tumb, whose opening statement of intent Art Of Noise is the first of an Incidental Series of shocks to the nervous system calculated to jar bodies out of disco straitjackets and expose them to the cold, bracing blast of the winter that must precede spring.

Masterminded by ZTT's Trevor Horn and Paul Morley, Art Of Noise assert the primacy of direct action above the word, cunning invisibility before saturation flyposting, Chinese puzzles as more fun than boardroom strategies. Art Of Noise is Morley made concrete, concrete made mobile by Horn.

Art Of Noise don't talk much but they think ALOUD a lot. " . . . So we felt that we belonged more to the 20th Century, that appalling energising concentration, than to rock culture or pop music. I suppose sub-consciously we were mucking about with the gimmick of time rather than thinking seriously about fashion. And we knew really that we wanted to raid the 20th Century . . ."

MAKE TROUBLE, FAIL, MAKE TROUBLE AGAIN, FAIL AGAIN . . . TILL THEIR DOOM!
FIGHT, FAIL, FIGHT AGAIN, FAIL AGAIN, FIGHT AGAIN . . . TILL THEIR VICTORY!

" . . . play up to all its trends, play around with all its noises, honour yet dishonour the 20th Century's way with war, romance and comedy. Art Of Noise is squeezing a way of laughing at the world that comes from constant dissatisfaction right there between the mighty fist of war and love's touchy heart. The laugh, the fist, the heart—Art Of Noise. Irrational, physical and emotional. Unless it's a Sunday."

DID ART OF NOISE EXAMINE THE TASK IT SET FOR ITSELF WITH A VIEW TO THE FUNCTION IT HAD TO FULFIL?

"We didn't think about what a pop group is supposed to be because to do that is to die, we didn't think about what dance music is supposed to do, or how muzak type theories have unexplained attractions; and what is staked out as being avant garde hurts us because it is so lonely. It never occurred to us to bother whether the noise clashed with or tore along with what Elvis Costello accurately calls the wear and tear of fashion. There was just a story to tell—of partners, then their parting—and some sounds we found that emerged from yesterday but that didn't belong there. And we used the most up to date technology not to calculate perfect pop but to harness the sounds of our time, to explore and gamble in an old fashioned adventurer's type of way. We didn't need technology as some kind of setting lotion, but as a transport to new extremes."

DOWN WITH ART THE SHINING PATCHES ON THE TALENTLESS LIFE OF A WEALTHY MAN

"That we have emerged, smiling and sweating a little, to be amidst such things as Arthur Baker's New Order, Material's

Herbie Hancock, half of New York Scratching over backwards, is not too upsetting—Herb's got a way to go before he realises where we dropped in from—but in a way encouraging. You can look another way, see some of the more European approaches, from stark buildings to rich cabaret, and joyously anticipate the strong emergence of a kind of heroic eclecticism, of everything breaking down, falling in on itself, then starting up again, harder, wilder, sweeter, faster. A gorgeous, cynical caricature of the past, an anxious glance into the future. And for the present a lot of touching and laughing—those great natural things pop group pop music brutally devalues."

DOWN WITH ART THE PRECIOUS GEM IN THE DIRTY DARK LIFE OF A POOR MAN

"The more one looks at Spandau, Wham!, Duran Duran, the more one sees the long drawn out death of the pop group: The entertaining values of the pop group worn down into one sad bare patch in the middle of the TOTP studio. It's a betrayal of hope, they turn denial into a kind of science. Perhaps we're mixing up the first real sound of the '80s—this is not to say that you cannot tell the time from the music of, say, Culture Club, Tom Waits, Robert Wyatt," (and the Germans) "but there has been nothing that has erupted accessibly and outrageously within the '80s" (except the Germans) "which is ridiculous when you consider the sensations and tensions pushing into us all the time. I suppose it's terror in the face of the historical burden instead of courage. With us it's the '80s, we're right there with the ticking of the clock, with the beating of hearts, with the running of feet . . . even on Sunday. And our music is the perfect accompaniment to just about every exciting body action, so I don't suppose we'll be too lonely."

DOWN WITH ART THE MEANS TO ESCAPE FROM THE LIFE WHICH IS NOT WORTH LIVING

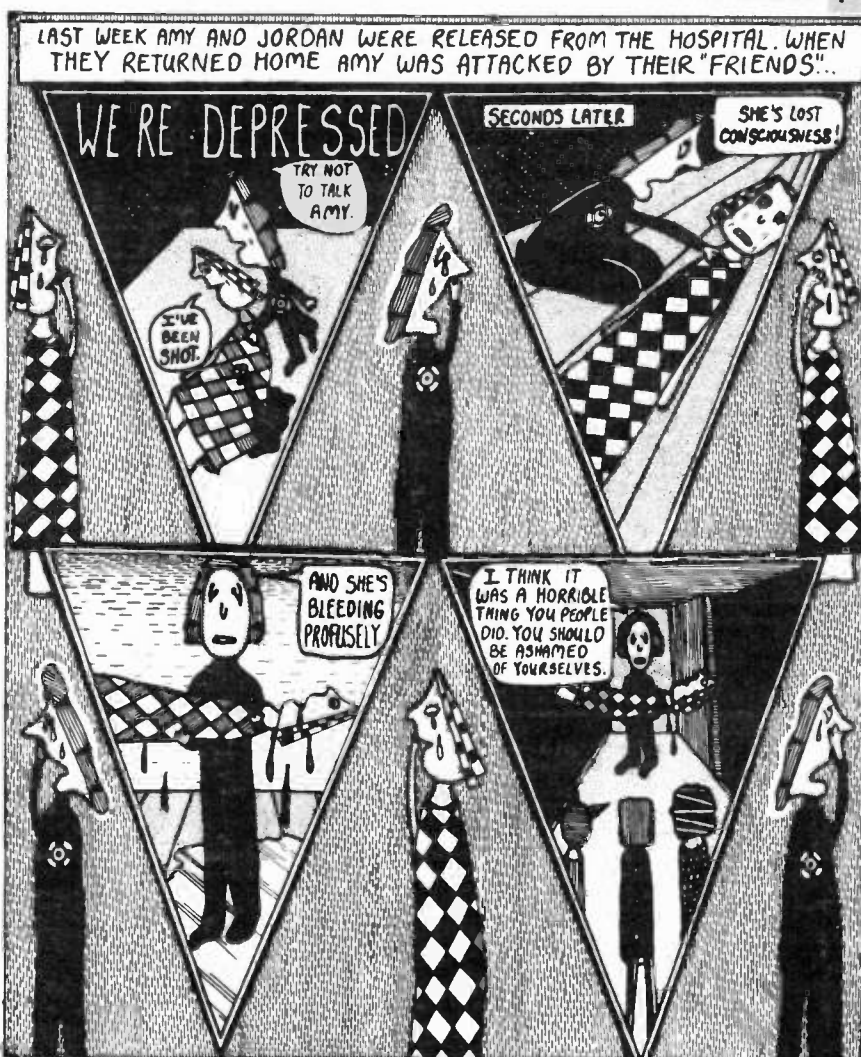
(With thanks to Mao Tse Tung, Alexander Rodchenko, Paul Morley and El Lissitzky)

A series of one paragraph novels for the busy Teen!
When you're a Teen you've got more on your mind than reading!
All the action and characterisation of a real novel: in 200 words or less!

ROAR OF motorcycles. Della McSharry at school. Rolf, leader of bike gang. Peeping through window. Della smiles. Teacher shouts. After school. Bernie's Burger House. Bike gang dancing. Rolf and Della. Della trembles. Lips meet Rolf's Again and again. Three times. Drive away. Roar and dust. Married in Reno. Preacher dragged out of bed. Rolf laughing. Giving him a dollar tip. Wild life for Della with bike gang. Rolf revealed as less tender than first appeared. Fight in bar. Attack on old lady. Della sad. Murder of drunk in bar. Rolf arrested. Della witness. Bike gang threaten. Chains or worse. Prison visit. Rolf crying. Says he'll change. Moral dilemma. Suspense. Della: what to do? Courtroom. Della weeping. Judge offering handkerchief. Tension. Della saying Rolf did it. Truth triumphing. Rolf, bike gang led away. Della's Mom forgives her. Pop crying. Emotion. Old drunk revealed as eccentric millionaire. No will, so Della gets money. All happy. Rolf in gas chamber. Gang hung. Last words on Rolf's lips: Della. Emotion. Della opens Rolf Memorial Hospital. All happy.

IAN McMILLAN

No.1 THE WILD ROLF.



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NEXT WEEK—A SOLUTION!

a
**PASSION
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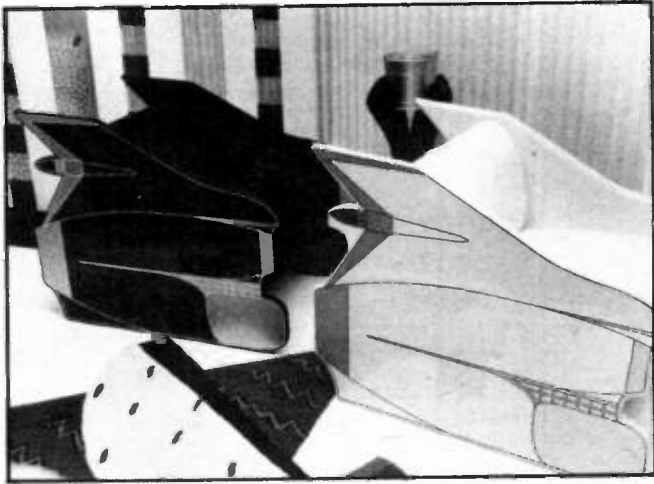
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7 buy 188

single price 12. 5 buy 188

CADILLAC CRAZEE ● FURTHER INFO ON RIMARIMBA ●

LOOK AGAIN, LOVER-BOY. THIS DANDY DIVANETTE IS THE PERFECT ANSWER FOR ANY ASPIRING ROMEO WHO LONGS TO SCORE AMERICAN STYLE, IN THE BACK SEAT OF A FAB '50s CRUISER. DESIGNED BY MICHAEL McDONOUGH, THE CADILLAC CHAIR WAS ONE OF THE SHOW-PIECES IN A NEW YORK, NEW WAVE FURNITURE EXHIBITION ENTITLED OURHAUS.



lowry

UNLIKELY STORY



"Just think about it for a minute and you'll see he's years ahead of his time with this idea—a punk band called Elvis, Snotty and Bill!"

AS THE isolated brain behind Unlikely Records, who've brought out a series of committed if obscure C90 cassette compilations, Robert A. C. Cox can boast a stable of contributors that reads like a shopping-list from outer space—from The Asylum Penguins to The Famous Zeek And Giz. Skipping through the latest Unlikely offering, 'Real Time 7', only curiosity kept my finger from the fast-forward switch as my ears were confronted by endless bedroom scientists and too much dour garage plod. It wasn't until the very end of the second side that I found the nugget at the bottom of my pan.

random improvisation. Wanting more, I sent off for a longer tape called 'Below The Horizon' and contacted Robert at Unlikely for further information. As luck would have it, he was in an excellent position to tell me anything I needed to know, Rimarimba being none other than Robert A. C. Cox. As he explained: "Rimarimba is a solo venture so far, I've been working on a 'primitive' form of music over the past few years, at the same time enjoying the possibilities of new technology and developing my technique on modern equipment. To a great extent this is what I do for relaxation, the alternatives seemingly being going down the pub or feeding 'B1 Nuke Bomber Captain' games cartridges into a home computer."

Well past 30 and hardly likely to show up on the cover of *The Face*, the man is uneasy about making sensational claims for his sound, the seriousness of his ideas becomes apparent almost accidentally as his story unfolds. Stimulated by Beefheart, Thelonius Monk and Phillip Glass, his pieces are assembled from single-line melodies each of around one hundred notes which are split into sections and juxtaposed, constantly looping, swelling and contracting into hypnotic sequences. This approach is littered with trickery; prime number intervals are imposed on rhythm and crossword type grids are employed in the structure of note patterns, being 'played' up, down, across and diagonally. The results are surprisingly listenable, from the be-bop brou-ha-ha of 'Melting' to the beaten metal orchestral cacophony

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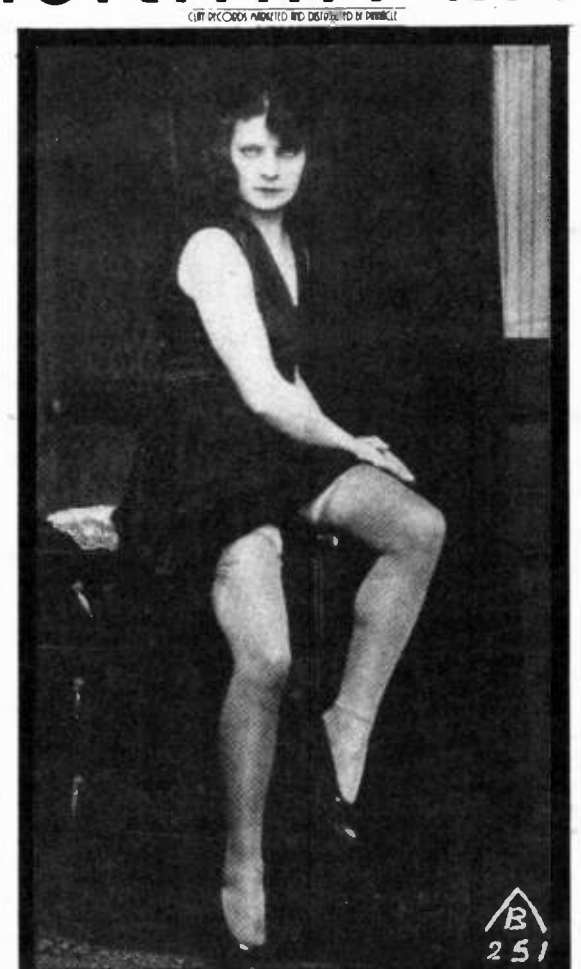
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SEX-GANG CHILDREN

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22nd	EDINBURGH DANCE FACTORY at The Nite Club
23rd	HULL Spring Street Theatre
24th	NOTTINGHAM Rock City
25th	SHEFFIELD University
27th	BRISTOL Trinity Hall
28th	BIRMINGHAM Bigbeth Civic Hall
29th	MANCHESTER Polytechnic
30th	LEEDS Tiffany's
31st	HANLEY Victoria Hall
Nov. 1st	EXETER Riverside Club
2nd	HITCHIN, Regal
4th	RAYLEIGH Crocs Club
5th	PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic

WISH YOU WERE IN THE CARD-TEL? ●



ROBERT A C COX — THE UNLIKELY MAN BEHIND RIMARIMBA'S TRICKERY ...

that is 'Ships'.

He feels his music is too rough hewn for much attention beyond extreme circles (I'd like to disagree, but he's probably right), and laments the passing of challenging music as stimulation for most young people, blinkered by commerce and lost in a world of four-four time, capped teeth and cliché. He would readily admit to being an old hippy. Nevertheless I propose serious attention to be paid to Rimarimba: there is no sugar-coating, but it doesn't taste like medicine.

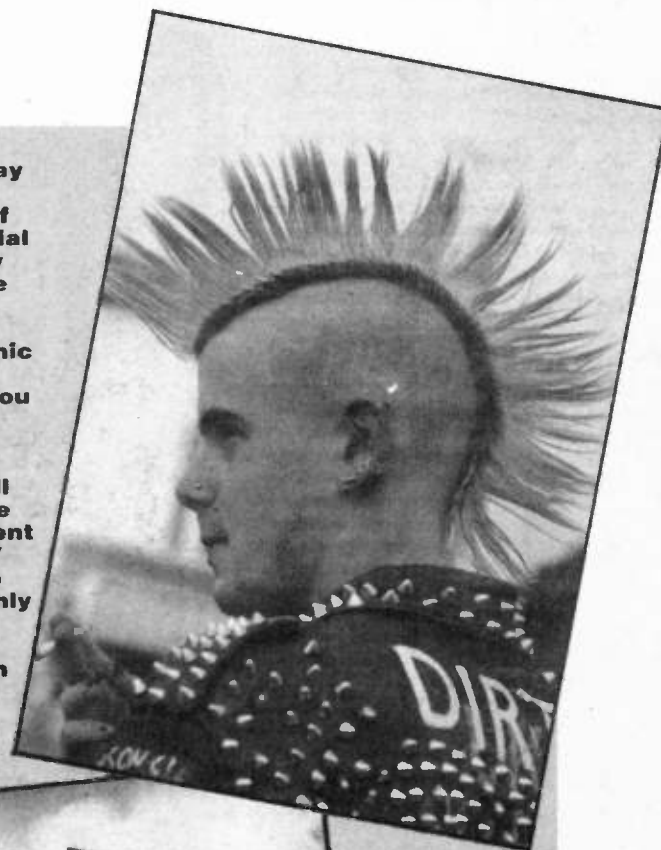
Unlikely Records are at 42 Haven Close, Felixstowe, Suffolk, and on all their products you will find emblazoned the legend: "You don't know what you'll like until you hear it!"

BART BARTLE

THE ART of the postcard has come a long, long way from seaside sniggers-triggers, sedate views of Morecambe war memorial and filling matter for unsavoury raincoat pockets. . . . Under the influence of a new breed of designers, postcards have proved themselves a cheap, chic new medium.

Hence a show called 'Wish You Were Here'. Some of our best 4"-by-6" artists have formed a collective called the Card-tel: this Friday and Saturday they'll be exhibiting their wares at the Africa Centre (38 King St, Covent Garden) as well as running DIY postcard workshops for you to have a bash at. Admission is only 25p, the fun runs from 10am—5pm each day, and there'll be various entertainments laid on as well.

For more info on 'Wish You Were Here' and the Card-tel, ring 01-481 9691.



ABOVE: Dorset mohican pic by Sally and Richard Greenhill.



LEFT: Demolition pic by Peter Marlow. Both published by Card-tel members Acme Cards

Only one thing will get the shirt off his back (£6.75)

Here's a once-in-a-lifetime chance to get the shirt off the Yorkie man's back. It's a British-made, pre-shrunk cotton number, in the famous Yorkie colours. To get it on, simply fill in the coupon and get it off

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Size	28"-30"	30"-32"	34"-36"	38"-40"	42"-44"	46"	
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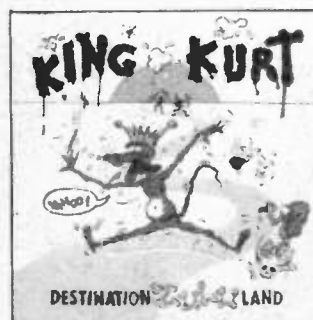
Offer closes 31st March 1984. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offers subject to availability. Applies UK only. Reg. in England No. 51491C. Reg. office York YO1 1XY.

UB40: Please Don't Make Me Cry (*Dep International*) The sentimental journey through the roots of reggae that UB40 take on 'Labour Of Love' is doing them nothing but good. After two years in the dreary doldrums, they have loosened up again to rediscover some of the lush richness and warmth of their early Graduate singles.

This time around they have gone for a misty, melancholy cover of Winston 'Groovey' Tucker's lover's rock gem 'Please Don't Make Me Cry', although the more poppy 'Cherry Oh Baby' would perhaps have made a more obvious follow-up to that number one.

Though unlikely to do as well as 'Red Red Wine' (okay, okay, I was wrong!), this is actually a far better record. With Ali Campbell singing superbly from somewhere between the roof of his mouth and the tip of his tonsils, Jim Brown firing off synthesised drum rimshots in all sorts of strange places and the serpentine saxophone of Brian Travers darting and ducking in and out of the beat, UB40 have suddenly started to swing again.

KING KURT: Destination Zululand (*Stiff*) South London spunkabilies King Kurt would love to be seen as the autumn term's wild men of rock: six mutant madmen of the quiff city apocalypse, they bring us blood, guts, exploding gblets and flying



SINGLES

BY ADRIAN THRILLS

fridges... not to mention a guitar sound that should have gone out of fashion with the last Lurkers single.

But for all their buffalo-skinning, bone-crushing bravado, the Kurts have more in common with Magnus Pike and Patrick Moore than they have with Alice Cooper or The Cramps. Like Captain Sensible and Eddie Tenpole, fellow perpetrators of typical Stiff slapstick, they are just the latest in a long line of Great British eccentrics.

Produced by Dave Edmunds and played with an undeniable gusto, 'Zululand' would be fine if the ultimate musical yardstick was still whether or not one could pogo to it. These days, though, one demands just a little more than that.

SHALAMAR: Over And Over (*Solar*) Gliding gracefully home last summer with the telling grace of 'There It Is' and 'Night To Remember', Shalamar were simply irresistible. Nowadays



they try far too hard and are just another Disappointing Act.

With the legs of Jeffrey Daniel and the looks of Jody Watley, they are still great to watch, but their greatest non-visual asset—the velvet soul voice of Howard Hewett—is handicapped by the concessions that console king Leon Sylvers is now making to the monotonous crunch beat that is dominating our dance floors.

'Over And Over' drops a few hints in the general direction of the languid undulation that characterised last year's epic 'Friends' album, but it is really far too little far too late. What was once natural has become demanding.

FAT LARRY'S BAND: Don't Let It Go To Your Head (*WMOT*) The Philly fatman and his crew team up with female vocalist Monica Thoughton on a new Gamble and Huff tune. Last year's 'Zoom' was simply a peach, but it will take something more substantial than this slushy ballad to capitalise on that unlikely success story.

JUNIOR WALKER: Blow The House Down (*Motown*) Mister Walker must be one of the most senior 'juniors' in class by now, although his ability to make a saxophone rasp and bellow is as intact today as it was a couple of decades back. The British release of this single is well overdue, the tune having been a floor-filler on import for well over a month. In borrowing a beat from The Gap Band here and a bassline from Rick James there, Walker—like his contemporaries James Brown and Herbie Hancock—reveals a flair for adapting his music to modern demands without losing sight of roots, rhythm and tradition.

PREFAB SPROUT: The Devil Has All The Best Tunes (*Kitchenware*) More class from the Soul Kitchen. The Prefab



SIX OF THE BEST: THE SUE SERIES

IKE AND TINA TURNER: Sue Session (*Ensign/Island*)
INEZ AND CHARLIE FOXX: Mockingbird (*Ensign/Island*)
BABY WASHINGTON/TINA BRITT/PRINCE LA LA/DEREK MARTIN: The Sue Soul Brothers (*Ensign/Island*)
HANK JACOBS: So Far Away (*Ensign/Island*)
JIMMY MCGRIFF/THE MEGATONS/THE DUALS: Sue Instrumentals (*Ensign/Island*)

As the sausage machine churns out another clump of shrink-wrapped vinyl dreck, a stunning series of brash, uncomplicated songs cut two decades ago on the other side of the Atlantic puts virtually everything else in this week's pitiful singles pile to shame.

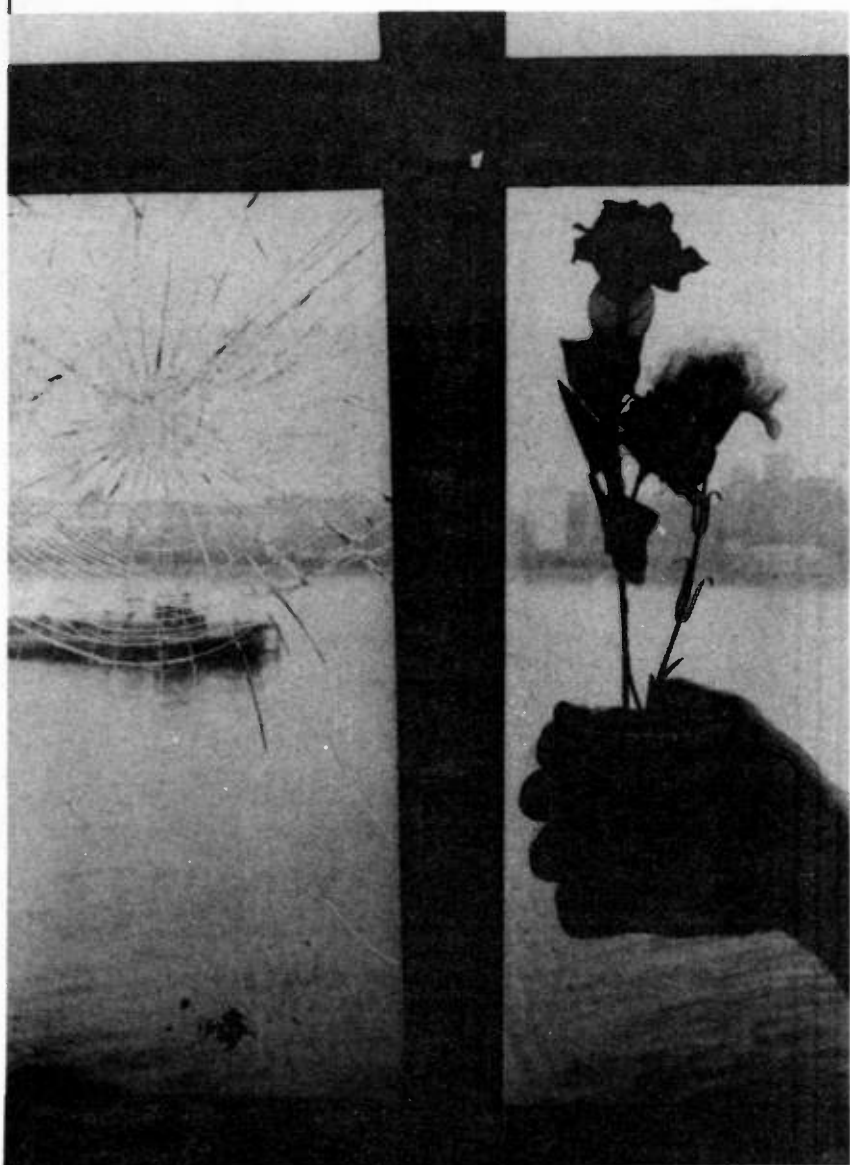
Though never elevated to the stature of Tamla or Stax in soul's hallowed halls of fame, New York's brassy Sue label produced some of the most vibrant black music of the '60s and this new set of beautifully packaged EPs—along with a couple of 10" gems issued by Island a few years back—are the perfect introduction to some truly magical musical moments.

Sprout debut 'Lions In My Own Garden' is already assured of its place as one of the records of the year and following it up with something of equal impact was never going to be an easy task. That 'The Devil' almost does so is utterly commendable.

If anything, this is even less immediately accessible than 'Lions', apparently being a song about songs themselves. Paddy McAloon attempts to master a new alphabet in his obtuse, inventive approach to song structures and while his

unorthodoxy is hardly the kind of thing that will guarantee him extensive airplay, it does make for one of the week's more interesting releases.

HEY! ELASTICA: Party Games (*Virgin*) If Scotland's Hey! Elastica are a true reflection of the current state of the art—bright and noisy on the surface, clueless and vacant under it—then it is little wonder that the charts are in such a terminal trough. For all the busy bluster, sniping guitar and punchy horn lines of 'Party Games', Hey!



a zang tuum tumb single
in the shops now: in your homes tomorrow

INTO BATTLE WITH ART OF NOISE

(ZTIS 100)

featuring

the brave BEAT BOX

the moody MOMENTS IN LOVE

the wounded THE ARMY NOW

the bloody FLESH IN ARMOUR

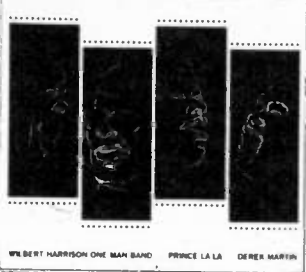


ART of NOISE — a beat by any other name

WARNING! the art of noise
are perfectly capable of intelligent conversation



THE SUE SOUL BROTHERS 4



From the scatty keyboard swing of Instrumentalists like Jimmy McGriff and Hank Jacobs to the unfettered primal holler of Tina Turner's first forays into a recording studio with husband Ike, Sue was soul music with an unmistakably urban flavour. Some of the stars of Sue might have come from

backwoods like rural Alabama, Carolina and the Mississippi delta—frequently making a rapid return to the obscurity from whence they came—but the music that they made was the sound of black New York, the busy bustle of rhythm 'n' blues.

It might have lacked some of the sheer magnificence of Motown and the earthy southern poetry of deep-fried Stax, but this small label run by entrepreneur Juggy Murray in the States and managed in London by mod ace face and Scene deejay Guy Stevens had a frantic raunch that was all its own.

Enough of the history; what matters most now is the music and the likes of Inez and Charlie's 'Mockinbird', Tina Britt's 'The Real Thing' and Prince La La's 'She Put The Hurt On Me' have spent a weekend fighting it out between them for a place on my record deck.

Ultra soulful then and still crucial today, this was the real mod music... this is Sue!

Elastica go absolutely nowhere pretty fast and even producer Martin Rushent reveals himself as not quite the whizz with brass that he is with electronics.

I-LEVEL: Stone Heart (Virgin) Four singles into their career, I-Level still make little sense away from the dancefloor. Their credentials are impeccable and the basic ingredients of their sound as solid and reliable as always, although the suspicion lurks that the parts—Sam Jones' light brown voice, Jo Dworniak's



year's 'The Girl Is Mine'. This is McCartney's side of the coin, produced by George Martin instead of Quincy Jones, released through EMI instead of Epic and taken from the Mop-top of Kintyre's forthcoming album 'Pipes Of Peace'. Far closer to a Wingsoid rocker than anything that Jackson has attempted over the past few years, 'Say Say Say' packs in percussion, vocoder and even a harmonica but still falls short of even the pitiful standard set by last year's collaboration.

CHINA CRISIS: Working With Fire And Steel (Virgin)

Glistening like ice water, sparkling like chilled spumante and floating like fluff on an autumn breeze, China Crisis are the real paperweights of the new pop. On 'Fire And Steel' they stir from the torpid slumber of their 'Christian' hit to slice off a sizeable chunk of a Simple Minds bass rhythm which they then render impotent by dilution. Flash, fast but ultimately aimless.

HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED: So Tired (Polydor) The sad Haircut split seems to have done neither faction any good, leaving Nick Heyward without his drive and dynamism and the five remaining Clip cubs without their bright white teeth and their talented tunesmith.

In sticking with their old producer Bob Sargeant and retaining their original name, the current Haircut cadets sound as if they are harking back to happier, halcyon days, a suspicion that 'So Tired' confirms with a chunky pop feel not dissimilar to 'Love Plus One'. A step up from their last lame effort, 'Prime Time', it is still hardly the week's most gripping release.

C-BANK: Get Wet (Elite) **BEVERLY SKEETE: If The Feeling Is Right (Elite)** The last C-Bank 12 'One More Shot' was

arguably the most staggering dislocation of voice and rhythm to scratch its way out of the New York club underworld this year, licking the likes of Baker and Bambaataa at their own game with quickfire rhythmic crazy paving and a genuinely soulful vocal. The thundrous 'Get Wet' expands on the same formula with a watery weather forecast for raincoat-clad B-Boys everywhere: "The Roxy is wet/ The Funhouse is wet/Broadway 96 is wet, yeah!/ Jellybean is wet/ Andre is wet/Afrika Bambaataa is wet, yeah!/ New York is wet/ Philly is wet/LA and Detroit are wet, yeah!"

On higher, dryer ground, Beverly Skeete is a home-based lover's rock chanteuse whose jumpy, funk-tinged serenade is pleasant without being particularly remarkable.

PHILIP CHEVRON: The Captains And The Kings (Imp) Featuring the return of Philip Chevron, former vocalist with The Radiators From Space, the second release on Imp Records is well up to the standard of the first, 'Pills And Soap', proving again that The Imposter is as vital a force when playing the puppetmaster as he is when acting the frontman.

In an age of banality, 'The Captains And The Kings' bristles with barbs, placing a Brendan Behan song in the unlikely

musical setting of a string quintet conducted by David Bedford. Chevron renders the bitterly ironic words in a suitably fierce, furrowed brow, mocking the supposedly noble ethics of public school princes and peers who maraud their way around the world in the name of imperialism.

File next to 'Shipbuilding'.

GAZ'S REBEL BLUES ROCKERS: Trigger Happy (Risk)

BARLEY WINE: This Train (Black Vinyl) It's probably too early for the ska revival revival just yet, although you would have trouble in convincing either of this pair. Gaz's gang of renegade rockers, rollers, boppers, hiphoppers and rude boys go for ramshackle authenticity on a Chaz Jankel produced platter reminiscent of early Madness. Brummie roots rockers Barley Wine, meanwhile, go even further, roping in veteran former Beat saxman Saxa for their rock steady rendition of a traditional JA tune. But what kind of aperitif is it that mixes alcohol and salt?

ENGLISH DOGS: Mad Punx And English Dogs (Clay)

DISCHARGE: Her Majesty's Government Can Seriously Damage Your Health (Clay) Seven years on from the power and the glory of the Sex Pistols, punk is still being played with more venom and bitterness than a

rasping Steve Archibald volley.

This Clay couplet are pretty representative of two contrasting extremes within the current crop. The English Dogs are a bunch of Grantham meatheads high on Holsten while Discharge project a far more heavily politicised brand of buzzsaw anger, their vigorous rallying calls distinctly at odds with the downtrodden pessimism of their peers. As far as tunelessness goes, however, it is a little harder to tell the difference.

JOHNNY CASH: Johnny 99 (CBS)

Cash covering his labelmate Bruce Springsteen is a great idea in theory but a savage disappointment in practice. The rambling country cadence of 'Johnny' pales significantly when placed beside the chilling starkness of The Boss's original blueprint on last year's 'Nebraska'.

ANTENA: Be Pop (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)

French mavericks with an unashamed debt to disko muzak and the Moroder beat, produced by Orange Juice engineer Martin Hayles. If 'Be Pop' had come out in 1980 on Ze's Parisian branch line, they would have undoubtedly have been terribly hip. Now this sort of thing just sounds terribly redundant.

English Dogs

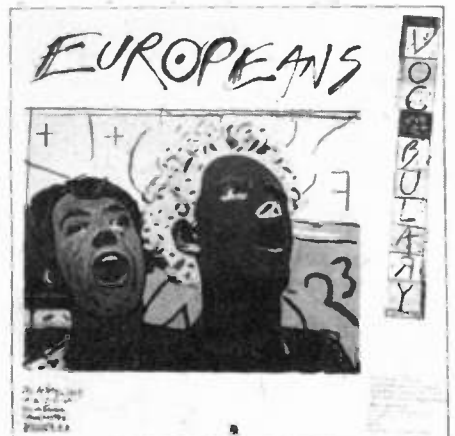


MAD PUNX & ENGLISH DOGS



EUROPEANS

VOCABULARY ALBUM & CASSETTE



TOUR OCTOBER

1st	RET FORD	Porterhouse
4th	LONDON	Kings College
5th	SHEFFIELD	Polytechnic Freshers Ball
6th	WARWICK	University Freshers Ball
7th	LANCASTER	University
8th	BRADFORD	University Freshers Ball
9th	BANGOR	University Freshers Ball
10th	LIVERPOOL	The System
11th	BIRMINGHAM	Polytechnic
12th	HUDDERSFIELD	Polytechnic Freshers Ball
13th	HATFIELD	Polytechnic
14th	NOTTINGHAM	Trent Polytechnic
15th	WOLVERHAMPTON	Polytechnic
17th	LEEDS	University
18th	MANCHESTER	Fagins
19th	LEICESTER	Polytechnic
20th	BOURNEMOUTH	Academy
21st	LONDON	City Of London Polytechnic
22nd	LONDON	London School Of Economics

SPECIAL GUEST: ANNABEL LAMB

STAND-UP CHAMELEON



So will the real Woody Allen please stand up?

Zelig

DIRECTOR: Woody Allen
STARRING: Woody Allen,
Mia Farrow
(Orion Pictures/Warner Bros)

TRAILING A wake of hyperbolic laudings from the warhorses and battleasses of the American movie press, Woody Allen's new film turns out to be a grand exercise in disguise. Unable to drag his worn stereotype through yet another "sex comedy", he has restored to putting on a mask of speculative make-believe.

Zelig is an expertly constructed documentary about a man who never existed. Leonard Zelig, if we suspend disbelief, was a human chameleon, able to metamorphose into Chinamen, negroes, rabbis, indeed almost any male specimen of the human race. First spotted at a Long Island garden party by F. Scott Fitzgerald, this supremely self-effacing creature begins to materialise at random public events, always assuming the physical characteristics of the person(s) he is with.

After we've seen him with Calvin Coolidge, watched him fumble about on a balcony of the Vatican, gasped as he billows out to the dimensions of an obese fellow diner, we begin to wonder why Woody Allen has gone to these lengths to interest us. After all, none of this is terribly funny. We feel like Dr. Johnson observing a dog on its hind legs:

it's remarkable but why is it being done?

Then it may perhaps dawn on us that *Zelig* is a secret vehicle of confession. For after the initial historical preamble of footage and Pathe News broadcasts, it does of course transpire that Woody Allen is no ordinary freak, but a fully-fledged *psychological case*. And having become an overnight celebrity, this of course means he goes into therapy with Star Girlfriend 2 Mia Farrow.

Thus we have a paranoid introvert and a parade of unamusing analytic double talk which keeps prodding you to embrace Allen's trite sagacity, whereas all this tired, pat play of roles does is set in motion the usual romance of frustrated lust. It's not long before Farrow's got him in deep hypnosis, confessing that all he really wants to do is bed her.

This clean breast is not, however, enough. Allen has still to satisfy his chronic habit of name-dropping, so every now and then he sticks in an "intellectual" like Saul Bellow or Susan Sontag, whose cameos take the form of present day testimonies to Zelig's legend. Where the surrealists found in Zelig a "symbol for everything", decaying bore Irving Howe sees a metaphor for "the Jewish experience". The only good one is Bruno Bettelheim's suggestion that "you could really think of him as the ultimate conformist".

Zelig, cured and engaged,

embarks on lectures to American children about "making your own choices, speaking up for yourself", otherwise one is just a robot, or a lizard. Then it all goes wrong. A Hollywood starlet claims she is Zelig's wife, and he is quickly deluged in a flood of paternity suits. Vilified by public opinion, he vanishes, later tracked down by Farrow to one of the Nazi rallies. Says Bellow, "fascism offered him immersion in the mass". Reunited, they return home to Lindbergh-scale showers of ticker-tape, and marry.

At 70 or so minutes, *Zelig* is a diverting sleight-of-hand, but what the film really does is to camouflage the staple inadequacy of Allen's character. The point is that he has *always* been a cypher, a "non-person", and he's as much a kind of vestibule for the clichés and travesties of Jewish sexual neurosis in *Zelig* as he is in any of his other films. It is only a more surreptitious way of jacking off the boho bourgeoisie. Which leaves the film's stars as English narrator Patrick Horgan, editor Susan E. Morse, and all the photo retouchers, optical effectors, negative cutters and rear processors who have so painstakingly created this subterfuge.

Because Woody Allen really is the ultimate conformist.

Barney Hoskyns

WHO'S BETRAYAL?

Betrayal

DIRECTOR: David Jones
STARRING: Jeremy Irons,
Patricia Hodge, Ben Kingsley
(Virgin Films)

SUSPICIONS THAT Harold Pinter might no longer constitute a unique national resource began some time ago with the stage run of *No Man's Land*, which in many ways lived up to its title. And despite its impeccably clout-conscious toplining, Pinter's *Betrayal* closes any remaining debate – for now at least – with a resounding and clumsy thump.

It relives an iceberg-like Sloane Ranger's (Patricia Hodge) "seven years of afternoons" with ambivalent lover Jeremy Irons, starting from the date two years later when she discovers

(SHOCK! HORROR!) that long-suffering hubby Ben Kingsley was also running around on her all that time.

Unlike those exciting days of yesteryear when HP was wont to meld the sauce of Coward with the pregnant brevities of Beckett, dialogue in *Betrayal* takes only three forms. There's the parody-of-Pinter pattern with a full beat between each phrase, the torrent-of-exposition (She, after seven years: "I have a family". He: "I have a family, too. Your husband, I might remind you, is my oldest friend"), and the simply loony (of which there are two examples: a drunk scene by Kingsley in a restaurant and the film's 'finale': the original – drunken – declaration of lust from Irons which set the whole mess in motion).

This latter scene is at once the

most literally unbelievable and the saddest, consisting as it does of all those impassioned things women always long to hear and men would never THINK of verbalising like this, drunk or no. "My life is in your hands! I adore you, adore you, I must have you! I'll become a paraplegic, a cripple!" etc Mr Irons has to plead.

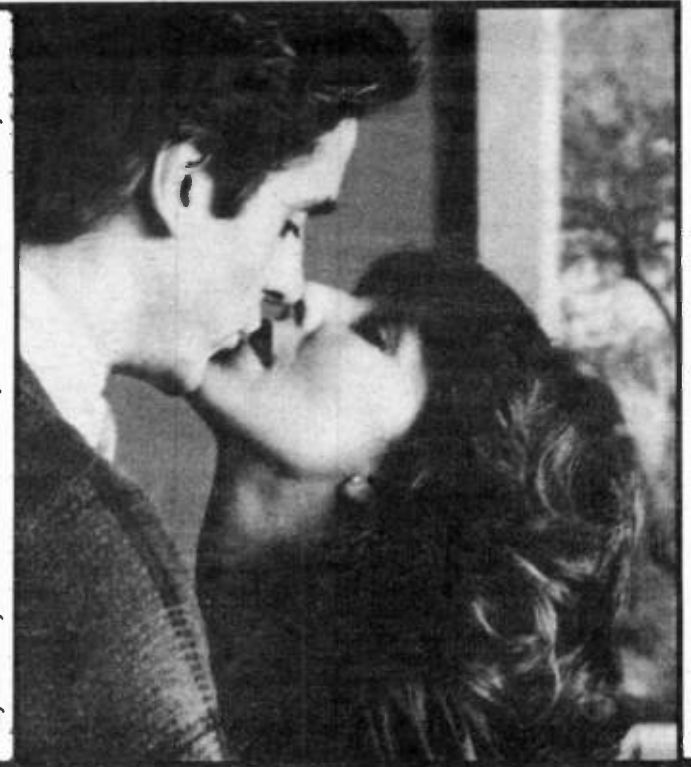
Certain truths – already long obvious – do emerge from *Betrayal*: how, for instance, the upper classes get off on emotional dishonesty and its convolutions far more than they do physical sex itself. The dingy flat Irons and Hodge rent for their illicit meeting (in *Kilburn*, no less!) effectively conveys how the well-off get a neo-sexual thrill from what they see as sheer slumming. And, as a by-product of the actors' struggles, various *frissons* to do with homosexuality, buddy-dom,

female vanity and the need of the frigid and/or powerful to dominate emotionally are also spun off. But basically this is just soap opera – without the conviction to indulge in glitzy cozzies, silly plot twists or even the odd joke. It takes itself and its banalities VERY seriously.

Worst of all is the fact that the incessant plod backwards occurs through the lives of three people you not only don't (can't) like but from whom you won't (can't) learn anything. A blot on the escutcheons of Kingsley and Irons, certainly (and it's no service to the public to feature the primly obsessive Patricia Hodge, TV star of Mrs Pinter's detective series *Jemima Shore Investigates*, as the female pivot.) But, from the once astonishing Mr Pinter, this is a betrayal indeed.

Cynthia Rose

"My life is in your hands... I adore you..." Leave it out Jeremy.



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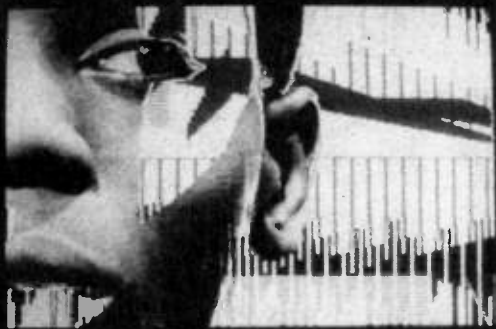
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Starewicz

NOBODY HAS ever used cinema cameras quite like Ladislav Starewicz. He was a Russian animator who worked mostly in the silent era — his earliest films date from Tsarist times — and the world he painstakingly created takes fantasy to sometimes frightening extremes: thousands of tiny figures crowd his stories, folk tales of the bizarre that literally come to life before your eyes. His best shorts were produced for French studios in the 1920's: *In The Claws Of The Spider* is a cautionary story played by insects, fascinatingly grotesque; *Eyes Of The Dragon* is an oriental love poem of heartbreaking beauty, and *The Mascot* has a nightmare scene so amazing it leaves you gaping. Eyeballs that turn into diamonds, men riding on dragonflies, fishbones that dance to a tin can band — it was all possible to Starewicz. There are three programmes of these rare and precious films at the NFT, 11–13 October.

Richard Cook



NO, IT'S not the latest Atari computer game, but a still from one of two video shorts conceived to accompany the National Theatre's Channel Four production of *Orestes*. Featuring a combination of electronic graphics and modern dance with music by former Flying Lizard David Cunningham and jazz saxman Lol Coxhill, the pieces are the work of the team behind the channel's recent arts series *Alter Image*. Running under the banner *Between The Acts*, they hit the small screen along with the NT play on Sunday evening (October 9).

Adrian Thrills

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BY ANDY GILL

THURSDAY OCT 6

The best things today are all laughable — start off at 6.00 on Channel 4 with *The Addams Family*, switch smartly over to BBC1 at 6.30 for a *Tom And Jerry* cartoon, then turn off the sound for *Top Of The Pops* (BBC1, 7.30) before turning off completely till 11.00, when *Bilko's* on BBC1. After that, it's either *Late Night In Concert* with Thomas Dolby (BBC1, 11.25) or — a better bet, methinks — *The Entertainers* (C4, 11.25), which this week stars Comic Strip "belles" French And Saunders. Alternatively, just watch *Battle Beyond The Stars* (ITV, 7.30) — a Corman production of a John Sayles script, in which the Magnificent Seven Samurai get shot into outer space — for the likely laff riot of the evening.

FRIDAY OCT 7

Another triumph for sensible programme planning, as the week's three best

films get scheduled for the one night. Bunuel's *Discreet Charm Of The Bourgeoisie* (BBC2, 9.00) is the vital viewing of the whole Bunuel season, a comic surreal romp in which six characters are perpetually in search of a dinner but never get the chance to chew. Mercifully free of the dogged anti-Catholic vitriol which swamps much of Bunuel's earlier work (and which is utterly meaningless to irreligious chaps like me), *Discreet Charm's* populist appeal proved strong enough to snatch an Oscar in 1972. Deservedly so.

Later on there's an unfortunate clash between Polanski's 1962 debut *Knife In The Water* (LWT, 12.30), a subtle psychological triangle of surprising maturity set — stranded, if you like — on a yacht in the ocean, and Preston Sturges' 1948 screwball comedy *The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek* (C4, 11.35), in which smalltown girl Betty Hutton finds herself pregnant after a night on the town with a group of GIs, but can't remember who's the daddy. Quite apart from the (then) daring subject-matter, the film's worth watching for the way in which Sturges — who wrote as well as directed all of his dozen films — mixes knockabout slapstick, silent-style sight gags and razor-sharp dialogue. The best comedy on the box since the same director's *Unfaithfully Yours* of a few weeks back (unaccountably absent from *On The Box* at the time), and a timely argument for a complete season of Sturges' films. (One little-known fact about him is that his wealthy mother insisted on dressing the young Sturges in Greek tunics in a misguided — not to mention

perverse — attempt to instill "culture" in the little fellow's head. Didn't work out quite as she planned, thank god.)

SATURDAY OCT 8

LWT's "Adult Movie" this week is *The First Deadly Sin* (Brian Hutton 1980), a psycho-stalking oddity starring an ageing Frank Sinatra as The Cop and an oddly inebriated Faye Dunaway as his bedridden wife (LWT, 9.15). Sounds interesting, but clashes with *The Avengers* (C4, 9.00). Later on, the highly-regarded *Twilight Zone* (BBC2, 12.25) gives you the chance to see what can be achieved when real hack writing meets real hack acting on neutral hack directing territory: not a lot. The praise and held-breath anticipation with which this series has been greeted serves only to show how considerations of "camp" have currently overrun more valuable critical perceptions. Truly, some of the dullest "vintage" half-hour imports ever to clog up the schedules. LWT viewers are directed instead to *After Midnight* (12.15), the first of a new chat-show series presented by Janet Street-Porter, Hunter Davies and People's Hero Ken Livingstone. The rest of you had better just nip out and hire VCRs.

SUNDAY OCT 9

While we're on the subject of "camp" the new Gerry Anderson puppet series *The Terrahawks* (ITV, 4.30) starts today. Should be fun for those who'd like to be four again. *American Football*'s the only thing worth watching on C4 (6.15), unless you fancy four and a half hours of *Gone With The Wind* (BBC1, 7.15), coming up for what



The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek (Friday, C4)

seems like the nth time. Richard Cook recommends Joseph Losey's 1951 meller *The Prowler* (BBC2, 11.15), but I'll be watching *Bilko* (BBC1, 11.35) instead. *Bilko Enters Politics?* Sounds like a cracker to me.

MONDAY OCT 10

The supposedly multi-media River-

side (BBC2 6.40) lays the music on thick again tonight: Paul Haig, New Order and Bill Nelson are all featured, along with "satirical mimic" John Sessions, another hit from the Edinburgh Festival. *The Prisoner* (C4, 10.00) continues, and — pause for merriment and general rejoicing — *The Dick Van Dyke Show* returns on C4 at 5.30. Chuck Bronson stars in one of his most

atypical roles, as the aged Wild Bill Hickok plagued by a recurring nightmare in which he's charged by a Great White Buffalo, in J. Lee Thompson's 1977 western *The White Buffalo* (BBC1 9.25), while C4's filmic contribution is a documentary about Latin American cinema, *The Cinema Of The Humble* (11.00).

TUESDAY OCT 11

Apart from *Taxi* (BBC1 7.40), in which Jim suffers from a spot of precognition, there's the chance to spot every British character actor of the '50s in *An Outcast Of The Islands* (Carol Reed 1951), an everyday tale of degradation in the East Indies. (C4 9.00). Another unknown patsy gets trundled out to be knocked down by Frank Bruno in *International Boxing* (BBC1 10.15 — expect to switch off somewhere around 10.20).

WEDNESDAY OCT 12

Sheer torture, as England do their desperate last-minute straw-clutching act again in "live" *Association Football* from Hungary (BBC1 5.55). I have no expectations whatsoever. Nothing else on at all, unless you fancy a Cuban film called *Memories Of Underdevelopment* (Tomas Gutierrez Alca 1968) a "riveting study of the alienation of a bourgeois intellectual caught up in the fluid changes in social reality in revolutionary Cuba", according to Channel 4, who transmit it at 10.00. I can hardly wait. No, I mean it. Honest.

ROOTIN' TOOTIN'

FROM PAGE 15

politician's ever made, full of references to the ill-effects of cocaine which apparently beset America and Europe — things like "making men go with their daughters and their mothers". Y'know, the usual stuff coke-freaks get up to.

As for the problems which beset the people of his own country, well, they'd find little

solace in his rhetoric.

A scholarly type interviewed in the third programme put things into perspective with remarkable candour. "Knowing Bolivian past history, I am sceptical that this can ever be controlled," he stated, "because nothing has ever been controlled in Bolivia."

The third programme, charmingly subtitled *Here's Twenty Dollars — Stick It Up Your Nose*, dealt with the American end, the users and the anti-smuggling war, and what it lacked in pretty Andean travelogue footage it more than made up for in facts and attitudes.

On the one hand were the hawks, men like the admiral in charge of customs operations on the high sea, talking in terms of

military strategy and tactics and lamenting the fact that "We just can't get to engage them as often as we'd like", and the chief co-ordinator of anti-drug operations, who managed to use the phrase "We're really charting uncharted waters here" in reference to the naval ops, without the slightest glimmer of humour or even recognition that he'd made a pun.

On the other were the usual array of professors, doctors, lawyers and social workers pushing for decriminalisation and viewing things in a somewhat wider context. The point was made that the most dangerous thing about cocaine is that it's illegal: illegality makes a commodity highly profitable, which inevitably attracts criminal

scum. And the more expensive the commodity, the more criminal the scum; with cocaine more expensive, weight for weight, than gold, it's hardly surprising guns get waved about.

The risks are that much greater, too. There's now a medical condition known as "Bodypacker Syndrome", endemic to a specific kind of smuggler. The smuggler carries his cocaine in condoms, which he swallows before getting on the plane; when he gets to his destination, he locks himself in his hotel room and applies laxatives and enemas till nature takes its course. What he doesn't realise is that condoms are water-permeable, and water seeps through the rubber and dissolves the coke, which passes into the

body, thus destroying his attempts to look cool in customs. And if one of the condoms bursts, of course, he's a dead man.

In doses somewhat smaller than a condomful, however, coke's safer than tobacco — which is more addictive and more harmful — and alcohol, which is self-evidently more violence-including (in this respect, it's sobering to note that the Bolivian peasants being deprived of coca are gradually turning to alcohol — 80 per cent pure wood alcohol, that is, not gin and tonic). So safe, in fact, that the traditional American soda-fountain started off as a place where ordinary folk could get a shot of the pause that refreshes the best.

Prohibition of cocaine came in

the 1910s, when the American gutter-press equivalent of the *Sun*, hard pushed for stories, started printing fabricated scares about white women being raped by coke-crazed negroes. Some things never change.

The most cogent comment on the whole affair came from the man who noted that it's in the American government's interest to characterise "the whole pantomime of drugs" as a morality play between the forces of good and the forces of evil, with no half measures. He has a point: last year, American drug enforcement agencies seized 8¼ billion dollars (cash) in drug-related busts. Cocaine's big business on both sides of the law, it seems.

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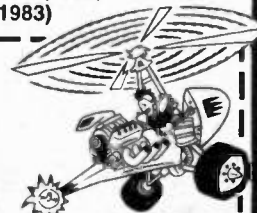
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IF THE great grey they put the numb into number and the boot into beauty, then who, pray, puts the *El* into the element within?

It must be a question on all our lips at the time of year when Elvis Costello comes back to raise us from our daily death, the video'n'roll stupor of the *Top Teen Hit Pops*.

Something under his skin perhaps. I'm ashamed now that I ever doubted him, that I couldn't accept how *soul*, whatever that is, could be made by someone who *knew what he was doing*. There was a time I'd sneer if you blue white stax in my ear. And still I went home to 'Can't Stand Up', 'New Amsterdam', 'Motel Matches' . . .

As a simpleton I had problems with the bejewelled jungle of 'Imperial Bedroom' (nothing that wasn't remedied by a little concentration), but the Clive Langer/Alan Winstanley-produced 'Punch The Clock' gave no quarter. Either I plunged in there or it was pension time.

Now, having accepted that total physical co-operation is demanded from its first to last brass bar, the record causes me to hurtle dangerously about my abode and even to testify to various rather dilapidated household gods none of whom respond to my anxious requests to be sanctified, but who may possibly share a polite chuckle at this ungainly spectacle.

But we have little time, and even less space. What I've tried to get on tape and paper here is



not Elvis the Last White Hope, the elder statesman of Real Pop, but Costello the fan and fanatic. My view was, why ask questions about Neil Kinnock if this guy knows about *Aaron Neville*? I hope that makes sense.

Today Elvis starts a British tour with the full ten-piece troupe of Attractions and Afrodiziaks and TKO horns which should establish him as the most formidable entertainer in contemporary music.

Let's make that precious.

Elvis, why are we here? Don't you sometimes wonder if *Smash Hits* and *No. 1* aren't being more realistic about pop music?

Well, there's even some idiots in the record business today who think that *I* should conform to that—they're people who want to see everybody in those terms, because they run scared whenever this happens in pop music. And it does happen periodically, that you get a load of people pretending to be homosexuals in shorts. There's nothing worse than that fake effete pop. Some of these groups write good songs, but when the record company people start trying to get *me* to do that . . .

At the same time, you may be treated as an artist, yet not want to speak "as an artist" . . .

I was asked some pretty serious questions in America, so I was hoping for some light relief here! The consensus seems to be that 'Punch The Clock' is a return, or at least a part-return, to the soul base of 'Get Happy'.

Listening to it the other day, it struck me as being simply a pop record. It had some mannerisms which you could call soul, but it didn't have the edginess of 'Get Happy', which was in any case made by a different group, in a different frame of mind.

I wouldn't want to *return* to anything, regardless of how good it was at the time. I might want to remember some good qualities that you put a premium on, because you don't want a standard to drop, but I don't think of that as returning. People seem to be quibbling that the record isn't as ambitious as 'Imperial Bedroom', but you yourself have expressed doubts about the way some songs on 'Bedroom' were "overdeveloped".

On 'Punch The Clock', we had the discipline of a production team, who do actually take ideas and put them in a bit more logical order than I did when I

REALTASTIC

was ordering the music of 'Imperial Bedroom'. I mean, what Geoff Emerick did on that record was nothing short of a miracle, to make sense of some of the stuff that I wanted to do.

In that way, the songs were overdeveloped, because nobody was stopping me and saying, no, take that bit . . . and the same thing goes for Steve, particularly, because Clive was really ruthless about getting him to play the same thing twice, since Steve comes up with lots of brilliant ideas, any one of which might make a good piano figure on a track. I have the same problem with singing, sometime I get bored with singing something the same way. But I don't think 'Punch The Clock' was any less ambitious, it may be less diverse but then were were actually attempting to make something brighter and more forceful than 'Imperial Bedroom'.

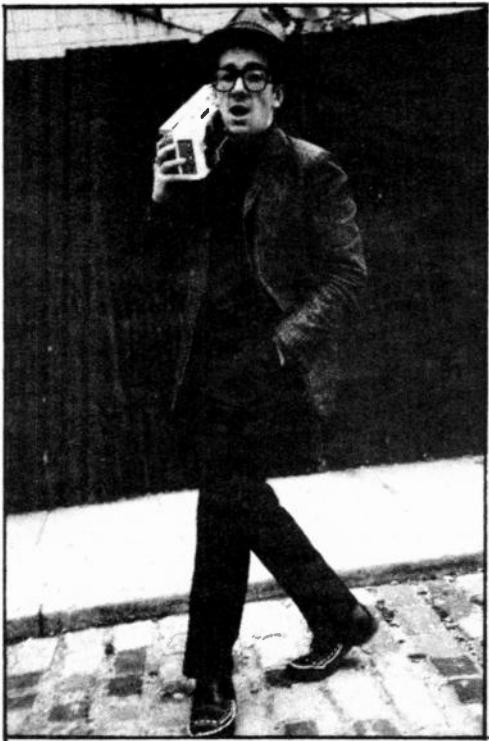
Was it reasonable of one reviewer to suggest that 'Imperial Bedroom' was a kind of cleansing, a purging of obsessions?

It never occurred to me at the time, I thought it was quite a cheerful record. Because of all the sounds on it, it seemed quite *bright* to me. After 'Almost Blue', which was the most depressing record both to make and to listen to, 'Bedroom' sounded like a positive holiday. When you're still close to a record, it's difficult to hear what other people hear.

But there's already songs on 'Punch The Clock' which I think have a misplaced arrangement, that don't get to the heart of a song, which I can correct later in, for example, live versions. 'King Of Thieves' is a song that has more heart than the record suggests.

It wasn't so much that 'Bedroom' was depressing, it's just that the production was so clear it was like every word, every phrase, was being picked apart . . .

The voice is incredibly loud on that record, it's almost like this voice alone in the room with you.



There was a conscious effect to turn all the instruments down and put the voice up. It's like if you listen to old Walker Brothers or Dusty Springfield records, the backing is compressed and only surges up when the voice stops, and we were attempting to do the same thing in a modern recording studio.

In fact Geoff did use old, I think they're called Fairchild, compressors, which are his secret weapon and which give that dynamic effect that modern solid state just can't achieve. I don't understand an awful lot of the technical side, but I understand enough to know that the loss in humanity on records coincides with the revolution of the solid state valve.

DREAMBOATS INTO FOOTNOTES

BESIDES 'Pills' and 'Shipbuilding', though, the new record is pretty upbeat. I liked your description of 'The Greatest Thing' as a 1983 version of 'I Saw Her Standing There'.

Yeah, even down to the fact that we tweaked the vocal up, leant on it so it's slightly higher, younger-sounding. They do that on Michael Jackson records. But yes, a lot of the planning, the imaginary production, of this record relates very much to pop music of the moment.

'Pills And Soap' was 'The Message' UK, you know . . . we've got Wham! UK, now we need Message UK. I was intrigued to know that Jerry Dammers has also got a line about Wham! in one of his songs, coz the second verse of 'The Greatest Thing' is about Wham! In fact, that song is sort of an answer record to 'Young Guns', because I love answer records, I think that's a tradition that should never have died out.

Some of the things Wham! say really irritate me, because I think they're making people feel small for things they believe in. There are plenty of people who are 19 and married who must resent being told that they are jerks. I resent it, because I was married when I was 20 and my wife was 19. You've said you were trying to get away from "soul" singing in 'Imperial Bedroom' and there seem to be more non-black influences there, like Dylan on 'Man Out Of Time', Lennon on 'You Little Fool'.

I'm not sure about Lennon, I think I was trying to do an Errol Brown there. On 'Imperial Bedroom', it was just less of the man-alone-in-the-spotlight, the idea being to disperse the emotional responsibility. It's funny how a singer's image can interfere with

one's impressions of a song. The first time I heard your 'Getting Mighty Crowded', I didn't know who it was and assumed it was a version by a '60s soul singer. When people have an image of you, perhaps they don't register the pure soul power of your voice, which beats all those Wellers and Rowlands hands down.

You can do yourself a disservice that way, because over a period of time you build that up, whether consciously or just by being around. I never really think about it, along the lines of "now I'm gonna put these people in their place", I just sing for the way I feel. I do think that this tour is something that you're not gonna see again, unless we do it again. The sort of sounds that we're getting, with the horns and the girls, there aren't very many groups capable of playing like that.

Now that I have that power behind me, the problem is to control myself and not let myself go too far. It's like, you know, when's the cape coming out!

When you turned to Stax and Motown for 'Get Happy', did you feel you'd exhausted the Abba and 'Heroes' influences you were experimenting with on 'Armed Forces'?

I thought that everybody had. I was obviously wrong, because we've been getting David Bowie rammed down our throats for the last six years! I just felt that the new wave sound that had build up had exhausted itself a bit, it had already become a ready-made cliché, and I thought the very rootlessness of it was what was making it sound insubstantial.

That's why I thought it was necessary to draw on music that I felt had a more natural feeling, a more natural swing to it than rather enforced jerkiness of the rhythm guitar and certain drum patterns in new wave. When that jerkiness was done out of technical limitations, as in punk, it was great, but when you found better musicians playing badly, in this stilted kind of way, it sounded terribly false.

Is 'Armed Forces' still "glib" for you?

I haven't really heard that in a while, though I heard a track on the radio in America, and it sounded a lot rougher than I'd thought, where I'd imagined the production was somehow very smooth.

WHEN IT COMES TO SOUL, THIS MAN BEATS ALL YOUR WELLERS AND ROWLANDS HANDS DOWN—BUT FOR ELVIS COSTELLO PASSION HAS NEVER BEEN JUST A

You know, generally speaking, I think I'm almost at peace with my recorded catalogue, apart from the songs that I *know* are just bad songs. I don't currently have a hatred for any of the albums. I tend to have more of a negative reaction to them when I'm working on a new record.

I agree with you that 'Armed Forces' now sounds quite brash, particularly the drums. When it came out, it did seem almost slick, but now everyone's using drum machines, the Nick Lowe beat sounds rather metallic. That said, I think I prefer the Langer/Winstanley drum sound to the garage sound on 'Trust' or the somewhat muted one of 'Get Happy'.

It's a more natural drum sound, isn't it? Without giving anything away, though, they do use techniques to doctor the drum sound, it's not all natural. That's one of the ironies, that they often use lots of trickery to get a simple, natural sound. 'Let Them All Talk' was a real marathon job to make, yet it sounds quite live, it doesn't sound like an ABC record. The sound of 'Get Happy' was probably due more to the studio we were in than anything else, but it was also a very radical approach to that style of music.

Madness' 'Our House' proved Langer & Winstanley were probably the best production team around. How do you compare them with Nick Lowe?

Clive and Alan have the patience to construct something the size of 'Our House', which Nick Lowe lacked. Nick is like Stax, whereas they're more like Motown or Van McCoy.

VULGAR FRACTIONS OF A TREBLE CLEF

WHEN YOU described 'Get Happy' as "somewhat unfinished", you probably gave away its secret. For me, it's like the bare bones of a sort of new wave MC's sound, as opposed to an attempt to *match* the Stax sound. It means it's a great record to sing along with . . . there're gaps to fill in.

We've got live arrangements of 'Get Happy' songs that fill in those gaps, like 'Possession' and 'King Horse' are now much more realized numbers. 'Clubland' is also vastly improved. As I remember, it sounded absolutely devastating to play in the studio, because the tom tom sounds were very deep, but they were almost impossible to get on a disc. If you play 'Trust' extremely loud, it sounds great.

I think you should recognise your failures, as I'm beginning to do with the weak songs on 'Punch The Clock'. I think, for instance, we tried to cram too much into 'King Of Thieves'. If it had been slower, there might have been more time to build it up, but as it is the heart of it is missing.

I knew there was something wrong with 'Little Savage' on 'Imperial Bedroom', even before we put it out—I knew it was just another of what we call the 'F-Beat' songs, one of those straight four-beat songs that we do really well, but which don't mean anything. 'Love Went Mad' is one on 'Punch The Clock', and I never wanted it. Clive said we had to

put it on because it's a good tune, but I knew that overall it didn't happen.

Clive's attitude to the whole album was, I suppose, quite single-minded. He didn't want anything that was like 'Imperial Bedroom'. Consequently we tried to modify the songs that *did* sound like 'Imperial Bedroom', which was why 'King Of Thieves' and 'Mouth Almighty' were not totally successful.

In retrospect, I'd much rather have had 'The Flirting Kind', which was on the album until two days before it was pressed, because it had some heart, whereas I felt things like 'Love Went Mad' went half way to being 'Let Them All Talk' without succeeding, you know, they had a certain amount of power but they were a qualified success.

'Let Them All Talk' is a thumping great super-Stax anthem. Is there anything specific intended by the question, "Have we come this fa-fa-fa to find a soul cliché?" Is all the new blue-eyed brass a lot of bunk?

I think perhaps when I wrote it I was asking myself the question. You know, is that all there is? Is there nothing more from within than just saying there's stuff from within? Is it enough to say "I'm a soul man", without *being* one?

I always suspected songs that spoke about how much you spoke. I love a lot of Graham Parker's stuff, but there was one song I could never abide called 'Pouring It All Out', because it was a whole song about how much he was going to tell you. I'd much rather he'd just told me. And that's my bone of contention with Kevin Rowland, that he spends his time saying "I'm gonna tell you, I'm gonna tell you, I'm gonna tell you", but what does he tell you? At the same time, I like a lot of the mannerisms he uses.

A PERPETUAL NIGHTCLUB

WHAT DID you think of Culture Club's 'Clock Of The Heart' as a piece of nouveau Miracles?

I like a lot of Culture Club songs. I don't so much like the calypso element, I didn't like 'I'm Afraid Of Me' or 'I'll Tumble 4 Ya', but like everyone else in the world I loved 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me'.

FASHION. ON THE EVE OF HIS BRITISH TOUR, BARNEY HOSKYN'S MEETS A MAN WHO HAS DISCOVERED (SELF) RESPECT. DANCIN' ON THE STREET: PETER ANDERSON

and I loved 'Time', and I love the new song 'Black Money', though I haven't heard the album version yet.

The album's interesting, because it really is a slow soul album.

That's what I think could be the next interesting development. I don't think there's any more perfect beats to search for, in terms of mid-to-up-tempo. Either you could have a return to rave-up type soul, which I don't think anyone has either the guts or the technique to do, or you have a soul music that brings people together. In other words, a dance music that isn't a narcissistic display of agility. Nobody ever dances together anymore, which was presumably the point of dancing in the first place.

So one of the challenges I think Culture Club should address themselves to, since they have the ear of the world, is to bring people to dance together. There's probably more great singers languishing in obscurity for the lack of a reason to sing slow songs than there are for any other reason. The soul ballad is still a pretty overlooked medium, unless you count the soft jazz-funk stuff like George Benson. Culture Club are in a position to rekindle that style.

Before we left for America, I was on *Round Table*, and they played The Chi-Lites' 'Have You Seen Her?', and it sounded so fresh, and the idea of people dancing together really appealed to me.

ASHTRAY

WITH 'PUNCH The Clock', you've broken back into pop, yet the album is almost a critique of pop. How disenchanted are you with trends and clichés?

Only as tired as I've ever been. If something lacks substance, lacks anything to move you, then it's only of any use to the people who like that flavour of candyfloss, but I don't have a hatred of it.

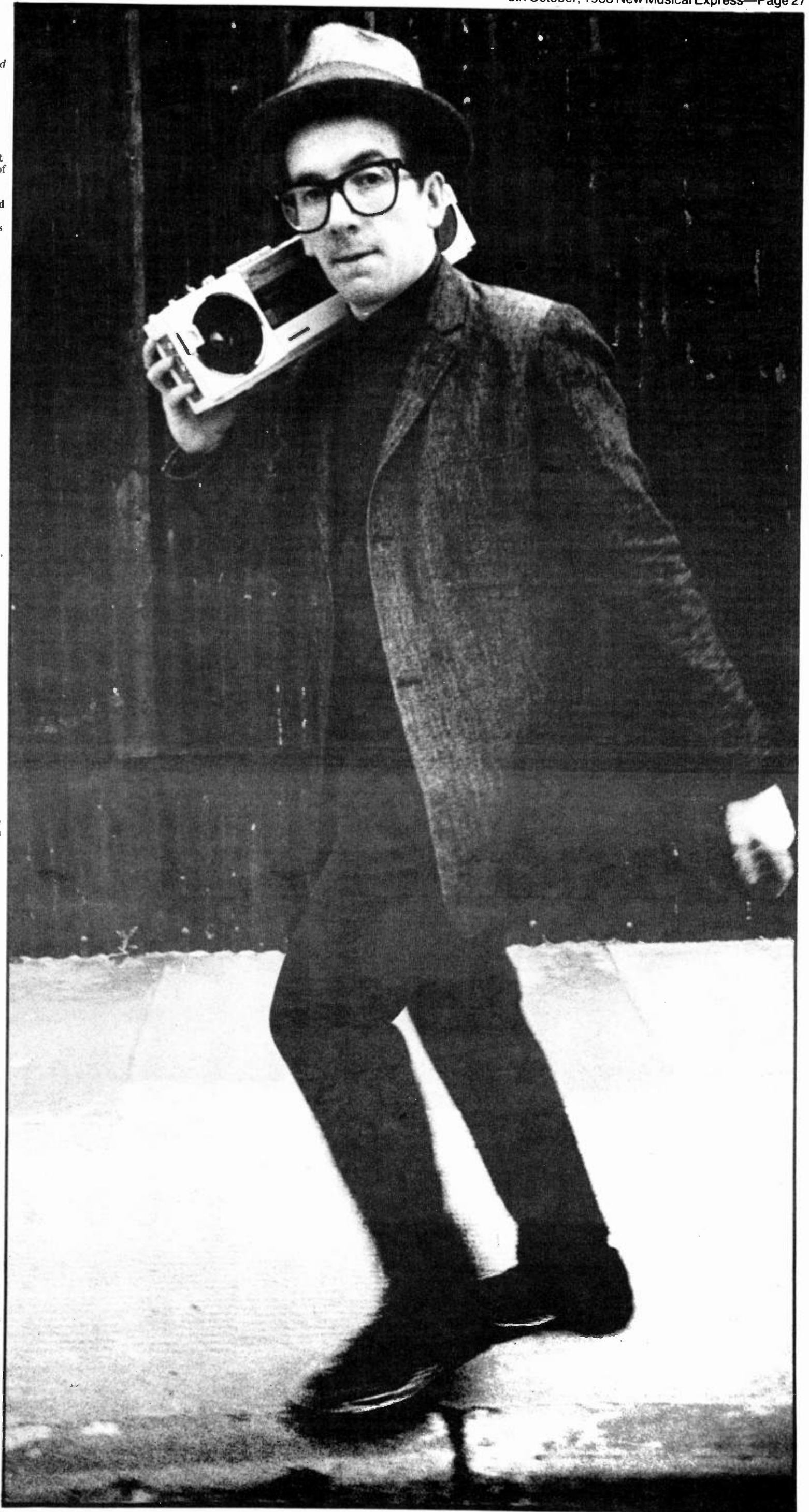
I've been somewhat amused by the attitude that I'm a good guy now, which seems to be the current popular opinion. Last year I was supposed to be in search of an audience, which again was a blanket opinion subscribed to by both people who don't think and people who think too much... people like Julie Burchill, who is currently top of my hit list. She just makes me really sick, you know, she's the Glenda Slag of modern pop writing.

I really object to a little thing she wrote in *The Face*, which I thought was really unnecessary. I think for someone who has a child herself, that was a pretty spiteful thing to do.

At the end of 'Town Cryer', you said you were never going to cry again, you were going to be as strong as them—the "tragically hip" young boys of teddy bear tenderness and trembling lip. Does 'Punch The Clock' bear that out?

That's taking something from a song and seeing it as mirroring my career rather than my heart or my head. I don't write songs about my career. In that sense it's wrong, but I suppose that's why 'The Flirting Kind' was left off the album, which is an otherwise good song, because lyrically there's much more doubt and sadness in it. There's no sad songs to do with the heart on 'Punch The Clock'.

CONTINUES PAGE 30



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FROM PAGE 27

Not 'Charm School'?

Not really, it's sort of sad but in a different way. It's a pornographic sketch, if you like, not sad like 'Shabby Doll' is sad. 'The Flirting Kind' is much more related to that sort of song, 'Boy With A Problem' or 'Long Honeymoon'.

Basically, 'Punch The Clock' is outward-looking, where 'Imperial Bedroom' was inward-looking. The more uptempo songs, like 'TKO', are modern day equivalents of 'I'm So Proud' or 'Keep On Pushing'... even 'The World And His Knife', which, despite its nauseating scenario, is really music for a big knees-up.

You recently voiced a certain chagrin that you don't have the "direct communication" that Paul Weller or Ali Campbell have with their audience, which goes back to that feeling of 'And In Every Home', that "I don't have a job, I'm disconnected". Does it really matter?

It seems to have limited them, actually, coz they've both run away from it, or at least decided they wanted someone else to take the strain of being spokesmen for their generation. What I find a little sad is if somebody is going to take that position, it's important that they do it with some intelligence than just in a rather empty way... I mean, put it like this, 'When You're Young' is nine times the song of 'A Step In The Right Direction'. What you really want is not songs that tell you what to think but songs that teach you to think for yourself. It's not a mantle I would want to pick up, and clearly no one else wants to either.

Jerry Dammers is another person who doesn't step into the light, promising to show us the way.

Jerry's about the only person I really respect at the moment. I think that 'Racist Friend' is a fuckin' brilliant record. It was very funny to come back to England and read the reviews which said "oh no, you can't actually tell people that they mustn't talk to someone who's racist, that's going too far".

When it comes down to it, the liberals always chicken out. I wish I could write songs which said it that clearly and that simply, and not make it sound like a cliché. People talk about crucial, essential records—as far as I'm concerned, that is the only essential record that's come out all year.

STANDING UP FOR THE DOWNSTROKE (TRIGGER RAP)

WHOSE IDEA was it to put that chillingly emotionless claptrack on 'Pills And Soap', which is really the key to it? In terms of sound, I wanted 'Pills And Soap' to be

like a rap record, but I didn't have the patience to do that. If I could have persuaded Sylvia Robinson to produce the backing track for me, and then just sung over it, maybe that would have been the answer. So I decided to use just one mannerism from rap, which might be enough to trigger off people's response to it. The rest of it was just a sub-Dave Brubeck thing that I was messing about with. There was a whole sort of be-bop horn part in my head that I again didn't have the patience to get someone to work out for me.

People have said your 'Shipbuilding' lacked Robert Wyatt's essential plaintiveness. Is that fair?

Well, obviously I sound different to him. It took me a long time to get the vocal on it, because of being in his shadow. He gets the sadness through with the sound of his voice, so I was paying more attention to the melody. I knew everyone had paid attention to the words by then. I simply wanted to sing the song, there was no doubt about that, and at the time I didn't know Robert's version was going to be reactivated over here. Therefore I was thinking of the singing of it, of getting a sound in my voice which would be complementary to the trumpet, so I was thinking of it more musically. Perhaps there was something of the affection of the father that I felt I could put in my version. I think I've done better versions of it live.

To go back to the earlier point, do you feel any more "connected" now?

I feel this tour is much more challenging than last year's. For one thing, it's sold out! Which means, there is the interest. Plus 'Punch The Clock' is a gold record, the first since 'Armed Forces', and we've had two singles in the Top 30, even though one of them was totally unexpected. I don't know what plans we have for future releases, because obviously the failure of 'Let Them All Talk' is something of a mystery.

Did the American tour reveal anything new about that glorious nation?

No, just the capacity for changing their minds, or their self-deceit, depending on whether you look at it favourably or cynically. I don't know to what extent their acceptance of us is genuine, or whether it's just our turn, but 'Everyday' is currently 44, so we're enjoying success in an area that's previously been closed to us there. It's difficult to tell whether there's a much bigger American audience for us or not.

Do you think there's anything to the theory that 'Get Happy' and 'Almost Blue' were resented there for appropriating American musics?

'Almost Blue' might have been, but I don't think it applies to 'Get Happy', since they tend to treat any references to soul music as a joke. It struck me that 'Almost Blue' was maybe the most soulful of your records, even if also the most depressing, especially if one sees country as the white man's soul music...

Well, the title was a giveaway. After a while we just got overwhelmed by being in Nashville, and the pointy boots were too much, and in that respect the more successful songs were 'Sweet Dreams', 'Success', 'Colour Of The Blues', 'How Much I Lied' and 'I'm Your Toy'—that's the soul stuff. I believed in 'Sweet Dreams', that was the one that I thought had all the feeling, and that's the one I naturally wanted to be the big record, the same way I believed in 'Accidents Will Happen' or 'High Fidelity'.

It's interesting to play Mighty Sam's 'Sweet Dreams' or Bobby Bland's 'Too Far Gone' alongside your versions, because many of the great deep soul records are in fact songs written by country artists or musicians. And just as it's possible to listen to Charlie Rich or George Jones as great soul singers, so Bettye Swann's 'Today I Started Loving You Again' (a Merle Haggard song) is in a sense a great country record, though she was black and the record was cut at Muscle Shoals. Country and southern share pretty much the same themes, ie drink, destitution, and infidelity, and really, ever since Sam Phillips took Elvis into Sun, the racial boundaries of Southern music have been more subtle and intercrossed than perhaps we Brits assume. We tend to think of Nashville as some redneck bastion, but tons of great soul was made there too.

Right. You know 'Tell Me' by James Carr, I think that's a Merle Haggard song. There's another song by James Carr called 'What In This World Can I Call My Own', in which for a split second a pedal steel actually comes in. A lot of those records cut in Memphis or Muscle Shoals are country records, they're just made by people who happen to be black.

I mean, my introduction to country music was the Burritos, that was my introduction to Merle Haggard, and here was a country rock band covering James Carr's 'Dark End Of The Street' and Aretha's 'Do Right Man—Do Right Woman'. Just like The Byrds' 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo' has a version of that William Bell song 'You Don't Miss Your Water'. So many eulogies of Gram Parsons have been written saying how important he was and how he crossed country with R&B, but I just liked the guy coz he liked Aretha Franklin too, you know. Your favourite singer early on was Rick Danko—now you're talking country soul!

I finally met him on this tour, actually. Him and Levon Helm were doing this folk thing at the Lone Star in New York, with just a bassist and a dobro player, and they did a few traditionals, a few Band things like 'Ain't No More Cane', and then halfway through the set Danko did 'It Makes No Difference', which was actually a very sophisticated song to be doing in that set, but he was so brilliant, I was practically in tears... just unbelievable.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE: ADMITS HE DOES NOT HATE HIMSELF

YOU DID a lot of swearing in the early days, were if truth be told a right ranter, even, dare I say it, an emotional fascist. At the time you said you sometime felt like a child and sometimes like an old man. You seem a lot calmer, a lot more sober today. Do you feel more your own age???

The thing is, I never was an angry young man, I was always an angry old man. I always felt older, and always looked older, than I was. Things can still get me really angry, like this Julie thing, and I'm afraid my response to that is not a logical one, it's not calm or intelligent, it's fuck this, let's just get into major physical violence right away.

The thing is, I am a good bloke, I don't actually hate myself, and I don't think I deserve the vitriol dealt out to me by these people. All it shows is either their own self-disgust or the fact that they simply don't know me. And they don't. Is this tour gonna slay us?

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CULTURE CLUB

Colour By Numbers (Virgin)

IT WOULD SEEM that applause has never come cheaper than it does in 1983, that it has never been easier to have and to hold one of Western youth's most coveted prizes: the hit single. The route and method to pop's pearly gates (videos, glossy pics, hyping, keeping your mouth shut about important issues etc.) is now so obvious, so utterly transparent, that not only can any half-brain follow the rules, but in many cases we are invited more to admire a group's smooth marketing approach than any musical consideration.

Fifteen months ago, Culture Club looked prime contenders for this production line schedule. Fronted by a suitably flamboyant singer who frequented Blitz, spawned from the incestuous London nightclub life, they looked and sounded ripe for (at most) two hit singles, followed by The Split, dismal solo efforts and dark, dark obscurity.

But then no-one had counted on Boy George and on the Club's musical dexterity. George is that rare thing, a pop musician with a brain, astute enough to tickle and tease the media about his sexuality (does he? doesn't he?), and possessor of one of pop's finest voices, a beautiful, coaxing instrument when pushed far enough. Behind him is a group who can, gulp, play? write? and perform? Astonishing.

Since their debut LP where they publicly worked out, to their detriment as much as to their advantage, the Culture sound, Culture Club have been producing pop masterpieces non-stop. They started with the irresistible 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?' (significantly the last song on 'Kissing To Be Clever') and moved onto higher ground with 'Time (Clock Of The Heart)', a modern soul classic that wrapped up Boy George's plaintive vocal in exotic, moving music that truly stirred the heart. Here was something that spelt class and potential, a group that gave flimsy pop substance even if at the same time, it manipulated its trappings brilliantly.

'Church Of The Poisoned Mind' was addictive Northern Soul, a slight step sideways maybe but still a powerful reminder of their talent. As the world (and when I say the world I mean the...) capitulated to colourful George's androgynous charms, the strength of their music and the sharp but never tacky selling of the group, Culture Club

sparkled, somehow balancing the inherent subversity of their sexual stance with an across-the-board appeal.

Out of the thousand pictures and posters that now adorn bedrooms everywhere, there is one that comes close to the spirit of this, Culture Club's second LP. It's George sitting on a sofa holding up T. Rex. Julio Iglesias and Culture Club record covers. The implication is clear. Just as he won't commit himself personally, so Culture Club refuse to stand still or loyal to any one style. Except pop.

That they are capable of bringing together all kinds of disparate styles into one form is more than evident on 'Colour By Numbers', so far '83's most consistently enjoyable LP. 'CBN' consolidates the acceptable face of Culture Club. It highlights all their strengths—arrangements, consummate playing, the ability to absorb successfully all kinds of influences without either letting them take over or misusing them disastrously, plus the twin vocal strengths of George and Helen Terry—without ever blurring the group's intention of producing high quality pop music.

If it has a fault, it is the playsafe, slightly formulaised material like 'Karma Chameleon' and 'Stormkeeper', or the overwrought Barbra Streisand overtones of 'Victims', a full-blown ballad that is more about intention than content and is mooted as the Xmas single. (It'll be number one for ages, so what do I know?)

Otherwise, Culture Club, with full supporting cast, run the gauntlet of styles, incorporating mainly black musical idioms into their memorable pop stew. We note Roy Hay's Isley Brothers styled guitar solo on 'Miss Me Blind' followed by a quick reprise of a Shalamar riff. There's the slightly jazzy overtones of 'Changing Every Day' matching the spine-chilling simplicity of 'That's The Way', wherein George and Helen, backed by a sparse piano, utilise their voices magnificently, their dual power enough to sustain and embellish the song's forlorn melody.

In terms of soul, this is only matched by the lush beauty of 'Black Money', the nearest Culture Club have got to equalling their awesome 'Time (Clock Of The Heart)'. Once again George and Helen scoop the honours, George all graceful and heartfelt against the mighty hysteria of Helen's voice, the pair of them providing a brilliant counterpoint to carry the song's drama.

If lyrically on their last LP, George seemed obsessed by white boys, here his impressionist

The metamorphosis of Narcissus

sketches throw up the words 'eyes' 'street' and 'dreams' with regularity, he jumbles up the meanings although the tone of his voice betrays his sympathies.

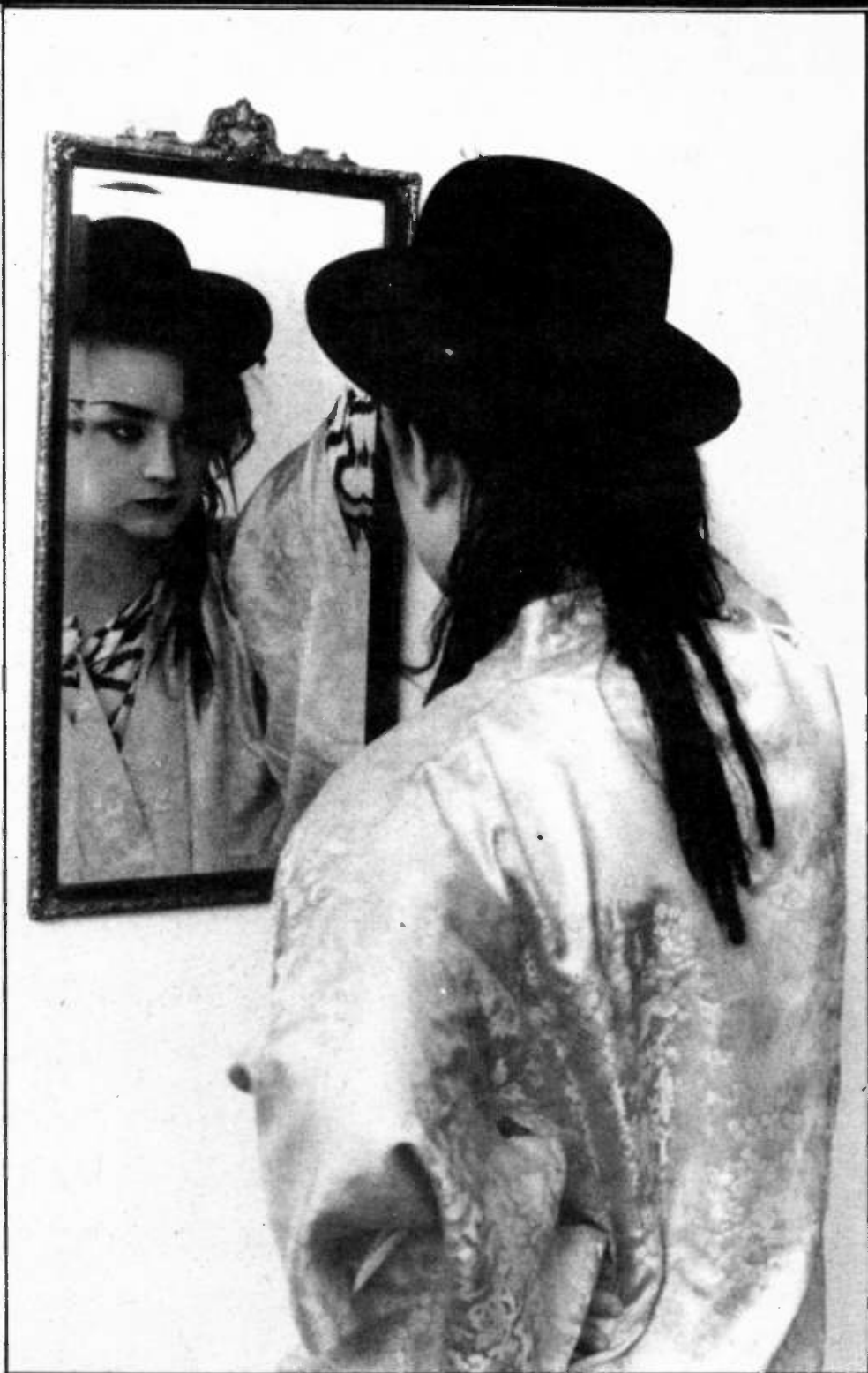
Throughout, Culture Club never sound clumsy or forced but light-footed and sure as they create their modern pop, a delightful synthesis of the old and new, with mastery ease. At times you find yourself more in admiration of the music here as opposed to wrapped up in it, mainly due to Steve

Levene's production which ensures that everything is smooth and slick.

It's a disappointment, though, that at a time when Boy George holds the power to question and re-define our notions and attitudes towards ourselves and others, he's kept himself in check, played it a little bit too safe for liking.

As for the rest, you can start filling in right now.

Paolo Hewitt



BEAT WITHOUT SURRENDER... BUT I'M DIFFERENT NOW

THE JAM

Snarl (Polydor)

SEVEN YEARS have passed since that first bleak winter of punk pinched the faces of British pop. Though they didn't really belong, The Jam had the leanest look this side of Rotten. No puppy fat fleshed out Paul Weller's cheeks. On the other hand no Weller cheek lit up The Jam's sourdough songs.

Humour never figured strongly among Jam qualities. Of the 29 hits and close runs included here only 'That's Entertainment' has a strong sarcy element, though the staccato yelps opening 'Going Underground' are fun, too.

Otherwise 'Snarl' is scored through with Weller's sour honesty. Not that honesty is a bad thing, but the terms in which Weller chose to express it had him weighed down by all sorts of unenviable burdens, the first and most damaging of which was Mod.

That Weller chose such a restrictive uniform, at a time when punk signalled the suburban invasion of the cities and liberated the likes of The Bromley Contingent from cloying suburban restraints, was indicative of the Woking small town outlook he still hasn't totally lost.

The Jam's mod period was its dullest manifestation. Third

generation mod was by definition off-the-peg individualism; a convenient way of standing out by going against the grain of punk and at the same time providing potential followers with readily identifiable signs.

Hearing The Jam's nouveau mod songs now leaves one wondering why anybody gave them the time of day back then. 'In The City' through 'The Modern World' are urbane English versions of New York wrong side of the bridge myths, songs brimming over with suburban jealousy, bristling with a sense of denial, sung by uninspired players come a decade too late for coshboy bit parts in *Dixon Of Dock Green*. Fortunately, Weller's pillhead frenzy only lasted two LPs. Always an acute observer, he saw the punky/mod party of his dreams turn sour and duly reported the ensuing mess in 'A Bomb In Wardour Street' and 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight'—the first great Jam songs. On a more fundamental level Weller had already exhausted mod and his Pete Townshend muse anyway. Turning instead to late-'60s Kinks, he found a far more valuable source.

Without Ray Davies' Inspiration Weller might have remained the resentful young sod behind 'In The City'. Through Ray Davies he learnt



Pic: Joe Stevens

to focus more kindly on the little man in his back garden, his dreams and aspirations. That said, his 'Mr. Clean' is distinguished by a blissfulness you'd never find in a sardonic Davies song. Then, as already remarked, humour wasn't one of Weller's strong points.

Before the very Kinky 'All Mod Cons'—still the only two sides of Weller I can listen to at one sitting—The Jam could best be defined by what they were not: they were never quick witted or witty. Neither were they particularly imaginative or that inventive. Their music was

continues Page 33

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Love The Reasons (Respond)

BACK IN the Jam Era, Paul Weller used to have the phrase 'FIRE AND SKILL' sprayed on one of his amps. This sampler of the assorted talents available via Weller's Respond label begs the question—not The Questions: we'll get to them later—whether the same slogan has been prominently displayed somewhere in the Respond office. Most of this music suggests that it hasn't.

'Love The Reason' presents three tracks by The Questions, two by Tracie and one with both acts teamed up alongside two

by A Craze and one each by The Main T-KO (Vaughn Toulouse, of course), N.D. Moffatt (not Vaughn Toulouse) and The Big Sound Authority, packaged with overwrought liner notes by Weller. "I'm glad I ain't 16," he writes. "To be so young, so beautiful and so strong and not to be heard is criminal." So here are the young, the strong and the beautiful, right?

Here are nothing of the sort. Here are a bunch of youths who fall so far short of the music which forms the basis of Weller's professed ideology that it makes a nonsense of all the claptrap with which Weller has festooned the sleeve.

The much vaunted Tracie always sang 'Give It Some Emotion' with so little passion and commitment that she might as well have been singing 'Give me a cigarette or on the other hand don't bother if it's too much trouble, shooobedoowah,' and she doesn't seem any more concerned on her Questions team-up 'Mama Never Told Me'. Tracie—according to Weller—represents Respond's vitality, which is a devastating indictment.

'Give It Some Emotion' was written by A Craze, Respond's most recent signing. Their own work is so flimsy that it becomes transparent when you hold it up to the light. The only performer on this

album who sounds like they can sing properly is the mysterious N.D. Moffatt, but his 'Love Peace And Harmony' is set to acoustic guitar, congas and flute, and it is so achingly sincere in a kind of Richie Havens manner that it soon induces a severe migraine. Vaughn Toulouse raps away with almost as much panache as reverb—which is saying a lot—on 'Fickle Public Speakin', but what can you say about a man who ought to be better than Wham! but isn't?

The best of Paul's bunch are The Questions, who at least regurgitate their Chic and Shalamar riffs with a little energy on the opening 'Work 'N' Play', but since The Clash have already recorded 'Magnificent 7' I don't know why they bothered.

I have a great deal of admiration for Paul Weller, who has founded an admirable career on a synthesis of Smokey Robinson, Steve Marriott and George Orwell, but 'Love The Reason' suggests that as an A&R man he makes a great performer.

This shallow, weedy music is not the kind that restores pride and faith to a battered and stranded generation. This is the sound of a lot of slightly talented people murmuring, "Let's go up Paul's house and play Motown".

Charles Shear Murray

RICK JAMES



THE NEW ALBUM 'COLD BLOODED'

ALBUM STMA 8038
CASSETTE CSTMA 8038



Michael Lovesmith models the new palm tree style afro

Plc Anton Corbijn

MOTOWN HAPPENING AGAIN

THE COMMODORES

13 (Motown)

MICHAEL LOVESMITH
I Can Make It Happen

(Motown)

REVISITING but I'm still enjoying myself. Although Motown have their autumn chart trump yet to play with Mr Ritchie waiting in the wings, these two have far stronger claims on a young person's poptime.

'13' has The Commodores in satisfyingly alert shape. It's a pity that the one dose of Ritchiesque slush ('Only You') has been picked for the single for it's atypical of a set that is like a zesty polish on the venerable 'Machine Gun' groove. The Commodores are a Motown rarity — a great soul band — and the charts they string around an entertaining batch of songs are pretty sharp, pretty fast.

'Touchdown' is like a streamlined update of 'Brick House'; 'I'm In Love' and 'Turn Off The Lights' are springy movers put out with a catching enthusiasm and the carefully paced yearn of 'Nothing Like A Woman' is smart. It's a bit ordinary, a little short on famousness — they could use an outstanding voice again — but it holds middle-age at a comfortable arm's length.

The domestic release of Lovesmith's outstanding record is more of an event. A prolonged acquaintance has done nothing to dim the sparkle of a shimmering, generous collection of songs: I still get a thrill out of the way the singing plucks at the senses on 'Baby I Will' or the lavish strut of 'Sorry Won't Get It' and 'Just Say The Word'. These are the epigrams of black technofunk

stretched and caressed, the neon glow humanised, the beauty of some clever melodies lovingly framed and lit up.

Perhaps Lovesmith is at his best on the mid-tempo smooch of the title track, where instrumental and vocal harmonies overlap with the luxuriance of million-dollar facilities; 'A Promise Is A Promise', sweet in a too obvious way, suggests that he is sometimes skilful without purpose.

But 'I Can Make It Happen' is a record the new Motown can be proud of. It's a man of ideas and talent in absolute command searching for a soul sound that is at least a fraction different. Lovesmith is his own man, and he makes it a pleasure to know him. It even happens.

Richard Cook

WAR

Life (Is So Strange) (RCA)

THERE IS a shroud of controversy over this release. Rumour was that the group were far from satisfied with it, didn't want it put out and were leaving RCA as a result. It is unlikely that War, since realising the harm that 'Music Band I' did them a few years ago, would ever put out another album to be ashamed of. Maybe a clue to this speculation is the inclusion of a track called 'Shaking It Down', written by a non-band member and running against the grain of the set.

For War to be without a contract at this time would be an unfortunate loss. 'Life (Is So Strange)' is the fulfilment of every promise and every threat the band made in those brooding pre-1975 years. They have always worked best in a low gear of their own choosing, disregarding what the rest of Los Angeles is up to — they were there

first — and this new set seldom gets above a chugging tickover that suggests all the rumbling possibilities of an awesome power.

The title track is one of those wistful, wondering, wonderful pieces of detached observation that sums up War's attitude to the southern California they are now forced to contend with as relative to the one they hold so dear — 'Happiness' and 'Summer Dreams' deal with that. Respectively a reggae-ish celebration and a Lee Oskar written instrumental of swirling, pleading harmonica, both hold as much back as they let loose while they tell of what can be has been enjoyed, setting up for the down stroke of the two mighty medleys 'World War III' and 'U.2'.

'U.2' is a piercing piece of anger directed at the prole-control carried out by automatic armies guided by the paranoia of society's guardians. The ease at

which War lay down this solid music (think of 'Gypsy Man') allows singer Howard Scott, one of Nature's angriest, the freedom to build up his vocals from a seething resentment to blazing hatred without competition from the band.

On 'World War III', darkness descends and the soul of Jim Morrison stalks — "What you gonna do when the night time comes? When the smoke of your greed hides the light of the sun." An eerie wasteland of a tune, peopled by mutant synth and an almost monotone vocal, chilling to below zero with a vivid picture of futility. There will be nothing left if the warnings go unheeded. The song operates on an intellectual level no higher than the great common denominator: fear.

'Life (Is So Strange)' is 'The Word' delivered nearly ten years later, and put across with such force that it shouldn't arrive unnoticed.

Lloyd Bradley

BAREFACED BALONEY

KISS

Lick It Up (Phonogram)

KISS, THE dog day metal group that added the imagination and the leisure hours of a generation, are a mega-buck-selling 19 albums old with this release. That's ten years of The Tongue and the warpaint, of looking ugly and sounding uglier. The sight and sound of this group traipsing around the stadium circuit for the past decade says more about the criminally bankrupt state of rock 'n' roll marketing and the unquestioning passivity of its audience than nearly any other act you care to mention.

So, the Kiss gross out was never really more than chewing gum for the brain? Maybe, had they terminated their career when they became the stars of a pinball machine and a monthly comic strip, they'd have neatly encapsulated the vacuity of what they signified. But here they are claiming to have never made anything but "totally extreme rock 'n' roll" which, depending on how you care to take it, is either a phrase without meaning or a barefaced lie.

It's not the only thing barefaced about this record. There's the boys on the cover pouting and permed in chest slashed shirts and satin,

proving it's possible to look even more stupid than they once did. This is Kiss laying themselves bare with an LP of mucky 'sex on the road songs'. Can you imagine anything more arousing than Gene Simmons' clammy ham steak of a tongue plunging into a waiting orifice? Can you imagine the ludicrous ego inflation and self worship that goes into a line like "Well goodness sakes, my snake's alive! And it's ready to bite"?

All the songs are billious advertisements for themselves, their lifestyles and their corpse-like music. If, as they claim, their musical roots are in Led Zeppelin and Jeff Beck (unlikely — neither were ever this bad) then their musical brains are stuck somewhere at the bottom of Black Sabbath's garbage can. Except for the singer's, whose head seems to be forever lowering over a toilet bowl.

I'm not one to get too serious about this sort of thing but isn't it fascinating to think if the Woodstock generation were capable of producing a new breed of libertarians, self improvement freaks, and Reagan lackeys, then what are the Kiss generation capable of producing? The potential is staggering.

Gavin Martin



Marketed & Distributed by RCA

JAMSNAP

From page 31

not really sexy or physically inspired. But after 'All Mod Cons' a gruff lyricism began to light up Weller's soapy realism. The success of the subsequent 'Strange Town' gave him the confidence to play around with styles.

Running these singles back to back one is forced to concede, no matter how reluctantly, that there was more movement within The Jam than is apparent hearing them one at a time. Weller's idea of adventure never strayed any further than perching his reluctant Spokesman-for-a-generation persona on a different '60s sound. 'Start!' draws on 'Revolver' period Beatles. 'Funeral Pyre' — as X. Moore rightly points out — is The Beatles meet Siouxsie And The Banshees. 'Town Called Malice' is Weller's late nod to mod's Motown roots. And 'Beat Surrender' serves as a fittingly ironic close to their career.

It was a predictably tearstained end to a peculiarly British love affair between a generation and a group who mirrored its moods and grouses. Funnily, The Jam never succeeded in writing anything so cannily suited to its time as, say, The Specials' 'Ghost Town'. Nevertheless, The Jam represented a triumph of sorts, the triumph of the little man over his circumstances. Contained within that triumph is the knowledge that Weller never lost sight of his roots, even when they threatened to severely restrict his vision. No mean triumph.

Chris Bohn

DEWEIRDING
DOWN
THE YEARS

GENESIS

Genesis (Charisma/Virgin)

I SUPPOSE we all know the form. Genesis make record, reviews arrive at the scene like a procession of so many dumper trucks, offload their contempt and trundle away. That much accomplished, said trio shrug off manure from their shoulders and march on to some prominent chart placing.

The appearance of 'Genesis', 14th LP by the group of that name, looks unlikely to upset the time-honoured routine. I found the record appallingly boring; it will do very, very well.

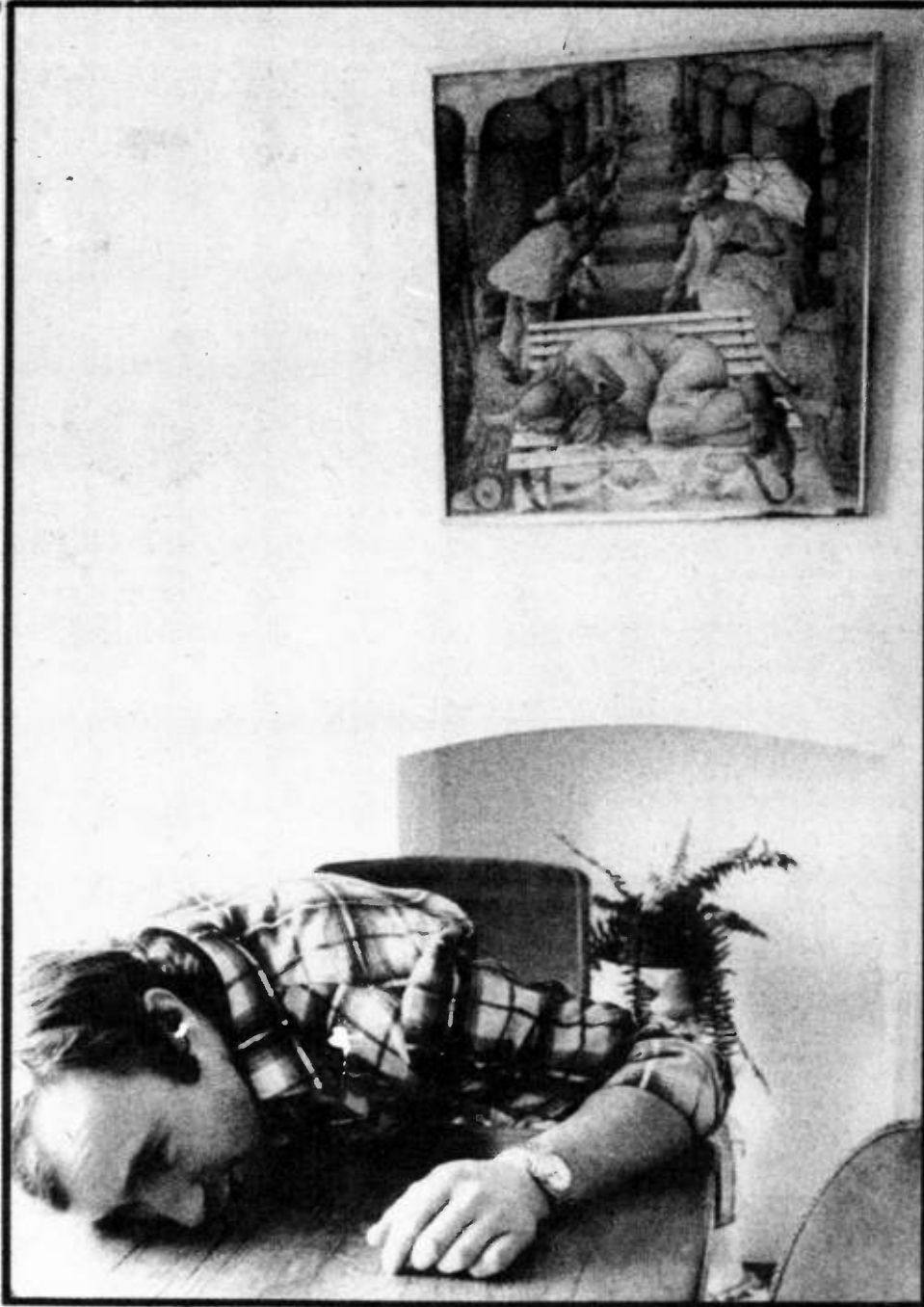
Very well: they must have *something* going for them? There's brand loyalty for one thing. Through the years of personnel changes, they've pared down, toughened up and generally refined their sound to its current state of sleek efficiency. Whatever the alterations, the music remained — by its own lights — reliable. There must be people who measure their lives by those 14 albums — from sixth-form mystic to company car cassette, from festival tent to morgaged semi. Good old dependable Genesis, gently de-weirding at the same pace as their audience.

Long gone, now, the wet excess and baroque pretensions of early pomp-pop days, succeeded by a modern machine of tasteful design, sufficiently streamlined to battle its way through the age of Abba, The Police and promotional video. Nothing they do, though, does much to lose that pre-eminent reputation for soporific sterility.

Hit single 'Mama', which begins this new set, aims for tension, for edge and menace; yet the only thing you notice is that peculiar noise Phil Collins makes between verses, like he's being sick on an empty stomach. Everything else, including most of the songs that follow it, recede inside a fog of mundane ideas, immaculately wrapped.

The semi-comic 'Illegal Alien' has at least the virtue of standing out, being some flippant latin doo-dah about Mexican immigrants. Given the tenor of other lyrics — visions of bitterness-in-maturity — I feared they'd make the number a parable of existential pathos. Luckily, Collins contents himself with a stuck-on Zapata moustache.

Paul Du Noyer



"I hear many men on horses travelling fast."

Pic: Pennie Smith

CORNER
CARPETBAGGERS

JULIE BURCHILL gets a hit line on budget compilations.

VARIOUS

The Hit Squad (Ronco)
Headline Hits (K-Tel)

ONLY A FEW WEEKS in the court of King Carpetbagger and boy, is it a shameless business. The commercial equivalent of bigamy, for example, is rabidly rife — six tracks can be found on both of these albums while one track — 'IOU' — appears for the *third time* on a compilation when it appears on 'Headline Hits'. But as Freeez get approximately one hit every five years, this kind of artistic promiscuity probably makes sense.

Bigamists present and correct: 'Walking In The Rain' — Modern Romance, the sound of polyester; 'Wherever I Lay My Hat', completely cod soul — Paul Young is the Al Jolson of the '80s, only the black greasepaint is mercifully missing. But — K.C.'s 'Give It Up', the Phantom Of The Disco rides again: 'Tantalise', a beautiful freak and a law unto itself, defying all description: 'Nobody's Diary', Yazoo R.I.P. — never before was a fat/thin showbusiness partnership an object of awe rather than a figure of fun: 'Everything Counts', teenage angst grappling with the Marxist ABC — if *New Socialist* had an agony column Depeche Mode would write to it, and all credit to them for it.

'The Hit Squad' — 16 tracks, all unedited (Ronco policy), only one non-hit — 'Busy Doing Nothing' which, appropriately, did nothing. The New Pop Infantilism is handsomely represented here, even though Madness, Godfathers of the squalling genre, beat a hasty retreat to the Big Playground with 'Wings Of A Dove'. But Wham! stamp their collective tiny foot and in a fit of pique grasp the banner for that Pout Pop prime slab 'Bad Boys'.

There was a time when Uncle Malcolm would have been delighted to man Madam la Guillotine, but these days he'd be happy to hold the skipping rope for George and Andrew; 'Double Dutch' was his Dying Swan, a total disaster. To advocate skipping as a solace for young, healthy beige-plus proles is only slightly less sick than advocating religion. And 'Cindy Girl' sounds like one of Mr McLaren's sicker jokes — young people with lives of crime written all over their faces singing nursery rhymes to toothrotting love. New Edition are tragically cute, as in 'Frankie Lyman'.

Heaven 17 — the goal gone AWOL again. It's the party not the Party which interests these boys these days — hear them sing greenly and greedily of 'dinner parties' in 'Come Live With Me' and marvel at the naughtiness they consider classy. It's an old sad story; as sure as the sun rises, Northern

boys from steely cities — Roxy M, ABC, now H 17 — play at satirising Southern sophistication until getting their first royalty check. But after a while, as ever, the player don't play the game — the game plays the player...

'I'll Tumble 4 Ya' — by looking like a girl and singing like a black, Boy George has managed to avoid all the horribly inevitable beartraps white boy singers prance into.

'Cruel Summer' and 'Indian Summer' — Bananarama and the Belle Stars are occasionally corralled into the same cutesy cubicle but this does the touselled trio a terrible injustice. What's worse, the Belle Stars are often given the benefit of the doubt while the Bananaramas are relegated to gossip fodder. Well, the Belle Stars may tout "axes" and write their own (albeit wretched) songs, thereby giving them Boys Club credibility — but it's no good being autonomous if you're autonomous garbage and it's no shame to be semi-staged if you're effective. Bananarama look and sound good and are obviously intelligent, the Belle Stars look and sound horrible and are obviously dim.

Finally warbling posing pouch David Sylvian weighs in with sidekick Sakamoto (Sylvian changed his name from Batt; perchance his playmate changed his from Batamoto) and 'Forbidden Colours' — attractive, but I'm allergic to art which makes death camps seem seductive; just a little repression of mine, heh heh.

THE TREND OF padding out compilations whose whole excuse for existing is that they are lousy with HITS with realms of also-rans reaches an all time high with the duplicitly named 'Headline Hits' which, out of 20 tracks, boasts six un-hits, six songs shared with the (unedited) 'Hit Squad'

and two tracks compiled last month elsewhere, leaving just six original hits left — lousy value in any language. And only two of these are worth having your ears syringed for — the theory and practice of Terpsichore, Ray Davies working the ghost of his talent to breaking point for 'Come Dancing', Galaxy giving it all they've got (which is not much at all) for 'Wait Until Tonight'.

For the rest you get what are literally the four worst songs of the year — 'The Walk' and 'Freak', 'She's Sexy And 17' — "Hey man, I ain't going to school NO more!" shrieks Brian Cat in a frenzy of infantile dementia, and his classmates rush to help him out of his Bath chair — and 'The First Picture Of You': I've got nothing to say about achingly tremblingly sensitive young men like the Lotus Eaters except that they should be put in the Army, preferably a really brutal, Neanderthal branch such as the Territorials, until IT has been knocked out of them. You know what IT is — Lord Byron impersonating a jellyfish. And this is in no way sexist; if a girl band started acting like Lord Byron impersonating a jellyfish, they'd be suitable cases for conscription too.

Aware that as-seen-on-TV compilations are one of the first long-playing records a youngster will buy yet one of the last he will be seen conspicuously consuming under his arm, K-Tel have quite transparently tarted up their sleeve as a *Smash Hits* manqué. Great, but too late; Ronco have already made the pace with unedited tracks, Shoot That Tiger graphics, Ashley Abram's horse sense. But that's life; *ubermensch* does not live by bread (money, honey) alone, and it is always the most crass, most commercially successful who crave credibility the sorest. We can expect the refining process of the Carpetbaggers to run and run.



EDDIE + SUNSHINE

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The Rebel is Running....



next
Love Is The Law

CHOO CHOO CH'

LOUIS JORDAN & THE TYMPANY FIVE

Look Out! (*Charly*)
G.I. Jive (*Jukebox Lf*)
Look Out Sister (*Krazy Kat*)

ONE OF the cruellest myths propagated by the Rock And Roll Ministry Of Truth is that until the advent of Presley's pelvis and blue suede shoes, popular music was a wasteland of corny romantic clichés peddled by straight showbiz smarmies.

In reality, the 'rebel' values of the 'teenage revolution' summarised by rock were already embedded deep in the strata of black popular music, where sex, drugs, rhythm, irregular hours, outrageous clothes and all the other forbidden fruits of 20th century society had been lauded since the invention of the phonograph.

Now that the tyranny of the rockist tradition has to an extent been overthrown, and musical history no longer begins in 1955 (fortunately for all those currently cool *chanteuses* who could scan rock's rich tapestry forever before they found their predecessors and inspirations) the neglected brilliance of artists like Louis Jordan is finding fresh favour, as these three small label packages of his work testify.

The Rhythm 'n' Blues maestro of the '40s, Jordan was one of the few 'race acts' to cross the great divide and find favour with whites. He stood directly in the flashy, witty and lewd tradition of jazz showmen like Cab Calloway and Fats Waller — simultaneously dance master, cynical romancer and social commentator, a role brilliantly assumed a decade later by Chuck Berry, whose driving riffs and cutting lyrics owe more than a passing duckwalk to



Jordan's pioneering jump bar blues in the mid to late '40s.

Louis strolled onto the scene at the start of the decade toting a silver alto saxophone and a 'golden voice'. He crooned outfront while his combo versioned the big band swing conventions of the day. Even then, Louis favoured off beat lyrics and themes, as titles like 'You Run Your Mouth And I'll Run My Business' and 'Sam Jones Done Snagged His Britches' suggest. Even though much of his material was written by others, Jordan had a comic brilliance, which when allied to his smooth but ever incisive vocal talents and the punchier, shuffling rhythms that he and the Tympany Five evolved from swing and boogie woogie, set alight the juke joints of the ghettos and soon crossed over to national success.

He sang about booze, romance, the endless skirmishes of the war of the sexes, the draught, zoot suits, the job centre and more booze. He careered through blues, latin, jazz, R&B and beyond and left his individual mark on everything. He was a fluid alto player who could honk and barwalk with the best, or purr a haunted small hours ditty that would send a tear into your bourbon. He was altogether larger than life, and lived it up accordingly.

His most revolutionary, and commercially successful, sides are already collected on MCA's 'Best Of' compilation, put together in 1975 when 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie' was a minor hit again on the back of the Goldmine swing revival. 'Look Out' gives a fuller picture of the man's career and development and also includes some of his well known hits like 'Ain't That Just Like A Woman' and 'Jack You're Dead' as well as samples of his swing and boogie woogie styles.

'G. I. Jive' mops up more lesser known material. Jukebox Lf, a Swedish R&B label, even tell you how much royalty they're paying Jordan's widow on the sleeve. The title track gave Jordan his first million seller in 1944, but as a piece of social commentary 'You Can't Do That No More' is even more interesting, remarking on the changes in attitude that the war had brought about in typically humorous terms. Both sets are lovingly annotated and compiled and come unreservedly recommended.

'Look Out Sister' is one of a pair of 'unreleased soundtrack performances' from the shorts that Jordan made for the video jukeboxes of a former era; all good stuff and including most of his hits, the sound quality makes them unlistenable for all but diehard fans.

Nell Spencer

DOO WOP WOP

Those raucous, bluesy Moonglows!



VARIOUS

Jump Children (Charly)

THIS IS the one for anyone who ever rolled a silk stocking up (or down) their leg; who ever hesitated before sticking the stamp on that certain Valentine — or who ever shattered a looking-glass over the loved one's noggin. It's a collection of Vee-Jay sides from three black American vocal harmony groups: the Orioles, Moonglows and Flamingos. But, historically and aurally, it's something more — a beautiful organisation of emotional chaos into that poetry proper to the sentiments of the late '40s and early '50s.

The chaos wasn't all emotional or abstracted; these are guys who went through all the changes demanded of black entertainers trying to 'make it' in the arena of their era while wrestling the raucous libido down to a size the vocal harmony group format could handle. . . . Jump rhythms, street braggadoccio, high old humours, gruff R'n'B-isms and — particularly — the great

expressions they could always shrug off when everything else failed. *Whee oh ooh! Whee waa waa waa! OOO—EEE!* . . . This LP's just FULL of 'em and they make today's silk revivalists sound like buffalo in a china shop.

Not that it came effortlessly. These are guys who may have started out with a cousin or two on the street-corner (like The Flamingos did in Baltimore), but they ended up changing personnel like The Four Freshmen probably changed underwear. They even lost the names they preferred: the Orioles were the Vibra-Naires till Natural Records decided they'd be better off named after their state bird. These sounds wound their way from labels called Champagne Records to those called Chance and Parrott and, finally, End Records.

It doesn't mean they didn't enjoy substantial success, silk suits, maybe even the adulation of women with hankies in one hand and hotel room keys in the other. For few could resist either

cautionary, gospel-based poetics like The Flamingos' 'Cross Over the Bridge' or 'Someday Someway' any more than they could sit still during the same boys' lively 'Jump Children' with its incredible "Vooit Vooit!" refrain.

Or The Orioles' mercurial persuasiveness — sliding with ease from the optimistic high-stepper 'I Just Got Lucky' down to the upper despondency of 'Happy Till The Letter' (rationale: 'Fools Will Be Fools'). And those raucous, bluesy Moonglows! "Hey, Miss Lucy! Oh so juicy" ("Real Gone Mama"). . . . "Your gal/Is mighty breathtakin' / But ohhhhyeahhh you don't know what's shakin'" ('My Gal'). Every trick ever appropriated by a white crooner is somewhere in these grooves; so, embryonically, is the burlesque of The Coasters, the downest, dirtiest, meanest lusts espoused by rockabilly — even the unsettling fatalism of the blues. Not just a treat: an absolute tonic.

Cynthia Rose

FULLER'S PRIDE

BOBBY FULLER

The Bobby Fuller Tapes Volume One (Rhino-Import)

WHEN BOB Seger wrote 'Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets' he was well wide of the mark. For all but its most celebrated offspring, rock has a lousy memory and if The Clash and Tom Petty had not covered his songs Bobby Fuller too would have been confined to the dustbin of collective amnesia.

Starting in 1960 and ending abruptly in 1966 (victim of a force-fed gasoline cocktail), Fuller's career spans the dollar-oiled transition from straight rock to American pop, the British invasion and the rise of Surf. All these are represented in this collection of recently unearthed demos which Rhino has put out to complement their Greatest Hits package and as part of their engagingly eccentric '60s reissue binge.

The 14 tracks here cover many bases — 'Baby My Heart' and 'You're In Love' British(ish) pop, 'A New Shade Of Blue' country crooning, 'King Of The Beach' (self explanatory) and 'Wine Wine Wine' a guitar crazed live rocker. But the real gems are 'Nancy Jean', a keening harmony vocal that brings a genuine chill to the senses, and a quartet of songs in the style of Buddy Holly that mimic Fuller's main inspiration beautifully and without a wisp of self consciousness or parody.

I suppose to some ears Fuller might strike too cosy a chord but to hear music this carefully crafted, this vigorously realised, this damn cared about, is an unexpected treat. Now RIP, Bobby Fuller.

Danny Kelly

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE ORSON FAMILY

The River Of Desire (New Rose French Import)

THE ORSONS: four young country'n' west London wastrels with a rock'n'roll twitch and punkabilly punch. They're raw, they're rough, but they're very nearly ready. This imported mini-album comprises the three songs off their debut single, plus three others, and it sweats promise. From hot swampland lust ('River Of Desire') through menace-edged mania ('You Shake My Soul') to lip-quivering balladry ('Be My Ball And Chain'), The Orson Family's rogue-ish way with a tune, a pose and a stolen lick is a delight. Don't overlook it.

Paul Du Noyer

KNOX

Plutonium Express (Razor)

KNOX'S SOLO effort sounds eerily like a bunch of rejected B-sides by Lou Reed, Mink DeVille and Bruce Springsteen: East Coast macho street hip by numbers, a fantasy world where the proudest boast is that you make your girlfriend cry by staying out 'til three with the boys at an "underground film". On 'Shoot Shoot' Knox tells us that his heart speaks in a language that no one seems to understand any longer — and this record falls into much the same trap.

Danny Kelly

RED ROCKERS

Good As Gold (CBS)

THIS IS a sort of post-apocalyptic power-pop LP with (a few) real guts and (some) genuine overdrive to kick into — but why it ever got tagged as so explicitly socio-political is beyond me. Maybe just tilling a tune 'China' or providing lyrics like those to the let's-get-funky 'Till It All Falls Down' (more concerned with aiming at the one than securing some logic for their generalisations) is enough to qualify those days. Promising, rather than anything to stop the presses over.

Cynthia Rose

J. J. CALE

#8 (Phonogram)

DIMINISHING RETURNS make Cale suffer: the more energetic he gets — and he gets quite lively on '#8' — the less interesting he seems. Some desultory reflections on the depression mingle with a doleful view of no-good women, and I guess this poise on the edge of a doze still has a wrinkle of charisma. Warning: sleeping rattlesnake.

Richard Cook

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Jah Children Invasion (Wackie's)

PATCHY SELECTION of titles from the Bronx reggae label, redeemed slightly by Sugar Minott's deft delivery of 'Take A Set', Max Romeo thoughtful as always with 'What's Forever For' and Mill Henry's tuneful 'No Turning Back'. More ordinary are contributions from Harold Butler, Lloyd Hemmings, Junior Delahaye and other Wackie's stalwarts. Some scope for improvement here.

Penny Reel

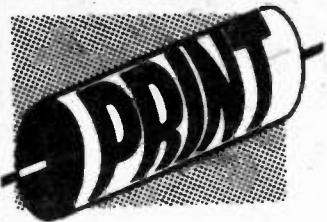
KILLING JOKE



NEW SINGLE
ME OR YOU?
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SINGLE
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WILFUL DAYS
FEAST OF BLAZE

AVAILABLE
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INDUSTRIAL DECLINE AND FALL

INDUSTRIAL CULTURE HANDBOOK

(Re/Search 6/7—US import)

THE INDUSTRIAL age was way past its prime by the time the industrial cultists documented here came to feed off the energy created in the chemical reaction of its decay. Thus fed, it often appeared that they were the only artists with stamina enough to rip open the ragged sutures and peer inquisitively at the workings of a society in decline and trying

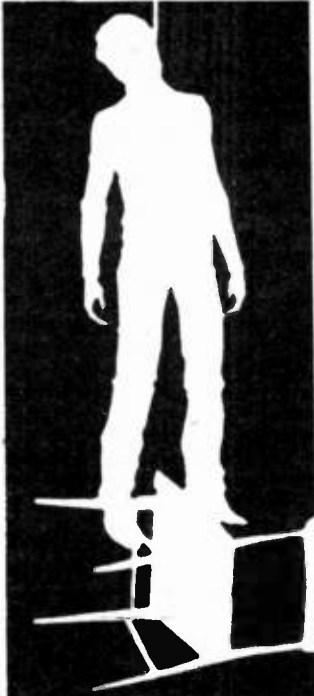
desperately to convince you otherwise.

The industrialists weren't nostalgic propagandists for an exciting machine age, as were the futurists of the electro pop boom; on the contrary they revealed the ugliness, the psychological scars of being forced to live the lie of a dream consumer state that no longer existed.

If they sometimes seemed to revel in it (just as they mocked it), that was only to vigorously manifest their noncooperation in the dream and to vent their disgust with others' acquiescence.

Theirs was often an art of excess, of egging each other on to even worse excesses: Throbbing Gristle's Genesis P-Orridge and California's crazed Monte Cazazza exchanged dead animals through the post; Johanna Went's show could teach the video nasties a thing or two; the brilliantly imaginative Mark Pauline created flesh and metal robots only to destroy them with flamethrowers and rockets. Why? Do these people have a masochistic bent for public martyrdom? Is theirs purely a spectator sport for those with strong enough stomachs?

Don't come looking for answers in the mistitled *Industrial Culture Handbook*. Here is not a very good place to begin research, as it



serves as little more than a series of footnotes to Re/Search's previous good work in this area. It comes very much after the fact and feels it. Throbbing Gristle have split up. Cabaret Voltaire's circumstances have changed since their interview here. Cazazza finishes his section with

a get out clause. SPK rightly and forcefully state the industrial age is over and give a few clues as to where the battle has gone; as does Jon Savage in the intro.

The book ignores post-industrial developments, the changes in strategies as represented by Psychic TV, Some Bizzare, Einstürzende Neubauten etc, and in doing so commits the cardinal sin of looking back instead of ahead.

By its very nature industrial culture shunned sentiment. Yet the handbook is constructed from a series of friendly, fan-like and incomplete interviews that leave too much unexplained for it to be at all useful. And without explanatory notes the activities of some artists included come across as little more than idiot pranks.

But there are consolations. The layout and pictures are great, Zev is all heart, and the Boyd Non Rice chapter proves him to be the consummate post-industrial TV chat show host, at once hilarious and informative. Odd that the most nihilistic and non-aligned of noisemakers should speak the most common sense, but true! "I never understood alienation," he posits. "Alienation from what? You have to want to be part of something in order to feel alienated from it."

Chris Bohn

IMAGES OF DISGRACE



An army does its thing

TIM PAGE'S NAM

by Tim Page.

Introduction by William Shawcross. (Thames & Hudson £7.95 hardback) *TIM PAGE'S NAM* is the popular Nam. The most shameful, wasteful episode in America's past is reinterpreted as the rock'n'roll war—stoned and beautiful.

Tim Page is the man who, when asked to take the glamour out of war, replied "It just can't be done." And as the most notoriously intrepid of Vietnam War photographers he has suffered for his art; in 1969, at age 24, shrapnel from a land mine tore into his brain. Since then he's lived in the nostalgic, fantastic past; the present holds nothing for him.

Mostly in colour, Page's photographs distance the mind from the reality of war's carnage and suffering. He prefers the play of light on helicopters, landscape and camouflage to the agony of innocent victims. But more than that his unerring instinct for a ravishing, painterly shot makes it all seem unreal.

Tim Page's Nam epitomises how Vietnam now stands for chic apocalypse. Glamorous yes, truthful no. And without understanding the truth, can we hope it can't happen again?

Mat Snow



Uncle Jerry's band circa '66

Gone Dead Train

GRATEFUL DEAD: THE MUSIC NEVER STOPPED
by Blair Jackson (Plexus)

ADORED AND reviled, inseparably bound up in a sprawling and undeniably personal history, The Grateful Dead seem to have already gone on forever. As senior rock groups go, they are, I suppose, as worthy as any for chronicle and astute criticism. *Grateful Dead: The Music Never Stopped* isn't the business.

The trouble is that only a paid-up Dead head would really be concerned enough to sift through the many years of Dead doddery. Blair Jackson is a competent US rock hack and a staunch supporter of rock's premier hippies. His book isn't especially slandering, and he isn't afraid to number the worst of The Gratefuls' records, but it only amounts to a fan's history—never

a critic's.

So we have all the tiresome scam on Pigpen's alcoholism, what Garcia thought about Woodstock, why they kicked out Keith Godchaux, Egypt etc etc. There's no attempt to contextualise The Dead in the wider sphere of American music or—to pick on one of several issues ignored or glossed over—exactly why they've recently been in the ascendant again as a phenomenon of US slumber-rock.

Anyway, I don't much rate his judgement. He calls 'Row Jimmy' one of the "weak spots" from 'Wake Of The Flood' when it's easily the best track; and he considers the superb 'Unbroken Chain' to be "seriously flawed". Just as we still await the definitive Dead compilation (I am available), so we have yet to receive the true book of The Dead.

Richard Cook

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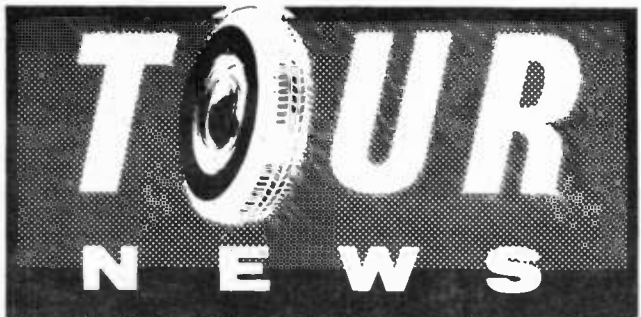


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HAIRCUT MAKING WAVES



HANOI ROCKS RETURN

HANOI ROCKS have confirmed their first set of UK dates since their album promotional tour in May. They've since been readying material for a new LP but, before going into the studio to commit it to vinyl, they play Sunderland Polytechnic (14 October), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15), Manchester Ashton The Metro (16), Nottingham Palais (17), Leeds Tiffany's (18), Bristol Granary (19), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (20), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (21), St. Albans City Hall (22) and Brighton Escape Ballroom (23). At press-time, the support act was still being finalised.

TORME ON THE TRAIL

BERNIE TORME, the former Gillan guitarist, takes his Electric Gypsies group on the road to coincide with their debut record releases. Dates so far confirmed are Reading Target Club (25 October), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (26), Preston Clouds (27), Hitchin The Regal (28), London Middlesex Polytechnic (29), Gravesend Red Lion (30), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (31), Manchester Adam & Eve's (1 November), Sheffield University (2), Leeds Cosmo Club (3), Coventry General Wolfe (4), Gwent Cross Keys Institute (5) and London Marquee Club (6 and 7). Their first single is a cover of the old Troggs hit 'I Can't Control Myself' and the album, not surprisingly, is called 'Electric Gypsies' — both are released on 28 October on the Zebra label (through Pinnacle).

FARMERS BOYS TREK

THE FARMER'S BOYS have now confirmed the Scottish dates in their upcoming UK tour — at Glasgow Henry Afrika's (18 October), Edinburgh Dance Factory (19), Stirling University (20), Dundee University (21) and Aberdeen University (22) — and subsequent gigs south of the border will be announced shortly. The tour ties in with the 17 October release of their debut EMI album 'Get Out And Walk', of which initial pressings contain a free single featuring 12-inch versions of 'For You', 'Muck It Out', 'Probably One Of The Best Investments I Ever Made' and 'Soft Drink' — the cassette LP also contains the four extra tracks, and two more besides.

HAIRCUT 100 are playing a string of ten dates, starting this weekend — their first since you-know-who departed from the band, and Mark Fox took over the lead vocalist's role. The outing coincides with the release tomorrow (Friday) of their new Polydor single 'So Tired', and it's followed by a visit to the States where they'll be appearing as Men At Work's special guests.

Their date sheet comprises Egham Royal Holloway College (this Friday), Newcastle Polytechnic (Saturday), Flfe St. Andrew's University (Sunday), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (10 October), Manchester UMIST (11), Guildford Surrey University (13), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (14), Birmingham University (15), a Capital Radio event for under-16s at London Streatham Cats Whiskers (16) and Durham Power House (18).

ATTILA TAKES STOCK

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER is setting out on his autumn offensive (extremely offensive, he says), prior to going into the studio to record a mini-LP of rap, rant, dub and mediaeval folk music. London dates include Stratford The Swan (13 October), Deptford Engineers Club (14), Tooting Horse & Groom (15), Hounslow Civic Centre (16), Cricklewood Hotel (22) and Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre (23) — and elsewhere he plays Bristol Barton Hill Youth Centre (tonight, Thursday), Canterbury Kent University (10 October) and Folkestone Arts Centre with Seething Wells, and further dates are being set. He's also collaborating with Seething Wells on a new book of rants, to be published by Unwin & Unwin in the New Year, coinciding with the release of the mini-LP.

A MEASURE OF HAIG

PAUL HAIG, former leader of acclaimed Scottish band Josef K, is going on tour with a new band called Rhythm Of Life — which happens also to be the title of his first album, issued on 17 October by Les Disques Du Crepuscule (through Island). The band's star line-up features two members of Orange Juice — Malcolm Ross (guitar) and David McClymont (bass) — plus The Associates' Alan Rankine (keyboards) and drummer Toby Phillips from Pete Shelley's band, though this personnel isn't intended as permanent and this will be their only tour. They open at Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday) and London ICA (Friday) then, after a series of dates in Europe, play Glasgow Ultratheatre (20), Liverpool University (21), Leicester Polytechnic (22), Manchester Hacienda (26) and Norwich East Anglia University (27). Haig's new single 'Justice' is released this week.

GENO BOUNCES BACK

GENO WASHINGTON has finally renounced his decision to quite the music business in favour of the restaurant trade, and is back in action with his new band The Mojo Kings. Their first set of dates include Wolverhampton Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London St. George's Hospital Medical School (Saturday), Surbiton The Ritz (Sunday), Coventry General Wolfe (14 October), Salford University (15), Nottingham Brownes (16), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (20) and London Putney Half Moon (21). The next batch of gigs, to be announced shortly, will coincide with the release of Geno's new single currently being recorded.

HERE & NOW AROUND

HERE & NOW, the group who invariably sell out all their gigs with virtually no support from the Press (except the NME News Desk), have October dates at Oxford Technical College (14), London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic (21), London Fulham King's Head (22), Surbiton The Ritz (23), Coventry General Wolfe (27), Oldham Technical College (28) and Bolton West Haughton Sports Hall (29). This is the prelude to a more intensive schedule they'll be undertaking in November and December, details to be announced in a fortnight.



EXTRA GIGS ● LP ● SINGLE ● TV More Imagination

IMAGINATION have added several dates to their previously reported UK tour — at Exeter University (14 November), Slough Fulcum Centre (20), Coventry Apollo (24) and a third show at London Hammersmith Odeon (11 December) due to the previous two nights having sold out. Heavy demand has also led to the slotting in of extra matinee performances at Birmingham Odeon (19 November) and Ipswich Gaumont (30).

The group's new single 'New Dimension', their follow-up to the

summer hit 'Looking At Midnight', will be issued by R&B Records on 21 October — and the following week (28) sees the release of their fourth album 'Scandalous', the previous three having all gone gold. Lead singer Lee John is currently hosting the Channel 4 series *The Malibu World Disco Dancing Championship*, and the group will be appearing in the final on 10 November — and, if you're up early enough, you can see them on TV-am tomorrow morning (Friday).



Big Yin puts on Jock's Rap

BILLY CONNOLLY sets out next month on his first concert series for nearly two years, and he goes out under the banner of 'Jock's Rap Tour'. Confirmed dates are at Coventry Theatre (10 November), Blackpool Opera House (13), Halifax Civic Theatre (15), Preston Guildhall (16), Norwich Theatre Royal (17), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (23), Oxford Apollo (26), Brighton Dome (29), Southampton Gaumont (1 December) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (4). Tickets are £6 and £5, on sale now — except at Bristol where the box-office opens a month before the show.

RECORD NEWS ● RECORD NEWS ● RECORD NEWS ● RECORD NEWS ● RECORD N



JACQUI BROOKS, former lead vocalist with Siam and Intro, releases her first solo single 'Lost Without Your Love' on MCA on 14 October — it was co-written and co-produced by Jimmie O'Neill, who was also a member of Intro, and he plays guitar and keyboards on the single. Her debut solo album is due later in the year, with some live dates to coincide.

JULIAN LENNON, who has been wooed by several major labels has finally signed on the dotted line for Charisma Records. He's currently in Europe writing new material for an album, planned for spring release.

THE GAP BAND release their new single on 14 October on the Total Experience label (through Phonogram), 'I'm Ready (If You're Ready)'/'Party Train', both remixes of tracks from their current album 'Gap Band V — Jammin'. There's also an extended 12-inch format.

THE GO-BETWEENS' new single is out on the Rough Trade label this weekend, coupling 'Man O'Sand To Girl O'Sea' and 'This Girl, Black Girl'. And we can expect some more UK dates by them in the near future.

THE LOOK, best known for their smash hit 'I Am The Beat', have signed to Towerbell Records and return to the fray this week with a new single titled 'Drumming Up Love'. The B-side is 'Testing Times'.

THE COCTEAU TWINS have their second album 'Head Over Heels' released by 4AD on 21 October and the group now comprising Elizabeth Fraser and Robin Guthrie — will be featuring material from it in their London ICA gig this Saturday (8). A 12-inch EP follows later.

JoBOXERS' new single is a double A-sider, comprising 'She's Got Sex' and 'Jealous Love', both titles taken from their debut album. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats, and is released by RCA on 14 October.

E.L.O., who had originally intended to release the title track from their hit LP 'Secret Messages' as their new single, have now chosen two other tracks from the album instead — 'Four Little Diamonds'/'Letter From Spain', and the 12-inch version also contains the previously unissued instrumental 'The Bouncer'. It's a CBS release on 21 October.



DISLOCATION DANCE release their new 12-inch single 'Show Me' on Rough Trade this week — mixed by Dennis Bovell, it features vocals by Kathryn Way and trumpet solo by Andy Diagram. It also contains an extended dub section mixed by the band, plus a special 'skid-mix'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Midnight Shift'.

THE CHI-LITES, who begin a British tour later this month (reported last week), have chosen the Roberta Flack song 'Making Love' for their new single. It's taken from their new album 'Changing For You', coupled with 'Bad Motor Scooter', and issued by R&B Records this week.

FAT LARRY'S BAND release their new single 'Don't Let It Go To Your Head'/'Naughty' on Virgin this week, and the bonus track on the 12-inch format is titled 'Kilowatt'. The A-side is taken from the band's upcoming album, due at the end of this month, and a UK tour is in the pipeline for the end of the year.

AIR SUPPLY, the leading Australian group who are regulars in the US charts, have their latest single 'Making Love Out Of Nothing At All'/'Late Again' issued by Arista this weekend — and their new album 'Making Love... The Best Of Air Supply' follows in November.

STREET SOUNDS this week launch a new series of dance compilation albums called 'Electro', again featuring full-length versions of hot tracks. No. 1 is now available, and the acts involved are Capt. Rock, Weststreet Mob, G-Force, The Packman, Newcleus, Project Future, C-Bank and K-9 Corp, with a total playing time of almost an hour.

SHAKIN' STEVENS is the subject of the latest mid-price compilation from Magnum Force, out this month. It features rock'n'roll and rockabilly material, largely recorded before his chart success — such as 'Frantic', 'Ready Teddy', 'Jungle Rock' and 'True Love'.

BLACK ROOTS, the Bristol reggae band, release their self-named debut album on 14 October on Kick Records (through Pinnacle). It features songs taken from their current live set, many of which have already been showcased on various Radio 1 shows.

RESPOND RECORDS whose latest package tour 'Love Is The Reason' is currently on the road this week release an album of the same title. It features the artists involved in the live show, including Tracie, The Questions, A Craze and Big Sound Authority.

THE CARPENTERS' last album 'Voice Of The Heart' is issued by A&M this weekend, together with a single taken from it, titled 'Make Believe It's The First Time'. After Karen Carpenter's sudden death earlier this year, her brother Richard went back into the studio and completed their final LP together — and he's in London this week to promote it.

DENNIS BROWN's new single comprises two tracks from his current 'The Prophet Rides Again' album — 'Out Of The Funk' and 'Historical Places (Ethiopia)' — with a third track called 'Get Up' on the 12-inch format. It's issued by A&M this weekend.

NICK HEYWARD, whose latest offering 'Blue Hat For A Blue Day' is already in the charts, now has a picture disc of that single available on Arista. And his debut solo album, now known to be titled 'North Of A Miracle', is due out in late October or early November.

SUN RA ARKESTRA, the near-legendary 15-piece outfit who play a few UK dates next week, release their first-ever 12-inch single on Y Records tomorrow (Friday). Titles are 'Nuclear War' and 'Sometimes I'm Happy'.

THE KINKS, who've recently been enjoying renewed success on both sides of the Atlantic, have a couple of their earlier classics reissued by PRT — 'You Really Got Me'/'All Day And All Of The Night'. It's available in three formats — 7", picture disc and 12", the latter featuring the previously unreleased 'Misty Water' as a bonus.

LEVEL 42 follow their recent hit 'The Sun Goes Down' with a new single issued by Polydor on 14 October, titled 'Micro Kid' with a special live version of 'Turn It On' as the flip — and the 12-inch A-side is an extended dance mix.

RANDY CRAWFORD whose 'Wingsong' LP was a smash hit last year, has her follow-up album issued by Warner Brothers on 14 October. Titled 'Nightline', it features ten new tracks, including the title song.

GARY NUMAN, currently on a UK tour, releases a new single on the Beggars Banquet label on 14 October. It is 'Sister Surprise'/'Poetry And Power', both titles taken from his hit album 'Warriors'. There's also a 12-inch format with a third bonus track, 'Letters'.

JAMES INGRAM, whose duet with Patti Austin 'Baby Come To Me' reached No. 11 in the NME Chart earlier this year, has a new solo single issued through WEA on 14 October — 'Party Animal'/'Come A Da Machine (To Take My Place)', produced by Quincy Jones. His album 'It's Your Night' follows shortly.



KIKI DEE makes a welcome return next Monday, when her new single 'The Loser Gets To Win' is released. It's her first for EMI Records, with whom she recently signed, and it was produced by Gary Osborne (who also wrote the lyrics) and Elton John. The B-side is '(I Want Our) Love To Shine'.

RECORD NEWS EXTRA: PAGE 42

THE BEST OF BILLY JOEL

A 12" EP FEATURING

His New Single

UPTOWN GIRL*

Plus

MY LIFE · JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

IT'S STILL ROCK & ROLL TO ME

* also available as 2 track 7"



MARILLION CONCERTS FOR XMAS

MARILLION are to conclude 1983, a year which has seen them rocket from the club circuit to international star status, by making four concert appearances around the Christmas period — at Nottingham Rock City (22 December), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Aylesbury Friars (29) and Edinburgh Playhouse (31). Ticket prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 at Hammersmith and Edinburgh, and £4 only at the other two venues — and they are on sale now.

Vega in conjunction with Saturn

ALAN VEGA, the New York rocker who was formerly a member of punk rockabilly band Suicide, makes his first UK headlining appearance this month in support of his recently released solo album 'Saturn Strip' on Elektra Records. He plays Leeds Warehouse (18 October), Manchester Hacienda (19) and London Victoria The Venue (20), and he'll be backed by a band comprising Mark Couch (guitar), Anne Dion (keyboards) and Sessa Coleman and Richard Fantina (drums). London tickets are priced £3.50 and £3, and for the two regional dates they are £3.

NON-STOP LINDISFARNE

LINDISFARNE have now finalised dates and venues for three-quarters of their extensive mid-autumn tour, which will precede their previously-reported Christmas tour. Those confirmed so far are at Fife St. Andrew's University (18 October), Edinburgh University (19), Crewe & Alsager College (20), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (21), Darlington Civic Theatre (22), Slough Fulcrum (26), Bangor University (28), Uxbridge Brunel University (29), London Wimbledon Theatre (30), Hull City Hall (1 November), Cardiff University (3), York University (4), Norwich East Anglia University (5), Harrogate Centre (6), Hatfield Polytechnic (8), Swansea University (9), Bradford University (10), Liverpool University (11), Loughborough University (12), Darlington Civic Theatre (13), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Chichester Festival Theatre (16), Canterbury Elliot College (17), Hatfield Forum (19), Cambridge Guildhall (20) and London Victoria The Venue (21).

● Following this tour, which will ultimately run to 35 dates, the band will be taking their Christmas show on the road for the first time — as reported four weeks ago, from 10 to 30 December. Anyone purchasing a ticket for any of the Christmas concerts before 10 December will also receive a voucher entitling them to a free copy of the band's new live album 'Lindisfarntastic', to be recorded during the tour.

JOHN DENVER flies into the UK to play a one-off concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Monday, 24 October. He'll be showcasing songs from his new album 'It's About Time', issued by RCA this week — it contains ten songs, mostly self-penned, and among backing artists are Patti Austin, Emmylou Harris and the Muscle Shoals horn section.

THE REVILLOS will be playing a few selected dates shortly before Christmas, and the first confirmed is at London Victoria The Venue on 15 December (tickets £3.50 and £3). Among other newly announced attractions at The Venue are Carlene Carter (27 October), Gary Byrd & The G. B. Experience (1 November) and the Richard Thompson Band (10).

HEAVY PETTIN, the Polydor band whose headlining tour was announced last week, will subsequently appear as special guests on two major concert tours. They join Canadian band Helix in the Kiss concerts (21–29 October), then do the rounds with Ozzy Osbourne (10–30 November).

X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND have added Manchester Ashton Metro (19 October) and London Victoria The Venue (24) to their latest UK tour, reported last week, but have cancelled Blackburn Gun Club (20)... and GENE LOVES JEZEBEL have added Uxbridge Brunel University (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Escape Club (Saturday) and Liverpool College of Higher Education (28 October) to their current schedule.

THE BLOOMSBURY SET, the RCA band who have previously toured with Judd Tzuke and Duran Duran, now have their own headliners at Leeds Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Manchester University (Friday), Newcastle University (13 October), London Marquee (17 and 27), Guildford Surrey University (28) and Coventry General Wolfe (3 November).

GARY NUMAN has added a fourth show at London Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, to his current 'Warriors' tour. This new date is on Saturday, 5 November, and tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4.

WAYSTEAD — the new band formed by Pete Way, whose debut album 'Vices' has just been issued by Chrysalis — play their first-ever live dates as support to Dio on that group's UK tour (30 October–13 November).

JOHN OTWAY has new dates at Coventry General Wolfe (tomorrow, Friday), Durham St. Cuthbert's College (13 October), Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple (14), London Middlesex Polytechnic (21), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (22), Reading Target Club (27), Southampton Joiners Arms (28) and London Camden Dublin Castle (29).

Full flavour of Chocolate

HOT CHOCOLATE, whose regular autumn tour has now become something of a habit, are maintaining the tradition this year — though, on this occasion, they're excelling themselves by playing a massive tour of over 40 dates. It's preceded by the 17 October release by Rak (through EMI) of their new album 'Love Shot', which contains ten new songs, including the current hit 'Tears On The Telephone' — four are Errol Brown originals, and two were written in collaboration with Adrian Gurvitz. The full tour date sheet is:

St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (3 and 4 November), Chippenham Goldiggers (5 and 6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Brighton Dome (8), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Ashford Leisure Centre (11), Coventry Apollo (12), Oxford Apollo (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Gt. Yarmouth ABC Theatre (16), Sheffield City Hall (17), Scarborough Futurist (18), Middlesbrough City Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Dundee Caird Hall (22), Aberdeen Capitol (23), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Blackpool Opera House (26), Leeds Grand Theatre (27), Harrogate The Centre (29), Southport Theatre (30 and 1 December), Llandudno Astra (2), Warrington Spectrum Arena (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Reading Hexagon (5), Birmingham Odeon (7), Boston Haven Theatre (10), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (11), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (12 and 13), Eastbourne Congress (17), Bristol Hippodrome (18), Northampton Derngate Centre (19), Poole Arts Centre (20 and 21) and Cardiff St. David's Hall (22).

Pictured right: ERROL BROWN



Wham! make it ten in London

WHAM! will now be playing no less than ten London dates during the course of their 'Club Fantastic' tour, which opens this weekend. Their original schedule, announced in early August, included just one London show — at Hammersmith Odeon on 27 October — but it sold out so rapidly that two further gigs were quickly added, another at Hammersmith (28) and one at the Lyceum Ballroom (8 November).

However, ticket demand has been so overwhelming that seven further dates have

been confirmed — a third at Hammersmith Odeon (29 October) and six at the Lyceum (9 November and 13–17 November inclusive). The first batch of shows are now a complete sell-out but, at press-time, £5 tickets were available for the 13–17 November stint at the Lyceum — but don't hang about if you want to book.

So NME's original story on 6 August, which reported a 19-date Wham! tour (see this week's *Gig Guide* for a reminder), should now be adapted to read 28 dates.

Moore's 1984 almanac

GARY MOORE has become the first act to confirm a major tour for 1984 — and that's quite an achievement, because there's usually quite a race to see who can be first to announce New Year dates, rather like the competition amongst constituencies to declare General Election results!

He's playing eight concerts at leading venues in February — Cardiff St. David's Hall (4),

Bristol Colston Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (7), Sheffield City Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Glasgow Apollo (14) and Liverpool Empire (15), with more likely to be added.

Tickets are already on sale at most venues (Bristol is one exception), and prices everywhere are £4.50, £4 and £3.50. Details of Moore's new album follow shortly.

WORKING HOLLIDAY

ROMAN HOLLIDAY, just back from a tour of the US East Coast, play a string of college and concert dates over the next ten days to tie in with the release of their debut album. They visit Bristol Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Aston University (Friday), Guildford Surrey University (Saturday), Dunstable Civic Hall (Sunday), Portsmouth Guildhall (11 October), Southampton University (12), Loughborough University (13), Lancaster College (14), Manchester University (15) and Bangor University (16) and a major London date will be announced shortly. Their first LP is called 'Cookin' On The Roof' — it contains 11 tracks, and the first 20,000 copies include a free colour poster. Support act is New Empire.

BAD MANNERS are playing a number of dates during the next few weeks — they're on a low-key basis and aren't being announced officially, but they include Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester Palais (13 October), Birmingham Hummingbird (19), Leeds University (27) and Fife St. Andrew's University (30). They're supported by London hard rock band Electrix.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have added still more dates to their latest tour, reported two weeks ago. They are at London Fulham Greyhound (20 October), Kingston Grey Horse (24), Bristol Granary (29), Hitchin Regal with Tobruk and Bronx (2 November), New Malden Manor Park Pavilion (11), Sunderland Mayfair (18), Warrington Lion Hotel (19), Sheffield Marples (20), Spennymoor Leisure Centre (21), Billingham Swan Hotel (22), Leeds Bier Keller (23), London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (24), Chislehurst Caves (26) and Kingston Grey Horse (28).

I.Q., the London progressive band, continue to support their debut album 'Tales From The Lush Attic' at London Fulham Greyhound (18 October), Sheffield University (19), Manchester Gallery (20), Southampton Guildhall with The Enid (3 November), Coventry General Wolfe (11), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion with The Enid (12), Watford Verulam Arms (17), Southampton Solent Suite (18), Oxford Pennyfarthing (24), Southampton College (2 December) and London Marquee (3).

FAIRPORT CONVENTION, the group who've had more reunions than we've had hot dinners, have chosen London's Wimbledon Theatre for their annual Christmas reunion — it's on New Year's Day, and tickets are £8.50, £5.50 and £4. Another reunion at the same venue features PENTANGLE on 1 December and, in this case, prices are £5, £4 and £3.

THE PARK, the Phonogram group who are already well established on the London club circuit, have launched out nationwide this week. They're appearing as special guests on the 10CC tour, which opened on Monday.

TWELFTH NIGHT, who completed their latest one-nighter series last week, begin a new club tour with two headliners at London Marquee on 4 and 5 November. Other dates will follow shortly. Their recent Reading Festival appearance can be heard in Radio 1's *Friday Rock Show* tomorrow (7).

READING's Target Club is beginning a new season of star-name gigs on a three-nights-a-week basis. First confirmed bookings are Tony McPhee (20 October), Bernie Torme (25), John Otway (27), Larry Miller (3 November) and The Vibrators (10).



LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH, whose second LP 'Is Nothing Sacred?' and new single 'Dance With Me' have just been issued by A&M, support these releases with gigs at Glasgow Queen Margaret's College (22 October), Manchester Ashton Metro (23), Nottingham Palais (24), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (25), Leeds Warehouse (27), Norwich Gala Ballroom (28), Rayleigh Crocs (29), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (30) and, as previously reported, the Monster Halloween Ball at London Lyceum (31).

THE TRUTH have added another two dates to their current extensive tour — at Norwich East Anglia University (28 October) and Aylesbury Friars (29). They were announced last week for London Lyceum on 29 October, but this has now been postponed, and they'll be confirming a new London date shortly.

THE CHAMELEONS play London City Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (Saturday), Manchester Band On The Wall (10 October), Blackburn Gun Club (13), Dudley J.B.'s (14), Retford Porterhouse (15), Bristol Trinity Hall (19), London Marquee (20), Brighton Escape Club (22), Exeter University (23), Huddersfield Polytechnic (26) and Liverpool The System (28), with more being set.

DR. JOHN is undertaking a short European tour this month, and he flies in to play his only two London dates at Putney Half Moon on 19 and 20 October. Support act on both nights is Diz & The Doormen.

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11 Brian Adams	24 X-Mal Deutschland	13 Virgin Prunes
11,12 Judie Tzuke	24,25,26 UB40	13,17 Wham
12 Richard Clayderman	25 JoBoxers	19 The Eurythmics
12,13 Sun Ra	26 K.C. & The Sunshine	19 Donovan
13,15 Gary Numan	Band	20 Danse Society
15 Tracie & The	27 Chick Corea + Gary	20,21 Shakin Stevens
Questions	Burton	22 Y & T
15 Ravi Shankar	27 Comsat Angels	22,23 Kid Creole
15 Bay City Rollers	30 Paul Young	29,30 Ozzy Osborne
17 The Fixx	30 Lindisfarne	30 The Eurythmics
17 The Animals	30 Melanie	
17 10cc	30 The Truth	DECEMBER
18 Any Trouble	31 Lords of the New	1 The Eurythmics
18 The Alarm &	Church	9,10 Imagination
Flestones		12,13 Robert Plant
18 Waylon Jennings	2 Public Image Ltd	14-18 Chas'n' Dave
19 Fad Gadget	3 Philip Glass	15,17 Judas Priest
19,20 Smoke Robinson	5 Newhaven Jazz	17 Whitesnake
21 Shakatak	Festival	18 Culture Club
21 John Foxx	5 Dio	27-31 Bucks Fizz
22,23 Michael Schenker	9 Saga	28 Marillion
Group	11 Accept	FEBRUARY 1984
23 Alan Stivell	12 Johnny Cash	11 Gary Moore

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THURSDAY 6th

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 Birkenhead Stairways: **Language**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**
 Bolton Dance Factory: **The Meteors**
 Bourneville The Academy: **Odyssey**
 Bourneville 3rd Side Club: **Un Deux Twang**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Larry Miller**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bradford University: **JoBoxers**
 Bristol Barton Hill Youth Centre: **Attila The Stockbroker/Rat Patrol**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Roman Holiday**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Howard Jones**
 Cardiff University Union: **Downey & Austin/John Silva**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Black Abbots (until Saturday)**
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Friends Again**
 Coventry Polytechnic: **The Comsat Angels**
 Coventry Warwick University: **The Europeans/The Alarm**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Eavesdropper**
 Derby Blue Note: **The Specimen/Flesh For Lulu**
 Edinburgh University: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Ferryhill King's Head: **Mothra/Sadistic Slob/The Abused**
 Fife St. Andrew's University: **Dave Kelly Band**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **The Truth**
 Glasgow Tiffany's: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Saigon**
 Halifax Civic Theatre: **10 cc**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **The Bluebells**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Paul Haig's Rhythm Of Life**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gary Numan**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Savoir Faire**
 Liverpool The Blundell Sands: **Passion Polka**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Cannibals**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Hi-Jinx/Abandon Your Tu Tu/Ova**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Orson Family/Rimshots**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Finchley Rd. The Castle: **Dizzy Lizard/The Nolan Brothers**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lialson**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Laughing Sam's Dice/Monomix**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Stocktons Wing**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Pat Condeli/The Popticians/Akimbo/Otzi Canelloni**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **SFX**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kensington Sunset Club: **The Opposition**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dave Frisberg (until 22 October)**
 London Marquee Club: **Ground Zero**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Partisans/English Dogs**
 London Putney Half Moon: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Richmond The Bull: **Georgia & Guests**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Richard Claydman**
 London Royal Festival Hall (charity): **Barry Manilow**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **VI Redd/Eddie Thompson Trio (until 16 October)**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Cayenne**
 London Stratford The Swan: **The Jokeys/Dave Brown/Jenny Bushkamush**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Cocteau Twins/Icicle Works/Jane & Barton**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 London W. 1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
 London W.C. 1. New Merlin's Cave: **Mick Clarke Band**
 Manchester Adam & Eve: **Heavy Pettin**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Stan Tracey Octet**
 Newcastle Shelley's: **Conflict/Hagar The Womb/Lost Cherees/Vex**
 Newcastle University: **Laurel & Hardy**
 Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddie Arts Centre: **Go Flamingo**
 Newport Stowaway Club: **Crazy Trains**
 Northampton Derngate Centre: **The American All-Stars**
 Norwich University of East Anglia: **Level 42**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Eek-A-Mouse**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wild Willy Barrett**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Pettington Youth Club: **The Edge**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Poison Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Toxic Shock**
 Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Imaginary Friends/T-Dive/Y Distinction**

UB40's UK SORTIE

TOURMANIA strikes again this week, with acts galore hitting the road, but the two which concern us the most are by UB40 and WHAM! In the wake of their chart-topping success with 'Red Red Wine', it's obviously a labour of love for UB40 to meet their legion of supporters — starting initially at Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). And Wham! take their 'Club Fantastic' show on the circuit, complete with d-j Gary Crowley, so there's bound to be dancing in the aisles at Aberdeen (Sunday and Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday).

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP, one of the more palatable of the metal contingent, begin a new UK outing at Nottingham (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). And JOHN FOXX begins what is, surprisingly, his first major solo tour in Hitchin on Tuesday.

With Cliff Richard already engaged in his 25th anniversary tour, THE SHADOWS — not to be outdone — are starting their own Silver Jubilee concert tour in Oxford on Tuesday and Wednesday. And enjoying a new lease of life — thanks to their recent 'Give It Up' No.1 hit, almost a decade after their last chart entry — are K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND, who strike while the iron is hot by opening a British one-nighter tour in Eastbourne on Wednesday.

And that's by no means all. Among other attractions commencing official tours this week are THE BLUEBELLS, LAUREL & HARDY, X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND, JOHN COOPER CLARKE, MISTY IN ROOTS and ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER. Then there's Canadian artist BRYAN ADAMS, something of a super star in his own country, whose visit climaxes in a major London concert on Tuesday. And FAD GADGET begins one of his (their?) occasional outings in Liverpool, also on Tuesday.

On top of all that activity, there are a few one-off shows of special interest, kicking off on Friday with MURRAY HEAD stepping back into the big-time at London Dominion. Also in the capital, JOHNNY THUNDERS makes a welcome re-appearance in this country for a date at the Lyceum on Sunday. And the much-vaunted (and rightly so) SUN RA ARKESTRA returns for a two-night stint at The Venue, the first of which is on Wednesday.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

FRIDAY 7th

Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
 Slough Fulcrum Theatre: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Stirling University: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **The New Breed**
 Swansea Marina: **Play Dead**
 Walsall West Midlands College: **Kabbala**
 Watford Verulam Arms: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**
 Worcester Waterside Club: **Quasar**

Ashford (Kent) Top Rank: **Emotional Play**
 Birmingham Hummingbird: **Odyssey**
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Under Two Flags**
 Bourneville Shuffles: **Opera**
 Bourneville Winter Gardens: **Richard Claydman**
 Bridgwater Lime Kiln Inn: **The Alkaloids/No Obligation/Spyin' For Brian/Shrapnell/Beck Lee**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Word**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Splatt!**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **Play Dead**
 Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Black Symbol/The Mighty Stripes**
 Cardiff University: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **John Otway**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The West**
 Croydon The Star: **Mick Clarke Band**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Chron Gen/The Newtown Neurotics**
 Durham University: **The Smiths**
 Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Zipps For Lips/Brian Keddle Quintet**
 Edinburgh University: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Feltham Football Club: **The Defects/Drastic Action**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Dagaband**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Glasgow Technical College: **End Games**
 Glasgow The Venue: **E.F. Band**
 Glasgow University: **Laurel & Hardy**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Tredegard**
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Dragon**
 Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Poison Girls/Mark Miwurdz/Toxic Shock/Janice Perry**
 Hertford Corn Exchange: **The Palm Tree Club**
 Hitchin The Regal: **Bryan Adams**
 Hull Spiders Club: **Moscow**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **The Cosmat Angels**
 Leeds City Varieties: **Climate**
 Leeds Peel Hotel: **Dry Ice**
 Leeds Tiffany's: **Persian Version/The Mighty Clifton Brothers/If, But & Why**
 Leeds Trinity All Saints College: **Dave Kelly Band**
 Leeds University: **Sub Zero**
 Leicester University: **Level 42**
 Liverpool System: **The Europeans**
 Liverpool College of Further Education: **Play Dead**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Vitale**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Larry Miller**
 London Brixton The Academy: **Eek-A-Mouse**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Aunt May/Bad Detectives/The Suffragettes/Glamball**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Tokyo Olympics/The Big Self**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Central Polytechnic: **Amazulu**
 London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **Brid Dooley**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Opposition/SISI Cremola**
 London Deptford Engineers Club: **The Jokeys/Dave Brown/Jenny Bushkamush**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Finchley Rd. The Castle: **Blue Mask**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tunnel Vision/Key Club**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Furniture/Street Aliens**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Country Tracks**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Electric Bluebirds/Crazy Trains**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Combo Passe**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cayenne**
 London Kensington Imperial College: **The Primary**
 London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Wild Willy Barrett**
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: **The Dix-Six Band**
 London Marquee: **Chelsea**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Bluebells**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Missing Almen**
 London North-East Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bobby Wellins Quintet/Siger Small Band**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Eastside Stompers**
 London Shepherd's Bush The Bush Hotel: **Claire Dowle/The Tymon Dogg Band/Helen Cherry**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Chuck Farley**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Stratford Green Gate: **Seducer**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Paul Haig's Rhythm Of Life/Antena**
 London Tooting The Wheatheaf: **Jim Barclay/Frederick Williams/Ken Smith/The London Combo**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
 London Tottenham - Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Murray Head**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Orson Family**
 London W.C. 2 School of Economics: **The Dialects/Undercover Operation/Ronnie Golden etc.**
 Loughborough University: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**
 Manchester Ashton Thameside Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Foron Office**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Manchester UMIST Union: **The Bloomsbury Set/Adventure/Doctor Octopus**
 Manchester University Whitworth Park: **The Shapes**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Conflict/Hagar The Womb/Lost Cherees/Vex**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Heavy Pettin**
 Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddie Arts Centre: **Magna Carta**
 Norwich Gala Ballroom: **X-Mal Deutschland/The Wolfgang Press**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
 Nottingham University: **The Man Upstairs**
 Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The American All-Stars**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
 Peterborough Far Set Club: **Gothique**
 Rayleigh Crocs: **Pleasure & The Beast**
 Rochdale The Trout Club: **House Hold Name**
 Salford University: **Morrissey Mullen**
 Salisbury Arts Centre: **Guitar Festival with**

Gordon Giltrap/Juan Martin/John Etheridge/Frank Evans etc. (until Sunday)
 Sheffield The Marples: **Daryl & The Chaperones**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Shakatak**
 Southampton University: **The Higsons**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **JoBoxers**
 Warrington Spectrum: **IOCC**
 Wavendon The Stables: **Don Rendell Quartet**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Splash**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings**

SATURDAY 8th

Banbury Football Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: **The Comsat Angels**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **Bryan Adams**
 Blackpool Winter Gardens: **Carol Thompson**
 Boston The Haven: **IOCC**
 Bourneville Winter Gardens: **Shakatak**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Callenig**
 Bradford University: **The Europeans**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Apocalypse/Toy Factory**
 Brighton Gardner Centre Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Brighton Polytechnic: **The Bluebells**
 Bristol The Level 3 Club: **The Screaming Dead**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **Poison Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Toxic Shock**
 Bristol University: **Amazulu**
 Cardiff University: **Chin Chin**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Chiddingfold Six Bells: **English Rogues**
 Colchester Essex University: **Osibisa/The Houses/Orphans Of Babylon**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **X-Mal Deutschland**
 Coventry Warwick University: **It's Immaterial**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
 Doncaster The Glassmaker: **The Confident Tricksters**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Pink Umbrellas**
 Dundee University: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Durham University: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Edinburgh University: **Laurel & Hardy**
 Egham Royal Holloway College: **Hambi & The Dance**
 Glasgow Queen Margaret University: **Dave Kelly Band**
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Boys Will Be Boys**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **The Scene**
 Hatfield Forum Theatre: **The American All-Stars**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Mystic Revelation**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Larry Miller**
 Hull Spring Street Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Hull Westfield Club: **Odyssey**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **Crime Of Passion**
 Inverness Night Moves: **The Truth**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan**
 Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **Chasas**
 Leeds Central Station: **Skeletal Family/Flowers For Agatha**
 Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Smiths**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Liverpool University: **JoBoxers**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
 London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **The Pop Icons/The Jailbirds**
 London Brixton The Academy: **Eek-A-Mouse**
 London Brixton The Ace: **Conflict/Hagar The Womb/Omega Tribe/Vex/Icons Of Filth**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Vamp/ik**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
 London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Other Man/Disco Volante**

London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Tredegard**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (lunchtime): **Wolfe Witcher Band**
 London Finchley Rd. The Castle: **Curious Race**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **UK Subs/The Skeptix**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Silent Navigation/Model Trains/Silp The Catch/Special Brew**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Legendary Lutan Kippers/Purely By Chance**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Slim West**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Opposition/Billy Bragg**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Holloway Allstars**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes Band**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
 London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
 London N.W. 1 (Peto Place) Diorama Arts Centre: **Hula Palava/Third Chance/Pandu Red/Jeremy Reed/The Mighty King Biscuit**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's African Drummers Authentic/Highlife International**
 London Peckham The Britannia: **Modern Dance Band**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Roy Williams Septet/Dave Shepherd Octet**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cosmotheke**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Allen Band**
 London St. George's Hospital Medical School: **Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Simon Pickard/John Corbett/Paul Rogers/John Stevens**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Strawberry Switchblade/The Mekons/Beach Authority**
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Winter Trees/Hot Foot/The Ringing**
 London W. 1. Cafe Royal: **Delroy Wilson**
 London W.C. 1. (Conway St) Adams Arms: **The Pastels/12 Cubic Feet/Nikki Sudden/Jowe Head**
 London W.C. 2. School of Economics: **Ekomé/Just A Ha Ha**
 Loughborough University: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Rhythm Method**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
 Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **Tamarisk**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Newcastle University: **Del Amitri**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The 01 Band**
 Oxford The Swan: **Fair Exchange**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Gary Numan**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Play Dead**
 Salford University: **Misty In Roots**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
 Sheffield University: **Level 42**
 Sherborne New Digby Hall: **Scarlet Downs**
 Skegness Festival Pavilion: **Dobie Gray**
 Southend Grand Hotel: **Night Of Trash/The Stingrays/The Shakers/The Cuisinatics**
 Southport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 St. Albans City Hall: **The Specimen/Flesh For Lulu**

CONTINUES OVER

Tonypandy Naval Club: The EF Band
Washington Arts Centre: The Watsons
Whitley Bay Esplanade: Dagaband
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wokingham Angie's: K.K. Khan Band

SUNDAY

9th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Wham**
 Alconbury Aquarius Club: **Tredeggar**
 Bangor University: **The Europeans**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton Sussex University: **Tamarisk**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **Richard Claydeman**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Chesterfield Shoulder Of Mutton: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Colne Municipal Hall: **The American All-Stars**
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **The London Apaches**
 Derby Saracen's Head: **Duo Nova**
 Derby The Kitchen: **House Hold Name**
 Fallowfield Owens Park: **Laurel & Hardy**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **UB40**
 Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Heavy Pettin**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Georgia Jazzband**
 Leeds Tiffany's: **Orchestra Jazira/Party Day/Produce Of Reason**
 Llandudno Astra Theatre: **10 cc**
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
 London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Blackfriars Mermaid Theatre: **Alistair Anderson/The Watsons/Frankie Armstrong/Dave Swarbrick/Bernard Wrigley etc.**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & Ian Hunt's Living Daylites**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dancette**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Nine Out Of Ten Cats**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Square Department/Vamoose**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lemming Glass Co/Empty Quarter**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Slim West**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **The Chevalier Brothers/Rent Party**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hershey & The 12 Bars (lunchtime)/Jazz Sluts (evening)**
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Terry Smith Blues Band (lunchtime)/Ken Sims Dixie Kings (evening)**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **The Sunday Jam**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Johnny Thunders/Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs/The Lost Loved Ones**
 London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **La Luna**
 London The Mall ICA Theatre: **X-Mal Deutschland/Wolfgang Press/Danielle Dax**
 London Wimbledon Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan**
 London W. 1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Nottingham Heart Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Frigidaires**
 Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Shakatak**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Odyssey**
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Paul Young**
 Sheffield The Marples: **The EF Band**
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Surbiton The Ritz: **Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings**
 Sutton Seacombe Centre: **The Soul Band**

Uxbridge Brunel University: Strolling Bones
Wafford Bailey's (charity): Chas & Dave/ Joe Brown/Neil Innes/Matchbox/ Billy J Kramer
Wokingham Angie's: Time UK

MONDAY

10th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Wham**
 Ayr Flicks: **The Truth**
 Birmingham Faces French: **Great Outdoors**
 Bournemouth The Academy: **Amazulu**
 Brighton Dome: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Gary Numan**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Attila The Stockbroker**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Richard Claydeman**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Johnny Pinko**
 Dorking The Pilgrim: **Avenue**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Heavy Pettin**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UB40**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **The Alarm**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The EF Band**
 Hanley Bardots Club: **The Man Upstairs**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Tom Paxton**
 Leeds University: **The 3 Johns/Nick Toczek/To Be Continued**
 Leeds Warehouse: **X-Mal Deutschland**
 Liverpool The System: **The Europeans**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Urban Mix/Timbuktu**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **True Colours/Life Of Leisure**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Wite Linze/New Set Of Strings**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Clutching At Straws/Six Feet Under**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Ipsos Facto/The Wait**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **District Six**
 London Marquee Club: **The Bluebells/White Savages**
 London N.W. 2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Super Combo**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Cliff Augler's Record Release**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
 London W. 1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 London W. 1 (Maddox St) Gillyray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Chameleons**
 Manchester (Salemoor) Lindor Tavern: **Thirteenth Candle**
 Manchester Weatherfield Graffiti Club: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **10 cc**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
 Northampton The Slipper: **Precious Little Idols**
 Nottingham Rock City: **JoBoxers**
 Nottingham Royal Crescent Hall: **Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife**
 Sheffield University: **The Comsat Angels**
 Stirling MacRobert Centre: **The American All-Stars**
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
 Watford Bailey's: **The Nolans (until Saturday)**

TUESDAY

11th

Ayr Pavilion: **Heavy Pettin**
 Bannockburn Tamduh: **The EF Band**
 Billingham Swan Hotel: **Dagaband**
 Birmingham Night Out: **The Nashville Teens (until Saturday)**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Diamond Head/Budgie**
 Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Europeans**
 Brighton Dome: **Richard Claydeman**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Shakatak**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Flesh For Lulu**
 Cardiff Wales Polytechnic: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Chadwell Heath Regency Suite: **Vertical Hold**
 Cheltenham Festival of Literature: **Anne Clark**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Seance**

WHAM! 19-DATE STAGE BONANZA

NME issue dated 6 August, 1983

— and they set out this week



Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Hurt**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Alarm**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Wham**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Alex Shaw Quintet/Martin Blackwell**
 Glasgow Tiffany's: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Gary Numan**
 Hitchin The Regal: **John Foxx**
 Hull New York Hotel: **Neo Classix/Swift Nick**
 Leeds Dortmund Bier Keller: **Play Dead**
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **If, But & Why**
 Leeds University: **Under Two Flags**
 Leeds Warehouse: **JoBoxers**
 Leicester University: **John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomofski**
 Liverpool Pickwicks Club: **Fad Gadget**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
 Liverpool The System: **The Comsat Angels**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Honestly Lying**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Stray**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Milkshakes/The Tall Boys**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dolphin St.**
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrextangles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Self Control**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Case/Animation**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Roxette/City Brawlers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hearts A Gas/The Legendary Beat Team**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**

London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Hurt/Bastille**
 London Marquee Club: **Lita Ford Band**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mercenary Skank/The Playn Jayn/The Prisoners**
 London Paddington Great Western Hotel: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Henry Lowther/Dave Suttle Trio**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Bryan Adams/Wendy & The Rocketts**
 London W. 1 (Dean St) Pipeline Club at Gossips: **The Babysitters/The Legend & His Fan Club**
 London W. 1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Alterations**
 Manchester Fagin's: **Amazulu**
 Manchester UMIST Union: **Haircut 100**
 Middlesbrough Madison's: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **The Man Upstairs**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **X-Mal Deutschland**

Southend Lazy's Bar: The Shakers/Mexican Junkies
Southport Theatre: 10 cc
Windsor Arts Centre: Fair Exchange
Wolverhampton Arches Club: The Wild Flowers

WEDNESDAY

12th

Aberystwyth University: **JoBoxers**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
 Blackpool Opera House: **Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan**
 Bradford Queen's Hall: **Fad Gadget**
 Bradford University: **Misty In Roots**
 Bradford 1 in 12 Club at Tipples: **Chronic/The Living Dead**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Shakatak**
 Chester-le-Street Lamblon Arms: **State Of Emergency**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Eddie & Sunshine**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Exposure**
 Dundee Bonar Hall: **The American All-Stars**
 Dundee Dance Factory: **X-Mal Deutschland**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **K.C. & The Sunshine Band**
 Exeter Riverside Club: **Black Roots**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
 Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Mummy Calls/Nick Anderson**
 Leeds Brannigans: **Conflict/Hagar The Womb/The Lost Cherries**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife**
 Liverpool The State: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Liverpool The System: **Amazulu**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Taxi**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Lone Ranger/Sammy Dread**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
 London Covent Garden Rock Gardens: **Expandis**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Avenue**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Wild Willy Barrett/Billy Bragg**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Rednite/Scouts**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Eko Eko**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judie Tzuke/Any Trouble**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Raymond Froggatt**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Derek Blimstone**
 London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Super Combo**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Dave Kelly Band**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Birell Lagrene/Diz Disley Group**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Richard Claydeman**
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Sun Ra Arkestra**
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Seducer**
 Manchester Adam & Eve: **The Comsat Angels**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yes Sir**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse**
 Manchester Jilly's: **Play Dead**
 Manchester John Bull: **The Shapes**
 Newcastle City Hall: **UB40**
 Newcastle Morden Tower: **Whitehouse**
 Newcastle Tiffany's: **The Alarm**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **Rapid Fire**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Shark Taboo**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Kevin Selsay**
 Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **The Truth**
 Sunderland The Old 29: **The Edge**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **Kissing The Pink**
 Washington Arts Centre: **Petals**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **John Hegley/The Popticians/Roy Hutchins/Podomofski**
 Wolverhampton Queen's Hotel: **Next Of Kin/Con-Oom/Miss Bolland**
 York INL Club: **The Luddites/Dead Pop Stars/Bunny Lost**
 York University: **10 cc**

Reggae all right

CSA RECORDS celebrate their first year in business by releasing the compilation album 'The CSA Collection, Volume 1', subtitled 'Reggae Music All Right'. It's the first of a proposed annual release, showcasing the best of the tracks they've issued during the previous 12 months. It's available from this weekend, and the 14 tracks are shared by **U. Brown, Charlie Chaplin, Don Carlos, Michael Prophet, Raymond Nappali, Buro, Captain Sinbad & Little John, Peter Metro, The Viceroy, Undivided Roots, John Holt and Natural Ites.**

● Skegness band **Fourth Party** recently released the single 'Living In The Zoo'/'No Room' on their own Pip Pop label, and it's now being distributed nationwide by The Cartel.

● **The Skeletal Family**, whose last single 'Trees' figured in the indie charts, now release their follow-up. It's called 'The Night' and it's on the Red Rhino label.

● **King Kurt**, whose deal with Stiff Records was announced three weeks ago, have an unusual 12-inch extended version of their first single for the label. As reported, it's called 'Destination Zulu Land'—and the 12-inch plays from the middle of the record onwards!

● Cleveland-based group **Rumple-Stilts-Skin** have been enjoying a big club hit with their single 'I Think I Want To Dance With You'. It's now officially released in the UK this week (7" and 12"), on Montage Records with distribution by Polydor, and the flip is an instrumental version of the A-side.



J.J. CAMPBELL (see below)

● Liverpool band **It's Immaterial**, who've previously released several independent singles, have now signed to Eternal Records (through WEA). Their debut single via this outlet, issued this weekend, is 'White Man's Hut'/'The Worm Turns'—both songs written by the group's vocalist J.J. Campbell and guitarist Jarvis Whitehead. They'll be playing a series of live dates next month.

● Desire Records is a new London label which makes its bow on 14 October with the debut single from **SPK**, titled 'Metal Dance'. It's also available in extended 12-inch form, and distribution is by IDS. The group will be touring next month, opening at Manchester Hacienda on 16 November.

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

● **Colour Box**, who recently signed a long-term deal with 4AD, are currently recording follow-up material to their 'Breakdown' debut. The nucleus of multi-instrumentalists Martyn Young and Ian Robbins have now been joined by Martyn's brother Steve Young on keyboards, plus vocalist Lorita Grahame.

● **Conflict**, who describe themselves as "an anarchist punk band", have a three-track EP titled 'The Serenade Is Dead' released on 10 October. It's on their own Mortarhate Records label (through IDS), and it retails for 99p.

● **The Nan Tuck Five** are, as you might expect from a group with a name like that, a four-piece! They hail from West London and have just signed to Brickyard Records, who this week release their EP of newly-recorded songs. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● 'Shame, Shame, Shame' was originally recorded by Shirley & Co a decade ago, and it's now being revived to considerable effect by **Red Lipstique**. Their up-dated double-sided version is out this week on Charly Records' Disco International label.

● **Two** is the subtle name of a new synthesised duo from West London, whose first single 'Trace Of Red'/'Regime' is out tomorrow (Friday). And making their debut at the same time are Stourbridge band **The Visit** with the single 'All The Walls'/'Man-O-War'. Both these releases are on Future Records, through Pinnacle and Rough Trade.

● WEA Records this week launch another series of double play cassettes, each featuring two classic albums on one tape. There are nine releases in this batch including 'Atlantic Crossing'/'A Night On The Town' by **Rod Stewart**, 'Hotel California'/'The Long Run' by **The Eagles**, 'All Fly Home'/'This Time by Al Jarreau', 'Court And Spark'/'For The Roses' by **Jon Mitchell** and 'Neil Young'/'Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere' by **Neil Young**.

● Out this week on the Merciful Release label is a new single by **The Sisters Of Mercy**, a double A-side coupling 'Temple Of Love' and 'Heartland'. The group's version of the Stones' classic 'Gimme Shelter' will be a third track on the 12-inch format, following in three weeks.

● **Aztec Camera**, whose recent British hit album 'High Land, Hard Rain' has just entered the US charts, have switched labels to WEA Records. But they say they are still maintaining "an artistic and financial tie" with their former label, Rough Trade.

● Actor-singer **Paul Nicholas**, who plays the lead role in the new Tim Rice musical **Blondel** which re-opens London's Old Vic this month, has signed to Flying Records. His debut single for the label, issued this week in both 7" and 12" formats, is 'House Of Rock'.

● **Self Control** have their debut album 'Broken Up' released on Dancing Sideways Records, distributed by Pinnacle.



● **Lialson** (above) have changed the title of their previously reported four-track cassette from 'Looking After No. 1' to 'Only Heaven Knows'. It's available on their own label at £1.75 (including p&p) from Lialson Records & Tapes, 6 Kentford Way, Northolt, Middlesex. The band will be touring this month to promote it.

● **Music For Nations**—who, during the summer, released albums by **Manowar, Virgin Steele, Ratt, Metallica, Tank and Battleaxe**—has just signed Danish band **Merciful Fate** whose first LP 'Melissa' is issued on 28 October, and the group are being lined up for a UK tour (as are American band **Manowar**). The label, distributed by Pinnacle, has also signed Manchester band **Rox** and release their debut three-track 12-inch 'Krazy Kutz' this weekend.

Bunch of Stiffs

STIFF RECORDS announce their latest batch of goodies, starting with **The Belle Stars'** new self-penned single 'The Entertainer' for release in mid-October, with an album and tour to follow in the New Year. Swiss outfit **Yello** will have their new single 'Lost Again' out in a week or two, and a double-pack single featuring several of their long-lost classics will be available at the same time. **Kirsty MacColl** is now back with Stiff, and her single 'Terry' is due at the end of this month. And **Madness**, whose next album will be released soon after Christmas, will have a new single (titles to be decided) rushed out in a fortnight.

● A special limited edition seven-inch of **Dobie Gray's** Northern soul classic 'Out On The Floor' is being released by Inferno Records to tie in with his current tour. The A-side features the original version, and it's coupled with an extended "all-nighter" version. It has a commemorative label, and is available at his gigs and through Pinnacle.

● **Animal Records** release the 12-inch single 'Wild Style Theme—Rap 1', from the US film **Wild Style** which has just opened at London ICA. Coupled with 'Rap 2', it's by **Grandmaster Caz**, with music by **Chris Stein**.

● Despite their French name, **Oul** are a London girl duo comprising **Kim Barry** and **Amanda Brown**. They debut on the Jet label with the Leiber-Stoller standard 'Is That All There Is', coupled with 'Oul're International'.

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November 18
November 19
November 20/21
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*e*URYTHMICS *in every dream*



home an artache

STROUD GREEN Road is one of London's more depressing thoroughfares.

Noisy, dirty and deprived, it looks as if the buildings which line this lead-perfumed thruway have actually shrunk in size out of sheer self-loathing.

There's one thing very green and pleasant about it, however: it houses the most remarkably exotic bazaar of vegetables you could conjure up.

Schiaparelli pink watermelons lie split and staring up at you alongside pumpkins, banana chips, plaintain, guavas, melons, sugar cane stalks, mangoes, aubergine, sweet red bells, spicy chillis in waxy green and gold, hairy-skinned okra and rosy English apples. Gigantic yams tower over fresh bunches of bay, overspills of parsley, piles of Kentish cobnuts.

In the smalltime groceries which line this London street, there's perfect ethnic variety and harmony—right out in front. The sheer suggestiveness of all this bounty has to put a little spring in your step. But me, I'm already humming.

In the sprawling stone church I left behind a half-mile back, I heard a golden slab of calypso whose glorious carnival *authority* could make this nation of vegetables RIOT right out on the tarmac.

Like the produce, that raw slice of sound has yet to be carved and steamed into perfectly digestible submission. But its sheer Mardi Gras rebop had grabbed me completely by surprise—not least because of the exultant strength with which its Voice crunched into the lyrics.

"That's probably one of the first genuinely happy tracks we've ever recorded," says Annie Lennox, running a hand through her crew-cut—which looks like the violent orange scribble of a child's crayon drawing.

"It's so simple that the words might almost be 'rite, but I *feel* that; I feel just like lifting up those lyrics. The real meaning of that song for me is even simpler—it's that happiness really does exist as a possibility. That it can feel every bit as real as the most frightening depths of depression.

WE'RE SHARING a black leather chair inside the stone church Eurythmics have rented for the next 21 years from eccentric puppeteers Bura and Hardwicke, of Pinky and Perky fame. The property was mainly Dave Stewart's project at a time when he was managing his and Annie's two year old operation by himself.

After a double divorce—from both longtime management company Arnakata and from longer years of living together as a couple—both Dave and Annie were barely above the "depths of depression".

"We really had nothin' going," Dave now says. "Eurythmics weren't selling any records to speak of; The Tourists were long split up; and then me and Annie split. Yet we were still going around with the same hopes which had always been in our minds. There was never a point at which we thought, 'There's no way, we'll never be able to be a group now. Believe me, though, everyone thought we were NUTS. People all said, Listen, this is unhinged, you're too far out there, you're not gonna pull anything off. Especially when we told them we were making our next album on an eight-track in a warehouse."

To complete that album—'Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)'—Dave and Annie had to break completely with their management company, a move which left them "not just broke but badly in debt". Undeterred, Stewart soldiered on with business.

"I started doin' stuff like ringin' up Michael Appleton myself, to tell him what we were doing. And I became so entrenched in this business stuff

that I was almost becoming part of it. I'd even wear certain clothes, pick 'em out when I went to the bank to arrange loans to buy the recording equipment. And all the time I was still writing, arranging and producing with Annie."

DAVE AND I sit upstairs in the converted church, chatting in that modest and homey 24-track studio which materialised out of the Eurythmics' Sweet Dreams. And how sweet they are!

Even as we speak, the shop next door is framing a *Rolling Stone* cover where Annie's head virtually obliterates the logo. Inside the mag, a lavish history lauds the duo's conquest of the US Top 20—and the No 1 status of the album's title song. A *Cashbox* cover is already framed; the trade publication's testament to "man and woman, soul and synth... the perfect balance for the modern world".

But the LP which launched these lofty plaudits (plus a thousand comparisons to Grace Jones and David Bowie) turns out to have been made in Chalk Farm, over a picture-frame factory.

"They had a machine," Dave tells me, "that a guy would operate with his foot, like *BLAM!*" (He slams his Italian-sandalled foot against the heavy carpeting). Only he would do it at unpredictable intervals, so we couldn't stop the sound getting on the tape with Annie's vocals. Eventually, we had to wait till six to start every day. But that was OK, because this great empty warehouse was really spooky, and it had fantastic echo."

Dave shakes his head. "People think that album is so high tech. But we couldn't even afford a claptrap—the classic disco thing, you know, that goes *ckkk-ckkk-ckkk!* It's just me and Annie, banging on the wall with a handful of picture-frames! If we'd *had* the money," he continues, "of course we would have used a claptrap. But not having it made us a lot more inventive."

"That was basically Conny and Holger's influence," he says, alluding to longtime kindred spirits Conny Plank (original Tourists sponsor) and Holger Czukay, honorary Eurythmic. "Cause they'd always say, If there's no fun involved, if you just press a button and *THAT* does *that*, then you tend to just say, Oh, we'll use that button to do that and this one to do this... And your music just goes further and further away from you."

'Sweet Dreams' contains other unorthodox sound effects: the expulsions of breath which punctuate 'Love Is A Stranger', for instance.

"Do you know Tilley's Cafe in Camden?" asks Dave.

Sure, I say. The one with the cheap pies and the gigantic helpings and the great Stax records; the one that nice guy George runs for his Mum.

"Well, that's George on 'Love Is A Stranger' going 'ha HA HAH' into the mike."

What?

"We were always there eating, see, and George would say, What are you two up to? 'Cause of course he'd never heard of us. So we said, Ah, we're makin' a record, it's right up the road in this warehouse... why not come along, you can join in."

"He said he wouldn't mind having a look but he kept saying he couldn't play anything. So we gave him this mike and said, Look, just go *HAH* on the first beat of every bar... but he didn't get which was the first beat for awhile. Then, because we had an effect on it and he could hear how it sounded—he really started gettin' into it!" Dave laughs. "I think that's why he put our picture up in the restaurant."

The Camden workplace hosted other sorts of visitors, too. At one point, participating flautist Tim Wheeler invited his former teacher James Galway to drop in.

"I remember him sittin' there," says Dave, "while we were playing this really weird thing called 'Armadillo' where Annie sings like... Arabian. And Tim's playing the flute with an onion skin so it sounds like a snake-charmer, and I had my suspended double-neck guitar. All of this is blaring through big speakers and James Galway just sits there between his manager and this other guy—caught in this absolutely mad avant stroke pop noise and Annie in this black wig wailing away. I mean, we were enthusiastic but we sort of related James Galway to *Stars On Sunday*—and then he really liked it!"

What do café proprietors, toy pianos, picture frames, puppeteers, and onion-skins have in common? A sense of ingenuity which fooled the world into taking it for state-of-the-art technopop, that's what. In the brave new world now bossed by the Eurythmics, Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart are lords of a new church. And its religion is state of the heart.

Story: CYNTHIA ROSE
Photos: ANTON CORBIJN

"Annie reckoned it was the most nerve-wracking experience of her life, though. 'Cause when you've got thousands of people watching it's one thing, but someone who's also a master of the instrument you love—well, that's something else."

The week before Galway's visit, Eurythmics had spent a day jamming with Rico and his mates on 'I've Got An Angel'. Though the tapes were never used in the final edit, Dave says it was another great experience.

"He knew it would be a drum computer but it wasn't normal because I had it going through a space echo... so though he started out sceptical, after he had a little smoke and that he really started getting into it."

"In a way it sort of adds up our whole experience: Rico one week, James Galway the next. We've worked with amazing people all along. Like, the voice on 'Esta Es La Casa' is Tim Wheeler's girlfriend, this secretary who is South American. We liked that because it sounds pre-recorded... like the news or something. But the laugh is natural—she'd never done it, never had cans on or anything, so she just cracked up."

IT'S THIS combination of disciplined musicianship with spontaneity and humour that has always attracted such diverse musicians and producers—DAF's Robert Gö, Can's Jacki Liebezzeit, Blondie's Clem Burke, Scritti's Green, Conny Plank, Holger Czukay, Chris and Cosey, The Blockheads' Mickey Gallagher, Gang Of Four's Eddi Reader, Karlheinz Stockhausen's son Marcus and Tim Wheeler, not to mention an assortment of gospel singers—to Dave and Annie, ever since their earliest days in The Tourists.

But the press have consistently portrayed them as defensive; as artists who had to make a case for working at all.

Having interviewed them at various intervals since 1977, when I first met Ann, I often wondered why a pair with such obvious intelligence and enjoyment of life as well as music should suffer such regular dismissal in print. I didn't mean their music—that has taken its time finding an equilibrium appropriate to the combination of their separate personalities.

It was the loaded resistance to what Dave and Annie *themselves* personified—resilient, imaginative, genuinely unconventional—which I found disquieting in interviews and profiles. The most pleasant part of seeing them again is finding out that not only has mass success left them unchanged as people, but that the settled prospects of their own company (D&A Ltd) and its homey new premises have provided Annie, in particular, with a more relaxed perspective.

"To be honest with you," she says, "it's only beginning to hit us *now* that we're making an album—we've come straight off the road, we haven't been living so-called normal lives in nine months. Well," she smiles, "you could make that six years, really. And what's funny is that all this new stuff has just emerged, and emerged being what it is... very up and strong, and—very positive."

It completely surprised me by what a step forward it already sounds from 'Sweet Dreams'. Annie tucks her legs up into the chair.

"Well, 'Sweet Dreams' represented what was available to us physically and how our minds were working at the time—and that's enough for me. Och! You know, I've now seen so many people be so defensive about their work... just as I used to be, because you're so afraid of being misconstrued. And you're misconstrued from the word go! It's paranoia that makes you try to explain everything so very carefully; God, did I go through that!"

"Ironically," she continues, "I became a 'pop star' before, musically, I was ready for it. With The Tourists we just fell into this *thing* and, personality-wise, the group was still at odds with themselves and how they wanted to be represented both musically and visually. So the result was... something which wasn't quite sure of itself and—wasn't able to attain anything really clear."

"On 'In The Garden', we were still unhappy with the direction; our management company was really restricting us. And I was already labelled as

CONTINUES PAGE 50



Next week in NME

INSIDERS

Inside the brick walls and wire fences of Britain's detention centres that is. ANDREW TYLER sneaks under the wire and takes a look at the short sharp shock and how effective it is in dealing with young offenders.

OUTLAWS

On the eve of WAYLON JENNINGS' visit to li'l ol' England, a showdown at the interview corral with the man who helped put the rawhide back into Country and Western. A yeehaw special.

USTARTS

Adrian Thrills flips, flops and flies with THE FLIPS, Camden Town's most uppity young hipsters and flipsters. At least that's what he says.

NME

Off the rails and up to the bumper

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STYLING: JESSIE LANE

LIVE

GEETARS!

BANSHEES

BIG COUNTRY

GANG OF FOUR



Rad Fem Rockabilles

Pic: Lawrence Watson

THE SHILLELAGH SISTERS

Hammersmith Clarendon

THE VERY same evening that Brian Setzer and his aged cronies were hobbling onto a

stage elsewhere in London, a small basement bar played host to the best rockabilly band in the world. The Shillelagh Sisters are a six-piece, all female band. Dressed in varying states of historical authenticity, they perform with an enthusiasm and vigour that

few of the billy people could even approximate.

Really, it's a pity they're a rockabilly band. Anyone who attempts to make a 30-year-old musical corpse go walkies needs either the fanaticism of the insane, or the ability to make the music mutate to his/her own designs (viz. The Cramps). Rockabilly songs have the curious problem of being boring as hell after the first two bars. And people get paid to sing them!

The Shillelagh Sisters, being the best rockabilly band in the world, nearly got away with it - exciting songs shepherded into animation by the double bass that Sun forgot, twin demon guitars, saxophone, drums like thunder, and a Voice. So many of our dear billy people tend to confuse the decomposing adenoids of Boy Setzer with the sound of singing - not so for the best rockabilly band in the world! They can sing, they can play, and they can write songs. Admittedly only billy people songs, but songs for all that. Why, The Shillelagh Sisters are a pop group!

They're young, they're funny, they've got Stage Presence, and they make you want to dance (the silly billy people don't dance, you know). They may only be the best rockabilly band in the world, but you ought to see them.

David Quantick



Ian Craig King and Glenn Gillory

Pic: Bladdyn Butcher

STILL HITLESS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

GANG OF FOUR

London Lyceum

THE FIRST of the last revisionists, Gang Of Four have refined a view of sound and fury to abstraction. It's amusing to recall how fearfully political they were once considered: their rhetoric has the mould of business necessity now - they want hits, after all - but there's a certain keenness in a vigorous play on rock.

Sometimes their exaggeration is their undoing. Jon King has a clear, truthful sort of voice that is choked by his own exuberance: he coughs and wheels and snarls and roars like a roped man dodging an avalanche. If he used

to do it out of insecurity and bloody-mindedness he has made it a convenient habit. When the object of attack is as resilient as 'Call Me Up' or 'I Love A Man In Uniform' it's a ragged exhilaration that's served up; on levels of more obtuse sarcasm - the Gang's basic pallor - it's disabling.

As with 'A Man With A Good Car', the best idea from the indifferent 'Hard'. There King seems like the thin man who finally escaped from David Thomas' bulk. Andy Gill, still the most detached of lead guitarists, is check and balance to this frenzy.

Between them they have swallowed Gang Of Four. Sara Lee plays the electric bass, there

are two women singing back-ups, there is a drummer; and none of them have much to do with Gang Of Four. Gill and King play a humourless ping-pong with their songs, almost every one made into a terse obsession that turns inwards, guitar lines driven through verses like girders. They are one of the few groups expunged of sentimentality.

All you see is kinetics: King's whirling, outraged limbs, Gill's doleful fringe swinging over his expectant face, stage lights flickering like faulty alarm systems. Until they play 'Paralysed', for that is the Gang at their most precise and evocative. As King absents himself, Gill skins the rhythm down to an essence and performs the bloodless vocal himself. The brightness dims; the silences are as crucial as the ratchet bursts from the guitar. Stripped, shaking, this is a glimpse of Gang Of Four that seldom comes so clear.

Richard Cook

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES FAD GADGET

London Royal Albert Hall

SEVEN YEARS have passed since that first bleak winter of punk; in seven years Sioux's harsh monochrome has melted into myriad golds, the dark horror of love in a void is now a light kiss in the dreamhouse. The years turn, the punk worm turns into a butterfly. We might marvel at the change, but the butterflies in our stomach have long since flown.

tympani tunnel visions to Budgie's more gymnastic approach, might have introduced more variety, but it also marks a diffusion, a slight yet unsightly loss of focus.

This loss is compensated for by a few constants: the initial shock of Sioux cannot easily be forgotten. It still informs what they do, just as it serves to them a salutary reminder of the fat they despised. And their immaculate conceit is still intact. Why else the Royal Albert Hall (apparently designated as their local gig for some 'stars and their environment' special coming

blighted for an early stretch. With nothing to listen to but a numb blast of neutered yellow noise you were forced to concentrate on looking, ponder the questions raised earlier, or puzzle over Siouxsie's present taste for Carnaby bazaar black skirt and ankle bells, her odd pony canter of a dance step and the group's predilection for Turkish Delight projections and lighting effects.

And just when you were getting to thinking maybe seven years was too long for such a group to survive with their terrorist's sensibility intact, that any sense of threat

YOU MAYBE A NIHILIST BUT YOU AIN'T NO F*@!KIN'

Seven years! Dare Siouxsie And The Banshees last so long? Here is a group who once embodied others' obsolescence, a black star sucking off others' energy, using it to convert fake comfort and hollow warmth into grotesque caricatures of suburban existence. Through immense strength of character, tempered by those first years left out in the cold, they melded arrogance and naivety, sombre wit and an extraordinary sensitivity into superbly wrought metal waltzes. Music channelled through narrow, airless corridors lit in hard black and white.

The post-split explosion into kaleidoscopic colour, since diverted through the psychedelic leanings of Steve Severin and present guitar player Robert Smith and underlined by the switch from Kenny Morris's tom tom/

soon on Channel 4)?

The hall certainly wasn't chosen to favour support Fad Gadget—a flea to Siouxsie's butterfly. Tonight, his normally sharp bite was blunted by the building's acoustic time traps and sound delays, which bounced his slow, evenly tempered rhythms and melodies into barely recognisable shapes. His brave move to a predominantly non-electric line up was thus ruined, leaving Frank Tovey scrambling to draw an uninterested audience's attention with a series of self-flagellations, gambols and leaps. Unfortunately nobody looked his way, let alone wonder why he did what he did.

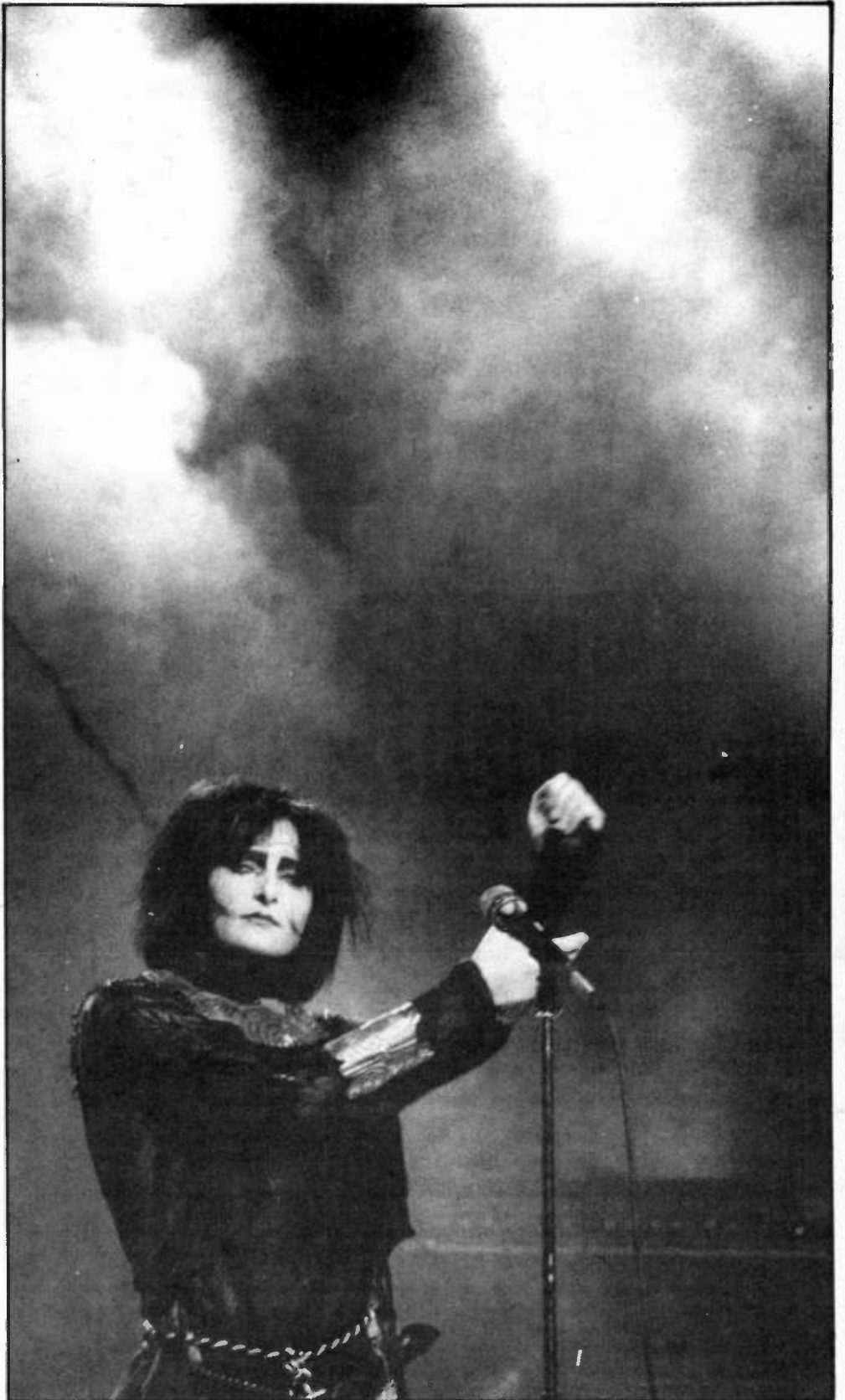
The turbulent sandstorms of present day Siouxsie And The Banshees more readily competed with the hall's faults, though they too were

was bound to mellow into mock hallowe'en kitsch 'n' treats, Robert Smith restored a genuine chill to the night by meshing the simple guitar motif of 'Night Shift' with a great hectoring Siouxsie vocal. Thus wrestled back into present time, you were held there until they chose to hurtle you into the past with an encore of The Beatles' 'Dear Prudence'. An inevitable 'Helter Skelter' reminded that Siouxsie And The Banshees always had a macabre understanding of Manson's evil and its attraction.

If anybody were to ask during these dying moments: "How many nihilists does it take to fill the Albert Hall?" you could quite honorably answer: "Two. Siouxsie and Severin."

I think this is compliment enough.

Chris Bohn



Cultural internationalist 'Siouxsie' Sioux dancing in the style of a Spanish anarchist circa 1936—i.e. the arms she's been sent don't work.
Pic: Bleddyn Butcher



'Teeth' Lateef, so called on account of his large, protruding eyes.
Pic: Jak Kilby

YUSEF LATEEF

London Commonwealth Institute

FROM CHANTED entrance, Dr Yusef Lateef (tenor

saxophone and flute maestro) and his band went straight into it with sounds as warm as Africa itself. If not from the heavens then this music certainly ascended from Earth to celestial levels. They played

positive music, a growing, breathing, textural creature of beauty.

The komo (two-stringed lute) vamped moodsetting sultry tenor with shakers shaken in dancing motion until stillness and space held pensive captives with the good doctor's tranquil flute impressions of North Africa. Sarewa flute joined to twist, turn and tumble with hypnotic dance rhythms pumping, jumping through to 'O Blues Revised', righteous motifs walling out on big beautiful tenor tone, while graceful ladies vocalised enchanted punctuation. The blues ended here!

Cow horns talked to the spirits paving routeways to the brilliant 'Mud Theatre', cyclic tenor growling, honking deliciously to interweaving percussion with sarewa forest birds and cricket trills. The 'Sophisticated Lady' walked tall out of Africa then leapt into Afro-Caribbean jump-up calypso, the kalangu drum chasing hot on the heels of the tenor's every turn of phrase.

Yusef Lateef, a son of Africa, made no cultural concessions, his compatibility put him right there already, after all that time away (400 years). He commented afterwards that in America "each musical plant that grew got cut down by the music industry, never allowed to grow." This plant's roots are firmly planted in the nourishing red soil of Africa. It is not only flourishing but flowering, and that flower is of great beauty.

Jak Kilby

BIG DEAL!

BIG COUNTRY

Hammersmith Odeon

CLAD IN a string vest with a tartan scarf tied around his head, Stuart Adamson takes his guitar and muscular physique for a reckless but purposeful run around the stage. The crowd stomp and holler—a standing ovation three songs into the set.

I understand, even appreciate the reasons why Big Country have achieved their popularity—Stuart is not about to set up home with the first Radio 1 DJ he meets, he's not likely to make videos that are blatant advertising campaign rip-offs, he's not the sort of star who thinks his ego should be stroked like the fur of a Siamese kitten. And, with their emotional and thematic solidity, Big Country are more than another bristle in the bog brush of pop.

Having said that, and acknowledging the most rousing reception afforded any group I've seen in a long time, Big Country left a lot to be desired. Aside from the few stirring, sterling songs that are the highpoint of their LP and live set ('In A Big Country' and 'Inwards') they lack a crispness, a dynamic mobility to make their music more

than a ring pull for fervent audience participation. The much heralded open tuned guitar sound (and it's nothing like bagpipes) is fine in itself, but used in a routine way its initial appeal wears off and becomes a turgid mid '70s blur.

There's so many long mind numbing interplays between the guitars, where the sound they make says nothing, goes nowhere, and it's precisely this—not because they're "an old fashioned guitar based band"—that makes Big Country so ponderous. They deal with very limited horizons—the warm, rousing 'come one come all' rock show gathering is their mainstay. Undoubtedly there is something healthy and reliable about their songs based on traditional values and elemental bluster, an attitude that is preferable to Andy Wham's or Gary Ballet's, but it makes for gruelling, workmanlike music. Far too much has been credited and put on Big Country's shoulders too early for them to function and develop properly. (As Adamson

humbly declares to the legions, a year ago they were playing a pub round the corner to 30 people.)

The necessity for Big Country grew out of the forced trivial gaiety of pop for the new depression, but they aren't that spectacular or crucial. Their popularity shows how slow things still move, how easily satisfied we still are.

Back at the Odeon, 3500 don't agree. The whole place throbs. Thousands gasp and cheer. And Stuart Adamson takes his guitar for another reckless but purposeful run around the stage.

Gavin Martin

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After 14 years of acrimonious silence, Phil and Don take the first tentative steps towards communication and... pull faces at each other.

Plc: Jeremy Bannister

DEVOTED

EVERLY BROTHERS

London Royal Albert Hall
THERE'S THIS certain tension which exists between the Everly Brothers that is the genius of their music. It's as if the lyrics of such as 'When Will I Be Loved', 'Bye Bye Love', and particularly 'Love Hurts' and on this night of reconciliation 'Let It Be Me', are directed as much to each other as any next party. Phil's lorn howl rang against Don's tender lead, their black jumbo guitars ringing synchronically and the evening, of course, electric. An audience of every age, elders, excited children, one Japanese youth sits rapt like Keats before the Elgin Marbles.

More than a quarter of a century since 'Bye Bye Love' and a decade from when the Everlys last performed onstage together, tonight is quite an occasion. That it justifies as much is down to the Brothers' sheer professional artistry, while the accompanying group of seasoned British musicians is likewise excellent.

Dressed for the part in matching black tuxedos, white wing collar shirts and fancy black bows, the duo perform 'Price Of Love', 'Walk Right

Back', 'Claudette', 'Crying In The Rain', 'Love Is Strange', 'Take A Message To Mary', 'I Wonder If It'd Care As Much' and take licence with the melody of 'When Will I Be Loved'.

They are the Everly Brothers and they sing 'So Sad', 'Bird Dog', 'Be Bop A Lula'... They dismiss their group and perform a selection of acoustic material from their second LP 'Songs Our Daddy Taught Us', hence: 'Lightning Express', 'Put My Little Shoes Away', the country 'Long Time Gone' and, Irish folk melody 'Willow Garden'.

Pete Wingfield, Albert Lee and company return for the Everlys to let rip on 'Step It Up And Go', take further melodic licence with 'Bye Bye Love', rock 'Gone Gone Gone', 'plead 'All I Have To Do Is Dream', and entreat 'Wake Up Little Susie'.

"Lucille!" yells a voice from the audience. "We'll get to it," Don assures him. "We don't miss nothing out this show."

They are the Everly Brothers, they look each other in the eyes and croon 'Devoted To You', a snatch of 'Ebony Eyes', 'Love Hurts', Cathy's Clown and a funeral rendering of Sam Cooke's 'You Send Me'.

followed by 'Till I Kissed You' and the promised 'Lucille'. For a first encore they patch up past acrimony with 'Let It Be Me' and for a second work up a latter over 'Good Golly Miss Molly'. When the audience insists on a third they respond with Jimmy Reed's 'Baby What You Want Me To Do', insisting we have them up, down, down, up, anyway we want them, returning finally for bows, waves and kisses.

I miss Elvis and Buddy Holly, but at least I see the Everly Brothers.

Penny Reel



Happier days: 'Phil' and 'Don' at the peak of their career as Moss Bros showroom dummies.

MEL TORME GEORGE SHEARING CARMEN MCGRAE

London Royal Festival Hall

IDRESSED up (cut-links) and sat in an expensive seat, but in truth a bit of cheap romance would've livened up a cool, chiselled sort of evening. Carmen warned us a little: 'I've always felt a bit sorry for her, a cast-off shadow between Ella and Sarah, and she sings as if she has nothing to prove except her memory for the lyric.'

I dozed through George Shearing's fidgety pianistics. His neoclassical perfume isn't witty, merely irritating—Delius and Chopin whistled up to sit awkwardly by Ellington and Rodgers. 'Come Sunday' was a competent and pretty reading. Shearing has parlayed a small talent into a fat reputation, but jazz needs its popularisers sometimes.

He stayed around for Mel Torme's set, a little big band also in attendance—they swung into 'Mountain Greenery' and on rolled The Velvet Fog himself, round and beaming like a butterfly Jimmy Crichton. After an intimate, russet-rich 'A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square' I anticipated a classic, affirmatory set. Torme wasted it.

He got stuck—cheerfully enough—in the soup of Shearing's pretentious arrangements. 'Blues In The Night' got railroaded into some daff operatic blow-out and 'Pick Yourself Up' was just cabaret fooling. Only a careful tread through 'It Might As Well Be Spring' made Torme work at a ballad. Irksome, because he's aged amazingly well. At 58 he still has bebop chops of fantastic skill—his

scat episodes were professionally brilliant, but brilliant all the same—and there's a certain class of winsome daydream that might have been written for him: 'A Sleepin' Bee', 'When The Sun Comes Out', 'Days Of Wine And Roses'. No, he didn't do those. Shubert Alley swung as fitzily as the tuxedos implied.

Richard Cook

THE MYSTERY GIRLS THE JUMPING BELAFONTES

London 100 Club

THE JUMPING Belafontes—now there's a band who have class. Imagine Animal Nightlife (but in tune) with alto and tenor sax, three guitars, and drums, and you've got the JB's. They're a last rhythmic band, playing funky jazz—not jazz funk—with a Swing beat. Dressed in baggy trousers, shirts and braces, they have the smart but sweaty look of real old-time pros.

Dress sense, however, is hardly an attribute of The Mystery Girls. Glam rock is always so tacky—runny make-up and the odd sequin missing. The three boys, looking rather 'hey, glide on and pick up the sax, guitar and tambourine. 'Good evening and welcome to an intimate evening at the 100 Club', purs vocalist Robert in a voice dripping with decadence as he sastrays around hitching up the imaginary bra-strap under his gold tux jumpsuit. The very 'secretary' audience loved them. Me? I'd rather stick my head in a bucket of old foundation.

Lindsay Shapero

FLASHES

THE MOB

London Burn It Down Ballroom

TONIGHT... COLOUR, beauty and a defiant faith gather together in a new haunt about three times the size of my living room; this cramped claustrophobia is perfect for The Mob's rare intimacy. Suggestion, triumph and the thrill of the chase frantically race through their taut song structures and the impact is shattering. This is music that overawes in its breathtaking dash, but it is a sense of danger that drags you up in its whirlpool, above indecision and disillusionment. Bodies convulse, flurry and scatter to the jerk and furious charge of raw abandon.

The power in this straining glory is one that invites, seduces and forces us to look at new possibilities. Unlike, say, Death Cult's almost oppressive, overblown self-indulgence, The Mob strip sound down to a basic and effective simplicity; it is just enough and it is forever at breaking point, Mark Mob's guitar cutting with a sharp edge through the crashclashclatter of the entire deranged flux.

This is music with a shattered surface, because it is music about life, love and a lingering thrill. The Mob, when all is said and left undone, make real life noise for a brave new world.

John Wilde

IN EASTERHOUSE Camden Dingwalls

AS THEIR singer stood with hands clasped round a microphone, a cigarette burning in his hand and eyes closed in a dark trance, an uneasy silence watched over In Easterhouse. It was a good sign: people weren't sure about them.

In Easterhouse were quietly impressive. Hard, harsh, strong and honest, stepping out from a dark corner, they're set to fit in between Manchester's other most probable bands, James and Stockholm Monsters. Ringing, stinging guitar blows, a prodding bass, a bitter drum rhythm and Andy Perry's clear, desperate words: In Easterhouse, for once, draw mention of early Joy Division to their credit. They were a threat.

For the closing thoughtful 'November', that cigarette in Perry's hand was close to burning him. One day, In Easterhouse may yet let their fingers get burnt.

Jim Shelley

PAN Stockwell Old Queen's Head

IN THE pre-fab world of neon signs and the ready to consume records of the lipstick popstar, genuine talent is a rare and much thwarted thing. Tonight, in amongst the upturned beer crates and sticky lino of South London's publand, experimental band Pan became martyrs to the cause.

Producing an adventurous set—ranging visually from the human void of a half-empty stage to the theatrical gymnastics of mime—Pan's art is the art of the spontaneous. There are no comfortably defined songs (only pauses between musical interludes) and no pre-planned stage set. Surprisingly, the idea works well. 'We're just conducting a musical experiment,' indicates the singer.

However, Pan would do well to be cautious of their high-minded aims. By nature their music teeters on an edge of over-indulgence; to master their art they must first come to terms with its limits. Tonight they performed capably and consistently but to transfer their ideas to record could be difficult.

Neil Taylor

PAGAN RITUAL Darlington The Bunker

PAGAN RITUAL are definitely the most menacing proposition to appear on the surface of a disgustingly feeble music scene in recent years.

Alan Le Patourel stalks the stage like a demented mutant with magnetic charm while the rest of Pagan Ritual hammer out unique tribal rhythms splattered with frenzied electric shock waves in the form of Coleby's jagged forceful guitar work.

Don't be fooled by the likes of the Deaf Cult, take an earful of Pagan Ritual and seek refuge in the necropolis.

John O'Connell

PANTHER BURNS Hollywood, U.S. of A

IN A town where GBH can play to six thousand people, both of these UK cult phenomena played small club dates. Panther Burns leapt direct from plane to stage to take Tav Falco's declared war against professionalism to the heart of the enemy at local music biz showcase The Lingerie. He had promised a group that was "The last steam engine on the track that don't do nothing but run and blow", and from the moment he opens his mouth you can hear that lonesome whistle, as Panther Burns pile off into their hardcore skiffle groove. But this train, fired by the threatening edge of Alex Chilton's guitar, travels bizarre tracks—through 'Tango Masquerade' to 'Washington Blues' to a deadpan version of John Barry's 'Goldfinger', offhand and often off-key but, as Tav regularly points out, never off-colour.

Joly

"There's a safeness about keyboards. The guitar is much more dangerous..."
—Jakko

WORKERS PLAYTIME



I tend to use the Roland Bolt amps at the moment because I know the sound I'm going to get from them, they seem to be about the best three-stage amps of the size. In my heart of hearts I think the Marshalls are the best amps, but they're not exactly convenient.

There's this eternal problem for some guitarists: trying to get an overdriven sound at a low volume. I tried loads of pre-amps, Mesa Boogies, Burmans — I wasn't happy with any of them, they didn't really work. The only thing I actually liked was my 50 watt Marshall turned right up.

I did once try fixing up a little box that plugged in between the amp and the speaker cabinet. The idea

was to cut down the signal going to the speakers: the box had various switches on it that cut the sound down by a certain number of dBs. But it didn't really drive the speakers sufficiently, so we ended up with a device that fitted into the actual speaker cabinet and cut the sound, but also cut out one or some of the four speakers — that was great. But it's a pain to cart so much stuff around.

For a noisy lead sound I don't tend to use effects — I just turn it up. Chordally I use a compressor and a chorus unit. One of the advantages of the Bolt amp is that you can put the effect "within" the amplifier. I don't like putting effects between the guitar and the

amplifier. With the Bolt the effects go in a loop, in any order — you get your sound first and then "effect" it.

I've tried a few guitar synths and I think the problem at the moment is that there isn't something that gives you the variety of sounds you can get out of, say, a Prophet. The Roland guitar synth only has a few sounds, really, and there isn't a programmable option.

When they get round to mixing digital synthesis with guitar it'll get really exciting. What you'll be doing is mixing what are potentially authentic acoustic-type sounds with a *real* acoustic sound. We'll be on to something different then. We'll be laughing."

How to make Paul McCartney, David Bowie, Rod Stewart, Diana Ross or any other artist disappear without trace...

AS WE ARE RELIABLY INFORMED THAT THIS IS INDEED NATIONAL GUITAR MONTH, FAMED AXEPERSON JAKKO, WHOSE STIFF SINGLE 'DANGEROUS DREAMS' IS RELEASED NEXT WEEK DISCUSSES WITH TONY BACON THE ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE HISTORY OF SIX STRINGS ON A LUMP OF WOOD.

THINK each instrument develops clichés within its lifetime — from 1950s rock'n'roll to punk, there's been clichés. And when kids learned to play guitar in the '60s and '70s there was much more of a theoretical approach to it all, getting lessons or a book and studiously following chord shapes, scales and so on.

After punk, there came a lot of groups who started to do things that were interesting harmonically. Not because they'd learnt a few basic chords and thought gosh! let's learn a few more! But from the start they'd think oh, these two notes sound interesting together. And I think that sort of mentality has been the turning point for guitar.

It's taking it beyond the notes — there's things the guitar can do that keyboards just can't touch. Even though they've got, say, a pitchbend wheel on a synth there's still something very two-dimensional about its sound.

The people that are inspiring up-and-coming guitarists now are the likes of Eddie Van Halen on the heavy metal side, and people like Adrian Belew — taking it beyond recognised guitar playing.

And it's good to have something so simple to relate to in the midst of all this technology involved in some instruments — six strings and a lump of wood. I play a lot of keyboards too — I've got a Prophet and so on — but there's still a safeness about keyboards. I find the guitar much more dangerous. It can so easily go out of tune...

The role of the guitar in modern music... oh dear... is down to individuals and what they're doing with it. It's because of the technology that the dogmatic part in music which the guitar used to play isn't really necessary. Therefore it has to find other things it can do.

For someone new coming to learn the guitar, it's a really illogical instrument. With a keyboard, say, all the notes are at least next to each other. A semitone is always at hand. It's much more logical than guitar — piano's a very good grounding. The piano's a good one to go for at first, in fact — the guitar's a bit baffling at first. Most stringed instruments require an amount of technique before you can go any further.

I've got a Gordon Smith Gemini, the top of their range, it looks like a Les Paul with double cutaways. I've just had a Kahler tremolo system added on to it. I'm thinking about getting a Gordon Smith semi-acoustic, too, the Galaxy. All their guitars somehow feel like vintage guitars, like they've been played forever.

I've also got a Strat that I bought in New York. It looks a bit like a Van Halen Strat, but it's actually custom-made in a shop there called Guitar Man. It's got a weird Hamer-like headstock, looks like a foot. The tremolo arm on it's fantastic: The Flicker. It's loosely based on the Strat tremolo principle, but it detunes the strings to a greater degree than any other tremolo arm. And it stays in tune remarkably well without the aid of any clamping. It's a very simple guitar, one humbucker, one volume, and that's it.

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eURhythmicS

FROM PAGE 45

something which was basically worthless. Disposable, you know? A 'personality'; a something which had no credibility."

Annie also had a breakdown. "It just shocked my system. It was a struggle to say, 'Wait! I do think I have credibility: I do think my ideas are far-reaching. So I'll just have to use them to make music that people can identify with but which does reflect my ideas about life.'"

Annie rests her head on pale hands. "It's like - there is only one Roxy Music, there is only one David Bowie, one Smokey Robinson. When people reach the peak of their musical achievement they've defined their own territory, they typify themselves. Really great groups find out what really represents them and then bring it to a peak. And what I'm talking about is a something that you can only find out for yourself, if you see what I mean."

"I get these stupid questions now like, 'What does success mean to you?' And I just say one thing - there's one key word: it's success on *my* terms, I'm happy with something now. Because I may be in this for different reasons than other people."

"I've never been all that enamoured about seeing my name in lights or whatever, I honestly have never really seen myself as a pop star. That's something I'm coming to terms with now because, in actuality, I am one now. But there's an awful lot of people start from that premise; that's their ambition."

EARLIER DAVE and I listened to snatches of the album in progress. And, even on rough mixes of tracks like 'Regrets', 'Paint A Rumour', 'Broken Hearts' or 'Blue', I've been delighted by the 3-D danceability and ecstatic insistency of what I'm hearing.

On 'Regrets', Annie's positively breathtaking voice floods the room, providing main vocals plus tri-gospel be-bop backing. Dave steals a look at my beaming face.

"Sort of an electronic Staples Singers, eh?" In one break, there's the sound of water pouring into a tumbler amped up a zillion times into the body of the beat. I have to laugh.

It's not so far from the Camden warehouse after all.

Downstairs again, Anton Corbijn is crouched in a corner firing off pictures of Annie as she lies

sprawled along the length of a black leather couch. She's pulled down a zip-up red sweatshirt to bare her shoulders and she's wearing a bright, bouffant orange wig. Dave tells me that Phylliss of Yorktown Wigs, New York (The B-52's wig woman) has sent it over specially; in America, Eurythmics' interests are looked after by B's manager Gary Kurfirst.

Below the gleamin' coiff, Ann's wearing baggy Capri-length jeans and red low-heeled pumps - she looks like a red-headed Natalie Wood.

Dave and I retreat to the kitchen with Dick Cuthell, who's arrived to add trumpet and percussion on various tracks. Cuthell's still jet-lagged from a recent jaunt overseas with Madness; Dave makes everyone tea on an ancient cooker which came along with the church. He's telling Dick how ironic it is to be taken as a state-of-the-art synth operation.

"The other day I bought the *International Musician Yearbook* of all the synthesisers and products on the market. I had this train journey, so I thought, Ah, I'll read about all these new things. And I opened it up and - the foreword was by ME! I'd written the foreword! And completely forgotten it ..."

"But it was really funny 'cause it was all SO high tech and from my little introduction you could tell that I knew nothing, really, about how things work ... I mean, I know the exact process you go through with a computer to get a result, but if somebody put me on the spot to explain all those technical terms, I'd be hopeless. And it looked like they'd picked me because I knew all about the stuff - like a synthesiser whizzkid or something. Ha!"

With similar reason, Dave and Annie declined to participate in the 1983 'New Music Convention'.

Dave groans, "Oh, immediately you call anything 'New Music' with that slant you make yourself look ridiculous. I mean, Captain Beefheart and Sun Ra have been making real *new music* for decades!"

"Besides, we knew we'd get lumped on some panel with like Ultravox and all those people. And really we're nothing like that - we come from all sorts of areas. It's just that we made one album which happened to be right on that pulse. OK, we used drum computers and synthesisers, but we were also usin' Mickey Mouse toy pianos, slide guitar, and real blues and soul elements."

"It's funny, you know, because throughout music composers have put work together from what was available ... what was *invented*, in fact. I remember Conny once tellin' me that much more weird than any sort of composition was when they first introduced brass; that people literally ran screaming out of theatres because it was like

distortion to them. They considered it horrific and shocking, as if it were some sort of punk movement. "Well," says Dave, sipping his tea, "when you first hear a section, it is a very sort of RUDE sound, you know."

ANNIE APPEARS tucking her wig in a pocket and claiming her tea; we retreat back into the office. This time we chat - as Dave and I did earlier - about The Tourists. In particular, I mention a certain very English spirit which has still continued to filter into the different dynamic of Eurythmics' much more successful work.

"I don't own one Tourists record," says Annie. "You know, I never did; we just wrote those songs and played them. But the other night we were in this restaurant and an old Tourists song came on. And when I heard this particular one, it struck me as quite advanced."

"I mean, it wasn't the realisation of my musical ideas - but it wasn't rubbish, it wasn't stupid, it was something I ought to have been able to be proud of. Yet I hadn't - it was something I'd been hurt by and confused about. And now, I just feel it was a damn disgrace ... that someone who wrote as much as Peet (Coombes, the original co-founder and writer in The Tourists) just got *nothing* in the end. Not that he'd give a toss, it's just that ... I find it very odd. The music press believed so *completely* in their original damnation of us."

"But then," she settles back, "that was also the context of the time - there was so much inverse snobbery going on. And people really are like sheep. They followed that punk thing SO religiously and now all the old punks surface in the guise of Latin lovers. They all want to seduce beautiful women on videotape! It'll always be that way with pop music - because it exploits people's insecurities. Whether it's the insecure kid on the street or the insecure critic or the insecure singer who needs an identity."

"Once you have a hit, you know," says Annie, "everything you do is taken to have a motive - people can't conceive you don't do *EVERYTHING* to have another hit. And a sense of humour doesn't count as a motive! We found that out with 'Who's That Girl?'"

But it doesn't seem to be getting you down - the fact that you've gone from the popsy Annie Lennox cliché to the is-she-a-man cliché. The new vocals I heard simply *transcend* gender; but you also seem personally much more relaxed, about everything.

"Well, I'm feeling very positive at the moment," says Ann. "Yet ... people have seen a lot of high profile in me, but they really don't know what kind of person I am. For years, I've been a bad manic-depressive, but people don't see that in me so much because I can only do what I do when I'm feeling pretty up. If I'm down, I'm under the

bedclothes, I can't see anybody - I just don't emerge. "And I lived like that for years, sort of verging on suicide. I certainly don't mean I'd ever do away with myself, but it's as if I did toy with the idea for a long time. And now, I feel I'm coming out of it. "But I say that - I'm talking to you about it at all - because one knows how vulnerable one is, how vulnerable *everyone* is. And I'm sure there are millions of people like me, who've been down so much that - well, that anyone who reads this and who is struggling with it and can't understand it, will know what I'm talking about."

"No matter how much you want to get out of that sort of thing, or how much help you get," says Annie, "it's a very hard thing to crack. And, in the end, it has to come entirely from within yourself."

She uncurls to lean forward. "But, although these bad experiences can be horrific, with a bit of luck and a LOT of grit, you can also turn them into something creative. I do believe in self-improvement and I don't think one is always a victim, not at all."

"All I'm saying about music is this: here's pop today, millions of different people doing their thing whether they're motivated by money, glory, art, politics, or pulling new girlfriends. And in the maelstrom of all that, occasionally somebody makes something which really touches you, it moves you."

"It really lifts you up - it seems so personal. Or, it just makes you want to dance. And actually, no matter how sick the industry or how ugly the hard sell, that whole sprawling marketplace is still something which represents a freedom of spirit." Annie shakes her head. "I really don't think there's anything that quite compares with it; it fascinates me."

ANNIE'S WIG is back in the front office, curled like a placid, exotic cat on top of the 'Out' tray. Annie and producer Dave and Dick are back upstairs, adding the brass to 'Regrets' ... waiting for bassist Dean Garcia and Michael Kayman. Kayman worked with Sam and Dave and he's going to arrange strings for this LP because he liked Annie and Dave's 'Wrap It Up'.

Downstairs, there's a bluster of chainsawing, as workmen fit the sprung floor Dave bought from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; a friend named Sandra is going to give dance classes on it and it will see some gospel singing too.

On my way out, I find the sample Eurythmics Fan Club card Dave showed me on the floor and I inspect it once again. Annie designed it: a neat grey card with 'D&A' engraved on the cover. Inside are goofy, schoolkid pictures of Dave and Annie. In the middle is an empty square - that will belong to whoever wants to join in.

Sweet, I think, are the dreams which are made of this.

4AD

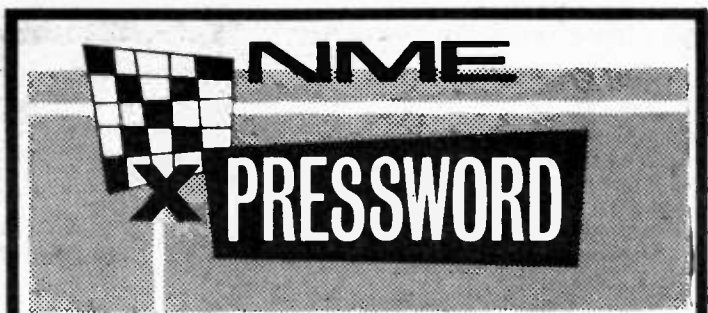
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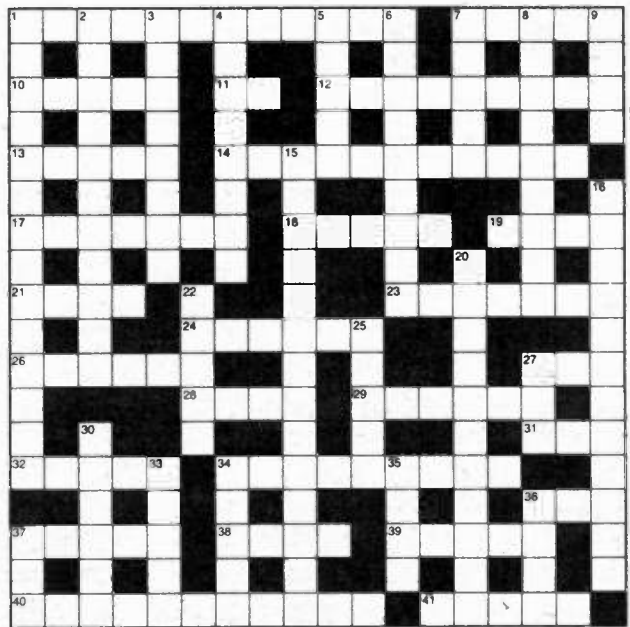
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CLUES ACROSS

- Magazine looking for a true story to print (5,3,4)
- Ms Cadogan? (5)
- See 34D
- 36D. Passionless Joan Armatrading last year (2,4)
- See 32A
- Place which no longer exists in a loud manner for UB40? (5)
- Only hit of US group The Critters in 1966, similar in title to one of Union Gap's hits (7,4)
- Broken toaster mended by Georgie Fame and Alan Price? (7)
- Men At Work delivering the goods (5)
- Kit, female half of the Marshall/duo (4)
- 5D Same title, but different songs for the Beach Boys and Steely Dan (2,2,5)
- Grew older in an attempt at a record set by the Bee Gees (7)
- Perhaps teaser time of year for a Patti Smith album (6)
- US group whose line up included Glenn Frey and Randy Meisner (6)
- Elvis Costello person found out of time (3)
- 28+29A Slade's first number one (3,1,3,3)
- One half of one quarter of the Ramones (3)
- 32+12A 1975 Bowie single from album of same name (5,9)
- American duo who used to be (but didn't) used to be (3,3,3)
- Mr Pattinson of Echo And The Bunnymen (3)
- Girl, town or crisis (5)
- Random choice of a Christian name? (4)
- Phil Silvers' well-known TV role (5)
- "If you wanna squeal said the FBI, we can make a deal, make it worth your while" 1982 lyric (5,6)
- Burnt offerings as dispensed twice from Bowie (5)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

- Algy gets involved with red, red wine and the result is Wham! — partly (6,8)
- Journey from one side of the Big Country to the other (3,8)
- Americans who had 1975 countdown 7,6,5,4,3,2,1 (Blow Your Whistle) (8)
- Useful sort of bloke for Jimmy Jones and Del Shannon (5,3)
- See 21A
- "Take a load off, Annie. Take a load for free. Take a load off, Annie. And you put the load right on me" 1968 lyric (3,6)
- Policeman somewhat equivalent to a wasp's bum (5)
- Siouxie song somewhere between the basement and the attic (9)
- Hollies vocalist who split in 1968 to join well known trio, later quartet (4)
- On the face of it, I'm not sure (9,5)
- He made a Brilliant move to Cure (4,8)
- Backed by the Psychedelic Rowdies he gave us 'Police Car' on Stiff's live album (5,6)
- Member found inside a mate's coat (5)
- Zoot Horn — member of Captain Beefheart And His Magic Band (5)
- They had 15 hits in under four years, the last being 'Lean On Me' in 1976 (3)
- Outbid, maybe, someone for a Clarence Frogman Henry oldie (3,1,2)
- Jesus' three Shredded Wheat-size bowl, searched for by Monty Python (5)
- 34+10A Wham! get around two directions with a rough ride, looking for a Teardrop Explodes single (4,1,5)
- See 11A
- Paul Young's record label (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS: 1. XTC, 3. Weather Low, 9. Adu, 10. Reed, 12. Wobble, 14. Spear, 16. RAK, 17. Heat, 19. Bull, 20. Eye, 21. Soldier, 23. Bruises, 26. Lip, 28. White, 29. Cats, 30. Area, 32. Karma, 33. Lies Down, 36. B1, 37. Ghandi, 39. Mal, 40. Die, 41. Safety Dance.
- DOWN: 1. X-Mal Deutschland, 2. +7D Crushed By The Wheels, 4. Ever, 5. Howard, 6. Labour, 7. See 2 Down, 8. Freak Out, 11. Eat, 13. OK, 15. P.E. (Phil), 18. Love, 19. Be, 22. In Pink, 24. Straw, 25. Swan, 26. Leer, 27. Paradise, 31. Idols, 34. Nice, 35. Ugly, 38. Dan, 39. Me.

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GREAT! I bought 'Stomping At The Savoy' and lost my virginity as well! Now, what will the 'Ace Case' do for my herpes?
Linda, Billingham, Cleveland.
Console you through all those lonely nights ahead, I suppose!
— PDN.

The great Paolo Hewitt's article on Colin MacInnes was a cracker. I agree with Paolo: it's time writers were acknowledged as rock culture's heroes. Jack Kerouac was of the jazz generation, why is there no Kerouac of the rock generation? It's not everybody can get the hang of those damn fool guitar things, so rock stardom is a role barred to most youngsters. So come on, you out of work rock fans—get scribbling. You've got a story to tell.
Alan Griffey, Torquay, Devon.
But what a sad and sobby story it is, judging by what follows...
— PDN.

I am writing this letter after witnessing the Sept 22 *TOTP* which for various reasons, like forming my own band, going to gigs etc, was the first I had seen for many a moon.
After watching this I was considering suicide. What has happened to real music?
First up was some dildio with a bald sidekick playing the standard synth crap. He was followed by Hot Chocolate playing a ditty more suited to a 1974 Sunday morning on Radio Two. Others included in this farce of a show were a pathetic unheard-of band called The Alarm, who by the looks of things were hired to do impersonations of The Clash. Marc Almond added to the show with a half-hearted impression of a gay Stiv Bator.
Then there was Nick Heyward (need I say more?), such a wimp I have never laid eyes on. He is enough to induce vomiting in anyone. Others were present but they were so pathetically boring, old and repetitive (Status Quo) that I cannot remember; or so sickly, tuneless, manufactured (Culture Club) and hyped that I don't want to remember.

This show has confirmed my fears that the music that gets airplay today has reached rock bottom.

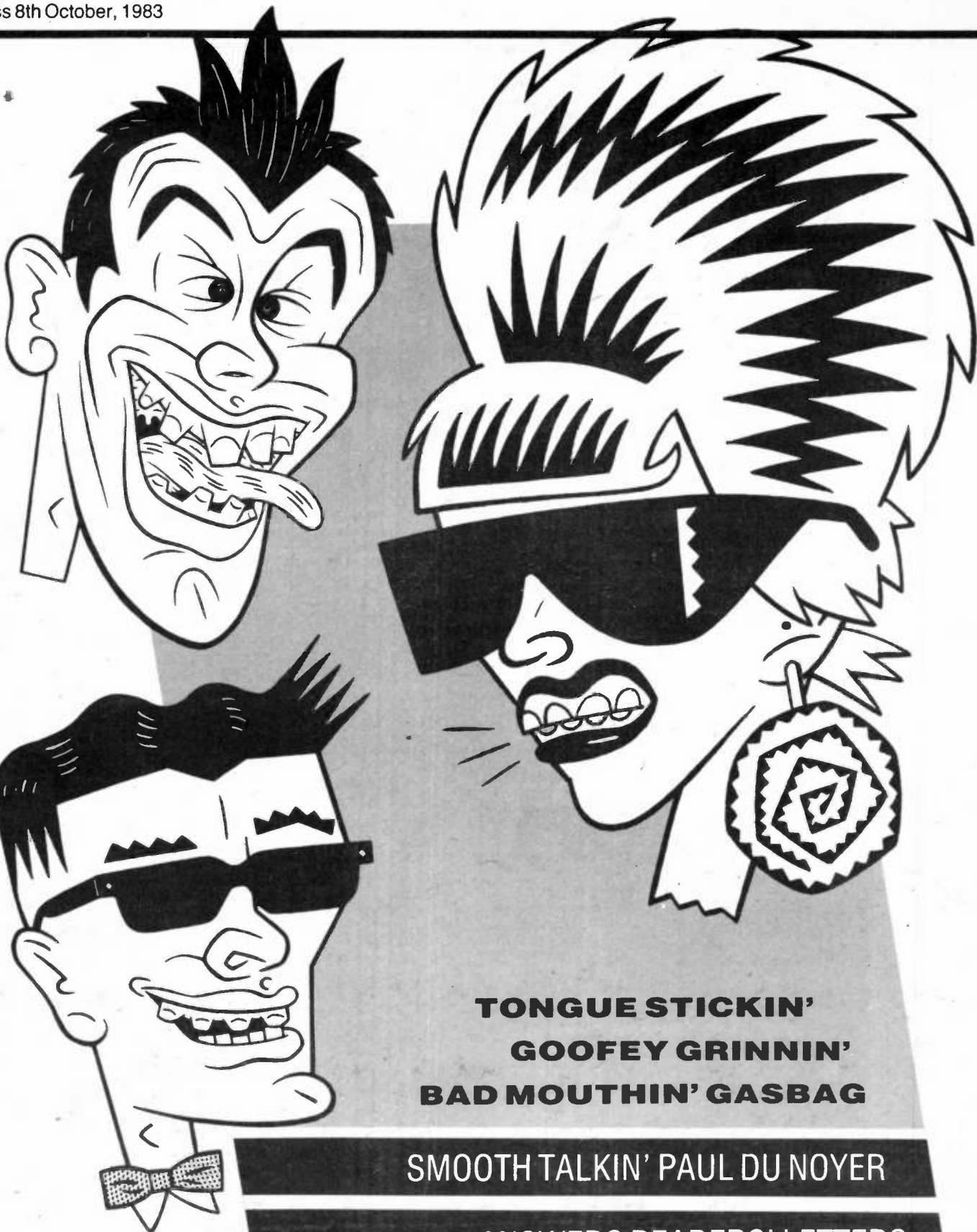
My own tastes are varied but every band I have ever seen live or bought a record of is far superior to anything seen on *TOTP*. To name but a few: SGC, Crass, King Kurt, Flux, Death Cult, Killing Joke, The Clash and many others who are far more enjoyable and accessible than the manufactured pop shit we are fed by Radio One.
The Deformed Blue Thing, from *The North*.

Pop programmes on TV—what a miserable use of the medium. *TOTP* is the charts, no more and no less, and its style can only be changed by the record buyers acquiring better taste. With *The Tube* I honestly thought that things were beginning to improve. They allowed bands to play a decent length set, as well as telling the viewer about other aspects of pop culture.

Auntie Beeb tried to copy this with *ORS*, yet by giving it just a half-hour slot with that wimp Peter Powell, showed all they cared about was audience figures. Then there was *Switch*, a further decline in standards. Now there is *Eight Days A Week*—the worst of the lot, introduced by Robin Denselow who looks like a reject from *Nationwide*.

If this is all pop can make of TV, then it ought to leave it well alone. It's more enjoyable to read *NME*—so that proves how bad it must be!
Timothy J Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

I never was a headbanger, but did you see Quo knock spots off all the young pseuds on *TOTP* last week? My Gawd, they made it look so easy, such fun. Laugh? I nearly went out and bought a Quo



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GOOFY GRINNIN'
BAD MOUTHIN' GASBAG**

SMOOTH TALKIN' PAUL DU NOYER

ANSWERS READERS' LETTERS

album for the first time.

All the new boys and girls need a blood transfusion if a band of old riffs like Quo can make 'em look so anaemic. Oh well, life is such.
Alison Hustwit, the end of the universe, somewhere in East Kent.

I write to ask you just one deep, meaningful question. If the charts are supposed to represent the record buying public's taste, just who are these people? I'd like to meet them (well actually I wouldn't, but I suppose it could prove quite amusing).

What I mean to say is, are we being conned or what? Is there really just a bloke sitting in a small office throwing a dice to select the next week's charts and using the same groups over and over again? Or is it just that I must be a real dropout because I don't get my kicks from stuff like PeaBrain Bryson and Roberta Slack?

Can anyone actually go out and buy slush like Modern Romance and Ryan Paris? As for The Truth, are they serious or what? I sat down this Sunday to listen to the Top 40 for the first time in ages. I am not joking when I say that 95% of the discs played were positively offensive. It actually hurt to listen to them, with New Order (twice) and Public Image Ltd providing the brief relief. As a typical example of the madness, surely that David Essex effort is a misplaced advert for Shakers cocktails?

As a member of the record buying public, am I not entitled to feel disgruntled when the charts—which are supposed to represent my tastes as well—do not come anywhere near to including a Sisters Of Mercy slice of brilliance, let alone anything from

Death Cult or The Chameleons? I therefore state: I feel cheated.
The solution to beat the big con? There isn't one. But always remember—rise and reverberate.
Moody Maurice of Marlborough.
That's the plan? We sit round our TV sets—reverberating? You think it'll work?—PDN.

Political anecdote: If the SDP are "the real alternative party", should we call them TRAP?
Initially nonchalant Harry Halitosis.

Who is Darren Shakespeare? Who is Ian McMillan? Are they one and the same? Who writes *T-zers*? I think these people should be recognised with cash for they are obviously prophets of our time.
Nannette Herbert, Surbiton, Surrey.
It's quite simple. McMillman is a hoax devised by Darren Shakespeare, whose work is ghost-written by Seething Wells, who in turn invented the wholly fictitious X. Moore (alias Chris Dean) or else by his alter-ego John Opportunist, frequently confused with Susan Williams who does exist but only occasionally, and prefers to go under the nom-de-plume of Ian McMillan. It's probably all for tax purposes. — PDN.

After seeing Tony Parsons on *Loose Talk* and reading his review of the Jam biog I thought, now, there's my man! So please could you wrap him up and send him to

me as soon as possible. I'll be quite happy to pay the post and packaging.
Lovesick, Manchester.
TP being the only one among us able to fight his way out of a brown paper parcel—with sellotape, even—would you perhaps settle for Mat Snow's white boots? We'd pay the p&p gladly. — PDN.

Julie Burchill, I'm getting rather annoyed by your persistent snipes at young people who live with their parents (see JoBoxers and Wham! LP reviews). Don't you realize that the confinement of youth to parental servitude is the latest ding-bat policy of Mrs. Thatcher, a person with whom you have a lot in common: a liking for capital punishment, blatant anti-Catholicism, and raging intolerance to name but a few.

By threatening to withhold benefits to young people who leave home for no other reasons than that they want to, the Government is enacting the edicts of Ferdinand Mount, in making the family the centre of society. They want servile youth, and they know that many will be inhibited by the threats, let alone the promises.

The alternatives for young people at present are to be ripped off by capitalist landlords in dingy bedsits. A nation of youths sitting around wallowing in their own misery, alone and despairing, is not a bold, or uplifting prospect.

You hint at the empty buildings waiting to be lived in, but a dwelling that is damp, decaying

and disease-ridden is no prospect either. Besides, is this (or any) government likely to make available to youngsters the means to rescue our dwindling housing stock? They're only interested in the Right To Buy, the Right To Own, and sod anyone who can only afford to rent. Witness the complete mess that the new Housing Benefits system is in. The incentive to go out and stake a place of one's own is being denied all the time.

So the kids will stay at home, for the most part reluctantly, and with a degree of frustration and hardship on parent and child alike. Only the provision of labour and the means of independence will create a society worth being responsible for.

Hedonism in the face of adversity may not be commendable, but it's the best thing going for most people.
The Northern Soul Rebels, Glossop, Derbyshire.
Julie's jibe wasn't directed at home dwellers *per se* so much as the petulant foot-stompers who throw tantrums every time Mummy and Daddy niddle them. The Wham! brats would rant about Parental Oppression if they didn't get breakfast in bed every day.

Why is it that the only cheerful letters in *Gasbag* come from people who, by the words of their messages, sound as though they ought to be under psychiatric supervision? Where have all the normal optimistic people gone? I realise that life in Maggie The

Hatchet's wasteland isn't much fun (and for some it's bloody hell) but how will we make it better if we don't have hope and optimism?
Ade, Cheltenham.

He lives in Cheltenham—and he's cheerful! Truly an inspiration to us all. — PDN.

I was wondering if you would like to print my alternative lyrics to 'Wham Rap', called 'Wah Rap'. I'm a big spoilt brat, and I'm gonna have fun.
My mental age is approximately one.

I say Wah! Wah!
If my (illegible—Ed) is cold, I get real mean.
I make faces at my mum, and I act obscene.

I say Wah! Wah!
Don't hand me that jive about responsibility.

There's only one thing that matters in life, and that's me. I don't like babies, but I like to fck. And if you have one, that's your bad luck.

They go Wah! Wah!
I don't like babies, cos I'm still one. They make me think, and spoil my fun.

I say Wah! Wah!
The Lone Rapper, New Zealand.

Wise up, Quantick. Folk has precious little to do with "bearded chaps in chunky white sweaters" either.

Geraldine Grey, Leytonstone, London E11.

Thinks: Well, this has been great fun, but why don't I slip off early and flick on the ol' Gasbag answering machine? Here goes... "Thank you for writing to Gasbag, We are certainly grateful for your interesting and valuable contribution. Have a nice day. Click, burr..."

After reading Amrik Rai's article on Adi Newton and Clock DVA, I find I've got some sympathy for the sort of people who've been crowding *Gasbag* with impassioned defences of David Coverdale's appendages.

I mean, what is Adi Newton if he's not, like David Coverdale, a humourless and pretentious poser who is selling a glamourised image of sex, drugs and violence to a passive army of morons? Would an HM star get away with *boasting* about the antisocial habits of his band—"we were just so screwed up"—I think not!

Adi Newton is a tired old hippy who thinks that encouraging death and misery is intellectual and exciting. Amrik Rai is an irresponsible bumlicker.
Jez, Maidstone

"Thank you for writing to Gasbag. We are certainly grateful for your interesting and valuable contribution. Have a nice day. Click, burr..."

There seems little to distinguish the Writers Arms from thousands of other inns that dot the streets of the capital. It has been another hot day and the pub is pleasantly full.

And in the darkest corner sits an intense young man hunched over a Picador paperback and a lager. On the table a small tape recorder and notebook and pen indicate his profession. Sitting up smartly he puts down his book, picks up the pen and begins to scribble furiously in his notebook.

After several numbers he lays down his pen, leans back in his seat and begins to smile contentedly. For days he has been trying to set the interview in a suitably pretentious context. Intrepid reporter Watson Bohn-Martin finishes his drink and heads towards the *NME* offices to file his copy and await a new assignment.

David Sales, Silsden, W Yorks.
"Sometimes, even the answering machines are stuck for a reply. Click, burr to you all..."

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T-ZERS

AS WE SIT here, debilitated by autumnal bouts of 'flu and b-b-bronchitis, the age old question of what goes into a MacDonald's Cheesburger rears its ugly head. It looks about, spits and snarls, and then lowers its monstrous visage back into its nest, which is situated near the foot of Mandy Gill's desk. Sometimes we throw little bits of paper at it. Sometimes we don't. Another question that rears its ugly head is the question of Censorship.

To most of us at the T-Zers desk this issue is of cardinal importance, and for a few almost as important as the ingredients of a Hippysalad Sunny Salad. Hours are spent discussing this topic. Sometimes days. So, in an attempt to bring this subject out of the cloisters of academia and into the gutters of our great nation, T-Zers is to devote this week's column to CENSORSHIP.

Why are 'naughty' words cut out? What does 'protuberance' mean? Can we say... (No! I'm sorry but you can't. For weeks we've been pulling the rest of the paper into line and now the question has reared its ugly head once more in your blasted 'gossip column. Don't think that just because you're at the back of the paper you don't get noticed? Words like 'naff' are okay, and so is 'crummy'—but most four-letter words are right out. Alright? Just remember that the Government has lots of people that are ready to denounce the 'popular' press for being 'naughty' and swearing. — Lord Spence, Censorship House).

Well! Gosh! It's alright for the rest of the papers to say really terrible words and to lie and to fabricate but not us. No! We don't care if so-called papers like No. 61 say 'sh't' all the time, or if Mmmmonotony Macker say a word that sounds like 'flur'. We really don't care. Our lips and hearts are clean...

The first story that springs to mind, which is of course totally honest and no doubt boring, is the one about the nun, the rock star and the jar of Dil pickles. It was only last week that (STOP!—Ed) an unknown nun from the secret sect of St. Adriana Of Thrills (Stop it now or else. —Ed) revealed to the world (Okay, that's your lot. You're finished in this business mate. —Ed)...

Welcome to nice, clean T-Zers, the gossip column that all the family can read...



Kissing To Be Credible? In an attempt to garner GLC funding and the love of the common pop people, butch rockers Phil Collins and Robert Plant last week unveiled their new "sexually ambivalent" image to a frankly astonished press corps. Boy Phil and Boy Bob, as the pair are to be known in future, were immediately offered enormous advances by every major record company in the country, and a few in the city too. Asked to comment on their new stance, the happy couple would reveal only that they preferred tea to sex. We're not surprised. Pic: Laurie Paladino/Pix 1988.

glossy magazine and I was just wondering — do they use trick photography? The reason I ask is that I saw you in a shop the other day and you looked a real dog," read the offending article. Why do they harass her so? Paula we love you — honest...

Other popular people this week include Marc Almond's dad. Well would you expect to be popular if you'd sired young Marc? Of course you wouldn't, and Marc feels the same as you. As he said in *The People*: "I wish my father was dead. I'll never forgive him for the things he has done." One of the things Marc's father did was cited by the Argentine Foreign Office as a possible cause for the Falklands War. Marc's father denies this, claiming that since Marc signed his soul over to Stevo he has had no control whatsoever over Soft Cell's Video Department. Nor has he had any control over the use of Corn Beef in said Department. Mr. Hazlenut we believe you...

Popular people this week include the hosts and clientele of Demob's North London Warehouse party, most of whom were befriended by the police this weekend past and taken for a surprise, late night view of the local cop-shop. It seems that the police were really eager to show their admiration and laid on a few dozen panda cars for the express purpose of making it a real 'showy' do. Well done our boys in blue — you're showing the type of

community spirit that we're proud of here at T-Zers...

Others showing the same sense are Lambeth Council's housing management sub-committee, who have just decided to name two streets on the up and coming Railton Road Estate, Brixton after Bob Marley and Marcus Garvey. In true blue Conservative fashion the opposition didn't want a Bob Marley Way and a Marcus Garvey Way — they wanted abolitionists William Wilberforce and Charles Grant remembered instead...

Communication Let Me Down Dept. Funny to note that in the current issue of *The Face* Di Stronzo (known locally as *The Face*) there's an article defending Roland The Rat aka his creator David Claridge against Fleet Street slurs directed against his involvement in fetish club *Skin 2*. Did the authoress (Hi Fi!) know that it was actually a *Face* contributor who tumbled the man in the first place and tipped off the *London Evening Standard* 'Ad Lib' column...

Lord have mercy on the man who supplied last week's snippet about the Julian Temple directed *Absolute Beginners* flick. 'Cos it was wrong. Ray 'Kink-y' Davies was offered the father's part as opposed to that of the young teenage hero. Carmel meantime has also been approached. Not surprising eh? Oh, sorry, has been approached for a cameo

role. Which if you've wondered is like a camel but it's got a bigger hump...

Something else which has recently been fairly lumpen (and we're not talking about 'Fatty is Natty' George) is *Loose Talk*, which was until a few weeks ago our favourite comedy series, but has disappointed us no end since it started to get serious. One of the guests on last week's show, Tony 'Mumbles' Wilson, claimed that no band on DeFactory has a contract and that they are completely free (man). And why should he assert, in his oh-so-funny putdown of our Paolo Hewitt, that the NME Weller correspondent was begging to go on the show — when it was *Loose Talk* who rang him in the first place? Were Russian Constructivists ever so misguided?

What was that Department? In a highly improbable survey carried out by London's *Capital Radio* it's been found that pop pundits don't know the words of the pop songs that they're buying.

Examples ranged from *Vulture* Blub's 'Karma Khameleon', where folks thought that George was singing 'I'm a comedian' (there seems to be some mistake here as this is what he is singing), to Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' where many people thought that Freddie Uranus was singing 'Save his life from these pork sausages' rather than 'monstrosities'. Somehow 'pork

sausages' adds a bit of meat to the lyric...

MEANWHILE

IN the remote fastness of Sutton Coldfield old roly-poly Kev Rowlands and co. are rehearsing for their new LP, tentatively entitled 'Three Rye Aye' or 'Too Rye Aye Two'. Meanwhile, it seems that Kev's old friend, and *Midnight Runner* and co-song writer, Al Archer, is considering legal action against the stubbled one. Apparently he is claiming that opuses like 'Come On Eileen' and 'Until I Believe In My Soul' were written while he was still collaborating with Rowlands though he remains uncredited and financially unrewarded...

And a big cheer for the little people, one of whom, Tony Fletcher, editor of *Jamming* 'Zine, had his band *Apocalypse* signed to EMI for the biggest deal this century (do us a favour, *Duran Duran* got more than £25.00. Didn't they?—ED) and also managed to get his mag into colour and the hallowed portals of W. H. Smith and Menzies...

Not quite so successful Dept: Peter Tosh's projected Munich concert was cancelled by the local authorities when it was decided that it was all a front for dope dealing. This apparently a second example of Bavaria's increasing deliberation of late. Loony anarchist filmmaker Herbert Actenbusch had a 200,000 DM subsidy pulled from beneath the feet of his latest project after the Ministry Of The Interior decided he was blasphemous...

And now, without much ado (and that includes skipping the snatchit about Julian Lennon signing to Charisma — "his music will speak for itself," says the press release) we go straight to the Apologies Dept. were we pick up the pieces (and the by-lines) that we dropped. Apologies then to Anton Corbleedn'ell, who took the photo on last week's front cover of Tom Waits, and to Jeremy 'four minute mile' Bannister for his pic of The Three Johns last week...

But let's end on a happy note: British HM gruntings Iron Maiden are being sued by American model Suzette Kolaga for £200,000 for "wilfully, wantonly and shamelessly" exposing her boob...er...ti...er... (careful now—Ed) chest on stage at a concert in America. At a hundred grand per bosom, that makes the most expensive pair of tits in showbiz. Apart from Wham! that is...

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