

**EXCLUSIVE POLICE VIDEO PIX-PII'S UK TOUR DATES-THE ALARM**

**NEW  
MUSICAL  
NME  
EXPRESS**

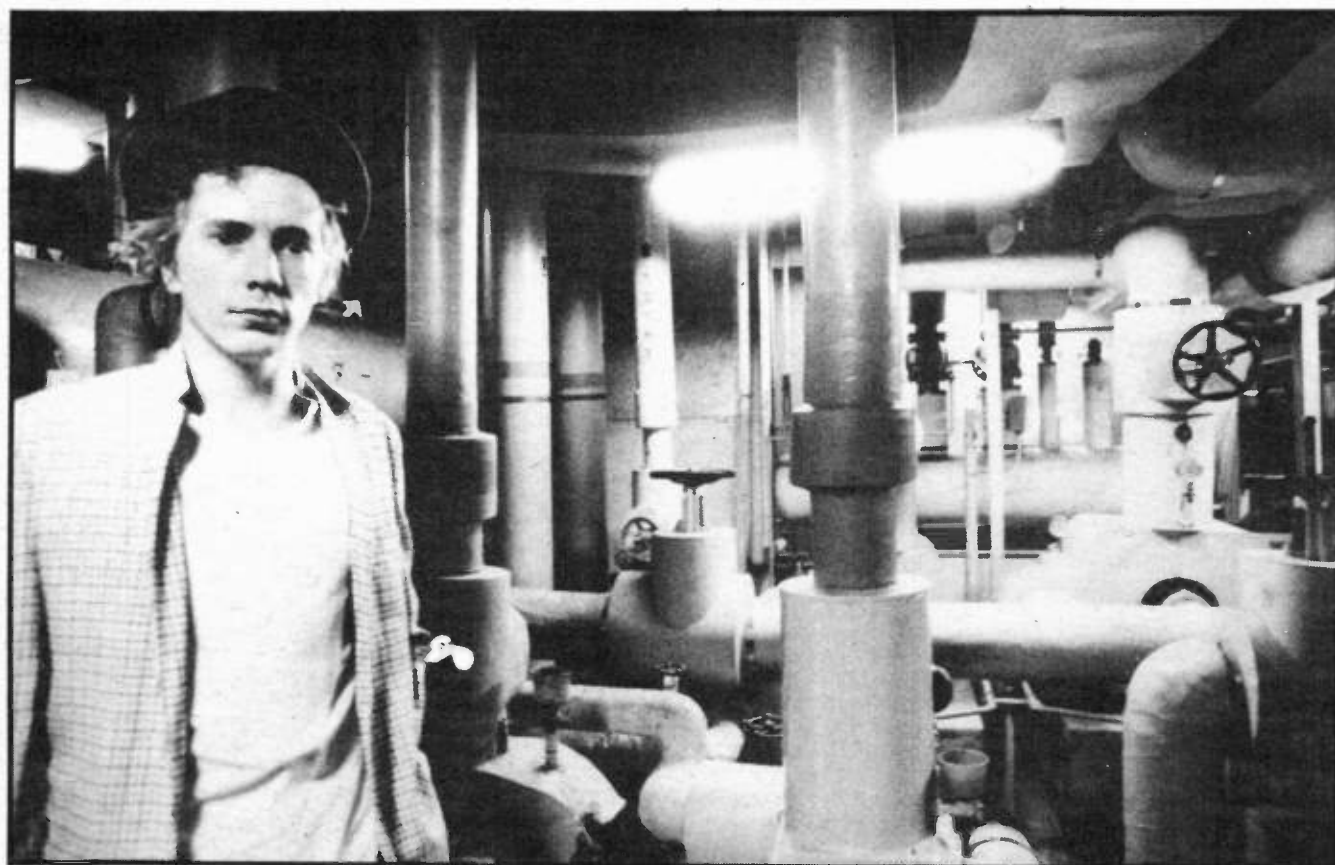
Arresting!

**DELINQUENTS!**

**THE OUTSIDERS GUIDE TO  
LIFE INSIDE**  
**BY ANDREW TYLER**



UK TO SWALLOW PiL TOUR ● GRANT DECLARES NOVEMBER FRONTLINE ● MORE UNDERTONING ●



## THIS IS NOT A ROCK TOUR

**P**UBLIC IMAGE LIMITED have now confirmed details of their first-ever major British tour, a 16-date schedule running through the greater part of next month. The outing marks their first UK appearance since they played London Rainbow on Christmas Day 1978, and the announcement coincides

fortuitously with their biggest selling single to date 'This Is Not A Love Song' and their hit album 'Live In Tokyo'. Tour dates are Brighton Top Rank (2 November), Poole Arts Centre (3), Reading University (5), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (6), Bristol The Studio (8), Loughborough University (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (11),

Birmingham Odeon (13), Nottingham Rock City (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Glasgow Locarno (16), Leeds University (18), Aylesbury Friars (19), Norwich East Anglia University (20) and London Hammersmith Palais (22). Ticket prices are £4.50 only (Hammersmith); £4 and £3.50 (Manchester, Newcastle and Norwich); £3.50 only (Reading, Loughborough, Nottingham

and Leeds); and £4 only (all other venues). John Lydon's group, featuring Martin Atkins on drums, will also be appearing on Channel 4's The Tube on 28 October. The tour also coincides with the release of a 'Live In Tokyo' video, documenting their tour of Japan, and the West End premiere on 3 November of Lydon's debut film Order Of Death.

**T**HE UNDERTONES may be dead, but they refuse to lie down, and they seem to be creating stronger overtones since their demise than when they were still functioning! Following the announcement of Feargal Sharkey's involvement with Vince Clarke in his new project The Assembly, reported last week, comes the news that two other ex-members of the now-defunct Ulster band are about to launch a new venture. Dee O'Neill and Mickey Bradley have

been busy putting together a new group, which they are almost ready to unveil, and details are promised before Christmas. In the wake of this resurgence, EMI is reissuing one of The Undertones' best known tracks 'My Perfect Cousin' next Monday (17), coupled with 'Hard Luck Again' and 'Don't Wanna See (You Again)' — and the first 5,000 copies come in a double pack with a free three-track single featuring 'Here Comes Summer', 'One Way Love' and 'Top Twenty'. And on next month's fifth anniversary of 'Teenage Kicks' entering the charts, an Undertones compilation album will be issued.



**E**DDY GRANT, who's spent much of the summer touring America and Europe, returns to the UK next month to play four major concerts in support of his new album and single. He appears at Manchester Apollo (21 November), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (23 and 24) and Birmingham Odeon (26). Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (London); and £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (elsewhere). The new Grant single, released on his own Ice label (through RCA) on 21 October in both 7" and 12" forms, 'Till I Can't Take Love No More'/'California Style' — this is the single originally scheduled for summer release, but subsequently postponed until his autumn visit. The new album 'Going For Broke' is due in mid-November. Grant will also be making a number of TV appearances next month, including an ITV Razzmatazz special and BBC-1's Late Late Breakfast Show.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS FROM THE POLICE'S VIDEO SESSION FOR 'SYNCHRONICITY 2' BY ANTON CORBIJN

## GUESS



**T**HE POLICE are to play their first British tour in two years this December, and they have confirmed ten dates including two nights at London's Wembley Arena. The group also release their new single 'Synchronicity 2', backed by 'Once Upon A Dream' on 28 October. Taken from their LP 'Synchronicity', it will be available on 7" and 12" in a special picture bag.



**INSIDE INFORMATION**

- 4 HIT PARADES
- 6 THE ALARM
- 8 THE LABOUR WAY
- 8 ABBA PORTRAIT
- 11 BOWIE CONVENTION
- 12 THE FLIPS



**13 CLIFF RICHARD**  
Who is this dapper young man? And why does he look younger than he did 25 years ago? Cook Richard gives Cliff a long, lingering look. "Another very handsome man," he murmured.

**15 SINGLES**

**16 KATE BUSH**  
Can you believe people write to this lady claiming her breasts stimulate their love making? It's true; the letter was signed "Deaf, of Bournemouth".

**17 WAYLON JENNINGS**



**20 SILVERSCREEN**

**22 YOUNG OFFENDERS**

**27 LPs**

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**41 COSTELLO LIVE!**  
"Gee, who is that man on the far left, and why am I wearing his glasses? Tell me, is it true that I already look ten years older than Cliff today? I should've kept away from the women too. Well, at least I've got credibility."

**GASBAG T-ZERS**





POLICE PATROL IN DECEMBER ● SEX GANG CHRISTMAS PANTOS ●

# WHO'S SEEN MAD MAX TOO!



Tour dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (8 December), Glasgow Apollo (11), Blackpool Opera House (12), Nottingham Royal Centre (14), Leeds Queen's Hall (15), St Austell Coliseum (17), Birmingham NEC (20), Brighton Centre (23) and Wembley Arena (27 and 28).

Readers can now make postal applications for Wembley at £9.30 and £7.30 to S&G Promotions, PO Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ, and for Birmingham at £7.80 and £6.80 to DB Tickets Promotions, PO Box 4YJ, London W1A 4YJ. All prices include a 30p booking fee; postal orders and crossed cheques should be made out to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments, with SAE and allow six weeks delivery. But watch out, the promoter reserves the right to send alternative date and price, subject to availability.

Tickets for all other venues will be available from the box offices and usual agents from 15 October, subject to a

maximum 50p booking fee. Prices are: £7.50 and £6.50 for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Blackpool, Nottingham and Brighton (which also has £5.50 tickets); £7 at Leeds, and £7.50 at St Austell.

Tickets are also available through the following outlets: LEEDS: from Bakers of Leeds and HMV shops in Leeds, Bradford, Hull, Sheffield, and Piccadilly Records, Manchester; BIRMINGHAM: from NEC Box Office, Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham, Manchester's Piccadilly Records, Mike Lloyd shops in Hanley and Newcastle under Lyme, and Lotus Records in Stafford; LONDON: from the Arena Box Office, Keith Prowse branches and HMV in Oxford Street.

● Meanwhile Police guitarist Andy Summers has a book of photographs published by Sidgwick & Jackson on 27 October. Called *Throb*, it comprises over one hundred black and white shots taken by him while travelling with the band.

**S**EX GANG CHILDREN are to play two special Christmas shows in London on Thursdays, 15 and 22 December – they are at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town, with different support acts each night (still to be finalised), and all tickets are priced £3.

Meanwhile, the group are pressing ahead with their provincial 'Mauritia Mayer' tour later this month, even though they are currently minus a drummer, due to the sudden departure of Nigel Preston – they still hadn't found a replacement at press time, but are confident they'll be back to full strength in time for these dates:

Glasgow Night Moves (21 October), Edinburgh Nite Club (22), Hull Spring Street Theatre (23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Sheffield University (25), Bristol Trinity Hall (27), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (28), Manchester Polytechnic (29), Leeds Tiffany's (30), Hanley Victoria Hall (31), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (3 November), Rayleigh Crocs (4) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (5).



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# CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	Last Week				
1	1	KARMA CHAMELEON	Culture Club (Virgin)	5	1
2	10	DEAR PRUDENCE	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)	3	2
3	2	MODERN LOVE	David Bowie (EMI-America)	4	2
4	11	THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG	PiL (Virgin)	4	4
5	7	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	25	5
6	4	RED RED WINE	UB40 (DEP International)	8	1
7	26	THEY DON'T KNOW	Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	3	7
8	16	TAHITI	David Essex (Mercury)	5	8
9	3	COME BACK AND STAY	Paul Young (CBS)	5	3
10	6	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE	Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	8	4
11	21	NEW SONG	Howard Jones (WEA)	2	11
12	15	68 GUNS	Alarm (I.R.S.)	3	12
13	5	MAMA	Genesis (Virgin)	7	2
14	22	SUPERMAN	Black Lace (Flair)	5	14
15	33	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	15
16	9	CHANCE	Big Country (Mercury)	7	9
17	8	BIG APPLE	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	4	8
18	23	LOVE IN ITSELF	Depeche Mode (WEA)	2	18
19	17	GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP)	Monyaka (Polydor)	5	14
20	12	DOLCE VITA	Ryan Paris (Clever)	6	6
21	28	BLUE HAT FOR A BLUE DAY	Nick Heyward (Arista)	3	21
22	14	OL RAG BLUES	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	8
23	19	BODY WORK	Hot Streak (Polydor)	5	19
24	34	(HEY YOU) THE ROCK STEADY CREW	Rock Steady Crew (Charisma)	2	24
25	13	SOUL INSIDE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	4	13
26	36	ALL NIGHT LONG	Lionel Richie (Motown)	2	26
27	25	WHAT I GOT IS WHAT YOU NEED	Unique (Prelude)	4	25
28	18	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Modern Romance (WEA)	7	8
29	(—)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	David Grant (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	27	SO GOES MY LOVE	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	2	27
31	24	CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY	Heaven 17 (BEF)	6	10
32	44	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND	Meat Loaf (Epic)	5	32
33	(—)	SAY, SAY, SAY	McCartney/Jackson (Parlophone)	1	33
34	35	KISSING WITH CONFIDENCE	Will Powers (Island)	2	34
35	(—)	AUTODRIVE	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	35
36	46	KICKER CONSPIRACY	The Fall (Rough Trade)	2	36
37	(—)	THE SAFETY DANCE	Men Without Hats (Statik)	3	37
38	20	REBEL RUN	Toyah (Safari)	4	18
39	(—)	JINX	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	1	39
40	29	NEVER SAY DIE	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	15
41	(—)	TEMPLE OF LOVE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	1	41
42	(—)	TEDDY BEAR	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	1	42
43	(—)	YOU REALLY GOT ME	Kinks (PRT)	1	43
44	(—)	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)	1	44
45	43	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)	12	4
46	31	WHAT AM I GONNA DO	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	8	4
47	32	THE SUN GOES DOWN	Level 42 (Polydor)	9	8
48	(—)	ME OR YOU EP	Killing Joke (Polydor)	1	48
49	40	SUPERSTAR	Lydia Murdock (Korova)	3	37
50	(—)	TEARS ON THE TELEPHONE	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	43

1	Last Week				
1	1	LABOUR OF LOVE	UB40 (Dep International)	4	1
2	2	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	12	1
3	3	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	11	2
4	4	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	36	1
5	7	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	15	1
6	(—)	GENESIS	Genesis (Charisma/Virgin)	1	6
7	6	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	43	1
8	16	LICK IT UP	Kiss (Casablanca)	2	8
9	22	LIVE IN TOKYO	PiL (Virgin)	2	9
10	9	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)	7	1
11	31	A TOUCH MORE MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	11
12	30	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	18	2
13	5	BORN AGAIN	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	4	4
14	15	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	24	1
15	11	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	31	1
16	8	THE HIT SQUAD	Various (Ronco)	4	8
17	17	UNFORGETTABLE	Johnny Mathis & Natalie Cole (CBS)	4	17
18	14	WARRIORS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	10
19	12	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	14	2
20	18	RITMO	Judie Tzuke (Chrysalis)	3	18
21	10	STANDING IN THE LIGHT	Level 42 (Polydor)	7	5
22	13	THE VERY BEST OF	Beach Boys (Capitol)	11	2
23	25	BORN TO LOVE	Peabo Bryson & Roberta Flack (Capitol)	4	23
24	(—)	STREET SOUNDS VOL. VI	Various (Streetsounds)	1	24
25	48	STAYIN' ALIVE SOUNDTRACK	Various (RSO)	2	25
26	34	THE GOLDEN SECTION	John Foxx (Virgin)	2	26
27	23	TOO LOW FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	19	4
28	20	FLICK OF THE SWITCH	AC/DC (Atlantic)	7	1
29	(—)	SILVER	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	TWO OF US	Various (K-Tel)	1	30
31	(—)	VICES	Waysted (Chrysalis)	1	31
32	19	DOPPELGÄNGER	Kid Creole (Island)	5	15
33	21	LIKE GANGSTERS	JoBoxers (RCA)	4	16
34	47	WAR	U2 (Island)	15	23
35	(—)	THE MUSIC OF RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Decca)	1	35
36	(—)	FLIGHTS OF FANCY	Paul Leoni (Nouveau)	1	36
37	(—)	INTRODUCING	Style Council (Polydor Import)	1	37
38	35	SWORDFISH TROMBONES	Tom Waits (Island)	3	35
39	24	BENT OUT OF SHAPE	Rainbow (Polydor)	5	7
40	26	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	26
41	37	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	14	2
42	42	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	22	5
43	(—)	IS NOTHING SACRED?	Lords Of The New Church (LNC)	1	43
44	28	THE PRESENT	Moody Blues (Threshold)	6	13
45	32	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	12	6
46	27	CANTERBURY	Diamond Head (MCA)	4	21
47	RE	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	1	47
48	40	BLUE SUNSHINE	The Glove (Polydor)	5	29
49	38	PUNCH THE CLOCK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	10	1
50	(—)	LIVE	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)	1	50



Seeing Redd (Sharon) and the whites of her eyes

1	WHITE LINES (DON'T DON'T DO IT)	Grandmaster & Melle Mel (Sugar Hill)
2	PLAY THAT BEAT MR DJ	G. L. O. B. E. & Whiz Kid (Tommy Boy)
3	WILD STYLE THEME RAP	Grandmaster Caz & Chris Stein (Animal)
4	THE PARTY SCENE	The Russel Brothers (Portrait)
5	HOOKED ON YOU	Tourist (R.R.)
6	THINK ABOUT IT	The Deuce (Capital)
7	ROCKIN' RADIO	Tom Browne (Arista)
8	GETTIN' MONEY	Dr Jeckyll & Mr Hyde (Profile)
9	(G.T.M.) GET THE MONEY	Valeria Oliver (Cyclops)
10	WHAT I GOT IS WHAT YOU NEED	Unique (Prelude)
11	BREAK DANCE ELECTRIC BOOGIE	West Street Mob (Sugar Hill)
12	TECHNO-LUST	Featuring Fred Prescott (UP)
13	RESCUE ME	Sybil Thomas (West End)
14	NOW LINE	International Music System (Emergency)
15	BODY WORK	Hot Streak (Polydor)
16	THE B BOYS	Two, Three, Break (Vintertainment)
17	ELECTRIC KINGDOM	Twilight 22 (Vanguard)
18	LOVE HOW YOU FEEL	Sharon Red (Prelude)
19	DON'T GO AWAY DUB	Affinity (Mango)
20	I FEEL GREAT	D.J. Hollywood (Mercury)
21	I CAN MAKE YOU DANCE	Zapp (Warner Bros.)
22	IT'S ALRIGHT	N.V. (Sire)
23	HEARTBREAKER	Leroy Burgess (Salsoul)
24	ALL OVER YOUR FACE	Ronnie Dyson (Cotillion)
25	SAY WHAT	Trouble Funk (D.E.T.T.)
26	ROCK THE BEAT	Chill Town (A & M)
27	TRULY BAD	Ron Banks (CBS)
28	LADIES' CHOICE	Stone City Band (Gordy—Y)
29	GET UP	Treacherous Three (Sugar Hill)
30	THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN ROCK	Captain Rock (N.I.A.)

Compiled by Cyberman for Language Lab, The Titanic, 1 Lansdowne Row, London W1

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
2	3	SONG TO THE SIREN	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
3	4	KICKER CONSPIRACY	The Fall (Rough Trade)
4	9	LOVE IN ITSELF	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	5	4AD 12" EP	Bauhaus (4AD)
6	2	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)
7	6	INCUBUS SUCCUBUS	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
8	7	REBEL RUN	Toyah (Safari)
9	19	I NEED SOMEONE TONIGHT	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10	(—)	TEMPLE OF LOVE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
11	(—)	CRY WOLF	1919 (Abstract)
12	(—)	THE MIRROR BREAKS	The Mob (All The Madmen)
13	(—)	JINX	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)
14	(—)	WARNING	Discharge (Clay)
15	21	SUPERMAN	Black Lace (Flair)
16	10	SHINE	Play Dead (Beggars Banquet)
17	24	BLIND AMBITION	Partisans (Cloak And Dagger)
18	13	MUNSTER THEME	Escalators (Big Beat)
19	26	HAND IN GLOVE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
20	(—)	MAD PUNKS	English Dogs (Clay)
21	20	BRUISES/PUNCHDRUNK AND BRANDO	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
22	(—)	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)
23	16	I DISCOVER LOVE	Fad Gadget (Mute)
24	12	THE CRUSHER	Bananamen (Big Beat)
25	29	HIP HIP	Hurrah (Kitchenware)
26	11	TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS	Conflict (Crass)
27	(—)	TEARS OF A NATION	The Fits (Corpus Christi)
28	15	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy customers)
29	(—)	I'M OK, FUCK YOU EP	Riot Squad (Rot)
30	(—)	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)

1	1	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	3	THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME	Serious Drinking (Upright)
3	2	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
4	4	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
5	6	DEATH CHURCH	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)
6	5	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
7	8	BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
8	7	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
9	10	DANCE IN THE MIDNIGHT	Marc Bolan (Bolan On Wax)
10	12	BOLLOX TO THE GONADS	Various (Pax)
11	23	TEXT OF FESTIVAL	Hawkwind (Illuminated)
12	16	PROMISE NOTHING	Virginia Astley (Crepuscule)
13	9	FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE	Virginia Astley (Rough Trade)
14	30	UNKNOWN PLEASURES	Joy Division (Factory)
15	17	THE FIRST FLOWER	Playdead (Jungle)
16	13	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
17	21	RIVERS OF DESIRE	Orson Family (New Rose)
18	15	LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S	Weekend (Rough Trade)
19	11	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
20	(—)	FLOOD OF LIES	UK Subs (Fallout)
21	18	PATIENCE	Peter Hammill (Naive)
22	(—)	BLOODSUCKERS	Varukers (Riot City)
23	20	1981-82 MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)
24	(—)	COLLECTIVE HIGHS	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
25	14	VIOLENT FEMMES	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)
26	19	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)
27	27	MOVING STAIRCASES	The Escalators (Big Beat)
28	(—)	CLOSER	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(—)	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)
30	22	JAZZTEERS	Jazzteers (Rough Trade)

AFRICAN LPs

1	ZULU JIVE	Various (Earthworks) South Africa
2	VIVA ZIMBABWE	Various (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
3	AMAZONES DE GUINEA	Au Coeur de Paris (Enimas) Guinea
4	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Porthos (Cocoric) Zaire
5	SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE	Obe (Obe) Nigeria
6	THE GUITAR & THE GUN	Various (Africagram) Ghana
7	CHOC CHOC CHOC	Franco Rochereau (CHOC) Zaire
8	PESABA IZULU	Philemon Zulu (CTV) South Africa
9	DJALENGA	Various (Swahili) Kenya
10	ELISA DANGWA	Syran M'benza (Afrotrama) Zaire
11	RINGO STAR	Ringo Star (Sonic) Zaire
12	O SITAPO LAMBO LAM	Moni Bile (Toure Jim's) Cameroun
13	AMASIKO ETHU	Abangani (CTV) South Africa
14	CHECK E	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
15	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rythmes) Zaire
16	AFRICAN FEELING	Mohammed Ben (Stems) Ghana
17	I. K. DAIRO & HIS BLUE SPOT BAND	(Afrodisia) Nigeria
18	AMI—OYOMIYO	Bebe Manga (SIIS) Cameroun
19	MANUELA	Bopol (Syllart) Zaire
20	LOVE 12"	Jazira (Earthworks) UK/Ghana

Courtesy Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	COTTAGE IN NEGRIL	Tyrone Taylor (Love & Unity)
2	BROTHERMAN	Mighty Diamonds (Reggae)
3	LEVEL VIBES	Sugar Minott (Tads)
4	GIVE ME THE RIGHT	Leroy Sibbles And The Heptones (Success)
5	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
6	BIG BOUT YA	Singie Singie (Midnight Rock)
7	BABY LOVE	Sensations (Treasure Isle)
8	TEKA SET	Sugar Minott (Wackie's)
9	LOVE IS NOT A GAMBLE	Techniques (Treasure Isle)
10	STYLE & FASHION	Lone Ranger (Technique)
11	WHY	Peaches (Peach)
12	SEXY LADY	Hugh Griffiths (Greensleeves)
13	MOI EMMA OOH	Winston Reddy (Inner Light)
14	BODERATION	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
15	ANOREXOL	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)

REGGAE LPs

1	DIM THE LIGHT	Winston Reddy (Inner Light)
2	SUFFERERS CHOICE	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
3	THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN	Dennis Brown (A & M)
4	YAMAHA SKANK	Various Artists (Success)
5	HERB DUST VOLVI	Various Artists (Kingdom)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION



## JAZZ

LPs

## SPUNKABILLY

45s

- 1 RE-ENTRY ..... Shorty Rogers Giants (Atlas)
- 2 THE BIRDLAND STARS ..... Al Cohn (RCA)
- 3 ROOTS OF YOUTY ..... Slim Gaillard (Putti Putti)
- 4 THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA ..... Gil Evans (Mole Jazz)
- 5 TWINS ONE ..... Jaco Pastorius Big Band (Pioneer)
- 6 A NIGHT IN TUNISIA ..... Art Pepper (Trio)
- 7 LITTLE BIG HORN ..... Gerry Mulligan (GRP)
- 8 MUKIE MEETS GILBERTO ..... Astrud Gilberto (Better Days)
- 9 AH UM ..... Charles Migus (CBS)
- 10 RETURN TO ALTO ACRES ..... Richie Cole & Art Pepper (Palo Alto)
- 11 THE NEW YORK SCENE ..... Marty Paich Big Band (Discovery)
- 12 JAZZ AT THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC ..... Dave Brubeck Quartet (OJC)
- 13 ACTION ..... Jackie McLean (Blue Note)
- 14 CALENDAR GIRL ..... Julie London (Edsel)
- 15 PATTERNS IN JAZZ ..... Gil Melle (Blue Note)
- 16 LOVELY AND ALIVE ..... Lena Horne (RCA)
- 17 FACETS ..... Howard Riley (Impetus)
- 18 THINK OF ONE ..... Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
- 19 STANDARDS VOL. I ..... Keith Jarrett (ECM)
- 20 JAZZ STUDIO ONE ..... Various Basie Alumni (Jasmine)

Courtesy: Mole Jazz, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1

US

45s



Lionel Richie's alright on the night.

- 1 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART ..... Bonnie Tyler (Columbia)
- 2 MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING AT ALL ..... Air Supply (Arista)
- 3 KING OF PAIN ..... The Police (A & M)
- 4 TRUE ..... Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
- 5 (SHE'S) SEXY + 17 ..... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
- 6 ISLANDS IN THE STREAM ..... Kenny Rogers/Dolly Parton (RCA)
- 7 TELL HER ABOUT IT ..... Billy Joel (Columbia)
- 8 THE SAFETY DANCE ..... Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
- 9 ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER ..... The Fixx (MCA)
- 10 FAR FROM OVER ..... Frank Stallone (RSO)
- 11 PROMISES, PROMISES ..... Naked Eyes (EMI-America)
- 12 HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU ..... Laura Brannigan (Atlantic)
- 13 MANIAC ..... Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
- 14 ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT) ..... Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 15 BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE ..... Talking Heads (Sire)

Courtesy Billboard

US

LPs

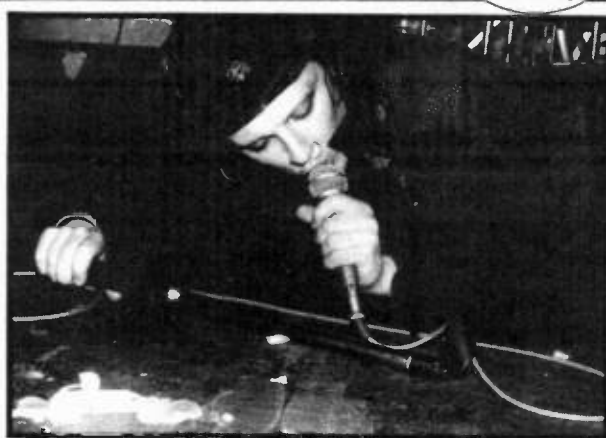
- 1 SYNCHRONICITY ..... Police (A & M)
- 2 THRILLER ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 3 FLASHDANCE ..... Soundtrack (Casablanca)
- 4 AN INNOCENT MAN ..... Billy Joel (Columbia)
- 5 PYROMANIA ..... Def Leppard (Mercury)
- 6 METAL HEALTH ..... Quiet Riot (Pasha)
- 7 FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT ..... Bonnie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

## 5 YEARS AGO

- 1 SUMMER NIGHTS ..... John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
- 2 LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE ..... Rose Royce (Whitfield)
- 3 LUCKY STARS ..... Dean Friedman (Lifesong)
- 4 GREASE ..... Frankie Valli (RSO)
- 5 RASPUTIN ..... Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)
- 6 I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU ..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 7 DREADLOCK HOLIDAY ..... 10 cc (Mercury)
- 8 SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- 9 YOU MAKE ME FEEL ..... Sylvester (Fantasy)
- 10 SUMMER NIGHT CITY ..... Abba (Epic)

## 15 YEARS AGO

- 1 THOSE WERE THE DAYS ..... Mary Hopkin (Apple)
- 2 JESAMINE ..... Casuals (Decca)
- 3 HEY JUDE ..... Beatles (Apple)
- 4 LITTLE ARROWS ..... Leapy Lee (MCA)
- 5 HOLD ME TIGHT ..... Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
- 6 LADY WILLPOWER ..... Garry Puckett And The Union Gap (CBS)
- 7 THE RED BALLOON ..... Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
- 8 I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU ..... Bee Gees (Polydor)
- 9 MY LITTLE LADY ..... Tremeloes (CBS)
- 10 LES BICYCLETES DE BELSIZE ..... Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)



Pete Burns throws a tantrum to get what he wants  
Pic Francesco Mellina

- 1 IGNORE THE MACHINE ..... Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
- 2 THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG ..... PiL (Virgin)
- 3 BABY TURNS BLUE ..... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
- 4 WHAT I WANT ..... Dead Or Alive (Epic)
- 5 I DISCOVER LOVE ..... Fad Gadget (Mute)
- 6 LIVING ON VIDEO ..... Trans X (Polydor Dutch import)
- 7 ZULU BEAT ..... King Kurt (Thin Sliced)
- 8 TRANSMISSION ..... Joy Division (Factory)
- 9 SLOWDIVE ..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)
- 10 SHOOT YOUR SHOT ..... Divine (O Records)
- 11 TENSION ..... Killing Joke (EG)
- 12 ANOTHER GIRL ANOTHER PLANET ..... Only Ones (CBS)
- 13 DR SEX ..... Pleasure And The Beast (Metropolis)
- 14 ANTONI ARTAUD ..... Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet) taken from album
- 15 No. 1 SONG IN HEAVEN ..... Sparks (Island)
- 16 PASSENGER ..... Iggy Pop (RCA)
- 17 WALK ..... Cure (Fiction)
- 18 DANCING WITH MYSELF ..... Generation X (Chrysalis)
- 19 DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU TILL I SAW YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL ..... Gary Glitter (Epic)
- 20 HUMAN FLY ..... Cramps (Illegal)
- 21 MAG NAG ..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
- 22 BALLROOM BLITZ ..... Sweet (RCA)
- 23 BACK TO NATURE ..... Fad Gadget (Mute)
- 24 SOUL INSIDE ..... Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
- 25 I WANNA BE LIKE YOU ..... Jungle Book (Disneyland Records)

Chart by Darrel & Steve — Club Boy, 21 Oxford Street, London W1

## FILMS

10

- 1 STAYING ALIVE ..... (UIP)
- 2 WAR GAMES ..... (UIP)
- 3 BREATHLESS ..... (RANK)
- 4 OCTOPUSSY ..... (UIP)
- 5 MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE ..... (Palace)
- 6 HEAT AND DUST ..... (Curzon/Enterprise)
- 7 PSYCHO II ..... (UIP)
- 8 WE OF THE NEVER NEVER ..... (Mainline)
- 9 DANTON ..... (Artificial Eye)
- 10 YELLOWBEARD ..... (Rank)

Courtesy Screen International

## FRED FACT

Easily the most durable single of the year is New Order's 'Blue Monday'. It was mid-March when FAC 73 first appeared in our indie charts. By the following week it had not only garnered the No.1 spot in that division, in which position it remained for nine weeks, but had also established itself high in the pop ratings. Since that time it's stuck around and recently has even seen off a challenge from 'Confusion', New Order's Arthur Baker-produced follow-up, selling, in the process, some 400,000 copies. But still New Order haven't received a silver disc (awarded for records selling over 250,000 copies) for their achievement, the reason being that Factory Records never did bother to apply for membership of BPI, the body that commissions Gallup's 'official' chart. Tain't what you sell, it's commissions Gallup's 'official' phrase. Meanwhile, whom you know, to con an aptly confused phrase. Meanwhile, Stateside, Bonnie Tyler has become the first Welsh pop act to top *Billboard's* Hot 100, an achievement not even attained by that Jones lad from Pontypridd or Basseyy the chassis from Tiger Bay. England, through Vera Lynn and Olivia Newton-John have also had female representatives at the very top of the U.S. charts while Sheena Easton and Lulu have turned the trick for Scotland. But to date, no Irish songstress — not even the Gavin Martin in drag — has yet made the grade on behalf of the Emerald Isle. Poteen power, it seems, ain't what it used to be.

Fred Dellar

## 10 YEARS AGO

- 1 EYE LEVEL ..... Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
- 2 BALLROOM BLITZ ..... The Sweet (RCA)
- 3 MY FRIEND STAN ..... Slade (Polydor)
- 4 MONSTER MASH ..... Bobby 'Boris' Pickett And The Crypt Kickers (London)
- 5 NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS ..... Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
- 6 LAUGHING GNOME ..... David Bowie (Deram)
- 7 FOR THE GOOD TIMES ..... Perry Como (RCA)
- 8 JOYBRINGER ..... Manfred Mann Earthband (Vertigo)
- 9 CAROLINE ..... Status Quo (Vertigo)
- 10 ANGEL FINGERS ..... Wizzard (Harvest)

## 20 YEARS AGO

- 1 DO YOU LOVE ME ..... Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
- 2 THEN HE KISSED ME ..... Crystals (London)
- 3 SHE LOVES YOU ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
- 4 IF I HAD A HAMMER ..... Trini Lopez (Reprise)
- 5 THE FIRST TIME ..... Adam Faith (Parlophone)
- 6 BLUE BAYOU ..... Roy Orbison (London)
- 7 YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE ..... Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
- 8 SHINDIG ..... Shadows (Columbia)
- 9 I ..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
- 10 APPLEJACK ..... Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)

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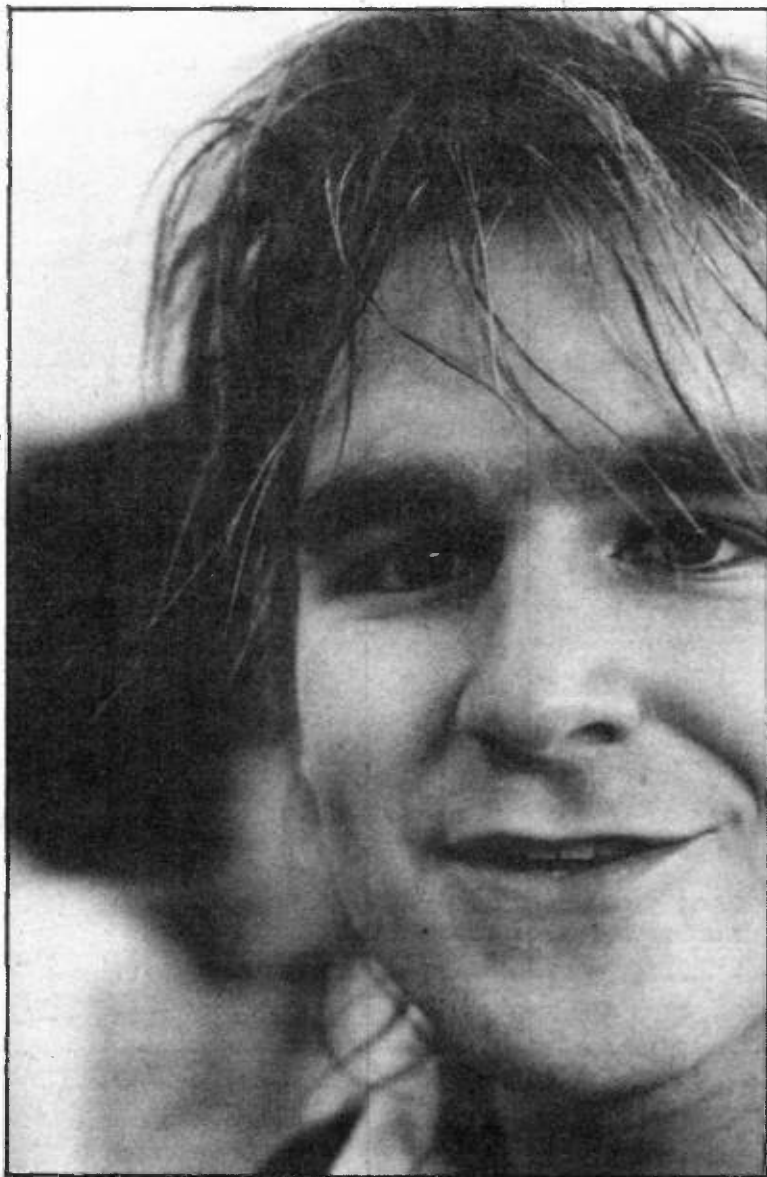
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# WINDING UP THE ALARM

Here they come — another gang of rock'n'roll outlaws, preaching freedom and salvation for oppressed youth. Will The Alarm set more bells ringing to follow their debut hit? **PAOLO HEWITT** offers a sceptical snore; **PETER ANDERSON** chimes in with his shutter.



Mike wonders if it's on him...

unison. They look like The Clash: outlaw chic in their youthful cheek; rock'n'roll outlaws out to play.

Similarly, their music works within the same narrow confines. The Alarm write anthems, not songs. They are rabble rousers, appealing to crude emotions, employing words like "freedom", "they" and "enemy" without ever successfully defining their terms. They deal in slogans and tired images like 'Marching On' and '68 Guns' — perpetuating the myth of the street and rock music as the saving force of all oppressed youth.

They are seven years behind their time, and then some, drawing on a source of naive optimism from the '60s, '70s aggression and '80s despair. Enamoured by the likes of Townshend, Dylan, Lennon, Strummer, Weller and Rotten, they seek to emulate them in the most unsubtle way possible.

That they fail is not surprising. The Alarm pilfer from these sources, but fail to turn them into anything resembling the future. They have built their reputation on the strength of their enthusiasm, their affability towards people, their energy and their dogged will

to continue. They have not built it on talent or vision.

And they're keeping the myth burning.

**O**N A HOTEL sofa, Mike Peters and Dave Sharpe exude charm. Both of them are gentle, likeable people, with misguided hearts of gold, who began their Alarm adventure back in their home town of Rhyl.

It was there that they hit upon the idea of acoustic guitars and harmonica as a way of presenting music.

"Once we'd started writing stuff like 'Up For Murder' and 'Marching On'," explains Peters, "we felt that a bit of the feeling was getting robbed out of the songs in the initial excitement that we were all getting at hearing a song for the first time. So Sharpe got a bit frustrated, because we couldn't get the right feeling, and came round to my house. I'd gone off to a gig and he said, Mrs Peters, can I have Mike's acoustic? I came home and he'd bastardised the song. He goes, Listen to this, and hammered this chord out and we thought, this is it! We just started experimenting with the sound."

"The thing about the acoustic is that



Dave enjoys a joke with Paolo...

**U**PONSTAGE, Mike Peters of The Alarm is holding a guitar high above his head. Behind him, a massive spotlight bleaches him white, effectively creating the impression of a massive presence. The crowd look up at him, gasp, and roar their approval.

Another star is born.

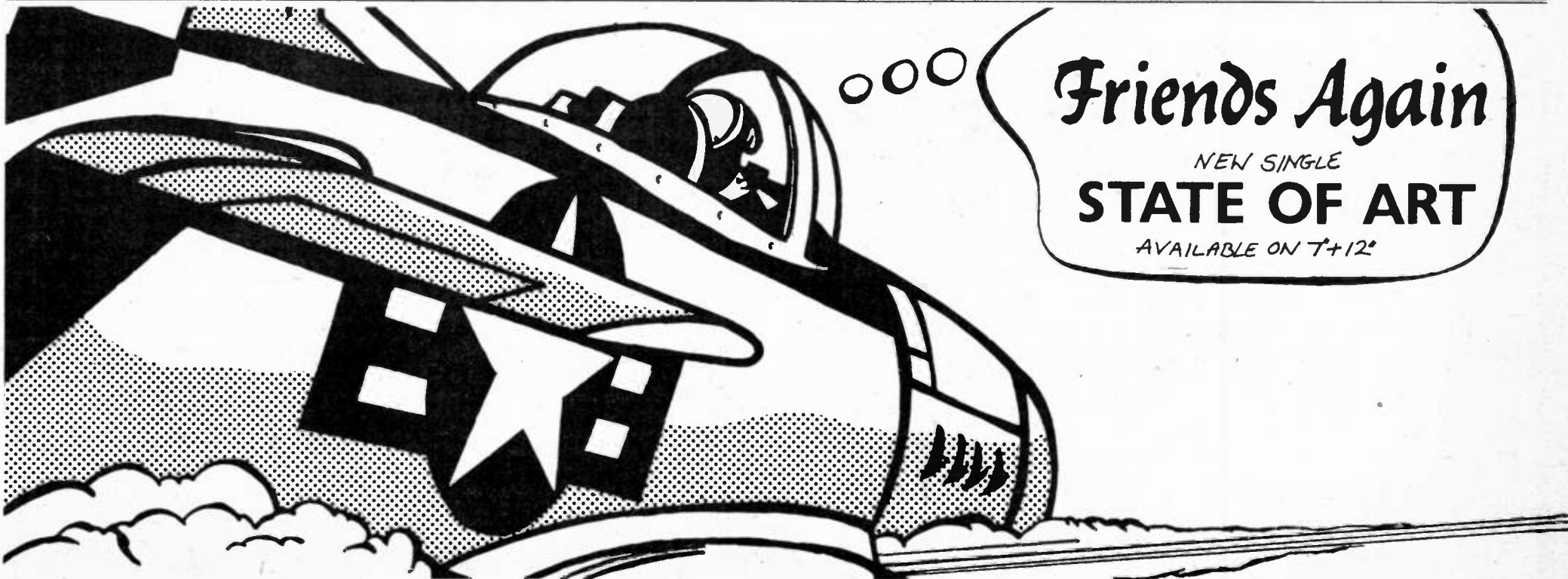
**I**MAGE IS all. And all is image.

In rock especially, myth making has remained a central force in its seductive powers: the portrayal of the artist in a (dis)guise destined to set him or her apart from contemporaries and audience.

From Presley's sex to Boy George's make-up, the creation of mystique and the hint of charmed power, remains crucial to the selling of music.

In 1983, The Alarm are busy creating myths. They are not clever, nor inventive ideas designed to provoke and poke, but staggeringly ordinary images that re-hash the notion of rock as 'rebel' music.

The Alarm dress accordingly: cowboy boots, black jeans, leather waistcoats, studded belts, rings, earrings and shocks of pushed-up hair. When they walk across the hotel foyer you can hear them clank in



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loads of people write on it and don't use it in a band. But it's such a powerful instrument. Hear a chord on it and to the individual it's a monster sound that gets right into the soul. We wanted to transfer that sound and make it really big, rather than it just be a big instrument to the individual, put it out to the whole audience."

So The Alarm adopted the acoustic, but in truth it has made no radical change. On record or stage, it is played with such fury and noise that there is no discernible difference between The Alarm and Stiff Little Fingers.

Peters disagrees. Naturally.

"We're not trying to create a guitar sound," he defends. "We're not trying to be known as a band that has a guitar sound. What we're trying to do is write songs that set us apart; songs that have melody, chords, good words; songs that can uplift people and get to them in all sorts of ways. The greatest songs throughout the history of music, have come in all shapes and sizes, and it's songs that The Alarm are trying to deal in."

Without wishing to be cruel, "trying" may well be the operative word here. The Alarm don't deal in songs, but pen anthems that in their unsophisticated manner appeal to the lowest common denominator.

"If a band is coming out of nowhere," replies Peters unruffled, "a place like Rhyl where we come from — or wherever the great bands of history come from — it's

just you in your room against the world to quote a famous phrase. (Pete Townshend.) It was the same for us.

"Those things like 'Marching On', they're us coming on the road to London and picking up people. If you want to pick up fans, you've got to have things that people can latch onto, in the same way that a nation latches onto 'God Save The Queen' or whatever.

"Alarm fans can relate to 'Marching On' as their anthem, because it's what attracts them to the band. Once we've attracted fans to the band, we can build up a relationship then. So we do write anthems, but obviously as the group progresses you'll find more subtle things coming into the band."

**T**O THE ALARM, their "relationship" with an audience is of paramount importance, one that they speak of with conviction and firmness.

Because of their two year struggle around London, they have already built up a healthy swell of committed fans who will travel from London to Liverpool and back again for an hour's worth of Alarm music. It's an obvious source of pride to the group, but one that leads them into mouthing clichés that seem patronising.

"I think people," muses Peters, "want you to deliver in a way that they can feel they can come and see you live, and it's an uplifting and really great experience. Also they can come home at night and, whereas someone can't relate to their job

or being on the dole, they can at least see by our example that there are ways out of whatever situation people are stuck in."

It's an old line that they hang out to dry once more — just as they predecessors did — stemming more from their youthful naivety and willingness to grab the space left by punk's heirs than anything else. Untouched by any movement made in the

cheek somewhere, we'd laugh; but The Alarm's faces are clenched tight.

"It's down to each person's individual interpretation of that video," explains Dave. "It can be taken a lot of ways. Personally, we set out to do a lot with that video, but perhaps we tried to do too much. But I think that one of the most important things was that kid on the street

the growing knowledge of the scepticism hold them in. It's them hitting back at me. They don't seem particularly bothered by my nonchalance. As a group they are gaining both here and in America. As people they are close, firm friends — "which is why we'll be around in ten years time and not split up," committed to their group and their music.

They hold too much faith in rock music to worry about desbelievers like me, and it's that naivety that is both their charm and their downfall.

Mike Peters, for example, instead of learning that music is limited as much as it is powerful, believes it to "be the most important political instrument in the world. I think it can change things, I really do

"In the '60s when music was very together," he continues, "you had a black artist like Jimi Hendrix, heavy metal, standing together with an old folkie like Bob Dylan with an acoustic guitar. What a contrast!" he enthuses. "Now it's all segregated. It's — I'm not allowed to walk into a heavy metal gig, or I couldn't go and stand in a folk concert or go and see a disco band like Shalamar, because they're not part of the rock scene. We should all try and bring it all together and let it stand as a whole collective and maybe have bands like The Alarm with someone like Culture Club; show that music and people can get on together. And if the music business can show that, then maybe it can change something. Or maybe it can't. But I still believe that we've got to try and bring about whatever changes people want."

Only when the method and the means matches the ideal can we expect such a change. The Alarm have the heart but not the head.

**U**PONSTAGE, three of The Alarm rush to the front of the stage, crouch low and aim their guitars at the audience, furiously strumming their instruments. The crowd take one look, gasp, and leap into a frenzy of pushing and shoving. The Alarm retreat, satisfied at the response. Slogans fill the air and there's a long way to go yet.

You didn't myth much.



Cyril gets a fright...

'80s, The Alarm fill their dreams with the words of yesterday and regurgitate them today.

Thus they concede the myth charge. "I understand what you're saying," says Dave Sharpe, "but hopefully people are going to realise that we're up there because we want to be up there and what we're writing about is things from our own personal experiences that we're putting out from that stage and hoping that people will translate into their own personal experience."

"There's no myth about it. 'Marching On' and '68 Guns' — alright they could be termed as mythological, but once you've heard the records a few times, once you've been to see the band and realise that we're singing from personal experience and trying to relate that personal experience, then the myth becomes more of a reality."

In the video for '68 Guns', such a reading is not possible. Centred around a small kid unable to afford to see the group, it climaxes with The Alarm — wind rushing through their hair, guitars poised as weapons — pulling the most hackneyed poses in the book. If there was tongue-in-

who walked away and took the money, was as much a part of what was going on as we were. So perhaps we didn't set ourselves up."

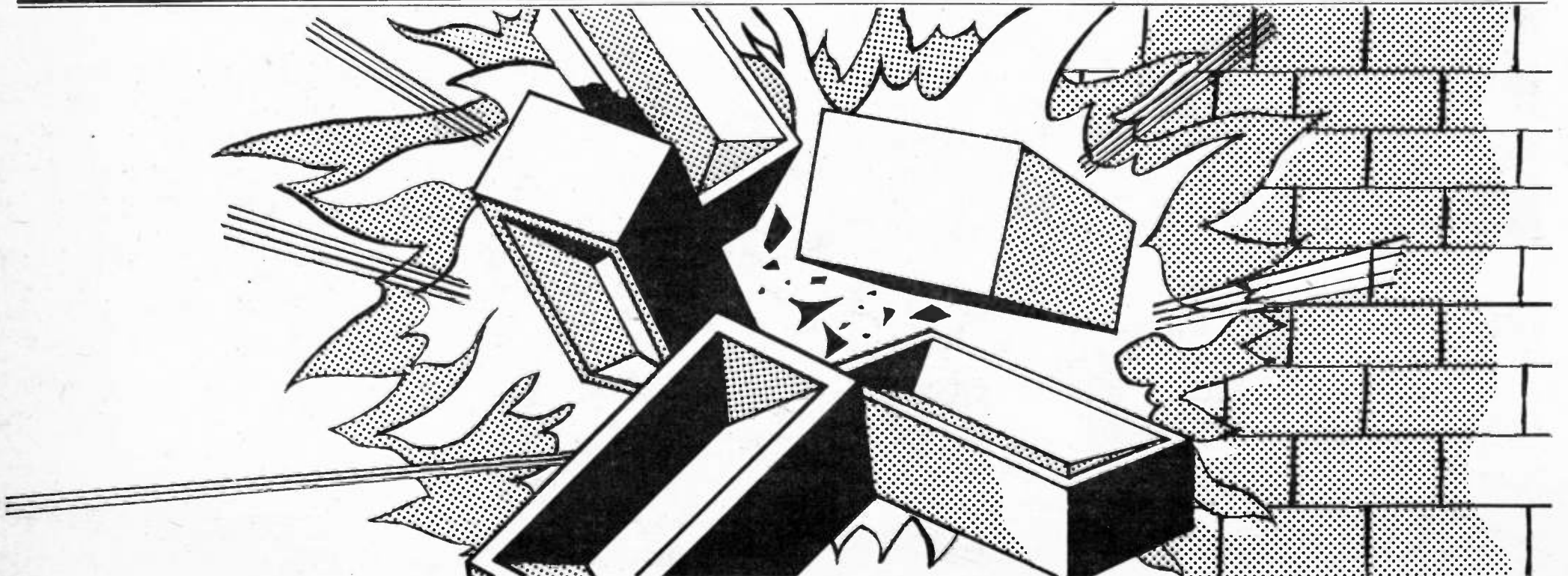
**W**HEN YOU mention to The Alarm that perhaps they are currently filling in for people like Strummer, they get annoyed. It's easy to say, they point out, but it doesn't take into account the ground they made slogging around as unknowns.

"All the great bands in history have been compared to someone else and we aim to fight off that moniker," declares Peters, "because we know that ultimately we're a completely original group in our own right. And we will stand up in our own right. We'll stand alongside the best and we'll be a more realistic group than has gone before because we're not afraid to learn from the past. It's our turn maybe to play the stadiums, and we've seen groups like The Jam at Wembley, so we can learn from that. When it's our turn, we can do something a bit more special, a bit different and make it a lot more homelier place for the audience."

Their arrogance stems from youth and



Arthur primps his Irish...





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MUSIC

Toto V  
Let's Dance — David Bowie  
Africa — Toto  
Flashdance (What A Feeling) — Irene Cara  
The Girl Is Mine — Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney  
True — Spandau Ballet  
Maneater — Hall & Oates  
Down Under — Men At Work  
He's So Shy — Pointer Sisters  
Mystery Of Love — Donna Summer  
You Got A Friend — Carole King

BOOKS

Mostly biographies, like Ingrid Bergman's book

FILMS

An Officer And A Gentleman  
ET  
Chicago Express (Gene Wilder)

TV

Fawley Towers

SEX SYMBOLS

Richard Gere  
Gene Wilder

ACTORS

Gene Wilder  
Paul Newman  
Richard Gere

ACTRESSES

Meryl Streep  
Jill Clayburgh

DRINKS

Black Russian  
Vodka  
Champagne

POETS

Bjorn Ulvaeus



TONY 'Pinko' PARSONS pops open the Pomagne and declares "Take this God and elect it Prime Minister".

FOR NEIL KINNOCK there may be troubles ahead — reconciling the rival wings of the broad church over policy, pressures on his immeasurably telegenic family as stage productions are planned with titles like Anyone For Glenys? — but last week in Brighton was pure undiluted triumph as Kinnock established himself as the most sensational redhead since Rita Hayworth.

As Labour's first leader to come out of the electoral college, Neil Kinnock has a legitimacy right across the movement that is unparalleled by any previous leader of the party — when he was elected on the first night of the Labour Party Conference (BBC1, BBC2, Channel 4) the euphoria was widespread and genuine.

As an impartial observer who voted for Kinnock in both the leadership and the deputy leadership contest, I cracked open a bottle of Pomagne and compiled a first draft of what the new Shadow Cabinet should look like. These edited highlights of suggestions are my gift to you, my leader — Denis Healey for Foreign

Secretary — the old bruiser is as left wing as you can get once he raises his sights beyond Land's End. Roy Hattersley for Home Secretary — Hattersley is the only member of the Parliamentary Labour Party who knows what it is like to have a Fascist wrap a steel chair around his head. Michael Meacher — that mild-mannered Clark Kent lookalike — one on one with Normie Fowler because it is impossible to be too radical in defence of the health service.

The overwhelming support of the Constituency Labour Parties — the sharp end of socialism — for Hattersley as deputy was the cause for his obvious joy as he gamely jogged to join Kinnock up on the platform. The dream ticket was victorious, radiant, rampant — the dream ticket of principles and pragmatism combined, with Labour once more looking like the natural party of government and not just a worthy debating society. What has always been vastly underestimated about Roy Hattersley is his love of the Labour Party — for not joining them in the wilderness, the SDP must hate him more than any man alive.

It was a good conference — more time was spent giving the

enemy a good kicking than kicking each other. Ian Mikardo, who joined the party 12 years before Neil Kinnock was born, put it best: "The enemy that you have to track down and destroy is not within our own party." Quite right, though I doubt if too many delegates would have been screaming point of order if someone had taken Jim Callaghan out onto the promenade and purged him.

Callaghan's most distinguishing feature is his lousy sense of timing. His sour, offensive interjection in defence of nuclear weapons (genocide + suicide, the nightmare ticket) was typical. Compare Callaghan's conference — and his election campaign — with that of Denis Healey. Leaders of the Labour Party have only one function — to win elections. Foot lost, yet retained the respect of the party. Callaghan does not. The nicest thing you could say about Jim Callaghan is that he is a loser.

Chairman Sam McCluskie — salty old leader of the Seamen's Union — had some of the women delegates shaking their tiny fists in fury by constantly referring to

them as "girls". Sam promised to change his ways but it didn't end there. In Block K Ms Lesley Courcof of Hackney CLP complained she had been called "darling", "dearie" and has been asked for her telephone number by some comrades. Ms Courcof demanded that "Comrade Chairboy and the boys" back off. Sam twice offered to give anyone who criticised his chairmanship a "bollocking", probably causing the feminists to throw up their knitting in despair.

Some dazzling ironies abounded — there were rumblings of discontent among the delegates of the CLPs frustrated at the small percentage of votes they wield at conference compared to the mighty block votes of the unions. Ah, but the grass roots activists in the CLPs, we humble foot soldiers of socialism, only give our time and toil to the party — the unions give the party its money. You could not

help but smile at the idea that the unions were, ahem, holding the party to ransom.

The other great irony of the week was the sight of those whose clarion call has always been OBEY CONFERENCE DECISIONS having the decisions going against them and not liking it one little bit. Tony Benn saw the party's policy on Ireland — unification with consent — remain unchanged and demurred with his usual dazed dignity. The Militant Five were out on their radical behinds and were howling like stuck paper sellers, threatening legal action and all sorts of harmful retribution. It did your heart good to see Labour finally realize that it has NO RIGHT to lose three elections in a row.

WEDNESDAY MORNING saw many members of the press absent from the conference hall as the story broke about a Tory bastard — his name is Cecil Parkinson. The Tories were going to keep Labour off the front pages of the tabloids for the rest of the week but nobody minded much as long as it meant the vermin were squirming.

Basically the story reflected the Tory habit of always being false to their word. They said the NHS was safe with them and now Lawson is preparing major surgery. Likewise Cecil Parkinson promised young Miss Sara Keays that he was going to marry her and finally decided to stay with his wife. The Tories should either give up preaching morals or give up philandering — as Christine Keeler might have said to John Profumo, you can't have it both ways.

Chairboy McCluskie got in some cracks about, "having trouble with my withdrawal — just like Cecil Parkinson" and firmly established himself as the Les Dawson of the Left. John Ingham of Leeds West quipped, "Some Tories will go to any length to grab the headlines away from Labour". It was all good dirty fun and quite typical — there is a rich red vein of humour in the Labour Party that

make the more lumbering machinations of conference more easy to bear.

There were dozens of speeches that I would quote in full if space were my own. Let me just give thanks to some men of the match like David Blunkett of Sheffield City Council, who is blind, for his courage and the stirring cogency of his argument in the debate on Central America. Ron Todd of the TGWU — a great Trade Union leader who is that rarity in that movement, a Southern man — on defence. Don Concannon on Ireland. And up in the visitors gallery, Jack Jones of the TGWU and International Brigade, with his battalion of grey panthers, still fighting back.

And, of course, Neil Kinnock for a speech that reflected all that was good about this conference, a speech of heart, humour and hope that made me proud to be a member of the Labour Party.

He spoke of the immorality of industrial decay, calling the Tories the vultures of utter ruin, nailing the Alliance as their brown nosed passive collaborators. He made a gut level honest grab for the law and order vote that the Tories have always had and never deserved — it is the working class who suffer from crime, the Tories who do most to help it thrive. He spoke of the need to rid this country of nuclear weapons, the need to make sure this country is never a card in anyone's deck. He spoke of a patriotism that is real, the love of the people and not the flag.

"We have seen the sell out of a country by the Government of a country," he said, and the despondency of June 10th 1983 was buried forever.

Last week Her Majesty's Opposition got up off its knees. Last week Her Majesty's Government found its luck was running out.

TONY PARSONS







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PROMISES IN THE DARK  
LOOKIN' FOR A STRANGER  
I WANT OUT  
LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD\*  
LIPSTICK LIES\*



'LIVE FROM EARTH'

ALSO AVAILABLE  
ON CASSETTE

 Chrysalis



## BOWIE CONVENTION ● SUSAN WILLIAMS ● CND RALLY

Right — Young Americans  
Below — Lookalike winner  
Pics Bleddyn Butcher



IT WAS controversy time again after the World David Bowie Convention, held in Hammersmith last weekend. A combination of bad luck, ineptitude, and an alleged 'conspiracy' resulted in such disasters as the disappearance of most of the promised record stalls, the cancellation of a Celebrity Bowie Quiz (no celebrities turned up), and a diverting screening of Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence that involved five minute intervals between each reel.

The problems began when EMI (yes, that EMI) contacted the Convention's organisers, "Scratch Enterprises" of Sheffield, and told them they'd be taken to court if they sold any "unofficial" merchandise; according to Scratch this meant anything not connected with EMI's own promotion of the Serious Moonlight Tour. Consequently, would-be record collectors were able to buy a copy of DB's early '60s flop, 'Liza Jane'; and little else, apart from the predictable calendars, books and sweat-shirts.

As to the rest, the organisers pleaded the influence of Fate more than anything else; but more vigorous promotion would have ensured the Celebrity Quiz actually happened, and the failure of the film projector was exactly the sort of minor hitch that leads to war and civil disturbance. And the conspiracy?

One disgruntled punter, Kris Goring, claims he organised a 300-name petition of protest from the audience, driven to distraction by the non-appearance of an old Bowie film. Scratch Enterprises, however, imply that it was all the work of saboteurs — after all, they say, they had been warned that something might happen like that. . . and, crucially, the petition was attached to a clipboard.

DAVID QUANTICK

## THE CONVENTION THAT FELL TO EARTH

lowry



"Search me — it's something to do with the New Positivism that's sweeping the nation's youth."

CRUISE AGAINST  
CRUISE

IF YOU'RE opposed to housing missiles then October 22 is a day for you to reserve well ahead — it may be your last chance to demonstrate forcefully that public feeling does not favour deployment of the Cruise and Pershings in five European countries this autumn. Oct 22 is the day CND are holding what they hope will be their largest — ever mobilisation. Marchers will gather at 11 am on the Victoria Embankment in London and from there will set off by two separate routes to the rally in Hyde Park, scheduled for 3.30 pm. Speakers are to include Neil Kinnock, Bruce Kent, CND Chairperson Joan Ruddock and a host of representatives from other countries; this demo is only part of United Nations Disarmament Week (October 22-20) and similar protests will be taking place in Europe, Scandinavia, the USA and Canada. CND's march and rally will signify opposition to the siting of Cruise and Trident in the UK — as well as support for an immediate nuclear freeze and an insistence that nuclear weapons offer no 'defence'. For further info, contact 01 263 0977 or 01 272 5425.

CYNTHIA ROSE



## ANON ENTITY

RECENTLY a series of ill-typed reviews have thrown Carnaby Street into a state of bafflement. Printed under the name 'Susan Williams' these mishmashes of doggerel, gratuitous expletives and sub-Burchillisms have prompted much speculation as to the real hand behind the NME's latest toxic pen. Working on a mere handful of clues — the Bradford postmark, multiple canine references and scented typing paper — I was despatched northwards to point the finger and stir the

worms.

Despite much ill-concealed hostility, many frozen stares and several pieces of deliberate misinformation I managed to track the elusive stringer down to a large off-white caravan parked outside a decidedly seedy gable and terrace.

Although obviously forewarned of my arrival she declined the offer of a drink.

"I fucking hate the pubs round here. They're all full of Rad Fems swigging pints of Telleys — so butch! Fer chrissakes, who wants to look

like a man?"

Amongst other less worthy achievements Williams claims to have invented 'Ranting Poetry': "The original Bradford poets — Shy Ted, Little Brother, Dave the Dog, Wild Willy Beckett and SWells — were all kids I met when I worked as a Youth Leader. I gave them all ten poems to learn and started ringing up press and promoters. It was just an idea to see how easily I could get the Biz to swallow something really awesomely bad. Of course when workers like Atilla started jumping the bandwagon I knew I'd succeeded. Some of them even make a living out of it now — I should have put out a patent."

Other claimed hypes include the Mod revival and Southern Death Cult: "I met Ian at an Ants gig in Keighley. I think it was the cheekbones that did it. Anyway I brought him home and fed him, gave him some Tolkien and a LadyBird book on Red Indians to look at, got him kitted out at X-clothes in Leeds and forced him on a local punk band. Bingo! Too bloody easy by half."

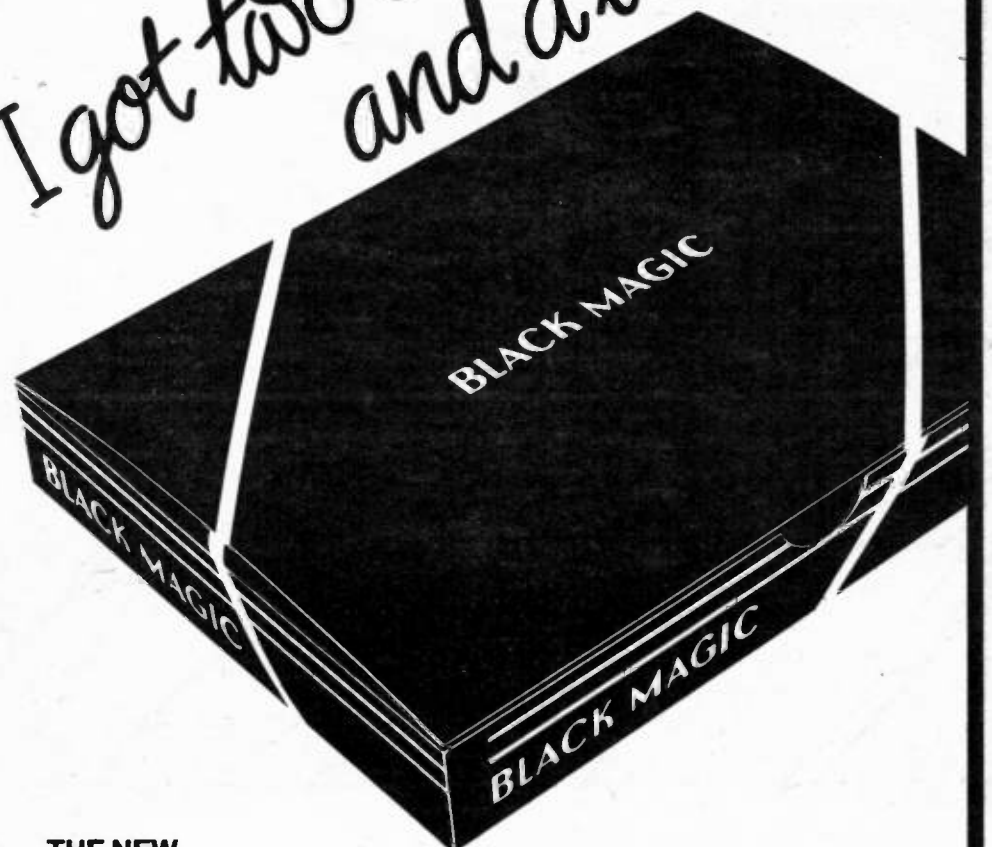
So why start writing?

"I just got sick of all the bog fodder wimpery being pushed as radical. I mean — 'Herbert'! What's that all about eh? You can't sledgehammer a hype — you've got to be subtle. Keep 'em guessing."

What's your real name Susan?

A grinning silence. I leave with a bellyful of gingernuts and hospitable abuse clutching a xeroxed media release sheet promising to "rip to shreds that which others merely maul poorly". I know but I'm not telling.

I got two orchestra stalls  
and a box.



THE NEW  
4lb BOX  
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# NEW SINGLE

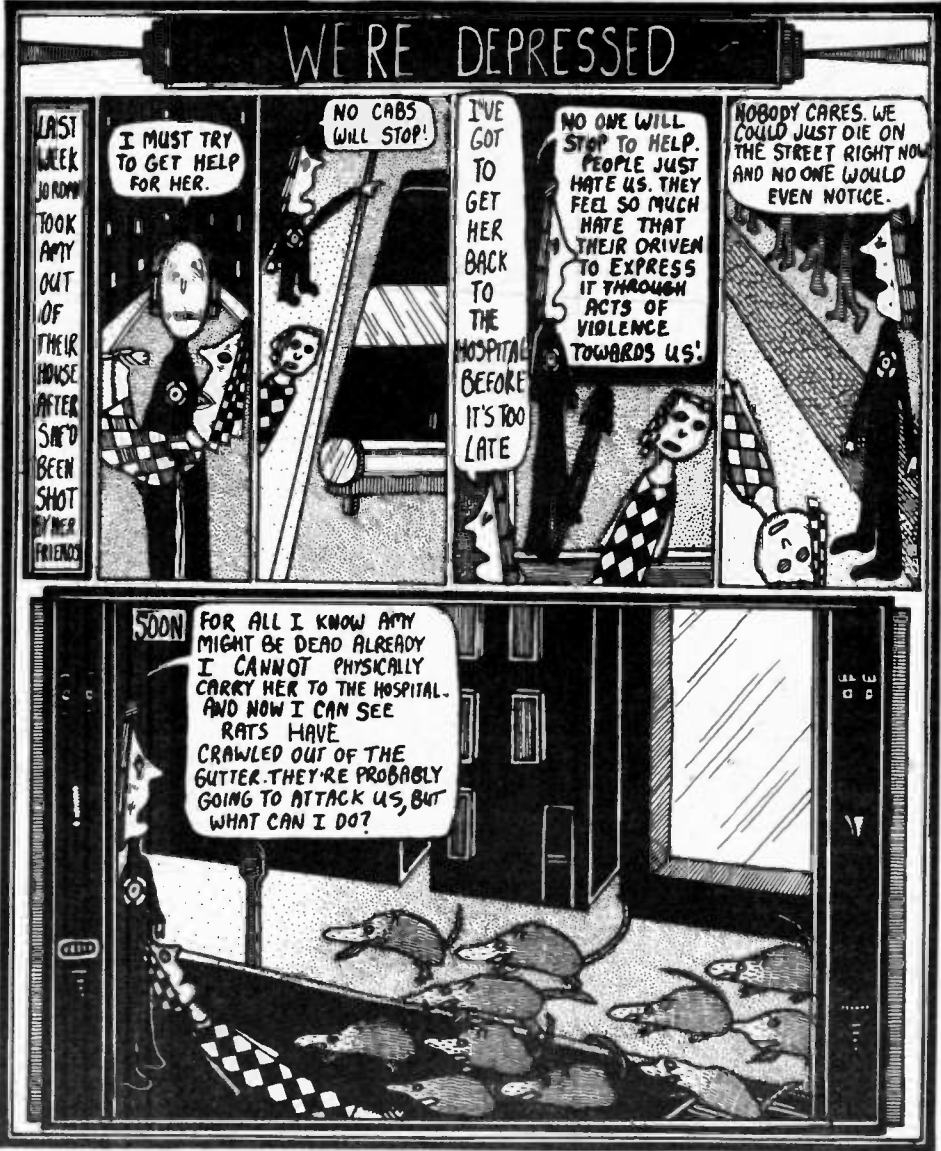
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- October
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| 7th Royal Holloway College,<br>Egham, SOLD OUT | 14th Goldsmith College, London                               |
| 8th Newcastle Poly                             | 15th Birmingham University                                   |
| 9th St. Andrew's University                    | 16th Cat's Whiskers, Streatham,<br>Junior Best Disco in Town |
| 10th Herriot Watt University,<br>Edinburgh     | Under 16's Only  |
| 11th Manchester Umist                          | 18th Durham University                                       |
| 13th Surrey University, Guildford              | 19th Bangor University                                       |
|  | 20th Keele University  |

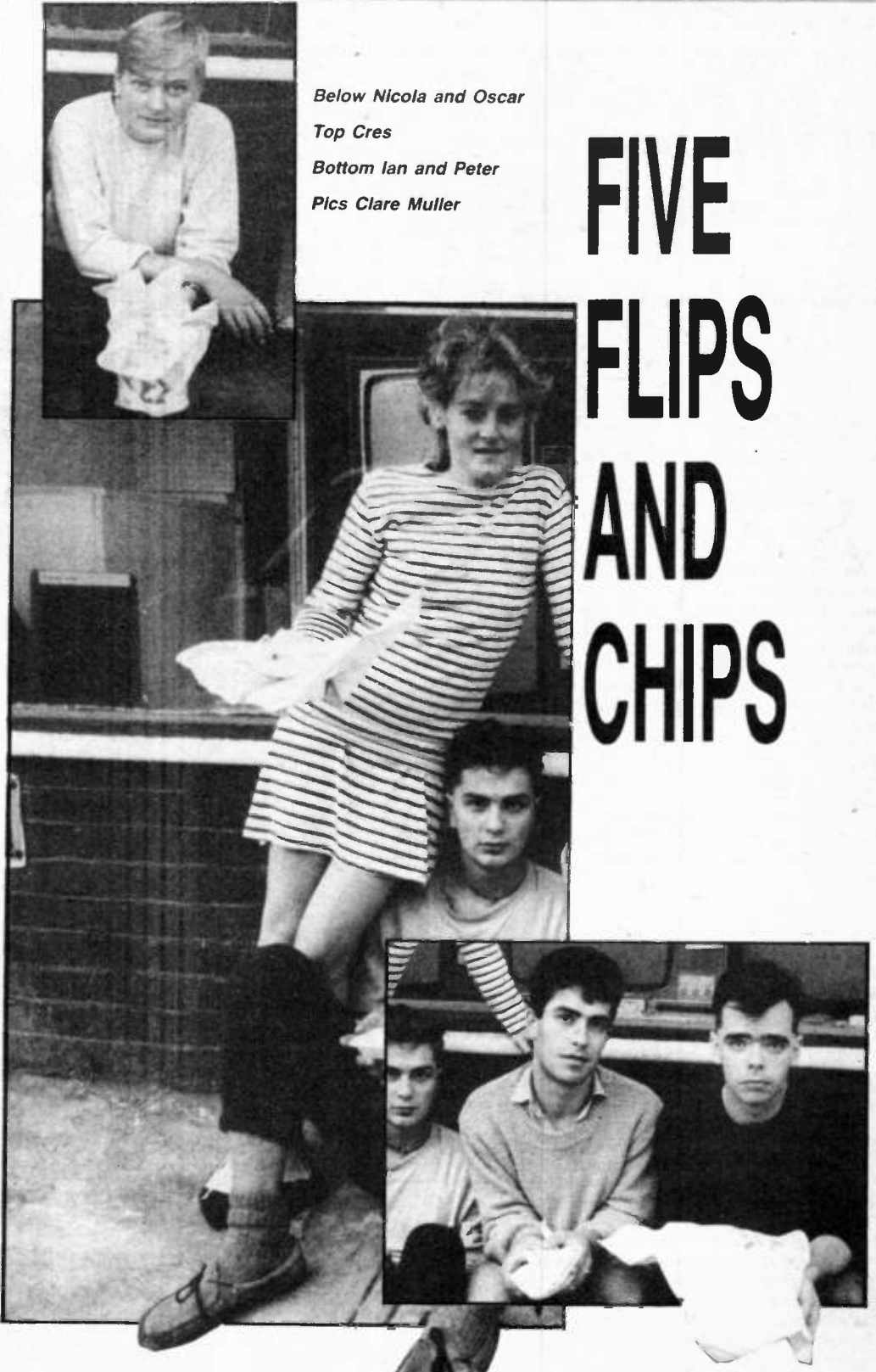
VERSIONS



## BEYER ● FLIPPING OUT IN CAMDEN ●



© 1983 MARK BEYER



Below Nicola and Oscar  
Top Cres  
Bottom Ian and Peter  
Pics Clare Muller

# FIVE FLIPS AND CHIPS



# THE CHANGING FACES OF CLIFF OVER 25 YEARS IN THE BIZ ●



Rebel rocker . . .

The acceptable face of pop

The Phil McNeill years

One day, all Pop Quiz presenters will be made this way.

"43 years I've waited for this—a good review in NME!"

## FOREVER MR NICE GUY . . .

Eighty-three singles and 46 LPs later, Cliff is celebrating his 25 years in a business that burned almost every one of his original contemporaries but allowed him to age as gracefully as a man can do. His story is unblemished—no hysterical scandal, putrescent divorce or mortal indiscretion to destroy him, only an affectionate trickle of gossip down the years—

and that, of course, has been his undoing. Mr Nice Guy could only be a laughing stock; and I expect nobody laughs louder than Cliff himself.

For such a soft man, he's shown a rare tenacity—he has refused to stop being pop. Like Dizzy Gillespie or Dorothy Parker, his failure to die young and ruined has been held against him. Provincial cabaret has never

claimed him; graveyard revivals have yet to catch him out of breath. A new Cliff single will line up beside a very old one on a local jukebox. On Friday, he is 43 years old.

As tough as Cliff's adaptability has proved, it has cast him adrift from any firm position in pop memories. Just as he has seemed as ageless and unchanging as the charts themselves (alas, even those

perfect looks are cracking, as the photos in the 'Silver' box set quietly demonstrate) he doesn't seem to belong to any time or place. Cliff was statistically as much a part of the '60s as The Beatles, as closely involved with the '70s as Abba—but he is an icon to no one era. When a Cliff record comes up, of whatever vintage, we don't think of '59 or '64 or '78: we think only of Cliff, unstoned, immaculate.

A stroll through his vast recorded legacy does little to reveal the true Richard. He has blended the most inoffensive and attractive traits of every trend into a Cliff substitute. 'Move It' is his gift to rock'n'roll, although 'Living Lovin' Doll' and 'Mean Streak' are as good and 'High Class Baby'—*"Pink champagne and caviar are all very grand, but I prefer just rockin' to a rock'n'roll band!"*—is even better.

There were 20 years of pleasant, prim little tunes before he made 'We Don't Talk Any More', and there isn't a pop fan on earth (except Neil Spencer) who doesn't love that record. It was as though we all suddenly remembered this old young man, who had never really gone away. Cliff was doing what he'd always done, squeezing a smart song in a feckless grip, but this time it was perfect. He's done it again a few times since in the company of writer-producers like Alan Tarney and Craig Pruess: 'Discovering', a glittering B-side from last year, was the last occasion.

Inevitably, it is a pop-rock without any discernible soul or human flaw. Cliff's outer humanity—his religion, his charity and his protracted tease with womankind—has displaced the emotion in his actual music. 'Silver', his anniversary LP, is an entertaining set of sturdy pop tunes that evaporate instantly on contact, 40 minutes of Cliff—of a style in suspension. The bonus rock'n'roll LP that comes with it in the boxed version only proves how the past is nothing more than an accessory to the Cliff phenomenon.

He is unique among our superstars because he appears such a contented man. The loneliness of fame has never seemed to bother him. An articulate and intelligent man lives inside an institution—"I wouldn't change a thing!" he gushes in the 'Silver' notes, and for once we hear a kind of truth. Cliff changed only once, from rock'n'roller to pop artist, and he has remained the same ever since: a gentle singer with a talent to amuse.

Cliff is as solitary as the moon. He spans all of British pop, yet he has always performed at a distance from it. He is a friend to us all—which is why we all call him 'Cliff'. Harry Webb's adopted name—but none of us will ever really know him.

RICHARD COOK

## ADRIAN THRILLS TURNS AN EAR TO THE FLIPS' SIDE OF THE LIVE SCENE IN CAMDEN AND CHIPS IN WITH THEM . . .

IT'S BEEN said before but perhaps it needs reiterating: despite the abject poverty of so much modern music and chart pap in particular, there are still a few pockets of ingenuity and invention lurking deep down in the dark rhythmic bedrock of the North London live scene.

Just search and you can still find. Take The Flips, one more from the roots, a Camden Town quintet—two girls and three boys—who are putting some of the pride and purpose back into the lost art of a local band playing before a captive crowd in the confines of a small club.

The Flips represent refined raunch over crude bluster, playing a spikey pop that meshes the sound of a jangling guitar with the spatial dynamics of dance and dub—the gaps in the music matter just as much as the stuff they actually put in.

Beneath their cunning musical craft, The Flips also possess plenty of perception in their tough, intuitive songwriting, although nerves sometimes mean that they fail to project the full force of a song from the lip of the stage, a weakness that more live work will surely remedy.

Of the five Flips gathered outside the interview pub over Pils, brown ale and chips, only three—guitarist Nicola, singer Cres and bassist Ian—have been with the band since the start of the year, the remaining pair—drummer Pete and organist Oscar—having joined following a line-up change in the summer.

The Flips first got together as an all-girl quartet in a Camden school, playing their first live date at The Garage in Sloane Square in 1980. They were then called The Sherry Flips, a better name, but one which caused too much confusion through being mis-spelt on handbills and posters.

"The sound was very different then," says Nicola. "It was more basic, but also more alternative. We only really formed the group out of boredom and a desire to get back at all the other kids at school who were in bands."

The addition of Pete and Oscar, from the ranks of The Angelic Upstarts and Pigbag respectively, enabled the group to embellish their sound and begin going about their business in a more professional manner.

"Having been signed to EMI with Pigbag, I'm probably more aware of the kinds of things that can go wrong," says Oscar. "The moment we'd signed to a major, things started to go wrong. We were under a lot of pressure, which made it harder to write songs. Sometimes a bit of pressure can help

you to get moving, but with Pigbag it just completely ruined things. With The Flips, we want to try and be more independent."

Despite having their demo tape produced by Mark Bedford of Madness and playing regularly with nutty proteges Bonsai Forest, The Flips are not really part of any Camden clique. Neither are they particularly concerned about criticisms of their tendency to hold back slightly on stage.

"We're not the sort of band who are going to come forward and implore the audience to be with us. It's always been a more subtle thing than that. It's not that blatant. It's more to do with undercurrents. We've just got some songs that we play without being tarty about it."

"We don't play on the fact that Cres and I are girls either. Sometimes it can put an interesting and different perspective on things, but we're not raving feminists or sex goddesses. I'd rather think that it was down to the songs."

The songs themselves are all written by Nicola and balance bittersweet romances with hard-edged realism in the same manner as Buzzcocks or The Marine Girls.

"Most of the songs are just written about situations that I find myself in," she continues. "I could never tell anyone what a certain song was written about because they are quite personal, although when we're actually playing them I'm not actually thinking about what it was written about."

"People say that they are love songs but most of them are actually more about conflict and hate. A lot of them are about disputes between lovers, the sort of thing that really happens."

"If it's romance, then it is *real* romance, not just moonlight and roses."

The Flips are currently facing the future with optimism. Their new line-up promises more consistent live performance while the songs demo'd with Bedders are already interesting a couple of record labels. As things stand, the word flop is far from the current Flip vocabulary.

"I don't think our basic sound will change," predicts Oscar. "It will obviously make a difference having Peter and I in the band, but the basic sound is too good to alter."

"But we've also still got a lot to learn, which is one of the good things about it. There will always be room for improvement. What excites me is the potential."

Some Flips, some chips and half-a-pint of brown, that's the way to spell Camden Town.

... but a nice boy, really  
Pic Dezo Hoffmann

"We'd just come into the hit parade. We thought maybe he's just another singer; he's exceptionally good-looking, he carries himself well, got this natural dignity thing, but maybe not much more. Well, we got made up and tuned up for the first show. It was at Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Then Cliff came in wearing a pink suit, pink tie, shirt, socks, shoes. It looked fantastic. We went on stage and tore the place apart."

Hank Marvin, 1964.



DRAWING A PICTURE OF ELVIS ● CAB CALLS ●

ANOTHER CUT-OUT-N-KEEP STORY IN OUR HEARTWARMING SERIES OF...

ELVIS PRESLEY came to our school. He came in the door and Miss McCorquodale said "My God". ELVIS PRESLEY walked through the door kinda funny. He seemed to hang around in the doorway for a long time and then he burst in. Joey Kowalski said he got stuck in the doorway but Joey Kowalski likes Creedence Clearwater Revival.

ELVIS PRESLEY went over to the teacher's desk. He was dressed in a black leather suit and he was a big guy like my Uncle Virgil. He wasn't singing like he does in the films of his I've seen on TV. Miss McCorquodale looked sick. ELVIS PRESLEY said to her "Hello Mrs Toomer I've come to present the cup." Joey Kowalski said to me that Miss McCorquodale looked like she was going to throw up because she was looking at ELVIS PRESLEY's big fat mouth. I told him to zip his lips or he'd have the fattest mouth in Concord.

ELVIS PRESLEY reached into his pocket and pulled out a little silver cup. "Where's the kid, Mrs Toomer?" said a thin man from the doorway. He must have been ELVIS PRESLEY's friend. Miss McCorquodale was trembling. She looked just like she was going to faint. ELVIS PRESLEY waved the cup above his head. "Who wants the goddam cup?" he said. "Where's the kid, Mrs Toomer?" said the thin man again from the doorway.

At last Miss McCorquodale spoke. Her voice was like a gerbil squeaking. "What kid?" she said. That's all she said. The thin man looked at a sheet of paper. "Ramon Rodriguez of Brooklyn. He's won a cup in the 1975 Draw A Picture of Elvis competition." Miss McCorquodale began to whine. High pitched. It was terrible. Lucy Billington got up and said "This isn't Brooklyn. This is Concord, New Hampshire. Brooklyn is in New York City."

Well Lucy Billington was just showing off. I could have told him that. There are five boroughs in New York City: Queens, Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx. And one other. I can't remember it but I know there are five.

The thin man shouted out into the corridor "This ain't the right school. The kid says Brooklyn's in New York City." There was another voice in the corridor saying things I couldn't catch and then the thin man shouted "No! Fucken New York City!". The thin man came into the room and said to ELVIS PRESLEY "Put the fucken cup away." The thin man led ELVIS PRESLEY away and I covered my eyes up because I didn't want to see him get stuck in the doorway again.

But Joey Kowalski laughed so I guess he must have done. Dwight Folsten, Concord, New Hampshire.

(As told to IAN McMILLAN)

ELVIS

DOUBLE TAKE...

AFTER CABARET Voltaire Your Refrigerator Will Never Sound The Same.

It's Cabaret time and your opportunity to win the entire contents of the world and more: the more being... no, not a new Bendix Automatic Washing Machine but something just as crucial to modern-day living.

Through the kind auspices of Some Bizzare and Virgin Records, we have in our possession a quantity of both Cabaret Voltaire's much-discussed video *Double Vision* and their acclaimed chart LP 'Crackdown'. You want 'em - you got 'em!

Twenty copies of both the *Double Vision* video and the 'Crackdown' album are on offer to those 20 NME readers who supply the best captions to the Cabs' photo printed here. Correct, two prizes per winner. However, the outright winner will not only receive both the video and album but a £50 record token to spend at any one of Virgin Records' shops. That, in itself, is equivalent to another ten or twelve albums. Couldn't be simpler.

THE RULES

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of *New Musical Express* and the staff of Some Bizzare and Virgin Records. The Editor's decision is final and the result will be published in a future edition of NME. CLOSING DATE: 29 October 1983

Send your entries to:

NME/CABARET VOLTAIRE COMPETION  
55 Ewer Street, London SE9 6YP

NAME..... Age.....

ADDRESS.....

Tick format VHS ☐ Beta ☐



*Situation 2*

*SITU 7*

*Gene over ezebel.*

*First Album*

*Produced and Engineered by John Brand.*

*Includes New Recordings of Boogie and Screaming (for Emmalane)*

*Formige*



# SINGLES

## BY GAVIN MARTIN

**CAROL DOUGLAS: I Got Your Body (Next Plateau Import)** The craziest disco blaze of the week. Scored with passion, scorched with loss, screaming out, making its place matter... all that sort of stuff. It's got multi super reinforced firing lines of keyboards, spitting and darting synths, sharp clipped guitar, fat plucked bass and Ms Douglas demanding something more than just physical attentions. Played with straight force and attack it lacks the glimmer of shame or yearning that would make it a complete treasure but put it alongside any of the poxy pap boys of the Tory gloom boom and watch them wither.

**GRANDMASTER FLASH AND MELLE MEL: White Lines (Sugarhill Import)** The strong stench of dross and desperation. With 'The Message' the Flashman cast a shadow over modern soul music that it's still not been quite able to come to terms with. The sad thing is that he was as much at a loss as everyone else as to how it should be followed up. This, with a backing track as dull as last night's dishwasher is, that's right, a *drug* song. It is blessed with all the verve and ingenuity of Jimmy Sham singing about going down the public with his mates. It's no 'King Heroin', to put it kindly it's... Grandmaster Trash And The Spurious Jive! Alright! Next, please.

**GIRLSCHOOL: 20th Century Boy (Bronze)** Most of the cover versions that crop up in the chart are travesties, the rape and pillage of a priceless memory; the unfunny Ullman destroying Kirsty's Macool's 'They Don't Know' (which was actually a very good record) or that terrible Shooting Star version of 'Reach Out I'll Be There'. Some records were made to be left alone, but some records were made to be covered and there is a certain logic in the brash feisty Girlschool reconstructing the T Rex teenybop nugget, a logic that galvanises when you hear the steaming treatment that they and producers Noddy Holder and Jim Lea of Slade have given the song. It's blitzing metal pop that swaggers in where Jeanie and Suzi fear to tread, I like Jill's (you do call her...) odd version of a guitar solo and I love their humour and bravado. In this age of gender confusion the girls mix it up and come out tops. (The Weather Girls of metal? Will this be big on the northern industrial gay circuit?) Along with fellow brain scorcher Motorhead's 'Shine' '20th Century Boy' is the finest metal moment of the year.

**OLIVER CHEATHAM: Bless The Ladies (MCA)** Cheatham should have hit big with 'Get Down Saturday Night'. While this bubbles and speaks quite adequately it is not in its predecessor's sparkling class. No crime on Ollie's part — his searching falsetto exhorts us to some heights — but the doddering song can't keep us there. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

**SPK: Metal Dance (Desire)** I'd be the last to recommend the unpleasantness of actually listening to the stuff, but if the new breed of industrial metallurgists are intent on formulating a new aesthetic, a separate dwelling place from which they plan to pounce and trounce the blandness and inertia of contemporary youth music, then their ideals may have a strategic value. But SPK, rather than keeping their threatening iron in fire long enough for it to be like an undertaker's rod onto a corpse, compromise shamelessly. Their metal core becomes a trivial, novel accoutrement as they plough through an ordinary slice of white compu-funk. This is sort of Set The Tone with spikes. Hey! are we going backwards or what?

"This is a strange new sound," they bleat. Sounds like a bloody school field trip! So they look fetching to *Face* readers who couldn't get down to Skin 2, and if you're anxious enough you can dance to it, but it's still stricken by the all embracing blight of pop populism — it causes no threat, demands no change, stakes no claims.

**THE THREE JOHNS: Awol (CNT)**

**MARC RILEY: Jumper Clown (Intape)** It's not quite up there with the limb knotting bastard spunk funk dynamics of 'Men Like Monkeys' but 'Awol' wins this week's prize for the nearest recreation of rock's primordial frenzy. Walking on gilded splinters, chewing on razor blades The Three Johns distil the essence of The Stooges and The Velvet Underground, pop it in a pressurised container, throw it on a furnace and wait for the ugly guitar pestilence to flood out, and then the perverse blighters actually rejoice in it all. I'm all for them, actually.

Ex Fall guy Riley puts? And The Mysterions on a roundabout at 100 mph and glumly follows the orbit. The structure and presentation does no justice to the hurtling heart of the song, there's none of the absurd humour or crazed shaman relish of The Three Johns. Riley's dour declamations and leaden repetition is too close to the works of infamous Mancunian lay preacher 'Mad' Mark Smith for my liking.

**UK PLAYERS: You Make Me Feel (RCA)**

Squirming furry dice fusak is padded and glossed by Steve Levine. A no score draw.

**SMOKEY ROBINSON AND BARBARA MITCHELL: Blame It On Love (Motown)**

**DIANA ROSS: Upfront (Capitol)** How are they faring with age, these stalwarts of Mr Gordy's dream factory? Diana favours a messy guitar gross out, while Smokey slips into something altogether more elegant but ultimately conservative. His duet with Barbara Mitchell moves through time honoured ivory tinkled motions but sadly palls against stablemate Lionel Richie's succulent 'All Night Long'. That's not the way it should be; his voice is cool and pitch perfect but it lacks the tremulous quality that used to make the listener ache and shiver. Most of all it lacks the masterful hand of his own supreme songwriting skill.

The erotic sheen of the Ross voice is still there, somewhere under a grooveless thumping romp unremarkably remixed by today's BritChic Jolley and Swain. Come back soon, Di.

**THE WAKE: Something Outside (Benelux)** Music without purpose, for people with emotional hangovers who never want them to go away. The Wake, as their typically facile and morbid moniker suggests, want to represent nothing more than a shallow reflection of whining self pity. While their mentors have moved on, everything here — the dearth ridden voice, the grey synth melody, the elementary fingered bass — suggest they are the children of New Order's donkey trail. We are sawdust, we are wooden. Sing it loud — I'm white and I wear a shroud.

**ELTON JOHN: Kiss The Bride (Phonogram)** Whaddya know, it's our man with the thatched roof and his own football team. And we'll have no sniggering either because I wasn't the only one round here who thought 'I'm Still Standing' was one of the real old fashioned knockout smasheroos of the year. But, just as Reggie (you do call him...) has the rank bad taste to play in South Africa he now releases this inconsequential rocker. Scraping up the worst remnants of 'The



Bitch Is Back' and 'Saturday Night's Alright' (OK, I used to be a fan) it's dominated by the excruciating guitar of Davy Johnstone rather than the exuberant Northern soul backbeat of 'Standing'. A miss.

**EDDIE AND SUNSHINE: There's Someone Following Me (Survival)** Has he got a white stick and a hearing aid? The Nina and Frederick of the nouveau cabaret set. Honestly! Did you see them co-presenting *Riverside*? Talk about cringe, it took me a week to get the knot out of me back. A bit less cluttered maybe, but this is a dead ringer for the Thompson Twins' puke worthy 'We Are Detective'. Shriill Eddie takes the lead, and Sunshine's harmonies are surprisingly warm and effective, but when they started to sing in French, Doctor, I felt that knot coming on again.

**WAYSTED: Can't Take That Love Away (Chrysalis)** **THE FIXX: One Thing Leads to Another (MCA)** We can go no further, we have reached (quick trumpet blast) BEDROCK (gasp). It is on dependable bores like this the dull traditions of the music industry are maintained. That's a whole world of guys with rancid cologne and expense accounts, the closed shop of media marketing, of tax losses, profit margins... this is the desensitised end product that keeps them in new satin bomber jackets. Waysted (even my puns are better than *that*) stomp and holler until they are red in the face but express only musical inarticulacy, not emotion. A UFO



offshoot they mark time with the usual poses and paces — axe heroics, clumsy drumming, a slow build up and brutal rampaging finale. All in a day's work.

The Fixx are part of a new deal where America gives us extremely dangerous nuclear weapons and they take our extremely tedious rock groups in return. 'One Thing Leads To Another' is jerry built offbeat guitar roles for geriatrics (c.f. lazy mid period Police and Men At Work).

**PAULINE BLACK: I Threw It Away (Chrysalis)** **MUSICAL YOUTH: 007 (MCA)** The title of the Black single says it all. As the smart, sharp front runner in The Selector she seemed to have an independence and force of character that should be treasured. The group may have been a bit naff but Pauline had something, which if you could put in a bottle, would make a fortune. Maybe she just grew up, maybe her excursion into unprovocative, sterile environs of the three-aytter knocked it out of her, but the old razzle and confidence isn't here. A routine bash, 'I Threw It Away' never lets its gospel chorus stray far from its dull clinical launch.

I was touched by the business acumen of Musical Youth, now sponsored by Air Jamaica, but whoever had the idea of recording the old Desmond Dekker classic was working from questionable commercial (an imaginary rude boys market) and artistic (this is limp and trivial toy town ska) standpoints. Their debut album proved they had a canny knack for writing clever songs of their own,

this just shows that even the ripe, rash individualism of The Youth can be swamped by pap populism.

**DIVINE: Love Reaction (Design)** The fat egghead transvestite who sends arthouse lame brains into a tizzy. During the last decade Divine was the sick freakshow attraction in a series of irredeemably nauseous films by John Waters. Another decade, another dollar and in the '80s Divine takes the trash aesthetic into the risque disco menagerie trading the visual sludge of the past for aural sludge of the present. Absolutely useless rubbish that depends on voyeuristic appeal.

**ELVIS ANDREW: Just A Lonely Man (Antigua)** AHHH! Like a flow of fresh air into a stale room comes the sparse simple pleasures of a man with a good clear voice and a remorseful but direct song. The group play a neat reggae lilt and Andrew, who sets the listener in mind of early Toots, keeps his vocal on the fine line between sorrow and self pity. Spoilt slightly by unnecessary and inept dub at the end of the 12 inch (not the easiest thing to carry off in a backroom in Tottenham) it is however one of the most disarming releases of the week. And that doesn't mean you have to be in CND to like it. Ha ha.

**PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES: Jinx (Trapper Records)** **SEX GANG CHILDREN: Maurita Mayer (Clay)** The unlistenable legacy of punk as bequeathed by Jimmy Sham and dodgy 'Deutsche Girls' era Adam Ant. PTTB are the ratpack rattlers with a tale of woe — "It's Saturday night and there's parties on but we can't get in any because the styles are wrong... / It's a jinx, a jinx everything goes wrong" — and a traditional terrace yob chant. These sort of groups threw away any pretence of subversion or irony a long time ago, now like the middle class arty types they love to hate they are terminally self obsessed, charmed by insignificance. A waste of anger, energy and enthusiasm.

Andi Sex Gang tries to pipsqueak his way to the plains of outrage and high drama but sounds destined to be one of life's under achievers, bitterly twisted and disappointed by his lack of reach and power. 'Maurita Mayer' is messy bluster that never states its case or escapes from its musical sewer tunnel vision. Every now and then Andi lets go a yelp that is supposedly meant to signal a frenzied tumult, but we are set in mind of Kenneth Williams in pantomime drag being goosed from behind.

**THE GO-BETWEENS: Man O'Sand To Girl O'Sea (Rough Trade)** An icy desolation haunts this strangely brittle and embittered love song. As Barney Hoskyns notes in his recent live review, there is something missing from the new Go-Betweens sound; they seem reluctant to colour their jagged guitar soundscape with commercial pop tones. They have a detachment from that strand of their sound that borders on sarcasm and it prevents their music attaining a fulsome, rounded finish. A songwriting talent lurks here but as yet it's only a diamond in the rough.

**WAYNE WADE AND TRINITY: Try Again (Epic)** The in vogue practice of reggae acts covering recent soul releases comes up with a winner here, as this duo pinch and perk-up the sagging flesh of Champaign's original. This is deliciously flavoured and masterfully mixed reggae sass-pop, the singer's warm lolling tones cushioned by a gently buzzing guitar, with a riding, gliding hi hat coasting along on top. Heart warming.

**JIMMY THE HOOVER: Kill The Kwik (Innervision)** There are some nice flighty sounds from radios around the world flitting in and out of this song — a nod in the direction of McLaren's pan cultural plagiarism. This is no bad thing, this lust and curiosity to seek out the tangiest and most exciting music from all over the globe. But Jimmy The Hoover are pap populism incarnate, displaying the pervasive tendency to pull off the thorns and wrench out the teeth leaving the music sounding gormless and gummy. The thrill soon withers when everything is set in an orderly line behind a cheap, cheery voice and a flaccid innocuous melody. Whoosh — half the plant just disappeared into the pap vacuum.

**ANDRE CYMONE: Make Me Wanna Dance (CBS)** Cymone left Prince so he could make like a third rate ponce with this tacky attempt at dirty funk razzle. Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby. And this is nothing like...


**LADY B: Attractive Young Man Wanted (RCA)** For someone born in Philadelphia and raised in its "mean streets and public schools" (sic) Lady B has managed to provide a very fitting toast to that curious Californian phenomena of Valley Girls with this revamp of an old Rod Stewart song (though I find it hard to believe old Rodders could have written the words "I know I'm not beautiful"). Gushing and grating as it sometimes gets, and loath as I am to admit it, this does have a chirpily plaintive attraction. Yeeughhhh — bag my face.

**LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH: Dance With Me (IRS)** The grand old men of professional punk gross-out. Shameless charlatans that they are, The Lords bring many doggedly mediocre influences to bear on this song. The main source is winsome latter day Strangers, but there's a few fashionably gothic flourishes, bubble gum handclaps, even a bit of Spandau sax thrown in. The new LP is called 'Nothing Is Sacred' and it's not hard to see why.


**JENNIFER HOLLIDAY: Shine A Light (Geffen)** Voice of the week without a doubt. *Dream Girls* star Jennifer is the only one who brings it down, grapples with it, wrings out the emotion and soars triumphant above it all. Put all that at the helm of a flashy Mo White (EWF) production and fireworks are bound to go off. Thing is, Holliday's expressively unique talent has not brought a sufficient response from White, whose production sounds like the work of a man rehashing past formulae — love the horns, but the vocoder sounds cursory and the metronome beat is something of an insult. The partnership works better on the B side, hopefully pointing the way to the full flowering beauty to be found on the 'Feel My Soul' LP.


**A CRAZE: Wearing Your Jumper (Respond)** To be young, mediocre and white — Respond leads the way! The chasm between the variety, skill and fire of Paul Weller's solo work and the limp, unfulfilled manifestoes of his proteges gets wider with each successive release. Live, A Craze are slap dash '60s danseuse pop — pretty frantic and very clumsy. In the studio they've been turned into airy fairy acoustic jazz tinged whimsy. It's very wet, very Everything But The Girl and very telling that this sort of thing was done much better a decade ago by a rich sun bleached Canadian (hi, Joni). Where it all fits into the Weller vision of music as a spirited force I don't know. This is reflective bed-sit, after study hours music for people who want to go... prancing in their seats. Time to pucker up, buttercups.







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# The Barmy DREAMER

KATE BUSH has moulded herself in an icon of pop erotica — so much that suburban couples claim her breasts stimulate their love making. Yet to like her voice and music is the ultimate in being uncool. **Jane Solanas** decides to give Kate the benefit of the doubt. Photography: **Anton Corbijn**

*"Dear Kate  
I love you. My brother is in the army and he's a git. I couldn't tell anyone else that. And no one else seems bothered about soldiers getting blown up young. I know you care. I just don't know you . . ."*

*"Dear Kate  
Me and my wife watched you on the tele and we found your breasts stimulate our love-making . . ."*

*"Dear Kate  
Your being Roman Catholic interests me . . ."*

But among a younger generation, the school of thought seems to be that liking Kate Bush is about as hip as owning a set of Melanie albums or else that she is . . . wonderful.

Someone at EMI said: "I've yet to see anyone sum Kate Bush up."

Kate Bush said: "The thing I don't like about NME is it seems so cynical . . ."

Those are the two main problems.

**I**T WOULD be so easy to be horrible about Kate Bush. A hundred, even affectionate, jokes immediately come to mind.

The press tend to think Ms Bush is immune to satire, innuendo and downright rudeness. Somehow it's alright for Simon Bates to phone her up live on Radio 1 and bellow down the

**T**HERE IS the school of thought that Kate Bush is for mums and dads. Freakily lovable. The ET of pop — something to laugh at when females impersonate her on TV by donning explosions of brown wig, making stabbing actions with their hands, all the while wailing like a cat fight.

And there's a school who believe Kate Bush is "profoundly subversive", like Fred Vermorel.

Fred — more familiar to NME readers as Malcolm McLaren's old philosophical sparring partner, and co-author of a brilliant book, *The Sex Pistols File* — for some reason, freaked on Kate's nipples, which stuck out on the first EMI promotional poster, and went on to weave an almost demi-goddess identity for her, largely drawn from the rustic history of the Bush clan and Kate's turbulent schooldays. (EG: why did Kate never fight back when girls pulled her hair?)

receiver about Kate's bank balance and sex life. The press can always say, "fuck you, you turgid cretin", but a household name is trained to be polite. It's a shame.

But on the other hand, Kate Bush is enigmatic, and what do you do when you don't understand someone? Either attack them ("Kate Bush is a spaced-out druid with lush tits . . ." is a familiar cry), or build fantasies around them à la Fred Vermorel.

I fell foul of the latter approach. I had so many preconceptions about the woman it was becoming painful. I expected her to be into horror movies, astrology, mysticism and sex, and based my questions around those subjects. I also expected her to have a sense of humour that would have me rolling in the aisles. I asked about the Kate Bush sense of humour at EMI and was told, yes, it existed but it was "off the wall". Unfortunately, it seemed to be out of the room when I was present, but then I shouldn't have expected a side-show. I don't think the press would get Kate Bush



so wrong, if she did not marry her music, which is strong enough already, to a controversial visual presentation. We've all got an instant picture of Kate Bush to draw on: "Oh yeah, she dances, don't she?" being another familiar cry. But think about it, how many dancing songwriters can you count on one hand?

Kate Bush has been somewhat dogged by her past, particularly in the light of the fact that she has been out of the public eye for over a year and her last major tour was as long ago as 1979. Hence impressions of Kate tend to be hopelessly outdated.

I never saw Kate Bush live, and had no interest in her work until the release of the 'Sat In Your Lap' single, so I asked EMI to show me some videos. I watched the Hammersmith gig from '79 and got a total shock: all Kate's songs which were finely imprinted on my brain were transformed into something straight out of *Salem's Lot*.

I got the impression that the 21 year old Kate Bush was trying to be Peter Pan, but to me she came across as Varoomshka crossed with a vampire. It was genuinely frightening watching Kate stalking around the stage in various strange garb being man handled by two male/slave dancers, and pulling pained expressions with that extraordinary face of hers. Subtle it wasn't.

Four years on, Kate has calmed down a bit. I watched a preview of her 'Single File' video; as might have been predicted, she is in her element on video. There's still quite a lot of frantic arm waving (and jeezus has she got a pair of arms!), but when she interprets her later material, she's easily one of the most entertaining musicians on film. The one's to look out for are: 'Army Dreamers' (see Kate get blown up), 'There Goes A Tenner' (see Kate blow a safe), 'Sat In Your Lap' (see men wearing goats' legs) and 'The Dreaming' (see God?).

Kate Bush hit her artistic peak on 'The Dreaming' album. Yet sadly it wasn't recognised as an important or courageous album, and caused more confusion than fuss. The three singles taken from it, 'Sat In Your Lap', 'The Dreaming' and 'There Goes A Tenner', were her finest ever and sounded to me like sure-fire radio hits. But the Radio 1 DJs (except David Jensen) tittered nervously, and 'The Dreaming' just about did the whole station in.

She blew away that MOR 'Wuthering Heights' image by changing her voice (lowering it) and injecting aggression into the music. There's a note on the bottom of 'The Dreaming' album instructing you to play the record LOUD! Before, Kate Bush as a flaming great noise would never have occurred to anyone.

Kate Bush has always been a unique talent on the music scene. Her individuality and imagination are unusual in an industry which constantly makes do without either. As a songwriter she has the ability to take intriguing subject matter—yes, *Wuthering Heights*, Houdini, Henry James' *The Turn Of The Screw*, aspects of war, anything from aborigines getting mowed down by trucks to soft porn—and condensing it into song.

She wrote one of the best anti-army songs ever ('Army Dreamers'); and, of course, she has that voice, distinctive and constantly changing.

Her attitude to work is interesting. It's well known that the EMI machine has been good to her, allowing an extraordinary freedom in the running of her career. But there is still the pressure to promote herself and she has wilfully taken a back-seat. She spent so much time working on 'The Dreaming', she knackered herself and scrapped plans to tour. She is currently working on new material, but this is still only at the demo stage, and how long she will spend in the studio throwing her voice of walls is anyone's guess.

She is reluctant to do press because of bad experiences. She seems obsessed with doing things right, be it a performance or a photograph, and she does not seem afraid to wait. I find that a rare quality.

**T**HE INTERVIEW I did with Kate Bush for two hours in a dance studio in South London was marred by the preconceptions I mentioned earlier.

I've got only one clear impression of Kate Bush's personality: she's sweet. She wouldn't stomp on a spider if it was three inches wide and crawling through her hair; she wouldn't shout at anyone no matter how obnoxious they were being. I got the feeling that all the energy other 25 year olds might expend on being sassy, sexy and a minor hell-raiser in order to impress their personality on the world, for her is contained and released in her work.

This is not to say Kate Bush outside of a studio or off a stage is vacuous or innocent, but she is unusually quiet. I saw no trace of the extrovert that comes across in her music: I don't think I gave her enough scope to talk about the things, chiefly her songwriting and her dancing, that she would have liked to.

A lot of the time was spent patiently explaining no, she wasn't into this or that, or no, that was an interesting way of looking at it, but not her way. As a 'fan', I was probably cute. As an interviewer, a load of crap.

For example, I liked the way she handled this question:

Fred Vermorel wrote a curious thing about your lacking aggressive emotions. Yet 'The Dreaming' seemed to work because it sounded so aggressive. Can you comment on that?

"I think the last album is about trying to cope . . . to get through all the shit. I think it was positive, showing how certain people approach all these negative things (war, crime



etc.). I don't think I'm actually an aggressive person. I think I *can* be . . . but I release that energy in work. I think it's wrong to get angry. If people get angry, it kind of freaks everybody out and they can't concentrate on what they're doing."

I thought that was an admirable piece of logic. I wasn't so keen on Kate's surprised dismissal of my question on her sexual identity as a female performer:

I once saw a photograph of you taken from your live tour and you were covered in sweat and licking the barrel of a gun. I found it erotic but frightening, because it was so blatant. (I also accused her, after watching the video of the Hammersmith gig of oozing sex all over the stage.) What, as a performer, are your feelings with regard to an audience's erotic reaction to you?

"I suppose it's something I don't really know about. Your energy on stage dictates the character you are (then). I'm too subjective. I just see me . . . either I get embarrassed or it's working."

It seemed to be news to Kate that her visual presence might have a dramatic sexual effect on people. I closed that part of the conversation with a muttered, "Well, it must be my filthy mind (chortle)". But later I remembered all the comments I'd heard when I'd told people I was going to meet Kate Bush:

"tits" and "naked photographs" being uppermost.

Also, in a later question about her initial press identity, Kate remarked, "When I first appeared the press couldn't handle me in any normal way. I was the girl who sang in a funny voice with—'The Body' . . ."

There is a video on the 'Video File' that shows 'The Body' to wonderful effect. As you can imagine, I buried the next question, Do you think women get off on you? in fine flippant style. But I liked her candidness in other areas. Do you like books?

"Yes. But I'm a really slow reader. Everytime I read a good book it's in my head for weeks . . . like *The Shining* (Stephen King), that went straight into a song."

We had already established that Kate was a keen film fan when I asked this one:

Do you like gory things or taboo subjects?

"Some taboo subjects definitely attract me . . . I don't think I do like particularly gory things. Like, *Don't Look Now*, *Psycho* (films Kate likes), its not the gore so much as the emotional effect—the distortion. I don't think I'd ever go and see *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Friday The 13th*, things like that. It think it's sick. You KNOW everybody is going to die disgustingly. I prefer films that work around the subject, build you up . . ."

Did you ever go through the hippie stage?

"No. I was just a few years too young. In some ways my attitudes could be associated with the time. I mean, I was growing up in the '60s . . ." (EG: Kate is well gone on The Beatles).

Were you ever into teenage (fashion) cults. Like a skinhead (titter) or something?

"No. I don't think I ever felt I could be convincing enough in any of the roles."

Do you ever get drunk?

"I don't really like alcohol. It doesn't get on with my body . . . (But) I've got a strong stomach. I can eat a lot . . . a great combination of things."

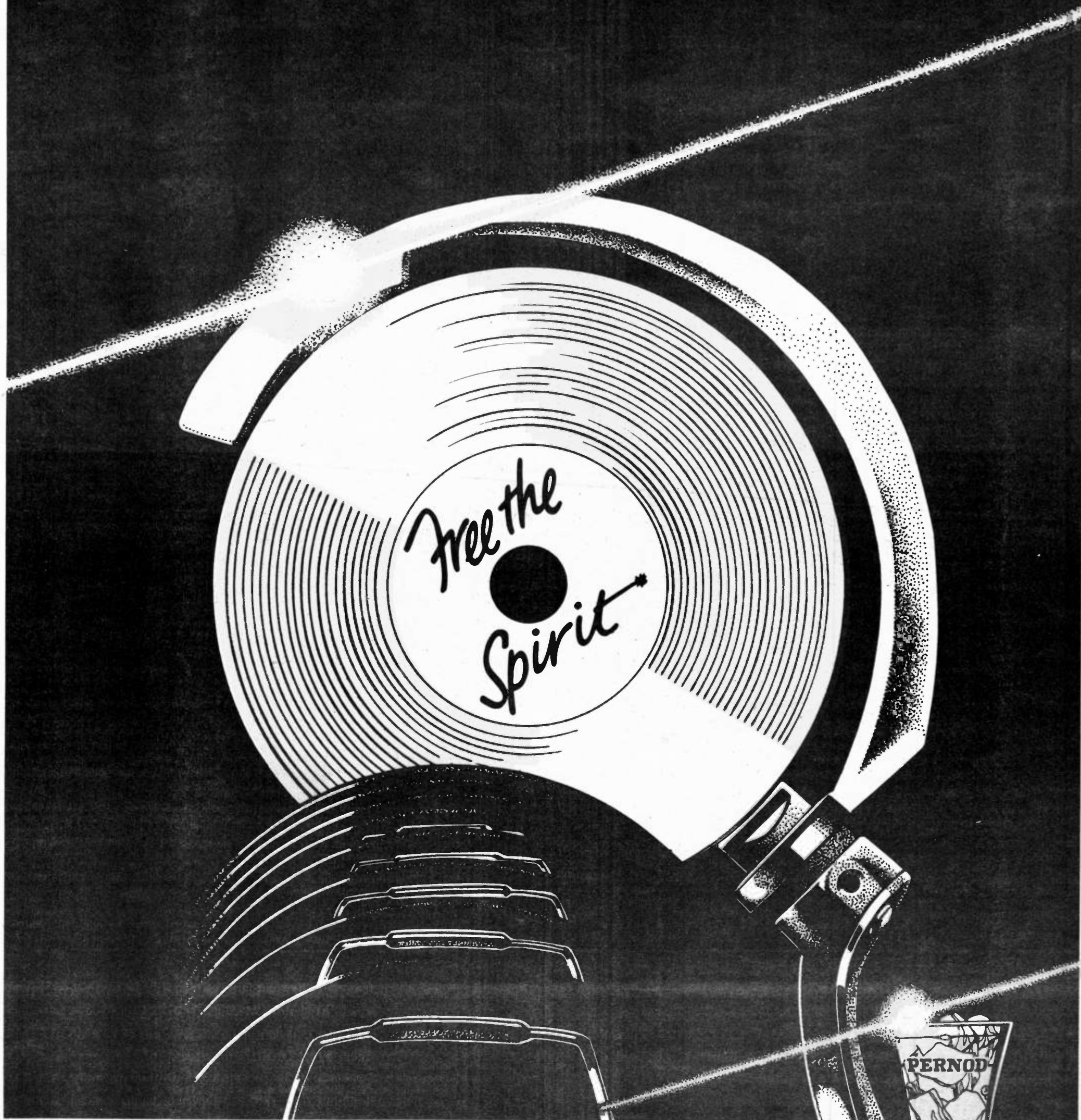
Well, I think it's far more interesting to know that Kate Bush is a gut than that Lena Zavaroni is a Freudian anorexic.

**Y**OU WOULDN'T believe how physically small Kate Bush is. After the interview, I looked down at her and, for a split second, I wondered how she'd ever make it across the street, let alone be someone people would like to touch, annoy, know. She lacks the cynicism and mistrust of the '80s, yet she's got a single-mindedness that transgresses all the pitfalls of fashion and falling sales.

We should stop bugging her.



# PERNOD



DISCOVER YOUR FLIP SIDE.



*Well here's the latest news from Nashville,  
Some of it's a little rough,  
Like Charlie Daniels' new day job,  
He's on TV sellin' snuff.  
George Jones quit drinkin' and the CMA  
made him number one on their TV show,  
Funny thing is, he always was,  
They only discovered him about a year ago.  
Living legends are a dyin' breed,  
There's only a few of us left,  
To tell you the truth,  
I ain't been feelin' real hot lately myself. . .*  
— 'Living Legends (A Dyin' Breed)'  
by Waylon Jennings

**T**O TELL the truth, on this particular Nashville morning Waylon Jennings doesn't appear to be feelin' real hot. Hacking at phlegm, snuffling like a sickly road rat, he even has to break the interview at mid-point: "Gotta get a damn *Ro-Lids*," (an indigestion tablet) he politely protests.

With a facial hide as lined as old leather, you can almost map his musical travels at a glance. And then there's that *voice*, speaking or singing, with its vintage, rustic rasp implying a certain timeworn sense of truth. No doubt about it, hoss. Waylon Jennings looks and sounds the part of a living legend.

Even the facts loom as large as any mythic shadow Jennings may cast—he was Buddy Holly's pal and last bassist, one of country starmaker Chet Atkins' major discoveries, and then, in the '70s,

along with Willie (that's Nelson, y'all) and the boys, one of the "Outlaws" who made country music contemporary and commercially potent. But any tall-walkin' country singin' star who's tagged as an outlaw is bound to live up to part of the role. After all, mythology is a central pillar of the country gestalt (look how badass Hank Williams is now anointed), so if you're gonna talk it you better walk it, too.

And the news from Nashville, a community whose highest art isn't music, but gossip, innuendo and rumour, had recently been souring on the Waylon front: tales of impending bankruptcy ("Poor Waylon," sardonically lamented one friend, "he had to sell his Lear jet"), perhaps brought on by a high-livin' style and his reputed appetite for certain stimulating substances (even admitted—"speeding my young life away"—in "You Sure Hank Done It This Way?"). But this isn't an unfamiliar story for Jennings or Nashville-at-large.

Also Waylon's recorded output seemed to be veering towards self-parody, recycling the renegade stance in songs time and again, driven by what one critic calls the "eat shit" bass line—because it sounds like it keeps saying "eat shit, eat shit, eat shit, eat shit." This from one of the few men—like Hank Williams (Sr. and Jr.), Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson and a small handful of others—to make a musical and an emotional difference in the meaning of country music.

But faced with Waylon Jennings for real, not the rumours, not the legend, one might best just quote a recent song (by one of Nashville's classiest songwriters, Bob McDill) that Waylon cut: "I May Be Used (But I Ain't Used Up)". He may be feeling a tad nervous and caged, but Waylon Jennings emerges as a gen-u-wine Southern gent, complete with a self-effacing sense of humour and a road-tested

wisdom that is anything but the rap of a used-up, burned out, on-the-skids star.

*Living legends are a dyin' breed,  
And lately the way I felt,  
If I'd only known I's gonna live this long,  
I'd-a-taken better care of myself. . .*

**"T**HAT SONG ('Living Legends' from his last solo album, 'It's Only Rock & Roll') was basically to see if cowboy singers could still laugh at themselves and have a sense of humour about it all. That, and to see if I could get away with bein' a smart-ass, and to see if I could laugh at some of the things that happened to me!"

For instance: "A while back, a guy who worked for me came to my door and said: 'Waylon Jennings—you're broke! Waylon Jennings has no money, and everything he owns is in hock up to the gills'. I said, 'Well . . . okay, close the door'. And he says, 'Wait a minute. Do you understand what I said?' I said, 'Now don't patronise me! Made me mad a little bit. So I said, 'I understand what you're sayin', but if you don't know, you should hear it now—I really don't give a damn."

"Funny thing was, I'd just been talkin' a few days before to Tony Joe White, and I'd said, 'Y'know, hoss, sometimes I get to wishin' I could start all over.' So I got my wish, basically."

(Later, Marylou Hyatt, Waylon's pretty assistant, adds a postscript: "Waylon was a million and a half in debt"—about a million pounds—"and he could have declared bankruptcy, but he didn't. We were able to rearrange his debts, cut some of the deadwood from the payroll, and now he's paid off every penny he owed." This, friends, is a rare man of honour.)

Waylon's business isn't the only thing back on the

beam. 'It's Only Rock & Roll'—named not for the Stones song, but ace songwriter Rodney Crowell's wry take on the star-buggering machinery that opens the album—seems curiously pivotal in its make-up (and also serves as a nifty Jennings primer). The title cut and 'Living Legends' offer pointed personal and country cultural commentary; there's two separate slices of his past (a rereading of his 1967 hit 'Mental Revenge' and an eight-song medley of Outlaw-era faves), a scad of the more emotionally-complex material Waylon favours over the hot-trotting boogie his long-haired country boy fans demand, even a slow but deft take of Little Richard's 'Lucille'.

That album was followed by 'Waylon And Company', which is happily more than just a symptom of the duet disease gripping most Nashville marketing minds these days. Sharing songs with Willie (of course), Hank, Jr., Ernest Tubb (the original "E.T."), Emmylou Harris, Mel Tillis, pal and fan James Garner, and of course, his lovely and loving wife Jessi Colter (among others), Waylon sounds eager and energetic on a collection that certainly spans his rather vast musical range.

Financially stable again, road-worn but hardly worn-out, Waylon appears to be undergoing rebirth and renewal, a process he's no stranger to. Reared in Littlefield, Texas, "a suburb of a cotton patch" outside Lubbock, Waylon started singing and disc-jockeying on a local radio station at the age of 12. A few years later, his first single, 'Jole Blon', was produced by his old Lubbock mate made good Buddy Holly (who had to write out the words to the Cajun classic phonetically, recalls Jennings with a laugh, "because I didn't know Cajun French from Shinola"). He also played bass on Holly's last tour, and gave up his seat on the fatal-plane ride to the Big

# OUTLAW IN THE RED

**So what does an old cowboy do when he's left with just his boots and ten gallon hat? Well, in the case of Waylon Jennings, you just sell up your private Lear jet and start your career all over again. ROBERT D. PATTERSON gets on the trail. Photo: JOE STEVENS.**

Bopper. Shattered by both the loss and how the tour promoters manipulated Holly's musicians to keep them on the tour—promising to send them home for Holly's funeral, then, too late, reneging—Jennings left music.

But his "love for music finally overcame the sadness" after a few years, and soon Jennings was packing 'em in at J.D.'s in Phoenix, where his act caught the attention of artists like Duane Eddy and Bobby Bare. They badgered Chet Atkins, who inked Waylon to RCA "to do something to get those guys off his head," says Waylon. Some 20 years later,

**CONTINUES PAGE 45**





# BLOW DRIED

## Blow To The Heart

**DIRECTOR:** Gianni Amelio  
**STARRING:** Jean Louis Trintignant, Laura Morante, Fausto Rossi (The Other Cinema)

THIS IS a difficult film, because it requires patience and a certain dedication to watch without blinking. It's discomforting even though its violence is expressed chiefly through silence and fixed faces; it moves concentrically, as though on an inexorable and fatal course, and it ends, naturally, with a terrific blow to the heart.

Amelio isn't a renowned figure here—in fact this is his first feature specifically for the cinema, although his extensive television work has been transferred to bigger screens—and it's a surprise to discover how distant he is from the Italian tradition. His story of a father and son ripped apart by personal deceit is constructed with a calm that is

almost featureless, like a man doing a jigsaw of a car accident. Jean Louis Trintignant, as the teacher who is enigmatically involved with a couple of student-terrorists, knits his brow tighter and tighter as his path crumbles; Fausto Rossi plays his son as an opposite, a boy who starts as shyly inquisitive and grows cooler and more impassive as the truth breaks around him. His final expression belongs to a youth who will never laugh or cry again.

The film gathers an internal momentum in their exchanges, pregnant encounters that teeter perpetually on the edge of explosion. If there is a wider moral to hand—Trintignant as a scapegoat of entrenched activism, Rossi an imperturbable, brattish supporter of a different kind of 'greater good'—the director scales it into the small frame of the family circle. He opens the story with a father's joke, glides his camera over the faces of a mother and sister and



"You're nicked, sonny. It's over to page 22 with you, I'm afraid."

grandmother with tenderness—and comes to rest always on the glaze-hard eyes of the boy.

It's a sombre, resigned world he makes; and that is the sag in the movie's tautness. Amelio seems

to look for a kind of abstraction, in an urban setting pitted by random violence and decay, and the

## SILVER SCREEN

superficial kindness is to a film like *L'Argent*; but the dryness of his technique coupled with the long, fatiguing takes on faces disperses any such spiritual ambience. The film wishes to deliver more than it does and the climax misses the sucker punch—the closing images seem to drizzle away.

The terse quality of *Blow To The Heart* is nevertheless unusual, even engrossing. Amelio appears to mock his native 'emotional' cinema by making the father's embraces look gross and absurd; he forces us into spying, following the boy's incriminating photography with guilty fascination, setting the audience to peep through shattered windows and from corners and parapets. Bertolucci would have made this wryly ironic; Amelio allows not a shred of humour into his film. Difficult, indeed.

Richard Cook



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## ON THE BOX

BY AMRIK RAI & BARBARA WASIAK

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### THURSDAY OCT 13

And pan to images of barrels being scraped...

If God had meant man to fly, he would have given him wings announces David Lowell Rich in directing *Airport '79—The Concorde* (ITV, 7.30): another dose of predictably vacuous DISASTER.

**Hotline** (BBC1, 9.55) is a new phone-in programme (which could become a series if we're very unlucky) in which unlikely duo Chris Tarrant and his maiden aunt, Gloria Hunniford, answer your questions on wilting Yuccas, gravy stains and temperamental dachshunds. Meanwhile, BBC2 (9.00) sees run-of-the-mill madcap sexism receiving a trite return with another chance to see **Blue Ken Everett and his video show**. Go on Ken, show us the sketch with the buxom prison wench in it and, oh Ken, we must see the one with the really well-stacked secretary again. You know the one Ken, she's wearing this really low dress, ho! ho! gasp! gung ho!, and first there's a close-up of her bending forward, ho! ho! And this geezer who's watching, he just can't believe them—his eyes I mean. Ho! Ho! Guffaw. Too much Ken.

Fast emerging as BBC1's answer to *Minder*, **Give Us A Break** (8.10) is a convincing tale of low life camaraderie and one-upmanship that capitalises on the nation's unequivocal thumbs-up to the advent of both snooker and 'good' baddies. The story so far: Robert 'Wolfie Smith' Lindsay is Mickey Noades, a former punk band manager cum wily Jock McDonald type whose lucky streak isn't quite as narrow as Holda Ogden's and who makes Arthur Daley look like Raffles. Micky has discovered Mo (Paul McGann), a puerile young scally who's hot with a cue, and taken on the role of both big brother and manager. Take it from there for big fun on Thursdays!

**Late Night In Concert** with King Crimson (BBC1, 11.25). Ever tried mushroom Ovaltine?

### FRIDAY OCT 14

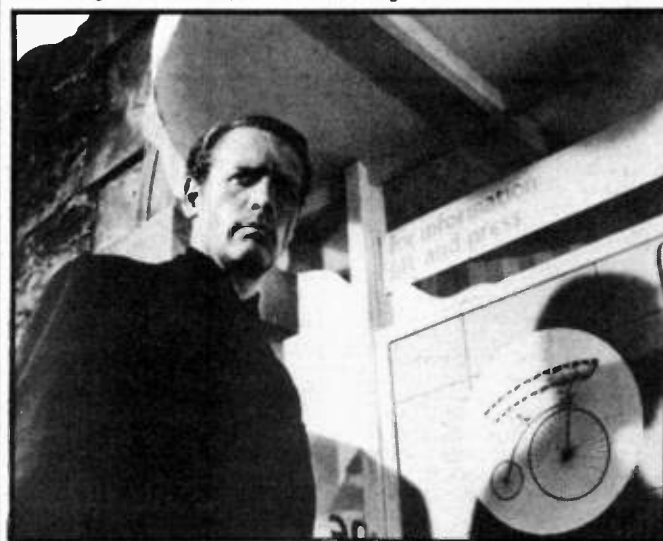
**Laurel And Hardy's Laughing Twenties** (C4, 5.20). Custard pie for tea as the dippy duo take to your screens once again for one hundred minutes of compiled whoopee (and not bit part for Sylvia Kristel). Robert Youngson's choice concentrates on the silent comedies made between 1927 and 1929 and also includes routines from contemporary slapstickers, Charlie Chase and Max Davidson.

**Ladybirds** (C4, 9.15). Last show of the series, purporting to look at outstanding female musical talent, features the legendary Jane Birkin. With her hit single, 'Je T'aime Moi Non Plus', Jane proved that vocal harmony was just so much hot air and aroused massive speculation regarding the size of her larynx. She is also well-known for her rousing and often sensitive performance in major '60s film *Blow Up* in which she played a naked woman. Now enjoying the luxuries afforded to a top French film star, she gives us an in depth guide to her Parisian mansion and talks of her work, her music and her life.

The night's dose of C4 contention **No Orchids For Miss Blandish** (St. John L. Cloves) was remade in 1971 as *The Grissom Gang* but caused much more furore on its original opening in 1948. Joe Public salivated whilst Watch Committees ranted and the dailies (bless their cotton socks and chequebooks) regularly produced hysterical diatribes on what was described as the most vicious display of sadism, brutality and suggestiveness ever to darken our screens. Waxing metaphorical, *The Observer* reported on a film which "would seem to have scraped up all the droppings of the nastier type of Hollywood movie". Make your own faecal comparisons as Linden Travers plays the heiress, kidnapped by gangsters, who takes a shine to their screwball leader. (C4, 11.45).

Pursuing the subject of bowel movements a little further, **The Phantom Of Liberty** (Luis Bunuel, 1974) is not without its observations on this messy matter—all done with the best possible waste! Treat yourself to anarchic anecdotes in a surrealist series of perplexing paradoxes through which Bunuel gives a cinematic realisation of the Marxist doctrine, 'The sun shines out of my proletarian anus'. Usual slabs of imagery from the revered French Perv. (BBC2, 9.00).

**The List Of Adrian Messenger** (John Huston, 1963) Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Burl Lancaster, Robert



*The Prisoner* (Monday, C4).



## My Tutor

DIRECTOR: George Bowers  
STARRING: Matt Lattanzi, Kevin McCarthy, Caren Kaye (Anglo American)

THE COMING-of-age cinema (or 'first fuck films' as the American drive-in audience is wont to dub them) is hardly renowned for subtleties. But don't be too hasty in writing off *My Tutor*.

Because, once the title has put everything upfront about rich hunk Matt Lattanzi and his need for remedial 'French lessons', it does offer the odd subversion among the usual *divertissements*.

Sure, Older Brother Billy (whose vintage motor steals the show even before his parade of *Happy Days* jackets can) drags twerp brother Jack, and his pal Bobby — that's Matt — off to a brothel where they encounter a (real) *Playboy* *Playmate* with the usual Nothing Happens result. But by then you've already noticed that the humour is suspiciously broad at the expense rather than the aid of the plot's creaking clichés. And it's not long till there's a definite jibe at granddaddy of 'em all *The Graduate*. (Well-wisher from Japanese corporation to Matt at his birthday bash: 'I have one word for you, Bobby: *Silicon chips!* Bobby: 'That's two words').

It's all plot-by-numbers, though things veer slightly less predictably towards the side of the sappy and sentimental. But this weird little artefact endeavours to effect a little sloganeering of its own sort. French mistress Terry postpones even the thought of propriety towards her young charge until a longtime boyfriend commits his coarsest infidelity yet. And Terry's independence (she leaves Bobby first) even imbues the lad with enough pluck to challenge Dad's obsession with sending him to paternal *alma mater* Yale. Too bad, because Lattanzi's so clearly playing to the gay as well as the straight market that it would be nice to see him scootering off into the sunset, headed for Perfect Preppiedom as a Yale.

Cynthia Rose



"Do with me what you will — I shall never reveal where I buy my stylish boxer shorts!"

## Next week in NME

### Searing honesty special!

Smoothiechops MARTIN FRY wipes off the mud pack, casts aside that revolting gold lurex suit and comes out of the closet "Yup, I've always been a down-home kinda guy. Even a crooner gets the blues, you dig?"

In the club! Our special investigator Tony 'Red Mole' Parsons probes the Victorian values of the TORY PARTY CONFERENCE at Brighton and announces "Good rockin' tonight!"

Donner und blitzen! Thoroughly modern metal-bashers KOWALSKI get heavy with Mat 'Ravishing Beauty' Snow. "Ve vill, ve vill rock you! Ist gut, ja?" Sure thing, Fritz. Don't call us . . .

NME — we tear the lid off the sucker!!!



*Bilko* (Sunday, BBC1)

Mitchum and Ol' Blue Eyes don't handlebar moustaches, large noses and false warts and appear as you've never seen them before in Huston's oddball thriller. Critically, its standing can be compared to *The Clash*'s 'Sandinista' phase but at least they've done a good job on Douglas's bifurcated chin. (BBC2, 10.50).

### SATURDAY OCT 15

The Noel Edmonds' *Late Late Breakfast Show* (BBC1, 5.50). More hidden cameras and sixth-form naughtiness from failed Bee Gee Noel Edmonds. In this show, we visit the northern wastes of Yorkshire where a team of hand-picked actors will be baiting innocent passers-by and hoping to make complete fools of them by greeting them with the time-honoured Yorkshire phrase: "Ay up pal, tha's got shite on thy shoe". Otherwise similarly hilarious antics will be ensuing from the thigh-slapping quartet in *Game For A Laugh* (ITV, 6.30). This week unsuspecting members of the public will be subjected to a four-handed checkout girl, Jeremy Beadle's jokes, a community policeman and a talking turd (Matthew Kelly). And the fun don't stop there.

The Betsy (Daniel Petrie, 1978) sees Laurence Olivier swallowing his Shakespeare and chewing the multinational corporate fat of Harold Robbins' soap epic. Enjoyable embarrassing screenplay and a must for *Power Games/Sex* (which means *Dynasty*) fanatics.

A filmic feast for Bette Davis devotees this weekend, beginning with *Dark Victory* (Edmund Goulding, 1939) in which our heroine has only a few months to live due to an inconsiderate brain tumour. Could have been a soggy Kleenex marathon but any McGraw mawkishness is thankfully repressed until the dying (sic) moments. Humphrey Bogart is slightly miscast as her Irish horse trainer; Ronald Reagan gets a bit part. (C4, 2.25)

Later on, *All About Eve* (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, 1950) sees Davis is back to stirring born nasty type form in a film which reputedly saved her from rapidly encroaching oblivion. Memorable backstabbing from Davis, who plays an ageing Broadway actress threatened by ambitious upstart Anne Baxter. Mankiewicz' screenplay provides a welcome deflation of the thespian pretensions and there were lots of Oscars all round Marilyn Monroe gets a bit part. (C4, 11.30).

Finally, on Sunday (C4, 10.25), Davis is again an actress playing an actress, this time in the Shakespearean vein, in *It's Love I'm After* (Archie Mayo, 1937). Leslie

Howard is her romeo, or will be, but after eleven postponements nerves are wearing understandably thin. Sparks fly and repartee rages as Howard inspires the infatuation of an impressionable Olivia de Havilland. Bulldog Drummond gets a bit part.

### SUNDAY OCT 16

The tedium of Godsquad evenings could soon be a thing of the past with the return of lighthearted, educational arts' programme *Omnibus* (BBC1, 9.50). In an exclusively filmed interview, the new series kicks off with Franco Zefferelli talking about his famous cartoon *Romeo And Juliet* and his latest operatic delight, *La Traviata*, starring your fave soprano and mine, Plácido Domingo. Due to the rather sensitive nature of this programme, there will be no mention of *Endless Love* and absolutely no chance in hell of seeing Brooke Shields' stand-in's chest. *Omnibus* also looks at a new batch of plays dealing with contemporary British politics and asks whether they are drama or propaganda, documentary or fiction, art or reality, Stork or Lurpak. Either way, hushed tones and reverential expressions are the order of the day if for some inexplicable reason you haven't latched onto the delights of *American Football* (C4, 6.15). Last week's titanic struggle between the Raiders and the Redskins was more exciting than watching Derby beat Forest in last year's Milk Cup! Elsewhere, *Bilko* (BBC1, 11.40) and Bette Davis (see Saturday) prop up the measly agenda, with *The Money Programme* (BBC2, 6.30) making heavy weather of dissecting Abba's dodgy finances.

### MONDAY OCT 17

An early start with *Grange Hill* (BBC2, 6.04) returning for a brand new series. In-and-out-of-classroom capers that spin a compulsive web for perennial adolescents everywhere despite occasionally dire scripting. Hope the writers have been taking Pro-Plus — which is a drug you'll definitely need to stay up through *Riverside* (BBC2, 6.30) and an exclusive interview with the most pretentious man alive, Brian Eno. Marilyn, Billy McKenzie and Jan will be taking part in a Brian Eno lookalike competition to be held at the start of the programme. Anyone taking sidebets?

Later on, it's a clear choice between the brainchild of some cranked up '60s fruitcake, *The Prisoner* (C4, 10.00) and Clint Eastwood in *Coogan's Bluff* (Don Siegel, 1968) on BBC1 (9.25). Typical of Siegel's touching, sensitively shot style, the latter of a tearjerker story of an Arizona deputy sheriff with piles, who travels to New

York to apprehend an All Bran thief but meets only with big city mentality and coarse toilet paper. Eastwood portrays his haemorrhoidal anguish with a dignity that is both awesome and terrifying. Based on a true story, the box office success of this tale of personal pain in a nuclear society led to *McCloud*, a spin-off TV series starring Dennis Weaver.

And to close, aspiring arts critic Barry Norman vents his increasingly hilarious creative frustration on this week's poor, unsuspecting new releases in *Film '83* (BBC1, 11.05).

### TUESDAY OCT 18

While the corrugated complexion of Sid James cackles lecherously away in *Carry On Loving* (BBC1, 10.00), Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider are in much more sombre mood for Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Passenger* (BBC2, 9.00). Made in 1975, it plays philosophical filigree through a familiar hand of fate to nail of destiny theme by showing Nicholson as a journalist who, upon finding the fresh corpse of a casual acquaintance, assumes the dead man's identity (if he did that in real life, he might not be so typecast all the time).

Elsewhere, it's a toss up between Captain Lionel and his talking parrot, Michael Aspel, on *Give Us A Clue* (ITV, 7.30) and *Taxi* (BBC1, 7.45) which won't be as good as last week. Funnily enough, I actually enjoy the much-maligned *Loose Talk* (C4, 11.10). I had my reservations but Steve Taylor finally convinced me with his appearance on a recent episode of *Twenty Twenty Vision* (Wednesday,

C4) where he held out courageously and cogently in front of an inquisition babbling "Record It! Record It!" For those of you who prefer audience orchestration and no-nonsense chairmanship, rewind your *Question Time* videos.

### WEDNESDAY OCT 19

*Butterflies* (BBC2, 9.00). Stand by with the Kleenex for the last in the present series of Carla Lane's increasingly unhappy sitcom. Wendy Craig's scattiness become out and out confusion and Geoffrey Palmer's dryness opens at last to reveal a secret sentimentalist. The end of the world is nigh as Russell and Adam prepare to flit the nest and Ria makes a belated bid for freedom. It's not feminism but at least it kicks.

*Eight Days A Week* (BBC2, 6.05): Robin Denselow puts on his best Barry Norman voice but comes out just vaguely ascerbic and mainly tedious as he tries to delve into the cosmic relevance of the new JoBoxers' single and *National Lampoon*'s latest film. Guest stars this week are three Robin Denselow clones.

*Blood Of The Condor* (Jorge Sanjines, 1968). Forget all those folksy-folksy Latin-American associations you read about in travel brochures and hear from Incantation. This film documents the sterilisation of Quechua Indian women, often done without their knowledge or consent, courtesy of the Peace Corps. No melodrama, just some nasty reality. (C4, 10.35).

*Late Night In Concert* (BBC2, 11.35) features Steven Miller. Click.

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**H**AVING LIMPED miserably through the Commons hanging debate, new Home Secretary Leon Brittan will try to project something resolute at this week's Tory conference in Blackpool while, at the same time, hold off the mentally unstable elements in the party: the madwomen of the shires, the Newtown bigots who want to flog everything that answers back.

But his performance must be more complex than that. For he must appeal also to wet factions such as the Tory Reform Group who want a drastic reduction in prison populations.

In short, he must be what the ludicrous Willie Whitelaw attempted and failed: a hawk with the heart of a dove.

A foretaste of Brittan's strategy was had recently when he set before a meeting of police superintendents the first key details of an anti-crime package. While offering no details, he said he intended to slash prison populations by detaining only the more serious, violent offenders.

Meanwhile the prison building programme will accelerate. Ten new institutions are to be constructed that, together with 'refurbishments' to existing sites, will add



nearly 9,000 new places.

One educated Daily called the package "opportunistic", (cowardly and deceitful) and that one day he is going to have to face down the contradictory forces in his party that want to tear him in opposite directions. In Blackpool, he can get in some practice.

One hundred law and order motions will be waiting for him there. Nearly all will be demanding a 'crackdown' and several a resurrection of the hanging issue.

Since youths, and particularly black youths, are construed as the major crime problem, Brittan will have to be particularly creative on this front. If he were to take a statistical leaf out of his own Home Office's annual report he would pump more money into non-custodial remedies, particularly Intermediate Treatment.

Each year 12,000 under-17s are ordered to do community service under the IT scheme and 65 per cent thereafter stay out of trouble. In comparison, about 75 per cent of the same age group who are locked up — for the same kind of offences — are convicted within two years.

But of course an extension of IT isn't mouth-watering enough for the back of the hall Tory rabble and thus Brittan will probably announce a further increase in the hardware of incarceration.

In regard to licking youth, he is due to report on Willie Whitelaw's short sharp shock experiment at the detention centres. There are now four on the tougher regime, and while there is no evidence that they have cut down on the 'return' rate, Brittan will no doubt invent something.

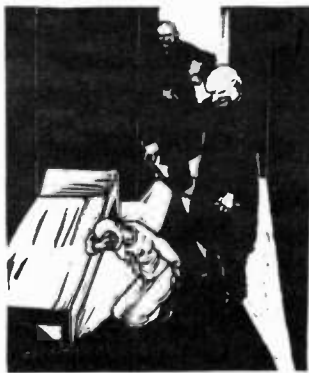
He can, at least, report that the new briskness means more kids can be processed and that when added to the new sentencing powers for magistrates there is little risk of the UK lagging behind any near neighbour in the lock-up stakes.

**T**OGETHER WITH Germany, we already imprison more young people than any West European nation — about 15,000 a year — and while the Dutch have been halving the numbers they detain we have been doubling ours, with no impact on crime. (It is accelerating fastest of all among 17 to 21 year old girls.)

In fact, the UK anti-crime strategy is like the logic of nuclear deterrence. It calls for a lot of inane but dangerous strutting and a tit-for-tat increase in the paraphernalia of defence against the unruly individual/against the Russians.

That the system is costly and doesn't work are two strokes against it. A third is that it probably has the reverse effect to that intended.

Andrew Rutherford is ex-deputy governor of Everthorpe borstal in North Humberside and now part of Southampton



## ANDREW TYLER LOOKS AT THE INCREASE IN BRITAIN'S TEENAGE CRIME AND

# sending down the

Britain locks up more young people than any other West European country, and yet Home Secretary Leon Brittan is being urged to get tougher still. At the top of the page Andrew Tyler examines the politics of imprisonment, and — right — talks to a boy and girl unfortunate enough to experience it. . .

By the time he was 16, a black Londoner called Marcus was already living a life of crime when he was incarcerated in Send. His story describes the harrowing conditions for an inmate.

Selina, a Glasgow girl who moved from one boring job to another when she left school, embarked on drunken shoplifting sprees and was eventually locked up in Bullwood Hall — one of the worst penal bins in the country.

Illustrations used on these pages from *Die Welt Von Unten* by Carl Meffert. The photographs on the right are issued by the Home Office to show life inside. Butlins it ain't. . .



## MARCUS' TALE

**M**ARCUS IS a 16-year-old black South Londoner, a hard-faced, trim, muscular youth whose divorce from righteousness became marked at the age of 14 after his father left home and a rift developed with his mother.

At first they couldn't talk without shouting. Then they stopped talking altogether. At school he'd got along with nobody since he was ten.

With older friends, Marcus began robbing houses and snatching bags. He made several court appearances, ran away from a remand home where he was being sized up for sentencing and — the final impertinence; the one that got him detention centre — he was arrested on another charge just two days after a crown court appearance.

He says they took him to Send in a green prison van, lined him up and slapped and barked at him when he didn't say "sir". Before settling down for the first of 46 nights he was given a bath in "one inch of lukewarm water" then made to run ritually through the dormitory corridors.

"The first nine days are done in a cell by yourself. It's got a pisspot, bars, double glazing window. It's nothing too confining. I got along with everybody so after my nine days went into a dorm with 20 or so others.

"They've also got a coal cellar they leave you to do the rest of your bird in if you're bad.

"The majority of the time you have to run all over the place. Like you get up 6.50 and do your bed pack which you have to fold up straight like a library book. At seven you have your breakfast then change into your working clothes, line up and do a little bit of marching. Left right left right.

"And like we have parties, amenities parties and farm labourers parties. I was in the amenities doing flowers around the grounds. It was alright.

"Everybody got along with everybody. You get an occasion where a boy will try to push you. Like there was a couple of boys in there that were, you know what I mean, racist. But after a while everybody ganged up on them. The screws never tackled them so we used to. There was only about ten of us. Ten coloured people and all of us from London. The rest was from Portsmouth or Brighton and all them places.

"Some was there for truancy, some for theft, like thieving a newspaper. And you get some heavy ones: ABH, GBH, robberies TDA.

"Lunch is about 1.30. The rest of the day is PE or something. You might have to run round this big field ten times and, like, you do circuit training.

"The food was a disaster. I didn't eat for about three days. Then I thought I'm not coming out of here for a few weeks so I just resorted to what I had and made the most of it. For school in the evening you put on your best dress and they teach you about the World War One and Two and things like that. You also get maths and English. If you come cheeky to the teachers they just ring the bell and put the prison officers on you. But I knew what it was all about because a couple of my friends have been in there already. They put you down a grade or they lock you up. But they don't really hit you.

"When you're doing the first week they give you a couple of slaps just to get you into the routine, put fear into you. After a couple of weeks they're nothing. They're just nothing.

"But some people did crack up. Like there was boys banging their heads on the floor. They couldn't handle it. Some of the boys went on hunger strike and all that rubbish. They couldn't handle it because that's one of the worst DC's. Then there was some boys who just didn't talk at all. Me, I tried to keep myself to myself.

"A couple of officers was prejudiced. But they never done nothing to me. There was a short one who they called Hitler. He used to call us black bastard and things like that. But we never took no notice. What can we really do about it? He used to have his best boys who would sometimes get more privileges than us.

"There was another officer who was always swearing at people and another one always hitting them: do this, do that! He was about 35 with a big beard. They think they're in the army or something.

"The first couple of weeks after coming out it puts some fear into you, I suppose. But then I got in with my friends. I didn't go out and do anything, you know what I mean. I was just cooled down."

Marcus says he's been nicked once since, for possession of hash. But the case didn't stand up. Of his fellow inmates he believes some of the first offence country boys were probably scared back into line. But he personally knows of two boys who, since coming out, have served a combined five borstal terms.

His own future, two years on, seems more promising, although it was difficult to penetrate to his true condition. He says he now talks, not shouts, with his mother and after sprinting through one poorly paid job, is getting work training at a scheme run

## INSIDE INSIDE

Send is a detention centre which imposes the infamous 'short sharp shock' treatment on its 46-strong population. Policed by 50 fulltime staff, 75 per cent of its customers will be reconvicted within two years of release. Andrew Tyler goes inside. . .

**T**HE HISTORY of Send has been one of incarceration isolation and disease.

In the mid-19th Century it was a smallpox hospital, from 1908 a unit for the broader range of contagious and terminal cases. In 1902 the prison department converted it into a detention centre with a new wing constructed by inmates and officers from Wandsworth prison who travelled daily to their work in a coach.

Then came Willie Whitelaw's October 1979 short sharp shock conversion, understood to have caused a multitude of blue rinse madams to ejaculate in the shires.

Disease still lingers on, just as it plagues other penal institutions, particularly for youth. I personally came across two cases of chicken pox, two of diarrhoea and one of German measles among the 46-strong population. But the main game now, says Send's governor, Jack Hanson, is vaccinating the lawless young with a dose of

discipline and self-respect

For errant youth, Send and other junior detention centres amounts to a first taste of prison life. The message it supplies, whether or not Hanson or the Home Office would be so brazen, is that the state is more powerful than the unruly individual. It has a superior strategy, can be more immovable and blockheaded.

The resources are also considerable: Hanson has 49 fulltime staff to deal with the aforementioned (unusually low tally of) 46 boys. Twenty seven are disciplinary grade and thus wear uniforms. The rest cater, educate and maintain.

In the visitor's room are pictures of frolicking tiger cubs and plough horses. I'm beginning to understand what the imagery might mean when Hanson's mild deputy in a sports jacket, soft watery eyes, takes me to the boss.

Hanson is chain smoking beneath a cheap portrait of The Queen and Philip in all their sashes and velvet and



### University's law faculty.

"If you wanted to think of some way of increasing a young person's chances of getting involved in crime," he says, "you could hardly do better than to place them in custody. It is there they learn about crime from the constant talk about it and where they make good contacts. What these places succeed in doing is shifting an individual away from opportunistic youthful behaviour that comes to be legally defined as crime into an adult criminal career."

In the last 20 years, he notes, the growth of under 21 year olds detained has risen 258 per cent against a 23 per cent increase for adults.

"And you'll find many of these young persons have been convicted of relatively minor but repetitive property offences. It is quite a small percentage who have been convicted of violence or other serious crimes."

Home Office charts clearly back up Rutherford's contention that it's robbery above violence that is likely to get you locked away. During 1981, 77 per cent of robbery convictions resulted in custody, against 27 per cent for "sexual offences" and 22 per cent for "violence against the person".

The two main types of lock-up for young persons are the detention centres (DCs)—usually the first taste—and the youth custody centres (YCCs). And while cracked skulls and buggery do occur in both, there is hardly the round the clock demonic mayhem as depicted in *Scum* and *Scrubbers*.

"I have no doubt," says a spokesman for NACRO (National Association For The Care And Rehabilitation Of Offenders) that all these incidents have occurred in one institution or another, and there is always an underlying climate of violence. But in these films events were very much telescoped."

THE DCs date back to the '40s when a new Labour Government introduced them as short, sharp alternatives to corporal punishment. But during the '50s and '60s the military briskness eased from them and so Willie Whitelaw brought it back.

Youth custody centre is a new name for an old and shagged-out idea. Under the Criminal Justice Act 1982, prison for under 21 year olds was officially abolished and so were borstals. YCCs were designed as their replacement. The fact that the 'new' YCCs are run almost identically by the same officers in the same establishments is meant to tempt the public into believing something interesting is happening.

The differences that do exist are mainly to do with



sentencing powers. In pre-YCC days, borstal training ran for as long as prison authorities thought suitable, with a two year maximum. The average was nine months. Now YCC sentences are fixed according to the seriousness of the crime and come with a possible one-third remission.

This is clearly more comforting to the individual than the old Kafkaesque fate of not knowing. The bad aspect is that magistrates—who have been given a freer hand to do their own sentencing rather than referring upward to the Crown Court—are taking advantage of the fixed, shortish sentence to put more people away.

From the end of May, when the changes occurred, to the end of July, YCC populations increased 40 per cent, at a time when there's usually a seasonal slack off. In addition, the number that spilt over into adult prisons due to overcrowding also rose by 130 per cent.

Set against these increases is a decrease in the DC population. This, however, is more moderate and the overall total is still sharply up.

The reason for the DC drop is not statistically clear but most witnesses of the prison scene think old detention centre candidates are now going to YCCs while DCs, with the shorter, sharper regimes are being used for youths who might previously have got a fine.

In other words a brand new clientele is being created that will serve to bulge the whole youth system and ultimately feed into the already overburdened adult prisons.

So watch yourself!

## HOW THE TORIES ARE...

# lawless

specially for young South London offenders.

So did Send provide the cure? Or is he simply working through his problems and not yet in the clear?

He never once blamed unemployment for his problems during our conversation or lay stress on his blackness. "I just liked money in my pocket, I suppose," was his deepest reflection. "The easier way of getting it."

As to Send, he is adamant it was no corrective, at all.

"It just made me more physical. I can run better. That's all."

## SELINA'S TALE



SELINA HAS the distinction of going first to a women's prison and then for borstal 'training' at an institution described by a 1982 study group as Britain's most violent, trouble prone penal bin—worse than Ulster's

Long Kesh jail at the height of internment. This was Bullwood Hall.

Selina's problems are not low intelligence or a troubled upbringing. Her problems are anger and boredom that in the past have translated into binges of drunken shoplifting, usually capped with attacks on police officers down at the station.

Her Glaswegian family was "really respectable, caring", moving to the Midlands when dad got promotion. At school she kept her head down until the fourth year and then (in her own words) "went haywire". Even so she collected six O-levels, says she could have got nine, and tried college for a few months. Boring.

Thereafter came a succession of dull shop and office jobs followed by a spell on the holiday camp work circuit—Pontins, Butlins. Meanwhile, she was falling in deep with the courts who tried to curb her with fines, probation, community service, a suspended sentence, finally despatching her to Styal prison, Cheshire.

Styal is a semi-open regime with four main types of confinement: the reception house for new inmates offering cell sleeping; the lock-up house and open house both with dorm sleeping; and the punishment block.

"I'd been on remand in Holloway for three months where, I suppose, I'd been a bit of a rebel. So when I got to Styal they put me down the block instead of the reception house. It was boring. But when I moved to reception it was still incredibly boring and I just started doing stupid things. Pranks, really."

"Like we tied a scarf to the office door so they couldn't get out. They treated it quite seriously. All this crap about, 'what if there was a fire'... So I went down the block for another three weeks where, of course, I caused trouble and so they kept me longer."

She eventually got shifted to a lock-up house but never gained the privilege of work and never reached an open house.

"One lock-up was for muppets—you know, disturbed—ours wasn't too bad. I got along OK with the other women. My aggression was directed at authority. It always was."

"When I came out of Styal I was really depressed, lacking confidence so I didn't do very much. I went back home and sort of toddled off to see friends here and there, got a job in a holiday camp and stuck that for about two hours. Then there was two weeks as a

CONTINUES PAGE 26

glittering vacuity

He tells me about his own pre-teddy boy childhood, the brown brogues and long trousers he always wanted, about his ship-shape regime with its 4½ acres of market garden—20.5 acres in all—the medical vetting process that weeds out the asthmatics and epileptics and then we go about the morning routine. Left right, left right.

### THE BUSINESS

WE'RE IN a small office of the main wing built by the Wandsworth men, Hanson has tucked his thick body behind a metal desk while in the corridor outside an officer prepares a new boy for a first meeting with the boss. The officer shrieks the boy's name and the youth runs into the room and stands full attention before Hanson on a black rubber mat.

The exchange is inanely crisp, formalistic. One baboon bowing its buttocks to a dominant member. "I'll take

nothing but the best out of you lad!" warns Hanson...

"Yessir! Thankyou sir!"

The boy is white, emaciated, about 16. He has run away five times from a community home near Luton assigned him by the courts. He has been sleeping rough, sniffing glue and smoking 35 cigarettes a day. For his meeting with the governor they have dressed him in his Send best comprising black boots, dark, thick trousers and green zip-up jacket (almost a desirable Harrington).

The boy keeps a steady eye, seeming to understand the game. Hanson tells me he has 16 charges against him: theft, criminal damage, shoplifting and this last time theft again and "assaulting a policeman". He tells the boy he will be marked out of ten every day and that his score will determine not only the time he serves but his ease of passage. Go! Move!

The next four youths are having their 21 day grading assessment.

The first is a pale blond who looks about 12 and, after three weeks, still terrified. Reports from the gym say he is lazy and lacks pride. Hanson informs him that pride is the very quality they intend to implant. Grade promotion not granted. Move!

The second boy has done better. The third—accused of being idle and chatty in the dorm—puts on a gorm performance that holds just the safe side of insolence. Any more and he could get privileges docked, a loss of remission, even a day or two in the punishment cell.

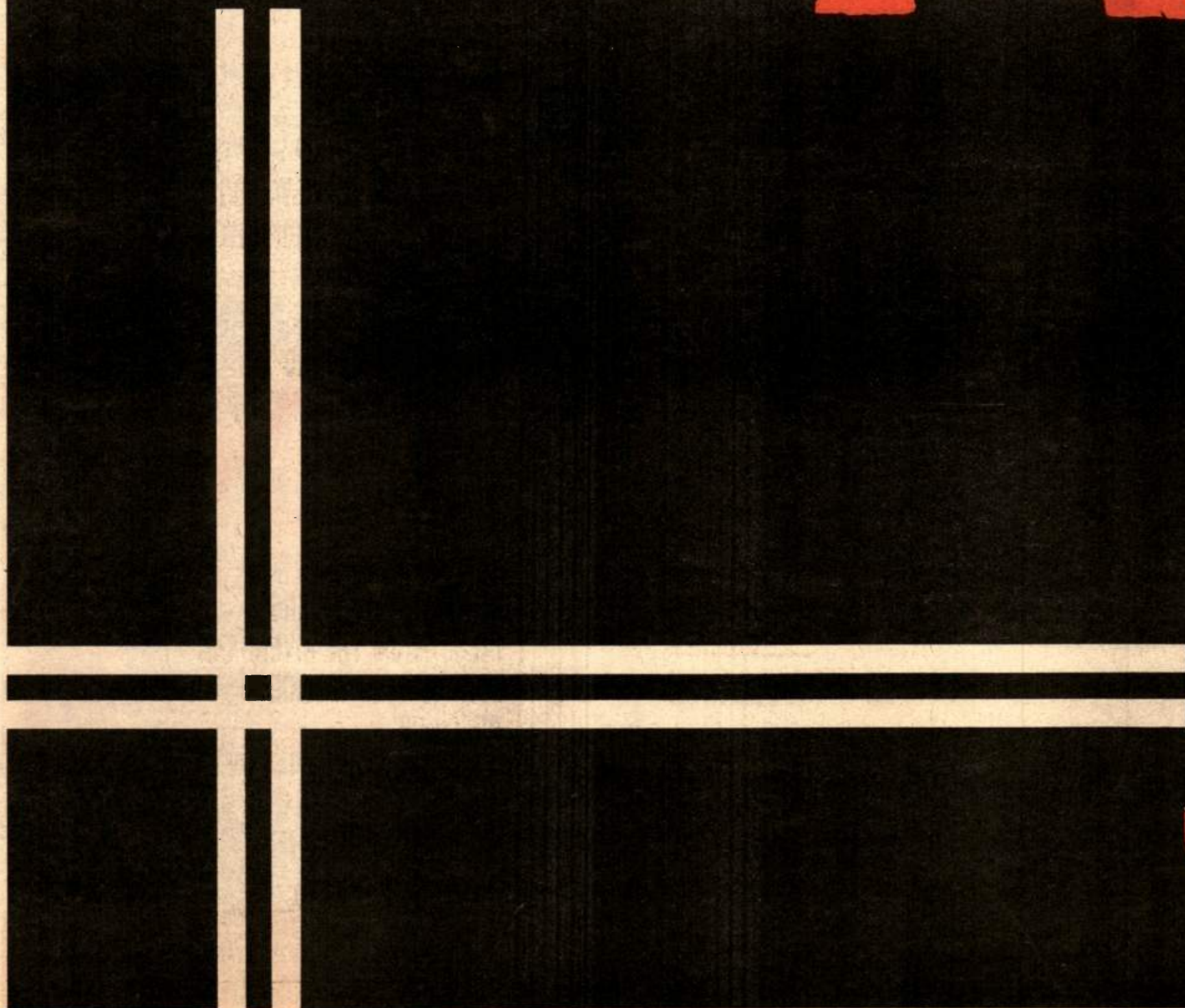
Hanson invites me to look inside this cold hole then slams the door shut for effect. It has a long pebble glass window, rough stone walls and, on a wooden block, a strip of sponge rubber for dreaming Home Office dreams.

A call is made on the German measles and chicken pox cases then we hear a knock from inside a cell by a boy

CONTINUES PAGE 26



# SNAP







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# sending down the lawless

## SELINA'S TALE

FROM PAGE 23

chambermaid and waitress in the New Forest, then onto Pontins for a couple of weeks.

"I was feeling really depressed when I saw this car in a sidestreet. The window was open, the keys in the ignition, you know. So I just got in and zoomed off down to the bottom of the road where, of course, it stalled. And this guy comes running after me who turns out to be a police officer. And it turns out to be his car. So he took me down to the nick. I ran out. But they caught me again..."

**A**FTER A spell in remand, the Crown court committed her to a probation hostel from where she undertook shoplifting jaunts with a friend. Ironically, her borstal came about, she says, not from an actual offence committed but one invented by a third hostel girl — "a little twat who told a pack of lies".

"I'd heard all this publicity about Bullwood Hall, but it turned out nothing to how I imagined it. It was like a children's home. I was 20 when I went there. Most of them were 17 or 18 and it was like the younger ones treated the staff as second mothers. I couldn't believe it was once the way the papers described it, but you'd talk to the staff and they'd say, yes, there

used to be fights nearly every day some sort of trouble think that had stopped because the average age had got a lot younger

During my first four months the aggression was coming out, but I would never hit the staff because that's a month you've lost automatically. You'd just sort of take the piss, wind them up deliberately. All the girls would do that just because it was so boring in there. If I was going to hit somebody I would always do it on remand where you can't lose time if you're under 21.

"You start off working in the factory, slotting cardboard boxes together for perfume. Then I put in for a transfer to the workroom which was making things for the prison department: men's pyjama tops; I don't know what happened to the bottoms.

"I was wanting to stay there even though I hated it. They were trying to get me into House Five which was group therapy. It was for girls who they seemed to think were quite intelligent and usually it's a drug or alcohol problem. You're not allowed to work. Instead they have meetings every day and they have this psychiatrist bloke come down once a week.

"They thought it would be more stimulating for me, but I just couldn't face up to that. I couldn't face myself which was what it was all about. Feeling so low about myself how could I sit there in a group and tell them all about it..."

"Some of the staff were butch but the majority were wallies. I suppose the way I acted made me seem immature but I was trying to beat the system, and in the end I thought it's just not worth it because I'm losing all my privileges and everything.

"You see I wanted to be an individual. I didn't want to be like the rest and talked down to, treated like shit really. So I rebelled. In the end I thought I've really got to knuckle down and get what I can out of it. I wanted open visits. And I didn't want to put my parents through any more.

"From then on — this was about halfway through the eight months — I tried to get in as many classes as I could and managed quite a few exams in there. I suppose I was quite well qualified for someone in borstal because the majority of them will always be in and out. The ones in House Five were pretty intelligent, but the rest were committed to living a life of crime. I think most of it came through family problems, parents had split or something. The majority were like that."

**S**ELINA IS now living in a hostel run by the National Association For The Care and Rehabilitation of Offenders (NACRO) and is about to start an A-level college course. She has no masterplan, only to finish her course and make some straight friends.

"I suppose Bullwood did work for me really," she says, while musing that she might well have snapped awake anyway.

"When I was sentenced the judge said, until you decide to change, you're going to go there. It was up to me. I went in very anti everybody, anti-authority and, I suppose, anti-myself. I suppose I realised in the end I wasn't getting anywhere."

## AN ALL PARTY ALTERNATIVE

**A**N ALL-PARTY parliamentary committee has just reported on the 'dangerous delusion' of the hard-arsed anti-crime approach.

*The Prevention Of Crime Among Young People* notes that kids between the ages of 14 and 16 commit six times more offences than over 21 year olds and instead of peddling emotive phrases like "war on crime" or calling for longer sentences that don't work, it should try various non-custodial alternatives. For instance:

- A Minister For The Family to encourage "parental responsibility and policies that strengthen the family unit".
- More localised beat coppers with improved community-police links.
- Policing costs to be paid by football clubs who fail to control their crowds.
- Cash incentives for companies and individuals who adopt Government-approved security measures.
- Subsidies for the hard-up to burglar-proof their homes.

## STILL INSIDE FROM PAGE 23

with a boil and a curdled stomach. He begs "permission, sir, to go toilet, sir." Manners maketh the man.

A vital rule of Send is that whenever an inmate passes an adult, even at some distance, he must say "excuse me sir". If he passes half a dozen adults he must beg to be excused six times before he has got within a couple of feet of them. Failure to utter the requisite *excuse me sirs* can lead to penalties — like missing out on seconds at lunch time; something I witnessed.

The game at Send is all about clearing such hoops and the more inane the requirement the better the demonstration of the force you are reckoning with. Afterwards you must thank your captors for restoring a sense of proportion.

**H**ANSON TOOK me through the gale-lashed market garden and through the long B dorm with its metal beds 18 inches apart; everything folded

pathologically precise, and through the gymnasium where an officer with a strawberry mark on his face was one minute encouraging them sweetly then howling like Mr Military Beefcake. But the scene that riveted my eye was lunch time among the big pots and long tables: 46 boys (minus the sick) scrutinised to within an inch of their lunch plates by what seemed like as many uniformed officers.

The other absurd moment was as Hanson was bidding me farewell. He was leaving me with the salutary story of a young inmate, son of a wealthy couple who had been done for stealing cars. The point of the story was that though the father had asked Hanson why his boy should have gone nicking when he already possessed his own Rover, he never thought of asking the boy himself. Bad communication.

The absurdity was that the story was interrupted by an officer who had news of bad communication within their own system. This concerned a Send inmate who, a few months before arriving, had been in surgery for a massive brain haemorrhage. Yet though the operation clearly

made him an unsuitable case for their short sharp treatment the news never got communicated through the dull layers of court, prison and medical bureaucracy and the youth's own clearly incompetent family. He had already been in Send two weeks and was lucky not to have died.

For the rest, Send can't claim to do much more. About 75 per cent of its customers, in common with young inmates at other institutions, will be reconvicted within two years of release. And yet Hanson is not in the mood to apologise.

"Magistrates tell me all avenues have been tried before a boy is sent here," he says. "Conditional discharge, intermediate treatment, care orders, probation orders, fines. If all this has been tried and Send is the last resort then it seems to me what society is saying is that the logical expectation of success ought to be nil.

"I'm personally not in the business of apologising for that 30 per cent (who don't come back) because we're not picking up our own pieces in this institution or any other. We're picking up society's pieces."

# Jimmy The Hoover

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# LPs

## ROMAN HOLLIDAY

### Cookin' On The Roof (Jive)

HERE'S ANOTHER gang of superannuated Bash Street Kids modelling shirts and rehearsing jive-talk posed against various dilapidated urban backdrops. Ho hum. Madness, the blueprint for this lark, can be forgiven by dint of the occasional flight of genius, considerable wit, and that they couldn't have known what they were starting. Roman Holliday and their immediate predecessors JoBoxers have no such excuse.

As Julie Burchill has pointed out, the version of teenage rebellion promoted by such artists is all mouth and trousers — witless big talk and a uniform of Dead End Kid threads bought brand-new by Mum.

JoBoxers and Roman Holliday plug the gap in the market for a slightly more rude, rootsy and sweaty sound than standard pop pablum. They know that glamourised versions of fun-loving teen-gangs are easy to identify with, but of course things can't go too far. These cheeky chappies can grace the front-cover of *Smash Hits* or an edition of *Jim'll Fix It* without the slightest risk of riot, gross moral turpitude or dirty fingernails. The Bay City Rollers were hardly less anodyne.

Both groups have skill, but seem happy to sell themselves short. Roman Holliday can all play, and Rod Lambert and John Eacott especially blow some inventive sax and trumpet. Steve Lambert sings with sappy verve and the vocal harmonies are adroit if somewhat bland.

Though their songs are repetitive and clichéd, they occasionally spark with a catchy line or smart arrangement. Given time and imaginative daring, Roman Holliday could work their jump'n jive-abilly into a modern context that spares us the grief of those clumsy attempts to translate their cornball idea of hepchat into Streetsville UK, '83. Their ideas about cars, girls and fun (yawn) make *The Stray Cats* sound like Quentin Crisp.

But right now Roman Holliday are stupid, sanitised, squeaky clean, cynically sold and cheap-skate entertainment. Grow up.

Mat Snow



Paul Haig by Ian Wright

# SORRY FOR LAUGHING

## PAUL HAIG

### Rhythm Of Life (Crepuscle/Island)

SOMEONE MUST have been telling lies about Josef K... You'll recall that the group of 1981 chose to split up under the pressure of unprecedented media praise; too much to live up to too soon.

Since then nobody's been in a hurry to make much of a case for or against K's reason to exist, it being by general consensus Paul Haig, though last year yours truly got carried away by his Sly cover 'Running Away' and a touching song 'Justice', which was forcibly shelved during Crepuscle's negotiations to get him onto a major.

Someone must have been telling lies about Josef K, for the man behind that group's great songs cannot possibly be the same fellow who wrote 'Rhythm Of Life'. Hollow laughter rings through 'It's Kinda Funny', 'Sorry, For Laughing' and 'Crazy To Exist', as if echoing '81's collective melancholia. In those songs Haig brilliantly bounced the acute fears of Kafka off trebly guitar walls until we were all giddy, not really sure what to feel. Josef K, ironically, achieved a measure of popularity by satirising anonymity. Paul Haig, sadly, achieves anonymity by courting popularity.

Forgive this review for dwelling in the past, but I am trying to make a positive case for Haig and this record allows little room for manoeuvre. What is on trial here is not so much Haig's sacrifice of mordancy for flippancy — can't condemn a man for the level of his wit — as the transparency of his ambition.

Like PIL, BEF, and LPI, Haig set up his own company, Rhythm Of Life, as an umbrella for varied activities and, in keeping with their failure to do anything other than

make records, Haig's has amounted to nothing more than an LP title and a number of label name changes.

ROL, Operation Twilight, Interference, Island/Crepuscle — whatever the name, the conceit remains the same. Haig first signalled the nakedness of his new ambition by dressing up in the styleless coat tails of the nouveau riche pop bitches for his 'Running Away' video. If that wasn't ill-conceived enough — at least the song performance carried it — his recent TV/promo appearances for 'Heaven Sent' and 'Never Give Up' (both singles included here) were worse in that they demonstrated just how unsuited he was to the role of Little Beau Popper. What with his peroxide crop, black attire and ungainly female support he cut a highly unconvincing Young American.

As does the attempted NY sound he's gone after on 'Rhythm Of Life' with producer Alex Sadkin. Where the character of Haig's early solo work emerged from slight, charming electronic back up, never pushy but always there, it is here dropped somewhere mid-Atlantic and left to drown in a liquid demi-disco.

Though four percussionists are credited, the record has no forwards momentum. It sort of slithers across the dance floor. Worse, Haig has tailored his songwriting to serve a form he only imagines is there. Cutesy couplets are left hanging in mid air, grappling after non-existent rhythm hooks. Without something substantial to chew on, his boomy voice sounds impossibly haughty.

Given something to work on, however, as on 'In The World', Haig maps out melancholy better than anybody this side of New Order. But 'Justice', though meddled with, still remains his greatest solo shot: a love-besotted voice breaks each line off short in the rush to the getaway chorus.

And going by last Friday's excellent Rhythm Of Life concert, which saw him reunited with guitarist Malcolm Ross, plus Orange Juice's David McClymont and ex-Associate Alan Rankine, it seems Haig might have already gotten away from the loneliness of the distant solo careerist behind 'Rhythm Of Life': The LP. More than a name producer and a NY studio he needs such sympathetic musicians to bring out the character of his songs.

'Rhythm Of Life' is a shame but the signs are that it is the sort of shame Haig is set to outlive.

Richard Cook

Chris Bohn

## Hard cheeez, boyz!

### FREEEZ

#### Gonna Get You (Beggars Banquet)

WHAT EXACTLY, am I gonna be got with? I know — a sherbert fountain. Freeez's record is another of those heists at the candy stand — maybe that's why John 'Jellybean' Benitez is involved — and I sentence you, the purchaser, to a lifestyle of nothingness.

Arthur Baker's reflexive control rubs 'Gonna Get You' to a nub of style without point: seldom has such a trumpeted talent gone so

disastrously down the pan as his. Baker's chief skill appears to be the remaindering of dancemix ideas that were nudging obsolescence 12 months ago — and everyone knows that in disco, immediacy is everything. The producer's stock-in-trade — percussives that strike like a cuff in the chops and electronics that bite as they lick — makes up the currency of good manners.

Exceptionally polite, stingily unsettling, Freeez take funk back to the kindergarten (and this is no Bootsy-land of demented little devils). If the supremely irritating

'IOU' was a group learning their ABC, 'Pop Goes My Love' sets them at a counting game. In fact this most closely recalls Hot Butter's 'Popcorn', and pop doesn't come much cornier than this that.

The rest is the same only less itching to the memory. 'We've Got The Juice' has the impertinence to rap out a roster of bro acts which Freeez presumably regard as compatriot juice-owners: they tread boggy ground in their choices. If in doubt, drag in a famous name.

It is, if you like, semi-tough

dance for dimwits. Only the slow and hopeless would check off Freeez as the sharp end of any trend in movement — they aren't even useful popularisers. Their songs are dumb without any redeeming merriment and their fizzy, fuzzy mixes are like a carnival for clockwork animals.

The packaging confuses the issue by planting cherry loafers, soul bags and metallic skyscrapers squarely across the cover, but this is only a symptom of the principal delusion: that Freeez are anything special. They

# PULL UP TO THE BUMPKINS

## THE FARMER'S BOYS

### Get Out And Walk (EMI)

THOSE GNOMES of Norwich The Farmer's Boys — Baz, Mark, Frog and Stan — don their best wellies and bring to market their most important produce to date. Following crop of encouraging singles, this, their debut LP, isn't quite a bumper harvest — but it's fresh enough and preferable to the pre-packaged deep-frozen fare that forms so much of our staple diet.

The F's Bs are a bumpkin beat group: rustic funksters and small town smart-arses. Their earliest indie hits were roughshod but likeable efforts, vaguely in the style of hometown mentors The Higsons, and quickly endeared them to what you might term the Peel/Jensen audience. It remains to be seen if EMI, home of Cliff and Kajagoogoo, can project this homely bunch anywhere beyond that cosy corner the Boys have come to occupy.

The group, in all honesty, are not the raw material of video stardom. Teenaged girls, in addition, are not apt to scream out names like 'Stan!' or 'Baz!', and least of all 'Frog!'. . .

Still, the album won't disappoint those already attached to

the young Farmers' sound — that dreamy, semi-tranced way with a tune, over an unpretentiously brisk rhythm and subtly attractive arrangements. Of the record's contents, 'For You' and 'More Than A Dream' have previously been out and about on 45 — and there are some even stronger songs alongside — while a bonus 12" offers another single 'Muck It Out' plus three alternate versions of LP tracks.

As to the collection's overall weaknesses, well, the reliance on a drum machine might account for some lack of punch, a certain restraint in the music that I sometimes long for them to break out of. Also, the emotional range of Baz's vocals is not great: it's a sort of delicate moan, a detached croon that floats gently in and out, though mostly too far back to have maximum presence.

The pity is that they sell themselves a little short, because the material is consistently good. The songs aren't anthems to storm the barricades of destiny by, but as accounts of life and love and drink — as these things are lived, loved and drunk by almost anyone you know — they're effective and affecting.

In its modest way, The Farmer's Boys' LP will increase the sum total of human happiness, and I welcome it. My hope is that they'll succeed, and their way will not be so modest again.

Paul Du Noyer



Stan, Baz, Frog & Mark outside their Norfolk tax haven.



# CARE



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ARISTA

## MOI WINSTON OOH

### WINSTON REEDY

**Dim The Light (Inner Light)**  
THIS, LONDON-based Winston Reedy's debut and already chart-topping set, is a classic example of sturdy oaks springing from pretty puny acorns.

The lyrics and rhythms here are straightjacketed by the dictates of the lovers rock genre and the necessity of (albeit gentle) Rasta sloganeering. Produced and arranged by veteran keyboard wiz Jackie Mittoo, they often threaten to slump into a dull, workaday tread but again and again they're saved by one thing—Reedy's voice.

And what a voice! Without the soul-stirring intensity or honeyed luxuriance of so many of reggae's

top throats, it still floats, glides and caresses, coaxing every last drop of romance out of even the most gnarled clichés. It effortlessly transforms rather graceless plods into little sparklers, and where the songs give him half a chance, Reedy soars into all the right spots. Check the silky seduction of the hit single 'Moi Emma Ooh', the stately 'Borderline' and the hauntingly falsetto 'Daughter Of Zion' for proof positive.

It may be that there's nothing here to give the man Isaacs bags under his eyes, but there are plenty of other crooners for swooners who should hear this gentle early hours shuffle and look anxiously to their laurels.

Danny Kelly

### ZULU AND THE HEARTACHES

**Fishing For The Rhythm Fish (Tear Zone Records)**

REFLECTIONS CAN easily fool you. Like a well polished mirror this sort of album reflects current musical trends without leaving even a thin dusting of individuality upon it. Beat-pop—Jam and Police influences ail but dominate on this album, and anything left sticking out is covered in wraparound Ruts noises.

Tear Zone records: they know their territory well, those uniformly heartbroken, bitterly tearstained lyrics betray a rocky road of romance for young Zulu. His breathless vocals, implying a desperately restrained, overwhelmingly passionate despair, are the best thing about this album.

The Heartaches; beating in piles of glittering shards, each broken fragment playing its part to make the mirror complete. The songs strip down to the guitar playing the main riff, Zulu implores the key-line over and over and each time you wait in anticipation of the bass and drums to come crashing in for that all-out final chorus crescendo. You're never disappointed—no great surprises or stimulation, but when the world gets too, too confusing it's good to know these little, love-lorn rock discs exist.

Tony D

## BIG CATS

### THE YOUNG LIONS

**The Young Lions (Elektra-Musician)**

### KEVIN EUBANKS

**Guitarist (Elektra-Musician)**

### DAVID AMRAM

**Latin-Jazz Celebration (Elektra-Musician)**

THREE ALBUMS to light a few fires, cause some trouble, shake things up (and down) just enough... 'The Young Lions' is a double-album recording of a one-off concert designed to show off the absolute wickedest rising jazz players in America, and alongside known and recognised Young Masters like tenorist Chico Freeman and Wynton Marsalis, future stars like the totally dread guitarist Kevin Eubanks, trombonist Craig Harris and the brilliant Cuban altoist Paquito d'Rivera unleash some sound that will envelope you completely and make you love it.

The Young Lions are 17 strong, and ten of them are also featured as composer / leaders with tunes that range from Marsalis' inspired

scat-duet with vocalist Bobby McFerrin (a virtuoso party-piece that gets a trifle irritating on repeated listening) to Craig Harris' extraordinary fusion of Ellington and Africa, 'Nigerian Sunset' and Eubanks' niftily unorthodox '80s bop as shown off on 'Breakin', where Freeman and Marsalis alternately tease and blaze. Drummer Ronnie Burrage is exemplary throughout, though his own composition is not one of the album's highlights, and vibraphonist Jay Hoggard shines both on his own 'Pleasant Memories' (which features a magnificent excursion on the traditional African balafon as well as vibes) and on d'Rivera's soaring, funky 'Marie'.

Literally bursting with astonishing and memorable performances (like Hamiett Bluit's powerful and affecting baritone prelude to his own 'Thank You' and Freeman's work on his 'Whatever Happened To The Dream Deferred') 'The Young Lions' is as definitive a demonstration as could be required of the continuing

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# THE NAKED AND THE ...



## PINK INDUSTRY

Who Told You You Were Naked? (Zulu)

OUT IN the real world with which we are all familiar to greater or lesser degrees, it's clear that 'THEY' are causing a lot of pain. But any concerned / discerning listener must have conceded some time back that it's time for more current musics to a) define 'THEY' a tad more succinctly / poetically and to b) offer something more visionary or at least more positive.

Pink Industry call up all the old conceits: 'Extremes' demands blood — presumably Thatcher's — with Robespierrian relish; another track complains how things are generally 'Not Moving'; 'Situation' even incorporates the military funeral coda 'Taps'.

Yet a rundown of lyrical concerns gives no indication of how all this sounds, and the key word for that is really *milky*. Side two's short cut 'The Ratt' wafts straight from the Astley school of English pastoral dreaminess (and displays a nice vocal honesty amid calculated world-weariness). 'Two Cultures', the same side's opener, is actually gently jolly. In fact, consciously or not, a mainstream pop sensibility and awareness of the vinyl past is lurking just outside the sitting-

room where this platter was recorded.

I mean: Jayne Casey's rap on Side one's 'Urban Jazz' might be the mini-coming of a new-age Patti Smith (specific antecedent: the babelogues of 'Radio Ethiopia's era) — only this coming is neither sexual nor messianic. Dispossession, not passion, is now the whole point.

Pink Industry's songstress is also equally at home spitting and spewing out repressed disturbances exactly *à la* early Blondie, on tracks like 'Extremes', industrial pop ditty 'Anyone's Fashion' or the LP's opener.

All in all, though the dirge-ier songs often begin to bog down and the final two tracks impair the whole project, something here is far too alive to kill by tapping one's foot. This album is non-whimsical (a great relief), fairly friendly, and quite inarticulate. But as sound without a particular vision the record has quite a lot of ... *personality*.

Enough to have let its basically sober structures flower a little, too, so I'd recommend staying tuned. After all, even Lou Reed took 17 solo LPs to get from 'I'll Be Your Mirror' to 'Legendary Hearts'.

Cynthia Rose

## VARIOUS

### Best Of Studio One (Heartbeat Import)

"When I started I didn't realize it could be a commercial business to the extent I'd sell my own records. So after the first three or four sessions the feedback was really good because the people started dancing."

Well, the people haven't stopped dancing yet as the current sound system popularity of old Studio One Steppers will testify. The quote comes from Clement 'Coxsone' Dodd, possibly the single most influential figure in the history of reggae music, through whose hands have passed such luminaries as Dennis Brown, Johnnie Osbourne, Marley himself and a host of other Jamaican singers. Coxsone's Brentford Road studio IS historically important as the place where ska was slowed down, the bass turned up and rock steady was born: thus the link was forged that metamorphosed into contemporary reggae.

This selection highlights the period — '67 to '74 — from the days when Alton Ellis was the cool ruler, witness his plaintive vocals on 'Can I Change My Mind?' to the DJ innovations of the Michigan-Smile duo.

In between the lineage is traced through select cuts from the likes of The Gladiators, Marcia Griffiths, The Heptones (the classic 'Party Time'), as well as lesser known gems like The Cables 'Baby Why' and The Termites (!) 'My Last Love'. There isn't a duff song throughout and the rhythms have been reworked an infinitum ever since, seldom matching that authentic Studio One Sound.

That says it all.

Sean O'Hagan

strength and depth of the jazz tradition.

Most of these musicians are in their 20s, and they play with all of the passion and fire that is associated with the best youth music, but all of them play out of the tradition, with only a few snaps and springs from Avery Sharpe's electric bass to nod to fusion. Without wishing to stretch the metaphor of the title any further than it wishes to go, it must be said that this album roars. If only they'd get together and do it again ... in England.

'Breakin' made me want to hear more of the brilliant Eubanks, and his own solo album is the most exciting dose of jazz guitar that I've received for many a moon. Kevin Eubanks' guitar doesn't sit still: his sound bounces and slithers, alternating long, elegant lines with clusters of broken chords and what sounds like a highly unorthodox picking technique. Mixing his own tunes with compositions by Wes Montgomery, Thelonious Monk, Jerome Kern, Miles Davis and Bill Evans, Eubank colludes with fellow-Lion Ronnie Burrage and the great Roy Haynes on drums, plus his three brothers Robin (trombone), David (bass) and Charles (piano) for an intriguing and satisfying programme. If this man is not one of the heaviest names in jazz guitar within the

next 18 months, I will eat this record!

To complete this incestuous circle, we find Paquito d'Rivera playing a prominent and flamboyant role in 'Latin-Jazz Celebration', a project concocted by wacky ethnomusicologist David Amram and infinitely less stiff and academic than might be suspected. It brings together men like David 'Fathead' Newman and Mingus alumni Jimmy Knepper (trombone) and Pepper Adams (baritone) with an entire ensemble of superstar Brazilian and Cuban percussionists like Machito, Machito Jr, Steve Berrios, Duduca Fonseca, Myra Casales and Candido. Full of startling juxtapositions and transitions, the album moves from something like 'Andes Breeze', a haunting little piece featuring Amram on eight overdubbed flutes and ocharinas, to a steaming, sulphurous rendition of Ellington's 'Take The A Train' where Adams, d'Rivera and Amram himself solo over a percussion unit that sounds as if it's just about to boil over.

All this music is blazingly inspired, and is guaranteed to make you feel more alive (or rather, more conscious of the aliveness that you already have) after hearing it. If you want to feel more alive, than step this way.

Charles Shaar Murray

# ... DEAD TROUSERS



WHEN PEGGY Sue got married she might have broken Buddy Holly's heart. That's nothing compared to the drastic consequences of Die Toten Hosen (Dead Trousers) entering holy matrimony. An edict from their new wives forbids them from playing live, taking drugs or going drinking with their pals, thereby depriving Düsseldorf and Germany of its most loved and legitimate punk group. No doubt they'll also be interfering with the boys' clothes sense.

Conceivably the worst dressed group this side of early Mark E. Smith, Die Toten Hosen nevertheless play — on the evidence of the LP 'Opel Gang' (Totenkopf — German import) — Europe's liveliest *punk provençal*. The hybrid owes all to the failure of '76-'78, but in the meantime it has developed its own distinctive rude flavouring. For one it is at once funny and charming, a lad's music for both girls and

boys, more cheeky than loutish. And, secondly, when they turn cartoon serious, their chorus of thrummed guitars meshing with a hobbled rockabillyish base and some gruff lonesome voices is capable of touching universal longings by focussing them through their local leanings.

They can also be cutting: 'Ülusu' savages German fears of Turks and crossfertilization; and 'Kontakthof' draws a depressing bead on legalised prostitution. The second named brings one back to the loneliness of the long distance traveller their lighter, lovelier songs evoke. Such a sense of being so far away from home hasn't felt this warm since Hank Williams died.

Chris Bohn

('Opel Gang' available from Totenkopf, Kölnerstrasse 170, 4000 Düsseldorf, West Germany. Or try Rough Trade)

**Bruce Foxton**

*new single This Is The Way available from October 18th*





## ARE YOU IN A DANCE OR MIME GROUP? WOULD SOME MONEY HELP? FOR: TRAINING, CHOREOGRAPHY, REHEARSAL SPACE, A SPECIAL PROJECT?

The Greater London Arts Association's Dance and Mime Panel is inviting applications for grants of up to £200 for youth (16+) and/or amateur dance or mime groups, living and performing in the Greater London Area. Grants will be offered to groups who present good proposals for developing their own work. Closing date for completed application forms 18 November '83. Please write (enclosing sae) or phone for an application form to:



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01-388 2211

# MY SONS THE NEURO SURGEONS

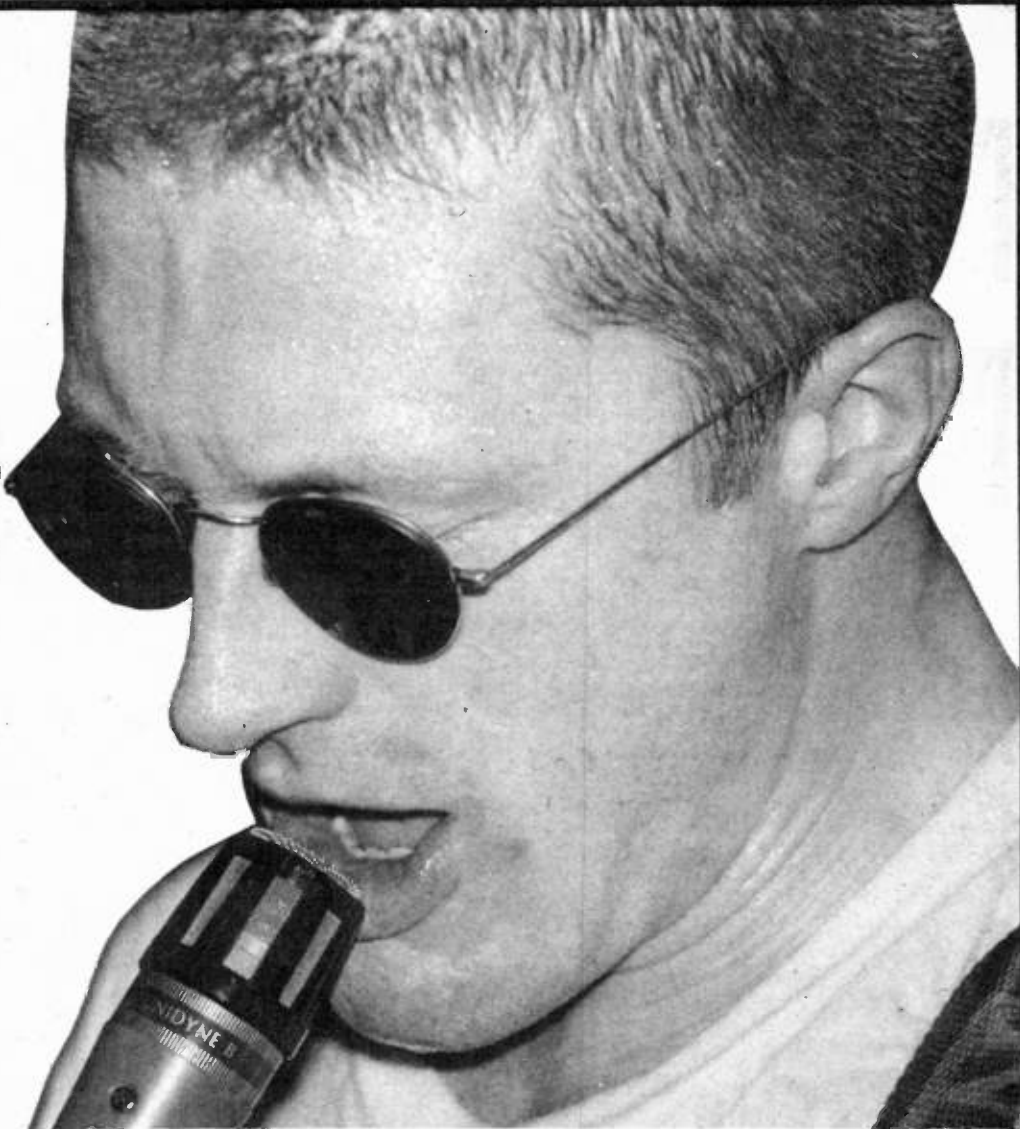
## NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

Beggars Can Be Choosers  
(Razor)

ON THE cover of 'Fast, Grubby And Thick Vol. XIV' (a compilation of all that's cheap and shoddy in gobbling noddily-land) Adolf slaps Maggie's back as wicked pig-peelers shoot the blindfolded but resolute dog soldiers of plastic punkdom. The swastika flies over No. 10 and only a grim Wattle stands between the fascist hordes and a horrid 1984 type scenario. . . This little piggy went to market.

Shall we then, in our desperation, disillusion and despair, sing the praises of the inch deep silly billy wild and whacky nothing bands? The theory goes—in times of depression the masses flock to the chocolate box candy floss Hit Society obsession with gross banality. When the dole queue lengthens, the sticky finger of escapist frivolity beckons. Busby Berkley stomps on Brecht, Ginger Rogers elbows Eisenstein—Gimme passion! Gimme soul! But most of all gimme Hetero Sex!

The Neurotics' mouthpiece Steve Drewitt, despite the gruff and reedy grunt of a voice he's blessed with, tears skin apart



Pic: Leon Morris

## VOX Neurotica

on 'Newtown People'—a heartfelt lament for the trashed polystyrene denizens of the Welfare State's gravy train graveyard.

The chunky chugging blue punky-pop chopped off-beat is repeated for the chorus of 'Living With Unemployment'—a perverted Members retreat. Most tracks owe much to Drewitt's aggressive writing. He sets down his tortured thoughts and bends the

rhythm, rhyme and melody to buggery to fit them in a style not unlike that of fellow barmot Mark Smith. The rest of the album is workmanlike tho' rarely scraping any heights of insight.

The stairway to 17th heaven is spit polished clear for bands of the Neuros' ilk. Go up an octave, hold the guitars at chest height and fill the stage with sexually attractive black women with rocks for tonsils.

Every lefty has been's dream—the sugared slogan and the plagiarised moan. I've heard these songs on demos, benefits and picket lines and at parties where the tinsel brained escapees from squalor have hobbled off stage right in disgust and revulsion.

How's it go again Malcy? Art is a hammer not a nail polish. Get your hands dirty—Revolt into Action.

Susan Williams

**No 9**

IN A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED LYRICS FROM  
**PETER BLEGVAD'S ALBUM:**  
**THE NAKED SHAKESPEARE**

The man had nothing on.  
His dinner was still warm,  
So he couldn't have been  
Dead for long ~  
His head was on the wrong  
Way round.  
I didn't mean to stare.  
He'd gained some weight  
And lost some hair,  
But I'd have known him  
Anywhere ~  
The dead man was Extra Pound  
I recognized the man I'd found.  
I woke up and wrote it down,  
And it made me think of you.  
Why? I don't know,  
'Cept that most things do.  
I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely ~  
If only you were lonely too.

LYRICS FROM 'LONELY TOO' USED BY PERMISSION

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## C&W

By FRED DELLAR

COUNTRY STILL sits up and begs for applause. Like Moses, Nashville has opted for the great crossover—Dolly goes disco, Kenny Rogers meets the Bee Gees . . . music for in-laws has replaced music by outlaws and for every root-search by the likes of Ricky Skaggs, Music City touts a dozen hop-on-the-pop-wagon offers it dares you to refuse.

Happily, Ronnie Milsap's 'Keyed Up' (RCA) isn't one of them. Admittedly it's as commercial as an ITV break and boasts a couple of tuneful teardrops that Barry Manilow was a mug to miss, but the album ultimately wins through because Milsap, a blind singer-keyboardist who once knocked out soul for Scepter Records, digs a little deeper than most, and also had the good sense to toughen things up by moving, spiritually at least, further down Interstate 40 in the direction of Memphis. "I'm just a redneck at heart," he claims—all very

unlikely for a guy who's worked alongside Bobby Bland—but he makes it sound plausible enough, which is why he deserves a mention.

Merle Haggard & Leona Williams' 'Heart To Heart' (Mercury) slots even less into Nashville's spaceage supremacy bracket, being decidedly and quite engagingly dated. A throwback to the early '50s, it spotlights Haggard and spouse billing and cooing their way



Tom T. Hall models the latest 'Nashville throtter'.

through 'Let's Pretend We're Not Married Tonight', 'Don't Ever Let Your Lover Sleep Alone' and other bits of Nashville naughtiness—though what might be quite sickening turns out simply honest. Which says something about the Hag's integrity.

Tom T. Hall is also strong on integrity. Known in Britain mainly as the writer of 'Harper Valley PTA', Jeannie C. Riley's 1968 hit, Tee is, at his best, a kind of Kentucky-born Steinbeck, a Cannery Row kid who views life humorously through rose-covered glasses. On 'World Class Country' (Range), he revives two former successes in 'I Love' and 'The Year That Clayton Delaney Died' also preferring newbies that range from slightly yuk to warmly yuk-yuk. Though there's nothing aboard as chuckleworthy as Tee's wonderfully Billy Liar-ish 'Me And Jimmie Rodgers' (from the 'Soldier Of Fortune' LP) the album's a reasonable enough example of Hall stories.

Better is 'Landing Lights' (TRP), the third album from Wes McGhee, a would-be Texan who had the misfortune to be born in Britain. An abrasive vocalist, a guitarist and songwriter of considerable ability plus, apparently, a sometime trumpet-player, McGhee has, on this occasion, surrounded himself with an enviable back-up squad that includes such Joe Ely luminaries as supersteelie Lloyd Maines and accordionist Ponty Bone. There are faults—McGhee's voice doesn't really gell with that of Kimmie Rhodes on the otherwise attractive Tex-Mex ballad that is 'Neon And Dust' and the twosome sound even further apart on 'No Angel On My Wing'. Even so, 'Landing

Lights' is an exemplary piece of Wes-ware and comes so swamped in tasty licks by Maines and Bone that no other additional incentive to buy need be mentioned here.

In contrast, Willie Nelson & Waylon Jennings with 'Take It To The Limit' is a disappointing affair. The amount of water-treading is as plain as the fungus on Willie's face, ol' nasal noise Nelson and his fellow Texan being content to lay back easy on such tried and testeds as Paul Simon's 'Homeward Bound' and David Allan Coe's 'Would You Lay With Me In A Field Of Stone' among others.

Maybe the most delectable album among this month's batch is 'Swing Boogie' (Rounder) by Cowboy Jazz, an unlikely western-swing six-piece from, of all places, the unhonky-tonkin' state of Maryland. Half the band is female, the girls playing fiddle, guitar and keyboards as well as supplying harmony vocals that hark back to the days of the Boswell Sisters (pre-Andrews Sisters that is!) Nevertheless, they swing like crazy on old-established riffs such as Jan Savitt's '7-20 In The Books', tote a tasty line in Texas two-steps and have the good sense to employ The Nighthawks' harpman Mark Wenner when getting to grips with 'Santa Cruz Blues'. Bob Wills would have been proud of 'em.

## PHILIP BAILEY

Continuation (CBS)

JEFFREY OSBOURNE

Stay With Me Tonight (A&M)

TWO GREAT voices, the soaring falsetto of Earth Wind & Fire's Philip Bailey, the sturdier velvet tenor of ex-LTD frontman Jeffrey Osbourne. One portly Duke (George, producer). Lots of middling whitewashed guff.

Duke has a fairly suspect c.v., but I don't on principle object to this cut-price Quincy Jones. I didn't mind 'Do You Love What You Feel' by Deniece Williams, whose candy goil sugar laces Phil's snoozy 'It's Our Time'. Nevertheless, on these discs he is probability-defyingly average. NOTHING is out of place, not a forelock, not a hi-hat.

OK, so the Mo White mo'ship ran aground last LP, but there was one extremely strong cut ('Straight From The Heart', of which 'Trapped' is here a rather forlorn echo) written by Bailey, so there's

no excuse for the water trodden on 'Continuation'. Lee John you may now take the crown.

Jeff fares a little better. His title tune is the best black Abba I ever heard. 'Plane Love' is quite spacey. The ballads tend to the glossy inertia of last year's 'Wings Of Love', specially Mann & Weil's 'We're Going All The Way', typical of the twee toss they currently excel at supplying for things like movie themes. Even this is redeemed by a superb, funkily tacking bridge of the sort Duke's carved out for his own bag. Maybe Osbourne's is the better set because this functional sound needs a low tenor or baritone.

The difference between a Q. Jones and a G. Duke is that Michael Jacko can pull six singles from an album where Jeff and Philum can't pull but the one apiece. Both are pretty neat, though. Osbourne's 'Don't You Get So Mad' is a small piece of Tempertorian heaven which shoulda smashed, and Bailey's 'I Know' is a very nice mid-tempo soul rocker of Chic chords and cleanly sliced guitars.

I know you won't get mad if I leave it up to you. Barney Hoskyns



# MAD MIX II

A Mad Mix Maiden escorts another batch of tapes to their destination. For your comfort and safety, we recommend that you obtain your cassettes by means of the order form below.

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9. *JoBOXERS* — Crime Of Passion
10. *THE KANE GANG* — Small Town Creed
11. *KAS PRODUCT* — Pussy X
12. *N.Y.C. PEECH BOYS* — Don't Make Me Wait
13. *THE NEW BLACK MONTANA* — Magumede
14. *PREFAB SPROUT* — Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)
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16. *THE SPECIAL AKA* — Lonely Crowd
17. *THE STYLE COUNCIL* — Party Chambers
18. *U2* — Two Hearts Beat As One
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7. 007 — Desmond Dekker (1968)
8. 54-46 Was My Number — Toots & The Maytals (1969)
9. Rivers Of Babylon — The Melodians (1970)
10. Skank In Bed — Scotty & Lorna (1971)
11. Book Of Rules — The Heptones (1972)

### SIDE 2

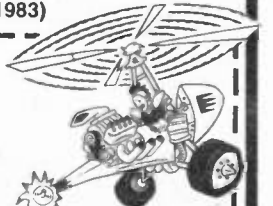
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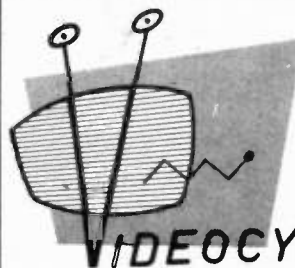
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Gets  
Scratchin'!

D'YA LIKE  
SCRATCHIN'?



Illustration: Andy Martin

YOU'LL ALWAYS find me in the front room at parties making with the "scratch" video.

Scratching your own video off the television is, so one is told, all the rage in "Sart" London. Television provides the raw material and judicious use of the pause button allows you to employ the VCR as an improvised editing machine.

"Scratching" simply means stealing images from the television and arranging them in a sequence of your own devising. Record a lover's quarrel from a soap opera, repeat the process over a few nights and you've got a rough video accompaniment for the megamix of the total-syn-drone of Freeze-Frames' 'I.O.U.'. Imagine Funkadelic's 'One Nation Under A Groove' compounded by images of T & Co culled from current affairs programmes. Some people have, and throw a party to celebrate the fact.

"Scratching" is a marriage made in heaven between a post-modern aesthetic and a post-industrial technology. Video has created the culture of the archive, a fund of widely available images, which makes a "scratch" aesthetic possible.

One young video artist groping towards such an aesthetic is Sandra Goldbacher. Her video 'Polka Dots & Moonbeams', which occupied a regular space on the Digital

Night Club's screens, was an occasionally inspired remix of Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*. A perfect choice for a narcissistic meditation on the relationship of video to the film archive, in as much as it is a movie pre-occupied with narcissism and the cinema as the utopia of the desiring imagination. The doomed romance is compulsively repeated as the video retraces various echoes of Swanson's savage gaze of possession and desire; Welmar decadents tango in the shadow of Valentino; girls talk about boys but never look away from their reflections in the mirror. The video is a simulacrum of a subconscious colonised by Hollywood: a strange nightclub of the imagination.

Such activities establish video as a metafilmic medium using already established signs to create new meanings, for the purpose of para-criticism, nostalgia or the speculative play of the image as spectacle. The prestige of the *auteur*, the original and personal composition, has blinded most people to the possibilities of video as a metafilmic medium. But the rise of the archive, the VCR and the editing desk is leading more and more people to demand their copy-right.

Pat Sweeney

## GETTING TUBED INTO THE FUTURE

PAT SWEENEY finds out how to make a promo video for under a ton.

DURAN DURAN may have reduced video to the art of travelling without style, but video has reduced the studio performance to the art of perspiration without purpose.

Who, for instance, let Tracie be seen dead on *TOTP*? Even those grandfakers of flunked funk, Set The Tone, almost manufactured a career out of a video shown on The Tube. Though in that great microwave oven in the north, anything on tape looks cool, compared to the roasted turkeys who do their turn in the studio. For all serious movers, video has become an indispensable element in the process of pop seduction.

Given that capital always rushes to fill a gap, a large number of companies now specialise in videos for aspiring bands. One such is Westwind Videos, whose director, Avi Segal, described the

basic live or scripted videotapes the company deals in.

The live video is a simply that, a recording of a live performance. This involves two (sometimes three) camera crews and a director who will mix the cameras and edit the tape on the spot, just as they do in a television studio.

Concentrating on two songs, this format normally costs between £300 - £350. Scripted videos, particularly if you want them to do the script, are more expensive. A two-song tape will clock in at around a basic budget of £500 and then move on up—depending on your ambitions.

Edited on Hi-Band U-Matic, such tapes are normally of low standard broadcasting quality, with appropriate production values. Special effects like chromo-key, a band superimposed on a special background (a city sky-line for

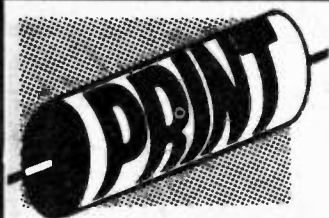
instance), will take your budget up past the £1,000 mark. Such prices are both reasonable and standard, for despite being a highly competitive industry, the capital-intensive nature of the technology precludes any great price fluctuations.

Segal says that most bands who come to him are "clueless" as to the realities, financial and aesthetic, of the medium. Many asking for hour-long videos are apparently unaware that a tape of that length would require two weeks' shooting, extensive scripting, a week's editing and a basic budget of £5000. All to no avail, actually, since the average record company executive would fall asleep long before such an epic production finished.

Absolute beginners blundering into the medium can very easily burn themselves. One way of

CONTINUES PAGE 43





# TO BOLDLY GO WHERE ALL HAVE GONE BEFORE

**T**HINK DIFFERENT. Think Science Fiction.

Imagine, for a moment, that you are living in a world which is ever so slightly askew, where the parameters of taste and society have imperceptibly changed. In this world — shall we call it skiffyland? — rock music is not the potent commercial force it is back here in unemployment land. The creativity, the vigour, the musical innovators and personalities are all the same, but the general public only sees rock music as a pleasant but minor divertimento, a category for crazy misguided buffs and even *New Classical Express* only deigns to feature an article on it every eight or nine months.

In an effort to promote this silly minority ghetto stuff, the industry, always on the lookout for new ways of getting the punter into record shops, decides on a massive marketing campaign, to last a fortnight, during which window displays and media attention are to be focused on rock. They call the hype 'Venture Into Rock' and decide to prominently feature 20 or so artists and albums, in a misguided effort to convince the crowds that rock is not only good stuff but will also sell.

Not a bad idea so far, but things go wrong when the selection is made and the big push is given to people (some even deceased or non-existent) who mostly don't need it: Rod Stewart, Simon & Garfunkel, Elton John, The Rolling Stones, Elvis Presley, The Beatles, The Who, etc. . . . Nowhere does the campaign even mention the existence of essential artists like Costello, New Order, The Comsat Angels, etc. . . . (make up your own roster of modern rock worthy of support).

At the end of the day, the dinosaurs of rock have raked in further shekels for their Swiss or Bahamas bank accounts, and the average rock artist is no better off. In fact, he might be worse off, as Joe Punter will be so disgusted by what he's been sold that he might never get round to listening to this silly rock stuff ever again.

Coming back to earth, this is just what the much-trumpeted 'Venture Into Science Fiction' campaign you are about to hear a lot of over weeks to come is all about. Organised by the Book Marketing Council in the footsteps of the controversial, but effective, 'Best Of Young British Novelists' hype, it

*'Venture Into Science Fiction' dares the latest book marketing campaign.*

**MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI suggests it's on the wrong space/time continuum.**

brings a salutary bit of low culture into matters until next year's even more debatable 'Best Novel Of Our Times' effort.

Science Fiction is, for a carefully restrictive amount of time, going to be the name of the game, with gaudy spaceship-infested covers in the windows of W. H. Smith, Boots and major chains, authors blitzing round the country giving signings and interviews to junior cub reporters from the *Millford On Sea Gazette* and radio and TV attention switched on the genre.

Great, you say, so what's so wrong about it? SF deserves more recognition. It's a form of literature which speaks to the young, is concerned about the future and the way today's issues will affect it. Agreed. But this is not the way and the choice of authors and titles selected for the promotion smacks of hard-headed commercialism and will do little to encourage this country's young writers or would-be-writers to practice the art and craft of SF.

How encouraging can it be for them to see the British establishment select a majority of US authors for the promotion, while half the rare British writers involved are dead? At a time when US publishers are proving notoriously conservative and British writers are finding it more difficult than ever to place their more enterprising titles in New York and London paperback imprints are surviving on a safe diet of imported Americana, surely this promotion would have been a way of putting things right?

LET'S HAVE a closer look at what you are about to be offered: *Brave New World* by Huxley, 1984 by Orwell, *The War Of The Worlds* by H. G. Wells. Fine, all worthy young British writers in the flower of the grave who'd be surprised at being pushed as SF. Hasn't everybody read these books already? Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy, Frank Herbert's *Dune*, Donaldson's *White Gold Wielder* (more fantasy than SF but then it's all the same derivative rubbish, ain't it?) currently basking in

the best-seller lists and needing an extra promotion like a leper needs pity, Ballard's *The Drowned World* (written ages ago, what about his ten novels written since?), etc. . . . The list goes on. Mostly books by authors who are already well established and in no need of further promotional muscle. Or maybe you hadn't already heard of Arthur Clarke's 2001; *A Space Odyssey* . . .

By promoting most of the selected titles, the 'Venture Into Science Fiction' campaign makes a mockery of young British SF authors, endorsing books already into their 20th or more printing and in no need of further hype. Where the rare worthy author is in fact featured it's in fact more often than not for a particularly minor title.

Accidents happen, so look out for Michael Bishop's *No Enemy But Time* (he's American, but we'll forgive him that), Moorcock's omnibus edition of *The Dancers At The End Of Time* (major Moorcock with minor commercial potential), Benford's award-winning *Timescape* (quite possibly the shape of SF to come) and Gene Wolfe's *The Citadel Of The Autarch* (the fourth volume of a quartet; couldn't they select the lot? — they did for Asimov and Moorcock).

But, if you've the money to spend and a genuine inclination to find out what Science Fiction is all about and wish to encourage local authors, look out on the shelves for titles by Christopher Priest, Garry Kilworth, Robert Holdstock, David Langford, Ian Watson, Mary Gentle, M. John Harrison, Joy Chant, John Sladek (now back in the USA, but lived here 15 years and has been officially adopted), Bob Shaw, Richard Cowper, Chris Evans, etc. . . . Unashamed plug, you might even look out for my last two efforts (*Are we paying this guy or is this an advertising feature* — Ed.).

Now, imagine this world where rock music is strictly banned and the ownership of hi-fi systems or instruments is punishable by death or worse. But that's another SF story. . .



Yesterday's vision of tomorrow: 'Racketeers In The Sky' by Jack Williamson, 1950.

## IT'S THAT BOY AGAIN!

**WHEN CAMERAS GO CRAZY** by Kasper de Graaf & Malcolm Garrett (*Virgin, £3.95*)

**CULTURE CLUB: BOY GEORGE IN HIS OWN WORDS**

by Pearce Marchbank (*Omnibus, £2.95*)

It would be easy to regard Boy George as the Ziggy of a new wave headed for the usual tender-age traps. If it weren't, that is, for two factors: BG's music and his comparative honesty towards it. The latter — check *Culture Club: Boy George in His Own Words* — gives him a far more dignified stance towards the former than Bowie's ego and greed ever allowed him to experience.

BG's wardrobe, of course, is a separate matter. It is undeniable that BG is the Tiny Tim of grab-bag nouveau hippiedom, right down to the dope and tie-dye (*tie-dye?*)



George as Ted, age 15.

Again?) *When Cameras Go Crazy* is the vol for detailing all that. It's very snappily and inventively designed by Malcolm Garrett.

The text of *Cameras* offers a basic history of CC's rise, dwelling on the O'Dowd family and early days, but fleshed out with lotsa quotes. It does

contain an unsettling undercurrent; either bitchiness or envy, I couldn't quite tell. But for Club fanatics or George-lovers the book's good value at the price.

Omnibus' *Boy George In His Own Words* is frankly no more than a poster book, yet to my mind it's actually better value. Two main reasons being that George (as Paolo Hewitt has already remarked) possesses a brain and — unlike, say, David Bowie — has no unbearably grandiose pretensions about what he wants to be doing. My main reason, however, for recommending this cut-and-paste effort is probably that it contains possibly the only intelligent and even generous remarks I've ever read on Foreign Country America by a British 'superstar' of the last decade. Thanks, BG!

Cynthia Rose

## Shell London Symphony Orchestra Music Scholarship

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The First Prize of £3,000 is to provide for the musical development of the winner.

Applications are invited from all young players in all parts of the United Kingdom born between 30th March, 1963 and 29th March, 1969.

Application forms together with full details may be obtained from:-

The Administrator,

Shell-London Symphony Orchestra Music Scholarship,  
The London Symphony Orchestra, Barbican Centre, London EC2Y 8DS.  
The closing date for applications is:- Friday 30th March, 1984.



## TEN BLUE DAYS

### Heyward miracle gigs

NICK HEYWARD is to make a number of concert appearances in association with the release of his debut solo album. He's in action at Cardiff University (27 October), Loughborough University (28), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (30), Newcastle City Hall (31), Glasgow Locarno (1 November), Manchester Apollo (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Bristol Colston Hall (6) and London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion (7 and 8).

Tickets are on sale now priced £4 only (Cardiff and Glasgow); £2.50 advance and £3 doors (Loughborough); £5 and £4 (London); and £4.50 and £3.50 (all other venues). His ten-track album, previously reported as 'North Of A Miracle', is issued by Arista on 21 October.

## YES-ELP ANNEX ASIA AS LAKE REPLACES WETTON

ASIA, the British rock four-piece who've taken America by storm, have undergone a significant line-up change — with bassist John Wetton leaving and being replaced by Greg Lake. He joins his former Emerson, Lake and Palmer colleague Carl Palmer in the outfit — their first pairing since that trio disbanded — which also includes two ex-Yes members in Steve Howe and Geoff Downes, so Asia is now fully representative of two of the top-selling '70s bands.

Lake makes his debut with Asia when they perform a major concert in Tokyo on 6 December,

which will be screened live to the States by satellite and syndicated for radio. They resume their postponed US tour in February, though there is no sign of any UK dates, despite the Top Ten success here of their two albums 'Asia' and 'Alpha'.

Wetton is to remain as a Geffen Records artist, and will continue under the wing of Asia's manager Brian Lane. A spokesperson commented: "He felt that Asia was not the appropriate medium for such a change, as they wish the band to pursue a hard rock/progressive format".

## YOU WANNA BE THE NEW WHITESNAKE GUITARIST?

WHITESNAKE have said goodbye to guitarist Micky Moody, who has decided to retire from group activity — he married recently, and has been finding the pressures of prolonged touring increasingly difficult. The other members say they fully accept his reasons and sympathise with his feelings, and they are now considering a replacement in readiness for their future commitments, including their previously reported December UK tour. Anyone who would like to come into the reckoning should ring 01-352 9451 during office hours, and all applications will be treated in strict confidence.

## — OR MAYBE THE SINGER WITH TWELFTH NIGHT?

TWELFTH NIGHT, among the leaders of the so-called "progressive" faction, are parting company with lead singer Geoff Mann. His last official appearances will be at the band's previously reported

Club on 4 and 5 November, which are being recorded for a live album to be issued in the New Year — though a few farewell dates may also be arranged in the provinces.

The reason for the amicable split is that he's quitting the music business to concentrate on his artistic activities (he's an accomplished poet and painter with several one-man exhibitions to his credit), though he plans to maintain close links with the band and to contribute new material.

The remaining members will continue with existing projects, including studio recordings and an extensive New Year club and college tour. Meanwhile, the search for a new lead singer is already under way, and enquiries should be directed to the group at 33 Barnsley Road, Reading, Berks (0734-866746).

## TWO MAJOR JAZZ FESTIVALS

SOUTH LONDON hosts a major jazz event next month, when the week-long First Lewisham Festival Of Jazz comes to the Lewisham Concert Hall. The line-up includes Brook Benton, Kay Starr and the National Youth Jazz Orchestra (21 November); Guitar Summit with Larry Coryell and Baden Powell (22); Georgie Fame, Sweet Substitute and Keith Smith's Hefty Jazz (23); Woody Herman & The Thundering Herd and the Ronnie Scott Quintet (24); Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine (25); and the Ted Heath Band (26). Tickets are available now priced £5, £4, £3.50 and £2.75 (23); £8.80, £7.50, £6 and £4.50 (25); and £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (all other dates). More information from (01) 690 2317.

MEMPHIS SLIM, Gordon Giltrap and Tony McPhee are among artists featured in this year's Kendal Jazz Festival at the local Brewery Arts Centre, starting at the end of this month. Headlining acts are Acker Bilk Band (27 October), Eddie Thompson Trio (28), Gary Boyle Band (29 afternoon), Gordon Giltrap Band (29 evening), Jazz Society Six and Bad Taste Blues Band (30 afternoon), Memphis Slim (30 evening), Tony McPhee Band (3 November), Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight (4), Jazz Fusions (5 afternoon), Cutting Edge (5 evening), Sandu & The New Hall Jazz Band (6 afternoon) and Stephane Grappelli (6 evening).

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## HIRSUTES' PURSUIT

### ZZ zero hour for Texas trio

ZZ TOP, whose appearance in the Castle Donington rock event in August was well received, have now lined up their first full UK tour for November — just as NME forecast on 9 July. The Texas boogie band — whose line-up of Billy Gibbons, Dusty Hill and Frank Beard has remained constant since 1969 — play Leeds University (19 November), Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Glasgow Apollo (24), Birmingham Odeon (25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28).

London tickets are priced £6, £5 and £4, and they'll be on sale from tomorrow (Friday). At all other venues (except Leeds where details aren't yet finalised), they are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, priced £5, £4.50 and £4. Promoters are Barry Dickins and Rod McSweeney of ITB, in some cases in association with MCP. To coincide, Warners will be releasing a new ZZ Top single titled 'Sharp Dressed Man', taken from their current album 'Eliminator'.

● The group drop into London this weekend on their way to Europe, and play a warm-up gig at the Marquee this Sunday (16).

## Stranglers look to 1984



THE STRANGLERS, due back shortly from their 21-date European tour, immediately disappear into the studio to start work on a new album. It's still untitled but is scheduled for late February or early March release and, in response to the many enquiries we've received, it's expected that their next British tour will coincide with the advent of the LP. One half of The Stranglers meanwhile release their own duo album on Epic next month, 'Fire On Water' by Jean Jacques Burnel and Dave Greenfield — the nine-track set was commissioned for the soundtrack of a new French film *Ecoutez Vos Murs*, which will be premiered at next year's Cannes Film Festival.

ALIEN SEX FIEND release a new single on Anagram Record at the end of this month titled 'Lips Can't Go', but they must wait until they return from a visit to the States and Canada before they can start promoting it — which they do at Swindon Solitaire (16 November), Rayleigh Crocs (18), Coventry Polytechnic (19), Glasgow Night Moves (5 December), Newcastle Shelleys (6), Leeds Bler Keller (7), Portsmouth Grannys Club (9) and Southampton Mannhattans (10), with more interim dates to be confirmed shortly.

TREDEGAR are the latest band to commemorate 31 October by playing a Halloween Night special, and for their venue they've chosen the suitably eerie backcloth of the Chislehurst Caves in Kent. Other new gigs for the band include London Brentford Red Lion (21 October), Stoke Tiffany's (24), Birmingham Golden Eagle (27), Cannock Moonraker (28) and Sunderland Mayfair (11 November).

ANY TROUBLE, who are just completing their guest spot on the Judie Tzuke tour, resume gigging in their own right at London Woolwich Tramshed (17 October), London Victoria The Venue (18), London Hampstead Westfield College (20), Hitchin The Regal (21), Northampton Nene College (22), Canterbury Kent University (25), Liverpool St. Catherine's College (27), Salford Technical College (28) and Worcester College (29).

THE SISTERS OF MERCY have advised us that Ben Gunn, their guitarist for two years, left the band by mutual agreement at the end of their recently-completed American tour. We can't tell you the reason because the remaining members say in their combined statement: "We do not feel it necessary to justify this decision to the Press". Oh well, be like that.

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA take their brand of African highlife music to London Kilburn Tropical Place (this Saturday), Sheffield Leadmill (28 October) and Manchester Band On The Wall (29). These isolated gigs are slotted in between sessions for a new single, the first under a new recording deal they've just announced with the Beggars Banquet label.

HAIRCUT 100 have added two more dates to their first UK tour since the departure of Nick Heyward, at Bangor University (19 October) and Keele University (20). And two of their venues announced last week have now been changed — this Saturday (15) they play Birmingham Powerhouse instead of University, and on 18 October they're at Durham University instead of Powerhouse — which seems like someone got them mistakenly mixed in the first place!



## UK SUBSERVIENCE

### Harper's new men on view

UK SUBS set out this week on an extensive tour, coinciding with the release tomorrow (Friday) of their new self-penned 12-track album 'Flood Of Lies' — it's on their own Scarlet label, a subsidiary of Fallout Records (distributed by Jungle, IDS and The Cartel). It's the first LP recorded by the new line-up of Charlie Harper (vocals), Captain Scarlet (lead guitar), Steve J. Jones (drums) and Steve Slack (bass). About ten more dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

Leeds Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Palm Cove (Friday), Colne Franks (Saturday), Birmingham Tin Can Club (21 October), Coventry Polytechnic (22), Manchester Jilly's (23), London Oxford St. 100 Club (25), Swindon Solitaire (26), Bognor Ocean Club (27), Rayleigh Crocs (28), Huddersfield Polytechnic (5 November), Swansea Marina (8), Hitchin The Regal (10), Dudley J.B.'s (11), Luton Pink Elephant (15), Manchester Adam & Eve (16), Nottingham Boat Club (19), Bristol Studio (20), Sheffield Leadmill (22), Leeds Brannigans (23), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (25), Colne Franks (26), London Marquee Club (27 and 28) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (2 December).



### More showcases for London

## BRASS CONSTRUCTION CONCERT

BRASS CONSTRUCTION, the Capitol Records nine-piece who were one of the first dance music bands to break in this country, are to play their first UK concert for five years — at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, 4 November (tickets on sale now priced £6, £5.50 and £4.50). They'll be featuring many of their earlier hits like 'Movin' and 'Changin'', as well as material from their recent album 'Conversations', including the singles 'Walkin' The Line' and 'We Can Work It Out'. As a bonus, the support act at Hammersmith will be highly rated Brooklyn-based group New York Skyy, who are produced by Brass Construction frontman Randy Muller.

## CHET ATKINS PLAYING ONE-OFF

CHET ATKINS, whose British visit was forecast by NME five weeks ago, has now confirmed a one-off London concert as part of his European tour. The near-legendary guitarist — who has influenced the careers of many luminaries, including The Everly Brothers and Elvis Presley — appears at Her Majesty's Theatre (Haymarket) on Sunday, 30 October. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents, priced £9, £7, £5 and £4.

## KID CREOLE BACK NEXT MONTH

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS — not content with their recent string of seven nights at London Hammersmith Odeon, which climaxed their 32-date UK tour — are returning to that venue for two further shows on completion of their current European tour. These extra Hammersmith gigs are on 22 and 23 November, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents priced £7, £6 and £5 — and they precede the group's first-ever concerts in Japan and the Far East. Their new single 'The Lifeboat Party' will be issued by Island at the end of October in both 7" and 12" formats.

THE TRUTH, currently engaged in a major UK tour, have now added a London date to their itinerary — at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, 30 October. It's their first-ever headliner at a leading London venue.

THE COMSAT ANGELS are now confirmed to headline a major London show, as the climax to their current tour, at Camden Electric Ballroom on 27 October. Support acts are Way Of The West and The Group, and all tickets are priced £3.50.

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY and his 24-piece entourage have moved their two previously reported UK shows. They now play London Hammersmith Palais on 1 November (instead of 30 October) and Birmingham Hummingbird on 2 November (instead of 28 October).

KING KURT — who've just released their new Stiff single 'Destination Zulu Land' (seven-inch, backwards playing 12" and rat-shaped picture disc), with their LP to follow in November — have gigs at London Brixton The Frigate (25 October), Leeds Brannigans (26), Edinburgh Nite Club (28), Durham University (29), Glasgow Night Moves (31), Liverpool Venue (2 November), Cardiff New Ocean Rooms (3), Birmingham Mermaid (5), Manchester Jilly's (6), Leicester Belfry (7), Portsmouth Grannys (8), Nottingham Asylum (10) and London North Polytechnic (11) — and there's a lot more still to come.

ACCEPT, one of Germany's leading heavy bands, are playing six British concerts next month. They're supported by Liverpool band Rage, fresh off the Meatloaf tour, and with a new single 'Never Before'/'Rock Fever' (from their current album 'Run For The Night') issued by RCA next week. Dates are Sheffield City Hall (6 November), Newcastle City Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Nottingham Rock City (9), Birmingham Odeon (10) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11).

MARILLION's date at Nottingham Rock City — part of their Christmas mini-tour, reported last week — was incorrectly supplied to us as 22 December, and should have been 27 December.

PAUL YOUNG has switched his 24 October show from Chesterfield Shoulder of Mutton to Nottingham Royal Concert Hall, as heavy ticket demand has created the need for a larger venue, and he has added another Hammersmith Odeon show on 31 October. . . . BEKI BONDAGE & LIGOTAGE, currently recording their first EMI single, pay a return visit to London Marquee Club on 21 October (tickets £3).



# RECORD NEWS



DURAN DURAN release a new EMI single next Monday (17), in advance of their nearly-completed album and previously reported UK tour. It is 'Union Of The Snake'/'Secret Oktober', and it will be available in both 7" and 12" forms. The group's third LP, titled '7 And The Ragged Tiger', is due out next month—details to follow in a couple of weeks' time.

PO were formed 18 months ago by five musicians (including Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert) primarily as a rehearsal group, employing simple techniques in an attempt to create different sounds with conventional instruments. The venture has now blossomed into an album called 'Whilst Climbing Thieves Vie For Our Attention', and it's out this week on Court Records (through Rough Trade).

PAT BENATAR, who's so far had four studio albums released in the UK, now comes up with her first live LP—it's a ten-track set called 'Live From Earth', recorded with her regular four-piece group, and issued by Chrysalis this week.

HAIRCUT 100, whose new single 'So Tired' is out this week, have now confirmed the title of their upcoming album—their first since Nick Heyward departed—as 'Paint On Paint'. It comprises a dozen tracks, including the new single, and will be issued by Polydor at the end of this month.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, currently touring the UK, release their debut album 'Promise' tomorrow (Friday) on Beggars Banquet. . . And on its associated Coda label the same day, CLAIRE HAMMILL releases her latest single 'In The Palm Of My Hand'/'Jump'.



BILLY IDOL returns to the disc scene with a new single on the Chrysalis label, available only in 12-inch form, but selling at standard seven-inch price. The four tracks are 'Dancing With Myself' and 'Love Calling (Dub)' coupled with 'White Wedding' and 'Hot In The City'.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS are featured on a single which originally saw the light of day in the early '70s, and is now reissued on the Trojan label. It is 'Soul Shakedown Party'/'Caution', both titles produced by the late Leslie Kong—a name not generally associated with Marley, though closely connected with The Maytals, The Pioneers and Desmond Dekker, among others. The 12-inch format has the extra track 'Keep On Shanking', produced by Lee Perry and not previously available in single form. A Marley album titled 'In The Beginning' follows shortly.

TOYAH, currently in France shooting a TV film version of John Fowles' 'The Ebony Tower' with Sir Laurence Olivier (for New Year screening), releases her new ten-track Safari album 'Love Is The Law' this weekend—it's the first LP to mark the new writing collaboration between Toyah and Simon Darlow, who also plays keyboards and co-arranged the material with guitarist Joel Bogen. As already reported, Toyah will be playing some UK dates before Christmas, details to follow.

MICK FLEETWOOD, founder member and drummer with Fleetwood Mac, this week releases his second solo album 'I'm Not Me' on RCA. His band includes guitarist and singer Billy Burnette, bassist George Hawkins and back-up vocalists Christine McVie and Lindsay Buckingham. A single from the LP, 'I Want You Back'/'Put Me Right', is issued simultaneously.

PEABO BRYSON & ROBERTA FLACK follow their hit 'Tonight I Celebrate My Love' with the up-tempo 'Heaven Above Me', written by Bob Gaudio and Bob Crewe of Four Seasons fame, with 'I Just Came Here To Dance' as the B-side. It's issued by Capitol next Monday (17), as is the single 'Suddenly Last Summer'/'Some Things Never Change' by THE MOTELS.

VISAGE are the subject of a compilation LP titled 'Fade To Grey—The Singles Collection', issued by Polydor this month. It features 'Fade To Grey', 'Mind Of A Toy', 'Visage', 'We Move', 'Tar', 'In The Year 2525', 'The Anvil', 'Night Train', 'Pleasure Boys' and 'Damned Don't Cry', with the extra track 'Der Amboss' on the cassette version.

DEPECHE MODE have a special 12-inch version of their current single 'Love In Itself' issued by Mute Records this weekend. It's a limited and numbered edition, containing the seven-inch mix to the main title, plus four live tracks recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon a year ago—'Just Can't Get Enough', 'A Photograph Of You', 'Shout' and 'Photographic'.

Five-piece Norwich band Screen 3, whose growing reputation was further enhanced by their deal with Epic Records, have been spending the last few months writing and recording new material. The initial outcome of their labours is a new single for release tomorrow (Friday), coupling 'City Of Souls' and 'Red Dust'.

'Pleasantly Surprised' is a double compilation cassette (two C60 tapes), featuring 28 bands over two hours, and packaged in a transparent wallet with a 28-page booklet. Bands include Bauhaus, The Alarm, Test Department, The March Violets, Gene Loves Jezebel, Nico, Dislocation Dance, Blue Orchids and Artery. It costs £4 (including p&p) from King/Kent, 614 Pollokshaws Road, Glasgow G41. Also available through Fast and the Cartel.

The Jazz Butcher, the self-styled 'king of garage beat', has a new double A-side single released this weekend by Glass Records—it features 'Southern Mark Smith' and 'The Jazz Butcher Meets Count Dracula'. A different version of the latter title will also appear on the psychobilly album 'Blood On The Cats', due out on Anagram Records later this month. He's planning a gig blitz on London during November.

Sad Lovers And Giants have spent most of the summer touring Europe and recording, but they're now back in UK action with a new single 'Man Of Straw'/'Cow Boys', released this weekend on the Midnight Music label (distributed by IDS). The 12-inch format features extended versions of both tracks, plus a bonus track called 'Close To The Sea'.

John Verity spent many years working with such bands as Argent, Phoenix, Charlie and Smokey, and now he has his own outfit known simply as Verity. Having recently signed to PRT Records, their first release is out this week—a ten-track album called 'Interrupted Journey'.

Featuring former members of UK Decay and Ritual, In Excelsis will release their debut 12-inch single 'The Carnival Of Damocles' on Jungle Records in early November. They're at present rehearsing for a string of provincial gigs next month, leading to a major London date in early December.

American hard rockers Virgin Steel release a 12-inch single on 28 October on the Music For Nations label (through Pinnacle), featuring a remixed version of 'A Cry In The Night' from their current LP 'Guardians Of The Flame'. There are also two previously unissued titles, 'Go Down Fighting' and 'I Am The One', plus a radio interview showcasing Mark Schneider (brother of Twisted Sister's Dee).

AC/DC currently touring America with their new drummer Simon Wright, release a new Atlantic single on 21 October. It features 'Guns For Hire' (written by group members Angus and Malcolm Young, plus Brian Johnson) coupled with 'Landslide', both tracks taken from their hit album 'Back In The Saddle'.

JACKSON BROWNE's new single, released by Asylum on 21 October, comprises two tracks lifted from his current album 'Lawyers In Love'—'Tender Is The Night' and 'On The Day'.

WILDLIFE recently signed to Chrysalis Records, who've just issued a single and album by the group. But this weekend, they also have a new single released by their former label, Atlantic—it couples 'Somewhere In The Night' and 'Sun Don't Shine'.



PAULINE BLACK has her new single 'Threw It Away' released by Chrysalis this weekend—she co-wrote it with Phil Pickett, and the other side is her version of Johnny Nash's black anthem 'I Can See Clearly Now'. It's also available in 12-inch form, with an extended version of the A-side.

ULTRAVOX this week release a six-track live mini-LP called 'Monument', recorded at their Hammersmith Odeon concerts last December and featuring 'Vienna', 'Reap The Wild Wind', 'Hymn' and 'The Voice', among others. The record is actually the soundtrack of an Ultravox video called 'Monument', available at the special price of £14.99 from Palace Video, 275 Pentonville Road, London N.1—it features 30 minutes of live concert footage, plus other video clips, stills and recording studio sequences. And if you buy the record, you'll find it contains an order form enabling you to purchase the video for just £12.99.

THE REVILLOS' new single 'Bitten By A Love Bug'/'Trigger Happy Jack' is out on EMI this week, and they're currently completing an album for New Year release. This nucleus of the band is still Eugene Reynolds and Fay Fife (vocals) and Rocky Rhythm (drums) from the original Revillos—and they're now joined by Max Atom (guitar), Vince Santini (bass) and The Revetts (back-up vocals).

FREEEZ follow the huge summer success of 'I.O.U.' and their current single 'Pop Goes My Love' with the release of a new album on Beggars Banquet. The eight track set is called 'Gonna Get You' and, although it includes their two 1983 chart hits, they are both different versions from the singles.

DIONNE WARWICK's new Arista single 'How Many Times Can We Say Goodbye' is a duet with Luther Vandross, who produced her upcoming album from which it is taken. The B-side of the seven-inch is 'What A Miracle Can Do', while the 12-inch coupling is 'I Do It Cause I Like It'. The new LP titled 'So Amazing' follows shortly.

KIM WILDE has her new single released by Rak Records on 24 October—it is 'Dancing In The Dark', written by Nicky-Chinn and Paul Gurvitz. From all accounts, she is planning a late autumn European tour, and will probably be playing some selected UK dates around Christmas.

SHAKATAK, currently midway through their marathon UK tour, have confirmed tomorrow (Friday) as the release date of their previously reported Polydor album 'Out Of The World'. . . And the new MELANIE album 'Seventh Wave' on Neighbourhood Records, again already announced, is also available this week.

**MORE RECORD  
NEWS: Page 38**

## Motown goes to town

MOTOWN RECORDS, still celebrating their 25th anniversary, release a number of compilations this month. There's a double set called '25 U.S. No. 1 Hits From 25 Years'—or, if you can't afford that, try the mid-price ten-track single LP '25 Years Of Motown Classics'—The Grammy Award Winners'.

Another mid-price album contains snapshots of 37 hits, and boasts one of the longest titles of all time, 'The Artists & Songs That Inspired The Motown 25th Anniversary Television Special—The Incredible Medleys'. And the five-LP box set 'The Motown Story', narrated by Smokey Robinson and Lionel Richie, is being up-dated and reissued. The

regular stable of Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Martha Reeves, The Jacksons, Gladys Knight etc. appear on all these sets.

Also out in October are albums by two artists about to undertake UK tours—'Blame It On Love & All The Greatest Hits' by Smokey Robinson is effectively a "best of" collection, while Junior Walker's 'Blow The House Down' is his first Motown LP for five years. A new single out this weekend features The Temptations & Four Tops medley, recorded at the 25th anniversary TV special, coupled with 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone'—and there's an 11-minute version of the A-side on the 12-inch format.



GIRLSCHOOL in the studio with HOLDER & LEA

GIRLSCHOOL release their first album for over 18 months on 31 October on the Bronze label—titled 'Play Dirty', the ten-track set was produced by Noddy Holder and Jim Lea of Slade, who also contributed two new songs. A single from the LP, the girls' version of the 1973 T. Rex classic '20th Century Boy', is issued this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats. The band will be touring the States for most of the autumn, but play a full UK tour in the New Year.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS this week release what's reported to be their last single together as a recording unit—titled 'Not Just A Name', it's on Anagram Records in both 7" and 12". Whatever the future may hold in store for them, they haven't yet disappeared entirely, because they'll soon be starring in a new TV series on Channel 4.

SALLY OLDFIELD, who's been absent from the UK scene for three years while busy conquering far-flung parts, releases a new Bronze single this weekend called 'Path With A Heart' (7" and extended 12"). It's taken from her upcoming album 'Strange Day In Berlin', due out on 31 October.

## MARLEY, GIRLSCHOOL, ULTRAVOX FREEEZ, TOYAH, KIM, AC/DC, MODE

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## A RECORD-BREAKING THRILLER

MICHAEL JACKSON will figure in the next edition of the Guinness Book Of Records, as the result of his album 'Thriller' producing more hit singles than any other LP—six singles have already been lifted from it in the States and, in three weeks' time, five will have been culled from it in the UK. He's likely to have a second entry in a subsequent edition of the Guinness Book, because it's being confidently predicted in official circles that 'Thriller' will soon overtake 'Saturday Night Fever' as the best-selling LP of all time.

The latest British single to be taken from the album is the title

track, originally planned for release this month, but now delayed until 4 November—this is to enable Jackson to complete his promotional video on the single, which must in itself establish something of a record in that it's costing 500,000 dollars! Meanwhile, the 'Thriller' LP is already assured of No. 1 spot in this year's NME Chart Points Table—by a mile.

Latest word on The Jacksons' long-promised UK visit is that they're now expected here in late summer or early autumn, 1984—and will probably play a full week at the Wembley Arena.

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS

# BAY CITY ROLLERS

THE ADICTS STINGRAYS

LYCEUM STRAND W.C.2

SUNDAY 16th OCTOBER AT 7.30

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 836 3715  
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245  
KEITH PROWSE TEL 836 2184 ALBEMARLE TEL 580 3141 STARGREEN TEL 437 5282  
ROCK ON RECORDS ROUGH TRADE RECORDS THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

THE SAVOY

TUES WED 18th 19th  
October at 8.00pm  
tickets £3.00

# THE ALARM

The FLESH TONES

## the CLIMB

Tickets available from BOSTON ARMS (during normal opening hours)  
London Theatre Bookings Tel 439 3371  
Premier Box Office Tel 240 2245  
Keith Prowse Tel 836 2184

Albemarle Tel 580 3141  
Stargreen Tel 437 5282  
Rough Trade Records  
Rock On Records  
The Cage (Gear Market) Kings Road

PRESENTED BY HEAD MUSIC

# JOHN FOX

EDDIE & SUNSHINE

THE ROOM

Dominion Theatre Tottenham Court Road London W1

Friday 21st October at 8.00pm

TICKETS £4.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE FROM DOMINION BOX OFFICE TEL 5096623  
OR FROM LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE  
KEITH PROWSE ALBEMARLE STARGREEN

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS

# JOBOXERS

EUROPEANS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

TUESDAY 25th  
OCTOBER at 8.00

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE  
PALAIS BOX OFFICE TEL 748 2812  
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371  
PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245  
KEITH PROWSE TEL 836 2184  
ALBEMARLE TEL 580 3141  
STARGREEN TEL 437 5282  
ROCK ON RECORDS  
THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

the TRUTH

PRESENTED BY HEAD MUSIC

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 30th  
OCTOBER at 7.30

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 836 3715  
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245  
KEITH PROWSE TEL 836 2184 ALBEMARLE TEL 580 3141 STARGREEN TEL 437 5282  
ROCK ON RECORDS ROUGH TRADE RECORDS THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS

# HALLOWE'EN MONSTER BALL

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

BEAST

LYCEUM STRAND

MONDAY 31st OCTOBER  
7.30 TO 12.00

CROWN OF THORNS

FLESH FOR LULU

GESCHLECHT AKT

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 836 3715  
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245  
KEITH PROWSE TEL 836 2184 ALBEMARLE TEL 580 3141 STARGREEN TEL 437 5282  
ROCK ON RECORDS ROUGH TRADE RECORDS THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT



# LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

## SILVER JUBILEE

### marquee

1958 1983

90 WARDOUR ST W1 01-4376603  
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7.00pm - 11.00pm  
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 13th October (Adm £2.50) **THE DUELLISTS**  
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd  
Friday 14th & Saturday 15th October (Adm £3.00) **WENDY AND THE ROCKETS**  
From Australia  
Plus special guests & Jerry Floyd  
Sunday 16th October (Adm £5.00) **LITTLE OL' BAND FROM TEXAS**  
Anniversary Appearance of...  
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 17th October (Adm £2.50) **THE BLOOMSBURY SET**  
Plus support & Nick Henbrey  
Tuesday 18th October (Adm £3.00) **B MOVIE**  
Plus Transistor & Jerry Floyd  
Wednesday 19th October (Adm £2.00) **FORTUNE**  
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd  
Thursday 20th October (Adm £2.00) **THE CHAMELEONS**  
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS — TO MEMBERS ONLY

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Camden Lock  
Chalk Farm Road, London NW1  
267 4947

### RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

LIVE MUSIC, BAR, DISCO  
RESTAURANT, VIDEO

THUR 13 FROM U.S.A. **CLARENCE MAN HENRY**  
SUPPORTED BY JUICE ON THE LOOSE  
FRI 14 DIRECT FROM WAYNE COUNTY, U.S.A. **JAYNE COUNTY**  
SUPPORTED BY JUMP SQUAD

SAT 18 **CHEVALIER BROTHERS**  
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS THE RIMSHOTS  
MON 17 HEFTY ROCK SHOWCASE NIGHT **NEW TORPEDOES**  
RAIDER PRESENCE  
TUE 18 **TURKEY BONES**  
AND THE WILD DOGS  
SUPPORTED BY SIGH & EXPLODE  
WED 19 **THE HOST OF TOASTERS**  
REGGAE DISCO, GUEST TOASTERS, LATEST PRE'S  
THUR 20 **FARENJI WARRIORS**  
SUPPORTED BY C.I.C. CREMOLA  
TUES 21-24 WED 24 **ETTA JAMES**

## THE Venue

160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB  
Tel 834 5882  
Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.  
ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE AT STARGREEN KEITH PROWSE LTD. PREMIER OR FROM THE VENUE BOX OFFICE 01-834 5882 BETWEEN 12 NOON - 6pm OR ON THE NIGHT

Wednesday 12th, Thursday 13th October £5.50 **SUNRA ARKESTRA**  
Monday 17th October £3.00 **THE FIXX**  
Tuesday 18th October £3.00 **ANY TROUBLE**  
Wednesday 19th October £3.00 **FAD GADGET**  
Thursday 20th October £5.00 Upstairs £3.50 Downstairs **ALAN VEGA + DANIELLE DAX**  
Sunday 23rd October £5.00 Upstairs £6.00 Downstairs **ALAN STIVELL**  
Monday 24th October £3.00 **X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND**  
+ The Wolfgang Press - Red Lorry Yellow Lorry  
Wednesday 26th October £5.50 Upstairs £6.50 Downstairs **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**  
EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY CLUB NIGHT 9 till 3 £3.50

## TIN CAN CLUB

OPEN FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Thursday 13th October **JOBOXERS**  
Friday 14th October **THE ALARM**  
Saturday 15th October **JOHN FOX**  
Friday 21st October **U.K. SUBS**  
Saturday 22nd October **X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND**  
FANTASY Bradford Street, Digbeth, BIRMINGHAM.  
Phone CMP on 021-643 6958/2850  
Doors Open 9.00pm

## BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 13th October £1.00 **BARNEYS 50 s DISCO**  
Friday 14th October £1.50 **VITALE VOICE**  
+ Support  
Saturday 15th October £1.50 **THE JAILBIRDS**  
+ Sober As A Judge  
Sunday 16th October £1.50 **HERETIC**  
+ Double Agent  
Monday 17th October £1.50 **SMALL WORLD**  
+ De Ja Vu  
Tuesday 18th October £1.50 **A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS**  
+ To The Finland Station  
Wednesday 19th October £1.50 **WE'RE ONLY HUMAN**  
+ Marionette  
Real Ale Served 7.30 - 11.00pm

## THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 13th October £1.50 **NEVADA FOX**  
ex Angelwitch ex Tylan  
+ Double Agent  
Friday 14th October £1.75 **RUBELLA BALLET**  
+ Doctor & The Medics  
Saturday 15th October £1.50 **ONLY AFTER DARK**  
+ Outboys  
Sunday 16th October **SPINGHEEL JACK**  
+ Private Collection  
Monday 17th October £1.25 **SKELETAL FAMILY**  
+ Cut Out Shapes  
Tuesday 18th October £1.25 **IQ**  
+ Goodnight Forever  
Wednesday 19th October £1.25 **THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS**  
+ The Hurt

## Chelsea Girl and ICATHEATRE

PERFORMING CLOTHES

FASHION SHOWS WITH A DIFFERENCE  
featuring new collections by  
ROBIN ARCHER, WILLIE BROWN, MICHELE CLAPTON,  
SUE CLOWES, RICHARD OSTELL, ELAINE OXFORD,  
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Choreographed by MICHA BERGESE, STEWART ARNOLD, PAUL HENRY.

12 - 16 OCT ONLY! 1.00 & 8.00  
plus TALKING CLOTHES -  
Fashion talks from 13 October

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The Mall SW1 930 3647

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FEATURING EX JAM DRUMMER  
RICK BUCKLER

Saturday 15th October 7.30pm In The Haldane Room  
Tickets £2.50 Advance £3.00 Door  
Tubes Temple & Haldane  
Available from LSE Students Union Shop, Houghton Street, WC2  
Enquiries 409 1234 or 405 8594

## KINGS HEAD

4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Thursday 20th October £1.50 **THE JOKERS WILD**  
Friday 21st October £1.50 **HEARTBEATS**  
Saturday 22nd October £2.50 **HERE & NOW**  
Sunday 23rd October £1.50 **MICK CLARKE BAND**  
Ex Salt Band  
Monday 24th October £1.00 **ROUGH ENTRY**  
+ Dunno  
Tuesday 25th October £1.50 **HOLLOWAY ALL STARS**  
Mixed Latin Funk Band  
Wednesday 26th October £1.50 **THE COME ON**

## THE CASTLE CLUB

452 Finchley Road, London NW11

Thursday 13th October £1.50 **DIZZY LIZARD AND THE NOLAN BROTHERS**  
+ Disco  
Friday 14th October £1.50 **DANNY & THE NOGOODNICKS**  
+ Disco  
Saturday 15th October £1.50 **DIRTY STRANGERS**  
"Certainly the best Rock n' Roll band in London"

## SECOND THEORY PRESENTS UNDER TWO FLAGS

+ THE KNIVES (ex Brigandage)  
+ FLESH FOR LULU  
+ VORTEX

Wednesday 19th October  
Brixton Ritzy Cinema  
Tickets £2.00 on Night or from Box Office

## THE INMATES

Enquiries Ben 01-459 0184

## THE FLESH TONES

SCREAMIN' SKULL TOUR

OCTOBER  
18 SAVOY BALLROOM LONDON  
19 (SPECIAL GUESTS OF THE ALARM) 29 TIN CAN BIRMINGHAM  
20 OCEAN BARS BOGNOR REGIS 30 PIT EXETER UNIVERSITY  
21 GRANNIES PORTSMOUTH 31 MARQUEE LONDON  
22 GENERAL WOLF COVENTRY  
24 WHAREHOUSE LEEDS  
26 VENUE LIVERPOOL  
27 SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

NOVEMBER  
2 FAGINS MANCHESTER  
3 NIGHTMOVES GLASGOW  
4 JB'S DUDLEY

PLUS - PLAYN JAYN

## Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments present

"LOVE THE REASON" LIVE  
FEATURING  
**THE QUESTIONS**  
**A-CRAZE**  
**TRACIE!**  
Main T Posse  
BIG SOUND  
AUTHORITY  
AND THE SOUL SQUAD D.J. VAUGHN TOULOUSE

### THE PHOENIX THEATRE

SATURDAY 15th OCTOBER 7.30  
TICKETS £3.50  
FROM BOX OFFICE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS.

### TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

<b>OCTOBER</b>	13,15 Gary Numan	26 K.C. & The Sunshine Band	20 Danse Society
15 Tracie & The Questions	27 Chick Corea + Gary Burton	20,21 Shakin' Stevens	
15 Ravi Shankar	27 Cornsat Angels	22 Y&T	
17 Bay City Rollers	30 Paul Young	22 Public Image Ltd	
17 The Fixx	30 Melanie	22,23 Kid Creole	
17 The Animals	30 The Truth	27 Virgin Prunes	
17 10cc	30,31 Lindisfarne	29,30 Ozzy Osborne	
18 Any Trouble	31 Lords of the New Church	30 The Eurythmics	
18 Waylon Jennings			
19 The Alarm & Fleshtones	<b>NOVEMBER</b>		
19 Fad Gadget	1 Gary Byrd	<b>DECEMBER</b>	
19,20 Smokey Robinson	3,4 Philip Glass	1 The Eurythmics	
20 Alan Vega & Danielle Dax	4 Brass Construction & New York Sky	2 Furyo	
21 Shakatak	5 Newhaven Jazz Festival	8 Box Car Willy	
21 John Foxx	5 Dio	9,10 Imagination	
22,23 Michael Schenker Group	11 Accept	12 Hot Chocolate	
23 Alan Stivell	11,12 Bobby McFerrin	12,13 Robert Plant	
23 Kiss	12 Johnny Cash	14-18 Chas n' Dave	
24 John Denver	12 The Enid	15 Revillos	
24 X-Mal Deutschland	13,17 Wham	15,22 Sex Gang Children	
25 Joboxers	19 The Eurythmics	16,17 Judas Priest	
	19 Donovan	17 Whitesnake	
		27-31 Bucks Fizz	
		28 Marillion	

**FEBRUARY 1984**  
11 Gary Moore

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PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME  
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Open Sundays 12.00 midday-6.00

## BRUNEL

**KISSING THE PINK**  
+ Support  
WEDNESDAY 12th OCTOBER 8pm  
ADMISSION £2.50

**DANNY & THE NOGOODNICKS**  
WEDNESDAY 19th OCTOBER 8pm  
ADMISSION £2.50

**THE HIGSONS**  
+ **THE BANK ROBBERS**  
FRIDAY 14th OCTOBER 8pm  
ADMISSION £2.50

**MISTY IN ROOTS**  
FRIDAY 21st OCTOBER 8pm  
ADMISSION £2.50

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT DISCO/STARTING 8th OCT.  
Inc. GUEST D.J.

NEAREST TUBE UXBIDGE 1402 MIDN. TICKETS £9.00  
UXBRIDGE 1412 ALSO FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE

## GLC PRESENTS A PEACEFUL OCTOBER

### Reclaim the Earth Concert

Saturday October 15th 8.00 pm, at THE ACE, Town Hall Parade, Brixton SW2  
Presented by the GLC  
In Association with Women For Life on Earth Featuring:  
SUPER KARLA - Direct from Denmark, First UK Appearance, HI JINX, JANICE PERRY, and Compered by LOTTIE AND ADA. Tickets £2.50, £1.50 (unwaged).  
Box Office 01-737 2886

### EARLY WARNING!

### GLC Peace Day for Londoners

Saturday October 22nd, 11.00 am onwards  
JUBILEE GARDENS, London SE1  
EXHIBITIONS, KIDS EVENTS, PEACE STALLS, FILMS, GIANT PUPPETS, NEW VARIETY IN THE BEER TENT Presented by CAST, plus FREE Music from: CAROL GRIMES AND THE CROCODILES, THE BREAKFAST BAND, MAINSQUEEZE, THE GUEST STARS, TERESA TRULL AND BARBARA HIGBIE, HI JINX, JAH WARRIOR, JO RICHLER with Surprise Guests. And in the Evening at 8.00 pm

### Peace Day Concert

at THE ACE, Town Hall Parade, Brixton, London SW2.  
Featuring: EDWIN STARR, GENO WASHINGTON AND THE MO JO KINGS, SUPER KARLA, TERESA TRULL AND BARBARA HIGBIE. Admission £4.00, £2.00 (unwaged).  
Box Office 01-737 2886

**GLC**  
Working for London and Peace



Compiled by  
Derek Johnson

# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

## THURSDAY 13th

Ayr Ralers: APB  
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan  
Birmingham Odeon: The Shadows  
Birmingham Powerhouse: JoBoxers  
Birmingham (Shirley) Loonybin Music Club:  
Back Street Silde  
Birmingham University: Laurel & Hardy  
Blackburn Gun Club: The Chameleons  
Bournemouth The Academy: The Higsons  
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero  
Buckingham The Mitre: Safety Valve  
Canterbury Alberly's: Emotional Play  
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: Roger McGough/  
Brian Patten/Adrian Henri  
Cardiff University Union: Austin Davies  
Chesterfield Aquarius: Fiddlygig (until  
Saturday)  
Chesterfield Pomegranate Theatre: The  
American All-stars  
Chesterfield Star Inn: Our Pete & The Wage  
Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden  
Gnomes  
Chorley Joiners Arms: Sapphire  
Coventry General Wolfe: Gene Loves Jezebel  
Coventry Warwick University: The Questions/  
Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The  
Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse  
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Smokey Robinson  
Croydon The Cartoon: Major Setback Band  
Swan Hotel: Remaining Nameless  
Derby Assembly Rooms: 10cc/The Park  
Junoon E.M. Club: Chasay  
Edinburgh Nite Club: X-Mal Deutschland  
Feltham The Airman: Avenue  
Ferryhill King's Head: The Fiend/evil Dead  
Folkestone Peter Pipers: Friends Again  
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Blues Burglars/  
Split Crow Road  
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: Wham!  
Glasgow Night Moves: Fad Gadget  
Guildford Surrey University: Haircut 100  
Hatfield Polytechnic: The Europeans  
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel:  
Report  
Hereford Market Tavern: Tall Story  
High Wycombe Nag's Head: Dave Kelly Band  
Hull Spiders: The Alarm  
Inverness Ice Rink: The EF Band  
Kingston Polytechnic: The Orson Family  
Leeds The Photographique: If, But & Why  
Leeds Warehouse: East of Java  
Leicester University: The Comsat Angels  
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals  
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: JoYoYo/  
Zero Le Creche  
London Brentford Red Lion: Huw Lloyd-  
Langton Group  
London Brixton The Fridge: Bona Vista/Pure/  
Prima Donna  
London Camden Dingwalls: Clarence  
'Frogman' Henry/Juice On The Loose  
London Camden Dublin Castle: Diz & The  
Doormen  
London Catford Black Horse: The Wild Eagles  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Shoot  
The Dispute/Zero Le Creche  
London Finchley Rd. The Castle: Dizzy Lizard/  
The Nolan Brothers  
London Fulham Golden Lion: Heartbeats/  
Mick's Wired  
London Fulham Greyhound: Nevada Foxx/  
Double Agent  
London Fulham King's Head: Swell Mob  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club (at The Mitre):  
Pearl Divers and support  
London Hackney Chats Palace: Abandon  
Your Tutu/Funk On The Jambaggon/XS  
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The  
Clarendon: Flesh for Lulu/Play Dead  
London Hammersmith Odeon: Gary Numan  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Matchbox  
London Kennington The Cricketers: Dance Hall  
Style  
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust  
Twins  
London Kensington Sunset Club: The  
Chevalier Brothers  
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Phil Miller/  
Elton Dean/Richard Sinclair etc.  
London Kidbrooke The Dutch House: Quasar  
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: Neil Innes  
(until Saturday)  
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park:  
Dave Frishberg (until 22 October)  
London Marquee Club: The Duellists  
London N. 7 The Favourite: Jan Ponsford  
Quintet with Jim Dvorak  
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: The London  
Apaches  
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Time UK  
London Putney Half Moon: Will Gaines/Rent  
Party  
London Richmond The Bull: Georgia & Guests  
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: The  
Skidmore-Richardson Quartet  
London Soho Pizza Express: Vi Redd/Eddie  
Thompson Trio (until Sunday)  
London Stockwell The Plough: Chicago  
Sunsets  
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank  
Wangford Band  
London Stratford The Swan: Attila The  
Stockbroker/Exocets/The Amazing  
Mendezies  
London Victoria The Venue: Sun Ra Arkestra  
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's  
Feetwarmers  
London Woolwich Tramshed: Shark Taboo  
London W. 1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany:  
Room 13  
London W. 1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: Anne  
Pigalle/Via Vagabond  
Loughborough University: Roman Holiday/  
New Empire  
Manchester Apollo Theatre: UB40  
Manchester Band On The Wall: Joe Newman  
Manchester Hacienda Club: John Foxx  
Manchester The Gallery: Dr Filth  
Newcastle City Hall: Atomic Rooster  
Newcastle University: The Bloomsbury Set  
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre:  
Tyron Dagg/Deviation  
Newport Stowaway Club: No Quarter  
Norwich The Premises: Eddie & Sunshine  
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Collin Staples  
Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers  
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: K.C. & The

### Sunshine Band

Nottingham The Garage: The Howdy Boys  
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: Billie Jo  
Spears/Lonnie Donegan  
Oxford Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding  
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Berlin  
Paisley Technical College: Seething Wells  
Penzance Regent Hotel: The Recessions  
Peterborough The Postillon: Energy  
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: The Sonics  
Rayleigh Crocs: Rocky Sharpe & The Replays  
Reading Target Club: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts  
Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: New Jubilee Band  
Ripley The Cock: Seventh Son  
Rochdale Flying Horse: Dagaband  
Sheffield Limit Club: The Truth  
Sheffield The Hanover: Vincent Tate & The  
Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas  
Sheffield The Marples: Color Him Dead  
Southport Follies: Rhabastallion  
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: Icon  
Wokingham Angie's: Yes Sir  
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: Sub Zero  
Wrexham Connah's Quay Town Hall: Poison  
Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz  
York University: Paul Young & The Royal  
Family

## FRIDAY

## 14th

Ash The Chequers: D-Talk  
Bangor University: The Smiths  
Bathgate Rock At The Park: The EF Band  
Birmingham Aston University: The Questions/  
Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The  
Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse  
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Play Dead  
Birmingham Tin Can Club: The Alarm  
Blackpool Opera House: Wham!  
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars: Opera  
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Smokey

Robinson  
Brighton Alhambra: Exit Stance  
Brighton Sussex University: Amazulu/Rhythm  
Tendency  
Brighton The Kensington: Icon  
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: Milan/Nervous  
Breakdown  
Cardiff St. David's Hall: Billie Jo Spears/  
Lonnie Donegan  
Cardiff University Union: Personal Column  
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: Morrissey  
Mullen  
Colchester Essex University: Eddie &  
Sunshine  
Coventry General Wolfe: Geno Washington &  
The Mojo Kings  
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife  
Crawley Leisure Centre: 10cc/The Park  
Croydon The Cartoon: Basils Ballsup Band  
Croydon The Star: Quasar  
Dover The Louis Armstrong: Masterstroke  
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Chameleons  
Edinburgh Nite Club: Emerson  
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Cliff Richard  
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: Birell Lagrene  
Ensemble  
Feltham Football Club: Varukers  
Frating Tartan House: Odyssey  
Gateshead Honeysuckle: State Of Emergency  
Glasgow College of Art: Seething Wells  
Glasgow Night Moves: X-Mal Deutschland  
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: John Otway  
Hanley Victoria Hall: Michael Schenker  
Group/Wildlife  
Hatfield Forum Theatre: Mike Harding  
Harrow The Roxborough: Dream Cycle 7  
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel:  
Gilt Edge & The Blue Chips  
Hereford Market Tavern: Wild Willy Barrett  
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: Stax  
Hitchin The Regal: K.C. & The Sunshine Band  
Hull Spring Street Theatre: Wild Girls/Swift  
Nick  
Isle Of Wight Nodes Point Holiday Camp:  
Screaming Lord Sutch  
Keele University: The Man Upstairs  
Lancaster St. Martin's College: Roman  
Holiday/New Empire  
Lancaster University: Paul Young & The Royal  
Family  
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Truth  
Liverpool Edge Hill College: The Bluebells  
Liverpool Empire Theatre: UB40  
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: John Foxx  
Liverpool University: Misty In Roots

London Ad Lib at The Kensington: Lialson/PSO  
London Brentford Red Lion: Ruthless Blues  
London Brixton The Fridge: The Shillelagh  
Sisters/The Electric Bluebirds  
London Camden Dingwalls: Jayne County/  
Jump Squad  
London Camden Dublin Castle: Ruby Turner  
Band  
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll  
Blues Band  
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: Collin  
Francome  
London City University: Second Image  
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: Leap On  
The Fire/Human Chain  
London Finchley Rd. The Castle: Danny & The  
NoGoodniks  
London Fulham Golden Lion: Chuck Farley/  
Sensible Jerseys  
London Fulham Greyhound: Rubella Ballet/  
Doctor & The Medics  
London Fulham King's Head: The Rockets  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Vitale  
Voice  
London Hammersmith Odeon: Gary Numan  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Emerald/Eric  
Starr  
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Soft Whips/  
Adult Toys  
London Holloway North Polytechnic: A Certain  
Ratio/Swamp Children  
London Horseferry Rd. Alexander's: Tunukwa/  
John Mizarolli (also Saturday)  
London Kennington The Cricketers: The  
Republic  
London Kentish Town The Falcon: The Dix-Six  
Band  
London Marquee Club: Wendy & The  
Rockets  
London New Cross Goldsmiths College:  
Haircut 100  
London North-East Polytechnic: The Orson  
Family  
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: Ricky Anderson  
Band  
London N.W. 3 Fleet Community Education  
Centre: Oedipus Wallaby  
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Turk Mauro/Bill  
Le Sage Trio  
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo  
London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford  
Band  
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: The  
Eastside Stompers  
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: Tom

O'Farrell/Marsha Prescod/The Chevalier  
Brothers  
London Stockwell The Plough: Little Sister  
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On  
The Loose  
London Stratford Green Man: Himalaya  
London Stratford Tom Allen Arts Centre: Crime  
Of Passion  
London Tooting The Wheatsheaf: Joolz/Jenny  
Eclair/Keith Jefferson/Rory McLeod  
London University College: Hey! Elastica/The  
Sinatras  
London University Union: King/Friends Again  
London Upton Park The Boleyn Arms: The  
Riccoshades  
London Wandsworth King William IV: Avenue  
London W. 1 (Brewer St) Bloomsbury Theatre:  
The Sadista Sisters (until Sunday)  
London W. 11 Acklam Hall: Killerhertz/The  
Mannish Boys/Accelerator  
London W.C. 2 School of Economics: Highlife  
International/Holy Innocents/Steel & Skin  
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Shadows  
Manchester Band On The Wall: Handsworth  
Explosion (five reggae bands)  
Manchester University Union: Eyeless In Giza  
Mildenhall Stadium (Suffolk): Spider/Dumpty's  
Rusty Nuts/Heretic/Truffle  
New Malden Manor Park Pavilion: Seducer/  
Second Sight/Sin  
Norwich Gala Ballroom: Nico/The Invisible  
Girls  
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: The Europeans  
Oxford Cowley Community Centre: Here &  
Now  
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Presence  
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: Kris Gayle &  
Trio  
Portsmouth Guildhall: JoBoxers  
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Laurel & Hardy  
Rayleigh Crocs: The Comsat Angels  
Salisbury Technical College: Laughter In The  
Garden/Un Deux Twang  
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Nightingales/  
Poison Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz  
Southend Alexandra Hotel: Samurail  
Spalding White Lion: Energy  
Stockport Brook Field Club: Dagaband  
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Hamb & The  
Dance  
Sunderland Polytechnic: Hanoi Rocks  
Tadcasters The Forge: Lotus Cruise  
Totnes Civic Hall: Black Roots  
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Higsons/The  
Bank Robbers  
Walsall Vine Tavern: Applicators  
Wiston-super-Mare Playhouse Theatre: The  
American All-Stars  
Wokingham Angie's: Toucan Trolls

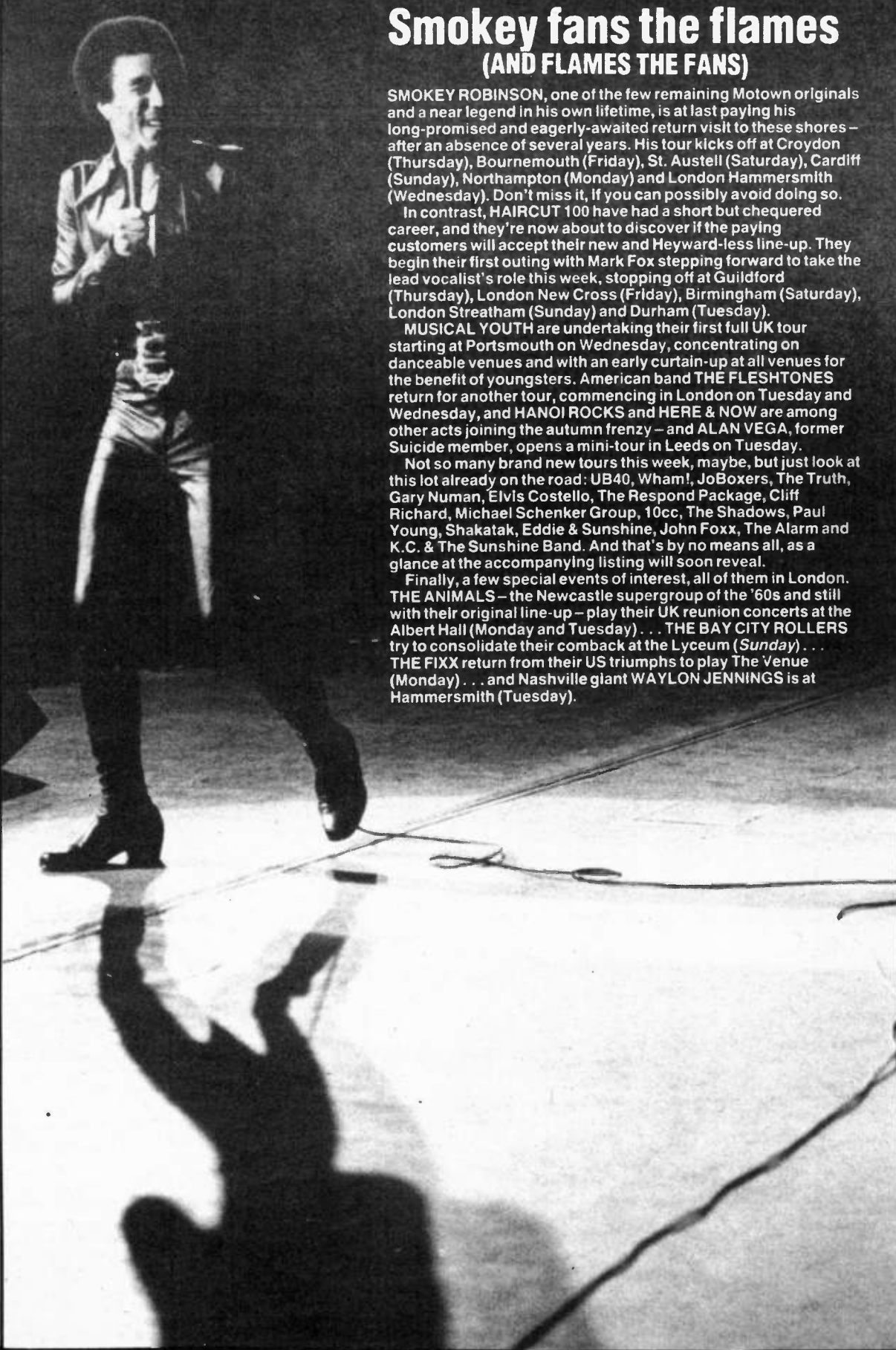
## SATURDAY 15th

Birmingham The Mermaid: The Man Upstairs  
Birmingham Tin Can Club: John Foxx  
Birmingham Odeon: UB40  
Birmingham University: Haircut 100  
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: 10cc/The Park  
Bradford University: The Alarm  
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: The Mystery Boys/  
Jo & The Moonbuds/District 6  
Canterbury Kent University: The Comsat  
Angels  
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: The Hope  
Cardiff University: JoBoxers  
Chelmsford YMCA: Play/Nitzer Ebb  
Cheriton Golden Arrow: No Surrender  
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The  
Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack &  
The Heart Attacks  
Chichester New Park College: Tobruk  
Chippenham Goldiggers: K.C. & The  
Sunshine Band  
Colchester Essex University: Misty In Roots  
Colne Francis: UK Subs  
Coventry General Wolfe: Any Trouble  
Coventry Polytechnic: Play Dead  
Coventry Warwick University: Eddie &  
Sunshine  
Croydon The Cartoon: Laughing Sam's Dice  
(lunchtime)/Little Sister (evening)  
Dartford The Orchard: Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie  
Donegan  
Derby Lonsdale College: The Sinatras  
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Pink Umbrellas  
Edinburgh Moray House College: Seething  
Wells  
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Cliff Richard  
Fetcham Riverside Club: Toucan Trolls  
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: The  
Bluebells  
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Hanoi Rocks  
Gravesend Red Lion: One Burning Heart  
Guildford Surrey University: The Fall  
Hereford Market Tavern: The Jumping  
Belafontes  
Hertford The Woolpack: Gothique  
High Wycombe Nag's Head: The Magic  
Mushroom Band/Harry & The Jump Jets  
Huntingdon St. Ivo Centre: Dumpty's Rusty  
Nuts  
Leysdown Stage 3: Odyssey  
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Thunderstick  
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Shadows  
Liverpool Rudi's: The Touch  
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: Ground  
Zero/Co-Co Barosse  
London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck  
London Brixton The Fridge: Bronski Beat/  
Shella  
London Camden Dingwalls: The Chevalier  
Brothers/The Rimshots  
London Camden Dublin Castle: Yes Sir  
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: Wolfie  
Witcher Band  
London Charing Cross Rd. Phoenix Theatre:  
The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A  
Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn  
Toulouse  
London Chelsea College: King  
London Finchley Rd. The Castle: Dirty  
Strangers  
London Forest Gate The Freemasons: Crime  
Of Passion  
London Fulham Golden Lion: Rocky Sharpe &  
The Replays/Johnny & The Roccos  
London Fulham Greyhound: Only After Dark/  
Outboys  
London Fulham King's Head: Tony McPhee  
Band  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Guana  
Batz/Sober As A Judge  
London Hammersmith Odeon: Gary Numan  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Bob  
McKinley/Eric Starr  
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Hank Wangford  
Band  
London Kennington The Cricketers: Ruby  
Turner Band  
London Kilburn Tropical Place: Orchestre  
Jazira

CONTINUES OVER

## Smokey fans the flames (AND FLAMES THE FANS)

SMOKEY ROBINSON, one of the few remaining Motown originals and a near legend in his own lifetime, is at last paying his long-promised and eagerly-awaited return visit to these shores – after an absence of several years. His tour kicks off at Croydon (Thursday), Bournemouth (Friday), St. Austell (Saturday), Cardiff (Sunday), Northampton (Monday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday). Don't miss it, if you can possibly avoid doing so. In contrast, HAIRCUT 100 have had a short but chequered career, and they're now about to discover if the paying customers will accept their new and Heyward-less line-up. They begin their first outing with Mark Fox stepping forward to take the lead vocalist's role this week, stopping off at Guildford (Thursday), London New Cross (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), London Streatham (Sunday) and Durham (Tuesday). MUSICAL YOUTH are undertaking their first full UK tour starting at Portsmouth on Wednesday, concentrating on danceable venues and with an early curtain-up at all venues for the benefit of youngsters. American band THE FLESHTONES return for another tour, commencing in London on Tuesday and Wednesday, and HANOI ROCKS and HERE & NOW are among other acts joining the autumn frenzy – and ALAN VEGA, former Suicide member, opens a mini-tour in Leeds on Tuesday. Not so many brand new tours this week, maybe, but just look at this lot already on the road: UB40, Wham!, JoBoxers, The Truth, Gary Numan, Elvis Costello, The Respond Package, Cliff Richard, Michael Schenker Group, 10cc, The Shadows, Paul Young, Shakatak, Eddie & Sunshine, John Foxx, The Alarm and K.C. & The Sunshine Band. And that's by no means all, as a glance at the accompanying listing will soon reveal. Finally, a few special events of interest, all of them in London. THE ANIMALS – the Newcastle supergroup of the '60s and still with their original line-up – play their UK reunion concerts at the Albert Hall (Monday and Tuesday) . . . THE BAY CITY ROLLERS try to consolidate their comeback at the Lyceum (Sunday) . . . THE FIXX return from their US triumphs to play The Venue (Monday) . . . and Nashville giant WAYLON JENNINGS is at Hammersmith (Tuesday).





**London Kings Cross Union Tavern:** Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl  
**London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway):** The Rhythm Men  
**London Marquee Club:** Wendy & The Rocketts  
**London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt:** The Creamies  
**London Oxford St. 100 Club:** Avon Cites Band/Steve Lane's Stompers  
**London Putney Half Moon:** Steve Gibbons Band  
**London Putney Star & Garter:** Sam Mitchell  
**London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:** Blowzabella  
**London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange:** Kid Tidman's New Era Band  
**London Stockwell Old Queen's Head:** Talkover  
**London Stockwell The Plough:** Dave Tinkley & Terry Smith  
**London Stoke Newington Pegasus:** Big Chief  
**London Streatham Crown & Sceptre:** Jamie Wednesdays  
**London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre:** Mike Harding  
**London Tufnell Park Tavern:** JCM Jazzband  
**London University College:** Friends Again  
**London W.C.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms:** TV Personalities/12 Cubic Feet/The Legend/Fatal Accidents  
**London W.C.2 School of Economics:** Creature Beat  
**Manchester Apollo Theatre:** Paul Young & The Royal Family  
**Manchester Band On The Wall:** Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes  
**Manchester University Union:** Roman Holiday/New Empire  
**Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre:** Quasar  
**Newcastle City Hall:** Wham!  
**Newcastle Ord Arms:** State Of Emergency  
**Northampton Black Lion:** Suppose I Laugh  
**Oldham The Plough:** Thirteenth Candle  
**Oxford Apollo Theatre:** Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife  
**Oxford Pennyfarthing:** Sunfly  
**Oxford St. Catherine's College:** Wild Willy Barrett  
**Reading Target Club:** Warm Snorkel  
**Reading University:** Eddie & Sunshine  
**Redcar Coatham Bowl:** The Truth  
**Retford Porterhouse:** The Chameleons  
**Salford University:** Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings  
**Sheffield The Hanover:** A Bohemian Situation  
**Sheffield The Leadmill:** Fad Gadget  
**Sheffield University:** Sun Ra Arkestra  
**Stamford Newidge Club:** Energy  
**St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum:** Smokey Robinson  
**Sunderland Old 29 Club:** Dagaband  
**Utteter Abbotsholm School:** The American All-Stars  
**Winchelsea Pebbles:** Maroonedogs  
**Wingham Well 8 Bells:** Masterstroke  
**Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime):** The Pests  
**Wishaw Heathery Bar:** The EF Band  
**Wokingham Angie's:** Ruthless Blues with Johnny Mars  
**Wolverhampton Polytechnic:** The Europeans



ON TOUR

MUSICAL YOUTH

HAIRCUT 100

**London Marquee Club:** The Bloomsbury Set  
**London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt:** Numerouno  
**London N.W.2 The Castle:** Wes McGhee & Friends  
**London Oxford St. 100 Club:** Will Gaines/Rent Party  
**London Putney Half Moon:** The Breakfast Band  
**London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange:** Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers  
**London Royal Albert Hall:** The Animals  
**London Stoke Newington Pegasus:** The Reactors  
**London Strand Lyceum Ballroom:** Paul Young & The Royal Family  
**London Victoria The Venue:** The Flxx  
**London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre:** Eddie & Sunshine  
**London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar:** Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
**Manchester Band On The Wall:** Gammer  
**Newcastle Corner House Hotel:** Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars  
**Northampton Dergate Centre:** Smokey Robinson  
**Northampton The Slipper:** Suppose I Laugh  
**Norwich East Anglia University:** The Alarm  
**Nottingham Palais:** Hanoi Rocks  
**Nottingham Rock City:** John Foxx/Sense  
**Nottingham Royal Concert Hall:** The Shadows  
**Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern:** The Loud Farmer/Hot Ice  
**Preston Guildhall:** Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife  
**Sheffield University:** The Smiths  
**Shrewsbury Music Hall:** Poison Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwardz  
**Southend Cliffs Pavilion:** Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan  
**Swinton Bee Hive Hotel:** Rockin Horse  
**Watford Bailey's:** K.C. & The Sunshine Band (until Saturday)  
**Watford Verulam Arms:** I.Q.

**Middlesbrough Town Hall:** Gary Numan  
**Newcastle Corner House Hotel:** Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet  
**Norwich University of East Anglia:** Paul Young & The Royal Family  
**Nottingham Rock City:** X-Mal Deutschland  
**Portsmouth Vagabonds Night Club:** The Cyclons  
**Reading University:** John Foxx  
**Romford The Bitter End:** Damage  
**Sheffield Polytechnic:** Shark Taboo  
**Sheffield The Hanover:** Bob Gilpin's Inheritance  
**Southampton Solent Suite:** I.Q.  
**Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom:** Dumpy's Rusty Nuts

**WEDNESDAY 19th**

**Aberdeen Capitol Theatre:** Oxyse  
**Aberdeen Va Halla:** Previous Conventions  
**Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion:** The Nashville Teens  
**Birmingham Odeon:** Paul Young & The Royal Family  
**Birmingham Railway Hotel:** Born Loser  
**Bournemouth Dorset Institute:** The Truth  
**Bradford 1 in 12 Club (at Tickle's):** Dry Ice/Those Frayed Edges  
**Bradford University:** The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse  
**Bristol Trinity Hall:** The Chameleons  
**Burslem Bowler Hat:** Thirteenth Candle  
**Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre:** Warehouse  
**Cardiff St. David's Hall:** Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife  
**Carshalton The Cricketers:** Avenue  
**Chesterfield White Swan:** Lotus Cruise  
**Corby The Hazel Tree:** Energy  
**Coventry Warwick University:** John Foxx  
**Croydon The Cartoon:** Laslo & The Leopards  
**Dover The Louis Armstrong:** Quasar  
**Edinburgh Dance Factory:** The Farmer's Boys  
**Grays Thurrock Civic Hall:** The American All-Stars  
**Guildford The Royal:** Eskimo Green featuring James T. Pursey  
**High Wycombe Nag's Head:** Harlequin  
**Hitchin The Regal:** Sense  
**Huddersfield Polytechnic:** The Fall  
**Keele University:** JoBoxers  
**Kirkcaldy Station Hotel:** Lee Konitz Quartet  
**Leamington Spa Hinton's:** Crucial Music  
**Leeds Brannigans:** Poison Girls/Janice Perry Mark Miwardz  
**Leeds Pack Horse Hotel:** Xero  
**Leeds Victoria Hall:** Gary Numan  
**London Ad Lib at The Kensington:** The Reactors/Most People  
**London Brixton Frontline Theatre:** Cafe Cabaret  
**London Camden Dublin Castle:** Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers  
**London Chelsea College Students Union:** Plank/The Crow/Bon Sue  
**London Fulham Golden Lion:** The Hollywood Killers  
**London Fulham Greyhound:** The Legendary Luton Kippers/The Hurt  
**London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:** We're Only Human/Marionette  
**London Hammersmith Odeon:** Smokey Robinson  
**London Harlesden Mean Fiddler:** Raymond Froggatt  
**London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre:** Tony Mad  
**London Islington Radnor Arms:** Marcus Hadley  
**London Kennington The Cricketers:** Amancio Da Silva Trio  
**London Knightsbridge The Grove:** Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies  
**London Marquee Club:** Fortune  
**London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt:** Willie & The Poor Boys  
**London Oxford St. 100 Club:** Ken Colyer Band  
**London Putney Half Moon:** Dr John & His Band  
**London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange:** Tina Summers/Mike Hatchard Quartet  
**London Savoy Ballroom:** The Fleshtones/The Alarm  
**London Soho Pizza Express:** Turk Morrow/Tony Lee Trio  
**London Southgate The Cherry Tree:** Big Chief  
**London Stoke Newington Pegasus:** Poor Boys  
**London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre:** The Shadows  
**London Victoria The Venue:** Fad Gadget  
**London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club:** The Jumping Belafontes  
**Manchester Apollo Theatre:** Cliff Richard  
**Manchester Ashton The Metro:** X-Mal Deutschland  
**Manchester Band On The Wall:** Holloway Allstars  
**Manchester Hacienda Club:** Alan Vega  
**Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre:** Dagaband  
**New Romney The Seahorse:** Watch  
**Poole Arts Centre:** UB40  
**Portsmouth Guildhall:** Musical Youth  
**Reading Hexagon Theatre:** Mike Harding  
**Scunthorpe Tiffany's:** Hanoi Rocks  
**Sheffield City Hall:** Wham!  
**Sheffield University:** I.Q.  
**South Woodford Railway Bell:** Original East Side Stompers  
**Warrington Lion Hotel:** Dumpy's Rusty Nuts  
**Worthing Assembly Hall:** 10cc/The Park

**TUESDAY 18th**

**Aberdeen Capitol Theatre:** Showaddywaddy/Johnny & The Roccas  
**Bannockburn The Tamduh:** Henry Gorman Band  
**Birmingham Odeon:** Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife  
**Brighton Dome:** Mike Harding  
**Bristol Colston Hall:** UB40  
**Bristol University:** JoBoxers  
**Burton The Blue Posts:** Daryl & The Chaperones  
**Canterbury Kent University:** Gene Loves Jezebel  
**Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre:** Health  
**Croydon The Cartoon:** The Actors  
**Croydon (Wallington) Digby Club:** Accent  
**Durham Brewers Arms:** The Edge  
**Durham Power House:** Haircut 100  
**Eastbourne Congress Theatre:** 10cc/The Park  
**East Moseley Imber Court Club:** The Nashville Teens  
**Exeter Riverside Club:** The Truth  
**Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall:** The American All-Stars  
**Glasgow Henry Afrika's:** The Farmer's Boys  
**Glasgow Third Eye Centre:** Charlie Sayles & Cordell Cradle  
**Kingston Grey Horse:** Seducer  
**Leeds Parkers Wine Bar:** Xero  
**Leeds Tiffany's:** Hanoi Rocks  
**Leeds Warehouse:** Alan Vega  
**Liverpool Galsby's:** Poison Girls/Janice Perry/Mark Miwardz  
**Liverpool Pyramid Club:** The Brazier Brothers  
**Liverpool Royal Court Theatre:** Wham!  
**London Camden Dingwalls:** Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs/Sigh/Explode  
**London Camden Dublin Castle:** The Balham Alligators  
**London Canning Town The Balmoral:** The Wretangles  
**London Fulham Golden Lion:** Chuck Farley  
**London Fulham Greyhound:** I.Q./Goodnight Forever  
**London Fulham King's Head:** Isis  
**London Greenwich The Mitre:** Mystic Dance  
**London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:** A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station  
**London Hammersmith Odeon:** Waylon Jennings  
**London Hornsey King's Head:** Main Avenue  
**London Kennington The Cricketers:** Lipslide/Missing Airmen  
**London Marquee Club:** B-Movie  
**London North Polytechnic:** The Websters  
**London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt:** Second House  
**London Putney Half Moon:** Morrissey Mullin  
**London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange:** Don Weller/Dave Suttle Trio  
**London Royal Albert Hall:** The Animals  
**London Savoy Ballroom:** The Fleshtones/The Alarm  
**London Soho Pizza Express:** All-Star Jazzband  
**London Streatham Cat's Whiskers:** Elvis Costello & The Attractions  
**London Victoria The Venue:** Any Trouble  
**London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's:** Richard Green & The Next Step  
**Luton Blocked Arms:** Gothique  
**Manchester Band On The Wall:** Martin Simpson

**SUNDAY 16th**

**Bangor University:** Roman Holiday/New Empire  
**Birmingham Odeon:** UB40  
**Birmingham Railway Hotel:** Sub Zero  
**Blackpool Opera House:** The Shadows  
**Boston Haven Theatre:** Paul Young & The Royal Family  
**Bradford Manhattan Club:** Xero  
**Brighton Pavilion Theatre:** Play Dead/Bone Orchard  
**Bromley The Northover (lunchtime):** Bill Scott & Ian Ellis  
**Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre (lunchtime):** Red Beans & Rice  
**Cardiff St. David's Hall:** Smokey Robinson  
**Chippenham Goldiggers:** 10cc/The Park  
**Croydon The Cartoon:** Boppers (lunchtime)/Mungo Jerry (evening)  
**Croydon Fairfield Hall:** Mike Harding  
**Dunstable Queensway Hall:** The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse  
**Exeter University:** Under Two Flags  
**Guildford Surrey University:** Shark Taboo  
**Hayes Beck Theatre:** Showaddywaddy  
**High Wycombe Nag's Head:** The Alligators  
**Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime):** Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests  
**Kingston Grey Horse:** Georgia Jazzband  
**Leatherhead Thorndyke Theatre:** Avenue  
**Leeds The Photographique:** The Lost Pandas/The Raid/Red  
**London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime):** Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys  
**London Battersea Nag's Head:** Jugular Vein  
**London Brentford Red Lion:** Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)  
**London Camden Dublin Castle:** The Chevalier Brothers  
**London East Ham Ruskin Arms:** Electrix  
**London Finchley Torrington:** Ruby Turner Band  
**London Fulham Golden Lion:** Dave Kelly Band  
**London Fulham Greyhound:** Springheel Jack/Private Collection  
**London Fulham King's Head:** Dunn-Johnson Band  
**London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:** Heretic/Double Agent

**London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:** John Harle's Berliner Band  
**London Harlesden Mean Fiddler:** Joe Sun & The Shotgun  
**London Kennington The Cricketers:** Morrissey Mullin  
**London Marquee Club:** Little 01 Band From Texas  
**London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern:** Mel Wright's Quaggy Delta Blues Band  
**London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt:** Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Brian Knight & Kick Out The Jams (evening)  
**London Oxford St. 100 Club:** Digby Fairweather All-Stars  
**London Putney Half Moon:** Ian Stuart Band  
**London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange:** Young Jazz Big Band (lunchtime)/Bob Taylor Band (evening)  
**London Stoke Newington Pegasus:** The Republic  
**London Stockwell The Plough:** The Sunday Jam  
**London Strand Lyceum Ballroom:** Bay City Rollers/The Addicts/The Stingrays  
**London Streatham Cats Whiskers:** Haircut 100 (under-16s only)  
**Manchester Apollo Theatre:** Wham!  
**Manchester Ashton The Metro:** Hanoi Rocks  
**Margate First & Last:** Dave Corby Band  
**Newbridge Memorial Hall:** The EF Band  
**Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime):** East Side Torpedoes  
**Newquay Central Hotel:** The Winners  
**Nottingham Browne's:** Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings  
**Nottingham Commodore International:** Odyssey  
**Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:** Dawn Trader  
**Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime):** Energy  
**Peterborough The Glasshouse (lunchtime) and Wellingborough Chequers (evening):** Energy  
**Runcorn Cherry Tree:** Dagaband  
**Salisbury Saddle Rooms:** Unicorn  
**St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum:** Billie Jo Spears/Lonnie Donegan  
**Stevenage Bowles Lion House:** The Fall  
**Stirling Albert Hall:** Ralph McTell/Attraction

**Stockport Davenport Theatre:** K.C. & The Sunshine Band  
**Sutton Secombe Centre:** Diz & The Doormen  
**Wokingham Angie's:** Still Life

**MONDAY 17th**

**Altrincham The Unicorn:** Thirteenth Candle  
**Bedford Fives Bar:** Precious Little Idols  
**Birmingham Hummingbird:** Dillinger  
**Brighton Dome:** Shakatak  
**Canterbury Kent University:** Wild Willy Barrett  
**Cardiff St. David's Hall:** The American All-Stars  
**Corby Rafters:** Energy  
**Crewe Kerne Palace Theatre:** The Nashville Teens  
**Croydon Fairfield Hall:** Mike Harding  
**Croydon The Cartoon:** Trick Of The Light  
**Dorking The Pilgrim:** Avenue  
**Exeter University:** JoBoxers  
**Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall:** The Questions/Tracie & The Soul Squad/A Craze/The Main T Possee/Vaughn Toulouse  
**Harrow Wealdstone Football Club:** Dave Phillips & The Hot Rod Gang  
**Iford Cauldlower Hotel:** Original East Side Stompers  
**Leicester Palais:** Dagaband  
**London Camden Dingwalls:** New Torpedoes/Presence  
**London Camden Dublin Castle:** The Operation  
**London Fulham Golden Lion:** Radio Radio  
**London Fulham Greyhound:** The Skeletal Family/Cut Out Shapes  
**London Fulham King's Head:** Futz  
**London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:** Small World Dea Vu  
**London Hammersmith Odeon:** 10cc/The Park  
**London Hammersmith Palais:** Elvis Costello & The Attractions  
**London Kennington The Cricketers:** Mike Mower Nonette  
**London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield:** The Stingrays

● **John Ratcliff** — who's previously recorded for Atlantic and EMI, and was lead singer of The Catch — crops up this week with his solo single 'Kerry Girl', which has already been a hit in Europe. It's on OGP Records, distributed by Pinnacle.  
 ● **Ex-Metro** guitarist and singer **Duncan Browne** (who wrote the 'Criminal World' track on David Bowie's 'Let's Dance' LP) and former Van Der Graaf Generator bassist and synthesist **Nic Potter** have collaborated on a new album. It's planned for worldwide release by a major label in late autumn.  
 ● **Singer** guitarist **Winston Detlev** is now the sole remaining member of **Seventh Seance**, following the departure of drummer Steven Humphries. He's continuing to use the group's name for this first solo effort, a four-track 12-inch EP titled 'I Could Forget Myself', released on 21 October on his own Icon Records label (through Rough Trade).  
 ● 'Something Outside' / 'Host' is the new 12-inch single by **The Wake**, released by the Benelux Division of Factory Records (through The Cartel).

● **Detroit band One Way** are fronted by Al Hudson, who enjoyed considerable success as a solo artist and producer in the '70s. Their single 'Shine On Me' has been in heavy import demand for some time, and it's now issued here officially by MCA.  
 ● **Son Of Jah** (aka Trevor Bow) releases his new ten-track album 'Writings On The Wall' this week on the Natty Congo label, with national distribution by Jet Star. It was recorded at the beginning of the year at Jamaica's renowned Tuff Gong Studios.  
 ● **Zu Zu Sharks** are a new three-piece whose line-up includes Gary Tibbs, formerly with Adam & The Ants. They signed to EMI in June, and this week sees the release of their first single 'Love Tumbles Down', with their debut album scheduled for early 1984.  
 ● **Edinburgh's Twisted Nerve** have their 12-inch EP 'Eyes You Can Draw In' issued this weekend by Criminal Damage Records (through Jungle and The Cartel). They'll be playing a number of gigs to support it, prior to starting work next month on the debut album.

**RECORD NEWS EXTRA**



THE GROUP, the London trio currently on tour with The Comsat Angels, have signed a long-term deal with Jive Records. First release under the agreement, out this weekend, is the single 'Technology'/'You're My Flag' — it was produced by Thomas Dolby and Mike Hedges, and is also available in 12-inch form with an extended A-side. The line-up comprises Ian Martin (guitar, vocals and lyrics), Jon Astrop (bass, percussion and vocals) and Julie Fletcher (drums and percussion).

● The **Exploited** release their first single of the year this week, a three-track offering on which the main title is 'Rival Leaders' — it's on the Pax label, distributed by Red Rhino and The Cartel. The group are also being lined up for a full tour, details to follow shortly.  
 ● **Chrysalis** have signed five-piece Birmingham band **The Kind**, and release their self-penned single 'Don't Stop' on 21 October. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats.  
 ● On 21 October, Trojan release an 18-track compilation featuring the best recorded music by **The Royals**, the group formed in 1965 by Roy Cousins, who has subsequently guided their career unerringly. It's called 'The Royals Collection' and is available through PRT.  
 ● **Eltery Bop**, the three-piece formed in Liverpool about ten months ago, release a 12-inch EP on Desire Records on 21 October. Produced by Chris Parry and Ian Brodie, it features 'Blind', 'Fire In Reflection', 'Jihad' and 'The Calling', and distribution is by IDS. The group will be playing live dates later in the autumn.

● **Kent Records** continue their series of reissues of early Impressions albums with the release of two more — 'The Never Ending Impressions' (out this week) and 'Keep On Pushing' (due early November). They have not been previously available in this country.  
 ● **Blues 'N' Trouble** are one of Scotland's leading R&B bands, and their new single 'Old Time Boogie' is out this week on Edinburgh's Castle Rock Records (through The Cartel), with their debut album to be recorded in December. The label has also signed another Scottish outfit **The Persian Rugs**, whose single 'She Said' will be committed to vinyl next month.  
 ● **Trevor Herion** has a new single out this week on the Interdisc label, titled 'Love Chains'. It's a track from his upcoming debut album 'Beauty Life', due out next Monday (17).  
 ● 'Wake Up' / 'Enjoy Your Day' is the new single (7" and 12") from **Bohannon**, who's now officially dropped his Christian name Hamilton. It's on Compleat Records (licensed to PRT), and they'll also be issuing his latest album in a couple of weeks.



## LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

FAC 51  
THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 13th October  
**JOHN FOXX**  
Wednesday 19th October  
**ALAN VEGA**  
Thursday 20th October  
**FAD GADGET**  
Wednesday 26th October  
**PAUL HAIG**  
Friday 28th October  
**GREG WILSON'S  
FUNK NIGHT** featuring  
**RUN DMC**  
**WHODINI**  
Monday Nights  
**THE GAY TRAITOR**  
Fridays Transatlantic Funk with  
**GREG WILSON**  
Sorry about the non appearance of  
Elvis Costello.  
Watch this space for rescheduled date.  
11-13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST, MANCHESTER  
061-236 5051



THE  
**MICHAEL SCHENKER  
GROUP**  
Special Guests  
**WILDLIFE**  
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE  
SAT./SUN. 22nd/23rd OCTOBER  
7.30 p.m.  
Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00  
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Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier and Albemarle.

WENDY  
& THE  
ROCKETTS

MARQUEE  
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Friday October 14th & Saturday October 15th

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB  
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Thursday 13th October  
**EAST OF JAVA**  
Monday 17th October  
**STEVE HARVEY  
P.A.**

Tuesday 18th October  
**ALAN VEGA**  
Thursday 20th October  
**CLOCK DVA**

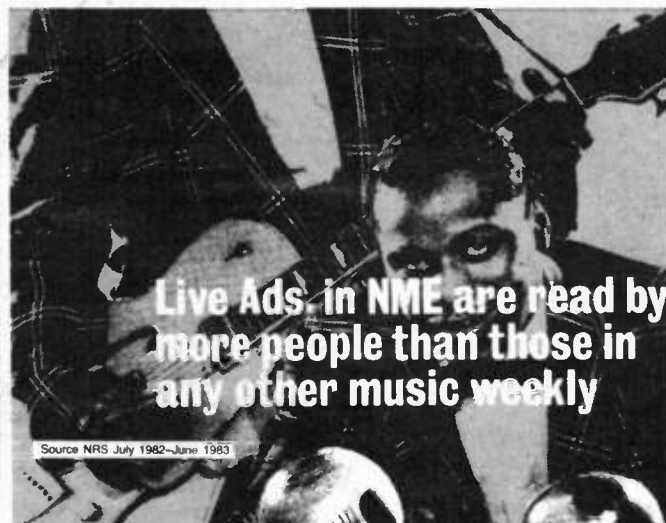
LATE BAR 9 - 2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m - 10.30p.m.

MEL BUSH PRESENTS



OCT  
16 IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre  
17 IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre  
19 NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall  
20 NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall  
21 CARDIFF St. David's Hall  
23 BRISTOL Hippodrome Theatre  
24 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre  
25 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre

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**COMSAT ANGELS**  
+ WAY OF THE WEST  
+ THE GROUP  
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8pm  
£3.50  
Tickets: Post, 184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1. +  
ROUGH TRADE + ROCK ON + L.T.B. + PREMIER + CAGE

**CROC'S**  
19 23 HIGH STREET  
RAYLEIGH, ESSEX  
Thursday 13th October  
**"ROCKY SHARP  
AND THE REPLAYS"**  
Johnny & The Roccas  
8.00p.m. - 1.00a.m. - DJ  
Friday 14th October  
**"THE COMSAT  
ANGELS"**  
The Group  
8.00p.m. - 2.00a.m. - DJ  
Friday 21st October  
**"BEAST"**  
Support  
8.30p.m. - 2.00a.m. - DJ  
Thursday 27th October  
**"SCREAMING  
LORD SUTCH"**  
Black Cat  
8.00p.m. - 1.00a.m. - DJ

**MOON**  
half moon lane se24  
01-274 2733  
Friday 14th October Adm £1.50  
**SOFT WHIPS**  
+ Red Brick Houses  
Saturday 15th October Adm £2.00  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND**  
Friday 21st October Adm £1.50  
**OUT**  
+ Special Guests  
Saturday 22nd October Adm £1.50  
**FAR CRY**  
+ Desire  
Doors open 8.00pm Tube Brixton, BR  
Herne Hill. Buses 68,40,37,2,3,172,196

**THE HALF  
MOON**  
93 Lower Richmond Road,  
Putney SW15  
Tel: 01-788 2387  
Thursday 13th October  
**WILL GAINES TRIO**  
+ Rent Party  
Friday 14th October  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND**  
Saturday 15th October  
**STEVE GIBBONS BAND**  
Sunday 16th October  
**IAN STUART BAND**  
+ Guests  
Monday 17th October  
**THE BREAKFAST BAND**  
Tuesday 18th October  
**MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND**  
Wednesday 19th & Thursday 20th October  
**DR JOHN & HIS BAND**  
Friday 21st October  
Welcome Return Of The Fabulous  
**GENO WASHINGTON  
& THE MOJO KINGS**  
Saturday 22nd October - From USA  
**MEMPHIS SLIM**  
Tickets on sale now  
Every Sunday Lunchtime 12.00-2.00  
The New Dixie Syncopators

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Shakespeare Avenue, Feltham  
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+ ABORTED  
+ DRUG SQUAD  
Friday October 21st  
**EJECTED**  
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Live In Paris Tuesday 25th October  
£59 includes ticket for concert. First class hotel. Luxury coach.  
Cross-Channel ferry. Depart a.m. 24th Oct. Return p.m. 26th  
Oct. Box 2

**IRON MAIDEN/  
MICHAEL SCHENKER**  
Live In Dusseldorf Sunday 4th December  
£56 includes ticket for concert. First class hotel. Luxury coach.  
Cross channel ferry. Depart midnight 2nd Dec. Return pm 5th  
Dec. Box 3  
Number of places required Box 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐  
Name .....  
Address .....

STATION UNDERGROUND  
NEWS

Angelic host... representatives of the I&I club DJ duo Owen  
Issac and Frank Davis return from Jamaica with sundry recordings  
laid at Tuff Gong alongside Barbican band Food, Clothes & Shelter.  
Titles include 'Girl You Shouldn't Have Left Me And Broke My Heart',  
'Take Heed', 'The Judge', 'Bad Man Skank', plus new Nava pre  
release 'Three Little Mice'... phalanx and squadron of the  
**Prince-Archangels**... other new pre include: D Walks, 'Fisherman'  
(Midnight Rock); Josie Wales, 'Bobo Dread' (Volcano); African Star,  
'You Too Rude' (Sounds Of Muzik Studios Ltd); Mighty Diamonds,  
'Bad Boy' (Stars); King Everal, 'Dread Locks Time' (Jammys); Delroy  
Williams, 'Scars Of War' (Vin Hur) and Hugh Griffiths, 'Jah Bible'  
(Ujama)... **Uranian power**... in the wake of Kingdom's 'Herb Dust'  
compilation, Trojan realise 'The Royals Collection' featuring 18  
songs and comprising all the group's 'Pick Up The Pieces' record on  
side one and selections from 'Ten Years After' and 'Israel Be Wise'  
to other... **strength of the gracious word**... message from Natty  
Congo of new Son Of Jah LP recorded at Tuff Gong for 'Writings On  
The Wall'. Among ten new songs are 'Living In Tact', 'Freedom On  
The Horizon' and recent discmix 'Melodies And Memories'...  
**spirits that have dominion**... out on Nubian is 'Black Roots', the  
debut LP from the Bristol octet of that name. Themes of 'The Father',  
'Survival', 'Africa' and their languid 'What Them A Do' single are  
developed. The group can be seen onstage at Totnes Civic Centre on  
Friday... **Cherubim, divine tribunal of the air**... new discmix on  
Speng's Get Set label features Leroy Smart, 'Love Jah Forever' c/w  
'Good Time Loving', while on Progressive slate Peter Negus &  
Waterhouse adapt Stevie Wonder's 'Place In The Sun'... and  
**Seraphim with flaming hair**... every Thursday night at Broadwater  
School, off Mount Pleasant Road, Tottenham, N15 sounds by Unity  
with Pupa Chargin, Jack Rueben, D'Man Rocker. Special guests  
tonight: Jamdown Rockers... and you, O Michael, Prince of  
heaven... live and direct from Kingston at London's Coliseum Suite  
this Friday and Saturday - 8pm to 2am - Gemini disco sound with  
three the hard way DJ clash: Johnny Ringo, Welton Irie, Squidley  
Ranking. Selector: Archie. Tickets 021-454 9152... and Gabriel,  
by whom the word was given... ravers dance on Saturday at the  
Milton Gardens YC Hall, Shakespeare Walk, Stoke Newington, N16  
- 7pm till late - with entertainment by Daddy Zebie featuring Barry  
Dread and Militant Benjy with apprentice Robin Hood. Also the  
sounds of Jah Tubby's. Adm £1... and Raphael, born in the house  
of Life... splashdown time at Fee's Corner, 28 Jackson Road, off  
Holloway Road, N7 on Saturday - 8pm till late - with sounds like  
Channel One plus Memphis Hi-Power. Adm. £1.50... bring us  
among the folk of Paradise... also on Saturday is an Autumn  
fashion extravaganza at the Tropical Palace, Chamberlayne Road,  
Kensal Rise, NW10 - from 6pm till late - with music by Orchestre  
Jazira, disco queen Jean Munroe Martin and singing troupe Tripple  
Mink plus limbo, go-go and disco dance. Tickets: 01-960 0436...





# LIVE

**ELVIS CROWNED**  
**DEPECHE OUTMODED**  
**LOTUS BLOATED**  
**TOSH TOUGH**  
**SWITCHBLADE JAMMED**

## SOUND OF THE CROWD

**DEPECHE MODE**  
*Hammersmith Odeon*

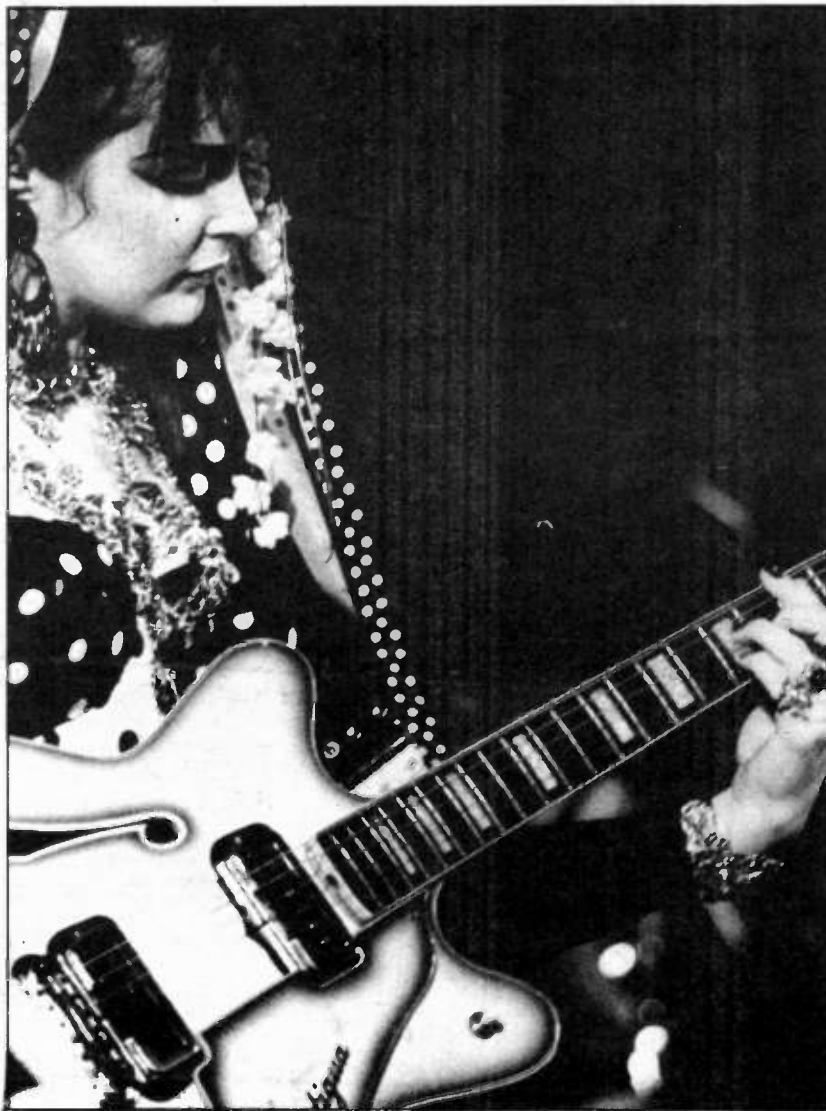
SO FASCINATING how one slides into sucker-dom! A year ago I was mesmerised that such prancing ninnies as Depeche Mode should reach the visibility stage on *TOTP*; last night I'm all for their concert on account of Daniel Miller's deepened sound for 'Love, In Itself'. I'm well aware that one Brian Griffin photograph and a few open-ended lyrics do not a new politics make but—what the hell, *Saturday Night*, right?

Wrong. Hie myself to Hammersmith and I get THE most gauche, over-dressed and middle-of-the-road pantomime of a show I've seen in years, played (enacted, actually) to an ecstatic audience comprised of one-third HM refugees and two-thirds C&A set coupledom. We're talking *hardcore* Royal Family lovers, folks, and on the tube home every single seat was taken by an unaccompanied male deeply absorbed in the Official Souvenir Programme. The boys are saying more than GO alright; their sort of 'socialism' comes across to the audience as GOING OUT.

And the audience (like their idols, a mere ten years away from heavy mortgage discussions, midriff bulge blues and Barry Manilow albums) leap to their feet screaming before the curtains can even part. Instantly they do, everyone's happily marching in place to 'Everything Counts'. Onstage, it's pure unco-ordinated Anglo-aerobic posing, augmented by select prop instruments and—HEY! these are exactly the same little wimps who were so worrisome last year.

It's just that now they've got red lights, yellow lights, green lights, blue lights, smoke machines, fuchsia spills, austere white floods, louvered doors, a neatly framed rectangle of corrugated metal to thump (!), a revolving back-of-stage set, and a lot of NEW nursery rhymes. Plus this straight-as-a-Di auditorium of certified normals just eating it all up.

Nothing wrong with being



normal, of course—unless it makes you prey to acquiescent acceptance of adolescent beatings the likes of which are being dished out tonight. By 'Shame' (yes, this is ALL about the new LP and the Greatest Hits) it's almost frightening on top of monotonous. Like, where AM I? Whatever the intentions of the Carry On Chic-sters, this feels like standing stranded amidst happy Hitler Youth, worshipping at the altar of the new-mown-hay haircut and convex chest. Just loving every exhortation to Get The Balance Right.

And boy, is this stuff W-H-I-T-E. No beat, and no bop right up until three-quarters of the way through the full 56 minutes, when 'Photograph' mildly 'rocks out'—a phenomenon which continues briefly till the lugubrious 'More

Than a Party' puts a stop to that. Three encores, and the evening's ice-cream bid us the crowd a gracious goodnight.

Whatever enjoyment one's boredom threshold or sexual preference may have afforded, an interesting critical point emerged with crystal clarity from this event-by-rote: Daniel Miller took these boys to Berlin to record for definite reasons. One of which is that every *effective* thing about the new LP is drawn from other, German sources. And for most of those sources, sound IS an area for boldness, politics and risk—not just something to offer your marketing strategies a shot in the arm.

So keep Depeche Mode down 't' disco; they're far better herd than scene.

Cynthia Rose



Flowers of romance: Jill of the valley (left) and a Rose by any other name is still a Rose.  
 Pics: Lawrence Watson

## FIRST CUT IS THE SWEETEST

**STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE**  
*London, ICA*

THE ECLECTIC confines of the ICA's well-organised Pop-Goes-The-Easel Week once again played host to developing talent. In amongst the unlikely mixture of intellectual behemoths and box-cut bilbies, the polka dots and ribbons of Strawberry Switchblade displayed vibrant promise of things to come.

Beginning with a thumping drum-beat launching in to the fast-moving 'Dance', Jill on guitar and Rose on vocals (and occasionally both on both) moved through the powerful opener like they were set to storm the night. Backing up their essentially semi-acoustic sound with an accompaniment of guitar, bass, and drums, they managed to broach the traditional twin-girl harmony approach by tempering mellowness with solid punch.

However, on a night of unfortunate errors, they started to suffer after they began playing the Underground's 'Sunday Morning', a song covered aptly with a sparsity of guitar and absence of drums. "This is my big guitar solo so don't laugh if I get it wrong", said Jill, nervously exchanging glances with Rose, as the lead flew out of the amp and the crowd burst out laughing. Recompensed for two excellent songs, 'Another Day' and 'Trees and Flowers', through their powerful performance of the potential single 'Let Her Go', they managed to retain the crowd's attention but just failed to win them over fully.

Bright with optimism, with a solid base of talent to build upon, ultimately they will succeed. Don't be deceived by the ribbons and polka dots, the strawberry glint of the switchblade has yet to fully swipe.

Neil Taylor

## The Minister of Modesty

**PETER TOSH**

*London Dominion Theatre*

I WENT along to this show motivated largely by curiosity—I was convinced Peter Tosh is an absolute madman, and wondered out of respect for his music how he would behave on stage. At the end of the set, my views on the man's sanity were unchanged—a little reinforced even—but if it is Tosh who arranges the backing band, then my endorsement of his abilities also survives.

The group have learned their craft in the vast stadia of the USA—where Tosh is wildly popular—and scaled little down for the confines of The Dominion. Although quite a departure from the sparse bass, drum and held back horn usually on show at these affairs (their guitar based sound owed a debt to rock that just stopped short of heavy metal)

they performed with proficiency, power and spirit without losing the essence of great reggae music.

As a performer, without such backing, Tosh would collapse. He appeared on stage, cutting an aloof, arrogant figure, wearing a dazzling white 'African' ensemble, trimmed stylishly with red, green and gold. His general attitude, and the constant fussing with the garment's off-the-shoulder arrangement gave the impression of Kenzo punting a 'tribesman look' on a Parisian catwalk rather than a righteous dread.

For one that thrives on adulation, Tosh stayed remarkably distant from the audience for the first half. He mimed about the stage in all manner of ranking poses, and demonstrated dainty but deadly looking martial art moves, his only acknowledgements of the

applause being curtly to introduce songs from the new album only—ever the shrewd salesman.

The change in Tosh's projected interest level came after a remarkable monologue to the crowd. Instead of telling us what a wonderful bunch we were, he explained that the music we were being privileged to hear was "symphomatic reggae", and "much too much for our tiny minds to deal with."

Newcomers to Tosh look aghast, while us regular just rolled our eyes.

Then Tosh rocked. He lurched into a selection of old hits, 'Legalize It' and 'Get Up, Stand Up' being the best received. The transformation was so complete that after the encore of 'Mama Africa' it was a shame to have to go home.

Lloyd Bradley

## THE LOTUS EATERS

*Liverpool Pickwicks*

PETER COYLE is twenty one going fourteen: a shy tot who thinks he's shit hot with everyone but the girl. It's an old crooners' disease: men claiming to be boys, bedsit lovers who wet their pants everytime the girl misses the bus. Young souls! Forever spitting constipated love sermons with angelic tidiness.

Peter Coyle is a cerebral sweetie mouthing plaintive sweet-nothings in a group called The Lotus Eaters. He stands quite still in a wash of blue and green light, clutching his microphone as if it were the nipple to a honey-filled bottle, demanding syrupy sweetness and sympathy as he recalls, across his band's soft grey, airy jaunts, tales of old flames and old haunts.

Coyle's is a precious, glossless sufferance that doesn't jar against or contradict The Lotus Eaters' musically mobile and flexible technical control. The drums occasionally make stamping noises, the keyboards often whine unsufferably and the guitar sometimes sea-saws haphazardly across the surface, but the overall effect is still one of poise and economy and lucid, disciplined structures that only accentuate and give substance to Coyle's fetchingly despairing melancholia, his sad, sweet, narcissistic dreams.

The Lotus Eaters create the sound of the subterranean suburbs: elliptical music but still the same old off-the-peg, cushy, adolescents' views, the sound of bewildered innocents adrift on their own insecurity.

Peter Coyle sings in a convincing secondary modern, Liverpool accent, his smiles exude a convincingly shy awkwardness... but somehow, he is completely unconvincing.

Peter Coyle has black hair and a blue jumper.

Amrik Rai



Pic: Annette Carby







## FROM KIRKY TO TURKEY

# S.O.D. OFF!

### SPEAR OF DESTINY

Camden Palace  
Camden Electric Ballroom

AFTER YET another head-getting-together hiatus in the sun (with line-ups changing daily in fits and fisticuffs), the wayward blond returns with, firstly, a skimpy showcase appearance at Camden Palace and then a fully fledged workout at the Ballroom sauna. And inevitably, with both performance aired in indecision, the ghostly outline of Theatre Of Hate has stood in shadowy recesses, silently mocking.

Of course, it shouldn't be necessary to mention Hate at all. After all, Spear Of Destiny have had the best part of a year to iron out the creases, break the ice and institute their own high ideals and feverish Wagnerian dreams. And yet, listening to this tardy rock'n'roll, these plodding structures, distended melodies and everyman mysticism, those old bones in the corner just won't stop rattling.

Hate's purgative hellfire, romantic as it may have been, was at once preferable to Spear's current romanticism of despair, their goosestepping-to-keep-warm emotion. And Brandon himself appeared much more concise and cogent with Hate's galloping guitars and brazen edges. In this group, he's just a snotty-nosed, big-eared, left-over punk prat fond of throwing tantrums, flexing his ego and stretching his own neurotic obsessions to perplexing lengths.

And Theatre Of Hate's once frantic stampede through a glut of technicolour ideas is now reduced to drawing, monochrome line drawings. Their fury has been dressed up in tassels and frills; primal excitement has been seceded by overblown scenarios and schlocky melodrama. When Hate performed 'Westworld', it was a full-blooded (anti)war cry; now it's just so much milksop chest-beating.

But Kirk Brandon was never truly content with Theatre Of Hate's following, he wanted a movement. He wanted out from the crashing guitars that he equated with the desensitised rituals and cliches of rock and now he wants far too much tolerance for his half-baked (and perversely more 'rock' than ever) songs and elliptical worldview. And while there's no doubting the sincerity of his intentions to re-examine Hate's beginnings, to strip them down to some basic truths and to climb back into himself by a different path, Spear Of Destiny can only create something worthwhile if he realises his own excitement and pretensions and misplaced allegiance.

Obscure and elitist images of windswept landscapes, smug mysticism and a hatful of hollow bluster will only result in Brandon being branded strictly ornamental: to be placed on the punk mantlepiece and smiled at occasionally.

Amrik Rai



Kirk licks his tonsils off the mike.

Plc: Lawrence Watson

### THE LINKMEN

Sheffield Marples

SO THIS is what new punx and psychotic billys get up to when they're all grown up and together. Dig this! I turn up to see Will and Olly Hoon — the Holland Bros of apocalyptic punk with Derby's own Anti-Pasti — and find them playing with menace, fire, invention, taste and colliers' boot blues on a stage dripping with Woodbine smoke. Rock'n'roll

miners falling apart at the seams — and no sign of dry ice or flying pigs!

A hastily welded wedding of Anti-Pasti and the late also great Catwax Axe Co (those Derby boys could sure pick the names), The Linkmen begin with Olly's guitar playing solitaire and drawing lethargic bluesy draws to pass the time until, with a massive, explosively unfunked (strictly no funk) explosion, the bass and drums kick into a dirty,

## MEAT - THE RITUAL SLAUGHTER

### MEAT LOAF

Wembley Arena

ONCE UPON a time, I used to have a copy of 'Bat Out Of Hell'. I can never adequately describe the feelings that record used to inspire... The Jim Steinman vision of Rawk Music, with its loving irony, distilled through the roaring silk voice of Meat Loaf. It was the idea of Rawk, you see, always far more interesting than the Reality, and it was even possessed of *moments* — like the bit on 'Paradise By The Dashboard Light' when Ellen Foley cries "I wanna know right now!"; that actually sent a shiver through me. Anyhow, Steinman took a walk, and Meat Loaf had a throat op, and 'Midnight At The Lost And Found', the last LP, turned out to be an FM mediocrity.

And here I was at the Wembley Arena to see Marvin Lee Aday and his rocking band. Every cliché in Rawk was lurking around: the audience from 14 to 40, the smoke-bombs, the guitar solos, the drum solo, the whole tawdry mess. It was an event conspicuously lacking in greatness, and yet...

...And yet the song 'Bat Out Of Hell' still retains its ten-minute

1000 c.c. insanity. The ultimate self-parody, I suppose — no one could ever write a sillier song, but beside it, every other rock song sits down and has a cup of tea. It was of course followed by two appalling scared-to-be-heavy-metal "rockers" from 'Lost And Found'.

...And yet in the midst of a bloody mangling of 'Paradise By The Dashboard Light', Foley substitute Kati Mac uttered *those words*, and a tremor of excitement gripped me.

...And yet again the ritual slaughter of Chuck Berry's 'Promised Land' turned into ten minutes of genuine silliness, with eight guitarists (including Meat Loaf's wife, a manager type and a weirdo in a shiny red coat) and everyone on the stage making complete fools of themselves, which is always a good thing.

I would not dream of suggesting that you go and see this man, unless free tickets are thrust at you — I would also never condone the obscenity of the Rawk Show, there is no way one can excuse an hour of boredom by pointing out half an hour of laughs and 20 minutes of *great moments*; and yet... and yet... VROOM! VROOM! VROOOOOM!

David Quantick

of blisters and bruises. They're loud, brattish and without any obvious focus — the guitars shriek hysterically off centre and the drums thump their way into oblivion. They're unsympathetic, they fumble their notes and they can only show you heaven by dragging you through hell first. But what The Linkmen have is gallons of spirit. And just like the Polish variety, they're 120% proof. Go, but don't tango!

Amrik 'Link' Rai

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30th LEEDS Tiffany's  
31st HANLEY Victoria Hall  
Nov. 3rd HASTINGS Down Town Saturdays  
4th RAYLEIGH Crocs Club  
5th PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic











# WAYLON JENNINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

he's still on the same label; even Atkins, once ruler of the roost, is now elsewhere.

Through the bulk of the '60s, Waylon toed the Music City line. Clean-cut, conservatively-suited, he sang 'em as the bosses called 'em, and ran up and down the road like a jack-rabbit in heat, ending up bankrupted by bad management and almost burned out by the pep pills that fuelled them ole road haws of the day. (Jennings' exploits with ex-roommate Johnny Cash are still popular Nashville lore.) But from such a disastrous end actually came a true beginning.

Keeping his ear to the street, Jennings sussed out new and creatively-minded songwriters, and then successfully lobbied to make the sort of albums he wanted to record. "The way they did things back then bothered me — four songs in three hours, an assembly-line type of thing. I couldn't hardly do that, and I wanted to use the Waylors, my band, on my records. It just worked better for me. The Nashville sound and the way they do things is still a great way. It worked; it just didn't work for me."

His own way sure did. With albums like 'Honky Tonk Heroes' (1973), 'Dreaming My Dreams' (1975) and 'Are You Ready For The Country' (1976), Jennings raised country music to high homegrown art, etching a new rural musical ethos with one foot squarely in the rock'n'roll tradition, giving songs of all stripe the righteous, ultra-realist delivery that is at country's spiritual heart. With RCA's 'The Outlaws' collection (first significant modern marketing move in Nashville — Waylon, Willie, Tompall Glaser and Jessi Colter, the rebels, all on one LP — and the first platinum country album), Jennings shot up into the rarefied realm of superstar. More platinum discs and a slew of sold-out stadiums and arenas followed, and spurred by a series of Outlaw-oriented hit songs, Waylon became a certified culture hero, a rugged Man in Black whose trademark winged "W" was even spotted on a cap atop Mick Jagger's chi-chi head. Though perceptive enough to note in song that "this outlaw bit's done got a bit out of hand," he couldn't escape its aura.

"I can't do anything about that," he says of his

legend, no doubt stoked by certain company he's known to keep (his bodyguard, for instance, is a Hell's Angel). Speaking proverbially, he even describes his "Waylon" act: "I walk into a room and sit down with my back to the wall and my eye on the door; trip the waitress and hit the bartender. I think a lot of people see me like that. Could get me hurt one of these days, though."

He further believes that awareness in a phone call to an associate we overhear after the interview. At a recent show, the word was out that a gunman was in the audience. "You can't really do anything about it, or even let it worry you," he tells his friend. "You gotta just go on and do the show and hope for the best."

In spite of the stories, he's *hardly* the sort of outlaw deserving of a bullet. "I'm not a mean person. I can be mean, I guess, if somebody hurts the ones I love. But my first tendency, I guess, is to get along with people, be good to people. That's not bein' a good guy — you're supposed to be that way."

And as for the personal excesses and financial folly, Waylon remains stoically philosophical, country-style. After all, he keeps homing in back on the right personal and musical beam. "There's a little timer in me that tells me when I've gone the wrong way long enough, or the right way long enough..."

*Living lovers are a dyin' breed,  
You better love the ones you got left,  
Especially me,  
'Cause I ain't been makin' out a whole lot lately myself...*

**D**ON'T LET Waylon fool you, and if you go see his upcoming UK shows, don't go looking for a living legend. Go instead for the rough-hewn, oaken vocals, singing of love, life and legends with virile yet compassionate authority. Savour the backwoods twang of his guitar licks, the ever-buoyant back-up of the Waylors, and of course, the songs and soul of a man who dug in his boots at the juncture of country and rock and made his musical stand. If there's any operative myth here, it's the phoenix, that renewal at the hand of a blazing fate.

For after all, what can a poor boy do except for sing in his country music band? "I'm a survivor I guess you might say," Waylon concludes, and he doesn't have to beg the cliché. "I don't know if I'll ever quit. Probably just get old real fast if I do. But that's the good thing about our music — country and the blues and age just seem to complement each other."

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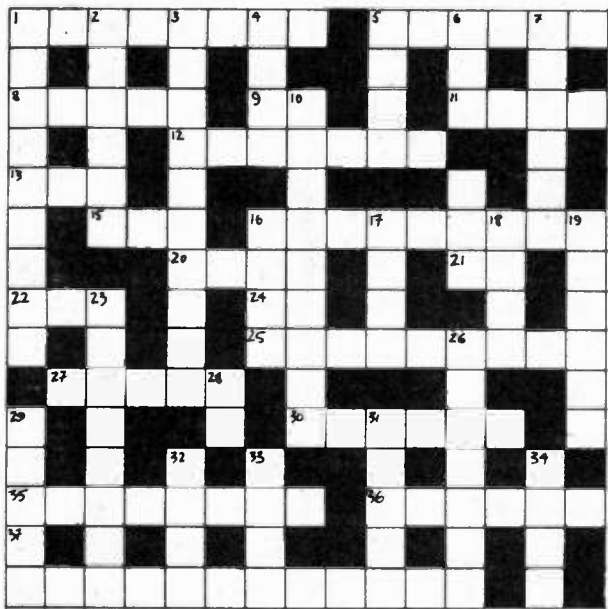
## CLUES DOWN

- He's back to stay. (4,5)
- Polydor non-hip Dance Band (they said it). (6)
- Nothing misses the Modish count, but the girl? (10)
- The Jam were in it and Bowie brought the suffragettes. It could be mega. (4)
- In 1976 you did it on a Nazi. These days it's just a stick again. (4)
- Leapy/Dorsey/Arthur, somewhere up an elevation. (3)
- In which Big Countryfolk risk it. (6)
- and 16A. Marine brass production (this is no anagram) from Sam to wit (this is) (9,9)
- The Osterberg substitute, like M's Muzik. (3)
- Er, Robin, these days are getting long and misty, I forget your name. (4)
- Lennon games. (4)
- Seamen from Village People. (4)
- Silver item upon which Life On Mars girl was hooked. (6)
- "... Did And ... Hid", the universal flower soldier loses his grasp of English (5,3)
- A Tudor feature. (7)
- Killing Joke take time off to have a giggle. (2)
- As in Dogs, as in films, warts and all. (5)
- Probably killed more than the radio star. (5)
- Let's face it, Bob thinks he's a journalist. (4)
- Beach boys and Barracudas do this. (4)
- And after all that you have to swallow Altered Images. (4)

## CLUES ACROSS

- A dear old Mop Top number exhumed by sort of Creature and co. (8)
- A partner to thieves with a sting in its tail. (6)
- Vanya/Albert/Favourite Man from. (5)
- Initially he who now sings in the rain, or Eliot. (1,1)
- The chappie who lost his face (tee hee) playing with the Rich Kids, Photons, Skids and Moors Murderers. (4)
- A really wizzard fellow. (3,4)
- Who Sakamoto's with when it's not Bowie or Sylvian. Small version... (1,1,1)
- Same sort of thing, but totally different sound, this time from Hungary. Like something you might see in the light. (1,1,1)
- See 10 Down.

## NME PRESSWORD



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- The Who said it was, the Entertainers, decidedly not in uniform, just say it. (4)
- Daddy was a sound system. (1,1)
- Right when for 1 Across? (3)
- Twixt the Wizard and Oz. Easy easy. (2)
- Good film to break your back to, or is it just another time zone fashion? (9)
- What to do at Punilux's academy. (5)
- Almost above for Richie, think back. (6)
- Wow, Wilcox, that's a pretty daring title you got there. The pop scene's answer to 'Chariots Of Fire'. (5,3)
- Dubious Brothers? (6)
- And Oh! for Madness (5,2,1,4)

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**ACROSS:** 1. After The Fact, 7. Susan, 10. See 34D, 11. + 36D. No Love, 12. See 32A, 13. Earth (Dies Screaming), 14. Younger Girl, 17. Rosetta, 18. Cargo, 19. Hain, 21. + 5D. Do It Again, 23. Tragedy, 24. Easter, 26. Eagles, 27. Man, 28. + 29. Coz I Luv You, 31. Dee, 32. + 12A. Young Americans, 34. Was (Not Was), 36. Les, 37. China, 38. Eric, 39. Bilko, 40. Stool Pigeon, 41. Ashes.

**DOWN:** 1. Andrew Ridgeley, 2. The Crossing, 3. Rimshots, 4. Handy Man, 5. See 21A, 6. The Weight, 7. Sting, 8. Staircase, 9. Nash, 15. Uncertain Smile, 16. Andy Anderson, 20. Larry Wallis, 22. Tesco, 25. Rollo, 27. Mud, 30. But I Do, 33. Grail, 34. + 10A. When I Dream, 35. Tube, 36. See 11A, 37. CBS.

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NME 25



## CELEBRITY CITY

The reviewer was Danny Baker. Todd Rundgren is hereby exonerated, but he still has funny teeth. — MS

## TRES BOHN

How refreshing it was to read Chris Bohn's review of Gary Numan's new LP 'Warriors' the other week. Generally Numan's reviews consist of slanderous garbage totally unrelated to the subject under scrutiny. Such reviews have become incredibly tedious, each one being a carbon copy of the last. It is ironic that Numan should be accused of plagiarism himself, when his reviews show this fault at its very worst extreme. Let's face it; there is far more shit to be found in the average review of Numan's LPs than will ever be found on the actual records.

On to Mr Bohn's write up. At last a review worth reading! Critical though it was, it provided some valid points. Though I am a Numan fan I realise that he is not beyond criticism. Chris Bohn deserves a round of applause in that he has raised himself above the shit-slinging of less capable journalists and has written an honest, constructive and very readable review.

Mr Bohn says he will keep listening in the hope that Numan achieves the promise which Bohn sees in him, similarly I will be prepared to read the *honest* sort of critical review with which Bohn has restored at least a little of my faith in the journalistic art.

Andy Wrightson, Purley, Surrey.

If Richard Cook's review of Pil's 'Live in Tokyo' LP was interpreted as music it would sound one hell of a lot worse than Lydon's record. 'Frogman' Cook has a closed mind on a very open situation.

Jimmy Fish, Leeds.

And your letter would approach the music of the spheres. — MS

## WHAT'S UP DOC?

Dear Northern Mutant Egghead,

There may be a degree of psychology in everything the good Dr Watson writes, but "The Fall are as meaningless and as magnificent as a Buster Keaton sketch?" Oh come now.

Is he really "A Northern boy with an obtuse sense of black humour and a fascination with comics and horror films" or just the man whose head expanded?

Elementary, my dear.

Frightened, Leeds.

## OUT DAMNED SPOT!

Not only did you succeed in making me look a tit, you LET ME (the trivial reader) DOWN! So what! Who cares! Let them eat cake! My letter (dear readers and Damned fans) was abbreviated, shortened, hacked to death from 12 lines to 2½, originally about how shit journalists should make it

Graphics By John Inaeden



a priority to at least mention the main band (The Damned, Palais, September) instead of going on about a yank band not worth the print (Beast).

How many lines will this be abbreviated to?

Kaff, Hillingdon.  
About 16 — MS  
THREE IN ONE

How can the "talented", "super" musical group Culture Club manage to sound like Pickettywitch, Middle Of The Road and Bay City Rollers — PLAYING SIMULTANEOUSLY? As the world's only credible music weekly, I think you should provide us with the answers.

Hugo Van Gonigle, Amsterdam.

You forgot to mention Art Of Noise, The Stylistics, Jim Reeves and The Dagenham Girl Pipers. — MS

## FOOT ROT

As 'Karma Chameleon' by Culture Club was sold out in 7" version at my local record shop yesterday, the assistant offered me the 12" version instead. When I got the record home I was amazed to find that for the price of £2.29 all I got was exactly 12 seconds more of this number one hit! Needless to say the record was returned and my money refunded the same day! I feel that at a price of over a £1.00 more than the ordinary single, Virgin Records must be laughing all the way to the bank!

Mrs. K. Minett, Maidstone, Kent.

Ha ha ha — Richard Branson

To Phil of Colindale (Gasbag 17.9.83): So Status Quo don't 'con their dedicated fans' with 12" remixes etc. So what, do you

suppose, have they done with the song 'Ol Rag Blues'? It seems they have released a 12" remixed and extended version of it. Does this mean they are no longer a 'dedicated group'? I suppose you will be rushing down to your local disc dealer and snapping up a copy of it because you are obviously such a fan. In any case, what's wrong with 12" singles? So they are more expensive. But then you get a much punchier sound than your normal 7" job, extra songs too perhaps.

Slice Rice.  
PS Three cheers for Darren Shakespeare!!  
PPS Isn't it about time somebody reviewed the Chameleons LP?

Ha ha ha — Rick, Francis, Alan and the one who plays drums and can't remember this name. — MS

## SHAGGY DOG STORIES

Re your 'Tom Waits in search of Kerouac's Railroad Earth' article. I think it was back in '57 that old Dean Moriarty turned to Neil Cassidy, who was working the line for Pacific Railway, and said "Y'know Neil, either you're in the vanguard or you're in the guard's van." But then, Dean always was a glib bastard. Ball that, Jack!

Visions of Codeine, St Helens.  
Positive Punk stories No. 638: There I was, standing outside the HMV in Bradford with the Doors LP I'd just bought, and who came along but Ian, the Cherokee from Liversedge. Ian says "What's that?" and I explain they were a '60s American cult band and he shouts "Death to all Cults". So I say "Death Cult, that'd be a great name for a band." So he says "Only a bunch of bozos would call

themselves "Death cult". And he was right.

Jason (ex. of Bradford).

While skimming the record racks this week we came across the arch punk die hards UK Subs' latest 12" offering. We were shocked, I mean horrified, completely stupefied, to find the cover bearing the legend "IS THIS A TYPICAL CITY INVOLVED IN A TYPICAL DAYDREAM?"

For a small fee we won't reveal to younger and impressionable readers that the line comes from 'Truckin'. Older readers may recall that this song was the onetime anthem of the original and unrepentant hippie band the Grateful Dead.

Yours maliciously,  
The Yorkshire Psychedelic Sceptics, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

Doors, Dead, Boycott? What've they been putting in your Tetley's, then? — MS

## HARDY PERENNIAL

I'm sure that others will agree with my opinion that the Radio One lunchtime show improved tremendously while David Jensen was in charge.

Especially of interest to me was the comment he made after playing the latest Siouxsie and the Banshees record; "I wonder why we don't hear that on the radio more often?"

The answer surely lies in the fact that producers have been free (ever since the controversial playlist was abolished) to give a spin to any record that takes their fancy — without any checks from above. Producers tend to have the same MOR taste so the same records are played over and over again. Are you tired of 'I'm Still Standing', motor Mania' and 'Stepping In The Right Direction'? Roman Holiday appear to be special favourites, as their previous 'Don't Try To Stop It' was equally played to death. There is a chart that reflects record sales, and this should be used to determine airplay. When a single that is No. 75 gets heard more than the No. 1, something somewhere is wrong.

Us radio listeners have a right to listen to a fair selection, and not have the individual tastes of DJs and programme compilers rammed down our throats. If I hear Melanie again I don't know about every breath; those responsible won't have even one breath left!

Timothy J. Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

I'm writing regarding the letters last week concerning the state of *Top Of The Pops* and the charts. Let's face it 'Moody Maurice' and Mr 'Blue Thing' (what rotten parents, poor kid) — would you really be happy if the bands you suggest as alternatives always got in the charts? Surely that would spoil it for you.

The reason the charts are the way they are is because the majority of the British people are morons who like these records you denounce.

Proof? Near the top of the TV ratings? Who buys *The Sun* and the *Daily Mail*? Who puts *Crossroads* near the top of the TV ratings? Who is willing to kick the shit out of an opposing supporter (the majority of younger 14-30 year-olds, not the minority — the sooner that's realised the better). The same burns who bought that sodding 'Black Lace' record, that's who.

Fact: most Britons are easily-led, fodder-fed Neanderthals.

Apart from me.

Jamie, Oxford.

And me — MS

## THIS WEEK'S SMARTASSES

Re. Mr Marchetto's letter (Gasbag 24.9.83); speaking for myself I have viewed countless of these so called video nasties without showing any effect or change in my personality.

Norman Bates, Hollywood.

After reading in last week's NME of Martin Kemp's choice of reading material, our suspicions have been confirmed: the man does spend all his time wanking. M. Whitehouse, N.H.G. W. 11.

Come back John Connolly, all is forgiven. (Well, not quite all.) — MS



## Readers' letters dismembered by Mat Snow.

Face the music at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Garnaby St., London W1V 1PG.



# T-ZERS

HERE ARE sick Dots, angry and unappealing dots whose irritability keeps them trundling through this underground of sordid scandal. Finally, after burrowing endlessly, they emerge with seedy tales of sex, seduction, lust, love and llamas. Llaaaaaamas? Yes indeed, we shall be plunging deep into the dark depths of vice...

It all begins, as do so many of these sad tracts of derailed stardom, with the late night phone call. This time fate, in the guise of Michael Jackson, called on mild mannered synth scientist Thomas Dolby. The voice of desperation wailed over the crackling line from across the globe. "Are you anywhere near Tibet?" it asked.

What was the social haemophilic trying to score? Some esoteric philosophy perhaps? No, his unnatural cravings ran far beyond such meagre hippy fare, he was after some fine grade, pure... Llama food. Nothing is sadder than the plight of a superstar with a herd of hungry llamas on his hands.

Michael's favourite pets were apparently creating a bit of a rumble after their supply of ragwort had run out, and so he sought the aid of his old mate Dolby. Unfortunately Thomas was some way away from Jackson's usual source, Belgium being some distance from Tibet, but this was not to impede the resourceful Dolby.

As it happened the nearest llama farm was in North Wales, and it was there, amidst the burning cottages, that the faithful friend found his fodder. Having discovered what the beasts were nibbling he sent a large package to a delighted Jackson. Dolby is tipped, by the most unreliable of sources, as producer of the next Jackson epic...

Yes, fact is stranger than fiction here in the subterranean world of the stars. But no fiction as strange surely as the **Wasted Youth** revival which continues unabated despite its being a product of the fevered imaginations of NME's **Chris Bohn** and **David Dorrell**. The two wordsmiths claim that, on that fateful day when they slipped in the first spurious **T-Zer**—the first ever in the history of this disreputable institution—they were unaware of the upheaval they would loose. Now that we are up to our eyes in **Wasted Youth** compilations, the errant creative geniuses (Dorrell and Bohn that is, not the band) have been drafted as extras for the next **Psychic TV** video as punishment...

Talking of the **Psychic** ones, we hear that **Dave Tibet**, previous whipping boy of **Genesis** and **Sleazy**, has fled the fold. Loveable Dave was last seen clutching a cheap paperback about **Charles Manson** and threatening to form his own band or become a **Snouds** journalist. Either way at least we're rid of him...

Back to fiction and **T-Zers** hears that Nobel prize winner **William Golding** will not be lecturing to the University of East Anglia Literary Society, since the worthy ladies and gentlemen concerned have decided they would rather be addressed by our very own **Tony Parsons**. The event will take place on Nov. 4th and will be worth the trek to see **Tone** in mortar board and gown. **Tony** is 28 and his staple diet is TV presenters...

**STARS** and their animals **Part 2: Adam Ant** revealed his new image this week. Adam is dressing up in this llama gear right and... Oh alright, actually **The Forgotten One** has this ridiculous costume that transforms him into a cross



The Alarm's Bono-clone Dave and General Public's Ranking Roger consider the merits of industrial glue against household bleach in the care and maintenance of the crowning glory. Plc: Peter 'Brilliantine' Anderson.

between a Mouskateer and a member of **Blue Rondo A La Turk**. You think we're kidding? Wait till you see the video...

From dreams to nightmares and the continuing saga of **The Bollock Brothers** who are recording their next single with a llama. OK, it's not actually a llama, it is actually GLC supremo 'Dread' **Ken Livingstone**, and what's more it's all our fault! Loveable, chubby, **Jock MacDonald** was scanning these very pages looking for the tip off to another **Michael Fagin** type money spinner when he chanced upon **Andrew Tyler**'s interview with friend-to-the-terrorist **Ken**. "I was looking for someone who'd taken a shot at a president or something," quoth Mac, who nevertheless decided to settle on **Ken**. Amazingly the publicity crazed **Livingstone** went for the cock-eyed scheme and the result will be a single, 'London Town Is Falling Down' which will be timed for the intended demise of the GLC/collapse of democracy as we know it...

And so to another source of endless **T-Zers**, **Death Cult**, who have indulged in the sort of behaviour that even we of the underworld despise. Yes they have filched the drummer of a fellow warrior tribe. Not content with 'borrowing' **Nigel Preston** of **Sex Gang Children** to drum on their new single they have

now asked him to join and the rat has agreed. Macho leader of the **Sex Gang** **Andy Teapot** is off his handle and spouting off (*Geddit??*) and several **Sex Gang Dots** can attest that the bun haired one can be magnificent when he's angry...

Surprise of the week is that sometime subterranean night haunt **The Dirtbox** has closed down for approximately the fifteen millionth time. Downright bloody shocker of the week is that it will reopen in the Vauxhall car factory. Sorry that should read near the Vauxhall Bridge...

**Paul Weller** has added his name to the musicians pledging their support to the **Animal Liberation Front's** Artists For llamas, sorry, Animals, Campaign. He will be contributing a track, called 'Bloodsports', to a benefit LP for the cause...

Breaker dancing hits the royals; **The Rocksteady Crew** have been added to the line-up for this year's **Royal Variety Show** at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane where they will perform their unique brand of charming and highly energetic form of pop dancing in front of selected **Windsors**, including 'straight as a' **Di** herself...

Back to wholesome citizens **Psychic TV** for the second most unlikely confrontation of

the week; **Genesis P Orridge** is to be the guest at **Eddie And Sunshine's** 'Living TV' bash at London's Boulevard Theatre...

Weird scenes part two: metal popularisers **SPK** in deep trouble in deepest Germany. It seems that the metal dance went down so big with the good people of **Bochen** that the exhausted guerillas were literally dragged from backstage and forced to break their no encores rule and strain their tendons further. Finally as the exhausted band were carted off to the recuperation room, several local kids took over storming the stage to bang about with bits of metal. It is not recorded whether the locals could tell the difference...

The world's favourite drummer, **Zeke Manyeka** is to be joined by an all star cast for his first solo LP. Zeke has completed an extraordinary anti-heroin rant, written by the very wonderful **Jim Foetus** and recorded with the aid of the most talented men alive; **Foetus** himself, **Mal of Cabaret Voltaire** and **The The's** **Matt Johnson**...

The same **Foetus** (are there any others) is currently completing his own record (a series of twelve inchers to be released in successive weeks) as well as preparing stuff for the forthcoming 'Immaculate

Consumptives' tour of America he's undertaking with **Lydia Lunch**, **Nick Cave** and **Marc Almond**...

As if that's not enough (it isn't, it isn't) he joined **Einsturzende Neubauten's** **Blixa Bergeld** and **The Birthday Party's** **Mick Harkey** on **Nick Cave's** forthcoming solo EP being recorded for **Mute**...

Among the audience for a recent performance of hot new country singer **Maria Maclean** was **Sisters Of Mercy** songwriter **Dolly Parton**, who was said to be favourably impressed. It turns out in fact that **Maria** is the sister of **Bobby Maclean of Love**. Quite how a fifteen year old comes to be sister to an old battle horse like him were not exactly sure but I can tell you we were pretty bowled over...

**BACK TO Adam**, who's been annoying, well quite a lot of people really, but particularly actress **Jamie Lee Curtis**. Ms Curtis (daughter of **Tony Curtis** and **Psycho** star **Janet Lee**) is currently on set in Illinois where she is pestered every night by a rabid Mr. Ant proposing naughty things. You know, sharing a milkshake after school, playing Postman's Knock. **Jamie Lee** of course played the virgin in **Halloween**...

**Animal Nightlife** are currently recruiting new party members. They are particularly keen to acquire a new female vocalist and a multi-instrumentalist, preferably a llama. Anyone able to match up to their animalistic requirements can contact the nocturnal crew in writing at 150 Shepherd's Bush Road...

**Crass** didn't quite get to feed the 5,000 when they visited Iceland last month, but they did pull a phenomenal 4,500—one tenth of the island's population—more than **The Fall**, **Clash** or **Stranglers** before them. Does this make Iceland Europe's largest anarchist's commune? Or does it more simply mean one tenth of the island's population have been bred without ears? More importantly, how many llamas turned up?

And so as the sun sinks behind the grey buildings of Carnaby Street the dark dot sinks back into the slime, to surface once more who knows when. This column has brought to you by **Dot Stoyevsky**...

## note oilskin base lowry



## the lone groover benyon



# NME

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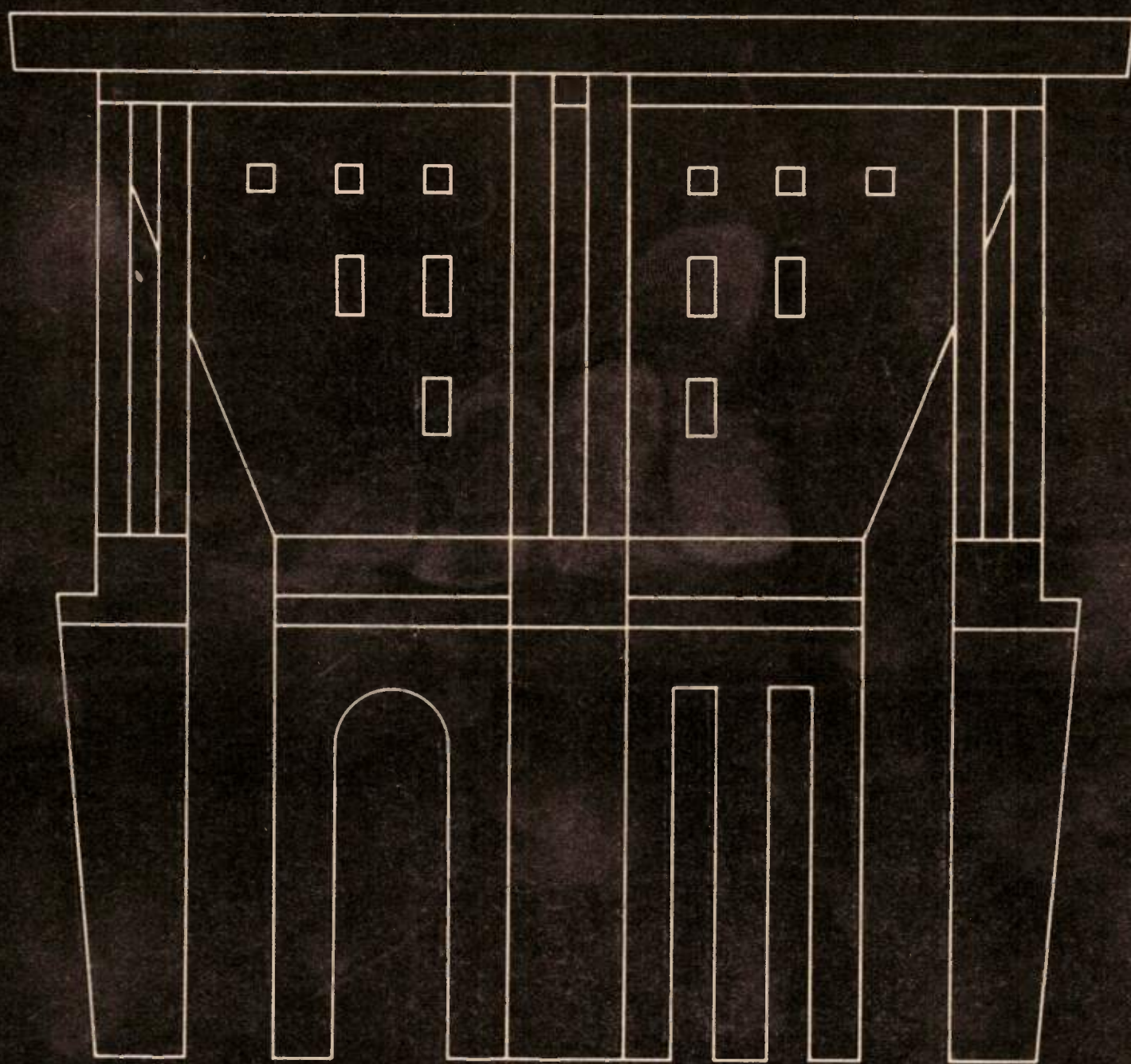
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