

NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

ana rubber dub stylee

WILD WET & WILLING

IN THE SWIM WITH
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
by Gavin Martin

MATT JOHNSON OZZY OSBOURNE
JOHN LYDON KING KURT
SPECIMEN BILLY BRAGG

THE JOKE'S ON TOUR ● MORE PILS ● STOP THE WORLD FOR COPE TO GET BACK ON ●



KILLING JOKE return to the UK circuit next month for an extensive tour, running through December and culminating in a New Year's Day concert at London's Hammersmith Palais. It's expected that Polydor will be releasing new product to coincide with the outing.

Several more dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are Brighton Sussex University (4 December), Bournemouth The Academy (5), Exeter Riverside Club (6), Cardiff New Ocean Club (7), Leicester Polytechnic (9), St Albans City Hall (10), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Manchester Hacienda Club (14), Edinburgh Coasters (15),

Leeds Tiffany's (18), Nottingham Rock City (19), Dublin McGonagles (21) and London Hammersmith Palais (1 January). Remaining gigs will be announced in a week or two. Hammersmith tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies, priced £4. Prices vary elsewhere, and readers should check, where tickets are available.

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED are encountering exceptionally heavy ticket demand for their UK tour — their first for five years, which opened last night (Wednesday) — and, as a result, they've added another half-dozen dates to their schedule, including two more London shows. The extra gigs are at London Hammersmith Palais (4 and

5 December), Lancaster University (9), Blackburn King George's Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (12) and Cardiff Top Rank (13), the Hammersmith shows in addition to their original date there on 22 November. They've also had to switch a couple of their previously announced dates for reasons of logistics — they now play Nottingham Rock City on 7 December instead of 14 November, and Loughborough University on 8 December instead of 9 November.

JULIAN COPE, who's been maintaining a low profile since the demise of The Teardrop Explodes some twelve months ago, is poised to launch a major solo campaign in the New Year. First step will be the release of his debut solo album, now virtually completed although he's

still undecided on the title — at present, it's a choice between 'Stop The World I Want To Get Back On', 'Me Singing' and 'World Shut Your Mouth'. This will coincide with an extensive UK tour, taking in some 30 dates around the country and featuring his new group — the schedule is currently being finalised by The Station Agency to

open in February, and details will be announced shortly. As a prelude to this activity, Cope releases his first solo single for Mercury on 11 November, the self-penned 'Sunshine Playroom' featuring string arrangements by Paul Buckmaster — the B-side is 'Hey High Class Butcher', and the two extra tracks on the 12-inch are 'Wreck My Car' and 'Eat The Poor'.

THE STYLE COUNCIL — who last week went to great lengths to garner space in the music papers, by confirming plans for a string of UK concerts next month — have this week announced that they won't be touring here in December after all.

A Polydor spokesperson shamefacedly revealed that the group had decided to scrap the live project, which was to have included a Hammersmith Odeon benefit concert for the British Olympic team — despite Paul Weller's assurance that they were relaxing in France to prepare themselves for the dates.

Why the second thoughts? The official word is that they're committed to finishing their album by the end of the year, and this will leave insufficient time for stage work. "But," added the spokesperson, now in consolatory vein, "the tour will be re-scheduled for 1984."

We are left wondering why the group left everyone with egg on their faces, including themselves, when they must have been aware of their recording commitments in the first place. It shows little style and a need of counsel.

SPK — the subject of an NME feature two weeks ago, when vocalist Sinan figured prominently on the front cover — have been lined up for an eleven-date tour, and they'll also be appearing on Channel 4's *The Tube* tomorrow (Friday). The object of this activity is to promote their single 'Metal Dance' on the Desire Records label, a song whose title encapsulates their fusionist musical approach. They play Leeds Dungeon at Tiffany's (15 November), Manchester Hacienda Club (16), Glasgow Night Moves (17), Retford Portershouse (18), Birmingham Tin Can Club (19), Nottingham The Garage (23), Derby Blue Note (24), Norwich The Barn (25), Sheffield Leadmill (26), London Victoria The Venue (1 December) and Brighton College of Art (2).

THE

BARNEY HOSKYN'S SEES OZZY OSBOURNE TURN INTO A WEREWOLF. PHOTOS DEREK RIDGERS.

LEGENDARY AND long-serving musical terrorist John 'Ozzy' Osbourne was last week discovered in the depths of Elton Johnland — Virginny Water — being cued by legendary and long-serving white-haired Mike Mansfield on the set of a video shoot for his upcoming single 'Bark At The Moon'.

The precise location of this remarkable event was the Holloway Sanatorium, whose last known inmate was Spike Milligan — so Ozzy is just the latest in a long line of great Britty nutters to pass through the hallowed portals of this monstrosity of Victorian incarceration.

Any roads, whilst having

similarity. The modern day trend in America seems to be more theatrical thing, and the demand for these videos is just outrageous, they can't get enough, it's a bottomless pit whatever you can do.

Well, you always were an old rebel. Was there ever this theatrical element to Black Sabbath?

The satanic element in Sabbath never took it to the extent it could have been. As far as it got was the crucifix, and they played on that one since 1969. They should progress.

Sabbath's greatest days for me were the early days, when was a new band, a new phase this satanic lark. When they became superstars, they



LET'S PRETEND AGAIN!

THE PRETENDERS have now finalised plans for their New Year tour, which will comprise the first-ever British outing by the new line-up. As reported last week, original plans for a pre-Christmas tour had to be abandoned because their new album wouldn't be ready in time, and they were expecting instead to hit the road in February — but they've now managed to bring forward their schedule to open in January. Founder members Chrissie Hynde (vocals and guitar) and

Martin Chambers (drums) have now been joined by ex-Night guitarist Rob McIntosh and ex-Foster Brothers bassist Malcolm Foster, and the new-look band have been working together since last December — both on US appearances and in the recording studio. Their initial UK schedule comprises: Ipswich Gaumont (6 January), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Bristol Colston Hall (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18),

Glasgow venue to be announced (19), Leeds University (21) and Manchester Apollo (22). Tickets are already on sale from box-offices and usual agents — priced £5, £4 and £3 for London; and £4 and £3.50 (or £4 only) for all other dates. Support act is London band The Climb, who recently toured with The Alarm, and tour promoters are Wasted Talent. A new Pretenders single will be released on 18 November by Real Records (through WEA), coupling the Chrissie Hynde composition '2000 Miles' with the Martin Chambers song 'Fast

Or Slow (The Law's The Law)', both produced by Chris Thomas and available for a limited period in a gatefold sleeve. There's also a 12-inch format, which includes the bonus of a live version of 'Money', recorded at a US festival in May. The group's third album is scheduled for release early in the New Year, hopefully to coincide with the tour. Meanwhile, following film coverage of one of their US appearances in Channel 4's *The Tube* this Friday (4), they'll be performing live in the show on 2 December.

wads of gelatinous putty applied by Greg Cannon to his bonny old cheeks (and sticking the transformed mug into seven-week old daughter Amy's pram), the great man honoured us with a few *pensées*... so cue the Oz.

Oz, what makes this different from *Kiss* or *Alice Cooper* — I mean, it's a bit like a Victorian Alice Cooper, isn't it?

It's different from Kiss, cos Kiss were like a sort of 20th Century space freak. I never saw Alice Cooper's shows, so I can't really say, but a lot of people have compared me with him, so there must be a

wanted to get away from it, but the moment their popularity started to wane, they went straight back to it. I mean, this is not forever, I don't walk around like this every day. Try to put this thing over that started getting into black magic. The only black magic Sabbath got into was a box of chocolates.

So what's going on in this he video?

The video's a lot of fun, you know, it's the sort of Hammer horror thing. The way it's going, it's just gonna be a very entertaining three and a half minute video. Seems

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NME's wonderfully punky CARLA grabs the dough and runs from King Kurt's flour show at Brixton.



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- 25 IAN DURY
- 26 PHILIP GLASS
- 28 REM
- 29 RUBY TURNER

31 JOHN LYDON Remember him? Funny how an old punk can change his clothes, what with a hit single, a major "rock" tour, a movie role and a press conference. Reminds us of someone... David Bowie, isn't it?

32 FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
48 SILVER SCREEN IN COLOUR Not only that John again in *Order Of Death*, an exercise in *pasta-noir*, but Tarkovsky's *Nostalga* — a new high in *bortsch-rouge*.



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Anyone for tennis? David Quantick grand-slams Wham! And also in LIVE! Barney Hoskyns takes a spin with ZZ Top and Amrik Rai puts his foot in it with The Farmer's Boys.



TURN TO PRETENDERS ● STYLE CANCEL ● SPK UK TOUR ● OZZY GOES LYCANTHROP-A-LULA! ●

OZZY CRIED WOLF

Everybody's doing this Bowie thing, with slick cuts and looking very slow to the camera, you know, and I think it needs more of a lyrical line. This one's just a bit of a cliché. That's what the kids like to see, they love that kind of thing. It's about a guy that's a bit mad, and he can see this werewolf and nobody else can. It's like a kind of schizophrenic.

What's happened to heavy metal since 'Paranoid'? There's no originality there anymore. The whole thing when we started was that we had a little bit of a message to put out, we were very politically-oriented, but it's got to the point that nobody gives a damn anymore. It's just, let's get on and bang bang bang, bang your heads and all this stuff. The first three Sabbath albums were very important

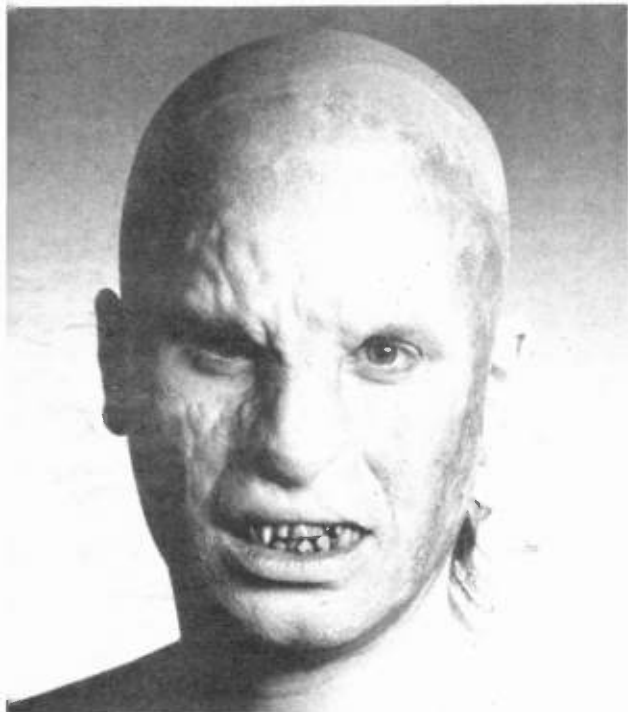
I don't know, but it was funny at the US festival, there was one punk band on the new wave day that got up and said, Yeah, we're for the people and we think every band should donate their money to charity, and I thought, what the fuck is he on about...

That was a group called The Clash...

Summink like that. I thought, well, if that's the case, why do you bother playing? I admire people that really go for it and mean it, but when you've got 500,000 dollars in your back pocket, it's a bit hypocritical.

What about you? What's Amy going to think of you in ten years?

Well, I don't think I'll be doing this for too much longer. I mean, by the time she's ten, I can't see myself jumping around on a stage saying, We love you, when I feel like an old



albums not only in my life, but a lot of other peoples' too, especially in America, tracks like 'War Pigs' when they were being called up for the draft. The trouble was, I got sick and tired of being miserable, now, I became a part of my own image, ended up a fucking manic depressive. Now I just like to be a bit crazy with it and have fun. It's like the clown on the stage, a rock'n'roll clown.

Why how all the apocalypse rock bands are basically imitating 'War Pigs' and 'Into the Void'. In America, they see you as a big influence.

man with a bloody bad back!

Can we expect any more promotional high jinks?

Whatever outrageous things I've done, I've not done 'em thinking, oh yeah, this is gonna be so outrageous. My wife's sort of good at getting ideas together for me, but bat-biting and all that... if I did that again, they'd throw me out of America.

People have said I was the evil one, that I'm leading the kids astray, and a lot of the stuff on the new album is saying, you're no better than I am, how can you put me down when you're doing it all yourself, just with government approval?



Clear your decks.

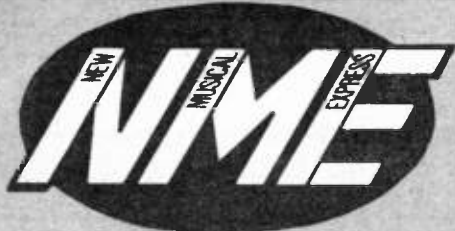
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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	KARMA CHAMELEON	Culture Club (Virgin)	8 1
2	2	ALL NIGHT LONG	Lionel Richie (Motown)	5 2
3	10	UNION OF THE SNAKE	Duran Duran (EMI)	2 3
4	17	UPTOWN GIRL	Billy Joel (CBS)	3 4
5	2	THEY DON'T KNOW	Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	6 2
6	9	THE SAFETY DANCE	Men Without Hats (Statik)	6 6
7	4	NEW SONG	Howard Jones (WEA)	5 4
8	5	(HEY YOU) THE ROCK STEADY CREW	Rock Steady Crew (Charisma)	5 5
9	11	PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME CRY	UB40 (Dep International)	3 9
10	6	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5 6
11	8	DEAR PRUDENCE	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)	6 2
12	7	SAY, SAY, SAY	McCartney/Jackson (Parlophone)	4 7
13	(—)	PUSS'N' BOOTS	Adam Ant (CBS)	1 13
14	26	THE LOVE CATS	Cure (Fiction)	2 14
15	13	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	28 5
16	18	SUPERSTAR	Lydia Murdock (Korova)	6 16
17	12	SUPERMAN	Black Lace (Flair)	8 10
18	19	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND	Meat Loaf (Epic)	8 18
19	16	BLUE HAT FOR A BLUE DAY	Nick Heyward (Arista)	6 16
20	22	KISS THE BRIDE	Elton John (Rocket)	2 20
21	29	RED RED WINE	UB40 (Dep International)	11 1
22	14	THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG	PiL (Virgin)	7 4
23	(—)	THE SINGLES 1981-83	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1 23
24	(—)	TEMPLE OF LOVE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3 24
25	RE	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)	1 25
26	31	KISSING WITH CONFIDENCE	Will Powers (Island)	5 26
27	(—)	THAT WAS THEN BUT THIS IS NOW	ABC (Neutron)	1 27
28	30	DESTINATION ZULULAND	King Kurt (Stiff)	3 28
29	(—)	LICK IT UP	Kiss (Vertigo)	1 29
30	32	OVER AND OVER	Shalamar (Solar)	3 29
31	(—)	WHITE LIGHT WHITE HEAT	David Bowie (RCA)	1 31
32	(—)	A MESS OF BLUES	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1 32
33	(—)	THE SUN AND THE RAIN	Madness (Stiff)	1 33
34	(—)	ONLY FOR LOVE	Limahl (EMI)	1 34
35	38	UNCONDITIONAL LOVE	Donna Summer (Mercury)	4 35
36	21	68 GUNS	Alarm (I.R.S.)	6 12
37	27	SONG TO THE SIREN	This Mortal Coil (4AD)	3 27
38	(—)	SYNCHRONICITY II	Police (A & M)	1 38
39	25	LOVE IN ITSELF	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5 18
40	(—)	THIS IS THE WAY	Bruce Foxton (Arista)	1 40
41	(—)	GUNS FOR HIRE	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1 41
42	(—)	CRY JUST A LITTLE BIT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1 42
43	(—)	007	Musical Youth (MCA)	1 43
44	20	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	David Grant (Chrysalis)	4 20
45	(—)	RAINBOW IN THE DARK	Dio (Vertigo)	1 45
46	(—)	RIGHT BY YOUR SIDE	Eurythmics (RCA)	1 46
47	39	LOVE HOW YOU FEEL	Sharon Redd (Prelude)	2 39
48	24	SISTER SURPRISE	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2 24
49	40	MICRO KID	Level 42 (Polydor)	2 40
50	15	MODERN LOVE	David Bowie (EMI-America)	7 2

Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	COLOUR BY NUMBERS	Culture Club (Virgin)	3 1
2	2	SNAP	Jam (Polydor)	3 2
3	17	CAN'T SLOW DOWN	Lionel Richie (Motown)	2 3
4	4	LABOUR OF LOVE	UB40 (Dep International)	7 1
5	3	GENESIS	Genesis (Charisma)	4 1
6	23	NORTH OF A MIRACLE	Nick Heyward (Arista)	2 6
7	5	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	15 1
8	11	VOICE OF THE HEART	Carpenters (A&M)	3 11
9	12	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	46 1
10	9	MONUMENT (LIVE)	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3 9
11	6	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	14 2
12	10	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	39 1
13	7	FANTASTIC	Wham (Innervision)	18 1
14	13	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	21 1
15	49	ROCK AND SOUL PART I	Hall & Oates (RCA)	2 15
16	39	AN INNOCENT MAN	Billy Joel (CBS)	2 16
17	16	TOO LOW FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	22 4
18	8	SILVER	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4 8
19	(—)	ZIGGY STARDUST — THE MOTION PICTURE	David Bowie (RCA)	1 19
20	18	THE TWO OF US	Various (K-Tel)	4 18
21	(—)	SOUL MINING	The The (Some Bizarre)	1 21
22	27	LIVE, SHE CRIED	The Doors (Elektra)	2 22
23	24	UNFORGETTABLE	Johnny Mathis & Natalie Cole (CBS)	7 17
24	25	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (BEF)	27 1
25	19	BORN TO LOVE	Peabo Bryson & Roberta Flack (Capitol)	7 17
26	(—)	HEAD OVER HEELS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	1 26
27	34	FLIGHTS OF FANCY	Paul Leoni (Nouveau)	4 27
28	22	A TOUCH MORE MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5 11
29	36	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)	10 1
30	(—)	GET OUT AND WALK	The Farmers Boys (EMI)	1 30
31	26	STREET SOUNDS ELECTRO I	Various (Streetsounds)	2 26
32	15	STAYIN' ALIVE — SOUNDTRACK	Various (RSO)	5 15
33	21	LIVE IN TOKIO	PiL (Virgin)	5 9
34	32	KNEES UP	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	3 29
35	41	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jackson 5 (Star)	17 2
36	31	NIGHTLINE	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2 31
37	37	XXV	Shadows (EMI)	2 33
38	46	STREET SOUNDS VOL. VI	Various (Streetsounds)	4 24
39	15	OUT OF THIS WORLD	Shakatak (Polydor)	2 15
40	(—)	THE MUSIC OF	Richard Clayderman (Decca)	1 40
41	29	THE RHYTHM OF LIFE	Paul Haig (Crepesicle)	2 29
42	45	INTRODUCING	Style Council (Polydor)	4 20
43	(—)	LETTIN' LOOSE	Heavy Pettin' (Polydor)	1 40
44	14	LICK IT UP	Kiss (Casablanca)	5 8
45	(—)	IMAGINATIONS	Various (CBS)	1 45
46	28	STANDING IN THE LIGHT	Level 42 (Polydor)	10 5
47	(—)	SO AMAZING	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	1 47
48	RE	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	1 48
49	48	TRUE	Spandau Ballst (Reformation)	34 1
50	44	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	2 44



Divine Reaction Pk Kevin Cummins

1	ALL NIGHT LONG	Lionel Richie (Motown)
2	I WANT YOU	Curtis Hairston (F)
3	(HEY YOU) THE ROCK STEADY CREW	Rock Steady Crew (Charisma)
4	POP GOES MY LOVE	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
5	LOVE REACTION	Divine (Design Communications)
6	ROCKIN' RADIO	Tom Browne (Arista)
7	SUPERSTAR	Lydia Murdock (Korova)
8	BREAK DANCIN — ELECTRIC BOOGIE	West Street Mob (Sugar)
9	ALL MY LIFE	Major Harris (London)
10	LET THE MUSIC PLAY	Shannon (Club Phonogram)
11	ALL OVER MY FACE	Ronnie Dyson (Atlantic)
12	WHITE LINES	Grandmaster & Melle Mel (Sugar)
13	RESCUE ME	Sybil Thomas (Arista/West End)
14	AIN'T NOBODY	Rufus, Chaka Khan (Warner)
15	ELECTRIC KINGDOM	Twilight 22 (Vanguard)
16	BOYS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordian)
17	TWO THREE BREAK	The Boys (Vintertainment)
18	TONIGHT	Steve Harvey (London)
19	LOVE HOW YOU FEEL	Sharon Redd (Prelude)
20	TILL I CAN'T TAKE LOVE NO MORE	Eddy Grant (Island)
21	BEAT BOP	Rammellzee VK-Bob (Profile)
22	LET'S BREAK	Motor City Crew (Motown)
23	INTO BATTLE WITH THE ART OF NOISE	(ZTT/Island)
24	GET OUT OF MY MIX	Dolby's Cube (Capitol)
25	LADIES CHOICE	Stone City Band (Gordian)

Compiled by members of the OPEC Record Pool.

AFRICAN

LPs

1	SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE	Ebenezer Obey (Nigeria) OMI
2	AFRICAN FEELING	Mohammed Malcolm Ben (Ghana) Sterns Afr
3	LE RETOUR DE L'AS DE COEUR	Souzy Kassey (Zaire) Afro Rhyth
4	MAKOSSA DIGITAL	Toto Guillaume (Cameroun) Esperan
5	FRE NO MA ME	Jewel Ackah (Ghana) Ga
6	ASE	Segun Adewale (Nigeria) SAR
7	AMADOU — TILO	Toure Kunda (Senegal) Cellul
8	CAMINITA	Pamelo Mounk'a (Zaire) Eddy's
9	FINE WOMAN	Canadoes (Ghana) R
10	L'EVENEMENT	Franco & Rochereau (Zaire) Geni
11	NDOLO L'AMOUR	Pierre de Moussy (Cameroun) Dec
12	BA PROBLEMES	Dino Vangu (Zaire) Sabi
13	BLACK BEAUTY	Okukuseku (Ghana) R
14	KOLAWOLE O KU	Chief Kollington (Nigeria) Olun
15	LOLEKA	Salle John (Cameroun) Dec

Compiled by Sterns African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London, W1

REGGAE DISCO 45s



Eek A Mouse says cheese for Tim O'Sullivan

1	ANEREXOL	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeve)
2	GO AWAY DREAM	Tamlin's (Tadpole)
3	BROTHERMAN	Mighty Diamonds (Reggae)
4	BLACK ROSE	Barrington Levy (Chalice)
5	COTTAGE IN NEGRIL	Tyrone Taylor (Love & Unity)
6	COOL AND DEADLY	Horace Andy (Tadpole)
7	LOVE IS NOT A GAMBLE	Techniques (Treasure Isle)
8	YOUR LOVE IS A BLESSING	Dennis Brown (Yvonne's Special)
9	SUNSHINE	Mighty Rudo (Chartbound)
10	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Starline)

REGGAE

LPs

1	DIM THE LIGHT	Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
2	ON THE ROCKS	Wailing Souls (Greensleeve)
3	BLACK ROOTS	Black Roots (Kisumu)
4	THE MOUSE AND THE MAN	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeve)
5	FITTEST OF THE FITTEST	Burning Spear (Ras)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s

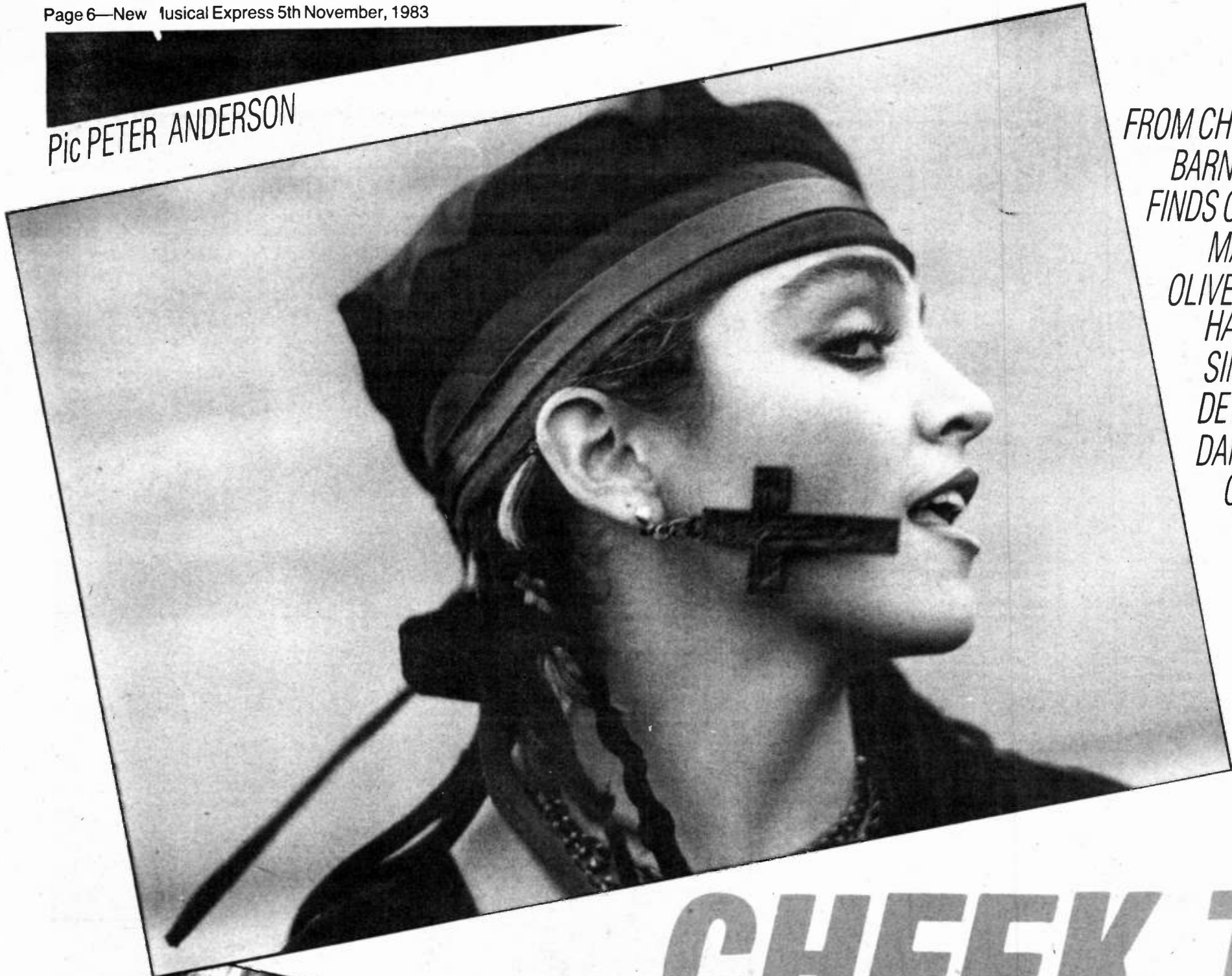
INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	2	SONG TO THE SIREN	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
2	3	TEMPLE OF LOVE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
3	1	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
4	(—)	THIS CHARMING MAN	Smiths (Rough Trade)
5	5	MAURITIA MAYER	Sex Gang Children (Clay)
6	8	JINX	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)
7	14	INCUBUS SUCCUBUS	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
8	6	KICKER CONSPIRACY	The Fall (Rough Trade)
9	4	LOVE IN ITSELF	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	9	THE MIRROR BREAKS	The Mob (All The Madmen)
11	21	RIVAL LEADERS EP	Exploited (Blurg)
12	28	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)
13	23	AWOL	3 Johns (Abstract)
14	(—)	GOD ZOO	Death Cult (Situation 2)
15	10	4AD 12" EP	Bauhaus (4AD)
16	24	YASHAR	Cabaret Voltaire (Factory)
17	11	SUPERMAN	Black Lace (Flair)
18	16	TIME FLIES	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
19	7	WARNING	Discharge (Clay)
20	(—)	LOVE REACTION	Divine (Design Communications)
21	(—)	USED ABUSED UNAMUSED	Ikons Of Filth (Corpus Christi)
22	12	SHINE	Play Dead (Beggars Banquet)
23	(—)	BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD	Bauhaus (4AD)
24	(—)	STARK RAVING NORMAL	The Blood (Noise)
25	13	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)
26	19	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)
27	15	SOMETHING OUTSIDE	Wake (Factory/Benelux)
28	20	CRY WOLF	1919 (Abstract)
29	26	I NEED SOMEONE TONIGHT	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
30	30	THE CRUSHER	Bananamen (Big Beat)

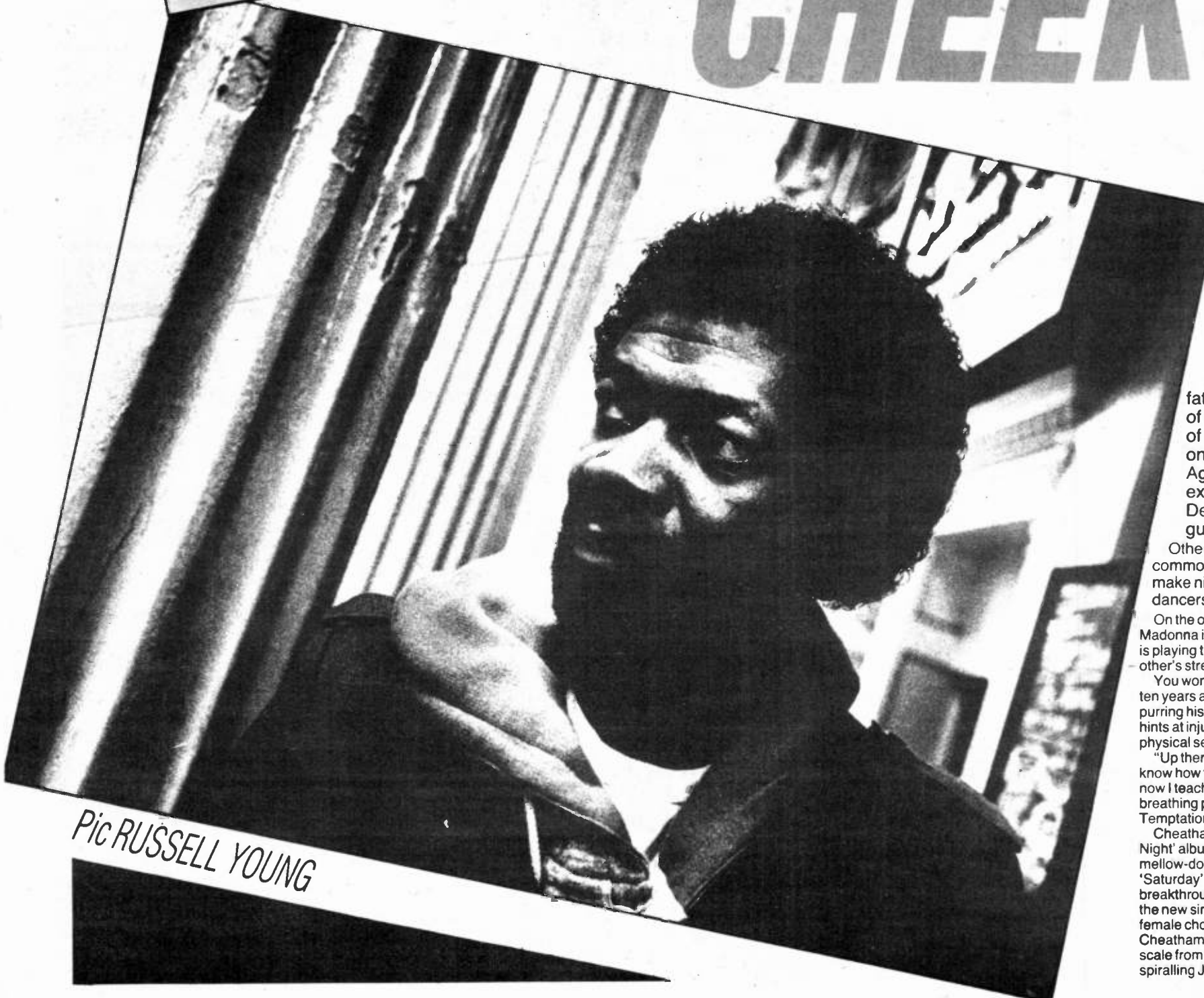
1	8	HEAD OVER HEELS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
2	6	NO LOVE LOST	Omega Tribe (Corpus Christi)
3	2	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
4	16	A FISTFUL OF 4-SKINS	4-Skins (Syndicate)
5	1	DEATH CHURCH	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)
6	3	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)
7	9	PROMISE	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
8	10	TEXT OF FESTIVAL	Hawkwind (Illuminated)
9	4	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
10	5	THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME	Serious Drinking (Upright)
11	15	RIVERS OF DESIRE	Orson Family (New Rose)
12	13	BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
13	22	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
14	17	LIVE IN NEWCASTLE	Damned (Damned)
15	11	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
16	24	BLOODSUCKERS	Varukers (Riot City)
17	20	1981-82 MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)
18	12	WHO TOLD YOU YOU WERE NAKED	Pink Industry (Zulu)
19	21	UNKNOWN PLEASURES	Joy Division (Factory)
20	7	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
21	14	ANGEL DUST (COLLECTED HIGHS)	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
22	18	DANCE IN THE MIDNIGHT	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
23	25	BOLLOX TO THE GONADS	Various (Pax)
24	(—)	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
25	26	FLOOD OF LIES	UK Subs (Fallout)
26	(—)	TIME FLIES BUT AIRPLANES CRASH	Subhumans (Blurg)
27	27	FROM THE GARDENS	Virginia Astley (Rough Trade)
28	22	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)
29	19	THE FIRST FLOWER	Playdead (Jungle)
30	28	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)

Pic PETER ANDERSON



FROM CHIC TO STR
BARNEY HOSK
FINDS OUT HOW
MADONNA
OLIVER CHEATHAM
HAVE MOTO
SINCE QUITT
DETROIT VIA
DANCE STUD
OF NEW YC

CHEEK TO



Pic RUSSELL YOUNG

OLIVER CHEATHAM's a soulful, elegant who for 18 years has been flogging his way from the ghetto French cabaret and back again. In 1983, he looks set to break

Madonna's a sweet petite fatale who's hustled her ass out of nowhere and within four years of touching down in Manhattan on the books of the William Mc Agency and Michael Jackson's ex-management Weisner-DeMann. As you'd probably guess from her picture, she's otherwise, they've a few things in common. Both hail from Detroit, make nice dance music, are brilliant dancers who choreograph their own stuff. On the other hand, you don't need to ask why Madonna is playing Camden Palace, when Oliver is playing the Best Disco In Town. One is chic, the other's street.

You wonder that Oliver Cheatham didn't chart ten years ago. Yet he begrudges nothing, puffing his story with a soft-spoken serenity that hints at injustice. Oliver Cheatham is a man a physical self.

"Up there it's a job, it's a mental strain. You know how to relax. I did martial arts for seven years now I teach people how to use their diaphragm breathing properly. I used to hang around The Temptations, they did the same thing."

Cheatham currently has the fine 'Saturday Night' album out, title track of which, a slinky mellow-down variation on Norma Jean's 'Saturday' of '78, has given him a first breakthrough to a British audience. Better still the new single 'Bless The Ladies', whose sultry female chorus and Slavish drum kick tests Cheatham's voice to its limits, making it stretch from smooth Jeffrey Osbourne tenor to spiralling Johnny Adams falsetto.

been classified as a Donny Hathaway, I been sified as a Peabo Bryson – all the singers in low tenor range, with a gospel type of feel. The rence is my range, which I can sing all the way ough. The other guys can hit a high note, but can't stay there."

ne playing throughout of Al Hudson's One Way model of elegance and economy, funky but ys relaxed. There's a couple of fillers dwiched on both sides, but the hungry, SOS- e 'Just To Be With You' and the softly sustained etto of 'Do Me Right' are luxurious treats.

started out playing keyboards for the Young , but when we auditioned, people would look at ask if I was singing. Time came when they ded someone to fill in for a cabaret date, and / had me sing 'Steal Away' (the old Jimmy hes classic). I been doin' it ever since."

he Young Sirs having signed to Magic City and yed local success through 'Something The ter With Your Heart', Cheatham started ing out the label's other acts, e.g. Mad Dog the Pups, Fifi And The Kittens, reographing their dance steps and coaching n in the fine art of breathing.

nother label saw the band's name change to Gaslight, who played seven years (through 4), before Cheatham bowed out. "A couple of guys was gettin' into drugs, and I had to say, if I wanna destroy your lives, that's fine, but I'm not gonna destroy mine. I gave 'em the one, I told them I would help them in any way I d, but I had to leave."

long limbo followed. "I'd go to concerts and ple would say, Butch (his nickname), what are u doing? Where have you been? All the guys I d to help, like Ray Parker, Reggie McBride, ph Armstrong – who were my guitarists and s players – all of them were passing me by. I an offer from Motown, but at that time they was p into those ten-year contracts, and I didn't na tie up my life."

My cousin, Bill Miller, was writing for them at the e, he wrote stuff like 'I Feel Sanctified' for The mmodores. He said, Butch, I can get you a deal, I gotta come out to Seattle, but the same thing pened as with The Gaslight, so I ended up ng to New York for three months, did a Vegas w at the Drake Hotel, singing in, believe it or , French – 'The Look Of Love', 'My Way', that d of stuff. The three months went by and, sure ough, I thought, well, time to go home again."

ould the journey never end?

MAN who turned Cheatham's career was t dead just two days after completing all eatham's tax/insurance/contractual forms and ning him to a new production company: Al

CHEAT

kins was a Detroit manager who also handled careers of One Way and Alicia Myers (n.b. other fine MCA album this year).

That's how this album came about. There's a of mystery still involved in it. I don't know if he w he was going to die or what. His sister, Vee en, is still looking after me – her other acts are le Milton and Burgess Gardner.

"The album is a cross between my style and e Way's style. Kevin McCord played every trument on 'Saturday Night', Hudson had hing to do with that song. It was one I'd carried und in an old briefcase for about two years – I d a lot of songs that I would not give up, because as afraid of what producers would do to my terial. Al Hudson and Dave Roberson did rough It All' and 'Just To Be With You' and eake Your Mind Up', and I did the rest. Al Hudson ally worked hard. Once again, I paid 'em back .h breathing lessons."

Britain?

"You know, I would like to do a song with am!, because I know they really liked my record n the beginning. I saw a video of them. I'd like to a song like Michael Jackson did with Paul :Cartney."

And dancing?

"I've always danced, dancing generates me. To and still is to lose something."

MADONNA WOULD agree. ance has framed and entwined e entire course of her life. rowing up in what sounds like n Italian Catholic sitcom – "eight rothers and sisters, plus two arents" – she was the family howoff, always the one who was ping to hike off to New York.

First, her mama used to twist. "That as the earliest music I heard, Chubby ecker, but then all the girls in my ighbourhood had all these little 45s, ery girl group from The Crystals to The arvelettes, and all those poppy cords like 'The Letter', 'Incense and ppermint', and 'Quinn The Eskimo',

those records which I just loved.

"All my brothers and sisters were artistic, too, but I was the most manipulative and scheming. My two older brothers were jazz musicians, and that sort of had a reverse influence on me, because they would tell me pop music was a pile of shit, they'd scratch (!) my records so that I couldn't play them. It only made me love pop more."

Madonna's esoterically snooty brudders are not musicians today. She is the only sibling in the music business. At 16, she attended the school of fine arts at the University of Michigan, performing with its famous dance company.

"For me, it was superstardom from the word go, and I thought what is this shit, it's just a home away from home. So I left and came to New York, and it was ... hell. New York's good to me now, but it was really horrible in the beginning. Luckily, I got into a dance company (Pearl Lange)."

She also starred in a couple of underground movies: she describes *A Certain Sacrifice* as "very sick".

"It was made by this guy in his final year at N.Y. University Film School. It was sick in a childish kind of way, about this girl who's like a dominatrix, me of course. There's hardly any, like, sex scenes or anything like that, it's just implied all the time. She's got all these slaves, and she leads this really perverted, deranged life, but then this boy from the midwest comes and changes her life, and makes her get rid of the slaves."

"Anyway, I get sexually attacked, which you don't see in the movie, and he goes crazy with revenge, kills the guy and performs this ritual sacrifice, gets all my ex-slaves involved. There's a scene where we take a bath in fake blood."

Very artistic, I'm sure. Since then, Madonna's gone a little more upmarket. Say goodbye to downtown, darling. Currently she's studying acting, already signed to William Morris, who feed her scripts all the time.

BEHIND ALL the canny strategy, though, is a gamine Marilyn Monroe with a voice like Taana Gardner and an unscratchable itch to dance. Her Sire album 'Madonna' has a couple of goodies in 'Everybody' and 'Lucky Star', but is otherwise a formula platter. Reggie Lucas (ex-Miles Davis, Mtume crony, producer of Phyllis Hyman and of Stephanie Mills' superb Pendergrass duet 'Two Hearts') has only given her what any new maiden of motion needs: safety first.

"My inspiration is simply that I love to dance. All I

wanted to do was make a record that I would want to dance to, and I did. Then I wanted to go one step further and make a record that people would listen to on the radio."

What about James Truman's point in his interesting *Face* piece, that the selling of black/black music takes place largely on white/black terms? There must be problems in crossing from Dance to Pop chart, especially if you're a white girl with a black voice.

"It's strange because I think there are a lot of records that are similar to mine, records which are in the pop chart here, and they come over to the States and they're considered pop songs just because they're big in England. Whereas with the same kind of stuff coming from America, you're stuck in the dance/R&B charts and you can't cross over coz it's considered black music."

"It's so silly, coz if you listen to the formats and the chord progressions, everything about it is exactly the same. It's the problem in America that you have everything categorised, whereas in England it's all one chart."

Madonna's not over-enthralled with 'Madonna' herself. She knows the songs could be stronger. What she wants is a producer who can push her vocally.

"I wanted Mark Kamins to *direct* me, but 'Everybody' was the first record he'd ever done. I have this friend called Steve who's doing a version of that song, and it's really full and lush-sounding, which is how it should have been. Reggie I thought might be able to push me, having worked with Phyllis Hyman and Roberta Flack. The only problem was that he wanted to make me sound like them."

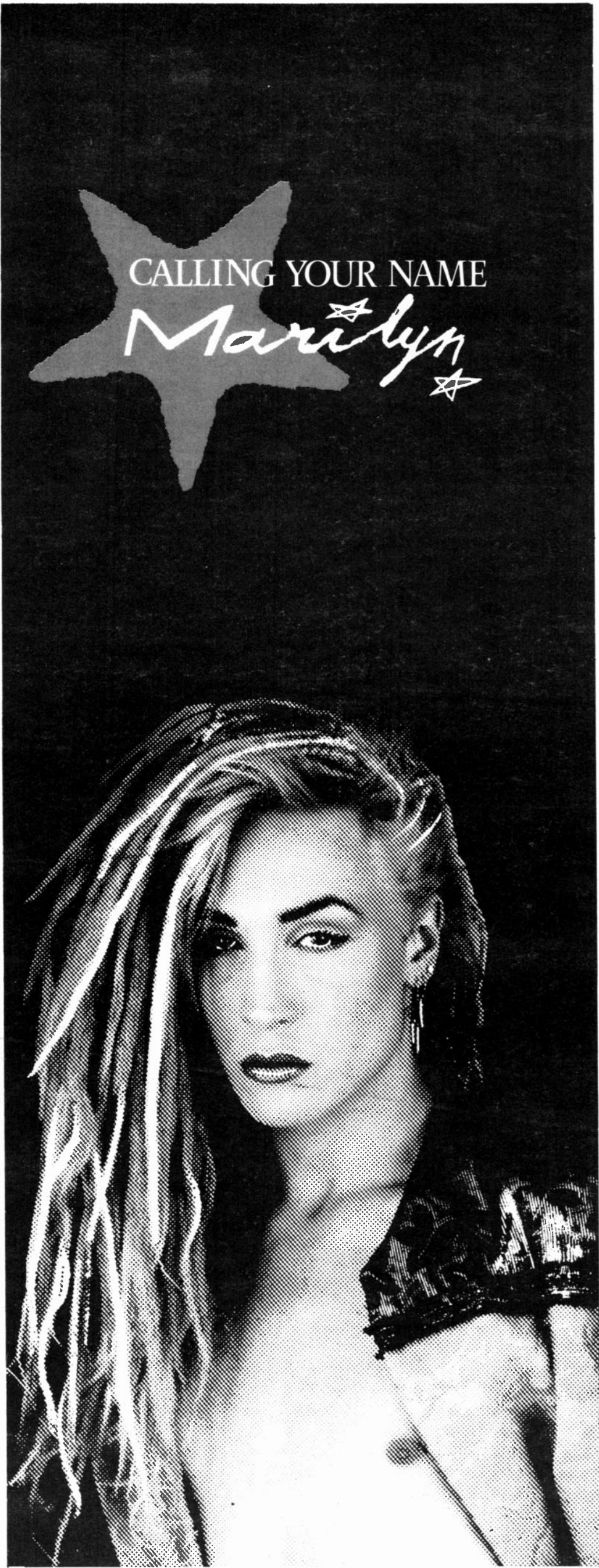
"I now know what I want on my next record. The production won't be so slick, because where Reggie and Mtume come from is a whole different school. I want a sound that's mine. There will be a more crossover approach to it this time. Maybe I should work with a British producer."

Enough said! So people aren't "offended" that you turned out to be white?

"It's changing now, just because people are more aware of what I'm about and what I can do. It didn't offend white people, but I think it offended radio programmers in the south. I think that's just reverse racism."

"In America, Warners don't know how to push me, whether to push me as a disco artist or as new wave because of the way I look. I'd rather just start another category."

"You just have to be patient. I'm not."



On 7 1/2-12" extended version

i-D THREE YEARS ON ● HOT CLUBS ●

FOLLOWING FASHION OFF THE RAILS ONTO THE STREETS

THREE YEARS already! At a time when fanzine lifespan is measured in weeks rather than months, and the turnover of glossies is enough to send the average WH Smiths shop assistant into a disorientated haze, it's at least encouraging to see *i-D*, self-styled glossary of pavement chic, celebrating 13 issues and three years of steadily increasing print runs.

A much more refined and cohesive creature than the original Perry Haines/Terry Jones creation, the current bumper birthday edition (a quid from most Low Street stores) heralds a move towards bi-monthly publication with an entertaining, if slightly contradictory, mix of frivolous 'street' interviews, ad-guides to cool shops and more serious, satirical articles on sheep mentality (including a quizette on 'What's Trendy?').

So what does *i-D* think it's at? A comic or a tract? Two hundred miles away from the cakes and candles, in a cosy, mid-terrace villa in York, *i-D*'s chief style consul, photographer, musician and erstwhile *NME* contributor, Steve Dixon, is ready with the answers.

"*i-D* is just a load of information, some of it serious, pushed together to document the lives of ordinary people rather than stars. It's not a new idea, magazines like *Vogue* and *Tatler* have always documented society but always from an upper class viewpoint. Our reasoning was that print technology and photography is now cheap enough for us to document ourselves. There aren't any pictures of lords getting married in *i-D*, we're dealing with Jez who drinks Snakebite. It's an attempt to demystify hip popular culture, a street level version of what was already going on before. Let the people speak for themselves!"

And where do the people think youth culture is at these days?

"When the youth market first exploded, the youth were demanding things that the culture couldn't provide. The original teds and mods didn't have tons of magazines they could read, and it was virtually

impossible to get American jeans in the '50s and '60s, especially in the provinces. But then the ad-men began to twig and even the Sunday colour supplements started having articles on mods at the seaside and stuff. And from there, the subsequent sub-cults have been assimilated into design faster and faster and sent back out into the system as pre-packed style.

"What we're saying is, beware of what's going on. The information channels are getting faster and the game is sharpening up so that someone who looks exactly like a mod is no longer the cutting edge, they're too easily done, easily copied. People have to mix up the style codes, otherwise the alternative visual language won't exist anymore simply because you'll be able to walk in anywhere and get the exact look you want, off-the-peg.

"I used to be a mod originally and in those days, you could spend a fortune on an immaculate outfit but if you decided to wear pink socks, say, that was it, you didn't belong. It was the equivalent of a British general wearing a Swastika. But now, thanks to punk, we've got the King of the Junkyard who goes around junk shops putting bits and bobs together and messing up the style codes. That's the way out at the moment."

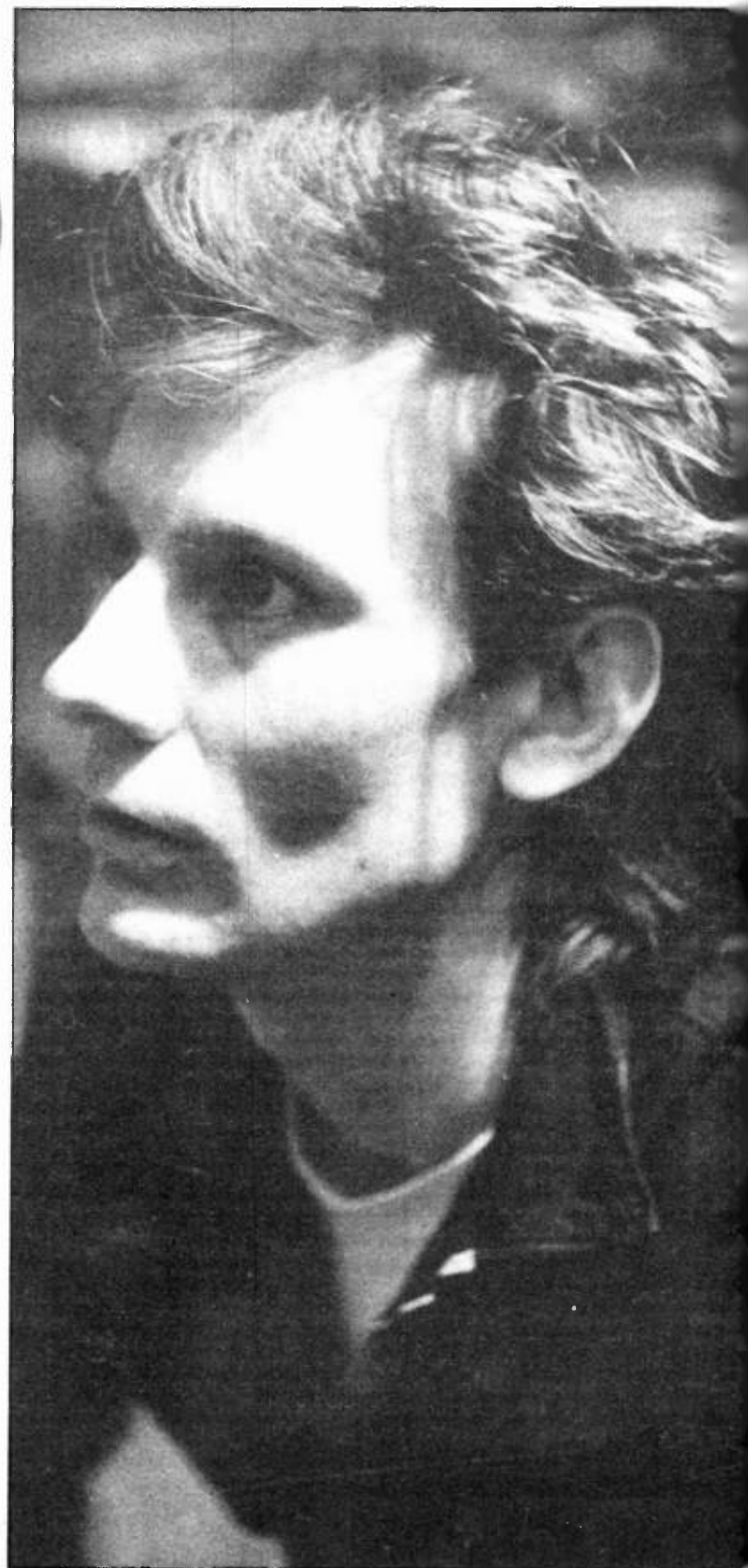
And there's me, been wearing my ZZ Top cap for, oh, months. But seriously, isn't this taking the purity/sacredness of the dress aesthetic to quite paranoid levels?

"I take your point, it probably is. But then again, there's a lot of very sharp people on the street and all we're doing is giving credit where it's due. People will lose and gain friends because of their dress, they'll be excluded from certain clubs etc. That's why I don't think dress is so frivolous. I mean, the reason we recognised each other at the railway station was because we looked right, we gave off the right clues.

"Dress creates an atmosphere, it's an important alternative language, a very exciting way of communication."

AMRIK RAI

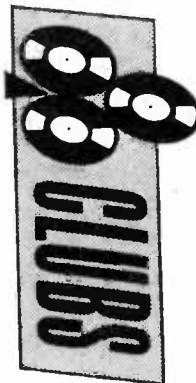
i-D-ers/idears — street pix by Steve Dixon



i-D's Steve Dixon. Pic by Tim Moat

HOT CLUB SW9 is a new music venue in Brixton, South London, where the stated aim is "an alternative to the regular commercial music scene." The organisers would like to hear from performers, especially women's bands, to play and perhaps become involved in running the club. Anyone interested in learning about forming bands, or other aspects such as lighting and sound, is encouraged to contact the organisers. Bands are also asked to supply demo cassettes (with SAE) plus biog and photos if possible. The address is:—
HOT CLUB SW9, c/o P Sylvester, 18 Warlingham Close, Rainham, Kent ME8 7QJ.

THE HOT CLUB, by the way, was set up by musicians attending the second Music Business course run by the Inner London Education Authority. A third course has now begun, with an emphasis on helping bands/managers to get started in the business. Details are available on 01-737 1234/671 1300.



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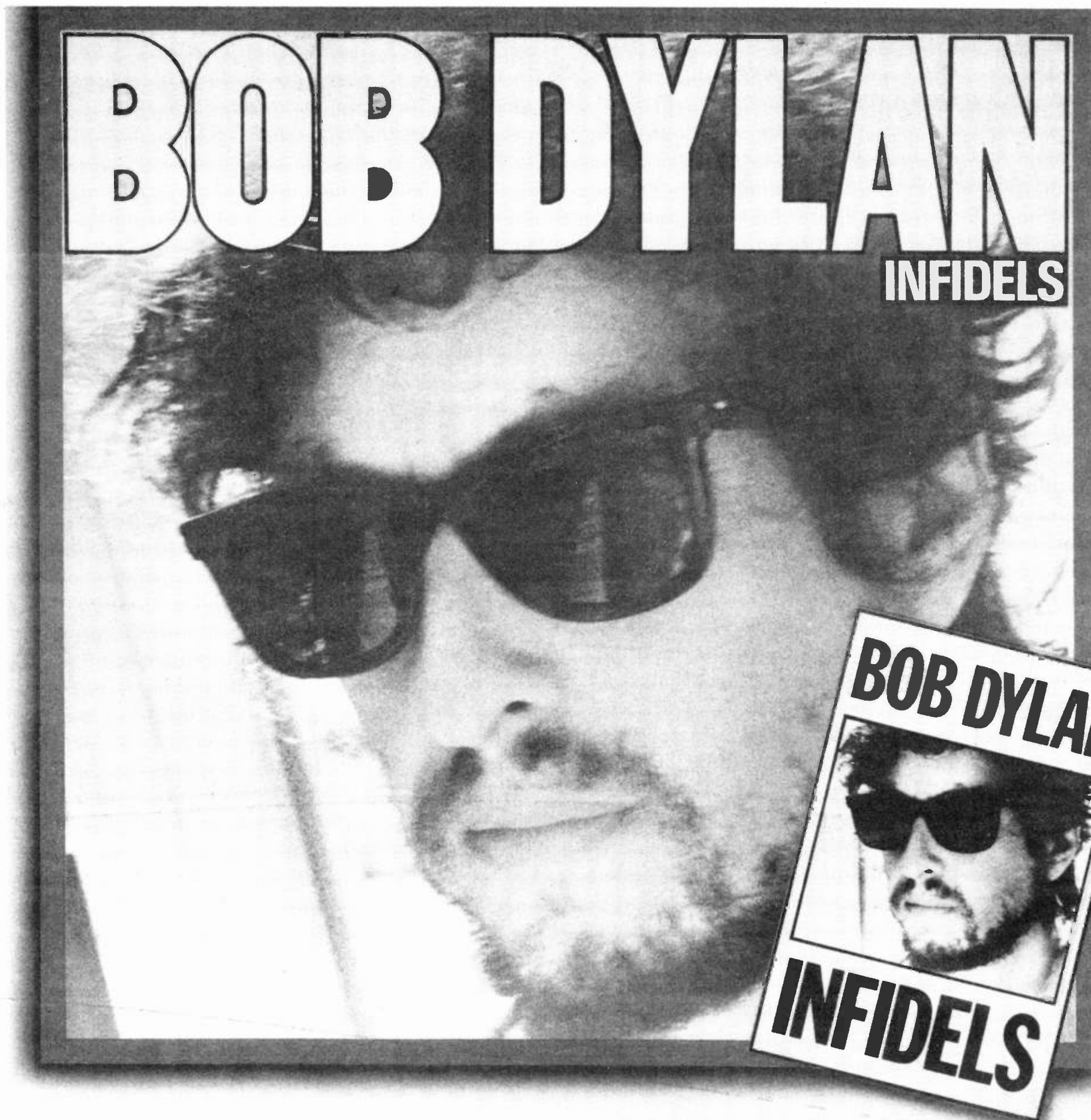
NOVEMBER:—

THURS. 3.	GLASGOW HENRI AFRIKAS
FRI. 4.	EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY
WED. 9.	BANGOR UNIVERSITY
THURS. 10.	LEEDS WAREHOUSE
FRI. 11.	BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC
SAT. 12.	COVENTRY GENERAL WOLFE
WED. 16.	HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC
THURS. 17.	MANCHESTER HACIENDA
FRI. 18.	SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC
SAT. 19.	POLYTECHNIC OF WALES
THURS. 24.	MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC
FRI. 25.	UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION
SAT. 26.	PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

DECEMBER:—

SAT. 3. LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

TOUR DATES



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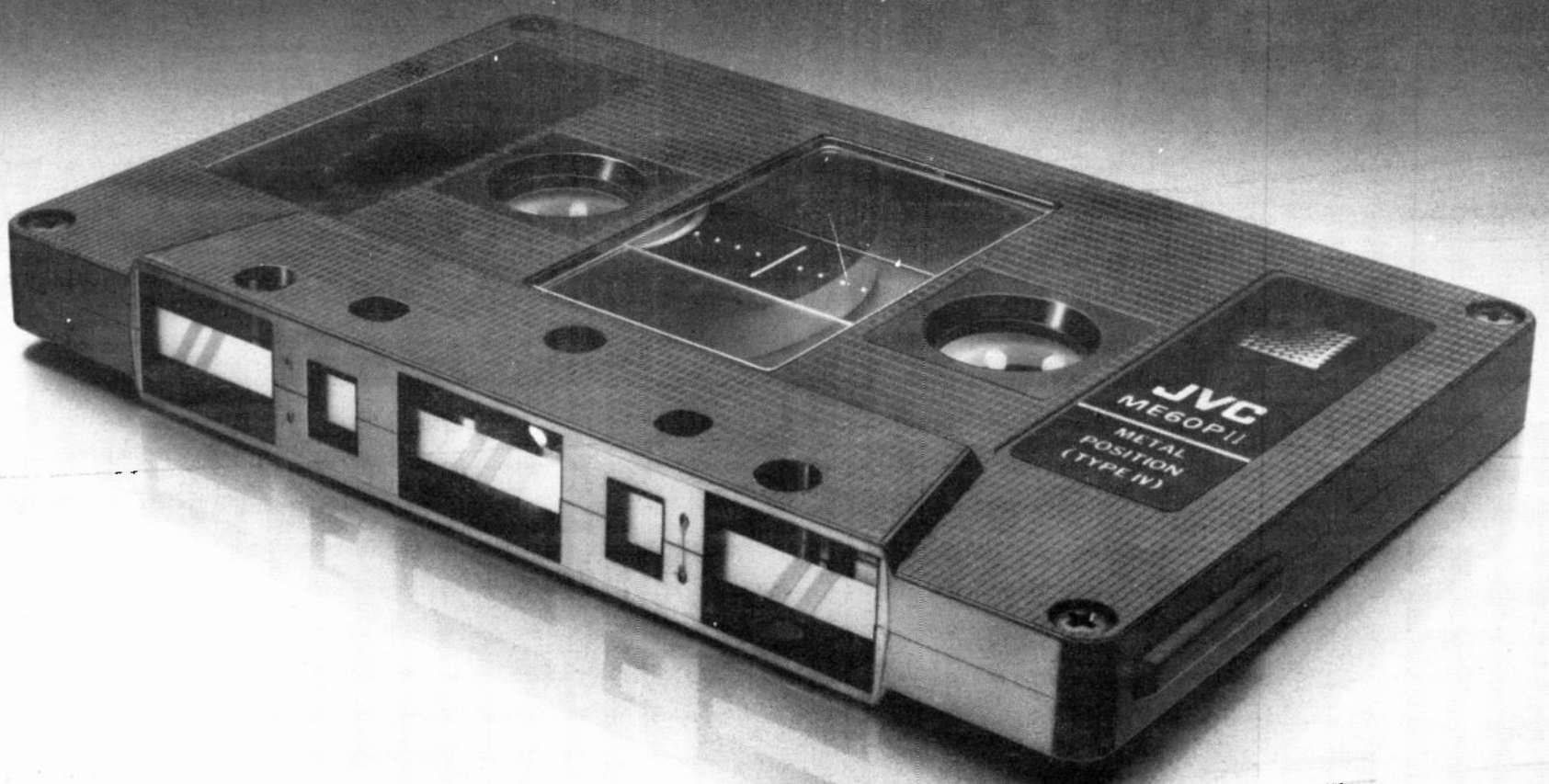
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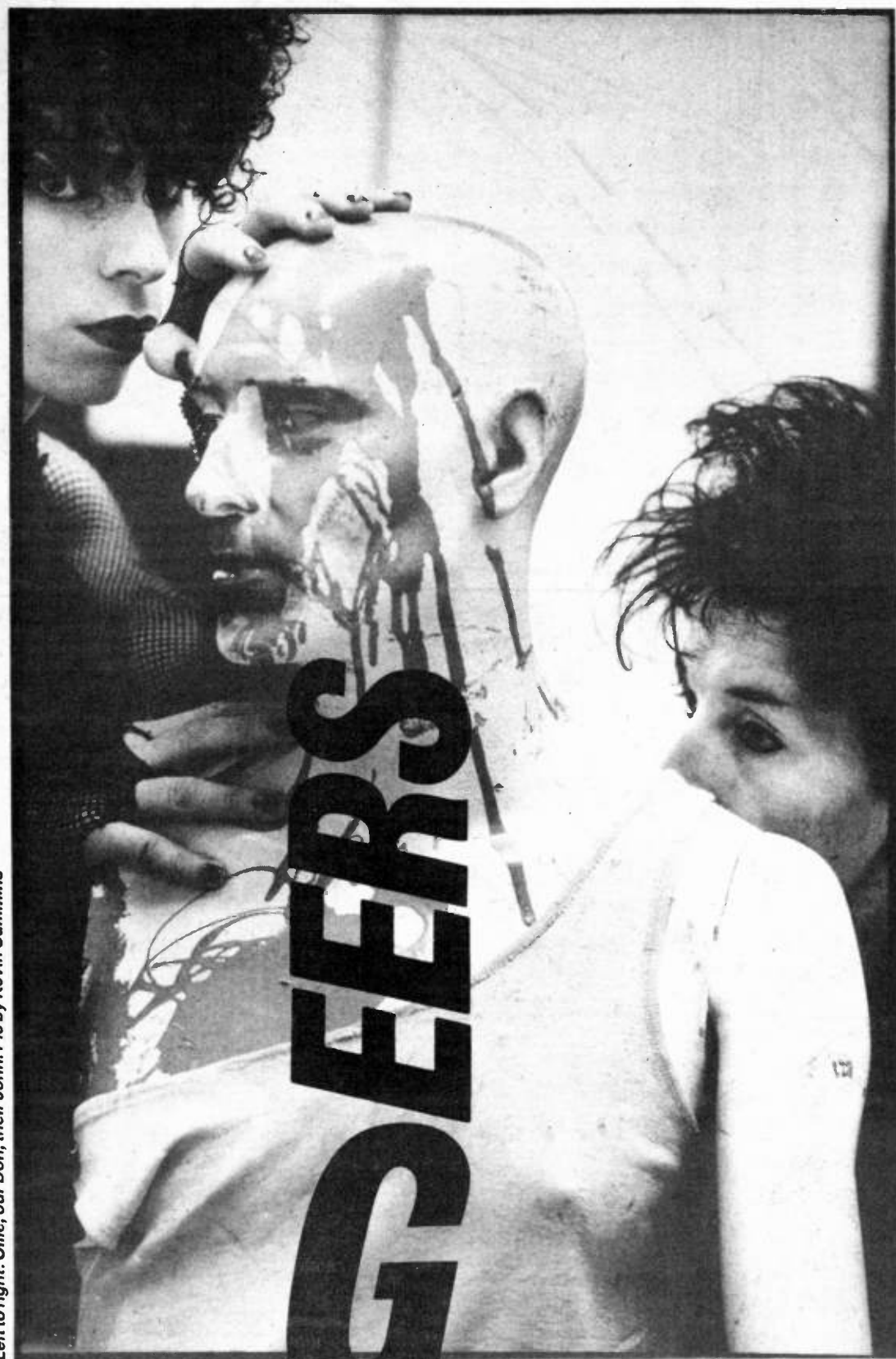
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SPECIMENS OF BAD TASTE ● WHEN COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN ●



OUT OF THE BATCAVE, INTO THE LIGHT, THE SPECIMEN WON'T TOP THEMSELVES FOR NOBODY. DON WATSON PROWLs SOHO AND MAKES SOME NEW FRIENDS.

IMAGERS

WHAT THE hell?! The attendant in the sparse, neat foyer of the strip club might like to think he's seen all the sights that Soho can disgorge. But these three? His eyes are bulging.

The first figure is a pair of black tights on skinny legs, hanging from a huddled mass of black fur. Black rats tails hang in a face caked with cheap cosmetics. The second looks like a female drag, a sharp feminine face set in a suit of clothes that ape masculinity. Meanwhile a third man, in brown suede shoes, stands around looking awkward.

"Is there a bar in here?" the first figure enquires in reedy tones. The attendant stands still shaking his head as the motley trinity exit.

The fact that shock is still so easily bought, even here and now, is of prime importance to the striking pair here. It's part of their living.

Sometime over a year ago, fed up of pushing their band The Specimen through

THE ANNUAL Country Music Association Awards Show is the Country caper of the year — all tux and big bucks. Spot the celebs is an easy game to play on such an occasion. Hey! there's the Mayor of Nashville. And lookee here — ain't that Edward Gaylord, the guy who just bought the whole Opryland complex for a paltry 25 million?

So many big cheeses. And not without reason. For the whole televised shebang is being sponsored by Kraft.

Thankfully, Willie Nelson declines to join the bow-tie brigade. He ambles onstage in tatty bandanna and lurches into 'Whiskey River' before announcing his co-host of the evening, Snowbird showbird Anne Murray. Pause for commercials. The monitor screens show that homebodies are being treated to a discourse regarding the affect of Kraft cheese on fish filets. "And meatloaf never looked as special as this before," claims the voice-over. Probably not, probably not.

When the action resumes, new stars Reba McEntire and John Anderson step forward to do the award honours Oscar style and Janie Fricke, a back-up singer turned superstar, proffers 'He's A Heartache'. The show moves into gear. Awards, all baker's dozen of 'em, are handed to such as Fricke (Female Vocalist Of The Year), Chet Atkins (Instrumentalist), The Ricky Skaggs Band (Instrumental Group), Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson (Vocal Duo) and John Anderson (Single Of The Year), while Alabama, a watered-down version of The Eagles, grab no less than three of the silver goodies up for disposal.

Surprise of the night is ex-Vegas croupier Lee Greenwood who whops Merle Haggard, Willie Nelson, Ricky Skaggs and John Anderson for the Male Vocalist plaudit while most tearful recipient of the evening is Little Jimmy Dickens, a diminutive old-timer in a hat three times his size, who gets the

esteemed Country Music Hall Of Fame award for such past deeds as recording 'May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose'.

Between such handouts, the onstage entertainment gets even glitzier. Dolly Parton, in a skirt split to her knicks, buddies-up with Kenny Rogers to Bee Gee around 'Islands In The Stream'; Larry Gatlin, Ronnie Milsap, Johnnie Cash, Lee Greenwood, Anne Murray and Kris Kristofferson do their million-dollar sextet thing on a medley of Kristofferson's greatest till-ringers; Ricky Scaggs and The Whites try their best to show Country the-way-she-was, and Emmylou Harris, Brenda Lee, Eddy Arnold, Crystal Gayle, The Oak Ridge Boys, The Statlers, Barbara Mandrell, Eddie Rabbit and myriad others put in appearances while George Jones, true to form, doesn't.

KRAFTEE COUNTRY

And if one of the unexpected highlights of the evening is Ann Murray's rendering of her excellent 'A Little Good News' single then the great chunk of kitsch is the teaming of Willie Nelson and (for gawsh-sakes) Julio Iglesias, the twosome being surrounded by a team of dextrous cue-card men, each of the latter tossing up their prompts so hard and fast that the crowd rises to its feet in sheer admiration.

So ended an evening when "thank you Mom and Dad" became a catch-phrase; an evening when synths sank and pedal steels ruled. An evening when the corn was high and when things cooked they immediately had Kraft sauces poured all over them.

But, hick that I am, I loved every molasses-soaked moment. The bright lights of Neasden may never seem the same again.

FRED DELLAR, for NME, from Nashville, Tennessee

conventional channels, Ollie and Jon decided to dive into clubland. The initial intention was to give the band somewhere to play, to escape the rock and roll circus etc, etc. They ended up with something a great deal bigger on their hands.

The Batcave became a centre of infamy. It drew together a number of tenuous elements and gave a sense of place to the nearest thing to a scene that could be found in the creative desolation of London. Now its continuing appeal is attested to on the small screen — it's lasted long enough to secure a *Nationwide* investigation as "the new thing the kids are up to" and an entire Halloween edition of *Riverside*. Surely now its days are numbered. Perhaps it's time to keep a straight face (always difficult when writing about the Batcave) and make some attempt to tabulate its appeal.

The all too obvious angle to take on the Batcave is the revivalist one. It's clear just how far up the creek that one is when you attempt to compare it to something more crass like the mod revival. Mods ('79) wanted to be Mods ('64) it was as simple as that. The same revivalist spirit could be applied to the rockabilly travesty that followed — clothes, music, record sleeves the lot were all more valued if they were true to the detail of the original.

It's when you look for the original of the Batcave that you'll find the difficulty. Glam, from which it takes its original glimmer, never had a club identity, neither did it have a Look as strong as surrounds the Batcave. What we have here is the values of the early '70s strained through punk and pushed tentatively towards the present day. What the Batcave has created is a fictional ancestry that runs from Alice Cooper, backwards through The Stooges, forwards through a misconception of The Sex Pistols to a worse misconception of The Birthday Party, to bands that inhabit the Batcave like Alien Sex Fiend and The Specimen.

The values are old fashioned shock, from the glam era, and old fashioned outrage, from punk, overlaid with a modern obsession with bad taste. It starts with camp and goes beyond trash.

"I think our attraction exists in the fact that we are a lifestyle," Ollie enunciates with theatrical camp, "one that derives from childhood images. There's a whole generation that is growing up now that will hark back to the sensation of Bowie that they remember from when they were kids and are looking for something that has that power of image now."

The trouble is, the power to outrage is diminishing. Scams seem ever more desperate.

"We were associated as the Batcave with the whole Bollock Brother Michael Fagin scandal, which I thought was really funny, the idea of a band like that who obviously have no talent whatsoever making a living out of outrage pure and simple."

So what's the difference between The Bollock Brothers and The Specimen?

"Our songs, I suppose. We have got genuine songs, which catalogue what goes on around the scene of the Batcave. On the new single, for example, the two songs show just how things have changed, the first one, 'Beasts', which was written years ago is a sort of Gothic opus, where the second is about the Batcave itself and the way it's changed, the way people have been seduced and disillusioned by it."

"We don't regard it totally straight, obviously we have a certain sense of humour about what we do. Ultimately though we hope we can be taken seriously. After all, there isn't much you can do simply with outrage. The shocks have to get bigger and bigger, and the ultimate shock is killing yourself on stage. We don't want to go that far."

You mean it's only rock and roll?

"No that's the last thing it is."

FOREIGN-PRESS

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ROY OF THE SOUL

MAT SNOW SHOOT THE BREEZE WITH PHILIP CHEVRON, THE MAN WHO TOOK BRENDAN BEHAN OFF THE BOOKSHELF AND PUT HIM ON THE AIR. PIC LAWRENCE WATSON

DAYTIME LISTENERS to Radio 1 may recently have been pleasantly surprised to hear the homely strains of strings and woodwind strike up a wistfully stirring melody of old-fashioned quality. More refreshing still, a young man proceeds to sing in a clear and plaintive voice "I remember in September/ When the final stumps were drawn..." But within another two lines unease sets in. Things aren't what they seem in Philip Chevron's 'The Captains And The Kings'...

Philip Chevron is a shy but charming Dubliner who has lived in London since 1977 when his group The Radiators From Space moved there from Ireland. Overshadowed first by The Boomtown Rats then The Undertones and Stiff Little Fingers, The Radiators made two albums of which the second, 'Ghostown', is a neglected semi-classic.

Its message was the state of contemporary Ireland and its medium a pot-pourri of styles to complement the songs with irony. Especially notable was Chevron's 'Kitty Ricketts', a tale of Dublin life set to the austere oompapah strut typical of Kurt Weill, Bertold Brecht's musical collaborator on his satirical musicals 'Mahogany', 'Threepenny Opera' and 'Happy End' (numbers which Philip covered on his '81 solo EP 'Songs From Bill's Dance Hall').

Brecht wrote about his native Germany using mythically exotic locations as metaphors and ironic devices. Weill's technique of subverting a lyric's apparently straightforward meaning with music that expressed a contrary mood is one Philip admits to trying to emulate.

"He was very good at using the right counterpoints to almost present an outside opinion on the lyrics. Instead of the music being *sympathetic* to the lyrics they would almost take issue with them. I like that approach."

Hence with 'Captains': "... the idea of putting an *exaggeratedly* English backing to it — you can't get much nearer to Vaughan Williams or 'Land Of Hope And Glory' by Elgar."

For David Bedford's green and pleasant arrangement couches a song of wryly caustic Anglo-parody. Written in the '50s by the celebrated Irish poet, playwright and journalist Brendan Behan for his play *The Hostage* and set to the traditional melody 'Roses Bloom Again', 'The Captains And The Kings' is the lament for his homeland of a shell-shocked Englishman in Dublin self-exile. It proclaims the glorious virtues of Empire, Eton, sportsmanship, the Royal Family and afternoon tea. "Thank God that we're white" is amongst its most heartfelt sentiments.

"He (Brendan Behan) reckoned it should be sung in an Oxford accent, and he proceeded to sing it in an Oxford accent and a very ludicrous one. We avoided that tack because that would make the thing sound far too jokey, particularly as we were putting an English backing to it anyway."

The "we" is Philip and producer Elvis Costello, on whose Imp label it is released. Imp's only other single so far is 'Pills And Soap', and together they deliver a pair of well-aimed and salutary broadsides at England's growing self-delusion.

"Being an outsider living in England gives you a different insight into the environment you're in. I think that's common to Irish people living in England. There are very few artists or bands in England who are particularly trying to come to terms with their environment. Squeeze got very close with 'East Side Story'. That was the closest British equivalent to The Radiators' 'Ghostown'. It was saying the same things

about England as 'Ghostown' was saying about Ireland, the same approach."

But Philip's Irish accent has antagonised some listeners.

"There has been a lot of misunderstanding about the record. I've had people say it's a racist record — Irish racism. I think obviously to some extent it failed because it didn't make it clear to everybody that it isn't racist, it's just anti-imperialist."

"Behan had an impish sense of humour. I think it was him parodying Irish attitudes to English attitudes. That's the strongest case for the song not being anti-British. But that's a very subtle point, only something I learnt when I started working with the song. It's not something you can expect people to understand immediately when they listen to the record."

Should you think 'Captains' needs a corrective, flip to B-side 'Faithful Departed' first heard on 'Ghostown' and now reworked to bring out its essence as a bitter anti-anthem.

"The beginning of the 20th century forged so many destinies for Ireland which it's now got to cope with in

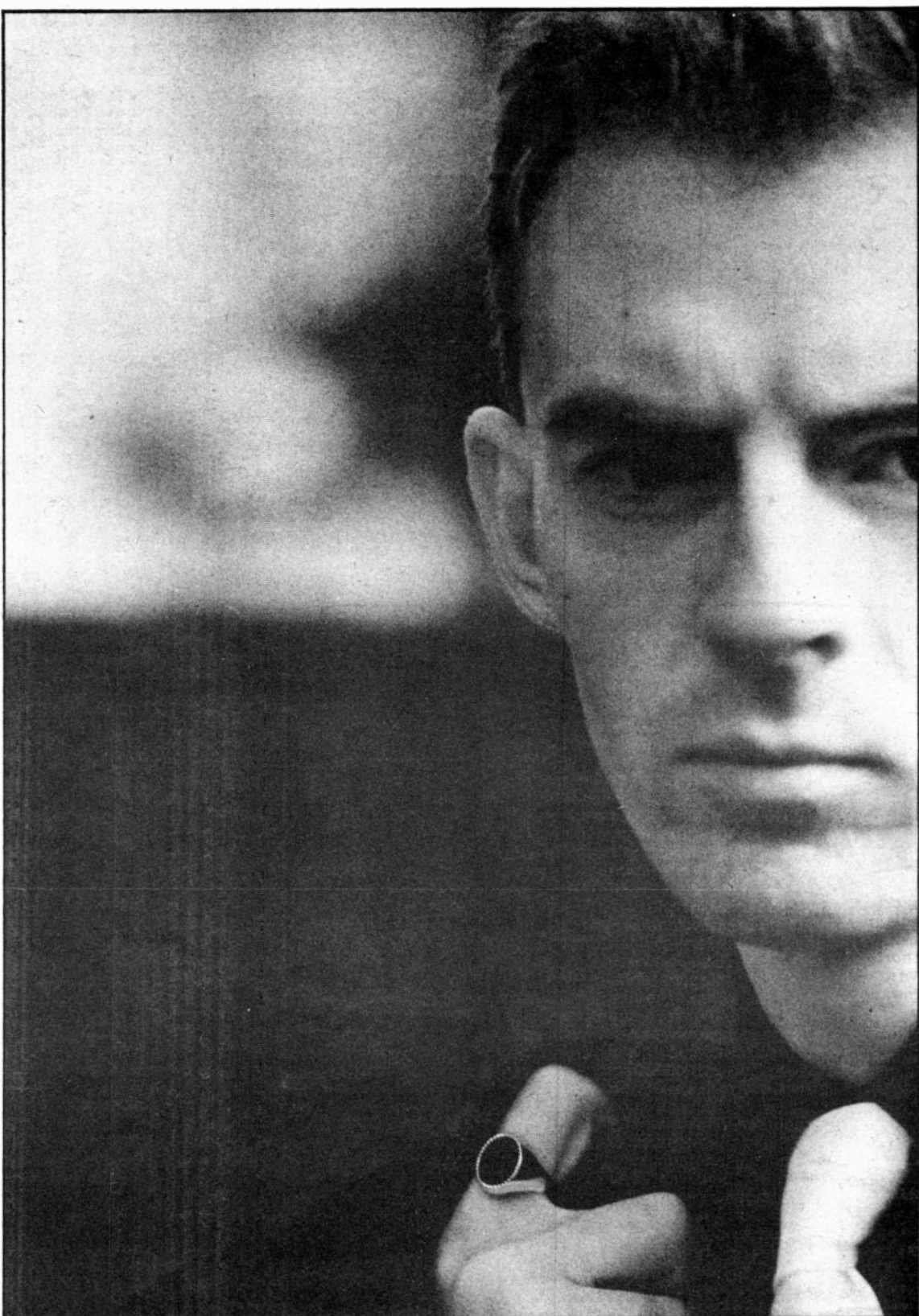
a completely different society. The patriot movement and the religious monopoly is getting a revival... It's ferocious."

"The idea of that song was to almost raise the characters from the dead, bring them on a walk round contemporary Dublin and show them the damage they've done."

"Over the years that song has taken on monumental proportions in Ireland — it's like an alternative national anthem almost for *Hot Press* readers, something like the significance of 'Shipbuilding'."

The comparison is apt. Moving and provocative, it curses the ghosts of the past for haunting the present and blighting the future.

After years of catching up on the "growing-up" process he'd missed with The Radiators, Philip Chevron is re-entering the fray. He has produced The Peelers, and also The Prisoners' cracking new LP. But more importantly, he's writing new songs. On the strength of his readings of 'Captains'/'Departed', their realisation is a prospect to be relished. Outsider Philip Chevron looks in with a very penetrating gaze.



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TURTOON CHARACTERS



In line for the Miss psychobilly '83 contest—Or just another King Kurt gig?



A new drug craze swept the nation's youth. The white powder to end them all—flour. Not snorted, but smeared it is known to invoke... ketchup craving...



leg waving...



and underarm exposure.

IT LOOKED straight out of the *Twilight Zone*.

Disorientated passers-by watched in disbelief as a tatty, rag doll army streamed steadily out of Brixton tube station, fiercely clutching carrier bags of edible ammunition. There was something odd about this bunch, and it had nothing to do with hairstyles.

"Oh my God! They're all wearing skirts", squealed an astonished female voice, dissolving in a fit of hysterical giggling.

There were skirts of every description—grass, leather, long, short, slinky, baggy—and many were accompanied by hairy legs, tattoos and heavy boots. The boys preferred fishnet tights.

It was King Skurt night at the Fridge and the South London Bash Street boys had attracted their usual crowd of well-bred and elegant poseurs. Officialdom remained unimpressed. The local constabulary, out in vigorous force, arrested several people and charged eight with "threatening behaviour". What unforgivable crimes had the villains committed?

Apparently, two wouldn't stop pushing to the front of the queue and the rest were said to have thrown flour and foam in

miraculously escaping broken bones.

Occasionally, a poor unfortunate advancing towards the bar or toilet was splattered by some choice morsel hurled across the room with fervour. The staircase was jammed with shaving foam drenched bodies. A Harrow duo, apparently both vegetarians, left in disgust, although meat throwing was kept to an unusual minimum.

Oblivious to the turmoil, most of King Kurt were comfortably parked in a nearby hostelry half an hour before the performance. When they finally burst on to the stage, it was a sight to behold.

Matching his new skunk haircut with a vivacious printed frock, Robert's choice of attire contrasted subtly with fellow guitarist Paul's turquoise, sequinned party dress. Drummer Rory, who claims to receive fan mail addressed to his legs, showed them off in a fetching grey number.

Not to be outdone, John (the handsome one), wore a sexy leopard skin mini with a natty hair bow, while sax player Maggot's 'topless' look was ruined when his plastic breasts fell off. Smeg would have made some impoverished brat a wonderful granny in his sedate, coral bingo dress (My, what

a bit of SKURT

the street. At Camberwell magistrates the next day, six pleaded guilty and were fined £10. The remaining two pleaded not guilty and were remanded until November 29.

Meanwhile, someone at the gig reported a spare tyre missing from a car parked under the watchful eye of the police.

Kurt's reputation had preceded them, for positioned next to the omnipresent Met vans was an RSPCA vehicle. "We've been informed that live animals are to be used tonight," stated a lone Inspector. "If this is true, we will act accordingly."

But, as singer Smeg pointed out, the only live animals to be found that night were hundreds of unidentified creatures wearing skirts. The RSPCA rep, after scooping up a pig's head from the pavement, retired mournfully.

In keeping with Kurt style, admission was kept down to a quid, but it was obvious that most of the people in the queue were not going to get to within sniffing distance of the doors. In spite of this, spirits were high. The news that Kurt were going to make their *Top Of The Pops* debut that Thursday travelled down the length of Brixton road like a bush fire.

Standing on a food-coated pavement, a police officer was moved to remark: "We're not expecting serious trouble—they'll all feel a bit silly rioting in those skirts."

He hadn't been inside. Newcomers to the acrid smelling interior were baptised in flour and anointed with ketchup. People slid across the slippery floor with religious zeal,

big boots you have, Grandma!)

Proving fame has not diminished their status as the best live band in the country (and therefore the world), Kurt swung straight into 'Destination Zululand' and didn't let up the pace until, covered by a revolting mixture of noxious substances, they completed two encores.

"We don't want any poofs wearing trousers in here", yelled Smeggy, deliberately avoiding the menacing gaze of the bouncers who looked like they earn spare money sparring with Frank Bruno.

Since the far off days of the 101 Club in Clapham when Maggot was forced to "borrow" an ILEA saxophone from the unsuspecting education authority, each Kurt gig has remained exciting, eventful and original. There was no snakebite drinking or 20p haircutting on the Skurt night, but it didn't seem to matter.

The audience, which is as much a part of the performance as the band, performed its role with gusto. There is little to rival the sight of a crowd engaged in the mass ritual of the neck-clasping, hip-thrusting 'Ooh Wallah Wallah' to the strains of 'Zulu Beat'.

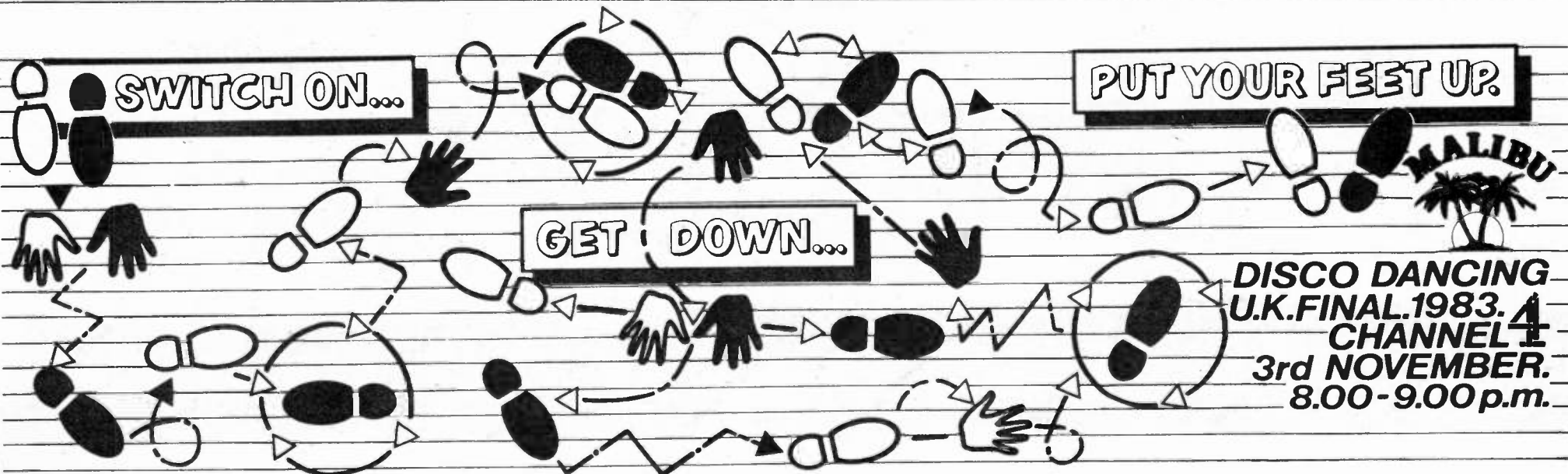
While people skated dangerously across the floor towards the exit, the night ended on a typically bizarre note. As Smeggy staggered to the bar, the burly black bouncers approached him and volunteered to play Zulus in the next Kurt video. You should have been there.

JAS BANCIL

lowry



"The leather and studs and denim are real. Only the people are phoney."



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Donald Sutherland, Robert DeNiro, John Hurt, Diana Dors, Lotte Lenya, Julie Goodyear

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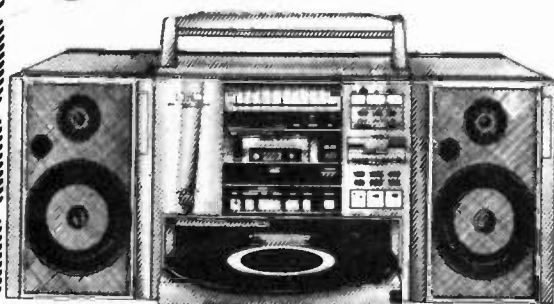
Jimmy Saville, Gang Show, Duncan Goodhew, Marvellous Marvin Hagler, Sugar Ray Leonard

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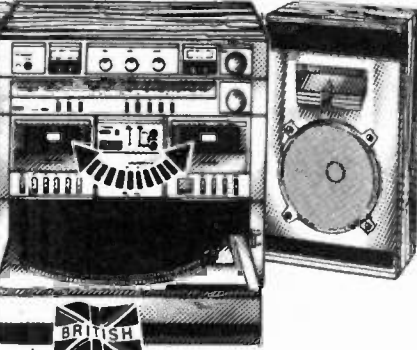
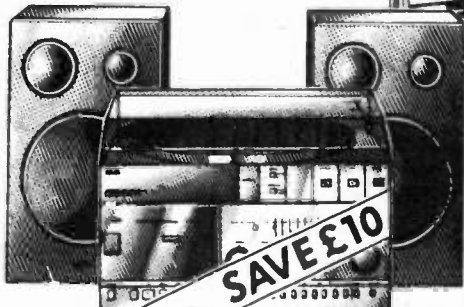
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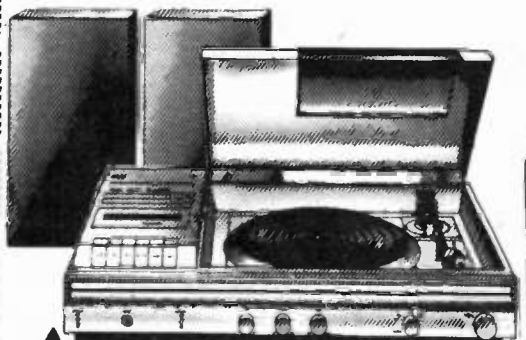
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MANCHESTER'S HONKY TONKIN' DISCO EXPORT ●

WHEN TO QUANDO AND WHEN TO QUANGO

BASICALLY, IT takes two to Quango, a fun new way of maintaining 'Love Tempo' without ever having to look your partner in the eye.

The Quango is the most devastatingly appropriate form yet devised to fit that peculiar hybrid of disco and detachment coming out of Manchester. It is not so much a semi-detached disco, the stuff of urbane Northern soul dreams, as a demi-monde disco, which draws more from the No New York of Chance than the rocksteady Funhouse New York of Baker.

It is droll bordering dreary, worldly wise and just a touch weary; yet, like many city pleasures, it is immensely addictive once you've adapted to its sense of time. In the case of Quando Quango's Factory 12" 'Love Tempo', that means falling in behind a hopalonga cowboy rhythm — sort of

honky-tonkin' disco — and keeping apace the electronic breaks, while a saxophonist/vocalist Mike Pickering drily exhorts you to have a good time.

It might only take two to Quango, but Quando Quango can number anything between two and five. The nucleus of the group consists of Mike, who also manages Manchester's Hacienda club, and Dutch girl Connie Rietveld. They are presently joined by Simon Topping, who returned to Quango after leaving A Certain Ratio to study latin percussion in New York, and bass player Barry Johnson, brother to ACR's drummer Donald.

They formed three years ago, when Mike met Connie in Rotterdam. At the time he'd just gone onto the Dutch dole after a stint of cleaning windows for a living. Being unemployed entitled him to musical tuition at the expense of the government; thus he learnt sax. Connie, meanwhile, a veteran of Dutch orchestras, spent her time de-learning everything she knew by switching to electronics.

Rotterdam was then one of the most open houses in Europe. Z'ev, Chance, Suicide, Tuxedomoon and various No New Yorkers passed through, some staying awhile, living and working in Utopia, a club cum living/working space set up by Mike. It was the first corner of a European circuit far more receptive of ideas than a fashion bound England.

"At that stage in England everything was totally closed," says Mike, "but it was great then in Holland. You got everything. . . ."

"We used to get all the underground magazines," Connie concurs. "All the American and German imports, everything from DAF to Suicide. It was really international."

It did have a dark side, namely an equally restrictive anti-commercial snobbery, which began to impede QQ once they started formulating their early tape loop/sax experiments round 4/4 and more conventional figures. By then Mike had already received a call from New Order's manager Rob Gretton, asking him to come back and manage the Hacienda.

From Manchester they pursued a New York hotline with Factory co-workers 52nd Street and, later, New Order, building for themselves a club following, which their 'Love Tempo' 12" is currently capitalising on.

Just as holidaymakers return from Eurodiscos with 'Blue Monday' ringing in their ears have sent New Order yoyoing back up the charts, so too could Quando Quango follow them, if only enough Anglo exiles in New York come home to spread the word.

The Mancunian dance FAction, it seems, is too steeped in Factory myth and legend for British ears to take its disco motives at face value. Broader minds abroad, however, have no problems heeding its straightforward calls to the dance floor.

CHRIS BOHN



Connie and Mike in the demi-monde disco style Pic Peter Anderson

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A whisper went around: an electric rumour that
burned along the underground circuit. He was coming back.
I could

**CANADIAN CLUB.
THE UNCOMMON SPIRIT.**



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MISINTERPRETATION is the bane of an artist's life.

Somehow it's always been easier to write off those who stray from normality than to adopt tunnel vision to see things their way.

Certainly the current music scene has thrown up many seeds for misconception: with so many ponderous knob twiddlers shedding tears over the futility of existence it's hard not to relegate all thinkers to the level of redundancy. But generalisation is a dangerous thing; it cuts cruel corners and leaves the rare true talent floundering in a mire of hostility.

For Matt Johnson—otherwise known as main brain of The The—the going hasn't been easy.

Originally formed in 1979 from an ad of Matt's in the *NME* appealing for fellow fans of the Velvets, The Residents and Throbbing Gristle, his brainchild has evolved through numerous intermediate stages and as many as 13 temporary members before arriving at its present state. Early support gigs with Scritti Politti, DAF and Wire gave way to a contract with 4AD records in 1980 followed by a Gilbert and Lewis produced single, 'Controversial Subject', which subsequently found its way onto the compilation LP 'Natures Mortes—Still Lives'.

The group then split leaving Matt to record a solo LP, 'Burning Blue Soul' on 4AD before signing to Some Bizarre in 1981. Readopting the name The The, Matt recorded the second single, 'Cold Spell Ahead', which later served as a blueprint for 'Uncertain Smile'. In 1982 Steve wangled a licensing deal with CBS which secured Matt the financial backing of a major label without sacrificing indie freedom. 'Uncertain Smile' and its follow up 'Perfect' were moderately successful considering the minimal airplay they were given, and a second LP, 'The Pornography Of Despair' was recorded but unreleased for various reasons.

The new LP, 'Soul Mining' is the first from The The as such, but the third Matt's recorded. Already the abject criticism has started.

Initially hailed as a perceptive explorer into the darker side of life, Matt's found that more recently press acclaim has soured, volleying him with accusations of self-indulgence and insularity.

SPRAWLED ON his hotel bed gabbling about the events of the previous day between gulps of beer, Matt Johnson is far from my picture of a social recluse. So what of the accusations, Matt? Hermit or average Joe?

"I dunno. The common view seems to be that if you're not running around ligging the whole time then you're some kind of freak. I went around the club scene for a bit trying to find what everyone saw in 'em, but it just didn't appeal to me. All these people with plastic smiles on their faces. . ."

He muses a while then adds, "Or maybe they're not plastic. Maybe they're so superficial they're really enjoying themselves. What's that thing about the population—the ten per cent and the 90 per cent?"

Drifting off into thought he searches for the elusive end of the quote. "Of course there's two sides to me" he continues, shaking off his sidetrack. "There's two sides to anyone. It's people who hide one side that get screwed up. You usually find comedians are the saddest lot of the bunch. Nah, I just let both aspects through. I try to get that with the singles—the B-side's always more abstract and aggressive than the A-side, more outgoing in a way.

"But if people can't accept me for what I am they can piss off. It doesn't really bother me."

Nonchalantly peeling the lid off a yoghurt carton it would ostensibly appear that the barbs haven't pierced him yet. But even if he's so far unscathed, the criticism is irritating for its myopia if nothing else. The most common fallacy seems to be the belief that unless a musician spends his time ranting about the world's evils he's oblivious to them.

A couple of hours in Matt's company soon refutes this theory. His conversation is a bombarding tirade of ideas, a verbal chain that constantly strays off on tangents and pounces on new notions. And although a lot of his thoughts centre on the intangible, his concern about more worldly topics is evident.

"Being apolitical doesn't mean you're apathetic about politics" he stresses. "Of course I care about the major issues—I spent three years on the dole myself, I know how it destroys your soul and saps your will to live. I look around myself sometimes and feel disgusted with the way some people are treated.

"Like inner city council blocks—the people who designed those things should be made to live in them. It's inhumane sticking people in those flats, totally isolated from the community. You can't hang around a corridor like you would a street or corner shop, can you? And there's no greenery for miles around, just concrete and vandalism. . ."

He pauses to reconsider the case for politics.

"Party politics is really misguided," he continues. "There's no intuition used, no sensitivity of any kind. It seems to thrive on

Continued over page

MUCH CONFUSION
SURROUNDS THE NAME
OF JATT MOHNSON.
LEYLA SANAI DOES
SOME UNSCRAMBLING.

WORKING IN THE THE THE SOUL MINE

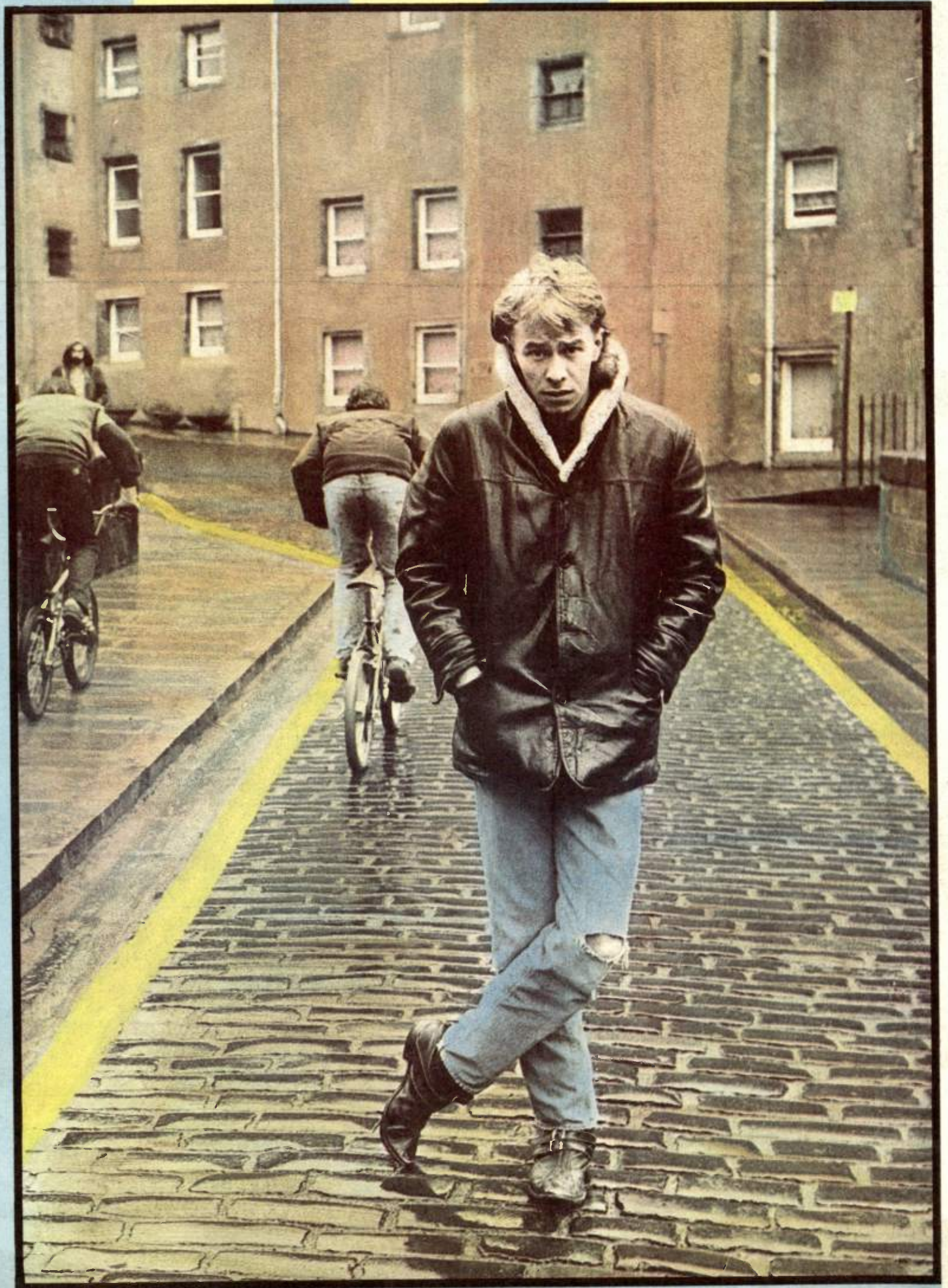


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theories. I've been to a few of those left wing meetings and I've come out really disillusioned. All these people spout their high-minded idealism, but in real life they're often as not right mean bastards, the kind of person who wouldn't buy you a drink in a pub.

"I've come to believe that the more obsessed by politics a person is, the more narrow minded and dogmatic they are. Doesn't matter if they're left or right, both extremes are as bad as each other, self-centred and intolerant.

"I suppose a Labour government'd be a more humane option than Thatcher, but it'd be a relief rather than a cure. I think politics begins at home. If you're an OK person and you treat other people alright then that's good enough."

THE IMPORTANCE Matt attaches to personal politics will be obvious to anyone familiar with his work. The songs are deeply confessional, dealing with personal issues and exploring powerful feelings that are usually reduced to banal euphemisms. Looking at the scrawled lyric sheet decorated with Freudian doodles one could almost take the songs for snippets of a diary. Matt?

"Oh, I definitely need an outlet," he admits, running his eye down the lyric sheet. "If it wasn't this it'd be something else, maybe journalism. My songs are structured round people like myself, the feelings are ones I've had or those of people close to me. I think it gives people a lot of reassurance to know that someone else's been through the same kind of experiences. If they can relate to something it stops them feeling so isolated, offers them hope in a way."

Certainly listening to the new LP, Matt's insight into the thorns of life is evident.

Anyone who's ever agonised over a late telephone call will immediately relate to 'The Twilight Hour' with its mental picture of a fetid summer afternoon dragging on into dusk and its perception of the whole paradox of love—*"You're relying on her for your independence"*.

"I think the internal conflicts people go through can be just as bad as external ones," Matt states, sucking a glob of yoghurt from his finger. "It's a very neglected area, a side that's really suppressed, 'specially in this country where people are so cold and reserved. They're taught to keep their natural emotions hidden right from the start. It's keeping things under that leads to all the hang ups."

He stops to grope for an example.

"Like the macho thing," he swoops. "Guys are brought up thinking it's sissy to cry. They get to feel they've got to prove something. They have to be *men* as opposed to human beings, so they become misogynists seeing women only as sex objects. The same with the sex thing. It's been

brushed under the carpet for so long, either kept totally taboo or sensationalised in the *News Of The World* type tabloids, that it comes to dominate the personalities of some people, twisting them up and distorting them from within. That's what led to the porno industry, those guilty looking businessmen sneaking around Soho pretending they're on the way home from the office."

PINNING MATT down to the subject of his work is a relatively difficult job. Anyone who's accused him of insularity would be well advised to try the task. The new LP is musically clearer and less cluttered than 'Burning Blue Soul'.

The jarring acoustic clashes have been substituted with purer, more fluent melodies, aided by the technical skill and innovation of such diverse talents as Orange Juice's Zeke, Thomas Leer and Jools Holland. The themes to seem more distinct, the dark, almost surreal images and gnawing discontent of 'Burning Blue Soul' giving way to a variety of more defined moods, from the dreamy melancholia of 'Uncertain Smile' to the savage self-indictment of 'Giant' which captures all the nightmare of self-doubt when facades strip away to leave blanks.

But the mood isn't all down. A strong sense of optimism pervades much of the material. The proverbial light at the end of the tunnel, Matt?

"Oh there's a helluva lot of optimism on it," he agrees. "Take 'This Is The Day', for example. That song's centred around someone I'm sure loads of people can identify with—living in the past, clinging to memories, wallowing and wasting his life away. Then this voice of hope thrusts out within him shouting, Yeah, this is the day everything'll change. It's cynical in the sense that there's a danger of him just dreaming about doing something and not actually doing it, but the mood it's in is almost pedantic, it sort of rouses hope."

"Maybe it'll make people get off their arses and go and live a bit."

And in conclusion Matt? Any answers?

"Well, to solve the problems you have to get to the root of them and that means undermining the whole structure of society. You'd have to revise the education system to teach people to follow their gut instincts more, not just do what they're told to, take what they're given. Kids should be given the tools for learning and encouraged to use them as they want to. The way it is now, they associate knowledge with authority and all the petty rules of school."

Or, in less than a thousand words?

"Follow your intuition I suppose," he shrugs.

Matt Johnson may not have the answers but the quest is the next best thing.



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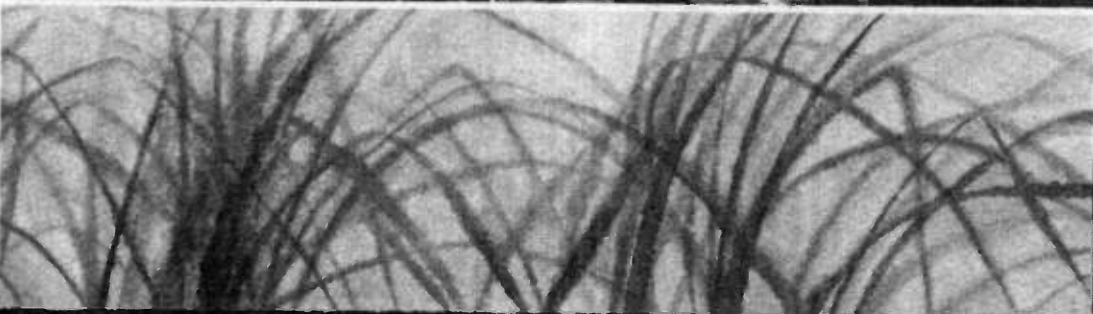
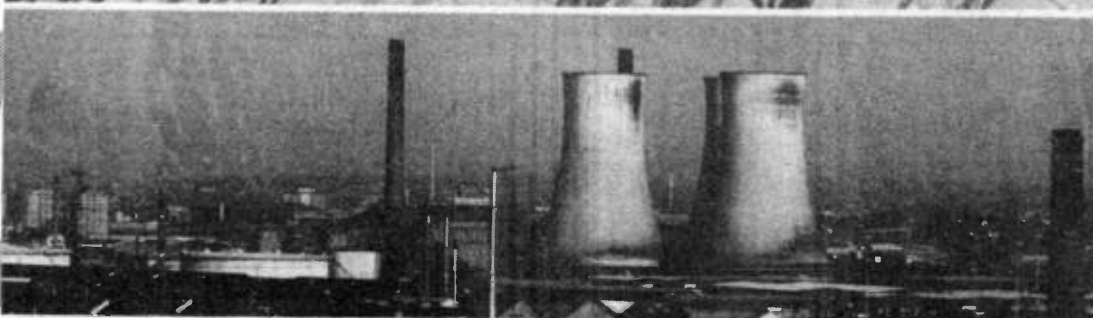
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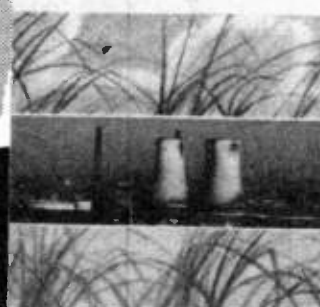
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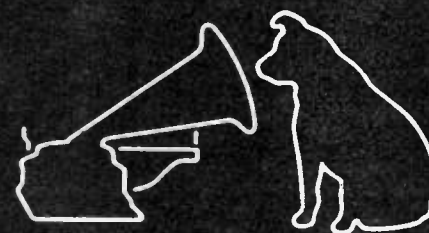
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AS THE great money festival associated with the anniversary of Our Saviour's birth looms ever closer, all sorts of highly famous pop stars are wheeled out by their record companies to compete for your attention. Cuter and more ingenious advertising campaigns will be designed to batter you into submission and whip your loof before the dazzle fades, but fear not.

Between now and then, hand-picked specialists drawn from the ranks of NME's most finely tuned sensibilities will assess the wares currently on offer, bringing to you their expertise, their empathy, their astonishing polemical skills and their various unique perspectives.

This special system is brought into operation commencing with next week's issue. For now, we're just going to slag virtually everyone off in the usual mindless and cynical manner... I'm sorry, that should read 'For now, we will provide our normal service, legendary for its responsibility, integrity and utterly correct ideological position.'

(In other words, we're going to slag everything off, with the possible exception of...)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (1)

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: Lifeboat Party (Island) The Kid has always been far more appealing as a stylish, trashy pop star selling large quantities of singles than as a 'cult figure' supposedly embodying the combined spiritual inheritances of Noel Coward, Cole Porter and Cab Calloway.

In the *New Statesman* the other week, Mary Harron pointed out that Creole's success is more associated with the suburban cocktail boom (how many associate 'I'm A Wonderful Thing' or 'Annie' with their first pina colada?) than with all the clubland buzzwords of '81. Personally, I loathed The Kid for quite a while — his endless self-mythology, his chintzy concept albums and self-consciously witty lyrics — and I'm afraid I shall always associate him with the decline in sales of this paper that was the public's reaction to his virtual monopolisation of these pages a couple of years back.

Still, let's let bygones be bygones: his first crass, commercial sell-out album, 'Tropical Gangsters' was wonderful, easily preferable to his pure unbesmirched stuff, and the current 'Doppelganger' is a massively gaudy, empty thing which opens up with this tune, seemingly designed to provide a blaze of rhythm and noise to serve as a background for the oohing and aahing of an audience who've only just seen the set and the costumes for the first time.

The 12" version of 'Lifeboat Party' is discomixed to the back teeth, and it shows off Creole's remarkable bad better than any of the other records: the brisk, rattling interplay of the percussionists, the Ellingtonian swagger and blare of a brilliantly arranged horn section, some death-defying vibes from Coati Mundi and the Kid upfront snapping his braces and trying to look surprised.



Darnell is growing more and more insubstantial by the minute, but it would take an extremely joyless person to deny that 'Lifeboat' is a Very Great record, so obviously good that you have to like it even if you don't like it. So don't stop using that greasy Kid stuff just yet

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (2)

EURYTHMICS: Right By Your Side (RCA) Eurythmics... oh yeah, listen, I was always really into Eurythmics, I mean The Tourists were really, really underrated, know what I mean? It saves so much time and energy if you start liking people when they start having hits, though — unlike Creole — Lennox and Stewart were never cult figures, which probably explains the levelheaded way they just get on with the job of making good pop records.

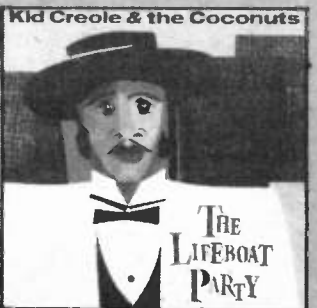
This one features immaculately faked steel pans and some rather careful congo-picking and what sounds like an uncharacteristically straight love song which will probably be revealed by the video to be something else entirely. The 12" version of the tune is S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-D to breaking point and seems to go on for about a year and a half with most of the good bits (like the delicious baritone sax break by Martin Dobson) quite a long way away from each other, which probably makes the 'edited highlights' 7" a much better bet. As the weather starts getting completely revolting, the need for sunshine music becomes ever more urgent, and the combination of La Lennox's full-throated passion and the ever-so-slightly-contrived Afro-Caribbean backdrop make for a sparkly little ditty that you should not waste your time on trying to resist.

AND THE ENVELOPE PLEASE FOR THE RUNNER-UP

IAN DURY: Really Glad You Came (Polydor) From a man who has been either off the boil or off the scene for quite a while, Ian Dury's new single is vastly reassuring. Set to a wriggling soft-funk sort of thing, it casts Dury in the role of melancholy lover watching his adored one pack up her stuff and move out. It's the morning after the night after 'Wake Up And Make Love To Me', but this time he's lying there pretending to be asleep.

It's all good tear-jerking stuff, though inevitably the cheeky grin starts glistening through the tears as he begins to enumerate the large empty spaces which the removal of the adored's possessions will create on the premises ('there's some sizeable gaps in the bathroom,' he observes ruefully). Dury can come over nauseatingly cuddly at times — it's his single biggest flaw and major drawing card combined, as these things often are — but he just about keeps sentimentality under control here.

Most of his listeners probably wish that they could let go of departing lovers as gracefully as this, and I bet Dury does too.



HIPPEST RHYTHM OF THE WEEK

LILLO THOMAS: I Love It (Capitol) A ferociously twitchy little number not particularly notable for its lyrical or conceptual content — though Lillo Thomas definitely sings the words as though they mean something — but gifted with some of those touches that transform an adequate dance tune into something exceptional. It's all the little things, like the way that one bass note on the piano happens when you don't expect it, and the way that the hi-hat and the cabassa work against each other to put one beat in a weird part of the bar that makes the whole groove sound like it's going to overbalance. Then there's this particularly nice synth setting that gets used occasionally... little things definitely mean a lot.

None of the names associated with this record are familiar to me: it was written and produced by Paul Lawrence Jones III and recorded and mixed by Carl Beatty, who — like all hot engineers — gets his name in bigger letters than the producer but smaller letters than the artists. So let your backbone slip, just once, this way...

POP STARS ON PARADE (have your money ready, please...)

THE STYLE COUNCIL: A Solid Bond In Your Heart (Polydor) These days, Paul Weller probably rolls out of bed and even before changing the flowers beneath the Orwell shrine that he doubtless maintains in his bedroom, he carefully faces the direction of the original Motown studios in Detroit and bows three times. I think that he is not burning sufficient incense (or something) during these little ceremonies, because this is far too few cuts above common-or-garden mock-'60s rubbish like Mari Wilson or The Truth.

This reviewer is as big a sucker for good fake Motown as the next person, but this is bad fake Motown and as such an abomination unto the Lord. Plus: Zeke Manyika's hustling high-life drumming doesn't fit the groove; if Weller wanted him to play that beat then he should have changed the bass part, in which case it wouldn't have been quite such a pedestrian single and things might have got a *leette* more interesting. Next!

THE ROLLING STONES: Undercover Of The Night (Rolling Stones) Well, at least someone's making an effort. In their most effective attempt to engage with the outside musical world since 'Miss You', the Stones drag in a battery of computer-funk effects and a lyric about political violence in South America. Unfortunately, EMI have celebrated the occasion with what is undoubtedly the louisiest pressing of the week, involving a very interesting effect created by making a small crescent-shaped indentation about halfway across the record and then filling it with white paper. The burning question raised by each playing of the record is as follows: will it stick or will it jump... and how long will the stylus hold out? If the copies in the shops are this bad, EMI are going to have to give one of Mick Jagger's toes — or one of Keef's teef — away with each single if they're going to chart it.

Still, the most rhythmically and texturally inventive Rolling Stones record for about five years. Pity about the tune, though.

KATE GARNER: Love Me Like A Rocket (RCA) The first solo offering by the femme fatale of Haysi Fantayzee... whatever happened to Haysi Fantayzee? Were they simply an illusion created by something funny in the water supply or did a group that absurd really exist? 'Rocket' is an average dance tune with somebody's idea of a sexy vocal over the top. A marketing concept made flesh, and then — as flesh is prone to become under such circumstances — vinyl. It sounds as if Kate Garner is one of nature's backing singers, and she requires an increasingly

hysterical production by 'Torch Song' and Paul Caplin to get through the tune. Best bit: the thing that goes GRUNK GRUNK at the beginning.

JO BOXERS: She's Got Sex (RCA) This is the kind of musical erectile tissue that adds new dimensions to the well-known folk expression 'bored rigid'. It's the standard gorbimey-wot-a-horny-bitch routine that we're all too hip to take from stupid heavy metal bands but seem to lap up when it comes from an outfit like Jo Boxers. "She's got sex on her mind, she wants sex all the time," Dig Wayne announces scornfully. Best bit: the piano solo. It comes as a twinned-up double A-side with an overwrought and unconvincing version of Bobby Womack's 'Jealous Love'. Someone else this week has covered a Womack tune, and if I'm feeling co-operative I might say who it is.

STRAY CATS: Rebels Rule (Arista) "Teenage rebels rule okay!" howls Brian Setzer at the beginning of this latest slice of numbskullability: he's already defied the evidence three times before he gets to the next line. Producer Dave Edmunds — who's making enough money to forget he knows better — dresses the Cats up with a thunderous acoustic guitar Buddy-Holly-plays-Bo-Diddley beat, and Setzer challenges all-comers to a fascinating debate on the current value of the terms 'teenage', 'rebel' and 'rule' in modern Reaganomics. Teenage rebels rule Grenada, right Bri? Reject this imperialist nonsense now!

BOB DYLAN: Union Breakdown (CBS) And this imperialist nonsense too, if you will. Old Bob sings his lame new song with as much sneer and snap as he did the old ones that meant something, and this imbalance serves to achieve little more than to render his exaggerated delivery even more farcical. I played this three times to try and figure out what it was that the legendary hero was trying to communicate, but his enunciation is so indistinct, the words so asinine and the heavy echo slapped across it by producer Mark Knopfler so tedious that I gave up. Sly and Robbie appear to have been hired simply for their prestige rather than for their talents, and the whole thing is completely disposable.

THE ASSEMBLY: Never Never (Mute) Once upon a time, when The Undertones were the flavour of the month, some fairly hardbitten people could be reduced to tears by the sight of young Feargal Sharkey innocently polishing his Martens, his face suffused with Naive Joy. When he actually sang, emotions simply ran riot. Now he's older, much less naive and singing like a champ in his role as Guest Voice for Vince Clarke, and 'Never Never' is a song perfectly suited to the tremulous power of Sharkey's matured style. "Love is a locked door and there's no key," he sings with immaculate gloom and everybody whose emotional life is either arid or messy will buy this record and play the shit out of it for months. Go deh Sharkey!

KIM WILDE: Dancing In The Dark (RAK) Serious business: the sleeve proudly announces that despite the Ricky Wilde production, the A-side of this single was remixed by Nile Rodgers, famous man-about-desks-and-guitars. Rodgers has certainly polished the tune up to a snazzy sheen, but it seems relatively hook-free, plus Wilde's hairstyle is beginning to look impossibly dated. Something must be done vite or else someone's going to suffer on this RAK.

K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND: It's The Same Old Song (Epic) It certainly is! The same old 'It's The Same Old Song' song, but the rhythm guitar's dead traffic.

THE CURE: The Love Cats (Fiction) Inextricably associated with long macs, dank fringes and a lot of wingeing about nothing in particular, The Cure try a precedent-breaking experiment

SINGLES

BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

and sling out an unquestionably fine single. Brushes on the drums and a slippery-sliding doghouse bass, sparse piano and sound-effect guitar from Citizen Smith and a considerable amount of miaows all sew up very nicely. Smith's claim on the sleeve that "it's got to be jazz" should be taken with a couple of hundredweight of a well-known condiment, but 'The Love Cats' is a record that can most definitely be filed under nifty. Consider it.

GENESIS: That's All (Charisma/Virgin)

Lawwwwwww. This column is rapidly becoming the kind of thing that it has spent uncounted aeons warning other people against, but the unavoidable thumbs-up for The Cure must be followed by an equally unavoidable gesture of approbation for Genesis. On 'That's All', Phil Collins' voice smears a genuine warmth over a haunting little tune, dominated by a simple rolling piano lick and a bouncy beat marred only by some unnecessary clod-hopping drums. The lyric is a hymn to disappointment fleetingly reminiscent of Japan's 'Ghosts' without the melodrama. It starts to drag halfway through with an organ solo played with insufficient snap, but it nevertheless remains the only Genesis record which I've even vaguely considered keeping. You'll have to hum it even though you won't like it... pity about the guitar solo at the end, though.

ABBA: Thank You For The Music (Epic) Absolutely revolting 1977 track released for no discernible reason. Terrifyingly horrible, it remains the kind of music which is the authentic soundtrack for purgatory: mediocrity incarnate and ascendant.

JIMMY CLIFF: Reggae Night (CBS) "Yah mon! It's reggae night!" Cliff announces with commendable enthusiasm as the groove kicks in, but unfortunately it's nothing of the sort. The phrase "Yah mon! It's gutless funk night!" doesn't have quite the same ring to it, though.

JOHN FOX: Like A Miracle (Metal Beat) Overpoweringly melodramatic electropomp nonsense from an acknowledged pioneer of the form. This man has not yet been fully acknowledged for making music as laughably flatulent as this years before it was fashionable.

SUGARHILL GANG: Kick It Live From 9 To 5 (Sugarhill) You can always tell when the sugar-coating's worn off a new type of pop candy: the bad ones start to stink more and more powerfully. This is a leading contender for the increasingly coveted Most Banal Rap Record Of Our Time Arsenic Coated Microphone which I would like to see entered as permanent category in the Annual T-Zerz Awards, as brainlessly self-referential and cancerous a record as has emerged for some time, recycling the same old nonsense so often that it eventually becomes transformed into pure shit, all nutritive elements long since metabolised. It's evidently getting harder and harder to make good rap records: I wish it were impossible to make bad ones.

Incidentally, 'Kick It Live' also qualifies for nomination in a sub-category of the above award for most inept scratching: when the man with the turntables lets loose he manages to make the beat drag, which — as you can appreciate — really helps make the whole thing an exciting experience.

NOW HEAR THEM KNOCKING AT THE DOORS OF YOUR HEART

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: Relax (ZTT) I played the B-side of this first by mistake, and found a dubbed-up interview with the band in which they explain how they decided to work with each other and then recount their early history. "It's not that exciting a story, really," says one of them. I agreed with him heartily and played the A-side anyway. Basically a chant over the rhythmic vibration of the very latest digital kitchen sinks, 'Relax' is the subject of an ad campaign which suggests that one requires 19 inches to comprehend the music fully. Having only been issued with seven, I eventually made do with about three. Presumably the band who converse so fascinatingly on the B-side are present somewhere in all the general Hornery of the A-side. As ever, I await further enlightenment.

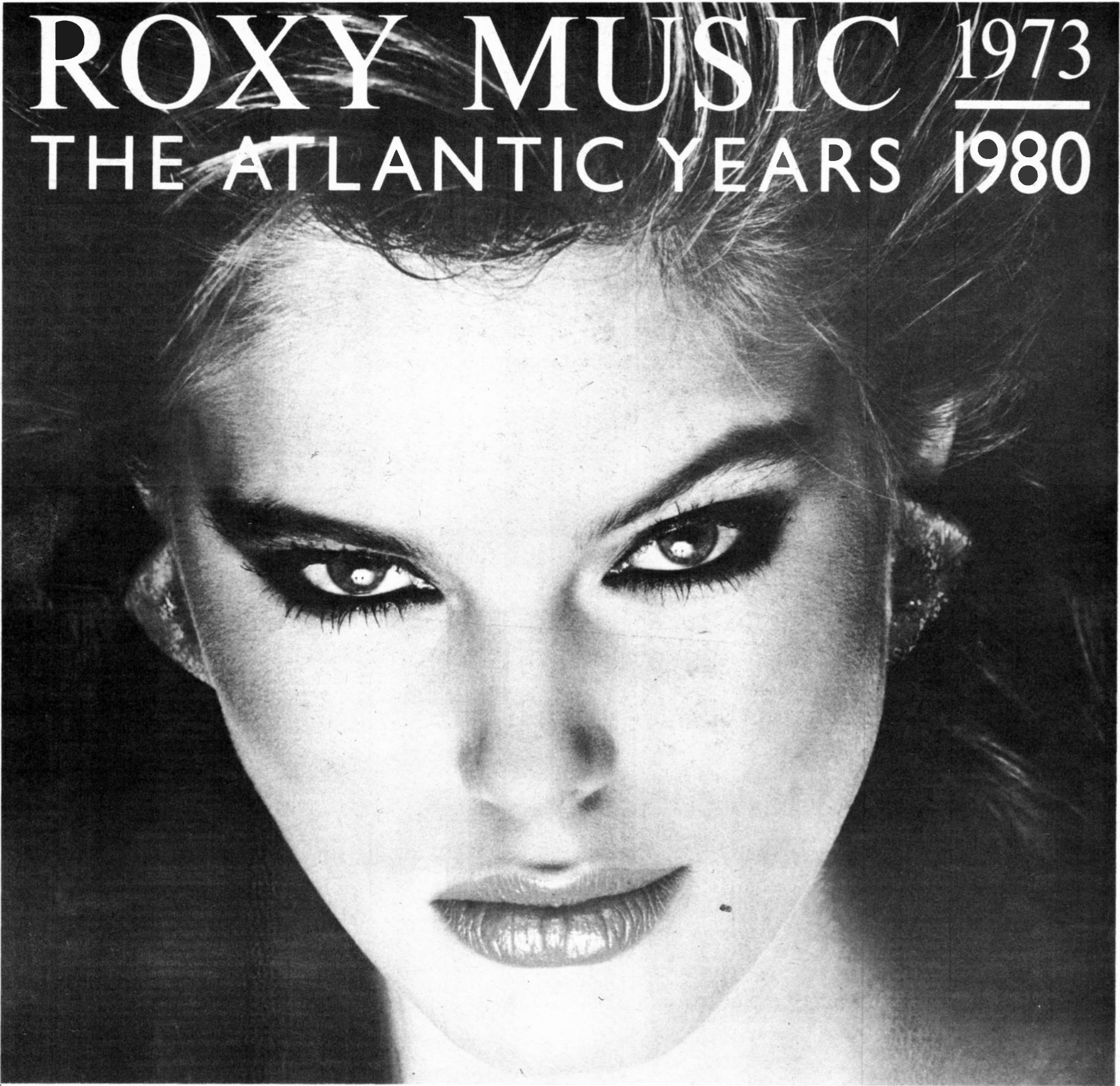
DELEGATION: It's Your Turn (CBS) Anybody who loved the singles off Shalamar's 'Friends' album and found their Britophile electrofunk supremely disposable will find this tune eminently attractive. 'It's Your Turn' is a brilliant fake Shalamar tune, and if you remember 'There It Is', 'A Night To Remember' and 'Friends' you can probably imagine exactly how a song in that style called 'It's Your Turn' would sound. Furthermore, you'd be right, except that the rhythm guitar part — a choppy, tangy, crystalline — is a little bit better than you expected.

BLACK SLATE: Seven Hundred Pounds (Integrity) Just cool. Pulsing like a giant heart with infinite power and infinite calm, Black Slate weigh in with the heaviest tune about ganja trafficking since 'Ganja Trafficking', Ras Elroy incantating like a champ. Backed up with the best dub sound for a while, this should make anybody with the faintest fondness for skank to forward out and check out this lick.

YELLO: Lost Again (Stiff) Somewhere in the '60s, your correspondent developed a severe distaste for long monotonous records with a lot of creepy whispering on them... but let's keep rappers and deejays out of this, because that's different. The very famous Dieter Meier spends three out of this package's four songs doing just that over the even more famous Boris Blank's mock-ominous backing tracks. For the first time, Switzerland is famous for ham.

ELLERY BOP: Blind (Desire) An honour, Mr Bop, I have read so many of your very fine thrillers.

CONTINUES PAGE 46



ROXY MUSIC 1973

THE ATLANTIC YEARS 1980

INCLUDES

DANCE AWAY ● ANGEL EYES ● OVER YOU ● LOVE IS THE DRUG ● OH YEAH
AIN'T THAT SO ● MY ONLY LOVE ● THE MIDNIGHT HOUR ● STILL FALLS THE RAIN ● DO THE STRAND
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ANDREW TYLER TAKES THE TOP OFF THE TRICK TOOT TACKLE

AMERICA'S LATEST drugs craze, like much else in the country, involves perfecting the art of the bogus. They are called *peashooters* on the street; *lookalikes* in politter circles; and they neatly straddle the gap between the legal and arrestable.

Peashooters are usually fake speed — although other drugs are now copied — that is to say they physically resemble famous amphetamines even if the ingredients are combinations of relatively mild substances found in many over the counter stimulants. More usually these would be caffeine — one or two coffee cups' worth; ephedrine sulphate — a mild stimulant and bronchial dilator used by asthmatics; and phenylpropanolamine (PPA) — a diet aid and decongestant.

Manufacturing is done not in bathtubs but by organised, shady entrepreneurs who advertise in national magazines such as *Penthouse* and *High Times* as well as student journals and have even been known to leaflet schools postulating such questions as "Why pay more from an unlicensed dealer...?"

Many of the transactions are mail order but peashooters are also sold above counter in speed boutiques or ye olde head shoppes after which the product is frequently recycled on the street either as a genuine pseudo product or as the true amphetamine it is made to resemble.

Naturally, Washington and the state capitals are shitting killos. Their concern is not with the so far unclear health hazard but that, in the words of a spokesman for the Drug Enforcement Administration, "these drugs fall through the cracks." They blur the line between licit and illicit; upset the DEA's *controlled substances* charts and send lawmakers spinning.

An early blunder for the authorities came in 1980 when the Georgia Bureau of Investigation tried to entrap one large peashooter maker by buying \$20,000 worth of tablets. But when the state crime lab showed that the 100,000 tabs contained only caffeine, and a review of the transaction revealed there had been no attempt by the seller to represent his goods as amphetamines, the company walked away and the GBI failed to recover its money. A classic sting.

It was this blunder that encouraged the lookalike industry to emerge from the backstreets into the national media. Because of the ubiquitous nature of the ingredients involved Washington shrunk from passing a Federal law. Instead, it came up with a 'model' edict for any interested states to enact. Basically this ruled it was illegal to deal in a drug that might be mistaken as a controlled substance. And by June this year 43 states had it on their books.

But like everything else unwanted that's squeezed, the phenomenon didn't go away, it just got redder and changed shape.

Many peashooter makers have now stopped trying to ape the genuine product. Instead they produce their own distinctive markings and such is the scarcity of the genuine amphetamine they are doing magnificent business. On the streets and among dieting housewives peashooters are reputedly the dominant high product.

The health question is vexed. Opponents say it is the peashooter's very lack of potency that makes it liable to cause great harm. For if a user habitually downed four or five of them, what if the real thing turned up and it wasn't recognised? Such an amphetamine dose could prove extremely uncomfortable.

But this supposes street users are ignorant about what they swallow; which isn't a bad assumption since chemical analyses undertaken throughout the country show more than half of what's offered isn't as advertised. Coke frequently contains no coke at all. Mescaline is more usually LSD plus pollutants while amphetamine is often our old peashooter friends caffeine and ephedrine.

Lookalike critics also point to direct-effect health hazards, particularly if the user is prone to tension. One New Mexico hospital reports entertaining two lookalike corpses within four months, while the Drug Enforcement Administration says it has recorded 12 deaths.

But if lookalikes are so dangerous then most of America's best loved drug store stimulants and anti-allergens are also dangerous since the same ingredients — in different combinations — are involved.

Having started with bogus speed the peashooter makers have since moved onto downers and cocaine. The most often imitated of the first category is Quaalude, made by Lemmon Pharmaceutical. Imitators have produced items called Lemon 714 and Lennon 714, each containing a substantial amount of aspirin.

But it's imitation cokes that are the growth category. These carry names like Toot and Pseudocaine and contain various powdered combinations of local anaesthetics such as procaine and benzocaine as well as caffeine and the anti-allergen ephedrine sulphate. Because, like the real article, they are snorted up the nose — a positively unsanctionable activity — the makers feel obliged to adopt a mild subterfuge and promote them as 'incense... not for human consumption.' Incense at \$100-160 an ounce!?!

Yet Toot also run in their ads plaudits testifying to the potency of their product. *Newsweek* is quoted as having remarked "The fine white powder looks just like cocaine and drug users say it has the same effect." While from the *New York Magazine* comes, "It's safer than cocaine."

The uncut, safety angle is one heavily stressed by Toot. They claim: "When you get Toot you get the real thing. Never cut." And isn't that a majestic irony coming from a specialist in the bogus. Yet since at least 50 per cent of coke is itself phoney, containing anything from laxative to flour and talcum powder, the prospect of 'clean' Toot or Pseudocaine is somewhat attractive. Unless, of course, the bogus has been made more bogus has been made more bogus with a cut. Isn't it a complicated world.

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The system's failed you
Don't fail yourself"

'To Have And Have Not'

BILLY HAD it hard. Bloody hard.

"In '76 this band I was in had the bright idea of moving out to the wilds of east Northamptonshire. So while London burned with wit and passion etc, we were stuck in this place called Oundle, half way between Kettering and Peterborough. . . I spent the next four years there with no telly, no heat, no Marmite and no tea. Back in London I spent another year with the fire full on, drinking tea and stuffing my face with toast and Marmite, I was becoming a Veg. I got this job painting and decorating in Acton, I was doing this ceiling and this Artex was just splashing on my face and I was thinking 'Fuck, is this it?' "

Yet another story of a young man driven to the brink of despair by Marmite and Artex. Will Rock 'n' Roll save his soul?

"So I thought, Fuck—Join the Army. Went down the Careers Office and said Right! Come on then—gimme the news, what's happening? I'm game. They said, What you want to do? I thought, Drive tanks, drive tanks Bill, that's pretty good! Well, they said, What *don't* you want to do? Go to Northern Ireland, I said.

"I told him I didn't want to kill people, I just thought I could join up and spend the rest of the time sodding around in tanks. I suppose that was being a bit naive. They have this great way of breaking you down: 'You're *shit* Bragg, fucking *shit*!' So you start to think, Yeah, I'm shit, I'm really shit. You've got all this gear that's too big for you—like a really skinny Incredible Hulk. Then, after six weeks it's all 'That's *good* Bragg, very *good*—like it!' It's like filling up an empty vessel so you end up doing anything to please them.

"There's two things not to be in the Army, one's a Catholic and the other's Black. We were stuck in Catterick Barracks when the Brixton riots started. They were just *itching* to get down there. They've had all the training they need in Northern Ireland, they're just a glorified Heavy Duty Police Force. One of our corporals was in the British Movement, another used to get a hard on every time he heard gun-fire.

"The Army takes kids who like a pint, a bit of football, they're into The Jam or whatever and turns them into automatons."

After 90 days basic training he bought himself out. £70 lighter, Trooper Bragg hits clivvie street.

"I knew before I went in that I wanted to do solo gigs but it took a lot of bottle to get started. I went to



BILLY BRAGG is a young man with a new LP, 'Life's A Riot With Spy Vs Spy', out on a small label, Go! Discs. He bashes round the college circuit for a mere pittance. He owns only two guitars and his cocaine consumption is non-existent. SUSAN WILLIAMS asks, Is this any way to treat our pop stars?

see *Don't Look Back*, Dylan's last tour of Britain on his own. I thought there must be *something* in common, I really wanted to make the effort. There was just one thing—me and Dylan both got really shitty dressing rooms."

You've got your 'Gawd strew! Guv!' accent and your rugged but stylish working class clothes. Don't you just package yourself up as a rough, jolly sort of fellow for middle class voyeurs?

"This month I'm playing with Richard Thompson at the Venue, then I'm touring with Peter And The Test-tube Babies. I want both those audiences and everyone in between. Last year I played with Incantation—Toot Toot—and gave their crowd as hard a set as I could without saying 'fuck' all the time so they wouldn't think I was just being mouthy."

*"I don't want to change the world
I'm not looking for a new England
I'm just looking for another girl."*

'A New England'

You come across as very macho, Bill, using the guitar like a cock—very aggressive! But . . .

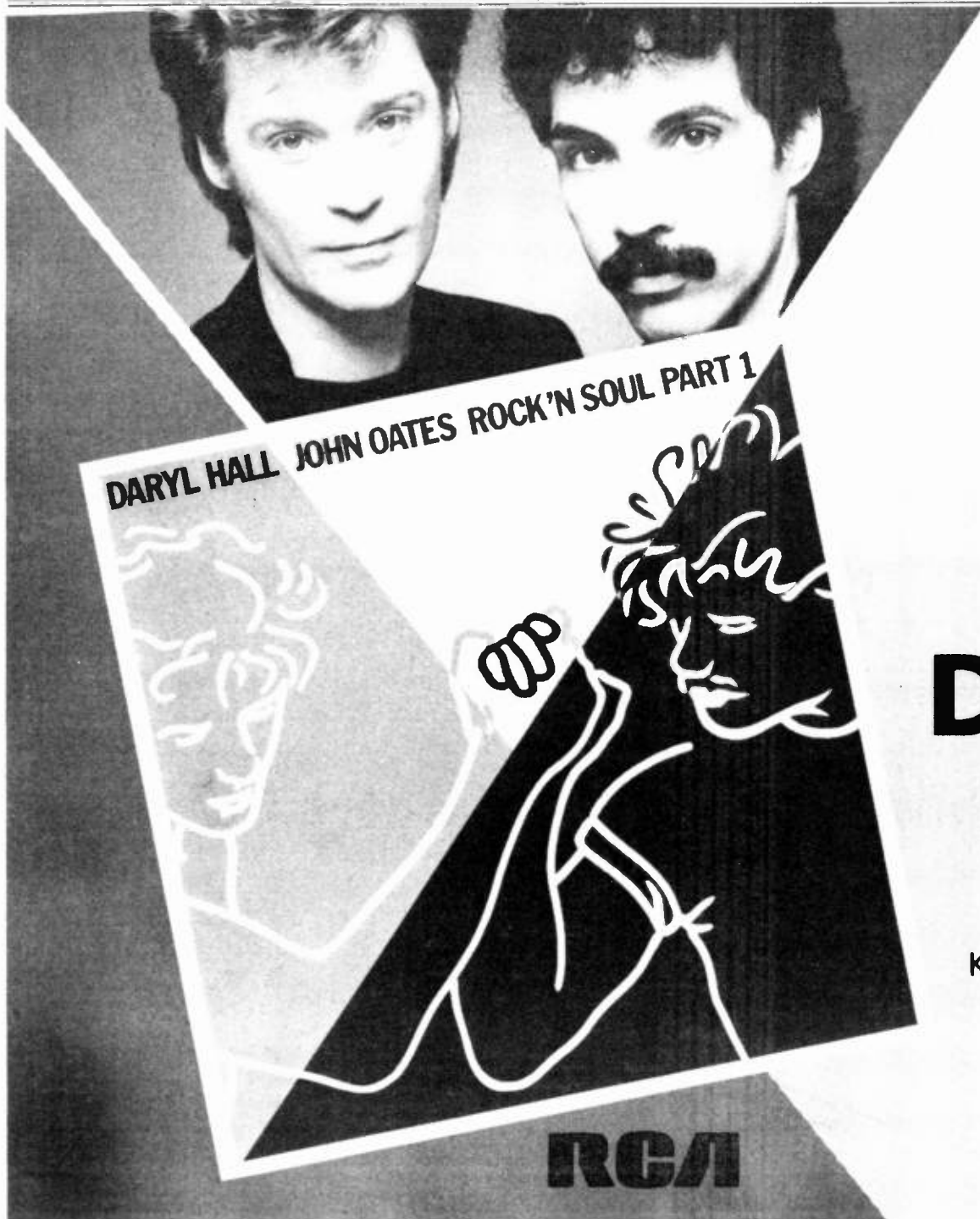
"There's two ways to hold a guitar. Over your bollocks or under your chin looking like a prat. . . some of your lyrics are dead wimpy. What do you mean you don't want to change the world? What sort of angry young man are you?"

"It always seems true that the blokes who *do* wanna change the world are the ones who end up as arseholes. When I think of your Ben Tilletts, the struggle for the Dockers Tanner n'all that—is it right for me to pick up a guitar and act like Che Guevara?"

James Brown?

"Ah! James Brown! He had the right idea, putting really heavy duty lyrics under an incredibly good dance beat. You dance your arse off all night to a song and it's only when you get home that you realise you've been singing 'Say it Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud!' all night. That's where he pisses all over The Clash an' that."

Billy Bragg is a 25 year old solo electronic guitarist heavily aware of the fine line between conviction and self-righteousness, between passion and hysteria. Every one of his short and snappy songs is a testimony of hope and positive fury. Stand Firm in the Downturn—Yap Yap! (Am I being too keen or what?)



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**ALSO FEATURES THE HIT SINGLE
"SAY IT ISN'T SO"**

IAN DURY DOCUMENTARY ●



Pic Anton Corbijn

DOCUMENTARIES about pop stars are usually as dull a piece of 'investigative' television as is possible — either leaning heavily on comment by the celebrity concerned, who is unlikely to shatter a carefully constructed image, or made up of statements from those who know, who also know better than to step out of line. Ian Dury (C4, 3rd November, 11.45pm) however, is a remarkable film.

"Everybody has a certain uniqueness, and if we work to package that uniqueness we take a risk with our souls... I started to be required to be a household name... like a piece of Tupperware. I felt like I'd been ordained."

So stark a picture is painted that when he says, "I would've packed it all in a long time ago but I never had the bollocks," it is completely believable.

With footage of Dury swimming and cycling, the full extent of his disability is realised, and talk of his childhood shows life holds bigger problems than record sales.

Towards the end as he is shown working with disabled kids and preparing his forthcoming album, both with the same understated approach, Ian Dury emerges as a remarkable man, worthy of an hour long documentary, regardless of whether or not he makes pop records for a living.

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**ANDY GILL talks to avant composer, soundtrack
svengali and arty type PHILIP GLASS, and finds that life
as one of the most pervasive musical influences of the
modern age is no pushover.**

PHILIP GLASS is getting a bit teed off with people nicking his music.

I mean, it's one thing nicking his ideas — that's been going on, directly and indirectly, for the best part of two decades now — but nicking his actual music... well, that gets a bit close to the bone.

"Piracy of music happens to me all the time. I'll hear the background music for some damned car chase on a TV programme, and it's 'Einstein On The Beach'!"

"Ninety per cent of the time we don't hear it, and we don't catch 'em. One time I caught somebody, and it was a way of saying to the people in the industry, look, if I catch you, you're gonna pay! So we made it very public, hired a publicist, went to the *Hollywood Reporter* and so on, just to tell people my music's not up for pirating."

Even when his music's used with his permission, Phil has to watch his back for stray stilettos.

Besides Godfrey Reggio's non-narrative paean to Hopis and hippies, *Koyaanisqatsi*, for which the Glass soundtrack forms an integral part of the film's meaning, his music crops up in another recent movie, the Richard Gere vehicle *Breathless*, directed by Phil's friend Jim McBride.

"What happened was that they asked to use that piano piece ('Opening', from his 'Glassworks' album) in one part of the film, where the girl turns on the radio and hears some music coming out, and it wouldn't be part of the film score at all — which they hired someone else to do."

"The original composer didn't come up with a score they liked, so they dumped it, and with ten days to release the film, they took that tune and began doing all kinds of awful arrangements. And then it was out, on general release. They had no licence to do that."

"They tried to push me off with a couple of thousand dollars, but I wouldn't hear it. The thing is that the other composer got the credit for the original music, when there was none of his music on the film! So we sued 'em — and we won! Well, they settled with us very, very quickly. I ended up feeling, well, OK, I didn't like what they did to the music, but once they had paid me for it, I found I wasn't quite so angry as I had been before!"

A reasonable man; or, to put it another way, a survivor.

PART OF the reason for Philip Glass' survival is this ability to treat money with the correct balance of contempt and respect.

For a man who can be considered largely responsible, as part of the loose grouping of '60s

"minimalist" composers which also included Steve Reich and Terry Riley, for the course of modern synth-pop — you can trace the line straight back through Kraftwerk and Giorgio Moroder — Glass displays a surprising lack of bitterness about his own continuing

existence on the fringe of things.

Or maybe it's not all that surprising. For a supposedly "avant garde" composer, his work grows ever more popular and in demand, and though he's yet to fulfil David Bowie's assessment of his being "the most commercial sound around", he's now doing quite nicely, thank you very much.

"Look: I'm 46 now. I was never a music teacher — that's another thing that distinguishes me from a lot of composers. I always made my living from playing music, writing music, or doing all kinds of jobs which have nothing to do with music. I was 41 before I could really live on my music alone. So that was...

I dunno, it's not so long — it was about 14 or 15 years of living a very marginal existence.

"The best thing is that the work I do can be produced. If I want to write an opera now, there'll be someone that'll do it; if I want to write a dance piece, there'll be someone that'll do it. The real point about being successful in that way is that you can do the work you want to do."

"Also, it makes a change from beating my brains out on the streets of New York as a cab driver..."

Part of Phil's trouble — his value, if you like — is that the work he wants to do covers such a wide area: it's impossible to pin him down

with definition, so he just keeps moving.

Of his own eleven albums, a good half-dozen have been multi-media collaborations with artists in other fields, or have been used as part of some multi-media event or other: the short aural vignettes on 'North Star' were done to accompany a film about sculptor Mark Di Suvero; the four-LP 'Einstein On The Beach' (to be reissued by CBS early next year) was a massive song/dance/drama/music/stage collaboration with avant-garde dramatist Robert Wilson; 'Dance Nos. 1 & 3' was a three-way collaboration with artist Sol LeWitt and choreographer Lucinda Childs; 'Koyaanisqatsi' was a soundtrack; 'The

Photographer' (his most recent work) was a three-part work (a play, a concert and a dance) by Dutch director/designer Rob Malasch; and his 'Glassworks' album has since been made into a ballet.

Besides his own work, Glass and co-producer Kurt Munkacsy have dabbled in a variety of poppy projects, producing records for NY new-wave bands like The Raybeats and Polyrock, writing a piece of music for Paul Simon's new LP, producing Ray Manzarek's rock version of the 'Carmina Burana', and generally getting involved with creative folk from every colour of the music/art spectrum.

Why so many collaborations?



"Being successful... well it makes a change from beating out my brains as a New York cab driver."

GLASS OF 83

"It's always easier to work alone. As soon as you get involved in a collaboration you're dealing with another personality, another whole thing. But in the theatre you get to work with designers, directors, dancers, etc, and you get into this community of people."

"You know what it is? You just get lonely working alone! "Also, you get the real benefit of them bringing something to the work you wouldn't have done. It's a blessing and a curse: they also bring some things to the work you wouldn't have thought of and wouldn't want to!"

"Sometimes you swap work. I like doing that. I did that with Paul (Simon) — I'm getting a lyric for my song record, and I helped him with some material on his new record. I like to do it that way if I can. With the Ray Manzarek thing, that was A & M Records, and they paid for that. I like that too!"

Swapping work can be very useful if you have friends like Phil's. Though lacking a lyrical bent, he wants to do an album of songs, so he's currently begging and borrowing words from people like Laurie Anderson, Paul Simon, David Byrne — who did the words for 'The Photographer' — and a few other old pals he's not asked yet. (I'd be well surprised if, for instance, David Bowie didn't chip in with a line or two before the project's completed — he is, after all, currently considering playing the part of Abe Lincoln in the forthcoming Glass/Willson magnum opus *The Civil Wars*).

GLASS' MUSIC, like that of the other minimalists mentioned earlier, depends for its effect on repetition — hence its influence on such as Kraftwerk, Eno, T. Heads and all points chartwise ever since. It's a form of music which investigates perception — the way we hear music — rather than playing with the musical components of notes and structures.

The thing is not to grasp the theory but to feel the effect. In the liner notes to his 1974 LP 'Music In Twelve Parts, Parts 1 & 2' (the other 10 are still being prepared for release), Glass described his work as follows:

"In undertaking a work of this length it was my intention to confront directly the problem of musical scale (or time). The music is placed outside the usual time scale, substituting a non-narrative and extended time sense in its place. It may happen that some listener, missing the usual musical structures (or landmarks) by which they are used to orient themselves may experience some initial difficulties in actually perceiving the music. However, when it becomes apparent that nothing "happens" in the usual sense, but that, instead, the gradual accretion of musical material can and does serve as the basis of the listener's attention, then he can perhaps discover another mode of listening — one in which neither memory nor anticipation (the usual psychological devices of programmatic music, whether Baroque, Classical, Romantic or Modernistic) have a place in sustaining the texture, quality or reality of the musical experience. It is hoped that one would then be able to perceive the music as a 'presence', freed of dramatic structure, a pure medley of sound."

The weird thing is, it really does work that way! Listening to a Glass LP, or to Steve Reich's hypnotic 'Music For 18 Musicians', is to be suspended in sound, to experience the dissolution of the concepts of "background" and "foreground" as normally applied to music. To Feel Flow, in fact. And if it does that to the listener, what's it like actually playing this kind of music?

"It's hard music to play, but the strain isn't the repetitiveness of it; the strain is that you can hear everything so damn clear that if the pitch goes off, or if the rhythms don't lock in right, it sounds funny. It's hard because it's deceptively simply. Getting seven or eight people to play it together extremely well is hard."

"We've got beyond the repetitiveness of it now. To us — to me — I don't find it repetitive, to tell you the truth!" Have you ever investigated the physical effects of repetition?

"It's something we've lived with for so long that I understand it on a very intuitive level — especially the kinds of sounds that occur in amplified music with repetition, where you start hearing different tones, undertones and overtones, and you get an aural range which comes from a combination of repetitive structure — repeated notes, repeated beats — and amplified sound. You get like a shine on the sound, a high-frequency band of sound that's smeared across the top of the whole experience."

"I'm sure there are psycho-physical reasons for it. But they're not imaginary sounds; you can record them."

Do you ever get the urge to improvise?

"That's one of the calamities of my life — I'm a lousy improviser. Fortunately for everyone, I discovered that at a very early age! When I was 15, in Chicago, I hung around the jazz clubs a lot — I actually heard Billie Holiday sing, and Coltrane many many times, and Ornette Coleman when he first began playing — and I was in love with this music, but I just couldn't do it! It wasn't mine."

"I realised then that I was one of those people who had to notate their music, that my ideas would come out through thinking about them."

BUT THOUGH he has to think about his music, you don't.

Oh sure, if you're that way inclined you can plough through his copious technical notes to 'Einstein On The Beach' — not while you're listening to it, mind — to figure out just what combinations of notes and rhythms are at play; but there's no need to "understand" in order to enjoy.

For myself, I find it useful music, applicable in a variety of situations from the intensely intentional to the purely atmospheric. Recently, I've been using 'The Photographer' and 'Glassworks' as an alternative soundtrack for videogames, particularly PacMan variant maze-games. The logicity and flow of things fits perfectly. Has he ever considered collaborating with videogame designers?

"Y'know, if someone asked me I might think about it. Have they commissioned composers to do that? Who would I get in touch with? That would be a terrifically interesting thing to do! *Music For Videogames*. . ."

He's off again. And why not?

Kirsty MacColl



Terry

(he's as tough as Marlon Brando)

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Most of the good American pop being made right now is not being widely heard. Bands get easily buried in the corporate swamp that is still our marketplace. R.E.M. are lucky, and deserving. Their delicate musical bubbles are rising to the surface, are being heard and seen. The LP 'Murmur' is selling. Radio is taking notice.

Two years ago they would load up a van and drive to New York or Boston from their home in Athens, Georgia, whenever they could hook up two or three gigs in the clubs. Last month they played Shea Stadium. Two years ago they had no heat in their rehearsal studio and it was so cold they had to write their songs at soundchecks. But the critics were raving and the record company talent scouts were turning out *en masse* at their gigs. When I met them I asked if they looked forward to a recording contract as a way out.

"Not at all" guitarist Peter Buck said at the time. "There's nothing we want to do as far as money goes. I'd like to make a little bit more than what we do now 'cause we don't have quite enough to live on."

"It's real strange. We've always seen ourselves as a kind of glamorized bar band. We play bars, and all of a sudden we're playing concert places and people want us to record and talk to us about this and that and take pictures. It's interesting and fun but it's just not as important. By and large everything but the playing in bars is extraneous."

Now R.E.M. have a record contract, have put out two beautifully crafted and exceedingly lovely records, and landed the support slot on tour with the Police. And their attitude hasn't changed much.

The four boys of R.E.M. are intriguing people. They are modest and trying to make something of value without attaching unwarranted myths to it. As in their music they tend towards the subtle, the understated. At their centre, their soul, is singer Michael Stipe. His lyrics give the songs their



R.E.M. (left to right) Michael Stipe, Mike Mills, Bill Berry and Peter Buck

MAKING LOUD MURMURS

sense of personality and surprise, his voice makes them gentle and evocative.

If Stipe the dreamer is the group's soul, guitarist Pete Buck is its body. His hypnotic webs of melody define the R.E.M. sound. Bassist Mike Mills and drummer Bill Berry fit in, quietly, unassumingly and perfectly.

On stage, Stipe drapes himself around the mike stand, grabbing it like a lifeboat in a rising sea. A fringe of hair falling into his eyes, he gyrates in an incredible spastic shaman dance routine, a funny, riveting motion.

"I have the most oblique rhythm" Stipe offers as explanation. "I don't dance. I just have the most sideways rhythm that's ever been put before the public. It's not deliberate. I just can't keep a beat."

Do you still think of yourselves as a "glamorized bar band"?

Buck: "Sure. We're the opposite of this year's thing, because whether or not we're successful we're going to be around for quite a while. We're

basically a touring band. These are our big action money dates, but we do this four days a week playing throughout the South, and nobody hears about it 'cause it's the South. But that's equally as valid as this if not more so. The people up here in New York who like us this month might not like us next month. But we'll be around. That's what I mean about a bar band."

Is pop music important?

"Yeah. It's people's chance to forget how dismal life is, and how bored they are. It's something to take your mind off things. It's a very important outlet. There's nobody in the world who doesn't listen to some sort of music."

Stipe: "And pop can mean anything from Abba to Cabaret Voltaire. It doesn't mean popular anymore, though that's where it came from."

And what's in a name?

"R.E.M. stands for nothing. But we'll lie down for just about anything. It doesn't stand for Rapid Eye Movement. We just like the dots."

RICHARD GRABEL

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RUBY TURNER can sing. Not just keep in tune, or stay with the beat, but sing. She can make the sort of noises that slither down your spine and make your toes curl, like Etta James, Aretha's gospel albums, or Alf Moyett on 'Ode To Boy'. A rich, powerful voice that fills a room, that never cracks or strains.

Her unaccompanied version of 'Blind Girl' is pure joy to hear, leaving you wondering why she hasn't been swept up in the current vogue for the solo chanteuse. Anything Carmel can do, Ruby can do not necessarily better, but with a lot more consistency and control.

When I first saw her around four years ago in Birmingham, it seemed that recognition was imminent: a show on Midlands TV, articles and radio sessions, yet Ruby never rose above the college and pub circuit. And in '83 all that's on the cards for definite is more articles, radio sessions, and a show to be made for Midlands TV.

"I feel like screaming sometimes. I never disappear, but I never take off either. It's like a total waste of time, and you start to feel obligated to all the people who are pushing you, writing reviews and stuff. I need a record deal, a tour and exposure, that's all. But who do you ask, who do you convince? If they don't see that they can make a quick, instant pile out of you, it's 'Well, we'll wait until we get a quiet period till we touch her'. They're so much into the Mickey Mouse industry, making money fast, that people like me are just getting old."

Yet the doubts of the majors ring true for once, because it is difficult to see just where Ms Turner is going. And there lies the catch: The Ruby Turner Band. They're a competent good-time rock band, and I have a lot of respect for drummer Bob Lamb (he produced UB40's first album), but they haven't the range or the subtlety to back Ruby, whose voice often seems swamped by heavy-handed chords. After spending a pleasant few hours drinking with these people I hate to say it, but the reason Ruby is stuck on the pub circuit is that she is playing with a good, but inflexible pub rock band. So

where did the rock element come from?

"It was the Stones that gave me that because they've got a great rhythm section. I felt I needed an uplift, so to get the audience rocking was a pleasure, I could get into that. But soul is really what I deal with. Soul, jazz, and blues is the stuff I do best, but I throw a little rock in because it gets it going. In the venues we've been playing, the music we're doing is right—you've got to please the audience."

"So if it's an old pub rock gig then great, you rock with the gang. Whereas at a concert, then obviously you've got to bring out the ballads, the real soul stuff. You've got to be flexible. I don't want to be known strictly as a soul artist, I want to be an entertainer."

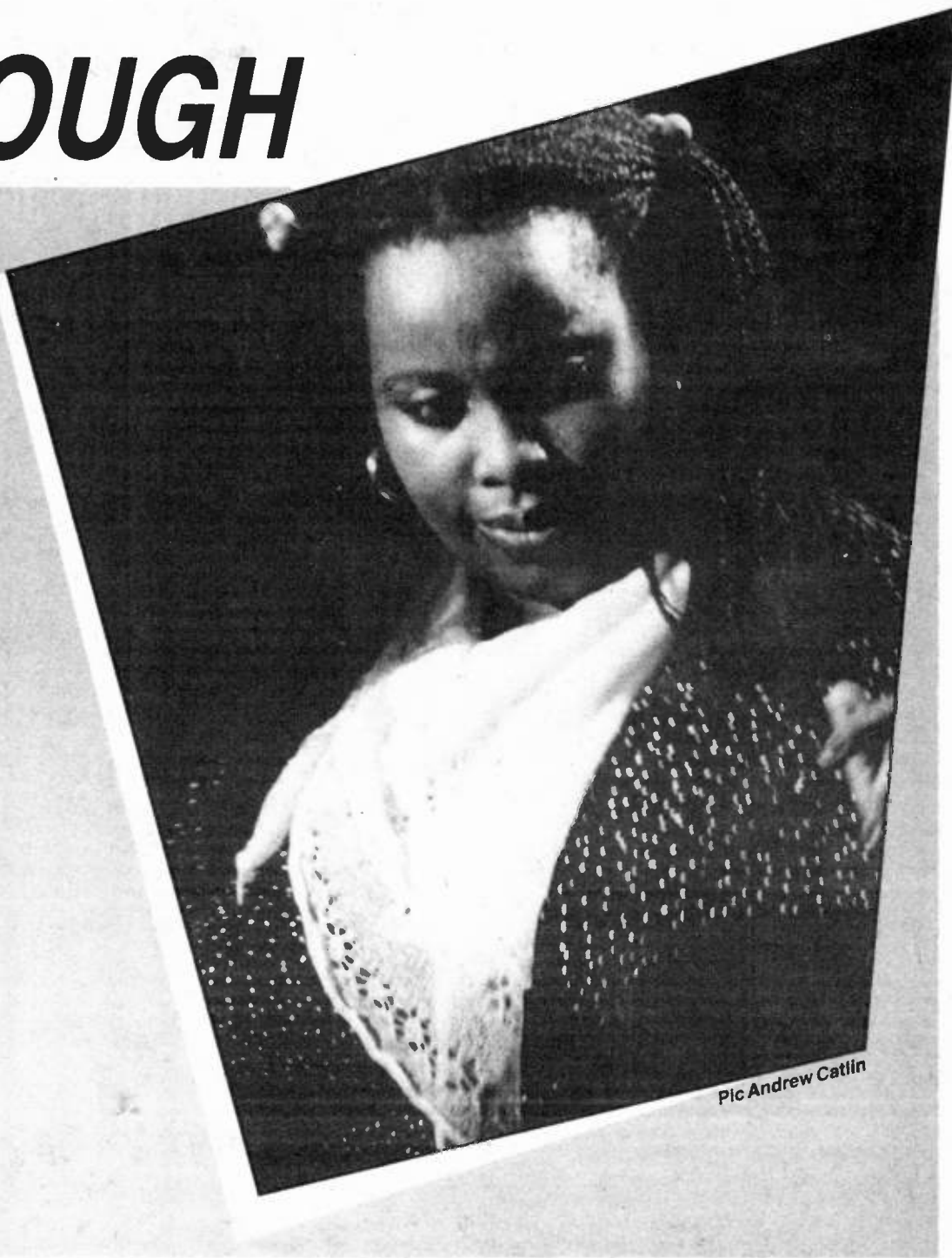
The other reservation concerns her lack of original material, a problem Ruby recognises, although she's unwilling to replace her covers of the classics with second rate material. Songwriting, she says, is not her forte—"I'll try, but I'm not promising anything, and until someone can write me a song like 'Grapevine', something I can get my teeth into, I'll go on singing 'Grapevine'. But maybe there's no one in the whole music business who can write soul classics any more..."

And so she goes on, doing sessions for UB40, Roy Harper, Kevin Rowland, Landscape and Alexis Korner, working in an office in Birmingham, and playing gigs like the Marquee's 25th anniversary bash with Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Geno Washington and other antiques.

With her warm humour and confident live performances, she deserves more; and the singles released on her own Sunflower label only hint at the potential of that voice.

Over to Ruby: "There's a lot of people out there getting it and not deserving it. It's nothing to do with singing, it's a con. But I don't get discouraged. I get a bit depressed and low about it, but I'll keep on singing whatever it costs, because it's second nature to me now. They can ignore me, but they can't take the talent from me. I'll always have that."

SHERYL GARRATT



Pic Andrew Catlin



Peter Morgan: 13

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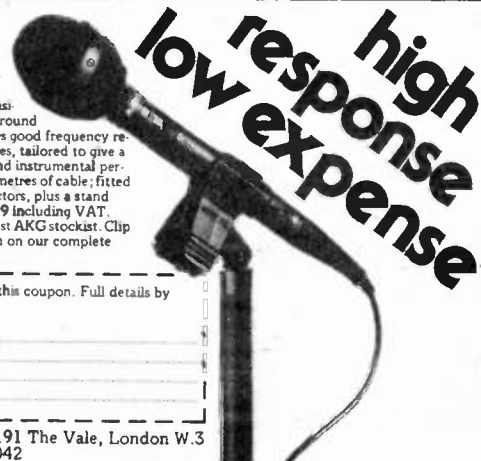
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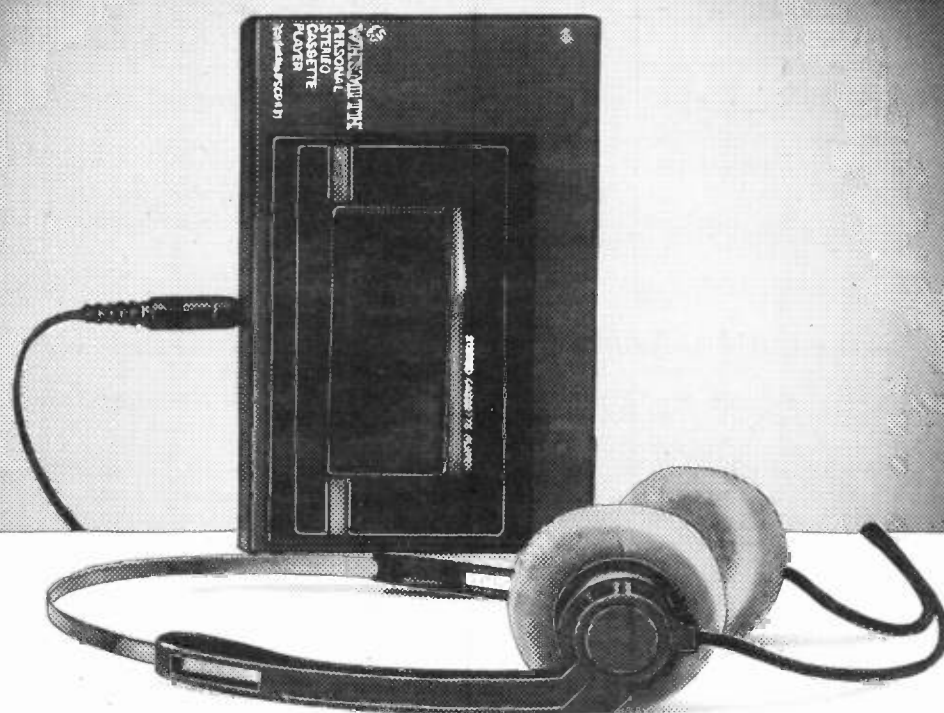
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JOHNNY

REMEMBER HIM?

the pil press conference by neil spencer

Pretty rich or still pretty vacant? JOHN LYDON explains why he was never rotten enough to be a punk.

CLACK CLACK CLACK
whirr chunk flash zunk
click click . . .

John Lydon is pulling faces again, and in the heavily draped basement suite of London's Royal Lancaster Hotel the motors and shutters of two or three dozen cameras are making a clatter like the check out tills at Tesco's.

"John John John, over here John. This way John."

Zipp, Whirr Clack . . .

Lydon spins and leers at the surrounding circle of hardware and throws off another of those goofy bug-eyed stares of his, then turns and offers his weary, curled-lip sneer in the other direction.

Click Clack Clack . . .

The face is a little fleshier now — a pound for every can of beer Lydon's consumed over the past seven years would make you a substantially wealthier person — but it's still the same mocking mixture of boredom and bemusement that introduced Johnny Rotten to the world back in the days when Fleet Street were wont to describe Lydon and punk rock as the greatest threat to the British way of life since the Luftwaffe.

For most of Fleet Street this — the Public Image Limited press conference — is their first re-encounter with Lydon since Pistol trading days, and they're like, *curious* because they always did wonder what happened to Johnny Rotten and they never could understand what the hell that weird music he made after the Pistols split up was all about, and since 'Metal Box' and 'Flowers Of Romance' weren't exactly 'Zenyatta Mondatta' and 'Let's Dance' in the sales stakes, they're not sure exactly why there is a press conference. Except that Johnny Rotten is still, well, Johnny Rotten, and he's just made a movie, which is what big rock stars do when they get older and want to be taken seriously; and well, you can't write about Rod and Mick and Sting and McCartney and Boy George for ever.

Or can you?
Anyway, after three years holed up in New York with only the occasional American TV confrontation and a handful of chaotic gigs by way of public appearance, Johnny's back (and needless to say proud). He also

seems determined, him and Virgin, that everyone should be fully aware of his return.

He's got a new LP, the unexceptional 'Live In Tokyo', recorded earlier this year, and an in concert video to go with it. He's got a new movie, *Order Of Death*, which besides being his cinematic and acting debut is also a decent enough helping of spaghetti thriller. He's got a new American manager, Larry White. He's even got a *hit single* ("I was surprised how well it did." You're not the only one John).

Most surprising of all, he's got a British tour; the proper thing, 15 dates in 20 days or whatever, which considering that endless old PiL guff about how *disgusting* rock gigs were is pretty rich.

Pretty rich or pretty vacant?

John Lydon is neither, which helps explain just what's going on here, the new attitude, made clear enough on 'This Is Not A Love Song' — "I'm crossing over into enterprise . . . I'm changing my ways where money applies." After all those years watching junk TV and mucking about in the studio, it's time to cash in the chips.

Hence the Rotten one seated onstage in this dreary hotel suite, flanked on one side by his personal representative Keith Bourton, former Virgin Records Head Of Press and twice winner of the T-Zers Press Officer Of The Year award, on the other by Bourton's replacement, Elly "I always wanted to work for Virgin" Smith and, in front, by a row of tape recorders belonging to some of the 50 or so journalists who have just blitzed the courtesy bar and are now plying Lydon with questions.

Hence the publicity drive.

Hence Lydon — now once more officially Johnny Rotten on the hand out pics — careening about like some demented old dossier on *The Tube* singing 'Anarchy In The UK'. Remember this one?

Hence the platoon of photographers creeping down the aisles for another shot. *Clack clack clack zip whirr chonk*. No one seems to know quite what to expect. You can almost hear the Fleet Street contingent wondering 'Does he still gob?' while the rest of us, the British and European music press, who have followed the PiL saga in all its offbeat erratic workings, are wondering

what the hell Rotten's up to now. Lydon himself looks nervous, fidgeting and barking out "Is that all then?" as soon as there is a lull in the questioning — though when he's had the opportunity to deliver a couple of withering smart ass one liners he relaxes a bit.

A lot of talk is on the film. Did it mean a Jagger/Bowie/Sting style move into acting (cue vitriolic put downs of all three); could Lydon identify with the part he played in the film of Leo, the homosexual self proclaimed cop killer ("Leo's a self-righteous swine. Who could resist a part like that?"), and how did acting compare with the music world ("You have to work a lot harder").

But is it true, Fleet Street wondered, that the Pistols are going to reform like McLaren claims?

A snort of derision. "Oh come on, the man's a pathological liar. Bernie Rhodes tried to do it though. But how can you reform Sid?"

So what do you think of McLaren's success then?

Another snort. "He hasn't started singing yet. I wish him luck but he's ripped people off — that record of his is like a K-Tel special."

So tell us John, are you still, you know, a punk rocker? Ha ha.

"I never did like that word; it was a Caroline Coon term — meaningless. In America a punk means a bum boy that other prisoners screw, and that doesn't describe me."

The punks today, he thought, the ones with the studded leather jackets and mohicans, were "embarrassing". London itself seemed to have turned into "a fashion catwalk . . . even the baggage handler at Heathrow had a mohican. London used to be upfront about its pleasures, now it's got very suburban, there's a village atmosphere about it."

What were his favourite films?

"I like *The Lion In Winter*. Anything with sarcasm and irony. I hate Woody Allen."

And *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*?

"I thought the first few minutes were good, but the Ten Commandments according to Malcolm are . . . (shrugs) just pathetic."

Someone asks about PiL, and their much trumpeted plans of a few years ago — the way they were going to manage themselves, produce videos and

films as well as records, the way they were going to revolutionise the business. What happened to all of that?

"It was just a load of mouth."

Why had Jeanette Lee and Keith Levene left the group then?

Another shrug. "They're quitters."

So why have there been so many 'quitters' involved in PiL?

"There's an awful lot of weak people in this world."

What about the present group, the American session musicians plus British drummer Martin Atkins described earlier by Lydon as "a permanent band?"

"They're all from Holiday Inn Bands, I just wanted to get as far away from trendy haircuts as possible."

Was he pleased with the success of 'This Is Not A Love Song'?

"I never thought it would do shit. It was Virgin getting greedy, and my God they're greedy."

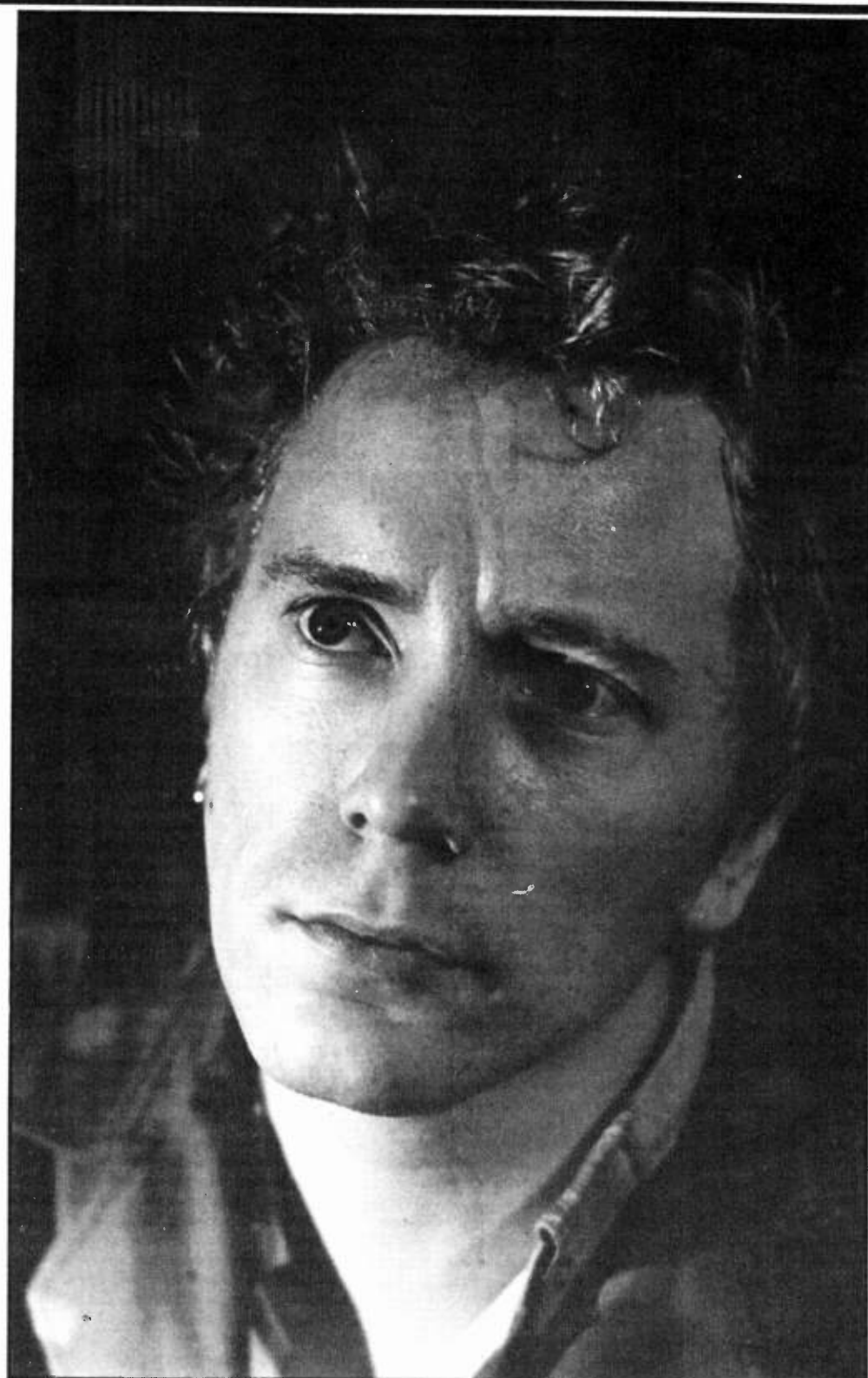


Photo by Herbie Yamaguchi

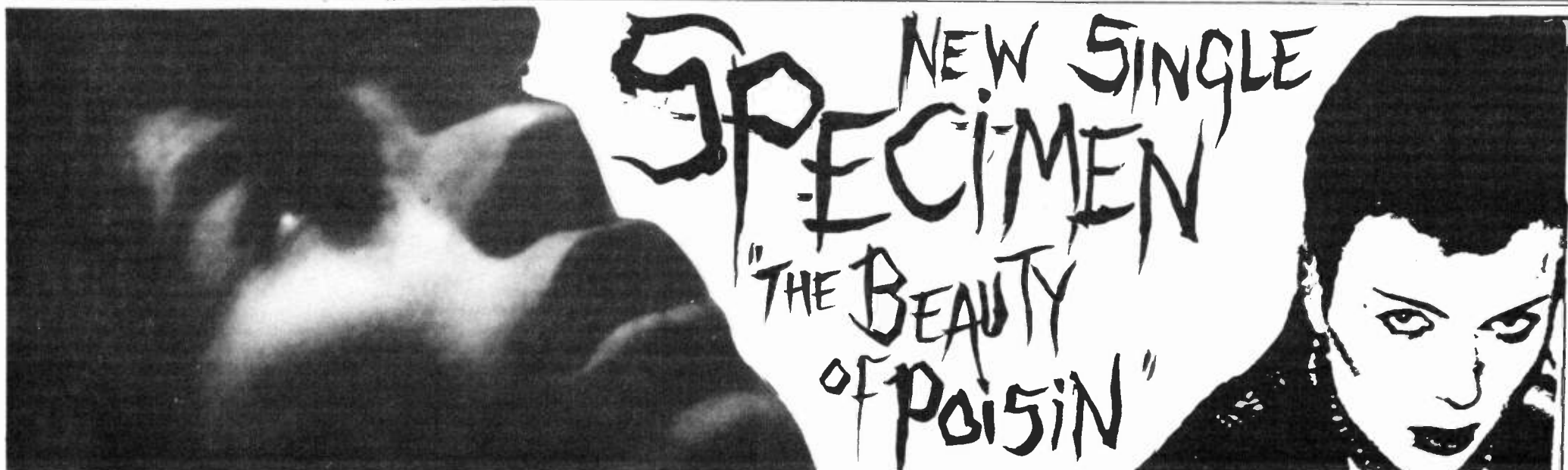
fortunate than myself." (Laughter all round).

How about his, um, philosophy of life? Had he come to any great conclusions during his career?

A thoughtful pause. "Catch as catch can. Is that enough then? I've been yacking on for ages. Crisps and olives will be served in the foyer."

As journalists drift backwards, a couple of TV camera crews await their turn for a confrontation, then it'll be over to Holland for a day and back in time to do *The Tube* up in Newcastle, then on to the British tour next week, and after that Europe and Australia beckon for the crossover into enterprise. There's also talk of a new PiL studio album — presumably salvaged from the hours in New York with Levene — and after that, a Greatest Hits package no doubt, probably in time for Christmas '84.

Who said John Lydon is a lazy sod?



PINK AND

GAVIN MARTIN takes a sleaze-cruise with FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD — Liverpool's answer to Sodom and Gomorrah Photos by Anton Corbijn

FRANKIE GOES TO DROOLYWOOD!

THIS BIG plastic igloo with its shiny red surfaces and its gaudy yellow lights is the ideal place to fill up with junk food. You sink into the gooey, unwholesome surrounds the same way as you lap up the relish covered, cheese slobbered burgers in the soft doughy buns.

But Frankie never knows where to stop, his password in life is "give it loads", he rejoices in excess. "Have you ever had a tastee freeze? They're really... it's sort of like a very soft, really creamy, sweet ice cream. It just slides down inside, ooo-oooh, really divine."

Frankie scoops the spoon into the aereated nipple of coco coloured whipstuff and stretches it out towards his other half, Mmmm! "Try it, try it you'll love, you'll love." The globule of ice, full fat milk solids, preservatives and colour slithers down the throat like a cool healing balm onto the Chilli, French Fries and Cheeseburger already in there vying for space. Frankie leans back, rolls his eyes, temporarily sated, paralysed with satisfaction.

But soon he'll be up and off again out into the night seeing what other ways he can amuse and stimulate himself.

He's at it already, Earl's Court is Frankie's kind of town after all. Over at the salad bar a bronzed, bearded Middle Eastern type catches their attention. I look up from my grub and they smile knowingly at each other. "Yes he is quite cute, isn't he?" Frankie is getting ready for the evening, the cruising and the cowboys (he loves to see a guy dressed in uniform), the scribbled indiscretions on the toilet wall and, his favourite bit, at 11 o'clock when they all leave the pub and line up around the block, taking it in turns to go cruising. There's all sorts of little games and codes that lie ahead, and when he gets onto the tube and sees a guy carrying a motorcycle helmet (a motorcycle helmet on the tube!) Frankie feels at home.

"It was really great last night we had to go out and give out 20 invitations to act as extras in our video. So it was like going out and being told to pick up 20 men," smiles Paul.

A LITTLE HISTORY

WHAT AM I doing here? Someone who just stopped reading *Picture Of Dorian Gray* because it was "too faggy", who'd rather listen to half an hour of Mary Whitehouse than two minutes of Quentin Crisp, who's never heard of homophobia, just "good sense". To wit: finding out the whys and wherefores behind Liverpool post-punk S&M gay cabaret act Frankie Goes To Hollywood, the latest release from the sparkling Zang Tumb Tuum conglomerate. And also filling in a few details, sinking into the environment they feel at home in, trying to keep an open mind. And that's all I'm keeping open, mind.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood was formed just over a year ago by Holly Johnson one time guitarist with Big In Japan and solo artist on Liverpool independent label Eric's. Fuelled on anything from Bowie to Burroughs, Jean Genet to Lindsay Kemp, The Velvet Underground to T. Rex, Johnson set about presenting a scorching leather bound version of the lifestyle he and soon to be recruited pal Paul Rutherford led.

They built up a steady live reputation, female duo The Leatherettes providing attraction for the heteros, and were approached by a succession of A&R men whose stock reaction was "I loved it, but I don't know what my boss would think". An appearance on *The Tube*

however brought response from the then emerging Morley/Horn ZTT partnership and the group took the opportunity to work with the famous producer immediately.

BLESSED ARE THE POP STARS — THEY WILL GET PAID TO INDULGE THEIR FANTASIES

"WE USED to know Paul Morley when he was in Manchester and he was working for the *NME*. We used to hate him to be quite honest, he was like this div from Manchester. He made people like Howard Devoto, created their whole standing as far as the press were concerned. Made them out to be much bigger than their capabilities, which was a shame because Howard Devoto was quite talented. Maybe now he's doing the same thing with us in a way. I guess we fitted into his little fantasy, and he fitted into ours."

— Holly.
FGTH didn't receive an advance from ZTT ("When you're working with someone like Trevor Horn you don't mind making sacrifices") and they're down in London staying in the Columbia Hotel on £5 a day expenses. Still they seem to have enough to get some of that smoking stuff and both Paul and Holly are quite relaxed, interspersing conversation with slow stoned giggles. They start to tell me about the video they are ostensibly here to make with Bernard Rose (who directed UB40's 'Red Red Wine' shot).

Holly: "The basic idea is that there's this virginal character Frankie and his girlfriend's just left him. He's never had sex and he's walking down the street and gets lured into an orgy scene by this character in black. It's going to be a club scene, the sort of clubs we like to go to. It's interesting drawing a comparison with the Soft Cell thing. Where they pantomimed it we're going to do it for real. OK? So it's going to be Emperor Nero in this club, a huge man who gets his whole body shaved for sexual kicks and feeds people to tigers and lions. We're using the actual Esso tiger..."

"Really strong images, like a Fellini film," chips in Paul, inexplicably.



"For us it is just like getting someone else to pay for our fantasies. That's the whole idea. We're just having a party. It's such wonderful imagery to use, though if you haven't been in an Amsterdam leather bar you won't quite understand."

"There's lots of ideas behind the name, we twist it loads. It changes all the time. If you imagine it as this Hollywood Babylon on the other side of the planet that Frankie wants to get to. He's lived his whole life hearing about, seeing images of it filtered through movies and television — it's where we've got all our information about living and how to communicate with people."

But they seem intent on warping the golden

sense data of the dream factory. Compelled to a sort of homo-erotic outrage.

"We really had to hit hard to get off the streets, child. To create a reaction, especially in Liverpool because there's so many bands. To stand out we had to give it loads, loads of sex because that was the easiest and quickest shocker to get attention."

But all that ancient Roman, Nero imagery, isn't it very decadent, very stupid?

"It's totally decadent but then that's totally glamorous as well. Things haven't really changed. The way people used to go and watch gladiator fights and much blood and gore — they just go to the movies now. Is it a sign of a society about to tumble? Well it's been tumbling for a long time. It grows really quickly again, I don't think it will ever die it'll just reach a limbo."

ANOTHER LUMP OF SUGAR IN A DIFFERENT ORIFICE

THE TRACK the video is promoting is 'Relax', the first ever FGTH release. A monster jam discosex workout. It's Frankie as you'd expect him to emerge, all squelching and sucking, kept on course by a thundering pelvic thrust metronome beat. Its roots are in the disco of Summer, Sylvester and mid '70s Whitfield, its head twisted and turned by McLaren's plundering escapades but its heart is in a sleazy bordello, pining for the sweat and spunk in the backroom.

Holly: "It's like these untamed creatures meet Trevor Horn and his stamp is all over it. Because it was our first single, and there's no ready made market, we just had to have as much fun as we could when we were making it. We just thought — buzz — and then we'll know when it's right."

"I always loved the sounds that Trevor got on his records but it seemed like something far beyond our reach because it was so glossy and commercial. I always thought the content and people he did it with was rather weak until McLaren. But I still died when he phoned us up."

"I mean on 'Relax' Trevor interpreted the sound, of course. I mean, he's a really strong guy, OK? It's hard to really talk about this. We're aware of the situation, we're a band produced by Trevor Horn and its shoved down our throats a bit. We were wary of being his puppets at first but as soon as we met him that all went out the window. He's just a human being, he's that little guy who used to be in Buggles."

I think of the shallow, squirming sexuality presented by current pop — the vanity and preening of Wham, Spandau, Googoo and Heyward, and wonder if maybe the sleazy pantomime of FGTH will knock things up a bit, get someone to buckle down with it. Are they out on their own?

"I think it's becoming a bit trendy actually, after our *Tube* show you got quite a few like Fashion and even that Tracie girl giving it much sex and whip. I think it's catching on."

"But with those people it's in a very superficial way because they haven't got the bollocks to go for it really. They only know it as an image, not a reality. You get studs and leather in every magazine now but it doesn't really count for much. Like that whole punk thing was borrowed from a gay S&M attitude but it wasn't given any attention at the time."

"Our main purpose is pleasure, to communicate a good feeling. Sex is part of it, sex is enjoyable isn't it? It's about not being hung up or feeling guilty about any particular so called deviation you'd like to get into. It's quite normal. The gay/S&M angle is regarded as taboo but it's just people getting down, getting into enjoyment because it's not long that we are here."

"I met this Irish guy in a pub once and he asked me was I into M&S, it was really lovely. So sweet."

INTO THE LION'S DEN

HOLLY: "CHILD, the first time we turned up for a gig in London was in Cha Chas and we were put in a cage, a fuckin' cage and suspended over the dancefloor. They put

a mirror opposite us so people could see us from the bar. The support act was a guy in a leopard skin toga who put skewers right through his face and through his arms — lots of blood and stuff. We had to follow that."

Sounds like you were in your element.

"To a degree, yes. But you know what most of the kids down there are like. It's all World's End clothing, hipper than thou attitudes and we were like these screaming animals in a cage. The reaction was really cool."

Paul: "They're such a cool audience to handle. I don't know what's wrong with them. Spolt, I suppose. They think that they're it but we know we are. I'd like to have seen them in the cage, that's for sure."

Sometimes they've been able to turn the tables and use the limelight to their advantage.

Holly: "The time we played *The Tube* Jools Holland was sitting around moping all day. I think he's sort of bitter because he's a real muso and he's on the other side of the camera. Very sad. He needed cheering up so we bound the Leatherettes in pink ribbon and gave them to him. He brought them to his hotel and showered them with champagne, real champagne."

"... We don't care what your name is boy, we'll never send you away." And A Little More History

HOLLY DIDN'T attend school too much after the third year. He started to hang around town, and around parks. He met people there, people who had a great influence on him (!) This is probably mirrored in the roles he and Paul (the tall dark stranger) take in the video. It's Holly who sings and writes the songs with either the bass player and/or the drummer, Paul is the image co-ordinator having spent a year in London before the group formed, on the dole but still "giving it loads on the gay scene". Apart from his back-up vocals he is in the band mainly because of his "stunning" looks, and he obviously exerts some influence on Holly.

Holly: "Back in '77 it was really exciting because there's always been really odd, arty people in Liverpool and suddenly you were finding yourself in there. It was great because I found school pretty hard to handle. I was well shy, always the weirdo."

Paul: "One week if you wore make-up you were a queer, the next you were a punk. It was great, a chance to do things. This sounds really heavy but it was a chance to be honest with yourself, to be yourself. I think it's a bit more jaded now."

"It's still a really good place to have a rest. We didn't realise that when we felt we were stuck there but now, in the past year we have."

Holly: "There's some great people in Liverpool, Jayne Casey of Pink Industry, a very big influence on us both. The early gigs were great — girls in leather, boys in leather knickers, oooo-oooh. As far as having a good time people in Liverpool aren't shy at all."

"Smack? That's the dark side of it, it's true there's still a lot of it on the streets. We have a lot of younger friends into it and there's nothing you can do to pull them out of it. It's really sad, you have to keep away from those children or they'll try to drag you into it. It does my head in even thinking about it."

Back to back with 'Relax' is the FGTH version of 'Ferry Cross The Mersey', the federal republic of Liverpool's national anthem these past 20 years. It is a hitherto unexplored, unexpected side to the group and shows that Holly has a depth and emotive base to his voice that would shame many. At first I thought of Ultravox doing 'No Regrets', but then I thought of something far more stirring, a genuine overhaul and upheaval. It is the spirit of swinging '60s Liverpool pulled through to the bleakness and uncertainty of the present day. Camp, grandiose but oddly affecting.

Holly: "That was Trevor's idea, I thought what? and just laughed it off. Then I thought, don't be so negative, just try it and if we don't like it then throw it out. Well he came up with this beautiful, amazing backing track that gave me a chance to sing rather than just shout."

CONTINUES PAGE 47

PERKY!



Holly and Paul play Silly Huggers

LPS

OVERPAID PIPER

PAUL MCCARTNEY

Pipes Of Peace
(Parlophone)

CONTRARY TO popular prejudice up at the *NME* and elsewhere, I nurture no antagonism towards Paul McCartney, nor regard him with any of my colleagues' contempt. It is the fashion in recent years, especially since Lennon's assassination and compounded further by the walrus's damning testimony of his erstwhile partner, for Beatle biographers and others to portray the carpenter McCartney as something other, less than quite human: a calculating opportunist, charming bully, a smug cad generally, and least forgivable of all as a man who earns far too much money, an estimated staggering £200 million per annum, but such envious considerations weigh little with this reviewer.

I even think that the much maligned but hugely successful 'Ebony And Ivory' does more to promote racial harmony than all the copies of *City Limits* stacked together and consigned to this year's bonfire, with the thug Reagan as the guy natch.

Nevertheless, I am altogether less than enamoured with the man's music. Though not going quite so far as Lennon in pronouncing "the only good thing you did was 'Yesterday'," yet I have not heard anything really outstanding from Paul McCartney since 'Hey Jude', though the second side of 'Abbey Road' and the Wings single 'Jet' and perhaps 'Mull Of Kintyre' are not entirely without merit as well.

This latest offering is of similar small consequence. A dull, tired and empty collection of quasi funk and gooey rock arrangements featuring the likes of Stanley Clarke, Michael Jackson, Andy McKay, Ringo Starr, with McCartney cooling platitudinous sentiments on a set of lyrics seemingly made up on the spur of the moment.

I wonder what effort of thought can have gone into the compositions of lines like "there is a pain inside my heart/you mean so much to me/girl, I love you, girl, I love you so bad" on 'So Bad' or the even worse dazed couplet "I know I was a crazy fool for treating you the way I did/but something took hold of me and I acted like a dustbin lid" from the twee 'The Other Me'. Belief is suspended on songs as trite as these and neither are they redeemed by the accompanying music as each essay blends into one bombastic surge of slick vacuity.

The LP's one decent moment is the opening title track, a Beatlish solree surely destined as a Christmas single in an attempt to cream off some of Lennon's monopoly of seasonal anti-war sentiment, with an endearing chorus stating "help them to learn/songs of joy instead of burn

baby burn/show them how to play the pipes of peace". Even here, however, a note of insincerity in the vocal finally defeats the lyric's objective.

The theme is echoed later in the less melodic 'Tug Of Peace' — itself a reference to McCartney's 'Tug Of War' title — wherein he proposes "your troubles cease when you learn to play the pipes of peace".

For the rest, he is joined by the tedious Michael Jackson on the current 'Say, Say, Say' and side two's self-congratulatory opener 'The Man'; a doodling, pointless instrumental alongside Stanley Clarke called 'Hey Hey'; plus a condescending little rocker exalting on the 'Average Person'. Have you ever met anybody who regarded him or herself as an "average person"?

Thus Paul McCartney: the piper at the gates of dusk.

Penny Reel

DAVID GRANT

David Grant (*Chrysalis*)

THOUGHT I D heard just another sweet vanilla soul LP until I chanced upon the accompanying biog. It starts by quoting from 'Organise': "Under attack, we've got to fight back". You understand that this crew are socially aware, yeah? You might otherwise forget. But let's begin at the end where lies the key to our man.

"What we need now is a black British star (ie singer) as big as Boy George and Simon Le Bon." Bear that in mind and return to page one. The more you read the more you feel that David is unashamedly here to plug as many gaps in the market as possible — all at the same time! The Missing Link!

The difference between the ghost of David's past and today's incarnation is that he's through with merely being a component in sparky discoteers, Linx, wasting all that charm singing to people's feet. With his new co-writer and musician, Derek Bramble, the instruments are mainly electronic — backing the "organic" or The Voice as it tries to get next to you. "The voice is all".

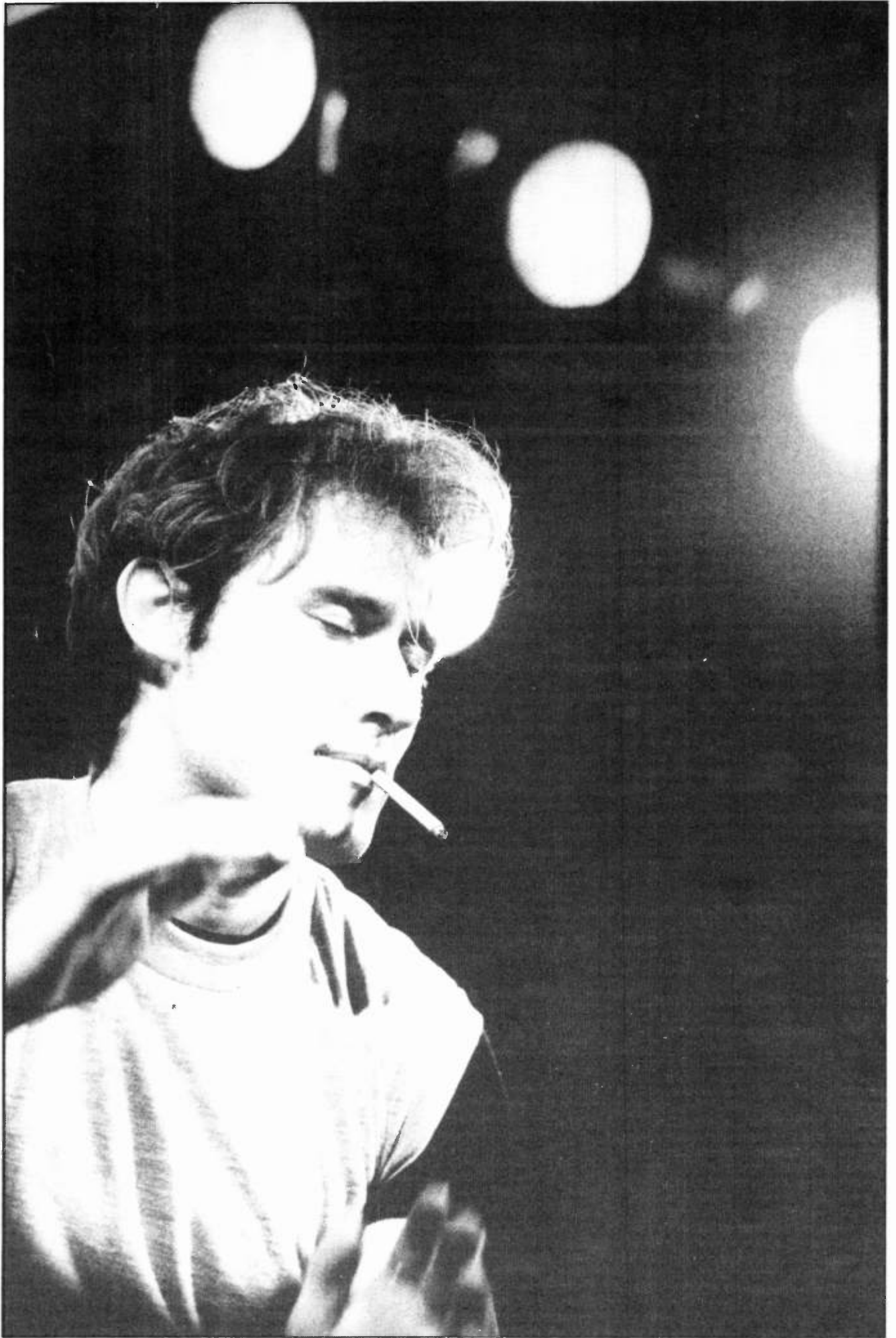
Grant has also discovered the limitations of the Linx Nile & Edwards executive chic. What kind of street-schooled kid would warm to a Wall St collaborator. As D. has already deduced, "A lot of young back kids look up to sportsmen like Frank Bruno and Daley Thompson and feel a sense of pride because of their status and achievements..." It would be too unsmooth to add physique and sex appeal to that list. Facet I of the new man: *Adidas Appeal*.

"Take ten years off here" (shaves off 'tash and discards tinted glasses), "and ten pounds off here" ("reduces discreetly")... and off he goes to enrol with that singular sect that Tom Wolfe christened the Down-Filled People. The ones who open their wardrobes only to be set upon by a sleeveless sleeping bag. And that headband. Is it an elasticated bandage worn to keep his eyes Michael-wide and swimmy with strain?

"His new LP is very much a singer's album." And you hoped you were buying David's Work-Out record. Grant's definition of soul lies in interpretation, "music in the sense of the singer sharing his emotions with the listener." But if soul lies in the individual's interpretation, why are all the tracks revisions of various traditional American soulisms?

There's Jackson in 'Rock The Midnight', 'Organise' and 'Stop And Go', a dash of Richie now and then plus a great version of 'Sexual Healing' strangely re-titled 'Wrap Your Arms Around Me'. And the last two 45s, sheer, silky, seductive... and barely there. Why don't I say it... PRISSEY? British soul done the American way does not ring true. The reason that there has never been the exact British equivalent of, say, Curtis Mayfield lies in history and geography, not lack of ability.

Britain has a far stronger tradition of dub and reggae but if you must look for the heart and



Wobble and squeak. Pic Kevin Cummins

IT MUST BE

WOBBLE

cos jam don't shake like that

JAH WOBBLE, THE EDGE, HOLGER CZUKAY

Snake Charmer (Island)

IT'S TEN years since Eno stunned the world with 'Here Come The Warm Jets', and though that pate now gleams in more rarefied zones, it's good to know the maverick flame of '73 still burns in the likes of Jah Wobble.

On this mini-LP 'Snake Charmer', Wobble has moved away from the 'Islamic funk' of the last few months with his Invaders Of The Heart band, and has returned to Africa, or rather the Euro-American version of Africa. Wobble is nothing if not an in-joker.

To wit, the title track, a clever yet exhilarating parody of 'Remain In Light' is dry, white Afrofunk: "There are many voices going through my head / Voices of the living / Voices of the dead," sneers Wobble in best Surrey Docks, naughtily spoofing Mr Byrne. U2's The Edge Belews up a storm on guitar and Ex-Can mad prof Holger Czukay trumpets like a bereaved elephant on French Horn. Ollie Marland's spacey keyboards, Neville Murray's bubbling percussion and Prelude mixmaster Francols

Kevoorian's clean-punching production assist this house into motion.

'It Was A Camel' overlays itchy Heads funk with airwave fragments, neuro-piano, dub FX and some delightful juju guitar playing from Jazira's Ben Mandelson. 'Sleazy' is different again. The Invaders' Animal on dive-bombing guitar runs the gamut from The Who's 'Ox', through Manzanera on Roxy's 'Ladytron', Beck's 'Wired', to Tom Tom Club's 'Booming And Zooming': spectacular but ultimately a virtuoso confection.

'Hold On To Your Dreams': a futuristic jazz-funk build-up to Marcella Allen singing a sedated tune of Summery transcendental sextasy blasted into the fifth dimension by The Edge's stratospheric space-lasers.

It's all good, but somewhat lacking in unity — too much play against not enough work for a really meaty LP. But until Wobble gets serious, 'Snake Charmer' displays more on and off the wall wit than erstwhile boss Lydon seems able to muster these days. And you can dance to it.

Mat Snow

soul of the disco floor then there's Errol Brown or Eddie Amoo — remember the voice behind The Real Thing? Grant isn't even the best ever British Michael

Jackson. That accolade went to Marcel from Sweet Sensation years ago. The Juniors, Grants, and Dee Sharps of this land waste too much energy trying to

squash into the glass slipper that awaits the coming of the British Sing King.

A quote now from Grant's 'Organise': "Stop looking around

and wishing you were somebody else". Or at least admit that you are engagingly bland and like having your photograph taken.

Cath Carroll

SONGS FOR SWINGING

SUCKERS

DAVID BOWIE

Ziggy Stardust—The Motion Picture (RCA)

REMEMBER THAT game that anyone with a sense of history and a streak of cynicism used to play in 1977? The one in which young punk outfits were compared with their '60s analogues, in which The Clash were numbered as the new Stones, The Jam as the new Who, and everyone searched desperately for a '60s group they could insult by comparing them to The Stranglers?

I've been playing that game again recently, only the names have changed and the time-span's lengthened considerably. For reasons that should be obvious by now, it's necessary to delve much further back than the '60s for correct comparisons these days, way back to those pre-rock'n'roll days when Entertainment had a capital E and teenager a small t.

In this new game-plan, Paul McCartney has become the new Bing Crosby, loved by mums and dads and grans, with 'Mull Of Kintyre' his very own 'White Christmas'; Bryan Ferry is Dean Martin, but without the style or sense of humour, and Michael Jackson is a ringer for Sammy Davis Junior, the song and dance marionette and All-Round Entertainer. Stevie Wonder fares a little better as a new-age Louis Armstrong, and David Bowie...

...is the leader of the clan. For all the contact he can have with The Everyday and Ordinary, David Bowie might as well be living in a suite atop a Vegas hotel. For all I know, he does. Imagine waking up in the morning, going into the bathroom for a shave, looking in the mirror and saying "You're David Bowie". Just how much skin do you have to scrape off before you can say "I'm David Bowie"?

Best not to think about it, I suppose. Best get on with your work, with this year's plan.

This year's plan, of course, has been the transcendence of those narrow categories of "pop musician", "teen idol" and the like, and the ascension to the higher plane of Global Village idiot *par excellence*.

There can hardly be a medium of communication available today that hasn't reached saturation level over the last ten months with David Bowie publicity puffs. Every TV teen magazine programme has had its Bowie featurette to slip in when the promo video of 'Let's Dance' starts to pall, and every magazine — of any hue and interest — has run its "exclusive" Bowie interview. Then there's the records; and sometimes it seems as though every film released this year has featured David Bowie in some form.

It's not that way, of course — it's just that the two films he's appeared in, *The Hunger* and *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, have functioned more as fragments of a carefully-orchestrated publicity campaign than as cinematic artefacts in their own right, to the point where their *real* meaning derives not so much from their avowed content or subject matter as from their status as (big budget) adverts. There is a wider scheme of things than that onscreen.

In short, the frail physog of David Bowie has been featured everywhere, smiling wanly down from screens and covers the world over like some latter-day religious icon. If Roland Barthes were alive today, he could quite validly replace 'The Face Of Garbo' (in *Mythologies*) with 'The Face Of Bowie', only being a smart sort of chap he'd probably realise the futility of the whole exercise these days.

For RCA this must all be a little galling, as David Bowie is now an EMI America Recording Artists, after umpteen years and albums with them. Oh sure, the 1983 Bowie Publicity Circus will have shifted a few units of Bowie RCA product, but as those early records have been available as cheap imports or cut-outs for a good few years now, it's difficult to believe that there could be anyone left in the world who might want them who hasn't already got them. Whoever let David leave the label has probably done the same by now.

Hence the double-album afterbirth currently offered up for consumption. With at least a couple of 'Greatest Hits' compilations already on the market, RCA's last card is that old

standby *The Live Double*, culled from Bowie's early years as *Mannequin Of The People*.

Hang on a mo! Hasn't there already been a Bowie Live Double? 'David Live', or something like that? I think there has. Now, if I were the kind of dickhead who would own a David Bowie live double album, I could tell you whether this one duplicated its predecessor overmuch, and all kinds of reviewerly crap like that. But I'm not. Anyway, it wouldn't make a blind bit of difference: if you're the kind of person who buys David Bowie records then you'll buy this one even if it's got Woody Woodmansey on drums.

Which it has. It also has Mick Ronson on guitar, Trevor Bolder on bass, and Mike Garson on piano. (Yes, it's that ancient). There are also four other blokes on sundry other instruments. That's the sum total of background info offered by the graceless gatefold sleeve, apart from 'Produced and Mixed by David Bowie and Mike Moran; Remixed by David Bowie, Tony Visconti, Bruce Tergeson'. (I'd be interested to know *when* all this mixing took place. But *not* that interested, I must admit).

That's your lot. No information as to which concert or concerts were recorded (you have to scrutinise the actual labels with a magnifying glass to find out it was Hammy Odeon, July 3rd, 1973), or — even more important — *why*. All the (back) cover says is that it's a 'Live Recording', a fact which might even be apparent to the most stupid Bowie fans once they hear the usual obtrusive tumultuous applause on the records.

Dumb *schmuck* that I am, I was labouring under the misapprehension that it was something to do with this year's Milton Keynes concerts until halfway through the first track, when a particularly unpleasant bout of guitar reminded me that there could only ever be one guitarist as quintessentially dreadful as Mick Ronson. The sound of one hand wanking doesn't even come close.

So, what can I tell you about the new David Bowie record? I can tell you it's crap, that's what. Merry Christmas, Mr Sinatra.

Andy Gill



Cocteau Twinned by Ian Wright

LIGHT MY FIREWORKS

COCTEAU TWINS

Head Over Heels (4AD)

THE COCTEAU TWINS are innocence aboard the jolly roger of pop-punk specimens, blushing songbirds amidst the macaw's d macaws of Gene Loves Jezebel and Xmal Deutschland and Blood & Roses. (Were they kidnapped?) I once met them, just before their first London concert, and saw them again the other day, wandering timidly into the Virgin Megastore. They still remind me of no one so much as the two kids on the old Start-Rite poster, holding hands and walking that pine-lined road to an infinite distance.

Their new record also suggests vaguely infinite distance, at least a massive space. Its first boom, its first crashing sigma of beat, is like an avalanche. From there they wing a course over soundscapes that hypothesise Phil Spector producing 'Spellbound'. Till I heard this, I considered Liz and Rob a Banshees for the bedsit: Liz Fraser, I thought, a Siouxie-as-Sandle Shaw, a Piaf Zadora; Rob Guthrie as just a doughboy McGeoch.

I still say there's something hollow and vaporous at work here, but when Liz is singing cosmic Chrissie Hynde and Rob is striding these ice-floes with crystal shards of guitar and huge splashes of percussion and carrying the girl away in a swirling, swooshing mist of sound, I'm not going to quibble. It's probably a good thing, too, that we can't hear Liz's words, if the sleeve's snippets — eg "Fig up my love paramour/Ooze out and away onehow" — are any indication of their general quality. Better to think of this extraordinary voice as being just an exotic sort of instrument.

Were the sound more thistled, more thorny, Liz would be a proper Mavis of the moors, but the warp 'n' woof of the lass's warble is not one

of dulcet heather purity but of, how can I say it, dry ice. That is its mysterious charm. These songs are rhapsodies bled of desire, songs that posit nothing but an innocent ineffable. In so elementally naive a universe, sheets and flesh don't figure much. Everything is sugar, tinderboxes, glass and candles, curios embedded in hard, pristine surface. That is as much as I can make out of "words" or "references".

The Twins take Banshees tunes like, say, 'Night Shift' or 'Painted Bird' and dissipate them — like dry ice. The acoustic cascade of 'Gold Dust Rush' notwithstanding, they'll never do a 'Melt'. There is no world of gold and turquoise, of swooning, molten decadence, but one of silver and roseate mists, clouds that enshroud the gullible ear. It is empty of sex; empty, too, of fear and joy. You flow to pure space, soar to endless ice-capped peaks. An alien child-world. (Their album cover is of some unidentifiably encrusted surface, varnished craters of a toy planet: a single crushed flower and embalmed insect are all there is to place the design in this world.)

The record, this wreath of epic innocence, only comes undone when the Cocteau Twins get too cocooned, too gloved, in Banshees. Then they are weak. 'Multifolled' is their poor 'Cocoon', in fact; 'Tinderbox Of A Heart' is just too morbidly deadpan. Other parts of side two suffer from the languor of 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse'.

But then, of course, the record goes out on its most exultant, unabashed passionade, 'Musette And Drums', an impossibly cavernous finale to the free flight we have enjoyed across such spectacular surfaces.

Did I mention escapism? These are garlands where I feel secure.

Barney Hoskyns



That Was The Was Not Was. Pic Joe Stevens

WHIRLWIND ME OUT

WAS (NOT WAS)

Born To Laugh At Tornadoes (Geffen)

AMERICA HAS been dressed by improper minds. Corraling the year's important American records — 'Swordfishtrombones', 'Girl At Her Volcano', 'Burlap And Satin' and 'Born To Laugh At Tornadoes' — pieces together a land that only exists in dissatisfied and regretful imaginations. All are celebrations of America, but the country they humorously cherish isn't there. The composers are

exiles at home.

The St Was Brothers, slick operators, updated Tom Waits' search for barnacled *objets trouvés*: everything here is greasegunned, spit-shone, spottit and assorted, a lunatic and carefully rehearsed sidewalk carnival. On 'Was (Not Was)' they simply threw in every sound off every record they'd ever heard and sent it all on a screaming nosedive through a white 'disco' dream; this time they make sure everyone is correctly attired, line-

perfect, beautiful. There is nothing as ugly as Reagan, nobody as irresponsible as Mr Friction.

It's less an American dream, more an anti-European fantasy, mercurial, devilish. Don and David Was adore pop but they don't like its parochialism so they won't strand it in a home culture. They still want everything under one roof but it must be synchronised to their *own* conditions. They want newness. That's one reason why BEF

employing Tina Turner to sing 'Ball Of Confusion' is a barren conceit and the St Was Brothers asking Mel Torme to star in 'Zaz Turned Blue' is a tender, sumptuous tribute.

It's still a sequential jumble, as their first record was. There seems to be no reason why a leathery FM hop like 'Smile' should be on the same LP as the intellectual mosaic of effects and impulses that makes up 'Man Vs. The Empire Brain Building'. Only the staccato creature story of 'The Party Broke Up' revives the older Was (Not Was). They have reworked 'Out Come The Freaks' as a smooch. It sounds like a tango for cadavers.

As a record, a recital of modern pop, it's intensely repeatable. It outplays the music of their fellow mavericks in the Great American Indoors — an integral part of the

plan, because if it didn't perform as great pop it wouldn't perform at all. The Was boys play behind the sealed walls of a studio but they have the radio on all the time. They can't resist hooks

('Professor Night'), they go crazy over the possibilities of an ancient rhythm and blues ('Bow Wow Wow Wow') and sometimes they set their machines and players to mimic the slapdash yearning of their native chart pop and find they like it after all ('Betrayal').

"What's matter with you people?" sings Doug Fieger, which is the key line of the collection. The St Was Brothers are hit-stirrers and they want people to wake up: like Zappa, they enjoy the shocking absurdism of the everyday and they share his broad humanist streak. But unlike the former moustache they aren't ashamed

of it. They rarely fall back on sarcasm. 'Zaz Turned Blue' sorrows for its hero — a lost American youth, the kind of eccentric that could have been another Was brother — in a way that the kitsch element of Torme's presence can't threaten. And Mel does sing it immaculately.

'Born To Laugh At Tornadoes' is as irreverent as two obsessive, talented men can be when they're dealing with something they have a deep love for: the endless rapids of American music, good and bad. They pay their respects by being disrespectful, confecting a sublime entertainment on the verge of attention. They reflect and attack a culture's madness by being mad themselves, only their lunacy is pointed and organised — it's *better*. For them, there's no place like America (today).

Richard Cook

BANGS AND SCRAPES

BILLY BANG

Outline No. 12 (Celluloid Import)

BILLY BANG AND DENNIS CHARLES

Bangception (Hat MUSICS, Import)

EVER SINCE Ornette and 'Falling Stars' the violin has had a precarious but plucky niche on the wilder shores of black jazz. Bill Bang, a young Alabaman, is now its premier exponent.

Both these records light up his most uplifting skill: to direct severe classical techniques towards unapologetic jazz terms. Bang doesn't try and disguise his choice of instrument—he revels in the resinous scrape of the box. 'Closer To The Flower' on 'Bangception' pitches a delicious range of grotesqueries on the listener which start to separate out into a queer, distinct language by the close. But he's just as good at the speedball virtuosity that propels the long opening solo on the 'Outline No. 12' collection.

He is, in fact, a jazzman of terrific resource. The duo LP with drummer Charles is set alight solely by his energy—his partner is a rather formal, unswinging player—and something like 'Know Your Enemy' flexes a bopper's agility in the muscles of a modern, short-tempered imagination.

The other record operates to a sterner organisation. Although a line-up of three violins, three clarinets, soprano, vibes, bass and percussion sounds like a cheese dip selection, the bumps



Bang on, Billy! Pic Val Wilmer/Format

and scorchmarks of some enjoyable haywire writing won't leave you alone, and as dynamic and vehement noise it comes up without staggering.

Some of Billy's best work is on John Lindberg's splendid 'Dimension 5' set but these two records have the same spirit. A

fiddler takes a bow.

Richard Cook

Billy Bang and Dennis Charles, together with tenorman Frank Lowe and bassist Rafael Garrett, will be burning up the 100 Club on Monday, 7 November.

STOP! IN THE NAME OF SEMIOLOGY

DIANA ROSS

The Very Best Of Diana (Motown)

"OH GOD, my girdle's killing me."

You can almost hear the words slipping out from between the smiling lips of Diana Ross in those early photos of her when she left The Supremes. Hobbled in an old Vamps dress—Los Extravaganzas even then—she had that bittersweet quality of the American Dream Black Kid, she knows she's gonna make it, come hookers or crookers. And I rated her for it. Still do. She was always singing about love, but I always knew no man would be able to keep up.

Success never spoiled Diana in the ways it's supposed to. The Biz was in her blood, and she wasn't about to disappear into her own slippery, leggly sonorous, runny mascaraed dreams. She gave us the inside buzz on what it was like to be young and in love, but also to be singing songs about it. It is her own point of view that comes across in that early stuff: a pierrot's awareness of being packaged, a smoothie, a Motown product, and it gave her edge, poignancy added to her celebration of love. 'Touch Me In The Morning' is the saddest, raunchiest love song on earth, it contains its own impossibility—it's a song that knows it's a song, but all the more powerful for that.

But Success got the Superwoman in the end. "Hold your stomach in when you climb into bed with a younger man," advises the Original Superwoman Shirley Conran. "Work that body," advises the ultra-brittle Disco Diana. I liked her better when she let her hair down and fooled around with The Supremes: when she got to the top she had only her own emotional resources to rely on. She took to solo disco, but it didn't take to her, and it shows.

The awareness of love as power, a vehicle for getting to the top, has gone in her later songs. (Nothing could approach 'I'm Gonna Make You Love Me', which isn't on this set.) Gone, too, is the audience that was eager to believe that love was all about being shapely and sexy and glamorous and patient. It had all seemed to be merely a question of being steamy and waiting before. But nobody believes in waiting anymore.

Perceiving this, the Silly Billy acts as if vocal stripping and

not waiting will do the trick. She tries really hard to be real and spontaneous and deliberately Goes Too Far. So, in 'Endless Love' Ross and Richie (you can be Frank if I can be Mary,) drool all over each other, forgetting that these scenes are only fun if you're taking part. Songs like this have a shock value—(do these people really think that we're daft enough to believe that if you know the sperm count you know the man?)—but, apart from that, they should be buried as soon as possible.

Motown lose six credibility points for calling these records the Best of Diana, 'cos they're clearly nowhere near. There's only a smidgeon of Ross's greatness captured here, like the overboard, splendidly out-to-lunch 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough', or the space joy of 'Upside Down'; not enough to leap off the vinyl and grab you by the jugular. But the bittersweet harpy of Eros, Diana Ross herself, gets 26 on a scale of one to ten.

Amanda Root



Diana—girdled with love. Pic Colonel Tom

BURNING SPEAR

The Fittest Of The Fittest (Radic)

A GENIUS on an off-day: the trouble is that this off-day has continued since 'Social Living' nearly five years ago. In performance, Spear is nearly the finest improvisational vocalist that it has ever been this man's privilege to witness: he can sing one phrase over and over again for ten minutes and turn you hot and cold with it, but the quality of his recordings has steadily declined to this, an astonishingly listless performance.

There are the obligatory re-recordings of early Studio One tunes like 'Fire Down Below' (here retitled 'Fire Man') and 'Bad To Worst' which brings in Family Man Barratt, Junior Marvin and Tyron Downie, but the uninspired rhythm section and—by Spear standards—indifferent singing makes one wonder just what is going on down there in St Anns Bay.

In the toasters'n' crooners era that has followed the death of Chairman Bob, roots reggae has followed an increasingly faltering path, but it's seriously disturbing when a man responsible for some of the most blazingly passionate performances in all of reggae music can by now only kindle the faintest spark of his power. The title of this album is grimly ironic: the majestic Spear seems on his last (musical and ideological) legs.

Charles Shaar Murray

KLAUS KRÜGER

One Is One (Innovative Communication Import)
Zwischenmischung (Innovative Communication Import)

TWO NEW solo LPs—a third has just been completed—by one of my all-time favourite drummers, apparently now a big personality on the avant-Euro scene.

Listening to these albums it's not hard to see why; Krüger applies the same under-your-skin sense of rhythm to toys (syndrum, tapes, synthesiser experiments abound) or neo-Beatnik concerns (the English monologues and sax pieces on 'One Is One') he demonstrated playing hard rock.

Brian Eno should eat his bare heart out at the real experimentalism and effective ambience on 'Zwischenmischung' ('In Between Mixes'); it probably contains most of the things English 'experimental' or 'art' bands will try next year.

Subdivided into 'Young People Must Have Fun' (1. Searching, 2. Hectic, 3. Long Wavelengths), 'Movement Makes You Hungry', 'Hunger Makes You Power-Sated' and finale 'And Power Laughs', this is simply a great, tight record of rhythm and sound seamlessly flowing from one mood to the next. Every sort of studio effect comes into play—but the cumulative effect is to bring you news about your humanity. Always welcome.

Available from Innovative Communication, Vertrieb, Deutsche Austrophon, 2840 Diepholz.

Cynthia Rose

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A Band reunion — Informal dress compulsory, beards optional. Pic Elliot Landy

THEY SHALL BE RE-RELEASED

THE BAND

The Band (Capitol EM)

THEY MOSTLY came from over the border, this bedraggled, heavy lidded bunch, but on the cover looked as if they might have been transported in a time capsule from a travelling minstrel show of the last century.

Sometimes they even sounded like it too. Fiercely proud and independent, they went into exile in a house deep in the country and when they emerged they seemed to have immersed themselves in the magic and mystery of ages. This group with no name — impossible to define or place, their presence still stalks American music: fearful, elusive and unchallenged.

This was The Band's second album, released in 1969: it was also their greatest. It's ironic that Robbie Robertson (a Canadian) wrote all the songs as they create a sense of America and its historical spirit more graphically than anything recorded before or since. Ironic too that the rich, concise music and the pure poetry of the lyrics illustrated the strength and scope of rock music, yet owed little to any specific rock tradition.

The Band seemed to have stumbled on a black hole — somewhere between blues and country, New Orleans and Western Swing, and they mobilised all these elements into a sound that was absolute and unique.

The Band's greatness lay not only in their brilliantly inventive musicianship — the stuttered sweet raunch of Robbie Robertson's guitar, the flowing beat of Levon Helm's drumming, the terse orchestrated expressiveness of Garth

Hudson's keyboards — but also in the fact that they had that rare chemistry and understanding that enabled them to bring out the best in each other.

They were versatile, all playing a variety of instruments; had a homemade horn section with a sound all of its own; and in Levon Helm, Rick Danko and Richard Manuel had three great, genuinely soulful singers. That's three more than most groups.

'The Band' visits old ballrooms and good times with characters that come alive, vivid images that fade into the beauty and solace of 'Whispering Pines' or the sorrow and retribution of 'The Unfaithful Servant'. It's irresistibly addictive, quirky and humorous ('Rag Mama Rag', 'Jemima Surrender' and 'Up On Cripple Creek'), ingeniously reflective ('When You Awake' and 'Across The Great Divide') or a tattered postcard that seems to come straight from the past ('The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down' and 'King Harvest'). It is music lovingly bound with a clarity and emotive resonance that seldom fails to make the listener ache with pleasure.

At a time when their generation were watching short lived dreams turn to dust, The Band put their heads together, opened a few bottles and fashioned their world from American folk and folklore with a spirit and determination that was wholly credible and rejuvenating.

The Band made other great LPs and wrote other great songs — but somehow this LP (now available as a cheap import rather than the catastrophic £8 mug punters like me paid for it) sums them up better than anything else. They were peerless, impossible to emulate, impossible to follow. We shall never see or hear their like again.

Gavin Martin

WILL POWERS

Dancing For Mental Health (Island)

A WOMAN'S place is in the home, which is why I chose writing for money as a career. If one is a lady of letters, one need never leave the privacy and comfort of the apartment, especially if one has understanding room-mates.

Miss Lynn Goldsmith, a photographe of merit, has

forsaken the delights of agoraphobia and ventured into the recording studio. Will Powers, her barely explicable alter-ego, and a cast of dozens of stars and starlettes went along for the ride. The result is best described The Society For The Glorification Of Armchair (no, make that Highchair) Philosophy, otherwise known as the Bopre Brigade.

I came to England to, like, get some culture and the flu, not to be confronted with this piece of fat

plasticrap. HEAR: Lynn Goldsmith alter her voice with a machine into that of a male resident of an Uptown singles bar! READ: the lyric sheet! MARVEL: at the sheer nerve of all involved! CRINGE: at the being and know nothingness of it all, tarted up to the teeth in electronics and fake funk!

This is the record that actually promises to cure your problems if you buy it. What I want to know is, does the process still work if you

tape it off the radio? Will The Chipmunks do a version of 'Kissing With Confidence'? Will Lynn continue creating records which encourage hatred of women in rock and make you wish they were all buried under one instead? Will my room-mate ever forgive me for bringing this disc into the house, or will I be forced to go out for my own newspapers and sellotape?

Annene Kaye and William "B." Williams

THE IMPRESSIONS

It's All Right (Kent)
The Never Ending ... (Kent)
Keep On Pushing (Kent)
People Get Ready (Kent)

BOB DYLAN may have once cited Smokey Robinson as being the greatest living poet in popular music, but, unquestionably, Curtis Mayfield had the strongest claim to the laurel wreath.

Similarly, amongst those who continue to keep the faith, there's still conjecture as to which group truly had the sweetest soul singer — Smokey Robinson when he fronted Motown's Miracles or Curtis Mayfield as one-third of Chicago's immaculate Impressions.

The mass of evidence represented here again confirms The Impressions to be harder than the rest, just that the deftness of their instantly pleasing high-voiced delivery was somewhat deceptive. A power unto themselves, not only did this threesome transcend the fancy footwork and slick silk-suited regimentation associated with conveyor-belt vocal teams, but the perceptive subject matter of Mayfield's music made them one of the most influential recording acts of the '60s.

Ironically, whilst much lesser talents are lionised and half-baked misconceptions compounded, the lasting importance of The Impressions is rarely acknowledged.

Their immense popularity ran parallel with the emergence of American Black consciousness, whereby Curtis Mayfield proved to be as important a public voice as either Malcolm X or Dr Martin Luther King.

Endorsing the 'respect yourself' theory, Mayfield's stance was forever overtly caring and optimistic, avoiding as he did cute rhetoric, cheap slogans and nuclear cold-war paranoia.

The importance of The Impressions as a phenomenon was that they had easy access to the masses. As each lyric carried an equally strong tune, Mayfield's simple yet articulate message was instantly elevated into the charts via such hits as 'I'm So Proud', 'Keep On Pushing', 'People Get Ready' (later

reworked by Dylan himself) and 'Meeting Over Yonder'. That such uplifting music wasn't addressed exclusively to blacks, but to the oppressed and deprived in general made it all that more potent.

In Jamaica, The Impressions singlehandedly revolutionised the entire local music scene and, in the process, became as idolised as Haile Selassie himself: The Wailers for one began life as Impressions impressionists.

Here in Britain — and to our everlasting shame — The Impressions may never have enjoyed chart recognition, but on the expansive soul underground, they were the undisputed heavyweights: a copy of 'Big 16' (a hits collection) the most important of one's personal effects.

Any bunch of half-decent musicians could grab a set of matching frilly-fronted satin shirts and rattle off passable reworks of then-current Stax club favourites without being rumbled. One approached The Impressions' impressive canon of work with trepidation. Here was soul's Holy Grail — the master game plan.

The countless nuances: a Mayfield guitar figure, a particular bass run, the beguine rhythm specific to 'Gypsy Woman' and 'Minstrel And Queen', those ever-present rightly muted trumpets and that unique clipped soul swing which pervades so many of their songs contributed to their rarely emulated greatness.

On an even more personal one-to-one basis, through songs like 'Woman's Got Soul', 'I'm The One Who Loves You', 'You Must Believe Me' and 'We're In Love', Curtis Mayfield reveals a genuine and unselfconscious admiration for women and a natural dignity that's as rare in music as a Dodo omelette on a Texas Pancake House menu.

Those of you in possession of NME cassettes, the 'Ace Case' and 'Racket Packet', checkout 'Keep On Pushing' on the former and 'Dirty Laundry' on the latter — revealed is the true measure of a man who, in the two decades that separate both songs, has never sold himself short and betrayed the faith placed in him.

Keep On Pushing.

Roy Carr



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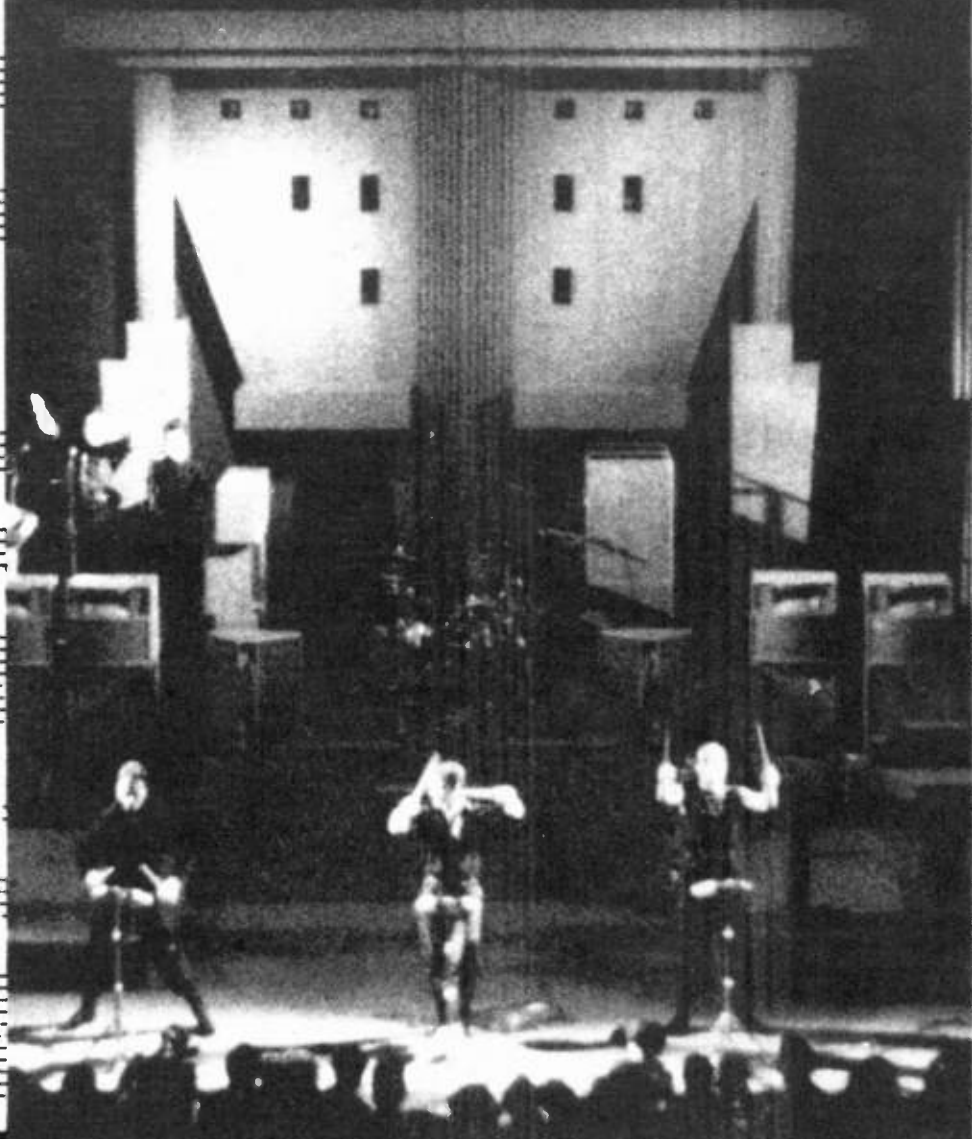
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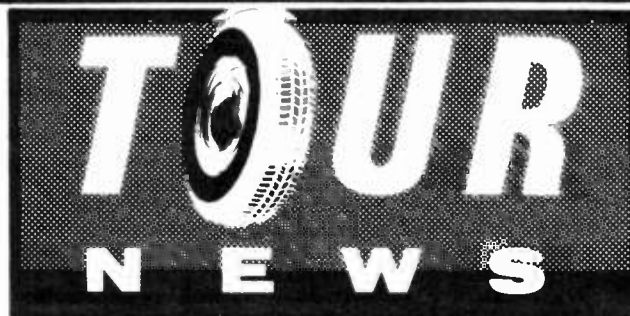
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MILLIE JACKSON returns to Britain in the New Year to star in a string of six shows at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre from Tuesday to Sunday, 21-26 February. One of America's outstanding R&B artists, she'll be bringing over her full E.S.P. (Extra Sexual Persuasion) Revue, complete with her 11-piece band Ezee Ak-Shun, including her three girl back-up vocalists known as Pure Pleasure. Tickets are available now from the box-office priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 — and they may also be ordered by mail, making cheques and POs payable to "Rank Leisure", and enclosing SAE. To tie in with her visit, she'll be releasing her new studio album 'E.S.P.' — it includes her current single 'I Feel Like Walking In The Rain', as well as her eyebrow-raising routine 'Sexercise Parts 1 & 2'. Concert Promoters are Asgard.

London season

Millie Jackson



Essex at the Albert

DAVID ESSEX is to play two end-of-year concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall on 29 and 30 December, the first time he's appeared at that venue — tickets are available now from the box-office, either by personal application or by post, priced £9.50, £8.50, £7.50 and £5.50. It appears he's been banned from performing there until now, as the authorities were worried at the prospect of his fans causing damage — which seems a little strange in view of some of the acts who've played there! These will probably be his last concerts for some time, as he is soon to star in the new musical *Mutiny*. And as a prelude, he's releasing his new Mercury single on 18 November — titled 'You're In My Heart' — it's taken from his upcoming album 'The Whisper'.

Wham postpone 11

WHAM! have cancelled all their tour dates, up to and including 10 November, as the result of singer George Michael's throat problems. The group were unable to play their second night at Hammersmith Odeon last Saturday, and Michael was immediately ordered complete rest for a fortnight. It's now planned to resume the tour with the five-day stint at London Strand Lyceum (13-17 November), followed by two shows already re-scheduled from an earlier postponement — Swansea Top Rank (20 November) and Bristol The Studio (21). A total of 11 shows have been called off during the period 29 October-10 November, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith hopes to announce re-arranged dates within the next few days — in which case, we shall report them in our next issue. Meanwhile, ticket-holders are advised to retain their tickets, as they will remain valid for the revised dates.

NO PANIC, THEY AIN'T COMMUNIST

FLOAT UP CP is the new name adopted by the core of the recently disbanded Rip Rig & Panic, who originally settled on Les Enfants Terribles but have now decided to change it. The group — based around Gareth Sager, Sean Oliver, Nonah Cherry and Flash — were apparently fed up with adverse comments on their first choice of name. It's not known what their new name means or implies, though we're assured that the 'CP' element doesn't refer to the Communist Party — "As far as I'm concerned, it's Charlie Parker", says Flash. They make their live debut at London Berkeley Square Titanic Club on 16 November.

Kurtis blows in: four gigs

KURTIS BLOW arrives in the UK at the end of next week to play four shows, as part of a 28-date European tour. He's in action at Kingston Polytechnic (11 November), Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), Glasgow Maestros (13) and London Victoria The Venue (14). Tickets for The Venue are £3.50 and are available now; they vary elsewhere, and prices should be checked with local box-offices.



ANTI-NOWHERE GOIN' SOMEWHERE

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE — fresh from the traumas surrounding their 'Live In Yugoslavia' album, which happily is now generally available — are going on tour to celebrate the LP's eventual release. First confirmed dates are at Lancaster University (25 November), Hull Spring Street Theatre (27), Manchester Ashton The Metro (1 December), Nottingham Sherwood Rooms (2), Colchester Woods Centre (8) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (10). Further gigs are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

TOUR ADDITIONS, CHANGES, CANCELLATIONS

ZZ TOP have apparently been staggered by the tremendous response to their upcoming UK tour and, having sold out two nights at Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28 November), they are now moving to the more voluminous Wembley Arena for an extra and final London concert. It's on Wednesday, 30 November, and tickets are available now from the box-office and usual agents, priced £5.50 and £4.50.

ART GARFUNKEL's Christmas concert in London on 21 December (reported last week) has been switched from the Royal Albert Hall to the Royal Festival Hall. Another change is that Jimmy Webb's new composition 'Animal Christmas' will now be conducted by Carl Davis instead of George Martin. As announced, the show is in aid of Capital Radio's Help A London Child campaign.

BEKI BONDAGE & Ligotage have now re-scheduled their date at London Marquee Club, which was postponed last month when she went down with laryngitis. The new date is 15 November, and tickets are £3.

PSYCHIC TV have postponed their projected gig tomorrow (Friday) at Prestwich Mental Hospital, Manchester, because of the governor's "concern for the welfare of the inmates". It's now been re-arranged for Manchester Ritz this Sunday (6), when all existing tickets will remain valid.

GARY NUMAN has added one final London appearance to his current "Warriors" tour — it's Sunday (6) at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, where he's also playing the previous night. He says this will be his last London date for a year.

DR. JOHN has confirmed three more gigs, in addition to his UK tour dates reported last week — at Darlington Arts Centre (9 November), Edinburgh Caley Theatre (10) and Cambridge Arts Theatre (13) — all with Diz & The Doormen supporting. He also appears on Channel 4's *The Tube* on Friday, 11 November.

HOT CHOCOLATE, whose extensive UK tour opens tonight (Thursday), have switched their show on 19 December from Northampton Derngate Centre to Bletchley Leisure Centre. To coincide with the outing, their new single 'I'm Sorry' (taken from the album 'Love Shot') is issued by EMI next Monday.

ZZ TOP, EURYTHMICS: NEW LONDON DATES



ANNIE LENNOX

EURYTHMICS have added a fifth London date to their major UK tour, which opened last night (Wednesday) — at Hammersmith Odeon on 2 December. They're already set for gigs in the capital at the Odeon (19 November), Hammersmith Palais (21) and the Lyceum (30 and 1 December). Their Scottish dates have also had to be changed — see separate story.

JoBOXERS, who last week arranged a London show for this Sunday (6) at the Lyceum Ballroom, now regret to announce that it's cancelled! It was intended as a replacement for their Hammersmith date on 25 October, which had to be called off due to drummer Sean McClusky's tonsillitis — and it's this same reason which has caused the revised gig to be scrapped. The group promise to schedule another London date as soon as possible.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX will definitely not be appearing at London's Dominion Theatre on 18 November. Advertising space has been bought in the *NME* for the last two weeks to announce the show but, as reported in our last issue, no-one seemed to know for sure if it was on or off. The band say it's been postponed due to foreign commitments, and they have no immediate plans for a UK tour.

JOHN FOX has re-scheduled his date at Sheffield Leadmill for 15 December, as replacement for his original gig there on 20 October, which was called off due to illness. Existing tickets remain valid for the revised dates, or refunds are obtainable if desired.

CLASSIX, BOXERS OFF

THE FALL have slotted in three more dates, in addition to those reported two weeks ago — at Keele University (16 November), Norwich Gala Ballroom (18) and Manchester Polytechnic (26). And their gig at York University moves back one day from 10 to 11 November.

UB40 apologise to those people who turned up at the Hammersmith Odeon with tickets for last year's cancelled show at Brixton Fair Deal and were turned away. It was the band's intention to honour these tickets, but it was expected that holders would exchange them in advance for Odeon tickets, and clearly this wasn't done in some cases. The problem was that UB40 had no idea how many Fair Deal tickets were sold in the first place.

MODEL ARMY MANOEUVRES

NEW MODEL ARMY hit the road in support of their new single 'Great Expectations'/'Writing', released this week and the first under their newly-signed deal with Abstract Records. Three of their gigs, with Billy Bragg supporting, were announced last week — at Leeds Tiffany's (6 November), London Marquee (14) and Manchester Jilly's (20). Others newly confirmed are at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Glasgow Night Moves (7 November), Keighley Victoria Hotel (13), Canterbury Kent University (15), Dudley J.B.'s (18), Colne Francs (19), Bradford University (23), Newcastle Tiffany's (24), Birmingham Tin Can Club (25) and Coventry Warwick University (26). The tour will be extended into December with the addition of six or eight more dates, currently being finalised.



NEW MODEL ARMY

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REA REAPPEARS

CHRIS REA—who, despite being one of the country's most under-rated singer composers, still commands a loyal and substantial following—returns from a 30-date European tour to play three special concerts. They are a Capital Radio sponsored show at London Charing-Cross Rd. Phoenix Theatre (26 November), Redcar Coatham Bowl (27) and London Wimbledon Theatre (28)—and he'll be backed by his new band featuring ex-Squeeze drummer Gilson Lavis, Kevin Leach (keyboards), Kevin Powell (bass) and Jerry Stevenson (rhythm guitar). He then starts work on his fifth album, after which he'll be undertaking a lengthy UK tour in the New Year.

Mama's Boys leave home

MAMA'S BOYS, the Irish rock trio who've worked closely with Thin Lizzy, are touring in their own right in support of their new Spartan Records album 'Turn It Up' and single 'Too Little Of You To Love'. A free T-shirt will be given with each of the first 5000 copies of the LP, and Spartan also planned to give a free copy of the band's 'Official Bootleg' album with initial copies of the single—but whether they will still adhere to this, in view of the BPI's new ruling on singles chart eligibility (reported last week) remains to be seen.

They were guesting with Johnny Winter at London Hammersmith Odeon last night (Wednesday), and now move on to play Portsmouth Polytechnic (this Thursday), Leeds Florde Green (Saturday), Manchester Adam & Eve (10 November), Newcastle Mayfair (11), Liverpool Polytechnic (12), Sheffield Limit Club (17), London Marquee Club (19), Coventry General Wolfe (25), Gwent Cross Keys Institute (26) and Rayleigh Crocs (1 December). Further dates are being set and will be announced shortly.



FLESH, GIGS AND DISC FOR LULU

FLESH FOR LULU, who've managed to survive The Batcave tour with The Specimen, have now set up a string of dates in their own right to support their first Polydor single. Titled 'Roman Candle' and released this week, it comes in 12-inch form to accommodate the 24 minutes playing time, but sells at the price of an ordinary seven-inch—the other three tracks are 'Coming Down', 'Lame Train' and 'The Power Of Suggestion'. They play Birmingham Fighting Cocks (this Friday), Aylesbury Friars with The Alarm (Saturday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8 November), Blackburn Gun Club (10), Glasgow Night Moves (11), Newcastle Shelleys (14), Leeds Bierkeller (15), Kingston Polytechnic (17), Portsmouth Granny's (18), Brighton Escape Club (19), London Brixton The Frigate (24), Coine Francs (26) and Leicester Psychic Dance (29).

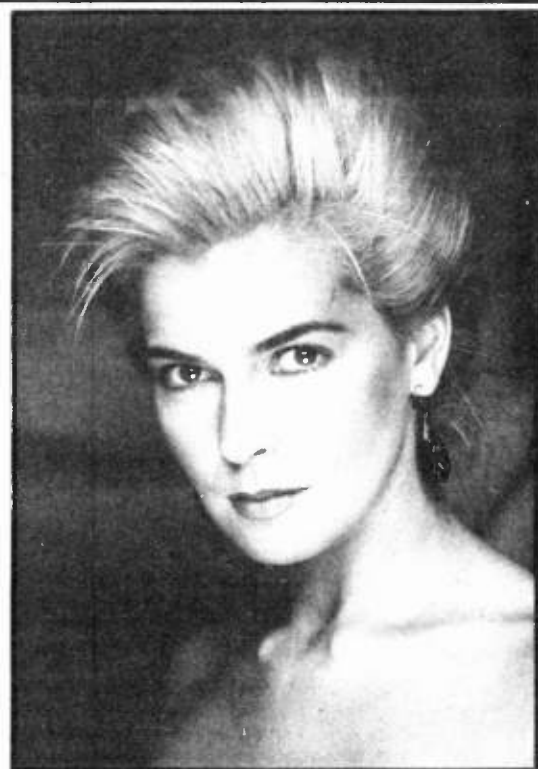
TOUR NEWS EXTRA

Toyah: her vow to explode on stage!

TOYAH has now confirmed details of her pre-Christmas UK tour, plans for which have already been reported by NME. It's her first major outing with the band since her Christmas 'Warrior Rock' dates last year—and, on this occasion, she'll be promoting her newly released album 'Love Is The Law'. She'll also have a new single issued by Safari to coincide with the tour, 'The Vow/I Explode', also available in 12-inch format with an extra track titled 'Haunted'. And she'll be making a number of TV appearances to boost both the LP and single.

Tour dates are Loughborough University (25 November), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Halifax Civic Hall (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (1 December), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2), Margate Winter Gardens (3), Birmingham Odeon (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (6), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (7), Guildford Civic Hall (8), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Manchester Apollo (14), Sheffield City Hall (15), Crawley Leisure Centre (16) and Reading Hexagon (17).

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 advance, £4 doors (Loughborough); £4 advance, £4.50 doors (Blackburn); £4.50, £4 and £3 (Halifax); £4.50 and £4 (Ipswich and Middlesbrough); £4 and £3.50 (Bournemouth); £4.50 and £3.50 (Reading); £4 only (Liverpool); £4.50 only (Dunstable, Margate, Guildford and Crawley); £5, £4.50 and £4 (Hammersmith); and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (all remaining venues).



TOYAH: the new demure look

Top acts re-jig dates as venue shuts

SIMPLE MINDS, Eurythmics, PIL and Imagination have all had their upcoming Glasgow concerts switched to alternative venues, due to the closure of The Locarno (formerly Tiffany's), the city's leading dance hall. The situation with PIL and Imagination is quite straightforward as they both move to the Apollo Theatre on their original dates, 16 November and 4 December respectively—the only snag is that existing tickets have to be exchanged at the Apollo for new tickets, though there's now an extra allocation available due to the Apollo's larger capacity. The other two changes are rather more complicated, as follows:

Simple Minds particularly wanted to play a stand-up venue for their Christmas shows on 21 and 22 December, which is why they chose the Locarno—and now they've been given permission to re-open the famous Barrowland Ballroom for those same two dates. The problem is that the Barrowland is smaller than the Locarno, which had sold out

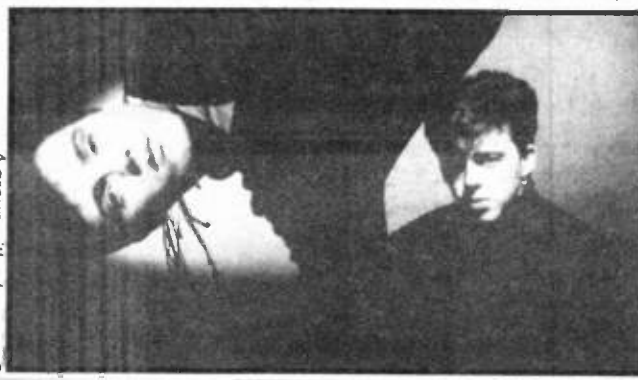
GLASGOW LOCARNO CLOSURE BRINGS SCHEDULE UPHEAVAL

both gigs. So now Minds will play a third night on 23 December and tickets with numbers higher than A700 should be exchanged at the Locarno for the extra show at Barrowland. The band hope this heralds the opening of a major new venue for Scotland.

Eurythmics have had to re-arrange their entire Scottish schedule, and the revised itinerary is Glasgow Apollo (23 November instead of the Locarno on 27), Aberdeen Capitol (24 instead of 23), Inverness Eden Court (26 instead of 24) and Edinburgh Playhouse (27 instead of 25). Here again, Glasgow holders are asked to exchange their tickets at the Apollo, which is allocating a section of good seats for them.

TEARS FOR FEARS FOR GIGS FOR UK FOR XMAS

TEARS FOR FEARS—just back from an extensive tour of Europe, where their album 'The Hurting' has been hitting the high spots—have this week confirmed a major pre-Christmas UK tour, including two nights at Hammersmith Odeon. Chances are they'll also have new record product released to coincide with their outing, though we don't yet know the details. Ticket prices for their gigs range from £4 to £5 depending on the venue, and readers should check with



A group with a hang-up?

MEAT CLEAVER (nothing to do with carving up Meat Loaf) are a recently formed US hard rock outfit, currently paying their first visit to the UK. Their dates are confined mainly to the West Country and are at Bournemouth Dorset Institute (tomorrow, Friday), Weymouth The Chapel (Saturday), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (7 November), Lymington Saddler's Arms (8), Penzance Esmerelda's (9), Newquay Boom Boom Club (10), Dawlish Perry's Cider Mill (11), Taunton Turk's Head (13), Congesbury Star Inn (14) and Bristol Hope Centre (15).

THE FLYING PADOVANIS return to live action with a one-off date at London Covent Garden Rock Garden this Saturday (5). They've recently recorded their first album for the French-based Skydog label, an instrumental set called 'Do The Hell', and are currently seeking a British outlet.

JONATHAN PERKINS—founder member of XTC, also ex-Stadium Dogs and Original Mirrors keyboardist—has embarked on a solo career with his band Silver Spurs, which includes former Original Mirrors colleague and Mike Oldfield bassist Phil Spalding. They can be seen on Channel 4's 'The Tube' tomorrow (Friday), and have London dates at Mile End Queen Mary College (November 11) and the Marquee Club (17). Perkins' first single 'I'll Lay My Silver Spurs (She's Wrong)'/'The Beast in Me' is out on RCA, with two extra tracks on the 12-inch format.

SARAH VAUGHAN, Billy Eckstine, Barney Kessell Trio, Stan Tacey Sextet and the bands of Woody Herman and Humphrey Lyttelton are among acts appearing in the Welsh Jazz Festival '83. It takes place at Cardiff St. David's Hall on 18 and 19 November.

THE REPUBLIC and the Carol Grimes Band are playing a special charity concert at the London School of Economics (Houghton St., W.C.2) on Friday, 11 November. It's in aid of the El Salvador Solidarity Campaign.

THE ALBION BAND are on tour at Wallasey Leasowe Castle (tomorrow, Friday), Bury The Derby Hall (Saturday), Christchurch Regent Centre (11 November), Stroud Leisure Centre (12), Cardiff Sherman Theatre (13), Bridgwater Arts Centre (22), Warminster Arts Centre (23), Chipping Norton Theatre (24), Manchester Royal Exchange (27), Hull Spring Street Centre (28), Lichfield Civic Hall (29) and Epsom Playhouse (3 December).

SNAKEFINGER—aka Philip Lithman, the ex-Ralph Records avant garde guitarist—is performing his 'History Of The Blues, Parts 1 & 2' at London Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (8), his only UK show. He's appearing with an all-star seven-piece band of musician friends from the San Francisco Bay area.

THE WAKE, the Scottish group whose new single 'Something Outside' has just been released by Factory-Benelux, play a handful of English dates this month—at Preston Clouds (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool College of Higher Education (Friday), Brighton Polytechnic (10 November), Bournemouth Midnight Express (11) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (12).

UNDER TWO FLAGS have cancelled gigs in Liverpool and Bristol this weekend, as well as a string of dates in Scotland, which are now being re-scheduled for December. This is due to the upheaval caused by their switching agencies from Wasted Talent to ITB. They will, however, be appearing as special guests on two or three of the Sex Gang Children dates.

REDSKINS are playing a handful of rare live dates during the next few weeks, and can be seen in action at Nottingham Palas (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff Bogies (10 November), Bristol Trinity Hall (11), Birmingham The Mermaid (18) and Brighton Pavilion (9 December).

BLANCMANGE, who've been conspicuous by their absence in recent months, are poised to launch a major New Year campaign. They're being lined up by The Station Agency for extensive UK and European tours, details to follow shortly, and these will coincide with the release of their second album.



HANOI ROCKS are to play a special three-night Christmas stint at London Marquee Club on 18, 19 and 20 December, and tickets priced £3 should be on sale by this weekend. Their only other 1983 gig is at Bristol Granary on 10 November, as replacement for a date cancelled there on their last tour. They're about to start work on their new LP, with a working title of 'Silver Missiles And Nightingales', for CBS release next spring.

the respective box-offices for more information. Dates are:

Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (4 December), Newcastle City Hall (5), Edinburgh Playhouse (6), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Manchester Apollo (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Margate Winter Gardens (16), Brighton Dome (17), Poole Arts Centre (19) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (20).

BRILLIANT will be back in action shortly with a new and expanded seven-piece line-up. The original nucleus of Youth (bass), Stephan (bass) and Marcus (vocals and guitar) has now been joined by June (vocals), Ben Watkins (synthesiser), Chester (percussion) and Mike Foster (drums), the latter replacing Andy Anderson who's now with The Cure. A series of UK dates is being set up for later this month, details to be announced shortly, and there will be a new single to coincide.

THE CALL, the highly rated American band who've been touring all over the States and Europe with Peter Gabriel, play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on 8 November—they'll be sharing the bill with Irish band Auto Da Fe, with Phil Lynott guesting on bass. As a further boost for their new London Records single 'The Walls Came Down', they appear in Channel 4's 'The Tube' on 11 November and Radio 1's 'In Concert' on 19 November.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS extend their one-nighter series through this month with dates at Rayleigh Crocs (tonight, Thursday), Gravesend Red Lion (Friday), New Malden Manor Park Pavilion (11 November), Oxford Pennyfarthing (12), Sunderland Mayfair (18), Warrington Lion (19), Sheffield Marples (20), Spennymoor Leisure Centre (21), Billingham Arts Centre (22), Leeds Bierkeller (23), London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (24), Chislehurst Caves (26) and Kingston Grey Horse (28).

PENDRAGON tour the college circuit this month, with dates so far set at Cardiff University (this Saturday), Swansea University (17), Cheltenham College (23) and Manchester University (27)—then it's back to the clubs in December, with confirmed gigs at Dunstable Wheatstaple (5), Watford Verulam Arms (7), Norwich Whites (10) and Stroud New Lodge (23). Their cassette album 'Alaska' is now available by mail at £1.75 (including p+p) from Sceptre Records & Tapes, 61 Middle Street, Scotney, Glos. GL5 1EA.

THE SMART, the London band fronted by ex-Chelsea men David Martin and Geoff Myles, are playing a special benefit gig at London Marquee Club on 18 November (admission 2.50). It's in aid of Malcolm Asling, the ex-Chelsea and UK Subs drummer, who is paralysed from the waist down following a motorbike accident on the Isle Of Man in May.

THE STINGRAYS headline tonight (Thursday) at the Orgasm Club, a new weekly venue which specialises in "trash" acts, operating at Gossips In London's Dean Street. Bands wishing to perform there should send a tape to Creation Records, c/o Rough Trade, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W.11.

SPREADING THE NEWS WITH OUR RHYTHM & BLUES

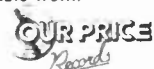


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Fats Domino: What A Party	PM 1546631	Fats Domino: Here Stands Fats Domino	2C 068 82621
Lloyd Glenn: After Hours	PM 1546641	Fats Domino: This Is Fats	2C 068 83296
Thurston Harris: Little Betty Pretty One	PM 1546651	Fats Domino: The Fabulous Mr. D	2C 068 83296
Lynn Hope: His Tenor Sax	PM 1546661	Fats Domino: I Miss You So	2C 068 83295
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Amos Milburn: Let's Have A Party	PM 1546711	Pas Johnson: Rockin' With The Plas	2C 068 86529
Elia May Moore: Same House Boogie	PM 1546721	Louis Jordan: Go Blow Your Horn (Part 1)	2C 068 84793
Huey 'Phono' Smith & His Clowns	PM 1546731	Earl King: Trick Bag	2C 068 83299
Various: Aladdin: 14 Magic Lamps	PM 1546741	Leadbelly: His Guitar, His Voice, His Piano	2C 068 80701
Amos Milburn: Sings The Blues	PM 1546751	Julia Lee: Party Time	2C 068 86524
T Bone Walker: Singing The Blues	PM 1546761	Johnny Otis: The Johnny Otis Show	2C 068 86528
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

3rd

Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: **Black Roots**
 Aberystwyth University: **Danse Society**
 Ashford Prince of Orange: **Moving Target**
 Barnstaple Queen's Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: **Back Street Slide**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Dio/Waysted**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **The Farmer's Boys**
 Cardiff New Ocean Rooms: **King Kurt**
 Cardiff University: **Lindisfarne**
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **The Bloomsbury Set**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Gary Byrd & The G.B. Experience**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Los Paraguayos**
 Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Folkestone Peter Piper's: **Banzai**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Phantoms Of The Underground/New Kicks**
 Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **The Icicle Works/Billy Bragg**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **The Fleshtones**
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Gary Numan**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Dagaband**
 Hastings Downtown Saturdays: **Sex Gang Children**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Budgie**
 Hull Centre Hotel: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Leeds Cosmo Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
 Leeds Grand Theatre: **The Spinners**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Pleasure And The Beast**
 Letchworth Leisure Centre: **Gothique**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Ad Lid at The Kensington: **Curious Race/Model Trains**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Mungo Jerry**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Seconds Of Pleasure**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Don Carlos**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Little Sister**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Indians In Moscow/The Masked Orchestra**
 London Finchley Rd The Castle: **Mercedes**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Building**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Naked Lunch/It's A Tightrope**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Jimmy Crowley**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **SI SI Cremola**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Warriors**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Seducer**
 London Lewisham Odeon Paradise Garage: **Suzy Van Pink/Beat The Drum**
 London Marquee Club: **Spider**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London Richmond The Bull: **Georgia Jazzband & Guests**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Mr 'B' Plays Basie Big Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Peter Appleyard Quintet with Ed Bickert (until Saturday)**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Cayenne**
 London Stratford The Swan: **Christine Ellerbeck/Simon Fanshawe/Jenny Lecoat**
 London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Philip Glass Ensemble**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard (until 3 December)**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Dirty Strangers/We're Only Human**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London Woolwich Kings Head: **The Famous Five**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Lialson**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Come Dancing**
 London W.1 (Dean St) Orgasm Club (at Gossips): **The Stingrays**
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**

London W.1 (Wardour St) The Wag Club: **Jayne County**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Macondo**
 Manchester University Union: **Sax Appeal**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Michael Schenker Group/Wildlife**
 Newcastle University: **Steve Hackett**
 New Malden Manor Park Pavilion: **Pendragon/Fugitive**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples**
 Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers
 Nottingham Palais: **The Redskins/The Mekons/Seething Wells/Little Brother/Humanity**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Eurythmics**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Springheel Jack**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Public Image Ltd.**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Mama's Boys**
 Preston Polytechnic: **Sensible Shoes**
 Rayleigh Crocs: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Reading Target Club: **Larry Miller**
 Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Dillinger**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Nick Toczek/The 3 Johns/To Be Continued**
 Slough Studio One: **Johnny Cranmer Band/Pony**
 Southampton Guildhall: **The Enid/I.Q.**
 Southampton Solent Suite: **Mike Gibbs Band**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Hot Chocolate**
 St. Helens Royal Raven: **Slyfox**
 Watford Bailey's: **The Original Chi-Lites (until Saturday)**
 Watford Verulam Arms: **Take Away**
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY

4th

Aylesbury (Wendover) The Wellhead Inn: **The Klaron 5**
 Banbury Football Club: **Red Texas**
 Bangor University: **It's Immaterial**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Flesh For Lulu/Nomads**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Nick Heyward**
 Birmingham Polytechnic: **Danse Society**
 Birmingham The Mermaid: **Crucial Music**
 Blackburn Regent Club: **Ik**
 Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Chaz Jankel Band**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Dio/Waysted**
 Cardiff University: **Shark Taboo**
 Carlisle Creeps Bar: **Dagaband**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlites**
 Crewkerne Hinton St. George Hall: **No Obligation/Spyin' For Brian/The G Men/W.O.T.H.**
 Croydon The Star: **Buddy Curtis & The Grasshoppers**
 Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Dublin TV Club: **Dillinger**
 Edinburgh Art College: **The Story So Far**
 Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Steve Hackett**
 Edinburgh University: **The Icicle Works/Billy Bragg**
 Feltham Football Club: **Serious Drinking**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Task Force**
 Gillingham Napier Arms: **Wipeout**
 Glasgow University: **Black Roots**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tutch**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **Gary Numan**
 Guildford Surrey University: **John Martyn**
 Harlow Playhouse Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Hastings Rumours Club: **Pendragon**
 Heathrow Sheraton Skyline Hotel: **Hank Wangford Band**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **John Otway**
 Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
 Hythe Red Lion Hotel: **No Surrender**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Shadows**
 Liverpool C. F. Mott College: **The Wake/Politburo**
 Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Macondo**
 Liverpool University: **Ex-Post Facto/The Bamboo Fringe**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Memphis Slim**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**

HOT SPOTS THIS WEEK

HOT CHOCOLATE set out this week on their traditional autumn tour, and on this occasion it's a marathon trek comprising over 40 dates – the first of which are at St. Austell (Thursday and Friday), Chippenham (Saturday and Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday). . . . Motown originals **JUNIOR WALKER & The All Stars** pay a welcome return visit, kicking off in London on Wednesday. . . . The perennial **DR. JOHN** is doing the rounds again, fighting fit after a health scare earlier this year, and he's concentrating mainly on London-area venues during the coming week. . . . And German rockers **ACCEPT** open a U.K. concert series in Sheffield on Sunday.

Also joining the throng of tourists on the road are **GORDON GILTRAP**, **FLESH FOR LULU**, **THE ICICLE WORKS** and **THE GO-BETWEENS**, among others. And two major tours, which have been going strong for some time, both reach a fitting climax in London – **WHAM!** are playing no less than seven nights at the Lyceum Ballroom, starting on Tuesday; and **CLIFF RICHARD** goes one better by rounding off his Silver Jubilee outing with a 27-night season at the Victoria Apollo, beginning on Thursday and continuing until 3 December (Sundays excepted, of course).

Several interesting one-offs this week, all in London, starting with three two-offs (confused?) – the immensely talented **PHILIP GLASS** and his ensemble are at the Dominion Theatre on Thursday and Friday; **SUGAR MINOTT** tops a scintillating reggae bill at Brixton Ace on Friday and Saturday; and on the same two nights, **BRASS CONSTRUCTION** are in action at Hammersmith Odeon, with **NEW YORK SKYY** as their guests. Additionally, **CHAZ JANKEL** brings his new Johnny Funk Band to Victoria The Venue on Wednesday, after a few regional gigs.

London Brixton Old White Horse: **Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Spare Tyre/See You In Vegas**
 London Brixton The Ace: **Sugar Minott/Don Carlos/Junior Reid**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Orson Family/Repulsion**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Danny & The NoGoodniks/Yes Lets**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Camden Irish Centre: **The Shillelagh Sisters/Pogue Mahone**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The Radical Sheiks**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Luxury**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dr. John/Dz & The Doormen**
 London Deptford Engineers Club: **Jenny Lecoat/Christine Ellerbeck/Simon Fanshawe**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Fear Of Falling**
 London Farringdon Metropolitan: **Liberated Sound Octet/Esro Band**
 London Finchley Rd The Castle: **Dead Man's Shadow**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Nights/Gelsha Girls**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/Nick Greenwood Band**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Major Setback Band/Special Brew**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Chicken Shack**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Cannibals/The Wolf Hounds**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Brass Construction/New York Skyy**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Era**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cayenne**
 London Kensington Imperial College: **Sad Among Strangers**
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: **The Dix-Six Band**
 London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night**
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Farmer's Boys**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Taylor Band/Dorris Henderson**
 London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **The Rent Party/Pauline Melville/Dinah Livingstone**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Strand King's College: **John Cooper Clarke/Wild Willy Barrett/U-Boat**
 London Tottenham Municipal Hall: **The Republic/Richard & The Shady Girls**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
 London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Philip Glass Ensemble**
 London University Union: **Farenji Warriors**

SATURDAY

5th

Aylesbury Friars: **The Alarm**
 Birkenhead Glenda Jackson Theatre: **Experimental Gardens**
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Toy Dolls**
 Birmingham The Mermaid: **King Kurt**
 Blackburn Regent Club: **Ik**
 Bolton Cotton Tree: **Lotus Cruise**
 Brighton Escape Club: **Strawberry Switchblade/Greeting No. 4**
 Brighton The Kensington: **Icon**
 Bristol Granary: **Automatic Slim**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **John Otway**
 Cardiff University: **Pendragon**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Chippenham Goldiggers: **Hot Chocolate**
 Colchester Essex University: **The Farmer's Boys**
 Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: **Black Slate/Mecca 38**
 Coventry Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Pink Umbrellas**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Thunderstick**
 Dundee University: **Steve Hackett**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Passionate Friends**
 Edinburgh University: **The Cherry Boys**
 Gateshead Station Hotel: **Blot Squad**
 Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **Solid Vibes**
 Huddersfield Polytechnics: **UK Subs**
 Kempston Wilbur's Wine Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Jazz Fusions/Cutting Edge**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Mama's Boys**
 Leicester Nag's Head: **The Varukers**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **Chaz Jankel Band**
 Leicester University: **Danse Society**
 Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Go-Betweens**
 Llantwit Major St. Donat's Castle: **Mike Gibbs Band**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
 London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **Pop Icons**
 London Brixton The Ace: **Sugar Minott/Don Carlos/Junior Reid**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Flatlets**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Motivators/The Tender Trap**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Stewart Band**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (lunchtime): **Wolfe Witcher Band**
 London Cricklewood Hotel: **Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Spare Tyre/See You In Vegas**
 London Finchley Rd The Castle: **Contender**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Mob/Flowers In The Dustbin**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Roxette/Ludovico Technique/Dignity**

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Look Back In Anger/3-D Screen**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dio/Waysted**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Facing West/Tunnel Vision**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Bouncing Czechs**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
 London Lavender Hill Cornet Of Horse: **Jenny Lecoat/Christine Ellerbeck/Simon Fanshawe**
 London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
 London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night**
 London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Walters**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Dregs Of Dixieland (lunchtime)/Ken Sims Dixie Kings (evening)**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Gary Numan**
 London Tottenham Court Road The Roebuck: **Seething Wells/Claire Dowle/The Flatlets/Anne Clark**
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London University Union: **The Republic/The Soul Assistants**
 London W.C.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **The Nightingales/The Legend & The Swinging Soul Sisters/The Committee/Revolving Paint Dream**
 Manchester (Chorlton) The Pavilion: **The Return Of Pluto**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Smiths/It's Immaterial**
 Manchester University Union: **Eek-A-Mouse/Benjamin Zephaniah**
 Newcastle University: **Black Roots**
 Newhaven Fort Newhaven: **Mezzoforte/George Melly & The Feetwarmers/Morrissey Mullen/Dizzy Gillespie**
 Northampton Black Lion: **Attila The Stockbroker/Groovy Underwear**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Lindisfarne**
 Norwich Theatre Royal: **The Spinners**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Heavy Pettin**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Sex Gang Children**
 Reading Bulmershe College: **Kabbala**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Warm Snorkel**
 Reading University: **Public Image Ltd.**
 Salisbury St. Edmund's Art Centre: **Macondo**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **They Must Be Russians**
 Sheffield University: **The Enid**
 Skegness Embassy: **Mike Harding**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Stirling McRobert Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Taunton Wood Street Inn: **Avenue**
 Watford Holyrood Social Club: **Dingle Spike**
 Whitby Bay Esplanade: **Quasar**
 Windsor Arts Centre: **Lazy/Blue Murder/Second Time Around**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wolverhampton Arches Club: **Dagaband**

SUNDAY

6th

Ascot Horse & Groom: **Jeep**
 Ashford Prince of Orange: **Apache**
 Basildon Festival Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Chasar**
 Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Mike Gibbs Band**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bristol Bridge Inn: **Automatic Slim**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Nick Heyward**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Buckhurst Hill The Roebuck: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Chippenham Goldiggers: **Hot Chocolate**
 Derby Assembly Room: **The Shadows**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Passionate Friends**
 Harrogate Conference Centre: **Lindisfarne**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Sandu & The New Hall Jazz Band/Stephane Grappelli**
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Georgia Jazzband**
 Leeds Tiffany's: **New Model Army/Billy Bragg**
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob**

CONTINUES OVER

DR. JOHN
making several
night trips

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: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylightes**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Swerve**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Dr. John**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang/Marionette**
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Ruthie Smith & Friends**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Nantuck Five/Bilko**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Brass Construction/New York Skyy**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Transcontinental Cowboys**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Gaz & The Groovers (lunchtime)/Jazz Sluts (evening)**
 London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **John Birch**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Satellites**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **The Sunday Jam**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Gary Numan**
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Omega**
 London Wood Green Brabant Rd Centre: **Janice Perry/Mark Miwardz/Spare Tyre/See You In Vegas**
 London W. 1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Colour Me Pop**
 London W. 11 Tabernacle Community Centre: **London All Stars/Stardust Steelband**
 Maidstone Hazlett Theatre: **Macondo**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Eurythmics**
 Manchester Jolly's: **King Kurt**
 Manchester Ritz: **Psychic TV**
 Margate First & Last: **Dave Crosby Band**
 Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Northampton Derrigate Centre: **The Spinners**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Tranzista**
 Reading The Jive Dive: **Twisted Nerve**
 Rochdale Flying Horse: **The Hawaiian Surgeons**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Accept/Rage**
 South Shields New Crown Hotel: **Quasar**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Public Image Ltd.**
 Taunton Dolphin Inn: **Avenue**
 Thatcham Silks: **The Enid**
 Wallasey Dale Inn: **Experimental Gardens**

MONDAY 7th

Bath Moles Club: **Chaz Jankel Band**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dr. John/Diz & The Doormen/Frankie Miller**
 Glasgow Rutherglen The Monday Alternative: **Let's Go Native**

Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Hertford The Woolpack: **Gothique**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Gene Loves Jezebel**
 Leicester The Belfry: **King Kurt**
 Leicester St. Patrick's Club: **Pyewackett**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Eurythmics**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Capricorn**
 London Barbican Centre: **Steve Hackett**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Lowe & Paul Carrack**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Rent Party**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Frixion/The O1 Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Membranes/Twisted Nerve**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Drunk On Cake/Private Collection/Halloween**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rick Morcombe-Tim Stone Band**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Fred Hunt & Guests**
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **The Famous Five**
 London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
 London Oxford St Satans Alley: **Rubella Ballet/Youth In Asia**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
 London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Modern English/The Chameleons/Nyam Nyam**
 London W. 1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Colour Me Pop**
 London W. 1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Accept/Rage**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Now**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Hot Chocolate**
 Sheffield University: **The Farmer's Boys**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Dio/Waysted**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **Macondo**
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
 Watford Bailey's: **The Three Degrees (until Saturday)**
 Widnes Rockzone Scene: **Seventh Son**

TUESDAY 8th

Billingham Swan Hotel: **Tredegar**
 Bilston News Springfield Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Birmingham Mr. Bill's: **Stigma**
 Birmingham (Tysley) The Greet: **Back Street Slide**
 Bradford University: **Macondo**
 Brighton Dome: **Hot Chocolate**
 Bristol The Studio: **Public Image Ltd.**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Chaz Jankel Band**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **Black Onyx (until Saturday)**
 Corby Festival Hall: **Steve Hackett**
 Croydon (Wallington) Digby's Club: **Accent**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Hatfield Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**



ROBERT FORSTER
 of THE GO-BETWEENS
 — back on the circuit

Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Dio/Waysted**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Creature Beat/Pop Icons**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Snakefinger**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**

London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wretangles**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The Charts**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Flesh For Lulu**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley/Missing Arlmen**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Mantilla/The Trudy**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Barney Rubble Band/Wig City/Biggin Tibet (Idiot Ballroom); Goodnight Forever/The Alchemist (Broadway)**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Swerve/Alibi**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Brian Dee & Guests (until Friday)**
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Avenue**
 London Oxford St 100 Clu: **Marionette/Genocides/Dogs D'Amour/Mercenary Skank**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete King/Dave Suttle Trio**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Coup D'Etat**
 London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Auto De Fe/Phil Lynott**
 London W. 1 (Dean St) The Pipeline at Gossips: **The Dogs D'Amour**
 London W. 1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
 London W. 1 (Lansdowne Row) The Titanic: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 Middlesbrough Madison's: **The Farmer's Boys**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
 Newcastle People's Theatre: **Mike Gibbs Band**
 Newcastle Tiffany's: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
 Portsmouth Granny's: **King Kurt**
 Portsmouth Vagabonds Night Club: **Tomorrow Today**
 Rayleigh Crocs: **Dr. John/Diz & The Doormen**
 Redhill Busby's: **John Cooper Clarke/The Playn Jayn**
 Romford Ben's Disco: **Small World**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
 Southend Zero 6: **The Frame**
 Swansea Marina: **UK Subs**
 Widnes Rockzone Scene: **Subversion**
 Windsor Arts Centre: **Magic Mushroom Band**
 Worthing La Carioca: **Bone Orchard**

WEDNESDAY 9th

Apsley Guise Holt Hotel: **The Void**
 Bangor University: **The Icicle Works**
 Bedford Civic Theatre: **Mystic Dance/Living Daylights/The Monte Carlo Buskers**
 Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Red Lion: **Stigma**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Tobruk**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Gordon Giltrap**
 Bradford Wheatsheaf: **Dagaband**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Eurythmics**
 Canterbury Quines: **Emotional Play**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**

Chatham Central Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Chester Angels Nightclub: **Blue Party**
 Chesterfield White Swan: **Sub Zero**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Reactors**
 Darlington Arts Centre: **Dr. John/Diz & The Doormen**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Exeter Riverside Club: **Dillinger**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Steve Hackett**
 Hull University: **The Farmer's Boys**
 Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Shaper**
 Leeds Brannigans: **G.B.H./English Dogs**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Liverpool Venue Club: **Talking Drums**
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: **The Nash Ensemble**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
 London Brixton The Railway: **Second Dark Age**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Jr. Walker & The All Stars**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Balham Alligators**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Richard Thompson Band/Billy Bragg**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bonnie Dobson**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/Outboys**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Peacock Parade**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Sid King & Five New Strings**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Peter Buckley-Hill**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
 London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Zoom Club/Stage Nine**
 London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Hackney Five O'Pride Of The Cross/The Boothill Foottappers**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Oxford St 100 Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
 London Putney Half Moon: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Eldson Quartet**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Denny Turner Quartet with Bob Layzell**
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Chaz Jankel Band**
 London W. 1 (Wardour St) The Wag Club: **The New Belgians**
 Loughborough University: **Public Image Ltd.**
 Manchester University Union: **Blue Siege**
 Mansfield Horse & Jockey: **Passing Strangers**
 Morley The Brunswick: **Fault**
 Newcastle Coopers: **Quasar**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **Maroonedogs**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Accept/Rage**
 Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **Macondo**
 Reading University: **The Fall**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Dio/Waysted**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Mike Gibbs Band**
 Southampton Concorde Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Alistair Anderson**
 Swansea University: **Lindisfarne**
 Swindon Level 3: **Catchy Four One**
 Whitely Bay Churchill Club: **Tredegar**

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
 THE JINX
 12" has remix of THE JINX
 "YIKES" c/w dub version of TRAPPER
 Kid Jensen
 The Mating Sounds Of SOUTH AMERICAN FROGS
 THE NEW ALBUM RELEASED LATE NOVEMBER
PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES
 alive in "THE FRIDGE"
 with "THE FITS"
 THURSDAY 10th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
 390 BRIXTON RD (Brixton Tube) Tel: 737 1477 £2 at the door.

IMAGINATION
 + Guests **Zingari**
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
 FRI 9th DEC. 7.30 p.m./SAT 10th DEC. 8.30 p.m.
 and SUN. 11th DEC. 7.30 p.m.
 Tickets £6.50 £5.50 £4.50
 Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse,
 Premier and Albemarle

Friends Again
WAG CLUB
 Wednesday 2nd November
BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
 Friday 4th November

Live Ads.
 in NME
 are read by
 more people
 than those
 in any other
 music weekly
 Source NRS July 1982-June 1983

SHOOT!
DISPUTE
FUN WITH A K
 Thursday 3rd November
EMBASSY CLUB
 Old Bond St W1

THE CRICKETERS
 THE OVAL SE11 Tel: 735 3059
 Thursday 3rd November
THE WARRIORS
 Friday 4th November
CAYENNE
 Saturday 5th November
THE BOUNCING CZECHS
 Sunday 6th November
 (Lunch) **GAZ & THE GROOVERS**
 (Eve) **JAZZ SLUTS**
 Monday 7th November
RICK MORCOMBE-TIM STONE BAND
 Tuesday 8th November
SWERVE + ALIBI
 Wednesday 9th November
ZOOM CLUB
 + STAGE NINE

MOON
 half moon lane se24
 01-274 2733
 Friday 4th November Adm £1.50
ERA + Special Guests
 Saturday 5th November Adm £1.50
TUNNEL VISION
 + Facing West
 Friday 11th November Adm £1.50
NEW BELGIANS
 + Once Upon A Time
 Saturday 12th November Adm £2.00
MORRISEY MULLEN BAND
 Doors open 8.00pm Tube Brixton BR
 Heme H. Buses 68-40-17 2-3-172-196

FEELA KUTI
 with **EGYPT 80**
 A 4th SHOW-
 6.0pm OPEN
 £5-50 TICKETS
 SAT NOV 12
 ACADEMY
 BRIXTON
 21 STOCKWELL RD
 TEL: 326 1022

BROADWAY
 Clarendon Hotel,
 Hammersmith Broadway W6
 Thursday 3rd November £1.00
 Friday 4th November £1.50
 The Garage Presents:
THE CANNIBALS
 + The Wolf Hounds
 Saturday 5th November £1.50
 LOOK BACK IN ANGER
 + 3D Screen
 Sunday 6th November £1.00
NANTUCK FIVE
 + Bilko
 Monday 7th November £1.00
 Shout Records Present:
DRUNK ON CAKE/PRIVATE COLLECTION
 + Halloween
 Tuesday 8th November £1.00
GOODNIGHT FOREVER
 + The Alchemist
 Wednesday 9th November £1.50
PEACOCK PARADE + Support
 Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00 pm

TIN CAN CLUB
 OPEN FRIDAY and SATURDAY
 Friday 4th November
 (The A-Train Show) Tickets £1.50
EAST ORANGE
 Saturday 5th November
 CMP presents at The Mermaid,
 Stratford Rd. An Evening with
KING KURT
 Tickets available from
 Subway Records, Birmingham.
 Friday 11th November
THE EXPLOITED
 Saturday 12th November
DILLINGER
 (Only Birmingham appearance)
 Tickets available from Subway Records
 FANTASY Bradford Street
 Diabath BIRMINGHAM
 Phone CMP on 021-643 6958/2850
 Doors Open 8.00pm

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
Ring ALEX on
01-261 6153

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

SILVER JUBILEE
1958 **marquee** 1983

90 WARDOUR ST W1 01-437 6603
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7.00pm - 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 3rd November (Adm £3.00)
SPIDER
Geddes Axe & Jerry Floyd

Friday 4th & Saturday 5th November (Adm £3.00)
Special Live Recording
TWELFTH NIGHT
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 6th & Monday 7th November (Adm £3.00)
Welcome Return Of
BERNIE TORME
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 8th November (Adm £3.00)
MAMA'S BOYS

Wednesday 9th November (Adm £2.50)
HEAVY PETTIN
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 10th November (Adm £2.00)
APOCALYPSE
Plus The Stylee & Jerry Floyd

* ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

DINGWALLS
Camden Lock
Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
267 4967

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
NOW OPEN
7.30pm. MON-SAT
FIRST BAND 8.30
MAIN BAND 10pm

THUR 3
FROM JAMAICA - FIRST EVER U.K. SHOW
DON CARLOS
SUPPORTED BY NOMADICS

FRI 4
DANNY & THE NOGOODNIKS
SUPPORTED BY YES LETS

SAT 5
THE MOTIVATORS
SUPPORTED BY TENDER TRAP

MON 7
THE LONDON RESIDENCY
NICK LOWE & PAUL CARRACK
+ FROM USA THE CALL

TUE 8
SNAKEFINGER
3 HOUR SHOW/8 PIECE BAND
WED 9 - THUR 10
FROM MOTOWN U.S.A.

JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL STARS
+ THE MOTIVATORS

FRI 11
THE PIRATES*
COMING SOON... MON 14 - NICK & PAUL
THUR 17 - TWINKLE BROS
WED 23 - SUGAR MANOT
THUR 24 - LEE DORSEY

ULU Ents Presents

FARENJI WARRIORS GO FUNDAMENTAL MANTELLA

Friday 4th November Doors Open 7.30pm. First Band 8.00pm.
In The Manning Hall,
Tickets £3.00 Adv, £3.50 door
Available from ULU Box Office, Malet Street, London WC1
(01-580 9551)
Tubes: Goodge St, Warren St, Russell Square.

FAC 51
THE HACIENDA

Sunday 6th November
SHEER IMAGE HAIRDRESSING SHOW

Wednesday 9th November
FARMERS BOYS

Thursday 10th November
DANSE SOCIETY

Sunday 13th November
SAN JENTO
presents an Autumn/Winter Fashion Show 7.30pm
Wednesday 16th November

SPK

Thursday 17th November
ICICLE WORKS

Thursday 24th November
THE SMITHS

Monday Nights
THE GAY TRAITOR

Friday Transatlantic Funk with
GREG WILSON

Sorry about the delay for the new COSTELLO date, we will be arranging a date within the next 7 days on his return from Europe.

11-13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST, MANCHESTER
061-236 5051

CLUB FANTASTIC DISCO EVENINGS

LIVE ON STAGE
WHAM!

with D.J. GARY CROWLEY
Special Guests Each Evening

THE LYCEUM
Strand London WC2

SUN 13, MON 14, TUES 15, WED 16
& THURS 17 NOVEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS 5.00 FROM BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
PREMIER BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE ALBEMARLE STAR GREEN & USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 3rd November
NAKED LUNCH
+ It's A Tightrope

Friday 4th November
HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
+ The Mick Greenwood Band

Saturday 5th November
THE MOB + Flowers In The Dustbin

Sunday 6th November
D'RANGO SLANG
+ Marionette

Monday 7th November
Criminal Damage Records Present:
THE MEMBRANES/TWISTED NERVE

Tuesday 8th November
MANTILLA + The Trudy

Wednesday 9th November
DOLLY MIXTURE + Outboys

TOWER BALLROOM
Reservoir Road, Edgbaston
BIRMINGHAM
TEL: 021-454 0107

Monday 12th December
8.30pm 1am

KILLING JOKE
+ Support

Tickets £3.00 Adv. £3.50 door.

Tickets From Virgin Rec, Cyclops Rec
or by post from Tower Ballroom
Inc S.A.E.

DR JOHN
+ Special Guest

FRANKIE MILLER
+ DIZ & THE DOORMEN

Monday Nov 7th 8.00pm

FAIRFIELD HALL CROYDON
£3.50, £4.00, £4.50, £5.00
Box Office 01-681 0578
(Access Visa Etc)

SOME BIZZARE & DRUID PRESENT

PSYCHIC TV

THE RITZ
WHITWORTH ST. WEST
MANCHESTER
NOVEMBER 6TH AT 8PM

THIS EVENT REPLACES PRESTWICH MENTAL HOSPITAL SHOW - TICKETS REMAIN VALID AND MAY BE PURCHASED IN ADVANCE AT £3.25 FROM THE HACIENDA, BY POST OF PERSONAL APPLICATION FROM SOME BIZZARE, 17 ST ANNES COURT, LONDON W1 OR ROUGH TRADE, 130 TALBOT ROAD, LONDON W11 OR AT DOOR

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHEQUES AND PO'S PAYABLE TO SOME BIZZARE.

SPECIAL TICKET PRICE INCLUDING ENTRANCE AND RETURN COACH FARE FROM LONDON £10.25 - DETAILS FROM SOME BIZZARE: 01-734 9901.

THE CASTAWAY CLUB AT
BUSBY'S, REDHILL, SURREY
Tel: REDHILL 65624

Tuesday 8th November
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ The Playn Jayn

Tickets on the door £3.50 in advance £3.00 from Coakes Records, Redhill and Crawley, Virgin Records Croydon, DMD Records THORNTON HEATH, D.A.N. Records CRAWLEY, The Bell Pire Regate

CASTAWAY PROMOTIONS Reigate 41309

B.D.A. CONCERTS PRESENTS

STEVE HACKETT
(Ex Member of GENESIS)
at the FESTIVAL HALL, CORBY
Tuesday 8th November 7.30pm
Tickets £3.00 £3.50
Available from Box Office
CORBY 3482

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, LTB, PREMIER OR FROM THE VENUE
BOX OFFICE 01-834 5882 BETWEEN 12 NOON-5.30pm OR ON THE NIGHT.

Thursday 3rd November
Rock'n' Roll nite with **DIRTY STRANGERS** + We're Only Human

Monday 7th November
MODERN ENGLISH/THE CHAMELEONS + Nyam Nyam

Tuesday 8th November
AUTO DE FE Special Guest on Bass - PHIL LYNOTT + THE CALL

Wednesday 9th November
CHAS JANKEL + The Johnny Funk Band
Charlie Charles, Norman Watt-Roy, Robbie Taylor, Janie Romer, Mel Lewis
+ Rebel Blues Rockers

Thursday 10th November
RICHARD THOMPSON BAND + Billy Bragg

Monday 14th November
KURTIS BLOW + Cloud 9

EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY CLUB NIGHT 9 till 3 £3.50

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER

3,4 Philip Glass
4,6 Brass
Construction & New York Sky
5 Dio
7 Steve Hackett
7,8 Nick Heywood
10 Saga
11,12 Bobby McFerrin
12 Fela Kuti
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
14,15,16,17 Wham
19 Donovan
20 Danse Society
20,21 Shakin Stevens
21 Lindisfarne
22 Y & T
22,23 Kid Creole

25 The Songwriters Night - Paul Brady, Herby Armstrong, John Hiatt
27 Virgin Prunes
27,28 ZZ Top
28,29 Death Cult
29,30 Ozzy Osborne

DECEMBER

1 The Meteors
2 Eurythmics
4,5 PIL
5 Def Leppard
6 Toyah
8 Box Car Willy
8 Playdead
9,10,11 Imagination
12 Hot Chocolate
12-15 Billy Connolly
14-15 Tears For Fears

15 Revillos
15,22 Sex Gang Children
16,17 Judas Priest
17 Whitesnake
17 Robert Plant
22 Furyo
23,24 Paul Young
27-31 Bucks Fizz
29,30 David Essex

JANUARY 1984

1 Killing Joke
29 Accept

FEBRUARY

11 Gary Moore
21-28 Millie Jackson

MARCH

10,11 Marillion
15 Simple Minds

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
42 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, WC2 Phone 439 3371
Open Sundays 12.00 midday-6.00

THE HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 3rd November
M4 EXIT 13

Friday 4th November
ROCKY SHARP & THE REPLAYS
+ Johnny & The Roccos

Saturday 5th November
JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Sunday 6th November
IAN STUART (Stones Pianist)

Monday 7th November
BOBBY SHEW (U.S. Trumpet Star)

Tuesday 8th November
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND

Wednesday 9th November
CHEVALIER BROTHERS

Thursday 10th November
SID KING & HIS NEW 5 STRINGS
+ Red Beans & Rice

Friday 18th November
LONNIE DONEGAN AND HIS BAND

Saturday 3rd December
HELEN SHAPIRO
New Year's Eve

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Every Sunday Lunchtime 12.00-2.00
The New Dixie Syncopators

CROC'S
19/23 HIGH STREET
RAYLEIGH, ESSEX

Friday 4th November
"SEX GANG CHILDREN"
8.30p.m.-2.00a.m. + DJ

Tuesday 8th November
"DR JOHN"
+ Diz & The Doormen
8.30p.m.-1.00a.m. Tickets £3.50

Thursday 10th November
"THE METEORS"
8.30p.m.-1.00a.m. - DJ

Friday 11th November
"CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT"
8.30p.m.-2.00a.m. - DJ

Judas Priest

Plus Special Guests

QUIET RIOT

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 16th/17th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01748 4081 and usual agents.

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 3rd November
PLEASURE & THE BEAST

Monday 7th November
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

Thursday 10th November
ICICLE WORKS

Monday 14th November
FARMERS BOYS

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

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly

Source NRS July 1982-June 1983

LIVE ADS

EURYTHMICS ★
Plus Special Guests
VIRGIN DANCE
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
FRIDAY 2nd DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 836 3715 and LTB, Premier, Stargreen, Albemarle and Keith Prowse (subject to a booking fee)

BULL & GATE
KENTISH TOWN
GENO WASHINGTON & THE MOJOKINGS
Friday 4th November
Tickets Available Now

KINGS HEAD
4 FULHAM HIGH ST. 736 1413
Thursday 3rd November £1.50
CAREER IN COMMERCE
+ The Chase
Friday 4th November £1.50
THE ROCKETS
(Rockabilly)
Saturday 5th November £1.50
THE HEARTBEATS
Sunday 6th November £1.50
MICK CLARKE BAND
ex Salt
Monday 7th November £1.00
MANDRAKE
+ Support
Tuesday 8th November £1.00
PUBLIC ADDRESS
Wednesday 9th November £1.00
LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS

Live Ads.
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more people
than those
in any other
music weekly

Source NRS July 1982-June 1983

HALF MOON, PUTNEY
presents
LEE DORSEY AND HIS BAND
"WORKING IN A COALMINE"
Sat 26th & Sun 27th Nov.
Tickets 788 2387

RED TAPE (UK) LTD PRESENTS
THE ALARM
+ THE PERFECT CRIME
+ THE CLIMB
Friday 4th November 8.00pm
Thames Poly, Calderwood St.
London SE18
Admission £2.50 Advance
Tel: 01-691 8820
or £3.00 on night

Division One
FIRST NIGHT
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 4th. £1.50
THE KLAXON 5
THE WELLHEAD INN,
WENDOVER, BUCKS. TEL: (0296) 622733

AD LIB THE KENSINGTON
RUSSELL GONS. W14
Thur 3 **CURIOUS RACE**
+ Model Trains
Fri 4 **AH LEU CHA**
+ Olympic Smiles
Sat 5 **DIRTY STRANGERS**
+ John Mizaroli
Mon 7 **CAPRICORN**
+ Second Sight
Tues 8 **CREATURE BEAT**
+ Pop Icons
Wed 9 **VAN NOORDEN**
+ Banned From Uncle

Hot Club
SW9
Saturday 5th Nov 8pm - 1am
Fireworks Special with
POP ICONS
KISSED AIR
STREET ALIENS
plus videos, live disco and late bar
£1.50/£1.00 members and unwaged
Loughborough Hotel, Loughborough
Road, Brixton SW9



... about me all the world is stark ... live and direct from Jamaica at the Ace, Town Hall Parade, Brixton, SW2 this Friday and Saturday evening from 8pm: Lincoln Sugar Minott, Don Carlos & Gold, Junior Reid, with backing by The Daubers. Tickets on 01-737 2886 ... and I am burning ... at the Blanche Neville Youth Centre, Tottenham Green, N17 on Friday — 7pm until 11 — in tune to the resident sound Jah Marcus Outernational plus guest First Choice. Adm. £1. ... In my heart there is a fire ... also on Friday at Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2 — 7pm to 12.30am — is a grand diwali dinner and dance in aid of SOMAFCO with music by Goldust. Tickets £5 on 01-837 2012 ... a living flame in me ... live onstage at the Gala in Norwich on Friday from 8.30pm are Nottingham group The Realistics featuring vocal trio Natural lites of 'Picture On The Wall' legend plus music by Foundation Sound. £3 at the door ... the maid of my desire ... while at the Spectrum Studio 1 Club, Midland Street, Leicester on Friday from 8pm is a two white sounds clash when Jah Tubbs from London meets Papa Shifra of Leicester. Bar. Adm: £2.50 ... her kisses, fuel of my fire ... at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, Old Covent Garden, WC2 on Saturday is a night to remember — 8pm to 3am — featuring Super Combo plus Studio Fonic International. Sounds by African DJ Wala ... her tender touches, flaming higher ... bonfire celebrations too on Saturday night at the Coliseum Suite, Manor Park Road, Harlesden, NW10 with a reggae, soul and soca party featuring live onstage Reactions with sounds by Diamonds (a girl's best friend) + Stickmans Hi-Fi from 9.30pm until 3am. Tickets 01-571 4672 ... the light of light dwells in her eyes ... while in Wales on the same night at the Adam & Eve, High Street, Swansea from 8pm is a session of musical fireworks from Jah Clement with Papa Ken and Ranking Heather. Rate £1.50 ... divinity is in her sight ... also on Saturday is the eighth anniversary dance of the Sickle Cell Anaemia Research society to be held at the YMCA, 184 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N8 from 8pm until late with music by Eric Hi-Fi. Refreshments and raffle. Tickets £3 available on 01-889 3300 ... Greek fire can be extinguished by bitter wine ... jump up at the Tabernacle in Powis Square, W11 on Sunday evening from 4pm to 10.00 when the brotherhood of steel present London All Stars + Stardust + Shadow Hi-Fi. Bar and food. £1 at door ... my fire is fed on other meat ... on Monday at The Garage, Ad Lib Club, 41 St Marys Gate, Nottingham — 10pm to 2am — live on the floor Sir Coxone Hi-Power from London. Adm. £2 ... yea, even the bitterness of love is bitter-sweet ... and on Tuesday at the Lecture Hall, Compton Crescent, off White Hart Lane, Tottenham, N17 — 7pm to 11 — early session with resident sound Jah Marcus Outernational featuring opper Ranking Pee, selector Senata Bee and MCs Sister Shorty, Seanie & Flinty Ranking, Supa Natural & Mikie Dupa + Highteous International with JE at the controls and MCs Keithie Dread, Little Andy and Tony Ranks. Adm. £1 ...

NEXT WEEK IN NME

Halloween in New York: all is still by the deserted warehouses down by the Hudson River, with only the menacing throb of a John Carpenter film score murmuring through the darkness. As CHRIS BOHN cowered under some old sacking in a loading bay, a tall figure with huge growths from the side of its head appeared in the doorway. Bohn knew those ears. "ANTON CORBIJN," he hissed, "are you sure this is the only hotel IPC can afford? And what the hell are we doing in an old fashioned Next Week Box?"

"It's a ghost for Halloween," the tall Dutchman replied, nonchalantly rolling on the film in his Kodak Instamatic and munching on some pumpkin pie. "We have to tell the readers about our incredible journey with THE IMMACULATE CONSUMPTION TOUR ..."

"Featuring," Bohn interrupted Corbijn in his usual pig-ignorant manner, "MARC ALMOND, NICK CAVE, LYDIA LUNCH AND FOETUS."

"Ah-ha" Exclaimed Corbijn. "I thought I recognised that lot." Just then a white face appeared at the window, his eyes like cherries in trifle cream. Bohn and Corbijn gasped. It was DON WATSON, appearing uninvited in the Next Week Box.

"Thank God I've found you guys," Little Donny rasped. "I've just written my SEX GANG CHILDREN intro and it terrified me."

"Imagine how the sub who has to edit it will feel," Bohn whispered unkindly. But Watson didn't seem to hear him and started to read aloud ...

"Inside a Brixton tenement, at the top of a spiral staircase, stands the entrance that leads to The Sex Gang Children. This black door with its nailed wreath of dead red roses"

Watson trembled and felt a cold liquid ooze down his leg. His biro had sprung a leak. A sub in London sighed with relief.

SINGLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Ellery Bop are the sound of overcast days: plodding bass, lots of broken chords and chorus pedal on the guitar, a fairly impressive entry into the mainstream of modern gloomy guitar rock. Jamie has a quintessential contemporary guitar style and an unusual yelping quality to his singing, and provided he looks presentable things should happen for them. Both these tunes are also available as part of an EP headed up by the martial, U2-ish 'Fire In Reflection.'

DALE I LOVE YOU: Horrorscope (Korova) There's something fairly charming about earnest attempts at achieving Psychedelic Fluffhood, but the charm of this seems a little too slight. Its nearest reference point is the Mk 1 Human League's 'Empire State Human' as it would be sung by Nick Heyward.

JOOLZ: War Of Attrition (Abstract) Rather unkindly described by a visitor as 'Jane Cooper Clarke', Joolz makes her recording debut with three poems backed up by some rather clanky music from Jah Wobble. Nevertheless, what's up front is what counts, and Joolz's — Joolz? — range is formidable. 'War Of Attrition' is a scarring account of persistent sexual harassment: the experience of a woman running the gauntlet of abuse and veiled threat. She gets the tone and attitude of the reptiles she describes with a perfect, scornful, skewering accuracy: in its way it's almost as discomfiting as 'The Boiler', but Rhoda had Jerry Dammers' music behind her there. Elsewhere on the EP she relentlessly demolishes the fashion for demonism (or anything else for that matter).

JOOLS HOLLAND: Crazy Over You (IRS) Everyone's favourite almost-funny cheeky chap from The Tube gets down to his real love: ivory-whomping. This particular piece of insanely speedy rockabilly goes round and

round like a spin-dryer off its moorings, but Jools — this Jools, not the other one — delays the piano solo until far too late in the record. Forgettable but fun. Very Jools Holland.

FORREST: Dancing With My Shadow (CBS) Powee! This is an enormously snappy and assured performance from Forrest, much more exciting and distinguished than that hit he had with the forgettable title. The rhythm track grooves astonishingly hard right from the first downbeat, and it sounds almost as good as the Michael Jackson records that it so elegantly admires. After some of the dance sludge that's around, 'Dancing With My Shadow' could just crack an entire room awake again. Play it at a party after six bad records, and I'll rest my case, m'Lud.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: I'm A Spider (A&M) No, you're not. You're a wally (on this tune, anyway).

HIGH FIVE: Cold Steel Gang (Probe Plus) The best Liverpool band since the Bunnyboys, saith Tony Parsons (or words to that effect) in a brief covering note, and they certainly jangle along like beefed-up '80s Searchers, if that qualifies them. Still, it has a nice foreboding feel and a catchy title as well as — I am confident — impeccable proletarian sentiments and the obligatory dub bit in the middle.

WHODINI: Rap Machine (Jive) Phew! Narrow escape there. Dozed off and could have sworn I heard somebody going on about a computerised rapper with lungs of steel who never runs out of things to say and never loses his her/its breath. Then I woke up and the record had finished. If only I could be certain that it was nothing but a dream, a mere passing fancy ...

DANSE SOCIETY: Heaven Is Waiting (Arista) Are these people devotees of John Foxx? They seem to have absorbed his influence perfectly. They almost disperse the tedium with some interesting percussion, but then they spoil it by wheeling on a vocal with such an impossibly weedy voice that he probably

needs a harmoniser and a digital reverb to order a packet of crisps. Absurd.

DEATH CULT: God's Zoo (Situation Two) Melodramatic nonsense will NEVER DIE, MAN!

NEW MODEL: Chilean Warning (New Model) Urgent, powerful, unbelievably wracked and angry Gang Of 4 (original stylee Gang Of 4)-ish cry of disgust about the repugnant state of affairs countenanced and created by Honest Ron Reagan, the man who cannot rest easily until he's the only one with his finger on the buttons. For what it's worth, this is the best straightforward agit-rock record for years.

FROM YOUR PAST AND MINE

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Soul Shakedown Party (Trojan) Surfacing from the period of Marley's career that not only predates his Island Records period but even his work with Lee Perry, this was produced by Leslie Kong, who did most of the music that ended up on the Harder They Come soundtrack. With chillingly beautiful and passionate harmonies from Bunny Wailer and Peter Tosh, the young shaman chants his case for the dance over classic rock steady riffs that should set alight any winter party. Not just crucial, but crucial.

JOY DIVISION: Love Will Tear Us Apart (Factory) Reissued to compete with the Paul Young version, which was a good try but not a lot more, Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' remains one aching, desolate jewel of a record, unflawed and utterly unrepeatable.

THE FLESTONES: Screamin' Skull (IRS) Records like this almost make me want to apologise to rock and roll and take it back into my life once more. A hectic dose of high-energy spookabilly from a band of highly skilled and dedicated folks in New York, it comes complete with a merciless B-side assault on John Lee Hooker's 'Burning Hell'. All passengers remained unhurt apart from shock and minor contusions.

CHAZ JANKEL
and the
JOHNNY FUNK BAND
CHARLIE CHARLES, NORMAN WATFORD, ROBERT TAYLOR, JANE NOVEMBER, JAY LYNCH
Appearing at
THE VENUE
WEDNESDAY
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Doors Open 8.00 p.m.
Admission £3.50
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The Venue Box Office
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CHAZABLANCA — THE ALBUM & CASSETTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"It's a really sad song now and I think it's really important. It's just like an extension of the documentaries we've had over the past year. I think now Liverpool things are starting to break through because everyone is working their bollocks off up there."

THE FUTURE

PAUL: "WE'VE been thrown in at the deep end now, what we always wanted but when it happens you realise you're in deep water. It's funny to catch yourself in it, you just crack up. Fame sounds fun but I don't think anyone is ever prepared for it. It's the sort of thing I dream about, everyone recognising you, going 'it's them it's them.'"

Holly: "Ultimately it would be great to do a Frankie Goes To Hollywood movie, with music an essential part of Hollywood, obviously. We were amazed how much everyone picked up on the sex attitude actually. It was just something we were exploring. We've got an idea to do a Disneyland video, a real glamour video for instance. We just want to have fun."

"I think the media will absorb what we're doing eventually, the way it absorbs everything. Then we can just change the theme of our movie. It doesn't have to be sex — we can shock them that it isn't that kind of thing."

FGTH have stopped playing live for awhile, they say it's because of lack of finances, Morley says he wants to ban all live performances for two years at least. But their campaign is planned — two more singles 'Welcome To The Pleasure Dome' and 'Two Tribes' are already scheduled. The latter they describe as their masterpiece, an allegory between interglobal and personal relations(!)

DEFINITIONS: (1) SLEAZE

HOLLY: "WHEN we do play live our sound is going to be a lot rougher than on record. Over the past few months we've come to the stage where we believe we are a valuable musical force again whereas before we thought we were a side show sex thing. Our music has got a lot smoother, smoother with sleaze and class. What's sleaze? Go to Amsterdam child and you'll definitely find out."

Divine sleaze, it's either something you are or you aren't."

Paul: "Sleaze is kind of like sex that is classy. Not crude, not ugly."

Holly: "A good image of sleaze for me would be a 1930s drinking bar with jazz musicians hanging round and black and white prostitutes at the bar, that kind of scene."

(2) NORMAL SEX

Holly: "I don't know what normal sex is. I think all sex is normal because it comes from people and people are normal. There's not much that is socially acceptable if the bastions of society, the judges and Mary Whitehouse are deciding. They're just people with extremely closed attitudes."

Paul: "Being that closed is perverse. Not being able to face up to that honesty with yourself is perverse. She must have seen so much porn, must have so much strange thoughts running around her head."

Holly: "She must have a huge guilt complex! Maybe she's never had an orgasm. Has Mary Whitehouse ever had the big O?"

(3) DECADENCE

But how far can you go, don't you have a concept of decadence?

"Decadence is a dead weird word, OK? It's someone who is off the party rather than on it. I looked it up in the dictionary and it said a decaying era. I heard it in connection with people who were wild and off the wall, supposedly. I don't really understand it as a concept, it's a real voyeurs' concept."

(4) MORALS

Don't you have any morals then?

"Morals? Things like the ten commandments and all that. Oh yeah, but that's just a natural human weakness, isn't it? Maybe it's not a weakness, maybe it's a strength. I'm trying not to give anyone a hard time, aren't you? That's about the only moral I've got."

Don't worry about the taste barrier, Holly, just go right on through.

"Amsterdam was fab, I was totally knocked out. Whereas in England the leather bars are quite tame there they are totally overboard. Like Tom Finland who is a homo erotic

illustrator, he paints brilliant images of guys in leather, uniforms, sailors and stuff. His pictures are on the wall, the bar area is caged off and there's silings and jack boots hanging from the ceiling and a giant cock in a light rope from one side of the ceiling to the other and it's coming at the knob. Then you go to the backroom and there's an orgy going on. I was really impressed by it, the freedom of attitude."

It sounds vile. Where is the magic and thrill in sex taking place in such unhygienic, graphically crude surrounds?

"It adds a whole new kind of theatre and performance to it. You almost have to be

"AIDS, yeah there's that danger. You can look at it as retribution, Armageddon's round the corner. Hey! the second coming, that sounds fun. There's lots of theories, people say it's the CIA and germ warfare."

prepared to fuck in front of ten people. It's fierce. Sex is a performance, especially when it's with someone that means a lot to you but even then you are patronising and entertaining their existence. Any performance — onstage or in bed — has got to be from the heart or it doesn't make it, doesn't cut it."

Of course the harder and more often they come, the harder they fall. Holly admits that the promiscuity that the gay scene thrives on leads to the possibility of all sorts of horrible diseases.

"AIDS, yeah there's that danger. Children, don't catch aids! May they find a cure, that's all I've got to say about it. You can look at it as retribution, Armageddon's round the corner."

The second coming. Hey! the second coming, that sounds fun. There's lots of theories, people say it's the CIA and germ warfare. It depends on the most entertaining one at the time."

As a force in the world of pop and populist entertainment I'm not putting too much faith in Frankie Goes To Hollywood just yet. I like their record but it's hard to tell if they've made it as puppets or real talents, as threats or comic cuts. I'm suspicious of the art house influences they draw from — a mixture of the tart, the tawdry and the hard to trust, and whether they're going to use their sexuality preciously, as an excuse for all sorts of tedious overblown imagery (jackboots and inflatable peni). Maybe they'll try to do something really skilful, really daring. It's early days yet, but for two 23 year olds they sometimes seem very easily impressed.

"I want big business, I get off on it. Like when we were recording our single, the studio was like this huge Greek dome and Chris Blackwell walked in. He was like the emperor with a beautiful white girl and a beautiful Jamaican girl at either side. I kept thinking this is Chris Blackwell of Crosse & Blackwell. This guy can actually go and watch Grace Jones record. I got a real buzz off that," says Holly.

THE EXIT

WHAT AM I doing here? The Coleherne isn't very busy early in the evening and Paul and Holly are obviously a little disappointed. I'd come to see them at work in their natural habitat but there wasn't much work to be done. Gradually the place started to fill up and Holly was enthusiastically telling me how they'd contrived to have various, um, slogans inscribed on the run out groove of their record. The place was getting a bit clammy, all leering brutes and young prancing gigolos.

I felt like telling Holly about a little bar I know of which is actually in his beloved Hollywood. There they have proper barstools, a selection of the world's finest beers and a single woman can always be assured of being harassed. At the bottom of their menu they have an inscription too and it goes "ABSOLUTELY NO FAGGOTS ADMITTED". It was just an idea, but it seemed much easier to get up and leave.

JULIAN COPE

New Single

Sunshine Playroom

Also available as 4 track EP

Sunshine Playroom

Wreck My Car

Hey High Class Butcher

Eat The Poor



SILVER SCREEN

PASTA NOIR?

Incorruptible CHRIS BOHN was dispatched to investigate the thespian debut of John Lydon. Instead, he uncovered the mysterious case of the genre that invented itself . . .

Order Of Death

DIRECTOR: Roberto Faenza
STARRING: John Lydon and Harvey Keitel (Virgin)

A DECADE after the spaghetti western — here comes Pasta Noir!

Pasta Noir is the latest Italian attempt to upturn an American genre — here, the psychological suspense movie — with an aim to making it their own; or, in the event of a failure, completely undermining and eventually destroying it.

With the western they succeeded on both counts. For every Sergio Leone, who both modernised and revitalised a dying form, there were three cackhanded compatriots of his carelessly splattering bolognese across the screen in a wilful misinterpretation of his modernism as an excuse for mass killings.

So far as I know, the unknown Faenza's *Order Of Death* is the first internationally sighted instance of the Italians invading the hallowed precincts of the New York cop picture. Surprisingly, there doesn't appear to be one Italian cop in Faenza's film. Al Pacino is conspicuous by his absence. But then this isn't a Lumet morality play so much as a

would-be Lang-like study of cop paranoia brought about by a bad conscience and the presence of an impure avenging angel. Hence Pasta Noir.

Here, the smell of fear is replaced with a rotting scent of corruption so pervasive that nobody sees fit to remark on it anymore. Least of all Fred O'Connor (Harvey Keitel), a narc who does his job well and rewards himself for it by taking rake-offs.

With his illicit earnings he has secretly bought a luxury apartment he shares with a fellow cop, Bob. Fred goes there whenever he wants to wash the city stink off himself and guiltily sink into the sparse comfort of his ill-gotten gains. Only one thing disturbs his neatly ordered life, a series of narc cop killings, which has the gutter press clamouring for an inquiry to root out a possible killer on the force.

Fred learns different one night when a pasty-faced, bug-eyed psycho with a nice line in sarcy London sneers — wonder who's playing him then? — tracks him back to his secret lair and confesses to the murders. For his part Fred just can't believe that this strange flabby kid with the queer voice and funny suit is man enough to jump New York's finest, never mind slit their throats with a breadknife. He can't turn him in though, for fear he'd blow the gaff



Above: Harvey Keitel feels the quality of John Lydon's *Designer-Nurd schmutter*.

Left: The lengths these punky types will go to avoid taking a bath. . . .

on his private gaff. So he keeps him tied up in the bathroom.

Thus John Lydon, as the psycho, justifiably spends the film alternately snivelling like a whipped cur or snarling back like a wounded doberman throughout.

When Lydon says that after reading the original book he knew he'd be able to handle the part, it's no doubt because he saw something of himself in it. For punk read spoil brat — the psycho's the bastard child of an American heir and an English showgirl — but after that it's all him, right down to the Arsenal holdall he lugs through NY subways. *Order Of Death* expands his crippled catholic persona into a fullblown persecution complex. The psycho has his face pasted onto a picture

of St. Sebastian in his electronic-strewn bedroom and goes about confessing to crimes he didn't commit, so as to assuage any guilt he feels regarding his inheritance after his parents' death.

The film hinges on whether or not he really did kill the cops, while focussing on the increasingly interdependent relationship between prisoner and jailer Fred. It's not the dubious psychologising that mars proceedings — since when did that really matter to Film Noir? — but directorial incompetence.

Order Of Death works neither as suspense nor psychological study. The former is lost through Faenza's clumsy by-numbers filmmaking (scene setting shot cut to characters' Action!) and the latter depends on coy modish

references to sado masochism a la *The Nightporter*.

Whatever suspense he does manage is considerably undermined by a bludgeoning Ennio Morricone score, which telegraphs changes in mood well in advance with a throaty bass rumble culminating in a screechy string scream.

The film, however, is not without entertainment value. Like the Spaghetti Western, Pasta Noir looks like it'll be relying on a few name stars to carry a cast of unknown Italians. Thus one is treated to a wealth of incongruous accents, ranging from Lydon's London yap, through Keitel's (too

customary) tightlipped cop growl to watchdog journalist Leonora's scramble of Irish and central European.

Order Of Death need not rely on such minutiae of detail to engross the viewer, for, terrible though the script is, its two stars are eminently watchable. Lydon deserves a far better debut, but as he's basically asked to be himself you conservatives out there will probably be pleased to see the little mutt getting the pistol whippings he asked for seven years ago, when he first plunged Britain into that bleak winter of punk.

Chris Bohn



IN SICKNESS AND IN STEALTH

RICHARD COOK peers misty-eyed at the new Tarkovsky

Nostalgia

DIRECTOR: Andrei Tarkovsky
STARRING: Oleg Yankovsky, Domiziana Giordano, Erland Josephson (*Artificial Eye*)

THIS PERPLEXING, extraordinary man Tarkovsky! Every film he makes — each as rare as the last elements — seems impossibly paradoxical: characters of modern temperament haunted by ages past, time stretched and compressed to hold instants for an eternity, dream and reality interwoven until the distinctions vanish.

The impassive sensuality of Pabst hides in the giant, engulfing shadows of Eisenstein — a rustic, full-blooded embrace of the earth is laced with a poetic tenderness. Unremarkable that people get Tarkovsky as they would religion.

Now, *Nostalgia* — easily ingested though it is, it may be the most labyrinthine and richly suggestive of all his simple stories. At a fraction over two hours it represents a certain contraction in the director's indulgences: Italian made, his first 'European' film, its passage from an indecisive hungering for salvation to a melancholy, despairing 'action' seems to mirror the fatigue of exile. Like his protagonist the music professor Gorchakov (Oleg Yankovsky), Tarkovsky sets a cultured mind to gnaw again at those problems of living which the artist cannot resist: goodness, truth, reason, degrees of madness. . . .

When Gorchakov finds himself stranded at an ancient Tuscan spa hotel where the object of his research — an obscure Russian composer —

once stayed, it positions the track of the film around a man's longing. The momentum of the narrative falls away: first the traveller encounters a despondent lunatic (Erland Josephson) who drifts around the belching spa pool, then he quarrels helplessly with the young woman who is his interpreter and with whom an inevitable affair is impossible to begin.

As Gorchakov searches his surroundings, his beliefs and eventually his memory for the reason he is propelled towards, the film builds its crosscurrent of image and allegory. There seems to be no daylight, only a foggy gloom that is moulded to the spines and stairways of the spa buildings; in a dark holy place dedicated to Saint Catherine, twisted masses of flaming candlewax seem to mimic the old bodies that gather there to pray. Water is everywhere: it storms against windows, squelches underfoot in fields, torrents through ruined ceilings and drips placidly into flowery pools.

In partaking of this technique, Tarkovsky toys with his own filmic past — the dwelling of the madman Domenico seems like an echo of the room of *Stalker* — while pursuing something different from his earlier pictures. *Nostalgia* is smaller than *Mirror*, less physical than *Stalker*; but its composed surface covers a matter more personal than any he has touched.

Nostalgia is an illness to a Russian, he says, not a romantic hankering after past joys: it is the disease of enforced exile, from a home or a good world. So does illness attach itself to the film, in Domenico's insanity, Gorchakov's heart condition



A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thee. And a dry ice machine, of course.

and finally a malaise of the world: Domenico goes to Rome to speak against the condition of civilisation — "We must listen to the voices that are useless!" — but the tragic veracity of fire and the renewing order of water have the last word over he and the Russian.

A madman falling wiser than the sane world around him — that much is familiar ground. Yet the treatment is unrecognisable: Tarkovsky's sensibility is entirely modern, resolutely against the academic. The guide Eugenia, a creature who might have stepped from a Goya canvas, is a subtle portrait of a confused new woman; Gorchakov is a weary, terse and sceptical man.

An apparently absurd mission — to save the world by crossing water with the tiny light of a

candle — is made into the stuff of destiny. It may be a film centring on illness, but there is no stench of death, no musty longing for youth. It's about absences in the here and now — the clash of languages and national temperaments, the "nostalgia for a world without frontiers, of men who are good to themselves, to others and to nature."

If such a parable sounds hollow and overwrought, the film's visual charge dismisses doubt. It is gloriously refreshing. Could anyone else film a shower of birds gushing from the cloak of a statue and make the miracle so plausible and uplifting? In complexion and contention, *Nostalgia* is the matter of greatness.

Richard Cook

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The face that launched a thousand turkeys?

EXTREMISM: A CASE OF OVER-EXPOSURE?

Exposed

DIRECTOR: James Toback
STARRING: Nastassia Kinski, Harvey Keitel, and Rudolf Nureyev (UIP)

JAMES TOBACK's first major release, his fourth job for the cinema, takes all the styles and extremes he's been working over to date, exposes them to a wider world than his own humid imagination, and exhausts their once dizzying potential. *Exposed* is an unfortunate title — bets are off for now on this particular 'outsider'.

Anyone acquainted with Toback — autobiography vs. Dostoevsky as the scripting for Karel Reisz's *The Gambler*; *Mean Streets* in Carnegie Hall for his own *Fingers* — won't be surprised by the grand failure of *Exposed*; much less so if you've ever caught one of his interviews.

Toback works (on) the threshold between brilliance and collapse — even the slightest opinion or principle has to be extreme if it's to exist at all. The man's obsessions run — death, sex, movies — in not so much any order, as a volatile combination. Sounds great, doesn't it?

"Being uninhibited means I will

shoot a scene that will turn 40 per cent of the audience against the picture." — Toback, during the shooting of *Exposed*. . . The trouble being that the film is composed entirely of such scenes. Toback's hot on themes, symbols, delivered raw — but in *Exposed*, any grasp on the economics of direction is never evident; things like getting the best from actors, movement from scene to scene, the paring down of extraneous flourishes — they help a movie sometimes.

Moody couple Rudolf Nureyev (as violinist Jelline) and Nastassia Kinski (as topflight model Elizabeth Carson) trade off

Toback's portentous epigrams in pursuit of something (not very) like a conversation, and something (even less) like acting. Jelline feigns infatuation with the naïf Carson, in order to lure Harvey Keitel's Carlos-type terrorist Rivas, whose taste for such beauty is presumably public knowledge. (Jelline's mother has been killed in one of the Rivas gangs bombings.) There are hints here of an exciting overlap — power, trust, politics; the borderline between a vicarious academic interest in violence, and the real random, unassimilable destruction of terrorism. (The one living on meanings, the other its assassin.)

What intrudes (under-acting and over-active camerawork aside) is the Toback school of self-inflation. If this is Toback's dream ("I can answer every dream or fuck up totally") it's riddled with a kind of ME-generation metonymy, whereby Toback ends up being or wanting to be (in on) everyone or everything in sight. Thus, not only are the Nureyev/Keitel characters little more than re-treads of the Artist/Primal Thug dichotomy (used to better ends in his past); he actually inserts himself, hopelessly, into the already cluttered scenario: he closes the triangle drawn around Kinski — used, once again, as the empty feminine centre around which all other tracks (r)evolve.

Exposed fails as public showing of a dream — even under the veils of sublimation it's crudely, embarrassingly personal. Voila — we're back to our 'death of the auteur' argument. *Exposed* is typically — for the times — over-stocked with useless cinema references; and, as with Coppola's current dream-schemes, the ploy is — why go for one liberty-taking cut when 18 different camera positions can be flaunted? It's time for some unlearning, some selflessness, a bit of the economy of those worshipped by the Brats (Welles, Hitchcock, Ford, etc) before American directors overwrite

themselves (into) an early epitaph: The Men Who Knew Too Much.

Exposed is a film that takes itself immeasurably seriously, and disports itself too raggedly to uphold any of its director's claims to being some saviour of the cinema. But then, as Toback said of a previous career, "winning the bet never held any real satisfaction for me".

He's probably laughing all the way to the shrink.

Little Ida

DIRECTOR: Laila Mikkelsen
STARRING: Sunniva Lindeklev, Lisa Fjeldstad, Roennaug Alten (Minema)

SO FEW Scandinavian films secure a theatre screening over here that anything is welcome; the Norwegian *Little Ida* is doubly so, because it takes an exceptionally fresh look at both growing up and the trials of wartime occupation.

In 1944, *Ida* is a tiny blonde child whose mother works in the German soldiers' kitchen: both are made outcasts by their community, her mother for whoring with a German officer, and the lonely girl tries her best to make friends with cruel hearts and hard faces.

Only when she lives temporarily with an old couple does she grow happy, and the war's end seems to bring little new hope. The film paces at the girl's own skipping step and observes all with the same unblinking gaze of a child. It has the simplicity of a folk tale, unambitious and as clear and harsh as the salt wind that blows in from the coast around that small figure.

No history is sketched in, just a plain truth about human sadness that is perfectly captured in Sunniva Lindeklev's touching personification of *Ida*. Small and accomplished, this unvarnished film carries a quiet charge that stings any receptive eyes.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

BY DON WATSON

THURSDAY NOV 3

Hey Good Looking (C4, 6.45). The sagas of York continue in which our intrepid journalist (hungry like the Wolfe) insists on trying to make historical sense of style through the ages and comes up with the predictable gamut of gross generalisations. Peter York has the gift of stretching and polishing glib observations to form the mirage of a superficially coherent world view — ain't that the star journalist syndrome all over? Tonight he examines the Neurotic Boy Outsiders, a category he stretches, rather beyond the bounds of usefulness, from Chesterton through Rimbaud and crew, to James Dean (?) and on to 'the New Romantic Style Warriors of the '80s'. Spit and style — phew!

Give Us A Break (BBC1, 8.10). Last of the series. If this one ain't made it's not for the want of popular ingredients.

To wit: a smidgeon of snooker, one cheerful scouse lad (with sharp scouse sense of humour) and a whole tribby full of professional cockneys (one of whom is always in danger of getting his legs broken by one or more of the others). Its contribution to the Give An Old Cliche A Home Campaign doesn't stop at the script either, it also gains a humanist award for employing a record number of typecast actors. Knock it on the 'ed.

The Ploughman's Lunch (C4, 7.30). Richard Eyre's dour slab of social realism may work better on television. For a start you won't have to put up with the kicker brigade that seems to comprise its main cinema audience. More importantly, its lack of real use of film may be less apparent. In the language of the cinema it's willfully inarticulate, marked by a dullness not only of character (conceivable) but of presentation (inexcusable). May appear less dull and more worthy on the small screen.

Ian Dury (C4, 11.45). His life and work.

"Clench-jaw, urban-melodrama — verging on paranoia, a la Talking Heads, but far icier..." (CREEM)

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THE TUBE — CHANNEL 4



FRIDAY NOV 4

The Tube (C4 5.15). Leslie Ash proves a distinct improvement on Paula Yates. Instead of a journalist (I lose the term uselessly) who can't act we've now got a reasonable actress who can't journalise (eh?). Unfortunately the interviewing is as excruciating ever: "Tell me about your latest Sting album."

"Zzzzzzzzzzz". Muriel Grey is at least cheeky enough to be the saving grace.

Hey Good Looking (C4, 6.45). Peter York proves that bland generalisations of the present can be easily turned into ludicrous predictions for the future. Tonight he tells us we'll all end up in uniforms. Thank—you!

They Call That An Accident (LWT, 11.30). Some nice visual touches in Nathalie Delon's directional debut about a bereaved mother and her fatal affair with a younger man. The plot

might be a bit bald but fortunately it's so confused it's difficult to tell.

The Front (C4, 11.05). First part of a comedy double bill to celebrate a year of Channel Four, and I for one will be cracking open a four hour tape in their honour. Interesting to see how Woody Allen fares in the only film he hasn't either directed or scripted. Strangely enough it's also the only film in which he comes over as a first-rate irredeemable schmuck. Allen plays a snack bar waiter who makes a killing 'fronting' for blacklisted writers in the McCarthy era. He also suffers the, not too considerable, indignity of being completely upstaged by Zero Mostel who is desperately funny as a blacklisted comedian. Apart from Allen most of the cast (including Mostel, director Martin Ritt and writer Walter Bernstein) were genuine victims of blacklisting.

Richard Pryor Live In Concert (C4, 12.50). Known to have a good line

every now and again, Pryor is one of the few comedians to survive being called the new Lenny Bruce and surely the only one to make a heart attack funny.

SATURDAY NOV 5

Napoleon 'The First Epoch' (C4, 2.05). The first part of Abel Gance's stunning six-hour silent epic. As innovative in its own way as Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, with which it is roughly contemporary. A powerful use of the truly silent film, relying almost totally on image. It features an early use of the moving camera and a dynamic cutting technique which makes its daunting six hours an exhilarating experience. The three-screen triptych effects will cause some difficulty for TV, but the showing does not have the benefit of Carl Davis's fully orchestrated score, heard at only a limited number of the few British showings.

And God Created Women (C4, 8.10). One of the most outrageously erotic films of its day (1956), branded 'dirt for dirt's sake' by a local attorney. Unfortunately Bardot, with all of what the press release calls her 'considerable attributes' can't do what Marlene Dietrich, in times of far stricter district attorneys, could do with an eyebrow.

Brookside (C4, 5.10). One year on and Brookside is still very much a hit and miss affair. There's something sadistically voyeuristic about Redmond's stated aim of drawing out each stage of a human problem over several weeks. And the way he jams as many of them as possible onto a single estate is often too clumsy. Most successful usually when it's at its most trivial.

Video, Video (C4, 6.00). Video programme whose brow is so low it's almost pubic. Quite a laugh to see presenter Adam Faith, who seems to acquire a terrible slurring speech defect towards the end of the programme.

For 4 Tonight (C4, 10.50). Spoof chat show—not as funny as *Loose Talk*.

Pop Goes Guy Fawkes (ITV, 11.05). Another triumph for music on TV. Gary Byrd, of 'The Crown' fame, is pretty much out of place co-presenting with the execrable Bob Carolgees, whose 'Spit The Dog' routines are as monumentally unfunny as ever. Spandau Ballet look like Cecil Gee Dummies and sound like a right bunch of Gee Cecils. As if that isn't enough we also have to put up with hoary old rocker Dave Edmunds, Roman Holliday, The Flying Pickets doing

CONTINUES PAGE 58



Napoleon (Saturday and Sunday, C4)

A James Toback Film

Nastassia Kinski

Rudolf Nureyev

EXPOSED

Harvey Keitel

Ian McShane

Bibi Andersson

Ron Randell

Pierre Clementi

Executive Producer

Serge Silberman

Music By Georges Delerue

Director Of Photography

Henri Decae

Written, Produced

And Directed

By James Toback

Distributed by UIP

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natassia kinski
rudolf nureyev

two men shaped her life
one led her on a path to fame
the other to destruction



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LIVE Sham '83

WHAM!

Hammersmith Odeon

HEY, SUCKER — welcome to the George Michael Show.

I always thought Wham! were a two piece. I mean, I knew George wrote the songs, I knew he co-produced the singles, and I know he's the one with the solo career,



FRUMP! accessory Andrew and two Frumpettes ingratiate themselves to 'Pudding' with a rapturous round of applause for his choice of footwear.

but I still thought Wham! were a duo. You can tell they're not, because tonight Andrew Ridgeley innocently stepped up to the microphone to make an announcement, and George bounded across the stage, grabbed the mike off him, and... made the same announcement. Is that important? Well, it seemed important to George. ... Anyway, back to the start.

The George! band come on stage — Shirley, Dee-substitute Pepsi, nine musicians (including Andrew on guitar), and of course George. They open with 'Club Tropicana'. George exhorts the teenage audience to clap along, which they do; this is a fine audience, screaming, waving,

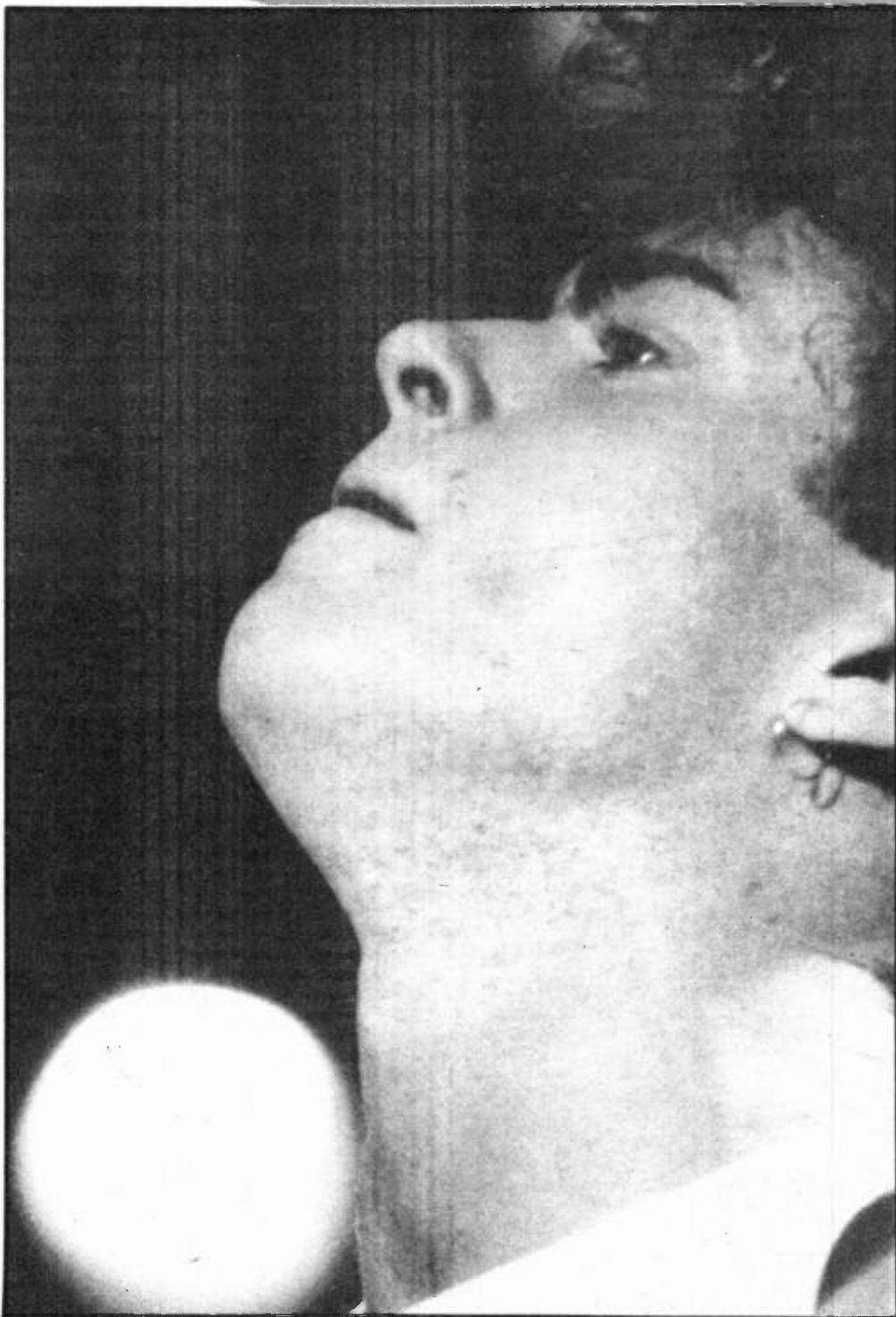
bopping whenever they were asked. They screamed and shouted when George wiggled his bottom and opened his shirt. But they didn't do a thing when Andy played his guitar (because you couldn't hear it) or when he sang along (because nobody had given him a microphone).

A couple more numbers, routinely sung, notable mainly for the fact that Wham! get so overcome with emotion between them, they have to leave the stage and change — *every time*. So! Four songs done. ... everyone's ready to dance and sing! George and Andy have a fine sensitivity to these things — they go backstage for ten minutes. Yes, this is Total Experience Entertainment, and they are going to show us a video. It breaks down. They start it again; it breaks down again. Third time lucky — we are treated to George and Andy's home movies (I'm not making this up), bits of their singles videos, and a deafening technical problem on the soundtrack. The audience love it all. They laugh at the pictures of George and Andy when little.

Andy comes on — on his own! He's going to do an announcement on his own! But it's only to tell us that George will now perform his forthcoming solo single, 'Careless Whispers'. George comes back in a pullover and sings along to a backing tape. 'Careless Whispers'. ... well, it's Andy's moment really. In years to come, when people come up to him and say "Hey weren't you in the band that brought out that atrocity of a ballad?", he can shake his head and smile proudly, an innocent man.

Everybody comes back on stage and performs a fine version of 'Bad Boys', fast and furious, enlivened by very gimpy dancing from the boys.

It's around this part of the show that George decides to show us what a complete and utter



Pic: Lawrence Watson

Lead singer of FRUMP!, star of stage, screen and Weightwatchers, 'Pudding' George.

rotating-blade PRAT he is. "Are you hot?" he asks the front row. Naive fools, they should "YES!", so he throws a glass of water over them. Good old George, eh, what a card. He says he wants to see some underwear; two people oblige and he waves their proffered bras in the air, then throws them down behind him. Romantic fool that he is, George sings 'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' (it looked bad enough in the dark, heh heh).

To continue this sultry mood, the boys go off stage and return

with badminton rackets and shuttlecocks. They touch the shuttlecocks (hey! symbolic, huh?) and lob them into the audience. George places his last shuttlecock down his shorts, then launches it at us. Good old George, eh? What a frigging jerk. A last song ('Come On', for fact-fans) and they depart. They have performed the whole album — except, significantly, for 'Young Guns', one new song and a B-side; they have shown a ten-minute film. They were on for one hour and ten minutes.

But they're BACK! And they're doing... (vast audience surprise) 'Young Guns'. Good single, energetically done, cowboy hats don't suit you Andy. Off again (they must know the back of the Hammersmith Odeon better than the cleaners by now), and it takes the threat of Gary Crowley chanting (and I quote) "One, two, three, four 'Club Fantastic' ain't no bore" to bring them back. They start to do over 'Wham! Rap' and we go home.

David Quantick

SURE BEATS BUMPKIN

THE FARMER'S BOYS

Glasgow Henry Afrikas

When imagination runs low...

HAVING RECRUITED The Farmer's Boys, then rustic residents in the Indie charts, on the tail end of a post-Xmas binge, EMI Records are now faced with a hell of a hangover. How a whole year of grubbily endorsing BAZFROGMARKSTAN with all manner of pig-shaped pic discs, hay-speckled tee shirts and freebie carrot-juice cartons can fail to yield even a solitary hit single is totally beyond their comprehension. For no apparent reason, the golden rule of the minty age of pop has fallen flat on its face. As for the band, currently gifted with some of the most insidiously infectious hooklines around, with big business brothers like EMI who needs a kick in the teeth?

And, of course, the irony of it is that while these Norwich birds aren't shrieking in protest every time the EMI braintank thinks up another pop-up'n'hype method, they will never be coerced into entering pop's mentality and hence fully exploiting it: they're just too ordinary and likeable, dogged rather than dogmatic, canaries rather than parrots!

In Glasgow to promote their very lovely debut

album, 'Get Out And Walk', the most impressive impression of The Farmer's Boys is that they've actually matured their natural indifference to popwise frills and glamour into a veritable virtue. Rather than acquiescing to record company edicts and hankering after the prevailing dogs' dinner ostentation, The FBs exude almost prosaic flatness, a quietly unnerving vision of off-beat popsters slinging wry jangles, swinging lucid disco and singing more songs about football, fishing and floppy floppy. They may well be blacklisted by the Haciendas and the Night Moves of this country, but The Farmer's Boys are learning to walk (rather than dance) in a very promising, off-centre pop consciousness way.

Keeping intact their essential naivete — a distance from the routine of it all — while staying firmly on the shambolic side of prissy, The Farmer's Boys are still far from being the post-Postcard soma in tigerskin strides that has apparently replaced sheep in EMI's dreaming. They deserve a hit, but only because, beneath the facade, their cynical hearts and plastic roses pop lies instinctively closer in mind (if not in overtly contentious spirit) to The Fall or The Nightingales — and can you imagine the corporate chequebook groping for them?

Amrik Rai

BOOGIE-FRIED.

ZZ TOP

London Marquee

AS A warm-up, should I say boll-up, bash for an imminent global over-haul, the three cosmic-hillbilly stooges of ZZ Top last week eliminated my crittercal faculties at that ancient shack of hardrockin' blooze The Marquee.

Actually, I'd rallied round to the cauterising causeway awhile back — subjected to 'Tres Hombres' at the tenderised age of 14 — just never been steamrollered by a live performance. They don't hunt this neck of the woods too often.

Have I heard the word, thunnerbird? I hear loud'n'bleary-eyed. The only thing I can't forgive is they didn't play 'Gimme All Your Lovin'', possibly be the most perfect record of 1983. Nor 'Cheap Sunglasses', come to think of it. What they did, I suppose, was for seventy odd minutes misuse da blues to a point where the fuses of the classic metal powderhouse — through Gibbons' swooping crosscuts, Hill's growling jabs, Beard's cracking skins — looped like tentacles to stave off the ever-delayed moment of blowout.

It's all Gibbons can do to keep tongue from cheek, but Top's style never bludgeons. There's always space for detail, for BG to whip out the phrase that makes you flinch with the utter perfection of its timing. If Dusty for a second turns 'Waitin' For The Bus' into AC/DC, moments later he's wrapping a run around the beat and bouncing Billy's chords back in his face. Ten years of this and still they're watching each other, staking out the moves, stretching the form.

As Grabel said, Top bring arenas down to juke-joint scale. Here you didn't have to fantasize the roadhouse, here they were, these brilliant walking cartoons, just a long-necked beer away. It was enough for them to try 'Francine', unplayed in five years; enough to mow down the slowest blues of 'Jesus Just Left Chicago', 'Don't Let Me Down'. "Dusty don't do that every night," said Billy.

ZZ Top hammer the finest of metals because their themes are pre-sci fi, pre-video age. In the basic metal glossary, things like "warriors" just mean rock stars. Not so ZZ Top. With Billy's Benny Hill smile, Dusty's sharp little teeth, Beard's Gucci and golfing chic, with their hygienic, non-debauched stage setup (identical overalls), they're outside the ancient young man's rock circus altogether.

Beards flew for flaming encores of 'Tube Snake Boogie', 'Jailhouse Rock' and 'La Grange', and the crowd of fanclub zealots was left just' mushmouth pleadin' for more. Rest of you metalloids better dust yer brooms.

Barney Hoskyns

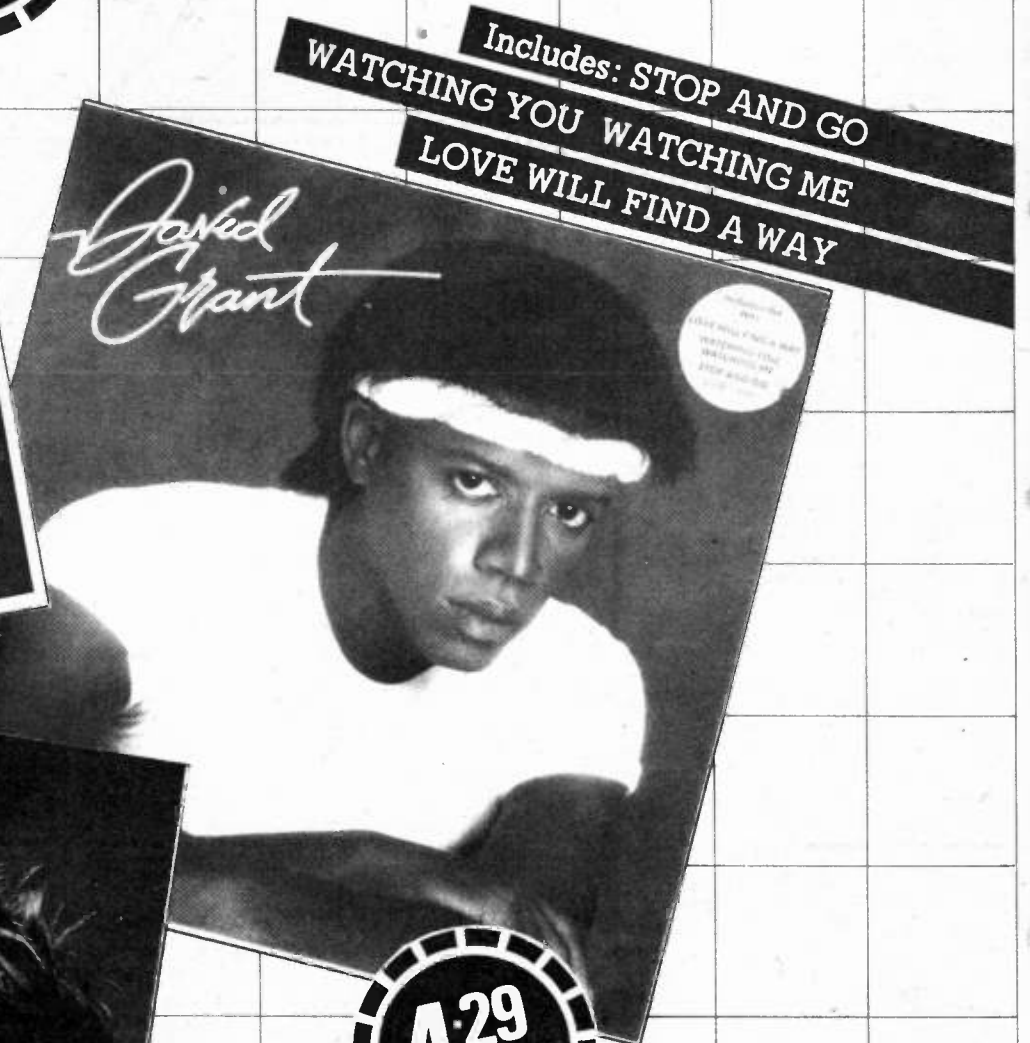


Bazfrogmarkstan — the acceptable face of beat. Pic: Rowan Main

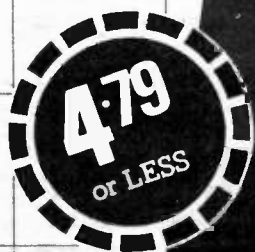
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FLASHES

WRECKHEADS!

Lymington Old English

RARELY DOES live Thursday night music disturb the geriatric cosiness of pension day in Lymington. In here tonight though, it could be 1963 with cowboy shirts and talk of space travel and ton-up success. The Wreckheads are a magnificent little trash band who intend to enjoy themselves.

'Wipe Out', the old Surfari's hit, is played with manic glee; rough-edged jangling and hiccupping bass. Come the cool sleaziness of 'Domesday Rock' and the boys in checked-shirts begin to dance; heads down and arms flailing like boxers pumping a punchbag.

May their quiffs never droop.

Colln Insole

SKELETAL FAMILY

Fulham Greyhound

DOWN FROM Bradford, Skeletal Family cut quite a dash on stage with the black and redhaired female vocalist leading the parade. It is she that presents us with a dance that crosses the twist with a nervous disorder. This girl should file a copyright—imitators already abound. The chicken dance is dead.

Skeletal Family are, of course, yet another 'post-punk' group but one whose imagery and points of reference are that much more subtle than most. Indeed, it's hard to pin them down: they'd fit in at the Batcave all right but the guitar work is diverse enough in texture and tone to raise them above imitators and second-raters (who have taken 'Paint It Black' and developed it into a manifesto).

The outstanding number tonight is the single 'Trees'. Swathed in layers of distorted echo its effect is rather unnerving. The memory of the vocalist convulsively shrieking out the chorus will be a lasting one.

Richard North

ABANDON YOUR TUTU WILD GIRLS

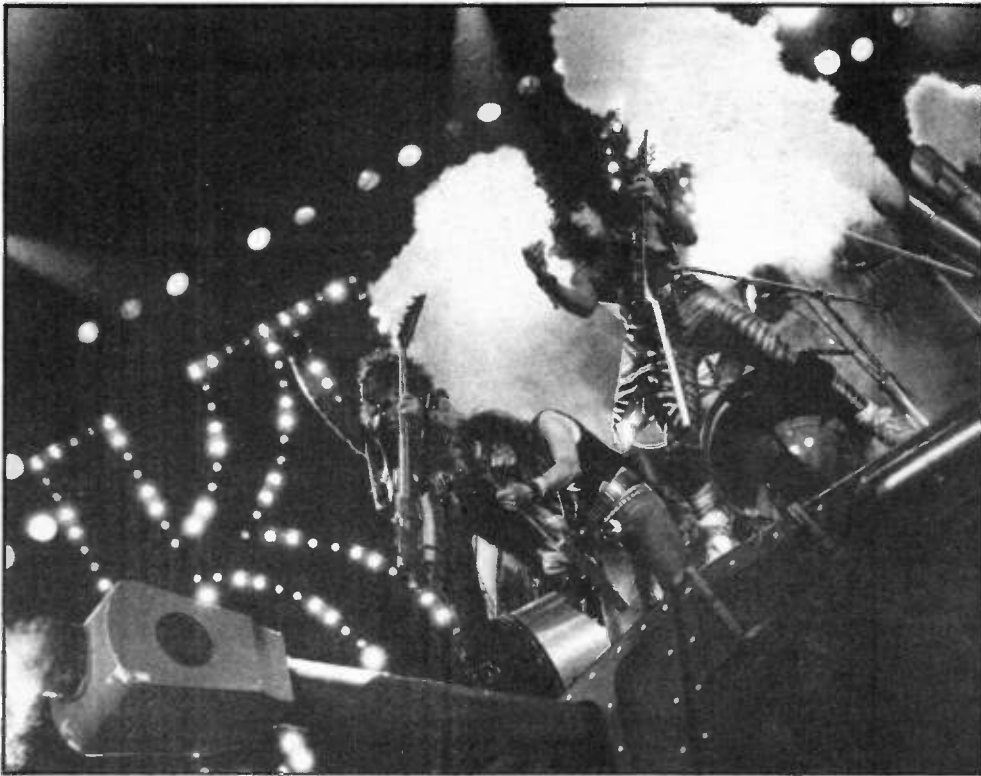
London Musicians Co-op

AFTER ASSORTED poets, a vocal group, and—this is true—two women performing traditional Egyptian bellydancing to Symarip's 'Skinhead Moonstomp' come the Wild Girls, three women with elastic faces, a sense of humour, and a sharp, irreverent eye. In songs, sketches and poems their satire is barbed but funny, with a healthy touch of anger among the jokes. Like Tracey Ullman, they make their politics bright, accessible, and entertaining. Every home should have one.

I was tempted to say Abandon Your Tutu were great because there are demo tapes that prove they are, and because what *did* come through was exciting—trumpet blasts, throbbing bass, dancing rhythms from dustbinlids, toys, and a football rattle as well as drums, and—gasp—no guitar! But they were sloppy, and I'm tired of seeing women waste their talents (are you listening, Belle Stars?).

OK, so the PA was lousy, the mikes didn't work, and it's easy to fall prey to the LMC's informal atmosphere at the best of times, but here we have four musicians full of energy and ideas treating themselves as a joke. With just a little concentration, they could be something very special, and even this gig showed they're a band worth taking seriously. Especially by themselves.

Sheryl Garratt



Plc: Jason Pevovar

INVASION!

NAKED AGGRESSION — KISS ATTACK WITHOUT MAKE-UP [To pre-empt an imminent Cuban-inspired takeover by The Redskins, US President and small-time rock promoter Ronald 'Wrinkles' Raygun last night sent in the 101st Kiss Armoured Division to storm Neasden Granada. First pictures of the hostilities were received as we went to press — above we show Kiss establishing a beach-head just off the North Circular. They attacked brutally, in blatant contravention of the Geneva Convention by not wearing eyeliner, but casualties are believed to be minimal (two doormen, one ticket tout and a salamander called Ken). Broadcasting from Radio Free Willesden on the roof of the Granada, rebel forces interrupted continuous back-to-back playing of the Albanian National Anthem and early Mekons singles to admit some loss of life and widespread loss of hearing. An emotional Ronald Raygun was moved to comment: "Russians make passes at guys with cute asses."

As night fell on Neasden, outlying groups were still exchanging fire and hints on haircare.

(Reuters News Agency)

SHOCK!

BUNNIES CHANGE TACK

GO ACOUSTIC DO A

DYLAN IN REVERSE!



ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

London Royal Shakespeare Theatre (Matinee)

ALAS POOR Mac I knew him well...

Perhaps it was the realisation that too much of a good thing can make you sick, or perhaps it was Hamlet's mocking skull (paraded in 'Villiers Terrace') that made the Bunnymen change direction?

Enter stage left then the new and improved Bunnymen. It's the old formula of course, but with its new semi-acoustic additive those old songs no longer turn so blue under the light of public glare. 'Over The Wall', 'The Cutter', 'Crocodiles' etc were all there but honed right down.

"Can you spot the new direction?" asked McCulloch, introducing 'Silver' then leading through a slowed down 'Stars Are Stars' to the vocal build up of 'The Killing Moon'.

With the singalong 'Seven Seas' the old Bunnymenesque spirit popped up in lines like "Seven seas, swimming them so well/Glad to see my face among them kissing the tortoise shell..." Lights flashed, dry ice flew and the set finished with 'Ocean Rain' followed by an untitled song with the glorious lines, "K-kick a cabbage/K-kick a cucumber/K-kick a cauliflower..."

You have been warned. Something wonderful this way comes...

Nell Taylor



E.P.

Etiquette of Violence

David T

Situation 2 Sit U 8

**THE JAILBIRDS
X-MEN
THE PRISONERS
THE STINGRAYS**

Camden Dingwalls

A LOT of neat guitars and haircuts went into trying to recapture the spirit of Elvis' oscillating left leg at the Trash Bash.

First up The Jailbirds, who struggled gamely against a

R'n'R LAG- S.

gaping dancefloor and amply proved the depth and range of their sartorial and musical tastes.

The X-Men looked and sounded like Stingrays impersonators, which is all you need to know. I mean, The Standells ripped off The Kinks, The Cramps borrowed their attitude, The Stingrays worship The Cramps in their every detail and the X-Men impersonate The Stingrays. Talk about the law of diminishing returns.

The Prisoners were old hands at the resurrection game, gracefully wiping the floor with the competition. The Stingrays waste their twangy nervous energy on an over respectful and unimaginative approach to their chosen roots. It is meant to be Trash, after all.

Meanwhile, back in Memphis, Elvis smirks from behind the grave. His crown is safe.

Abe Smith

**DIM THE LIGHTS
YOU CAN GUESS
THE REST...**

**UB40
WINSTON REEDY
Hammersmith Odeon**

PLAYING TO an audience largely unfamiliar with your material and who haven't come to see you anyway can't be much fun, but Winston Reedy didn't let it cramp his style.

Reedy has a great album in the shops and a single, 'Dim the Light', that has topped the reggae charts for weeks, as he never tired of telling us. For once though, the music lived up to the mouth. The style is very much lovers' in the vein of Mr Isaacs, the debonair dread crooning to his queen, and on the lower register his voice has the same moaning, sly sensuality.

Rootsier numbers were mixed in with the romance, and the ten-piece Hard Rock Band provided the sort of backing Reedy's voice deserves, proving yet again that the UK can push it just as hard as JA. With ringing horns, percussion upfront, and a guitarist with a snappy line in robot poses, Reedy and his band look good and sound great. Full marks to UB40 for allowing such a classy act to open and risking some pretty unflattering comparisons with their own plodding rhythms.

Casual, hands in pockets, no flash or glamour nor fancy light show or theatrical sets, UB40 are just eight boys in ordinary clothes playing the music they like without any silly posturing. The trouble is, that can be pretty boring to watch in a barn like the Hammersmith Odeon where sincerity doesn't really spread very far.

And then there's the Campbell brothers' voices, those clean, close harmonies that surge forward joyously on the best songs but on the rest — as the new album shows — they make



Roots Rock Reedy — Winnie The POW!

Pic: Lawrence Watson

everything sound the same. Bland and dragging after a while, it makes fighting songs like 'One in Ten' come over as so much more red, red wine.

They too see the need for variety, and with live dub effects, MC Astro's toasting and Norman Hassan making his vocal debut on 'Johnny Too Bad', the mix was lively enough to keep everyone on their feet.

But the only real excitement was in the encores when the stage filled with members of the

Brent Black Music Co-op for chaotic ranting, singing, smiles — a sense that the band weren't just going through the motions. Then Reedy and his band reappeared, the singer brilliantly segueing his own hit with 'Red Red Wine'.

In the end it is UB40's very ordinariness and predictability that is their appeal. They'll survive, and in times like these I can't help but find that very comforting.

Sheryl Garratt



**MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
WILDLIFE**

Manchester Apollo

WILDLIFE: BRITISH R'n'B based hard rock. Honest rockin' tonite John... a pot-pourri of Free, Family and The Groundhogs which is fine and hardly surprising since ex-Free drummer, genial Simon Kirke (94) plays Mr. Rhythm to the brash young Wildlife. Apart from wearing sleeveless leisure wear, standing with feet apart and a desire to be The Clash with blues they were really all right.

Boy oh boy! were The Michael Schenker Group a trial... As subtle as napalm, horribly loud, a kind of Baroque apocalypse with pretty lights. A shame, because Schenker is a hot guitarist, lazily content to underplay to flashy showmanship. A blonde Hendrix. But listen...

"Wally!"

Oh joy! Was I delighted to hear this ancient tribal chant prior to the main act! Cute. So were the audience! Heavy metal couples from outta town clapping a-long to 'Are You Ready To Rock'; nervous first gig 15 year-olds in Mum-washed-and-ironed denims, clutching programmes at £1 a throw...

When TMSG thundered into their own '1812 Overture', 'Into The Arena' I admitted defeat and departed.

I went, I saw... and got a right bloody headache.

Liz Neer

DAVE SWARBRICK

Aberdeen Arts Centre

WHO DESIGNED Dave Swarbrick? Wandering onstage, fiddle and bow in one hand, whiskey in the other, he appeared as durable as an oak, his face crinkled like an old man's with the cheeky grin of a schoolboy.

Accompanied solely by a harpist, his beautifully expressed lovesongs were the most effective. Three tunes, including 'Villa Fjord', were all played with haunting delicacy and more soul than many popsters find in a career.

Contradictions abound with the man: a folkie revered by rock rans young enough to be his children; a man who veers dangerously close to self-parody, but still manages to beg cigarettes (successfully) off the audience after running short; a musician who plays brilliantly, yet regularly forgets his first few notes.

Who did design Dave Swarbrick?

Richard Klein

**THE EUROPEANS
Camden Dingwalls**

THE RECIPE from which The Europeans were concocted is a common one: add a dollop of The Associates to a dash of Bryan Ferry, and stir with a far too generous helping of the not so Thin Tanned Duke. It doesn't take an Egon Ronay to see that this mixture doesn't gell.

In the studio, the drums-bass guitar-synth line-up make a somewhat lifeless stab at the white Euro-rhythmic disco beat, as championed by Simple Minds. On stage, The Europeans over-compensate for their lack of drive on record resulting in all semblance of melody being lost somewhere between the monotonous bangs and crashes.

The Europeans try too hard to appeal to all, and end up pleasing no-one.

Ziyad Georgis

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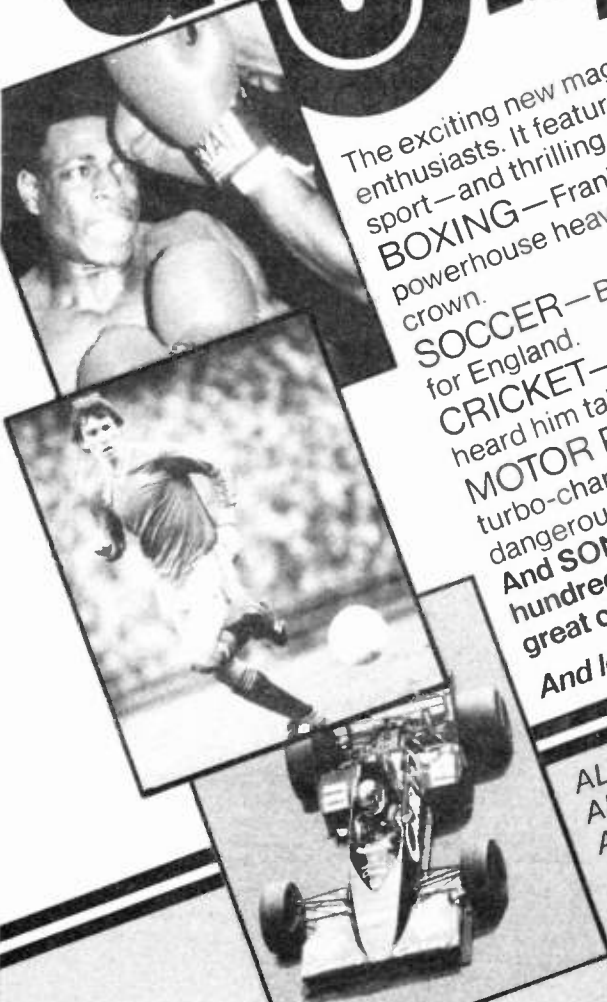
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LIVE

JOHN FOXX
THE ROOM
London Dominion Theatre

ONLY MOMENTARILY adjusting his Raybans to counteract feedback, Dave Jackson and his band The Room epitomise all that's good about contemporary new-wave music. . . .

Beginning a brief but brilliant set with their forthcoming single 'Ringing', The Room possess in Jackson's voice one of the finest instruments in pop. "Young hearts beat under clean white shirts," he sang, anticipation and optimism ringing round the otherwise static theatre.

Naturally, the crowd hated it. Sailing organ and jangling guitar interspersed with brass, 'In My Evil Hour' builds up in a crescendo of sound that accelerates and fluctuates through the gradually developing 'Half Forgotten Thing'. The melody rises, the vocal leaps from the stage to the circle, and there comes that time in everyman's life when he just has to sit up and listen!

Receiving a more rapturous response as they chopped through 'New Dreams For Old', they soared into 'The Ride'. At times that sheer vocal capacity of Dave Jackson shadows the musical solidity of The Room. A vibrant optimism for a bright new future, powerful and punchy; The Room are one of the brightest new bands going.

From John Foxx's first whirling drones of 'My Wild Love' to the vacuum sucking gush of 'Like A Miracle' the packed house was on its feet and mesmerised. It must be a tremendous feeling knowing that only ever having written three songs you can receive an idolatrous response by playing one of them 16 or so times.


Crashing into vintage 'Quietmen', force without feeling, velocity without venom, John Foxx's sound is the futuristic sound of repetitive mechanical dross. Each glaucous beat the big-dipper sickness of travel without arrival, the speed of giddy excess. . . .

Dancing like a robot, singing like a machine and emerging like a towering inferno from the purple smoke of a frantic 'Systems Of Romance', Foxx's is the decadent art of the pretentious showman. Scarcely decelerating through the new single 'Your Dress', even the slow songs are fast. The lights flickered, the dry-ice rose and the crowd (God bless 'em) loved it.

"When I was a man and you were a woman!" sang the apparently neutered Foxx, embodying perfectly the Euclidean principles of his 'Golden Section' LP, as he faded into the perspective of musical nothingness.

Neil Taylor

Plc: Lawrence Watson



DAVID BOWIE

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The Motion Picture



RCA

HAIRCUT 100**Manchester U.M.I.S.T.**

FOLKS FRETTEd over what would become of Haircut 100 without the dazzling tunesmithery of their ex-frontboy. They did? Hmm. I'd always found them distinctly uncomfortable listening. If a patchwork quilt was set to music then that quilt would sound a lot like 'Fantastic Day'. You could hear the seams. And now? Now the hammily expanding mouth of Nick Heyward is weedily reactivating the slop bequeathed to us by the Bobby Rydell generation. Is the Lamb Chop impersonation intentional? Shari Lewis should be told.

And now? Down to Earthsville. Doubtless the intrepid Hairdos had already acknowledged Manchester as being a necessary trial as early as the soundcheck. The sound quality was horrendous. Lord forgive me for this voyeuristic nitpicking. They have already stated that they wish the public to judge with their ears, not their eyes or pulse rate. I offered three *Hail Marys* and attempted to tune into the music.

It took a little time. Mark Fox, bless him, had this habit of pushing his hair back after every 'number' then making a blurred announcement. As the evening matured, his forelock appeared to get weightier and weightier, but still he kept heaving away there. This was the kind of determination that saved the night.

Their past has dissolved smoothly into their present. 'Prime Time' sounded somehow more authentic, cruiser and... more Haircuts than ever. Their current 'So Tired' went one grade better... New, Improved Party Percussion!

Haircut 100 will probably methodically work their way back into the public ear like proper troupers. Service as usual. And good luck to them. I don't wish a residency at the local Mecca on anyone, Father. *In nomine patris...*

Cath Carroll



And a jolly weird experience was had by all...

Pic: Nick White

CATALEPTIC!

SUN RA**Sheffield The Tardis**

PASSENGERS FOR Omniverse, please check in at gate 1999! I collect my boarding pass and settle for a brandy in a dull, grey departure lounge sandwiched between a pocketful of poses — venerable jazzateers, students in ho-ho-hum glitter suits, punks in crimped Gene Loves Jezebel hair, local lads fresh out of last year's lamé and lecturers with jeans on and glasses and magic mushroom smiles. From somewhere inside the cavernous octagon, a massive ululation is mounting, waiting and gaining momentum. I can feel the chaos crawling around the ceiling, creeping surreptitiously through the ventilation system and into my temples. I walk towards the source

and then, as I pass an orange frocked stewardess, the awesome spectacle that confronts me explodes in a nova flash of cataleptic noise — trumpets cat scratching, saxes held high, ear bleeding high.

Slightly bewildered at the in-flight entertainment, I focus disbelievably on the bizarre Carpenterian, apocalyptic vision. The crew appears to consist of 20 withered retainers in strange celestial tin foil, a soulfully moaning princess and a younger body practising self-immolation in a jester's dreamcoat — a body-popping, back-flipping whirl of chlorophyll green rhomboids on red and yellow. This is all quite touching, I think to myself. But I hope the captain can fly this interplanetary thang.

They call him Sun and Mister Ra, and another blistering fanfare heralds his arrival in mulberry velvet trousers, scandalous diamante sandals, lurex socks and shimmering gold and purple threaded smock. Sun rises in

the East beaming, and he's got his hat on, a sequined swimming cap.

With the sartorial junkheap complete, the subsequent trip is a turbulent four hours of camp theatricals, cosmic conceit and stunning sounds — a fair number of which make Captain Beefheart sound like Abba. Conducting his orchestra of the grotesque through an eclectic melee of big band bop (Glen Miller stand up/sit down choreography and hokey cokey dance), free wheeling improvisations spiralling out of hearing frequency, space age synth pyrotechnics, mystical drum choirs (Von Daniken meets The Burundi Drummers) and a multitude of call-and-response protest incantations (including 'Save Your Ass' and 'Nukiller War'), the Saturn Dread proved a genius at the joystick, coaxing an almost spiritual elation.

Sun Ra's in his Omniverse and everything's alright with the world... for tonight at least.

Mister Rai

HOW IS ART OF NOISE AND INTO BATTLE?**The Critics**

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— *Melody Maker*

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— *New Musical Express*

'Sublime, ridiculous and startling'

— *Time Out*

The Fans

'It makes me happy, it makes me dancing, it makes me living'

— *Hennie, Holland*

'Into Battle — it's excellent!'

— *Jose, Portugal*

'It's made me want to buy records again!'

— *Paul, Lewisham*

'I hope I don't need any qualifications'

— *Brian, Huddersfield*

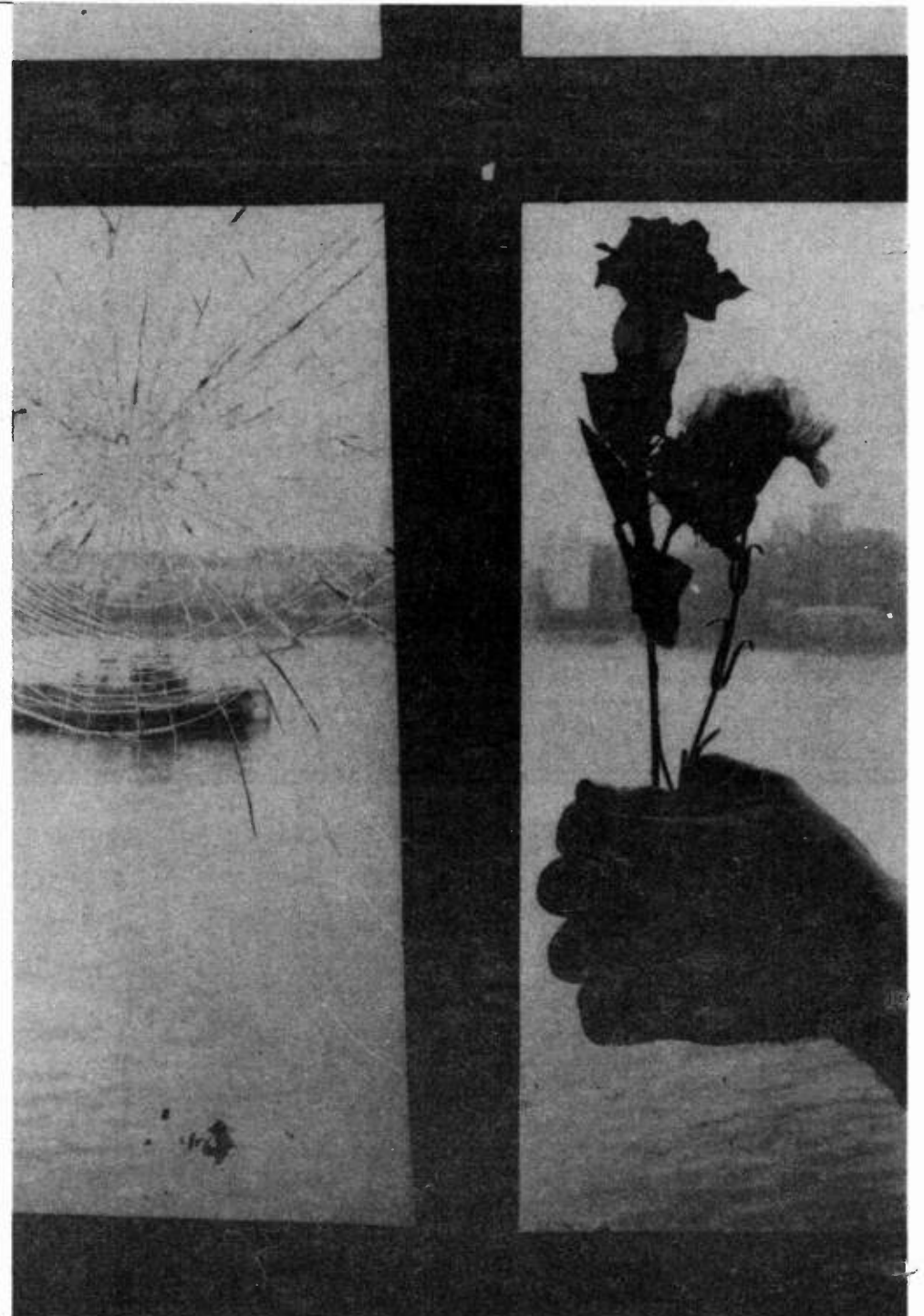
Art of Noise

'That's life'

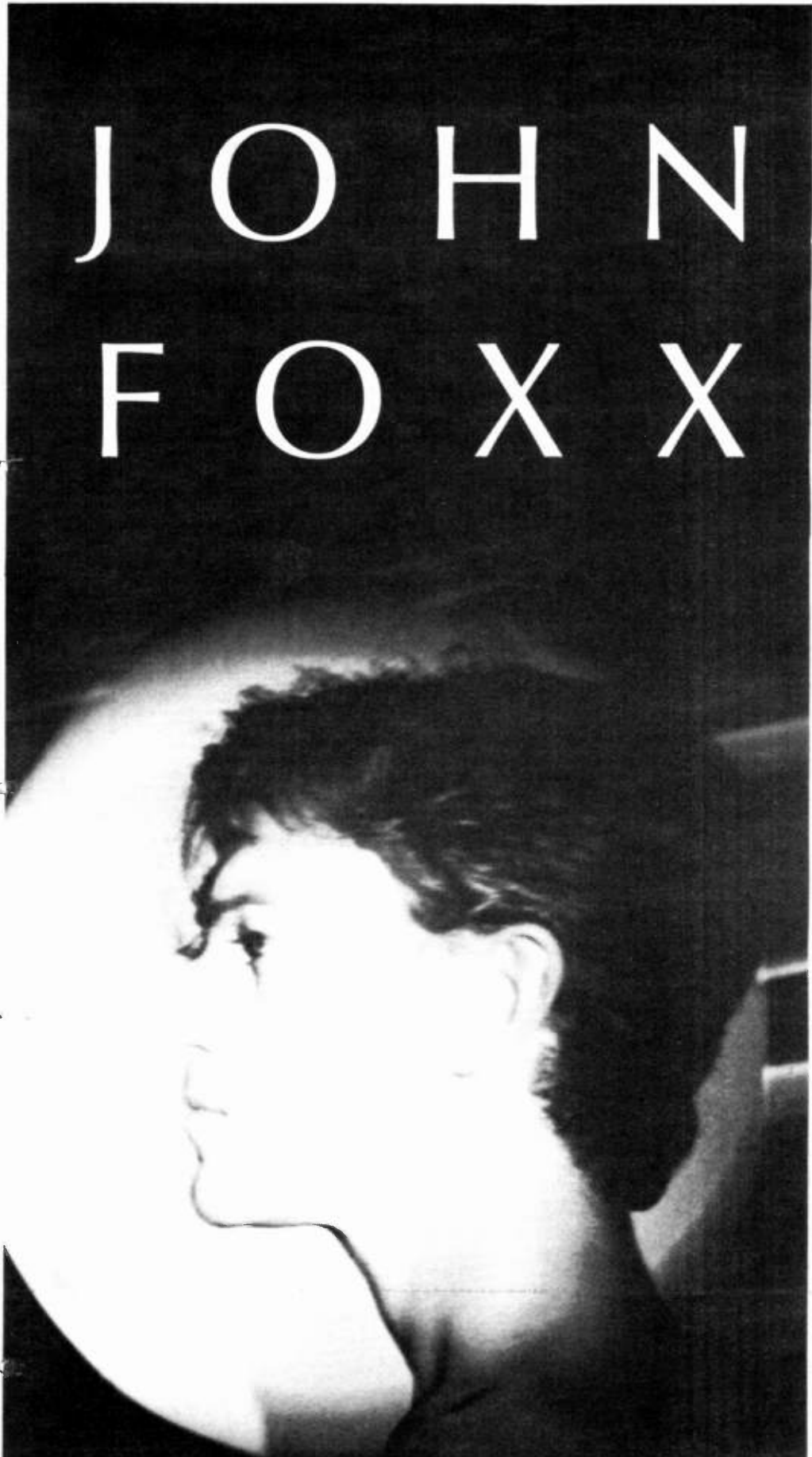
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CLUES DOWN

- Some pop, less crackle and straight in at number five of the album charts. (4)
- Those bloody Varukers. (7)
- Crass will, so let him know. (3,3)
- Stuck in marmalade and celebrating a number of guns. (5)
- Lee Dorsey's sweet potato is more of a candy. . . (3)
- The sirens of Discharge. (7)
- The team that couldn't get enough examine romance, as it were. (4,2,6)
- Me or Killing Joke, only Yazoo had the answer. (3)
- Annabella Win's. (2)
- What Pete Perrett was only. (3)
- A.C.R. show a crack in their independence tonight. (1,4,7)
- A song that showed that racial harmony could be brought about by standing on piano keys; this is the black half. (5)
- Initials of that great shipbuilder. (1,1)
- Are the Monochromes ready? (3)
- '81 Banshees album. (4)
- See 35 Across.
- "But the ----- her eyes shows through", from 'Lodger'. (5,2)
- The Big Mac of Sex, the Pistols and scratching. (5)
- Bitter and twisted Cooder. (2)
- From Roxy Music's blue it came. (3)

CLUES ACROSS

- A hit hit, hit for a duo that individually have had many. (3,3,3)
- One of above was off it, marathon runners talk about it and Roger Waters made alot of money from the film and soundtrack. (4)
- One of Clapton's assorted love songs. (5)
- Phil, one-time pal of Dylan, who wrote 'There But For Fortune'. (4)
- My cherie, The Police were outlandos of it. (5)
- Once military, now the thing to kiss. (4)
- The Beatles' number below freezing. (4)
- I need NME is a lousy anagram of what The Detroit Spinners want you to feel. (4,2,2)
- The biggest virgin of them all. (7)
- Dance this one around with the B-52's. (4)
- The Late one must go on. (4)
- American spot. (3)
- The 13th Precinct is where it happened. (7)
- Positively a band, positively early '70s. (3)
- Steel beat, reggae in vein? (5)
- Possibly where Queen Kurt might head for? (7)
- What The Specials are also known as. . . (1,1,1)
- Numbers help the cultural art. (6,2)
- Beat Box. . . Foxx PiL. (5)
- and 23. Inspired by 28 across, the King asks Captain Kirk the way. (11,8)
- Deutsches darlings Robert Gori and Gabi Delgado-Lopez. (1,1,1)

Compiled by Michele Noach.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Nobody's Diary, 7. See 7 down, 10. See 14 down, 11. Assemblage, 12. The Garden, 16. Pyre, 17. I Want You, 18. Route, 20. Time, 21. Wishbone Ash, 22. Ways, 23+32 down. Ian Hunter, 24. Heart, 25. Maria, 26. Yobs, 29. Easy, 31. Gun, 32. See 42 Across, 33. Kill, 34. Ayres, 36. Romance, 38. Randy, 40. Ian Curtis, 41. Emma, 42+32 across Paul Haig.

DOWN: 1. Nights In White Satin, 2. Bruce Watson, 3. Did, 4. Stand Down Margaret, 5+8 down Arms Of Mary, 6. Yule, 7+7 across Bobby Bloom, 8. See 5 down, 9. Mike Peters, 11+36 down Ant Rap, 13. Autobahn, 14+10 across Graham Gouldman, 15. Summertime, 16. Pete Way, 19. See 30 down, 27. Onion, 28. Silly, 30+19 down Sheena Easton, 32. See 23 across, 35. Soul, 37. MASH, 38. See 11 down, 39. Del.

ON THE BOX

FROM PAGE 51

(wait for it) an accapella version of 'Space Oddity' and worst of the lot Carmel, who if I had my way I'd have stuck on the top of the bonfire after the first line. There's loads of fireworks but no-one gets maimed. Tune in for five minutes right at the end and hear Helen Terry, doing a blinding version of 'Mister Man'. The rest of this bunch should be doused in petrol — it's the only way they'll ever burn.

From Beyond The Grave (BBC1, 11.15). The comic-ish portmanteau was always the most effective medium for the horror film, and this one is possibly the best of the genre. Most horror scripts have about twenty minutes genuine mileage and here that's all the space they get. The mysterious antique shop setting introduces the requisite dose of mild surrealism and the immaculately wasted Peter Cushing is brilliantly typecast as the sinister shopkeeper. Completely outclasses the feeble **Twilight Zone (BBC2, 12.05).**

The Wild Women of Wongo (Channel 4, 11.25). At least if *The Twilight Zone* is lame, it's allowed to fall over on its own, unlike the ridiculous *Worst Of Hollywood* series, which is given an inordinately hard push by Michael Medved. Only goes to show that the current predilection for camp bad taste is mutating into an appetite for garbage. Medved may be funny in print, in person he's tiresome and his "These are the bad bits to watch out for" lectures are condescending to the point of insult. Miss.

SUNDAY NOV 6

Napoleon 'The Second Epoch' (C4, 1.40). Gance's masterpiece culminates in Napoleon marching into Italy. There were five further instalments planned by Gance but understandably he never got round to it.

The Letter (BBC2, 11.00). Film of a Somerset Maugham play, well photographed enough to avoid the stilted tone of many such ventures. Bette Davis, who has quite a pair of eyebrows herself, stars as the usual discontented plantation wife, who murders a man, apparently in self-defence. Unfortunately Maugham's usual unrepentant cynicism is muted by a rather ridiculous please-the-censor ending.

Bilko (BBC1, 11.50). While the video's running turn over to mourn the weekend with Bilko. Note how the quickfire verbals would be nothing were it not for those unnaturally high eyebrows, arching like comedy in motion — superb.

MONDAY NOV 7

Riverside (BBC2 7.05). Repeat of appearances by Big Country, New Order, Bauhaus and Killing Joke. Studio music by Virginia Astley and the very wonderful Smiths. All this and the winner of the poetry competition — can't wait.

Rowan and Martin's Laugh In (BBC2, 8.00). Topsoil humour —

TUESDAY NOV 8

Loose Talk (C4, 10.50). Once again everyone looks good except Steve Taylor and whatever feckless dullard he's chosen to guest present this week. Worth watching just to see Taylor squirm: "And now do you, sort of, relate that to, like, your punk heroes' your, sort of, political beliefs' your, um, seedy American image." The funniest comedy all night.

WEDNESDAY NOV 9

Square Pegs (C4, 6.00). Sadly the last episode of this hilarious update of the American high school comedy. Often downright weird (Devo playing at the high school prom!), frequently bizarre, always funny.

Don't Tell Leonardo (C4, 9.00). Ralph Steadman is interviewed about Leonardo Da Vinci as he paints a latter-day fresco of *The Last Supper* on a bedroom wall somewhere in Kent. Whacky, huh?

Arena, (BBC2, 10.00). A portrait of British novelist Anthony Powell, hosted by James Fox. It's even half as good as last week's programme on Jorge Luis Borges, it'll be worth watching indeed.



Richard Pryor (Friday, C4)

we've worn through the archive barrel already. This one's stupid — but not very interesting.

The Prisoner (C4, 100.00). Number Six is a man of integrity driven almost to the point of questioning his own morality by the feckless behaviour of his fellow citizens. I know how he feels every time I watch *Top Of The Pops*.



The Ploughman's Lunch (Thursday, C4)

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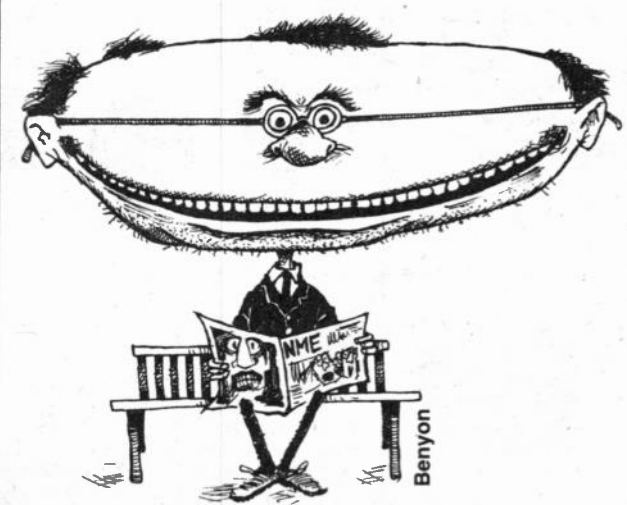
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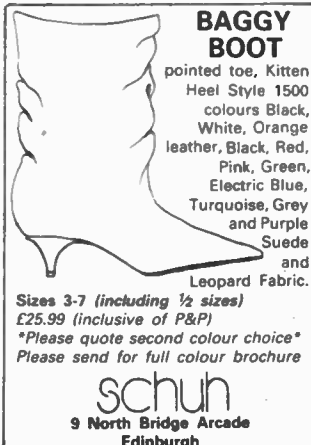
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GASBAG

IN HIS article 'How The Tories Are Sending Down The Lawless' Andrew Tyler attacks the system of dealing with young offenders. However he offers no possible alternatives.

I believe if any person, even a young person, breaks the law in such a way that another party suffers, then he must be punished. Tyler seems to forget that DCs exist primarily for the punishment, not the reformation of young offenders. If their own conscience is stimulated during imprisonment then that's fine, if not, well at least they've been punished.

Indeed, to quote the French structuralist Foucault, prisons are intended to do the opposite of reform. In Tyler's article, Selina says she couldn't live in the society which everyone else has to put up with — she was 'bored' by it — and this romanticism of rebellion is dangerous. (How many rock/pop personalities in NME claim to have been 'kicked out of school'? It's cool to be a rebel). A penal bin like Bullwood Hall ensures that offenders are controlled, bullied and almost dehumanized, because there's no way a crawling rebel in uniform like dozens of others can look like a hero.

Later they'll find it even harder than the rest of us to find jobs, and their chances of going back to the society from which they came are almost nil. The lock-up has achieved its aim, the formation of a separate criminal class, for as Tyler said only 25% of young offenders are not convicted again.

Tyler seems to think that the 'unfortunate' youngsters who get caught deserve four course meals and room service as a punishment. I suggest he re-thinks his ideas.

Clair Harrison, N. Yorkshire. Surely the point is that young offenders are consigned to the 'life in the dumper' you describe for what are frequently petty crimes. Everyone except the most indescribable wimp has gone through a phase of flirting with criminality, the 'unfortunate' get stuck with it. — DW

accurately reflects the depth and seriousness of my letter.

In the quagmire of conceptual inadequacy that usually comprises this so-called forum of opinion, how refreshing to encounter the seductive logic of this letter, so radical in its confrontation of the Gasbag ritual, so liberally laced with delicious ironies. A masterpiece. — DW

process would be considerably accelerated if people like Ms Akram were to join and help change it from within instead of carping from the sidelines.

Simon Evans attacks the Labour Party from a different standpoint, jumping on the anti-Kinnock bandwagon feet first, with eyes and mind closed. It's so easy to write off the current leadership as right wing "opportunists" and to talk of

we now have the means to stop the parliamentary party from going too far. Steve Benson, (Bradford West Labour Party).

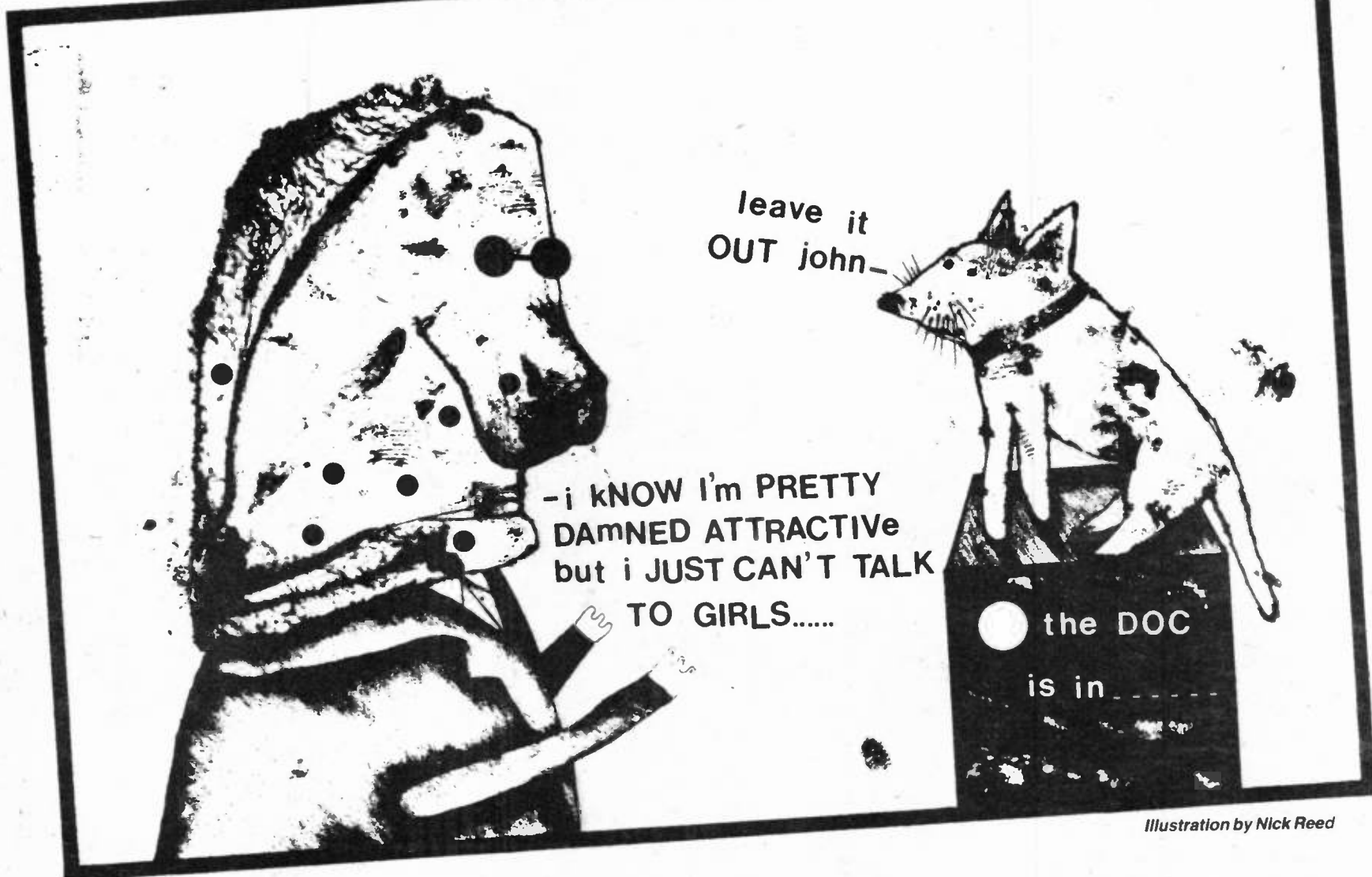
Right! No one's claiming that Kinnock walks on water but he has transformed the public view of the Labour Party. That's not the answer to all ills — but it's a start. — DW

thousands of their opponents and both back dictatorships for their own ends. They are not alternative ways, but two sides of the same valueless coin. Adrian Janes, Long Ditton, Surrey.

DOTS IN BOWIE BOTCH-UP I was extremely disappointed and upset to read the remarks in your

the effect of the promised 'Where Is Beatles Band?' book. I sincerely hope you have not gathered three legs in anticipation! Ha! Ha! A joke.

Where Is Beatles Band? Book 1. Ringo's real name was not Starr. Nor was he born famous. Instead he was born in Liverpool in the early 1940s. His favourite colours are green with pink



THE WEEKLY MORON

GOD HELP US IF LABOUR EVER GET INTO POWER AGAIN
GOD HELP THE ROYAL FAMILY
GOD HELP THE BRITISH PEOPLE
GOD HELP US FOR WE WILL HAVE NO PROTECTION
GOD HELP US FOR ALL THE IMMIGRANTS WE WILL LET IN
GOD HELP THE UNEMPLOYED
A Patriotic Londoner Who Cares, Barnet.
Some people on the other hand do deserve to be locked up. — DW

A SERIOUS INTERLUDE

I AM writing to seriously question whether your "reviewer" (ha!) really read this letter before slugging it off and trying (unsuccessfully) to humiliate the serious-minded, artistic and tortured (he ought to be) person who wrote it. Just because my favourite groups (Numan, Ultrashit, The Cure) come out with cynical, pretentious bullshit doesn't mean they're a load of talentless bastards.

I really can't believe that your "reviewer" (ha!) really tried to understand the deep meaning and artistic creativity of this letter before writing a smart-arse one liner at the end, even though he/she failed miserably to make a prick of me (I don't need any help, thanks).

So the next time I write a letter get a real "journalist" (ha!) like Grey Bullshit or someone from Melody Maker who have at least remained true to the spirit of '73 (what spirit?) to review it so that serious letter-writers like myself have their painstaking work praised for its full worth (naff all). Phil E. Stein.

P.S. I don't think the smart-arse one-liner below is either funny or

HARPER'S HARPIES

I SEE poor Tony Parsons has been subjected to the usual political rantings for attacking the cherished feminism of Arati Akram.

The so called feminists in The Labour Party basically substitute themselves for the working-class women they claim to represent. To make The Labour Party more representative of women in the party is not the same as making the party more representative of working-class women in wider society. The sleight of hand is that middle-class feminists in the party claim that an advancement for themselves is the equivalent of being more in tune with the needs of working-class women.

Most bourgeois feminists are a million miles away from the views and experiences of the majority of women. The fact that they get grants from the GLC is an excuse or sop for their political importance in gaining a wider female audience.

Basically, the conference is adverse to giving a great say to an unrepresentative minority who indulge in a degree of political fantasising (London Labour Briefing) more at home in a feminist Harpers and Queen. Let's hope the more ordinary working-class women enter the party, the greater the chance of snuffing out this Riverside Studio fringe.

Martina Dzhugashvili.
P.S. Keep up the good work Tony and Julie!!

CONSTRUCTIVE TIME AGAIN

ARATI AKRAM is quite right to criticise the Labour Party's appalling record on immigration and sexism. However, attitudes within the party are changing on both issues, albeit slowly. The

Readers' complaints listened to attentively by DON 'Mad Dog' WATSON.

Address your barks, bites and pats to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

"diluting the party programme so that it resembles the Alliance manifesto". Both Kinnock and Hattersley, whatever their faults (and even Tony Benn has a few skeletons in his closet) are long standing opponents of racism, private health and public schools and advocates of massive reflation of the economy, more progressive education, new forms of socialised industrial ownership — none of which sound much like the Alliance to me. As for the "cult of the personality", we must use their media acceptability as an asset, without allowing it to become too important; you can't just ignore the media — ask Cecil Parkinson!

In any event it is pure idiocy to expect the Labour Party to emerge from the worst electoral defeat in its history as though nothing had happened.

Hattersley is right when he talks of Labour's "duty to win". The Tories are hell-bent on destroying everything that is best in our society and the Labour Party, together with the unions, must stop them. To do that it must meet Thatcher's crude sloganeering with a clear programme of social priorities that ordinary people can understand and accept, not a complicated mish-mash of every good cause going (however worthy they may be) like the last manifesto.

There is a fine line between getting elected and "selling out". We must be prepared to bend but

THEY'RE BOTH AS BAD AS EACH OTHER

JULIE BURCHILL'S review of Joan Jara's biography of her husband was, on the whole, one of the most moving pieces she has written in a long while. But yet again her justifiable anti-Americanism was polluted by her continuing blind belief in the Soviet Way.

Could any more absurd statement be written, after detailing America's global atrocities, than "Your desire after reading this book will be to be a Russian, psychiatric high-jinx and all"? As if cruelty and oppression (you forgot the labour-camps by the way, Julie) are somehow more acceptable when administered by a Russian rather than an American hand!

Her implied denigration of Solidarity is a further example of this nonsense. Is she not aware that Russia has equally tried to smear the brave workers of Poland, just as Allende was smeared by America? And has she not heard of the thousands imprisoned there for their crime of wishing to be free?

The Eastern bloc is a travesty of what Communism is supposed to be. Julie Burchill's mistake is the same as that of any Daily Mail reader to believe that Russia's State Capitalism is actually a real alternative society to the "Free West's". But both persecute labour organisers, both imprison

T-Zers column regarding the amount of money raised at the David Bowie charity show.

Firstly, it is crass and inaccurate to think that on a £5.00 admission price and a £5.00 donation, one could raise £93,500 out of 3,000 tickets.

The ticket prices were in fact: £7.50 + £7.50 donation; £7.50 + £17.50 donation; and £7.50 + £42.50 donation.

For your information the net gross on ticket sales was £105,740.65, out of which £93,844.00 was in actual fact paid to charity.

I do not consider anything wrong with the sum that was paid over.

The only money paid out on the day as expenses were the rent, PRS and actual staff costs, and expenses relating to the show itself, ie: St John's Ambulance, Front of House Staff, Security, the LEB etc.

David Bowie, his management and myself all donated our services for this concert and I take great issue and offence with the innuendo of the writer's statement.

For your further information our accounts were audited by a firm of chartered accountants who also donated their services.

Could you please take what steps are necessary to correct this mis-representation. Harvey Goldsmith, Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited.

The Dots have been duly despatched to the Gossip Columnists' Detention Centre. They may not reform but they will have been punished. — DW

TURN LEFT AT GREENLAND THIS CORRESPONDENCE is addressed to you from me with

stripes! True! Favourite food Wild Porridge, which is cruel. Life at his home was always funny. Often he would remain in his bed for half of the day is long. His mother would say with porridge at 1400 hours (Greenwich Mean Time), "If you do not vacate your bed within five minutes, my lad, I will torture you! Ha! Ha! Ha! She would say that in the course of repartee. But if he could not be aroused and would still be pliable, often he had porridge deposited on head! "That is cruel," he would quip.

At 16 years, in late or mid 1950s, he would amaze all his friends when he would say "I am Richard III. Former King!" He did not like the fashion that Brian had with respect of his loot, and a van would not accommodate five Beatles Band members. By 1967, Ringo had space in the rear of a van, as Brian drowned in his barrels. At the funerals, Paul McCartney recited Shelley or else with the poem "He is not dead. He is pretending." Poetry.

However, the young man, Ringo Starr drummer, although stylish, was boarded by many many unpleasant people. Envy, jealousy. No room in van had the cause of alienation. This bitterness, as it were, escaped in his song "We All Live (In A Yellow Submarine)".

The year of 1967 was infinite dimensions. 'Best of Beatles Band', or platter or album. Do you know every track was a hit record? Yes. And then the Royalty Command Performance with Her Majesty The Queen.

After the 'gig' the boys then go home with Her Majesty The Queen. Fish and Boot Soiree. Fortunately, all mention of Hong Kong Bordello Scandal not mentioned. Instead they circumnavigate Her Majesty The Queen's Royal Hamsters. Ringo

T-ZERS

then would say, and this is true every reader, he would then say, "My hamster died. So I could jump on it when dead. Then buried it for fertilizer. In Springtime we had tulips from Hamster jam!" Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Liverpool boy's wit. Everybody had medals.

So you see my book is really hotpotstuff! Please will you send me the money in time for Christmas commercialism. *Samuel K. B. Ampom, Ghana.* 'The Beatles Band' letters are now available in book and cassette form. £2.99 from *Honest Roy's Enterprises.* — DW
P.S. I didn't understand the crosshead either — *Mat Snow* wrote it. — DW

SILENCE ON THE FRONT LINE

YOUR TREATMENT of reggae music is appalling, excepting 'Station Underground News'. Since your Sound System piece of last summer, information has been almost non-existent. Instead of sticking to the Black Uhuru and UB40s of this world, what about scratching the surface a bit. This year has seen fine music from Sugar Minott, Dennis Brown, Wailing Souls, Josey Wales, to name but a few, but to read NME you wouldn't know it. The re-emergence of Bullwackies, Channel One, the influence of politics on Jamaican music, the live dance hall LP phenomenon (JA and UK) and the imprisonment of Jah Shaka the Man are just a few of the items that could provide far more interesting reading than the work of some word wanking 'journalists'. *Clement Dodd, Bedford.* Many of the artists you mention HAVE been covered in NME this year, and the Ed promises a soon-come Bunny Wailer interview. Feel better? — DW

POG-BASHING ON KRAUT SCANDAL

YOU STUPID poggin' pogs! I've just read some utter crap by Chris Bohn about some piss merchants called Deadly Doris. I didn't read all of it; I only saw the bit about the *Life Of Sid Vicious* and was disgusted. You lot at NME have really dropped a clanger. Just by reading it you could see how NME and Chris Bohn really looked up at and admired Deadly Doris.

That bit about Sid Vicious. Yes that's right! The bit about a 2½ year old boy and a four year old girl who were forced (forced, of course, my dear chap) into playing with each other. The bit about the 2½ year old boy being told to "get her with your rubber knife". Isn't it all "horribly funny"? That's what you said wasn't it my dear chap? Well you and NME and Deadly Doris must be a bunch of fucking RETARDS!! And then, AND THEN, you had the nerve to imply that Mr. Joe Public in Germany wasn't cultured enough to see it as a beautiful, marginally amusing, work of art. What a bunch of barbarians. What a bunch of CUNNING HUNS, eh NME? That those stupid krauts didn't recognize a 2½ year old kiddy and a 4 year old girlie playing with each other and hurting one another as a "MASTERPIECE" ... that is how it was described I believe.

Like I said, you've dropped a clanger NME. Now I hope everybody can see how truly shitty your paper is! *David Hentschel.* The Ed would like it known that he agrees with you; Deadly Doris are turkeys. Personally I think the metaphor of Sid Vicious as exploited child is a valid one — If the image was not horrible surely that would be sensationalism? As for your apparent concern about the effects on the children, I think you're forgetting just how much of such play-acting of death naturally occurs in play. — DW

ATREND currently sweeping Camden's youth is for any runny nosed little urchin under four feet tall to deck themselves out as **JoBoxers**, construct an effigy of **Steve Strange** (complete with sawdust leaking from the ears), and hang around the borough's tube stations demanding money with menaces.

Is it, we wonder, another example of image marketing gone mad? Or has the tubby lounge lizard got involved with the DOE's 'Small (midget) Business Opportunities Scheme'?

One grimy little brat on duty outside Mornington Crescent — whose name sounded like **Trusty Treason** — lit the shed, er, shed some light. "The dummy gets 40 quid a week off the government for keeping this little firm going, and I s'pose he gets the same for all the others. Yeah, I know it all adds up to a lot of Smarties, but he's taken us off the dole, and you can't support a guest list as big as his on shirt buttons — can ya?"

The dummy, shirt a-flapping, said nothing sensible.

Meanwhile, inna traditional stylee, us Dots have spent any ackers we begged, borrowed or mugged from Big Ed on a bumper box of bangers, crackers, sparklers and rockets (the only **Katherine Willis** round here works on reception) from the dustbins of the music business. So lock up your pets and any easily offended pop stars, light blue touch paper and inhale deeply ("How I love the smell of rubbish in the morning." — **Eddie Yeats**)

BOOOM! Amid glowing critical acclaim for the 'All Night Long' promo film, **Lionel Richie** decided that too much good taste could be a dangerous thing. Halfway through his current stage show he duets with **Diana Ross**. One problem, La Ross feels she commands a fee higher than £7.50 and a hot meal, and was subsequently unavailable for the tour. Now the band had already been programmed and would play the song regardless, and as **Richie** was not up to rushing across the stage, changing his clothes behind a screen, to sing both parts (his moustache would've been a giveaway) he hit on a novel solution that wouldn't look silly at all.

At the appointed time, a video screen is lowered on to the stage showing a film of the anorexic

harpie cooing her part and allowing the star of the show to do his bit. Apparently, he keeps a straight face while he makes eyes at, woos, wins and finishes up trying to hold hands with a huge TV set. Middle class America is lapping it up, while Motown UK is praying that he won't bring the show to England.

We will fight them in the air, we will fight them on the beaches and we will fight them in the toilets. Stuck for something to do and not an Argie in sight, Paratroopers **John Oates** and friend routed **Steve Strange** out of the bogs at the Camden Palace.

When faced with the sight of "this weird thing in a black dress and a silk top hat", they decided he must be up to no good, searched him "like we do in Northern Ireland", discovered what's commonly known as a "dubious substance" and carted him off to Albany Street police station while the brave bouncers stood by and watched, ignoring Steve's pleas for help. The Strange one was released after two hours intensive questioning. The police still can't make up their mind whether to bust him or not. The paras were all for some summary justice. "If it had been up to us, we would've just smacked him about a bit."

KERRRACK! Staying with mindless violence, Cranley Gardens (not a million miles from **chez Roy Carr**) killer **Donald Nilsen** is using his liking for **Laurie Anderson** and **Rick Wakeman** to bolster up his pleas of insanity. The repetitive, monotone beat had "a trancelike hypnotic effect" on him, and drove him to mass murder. Around these offices alone, there are at least half a dozen others who get so motivated by the aforementioned musos, although they don't pay for the records. **Nilsen** did — surely an open and shut case m'lud.

Jerry Dammers, spotted at excellent Catholic Club last Thursday, was asked about his new album supposedly in production at the moment. Jerry assumed a bemused expression (has he got another one?), as it appears that not only is he a "little behind schedule" but the tracks (or was that track) he has recorded have been declared unmixable. "It might be finished by the weekend though," stammered Dammers in a fit of optimism.

BANNG! How do you flush out a Cuban? Simple, bombard him with wholesome culture. As it's a known fact that **Fidel's** followers wouldn't do anything as American as surfing, in between

announcements of order restored, democracy reinstated, keep your heads down etc, **Uncle Sam** regaled Grenada with tapes of **The Beach Boys** — islanders covered and the pockets of resistance gave up meekly.

GAAAAASP! After years of lobbyings and protestations, the T-Zers Against Sixties Streetcoverings (TASS) action committee has won the day. At some time next year, dodgy property company (they used to own the freehold on my flat) **Peachy Property Corporation** and Westminster Council are undertaking a joint venture to "bring Carnaby Street into the 1990s". Better lighting is on the cards, but first to go will be the 'psychedelic', chewing gum encrusted, knackered, multi-coloured paving stones. **Barney Hoskyns** and **Mat Snow** wept inconsolably at the announcement.

KERRASH! News of more mayhem at the Camden Palace has just reached us. At the promo bash for **SPK**, **Chris Bohn** pin-ups **Einstruzende Neubauten** were none too chuffed about the stunts the metal dancers were pulling — throwing metal into the audience! setting fire to the stage! wielding metal grinders?!? All a bit too close to be comfortable. Apparently the Palace hierarchy were not exactly delighted either, and intend to sue SPK for damages.

Among the onlookers for this display of destructive plagiarism was **Tom Waits**, still staggering after an intense cosmic experience called *Loose Talk*.

In a gesture of unparalleled generosity (that may or may not have been inspired by the IRS) **Yoko Ono** has donated something like £2.5 million worth of property to the planet's needy. In a press statement she claimed it was made "in apology as a member of the human race". If the size of this gift is taken as a criteria, then **Lihmal** must owe the combined wealth of the USA, Europe and Africa to say he's sorry.

A warning to all whose who might seek to mess with **Wham's** street credibility: don't, unless you want embarrassing rumours spread about yourself in return. In reply to allegations by **George Michael's** former patrol leader in another music paper that **George's** mum used to visit him at scout camp with food parcels — young **George** wasn't allowed to muck in round the camp fire with the riff raff — the sportswear sponsored superbrat retorted, "I

don't see how he'd have noticed. What he did most of was run around with no clothes on!" The said patrol leader fails to recall any such activity, and further information on this subject should be addressed to the *News Of The World*, not us.

Jazira, fresh from supporting **James Blood Ulmer** and **Miles Davis** in Poland (an event soon to be immortalised within these pages by **Charles Shaar Murray**), were unceremoniously unloaded from their support slot with **Chief Ebenezer Obey**, as the great one wanted to play his full five day set. Funnily enough, exactly the same thing happened to their billing on **King Sunny Ade's** UK tour last year. It seems word travels fast on the Dark Continent.

Ozzy Osbourne — featured on page three — is the cause of growing concern amongst America's Godly. After a wildly successful tour of the US, during which his stage set was its usual blend of *Playschool* and Satanism, he has been flooded with offers to save his soul. One of these, from The Association Of Marian Helpers, included a medal blessed by His Holiness Pope **John Paul II** in the Vatican.

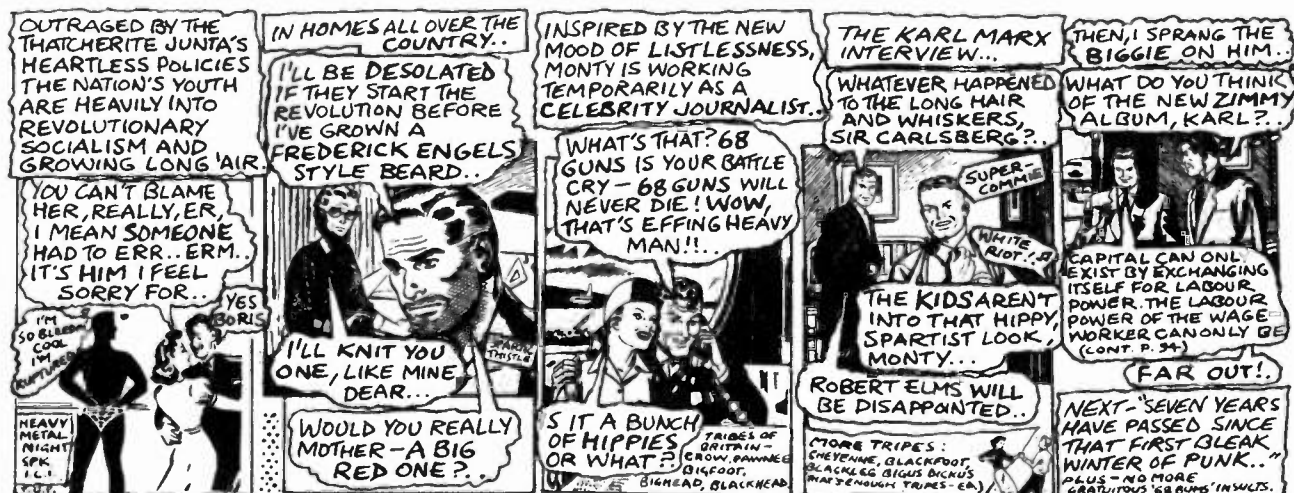
The beach (not the bonfire) party is over — **The Marine Girls** are no more. Geographical are the reasons for the split, as with **Tracy Thorne** in Hull, **Jane Fox** in Brighton and sister **Alice** in Hatfield, rehearsals became increasingly difficult to arrange. It now looks as if Trace will continue her *Everything But The Girl* activity, with the two Fox femmes forming another band with the maritime theme — **Spandau Mullet**, The Brain Sturgeons, The Eel Council or Men Without Spratts are being thought to form possible guidelines.

The fire's dying down now, the last Roman has candled and the last jack jumped, all that's left to do is pull the last couple of potatoes out of the embers and issue some heartfelt congratulations.

The first goes out to NME scribe and matinee idol **Danny Baker** and his wife **Wendy** — until recently Big Ed's sec — on the birth of a baby girl this Monday — any wetting of heads involved huh Danny?

Next, goes to NME's token **Spandau** camp follower **Adrian Thrills** on finding his way back to the office in one piece after the orgy of drink and debauchery **Gary Kemp** called a birthday party in Paris. After the quantity of Pils observers said our lovable dwarf consumed, it's a miracle it only took him a week and a half to get back here. Dead trendy in' he? ...

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