

NEW NME EXPRESS

Too much monkey business

**SOME PEOPLE DON'T
GIVE A MONKEY'S
WHO GETS HURT...**

**DUMBSTRUCK AND DOOMED
DOWN ON ANIMAL FARM**

SPECIAL REPORT BY PAOLO HEWITT CENTRE PAGES

PLUS

**READERS' POLL • JAH WOBBLE • PSYCHIC TV
JOAN RIVERS • MAL WALDRON • WILL POWERS**

CHRISTMAS MADNESS ● HERBIE'S BACK AGAIN ● TOYAH CRIMBO SPECIALS ●



MADMAX TOO!

MADNESS are the last big-name act to confirm plans for a special Christmas show – it's a one-off party gig at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on Wednesday, 21 December, and the group promise surprises galore! Tickets are £5, and they go on sale to personal applicants only at the Lyceum box-office at noon this Saturday (17) – they are limited to four per person, and Madness are donating all proceeds to charity.

Contrary to expectations, this will be their only British date for at least nine months. It was widely believed that they would be touring here in the New Year and, until recently, their spokesmen were of the same opinion – but now Stiff Records say there will be no further Madness dates until they embark on a full-scale UK tour next autumn. Meanwhile, the gap will be bridged by a new album which they've just completed – it's still untitled, but is scheduled for release at the end of January. And it will be preceded by a new single just after Christmas.

HERBIE HANCOCK jets into the UK next month to play a handful of dates. He'll be accompanied on the visit by Grandmixer D. St, the man responsible for some heavy scratching on Hancock's 'Rockit' hit, and his talents will be an integral part of the show. Opening date is at London Victoria The Venue on 7 January – then, after doing the rounds of the Continent, he returns to play Bristol Colston Hall (24 January), Manchester Apollo (25), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (28) and Birmingham Odeon (29). London tickets are £6.50 only, and at the other four venues they are £6 and £5. To coincide with his visit, CBS release a new Hancock single called 'Future Shock' – a song originally recorded by Curtis Mayfield, but more recently the title track of Hancock's latest album. There will also be a special 11 minute magamix featuring 'Future Shock', 'Earthbeat', 'Autodrive', 'Tell Everybody', 'Doin' It', 'Rockit', 'I Thought It Was You' and 'You Bet Your Love'. Release date of both singles in 13 January.



TOYAH, CURRENTLY engaged in an extensive UK tour, is to wind up her year by playing two special Christmas shows in London. The extra dates are at the Marquee Club on 21 and 22 December – which not only take her back to the roots of clubland, but also serve as an impressive finale to the Marquee's star-studded 25th anniversary year.

There will be no support act, and both shows will be party gigs, with (hopefully) fancy dress each night – no specific theme has been designated, but punters are requested to give full rein to their imaginations, and to be as colourful and bizarre as they wish! All tickets are priced £5, and doors open at 7pm, with Toyah expected on stage at 8.30pm. ● U2 have been confirmed for the bill of the big Peace Concert at London Victoria Apollo this Sunday (18), which also stars The Style Council, Elvis Costello, Ian Dury and Hazel O'Connor, among others. Frontman Bono had already been announced for the show, but now the full band will be appearing.

PHIL LYNOTT, of the now-defunct Thin Lizzy, will play the role of the late-lamented Jimi Hendrix in the film based on the life of The Who's ex-manager Kit Lambert – if current negotiations are concluded satisfactorily.

As reported earlier in the autumn, the movie will go into production next year, after the producers have found an up-and-coming group capable of portraying the early Who.

Lambert, who died in 1981, is best remembered for discovering The Who and boosting them to international stardom – as well as for launching his own independent label, Track Records. But he was also closely involved in the career of Jimi Hendrix, whom he met in a West End club when on a night out with Brian Jones of The Rolling Stones.

Hendrix became the first act to sign for the newly formed Track label, and his advance of £1,500 was then the largest ever paid to a solo performer. Phil Lynott's musical ability, coupled with his appearance, make him an obvious contender for the role of Hendrix – and the producers' announcement that discussions are taking place would seem to indicate an imminent agreement.

WHERE

There's a waif. Lynn Goldsmith proves to be something of an artful dodger when interrogated about Will Powers by Amanda Root. Photo: Pennie Smith

WILL POWERS races all the time. She races into the room where I'm watching a day-glo coloured computer drawn video of her song 'Adventures In Success', which has a bass voice crooning 'You are an important person. A rare individual. A unique creature. There has never been anyone just like you and never will be. You have talents and abilities no one else has. In some ways you're superior to any other living person. The power to do anything you can imagine is within you when you discover your real self by practicing a few simple laws of success.'

Can this woman really be serious?

But before I can ask the question she says, "People say has the music got a message? Of course it's got a message, but any record's got a message. A Michael Jackson record's got a message hasn't it?"

Oh no, she is serious.

Will Powers – alias Lynn Goldsmith, dilettante and photographer – makes Samuel Smiles self-help look like the last gasp of bread and water fatalism, a poke in the eye of self-depreciation with a burnt stick. Lynn uses a 'Will Box' to lower her voice down to Will's bass.

Will looks like a cross between Peter Pan and Jean Shrimpton and she calls herself "the Patti Smith of John Denvers". I was going to try to uncover the pull-yourself-up-by-your-bootstraps-punk with the soft-centred heart, but I found it hard to get further than her artful dodger's hat.

Will has a neat way of not answering questions. She isn't intentionally evasive, but merely has such a cast-iron faith in her own point of view.

Different ideas are so much water off a duck's back. She says, "Sometimes I'm lying in bed, and I think, I don't want to get up and it helps me to have Will Powers say, Oh yes you do! And I can have a little argument with myself about that."

I must have winced, thinking

of the bliss of soft warm beds, convinced that I wouldn't even have a will in bed (Tom, Dick, Harry, yes, but Will, no), so she continues, "It's no more difficult than admitting that your body is controlled by its physical side, like its hormones and your menstrual cycle. All you need to do is accept that you can change yourself through will power. It's a way of taking control of yourself, finding your real self."

I seize my chance: but why say that the Will Powers bit of you is more truly you than the Lynn Goldsmith part that wants to stay in bed?

It is one of those dodging the question times.

She replies "That's a good question. Sometimes I do end up staying in bed!"

Does she really think that's an answer to my question?

Whenever we seem to be at cross purposes she stares at me with a pair of extraordinarily bright blue eyes and said, "Huh?"

It is one of those moments.

"I just want the record to move from speaking a lot to dancing. I'm just saying we've got to dance all our troubles away."

I take a deep breath, and go straight for the jugular: but you might set your will to dance and be happy, but the following morning nothing has really changed has it?

The Dodger races over to her handbag and pulls out a postcard that says, "Here's Help" on the front, and "Will Powers Dancing For Mental Health will change you and all the people round you" on the back.

"You Europeans talk about everything too much." She waves the card in the air. "Here's your answer".

Pure America rules OK? But I am not going to be put off. I decide to try and suss out how Will saw the 'outer' world affecting the 'inner' one: but what about the concept of 'will'? I think what people will do comes from what they're encouraged to think they can do; it's all set up for them long before they get to the 'grit-the-

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LYNOTT TO PLAY HENDRIX ● A CLASH OF WILL POWERS ● BURNS BECOMES A BIG WHEEL ●

THERE'S A WILL...

teeth' stage. It's all produced in the external world, not an imaginary inner one.

Will doesn't stop for breath, "No. Look. Take my single, 'Smile'. I wrote that long before I saw an article in *The New York Times* that was showing scientifically that smiling does actually produce the emotions it's supposed to represent. So if you smile more, people like you, you feel happier, you become more successful. I mean, I'm saying this, and you're beginning to smile already! The secret of success is success!" Smile? I was about to bust out laughing — but try telling that to a kid in a dole queue, Lynn. Apparently there is a serious purpose to her music.

"'Dancing For Mental Health' and 'Kissing With Confidence' are being used in Art Therapy Teaching Programmes, Prison Rehabilitation Courses and in High Schools for kids living in deprived areas, and I think, Hey! This is great, if people get this out my records, but I made them for me."

I seize my chance as she seizes her breath, and say: but don't you think it's very misleading to tell people that if they're at the bottom of the heap it's their fault, because they could get out of it if they tried? I can think of loads of situations where there's nothing anyone can do to change their circumstances.

There's no stopping this dame — she just carries straight on.

"Have you listened to the song 'Happy Birthday' on the LP where the woman says she wants to be a 'really big television or recording star' and Will asks her if she's been to any auditions?"

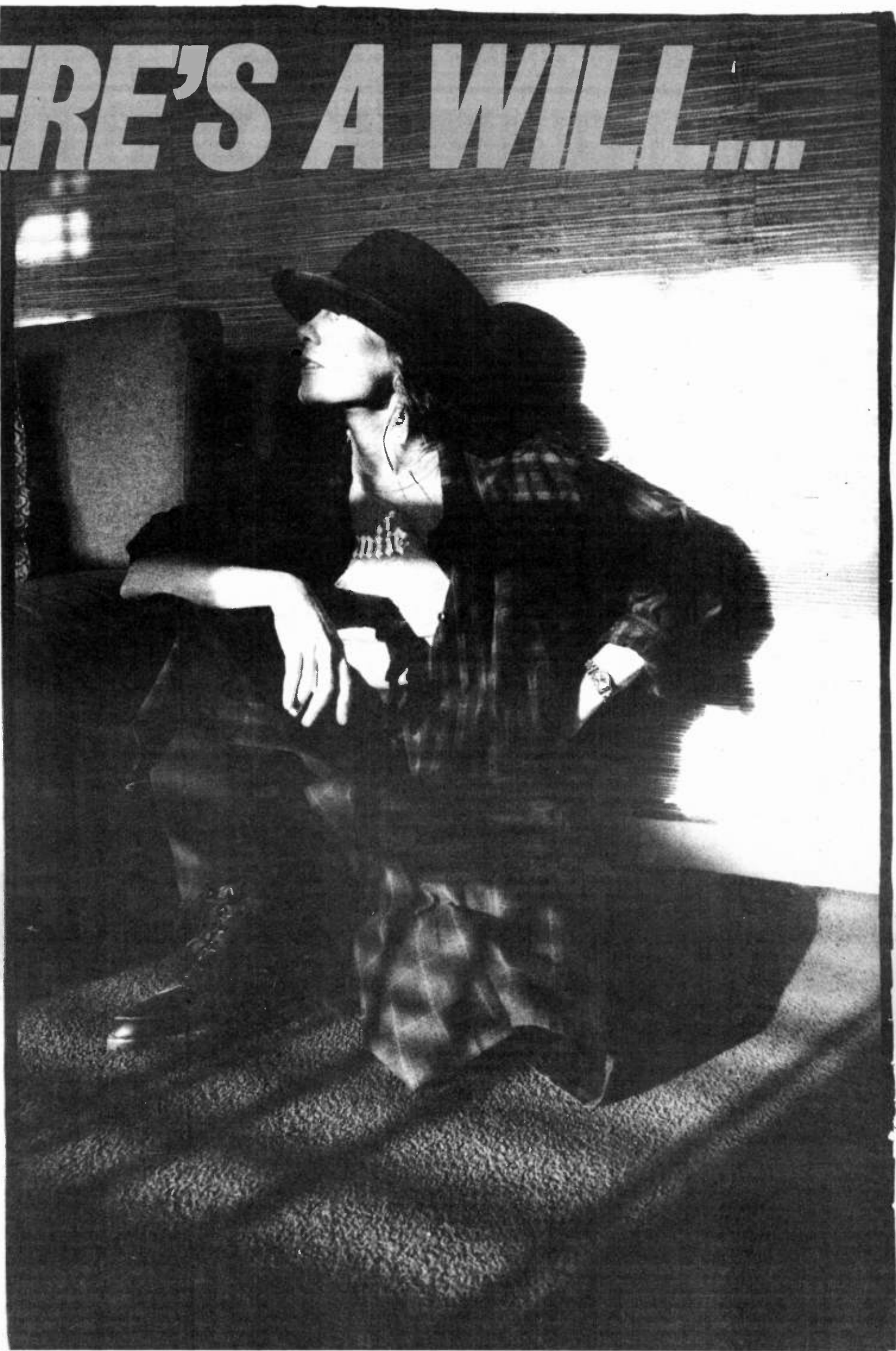
I wince yes, but my reply is irrelevant. Lynn is in full flood doing an imitation of Will, (or is it Will of Lynn, or Will of Will?)

"And she says, 'How can I? Who's going to look after my kid?' and Will says 'Do you hire a mother's helper?' and she says, 'I can't afford it'. 'How about a relative or a neighbour?' 'Oh, I just wouldn't feel right asking'. 'See? Where there's a Will, there's a Way!'"

Indeed. Time for a last ditch bid for honesty: I decide to beat a hasty retreat, but as I shake her hand to go our thoughts seem to converge.

Will says "Try not to tear it apart too much."

Lordamercy, would I do a thing like that?



JAKE BURNS, the former Stiff Little Fingers frontman, re-emerges this week with news of his own band which he'll be launching in the New Year. He's been off the road for almost a year — since SLF's farewell gig in early February — but he's not been inactive during that time, which has been devoted to writing numerous songs and putting the band together.

They'll go out under the name of Jake Burns & The Big Wheel, and the line-up comprises ex-Starjets bassist Sean Martin, drummer Steve Grantley and keyboards man Nick Muir. They'll make their debut by way of a series of lowkey try-out gigs in clubs around the country in January — these are designed as a sort of public rehearsal for the completely new set, and dates will only be advertised locally.

They officially step into the limelight the following month, when they appear as special guests on the latter part of the previously announced tour by the Alarm — playing St Albans City Hall (11 February), Bristol Studio (12), Brighton Top Rank (13) and London Hammersmith Palais (14).

Said Burns: "We're grateful to The Alarm for giving us a shot at the big venues so soon — SLF tried to give them a break with some support slots a year or so ago, and it's great of them to return the favour now that they've made it. But I'm also keen to build this new start from the ground up, and get it right under our own steam. That's why we plan to try out the show first in front of audiences at smaller gigs, well away from any pressure of hype."



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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Chart
2	2	ONLY YOU	Flying Pickets (10 Virgin)	3	1
2	1	LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE	Paul Young (CBS)	5	1
3	10	MY OH MY	Slade (RCA)	4	3
4	6	HOLD ME NOW	Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	4
5	4	LET'S STAY TOGETHER	Tina Turner (Capitol)	4	4
6	14	MOVE OVER DARLING	Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	3	6
7	23	VICTIMS	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	7
8	5	UPTOWN GIRL	Billy Joel (CBS)	9	1
9	3	CALLING YOUR NAME	Marilyn (Mercury)	6	3
10	17	PLEASE DON'T FALL IN LOVE	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	10
11	12	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (CBS)	5	6
12	7	NEVER NEVER	Assembly (Mute)	6	1
13	9	WATERFRONT	Simple Minds (Virgin)	4	9
14	11	RIGHT BY YOUR SIDE	Eurythmics (RCA)	7	11
15	22	TELL HER ABOUT IT	Billy Joel (CBS)	2	15
16	25	ISLANDS IN THE STREAM	Kenny Rogers/Dolly Parton (RCA)	4	16
17	21	CLUB FANTASTIC MEGAMIX	Wham (Innervision)	2	17
18	8	SAY, SAY, SAY	McCartney/Jackson (Parlophone)	10	2
19	13	CRY JUST A LITTLE BIT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	3
20	16	OBLIVIOUS	Aztec Camera (Atco)	6	16
21	21	BARK AT THE MOON	Ozzy Osbourne (Epic)	4	21
22	27	THAT'S ALL	Genesis (Charisma/Virgin)	5	22
23	19	THIS CHARMING MAN	Smiths (Rough Trade)	6	19
24	29	WHAT IS LOVE	Howard Jones (WEA)	4	24
25	49	MARGHERITA TIME	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	25
26	15	A SOLID BOND IN YOUR HEART	Style Council (Polydor)	5	7
27	24	RUNNING WITH THE NIGHT	Lionel Richie (Motown)	3	24
28	(—)	MANY RIVERS TO CROSS	UB40 (Dep Int/Virgin)	1	28
29	(—)	READ 'EM AND WEEP	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	29
30	43	2000 MILES	Pretenders (Real)	3	30
31	38	RAT RAPPING	Roland Rat (Magnet)	2	31
32	18	THE LOVE CATS	Cure (Fiction)	8	7
33	37	THE WAY YOU ARE	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	2	33
34	(—)	PIPES OF PEACE	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	1	34
35	31	SUNBURST AND SNOWBLIND	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	31
36	36	THAT'S LOVE THAT IT IS	Blancmange (London)	3	22
37	41	KARMA CHAMELEON	Culture Club (Virgin)	14	1
38	(—)	COLD AS CHRISTMAS	Elton John (Rocket)	1	38
39	32	METAL HEALTH	Quiet Riot (Epic)	2	32
40	40	WHERE IS MY MAN	Eartha Kitt (Record Shack)	2	40
41	30	OWNER OF A LONELY HEART	Yes (Atco)	6	24
42	28	THE SUN AND THE RAIN	Madness (Stiff)	7	5
43	39	MUTINY 1983	Birthday Party (Mute)	2	39
44	45	MY MELANCHOLY BABY	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	2	44
45	26	UNDERCOVER OF THE NIGHT	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	6	10
46	(—)	I'M OUT OF YOUR LIFE	Amies Love (Streetwave)	2	36
47	(—)	MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY	Slade (Polydor)	1	47
48	(—)	I CAN HELP	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	48
49	(—)	SINGALONG-A-SANTA AGAIN	Santa Claus (Polydor)	1	49
50	(—)	SWEET SURRENDER	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1	50

	Last Week				Next Week
	6	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	52	1
2	1	UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY	U2 (Island)	3	1
3	3	COLOUR BY NUMBERS	Culture Club (Virgin)	9	1
4	2	SEVEN AND THE RAGGED TIGER	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	2
5	8	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	21	1
6	4	CAN'T SLOW DOWN	Lionel Richie (Motown)	8	1
7	11	STAGES	Elaine Paige (K-Tel)	5	7
8	5	TOUCH	Eurythmics (RCA)	4	4
9	(-)	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC	Various (EMI/Island)	1	9
10	10	AN INNOCENT MAN	Billy Joel (CBS)	8	5
11	12	GENESIS	Genesis (Charisma)	10	1
12	15	FANTASTIC	Wham (Innervision)	24	1
13	20	BARK AT THE MOON	Ozzy Osbourne (Epic)	2	13
14	7	BACK TO BACK	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	7
15	9	UNDERCOVER	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	5	3
16	14	CHART HITS '83	Various (K-Tel)	5	10
17	16	PIPES OF PEACE	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	6	4
18	19	LABOUR OF LOVE	UB40 (Dep International)	13	1
19	13	NOCTURNE	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	3	13
20	21	TRACK RECORD	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	4	20
21	23	ROCK AND SOUL PART I	Hali & Oates (RCA)	8	15
22	32	CHAS & DAVE'S KNEES UP	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	2	22
23	(-)	ALL WRAPPED UP	Undertones (Ardeck)	1	23
24	27	GREATEST HITS	Marvin Gaye (Telstar)	4	24
25	24	YOU BROKE MY HEART IN 17 PLACES	Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	2	24
26	25	THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC	Abba (Epic)	5	25
27	28	THE BOP WON'T STOP	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	17
28	22	SNAP	Jam (Polydor)	9	2
29	17	91502	Yes (Atco)	4	14
30	29	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	26
31	47	FORMULA 30	Various (Decca)	2	31
32	38	VOICE OF THE HEART	Carpenters (A&M)	9	6
33	43	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	3	33
34	33	INFIDELS	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6	3
35	31	TOO LOW FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	28	4
36	RE	SILVER	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	36
37	(-)	PHIL SPECTOR'S GREATEST HITS	Various (Impression)	1	37
38	(-)	STREETSONDS VII	Various (Streetsounds)	1	38
39	(-)	LIVE AND DIRECT	Aswad (Island)	1	39
40	RE	THESE ARE 2-TONE	Various (2-Tone)	1	40
41	18	BEAUTY STAB	ABC (Neutron)	4	6
42	(-)	OOH WALLAH WALLAH	King Kurt (Stiff)	1	42
43	49	THE ATLANTIC YEARS 1973-80	Roxy Music (EG)	6	16
44	(-)	LIFE'S A RIOT	Billy Bragg (Go Discs)	1	44
45	46	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	27	1
46	30	YENTL	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4	30
47	48	STRIP	Adam Ant (CBS)	5	14
48	40	THE TWO OF US	Various (K-Tel)	10	11
49	26	LIZZY LIFE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	22
50	34	SMELL OF FEMALE	Cramps (Big Beat)	4	30

1	EL BARCO DE TAHITI	Aliminana Soler Et Son Orchestre Tropicana (Guilde De Jazz)
2	WORK SONG	Bill Laswell (Elektra)
3	I SEE CHANO POZO	Jane Cortez (Bola Press)
4	CRAZY CUTS	Grandmixer DST (Island US)
5	WOMAN DANCE WITH ME	Mandingo Griot Society (Flying Fish)
6	SOCA RHUMBA	Arrow (Charles)
7	MAMBO BABY	Ruth Brown (Atlantic)
8	PRESSURE AND SLIDE	Tennors (Studio 1)
9	ORERE ELEJIGBO	Lijadu Sisters (Afrodisia)
10	I CAN'T STAND IT	Soul Sisters (Sue)
11	ON YENA ELI NKWU	Steven Amechi And His Rhythm Skies (Phone)
12	SAY WHAT	Trouble Funk (Deti)
13	THE WHIP	Ethiopians (Treasure Isle)
14	ROAD MARCH JAM	Orbitone Allstars (Orbitone)
15	CUT IT UP	T. Ski Valley (Grandgroove)
16	AM I THE SAME GIRL	Barbara Acklin (Brunswick)
17	OLU, DI, NA, KWATA	Baby Face Paul And His Top Toppers (Philips)
18	MERENGU BABALOU	Rock-A-Mambo Orchestra (Columbia)
19	ATOMIC COCKTAIL	Slim Gaillard Quartette (Rouder)
20	ROCK THE HOUSE	B Boys (Vintertainment)
21	AGBO JU LOGUN	Shina Williams (Phonodisk)
22	AIMING AT YOUR HEART	Shara Nelson (On U)
23	THE WAY I WALK	Jack Scott (Carlton)
24	COPSETIC	Roulettes (J.J.)
25	CALYPSO CALYPSO	Peter Metro (Midnight Rock)
26	I FEEL LOVE COMING ON	Felice Taylor (President)
27	NIGERIA	Fegun Adewale (Fegun Adewale)
28	DANCES ARE CHANGING	Barrington Levy (Dance Hall Style)
29	CONG LA	Les Algons (Disques Des)

Chart by Jonathan More at the Catholic Klub at Fouberts



Too much Mounka business? Pic Jean Bernard Sohiez

AFRICAN

LPs

1	FAUX PAS	M'bilia Bel (Genidia) Zaire
2	MANUELA	Bopol (Syllart) Congo
3	ASE	Segun Adewale (SARPS) Nigeria
4	TRAVEL AND SEE	Hilife International (Sterns) Ghana
5	AFRICA NO. 1	Les Diabolins (DB) Gabon
6	FEMME D'AUTRUI	Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
7	UNNECESSARY BEGGING	Fela Kuti (Kalakuta) Nigeria
8	AFRICAN FEELING	Mohammed Malcolm Ben (Sterns) Ghana
9	1000 MILES	Dele Abiodun (ASLP) Nigeria
10	PEPE	Nyboma (Maikano) Zaire
11	AMADOU TILO	Toure Kunda (Celluloid) Senegal
12	FINE WOMAN	Canados Band (RAS) Ghana
13	NDANGARIRO	Thomas Mapfumo (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
14	DELIVERANCE	Manu Dibango (Sonodisc) Cameroun
15	20 ANS DE CARRIERE	Pamelo Mounka (Genidia) Zaire

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REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	GHETTO DANCE	Michael Palmer (Greensleeves)
2	TROUBLE MAKER	Johnny Osbourne (Greensleeves)
3	TOO LONG WILL BE TOO LATE	Freddie McGregor & Jennifer Lara (Tads)
4	DEVIL'S PICKNEY	Sugar Minott (Taxi)
5	IF YOU LOVE THE RUB A DUB	Johnny Osbourne (Selection)
6	NEVER LET GO	Cornel Campbell (Greensleeves)
7	YOU ARE	Dennis Brown (Tads)
8	YOUR LOVE IS A BLESSING	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
9	SHOW AND TELL	Ken Boothe (Taxi)
10	BUTTERFLY	Cornel Campbell (Shuttle)
11	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
12	THE WHIP	Ethiopians (Treasure Isle)
13	LOVE ME WITH FEELING	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
14	COOL AND DEADLY	Horace Andy (Tads)
15	GIVE ME A CHANCE	Carroll Thompson (Carroll Thompson)

REGGAE

LPs

1	GENERAL TO ALL GENERAL	Various Artists (Dance Hall Style)
2	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Greensleeves)
3	TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT LOVE	Blackstones (Pressure)
4	LIVE AND DIRECT	Aswad (Island)
5	WATER PUMPING TOP TEN	Various (Tads)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	THIS CHARMING MAN	Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	3	SUNBURST AND SNOWBLIND	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	2	NEVER NEVER	Assembly (Mute)
4	4	MUTINY! EP	Birthday Party (Mute)
5	5	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)
6	(—)	PRICE OF SILENCE	Discharge (Clay)
7	9	SONG TO THE SIREN	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
8	7	THE SERENADE IS DEAD	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
9	27	MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS	Multi Death Corporation (Grass)
10	18	FACT	Red Guitars (Self Drive)
11	12	TEMPLE OF LOVE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
12	(—)	LAW OF THE JUNGLE	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)
13	8	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
14	6	LISTEN TO THE RADIO: ATMOSPHERICS	Tom Robinson (Panic)
15	11	METAL DANCE	SPK (Desire)
16	10	GODS ZOO	Death Cult (Situation 2)
17	13	LIPS CAN'T GO	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
18	(—)	WHERE IS MY MAN	Eartha Kitt (Record Shack)
19	(—)	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)
20	17	MAURITIA MAYER	Sex Gang Children (Clay)
21	16	ALFIE FROM THE BRONX	Toy Dolls (Volume)
22	15	GREAT EXPECTATIONS	New Model Army (Abstract)
23	14	PUSH OUT THE BOAT	Higsons (Waap)
24	(—)	STARK RAVING NORMAL	The Blood (Noise)
25	20	KICKER CONSPIRACY	The Fall (Rough Trade)
26	22	4AD 12" EP	Bauhaus (4AD)
27	24	JNIX	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)
28	25	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)
29	21	THE VOW	Toyah (Safari)
30	(—)	INCUBUS SUCCUBUS	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)

1	1	SMELL OF FEMALE	Cramps (Big Beat)
2	2	HEAD OVER HEELS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	3	LIVE	Meteors (Wreckin')
4	4	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
5	13	LIFE'S A RIOT	Billy Bragg (Go Discs)
6	15	FALSE GESTURES FOR A DEVIOUS PUBLIC	Blood (Noise)
7	7	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
8	8	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (ID)
9	14	WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BRAIN	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
10	6	BLOOD ON THE CATS	Various (Anagram)
11	10	LIVE IN NEWCASTLE	Damned (Damned)
12	5	JOHNNY YES NO	Cabaret Voltaire (Double Vision)
13	12	SONS OF OI	Various (Syndicate)
14	17	NO LOVE LOST	Omega Tribe (Corpus Christi)
15	9	LOVE IS THE LAW	Toyah (Safari)
16	11	ZONES	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
17	19	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG	Business (Syndicate)
18	(—)	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
19	(—)	PERVERTED BY LANGUAGE	Fall (Rough Trade)
20	23	NO SANCTUARY	Amebix (Spiderleg)
21	22	PROMISE	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
22	16	WRITING ON THE WALL	One Way System (Anagram)
23	26	LET'S START A WAR	Exploited (Pax)
24	34	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
25	30	INVISIBLE HITS	Soft Boys (Midnight Music)
26	(—)	DEATH CHURCH	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)
27	29	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)
28	28	UNKNOWN PLEASURES	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(—)	THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME	Serious Drinking (Upright)
30	18	RIVERS OF DESIRE	Orson Family (New Rose)

JAZZ

LPs

FOLK

LPs



Hawk on the Bayou Pic Hans Harzhelm

- 1 GOING FOR GLORY Maddy Prior And The Answers (Spindrift)
- 2 ABYSSINIA June Tabor (Topic)
- 3 TECHNOCRICKER Adrian Legg (Spindrift)
- 4 A SONG FOR IRELAND De Danann (Cara)
- 5 SHUFFLE OFF! The Albion Dance Band (Spindrift)
- 6 MOAT ON THE LEDGE Fairport Convention (Woodworm)
- 7 HAND OF KINDNESS Richard Thompson (Hannibal)
- 8 HOME AND DERANGED The English Country Blues Band (Rogue)
- 9 LIVE HEARTS Moving Hearts (51%)
- 10 CRUEL SISTER Pentangle (Transatlantic)

Chart compiled by Making Waves, 6 Alie Street, London E1 8DE.

VIDEO

20

- 1 MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE (Palace)
- 2 RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (CIC)
- 3 GANDHI (RCA/Columbia)
- 4 THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY (MGM)
- 5 LOCAL HERO (EMI)
- 6 FORTY EIGHT HOURS (CIC)
- 7 SOPHIE'S CHOICE (PRT)
- 8 THE HUNGER (MGM)
- 9 QUERELLE (Palace)
- 10 BLADE RUNNER (Warners)
- 11 HEAT AND DUST (3M)
- 12 GONE WITH THE WIND (MGM)
- 13 DIVA (Palace)
- 14 MAD MAX II (Warners)
- 15 THE BOAT (DAS BOOT) (RCA/Columbia)
- 16 NEW YORK, NEW YORK (Warners)
- 17 CODENAME THE SOLDIER (Embassy)
- 18 FRANCIS (EMI)
- 19 PIXOTE (Palace)
- 20 APOCALYPSE NOW! (CIC)

Video rentals courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford St., London E1



Move over Tracey and up the charts

FRED FACT

Perhaps we can put the whole thing down to the perfectly true fact that Don Powell fashioned his first pair of drum sticks from the stem of an artificial Christmas tree. Whatever the reason, you can't knock Slade's timing when it comes to songs for the festive season. Just when it's time to hang your sock up, along they come with an anthem that's not only guaranteed to please maters throughout the hols but is also likely to exist as a soccer anthem long after Wolverhampton Wanderers get back on the winning trail - whenever that may be. I mean, 'My Oh My' - even the song's initials spell Morn. Soppy as Noddy in a Santa suit, I reckon. But then, he's even been known to don one of those when reprising 'Merry Christmas Everybody', a yuletide ditty which, in case you've forgotten, has been with us for 10 years and is still racking in the roubles.

Incidentally, 'Move Over Darling', Tracey Ullman's current contender, also harks back a bit. Doris Day's last UK hit, the song - composed in part by her son Terry Melcher - stems from a 1963 movie of that name which starred the one-time Doris Kappelhoff and James 'Rockford' Garner. But should you imagine that cover jobs are a current day phenomenon then move over, dimbo, for that particular movie, which was produced by Day's then-husband Marty Melcher (a real family job eh!) was itself no more than a re-make of a 1940 Cary Grant comedy which appeared at local Roxy's under the title 'My Favourite Wife'. Tain't nothing new in this here world. Except, perhaps, an unexpected raise from IPC.

Fred Dellar

US

45s

- 1 SAY SAY SAY Paul McCartney & Michael Jackson (Columbia)
- 2 ALL NIGHT LONG Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 3 UPTOWN GIRL Billy Joel (Columbia)
- 4 SAY IT ISN'T SO Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- 5 LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- 6 ISLANDS IN THE STREAM Kenny Rogers & Dolly Parton (RCA)
- 7 UNION OF THE SUKE Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 8 CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE Quiet Riot (Pasha)
- 9 CRUMBLIN' DOWN John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)
- 10 CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND Culture Club (Virgin)
- 11 OWNER OF A LONELY HEART Yes (Atco)
- 12 TWIST OF FATE Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
- 13 WHY ME? Irene Cara (Geffen)
- 14 UNDERCOVER OF THE NIGHT Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
- 15 HEART AND SOUL Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)

Courtesy of Billboard

US

LPs

- 1 CAN'T SLOW DOWN Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 2 SYNCHRONICITY Police (A&M)
- 3 THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 4 UNDERCOVER Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
- 5 AN INNOCENT MAN Billy Joel (Columbia)
- 6 METAL HEALTH Quiet Riot (Pasha)
- 7 WHAT'S NEW Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
- 8 EYES THAT SEE IN THE DARK Kenny Rogers (RCA)
- 9 COLOUR BY NUMBERS Culture Club (Virgin)
- 10 ROCK 'N' SOUL, PART I Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- 11 GENESIS Genesis (Atlantic)
- 12 UN-HUM John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)
- 13 PYROMANIA Def Leppard (Mercury)
- 14 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top (Warner Bros)
- 15 90125 Yes (Atco)

Courtesy of Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 MARY'S BOY CHILD Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
- 2 Y.M.C.A. Village People (Mercury)
- 3 A TASTE OF AGGRO Barron Knights (Epic)
- 4 TOO MUCH HEAVEN Bee Gees (RSO)
- 5 DO YA THINK I'M SEXY Rod Stewart (Riva)
- 6 YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS)
- 7 I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER Sara Brightman & Hot Gossip (Aniela/Hansa)
- 8 LE FREAK Chic (Atlantic)
- 9 LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME Racey (RAK)
- 10 SONG FOR GUY Elton John (Rocket)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 LILY THE PINK Scaffold (Parlophone)
- 2 ONE TWO THREE O'LEARY Des O'Connor (Columbia)
- 3 BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP Foundations (Pye)
- 4 AIN'T GOT NO - I GOT LIFE Nina Simone (RCA)
- 5 URBAN SPACEMAN Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band (Liberty)
- 6 SABRE DANCE Love Sculpture (Parlophone)
- 7 THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
- 8 OB-LA-DI-OB-LA-DA Marmalade (CBS)
- 9 MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DREAM WITH Malcolm Roberts (Major/Minor)
- 10 RACE WITH THE DEVIL Gun (CBS)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY Slade (Polydor)
- 2 I WISH IT COULD BE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY Wizzard (Harvest)
- 3 YOU WON'T FIND ANOTHER FOOL LIKE ME New Seekers (Polydor)
- 4 MY COO-CA-CHOO Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
- 5 THE SHOW MUST GO ON Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 6 I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE Gary Glitter (Bell)
- 7 LAMPLIGHT David Essex (CBS)
- 8 FOREVER Roy Wood (Harvest)
- 9 LOVE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP Robert Knight (Monument)
- 10 PAPER ROSES Marie Osmond (MGM)

20 YEARS AGO

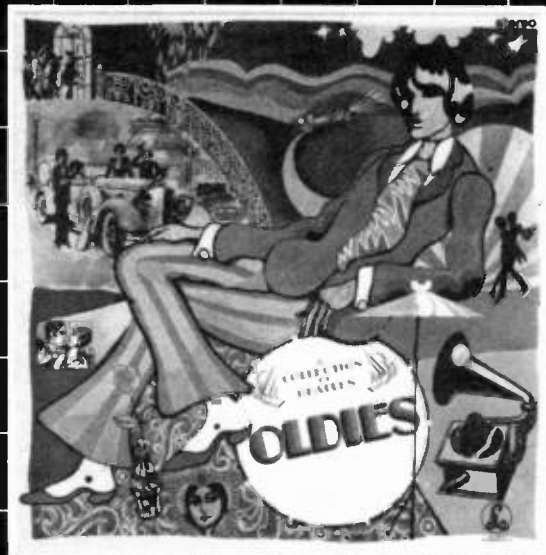
- 1 I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND Beatles (Parlophone)
- 2 GLAD ALL OVER Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
- 3 DOMINIQUE Singing Nun (Philips)
- 4 SHE LOVES YOU Beatles (Parlophone)
- 5 SECRET LOVE Kathy Kirby (Decca)
- 6 I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU Dusty Springfield (Philips)
- 7 TWENTY FOUR HOURS FROM TULSA Gene Pitney (United Artists)
- 8 YOU WERE MADE FOR ME Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
- 9 SWINGING ON A STAR Big Dee Irwin (Colpix)
- 10 MARIA ELENA Los Indios Tabajaras (RCA)

THE BEATLES

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FROM ME TO YOU
WE CAN WORK IT OUT
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MICHELLE
YESTERDAY
I FEEL FINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE

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A MENTAL HEALTH WARNING

PSYCHIC TV CAN



Genesis in the dark.

Turning black and blue with PSYCHIC TV, the group whose bizarre sexual "explorations" of pain and perversity spill over from stage and screen into real life. Or vice versa. DON WATSON caught them with their trousers down in Berlin, Shrewsbury and London to record Sleazy psychic babblings and Genesis' hot P-Orridge quotes. Photography: ANTON CORBIJN

IN THE depths of a dark, barn-like building on the outskirts of Berlin a performance of elation and unease is taking place.

This is the Psychic TV atrocity exhibition — a hammering attack on the hollow ritual of modern music, it drives reactions to the limit.

Blasphemous images flicker across the back of the stage while the sound of a strange, uncertain sexuality pulses through the thousand or so heads. There's a certain fear in that sound — either fear of the images it portrays or the primitive reaction they elicit.

Genesis P-Orridge, so far tonight an anti-preacher, stands onstage and watches the grimaces as the gruesome final exhibition unfolds — close-up shots on the screen show grisly genital piercings, and the audience retches.

THE NEXT morning, as the winter sun blazes with a blinding clarity through the windows of the anarchist centre loft where Psychic TV are staying, Genesis P. introduces himself.

An unsettlingly gentle, unimposing little man with a soft high-pitched piping voice, he cuts a comic figure wandering around with his trousers round his knees, examining the particularly painful-looking bolt through his cock; it's an awesome instrument he wants photographing.

"We," Psychic TV seem to say, "present information — make sense of it as you will."

But how exactly do you make sense of Psychic TV themselves? Just how much of their horrorshow is an examination of our own fears and hidden desires and how much a sensationalist flaunting of their own strangeness?

By displaying a video of a member of Psychic TV administering corporal punishment to what they stress was a willing victim, are they penetrating the human attraction for violence and the motive to subjugation? Or airing their own S&M preferences?

The incidents surrounding PTV, the constellation of personalities involved and the past activities (both real and invented) form a veritable sandstorm of information, both true and false, in the midst of which the clarity of motive becomes hopelessly obscured.

How do you resolve the contradictions in a band who brandish a virulent strain of blasphemy in the face of established religion, both Western and Eastern, and yet themselves ape one of its forms? Is a temple of the profane the opposite of the wilfully closed parameters of the original, or its mirror image?

In all these questions, the provocative game of Psychic TV continues — as their dramatic representation of the theatre of violence continues, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish the benign face behind the grotesque masques.

For those who seek a sense of the forbidden in their cultural pursuits, a feeling of movement and investigation (and you can count this writer in), some of Psychic TV's work must be applauded for its roguish value.

Continuing the spirit of aesthetic opposition in Throbbing Gristle, through the offices of the two common members of Genesis P-Orridge and Peter 'Sleazy' Christopherson, they have now contributed two bittersweet LPs to the culture of the malign. Last year's 'Force The Hand Of Chance' established their ambiguous manifesto, and they've now added the more adventurous, more strongly polarised, 'Dreams Less Sweet' — an occasionally annoying,

frequently stunning investigation of the possibilities of the Psychic sound, through the medium of Zuccarelli's holophonic recording system. The system incidentally involves the use of a finely detailed replica of the human head — so finely detailed, in fact, that it has to be given eight hours 'sleep' a night, a bizarre curiosity very much in tune with PTV's sense of the bizarre.

Yet a feeling of doubt surrounds Psychic TV. Perhaps the rigorous questioning of all sensory input which they encourage is turned on themselves. Perhaps it's just the natural suspicion that must surround anyone who begins from Burroughs' premise that "Nothing is true" or a doubt as to what, if everything indeed were possible, PTV would want to create.

The confusion, of course, chiefly arises from PTV's insistence that they investigate by example — two areas specifically: information control and violence.

"INFORMATION," says Genesis as we stand freezing while awaiting entrance to East Berlin, "is the real world."

And here in limbo between capitalism and communism it's easy to see the point of Burroughs' concept of the information war. Loudspeakers no longer conduct propaganda barrages into the night, but television stations on either side keep pumping images of the just and true system across the wall. And, on the Western side, a Solidarity poster and a museum commemorating defectors, stand as perpetual wind-ups.

"Even we are potential items of information, you see," he claims as our large motley group of close cropped Psychic youth and assorted black-clad figures is refused entry. "Their control system doesn't account for us and so they can't let us in. We might be a suggestion to the East German youth that there's something going on they're not aware of."

The information war does not stop at something as simple as the East/West propaganda front, though — all information from conventional sources is, they claim, a form of control.

"Nothing," they maintain, "is what it appears to be." And their method of indicating this is to record an LP which itself embodies the concept.

'Dreams Less Sweet' is a record of entrancing melody set against harsh discord, where dark confusion jolts into the blinding light of an elating, but possibly illusory, clarity. To various degrees, though, nothing is what it at first seems.

A light love song's gentle melody wraps around razor blade lines like "My eyes burn and claws rush to fill them". A sweetly intoned solo vocal sings a

manifesto-style lyric written by murderer/cult leader Charles Manson. A gentle lilting song which apparently blends gentle love-pact lyrics with a bizarre refrain of "Santa Claus is coming to town", turns out to be the last words of cracked cult leader Jim Jones, spoken as 900 of his followers committed suicide at his instigation. A hymn-like Latin theme turns out to be Klaus Ebbing delineating a case of nymphomania. A seemingly obvious song about nurseries turns out to refer not only to a place where flowers or children are grown, but to a place where adult rituals take place.

In communicating its message, the LP seeks to employ the same methods as the opposition. Not all the information is actually given on the record or on the sleeve (no direct reference is made to Jim Jones, for example). While they stress that details of the lyrics are available from the address printed on the sleeve, to some extent they also glory in the subliminal effect that the subject matter may have.

This is a war without principle.

VIOLENCE," runs the cover-line to Ballard's *Atrocity Exhibition*, "is the key", as it is to much of the live performance of Psychic TV. What it unlocks, though, is often uncertain.

At the front of the stage a fan looks at the fragments of broken bottle by Genesis' feet. Reaching out he picks up the largest fragment and studies it slowly under the light. Then, equally intently, he brings the sharper end towards his face, opens his mouth and... sucks on the edge, carefully avoiding any laceration. Still sucking he looks first towards the audience and then towards the stage.

At the back of the performers, a screen shows a cane landing again and again on an unspecified, but certainly tender, area of human flesh. As the flesh wobbles and the blood begins to flow, the glass-sucking fan looks back at the audience, a malicious light in his eye as he sees the suspicion around him.

I may require a certain risk in live performance, but this is taking it too far.

Violence, argue Psychic TV, is a vein that runs through society, frequently invisibly — only by acknowledging that it has an appeal, and by plumbing that attraction can we understand it. As with their exposure of the methods of control, though, the end can often be concealed by the means.

Like Nietzsche, PTV advocate immersing oneself in the depths of forbidden thought, in the hope of emerging in the final daybreak with a deeper awareness and understanding. To those who regard

BLOW YOUR MIND

their methods as harmful they reply as did our quotable friend:

"Somebody remarked: 'I can tell by my own reaction to it that this book is harmful'. But let him only wait and perhaps one day he will admit to himself that this same book has done him a great service, by bringing out the hidden sickness of his heart and making it visible."

Where Nietzsche spoke of thought, however, Psychic TV indulge in action — they stress that any scenes of torture which they display onstage videos are always performed by the band and their associates. Thus, they claim, they can understand the roots of sado-masochistic behaviour.

There's always the danger in plumbing the depths that you might just decide to stay there and wallow. 'Dreams Less Sweet' itself contains testimony to enough casualties of the methodology. PTV's idea of investigation is valid enough, where the doubts arise again is when it comes to conclusions.

THE YOUNGER half of the PTV duo, Sleazy Christopherson is more down to earth than Genesis.

With his normal short haircut, sober clothes and lack of tribal markings he appears to be the conventional wing of the band. He's also the only one who has a day job, as part of the Hipnosis design team who were responsible for a huge percentage of '70s LP sleeves and currently produce videos for such luminaries as Robert Plant.

Where Genesis, visibly a '60s product of the non-Peace and Love branch of the hippy movement, bemoans the lack of an anarchist centre of the scale of Berlin's enormous Cuckoo complex, Sleazy is more critical.

"I don't really like the whole hippy attitude that surrounds places like that," he comments. "There's no respect for property that's just held in common — everything's allowed to fall into ruin."

While Genesis concentrates on the aims of PTV, Sleazy is more interested in the methods.

"I think anybody who pretends to be concerned for the wellbeing of the youth of this country ought to be able to see that we stand for the same things as they supposedly do," is his only comment on final effects. "But people always just see us as a bunch of pervers who play with whips."

Pervers or not, though, they do play with whips.

"I think people could extend enough thought to see why we do it. In the first place that video which you saw involved only willing participants — someone actually came up and asked us to do that, so we took advantage of that to examine the phenomenon."

The fact that this will happen around Psychic TV, though, only compounds the idea that there is something very strange about the way Psychic TV live their lives — especially in the context of some of their other videos, involving scenes of fetishistic torture, which they are reluctant to be quoted on.

In one example, quoted by Chris Bohn in his PTV piece last October, percussionist Geff is strung up and beaten and scratched by the remainder of the band.

"The reason I did that," Geff argues, "was as an extension of my performance art, and as an investigation into methods of control. What I did was to put myself in the position of being completely under the control of others just to see how I reacted — almost as a sensory deprivation exercise."

And what did happen?

"I lost consciousness — not from the pain, because it didn't hurt very much at all, but from a function of the experience."

So what's the point?

"It's an examination of a human extreme — which is what Psychic TV is about in a lot of ways, finding extremes of human nature and putting ourselves in that extreme in the hope that, through some sort of catharsis, we'll come out as better people."

"The reason that I'm reluctant that we're quoted on subjects like this," Sleazy explains, "is that it's always misinterpreted, it's presented as shock horror stuff, whereas it is an exploration into a very important section of human behaviour."

"All human activity that has been thought of as worthwhile," he continues, "and anything which aims, in whatever small way, to make a progression of society in an upward way, has been done by individuals who have been explorers, who have pushed themselves to what conventional society would consider to be extremes — whether geographical, or artistic or in terms of invention. And we have attempted to make a move in the same direction."

"Society always has its own preservation at heart, though, and so it will obviously oppose anyone who attempts to change it. If everybody's ideal situation was having a controlled society, then the world would be in a complete stasis — nobody would do anything."

"There is a tradition of people who we regard as having done the same sort of thing as we are attempting to do — someone like Lou Reed is an obvious example. Lots of people in history have had the same sort of problems as we have now — which is not to say that we're necessarily important to society or mankind, but what we do is important to us."

"We're not making any statement about talent, but our emotions and motivations are the same, I think as someone like Galileo. It's that same sort of enquiring mind, although we're not saying we're as clever as people like that."

WHERE SLEAZY exudes an air of surgical calm, Genesis is surrounded by an atmosphere of gentle suffering, which his wife Paula echoes with a more youthful melancholy.

His life, he feels, has been dedicated to good works, but his perverse public face has brought him only condemnation. There's a look of pained persecution in his eyes.

I talk to Genesis and Paula at Gen's parents house in Shrewsbury — a church-dominated Midlands small town — where they've come for a brief respite from a desperate financial situation and a very cold house in Hackney. The relief, however, comes at a price.

"Look at this," says Gen with genuine disgust, holding up a sheaf of religious drawings. "That's my sister's influence. She's involved with everything to do with the church. How can two children from the same sperm be so different?" he asks despairingly.

We talk of the planned concert at Prestwich Mental Hospital — a project that was aborted at the last minute after an article in a local right-wing paper.

"We'd rather play to mental patients than the general public," says Paula melodramatically, "because we feel they'd understand what we were doing more, on an intuitive level."

"We're always being told we have a very strange grasp of reality anyway," adds Gen with a wry smile, "that we're warped or confused or inaccurate — or, in a polite way, that we're insane. So, I suppose we have some sympathy for mental patients."

"Nobody who really is in their right mind believes that all of the people in there really are insane, anyway. I think most people would agree that at least 50% of them don't need to be there. But we thought that it would be a good way for us to begin to take a more concerned interest in mental health."

"There was this guy we met in Berlin who had been in a mental hospital, and we've now agreed that we'll collaborate with him in trying to compile some information on the drugs and the other methods of control there. We want to make it one of our causes."

Words like 'concerned' and 'cause' are not immediately associated with Psychic TV.

"That's because too many groups make a big selling point out of it, so we've always preferred in the past to keep it as a personal thing. Like, I was involved in the first squat in Britain in Drury Lane, and Paula spent six weeks helping to rebuild Grenada after the revolution."

"And I'm involved in council projects in Hackney," pipes up Paula. "But this is actually the first time we've mentioned any of those things because we don't see them as any big deal. We're just fed up of ignorant people calling us some sort of right-wing sadists, though."

"It all derives from an attitude which is perpetrated by the gutter press," continues Gen. "That if you mention something and you are a musician or an artist, you must therefore approve of it. It's alright for them to do an entire issue of *The News Of The World* about rape and murder, but if you mention those things in any way at all, you are saying you approve of them."

"Quite apart from the fact that we present those things in a much more realistic light than any newspaper, we always assume our audience is intelligent and knows at least as much as we do. So we don't need to adopt that whole didactic preaching approach. We try and go deeper and try and deal with the basic structure and implications as we go on."

"The people who go on about it," Paula argues in the vein of our friend Friedrich, "must have unconscious fear themselves, and they try and make us appear as evil people to relieve their own guilt. Like the press will report that Genesis and Paula P. Orridge were seen at sex club Skin II, but they won't say we were spotted at a natural childbirth rally because it doesn't fit in with their view of us."

ONE ASPECT of Psychic TV that many people find threatening is the emphasis on ritual. The track 'Nursery' on the LP, for example, refers to a place where ritualised ceremony takes place.

"Children have their nursery rituals and so do adults," say Genesis, "so we have a place in our house which we call the nursery, and we use that for all of our rituals."

"Everyday life is full of rituals anyway. What we're trying to do is reinvest the awareness in people, so that they are no longer unwilling participants, who may be out of control simply because they don't know what's going on."

"Most tribes who have a sense of ritual also have almost no sense of mental illness, and it seems that there is a connection between the use of ritual and a more stable personality."

They stress that this is ritual as a personal device and that they are opposed to the use of ritual, particularly in the Christian religion, as a form of

control.

"It's people like Jim Jones," Gen says, "who the track 'White Nights' is about. He was a bible thumping Christian preacher who founded the San Francisco People's Temple. His main congregation was under-privileged black people who he initially did a lot of social good for. Then when they were completely loyal and devoted, he started the whole power trip syndrome, like getting them to pay all their money to the temple and keeping them up all night haranguing them with his increasingly confused preaching."

"He was so influential that he was approached by a number of politicians, including Jimmy Carter, because he could provide a block vote of all his followers. He was involved with the San Francisco Housing Commission, and . . . they all knew he was becoming corrupt and vicious. But they turned a blind eye, probably because the only people he was corrupting were poor blacks who didn't matter."

"Then, as he became aware that he was becoming so perverted that even his supporting politicians were getting worried, he went out to Guyana with all his followers. This was supposed to be paradise, but actually it was some miserable rain forest."

"He used to give his followers drugs and force them to work out in the fields all day and stay awake all night listening to his psychotic ranting. So their only notion of reality was what he said."

"He was dying anyway from all sorts of diseases, and the CIA were investigating him, so he started to practice mass suicide. The ceremony was called 'White Nights' — an alarm bell would ring and everyone would wake up and drink this supposedly poison potion. He had several practice ceremonies with a harmless potion, then when the CIA were finally on to him they did 'White Nights' for real."

"Most people actually did take the poison, but some — who were alarmed that this was actually happening — refused. So they were gunned down. Finally, Jones himself was finished off by a single shot and nobody knows who fired it."

"The most interesting thing, though, is that the CIA were present the whole time — and the theory is that they wanted to watch to what extent control could be imposed on people. Here it was, they had a freebie experiment and conveniently, it was taking place in Guyana, well out of their jurisdiction so they couldn't be held responsible for it."

"And the lyrics to that song are taken from a tape

CONTINUES PAGE 48



Paula and (below) Sleazy.

"We'd rather play to mental patients than the general public because we feel they'd understand what we were doing more, on an intuitive level."

Paula P-Orridge

"We're always being told we have a very strange grasp of reality, that we're warped or confused or inaccurate — or, in a polite way, that we're insane. So, I suppose we have some sympathy for mental patients."

Genesis P-Orridge

"There is a tradition of people who we regard as having done the same sort of thing as we are attempting to do — someone like Lou Reed is an obvious example. We're not making any statement about talent, but our emotions and motivations are the same as someone like Galileo."

Sleazy Christopherson



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**SUPERHERO OF
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STRIPS
ALAN MOORE
TALKS TO DON
WATSON ABOUT
THE SAGAS
BEHIND
THE SCENES**

THERE'S ANY number of really strange things that happen in a place like this," observes Alan Moore as we wander through the streets of his native Northampton. "A few weeks ago I was wandering down this street, and on that newspaper stand there was this headline 'VAMPIRE KILLER GETS LIFE'—I mean, doesn't that set your imagination running?"

Sure does, you can just imagine a bemused Christopher Lee forced to confront the grim reality of a stubbornly dull Midlands town. It would, as an old friend was forever saying, make a great comic strip—perhaps Alan Moore will get round to writing it one of these days.

In the three years since he began the patchy Roscoe Moscow strip in *Snoods*, Moore has become the proverbial one man industry, scripting *Marvelman*, *V For Vendetta* and *The Bojeffries Saga* for the excellent *Warrior*, *Captain Britain* for the sadly defunct *Daredevils* as well as numerous strips for 2000 AD and more recently a couple of episodes of *Swamp Thing* for DC and *Superman* for Marvel.

It doesn't match the output of the hack merchants who can regurgitate three sets of stock clichés a day, but in terms of high quality strips (which Moore's certainly are) it's not bad going. The result is he's attained a semi-deity status amongst Britain's rapidly growing legion of comic nuts.

"It's amazing just how many kids there are that are literally fanatics," he says. "I did a signing session recently at

Forbidden Planet (London's comic centre) with Hunt Emerson and the queue stretched right round the block. It was an amazing experience—after a few hours you start to hallucinate. At one stage Hunt just shouted 'You've been round before haven't you!' and there he was, eyes on stalks, pointing accusingly at this ineffectual little kid—he must have scared the wits out of him."

What has distinguished Alan Moore is an awareness of how to manipulate the clichés of the comic strip while attempting to explore the immense possibilities the genre contains. Comics tend to be viewed in this country either as kids stuff or, at best, a vehicle for fine art slumming. There is no reason, though, why what is basically a combination of words and images should be so limited. With a little imagination comics can be a cinema of the printed page.

In the past cinema and comics were closely inter-related—Orson Welles, for example, was heavily influenced by comic strip art in his construction of *Citizen Kane*. The link was broken, though, when comics got stranded in their own clichés.

"The great trouble is," Alan comments, "that while the early *Superman* strips, for example, were influenced by all sorts of ideas from a number of different sources, subsequent artists began to look only at the strips that had gone before. So what you got was a very inward looking thing where the clichés were emphasised and the effect declined each time. What I'm trying to do is get back to the basics, to the original influences and

develop something fresh out of them.

"So what you've got in my strips is a bit of George Orwell, a bit of *The Prisoner*, a bit of Thomas Pynchon, some musical influences like Brecht and Weill, a bit of Dr. Phibes. Like in *V For Vendetta*, I've tried to create something that has the same sort of attention to style and detail that you'll see in something like the Phibes films. There's a lot of reference to culture in there—I suppose I'm trying to evoke the same sort of quality as there is in my references. It's really a pathetic, last ditch attempt to get some of it to rub off.

"Obviously I don't want to be doing superheroes all the time or for the rest of my life, but the idea is still really interesting if you look at it from a fresh standpoint. Really things like *Superman* are a form of modern myth, they occupy a similar role in modern culture to the Norse or Greek legends. I think there is a lot of fascism in the idea. Somebody said the difference between *Superman* and a mass murderer is in fact very little—they're both people who assume they have the power and assume they have the right to inflict their own conception of justice on the world. There is a lot of really strange morals there which are really interesting to explore.

"Obviously, when you're trying to do something that will appeal to 13 year old kids you've got to have the fight scenes and things like that to keep their interest, but I've tried to give it an intellectual interest as well. There's references to Nietzsche in *Marvelman*—I just hope the kids will be interested enough by the jokes and people hitting each other to put up with the philosophical stuff."

Perhaps Moore's most successful strip to date is *The Bojeffries Saga*, a hilarious exercise in quirky English surrealism.

"The idea of *The Bojeffries Saga*," he comments, "was to try and ignore the American clichés that comics have got caught up in and concentrate on bits of the British landscape. If you look carefully there are corners and holes in Britain that are fascinating and funny.

"It's a great British tradition to fashion humour out of the commonplace. You can see it in things like Pinter and N.F. Simpson, that whole British theatre of the absurd where everyday conversations are turned into a form of absurd and grotesque surrealism. Somewhere as isolated as Northampton is full of material for something from headlines like 'Vampire Killer Gets Life' to a 20 minute conversation I once heard entirely on the subject of cucumbers."

Apart from *The Bojeffries Saga* he's most proud of another *Warrior* strip, *V For Vendetta*, a bizarre tale crafted from strands of Jorge Luis Borge, Thomas Pynchon and *The Prisoner* set in fascist Britain.

"I've got some great ideas for what to do with *V*. There's one episode coming up where the only dialogue comes from TV. There's like three channels of TV running as a backdrop and the pictures tell the real story.

"That's one example of what you can do with comics that you simply can't do with any other form of media, because you've got both the written word and the images to play with and you can set the whole thing up and structure it in exactly the way you want. There's another one I've got coming up where there's a scene set in a nightclub and there's four strands of dialogue—the song the band are singing, the pictures and the captions, and you can make them all rub up against and strike notes off one another."

This comic strip game—it's no child's play.

Intoning messages of doom through megaphones—Last Few Days.



Pic Andrew Catlin



One of the Laibach masses. Pic Vesna Veberic

DARING TO TOUR...

ANNOUNCING THE Last Few Days before His coming!!! though hardly a festive night, December 23 brings to London's Diorama (Euston Road W1) the final date of this year's most daring tour. Called Through Occupied Europe it pairs severe prophets Last Few Days with Yugoslav provocateurs Laibach, who together did exactly that. Beginning in Laibach's homeland their convoy of trucks and cars skirted Czechoslovakia to Hungarian capital Budapest, on to Poland, through East Germany to Berlin, Copenhagen and eventually here.

If after taking into account the shoestring logistics of such a tour, featuring two "difficult" groups and their memories of endless bureaucratic wrangles and border crossings, it still doesn't sound like any big deal, then it should be explained that the sight of a group like Last Few Days, intoning messages of doom through megaphones to a soundtrack that might combine the tolling of bells and an unrelentingly austere noise, is not a common feature of East European pop. As East German border guards hindering their entry to West Berlin will attest. Nor is the teaming of such a group with a Yugoslav unit whose risky toying with the mechanisms of totalitarianism has teased out the uglier side of their state's normally tolerant censors.

In Yugoslavia they have been accused of playing Nazis. In Poland they were barred for being Communists. Needless to say this tour through occupied Europe caused an uneasy mixture of consternation and confusion, at the very least inciting curiosity.

Their London concert is a rare, if not only opportunity to investigate Laibach and catch a fleeting glimpse at the Last Few Days. Promises to be the most fun packed beginning to the holiday since Throbbing Gristle's Christmas concert of three years ago.

CHRIS BOHN

lowry

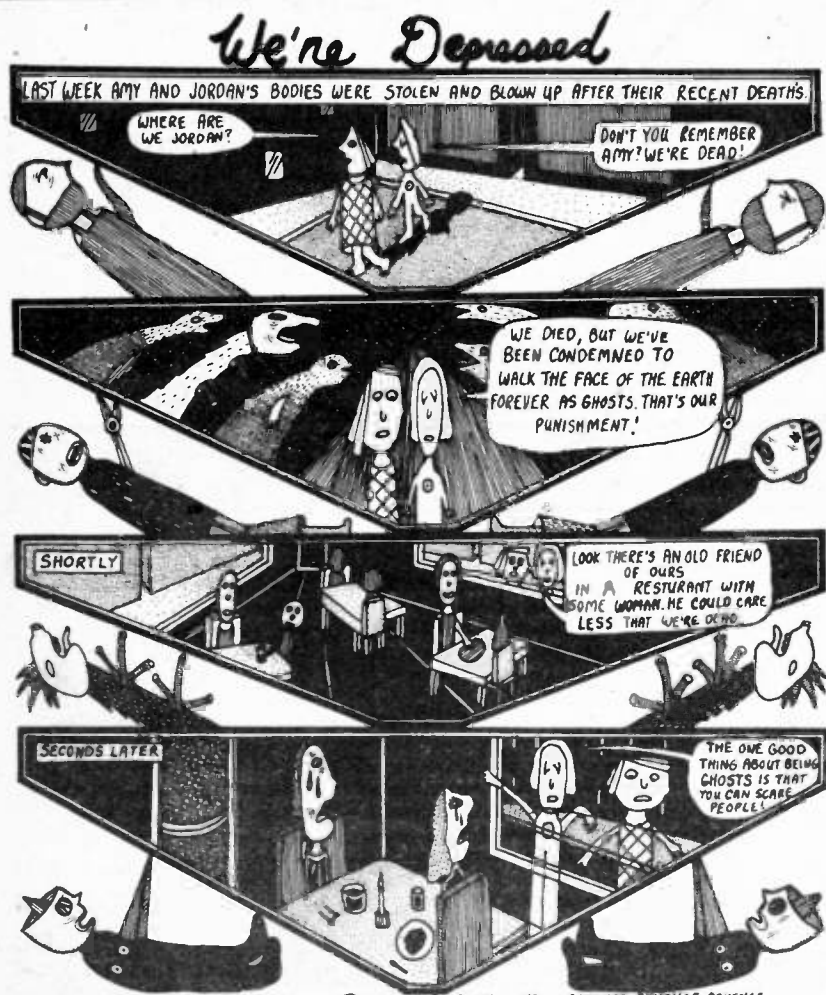


FASHION GOES KARNIVOROUS ● PRIMETIME READING ●

BILLED AS "a night of varied sights and sounds for fun and dancing", a show called THE MOVE MOVE HOP could prove to be that elusive beast: a gig with a (genuinely interesting) difference. Organised by *i-D* magazine photographer James Palmer, it all takes place at the Brixton Fridge on Tuesday 20th December, from 8.30 till 2am. The featured bands will play around 20 minutes apiece, with five minute fashion spots, plus DJs and slides of "a variety of people and styles".

For the £2.50 admission you get music from The Primitive Society and from Gaz (the Rocking Blues-man featured in last week's *NME*), slides by James Palmer and visuals from Karniverous ("fashion for all sexes", pictured right), Anne Smith, Salon Sui-Juris and Coco's hats. Also promises are a guest band and guest DJ.

beyer



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KARNIVOROUS FASHION WILL BE STRUTTING THEIR ANIMAL CHIC AT THE MOVE MOVE HOP AT THE FRIDGE, BRIXTON. PIC JAMES PALMER

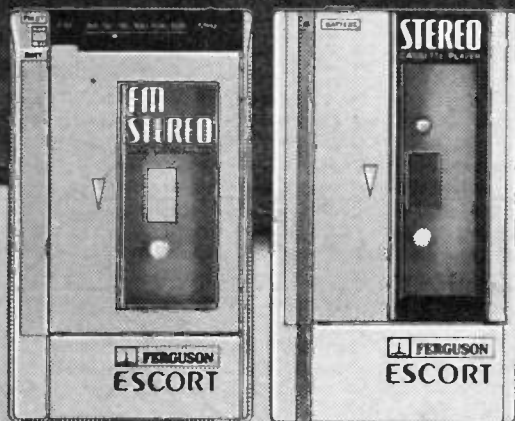


THE LATEST issue of *Primetime*, the TV fanzine produced by the Wider Television Access group, is a double issue dedicated wholly to comedy. This makes a welcome change, as the previous five issues have tended to concentrate on worthy WTV concerns like *The Prisoner* and *The Avengers* (both of which the group helped keep alive during their time off screen), along with cult soaps and SF thrillers like *Outer Limits*, *Naked City*, *Out Of The Unknown*, etc, with a little added spice coming from articles on TV commercials, Mike Leigh, TV gurus, TV pop and the like. The comedy issue follows the usual *Primetime* format of features backed up with exhaustive checklists for the video archivist, covering shows, series and figures as disparate as *Norman Wisdom*, *Minder*, *Barney Miller*, *Cheers*, *Soap*, *The Young Ones*, *Comic Strip*, *Keith Allen*, family sitcoms and *Humphrey Barclay*. Centrepiece of the issue, however, is an excellent historical assessment of *Bilko* by Geoff Brown which concludes with a six-page checklist of all 143 episodes, giving original screening date, writers, supporting actors and single-sentence synopsis. Now that's what I call a public service!

Ol' Square Eyes

Primetime can be contacted c/o Scala Cinema, 275-277 Pentonville Road, London N1. (Tel: 01-278 0752).

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Pic Peter Anderson

Elvis Costello

DISTURBING THE PEACE

WHY 'PEACE In Our Time'?
 "I used the phrase Neville Chamberlain said when he landed back in England (following his 1938 meeting with Adolf Hitler) as a starting point for the title of the song, which is about the way we are always lied to whenever they say 'Now we've got an agreement', 'Now we've got the missiles', 'Now we're all safe'."

"There's always a reason why we're told that, and it's always a lie, you know; you can't make agreements with fascist madmen, you can't have destructive weapons without running the risk of eventually blowing people up. I think it's a complete hypocrisy. It's not intended as a pompous song. I wrote it because I'm as frightened as everybody else."

"I'm gonna do a show on the 19th of December (at the Victoria Apollo, with Style Council, Ian Dury, Mari Wilson and others) which is a collection of comedians, actors and musicians to raise money to forward the campaign against the Cruise missiles. In some sense it's too late because the missiles are already there, but the important thing now is to sway people's opinion, get them to really see the danger they are facing."

"So when they come to the next election they're gonna vote for someone who's gonna change the policy. To say the missiles have arrived so we better give up is completely wrong."

With this new song 'Peace In Our Time', Costello completes a trilogy (along with 'Shipbuilding' and 'Pills And Soap') of political pop for the '80s. I'm sure there will be more.

Another thing that struck me at the Oslo show was Costello's voice: at times it was remarkably similar to David Ackles. Confronted with this, he burst out: "Good grief! David Ackles is one of my favourites."

"I've never met anybody who's ever heard of him. His first album on Elektra was one of my favourite albums."

David Ackles, as some of you may remember, made a stunningly beautiful self-titled album in 1968. Julie Driscoll covered one of the album's songs, 'Road To Cairo', the very same year. Costello was enthusiastic.

"Some of his stuff is a bit doomy and pretentious, but I really like a lot of it, like 'Road To Cairo' and 'Down River'. There's some fantastic guitar playing on that first Ackles album, like gothic-psychedelic music... He's a very talented writer, it's terrible so few people have heard about him. He should have been a big star in the right sense of the word."

After his first album, 'David Ackles', he made two more LPs for Elektra, 'Subway To The Country' and 'American Gothic' (the last one hailed as a masterpiece in the NME Illustrated Encyclopaedia Of Rock). His fourth and last album, 'DT Ackles Five And Dime' was released on Columbia, exactly ten years ago.

What about the similarity between the voices?

"Yeah, maybe I've got in my voice some reference point from way back that I've learnt."



Pic Bledyn Butcher

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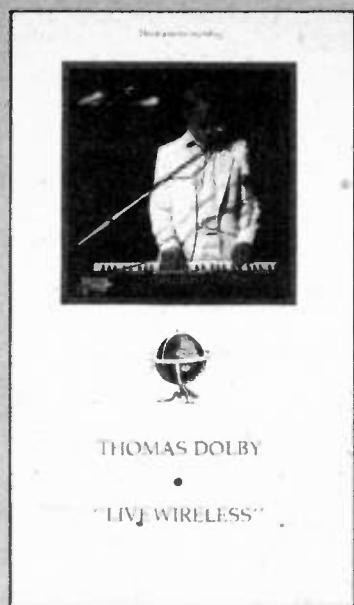
FILMS

The Shining
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 Anything with Mexican bandits

BOOKS

Where The Wild Things Are — Maurice Sendak
 The Enormous Crocodile — Roald Dahl
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At Elvis Costello's recent show in Oslo, he unveiled a new song, performed solo, entitled 'Peace In Our Time'. Norwegian writer BORRE HAUGSTAD spoke to him about it after the show...



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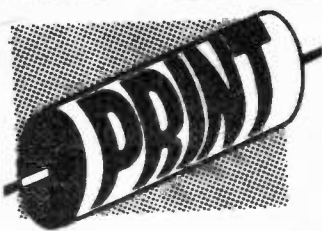
JAZZ BOOKS

by GRAHAM LOCK

BETWEEN 1968 AND '72 Arthur Taylor, a jazz drummer of then some 20 years standing, undertook a series of interviews with his fellow musicians that ranged over topics like critics, racism, drugs and Black Power politics, as well as the current state of jazz.

Unable to find an outlet for the often-explosive results of his work, Taylor published his book privately in 1977. Now *Notes And Tones* (Quartet, £11.95) has found a mainstream publisher and, though the time lapse has defused its topical sting, the book remains a vital read for all jazz fans.

Taylor's status as a respected black musician allowed him to obtain interviews that are remarkable for their frankness; and the musicians' breadth of contempt for the white American music establishment makes for salutary reading. Taylor talks to a wide cross-section of people — 27 in all, including Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Nina Simone, Don Cherry, Sonny Rollins and Betty Carter — and though



there are a few unpleasant surprises, like Ornette Coleman's homophobia, these are vastly outnumbered by lively and moving moments, like Johnny Griffin's assertion that he must be from another planet because, "I can't be from this place, Arthur. There is no love here, and I love people."

Taylor's strict Question/Answer format leaves no space for biographical info on his interviewees, nor does he locate them in jazz history; but, these lapses aside, *Notes And Tones* is highly recommended for its uniquely vivid and forthright insights into the lives and hard times of black jazz musicians.

Notes And Tones' exposé of racism provides a useful counterbalance to S. Frederick Starr's *Red And Hot* (Oxford University Press, £12.50), a history of jazz in the Soviet Union that mixes a

wealth of newly-unearthed detail with a dubious ideological slant. Starr's account of jazz's fluctuating fate, from Tsarist days of discs pressed out of chocolate(!) through the worst excesses of Stalin's dictatorship, is both exhaustive and gripping; but his overview of jazz as representing the spirit of human individuality versus Soviet oppression both plays down the collective aspects of jazz and overlooks the fact that its (black) practitioners were also beaten, starved and destroyed in the United States.

Despite this, and despite a scanty knowledge of the current underground jazz scene in the USSR (only a token mention of the great Ganelin Trio, for example), *Red And Hot* is a major piece of research and revelation.

Finally, for the true aficionado, I'd recommend the new, revised edition of Martin Williams' *The Jazz Tradition* (Galaxy, £4.95), a dry but scholarly look at jazz innovators from King Oliver to Ornette Coleman. Though he concentrates on the music's technical side, to the exclusion of social factors, Williams is a sensitive, persuasive critic whose close analyses of works by Duke, Monk, Mingus etc, has certainly enriched my listening pleasure.



In days of gold: above, Smokey Robinson and The Miracles live in '65; right, Gene Vincent recording in the '50s. Pix from *The Illustrated Rock Handbook*



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KEF PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS. NUMBER TWO IN A SERIES

At the final concert of the 1980 Edinburgh Festival, a remarkable fusion of musicianship and technology took place in which Peter Walker of Quad, Raymond Cooke and Laurie Fincham of KEF were as instrumental in the success of the programme as any of the orchestra and soloists.

The piece performed was no avant-garde work that called for electronics, but the ancient Christian hymn on which Berlioz's *Te Deum* is based.

The venue was Edinburgh's Usher Hall; the orchestra, the London Symphony conducted by Claudio Abbado, with the Edinburgh Festival Chorus and the Scottish National Orchestra Junior Chorus.

The soloists were Philip Langridge (tenor) and Gillian Weir (organ). The concert was recorded by BBC Television and televised the following evening.

So where did Messrs. Walker, Cooke and Fincham come in?

In Berlioz's original orchestration of *Te Deum* he is very explicit that the orchestra and choirs should be at one end of the hall with the organ thundering majestically from the other.

A kind of dialogue of giants, or Emperor and Pope as Berlioz referred to the organ and the orchestra.

Unfortunately, because of the positioning of the organ in the Usher Hall, this was just not possible. Furthermore, the Usher Hall organ was out of service due to renovation.

It was Alan Bunting, the BBC's Audio Manager in Scotland, who decided that the British audio industry might provide the answer.

Why not, he theorised, sit organist Gillian Weir at another organ somewhere else in the City, link her up to the conductor with closed circuit sound and television and then relay her playing back to the Usher Hall.

Alan Bunting knew that the BBC could provide a satisfactory signal. The only question was, could the hi-fi wizards turn that signal into something that was at least audibly acceptable as a substitute for the

organ at a realistic 'live' level.

Most hi-fi enthusiasts would answer yes, citing the compact disc as an example of how, given a good enough source, today's amplifiers and speakers can turn out sound of stunning reality. The only problem was the fact that the Usher Hall is several hundred times bigger than the average hi-fi enthusiast's front room!

Peter Walker of Quad had no difficulty in providing the necessary power with a batch of Quad 405 amplifiers. But the biggest question of the day was could the speakers possibly reproduce the live sound of the organ's mighty range and power?

Not unnaturally, the task fell to Raymond Cooke, Managing Director of KEF and his Technical Director, Laurie Fincham. The choice was apt, because few if any speaker manufacturers can match KEF's advanced technical solutions to the problems of producing faithfully natural sound. And few speakers can match the reputation for performance and sheer presence that the uniquely shaped KEF Reference Series 105 model has generated.

After a lot of calculations and, necessarily, some speculation about peak sound levels, Laurie Fincham decided that thirty six KEF 105's would do the job.

Much 'ironing out of bugs' ensued. The KEF team worked closely with the BBC technicians but all concerned were well aware that this was a unique experiment. When the big night came, the technicians, and especially Raymond Cooke and Laurie Fincham of KEF, stood by with as much trepidation as the conductor and the two soloists.

To put in perspective the awesome task that was set the KEF speakers at this historic event, it is necessary to point out that the orchestra and choirs totalled some 440 persons. It was in competition with this mighty sound that the KEF speakers had to come in with the even mightier sound of the organ to create what Berlioz has described as 'Grand and sublime effects'.

That the evening was a resounding success, nobody would dispute. At the end of the performance, as conductor Claudio Abbado along with tenor Philip Langridge and the choirmaster all took their bows to prolonged applause, a further huge ovation greeted the sudden unexpected arrival of organist Gillian Weir.

She had been whisked along the one mile journey from St Mary's Cathedral where she had played her part, by police car with blue lights flashing.

The applause was not only for a fine performance of a very stirring work on a grand scale, it was for a daring and original approach to problem solving. And for a highly creative empathy between technicians and musicians.

In the emotional scenes on the platform with all the orchestra and the choirs standing, thirty six of the performers stood somewhat apart. The KEF 105's, perhaps the real stars of the concert, standing smartly to attention in their neat rows.

After all that had gone before, one wouldn't have been the least bit surprised to have seen them bow to their applause.

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AGES OF

ROCK

ENCYCLOPEDIAS by FRED DELLAR

JUST 30 YEARS on since Haley's 'Crazy, Man, Crazy' and, suddenly, everybody wants to be the A.J.P. Taylor of rock, the chronicler of guitar-wars past, an evaluator of Valhalla-bound vocalists.

The result is that three new rock encyclopedias are now with us, all of them 12" x 8 1/2" jobs, all packed and glossy, each of them boasting a reputable line in contributors, each demanding to be plucked from bookshelf obscurity.

Not that making a choice presents much in the way of problems. Of the three, *The Encyclopedia Of Rock* (St Michael, £3.25) is easily the most dispensable. Edited by Tony Russell, whose earlier *Blacks, Whites And Blues* has found an essential part of my personal reference library for many years, it's a Marks and Sparks' Christmas market special, easy on the eye but an otherwise superficial run-down on the world of plunk, punk and funk. A harmless enough offering, it invites a thumbs-down as early as the Intro, where Phil Collins proclaims: "Who wrote 'Wabash Cannonball'? After reading this book you can confidently shout 'Roy Acuf, of course!'" All of which will come as something of a shock to those of us who previously imagined it was either written or collected by A.P. Carter!

The New Rock'n'Roll (Omnibus Press, £5.95) is a more inviting prospect. Penned by the erudite Glenn A. Baker in liaison with Stuart Coupe, it purports to be "The A-Z of Rock in the '80s" and succeeds in its purpose to a large extent, covering not only European and American 'new wave' bands but also those from Japan and Australasia. Apart from the fact that many of the bands have managed to split even before Baker and Coupe have managed to put their typewriters away, the book's main drawback is that both authors are sons of Oz and tend to over-emphasise the importance of Antipodean acts. So we are

treated to pieces on Deckchairs Overboard, D.D. Smash, Sardine, Dugites, Hoodoo Gurus, Mighty Guys and myriad others who are not exactly big in Hartlepool. Nevertheless, *The New Rock'n'Roll* is not without its merits and doesn't deserve to end up in Susan Reynolds' or Charlie's Cheapo Bookstore at an early stage in its career.

In contrast, I can unreservedly recommend *The Illustrated Rock Handbook* (Salamander, £5.95 paperback, £8.95 hardback), a completely revised and re-written version of the highly-regarded, NME-compiled *Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Rock*, a tome that suffered an embarrassingly bad 'update' sometime ago. This time the job has been well-handled and can, at least during this moment in time, truthfully claim to be "the ultimate rock reference book". Compiled by a team of well-known rock historians, it contains some 600 biographies, an informative list of record companies and instrument firms, a dozen specially commissioned Family Trees by the indefatigable Pete Frame, and an appendix that provides brief snippets of info on some 300 performers left out of the main text due to space restrictions.

The usual arguments apply, of course. Should Johnny Mathis, Don Gibson, Barry Manilow, Don Williams and Herbie Mann be allocated full entries in a rock book that grants Louis Jordan, Yello, The Residents and Miles Davis not a line? Also, the sheer quantity and range of subjectware predictably provides a nit-pickers delight — Chilliwack, a Canadian outfit, is described as "your basic US band", while the brief entry on Mitch Ryder stops short at his early '70s retirement and fails to mention that he's made at least half-a-dozen albums since 1979.

It's always been easy to knock such all-embracing productions. It's likely that the perfect rock encyclopedia is destined to remain a pipedream forever. That being the case, you might as well settle for a copy of *The Illustrated Rock Handbook*. It should be capable of warding off all contenders for the next couple of years, at least.



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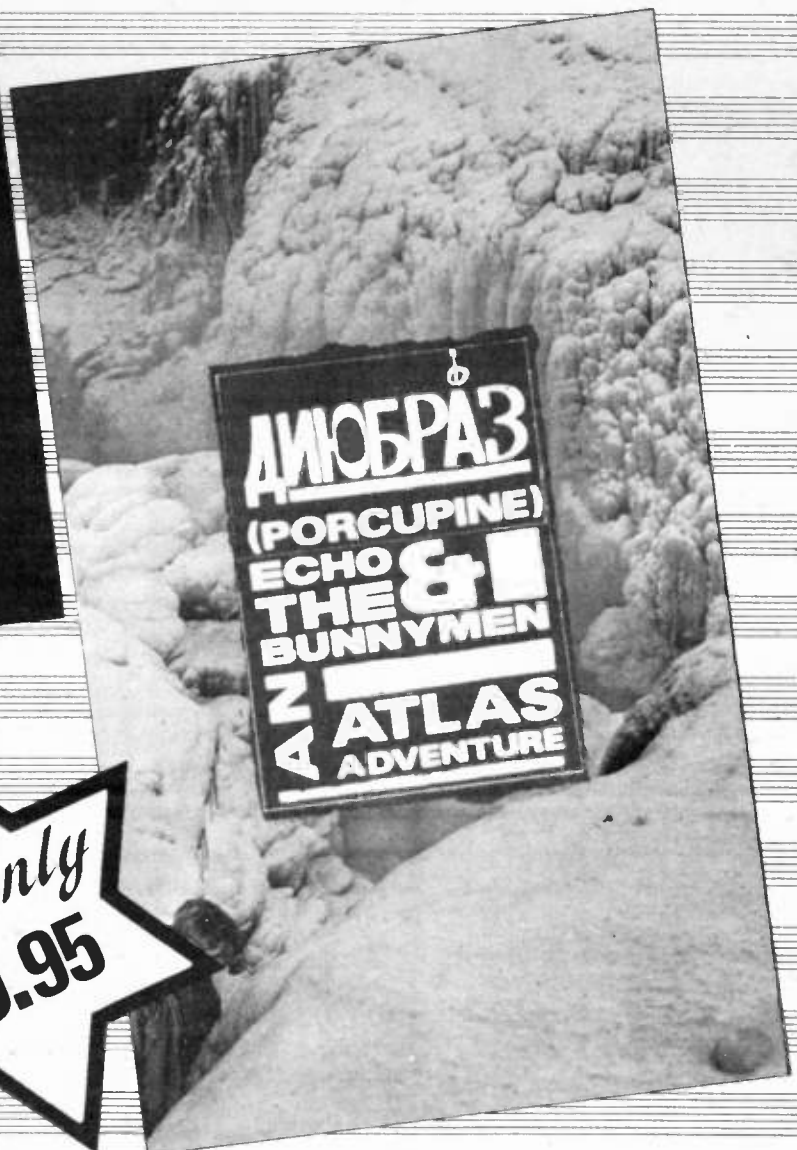


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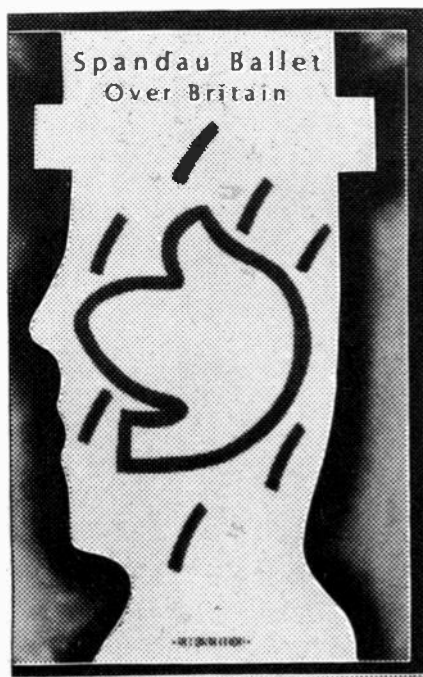
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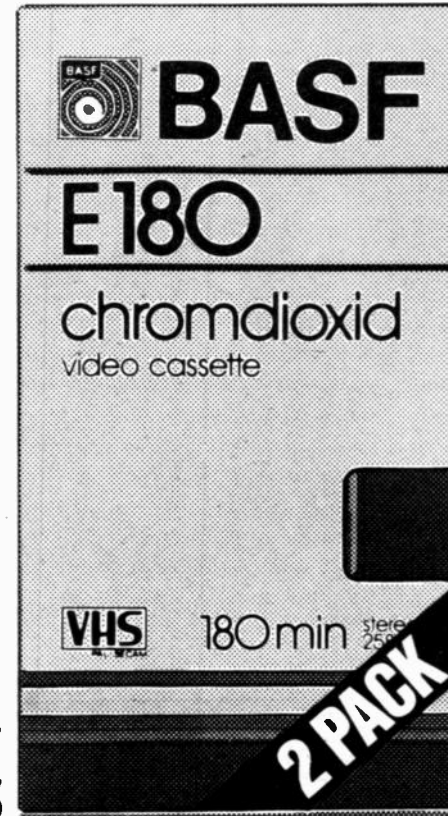
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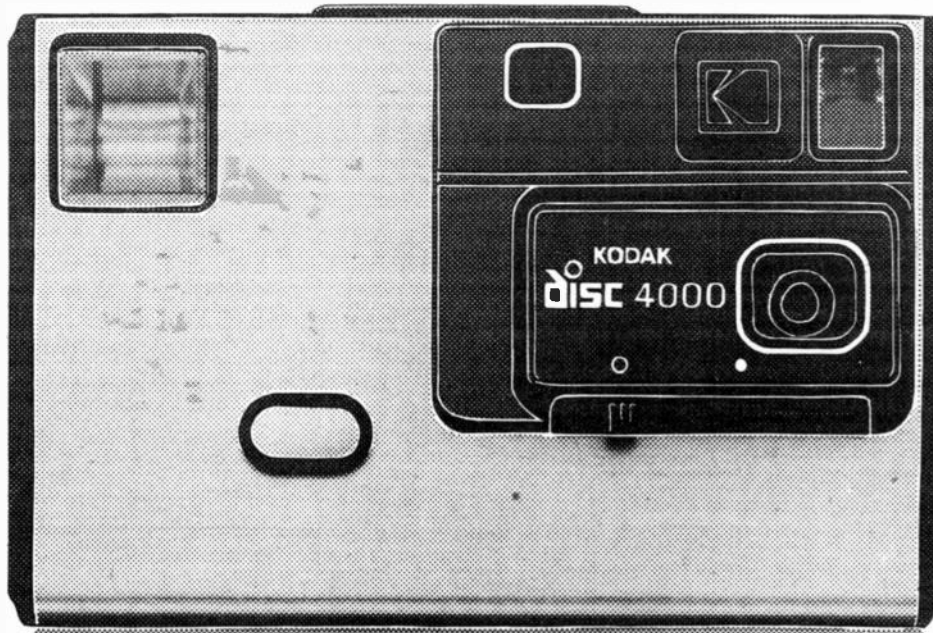
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THROWING A WOBBLER

"LOVE IS," SAYS JAH WOBBLE, "WATCHING TOTTENHAM HOST SPUR COME OUT TO PLAY A FIRST DIVISION FIXTURE." FELLOW SPURS SUPPORTER ADRIAN THRILLS GOES OVER THE MOON ON THE DAY. PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS.

THE GUT feeling experienced by a football fanatic at 2.55pm on a Saturday afternoon is as hard to define as it is easy for fellow supporters to recognise.

As the minute hand edges towards the top of the clock, an expectant buzz ripples through soccer stadiums the length and breadth of Britain, a magical warm glow that lies somewhere between pride and affectionate loyalty.

For a couple of minutes, as 11 men emerge onto the pitch from the dressing room tunnel, the result of the day's game — unless one needs points as badly as Arsenal of course — ceases to be of the utmost importance. For a few precious moments, an almost intangible tingle of anticipation takes over.

Jah Wobble knows the feeling well. He has been spending his Saturday afternoons on the terraces at White Hart Lane, London N17 for the past 18 years and is convinced that the closest man comes to the gods is when he is wearing a lilywhite shirt with a navy cockerel motif emblazoned on the chest.

Or, to put it another way: "Love is... watching Tottenham Hotspur come out to play a First Division football fixture."

FROM MONDAY morning to Friday night, Jah Wobble is a musician.

Formerly the bassist in PIL, he is now making wonderfully intuitive and intriguing music in his own right, either as the lynchpin of his band The Invaders Of The Heart or in collaboration with talents as diverse as The Edge, Holger Czukay, Francois Kervorkian and Ben Mandless.

But all that is the meat of another time and another interview. What concerns us here is what Wob does on a Saturday afternoon when all roads lead to White Hart Lane, or wherever the Spurs happen to be playing that afternoon.

A Tottenham supporter since the age of eight — he is now 25 — Wobble is passionate and highly committed to the club. He recently turned down the opportunity to record at Compass Point in the Bahamas as it would have meant missing the third round of the FA Cup in January, not to mention three or four vital league games.

He is also pretty adept at fixing things so that his obsession with Spurs coincides with his musical activities: it was more than mere chance that he undertook some promotional work for his recent 'Snake Charmer' LP in Holland the same day that Tottenham were playing Feyenoord of Rotterdam in an important European tie.

"I'm always pretty busy with the musical side of things," he says. "But there are two things that I'll always manage to find time for — football and my family. If you want something badly enough, you can always find time for it. The only time that I haven't gone regularly was when I first fell in love with my girlfriend. You have that normal two years thing when you're really in love and nothing else seems to matter. I even used to miss *Match Of The Day* in those days."

"But I've probably been to every ground in the First Division following Spurs. It's a lot less fun for supporters going to away games these days, though. The drink restrictions are ridiculous and the way they keep you locked in the ground after the game to

let the home supporters out first is pathetic.

"Another thing that I don't like these days is the way that the game is becoming so commercialised. At Tottenham it's all the TV advertising and the share issue. It's all just a gimmick to attract middle class tospots in their Mercedes.

"All those middle class turds are just fairweather supporters. But your true Spurs supporters aren't all these media people who get their pictures in the programme. It's your kids from Hackney, Stoke Newington and the London suburbs who go to all the away games. They are the ones that live and breathe the club.

"But in some respects Tottenham are one of the few clubs who are remaining true to their tradition. They do try and live up to the image of an entertaining team with style and flair."

WOBBLE'S stubble, good-natured ribaldry is the essence of football support. He rarely sits at a game, preferring the more raucous atmosphere generated on the terraces, where the taunts and chants are as much a part of the afternoon's entertainment as the game itself.

In his younger days, he would take the devotion to greater extremes and admits to having been "a bit of a hooligan" on a couple of occasions, although he is far from an advocate of serious violence.

"I'm not a fighter. I used to be into it a bit more, but it was usually just through having a bit of front. It's all just front really. These days I just want to go and have a drink and enjoy the game. When you see all the little fuckers going round smashing up railway stations, it starts to get a bit silly.

"A lot of football hooliganism is just territorial jealousy. It's all about *our* end of the ground and *our* team. I think the daily comics are really hypocritical in slagging off the kids who go to football when you've got so many other people in the world fighting over territory and power in much more serious and harmful ways.

"It's like being back in the jungle. Football brings out some of the primal elements in people. Society has got a real cheek in slagging off the hoodlums, because a lot of it is actually very gentlemanly. The fights on the terraces are usually nothing more than a bit of pushing and shoving. It's more a ritualistic expression of violence than actual violence itself.

"When I see football fans charging down the street, it reminds me of that jungle scene where you get a load of apes chasing away a leopard. They charge around with a load of wood and stones, but they know they're not going to kill the leopard. They just chase it away. It's just a bit of good fun and it winds up people in authority, which is something I'm all for.

"But I'll still draw the line at physical violence. I might be a black belt in origami, but if you put yourself about as Mr Tough Guy you're going to come to a sticky end. I'm basically a coward. I'd do everything I can to avoid trouble."

"I think Tottenham supporters are wiser than most. It's a very cosmopolitan feeling. I think the two things go hand in hand — being intelligent and supporting Tottenham."

It might be a marathon rather than a sprint, but you can lay your bets now that Wobble will be there or thereabouts at the end of the day.



"I'll draw the line at physical violence. I might be a black belt in origami, but if you put yourself about as Mr Tough Guy you're going to come to a sticky end. I'm basically a coward. I'd do everything I can to avoid trouble."

WE DECIDED to hold a Singles Party, to send out the year in a 45 review style. All the residents of the neighbourhood showed, neighbours we never knew existed, as well as all our mates. People from the bus-stop were slipping in the door, the police turned up three times but didn't arrest anyone. If our household had known how popular a Singles Party was, we'd have made it a Rent Party. All the 45s that weren't prime PARTY were left for other reviewers to muse on in '84.

INDEEP: The Record Keeps Spinning (Sound of NY Import). Start the party off right, with an irresistible dancer. Sounds familiar? Indeeep already did it to ya with 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life', and they're back for a re-play with this saga of cheating bad boys who use and abuse, can't even tell the lies from the truth. This one grabs you top and bottom, with a human growl down below, a tingle on the guitar, a slow drag on the handclaps, some spicy saxophone, and a central scratch section that stutters 'Broken Record' over and over. Who's broken whose record? Is she the 850th notch on his gun? Will she know the score more? And will they — breakbreakbreak?...

BRIT-GRIT/FUNK-JUNK

Every basement studio in Britain's supporting Brit Grit. It's all body popping or skin popping; the former have it down, the latter are the clowns.

DISLOCATION DANCE: Show Me (Rough Trade).
HERMAN'S VISIONS: Party (Herman's Visions).
MODERN CLIX: What's In Store (Modern Clix).
SPENCER JONES: I Want You (Blackmarketing/Elite).
LEONARD CHIN & THE PLAYERS: Groovin' (Cassia). Dislocation Dance have the schizo disco — the A-side's got the clean-cut swayers out on the floor, the Young Aristo Smoothies. The singer has to fight to reach the right note, which adds a thrill to the polite party sound. It's all tight skirts and high heels and pony tails and earrings for un-pierced ears — pretty, but you can't move much. Flip the disc, and — hey presto! Dennis Bovell's dubbed it to the stratosphere. He KNOWS space is the place — listen to all the thrilling holes he leaves before dropping some heavy, heavy scratch. The bass drum and horn sound quietly show the producers of the A-side the door. The tinkling single piano note that offered milky tea on Side A is turned into ominous Shangri La temple bells on Side B. Afrika Bambaata can't do a mix hota.

Herman's a Black Bohemian in A Blue Beret. He was a dude round the shebeens, when the dub plates dropped till dawn. Now he's housebound, with all the blues shut down, and this is his long-awaited Vision — REALLY Party, a paid-up member, playing some strong, squealing almost Soweto-style trumpet and delivering the lyrics in an avant-garde warble. Hot, clean, pungent funk-jazz that hits the spot. An utterly independent 12" — Herman's made his Vision Reality all on his tod. Order this if necessary, this Singles Party's popping to it.

Modern Clix say it's ites to everyone who sees their press handout. It's wry reality music — "What's in store? It's not the groceries" — but the Singles Party People have drifted out to hang some garlic in the kitchen, so it can't be hot.

Spencer Jones wants someone in a most determined way, and from the look of the geezer with the wet-look hair and the Ellessie track-suit top as he attempts to electro-funk his partner — Pringle jumper, pleated skirt, plastic imitation leather boots — old Spence is a right inspiration. Before the rhythm has popped to a stop, they're out the door and heading for more.

A sticksman with a designer leather and suede T-shirt, a quintet of gold medallions swaying on his hairless chest, snatches the stylus from Mr. Jones, and slots on 'Groovin'.

With tunes like this, a la Grover Washington, smooth, slick, airy, and you can forget the busts'n'hustles, the bullets and the blades, and just make like you're cruising an LA freeway, fancy free, in a limousine by the sea.

JINGLE BELLS STYLEE

BARRINGTON LEVY: On The Telephone (Corner Stone JA pre). Like Soldier (Hit Bound JA pre). This Dread's just come in from Yard, and he tries to run his sound system tapes. But this is a SINGLES party — no go. So he sticks on B. Levy.

Barrington's 'On The Telephone' is state-of-it love stuff, half-rap, half sing, it's "nicer than the coffee in your thermos." Time for a flash wheels name check: "If Firebird isn't fast enough, girl, get your rump on a dam' mini-bus" Goin' my way, soldier?

PAPA LEVY: Ina-Mi-Yard (Bad).

"You never find reporter fast like me!" boasts Papa Levy, and I bet he's right. Hot as a newsflash from Berlin, Papa Levy reminds the party that there's lots of hope for '84, cos if it was just like Orwell imagined, we wouldn't hear records like this. "The council they take a big liberty, the call 'nuff man with machinery, they break down the Front Line vicinity, but not a word was said to the community, so evening come, the youths get angry, they throw firebomb in the whole property..." The most militant 45 to come out of Ingland in some time. "Youths start to assemble like army..." Soon enough, we'll know what '84's for.

NEW YORK NEW YORK: Roger Wilson Said (Urchin Records).

Suddenly someone's Dad rushed in the room, hollering "Take off that bloody jungle music and listen to this!" Entranced, he started swinging to the trad Dixieland horns, quite oblivious to the irony. The horns blare fast and furious, interrupted by shouts of "Roger Wilson Said". "Listen," someone's Dad said, "you could play this on Radio One or Radio Two! This could be a HIT!"

DON CARLOS: Nice Time (Late Night Blues) (CSA Records).

Don Carlos used to sing with Black Uhuru, and it's a question of debate who copped those thrills off who between D.C. and Mikey Rose. After the BU sessions, Don moved on to King Tubby's studio in his Waterhouse area, but this smoothly classical version of the old A1 Campbell number's a Fatman production, in a North London stylee. The kind of 12" that makes me mourn YET AGAIN the closing down of almost every shebeen from Dalston Junction to Shepherds Bush. We used to rock it in a late night blues wearing soft shoes, just like Don's singing, but the authorities just don't dig the population having a Nice Time.

SHADOW: The Storm (Sun Burn).

BILINDA PARKER: Gipsy Love (Sun Burn).

ROCKY CAMPBELL: Buona Sera (Sun Burn).

ROY ALTON: Please Don't Make Me Cry (Sun Burn).

ROY ALTON: Girl I Love You (Sun Burn).

LORD DIAMOND: Miss Lorna (Jama).

MIGHTY SWALLOW: Soca Up The Party (Sun Burn). Jump up! Soca up the party! Party in space! The legendary Sonny Roberts, London's Soca King of Orbitone Records showed up, flashing his deadly smile, to spin us a soca selection. 'Hot Hot Hot' by Arrow mashed up '83, like Explainer's 'Lorraine' did '82, and the soca swing is happening. The mums all adore Roy Alton, and it's great entertainment to knock back a beer to.

About now, the party loosens up with that beyond-mind casual bop that soca induces. Bilinda Parker's 'Gipsy Love' has been a big seller on the soca market for two years now, and she don't stop. Fervently begging for HIS love over a compulsive cowbell, Bilinda restores the glamour to gypsies they'd lost since the days of Ruritanian comedies of the '30s.

SINGLES

BY VIVIEN GOLDMAN

Shadow's rhythm seems wilder than the rest, the horns blare more aggressively to match his rough, rasping delivery. The percussion propels you — as Shadow says, when I tell you move, boy, you know I mean MOVE, boy! We dig the flip of Rocky's 'Buona Sera' — a Hispanic instrumental that's perfect for the chat and cha-cha that fills the room. Just — relaxed, y'know? Lord Diamond seems to saunter through the room in person, as he sings, so slow, about checking the DJ at a party while checking the belly-wind of his Chosen One on the dance floor.

There's a lot of that about this shindig, that's for sure — go for it, Shadow! Entertainment is enjoyment. For a finale, Sonny selects one of '83's finest, 'Soca Up The Party'. Here's where

SAM MANGWANA: Vamos Para O Campo! (SAM Import). When this vastly over-priced but very popular platter slides into the system, hands are waved in the air, and hips perform figures of eight in the direction of neighbouring hips. Pretty soon, the hips are sticking like glue to this tuneful praise of the Frelimo revolutionary struggle. Sam's singing "Viva Mozambique!" but the overall effect is "Viva Amore!" Someone switches the light off, and no one seems to care. Viva Mangwana!

CD III: Get Tough (Prelude Import).

MESSANGER SERVICE: Get Streetwise (Silver Screen Import). The pranksters are so merry they've begun mooning and flashing and thrashing — it's a relief when the 'Grove Funk

small Jamaican in a weatherman peak and a Nike T-shirt tells me solemnly in a corner, "This is reality music now," as CD III's 'Get Tough' spins its synthesised scratch spirals. In the sparse breaks, CD III warn us to get back to nature, and mourn the state of the planet like they were all watching *The Day After*. They KNOW the world is rough so get tough if you wanna survive!

The disc segues gracefully into 'Get Streetwise' — "there's no place you can go, there's no place you can hide, get streetwise if you wanna stay alive!" The Synth gets more urgent, the rhythm fractures, there's shouting in the corner, and the sirens are screaming and I can't make out if it's the record or in the Singles Party.

MALCOLM X & LE BLANC: No Sell Out (Tommy Boy). Another of those power-drill rhythms that splits your head wide open, but here conveying the inspirational words of the late, great Malcolm X, a man who was impelled to shout his politics wide as they could be heard, though he knew they'd kill him for it. He didn't care. Read Alex Haley's classic book, co-written with Malcolm X, and bits of the puzzle may fall into place. Here a speech of Malcolm's is played over a paint-stripper, crushing, rhythm, so powerful it's almost painful. Sometimes the voice is distorted and you may flash on necrophilia, but the punters at the party are contorting themselves into shapes their elders can't emulate, mating with the machines. Shame you don't hear MORE MALCOLM.

ORCHESTRA SUPER MAZEMBE: Shauri Yako (Earthworks/Rough Trade).

Suddenly I couldn't stand it any more. I leapt for the turntable, and rudely grabbed the hip-hop record from the deck, scratching in anti-social ways. I slammed Orchestra Super Mazembe down, hurled the stylus in the right direction, and we all got the groove. Super Mazembe. Zaire's expatriate Earthmovers, working out of Nairobi, Kenya (cf Richard Cook's useful article, *NME*, September '82). But hell, who gives a damn about names, dates, places, when they sound like water in the wilderness of electro-funk, (dear though it is in restricted quantities). The sweep, the lyricism, the lilt, the grace, all adds up to that irresistible twinkle of an eye, when you know you should discreetly leave your seat and hover in a certain direction, where a certain person is dancing, alone.

This lively but cool, intimate but extrovert, bubbling music will make you float gently towards each other. The moment when the guitars take mass flights sure beats the hell out of poppers. The title means 'It's Your Problem', in Swahili. If you don't hustle to hear this, it certainly is your problem, pal.

WOMAN POWER

BARBARA MASON: Another Man (West End Import). The joy, the relief, of hearing a rich voice and a hard, singing rhythm, amidst these acres of electro-funk. After a while it makes me feel I'm banging my head against the wall, and it's so good when Barbara Mason stops the pain. It's a very modern tale, but older than the Joy Of Sex. Gal loves guy loves guy, or as Barbara succinctly sings it, "Another man is beating my time." Barb out-Millie's La Jackson, with talkovers that don't hector, they *emote*. Plus harmonies that melt like marshmallow on cocoa.

B-BEAT GIRLS: Jungle Swing (West 25 Records Import).

There's a couple of girls dancing together, giggling at Barbara's dilemma. They perk up as the more familiar electro-funk thing starts, jiggling like mishandled puppets. They face each other and twitch, one pulls the wrap from her head and starts to swing it as they jolt lower and lower to the ferocious bass drum. Squaring up like fighters, they're the reason why Two Sisters and

Triple Decker and Sister Nancy, Lady Ann, Sister Verna, Superchick, Chuck Any Meat, Chantage Celeste, Mother Liza, Sequence, The Mary Jane Girls, The Vanity Six, and all the other ladies in the house are bubbling to be a volcano in '84. 'Jungle Swing' is a steamy, harmonic, meaningless but unforgettable soundtrack, with a hook that can really hang you up.

SHARA NELSON AND THE CIRCUIT: Aiming At Your Heart (On-U Mixout Plate).

Adrian Sherwood is winging his way to New York to discuss life, death and the cosmos with Tommy Boy Records, the currently chic NY label of the Afrika Bambaata Zulu Nation. As the party-goers scabble for the last of the nuts and crisps, shake the remaining bottles of their last drops, the eccentric Sherwood production machine re-arranges what could be a simple, haunting lovers' rock tune into something menacing and in the dub at least, compulsive. Meanwhile, Sherwood himself is trying to grab a nap on the aeroplane, wondering what the future holds.

Another spin-off of the growing Steve Beresford Music Factory. As the disco grows more abstract, clinched couples press urgently into one another, cementing unspoken agreements. Gentle voices croon, "Aiming..."

LADIES WHO DO(MINATE)

JANIE JONES & THE LASH: House Of The Juju Queen (Big Beat).

Take The Lash and add a 'C', and you get the kiddoes who said they were in love with West London's eminent Madam, Janie Jones. Now that the recession is encouraging more and more women to adventures in the skin trade, this single's timing's apt. "Surprise, surprise, here comes the chief of police," Janie withers, and surprise, surprise, she's got a strong voice with plenty of bottom and bottle. Strummer's lyrics are tough as ever. From bishops to sore choirboys, he evidently relishes lashing the hypocrisy that'll lock up a working girl but not touch the punter. A rare chance to hear Strummy and Jonesy and Pauly on a newie, and may be Janie Jones could be next year's Eartha Kitt.

EARTHA KITT: Where Is My Man (Record Shack).

Welcome back, Earthy! She's hooked up with the Village Person Jacques Morali, and with the husky growl velvet as ever, she's a catwoman camp fire queen, prowling for the party for delectable hunks of male flesh. The disco is good, not great, but Kitt's purr transcends.

CHAKA KHAN: Ain't Nobody (WEA).

Starting off slow and quiet, the party almost drowns The Mouth out. But soon, she bursts out, gloriously, sheer passion steaming from the speakers. At this point, ardour bursts into obscenity on the floor, and couples writhe on the floor while dancers canter around their prone bods. Chaka sings magic soul power.

MONIEK TOEBOSCH & MICHEL WAISVISZ: Nit-Hit/Live In Le Carre Amsterdam (Claxon Import).

This is a morning after situation. The room is lightly frothed with a dusting of wasted people, slumped over odd angles of such furniture as remains. A couple embrace in the bath. The glass on the table has been broken, and we are too weary to catalogue any losses. Some joker slings on Moniek Toebosch and Michel Waisvisz's 'Is This The End?' A mad record. Insane squealing from Dutch avant-garde superstar, the beautiful extremist Moniek Toebosch (Amsterdam's answer to Diamanda Galas) and her partner, the dishy, urbane Michel Waisvisz and his self-made Crackle synthesiser. Crackle it does, like my head, as I survey the post-Singles Party debris.

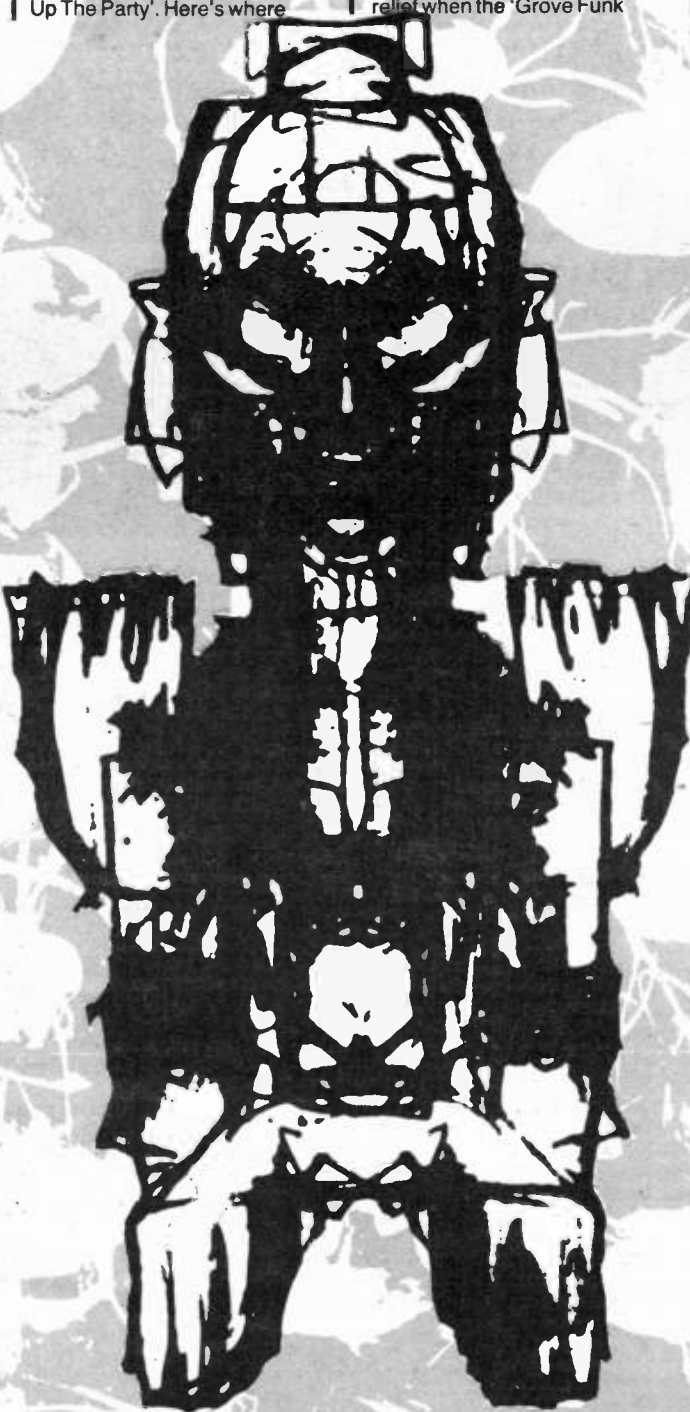


Illustration by Ian Wright

you've got to haul the nearest person by the hand and start some serious stepping. "Never seen a party grind so yet!" bellows the Mighty Swallow. This could be the Singles Party anthem. Soca up the party!

Possee' pop in, like a platoon of Japanese Robots from Hamleys. Maybe we'll save the carpet yet... they grab a selection of NY newies from their 'Groove Records' carrier — Groove are tops with the Grove — and one

PERNOD



GET ON THE RIGHT TRACK



From the cataclysmic shakeups of '50s jazz to the cutting edge of '80s freeform, pianist MAL WALDRON has played a quiet but vital role — both as a solo artist and in the company of giants like Billie Holiday, Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane and Steve Lacy.

GRAHAM LOCK meets the man who turned him on to jazz.

VAL WILMER winds on the film.

MAL WALDRON looks up from his cup of coffee and suddenly announces, "Did you know Ella Fitzgerald has just married Darth Vader?"

Huh? What's that?

"Yeah, now she's called Ella Vader!"

He chuckles quietly while photographer Val Wilmer and I exchange bemused glances. I come to hear about jazz in the melting pot from one of the hottest talents of the era, and I get — *Ella Vader!*

One hour later, I realise I'm lucky to get that. As the interview peters to an end in Waldron's tiny hotel room, I make a last attempt to draw him out.

Look, I say, the late '50s/early '60s were a special time for jazz.

"Definitely," he assents. "Very special."

And you were *there*. You played with the greatest musicians of the time — Billie Holiday, John Coltrane, Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy — and you became a major figure yourself. So what particular memories do you have of those days? What stands out?

"Ah, let me see. It's a little hazy."

Waldron frowns with concentration and lights up another of the dark, elegant cigarettes that he chain smokes. Long pause.

"I can't really think of anything in particular, it was just a very productive time for me. I worked hard and I learned a lot." He laughs apologetically.

"I'm not really into anecdotes."

Oh, well. Thanks anyway, Mal.

"Thank you, Brian."

HE'S RIGHT, of course. You'd have to be crazy to blurt out your fondest memories to a nosy stranger with a tape recorder who'll likely as not twist and trivialise them all over the pages of some trashy newspaper. Still, it's a shame Mal Waldron is so reticent — as he says himself,

"I'm not a verbal person" — because he's a man with a headful of history.

He was *there*: with Billie Holiday the night she sang her last song; with John Coltrane as he began his revolutionary reshaping of jazz; with the doomed duo of Eric Dolphy and Booker Little for their legendary two-week stay at New York's Five Spot; with Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln as they gave first voicings to the black pride and black anger which swept a jazz generation — in each case that shy guy in the shadows on piano was Mal Waldron.

There's more, too. A filmscore for Marcel Carne, music for the plays of LeRoi Jones; and Mal Waldron LPs launched the ECM, Enja and Futura record labels. (He was also the man who, via his LP 'The Quest' with Eric Dolphy, turned this particular fan onto jazz.)

But Mal Waldron is not just a history man. He has steadily grown into one of the most distinctive and subtle of modern pianists, as well as a leading composer and improviser. If he remains somewhat underrated by the critics, it's partly because he's been living "in exile" in Europe since 1965 — and it's still the American media who tend to make jazz reputations — and partly due to the self-effacing personality which spills over into his piano style.

His music may, as he claims, speak for him; but it does so with the same economy of means, the same disavowal of rhetoric, that marks his conversation. It's a musical approach he once attributed to growing up in hard times: "We were never rich people and never threw anything away. So when I have a note I make full use of it, milk it in every possible way."

The result is a music which slowly draws you in, eschewing extrovert pyrotechnics for a kind of musing aloud, a rigorous "wringing dry" of simple motifs which he takes through many moods — sombre rumblings to crisp exuberance to rhapsodic waltzes — before discarding them as spent.

MALCOLM EARL Waldron was born on 16 August 1925 in New York City. His parents were West Indian immigrants, and though they encouraged his music — he began playing piano at the age of eight — it was strictly classical; jazz, they said, was "the devil's music".

But that didn't stop the young Mal tuning the radio to a jazz station and exulting, when his parents were out, to the sounds of swing: Symphony Sid, The Savoy Sultans, Ben Webster, Lester Young. When he heard Coleman Hawkins play 'Body And Soul', he heard his destiny call.

He bought an alto sax ("I couldn't afford a tenor") and began to blow with a neighbourhood swing band. Later, he reverted to piano because the band needed a stronger pianist, and finally abandoned his sax ambitions when he heard Charlie Parker play.

"I first heard him in, I think, 1945, when the Dial records came out. I heard him playing 'Hot House' on Dial, and I took my sax to the nearest hock shop. I knew it was a lost cause."

Waldron persisted as a jazz pianist, absorbed bebop, and worked his way up through the jungle of local and semi-name bands. His first gig with a 'big name' came in 1950 with tenorist Ike Quebec, and he made his recording debut then too, on a 78 called 'Kiss Of Fire'. In 1954 he met Charles Mingus, and what Waldron calls "the snowball effect" really began to roll.



Mingus

WALDRON

WALTZING WITH FIRE

Through working in Mingus' experimental Jazz Workshop – notably on the 'Pithecanthropus Erectus' LP – he met saxist Jackie McLean and through him he got a gig with Prestige Records, one of the major jazz labels of the '50s. Prestige liked him, and he became a member of the house rhythm section, which meant not only recording with some of the best horns around – John Coltrane, Charlie Rouse, Pepper Adams, Gene Ammons, Art Farmer – but also writing and arranging the music for many of the sessions.

Then, in April 1957, came an offer he couldn't refuse. Billie Holiday had a gig in Philadelphia, but no pianist: the news went down the grapevine and Waldron jumped at the chance.

"The buck stopped with me," he laughs. "I said, Yeah, I'll do it, and the next day I left for Philadelphia."

Waldron stayed with Billie Holiday for nearly two and a half years, until her death in June 1959. As well as being her accompanist, he became a close friend and she was godmother to his first daughter. I ask the inevitable question: what was she like?

"Fantastic, fantastic." Waldron nods his head appreciatively. "She was like a big sister to me. She was very helpful, very kind, very warm, very loving. I just grew with her. It was a beautiful experience, very educational."

How "educational?"

"I learned about the importance of words, to think of melodies in terms of words, which gives you an added basis on which to build your solos. It's like a whole new emotion to explore while you're soloing."

She was ill a lot at that time, wasn't she?

"Yeah, but that didn't really affect her performance." Waldron pauses to light a cigarette. "Up onstage she wasn't sick, she'd sing and do her thing, and when she was finished she might come off stage and feel a little sick."

(There are records which argue otherwise, but let's not go into that.)

I read a quote of yours where you said that had Billie Holiday settled in Europe, she'd be living today.

"Definitely she'd be alive, because the attitude towards drugs in Europe then was that it was not a crime, it was a sickness, and they would try and help you to get better. But in America, it was considered a crime, so you were treated like a criminal, and this attitude towards drugs is what killed Billie Holiday."

"She died from an overdose of police, so to speak, not an overdose of drugs. There was just too much police pressure on her, and that made her give up the ghost."

Do you think there was an element of racism in that police pressure?

"Yeah, definitely. If they caught two junkies together, one white one and one black one, like the white one might get a slap across the wrist, but the black one would get a truncheon across the head."

So Billie Holiday died her infamous death. Busted in a hospital room by police who 'found' a small packet of heroin where, pinioned beneath emergency oxygen gear, she could never have reached it, she was later forcibly fingerprinted and photographed as she lay helpless by detectives who, in an act of gratuitous malice, also removed from her room her flowers, books, record-player and

radio. She died within a few weeks, a police guard still sitting outside her door.

She was 44 years old.

MAL WALDRON later released two LPs in tribute to Billie Holiday; 'Blues For Lady Day' and 'Left Alone', the latter named after the poignant ballad which he co-wrote with her and which, she told him, was "the story of my life".

Perhaps the best recorded version of 'Left Alone' is on Abbey Lincoln's 'Straight Ahead' LP from 1961, which features Waldron with drummer Max Roach, reedsman Eric Dolphy and trumpeter Booker Little, the three musicians with whom he was to enjoy fruitful, if brief, associations in the early '60s.

After Billie Holiday's death, he worked a while with Lincoln, then with her husband, the great bebop drummer and political radical Max Roach, playing on LPs like 'Speak Brother Speak' and the controversial 'Percussion Bitter Suite' (also with Dolphy and Little), which honoured Marcus Garvey, Civil Rights, Women's Liberation and South African freedom fighters at a time when such honour could get you banned from American recording studios – and, sure enough, Max Roach was not able to record again for five years.

Waldron also played in Roach and Lincoln's spectacular staging of their 'We Insist: Freedom Now' suite, one of the live events in early '60s New York; and with Eric Dolphy and Booker Little at their now-famous two-week season at the Five Spot in July 1961, one night of which was released as a Prestige three-LP set, 'The Great Concert Of Eric Dolphy'.

The record became a memorial for both Little, who died later that year, aged 23, and also for Dolphy, who died in 1964 at the age of 36.

"That was a very intense fortnight," Waldron recalls quietly, lighting up another cigarette. "You had two very strong forces there, Booker Little and Eric Dolphy. They were both driven by the unconscious knowledge that they wouldn't be here long."

You really felt that?

"Yeah. I think it happens, on an unconscious level, that you know you're not going to be here long, so you rush to get everything done. They were both very intense people, they worked and practised all the time, didn't take any breaks, as if they knew they didn't have long to get it done. Same thing with Coltrane, he just didn't take the horn out of his mouth."

Waldron was still recording for Prestige, and a few days before the Five Spot gig he took Dolphy into the studio to help out on his sixth LP, 'The Quest'. History may remember the record chiefly for Dolphy's rare Bb clarinet solo on 'Warm Canto', but it will always retain a special place in my affections as the LP which first opened my ears to jazz; and 'Warm Canto' and the ravishing 'Fire Waltz' still come high on my list of favourite jazz tracks.

Waldron smiles when I tell him this.

"Well, you know, I wrote all the songs the night before the session. I stayed up all night to write the tunes and arrange them so when I got to the gig I was very tired, but the spirit of the musicians was so strong, it carried me along."

Why this last-minute rush?

"I was so busy. I wrote the music to pretty much all of the Prestige record dates we were on, so my date was not, like, anything special, just another date I had to write music for. We would do dates every day, maybe two dates, six hours playing, then I'd come home and write the music for the next day. It was a very productive time for me."

I mention that 'The Quest' has subsequently been retitled 'Fire Waltz' and reissued under Eric Dolphy's name. Waldron laughs.

"That's because he died before me. When I die, I'll get the album back again. In fact, I'll get quite a few albums back." He chuckles, "I won't be able to use them then, but that's the way it is in this world – you die, you get the credit."

"Anyway," he adds with a smile, "I still get the royalties."

Some of the people you were working with in the '50s and early '60s, especially Charles Mingus and Max Roach, were very outspoken politically. Were you involved in those radical politics, too?

Waldron nods. "Oh yeah, I was involved. But not in such an outspoken way as they were because I was not verbal. But I used my music, like, 'The Call For Arms' is a tune I wrote when the African nations started to emerge, and 'If You Think I'm Licked' was a tune I wrote to encourage the attitude that was coming up."

"But I was not a spokesman, like Max Roach. I've always been the shy, retiring type."

Why did you leave America in 1965?

"Because the attitude in America at that time was that the musician, and particularly the black musician, was like the lowest man on the totem pole. The highest man was the white man with lots of money in the bank. And that was their scale of achievement."

"So with an attitude like that, I thought, well, I'm black, I'm a musician, I don't have any money, why should I live in a society that thinks I'm the worst, let's get OUT of that society."

"So I came to Europe, and I found the attitude was quite the opposite. They thought the black man was a beautiful person, and that he could play music better than the white man, and they'd give you lots of money too."

He laughs. "So I stayed in Europe."

HE LIVED in Paris and Bologna before settling in Munich in 1967.

"The German mark was much stronger than the franc or the lira, which were up and down like making winkly winkly," Waldron explains with a grin.

In Europe, he found political freedom, relative financial security, and the chance to devote himself entirely to his music. He is now, he says, a happy man.

No feeling of isolation? Eighteen years away from home is a long time.

"No, I don't feel isolated because I carry my culture with me." Waldron taps his chest. "I think every person has their home within them, and wherever you go it goes with you, and that's who you are."

He tours the continent regularly, and also plays a lot in Japan, where he's the best-selling jazz recording artist. Munich is also the home of two of Europe's best-known jazz labels, ECM and Enja,

both of which Waldron, in his role as local 'big name' artist, helped to launch. He still releases most of his records on Enja, and through the '70s and '80s has built up an impressive catalogue – LPs like 'Black Glory', 'Free At Last', 'A Touch Of The Blues', 'Hard Talk', 'Moods', 'Mingus Lives', 'What It Is', 'One Entrance, Many Exits', 'Snake Out' – which shows him developing, in solo, trio and group contexts, an increasingly freer approach to his music.

It's a musical journey which, he says, he began with Coltrane and Dolphy who taught him "the possibilities of playing outside of the structure", and has continued in Europe, notably with soprano saxist Steve Lacy with whom he made what he considers to be his first totally free LP in 1971, 'Mal Waldron With The Steve Lacy Quintet'.

It's to play a concert with Lacy, another mid-'60s American exile, that Mal Waldron is now in London, renewing a partnership that goes back more than 20 years, to an LP of Monk tunes called 'Reflections' that, by chance, has just been reissued by Fantasy Records.

But although it was a love of Monk that brought the pair together, the man whom Waldron credits with most influencing his piano style is bass man Charles Mingus.

"From Mingus I learned the way to play the piano. Because he was a pianist too, and he would demonstrate tunes to us on piano. He didn't want us to learn his music from written notes, he wanted us to learn it by rote, because that way he felt we'd never forget it."

"And I watched him play the piano, and his voicings were fantastic and beautiful, and he played the full scope of the piano, with elbows and all!"

So, I ask, what's your aim in music now? You've been through swing, bebop and free – what's left?

"Well, uh, I'm just trying to get freer and freer really." Waldron exhales a stream of cigarette smoke. "Trying to throw away all the things that restrict me. Like, harmony and rhythm, they're about the only things that restrict me now. Form doesn't and melody doesn't, but, like, I'm so aware of harmonic structure that whenever I play free I still go through the harmonic changes that are based on older music. But I just want to play emotionally."

Emotionally?

"For example, I should be able to describe what's happening today, to react on an emotional level, without it having a form, or being rhythmically recurrent or having a harmonic base. You should just use sound, like – WAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHH!"

Waldron lets loose a bellow like an elephant in extreme distress. Good God, I think, if that's how he's feeling I better get out of here and leave him in peace.

One last question then, Mal. Are you getting there? Free at last?

"I think it's coming, but it doesn't happen to me very suddenly. I'm a slow developer." He chuckles. "That's why I feel I'm gonna have a long life, 'cause they gotta give me time to get it all worked out. The people who work it out fast, like Eric Dolphy or John Coltrane or Clifford Brown, they go fast. They gotta die young 'cause there's nothing left for them to do."

"I'm gonna be around a long time 'cause I haven't worked it out yet. They'll have to leave me down here until I do."

MAL WALDRON is one of the quiet men of jazz, but his reticence shouldn't mislead us into undervaluing his achievements.

In the early days of modern jazz, he was in the crucial places at the crucial times, and his subsequent body of work gloriously confirms his stature as a major jazz talent. He may not produce fireworks, but look under that bushel and you'll find a slowburner with a steady flame.

A little later, we end the interview and Waldron returns with a sigh of relief to the computer chess game which is his constant travelling companion. My efforts to delve into his past must have been something of an ordeal for such a shy man, but he remains politely affable to the end.

And then, at his ICA gig that night, he gives me a kind of present. Or, at least, I think he does. His set ends, but after a quick consultation with the MC he comes back and, to my surprise and utter delight, plays a brief, bewitching version of 'Fire Waltz'.

After that, I no longer care that he called me Brian. I may even forgive Ella Vader.



Holiday



Dolphy



Coltrane

SILVER SCREEN OLD AGE? OH BONDAGE!

Never Say Never Again
DIRECTOR: Irvin Kershner
STARRING: Sean Connery, Klaus Maria Brandauer and Kim Basinger (Columbia-EMI-Warner)

A DOZEN years after he swore blind that this would be the very last time, Sean Connery is back in Bondage, swallowing the indignity of eating his words with the sort of even-tempered cool that has seen the character through scrapes far tighter than the breaking of a relatively unimportant vow.

If deception must be a valuable part of a spy's make-up, it never feels like anything more than dirty deceit when it comes from the gob of playboy slime portrayed by Roger Moore. In Connery's Bond it is transmuted into a sensible pragmatism, an ability to differentiate between lies — which ones are worth telling, which promises are worth keeping.

Moore's Boudier, a disreputable rich slob in comparison with Connery's honourable snob, always made a highly unconvincing gentleman adventurer because you never felt his loyalty was attached to anything other than his own comfort. Connery's old school charm has at least the virtues of backbone and conviction. Even if you don't share them, you know Connery's Bond stands for



"You have more hair than's fair, my friend!"

something. He won't just kill for a quip. Not even rumours of a five million dollar fee plus artistic inducements — can you imagine anyone offering such a thing to Moore? — sour the motives behind Connery's volte face. It's good to have him back, if only because Connery can act as well as star in a movie. Given that *Never Say Never Again* also stars Klaus Maria Brandauer, who in *Mephisto* proved himself to be the most overpoweringly busy screen presence since James Cagney, and you've already got more substance than all the camp Moore vehicles — fun or no — between *Diamonds Are Forever* and now.

So Connery's back in bondage and no bones are made about the Bond Age. Grey hairs and bald patches enhance the character's dignity. He must prove himself still capable, physically and mentally; thus before the credits have properly dried he has been rigorously forced through his paces. And though he emerges alive, he still hasn't done enough to convince M — a ridiculously tetchy Edward Fox — who sends him to a health farm to improve his physique. There, he stumbles across an American flier who has been seduced by Largo, leader of an international extortionist organisation, into hijacking nuclear missiles sited in England.

The flier happens to be the brother of Domino (Kim Basinger), girlfriend to the wickedly charming Largo (Brandauer). When you know the locations — Britain, Bahamas, south of France masquerading as North Africa — you can guess the rest.

And if it sounds familiar, it's because *Never Say* ... was the prototype for *Thunderball*, the film producer/screenwriter Kevin McClory originally worked on with Ian Fleming. He has hung onto it desperately since then, despite legal efforts of longtime Bond producer Broccoli to shake him loose of it. His determination pays off handsomely.

The story's similarity lends the film its authenticity, while the emphasis on character above hardware — ironically so, as director Kershner's last blockbuster was *The Empire Strikes Back* — places Bond back in the Bond Age, which runs more parallel to present time than the would-be Dan Dare dandy strips of the Moore

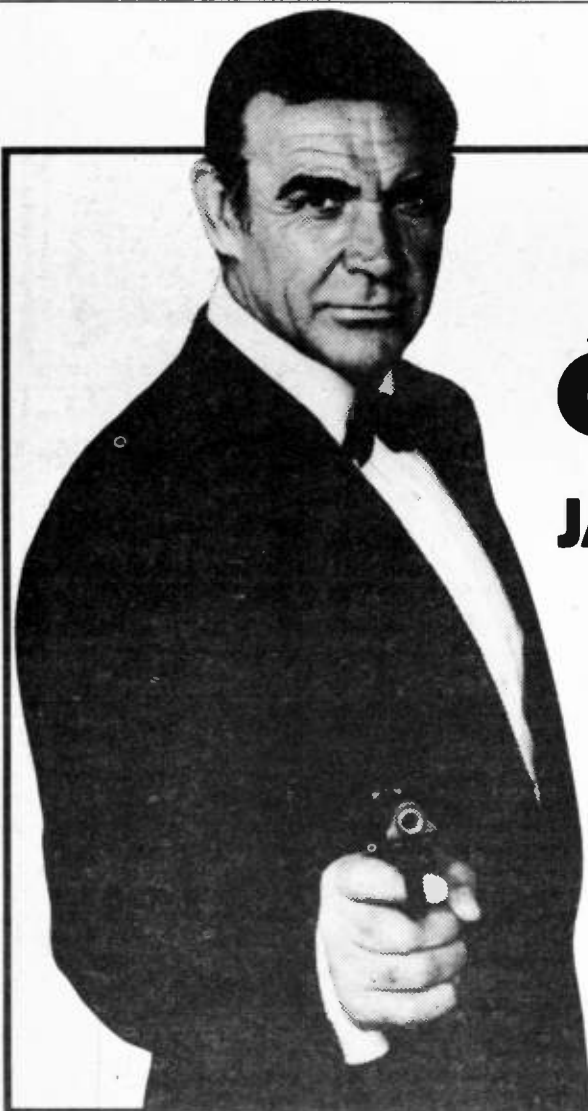


"If this doesn't stop them making gags about my rug, nothing will!"

version. *Never Say Never Again* asserts beyond a reasonable doubt that a running-to-flab Moore

means less. Let's have more, but only if Connery is willing to remain in Bondage.

Chris Bohn



SEAN CONNERY

is

JAMES BOND

in

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

PG

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ALIEN SEX FIENDS!

Liquid Sky

DIRECTOR: Slava Tsukerman

STARRING: Anne Carlisle, Paula Shepherd and Bob Brady (Virgin)

LIQUID SKY is the mess left on the floor when European arthouse sensibilities collide with the New York underground.

Directed by a Russian emigre loose in the city since '76, it reflects his voyeuristic fascination with a No Wave set whose greatest regret was being born too late to star in a Warhol/Morrissey movie. Never mind pets, there's always the scant consolation of a fashion spread in *The Face*.

Unsurprisingly, these are an ugly, embittered and hollow brew of bitches, gay and otherwise, who probably understand punk nihilism to be Spanish for No Humour. Not even funny enough for a Warhol picture, they're certainly not interesting enough to sustain — as could Viva or Dallessandro — a camera's lingering, loving gaze.

Thus Tsukerman has had to impose the formality of a plot onto their antics. As it goes, its premise is funny in a sub-Cronenberg sort of way: Anne Carlisle, the film's one find, plays both a hip model and her hopped-up male antagonist Jimmy, imbuing them both with the same blank, androgynous charm.

The former is used by a flying saucer-load of junkie aliens as a lure for lovers, who in the moment of climax release a chemical equivalent of heroin in their brain. It is sucked off by the invisible aliens, one presumes, by the crystal shards they leave in the skulls of these poor unfortunates, who never expected to be hit so hard by an orgasm. One could conclude that these aliens are benevolent parasites ridding the bloated carcass of the earth of its more harmful fleas.

Sadly, the sub-plot introduced to sop up a top-heavy budget, in which an overtly earnest German astrophysicist explains why the aliens are here, does not reveal how to contact them. Perhaps like the cute little things in *Close Encounters* they're brought down by rinky dink tunes. Hey, someone hand me a casiotone!

Chris Bohn



RICHARD COOK meets DONN PENNEBAKER, rock's most unflattering documentarist, maker of the Dylan *verité* film *Don't Look Back* and the recently-released *Ziggy Stardust*.

IF HE looks like a Harvard English scholar pulled reluctantly from some quiet library book, Donn Pennebaker soon dispels his bookish ambience: he's an enthusiast, a sceptic and a tireless tester of film theories. He also makes documentaries: 17 years ago he did one with Bob Dylan, *Don't Look Back*, then one called *Monterey Pop*; and ten years ago he filmed David Bowie's murder of Ziggy Stardust.

That movie somewhat belatedly opened in London last week, delayed by various dissatisfactions and now rather unfortunately added to this year's Bowie bandwagon. Pennebaker calls himself a "compulsive film hog" — besides directing, he's fascinated by the work of film, involved as much as possible in his own editing and distribution. He makes sure that his films are his own.

"The kinds of film I like to make are ones where I don't know what's going to happen. I didn't know who Bowie was at the start — I thought he was Marc Bolan! The most interesting thing to me is to figure things out from the start with my camera, and what's nice about film is that you get a second crack at it at the editing stage."

"As a documentary-maker I think you have to conform to whatever area your subject's agreed to let you have. If you force him into situations it's not going to look true. If you follow someone with a circus of light and sound men he won't look natural, so you have a set of unstated rules to work to. But what you wait for is something to happen and you make sure you're there to film it when it does. And people respond. Whether you were filming Kennedy or a junkie — if they'd agreed to it then you knew it would somehow work. Everyone's capable of a performance and the pressure

WARTS AND ALL

towards it being truthful is enormous.

"Editing introduces surreal time. There are no rules in cutting at all. If you try to cut on the beat in a rock film it's like hitting someone over the head with a newspaper, so I avoid that. Rock film works best when it suggests the ongoing — continually pulling you in and promising you a picture and never giving you one."

"At a concert I set a shooting style for my cameramen and leave them to it — if you work to a video feed you just look for the prettiest picture, and that loses energy. Good camerawork is when you think you've seen a good picture but you can't actually isolate a single moment. You see something other than what's there."

Which is why Pennebaker dislikes the average video rock concert: pretty pictures, boring. *Ziggy Stardust* has bruises and blemishes that a conscientious video director would remove, but its extraordinary momentum and montage of audience-to-stage

reactions gives it a strange, sometimes explosive quality.

"I'm not sure that concerts are good film material anyway. It's got to be an event to start with. *Ziggy Stardust* is about something I didn't expect at all — Bowie's ability to project sexual energy in a confined area. Even for people who only see the film and don't know who Bowie is. In a sense it doesn't matter who Bowie is."

"My problem," he says, pushing his tortoiseshell specs up to his forehead, "was how to get the audience. Because it was dark. You couldn't move around — you'd've been killed in the aisles. So we got them to use the strobe lights all over the place. There was a box full of heavy people, dressed and noble to the core, and I thought — how do I get them? Then there were all these flash bulbs going off all the time like it was an electrical storm: and one lit up all these big people, so I cut it in, one frame! I put black leader on both sides of it — and people see it!"

Pennebaker did no research on

Bowie — in fact he only arrived in London hours before the gig — and built the film from the concert experience alone. It's typical of the man whose film of Dylan ("troublesome poetry", he calls it) is still a definitive lightning study of a star at his peak. Pennebaker has a knack of attracting cultural resonance: *Monterey Pop*, in which it seems everyone is now dead, is a freezeframe of an era's sudden passion.

He has too many stories and ideas to recount here: how he turned down *Woodstock*, his friendship with Godard ("Jean-Luc? He's a bankrobber!"), how he was offered the direction of *Straw Dogs* ("Didn't like the story"), his prodigious knowledge of traditional jazz, how he wanted to make a film with Tiny Tim. But he professes no interest in another rock film unless it were with Elvis Costello: "I love anybody who exhibits real spiritual reserve. I've never seen anyone else who gets that quite the way he does."

It will be an interesting match.



Donn Pennebaker

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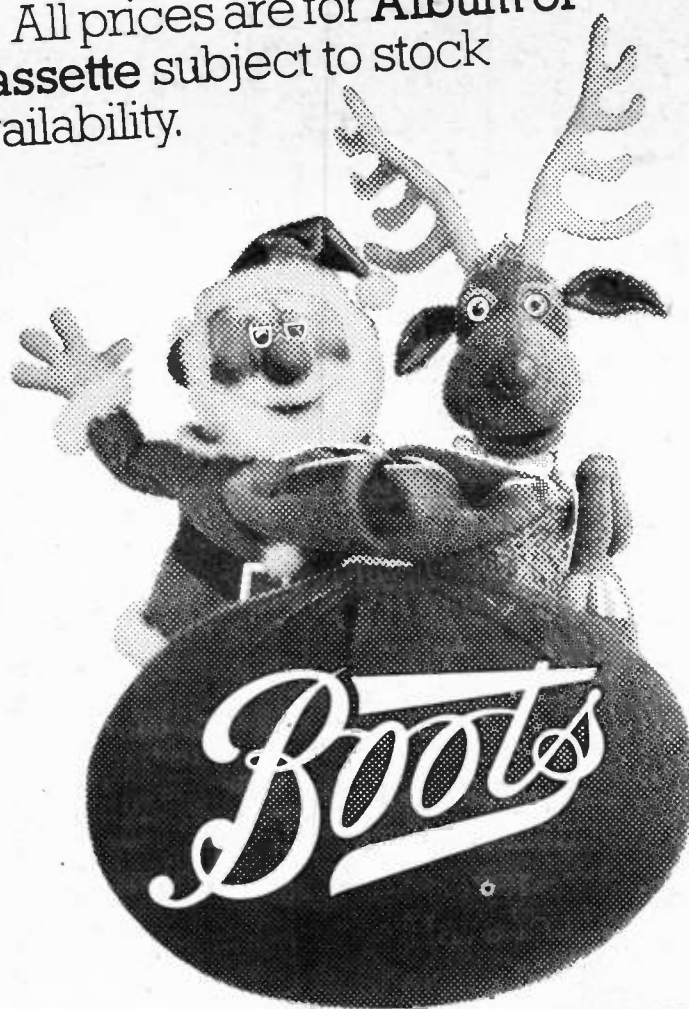
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THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS

THE RIVERS MOUTH



"Hey, Cookie babe—gimme a light!"

RICHARD COOK SNORTS SOME ONE-LINERS WITH AMERICAN BADMOUTH COMEDIENNE, JOAN RIVERS.

"I JUST TALK ABOUT THINGS THAT A LOT OF WOMEN ARE NEVER SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT. WHAT OFFENDS ME? RUDENESS. THAT'S ABOUT IT."

"ASK ME—ask me anything. Ask me about rock groups! About Wham! I always get to meet them. Madness, I've met them.

"I met Marilyn—we met on the street, I didn't know how to use the phones here, and this very nice man who looked like anyone except for the make-up and the hairdo helped me make a call. He'll be a huge star! My friends have to be!"

Miss Joan Rivers, great Jewish mother, badmouth to the stars, the woman who after 17 years of ferocious stand-up comedy has come out the most successful and coveted comedienne in America, brings me my Claridges coffee.

"I love the people here, they're so polite. You think they're rude? Go to Paris and then come back and talk to me. Those are pigs. Disgusting. I screamed at them in a hotel lobby like a fishwife the last trip I was on and they couldn't care less. They're the only ones make me sorry the Germans lost the war."

Her voice sounds nurtured on a nicotine and axle-grease gargle. Rivers strafes targets at about a hundred rounds a minute. On her new 'Can We Talk?' LP, a record of her current nightclub act, she pulverises the bastions of the American way—Elizabeth Taylor, McDonald's, Liberace, gynaecology, air stewardesses—with a velocity that sweeps away mere gossip smut.

This isn't a comic routine, it's a statement of survival.

"I just say the truth. Isn't it the truth? What did I say on my album that isn't the truth? Some people think that certain truths shouldn't be brought to the surface. I just talk about things that a lot of women are never supposed to talk about. What

offends me? Rudeness. That's about it."

RIVERS' comedic personae fences cleverly with two opposing identities: a traditional wifely woman, squeezing her man for the biggest diamond she can trick out of him and staking out the beauty parlour, and her sarcastic sister who debunks all those values her friends will socially kill for. It's a neat balance.

"The feminine movement bores me because it's out of the '60s and '70s. When it arrived I was saying—of course! What else is new! My life is a feminist life. I went into a profession I've supported myself in all my life. But I also respect women who want to stay home and take care of the kids—it's boring, but if they want to do it..."

"In America I'm like an old shoe to the public. They saw me when I was single, when I got engaged, when I got married, up till the ninth month of my pregnancy—and then I was on television again 12 days after my baby was born. It's like Hi Joan—Hi Joan—Hi Joan."

It could be a powerful position. Why aren't you running for President this time, Joan?

"I'm gonna wait four more years, ha ha! Oh, we need someone desperately up there. I have to be careful what I say politically because my mouth gets me into trouble. In Canada I talk about Trudeau dating tramps and leave it at that."

"The worst thing about America now is the emphasis on physical beauty. I come from LA which is a very sick community—grandmothers are running to Jane Fonda spas, 90-year-olds falling over clutching a barbell to their chests! You go to a disco and there are people with pacemakers dancing! I do the Jane Fonda tape and I curse that woman

out. You do it, you stupid bitch!"

"Can We Talk" fingers this lifestyle with the relish of someone who could only be an integral part of it. A small blonde who looks as expensive as Beverly Hills, Joan's firecracker delivery still clings to the intimacy of whispered tattle. She picks out audience stooges, cozzens them for a moment over their marriage or fur jacket—then flattens them. And they love it. It's a gag that nearly hurts.

"I swear like a trouper and I think I'm swearing a lot onstage, but I only say 'fuck' once, in one joke—and I'm so gentle compared with Richard Pryor and Bette Midler and what's filling stadiums now in the States."

Would she prefer to be Bette Midler?

"No, you've got it backward. Next."

THE STRONG Jewish streak that ran through her earlier routines—documented on a couple of obscure albums never released over here—has taken a backseat to her onslaughts on the rich and famous, but it still spices the flow. Why are Jews so funny?

"Anybody that's been downtrodden is funny. Italians are funny. I've never met a funny WASP. I've had dinner with Robert Redford and he's very handsome but he's not funny. He's (yawn)—right, Bob. WASPs don't have to be funny because they're good-looking. Anyone who looks fabulous can go through life without being funny. Jews are funny because life is so terrible and it's always blamed on them."

"From the beginning my themes have been the same. I take a joke out when it stops working. Being single, the men I dated, affairs with married men... it all comes through. But I'm so lucky that my career's worked out

this way. To move up again at this stage of the game? Suddenly I'm the hot girl in the States and my husband and I are just laughing over it—the same shitty act! What's wrong with them all! Leonard Bernstein called me up and wants to write a musical for me—you've just got to laugh. I'll let you know, Lenny!"

SOME LIFELINES. Do you believe in astrology?

"Are you kidding? I wrote a movie for someone and she had her astrologist read it for her—so I had her chart made up and put key numbers and things in the script. And she bought it, this idiot."

Do you like schmaltz?

"Of course! I'm very sentimental. I wanted to produce a movie compilation called 'That's Tears' of all the great sobby endings. I'd get the Kleenex concession."

Is sex, the first base of comedy, overrated?

"No way. It's talked about too much. I saw a copy of *Mademoiselle America* the other day, a magazine for teenage girls, and there was an article about what to do if your boyfriend can't get an erection. I thought no, no—too far. Too open. No romance. Hello, hello, nice to meet you—let's go to bed. Thank God for herpes, nature's way of saying slow down."

Is television better than cocaine?

"Interesting. I guess television is the opiate of the masses now but I'm totally anti-drug. Having tried it all."

What would you do if someone asked for ketchup at one of your dinner parties?

"It would've been on the table." Miss Rivers gives me a motherly, hostess smile. The diamond on her finger catches my eye: it's nearly as big as the Ritz.

DUMBSTRUCK AND DOOMED

A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT OURSELVES

ONE OF THE THINGS that separates the modern age of protest from previous waves of postwar action is a new issue on the block — animal liberation, unheard of before the mid-1970s and now breaking into the mass public consciousness on all levels. Witness, for example, *Angels*, the twice-weekly TV hospital soap opera in which some of the nurses are currently organising a demonstration outside a vivisection laboratory.

On one level this movement is about dealing directly with the mass exploitation of animals worldwide, a situation you're not taught about at school, a fact that is veiled and hidden in our society.

It is the same for all of us — that first time shock when we come face to face with the reality of the nightmare. But unlike other revelations this one requires not only a

change of attitude but also a change of diet. It is not only a new way of looking at the world but also a new way of looking at ourselves.

The implications of this message are disturbing. Centuries of our culture have been based on the notion that we were not only separate from other species, but superior to them, on a different level in every way. Darwin's heretical notion that we were related to apes was bad enough; the suggestion that we should extend to other species "human" considerations has sent a shockwave through the collective unconscious.

Like all important historical movements, this one can be traced back for centuries, through a network of concerned individuals who questioned the prevailing ethic. But it is in the modern age that

animals have been industrialised to such an extent that organised international protest has become necessary.

There's no end to the obscenities involved; one can be completely unemotional and still be disgusted by the litany of torture and degradation that we inflict daily on other species.

It is five years almost to the week since, during the punk frenzy that was then dominating this paper, I first discovered the Animal Liberation Front and wrote an early report on their actions. In the ensuing year I met people who'd had close encounters with whales, people who'd stood on the ice and tried to stop young harp seals from being slaughtered, people who at first seemed strange but who I now recognise as friends in the struggle.

For me it was the death of Guy The Gorilla at London Zoo that triggered me into action and into the launch of a magazine called *The Beast*. For you it will be something else. We are all in the same business of educating ourselves as to what's really going on in our society and figuring out a way of doing something about it.

A wise man once said that being radical doesn't mean going way out but going deep down. Animal liberation is about going as deep as you can get into the human psyche, recognising that we were once at one with the animals and are now separated from them. It means realising that we are truly just another species on this planet.

We are animals too. That is the real message.

John May

Animal Liberation: a radical and subversive new philosophy or sentimental claptrap?

Does Animal Lib have wider political implications? Are sausages and socialism incompatible? And why are more musicians pledging their support?

PAOLO HEWITT gives up meat and sniffs out three devotees of the animal cause; one a spokeswoman for a respected pressure group; one an Animal Liberation Front activist jailed three times for direct action; one a celebrity who makes no secret of his beliefs.

JOHN MAY, a longtime *NME* contributor and founder of *The Beast* magazine, offers a personal introduction.

ANGELA WALDER OF THE BUAV



LAST YEAR, a revelatory article appeared in *The Times*, written by one Professor

Paignton, then chairman of the Research Defence Society, a body that sanctions the use of animal experimentation

In it, he disclosed the 98% of all animal experiments carried out were of no value at all, but experiments had to continue because of the possible value of the remaining 2%.

It was an open admission that the millions of animals which are slaughtered, blinded, crippled, burnt, starved, drugged and disfigured each year in British laboratories and universities, need not have suffered one second of pain for all the good that it has done humanity.

Nevertheless, more than four million animals will face the same fate this year, their untimely deaths sanctioned by the 1876 Cruelty to Animals Act.

The fact that the scientific community has begun to doubt the validity of these experiments will not deter this slaughter, nor will the growing concern of a public, slowly being alerted to the cruel methods used in the name of science that kills an animal every six seconds.

The reality, as ever, is that money is the bottom line in this matter. Not just ours, which the Government pours into this medical research; but the millions that the drug, cosmetic and tobacco industries have tied up in continued animal experimentation.

This is, after all, a capitalist society we live in.

AS ONE of the main cogs in the running of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, Angela Walder is well aware of the fight on her hands. She is more than aware that the issue is far more complex than the saving of animals; that it involves a radical rethink and examination of the drugs we take, the food we eat and our general attitude towards the world. It's as much about human rights as it is animal rights.

"For example," Walder explains, "the abuse of animals in the drug industry, it isn't only abuse of animals. There's also the Third World being abused by the drugs that go over there without them being told about the side affects. There are a variety of links, like the link with the vegetarian issue. After all, if you're going to eat meat, the grain that was fed to the animals could be fed to the Third World. So in the same way that we say every six seconds an animal dies in a British lab, so every two seconds a child in the Third World dies of malnutrition."

Firm, committed and with the air about her of a school mistress who you always did your homework for, it was Walder who helped to transform the BUAV into a more outgoing, hard-line organisation, wresting its power from what she dismisses as "the flowery hat brigade".

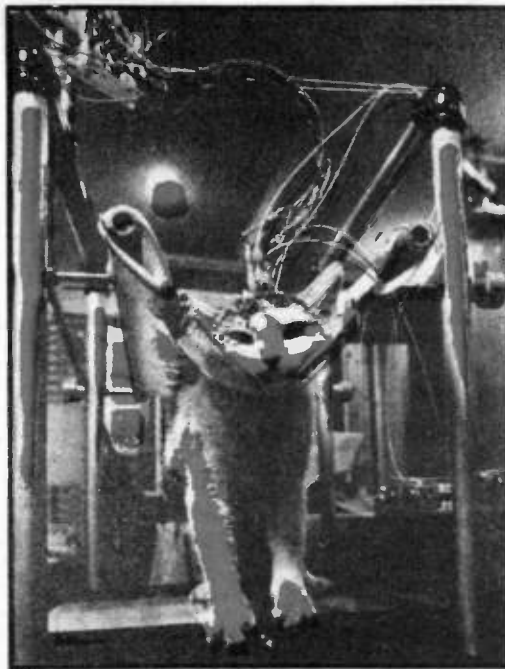
She has nothing but a sneer for them.

"They used to have tea parties and talk about jumble sales and never really appreciated that they were fighting the multinationals. They threw their hands up in horror every time someone did something active."

"When we took it over, four years ago, it had a two and a half thousand membership. We said we were going to run it radical, we were going to let the membership know we're radical and if they don't like it, clearly the membership will go down."

In fact, the membership is now up to 17,000, thanks mainly to an influx of active young people who, Walder believes, are aware of the wider issue at stake, and therefore find it easier to relate their political beliefs to the Animal Rights campaign.

"We care about human beings as much as we care about animals," states Walder. "And we think people are being conned. They're trying to tell people that they can only control diseases by



doing animal experiments when the majority of diseases that we've got nowadays are linked to the environment, pollution of the environment and pollution of our food. Doing experiments on animals is just artificial covering so that people like cosmetics and pesticide companies, who test their products on animals, can keep going."

Walder is also keen to smash the fallacy, as she calls it, that without animal experimentation, vital drugs to mankind's continued existence would never have been produced.

"You look at TB," she claims. "They say without animal experiments, TB wouldn't have been controlled, whereas TB was almost totally under control before any drugs or vaccination came onto the market at all." (She verifies this later with graphs, issued by the DHSS) "The control of most of the infectious viral and bacterial diseases came about because of improvements in social standards, housing, sanitation and that kind of thing."

If there has been any progress made through animal experiments, then it is so minimal, claims

Walder, that it could never justify the amount of animals that have been slaughtered over the years. All that experiments do achieve, Walder explains, is to let inessential drugs onto the market from which there are vast profits to be made.

"We don't believe," she firmly states, "that you can make a difference between the treatment of animals and the treatment of humans. They've all got nervous central systems, they can all feel pain and therefore they've all got to be, as far as one ever can, protected from the infliction of pain and suffering."

If you accept then, that humanity is equal to animals, then there is no way that you could ever condone vivisection. For Walder, any drug tests designed for preventive medicine should be carried out on the people it's created for. And not their pets.

"There is in this country what's called a yellow card system where doctors are supposed to fill in cards and send them into the DHSS when the patients suffer side effects from new drugs. But of course with doctors being paid to say drugs are good, as we've seen time and time again, especially with Willoughby in the Opren scandal (where he was involved with pushing a drug that was known to be dangerous whilst he sat on the British Medical Association's Ethical Committee), it's a helpless situation."

"We, in fact, asked a parliamentary question about yellow cards and we were told that the DHSS was sitting on about two and a half thousand of them. So while they're doing these fatuous animal experiments, which often lead them in the wrong direction, the useful information they've got from patients, they're not even bothering to process."

Couple that fact with many scientists' confirmation that animal experiments tell them nothing of value, and you begin to realise the enormity, if not the stupidity, of the problem, not only from the Government side, but from the drug firms who need these spurious tests to gain legal authorisation to market their goods.

Walder knows all about the drug industry, however. She worked, once, as an animal technician in a drug firm.

"I found it a total fiasco," she explains. "We were supposed to test what's called water for injections, on rabbits, and if they needed to get this water out to hospital they didn't even bother to test it. We had guinea pigs being kept in little tiny rat cages that were totally dark and when I took them out we found the majority of them had gone blind. Then we had a terrible fight to get them put to sleep."

"I moved from there to a cancer research organisation which I thought might be a bit more ethical. The biggest problem there was the fact that the majority of researchers had no training in biology or medicine, so they hadn't got a clue to what they were doing. We had, for example, the director of the institute, which is the biggest cancer research institute in the country, who thought a full bladder was a tumour. So a lot of animals would be dying simply through pure incompetence."

In her stay there, Angela Walder saw one inspector visit the institute.

"And when he did come, he didn't want to go in the animal house because he said it made his suit stink of animals!"

Eventually, after repeated battles with the authorities, including anonymously contributing to a *Sunday Observer* article on vivisection, Walder was asked to leave. She quickly joined the BUAV.



DOWN ON ANIMAL FARM



Left: A beagle rescued in a raid on Wickham Laboratories, Hampshire, in 1981.

Above: Waiting for the end. "The animals are on the bottom of the heap," says one A.L.F. member. "Basically, everyone exploits them."

Below: Confrontation with the police at an Animal Lib demo.

"I think it says a lot for civilization," Walder says "that we've now got to a stage in society where we are looking at the rights of animals. I think it was Mary Wollstonecraft, when she was fighting for women's rights, who was told, in the House, that she was an absolute lunatic talking about rights of women. How far was she going to take this? She'd be talking about the rights of horses and dogs next."

"I think that was significant. She was stupid about women at that stage. And we're stupid about animals at this stage."

recalls, "I thought well, this is the end of it. There weren't that many people behind us and those who were had now seen that people get sent to jail and will naturally be put off. Actually, there was so much publicity about it, it made a lot of people think. When I came out of prison, there were so many people coming up and saying that's the sort of thing I'd like to be involved in, that we decided to form the ALF."

Unlike the BUAV, who favour legal democratic protest to get their point across, the ALF's view is simpler and far more extreme. In order to change anything, you have to take direct action. If animals are

people opposed to animal cruelty of any kind, and who are also disillusioned with the ineffectiveness of various animal welfare movements.

Lee himself is his local group's press officer. the ALF has no central office, no central power point. Each area has its own local group which runs itself, and Lee is involved with press relations for his group, compiling reports and sending them out to papers.

He is a small, frail, bearded man, mild mannered with a nervous laugh and far removed from the stereotype 'guerrilla' that his ALF activities would suggest. His involvement with the animal movement stretches over years, right back to the turn of the '70s when he joined the Hunt Saboteurs, a group dedicated to disrupting the upper classes traditional sport of dressing up and letting packs of trained, blood-thirsty dogs loose upon foxes.

"We got frustrated," Lee says, "because there were certain kinds of hunting that we couldn't stop. For instance, early in the season they have a thing called cub hunting which is to train the fox hounds. It starts about August and what they do is surround the woods and send the young hounds in to tear up any fox cubs that are there."

"They surround the woods with people on horseback and keep up a constant noise, so any foxes trying to get out of the woods run straight back into it. It's just a slaughter to train the hounds in the taste of blood. Hunt Saboteur's tactics can't really do anything about that because that's all geared for cross country."

"So we thought we'd form a different group. Originally, it was called the Band of Mercy, which is a strange name, but in the last century, in the 1800s, there was an RSPCA group called that who were quite militant and went round damaging guns that people were going to use for shooting, which is very unusual because the RSPCA won't do that today. In those days they were a lot more militant, and so we thought we'd revive that spirit."

The Band of Mercy's concerns were not limited solely to fox slaughter. They were opposed to all animal cruelty. Thus, their first anti-vivisection action was against a laboratory in Milton Keynes, built by Hoechst, the German pharmaceutical firm.

"We tried to burn the place down on a couple of occasions," says Lee nonchalantly. "There wasn't anyone in it but we did a lot of damage, getting on for about £50,000 worth."

During the group's lifespan, they attacked vehicles used for transporting animals to laboratories, as well as destroying a seal hunting boat. They knew they would eventually go to prison, but they relentlessly kept up their actions. Eventually they were apprehended breaking into a lab, late one night.

CONTINUES OVER ►



RONNIE LEE OF THE ALF

WHEN THE iron prison bars slammed behind Ronnie Lee and Cliff Goodman, the Animal Liberation Front inadvertently drew its first breath.

Jailed for attempting to wreck a laboratory used for animal experimentation, the two men each received three year sentences and fully expected, on their subsequent release a year later, to be back at square one, devoid of support for their concern over mankind's horrific abuse of animals.

"When we were actually put in jail," Lee

being tortured and poisoned, you go in and free them. If a shop is selling fur coats, you put a brick through their window until they stop their trade. If a company is directly killing animals in the name of profit, you cause as much economic damage to them as is possible, so that their profits diminish drastically.

Every action the ALF take in the name of animals is illegal and, according to Lee, there is, on average, one action a day somewhere in the country.

"We're really the only organisation physically saving animals at the moment," comments Lee.

Since their inception in 1976, the Animal Liberation Front has been growing steadily, now boasting up to a thousand 'active' members in Great Britain, as well as a Supporters Club who donate money to meet the legal costs that are constantly incurred. Their rising popularity, Lee believes, pinpoints the growing militancy amongst

MAKE NO mistake, the BUAV's fight is necessarily a political one. To enforce the changes they want, they have chosen, unlike the ALF (whom they support), democratic methods. Last election, they asked all their members to vote Labour.

"That's right. Well, if Labour are going to do the best for animals it's highly obvious that we'll tell people to vote Labour. One of the things we think could be of help with the drug issue is the nationalisation of the drug industry, because then there wouldn't be this competition between drug firms which we're told is healthy. But it is far from healthy, it's decidedly unhealthy."

"Clearly, it's only a Labour Government that would nationalise the drug industry. But this isn't party political. If I thought the Conservative government would treat animals and people better, then I would clearly vote Conservative. That's the point."

"We don't ourselves plan illegal activities," she continues, "because that would be a way for the establishment to bust us, but certainly we are very supportive of those that do because there doesn't seem to be any option."

"Martin Luther King put forward rather a good analogy when he said, you shouldn't go through a red light because that's breaking the law. But if you're on the road and there's been an accident, blood spilled and people hurt, then you should go through that light. We use much the same analogy. Why should we stop for a law that allows the infliction of pain and suffering? We think the moral law is much more important than the criminal law."

Certainly, on a moral level, the BUAV have some impressive arguments. Why, for instance, deliberately inject cats with artificially induced cancer to see the effects, when, as Walder points out, "in the human context, we haven't taken cigarettes off the market. I consider that to be absolutely obscene when we know that cigarettes kill, and they're not setting up many anti-smoking clinics because there's an awful lot of money for the Government to make out of it."

The BUAV's main problem lies in convincing the majority of people that animals have as much right to live as we humans, that they should be treated with as much respect as we sometimes afford our own kind. It's a difficult task given that we are raised to believe just by eating them, that we are somehow superior to the animal world.

DUMBSTRUCK AND DOOMED

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

The rest of the animal rights movement breathed a sigh of relief. To them, the Band of Mercy were nothing more than hooligans giving the public the wrong idea about their work. But Lee and Goodman's imprisonment changed all that.

SINCE HIS first imprisonment, Lee has been back to jail twice. It doesn't seem to worry him. It's part of the job. To Lee, an animal is equal with mankind. It's just as bad killing an animal as it is causing the death of a human. "Animals can't fight for themselves," he states, "and so therefore we have to step in and do things for them on their behalf. If you look at exploitation as a pyramid, you've got the real bosses at the top. They exploit someone and they in turn exploit someone else, like the working man and so on. But at the bottom of the whole pile are the animals, basically everyone exploits the animals. I'm in favour of anyone fighting exploitations. I think the reason I personally fight for the animals is because they are on the bottom of the heap, because they are most exploited. I think that the things that are done to animals are, in general, far worse than the things done to people."

The ALF's methods are simple and direct. In Ronnie's group, for example, information received from a variety of sources will enable them to choose which places to attack. It may be a cleaner, working in a lab, who's sympathetic to their cause and supplies them with details, or, at one time, the Home Office, who used to issue lists of firms or laboratories carrying out experiments. Since the rise of the ALF, they have now stopped this practice.

Once a target is decided upon, the group get together to discuss the logistics of the situation. "There may be a place, for instance, where they have tens of thousands of animals, like a battery farm for hens," explains Lee. "Obviously you can't take them all, so you have to decide on how many you're going to take and that will depend on how many homes are available, and maybe you take 50 or 60. In a sense, it's still a drop in the ocean, but it's a start."

"Then, what you do, is attempt to get publicity for what you've done by contacting the local press and, if it's big enough, the national press as well so as to make people aware, because unfortunately most people aren't aware of how bad things are."

In fact, the local press, ever grateful for newsworthy stories in their area, are a valuable communication device for the ALF who ask members to keep the issue in the limelight by sending in letters after the story has been run.

As for the all-important cash flow which finances these raids, the local ALF groups exist on two sources; one is the money they raise themselves, either from their own pockets or donations, and the second is from the Supporters Club, who although not active, join simply to donate money when and if they can.

"We don't want members just for the sake of having members," Lee says. "We want members, well, for their money, their financial support. That's why we make it so much (£24 per annum), so that the actual amount these people contribute is useful. If the Supporters Club can help pay a group's fines, then that group has got more money available to do the actions. So, indirectly, the Supporters Group does help with the action."

Most raids on battery farms, laboratories and the like, are carried out under cover of darkness. Every detail as far as possible is kept secret until the very last minute and, despite accusations that the ALF is just a breeding ground for people in search of kicks, each member is scrutinised quite thoroughly.

"As far as being an active member goes," Lee explains, "there's no official membership in the sense that you get a badge or your name is written down anywhere. You're a member by being accepted into the group and actually doing things. If you were in it for anything else, the people in that group would suss you out easily. The way groups recruit is through personal contact."

"Obviously, as well as being in the ALF, they've got contacts with the general movement, so they'll go on demos and see other people who, they might think, have a genuine attitude. Then they'd be approached, talked to, to see how they feel. That's the way most recruiting is done. On a personal level."

Despite their growing membership, Lee still feels unhappy about the ALF's position as regards the rest of the movement. Too much emphasis, he believes, rests on political campaigning, and whilst a society like the League Against Cruel Sports have thousands in the bank, the ALF is run on a pittance. Their offices are let free to them by the BUAV who allow them to use the phones, photocopier, etc. etc.

The BUAV also express support for the ALF in their paper, *The Liberator*, but are unable to give money because of a legality which could mean them being sued for thousands.

Lee is grateful for the support they do give, but remains resentful of the ALF's own shaky finances.

"I'm not against what all the other people do, petitions, peaceful demos and all the rest of it," he states. "But I think unless much more resources and much more effort is put into direct action, we're really not going to get anywhere. It makes me sick that these people have got so much money and

"I don't have to put death inside my body."

Actor and Professional Martin Shaw explains why he's been a vegetarian for the past twelve years.



SITTING IN his dressing room, Bach playing softly in the background, a picture of his guru placed on the dressing table, Martin Shaw is as far removed from the macho character of Doyle in *The Professionals*, as is possible.

In fact, when I suggest to him that it's kind of strange to equate Doyle with the strong vegetarian that Shaw is, he bursts out laughing.

"I know what you mean," he says between smiles. "Vegetarians drive little Citroens with Ban The Bomb stickers, wear horn rimmed spectacles and anoraks. Yes, I know. When I was at drama school, I first started to go to vegetarian restaurants, just for a change of diet, and the people sitting around were extraordinary. They were all a bit cranky. But it's very different nowadays."

That it is. For 12 years now, Martin Shaw has been avoiding meat, as well as fish and eggs, for food. He also tries to avoid dairy produce but occasionally finds himself eating cheese when he's out eating.

"It came down to a simple equation for me," he explains in a cultured accent. "If it's possible to live well and healthily without killing, then the only justification for it would be for my palate and I'm not prepared to kill for my palate. So, I knocked it on the head and felt much better for it. Obviously, a natural offshoot of that is, I can't bear the thought of animals being exploited for anything, least of all for something as questionable as vivisection, because it's not been shown as necessary."

Shaw's concern for animals is mild-mannered. He never takes part in demos but uses his position as a name actor to talk about his beliefs through the media afforded him. He lends his name to petitions, but isn't too sure about the extreme end of the movement, groups such as the Animal Liberation Front.

"You have to admire their commitment," he says. "But it's something that is fairly new and I haven't really thought about it. Put it this way, if I was standing outside a laboratory and they were breaking in, I wouldn't call the police or stop them. I wouldn't hinder them in any way, but I don't think I would join them because I'm not that kind of person."

Similarly, on the question of wearing leather, Shaw sees no discrepancy in not eating meat but wearing animal skin.

"You have to decide where to draw the line," he explains. "You can't go all the way down. If you wear silk, then silkworms have been taken and

we're really in financial difficulty whilst trying to do the most important part of the campaign. In a sense, I see it as fighting a war and that's my attitude to it and it's like there're no facilities for it."

If it is a war, then it's being fought mainly by women, who Lee now reckons compose two thirds of the ALF.

"I think men think, Oh it's a bit namby-pamby being concerned about animals and I've got to be a tough man, go out shooting animals, eating meat and all that rubbish. That's probably why there are more women involved."

As for the future, Lee recognises that a complete and utter abolition of cruelty to animals, a world



boiled alive. It's almost impossible to avoid some kind of pain and exploitation if you're a human being, and the place where I've drawn the line is not eating meat, fish and eggs. But I don't mind wearing leather shoes and I think I've got a leather jacket. I think most leather things are the by-product anyway.

"Animals aren't killed for their skins unless they're seals and leopards and animals like that. Most leather we get is the by-product of the abattoir, which doesn't really endear it to me any more, it's just that I don't have to put it inside my body. I don't have to put death inside my body."

Shaw's interest in vegetarianism is more a personal cause than a political one. For 11 years now he has been following the teaching of an Indian guru, and part of that entails not eating meat. He talks about the mind as a "finer vibration of the body", and the "etheric energy" generated. His political stance is more humanitarian than party political.

"I went through a very radical phase," he admits, "very Left Wing and I found it was doing nothing. I was just spending most of my time being angry. This is as recent as seven or eight years ago. I find that if I look at the straightforward issues, then my views tend to be more Socialist because the policies are more humanitarian."

"But it's my belief that it's impossible to use any true vision and integrity and still be a Government, because there's something about the business of Government which entails a loss of integrity and honesty. The goal is not to do good for society but to stay in office for another four years and that really is the dilemma of democracy."

When you mention to Shaw that if vivisection was abolished completely, it would ensure, at the very least, that the future of the multinationals would be in danger, that in many ways it's a Socialist fight against these bastions of capitalism, he laughs.

"Terrific. Fuck 'em! Absolutely. I think that would be great. There's loads of substitutes they can use but they won't because it's far too expensive."

As for his fans, Shaw's publicised vegetarian beliefs have, he claims, converted quite a few.

"I get plenty of letters from people who say they've become a vegetarian and found that life has become better for them. I, myself, am much stronger than I would have been had I stayed on meat. Eating meat is a very inefficient way of assimilating protein."

Like Paul McCartney, Gary Kemp, Beki Bondage, Spike Milligan and a million others, Shaw refuses to accept the slaughter of 3000 animals every working day, purely for human consumption. There are alternatives which are just as healthy, if not more so, and Martin Shaw would like to see them take priority.

He would also like it known that in January he releases his first single.

"It's a very ordinary record," he admits, slaying any idea of him as the next Boy George. "It's called 'Cross My Heart And Hope To Die', and I just want to see how the land lies, whether it sells or not. In fact the people I'm working with are really nice. They're all vegetarians," he says with a grin.

God only knows what Bodie would think.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANIMAL FREEDOM FIGHTER

An account of ALF raid on Baker's Battery Farm at Borden, near Sittingbourne, Kent on 24 November, 1983, by an all-womens group.



ACTING ON information received that there was a battery egg farm at Borden, where hens were imprisoned

In small cages, myself and another member of our ALF group went to the Borden area late one night in the first week of November.

We scouted the area in our car and eventually came across the Baker's Battery Egg Farm. We walked across a field to the back of the farm and while one of us kept watch by the farmer's house, the other opened up and looked into the large sheds that were there.

There were about ten of these sheds in all and somewhat to our surprise all of the cages in the sheds were empty of hens. On taking a closer look we discovered that the farmer was in the process of replacing the old cages with a new variety which were sadly no better than the old in the amount of space which they would allow the hens.

On our way back in the car we discussed what could be done about the farm and we decided that the best course of action was for damage to be caused to as many as possible of the new cages and equipment once they were installed. We also felt it would be a good idea to cause damage to the farmer's lorry which was parked on the premises and which was used as part of his business in taking eggs to be sold at his farm shop in Sittingbourne.

We decided that the attack should take place in the early hours of 24 November and so on the night of the 23rd, four members of our group including myself met for a preliminary discussion before carrying out the attack.

Various implements for carrying out damage had already been assembled. These included a crowbar, pairs of large and small cutters and also some petrol in case it was felt safe to set fire to the farmer's lorry.

We also had with us a number of torches as there was no lighting inside the battery sheds. We were all wearing dark clothes so that we would not be so easily spotted entering the farm and all of us had gloves so as to avoid leaving any fingerprints.

It was decided that Shirley would drive the car whilst Debbie, Jane and myself entered the farm. Debbie was to act as lookout, Jane was going to be the one who actually caused the damage while I held the torch so she would be able to see. We drove to Borden and arrived at the village at about 2am. It was a clear, frosty night and the moon was rather bright for our liking but we nevertheless decided to continue with the raid.

The plan was that Shirley would drive off and travel some distance along the nearby motorway before turning round and coming back to pick us up exactly half an hour later. This was because we felt it would attract attention if the car was parked along a country lane in the early hours of the morning.

As the car drove off the three of us carried the equipment across the field and over a fence to the back of the farm. While Debbie watched the farm house for any signs of the farmer, Jane and myself went into one of the battery sheds which we entered by sliding a large door and while I held the torch she began to cause damage to one of the cages with a large pair of cutters.

This was making quite a lot of noise and as we were worried about disturbing the farmer, we decided to turn our attention to the wire mesh conveyor belt which ran underneath the cages.

As I shone the torch, Jane began to cut through the conveyor belt. This time she used a small pair of cutters as space was very limited. It was tough going as the mesh was quite difficult to cut through and the two of us took turns to do the cutting as it was a great strain on our hands.

When the belt was sufficiently damaged to mean that the farmer would have to completely replace it (a lengthy procedure involving the removal of all the cages), we moved to the next shed and also damaged the conveyor belt there.

By now the half hour was running out and we decided to turn our attention to the farmer's lorry which was parked on a large concrete platform near to the sheds. We decided that it would be safe to set fire to the lorry without the fire spreading to nearby trees and hedges. So Jane poured petrol into the cab of the lorry while the other two of us kept watch.

We waited for the car to come and when it stopped in the lane Debbie and myself ran over to it while Jane lit the end of a rolled up newspaper and threw it into the cab to start the fire in the lorry. Jane then ran over to the car and we all jumped in and drove off leaving the lorry burning nicely.

The next day we telephoned the Press Association and the local newspapers for the Sittingbourne area to tell them about the attack and the reasons why it was carried out.

Sarah Brown
(All names of the ALF activists are fictitious.)

IF YOU WISH to find out more, the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection can be contacted at 16a Crane Grove, London N7 8LB. (Phone 01-607 1892/1545.)

They will be able to supply you with the relevant literature as well as offering a subscription to their monthly paper, *The Liberator*.

RECOMMENDED READING: *Animal Liberation* by Peter Singer (£4.95)

Doctor Rat by William Kotzwinkle (Corgi £2.50)

The Animals Report by Richard North (£1.95)

Victims Of Science by Richard D. Ryder (available through The National Anti-Vivisection Society, 51 Harley St., London W1. £3.75.)

Assault And Battery by Mark Gold (£3.95)

The Hunt And The Anti-Hunt by Philip Wyndeatt (£1.95)

NEXT YEAR, Artists For Animals will be releasing a specially compiled LP of new works by a variety of artists.

Confirmed is a duet between Limahl and Hazel O'Connor, and songs by Sing Sing (the new band of Paul Gray of The Damned); Ligotage, Beki Bondage's new combo; poet Ann Clark accompanied by Patrick Fitzgerald; Paul Weller and T.V. Smith. In the pipeline are offerings from The Clash, Madness and Kevin Hewick.

OUTERNATIONAL

ANTHEMS

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

TUBULAR BAWLS

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
The Mating Sounds Of South American Frogs (Trapper)

THE LAFFS in UK hardcore are as important as the sound and fury; so these Babies (who are scarcely hard anyway) are giggling into the milk. For a joke they've streamlined a punk production into something that's almost abstract metal: and into this tasteful death-or-glory maelstrom are cast all the things they're most troubled by — people who try and get on their guest lists, not reaching the toilet bowl in time, gatecrashing parties and being stood up.

That much offers an entertaining blow-out, and the epic treatment afforded 'Guest List' and 'Never Made It' is grin-making in itself. But how serious are these malevolent infants? 'One Night Stand' begins as a fuming macho rant about waking up with a snoring bird in the bed then quiets down for an acoustic interlude where the skirt has her own say. Sensitive, for sure, just like the loving CSNY intro to (ahem) 'Let's Burn'.

No need to get outraged, music fans. The joke wears a little thin — like most metal thunder — and it's too zomboid, too oafishly relentless for 'pop'. But Peter and his tots have their health and their immoral fibre and it sounds like they get their oats. Nobody croaks here.

Richard Cook



Puma in the bush. Pic Pennie Smith

BLACK UHURU
Anthem (Island)

AFTER THE bleak landscape of the 'Chill Out' album, a year of virtual inactivity followed for Black Uhuru. Their musical silence was broken only by the release of the ineffectual 'Party Next Door' single and one was ready to write them off and assign them a place in reggae's rich tapestry. But far from being casualties on the international reggae scene they've bounced back with an eight track LP 'Anthem'. The sound of modern Jamaica.

The Taxi gang have done it again. No better ambience could be created for Michael

Rose's straining vocal and Duckie and Puma's all too sparse harmonies, other than by that indefatigable duo of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. 'Anthem' is the fifth Black Uhuru album they've produced and it avoids the clinical alienating harshness that pervaded some of their other work. Put simply, Sly and Robbie's rhythmic innovations have pushed reggae into the modern musical world, and set against 'Anthem' most reggae pales into insignificance.

From the questioning refrain of 'What Is Life' with Darryl Thompson's picking guitar, Dean Fraser's plaintive alto and explosive bursts of sym-drum, you are sucked into a rhythmic storm with bass lines that

could raise the dead. Listen to Robbie Shakespeare as he thunders through 'Botanical Roots', their current JA single, or check Sly's tidal waves of rockers drumming which Michael Rose rides as he urges us to "break down the barriers" on 'Try It'. Let's not forget a wicked steppin' 'Bull In The Pen', which is given an appropriately militant arrangement.

The dub factor emerges as a critical element in the overall sound of 'Anthem' and is used to both dramatic and dynamic effect creating new space and tension in the mix. The album has been shaped to highlight the lighter side of Black Uhuru's dread persona both musically and lyrically. Though

'Party Next Door' didn't cut it as a single, it bubbles nicely between 'What Is Life' and 'Try It', and with the assistance of ex-Funkadelic/Pallament prankster Bernie Worrell on clavinet they dish up a palatable rendition of Sly Stone's 'Someone Is Watching You'. Similarly, the mellow vibe of Duckie's 'Elements' closes the album and momentarily puts aside that Image of Black Uhuru wearing a permanent screw.

Both Duckie Simpson and Michael Rose share the songwriting credits and though

their lyrics possess a questioning, probing militancy, they lack the vision and imagery of a songwriter like Bob Marley. All too often the lyrics sink into the mix, unable to compete with the musical antics of Sly and Robbie and co.

But 'Anthem' marks the welcome return of Black Uhuru to the international arena and it showcases some of the most radical and innovative music that Sly and Robbie have produced so far. Haaarrder than the rest.

Paul Bradshaw

GREGORY — A COOLER TWELVE INCHES

GREGORY ISAACS
Out Deh! (Island)

FOR GREGORY Isaacs (the human being/citizen) freedom from a Jamaican prison must make life look pretty rosy. For Gregory Isaacs (the pop star/icon) the release of 'Out Deh!' is a fistful of problems.

Problem one: when you arrive at the sort of plateau of esteem that Isaacs occupies, your recorded efforts tend to be judged not in comparison with those of other mortals but with your own past achievements. We, the adoring ones, often patronised with the slur 'uncritical', expect a lot.

Problem two: last year Gregory delivered unto us the brilliant 'Night Nurse' set, a perfect coalition of his lazy, hazy skank and the Roots Radics' metallic clank. Technology allied itself to reggae's traditional strength — sinewy drum/bass inventiveness — to produce a massive, peeling, clucking rhythm machine, oiled and given sensuous life by That Voice.

'Night Nurse' burst through the cracks in reggae's wall of orthodoxy — cracks opened by Sly and Robbie's work with Black Uhuru especially — and exploded in the drowsy pastures like a mortar, spelling instant obsolescence for (almost) all. Even now, many singers and producers can be seen wandering in dazed circles, searching for

their drawing boards. But ironically the very success and pioneering nature of 'Night Nurse' is now a rod for Isaacs' back.

That is problem three. Barney Hoskyns's recent overview of Michael Jackson pointed out clearly the dangers facing the record that follows A Biggie. No matter how good it is — and 'Thriller' is an estimable dance disc by any but 'Off The Walls' towering standards — it is damned with faint praise, caught in the shadow of its illustrious forebear: a process as inevitable as sunrise.

And so it proves... 'Out Deh!' is simultaneously a fine record and something of a letdown. But any disappointment should be muted. Nobody in their right mind could have expected another collection as strong as 'Nurse' and where it hits the spot 'Out Deh!' holds its own with anything you care to throw at it.

'Private Secretary' is the companion to 'Night Nurse' itself: but where the latter was warm and witty, 'Secretary' is plain lewd. The strength of the song lies not in Gregory's sly, disbelieving delivery but in the almost surreal array of electronica that crackle away behind him. The thing is almost without a real tune or melody but the bubble of keyboards, throbbing syndrums and phased vocals drag you helplessly into its lascivious web. Wicked and wonderful.

The title track is one of a couple of mutterings about Gregory's recent spell in clink. Although it's



Gregorian Skanks. Pic Jean Bernard Schlez

obvious that Isaacs could intone the blurb off a cornflakes packet and make it sound like a lament for a dead brother, a genuine sense of personal sadness and loss does pervade this song. A gentle, weeping synthline cradles the mood perfectly and renders 'Out Deh' a thing of brooding beauty.

The single 'Love Me With Feeling' is the other highlight and comes armed with an electronic bassline so damn dangerous that half way through the track Gregory wisely exits, leaving it to its own

speaker — testing devices.

Because none of these three quite reaches the heights of last year's meccano-crazed 'Material Man', and because a couple of the remaining smoochers smack of (albeit classy) filler, 'Out Deh!' stands as a good rather than great record. As such it is as much a victim of its predecessor's lustre as it is of any shortcomings of its own. That, Gregory my man, is the price of greatness.

Danny Kelly

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IRMA, LA DUCHESS

IRMA THOMAS

Time Is On My Side (Kent)

SHARON REDD

Love How You Feel (Prelude)

TWO NEW LPs, one a collection of previously released but subsequently unavailable sides from the mid '60s Soul Queen Of New Orleans, Irma Thomas. The other is the third album from a lady who, if not a queen, is certainly a Princess-in-waiting for the bawdy bump 'n' grind risqué disco soul set.

The yawning chasm between the former's scorching drive and passion and Redd's tedious, long-winded sex-effacing rants says much about the decline and identity loss of the modern soul chanteuse. Where Irma fleshes out all sides of her character and condition, Redd pares her expression down to the crudest and most condescending denominator.

'Time Is On My Side', even in the illustrious company of the reissues that Ace have released in the past two years, is a great LP. And, given the similarity in circumstance with the Arthur Alexander 'Shot Of Rhythm And Soul' LP (the artist still around but not given the credit they deserve plus the inclusion of their original, superior recordings of songs made famous by other people), it could be one of their biggest sellers yet.

Drawn from her prolific output of 1964 and '65 for Imperial records, the album is marked not only by Thomas' unique voice—mellow soul laced with a bitter, corrosive edge—but also a brace of sparkling, subtle compositions by reclusive New Orleans genius/composer Allen Toussaint, here writing under the pseudonym Naomi Neville.

The songs and performances hinge on a simple, magnificent clarity—no matter if it be the torrid gospel firepower of 'Time Is On My Side' or gentle pearl pop ballad of 'It's Raining',

the arrangement is always uncluttered. Every sizzling organ line, each off hand guitar chop is clearly defined, indispensable to creating the mood. For her part, Thomas was a headstrong and individual soul star, her candour and conviction comes across in the music.

She sings the acrid 'Baby Don't Look Down' (written by a young Randy Newman) like it was aimed at all the mean business moguls who exploited groups (invariably girls) on their way to the top; on 'Breakaway' she's het-up, heart-sold and besotted, and on the scorching all-wracked-up self-written 'I Wish Someone Would Care' (a song written about her impending divorce), she's wounded by an inexorable loss. Unabashed and unfettered, this music has the meaning of soul in that it connects on the most vital level.

And so to today and the Redd travesty. The tools and material may be different but it is the motivations and aspirations that are bankrupt. Redd had a few strong dance shots in the past but this LP has so much blatant padding and time-killing that it seems that form rather than content is all that now matters. The staple formula is for Eric Matthew—her one-man band, writer and producer—to put a Linn drum on a loop while there's a whole lotta pantlin' 'n' a-rantin', a-belchin' and a-squelchin' from Miss Redd and her chorus.

Big on the gay market, Redd can travel in Grace Jones' slipstream where the idea of the performer rather than the actual performance is what matters. The music is there merely to bolster and propagate the image.

No rules are hard and fast, but between this old and this new soul there can be no comparison. One is dedicated to communicate the deepest of feelings and desires, the other is concerned primarily with a cheap, barely credible fantasy, with keeping the cogs of the machinery ticking over. It is a world of difference.

Gavin Martin

STILL SENSIBLE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

The Power Of Love (A&M)

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE is a rare delight in these sterile times. It doesn't really matter that his blend of cheerful psychedelia and synthesised pop isn't entirely successful; 40 minutes of the Captain is still a tonic.

We're not talking of the dull 'Happy Talk' here, but of such glories as 'Croydon', the most neglected beauty of 1982, and of the odd moment on his new LP.

Somehow he reminds me of old Julian Cope, the same "Look at me!" wackiness, but where Cope tried to be lovable Sensible simply played up his idiosyncrasies: his

rabbit collection, his careless espousal of love 'n' peace combined with his position in the Hendrix gothic of The Damned.

This album is melodic, professionally produced and would be bland enough to be high class Ryan Paris if it weren't for the Captain's lyrics and gloriously half-tutored voice. You could even forgive his somewhat cack-handed (if justifiable) attack on HRH Prince Andrew's dubious habits ('Royal Rave-Up'); and when he starts shamelessly singing about the power of love and how only love can bring us through, it's only when the words are transferred from the daft sincerity of his larynx to cold print that one realises their import is almost completely insignificant.

Take this album to your heart, it'll warm it no end.

David Quantick



Such Sensible Wallpaper. Pic Peter Anderson

EINSTEIN NACHTMUSIK

D. GREENFIELD & J. J. BURNEL

Fire And Water (Ecoutez Vos Murs) (Epic)

AS THE bad boys of British pop turned sinister choirboys, The Stranglers have been easily surpassed by PTV, whose Polanski-ish ditties carry menaces The Stranglers' recent *folies* can only mug at. PTV, incidentally, also outstrip them in dippy mysticism.

Which isn't to say that this unlikely pairing of The Stranglers' gladdest and baddest boys, respectively, can't be just as daft-demonic as either themselves at full

strength or PTV on an off-day. Burnel's most entertaining asset has always been his urge to be heard going against the grain, an urge that indicates he doesn't take his pretensions any more seriously than the listener. Like his solo 'Euroman Cometh', bits of 'Fire And Water' are fun by default. Those moments are Burnel's alone. Greenfield's one contribution to the affair seems to be his willingness to play the missing link between Gary Numan and Vangells.

'Fire And Water' is full of distinctions like that, the most notable being its fusion of nuclear physics and astrology. (Heaven knows what Vincent Coudanne's film, for which this is the soundtrack, is all about.) The sleeve displays one of Albert Einstein's more purple

passages alongside the duo's signs (Greenfield: fire; Burnel: water.) The quote also opens the record, spoken in cod mystical overtones over a miasma of Numatic keyboards and pneumatic thumping. That Einstein is once more being abused to someone else's ends comes clear midway through side two during Burnel's inane plea 'Nuclear Power (Yes Please)'.

What Burnel fails to understand is you can't glory in absolute stupidity and quote Einstein formulae in the same breath with any integrity. But ultimately all this grading of stupidity by degrees is a pointless academic exercise.

Plainly put: Snot funny.

Chris Bohn

JIMMY McGRUFF

I've Got A Woman (Sue-Ensign)

BEFORE SOUL became synonymous with highly stimulated silk-suited Stax shouters, it was a term used almost exclusively to pigeon-hole the sanctified hard bop emanating from New York's premier jazz label, Blue Note. A heavily accented blend of rhythmic down-home blues, soul was basically gospel jazz. It was also a lucrative commercial proposition as Art Blakey, Horace Silver, and, even more so, the incredible Jimmy Smith testified to their tailors.

Though the organ combo—Hammond, guitar and drums—has been the lynchpin of contemporary black music longer than any other

format, it took the crossover virtuosity of Jimmy Smith to elevate it from its neighbourhood clubland habitat to become the most copied line-up in pop since three guitars and drums. With the demise of the rip-snorting big bands, such electrified threesomes could easily kick up almost as much dust whilst making economic sense.

During the early '60s, an import copy of Jimmy Smith's 'Midnight Special' tucked neatly under the left arm may have been a compulsory sartorial accessory for British Soul Boys, but, for the less socially-conscious, 'I've Got A Woman' by Smith's protege Jimmy McGruff was equally acceptable, easier to come by (released locally by Island) and quids cheaper.

For many, 'I've Got A Woman' proved to be their first brush with jazz music. Wonderfully irreverent and unashamedly vulgar in its

excitement, McGruff impishly mixes jazz standards like Duke's 'Satin Doll', Monk's 'Round Midnight' and Hampton's 'Flying Home' with Ray Charles' title track and a bunch of his own R&B back-beat blasters.

McGruff drove his Hammond like a Porsche—smashing through the gears, veering from stratospheric finger-shredding treble runs to faulty-plumbing gurgles in the bass register.

Few albums can celebrate their own 21st birthday with such vigour. First time around, most people bought two copies as it was one of those discs that friends frequently borrowed and always conveniently 'forgot' to return. Things haven't changed.

Roy Carr

SOME BOYS DU!

OMEGA TRIBE

No Love Lost (Corpus Christi)

HUSKER DU

Metal Circus (SST)

"PEOPLE TALK about anarchy / And taking up a fight / Well I'm afraid of things like that / I lock my doors at night" ('Real World' by Husker Du).

Omega Tribe talk about anarchy—or at least an ideal of peace and freedom on earth desecrated by Them, the System, Man. Yet frustration breaks in their voices because they know that the world is unjust, unfree, greedy, self-destructive—and probably unchangeable. No one's betting on survival, but at least protest and stand a chance.

And Omega Tribe say it with flowers. Amidst the para-Crass barbed wire of brutal despair, some songs are beginning to bloom. For instance, 'Pictures' intros with pastoral Jam before meshing into Buzzcocks metal edginess; 'Duty Calls' echoes the angry singalonga first Clash LP.

It's all rather hesitant: melodies are only half-fulfilled, dynamic punches are pulled. Further sign that OT are still defining themselves is the standard sub-Cockney range of vocal impressions: Strummer, Weller, Jaz, Libertine / Ignorant / De Vivre are all mimicked, as if Omega Tribe don't think their own voices can carry authority. And closer listening to 'The Clash' would teach OT that one vivid phrase triggers more thought than a volume of generalised tract-speak. A weedy vinyl sound doesn't help.

Which is where Husker Du score. Spot of Black Flag fame engineered and co-produced 'Metal Circus', a mini-LP which recalls the pressurised sonic intensity of BF's 'Damaged' and matches Ric Ocasek's more clean-cut efforts on Bad Brains' 'Rock For Light'.

Husker Du (Swedish for "Do you remember?") hail from Minneapolis, curiously more exciting to contemplate than Omega Tribe's New Barnet, which, as Barney Hoskyns recently observed, is a bad reason for US hardcore attracting more punk-snob attention over here than the homegrown equivalent. A better reason, as Husker Du exemplify, is that the best American punk is harder, funnier, more adventurous and less parochial than the UK's '77 updates.

Befitting their four years as a group, Husker Du have refined their art to a T. Bob Mould's guitar flails in savage skirts; Gregg Norton and Grant Hart (bass, drums) bump and grind with such inventive power as to show up most of our UK punkateers as clod-hopping K Joke copyists.

Rarely has singing sounded so at tether's end—'Inflammable Material' Jake Burns is only half way there. Nor I doubt will you hear a more chilling, intense and disturbing song as the psychologue 'Diane'. Husker Du play with personas and tease with ambiguities. Indeed, they might well go along with Omega Tribe's invective but they'd never put it so windily themselves.

And there lies the big difference. Omega Tribe may possibly hone themselves to a gleaming, razor-sharp future; Husker Du kick out the jams now.

Mat Snow



Irma—no doubting this Thomas

ON THE BLUE JEAN BEAT

VARIOUS ARTISTS

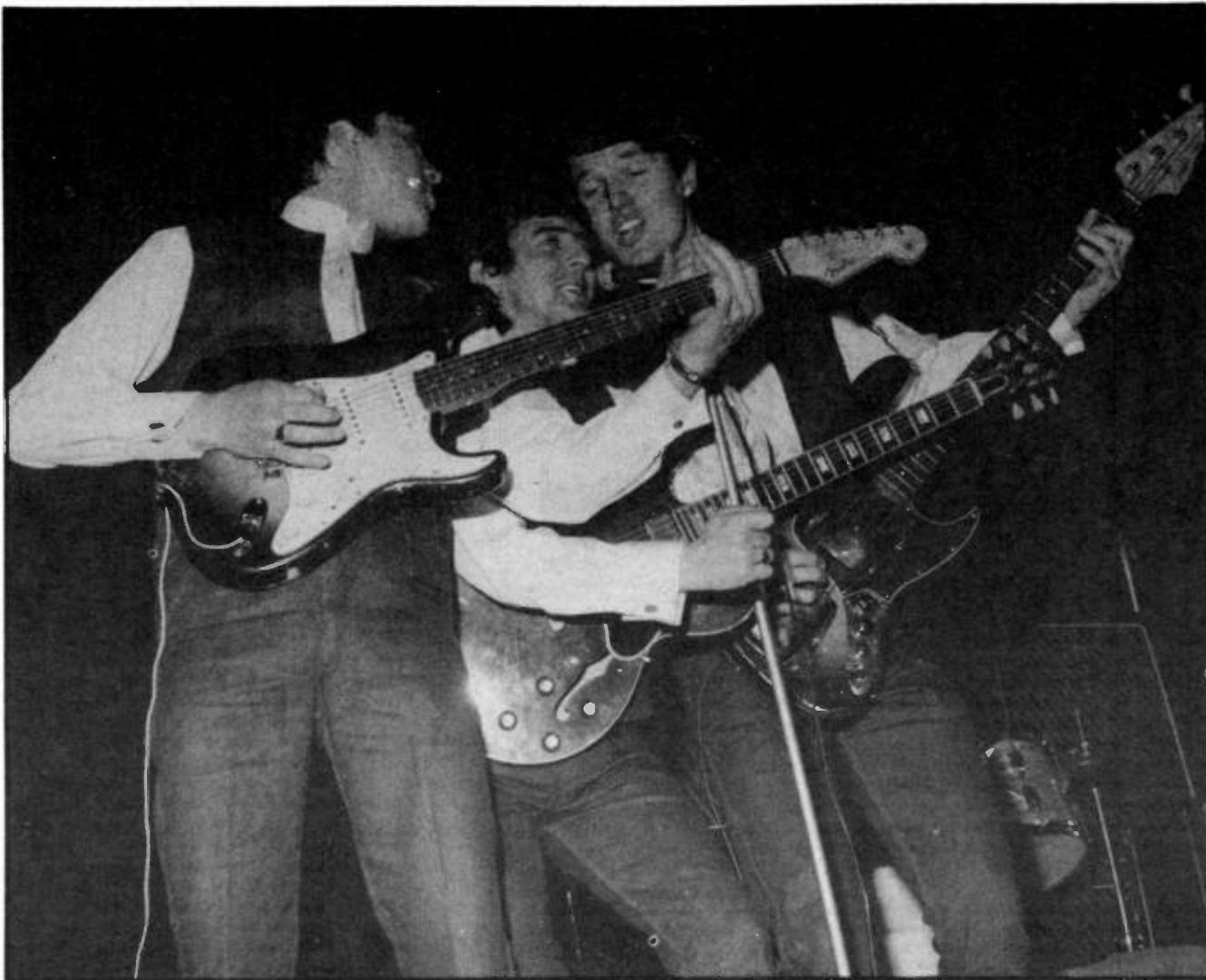
Mersey Beat (Parlophone)

MERSEY BEAT was extensively recorded – even discounting the major names there must be enough to fill a boxful of LPs – and it's wasteful to have included Beatles, Searchers, Fourmost and Gerry And The Pacemakers material on these four sides. Half of these tracks are over-familiar, unreviewable: if you know '60s music then you'll know the likes of 'She Loves You' and 'Hippy Hippy Shake' only too well.

But there are 21 sides by Mersey groups who never made a fortune, a revelation of what styles came together in early Beat. It was never a single mode, more a catchphrase; and some of the best music here is all fast guitars and Jerry Lee piano, standard pub and dance hall music all over the north in the early '60s. Some of it got recorded and called Mersey Beat.

Howie Casey And The Seniors, Lee Curtis And The Tremors and R'n'B Inc. trade their imagination for cheap excitement: this music was archaic in 1963, already revivalist, and the minimal production enhances the primitivism. Sometimes a producer makes an effort – Freddie Starr And The Midnighters' 'Who Told You' has a modern pop edge with a prickle of Holly, and Meeksville echo crops up here and there. Later sides by The Crying Shames and The Dennisons have girlie backings and soft organ chords and are part of a different story.

The stylistic core of early Beat is in call and response and simple melodic tunes. The Beatles' bossa nova rhythm comes up often enough to be irritating and there are several tired tracks by The Escorts, Trends and Kubas; but there is also some excellent Beatles copy. Farons Flamings



For goodness sake, it's The Swinging Blue Jeans

version of 'Do You Love Me?' is excitingly soulful and The Undertakers flip a strangled sax behind wild man vocals, while Ian And The Zodiacs do a beautiful 'Beechwood 4-5789', a classic of early '60s pop.

The Big Three, The Dimensions, Rory Storm And The Hurricanes... at its best this sound was soulful, usefully idiosyncratic. Beat had guts that the clean and clear sound of this compilation doesn't always

muster. There are some absentees – a serious omission is Kingsize Taylor, either with or without The Dominoes – but this entertaining double mostly catches the Beat.

Dave Cunningham

CHIC

Believer (Atlantic)

FOR NILE & Nard good times die hard. Though the title track 'Believer' pays tribute to five years of maturing hardship in

the lives of the other half – chin up thru' the bad times, and so on – in the background there's the tell-tale rustle of Halsten, Gucci and Fiorucci.

The Chic Music Organisation is ageing with dignity: electro-funk is incorporated like a distinguished greying at the temples in an uncrucial, medium tempo collection smoothed off by Roger's and Edward's lazy humour. In 'You Are Beautiful', the electro-Chic Cheerleaderettes get away with 'My cards are on the table at a glance / Unlike Clark Gable, I give a damn'. See? Boo, hiss, chronic cubed.

And from out of the clacking and blooping of the geometrically programmed score rises that familiar, solitary *revellé* from Rogers' guitar. It starts again between the coaxing refrain of 'Give Me The Lovin' ('Come Ahnnnn...'), grooving and twisting in splendid isolation. Perhaps, like Captain Hook's alarm clock, he has swallowed a tape loop of the riff.

'Show Me Your Light' follows a similar route, Rob Sabino's keyboards flashing like the dashboard of the Starship Enterprise; and from the very beginning of 'You Got Some Love For Me' there is the spivvy strut of a song that knows it's arresting. Wizard business, frivolous and radiant, banality is Chic. Feathery jazz piano that will surely burn that bistro down, inlaid with snatches of glistering, alternating guitar strings.

'Believer' departs with a sub-Sugarhill sonic prune of a number. 'Party Everybody' must be an immaculate prank. An oven-ready voice imparts the invitation chugga-rap style and tries to have us believe that everywhere he turkeys, there's a party, every party goes old chum 'Y'awl' is naturally yanked into the proceedings. What better point to close the lid on the Chic Organization's file of pretty platitudes. Have A Nice Day!

Cath Carroll



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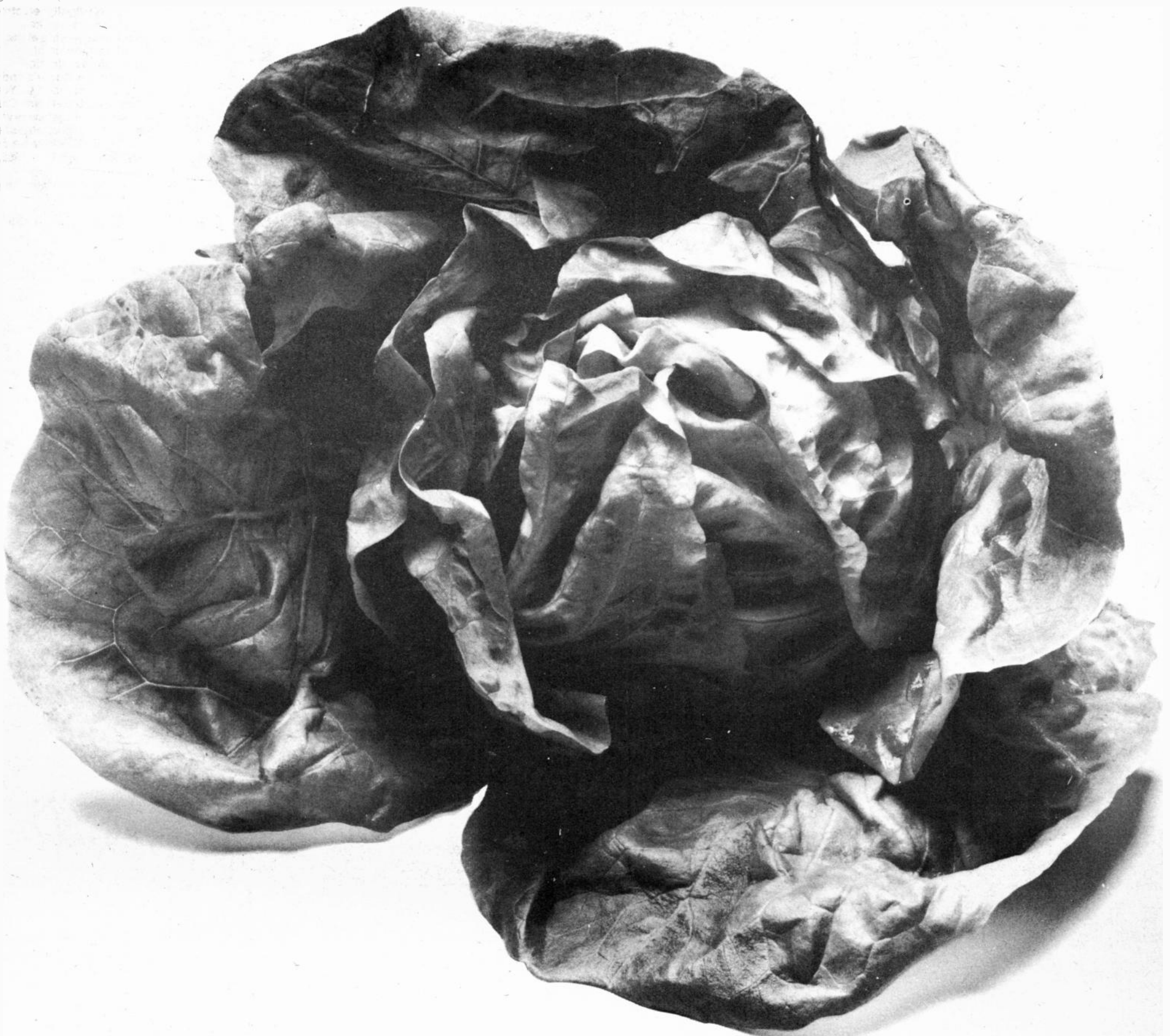
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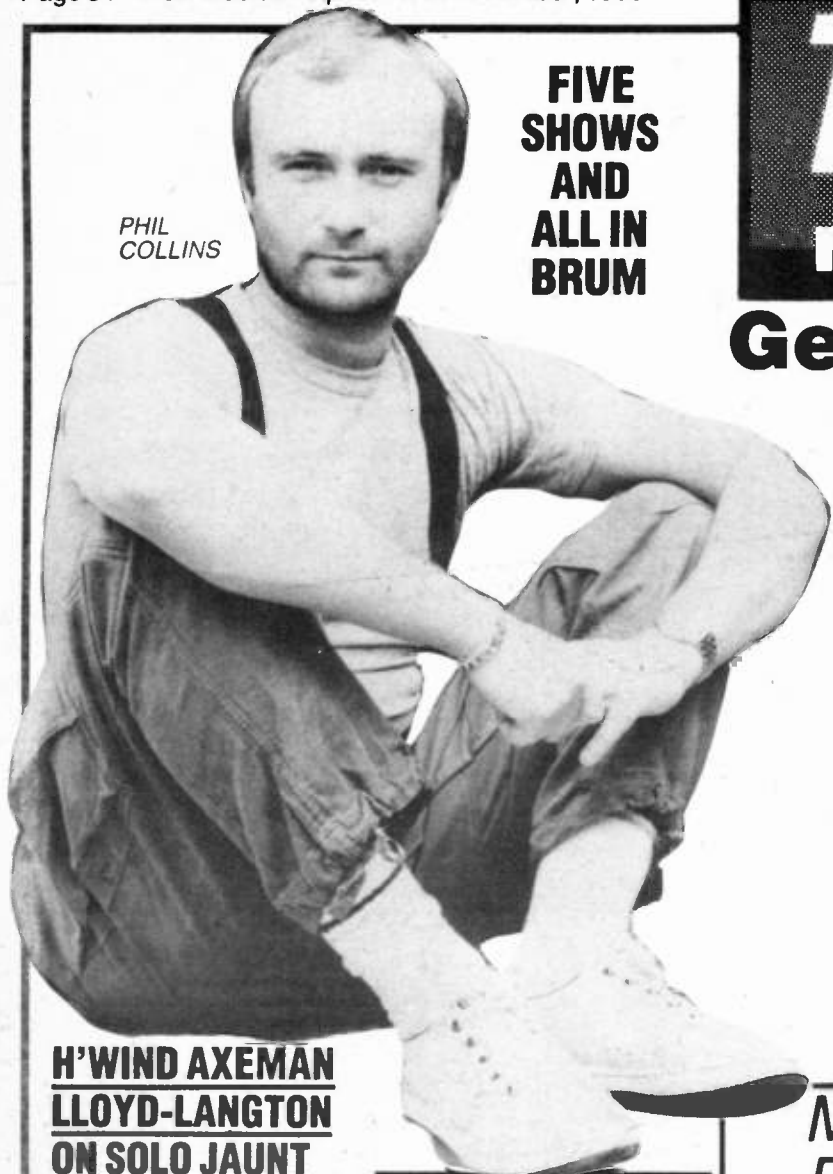


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PHIL COLLINS

FIVE SHOWS AND ALL IN BRUM

H'WIND AXEMAN LLOYD-LANGTON ON SOLO JAUNT

HUW LLOYD-LANGTON — lead guitarist with Hawkwind — has signed a solo agency deal with Terry King Associates, and next month he'll be going on tour with his own group to promote his debut solo album 'Outside The Law', recorded live at London Brentford Red Lion and released by Flicknife Records on 6 January.

He'll be taking a three-piece line-up on the road under the banner of The Lloyd-Langton Group, the other two members



being former Ian Hunter and Climax Blues Band bassist Rob Rawlinson and drummer John Clark.

They'll be playing ten dates throughout the country, opening at London Marquee on 11 January, with the rest of their schedule to follow shortly. The tour is confined to January, because Lloyd-Langton then has to start rehearsals with Hawkwind for their previously reported UK tour, opening on 15 February.

THE GO-BETWEENS are to support Aztec Camera in their three dates in Scotland at the beginning of next week — Glasgow (Sunday and Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday). Then they're off to America's East Coast where they'll be gigging over Christmas, after which they record their third album, for Rough Trade release in the spring.

KRAFTWERK, who had been expected to tour here at the end of the year, won't now be doing so! Their visit was to have tied in with the release of their new album, but the long-awaited LP is still not ready, though it has now reached the mixing stage. The word is that both album and tour can now be expected in the early spring.

THE SHILLELAGH SISTERS play the Castaway Club, located at Busby's in Redhill, on 20 December. This new Tuesday-night venue has been opened by Ian Watson, who previously promoted rock gigs at Redhill Lakeland Hotel, but was forced to close down when police alleged that a show there by True Life Confessions was obscene. He is now booking into the New Year at the Castaway.

HERE & NOW have also confirmed their first 1984 dates — at London Putney Half Moon (5 January), Croydon Star (6) and Dudley J.B.'s (14), with more being set. Their live LP cassette 'Coaxed Out From Oxford' is available at their gigs — or by post (priced £3.50 including p&p) from Nowhere Productions, 3 Bellvue Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey.

PENDRAGON, who had to cancel a couple of dates earlier this month when keyboard man Barny Barnfield was suffering from bronchitis, are to support Marillion in their sell-out show at Birmingham Odeon on 30 December. And they begin their own New Year tour at Guildford Royal Hotel on 5 January.

TOUR NEWS

Genesis dates

GENESIS have announced details of the only five European shows they will play in 1984 — and not only are they all in the UK, but they're also all in Birmingham! The venue is the 15,000-capacity National Exhibition Centre, and the dates are 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29 February. There will be no support act, and the last two nights will be charity shows in aid of the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Centre and The Prince's Trust, respectively.

Tickets are priced £8.50 and £7.50, and in order to satisfy demand, the band have decided to allocate 50 per cent of the tickets to varying regions of the UK — the breakdown is as follows: Scotland and the North-East (25 February), Manchester and Liverpool (26), South Wales and the West (27), London and the Home Counties (28) and Birmingham and the Midlands (29). The dates will immediately follow the band's 72-date tour of North America, which is already in progress and doesn't finish until 20 February.

The following agencies are already selling tickets: Virgin Records Bristol and Newcastle, Cyclops Sound (Birmingham), Spillers (Cardiff), Usher Hall (Edinburgh), Mike Lloyd Records (Hanley), AW Associates (Lincoln), Royal Court Theatre (Liverpool), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Way Ahead (Nottingham), Ticket Shop (Reading), Lotus Records (Stafford), Keith Prowse and most other leading agencies (London). Credit card bookings will be accepted by Keith Prowse on (01) 836 2184 and by Birmingham NEC on (021) 780 2016. General box-office information may be obtained from the NEC on (021) 780 2516.

MAJOR CAMPAIGN BY QUEEN IN '84

QUEEN have been conspicuous by their absence in 1983, and this has prompted a flood of readers' enquiries asking what's happened to them. The fact is that this has been a deliberate policy on the part of the group who, apart from recording a new album, decided to take a year out of the public eye. But 1984 will be a different kettle of fish, and will see a major Queen comeback.

The first stage comes on 9 January when EMI release their new single, a Roger Taylor composition titled 'Radio Ga Ga'. This is followed on 30 January by the new album 'The Works', which the band are currently completing in Munich. And then comes a return to live performances, with a mammoth world tour now in the planning stages — this will certainly include UK dates, though it's not yet known at what time of the year.

The group, whose previous outlet in the US and Canada was through Elektra/Asylum, have now signed to Capitol Records for those territories — which brings them under the EMI banner on a worldwide basis. Their new single and LP will be their first for Capitol, though they will continue to appear on the EMI label in this country.

Jacksons: seven Earls Court gigs in August?

THE JACKSONS' eagerly-awaited UK visit, which will form part of their massive world tour, is now likely to take place towards the end of next summer — probably in August. Latest word is that they won't play any regional shows, but will concentrate on London, where they're expected to play six or seven nights at the Earls Court stadium — not Wembley Arena, as was first thought.

The brothers held a Press Conference in New York recently to announce their world tour plans, although nothing specific emerged from it, and they will shortly be holding another in Los Angeles to give more precise details. Their US tour is apparently due to start in April, and is scheduled to play 40 dates, but it seems that Michael Jackson is angling to have it reduced to 20. The exact period

of their UK visit will depend upon the eventual agreed length of their American tour, but August appears favourite at the moment.

The group's new album, still untitled, is scheduled for March release in the States — and Epic are hoping to issue it simultaneously in Britain. An interesting sidelight on the LP is that Mick Jagger sings on one of the tracks.

Out this week in America is the hour-long video *The Making Of Michael Jackson's 'Thriller'*, which features all the promotional films for the singles lifted from the LP, including the highly publicised 14-minute video to the title track. It's expected to be available here around February, as soon as the battle for distribution rights has been resolved — and in the meantime, is likely to become a prime target for bootleggers!

STILL MORE DATES BY TINA

TINA TURNER has added a further two dates at London Victoria The Venue, due to the exceptionally heavy demand for tickets, and she will now be playing seven shows there in five days. The extra performances are this Friday and Saturday (16-17), and doors open at 7.30pm on both nights. Her previously announced Venue shows are this Sunday (doors 7pm) and two performances each night next Monday and Tuesday (doors 8pm and 10.45pm). And Tina's out-of-town concerts are at Cardiff St. David's Hall (21 December) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (22). Tickets for all dates are £6.50 and £6, with additional £5.50 seats at Cardiff and Croydon. ● JAN AKKERMAN returns to London to play a one-off at The Venue next Wednesday (21). He's supported by Real, and all tickets are £3.50.

TWINKLES: XMAS DAY IN LONDON

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS, who recently completed a UK tour and have since been working in Europe, return here this weekend to play a few more dates — including the only London gig of which we're aware on Christmas Day. The extra dates are at London Brixton The Academy, formerly the Fair Deal (19 December, tickets £5 advance and £6 doors), Leeds Cosmo Club (24) and London Harlesden Coliseum Suite (25, tickets £4). The Brixton show features guest Al Campbell plus sound system, while the Harlesden gig (8pm onwards with food and refreshments available) has Jah Shaka at the controls. The Twinkles are continuing to promote their current album 'Burden Bearer'.

DOCTOR AT LARGE

Hook confirms 26 concerts

DR. HOOK return to the UK in March to undertake the longest tour they've yet undertaken in this country, playing 26 concerts at 22 venues, including three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon. Their last tour here in November 1982 was a complete sell-out and, in view of the anticipated demand, promoter Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises has decided to announce the tour schedule well in advance and put tickets on sale immediately.

Dates are Birmingham Odeon (10 March), Harrogate Centre (11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Aberdeen Capitol (15 and 16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Manchester Apollo (18), Preston Guildhall (19), Brighton Centre (21), Southampton Gaumont (22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23 and 24), Liverpool Empire (26), Sheffield City Hall (27), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (31), Bristol Hippodrome (1 April), Oxford Apollo (2), Halifax Civic Theatre (3), London Hammersmith Odeon (5, 6 and



7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9) and Ipswich Gaumont (10).

● Ticket prices are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Aberdeen, St. Austell, Hammersmith and Oxford); £7.50, £6.50 and £5 (Bristol); £8, £7, £6 and £5 (Croydon); and £7, £6 and £5 (all other venues). Dr. Hook are currently recording a new album and single, which will be released to coincide with the tour, for which a support act has still to be confirmed.

ILLNESS HITS TOURS AGAIN

MAGNUM, who had lined up a pre-Christmas tour (reported three weeks ago) largely to counter rumours that they had broken up, have had to cancel the majority of them because of guitarist Tony Clarkin's illness. However, determined to prove that the band are still functioning as a unit, they've already re-scheduled the gigs as follows: Coventry General Wolfe (17 February), London Marquee (18-19), Nottingham Rock City (21), Blackburn King George's Hall (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (26).

BRAVE NEW WORLD was the title of the self-financed package tour featuring Pallas, Solstice and Trilogy. But despite its admirable enterprise, it suffered a severe setback when its last seven scheduled dates had to be cancelled, including a major London showcase last week at the Lyceum Ballroom. This was due to Pallas lead singer Euan Lawson going down with throat problems and bronchitis. The three groups are now going their separate ways — and Pallas, who recently signed to EMI, will be headlining a major tour in February to tie in with the release of their new LP.

XMAS EVE BONANZA IN BRIXTON

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS are the special guests in a multi-band Christmas Eve rave-up at London Brixton The Ace, when up to 20 South London groups will be appearing, along with other guests and DJs. Among the 13 already confirmed are The Cannibals, Skinflix, Ministry Of Truth, Sid Presley Experience, Colours, Repulsion and Sweet 'N Bitter. It's being presented by Jock McDonald, whose previous Christmas promotions have included The Sex Pistols and PIL. Advance tickets cost just £1, and admission on the doors will cost £1.50. The show runs from 2pm to 1am.

● AUSTRALIAN CRAWL, currently supporting Duran Duran on their UK tour, headline the Xmas Eve caper at London's 100 Club in Oxford Street.

AMAZULU, whose charity gig at London The Venue last week raised £1,000 for the National Council for the Welfare of Prisoners Abroad, play two shows in Glasgow tomorrow (Friday) — supporting Gary Glitter at the College of Technology (8.30pm) and a headliner at Strathclyde University (11.30pm). They also play London Camden Dingwalls on 21 December, and have arranged a Christmas concert for the inmates of London's Holloway Prison.

MODERN ENGLISH, Cook Da Books and Big Self comprise the bill for the New Year's Eve show at the Institute of Contemporary Arts' theatre in London's The Mall. This is part of the ICA's "Big Brother Is Watching You" Rock Week, and was only unconfirmed night, the remainder of the line-up having been announced last week. There will be a bar extension to 1am on New Year's Eve.



HAZE

HAZE, the up-and-coming Sheffield progressive rock band, have set the first gigs in a planned ten-week tour — at Sheffield George IV Hotel (this Sunday), Castleford Trades Club (24 December), Chesterfield White Swan (28), York Bay Horse Inn (29), Glossop Surrey Arms (30), Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge (5 January), London Marquee (7), Bradford Wheatheaf (11), Darlington Collectors Arms (12), Preston Kings Arms (4 February), Bangor University (17) and Huddersfield White Lion (18). The tour supports their cassette album 'The Cellar Tapes' (£2.25) and single 'The Night'/'Dig Them Mushroom' (£1.25), available postage paid from Gabadon Records, 25 Fir Street, Sheffield S6 3TG. Haze are (top to bottom) vocalist and guitarist Paul McMahon, percussionist Paul Chisnell and Chris McMahon (bass and keyboards).

SOFT CELL are now only playing two nights at London Hammersmith Palais next month, and not three as originally announced. They'll be in action there on Monday and Tuesday, 9-10 January, and the proposed show on 8 January has been scrapped.

FIAT LUX take a break from recording their debut Polydor album to appear as special guests on the Howard Jones mini-tour, which opens at Chippenham Goldiggers this Sunday and climaxes at London Lyceum on 27 December. Early in the New Year, they'll be playing a series of dates in their own right, to coincide with the release of a new single.

POISON GIRLS are bidding farewell to their current bassist Mark Dunn, who is leaving the band "due to offers of large sums of money from undisclosed sources". They play their final gig together tonight (Thursday) at London Brixton Fridge with Tymon Dogg, Tony Allen and Soul Assistance — then the band will be out of action until a replacement is found and rehearsed.

WINSTON REEDY & Hard Rock, who supported UB40 on their recent UK tour, have a Christmas Eve gig at London's Tropical Palace in Kensal Rise — tickets are £4.50 (advance) and £5.50 (doors), and the support is Sweet Distortion. Reedy, whose current album 'Dim The Light' is high in the reggae charts, will be appearing with the group in BBC-2's *Ebony* tonight (Thursday). They plan a major British tour next year.



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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
VIA THE
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ONLY 10p PER WORD



A TOUCH OF THE CRAMPS

Above:
POISON IVY
eases the pain
for vocalist
LUX INTERIOR

THE CRAMPS, forecast by NME two weeks ago for a UK mini-tour in January, have been forced to delay their visit until mid-February. The reason is that they've just started intensive rehearsals with a new guitarist, whose identity hasn't yet been disclosed, and there's no way they could be ready for live appearances next month.

The group's line-up is unusual in that it features two guitarists but no bassist—and, although girl musician Poison Ivy has remained constant, it's the other guitar spot which has posed problems over the last couple of years. When original member Bryan Gregory left, he was replaced temporarily by Julien Bwond, who soon gave way to Kid Congo from The Gun Club. A few months ago, Congo returned to The Gun Club, and Cramps drummer Nick Knox persuaded Ivy and vocalist Lux Interior to bring in his cousin Ike Knox. It seems that, after a probationary period, Ike hasn't worked out and has been dropped—and it's his replacement who is currently rehearsing with the others.

Promoter John Curd initially announced the band's dates for January, then was forced to change them to February just as we were going to press last week. In the last-minute panic, we were able to print the revised dates, but unfortunately the month didn't get changed. So, in case you were confused, here's a re-cap of their correct schedule: Manchester Hacienda Club (15 February), Birmingham Odeon (18) and London Hammersmith Palais (19 and 20). Tickets are on sale now, and the support act at all three venues is Sexbeat. Subject to confirmation, they appear on *The Tube* on 17 February.

Whitesnake add 11

WHITESNAKE have added 11 more dates to their winter tour—more additions, in fact, than their original schedule! The new dates are Dublin SFX Hall (17 and 18 February), Belfast Ulster Hall (20 and 21), Liverpool Royal Court (24), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Cardiff St. David's Hall (7 March), Brighton Centre (8), Newcastle City Hall (10 and 11) and Ipswich Gaumont (17). Additionally, their previously announced show at St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum has been switched from 23 February to 6 March.

Ticket prices for the extra UK gigs are all £5.50, except Belfast (£6.50) and Brighton (£5), and they are available now from box-offices. Their

NEW SINGLE AND LP SET

dates already confirmed, postponed from this autumn, are at Leeds Queens Hall (25 February), Glasgow Apollo (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Wembley Arena (3 March) and Birmingham NEC (4).

The band will have a new single issued by EMI on 3 January, 'Give Me More Time'/'Need Your Love So Bad', and their delayed album 'Slide It In' is now set for 30 January release. The A-side of the single is taken from the LP; the B-side isn't on the album, but it will be on the cassette.

Marillion's extra shows



MARILLION, whose late-winter UK tour was announced four weeks ago, have now added a further four dates to their schedule due to public demand—these include a third night at Hammersmith Odeon and the first-ever gig at Plymouth Skating Rink, and brings their itinerary to a total of 24 shows. The extra dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (19 February), Plymouth Skating Rink (25), Exeter University (27) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9 March). Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 for Edinburgh and London, and £4 only for the other two venues—they are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, except at Plymouth where they are only available from the town's Virgin Record Store.

RECORD NEWS

● **Lifetones** are a duo comprising former This Heat member Charles Bullen and Julius Samuel, the latter being a multi-instrumentalist though primarily a drummer, and their self-named mid-price album is released on Tone Of Life Records (through Rough Trade and The Cartel).

● **Northampton five-piece The Tempest**, who supported Bauhaus on their final UK tour, have signed to Anagram Records. Their first single via this outlet is issued this week in both 7" and 12" forms, 'Montezuma'/'ABC'.

● **Vinyl Drip Records** release their second compilation of Blackpool groups, 'The Blackpool Rox EP No. 2'. It features bands already fairly well known in the North, including **Sign Language**, **Love 30**, **Fifth Column** and **Crack House**. It's available through The Cartel—or by post (£1.20 plus SAE) from 53 Anchorsholme Lane, Blackpool, Lancs.

● **Two new 12-inchers** emerge this week from the Discordia Dancefloor branch of Illuminated Records. South London trio **Portion Control** follow their recent mini-LP 'Hit The Pulse' with, in logical progression, 'Raise The Pulse'. And **400 Blows**, who made their debut last year with 'Beat The Devil, now come up with 'Return Of The Dog'.

● **Australian band Wendy & The Rockettes**, who've been supporting ZZ Top on their UK tour, have their new single 'Have You Been Telling Me Lies' issued by A&M. From the same label come the album 'Do It My Way' by US soul star **Howard Johnson**, and the debut 12-inch single by new young torch song called 'Prepare To Energise'.

MUSICAL YOUTH release the follow-up to their recent Top Thirty hit '007' on 6 January and in numerical progression it's called '16'—it's taken from their second album **Different Style**, and features a guest vocal by Shalamar singer Jody Watley. The B-side is the previously unissued 'Strictly Vibes', written and produced by the group, and the label is MCA.

THE JETS this week release what is probably the last of the 1983 Christmas singles—and they haven't left themselves much time to sell it! It's their version of the oldie 'Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree', coupled with 'Hold On Honey', and it's on PRT Records.

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips' seasonal and gospel orientated album 'Bless This House' is reissued by Buddah (through PRT). Via the same distributors, **JOE DOLCE** (of 'Shaddup You Face' notoriety) has his 'Christmas Album' out on the Red Bus label. And on PRT Records, there's the compilation LP 'Dance Party', with contributions from **CHUCK BERRY**, **JONATHAN KING** and **LONNIE DONEGAN**, among others.

THE VIOLENT FEMMES, whose self-named debut album was released in the summer, now offer a new single. The seven-inch version, issued only in the UK by Rough Trade Records, couples 'Ugly' and 'Gimme The Car'. The 12-inch is released by Rough Trade Deutschland and has two extra tracks, 'Gone Daddy Gone' and 'Good Feeling'.

GRIME OF THE CENTURY is the title of a six-album box-set of punk compilation LPs, rushed out this week by Anagram Records at a budget price. The albums featured are 'Punk & Disorderly I, II & III', 'UK/DK' and the double-LP 'Burning Ambitions', together comprising 100 punk classics.

SLADE have a new single out on Polydor this week, despite the current success of 'My Oh My'. In fact, it's a reissue of their No. 1 hit 'Cum On Feel The Noize', which re-appears due to Quiet Riot's massive US success with their cover version. The B-side features two other Slade hits 'Take Me Back 'Ome' and 'Gudbuy T' Jane', and there's the bonus of 'Coz I Love You' on the 12-inch format. With their 'Merry Christmas Everybody' also just reissued, it means that Slade have three current singles!



● **West London band Thirteen At Midnight** (above) have their second single released this week by Survival Records—their first, by the way, had a very favourable NME write-up. The A-side is 'Skin Deep', and it's coupled with 'Shack Up'.

● Following their recent John Peel session, **Sudden Sway** have reactivated and re-pressed their 12-inch 'To You With Regard' and the seven-inch package 'The Traffic Tax Scheme', the latter incorporating both 'Sir Savoir Her Valoir' and 'Me Says Conscience'. They're on the band's own Chant Records label, through Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● **New rock label Zebra Records** have picked up the rights to the **Ozz II** album 'Exploited' featuring Greg Parker, who originally released it on his own Streamline Records label. It's being issued in a new sleeve at the end of January.

Wonder marks Luther King anniversary

STEVIE WONDER's single 'Happy Birthday a No 2 hit in the UK 30 months ago' is reissued by Motown this week in 12-inch form. It's a prelude to the 55th anniversary of Martin Luther King's birthday on 15 January, and it's being issued simultaneously in the States, where it's not previously been released. The B-side comprises a 17-minute montage of Martin Luther King speeches, including the memorable 'I Have A Dream' speech (1963) and the 'I've Been To The Mountain Top' speech (1968).

GLORIA GAYNOR's new single 'I Am What I Am', which has been a top import for several weeks, is released officially this week by Chrysalis. It's the finale number from the block-busting Broadway musical *La Cage Aux Folles*, written by Jerry Herman, and the B-side features a dub mix of the same song. There's also an extended 12-inch format.

WILLIE NELSON will have an album released at the beginning of January on the Magnum Music Group's Sundown label. Titled 'Slow Down Old World', it features nine classic tracks by the notorious country superstar, and it will be available at a special price.

EVELYN KING has now re-adopted her 'Champagne' nickname, and is so labelled on her new RCA album 'Face To Face', released this month. Also being issued is a single from the LP in both 7" and 12" formats, 'Action'/'Let's Get Crazy'. And the lady is due in Britain early next year for a full tour, details expected soon after Christmas.

10CC's 'How Dare You' is the 60th reissue in Phonogram's back catalogue budget-price series 'Priceless', launched in April. It has so far been very successful, the two biggest sellers being 'Into The Music' by Van Morrison and 'Technical Ecstasy' by Black Sabbath—and, as a result, the company now plans to increase the catalogue to 100 titles.

● **Fiame Records**, the label launched by former Sisters Of Mercy member Ben Gunn, this week release the debut single by **Anabas**—'Barricades'/'Dream Dance'. Distribution is by Red Rhino, and Gunn is now looking for other bands for the label which is based at 9 William Street, Leeds LS6 1JG.

● **German trio U-bahnix**, described by those who should know as 'weird and wonderful', are in London this month to record their debut single under the auspices of Island's Nick Stewart. Dick O'Dell is producing, and the New Year release will be on Y Records.

● **Desborough School Choir**, from Maidenhead in Berkshire, release their single 'Why Not Buy An Extra Present?' on Jira Records (through Spartan). They are not trying to emulate the St. Winifred's School Choir, who made us cringe three years ago with 'There's No One Quite Like Grandma'—in fact, this record is being sponsored by several leading pharmaceutical companies, and all proceeds are going to the treatment of juvenile rheumatoid arthritis.

● A new compilation album is available on New York's ROIR label, distributed exclusively in the UK by Red Rhino—it is 'America Underground', a title which largely speaks for itself. It spotlights 20 different bands, including **Pylon**, **The Residents**, **Fans**, **The Shoes** and **Bunnydrums**.

● If you're looking for something for kid brother or sister for Christmas, two new **Smurfs** albums are available at £3.99 each from Dureco (through PRT)—'Smurfs Party Time' and 'Merry Christmas With The Smurfs'. There's also the single 'The Joking Smurf'.

FAD GADGET, just back from Berlin where he's been recording tracks for his upcoming album, releases two of them as a new single on 3 January—it is 'Collapsing New People'/'Spoil The Child', issued by Mute Records in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring two mixes of the A-side. Gadget's only confirmed live date is on 29 December, when he joins **Spear Of Destiny** at London Lyceum, but he'll be undertaking a full tour in February to coincide with the release of the LP.



FAD GADGET

GARY GLITTER
and the
glitter band
LAUREL and HARDY
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SUNDAY 18th DECEMBER at 8.00
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PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245 OR £4.00 ON NIGHT

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ORCHESTRE JAZIRA
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THE REPUBLIC

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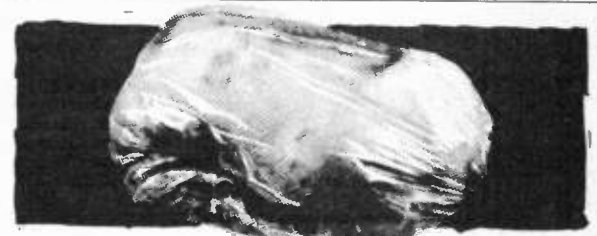
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KING OF KURT
ADICTS
POGUE MAHONES
the DANCING tarantulas
28th December at 7.30pm
Wednesday

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March Violets
DANIELLE DaX
CROWN OF THORNS
Sunday 1st January at 8.00pm

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+ Different support each night £6.00 Upstairs £6.50 Down
Early show 7.30-10.30 Club then closes
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Monday 19th & Tuesday 20th December
Midnight Spectaculars Doors open 11.30 p.m.

Wednesday 21st December
An Xmas Special For Channel 4
JAN AKKERMAN + Real £3.50

Thursday 22nd December
CHRISTMAS SPECIAL To Be Advised

Friday 23rd December
CLUB NIGHT £4.00

Saturday 24th December
CLUB NIGHT £5.00 Adv £6.00 Door

Sunday 25th - Thursday 29 December
CLUB NIGHT £4.00

Friday 30th December
CLUB NIGHT £4.00

Saturday 31st December
£7.50 Adv £8.50 Door
The Venue proudly presents by special arrangement
1984
9 p.m. till late

Thursday 5th January
FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL £3.00

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FIAT LUX
ON TOUR WITH HOWARD JONES

DECEMBER 18 CHIPPENHAM GOLDDIGGERS
DECEMBER 19 ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
DECEMBER 20 ROCK CITY NOTTINGHAM
DECEMBER 21 GUILDFORD CITY HALL
DECEMBER 22 TOWN HALL HIGH WYCOMBE
DECEMBER 27 LYCEUM THE STRAND

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SOFT CELL
hammersmith palais

January 9th & 10th
Doors 7.30
£4.00

Tickets Available from Box Office Star Green
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Happy Hour, Old Order, Skinflix, Third Light, Colours, Sweet & Bitter, Sid Presley Experience, Repulsion, Groove Diggers, Ministry Of Truth, Que Varda, C.I.S.O.F., The Bollock Brothers
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Christmas Tuesday 27th Dec. 7.30pm Till late
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Saturday 24th December
Special Xmas Eve Affair
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HOWARD JONES
special guests
FIAT LUX

DECEMBER DATES
18th Chippenhams, Goldiggers
19th Liverpool, Royal Court Theatre
20th Nottingham, Rock City
21st Guildford, Civic
22nd High Wycombe, Town Hall
27th LYCEUM LONDON

THURSDAY 15th

Barry Red Dragon: **Energy**
 Belfast The Cloakroom: **My Pyjamas**
 Birmingham Barrel Boys: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: **Back Street**

Slide
 Bournemouth Madison Joe's: **Un Deux Twang!**
 Bournemouth Town Hall: **Aswad**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton Conference Centre: **Duran Duran**
 Bristol Granary: **Chelsea**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **Crass/Flux Of Pink**
 Indians/Annie Anxiety
 Buxton Opera House: **Mike Harding**
 Canterbury Albion's: **Dark Entry**
 Cardiff Art College: **Howard Gardens**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mike Harries**

Band
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage**
 Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4 1/2
Garden Gnomes
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Mummy Calls!**
 Furlous Apples

Crewe Aslager College: **John Otway**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Spinners**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Basila Ballup Band**
 Darlington Collectors Arms: **Haze**
 Deal Swan Hotel: **Playing By Numbers**
 Derby Blue Note: **Canker Opera**
 Dumbarton Pinetrees: **A Happy Marriage**
 Dundee University: **The Boomtown Rats**
 Edinburgh Coasters: **Killing Joke**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**

Ferryhill King's Head: **SEX**
 Folkstone Peter Pipers: **The Opposition**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Flend/The Net/Dog's Body**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Culture Club**
 Gourcock Metrose: **The Meteors**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Jig Saw**

Hereford Market Tavern: **Fear Amongst Friends**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Jiff Boy Jive**
 Keele University: **Gary Glitter**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Mainsqueeze**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Brian White's Magna**

Band
 Lancaster University: **Slade**
 Leeds Queens Hall: **The Police**
 Letchworth Plimston Hall: **Gothique**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Immaculate**
Fools/Hush-Hush

London Brentford Red Lion: **The Inmates/Sam Mitchell**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Polson Girls/Tymon Dogg**

London Camden Dingwalls: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Farenji Warriors**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Stewart**

Band
 London Camden Palace: **Brilliant**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Tantrum**

London City University: **The Europeans/Sector 27**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Hank Wangford**

Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Nights/Tail**

Girls
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Tokyo Olympics/Zero Beat**

London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Little Sister**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Agent Orange/Brothers of Beat**

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tears For Fears**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Chevalier Brothers/Si Si Cremola**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tokyo Olympics**

London Kennington The Cricketers: **Northside Rhythm & Blues Ensemble**

London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**

London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Adelaide Hall/Mike Garrick & Guests (until Saturday)**

London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stage Nine**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Subhumans/A-Heads/Naked/Faction/Instigators**

London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**

London Richmond The Bull: **Georgia Jazzband & Guests**

London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (until 31 December)**

London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Barry Densham Big Band**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio (until Saturday)**

London Stockwell The Plough: **Chuck Farley**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ruby Turner Band**

London Stratford The Swan: **The Wild Girls/Ian Saville/Don Carroll/The Creamies**

London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Chas & Dave (until Saturday)**

London Victoria The Venue: **The Revillos/Ground Zero**

London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**

London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**

London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: **Poguemahone**

London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Pookiesnackeburger (until Saturday, also 20-23 and 28-30 December, 3-7 January)**

Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judas Priest/Quilet Riot**

Manchester Ashton The Metro: **The Animals**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **City Funsters/Big Flame/Tools You Can Trust**

Manchester Hacienda Club: **Spears Of Destiny**
 Manchester University: **Billy Bragg**
 Manchester University Whitworth Park: **The Shapes**

Newcastle The Bear Pit: **The Toy Dolls**
 Northampton Arts Centre: **Cayenne**
 Nottingham Co-op Educational Centre: **West Square Electronic Music Ensemble**

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Sharples/Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**

Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Nottingham Viro's: **Dawn Trader**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Surface**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Sidewinder**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Level 42**
 Reading Target Club: **Tredegar**

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

NO MASSIVE new tours starting this week — they're all currently under way, and heading towards their respective grand finales, either just before or soon after the Christmas holiday. Among those to whom this applies are **CULTURE CLUB**, **THE POLICE**, **TEARS FOR FEARS**, **HOT CHOCOLATE**, **KILLING JOKE**, **LEVEL 42** and **PAUL YOUNG** — plus **DURAN DURAN**, who start their four-day stint at Wembley Arena on Sunday. But there are a batch of mini-tours, specially designed for the festive season, and a number of major one-off events with the same object in view. So let's look first at the pre-Christmas mini-tours:

Prior to their late-winter tour, which is already virtually sold out, **SIMPLE MINDS** are playing a handful of holiday gigs — two at London Lyceum (Sunday and Monday) and three in Glasgow (from Wednesday). . . . The evergreen **TINA TURNER** — who's nearly as old as this writer, but wears rather better — files in on the crest of her 'Let's Get Together' hit to give seven performances in five nights at London The Venue (from Friday), followed by Cardiff (Wednesday). . . . And **AZTEC CAMERA**, also enjoying a current chart hit, are on home territory for dates in Glasgow (Sunday and Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday).

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions offer their usual Yuletide treat for their fans, with a concert in Birmingham (Monday) and the first of two shows at Hammersmith Odeon (Wednesday). . . . **HOWARD JONES**, who must rate as one of the success stories of 1983, is in action at Chippenham (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and Guildford (Wednesday). . . . After taking their Christmas show on the road for the first time, **LINDISFARNE** start their traditional hometown season at Newcastle City Hall on Sunday, running until 30 December — with just a brief gap midway for turkey and pud.

Leading Scandinavian band, the incongruously named **HANOI ROCKS**, undertake a brief tour which climaxes in three nights at London Marquee (Sunday to Tuesday). . . . And **KING KURT** are back home after totally disrupting Europe, and they offer their Christmas greetings by way of a string of gigs running through the week.

There are plenty of one-off shows worthy of attention, and we've picked out just a few, though a glance through the accompanying listings will soon uncover considerably more. . . . Newly returned from America, where **Soft Cell** have been engaged in a farewell tour, **MARC ALMOND** plays a London show on Sunday in company with **The Mambas** and sundry friends. . . . At the same time, and little more than a stone's throw away, **SKY** are in performance. . . . And on Monday, **THE SMITHS** celebrate their recent elevation to chart status by headlining at the Electric Ballroom in North London. . . . Still in the capital, **ART GARFUNKEL** tops a special Christmas charity concert at the Royal Festival Hall on Wednesday. . . . and the same night, **MADNESS** play a one-off at the Lyceum.

Highlight of the week, in terms of big names, is the **Peace Concert** at London Victoria Apollo on Sunday — for which **THE STYLE COUNCIL**, **ELVIS COSTELLO**, **IAN DURY**, **HAZEL O'CONNOR** and **MARI WILSON**, among many others, have been named. If you're unable to get a ticket (which seems highly probable), one consolation is that a TV show, video and album are being produced from the event.

Simple Minds among pre-Xmas revellers

Below: Minds frontman **JIM KERR**



January deadline

IF YOU were thinking of submitting a Christmas or New Year gig for publication — well, hard luck, you're too late. As we announced last week, the double-issue GIG Guide for the period 22 December–4 January went to press yesterday (Wednesday). But here's a reminder that gigs for our first issue of 1984 must reach us by the middle of next week. This covers the GIG Guide period from

5 to 11 JANUARY

If you want your gigs listed on this page for that particular week, please note that details must be received by us not later than

WEDNESDAY, 21 DECEMBER

That's the absolute deadline. So don't put it off — bear in mind the postal delays usually incurred at this time of year, and remember that 21 December is less than a week away. Mail your 5–11 January details at once to NME GIG Guide, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — and make sure you're not disappointed.

FRIDAY 16th

Aylesbury (Wendover) Wellhead Inn: **The Opposition**
 Bathgate Rock At The Park: **Chasar**
 Belfast Lab 7: **My Pyjamas**
 Birmingham Aston Hades Club: **Skinflx**
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Crass/Flux Of Pink Indians/Annie Anxiety**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **No Tears**
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: **New Model Army/1919**

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Michael Chapman**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Coup De Grace**
 Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Academic Hamiltons**

Brighton Conference Centre: **Duran Duran**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Beergut One Hundred**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**

Bristol University: **Kolo/Shikisha**
 Cambridge City Limits: **Twelfth Night**
 Cardiff Bogies: **Dagaband**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Back Street Driver**

Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**

Cheriton White Lion: **Zip Culture**
 Coalville Bensons: **Daryl & The Chaperones**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **John Otway**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlites**
 Crawley Leisure Centre: **Toyah**

Croydon The Cartoon: **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**

Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
 Dunstable Civic Hall: **Level 42**
 Durham University: **Fragile Friends**
 Edinburgh Moray House: **The Meteors**
 Feltham Football Club: **The Toy Dolls**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Freak Electric/Play School**

Glasgow University: **The Boomtown Rats**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Gary Glitter & The Glitter Band**

Gravesend Red Lion: **Isengard**
 Guildford Surrey University: **The Enid**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Tredegar**
 Halifax Queen's Road Centre: **Ik/Riot In The Lab/An Atrocious Show**

Harlow Square One: **The Newtown Neurotics/Animal Farm**

Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**

Hereford Market Town: **The D.T.'s**
 Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
 Hesse Ferryboat Inn: **Titan**
 Holmfrith Civic Hall: **Legion**
 Horwich Hilton Community Hall: **Mass Of Black**
 Ipswich Northgate School: **Gut Reaction**
 Keele University: **King Kurt**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Peter Sarstedt**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Bill Parsloe's Jubilee Band**

Kingston Grove Tavern: **The Trudy/The Jim-Jams/Departure**

Launceston White Horse: **The Man Upstairs**
 Leeds Queens Hall: **Culture Club**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The West/In The Frame**

London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Mike Mulkerin/Demon Barbers/Mocking Birds/Rat Patrol**

London Brixton The Fridge: **The Motivators**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Europeans/Gelsha Girls**

London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**

London Camden Palace: **Quando Quango**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**

London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Radical Shells**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Grey Parade**

London Deptford Albany Empire: **Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra/The Wild Girls**

London Deptford Engineers Club: **The Wild Girls/Ian Saville/Don Carroll/The Creamies**

London East Dulwich Old Cherry Tree: **Step By Step**

London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Desolation Angels**

London Eltham College: **One Burning Heart**
 London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Maggie Nichols/Gladys McGhee**

London Finchley Rd. Castle Club: **Tokyo Olympics**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**

London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/Tea House Camp**

London Greenwich The Mitre: **Flying Pigs/Killer Queen**

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Milkshakes/The Prisoners**

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest/Quilet Riot**

London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Bobby Kath & Love Train**

London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**

London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes Band**

London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace: **Misty In Roots**

London Kensington Stanhope Arms: **The Guest Stars**

London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**

London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor in the musical Nightshoot (for a season)**

London Marquee Club: **Carlene Carter**
 London Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **Vamp/Laslo & The Leopards**

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ricky Anderson Band**

London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Roy Harper**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**

London School of Printing: **New Empire**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Little Sister**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**

London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **New Road/The Body Electric/The Difference/The Kick/Tilt**

London S.W.11 Jongleurs: **Geno Washington & The Mojo Kings**

London Victoria The Venue: **Tina Turner**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Replaceable Hedz/K.G.B./The Dispossessed/The Vinagerettes/Unknown Colours/Bliss and many more**

London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Chantz/Suppose I Laugh**

London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Exocettes**

Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Margate Kent Hotel: **Sidewinder**
 Margate Winter Gardens: **Tears For Fears**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Norwich Gala Ballroom: **GBH/English Dogs/Panorama In Black**

Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wild Willy Barrett**
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**

Rayleigh Crocs: **Hanoi Rocks/I.Q.**
 Sheffield City Hall: **The Animals**
 Sheffield The Marples: **Maison Rouge**
 Sheffield University: **Frank Slob & The Slobettes**

Southend Blue Boar: **The Shakers**
 Southend Queen's Hotel: **Le Mat/Hang Ten**
 Southend Westcliff Pavilion: **The Spinners**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**

Swindon Brunel Homes: **Chelsea**
 Torquay 400 Club: **Aswad**
 Torrington The Plough: **The House Band**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **Bljou/Border Incident**

Wokingham Angle's: **Killerhertz**

SATURDAY 17th

Barnstable Heanton Court: **The House Band**
 Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Ellery Bop**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Virgin City Blues Band**

Bridlington Golden Gloves: **International Rescue**

Brighton Conference Centre: **Robert Plant**
 Brighton Dome: **Tears For Fears**
 Brighton Escape Club: **Masque/1919/Voodoo**
 Bristol Granary: **Tredegar**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Chaz Jankel**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mutual Friends**
 Chatham Central Hall: **The Spinners**
 Cheriton White Lion: **Grass**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**

Chichester New Park Rock Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**

Colne Francis: **The Meteors**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Hanoi Rocks**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Crumlin The Cave: **My Pyjamas**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
 Durham Fowlers Yard: **Warrior/Avengers**
 Durham University: **Slade**

Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
 Evesham Public Hall: **Wrathchild**
 Faversham Alexandra Centre: **Frank Jennings**

Syndicate/Johnny Spencer
 Ferryhill King's Head: **Free-Zone**
 Fetcham Riverside Club: **Dagaband**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller**
 Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **The Enid**
 Harwich Park Pavilion: **Truffle**
 Hereford Market Tavern: **UK Subs**
 Hertford The Woolpack: **Gothique**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **John Otway/Deja Vu**

Huddersfield White Lion: **Dry Ice**
 Kempston Wilbur's Wine Bar: **Precious Little Idols**

Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **Chasar**
 Leicester Highfields Community Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Doctor 'G'/Wolde Selassie**

Liverpool Captain's Cabin: **The Chase**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**

London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Recruits/The Montellas**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Bronski Beat/The Cover Versions**

London Camden Dingwalls: **Darts/The Corporation**

London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**

London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Wolffe Witcher Band (lunchtime)/Poor Boys (evening)**

London Covent Garden National Jazz Centre: **Onward International/The Guest Stars**
 London Cricklewood Hotel: **Mike Mulkerin/Demon Barbers/Mocking Birds/Rat Patrol**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Man/Tail Thin Man**

London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Dirty Bartle/Corporal Henshaw/Wipeout/Dirty Fingers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Death In June/In The Nursery**

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest/Quilet Riot**

London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Johnny Young Band**

London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**

London Hounslow College: **The Time Dance**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ruby Turner Band**

London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace: **Pat Kelly/Abacush/Janet Kay/Victor Romero Evans/Winston Reedy/Carroll Thompson etc.**

London King's Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**

London Leicester Square The Jive Dive at The Subway: **The Rhythm Men**

London Marquee Club: **Clive Burr's Escape**
 London N.W.1 Diorama Arts Centre: **Jazz Afrika/Mango Juice**

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bitelli's Onward International/The Guest Stars**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**

London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Taylor Band (lunchtime)/Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight (evening)**

London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Soul Assistance**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Stoke Newington The Albion: **The Bodypoppers/Mixed Nuts/Year 7**
 London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Tina Turner**
 London Waterloo Young Vic: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Olympic Smiles**

London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Riccochet**

London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **The Nightingales/The Jasmine Minks/Rob Lloyd's Spectacles**

CONTINUES OVER

London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Whizz Kid**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Manchester Ashton The Metro: **The Boomtown Rats**
 Margate Kent Hotel: **Vigilante**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle Bear Pit: **Killing Joke**
 Newcastle City Hall: **The Animals**
 Newcastle St. Thomas Church: **S.F. Jive**
 Oldham Tower Club: **Pressure Drop/Mass Of Black**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Toyah**
 Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing/Johnny & The Roccas/The Questionnaires**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Police**
 Tonypandy Naval Club: **Dagaband**
 Trowbridge Peewee's: **Laughing Sam's Dice**
 Whitley Bay Esplanade Club: **Emerson**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Laverne Brown Band**

SUNDAY 18th

Ashford The Crusader: **Tandem**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton Escape Club: **Test Department**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **Hot Chocolate**
 Bristol The Crown: **Laughing Sam's Dice**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Charing Swan Hotel: **Peter Turner Band**
 Cheriton White Lion: **Maroon Dogs**
 Chesterfield Union Club: **The Darkroom Bizzarre**
 Chippenham Goldiggers: **Howard Jones**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Level 42**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/Mungo Jerry (evening)**
 Crumlin The Cave: **My Pyjamas**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Enid**
 Eastbourne Diplocks: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Fetcham Riverside Club: **Dagaband**
 Glasgow Pavilion: **Aztec Camera**
 Harrow Wealdstone F.C.: **The Meteors**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Kettering Rising Sun: **Energy**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Georgia Jazzband**
 Leeds Tiffany's: **Killing Joke**
 Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **The Lawnmower/Craig Charles & Guests**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Slade**
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
 London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **John Otway**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Ian Campbell Group (lunchtime)/Gypsy Fingers (evening)**
 London Charing Cross Rd. Chandos Club: **Himalaya**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Response/Rattaplan**
 London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Sky**
 London Duke of York's Theatre: **Marc Almond & Friends/The Mambas/The Venomettes**
 London Finchley Tarrington: **The Blueberries**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Websters**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon/Double Agent**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Corporal Henshaw**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Soak Devils**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Culture Club**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **Gary Glitter & The Glitter Band/Laurel & Hardy/Seabear**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Marie Kath & The Olympics**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **TV Personalities/The Jasmine Minks/Biff Bang Pow**
 London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Mel Wright's Quaggy Delta Blues Band**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers/Roy Williams**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Mike Smith Big Band (lunchtime)/Bob Taylor's Jazz Pantomime (evening)**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Lee**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Chaos/Dead Loss/The Worms/16 Guns**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **The Sunday Jam**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **The Style Council/Ian Dury/Elvis Costello/Hazel O'Connor/Mari Wilson/Chaz Jankel/Bono and many more (charity show)**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Tina Turner**
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **She**
 London Wapping The Gallery: **The Lost Pandas/Mick Furbank**
 London Wembley Arena: **Duran Duran**

GIG GUIDE CONTINUED — and let's get together with Tina Turner



London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Mike Mulkerin/Demon Barbers/Mocking Birds/Rat Patrol**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Johnny Parker's Good Time Jazz**
 Manchester Jilly's: **The Newtown Neurotics/Action Pact**
 Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Multi Story**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedos**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
 Nottingham Leno's Cinema: **Aswad/Don Carlos/Welton Irie**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Robert Plant**
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Stanzeres**
 Ramsgate Concord Leisure Centre: **Sonic**
 Salisbury Wilton Saddle Rooms: **Un Deux Twang!**
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Haze**
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Boomtown Rats**
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Strolling Bones**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Police**
 Stockport Three Shires: **The Glee Company**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Juvenessence**

MONDAY 19th

Belfast The Cloakroom: **My Pyjamas**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 Blithley Leisure Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
 Bradford Bierkeller: **Fire Clown**
 Bradford Palm Cove: **King Kurt**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Molra Mouse**
 Chesterfield White Swan: **Passing Strangers**
 Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Animals**

Crawley Thomas Bennett School: **Attila The Stockbroker**
 Dorking The Pilgrim: **Avenue**
 Dunstable The Wheatheaf: **Fractured Nerve**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Abused/The Untamed/Stolen Corpse/Blind Attack**
 Glasgow Candy Club (Lorne Hotel): **The Pastels/The Legend**
 Glasgow Pavilion: **Aztec Camera**
 Glasgow Rutherglen The Monday Alternative: **Dead Neighbours**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Enid**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Allen/Chrome Molly**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Howard Jones**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **JoZo/Hoo-Ha**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Guana Batz/The Cannibals/X-Men**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Operation**
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Smiths/Redskins/Red Guitars**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Odd Sox**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Woosh/Agent Orange**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **PDQ/Ash**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Bad Detective/Peacock Parade**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Please Return My Dog**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Beat Of Dreams/Final Seconds**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Culture Club**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Sunwind**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson**
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dancette**
 London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Nation**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hi-Life International**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Pentangle**

London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **High Society Band**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Coup D'Etat**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Moef Ga-Ga**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's Club: **John Mizaroli Band**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Billy Connolly (until Saturday)**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Tina Turner**
 London Wembley Arena: **Duran Duran**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Hollywood Killers**
 London W.1 (Dean St) Alice In Wonderland at Gossips: **Jeremy's Secret**
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Fall**
 Newark Technical College: **No Tears**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
 Northampton The Slipper: **Energy**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Killing Joke**
 Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Un Deux Twang!**
 Sheffield The Marples: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Anti-Sect/Chumbawamba**
 Southport Mad Hatter Club: **Little Brother/Robin & Peter**
 Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Level 42**
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
 Worthing Assembly Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**

TUESDAY 20th

Belfast Lab 7: **My Pyjamas**
 Birmingham Mr Bill's: **Stigma**
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Police**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
 Birmingham (Tysley) The Greet: **Back Street Silde**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Don Rendell/Lennie Best Quartet**
 Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Man Upstairs**
 Bristol The Mardye: **Laughing Sam's Dice**
 Burton The Blue Posts: **Daryl & The Chaperones**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Vipers**
 Chesterfield White Swan: **Circus**
 Coventry Navigation Inn: **Red Texas**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Eavesdropper**
 Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
 Derby Blue Note: **No Tears/Catena Twist**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Barnaby Rudge**
 Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Aztec Camera**
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Tears For Fears**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Level 42**
 Huddersfield Josephine's: **Legion/Spectrum**
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Judas Priest/Quiet Riot**
 Leicester Psychic Dancehall: **Test Department**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Killing Joke**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Emotional Spies/Zero Le Creche**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Micky Moody Band**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Primitive Society/Sexbeat**
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wreathangles**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The Charts**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Montage Real Estate/The Ashes**
 London Crouch End King's Head: **Deal, Elliott & Hemsley/Richard Chapman**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Searchers/Fatz Datz & The Kool Katz**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lost Boys/Rattlesnakes**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Primitive Speech/Eric Goes Fishing**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Greatest Show On Legs**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Capricorn/Synth Taxi**
 London Hammersmith Klub Foot: **Furyo/Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Culture Club**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Poguemahone**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **SFX**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Carr & Guests (until Thursday)**
 London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Legend**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Toy Dolls/Enemy**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey/Mullen**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Dave Hancock/Dave Suttle Trio**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband/Al Grey**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Subhumans/A-Heads/16 Guns**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Stage Nine**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Aswad/Orchestra Jazira/The Republic**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Dirth Anthrax**

London Victoria The Venue: **Tina Turner**
 London Wembley Arena: **Duran Duran**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fractured Nerve**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Beauxartx**
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Punk-Blues/Red Ice**
 Manchester Bahd on the Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Manchester Jilly's: **King Kurt**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Sextet**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Howard Jones**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Robert Plant**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
 Southend Zero 6: **Hedgehog/Absolute Beginners**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Enid**
 Treforest Estate Club: **Pendragon**

WEDNESDAY 21st

Belfast Blue Bus: **My Pyjamas**
 Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Red Lion: **Stigma**
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Police**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Judas Priest/Quiet Riot**
 Boston Rainbow Club: **Energy**
 Bradford Market Tavern: **Requiem/Seven Antelopes**
 Brighton Dome: **Level 42**
 Burton Town Hall: **Daryl & The Chaperones**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Bamboo**
 Cardiff St. Davids Hall: **Tina Turner**
 Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Dr. Feelgood**
 Dublin McGonagles: **Killing Joke**
 Glasgow Barrowland Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **Howard Jones**
 Leeds Brannigans: **Negativz/Toy Dolls/Icon A.D./Xpoez/Instigators/Criminal Justice**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Robert Plant**
 London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Van Noorden/PDQ**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Mungo Jerry**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Amazulu**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Yes Sir**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Yip Yip Coyote/Sensible Jerseys**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Heartbeats/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Baseball Boys/The New Torpedoes**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **5 Cent Country Band**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nantuck Five/Bilko**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Raymond Froggatt**
 London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Chevallier Brothers**
 London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **Pride Of The Cross**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reactions**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Monty Sunshine Band/Beryl Bryden**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
 London Royal Festival Hall: **Art Garfunkel/Wren Orchestra**
 London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Steppin' Out**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
 London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **The Tender Trap**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Jan Akkerman/Real**
 London Wembley Arena: **Duran Duran**
 London W.1 (Dean St) Orgasm Club at Gossips: **The Stingrays**
 London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: **Bobby Henry Group/Side-Way Look/Corporate I.D.**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Phil Miller/Pip Pyle/Eton Dean/Lol Coxhill etc.**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
 Milton Keynes Open University Theatre: **John Otway**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle The Bear Pit: **King Kurt**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **6 Pack**
 Nottingham Hardy's Wine Bar: **No Tears**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Tears For Fears**
 Preston King's Arms: **Genocides/Mass Of Black**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stoke Tiffany's: **Fire Clown**
 Wakefield Hellfire Club: **The Meteors**

■ NEXT WEEK IN NME ■ GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN...

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And bringing up the rear, fairy on top of the Christmas tree MARILYN wets his whistle with Paul 'Marinetti' Morley... Follow that, suckers!

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LIVE FIRING A BLANK

SHOOTING 'EM DOWN

THE GUN CLUB FLESH FOR LULU ALIEN SEX FIEND THE MOODISTS

London Lyceum

FOR ALL you latecomers, The Moodists were tonight's only genuine ghosts on a highway thronged with displaced "Batcave areseholes" (Jeffrey Lee Pierce's words, not mine). An ethereal tenor croons cryptically dark forebodings made tangible by the steely inferno raging beneath. No frills, but a dreamtime pulse beats and the tumbleweeds blow back and forth... Art-rock goes walkabout.



Jeffrey Lee Pierce rolls out the barrel.

Two images linger — archetypal jolly babysitter, the marmalade-haired Clare Moore studiously smashing the guts out of her drums; singer Dave Graney, a stubby-legged young farmer trussed up in Joe Orton's Swinging London rent-boy schmutz, throwing the most

extravagant Nick Cave shapes ever.

By comparison Alien Sex Fiend seem almost *normal* — just the Screaming Lord Sutch arse-end of the Gothic pantomime horse. Rambling and flaccid on the atrociously produced 'Who's Been Sleeping In My Brain?', live their good songs ('Ignore The Machine', 'Lips Can't Go', 'New Christian Music') gain in ramalama scuzz-power but lose in finesse. What price their gruesomely amusing one-liners when Nik Fiend's larynx has been sand-blasted into one long high-wattage fart?

His face-pulling makes up in childish enthusiasm what it lacks in variety, like an emaciated Herman Munster in a fright wig. Even his wife can't bear to look at him — which might be to his disadvantage in the long run because Alien Sex Fiend's 15 minutes are almost up.

But Flesh For Lulu are determined to beat the clock. Once happy merely ripping off the Velvets, FFL are now at once more camp-horror Ham (Virgin Prunes) and more rock-Wagnerian (Bunnymen). Very Psychedelic Furs, very 1983. A Pickwick-tinny cover of The Stooges' 'TV Eye' grinds along self-importantly as does the rest of their proficient but inane monotonous set. File alongside The Alarm.

And file The Gun Club in with Blue Oyster Cult. They could be contenders but, judging on tonight's evidence, now look headed for Peacockville. Forget Jeffrey Lee Pierce's scholarly talk of Charley Patton, Robert Johnson and Skip James. There's no sense of landscape or history in The Gun Club's thrashes, just a high-volume, stop-start, big-beat drone. Nor will you find any drama, clarity or wit in their remorselessly empty firing around a single exhausted key.

Looking like Diane Dors bundled up as a Mississippi steamboat captain, Pierce compensates for his crude and



Nik Fiend's truss snaps

Gun Club & Fiend ptx by Kerstin Rodgers

brattish vocals with a petulant display of clichéd Fender-bending. Hours later, the statutory encore was a version of, believe it or not, John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' interpreted as screeching, meanderingly lead-booted HM. By contrast, the previous week ZZ Top had played the rock blooz with all the grace, humour, energy and imagination that The Gun Club so conspicuously lacked tonight. With no high-calibre fire-power, The Gun Club just shot from the lip.

Mat Snow

BIG FLAME THE FLOATING ADULTS

Manchester Band On The Wall

THERE'S A certain approach to song structure that can be traced back to rehearsal conditions in a player's formative days. Crotchety neighbours can influence a stripling's approach as much as the more obvious sources of inspiration. Why, even the young Wes Montgomery was forced to cram his practice onto the lower strings because the next-doors considered penetrating treble notes cause for complaint. Decades further on The Floating Adults bear signs of a group whose songs were conceived in harness then suddenly given their freedom.

There's a certain 'Rock Lobster'-ness about the whimsical, wheeling guitar, softly running through shadowy melodies. Just when you start stocking up on words — 'quirky' 'Fred Frith' 'essentially English' — in skids a flailing Casio and the others respond in preposterous protest. Promise peeps out between the zig-zagging bass and vigorous drumming, notably in the obscurely titled 'Skulled In Tesco's'. The singer in between sulks and squaks and cuts a disarming, sullen Rik Mayall presence. An immortal tantrum belts through the PA.

The compact threesome, Big Flame, shudder in a complex, choking bout of timing, a tumbling Unstrung Melody in which a multiple pile-up of early Pop Groupisms collides with constantly gear-changing rhythms. A deft, domineering bass is defaced by the guitar's vicious scribbings. When 'These Boots Were Made For Walking' is Big Flame-ified, the fitful locomotion and wind-down bass suggest it might almost have been self-written.

Big Flame's ambitious approach to form has meant they've taken longer than most to crystallise. 'Sargasso' shows they are on the way to moulding those awry arpeggios into hooklines. (Consults Thesaurus for neat image to denote 'deserving'...). Big Flame should be... incinerated...um...cremated...drat...de-frosted...got it! Kindled!

Cath Carroll

WELL DONE T-BONE

(with a side salad)

T-BONE BURNETT MITCH RYDER

London Dingwalls

BEING A cute American maverick isn't a particularly profitable avenue to chase down these days. Not much of T-Bone Burnett's wry, vaguely penitent Dingwalls show has stuck in my mind but there's no doubting this lanky Texan's humane grit and spit put polish on some old ghosts of the new world.

His songs have a way of snatching a flashbulb metaphor out of the air — "cold as fibreglass" — and when put to a music that hums with every radio spin you've ever remembered, it makes for a mean catalogue of night-time assignments and reflections on the tender trap. Burnett sends out dry, supple songs like 'A Ridiculous Man' and 'Pressure' with a demeanour that suggests an urbane rogue in a country boy's shoes, and his laconic fits of energy spark them erratically into life.

Sometimes he's simply too clever. I can enjoy his 'Proof Through The Night' LP without falling captive to it, and his taste for the esoteric only diffuses his live punch. His group seemed scared of electricity — acoustic six-string, bull fiddle, human harmonies and the softest rustle of drums — and this skeletal dressing can border on the threadbare, Burnett's weaselly voice under some strain.

The terse loops of 'Trap Door' and 'Fatally Beautiful' worked to a kind of mariachi shuffle as substitute for a clear attack; and there was an enjoyable rousing 'Not Fade Away' and a loveless 'Walk On By' among some flip covers. A literate man undecided on the characters he sifts through.



"... or I'll swap it for a '57 chevy." Pic: Jason Pepovar

No such quirks of nature for Mitch Ryder, a dumpy man with a face like a side of pork. Starting with a densely frantic 'Bow Wow Wow' it was soon clear how hard the years have worn into this fine old Detroit bruiser: with his voice crackling into splinters the impassioned drive of some basic, ordinary US rock faltered at key moments.

Ryder's young and proficient band were tough but could've been whistled up from any downtown dancehall. Mitch himself played the resilient trouser and sometimes made the rags of this tattered form shine. He's not lost, just mislaid by time.

Richard Cook

MAMA, WEER ALL CLISHAYZ NOW!

SLADE

Loughborough University

HERE THEY are again, being famous. With 'My Oh My' doing well, 'Merry Christmas Everybody' pottering about, and with royalties from Quiet Riot's 'Cum On Feel The Noize', Slade ought to be looking like an interesting band. Unfortunately, Slade have a dogged determination to be as ordinary as possible.

Tonight their audience was made for them: a collection of cider-filled students in the worst of 1978 fashion, they were old enough to remember Slade's golden days, and tasteless enough to appreciate the drivel Holder, Hill, and Co. now turn out. So tasteless that the cheers for 'We'll Bring The House Down', that unfulfilled brickie's promise, were louder than those for 'Take Me Back Ome', "Mama Weer All Crazy Now", and the like.

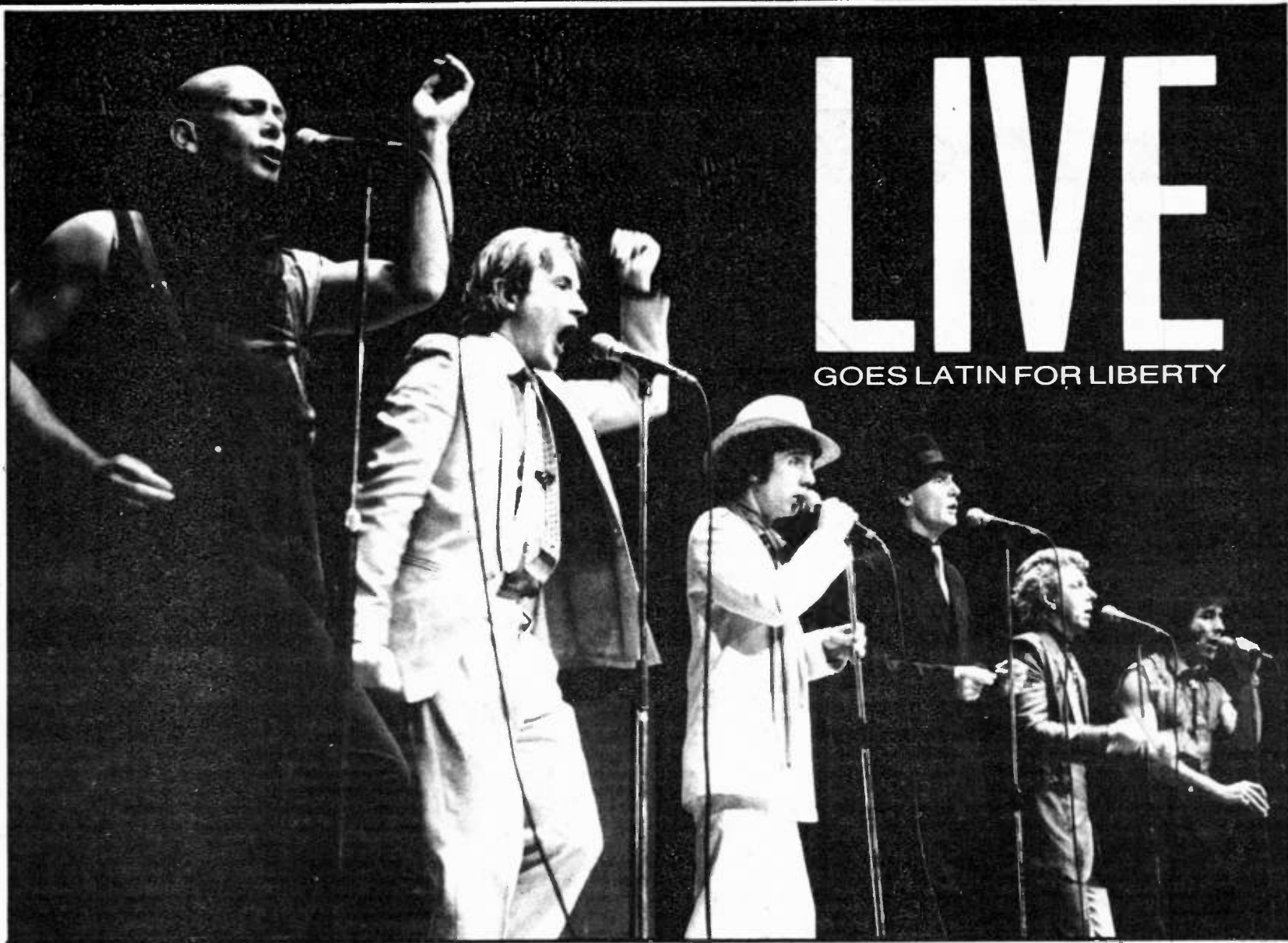


Over the (Dave) Hill

In the 1970s, Slade's combination of melody, the Holder voice, and a rocky stomp made for a mad thunderous noise with a bright red label. Nowadays, they're content with an extremely sane thunderous noise, sacrificing melody for cliché. There is a kind of poetry about something like 'Merry Christmas': the descending chords and the despairing vocals gave lines like "Does your granny always tell you/ That the old songs are the best?" a good pop grace.

But put that next to 'Lock Up Your Daughters' (which sounds like a song about locking up your daughters and is about as interesting as mucking out your hamsters) or the atrocious 'A Night To Remember', and you just get down on your knees and thank the Good Lord that you never had the slightest desire to see Slade do an evening of bad heavy metal. Take me back home.

David Quantick



Too, too: The Flying Pickets let off Steam

Pic Neil Satchfield

AN EVENING FOR EL SALVADOR

London Queen Elizabeth Hall

THE COMFORTABLY-OFF audience arrived to see top-flight 'alternative' performers in aid of a USA-battered country on the other side of the world — and got a good evening's entertainment; seven hits out of ten bits.

1. Andy De La Tour. Miss. A smug comedian who helped compound my prejudices against the audience with easy jokes about the 'dole' and 'police brutality', both of which went down a storm. The nearest these people have probably got to either was watching *Boys From The Blackstuff* by mistake.

2. The Joeys flapped their intellectuals' corduroys and aired their synthesizer and silly voices to great comic effect. Big applause.

3. Julie Christie *et al* read poems from El Salvador. It sounds dreary, but wasn't.

NUMBER ONE: NO BULLETS



Julie Christie

Pic Neil Satchfield

One, about potentially explosive volcanoes, made its point calmly and passionately. Everyone was moved.

4. Emma Thompson managed to be heart-warming and cutting at the same time. Impish and charming she crept back and forth along the stage like

Richard Pryor acting frightened, and proceeded to turn creeping embarrassment into loud laughter, landing a hefty swipe at paper-dolly brained attitudes to the world via a mimed encounter between "Majorie" and a Vietnamese boat-person in a

suburban art gallery.

5. The Flying Pickets, despite increasing showbiziness, still proved completely irresistible. All those voices going at once do something to the brain that make it want to squeal with pleasure. Unashamed entertainment, nourishing stuff.

6. Leon Rosselson was so far off target it was embarrassing. A total anachronism with his professional amateurism, hopeless folkieism and songs where you can see the rhyme and the message coming a mile off. Woolly political ditties in silly voices isn't going to help anyone, least of all Mr. Rosselson. How this gone-to-seed history teacher lookalike ever wrote the great 'World Turned Upside Down' I'll never know.

7. Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl play biting folk music. He sat, chair back outwards, robust and Scottish while she,

American and demure, played guitar as they spoke and sang their way through a part lament and part rallying cry for El Salvador. Hard, clear and elevating, the best act of the evening.

8. Lynton Kwesi Johnson's rhythms have become more litely sensual and subtly musical since his days of heavyweight promotion on the rock scene. An older, wiser man.

9. Yolocamba I-Ta came from El Salvador and played the folk music of their country with understandable commitment. The grown-rich children of the '60s in the audience got up and did a spot of restrained idiot dancing. For a second it must have taken them back to the Isle of Wight.

10. The Tramp, sat right outside the exit and played his harmonica. I bet he thought he had good timing, it being a benefit night.

Abe Smith

FLASHES

SURFIN' DAVE

Bradford 1 in 12 Club

SWEET GLEAMING on his naked skull, the salivating Surfin' Dave prods back his massive spectacles with a single thin finger as they once again start their slow slide down his slick and shiny proboscis. He struts, sneers and sings:

"There are grey skies above/The house my Baby lives in/And if that's not enough/She's taken to her bed with the 'flu'."

Artists! Armed with one guitar, two ideas and three chords he sports a shirt of the sort which hasn't been seen since Jack Lord assumed full artistic control of *Hawaii Five-O*. Surfin' Dave has his audience's undivided hostility with his torrid tales of insubstantial physique and romantic disaster.

A genius? A plagiarist? Is he just taking the piss? One thing's for certain — if Buddy Holly had been born a Yorkshireman he would have sounded nothing like Surfin' Dave. Neatol

Susan Williams

DAVID JAY

Fulham Greyhound

THIS WAS ex Bauhaus bassist David Jay's attempt to leave the back seat. It failed. Tucked away behind The Image he was merely safe. Now fronting his very own tape recorder he is glassy and insipid — embarrassingly so.

A facial hybrid of John Denver and Steve Drowett, Mr Jay ad libbed through a sulky set of strums and bum notes. Like an overgrown student singing Dylan, he was laid back on quicksand. He tried to pacify the assembly with John Cater's 'Fear Is A Man's Best Friend', complete with punky walls and body shivers. But the dirge effect and Brillo pad double-bass accompaniment were too much to swallow.

Allison Hume

IGOR'S NIGHT OFF

London Embassy

FROM THE netted bodice of the blonde girl's stomach protrudes a pale, bloodless hand clutching feverishly at her breast.

This mildly shocking image matched the incongruity of watching ghoulish Igor's Night Off perform in the imitation jewellery setting of the Embassy.

An Igor night out is like *The Addams Family* crossed with Billy Smart.

Manic rantings from half-crazed ringmaster Ken were marginally offset by the dangerous antics of a pair of jugglers/fire-eaters who came close to lighting several leather-clad backsides. In the midst of this mayhem, music could be heard; a harnessed chaos, teetering on the edge of discipline. The vocals, shared by Ken and Suzanne Gardner rose strongly from the background sound, ensuring that the tongue-in-cheek, frequently self-mocking lyrics could be understood.

A female violinist, with cool, fair features of the type to make Hitchcock return from the grave, gave some deft, unusual twists to the aural clutter. The result was surprisingly tuneful and — for those who could tear their mesmerized gaze away — danceable.

Jas Bancel

THE THREE DEGREES

London Wimbledon Theatre

STANDING OUTSIDE in a sea of fur coats, bald patches, and the occasional wedge, it's hard to foresee that a barnstormer of a show lies in store. Inside the atmosphere is respectable, family entertainment minus the kids. Whip out the Barclaycard to buy the new LP in the foyer (and remember, it's not available in the shops). The average age is 35, and there are shockingly few black people.

The ten-strong band launches into E. W. & F.'s 'In the Stone', and The Three Degrees (looking unexpectedly young) glide on stage, and proceed to sing a criminally ordinary version of the song. From then on all the covers they do are brilliant 'Wanna Be Startin' Something', 'Sweet Dreams', 'She Works Hard For The Money', 'Love Is The Key', 'Flashdance', 'Maniac', 'MacArthur Park', 'Every Breath You Take'.

It doesn't matter that the girls' dancing is more amusing than impressive, cos they've got beautiful voices, and they sweat push scream and harmonise with a mastery that is truly thrilling.

Simon Witter

LITTLE BROTHER

Deptford Engineers

LITTLE BROTHER has subtly distanced himself from the rangers. To be fair more a stand-up comic-poet — but even so it stinks of first rat off the ship. Kiss and kill, it's a tough business. Rant is still alive. Check out Ferenc Aszmann. Forget ugly, hollow Attila.

Little Brother is sharp, funny, hard, still a menace to the Young Fascists. There's enough outright surrealism, drugs and children's TV, Murdock's crusade etc, to draw you in for the stinging blows. The trouble is the perennial one of preaching to the middle-class "intellectually" converted. In 1984 Little Brother must invade the sensibilities of the masses, and the logical starting point is a young rock audience.

Being so insular and comfortable, the average CAST/ New Variety audience walks out when the band (ie something loud) comes on. For once they were right.

Peter Pota.

MUCH LABOUR BUT MOSTLY PAIN

SPK

DANIELLE DAX
SONIC YOUTH

London Venue

SONIC YOUTH are a weirdo New York combo (of the Glen 'Symphony For 999 Guitars' Branca school) who play with their backs to the audience, offering guitars to the speaker-god of feedback and mayhem.

When they face full-frontal, you see four cretinously 'normal' mop-topped Americans, including a female bassist and a lead singer resembling Ronnie Howard in a '60s acid-casualty version of *Happy Days* 'Normal', as in The Feelies, Joey Ramone, Tom Verlaine and Flipper, though I bet that their garageland is some avant-garde N. Y. loft.

In fact, Sonic Youth were mindblowing, psychedelic without the amoeba slideshow, a fortuitous blend of the painstakingly serious ('We Tell Nothing But The Truth') and the unwittingly comical (raping guitars with drumsticks then holding them at arms' length, like they smelled or something). And the noise, probably from their new waxing, 'kill Your Idols' howled and screamed like Spookcity.

Sonic Youth were the best thing on eight legs all night.

All the way from Bohemia Miss Danielle Dax, Brecht-like, brought her own stage (nattily painted à la Chagall) and proved conclusively that she's mutton dressed up as Nina Hagen, Kate Bush, or worse, Toyah.

More than once, she performed her well known non-hit 'It Ain't What You Do, It's The Flowers of Romance' ('Go on, do 'Cruel Summer', a wag cried), and a succession of exotic tunes, and quivered like warm Turkish delight doing Marc Almond wrist exercises. It's a tragedy when the artiste tries so hard to be unique, interesting and ends up being like everybody else.

I wouldn't begrudge a group that long ago started metal-banging and exploring atrocity (they relieved a sheep carcass of its head at the Electric Ballroom



Danielle: tragedy

Pic Kerstin Rodgers

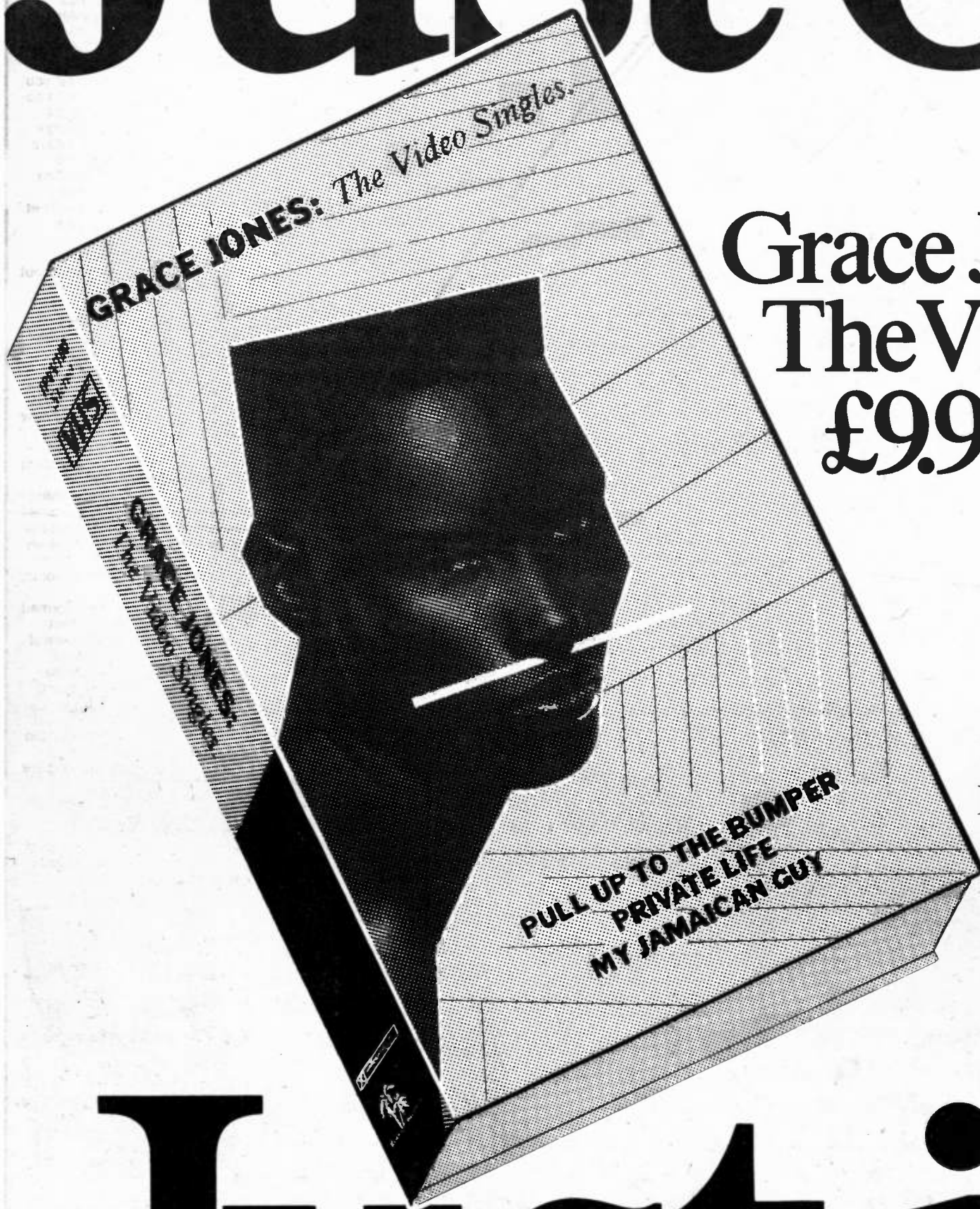
last summer) their statutory right to cross-over into disco. But nothing could obscure that the most atrocious thing about SPK now is their emptiness. Sinan, the remotely beautiful vocalist is very photogenic but as a preformer, a vacuum, a dead centre. SPK are in dire need of a Blixa Bargeld, or a Nick Cave (or female equivalent).

Played out against a screen showing conspicuously 'arty' Cocteau films, the whole act smacked of petulant nonchalance. I'd been warned that SPK were playing under severe "constraints" (ie they weren't allowed to burn their fires) but it became patently obvious that until they let rip (after a pretty uninspired 'Metal Dance') with the spark-throwing circular saw and the chain-swining, they couldn't get it up.

This last induced a frisson of excitement coupled with an involuntary bristling of adrenalin and a rush from the front. Would you want to get your scalp taken off for art's sake? No neither would I. As the management prematurely closed the curtains,

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ON THE BOX

BY CHRIS BOHN

THURSDAY DEC 15

How a lone **Peter Tatchell** took on the might of the yellow press and lost a Labour stronghold is relived in **Open Space: PT And The Battle For Bermondsey** (BBC2). Fighting dirty, it seems, invariably pays off. Principled in fair play, Chamberlain never believed Germany would march into Poland; moments leading to the crunching of marching feet are fanned again in tonight's **Film On Four: A Flame To The Phoenix**, a Brit TVM set in Central Europe and directed by William Brayne (9.30 pm), which concentrates international tensions into one country weekend on a Polish estate before the outbreak. *Wajda* bother, William, when countless Polish films have dealt with the same crises similarly and then at first hand?

The **Making Of** (Peter Yates') **Krull** is given a **Sneak Preview** (ITV 4.45), while the barbarians of **The Sweeney** crack skulls later the same channel. (10.30 pm).

FRIDAY DEC 16

Latest stitches—or hitches—in rock's rich tapestry featured tonight: A fitting meeting of **Tears For Fears** and **Crackerjack** minds (BBC1); Aztec Camera engage the intellects of Aston University students in **Whistle Test On The Road** (BBC2); and **Echo And The Bunnymen** vie with a taped McCartney interview on **The Tube** (C4, 5.30pm) as to who is the cabbage patch cuddliest of them all.

If after that you're suffering from a case of terminal cutesiness, switch to the hopelessly nastier **Heartattack Hotel**, Andrew Davies' black comedy; sort of **House On Haunted Hill** meets a gastronomic **Blow Out** in Dennis Potter's imagination, going by the synopsis. Book now. (BBC2). Stormy George C. Scott's first film as a director, called **Rage** (1972), stars himself as a Wyoming sheep farmer discovering man's impotence in face of the chemical warfare industry. (BBC1).

Richard Widmark is the outlaw gone straight and Robert Taylor the bad

penny from his past in tonight's Western **The Law And Jake Wade** (John Sturges 1958) on BBC2.

Not that one would like to spoil the BBC's Christmas, but I dearly hope union strikes check the spread of **Match Of The Day** to Friday nights. For those of you who like this sort of thing, it's **Spurs v Manchester United** beamed to you live (BBC1).

Neither director Werner Herzog's nor star Klaus Kinski's finest hour, but **Nosferatu The Vampyre** (1979) is the one they're best known for here. Herzog preserves the antiquity of the silent B and W original, though his is filmed in a drizzly colour, thereby curiously distancing the viewer from the horror. Europe's most menopausal male Bruno Ganz cuts an unlikely dashing lead, Isabelle Adjani as always is all eyes and no expression. Only Kinski wrests any real engagement/sympathy with his extraordinary, if erratic, performance. His is the first vampire to make you feel what a curse eternal life might be (C4, 11.15pm).

SATURDAY DEC 17

An unholy trio of latterday B movie greats suggests **Piranha** '1978' as the evening's highlight. Directed by Corman protégé Joe Dante, starring Paul **Eating Raoul** Bartel and tightly scripted by John **Alligator** Sayles, it features mutant razor fish terrorising a summer camp. I hope the cast—Bradford Dillman, Heather Menzies—don't give them indigestion (ITV, 9.30pm). Equally trashy and probably a lot less engaging is the Nancy Walker directed **Can't Stop The Music** (1980), a vehicle for The Village People to go over the top in. The Busby Berkeley reworking of 'YMCA'—incidentally the department store piped hit of China—scarcely realises the hilarious impact their initial hit appearances had. (BBC1).



... Dinner is served! (Piranha)

One day Michael Medved will no doubt tell us what's funny about it. But tonight's **Worst Of Hollywood** removes any pleasure you might have discovered for yourself in the welter of idiotic detail of **Robot Monster** (Phil Tucker 1953 on C4 11.30 pm).

Class counters the above crass in Howard Hawks' great comedy **Monkey Business** (1952), starring Cary Grant as the scientist messing with glands in an effort to revert the aging process. Ginger Rogers and Marilyn Monroe also figure (C4, 2.25 pm).

BBC2 make their play in the ratings game with a season of films with the same star, Cary Grant, opening with **Night And Day** (Michael Curtiz 1946), a biopic about Cole Porter. Those of you who admired **Heaven's Gate** might go for Jan Troell's equally long two-part **The Emigrants** and **The New Land** (1972) which covers some of the same territory. Namely the arrival of Swedish emigrants in 19th century America (BBC2).

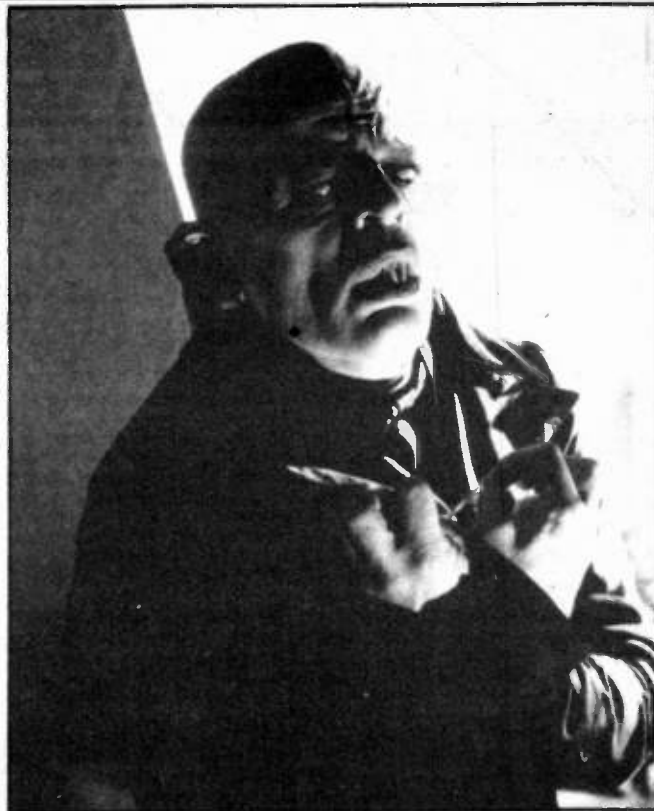
The deathly dull combination of Hammer and Dennis Wheatley sees off Saturday night in Terence Fisher's **The Devil Rides Out** (1968), starring Christopher Lee warding off evil (BBC1).

SUNDAY DEC 18

Desperate for gift ideas? Then tune to **Forty Minutes**. Pranks for a lowdown on singing telegram—kissograms, stripping nuns—amorous couples and all the other tame freaks you can hire to make your party go with a bang. (BBC2).

For **Frankenstein: The True Story** (Jack Smight 1973) read long, slow and low on chills. In short, true to Mary Wollstonecraft's romantic classic (BBC2).

So too—at a guess—will be **Once Upon A Murder**, ominously entitled



Klaus feeling hungry... (Nosferatu The Vampyre)

Part One, an American TVM starring Charlton Heston, Keith Carradine and Victoria Tennant, about the attempts of three generations of police in a Southern small town community to solve a series of '20s murders (ITV Network, 8.45 pm).

Pride of place again goes to Cary

Grant, who turns up TV (transvestite, apparently—Ed) in wartime **Paree** for Howard Hawks' **I Was A Male War Bride** (1949), about a French intelligence officer (Grant), who marries American WAC officer Ann Sheridan, but can only return to America as her wife. (C4, 10.25 pm).

Bhavni Bhaval/A Folk Tale (1980), the last in C4's current Indian movie season, tackles the uglier sides of the caste system (1.45pm).

MONDAY DEC 19

If it's Christmas on C4 it must mean a season with Buster Keaton—the thinking man's silent comedian. Don't let such cynicism stop you enjoying **The Goat** (1921) today, **The Balloonatic** (1923) tomorrow and the unmissable full feature **The General** (1926) on Wednesday.

Stay tuned and OD on comedy with **Dick Van Dyke** and **Here's Lucy** (5.30 and 6pm respectively), and switch for Milligan madness on **The Bob Monkhouse Show** (BBC2).

Schoolgirl Chums the same channel repeats the girls' own version of a ripping yarn, reprised tomorrow in **St. Ursula's In Danger** (still BBC2).

Some of us still can't tell the difference between tonight's excellent **Point Blank** (John Boorman 1967) and Don Siegel's **The Killers**, perhaps because they both star Lee Marvin as a puzzled hitman and Angie Dickinson as a moll to be pushed around. Here, if memory serves me right, Marvin is meaner (BBC1).

TUESDAY DEC 20

Rollerball (Norman Jewison 1975) was such a dullwitted prophesy of a future in which a violent spectator sport absorbed the warring instincts of a lacklustre population that it seemed out of date before it left the editing room. Anyway, terrace violence any Saturday afternoon in Britain proves the inadequacy of such a theory. And televised ice hockey easily outstrips the fictional rollerball game in brutality. James Caan wasted as the sporting hero who must be wasted. (BBC2).

George Orwell, the man whose '40s prophecies still chill, is biographed in Alan Plater's docudrama **The Crystal Spirit**, which charts the writer's grimly spartan existence on the Hebridean island of Jura. Starring Ronald Pickup as Orwell (BBC1).

1939 seemed a little early to be getting nostalgic about the silent era; nevertheless **Hollywood Cavalcade** (Malcolm St. Clair), starring Alice Faye as the Broadway understudy turned movie star, Don Ameche, Keaton and the great Laurel and Hardy stooge James Finlayson, stands as an entertaining precursor to Peter Bogdanovich's whole oeuvre (C4, 9pm).

Rockschool reaches its final programme without noting the paradox of a series devoted to tuition in a field governed by intuition (BBC2).

WEDNESDAY DEC 21

John Carpenter's most restrained and thereby most suspenseful film **The Fog** (1979) centres on a Californian coastal town plagued by maggot-ridden undead when it is enveloped by a supernatural fog. With Janet Leigh and Jamie Lee Curtis (BBC1). **The Roads Of Exile**, a two-part TV film directed by the Swiss Claude Goretta, follows paths taken—philosophical and actual—of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the *sauvage* who was forced to leave France and begin an odyssey through Europe after the publication of his *Emilie* (BBC2).

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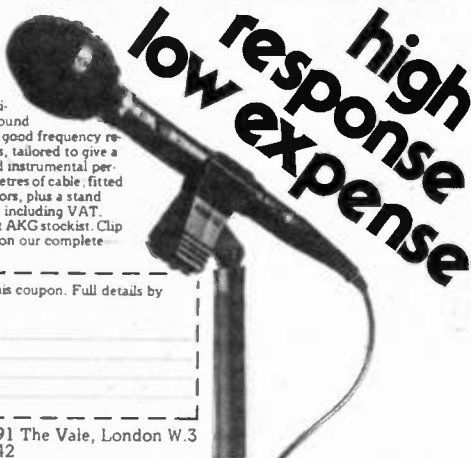
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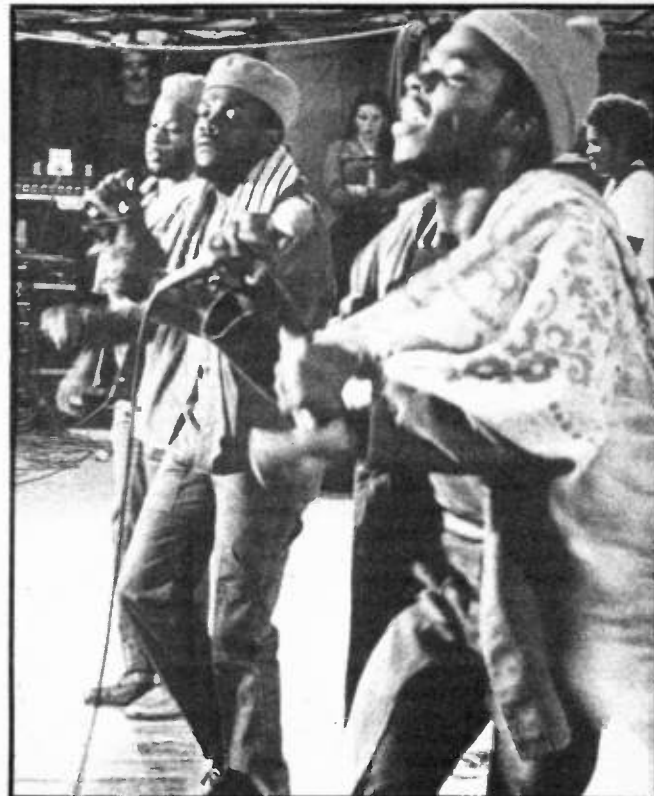
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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

The day is coming when from God the Tree . . . in the wake of his vivid and winning instruction in the business of 'Water Pumping', chopper Johnny Osbourne exacts an album of that title on the Greensleeves label, recorded at Channel One and produced by Prince Jammy, with backing vocals by Black Crucials, for further tuition on such as 'Rolling Reggae', 'Dance With You' and the current disco 'Trouble Maker' . . . a bough unlike that over Italy in summer-ripe annunciation shall glister . . . out of Shepherds Bush also is a compilation of Greensleeves 45s 1977-82 entitled 'Forward' containing tracks from Yellowman, Eek, Michigan & Smiley, Doc Tado, Ranking Dread etc, plus discomixes: Michael Palmer, 'Happy Merry Christmas' o/w 'Different Love'; Peter Metro & Zu Zu, 'Calypso Calypso' c/w '7 Heroes' . . . here in a country where the people listen . . . while from Kensal Rise, CSA dispense the Jammy bass and drum excursion 'Osbourne In Dub' containing 'Pumping Dub' and other versions on the aforementioned Greensleeves set . . . and everyone is solitary like me . . . roots UK realise a debut LP from I Benjahman introducing 'Fraction Of Jah Action' on the Lion Kingdom label and songs like 'Jah Nation' and 'Jah World Will Keep On Turning', 'Natural Forces' . . . for only solitaires shall behold the mysteries . . . the Sugar showcase tour continues this weekend at Manchester Uni (Thursday), Wolverhampton Rising Star (Fri), Manchester PSV club (Sat) and in London at Kensal Green's Tropical Palace on Sunday, featuring live entertainment from Lincoln Minott, plus Don Carlos and Junior Reid and backing by the Daubers band . . . and many of that mould far more than any narrow one shall gain . . . in concert at the Tropical Palace along Chamberlayne Road this Friday is Misty In Roots from 7.30pm to late. Tickets on box-office 01-960 0436 . . . for each shall see a different God made plain . . . at the Ace in Brixton this Friday and Saturday - 7pm till late - live onstage the Mighty Diamonds, also Tapper Zukie and sounds by Ravers Inter (Fri) and Sir Coxson Outer (Sat) . . . till they acknowledge . . . while at Acklam Hall in Ladbroke Grove on Friday Sir Coxson strings up with Aba Salom from 7pm until 2am . . . near to crying . . . and late session at the Peoples Club, Praed Street, W2 on Friday with music by Frontline Int and Kingston Rebel . . . that through their so diverse describing . . . the Brent Black Music Co-op celebrate their first annual cabaret and dance at a Tropical Palace all-day - noon to midnight - on Saturday with live onstage Pat Kelly, Arema, Abacush and 3+2. Guests include the No Problem cast, Winston Reedy and Carroll Thompson. Disco by Radio Horizon and Mastermind. Sounds by Expo Symphony. Tickets and info: 01-451 0376 . . . through their affirming and denying . . . in Leicester at Highfields Community Centre, Melbourne Road on Saturday - 8pm to 1.30am - onstage Benjamin Zephaniah, Doctor G, Wolde Selassie, Leicester Ensemble Of Dance. Music by Armageddon sound system. Admission free . . . unitingly diversifying . . . and in Birmingham at the Hummingbird down Dale End on Saturday live onstage Tony Tuff supported by Black Roots. Sounds by Jangleman Hi-Fi and Saxon. Tickets £4 in advance from box office 021-236 1297 or £5 at door . . . one God rolls ever-flowingly . . . in Nottingham at Leno's Cinema along Radford Road on Sunday - 4pm to 11 - is a reggae all-day starring Aswad with guests Don Carlos and Welton Irie, also featuring sounds by Sir Coxson and a body popping contest. Tickets £4 . . .



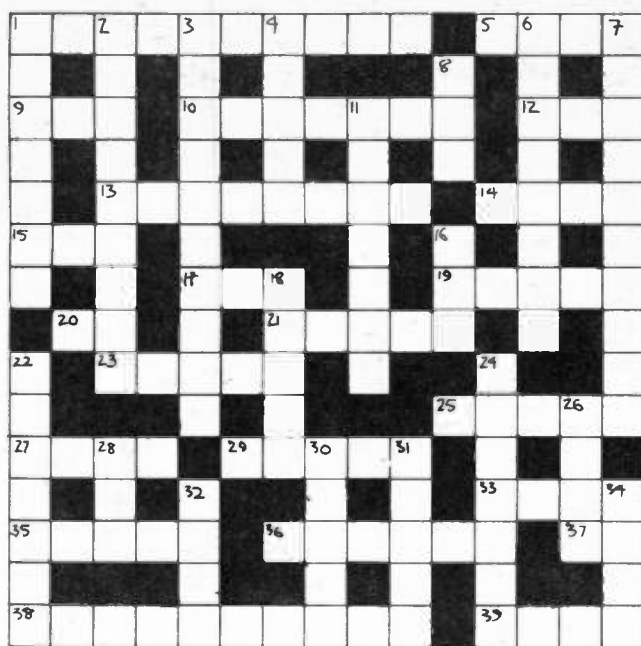
Mighty Diamonds at the Ace (Fri and Sat) Pic Dennis Morris.

this the conclusive hymn shall be which then the seers will be singing . . . at the Willows Club in Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington on Sunday is a spectacular Christmas showcase featuring a night of revivals and Studio 1 with Joshua Hi-Fi + Gemi Magic + Sir Lord Emperor + Fatman Hi-Power + Baron Hi-Fi + Frontline, also '80s import soul and reggae from Graffics with opper Razy and MCs Supa T, Frigthy Tonto and Sis M. Admission £3.50 . . . fruit out of God the Roots is springing . . . at the Academy, Stockwell Road, Brixton on Monday live onstage The Twinkle Brothers plus Al Cambell. Music by Coxson and Exodus Papa D. Tickets £5 in advance from box-office 01-274 1525 . . . go, smash those bells that you were ringing . . . the Forest Gate 6th Form present a Christmas dance at the Atherton Suite, E7 on Monday from 7pm with sounds created by Unity. Fee £1.50. No entry after 9pm. Respectable dress . . . we've reached that quieter season . . . and every Monday from 9pm till late at the Galaxy nite spot, 328 Romford Road, Forest Gate, E7 big bout yah entertainment with Unity Hi-Fi. Adm. £2 . . . bringing the hour to full maturity . . . you will be rigging and jiggling, bumping and pumping, shoulder moving, body moving and boogieing at Disney's West Indian cafe, 36 Dalston Lane, E8 every Monday - 7pm until 11.30 - to Daddy Zebie the field marshal who no partial with Robin Hood the wackard operator plus three wild DJs who flash noff lyrics. Unemployed free before 9pm . . . fruit out of God the Root is springing . . . finally, yow ravers! Heavy Evey and Colonel Buzby invite you to a night of rocking time to be held at the Fox pub, West Green Road, Tottenham, N15 every Monday night from 7.30pm until midnight, rigging and jiggling to Sunsplash Int with MCs Mousie, Buzby, Apple and Keithly, plus vocals Ritchie and Paul improvising soul, rockers, rub-a-dub, lovers. Adm. £1.25. Girls free before 9pm . . . be grave and see . . .

NIME X PRESSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

- The chap once on Broadway now views matters of the heart internally (6,4)
- Not so much COUM or PTV, more Chris and Cozey (1,1,1)
- Mutiny on which party? (8)
- Raw sex and what sort of energy stopped the war and gave sheep a chance? (4)
- Take away Harry's sons and you're left with nothing (3)
- Where Alvin once grooved nearly a decade ago now (3)
- A song that died a boring death on 'Sally Can't Dance' (5)
- The state of Petit's radio (2)
- One who made sweet dreams come true and is now in touch (5)
- Jeans were first worn by those who mined for gold (5)
- Something to forget Politti by (5)
- Action/Rider/I'm/This clue (4)
- Sakamoto's wasn't only yellow (5)
- He who sang 'Guiltless' and wasn't, he who sings 24 Down and probably is. But at least he's not bitter (4)
- A lady who has had dealings with James Chance, 8-Eyed Spy and more recently with 13 Across. She eats at midday (5,5)
- See 22 Down
- One of the places where androids hail from (2)
- Steve's face loses colour, again (4,2,4)
- Some Bizarre's new heroes found compulsively under arches (4,10)



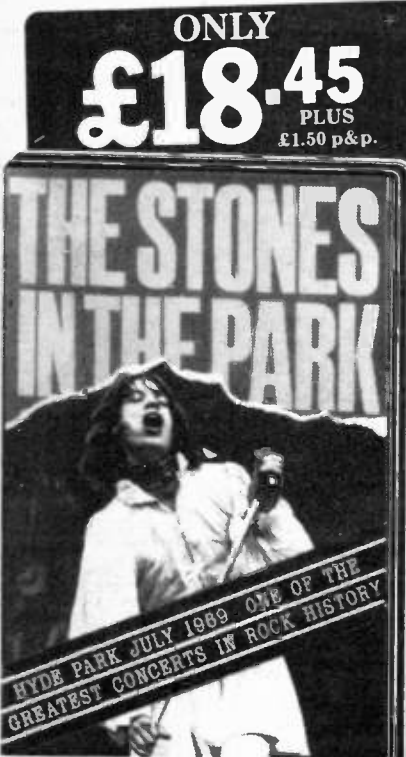
Compiled by Michele Noach

CLUES DOWN

- 'I enigma' spake Lennon (7)
- The twins see the light but overdo the coke (9)
- See 39 Across
- See 35 Across
- In which dear Prudence stays up all night (8)
- Now is Grandmaster just standing in the middle of the road or is he making the same mistake as the twins? (5,5)
- Of parties and falling apart (3)
- Dr. Gaye did the trick (7)
- How they run and Emily plays! (3)
- A malt mixture for Motown (5)
- 22+36A. The Cramps hunt her down (5,2,6)
- A sprinkling of almonds is agonizing (7)
- We were free adolescents and Poly was clean (4)
- He wasn't even vicious, poor sod (3)
- Most noted for her book *The Female Eunuch* (5)
- The Osmonds had horses and Reed had feelings (5)
- Attila did this to the nation, someone has to (4)
- Trouble yes, and a following (anag) (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS: 1. Superstar, 6. ABC, 9. Alr, 10. India, 12. Yak, 14. Metal, 15. Sax, 16. Hotel, 19. Head, 21. Hell, 22. Leo, 23. Scum, 24. Kuti, 25. Pig, 27. EMI, 29. Ure, 30. Can, 31. EGs, 32. Tat, 34. Nina, 35. Ikons, 37. Bells, 40. Mad, 41. Angle, 42. Eel, 43. The Love Cats, 44. End.
- DOWN: 1. Smiths, 2. PhD, 3. RCA, 4. Toyah, 5. RAK, 6. Army, 7. Cat People, 8. Bela Lugosi's Dead, 11. Ike, 13. Axe, 17. Ticket, 18. Lament, 20. Aztec Camera, 21. He, 24. Kissing, 26. Zulu Beat, 28. Infideis, 33. All, 36. Ollie, 38. Love, 39. Salo.



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SHOWBIZ, KIDS.

First we had groups who'd slog for years playing 'gigs' before their experience brought them a touch of fame. These were followed by the times when any two-bit son-of-a-gun could grab a guitar and bash his way onto *TOTP*, experience and the dreaded 'dues-paying' slung unceremoniously out of the window.

Times changed a little and it was now the turn of those who couldn't even be bothered to pick up a guitar but were just content to write poppy little tunes on a dinky little synth and get session musicians and Horny little producers to turn them into full-blown orchestrated pop classics. Even the energy of playing live was dissipated into pre-programmed synths tootling in the background and some overweight biddy and scrawny little shaven but quiffed genius leaping around upfront and taking photos of the audience (some advanced futurist conception of audience involvement, I believe).

But even this wasn't the end! Next up we got two pals from bleedin' Sheffield pretending to be a multinational company and actually being bothered to go onstage and MIMÉ to their records; either them or three pissed-up caked-with-make-up London hags doing the same (badly).

So, I think to myself, what next? Well, I'd like to announce that I've just re-released Smokey Robinson And The Miracles' version of 'I Second That Emotion'; it's available through RCA and tell the producers at *Top Of The Pops* I'll be available to do my slick, polished mime routine anytime. Good luck on the fishing trip.

Bananaman, near Lenton Chippy. What fishing trip? It's a round of golf, a punt on the river and a magnum of champagne at the club house this weekend — GM.

CELEBRATION OR DENIGRATION OR WHAT

Soul Is Dead!!

But it's ghost is alive and kicking! I've been very intrigued recently by the crop of wonderful reissued soul albums that have appeared in our record shops. In fact hardly a week has gone by that I haven't bought one. But just what is the almighty record industry playing at by giving us treasures like B. B. King's 'Live At The Regal', The Impressions' 'People Get Ready' and James Brown soul classics?

At first I thought they were just in it for the money. But the other day, it struck me that it's all a great big joke! And the joke is on us, the so called youth of today, the great record buying public. They're rubbing our noses in it, and showing up all the trash that is served up as '80s music. We can no longer come up with the magnificence of a 'Say It Loud'... or a 'Keep On Pushing'.

Black soul, which was the driving force of music in the '60s, has petered out into disco, and 'white jazz funk'. Musically we have become bankrupt, and the reissuing of great records by Kent, Sue, Stax, Philadelphia, Tamla, only serves to rub salt into the wound.

It's great that they should be made available again to another generation, but what will our kids think of ABC, Bananarama or Dran Dran — not a hell of a lot I suspect!!

"The feeling is gone..." *Martin Lucas, Manchester.* PS. And please don't mention Elvis Costello (white man gets soul) or Culture Club (white boy takes piss) if you print this letter because they are the exceptions that prove the rule.

For all the startling, unsurpassed magnificence of

GASBAG

GAVIN MARTIN BLOWS HOT AND COLD AS THE READERS LET OFF STEAM

of abuse. But, however arbitrary one's definition of fascism is, it's still used to describe movements or people who desire (to varying degrees) authoritarian, nationalistic, anti-marxist, imperialistic and anti-democratic regimes. To imply The Higsions exhibit or desire any of the above tendencies is completely erroneous. We are an independent unit, run on a democratic, egalitarian basis (and have played benefits for the WRP, ANL, Save The (Lebanese) Children, the Unemployment Centre in Liverpool and also the somewhat misguided CND.

they be called original.

As lyricist and singer Jim Morrison sounds naive and undistinguished against Dylan or Beefheart — they were real poets, with real insight. Frankly I'm not interested in any explanation of Jim Morrison — to me, he was just an arrogant drunkard who did his voice no great service with the metaphysical drivel he used to sing.

Nor am I interested in any retrospective, but if The Doors, why not The Beatles? The Mothers? Like them or not, they were at least as important. Still, let's get on with the important

attitudes they need all the support they can get.

Let's face it, negation is boring — so is punting and so is dancing to banal shite like Wham and Culture Club. The Redskins' 'Unionise' and 'Kick Over The Statues' demand you to dance and to consider your position in this wasteland. No more self pitying Mancunian dross, no more grey and black (do these people actually believe in Dracula? Have they actually read Sartre?). Wake up, wear red, believe in passion again!

Musically, the Redskins' blend of tight, rolling drums opposite

others. So piss off X. and don't dare put one of your brown, imitation Dr. Marten boots back here again. Or I'll have you. Yours disgustingly, *Desdemona, Birmingham.* PS. Your red Harrington is as smart as your tuneless, dumb voice!

The topsy turvy world of rock'n'roll, don't you just love it? —GM.

Piss Off!! — XM.

COPING WITH THE '80s

Have you ever seen a twee-er twat than Mr. Julian Cope (JC to his friends)?

I crawl from the wreckage in defence of, wait for it, the hippies! Cue Party Political Broadcast Reaction, lead by nihilist, iconoclastic NME crew. Does your resident J. Edgar Hoover know that Mr. Charles Shaar Murray who now holds the respected position of Contributing Editor, used to write for the underground 'hippy magazine' *Oz*. You are all working with a man who applauds the fact that Rupert Bear fucked his Grandmother! Anyway. On with the show...

My point is that Julian Cope, while successfully creating a generally intelligent and tasteful discourse on the joys of psychedelia, managed to spend more of his time slugging off the joss stick and kaftan brigade. Surely he has enough insight to realise that every movement has its ridiculous clichés, which are not in fact representative of the true heart and centre within that movement.

I'm only 17 and therefore didn't have sufficient 'street credibility' to realise what was happening when it was happening: however, I have seen enough and read enough to realise that the movements of the late '60s were the world's last chance!

When Red Danny was binging bricks and bottles in Paris, he and his fellow students were not exactly sure what they wanted, but they knew what they didn't want: they didn't want the world as it was. They knew the world was diseased and even if they couldn't pin it down and get the globe on the operating table, they could at least start the ball rolling and put us on the road to the hospital.

That was 'the revolution'; a positive and progressive movement that the emergence of cynics like Julian Cope and the present-day NME crew managed to kill by highlighting the few bad apples and ignoring the good. And it's too late now. We're all rightly fucked.

Soapy Morrison, Armagh, Northern Ireland.

Of course there was activism and anger channelled in the '60s, but I don't think Red Danny and his Parisien guerillas had too much to do with the complacent Hampstead waterpipe and pow wow set Cope castigated. If you really think the '60s were the world's last chance then how do you explain the Greenham Common women, Bruce Kent, Neil Kinnock, Billy Bragg, Jasper Carrott to name a few. Just because idealistic and utopian notions of a brave new world have gone it doesn't mean that struggles and expressions of pride and anger don't continue — GM.

SCAM

I know I am probably the only person in the world who is interested in more Red Indian music. But could you please cater for more minority subjects like this — before my ram goes.

Yours without wax, *Melanie Anderson, Tonbridge, Kent.*

Melanie is one of the 40 or so little treasures from around the country who have sent this self-same missive. The campaign has been so well organised that it must be the Moonies, the CIA or the Russians behind it. Either that or a dodgy group's fan club is looking for cheap publicity — GM.

Let rip to NME, Gasbag 5-7, Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

all this honking's making me sick



hot diggity dog, blow that sax daddy-o.....

Kent, Philly and Motown, the fact remains that Soul Music couldn't stay in the same place forever — the culture, the climate, the times all had to change. Although not as fruitful this year as last, there is still enough music around to prove the torch still burns. Rather than being a "great big joke" lets hope the reissues act as inspirations to the new breed — GM.

THE HIGS ARE ALRIGHT

Re: Billy Mann's review of The Higsions at Liverpool Empire in *NME* (1 December).

His implication that The Higsions have fascist leanings is ill-informed and slanderous. To be pedantic, the term Fascist can only strictly be applied to the Mussolini-led movement in Italy from 1919 to the Second World War. I can assure you The Higsions were never part of this movement.

Admittedly, the term has become devalued since the mid-20th century and has degenerated into a pointed term

Surely some form of editorial policy/control should be employed in future to stop these bewildering slurs occurring again. For us, and many others, the term fascist is not one to be bandied around willy nilly, especially when it is unfounded and totally unjustified. Yours "pompously" The Higsions.

DRUNK!

Can I be the first to start the Doors backlash? I know that you're all going to jump on me, readers and staff alike, but quite honestly C. Hansen (*Gasbag*, 3 December) is wrong.

Far from "neglecting this legend of Rock" *NME* has taken every available opportunity to renew interest in this thoroughly ordinary and unexciting band, and assist in elevating them to undeserved cult status. The Doors made one good album — their first — and then proceeded to reproduce it umpteen times. Even at their best they were merely drawing on an entire legacy of blues — in no way could

things shall we — like what's happening now.

The Doors outstayed their welcome in the first place — now you want to open them again. 'Alive She Cried'? Do me a favour.

The Smog Monster. You're wrong — DD, GM, MS, BH, CB, PM, PR, DW.

SAVIOURS...

Last week in Birmingham saw a brief but brilliant performance from The Redskins. OK, Weller was powerful but The Redskins start funky, are disarmingly honest and have come up with the logical antidote to brainless time wasting that most bands (oi, pop or otherwise) seem to indulge in these days.

I don't know whether I sympathise totally with the Skins SWP leanings but these are dangerous times with minor fascists coming out with all sorts of bizarre crap. We must listen to any talk of logic and reason and if the Redskins' urgency can remind people that youth culture is important and can improve

that funky blues guitar and uncatchable but rhythmically compulsive bass is indicative of a fresh, openminded attitude to music and our culture. I thought these were your intentions George. Dump pap, let's re-evaluate. The Redskins do.

Who said you can't dance to art and politics?

Hertz Van Rental, Birmingham.

"Negation is boring, so is punting" — quote of the year. The man is obviously a genius — X Moore.

The man is obviously your bass player — GM.

... OR SCUM?

Who the hell do X Moore and his pathetic bunch of mates think they are? In Birmingham last week, The Redskins (more like The Dead Skins!) played the most turgid, soulless show I've ever had the misfortune to watch. They dress like tramps, speak like morons and haven't got one tune or song worth a dog turd! Alright, so they're SWP members. But so's Randy Mullen from Brass Construction. And a million

T-ZERS

HE SITS, slumped over a typewriter, wailing pitifully. His tears (99% proof) drip over the tattered scrap of paper and on to the keys, which by now are seized up with a thick slime green deposit (not unlike the gunk that coats his teeth). He cares not—he has nothing to type and a winning smile is of no use to a loser anyway. He is a ruined man—only last week he'd been the suave, debonair and witty gent who'd cut a sophisticated swathe through the *NME* office. The tiresome Dots had been dusted out the door and he had been installed in the seat of ultimate power. This man had been *T-Zers*. But his meteoric rise to the top had been rudely halted in mid, well mid meteor or something, fo. he had been tumbled. That his first column had been received so ecstatically, that it had been universally acclaimed as a veritable watershed of wit, a pot-pourri of puissance, that it had been considered the mostest by Camaby Street's most verbose, now meant bugger all, for he had been discovered as a charlatan, a downright craft basket.

For now it was known, the very thought made him heave another mucus-racked sigh, that he had stolen gossip from David Jensen's Saturday Spin column in the *Daily Mirror*. As he looks at this week's Jensen column his fingers itch to pinch the juicy items on Genesis and Al Stewart and such like, but Big Neil Spencer plays tough: "You had your chance and ya blew it, kid," he spits, taking a manly nibble at his walnut whip. "I put money in your

pocket," he continues as the hapless writer is strung up on a refrigerated meat-hook, "even when you wuz aht of ordah but THIS..." he trails off dribbling chocolate on his new brogues. And then these little green furry animals had crawled across the floor right, singing *Test Department* songs and reciting *The Love Song of J. Arthur Prufrock* and... AAAAARK!

Gad Carruthers, that's another of them gone—it is but you and I to fill this page with scabrous tales and yet nothing has happened. Sure, yup! nobody died or anything, caught any terminal diseases? Spandau Ballet had any limbs amputated? Pity, ah well it's down to this lot then—take a deep breath and stand by with the air freshener.

Following Mick Jones' departure from *The Clash*, we report that Paul Simonon has now gone to Iceland, to research his interest in Arctic wildlife. It is hoped that this is not connected with *Topper Headon's* forthcoming single on Polydor 'I Am Going To Reykjavik With An Old Acquaintance And You Won't See Me Again'.

The reset *Vest Department* bash at Heaven passed without problems, as the friendly Deps hit their woollens and lung Johns to the loud applause of a stacked mouse, we repeat packed house and/or so it says here "drummed up enthusiasm" (do we really employ people to write such things?) from amateur metallurgists and random pervers.

Following the notoriety of his torn 'n' frayed vid for 'Undercover', Julien Temple is currently filming women with large bosoms rubbing their hands up and down steel poles, a mysterious ritual which our tireless researchers have traced back to an ancient Druid practice of the first century

AD. This is being done not for charity but to promote 'When You Were Mine', the new single by battered sexual personality Mitch Ryder.

At New York's Danceteria last week, all five members of *Psychic TV* decided to take off their clothes in an elevator. Marvellous. Good for them. So disgusted was the attendant by the diminutive dimensions of *Genital P. Orridge's* tattooed and studded winkle that he locked them in the basement, where for all we know they remain to this hour.

Our pet of the year Billy Baggy was last week "spotted" gigging with *Slade*, just as he was spotted the week before gigging with *The Bay City Rollers* and the week before that with *Gary Glitter*. Yes, he was actually spotted gigging on his own once. Would either *Mud*, *Racey*, or *Sweet* please get in touch with the aforementioned Baggy c/o us or X. Moore in Warrington.

The Tube will be replaced next June by a show called *Magic Friday*, hosted by the unstoppable *Gary 'Florucl' Crowley*. This will in turn be replaced by *The Gary Crowley Fan Club Hour*, to be presented by *Payola Hewitt*, wife of our own *Jullo*.

Now to Cwuisse Mitthies: *Paul Weller* has hired a two-year-old starlet to sing the latest anti-bomb ballad.

MICHAEL 'MAGIC' JACKSON has "no comment" for those who would remind him of Jacksons promoter *Don King's* six-year stint inside for manslaughter. Later, the successful space cadet, described by one *Edward Murphy* as "not the most masculine fellow in the world", claimed a "sore throat" was preventing him from speaking to the thousand or so journalists assembled at the Jacksons' press

conference. Meantimes, America's National Association For The Advancement Of Coloured People has nominated *Magic* as "Entertainer Of The Decade".

At a *Glenn Branca* bash in Hollywood, *Clem Burke* slipped up in a pile of vomit.

Collaborators, pt. 10: As a logical accompaniment to *Morrissey's* projected book on the female voice in the pop zeitgeist, *The Smiffs* have recorded 'I Don't Owe You Anything At All' with *Sandle Shaw*. Does this mean that we'll soon be seeing the popular flower-fancier in bare feet...?

The Polson Girls' recent Greenham benefit raised enough money for those plucky dames to buy 150 pairs of wire-cutters... or are we not permitted Greenham jokes in this column...?

Rod Stewart is having another fling with a pretty model, 25, while up in the hills waits *Alana*, trying to remember if she's seen the soccer-mad sleazeball since their nuptials nearly four years ago. Further on the Rod front, when Stewart volunteered his services for the New York leg of *Ronnie Lane's* Multiple Sclerosis benefit, he was politely asked to go away.

A Benefit Concert for Singapore Airlines has been announced. The airways of that delightful proto-fascist state in the sun are apparently in severe financial trouble, and it is hoped by organiser *Lim Chuk Hang* that several major figures in the world of pop music will be taking part. *Tears For Fears* were approached, but wisely refused to take part, citing political differences and the demands of their forthcoming live mini-album 'I've Never Felt Happier'.

Spotted recently dining in a Copenhagen restaurant with German metal muthas *The*

Scorpions were *Amrik 'Vindaloo' Rai* and *Bleedin' 'Dag' Bucher*. The jolly and fun-loving *Scorps* managed to run up a bill for £600 pounds before resorting to that old Danish custom of throwing sprouts at one's fellow diners. Such are the ways of rock. *Rai* and *Butcher* fled in terror.

RIP Britain's largest fan club outside of *David Bore's*: the *Legion Of The Cramped*, which founder *Lindsay Hutton* has abandoned in the face of overwhelming membership application. His excellent *Next Big Thing* fanzine will, however, continue to appear.

Getting the jump on his fellow sharks is *Jock McDonald* whose official pre-Christmas *T-Zer* informs us that he's hired the *Brixton Ace* (at £3,000) for Christmas Eve, and is staging a show of independent local bands with such seasonal names as *Repulsion*, *Skinflicks*, and *Christians In Search Of Filth*, running from 1.0 pm through 2.0 am. Admission is just £1, and McDonald suggests that "this is something other promoters could learn from."

We've just received word that an idiotic loopy 83-year-old man named *Dennis O'Broyle*, claiming as we all do from time to time to be a retired professor from a major London college, is planning a book on why rock stars tend to come from small families and have more sisters than brothers. This is the truth. What would be the point in lying about something so utterly stupid? Any evidence supporting this mad idea will be considered by our teaboy *Ed Spence*, who did not come from a family at all.

Those of you suckers who haven't yet received your *Mad Mess* cassettes, don't panic: we're just terribly, terribly inefficient, OK? Actually the demand far exceeded all expectations.

THE THRILLS IS GONE

ON THE 2nd of December, 1983, *NME* offices ground to a stunned standstill when *Adrian Thrills* looked up from the *Tottenham Hotspur* programme he had been studying intently, took a swig of Lucozade and announced his departure from the *NME* ranks.

Citing "typing differences" as the reason for this major upset, *Thrills* has now taken up a post with *WEA Records* as groundsman and boot room boss, although he will still be penning the occasional masterwork for this august journal.

So who was he, this enigmatic, almost Zelig like

character with the black loafers and the pink swimming towel?

After leaving school, where he had been mysteriously dubbed *Splitter Thrills* by his classmates, *Adrian* landed the prime spot on his local paper, *The Stevenage Comet*, where he quickly established himself as the *Nigel Dempster* of the farmworld.

When punk rock burst into life, *Thrills* stored away his wellies and cobbled together his own fanzine, *48 Thrills*, financed by pin money earned on the side as a male model for *Freeman's* catalogue.

The rest is history. After giving such luminaries as *The Cortinas*, *Chelsea* and *Nash*

The Slash their first and final breaks, his influential writing brought him to the attention of *Phil McNeil*, who, in an undisclosed sum, signed him up in the local sauna, calling the deal "the most significant breakthrough in contemporary writing this century!"

Thrills, for his part, took the music world by the scruff of its neck. And tickled it. In his six year stay at *NME*, he proceeded to cover every aspect of the pop spectrum with an enthusiasm that was both contagious and admirable.

Soon, there wasn't a musician of note who could open their front door without finding *Thrills* on their

doorstep, badgering them for quotes or hairstyling tips. The volume of tributes that have poured in since his departure pay tribute to this man's diversity.

"No Thrills, no Two Tone," opined *Jerry Dammers* over the blower. "This latest move has affected me deeply, so deeply that I'm re-titling *The Specials* LP, 'Even More Special Thrills' and heading back to the studio."

"He made me realise the true worth of *Spandau Ballet*," said a tearful *Fred Dellar*. "I will be forever indebted."

"He made me move to Stevenage," wrote *John Cooper Clarke*. "Promised to

write a few blank verses with me. I haven't seen hide or hair of him since."

Said a visibly shocked *Mick Talbot*: "when *Adrian* invented the Mod movement for us, he wrote a stinging review of *The Merton Parkas at the Dog and Bone* in *Telford*. I had to go in hiding for the next five years. That was the power of this man."

"I agree," put in *Talbot's* sidekick, *Paul Weller*. "He was the *Nostradamus* of punk, the *Louis XV* of mod, the *Einstein* of funk and the *Joe Orton* of the New Pop. *Camaby St!* It just won't be the same without him!"

Even *Boy George*, a man who once dubbed *Thrills* as "the dwarf who has taken residency at the bottom of the garden", was fully repentant over the phone.

"I didn't really mean it," he said, his voice cracking audibly over the line. "I always loved his writing, his wit, his humour. In fact, 'Victims' was written specially for him, a kind of public apology to him. He was *The King*, I a mere pawn."

Music wasn't *Adrian's* only passion. Football and *Spurs* also ruled his life. *Keith Burkinshaw*, who once sent a talent scout down to the *NME* offices to look at *Adrian*, was moved to say, "Frankly, we're all pretty sick up here. We treasured his *Blue Rondo* reviews, gasped at his *Madness* specials and were bowled over by the *Coatmundi* interviews. John, what more can I say *Brian*? Except we all think music will be the winner and over 90 minutes that's what counts."

Reports that *Glenn Hoddle* has been signed to *WEA* for a lucrative solo career have since been denied.

Meanwhile, a disturbing silence now hangs over the *NME* office. At his obsessively neat desk, the dust is already starting to collect, the phone ominously quiet where once it rang with yet another exclusive for the man who not only made the trends but broke them too.

We will miss him deeply. *Adrian Thrills* is 17.

lowry note oilskin base



benyon the lone groover



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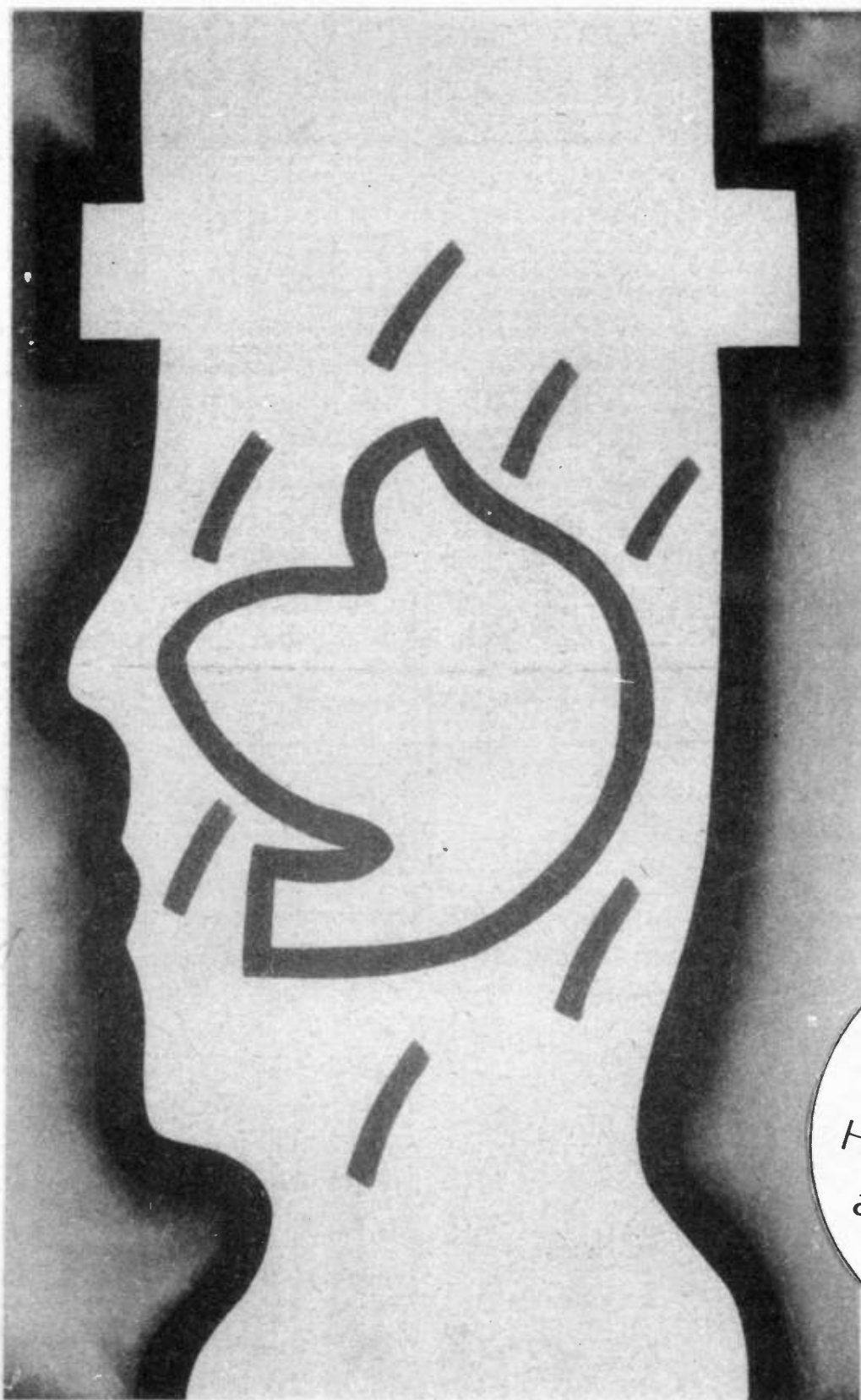
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