

7 April 1984

US \$1.95 (by air)

40p

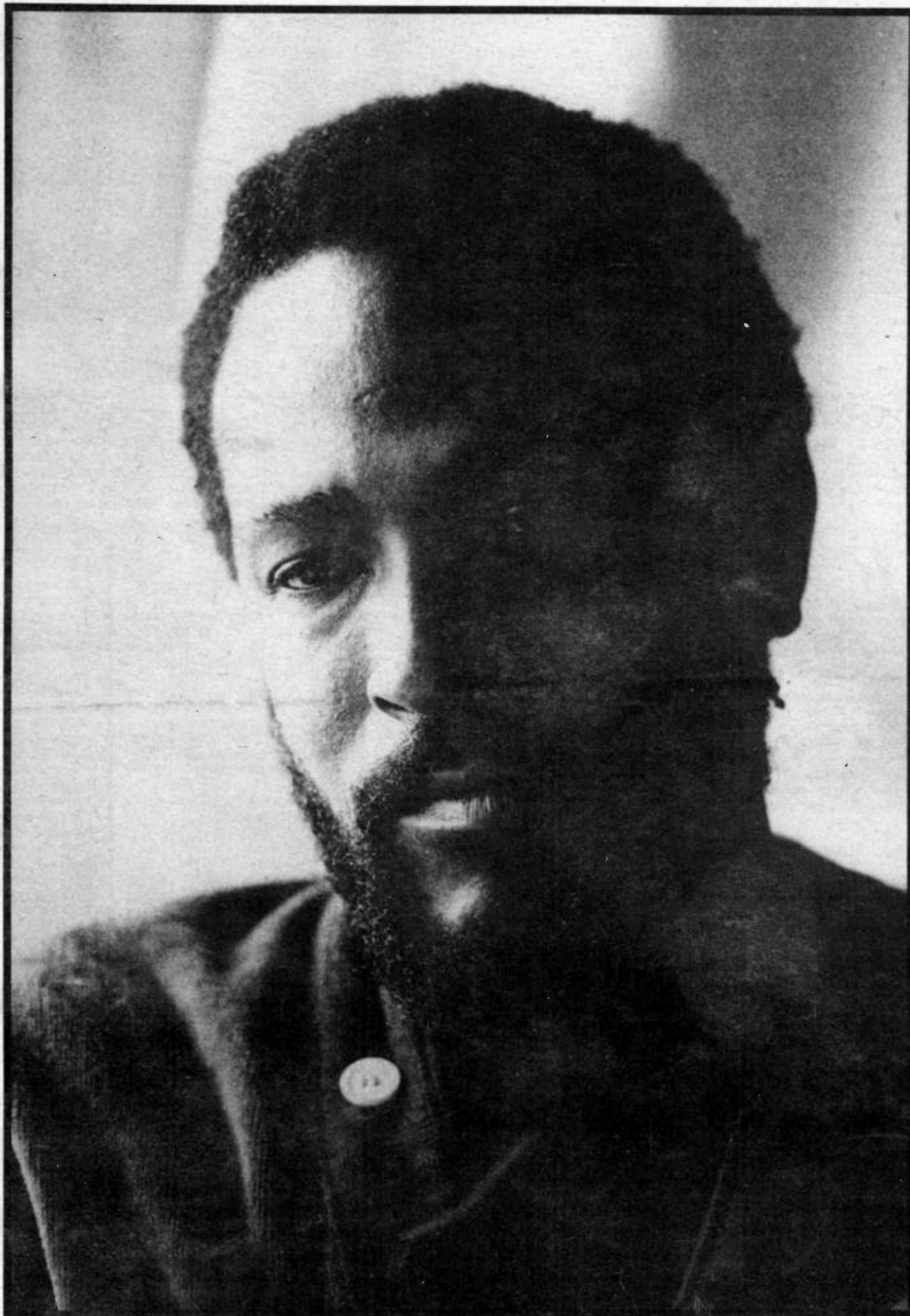
ISSN 0028 6362

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

One more heartache

MARVIN: DEATH OF A MIDNIGHT LOVER

FULL STORY AND TRIBUTE INSIDE



MARVIN GAYE JR

2 April 1939 - 1 April 1984

A SUDDEN KNOCK OUT BLOW: MARVIN GAYE JR PHOTO BY PETER LINCOLN

● ECHO AT HOME ● BLANCMANGE, WATERS TOUR ● MARLEY COLLECTION ● BRAGG BUSHFIRE

GA YE GUNNED DOWN

FATHER HELD ON HOMICIDE CHARGE

● By Gavin Martin & Cynthia Rose

IN A BIZARRE biblical tragedy Marvin Gaye, one of the greatest and most influential soul men of the past 30 years, was shot dead by his 69 year old father, a retired minister of The Holiness Church, in the early afternoon of April 1st – the eve of his 45th birthday.

The shooting took place at 2100 Gramercy Place, Krenshaw, in the upwardly mobile Wilshire district of Los Angeles in the two storey house where Gaye's parents had lived for the past 12 years. The singer had stayed at the residence intermittently since his return from a prolonged sojourn in Europe three years ago. He had been staying there with his parents on the fatal weekend.

Apparently an argument broke out between father and son on the Saturday evening over an "insurance matter" and "a letter", the contents of which are unspecified. The argument resumed on Sunday morning in the bedroom which Gaye was using, when following a verbal exchange the singer ordered his father out of the room. When Marvin Gaye Snr refused to leave the room his son pushed and shoved him into the hallway.

His mother, the 73 year old Alberta Gaye, attempted to intervene but her husband, returning from downstairs with a .38 calibre hand gun, shot his son twice in the chest and he fell onto the hallway floor. Fleeing from the house Alberta ran next door to the house of Gaye's younger brother Frankie, who phoned the police and ambulance. Meanwhile Gaye Snr walked downstairs and sat on the front porch awaiting the arrival of the arresting officers.

Marvin Gaye Jnr was rushed to California Hospital Emergency where he was admitted at 12.52 pm with "traumatic cardio pulmonary arrest" and a gunshot wound in the chest. Surgical intervention proved futile and at 1.01 pm Marvin Gaye was pronounced dead.

GAYE SNR, though dazed, apparently co-operated fully when arrested, and was held without bail at Parker Centre Jail on suspicion of murder. A handgun was found on the lawn in front of the house. Lieutenant Bob Martin, head detective of the Welshire district homicide division, told reporters, "There had been some bad blood between father and son but we don't know the extent of it or whether there had been any previous violent exchanges."

He did add however that a charge of battery had been filed against the singer by a former girlfriend on February 18th over an incident which took place on January 28th. He said the woman, an unnamed 48 year old, hadn't filed the charge earlier because she was afraid of being hurt again. Her wounds were not described but she had seen a doctor following the incident.

Gaye Snr was due to have his bail set on Wednesday. At the time of going to press charges had not yet been preferred but a spokesman for the Los Angeles Police Dept. told NME that they would be soon. Following his arrest members of the family gathered at the Gaye homestead where Alberta Gaye, as yet to make a statement, is still resident.

Bill Gold, of the LA coroner's office, said an autopsy was due to be held at 2.00 pm on the day following the shooting but when contacted was unable to verify a report that surfaced, not in any of the Los Angeles dailies, but in London's *Standard* claiming that after the killing Gaye Snr had said his son was high on drugs at the time of the murder ("Marvin was like a man possessed. I had no choice but to shoot him").

Gold told NME "Of course it's pretty obvious what the cause of death was. He was

shot. But you're asking a medical question and I won't be able to answer that until we've fully examined the body. The cardio pulmonary phrase came from the hospital but we'll probably go with gunshot wounds."

SUB JUDICE laws in the States prevented the police from making any comment on either the ownership of the hand gun – though they did stress that Gaye Snr did not carry the gun on his person – or the question of drugs. It would seem quite probable however that like so many other upper middle class Los Angeles residents Gaye Snr. would have deemed it necessary to have a gun in the house for protection against burglars.

The killing of a son by a father is a rare form of murder but neighbours in the Krenshaw district said that the two men argued regularly. Gaye himself had often gone on record talking about their differences. It seems likely that his father found it impossible to reconcile his son's philandering and drug taking with his oft avowed spirituality. ("When I'm spiritual I'm very spiritual. When I'm kinky I'm very kinky," he told NME in 1982).

The spectres of guilt and recrimination often figured on Gaye's records – the death and



regeneration cycle on 'What's Going On', the financial and matrimonial turmoil documented on 'Here My Dear'. Just as his music could be joyously life affirming, so it could also be shadowed by sadness. His life had not been without elements of tragedy – the death of Tammi Terrell had driven Gaye into self imposed

exile and his divorce from Anna Gordy depressed him so deeply that he tried to commit suicide soon after by ingesting an entire gramme of cocaine. His death at the hands of the man who brought him into the world reads like an episode from *Hollywood Babylon*. It was a horrifying end to a brilliant career.

BLANCMANGE emerge from winter hibernation with their first single of the year, their second album ready for release, and a nationwide spring tour. The single is 'Don't Tell Me', produced by Peter Collins, of Musical Youth and Tracey Ullman fame. It is issued this weekend by London Records in both 7" and 12" forms. The LP 'Mange Tout' has just been completed in New York and, although a release date has not yet been confirmed, it's certain to coincide with the group's tour dates – which are: York University (7 May), Leicester University (8), Newcastle City Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Norwich East Anglia University (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Leeds University (18), Oxford Polytechnic (19), Bristol The Studio (20), Nottingham Rock City (22), London Hamersmith Palais (24), Brighton Dome (25), Plymouth Ice Rink (27), Guildford Civic Hall (28), and Dunstable Queensway Hall (30).

Tickets are available from box-offices and usual agents. They cost £3.50 (advance) or £4 (on the doors) at York, Birmingham, Plymouth and Dunstable; £3.60 (advance) or £4 (doors) at Leicester; £3.50 only at Norwich, Leeds and Nottingham; £4.50 only at Oxford; and £4 only at all other venues.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN are presenting a special "Crystal Day" on Saturday, 12th May, designed to showcase their home city, Liverpool. Those who pay for the day will see a cycle race, take a trip on the Mersey Ferry, visit the Anglican Cathedral and, as the climax, see the Bunnymen and their guests at King George's Hall. We're also led to believe that Ken Dodd is involved!

Readers may have spotted the Bunnymen's first announcement

of this occasion two weeks ago – in NME's classified ad columns – but we were asked to refrain from publicising it further until now. Many tickets have already been sold, but a limited number remain and are available by post at £6.30 from Echo And The Bunnymen (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW – enclose a first-class stamp, but not SAE.

Meanwhile, the band have a new single, 'Silver'/'Angels And Devils', released by Korova Records on 13th April.

BOB MARLEY has already been the subject of several compilations and numerous reissues, but the most definitive comes next month when Island release 'Legend', the official "Greatest Hits" album. It will be available during the week of 11th May, commemorating the third anniversary of Marley's death. It's understood that a number of special reggae gigs are being organised near that time, also to mark the anniversary. Meanwhile, the track 'One Love' is being pulled from the LP and issued as a single next Monday (9), coupled with 'So Much Trouble In The World'. It's also available in 12-inch form featuring a discomix-length version of 'One Love', the standard B-side and the previously unissued 'Keep On Moving' – which was recorded in 1977 with members of Aswad and Third World as the backing band.

ROGER WATERS, founder member of Pink Floyd, emerges in spectacular style as a solo performer – with his own single and album, plus a major European tour. His live schedule includes four prestige UK concerts – two each in London and Birmingham – with Eric Clapton among the luminaries in his backing band.

He joins the elite company of Stevie Wonder and Neil Diamond by playing two shows at London Earls Court (21 and 22 June) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (26 and 27). As with the other two artists, the London concerts are part of the Capital Music Festival. The shows will be a huge production on familiar Floyd lines, with six articulated lorries carrying the equipment, and presentation by Waters, Gerald Scarfe, Mark Fisher and Jonathan Park – all of whom were involved in *The Wall* stage show – plus film by Nic Roeg.

The concerts will be in two sections, the first featuring some of his best-known songs of the past 15 years, and the second showcasing the new album. Joining him on the tour, which starts in Stockholm on 16th June, are Eric Clapton and Tim Renwick (guitars), Michael Kamen (keyboards and arrangements), Andy Newmark (drums), Mel Collins (horns), Chris Stainton (keyboards and bass) and Doreen Chanter and Katie Kissoon (backing vocals).

BILLY BRAGG and THE REDSKINS join forces with Marsha Prescod to present a GLC-sponsored "London Against Racism" concert tomorrow (Friday) at the Acklam Hall, W10. It's being staged by Bush Fires, a West London entertainment collective who normally operate on Friday nights at the Bush Hotel in Shepherd's Bush, where they've already presented evenings for CND, Troops Out, and the Britain-Cuba Resource Centre, among others.

Tomorrow's show has been switched to the Acklam Hall (tickets £2 on the door) because of the significance of the event and the involvement of the council, who are running their anti-racism campaign simultaneously with their "Save The GLC" project.

INSIDE INFORMATION

4 CHARTS

6 MARVIN GAYE

8 PORTION CONTROL

11 MICHAEL HURLL: The man you swear at, once a week.

13 DENNIS BOVELL

14 TOOLS YOU CAN TRUST

16

In heap big interview with Kristine McKenna, **CHER** feathers her nest about her acting. No five and dime-store injun these days!

18 SINGLES

19 THE PRISONERS

20 SILVER SCREEN



22

IDENTIKIT POP Howard Kershaw, Fiction Jones, Wang Factory, Nick Chung... Richard Cook fills in the blanks.

25

LPS: At last! Blood On The Saddle reviewed! And Ultravox, where Charles Shaar Murray laments the prospect of a new hit.

28 TOUR NEWS

29 RECORD NEWS

31 NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

34 LIVE!

38 PRINT

41 NME X PRESSWORD

42 GASBAG

43 T-ZERS



MIKE HAMMER—HARD-BOILED BUT NO EGG HEAD

The night has a thousand eyes . . .

... AND SO does television these days. Genial old Jim Rockford is still around in repeats, David Warner's just hung out his shingle in a homegrown private-eye series called *Charlie*, and at any moment a new incarnation of the main man himself, Raymond Chandler's immortal Marlowe, is about to be visited amongst us.

Still, for the last few weeks now some of us have been spending Monday evenings in the company of one of the wittiest, most elegant and most beguiling variations on the perennial pulp theme, and—somewhat paradoxically—it has been derived from a somewhat surprising source.

To my knowledge, nobody has ever applied the adjectives 'witty', 'elegant' or 'beguiling' to anything that Mickey Spillane ever wrote, and certainly not to any of his Mike Hammer novels. It is more customary to hear them described as the most extreme example of the hardboiled detective form as an expression for psychopathic fantasy, or the exact point where the glorification of brutality meets catastrophically lousy prose.

The Hammer novels—from the 1947 *I, The Jury* onwards—contain the most unrelieved violence I have encountered in their genre: villains exist and do evil simply so that heroes have someone to beat up, and Hammer's violence is not only justified but enjoyable because his enemies are—just about—worse than he is. The reader is invited to savour every broken nose, every shattered jaw, every stamped-on hand.

Spillane's politics are what Americans usually describe as 'ultra-conservative', which is generally a polite way of calling someone a raving fascist. Hammer and his best buddy, copper Pat Chambers, generally get together during those brief moments when Hammer isn't on the run suspected of murder or when Chambers isn't under suspension for brutality, and have a good old moan about how the world would be a better place if coppers and private eyes could just whack shit out of anybody they liked without any ifs and buts from lawyers and the like.

In other words, Mike Hammer is not a neurotic repressed closet case like Philip Marlowe or a bleeding heart liberal social worker like Ross McDonald's Lew Archer or a stolid hack like Hammett's Continental Op or a smartass balding yid like Andrew Bergman's Levine or even a bodybuilding bookworm like Robert B. Parker's Spenser. Mike Hammer is—wait for it—a REAL MAN. Takes no shit from Commies and such and every woman he meets who isn't a dyke goes nuts for his red-blooded American manliness.

Sounds just the right formula for a great TV show, right? But Mickey Spillane's *Mike Hammer* (as the show is euphoniously entitled) rings a few changes on Spillane's prototype.

For a start, the setting is New

EAT LEAD, T.V. EYES!



Velda: "If I had a hammer..."

Mike: "Later, doll, later."

MIKE SPILLANE'S MIKE HAMMER—IS THE TV VERSION A FAIR COP? CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY LENDS HIS PRIVATE EYES TO A GROWING CULT.

York '84, but Hammer is still schlepping about in baggy suits, a battered fedora and a hairstyle older than he is. This Mike Hammer is a Vietnam vet (isn't everybody on American TV a Vietvet these days? Sure it was a lousy war, but our boys went out there and SUFFERED, didn't they?) who carries on like an old-time private

eye, and Stacy Keach plays him with just the right hint of self-consciousness.

Stacy Keach also plays him with a thick moustache to hide the famous hare-lip, a dashing rug to hide the chrome-dome and—if the foulest, vilest and most malicious rumours can be given even the faintest hint of credence—a corset

to suck in the gut. Who cares? His Hammer is sometimes amused by his own hard-boiledness, sometimes scared by it and sometimes feels faintly ridiculous about it. He just can't quite keep a straight face.

In classic Eye stylee, he maintains a rundown office, which is not surprising since he hasn't

taken a case for money yet, unless it happened one of the weeks I missed the show. The only client I've seen got a quick brushoff from Hammer, who was on his way out on one of his private missions of vengeance or rescue.

And boy, is he always rescuing or avenging someone! Every week someone shows up, is introduced as his best pal or his god-daughter or the man who started him off in the P.I. racket, hangs around long enough to get killed, kidnapped or otherwise injured so that Mike can set off through the city kicking down doors, banging people up against walls or unlimbering his gigantic weapon, a massive Colt 45 automatic that makes Dirty Harry's Magnums look puny and effeminate.

There are also the women. Apart from his trusty secretary Velda (Lindsay Bloom) whom he patronises (even though she—ahem—pines for his caress) until she's in trouble, goes berserk over until she's all right again and then reverts back to ignoring her again, there are hordes and hordes of them. They are all tall, statuesque (as they say), possessed of enormous breasts and addicted to lowcut necklines, plus they find burly gruff old Mike completely irresistible.

Transplanted from the murky, blood-bubbled nightmare of Spillane's novels into the prosaic daylight of modern New York, the device becomes utterly hilarious. Where do the casting directors keep finding them? How come they don't all get colds? Doesn't Mike ever get bored with them?

The series is stylish and a half: the magnificently silky version of 'Harlem Nocturne' which backs up the excellent credit sequence indicates the care that goes into evoking this most absurd of visions. Even when the scripts become enslaved by the clichés instead of dominating and mocking them the way they do when Joe Gores (author of the novel which inspired Wenders' *Hammett* movie) writes them, Keach's understanding and lampooning of Spillane's fantasies makes for great genre television. (He even looks mildly incredulous when people tell him, as they do every three or so weeks, that he's 'psychotic', or—as the lady psychologist who falls for his charms 12 minutes later puts it—'a borderline sociopath'.)

How else can you do it? What else can you do with a hero who is the toughest hard-nut in town, has the biggest weapon anybody's ever seen and is totally irresistible to big-breasted women?

In the Spillane canon, the aforementioned women quite often turn out to be the villains and have to get their just desserts from Hammer's awesome weapon. Here they don't. Seen through the soft focus of this series and through Keach's finely-tuned and expertly-judged performance, *Mike Hammer* isn't exactly TV's answer to the Altman Marlowe of *The Long Goodbye*, but at its best and most entertaining it remains just this side of parodies.



Going for a song.

New UD from Maxell:
the ideal tape for general
purpose music recording.

Ultra-dynamic.
Ultra-clear.
Ultra-quiet.

But ultra-inexpensive.
A real breakthrough in
cassette technology.

maxell
Break the sound barrier.

Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex, HA1 3AF. Tel: 01-423 0688.



CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Last Week				
1	1	HELLO	Lionel Richie (Motown)	4 1
2	2	IT'S RAINING MEN	Weather Girls (CBS)	5 2
3	8	IT'S A MIRACLE	Culture Club (Virgin)	3 3
4	9	ROBERT DE NIRO'S WAITING	Bananarama (Capitol)	6 4
5	4	YOUR LOVE IS KING	Sade (Epic)	6 4
6	7	WHAT DO I DO?	Phil Fearon & Galaxy (Ensign)	4 6
7	14	A LOVE WORTH WAITING FOR	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3 7
8	18	PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3 8
9	24	YOU TAKE ME UP	Thompson Twins (Arista)	2 9
10	3	STREET DANCE	Break Machine (Record Shack)	9 3
11	38	P.Y.T.	Michael Jackson (Epic)	2 11
12	6	JOANNA	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	8 2
13	21	CHERRY OH BABY	UB40 (Dep Int/Virgin)	4 13
14	5	99 RED BALLOONS	Nena (Epic)	9 1
15	28	NELSON MANDELA	Special AKA (2 Tone)	3 15
16	16	SWIMMING HORSES	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	3 16
17	22	TORVILL AND DEAN EP	Richard Hartley/Michael Reed Orchestra (Safari)	5 13
18	11	WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	10 4
19	10	JUMP	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	9 5
20	13	AN INNOCENT MAN	Billy Joel (CBS)	7 7
21	12	TO BE OR NOT TO BE	Mel Brooks (Island)	5 12
22	(—)	AIN'T NOBODY	Rufus & Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)	1 22
23	17	UP ON THE CATWALK	Simple Minds (Virgin)	3 17
24	26	DANCE HALL DAYS	Wang Chung (Ono/Polydor)	4 24
25	25	RELAX	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	15 1
26	30	LUCKY STAR	Madonna (Sire)	3 26
27	15	'ULLU JOHN! GOTTA NEW MOTOR?	Alexei Sayle (Island)	6 15
28	27	WOOD BEEZ	Scritti Politti (Virgin)	5 24
29	(—)	HEAVEN	The Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	1 29
30	(—)	GLAD IT'S ALL OVER	Captain Sensible (A&M)	1 30
31	20	HIDE AND SEEK	Howard Jones (WEA)	8 11
32	19	BREAKIN' DOWN (SUGAR SAMBA)	Julia & Company (London)	5 12
33	23	SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME	Rockwell (Motown)	9 5
34	36	TV DINNERS	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	2 34
35	35	BORROWED TIME	John Lennon (Ono/Polydor)	4 30
36	29	THE LION'S MOUTH	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2 29
37	37	DR. MABUSE	Propaganda (ZTT)	3 35
38	(—)	SHE'S STRANGE	Cameo (Club)	1 38
39	49	DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER	Dennis Edwards (Gordy)	2 39
40	(—)	NO SELL OUT	Malcolm X (Island)	1 40
41	31	THAT'S THE WAY	Dead Or Alive (Epic)	3 31
42	(—)	BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1 42
43	42	TAXI	J. Blackfoot (Allegiance)	2 42
44	(—)	AGAINST ALL ODDS	Phil Collins (Virgin)	1 44
45	33	MY GUY	Tracey Ullman (Stiff)	5 25
46	50	DANCING IN THE SHEETS	Shalamar (CBS)	2 46
47	41	JESSIE'S GIRL	Rick Springfield (RCA)	2 41
48	(—)	EIGHTIE'S	Killing Joke (EG/Polydor)	1 48
49	(—)	YOU'RE THE ONE FOR ME	Paul Hardcastle (Total Control)	1 49
50	(—)	THE DECEIVER	The Alarm (IRS)	1 50

Last Week				
1	6	CAN'T SLOW DOWN	Lionel Richie (Motown)	23 1
2	1	HUMAN'S LIB	Howard Jones (WEA)	4 1
3	2	CAFE BLEU	Style Council (Polydor)	3 2
4	3	ALCHEMY	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	3 3
5	8	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	67 1
6	5	INTO THE GAP	Thompson Twins (Arista)	7 1
7	4	FUGAZI	Marillion (EMI)	4 4
8	9	AN INNOCENT MAN	Billy Joel (CBS)	23 5
9	10	THE SMITHS	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	6 2
10	7	THE WORKS	Queen (EMI)	5 2
11	20	THIS LAST NIGHT IN SODOM	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	2 11
12	13	SPARKLE IN THE RAIN	Simple Minds (Virgin)	8 1
13	11	HUMAN RACING	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	5 11
14	15	TOUCH	Eurythmics (RCA)	19 1
15	14	1984	Van Halen (WEA)	11 8
16	30	LABOUR OF LOVE	UB40 (Dep Int/Virgin)	28 1
17	45	THE ICICLE WORKS	Iceberg Works (Beggars Banquet)	2 17
18	12	THE DRUM IS EVERYTHING	Carmel (London)	3 12
19	21	OFF THE WALL	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4 21
20	22	VERY BEST OF MOTOWN LOVE SONGS	Various (Telstar)	8 18
21	27	UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY	U2 (Island)	18 1
22	(—)	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC - VOL II	Various (EMI-Virgin)	1 22
23	18	LOVE AT FIRST STING	Scorpions (Harvest)	3 18
24	32	THREE OF A PERFECT PAIR	King Crimson (EG)	2 24
25	34	COLOUR BY NUMBERS	Culture Club (Virgin)	24 1
26	26	SWOON	Prefab Sprout (Kitchenware)	4 17
27	16	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	12 6
28	25	NENA	Nena (Epic)	3 25
29	17	KEEP MOVING	Madness (Stiff)	6 6
30	(—)	CLIMATE OF HUNTER	Scott Walker (Virgin)	1 30
31	35	THE FLAT EARTH	Thomas Dolby (Parlophone)	8 6
32	28	G-FORCE	Kenny G (Arista)	3 28
33	23	ABOUT FACE	Dave Gilmour (Harvest)	4 19
34	31	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	35 1
35	44	STREETSONDS VIII	Various (Streetsounds)	5 22
36	36	CRUCIAL ELECTRO	Various (Streetsounds)	4 22
37	19	IN THE HEART	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	6 17
38	24	AMMONIA AVENUE	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)	6 19
39	(—)	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	1 39
40	(—)	THE ROSE OF TRALEE	James Last (Polydor)	1 40
41	(—)	BODY AND SOUL	Joe Jackson (A&M)	1 41
42	39	ESP	Millie Jackson (Sire)	3 39
43	33	TEXAS FEVER	Orange Juice (Polydor)	5 21
44	42	THE FISH PEOPLE TAPES	Alexei Sayle (Island)	3 37
45	(—)	STREETSONDS ELECTRO III	Various (Streetsounds)	1 45
46	RE	WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH	Julian Cope (Mercury)	1 46
47	RE	ITS YOUR NIGHT	James Ingram (Qwest)	1 47
48	48	GENESIS	Genesis (Virgin/Charisma)	28 1
49	(—)	THE F.C.'S TREAT US LIKE PRICKS	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)	1 49
50	(—)	VENICE IN PERIL	Rondo Veneziano (Ferryway)	1 50



Hey! Twist It!

1	FREAK IT OUT MR DJ	Dr Groove (Break)
2	ROTATION DUB	Sine (Prelude)
3	ONE FOR THE TREBLE	Davy D.M.X. (Tuff)
4	GET INTO THE MIX	DJ Devine (Westend)
5	ZODIAC	Boogieboys (Capitol)
6	BOOTS SEX DREAD	Rinka (White label)
7	DR. MABUSE	Propaganda (ZTT)
8	DECLARATION OF INTENT	400 Blows (Illuminated)
9	DIN DAA DAA	George Kranz (Fourth Broadway)
10	BIG APPLE MOISE	Translux (Malaco)
11	ROCK THE HOUSE	'B' Boys (Streetwave)
12	BITTER HEART	Seana Dancing (London)
13	JUMP	Van Halen (WEA)
14	HIP HOP BE BOP	Man Parrish (Polydor)
15	TWIST THAT TOWN	Hey! Elastica (Virgin)
16	RELAX (US Remix)	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)
17	THE BEACH	New Order (Factory)
18	LET THE MUSIC PLAY AND PLAY	Shannon (Remix)
19	DEATH DISCO MEGAMIX	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
20	ISOLATION (DJ WOLFF REMIX)	Joy Division (Factory)

Supplied by Wolff DJs at "Astral Flight" Saturdays at Fooberts Place, Carnaby St W1

AFRICAN

LPs

1	PHEZULU EQUHUNDENI	Mahotella Queens & Mahlathini (Earthworks/Rough Trade)
2	TIME FOR JUJU MUSIC	(Dele Abiodun/Adawa Super)
3	IN ACTION VOL II	Pat Thomas (Earthworks/Rough Trade)
4	SUPER PAWA	Jewel Ackah (Koaky Int)
5	ZULU JIVE	Various (Earthworks)
6	HIGHLIFE TIME	George Darko (Okoman)
7	NDANGARIRO	Thomas Mapfumo (Earthworks)
8	SAKABO 12' 45	Orchestre Jazira (Beggars Banquet)
9	VIVA! ZIMBABWE	Various (Earthworks)
10	CHEZ FABRICE A BRUXELLES	Franco (Edipop)
11	PLAY FOR ME	Segun Adewale (Sterns)
12	THE BEST AMBIANCE 12' 45	Bibi Dens Tshibayi (Earthworks / Rough Trade)
13	WONKO MENKO?	Eric Aggrey (Essiebons)
14	FOTE MAGOBAN	Djelli Moussa Diawara (Tangent)
15	AMANDLA	A.N.C. Cultural Group (Melodiya)

Courtesy Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	PRISON OVAL ROCK	Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
2	GET IN TOUCH	One Blood (Ensign)
3	GIMME GOOD LOVING	Natural Touch (NK)
4	DANCE IN TIME	Raymond Simpson (Vibes Corner)
5	THAT FUNNY FEELING	Natural Touch (NK)
6	DECEIVING GIRL	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
7	CHECK FOR YOU	Johnny Osbourne (Shuttle)
8	JAH BLACK	Barrington Levy (Black Roots)
9	ON AND OFF	Sharon Edwards (Sir George)
10	GIRL WATCHER	Tony Tuff (Londisc)
11	READY TO LEARN	Junior English (Int English)
12	MINIBUS	Barrington Levy (Kingdom)
13	THREE LITTLE MICE	Owen & Frank (Natami)
14	YOU DON'T CARE	Techniques (Treasure Isle)
15	FORM A LINE	Little John (Greensleeves)

REGGAE

LPs

1	BUY OUT THE BAR	Sugar Minott (Sonic Sounds)
2	RENDER YOUR HEART	Tony Tuff (CSA)
3	HUNTER MAN	Barrington Levy (Burning Sounds)
4	MOUSEKATEER	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
5	THE ORIGINAL	Heptones (Trenchtown)
6	ON TOP	Leroy Sibbles (Micron)
7	ASSASSINATOR	Eek A Mouse (Ras)
8	NATURAL ROOTS	Natural Roots (Fasim)
9	SHOWDOWN PART II	Sugar Minott & Frankie Paul (Empire)
10	LIVE AND DIRECT	Aswad (Island)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

JAZZ

- LPs**
- 1 QUINTET Hank Mobley (Blue Note)
 - 2 BALLAD OF THE FALLEN Charlie Haden (ECM)
 - 3 STAN GETZ AND BOB BROOKMEYER Getz & Brookmeyer (Verve)
 - 4 MULLIGAN'S MUSIC Vic Lewis (Mole)
 - 5 MODERN ART Art Farmer (Pausa)
 - 6 SINGS GERSHWIN Sarah Vaughan (Emarcy)
 - 7 SUNDAY AT THE LIGHTHOUSE VOL. I Howard Rumsey (Contemporary)
 - 8 MANHATTAN MEMORIES Al Haig (Seabreeze)
 - 9 SING, SING, SING Clark Sisters (Jasmine)
 - 10 AUREX '82 LIVE Shorty Rogers (East World)
 - 11 JAZZ SINGERS Various (Prestige)
 - 12 LIVE Phil Wilson & Makoto Ozone (Shiah)
 - 13 VOL. VI Blossom Dearie (Daffodil)
 - 14 LUCKY THOMPSON Lucky Thompson (Jasmine)
 - 15 PATTERNS Gil Melle (Blue Note)
 - 16 ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON Dizzy Gillespie (Elektra Musician)
 - 17 MEET KAI WINDING The Axidentals (Jasmine)
 - 18 NEW LOOK Brass Connection (Innovation)
 - 19 GHETTO BLASTER Crusaders (MCA)
 - 20 TIME REMEMBERED Bill Evans (Milestone)
- Courtesy: Mole Jazz, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1

BLUES



Sam the magician

- 15**
- 1 PEACOCK RECORDINGS Gatemoth Brown (Rounder)
 - 2 HOT GOSPEL 1947-53 Get Right With God (Flyright)
 - 3 GROOVE JUMPING Various Artists (Detour)
 - 4 QUEEN OF THE BOOGIE Hadda Brooks (Oldie Blues)
 - 5 LIVE AT MR KELLYS Muddy Waters (Vogue/Chess)
 - 6 BABY FACE LEROY FLOYD JONES (Flyright)
 - 7 STOVALLS PLANTATION Muddy Waters (Testament)
 - 8 ADVICE Sam Chatmon (Rounder)
 - 9 KEY WON'T FIT Shakey Jake (Murray Bros)
 - 10 ELECTRIC LIGHTNIN' Lightnin' Hopkins (JSP)
 - 11 GOING BACK HOME Various Artists (Charly)
 - 12 HEY! HEY! Ike Turner (Red Lightnin')
 - 13 MEMPHIS GOSPEL SINGER Robert Wilkins (Origin)
 - 14 MAGIC TOUCH Magic Sam (Black Magic)
 - 15 UNRELEASED MASTERS Amos Milburn (Pathe Marconi)
- Compiled by: Red Lick Records, PO Box 3, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, Wales

FILMS

- 10**
- 1 TERMS OF ENDEARMENT (UIP)
 - 2 TO BE OR NOT TO BE (20th FOX)
 - 3 CHAMPIONS (20th FOX)
 - 4 UNCOMMON VALOUR (UIP)
 - 5 THE DRESSER (COL-EMI-WAR)
 - 6 RISKY BUSINESS (COL-EMI-WAR)
 - 7 TRADING PLACES (UIP)
 - 8 CARMEN (Curzon/Premier)
 - 9 EDUCATING RITA (Rank)
 - 10 LA BALANCE (Gala)
- Courtesy of Screen International

FRED FACT

"Your name?"
 "Arthur - Arthur Record, to be precise."
 "And you say that you're responsible for a huge rise in record company profits?"
 "That's right."
 "Please explain."
 "Well, it was me who first cottoned on to the idea of only giving the punters one-sided singles. I figured that as they're such a right load of Wallies, they'd never notice if the B-side was exactly the same as the A-side. You have to use a certain amount of kiddology, mind. Whip off the lead vocals or maybe indulge in a touch of the old 'ows yer father with the original mix. Then you just label the results 'special disco mix' or 'dub version' and Bob's your geldorf! All you have to do is sit back and wait for the ackers to pour in."

"Does the play work?"
 "I should ko-ko. Just take a gander at my success recently. Lionel Richie's 'Hello', for instance. That's got my special remix of 'All Night Long' on the B-side. Not much more than the backing track really. But it saves using up any new material. Then there's The Weather Girls, Break Machine, Mel Brooks, Rockwell, Matthew Wilder, Shannon and Julia And Co. - they all took my advice and merely stuck different mixes on the B-sides of the seven-inch versions of their recent hit singles. Young Rockwell's well into it. He's already come up with an instrumental version to place on the flop... sorry, I meant flip side of his new single 'Obscene' Phone Caller."

"I see, Mr Record. You're a credit to the industry that's for sure. But why have you called to see us?"

"Well, I've got this great idea for a new and cheapo album. It'll be called 'Michael Jackson's Greatest Hit' and will contain 95 different mixes of 'PYT'. I've already got the party mix, the disco mix, the Arthur Brown set-your-barnet-ablaze mix, the

Dr Red Fella
(Anagram mix)

US

45s



Rockwell watching you

- 1 FOOTLOOSE Kenny Loggins (Columbia)
- 2 SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME Rockwell (Motown)
- 3 JUMP Van Halen (Warner Bros)
- 4 HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN Eurythmics (RCA)
- 5 GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 6 I WANT A NEW DRUG Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 7 AGAINST ALL ODDS Phil Collins (Atlantic)
- 8 AUTOMATIC Pointer Sisters (Planet)
- 9 ADULT EDUCATION Hall & Oates (RCA)
- 10 MISS ME BLIND Culture Club (Virgin)
- 11 99 LUFTBALLOONS Nena (Epic)
- 12 HOLD ME NOW Thompson Twins (Arista)
- 13 HELLO Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 14 EAT IT Weird Al Yankovic (Epic)
- 15 THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)

US

LPs

- 1 THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 2 1984 Van Halen (Warner Bros)
- 3 FOOTLOOSE Soundtrack (Columbia)
- 4 COLOUR BY NUMBERS Culture Club (Virgin)
- 5 CAN'T SLOW DOWN Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 6 SPORTS Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 7 LEARNING TO CRAWL The Pretenders (Sire)
- 8 TOUCH Eurythmics (RCA)
- 9 SYNCHRONICITY Police (A&M)
- 10 SHE'S SO UNUSUAL Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 11 AN INNOCENT MAN Billy Joel (Columbia)
- 12 UH-HUH John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)
- 13 SEVEN AND THE RAGGED TIGER Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 14 90125 Yes (Atco)
- 15 SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME Rockwell (Motown)

Courtesy Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 IN THE NAVY Village People (Mercury)
- 2 I WILL SURVIVE Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)
- 3 I WANT YOUR LOVE Chic (Atlantic)
- 4 SOMETHING ELSE Sex Pistols (Virgin)
- 5 OLIVER'S ARMY Elvis Costello (Radar)
- 6 CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE Real Thing (Pye)
- 7 LUCKY NUMBER Lene Lovich (Stiff)
- 8 TURN THE MUSIC UP Players Association (Vanguard)
- 9 SULTANS OF SWING Dire Straits (Vertigo)
- 10 COOL FOR CATS Squeeze (A&M)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
- 2 GENTLE ON MY MIND Dean Martin (Reprise)
- 3 BOOM BANG-A-BANG Lulu (Columbia)
- 4 SORRY SUZANNE Hollies (Parlophone)
- 5 THE BAD BAD OLD DAYS Foundations (Pye)
- 6 THE ISRAELITES Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
- 7 GAMES PEOPLE PLAY Joe South (Capitol)
- 8 MONSIEUR DUPONT Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 9 FIRST OF MAY Bee Gees (Polydor)
- 10 WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND Noel Harrison (Reprise)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 SEASONS IN THE SUN Terry Jacks (Bell)
- 2 REMEMBER ME THIS WAY Gary Glitter (Bell)
- 3 EMMA Hot Chocolate (RAK)
- 4 ANGEL FACE Glitter Band (Bell)
- 5 EVERYDAY Slade (Polydor)
- 6 BILLY DON'T BE A HERO Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
- 7 YOU HAVE EVERYTHING Diana Ross/Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
- 8 THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL Charlie Rich (CBS)
- 9 SEVEN SEAS OF RHYME Queen (EMI)
- 10 LONG LIVE LOVE Olivia Newton-John (Pye)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 CAN'T BUY ME LOVE Beatles (Parlophone)
- 2 WORLD WITHOUT LOVE Peter & Gordon (Columbia)
- 3 I BELIEVE Bachelors (Decca)
- 4 LITTLE CHILDREN Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
- 5 I LOVE YOU BECAUSE Jim Reeves (RCA)
- 7 NOT FADE AWAY Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 8 TELL ME WHEN Applejacks (Decca)
- 9 THAT GIRL BELONGS TO YESTERDAY Gene Pitney (United Artists)
- 10 MY BOY LOLLIPOP Millie (Fontana)

YES

LIVE IN DORTMUND, W. GERMANY 24th June
 £63 includes ticket for concert. Coach travel from London. First class hotel.
 Cross-channel ferry with Townsend Thoresen.
 Depart eve 22nd June return morn 25th June.

ELTON JOHN

LIVE IN BRUSSELS 7th May
 See Elton John live in Brussels at the outstanding Vorst National Concert Hall. The price of £63 includes ticket for concert. Cross-channel ferry. Coach travel from London. First class hotel. Depart eve 5th May return morn 8th May.

STEVIE WONDER

LIVE AT DORTMUND, W. GERMANY 25th June
 £60 includes ticket for concert. Luxury coach from London. First class hotel.
 Cross-channel ferry. Depart eve 23rd June Return morn 26th June

Places still available for
STATUS QUO & ULTRAVOX

GATEWAY PROMOTIONS
 OPENS YOUR DOOR TO EUROPEAN CONCERTS

Cheques payable to
 Gateway Promotions,
 149 Hamlet Court Road,
 Westcliffe-on-Sea,
 Essex

£20 deposit per person to
 secure place. Ticket correct box

Y SW EJ SQ U

Name
 Address

Tel: (0702) 346676, 346771
 Telex: 99305
 Ring (0702) 346771 for instant credit Bookings.



FOR £115 WITH INTER RAIL

If you're under 26, the freedom to travel throughout Europe can be yours with an Inter Rail Card.

£115*buysyouamonth'sunlimited rail travel in 19 countries - including Scandinavia and Morocco! And you can purchase half-price rail tickets in Great Britain and Ireland, also on Sealink and B+I Shipping Services.

Further information from principal rail stations, and appointed travel agents.



*Subject to alteration due to currency fluctuation.



Mead Gould Promotions
 Queen's House, 61 Queen's Road
 Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3XD
 Tel: 0273 204101/23 Tlx: 99305

ULTRAVOX

LIVE IN DUSSELDORF 7th May (Bank Holiday Monday)
 £62 includes concert ticket • First class Hotel (All Rooms With Private Bath W.C.)
 Breakfast included • Luxury coach from London • Cross channel ferry • Full day/evening free in Germany. Depart evening Sat 5th May return a.m. 8th May

DAVE GILMOUR OF PINK FLOYD

LIVE IN DUSSELDORF Saturday 21st April (Easter W/End)
 £59 includes best ticket for concert • First Class Hotel (All Rooms With Private Bath/Shower, Full Breakfast included) • Luxury coach travel from London • Cross-channel ferry. Depart evening Fri 20th April return evening Sun 22nd April DG

ELTON JOHN

LIVE IN ROTTERDAM 6th May (Bank Holiday Sunday)
 £65 includes concert ticket • First class hotel (All Rooms With Private Bath W.C. Breakfast included) • Luxury coach from London • Cross-channel ferry. Depart Friday 4th May return Monday 7th May.

£45 Skipper Trip to Brussels 8th May includes concert ticket and all transport from London. Depart evening 7th May. Return A.M. 9th May.

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST

LIVE IN DUSSELDORF May 4th 1984
 £60 includes concert ticket • First class hotel (All Rooms With Private Bath Shower, full German Breakfast included) • Optional excursion to Cologne • Luxury Coach • Cross-channel ferry. Depart evening 2nd May, return a.m. 5th May

YES

LIVE IN DORTMUND W. GERMANY Sunday 24th June
 £63 includes concert ticket • First class hotel • Luxury coach • Cross channel ferry. Depart eve Friday 22nd June return a.m. 25th June

THE CURE

LIVE IN BRUSSELS Sunday 13th May
 £59 includes concert ticket • First class Hotel in central Brussels • Luxury coach • Cross channel ferry. Depart eve Friday 11th May return a.m. Monday 14th May

or Skipper Trip
 £39 includes concert ticket and all transport from London. Depart evening 12th May return a.m. 14th May.

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

NAME
 ADDRESS

UX DG EJ EJS BJH Y C CS

PHONE 0273 204101 FOR CREDIT CARD HOTLINE

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARVIN GAYE



Marvin the Motown romancer, November 1964.

TRIBUTE TO A TROUBLE MAN

The romantic spirit of rising young black America in the '60s, Marvin Gaye evolved into a radical voice testifying pleasure and protest. A brilliant artist, his career was clouded by the contradictions of his life.

By **PAOLO HEWITT**
and **GAVIN MARTIN**.

IF MUSIC IS to mean anything at all then its richest quality must surely lie with its ability to communicate with true depth and honesty. In the work of Marvin Gaye, a career lasting over 32 years, such an assessment is easily justified by most of the music he involved himself with.

As he worked through the smart pride and joy of early Motown Gaye embraced a powerful emotional growth. He fused the elements and influences of those he worked with so that he could emerge in the second stage of his career with a depth and understanding for the sexual, social and spiritual. He met the supreme challenges that any musician or artist faces

— how to combine personal experience with universal awareness, to celebrate his joys and sometimes quite chillingly lay bare his fears.

His work is in the truest sense of the word timeless; people will always be moved by the deeply sensuous 'Let's Get It On', just as there will always be someone somewhere haunted by his aching vocal on 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine'. And just as the all night sexual celebration of 'Midnight Love' will never lose its credence or vitality, so there will always be some kids practising their first dance steps to 'Hitch Hike' or 'Pride And Joy'. And as the world rushes headlong to its implosion so the frightening visions of 'What's Goin' On' will become ever more relevant. In 30 years as a recording artist Marvin Gaye produced a body of work that few could hope to match or to surpass.

MARVIN PENTZ GAYE was born on April 2nd, 1939 in one of Washington D.C.'s poorer districts. His father was a minister and the young Marvin spent a lot of his childhood in church singing in his father's choir which he later described as "small but intense".

According to Marvin, his father was a strict disciplinarian with a no-nonsense approach towards religion. "My father," he told *NME* in 1982, "was a Pentecostal and fire type. We're rooty, our blackness and our spirituality is of a very real non-pretensive type. I rather like that."

Gaye was educated at Randall Junior High School and Cardozo High School where, apart from displaying a keen interest in athletics, he spent a large portion of his time trying to shake off the stigma attached to him by his father's religious work.

"It's quite a hardship on a child," he told *NME*, "because he constantly has to prove himself to his comrades that he's as normal as they are. You have to do something rather bad or you're not accepted. You have to lose the stigma of being a child of God."

At the age of 15, Gaye sang in his first group: a doo-wop outfit called The Rainbows. Other members included Don Covay and Billy Stewart. The singing soon stopped. Under his father's orders, Gaye joined the US Airforce where he spent a number of uneventful years, perhaps his most memorable experience being the loss of his virginity at the age of 16.

"It was with a hooker," he revealed in the same *NME* interview. "I was in the Armed Forces and I'd just come off saltpetre, something they put in your food to keep your sexuality at a low ebb. They didn't want any funny business in the barracks."

After being discharged, Gaye returned home where he resumed his singing with The Rainbows, who later became The Marquees and recorded material with the Okeh label before Gaye was spotted by one Harvey Fuqua, a man who was to subsequently play a significant part in his career.

Fuqua was a member of a famous '50s harmony outfit called The Moonglows who had put out records on the Chess label. It was Fuqua's insistence that Gaye joined The Moonglows, where he stayed until they disbanded. When that happened, both Gaye and Fuqua moved to Detroit to work on three new record labels: Harvey, Tri Phi and Anna. Fuqua had married Gwen Gordy, the sister of Berry Gordy, who had just acquired these labels, and put them under one banner: Motown.

It was Fuqua, then, who introduced Gaye to Gordy and it was Gaye who followed in Fuqua's footsteps by marrying another member of the Gordy family, Berry's sister Anna. It was to be the start of a long and turbulent relationship between Gaye and the Gordy family.

Gaye's first work at Motown was as a session drummer and it is he who can be heard backing Smokey Robinson And The Miracles on their early singles. Marvin's first solo single was released in May of 1961. Entitled 'Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide' it was followed by his debut LP, 'The Soulful Moods Of Marvin Gaye'.

It wasn't until a year later, though, that he began to make his mark. Under producer William Stevenson, he cut 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow' (where he was backed by The Vandellas on vocals), 'Hitch Hike' and 'Pride And Joy'. All these records bear a

similar quality in their sparse instrumentation and solid backbeat which was later, once it was embellished, to become the trademark of Motown.

Indeed, as Gavin Martin pointed out in his 1982 interview, Gaye's singles followed the development of Motown to a tee. As Holland, Dozier and Holland, amongst others, developed the famous Motown sound, so Gaye's records followed suit with increasing sophistication leading up to his first major British success in 1969 with 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine'.

With Gordy concentrating the cream of Motown's songwriters and producers on this young, good looking vocalist, Gaye was quick to establish himself as the stylish lover. By dint of his vocal ability, he was able, on a succession of records, to portray himself in a variety of guises: the hard skinned stud on 'I'll Be Doggone', the pure romantic on 'How Sweet It Is'.

"I don't have a classic voice that comes from the diaphragm," he once remarked. "So I developed a style."

GAYE WAS more than willing to go along with anything Motown desired of him. Check all the early press shots of Marvin and there he is, smart but casual clothes, smiling as if he hadn't a care in the world. Motown was not about black consciousness or radicalism, it was about the sweet smell and smile of success—exactly the image Marvin gave to the world.

To cement his lover persona, Gaye also recorded a succession of duets with female Motown singers. With Mary Wells there was the memorable 'What's The Matter With You Baby' before she gained the distinction in 1964 of being the first artist to quit the Motown hit line. Then came Kim Weston and records such as 'What Good Am I Without You' and the oft covered 'It Takes Two' before she too quit in 1966.

But the most successful and memorable association was the pairing of Marvin with Tammi Terrell. Once a member of the James Brown Revue, Terrell had joined Motown and released her own single 'I Can't Believe You Love Me'. It was with Marvin and the songs supplied by such formidable songwriting teams as Johnny Bristol and Harvey Fuqua, Valerie Simpson and Nick Ashford that the

pair of them shot to success. Presented as Motown's star crossed lovers, they recorded three albums and 11 singles that all paid testimony to the vocal chemistry between them.

On songs such as 'Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing', 'You're All I Need Too Get By', 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' and 'If This World Were Mine', Gaye and Terrell successfully mapped out the blueprint for truly affecting duets and also began realising success and recognition outside of America.

In Britain, during the '60s Gaye was possibly only appreciated by the hip mods of the day, despite his artistic achievements with the like of HDH and Smokey Robinson.

With his viny relationship with Terrell, Gaye was able to make his name known outside Britain's soul cliques and when in 1969 he released the haunting masterpiece produced by Norman Whitfield, that is 'I Heard It Throgh The Grapevine' his fame abroad quickly spread. 'Grapevine' was a number one here and repeated the trick in the States.

With Terrell he had enjoyed nine top 50 hits and as the '70s dawned Marvin Gaye seemed to be in fine shape. But the twist of tragedy was just around the corner.

On March 16th, 1970, after a set of circumstances that Motown have never fully explained, Tammi Terrell, following emergency operations for a brain tumour, died in hospital.

GAYE WAS devastated. Immediately he retreated from the studio and stage and went into self-imposed exile. When he finally emerged into the public spotlight he was completely unrecognisable from the Gaye Motown had projected at the world.

Gone was the sleek smart singer of before, replaced by a heavier more philosophical man much troubled by the world he saw around him. With this 'new' Gaye came his personal statement of faith and values entitled 'What's Goin' On'. By producing, arranging and largely self-writing this catalytic LP, Gaye had flown in the face of the Motown production line simply by assuming all the responsibility himself.

Subsequently, the music he had created bore scant relation to the familiar Motown sound but rather responded in a brilliant manner to the subjects—black consciousness, poverty, capitalism—that people like James Brown, The Staple Singers, Curtis Mayfield and Sly Stone had begun reflecting in their work.

With 'What's Goin' On' Gaye surpassed in artistic terms even that worthy conglomerate, producing a timeless piece of work whose implications have never been fully realised either by Gaye or others.

Motown's initial response to this masterpiece was one of typical reluctance. From Gordy downwards Motown just didn't want to know, souring even further their relationship with Gaye. Eventually, after much resistance, they put out 'What's Goin' On' when Gaye told Gordy that it was fine by him if they didn't want to release it but never to expect any more work from him.

Compromised completely, Gordy sanctioned its release. The LP reached number six in the US charts and made Motown over two million dollars. The three hit singles culled from it garnered over four million dollars.

With its complex arrangements, inspired production and superb vocal performances, Gaye had produced an LP that not only marked a peak in 'protest' records but one that marked the deterioration of his relationship with Gordy.

Gaye's next venture was 'Trouble Man', a largely undistinguished film score, apart from the title track, that served as a filler between his next solo venture.

That turned out to be 'Let's Get It On', an LP that concentrated totally on the joys of love and sex and acted as fine counterbalance to 'What's Goin' On's' desolate cry of despair. Assuming his previous persona as Loveman, but this time with a candour and depth not previously explored, Gaye was once again in full control of his talents, creating layer upon layer of lush sensuous music tinged with the sound of heartbreak, and set to the idea of sex as an all round liberating force. Once again he had created a body of work that still stands today as a contemporary collection of songs.

IT WOULD be three years until his next LP finally appeared. In between, Gaye toured a little, cut an LP with Diana Ross that if not an artistic success was at least a financial one, and indulged himself in his new found love of metaphysics, including his admiration for the Carlos Castaneda books.

Gaye's awakening to this kind of knowledge was to be reflected in his music later on and he jealously guarded his staunch independence. Not only did the increasing gaps between his records signify his own professionalism, but an astute business sense on Gaye's behalf.

"I have so many albums in me," he told *NME* in 1976, "and so many ideas that I can do stuff on just about anything and make a product of it, a complete statement... I have that gift. But I won't give these innovations away for nothing. Because that's how our society is constructed, and although I don't believe in it, I'm not a fool either. So I'd rather do nothing."

Gaye's mystique, if it can be called that, was boosted further by the publication of Elaine Jesmer's book *Number One With A Bullet*. Jesmer had been a press officer at Motown, specifically Gaye's PR, and her fictional tome, which told the story of a musician Daniel Stone, was thinly based around Gaye and Gordy's traumatic relationship with him, Gaye himself denied the connection but the clues were there.

In 1976, Gaye reappeared with 'I Want You', which although not as coherent and as classy as his previous achievements, still contained proof of his unique talent in at least three of the songs. Gaye's explanation for this semi-disappointment was to partially lay the blame at Berry Gordy's doorstep.

"You didn't know it," he told Cliff White, "but I didn't intend to do anything... I wasn't gonna do it



Marvin in exile in London, 1979. Pic: Pennie Smith

but Berry came and said 'Listen man, dammit, you gotta do something, you been fooling round here for years. Now here's some stuff that Leon Ware went into the studio and cut. Look, I'm getting ready to let so and so do it, but see if you like it. The stuff is you man, it's you.'

"So he talked me into it right? So I'm listening to it and saying 'Well, gee, that 'I Want You' track is not bad Berry. 'After The Dance' wasn't bad, and a few other things... But then I said, 'I don't know, damn, I'm not going to do anything. I'm sorry.' So he calls me back a couple of times, says 'Come and do this album,' you know, and I thought well I do like it so I'll go and do it."

"But I had no plans to produce anything on it myself because 90 percent of the time, when I get mad I get very unproductive. And they keep me mad at them all the time by not treating me properly."

Motown remained tight lipped on the subject and after his British tour Gaye headed back to the studio to mix a live LP and stunning new single in 'Got To Give It Up' which proved beyond doubt his immense talent at creating—in this case subtle loose limbed funk—trends rather than following them.

ONCE AGAIN, though, trouble was around the corner. Gaye had by this time divorced his wife Anna and remarried his second wife Jan. Anna sued Gaye and the High Court decided that Anna should receive the first six hundred thousand dollars of Gaye's royalties for his next LP. To fulfil this, Gaye produced 'Here, Here My Dear', a double LP as tortured as it was cumbersome, that concerned itself totally with his relationship with Anna. At times bitter and at times a celebration of love it remains an odd LP to get to grips with.

Worse still, Gaye was charged with non payment of taxes by the IRS and served with a bankruptcy order. To meet his financial commitments, Gaye had to sell his studio to remain solvent.

To top it all, his wife Jan left him for the arms of

one of his best friends, singer Teddy Pendergrass, who had benefitted enormously by filling the space Gaye had created. Crushed both financially and emotionally, Gaye moved to England and started work on his next LP, 'In Our Lifetime', in a shattered depleted mood.

Although professing to bear no malice towards either his wife or Pendergrass, it was well rumoured at the time that 'Lifetime', originally entitled 'Love Man' was intended to serve as Gaye's comeback, a conclusive proof of his master talent. When it did finally appear, it showed Gaye to be nowhere near that particular claim. Dour and uninspired in most parts, Gaye quickly disclaimed it, stating that Motown had relieved him of the master tapes before he had had time to finish it to his satisfaction, and tampered irrevocably with it.

Either way, Gaye caused a further furore by turning up hours late for a charity concert attended by Princess Margaret. In fact, by the time he arrived the Royal one had left. "I did what I did out of necessity," Gaye claimed later. "I meant no disrespect to the Royal Family. Unfortunately, I couldn't go on and perform until certain conditions had been met."

He also refused to turn up at a press conference that had been arranged for him.

By now, Gaye's use of drugs had become a well known fact and something he never categorically denied. Journalists turning up for interviews would often be met by a half-stoned man, rambling incoherently about his philosophies—which ironically contained anti-drug references—and his increasing bitterness with Gordy's Corporation.

Gaye saw himself as a pure artist and one who couldn't be expected to meet the commercial demands put upon him.

So it was surprise that in 1981 he would say, "At this point I think I'd rather be with another record company. I've been told in no uncertain terms that if certain financial arrangements are made that I may

leave the label, even though I am still technically under contract to them."

AT THE start of 1983, Gaye severed completely his connection with Motown and signed with CBS. His exile in Europe continued and he headed for Belgium where under the supervision of Larkin Arnold and his long time associate Harvey Fuqua, he completed the outstanding 'Midnight Love'. If ever an artist vindicated the belief held in him, then Marvin Gaye did so triumphantly with this album. Confident, dynamic, fresh and invigorating, it was Gaye back on familiar territory, utilising the rarely used synthesiser, within soul music at least, with a powerful approach.

"I have my own inimitable style," he boasted to Gavin Martin in his last ever interview with *NME*. "And in that respect I try to do good music; music that has feeling, hope and meaning—all the things people are looking for."

'Midnight Love' certainly fitted that description as did its first single, 'Sexual Healing', a masterpiece of sensitivity and innuendo that earned Marvin a Grammy award that year.

The singles that followed all bore witness to Marvin Gaye's spectacular artistic-rejuvenation and on the tide of his success he returned to America after a three year period of exile.

November of 1982 found him in as fine a form as any. He'd overcome his problems, both personal and social and was now able to bask in his reflected glory. "Certainly I've felt vindictive," he told *NME*, "and I still feel vindictive, and I certainly wish that those who have stepped on me will be punished. But a great measure of my satisfaction is that I have overcome many obstacles at this point and I have emerged rather victorious today. So I feel I have enough control to feel vindictive and turn the other cheek."

Going on to comment about the nature of his work—"Hopefully, I record so that I can help someone overcome a bad time, or so they can sense that I care through my lyrics or through my music. That's what's important"—Gaye seemed amiable and relaxed, willing to comment on everything from his admitted use of drugs and his relationship with women (two of the reasons he claimed for his bankruptcy) to the meaning of life which he believed every human being should try and study at some point.

GAYE MADE a public appearance at Motown's 25th anniversary celebrations in 1983 where he cut a stark contrast to the rest of the acts, with his cutting, overlong spoken monologue about ethnic minorities.

Since his comeback, Gaye had been working with an official biographer on a forthcoming book and he also undertook his first American tour in years. By all accounts the shows were not a success. Gaye openly played up to his image by repeatedly blowing his nose audibly in front of the audience, a direct reference to the use of cocaine. Apparently, the tour also lost money, although this didn't prevent Gaye from performing his unique version of the 'Star Spangled Banner' at the opening of the baseball season, in a massive stadium.

At the start of 1984, he'd also completed backing tracks and sang on a few of the songs earmarked for his next CBS LP. Whether we'll ever get to hear this particular work is a moot point. But then Marvin Gaye, a huge influence on contemporary music since his early days at Motown and one of the handful of people who can quite easily accommodate the term brilliant, possibly wouldn't have been that bothered.

As he once stated, "An artist isn't concerned with the money making prospects of the industry. He's concerned with doing something. Telling something. Predicting something. Giving something that has depth, that has meaning, that someone can go to later or when they need it, and put it on and pull themselves back together."

Marvin Gaye was not just a 'soul musician' but a musician who brought something unique to music, a gift that can never be surpassed. He was, for all his flaws, an honest individual who always remained as true to himself as he could, and if that caused friction, well, it goes with the territory. As he concluded, "That's an artist. If he's good and if he's true to himself he can be just as wealthy as the other type of individual. But even if he never gets wealthy, he's wealthy anyway. He'll always be rich."

Marvin Gaye was that man. For that alone, he should be celebrated.



Marvin back on top, 1982. Pic: Peter Anderson

AN OCCASIONAL GUIDE TO WHO'S SUING WHO ● PORTION CONTROLLERS ●

HEAVY ON THE CHIPS

AT THE turn of last year Portion Control brought out the strangest electro-dance disc I've heard.

Not being a great fan of what is, to me, a tedious and predictable format, 'Raise The Pulse' grabbed my attention by virtue of its lush electronic rhythms and the gruffest, punkiest vocals this side of Conflict. The record has spirit, a power to move both the feet and heart: "Are you a man who will say NO!" Punk-Funk-Disco? What are these people playing at?

I half imagined that the band would look like studious spikey-tops — their heads full of synthesisers and revolution, perhaps. But in fact the group — Ian (keyboards), Dean (vocals) and John (keyboards) — turn out to be three mild-mannered boys whose burning passion in life happens to be software, and neither punk nor funk has anything to do with it.

They were, simply, a garage electronic band who copied their heroes in the same way that a garage punk band would have copied the Pistols.

The turning point for Portion Control seems to have been the release of their first LP 'Hit The Pulse', in early 1983. A touch of originality here, a bit of spontaneity there and hey presto we had something worthwhile at last. "On that LP we actually wrote songs instead of the rhythmic collages that Cabaret Voltaire were doing," affirms Dean.

Illuminated Records picked up on the promise and the first single for them was the aforementioned 'Raise The Pulse' — a single that was, incidentally, voted into the 'prime time slot' at the Camden Palace. "We've always been interested in dance music," offers John. It didn't come through before because we were limited by our equipment."

To bring history up to date, the new single 'Rough Justice' is a similar slice of electro-thump but with

**PORTION CONTROL
HAVE A NEW FLOPPY
DISC. THEY
PROGRAMME RICHARD
NORTH. SOFTWARE
SHOT KERSTIN
RODGERS**

"We're just a heavy beat electronic band," says John, and that's good enough for me.

Portion Control started up in 1980 influenced, apparently, by new-wave 'experimentalists' Wire. Choosing synthesisers instead of guitars because they couldn't handle all those strings (ah, the same old story), the group started mucking about on the fringe of the electro-avant-garde, dominated at that time by the likes of Cabaret Voltaire. From time to time they'd put out a tape of heavy dub monochrome noise (very CV) and play the odd alternative gig. "Alternative Knebworth", supporting 23 Skidoo and 30 similar bands, was one of them.

horns on. The TKO Horns, who've played with The Bureau and Dexys, to be exact. Really the single, marks the end of one stage of the band's career: the progression from an uninspired copyist group to a flowering, enthusiastic musical unit is complete.

"There's this computer game where you have to form a band and take it as far as you can," gushes John, the fanatical software addict. "There are hazards like getting a manager called Larry Stitch-You-Up or Fred No-Good. The band can do a world tour and earn, perhaps, 25p. We love it!"

The next stage beckons. May all their troubles be little ones.

lowry

Portion Control wait for their pulses to rise



YOUR BRIEFS ARE

SHOWING

TRADING ACCUSATIONS in Federal Court in Manhattan this week are Grandmaster Flash and his long time label Sugarhill Records.

Flash, joined by Furious Five members Kid Creole (not the August Darnell character) and Raheem, is claiming that the company owes him substantial amounts of unpaid royalties, and that he was forced to sign a management contract with Sylvia Robinson, Sugarhill's president, which constitutes a conflict of interest. He is asking out of both the management and recording contracts, and for the right to the name of his group.

Robinson is denying that she owes Flash any money, and is claiming that she, not the group, owns the right to the name. To prove her point she has had three members of the group — Melle Mel, Cowboy and Mr Ness — touring as Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five, though Flash himself, Creole and Raheem have been nowhere in sight. Reports from Boston and other cities have called these shows lacklustre and dispirited, and the bogus billing of Flash raises doubts about his upcoming tour of England.

Robinson has also launched an out-of-court attack on the reputation of Flash and the group members joining his suit, suggesting that their financial troubles are the result not of her management but of their personal (ie drug) habits. "I know they've gotten their money" Robinson told Island magazine, "and I know what they do with their money... When you hear 'White Lines', you didn't get that from a little virgin in the street, but from somebody that knows what they're talking about."

Also fighting over what's in a name are New Edition and their producer Maurice Starr. The group has disaffirmed its contract with New York indie label Streetwise and signed up with MCA. They reportedly wanted to keep working with Starr, but Starr, who has a production deal with Streetwise, wants to find another group of kids to be the next New Edition.

Court papers filed by Starr and Streetwise claim that New Edition is a "front" for an "'80s black bubblegum sound" that is Starr's "concept". They characterize the group's talents as "marginal" and claim that the group members could be "easily" replaced by other black males in the 13-15 age bracket.

Attorneys for the group have answered with affidavits from the editors of black teen magazines Right On and Black Beat swearing that the group does indeed have personal popularity, a point that the thousands of young black girls who regularly scream and weep at their shows would also support.

RICHARD GRABEL

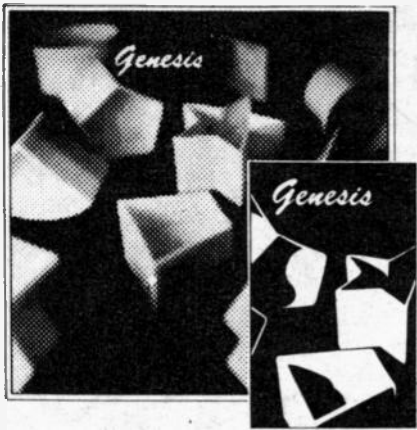


"Isn't it amazing how quickly I evolved into this?"

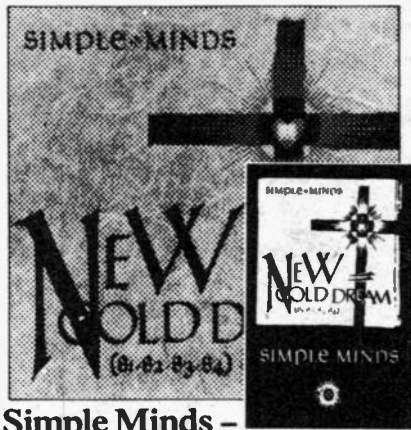
the
BLOW MONKEYS GO PUBLIC!



Rock prices tumble



Genesis -
Genesis £4.29



Simple Minds -
New Gold
Dream £3.99



Elvis Costello -
Ten Bloody
Marys £3.99



Making
Michael
Jackson's
Thriller



Dire
Straits
Alchemy

£19.95 £19.95

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE

OFFER PRICE
£2.49

Black Sabbath
Technical Ecstasy
Heaven and Hell
Cabaret Voltaire
Johnny Yes No
Eric Clapton
461 Ocean Boulevard
Slow Hand
The Cure
Boys Don't Cry
Peter Gabriel
Peter Gabriel 2
Genesis
Live
Nursery Crime
Trespass
Jimi Hendrix
Smash Hits
The Jam
In the City
Elton John
A Single Man
Kiss
Destroyer
League Unlimited
Orchestra
Love and Dancing

PIL
Flowers of Romance
Paris in the Spring
Rainbow
Rainbow Rising
Simple Minds
Sister Feelings
Status Quo
Hello
Rod Stewart
Never a Dull Moment
The Who
Live at Leeds
Rarities Vol 1
Rarities Vol 2

OFFER PRICE
£3.99

Aztec Camera
High Land Hard Rain
Phil Collins
Face Value
Hello, I Must be Going
Elvis Costello
This Years Model
Armed Forces
Peter Gabriel
Peter Gabriel
Peter Gabriel 3

Genesis
And Then There Were 3
Wind and Wuthering
Duke
Foxtrot
Selling England by the
Pound
Trick of the Tail
Heaven 17
The Luxury Gap
Penthouse and Pavement
Human League
Dare
Japan
Tin Drum
Gentlemen Take Polaroids
Joy Division
Closer
Still
Unknown Pleasures
New Order
Power, Corruption and
Lies 1981/82
OMD
Architecture and
Morality Organisation
Simple Minds
Celebration
U.B. 40
Labour of Love

OFFER PRICE £5.49
FOR THESE DOUBLE
RECORDS AND CASSETTES

Genesis
Seconds Out
Lamb Lies Down on
Broadway

VIDEO SELECTION

We've a large range of rock videos which are great value.

So check out the list below, and pop in to see the full range.

Joan Armatrading
Track Record..... £19.95
Kate Bush
Singles File..... £19.95
Phil Collins
Video E.P..... £11.99
Deep Purple
California Jam..... £24.95
Jimi Hendrix
Rainbow Bridge..... £24.95
Iron Maiden
Video Pieces..... £11.99
The Jam
Video Snap..... £19.95
Meat Loaf
Live..... £19.95
Queen
Greatest Flix..... £19.95
Saxon
Live..... £19.95
Siouxsie & The Banshees
Nocturne..... £19.95
Status Quo
Live..... £19.95
Style Council
What We Did On Our
Holidays..... £11.99
Thin Lizzy
Live and Dangerous..... £19.95
Toyah
Toyah! Toyah! Toyah!..... £11.99
U.B. 40
Live..... £19.95
Whitesnake
Fourplay..... £11.99
Whitesnake Live..... £19.95

At W. H. Smith we've added more new titles to our range of rock records and cassettes at tumble down prices that'll be music to your ears.

Listed above is a small selection from a very extensive range. You'll find the biggest range at our larger branches but stocks won't last forever.

So hurry along and take advantage of our rock bottom prices.

W H SMITH



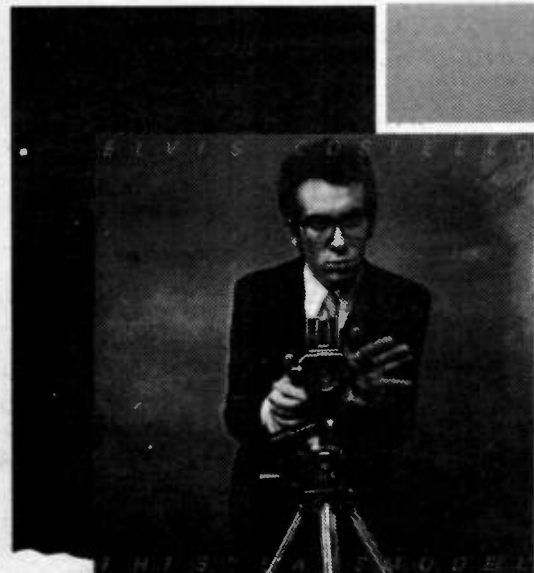
Subject to availability. Prices correct at time of going to press. Offer ends 23rd April 1984. While stocks last. Where you see these signs.



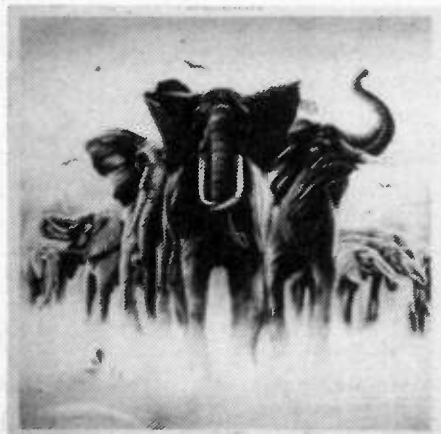
» available for the first time
on record...

ELVIS COSTELLO
AND THE ATTRactions

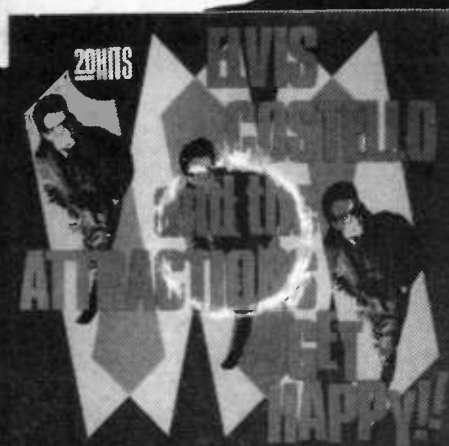
Ten Bloody Marys & Ten How's Your Fathers



THIS YEAR'S MODEL
IMP FIEND 18



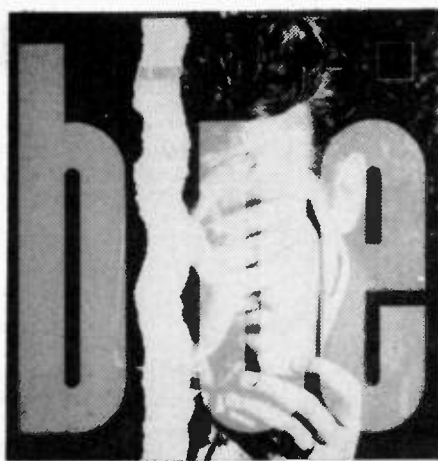
ARMED FORCES
IMP FIEND 21



GET HAPPY!!
IMP FIEND 24*



TRUST IMP FIEND 30



ALMOST BLUE
IMP FIEND 33*



IMPERIAL BEDROOM
IMP FIEND 36

...also out on
imp records

TEN BLOODY MARYS & TEN HOW'S YOUR FATHERS
IMP FIEND 27*

AVAILABLE FROM

LONDON & SOUTH EAST

- MASONS**
187 Queens Rd., Hastings
H & R CLOAKES
29 High St., Croydon
MAX RECORDS
4 Grove Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex
GOWER & JONES
163 High St., Here Bay, Kent
ROUGH TRADE SHOP
130 Talbot Rd., W11
HENNY'S
116 St. Mary St., Southampton, Hants
TRACHS
14 Railway St., Hertford
BEGGARS BANQUET
52 Eden St., Kingston Upon Thames
F.L. MOORES
19 Market Place Stevenage
UGLY CHILD
162 Hoe St., E17
LIGHTNING
106 High St., Rysselip
RED RECORDS
500 Brixton Rd., SW9
HUMMINGBIRD
7 Old High St., Folkestone, Kent
BARGAIN
11, Portland Market, Portland Rd., Worthing, Sussex
EARTH
72A Friars Sq., Aylesbury
ADRIANS
36 High St., Wickford
GOLDENDISC
8-14 Queens Rd., Southend-On-Sea
HI-TENSION
1 South Gunnett, Basildon
HI-TENSION
69 High St., Grays
PARROT
32 North St., Romford
STREETLIFE
3 Lockwood Walk, Romford
MIDLANDS
R.E. CORDS
Saddlers Gate, Derby
R.E. CORDS
High St., Burton
ARCADE
West Arcade, Nottingham
PRIDE RECORDS
St Marks Lane, Newark
SELECTADISC
Market St., Briddlehampton, Nottingham
REVOLVER RECORDS
Laster Gate, Nottingham
DISCOVERY RECORDS
69 Regent St., Leamington Spa
DISCOVERY RECORDS
24 Drury Lane, Southall, Warks
CONVERGENCE
23, Regent St., Rugby
ST. MARTIN'S
21-23, High St., Leicester
DISCOVERY RECORDS
3 Market Sq., Corby
DISCOVERY RECORDS
Rugby Centre, Rugby
REVOLVER RECORDS
59 Market Place, Leicester
REVOLVER RECORDS
Grosvener Centre, Northampton
SUNDOWN RECORDS
5 Bradford St., Walsall
HINLEY SOUND
3 Castle St., Huddersley
AINLEYS
Haymarket, Leicester
GOULDS
Mander Centre, Wolverhampton
LOTUS
2 Piccadilly Arcade, Hanley, Stoke
MIKE LLOYD MUSIC
23 High St., Newcastle Under Lyme
REVOLVER
Arndale Centre, Wellingborough
SCOTLAND
A.J. SOUNDS
Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall St., Glasgow
EUROPA
41 High St., Alloa
GROUNDHEAT
1-3 The Arcade, Stirling
J.J.'S
28 Union St., Dundee
G.J.
Cockburn St., Edinburgh
GOLDRUSH
9 Kinnoull St., Perth
ONE-UP
75 Rosemeary, Dundee, Aberdeen
RHYTHMIC
2 Hamilton Gate, Greenock
SLEEVES
17-19 Cow Wynd, Falkirk
SLEEVES
1 Whytehouse Way, Kirkcaldy
STUDIO ONE
53 Moss St., Paisley
THE OTHER RECORD SHOP
46 The High St., Edinburgh
224 Union St., Aberdeen
8 Market Bray, Inverness
24 Overgate, Dundee

EAST ANGLIA

- BACKS**
3 Swan Lane, Norwich
ANDYS
Market Hill, Cambridge
ANDYS
Lower Gate Lane, Norwich
PRIDE RECORDS
Stone Bow Centre, Lincoln
BATES
26 Broad St., Kings Lynn
LION
9 Red Lion Yard, Colchester
LION
48 Rosemary Rd., Clacton
PARROT
3 New London Rd., Chelmsford
PARROT
22 Long Wire St., Colchester
PARROT
24 Queens St., Ipswich

NORTH WEST & NORTH WALES

- ACTION RECORDS**
47 Church St., Preston
BRADY'S RECORDS
2/24 Market Place, Preston
COB RECORDS
High St., Bangor, Northmead
DOWNINGS RECORDS
162 South Rd., Liverpool
TEAR 'ERE RECORDS
14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
A.J. GULLY
25 St. Mary's Rd., Garston Liverpool
KAVERN RECORDS
11-13 South St., Rylip
MARSHALLS/PICADILLY RECORDS
Picadilly Plaza, Manchester
PENNY LANE RECORDS
69 Church St., Liverpool
PHASE ONE
22 King St., Wrexham
QUIRKS RECORDS
Eastbank Rd., Southport
REIDY'S RECORDS
W11 Penny St., Blackburn
SKELETON RECORDS
94 Argyle St., Birkenhead
TUDOR RECORDS
17 Walton Grove, Liverpool
RAY'S MELODY INN
15 Corporation St., Blackpool
SIFTERS RECORDS
106 Princess St., Stockport
ACTION
Church St., Preston
VIBES
Princess Parade, Bury

NORTH EAST

- CALLERS**
Northumberland St., Newcastle Upon Tyne
BRADLEY'S RECORDS
Market St., Halifax
BRADLEY'S RECORDS
New St., Huddersfield
BRADLEY'S RECORDS
Arndale Centre, Doncaster
JUMBO RECORDS
Marion Centre, Leeds
PRIDE RECORDS
River Head, Grimsby
RECORD COLLECTOR
Fulwood Rd., Sheffield
RED RHINO
Gilly Gate York
SYD SCARBORO
Paragon St., Hull
REVOLVER RECORDS
Four Seasons Centre, Mansfield
REVOLVER RECORDS
Idle Wells, Surton
VOLUME
Ridley Place, Newcastle Upon Tyne
WINDOWS
General Arcade, Newcastle Upon Tyne
SOUTH WEST
TRACHS
15 The Parade, Cwmbran, Gwent
ACORN
99 St. Mary St., Weymouth Dorset
SPILLERS
46 The Hayes, Cardiff
RIVAL
7 The Cornhill, Bath, Avon
ROD RECORDS
116 Fisherton St., Salisbury, Wilts
PITTS BOOKSHOP
194 High St., Exeter, Devon
HAPPY DAZE
93 High St., Newport, Isle Of Wight
ROCKAWAY RECORDS
Newport Provision Market, Newport, Gwent
REVOLVER RECORDS
The Triangle, Clifton, Bristol
DRIFTY
40 Winchcombe St., Cheltenham, Glos
LISTEN RECORDS
131, The Butts Centre, Reading, Berks
ALSO AVAILABLE FROM
BRANCHES OF VIRGIN,
HMV, OUR PRICE AND
ALL LEADING RECORD STORES.

*ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

THE HENCHMAN AT THE BEEB ● LET'S GET CASUAL ● HOLGER HILLER'S LAUNDROPHOBIA ●

"THAT'S FINE, hold on camera three... tell him to stop miming. I've already explained they're not allowed to mime."

A typical Wednesday afternoon, Michael Hurl is meandering through the dress run for edition 1,043 of *Top Of The Pops*. He's already told Break Machine's manager that union rules prevent American acts from miming on the show, but the manager understands the power of a television programme that reaches nine to ten million viewers every week, and isn't giving in too easily.

If *TOTP* is the ultimate expression of pop's production line, Michael Hurl is the foreman. Efficient and thorough, he is also in the front line when it comes to taking stick. And, with a list of producing credits stretching back from the *Cilla Black Show* through *Cliff*, *Seaside Special* and *The Two Ronnies* onto *The Late Late Breakfast Show*, *Entertainment USA* and of course *TOTP*—you may think he deserves it.

You may also decide from his apparent monopoly over most of the BBC's mass entertainment output that he's also a megalomaniac, an unhip bespectacled 42-year-old ogre whose personal vision of safely laundered blando pop music is the only one he will allow to reach the air.

As it happens, he is one of the few people at the BBC who makes it his business to promote as much rock music as he can; he is always pushing for more exposure for non-chart bands, and what's more he seems almost embarrassed to be associated with *TOTP* at all.

"It's just a chart programme. It isn't satisfying to produce, and it can be quite frustrating. I'm just an editor, I have absolutely no say in what goes on."

In fact, says Hurl, you or I can predict exactly what will be on just by going through the charts. Start with number one, pick all the records going up, unless they were on the week before. Try for the band first, if that fails use video, if the programme's video quota has been used (maximum ten minutes per show) then tough—keep looking down the chart for climbers.

"I think the lowest record we've ever featured was at number 47," he says, letting it be known he's not proud of the fact. "We have to follow our own guidelines with absolute strictness—and if we don't the record pluggers certainly let us know."

"If there's any rigging going on, all I can say is it has to have happened before the band got into the Top 30. We all know different stories about records hyped into the charts, but to our knowledge Gallup are getting more stringent. Perhaps their sample—of 300 shops in rotation—is too small in itself. But we have to accept that chart."

Michael Hurl produces *TOTP*; we watch it with the same enthusiasm. So why continue?

"Because it's easy to do. It only takes two days a week to put together, and when it goes out live, it's an exciting programme to work on."

And, of course, it's still the most popular music show on the telly—though that may change if Dave Cash manages to get his commercial radio-based chart programme off the ground.

"Yes, the competition may do us some good. But I can't see Dave's show working, unless it's transmitted at 5.30pm on Saturday afternoon on ITV. If it goes on to Channel Four it simply won't get the audience figures to justify the expense."

If that sounds like another cheap jibe by the corporation—and for all its faults *The Tube* is miles better than any music programme ever produced by the Beeb—it isn't intended that way.

"I love *The Tube*, I think it's an excellent programme, and it worries me enormously—not because I see it as a threat, but because it just isn't getting good audiences. And the more that happens, the more difficult it becomes for people like me to push for new music programmes."

"When I started out there were so many outlets for non-chart bands, and now there are hardly any. It's all down to cash—it costs about £30,000 to make one *TOTP*, and around £5,000 at the most to make *Blankety Blank*. That's why Saturday evenings are now filled with all these light quiz shows."

"Everyone knocked programmes like *Seaside Special*, but remember it was the first show to feature Grace Jones and Ian Dury, for instance. In the *Cilla* and *Cliff* shows, we always had non-chart stuff, obscure names now."

And if Dave Cash's show goes ahead on prime-time ITV? ... having said there is always room for one chart programme on television, Hurl refuses to be drawn on the harm a second programme would do. Such a programme would undoubtedly challenge *TOTP*, and if it did serious doubts would be raised about whether the Beeb could continue with it. My guess is that Hurl is not losing too much sleep at the moment, whatever the prospect.

Likewise Frankie Goes To Hollywood... Hurl smiles, pauses to take a breath and state his case. He seems to be miffed that for the fourth week running, he must produce a chart show without the number one record.

"If I had felt really strongly about the banning of 'Relax', I could have resigned. But honestly, when I see all the problems and suffering going on in the world, I find it difficult to get worked up about the banning of a record by the BBC."

But you have no control over world events; isn't this something you control taken out of your hands?

"If people wish to make a stand about something that's fair enough. Banning 'Relax' hasn't made any difference at all to the show, all it's done is given people something to talk about and vastly increased the sales of the record."

"Everyone says 'trust the BBC to do something like that', but I've been doing some research and discovered the BBC have only ever banned three or four records since *TOTP* began. It's the same with videos—I've been accused of banning more videos than I'd care to mention, whereas the only time I made a stand was with 'Undercover'. I've got two boys, aged eight and 12, and the violence in that video was not what I would let my kids see."

"I didn't even see the banned 'China Girl' video—the record company only sent me the clean version! A lot of bands like UB40 who've made some good videos don't get them on because the band are usually available to do the show—we only use videos when the band aren't available."

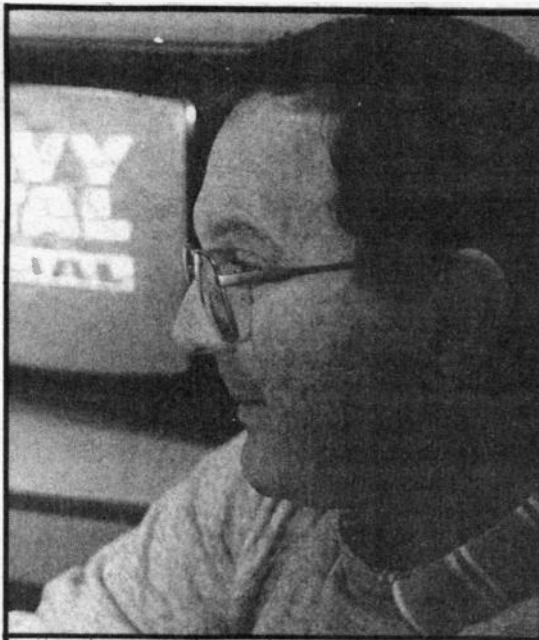
So how does the henchman of the Beeb, as he calls himself, see his role in promoting non-chart bands at Television Centre?

"I like the *Oxford Road Show*, but again that's yet to break the one million audience figure, and I just have to keep plugging away through programmes not much music-orientated. I've used a lot of non-chart bands with Noel, and I'm glad to see *Entertainment USA* is getting audiences of four million."

"Pure music programmes don't get audiences and are expensive to produce. It's as simple as that."

As the interview draws to a close, we are interrupted by assistant producer Mike Leggo, who is panicking over the breakdown of the caption machine. "Ring VTR," Hurl says calmly, "and tell them to get a replacement down here straight away or the show can't go on."

Leggo leaves, Hurl smiles to us. See? his smile is saying, just a henchman.



So TOTP gets on your nerves? What about the poor sod who has to produce it? DAVID COHEN meets MICHAEL HURLL.



Pic Bledwyn Butcher

ACCENT ON CASUAL

IT HAD to happen sometime.

Those of you familiar with the massive cultural significance behind such clothing labels as Lacoste, Pringle, Fila and Tacchini will no doubt be glad/shocked/bored to learn of one of Britain's first Casual bands.

Called Accent and sporting the aforementioned labels with a fiery pride, these London youngsters revolve around the songwriting partnership of one Brian Rydell and Mick Robinson and are fully committed to reflecting this current predominant working-class fashion.

Rydell himself is a determined young man with massive dreams running through his head. "It's growing every week," he says of his High Street followers, "and we're really getting through to these kids. When we started about three years ago we wore jeans and T-shirts but when the Casual gear started coming in we just naturally wore it. So it isn't as though we're a big hype."

Disappointingly enough, Accent put their accents musical into traditional rock music—"The Big Country and U2 are big influences," admits Rydell—instead of reflecting the soul preference of the Casuels, but as Rydell points out his audiences have no trouble relating to their rockist beat.

Typically, their operations are based around Stuarts, a clothes shop in the Uxbridge Road which specialises in Casual fashions. "Well," says Rydell with a sheepish grin, "we do get the gear at cost price..."

FILA UNDER TACCHINI.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

RECORD
Die Toedliche Doris—White Noise

FILM
Die Letzte Rache by Rainer Kirberg

ACTOR
Heinz Erhard

BOOKS
I don't read books

TV
Zum Blauen Bock

COLOUR
Brown

LIKES
"Echte Kempt'sche Kuchen"

DISLIKES
Laundrettes

HOBBIES
None

FOOD
Labskaus

POP STAR
Heino

MUSICAL INFLUENCES
Der Plan
Lilli Friedemann

PLACE
Sarnen (Switzerland)

GIRLFRIEND
Catherine

NIGHTLIFE
Going to the "Silbersack" on the Reeperbahn in Hamburg

HOLGER HILLER



Echo & The Bunnymen

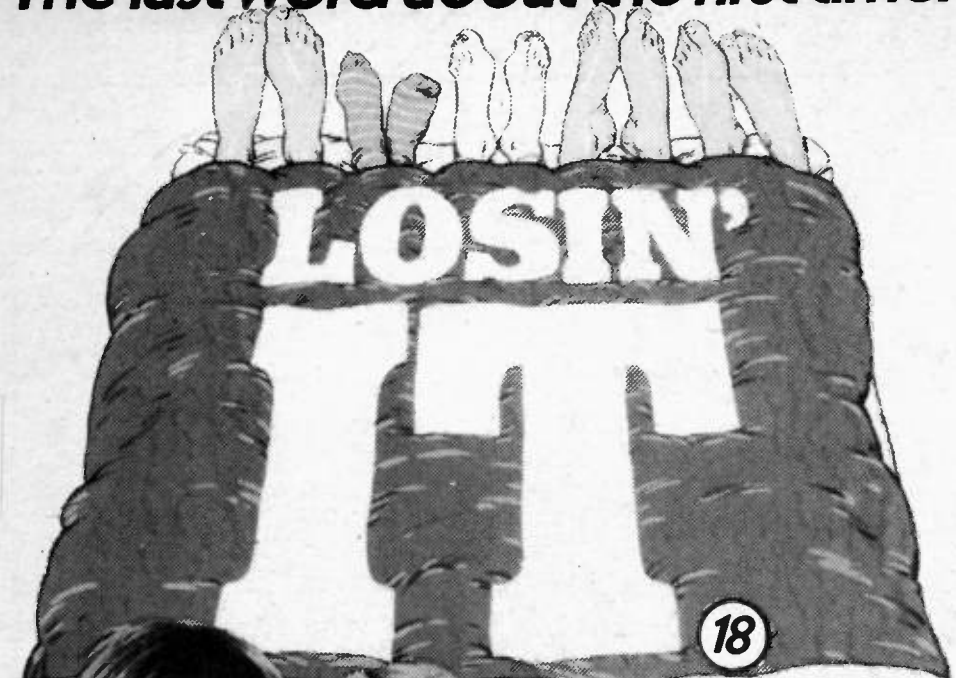
new single SILVER

in 7 inch (kow 34) and 12 inch 'Tidal Wave' (kow 34T) versions.
out next week

Distributed by WEA Records Limited ● A Warner Communications Company



The last word about the first time.



Starring **TOM CRUISE**
SHELLEY LONG
JACKIE EARLE HALEY
JOHN STOCKWELL

Original Music By **KEN WANNBERG** Story By **B.W.L. NORTON** Produced By **BRYAN GINDOFF**
Executive Producers **JOEL B. MICHAELS** Directed By **CURTIS HANSON** **alpha**

NOW SHOWING **PRINCE CHARLES** LEIC. SQ. 437-8181
AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS
ALL OVER LONDON
SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR SHOWING DETAILS

RUNNING OFF COPIES ●

BACK IN THE STUDIO
WITH DENNIS BOVELL
AND THE DUB BAND,
'BLACKBEARD' IS
HUNGRY TO PLAY, PAUL
BRADSHAW READY TO
LISTEN. PIC BLEDDYN
BUTCHER.

STEPPING OUT of Studio 80 — Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovell's bunker — to survey the monochrome landscape of a deserted London, my head was swimming with licks from the reggae maestro's latest explosive dub cocktail, 'Jug Head City'.

Dennis' solo exploits as a multi-instrumentalist, studio engineer and producer are both eclectic and innovative — his list of credits includes Janet Kay, The Pop Group, Cook Da Books, Orange Juice, Guardian Angel, to mention a few — but the purpose of this visit was to focus on the emerging force of the Dub Band.

At a previous encounter with Dennis last December when he was working on Linton Kwesi Johnson's 'Making History', he shook with laughter and declared that they'd lock LKJ away when they heard the album. Although he described the music as containing "a wealth of stuff, from jazz to deep roots", I was totally unprepared for the sweep of musical styles and arrangements concocted by Dennis and the Dub Band.

DUB JUICE

KOINCIDENCE

SO YOU thought Madness' keyboard supremo Mike 'Mike' Barson had retired? Boy have we got news for you! CLUE LIKE the voice saying "My name is Manfred Mann" on Madness' last hit single. LIKE the fact that the Nutty

Boys have taken to performing 'Davy's On The Road Again' at their concerts HAVE BEEN confirmed by THE SUBTLE REFERENCE

of the cover to Manfred Mann's new single 'Runner' to Madness' own album 'Keep Moving'. OBVIOUSLY Barson has joined the old hippy CHAPS and they are DROPPING big CLUES all over the SHOP. Or could it merely be that MMEB have a designer with the CREATIVE powers of a BROKEN DRAWING PIN?



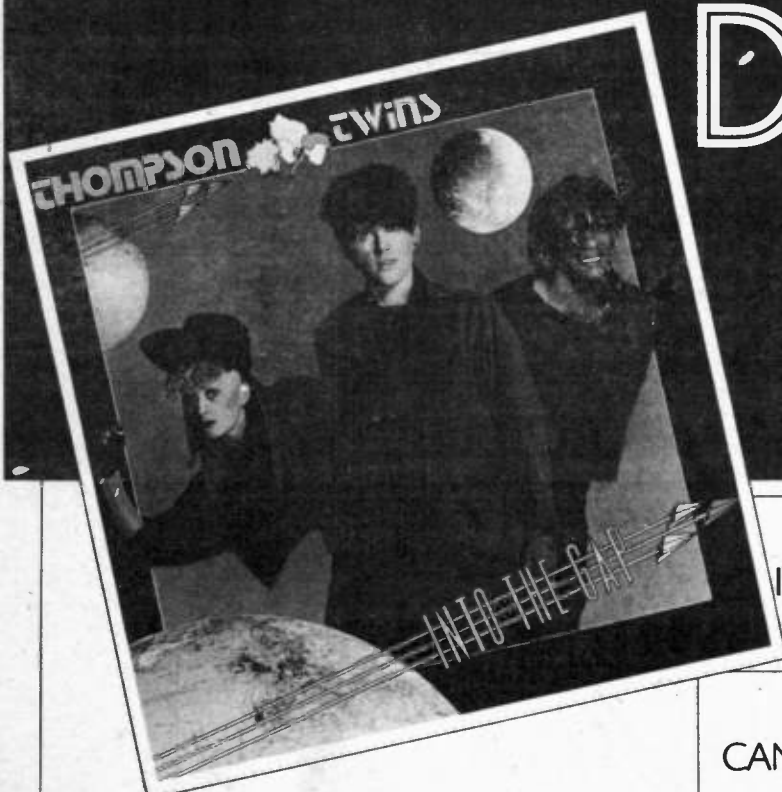
MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND



RUNNER

KORNER

AT £4.49 IT'S JUST WHAT THE
DOCTOR DOCTOR
ORDERED.

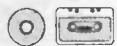


THOMPSON TWINS ♦
INTO THE GAP **£4.49**

BILLY JOEL ♦ AN INNOCENT MAN
£4.49

LIONEL RICHIE ♦
CAN'T SLOW DOWN **£4.49**

CULTURE CLUB ♦
COLOUR BY NUMBERS **£4.49**



AVAILABLE ON RECORD OR CASSETTE AT THE SAME PRICE

John Menzies

SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY. PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

For people who appreciate music...and money.

130 Record departments throughout Britain, with a huge selection of albums, 7" and 12" singles, tapes, accessories and record tokens.

BLACKBEARD TREADS THE BOARDS ●

Including the late Mikey Smith's 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' album, 'Making History' is the fifth collaboration between LKJ, Dennis and the Dub Band, and musically points to Bovell as the most radical force on the UK reggae scene. Offset funkster Nick Straker's bubbling synthesiser against Paget King's Hammond organ, marvel at the range of John Kpaiye's guitar or Buttons' and Patrick's razor edged horn parts.

With a forthcoming tour with LKJ that takes in the UK, four European countries and four weeks in America it was clearly time to slope off to Southwark in search of the man.

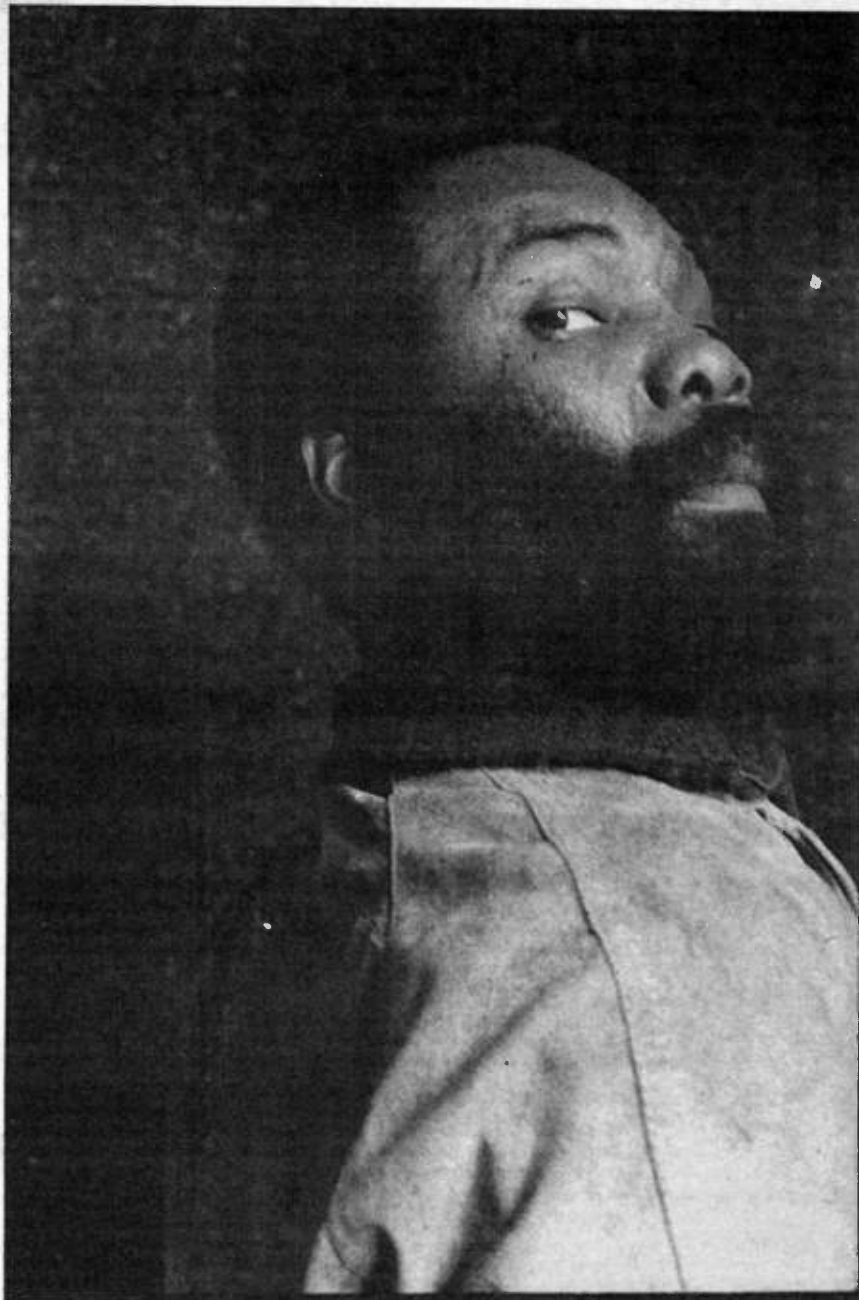
Bi-lingual Dennis switched rapidly from Yard-speak to south London 'ello-John speak as he sat at the mixing desk. Having a band consisting of the cream of UK reggae session men could create logistical problems but he was confident that it would work smoothly. The only recent change in the potentially fluid line-up is the replacement of Richard Stevens by ex Rip Rig drummer Bruce Smith.

"It's worked really well so far," enthused Dennis. "We never seem to clash 'cause we meet and go through what we're doing for the next couple of months, just map it out. It makes everyone's life more interesting 'cause you get to work with

Dennis sees the forthcoming tour as an opportunity to spend two months together, be paid for it and become the Dub Band for real. Being on the road, soaking up the different vibes and tensions of different cities and countries is for him an infinitely more creative setting than spending two months in a studio. A Dub Band album released to coincide with the tour would have been an asset and though Dennis has tentatively titled it 'Urban Voodoo Juice' he still feels they haven't yet enough material to choose from.

Their second single is due for release in early May and is entitled 'All Over The World'. "It's in the same vein as 'Reggae High', the sort of song you hear in pubs, kinda pub-reggae... ha, a juke boxer. Yeah we're on that road now and we're going right on to the end."

Spanning around six minutes, 'All Over The World' is written and produced by John Kpaiye, and while there are hints of Third World it is a tougher and more confident fusion of reggae and funk than its predecessor. As the song unfolds you're sucked into the turbulent dub which was recorded live in the studio, and wearing his ex-Sufferer sound system DJ's hat Dennis envisages it as a link tune, "the kind of tune to be played



Jug Head City gent.

ON THE LOOSE

other people, like Patrick and Buttons are currently touring the States with UB40. It's not the sort of band that hangs out together every day, goes everywhere together, wears the same clothes.

"Whenever we play together we are hungry to do it. It's like Nick Straker and I were founder members of Matumbi but we just branched off in different directions. He went into funk and I went into reggae and now we've come back together. He came to a gig at the Venue and said he hated watching it and wanted to come up and play. I told him he should have. The next thing he just brought his synthesiser and he was in the band.

"When we toured Europe with Linton last year we were getting really tight for England because the audience here is so damn critical. Personally I think rehearsing is boring, you're there every day and it gets you down. You get too tense and when you eventually get onstage you freak if you don't get it right. We prefer to have just a couple of rehearsals in the studio and do a tape when everyone's at their best. Everyone gets a copy and can play it back at their own leisure and have a mental rehearsal, so when we meet up to play it's the business! On tour the first two shows might suffer as people don't hit their accents as hard but by the third show, Phew!

"Onstage we're playing live dubwise more than ever before; there are some wicked arrangements to drop. We try and fit in all kinds of lyrics from hard core roots to lovers; instead of sticking in the same vein we just try and vary the verbals mate.

when you've just had a nice heavy funk session, the slide from funk to reggae or if you're playing reggae and want to up tempo it... that's the slot it has in my mind."

Shifting from the Dub Band to his own projects which have recently included the live mix of Fela Kuti's next album and the production of Orange Juice's 'Texas Fever' album, Dennis slotted a cassette of his own solo project 'Jug Head City' into the player. Recorded over a three week-period he's pieced together a collage of ideas and mini recordings into yet another Bovellian dubwise excursion. The titles are not yet finalised but there's 'E Stren Bull' which features Dennis on Saz — an eastern string instrument given to him while producing Sadabonheur in Germany, the "pyramidal" Pablo style 'Kai Row' and the speaker-shaking '(Under the) Baffleboard Walk'.

Buzzing to the rough mixes he toasted along, conceptualised a scat vocal in dub or a free-blowing trombone solo and toyed with some lovers rock harmonies. The geezer never stops.

Dennis Bovell is a professor in the wild style school of dub and 'Jug Head City' will make enthralling listening while acting as a more extreme counterpoint to the mellower but equally radical musical master-strokes of the Dub Band. If anyone can avoid the crass mechanical quality that characterises most reggae/funk fusion attempts it's got to be Blackbeard and the boys, and if they're determined to take it to the bridge then it just might pay off. A who seh go deh?

SHILLELAGH SISTERS

DEBUT SINGLE



GIVE ME MY FREEDOM

7" & CLUB MIX 12" IN YOUR SHOPS NOW

TOOLS YOU CAN TRUST SHOW THEIR TEETH ●

THE SETTING could hardly have been more contrived; Yates' Wine Lodge, Manchester with its acres of bare boards, like some workhouse refectory. Ben Stedman and Rob Ward are in a distant corner, sombrely ticking over, looking like sub-heroes from *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*. The scenery is purely co-incidental, though, simply the nearest public enclosure to Tools You Can Trust's practice room.

Tools You Can Trust's first single, 'Working And Shopping', on their own Red Energy Dynamo label, was regularly relayed to the public via Radio One and local nitespot turntables. An obvious comparison, as far as the ear goes, would be rough Suicide, or then again, there's The Normal, good old Gristle, Black & Decker Ltd and Sleepy LaBeef. Their second 45, 'Show Your Teeth' b/w 'Messy Body Thrust' is out and about right now.

They recorded the first version of their 'Working' single last July but it took until the autumn to get the money to translate it into vinyl. Ben (bass and music, stoically

contents for some time. How do they feel now that Test Department have popularised The Sound Of Highway Maintenance?

"Using a lot of metal has been done to a certain extent. I heard TD's sessions and thought they were pretty good, they've done the metal thing well, so there's not much point in pursuing that alone. I saw Einstürzende Neubaten and though they were really shit, a total mess, though they did have one really good thing, a welder with sparks coming from it. Anyway, pneumatic drills are prohibitively expensive."

You did use them on the singles, though?

"Yes — we went into the street and recorded them on cassette." Meanwhile Rob gazed over the tip of his cue in glum resignation. The white ball has rolled under a bench, while his new partner is campaigning at the bar for a new one. O Lord.

The Tools have plans for a couple of 10" LPs in May and mini-tours to coincide. Are they going to change course?

"Possibly. That's something we'll have to think about. I don't think there's much sounds

LEFT OUT OF THE TOOLBOX

attentive, much given to an inward rolling of the eyeballs) and Rob (words and vocals, more outgoing, yet with the same deadpan perspective on the world) are from Brighton and Wolverhampton respectively. They've been boogying TYCT style nearly two years.

As we are about to talk shop, along comes a merry Irishman to drag a palely protesting Rob away for a game of pool. Ben gets his starter for ten: rhythm & booze.

"I really like rockabilly, it's one of the first things I liked. Sonny Burgess, Roy Orbison and the rougher stuff. Rob likes R&B. I've got some blues records — I mean, they're not mine." This is pronounced in tones of vague disdain, as if to counter expectations on our part that he'd naturally want to boast an obscure collection of Mississippi 'Wang' Moonshine 78's.

Playing live they use all the usual implements: bass, tapes, metal drumkit, fire extinguishers; the usual *Rock School* routine. They've been working with the toolbox and its

like the single. It's just what to do after that. We haven't really gone in for getting a record contract. Being a record label is nothing, it's publishing and distribution we need help with. Red Rhino are currently distributing our stuff.

Rob returns with Poolhall Richard who is heartily intent on discussion after overhearing that Ben and Rob are members of the Labour Party. As Ben is subjected to the newcomer's theories about De Valera and Lloyd George, Rob escapes to give us the why and wherefore of his lyrics.

"They're about a lot of the things my Mum and Dad have said and done, stuff like being in a union, being in the Labour Party. I know it sounds clichéd, easy to rest on, but it can be as profound as you want it to be. It's better than being 'romantic', warbling on about nothing in particular like a lot of Joy Division stuff. Neither is it Clash 'rabble rousing'."

"People are afraid of being obvious, saying what they believe in — 'Oh we're left-wing but we'd hate to preach.' All those people in the



Rob (left) and Ben — can't buy a drill

Hulme crescents who wear no socks... they've got the right ideas but either seem embarrassed or guilty about their backgrounds. They seem to have lost a lot of ground. My words are about *not* neglecting the past, the things, that people have achieved.

"The ideals of Socialism, they're not there anymore. I don't see why they can't be in music. It doesn't mean you have to don flat caps. You *can* believe in those ideas yet not be guilty about going to clubs and having a 'good time'. Nobody wants to be obsessively about one thing. Most of the things I like are vigorous, reasonably 'obvious' and reasonably not like that Jane record..."

"My family come from the Midlands. The thing is there, there's not *enough* idealism; with all the factories the society is largely based on materialism. Some of the people are *incredibly* racist, yet they're still 'Labour Men' — 'You wouldn't catch me drinking lager', that sort of thing. And up here there's a lot of no-socks, left-theorisers who are ashamed of enjoying themselves. A lot of

**TOOLS YOU CAN TRUST
SHOOT POOL AND BULL
WITH CATH CARROLL
AND LIZ NEER. CAMERA
CUE, SHAFEEK
VELLANI.**

people seem to be against their parents. They should see *something* to offer them — even if they have disowned them. Oh, it seems like I'm idealising our parents now."

The maudlin croon of Brendan Shine wells voluminously from the jukebox. What happens when TYCT play live?

"As far as writing goes, it works best with the pair of us alone. It's difficult teaching all these different people how to play the songs. We've been very unfair, throwing them out after four weeks. But we now seem to have settled on Claire Walker, Eddie Fenn and Phil Hughes." Ben pauses. A group of the city's ragged elders nod out of time to the booming balladeer and the slot machine ejaculates a stream of coppers. "We've had more members than The Fall."

Ah. The Fall. Step-parents to a whole generation. Old Father Smith may not approve of looking back, but it sometimes helps. Doing so doesn't mean you actually have to walk back.

WAY OF THE WEST

NEW SINGLE
ON 7" & 12"



CITY FOR LOVERS

MCA RECORDS

NEW ALBUM OPLP 1 OPMC 1 OPPOSITION AND CASSETTE



xPromisesx

CHARISMA

Yellowman.



King Yellowman.
Only 4.49 album or cassette.

HMV top 20 12" singles.
Now only 1.99 or less.



More records. More tapes.
More discounts.

OXFORD ST: TEL. 629 1240. BEDFORD: TEL. 211354. BIRMINGHAM: TEL. 643 7029. BOLTON: TEL. 394934. BRADFORD: TEL. 728882. BRIGHTON: TEL. 29060. BRISTOL: TEL. 297467. CARDIFF: TEL. 27147. COVENTRY: TEL. 21001. DERBY: TEL. 364700. EDINBURGH: TEL. 556 1236. ENFIELD: TEL. 363 0184. EXETER: TEL. 35804. GLASGOW: TEL. 221 1850. GLOUCESTER: TEL. 32231. GUILDFORD: TEL. 579509. HULL: TEL. 226160. LEEDS: TEL. 435598. LEICESTER: TEL. 537232. LEWISHAM: TEL. 852 3449. LIVERPOOL: TEL. 708 8855. LUTON: TEL. 35290. MANCHESTER: TEL. 834 9920. MIDDLESBROUGH: TEL. 226957. NEWCASTLE: TEL. 327470. NORWICH: TEL. 25490. NOTTINGHAM: TEL. 502841. OLDHAM: TEL. 6337332. PLYMOUTH: TEL. 20067. PORTSMOUTH: TEL. 829678. SHEFFIELD: TEL. 751445. SOUTHAMPTON: TEL. 32654. STOCKTON: TEL. 676174. SUNDERLAND: TEL. 41267. SUTTON: TEL. 642 0084. SWANSEA: TEL. 462094. WOLVERHAMPTON: TEL. 29978.

THE KANE GANG
SMALL TOWN CREED
now everyone gets fifteen minutes!

THE KANE GANG
SMALL TOWN CREED
better by far than shallow hip!

Naked Lunch

— NEW SINGLE —
DOUBLE A SIDE
You Tie Me Down
AND
Laugh Your Mind Away

RECORDS PLZSR41

SEE THE LIGHT FANTASTIC VIDEO JUKEBOX

we'll be the first ones.
is the new single from
T·W·E·L·V·E
DRUMMERS
DRUMMING

GO ON!
GIVE IT
A PLUG
IN
NME
CLASSIFIEDS.
IT'S ONLY
20p PER
WORD.

**"Every teenage boy's
erotic fantasy brought to life"** — *The Sun*
"Good dirty fun" *Daily Star*

Joel had all the normal teenage fantasies... cars, girls, money. Then his parents left for a week, and his fantasies all came true.

Risky Business 18

THE GEFFEN COMPANY Presents A STEVE TISCH JON AVNET Production "RISKY BUSINESS"
TOM CRUISE REBECCA DE MORNAY Produced by JON AVNET and STEVE TISCH
Written and Directed by PAUL BRICKMAN

NOW SHOWING **WARNER WEST END** **ABC**
LEICESTER SQ 439 0791 FULHAM RD 370 2636

AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS
SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS

OPENS APRIL 6 ACROSS CENTRAL · GRANADA
WALES AND WEST T.V. REGIONS SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS

Cher Cher

KRISTINE MCKENNA MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO MEET THE IDOL OF HER YOUTH AND FINDS CHER AT HOME INSIDE A BEVERLY HILLS "PYRAMID". MISTRESS OF ALL THAT GROOVES, CHER TELLS OF THE MAKING OF HER AMERICAN DREAM TO BE AN ACTRESS.

CHER'S HOUSE is scaled for giants. To get there you wind for miles deep into the Hills of Beverly. You then continue up a long drive until you arrive at massive bamboo gates. Identify yourself and the gates swing open. You proceed along the driveway, now bordered with tall, swaying Mediterranean foliage that converges on an imposing sandstone, mock-Egyptian structure. There is no proper door. You ring a bell and a slab of concrete slides to the left. It's like entering a pyramid!

Inside, sprawling vistas stretch from one piece of furniture to the next. Gigantic loveseats and chairs are upholstered in long white fur (Is it Llama? Kitty-cat? Ex-husband Gregg Allman's ponytail?) Massive mirrors are framed with snakeskin. It's a still and orderly house, and unmistakably the home of a star.

Cher's assistant, a warm, unpretentious woman, greets you. "Hungry?" she inquires. "Want some Armenian pizza?" You adjourn upstairs to Cher's bedroom and find incense burning next to a huge canopied bed. I can hear Cher in the next room singing loudly to herself. At one point she stops and hollers "Sorry I'm late. I'm trying to teach my mother how to exercise!" A few moments later she saunters in, one hand slung in the pocket of herringbone trousers, a bottle of mineral water in the other. "Let the interview begin," she announces.

Wow! Cher! Idol of my youth. Along with Tuesday Weld, Cher was my ideal of ultimate chickdom. So tough, so cool, yet so untouchably virginal. Hip-huggers and six layers of mascara! Famous boyfriends! Gypsies, tramps and thieves! How did this woman get so groovy?

BORN AND raised in Southern California, Cheryl Sarkisian met Sonny Bono when she was 17. Two years later, in 1965, the duo was at the top of the pop charts with 'I Got You Babe', and Cher remained in the public eye for the next decade with three platinum albums, 11 gold records, and two hit television series that showed the world that Cher had the most spectacular midriff in show business.

Cher's love life was as flash as the Bob Mackie gowns she favoured, and after divorcing Sonny in 1974, she went on to liaisons with record mogul David Geffen, musicians Les Dudek and Gene Simmons, and a three-year marriage to Gregg Allman, whose drug problems kept the couple in the headlines. A notorious clotheshorse, Cher's Beverly Hills shopping sprees were the stuff of local legend, and she made frequent appearances in the pages of *Vogue*.

But Cher was not happy. Though her television series had shown her to have a flair for comedy, Cher was afflicted with the curse of the glamorous woman: no one took her seriously. She, however, persisted in believing that she had a future as a serious actress, and director Robert Altman fortunately saw her potential as well. Cher recently took the film industry by surprise with fine performances in the stage and screen versions of Altman's *Come Back To The Five & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*, and Mike Nichols' new film, *Silkwood*, in which she

portrays a melancholy lesbian named Dolly Peliker. So, after eight years of pounding the pavement, Cher's film career is off and running. Her house is for sale and she's moving to New York ("LA is my home, but it sucks," she explains). Offers for work are pouring in, she's in love (with New York actor Val Kilmer), and she still looks great.

Cher is a candid, outspoken woman with a tendency to talk tough, yet underneath there lurks a current of fragility and insecurity that makes her swaggering pose quite endearing. Cher is a good girl who's always tried to do her best for god, her two children, her public, and her boyfriends. She's taken some painful falls over the course of a lifetime spent balancing herself on that tightrope called fame, and she's earned those big white chairs tenfold.

SONNY & CHER have always been associated with the swinging Sunset Strip scene of the '60s. How do you recall that period?

I just remember that time as being a lot of work. Sonny and I were never around rock 'n' roll people because Sonny didn't like going out. He didn't dance and didn't want to do anything, so my life was my work.

Were you ever a hippie?

I wasn't into the drug part of it but I did believe in parts of it. I was always giving the peace sign and I wore my beads.

You've always spoken out strongly against drugs. Why do you think they've never been the problem for you that they are for many people in your profession?

Because I'm not so egotistical as to think that I can handle a thing that's destroyed many people around me. I know that if I messed with drugs I'd become totally fucked up. Even straight I have a hard time hanging on and I can't imagine that drugs would improve my problems. I refuse to hang out with people who do drugs and I've had to give up a few friendships that were painful to sacrifice because of them. But it's so fucking boring to get hung up with someone who's on a coke rap! I mean, who cares?

Have there been pivotal episodes that steered you in a particular direction in life?

Going with Sonny and leaving Sonny were the major ones. I met him when I was 16 and he was 28, and went from living in the San Fernando Valley to being a background singer for Phil Spector.

What was that like?

It was insane — Phillip is insane. I haven't seen him for a long time. I love him but he's nuts, always has been, and has always taken a lot of pride in being nuts. He's a rare person and an interesting man, and he and I had a real special relationship.

Why did he stop making music?

He was real hurt. He made some records that he thought were wonderful and nobody liked them. Plus, everyone started knocking off his sound, and HE couldn't knock off his sound.

Do you look back on your past fondly, or are you relieved to be out of there?

I'm really relieved to be out. My past is not pretty, and once I left Sonny it all began to change for the better. People never knew how unhappy I was all the time, because I was a good actress.

You and Sonny are close friends now aren't you?

Actually we're not. I'd always thought we were until just recently but you don't treat friends that way. You can get away with treating your family badly, but I'm not family to him anymore. I feel I'm a much better friend to him than he is to me, and if you asked him the same question I'm sure he'd say the reverse is true. But I know that throughout our marriage, I was the better partner.

AS AN ADULT, have you managed to fulfil your childhood fantasies?

They're beginning to come true, but if you asked me that a few years ago I'd have said no.



Clothes do not maketh Cher

I always wanted to act and singing was really just a long detour for me. I never thought about being a singer or cared about that, and I've never felt confident as a singer.

What's the chief disadvantage of fame?

It's like Heroin. Once you get it you don't want to give it up. It robs you of any privacy, and men sometimes have a hard time dealing with famous women. I've always had a difficult time with men and don't easily go from one to the next. My relationships usually last a few years. In the old days, people got married and there wasn't much distraction, but the more famous you are, the more things you're exposed to. It's strange, but I've found that when I'm involved with a man, other men are fascinated with me, but the minute I'm single again half of those men disappear because they don't have the balls to really want me. The wheat and the chaff separate real fast!

Do you find that the more self-confident you become, the less you're attracted to destructive men?

I think that's true, and I used to have a real problem in that respect. I mean, I married Greg Allman and he was certainly a destructive person. I know I'm getting better because I stayed with him for three years, and I left the next man I was with after three months. I said to myself, well, this guy's talented and adorable but he's out of his fucking mind and I don't want to do this anymore. The man I'm with now isn't at all self-destructive (New York actor Val Kilmer). In fact, he's a lot more together than I am.

I've always gotten the impression that you were the more stable half of the relationships you've had.

That's not really true. David Geffen was very stable, and Gene Simmons was also more stable than I was. I have this craziness inside and every once in a while I get completely wild and want to do something real nuts. If I try to stifle those impulses I become like a caged animal. In the past two years I haven't been getting as nutsy, probably because I feel better about my work.

Does the idea of growing old disturb you?

Yes, because it totally hampers your work! It's so fucking sexist that men "get character" and women get old, and I don't see that changing at all. If you're a young guy with a handsome face it's easy to get a job in the movies right now, but it's really difficult to be an older woman. I don't exactly see myself as an older woman, but I am looking 38 right in the face.

What do you see as your image?

Who knows? In 1965 I was a singer, in 1972 I was a television personality, and the other day I read

myself described as Cher the serious actress! I almost choked!

Do you feel like a loved public figure?

At the moment I do because people are coming up and saying nice things about the movies I've done. But before the film came out I was in a theatre seeing another film and when the trailer for *Silkwood* came on and my name appeared on the screen, everybody in the theatre laughed. It was really devastating. My sister was with me and she started to cry.

What's the difference between an artist and an entertainer?

Someone like Meryl Streep is an artist because she cares about the work rather than the trappings of what she does. Entertainers care about all the surrounding hoopla. I've been an entertainer all my life and I don't really know whether or not I've had my fill of all that. We're not all cut out to be artists,

and I haven't figured out yet exactly what I am.

How important is clothing?

Very. It's a form of expression, like paintings. It doesn't play a role in how I choose my friends though. Meryl couldn't care less about clothing, and the same is true of Jane Fonda. Sometimes I like to go around looking like a bum, but when I do, I spend a lot of time achieving a particular sort of bum look. Clothing is expression for me and when I dress I strive to be dramatic and extraordinary, be it funny or sexy.

What's the most widely held misconception about you?

People seem to think I'm flakey. I AM kind of flakey, but not quite as much as everyone thinks I am.

What's the biggest obstacle you've had to overcome in life?

Myself. Even though I know it's bullshit, I occasionally will myself into a tortured state because I tell myself that things aren't exciting unless there's pain involved. I guess I sort of believe in the theory that art comes out of pain. I think that initially you have to experience some sort of wrong happening that pops the seed open and lets it start to grow. People who live very happy lives have nothing to overcome, but most of the artists I've known have had some sort of terrible childhood. They had to overcome something, or prove their worth, or they needed extra love. But once you learn to be expressive, it's not necessary to live a tortured existence for the rest of your life. That's a misconception that fucks up a lot of people, especially men. Men are so much more vulnerable than women are.

What things are essential to your contentment?

That my kids are happy and I have some kind of work that I enjoy. I've been happy with and without men so I don't know if that's essential, but I do like being with someone. When I say someone now, I'm referring to a particular person, and if I wasn't going to be with him, I don't know that I'd care whether I was alone or not.

What are you compulsive about?

I'm really fanatical about having a clean house with everything in its place. I'm a little Joan Crawfordish I guess.

What's your idea of an important achievement?

Raising children is important.

Who are your heroes?

Meryl Streep is a hero for me and working with her I learned things that are hard to put into words. Karen Silkwood is also a hero. I think it's better to have heroes who aren't famous and it's unfortunate that the idea of heroism always seems to involve fame. There is no great intrinsic value in fame, and yet everyone seems to want it. Everyone can't be famous, and there is a lot of unheralded heroic behaviour in the world.

YOU RECENTLY commented that it took you eight years to break into movies. What were the reasons you were given as to why you couldn't have the job?

Some great ones! I was told I should change my name because actresses don't have one word names, and that I should've struck when the iron was hot and made a film like *Yes, Giorgio* right after I left Sonny. Mainly I was told that people would never believe me as an actress because they already knew me as Cher. It was hard to keep my determination up in the face of all that rejection, and I sort of gave up a few times. Then Francis Coppola told me that I should act, despite what everyone said, and that sort of renewed my determination. Then I saw Linda Ronstadt in *Pirates Of Penzance*, and decided, fuck this! I'm going to New York!

You've succeeded in making a transition that eludes many pop musicians. Why do you think you've succeeded where many others have failed?

Great actresses aren't nearly as good when it comes to singing and they frequently resort to acting out their songs. The reverse of that is also true and if I was a better singer perhaps I wouldn't be as good an actress. But I'm not a great singer and although it's fun to sing, I've always hated my voice. My voice changed a lot from the '60s into the '70s, but it hasn't changed nearly as much as I wish it would.

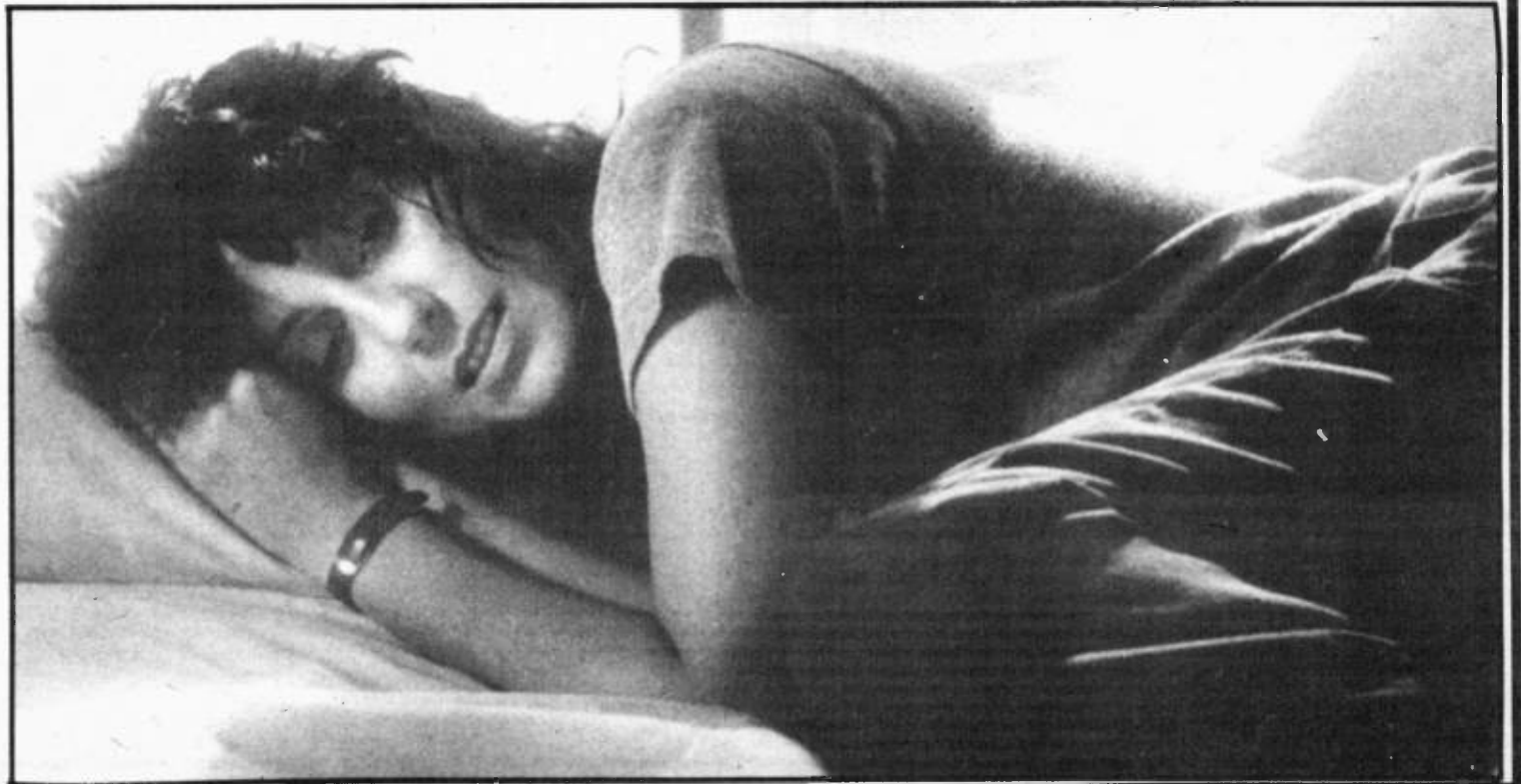
Were you surprised at how well you did in *Come Back To The Five & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*?

Not at all. I knew I'd be really good, but at the same time, I kept asking myself, why am I doing this? I can't act! If I could I would've acted long before this.

How did you go about preparing for your two film parts?

I know it sounds really horrible, but so far I really don't know what preparation is. I didn't read up on the *Silkwood* case until we were well into the film because my character really has nothing to do with the factual base of the movie. As far as how I went about pulling things out of myself in front of the camera, I used music. There's a scene in *Jimmy Dean* where I tell about having had a mastectomy, and prior to that scene I played this song by Toto over and over, this thing called 'Try To Believe We're In Love Again', which is real emotional for me. For one scene in *Silkwood* I listened to a Jimmy Webb song called 'The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress', by Glenn

CONTINUES PAGE 32



IT IS the winter of the night, London's eyes be shut tight, all but twelve peepers and six hip malchicks who prance the street. Newspapers strewn and grey which waits another day to hide its dirgy countenance.

Friends, here are your new groovies so please a-bound to the sound of THE PRISONERS. We walk past flatblocks and flat-tops. "I've got all your records!" one mal observes. "Give them back then!" says Jamie, who's quite a wit. Oh my groogie back to your window box. Meanwhile in the Burger King, a femme in a frock shows us bods out.

"Thank you," says Johnny (who's quite a wit), tipping her grandly. "Such a nice change from normal food..."

The rest is not history so I'll tell you 'bout a group who look wild and good, THE PRISONERS.

WE WANT INFORMATION

THE NAME: "It's nothing to do with the TV series. At the time The Prisoners were formed we used to go and see a band called The Vapors and their first single was called 'The Prisoners'."

FROM: Chatham, a Medway town which spawned the seminal garage punk band The Pop Rivitts, three of who went on to play in The Milkshakes, bill-sharers with, and a source of inspiration for, The Prisoners.

OUTPUT: A dynamic pair of long-playing Regency bucks—'A Taste Of Pink' ('82) and 'The Wisermiserdemelza' ('83), the latter produced by Philip Chevron in authentic Chas Chandler style sound, and boasting an immaculately stoned and beautiful happening of a sleeve—The Cream's 'Disraeli Gears' incorporating The Beatles' 'Revolver' and Iron Butterfly's 'Inna Gadda Da Vida' in a day-glo collision with The Nice's 'The Thoughts Of Emerlist Davjack'. Groovy.

The Prisoners' considerable experience has earned them the nickname of The Pensioners amongst Chatham's ultra-youthful trash set. Check out The Heroes, The Outer Limits, The Wild, The Offbeats, Wipe Out—"all bands from our area, a very small radius. All influenced by the '60s..."

THE THOUGHTS OF TAYDAY SYMCROCK

THE '60S: "That's when music progression stopped: '68 actually," says Graham (guitar, vocals, white polo, 120 decibel waistcoat, world's worst shoes).

"I would say that all four of us purposely try and get away from it, although, I mean, it don't look like it. If we started thinking about trying to recreate something then we might as well give up," adds Alan (bass, dull clothes, dour personality). "It pisses me off that people think we are, but you can't avoid it."

"We're not doing it for the sake of it, it's just the music we listen to and like," expands Graham. "What you listen to comes out in what you play."

Jamie (Vox organ, a wit): "I listen to a lot of Doors and Small Faces, a lot of Hendrix personally, and The Who."

Graham: "Jimi Hendrix, The Nice, Syd Barrett, Small Faces mainly."

Allan: "I like XTC as well, basically. And I like Louis Jordan."

here come the prisoners

Johnny likes Mitch Mitchell, so I'm told. He is comprehensively hog-whimperingly pissed, and spends the evening accosting strangers for 10p, peeing copiously, and climbing into dustbins. Johnny also likes Keith Moon.

THE WHO: The Prisoners' blinding show kicks off with 'Hurricane', a song not miles and miles away from 'Can't Explain'...

"It's a conscious effort," reveals Jamie, "I admit it, cos it's a fucking brilliant song!"

He is shouted down by the others, but continues undaunted.

"I don't mind if we get slagged off for doing '60s stuff! What's so fucking bad about that?!"

"I've got no Who records, I don't listen to The Who at all," sniffs Graham.

But your style, your sound, those windmills and leaps, that time you smashed up your guitar onstage in France...?

"That sort of thing comes natural to me, that's the way I feel about playing, you know?"

"The guitarist who influences me is this bloke here when he used to play in The Pop Rivitts." (He indicates the grinning figure of Bruce Brand, now drummer with The Milkshakes.) "He's bloody wasted in The Milkshakes, I tell you that."

Graham also rates—and resembles stylistically, though less so than he does Pete Townshend despite his protestations—The Nice's Dave O'List. As for singers, Steve Marriott and The Pretty Things' Phil May are his bossmen.

GRAHAM'S PERSONAL GROOMING: "Brian Jones I've probably modelled my look on. Steve Marriott. I like people with

hair like Brian Jones, that's my favourite hair."

So why isn't yours longer then?

"I did have, but I cut it cos my girlfriend went on at me. I didn't want to endanger my sex life."

GRAHAM ON DRUGS: "Yeah, other people's, whatever's going, you know? There's no limit to it. But just for the experience, you know? I do like the old acid, but I could do without it any time."

"I think mainly we're a beeer band," corrects Allan reprovingly. **GRAHAM'S GUITARS:** Epiphone Riviera (copy of Gibson 335), Fender Telecaster and Stratocaster.

GRAHAM'S SONGS: "They're all about me, I'm a very conceited bastard."

GRAHAM'S '96 TEARS: "I'd got a record by The Music Explosion which had '96 Tears' on it. Really obscure, I thought, that'd be cool, rip it off. I turned up at the practice and said I got this new song. So I played it and Johnny said, 'Oh, I've heard this before, it's '96 Tears.' I thought I'd got away with it, but I hadn't."

"We're that ignorant we thought that was an obscure song, see?" says Allan, placing it into perspective.

"We spend most of our time drinking in the pub, playing gigs or practising. We certainly don't spend much time listening to records," concludes Jamie, putting the lid on the subject.

THE '60S (SLIGHT RETURN): What turned you on to the period?

"Ev'ryfing, abserlootly ev'ryfing," Graham rhapsodises.

How were you turned on to the period?

"To be quite honest, it was The Jam," owns up Allan.

"I bought 'You Really Got Me' by The Kinks when I was 12," Graham reminisces. "But the first band I liked was The Sex Pistols, then I liked The Stranglers, then I liked The Jam. It was the punk thing, that was the important thing with us, cos that was at the age when you're just getting into music, when you're 13, 14. And let's face it, the punk thing was heavily influenced by the '60s anyway, wasn't it?"

HERE COME THE MISUNDERSTOOD

SO LET'S get this straight: unlike bands who you hated like Mood

Six, High Tide, Back To Zero, The Chords, Merton Parkas and Secret Affair, you are not copyists, but have a simple faith in and affection for rock 'n' roll in its most flamboyant flowering?

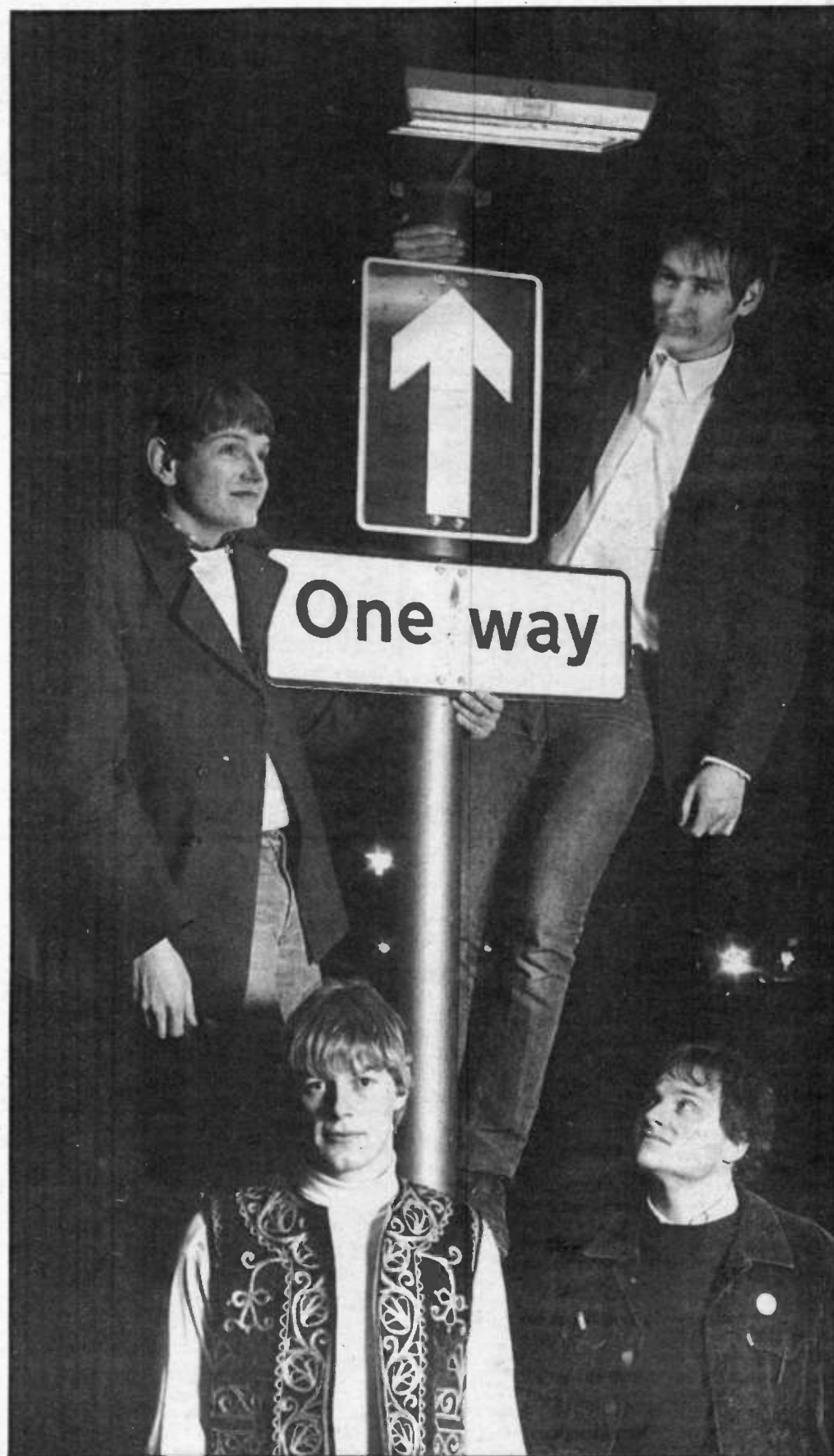
"That's the whole point. Bands like us have got *spirit* cos we really believe in what we're doing. The bands that are just copying haven't got spirit cos they're looking for the superficial things."

SO NOW it's time to ponder as my penmind can write no longer.

What to say on this bunch of groovies? I could tell of talent, fame and fortune, and stories untold of how these-teen peepers (eyes, that is, to you) have taken groupdom by storm, slur you with well-worn cliches, compare them to Wagner, Stravinsky and Paramour. I could say more about talent that grows in many directions. To their glory and their story let the trumpets play. Hold on there, what I say is from the core of this malchick. To this groupie THE PRISONERS...

Dear Graham, Jamie, Allan and Johnny, please autograph this leg I send you 'cause man, that's the sign of a real fan!

Be seeing you...



Who are the Number Ones of the Garage Village? The Prisoners! declares Malchic Mat 'Loog' Snow! Bledwyn 'Blow Up' Butcher goes Pop Art!

BIG SELF: Ghost Shirts (Reekus). Three months into a new year and it would be a grave error to pretend that anything has radically changed. For all the worthy dillards feverishly championing their grubby new underground sects—a gothic wave here, a blankabilly boom there—like a church of doom prophesising street preachers, the nation's video brats have neither the time nor inclination to repent.

Right now the pop charts and radio waves sound more stale than at any time since the pre-punk dark ages, an impasse that seems destined to remain as long as bands, producers and record labels craft their product with nothing other than a place in the playlist in mind.

Any group offering up a challenge to such a drab status quo while steering themselves clear of the obvious pitfalls of tagging onto the tail end of some spurious trend deserve your attention—enter Big Self.

A couple of independent singles into their career, the exiled Irishmen are still more intent than actual realisation, their recent spell of London dates showing an exhilarating yet only half-formed furnace of nervous sparkle and uncontrived exuberance.

The unashamedly heroic 'Ghost Shirts', however, is their most forceful moment to date. With the ghostly influence of The Edge lingering underneath the hookline (think about it) from 'Temptation', the song hovers and lunges before rising to a climax that Big Country would have been proud of—the sound of a real band rather than an engineer playing with slabs of sound at a mixing desk.

Your attention please.

THE KANE GANG: Small Town Creed (Kitchenware). Sons of Sunderland raised on gumball machines and a gospel creed, The Kane Gang preach the Kitchenware sermon—"it's just too cosy in here, we gotta get things started"—at its grittiest.

Last summer they aired an angry yet compassionate Socialist concern to the backcloth of an agreeably dirty, ragged dance track on their 'Brother Brother' debut. This term they have tidied things up with a Pete Wingfield production, leaving the once superb 'Small Town Creed'—check the version of the last NME cassette—sounding more like a heavy metal Human League than Weasider's answer to The Staple Singers.

The Kane Gang could still be great, but this is disappointing. With their real boss card yet to be fully played in the shape of The Daintees, however, Kitchenware could well have sharper sabres in their gums come the summer.

BLANCMANGE: Don't Tell Me (London). Blancmange actually try harder than most to spice up their fizzy electropop ditties with hints of originality, intrigue and invention. Their willingness to dabble with a more daring production procedure than most of their peers—they were one of the first electro bands to record and mix in New York—has already been well documented. Here they embellish their basic sound with tablas, madals and sitar, although the same old honey is still hiding at the core.

KOOL AND THE GANG: In The Heart (De-Lite). Though their first British number one single continues to elude them, the Gang's inexorable rise and rise shows no signs of slowing up. Like Maurice, Luther and Lionel, Kool crooner James Taylor (definitely no relation whatsoever) manages to make even the most banal soul lyric tremor and tickle with almost seismic import.

Stepped in a solid R&B tradition that makes their grooviness tight and effortless, the band don't quite breathe the same fiery brew as in their fatback funk heyday, but 'In The Heart' takes care of business in the same irresistibly comfortable style as its predecessors. Simple and safe for sure, it will still be part of your cerebral wallpaper before you know it.

TRACIE: Soul's On Fire (Respond). Moving on up from his position as Respond's backstreet chauffeur, Paul Weller at least has the courage to put his name, songwriting skill and no little energy into the first Tracie

single for some time. His crisp and occasionally clever production all but salvages this typical slab of cod white funk but, like last year's 'Give It Some Emotion', the mere mention of as blatant a buzzword as 'soul' doesn't necessarily imbue the record with those qualities. For all the hollow anguish of the sleeve notes, Miss Young may as well be singing about burnt toast.

OMD: Locomotion (Virgin). In which the googly-eyed professors of Bunsen electropop abandon their academic protestations in favour of inane baulings aimed exclusively at pop's new pre-pubescent swingers. To the candied accompaniment of a

Stateside urban paranoia retold in a fake deadpan English accent by a practically negligible talent, this would be bearable were it not for the grating vocal intrusions of Rocky Baby himself. Whereas Prince would simply revel wittily in the subject, Rockwell makes the error of delivering a semi-serious tirade against such shennanigans, complete with the expected gallery of gimmicks from bouts of heavy breathing to the sound of a receiver being thrown down with the words "dirty little nasty twit" echoing through the mix. Without the crutch of a Jackson or two in the background, this cartoon crooner looks very one-

just a mere import copy, this is now fully available in the UK, but is the nation yet ready to fall totally under the spell of the classiest collection of 'Dross likely to be heard all spring? For all the awesome coalescing of lead and backing vocals on this seven-inch, I still doubt it.

VAN MORRISON: Dweller On The Threshold (Mercury). From one Van The Man to another, recorded live in his native Belfast. For those who wondered where

reaches of the charts. Imagine the best bits of Squeeze ('Pulling Muscles' or Glenn Tilbrook's vocal on Costello's 'From A Whisper') grafted onto a Martin 'Ayatollah' Hannel drum track and you'll have a fair idea of this... now forget it.

YELLOWMAN: Strong Me Strong (CBS). JA albino toasting meets NYC fusion funk, with Yellowman engaging in the usual

THE SOUND BARRIER: Excerpts From The Suburbia Suite (Compact). Compact ditch the kitsch for some cunning on two dry but appealing instrumental pieces that combine the talents of Mari Wilson, songsmith Teddy Johns and former DAF sideman Phillip Rank. Beat the offbeat.

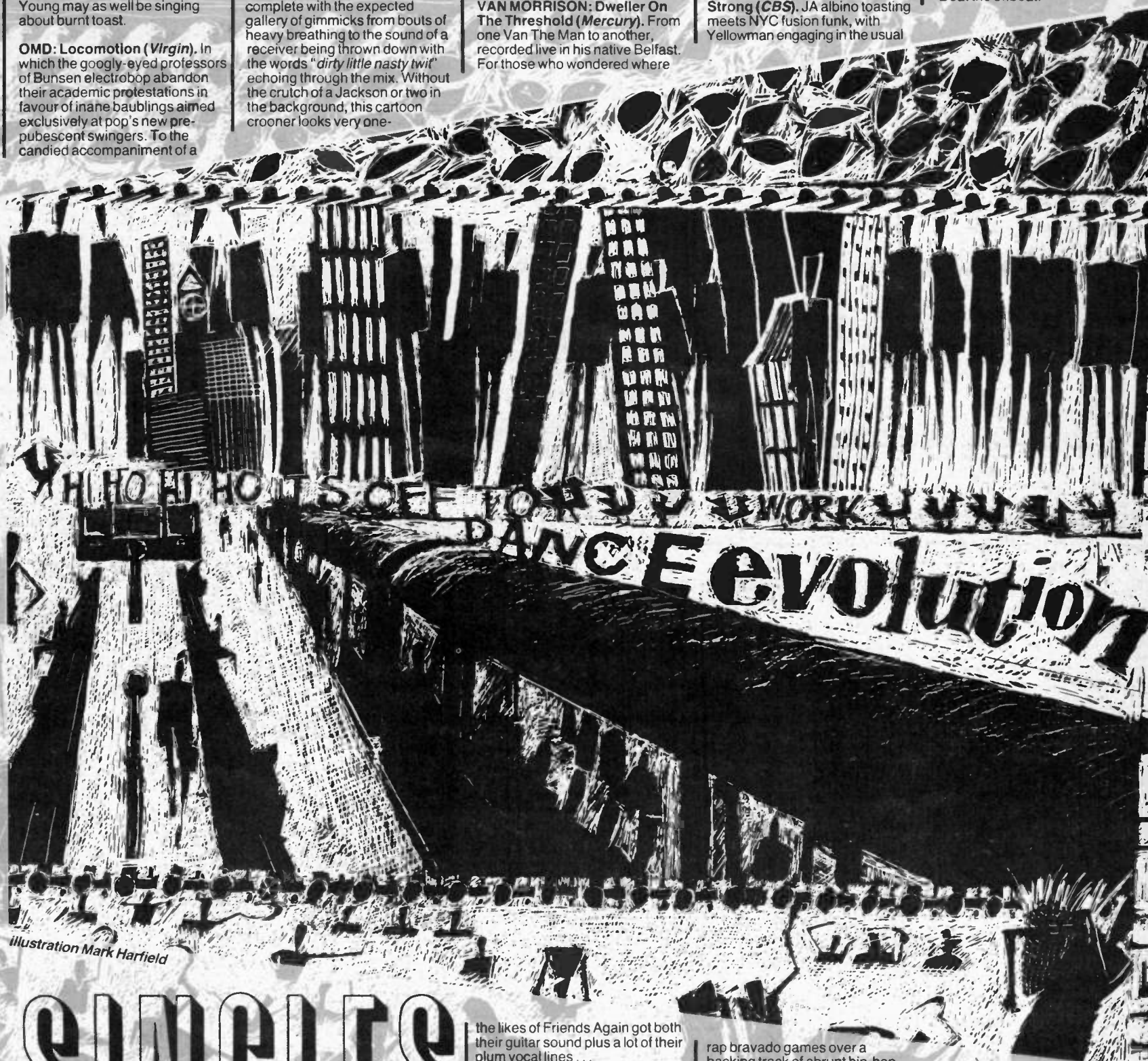


Illustration Mark Harfield

SINGLES

BY ADRIAN THRILLS

synthesised steel band and assorted fairground sounds, the once-sane OMD scale new peaks of lyrical precision as they rhyme "notion" and "emotion" with their song title in the space of three lines. Breath-taking!

Each copy should carry an immovable sticker warning minors not to accept sweeties from strange men in stained labcoats.

THE ORSON FAMILY: No One Waits Forever (New Rose). From sweet West London suburbia via the French connection of independent Parisian label New Rose, the Orsons' Cramps-inspired pastiche of '50s American rings with more resonance than anything else that has yet fallen off the current shelf of canned countrybilly. As with last year's helping of King Kurt treacle, however, these brands always seem to go off if left open too long.

DEON ESTUS: Love Hurts (Legacy). Endgames with dreadlocks, packaged in a sleeve almost identical on one side to JD's 'Transmission'.

ROCKWELL: Obscene Phone Caller (Motown). More tales of

dimensional indeed: call redirected.

ALISHA: All Night Passion (Fourth And Broadway). Instant mashed Madonna served with the customary New York studio garnish by mixer Mark Berry and now given British availability by Island's latest dance label. Fair attempt for a 15-year-old's debut single, though the title is really a contradiction of the evidence on the vinyl.

LUTHER VANDROSS: I Wanted Your Love (CBS). Eulogised in these very pages last month when

the likes of Friends Again got both their guitar sound plus a lot of their plum vocal lines...

SHANNON: Give Me Tonight (Club). A timely reminder of just how exhilaratingly awesome the NYC everything-but-the-kitchen-in-synch approach to a scratch mix can sometimes be. If this fails to fill your floor then the room beneath it can't have a roof.

STREETLIFE: Act On Instinct (Factory). Like the recent Wake single, this pale and directionless dollop of dancefloor motorik shows just how safe and sleepy labels run by Man City fans can get when there's nothing new in the pipeline from New Order. Oh yes, it's FAC 97.

PERSONAL COLUMN: Strictly Confidential (Stiff). Mersey power pop newly signed to Stiff and tailor-made for the David Jensen show, Personal Column are briskly efficient and inoffensive enough to secure the early evening airplay that could propel them into the lower

rap bravado games over a backing track of abrupt hip-hop supplied by Bill Laswell and Michael Beinhorn of Material. With a stronger toast, a brave idea would reap more successful dividends.

HOORAH! BOYS HOORAH! Is This What You Promised Me? (EMI). A Norwich trio produced by Tony Visconti, H!B! are virtually indistinguishable from a hundred other groups intent on dressing up inconsequential songs and a patent lack of fresh ideas in the most grandiloquent studio garnish they can lay their advances on. Little promise and even less cheer.

JOE JACKSON: Happy Ending (A&M). For all the flatness of his voice, the unfortunate Costelloisms that seem stuck in the throat of his delivery and the dull predictability of his instrumentation, record reviewers are often afflicted with this strange compulsion to give a noble Joe the benefit of the doubt. But even with the vocal support of one Elaine Caswell on this trailer for his new 'Body and Soul' LP, patience begins to wear a little thin. It mustered most of mine to listen to the end of the record. Pass.

GARY MOORE: Shapes Of Things (10). Yes, that 'Shapes Of Things', originally sculpted by The Yardbirds but perhaps better known to younger readers courtesy of 'Pinups', rendered almost indecipherable in a blustery storm of Fender fretwanking.

SLAVE: Just A Touch Of Love (Cotillion). As robust and vigorous as mainstream dance fare can come without crossing over wholesale into heavy-heavy funk. With the regular Jimmy Douglas console treatment it cuts no new cloth but—like much Slave stuff—is saved by the bass.

MATT BIANCO: Sneaking Out The Back Door (WEA). Exactly!

ONE WAY SYSTEM: Children Of The Night (Anagram). Straddling the diffuse dividing line between punk-paced heavy metal and meathead punk and hailing from Blackpool invites a joke or two about 'rock' but I'll resist the temptation and leave One Way System to plough their sweet and sticky way through lyrics about being "driven uptown by this rock'n'roll sound". Awesome!

PHIL COLLINS: Against All Odds (Virgin). A clever opportunist and some say funny too, but once an old fart...

QUEEN: I Want To Break Free (EMI). ... always old farts.

BOBBY KING: Lovequake (Motown). Despite the impression Rockwell creates, Motown can still deliver the serious stuff and this Whispers-tinged ballad is continuing proof of the label's resurgence over the past year or so, rumbling and rising to a richly satisfying finale.

SILVER SCREEN

TIJUANA BRASS

Losin' It

DIRECTOR: Curtis Hanson
STARRING: Shelley Long, Tom Cruise, Jackie Earle Haley, John Stockwell, John P. Navin Jr (Alpha)

SOMEDAY SOON, pubescent kids are going to get a bit sick of seeing teenage traumas turned into farce, and the bandwagon that began with Bob Clark's absurdly successful *Porky's*—probably the most profitable comedy in the history of Hollywood—will grind to an embarrassing halt.

So far, however, this glacier of gaucherie shows no signs of stopping, or even slowing down. The past few months have seen several additions to the genre, the most accomplished—if such a term has meaning here—being the glossy, upmarket *Risky Business*, in which Tom Cruise's manhood was served up with a side order of consumer capitalism and business studies.

As if that weren't enough, the hapless Cruise—who's a mite beefy for such groovy greenhorn antics, to be frank—repeats the whole business over again in *Losin' It*, in which he and three schoolchums take a trip to "TJ" (Tijuana) for sex, Spanish Fly, cherry bombs and a new tuck-and-roll job for their '57 Chevy.

Of the four, Spider (John Stockwell) is the most self-assured, having lost his virginity some time before. His moodiness forms a tempering foil to the doltish, sex-obsessive Dave (Jackie Earle Haley, whose previous credits include *The Bad News Bears* and *Breaking Away*, a couple of kid-pix both funnier and better-made than any teen-sex outing), a swinging naïf who models himself on the Sinatra of 'Come Dance With Me' and spends his time chasing sexual myths with arrant gullibility.

Dave's younger brother Wendell The Wimp (John P. Navin Jr), the high school Milo Minderbinder who sells everything from essays to records to fireworks from his school locker, makes up the foursome for purely business reasons, hoping to score a gross or two of the latter along the way.

At the side of these three deeply-etched caricatures,



Shelley Long about to sit on the knee of Tom Cruise, who doesn't look too pleased. Some weirdo, huh?

Cruise comes across as little more than a likeable blando, more restrained and moralistic than they, and cursed with an engaging shyness. The film is supposed to hinge on his tender romance with Kathy (the delightful Shelley Long, better known as Diane from *Cheers*), a would-be divorcee they pick up north of the border, but their affair seems pretty insignificant at the side of

the other three's more oafish antics. Long especially seems misplaced in this kind of movie; her sly delicacy would be perfectly suited to a Wilder, a Lubitsch, or a Preston Sturges script—something with a bit of wit—but here she's reduced to mugging gamely in between "gags" featuring bums, boobs, and boots in the balls.

The only thing that sets *Losin' It* apart from its co-genres, apart from the well-above-par names

taking part, is the mock-Mexican setting; not surprisingly, the accent here is firmly on *mock*, in both senses of the word. The Mexicans who people *Losin' It*'s Tijuana are no more than caricature criminal dagos on the make, occasionally funny but more often violent and corrupt.

I suppose it gets a few laughs from the teenage target audience, but this kind of shallow nationalistic characterisation leaves a distinctly sour aftertaste on what was shaping up to be a halfway decent flick. A pity.

Andy Gill

ROSA VON PRAUNHEIM's *CITY OF LOST SOULS* is not half so Grand Guignol as the title would have it. The city's Berlin, the lost souls are the self-exiled, self-obsessed and self-pitying transsexuals, transvestites, gays and fruitcakes who saw *Cabaret* and took this to be the home for them.

Not much to come for in *Lost Souls*, though, which for the most part films said subjects cavorting with all the eroticism of a pantomime dame.

Perhaps recognising his cast's limitations as performers, Rosa, a veteran campaigning gay filmmaker, attempts to disguise them by slotting their acts into a flimsy John Waters-styled plot centred on a disgusting cafe, *Hamburger Queen*, run by the intermittently funny, rotund Angie Stardust, through which trail such lost ones as Jayne County, a Cuban hermaphrodite and an erotic trapeze act.

Of this multicoloured, occasionally colourful troupe only a stunning German transvestite, who describes himself as a third sex, seems to glory in his condition; the rest let slip doubts about being trapped in this *demi-monde* when in reality they'd much rather be chained to a kitchen sink. For what these girl-boys hanker after is normality, a normality typified by Jayne County, the ultimate superstar who would be housewife.

Having failed to have been born Vivien Leigh, though, she makes up with crass wit and great vulgarity what she lacks in genuine southern charm.

Enamoured of the loudness of the likes of County, Praunheim's film, a cross-dressed Warhol and Waters affair, ignores the sadness and potential tragedies of such characters knowing they can never really be what they want and concentrates on the tinsel and tassels of what the Germans call *Travestie* shows. The resulting film is a travesty in the English sense of the word.

Biba Kopf

UN LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

Swann In Love

DIRECTOR: Volker Schlöndorff
STARRING: Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti, Alain Delon (Artificial Eye)

PROUST IS hard stuff for a film-maker.

The agonies of his characters are detailed with such refinement, such acute grace; yet their passions are of an intensity that suggests souls worn on shirtcollars, and how is that to be shown on film? How also to convey Proust's disregard for narrative time and location?

Volker Schlöndorff bypasses the density of Proust's *Swann's Way* and selects instead a concentration: a script (by Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière and Marie-Hélène Estienne) that telescopes into 24 hours Swann's devouring love for Odette, a woman of 'doubtful repute' in the Paris of the 1890s.

Charles Swann (Jeremy Irons) is a Jew but his wealth, good looks and splendid decorum make him an exquisite satellite in French society: into this elegant figure Proust threaded the terrific anguish of a man devastated by love, and through him Schlöndorff siphons his film.

Perhaps the story's simple events could come from any tale of mad love: Swann visits a musical afternoon, calls on his lover, sleeps off a dejection over her mysterious past, misses her at the Opera and furs wild-eyed to her house again. The next day he feels chastened—sure that, after all, she is not the woman for him.

The masterstroke of the film is to then summon an epilogue not drawn from its source but brilliantly Proustian in spirit: it also defers a most discreet and finely-judged sadness onto what has gone before. But there is much else to admire in Schlöndorff's picture.

The cast are almost perfect.

Irons has seldom found such a good vehicle as Swann for his faintly caddish but finally stoic and scrupulous nobility of bearing; his French is impeccable too. Ornella Muti's Odette, a beautiful woman still festooned with the merest wisps of ill breeding, strikes sparks with her lover so intense that some scenes leave the throat dry. Even Fanny Ardant, given a cameo as a Duchess, takes second place.

That leaves Alain Delon, cast against type but exacting a performance of moving candour as Swann's homosexual friend the Baron de Charlus. He is the key to Proust's remorseful underworld, the shadowy underbelly to all this dignity. One brief, unforgettable moment pierces the pact of silence: the Baron is refused by a handsome boy after a moonlit carriage ride, dismisses him with pride undimmed, and the camera obliquely picks out two other gentleman strangers who exchange looks on the midnight street.

Aided by Sven Nykvist's precise cinematography, Schlöndorff orchestrates the film as a haunting: an affair with reverberations that trouble and obsess Swann's mind and, as we eventually learn, shape his whole being. *Swann In Love* is immaculate of line and colour, but if it at first seems a cool effort from the man who relished the grotesqueries of *The Tin Drum*, something much harsher takes form by the end.

Would Proust have approved? He would surely have respected the cruel irony which the film comes to centre on—a moment's passion paid for with a lifetime's regret, forever lingering.

Suddenly, we have a tragedy before us. Schlöndorff has focused the spirit of the original with such force and invention that *Swann In Love* is overwhelming. His film is close to a masterpiece.

Richard Cook



Angie Stardust "deals with" Rosa's movie.

Jeremy Irons and Ornella Muti

ON THE BOX

BY IAN PENMAN

THURSDAY 5 APRIL

BBC1 2.00 The Afternoon Show. With the logic beloved of afternoon in TV, we are served with a perfectly straight face, a disparate spread of subjects: drug dependency, patriarchy, TV quiz addiction, Barbara Woodhouse. Walkies, talkies, daddies, poppies – which one do they want to save us from?

BBC1 3.40 Cartoon Double Bill. A world spun at 200 frames per second – a crate of surreal similes played backwards through a child's broken Viewfinder. You may have noticed – the Cartoon is just about my favourite freefall through the TV glass. Upon my soul!

BBC2 5.10 Through The Looking Glass. "Faced with a mirror image of the world, could you tell it wasn't real? Nuclear physics faces this dilemma." When things go well (cartoons, the carnal, Copernican jokes) you really couldn't tell it wasn't real. We should be wondering what can be called the "real" post-nuclear physics, through the telecommunications prism, but TV doesn't, generally. Alice threw the looking glass away long ago.

BBC2 5.50 King Of Kings (Nicholas Ray 1961). Jeffrey Hunter a Jesus Christ, Rip Torn his Judas. I love the crack-surreal casting of Biblical epics – (h)actors just make such unconvincing humble pies.

BBC1 6.40 Best Of Harty. The past has proven this the best way to view roly Russell – through the editing procession. Amongst the choices on view? Beauty: Shirley MacLaine, Tracey Ullman, Alex Higgins. Beastly: Duran Duran, Paul Daniels, John Travolta.

BBC2 8.25 Food And Drink. This is more like religion – a prognosis for the proboscis in the drinking armchair, on Armagnac. Through the sipping glass, snort snort. Pour two.

BBC1 10.15 Question Time. I do, but they don't. Tonight, mouldy Bernard Levin in place of the Day, unfortunately. Crinkly Lord Gowie,

crackly Joan Lister, cranky Peter Hall – I guess it's about the suspect subsidies of Arts, etc. I doubt the possibility of new intellectual bubbles, barbs, creases. Just interference, rearrangement.

CH4 10.35 If They'd Asked For A Lion Tamer. "Ironic cabaret-documentary style film" on Dave Dale, a London drag "artiste" – isn't the media over-reaching for this gender blender (sic) genre?

BBC2 12.20: Keynes And The War Economy. Which is just what we have, fellow civilians.

FRIDAY 6 APRIL

BBC1 3.15 Take Me Back To New Orleans. The Logic of the Afternoon set Part Two. *Pebble Mill*, as one voice, conduct Bob Langley and Chris Barber to the Crescent. Dr John asks for an alarm call. I get my tongue stuck in a Tabasco bottle. Things like this could give "Boogie" back a bad name.

BBC2 5.40 Kind Hearts And Coronets (Robert Hamer 1949). Alec Guinness has eight roles to himself; we have each reel to relish. Could the over-the-top crop of *Comic Strip* comics please learn a lesson or eight from his dead-eye brilliance?

BBC1 6.40 Pink Panther: Pinktails For Two. I'd rather spin drink tales pour tu; the rather too true-to-life PP isn't my idea of a cartoon Pleasure Principal, pals.

CH4 5.30 The Tube. Rub a dub rube, three men in a tube: The Cure, Joe Jackson, Paul Young. Hardly flash, softly slush – someone break the glass!

BBC1 7.00 Odd One Out. Oh, oh, oh. Unctuous Paul Daniels is the sort of smug dose of professional mugging that gives TV quiz show addiction a bad name. Only the Steve Davis being hurts my viewing soul more.

CH4 9.00 Agony. Maureen Lipman's Problem Page Aunt gets a – for once – deserved repeat. The admixture of domestic Jewish strife and the psychosexual scope of the job sparked unusually well – it actually got the Brit sitcom somewhat towards US standards. Apropos of which, the current king of joking is, of course, on

CH4 10.00 Cheers. Drink Tales, pet smiles, girth, grit, intimacy and empathy – and not yet cute. C'mon, team, bump up those viewing figures.

CH4 11.20 The Late Clive James. Return of the Jamesian chat chit. The first series never really took off one way or the other – too frequently he fawned, self-fanned and even foolishly fulminated; and those fiddles with the World Press were a real faux pas. I shall review him / it soon.

CH4 12.15 Jazz At The Gateway.



James Cagney and Jim Kerr looklike George Raft in *Each Dawn I Die*.

Oscar Peterson introduces the Eberhard Weber Quartet.

SATURDAY 7 APRIL

BBC2 7.10 a.m. Philosophy: Body and Mind (Open University). Oh no! not that old joke of a dualism, we all roared here in the academic alcove – although a passing archivist informs me that the Mind-Brain Identity Theory is undergoing a big revival in Australian circles. This is a fact. But what is a fact?

CH4 1.30 Mothers By Daughters. Maureen Lipman, the factual version. **CH4 2.10 Union Pacific (Cecil B. De Mille 1939).** Barbara Stanwyck and Akim Tamiroff make me want to brave the Million minions, in this eulogy of all parts West.

BBC2 3.15 Primrose Path (Gregory La Cava 1940). Ginger Rogers, 29, cheats old Father Time as teenage daughter with an alcoholic classical scholar of a father named Homer. Facts that make perfect sense.

BBC2 4.45 The Sky At Night: The Secret Lives Of The Stars. Pie-eyed, kite-high, so slowly they die... am I on the right tracks here?

BBC2 5.05 The First Travelling Saleslady (Arthur Ruben 1956). Comedy Western with a young Clint Eastwood in the ranks, getting as close as he can to Ginger Rogers.

CH4 6.00 Earsay: Ray Davies, Mick Karn, Captain Sensible. If it adheres to the studio form-ula of last week's opener – a forced chattiness, nattiness and knowingsness which dripped dead – then this will kill itself off more surely than *Loose Talk*.

BBC1 7.05 Five Card Stud (Henry Hathaway 1968). A more greasy

Western spoon (and spittoon and saloon) than this after's C.B. De Mille – Robert Mitchum does his *Night Of The Hunter* psycho-preacher, Dean Martin does his Dean Martin, the great Yaphet Kotto supports. What did the caterers have to put up (out?) with?

CH4 8.30 Four American Composers. "Bonza stuff," says a Cage acolyte of last week's, which I've yet to vide. This week, merry Meredith Monk – hypnotic of voice, NY Lofty of visuals.

CH4 9.35: G.I. Brides. – I'm in the middle of my own Second World War – but that's a rather different cocktail (Copyright *IPman* 1984). Here, Maureen Lipman – who? – lends commentary to a Lavinia Warner documentary.

BBC1 9.50 Wogan. This week, Peter O'Toole – a genuinely handsome man, and a gentleman's ham.

ITV 8.00 Smokey And The Bandit Ride Again Hal Needham 1980). Unnecessary follow-up to the already over-stretched original, but only dry hearts and Pauline Kael could fail to fall for the Burt Reynolds smirk, and extras like Dom Deluise, Jerry Reed.

BBC1 11.30 Zoltan Hound Of Dracula (Albert Band 1977). Cheapest of creeps, but grotesquely attractive all the same, if you've been following this minor scare season.

CH4 11.50 Each Dawn I Die (William Keighley 1939). James Cagney the "hard-boiled" journalist whose crusade against corruption gets him sent down to hard graft and George Raft. From the prisonhouse of language to the laundry room of principles – does that make sense?

Each dawn I dry – no, that's Fridays.

SUNDAY 8 APRIL

CH4 3.00 Book Four. Typically brickbattish Brit culture spot – ancient ideas of Literature (a spotless given) are handed across a well-laid round table. Today, Fay Weldon, Peter Porter, and no new currency in ideas whatsoever. (I'll give you good odds.) Lots of pre-Easter Jesus stoking at the moment. In a choice between CH4's Jesus The Evidence (9.20) and BBC1's Jerusalem, A Personal History (10.05), I think I'll take Cary Grant as my figurehead in CH4's *Crisis* (Richard Brooks 1950) (10.15). A religious style loony is also

stooge centre in the latest BBC2 (10.10) Australian Film: *Patrick* (Richard Franklin 1978). Director Franklin made his Hollywood debut last year with *Psycho II*, too. And keeping to the theme of The Nutcase In Cinema... ITV 10.30 The South Bank Show has roped in Modest Ken Russell to profile Vaughan Williams.

MONDAY 9 APRIL

BBC1 3.40 Tom and Jerry. By which time in the afternoon enough of these little spritzers will have gone down to make the fat blue mouth and the thin grey tail even more of a savagely animated pre-pubescent Peckinpah experience than usual. The tales? *Tom And Cherie*, and *That's My Mommy*.

BBC2 5.40 Black Narcissus (Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger 1947). Which gets our *Film Of The Week*, this week. Powell and Pressburger's pre-, parallel-, and post-WWII renegade British movie craft (*Peeping Tom*, *The Life And Times Of Colonel Blimp*, *The Red Shoes*) – was a secret assault on cultural decorum, massively inventive, and always within the confines of traditional narrative. Worshipped by most of today's Movie Brats, their combined feel for the medium meant that the strangest and softest stories alike emerged the better, the bolder. P & P are amongst the very few who'd I'd sit through an Epic for, knowing well they'll epicentre their genre. *Black Narcissus* concerns the lives and lusts of a group of nuns in the Himalayas. As always with P & P the colour alone will be worth the trip.

BBC1 8.10 Panorama. Sir Robin Day takes his annual trifle with Mrs Thatcher. Sure he'll go Ten downing, sure she'll get annoyed, sure he'll sort of gently apologise, sure it's great viewing (a step nearer the sort of unkind eavesdropping TV interrogation could and should try to be), but, at the end of the Day, he's still

a bit too SDP-dry and dandy to really disarm: some NEW intellectual arguments, please!
CH4 11.00 Outside In. My initial (unseen and edge-bet) epithet for Stephen Dwoskin – "challenging" – has dwindled during the (dis)course of this season, but I'll persevere; not sure what sense this makes of my usual Pleasure Principles, though.
BBC1 9.25 A Man, A Woman, And A Bank (Noel Black 1979). Canadian bank heist movie with Donald Sutherland, Brooke Adams and Paul Mazursky. Plus, one Allen Magicovsky as a "suicidal whipped cream freak". I've come across less feasible things.

TUESDAY 10 APRIL

BBC1 3.45 Barney Bear: Uninvited Pest. BB – the cartoon figure with the Walter Matthau walk – is always a welcome guest. Although there's often no competition for the glory of... *Daffy Duck*. Today, BBC1 6.40, in My Favourite Duck. Mine too.
BBC1 7.40: A Question Of Sport. C'mon – admit it, once you tune in you're hooked.

CH4 9.00 Memoirs Of A Survivor. (David Gladwell 1981). Post-apocalyptic agony and spiritual rebirth, from a Doris Lessing novel-style speculation of the same name. I survived this movie, just, in a professional capacity, and can wholeheartedly recommend that you stick needles in your eyes rather than go anywhere near it. Julie Christie and Leonie Mellinger wasted in a real stinker.

BBC1 10.50 The 1984 Academy Awards Presentation. Curtly compered by the great Johnny Carson. To be reviewed.

WEDNESDAY 11 APRIL

BBC1 9.00 a.m. Bellamy On Botany: In The Swim. If Dave's delving enthusiasm doesn't wake you, nothing will.

CH4 6.00 The Munsters. Yes, I'm still laughing – even if they are "cuter" than the Addams.

CH4 8.00 Brookside. Barry Grant notches up his thousandth "Come 'ead" – which is not an insult but an urging forth, directed at all and sundry, at every opportunity.

BBC1 6.50 The Wrong Box (Bryan Forbes 1966). Hundreds and thousands from British Comedy in this frenzied, hit and miss affair: John Mills, Michael Caine, Peter Cooke, Dudley Moore, Peter Sellers, Tony Hancock, John Le Mesurier, and Ralph Richardson. A good few moments of Beauty, of course.

PENGUIN PRESENTS FOR GCE & CSE....

HOW JIM BEAT THE EXAMINATION BLUES!

LET YOUR COMPUTER DO THE HOMEWORK!

LITERATURE EXAMS WERE LOOMING....

11TH JUNE

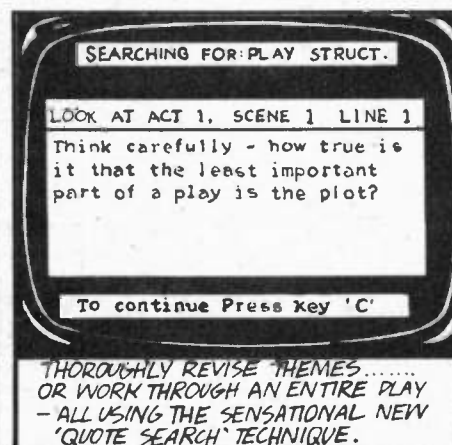
JIM WAS IN A REAL FIX. HE THOUGHT ROMEO AND JULIET WERE LOCAL DANCE CHAMPIONS.

HEV JIM DONT WORRY! WHY NOT TRY PENGUIN STUDY SOFTWARE?

BUT THEN A FRIEND TOLD HIM ABOUT PENGUIN STUDY SOFTWARE.



A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA THAT ALLOWS YOU TO STUDY IN A TOTALLY NEW WAY.



PENGUIN STUDY SOFTWARE



Available from good bookshops and major branches of WHSMITH

I D E N T I K

AS I DO every week (this is my business, you see) I'm looking at NME's UK Top 50.

In that half-century I note the presence of Danse Society, Matt Bianco, Icicle Works, Kajagoogoo, Wang Chung, Howard Jones and Nik Kershaw; perhaps in a few weeks there will be Care, Re-Flex, Blue Section Two, China Crisis, Fiction Factory, Talk Talk and Tears For Fears in their place.

Or perhaps all will be in together: there might be 'hard' records by Spear Of Destiny, Big Country and The Opposition to cushion them, and 'sensitive' ones by Annabel Lamb, Camel and Dan Hill by their side.

Perhaps, on that day, I will wake up screaming.

NAMES! Have NAMES ever been so thoughtlessly hurried back and forth, round and round? A thousand new names are bawled at us every minute — new bands, new music to sign up, new haircuts to trim, new videos, new images, new blah blah blah. NEW and NAMES: these simple words are in pop's locket, and now they are prayed to by a frightening force of business interests alike, bound together by appetite. On one side, wallets; on the other, wish fulfilment.

In a beleaguered dug-out somewhere in between — if we are anywhere, I suppose — those of us who presume to commentate on these matters have been battered to a point very close indeed to insensibility. New pop, old rock? When Joe Strummer burst his spleen over the chaste gathering of 'new hippies' that were keeping him out of young people's favour he at last struck a note us pulp critics could hear.

These bright new fellows. They are turning all our ears to marshmallow.

A few weeks ago I wrote about the faceless guitar heroes; but if those warriors are at least clothed in recognisable colours, the faceless men of pop (and it is a particularly male phenomenon) have even less that is 'there'. They are not so much naked as amorphous, beyond grasp, faultlessly mobile, beautifully shaped and serviced with a most imperturbable smile.

They are such *reasonable* men.

They have an answer for everything, it seems. The simplest charge against them is that they're pin-ups first, music-makers second: and it is so easily countered. 'Good musicianship' is spelt out like a grinding ABC in Jones' one-man shows or Fiction Factory's pop translation of Barclay James Harvest. The faceless ones are supermen for simpletons, for they pile up their thoughtful lyrics, energetic tours, playing skills, visual saturation and (unarguable) chart supremacy and they say — how can we be hated? How can you dismiss us? What are we doing *wrong*?

Nothing. That's exactly it.

We could chase words around here all day. Let's look at two graduates — perhaps *the* two — to this Olympus of statistics and clean, careful order: the top floor of the present pop marketplace.

THE NEW BOY

FOR AN hour or two in Guildford I hitch up with the entourage that is Nik Kershaw's 'Human Racing' tour. This tiny little man, who looks like one of Anthony Buckeridge's schoolboys but for the streaked disturbance of hair, has with the



Nik Kershaw, the Ipswich elf.

merest murmur anchored a foothold in popular attention which already looks massive. Powerful people are smiling at his NAME. He is beginning to make some of them lots of money.

Who is he? A 26 year old fusion musician — in fact he used to play in a group called Fusion — who wrote some pop songs that were prettily patterned into his 'Human Racing' LP. 'Wouldn't it Be Good' struck the charts with the smooth relentlessness peculiar to this whisked music: one airplay and it's there. 'Dancing Girls' is doing the same as you read this.

Kershaw's pop is a fraction more interesting than most because he seems to have an inch of wit at his disposal — 'Dancing Girls' and 'Bogart' take the pith, one might say. But because it's so easy to lump him in, and because the reward is so tempting for him and his employers, there he is. He has the qualifications too: a softly attractive face, a clever musicianship. Do the people who come to see him play *want* to see him play, I ask?

"Obviously I'd like to think they would. There's probably some who just come to see me... I think a lot of the kids are more discerning than people give credit for. The majority of the audiences are, as we expected, teenage girls. But there are guys in their 20s there too. It's not a total scream-up."

"I'm afraid about it cutting off people from listening to my music, this whole image thing that's happened."

Why's that, Nik? He sits up in his chair. Our room to talk in booms like a gymnasium.

"People'll hear one single and look at your face and say, woh — he's a pop star. There were times when I felt like that. If something was in the charts I wouldn't buy it. I couldn't have pop stars in my record collection!"

How do you come to terms with being in that position yourself?

"I don't know. It's happened so quick."

Your record sounds as though it was designed to make you that pop star.

"They are pop songs, there's no doubt about that. But I think the way they're arranged makes them something else. I dunno what... when you're writing songs you think you're talking to people your own age. I never thought in a million years the audience would be so young."

Isn't it down to the people around you grooming you for that crowd?

"To a certain extent," he says, "but you can't blame everybody else. I've made a lot of mistakes — the odd photo session I shouldn't have done and is on file and gets used. People look at it and say, that's Nik Kershaw — he looks like a poof!"

That's the rub of dressing up, isn't it? People say it's unmanly.

"I don't care," he grins — the devil! "I don't worry about people calling me a poof but I don't want to appear as something I'm not."

He hastens to assure me of his unprejudiced views. It's just the individual breaking through.

"I just want people to see what I am. Which is impossible in the music business."

We tut tut over this home truth. Nik makes the rather extraordinary comparison with Bowie's behaviour in the '70s, and I start to like this perky new boy in the neighbourhood. He tells me he doesn't want to go through the motions as a pop star, would like to keep changing, steer clear of formulae... tough talk. I ask him how tough he is.

"I've stood up to a few things so far. You don't know how much influence you've got until you try. But I knew I wouldn't write anything I didn't want to write about."

Well now, that's interesting — what does make him want to write? What is all this pop about?

"Oh, it can be anything," he says, warming to an easy question. "Very little of it's from personal experience 'cause I've led a very stable, mundane sort of life."

Are the pop charts any place to be carrying on a serious conversation?

"I don't think people can make rules about it."

Everyone on the planet's got some sort of responsibility to say what they think, and if people want to listen to my lyrics I hope they get something out of them. If they don't want to listen — great. I've got no pompous message to get across."

Kershaw is a well-practiced man. He admits without shame to being a muso who somebody approached with a camera and said "talk into this".

"Why do I have to do all this? Because I wanted to be successful. I've got no bones about it. I *want* to be a pop star". He giggles, hugs his legs into his body.

"Getting this on TV, on radio. It gets it to people, and the more people who hear it the better."

But there's ways of consuming. If they take it in



Zzzzing!!! Matt Bianco!



And the mediocre sha
Or at least
RICHARD COOK fits on
Illustration: C

IT POP



inherit the earth . . .
the charts.
the faceless folk of pop.
RIS CHAISTY

as pabulum coming out of a speaker...

"If that's all it is to them, great! I don't expect anyone to get more out of it than that, if that's their deepest appreciation."

It's here that Mr Kershaw and I deeply appreciate our differences. If I were him, I would want more than a rationale of good, reason-able tunes.

He's a very pleasant and quite astute man who says he doesn't know how to be aggressive. He even admits to being "a wimp". But when he says that you don't have to explain anything about music and people just need ears, he might be misjudging the might of an industry that would have your ears believing something that isn't even there, let alone something untruthful.

Sometimes, though, the words of a self-confessed inarticulate can be piercingly frank.

"It's difficult to be private. Especially as I'm married, too, trying to get privacy in your marriage — kids banging on your door, all that. I used not to talk to anybody and kept myself sort of locked away. I think a lot of what people say to each other is total trivia and it shouldn't be said anyway. If somebody talks to me about the weather I'd rather they didn't talk at all."

"They can't believe me when they find I don't have much to say."

Nick shrugs. He goes and has some shepherd's pie.

THE KING

THE MONARCH of these new stars is a slight, 29 year old man from High Wycombe. I met Howard Jones a month or two ago in his company's offices: he gave me a smile so shy it looked like an abject apology, and he reminded me (I'm not being unkind) of a timid gerbil.

People are already brushing up their "I knew him when..." stories.

Perhaps eight months ago I was being badgered into attending one of his Marquee shows: now look at him! An LP at number one or two, a haircut that features in just about every *No. 1* or *SHits*, Howard this, Howard that.

Why are we giving this man so much?

I thought I might ask him that, but he is now jealously guarded from bad people like me. You can imagine the sort of horrible questions I could have asked him.

"Howard, what on earth's going on? What are you and all these other people doing in our charts?"

"Well, I don't think you can just put me in with people like Wang Chung or even Nik Kershaw. My music is very personal and individual to me — it isn't just pop music for the sake of getting into the charts. There's something I want to say in all of the songs."

What's that?

"You only have to look at the lyrics."

'Conditioning' is about how everyone is taught to accept a particular, limited role in life and I'm saying that you don't have to accept it as you're supposed to. 'Equality' is concerned with...

Yes, but it's the way you tell them. Preaching on the state of the world isn't anything new to rock. A dozen years ago we were talking to rock stars and expecting the meaning of life from them. Now here you come again, and it's life's terrible toil dipped in synthesiser sugar and held up for everyone to lick. It's the old days again, for better or worse.

"But what's wrong with trying to put a bit of thought into songs? I can explain all the details and the intentions behind them. Every one has its own atmosphere and I try to make them all thought-provoking. I think it's challenging to try and make pop music like this which has a bit more substance to it."

Who wants to have all these songs explained? What about mystery, subterfuge, a hint of the inexplicable? Why does it have to be so 'intelligent' all the time? There are these great pasty dollops of credibility larded over music like yours because it deals on the surface with human qualities like doubt and pain, or with some little problem of society at large. I can't see that 'Human's Lib' has any more substance to it than 'Relax', and it certainly doesn't have the same exhilaration or nerve or tiny victories.

"I'm not trying to compete with other people in the charts. I'm trying to make music the best I can and I don't see why I can't tackle subjects which I think are serious. That review of 'Human's Lib' by Don Watson wasn't very clever. I certainly don't claim that what I have is a unique insight, and if I'm

a 'normal liberal' with 'ordinary sanity' I don't know what it is he thinks I should be. There seems to be a real snobbery among you writers about pop music."

I have to agree there, of course. Some of my colleagues talk a lot of nonsense about real soul, for example, and there is a fairly laughable contention that because the procedures of acts like Chris & Cosey are different to yours they must be far more radical people. It is actually quite simple to tell you apart from Kershaw. But it's a uniformity of attitude that ties all you boys together: you're all so polite and pleasant and forgiving about what you do. You are competing with each other because there's only so many places in the Top 50, yet you're all so interested in each other's work. It's like some worthless club where you're wearing a tie that says 'new pop'.

(Smiling tolerantly). "Now you're just being cynical. Because you're a reasonably articulate person and you see a lot of people liking and buying music which you think isn't all that good, you imagine there must be something seriously wrong with it which you have to vilify. I think it's much more challenging to remain idealistic about things in the face of the world's obstacles."

It's such an easy defence, isn't it? People often throw that at me, that I'm being cynical because I don't want to applaud something that's very popular. If only it were so simple, Howard. I don't dislike what you do because it's popular — I dislike it because I find no substance, initiative, ambiguity or particular excitement in it. I enjoy good pop like you do, I imagine, but I think the best pop has many more complexities and insights to it than the few which you're able to convey. That's a reason why I like The Police — a group much more popular than you are — because there are sustained forms of intelligence and diversity at work there which are completely foreign to a pop star like yourself.

"But I'm not claiming to be a force of great intelligence or whatever you said. I'm just making the music which is as personal and interesting to me as I can. I can't help being popular. It's very gratifying to find that so many people enjoy listening to me but I can't insist on people looking at me or hearing what I do. I'm still only just beginning, after all. I've got a lot to refine and develop yet."

"I really can't agree when you say I've got no substance in my work. I do it nearly all myself. I play for an hour and a half on my own on stage and at the end people are still shouting for more. And I never set any limits on what I do. Some songs really are different every night when I'm playing. They can go off in all sorts of unexpected directions..."

It doesn't matter, though. It really doesn't. You could be the Grateful Dead and play for ten hours or you could make up new songs on the spot. What you have to say doesn't change. I don't say you're particularly naive, just that your ambitions are terribly plain. All this breast-beating about society is presented in a way that's almost opposite to what you talk about — a package of gestures about 'change'. Do you think it inspires people?

"I hope I make them think about some ideas that pop isn't normally about."

I think one of the best things a pop musician can do is to put his energy towards ideas that are flexible within an inflexible business, enthusiastic in an environment that deliberately flattens and drains enthusiasm through endless repetition, humorous in a way that laughs above the canned hilarity of a million pop acts and — maybe — just a little bit damaged and unreasonable and wrong-headed. Just the *tiniest* bit, even. Do you apply yourself in any of those ways?

"Well..."

We're almost out of space. Do you think you're a hero to people?

"I think I set an example, in a way. I used to work in a factory, you know, and all around me there were people who wanted to get out of that way of life and into something more exciting. And I did it, you see. I actually did it. I think I give a ray of hope to people in that I've shown that anybody can do what I've done if they only make the effort."

You know, I think you probably believe that. Any last words?

"The condemned man! You sound like you want to be rid of me!"

Actually — yes.



Wang Kers (I'm sorry, I'll read that again...)



Sick, nervous headache: soluble Howard Jones.

ULTRAVOX AT BOOTS

£4.29

For album or chrome cassette. Includes the singles "One Small Day" and "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes." Subject to stock availability. Cassette includes two extra tracks.

■ Ultravox *Lament*

White China, One Small Day,
Dancing With Tears In My Eyes,
Lament. *Man Of Two Worlds*,
Heart Of The Country, *When
The Time Comes*, *A Friend I Call
Desire*.

■ Ultravox *Lament*



THE BEST FOR LESS

LPS

LONG PLAYERS

SADDLE SOARS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Blood On The Saddle (New Alliance, import)

MAYBE WHEN the citizens of Tucson, Arizona organised a posse to run Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* out of town they had some dim presentiment of Cowpunk.

Punk, though, has not annexed the wild west to desecrate it but to romanticise punk themes of loneliness, depression, and vengeance. As he was for the Nudie-suit country rockers of the late '60s, the cowboy is for jaded punkers a handily mythical ghost whose solitude is one of heroic alienation.

For Los Angeles punks, fantasies of cacti and skulls in ten-gallon hats are ways of tapping into a great lost America, a land of mystery which modern urban reality seems to have wiped out of time. After all, when you've survived the terminal nihilism of hardcore, where else can you go but the past? Cowpunk is an escape when there's no sound insane enough to match reality.

Signed to The Minutemen's New Alliance label, Blood On The Saddle are the latest and perhaps finest in the line engendered by Californian exiles Rank & File. Registered here as Ron Botelho (bass), Herman K. Senac (drums/vocal), Annette Zilinkas (vocal), and Greg Davis (guitar/vocal), the group's coarse rawhide gnashings make Rank & File look like The Grand Ole Opry. Not since Willie Nelson's 'Red Headed Stranger' has cowboy country sounded so lonesome, so outlawable.

Actually, from their pix the quartet seem friendly enough, but in the grooves they howl like ill-fed coyotes, ripping up ballads as if they didn't know what else to do with them. Davis isn't a great singer but his production is lean enough to override that and his guitar is nothing short of wild. He plays the thing as if it were a fiddle. Senac and Botelho meanwhile stomp like peyote-maddened buffalo.

At its best, this stampede across the valley of death sounds dangerous. The traditional 'Banks Of The Ohio' is a chilling tale of jealous murder, Annette's frantic 'Wish I Was A Single Girl Again' is like Wanda Jackson backed by Shockabilly, and 'I've Never Been Married' is the best rock thing I've heard this year.

Giddy up there Silver!

Barney Hoskyns



The lamentable Midge Ure. Pic: Peter Anderson

THE VOX POX

ULTRAVOX

Lament* (Chrysalis)

EVERYTHING SEEMS very far away now: in the Ultravox world, everything seems very large and distant, a calculated attempt at reproducing the impact of the monumental. 'Lament' is a putative evocation of large emotions, of the heroic, of grandeur and elegance, but no amount of aural dry ice and trick lighting can conceal the fact that the scenery is constructed of cardboard, and that nothing is as big and solid as we are requested to believe.

Ultravox aim for two kinds of elegance: the first is that of the Old World, and they use the textures of mock-classical piano and synthesised orchestras for that same Wonders-Of-European-Civilisation thrill as the old-fashioned pomp-rockers used to go for. The other is the contemporary Elegance-Of-Technology number, all let's-use-the-Linn-to-trigger-the-Simmonds and sequencers in motion. In other words, your basic zis-is-white-European-dance-musik schtick.

Ultravox aim for one basic range of emotions: not surprising on an album called 'Lament'. They work off a misty, non-specific melancholy, a vague sense of loss, but the emotions never seem to be confronted or experienced, simply gestured at and alluded to. All the voices and sounds are recorded so distantly that they seem to do little more than loom at the listener through fog.

Japan were never my favourite group — or even one of my favourite hundred groups — but they always did this kind of thing a zillion times better than Ultravox: the sounds were more interesting and occasionally you got the impression that someone in the band had at some point *felt* something. At least David Sylvian's self-pity seemed genuine — this is a feeble attempt at grandiose emoting in a total vacuum.

Some of these songs could probably become hits. I have an uncomfortable feeling that 'A Friend I Call Desire' might be inescapable for a week or two, and Mae McKenna's backing vocal on 'Man Of Two Worlds' is probably the most genuinely affecting (what am I saying? The *only* genuinely affecting) moment on the whole album.

Ure, Can, Cross and Currie are effective instrumentalists and producers: they know how to operate their instruments and studios and their professional and technical competence is considerable. However, their work is ultimately fraudulent: they are too 'tasteful' and 'restrained' even to allow themselves to be carried away by their own pretensions. If they did something that they really believed in, some work that was a matter of artistic life and death to them...

... would anyone know the difference?

Charles Shaar Murray

NOT QUITE BAD ENUFF

SLAVE

The Best Of (Cotillion)

THE SAUCY funk-punching of Dayton Ohio's Slave eluded many cross Atlantic listeners (present company included) for their first four or five LPs. But with the popularity of departed founder member Steve Arrington and his Hall Of Fame, interest has been directed towards their back catalogue. Hence this, a hastily released, shoddily packaged compilation with no information or overview on the sleeve. Just what do the young bods who man the corridors of power in WEA actually do with their time?

I can't say how representative or well chosen are the tracks on this collection but some of it is cracking stuff. Picking up where The Ohio Players left off, the cohesive pace-making orchestration of the opening 'You And Me' brings a class and polish to the well drilled precincts of their native forbears. Spanning some ten years, from their debut 'Slave' to last year's 'Bad Enuff', there's no great departure musically or thematically in any of the songs. I mean, they aren't about to give you an insight into the decaying

shit, phobias and paranoias that often seemed to be the very life blood of the Ewwe Ess Ay during that period.

They have their role model —

the swinging, self-satisfied city strutter — and they work it to death. At times — most pertinently the post-Arrington 'Steppin' Out' and 'Turn You Out (In And Out)' — you

wonder how they could be contented with such crass simplicity; but at others — the supreme lechery of 'Watching You', the irresistible slow meltin',

and hip grindin', lip smackin' groove of 'Steal Your Love' — it makes more sense than anything else you can think of.

Although there is a tendency towards the repetitive, as a musical unit they have all the right elements — crisp, tight and fiery, with some smart brass punctuation and the intuitive might of bassist Mark Sir Hansolar. Their appeal often works through contrast — the mounting and whooping vocal interplay of 'Just A Touch', the sweet stainless harmonies rubbing against some mean 'n' dirty guitar chunks on 'Are You Ready For Love'.

I suspect that this LP is not quite the 'Best Of Slave', — certainly 'Showtime' (Arrington's last LP with the group) could have been more efficiently plundered, if only for the magnificent 'Do You Like It Girl'. The title is quite an indictment (surely they'd like to think the best is yet to come) but 'Bad Enuff' suggested that without Arrington's touch in the song writing dept they can only manufacture cyclic riffs and worn gestures without an underlying force or motivation. Perhaps their best days are behind them.

Gavin Martin



The masterful Slave

PRIME CUTS

SEVERED HEADS

Since The Accident (Ink)

LET'S GET this straight: in this spine-chilling year of 1984, there is nothing remotely new or challenging about cut-up, collage, psychedelic white

noise drone-musik. Records like 'Since The Accident' may now be judged as music which knows its market (limited), and its crossover/influence potential (also limited, but growing). So let it be said now: 'Since The Accident' will neither radically divert rock's broad river nor will it rearrange your mind into interesting new formations. But it's still a great album.

Facts: Gary Bradbury, Tom Ellard and Simon Insectocutor are Severed Heads who hail from Sydney, Australia, and 'Since The Accident' is their

first LP. Along with tape machines, sequencers, and all the other paraphernalia of the noise-merchant since time immemorial, Severed Heads are also into videos (natch), which one day I hope to see. But in the meantime I can direct my own movie as soundtracked by 'Since The Accident', which is surely the purpose and appeal of such music: it suggests and stimulates vague images and atmospheres rather than defines specific musical scenarios with their correspondingly specific responses.

Naturally enough, Severed Heads have enjoyed a few movies too in the peace and quiet of their own cranial vaults. I'd guess they've munched popcorn to Chrome, Can, Cabaret Voltaire, Philip Glass, Public Image and Kraftwerk. Indeed, as avant-guru of this parish Andy Gill recalls, five years ago you couldn't walk the streets of Sheffield without hearing something like Severed Heads blasting out of every front room. Yes, well, maybe, but I doubt anything so good.

Get spooked by the 'Gift'-style horrorshow neudisco

talkover of the single-from-the-album 'Dead Eyes Opened'! Tune your brainwaves into the scratch-dialled alrwaves of 'A Relic Of The Empire'! Explore The Secrets Of Treating Deaf Mutes (eh?)!

Amidst the fuzz, gunk, grasshopper editing and assorted sounds of blowing transistors lurk some stately, hypnotic tunes and a crackdown dancebeat. Yes, I've danced to 'Since The Accident' (though Certain Wrinkles Around Here insist it would be much improved were I to dance on it), brushed my

teeth to it, drunk to it and written this review to it — to the great enhancement of all these activities. (Best of all, though, is listening to it on *cans* whilst driving hunder the influence, knowharramean hossifer?)

In other words, even though my abilities to judge these things have no doubt been well and truly bugged by that crucial first exposure as a child to The Beatles' 'Revolution Number Nine', I'd say 'Since The Accident' is definitely a fun LP. Just a different kind of fun, that's all.

Mat Snow

TONES ON TAIL



POP

DEBUT ALBUM



DANIEL ASH
GLENN CAMPLING
KEVIN HASKINS

Beggars Banquet



ON TOUR
IN
APRIL



Shannon — the singer, not the airport.

GIRLS, STAY SINGLE!

SHANNON

Let The Music Play
(Phonogram)

GLORIA GAYNOR

I Am Gloria Gaynor
(Chrysalis)

EXCUSE THE cynicism but despite the expectations aroused by so many groups when they put out their One Great Single, put them to the rigour of creating over 40 minutes of similar material and most have dried up before the first side is finished.

What brings these two apparently disparate LPs together is exactly this notion. One is concerned with the traumas of love, mapped out in a very facile manner, whilst the other is determined to show us, in an equally facile manner, the joys and beauty of self-preservation and pride. The rub lies in their attitudes.

Shannon are a faceless group. Despite being primarily used to support the singer of the same name, whose overtones of innocence and desire make 'Let The Music Play' such a powerful record, the emphasis placed on

their electronic excursions serves only to pull her out of focus.

What distinguishes her from the nagging fact that she's simply a front girl for a bunch of studio buffs is a) her more than reasonable vocals, and b) the hard, circular, well-honed music that acts as a backdrop. Shannon achieve a graceful balance here (although nothing matches 'LTMP') sometimes veering towards Arthur Bakerland ('Give Me Tonight'), sometimes blinding out uncontrollably ('It's You'), but mainly concentrating on keeping their muscular sound flexible and not flashy. What deflates them is their paucity of lyrical ideas: this idea that boy meets girl can be re-iterated a thousand times in the same old format.

Conversely, Gloria Gaynor acts as the antidote to this simplicity but with a woefully inadequate set of songs.

Gaynor, as you'll no doubt recall, made her mark with the righteous venom of 'I Will Survive', a slightly flawed but indubitably uplifting song that spoke of woman's independence with as much strength of conviction as any man could

manage.

On her latest outing Gloria has somehow seen fit to repeat these sentiments endlessly. Talk about mining a goldmine. The first three songs on this eight track affair are taken up with "striving", "getting off your hindbone" and "being who you are". One dose of it is fine, 12 minutes worth leaves you exasperated, especially when the music is so rousing tacky, so devoid of any humanity.

For the rest of the album we're back to nursery rhyme love songs and nothing special to make impressions. At a time when some kind of political sense, some kind of reality, is being transmitted through black music, Gloria Gaynor should make a welcome addition to the roster, but her refusal to assert nothing more than her tired 'message' in favour of exploring other areas of love, life and politics, is indeed a shame.

And when that 'message' is set to such badly conceived rock and pop, it makes you long for a sharp lyricist to shape her up and Shannon, at their best, to provide the backing.

Paolo Hewitt

ALL BEDSIT, NO

TIM BUCKLEY

Best Of Tim Buckley (Rhino)

ELEKTRA HAD a nifty line in soft-focus cover-shots and tenderly pretentious liner-notes when it came to Tim Buckley's early albums. As these things will, they half defined the content for impressionable young teens like myself, in need of soundtrack accompaniment for the sweet traumas of adolescence.

It wasn't always that way — later on he pulled a good few strings outside the heart, did Tim — but for one Mark Leviton, who compiled this particular 'Best Of', Buckley's will always be the sound of one heart breaking. For one whose career contains so many idiosyncrasies, crossovers and unusual experiments, Buckley's been poorly served by Leviton, who's presented just the bedsit Buckley, the Tim you could safely take home to meet your mum. All very nice and all, but maybe just a little bit too nice...

His choice comprises three from Buckley's debut ('Aren't You The Girl', 'Song For Janie' and 'I Can't See You'), three from 'Goodbye And Hello' ('Carnival Song', 'Morning Glory' and the title

track), three from 'Blue Afternoon' ('Happy Time', 'I Must Have Been Blind' and 'The River'), and one each from 'Happy Sad', 'Starsailor' and 'Sefronia' (respectively, 'Strange Feelin', 'Song To The Siren' and 'Dolphins'). Though the absence of a track from 'Look At The Fool' is perhaps forgivable (let's face it, the album was crap), Leviton's ignorance of both the rambling discursions of 'Lorca' and the dirty sex diatribes of 'Greetings From LA' borders on gross negligence — though, to be fair, a lyric like "She's gonna beat me, whip me, spank me, oh, make it right again!" might not sit too comfortably alongside the fragile minstrelry of 'Happy Time' or 'Song To The Siren'.

The truth is that from the start Tim Buckley had an edge over his fellow singer-songwriters, an urge to invent which manifested itself in abstruse arrangements, occasionally overwrought lyricism, and vocal pyrotechnics so bizarre they couldn't possibly be copied. The jarring discords that punctuate 'I Can't See You' are the first intimation of this urge, though the best early examples — 'Pleasant Street' and the frenetic 'I Never Asked To Be Your Mountain', from 'Goodbye And Hello' — have been overlooked in favour of the saccharine simplicity of 'Carnival Song' and 'Morning Glory'.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

English As A Second Language (*Freeway/Enigma*)

THIS EPIC, two-vol "talking package" is the successor to '82's "Voices Of The Angels" (a third spoken-word platter, 'Neighbourhood Rhythms', is underway now in Venice, California's Radio Tokyo recording premises). All are the personal projects of Harvey Kubernick, 31. Kubernick admits "upfront" that not all of the 84 tracks herein are gems; but he sought "to capture the impulse artists of LA" and so he has.

Thanks to his sponsorship the deep end makes it well worth wading through the shallows. Among the glut of Club Lingerie/punk-scene luminaries are members of The Bangles, Black Flag, Minutemen, X, The Plugz, The Blasters and The (now defunct) Flesheaters.

Some great liner notes by Tom Waits set a specially showbiz scene; but there's little actual music, just much in-between. Conversations, self-conscious confessions, ranting, wailing and a lot of poetry which would 'measure up' anywhere.

The latter includes Blaster Dave Alvin's contributions; black poetess Wanda Coleman's descriptions of police harassment at home and of a restaurant robbery; Richard Meltzer's poetic obit for pal Lester Bangs; Bill Inglot on Jack Webb of

(Opposition press release). No, just a sleeve full of council flats and children (back sleeve: council flats, children, and the band).

Someone told me this band would sound like The Gang Of Four. "Oooh—", I went. It doesn't. It sounds like The Clash crossed with The Cure and one of those DREADFUL Northern poet persons. Here's a random thought of Mark Long, Opposition big-wig: "I heard someone pissing in the doorway/I heard a television/I heard a radio/I felt my father's fears..." ('Don't Forget To Leave The Light On In The Hall'). Father's fears are not that his son may grow up to join a socialist rock band, but—as explained two tracks later ('Stranded')—the usual list of angst '84 (packages of frozen peas, sex aids etc).

Mark Long is 29 and, says his record company, busy "confronting the ill-advised optimism of the age in which he grew up". In other words, he's hung up his kaftan and had a bum trip for real.

Beware bands like The Opposition: they play quite well, they arrange their records 'nicely', they sing like the last person in a dole queue, and they are starting to come from South London... It's all just a '70s fanzine in expensive '80s vinyl.

Jane Solanas

STARPOINT

It's All Yours (*Elektra*)

A CARNABY Street merchant, who saw me leaving the office with this LP, attempted to attract my custom with the icebreaker "Like Shalamar, eh?" I smiled patronisingly at him, only to discover that he was dead right. This is no carbon copy (see Delegation's 'It's Your Turn'), but that 'Friends' feeling is unmistakable. Apart from the fact that it's very hard to write anything original about this very enjoyable music, I've no complaints about the album.

This highly prolific outfit (this is their sixth album since their 1980 debut) might've called themselves The Phillips Four (the musicians are all brothers) if it weren't for vocalist Kayode and Rennee. The whole group is of Afro-Caribbean origin and, on 'Send Me a Letter', they honour their roots with a catchy, almost football chant-like reggae number that's still a bit of a non-starter.

It's only really the title track and 'Satisfy Me Lover' that are pure Shalamar; 'Breakout' is too hard and 'Use Me' too fondly laid back, too threateningly sexy. Potentially soppy ballads like 'This Is So Right' are subverted by ear-piercing screams of passion. 'Am I Still The One' prompts the answer "No! Not after that", but 'Always On My Mind' is (though sloppy) superb. I've always been a sucker for vocalists who're obviously giving it all they've got.

I can well believe that Starpoint are getting a lot of needle-time in clubs. 'It's All Yours' works a treat.

Simon Witter

AFRICA: FROM DARKNESS TO THE DAWNING

THOMAS MAPFUMO

The Chimurenga Singles, 1976–80 (*Earthworks*)

AMANDLA

Amandla (*Melodiya – USSR import*)

HUGH MASEKELA/
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA/
JAZZ AFRICA

African Sounds For Mandela (*Tsafrika*)

PRIMETIME AFRICAN dance music with a sting in its tales of the freedom struggle.

'Amandla', by the ANC's Cultural Group, is a diamond-sharp sampler of Southern African musical styles. Led by trombonist Jonas Gwangwa, the group transform different indigenous traditions—township jazz, choral singing, penny whistle pop—into a suitably modern context for their liberation lyrics.

The music's sheer exuberance swings you through the LP, despite moments of bleakness:

"What could have gone wrong that we die like dogs". I like the bubbling guitar lines, the cool, tight horns; but best of all are the tracks that feature the group's choral singing: the declamatory fire of 'Embers Of Soweto', the clicking, whooping, ululating embellishments to 'Lead Us, Tambo'. 'Amandla' means 'power'; this music has it.

South African music is also to the fore on 'African Sounds For Mandela', a live LP from last year's Ally Pally festival to celebrate Nelson Mandela's 65th birthday. Highlights are Julian Bahula's lovely, lilting 'Mandela' tribute, plus Hugh Masekela's 'Stimela' and 'Bajabula'—two songs of grace and passion which showcase the trumpeter's unexpected prowess as soulful



Thomas Mapfumo—Zimbabwe's pop guerrilla. Pic Paul Cadenhead

vocalist. Elsewhere, poet John Matshikiza unleashes a brief verbal sortie against apartheid, and Orchestre Jazira contribute two doughty bursts of Anglo-Ghanaian hi-life, their 'Love' here not quite matching the pristine sparkle of the studio 12".

It's apt that the best of these three LPs should be the only one recorded in Africa. Thomas Mapfumo's 'The Chimurenga Singles' is a collection of tracks from the last years of Zimbabwe's war for independence. Predating the relaxed feel of last year's excellent 'Ndangariro' LP, these songs—'made under war conditions'—bristle and burn with a restless energy: fast, stinging guitars and sharp horns whet the beat while Mapfumo's gruffly

authoritative vocals tell of 'Hardships In The Rural Areas', 'Confusion' and the troubles of 'Black People'. Four later songs celebrate the end of the war with a joyful tang of victory: "It's dawned in Zimbabwe, brothers, it happened/The cock crew".

These singles made Mapfumo a folk hero in Zimbabwe. The Smith regime banned his records, gaoled him without trial and tried to co-opt his music to their own ends. None of it worked. The Voice Of Zimbabwe free radio broadcast his songs, and Mapfumo became one of the leading figures of the underground music Chimurenga ('Struggle') movement. Listening to his record today, in a different country with a different culture, it's

impossible to check all the nuances and meanings within the music, but its spirit blazes through undimmed, making clear Mapfumo's status as the major new voice of African pop. Really, you'd have to be pretty damn dull not to move your feet to the zestful pop pulse of tracks like 'Chauya Chirizeuha', Ndiyani Achatipa Runyararo or the delightfully opaque 'Butsu Mutandanko'.

As Abdullah Ibrahim said, "You don't need to read about a people or anything, just eat their food and listen to their music. Let the racists play their music, then we'll play ours, and you be the judge!"

Case proved. **Graham Lock**
(If you can't find these LPs in the shops, try mail order from Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10)

ALTAR'D STATES

THE CHURCH

Seance (*Carrere*)

REMEMBER ICEHOUSE? Yes, a pop-cycle further on from fellow Australians The Little River Band's pseudo-Malibu laid-backisms, Icehouse rehash British electroglam to usually drab but every once in a while coldly memorable effect. Similar but different are The Church, also Australians, who on their third album 'Seance' continue to churn out floppy-fringed, jingly-jangly psychedelia (slight return) located somewhere between R.E.M. (neat!) and Icicle Works (vom!).

Trouble is, I'm a total sucker for this kind of sound, play Byrds albums all the time, wish to hell Harold was still PM etc

etc. So how can I resist the exhilarating Rickenbackerama of 'One Day'? Or the heav-eeee '67 interstellar overdrive of 'Travel By Night'?

Bad points: The Church have unearthed The Moody Blues' old mellotron and found occasion to push the strings button hard. Secondly, lyric writer Steve Kilbey appears to have overdone the mushrooms-on-toast whilst poring over old notebooks from his fourth form 'poet' phase. Thankfully he sings these pearls hedgehog flat, somewhat like a suburban Pete Perrett, both deadening verbal emphasis and contrasting nicely with all those resonating geetars.

So, nice but no sugar-lamp.

Mat Snow

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Shadow and Substance – The Wonderful World of Glass Vol 2 (*Glass*)

CARLTON B MORGAN

The Devil's Music (*CNT*)

IN TIMES of dullness the part the eccentric has to play becomes ever more vital—and between these LPs there's a good virulent dose of semi-insanity. The second Glass collection contains a span of aberrant rhythms that run a gamut from genuine inspiration to facile wackiness. Stars of the collection are Renaldo And The Loaf, noted for their recent collaboration with The Residents and for a great contribution to Doublevision's TV *Wipeout* vid collection. Here as elsewhere they spread an infectious aura of edgy, twitching total daftness.

Unfortunately much of the rest of the LP is of the 'amusing for half a listen' variety. The Jazz Butcher's diatribe (on affection being better than ravioli) drags, while Cheri Knight's 'Prime Numbers' is the sort of stuff of which Art School insults are made.

The crazed contributions of Bruce Pavitt act as an antidote to the sugary twiddling, though, with two bizarre tales of love and retarded schizophrenics that start and close the LP. Meanwhile tracks by Foster/Fisk and The Skullsnaps give a glimpse of what Cabaret Voltaire might have sounded like had they been conceived on the West Coast rather than in the South Riding.

Carlton B. Morgan, through his recently re-released CNT LP 'The Devil's Music', poses a more profound question. What do you call a bald old Welshman who makes a truly excellent LP, including a genuinely inspired re-reading of Sheena Easton's 'Modern Girl'? I started off with the relatively sensible analogy of a Welsh Holger Hiller, progressed to comparisons with a Celtic Holger Czukay and finally concluded that if Foetus is a genius then this man is a creative abortion. He probably thinks of himself as Outer Mongolia's Frank Sinatra—what a crazy guy, huh?

His music is a guitar set somewhere in a limbo of echo, tormented occasionally by an exquisitely tuneless cacophony of horns. The lyrics vary from a Pythonesque poetry of the bizarre to a gentle Barrett-like surrealism. Take a pinch of PiL, a bit of Beefheart, a scatter of jangling Faust shards of guitar and you'll end up with an awful mess and an award from the Institute of Cliches. In the presence of Carlton's neat layers of parody, though, the result is hilarious and eccentric invention.

'The Devil's Music' is undoubtedly the best LP recorded by a man in a round-collared shirt.

Don Watson



Exene excels. Pic J. Bannister

Dragnet (TV's and LA's ultimate cop). Not to mention Exene Cervenka's tearaway glimpse of the chasm in race relations (the :25-long 'Percy Mayfield' which packs quite a punch) and her spouse John Doe's tracks.

One has to hope Kubernick keeps at this encapsulation of a rather amorphous arena; it's certainly part of rock, for without the rock-scene it wouldn't BE.

Cynthia Rose

THE OPPOSITION

Promises (*Charisma/Virgin*)

"...NOT FOR them either pneumatic drills, overpriced producers or silly hairdos"

BLOOD

With his third album 'Happy Sad', Buckley crystallised a quite unique formula of languorous, loping cool jazz rhythms with which to underscore his lyrical affairs of the heart; the effect was of drifting, or floating, and seemed almost an accidental by-product (what good ideas don't?) of the strange instrumental line-up: twelve-string guitar, lead (jazz) guitar, double bass, vibes, marimba, and occasional congas (but no drums). That kind of tonal palette would look out of place even in these "enlightened" times; back then it was a world unto itself, a precedent no one could figure out how to follow up.

Except Buckley himself. 'Blue Afternoon' was little more than a slight return to similar territory—which makes its over-subscription here one of this 'Best Of's most puzzling aspects—but 'Lorca' set new standards of sincerity and frankness for the "confessional" style, whilst 'Starsailor' veered off into the unknown, pitting Buckley's vocal chords at their most tortured against avant-garde jazz stylings from the likes of Mothers' horn-men Buzz and Bunk Gardner. Like many fans, I was offended at the time, though looking back I realise that this one record opened my ears to most of what I listen to today. The one relatively ordinary track on the



The best Bob Buckley. Pic Pennie Smith

album—the sweetest of sore thumbs, I'll admit—was 'Song To The Siren', a pleasant throwback to the more introspective Buckley, but by no means representative of 'Starsailor' as a whole.

That this one track should be fraudulently proposed as the highlight of that (otherwise) epochal album is not, however, the most annoying fault with 'Best Of Tim Buckley'—though it does exemplify the larger fault. Listening to this LP, the newly interested innocent (say, someone who's checked the credit on This Mortal Coil's single and wants to find out more) could be forgiven for wondering why a man with so few styles (and sales) should command such enormity of respect.

Since it seems to be the done thing nowadays, I hereby demand the right of reply, which shall take the form of a companion 'Best Of' volume to redress the balance. The track listing is as follows: SIDE ONE: Buzzin' Fly, Hallucinations, Blue Melody, Lorca, Starsailor, Sweet Surrender. SIDE TWO: Jungle Fire, Pleasant Street, Get On Top, The Healing Festival, Make It Right, I Never Asked To Be Your Mountain.

Now that's what I call Buckley. Go to it, Rhino!
Andy Gill
(Distributed by Making Waves: 01 481 9917)

ELTON JOHN NEXT AT EARLS COURT?

ELTON JOHN is expected to play major London dates at the Earls Court stadium in early summer – and he's likely to perform several nights there, as part of his current world tour. It's understood that these concerts will form part of the year's Capital Music Festival, the most ambitious ever. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has made a block booking at Earls Court, in order to present a number of top international stars there during the period of the festival – these include Stevie Wonder and Neil Diamond, whose dates were announced last week, and Roger Waters (newly announced this week), though Elton officially remains under wraps for the time being. This doesn't mean that Earls Court has now superseded Wembley Arena as London's premier rock stadium – but simply that it's more centralised from the festival viewpoint.

TWO-YEAR SPRINGSTEEN TOUR?

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is now scheduled to begin a US tour towards the end of next month, and he's reported as saying that he intends to remain on the road for two years! What isn't clear, however, is whether this lengthy trek is likely to confine him solely to the States – or if it will also embrace visits to such far-flung outposts as Britain. CBS sources on this side of the Atlantic are still confident that he will be coming here, although earlier enthusiasm about autumn concerts now seems to have changed into speculation concerning New Year dates. We shall see. One thing's for sure, though – his latest album should be available in the UK fairly soon, probably within a couple of months, and it's going to be called 'Murder Incorporated'. That's if he doesn't change his mind.

WHITHER READING?

THERE'S still no news of where this year's NJF Festival – formerly the Reading Festival – is to be staged, although it will definitely take place as usual over August Bank Holiday weekend. It's been forced to move out of its traditional site at Reading to make way for re-development – but, in spite of the land still being vacant, it seems the local Tory council is determined not to allow the event to return there.

Organiser Jack Barrie told NME that heavy negotiations are now taking place with one particular site, and the NJF have at least one alternative up their sleeves. He said: "There's a heavy political situation at Reading, and we're keeping out of it. We expect to finalise site details shortly, and meanwhile I'm going ahead and booking the acts." First details are expected in a fortnight or so, both of the bill and the site.

SAYER 50-DAYER

LEO SAYER sets out next month on a massive UK tour, which runs through to mid-July and takes in almost 50 dates. His London show at the Dominion was announced several weeks ago, but the rest of his schedule has only just been finalised – hence the delay in announcing it. He's just left for a three-week tour of Australia, and Chrysalis expect to release new Sayer material when he returns for his British itinerary, which comprises:

Coventry Apollo (24 May), Oxford Apollo (25), Cardiff St. David's Hall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Brighton Centre (28), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31), Manchester Apollo (2 June), Glasgow Apollo (3), Aberdeen Capitol (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Newcastle City



Hall (6), Middlesbrough Town Hall (7), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (8), Doncaster Gaumont (9), Llandudno Arcadia (10), Harrogate The Centre (12), Kendal Lakeland Leisure Centre (13), Derby Assembly Rooms (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Crawley Leisure Centre (16), Croydon Fairfield Hall (17), Reading Hexagon (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (21, 22 and 23), Eastbourne Congress (24), Dartford The Orchard (25), Boston Haven Theatre (26), Hatfield Forum (27), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (29 and 30), Paignton Festival Theatre (1 July), Norwich Theatre Royal (3 and 4), Southport Theatre (5, 6 and 7), Blackpool Opera House (8), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (10), Northampton Derngate Centre (11), Margate Winter Gardens (12, 13 and 14), Hastings White Rock Pavilion (15) and Douglas I.O.M. Palace Lido (17, 18 and 19).

Tickets are on sale now at most venues.

HANOI ROCKS – who, as previously reported, have postponed their UK tour until next month – have nevertheless agreed to headline a special event at Nottingham Palms on Easter Monday (23 April). It's a festival of trash bands running from 4 to 11pm, and other acts featured are Guana Batz, The Milkshakes, The Prisoners, The Tall Boys and The Stingrays. Tickets are £4, in advance or on the doors.

TWELFTH NIGHT have been named as special guests on the previously reported April concert series by Barclay James Harvest. The six shows start at Manchester Apollo (15) and climax at London Hammersmith Odeon (21) – which means a speedy return to Hammersmith for the band, who appeared there with Pallas last week. Prior to the BJH outing, they headline a warm-up date at Salisbury Technical College on 13 April.

BRIXTON ACE CLOSED BY FIRE

MUTABARUKA's projected date at London Brixton The Ace tomorrow (Friday) has been postponed, as the venue was badly damaged by fire last week. Also called off during the past few days have been shows by Conflict and D.O.A. – but in all cases gigs will be re-scheduled as soon as possible, and existing tickets will be valid for the revised dates. The Ace is still selling tickets for King Kurt's two shows there in May, as it expects to be fully restored by then.

QUEENSRÛCHE are the five-piece metal outfit from Seattle, who last year supported Dio in their US tour – and now they are to do the same in Dio's British tour which, as reported last week, runs from 7 September to 5 October. Their four-track EP 'Queen Of The Reich' was released worldwide last autumn by EMI America, and it's still figuring in the charts of several countries. Their debut album will be issued to coincide.

THE FARMER'S BOYS, newly returned from a European tour, will be playing a few showcase gigs at the end of this month in support of their new single. The first two confirmed are London Camden Electric Ballroom (26 April) supported by Music For Pleasure and Strawberry Switchblade, and Ipswich Gaumont (27) with Virginia Astley & Mates. The new single is the self-penned 'Apparently'/'Uncle Freddie', issued by EMI next Monday.



TREDEGAR, the band fronted by ex-Budgie sidemen Tony Bourge and Ray Phillips, preview material from their upcoming debut album in April gigs at Preson Coulds (tonight, Thursday), Blackpool Bierkeller (Friday), Castleford Trades Club (Saturday), Stoke Highwayman (Sunday), Cambridge City Limits (11), Leicester Palms (12), Cannock Moonraker (13), Dudley J.B.'s (14), Glenrothes Crown Hotel (22), Bannockburn Tamdhu (24), Falkirk Burns Bar (25), Galashiels Three J's (26), Glasgow The Venue (27), Workington Carnegie Centre (29) and Birkenhead Sir James Club (30).

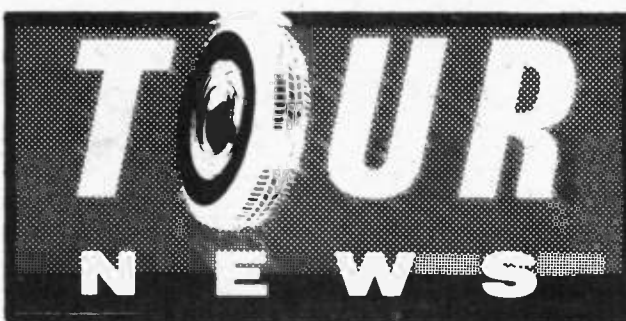
GLC package: April venues and line-up

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
– 12 GLC gigs in April



GREATER LONDON COUNCIL's New Variety package tour "Save The GLC" continues doing the rounds of the capital's 32 boroughs this month, and venues to be visited are Stoke Newington Town Hall, Bayswater Porchester Hall and Woodford Green Hawkey Hall (tonight, Thursday); Norwood Nettiefold Hall, Barking Assembly Rooms and Upminster New Windmill Hall (Friday); St. John's Community Centre E.14 and Finchley Bishop Douglas School (Saturday); Venture Centre W.10 and Richmond York House (Sunday); Isleworth Town Hall (11 April); Surbiton Assembly Rooms, Brent Town Hall and Barnsbury Club N.18 and Borough Community Centre S.E.1 (13); Feltham Community Centre, Bromley Civic Centre and the Carlton Centre N.W.6 (14); Bexley The Albany and Croydon

After a break for Easter the tour resumes at Waltham Forest



Theatre and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (25); East Ham Large Hall, Camden Irish Centre and Harrow Rayners Hotel (26); Sutton Public Hall, Hackney Walley Foster Community Centre and Acton Priory Community Centre (27); Tolworth Reception Centre, Edmonton Town Hall and Charlton Assembly Rooms (28); and Lewisham Riverdale Hall (29). The tour is now likely to be extended into May.

As reported, most shows feature five, six or seven acts drawn from a basic pool of artists – and new names added to the pool for the April leg of the tour include The Shillelagh Sisters, Eric Goulden (Wreckless Eric), Matumbi, Ivor Cutler, Carol Grimes, Orchestre Jazira and The Republic. They join the nucleus of Benjamin Zephaniah, The Wild Girls, Pauline Melville, The Joeys, The Exocettes, Akimbo, The Popticians, The Barnies, Hi-Jinx, Dancing With The Dog, J.J. Waller, Holloway Allstars, Mark Mlurdz and The Flatlettes, among many others – including, of course, Billy Bragg. Full details of each bill will be listed in the Gig Guide.



Samson fight on

SAMSON return from their current European jaunt, and immediately plunge into a British tour. This will be their first full UK outing since they augmented to a five-piece, with the addition of Mervyn Goldsworthy and Dave Colwell. The tour opens at Stoke Jolles on 19 April, and other confirmed dates are Brighton Pavilion (20), Belfast Ulster Hall with Mama's Boys (25), Dublin SFX Hall with Mama's Boys (26), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (28), Plymouth Top Rank (29) and Manchester Jilly's (7 May), but there's a lot more still to come. This activity ties in with the release on 13 April of their new Polydor single 'The Fight Goes On'/'Riding With The Angels', also available in 12-inch form with the extra track 'Vice Versa (Live)'.

CHELSEA LIVE AND WELL

CHELSEA who recently played a couple of nights at London Marquee are now embarking on a string of regional dates in support of their recently released album 'Live And Well' on Picasso Records. So far confirmed are Blackpool Bierkeller (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), Manchester Gallery (9 April), Cardiff New Ocean Club (10), Chester Vogue Club (11), Newcastle Tiffany's (12), Hull Wellington Club (14), Exeter Riverside Club (17), Swindon Level 3 (18) and Folkestone Peter Piper's (19).

RED GUITARS: BIG VENUES

RED GUITARS are going out on their most important tour to date headlining at leading halls and colleges. They visit Bristol The Studio (8 May), Birmingham Odeon (9), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (10), Loughborough University (11), Lancaster University (12), Newcastle City Hall (13) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (15), with a few more to be confirmed. In response to continuing demand for their independent hit 'Good Technology', the band are reissuing it on their own Self Drive label on 16 April – also available in extended 12-inch form with an extra track – and they'll have a brand new single called 'Steel Town' released in mid-May.

METEORS GONNA GET YOU

THE METEORS have lined up a number of April dates at Canterbury Technical College (this Friday), Dundee Club Foot (12), Wishaw The Heathery (13), Aberdeen Station Hotel (14), Gourrock Bay Hotel (15), Paisley Technical College (16), Glasgow Night Moves (17), Newcastle Tiffany's (18), Manchester Heroes Club (19), St. Albans City Hall (21), Birmingham Tin Can (23), London Victoria The Venue (24) and Chester Vogue Club (25). These gigs will also introduce their new drummer Ian Cubitt – a former baker at Sainsbury's in Walthamstow! The group are also reissuing their 'Wreckin' Crew' album, this time with the uncensored version of the title track (which was bleeped on the original pressing), and with a free seven-inch picture disc – maximum price £3.99. A new single called 'I'm Gonna Get You' follows in early May.

JUAN STRINGS ALONG

JUAN MARTIN is undertaking a spring concert tour to celebrate the chart success of his 'Thorn Birds' single and, at the same time, to boost his current WEA single 'Romeo And Juliet' and album 'Serenade'. He plays Bournemouth Winter Gardens with the Bournemouth Symphonia and Louis Clark (24 April), Hatfield Forum (13 May), Nottingham Theatre Royal (14), Birmingham Odeon (17), Harrogate Centre (19), Manchester Palace (23), Reading Hexagon (24), London Barbican Centre with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Louis Clark (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (27), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (29) and Worthing Town Hall (30). Tickets are available now at box-offices and usual outlets.

ILLNESS HITS KERSHAW'S TOUR

NIK KERSHAW suffered a severe attack of laryngitis last week, and was forced to cancel three dates in his current UK tour schedule. Two of them have now been re-scheduled for Easter weekend, Edinburgh Playhouse (21 April) and Chippenham Goldiggers (23), and tickets remain valid. GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, who recently figured in the indie chart with their LP 'Promise', are playing a string of selected dates in support of their new single – titled 'Influenza (Relapse)', it's a drastically changed version of a track on the album, and it's issued by Beggars Banquet this week with 'Walk In The Park' as the B-side. They visit Leeds Warehouse (9 April), Oxford College of Further Education (10), Manchester Hacienda (11), Derby Blue Note (12), Glasgow Night Moves (13), Dundee Fat Sam's (15), London Camden Palace (17), Bournemouth Eric's (19) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (21).

GANG OF 4: MORE FAREWELL DATES

GANG OF FOUR have already announced that their show at London Hammersmith Palais on 15 April will be their very last appearance before they split. But prior to this, they've now slotted in three regional dates – at Nottingham Rock City (11 April), Leeds Warehouse (12) and Manchester Hacienda Club (13) – and tickets are on sale at all usual outlets.

SHADOW TALK, The Belfast band newly signed to Magnet Records, have confirmed their first string of London dates – at Manor House The Attic (tonight, Thursday), Camden Dingwalls (Friday), Fulham Greyhound (Sunday), Marquee Club (11 April) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (12). These are to preview their single 'People Watching People', for 20 April release.

FUTURAMA, the annual two-day event which has now become something of a fixture in the rock calendar, will hopefully be staged this September for the sixth successive year – but promoter John Keenan is still seeking sponsorship. Any offers? He is also completing work on two books – one on club promoting since 1977, the other a compendium of Futurama – and is looking for a publisher. Any offers? He can be contacted c/o P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN.

CHRIS SIEVEY & The Freshies are playing a series of gigs, their first for 16 months – at Manchester Gallery (16 April), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (26), Inverness Pharoah's Disco (27), Perth The Plough (28), Dundee Dance Factory (29), Manchester Fagin's (14 May) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (31). Legal problems have delayed a follow-up to Sievey's unique computer-game single 'Camouflage', but these have now been resolved, and a new single is expected from EMI in late April.



HELEN & THE HORNS are playing a handful of London gigs in support of their current single 'Freight Train' – at Brixton The Fringe (9 and 14 April), Romford Bunnies Venue (13), Highgate Jacksons Lane Centre (21) and Ronnie Scott's Club (22). A short UK tour is being organised for May.

SWANS WAY, whose spring UK tour was announced last week, have altered the date and venue of their Birmingham show. Instead of playing the Gay Tower on 8 May, they'll now be in action at the Power House on 26 April.

NEW MODEL ARMY play London Marquee Club on 19 April to preview their debut mini-LP 'Vengeance'. The album is on Abstract Records and is due for release at the end of this month, when the band will be starting a major tour – details to follow shortly.

ULTRAVOX play their four nights at London Hammersmith Odeon, which climax their previously reported UK tour, from 6 to 9 June – not 7–10, as originally announced. This spanner was thrown in the works by the usually reliable Chrysalis Records, who apologise for the error.

RECORD NEWS

● **The Tall Boys** have a new release on Big Beat Records next week, called 'Wednesday Adam's Boyfriend'. It could be described as a mini-album, a maxi-single or a six-track 12-inch single—make up your own mind, because the record company hasn't decided!

● Now then, what do you make of this? In their latest publicity blurb, Torso Records describe South London band **The Trudy's** as "a seven-piece pop quartet". Anyway, their new single (distributed by Red Rhino Midlands and The Cartel) is 'The Invisible Man' / 'Holiday Planet'—available in a limited edition fold-out picture cover. P.S.—we gather there are seven in the group.

● 'Pure Soul' is the self-explanatory title of the latest compilation from Kent Records, released this weekend. It features tracks by **Bobby Bland**, **Garland Green**, **Ruby & The Romantics**, **Jean Stanback** and many more.

● Guildford four-piece **Longpig** release a new single this week, as the follow-up to their recent album 'Of Love & Addiction'. It's called 'Why Do People Find Each Other Strange?', and Anagram Records say it's not recommended for those of a nervous disposition.

Original Sex Gang's last album

ROIR (Reachout International Records), the company specialising in cassette-only albums, have three intriguing releases this week. 'Ecstasy And Vendetta Over New York' is the last LP from the original **SEX GANG CHILDREN** line-up, and was recorded live at New York's Danceteria last year. 'Tales From The Crypt' by **JOE 'KING' CARRASCO** comprise the famous studio basement tapes, recorded with his earliest Crowns group in 1979, and described as Tex-Mex at its garage-sound best. And 'Blow'n Chunks' is by San Francisco's most controversial hard-core band **FLIPPER**, recorded live at CBGB's last November. British distribution is through Red Rhino.

● Newcastle soul band **The Kane Gang** release their new single 'Small Town Creed' this weekend on the Kitchenware label (through London Records). It was produced by Pete Wingfield, and it comes in both 7" and 12" versions, the latter containing a bonus track titled '1,000,000 Chickens Can't Be Wrong'.

● 'State Of Affairs' is the title of the third compilation on the Pleasantly Surprised cassette label—it's a C90 package of 23 bands, including many previously unissued tracks from the likes of **Rubella Ballet**, **Cocteau Twins**, **Virginia Astley**, **In Excelsis**, **Modern English**, **The Passage** and **Wolfgang Press**. It's available at £3.50 through Fast and The Cartel—or by post at £3 (including p&p) from S. Massie, 10 Keir Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow G41 2NW, making cheques and P.O.s payable to "R. King".

● Former Carrere Records a-&r chief Pete Hinton has linked with noted producer and engineer Will Reid Dick to form Flying Ace Productions. The new company's first commission is an album by top German band **Viva**, whose line-up includes Michael Schenker's sister Barbara on keyboards, and this is currently being recorded at Abba's Stockholm studios. Production deals with several UK and American bands are already pending.

CLAIRE HAMILL (below) has her new single 'The Moon Is A Powerful Lover' / 'Once Is Not Enough' issued this weekend by Beggars Banquet, available in both 7" and extended 12" formats. Same label releases the **TONES ON TAIL** album 'Pop', hot on the heels of their recent single 'Performance', and they're currently lining up a UK tour.



MARILYN'S SINGLE

MARILYN releases his third single on 13 April, 'You Don't Love Me' / 'Raining Again', and the record company claims it's his best yet—well, they would, wouldn't they? It's also available as an extended dance mix 12-inch, and the label is Love Records (through Phonogram).

SERIOUS DRINKING's latest single, issued on 13 April by Upright Records (distributed by The Cartel), is a little ditty titled 'Country Girl Became Drugs And Sex Punk'—described as a real life tale about growing up. It features the two new band members, Kaeren Yarnell (ex-Gmslips drummer) and Carl Kennedy, and the flip side is 'Go For The Burn'.

● Swedish five-piece metal outfit **Easy Action** release their first single on Sire Records on 13 April—titled 'We Go Rocking', it's available in 7" and four-track 12" versions. Out on the same day and label is the single 'Berlin' (7" and 12") by German band **Hong Kong Syndikat**—which, we're told, features a vocal appearance by cowboy actor Ronald Reagan!

● Husband-and-wife team **Womack & Womack** (Cecil and Linda) have the title track from their current album 'Love Wars' released as a WEA single on 13 April. The 12-inch version features an extended remix of the song, and the B-side for both formats is 'Good Times'.

● Controversial Los Angeles metal quartet **W.A.S.P.**, currently being managed by Rod Smallwood (Iron Maiden), have been signed to a long-term recording deal by Capitol. Their debut UK single 'Animal' (... Like A Beast) / 'Show No Mercy' is released in 12-inch form only on 16 April. It will be followed in June by an album, tentatively titled 'Winged Assassins'.

● Heavy Metal Records have signed **Pet Hate**, whose line-up includes ex-members of Silverwing, and their ten-track debut album will be issued at the end of this month. Same label has also signed **Force**, who have risen from the ashes of Birmingham band **Cryer**, and their first LP 'Set Me Free' will be out at the same time.

● Noted country singer and writer **Jerry Foster** has now moved into the rockabilly field, as his latest single shows—it's 'Fool For You Mama' / 'Put It On Me Strong' on Rangle Records (through PRT). Vocal backing is by the Jordanaires, and musicians include two ex-members of Elvis Presley's band, Scotty Moore (guitar) and D.J. Fontana (drums).

● Amsterdam band **EX** have their fourth album released this month—it's a double set called 'Blueprints For A Blackout', containing 19 new songs and selling for £4. It's on their own UK Brother Productions label, with UK distribution by Rough Trade and The Cartel. And their four-singles box set 'Dignity Of Labour' is reissued at the same time.

GRANDMASTER, MANFRED, DONNA

GRANDMASTER FLASH releases a new single on PRT this week to coincide with his UK dates, which start at London The Venue this coming Sunday and Monday. Titled 'Jesse', it plots the rise from obscurity of US presidential contender, the Reverend Jesse Jackson. The flip side is an instrumental version of the same number, and it comes in both 7" and 12".

MANFRED MANN's Earth Band have their latest single 'Runner' rushed out this week by Bronze. It was specially recorded for the US version of their album 'Somewhere In Afrika', and has not previously been available in the UK, but it's now been decided to release it here because the single has provided them with their biggest Stateside hit for ages. It's also available in extended 12-inch form, which includes a live version of 'Lies (Through The Eighties)'. The band are now working on a new studio album for autumn release, coinciding with their first full UK tour for five years.

WAS (NOT WAS) release a "best of" mini-album on the Ze label (through Island) on 9 April. Titled '(The Woodwork) Squeaks', it includes the original version of 'Out Come The Freaks', plus 'Tell Me That I'm Dreaming' and 'Where Did Your Heart Go' (both from their first LP) and 'Wheel Me Out' and 'Hello Operator' (the tracks on their debut single). The sixth track is 'Dance Or Die' from the album 'Don't Walk Away' by Sweet Pea Atkinson, who is the group's lead singer.

DONNA SUMMER's new Mercury single 'Love Has A Mind Of Its Own', for 13 April release, finds her duetting with Matthew Ward. The flip side is 'People People', and there's also a 12-inch format featuring an extended version of the A-side, plus the bonus of the in-demand disco-mix of 'She Works Hard For The Money'.

EXTENDED SCHWEPPEING is the title of an hour-long cassette, featuring the original 12-inch versions of a dozen chart hits—by UB40, Thompson Twins, Genesis, Nick Heyward, JoBoxers, Eurythmics, Lotus Eaters, Haysi Fantayzee, Roman Holiday, Men Without Hats, Imagination and Evelyn King. It costs only £2.99, of which 50p will be given to the Multiple Sclerosis Society—but you must first buy some Schweppes soft drinks and obtain an accompanying leaflet, which provides full details of how to purchase it.

THE THREE JOHNS have a new single released by Abstract Records on 13 April titled 'Do The Square Thing'. The B-side is 'Zowie!', which also appears on the 12-inch format in company with two bonus tracks, 'The World Of The Workers' and 'Kinky Beat'.



UNDER TWO FLAGS have their new single 'Masks' released tomorrow (Friday) through Situation Two—it's available in 7" and 12" formats, as well as in limited edition ten-inch with extra tracks. The band, who recently supported The Clash on their 'Out Of Control' tour, are currently rehearsing for their own dates later this month.

REISSUES FROM COSTELLO, UB40

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions back catalogue on Radar and F. Beat has been acquired by Demon Records, who reissue seven albums this weekend on Costello's own IMP logo—they are 'This Year's Model', 'Armed Forces', 'Trust', 'Imperial Bedroom', 'Get Happy', 'Ten Bloody Mary's & Ten Hows Your Fathers' and 'Almost Blue'. The last three are also available in cassette form, and both the albums and the tapes come at specially reduced budget prices.



PARTY DAY, the Yorkshire three-piece, are releasing their second single 'The Spider' / 'Flies' on their own Party Day label (distributed by Red Rhino and The Cartel). They are unconcerned that the release date is Friday, 13 April, and evidently intend to be flying high with it!

UB40 have three of their early Graduate Records singles reissued by the label this weekend in 12-inch form. They are 'My Way Of Thinking' / 'I Think It's Going To Rain', 'The Earth Dies Screaming' / 'Dream A Lie' and 'Tyler' / 'Addella' / 'Little By Little'.

SANDIE SHAW AND SMITHS TOGETHER

SANDIE SHAW's long awaited single, featuring **THE SMITHS** as guest musicians, has at last been set for release by Rough Trade Records on 13 April. It's 'Hand In Glove' / 'I Don't Owe You Anything', and both tracks are re-workings of Morrissey / Marr songs.

VAN MORRISON this weekend releases a live version of one of his best-known songs 'Dweller On The Threshold' as his new Mercury single. It's taken from his latest album 'Live At The Grand Opera House Belfast', and the B-side is 'Northern Muse (Solid Ground)'.

DEPECHE MODE are releasing a special limited and numbered 12-inch edition of their current single 'People Are People' / 'In Your Memory'—besides those two tracks, it also features a radical remix of the A-side. The group are currently writing material for a new album.

JOE JACKSON has a new single issued by A&M this week (7" and 12") to coincide with his UK concerts—it's 'Happy Ending' / 'Loisaida', both tracks taken from his latest album 'Body And Soul', and the A-side featuring Elaine Caswell on vocals. A&M has also confirmed 23 April as the release date of 'Talk Show', the previously reported new album by **The GO-GO's** on the IRS label.

CLOCK D.V.A. have started work on a recording project featuring John Carruthers (guitars) and Paul Browne (sax)—and, in order to complete it, they are searching for vocalists. Interested parties should send tapes and photos to Deviation, P.O. Box 201, London N.W.5.



EDDY GRANT's new single is 'Romancing The Stone', released on 27 April by Ice Records (through RCA), and taken from his upcoming album 'Going For Broke'. The B-side is 'My Turn To Love You', lifted from his live LP 'Eddy Grant At The Notting Hill Carnival'.

ARETHA FRANKLIN has her classic single 'I Say A Little Prayer', originally a Top Ten hit in 1968, reissued this weekend by WEA—who say they are 'putting paid to impudent name-droppers'! The flip side is 'Rock Steady'.

ROCKWELL wastes no time in following his hit 'Somebody's Watching Me' with a new single, issued by Motown this week. It's called '(Obscene) Phone Caller', and there's an instrumental version on the other side. Thinks: whoever heard of an instrumental obscene phone call?

DENNIS EDWARDS (ex-Temptations) releases his debut solo LP 'Don't Look Any Further' on Motown this month. Other April albums from the same label are 'In A Special Way' by **DeBARGE** (already a US 1½-million seller) and 'Joystick' by **THE DAZZ BAND**.

● 'Take Me Home', the single by **Zac Zolar & Electric Banana** which was featured in the ITV *Minder* episode called *A Star Is Born*, is now available on Butt Records. However, as Butt have pointed out, Zac died at the beginning of that episode—so he won't be undertaking any live appearances!!

● And **Also The Trees** will have their single 'The Secret Sea' released on 20 April by Reflex Records (through The Cartel), coinciding with their support spot on The Cure's UK tour. Their debut album, produced by Cure stalwart Lol Tolhurst, was issued recently by the same label.

● **Animal Farm**—the East London band who borrowed their name from George Orwell, and who've just completed a tour with Ligotage—release their debut single this week on Rot Records. It's a double A-side, coupling 'Model Soldier' and 'John And Julie'.

● Four-piece outfit **Zoot Alors** have their single 'That Feeling' / 'Do You Wanna Dance' out on Creole Records, available in 7" and extended 12" formats. And the label has also negotiated its release in several European countries, North and South America, Australia and Japan.

● New London band **Mach One** have opted for a short-term deal with the independent Granite Bap label, to ensure early release (this weekend) of their debut LP 'Six Of One'. While a distribution deal is being finalised, it's available in cassette form at £1.75 (including p&p) from Granite Bap Records & Tapes, 7 Balmoral Gardens, London W13 9UA.

● **U.V. Pop**, the solo project of John K. White, will be playing selected UK dates this month to coincide with this weekend's release of their (his) debut album 'No Songs Tomorrow'. It's on Flowmotion Records, through the usual indies.

● **The Inmates** release their fourth album this week—titled 'True Live Stories', it was recorded live at London Victoria The Venue, with Vic Maile producing. It's on Lolita Records, available through the usual independent outlets.

XTAL DEUTSCHLAND

FLESH for LULU.

G H A A - B A I Z

SUNDAY 15th APRIL at 7.30 pm
at THE LYCEUM in the strand

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 386 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989
ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282, ROCK ON RECORDS,
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

13th AND 14th MUSIC PRESENT

SUNDAY/MONDAY
22nd/23rd APRIL 8.00 PM
KING YELLOWMAN TOUR

YELLOWMAN

ACADEMY

211 STOCKWELL ROAD BRISTON SW8

BOOKS: 40% ADVANCE FROM RECORDS & TAPES

PREMIER BOX OFFICE: TEL: 240 2245, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989
ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282
THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

RECORDS: ROCK ON RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

we'll be the first ones
is the new single from
T.W.E.L.V.E
DRUMMERS
DRUMMING

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

It's only 20p per word to advertise in NME classifieds

Status Quo Status Quo

MILTON KEYNES BOWL

SAT JULY 21st

Tickets are now available from the following outlets:-

ALDERSHOT: Alder Valley Services
AYLESBURY: United Counties Bus Station
BARNSTABLE: Concert Travel Club
BEDFORD: Andys Records
BEDFORD: United Counties Bus Station
BIGGLESWADE: United Counties Bus Station
BIRMINGHAM: Odeon Theatre Box Office
BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall Box Office
BLACKBURN: National Travel World
BLACKPOOL: National Travel World
BLETCHLEY: United Counties Bus Station
BLETCHLEY: B & A Records
BOLTON: National Travel World
BRADFORD: Bostock Records
BRISTOL: Virgin Records
BURNLEY: National Travel World
CARDIFF: Spillers Records
CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
CHORLEY: National Travel World
COALVILLE: Midland Fox
CORBY: United Counties Bus Station
CONVENTRY: Apollo Theatre Box Office
DERBY: Trent Motor Traction
DERBY: Way Ahead Publishing
DERBY: RE Cords
DUDLEY, W. Mids: Concert Security Services
DUNSTABLE: F. L. Moore
EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre Box Office
GLASGOW: Apollo Theatre Box Office
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre Box Office
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Old Town Records
HIGH WYCOMBE: Venus Records
HITCHIN: F. L. Moore
HULL: Gough & Davy
HUNTINGDON: United Counties Bus Station
IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre Box Office
KENDAL: National Travel World
KETERING: Revolver Records
KETERING: United Counties Bus Station
LANCASTER: National Travel World
LANCASTER: Ear Ere Records
LEEDS: Cavendish Travel
LEICESTER: De Montfort Hall Box Office
LEICESTER: Midland Fox
LEIGHTON BUZZARD: Buzzard Records
LINCOLN: A.W. Associates The Box Office
LINCOLN: Lincolnshire Road Car Co.
LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records
LIVERPOOL: T.L.C.A.
LUTON: United Counties Bus Station
LUTON: Record City
MARKET HARBOUROUGH: Midland Fox
MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Records
MIDDLESBOROUGH: Newhouse Music
MILTON KEYNES: United Counties Bus Station
MILTON KEYNES: Virgin Records
MILTON KEYNES: The Box Office Civic Offices
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd Music Shops
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall Box Office
NORTHAMPTON: Revolver Records
NORTHAMPTON: United Counties Bus Station
NOTTINGHAM: Way Ahead Publishing
ORMSKIRK: National Travel World
OXFORD: Apollo Theatre Box Office
PETERBOROUGH: Wirrina Stadium Box Office
PRESTON: Ribblesdale Bus Station
READING: Smiths Coaches
READING: Lazer Records
SHEFFIELD: Peter Sheffield Coaches
SHEFFIELD: Cavendish Travel
SOMERSET: La Monde Travel
ST. ALBANS: Zodiac Records
STEVENAGE: F. L. Moore
SWADLINCOTE: Midland Fox
SWANSEA: South Wales Transport
SWANSEA: Derriks Records
SWINDON: Rimes Coaches
SWINDON: Kempster & Son
WATFORD: E.G.E.
WELLINGBOROUGH: United Counties Bus Station
WELLINGBOROUGH: Revolver Records
WIGAN: National Travel World
WIGSTON: Midland Fox
WOLVERHAMPTON: Goulds Records & Tapes

Tickets are also available by post from: MCP Ltd, PO Box 124, Walsall, WS1 1TJ.
Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to MCP Limited and S.A.E.
Tickets are £10.00 advance £12.00 on the day (People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance)

TICKET & TRAVEL DETAILS

marquee

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

<p>Thursday 5th April CLOSED—Private Party</p> <p>Friday 6th April (Adm. £2.50) FREUR Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd</p> <p>Saturday 7th April (Adm. £2.50) KATRINA & THE WAVES Plus support & Jerry Floyd</p> <p>Sunday 8th April (Adm. £3.50) MATALICA Plus Guests & Martin Ball</p>	<p>Monday 9th April (Adm. £2.50) THE RECOGNITIONS Plus Out Bar Squeak & Jerry Floyd</p> <p>Tuesday 10th April (Adm. £2.50) LONDON COWBOYS Plus Support & Nick Henbrey</p> <p>Wednesday 11th April (Adm. £3.00) THE SOUND Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd</p> <p>Thursday 12th April (Adm. £3.00) ONE THE JUGGLER Plus Support & Jerry Floyd</p>
--	---

ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

<p>THURSDAY 5 JORMA KAUKONEN PLUS SPECIAL SUPPORT</p> <p>FRIDAY 6 WIPEOUT PLUS SHADOW TALK</p> <p>SATURDAY 7 GENO WASHINGTON & THE ACE BOOGIE CO. PLUS G.T. MORTIMER BAND (EX RACING CARS)</p> <p>SUNDAY 8 GOY-TOY GOTHAM CITY WRECKERS GO MAN GO WHIPPETS OLYMPIC SMILES</p>	<p>MONDAY 9 SWINGING LAURELS DESIRE THEN JERICHO</p> <p>TUESDAY 10 LOS LOBOS PLUS THE FLATLETS</p> <p>WEDNESDAY 11 ANGEL WITCH PLUS THE FLATLETS</p> <p>THURSDAY 12 CHEVALIER BROS PLUS THE FLATLETS</p> <p>FRIDAY 13 THE PIRATES JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERE</p>
---	---

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
 HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS presents

DAVID GILMOUR

IN CONCERT PLUS SUPPORT
 SUNDAY 29th APRIL 7.30pm

TICKETS £7.50 £6.50 £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM ODEON THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
 QUEEN CAROLINE STREET, LONDON W6
 TEL 01 748 4081

Monday 30th April 7.30pm

THE EMPTY QUARTER AT THE DORAMA **

YOUTH & BEN WATKINS

video portion control films

FRIDAY APRIL 13
 DOORS OPEN 8.00
 TICKETS £2 in advance
 £2.50 on the night

+ The Diorama is at 14 Peto Place,
 London NW1
 nearest tube Great Portland Street
 enquiries: 487 5598

MANCHESTER

FAC 51

Friday 6th April

THE CHAMELEONS

Saturday 7th April
 JOHN TRACEY'S PARTY NIGHT
HOT HOT HOT

Tuesday 10th April
THE END NO FUNK
 D. J. JOHN TRACY
ROCK ROCK ROCK

Wednesday 11th April
GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

Friday 13th April
X MAL DEUTSCHLAND

NOTICE
 New Box Office Opening Hours
 Box Office will now be open 9pm-2am Tuesday to Friday, 12 noon-5pm and
 9pm-2am Saturday. Will also be open 9pm-2am on all concert nights.
 Box office closed at any other time.
 Tickets are now on sale from the club Box Office and Piccadilly Records +
 Paperchase for: NICK CAVE + THE CAVEMEN SPEAR OF DESTINY
 SWANSWAY AND PREFAB SPROUT
 11/13 WHIT WORTH ST. WEST, MANCHESTER 061 236 5051

HA CIENDA

RED SOUL & FURY!!!!

BUSH FIRES PRESENT A GLC LONDON
 AGAINST RACISM CONCERT

REDSKINS

billy bragg Marsha Prescod

FRIDAY 6th APRIL 8.30pm ACKLAM HALL
 ACKLAM ROAD W10 (£2 ON DOOR)
 SPIT TOGETHER

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

<p>APRIL 5,7 Doctor Hook 12 Nick Cave 13,14 King Kurt 14 Paradise 15 X-Mal Deutschland 15 Gang of 4 15 Nick Kershaw 19 B.B. King 20,21 Dennis Brown 21 Poetry International 21,22 Dionne Warwick 21,22,23 Country Music Festival 22,23 Yellowman 23 Pack de Lucia</p>	<p>25 Misty 'N' Roots 26 Farmers Boys 27 Jeffrey Osborne 29,30 David Gilmour MAY 3 Nina 3 Spear Of Destiny 7 Motorhead 8 Cocteau Twins 10 The Cure 11 Camel 12-18 Simple Minds 16/17 The Alarm 20 Death Cult 22 Kajagoogoo 24 Blancmange 29 Leo Sayer</p>	<p>29 The Cramps JUNE 1,2 Sky 3 OMD 3 Alexei Sayle 6,7,8,9 Ultravox 21 Flying Pickets 23, 25 Neil Diamond 29, 30 Stevie Wonder JULY 11 Yes 14 Status Quo AUGUST 18 AC/DC OCT 4, 5, Dio NOVEMBER 18 Shirley Bassey</p>
---	--	---

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS:
 42 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, WC2E 6JH Phone 439 3371
 Open Sundays 12.00 midday-6.00

APRIL 15 DEAD OR ALIVE

PALLAS

+ TRILOGY

April 14 TALK TALK. April 21 THE METEORS

KINGS HEAD

4 FULHAM HIGH ST. 736 1413

Thursday 5th April	£1.50
THE BRONSONS + Chase	
Friday 6th April	£2.00
SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND	
Saturday 7th April	£2.50
HERE & NOW	
Sunday 8th April	£2.50
HERE & NOW	
Monday 9th April	£1.50
IDLE FLOWERS + 9 Out Of 10 Cats	
Tuesday 10th April	£1.50
GRIP	

PRINCE OF WALES

467 Brixton Rd, SW2

Wednesday 11th April
 9.00pm. 2.00am.

SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK

+ HAGAR THE WOMB
 Admission £1.50
 Tube: Brixton

THE ESCAPE CLUB

Thursday April 5th

Formerly the Expressos now welded into a tight, guitar-based rock band.

Friday & Saturday April 6th & 7th
 Hard, tight contemporary music.

FEATURING:
Sector 27
 For two nights!

Tom Robinson's former band take to the road with an expectedly tight sound and a set of new progressive material.

Sunday April 8th
 FORCE MAJEURE & YOUR DINNER

Monday April 9th
 FAST FORWARD & THE SERVICE

Tuesday April 10th
 THE PUMP & LOST WEEKEND

01-240 3961

FRARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
 AYLESBURY 7.30pm

HOWARD JONES

+ ENDGAMES
 COMPLETELY SOLD OUT—NO TICKETS WILL BE
 AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT

Saturday April 14th 7.30pm

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

+ SEELABEELIA

Tickets 4.50 Available From Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Record City Luton, F. L. Moore Dunstable, B + A Bitchley, Buzzards Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, SNT Amersham, Bogarts Oxford & Bicester, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, Happy Days Banbury, Virgin Milton Keynes, or 4.50 at door I.A. U.K. Membership 25p. Reservations: Phone Aylesbury 84568

OXFORD POLYTECHNIC ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

ORANGE JUICE

SAT. 5th MAY
 £3.65
 DOORS OPEN 8.00pm.

Tickets on sale from OXFORD POLY. BOX OFFICE
 HEADINGTON SITE GYPSY LANE
 Ring OXFORD (0865) 88788 for details

we'll be the first ones
 is the new single from
T.W.E.L.V.E DRUMMERS DRUMMING

Get out of your skull for £2.75.

Laserwave is a new laser light concert featuring tracks by Devo, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Peter Gabriel.

You can see it Wednesday to Sunday at 7.30pm. (Extra shows Fridays and Saturdays at 9.00pm.) at the Laserium at the London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, London NW1. Ring 01-486 2242 (24hrs) for details.

The Laserium at the Planetarium.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Right: JOE JACKSON

Below left: NICO

Below right: DIONNE WARWICK

JOE JACKSON begins another concert series this week, coinciding with the release of his new album 'Body And Soul'. He opens at Manchester (Saturday), followed by Birmingham (Sunday) and Bristol (Monday), then plays the first of two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday.

Compiled by
Derek Johnson

APART from Joe Jackson, there's not a lot happening this week in terms of new tours opening. It's a fairly quiet period, as the big-name winter tours peter out and the colleges close down for the Easter recess. But it's only the quiet before the storm, because the major spring tours will start to clog the circuit again in a fortnight or so. Meanwhile, we do have DIONNE WARWICK on the rounds—initially at Edinburgh (Saturday), Nottingham (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and Harrogate (Tuesday). And among other acts setting out are ODYSSEY and, prior to his appearance in the Easter Country Music Festival, GLEN CAMPBELL.

GRANDMASTER FLASH & The Furious Five are playing a handful of dates, the first two of which are at London's The Venue on Sunday and Monday. And there are a number of worth-while one-off shows in the capital—on Thursday, PATTI PALLADIN is at The Fridge in Brixton and JORMA KAUKONEN (he of Jefferson and Hot Tuna fame) plays Dingwalls; the season of Sunday specials at Ronnie Scott's Club continues this weekend with the ever-welcome NICO; and on Tuesday, there's a chance to see that flamboyant and extrovert character NINA HAGEN performing at The Venue.

Don't forget to keep those gigs rolling in to NME Gig Guide, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG (we don't take them over the phone). But remember that the deadline is ten days prior to the date on the cover of the issue in which you want your gigs to appear.

THURSDAY 5th

Basildon Raquel's: **Slave**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: **Back Street Slide**
Blackpool Bierkeller: **The Catch**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **What The Curtains**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Unity Station**
Bristol Granary: **Desolation Angels**
Chatham Central Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Clacton Boobies: **Jozo**
Colchester Arts Centre: **Richard Thompson**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Icicle Works**
Cniff Glenburn Hotel: **The Callows Went Thataway**
Croydon The Star: **Looking For Cubans/X.L.S./Lord Baboon**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Paul Metzgers**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Chas**
Edgware Bald Faced Stag: **Salamander**
Edinburgh Bankside Club: **Swift Nick**
Exmouth Beach Hotel: **Response**
Ferryhill King's Head: **Reality Control/Blood Robots**
Folkestone Peter Piper's: **Indians In Moscow**
Galashiels Three J's: **Dagaband**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Positive Response**
Hull The Tower: **Pallas**
Jersey Inn On The Park: **Bernie Torme**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Brian White's Magna Band**
Lane End Osborne Arms: **Fair Exchange**
Leeds Warehouse: **Lotus Eaters**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Bad Detective**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Saffron Summerfield**
London Bayswater Porchester Hall: **Dancing With The Dog/Akimbo/The Exocettes/Left Wing Teds/Pat Condell/Ian Saville**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Patti Palladin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jorma Kaukonen/Herbie Armstrong**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Tantrum**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Escape Club/Rent Party**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes/Fifth Estate**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shock Corridor/Flowers In The Dustbin/Drunk On Cake**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Bronsons/The Chase**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Kingsnakes/Cry Wolf**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dr. Hook**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Tony Walker Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Satellites**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace: **The Drages**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Peachee Keen**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Roger Kellaway & Eddie Thompson (until Saturday)**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Stephane Grappelli**
London Putney Half Moon: **Paul Brady Band**
London Richmond The Bull at Sheen: **Georgia Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **George Lee Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Mamma Jammers**
London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **Pauline Melville/Benjamin Zephaniah/The Shillelagh Sisters/The Popticians**
London Stratford The Swan: **Seething Wells/The People Show/Mambo Jambo**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woodford Green Hawkey Hall: **The Wild Girls/The Barnies/Matumbi/Tim Batt/Eric Goulden (Wreckless Eric)**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Rave On Jack/Sneaky**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: **Jah Wobble**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake/Headpins**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Lee Konitz**
Manchester (Chorlton) The Pavilion: **Steve Ellis/Lynne Percival**
Manchester The Manhattan Sound: **A Feast Of Friends**
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **Samurai**
Newcastle City Hall: **Nik Kershaw**
Newcastle Robin Adair: **Angel Park**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **After Dark**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Preston Clouds: **Tredegar**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **The Sonics**
Redruth Parc Vein Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Salford The Willows: **The Three Degrees**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Karamojah**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Howard Jones**
South Shields Marine & Technical College: **Quasar**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Border**
Sunderland Barbary Coast Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **F.T.W.**
Watford Trade Union Hall: **Billy Bragg**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Fits**
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 6th

Bath Moles Club: **Outer Limits**
Birmingham Fantasy Club: **Indians In Moscow**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **The Copy**
Blackpool Bierkeller: **Chelsea**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Richard Thompson**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Lee Konitz**
Cambridge City Limits: **I.Q.**
Canterbury College of Technology: **The Meteors/The Craze/The Keytones**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute of Higher Education: **Time UK/Quiet Possession**
Cheriton White Lion: **The Record Players**
Coventry Rytton Bridge: **Streetlites**
Dingwall National Hotel: **Dagaband**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **S.L.R.**
Dunfermline Chimes: **The Callows Went Thataway**
Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: **Frankie Ford**
Edgware Bald Faced Stag: **Steve Waller Band**
Fetham Football Club: **Accident/Intensive Care**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Lotus Eaters**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**

Glastonbury Red Lion: **Response**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Quasar**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Heretic**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Desolation Angels**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Bruin**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Red Beans & Rice**
Leeds Termit Club: **Con-Dom**
Liverpool System Club: **No Exit**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Sugar Ray Five/Love Republic**
London Barking Assembly Rooms: **Holloway Allstars/Alex Dandridge/Akimbo/Pat Condell**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Larry Miller**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Seconds Of Pleasure/Dave Brown/Tippa Naphthal/Brent Black Music Co-op**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Skeletal Family/Seventh Seance**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wipeout/Shadow Talk**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Little Sister**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Catford Plassey Rd. School: **New Moon's Electricity Benefit**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfe Witcher Band (lunchtime)/Poor Boys (evening)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sector 27/Care For A Waltz**
London Deptford Engineers Club: **Seething Wells/The People Show/Mambo Jambo**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Brian Poole & Black Cat**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Springheel Jack/The Maldavallies**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Kissing Bandits/The Directors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dr. Hook**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band/Sam Mitchell**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **J.J.'s Flyers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **B. Complex**
London Kensington Stanhope Arms: **The Guest Stars**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Surfadelics**
London Marquee Club: **Freud**
London North Wembley Flag Club: **Second Nature**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Matumbi/The Flatlettes/The Barnies/Tim Batt**
London N.1 The Three Johns: **The Times/Five Go Down To The Sea/June Brides**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **National Pastime**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Brian Abrahams' District 6**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Paul Brady Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Crimmins Jazz Ensemble**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Here & Now/The Czechs**
London W.1 (Berkeley Sq) Titanic Club: **Big Sound Authority**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Billy Bragg/Marsha Prescod/Redskins**
London W.C.1 Union Tavern: **The Bugger All Stars**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Kinks/The Truth**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Chameleons**
Manchester The Gallery: **Tamarisk**
Milton Keynes Woughton Centre: **The Popticians/John Hegley/Roy Hutchins/Podomovski**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Arthur Mowatt Big Band**

Newcastle Guildhall: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Fits**
Newcastle Robin Adair: **The Fiend/Negative Earth**
Nottingham Old Malt Cross (lunchtime): **Brendan Kidulls**
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Poole Arts Centre: **Alexei Sayle**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Odyssey**
Sevenoaks Black Eagle: **One Burning Heart**
Slough Fulcrum Planet Theatre: **Burnessence/Spilsh/Clive Product and Gary Williams**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Howard Jones**
Southend Top Alex: **Touchstone**
Stevenage College: **Gothique**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **Dancing With The Dog/The Wild Girls/Pauline Melville/HI-Jinx/Ian Saville**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Chase**
Wishaw The Heathery: **The Waterboys**

SATURDAY 7th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Lee Konitz**
Aylesbury Friars: **Howard Jones**
Bath Moles Club: **Kick City**
Birkenhead Stairways Club: **No Favours**
Bootle Talbot Hotel: **Flight 19**
Bournemouth Eric's Club: **Big Sound Authority**
Brackley Bell Tower: **The Firebirds**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Frankie Ford**
Carlisle City Hall: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Fits**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Step By Step**
Castleford Trades Club: **Tredegar**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **The Record Players**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Trauma/The Outfit**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Nick Kershaw**
Edgware Bald Faced Stag: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Dionne Warwick**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Waterboys**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller**
Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **Chrome Molly**
Harold Hill Red House: **The Nashville Teens**
Harrow Queen's Arms: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Juventus**
Hull New Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hull Wellington Community Centre: **Seething Wells/Swift Nick**
Inverness Ice Rink doubling Aviemore Centre: **Dagaband**
Leigh-On-Sea Grand Hotel: **The Membranes/Steve Foster**
Liverpool Captain's Cabin: **The Chase**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Kinks/The Truth**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Montellas/Martin Ansell**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Pete Nu & Friends**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton George Canning: **J.J.'s Flyers**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Keytones**
London Camden Black Horse (Cellar Folk Club): **Dave Walters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gono**
Washington & The Ace Boogie Band
London Camden Diorama: **Seething Wells/Mambo Jambo/Fall Out Marching Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Balham**

Alligators with Geraint Watkins
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sector 27/Fifth Estate**
London Cricklewood Hotel: **Seconds of Pleasure/Dave Brown/Tippa Naphthal/Brent Black Music Co-op**
London E.8 Crown & Castle: **Roy Hutchins**
London E.14 St. John's Community Centre: **The Wild Girls/Dancing With The Dog/The Exocettes/The Barnies/Akimbo/Pauline Melville/Alex Dandridge**
London Finchley Bishop Douglas School: **Billy Bragg/The Popticians/The Joeys/Benjamin Zephaniah/The Flatlettes/Tim Batt/Left Wing Teds**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broadcast/Manifesto**
London Fulham King's Head: **Here & Now**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dolly Mixture/Nantuck Five**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dr. Hook**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Home Service**
London Islington Almeida Wine Bar: **Adrian Legg**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Workers Playtime/4 Bad D.J.**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Pulse Rate**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive: **The Rhythm Men**
London N.1 The Three Johns: **The Nightingales/The Loft/Surfadelics**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish**
London Oxford St. Studio 21 (Twilight Zone): **Ultra White Lovers/The Violet Circuit/Mystic Dance**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Paul Brady Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Micheline Wandor/Gillian Allnutt/Sharon Landau**
London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Perfect Disaster**
London Wood Green Haringey TU Centre: **Lol Coxhill & Steve Beresford/Blackheart/Surfin' Dave**
London Woolwich Coronet: **Odyssey**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Chelsea**
London W.1 (Fouberts Place) Fouberts: **Doctor & The Medics**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Seducer**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joe Jackson**
Manchester (Charlton) The Pavilion: **Proof Spirit**
Margate Kent Hotel: **Vigilante**
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **Hazard**
Newcastle Robin Adair: **Pontiac Blues Band**
Nottingham Old Malt Cross (lunchtime): **Brendan Kidulls**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Dubliners**
Oxford St. Katherine College: **The Gunslingers**
Pontnewydd Workingman's Club: **The Nightshift**
Redhill Castaway at Busby's: **The Waterboys**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Skeletal Family**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **The Opposition**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Haze (lunchtime)/The Lotus Eaters (evening)**
Slough Studio One: **Bandana**
Southampton Hampton Park Hotel: **State Of Mind**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Gary Boyle Band**
Taunton Wood St Inn: **Response**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **I.Q.**
Uxbridge Clam & Treaty Hotel: **Lara Swinburne Band**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Desolation Angels**
Wellinborough Queensway Hall: **Pallas**
Weston-Super-Mare Bell Inn: **Richard Thompson**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

SUNDAY 8th

Bathgate Rock At Rico's: **Chas**
Birmingham Holte Hotel: **Restless**
Birmingham Odeon: **Joe Jackson**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn: **Frenzy**
Blackpool G.P.O. Club: **The Catch**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pavilion: **P.T.T.B.**
Brighton Sussex University: **Billy Bragg/Attila The Stockbroker**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Blue Boar Hotel: **Lee Konitz**
Dover (St. Margaret's) Red Lion: **Maroondogs**
Dundee Dance Factory: **First Priority**
Dunfermline Johnson's: **The Waterboys**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Pallas**
Edgware Bald Faced Stag: **Jack Sharp & Guests**
Frodsham Merseyview: **Odyssey**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Primeavals**
Glasgow Zanzibar: **Slave**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Georgia Jazzband**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Excalibur**
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)/The Chevalier Brothers (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Toy/The Gotham City Wreckers/Go Man Go/The Whippets/Olympic Smiles**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Parole Bros.**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Ian Campbell Group (lunchtime)/Gypsy Fingers (evening)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Force Majeure/Your Dinner**
London Crouch End King's Head: **Pulse**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sumo Giants/Bright Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **We're Only Human/Shadow Talk**
London Fulham King's Head: **Here & Now**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Frankie Ford**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The London Apaches**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Balham Alligators (lunchtime)/Hard Lines (evening)**

CONTINUES OVER

London Kensington Cafe Emile: **The Friday Club**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Boothill Foot-tappers**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Quasar**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band** (lunchtime)/**Brian Knight & Kick Out The Jams** (evening)
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Paul Brady Band**
London Richmond The Bull at Sheen: **Foxy Music**
London Richmond York House: **Pauline Melville/Akimbo/Holloway Allstars/Left Wing Teds/The Amazing Mendezies**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Nico**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jules Rubin & Daphne Shoolman**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Sunday Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Victoria The Venue: **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Seconds of Pleasure/Dave Brown/Tippa Naphtali/Brent Black Music Co-op**
London W.1 (Norris St) Captain's Cabin: **Eric Goulden & Baz Murphy**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Boysie**
London W.10 Venture Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/The Barnies/Matumbi/The Popticians**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Kinks/The Truth**
Nelson Silverman Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Chrome Molly**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Dionne Warwick**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Desolation Angels**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **1926**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Richard Thompson/Abalou**
Ramsgate Granville Bars: **Dave Corsby Band**
Stoke Highwayman: **Tredegar**

MONDAY

9th

Bath Moles Club: **The Opposition**
Beverley Unity Club: **Swift Nick**
Birmingham Night Out: **Dionne Warwick**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Joe Jackson**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Pallas**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dr. Hook**
Edinburgh Carlton Studios: **The Block Bros**
Edinburgh Royal Lyceum Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Hull Spring Street Theatre: **Richard Thompson**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Juice On The Loose**
Leeds Warehouse: **Gene Loves Jezabel**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Wishful Thinking/Yo Ho**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Helen & The Horns**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Indestructibles**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Odd Sox**

London Covent Garden Rock Gardens: **Fast Forward/The Service**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **National Pastime/Gypsy Blood**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Boyzone/Lemove**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tension**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Beat/Howling Horrors**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Geoff Dunne & Ronnie Johnson**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Roland Perrin**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Elite**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **All-Star Jazzband**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **King Fisher & The Mayflies**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Lee Konitz**
London Putney Half Moon: **Happy Traum**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Silver King Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Moeg Ga-Ga**
London Victoria The Venue: **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Christy Moore**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Perslan Flower**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gilray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nik Kershaw**
Manchester The Gallery: **Chelsea**
Netherton The Centre: **Glasgow**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Robin Adair: **Lone Wolf**
Portsmouth Granny's: **Paris In The Terror**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees (until Wednesday)**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Haze**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**

TUESDAY

10th

Bath Moles Club: **The Lotus Eaters**
Birmingham Mr. Bill's: **Stigma**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Hollies**
Birmingham (Tysley) The Greet: **Back Street Silde**
Bournemouth Grasshoppers: **Response**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Danny Moss/Ian Smith Quintet**
Brighton Escape Club: **The Waterboys**
Bristol Corn Market: **The Gunslingers**
Cardiff New Ocean Club: **Chelsea**
Cleethorpes Darley's Hotel: **Richard Thompson**
Edinburgh Carlton Studios: **The Block Bros.**
Fareham Collingwood Club: **Odyssey**
Hamilton Park Lane Club: **Manic Noise**
Harlow Square One: **Attila The Stockbroker/Benjamin Zephaniah/Little Dave**
Harrogate Centre: **Dionne Warwick**
Hull The Tower: **Swift Nick/Gargoyle**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Dr. Hook**
Kingston Grey Horse: **The Living Daylites**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **Toby LeRone & The Acid Drops**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **AZ AZ AZ/Snowblind**
London Camden Dingwalls: **A Bigger Mercedes/Moses & The Tablets/Cracked Cowboy**

GIG GUIDE continues with Grandmaster Flash



London Camden Dublin Castle: **Danny Adler Band**
London Canning Town Balmoral: **The Wreckangles**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The Charts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Pump/Last Weekend**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Rent Party/Jazawaki**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Trick/The Lovers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **In The Dark/Get Smart**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Beaver Loton/Character Set**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Academic Hamiltions**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Eavesdropper**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Fifth Estate/Rough Entry**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Street Allens**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Colin Purbrook & Guests (until Thursday)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **E-Types**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Varukers/The Enemy/Intensive Care**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Richmond Derby Arms: **Brian White's Magna Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jack Pine Quintet**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nina Hagen**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Alan Price**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Opposition**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Wild Bunch Cuts**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Red Ice**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Sextet**
Newcastle Gulbenkian Studio: **Al Fresco's Picnic/Wireless Wireless**
Nottingham Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: **Hank Wangford Band**
Nottingham The Yorker: **Quasar**
Oxford College of Further Education: **Gene Loves Jezabel**
Portsmouth Granny's Club: **State Of Mind**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Dormannu/Sedition**
Southampton Solent Suite: **Lee Konitz**
Surbiton The Southampton: **Georgia Jazzband**
Widnes Labour Club: **The Glory Boys**
York Bay Horse Inn: **Haze**

WEDNESDAY

11th

Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Red Lion: **Stigma**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Hollies**
Birmingham Odeon: **Nik Kershaw**
Bolton Golden Lion: **Mass Of Black**
Bournemouth Eric's Club: **The Lotus Eaters**
Bradford Market Tavern (1 and 12 Club): **The Crypt/Cynical Pen**
Bradford Wheatheaf: **Chrome Molly**
Cambridge City Limits: **Tredegar**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Glen Campbell**
Chester Vogue Club: **Chelsea**
Chesterfield White Swan: **Haze**

Derby Gossips: **Room 101**
Dunstable Wheatheaf: **Quasar**
Edinburgh Buster Browns: **The High Tree/Scoop The Loop**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Dr. Hook**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Richard Thompson**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**
Leeds Dortmund Bierkeller: **Abrasive Wheels/Magritte The Rat**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Reset/Essence**
London Bethnal Green Approach Tavern: **The Accas/Penny Wood**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton Prince Of Wales: **Sunglasses After Dark/Hagar The Womb**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Nick Plytas Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Angel Witch/Tilt**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hurrah/Deja Vu**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sexagisma/The Maek/Ministry Of Love**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Popular History Of Signs**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joe Jackson**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **R&B All Stars**
London Isleworth Town Hall: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Left Wing Teds/Pauline Melville/Holloway Allstars/The Barnies**
London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The London Apaches**
London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace: **RuneStaff**
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Beaver Loton**
London King's Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **The X-Men/The Blueberry Hellbellies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **The Three Johns/Your Heterosexual Violence**
London Marquee Club: **The Sound**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Guilt Edge**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Richmond The Bull at Sheen: **Nigel Fox/Gordon Serter Trio**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hi-Jinx**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Touchstone**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Roy Harper**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Christy Moore**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
Middlesbrough Ossies Bar: **The Skeletal Family**
Nottingham Midland Group Arts Centre: **Joolz/Pat Condell/The Popticians**
Romford The Rezz: **In Excelsis**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Alec Johnson Band**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Lee Konitz**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Level 3: **Vice Squad**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **John Cooper Clarke/Bowler-Reddish**
Watford Cassio College: **Alternative TV**
Watford Verulam Arms: **I.Q.**
Worthing Carioca Club: **The Opposition**

CHEZ CHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Campbell. Music really affects my mood. You've always been known as a very glamorous woman. How did you feel about appearing on screen as the extremely frumpy Dolly Peliker?

The first day I was a wreck. I cried. Kurt Russell made fun of me. and I was furious with him. Then we all started laughing and it became unimportant to me. That was the right way for that character to look. How much poetic licence should be allowed when a film is dealing with a highly volatile subject such as the Silkwood case? Is a film's primary obligation to be a successful piece of entertainment, or should it do more?

It should do more. As far as *Silkwood* goes, if we weren't telling the truth. Kerr-McGee (the company that the film exposes for negligent handling of toxic substances) would slap us with a lawsuit so fast we wouldn't know what hit us. But that part of the film is accurate down to a gnat's ass. The things that aren't true are embellishments that were added to reflect the change in Karen. and how she went from being someone who didn't care to someone who did. Do movies shape or reflect the culture's values?

Both. They mirror what's going on, but at the same time, movies are like super-commercials. They're selling us life and telling us what we should look like and be like. Then you get movies like *Tender Mercies*, which I thought was just plain boring. I know I'll probably go to hell for saying this, but I thought it was a boring film. What idea was that movie selling?

Smallness and reality. and sometimes reality is boring! My sense of what is boring is sort of out of whack because I've been overamped. I want to be real and down to earth, but because of all I've been exposed to—and this is true for many people—a small movie sometimes simply seems boring. We've all been overamped to the point that many of the nice things in life fail to move us.

WHAT ARE your three favourite movies?

On *Borrowed Time*, *The Godfather*, and *Sweet A Way*.

I imagine you've been deluged with offers since your recent successes.

I wouldn't exactly say I've been deluged, but two years ago I wasn't getting any at all. At first I thought the scripts I've been getting weren't too great but Meryl tells me they aren't that bad. And I have found one that I love. We haven't signed all the papers yet, but I'm confident the film will be made. Peter

Bogdanovich will direct and it's a true story of this woman who's a Hell's Angel, and her 15 year old son. We hope to start shooting the film in Azusa California this March.

I know it sounds pompous to say it, but I'd like to direct a film. I don't know that I have any talent in that area, but I have a hunch that I might because I have ideas about film that I don't see other people exploring. In fact, I recently wrote a treatment, and I was shocked at how fast I sold it. It took about 10 minutes on the phone. I hadn't even written it down! I was talking to Ray Stark and I told him I had this idea and he said let's talk about it now. I was halfway through explaining it and he said great! Lets do it! After experiencing so much rejection, it's strange to have things turn around so radically in the space of a month. It reminds me of those movie scenes where the secretary trips and her glasses fall off and her boss exclaims "Why Miss Jones! You're beautiful!" I feel that way in this business. The film industry is very fickle, but that's show business and I chose it. I just wish it hadn't been so hard, hurt so much and taken so long. I had successes along the way, but it was never the kind of success I wanted. Sure, I was thrilled to be on the cover of *Time* magazine, but those kinds of things are fleeting and have nothing to do with work.

What directors would you like to work with?

I'd like to work with Mike Nichols again, and Bob Fosse. I didn't care much for the subject matter of Fosse's new film, *Star 80*, but the shots, Eric Roberts, and the direction were great. I didn't used to notice directions but I'm beginning to see what it is. The direction in *Silkwood* is very apparent despite the fact that it's extremely subdued. *Silkwood* is an underplayed kind of film, whereas with *Star 80*, every cut calls attention to itself.

You recently described Brian DePalma's new film, *Scarface*, as being "a great example of how the American Dream can turn to shit." Exactly what are the things that corrupt the American Dream?

Greed, avarice, materialism—and those are traps we all fall into. People often make the mistake of thinking that more always equals better but that's not necessarily true. And that's one of those lessons we spend a lifetime learning.

How has the American Dream panned out for you?

Totally ridiculous. I wanted to be an actress, a star, so I could feel like somebody, instead of feeling like somebody and choosing acting as a profession. I wanted to be a famous glamour queen, but I've been that and it's nothing.



ev'rything's coming up
DUSTY
A TRIBUTE TO DUSTY—AND HER DECADE!

POP & SOUL
SUN APR 8 AT
HOOGIE COOGIE
EDINBURGH
FROM SUN APR 15
THE WEENIES IN
A MONTH OF
SUNDAYS
THURS TO SUNS
031 220 3478

FANTASY CLUB
Bradford St. Digbeth,
Birmingham 021-622 3679

Friday 6th April
INDIANS IN MOSCOW
Saturday 7th April
SURPRISE GUESTS
Band on Stage at 11pm. Tickets £3

Friday 13th April
THE LOTUS EATERS
+ Support. Tickets £3

Saturday 14th April
THE WATERBOYS
+ The Scarecrows

Coming Soon:
THE M3T30RS, REM, KING KURT, THE BLOOD
Tickets from Virgin + Subway Records
Ticket Info 021 523 6451

HOPE & ANCHOR
PRESENT

Thurs 5th **SATELLITES** £1.50
Fri 6th **KINGSNACKS INTERNATIONAL R+B BAND** £2.00
Sat 7th **POGUEMAHONE** £2.00
Mon 9th **SMALL WORLD** £1.50
Tues 10th **TENDER TRAP** £1.50
Wed 11th **GUANA BATZ** £1.50
Thur 12th **FIFTH ESTATE** £1.50

UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON. TEL. 359 4500

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 5th April **SHOUT RECORDS** £1.25
SHOCK CORRIDOR/FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
+ Drunk On Cake

Friday 6th April **SPRINGHILL JACK** + The Maldavaleables £1.50
Saturday 7th April **BROADCAST** + Manifesto £1.50

Sunday 8th April **WE'RE ONLY HUMAN** + Shadow Talk £1.25
Monday 9th April **BOYZONE/LEMOYE** £1.25
Tuesday 10th April **IN THE DARK** + Get Smart £1.25
Wednesday 11th April **SEXAGISMA/THE MAEK** + Ministry Of Love £1.25

THE Venue
160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1
Tickets available from the Venue
Box Office 01-834 5882 and usual agents
Doors Open at 8pm.

Wednesday 4th April	£3.50	Wednesday 18th April	£3.00
ODYSSEY		ROCK GODDESS	
Sunday 8th & Monday 9th April	£5.00 Adv £6.00 Door	Tuesday 24th April	£3.50
GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE		METEORS	
Tuesday 10th April	£3.50	Tuesday 1st May	£3.00
NINA HAGEN		ALIEN SEX FIEND	
Tuesday 17th April	£3.00	Wednesday 16th May	£4.00
FURYO		PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND	

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY CLUB NIGHTS £4.00

THE CRICKETERS
THE OVAL, SE11 Tel: 735 3059
Thursday 5th April
MORRISSEY MULLEN
Friday 6th April
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Saturday 7th April
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Sunday 8th April
(lunch) **BALHAM ALLIGATORS**
(eve) **HARD LINES**
Monday 9th April
RONALD PERRIN
Tuesday 10th April
5th ESTATE/ROUGH ENTRY
Wednesday 11th April
LONDON APACHE

THE SOUND AUTHORITY
FRIDAY THE 5TH OF APRIL ON STAGE TENPM.
TUBE GREEN PARK
LONDON SW18 4LS
DOORS OPEN 8.45 PM
TICKETS: £2.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£3.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£4.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£5.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£6.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£7.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£8.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£9.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£10.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£11.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£12.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£13.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£14.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£15.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£16.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£17.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£18.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£19.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£20.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£21.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£22.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£23.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£24.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£25.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£26.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£27.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£28.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£29.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£30.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£31.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£32.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£33.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£34.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£35.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£36.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£37.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£38.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£39.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£40.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£41.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£42.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£43.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£44.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£45.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£46.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£47.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£48.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£49.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£50.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£51.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£52.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£53.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£54.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£55.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£56.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£57.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£58.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£59.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£60.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£61.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£62.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£63.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£64.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£65.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£66.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£67.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£68.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£69.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£70.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£71.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£72.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£73.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£74.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£75.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£76.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£77.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£78.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£79.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£80.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£81.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£82.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£83.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£84.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£85.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£86.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£87.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£88.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£89.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£90.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£91.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£92.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£93.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£94.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£95.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£96.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£97.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£98.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£99.50 (incl. 10% service charge)
£100.50 (incl. 10% service charge)

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 High St. CAMDEN NW1. Tel. 485 9008

NICK CAVE & THE CAVEMEN
(EX THE BIRTHDAY PARTY)
THE MOODISTS
THE MUTANT BREACHER
THUR 12 APRIL
£4.00

Tickets available from Theatre Box Office by post, and S.A.E. and P.O. payable to BLISS; or from PREMIER, L.T.B., ROUGH TRADE, ROCK ON, THE CAGE (Kings Rd, Gower Market STAN GREEN LS14 5JF)

poetry international
84
allen ginsberg · laurence ferlinghetti
gregory corso · john cooper clarke
the liverpool poets
roger mc gough · brendan pattern · dorian bennet
liz lockhead · dorian mitchell
bernardine zephaniah · xoolz
additional poets to be announced
tickets £10 - 9.50 - 7.50 - 5.50 - 4.50 - 3.50 - 2.50 - 1.50 - 1.00 - 0.50
DOORS OPEN 6.45 PM

ROYAL ALBERT HALL APRIL 21
KINGDOMS
+ SHADOW TALK
Thursday 3rd April 8pm-12 Midnight
In THE ATTIC,
The Manor House,
316 Green Lanes,
London N4
Adm £1.50 Manor House Tube/Buses
Enquiries 01-802 4941

MCR PROMOTIONS
A DIVISION OF WARWICK TRAVEL

ELTON JOHN
Tour Ref EJA
EJB Best Ticket

LIVE IN BRUSSELS Tuesday 8th May
STATUS QUO
LIVE IN BRUSSELS Monday 21st May
EUROPEAN FINALE

ALL TOURS INCLUDE: CONCERT TICKET, LUXURY TOURING COACH, CROSS CHANNEL FERRY, TOUR ESCORT.
LONDON DEPARTURE TIMES 10.30 morning of concert.
RETURN-ARRIVE LONDON BY 04.00 following day.

Please send:-
1. £20 deposit per person plus £5 personal and cancellation insurance (optional)
2. Full names of passengers and tour reference
3. Clearly marked S.A.E

MCR PROMOTIONS
55 CHARTERHOUSE STREET, LONDON EC1M 6HA TELEX 265 320

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH THIS MANAGEMENT PRESENTS

Nik Kershaw
HUMAN RACING TOUR
plus support

Extra Show By Public Demand
SUNDAY 15th APRIL 7.30pm
MONDAY 16th APRIL 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 £4.00 £3.50

WIPEOUT
April
Wed 4th Middleton Arms, HACKNEY
Fri 6th Dingwalls, CAMDEN
Mon 9th The Bush, SHEPHERDS BUSH
Wed 11th The Mitre, Tunnel Ave, SE10
Thurs 12th 100 Club, 100 Oxford St, W1
Mon 16th Hope & Anchor, ISLINGTON

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19-20 Somers Street, Leeds 1
Phone 468287

Thursday 5th April
LOTUS EATERS

Monday 9th April
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

Thursday 12th April
GANG OF FOUR

Monday 16th April
WATERBOYS

LATE BAR 9-2am
Sunday G.O. 5pm-10pm
7.30pm-10.30pm

Sunday Night At Ronnie Scott's
Sunday April 8 at 8.00pm
nico
Plus support Tickets £5.00

Sunday April 15 at 8.00pm
GIL SCOTT HERON
Revised seats £10.00 in advance from the club only
Tickets in advance from the club to 4.30 PM
@ Scargreen tel 437 5282 @ Premier Box Office tel 240 2245
@ The Cages (Great Gear Market) Kings Road
@ London Theatre Bookings tel 439 3371 @ Albermarle tel 560 2141
@ Including Booking Fee @ on the night

WILF A. WALKER PRESENTS
SUNDAY 15 APRIL 7.00pm
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
GANG OF 4
EUROPEANS
ABACUSH

TICKETS £4.00 FROM ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (748 2812)/PREMIER BOX OFFICE (740 2245)
KEITH PROWSE (01-2814) CENTREPOINT (01-7123) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371)
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS (729 8541) RHYTHM RECORDS (07 0123) STARGREEN (437 5282)

HALF MOON
HALF MOON LANE, LONDON SE24. TEL: 01-274 2733

Thursday 5th April	Members £1.00 Guests £1.50	Monday 9th April	Members £1.00 Guests £1.50
THE WALKER BAND		GEOFF DUNN AND RONNIE JOHNSON BAND	
Friday 6th April	Members £1.50 Guests £2.00	Tuesday 10th April	Members £1.00 Guests £1.50
TONY McPHEE + SAM MITCHELL		EAVESDROPPER	
Saturday 7th April	Members £2.00 Guests £2.50	Wednesday 11th April	Members £1.00 Guests £1.50
THE HANK WANGFORD BAND		THE R & B ALLSTARS	
Sunday 8th April	Members £1.00 Guests £1.50	Saturday 14th April	DOCTOR FEELGOOD

ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544. Open 8pm-2am

Wednesday 18th April £3.00 Adv
NICK CAVE AND THE CAVEMEN

Tuesday 24th April £3.00 Adv
SPEAR OF DESTINY

Wednesday 25th April £3.00 Adv
SWANS WAY

Wednesday 2nd May £3.00 Adv
SISTERS OF MERCY

Wednesday 16th May £3.00 Adv
DEATH CULT

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office. Selectronic: Victoria Box Office Nottingham Records & Way Ahead Derby-Revolver Mansfield-Pride Newark-Mirage Leicester The Box Office Lincoln Records Burton or by post from Rock City, enclosing S.A.E.

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

DEAD OR ALIVE
+ Special Guests
DOMINION THEATRE LONDON
WEDNESDAY 18th APRIL
7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B O 01 580 9562 2
LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse, (Credit Cards 01 741 8989)
Albermarle & Stargreen

THE LYCEUM
MISTY IN ROOTS
+ SPECIAL GUEST ABBACUSH
Wednesday 25th April START 7.30pm
All Tickets 3.50
Available from Box Office (01 836 3715) Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier Box Office & Star Green

The Pink Panther
19-23 High Street, Rayleigh, Essex. Tel: RAYLEIGH 770003

Thursday 5th April Adm £1.00 Ladies Free
The best JAZZ RUMK around
DJ JOHN OSBOURNE

Friday 6th April Adm £3.00 before 11pm £4 after
Reggae night DJ Ricky featuring
BARRINGTON LEVI

Tuesday 10th April Adm £1.50 Ladies Free
High Energy Disco DJ Steve Cochran
Featuring **EARLING BENTLEY**

Wednesday 11th April Adm £2.00
Alternative Dance Night
DJ's FATMAN + RUSS
Featuring **THE GLITTER BAND**

Monday - Thursday 8.30pm - 00am
Friday and Saturday 8.30pm - 2.00am

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387
Thurs 5th, Fri 6th, Sat 7th, Sun 8th April
PAUL BRADY BAND
Monday 9th April
HAPPY TRAUM
Tuesday 10th April
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 11th April
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 12th April
PETE THOMAS DEEP SEA JIVERS
Friday 13th April
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Saturday 14th April
The Original MAN
Monday 16th April
GORDON GILTRAP BAND

we'll be the first ones
is the new single from
T.W.E.L.V.E DRUMMERS DRUMMING

J SPEAR OF J DESTINY
+ Special Guests
THE SHILLELACH SISTERS & THE PLAYN JAYN*

BRISTOL STUDIO BALLROOM
SUNDAY 29th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance £4.00 Door
Available from Studio, Virgin, Rival and Revolver, Bristol and Rival, Bath

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MONDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance £4.00 Door
Available from Box Office Tel. No 0533 544444

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUESDAY 1st MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance £4.00 Door
Available from Powerhouse, Odeon Theatre, Cyclops and Virgin Records, Birmingham

BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
WEDNESDAY 2nd MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance £4.00 Door
Available from Top Rank, Virgin, Subway and Round Records, Brighton

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
THURSDAY 3rd MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance £4.00 Door
Available from Palais Tel No 01 748 2312, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741 8989), Albermarle and Stargreen
New Album One Eyed Jacks New Single Liberator on Epic Records

* London only

LIVE

SALMON CHANTED EVENING

**CHEMICAL BILLY
TRUE COLOURS
DOOMED YOUTH
JUST A SCREAM**

Belfast Errigle

DON'T BE fooled by the name. Just A Scream are anything but. Their medium is tedium and they do nothing right at all. A fifth-rate Banshee rip-off. Gawd help us. Exit stage left. Permanently.

The next band emerge in their True Colours and an unpleasant collection of voracious hues they turn out to be; all make-up and fake-up, custom-built for *Smash Hits*, completely packaged and waiting in the wings. With their music they'll have a bloody long wait. The singer is pretty and has nice dimples; just like the songs. Their only sign of discernment is in the bulk cosh'n'carry from the vaults of Almond and Ball. True Colours are a snotty little band just aching to be famous. They'd do anything, honest mister.

Doomed Youth provided a pleasant distraction by busying themselves setting up their portable Batcave scenery on an adjacent stage during the Colours' set. The Youth promised a lot but delivered very little. They should be as much fun as *The Munsters* but they aren't. Black hair, white hair, black shirts, white noise, black socks, black shoes, jet black, dead right? Wrong. Unfortunately, the pleasant diversion of a reckless attitude did not compensate for the paucity of good tunes. The singer rasped, wailed and generally gave his hubris a good airing, but all to no avail.

Thankfully, Chemical Billy proved to be the natural high of the evening. After some dubious mainlining on the Bunnymen they've cleaned up their act and now stand lean and clean. They played an inspiring set of punchy, teasing songs, jam-packed with melody. Ian Williamson on pump bass and drummer Michael Cherry construct a taut, hypnotic foundation of sinewy rhythm for frontman Allen Burge to build upon with his soaring, landscaping guitar and Richter-scale vocals. Occasionally they lost momentum by spinning the songs out far too much, playing every variation on a theme instead of the selected highlights. All that's needed is a little judicious pruning and an infusion of flair and confidence into the actual performance. Once Billy overcome their teething-troubles they'll be ready to shoot up. This is one chemical it'll do you good to get your fill of.

Robert Scott

ORANGE JUICE

Liverpool Royal Court

IT WAS clear that this audience expected more than one of Edwyn's gestures. They got it.

Paul Heard's bold bubbling bass gave Zeke something to hammer at and he drove the beat straight through the first three songs. Johnny Brittan's frisky guitar work chipped out brittle screeds of rhythm which the abrupt logic of Edwyn's distorted tone and angular attack did its best to disrupt. After 'Salmon Fishing In New York', a feverish ballad featuring a 12-string Fender in a feeding frenzy, 'A Place In My Heart' marked the first appearance of the loping rhythm which is in danger of becoming the OJ equivalent of the Bruce Springsteen Everyband beat. It was the chiming, shimmering guitars, rising above the clipped snare like kites skirmishing, rather than the wan vocals and overlong fade which retrieved the song from the limbo of a thousand ponderous anthems. The delicate balance between insubordinate form and lyric content was further disturbed during 'In A Nutshell'. Despite the icy precision of Edwyn's vocal, a dropped chord appears to fluster Johnny as he displays an increasingly cavalier disregard for key. His shrieking guitar made shrill nonsense of the coda's chilling pomp. Throughout 'Simply Thrilled Honey' and a furious 'Bridge' he worked at

cleaning the slate with brisk efficiency. For his efforts he was awarded centre-stage to sing his own 'It Alters Everything' which fell a long way short of living up to its title.

If there was a fault with the rest of the set, it was Edwyn's inability to project the profound irreverence of his singing above the amplified confusion. In the studio, where the subtlest intonations register, the discreet shifts in tone on which his compositions often depend are well served. The wacky charm and episodes of silly buggers which take this dry delicacy's place in his (performing) art do not really compensate. It falls to memory to supply the ironic dimension live. Where the recorded original is indelibly etched at first hearing, as with 'Craziest Feeling', Edwyn can afford to give a frantic rockability reading, secure in the knowledge that Foetus' camp psychotic is never far from mind. The indecipherable words to newer numbers like 'What Presence?' leave him begging his own question.

It's a pity his more emotive songs are denied the benefit of a singer like Paul Quinn. On record his uncomplicated emoting serves as a standard against which Edwyn's wicked commentary is measured. When the Deuce are prepared to slip this card from their sleeve, there'll no longer be a need to speak of their potential greatness.

Blithering Butcher



A million bawbees worth of TWANG!

Pic: Lawrence Watson

INTIMATE PICNIC

VIRGINIA ASTLEY

Bath Moles

THE STAGE-less Moles Club, a converted cellar under one of Bath's numerous Georgian terraces, proved a cramped but apposite setting for Virginia Astley's intimate chamber pop. In fact, a more 'intimate' venue than Moles would be hard to imagine; where else do concert-goers have to stagger through the band to reach the toilets? The constraints of the club lent a rather comic air to the whole proceedings as we dodged the flying violin bows and tried desperately not to step on Ms Astley's toes. For her part Virginia was clearly abashed at the sight of the serried ranks leaning down upon her, but to her credit, performed admirably. Followers of the short-lived Ravishing Beauties will be pleased to learn that she is still sinning about death and, um, death in that soaring child-soprano voice, while charming the sympathetic with her (somewhat dubious) naivety and (sham) ateurism.

Accompanied by violins, 'cello, flute' and percussion, old favourites like 'Arctic Death' and 'We Will Meet Them Again' are given painstaking, but rather contrived, new arrangements. Of the old songs, it is 'Love's A Lonely Place To Be' that comes off best, with discordant violins squawking and hissing hellishly, whilst 'I Live In Dreams' belies its unpromising title thanks to some energetic percussion work.

Dressed in hand printed silk fairy dresses, Ms. Astley and friends could hardly fail to conquer an undemanding audience of aspiring hipsters, perspiring popstars, *NME* readers, middle-aged trendies and a few very confused scrumpy drinkers, but it would be sad if her/their future was as some fringe-festival novelty act. Beneath the esoteric trappings are some very fine songs that will last long after we tire of the fairy-hunting Edwardian schoolgirl image. I suppose it was inevitable that after the pub rock revival, the folk rock revival and the punk rock revival we would get the *Picnic At Hanging Rock* revival.

Matthew Jefferies



Gardeners' Corner: Ginny rolls her own.

Pic: Chris Lurca

THE LOTUS EATERS



Set Me Apart
New 3 Track 12"
and 7" Single

ARISTA

ON TOUR

April	
5th Leeds	Warehouse
6th Glasgow	Night Moves
7th Sheffield	Lead Mill
9th Derby	Bluenote
10th Bath	Moles
11th Bournemouth	Upstairs at Eric's
13th Birmingham	Tin Can
14th East Retford	Porterhouse
15th Brighton	Escape
17th London	Titanic

ALL THE WAY WITH LKJ

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON AND DENNIS BOVELL'S DUB BAND

London Lyceum

BOTH PUBLICLY and privately, Linton Johnson's focus remains on personal initiative, personal political resistance and progress within a context of black brotherhood. Yet because his vision is one of both community and generosity, it is a vision for all. And four numbers into tonight's SRO set (effectively the kickoff for LKJ's first-ever American tour), I found myself struck by a *frisson* from beyond even that Big Picture towards which Johnson's craft — eminently *reasoning* even at its angriest or most determined — leads its listener.

For there onstage, swaying within the beautiful horn intro familiar from 'Bass Culture' stood a seer and a seeker, modestly attired yet militantly lamenting the loss of a white fellow teacher who never knew him: Blair Peach. An eerie thought, that Peach could have foreseen such a scene no more than he could have imagined his own horrific death. It was at that moment, I think, when the full import of Linton Johnson's contribution to *all* our culture struck me yet again.

Not that the evening was without its problems: much of the time the monitors reduced LKJ's voice to merely another component of Bovell's current Dub Band aggregation (tonight featuring Bruce

Smith on drums). They moved with stunning effortlessness from the initial brisk syncopations of 'It Noh Funny' into the darker, more muscular territory of 'Dread Beat And Blood', while reminding us on 'Reality Poem' — which showcased a breathtaking guitar interlude led by African-Irish maestro John Kpiaye — and the encore 'Reggae Fi Radni' what great *dance* music they can make.

Johnson, introducing each poem clearly and carefully in preparation for the experience of live export, had plenty of moments wherein he demonstrated an unerring performance insight: infectious, inspiring and — best of all — unfalteringly optimistic. LKJ's poems speak of a great hope ... armed and proud, with no doubt that right is on their side.

LKJ's voice is that rarest of all instruments: the instinctual, melodic and disciplined vehicle appropriate for true poetry — the poetry of *all* people. People singing out, people advertising, people sloganeering, yearning, grieving; he reflects and filters them all into his "emotive art". Johnson is our Mayakovsky, our Baraka, our Whitman or Yevtushenko. There are of course many other great dub or dialect poets, as he is the first to point out. But LKJ is making history; to ignore him is to incur a loss that's nothing short of incalculable.

Cynthia Rose



The history-maker. Pic K. Westenberg

NOT TUFF

SHADOW TALK

Belfast New Vic

THIS IS what happens when you sign a record deal; you find yourself for only your third show ever having to warm up a few thousand Thompson Twins fans who want nothing else than the Three Hairstyles Who Hit Things With Sticks, and they want them about five minutes ago.

Shadow Talk start with a short abstract piece called 'Some Technical Problems With The Keyboards' which has the lucky side effect of silencing the Twins hordes who think they are in the presence of Art. At first the band seem merely the average of all recent white pop bands; layered keyboards, guitar colouring, slap bass, crunchy drums and boyish vocals. (How about lining up all the slap bassists against the wall and bringing back the clavinet? S'much funkier.) But there are some real song shapes in there, and Barry has a nice,

Paul Young-ish hardness in his voice when he pulls it down into the lower registers. His spiralling repetitions of the title phrase in the coda of 'You Could Be Mine' powerfully fill the hall.

The single 'People Watching People' is extended to the point of blurring by a less than scintillating instrumental break (damned if I could hum it on the way out) and generally a little economy in the soloing would be a good idea — less is more, chaps.

Shadow Talk could be something as long as they can avoid being pushed Duranwards into boyishness. They need to tighten up and toughen up, get a bit of arrogance to mitigate their ordinariness, their slightly apologetic air. The power of 'You Could Be Mine' stuck in the mind long after the brittle rattlings of the Market Research Twins (a boy, a girl, a black man ...) which, I suppose, is faint praise after all.

Muir MacKean



Not in front of the Twins, please. Pic Allstair Graham

NOT TIDY

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

Paris Espace Balard

IT WAS a beautiful, young and devoted audience which jammed into this cavernous structure, more suited to deb balls and Gerry Cottle's Circus than a rock concert. And tonight they were treated to a delicate brew of old faves and new poop, even though at times the acoustics made the sound resemble a bowl of custard.

Strolling on ever so casually, in contrast to the continuing classical intro, they opened with a new song which had the ex-ice maiden oozing sensuously lines about the "stars shining down" and her very own "glittering prize". This was followed by some virtuoso guitar playing from Robert Smith, who judging from tonight looks like becoming the Demis Roussos of the postpunk *demi-monde*. Please tuck in that shirt, young Robert, from my perch it looked suspiciously like a kaftan ...

The latest material continues to plunder the occult for its imagery, the voodoo dolly having been replaced by 'The Wicker Man', on a number which resembled The Doors if they had taken speed rather than other dubious substances.

The new tunes are potent enough to carry the lyrics, which was fortunate since I have difficulty taking seriously someone from Croydon singing about 'The Preacher Man' as she did while doing her dance of the seven veils. (Did you realise Siouxsie has dirty feet?)

So, until she decides to cover 'White Rabbit', original material will more than suffice. However the highlight of the night was when they encored with a truly demented version of '20th Century Boy'.

Bruce Dessau

THE
MOODISTS

new album
THIRSTY'S
CALLING
and 7"/12"
single
RUNAWAY

UNFAB GEAR

**JULIAN COPE
THE WOODENTOPS**
Hammersmith Palais

I THINK The Woodentops are nice. If I was a Woodentop, life would be all right. From charming rakish singer to Wendy Sproutaike keyboard-player, The Woodentops manage to direct their obvious influences with grace. Easy it may be to spot those influences, but The Woodentops are Give It Loads And Go For It In A Big Way on occasions.

Here are three occasions: the jangling Eno of 'It Will Come', the big-time creepy relentlessness of Alan Vega's 'Ghost Rider', and a song that resembled The Monochrome Set doing The Teardrop Explodes' 'Use Me'. If I was an EP, I would quite like to be a Woodentops EP.

Then came Julian Cope. Cope's new band are one ex-Wah!, one ex-Hambi And The Dance, one ex-Korgi, and someone else on drums. This means we are not talking Big In Japan here, cherubim, we are not talking maverick Liverpool geniuses, we are talking (so far as the Hambi guitarist and the Korgi keyboardist go) about talented and listless people, session men by any other cut of trouser-leg.

Andy Davis apparently played keyboards on 'Imagine'. I do not care a row of buttons if he played keyboards on 'James Last Remembers Cabaret Bastard Voltaire', he is still a session-man with the novelty and verve of grey chewing-gum.

It seems that Cope, like Nick Heyward and many others, confuses the technical excellence of musos with the spirit of a group—or maybe he seeks to avoid the latter in order to showcase his own talents. Perhaps the (brilliant) 'Wilder' had

inklings of that about it, but albums like 'World Shut Your Mouth' and 'North Of A Miracle' display songwriting talents enfolded in a blandness overwhelming like a huge cloth cheque-book.

Cope is not a talentless fool, he's written much of brilliance (disagree, and I say you smell). Even 'World' is a perfectly listenable album—not great, admittedly, but the greatness and imperfection of wonderful pop is there.

I mention the album because much of the gig was given over to faithful copies of its songs; even Cope's occasional raps didn't stretch the fabric too much. Further proof of the unimaginative muso proficiency of the band (oh! take them from this place and teach them domestic skills!) lay in the fact that they gave identikit renditions of a couple of Teardrops songs. Guitarist Lovell gave the impression that he'd been playing 'Culture Bunker' all his life—THIS IS NOT THE POINT!

And from the mediocre to the silly... "This one", says Julian, "is gonna be big in your hearts in a few months, even though it's small in your hearts now". It is a song called 'Reynard', and it seems to be a cross between 'Do It Clean' and 'Fox On The Run'. As it goes on and on—a reasonable tune, even if the band did manage to give it that certain sense of someone needing a long holiday—Julian starts stroking his stomach with the mike-stand. Oh dear, oh dear... the mike-stand has been snapped in half and Julian is slashing his torso with it. There is blood coming out of him. He adopts the look of one of the Walker Brothers telling a wide-mouthed frog joke. He casts an eye toward the bass guitar and seems to find it very amusing. Then he carries on singing; the song ends, and everyone goes off stage. There is no encore.

This reviewer says, "Get your arse in gear, Julian Cope".

David Quantick

SEE YOU IN VEGAS

Hackney Chat's Palace

A GIRL and three boys with a melodic gift and a mission... See You In Vegas play music whose lyrical concerns are political and whose musical aims are practical. Dance away your troubles and learn about Bobby Sands along the way. The problem is that they aren't very good at it.

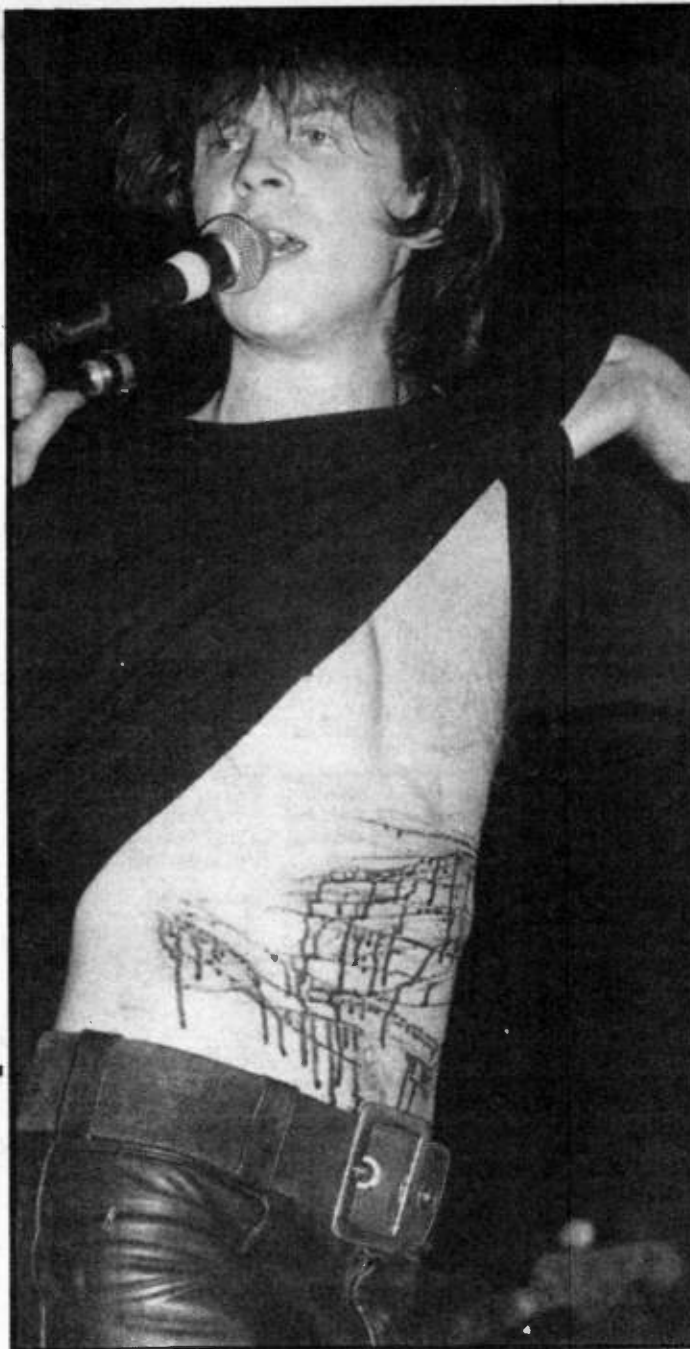
Their failing is twofold. Firstly,

the words—though often as well crafted as their melodies—are just too contrived to be believable. A song narrated by an Italian immigrant all-too-neatly extols the virtues of SiV's radical dance stance (a particularly silly phrase / idea which has finally got what it deserves in Reflex and 'The Politics Of Dancing'). Amidst riots Papa is heard to say: "we're still dancing as the tenements burn," "can't you see we're poor and proud of it" and "surely we must

have the finest culture in the world." I think your average ghetto-dwelling Italian New Yorker would suggest that See You In Vegas take their theories and shove 'em up their ass. And he would have a point.

For the rest, radical stance or not, SiV are just a rather unexciting band. Their set started well but soon got bogged down in various backroads of musical ethnicorama.

Peter Astor



Iggy? Nah, just Julian. Pic Chris Clunn

REAL FUN

NIKKI SUDDEN AND THE JACOBITES

London Clarendon

THREE YEARS after the demise of Swell Maps, Nikki Sudden is slowly getting a semi-permanent band of gypsies together. Tonight they appeared under the moniker of The Jacobites (Last time they were The Bible Belt, maybe next time they will have become Seventh Day Adventurists...)

To honour the occasion, The Clarendon is choc-a-bloc with the kind of crowd that would give Johnny Thunders a genuine personality crisis—all Cuban Hells, Black Jackets and 'Kiss me Kwick' hats without the 'Kiss me Kwick' around the brim, not to mention the blackest and longest fringes this side of the Batcave.

Playing a set of old and new, Nikki has progressed(?) from DIY Punk to N.Y. Rock. This is more Nell Young than New York, however, as our hero was prone to sporadic bouts of intense acoustic strumming reminiscent of 'Like A Hurricane' vintage Young. But 'Streets Of Gold' still shone and the soon-come single, 'Won't You Pin Your Heart To Me' possesses more warmth than a thousand Alarm teen ballads.

Without trying very hard, Nikki Sudden And The Jacobites could be contenders (if that's their desire which I doubt) for all sorts of crowns.

The Ex-Map has taken out his compass, found a new road, and if you are lucky will be coming to your town soon.

Bruce Dessau

New LP & Cassette

AMLX 65000

JOE JACKSON

Body and Soul

happy
ending
Joe
Jackson
7" & 12" SINGLE

ON TOUR

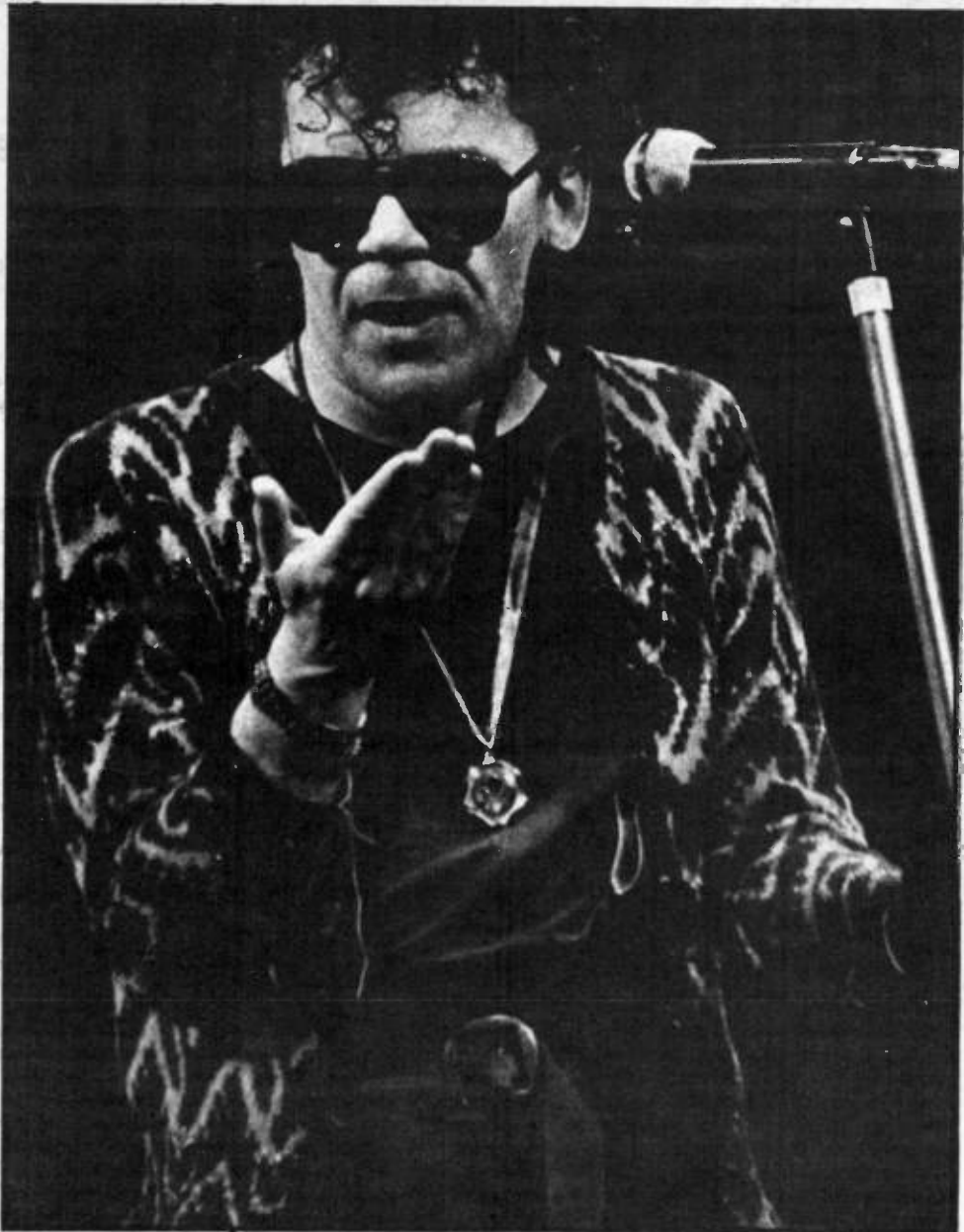
2nd GALWAY
3rd DUBLIN
7th MANCHESTER
8th BIRMINGHAM
9th BRISTOL
11th LONDON
12th LONDON

LEISURE CENTRE
R.D.S. SIMMONS COURT
APOLLO
ODEON
COLSTON HALL
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

JOE JACKSON WILL BE 'LIVE'
ON CHANNEL 4'S "THE TUBE"
THIS FRIDAY



SPINDLY!



Ian sez — "MY students don't fall."

Pic Jason Pevovar.

IAN DURY AND THE MUSIC STUDENTS Hammersmith Odeon

THE FIRST verse of 'Sweet Gene Vincent' fades away. In the pitch dark of the stage, the tiny figure of Dury twists and walls, "I was in Barcelona in October 1971 / And ten years later they were crying in the streets!" His despairing statement, theatrical and almost frightening, is answered by his own voice, shouting "ONE TWO THREE FOUR" and the explosion of the rest of the song follows. The one exhilarating moment of the whole concert, the one time that night Ian Dury seemed able to convey any emotion or excitement . . . it was wonderful.

As for the rest of the concert, not particularly good. The Music Students, all nine of them, were unable to provide any cohesiveness, any sense of being involved together in the same song. They made funky noises, slappings and bonkings and brassy bits and gultary bits, and sounded merely like nine people making funky noises. Dury's voice rode over it all, droll, catchy, just like Ian Dury always does, but rarely *sounding* more than routinely interested. I'm sure he was interested, I don't doubt he had a great time, but there was little communication of that fact. You could blame it on the size of the venue, but I prefer to censure the band and possibly the songs.

It's very uncool to compare The Music Students with The Blockheads, but the presence of Micky Gallagher, from the former keeps reminding the listener of that band's flowing unity and seamlessness; while the Students plunked away like musical stickmen, Gallagher's keyboards spilled beautifully over everything — particularly when he was playing older material like 'What A Waste', where the Music Students seemed to think that getting the chords right was enough. Sometimes (let's not be too harsh) they got it right for long periods, such as the sequence of songs that started with 'Fuck Off Noddy' (the band and Dury enjoying a simple tune), went into a thunderous 'Spasticus Autisticus', a relatively unplodding 'Clever Trevor', and the aforementioned 'Sweet Gene Vincent'; this was nearly slaughtered by the worst guitar solo in the history of music, but was revived by Gallagher's planner and a new line "Black leather trousers and motorcycle boots / Black leather jacket with an eagle on the back". A thumping great attack on 'Rhythm Stick' left me less cynical, but still peeved at the drossy first half, spindly versions of the new album's otherwise acceptable songs.

I see in Ian Dury no decline to mourn with Thunderbird wine and black hankie, just an annoying tendency to surround himself with the wrong kind of blockhead.

David Quantick

THE MIME CENTRE — London
Director: ADAM DARIUS
Executive Director: MARITA PHILLIPS
Britain's only intensive training for the mime arts

- Expressive Mime ●
- Illusionary Mime ●
- Commedia dell'arte ●
- Clowning ●
- Workshop ●
- Ballet ●

1984 MIME COURSES
April 30th to July 20th
Sept. 17th to Dec. 7th

One-week Courses
April 2nd to 6th; 9th to 14th

For further information, contact:
Admissions, The Mime Centre,
22 Vicars Road, London W5 4NN, England
Tel: 01-267 9677

we'll be the first ones
is the new single from
T·W·E·L·V·E
DRUMMERS
DRUMMING

TOP OF THE POP WEEKLIES

No 1



BANANARAMA

MICHAEL JACKSON

THOMPSON TWINS

SHAKIN' STEVENS

SOFT CELL



Exclusive
Competition!

MEET BOY GEORGE

...AND BE HIS FASHION MODEL

Jakko

New 7" and 12" single

WHO'S FOOLING WHO



STY records
7" Buy 198
12" S Buy 198

BLOODLESS CELL

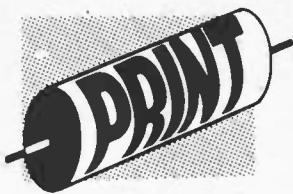
MAT SNOW ON A SOFT CELL
HACKOGRAPHY

SOFT CELL: THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY

by Simon Tebbutt (Sedgwick & Jackson, £6.95)

IF YOU think that the publication of a Soft Cell biography couldn't be more timely right now, then you'd probably be absolutely right. Naturally enough, since their last shows only took place in January and their final LP has been out but a matter of weeks, you'd expect maybe the final sections of the book to be a bit rushed. And you'd be right there too.

But, having shelled out nearly seven quid for this 136 page (eight in colour) softback, you would discover that not only is the authorised Soft Cell blog hacked out in its entirety,



but also that it's already six months out of date. So, not a word about The Immaculate Consumptives, nor even a dickle-bird on their final (?) masterpiece, the hilarious, clattering 'This Last Night In Sodom', not to mention the slightest peep about those celebratory farewell performances.

Then what do you get for the price of a double-album? Lots and lots of pictures of Marc and Dave, mostly from publicity photosessions, some more candid, nearly all seen before. Their captions are as uninformative as they are unfunny.

As for the text, it's not

hard to tell that Simon Tebbutt is writing with the 14-year-old fan in mind; nothing wrong with that. But if he thinks that his readers are going to be satisfied with a glib, superficial, clichéd gush of commentary linking together extracts from Soft Cell's collected press-cuttings, then he must have a pretty low opinion of Soft Cell's fans.

Simon Tebbutt makes little attempt to determine what makes Soft Cell tick as people, explain their appeal and its comparative decline, trace their roots in pop (no mention of Suicide!), shed light on the Some Bizzare/Phonogram tie-up, or indeed get under the skin of any aspect at all of Soft Cell's career.

So, a banal book which would also be boring were it not for the fact that it takes little more than an hour to read. As one of the few individually significant pop groups of the '80s, Soft Cell deserve much, much better than this.



The Nero of Southampton

TALK TALK

SUCH A SHAME

LIMITED EDITION
7" SINGLE AVAILABLE
WITH FREE 3 TRACK SINGLE
'THE TALK TALK
DEMOS' AND COLOUR POSTER

12 INCH ALSO
AVAILABLE

TAKEN FROM THE RECORD/CASSETTE
'IT'S MY LIFE'

EMI

HERE IS BEATLES BOOKS!

THE LOVE YOU SAVE: AN INSIDER'S STORY OF THE BEATLES
by Peter Brown and Steven Gaines (Pan Books, £2.95)

THE BEATLES: AN ILLUSTRATED DIARY

by H. V. Fulpen (Plexus, £4.95)

IF IN some way it could be guaranteed that these two books would be the last ever written about The Beatles, it is unlikely that this reviewer would be the only person to bring a cliché to life and utter an actual and genuine sigh of relief. In their different ways, both Fulpen's exhaustive day-by-day chronology and the cool, dispassionate Brown-Gaines first-person account take Beatle archaeology about as far as it can possibly go. What's left?

The simplest first: Fulpen does his best to tell you exactly what was going on with The Beatles on any given day from their beginnings right up to their formal dissolution. The date of every single recorded occasion, no matter how trivial, is presented, and the book is stuffed with an awesome amount of vault and archive photographs. It's not long on analysis, but then it doesn't set out to be. A work of maniacal thoroughness, it defies anyone to want to write (or read) anything like it ever again.

Peter Brown, whose memoirs are subsumed into the even, measured flow of his and Steven Gaines' *The Love You Save*, strikes out for deeper waters. As Brian Epstein's personal assistant in the family business even before Epstein's alliance with The Beatles, he remained part of the inner circle throughout their entire ride. Unless his veracity is for any reason in doubt, this has to be pretty damn near the final word on what went for the principal participants in the Great Beatle Craze. The overwhelming impression produced by the book is of the freshness and sense of adventure that The Beatles' career seemed to epitomise, the wide-eyed clumsiness of the experiments with fame and publicity, the newness of the territory. Everything that happened to or around The Beatles seemed to be happening for the first time, and nobody really knew what to do with it. True, there had been Sinatras and Presleys and Deans before The Beatles, but there never were Beatles before The Beatles.

(Now, of course, there are Beatles all over the place.) Brown's memoirs and Gaines' journalism provide the most authentic and powerful account of the effects of large-scale success on people from a culture that had never prepared them for anything of the sort, but the book's most memorable moments are when characters other than The Beatles are stunningly evoked. Their account of Cynthia Lennon's Beatle years far outdoes anything from her own book, and their portrait of Brian Epstein, scared beyond words behind his well-groomed facade, will stay with me longer than any other evocation of this quintessential impresario of the '60s.

Unlike some of the other Beatlestuff around, *The Love You Save* is not a story of heroes and villains and caricatures: it quietly and simply humanises The Beatles. Wonder what the opening bid will be for the movie rights?

Charles Shaar Murray

JOHN LENNON — IN MY LIFE
by Pete Shotton and Nicholas Schaffner (Coronet, £5.95)

IN MY LIFE is an unpretentious memoir of Lennon by his boyhood buddy Pete Shotton, co-written with American author Nicholas Schaffner.

Although so much of the book amounts to a routine re-telling of the Beatle legend, a story worn thin now by sheer repetition, Shotton's account offers some intimate impressions of Lennon—especially from childhood when his associations with Shotton were closer. The portrait that emerges is affectionate, without too much sentimentality, and just sufficiently indiscreet to be interesting.

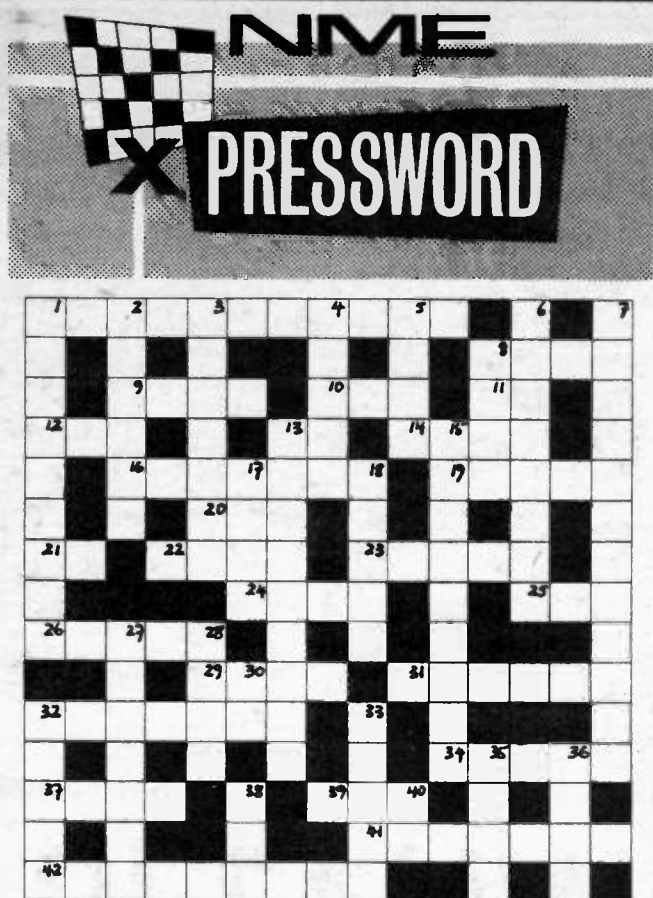
Essentially, it's a book of

anecdotes, from schoolboy scrapes to more harrowing stories of a man casting round for some sanity in the middle of bewilderment. Apart from a short spell working for the shambolic Apple organization, Shotton preserved his status of confidante by virtue of leading a life unconnected with Beatle business—his company offered Lennon some fleeting escape, some link with a simpler, pre-public past.

The arrival of Yoko meant the end of Lennon's dependence on colleagues and cronies, and Shotton's reminiscences do tail off from that point. Frustratingly, the middle-aged Lennon, the man who met the killer's bullet, remains almost unknown.

Paul Du Noyer

Adrians VIDEO



Compiled by Michelle Noach

CLUES DOWN

1. The man behind foetal collapse (5-4)
2. The words and not the music (6)
3. +16 Across. Kerr and pals take a stroll down the aisle (2-2-3-7)
4. Double-barrel lady who told some guy to move out today, but not today (5)
5. Between California and Everything, as the DKs see it (4)
6. The Revillos set a time to meet The Jam in the underground (8)
7. Knox drops from the heavens, speeding away (6-6)
8. Put your finger in nine to get Haines' dolphinarium (4)
13. Hey! You Chevaliers! Gissa drink! (9)
15. +21 Across. In which the terrible, nay terrifying twins get a touch of the heliums (3-4-2-2)
17. Seething but singular (4)
18. Infamous Rouge crew, also not even infamous German band (5)
27. Someday a good single, but not this one. They're not filling it (3-4)
28. Van's Belfast boys, reasonably nameless (4)
30. Who's on Blondie's E? (2)
32. +37 Across. The Pale Watery Ones don't want your love to do anything violent (5-1-3)
33. Philip, known mostly for his *Koyaanisqatsi* score, and the famous heart of (5)
35. Cale's partner in Underground dealings in the days when loaded meant loaded (4)
36. Once you get to this stage you just repeat what you did before, technically. Eh, Led? (4)
38. Flowery dustmen reckon freaks freaks do this wildly at discos (3)
40. Trio means saying it three times (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Learning To Crawl, 9. ABC, 11. Fever, 12. Tin Huey, 13. Tyla (Gang), 14 + 36A. Sun Arise, 15. Glyn Johns, 18. Evasions, 19. Identity, 22. Air, 23. Time, 25. Berry Gordy, 29. Wu, 30. Part Of The Union, 31. Gori, 32 + 6D. Richard Coughlan, 34. Lied, 38. Leeds.

DOWN: 1. Life's A Riot, 2. Alvin Lee, 3. No Regrets, 4. Nutty, 5. Tony Joe, 7 + 20D. Any Trouble, 8. Lazy Sunday, 10. Clash, 16. Sallor, 17 + 32A. Street Fighting Man, 21. Free, 24. Miracles, 26. Gentle, 27. Dangling, 28. Nolans, 30. Purple, 33. Deaf, 34. Long, 35. Dan I, 37. Eva.

CLUES ACROSS

1. More walking-on-water-type feats from this false pearl society (7,4)
8. Perversely avid audiences see French thriller (4)
9. See 20 Across
10. Right down Carmel's street, regretfully (3)
11. Fashion mag, one-time project of 8 Down (1-1)
12. Bailey's postcode book of piccies (1-1-1)
13. Derek, once scoring (ugh!) top marks (2)
14. *Paper Moon* Tatum's daddy, screenwise (4)
16. See 3 Down
19. And Popeye's lady, cartoonwise (5)
20. +9 Across. This is where you get the Weekend view. (3-4)
21. See 15 Down
22. Feeling the fear is splendid, in the past (4)
23. Weller lights the Paris fire with an old magazine (5)
24. Her lucky number's come and gone (4)
25. Once for a drum, twice to kiss me (3)
26. Just how long do you get in Tunisia? (5)
29. Alarming just how many people will do this when the storm breaks (4)
31. And Depeche Mode will always be Depeche Mode, such is life (6)
32. What Diana Ross is/was (7)
34. Upstairs is the place to be at this chappie's house (5)
37. See 32 Down
39. Gag Ted? Just a phase I'm going through (3)
41. She can't sing but her voice is king (4-3)
42. Screen meals for ZZ Top (1-1-7)



Alternative Clothing

Free Catalogue

Innovation Centre

Guildhall Road

Queens Gardens

Hull HU1 1HJ

Tel: (0482) 226348

Trade Enquiries Welcome

FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING RING

01-261 6172

NOIZE ROCK FASHION SHOP

(Special Offer)
With This Ad Only
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL SALES OVER £3.00
offer ends April 30th 1984
GREAT RANGES OF ROCK CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES
come now and see what we have for you.
Send for NEW catalogue, include S.A.E.
NOIZE, (DEPT N.O. B12)
95 Charing Cross Rd, London WC2
Closest Tube: Tottenham Court Rd or Leicester Sq
Near Cambridge Circus, between Cambridge pub & Lots of Fun Arcade.
Open Monday - Saturday 10.30am - 6.30pm
Sunday 2pm - 7pm



CHRIS WEARS A 'CAVERN' JEANSUIT

IN QUALITY WHITE COTTON DRILL

ALSO IN BLACK AND RED (JUST ARRIVED - PEBBLE WASHED HEAVY DENIM)

JEAN JACKET £16.99

SKINLINE JEANS £12.99

HIP HUGGING WESTERN STYLE

RED BLUE PRINTING ON WHITE SWEATSHIRT

'TARGET' FLEECEBACKED SWEATSHIRTS £7.99

(ALSO IN RED/BLUE BOLD 2" STRIPES)

WHITE T-SHIRTS IN STRIPES AND TARGET £3.50

WE ALL WEAR SHELLEY'S SHOES!

EXCITING KNITWEAR

EXCLUSIVE TO THE CAVERN

WHITE VERTICAL STRIPED CREWNECKS

ROBERT RECKONS ITS A WINNER!

WHITE BODY-STRIPES IN RED AND BLUE/NAVY

BODY-STRIPES IN RED AND WHITE

JUST £11.99

ALSO STOCKED AS A BUTTON CARDIGAN

'BRUCE' SKINLINE HIPSTERS

THE BEST FITTING 'EVERPRESS' TROUSER MADE!

£15.00 (AS SUPPLIED TO BRUCE FOXTON)

SUPERB SUITS JUST £39.99

JACKETS £22.99

TROUSERS £15.00

CUT FROM OUR ORIGINAL 1960'S PATTERNS

3 BUTTON - JETTED-FLAP POCKETS

CLOSED BACK - SLIM SHORT LAPEL

£19.99

ALSO IN TERYLENE/ WOOL £49.99

ALL COLOURS

AND MOHAIR BLEND £55

IN BLUE GREY AND SILVER ONLY

(AS WE MADE FOR THE 'JAM')

EXTRA HIGH 'ACRYLIC' WASHABLE ROLLNECKS, WHITE, SILVER AND BLACK

£8.99

JACKET SIZES FROM 30" to 44" CHEST

TROUSERS FROM 24" to 36" WAIST

KNITWEAR SIZES FROM 34" to 44" CHEST

TROUSER AND SUIT COLOURS: BLACK, SILVER, CHARCOAL GREY, NAVY, AIR FORCE BLUE, WINE, DOGTOOTH and PRINCE OF WALES.

Send stamped addressed envelope (SAE) for latest summer catalogue.

WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

MOST ITEMS DESPATCHED BY RETURN

PHONE YOUR ACCESS/VISA OR C.O.D. ORDERS

FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION ON OUR FASTLINE NUMBER 01-437 0254

PLEASE ADD £1 PER ITEM FOR P.P. STATE YOUR SIZE, ARTICLE, COLOUR. POSTAL ORDER/CHEQUE TO:

NME 1

THE CAVERN

22 FOUBERTS PLACE, OFF CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1HH.

THE EUROPEAN SON



MONROE 4 COLOUR FULL PRINT ON USA T-SHIRT. SML £4.95 inc P&P

Cheques & P/O's made payable to
THE EUROPEAN SON
121 Far Gosford St
Coventry
Tel (0203) 552774

CAGE

(DEPT NME)
181 PORTOBELLO RD., W10
Tel: 01-229 3684

WHOLESALE



RETAIL

Double-Sided Spider T-Shirt £4.99
2 Row Studied Belt £5.99
P.V.C. Cap £9.99
All items S.M./Large.
Add 50p P.P. Delivery 7-21 Days.
Send Large S.A.E. For Catalogue.
NME Holders Phone Direct.

T-SHIRTS MAIL ORDER

LARGE SCREEN PRINTED MULTI-COLOURED DESIGNS ON TOP QUALITY T-SHIRTS (not inferior transfers)



PRICE £4.50 + 50p P&P (Overseas - Europe £1.10. International £2.00 P&P)

TO ORDER (1) State Design(s) Wanted (2) Size required S/M/L

(3) Send Chq/P.O. Cash to: Alternates, Jet Lag Alternates, 1 Stornoway, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. (NME1)

Free Brochure with each order or on request with S.A.E.

POSTER'S & PHOTO'S

1000'S IN STOCK
SEND JUST 50P FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO LESLEY PROMOTIONS, 162 UNION STREET, LONDON SE1 0LH (DEPT NME) OVERSEAS ORDERS WELCOME.

DRAINPIPES

in Blackdrill Cotton

£7.99 + £1.01

All sizes men's 24" to 44" waist

girls 30" to 50" hips

Send stamp for list of Punk gear

Cheques or postal orders to

KANDA FASHIONS (N)

4 KNAPPS LANE, FISHPONDS

TRADING ESTATE, BRISTOL BS5 7UO

we'll be the first ones.
is the new single from
T.W.E.L.V.E
DRUMMERS
DRUMMING



NEW LABEL
NEW BANDS
NEW MUSIC
OUT NOW!
PLEASURE RECORDS PLZL 841

Have You Got! The MARK

SEND S.A.E. FOR OUR ALTERNATIVE CLOTHING CATALOGUE



ALL PRICES INCL. P & P ONLY OVERSEAS ADD 10% OF ORDER VALUE.

SEND CHEQUES OR POSTAL ORDERS TO

MARK LORD PROMOTIONS

AIRFIELD INDUSTRIAL ESTATE

WELLESBOURNE

WARWICK CV35 9JJ

TEL 0789 841677/8

WHOLESALE - EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOME

GASBAG

EDITING READERS' LETTERS IS AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

FOR PENNY REEL. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO GASBAG NME,

5-7 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PG.

Some months before Christmas there happened an occurrence which I feel should go down in television history. While watching an episode of *Coronation Street*, I noticed present at the stag do of Edward Yates an actor called Jack Smethurst. TV buffs will note that Smethurst is probably best known for his portrayal of the racist Eddie Booth in the ITV sitcom *Love Thy Neighbour*. In the street, however, he took the part of a binman friend of Yates', who acted as best man at Eddie's wedding.

During the stag night Smethurst was seen asking Yates "What'll it be Eddie?" To which Yates replied "I'll 'ave a half." This, it should be noted, was the catchphrase of Jacko, Eddie Booth's drinking companion in *Love Thy Neighbour*. Am I not right in saying that Yates is a renowned pint drinker and has rarely, if ever, been seen downing a half in the Rovers (except perhaps during the Newton & Ridley strike of 1979)? The inclusion of the line "I'll 'ave a half" was not a legitimate piece of dialogue at all, but was in fact a direct reference to Smethurst's previous acting career. This is in total contradiction to the producers' policy of not referring to the personal lives of the cast of *Coronation Street*, and is an incident which should not go unnoticed.

Kenneth McCabe, Hazeldean Terrace, Edinburgh.

Yes and you can bet the cast of *Coronation Street* will be staking an interest in Pat Phoenix's maiden Ahona next time the two year old runs — PR.

David Quantick in an embarrassingly superficial appraisal of Brendan Behan sees fit to remind us of Behan's statement that the foundation of Protestantism was "the bollocks of Henry VIII". I believe if Martin Luther or John Calvin were around today they might want to take issue with that view.

Quantick also seems to be expressing some kind of sympathy for the bigotry of Catholic nationalism in Ireland by drawing attention to Behan's epigram. What's he up to? Michael Sweeney, Canterbury, Kent.

David Quantick's special on Behan was a real shot in the arm for your increasingly stale mag, but as for Kevin Rowland and his Dexys' interest in the spirit of Brendan Behan! To me their music seems more inspired by the strings of the Radio 2 Big Band.

Those in search of a real flavour of the spirit of Behan should investigate some early Dubliners, especially 'Finegan Wakes', a 1966 live recording with Ronnie Drew and the lads holding back no punches in real Behan style. JPB, Kilmarnock.

For me Paolo Hewitt's reply to Ger, Galway summed up British attitudes to N Ireland. Paolo wouldn't comment on it, brushing it away as a complex issue. Yeah Paolo and so is music which you also don't comment on. The British media neither knows nor wants to know fuck all about N Ireland. The Harrods bombing was inexcusable but it pales in comparison with the British secret service inspired Dublin bombings in which 23 died. 1975 was the year.

Julie Burchill said we Irish go out of our way to give Britain a bad name. Julie we don't have to. Britain's glorious colonial record and that of Mrs Thatcher's speaks most eloquently for itself. But then the Brit: sh left always did have problems over Ireland and as Marx said you'll not liberate mainland Britain until Ireland is

out of the way.

Make no mistake, if you support present British policy you support repression and discrimination on a sectarian basis. Thank God (or Marx) I don't live in N Ireland. I would face discrimination daily, be harassed continuously by either the UDR, RUC or British army. I would probably have been lifted, beaten up and maybe tortured. Not only that but I would have to suffer the indignity and humiliation of watching Mrs T and Prince Philip hobnobbing with murderers at Drogheda barracks.

Are you awake? Do you care? You mouth liberal platitudes but I don't think any of you give a monkey's. Howsabout interviewing Gerry Adams or Donny Morrison or even Andy Tyrrie. Anyway death to all sectarian bigots and fascists everywhere. Michael Keane, Co Mayo, Republic of Ireland.

Seems that when American "subversives" Millions of Dead Cops aren't hanging out with Amsterdam punkettes they're trying to get into Britain. An abortive attempt at Gatwick last December got them strip-searched, seven-hour interrogations and a "no admittance" stamp in their passports. Last month they tried again, travelling separately, return tickets, £50 in cash, no equipment — the immigration officers at ports all along the English coastline got very excited by the Gatwick no admittance stamps. When John took the ferry to Sheerness he was met by a Mr Kill. "There's too many people like you getting in," said Mr Kill. "OK I'm a fascist. Sieg Heil." Still, judging by what I've seen of the boys, Britain ain't missing much. Tulip, Oude Doelen Straat, Amsterdam.

We are researching a possible article on the mistreatment of alleged shoplifters at the hands of security staff and shop detectives. It has come to our attention that several West End stores operate a policy of physical harassment and assault against alleged shoplifters and that a significantly large proportion of those assaulted are black. We feel very strongly that this situation should be brought to public attention and would be grateful if you would publish the enclosed letter asking for victims to come forward. Telephone: 01-998 3789 or 01-340 1226 (after 6pm). Rod Lyons and Gary Bryson, London.

The Linton Kwesi Johnson interview was very good but it is obvious that Johnson is misconceived about Benjamin Zephaniah's authenticity. I have seen Zephaniah twice and each time he managed to motivate a predominantly Big Countryish audience to appreciate and understand his poetry. I suggest that LKJ sees Zephaniah live and then he may change his views. A Black, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

'Tis somewhat strange for Garry Johnson to describe Linton Kwesi Johnson as bigoted. The Plaistow poet has obviously acquired his romantic view of Oi from the amazingly condescending G Bushell. Oi music and the majority of its followers is/are thinly disguised fascists. The very fact that a group call themselves Prole shows their contempt of the working class.

Proof positive that Garry Johnson is divorced from the working class is that he uses words like street sussed and militant entertainment benefit and also that he reckoned Rod



Stewart's 'Body Wishes' one of the best LPs of last year.

I just feel sorry for Linton having to share the same surname with that mutant. Jon Carr, Louth, Lincs.

The article on video nasties by Cynthia Rose was great. I agreed with every word of it. It's about time that someone in public came out solidly against Graham Bright's bill to outlaw nasties. Regulating what adults may watch in their own homes to protect children is a totally ridiculous and ineffective move. Children may no longer be able to watch nasties like *Driller Killer* but some will still be able to gain access to equally adult films like *Sudden Impact* or *Last Tango In Paris*. Bright may be sincere in his intention to protect children but most of his supporters' primary concern is to impose their moral standards on the general public. Graham Chalmers, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire.

While I agree that the proposed Graham Bright video Bill is hysterical and reactionary in its blanket censorship of medical, educational and feminist films, I feel it is wrong to dismiss some sort of video censorship wholesale. No one (with the exception of the government, it seems) would dispute the right of over 18s to watch "certificate 18" films, such as *The Evil Dead*, the problem is that these films are watched by a significant number of children, many of them very young. The aim of the Bill is to prevent these gaining access to such videos.

True, this does remove the right of over 18s to watch these films on video, but surely this is a small sacrifice to make in order to protect young and impressionable children, especially as many of the videos facing the censors are on general release all over the UK.

If it were not for the video retailers and parents who allow (or perhaps more appropriately fail to prevent) children from

watching these videos, there would be no need to pass such an Act. I feel that your unqualified criticism of any government video censorship is unjustified. Andi, Moseley Road, Manchester.

With reference to the snip in this week's sheet concerning the bad ass wailing in some quarters of the disc biz with all them exec meatheads calling for a taxeronomie on blank ribbons. I've got a dime's worth of complaints in my hip pocket here and I'd be grateful for a little space in the temple to do a little zombie screeching of me own.

Until four years ago I was a jiving wax cat myself. Then due to situations I had to unload the stuff on my friendly neighbourhood collectors store, mainly 'cause I'd just been shunted onto the welfare list and moola was a bit tight. Now I've got a little folding in my wallet I've decided to go over to tape and put the priceless bones of my music library back together again.

I'm an upright dude. I actually like shelling out for pre-recorded cassettes with a proper inlay card and all the publishing info. So what do you know! I go down to my local disco bar and, surprise, half the catalogue ain't even available on tape. So until you suckbags in the boardroom start living in the modern world, I for one is just gonna go on buying, hiring and borrowing discs to record at home.

This last bit is for all the lemons at WEA. Why on the one hand have the sense to re-release some of your classics and then make some available on tape and record and others not? Like why can I get a tape and disc of Ry Cooder's first album and 'Otis Blue' but only a record of 'Marble Index' and 'Forever Changes'? Or why is the Doors' first album available in both mediums but 'Strange Days' not?

Believe me kittens, just ask your record shop assistant for a peek at the current *Music Master* next time you're in. The list runs to thousands of titles that ain't

available on cassette. A Bootleg Bop Cat.

So the music industry yet again shows its stupidity regarding its campaign to force a levy on blank tapes.

Surely the answer lies in the recent practice of putting additional tracks on album cassettes and making them a more attractive purchase than records. I bought the cassette of 'The Crossing' simply because there are four extra tracks on it. It is a chromium dioxide tape so the sound quality is equal to the record.

What it boils down to is that the industry is, as usual, out of touch with what the public wants, and is looking for a scapegoat. At the moment they are blaming home taping, and when they have finally put blank tape manufacturers out of business by forcing their product to be unaffordable, who then will they blame, because the real problem will still be there? Lee J Gillett, Ely, Cambs.

Did Penny Reel write a review around a headline which he considered witty? Scott Heron of the Antarctic. Ha.

Whatever the shortcomings of the Brixton Academy it really doesn't matter, Scott Heron was there and uplifting. An antidote very welcome thank you to the Thompson Twins and the rest of the mob. I left at the end with cold feet and a warm heart. Maybe Penny Reel should just be assigned to review nice bands like Spandau Ballet or videos. Feet up on the fire, warm, fat and festering, settle for an easy life and maybe do 'rock reviews' for the *Guardian* when you're 35. Reely Dreadfully Pissed Off, Camden Town.

I did not write that headline. I won't see 35 again but an offer from the *Guardian* remains unforthcoming. As long as people like you are content to suffer shabby unheated venues and belligerent security, promoters will take advantage of the fact — PR.

Re your piece on Cliff and the Shadows' reunion concerts in Birmingham and Wembley, concerning the "unreasonable" method of making tickets available.

May we take this opportunity to point out that the week before the first public announcement in the *Sunday Mirror* on February 12, we sent the dates to our members instructing them how to obtain priority tickets (as did all CR regional fan clubs in the UK). Surely no one can think it unfair the real fans were allocated first choice.

The demand for Cliff tickets in recent years has rocketed so much that we have, on every tour without fail, members who still can't obtain seats. If postal bookings only are accepted theatres are swamped with applications, causing many weeks' backlog. If tickets go on sale on a given date queues form days in advance.

So far from the *Sunday Mirror* ad being inadequate, the response it brought from the general public was, as ever, far in excess of venue capacities. Do you not think it would have been rather pointless to take advertising space in every possible publication knowing full well demand could not be coped with?

Jackie and Sue, The Cliff Richard Fan Club of Merseyside & Cheshire, Walton, Liverpool.

Whilst I can agree that the part I adopted for compere at the part 1 New Variety 32 Live London Borough Touring Show (a left wing Labour MP trying to compere a cultural event) was misleading and confusing to the audience, I do however resent being called a berk, which incidentally originates from Cockney rhyming slang for 'Berkshire Hunt'. As for the suggestion that I am too old for this work at 42 I can only say that I stand on my record as a socialist theatre activist, innovator and instigator of the show your brattish reviewer attended. Your sometimes readable paper shouldn't allow paternalistic posers to get out of their journalistic depths and insult people that don't look or think (?) like them.

Roland Muldoon, Cast Presentations, London, NW1.

Julie Burchill seems to think that a soaring emotional song is atypical of the Revillos. However, the Revs have included such songs in their repertoire since at least 1980 — so the Revillos doing a Revillos type single is no more unusual than Jackson Browne recording a Jackson Browne type song, or Billy Joel singing a Billy Joel type song, or Julie Burchill writing a Julie Burchill type review. Matt Mason, Whitstable, Kent.

In this time of numbing musical mediocrity the media is quick to pounce on anything different, to build it up and break it down, ultimately squeezing it into a mediocre mould.

Such may be the case with Carmel. May I suggest enjoying what they have to offer rather than making copy of their shortcomings?

I can only assume that the arrogant and unreadable dross Ian Penman produced instead of a review of 'The Drum Is Everything' was the result of a broken typewriter. He should read the *Sounds* review of the same to learn balanced and intelligent critique.

Jason Brockwell, Windsor, Berks.

Did Richard Cook like the Style Council album or did he just draw the shortest straw when it came to choosing the reviewers? Pete Telford, Harrogate, Nr Yorks.

T-ZERS

HARE, HARE! Krishna, Krishna! "Who wants an 'Up Against The Wall, George Harrison' button badge?" "All we are saying, is give Pete a glance..." Your starter for ten, a new set of ankle bells and a used Lily Tomlin record—is the following T-Zer True or Not True? Annie Lennox has married a West German Hare Krishna devotee, Radha Raman—according to the religious cult. But she denies it...

From the sten guns in Knightsbridge to this? Latest news of Joe 'Bonkers' Strummer concerns the Clashman's latest business venture: The New York grapevine is currently buzzing with stories of Joe's plans to begin marketing futons—collapsible wooden beds for the brown rice and Annie Lennox brigade—with a range of camouflage patterned covers. The story brought a swift and incredulous denial from the Clash office in London...

Re: the T-Zer featured a thousand dots ago claiming that The Gymslips have split up, dot, dot, dot, their manager has written to claim that this was a vile rumour spreade moste horridley by the old members after they were replaced. Founder and guitarist Paula Richards is at present working with three new members. In a couple of weeks the new line up will be going into a studio with ex-Mott The Hoople's Buffin and Overend Watts to record some demos at the expense of a major record company. Thankfully, girls, their grubby 'renee' image and sound has been defumigated leaving us with something 'rockier' and certainly more 'attractive'...

Congratulations to Mal of Cabaret Voltaire for spraying honorary member of the Hair Bear Bunch, Amrik Rai, with shaving foam at the Chakk/Hula event/performance at Sheffield's Leadmill. Amrik was wearing a particularly revolting home-made item, slashed at the armpits to reveal the body hair that made him an honorary member of The Au Pairs. Shaving foam? Try a blow torch next time, Mal...

Fun-loving scousers get an overdue entertainment rebate next week with the start of two new nightlife events. For people who work shifts or have young children and don't have time to hang around clubs 'til midnight waiting for a whimsical band to appear, the 'Early Evening Music Show' is here to cut down the hazard of late-night transport turning into pumpkins. From the foyer bar at the Everyman Theatre, Hope St, live music will flow each Monday for a mere £1 per human nit. Local band Waving At Trains begin the venture on 9 April. For the more image-conscious future Wednesdays, starting 11 April, bring your 'Nightclubbin'—the latest in a series of nightly themes to be adopted by McMillans of Concert St. McMillans is already the home of the notorious Planet X (Batcave-type bodies, slit throats, porn videos and David Dundas 45s) and has experimented temporarily with other concepts like the dub'n' reggae 'Operation Radiation'. Nightclubbin' will be "exclusively Bowle" and will cost just 50 pee to members. Membership free on opening night...

WE KNEW it all along: Henry 'The Fonz' Winkler is now producing the film of *The Preppy Handbook*... and Ian Penman prediction comes true, shock, horror, bozo! The first sighting of a Torvill & Dean wedding cake for real occurred last week—in a South London bakery, two days after Gypsy Rose Penman translated the vision from the original tealeaves



Further disaster strikes the Street! As part of what a Granada TV spokesman described as "dragging the nation's most well-loved show kicking and screaming into the 1970s," Freddie Mercury takes over the rôle of barmaid Bet Lynch! Fans of Julie Goodyear will be relieved to know that she will be seen in future episodes as Albert Tatlock...

Walt Disney have just announced they will re-make *The Wizard of Oz* "for release in the summer of '85", featuring a very young Dorothy (no, Liza, down girl!...)

Weeny bopping ex-teacher String is currently being Dr Frankenstein in Franc *Quadruphenia* Roddam's new film... and the only film to have been effectively charged on video under Section two of the Obscene Publications Act, Sam Raimi's *The Evil Dead*, re-opens at the Gate Cinema, Bloomsbury on 6 April...

VIEWERS OF the new pop prog Ear Say will have been first on their block with the latest dance craze The Orangutang as showcased by splendid housewife superstar, Sandie Shaw. Miming to her new single 'Hand In Glove', Sandie gave the dance a vigorous

premier, obviously exhilarated by her now being able to afford a pair of shoes. Critics have especially acclaimed the dance's finale, subtitled 'The End Of My Tether', in which the performer stamps with both feet on some imaginary household object which refuses to function...

Still with shoes: Carl Perkin's Blue Suede ones have been purchased by *Saturday Night Live/Trading Places* comedian, Dan Ackroyd, for the New York edition of London's Hard Rock Cafe: he's hanging them over the 'guitar bar' inside...

There've been EXPLOSIVE rumours that Andy from Sisters Of Mercy is currently in Rio/New York/San Fernando. We have to drain life of some of its glamour by revealing that the self-styled Jimbo Morrison is sitting in his front room in Village Place, Leeds wearing a cowboy hat and dark glasses. He does, however, still believe he is American. Phew, crazy guy, trout,

mask, bozo, etc...

Robert Elms surrendered a couple more pearls during an interview on LBC's Brian Hayes show. He'd deduced that work is an out-dated institution and that Britain is the first country to recognise this. So, Rob, what top rate activities can our youngsters enjoy as a positive alternative to this 'work' business? "Oh, playing squash, sitting in the park..." Elms also reminded us of his contribution to society which he submits by way of "just being a particularly nice person". Bob—don't ever think we don't appreciate it, babe...

The great Derek Chinnery of Radio One sent an open letter to *Music Week* last week expressing concern over the 7" version of Alexei Sayle's "Ullo, John! The 12" has, of course, been banned because it boasts a "string of foul-mouthed obscenities", but now Chinnery has decided that the Beeb play a part in marketing the whole product, fe in playing the 7" it draws attention to the despicable 12", although the latter bears stickers to warn off the faint-hearted. How long before Chinnery starts getting uppity about Thompson Twins records because one of them is once rumoured to have articulated the word "bum"...

AFTER THIS Wednesday's last night of the old Batcave, the club will move to the Cellar Bar at Charing Cross arches. The Batcave will have a new look to it, as well as being only half the size of the original venue. Sorry, kids, looks like all those big hairdos will have to surrender to the hedge-trimmer or we won't all be able to fit inside, eh?

One for the oldies. The Kingsnakes play the Hope & Anchor this Friday. Their last appearance was strangely under-attended but when y'awl hear that not only do most of the members come from the continent and one of them used to be the drummer in The Flamin' Groovies, you'll drop your basket-making and be there...

Congratulations to super illustrator Ian Wright and his wife Gill who relieved the stork of a baby daughter, Connie, on 28 March...

Highlight of the new Channel 4 series *Play At Home's New Order* special is indeed that most celebrated interview by N.O.'s Gillian with a bath-bound Tony Wilson. As the bubble bath bursts around Wilson's noble member, Tone casually gropes for cover. The camera however seems more interested in concentrating

on the Wilson foot as it grows more and more crinkly. The interview culminates with Gillian's bid for the Miss Wet Frock Award '84 when she climbs into the bath wearing a flimsy white number...

Zang Tum Tum impresario Poor More-Lee is having to keep negotiations with prospective signings to the anarcho-capitalist label secret. "Every time the majors hear who I'm talking to they come round with vast sums of money, trying to grab them," he told a T-Zer...

Special person Jerry Dammers, noted cringing at The Wag Club last week when his 'Nelson Mandela' platter was spun, ruminates on the quality of the single: "You can't dance to it—it sounds good on the radio though..."

Slade have pulled out of the US Ozzie Osbourne tour after only one date because bass player Jim Lea has got hepatitis...

Hiatus on *Saturday Superstore*. Young sprog Trevor from Broadstairs rang up to speak to Matt 'Cinzano' Bianco. "And what do you want to say to Matt?" gushed Mike Reed. "You're a wanker," quoth young Trevor. Cue much embarrassment and Mike Reed claiming this eminently sensible appraisal of the Bianco-person was "a silly call"...

Punk rock hairdresser combo The Redskins have NOT signed to Go Discs. The corporation presently talking to The Redskins with regards to their bank balance is somewhat larger and a mite nearer Detroit than Shepherds Bush...

Albert Tatlock may have left us but fret not—the Thrills is back! After a mere four months in the employ of the big, bad, capitalistic music industry, Adrian Thrills has decided to come back to his Carnaby Street lair in a desperate attempt to regain some 'Street' (not *Coronation*) credibility. After test-driving the rôle of A&R man at WEA records, Thrills recently ended weeks of speculation by handing in a written transfer request. With Tottenham Hotspur also among the front-runners for his signature as last week's transfer deadline approached, the dynamic Thrills—swayed perhaps by the NME offer of an extra 50p a month in LVs, a new typewriter ribbon plus a year's membership of the Boy George fan club—opted to sweep away the cobwebs from his old desk on the third floor. Spurs manager Keith Burkinshaw, meanwhile, was rumoured to be so disappointed that he'd resigned by Monday afternoon. As for Thrills, we wish him well. Now can we have our goodbye present back?...

note oilskin base

lowry



the lone groover

benyon



EDITORIAL

3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR

Neil Spencer

DEPUTY EDITOR

Tony Stewart

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Paul Du Noyer

NEWS EDITOR

Derek Johnson

PRODUCTION EDITOR

Jo Isotta

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Andy Gill (Films/TV)

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR

Roy Carr

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Charles Shaar Murray

STAFF

Gavin Martin
Graham Lock
Paolo Hewitt
Don Watson
Barney Hoskyns

ART EDITOR

Andy Martin

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

CONTRIBUTORS

Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Adrian Thrills
Paul Morley
Danny Baker
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Lloyd Bradley
Ian Wright
Amrik Rai
Kristine McKenna
David Dorrell
Mat Snow

CARTOONS

Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

NEW YORK

Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

RESEARCH

Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY

Karen Walter

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT

Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS

AD MANAGER

David Flavell
(01) 261 6251

CLASSIFIED ADS

(01) 261 6122

LIVE ADS

(01) 261 6153

AD PRODUCTION

Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: David Curtis

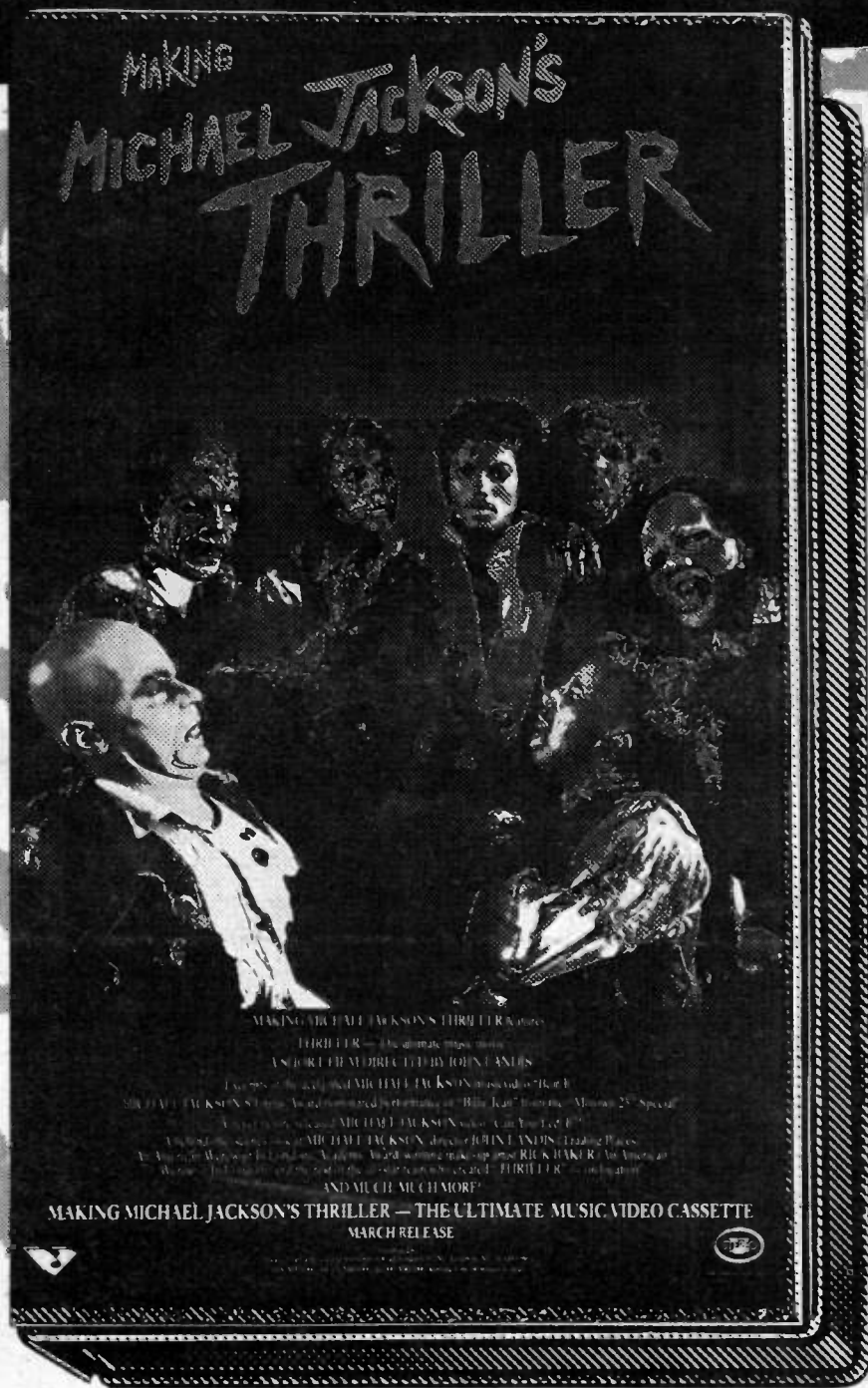
IPC Magazines Ltd.
Production of any material without
permission is strictly forbidden.

APRIL
ZIGZAG
ON SALE NOW

FEATURING:
THE CLASH
General Public
Killing Joke
Dead or Alive
Ligotage



See how Michael Jackson made 'Thriller' for only 14.99.



Music Video only 14.99.

Offer ends Saturday 7th April 1984.

We've made Michael Jackson No. 1 in our Music Video Chart and cut pounds off everything else in our Top 20.

Pounds off our Top 20 Music Videos.

Michael Jackson			
Making Michael Jackson's Thriller	14.99	Meatloaf Live	17.99
Bauhaus Shadow Of Light	17.99	Queen Greatest Flix	17.99
David Bowie Ziggy Stardust		Cliff Richard The Video Connection	17.99
& The Spiders From Mars	26.99	Rush Exit Stage Left	17.99
David Bowie Video EP	8.99	Siouxsie & The Banshees	
Kate Bush The Single File	17.99	Nocturne	17.99
Phil Collins Live At Perkins Palace	17.99	Style Council	
Dire Straits Alchemy	17.99	What We Did On Our Holidays	9.99
Duran Duran Duran Duran	17.99	Various	
The Jam Video Snap	17.99	Now That's What I Call Music Video	17.99
Elton John The Video Singles	9.99	Various	
Madness Complete Madness	17.99	Now That's What I Call Music Video - 2	17.99
		Whitesnake Live	17.99

