

Aus 90c Dn Kr1 .50 F/N 11.00 Ger Dm 5.30
Sph 250pts Malaysia \$2.75 New Zealand 90c

12 January 1985

45p

US \$1.95 (by air)

ISSN 0028 6362

NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

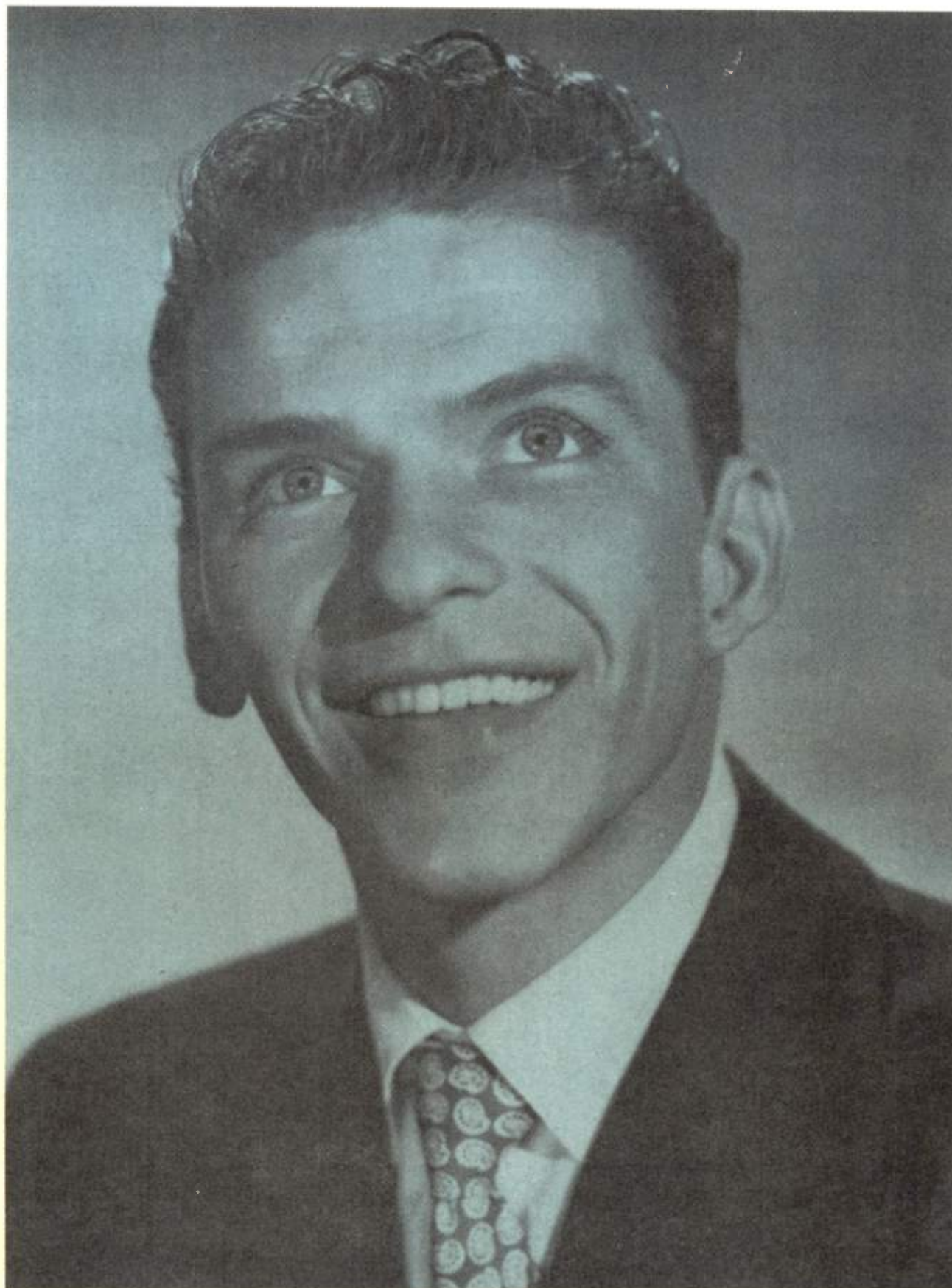
VOICES FROM ABOVE

From Frank Sinatra to Ian Curtis

24 singers to soothe your soul

By Barney Hoskyns

Tonsils you can trust



LOU REED

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

GRAB GRAB THE HADDOCK

MINERS! FRONT LINE DESPATCHES PART 2



LEPPARD DRUMMER IMPROVES

Def Leppard drummer Rick Allen, who was involved in a road crash on New Year's Eve, was still seriously ill in Sheffield's Royal Hallamshire Hospital at the weekend, although he is now out of intensive care, surgeons had to amputate his arm last Friday having previously reattached it when it was severed in the accident.

The crash occurred in the early hours of the morning, when Allen's Corvette Stingray hit a wall in Rivelin Road, Sheffield, after failing to take a bend. Allen was thrown from the car, his left arm completely severed just below the shoulder, while his Dutch fiancée, Mirium Barendsen, remained trapped in the vehicle, suffering some facial injuries.

Ambulance men rushed to the scene and, after recovering the severed arm, took Allen to hospital where Mr Robert Page, the Royal Hallamshire's microvascular surgeon, reattached the limb in a ten-hour operation. Later in the week, however, the upper arm became infected and amputation proved necessary. The hospital issued a statement claiming that, while Allen was still extremely ill, his condition had stabilised and there were signs of improvement, even though it would be some time before the success of the operation could be fully determined.

A spokesman for Def Leppard's record company, Phonogram, said on Monday that, it was "too early to comment on Rick's playing future. The band are obviously desperately upset." But the drum tracks for their new LP had been completed before the tragedy.

Since the accident, the Royal Hallamshire has been inundated with hundreds of telephone calls, telegrams, get-well cards and letters, many from the USA, where Def Leppard—Grammy Award winners last year with their 'Pyromania' album—are regarded as superstars.

Accordingly, the band's management have requested that all further enquiries or letters from well-wishers should be addressed to Rick Allen, 89 Faltergate, Chesterfield, F40 1JS, thus relieving the pressure on the already overworked hospital staff.

BRITAIN TO GET PHUCKED

MILLIE JACKSON is shortly to play a number of British dates. The singer, who will be bringing in her own 12-piece band, has already confirmed club dates at

Watford Bailey's (25-30 March), Birmingham Night Out (1-6 April) plus Camberley Lakeside (8-14 April) while a number of other gigs are still being set.

Jackson, whose major gigs in the US have been picketed by Black Nationalist anti-apartheid groups since her visit to South Africa a few years

ago, recently visited the United Nations to meet Oumarou Youssoufou, director of the Organization Of African Unity, plus Ghanian ambassador James Victor Gbeho. As a result, Jackson stated that she would not return to South Africa and would also be willing to take part in any benefit

concert that would provide aid for South African blacks.

Channel 4 TV will be screening *The Complete Millie Jackson* late night on 19 January. This is a film of the singer's concert at the London Dominion, which took place last February, and includes the infamous 'Phuck U Symphony'.

SMITHS UK TOUR

THE SMITHS have completed their new album—reportedly called 'Meat Is Murder'—and have announced a 24 date tour of the UK that commences at Chippenham Goldiggers

on Wednesday 27 February.

Then follow dates at Guildford Civic Hall (28), London Brixton Academy (1 March), Portsmouth Guildhall (3), Reading Hexagon (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), Brighton Dome (7), Margate Winter Gardens (8), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (10), Ipswich Gaumont (11), Nottingham Royal Centre (12), Hanley Victoria Hall (16), Birmingham Hippodrome (17), Oxford Apollo (18),

Sheffield City Hall (22), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Liverpool Royal Court (27), Bradford St George's Hall (28), Northampton Derngate (29), Manchester Palace (31), Leicester De Montfort Hall (1 April), Bristol Hippodrome (4), and London Royal Albert Hall (6).

Support act at all shows will be James, whose second single for Factory is due out shortly.

Cover pic: The Bettman Archive. Back Cover pic: Phil Stern/Globe Photos. Both pics from Sinatra, *An American Classic* published by Elm Tree Books/Hamish Hamilton 1984 £14.95

INSIDE INFORMATION

- 4 CHARTS
- 12 AFRICAN CONNEXION
- 13 ELVIS ANECDOTES
- 14 PEELIE'S FESTIVE FIFTY
- 17 ALEXIS KANNER



6 THE STRIKE
X. Moore's second report on the picket line struggle. Pic. John Sturrock

10

LOU REED: Kristine McKenna bleeds the facts from the Velvet legend. Pic. Bledbyn Butcher

18 SILVER SCREEN

20 CHRIS BAILEY: Swift swoops on the Knight Templar

22 VOICES

26 LPs: Laurie Anderson, Nick Lowe, Bruce Cockburn, Hula, Saints, etc.



29 RECORD/TOUR NEWS

30 LIVE: FGTH, Pogues, Neil, Test Dept etc

31 GIG GUIDE

32 LET THERE BE DRUMS

34 GRAB GRAB THE HADDOCK AND THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

39 X-WORD

42 GASBAG

43 T-ZERS

LOOKING FOR A NEW COVER girl



GAVIN MARTIN PUTS KIRSTY MACCOLL ON A PEDESTAL — WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO PUT HER ON THE PILL. PHOTO BY PENNIE SMITH.

EVERY SO often Kirsty MacColl interrupts her career as a songwriter to issue a sparkling single. Her original of 'They Don't Know About Us', made with the great Liam 'Akron Compilation' Sternberg, was perfect — almost as good as The Shirelles.

A version of The Beach Boys' 'You Believe In Me', backed with her own 'Queen Of The High Seas', was another good offering which got lost in a glut of useless vinyl.

Happily, the latter had not escaped the notice of Billy Bragg, who, at the time of its release, was working in a second hand record shop. So when Kirsty approached him to do a version of 'New England' old Bill was only too happy to oblige.

"I got to see Bill a few times last year, I really liked him and I wanted to have a go at 'New England'. I approached him

and said we'd need another verse because it was too short to release as a single. So he dashed off a new one, no problem."

Produced by her husband, Steve Lillywhite, the result is the last Brit pop classic of '84 and the first of '85 — skittering beat, bright guitars, sweetened voice, soured love and social ills.

It relates as much to Kirsty's working class 'O' Level, shop-lifting, teenage years in Croydon as it does to Bragg's Barking background.

It was there that she first started writing songs "to escape the boredom". A stint with the ill-fated, drastically named Drug Addix curtailed her ambitions and her taste for rawk and rowl.

"I never got any kick out of playing live. I could never understand people moaning about wanting to get back on the road. It was one of the most

horrible experiences I ever had."

Her first one-off single with Stiff, 'They Don't Know', faded in a distribution strike. She then had a short liaison with Polydor before returning to Robbo's new, improved happy house, had a hit with the disappointing 'Boy Works Down The Chip Shop Looks Like Elvis', and more success with Tracy Ullman covering her songs. As a recording artist she's sought to sustain her own career.

"I haven't really been that ambitious. Plus, I don't do live gigs because live I don't reproduce the sound I get on record. The sound depends on there being 12 of my vocals at any given time. My voice sounds great the more of it there is, but in just a single part it sounds terrible."

It was during some supplementary session work as a backing vocalist on the last

Simple Minds LP (her favourite group!) that she met Steve Lillywhite. On 'New England' he seems to have got a much cleaner, fresher sound than he usually does with the Messiah men of rock.

"People always say that. They call him the U2 producer, they forget he's done a lot of other different things. He can't apply the same technique to me as he would to a rock band because I'm a solo artist. I have a totally different voice to any of the men he works with, so I'm not suddenly going to sound like Big Country."

A relief and no mistake. Lillywhite's contract on Frida Abba's second LP has benefitted Kirsty. "If I'd ever thought when I was at school, bopping along to 'Dancing Queen', that some day I'd be working with someone out of Abba! Well, we were all in awe of her. When we did harmonies together I kept thinking I should

be the blond one."

Kirsty and Steve expect their first baby in February. At the moment she finds pregnancy hinders her creativity.

"I feel totally phased all the time; it's had as much effect on me mentally as it's had on my figure. So I hope to get down to some serious work when I've had it."

But in future recordings she'd still rather do covers.

"That way you have someone else to blame. I find it a lot easier to enjoy doing cover versions than my own stuff because it's always more nerve-racking when you're closer to it. I also find it hard to imagine a different way of doing it."

And in February is Kirsty hoping for anything in particular?

"I don't mind, as long as it's a baby."

I should have seen that one coming.

You've never heard a tape like it.



(But then there's never been a tape like it.)

Introducing new UDI from Maxell, with a completely new type of tape coating.

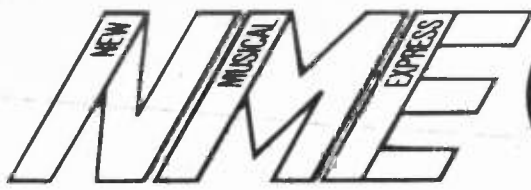
Unlike conventional coatings, it uses ultra-dense magnetic particles, which soak up far more music.

And deliver far more volume with less noise. More dynamic range, with less distortion.

Together with a clear, detailed musical picture. All this at a very down-to-earth price.

maxell UDI
Break the sound barrier

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



CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCEFLOOR

45s

1	Last Week				
1	1	DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?	Band Aid (Mercury)	4	1
2	2	LAST CHRISTMAS	Wham (Epic)	4	2
3	5	NELLIE THE ELEPHANT	Toy Dolls (Volume)	5	3
4	4	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna (Sire)	7	4
5	3	WE ALL STAND TOGETHER	Paul McCartney / Frog Chorus (Parlophone)	6	3
6	7	EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE	Paul Young (CBS)	4	6
7	6	THE POWER OF LOVE	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	6	2
8	16	SHOUT	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	4	8
9	18	GHOSTBUSTERS	Ray Parker Jr (Arista)	15	2
10	23	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS	Foreigner (Atlantic)	4	10
11	12	THE RIDDLE	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	8	3
12	8	ANOTHER ROCK AND ROLL CHRISTMAS	Gary Glitter (Arista)	4	8
13	10	FRESH	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	6	10
14	9	DO THE CONGA	Black Lace (Flair)	7	9
15	20	LAY YOUR HANDS ON ME	Thompson Twins (Arista)	5	15
16	15	ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK	Murray Head (RCA)	7	13
17	11	TEARDROPS	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	6
18	19	ROUND AND ROUND	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	14
19	14	SEX CRIME 1984	Eurythmics (Virgin)	9	4
20	29	SOUL DEEP (PART I)	The Council Collective (Polydor)	2	20
21	21	INVISIBLE	Alison Moyet (CBS)	6	12
22	13	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER	Jim Diamond (A&M)	9	1
23	21	I FEEL FOR YOU	Chaka Khan (WEA)	12	1
24	17	I WON'T RUN AWAY	Alvin Stardust (Chrysalis)	7	9
25	41	POLICE OFFICER	Smiley Culture (Fashion)	5	25
26	(—)	WHO DO YOU LOVE?	Intruders (Streetwave)	1	26
27	(—)	STEP OFF	Grandmaster Melle Mel And The Furious Five (Sugarhill)	1	27
28	(—)	FRIENDS	Amii Stewart (RCA)	1	28
29	44	SHARP DRESSED MAN	ZZ Top (WEA)	3	29
30	39	LOVELIGHT IN FLIGHT	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	25
31	(—)	YAH MO B THERE	James Ingram (Qwest)	1	31
32	(RE)	I JUST CALLED TO SAY I LOVE YOU	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	33
33	30	HARD HART TO BREAK	Chicago (Full Moon)	9	8
34	34	RESPECT YOURSELF	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	6	10
35	27	LOUISE	Human League (Virgin)	8	10
36	(—)	THANK YOU MY LOVE	Imagination (R&B)	1	36
37	25	ALL JOIN HANDS	Slade (RCA)	7	11
38	36	PRIVATE DANCER	Tina Turner (Capitol)	6	38
39	43	TREAT HER LIKE A LADY	Temptations (Motown)	7	9
40	(—)	SAY YEAH	The Limit (Portrait)	1	40
41	(—)	SOLID	Ashford & Simpson (Capitol)	1	41
42	24	THANK GOD IT'S CHRISTMAS	Queen (EMI)	5	19
43	37	VALLOTTE	Julian Lennon (Charisma/Virgin)	2	37
44	45	THE WILD BOYS	Duran Duran (Parlophone)	10	2
45	42	WHERE THE ROSE IS SOWN	Big Country (Mercury)	6	18
46	46	ANYTHING	Direct Drive (DRD)	2	46
47	50	BIG DEAL	Bobby G (BBC)	2	47
48	40	NO MERCY	Stranglers (Epic)	5	28
49	26	I WISH IT COULD BE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY	Roy Wood/Wizzard (Harvest)	3	26
50	31	IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO	Bronski Beat (Forbidden Fruit)	5	31

1	Last Week				
1	1	THE HITS ALBUM	Various (WEA/CBS)	6	1
2	2	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC IV	Various (EMI-Virgin)	5	2
3	4	ALF	Alison Moyet (CBS)	8	2
4	3	MAKE IT BIG	Wham (CBS)	8	1
5	5	THE COLLECTION	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	4
6	6	WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE DOME	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	9	1
7	8	DIAMOND LIFE	Sade (CBS)	24	1
8	7	PARTY, PARTY	Black Lace (Flair)	4	7
9	10	ARENA	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	6
10	15	GREATEST HITS	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	10
11	11	GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET	Paul McCartney (EMI)	10	3
12	9	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	18	2
13	23	PRIVATE DANCER	Tina Turner (Capitol)	28	2
14	12	THE ART GARFUNKEL ALBUM	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	7	12
15	16	THE RIDDLE	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	6	9
16	13	12 GOLD BARS VOLS I & II	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	10
17	18	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (EMI)	10	15
18	22	AGENT PROVOCATEUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	2	18
19	39	FANS	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	2	19
20	(RE)	THE VERY BEST OF...	Chris De Burgh (Telstar)	1	20
21	(RE)	THE AGE OF CONSENT	Bronski Beat (Forbidden Fruit)	1	21
22	47	SEA OF TRANQUILITY	Phil Coulter (K-Tel)	5	22
23	(—)	TRULY FOR YOU	Temptations (Motown)	1	23
24	35	THE 12-INCH ALBUM	Howard Jones (WEA)	5	16
25	33	PARADE	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	3	25
26	28	EMERGENCY	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	3	26
27	17	GOLDEN DAYS	The Fureys With Davey Arthur (K-Tel)	7	17
28	21	1984	Eurythmics (Virgin)	7	18
29	20	CINEMA	Elaine Paige (K-Tel)	10	14
30	14	GREATEST HITS	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	5	16
31	31	THE LOVE SONGS	Stevie Wonder (Telstar)	6	19
32	34	GREEN VELVET	Various (Telstar)	3	32
33	44	I FEEL FOR YOU	Chaka Khan (WEA)	11	10
34	24	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE	U2 (Island)	13	1
35	19	THE VERY BEST OF...	Foster & Allen (Ritz)	7	18
36	32	I AM WHAT I AM	Shirley Bassey (Towerbell)	3	32
37	26	THE JOHN DENVER COLLECTION	John Denver (Telstar)	2	26
38	29	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna (Sire)	3	29
39	42	CAN'T SLOW DOWN	Lionel Richie (Motown)	61	1
40	37	HATFUL OF HOLLOW	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	7	6
41	45	BORN IN THE USA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	28	2
42	(—)	EUGENE WILDE	Eugene Wilde (Fourth & Broadway)	1	42
43	(RE)	BREAK OUT	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	1	43
44	(RE)	RATTLESNAKES	Lloyd Cole And The Commotions (Polydor)	1	44
45	49	LOVE SONGS	Various (Telstar)	3	45
46	27	REAL LIVE	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	25
47	48	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	47
48	30	NOW	Des O'Connor (Telstar)	3	30
49	46	EXORCISING GHOSTS	Japan (Virgin)	5	21
50	25	ALL THE HITS	Eddy Grant (K-Tel)	4	25

1	GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN'	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)
2	MYSTERY	Dio (Vertigo)
3	MODERN GIRL	Meatloaf (Arista)
4	HEAVENS ON FIRE	Kiss (Vertigo)
5	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Cleveland Int.)
6	SHANGRI LA	Steve Miller Band (Vertigo)
7	WE ROCK	Dio (Vertigo)
8	HAMMER TO FALL	Queen (EMI)
9	2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT	Iron Maiden (EMI)
10	THE WANDERER	Status Quo (Vertigo)
11	COVER ME	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
12	TOP JIMMY	Van Halen (Warner Bros)
13	STAIRS SPARKING	Frank Zappa (EMI)
14	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
15	PARANOID	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
16	LEGS	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)
17	ROCK & ROLL	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)
18	TOUCH TOO MUCH	AC/DC (Atlantic)
19	ASSASSIN	Marillion (EMI)
20	DOCTOR DOCTOR	UFO (Harvest)

Compiled by The Superjacks Hit Squad

FUNK

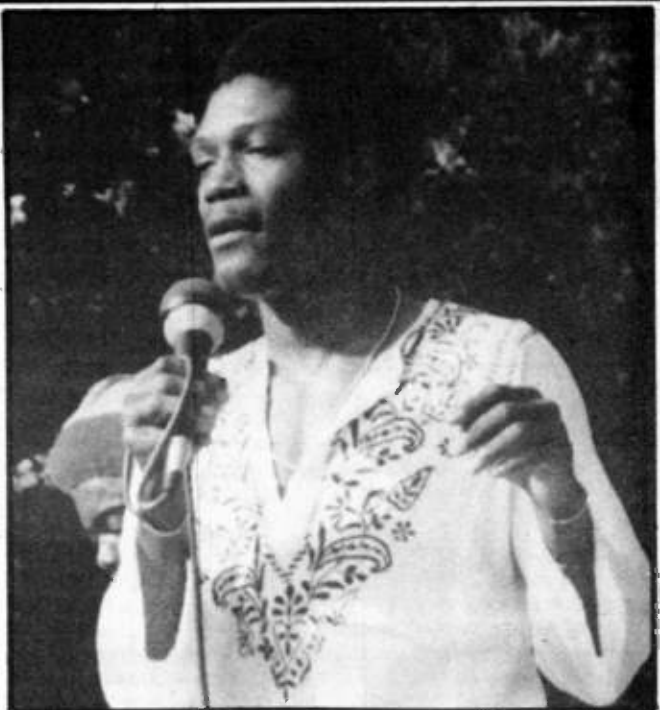
20

1	MYSTERIOUS	Twilight 22 (Vanguard)
2	LOVER GIRL	Teena Marie (Epic)
3	YOU TURN ME ON	Bruni Pagen (Motown)
4	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna (Sire)
5	PUSH IN THE BUSH	Clare Hicks And Love Exchange (KN)
6	MY LOVE IN MONEY	Jonie Christine (Supertronic)
7	DANCE LOVER	Mikki (Renaissance Recording)
8	PROVE IT TO ME	New Experience (Philly World)
9	NBODY	Wardell Piper (Prelude)
10	CANI	Cashmere (Philly World)
11	FLY GIRL	Intrigue (World Trade)
12	DON'T HANG UP	Elly Brown (Mirage)
13	FRESH	Kool And The Gang (De Lite)
14	DANCE ME	Jade (Creative Funk)
15	PERFECT GUY	Mint (Exceptional Quality)
16	HEARTLESS	Evelyn Thomas (Record Shack)
17	SAY THAT YOU WILL	Butch Sam And The Station Band (Private)
18	SPREAD LOVE	Fatback And Evelyn Thomas (Spring)
19	LET ME SHOW YOU	BPM (Epic)
20	SAY YEAH	The Limit (Epic)

Courtesy Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W.1.

REGGAE DISCO

45s



Blithe spirit Horace Andy

1	THANKS AND PRAISE	Junior Reid (Wow)
2	LADY	Barry Brown (Lix)
3	SKYLARKING	Horace Andy (Blacker Dread)
4	IN THE AREA	Johnny Osbourne (Greensleeves)
5	WHAT DO YOU KNOW	Junior Reid (Lightning)
6	DON'T CRY	Sugar Minott (Wow)
7	RIDE THE RHYTHM	Frankie Paul (Time)
8	MARIJUANA	Linval Thompson (Gamble)
9	ROCK REGGAE MUSIC	Undivided Roots (Ruff Cut)
10	SWEET DREAM	Echo Minott

REGGAE

LPs

1	KNOCK KNOCK	Don Carlos (Youth Promotion)
2	TALK ABOUT LOVE	Al Campbell (Power House)
3	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Horace Andy (Blacker Dread)
4	MESSAGE TO MARY	Puddy Roots (Phillip)
5	PINK PANTHER	Paul Blake And The Blood Fire Posse (Studio Works)
6	ROOTS GIRL	Brigadier Jerry (Jahlovezmuzik)
7	I HEARD YOU KNOCKING ON MY DOOR	Patrick Andy (Creation)
8	MISS ATTRACTIVE	Nathan Skyers (Mandingo)
9	MAN STOP FIGHT A DANCE	Junior Brammer (Powerhouse)
10	NAW TRY NO FAT	Horace Martin (Modernize)

Compiled by Sarah Vila at Daddy Kool, Dean Street, London W1.

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	NELLIE THE ELEPHANT	Toy Dolls (Volume)
2	2	UPSIDE DOWN	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Creation)
3	3	RATS	Subhumans (Bluurple)
4	18	COLD TURKEY	Sid Presley Experience (SPE)
5	4	THE PRICE 1984	New Model Army (Abstract)
6	13	RESURRECTION JOE	The Cult (Wonderknob)
7	26	POLICE OFFICER	Smiley Culture (Fashion)
8	11	HOLLOW EYES	Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)
9	6	STRIKE	Enemy Within (Rough Trade)
10	8	GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE	The Men They Couldn't Hang (Demon)
11	10	TO THE END OF THE EARTH	English Dogs (Rot)
12	5	DO THE CONGA	Black Lace (Flair)
13	27	AMBASSADORS	The Milk Shakes (Big Beat)
14	7	I'M JUST A DOG	Meteors (Mad Pig)
15	(—)	HEARTS AND MINDS	Farm (Skysaw)
16	30	COCKTAIL CREDIBILITY	Action Pact (Fall Out)
17	(—)	BEAUTIFUL MONSTER	Folk Devils (Ganges)
18	25	MARIMBA JIVE	Red Guitars (Red Rhino)
19	16	I BLOODBROTHER BE	Shock Headed Peters (et El)
20	23	CONSPIRACY	Play Dead (Jungle)
21	21	KANGAROO	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
22	22	JOE'S SO MEAN	Flowerpot Men (Compost)
23	9	BLASPHEMOUS RUMOURS	Depeche Mode (Mute)
24	15	EST	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
25	12	CALAMITY CRUSH	Foetus Art Terrorism (Some Bizzare)
26	20	THE AMAZING ADVENTURES	Cult Maniax (Xntric Noises)
27	14	TRASH ON THE TUBE EP	Four On 4 (Big Beat)
28	17	WORLD OF LIGHT	Balaam And The Angel (Chapter 22)
29	29	HOLocaust	Pauline Murray And The Storm (Polestar)
30	(—)	THE DREAD	Dormannu (Illuminated)

1	1	HATFUL OF HOLLOW	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	2	TREASURE	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	3	IT'LL END IN TEARS	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
4	7	STOMPING AT THE KLUB FOOT	Various (ABC)
5	5	WITHOUT MERCY	Durutti Column (Factory)
6	6	VENGEANCE	New Model Army (Abstract)
7	9	SLOW TO FADE	Red Guitars (Self Drive)
8	11	STAMPEDE	Meteors (Mad Pig)
9	10	NATURAL HISTORY	March Violets (Rebirth)
10	4	WE HATE YOU SOUTH AFRICAN BASTARDS	Microdisney (Rough Trade)
11	8	TOTALLY EXPLOITED	Exploited (Blashadabee)
12	21	HOLE	Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel (Self Immolation)
13	19	GOOD AND GONE	Screaming Blue Messiahs (Big Beat)
14	12	PAY IT ALL BACK VOL I	Various (On U Sound)
15	13	ACID BATH	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
16	30	JESUS EGG THAT WEPT	Danielle Dax (Awesome)
17	15	THIS IS...	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
18	14	BULLSHIT DETECTOR III	Various (Crass)
19	17	DIG THAT GROOVE BABY	Toy Dolls (Volume)
20	29	RAINING PLEASURE	Triffids (Hot)
21	RE	SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST	Action Pact (Fallout)
22	23	SOME GREAT REWARD	Depeche Mode (Mute)
23	18	COP	Swans (Kelvin)
24	(—)	SHE'LL RAPE THE WORLD	X Post Facto (Skysaw)
25	16	SMELL OF FEMALE	Cramps (Big Beat)
26	24	DON'T LET THE HOPE CLOSE DOWN	Various (Hope Springs)
27	22	THIS HEART DON'T RUN ON BLOOD	Scientists (AuGoGo)
28	(—)	ZEN ARCADE	Husker Du (SST)
29	28	THE STRANGE IDOLS PATTERN	Felt (Cherry Red)
30	25	JACK	Bone Orchard (Freud)

JAZZ



'Sweets' Baker

Pic. Jak Kilby

- 1 IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU.....Booker Little (Affinity)
- 2 ST THOMAS.....Sonny Rollins (Dragon)
- 3 THE MAN I LOVE.....Ben Webster (Nessa)
- 4 BALLAD OF HIX BLEWITT.....George Russell (RCA)
- 5 IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY.....Chet Baker (Steepchase)
- 6 MUSIC MATADOR.....Paul Bley (Owl)
- 7 THIS I DIG OF YOU.....Hank Mobley (Blue Note)
- 8 DEEP IN A DREAM.....Ike Quebec/Sonny Clark (Blue Note)
- 9 SHOUT SONG.....David Murray (hat Hut)
- 10 BLUES FOR MARY JANE.....Stan Getz (HMV)
- 11 DANCE OF THE TRIPEDAL.....Sam Rivers (Blue Note)
- 12 CHASIN' THE TRANE.....John Coltrane (Impulse)
- 13 THE BLUE ROOM.....Joe Venuti (Vogue)
- 14 SUBWAY SOBS.....Tiny Parham And His Musicians (CC)
- 15 PASSION DANCE.....McCoy Tyner (Milestone)
- 16 IF I LOVED YOU.....Roland Kirk (Atlantic)
- 17 A HANDFUL OF RIFFS.....Eddie Lang & Lonnie Johnson (CBS)
- 18 BARBADOS.....Charlie Parker (Savoy)
- 19 JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE.....Arthur Blythe (CBS)
- 20 SKYGGER.....Jan Garbarek (ECM)

Compiled from the turntable of Richard Cook

20 FILMS

- 1 GHOSTBUSTERS.....(Col-EMI-Warner)
- 2 DUNE.....(UIP)
- 3 GREMLINS.....(Col-EMI-War)
- 4 A PRIVATE FUNCTION.....(Handmade)
- 5 THE KILLING FIELDS.....(Col-EMI-War)
- 6 THE LAST STARFIGHTER.....(Heron/Miracle)
- 7 1984.....(Virgin/20th Fox)
- 8 THE JUNGLE BOOK.....(Walt Disney)
- 9 GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET.....(20th Fox)
- 10 THE WOMAN IN RED.....(Rank)

Courtesy Screen International

COUNTRY

45s

- 1 DOES FORT WORTH EVER CROSS YOUR MIND.....George Strait (MCA)
- 2 THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE.....Eddie Rabbitt (Warners)
- 3 HOW BLUE.....Reba McEntire (MCA)
- 4 YEARS AFTER YOU.....John Conlee (MCA)
- 5 ME AGAINST THE NIGHT.....Crystal Gayle (Warners)
- 6 A PLACE TO FALL APART.....Merle Haggard (Epic)
- 7 THERE'S A FIRE IN THE NIGHT.....Alabama (RCA)
- 8 GOT NO REASON NOW FOR GOIN' HOME.....Gene Watson (MCA)
- 9 WHY NOT ME.....The Judds (RCA)
- 10 SOMETHING IN MY HEART.....Ricky Skaggs (Epic)
- 11 AIN'T SHE SOMETHING ELSE.....Conway Twitty (Warners)
- 12 MAKE MY LIFE WITH YOU.....Oak Ridge Boys (MCA)
- 13 SHE'S MY ROCK.....George Jones (Epic)
- 14 ONE OWNER HEART.....T. G. Sheppard (Warners)
- 15 YOU TURN ME ON.....Ed Bruce (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard



Another Twitty ditty

FRED FACT

Before we move on let's have one last flash of the Gannex over the year we knee as '84. If we base our findings on *Billboard's* annual survey, it appears that, recordwise at least, it wasn't the year of the Jacksons. True 'Thriller' kept on piling up the pesetas for Michael, who also logged three entries in the US singles charts. But in toto, Poppa Joe's likely lads, easily the biggest grossing act live, ended up at 81st position among the pop album artists and 46th in the singles section, lagging well behind even such great unfancieds as Rockwell, John Waite, Night Ranger, Corey Hart and 38 Special. Then the *Billboard* survey proved full of surprises, notably in the producers' division, where Richard Perry, who mastered six hit singles, was adjudged the most successful, well ahead of such as Phil Ramone, who logged nine, and Nile Rodgers, who didn't even get into the top 25 – despite closing the year with America's top two singles in Madonna's 'Like A Virgin' and Duran Duran's 'Wild Boys'. Jazzwise, the most consistent seller of albums in the States was George Winston (of whom Richard Cook once said "who?") while in the country music section, Conway Twitty just edged out George Strait as the biggest seller of singles. Unfortunately, however, Julio Iglesias *did* manage to get his name onto the biggest country single of the year – 'To All The Girls I've Ever Loved Before', on which he shared bandannas with Willie Nelson. Horrific, that.

Overall, it was really Lionel Richie's year in America, with the ex-Commodore heading no less than 10 different categories. And though Trevor Horn did edge into the producers section at 16, his major success was, quite improbably, in the listing for New Black Artists, where that well-known black music group Art Of Noise finished in the No.2 spot, just behind Rockwell. Faced with such evidence, it seems odd that Malcolm McLaren didn't clean up in the Top Classical Artists division. But then, such negotiations can only be a matter of time.

- Fred Dollar

US

45s

- 1 LIKE A VIRGIN.....Madonna (Sire)
- 2 THE WILD BOYS.....Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 3 SEA OF LOVE.....Honeydrippers (Es Paranza)
- 4 COOL IT NOW.....New Edition (MCA)
- 5 WE BELONG.....Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- 6 ALL I NEED.....Jack Wagner (Quest)
- 7 OUT OF TOUCH.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- 8 RUN TO YOU.....Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 9 YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION.....Chicago (Warner Bros)
- 10 VALOTTE.....Julian Lennon (Atlantic)
- 11 BORN IN THE USA.....Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
- 12 I FEEL FOR YOU.....Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)
- 13 DO WHAT YOU DO.....Jermaine Jackson (Arista)
- 14 I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS.....Foreigner (Atlantic)
- 15 NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS.....Paul McCartney (Columbia)

US

LPs

- 1 PURPLE RAIN.....Prince And The Revolution (Warner Bros)
- 2 LIKE A VIRGIN.....Madonna (Sire)
- 3 BORN IN THE USA.....Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
- 4 ARENA.....Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 5 PRIVATE DANCER.....Tina Turner (Capitol)
- 6 VOLUME ONE.....Honeydrippers (Es Paranza)
- 7 BIG BAM BOOM.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
- 8 1.....Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
- 9 SHE'S SO UNUSUAL.....Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 10 RECKLESS.....Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 11 SPORTS.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 12 CAN'T SLOW DOWN.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 13 LUSH LIFE.....Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
- 14 TROPICO.....Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- 15 THE WOMAN IN RED – SOUNDTRACK.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)

Courtesy of Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)
- 2 I HAVE A DREAM.....Abba (Epic)
- 3 DAY TRIP TO BANGOR.....Fiddlers Dram (Dingles)
- 4 BRASS IN POCKET.....Pretenders (Real)
- 5 IN ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU.....Tourists (Logo)
- 6 RAPPERS DELIGHT.....Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)
- 7 WALKING ON THE MOON.....Police (A&M)
- 8 PLEASE DON'T GO.....K. C. And The Sunshine Band (TK)
- 9 OFF THE WALL.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 10 JOHN I'M ONLY DANCIN' (AGAIN).....David Bowie (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 TWO LITTLE BOYS.....Rolf Harris (Columbia)
- 2 RUBY DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN.....Kenny Rogers And The First Edition (Reprise)
- 3 MELTING POT.....Blue Mink (Philips)
- 4 ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM.....Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell (Capitol)
- 5 SUGAR SUGAR.....Archies (RCA)
- 6 SUSPICIOUS MINDS.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 7 TRACY.....Cuff Links (MCA)
- 8 YESTER-ME YESTER-YOU YESTERDAY.....Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
- 9 GOOD OLD ROCK'N'ROLL.....Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
- 10 WITHOUT LOVE.....Tom Jones (Decca)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 STREETS OF LONDON.....Ralph McTell (Reprise)
- 2 DOWN DOWN.....Status Quo (Vertigo)
- 3 LONELY THIS CHRISTMAS.....Mud (Rak)
- 4 JUKE BOX JIVE.....Rubettes (Polydor)
- 5 MY BOY.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 6 YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET.....Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
- 7 WOMBING MERRY CHRISTMAS.....The Wombles (CBS)
- 8 THE INBETWEENIES/FATHER CHRISTMAS.....The Goodies (Bradley)
- 9 I CAN HELP.....Billy Swan (Monument)
- 10 GET DANCING.....Disco Tex And The Sex-O-Lettes (Chelsea)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 I FEEL FINE.....Beatles (Parlophone)
- 2 YEH YEH.....Georgie Fame (Columbia)
- 3 DOWNTOWN.....Petula Clark (Pye)
- 4 SOMEWHERE.....P.J. Proby (Decca)
- 5 WALK TALL.....Val Doonican (Decca)
- 6 GIRL DON'T COME.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 7 I COULD EASILY FALL.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- 8 TERRY.....Twinkle (Decca)
- 9 GO NOW.....Moody Blues (Decca)
- 10 NO ARMS COULD EVER HOLD YOU.....Bachelors (Decca)

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

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

CAST NEW

LATE NIGHT MUSIC CLUB
EVERY SATURDAY
New time 11.30 till late at the
DIORAMA
14 Peto Place N.W.1

12th January
HOLLOWAY ALLSTARS
THE POPTICIANS
JENNIFER JOHN & LEVI TAFARI

LATE BAR
2.50, 1.00 UB40/cons 50p Membership

For details ring 487 3440

CAST NEW

THIS WEEK
RA RA ZOO
ROARING GIRL
HAPPY END
Friday 11th January
OLD WHITE HORSE
261 Brixton Road, SW9
NEW! NEW! EVERY SATURDAY
NEW! NEW! EVERY SATURDAY
NEW! NEW! EVERY SATURDAY
Saturday 12th January
THE DIORAMA
14 Peto Place NW1
Sunday 13th January
WOOD GREEN
T.U. Centre, Brabant Road, N.22

JENNIFER JOHN
+ LEVI TAFARI
KEVIN McALEER
PETE THOMAS & THE DEEPSEA JIVERS
2.50/1.00 UB40/cons
DOORS OPEN 8.00 pm
ALL VENUES WITH BAR Phone 487 3440

We regret the temporary loss of Cricklewood venue.
Saturday programme transferred to
THE DIORAMA 8.00
LATE NIGHT MUSIC CLUB NOW AT 11.30pm
Joint Ticket reduction for early & late programme.

HAIR MODELS
Have a new 1985 haircut – FREE!
Attractive girls required for fashion shows starring top hair cutters from the U.S.A. Must be available in London, Thurs 24th Jan and Sun 3rd February. No charge – expenses paid.
Phone Alison MacLean 01-203 0888 NOW for further information.

If an advertisement is wrong we're here to put it right.
If you see an advertisement in the press, in print, on posters or in the cinema which you find unacceptable, write to us at the address below.
The Advertising Standards Authority.
ASA Ltd, Dept 3
Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN

INTERNATIONAL CONCERT TRAVEL
61 Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3XD
Telephone: (0273) 204101/2/3 Telex: 99305

U2
Live in Cologne
£65 includes, luxury coach from London, 1st class hotel, cross-channel ferry and your concert ticket. Depart eve. 29th January. Return am 1st February.
£45 Skipper trip includes all transport from London and concert ticket Dep. eve 30th January, return am 1st February.

PHIL COLLINS
Dusseldorf
£65 includes 1st class hotel, ticket for concert, luxury coach, cross-channel ferry. Depart eve. 23rd February. Return a.m. 26th February.
Brussels
£45 includes concert ticket, all transport by luxury coach from London. Depart eve 25th February. Return am 27th February.

SPANDAU BALLET
Cologne
£65 includes concert ticket, first class hotel, luxury coach from London, Cross-Channel Ferry. Depart eve. 3rd March. Return a.m. 6th March.
£45 includes concert ticket and all transport from London. Depart eve. 4th March. Return a.m. 6th March.

Send SAE to make sure you get details of **DIRE STRAITS** and **DEEP PURPLE** Eurotours

Send £20.00 deposit per person plus £6.00 each personal and concert cancellation insurance, made payable to M.G.P. to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the number of places required.

U2 ☐ PC ☐ PCB ☐ U2S ☐ SB ☐ SBS ☐

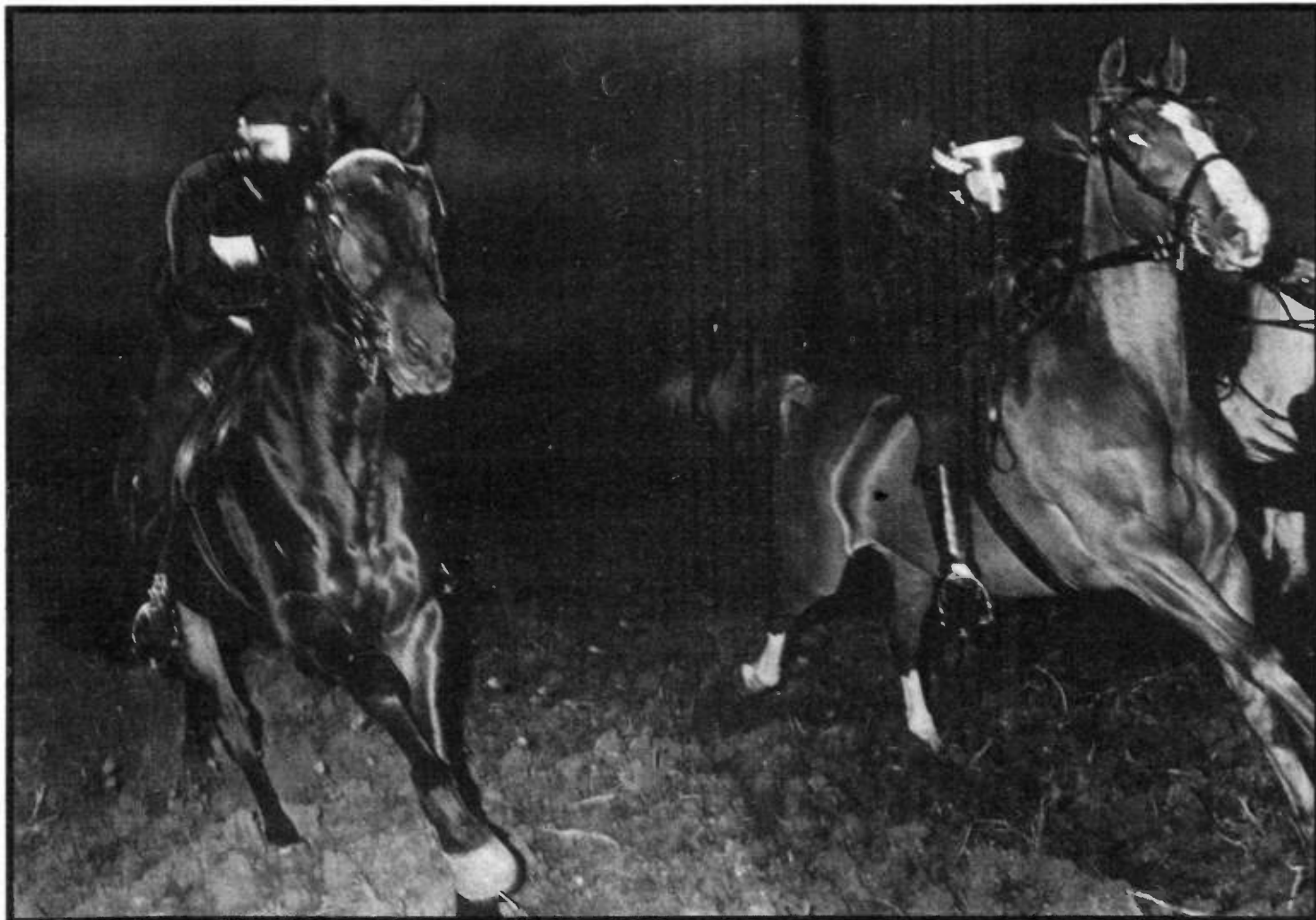
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TEL NO. _____
ACCESS/VISA No. _____

PHONE 0273 204101 FOR CREDIT CARD HOTLINE

LIVES ON THE LINE

PART 2

The miners' strike grinds on, fought in a bitter flurry of accusation and counter-accusation. In the second and final part of his report, X. MOORE talks to striking miners in Yorkshire, the militant heart of the dispute. Photos: JOHN STURROCK/NETWORK.



Police horse charge to disperse pickets, Brodsworth, Doncaster.

ARRIVE at Doncaster Station at four o'clock in the morning, half-dead-knackered at the end of my day.

Dave Barker turns up half an hour later, bright and awake at the start of his. We stop off at his house on the way to the picket line — I'm in need of something approaching 5,000 volts, Dave offers me tea and toast.

Dave Barker started work at Armthorpe in 1952. He's worked there all his life.

He is a thoughtful man whose militancy wells suddenly. Violent from deep inside, his socialism first fired by his father (an activist in the sheetmetal workers' union) and given body by a copy of Tressell's *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropist* bought him by an old collier when he first started down the pit. Thirty years a Yorkshire miner, head down and ass up, surviving gas and dust and rooffalls, shapes an attitude.

Three decades working underground have left their mark.

"I used to jump at night and run out of bed cos I thought the roof was falling in on me. I've seen cave-ins the size of tower blocks. When Yorkshire starts putting its foot down you run like hell."

ARMTHORPE'S SEEN some famous sons. Kevin Keegan came from there, his dad worked down the pit. Two Armthorpe miners fought in the International Brigade in Spain in 1936. Dave Barker's own fame as a poet had led to his poetry being featured on *The South Bank Show*. But it is a colliery renowned most for its militancy. The Great Yorkshire Strike of 1955 was led by Armthorpe men. Other pits in the area have been shut for having such a tradition.

"They closed Thorne for its militancy. As red as you could get. Blokes'd get up on tables in canteen and say Sod it, that's enough! And pit'd come down and blokes didn't even know what for. They used to say of Thorne: they'd rag up over a bad end of dominoes."

(Twenty-eight years on they're opening Thorne up again — changed the name and pray the legacy's been forgot.)

Armthorpe pickets were instrumental at the start of this strike. When Cortonwood's closure was announced at the start of '84 — barely weeks after being furnished with new pit baths and a promise that the miners would be turning coal there for at least five years — it was men from Armthorpe who were the first to cross the border into Nottingham to pull out pits in support. Yorkshire officials came down to the village to get the flying pickets censured by the rest of the pit's union branch for not waiting for instruction. The rest of the pit's union branch did the decent thing, censured the Yorkshire officials, and the next day joined the pickets on the road to Nottingham.

THE STORY of Cortonwood's closure and of the wildcat Yorkshire miners who sprung immediately to its defence, spreading the fight against pit closures to spark a national strike, is the story of spontaneous militancy and resourcefulness in the face of the government's blazen assault and fraudulent propaganda.

It typifies the following ten months of struggle and exposes many lies — the lie of Scargill cajoling an unwilling membership into striking having engineered a confrontation with Thatcher; the lie of a police force, unprompted and without prejudice, mobilising merely to "uphold the law"; the absurd lie of pits having to be closed only on reasonable economic grounds when the only reasons are clearly grounded in Tory politics.

Dave Barker takes up the story from Leap Day 1984.

"On 29 February the Area Directors sent our officials, Taylor, Sammy, Thompson and Briscoe, and informed them that on 6 April Cortonwood would close. The procedures that were set up when the mines were nationalised in 1947 to review anything from small disputes to pit closures were cast aside —

they just told them that there would be no dialogue, that the pit would close on such a date.

"The great shock for the Cortonwood men was that in the 12 months previous to this announcement, they'd had something like 300 men transferred to Cortonwood and then men were told that they had a secure future. In fact, at the beginning of February the manager of the pit met the Union officials and told them that the future of the pit was safe and they'd just set a new five year plan. They'd just opened a multi-million pound installation, they were working a new seam and most of it that they were mining at Cortonwood were being taken away and mixed with inferior coal, its quality were no good. It were being exported. With new pithead baths, new showers and all that just built, the men thought the future were good, at least for the next five years. And then this were dropped on 'em."

Having bided their time, sitting out a wage claim through the workers and Arthur Scargill's assertions that Cortonwood was on a hit-list, the Coal Board struck. Five collieries were named for closure. They chose a Yorkshire pit known for its conservatism, a soft touch, but reckoned without the militancy of those around it.

"They felt confident over being able to close pits. They'd closed Lewis Merthyr in South Wales, Kennell and Cordowen in Scotland, and up to then there'd been no real opposition, there was no opposition at all.

"They'd never ever been any fight in our industry against pit closures in the past. When the Union's constitution were drawn up when the National Union of Mineworkers were formed after the war, it were drawn up to appease a Labour government and the clause that were written in that the overwhelming majority of mines didn't even know about until the late '60s was that 66 and two thirds majority were needed to have a national strike. Right through '50s and '60s all our National Officials, Sir William Lowther, Sir Sidney Ford, all of them collaborated in the system of closing pits.

"Gi' yer an example: in 1962 the NUM were called on by the Tory government to increase production because there looked as if there were going to be an energy crisis. The response of the NUM were to introduce a six-day working week! So we actually started working on a Saturday morning, producing coal for a Tory government. In that same year, 1962, they closed 57 pits. That's an average of one a week. And there were never any fight at all.

"There were so much apathy because they'd never been a fight that in 1966 they introduced the National Power Loading Agreement. A lot of miners after working through it, used to call the NPLA the National Poisoning of Lungs Agreement . . .

"But it did something that had never been known before in our industry. It put all men doing the same jobs, no matter what coalfield, on the same wages. For the first time in the history of the British Miners, a man's living standard wasn't determined by geological conditions that had been laid down for millions of years.

"The end of the piecework system put all men on the same. The right-wing National Executive were holding our wages down, we were all having our wages down, and miners started to organize at grass-roots. Scargill came up through that, through the Barnsley Miners Forum. The work were bein' done at rank and file level, the organization were bein' built, and that led into the '70s, the 1972 strike which were successful not just f' miners but for all't working class, and after '72, the '74 strike brought down the Tory government.

"Now, with the introduction of the Incentive Scheme, it's like the piece-work system again, where miners in Nottinghamshire are gerrin' £100 a week more than miners in Scotland or South Wales with the differentials of the bonus system."

The bonus scheme was introduced, by a Labour government in 1977, having twice been rejected by national ballots. Not a murmur for "democracy" went up from Fleet Street on that occasion. It is the bonus that in 1984 was to split men in the better-off Notts coalfield from the rest of the country's miners. What is illuminating is that the Yorkshire flying pickets who first crossed the border into Nottingham at the start of this strike were so successful.

"Men from Armthorpe, against the wishes of Yorks Executive, decided to picket Notts. There were a tremendous response to the call for pickets, especially among young miners. There were no instructions but the men decided themselves to go Harworth.

"The first bloke to come down pit yard at four in the morning were the manager. He said, Tha'll not get these out, they wouldn't strike for their granny, they're a right set of bastards.

"At first men came up to picket-line and went through cos their branch officials had told them to, but these Notts men just had to be talked to and there were no aggro, we were winnin' them over.

"Our own officials did a deal to prevent pickets from Yorkshire going into Notts. Then we were threatened. Their last ace were to say there'd be no picketing money, and if anybody were arrested they'd get no legal representation. In fact, they did us a favour by saying that because we said, right, we'll raise us own money."

THE FLYING pickets went to Nottingham on the basis of the Union's established policy to "oppose the closure of pits other than on grounds of seam exhaustion" — a policy of 12 years' standing passed at National conference in the wake of the 1972 strike. The Yorkshiremen argued that the mandate was there, and clear, that to give Fleet Street its ballot was to give Murdoch and Maxwell the green light for two weeks of red scares and cover to cover strike-bashing. They argued that no man had a right to vote away another man's job and explained that Nottingham pits were at risk too. Many of the men had never heard the arguments.

"We had tremendous success. We went to Bevercotes and the police said, Right lads, y'can have your picket. I remember an Inspector came to me and said, Look, you keep it right, no abuse, no shouting, and as the cars come up I'll stop them one at a time across there and let you speak with them. No one went in. Harworth were out, Ollerton were out, we were winnin' 'em all the time. There was no violence, we just explained our case.

"They know, the Tories know, how effective picketing is, that's why they want to outlaw it. They know it's a battle about ideas and that they can shape people's ideas in their own homes in front of television with all the propaganda campaign, all the Fleet Street gutter press and the lot. They know they can get their ideas over. The only way we can do it is by picketing. It's very effective because y'can communicate, y'can appeal to people, y'can talk to men and explain your case, go in as a trade unionist on a fraternal basis and presenting your arguments — and it works and that's why they don't like it.

"The first few days, that first week, it were



Orgreave, Yorkshire.

tremendous. The real tragedy was there wasn't enough miners in Yorkshire doin' it. It were branches like Armthorpe, Hatfield, Possington, branches in the Donny area, some in Barnsley area... if we'd of swamped five or 6,000 straight into Nottinghamshire who knows what we could've done."

After the ballot (in Nottingham) there was a nine per cent increase for striking compared to the previous ballot over pit-closures. Armthorpe miners claim two thirds of Notts pits were out.

"We were so effective that Thatcher had to stop us talking to them men, and that's when all the mass policing started. The police presence just built up—at the end of the second week it were really gettin' tough. Blokes gettin' arrested all over, roadblocks gettin' put up, cars being vandalised. They had to stop us anyway they could."

"All routes were blocked, you'd just step out of Sheffield and—Bam!—you were stopped. Driving round all over the shop, it were like Wacky Races. Cars and vans going all directions, down country lanes, thru' bales of hay... then in middle of nowhere you'd hit three Tranny vans of cops, jumping out of haystacks..."

Armthorpe picket talking about early forays in Notts.

BY THE third week, flying pickets from other parts of the country were starting to penetrate into the coalfield. Norman Strike and a handful of Westoe men were among the first Durham men to go into Nottingham.

By then the police were mobilising nationally against picketing, the operation in full flow at a cost of £500,000 a day, the government using all the forces at its disposal to break the strike, even flying police from Hampshire into the Notts coalfield. Norman had talked to me at length about the situation they encountered, jolted by the experience of those first few battles of wits and strength, flying pickets against the roadblocks...

"We'd heard tales of spotter aircraft an' men havin' to crawl over fields an' if you did get to the picket-line there's hundreds of police. We wanted to see it for ourselves, so we collected petrol money from the shipyards and a minibus from the General Municipal Workers and went down to Barnsley to the strike headquarters. We went in an' it was like a bloody operations room—maps an' lists of phone numbers everywhere—but with guys with woolly hats on."

"They sent us through the following morning; as we got closer to Notts every flyover on the motorway was crammed with convoys of police vehicles an' police an' cameras... we'd never seen anything like it. We got diverted down a slip road into a police block and they just turned us round."

"We went back on the nighttime an' they give us a guide called Malc. He was an incredible guy from Grangehorpe colliery, a Sheffield Wednesday supporter. He took us on a guided bloody tour, said, That was the house where Arthur Scargill was born... an' that's the house where he lives now... an' Jackie Charlton lives down there... I remember goin' through Sheffield an' Derby but where else we went I couldn't tell you yet. We were all over, over country lanes, up cart tracks..."

"Eventually we pulled over an' set off in twos at ten minute intervals, like a military operation. There

were police flyin' about all over the place.

"An inspector came over when we got to this pit an' says, Stand there. Don't move, keep your mouths shut and don't say anything. As a matter of fact, don't fucking breathe. There was about a dozen of us an' police everywhere. After about ten minutes he said, If somebody doesn't move off we're going to start arresting."

"We went off along this country lane, pitch black, to another gate. There were some Yorkshire pickets there an' they were bloody amazin'. All these bobbies from Somerset, real green, country boys, were goin'. What's yew boys doin' up 'ere then? ... What football team yew support then? A bit of banter. Then the Yorkshiremen said, Watch out. Here's the bastards. It was the Nottingham police comin' to relieve these Somerset lot. They formed up—By the lee-left quick march! Left-right... left-right... The Yorkshiremen, there was only a handful of 'em, were walkin' along the side goosesteppin' an' goin', Right-left... right-left... we couldn't believe it, we were shittin' ourselves."

"We were standin' there in the darkness an' the snatch squad jus' grabbed this lad an' away they went. I says to the Yorkshiremen, what was that? An' he says, Oh, he were here last night. If yer come back and they've spotted yer they'll arrest youse. I says, what, just for comin' back? Oh aye, he says laughing, yew've seen nowt yet lad."

"There were old blokes hidin' under bushes and they were draggin' 'em out and hittin' 'em wi' truncheons. They just hit everybody. There were no need for it. They've no compassion or owt."

IN ARMTHORPE police allegedly attacked three council workers on their way to work by car. They'd unwittingly come across a scab pick-up point and been mistook for NUM 'scab-spotters'. The Labour Council are currently taking the case up with the police but the incident is not an isolated one. Many people not involved in the strike have been stopped and threatened by the police.

When the first miner went back to work in Gwent, South Wales in November, the army of riot police drafted in had followed up driving pickets into an adjacent river by attacking transport workers in a nearby yard. A television crew recorded both the police losing control and their inspector searching for an explanation. The broadcast was given a limited airing, the story made a few column inches in the highbrow Sunday papers.

In the course of the strike, police have stopped a football team—turning the coach round and refusing to let them continue to their match—stopped and searched numerous rock bands, travelling back from gigs on motorways in the early hours. They even stopped a vicar from going about his business, refusing to believe that he wasn't picket in disguise.

Barry Roberts, who is a miner, was stopped by Nottinghamshire police on his way to court in Mansfield. He and his three fellow defendants invited the police to follow them and check. The police promptly arrested Barry and impounded his car, later claiming in court he had not been arrested and they had no idea of his whereabouts. (Afterwards they agreed he was being held in the police station next door to the court and released him without bringing any charge.)

The catalogue of incidents brought to light over the months by Paul Foot in the *Daily Mirror*, of false



Brodsworth, Doncaster

arrests, fabricated evidence, even police agents provocateurs—officers dressed up as pickets, complete with flat caps and donkey jackets—is unnerving. The stories on the picket-line, of police ploys, police plants and 'flatcap coppers', are legion. "We've seen 'em on lines," says Barry Higham. "We've had a word between ourselves and watched 'em. We seen one particular lad once who wasn't talking to anybody—everytime a rush come in with horses he ducked out of way into police lines, and police were leaving him alone. We seen two or three in donkey jackets another time who were shepherding blokes through to police for them to arrest 'em. I think they've even admitted to using 'em now, but they won't admit to phone tapping."

MORE DISTURBING is evidence of troops being used to police the strike, contrary to Cabinet Ministers claiming otherwise. "We've had police in the village during the riot addressing another officer as Corporal; we've had other incidents. A man saw his own son who was supposed to be in Northern Ireland, a bloke saw his brother who was supposed to be on duty in Germany. We've seen blokes outside police station in RAF uniform, like military police."

"Yer see squads on picket-lines," continues Barry, "who aren't no way tall enough to be policemen. You can pick 'em out a mile off—the way they look, the way they stand, the way they march. They march brilliant—the rest of 'em can't go two yards without bumping into each other."

"When they come into Armthorpe cordoning off the village, it was done with such precision, suddenly sealed off. It were all planned—they knew exactly where to go. It were like a SAS operation."

"You can always tell a picket's not a miner when he gets THE SUN out of his pocket and starts to read it." Kevin Woods, Kent Miner.

PLANNING THE police operation against the miners began last decade. The Secret Special Contingency Unit was set up by the government in the wake of Saltley Gate and the miners strike of 1972. It had been decided that all police activity would be controlled direct from Scotland Yard paving the way for 'national' policing.

Up until Tuesday, 13 March, 1984 the police committees, run by local councils were operative. It was on that day the National Reporting Centre moved into operation—since then there has been no consultation with the committees.

Their deployment in the coalfields has been carefully orchestrated, the police using collieries as operational bases, pits turned police camps—something that has caused many miners who returned to work in strikebound areas to rejoin the strike, having seen how their pits are being run. They have moved into scab's villages and are operating virtual pass laws.

"I can tek you to villages where scabs live," says Barry "later, back at the Welfare, sat suppin' Tetleys. You're searched goin' in and goin' out. They're only small villages and the police run them."

"The joke is, how many's working? Well, not working, just goin' in and sweeping lamproom floor and cleanin' police vehicles? What have they got in Yorkshire? A few hundred out of 56,000 men!" He chuckles. "They're not gonna turn much coal."

"I'm a single lad, gettin' no money, haven't had a penny... But I'm not bothered if I never go back again. I'm not. Not without winning. But then I think, well, you've got to live and fight another day."

"I'd love to win to be able to turn to Notts and say, Look what we've done without you. Think what we can do next time with you."

I head for the bar again. The line of glasses sharply reflect marital status; all the single lads are on halves.

You can talk about this strike to people in London, people outside of the coalfields, reel off a hundred examples of blatant Coal Board lies, vicious Fleet Street distortions and brutal police assaults, reel off a hundred more, and it all seems somehow unreal. The truth is strange, that—yes—life in the pit villages is almost unreal and—yes—these things are happening.

To the Nottingham miners who have worked through the strike it has all passed them by. They see things through the warp of a situation now ten months gone, locked in the insular mentality of those first few weeks. Protected by police, these 'heroes' are cosseted by their own rotten ideas. The more they go on, the more they see it from behind police lines.

Some heroes, some view. Earlier in the day at Edlo, Barry Higham pinpointed the madness. "When you see all these blokes here on the picket-line this morning fighting for what's right, and then you see these bastards going past you and coming out with a wage packet on Friday... I don't know who they think they're

doing right for.

"If you've got *The Sun* and that crowd praising you, and you've got the Tories saying, Well done, you've got the Coal Board sending you letters once a week, you've got the police helping you through then summat's wrong 'cos they're not on the side of working class people. Never. If that lot are helping you to go to work, it must be wrong."

THE RAIN is pissing down as the police horses form up opposite us in preparation for the scab bus. Barry starts singing 'Down The Tube Station At Midnight'.

He stands five foot nine against a line of six foot monsters in uniform, and he towers above them all. Another morning, another picket-line. Doncaster area turn out for another date with the Met.

There's a big picket down by the gates but we stay in a group straddling a bridge, filling the road winding down toward the entrance, stomping the tarmac to keep warm, swapping cracks about the size of turkey they'll have come Christmas dinner. Christmas day menus have been posted on Welfare boards up and down the country since the middle of summer—a sign not just of determination but of the men and women's confidence in holding out that far. And further.

The cold keeps me stumping pole-axed into the land of nod. I give up stomping tarmac and walk to the other side of the bridge. Amongst pit boots and plimsolls is a strange sight—a neat pair of loafers, and I mean well smart clogs, below soulboy pegs and an *Adidas sports top*. Kind of cute gear for picketing. Stood beside me is this group of black lads and I am at least half awake... No big deal, I think, it's obviously just a few hip-hop DJs from Harlesden come to check this thing out...

It's surprising just how many black miners there are down Britain's pits. I'd met a couple some time back, from Derbyshire, where there's a few hundred black colliers, but at six in the morning in the dim half light somewhere near Doncaster it still comes as quite a shock. They admit themselves that black Londoners have been non-plussed when they've come down to the capital collecting money, unsure whether to believe them, unaware of their existence. And like many workers first meeting miners with cockney accents hailing from Kent, coming late in life to the discovery that coal mining wasn't some queer pastime restricted to white tuba-playing northerners and members of Welsh male voice choirs.

By the time the last convoy of vehicles has rolled in, the pickets have let slip the opportunity to control the bridge and block the road. The police advance up the hill to the bridge's crest.

Just as the pickets wise up and hold ground, someone orchestrates a retreat, and Christ knows why, we reverse down the far-side of the bridge, giving the police the top of the hill. Halfway down, cursing the decision, the pickets quit looking for likely culprits wearing police-issue NCB donkey jackets and try a push, but the police have gravity on their side and bulldoze us easily.

Towards the bottom they charge, lungeing at pickets and crashing through the frontline. As men fall, police pile in, scrambling for the chance to arrest anyone who goes down. I'm grabbed and over a fence but pickets drag me back again, pulling me clear of arrest. Some lads at the back get lost, hold off, thrown back through police lines and are arrested, most just get hit.

BACK AT the Welfare I talk to Bert Whittle an old miner, his voice rough with dust, his mind brilliantly sharp.

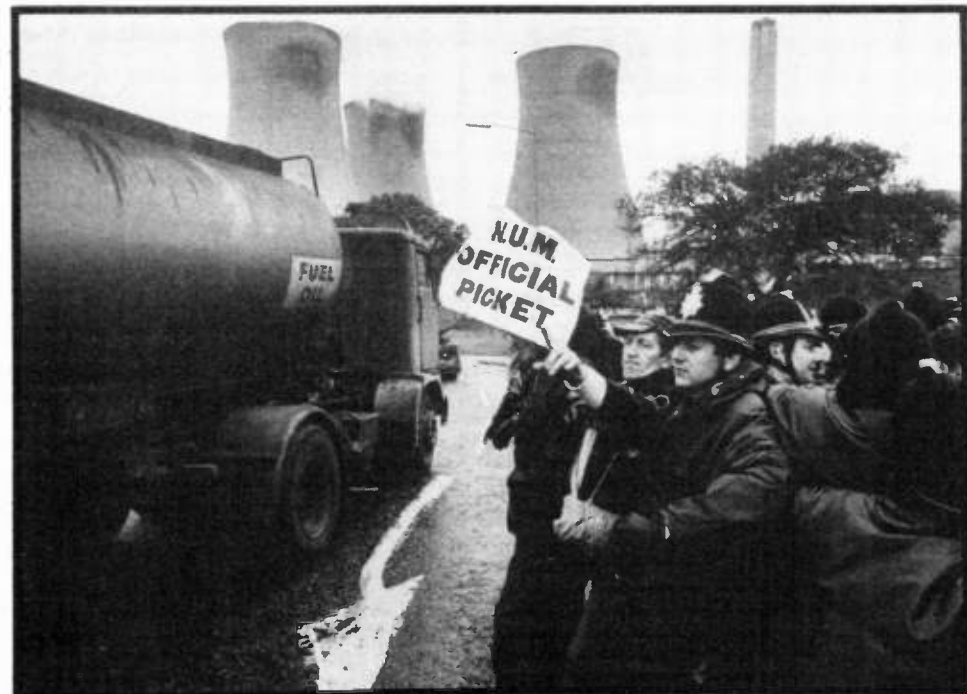
He's worked 42 years at Armthorpe since leaving school at 14 but still will not take redundancy, will never sell a job that isn't his to sell. He is unbreakable. When Sammy Taylor, Area Official, first heard of Cortonwood's closure it was to Dave Barker and Bert that he went to rouse Armthorpe.

Bert nods in their direction, "Right from start, the response from young 'uns has been absolutely fantastic. Far beyond anything that we would've imagined."

"As strike's progressed it's become more of a young man's strike. By virtue of the type of violence being used now by the police it makes it a younger man's strike—when you're being chased by horses and such it's a helluva lot more difficult for an old man."

Bert knows they are up against a fearsome organised strategy. "The '84 strike was planned by the government well before they got to power. The Tories started planning after Heath how they were gonna get back into power and what they were goin' to do when they got there. The first thing they wanted to do was to

CONTINUES PAGE 28



Welsh miners picket Diddcot power station, now converted to oil burning



A riff and a pose backstage.

Plc: Kevin Cummins

JAZZ MONSTERS FROM THE SWAMP

OK, so who really were the first young hepsters to put aside everything but the jazz? KALIMA say "us", of course. STEPH PAYNES for the defence . . .

Ann Quigley, Kalima's torch singer, snatches a sheet of paper from the pad on my lap and begins to make a list. She writes; Sarah Vaughn, Betty Carter and Flora Purim. She stops, nibbles on the pen cap and says, "Hey Cliff, who influenced you?" Cliff looks unamused. He has a cleft in his chin which is most often hidden by a tenor saxophone. "Joe Henderson," he says, and looks down again. Ann continues to scribble. The band, a crew of dinner jackets, start to migrate out of the dressing room to the stage. Ann remains, pen perched over paper. "Charlie Mingus, McCoy Tyner, Mongo Santamaria".

Martin Moscrop, the bearded drummer, pipes from the corner, "add John Coltrane."

"Already got him," says Ann, tossing some cropped blond hair aside. "Well, moans Martin, "what about Charlie Parker and Elvin Jones?" "Oh yeah," says Ann. "What about Philly Jo Jones?" I offer quietly. "Yeah," agrees Martin, "put Philly down." Ann puts him down.

By the time she finishes, the list is so long that I could trip over it, black out and dream that I am in

Birdland in New York City, sipping Martinis. When I awake, I'm in the Wag Club, drinking lager, trying to figure out why all of a sudden the great god pop has opened the gates to jazzers like McCoy Tyner.

Is this the dawn of sophistication? Or is it just another phase we're going through?

Either way, this Manchester outfit are determined to perfect their blend of easy listening, lounge-style, jazz-with-a-twist-of-Brazil. Kalima formed three years ago. At first, they called themselves The Swamp Children. They released two singles and an LP entitled 'So Hot' which received five stars in the *Virgin Rock Yearbook* of '82. The children changed their name to Kalima and have released one single, 'Smiling Hour', a tune previously recorded by Ann's favourite, Sarah Vaughn.

"When we started, nobody could play," admits Martin. "Well . . . John could play a bit of guitar." John Kirkham, tall, slim and groomed, shrugs modestly. Martin continues, "I never knew how to play the drums, but I

wanted to learn. We spend the first six months learning how to hold our instruments. Jazz is not like pop — you can't learn it in a year, it takes time. We still can't play now."

John and Ann fidget, a bit taken aback by Martin's candor. Personally, I am won over by self-criticism. Kalima are not bad, but the soloists are still struggling with technique and the rhythmic phrasing is still studied as opposed to felt. I wouldn't say they couldn't play at all, though.

John adds, "you can't aim to copy geniuses. You play as well as you can and that's how it sounds. Our influences, compared to most people's influences in Manchester, were different, but we inherited that belief from punk that anybody could pick up an instrument and start."

Manchester is not exactly a jazz mecca. There are some clubs around though, thanks to Kalima who claim that they "started Berlin, The Tropicana and Cloud 9" by initiating the jazz tradition at least one night a week. Thus, Kalima are a bit miffed whenever they are accused of jumping on

the pop-jazz bandwagon. Martin protests, "we don't see ourselves as a trend. When we were trying to play this type of music no-one was interested in it. Then all of a sudden, bands like Sade and Everything But The Girl came along." And they stole the scoop. "Yeah." Everyone nods. It doesn't seem as if Kalima have reserved a warm spot on the couch for Sade and the like.

"Well for a start," snaps Martin, "they don't play jazz. There might be a slight element of jazz you know, sax breaks . . . but it's limited. It's all been based around a pop formula, hasn't it?" I try to interrupt but Martin predicts the complaint — "Which we do quite a bit because we want success. But, we also want to play the kind of music we want to play so it's a bit of a compromise between the two."

This compromise works to sell 'jazz' to a pop-buying public on the one hand. On the other, there is an argument to be made against music which can easily become the popular alternative to a more skilful and beautiful music, simply because it is marketed. "Well, it's like a sample, isn't it?"

says John, "once you sample Jazz, you get hooked on it."

"The people we like have been playing for 20 or 30 years," says Ann. "There is no way that we can compare ourselves with any other jazz musicians around, we haven't been doing it long enough. But we work hard and we hope to reach a certain standard. But, we can't rush."

Recently, the band played at the Bracknell Jazz Festival, a gig, which in turn, opened doors for Kalima at the more established jazz clubs. The audience, apparently, was younger than ever and when Kalima took the stage a lot of people were moved to dance. Martin says that as he looked around, it seemed to him that "a lot of the older guys who have always been really into jazz appreciated bands like us, even though they know it's not jazz but has jazz attached to the label."

"It means," he says in a serious tenor, "that out of all those people who take it as a trend, a lot of them will give it up when a new trend comes along. But because it's jazz, and as John said, you can't turn back, at least thirty per cent are going to stick with it."

Pit scene

COAL NOT DOLE videos (NUM endorsed) which have ten minute programmes with titles such as 'The Coal Board's Butchery — No Pit Is Safe', 'Redundancy — the Road To Nowhere' and 'Not Just Tea and Sandwiches — Miners' Wives Speak Out' are available 'at reasonable cost' (approx £9) for groups that want to show them — and they're free to miners. Order yours from Platform Films, London 01-278 8394 or Trade Films, Gateshead 0632 775532.

Brooce

FOLLOWING the Eurythmical deposition of much of Dominic Muldowney's score to the 1984 movie, comes news that Bruce Springsteen is also likely to suffer a touch of the old ditheroonies in the soundtrack stakes.

Seems that Brooce's old chum, the redoubtable Peter Bogdanovitch, had intended to use snippets of such songs as 'Thunder Road', 'The Promised Land' and 'Badlands' in his forthcoming *Mask* flick. The music had been duly dubbed and both Springsteen and Bogdanovitch were said to be chuffed with the results.

Then came the proverbial pie in the eye — CBS Records claimed they weren't satisfied with Universal Studios offer of a mere \$200,000 for the six minutes of Brooce-tunes used. They also wanted, it is claimed, a share of the film's home video sales.

Understandably, Universal have since become quite uppity about the whole situation and now seem likely to replace Springsteen's musical contribution with something less likely to give their bankers heart-failure. Incidentally, *Mask* is based on a true story about a female biker and stars Cher as the Yamaha mama.

— Fred Dellar

'Zine scene

WHAT CAN ya get for under two pounds these days? Well, how about a slicky independent magazine like *AWAY FROM THE PULSEBEAT*, which not only boasts a glossy colour cover but is stapled and typeset to boot. Add to that its coverage of truly indie acts ("The Mosquitos don't have any records out. They've been on no compilations. They've never played more than a hundred miles from home. The Mosquitos not only know a secret. They are one"). The Austin roundup may be a bit dated, and I'm never gonna endorse a cover story on The Sisters of Mercy, but there is a lotta great stuff on great folks here, a solid indie review section (cf: "The Cellbrite Rifles — From Australia, another dedicated R'n'R band"). Good picture repro for once, too. And only £1.50 bi-monthly from PO Box M1 842, Hoboken, New Jersey 07030 USA.

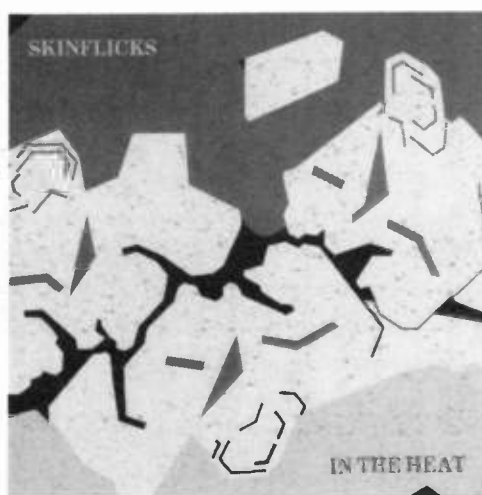
— Cynthia Rose

It's About Time For A CHANGE

Out Now on Lost Moment Records

Distributed by the Cartel

AVAILABLE ON 7" & 12"



In The Heat

SKINFLICKS



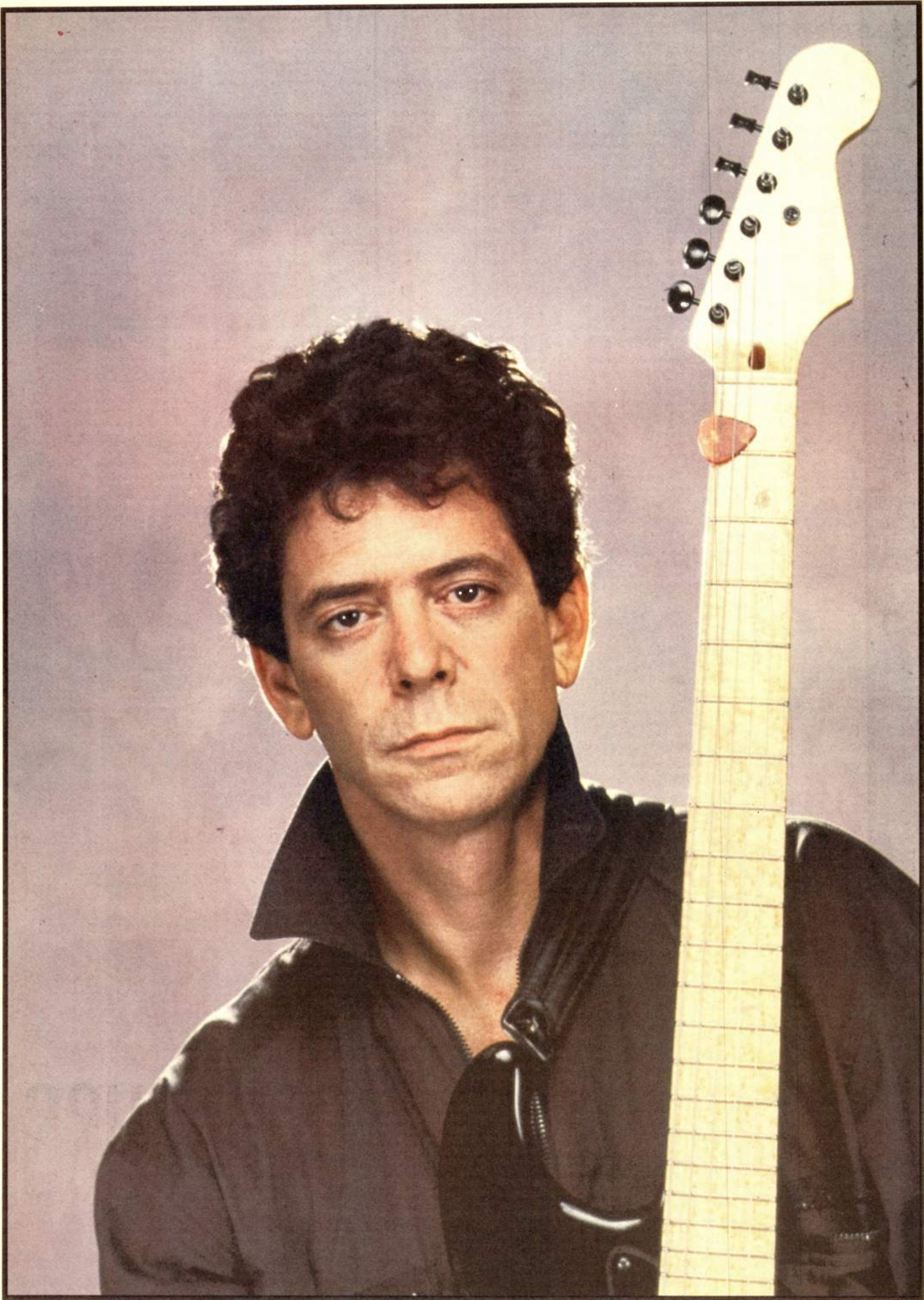
Pushing You Out

SKIN SIDE OUT

THE ASSOCIATES BREEKFAST



NEW SINGLE
7" & 3 TRACK 12"
AVAILABLE NOW



LOU REED and I are talking on a bus in Santa Barbara and hell, the guy's scaring the shit out of me!

Yes, we've all heard about how the rock'n'roll animal has turned over a new leaf. His third and current wife, Sylvia, has had a salutary effect on him.

He stopped drinking a year ago, he's in great shape, and his recent (22nd!!) album 'New Sensations' is a paean to the simple, visceral pleasures of being alive. But do not be fooled! Lou Reed is still one tough customer.

I find myself wondering... why is this man so hostile? Sure, he's a rock star and I'm a journalist and there's always an element of "who's the spider and who's the fly" in this sort of encounter. But before all else, we're two human beings — can't we forget our job assignments for a moment and have an amiable conversation?

As it turns out, no... we can't. Lou won't have it for a moment. Is it a simple case of shyness? Is he a recovered alcoholic who hasn't yet learned to socialize without booze? Or was he spelling it out for me when he hissed "sometimes you meet a person and you just don't like them"?

Before we get to the sparkling repartee, allow me to backtrack. Born 41 years ago in Brooklyn, Lou Reed was a middle class kid who transformed himself into the quintessential urban punk.

As Chuck Berry was to the '50s, so Reed was to the '70s and, as the guiding light of legendary '60s avant garde outfit The Velvet Underground, Reed perfected a musical blueprint that continues to shape countless bands.

As a solo artist he explored, with unflinching candour, uncharted themes previously considered taboo in pop music; heroin and street hustles, sexual deviance, and the crippling *ennui* of the terminally hip. Reed stripped the *demi-monde* bare in search of a few legendary hearts, and in larger sense, his musical morality plays have always been an inquiry into the ideas of betrayal and redemption.

Musically, Reed's compositions are simple, almost primitive, but they are distinguished — and instantly identifiable — by his uncanny ear for dialogue. The characters in his songs seem vibrantly authentic because they talk the way real people talk. Reed's vocal style, a flat reportorial snarl, is well suited to the vernacular of outsiders.

The tone he assumes with the heroic fuck-ups he creates is casual, bitchy, and extremely sentimental. Hope does spring eternal, and no matter how vehemently Reed tried to deny it, he could never quite manage to extinguish it in himself. That spark is what makes his music so powerful.

Like Leonard Cohen, Reed is a romantic fatalist as an artist... and as a businessman. He has, on more than one occasion, wilfully committed career suicide by releasing perverse LPs designed to gum up the works of the music money machine. His current record, however, is the biggest commercial success he's scored since 1973 and his hit single 'Walk On Wild Side', and he seems quite pleased to be a thriving member of the MTV generation.

Reed continues to live in New York. He frequently attends movies, enjoys reading trashy detective novels, and rarely buys records ("Sylvia buys them so I hear a lot of new stuff"). He recently completed his first major US tour in five years and the final tally deemed it a winner. As to how I feel about Lou Reed, I'll try not to let our brief encounter inhibit my enjoyment of his wonderful music.

WHAT'S THE most significant change you've observed in yourself in recent years?

I hope somebody told you I don't like to answer personal questions. I consider that a personal question.

Uh... OK. What do you consider to be your chief strength as an artist?

I never thought about it and that's not a question I could answer glibly off the top of my head.

In 1977 you made the comment, "I came through because I have a demented sense of humour". Is that still your most valuable survival tool?

I don't comment on past quotes, which are secondary information at best. I don't know where the quote came from, if it's real or not. And anyway, if it's something I said seven years ago what do I care?

How do you define the contract between audience and performer?

The contract? I don't think of it as a contract and never have. I think of it as seeing an old friend.

Have you always felt rapport with your audience or has the relationship ever been adversary?

I sometimes felt that we hadn't understood one another.

Do you think the public enjoys seeing its heroes suffer or self-destruct?

I wouldn't know what the public thinks. Do you know what the public thinks?

No, but I would venture an opinion and it seems to me that the public has certain ghoulish appetites.

What about people who go to car races?

They probably don't mind seeing a crash now and then. But getting back to you and your career Lou, do you think video is having a good effect on music?

I refuse to get involved in the argument of 'are videos good or bad for music'. That doesn't remotely interest me. Video is here to stay. It can bring music to the attention of people who might not be exposed to it otherwise, and I think my video for 'Suzanne' made some people aware of me who hadn't previously heard my music. So, video had a good effect on my music. Personally — and I can only speak for myself, I can't speak for other people — I see video as an ad for the album and that's how I approach it.

What's the biggest disadvantage of fame?

I'm not famous enough to have to worry about that. I don't consider myself famous.

But you do acknowledge that a certain legend has developed around you?

I'm told.

Is that something that you can distance yourself from and play with, or has it been a problem in your life?

It hasn't been a problem per se. How seriously can anybody take something like that? Not seriously at all. That's something I can operate through with the songs.

You recently told the *Los Angeles Times* that you're treated with greater respect in Europe than you are in

America. Why do you think that is?

I didn't say that and I can't answer quotes given to other people. I sell more records in Europe because Europeans are interested in America and they listen closely to people who seem to them to be representative of this country.

Do you feel distinctly American and feel a strong connection with this country?

Not a strong connection with this country, but I do feel a strong connection with New York.

Do you continue to find New York a creatively stimulating place?

Sure.

YOU RECENTLY commented "How seriously will people take a rock'n'roll record? Not very seriously at all." Can you elaborate on that?

I've always felt that most people have a basic contempt for the form and consider the field to be populated by inarticulate idiots. I've always believed that there's an amazing number of things you can do through a rock'n'roll song, and that you can do serious writing in a rock song if you can somehow do it without losing the beat. The things I've written about would not have been considered a big deal if they'd appeared in a book or a movie.

Do you see that situation changing? Is the thematic range of rock broadening?

Some of the rap groups coming out of New York are touching on things that interest me and I think there's some pretty good writing to be found in rap music. Like there's this thing called 'We Became Lovers Before Were Friends' — I don't know who it's by. 'Thirty Days' by Run DMC is great. 'The World Is Tough' by the CD II or something like that. I can't keep the names of those groups straight.

Do you see much live music?

Almost none because I don't much like going to clubs. I did go see Tina Turner and Springsteen though. Springsteen put on the best rock'n'roll show I've ever seen.

Better than yours?

I don't see mine. And I don't see why anybody would want to compare things. What qualities do you find consistently compelling in people?

What an odd question. I know right off the bat whether I like somebody and it has nothing to do with the qualities in them. Sometimes you meet somebody and without a word passing between you, you like them. Then you meet other people and you just don't like them regardless of what qualities they might have. (Pause... piercing gaze) *you just don't like them.* (Yipes!) Uh... are you an easily enchanted person?

A what?

In other words, are you the kind of person who goes in to see a movie willing to let it cast whatever spell it might be capable of over you, or do you struggle to remain sceptical?

If I see a movie with my wife it's hard to fall under a spell. With Sylvia it starts with whether or not the movie's in focus. Sylvia's really into movies and I've learned a lot from watching them with her.

Seen anything good lately?

I just saw *The Exterminator* and thought that was great fun. It was kind of like *The Road Warrior* which was another movie I really liked. I also liked *Tender Mercies*, *Heartland*. *Last Night At The Alamo* was OK. One of my favourite movies is *Chain Is Missing*. It was inscrutable.

WHAT ASPECT of your work do you find most difficult?

Not second guessing or perfecting your work to death — and that's something I've learned to avoid. When you're really tired you can't allow yourself to start thinking. Oh jeez, I don't know. I have great faith in the basic thing I start out with and I usually won't be moved on it.

How do you compose? Do you have structured writing habits?

I used to worry that I would lose the capacity to write because sometimes I would sit down and nothing would happen. But I finally realised that writing is an ability that I have, is something that's always going on in the back of my head for my own fun and amusement, and that I can draw on when I need to.

I can write very quickly. Sometimes I'll just take a title and let it loose in my head and just write out a song. It's really fun when it goes like that. Then on the other hand, a song like 'My Friend George' — which is one of my favourites on the new album — normally I would've just let it go where it would and if it came back, fine, if it didn't, to hell with it.

But I was getting ready to record an album and I really liked this one little bit I had for that song, so I had to spend a couple of hours figuring out some chords for it. I finally got the chords and I couldn't sing it and play it at the same time! That song took a long time — by a long time I mean a couple of hours, all afternoon, all night with the thing, then the next day going over it again.

Have you ever considered writing a play?

Yes, but I haven't done it yet. One of my strong points is I'm good at dialogue and can do two things with it; I can make it sound like something someone said. A lot of my stuff sounds like the way people speak, when in fact, it's not. It's sort of a polished version of the way people speak. It's a popular theory that an artist must be in some kind of conflict or turmoil in order to do good work. Do you think there's any truth in that?

No, I think that's an unfortunate concept, that one.

Do you think that once a person's experienced certain extremes of despair and survived it, that they never have to go through it again? Or can life repeatedly throw you back to point zero?

I can't answer questions like that and that's not the kind of thing I should answer. I don't know any more than you do. Who's qualified to answer a question like that? A good friend might be.

How rare are good friends?

I guess that depends on the person, doesn't it?

DID YOU go in to record 'New Sensations' with a specific goal in mind?

I wanted to have fun with it. And there were certain sounds that I heard on the radio — a certain kind of bass drum thing for instance — that were really strong and exciting, and I wanted to have that.

I've spent a lot of time recently getting into the tone of the guitar. For a while I was playing a plexiglass guitar and was into volume overload.

Then I started getting interested in lower volume, different kinds of tones, and the experience of hearing a chord really clearly, and that's where it ended up

with 'New Sensations'. I spent a lot of time playing different guitars and amps looking for certain sounds that I wanted on the record.

You told the *Times*: "I want my music to get funkier, more danceable. That's what interests me now." Why does that idea appeal to you?

I never ask myself things like that because I couldn't care less why. I never think, no, don't go over there, I want you to go over here. It goes where the fun goes and I follow.

What do you consider your best work?

I always like my most recent album best and that applies to every single one of them. I'm always excited about the last one when I get out of the studio, and then having heard it so much, I'll suddenly get very sick of it and won't listen to it for a year or so. I always find that I don't discover what the songs are really about until maybe a year later.

How do your early songs feel to you now?

I like every single one of my songs or I wouldn't have recorded them. The ones I didn't feel that good about I didn't record. Have the culture's social and sexual taboos changed since you began making music 18 years ago?

I'm a rock'n'roll person and I'm not interested in answering questions like that. It's true I've addressed certain subjects as a writer but that's in the work. People are always asking me if there's a realistic validity in my work. Did you *really* do that? Can we *really* believe it? I always keep my mouth shut about these things because I don't want to be put in the position of having to actually do something in order to write about it. I don't believe in that.

Why is popular music obsessed with the idea of romantic love?

It's not just popular music — *everything* is obsessed with that because love is important to people's lives. They want to hear it, sing about it, listen to it being sung about, and see movies about it. Poems are written to it, it's danced to and thought about.

What would you like to change about your life at this point?

I wouldn't want to change anything about my life.

Are you surprised at what you've achieved in life, or did you feel from the time you were a small child that you were destined to leave your mark on the world?

I never thought about that or thought into the future that way. I just wanted to write. And I really liked rock'n'roll.

Do you believe in luck?

I believe in bad luck, so I guess I believe in good luck. But really, what's the point in a question like that?



ROCK AND ROLL SOURPUSS

Some talk tough and some talk dirty but the new LOU REED won't talk at all.

KRISTINE McKENNA finds it's a case of less lurid more loured at.

MUSING WITH MUSA

DAVID QUANTICK stands on the tarmac of the NME Heliport to welcome **AFRICAN CONNEXION's Mwana Musa**.

"If African music is allowed to break out, it will swamp the existing acts that the big record companies depend on. In no time at all well-known acts won't be around, because they will be swamped by these natives from Africa, and from other parts of Europe, playing African music."

When conversing with the main man of a young and rising London-based group, the writer expects to hear the odd confident assertion, perhaps a touch of unorthodox credo. He or she rarely hears the end of Euro-American pop prophesied. However, I am talking to Mwana Musa of African Connexion, and Musa is nothing if not forthright. A Sierra Leonean, Musa has lived in Britain for the past 14 years, writing songs, publishing books of poetry, and getting the occasional dedication in Linton Kwesi Johnson books.

He formed African Connexion last year, a band unique amongst the UK collection of African-style outfits in that they manage to combine the spirit and sound of the continent's various musics with elements of reggae, pop, and funk. Musa is also badly keen to record with Tony Hedley. A.C. have already released one single, the brilliant 'C'est La Danse', on Oval. The title track—available on NME's own 1984 'Department Of Enjoyment' cassette—is a stylish confirmation of the

African beat, while its flip, 'City Limits', is a dark reggae cousin of 'Walking On The Moon', a sterling atmospheric look at, amongst other things, the dark streets of London seen through a non-Cockney eye.

Now upon us is 'Dancing On The Sidewalk', a crafty mix of that African sound with an infrastructure of funk. It's also an introduction to African Connexion's new shift of emphasis.

"Havin' played over 20 gigs, we've been asked the question, Why don't you guys play something that we can understand? We love the rhythm, but we can't understand what you're talkin' about, and sometimes the songs are too woolly for us. So we're just breakin' it down, makin' it more spacey."

"If that means sellin' out, that's OK. I don't want to remain poor for the rest of me life!"

Musa does tend to emphasise that he would like to make lots of money; but he is at least in a position to do so with some style. This band that uses African, European and American rhythms is creating a blend of musics, not a cheapskate crossover. Musa calls the blend "kwanza kwanza"—one plus one, fusing the rhythms into one body. "We've always tried to run away from the idea of bein' labelled an African band. We do not want to subscribe to the stereotypical



Mwana Musa: "Africa's got something to offer the world other than people in grass skirts."

Pic: Lawrence Watson

image of African people.

"The aim of African Connexion is marryin' the different cultures together, 'cos we've got an American, a Jamaican, two South Africans, two Sierra Leoneans... and we've got a Welshman. And a big band like that's just a hybrid of sounds. The aim is to get across to people, sell the music, get some money—live happily ever after! No, we just

want people to understand that Africa is there, Africa is not what you thought it to be, not what you've been readin' in books, not what you've been seein' in *Disappearing World*, or some botanical programme on TV.

"We are not interested in Western presidents, Western Queens, entertainin' them on the tarmacs of the airports, dancin' for them or bein' shown on

television with grass skirts. Africa's got something to offer the world other than people in grass skirts... when we were wearing silks, Europeans were goin' round in animal skins!"

It's about now that we come on to the end of Euro-American pop as we know it. I did not let this assertion pass me by. I asked Musa why he thought African music would have this effect.

"All you have to do is check the dances. African bands or bands with African influences—more than half the people will be dancin' because it's a new rhythm, a new dance form. It allows you to express yourself. It's not like disco where by it's only part of the body that's involved. African music, every part of your body's involved in doin' the dance, see?"

"African music is still

immaculate FOOLS

NEW 7" (GATEFOLD SLEEVE)
& 3 TRACK 12" SINGLE

No Tainted Promises



confined to evening radio. And this relates to Africa bein' termed the Dark Continent, so the music can only be played in the dark!"

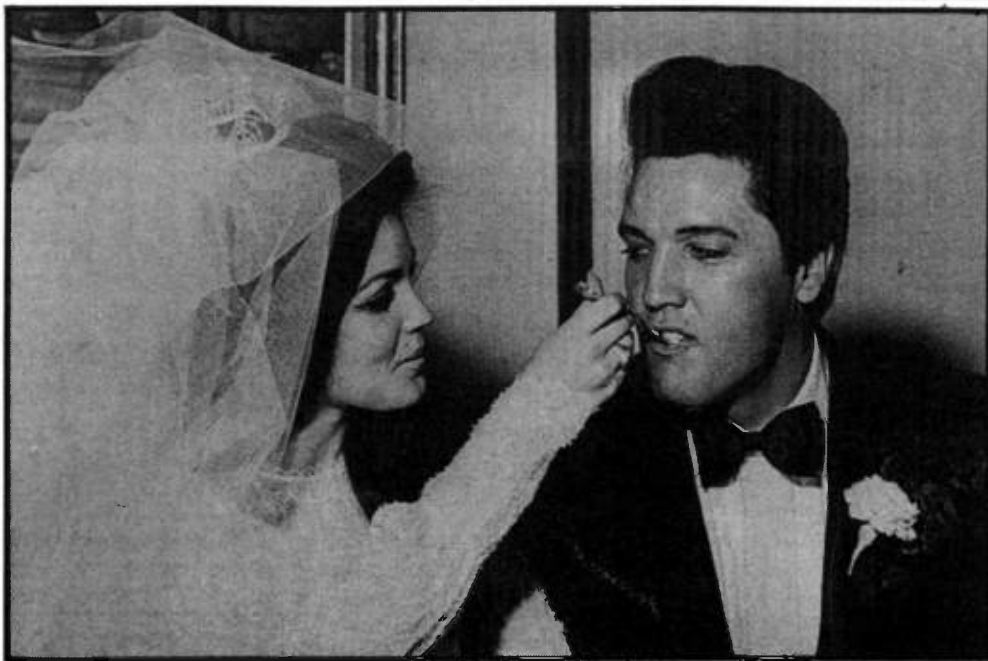
I wonder if this man is having me on. What about his current plans?

"Right now, it's trying to get our sound together, trying to change the sound. Not runnin' away from the African rhythm, but bringin' something more exciting into it, something that you and I and others can feel part of.

"African Connexion is not going to be confined to the musical ghettos of workin' class Britain... we're goin' to break down them doors of CBS and the like. We don't want anythin' to do with those people anyway, we prefer workin' with the little record companies, because they're the guys with guts, the guys who are tryin'. The big record companies, because they're something to break t'ru. They have tried with Sunny Ade, nothing has happened. Manu Dibango, nothing has happened. But you know that we can do it, 'cos time is on our side."

I think that if ever African music produces a star in this country the prime contender would be Mwana Musa. He talks like he knows it all, but, then again, he does actually know a fair old bit of it. Like all the best pop stars, he wants to have hits, but he doesn't want to make a dil of himself in the process. African Connexion are not playing a pop African crossover (spotlight on Jimmy The Hoover), and they're not spending their evenings perfecting soundalike Afrobeat. They're mixing up the medicine. I just hope they can get it out of the basement.

David Quantick



When times got tight round Gracelands, the Burger got spoon fed old soap opera scripts.

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT ELVIS WHICH DOESN'T MENTION CHRISTMAS ONCE

Okay so I was just eating the marmalade right? Just spooning it out of the jar, okay. It was a Sunday morning, late. We were all sitting there discussing whether or not I should talk about seriously talking about taking up the offer of the *Waiting For Godot* Broadway Musical, and I was simply, you know, spooning the marmalade out of the Goddam jar. The producer was giving me a hard time. I spooned. "Okay, Sam," he said "The play's real wail, a 35 carat Laff Riot, I creamed my Y-fronts and had to be helped from the room at the read-through, but I think, speaking personally and you know I wouldn't tickle your potatoes on this, you know I'm the last man to want to squeeze your hat, but I think that the Godot guy ought to turn up. He ought to arrive, if you want it in Mitchum's English." Fiona hooted and Richard almost fell off his chair but that's what the geek actually said. I dug more marmalade out of the jar. The producer leaned forward and poked a playful finger at me. He was wearing three ties ("All the rage in the States, Sam.

They're more fashionable than two hens in a stagecoach cake.") "Come on Sammo. You can tell me. You can slap the seahorse's rump for me; who is Godot?" There was a strange silence, broken only by the traffic outside, the radio, the TV, the video and the dance troupe. The producer had a very strange way with the English language. He said it was the way you had to be. ("You've got to reinvent it, Sam, all the matting time: it's like a fish." At times he became incomprehensible, as when he asked the time: "How does the leaf take the duck, Sam? I'm late") I looked down my marmalade jar, reading the list of contents: Strawberries, sugar solution, colouring, Elvis. "Elvis" I said. "Godot is Elvis." He grabbed the jar of jam from me. All his slick talk slid away as he gabbled in pure panic. "Elvis! You mean we're eating marmalade with Elvis in it? Why? Why?" He began to vomit. "Because the Big Bopper Marmalade is for special occasions" I said.

— Ian McMillan

PRESS RELEASE OF THE YEAR (SO FAR)

JOY DIVISION + NEW ORDER

PLEASURES AND WAYWARD DISTRACTIONS

by Brian Edge

TO BE PUBLISHED BY OMNIBUS PRESS

DECEMBER 13th 1984

PRICE: £4.95

From the voice of doom to the voice of dance.

From the despair and dire of Manchester's dark gloom, the grime and rhyme, to the rich neon world of New York, the rhythm and the riffs.

From an Ideal For Living to a formula for success...

Enigmatic, tragic, vocal, silent.

Moody or thoughtful recluses.

Uncompromising, manipulative, misunderstood, messiahs, musicians. Whatever.

One of the most impenetrable bands to have cast its shadow across the face of rock. From their spawnings as Warsaw in the thrashing punk, the industrial intensity of Joy Division and the hypnotic electronic swirls of New Order. Ugly and beautiful, abrasive and sensitive, Romantics and Cynics.

Brian Edge traces the enigma from its early promise through the cult hysteria and the senseless tragedy of the suicide of Ian Curtis.

Blue Monday as one of the most successful indie singles ever made. Love Will Tear Us Apart and Atmosphere as two of the most haunting despairing love songs committed to vinyl.

An appraisal, an analysis, a picture, a defence, an appreciation.

An attempt to enlighten in a world of self-propagated darkness.

A ceremony of unknown pleasures. Movement.

beer daves

157 russell road moseley birmingham B13 8RR tel 021-449 4343

Or, your typewriter's really livin' on the edge, Brian old man. A puerile piece of sensitive, socially aware, cold grey light of alphabetical diarrhoea. The book? It's about some pop group...

— Knotta Penman

RED BOX seven and twelve inch single Saskatchewan



© 1984 Sire Records Company. Distributed by WBA Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Company



Meanwhile, back at Peel Acres, Sir John stumbles through the postbag and surfaces with the . . .

FESTIVE FIFTY '84

- 1 HOW SOON IS NOW? The Smiths
- 2 PEARLY DEWDROPS DROPS Cocteau Twins
- 3 THE GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE The Men They Couldn't Hang
- 4 THE SPANGLE MAKER Cocteau Twins
- 5 COME BACK The Mighty Wah!
- 6 SPIKE MILLIGAN'S TAPE RECORDER Membranes
- 7 THIEVES LIKE US New Order
- 8 WALK AWAY Sisters Of Mercy
- 9 LAY OF THE LAND The Fall
- 10 KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON The Redskins
- 11 SAINT HUCK Nick Cave
- 12 LONESOME TONIGHT New Order
- 13 BETWEEN THE WARS Billy Bragg
- 14 NOWHERE FAST The Smiths
- 15 EMMA Sisters Of Mercy
- 16 IVO Cocteau Twins
- 17 WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? The Smiths
- 18 CREEP The Fall
- 19 THE KILLING MOON Echo And The Bunnymen
- 20 MURDER New Order
- 21 KANGAROO This Mortal Coil
- 22 DONIMO Cocteau Twins
- 23 WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING The Smiths
- 24 HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW The Smiths
- 25 TWO TRIBES Frankie Goes To Hollywood
- 26 MASIMBA BELE Unknown Cases
- 27 THE BUSHES SCREAM WHILE MY DADDY PRUNES Very Things
- 28 PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LET ME GET WHAT I WANT The Smiths
- 29 THE SATURDAY BOY Billy Bragg
- 30 SPIRITWALKER The Cult
- 31 DR MABUSE Propaganda
- 32 BIAS BINDING Yeah Yeah Noh
- 33 ANOTHER DAY This Mortal Coil
- 34 MY SUITOR Berntholer
- 35 BIKO Robert Wyatt
- 36 REEL AROUND THE FOUNTAIN The Smiths
- 37 UPSIDE DOWN Jesus And Mary Chain
- 38 PANDORA Cocteau Twins
- 39 SUBTERRANEANS Flesh For Lulu
- 40 BEATRIX Cocteau Twins
- 41 FREE NELSON MANDELA The Special AKA
- 42 BLUE CANARY Frank Chickens
- 43 VENGEANCE New Model Army
- 44 NO BULBS The Fall
- 45 DARK STREETS OF LONDON The Pogues
- 46 DIRTY Hard Corps
- 47 THORN OF CROWNS Echo And The Bunnymen
- 48 SMALLTOWN BOY Bronski Beat
- 49 PEPPER TREE Cocteau Twins
- 50 VENCEREMOS Working Week

How they ran

Despite a few surprises and the odd anomaly, the annual festive fifty voted for by the listeners of John Peel's Radio One show and broadcast over Christmas and the New Year ran pretty much to form, being dominated for the second year running by The Smiths, Cocteau Twins, New Order and The Fall.

The Smiths actually usurp New Order — number one last year with 'Blue Monday' — to claim the top spot with 'How Soon Is Now', the sprawling six-minute epic that was originally only available on the flipside of their 'William' 12-inch but is now released as a single in its own right.

Along with The Cocteau Twins, Morrissey's men also have the highest number of festive fifty entries with seven.

New Order's apparent fall from grace should not be viewed too dramatically. With no album released during the past 12 months, their three entries comprise the only three songs the band have actually put on vinyl in the past year. Other acts with more than one entry are The Fall (also with three), Sisters Of Mercy, Billy Bragg, This Mortal Coil and the Bunnymen (two apiece).

Radio sessions broadcast on the Peel prog were eligible for the chart in the same manner as all vinyl offerings, although only four actually made the final list. The quartet in question were Billy Bragg's 'Between The Wars', The Smiths' 'Nowhere Fast', The Frank Chickens' 'Blue Canary' and 'Emma' by Sisters Of Mercy, the latter almost certainly the first Hot Chocolate song ever to make a Peel chart.

Back on the vinyl side, the biggest surprise is possibly the top three placing of 'The Green Fields Of France' by The Men They Couldn't Hang, a debut 45 that was a recent *NME* single of the week. Then there are Blackpool's Membranes at number six with 'Spike Milligan's Tape Recorder': "There were a disproportionate number of votes for that which arrived in the same week and from the same county," says a bemused Peel, "but I'm too trusting a bloke to suspect any kind of an organised campaign."

The bias of the chart — now in its third year as an annual survey after the scrapping of an 'all-time' list — understandably veers heavily towards independent bands championed on the programme over the past year, although a few worthy 'majors' also merit their inclusion.

It was compiled in December from postal votes, each listener giving their three favourites from the year, and broadcast in five separate nightly instalments.

— Adrian Thrills



Koss Stereophones. The Professional Performers.

Koss invented the very first stereophone back in 1958.

Since then we've been continually improving our products.

Take our versatile Porta Pro for example. Weighing only 2.5 ounces it features an ultra-thin state of the art acoustical diaphragm that offers a frequency response range of 15-25,000 Hz.



So wherever you go or whatever you do, the Porta Pro can travel with you. A movable feast in music.

For more information contact Koss (UK) Ltd., Unit 4, Tavistock Industrial Estate, Ruscombe, Nr Twyford, Berks. Tel: (0734) 343621.

KOSS

BIG COUNTRY

THE NEW SINGLE
JUST A SHADOW
ON REMIXED 7"
AND EXTENDED REMIX 12"
7" & 12" INCLUDE BRAND NEW
TRACK WINTER SKY
7" BCO8 12" BCO812



As the last victims of turkey and advocaat poisoning become well enough to leave hospital and 1984 recedes to memory, what do we need to launch 1985 in style? A whole bunch of ace singles would be nice for starters. Will our record companies oblige? Will they hell!

The first week of 1983 gave us U2's mighty 'New Year's Day' while the infant 1984 sprang from the traps to the strains of the Bunnymen's 'The Killing Moon'. No such luck this year. Sad to report that of the four outstanding 45s this week, two (Thorn and the Chairmen) are reissues while another (Milton) is so left field that every time I enjoy it I find myself looking over my shoulder for blokes in white coats. Anyhow, here goes, Singles Page 1985, God bless her and all who wail in her...

CREAM OF THE FIRST CROP



Tracey shouts it from the top of the page. Pic Peter Anderson

TRACEY THORN: Plain Sailing (Cherry Red)

Initially issued about the time of Tracey's magnificent 'A Distant Shore' LP in 1982, 'Plain Sailing' was the first glimmering of one of contemporary Britpop's most lovely voices, and the passing months have done nothing to dim its lustre.

Skimming on the most bashful of strummed guitar and barely shaken maracas, the Thorn warble wafts into every nook and cranny of the song and your heart, filling these two vinyl minutes with neckhair-stiffening magic.

What I do know is that this leaves most of her current output – pretty though the garden of 'Eden' is – looking a little pale. Her relationship with Ben Watt in EBTG is the Linda McCartney syndrome of the '80s. Someone is going to have to crowbar her away from Ben, for recording purposes at least, if the snowflake perfection of 'Plain Sailing' is to be recaptured. Tough on young lovers, but cruel to be kind.

MILTON: Love Is Like A Violence (Embryo)

A sculpture in sound, a mobile, as mad as pop comes. What else would you expect from Ted Milton, fruitcake frontman of the sadly missed (by someone, surely) Blurt? Produced in conjunction with the brave Steve Beresford, 'Violence' is really little more than a sharp piano/drums dub decorated with an assortment of squeaks and grunts from Milton's sax – water fowl in an advanced state of panic – and voice. A none too promising scenario, I'll admit, but somehow it all gels into a thoroughly engaging, if utterly meaningless, noise.

Milton watchers will be pleased too with the title of the B side – 'It's Only Recently That Stallins Have Begun To Roost' – which maintains the high standards set by Blurt's 'The Fish Needs A Bike' and 'My Mother Was A Friend Of An Enemy Of The People'. Eat your acid heart out, Julian!

CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD: Give Me Just A Little More Time/Working On A Building Of Love (HDH)

There was a time – it seems like a million years ago – when the popsoul passion of Holland, Dozier and Holland's Invictus label, along with Motown and early reggae, was the only escape for acned youths from the fetid dark age of rock. The choice was frighteningly simple – Freda Payne or Greenslade, the Chairmen or the Moody Blues!

But it's not just a nostalgia for Trevira skirts and Holy Cow tights – the girls' clobber was cute too – that fuels recommendation of these sides. Even now you can thrill anew, wonder at the complexity of arrangements afforded mere pop songs and gasp at the expressive angst of General Johnson's voice (Kevin Rowland certainly does). The knowledge that there's a dozen more like these on the recent 'Salute The General' compilation just sets the head spinning.

JAMES KING AND THE LONE WOLVES: The Angels Know/Don't Care If You Live Or Die/Ready To Fall (Swamplands).

Three tracks that see Mr King and his solitary meat-eaters score some of their obvious (live) potential, a mix of fashionably chiming guitars and rockist ferocity, into cold plastic. All three are chunks of unashamed rock music, each wearing a fat, old fashioned, drum sound like some badge of honour. All are pretty fine but 'Ready To Fall' takes the cigar. A Verlaine vocal dices with a greasy riff that thinks it belongs to Keith Richards and, presto, all the nice things said about this lot make sense. Tough stuff.

REVIEWED BY DANNY KELLY

THE SWINDLE CONTINUES (PART 703)

MALCOLM McLAREN: Carmen (Charisma)

In which the charmed but detestable McLaren once again rubs the magic lamp only to find the genie staying determinedly inside. What McLaren knows about opera you could write on a shirt button and still have room for the Ten Commandments. What he knows about organising pop music is rather more, but not enough to salvage this wretched record. I admire McLaren's cheek and his sense of fairness – he shafts all cultures, old, new, black, white, classical or plebeian – in pursuit of the green grail – but no amount of technological tarding up and mock divaisms can disguise what, novelty value apart, now looks a pretty desperate idea.

TIME ZONE (featuring John Lydon and Afrika Bambaataa): World Destruction (Celluloid)

After the grossly overrated 'Unity' stunt with born-again self-publicist James Brown, another Afrika Bambaataa project in which ambition far outstrips achievement. 'Destruction' wants to be 'The Message' or 'Mean Streets', a wide-eyed harbinger of global holocaust (feed the world then blow it up), but it's nothing of the sort. The Bill Laswell organised rhythm track is hack without saving grace and backs a staggeringly inappropriate Nicky Skopelites HM guitar strut and the worst synthbits in the career of the great Bernie Worrell. All this and another gutless display of opportunism by Lydon we don't need. Conclusions; Laswell needs a holiday, Bambaataa should watch the company his minor talent keeps, and McLaren and Lydon should, thank you Biba, piss off!

DECENT STABS

THE ARMOURY SHOW: We Can Be Brave Again (Parlophone)

After what seems an eternity,

Jobson, McGeoch and co have finally sussed it. What a band like theirs needs to pull the punters – and bands like theirs have no other reason for existing – is a share of the Northern European, lakes 'n' heroes action currently being hogged by Simple Minds, U2 and, most pertinently here, Big Country. 'Brave Again' is the logical step for them, a neat amalgam of Skiddy chantability and mock heroics. A (big) country mile better than 'Castles In Spain' – only Northern Europe counts, boys – and Jobbo's best since he decided to become a (splutter) poet.

THE BIG SOUND AUTHORITY: This House (Source)

Isn't it odd how every band over whom Elvis Costello casts even the most mildly approving glance (the Specials, Bluebells, Pogues) immediately garner a hefty shot of kudos, while a similar positive nod from Paul Weller spells media death. Vaughan Toulouse, The Questions and, most recently, The Big Sound Authority have been the unlucky victims of Paul's Midas-in-reverse attention. It's easy to see how the latter would appeal down Woking way, being all Motown drum patterns and brassy flourishes, very Jam circa 'Beat Surrender'. But prejudice aside, 'This House' is a spirited attempt at netting soul's elusive butterfly and a damned sight nearer the mark than 'Shout To The Top'.

DOMINATRIX: The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight (WEA)

Reactivated for the umpteenth time in the past twelve months, you'll only be unfamiliar with this if you've been on holiday in one of Albania's smaller resorts or training to be a Trappist monk. Suffice to say that Ken Lockie's electro-motivated praise of female assertiveness is still a serviceable chuckle. One awaits the reappearance of the accompanying video with finger trembling expectantly over the 'record' button.

THE COLOUR FIELD: Thinking Of You (Chrysalis)

Perversity as usual from the low priest of miserablism himself, Mr Terence 'Stop Me If You've Heard This One' Hall. A summary acoustic guitar and the rattle of lightweight percussion form an incongruous setting for a typical Hall opening verse. The word 'sorrow' puts in its customary appearance, while 'graveside manner' gets coupled with 'lonely banner'. A laugh a lifetime is our Terry. But hold up, a surprise awaits as the song, a deadpan folk duet between Tel and Katrina Philips, unfolds. Tiny atrophied rays of sunshine break through the cloud cover and a hopeful note, two even, are struck (this was recorded before Manchester United's recent clangers, after all). 'Good Times' it ain't, but by Terry Hall's usual standards it's 'rejoice, rejoice' time. An unassuming record and, like the FB3's version of 'Our Lips Are Sealed', a bit of a grower.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

BIG COUNTRY: Just A Shadow (Phonogram)

When BC decided to ditch the 'melodic matrix' of 'The Crossing' or the swathes of metallic guitar that characterise 'Steeltown' they should've realised that it'd lessen the singles-milking possibilities of the latter. Hence 'Shadow', fierce and proud at the end of 'Steeltown', where it's a fitting culmination of Adamson's stiff necked anger, here sounds like rage unprovoked, isolated and overwrought. Horses for courses, lads, and 'Shadow' is no 45.

HEAVEN 17: And That's No Lie (Virgin)

A screw loose up at B.E.F. corporate HQ methinks. This highlights the oft forgotten melodic strengths of the Heavenly ones but are we really expected to get excited about a three minute edit from a ten minute track, the fourth A side from a none too thrilling LP? We are? Then someone's in for a big

disappointment. Nice sleeve though.

EURYTHMICS: Julia (Virgin)

THE POINTER SISTERS: Neutron Dance (Planet)

The single of the soundtrack of the film of the book... 'Sex Crime' was the first Eurhythmics noise that I actually liked rather than just respected, a dazzling firework casting all those electro clichés in new colours. 'Julia', however, is noticeably more filmy. Annie 'n' Dave, or the record company, will try to persuade you that it's a ballad in the tradition of 'Who's That Girl?' but it's a chunk of soundtrack.

Same goes for the Pointers' little dance thing. Dragged from the rather fine 'Break Out' LP to do service in the new Eddie Murphy flick, it should not have seen the light of day as a single. Its red-faced shame next to 'I'm So Excited', 'Jump' and 'Automatic' is palpable.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: James Brown: Some Bizarro

AFRICAN CONNEXION: Dancing On The Sidewalk (Ova)

There's a link between this apparently ill matched pair and it's to do with the refinement of processes. The proud and enthusiastic (those two equal worthy and worthy all too often equals dull) African Connexion continue to search for the means of transferring their live crackle to vinyl. 'Dancing' is a more recognisably highlife groove than they usually occupy but still it doesn't hit the killer spots. A mystery.

The Cabs, meanwhile, have pursued their method for so long, and so successfully, that they're now as trapped by it as they were once liberated, slaves to a self-created, if benign, dictator. That they can still make chillingly good records is not in doubt ('last years' 'Sensoria' for one), but you know what 'James Brown' will sound like long before the needle gets near it, and CV records need to be more surprising, more terrifying, than that.

OH GOD, MORE TURKEY!

THE PALE FOUNTAINS: Jean's Not Happening (Virgin)

Having survived their jazz phase, this lot now gird their loins to face the ocean rain. It's all here, the cavern-echoed acoustic guitars, Van Der Valk strings, and soggy lyrics ("she's like the pouring rain"). Mac will be amused. It's not a bad record, just irredeemably redundant, a sponge door-knocker.

LINDA RONDSTADT: Falling In Love Again (Asylum)

In the latest of a series of career moves designed to see her become the Nancy Reagan of the personal computer and cocaine generation, Linda drapes herself around a spectacularly ordinary Nelson Riddle arrangement and comes on like – fanfare of muted horns – a jazz singer. Somebody should tell her that there's more to it than just slurring the odd couple of words together now 'n' then. Probably much more.

ELVIS PRESLEY: The Elvis Medley (RCA)

As a celebration of El's 50th anniversary some lunthead at RCA has seen fit to cram together one verse from a half dozen of the rhinestone burger king's best loved songs. The result, you'll be unstartled to hear, is unbearable, a desecration, like one of those 'LP highlights' flexidiscs that the record shops can't even give away, and every bit as disposable. And still no sign of the second coming, unless you count Lloyd Cole.

BREATHLESS: Ageless (Tenor Vosse)

Breathless, ageless, tuneless, heartless, clueless and seemingly endless.

COOK DA BOOKS: Golden Age (10)

GHOST MUSIC: Something Wicked This Way Comes (VP)

If these bands made a heap of all their ideas an ant would tower over it. Ghost Music have some excuse, this attempt at dated

dance pop being their debut, but CDB, after the promise of their Dennis Bovell produced opener way back in the mists of time, have taken five years to reach this pathetic state. Excellent, unsigned bands will weep bitter tears when they hear 'Golden Age'.

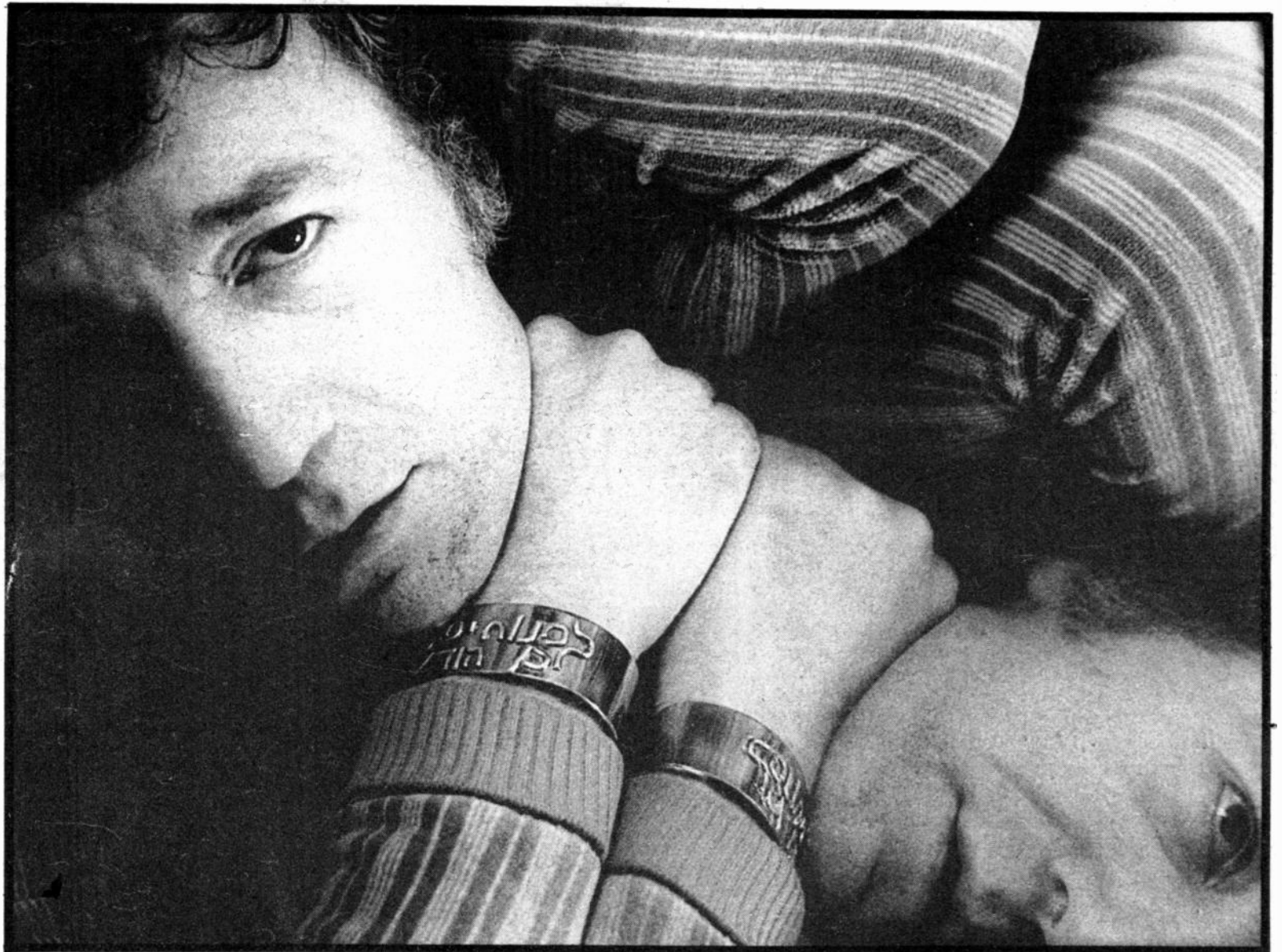
RED BOX: Saskatchewan (Sire)

Remember Red Box's almost-hit 'Chenko'? Y'know, the one with all the Red Indian type chorus hollering. Well, 'Saskatchewan' is more of the same. Surely the fiercely proud natives of the American continent have suffered enough without this!

THE ASSOCIATES: Breakfast (WEA)

Yet another attempt by Billy Mac to prove that he's alive and kicking, and I'm still not convinced. This time the once feted voice is thrown all over a soft (focus) porno soundtrack pieced together by Martin Rushent (shame on him) from the cutting room floor of the Thomas Crown Affair. Mackenzie still has his apologists but they spend most of their time these days apologising, which isn't the idea at all. No fun, Bill.

ALEXIS KANNER's come a long way from the hippie in the final episode of *The Prisoner* to his first film as director, *Kings And Desperate Men*. **RICHARD COOK** finds out why a '60s *enfant* stays terrible. **Pic J HOUGHTON.**



“YOU DON'T, you don't, you give up,” interrupts Alexis Kanner despairingly. “People come to the cutting room and stay and learn what they want and leave — and then a new bunch comes in . . . it's attrition.”

He's talking about keeping a perspective on the film he made, *Kings And Desperate Men*, over something like three years. Like the picture itself, the film-making he describes sounds like a mass of improvisation, endless re-takes and recuts, profound concentration and sudden impulse. He even took on his own leading part — as the scholarly terrorist who kidnaps a renowned radio host to stage a retrial of a manslaughter case in live broadcast — to simply fill a gap.

“My character, Miller — he became known as one-take Miller because I never gave the part any attention, everything is one take — and one day I heard one of the assistants laughing about him. She wanted to know why he wasn't negotiating for a flight to Cuba. It had never occurred to me.”

Alexis Kanner manages to combine intense rumination and volubility when he talks. A topic will spiral off into politics, literature, ethics . . . his pitted face and hooded eyes, relics of some recent rough nights, try to keep up with the flow.

His film twists and creaks around this strange tabloid affair.

Once the broadcast begins, playing to an audi-

ence of serried-rank sharpshooters and bemused Xmas shoppers, talkshow wizard John Kingsley (Patrick McGoochan) starts to outplay the hapless Miller and his confederates. Kanner splices itchy between the besieged studio, the police, the family and everybody else outside until the film is spinning. It's a cold, fantastical work that is exciting extremes: masterpiece, or preposterous shambles.

“I stayed out of the politics of the thing. Miller's whole idea is an ill-thought disaster, as these things mostly are. The way they're random, that's what gave me the idea to do it. Random.” He intones the word as if pronouncing a death sentence.

NEVITABLY, BRITISH audiences are eager to see *KADM* if only to watch Patrick McGoochan working again. As the radio genius who plays a barbarous English demagogue off his audience, McGoochan is pretty gripping — a compendium of the darting glares and clipped growls of his Drake/Number Six persona, shaped to another ironic, unfathomably bitter role. It would be a masterpiece of casting if Kanner hadn't already written the part with McGoochan in mind.

“The role needs a contribution of a higher order, something *volatile*. McGoochan brings *danger*. If he hadn't agreed I'd've either made Kingsley an Italian and asked Mastroianni to do it; or do him as a broken-down American comic, and got Johnny Carson. Carson actually agreed to do it on the day that Patrick said yes. Luckily I didn't have to rewrite the whole thing!”

There is a kind of warped nostalgia going on between McGoochan and Kanner, the latter a protégé eccentric in the last hours of *The Prisoner*. Sometimes *KADM* pivots on their relationship in a way that suggests Kanner would really have wished to make the film a two-hander.

“I told him he was hell to work with, and he said — you've forgotten what *you* were like. But he was wonderful. He has such imagination. Somehow you're navigating a razor edge towards the outcome.

Handling him is . . .” Kanner exhales with a smile. “If you want that quality of work you have to put up with that quality of problem too.”

A model of difficulty, McGoochan has — after much deliberation — declined to visit here to promote the film, thus scuppering a media beano that might have devoured him. Perhaps he's wise. Meanwhile, the film garners its own notoriety.

“A few months ago, four guys escaped from a prison in the south-west, took a radio station, went on the air and tried to re-try themselves. People rang me and said, did I feel responsible?”

Kanner looks disgusted. What are his own views on the efficacy of terrorism?

“Do you mean its successfulness or usefulness? I'm very torn about it. It used to be that various kinds of terrorism were the only way civilisation progressed. This coin” — he produces a battered-looking medallion from inside his shirt — “was the last one minted before the contemporary shekel, 2,000 years ago. If the sense of revolution had died out of those people we might not have Western civilisation as we know it.”

“On the other hand, there's the mercenary activity which the media picks up today as if it were genuine. I guess it's more dramatic to play up the PLO than tell the people that 98% of them are *paid*.”

KANNER DRAWS in the Middle East, the world even, and stirs it around in his coffee. In Canada, where the film was made, activists trying to save the French side of their culture have turned to terrorism themselves. Of Irish roots, born in France, a Canadian resident, Kanner is himself an awkward fit.

“I would've applauded Miller's action,” he muses. “That he never asks for money or anything for themselves.”

It might be the ineptness of the bungled assault that makes the film ludicrous for some. Kanner, still a young veteran, seems to thrive on the perversity. He

typifies the invisible man who nevertheless built an in-business reputation over a long period: '60s TV star became occasional Hollywood player, scriptwriter, even producer/director. His talent for Shakespeare has left him with a steadfast stage reputation.

Yet, like McGoochan, who reputedly turned down an envelope containing a million dollars just to talk about playing James Bond, he's been a little short on visibility. Kanner smiles an admission when I suggest that if you turn down everything people eventually stop asking. As it is, with *KADM* finally showing, he now has a staggering *eight* directing projects on the blocks.

“Arthur Clarke's *Childhood's End* is a film Kubrick wanted to do but couldn't get the rights. Abraham Polonsky controlled the rights with Universal and he called me to say he'd relinquish it if I'd like to do it. I held the receiver away from my ear . . . it turned out to be not a joke.”

“*Ball And Chain* is an original, an action comedy, somewhere between the Marx Brothers and *Bridge On The River Kwai*. . . *Picture Yourself* is one I wrote with Jack Nicholson in mind, about a mid-life sexual crisis in an average American household which one doesn't normally witness, and Nicholson wants to play it . . .”

“*Proffit* is a bit like a modern Middle East *Casablanca*. . . *Stealth*, which McGoochan wants to play the head of the CIA in, is a caper . . . *Blanks* is a more serious matter, concerned with the power to prophesy, with what happens when someone leaves out certain parts . . .”

And then there's . . . whew. I wonder if Kanner is giving me some of his hereditary blarney. After a lot of discussion his eyes have brightened into the sparkle of the mischievous mad genius.

“I'm a depressed optimist. A cynic full of wonder. I prefer to wake up believing in absolutely everything and proceed to have the shit kicked out of me all day — rather than be defenced and ready to have nothing happen to me.”

Amen to that.

FROM FLOWER-CHILD TO TERRORIST: REFLECTIONS OF A MISSPENT YOUTH

SILVER SCREEN

EDITED BY
ANDY GILL

TERMINAL DUMBNESS

The Terminator

DIRECTOR: James Cameron
STARRING: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Michael Biehn, Linda Hamilton (Rank)

COME THE final reckoning, in the armageddon fight to the finish 'tween man and machine, the result will be a draw and hence victory will belong to Arnold Schwarzenegger.

For Arnold is The Terminator, a 21st century cyborg who is robot on the inside but with a nice, soft flesh 'n' blood covering to fool the denizens of 1980s Los Angeles amongst whom he is time-warped for the purposes of retroactive historical alteration.

Said Terminator is an almost (heh, heh, I'm giving the end away) indestructible killing machine, ruthless, unstoppable, utterly beyond argument or emotion. Such a part tests

Arnold's acting prowess to the fullest; such a part demands the biggest and best bangs the boys in Special Effects can provide if not to wind up the silliest bogeyman this side of *Cujo* the rabid St Bernard.

The Terminator gets 'em — and some. Top notch suspense timing, an adman's gaudy sense of urban texture, and a plot which trumps predictability with sheer sensationalist overkill.

Storywise, we're talking post-holocaust *Escape From New York/Blade Runner*-land where tiny enclaves of human beans fight a rearguard action for survival against Richard Cook's home computers who've pressed their own nuke-launch buttons and subsequently taken over the smoking ruins. But a survivor springs forth to pull the plug on the hardware and hence must be stopped — thus *The Terminator* is back-projected into smog city to bump off aforementioned survivor's mum-to-be, rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb.

Suffice to say, violence is plentiful and spectacular — cops and innocent bystanders especially get wasted in prodigious numbers. *Guns & Ammo* freaks will have a field day, though choicest moment for me was when Arnie sliced out his own eyeball with a scalpel. Mmm, yummy.

As Daley Thompson sagely remarked, I haven't laughed so much since grannie caught her tits in the mangle.

— Mat Snow



Arnie tries out that hardcore cosmetic surgery that's all the rage these days.



Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton prepare to get suitably intense.

FUTURE INTENSE!

Repo Man

DIRECTOR: Alex Cox
STARRING: Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Olivia Barash (Artificial Eye)

"EVERYTHING IS intense for *Repo Man*," is the advice which the veteran Bud (Harry Dean Stanton) snarls across to Otto (Emilio Estevez), the LA punk (old-fashioned sense) who finds himself whirled into the not-so-noble profession of licensed car-stealing. It's a maxim that this fast, funny film never betrays.

Repossession isn't an intimate phenomenon in British life but this is the second time the big country

has used it to root a picture in — the first being Zale Dalen's lugubrious *Skip Tracer*. Written and directed by Liverpudlian expatriate Alex Cox — who worked in the business himself for a time — *Repo Man* manages to fire a barrage of possible story directions into its first reel: SF mystery, shopping mall satire and youth sleaze cartoon among them. Otto is sacked as a supermarket canstacker, is conned into lifting an auto and trying the game; a Chevy driven by a one-eyed crazy gets stopped on an empty highway, and the inquisitive patrolman is reduced to a pair of smoking boots by something weird in the trunk.

It would spoil the delicious

intricacies of Cox's design to reveal much more. From there matters explode into something dangerously comic as Otto and the repo men, their deadly rivals the Rodriguez Brothers and the mysterious enforcers led by Agent Rogersz (an update of Fleming's Rosa Klebb) all chase the Chevy and its alien cargo.

The race takes in a trail of dusty ghettos, dry river beds and stifling liquor stores that provides a further fresh view of Los Angeles, a desolate underbelly teeming with extremely intense people.

Cox is aided by enthusiastic overplaying from a largely unfamiliar cast, bolstered by older hands like Stanton who's

superbly cantankerous as the shrivelled old fox of the repo yard. But *Repo Man*'s momentum and character derive from the way a story that feels as improvised as a series of lightning sketches actually proceeds like clockwork. Even a tiny gag like Otto's parents signing all their money away to a TV preacher finds a reference in the all-together-now finale.

I might also mention flip injections like the hardcore mohawks who secretly long for a quiet life in a mobile home, the snooks cocked at mysticism and *Taxi Driver*'s shootouts... but see for yourself in this quick-witted crackle of cinema.

— Richard Cook

...the saltiest, sweetest, most sublimely
sleezy tickle...if it doesn't convulse you with
belly laughs, you're a stiff...

THE MOST ASTONISHING FEATURE FILM
DEBUT SINCE STEVEN SPIELBERG'S 'DUEL'

Boston Herald



Michael Nesmith presents an Edge City Production. Written and Directed by ALEX COX.

REPO MAN 18

HARRY DEAN STANTON
EMILIO ESTEVEZ

Written and Directed by ALEX COX

Music by IGGY POP · BLACK FLAG · SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
BURNING SENSATIONS · FEAR · THE CIRCLE JERKS
THE PLUGZ · JUICY BANANAS · Camera ROBBY MULLER

Executive Producer MICHAEL NESMITH

Producers JONATHAN WACKS AND PETER MCCARTHY
USA 1984 · COLOUR · A Universal Film · An ARTIFICIAL EYE Release

STARTS THUR. 10th JAN.

CHELSEA CINEMA

351 3742 206 KINGS ROAD LONDON SW3

CAMDEN PLAZA

485 2443 OPPOSITE CAMDEN TOWN TUBE STATION

The Electric Screen
191 PORTOBELLO ROAD. TEL: 229 3694

STARTS FRI. 11th JAN.

CLASSIC
OXFORD ST.

A Man Like Eva

DIRECTOR: Radu Gabrea

STARRING: Eva Mattes, Lisa Kreuzer (Blue Dolphin)

WHAT'S A nice girl like Eva Mattes doing in a part like this? Apparently one of the few participants in a Fassbinder movie not to have been subjected to his tyrannical whims, she claims no revenge motive in her pimples 'n' all portrayal of Germany's sorest, most missed director.

Affection, not to mention the challenge presented by gender change, would seem to be her reason for impersonating her former employer. Whatever, as the title indicates, the project would have been inconceivable without her, especially after the *method*-ical abuses she subjected her body and skin to in order to bring her to an uncanny emotional and physical resemblance of a man.

So why pick a nice girl like her to play a wilfully unpleasant part-man part-brute like Fassbinder anyway? To underline the more tender, feminine side of a bisexual whose appetite for sensual pleasures is matched by one for psychological cruelty?

Little evidence of tenderness is brought to support such a case here. Eva/Fassbinder only turns it on as a wife to get his own way with the company he keeps in the service of himself and his art. We see him waddling around the set, a grotesque dwarf figure placed at a permanent remove from everybody around him by a combination of stimulants and indifference.

Bored, he toys with and strains their emotions, sends the company women out onto the street to finance his picture, weds his leading lady as a way to bed his leading man, all the time ignoring his longterm male lover. So totally wrapped up in himself, he expresses only the mildest surprise when people submit to his games.

Given his reliance on such echoes, the film is too fractured a factionalised bio-fragment to exist in its own right. Indeed, viewers with no knowledge of Fassbinder or his films will see *A Man Like Eva* as a flatly framed, dull exercise in tortuous melodrama based on the grip one little fellow holds over the people around him.

The main allusion to his art, however, is *Eva's* parody of it. But in parodying Fassbinder's style, the film reduces it to just that, style, where Fassbinder himself applied whatever style best made his point.

Eva Mattes' sterling impression aside, *A Man Like Eva* is counterfeit Fassbinder: intermittently compelling, but worthless when exposed as the inauthentic thing.

—Biba Kopf



So that's why they call him "Rainier"...

ON THE BOX

BY RICHARD COOK

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 9

THE Golden Oldie Picture Show.

A shocking idea. Old pop given a modern video treatment — how do you think they'll do The Avons' 'Seven Little Girls Sitting In The Back Seat'? Among the other brilliant ideas: 'Rock Around The Clock' set in a quarry and (tasteful) 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' with a West End tramp. (BBC1).

FRIDAY JANUARY 11

Victoria Wood — As Seen On TV.

Wood's theatre and revue work is usually much tougher than her TV side, but with frequent sidekick Julie Walters on hand this ought to have enough smart lines to outplay most of the season's new comedy. On BBC2, as is *Billie* earlier tonight — a hard act to follow, of course.

Newhart's sublime theatre of embarrassment — a world of niggling pain tied up in a furrowed brow — continues to deflate the canned laffs that ballast most US comedy-jokes. On C4, as is *The Tube* earlier tonight — a lot of damn silly acts to follow, of course.

SATURDAY JANUARY 12

The Other Side Of The Tracks.

Gambaccini returns with a strong first entry — Frankie in Hollywood, and The Cars in Boston. Will he be

as penetrating, incisive etc as Du Noyer/Cook? Two unlikely acts to follow (C4, 6.00).

Saturday Live. Lenny Henry dishes up 90 minutes of the sort of fun that's become so ubiquitous as to be no sort of 'alternative' at all — Coltrane, French & Saunders, The Style Council... no comment on this last inclusion (C4, 8.30).

Hill Street Blues. A note to remind you that the finest return this week (C4, 10.00).

MONDAY JANUARY 14

Hollywood Greats. Bing Crosby.

Interesting to see what Norman makes of this mild, pipe-smoking chap — considering how this series usually digs up dirt, it must've been awesome finding anything unpleasant about the nicest crooner there ever was (BBC1).

TUESDAY JANUARY 15

The Avengers: The Hour That Never Was. Excellent example of how this series managed to make rural England full of unspoken menace. Steed goes back to his old air base for a reunion, finds it bafflingly deserted... but why is the goldfish dead in its bowl? The usual fun in spotting young-looking actors like Gerald Harper and Roy Kinnear (C4, 6.00).

The Old Grey. Improving — definitely improving — dashed hard tryers, these fellows — Cocteau Twins — rare appearance — John Peel — Tools You Can Trust — lots of crash and bang — Floy Joy — interesting — very (© *Alfred Jingle*) (BBC2).

FILMS ON TV

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 9

The Handyman (Micheline Lanctot 1979). Unseen, although Canadian pictures often show a quirky touch that repays your time. About the gentleman of the title who moves from his own wrecked marriage into wrecking somebody else's (C4, 10.00).

FRIDAY JANUARY 11

Marlowe (Paul Bogart 1969). Jim Garner is too cuddly and humorous to have made Marlowe stand up to previous incarnations. The story is *The Little Sister*, which is also second-grade Chandler, and it's a serviceable and merely competent excursion (BBC1).

Americana (David Carradine 1981). A rare and welcome chance to see Carradine's mysterious film that operates almost as a modern inversion of *High Plains Drifter*. The director plays a Viet vet who fetches up at a small

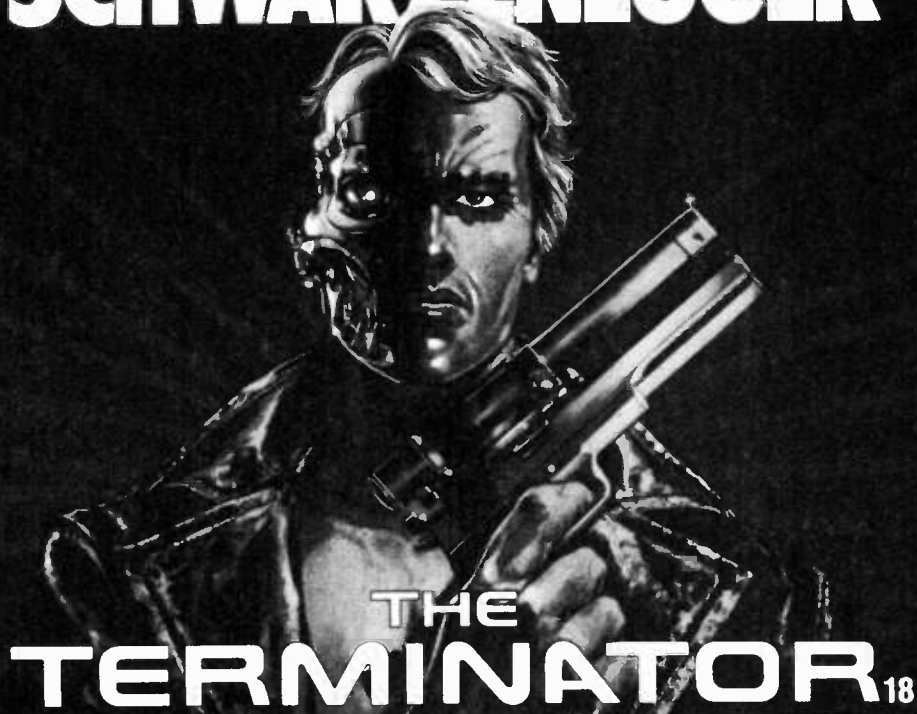
CONTINUES PAGE 40



Could that be Danny Baker making an uncredited appearance in Melvyn & Howard (C4, Tuesday). No, it couldn't.

In the Year of Darkness, 2029,
the rulers of this planet devised the ultimate plan.
They would reshape the Future by changing the Past.
The plan required something that felt no pity.
No pain. No fear. Something unstoppable.
They created 'THE TERMINATOR'

SCHWARZENEGGER



Hemdale Presents A Pacific Western Production of a James Cameron Film
Arnold Schwarzenegger "The Terminator" Michael Biehn, Linda Hamilton and Paul Winfield
Make-up Effects By Stan Winston · Director of Photography Adam Greenberg
Executive Producers John Daly and Derek Gibson · Written by James Cameron with Gale Anne Hurd
Produced by Gale Anne Hurd · Directed by James Cameron
Released by Rank Film Distributors (Read the STAR Paperback)

FROM FRIDAY JANUARY 11

LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE

ODEON KENSINGTON · ODEON SWISS COTTAGE
CORONET WESTBOURNE GROVEBOURNEMOUTH Gaumont · BRIGHTON Odeon · EASTBOURNE Curzon · PORTSMOUTH Odeon
SOUTHAMPTON Odeon · TORQUAY Odeon · WORTHING Odeon

AND ALL OVER LONDON

CINEMA DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS
SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS

GOT
ANY
RECORDS
TO
SELL?
IT'S
ONLY
20p PER WORD
TO
ADVERTISE
IN THE
NME
CLASSIFIEDS.

PLAY LEAD GUITAR

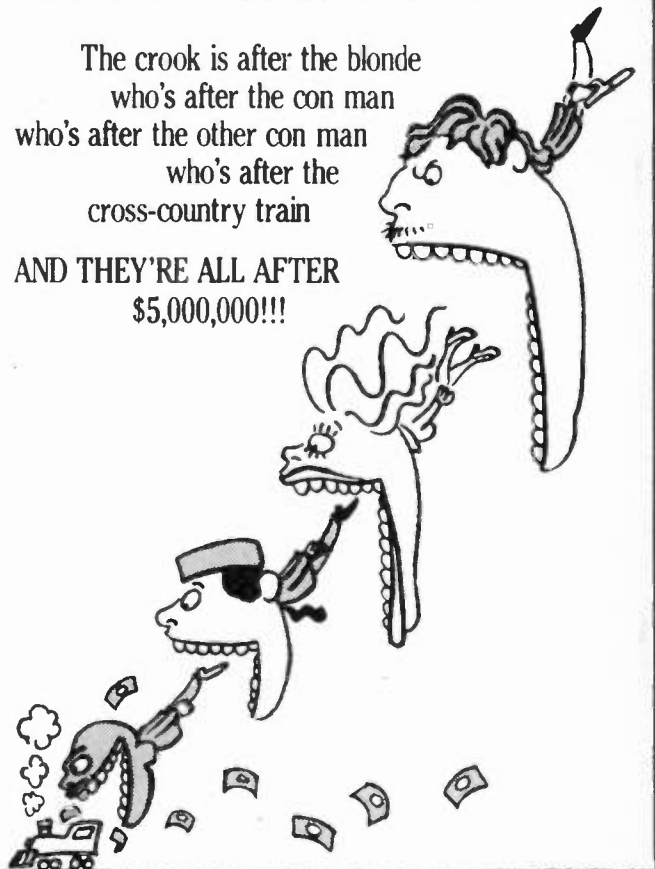
Your own teacher in your own home. Postal teaching course recorded on cassettes, specially created to teach ROCK and MODERN LEAD guitar styles. This course will save you years of struggling on your own with books. All the scales, modern lead runs, licks and riffs, are played for you on the cassettes to practice along with. This is actually better than going to a teacher, as it enables you to have each lesson as many times as you wish. You may also write to me at any times for free help and advice if the need arises.

Courses are:
LEAD GUITAR
RHYTHM GUITAR
BASS GUITAR
by Jack Wilcock
DRUMS
by John Kirk
For free details tick the course you are interested in, fill in the coupon and post now to:
Jack Wilcock Teaching Tapes,
Dept. NME, 7 Heaton Close,
Newark, Notts NG24 2LE

Name

Address

The crook is after the blonde
who's after the con man
who's after the other con man
who's after the
cross-country train
AND THEY'RE ALL AFTER
\$5,000,000!!!



Finders Keepers

A RICHARD LESTER Film

THEATRICAL FILMS present: "FINDERS KEEPERS"
MICHAEL O'KEEFE BEVERLY D'ANGELO DAVID WAYNE
ED LAUTER BRIAN DENNEHY
with PAMELA STEPHENSON and LOUIS GOSSETT, JR.

Executive Producer RICHARD LESTER Original Music by KEN THORNE
Screenplay by RONNY GRAHAM and TERENCE MARSH and CHARLES DENNIS
Produced by SANDRA MARSH and TERENCE MARSH Directed by RICHARD LESTER
Released by RANK FILM DISTRIBUTION

FROM FRIDAY JANUARY 11

PLAZA

Off Piccadilly Circus

PROGS: DAILY 2.00, 4.15, 6.30, 8.45.
Late Night Shows Fri. & Sat. 11.15 pm.

CLASSIC

OXFORD ST. TELEPHONE 636 0310

PROGS: DAILY 1.15, 2.55, 4.55, 6.55, 8.55.
Late Night Shows Fri. & Sat. 11 pm.

RETURN OF THE SAINT

DAVID SWIFT SAYS 'HALO' TO CHRIS

BAILEY, THE SAINT WHO GOES MARCHING ON

STUFFED INTO a natty drape coat, a full-bodied Saint Christopher ("I've been eating and drinking my way through France for the last month") wheels into the luxurious NME interview apartment.

A heavenly vision? Not unless Chris Bailey, still one of The Saints, is God. This has been discussed . . .

Here he is, making his first entrance onto these pages since, since . . . *"Chris Bailey casually downs a crate of beer . . . 'we ain't no punk-rock group, we wuz like this before we had even heard of The Ramones . . .'"* Chris Bailey, talking to Tony Parsons, 1977.

Bailey is still likely to down a crate of beer, and he still carries the moniker of The Saints with him like a trusty sleeping bag. But all else has progressed, thankfully.

The original gutbusting Saints dissolved in England in late 1978, up to then being Australia's entry in the world-beaters division of P. Rock. After a couple of years in relative limbo, Bailey and a new Saints emerged on the Parisian label, New Rose, with an EP in early 1981.

Since, Bailey has, with a flexible roster of musicians, kept The Saints catalogue increasing, and with material usually worthy enough not to shame the original memory.

He's now based in Sydney, and for the rest of the story so far . . .

"I've spent the bulk of the last two working years in Australia, playing (as The Saints) with everybody. The last Australian tour, Ed (Kuepper, original Saint, Bailey's co-writer during the golden years, and later founder of The Laughing Clowns) was on it, two tours before that, Ivor (Hay, his original drummer)."

He has also toured the Continent, both solo and with the 'current' group. In Scandinavia, The Saints are charters.

ARE THE Saints, as a name, you and whoever you choose?

"A moveable feast . . . it's been three or four years since a main line-up." (That being the group for the first New Rose releases).

"After the 'Out In The Jungle' album (1982), I knocked The Saints on the head from my own point of view."

At that time, he decided that he'd do it alone.

"I started to do these little solo things which I imagined would take up a couple of months, but it took a year. I'd only planned half a dozen gigs in Australia, but it got bigger and people started paying me more money . . ."

After eight years with a band, this would not have been (ahem) security city.

"I was scared shitless. I'm not the world's greatest guitar player, but I did it as an exercise for myself. The fact that it worked and I took it to the Continent sort-of upset the momentum of The Saints."

C. Bailey was an act Australia was not much interested in at first, but then remember that The Saints were virtually run out of the country in the mid-'70s.

In an astonishingly late run, the man has just had his first hit at home, with 'Ghost Ships', an ethereal li'l bewdy from the fine new Saints album, 'A Little Madness To Be Free'.

He finds no irony in this, preferring to reflect in American broadcasting accent—"our first mahna hit, mah Gard! . . ." It reached No. 15.

"I thought it was hysterical (he's not laughing) . . . and logical, cos I've been working fairly solidly down there."

"The fact that the audience there is now eight years younger than myself doesn't bother me. Plus there's the old-age pensioners, of course. Instead of 'play I'm Stranded', yew bastards', which it



was a few years ago, the calls now are for something more recent."

'Ghost Ships' will be rereleased in Britain by New Rose in the New Year. Its first appearance was actually on Bailey's live album of mostly covers, 'What We Did On Our Holidays', one of the most pointless releases of the year. It was something of a reply to New Rose earlier releasing a collection of his 'Out In The Jungle' demos, as 'Casablanca' by Chris Bailey.

'A Little Madness To Be Free' is a strong end to the year for Bailey. Featuring the biggest production since

the landmark 'Prehistoric Sounds' in 1978, its strength is again in the songs and arrangements. Try the string-laden 'Down The Drain', or 'Walk Away', a Bailey best with perfect shadowing horns. Then there's 'Ghost Ships'. When his silver-tinted yobbish growl is married with many an instrument, the verdict is mmmmm . . .

"Being independent for the last four years, it's taken me this long to get into a position where I've had a budget to use strings. When I hear a song now, I know what I want in terms of instruments. When I was younger I wouldn't have."

After many a composition, do you think you're still improving as a writer?

"I would be a very depressing sort of person if I didn't think so. I'm four-fifths short of arrogant about the fact that I've improved as a singer, a songwriter, and an arranger."

Do you like being your own boss these days? (A question that recalls Bailey's quoted disgust at how the English music business, and EMI in particular, had, er, 'distressed' him by 1978.)

"This is something I've been working towards for a long time. I can afford things that even when I was signed to the

wonderful EMI (smirk) I couldn't do."

ONE THING that he won't be doing in the foreseeable future is playing in Britain. One suspects a grudge, given that he is happy to scour Europe with group or solo, but . . . "It's not a point of arrogance, but it's not a cost-effective exercise for my act or my art."

Do you not like Britain?

"Ahh . . . let's think . . . I did seriously entertain the thought of doing live work here this year, but the connection we have with RCA fell flat. I'm based in Sydney, so the cost-effectiveness . . ." and so on. "Cost-effectiveness" is a term he uses a lot now.

"For the last two years I've had a fairly comfortable existence as a working musician. If I lived in the UK that just wouldn't be possible."

This is experience talking, mind you. A lot of Australian acts come to Britain, play five gigs, and think they've made it.

(Chuckles) "Well, I did that about ten (sic) years ago."

Although an influence on a lot of Antipodean music in the last few years, Bailey has yet to step behind the controls for any of the Bright Young Bands that seem to pop up monthly now.

"I have a wish to produce some of these bands, I haven't had very much time. It's more than likely that I will do so in the next couple of years."

Do you see a fulltime move from artist to producer?

"Well shit, at the age of 35 I'd sincerely like not to be doing what I'm doing now. It's quite tiring. . ."

But before he 'retires' (although presumably his fake Oscar Wilde accent will waft over many a bar for years yet), Bailey has things to do. In the short term, he and Ed Kuepper may be recording an album sometime in 1985, and a few weeks inspirational activity on the French Riviera have given him a head start on the next album.

But, the 6.4p question to ageing punk rockers all—how long will be name The Saints last?

"It depends on my state of social embarrassment. I don't mind making a buck out of the act."

"As long as The Saints continue to be cost-effective (groan!) and they flog records and they keep people happy, it'll be up to someone else (points at New Rose representative) to say you no longer have the creative prowess . . ."

(Wildespeak) "Shall we adjourn to the nearest English hostelry?"

No(w), Your Product

WHILE WE'RE here, let's recognise the richness of The Saints' back catalogue. Some of the earlier singles in particular are hard to find now, but all the material in this selective discography is product to know and love and jump about to!

The early singles are vital/punk. 'I'm Stranded', the debut, was on the Power Exchange label, but the rest from late '76-'78 are all EMI releases—'This Perfect Day' (1977's minor UK hit), 'Know Your Product' and 'Security'. The '1-2-3-4' EP is also essential, containing a crushing rendition of 'River Deep Mountain High' that blasts Ike'n' Auntie Tina back to the playpen.

The Saints' first three albums are 'I'm Stranded' (1977), 'Eternally Yours' (1978) and 'Prehistoric Sounds' (1978). They represent an ongoing Ramones situation, ie all are CLASSICS.

When Bailey emerged on New Rose with a new line-up, the material showed maturity yet no lack of quality. The important singles are 'Always'/'In The Mirror' (1981), 'Fellow The Leaders' (on Flick Knife Records, 1982) and now 'Ghost Ships'. That debut New Rose EP, 'Paralytic Tonight, Dublin Tomorrow', a collection of 'On The Waterfront'-type moods, is another good buy.

The albums 'Out In The Jungle' (1982) and 'A Little Madness To Be Free' (1984) are the honeymoons of horns'n' tunes that were married first on 'Prehistoric Sounds'. Investigate. Know this product.



**AS A RESULT
OF PUBLIC DEMAND
WARNER BROS. RECORDS
ANNOUNCES THE FIRST U.K. RELEASE
OF THE DOUBLE SIDED HIT**

**1999 / Little Red
Corvette**

by
Prince



Distributed by **WEA** Records Ltd. • A Warner Communications Company.

THE VOICE

From the raw to the pure, from the sublime to the meticulous – BARNEY HOSKYNs sings the praise

The idea for this piece came of a growing frustration with attempts to "describe" voices which moved me. What was it in/about/of those voices that offered such pleasure? What was it of their very substance, regardless of song-selection or production, that magnetised, pulled me into them? And how could I touch it, how could thought find a way into it?

Yet why try to get to it anyway – why force language to torture itself for what might be said of this voice's "melancholy" or that one's "frenzy"? How could one not be, simply, wholly subjective in one's claims on the objective?

Well, because it's there. "It". Because language points us there. (And because words aren't everything, and that has to be said.)

A voice is just a sound, a timbre, which I've come to know, which I know is always there: something I can call on, something like "an old friend". Of course it exists in interdependent relation to the other components of a music/style/song, and yet there must be something that is delivered, offered, through that voice which makes it work.

What excites me is how we digest a voice, how we receive it. What we make of it once it's running in the blood and its paralinguistic messages have been fed into the heart. What is the private moment of the voice as it is enveloped/shrouded by the public act of "expression"?

Can we detach from what (as pop consumers, archivists, etc.) we already "know" of these voices/bodies/images – dissociate those images – almost certainly not, and yet we might try. Roland Barthes raged at the way we say only "what can be said" about music; what there is about it that makes us feel safe and whole as human individuals.

Barthes could not abide the notion that we merely match a singer's "sadness" to our own comprehension of *what is sad*. Instead he nagged about "the voluptuousness of sound-signifiers", "something which is directly the cantor's body . . ."

"Isn't it the truth of the voice to be hallucinated?" he asked.

Voices "tell" us something beyond the words they mould, tell of infinite potentialities of sensation which are perhaps quite inaccessible to language. After all, why would a man sing if he could speak what was on his mind?

As the anthropologist/zoologist/psychiatrist Gregory Bateson put it, "I am concerned with what important psychic information is in the art object quite apart from what it may 'represent'."

The following are just some noises (one might as well say 'flavours') which have affected (infected?) me as the listener. I would hope they suggest the many kinds of pleasure obtainable from the human voice.

It is a more or less arbitrary selection constricted by time, space, disorder. Most are black, since black people generally can sing and whites can't, but many of my favourites are missing: Sam Cooke is not here, nor are Aretha, Womack, Gladys Knight. Or: Jerry Butler, Etta James, Russell Tompkins of The Stylistics, Bunny Wailer, Jackie Wilson, Betty Lavette, Solomon Burke, and Howlin' Wold. (Then again, nor are the three voices of The Band.) Some are there who I'm hardly certain of anymore, voices which if anything have become, like over-ripe fruit, slightly nauseating: Otis Redding, Van Morrison. But here they are, these voices, shades, ghosts . . .

VAN MORRISON

"Yevvery yevvery t-t-t-tam ah t-t-t-try to speak . . ." Van Morrison, now here's a sticky starter. Very probably he'd be here if he'd never recorded anything except 'Ballerina' off 'Astral Weeks', perhaps even if there was nothing in his entire oeuvre besides the five whimpering, gibbering, dizzying seconds of "the writing's on the wall" in that song.

If much of 'Weeks' feels like wandering in a hippy-jazz sanctuary, 'Ballerina' draws us into a lair; there's more space in this track than any other for Morrison to tear the lining out of words, to wring all logic from them; what Lester Bangs called his "whole set of verbal tics". Rarely has the human voice come so close to choking, swallowing on itself.

And of what is this regurgitative sensuality born if not, surely, a violence; a kind of Heathcliffian uncouthness that starts into sound just where the throat opens into his mouth. Tremors of which violence exist in Them, in the savage, snarled echo of 'You Just Can't Win' (Ben E. King possessed by a demon of cuban-heel angst), but only brought into the light by 'Astral Weeks'.

It's my conviction, moreover, that this voice is born of self-disgust, that Morrison's greatest

moments are ones of repelling himself and going too grotesquely far.

There aren't many of them after 'Astral Weeks'. At best a fleeting thrill – the long 'I's of 'Into The Mystic', the "hush ABAAAAHT it" in 'These Dreams Of You', the "here it comes right NAAAAAH!" of 'Brand New Day' – that keeps us hanging on. That's about all the rest of the gypsy jazz-soul caboodle is good for. Stuff like 'Almost Independence Day' superficially echoes 'Astral Weeks' but is simply, like Tim Buckley, too jazzed, too studiously introjected. Today the voice is bloated like a mystic Elvis: nothing more clogged, costive, congested exists in adult pop.

FRANK SINATRA

"Hey kids, dig the first takes, Ain't that some interpretation, When Sinatra sings against Nelson Riddle strings Then takes a vacation." (Van Morrison, 'Hard Nose The Highway') John Rockwell's just written a whole tome on the Sinatra pipes, so I'll limit myself to a few scattered impressions.

This is the sound of a man drifting through a

hushed tinseltown space when all the world is wombed indoors and every Riddle string chart is comfortably synched to tracking shots of endless rainy backlot film noir night . . . thus speaks lazy impressionism. Can't we get any further inside these repeated laments for the girl who "went away", these solemn meditations on loneliness?

Let's put another nickle in the machine, another 'One For My Baby': "Feelin' so bad/ Can't you make the music easy and sad?" Isn't Frank's voice exactly the place where elegance meets emptiness?

The resonance is never too ripe: vibrato whirrs but never wavers from a taut reining. Sinatra is not histrionic. Notes dilate, coil and uncoil within phrases, but he always holds back, breezes through, breast-strokes it. This is the very leisureliness of American crooning, the panache of the gravity he breathes into phrases like 'The Night We Called It A Day'. It's the handsome dignity of his "love", the giveaway phrasing of "matter" and "little" and "gentle", where consonants are all but elided and what remains is the great nasal bell of his vowels.

Easy and sad: the comfort of melancholy, the hush of the mystery of loss. Isn't this a solitude that goes beyond the lover's phantasmic absence?

BETTYE SWANN

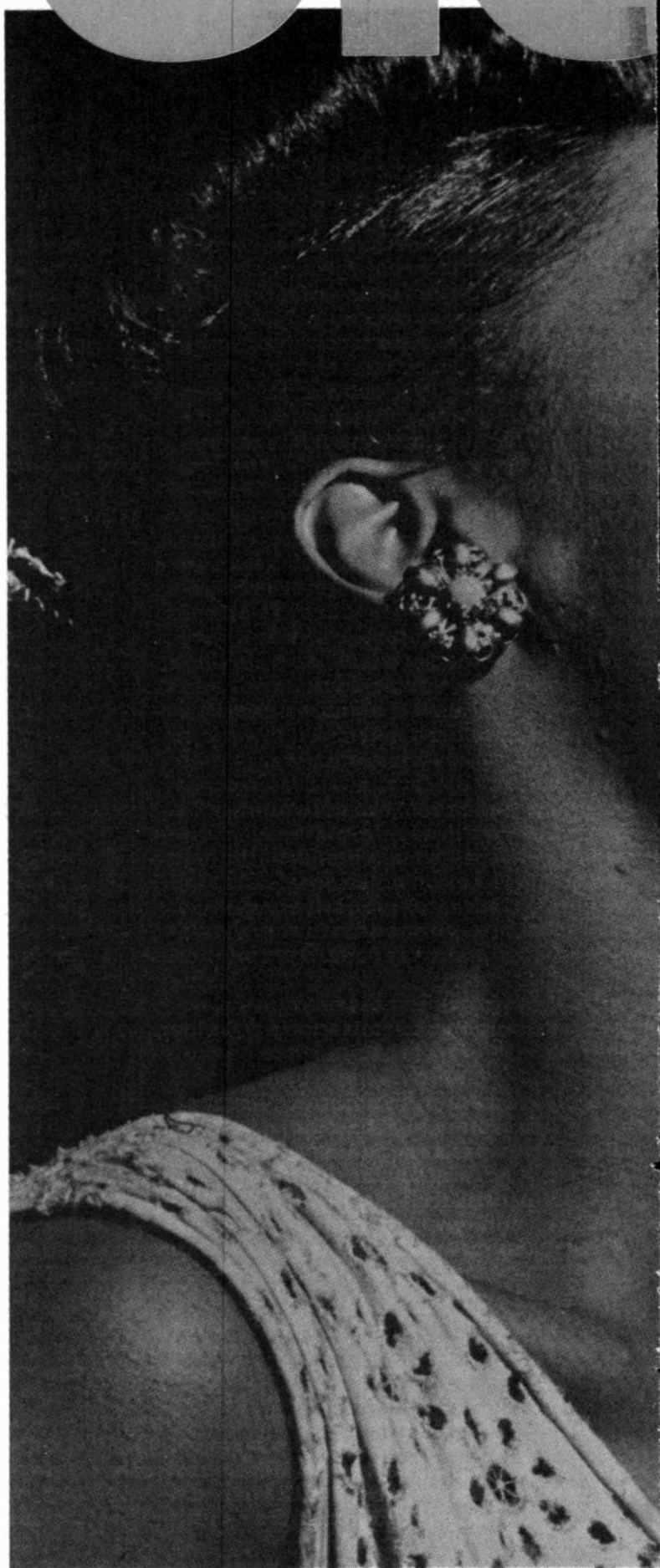
The Georgian sylph of soul. Not much to go on by this girl – a few priceless pearls of Muscle Shoal balladry, no more. And yet no more fragile purity exists in all the recorded pain of womankind.

It's a voice that nestles in your neck, a trembling vibrato of masochism. She sounds like she had a permanent cold from sniffing. Her 'Rather Go Blind', for instance, is coy and secretive against Etta James' brooding, and the "crying time" of 'Today I Started Loving You Again' is plunged into with a kind of elation.

This is the least hammy of broken-hearted nymphs, suffering what Simone Weil called "affliction", when the spirit is bewildered and numb. It's impossible not to enjoy, to feast on, this abjection: a cleansing inversion of self-pity, perhaps, is there any more perfect evocation of heartbreak than "every time you take her in your arms/I feel your touch all over me again"?

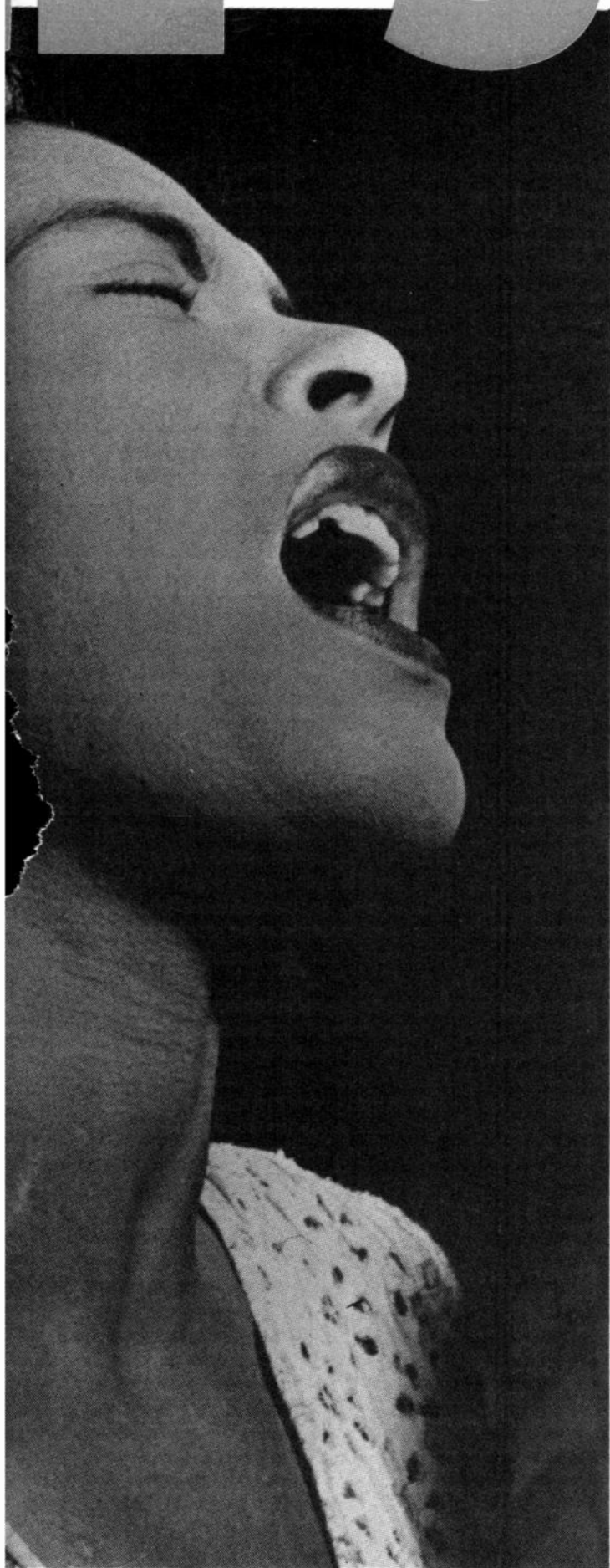
BOBBY BLAND

Memphis blues-balladeer. Early Duke blues sides showcase him belting in a hard but quite stylised way, punctuated by sudden and frightening high shrieks (e.g. 'Lost Lover Blues',



THE SQUAD

ses of 24 of music's most glorious voices.



Billie Holliday

1955, 'Woke Up Screaming', 1956).

The mellower, more stoical soul in the voice came to the fore at the end of the '50s, exploding in the outrageous squawking of e.g. 'Cry, Cry, Cry', but more often just gliding by on wiser-with-hindsight weariness.

Two impulses seem to inhabit this voice: one gentle and bittersweet-sad, the other bursting like a volcano. The sound fills out round the whole front of the skull, a long sustain slightly frayed at the edges. The secret is that it has only the faintest crack in it – it never splits too coarsely.

There is nothing else in soul like the withering resignation of 'Too Far Gone' (1966), 'Since I Fell For You' (1969), or 'This Time I'm Gone For Good' (1973). The love this voice bespeaks is an illness that can no longer be arrested.

Strictly speaking, it should be reaching its peak, but recent material has been tired and stretched like crows' feet. On the revisited 'Queen For A Day' (1983), he is clearly straining.

GEORGE JONES

A sick man with the richest, fruitiest voice in all male country, Jones' pitiful life makes him the

perfect channel for that music's staple sob stories.

Notwithstanding the disasters, the voice has grown richer – more eccentric and hillbilly-inflective – through the years. His moods don't vary tremendously: there's usually a kind of clowning element in the vocal path; a swaying unsteadiness that curves clumsily to find its proper pitch. What's beautiful is how you can never predict if he's going to bawl or whisper. The voice burrows into itself – his 'I' sounds like a swallowing – oscillating between open-throat indulgence (a "sleepy ache" as Mark Rose had it in a *Village Voice* piece) and sharp iteration of consonants at the front of the mouth. The accents are quirky, almost schizoid, but the way he'll hold and resonate a word like "free" or "dream" (or the final anguished "her" in 'He Stopped Her Loving Her Today') is staggering. It must be more than coincidence that his "way" is always a long "why".

BILLIE HOLLIDAY

John Martyn says Lady Day has the last word in matters of the murmuring and hurt heart, which is not to say she sings the last note.

"It's a small voice, and it still makes demands," wrote Brian Case in a superb *Time Out* piece last year: "its weird symmetry resists easy infatuation".

What it is like is a little old dame, slightly tipsy and whimsied, and so very bright even as she sucks herself down. It is, I'm afraid, stoned, and free to flit around pain, not harsh but hardly sweet – a tiny voicebox warbling; the phrasing playful and totally instinctual. "Shall I go up or down?" you can almost sense it pondering, and down an octave it slips.

I have no special Billie numbers I swoon to. I find she just slows the world down a minute, gives one calm and a sense of (Simone Weil again) "holy indifference". Of course she is dangerously close to drifting away from life altogether. "My heart has no sense of humour/ Dear, as far as you're concerned", she trills on 'I'm In A Low Down Groove', but it's a heart that's drifted beyond self-pity, a flow of notes abandoned to the breeze of rhythm.

WINSTON RODNEY

Boxed neatly away with the usual "intensely spiritual" tag, but part of the make-up of the Spear's holy fool abandon is a trancelike excess as perverse and playful as any of the voices here: that mad and harsh sobbing we wait on throughout his songs.

I love it earliest with the crackling, fluid-electric guitars on Studio One, e.g. 'Them A Come', where from the start it opts against rhythmic intonation in favour of declaiming across the beat. The nasality is extreme: the quick draw of breath before each phrase, the little soul quiver at its end, the complete immersion in a song's movement. He flows with the song, caught in its very warp, and more is made of a split-second gap, with less palpable effort, than most voices make of whole songs. *Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead.*

TYRONE DAVIS

This Chicago soul man started in the Bobby Bland school but the Mighty Sam squall of 'A Woman Needs To Be Loved' wasn't quite implosive enough.

Thenceforth the voice became a hovering flame, dancing at words, skating on tops of chords: gentle, even gingerly, and gracious without Bland's southern cummerbund deportment. In the early days he jostled with uptown Windy City brass, vibes and strings and choirs, but even here he wove and flickered, breezing through phrases with an undulant warmth.

The timbre is softly nasal. Syllables slide into each other, honey-gold runs over crude crevices like 'I Wish It Was Me' (1974). Tyrone won't shout, won't turn Bland-style guttural at the end of a phrase. The floating sustain of "pleeeeeease" and "maaaaaaaahnd" and "taaaaaaaahme" is always close, intimate, the nasality warm and urging.

It's still immaculate on slow, fluted funk like the glossy candelight 'Be With Me' (1979) or 'In The Mood' (1978), with its great dense spaces and little hair-trigger guitar, and the smooching dude is still serenading Ms Lonesome at the bar in 'Be Honest With Me' (1983).

JANIS JOPLIN

This Little Texan Girl Blue had a voice and don't let no-one tell you different. The straight open-throat bawling I can take or leave, but there was another kind of rasp, from the roof of the mouth, which was like a sandstorm howling over bones, and it was inimitably hers.

She was a white Etta James, born to pour every ounce of her lust to be black through the "mama" of 'Tell Mama'. Like Etta's, her haughty low notes were tough, not big-mama tough but mannish-boy tough: this was the especially harsh slant she gave to "naw" or "more".

Janis is one of the small handful of white voices (Tom Jones, John Fogerty etc.) I wish had been gotten into some Southern shack of a studio. OK, so she worked too hard at filling every available space in Berns & Ragovoy chestnuts like 'Cry Baby' and 'Piece Of My Heart' – always one too many "honeychile" – but somewhere

between the endless fuzz guitar-breaks of whatever-they-were-called, there's still a raw and uncut pain.

ROBERT JOHNSON

Perhaps the most cold-blooded voice on vinyl.

So much has been said of the horror at its heart etc., I don't really need to go over all those "requisite qualities of the blues myth" (Peter Guralnick). If we can get past our plantation fantasies of the Deep South, what we have is an extreme rawness of timbre and a noise without hope or even interest in the world.

Son House didn't like it, but its cruelty, its unpredictable and sloppy arrogance, slowly sink in and clamp you in a vice. High-pitched joker-screches are offset by lowdown dirty moans: the playful psycho-tease of "ahoooo, bebbe weer you stay last night" ("a distracted, comic determination", as Greil Marcus saw it) followed by the eerie puzzling of "I mistreated mah baby, but I can't see no reason why."

Robert had mean things on his mind.

AL GREEN

Green is always two inches from your ear and less wrapped up in you than in the little flights, curls, and ripples of himself.

Really it's a freak sound, one that pulls elastically out of Southern roots and pushes gospel fervour over the brink of credible black earthiness.

Clearly Willie Mitchell's designs around him were crucial, as pre-Hi sides with the Soul Mates (1968/9) show him straining uncomfortably against more orthodox soul arrangements. The Hi house band's crude small-combo funk, with its downhome beat and sleepy underbelly of organ, was his perfect platform.

And yet there's a narcissism like that of a cat chasing its own tail, especially when vocal tracks are laid over each other and the voice rubs up against itself as though in a mirror. On the tensest takes, 'I Didn't Know', 'For The Good Times', you can feel Green edging and flinching around the mike, stuttering through regret and disbelief and dropping into slurred mumbling, madness, delirium. It's a total self-absorption, oscillating between mock-tearfulness in the lower register and ecstasis, dissipation-of-self in the falsetto. Little has changed with the dog-collar, if the acapella 'Amazing Grace' at the Albert Hall was anything to go by.

NINA SIMONE

A real *nostril* voice! There's something almost maternally in her 1959 live reading of Irving Berlin's 'You Can Have Him', with its domestic inventory of iceboxes and slippers and buttered toast. Nina managed to work up the most murkily langorous passion from such supper-club torchings; working around phrases like "enchants her clothes with French perfume" in 'The Other Woman' with a precision that prises open each work on its journey up to the nose. There's an almost masculine quality to the voice, something that troubled me when I listened to these songs as a child.

Funny thing, but she can't really "sing the blues", as one LP claims – the voice is too rich and dark. Blues needs something more pinched and contracted, something *beaten*.

IAN CURTIS

Strange choice, perhaps, but what a strange sound this was – is. I made some notes at the time of 'Closer' which seem valid enough today: "The sheer alienness of the voice/Coldness of Northern England but with parodic American inflection/A voice only implying, never embodying passion/Depth yet sparseness, hollow vowels and bitter consonants falling flat with despair at a line's end/Granted one cannot *but* sing rock in a mannered style, Curtis' voice nonetheless attempts to rethink itself, theorise itself, to become a meta-voice."

Curtis, so old and grave and shadowy, a voice straining to get across to its mate, its female

CONTINUES OVER

VOICE SQUAD

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Other: the eternal “weeeeeee”.

He was David Byrne without the neurotic twitch, unreared on the classic rock sneer. Despite the horrific neutrality/nothingness of pieces like ‘Candidate’, ‘Insight’, ‘Passover’, he could “croon” ‘Love Will Tear’, proclaim “it was meeeeeee” with mock-operatic chest expansion on the falling waves of ‘New Dawn Fades’. Invariably he was mixed too far back for us to get really involved with the language. There was little pleasure in it. Such determinedly humourless music is spooky, for more than any human sound what this voice intimates its silence itself.

OTIS REDDING

I love you more than words can say, and words, as Rilke said, “always melt into something beyond their embrace”.

Otis tried to embrace too much with his big, barking words. The voice, trumpeting its needs like a mutant hybrid of Little Richard and Solomon Burke, had none of the shadings of a Bland. Should it, after all, have been confined to the stomp of ‘Security’, ‘Respect’ etc.? On the Chuck Willis song ‘It’s Too Late’ (covered also by Ted Taylor) he is like an elephant tiptoeing on eggshells, a big lunk maddened by a “il’pain”. “You were so sweet in everything you did / And oh darling, you made me feel so big,” he sang on ‘I Want To Thank You’ (1965).

I’m not sure I wasn’t affected by the way Otis was presented to me as Mr Soul, so that all I hear is this gruff growl marked “soul”. The truth is that he never did very much with that growl besides stretch up to the horns in ‘Loving You Too Long’. There are successes in slow guitar-triplet ballads like ‘Good To Me’ and ‘My Lover’s Prayer’ but trickier stuff like Cooke’s ‘Change Is Gonna Come’ tends to make him overdo things. The little sub-Cookeian flutters – quick, short descents at the end of a phrase – are clumsy. He has his own kind of delicacy within the phrasing but it feels like he’s trying to compensate for the basic coarseness of his timbre. There was no ambivalence in this humble and honourable chap, and thus not much to “say”.

AARON NEVILLE

Perhaps the freakiest voice in my gallery of tracheae, brother Aaron is the Crown Prince of Melisma: his fluid, florid tone floats and flutters like a butterfly, climbing to doo-woppy falsetto as sweet and tender as a violin. Once he’s up there, soaring and tumbling, anything can happen; the accents are quirky and darting.

The finest moments are ‘Arianne’ and ‘Mona Lisa’, kitsch trinkets worked into baroque hymns of longing.

In the slow-dance *menage a trois* heartache of ‘I Love Her Too’ (from the soundtrack of *Heart Beat*), there’s a passage of double-tracking as detained and dovetailed as a sequence of team gymnastics, the voice somersaulting, winding in and out of itself in a way Al Green never even dreamed of.

TED TAYLOR

A far chillier kind of falsetto than Aaron’s, a fragile and unearthly wail rooted in gospel and blues.

Gospel haunts ‘You’ve Been Crying’, a comforting that, with its restless, rootless organ and siren-like girl chorus, sounds like a lamentation. His best blues is the box-beat, crawling-guitar misery of ‘If I Don’t See You Again’. Later it turned into the paranoid funk of ‘Troubled World’ and ‘Who’s Doing It To Who’, as coldly feverish as ‘I Feel A Chill’ or ‘I Got The Chills’.

Really this voice is beyond sexuality, neither male nor female. There’s no lust or guilt in his ‘Steal Away’ (1976), just fear. ‘Only The Lonely Knows’, as his best record had it.

LITTLE ANTHONY

Anthony Gourdine’s highest moments with The Imperials are the missing link between doo-wop and The Delfonics. His camped-up Smokey stratospherics boast the most literal and labial phrasing in pop; he melodramatised every last breath drawn.

‘Hurt So Bad’ (1965) is epic teen anguish, a huge arrangement of tympani and strings and Anthony, a little dynamo of grief, erupting in a chorus of hangdog juvenile agony. Now a born-again gospel singer.

HORACE ANDY

Like Little Anthony’s, this is an exaggeratedly high tenor of clear and tremulous diction, more “proper”, more controlled than American counterparts like Smokey Robinson.

“She says I’m just a little boy”, he sings on the Studio One cut ‘Love Of A Woman’, and she had a point. The sexual ambiguity of the schoolboy voice derives from the detail and enunciation of the great doo-wop leads. The full Andy quiver, a

magically piercing sound, is formed by ‘You Are My Angel’ (1974) and has only improved with age.

The 1984 records – ‘Fight Fight’, ‘Curfew’, ‘Confusion’, and ‘Conquer Me’ – are especially strong; slabs of militant passion and shuddering incantation on which he squeezes himself out, pinches vowels into pain and, on ‘Curfew’, shivers through a strafing of dub bullets. Has many imitators.

LINDA JONES

Linda was the polar opposite of the earth soul mama. She was hard and brittle and the voice frequently splintered.

Dave Godin found it, “in the nicest possible way, strangely disturbing”, and one knows what he meant. Her way of bearing down on the short ‘o’ vowel made it seem as though she couldn’t impress her love strongly enough. Constantly she strives to push the chalkily guttural point further home, heaping (on e.g. ‘Give My Love A Try’) assurance upon beleaguered assurance.

Then she’ll take off on high runs built on a long “heh”, eruptions that reach a climax in her cataclysmic rendering of ‘For Your Precious Love’ (1972). Even given the string of classic performances that timeless song has inspired, she wrings almost every possible tragic nuance out of every possible syllable, and the shriek return after the second rap-passage is more or less unbearable.

Natural successors timbre-wise are Sharon Redd and the white Teena Marie, who ain’t exactly using their pipes to much purpose these days.

O. V. WRIGHT

The late Overden Verdis Wright’s sandpapered and anguished gospel croak is one of the great soul sounds. In the ‘60s a thinner, higher Bland – a Bland crossed with Sam Cooke – in the ‘70s he became prey to “some undefined, debilitating illness” (to quote a Cliff White liner-note.) (The man singing on late 70’s Hi LPs sounds like he’s had a coupla teeth dislodged by hard drugs, but I may be slurring his memory unpardonably.)

The voice got more hobgoblin as it went on, which didn’t detract from its beauty – rather the reverse, as whatever dental hassles he endured lent a distinctly poignant hiss to his ‘s’ consonants. Earlier triumphs like ‘This Hurt Is Real’ and Brook Benton’s ‘I’ll Take Care Of You’ (with their eerily echoing girl choruses) are the very meaning of brooding blues-soul, and ‘Eight Men, Four Women’ is as aching a ‘jury of love’ saga as Randy Crawford’s version of ‘I Stand Accused’.

On the ‘Memphis Unlimited’ album (1973), the Willie Mitchell sound didn’t suit O.V. as it did Al Green: the boxed-in effect was oppressive to Hi artists who were not (like Green) the vocal equivalent of a Houdini. By ‘The Bottom Line’ (1978), he was back to less stylised arrangements. “Soon I will be done with the trouble of this world”, he moaned on the gospel traditional ‘I’m Going Home (To Live With God)’, and he sounded like he was busting to get out of it.

MICHAEL McDONALD

You’ll hear him at the back of Steely Dan songs, but the first time the voice hit me was on the big Doobie Brothers hit ‘What A Fool Believes’ (1978), a masterful miniature of tragicomic relief: “anybody else would surely know / He’s watching her go . . .”

This was the voice of a Big Chill, but more West Coast-spiritual than East Coast-social. It was also the most that a soft white AOR aspiration to soul power could achieve without innate nasal resonance. The baleful throatiness carries haunting conviction.

An eponymous solo album (1982) was characterised by mawkish sincerity and born-again Beverly Hills bathos but it works: Steely Dan without the irony or sense of pop history. Imagine a UCLA professor who’s had to break off with one of his students, imagine the face of a bleached and weary Christ. (I’m being very underhand here.) The sundown loneliness of ‘Losin’ End’ will stay with me for life.

RUDY LEWIS

I always found Rudy a more exciting, arrogant Drifters lead than Ben E. King – a real young Turk. His timing is so cool he’s like a rough Sam Cooke, vain and flip and offhand and casually rolling one line of ‘Some Kind Of Wonderful’ into the next.

Doubtless if he’d lived he’d have been a pimp or a pusher. ‘On Broadway’ was a fitting song for his badass lounge lizard larynx: you wouldn’t pity this vagrant because he’d never admit he was beat. Then again the voice is so perfectly suited to the escapism of ‘Up On The Roof’, as innocent a metaphor for getting high as I know, and one of the great Manhattan records. I wonder what his ‘Under The Boardwalk’ would have sounded like

JAMES BROWN

James Brown couldn’t have sung the blues because he was too operatic. The apex of his



Nina Simone pic Jean-Marc Birraux



Al Green pic David Corio



Ian Curtis pic Peter Anderson



Van Morrison pic Chris Walter



Winston Rodney pic Adrian Boot



Janis Joplin

mock-gospel cry is the pomp excess of ‘Prisoner Of Love’, the hysteria of Ivory Joe Hunter’s ‘Waiting In Vain’. In these an absurdly refined diction is mated to blistering screeches: the throat is hoarse but words are delicately chewed over, rolled around the mouth like bits of gum. Consonants are worn away and vowels are all.

“Archie had a beautiful scream” was Bobby Womack’s oxymoronic observation of Archie Brownlee, and the same must be said of James’ febrile gasps.

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Smokey’s strength is precisely the charisma he lacks. The voice is so fey and courtly as to be outside love’s playpen altogether. So what is the thing in his falsetto that sets it apart, the thing we can’t prod with epithet-tongs? What is that little ring inside, that tiny vibration in the mucous passages? This uncanny ingenuousness? Where do the elegant ‘ee’s of “me” and “feel” come from, the pure long ‘oo’s of “true” and the “do” of ‘Being With You’?

“I’ll gather melodies from birdies that fly”, he says “and compose a toon for you.” So now you know.



James Brown

LPS

LONG PLAYERS

EDITED BY
RICHARD COOK

TRUMPETS NO END

CURTIS AMY/DUPREE
BOLTON

Katanga! (Affinity)

CLIFFORD BROWN/ZOOT SIMS

Jazz Immortal (Affinity)

CARMELL JONES/HAROLD
LANDThe Remarkable Carmell Jones
(Affinity)

ANYONE considering the trumpet as gainful employment should seriously ponder the implications. Statistically, it's the riskiest role in jazz—Formula One racing being infinitely a more safer profession than hitting a High C.

From Bolden, Bix and Berigan, through Brownie, Booker and Bolton to Miley, Morgan and Mitchell, an alarmingly high percentage of inspired young horn blowers have been cut down in their prime. Madness and murder, drink and drugs or just plain bad luck and trouble has taken its awesome toll. Long term survivors are rare and should be a protected species. Thanks to

Joop Visser, back in print are three priceless Pacific Jazz label documents from one undisputed champ and two prime contenders.

Dupree Bolton is almost as enigmatic as Robert Johnson: just two albums worth of firebrand playing, a few photographs and little else. Soon after this 1963 date, Bolton drifted back into obscurity—allegedly, the slammer as a lifer. Dupree Bolton was one of those truly rare talents that emerge—seemingly from nowhere—with their highly personalised signature so well formulated as to put the frighteners on their immediate contemporaries. Reckless in the extreme, he chose to work full-throttle and without a safety net. His stunning performances on the self-penned title track and 'Native Land', 'Amyable' and 'You Don't Know What Love Is' are sufficient enough to make fellow players reassess their own skills in a flurry of split lips and slashed wrists.

As with Harold Land (with whom Bolton recorded 'The Fox' four years earlier), tenorman

Curtis Amy (yet another undervalued player) proves an admirable and equally tough team-mate.

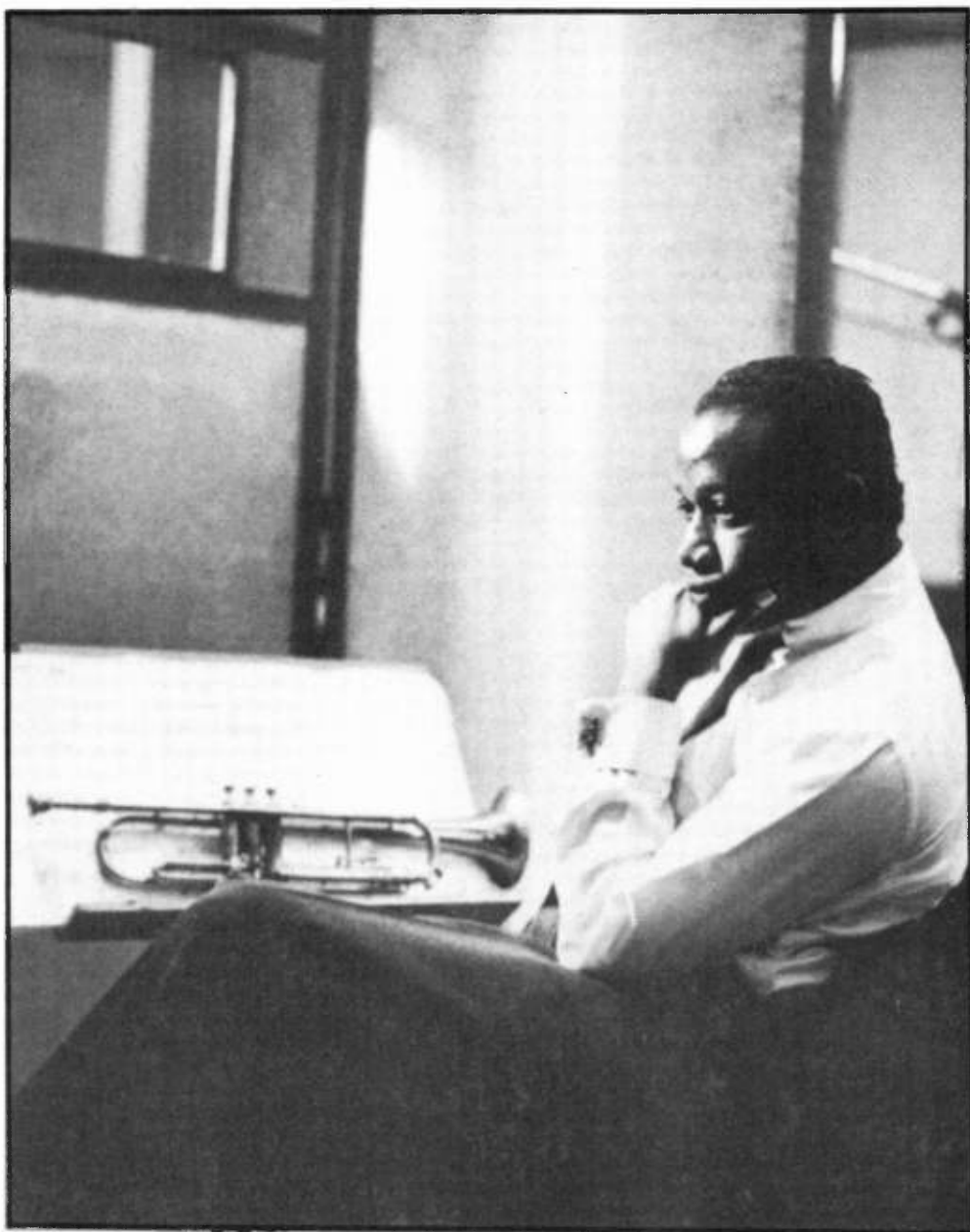
Almost 30 years after his death in an autowreck, at the age of 25, Clifford Brown—his tone, his technique, his sheer zest, still remains a yardstick for allcomers.

Brownie defined hot horn Hard Bop whilst the quintet he fronted with drummer Max Roach was the equal of that of his former boss, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Here, Brownie goes to Hollywood, being the main voice in a four horn/three rhythm unit that also features Zoot Sims. A further bonus is three of Brownie's finest originals, 'Tiny Capers', 'Joy Spring' and 'Dahoud'.

Following Brownie's death, almost every new trumpet player was heralded his logical successor. Carmell Jones was no exception. It may have been conceived as an accolade, but abuse quickly transformed it into an albatross. Despite stints with Gerald Wilson, Harold Land, Bud Shank and Horace Silver, Mr Jones seems destined to become no more than a footnote. Shameful, for as this album confirms—check out the Ducal cover and 'Come Rain Or Come Shine'—Carmell Jones was a far superior craftsman than many of his overpraised contemporaries. Thoughtful, articulate and joyfully exciting, he just got lost in the shuffle for, in the mid-'60s, he relocated himself in West Germany to settle for studio security.

For your consideration: Dupree Bolton, Clifford Brown, Carmell Jones. On the other hand, if you don't fancy the odds given on trumpet players, we could discuss the three tenormen involved...

— Roy Carr



Hard bopper Clifford Brown

Pic Joachim-Ernst Berendt

AMERICAN SQUIRM

LAURIE ANDERSON

United States Live (Warner Brothers)

IF THE three-minute single is the apogee of rock'n'roll art, the live five-album concept work must be the farthest you can go in the opposite direction. Laurie Anderson's 'United States' is an epic in every way—longer to perform than 'King Lear', covering more sides of vinyl than Bach's 'Mass In B Minor'—and its release in album form is an epic folly. Who in their right mind will pay over £20 for an audio memento of a show whose impact is derived from its spectacular visuals?

Shorn of slides, films, choreography, lighting—of its *images*—'United States' loses half of its magic. Even more problematic is that Anderson's eclectic methodology is reduced on record to a seemingly endless string of quirky anecdotes and minimal tunes. There is no text to guide you through the work and only a paltry selection of visuals on the inner sleeves. 'United States' should have been released on video or trimmed back to two or three albums.

That said, there are things here to enjoy. 'United States' is an impressive live work, and not everything has been lost in its reduction to vinyl. The title refers to all kinds of states—of being, consciousness, of the arts and new technologies, of communications, fictions, mythologies. Mostly, I guess, it's about media and language: the language of TV chatshows and telephone answering machines, of New York social life and paranormal voices; 'The Language Of The Future', 'La Langue D'Amour' and 'Language Is A Virus From Outer Space'.

Anderson assembles her gargantuan collage of languages from a vast sea of cultural flotsam and jetsam. There are quotations from Dolly Parton and Grandmaster Will Shakespeare, bagpipe solos and rock'n'roll parodies, offbeat monologues and curious facts—an enormous ragbag of recurring phrases, dreams, letters,

poems, jokes, musical snippets and some haunting tunes. This collage technique places Anderson in an American literary tradition that stretches back from Pynchon through Pound and Dos Passos to Whitman. If it sparks some of the work's best frissons, it's also responsible for one of its weaknesses—her use of music chiefly as a setting for the texts rather than as a popular language in its own right.

The variety of the material keeps you hooked for some time, but gradually other factors start to wear you down. The pace is incredibly slow, and the soft monotone voices become soporific. The mood of the piece remains cool and detached, the humour is mostly ironic or whimsical. Without the other stimuli of the stage show to engage your responses, this lack of emotion has a numbing effect.

Anderson doesn't so much develop her themes as simply add layer upon layer of cross-references, allusions, parallels, echoes etc, so 'United States' doesn't *move*. It's an approach that works better on stage than on record, where only one thing can happen at a time and where, bereft of its glamour, the piece's flaws are the more manifest.

'United States' avoidance of emotion is symptomatic of a more general lack of commitment. Anderson's concern with her material remains at the level of a fascination with the bizarre; there is no attempt to get to grips with the power structures that lie behind her collection of exotic data.

But whatever the pros and cons of the original stage show, this five-LP set does it scant justice. Given that many of the show's best songs are already available on the 'Big Science' LP and that even the funniest quips and the weirdest tales lose their fascination after a few retellings, it's hard to see 'United States Live' as anything but a sprawling indulgence.

Laurie Anderson has a wit and vision that is all too rare in pop. Let's hope this recording is just a momentary four-hour aberration.

— Graham Lock



The artist, after a long trek round the States.

Pic Chester Simpson

JESUS OF COOL — THE RESURRECTION!

NICK LOWE

16 All-Time Lowes (Demon)

IT MUST be because of humour as displayed in this compilation's title and the r&b (rhythm and beer) style cover photo of Nick Lowe that keeps us Lowe/Rockpile appreciators securely in the closet. For some reason there seems to be no quicker way to lose respect than by forgetting to remove that Dave Edmunds 45 from the 'public' part of your record collection.

Yet it shouldn't be so. When

the subject is discussed in an adult fashion, most people of distinguished taste can usually number a couple of Lowe foot-tappers as being something they'd turn up the radio for. In fact, why can people like Paul Weller command so much respect when Lowe's talents are definitely equal? Apart from Weller's youth, debateable sense of style and high-profile political-supersoundness—well, maybe that answers the question.

Okay, not all of the songs are worth replaying over and over. A few brash and uninspired

pub-rockers like 'Switchboard Susan' are second division fodder when set against inspired pub-rockers 'Heart Of The City' and (hideous title) 'They Called It Rock'. But this is also the man who conjured up 'Cruel To Be Kind' and 'American Squirrm'... totally contagious. Corrupt your stylus with them today. One of the best features of Lowe/Rockpile productions are the beginnings of the records, a confident first note high up in the rigging of that certain chord. Listen to 'Cruel To Be Kind' or Edmunds' version of

'Girls Talk' and prove it.

Maybe Lowe is not taken quite so seriously because of his practice of hammy satire. Anyone who's read *Hollywood Babylon* will remember the fate of film starlet Marie Provost, immortalised in Lowe's composition of the same name: "She was a winner/Who became the doggie's dinner/She never meant that much to me/Oooh, Oh, poor Marie."

If you still aren't too clear, Ms Provost died in the solitude of her room without first freeing her hungry little dachshund. When the cops came round,

they found Marie had been partially eaten by the pup. Good rock'n'roll stuff.

Several hooklines can nag away for hours before you can place the source. Easy ones are 'Breaking Glass' (from Bowie's 'Sound And Vision') and 'Nuttid By Reality' (from The Jackson 5's 'ABC'). Then there's 'So It Goes' from Thin Lizzy's 'Boys Are Back In Town'—and this one's a definite improvement on the original.

— Cath Carroll



"...and with the royalties from the Laurie headline, I should be able to get my own copy..."

Pic Pennie Smith

FROM KING SOL'S MINE

SOLOMON BURKE
Soul Alive! (Rouner)

DO YOU like soul music? I'm serious: this is not a frivolous question, or even a rhetorical device.

Soul can be all things to all persons: as flashy and sweaty as J.B. or the Wicked Pickett, as in-the-pocket slick and smooth as Kool & The Gang, as sleek and sexy as Chaka or Pendergrass or Richie, as poprock mainstream as Jacko or Prince. It can melt in your mouth like Motown or go for the grits and the groceries like '60s Stax Atlantic, but when you want to talk about soul as the music of Saturday night and Sunday morning, as the medley of 'Havin' A Party' and 'Amen', as the melding and matching of sexual and religious passions as *one thing*, as linked aspects of the endless quest for transcendence, then we're talking The Bishop Of Soul, the King Of Rock'N'Soul, 295 pounds of soul heaven. We're talking Solomon Burke.

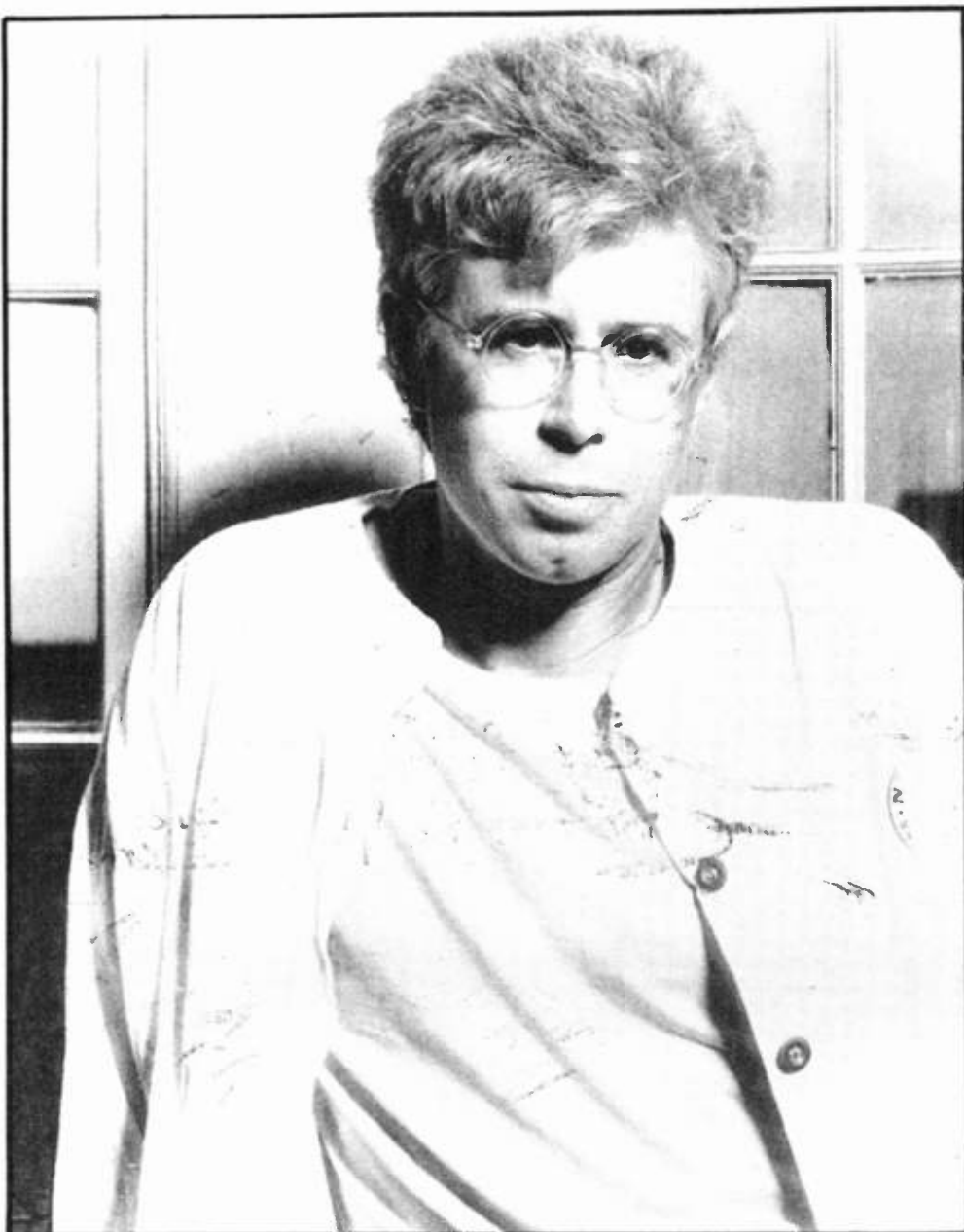
Do I have a witness here tonight? 'Soul Alive' was cut three years ago in a Washington club and features reworkings of... oooh, tons of Burke's '60s goodies from his Atlantic period; tunes like 'Cry To Me', 'Every body Needs Somebody To Love', 'The Price', 'Got To Get You Off My Mind', 'Down In The Valley', 'If You Need Me', 'Just Out Of Reach', 'Words' and 'Proud Mary'. Burke is, as might be expected, in superb vocal form and his rich, chesty tones are magnificently complemented by a steaming, swinging eight-piece band. Everything is present and correct, and—as befits a man of the cloth—the one-time boy preacher intersperses his set with characteristically expansive homilies on the need for love, peace, harmony and plentiful sex for everybody.

★ Soul music from the '60s is now receiving the kind of reportage and analysis that has been applied to the jazz and blues of earlier eras: Peter Guralnick, who profiles Burke in the album's extensive liner notes, is the author of the forthcoming *Sweet Soul Music*, and there is a wonderful chapter on Burke in Gerry Hirshey's indispensable volume *Nowhere To Run*. Essays like those of Hirshey and Guralnick emphasise the context in which soul existed for the community who supported and created it, and records like this, which frame the songs in that cultural context, make me wish that there had been more live recordings cut in the golden age of soul.

Even live recordings of great soul stars in front of the rock and pop audiences of the time—Otis Redding at Monterey, Paris or the Whiskey A Go Go, Aretha or King Curtis at the Fillmore, Marvin Gaye at the London Palladium (cough)—even these don't cut it, whereas a recording like B.B. King's 'Blues Is King' or 'Live At The Regal' lets you know exactly what the music signifies to the people whose culture it represents.

'Soul Alive' comes, in a sense, about 15 years too late, but that doesn't matter. The Bishop is ready to testify here. Have you got an amen for him?

— Charles Shaar Murray



"... or are ya just pleased to hear me, Richard?"

BROOOOOCCEE!!

BRUCE COCKBURN
Stealing Fire (Spindrift)

COCKBURN IS a fascinating figure. He began as a plain Canadian folkie with honest failings; took Jesus to his heart, and twined his beliefs through poetic, wintery acoustics; travelled and wrote

obsessively about the world as it burst around him. Over a dozen albums the music grew dark and fabulously diverse, culminating in 1980's superb 'Humans': a brooding and brilliantly delivered collection about terrorism, faith and despair.

RCA released it here to no effect, and the subsequent 'Inner City Front' and 'The Trouble With Normal' returned him to the import racks. Finally granted a domestic release again, 'Stealing Fire' finds Cockburn's eyes narrowing further on his target areas: 'Dust And Diesel' and 'Nicaragua' cast him as the frustrated poet in the battlezone, and 'If I Had A Rocket Launcher' informs us of his heart's response.

It's this burning sincerity which is Cockburn's ace—and his Achilles heel. His songs sag under reportage and a weakness for the sentimental simile—"like the light in a lover's eyes". But the potency of the music carries it through. On 'Humans' he used textures and sounds with little precedent in any singer-songwriter's work, and the sparse glitter of those ideas has been built on systematically, securely. 'To Raise The Morning Star', with its boom of electronics and skirl of singers, sounds positively pagan (Cockburn has put his God in the background of late). 'Sahara Gold' peels off a love song's skin, tender as you like.

Cockburn doesn't pussyfoot, or get cute, or blush easily. It's rather a relief to find a singer who still wants to strum an old protest vibration and make it move through music that's modern and thick with imagination. 'Stealing Fire' is full of songs that deserve that power.

— Richard Cook

BAILEY'S IRISH CREAM

THE SAINTS
A Little Madness To Be Free (New Rose)

CHRIS BAILEY—singer, writer and guitarist of The Saints—is one of rock's last and greatest poets of romantic drinking. His is the world of the Dublin bar and Australian pub, a lush and folksy state of mind that nonetheless admits deep shafts of insight into the, ahem, human condition. Life is never so life-like as when viewed through the bottom of a glass.

And, as anyone familiar with a drop or two will tell you, belligerent bravado is but the occasional downside of a mood more often welling with tragedy. So it is that 'A Little Madness To Be Free' heaves with crumpled dignity, bloodshot eyes filled with tears of bitter nostalgia and the wracked incomprehension of emotions suffered but never rationalised. (phew!—Ed.)

For Chris Bailey is something of a *soul* singer; his voice a raw and heartfelt noise sometimes barely able to wrap itself around the syllables of sadness. But though consonants are often slurred to oblivion, impassioned vowels yearn for some kind of understanding and redemption. It hardly matters that Chris's literary muse draws on stock imagery: what lies *beyond* the words communicated keenly.

But he doesn't just let his tonsils do the talking. A pioneer with the original, late '70s Saints in reinforcing r'n'b punk with bold arrangements, here Chris deploys great juggernauts of brass, misty mountains of Celtic strings (very Van), and Babycham female harmonies not just to lend colour but usually to carry the weight of the tunes.

SIT-COM SOUL

JOYCE LAWSON
Love Uprising (Mutt and Jeff Import)
SHIRLEY BROWN
Intimate Storm (Sound Town Import)

I USED to think perfection belonged in the realm of the imaginary. It was Willie Johnson, pissed up on cheap wine, scoring for Scotland when treating the royal-box to an *encore*: a fine line in V-signs. I thought perfection was wishful thinking; then came Joyce Lawson. Could this be an unknown pleasure or just another northern soul song? 'Love Uprising' is Eugene Record's Chicago soul standard re-furnished for the eighties, let those strings sing on the left-wing.

I used to think perfection belonged in the empire of the senses: a sip of Smirnoff and a bender in Benidorm, until I discovered Joyce Lawson. Unknown and overweight, she sings soul like a woman possessed by wealth. 'Ride Like The Wind' and 'Try Me Tonight' deliver a promise wrapped in the gloss of 'Dynasty'. This is soap-opera soul. I used to think that passion was rationed until I French-kissed Joyce's album cover. The climax came with 'Passion', a modern dancer straying to the tasteful side of hi-energy, then Shirley came into my life again.

Shirley and Joyce sound like a third rate sit-com but they're the opposite sides of soul: one deep the other exotic. Shirley Brown's 'Intimate Storm' is the one the world's been waiting for. Another chapter in the Memphis renaissance and a predictable success from Homer Banks' inspired Sound Town label.

Shirley is back on the attack. The godmother of narrative rap continues her savage *dialogue de la bitch* with poor Barbara Mason on the recent single 'I Don't Play That'. In the singer's own words this album is cardiac music (serious as a heart attack). 'Love Fever' is Stax for the ninth decade and a guaranteed club hit but the true sound of new age Memphis is the deep-soul ballad, and the world of infidelity. 'I'm Up To No Good', 'Leave The Bridges Standing' and 'This Used To Be Your House' move with ease through desperate, deceptive and defiant femininity.

Somehow Shirley has the edge on Joyce but then emotion is always the master of passion. From Scottish hooliganism to pure philosophy. Not bad for a hogmanay review. Pass me a dram, Tam.

— Stuart Cosgrove



Firewoman Shirley Brown reporting.

HOOPING IT UP

HULA

Murmur (*Red Rhino*)
HULA HAVE steered me toward all the obvious criticisms, not a thing I enjoy. But despite their sense of tension, the nag-nag-nagging noises, nasty voices, nervous murmurs, dark breathes and deep meanings. Hula do sound obvious, too easy to place. They wear their influences and ancestry like a coat of arms. Hula are capable, noble but predictable.

Pinned down like butterflies between early Cabaret Voltaire and recent DVA, taking in

'Seven Songs' Skiddoo, The Box, Pop Group, and early ACR, Hula are perhaps a step back towards the days of music that disrupts and excites, and for that I don't blame them.

They steal from all the right places but are a little exact about it. Amrik Rai's sleeve-note puts it thus: "crushed, concrete, dense compression... cutting, wrought, fraught... a blare of sound, flare of feeling", words slapped by my editor as "absurd". Anyway, Amrik's got his finger firmly, neatly on Hula's firm, neat

pulses: they are too easily described, summed up: nothing here came as a surprise. Their dark discomfort behaves with control and tact, the voice is a blunt shout rather than a terrible bellow, a squawk not a scream, and the cut-ups, bulging basses, sound fragments, the clenched emotions and the percussion rattling its bones, all come in precisely the right places.

That said, they've perfected the surface nervousness of Mallinder and Newton, sound proud, positive, *alive*. 'Ghost

Rattle' is an impressive jumble, rumble; 'Jump The Gun' and 'Tear-Up' are easy but irresistible chants and even Hula's disorganised, plainly uninteresting jams sound harder and sharper than Shriekback, Portion Control or New Skiddoo. So, the noises on this dark dance are nice but not new noises.

'Murmur' is presentable, tidy, consistently obvious Hula - but there will be a strikingly distinct, barbaric Hula and that Hula will hurt. I trust it will be soon.

— Jim Shelley

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON

Solid (*Capitol*)

THAT a once great songwriting outfit like Ashford and Simpson is reduced to writing songs for a film called 'Body Rock' is not only a sign of the times but an indication of the dull neutralising syntax that is the basis for their new LP. Solid? Anything but, chum.

These are perfunctory, non-committal hip swayers and eulogies. Beside the fervour of the Womacks (a predictable but fitting comparison) A & S duets are frail flickers, cursory gestures towards an idea of modern dance and emotion that hold back, fearful of any untutored organic chemistry erupting. Their old folks boogie knows no bounds - right down to advice on how to survive 'The Concrete Jungle'. Yo ho ho and a bottle of Old Crow.

They are most at home with creamy nitecaps like 'Cherish Forever More' and 'Tonight We Escape', songs that don't require much more than an acquiescent glide into luxuriant suburbia sensibilities. A pity they spend most of the record trying to prove themselves masters of all trades.

— Gavin Martin



Ashford and Simpson... what's stopping 'em?



Hidden-camera pic of Saint Christopher arriving at Chez Snow, carrying payola gift.

Pic Bledwyn Butcher

Humour and melancholy mingle and abound in a clutch of great songs of which 'Walk Away', 'Photograph', 'Ghost Ships' and 'The Hour' especially wring out the last drops of old soak sentiment. These four almost approach the classic 'Casablanca' from '82's remarkably varied 'Out In The Jungle' LP.

Curiosity corner: the song 'Heavy Metal' bludgeons and snorts almost redolently of

'78's classic 'Eternally Yours' LP, but why does the RCA Australia version of 'A Little Madness' instead contain 'Wrapped Up And Blue', a beautifully lachrymose ballad which on no account should be overlooked by the British Saints fan?

If only latter-day Graham Parker could present such over-abundance...

— Mat Snow

"seven good reasons why the music's not yet over..." (NME Jan '85)



Latin Quarter: left to right:

Richard Wright (guitar), Yona Dunsford (vocals, keyboards), Steve Skaith (vocals, guitar), Carol Douet (vocals), Greg Harewood (bass), Rikki Stevens (drums), Steve Jeffries (vocals, keyboards).

Pic Lawrence Watson

latin quarter

The Latin Quarter: that scruffy-chic bit of Paris where drunken existentialists huddle in Gauloise-smokey cellars to pilot insurrections and worship Juliette Greco. Latin Quarter: a seven person band with a solitary single to their name, and a great one at that, called "Radio Africa". What's the link?

The Latin Quarter, say Latin Quarter, is "a place where questions are asked and new ideas are formulated by talented individuals gathering into groups". So now you know.

So now meet LQ. They formed last year around the writing team of singer/composer Steve Skaith and his lyricist Mike Jones (who isn't in the group, but simply delivers his bits via the GPO). The other six recruits came from backgrounds as diverse as Latin Quarter's music, which covers the waterfront from reggae to synthpop and all stops in between.

Bassman Greg Harewood, for instance, has a Britfunk past (with Central Line) while drummer Rikki Stevens can be heard in the Bovell band on Linton Kwesi Johnson's 'Making History' album.

Once assembled, LQ made their debut on their own Ignition label two months ago, in the form of an alluringly gentle reggae number, 'Radio Africa': it features one enchanting melody, some delicate vocal harmonies, and ever-intriguing, politically informed lyrics of Welshman Jones - "there's more tanks than food in the Ogaden Looks like Moscow got it wrong again".

— Paul Du Noyer
N.M.E.



OUT NOW!

Latin Quarter

The new 7" & 3 track extended 12"

T O U L O U S E



7" RH 101
12" RHT 101

MINERS

AGE 7

the TU movement and they knew they'd have a take on the NUM at sometime. "In 1981 they tried it in Wales, but in the face of massive support for Wales they had to retreat. So they marked time. The brought in anti-TU legislation and attacked one or two of the weaker unions. Then in 1983 after they saw the TUC let the NGA get beat at Warrington, they knew the tide had turned in their favour and that was the time to take on the NUM."

The Ridley Report is well known to the miners. A secret report leaked to *The Economist* drawn up by Nicholas Ridley in 1978 before the General Election, mapped out in detail Tory Party plans to beat the Unions and dismantle the nationalised industries, including a section on how to deal with "the enemies of the next Tory government". The battleground should be chosen by the government and it was likely to be the coal industry.

The report proposed the government should build up maximum coal stocks, particularly at power stations, and let it be known; they should make contingency plans for the import of coal, encourage recruitment of "good non-union drivers" by haulage companies to help move coal and cross picket-lines, adapt all power stations to burn oil as well as coal, as soon as possible, and as a deterrent money should be cut off to the strikers and the union made to finance them. They should introduce a large, mobile squad of police equipped and prepared against picketing.

As *The Economist* predicted, little of the plan ever reached the Tory manifesto.

All these proposals, however, have come true. The blueprint has been put into effect with extraordinary efficiency, standing starkly at odds with a Coal Board who claim the dispute was brought about by the intransigence of the NUM and a Tory Government who claim not to be involved.

"If nothing else, the activities of the police have brought home exactly who it is we're fighting. You look back on any strike, there's always been government involvement. You can go back to the miners strike of 1926, even prior to that - every time there's government involvement and every time they try to say, Oh, it's nowt to do with us. We're keepin' out of it."

"This strike has been deliberately . . . engineered . . . by . . . this . . . government," he spells it out. "It's as clear as that."

THATCHER'S CLAIMS of non-involvement began to look increasingly ridiculous as the Tories engineered a succession of deals to avoid "second fronts" with other unions - for example, buying off the railwaymen's pay claim in order to prevent the railway unions supporting the miners - and so isolating the NUM from other public sector unions.

Both the Coal Board and Thatcher have gone out of their way to give the impression that the legal actions are simply the result of spontaneous activity by "ordinary working miners". The entire campaign of litigation has in fact been carefully orchestrated and controlled. It was *The Daily Telegraph*, no less, who at the beginning of December named MacGregor as having masterminded the legal attacks. A succession of lawyers and solicitors' firms have been wheeled in on behalf of working miners to impose orders on the Union and extricate its funds - remarkably, they all possess connections with, and even hold positions in, a particular political party.

MacGregor organised links between working miners and businessmen to ensure financial backing.

David Hart, a political advisor to Thatcher who aided the Coal Board chairman in his television debate with Arthur Scargill back in August is forming the national network of working miners committees.

The stories concerning the Tories' plans to avoid power cuts - from a report in *The Times* in September of the government departments having received an expense order of 12 million candles, to sources in Whitehall claiming the Cabinet had considered putting back British Summer Time to save light in working hours - are as numerous as they are ludicrous.

In South Yorkshire, as in other coalfields, bulldozers have been used by the NCB to heap up coal stockpiles in an attempt to make them appear larger than they are. The sorry glut of evidence of the government's complete and utter involvement in the strike betrays their passionate desire to see the miners severely beaten.

"Thatcher's not been able to bring level of wages down nerly enough for her liking," says Bert. "This is one of the reasons why it's so important for her to defeat us."

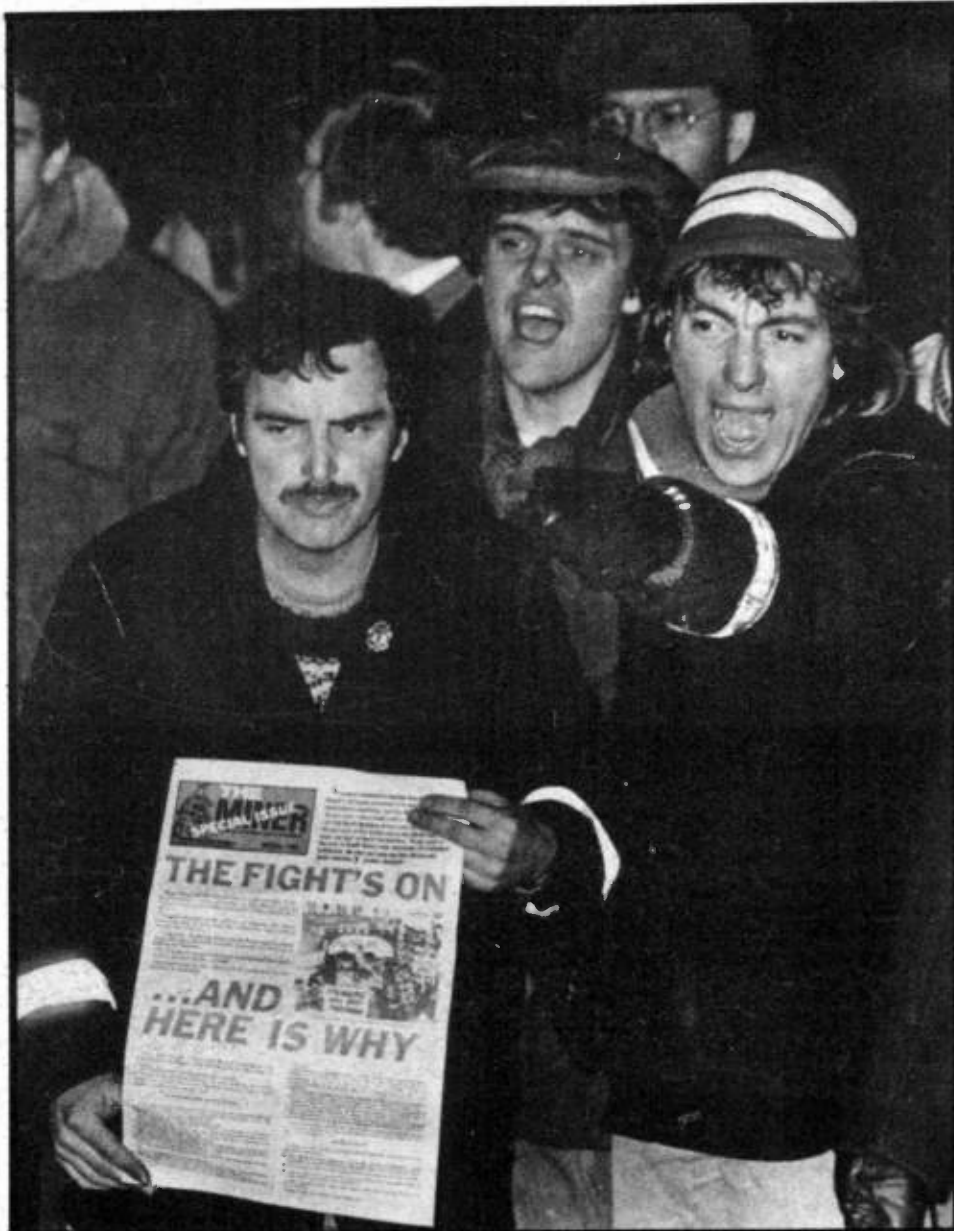
"If we're beaten then the attacks 'll really start. They won't be just comin' and sayin' inflation's five or six per cent, you can only have a two or three per cent wage rise. People'll be getting a reduction. They'll say, we've been paying you - we've been paying 'ourselves', using her term - too much for too long. We've got to get some of it back, so you're goin' to have to have a two or three per cent reduction . . . and then the year after, it'll be a five per cent reduction - see how far they can go."

"If we win then it'll give working class people, poor wage earners, a lot of confidence. But if we lose, that will be the future."

Just as Reagan's defeat of the US air traffic controllers' union in 1981 gave the green light to wage cuts across America, Tory ministers are looking to a repeat performance this side of the Atlantic.

"If Mr Scargill goes down to defeat something similar might happen here," said *The Sunday Times* six weeks ago. Concluding, "The future of pay (in this country) may hang, it is believed in Whitehall, on the outcome of the miners' strike."

"They're using everything against us to try and ensure that defeat," says Bert. "Their main weapon's been the police. But then the police have always been used as strikebreakers. They've always used 'em when needed, they've used armed forces - men 'ave been bloody shot on picket-lines."



Yorkshire pickets at Bevercote Colliery, North Notts.

IN 1984 the police have made picketing a criminal offence. In the absence of parliamentary law, they've resorted to archaic charges such as "besetting". An Armthorpe miner was arrested in Nottingham for "sheepworrying".

The iron fist employed behind the rash of obscure charges has been police methods taken wholesale from Northern Ireland - detaining men for long periods without charges, imposing crippling bail restrictions, driving Land Rovers into pickets to "disperse" them. . .

"There were vans on each corner, two outside our house on the grass. I counted 15 in all. We tuned into the police radios and we heard them say Number one in position . . . Number two in position . . . all the way through. Then an officer screamed 'Go! Go! Go!'" - Jim Gavlin, Maltby Miner.

I DON'T believe people realise what an incredible thing is happening. . . wrote a Nottingham solicitor early in the strike. "I think it (the law) is being subverted, quite frankly. And I think people don't realise how frightening and dangerous it is."

Barry Higham's been sat a while in the Welfare listening to me and Bert Whittle talk.

"Police have been seen with canisters on their belts," he says. "Every force in the country's got access to tear gas and plastic bullets. I think they're itching for an excuse to use 'em . . . they've used everythin' else in Northern Ireland against us."

Bert shakes his head, "This is Northern Ireland now."

If there was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke it wasn't noticeable.

SIX AM . . . Driving to the picket-line in Dave's car listening to Irish rebel songs.

A Doncaster Area mass at Armthorpe, at long last the chance for the Armthorpe men to turn out at their own pit, the chance to have a go at

the scabs in their midst - not that, of course, they will get within even spitting distance of any part of the scab bus, picketting penned in some few hundred yards away behind more than a few hundred police not being the ideal position from which to discuss in a fraternal manner the reasons for not crossing picket-lines, the latest development in the dispute, the international nature of corporate capitalism of which the Coal Board is the smallest part and you, pal, a pimple on the ass, thereof. . .

No, the boys in blue will ensure the Armthorpe pickets are kept the statutory good half-mile or five away from the gates of their own pit, unable to see the faces of the odd scab or two . . . or three . . . or is it management on the bus again? . . .

Yes, indeed. Last night we travelled over to Silverwood with Howard Wilkinson, an Armthorpe miner injured for life down the pit six years ago. He should be on sick pay. Examinations by his own doctor, the pit doctor and the hospital have confirmed his condition worse than ever. The Social Security doctor, however, has declared him fit for work which in the midst of a strike means him losing his pay, or else crossing the picket-line.

So now Howard lines up with his fellow strikers to receive, like all of them, Supplementary Benefit and like all of them, have £15 deducted for strike pay that none of them get.

A few months before the strike an electrician at Armthorpe had been killed, his body caught up on a chain, dragged through a crusher and chopped to pieces. His best mate had to stand and watch.

Horrific violence is part of miners' lives - police violence on the picket-line is unlikely to break them. Six strikers have been killed in this strike, two picket-line deaths within just ten weeks of strike. Silverwood has seen some of the worst violence of the strike, the target of excessively heavy police picket tactics since the first scabs went in.

Steve Hammill and Ian Mitchell are two of the warmest, most compassionate blokes you could meet. *The Sun* called the Silverwood pickets terrorists. We talk across a snooker table in their Welfare hall.

In the pubs and clubs of Silverwood the barstaff operate two bells - one at 11 o'clock for time and one at 9.10 for the legion of miners now subjected to curfew. The police have brutalised the village in an attempt to soften up the colliers, intimidate the militants and physically smash the strike. After

weeks of having police come after them "tooled up to the eyeballs", facing incessant police assaults on the picket-line, massive intimidation in the village itself, miners fought back.

Though endless press reports of violent pickets have 'reportedly' deterred many workers from lending their support to the miners, the reality has often spurned immediate sympathy action. When the police set up roadblocks at the Dartford tunnel, turning back car loads of Kent pickets, toll workers threatened an immediate stoppage. And when the Met attacked miners arriving in London for a demonstration, London Transport workers walked out on strike in disgust.

Other workers have received strong threats from their bosses against extending support at the massive Drax power station in Yorkshire, a key element in the national grid's electricity supply, from management informing them they would be sacked if they attempted any action in solidarity with the miners' strike.

Some of the most magnificent examples of financial support have come from workers abroad. Money has come from miners around the world, Australia, America, India, Spain . . . French miners and other workers have sent big food convoys across the channel, in Holland, come across many people organising collections for the miners and an astonishing level of awareness of what has been happening. Dave Barker had been collecting in Germany during the second month of the strike, raising some £20,000 in a couple of weeks. There are women from nearby Upton who had just returned from Switzerland. They found incredible support, large audiences packed to hear them shocked by the level of suffering and Thatcher's use of the police, even though continental TV screens have shown much footage of police violence at Orgreave, the cavalry charges at Orgreave, the police occupation of pit villages, particular footage of police attacking individual miners - far more than something never shown on Britain's 625 lines.

EVENING'S CLOSING in. Me and Dave, on our way to the station, have just dropped by the house of Steve a young married miner.

His wife's in hospital, their first baby due that night. Earlier in the afternoon Steve's been told the urgent needs payment he'd been promised has been re-classified by the Social Security as a single payment to stop strikers claiming baby allowance.

DHSS re-classifications were introduced by Thatcher in 1980, depriving strikers of a wide range of allowance. In North Yorkshire a family on supplementary benefit were told "unlimited funds" were available to cover burial expenses for their dead child. Their son who was physically and mentally handicapped, had died after contracting pneumonia. The government department suddenly reversed their decision, blocked the claim and refused to pay a penny when they discovered the father was a striking miner. "It's an outrage," a union official at the father's pit said, "They won't even let us bury our dead."

Electricity boards, Tory councils and coalboard landlords have all penalised miners, forced into arrears by abnormal DHSS regulations. Striking disabled miners have had concessionary fuel stopped, including Ben Chapman, a cancer victim for whom hot water is essential for cleanliness. Miners arrested picketing have been refused legal aid. . .

Still it's good to know the most deserving cases are not so harshly treated. Working miners have had no trouble getting legal aid when taking out writs against union.

In perhaps the most pathetic piece of official harassment, the Doncaster area was being swamped with TV detector vans.

Parked opposite the Doncaster rail station, is a metropolitan police van . . . Dave follows me to the barrier, we shake hands and hold them there. . . for . . . for chrissakes let's bloody win this thing! . . . for several seconds. Dave Barker's parting shot wells suddenly violent from deep inside.

I remember the Easington kitchen - a minor miracle, a centre of strength. Heather spitting hate for Thatcher, telling how the woman had refused to sign a petition to the Queen begging for food for their "starving kids". Dead proud. I remember Norman, walking back from the shack: "We've got a say to people who aren't goin' picketin', we're not goin' to jus' sit down hopin' these negotiations are not goin' to get men back to work. The only thing that's goin' to get men back to work is winnin' the strike, an' the only way to win the strike is to have mass pickets, if we do that we can win, we will win."

The next time I hear from him he tells me his wife Cath has lost her job. But they're pulling through: Norman's case was dismissed in court, following the same pattern as other miners thrown in jail, banned from picket-lines for months and then police failing to get them convicted, the policeman who arrested Norman couldn't even identify him.

THE LAST few weeks has seen a surfeit of coal board blunders, even MacGregor has surpassed himself. The NCB floored themselves on their own figures, managing to obtain different "back to work" totals from the same set of area sub-totals. Even their own auditors refused to ratify the boards figures.

The Sun, keen to oblige, confused itself so thoroughly, it came out with two sets of tables in the same issue . . . and still none was correct.

The government have lied about their intentions to privatise the coal industry - three weeks ago MacGregor blew the gaffe. They have lied that there will be no compulsory redundancy - MacGregor blew that. They have encouraged the coal board to present false figures of men working and false accounts which claim operating losses. The philosophy currently fashionable in Whitehall runs: say anything, do anything but do for the miners. After that, you can be sure they'll do for the rest of us.

To Thatcher, we are all of us *The Enemy Within*.

ERIC CLAPTON and his band are to play three major UK dates shortly. The concerts, presented by Harvey Goldsmith and Roger Forrester, take place at Edinburgh Playhouse (Wednesday, 27 February), Birmingham NEC (Saturday, 2 March) and London Wembley Arena (Monday 4 March) and bookings are already being accepted.

Tickets for the Edinburgh show are priced £7.50 and £6.50 and are available from the venue box office plus usual agents, while Wembley Arena tickets are set at £8.50 and £7.50 from the box office and, subject to booking fees, from Keith Rowse Shops, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albemarle Agents and Credit Card hotline 1-741 8989.

Birmingham NEC tickets are £7.50 and £6.50 from the box office and Credit Card Hotline 021 780 016 plus, subject to booking fees, from Birmingham Cyclops Sounds, Derby Way Ahead Records, Hanley Mike Lloyd Shop, Leicester De Montfort Hall Box Office, Liverpool TLCA, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Newcastle Under Lyme Mike Lloyd Shops, Newcastle City Hall Box Office, Nottingham Way Ahead Records, Sheffield City Hall Box Office and Stafford Lotus Records.

Additionally, tickets for Wembley and Birmingham can be obtained by post from PO BOX 1RS, London W1A 4RS, envelopes being marked either ERIC CLAPTON WEMBLEY or ERIC CLAPTON BIRMINGHAM depending upon requirements. All postal orders or cheques—either £9 or £8 for Wembley and £8 and £7 for Birmingham (inclusive of 50p booking fee)—should be made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments. Allow six weeks for delivery of tickets.

TOUR NEWS



Is it live or is it Mammorex?

Pic. Kenji Kubo

JOKERS WILD

KILLING JOKE are to embark on a mammoth tour to coincide with the release of a new single and album. A number of dates in the tour remain to be confirmed but the following gigs are all set: Reading Hexagon (1 February), Dunstable Queensway (2), London Hammersmith Palais (3), Brighton Top Rank (6), Southampton Guildhall (7), Exeter St George's Hall (8), Oxford Polytechnic (9), Bristol Studio (10), Cardiff University (12), Nottingham Rock City (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Warwick University (15), Norwich University Of East Anglia (16), Sheffield Top Rank (18), Leeds University (19), Newcastle Tiffany's (20), Edinburgh Caley Palais (21), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (22), Manchester Apollo (23) and Birmingham Powerhouse (24). Tickets cost between £3.50 and £4.50 at all shows. The single, 'Love Like Blood' comes out on 25 January in both 7-inch and 12-inch versions while the album, 'Night Time' is promised for mid-February.

THE NATIONAL JAZZ CENTRE, at 9/10 Floral Street in London's Covent Garden, will now open on 8 May. The Centre, which will include a flexible 400 capacity performance space, a bar and restaurant, practice and rehearsal rooms, dressing rooms, a library and archive plus a jazz shop, is to mount a full programme of live music immediately upon opening.

In the meantime, the NJC is organising to major events. Firstly, a Royal Gala Concert at the London Palladium, on Sunday, 10 February, where there'll be a performance of Duke Ellington arrangements by the Humphrey Lyttleton Orchestra plus various guests including Helen Shapiro.

Also, in association with the Borough Of Camden, the NJC will be responsible for the annual Camden Jazz Week which takes place 19-23 March at Logan Hall, Bedford Way. Among those likely to take part are Graham Collier's International Big Band, The World Saxophone Quartet, the Bobby Watson-Guy Barker Quintet and Brazilian flautist Hermeto Pascoal.

DEREK BAILEY is continuing his remarkable series of improvised music concerts at Bethnal Green Library, Cambridge Heath Road on Saturday afternoons through January and February. The master guitarist will be playing with Steve Beresford and Pete Cusack of Alterations on 12 Jan. and Tony Coe and Kenny Wheeler on 19 Jan. Future shows will involve such notable improvisers as Keith Tippett, Tebbe Lipere, Mick Beck, Phil Wachsmann and Will Evans.

MARC RILEY AND THE CREEPERS have lined-up the following dates: London The Attic (24 January), Herne Hill Half Moon (25), Hammersmith Clarendon (26), Bradford 1-in-12 Club (14 February) and Leeds Bierkeller (17).

YA! CHAKA

CHAKA KHAN has added a third date at London's Hammersmith Odeon and now plays the venue on Wednesday, 30 January. Tickets are available from the box office and usual outlets.

MAGGIE NICOLS and trumpeter Jim Dvorak lead Jazz Allstars a band that's playing a Miners' Benefit gig at London's Camden Centre on 19 January from 7 till midnight. Tickets are priced £3.50 and £1.50.

SPIZZ is still with us in '85 and, to prove the point, he's playing London gigs at The Marquee (11 January) and The Wag (31) where he will once more be parading his six girl group The Astronauts.

NEW JAZZ EXPLOSION, the jazz package featuring Roy Ayers, Tom Browne, Lonnie Liston Smith and Jean Carn, is to play an extra London show, a matinee gig at Hammersmith Odeon at 5.30 pm, on Sunday, 24 February.

BRUCE FOXTON and his band appear at London's Camden Palace on 19 January in a gig that's designed to showcase an array of new material. Tickets for the gig are set at £4 before 10.30 pm and £5 afterwards.

BIG JAY McNEELY, one of the most torrid of legendary R&B tenor players, makes an appearance on *The Stars Of Boogie Woogie* show at the London Palladium on Sunday, 3 February. Also taking part are Texan boogie pianist Little Willie Littlefield; Houston singer-pianist Katie Webster, who's worked with Percy Sledge and Etta James; German boogie ace Axel Zwingenberger, a keyboardist who recently worked with Lionel Hampton; plus Aussie blues band The Mojos who will be appearing with one-time Bowie sidekick Dana Gillespie. Tickets are £10, £8.50, £7, £5.50 and £4 from the box office (01-734-9923).

EDWIN STARR teams with The Flirtations and Jimmy James in a show titled 'Soul Sensation' which will play Birmingham's Night Out club for six nights commencing 18 February. The same package appears at Watford Bailey's for six nights from 25 February. Also booked into the Watford venue are Rose Royce who play six nights from 4 March.

PEARLY TWINSET

COCTEAU TWINS and The Wolfgang Press play a one-off at Chelmsford Chancellors Hall on Thursday, 24 January. Tickets, priced £4, are available from the box office and Parrot Records but only 600 will be available. Both groups are currently recording 12-inch EPs, simultaneously produced by Cocteau Robin Guthrie, which will be available in mid-February. The Cocteaus will also be playing a handful of live dates around that time, details of which will be announced shortly.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON with Dennis Bovell's Dub Band are joined by Gaspar Lawal, Orchestre Jazira and Benjamin Zephaniah in a special show at London Hammersmith Palais on Tuesday, 15 January. It's being promoted by Wilk Walker to mark Martin Luther King Day, an occasion widely commemorated in the States and which inspired Stevie Wonder's song 'Happy Birthday'. Tickets are £4, available from the box office and usual agents.

THE STRANGLERS have re-scheduled three of their forthcoming tour dates due to European TV commitments. The Brighton Centre gig, originally planned for 7 February, now takes place on 4 March; the Bournemouth International Centre show (8 February) is moved to 3 March; and the gig at Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion (9 February) is re-scheduled for 2 March.

GENE PITNEY sets out on a UK tour in April, first dates for which are: Weston-Super-Mare Playhouse (19 April), Milton Keynes Centre (20), Margate Winter Gardens (21), Reading Hexagon (25), Fareham, Fareham Hall (26), Usk Stardust Club (27), Manchester Tameside (28), Ipswich Gaumont (1 May), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (2), Salford Willows (3 and 4), Barnsley Keresforth Hall (6), Worthing Pavilion (10), London Walthamstow Assembly Hall (12), Croydon Fairfield Hall (13), Stanley Castle (5-18), Northampton Demgate Centre (19), Watford Bailey's (20-25), Cardiff New Theatre (26), Birmingham Night Out (28-1 June), Camberley Lakeside (2), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (4) and Camberly Lakeside (5-8). Other dates are to be announced.



Higsons — string of dates or money for old rope?

THE HIGSONS, who've just completed a successful U.S. tour, kick off a string of British dates this Saturday (12) at Leicester University. Then follow gigs at Leeds Warehouse (15), Edinburgh Coasters (16), Aberdeen University (17), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (18), Newcastle University (19), Aberystwyth University (24), Bristol University (25), Bedford Boys Club (26), Canterbury Kent University (28) and London Savoy Ballroom (29). The Higsons will be on LWT on 19 January in a *Live From London* show, recorded at Camden Palace on 2 November. A new single is projected for early February.

THE POGUES, shortly to export their boozy ways to Europe for the very first time, have lined up a number of London dates in the interim. These are: Dingwalls (8 January), Soho Gaz's Rockin' Blues Club (10), Hampstead Town Hall — Miners' Benefit (11), Oval Cricketers (22), Finsbury Park George Robey (23) and Harlesden Mean Fiddler (30). Additionally, there's a gig at Reading University on 29 January.

PASSION PUPPETS first date of '85 is at London Covent Garden Africa Centre on Friday, 18 January. Parading his paradiddle technique for the very first time will be the band's new drummer, fellow North Londoner Eddie Case.

AKIMBO, the 'new acoustic music' duo formed by Manchester's Andy Wilson and New York's Debora, release their first album, 'Akimbo', on the Forward Sounds label this week. A mixture of blues and African jazz, plus modern protest songs, the album will sell at just £2.99.

RECORD NEWS

STEEL CUT!

BIG COUNTRY take another track from their 'Steeltown' album for their next single release. Called 'Just A Shadow', it's backed by 'Winter Sky', a previously unreleased Adamson-Watson composition and is in the shops this Friday. The new single will be available in both 7-inch and 12-inch versions and the label is Mercury.

THE RAH BAND, the UK funk outfit headed by Richard Hewson, release their first single on the RCA label this week. Titled 'Are You Satisfied?' and backed with an instrumental version of the same song, the single will also be available in a 12-inch version sporting an extra track in 'The Shadow Of Your Love'. A Rah Band album is due out in Spring.

STARZ 'Brightest Starz', a compilation of material from the heavies who were once stablemates to Kiss, is to appear on the Heavy Metal America label this month.

DOMINATRIX — Dominique (vocals) and Stuart Albright (vocals/electronics) — have a single called 'The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight' released by WEA this Friday. A US dance chart entry, the single was masterminded by Ken Lockie of Cowboys International infamy.

3D, a three-piece from Liverpool, have what they claim to be the world's first holographic record out, on Mickie Most's RAK label, this week. Unlike previous records featuring optical effects, the single, titled 'Nearer', needs only an electric light source or daylight for the hologram to be fully appreciated.

CAN's 'Inner Space', an album which has not been available in Britain for more than five years, is being re-released in its original sleeve by Magnum Music on 1 February. Also gaining a Magnum re-release at the same time is 'Majestic Dub', an album by the same band.



All the time they wanna take your place, Jimmy. Pic. H. Goodwin

JIMMY RUFFIN, whose hits for Motown included 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted', 'Farewell Is A Lonely Sound' and 'I'll Say Forever My Love', all UK Top 10 entries, has now signed to EMI and has his first single released by the label on 14 January. Available in both 7-inch and 12-inch forms, the single comprises 'There Will Never Be Another You' and 'Backstabbers', the B-side being a reworking of The O'Jays classic. Both tracks were produced by Greg Walsh.

GEORGE BENSON releases his new album '20/20' on 18 January. A WEA release, it's the follow-up to his multi-platinum 'In Your Eyes' and features guest spots from Patti Austin and Roberta Flack.

MONOCHROME SET release their first single on the Blanco Y Negro label on 18 January. It answers to the name of 'Jacob's Ladder' was penned by vocalist Bid and bassist Andy Warren. The 7-inch edition has a B-side titled 'Andiamo' while the inevitable 12-inch has no less than three bonus cuts — 'Le Boom Boom', 'Yo Ho, Ho And Three Bottles Of Wine' and 'Starry Nowhere'.

SLADE's follow-up to 'All Join Hands' is 'Seven Year Itch', which RCA are to release this week. The B-side is 'Leave Them Girls Alone' but there'll also be a 12-inch edition which includes an extra track, a version of the band's 1981 hit 'We'll Bring The House Down'. Slade are currently completing a studio album which will be released to coincide with the band's Spring tour.

VIRNA LINDT has her first single, 'Attention Stockholm', re-released by Compact to coincide with her live appearance on *The Tube* on 18 January. During her stay in the UK Lindt will be completing work on a new album and is also likely to be making a 'surprise' appearance at a London venue. Lindt is one of the artists featured on the soundtrack album to the film *You Took Me On A Wonderful Walk* which was recently screened at the London Film Festival and is shortly to be shown at the ICA Cinema.

THE POISON GIRLS album has at last been completed. Called 'Songs Of Praise' it's due out on the band's own label, Xntrix, in mid-February. Vi & Co. are currently lining up another wild cabaret tour with Mark Miwardz which is likely to move on out sometime in March.

CHELSEA, currently preparing a full British tour, will shortly be releasing a new album. Titled 'Just For The Record', it's on the Step Forward label, distributed through Rough Trade, and should make an appearance in the shops this week.

KILLING JOKE

PLAY DEAD (SUNDAY) THE SKELETAfamily (MONDAY)

Sunday 3rd & Monday 4th February 8pm.

TICKETS FROM 10p. VAT. ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL. 740 2612. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL. 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2225. KEITH ROWSE, TEL. 741 8889. ALBEMARLE, TEL. 580 3161. ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, STARGREEN, TEL. 437 5282. THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD. OR £4.00 ON NIGHT.

LIVE ADS (01-404 0700 ext. 282)

marquee
ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY
90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603

Thursday 10th January (Adm £3.00)
HELIX
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Friday 11th January (Adm £3.00)
SPIZZ & THE ASTRONAUTS
Plus Support & Nick Henbrey

Saturday 12th January (Adm £3.00)
STEVE MARRIOT
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Sunday 13th January (Adm £3.00)
THESE TENDER VIRTUES
(Ex Dexy's Midnight Runners)
Plus support & Nick Henbrey

Monday 14th January (Adm £2.50)
COOK DA BOOKS
Plus support & Nick Henbrey

Tuesday 15th January (Adm £2.50)
PARTNERS IN CRIME
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Wednesday 16th January (Adm £3.00)
THE THREE JOHNS
Plus support & Nick Henbrey

Thursday 17th & Friday 18th January (Adm £3.50)
MAGNUM
Plus Support & Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

LONDON CONCERT for the MINERS PRESENTS

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
WOODENTOPS Tickets £5
COAL NOT DOLE
orange juice
JAZZ

SATURDAY 19th JANUARY at
THE ACADEMY
Brixton

Tickets from Rough Trade 220 6841
Common Box Office 240 0772
London Theatre Bookings 429 3371
Academy Box Office 226 1022 / 274 1923
Bookings subject to be announced

ALL PROCEEDS TO STRIKING MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES

WILL A WALKER PRESENTS
MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY CELEBRATION
JAN 15
DENNIS BOVELL's DUB BAND
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
GASPAR LAVAL
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA
BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
JOSEPH MYDELL
(WILL TALK ABOUT MARTIN)
D.J. - DAVE HUCKER
OF SOLY SOMBRA

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS 7.00



DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

Tues 9
THE POGUES
Plus Special Guests The Knives
£2.50

Wed 9
Heavy Rock Night with
ROUGH JUSTICE
ARTICFOX
RHUNE STAR
£2.50 or £1.00 UB40 Student/Nurses Card

Thurs 10
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
Plus Special Guests
£2.50 or £1.50 concessions

Fri 11
DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS
+ The Larks Hard Rock £3.50

Sat 12
Lunchtime 12-3
Blues Radio Free Entry
Evening Ska Session With
DESMOND DEKKER
Plus The Elevators £4.00

Sun 13 7-11.30
First Anniversary of the Sunday Auditions
ORCHID WALTZ, WALK A THIN LINE,
THE HAMSTERS,
DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR
and LIPS ON FREEZE
£1.00 or 50p concessions, 5 new bands

Mon 14
The Monday Package
FOREIGN PRESS,
TRUE COLOURS Plus Guests
Poprock £2.25 or £1.50 concessions

Tues 15
THE VIRGIN DANCE
+ Guests BUTT...
£2.50 or £1.50 concessions

Wed 16
Heavy Rock Night
TANK + FRONTIER
Very Lethal Rock £2.50 or £1.50 concessions

Thurs 17
Double Header
NICOPLUS JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Come early £3.50 in adv. or £4.00 on the door

Fri 18
THE DIRTY STRANGERS
Coming Soon

Sat 19
THE INMATES
Chevalier Brothers

Sat 26
Mon 28
JOHN SEBASTIAN

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

Wednesday 9th January
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

Thursday 10th January
PETE THOMAS DEEP SEA JIVERS

Friday 11th, Saturday 12th January
CHRISTY MOORE

Sunday 13th January
JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Monday 14th January
TEX MANIAX
(ex-Wangford's)

Tuesday 15th January
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND

Rift Valley
Thurs. Jan. 10th
the untouchables
"They deal in post Jam white soul,
its guts supplied by a strong dirty
Stones influence... tight
spirited high class pop... I
didn't stop bopping once". SOUNDS.

Fri. Jan. 11th
BETWEEN THE LINES
8 sets 10 & 11:45
Fast flowing, no nonsense, roaring
R & B and sweet soul guaranteed to
leave you breathless. Five star
entertainment.

Sat. Jan. 12th
rft valley raiders
Afrobilly
LONDON OPENING AND CLOSING AT 10.00 PM GARDEN WIDE
01-240 3961

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 9th January £1.00
HEZA SHEZA
+ Ghost Dance

Thursday 10th January £1.50
BLUE MURDER
+ Support

Friday 11th January £1.50
'The Garage'
THE SURFADELICS
+ THE KICK

Saturday 12th January £1.50
FURNITURE
+ Violent Circuit

Monday 14th January £1.00
Belroom 85 featuring
THE YANETTES
+ BLUE MIDNIGHT

Tuesday 15th January £1.00
SONS OF LOVERS
+ Support

Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm

TIFFANY'S, LEEDS
MERRION CENTRE, MERRION ST
Tel: 0532 431448

Sunday 27th January 1985

NEW ORDER
+ Support

Tickets £3.50 Doors Open 8.30pm
Tickets available from Virgin Rec,
Jumbo Rec, HMV Rec or S.A.E.
From Box Office,
Cheques payable to Mecca Ltd

**FOR DETAILS OF
ADVERTISING
ON THE LIVE PAGE
RING NICK GREEN
on 01-404 0700
ext 282.**

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 9th January £1.50
BRIGANDAGE
+ Shadowland

Thursday 10th January £1.50
JAMIE WEDNESDAY + The Sensible Jerseys

Friday 11th January £2.00
THE MANNISH BOYS + Talking America

Saturday 12th January £1.50
THE COMPANY OF WOLVES ex. Hollywood Killers
+ Support

Sunday 13th January
LAUGHING SAM'S DICE
+ Willie & The Poor Boys

Monday 14th January £1.50
1926 + Pale Red Competitor

Tuesday 15th January £1.50
CAMPFABULOUS
+ What The Fox

KING GEORGES HALL BLACKBURN
Raja presents
KILLING JOKE
+ Support

Tuesday 22nd January 1985 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 advance £4.00 on the door available usual
outlets. Box office
0254 582582 or 0254 28881

The Sir George Robey
240 Seven Sisters Road
Finsbury Park, N4
263 4581 (Finsbury Park Tube)

Wednesday 9th January
THE DAVE KELLY BAND

Thursday 10th January
MORRISSEY MULLEN

Friday 11th January
MOONDANCE

Saturday 12th January
TEX MANIACS
+ Support

Sunday 13th January
THE MIKE KAHN BAND

Monday 14th January
CRANNOG

Tuesday 15th January
MOONDANCE

Wednesday 16th January
KEVIN SEISAY & WHIPPET

Thursday 17th January
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Late Bar Every Night Until 12.30 a.m.

THE PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, STOKE NEWINGTON

Sunday 13th January
at 8pm

THE HENRY THOMAS BAND

BRIXTON MIX-DOWN
LAMBETH TOWN HALL,
ACRE LANE, SW2
FRIDAY 11th January
8.30pm-3.00am
NO ADMISSION AFTER MIDNIGHT

MUTANT ROCKERS
KUDUM
INFINITY
MICHAEL ARCHANGEL
SOUL ASSISTANTS
SWEET AND BITTER
ABDUL T.J. AND
AFRICAN CULTURE

TICKETS £2.50 on the door or in advance from
Lambeth Amenity Services
Box Office, 164 Clapham Park Road, SW4.
Tel: 022 6655 ext. 355 or 720 3630
Or from any Lambeth Library.

LAMBETH SERVICES
WELL WORTH DEFENDING

Mean Fiddler
LATE NIGHT MUSIC VENUE
OPEN 7 NIGHTS
9pm-2am

28A High St., Harelesden, NW10
Tel: 961 5490

Thurs 10th (every Thurs) Adm £2.50
RAYMOND FROGGATT

Fri 11th Adm £3.00
DAVE KELLY BAND

Sat 12th Adm £3.00
HONKY TONK COWBOYS

Sun 13th (Free Adm)
Lunchtime 12-2pm
SHANTY DAM

Sun night Adm £2.50
BALHAM ALLIGATORS

Tues 15th Adm £2.50
SYNDICATE
Other band to be announced

COMING SOON
Sun 20th
LIVING BAYLITES + JAZAWAKI
Thurs 24th
BLUES REUNION
featuring
SPENCER DAVIS
PETE YORK
BRIAN AUGRE
COLIN HODGKINS
Adm £3.00
In Feb

Sun 3rd
Sun 10th
Sun 24th
DUBLIN CITY RAMBLERS
THE REAL THING
MUNGO JERRY

NEW BANDS INTERESTED IN PLAYING AT
THE MEAN FIDDLER - PHONE JEAN ON 961 5480

BULL & GATE
389 KENTISH TOWN ROAD,
LONDON NW5
01-485 5358

Wednesday 9th January
WILL GAINS

Thursday 10th January
From The Captain's Cabin:
MELVYN GOAT
+ Special Guests

Friday 11th January
EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

Saturday 12th January
DAVE KELLY BAND

Sunday 13th January
THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG

Monday 14th January
OCCAPPELLA
+ Band In A Box

Tuesday 15th January
CHALK CIRCLE

Roar PRESENT
Happy New Year from
BIG SOUND AUTHORITY

THU 17th JANUARY
LIVE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST. LONDON W1
DOORS OPEN 8pm. £3.00
+ BOUNCE BACK SUPPORT

SEE THEM ON 'LIVE FROM LONDON'
L.W.T. SAT. 12th MIDNIGHT

GLC JOBS YEAR '85
CONCERTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND) AND SEXTET EKAYA
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN AND PACO DE LUCIA
UJAMAA

SATURDAY 26 JANUARY 1985
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
UNWAGED £1.50 · WAGED £5.00

Tickets for unwaged £1.50. From the GLC, County Hall Foyer,
Southbank, London SE1 7PB.
Full priced tickets £5.00 from the Royal Albert Hall Box Office.
Tel: 01-589 8212.
Credit Card Bookings Tel: 01-589 9465. Or by post from Royal Albert
Hall Box Office, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2AP. PLUS normal Ticket
Agencies.
For further information phone: 01-633 4400.

Fairport Convention
The Greatest Folk-Rock Band of all time!

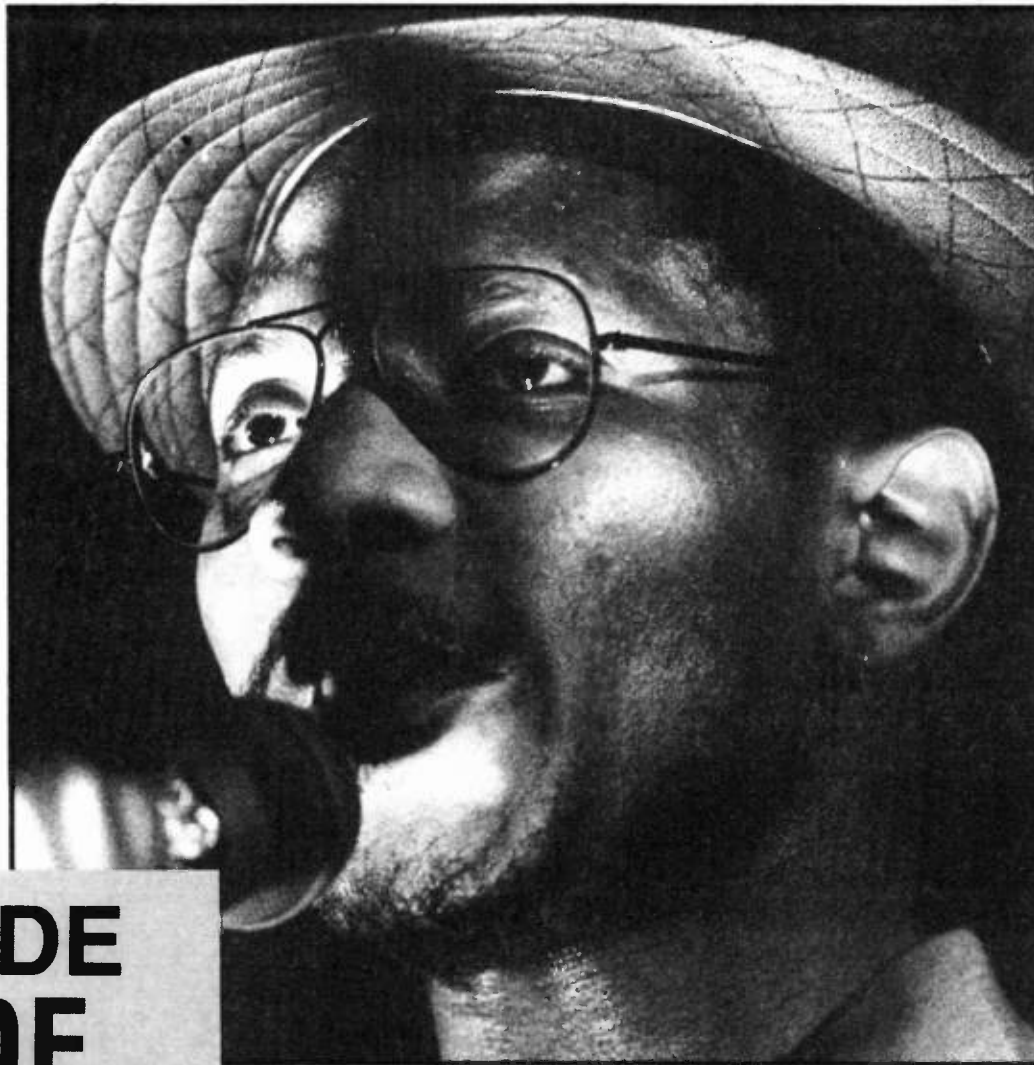
1985 U.K. TOUR

DATE	VENUE	BOX OFFICE No.
SAT JAN 12th	LEES CLIFF HALL, FOLKESTONE	0303-53193
SUN JAN 13th	GRAND THEATRE, WOLVERHAMPTON	0302-714775
MON JAN 14th	MR KIESA'S CLUB, LEICESTER	0533-682221
TUES JAN 15th	ARTS CENTRE, SOUTHPORT	0704-40011
WED JAN 16th	GUILDHALL, CAMBRIDGE	0223-357881
FRI JAN 18th	BRIGHTON DOME	0273-682127
SAT JAN 19th	CITY HALL, ST ALBANS	0727-64511
SUN JAN 20th	THEATRE ROYAL, NORWICH	0603-2820567
MON JAN 21st	WINTER GARDENS, CLEETHORPES	0472-692925
TUES JAN 22nd	TOWN HALL, CHELTENHAM	0242-34045
WED JAN 23rd	BRISTOL UNIVERSITY	0272-570427
THUR JAN 24th	ST AUSTELL, COLISEUM	072681-4004
FRI JAN 25th	BLECHLEY LEISURE CENTRE	0908-661738
SAT JAN 26th	SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY	0242-24076
SUN JAN 27th	DAVENPORT THEATRE, STOCKPORT	061-483 3801
TUES JAN 29th	TOWNGATE, BASILDON	0268-23953
WED JAN 30th	THE ORCHARD, DARTFORD	0322-77331
THUR JAN 31st	BOGNOR REGIS CENTRE	0243-865551
FRI FEB 1st	POOLE ARTS CENTRE	0202-685222
SAT FEB 2nd	CAERPHILLY LEISURE CENTRE	0443-815588
SUN FEB 3rd	APOLLO, OXFORD	0865-244544

THE TOTAL number of gigs has increased considerably this week, suggesting that the circuit is slowly returning to normal after the New Year hiatus. But there's still a marked absence of big names and major events, with — for the most part — only the old faithful club'n'pub acts condescending to venture out in the bleak midwinter.

The two most significant happenings are both on Tuesday and, of course, in London — when ALISON MOYET plays Hammersmith Odeon in the first of a series of concerts re-scheduled from the autumn, and Martin Luther King Day is celebrated, a stone's throw away, at the Palais by the likes of LINTON KWESI JOHNSON, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH and ORCHESTRE JAZIRA. Also in the capital, THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS have a one-off on Saturday.

No important new tours set out during the next seven days, but the following week will see a noticeable improvement in the tour field — with Chaka Khan, Shalamar, Mtume and Meatloaf all hitting the UK road.



Linton (above) and Benjamin (below) celebrate King Day at the Palais.

Pics. Santo Basane and Lawrence Watson

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 9th

Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Red Lion: Stigma
Birmingham Snobs: Amazon's Hound
Birmingham The Kaleidoscope: Partners In Crime
Bradford Wheatheaf: Haze
Doncaster Tadcaster Arms: The Confident Tricksters
Dover The Louis Armstrong: Traff Blues Band
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Goats Don't Shave
Hastings The Electric Grape: Piledriver
Leeds Cardigan Arms: The First International
London Acton King's Head: The Brewery Tappers
London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers (until 19 January)
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: Cafe Cabaret
London Camden Dingwalls: Rough Justice/Arctic Fox/Rhume Star
London Camden Dublin Castle: Juice On The Loose
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Cool Rays/Stork Garden
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Dave Kelly Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Brigandage/Shadowland
London Fulham King's Head: Radio Radio
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Bill Stickers Will Be Band
London Islington Radnor Arms: Marcus Hadley
London Kennington The Cricketers: Go Direct/Fear Of Flying
London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: The Swamps
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Peter Greenwell (until Saturday)
London Marquee Club: Helix
London N.1 Bass Ciel: Tim Whitehead's Borderline
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Willie & The Poor Boys
London Oxford St. 100 Club: John Dankworth/Ronnie Scott/Henry Crowther/Humphrey Lyttelton/Ronnie Ross etc. (Kenny Clare benefit)
London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Ronnie Scott's Club: George Coleman Quartet (until 19 January)
London Soho Pizza Express: Digby Fairweather Band
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Jackie Lynton Band
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Sid Presley Experience/The Volcanoes
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) Key Club: A Thousand Miles Of Sunshine
Manchester Band On The Wall: Snake Davis & The Suspicions
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: Reaction
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Tonyandy Naval Club: La Host
Walton-on-Thames The Anglers: Georgia Jazzband
Watford Verulam Arms: The Groundhogs

THURSDAY 10th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: Back Street Slide
Birmingham Powerhouse: Living In Texas
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Golgotha
Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre: Ruby Turner Band
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: The Concept
Brighton The Richmond: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
Darlington Coachman Hotel: Evil Mother/Negative Zone
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Demon Axe
Edinburgh Preservation Hall: Bobbin' John

Guildford The Royal: Chain Reaction/Tour De Force
Hereford Market Tavern: Tickle's Alternative
Kingston Grey Horse: Brian White's Magna Band
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
London Camden Dingwalls: Peter & The Test Tube Babies
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Tex Maniax
London Catford Black Horse: The Wild Eagles
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: Tantrum
London Chelsea Larry's: The Syndicate
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Untouchables
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Morrissey Mullen
London Fulham Greyhound: Jamie Wednesday/The Sensible Jerseys
London Fulham King's Head: Little Sister
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Daniel Roval's Alternative Theatre
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Blue Murder
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Raymond Froggatt
London Kennington The Cricketers: Dave Kelly Band
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Marquee Club: Helix
London New Cross The Dover Castle: TV Slaves
London N.1 Bass Ciel: Don Rendell 4
London N.7 The Favourite: Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Acme Sound Co
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Guana Batz/Creepshow
London Putney Half Moon: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
London Soho Pizza Express: Iain Ballamy/Tony Lee Trio
London Thornton Heath Lord Napier: Mike Daniels Big Band
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Footwarmers
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: Room 13
Manchester Band On The Wall: Second Nature
Manchester (Chorlton) The Pavilion: Steve Ellis/Lynne Percival
Manchester The Gallery: President Zog
Northampton Arts Centre: 7RPM
Penzance Regent Hotel: The Recessions
Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: New Jubilee Band
Southend Blue Boar: The Famous Potatoes/Swamp Band
Surliton Assembly Rooms: Time U.K.
Watford Verulam Arms: Larry Miller
Whitstable Harbour Lights: Bravura
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: Sub Zero
Worcester The Old Crown: Iranian Teaspoons/Crypt Kicker Five

FRIDAY 11th

Birmingham The Mermaid: The Nightingales/The Three Johns/The Pig Brothers
Brentwood Hermit Club: The Sweat Band
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: La Host
Cardiff St. David's Hall: John Berliner Band
Carterton Social Centre: Replay
Cheltenham St. Paul & St. Mary College: Pler 66
Coventry Rytan Bridge: Streetlites
Dover The Louis Armstrong: Vigilante
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Three Johns
Gravesend Red Lion: Blue Murder
Hereford Market Tavern: Banque
London Brentford The Brewery Tap: The Brewery Tappers
London Camden Dingwalls: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/The Larks
London Camden Dublin Castle: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band

London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: The Radical Shieks
London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: Ray Carlos Quartet
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Between The Lines
London Cricklewood Hotel: The Membranes/Chaos/16 Guns/The Legend
London Deptford Albany Empire: The Oblivion Boys/Lee Cornes
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Moondance
London Fulham Greyhound: The Mannish Boys/Talking America
London Fulham King's Head: Rickey Cool & The Big Town Playboys
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: UK Subs/Pakov Liez
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Surfadelics/The Kick



London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Dave Kelly Band
London Islington Hare & The Hounds: J.J.'s Flyers
London Islington The Three Johns: The June Bridges/The Ringing/The Trees
London Kentish Town Interaction Centre: Red London/Burial/The Only Alternative
London Kentish Town The Falcon: Dix Six Band
London Marquee Club: Spizz & The Astronauts
London N.1 Bass Ciel: Sonido De Londres
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: A Bigger Mercedes
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Gonzalez
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Tokyo
London Putney Half Moon: Christy Moore
London Shepherd Bush The Bush Hotel: Ruthie Smith's Toot Sweet/Jim Dvorak & Friends
London Soho Pizza Express: Alex Welsh Alumi
London Stockwell The Plough: Barflies
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: The Spectres
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Nico/The Dispossessed/The Stiff Injectors
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Tony Milliner's Jive Hoot
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: Kalimba
Manchester Band On The Wall: Exile Intact
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Arthur Mowatt Big Band
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Lialson
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: Kris Gayle & Trio
Rotherham Arts Centre: Mourning After/Diabolos
Uxbridge Brunel University: Ruby Turner Band/G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Amazon's Hound/Red Shoes

SATURDAY 12th

Alconbury Aquarius: Haze
Berkhamsted Civic Centre: Stan Tracey Sextet
Birmingham (Earlswood) Blue Bell: Red Shoes
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Scotch Measure
Bristol Granary: Lialson
Chesterfield Top Rank: Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
Coventry Warwick University: Pler 66
Folkstone Leas Cliff Hall: Fairport Convention
Gloucester The Nelson: La Host
Guilford The Royal: Larry Miller
Hereford Market Tavern: Ya Ya
Kingston Grey Horse: Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight
Leeds Eagle Tavern: The Prowlers
Liverpool Captain's Cabin: The Chase
London Acton Bumbles: Lost For Words
London Brixton The George Canning: J.J.'s Flyers
London Camden Dingwalls: Desmond Dekker
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Magnificent Seven
London Camden The Monarch: The Charts
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: Poor Boys
London Chelsea Carzy Larry's: Sue Shutstocks & Friends
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rift Valley Raiders
London E.C.1 The Three Compasses: The Dirty Rats
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Tex Maniax
London Fulham Greyhound: The Company Of Wolves
London Fulham King's Head: Jackie Lynton Band
London Fulham The Lost Theatre: Mood Six
London Islington Almedia Wine Bar: Adrian Legg
London Islington The Three Johns: The Membranes/Ut/The Eels
London Kentish Town Interaction Centre: The Folk Devils/The Scientists/The Screaming Blue Messiahs
London Leicester-Square Jive Dive: The Rhythm Men
London N.1 Bass Ciel: Brian Abraham's District Six
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Graffiti
London Oxford St. 100 Club: John Etheridge-Colin Hodgkinson Band
London Putney Half Moon: Christy Moore
London Soho Pizza Express: Alan Elsdon Band
London Stockwell The Plough: Spirit Level
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: Benjamin Zephaniah Band
London Tufnell Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: Furyo
Manchester Band On The Wall: Soul Finger
Manchester Hacienda Club: Circus Circus
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: Seducer
Newton Aycliffe Youth Centre: Pagan Ritual
Reading Target Club: Persian Risk
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Golgotha
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchnight): The Pests

SUNDAY 13th

Birmingham (Solihull) The Harvester: Red Shoes
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: Iain Ballamy Quartet
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton The Richmond: Actified
Bromley The Northover (lunchnight): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Flying Doctors
Folkstone Brewery Tap: Second Sun
Glasgow Night Moves: Let's Get Dressed!

High Wycombe Nag's Head: The Alligators
Hull Spring Street Theatre: Punctured Tough
Guy/Adam's Eaten Eve
Kettering King's Arms (lunchnight): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Kingston Grey Horse: Georgia Jazzband
Leeds The Adelphi: The First International
London Barbican Centre (lunchnight): Spirit Level
London Battersea Arts Centre: Tallsker
London Bethnal Green The Approach: Johnny G
London Camden Dublin Castle: Ricky Cool & The Big Town Playboys
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: Ian Campbell Group (lunchnight)/Gypsy Fingers (evening)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sand Boys/Clamber
London Finchley Torrington: Heart And Soul
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Irish Mist (lunchnight)/Mike Khan Band (evening)
London Fulham Greyhound: Laughing Sam's Dice/Willie & The Poor Boys
London Fulham King's Head: Racing Cars
London Greenwich Tunnel Club (lunchnight): Dudu Pukwana & Friends
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: The Balham Alligators
London N.1 Bass Ciel: Bernard Ebbinghouse Big Band (lunchnight)/Geoff Castle Quartet (evening)
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Pete Neighbour Band (lunchnight)/Ken Barton Band (evening)
London Oxford St. 100 Club: 29th Street Saxophone Quartet
London Paddington Abbey's: The Charts
London Putney Half Moon: Juice On The Loose
London Soho Pizza Express: Galle Peters/Nick Weldon
London Stockwell The Plough: Brendan Hoban & Al Maclean
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchnight): Gerry Gibbs Quartet
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
Oxford Witney Rugby Club: Replay
Rotherham Arts Centre: Colin Yates Big Band
Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: The Probes/The Hop/Sharks In Italy/Mitch Wainwright/Cardboard Cutouts/European Sun etc.
Uxbridge Brunel University: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
Watford Pumphouse Blues Club (lunchnight): The Blueshounds
Wolverhampton Grand Theatre: Fairport Convention

MONDAY 14th

Cardiff College Of Music & Drama: La Host
Hull Spring Street Theatre: Ashley Hutchings
Iford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Warehouse: The Ankh
Leicester Kiesa's Ballroom: Fairport Convention
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: Odd Sox
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Ocean/Missing Airmen
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Crannog
London Fulham Greyhound: 1926/Pale Red Competitor
London Fulham King's Head: Dark Pastures
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Yantettes/Blue Midnite/The Throwouts
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Technique Devol
London N.1 The Entertainer: Boysle
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Blue Note Revisited
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Radio Radio
London Putney Half Moon: The Tex Maniax
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: Surfadelics/Surfin' Lungs
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: Azul
Manchester Band On The Wall: Second Nature
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockie Horse
Whitstable Harbour Lights: Overdrive

TUESDAY 15th

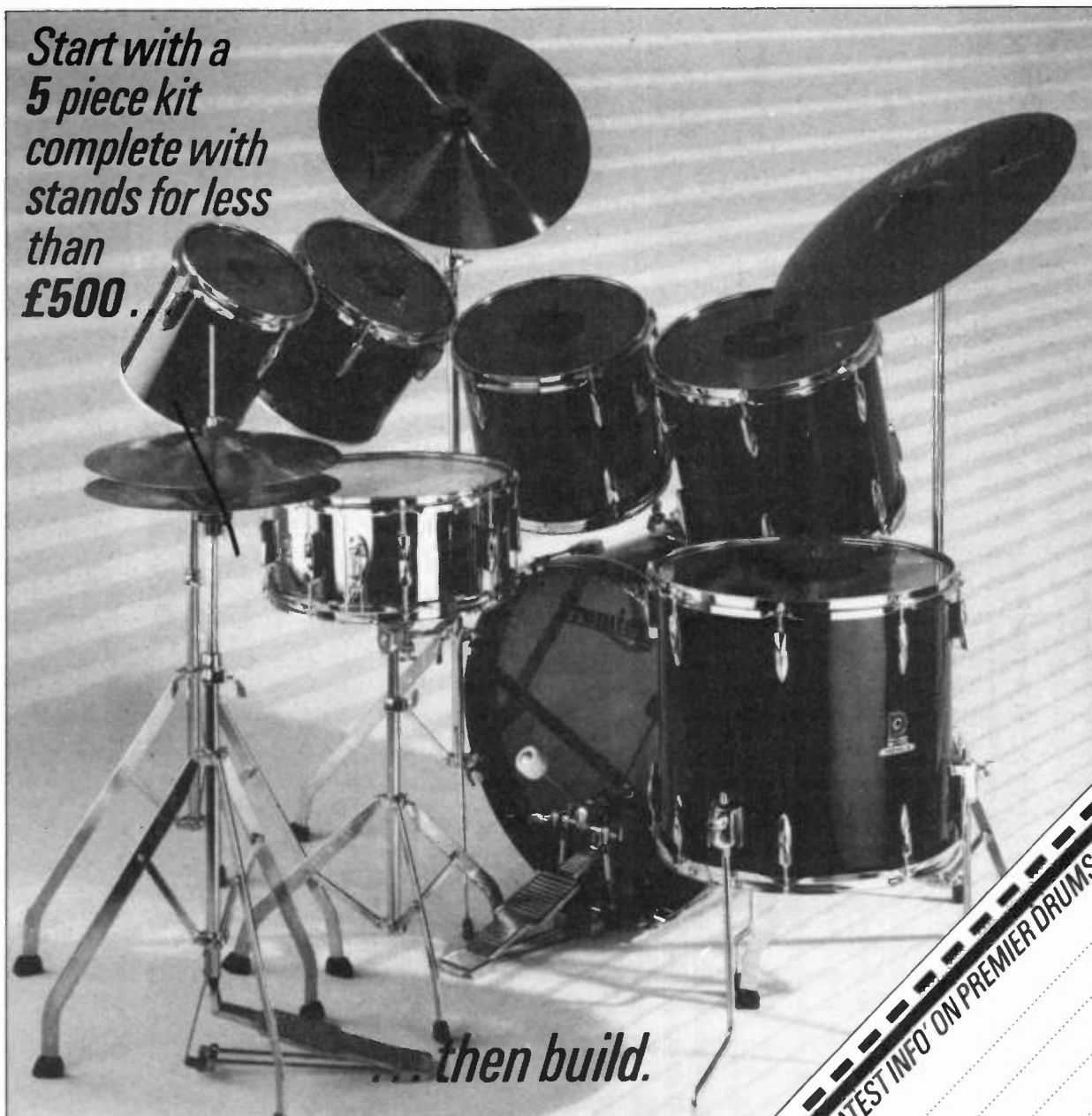
Birmingham Mr Bill's: Stigma
Birmingham (Tysley) The Greet: Back Street Slide
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Profile
Hull Spring Street Theatre: Mike McCartney
Leeds Central Station Hotel: Toby LeRone & The Acid Drops
Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
London Canning Town Ground Rent Tavern: The Midnights/Rockin' Gerry
London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wreckangles: London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Slow Motion/Jinx
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Moondance
London Fulham Greyhound: Campfabulous/What The Fox
London Fulham King's Head: Johnny Pinko
London Hammersmith Odeon: Alison Moyet
London Hammersmith Palais: Linton Kwesi Johnson/Dennis Bovell Bud Band/Gaspar Lawal/Orchestre Jazira/Benjamin Zephaniah
London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London N.1 Bass Ciel: The Guest Stars
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Stop Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Peter & The Test Tube Babies
London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen
London Richmond Derby Arms: Brian White's Magna Band
London Soho Le Beat Route: The Montellas/The Larks/Occapell
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London (W.1 Jermyn Street) Maunkberrys: Richard Green & The Next Step
Manchester Band On The Wall: Yes Sir
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Willie Payne-Sid Warren Sextet
Portsmouth Specs Club: Wolfie Witcher Band
Rhyd The Vale: Tokyo
Sheffield Underground: Haze
Southport Arts Centre: Fairport Convention
Surliton The Southampton: Georgia Jazzband



***YOUR FIRST KIT
COULD LAST
FOREVER***

APK

***Start with a
5 piece kit
complete with
stands for less
than
£500.***



...then build.



PREMIER PERCUSSION

BLABY ROAD WIGSTON, LEICESTER LE18 2DF ENGLAND TELEPHONE: 0533 773021 TELEX: 342171

"PLEASE BUZZ ME THE LATEST INFO ON PREMIER DRUMS"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

SEND TO PREMIER PERCUSSION,
BLABY ROAD, WIGSTON,
LEICESTER
LE18 2DF.

So you wanna be a rock'n'roll tub-thumper? The question is – what drums to buy? A man of many a fill, veteran drummer JON HISEMAN, offers these tips to would-be rhythm pals . . .

HOW TO

THERE HAS never been a better time to buy a drum kit, as competition for your money is fierce.

However, your decision is complicated by the choice between an acoustic or electric kit and your choice will depend very much on your musical tastes and the kind of group you want to play.

The acoustic drum kit lets you learn to play using conventional techniques, i.e. the same way that all the players you admire did. You will have no difficulty adapting to electric drums later, and you can buy a good acoustic drum kit cheaper than you can an electric kit.

Electric kits enable you to practice relatively quietly in a flat or house using head-phones. I don't have to tell you the problems of practicing acoustic drums whilst someone is trying to watch the telly in the next room or next door. But that advantage disappears when you come to play the electric drums with the group because they will need amplification and it is one thing to stick them through a borrowed amp for a rehearsal but quite another to get a sound system together to enable you and the audience to hear them above vocals, guitar and keyboards.

Electric technology is moving so fast that I am probably sticking my neck out when I say that if you are going electric, then buy Simmonds. For now, it has the best sound, the best 'feel' for the best price.

Now back to acoustic drums. If you have a favourite drummer whose style and sound you admire and you fancy playing the same make of drums, go for it. He won't use gear that's going to let him down. But remember, he is bound to be playing a top-of-the-range kit and if you are going to pay a lot less by buying down the range, here are some points to watch. With the low to middle price kits from Pearl, Premier, Tama, Rogers, Yamaha etc., you are off to a flying start because all the high cost technological ideas incorporated in the top kits have spun off into the lower ranges over the years.

MOST OF the low and mid-price makes I have mentioned will sound similar assuming that the tuning and make of head were the same, but beware of making a decision based on the sound of the kit as demonstrated in a shop. Shops seldom tune their display kits well and certainly not similarly.

With all kits the sound will change dramatically depending on the make and thickness of the head. Insist that Remo Clear CS (Black Spot) heads are fitted to both top and bottom of the kit that you are buying even if you have to pay extra for this. Remo CS is a universal head which is capable, with the judicious use of a little 'gaffa' tape, of producing almost any sound you want, and they will dramatically improve the sound of the cheapest drum kits which tend to come fitted with poor heads as a way of keeping the price down. It is a very false economy.

Later you can fit clear Remo heads on the undersides and use the existing CSs as a new set of batter heads. This would give a lighter, more ringing sound to the kit or you could change your batter heads for Remo Pin Stripes for a shorter, thicker note and your existing CSs would stay as ideal bottom heads.





BUDDY RICH, another exponent of free style, beats them fast and tricky, but easy. Illustrated above is one of his numerous stunts of showmanship—tossing a stick without missing a beat.

GIT THE KIT THAT FITS

Most of the stands and pedals that are sold with the low and mid-price makes I mentioned work very well but it may well be that if you accept my comments about drum sounds then you will finish up choosing your kit on its fittings. The two tom-toms mounted on the bass drum must be capable of reasonable adjustment but feel firm and strong with all the lock nuts tightened and the floor tom must have a good locking system for the leg adjustment. Hi-hat stands should be as sturdy as you can afford with a centre post touching the floor so that the bottom cymbal can't 'give' as the top one closes upon it. Check the bass drum pedal clamp; be sure that you can tighten it down on the counter hoop with plenty of thread left on the screw. As you inevitably wear the hoop, you will need that extra thread. If you are a beginner you will not be able to judge the feel of pedals but again by buying a well known brand you get the benefit of their experience. Shops like to sell you complete kits by one maker, but don't be afraid to try to buy outside of the brand of drums you have chosen if you really do feel that other stands or pedals will serve you better. You may not be popular with the shop but business is business.

Many kits are advertised at a price that doesn't include the stool. Always buy a stool, even at the expense of that third or fourth cymbal stand etc. Sitting properly is vital to the development of good playing habits and there are plenty of cheap stools on the market, but having bought it, don't sit too high. Proper powerful pedal control comes with sitting lower than most beginners seem to think. Sit with the

thighs slightly higher than the knees when your feet are on the pedals, hi-hat closed, bass drum beater on the head. When you set your new kit up, keep the playing angles of the drums reasonably flat, not so flat that you hit the rims, but flat enough to produce the loudest sound with the least damage to the head. Tom-toms at an acute angle mean the stick strikes at a greater angle and you lose touch, power, bounce—as well as considerably shortening the head life.

Try to buy cymbal stands that either have a boom attachment or have a boom option that you can buy later. As your playing develops and you need to position cymbals where they fall naturally into your playing style, you will find that only boom stands can get the cymbals exactly where you want them. Again, try to get the dealer to throw in a boom with the kit—you never know your luck.

FINALLY, cymbals. There are many cheap makes on the market but if you are just starting out your ear is unlikely to be developed

sufficiently to enable you to pick out the one OK cymbal from a batch. I endorse Paiste cymbals; 101 and 404 for the beginner, 505 and 2002, Rude and Sound Creation if you can afford it. You should also check out the new "Color Sound 5" cymbals from Paiste, especially if you have been able to afford an electric kit. Whether you play acoustic or electric you will need a couple of crash cymbals, (16" and 18") a ride (20") and a pair of hi-hats (14"). These are the most popular all-purpose sizes and the best to get started with.

A ride cymbal carries the time or beat in the same way that a pair of hi-hats do when played closed, and crash cymbals are for accents with the bass drum. Don't be tempted to buy a cymbal that doesn't have a stamp on it to tell you what it is for. It is very important that you get a real cymbal feel and sound for your money right from the start. Remember, a cymbal that sounds deafening within the hard-walled confines of a shop may have little or no impact at all when you are playing with the band unless it has had true sound projection literally beaten into it.

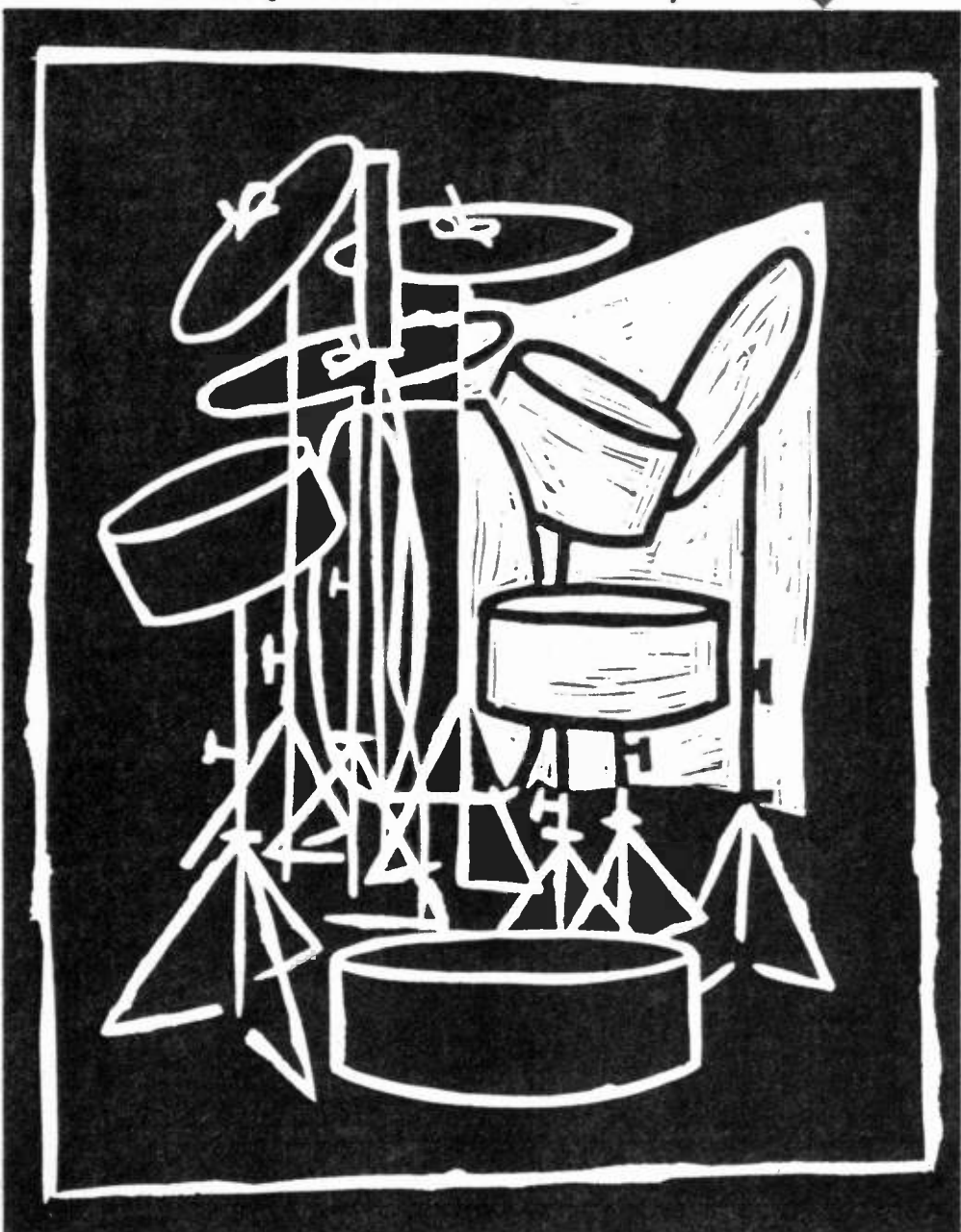


Illustration Peter Jones



Play an original at

A1 Music, Manchester 061 236 0340
Andertons, Guildford 0483 38212
Argents, London WC2 01 379 6690
Argents, Worcester 0905 611774
Blackpool Sound Centre,
Blackpool 0253 25544
Bootleg, Epsom 03727 24528
Bruce Miller, Aberdeen 0224 592211
Cambridge Rock, Cambridge 0223 316091
Carlsbro, Mansfield 0623 651633
Carlsbro, Sheffield 0742 640000
Carlsbro, Leicester 0533 24183
Carlsbro, Nottingham 0602 581888
Carlsbro, Norwich 0603 666891
City Electronics, Torquay 0803 25488
City Electronics, Truro 0872 71359

Chromatix, London W5 01 567 3623
Curly Music, Liverpool 051 227 1919
Drum Cellar, Bristol 0272 741026
Furlongs, Sevenoaks 0732 460353
Future Music, Chelmsford 0245 352490
Future Music, Portsmouth 0705 820595
Future Music, Southampton 0703 26798
Future Music, London SW6 01 731 5993
Gigsounds, London SW16 01 769 5681
Gigsounds, London SE6 01 690 8621
Guitarzan & Bongo Bill,
Middlesbrough 0642 467510
Hammonds, Watford 0923 39733
John Holmes, Swindon 0793 20948
JSG, Bingley 0274 568843
Jones & Crossland, Birmingham 021 643 4655

Livewire, Cardiff 0222 496619
Luton Music Centre, Luton 0582 26826
McCormacks, Glasgow 041 332 6644
Eddie Moors Music, Bournemouth 0202 35135
Professional Percussion,
London NW5 01 485 4434
Rock City, Newcastle 0632 324175
Session Music, Belfast 0232 238502
Gordon Simpson, Edinburgh 031 225 6305
Sounds Plus, Bury St. Edmunds 0284 703366
Southern Music, Brighton 0273 733387
Stix, Peterboro' 0733 52357
Sycos Systems, London W2 01 724 2451
Unisound, London NW6 01 624 3900
Unisound, Chatham 0634 44068
Ware Music, Ware 0920 69123

SPIN-OFF bands, whether formed in the aftermath of acrimonious splits or amicable partings, are usually rather pathetic affairs.

There is nothing sadder or more undignified than the sight of former pop stars trying to trade on past glories when they would be far better off going back to their old day jobs (if they can find one), or simply fading away with their pride intact and their PRS cheques in the bank.

From Paul Weller's once-sturdy sidemen Foxton and Buckler to ex-Pistols Cook, Matlock and Jones; from The Chiefs Of Relief to the muppets masquerading as Haircut 100, spin-offs are by and large a silly thing.

Two bands that fell apart during the summer of 1982 were The Beat and The Marine Girls. Radical Black Country skankers and haunting Home Country beach-combers respectively, their reputations gave any new ventures plenty to live up to—something which former Marine Girl Tracey Thorn managed more successfully in Everything But The Girl than either Dave Wakeling or Ranking Roger have to date in General Public.

But so much for the leading lights, what of the unsung, almost forgotten ex-Beat Boys and Marine Girls?

If we can have a bit of hush there in the back, their tales can now be told in print for the first time and the wonderfully vital names of Grab Grab The Haddock and Fine Young Cannibals unleashed on an unsuspecting 1985.

On a musical level the two have little in common. But, the spin-off angle aside, there are a couple of other reasons for grouping them together at the start of what will undoubtedly be another year dominated commercially by facile, spineless Fab Forty fodder.

For a start, they both have silly names. More importantly, however, they both represent a further flourishing of the groundswell of refreshingly honest and realistic new bands that began to make their mark in 1984.

With the glittering chart parade growing increasingly ridiculous as last year wore on, the more genuine charms of the emergent Smiths, Redskins, Bronskis, Bragg and Thorn—a new generation of performers with the same fibre as stalwarts such as Weller, Dammers and Costello—grew ever more welcome and relevant.

If this new realism was one of the most tangible good things to come out of the past 12 months, then it is surfacing once again in these oddly-named Haddocks and Cannibals.

Neither band make any great claims for themselves (Another new wave? No dice!), but in their own assured and individualistic manner, they could well be among the most important runners in the coming months.

Anyway, New Year is traditionally the time to lay it on the line, so here we go: the Thrills tips for '85!

GRAB GRAB The Haddock? The phrase actually comes from a painting by Bruce McLean that was part of a 'new spirit in art' exhibition at the Royal Academy a couple of years ago, but it still took some time for Jane Fox to convince her sister and fellow former Marine Girl Alice that this was to be the name for their new band.

She remembers standing for over an hour at a bus stop in their Hatfield hometown with Alice and their two new male cohorts Lester Noel and Steve Galloway arguing the case for Fish In Rock.

Exasperated, she finally demanded that the other three come up with a satisfactory alternative. They did not, and so Grab Grab The Haddock it was, a name that Jane claims is not deliberately whacky but merely "slightly absurd".

GRAB GRAB THE HADDOCK

The vital role of the Fox sisters in The Marine Girls was often neglected by pundits keen to heap (justifiable) praise on the songwriting shoulders of Tracey Thorn. But, as the songwriting credits show, some of the best bittersweet love songs on the band's final 'Lazy Ways' album were actually penned by bassist Jane while Alice's surly, resonant lead vocals were always one of the trio's most distinctive hallmarks.

But if their talents were slightly overlooked in the past, GGTH have already started redressing the balance.

Their first Cherry Red single 'I'm Used Now' was issued towards the end of last year, a second 'The Last Fond Goodbye' follows shortly and their first tentative steps back to live work have already been taken.

Certainly far closer in sound and spirit to The Marine Girls than anything Tracey has since done, GGTH specialise in lilting, drummerless acoustic songs embellished by a shifting percussive undercurrent (oops!), a tinkling piano and an occasional bowed bit.

Neither wilfully amateurish or super-slick, their music possesses an almost unique magic that is difficult to pin down. Wimpish whimsy? Seaside skiffle? Porpoise pop? A colleague (Hi Paolo!) even detects a few traces of the loose, ramshackle gait of rockist ramblers The Faces circa 'Ooh La La'!

They are also unafraid of experimentation, having introduced sax, clarinet, celeste and even toy percussion into the agreeably garbled fray while Lester has taken Alice's place on lead vocals on a couple of songs, most notably

the forthcoming single.

"We want to concentrate on some of the things that The Marine Girls forgot about," says Jane. "We want to do more things vocally with harmonies and backing vocals. That was something that we always shied away from in the past. In some ways, it was a bit silly, considering that Tracey's voice was so good."

The split with their former partner was completely amicable with Jane even being responsible for the striking sleeve of EBTG's debut album 'Eden' and Lester becoming a member of GGTH after trekking half the length of Britain as one of The Marine Girls' most avid followers.

But what do they think of what Tracey and Ben are doing now?

"I still think they are great," says Jane. "Tracey's songs are brilliant and now that they have a proper band, rather than the jazz session people they used on 'Eden', they are doing something a little more honest. The differences between us and Tracey weren't really musical though. It was more one of attitude. She would be playing at the ICA with Paul Weller while we were quite happy to do local gigs in Hatfield with Clive Pig And The Hopeful Chinamen!"

Content with their independent status and happy playing small local gigs, GGTH appear to lack the ambition necessary to make themselves pop stars, although Jane denies that the band is simply a glorified hobby.

"We want as many people as possible to hear our records, but I've got no desire whatsoever to get seriously involved in the music business. We just want to play our songs as well as possible and, within

the band, we take that part of it very seriously.

"I think the attitude behind our music is a continuation of something that was happening three or four years ago in the independent label mentality of groups like Swell Maps and early Orange Juice, even though the music is obviously very different. It's not a nostalgic attitude. I think it can still be relevant now. It's what gives us the strength to avoid the clichés of the pop thing."

"I just think it's time for something fresh. There's nothing really exciting about at the moment. The last really good thing was probably 2-Tone and my favourite bands of the last year are still the bands that grew out of that, The Specials and The Colour Field. Apart from them and a few others, the whole thing seems to have reverted back to the mid-'70s."

In The Marine Girls, Jane's "fish songs" provided a neat and humorous foil to the more serious lovesick laments both she and Tracey wrote. Though there are still moments when she finds it hard to resist the lure of the rockpools—GGTH plan to use a plastic dolphin and a stuffed haddock as stage props on future gigs!—her maritime fixation is less apparent now.

"You would run out of subject matter pretty quickly if all you wrote about was fish, although the fish songs in The Marine Girls had the same ideas and sentiments as some of the later songs. They were love songs in disguise! They just happened to be about fish rather than humans."

One of the most noticeable changes in Tracey Thorn's post-Marine Girl songwriting is the greater emphasis

placed on political subject matter, a shift which Jane also detects in GGTH, albeit in a more subtle way.

"The great thing about the way Tracey and Ben tackle politics is that they do it from a personal angle. I think it's also there in our songs, but not in a really obvious way. I think that you can make people think about things without ramming them down their throats. A lot of people overdo it. I think you can find our political views somewhere in the songs."

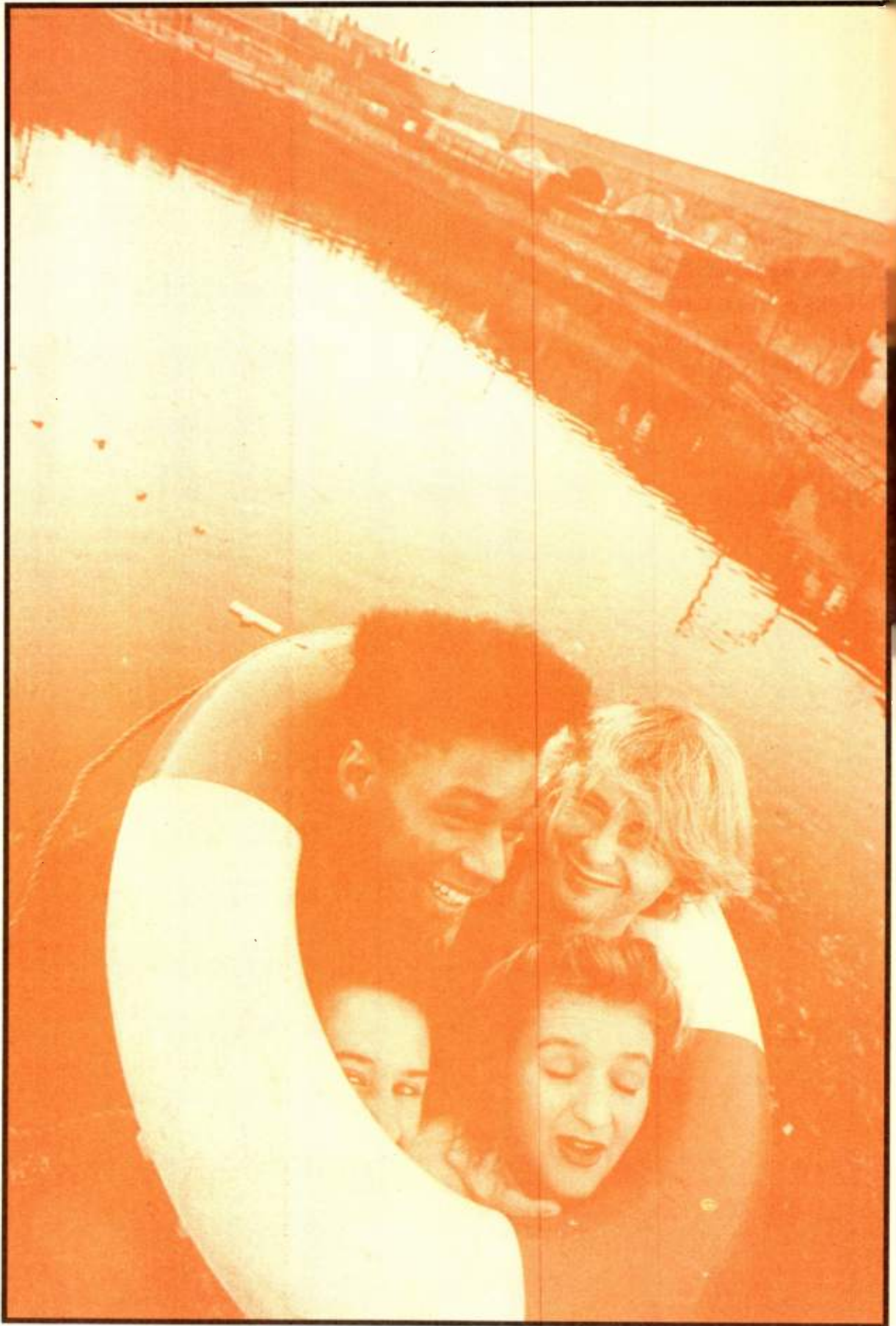
What do they think of the twee tag with which GGTH will almost inevitably get labelled?

"I think it's one of the great misconceptions that people have about us," says Lester. "They think of us as being very precious. If they knew us as individuals, they'd see that we're actually quite tough."

"We're not Whitesnake or ZZ Top," adds Steve. "It's easier to say what we're not than what we are. Whatever we say, there are obviously going to be people that don't agree with us."

Quite where this strange but certainly not sub-Marine (ouch!) quartet will fit into this year's popscape remains to be seen. Their splendidly original sound, with its tinges of everything from African highlife frenzy to Ronnie Lane lowkey whimsy, might not have an identifiable "market"—something that has already led the record company to suggest a slicker production—but its unique charm deserves a wider hearing.

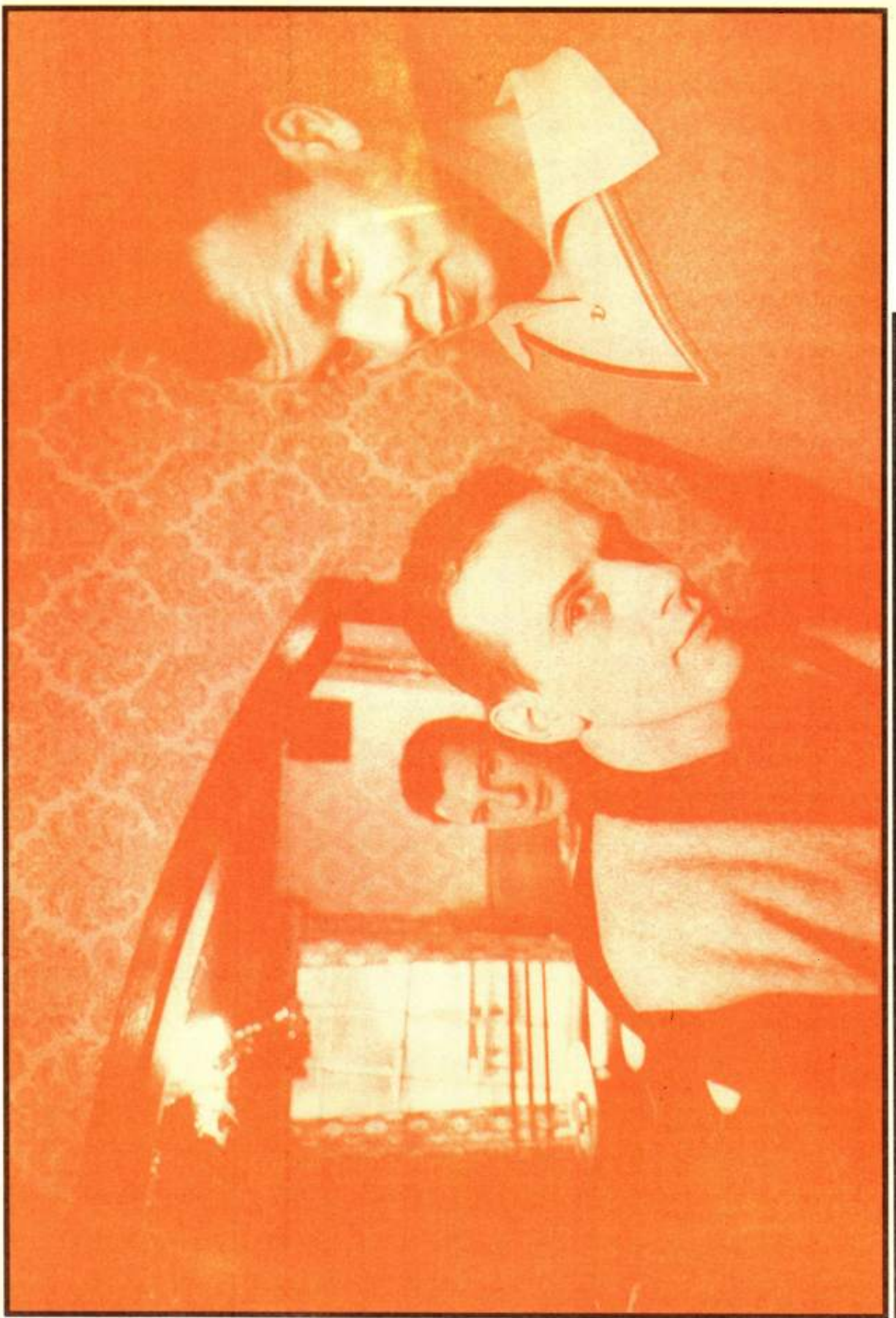
"We really enjoy playing in this group," says Alice. "Perhaps even more than in The Marine Girls. It seems to be more fun."



■ Creating haddock in the pool (left to right) Lester, Steve, Alice and Jane.

**Surrealistic
crossword clues?
Nope: they're the
names of ADRIAN
THRILLS' two top
tips for '85. And
with names like
those, they better
be good. . .
Photos:
Peter Anderson**

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS



■ Grabbing them by the Cannibals are (left to right) David, Andy and Roland.

THE FINE Young Cannibals? The moniker — as you all must have guessed — comes from the 1960 film romance *All The Fine Young Cannibals*, the movie that paired Pearl Bailey and Robert Wagner. Guitarist Andy Cox suggested it after scanning a television film guide. Bassist David Steele and vocalist Roland needed no convincing.

Andy and David — along with drummer Everett Morton who recently vacated the FYC drumstool to be replaced by Martin Parry — were the unsung musical force behind the spasmodic brilliance that was The Beat.

While Dave Wakeling, Ranking Roger and the veteran Saxa sparkled under the spotlight, Andy and David particularly were the craftsmen who moulded the band's delicate yet stinging brand of skank.

But, of all the musicians of the ska era, they were the two on whom the 2-Tone mantle rested most awkwardly. Not only did they openly admit an admiration for The Fall and Talking Heads rather than the obligatory Prince Buster, but they were also responsible for pushing the frontiers of the Beat bop away from ska towards more experimental fields.

When The Beat eventually split, leaving Dave and Roger to launch General Public almost immediately, few observers gave Andy and David much chance of forming a worthwhile new band. In fact, they were far better placed than anyone would have reckoned. All they needed was a vocalist and they soon located the ideal larynx in Roland. His track record — a stint as saxophonist in Hull's reggaematic Ackrylix and various spells singing in

London-based pub blues bands — was unspectacular, but it took just one audition for him to convince the ex-Beat pair that he was their man.

With Roland's plaintive, undeniably soul-inflected vocals complementing the Cox-Steele hallmark of clean, jumpy melody lines and a taut rhythmic backdrop, the FYCs last year recorded their first demo tapes, taking things at their own leisurely pace when others would have rushed immediately into a major recording deal.

Their patience is now paying off in a set of poignant, rounded songs that are again hard to categorise due to the variety of their inputs and influences. The three best are perhaps 'Funny How Love Is', a reflective acoustic ballad, 'Johnny Come Home', a tale of disillusionment at city life, and the painfully apt and acute 'Move To Work', a love song set against a background of pitiful employment opportunity and the prospect of having to move home to find a job: "*I wish there was another way for us / For you and me my love / But if I miss this train, there won't be another / And if I get there late, they'll say don't you bother.*"

Roland — who puts the lyrics to Andy and David's sad but snappy tunes — is one of the most exceptional British vocalists to emerge for some time. There have already been some rather stupid comparisons with the late, great Mr Pitiful himself, but the manner in which Roland contorts and stretches his syllables puts this listener more in mind of rock steady ace Desmond Dekker than soul man Otis.

The vocalist himself denies any particular influences other than the

legacies of a youth spent listening largely to jazz, soul and blues, preferring to see himself as a lyricist finally given the chance to sing his own songs against a backing that doesn't totally drown him out.

"When people ask me what we play I usually say soul music," says Roland. "That's the closest to what it is, but it doesn't really sum up what the band are like. A lot of the groups that I've been in during the past were far more rockish, which isn't good for a singer. You just can't hear yourself in that kind of band. I've always wanted to sing. What I wanted was a band that would enable me to do that in the way I wanted to."

"I don't think we sound like any of the new jazz bands around at the moment," adds David. "The thing I don't like about those groups is that they seem really wary of putting any *effort* into anything. They all seem frightened to break sweat. They do everything too carefully, rather than just relying on *feel*."

"We don't want to sound too much like an American soul band and we don't want to come across as The Q-Tips or anything as nostalgic as that. We don't want to lose the hard edge that the music has, which might be a problem with certain producers who are more into a MOR thing. I think there's a good chance that we might have commercial success but it doesn't bother me if we don't. The most important thing is to put out something that is really good."

One of the most striking things about the FYC sound is its pointed clarity. Everything is stripped down to sparse basics, the guitar concentrating on crisp single notes rather than the usual distorted, fuzzy rock fare. Even the

embellishments — never anything more than a mellow, muted trumpet and guest-member Saxa's free-flowing saxophone lines — are kept to a stark minimum.

"There was a definite decision to use proper instruments rather than some great wedge of synthesiser sound," says Andy. "And I've always hated that raunchy rock guitar sound. Even in The Beat, we never really went close to that. If anything, that's the thing that's changed least since The Beat. We've never really been into axing out! But I wouldn't say we're the only group that have ever felt like that. If you listen to the early Talking Heads singles, there's a very similar feel to the guitar sound."

Roland's lyrics approach worldly matters from the perspective of the small man, emphasising the link between the personal and the political.

"I get annoyed when people say that politics doesn't interest them. It's as if they think they're not affected by it. But politics affects every aspect of our lives. A song like 'Move To Work' is the most obvious example. A guy has to leave his girlfriend or wife when he would much rather be with her. It's just looking at the kind of effect that a political decision can have on the lives of ordinary people."

There seems to be a sadness, a sense of melancholy in a lot of the songs.

"Yeah, most of them are really depressing," chuckles David. "The funny thing is that, as people, we're much happier now than we were when we were in The Beat."

"I don't think the songs are totally depressing," contradicts Roland. "They're just trying to be honest. I don't

think it's fair for a band to sing about themselves sitting in the sun sipping Pina Coladas when, to most ordinary people, that is totally out of reach."

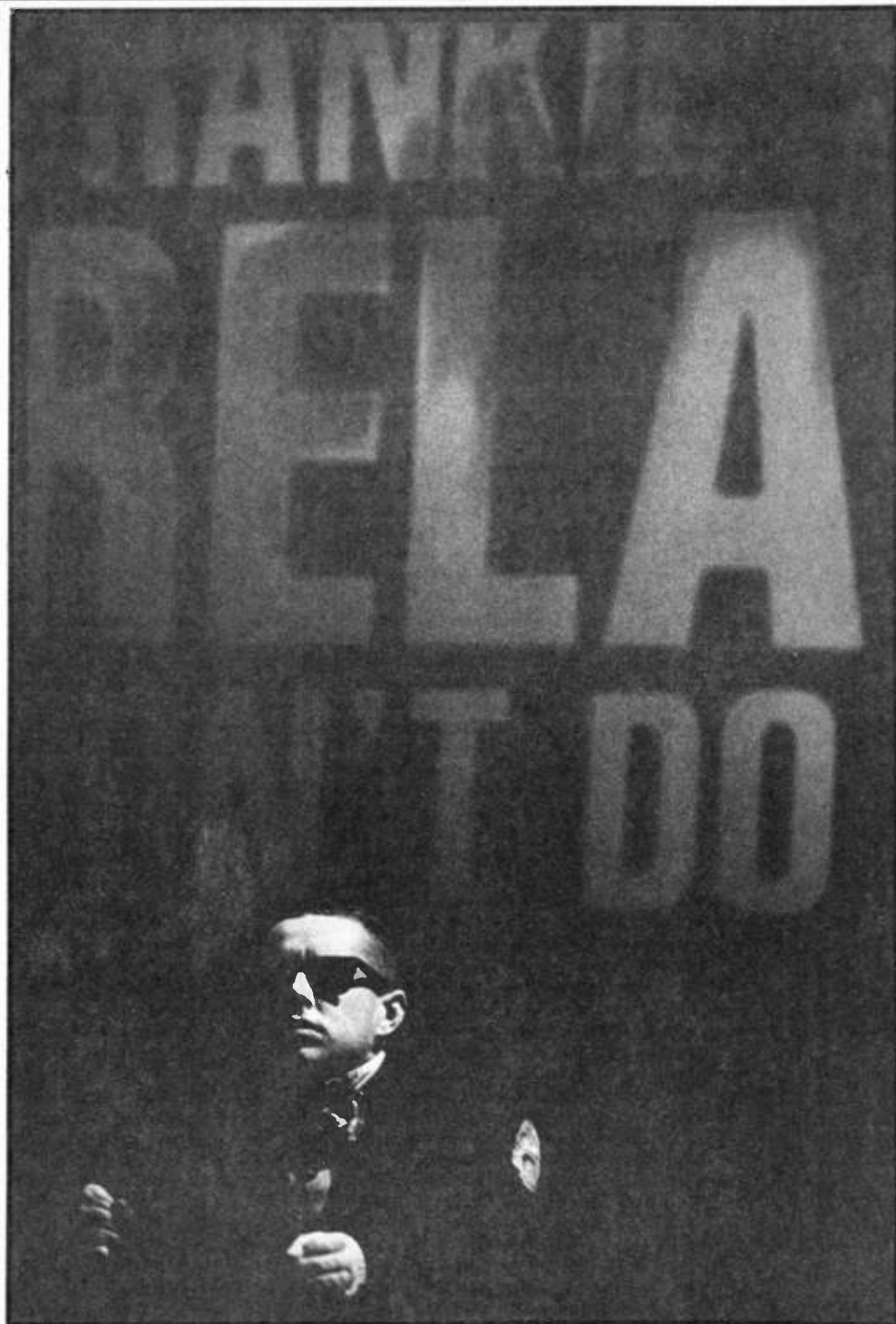
Apart from the Cox guitar sound, do they see any similarities with the Beat beat?

"The only links might be with maybe a couple of songs on the first album. Just about everything after that was embarrassing. I can't listen to it now and I'm certainly not proud of it the way I'm proud of what we are doing now."

The FYC are obviously keen to play down the Beat connection, hoping that any ex-2-Tone stigma will drop away once the impact of Roland's vocal grit and character makes itself felt.

"I hate the idea of being a spin-off band," concludes Steele. "Bands that form from old chart bands are usually a load of crap. But as long as we have control over what we do and how we present it, I think everything is going to turn out well. When The Beat split up, I vowed that I'd never play live again. Now I can't wait to get back out onstage."

If things do work out fine, we could all be eating to their beat by this time next year.



The Second Coming?

Pic. Kevin Cummins

THE INCA BABIES Manchester Hacienda

HANGING AROUND on the edge of the melée in front of the stage, where they were standing on each other's shoulders — hey! there he is: the reluctant one. The one who didn't like the idea of seeing The Inca Babies. The General de Gaulle of pop — are you ready to let them into your heart, your very soul? "Non."

So the Incas have a public mandate, so what? It don't mean a thing if it don't mean a thing, and it don't. Although it has got that swing. It has also got something else worth mentioning.

They're the funniest group I've ever seen, and that's not meant as an insult.

For a start, singer Mike Louis and his scraggy, lapsed mohican won't stand still for a moment, especially at front of stage — he walks rapidly from side to side and perpetually looks as if he's on his way off and then keeps changing his mind. Couldn't hear a word he was singing either.

Harry on guitar plays Blang Blang Blang Blang DRAWG.

The drummer tries to keep up by playing louder.

The bass player looks like one of the other Sarstedt brothers who got left behind by the march of time.

Mike (with the mike) is marching to keep time and looks like he needs to find a lavatory real fast.

Harry BLANG is really BLANG the front man BLANG of the whole operation. Born again rockabilly! Dominates the audience! Looks so tough! Blang!

In short, it was a massacre. The General surrendered to the inevitable. It's great to be part of the common market. Oul.

— Bob Dickinson

LIVE

EDITED BY MAT SNOW

DEAD HEAD!

NEIL Hammersmith Odeon

WATCHING NEIL trying to be funny on his own helps us to understand what it was we found so funny about him when he was with *The Young Ones*. I'll tell you what it was. You'll laugh at this. The thing that was so funny about Neil was that he was no sort of a comedian, a joke washout, a wisecrack non-starter, laughably unfunny. If comedy is about synthesis, and Neil is the archetypal guy-who-can't-get-this-act-together, then you begin to see my point, don't you?

What I'm trying to say is that Neil, the Neil we knew, is really the wrong man for the job when it comes to doing a stand-up routine in a place the size of this. He can't even hold his own in a one-to-one conversation. So the others bully him relentlessly, right? Clear up all this revolting mess I've just made, Neil. Get out of your room, Neil, I might want to use it as a

place to be sick in later on. These, then, are the laugh-lines, and *The Young Ones* was, as we can see, essentially a team game.

On his own, Nigel Planer is either funny and struggling to be Neil, or Neil and struggling to be funny. To start off with, he tries something ambitious; he attempts to reconstruct his *Young Ones* role by getting the audience to bully him, thus playing the part of the other three. This is no-go because the audience's Vyvyan or Rik-style putdowns are considerably worse than the real thing. He does his hippy songs which tread an uncertain line between parody and re-hash. 'Lentil Nightmare', the HM pastiche, is the best. Sometimes, he steps right out of the Neil persona to reveal his stand-up talents. The jokes? Oh, how about: "What do you call a pile of coats in a churchyard? Max Bygraves." Well, I'm laughing.

— William Leith

THE QUALITY OF MERSEY IS NOT STRAINED

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD Liverpool Royal Court Theatre

WELCOME TO the traditional seasonal homecoming. And what a way to come back home! Though their early days were highlighted by some notorious live dates on their native Merseyside and the release of 'Relax' was marked by a short series of PAs, Frankie Goes To Hollywood — despite their massive success — remained a totally unknown live quantity for most of last year.

Cutting it in Trevor Horn's studio and then selling their wares with engaging Scouse bravado and the assistance of the ZTT marketing machine was one thing: cutting it onstage in front of a live audience was going to be another matter.

But FGTH not only put on a far more proficient performance than most cynics would have thought possible, they also played with a power and panache that bore the hallmarks of a potentially great rock band.

It might have been Liverpool and it might have been just a few days before Christmas, but there was a distinct lack of the slack smugness and cosy camaraderie that characterised most of the major festive spectacles in London. Stripping their sound down to its most basic ingredients, and confining any trace of Paul Morley's astute verbal trickery to the words and images that adorned the hexagonal slide screen that hung behind them onstage, FGTH meant business.

They played the three singles, most of the LP and two of their three classy covers — sensibly omitting the weakest, 'San Jose' — and kept everything crisp and economic without sacrificing any of their now characteristic raunch. There was no big star's entrance for Holly Johnson and a welcome lack of any showbizzy sense of The Spectacular. It was all remarkably straightforward and free of the half-expected ceremony.

Rather than try to recreate Horn's wall of sound onstage, the fistful of Frankies — augmented by second guitarist Ged O'Toole and keyboard player Peter Oxendale — compensate with a barrage of

full-stun rock guitar and bold slabs of synth sound. It is a musical strategy that is particularly impressive on the faster songs, the slower material veering more towards meandering progressive pomp-rock.

The songs are largely kept short and sweet — the seven rather than 12 inch versions — while the choreography is loose and teasingly suggestive; the vaguely incongruous spectacle of hundreds of teenage girls screaming uncontrollably as two openly gay men wiggle their bums up on stage is not one that is easily forgotten.

But the music aside, the most enduring facets of FGTH live are their wonderfully engaging sense of camp, their witty and waggish scally sarcasm and the sheer directness of their act. Holly Johnson — smart almost to the point of serenity in black dinner suit and white sash — previews each song with a snappy one-liner that contributes to a far more genuine audience rapport than that produced by the casual back-slapping favoured by the majority of today's pop preeners.

We get 'Relax', naturally: "Did you all come? I did... twice!" We get some cheeky 'Krisco Kisses': "Most of you won't know what this one is about!" And we get a staggering, blistering 'Born To Run': "This one is an American anthem. They loved it over there... dickheads!"

The "dress rehearsal" dates the band did in America have honed their attack impressively and undoubtedly left their mark on the band's ideas of presentation, the phrase "nice one" — apparently picked up by Holly on the Stateside jaunt — becoming a catchphrase for the show.

The night ends as only a night in Liverpool could with a truly anthemic 'Ferry Across The Mersey', performed with the group stripped to the waist and smothered in flurries of fake snow, a fitting finale to what was a quite devastating return home.

But what of the future? Although no-one realistically expects them to repeat the feats of last year with the same impact and gusto, FGTH will inevitably face something of a backlash in 1985. On the strength of this Royal Court coup, they certainly have the musical credentials to weather the storm.

Nice one.

— Adrian Thrills

MICRODISNEY DUBSET

London ICA

LIKE *THE Times*, Microdisney headline an unobtrusive 'Earthquake kills 20' as opposed to the T-shirt-size 'BASTARDS' of Culture Club or Wham! But it's not all good news, boys, so go away and see me at the end of the lesson I give out the distinctions.

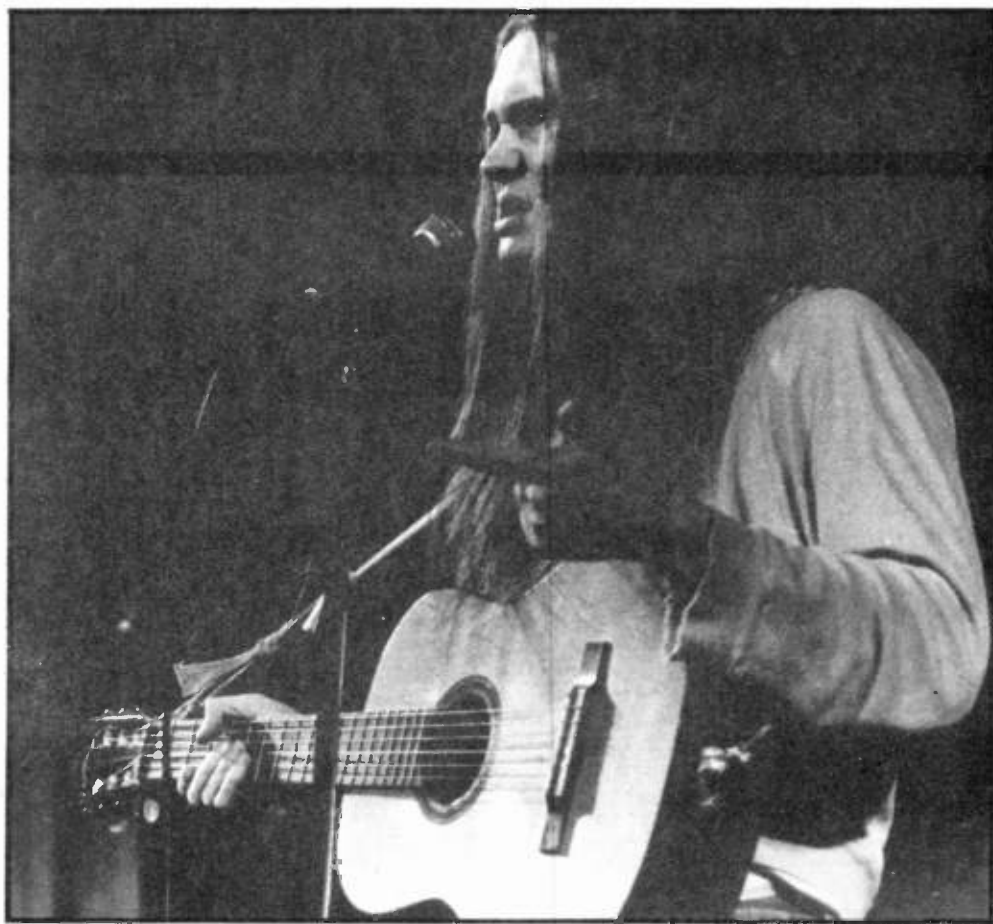
I always used to think that an authentic '70s revival was an

impossibility because no-one would be mug enough to wear those absurd shoes again. I was, of course, wrong, and proved so by Dubset's guitarist who tucks his trousers into a clumpy old pair of platforms. Dubset are a talented bunch, and they show it by taking on David Essex's 'Lamplight' and twisting it about so that it becomes camp and bitchy. Not proof enough, eh? To reach Dubset, one can take Mott The Hoople, and Iggy's saving graces and divide by the number

of drugs you first took. Still not convinced? Away with you.

Microdisney, I will be brief. I don't like your attitude. Come on, boys, you know what I mean. The melodies, the anarchic sentiments... I love it. The way you slip into and out of songs so effortlessly? Superb. But that constant drunkenness, you know, it's getting to be A LITTLE BIT BORING. And just look at your belly...

— William Leith



Heavy lightweight?

Pic. Kenji Kubo

LIVE HUMAN GLIB!

HOWARD JONES
Albert Hall

I WAS thinking about Howard Jones, as I sat in the nice box and he stood on the big podium doing all his stuff, and what was worrying me was that, although I had an intense personal dislike of his songs, I couldn't actually think of any criticism of him beyond that.

I mean, when one gets paid by the word, one is not going to get one's new shoes by writing "I don't like Howard Jones' songs".

So I started thinking about his good points. I thought, well, he's inoffensive, he's giving all the proceeds from this concert to the Ethiopian Famine Fund, he's released a single called 'Equality' in South Africa, and he doesn't encourage drug-taking, unpleasant personal habits, or drunken driving at Christmas. Even if his songs do sound like comatose monster slugs mumbling half-forgotten music-hall tunes.

Then: "Hey, anybody here had any problems with their parents? Like, you love them but you have problems with them? This song's about that; it's called, 'Look Momma'"

Hey, like, Howard Jones is 29. I'm sure any problems he has with explaining that he's a person to his parents have either been sorted out by now or have reached *Psycho*-like proportions.

Why is he writing songs based on the personas of his largely teenaged audience? The answer, one supposes, is that Howard has a message for them.

Something on the lines of, debate is a healthy thing and a stimulant, but don't leave home or be disobedient or anything like that. Howard loves a good message.

'Equality' is about the fact that we're all equal whatever colour we are or whatever sex we are. 'New Song' is about being an individual. And so forth.

In short, the man is vague to the point of irritation. He treads a middle ground with a fearsome plod. Having told you something that you would have to be deranged to disagree with, he goes no further.

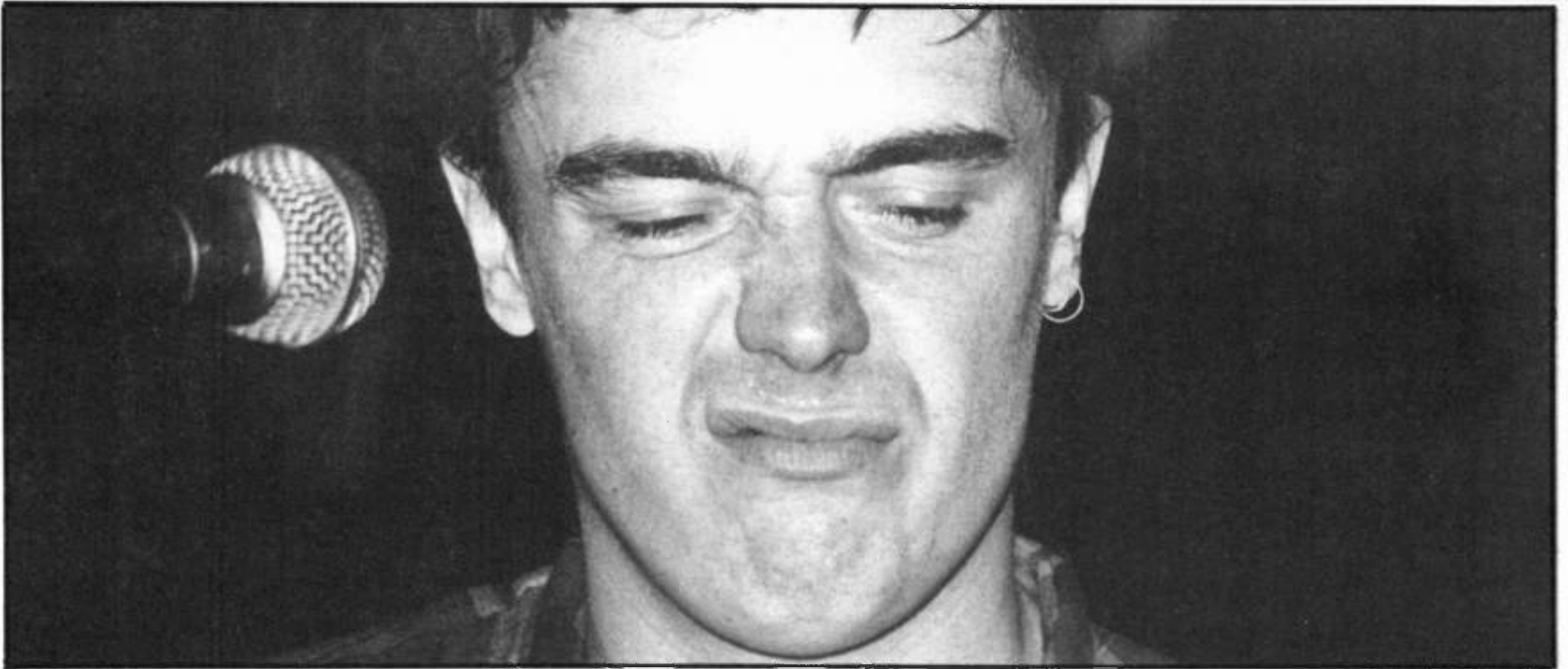
Does this equality mean that grammar schools should be abolished, Howard? Or does it mean we should all have the right to take the 11-plus?

If we find hope wherever we look, does this mean that Nelson Mandela, or the occupants of the Gulag, are even as we speak, humming an optimistic ditty? I think we should be told; Howard is surprisingly reticent on specifics for a man so given to telling his listeners things.

And before I go, I should mention the real horror of this concert; a generation of impressionable young minds is being raised to believe that the nightmarishness of Genesis was a valid and wonderful thing, that little plays and mimes in a set, however badly performed, are an essential part of rock music.

They will grow up thinking David Bowie is weird. They will pour contempt on Boy George and Frankie, and develop an admiration for Marillion. And they will be awesomely reasonable about it.

— David Quantick



A tight set from The Pogues

Pics. Chris Ciunn



THE JAZZ BUTCHER
London King's College

POSSIBLY TAKING their cue from occasional contributor to their set (in lyric form at least), Jonathan Richman, The Jazz Butcher appear to be abandoning their quirky Bonzo-meet-Beefheart persona and have added just a touch of muscle in an effort to assume the mantle of quintessential pop rockers. Are you ready for The Rubinoos revival?

The Jazz Butcher's closest living relatives, however, are The Violent Femmes. Take away the religious fervour/guilt and replace it with songs about goldfish, girls and parties, add a soupçon of cynicism and in 40 minutes you have the perfect lyrical content for any occasion. Where the Violent Femmes are clever-clever, The Jazz Butcher is just clever.

Musically, though, there is a paucity of anything other than rock guitar and walking bass (honorable exceptions being 'Partytime' and 'Real Men').

Nevertheless, even with their new found air of solemnity, The Jazz Butcher are still more fun than a cold bath with someone you dislike.

— Bruce Dessau

THE COMATEENS ACTION FACTION

Camden Dingwalls

FRIDAY NIGHT, and this joint is not jumping. A couple in madly clashing shirts are locked in a stern embrace, probing for each other's suppers. A motley gaggle at one end of the room turns out to be the supporting attraction, Action Faction.

They make a small noise, the singer works his armpits into a frenzy, they depart. This group is so uniquely suited to a supporting role that they should change their name to Truss.

The Comateens look the part in black outfits and white faces, all angles and angst — small New Yorkers with lofty aspirations. But what is this noise?

One of two Europeans twitch slightly with what I take to be enjoyment. I get the message. This is some hideous mutant strain of Europop and The Comateens want to bring a little joy to the darker regions of Belgium.

— Pete Clark

RED NOSES FOR ME

THE POGUES

London Oval Cricketers

THE POGUES are beginning to resemble an Orange flute band as much as a bunch of rebel folk twangers. It took someone to point it out to me — perhaps, oh Holy Father, I felt a twinge of subconscious cultural guilt about my favourable responses — but the aural evidence makes it obvious. The opening instrumental 'The Battle Of Brisbane' wouldn't be out of place on The Sandy Row come July 12th.

This could be a healthy development — maybe they'll record a suitably altered version of 'The Sash' to put beside 'The Auld Triangle' as part of a new ecumenical stance. But I doubt it would mask their other, more pertinent, problems.

Eighteen months on from my regular forays to their intermittently shambolic, stirring and occasionally superlative gigs and The Pogues are still one of the most refreshing live phenomena in the country.

Indeed the honesty and ferociousness of their music was masterfully captured and boosted on 'Roses For Me', one of the stand out debuts of the year, a fact even the crusty critics at *NME* acknowledged by placing it number 11 in their end of term charts.

I don't expect Shane MacGowan to record 'Take Me To The Next Phase' but I do want them

to go there. I don't expect them to go for a big time Stealers Wheel or David McWilliams sort of success, but I do expect a honing — anger organised, chaos curtailed, delivery swifter and deeper.

Tonight their form is variable — while 'Back Streets Of London' is the sound of a group falling to pieces, 'Paddy Works On The Railway' is stronger and harder than ever. The great 'Repeal The Licensing Laws' is revamped into a sort of skiffle deluxo and bounced along on an almighty catgut trampoline while the pathos of 'Kitty' isn't mounted with enough sensitivity to have the same impact as on vinyl.

The saddest thing is the paucity of new MacGowan originals in the set. 'Whiskey Or The Devil' was new to me, though it's possibly traditional, but its drink-sodden references are too predictable for The Pogues.

With a re-recording of 'Boys From The County Hell' all set to blaze up the singles charts (buy it and melt, children) I wanted more of the same. But the only new song of note was 'Fire Away' which brimmed with hunger and possibilities.

They closed with 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda' and, as it stumbled and faded across the room, I remembered that when they first started that song used to turn me inside out. Here's hoping the setbacks are but temporary.

— Gavin Martin

NOT FADE AWAY?

RED GUITARS

Electric Ballroom

HULL HATH no fury like a Red Guitar letting a song simmer on slow burn and then igniting it with a barrage of bristling, crashing chords.

You can hear it on 'Good Technology', the best non-Kitchenware independent single of 1983. You can hear it on 'Marimba Jive', the best non-Smiths independent single of 1984. You can hear it on the band's 'Slow To Fade' album that has spent the past few weeks nestling in the top three of the independent chart.

On this their most prestigious London headlining stint to date, however, The Red Guitars' own distinctive brand of mesmeric magnificence was to be heard only in snatches. Maybe this leaden, rather humourless performance was just an off-night. Whatever, Humberside's hottest were certainly not at their best.

Their sound is rooted unashamedly in fragments of sharp, angular rock guitar and it can often sound dour and plodding, all meat and muscle. Its latent subtlety and grace, however, are never too far from the surface, at least on record. Beneath the power, there lurks plenty of poise.

It would be easy to view the Red Guitars as the last, greying vestige of a brand of peculiarly harsh, metallic northern rock bands, a latter

day Gang Of Four to The Three Johns' Mekons. But such a comparison ignores not only the band's relevance over the past 12 months but also a fingerpopping streak of soulful skank that runs through the core of their music.

Why their virtues were so shrouded at a reasonably full but strangely subdued Electric Ballroom is something of a mystery. This date should have been a triumphant climax to a remarkably fruitful year, but was really little more than a consolidation of ground that had already been gained by their ICA show of 12 months ago.

For all the grit and force he injects into their Self-Drive singles, vocalist Johnny Kidd is not one of the world's most compelling frontmen. Obviously he is never going to be a whacky popster, but a little more wit and warmth in his onstage demeanour would not go amiss.

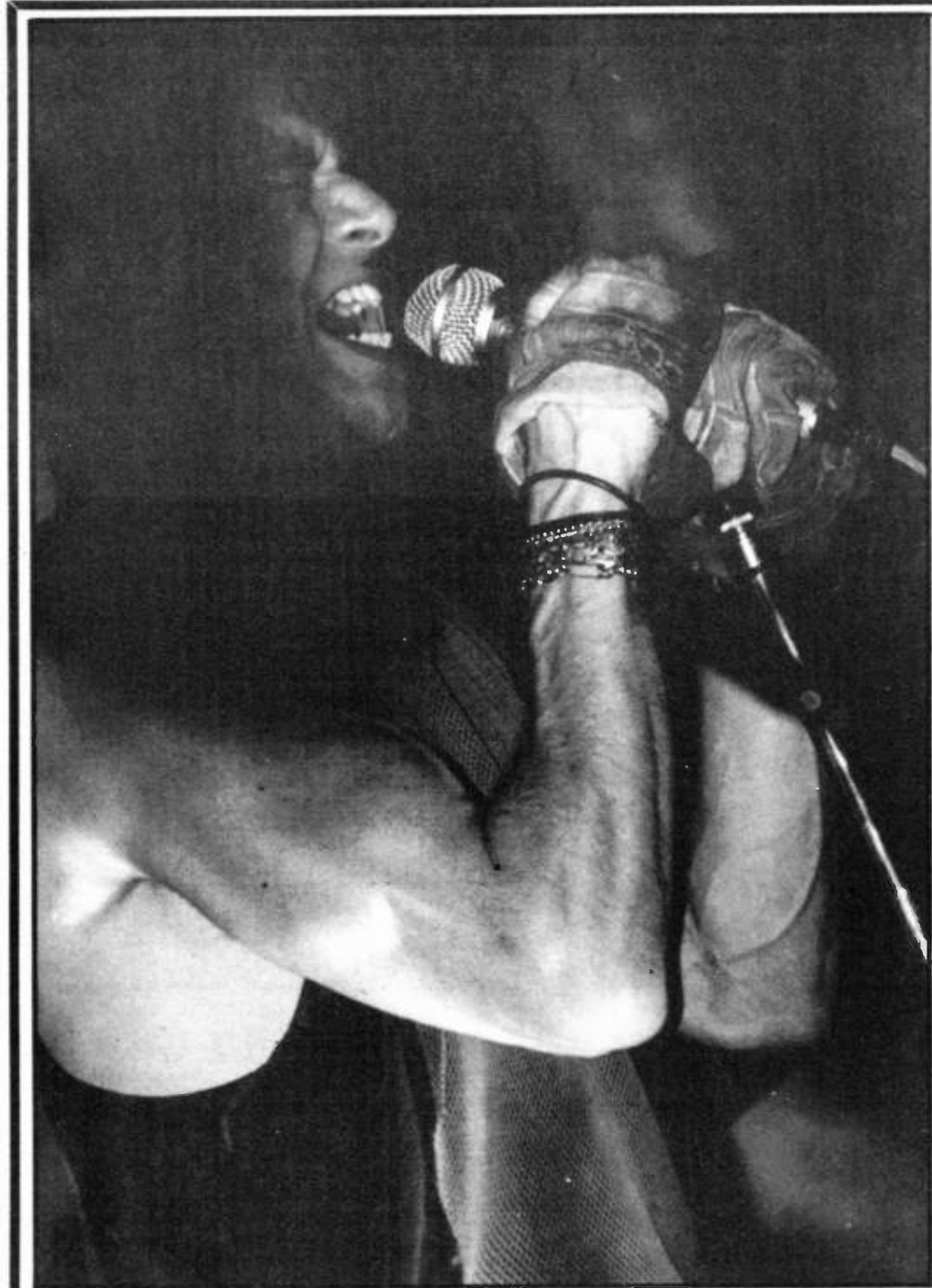
Introducing 'Marimba Jive', the set closer, Kidd informed the audience that the song "was once described by one of those wonderful music papers as our attempt to sell out". The rousing version of the song that followed showed why the initial Self-Drive pressing of the song did just that.

If only everything that preceded it had carried the same momentum. Maybe next time.

— Adrian Thrills



Johnny Kidd and his amazing performing trousers
Pic. Kenji Kubo



Testing to distraction

Plc. Jayne Houghton

TEST DEPT

Hammersmith Town Hall

ROS-TOV ROS-TOV

Here comes the rhythm of the piston, gushing a golden stream of tequila and steel in its wake.

GLORY GLORY

And it is written in the wind and on TV that the dignity of labour shall burn forever in the Red Land.

TONIGHT the line is hung, drawn and quartered. And many shall travel across the river to bear witness: the bohemian settlers of Brixton who habitat Flip and pour scorn on their cell-mates in Hampstead. These bunker soldiers kunkle down, crossing their palms with silver in preparation for the rain dance, before storming the citadel as one, bursting through the gargantuan oak-panelled portals into the body of the Great Hall, only to be cut in two by searing shafts of black light which pin lillywhite fingers helpless to the crumbling wall. TELL ME THAT I'M DREAMING.

TONIGHT, as always, a set of options, depending on whether or not it's worth risking an escalation in tension, between choosing to glow in the couch of the bar or melt in the ray of the arc. For every revolution that spins the shit off the fan, there will always be a London Boy to shove a spanner in the works. Chants such as, "ACCESS TO THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION WILL LEAD US TO THE GATES OF FREEDOM" are as good a reason as any for keeping the voice of dissent where it belongs—in the mouths of the hungry. TONIGHT we were witness to the forging of an epitaph for a generation: THEY BREAK OUR BACKS AND CONDEMN OUR CHILDREN AND WE FIGHT BACK WITH THE ONLY WEAPON AT OUR DISPOSAL. OURSELVES.

So tell me, when we finish celebrating the destruction of the past, who is going to construct the future?

— P A Darr

LIVE OUT TO LUNCH!

YOUR DINNER

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall

THERE ARE currently two bands capable of pulling Cambridge's music scene out of the mists of fenland obscurity. Yes, there is music to be heard here, but you have to trek way out past the gasworks to find it; in how many other towns is pop such a literally marginal activity? The Sea Cadet Hall usually plays host to jobbing hardcore bands on the skids, but tonight, something a little more exotic, and not a sailor in sight.

Since I last saw them, The Great Divide have lost a beard, the bags under their eyes and a set of hexagonal syndrums, and gained a sax player and some excess weight. It was a disappointing set coming from the band who produced the great unsung fingerpopping single of '83, 'Money And Time'. Less funky than when they purveyed out and out machine-beat, the band have adopted a straighter approach that might edge them into the no-man's land of 'tightness'. I'd hate to see them go the way of those local heroes of yesteryear, the Soft Boys—from brilliance to banality overnight, via London and the king Contract. But the Divide are still versatile, witty, and ready to take risks, like playing the aforementioned hit at half-speed (so risks sometimes misfire). When they're good, they're lethal, and I expect, demand, my fears to be allayed.

Your Dinner, on the other hand, are at that young, irresponsible stage where nothing can go wrong (piping hot and ready to serve, a lesser wit might say). Famed for their 'anarcho-hippy' lifestyle (they must squabble about who puts the milkbottles out), their set is a joyous brew of standard pop ethnology (Talking Heads in Africa, Slits in Trenchtown) with Edinburgh belligerence and severe problems of bodily co-ordination from all concerned. The bug-eyed shenanigans of singer Demi serve as focal point—he's the sort of man you'd want to throttle if you ever saw him on *Crackerjack* but for the moment his squawks and chirrups will stand him in good stead. Their single 'Power Over You' reminded me irresistibly of Can; yes, there's some Teutonic telepathy in there too. I floated home a happy man, all the way past the gasworks and over the bridge.

— Jonathan Romney

IF YOU'RE CRAFTY, YOU'RE BOUND TO PICK UP A LOT OF TIPS AT OUR SHOW

WEMBLEY CONFERENCE CENTRE

10-13 JANUARY, 1985

Thursday to Saturday 10am-7pm

Sunday 10am-6pm

PRACTICAL WOOD WORKING EXHIBITION

See the latest ideas and equipment for woodworking. Talk to the experts about timber and finishes.

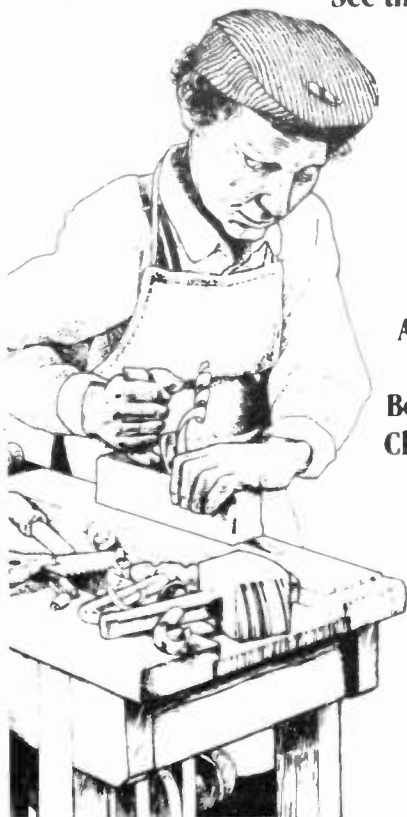
CRAFT MARKET See the very latest ideas and equipment for woodworking. FREE CHRISTIES VALUATIONS Let Christies value your antiques. An expert will be available at the show, so bring along your interesting pieces, or photographs of them, if you prefer.

Admission prices: Adults £2.50 Children under 16 and Senior Citizens £1.50. Advanced Party Booking for groups of 20 or more. Adults £2.00 Children £1.00 (Plus one free ticket per 20 sold for the organiser or teacher).

Sponsored by Practical Woodworking Magazine

SEE JANUARY ISSUE FOR 50p REDUCTION VOUCHER

Further details from: Practical Woodworking Tickets, Reed Exhibitions, Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ



TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS

THE WOLFHOUSES

Hammersmith Clarendon

EYES CROSS, lips foam and glibber—yes, Turkey is still chewing The Birthday Party's coat-tails, is still utterly flummoxed when his Wild Dogs collapse into shapes orderly enough to muster some vulgar fraction of old Nick's striptease.

For Piece, Arab and Herman are not without their lycanthropic swamp chops, but the Wild Dogs are of that peculiar breed who would rather drown in 70 proof chaos than be accused of taking themselves seriously. Too bad, because whilst, say, 'Raymond' is a classic of comedy chills, live it's a bout of stomping epilepsy of no small thrashpower without quite clutching at one's vitals. But by the rampaging chicken massacre of 'Goldfish', Turkey and his crew have locked on to a rabid groove where the feathers really fly. But too little, too late.

A better bet are support act The Wolfhounds, five badly dressed youthniks from Romford who are reversing into '85 via The Fall and, strange but true, The Seeds.

Songs entitled 'My Life As A Young Idiot', '6000 Bikers', 'Masochists', 'Twisting The Knife' and 'Skull Face' might hint at white-line madness, and at this stage their lyrical intricacies elude me. But what I do know is that beneath the slapstick shakiness there beats a drum-powered fervour

BARKING MAD!



Bootiful, just bootiful!

Plc. Valerie Rosner

and desperation, the very edge of rock'n'roll's ledge.

A throbbing, hysterical garage rumble framing weird atonal guitarisms and Dave

Callahan's psych-out preachifying—The Wolfhounds are not to be ignored.

— Mat Snow

NME CLASSIFIEDS

For further details ring
DENISE SMITH (01-404 0700)
or write to
New Musical Express,
Classified Advertisements,
Room 329, Commonwealth Hse.
1-19 New Oxford St,
London WC1



PERSONAL

ATTRACTIVE GLASGOW male 25, into Orange Juice, fed up being lonely, seeks a girl in the same boat, anywhere. All answered. Photo appreciated. Box No. 6248.

BI GIRL 18 wants friends. Into Almond, Cave, Divine etc. London Kent area. Box No. 6246.

FEMALE 19 Lead singer or backing wants to join Tears for Fears type band very anxious preferably local. Write Susan 2 Parkbrook Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE Postal intros all areas. Write Orion A12 Waltham Grimsby.

GENUINE PENFRIENDS WORLDWIDE All ages welcome. S.A.E. Penfriends (NM9) P.O. Box 596 London S.E.25 6NH.

GIRL 21 unemployed into Smiths, Coc-teaus, Orwell, Lawrence, film and writing seeks similar penpals. Box No. 6247.

GUIDANCE And Security offered to young man 21+ (Blacks welcome) in loyal gay relationship with dynamic London based businessman. Gentleness and honesty essential. Box No. 6242.

I'M LOOKING FOR ENGLISH BOYS/MEN who don't hate anything about Germany, the girls for instance. I'm just seventeen but nevertheless want someone to take to Sabine Blocher, 100, Kennedy Alley 6000 Frankfurt AM Main 70 West Germany.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/11M North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GJ.

JAPANESE FEMALE seeks tall (over 6 foot) slim English friend into music. Box No. 6240.

MALE 23 into Siouxsie, U2, Devoto etc seeks female punks or females for gigs, fun S. London N.E. Surrey. Box No. 6244.

MALE 26 very into music and activity seeks interested female for the same and beyond. London/Essex. Box No. 6245.

ORANGE JUICE Fan (Shrewsbury) Wat-ford/Birmingham train Friday 14/12/84. Please contact Kate, Birmingham (Bun-ny-men Disciple!!) Box No. 6251.

PENFRIENDS - USA, Canada, Europe. Send age and interests for details; Hi Society Transglobe, P.O. Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

SHEFFIELD GAY lad 21, attractive seeks mates for laughs. Likes Bunnymen Bronskis Sisters photo preferred. Box No. 6248.

TONY 20'S seeks female penpals A.L.A. J52171 M.M.P. Maidstone, Kent Box No. 6250.

TOURING-MAIL Phone calls redirected anywhere UK & Abroad from £3 monthly. Phone Evenings (0302) 858554.

U2 FAN Seeks mate male/female to accompany me to U2 concert Cologne 31st Jan. Phone Paul 01-529 0321 or write 166 Pnests Lane, Brentwood, Essex.



RECORDS FOR SALE

A BARGAIN Assortment of 100 used LP's/12" singles or 500 used 7" singles. (Nos. approximate - our selection). Send £20.00 to Record, Tape & Video Exchange (MO1) Ltd., 28 Pembroke Road, London W.11. (01-727 3538). Also visit shop for huge selection of used Record, Tape & Video bargains (Open 7 days 10am-8pm). For details of other branches phone 01-221 0767.

ALBUM HIRE, excellent condition, postal service, S.A.E. Tape Records, Calver, Shetfield.

INDIES PUNK Large catalogue New Records 22p S.A.E. 66 Hornbeam Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

MUSIC PAPERS 1971-1984 S.A.E. 268 Kingston Road, London S.W.20.

RECORD FINDING SERVICE Having trouble finding that record? Try us. Send enquiries with S.A.E. to "Groove Finders", 59 Rockall, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

SINGLES LP'S All types 1957-1984. Free catalogue. S.A.E. 4 Hampden Road, Caversham, Reading Berks.



RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL your LP's singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p-£2.50 each paid (more for video-cassettes & rarities). **NONE REFUSED!!!** Bring ANY quantity in ANY condition to Record, Tape & Video Exchange. (MO1) Ltd., 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11 (Shop open 7 days, 10am-8pm. - 01-727 3539) or SEND any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash - none returned once sent: we decide fair price. (Large quantities collected - Phone 01-727 3538 10a.m. - 8p.m.).

EVERYTHING BUT The Girl - Live tapes etc. Dave 3 William Place, Camouste, Angus DD7 6DJ.

RIPOFF RECORDS North Road, Lam-peter, Dyfed SA48 7JD. Absolutely all albums, cassettes, singles wanted. Incredible prices paid. Send Direct or S.A.E. for quote.

TOP PRICES paid for LPs/cassettes. Any quantity. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotations - Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crookhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

YOUR UNWANTED LP's/Tapes bought or part exchanged. Send list + S.A.E. First for Offer. Stock catalogues of new and second hand items - 18p S.A.E. Cob Records (N20), Porthmadog Gwynedd. Tel (0766) 21703185.



WANTED

BOWIE TAPES SWAPS ONLY Kenny 36 Formby Drive, Summerston, Glasgow.

HAMMILL VDGG, Procol rarities vinyl tape. Howard 12, Alexandra Road, Rayleigh, Essex.

JUDY SILL Records and tapes wanted or copies 01-883 7417.

LENNON STONES Beatles rarities Brian 27 Sun Street, Derby.

R.E.M. ANYTHING Especially Tube Appearance 1983. Meriel 868 1736.

TODD RUNDGREN Video - Ever popular tortured artist effect. Creme/Godley, Darned/Sensible, Peter Hammill, Nash The Slash. Similar to trade. RAS, P.O. Box 4156, Centre Line, Michigan 48015 U.S.A.

WATERBOYS Videos esp Tube 21/12/84 also records, tapes etc. Sandy 2 Walter Street, Langholm DG13 0AX.



MUSICAL SERVICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Sample absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NMI), Limerick City, Ireland.

LYRICS WANTED No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London W.4.



TUITION

DRUM TUITION (Manchester) Geoff Riley 061-865 1465.

DRUM TUITION 580 3639.

MICKY GREEVE specialist drum tuition. 01-769 2702.



DISCOS

DAVE JANSEN 01-690 7636.



RECORD FAIRS

BRISTOL - SATURDAY January 19th - Transport House, Victoria Street. 11am-5pm 40p. (10am-£1).

BURY SATURDAY 12th January. Derby Hall Market Street. 10.30am-4pm. Details 0532-892087.

CARDIFF - FRIDAY January 11th - Central Hotel, St. Mary Street, 11am-6pm 40p. (10am-£1).

LEEDS ASTORIA Records Fair Sunday January 13th - 11-5. Posters, tapes, records. Details (0532) 687572.

LEICESTER YMCA East Street Saturday January 12th.

LONDON RECORD FAIR Up to 100 stalls. Electric Ballroom Camden High Street. Don't miss this prestigious event. Kick off 1985 with the best selection of records under one roof. Bargains, rarities & deletions from all decades. All the country's top dealers selected to provide the big event at this major venue. Also related items like books, posters etc. Information/Stalls - V.I.P. Fairs 0533 704090.

SWANSEA - SATURDAY January 12th - Dolphin Hotel, Whitewalls, 11am-5pm 40p. (10am-£1).

VISIT THE ORIGINAL COLLECTORS RECORD FAIR at The Guildhall, PORTSMOUTH. Saturday January 12th. 10.30-4pm. Admission £1.00. Lots of Rare Records for all types of collectors. Enquiries Ring 01-659 7065.

CROYDON RECORD COLLECTORS FAIR SUNDAY 13TH JANUARY 1985 NEW VENUE

THE AERODROME HOTEL, PURLEY WAY, CROYDON IN THE IMPERIAL SUITE 194 Bus stops outside. Large car park. Bar 12.00-14.00 hrs. Early Preview - 11.00-12.00 - £1.50 Or bring this advert - IT'S A QUID 12.00-17.00 50p (Accompanied Children Free) Details 0322 91067.

Next fair SIDCUP RECORD COLLECTORS FAIR AT THE MARLOW ROOMS, SIDCUP, KENTON SUNDAY 20TH JANUARY 1985.



FOR SALE

ACE TAPES. 500+. Over 250 this year - Echo, N. Order, Bragg, Sisters, N.M.A., Cult, Banshees, Clash, Cocteau, Smiths, K. Joke, Cure, Cramps, Costello, Loads more. SAE/IRC R. Sikka, 48 Louis Street, Hull, N. Humberside.

BEATLE FAN club Xmas Discs Mint 1963-4-5 Offers for set. 48 Sadler Road, Halesdon, Norwich, NR6 6PC.

BOB DYLAN best quality concert tapes (also video) 1985 lists now available S.A.E. to - "Art" 29 Boon Avenue, Stoke-on-Trent ST4 7QW.

CONN ALTO SAXAPHONE Chrome finish. Beautiful condition. Full warm blooded tone. £375.00. Tel. 0734-712427.

DYLAN '84 Superb photographs S.A.E. Manson 7 Silverknowes Grove, Edinburgh EH4 5LZ.

ELTO BASS Pedals and Vox amplifier for sale as new £400. Tel. 423-2265.

FANZINES, TAPES, other indie stuff. S.A.E. for list. Media Raft, P.O. Box 83, Bury St Edmunds IP30 0UZ.

INARTISTIC TAPES where the artist meets the critic, starring Smiths, N. Order, R.E.M., Co-Starring Bunnymen, Joy and many others. For script, send SAE/IRC 26 Riseholme House, Albrighton Road, London S.E.22 8AP.

INTERESTING RARE and unusual material on Duran Duran, Bowie, Led Zep, K. Bush, Queen, S. Easton, Police, Japan, Stones, Abba, Blondie, K. Wilde plus many others (also Movie Stars). S.A.E. for details (stating interests). To S.I.P. 31 Church Road, Hove, Sussex, England BN3 2FA.

LIVE TAPES very cheap Alarm Beatles Big Country Bowie Jam Smiths Pistols U2 Who. S.A.E. AM 41 Lodgers Green, Eastfield, Scarborough, N. Yorks. YO11 3LB.

LOU REED Velvets Bowie Floyd Clash Pistol's S.A.E. Tony 31 Campbell Road, Brighton.

MUSIC PAPERS 1971-1984 S.A.E. 268 Kingston Road, London S.W.20.

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS. Each pack contains cuttings of pop, film, T.V. and sports stars and The Royal Family. 100g £2.75. 200g £5.00. Fascinating reading, excellent value. Send chq. p.o. to D. Skidmore, 47 Slater Road, Bentley Heath, Solihull West Midlands B93 8AQ.

OBSCURE TAPES Psychic, Skidoo, Vol-taire, Neubauten, S.P.K., Prunes, B52s, Sex, XXV, D.C. Dance, Fall, Portion C. W. Week, Thunders, Meteors, Hurrah, D.V.A., Wire P. Haig, L. Anderson, Room + More. SAE/IRC The Dregg, 48 Louis Street, Hull, N. Humberside.

OVATION BALADEER Holl Acoustic/Electric. Five months old. £395 o.n.o. Phone Bracknell 485629.

QUALITY TAPES Cure, Buzzcocks, Big Country, Council, Jam, Furs, Skids others. Catalogue; S.A.E. Live Sounds 58 High Street, Harlow, Essex. CM17 0DW.

SISTERS MERCY 60+ tapes!! Division/Order (200+), Cocteau (50+), Smiths (60+), Bunnymen (90+), Siouxsie (90), SOD (35), Cure, Cheap! SAE/IRC - "Gaudino", Colletsbridge Lane, Elm, Cambs. PE14 0EE.

SPRINGSTEEN DYLAN Tull Young rarities. S.A.E. Feindemys Slian, Cardigan-shire BLX.

STRANGLERS AUCTION, Ends 1.2.85. For huge listing send S.A.E. now to Andy Earley, 3 East Parade, Sea Mills, Bristol BS9 2JW.

SUBSCRIBE TO N.M.E. The next 52 issues posted direct to your address each week. U.K. £29.00, U.S.A. & Canada \$97 (sent by air), OTHER OVERSEAS £35 (Surface Mail). Send payment with Order to: Jim Watts, Room 2613 Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Cheque payable to IPC Magazines Ltd.

U2 PRUNES tapes. (Many Irish!) 2 Cypress Grove, Kilkenny, Ireland.

NME DIGS GUIDE



ACCOM. WANTED

BOY 19 seeks cheap digs in Seven Kings/Ifford area. J. Douglas 609 8436.

CENTRAL LONDON or close Anglo/German couple need flat from early May '85. No sharing max £45 per week. Reply K.L. Read H.Q. J.S.L.O. Bonn BFPO 19. Bonn (0228) 218051.

CINEMA WORKER seeks accommodation in Muswell Hill, Wood Green, Crouch End or Hornsey will pay £10 to £15 per week. Jaclyn Smith, 36 The Roundway, Tottenham, London N.17 7EY.

FRENCH GIRL seeks room in London from July to October. Around £25p.w. Write to Marion L'Enclos Aux Fontaines "Coraline, Appt 1054 Rue Du Curat 34000 Montpellier, France".

GLASGOW WEST, South, flat, bedsit, wanted by young man, soon to start own business. Phone Peter 041 889 4827.

N.W. LONDON house or flat wanted for 3 or 4 mixed aged 20ish. Write to Alan, 8 Bonners Causeway, Axminster, Devon. Cheers.

SOME BIZARRE Male (Gay) seeks accommodation with like-minded m/f into music, laugh's, alcohol! B'ham area - (021) 426 3338 - Ask for Colin. Evenings if possible.

UNEMPLOYED MALE (18) seeks persons to share accom. in Edinburgh area - (0698) 381 401 - ask for Don.

YOUNG DOCTOR seeks W/E Pad. North London. Tel. Charlie 672 1222 days bleep 582 or 767 6380 Eve.



SPECIAL NOTICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE Songwriting booklet from International Songwriters Association (NME 2), Limerick City, Ireland.

BIG BOY I still love you with all my heart. Happy New Year Darling. Storm. X.

HENDRIX APPRECIATION Society Newsletters 1, 2, 3 50p stamp each. 76 Mill Road, Royston, Herts.

ILSA OF SOUTHEAST Who was at The Alarm, Hamm Palais 23rd December, Tom of Brinxton wants to meet urgent. 582 4999.

KNOW YOURSELF realise your strengths and weaknesses. Career/partnership advice. Send birthdate time and place for East/West Horoscope. S.A.E. with your data and cheque for £5. Box Number 6249.

MODERN DRUMMER Magazine also percussion and tutorial publications for details send S.A.E. to Drum Imports 22 Clifton Road, Exeter, Devon EX1 2BP.

TATOOED PERSONS Wanted by photographer, to complete project; if willing please call Dave 01-586 4523.



FAN CLUBS

ARMOURY SHOW Service - Send S.A.E. to T.A.S.S., P.O. Box 107A, London N6 5RU.

INDIANS IN MOSCOW Fan Club & Merchandise. Send S.A.E. to Club Moscow, 11 Kings Road, London SW3 4RP.

U2 OFFICIAL Info Service - Send S.A.E. to U2 INFO P.O. Box 48, London N6 5RU.



SITS. VAC.

MAKE MONEY working from home. Send S.A.E. 11 Bramble Close, Pontefract, West Yorks.



VIDEO

MAKE ONE We will make the best and cheapest music videos for you. Phone 631 3041.

NEW ORDER Rare Bournemouth video 2/12/83. V.H.S. £20 to Box No. 6243.

TRADE RARE ROCK VIDEO. Nobuki Aria, 4-17-15 Higashicho, Musashino, Tokyo, 180 Japan.

FILMS ON TV

FROM PAGE 19

Texan outpost and becomes obsessed with repairing the town's broken-down roundabout; around him the kids, tyrants and casualties of Little America watch and grow uneasy. Played as an unselfconscious morality tale, the film's refusal to get sentimental constructs a microcosm whose wider meaning is obvious; and Carradine's own performance, as a human wreckage forced back into life, is his finest. (C4, 11.30).

SATURDAY JANUARY 12

Elvis - The Movie (John Carpenter 1979). Celebrate Elvis' 50th birthday with Carpenter's scrupulous 'true story' approach to this sluggardly legend. Expert biopic, as biopics go. Isn't it time he made a new LP? (BBC2).

Susan Lennox: Her Fall & Rise (Robert Z Leonard 1930). As *You Desire Me* (George Fitzmaurice 1932). Two little-seen entries in the Garbo canon. The first is her only teaming with Clark Gable, a dimstone romance given hoary lustre by the two stars; the second was the first of her frequent match-ups with Melvyn Douglas in a Pirandello piece where she's also Von Stroheim's mistress. Time has dimmed her sensuality but there are ancient lights in those eyes (C4, 2.00).

Last Of The Red Hot Lovers (Gene Saks 1972). The priceless Alan Arkin as a restaurateur who decides to pep up his amorous life: a one-man show, though Sally Kellerman (also later in Arkin's *Rafferty & The Gold Dust Twins*), Paula Prentiss and Jeanette Taylor are not-so-obscure objects of desire (BBC1).

The Cobbler's Of Umbridge (Ned Sherrin & Ian Wilson 1974). A cruel ripping yarn at the expense of radio's most beloved serial, with Fortune, Wells, Rushton, Sims, Percival & Kinnear - must be good (BBC2).

SUNDAY JANUARY 13

High Society (Charles Walters 1956). Most of the sly and guile of *The Philadelphia Story* was discreetly removed in this amusing but finally pretty fatuous remake. Crosby, Hope and Kelly all play it like a rich persons' (C4, 9.00).



MUSICIANS WANTED

A GUITARIST and drummer to make an assault on the ears, minds and hearts of the proletariat. Carol 049525 2964.

DOUBLE BASS Player wanted. 01-326 4789.

DRUMMER REQUIRED urgently. New Sounds, Walsall "Rons Neighbours." 112 West Bromwich Rd, Caldwor.

GENIUS GUITARIST, (Lead/Acoustic) musically adventurous, needed by unusual eccentric female voice/writer - abundant songs; - forming band. Humanist, non-prejudiced, committed attitude important. Smiths, Associates, Independents, Folk. prefer from my area - not essential. London based soon. Kath - (0753) 888968, 18 Weedon Close, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

LIN SANGSTER Write to us please. Geoff Ralton, 3 Wembury Road, London N.6 5PU.

NOWTSTAIRDRUMMARWANTED-GOT-TAOUTPOURVIBRANTUNBOUNDED-CREATIONINFINIS-FRENCHMOONY-MENKO 01-675 1832 KRILL.

SINGER NEEDED (18-25). This band likes Beatles, early Roxy Music, dislikes modern groups. Please write to Colin Jeffries, 21 Thorpe Road, Staines, Middx.

THE DRUMMER who answers this ad will (probably) have to be prepared for fortune, fame and things. Escape from Burma needs you! Phone Charlie 883 1522.

TWO FEMALES vocalists background look for band pop music. Please phone Linda 01-501 3299.



INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

ANDYS GUITAR CENTRE - American and Vintage Second-hands, also amps, effects etc., Pro guitar repair workshop, making customising. GUITARS AND AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION. - 27 Denmark St. W.C.2. 01-836 0899/01-379 3491. Open 6 Days 10am-6.30pm.



MANAGEMENT

PERSONAL/MANAGEMENT/Tour Promotion/Publicity available Nationwide. Phone (0302)858554.



PUBLICATIONS

BOB MARLEY Fanzine Three. 80p. Martin Rowbotham, 7 Glenfield Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport, Cheshire.



THEOPHILUS P Wildebeest puts in an appearance in Saturday Life (C4, Saturday, believe it or not).

in-joke and even Louis Armstrong wastes his chops (BBC1).

MONDAY JANUARY 14

Gumshoe (Stephen Frears 1971). Interesting to take another look at Frears' early effort, with Albert Finney perfectly cast as the crumpled bingo caller who longs to be an even more crum



Defectors looking for a Transfer?

Pic. Kenji Kubo

LOOK SHARP

HARP LAGER ROCK WEEK London ICA

WHEN WE talk celestial banjos, we are talking Let's Active on whose heavenly LP 'Cypress' shines a number called 'Blue Line'. Tonight it is played by its originators, the Brixton-based **Outskirts**, whose singer/guitarist/writer Maggie Beck is perhaps the greatest exponent of American pop-rock ever to emerge from Middlesbrough. She yearns with all the purity of

romantic quest typical of classic bright-eyed US pop amidst a beat sound half spidery, half jangly, half New York loft, half Californian sun. No doubt many songs would look good on The B52s' 'Wild Planet' or the flip-side of Talking Heads' 'Love Goes To Buildings On Fire': groovy company to keep. In numbers like 'Take Good Aim', 'Standing Together' and 'Remember Me', The Outskirts energetically prove how the search for a set of quirkily perfect chiming chords is still pop's noblest calling. When The

Outskirts tighten up a little, their brilliance will shine all the more.

C-Cat Trance are an oddity. Though they've been making records for over two years, John Rees Lewis and Nigel Kingston Stone play their debut gig tonight. Odder still are the Arab head-dresses and other anonymity preservers which invite the same suspicion of cheap ethnomusicological showbiz distraction as erstwhile 23 Skidoo.

For their music should be heard with eyes shut and a joss-stick

smouldering fragrantly nearby. Yes, C-Cat Trance tread that fine line between hypnotic mantra and terminal boredom familiar to all those who ever slept through The Third Ear Band back in 1962.

Tape loops of treated muezzin chants and Cairo bagpipes underpin smoking sax of meandering Islamic angst and a bazaar of percussive batterings that occasionally transcend echoes of old Whicker progs on the Mysterious East and achieve mesmerising coitus. Yoiks!

Other times John opens his mouth (or whatever it is concealed behind that no doubt authentic chador bought from a Portobello Road soukh), whence emerges a barking drone in which phrases like "no escape" feature prominently. . . . Good in parts, if you've got the stamina.

Next big thing in the ongoing **Jazz Non-Revival** will be **The Jazz Defectors**, an 11-piece mix-up extravaganza of four-part harmonies, suits, ties, shades, brass, Latin, Astrud Gilberto, dancing, finger-popping, cymbal-swish, hip-way, waxed moustaches and boundless TV potential. Such a non-stop conga of carefree period pastiche leaves me cold. The songs are thin, the energy forced and they lack the poise and precision to take of into a groove of their own making. Whatever it is that Manhattan Transfer have, The Jazz Defectors haven't.

Surprise upbeat ending: **Terry & Gerry** are the most refreshing act I've seen since Billy Bragg? Lonnie Donegan? Buddy Holly? ZZ Top? Wreathed in winning smiles yet never winsome, Gerry Colvill and Terry Lilley manhandle guitar, big bull fiddle, and cute little ukele in the cause of wit, brevity and disarmingly comic insight into humankind in all its evil, folly and self-deception. Heavy, huh? Awesomely catchy tunes, peachy-keen singing and general downhome jubilation suggest Buttkick, Texas, more than Birmingham UK.

Terry & Gerry (and Andy, geetar, and Doreen, washboard) are entertainers of unforced charm and considerable substance. Rave on!

Pic. Kenji Kubo

Mat Snow



MACABEES VERSION

THE PAST few months have seen the return to the recording scene of that paragon of Jamaican vocalists **John Holt**, following some years relative inactivity, and over the Christmas period there was manifest a batch of new material from the singer on various labels, including his latest LP for Trojan, 'For Lovers And Dancers'.

Now he emerges on the Macabees subsidiary imprint Chart Sounds with two further titles. On 10" slatemix is issued his interpretation of Bill Withers' steadfast 'Lean On Me' c/w The Darbaz with 'This Old Lady'; and



John Holt

on 12" discmix lends himself to the dancehall genre with 'Dress Up Yourself' c/w **Hughie Issachar** rendering 'Lonesome Feeling', the latter title featuring a bagpipe intro.

Also new on Chart Sound 7" pre is **Alton Ellis** reworking his famous 'Breaking Up' song as 'Making Up' c/w **Phillip Frazer**, 'Preacher Man'. All titles produced by K. Wint.

SONIC VIBRATION

ERST CONGOS vocalist and martial arts master Roydel Johnson better known as **Congo Ashanti Roy** has his latest solo album released on the new Sonic Boom label out of California and entitled 'Level Vibes'.

Featuring eight vocal and two dub tracks variously recorded in Jamaica and London, the set is a mix of roots and lovers material featuring the Roots Radics and Easy Street Band musicians, with accompanying vocals from Gene Rondo, Jah Dave, Jah Bunny and female chorus.

Also out on Sonic Boom is a new **Alton Ellis** discmix recorded during his short tour of the State last summer reworking 'Earth Needs Love' and Ras Ibuna's 'Diverse Doctrine'.

THIS FRIDAY at Lambeth Town Hall, Acre Lane, SW2 takes place a Brixton Mix-Down—8.30pm until 3am—with live onstage **Abdul Tee-Jay & African Culture**, **Sweet 'N' Bitter**, **Michael Archangel**, **Soul Assistants**, **Infinity**, **Kudum** and **Mutant Rockers**. Tickets £2.50 from Lambeth Amenity Services BO, 164 Clapham Park Road, SW4. Tel: 01-720 3530. No admission after midnight.

REISSUED IN Jamaica on the Harry J label and available in the UK from the usual pre outlets is the 1968 'No More Heartaches' classic from **The Beltones** featuring **Trevor Shield**.

CURRENTLY EXHIBITING at the Africa Centre Gallery, 38 King Street, London WC2 the Makere Community Of Artists present *The Art That Survives—Uganda '60-80s*. Mondays to Fridays 10am to 5.30pm. The show runs until February 1 and admission is free.

MAPLE LEAF RAG

THE LATEST issue of glossy Canadian zine *Reggae Quarterly* (Vol 1 No. 5) features a 10th anniversary special cover story on rhythm duo Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, including an interview with the former, a glimpse inside the Channel One studio at Maxfield Avenue, interviews with Charlie Chaplin, Ini Kamoze, the croaking lizard Prince Jazzbo, producers George Phang and Junjo Lawes, plus profiles on Half Pint, Pad Anthony, Delton Screechy, Michael Palmer, Frankie Paul and Frankie Jones and costs \$1.95 plus p+p from Reggae Quarterly, 10 Walmer Road 1501, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 2W4.

MAIL ORDER

COLOUR PROMOTIONAL POSTERS

Small (62cm x 44cm)
Joy Division—Love Will/Closer
Siouxsie—Dazzle/Hyena
Deep Purple—Perfect Strangers
Cocteau Twins—Treasure
Yes—Relayer
Bunnymen—Killing Moon/Heaven
Billy Bragg—Brewing Up
Japan—Tin Drum
Dire Straits—Communicue
Queen—The Works 2
Marilyn—Assassin/Script For
Big Country—East of Eden/Steeltown
ONLY £2 (inc P&P)

Large (90cm x 62cm)
Simple Minds—New Gold Dream
Pink Floyd—Dark Side Of...
Meatloaf—Bat Out Of Hell
ZZ Top—Eliminator
Bunnymen—Ocean Rain
Stranglers—Aural Sculpture
Talking Heads—Stop Making Sense
Iggy Pop—The Idiot
Rush—Grace Under Pressure
U2—War/Pride/Fire
Joy Division—Unknown Pleasures
Dire Straits—1st LP
ONLY £3 (inc P&P)

Sent in cardboard tubes. By cheque/P.O. to:
A. J. Chester P.O. Box 210 Sheffield S6 2PW
or write for full lists send see: Wholesale Enquiries Welcome

1984 TOP 20
MAIL ORDER T SHIRTS

- 1) VIVIAN—PISS OFF
- 2) YOUNG ONES—BOLLOCKS
- 3) THATCHERBUSTERS
- 4) METEORS—EAT THE BABY
- 5) GUANA BATZ—BATMAN GUITAR
- 6) RESTLESS—DOUBLE BASS
- 7) METEORS—REST-A-BILLY TOUR
- 8) CRAMPS—BAD MUSIC
- 9) CULT—MICKY SKULL
- 10) RAMONES—ROCKET TO RUSSIA
- 11) JOY DIVISION—KOMACKINO
- 12) TALKING HEADS
- 13) NEW ORDER—TOUR
- 14) BROKEN BONES
- 15) ENGLISH DOGS
- 16) SMITHS—FLOWERS
- 17) CONFLICT—LIBERATE
- 18) TOY DOLLS—WE'RE MAD
- 19) MILK SHAKES
- 20) GARY GLITTER TOUR

WHY NOT SEND AN S.A.E. FOR CATALOGUE?

MAIL-ORDER T-SHIRTS £1.50 (inc P&P)
SHIRT SIZE: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE
PRINTED IN ENGLAND (S&P) 1984 - 1985
FABRICATED FROM 100% COTTON
A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS

MATTEL ELECTRONICS



AS ADVERTISED ON T.V.

● Bass, snare, 2 toms, Cymbal and HH ●
Use sticks or hands ● Drum pads are touch sensitive ● Tom Tom 1 can be tuned over a 5 octave range ● 3 separate 16 beat memories allow storage of patterns. Each memory may be layered indefinitely with patterns ● Accent button ● Roll button comes with leads to plug directly into your Hi-Fi/guitar amp.

Rec Retail Price £99.95
UNREPEATABLE OFFER
WHILE STOCKS LAST
FULLY GUARANTEED

£59
Soho Soundhouse Inc p&p
18a Soho Sq., London W1
Tel: 01-434 1365

Send cheques/postal orders/Access, Visa No orders/bankers drafts etc, together with your name and address and this advert to:

Soho Soundhouse Mail Order
Freeport 38 London W1E 6QZ
Personal cheques: allow seven days for clearance. All other forms of payment: 24 hour despatch.
Telephone Orders welcome.

"Hi! I'm a cheap ethnomusicological showbiz distraction"

To All of You Left of Centre:

You have declared war on logic. Does it make sense to you that a business should continue to operate at a loss? Where do you expect the paychecks to come from? How is that to be done?

Your left-wing ideas make no sense. In China (I know that's over the fine line, but they all end up the same) they're having to turn to a more free enterprise system because people with job security stopped working. They found out they would get paid anyway. Therefore, all the work is being done by those with a conscience and a morality. Do you think it's right that some do all the work and others none and all reap the same benefits? Of course not.

Capitalism is NOT the exploitation of workers. Capitalism is free trade and fair business. You get what you earn, nothing more, why should you? The only logical and workable system is pure capitalism. You can't demand the right to work and deny the right to be successful. Equal pay for unequal work is not fair, it's exploitation of the employer. Being president of IBM is not as easy as being an employee. These benefits are deserved, not handed out. The real capitalist motto is: "I swear by my life and my love of it that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine" (Ayn Rand).

The fight for success is ten times harder than your fight for "fairness". Soon you will have drained the world dry of real workers and innovators and then you'll have nothing/no one left to leech off. Then where will you be? You'll be left among factories that no one knows how to run and halfway completed inventions that no one can finish. Where do you see the fairness in your own fight? It's as unfair as pseudo-capitalists who do exploit their employees. You're trying to exploit your employers. The real fight should be for a fair capitalist system. Where success is earned by hard work, dedication and ambition. Your success hinges on how much the successful decide to give you whether you deserve it or not. Yes, business needs workers but workers also need business. It's an even, fair and logical trade.

If the miners win this fight it will not be a success, it will be a tragic loss. Yours is a fight against logic. Yours is a fight against life. You play on guilt that you have manufactured because some people have the ability to be successful and others don't. You win your small victories out of pity, not out of moral rights.

Recommended reading is Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. Then let me hear your arguments in the face of a truth that very few people have the guts to admit because of you and the trendiness of your damned cause. What you want is a world like the 20th Century Motor Company. It won't work.

You probably think that all this is easy for me to say since I'm an American and therefore, wealthy. Well, I'm an American and, I'm not wealthy. But I'm not blaming the system for that, it's my fault and I admit it.

Nora McGillivray, USA.

Very Interesting. Tell me, have you ever felt the need to know Ronald Reagan . . . in the biblical sense I mean. — DW

No. 1—WITH A BALLOT

While joining you in your support for the miners cause, to justify the strike on the grounds that they had a ballot in 1981 is pretty lame.

If the NUM had taken a vote at the outset of the dispute, they would surely have gained the necessary majority vote for the strike action they desired. The breakaway factions within the NUM (Notts) would not be able to lodge the claim that they had been denied a ballot, which is their prime excuse for not joining the strike and also the main stumbling block to gaining public support.

I know this is a truly stomach turning thought, but what would your reaction be if the Tories turn round at the next election and declare that the previous election results were still as valid now as when they were taken?

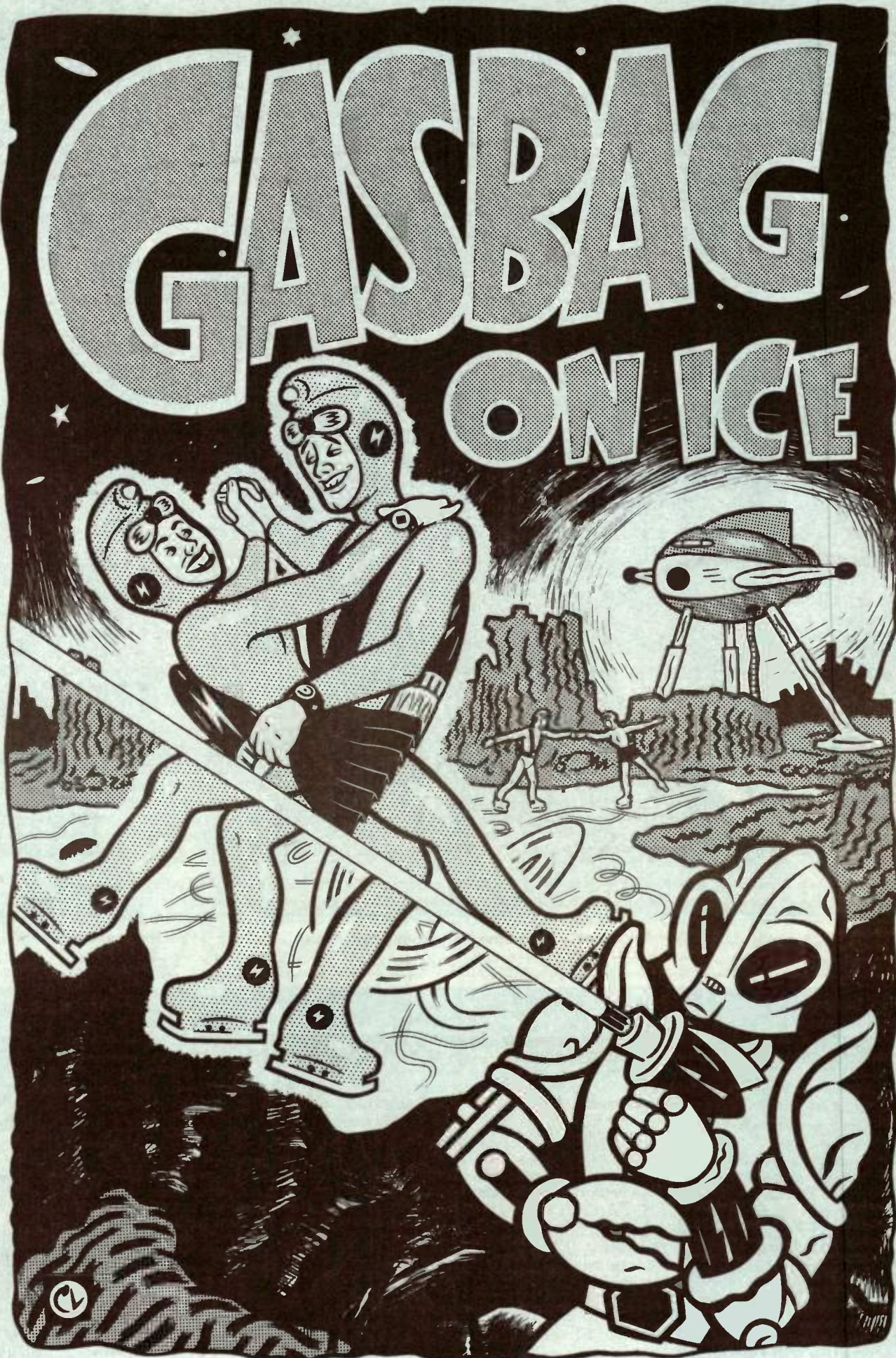
The Artful Dodger.

UNION LINES

I should think that C. Howells has had his or her head in the sand over the last ten months; the letter published in the Christmas edition of your paper showed a lack of understanding and ignorance

■ EDITED BY DON WATSON
■ ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS LONG

■ SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— GASBAG
NME 5-7 CARNABY ST LONDON W1 ■



beyond belief.

No member of the NUM, or to my knowledge anyone named in the letter, has tried to justify the death of Mr. Wilkie. It was done by very misguided people who should have known better and who have been condemned by our senior executive members and President, as well as the rank and file members.

There was no ballot because every branch mandated their delegate to conference as to whether to vote for or against a ballot.

The colliery where C. Howells lives in Cannock (Littleton Colliery) voted for a ballot, so did Lea Hall, seven miles away. This was the line taken by the Midlands area at conference, to which we were beaten by the larger more militant areas.

There has been no real strike pay simply because the NUM cannot afford it. If we had paid the £15 a week to all our members on strike it would have cost the union £78 million. We only have £8 million pounds in liquid assets.

I hope C. Howells reads this letter and digests it carefully. There is no bandying of words, no ideological reasons for the arguments in the NUM's defence on these issues. Just plain fact, something C. Howells from the

letter published knows very little about.
M. Southwell, Lea Hall, NUM Power Group.

DEAF AID

I just bought two copies of 'Do They Know It's Christmas?'—then stumbled upon your 13-word review: "Millions of Dead Stars write and perform rotten record for the right reasons." Now, who's gonna get to the last four words when they're laughing at the other nine? Don't slag that record! All the things that suck about some pop hits' successes should thrill us about Band Aid's success: the record derives selling power from a pretty face, famous name, familiar lyric, familiar melody and arrangement, and Christmas materialism (everybody in Britain loves a Christmas pop song—especially if it involves a pretty face, a famous name . . .)

But while we cringe at 'Have Yourself A Wimpy Little Wham! Christmas' entering at two, shouldn't we feel great seeing Band Aid enter at one? After all, Tony Hadley's pretty (well . . .) face is feeding hungry Ethiopians. Quoth Julie Burchill, circa 1980: "There are few things so facile and inane as making singles

about what a junkyard the world is. If you're worried, if you want to change anything, make madly commercial records and donate the MONEY into things you believe in—that's the only way to change anything, not with insignificant little singles."

She's right, maybe Band Aid has made the most important single since the Bee Gees donated all proceeds from 'Too Much Heaven' to UNICEF.

Another thing that sucks about some pop hits' successes, but is great about Band Aid's success, is that one scathing review won't stop millions of popsters from buying the record. Stop complaining, Mr. Kopf sir, it could've been an American project, words and music by Ray Parker Jr., and Barry Manilow, titled 'Does Santa Claus Ever Think About Starving Children?', performed by Fast Temporary Relief: Journey, Bob Seger, Stevie Nicks, Fabian, Liberace, Toto, Kiss, Bobby Goldsboro, Ratt, Laura Branigan, Van Halen, Sammy Davis Jr., Pat Benatar, three members of REO Speedwagon and many more . . .

Mike Perini, Michigan, USA.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

NME SLAGS DYLAN—it's so

predictable as to be hardly worth reading.

Stewart J. Tray, Manchester 8.
And Dylan fan writes stinging reply. Let's see, without looking I bet this one ends: "There's something going on here but you don't know what it is/Do you Mr. Kopf?". No? There's unpredictable for you boyo. — DW

HEART'S IN THE BASEMENT?

There's been an awful lot of talk that the recently departed rock year was the worst since 1974. If you look at that year you'll see it included some marvellous LPs from such diverse artists as Miles Davis, Richard and Linda Thompson, Eno, New York Dolls, Gram Parsons, Steely Dan, Joni Mitchell, Big Star and the list could go on to name some 20 more vital vinyl.

What has '84 offered us of lasting worth? 'New Sensations', 'The Poet II', 'Making History', 'Born In The USA' and a handful of singles.

A decade ago Patti Smith and Graham Parker were about to emerge as the great (off) white hopes, it seems unlikely that anyone of their stature will grace us with a visit in '85.

So I, therefore, declare 1984 as

the threadbare year in rock's rich tapestry. Rock and Roll Phew.
Jon Carr, Lincs.

I'd mention Jim Foetus, Nick Cave, Marc Almond, David Sylvian, The Swans and even Rickie Lee Jones but I'd have to hold my breath for the Ed's comment. — DW

Um howabout 'You're fired'? — NS

DEPARTED ERM
ACQUAINTANCES

It may be because the festive season is a time when one tends to reflect on the fate of departed friends but pray, dear reader, am I the only being in this world who misses the wit and wisdom of that erstwhile man of letters Mr. John Conolly?

Uncle Sebastian, Keighley, W. Yorks.

Yes. — DW

SHAFTING

The Labour Party has its "head down a dead mine-shaft", says one RQC—he or she is almost right.

Almost right, but not completely, because that shaft is not "dead", only "uneconomic", costly. Yet is an economy so valuable that it must rob people of their heritage, their livelihood, their self-respect? To keep an "uneconomic pit" open can scarcely cost a fraction of the expense required to keep government's multitude of bureaucracies alive, to enforce needless marijuana laws, to police harmless gay clubs upholding a ridiculous gay age of consent, to prevent immigration (a fascist/Thatcherist principle), and to provide a sucker/buyer for US bomb merchants . . .

Work has dignity, even though his work is not profitable for 'The Nation'; a person made redundant by a 'money before men' policy has nothing but a feeling of being cheated.

"Uneconomic" pits should be kept open until their seams are completely spent, in order that they might provide the miners with the right to a living wage, to a job which not so long ago was a mine-village child's birthright without question. To milk uneconomic coal seams to the last with the aid of a sympathetic government is a far better solution than relegating miners, unfeelingly, to the degradation of dole or early retirement.

And yes, the Labour Party does have its head down a mine-shaft because it is looking out for the real people (not anarchist thugs, not Communist morlocks nor mere Union Register statistics) who work down there: the Labour Party is backing its supporters. Daniel Xavier, Newcastle.
Make no mistake, I defend the miners' right to a living but, according to your argument, what should we do when the seams are completely spent? Perhaps the answer would be mining equivalents of imitation ski slopes, so the traditional communities could continue to be bonded by dry runs on the dignity of labour. — DW

ALRIGHT THAT'S ENOUGH
OF THE BENNY HILL
CROSSHEADS

I am writing in praise of the "Smalltown Boy" illustration printed in your jolly good Xmas Bumper edition. Like the Bronskis, I too left home recently to sample the delights of life in the great metropolis—only to discover an existence bedecked with bedsits, unemployment and loneliness—a far cry from my previously happy-go lucky Huck Finn lifestyle in Devon.

These last few months have been . . . ooh, hell on earth, I'd say . . . what with having no friends and nothing but John Peel and Old Holborn to drag me through the dark lonely nights.

But now, as I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear, things have changed for the better. If ever I get depressed, lonely or nostalgic, all I have to do is take a bath, dress up and get my hair cut at Schumi and lie there on my bed all day pretending to be James Dean. It's great!! Much love and many thanks.

Mat McGinn, London SE22.
A further suggestion from the NME Social Workers panel: Have your hair cut at the local barbers, stick a couple of ping pong balls in your mouth and pretend to be Marlon Brando. — DW

T-ZERS

WITH the start of the new year comes the following expose from *The Sunday Times* review section: "The first part of *Down From The Hill* opens with Paul Morley, a young factory worker on a week's holiday—attling his reconditioned pushbike along a cobbled street and out on what's to be a 250-mile tour of the Midlands. The time is July 1945. "And later in 1983 that same Paul is "cushioned in his Volvo, wadded with cheques and credit cards, a successful television writer." Hmm. Sound familiar? Cushioned by Volvos and credit cards, someone in the ZTT hierarchy is lying about his age . . .

And just before '84's festivities become a distant memory and the bones of countless dead turkeys (please leave *The Boomtown Rats* out of this) have mingled with the dust and the Xmas Quiz's obscurities have ceased to become a point of frustration and resentment, before all this, the Three Dots bring you a couple of fun questions with a difference: any fule will be able to answer them. Firstly, which opinionated Radio one DJ has been persuading West End promoters that he can get any act he wants to star in an all-star show, provided he too is allowed to wander in and out of the bill and strum wherever he wants? The answer is not **Robert Maxwell**. Secondly, which self-made millionaire hippy magnate with a stubborn beard instructed all his employees to apply for tidy wads of Telecom shares and proceeded to buy them back? The answer is not likely to be **Freddie Laker** or **Dame Olga Maitland** . . .

And the festive season wouldn't have been the festive season without one or two mishaps in the motors: *NME* photographers **Chris Clunn** and **Jayne Houghton** were involved in a nasty accident in downtown Acton. Chris's rather ancient Ford Escort, purchased a mere three weeks previously, found itself in an Abbey National Shop Window. Chris was unhurt whilst Jayne suffered cuts and bruises. Two days later at **Steve Strange's** Lyceum 'do', the ill-fated car was stolen from outside the club and it has recently turned up in the Thames (the car, not The Lyceum). Chris had only passed his test three weeks before . . .

And a lucky escape for **The Blow Monkeys** when a car accident prevented them from going to the *NME* Xmas party (no, we won't re-phrase that). **Dr Robert** and a couple of other monkeys plus their manager **Linda** were unhurt, although the car ended its useful life . . .

And before we forget about last year, we must correct the statement on page 28 of the Xmas issue which said that **Marvin Gaye's** father had been jailed for murder: it should have read manslaughter . . .

THE ENEMY Within's record 'Strike' was declared Record Of The Year by *The Sunday Times*. That same single will now be followed by a video, and **Cabaret Voltaire** will be aiding T.E.W. in making this . . .

Which leads us to the mystery of the crackdown on London buskers: They were being arrested over Xmas without being given the customary warning. Presumably this was an effort to inhibit street collections for the miners . . .

And the noble boys in blue were called in by staff of Aberdeen's Odeon cinema when hundreds of youngsters attempted to storm the foyer. The rush was precipitated by their enthusiasm



Sy Ziyad, a 23 year old Michael Jackson impersonator from Chicago, got his 15 minutes' worth when he and other fans were allowed into a certain courtroom on the 19th floor of the Dirksen Federal Building. 200 fans had thought he was the real Jacko (including Michael himself?). Jacko and Macca had been accused of hijacking the song 'Please Love Me Now' composed by local musician Fred Sanford and transforming it into 'The Girl Is Mine'. Jacko, in the witness box for four hours, sang and snapped away to assorted demo and work tapes, and claimed he had acquired the song 'spiritually' not 'mechanically' ie in the moment of waking. Another fascinating fact emerged: Quincy Jones' pet name for Giorgio Moroder is 'Smelly'. he earned this by wearing too much cologne . . .

Pic: Linda Matlow/Pix International

for seats for the film *Ghostbusters*. The kiddies were enjoying a free day owing to their teachers having lost patience with **Keith Joseph's** mob and electing to strike. No tear gas was necessary to restore single-file order . . .

Lock up your trousers, for Germany's mellow minstrels **Die Toten Hosen** are coming to town. They'll be supporting **Chelsea** on a few English dates, playing London on January 25th, promoting their new LP which translates as 'Under The False Flag' . . .

It also seems that **D.A.F.** are to re-form since they've been recording demos in Germany. It's not clear if they'll be back as a duo or a crowd of 5,000. We have cruelly been instructed to remark on the success of their solo careers . . .

The Lord giveth . . . and now the Lord has taken away the concept that was **Black Uhuru**, it seems. A phone call to Island Records' central control brought forth the following response: "Michael Rose (the group's main man) has left to pursue a solo career and we can't contact the other members of the group. But it's unlikely that we'll ever see Black Uhuru again . . .

The Jesus And Mary Chain, who have just signed a one-off deal with Warner Brothers, have been banned from their London HQ since the singer **Jim** stole £85 from the wallet of chief **Rob Dickens** when the victim nipped out to order a vat of tea. Warners had decided not to prosecute the mischevous balladeers . . .

And after scenes of

spontaneous violence occurred after the band's week-end ICA thrash, a posse of dazed punters demanded their money back. There has also been serious disgruntlement amidst the ranks of the curious public who claim they have not yet spotted 'the joke'. Says popular punchline and manager **Alan McGhee**: "The band are totally serious. There is no joke" . . .

Celluloid Records, home of the workaholic **Bill Laswell**, has come forward with another cross-cultural collusion. We've already been treated to **Bam'n' J.B.** and **Bam'n' Johnny Lydon** . . . next the imprisoned **Fela Kuti** meets Sly'n' Robbie in an Afro-dub stylee. We wait with bated breath . . .

NIK KERSHAW, son of the soil and Ipswich town, had a party at a top London hotel recently where a new method of cake cutting was pioneered; the mass of outsize confectionary was thrown into the air and allowed to splinter into a pile of organic pieces. So next time you pop backstage to a Kershaw party, be warned, take an umbrella. We don't know if **Eric 'Snore' Clapton** did when he went backstage to congratulate a delighted Nik at the Hammersmith Odeon saying "It's the best sound I've heard at Hammersmith in over ten years". Roughly translated it means "It's over a decade since I moved from my armchair". Also at Nik's new year shows were **Limahl**, **Feargal Sharkey**, **Thomas Dolby**, **Scott Gorham** (ex Thin Lizzy) **Nell Murray** (ex Whitesnake),

Richard Skinner, **Bruno Brooks**, **Andy Peebles**, Nik's producer **Peter Collins** and **Kajagoogoo**, none of whom will be stirring from their respective armchairs over the next decade. Nik has also donated a platinum disc of 'Human Racing' to be auctioned for the Ethiopia Fund . . .

Anyone who wasn't snogging with policemen in Trafalgar Square on New Years Eve was grooving down at Atlantic City, the Soho Strip club. **Martin Kemp** and **Shirley Wham!** were there with **Steve Norman**, **Alanah Currie** and **Joe Leeway** from **The Thompson Twins** and the guy who cannot let a camera go by without shoving his conceited features into it, **Jon Moss**. Outshining them all, on the miniscule dance floor were the singing trio from West London **The Serious Sisters** who were dazzlingly showing off dance steps to their forthcoming disc which will be a cover of the Stax classic 'Mr Big Stuff'. Ms Currie claimed to be so impressed by their display that she offered them a lift home in her chauffeur-driven Bentley. Don't you believe it, gals. The swinging sisters declined: "We didn't want to get into no rock star trip, maaan," they punned, choosing instead a passing free night bus . . .

That episecene dream, star of countless Comic Strip shows, **Alana Pellay** has been having a busy Xmas. Not only did she change her name by deed poll, but also announced plans to launch her own nightclub. 'Sister Ray's' will be taking place at The Embassy, 5-7 Old Bond Street,

W1 on Sunday nights from January 20th and promises to be the ultimate in transbuffer encounters . . .

We interrupt this report about **David Bowie** being spotted dancing on selected picket lines the country wide to bring glad tidings of the marriage of the *NME's* native New Yorker **Richard Grabel**. The impoverished reporter could not afford to settle the paternity suit by the traditional Maltese father of **Marie Schembri** . . .

Bernie Worrell, who has played alongside **Talking Heads** and **Funkadelic**, scaled Hadrian's Wall last week to play a set of three **P-Funk** numbers at the Hoochie Coochie Club. He did a later set alongside the colourful funk veteran **Jessie Rae**. Jessie, who was reviewed last week was, amongst other things, responsible for writing *Odyssey's* 'Inside Out', and once had **Francis Coppella** comment that one of his videos was the "perfect marriage of rock and video" . . .

Finally, always good to see the old faces revelling in each other's company. **Rod Stewart** turned up with a standard issue blonde to witness **Steve Harley's** recent gig and to join him in an intimate feast in Ferdinand's, a Chalk Farm restaurant. **Nicky Tesco** was also present somewhere—in a most inebriated state. **Midge Ure** was expected to turn up (he's been producing Harley) but he was too busy producing **Rush** (pinch us, are we dreaming?) to make it. Harley has in turn been producing **Shock Corridor** and **Gene Loves Jezebel**. **Rod Stewart** is 12 . . .

NME
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
ART EDITOR
Joe Ewart
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
Charles Shaar Murray

STAFF
Gavin Martin
Paolo Hewitt
Don Watson
Barney Hoskyns
David Swift
Adrian Thrills
Len Brown
Mat Snow

PHOTOGRAPHY
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

CONTRIBUTORS
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Danny Baker
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Ian Wright
Amrik Rai
Kristine McKenna
Biba Kopf
Graham Lock
Cath Carroll
Danny Kelly
Sean O'Hagan
Rachel Wilde
David Quantick

CARTOONS
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

NEW YORK
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Richard Grabel

RESEARCH
Fiona Foulgar
EDITOR'S SECRETARY
Karen Walter

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT
Room 329
Commonwealth House,
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NG

AD MANAGER
David Flavell
(01) 404 0700 x290

CLASSIFIED ADS
(01) 404 0700 x287

LIVE ADS
(01) 404 0700 x282

AD PRODUCTION
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 404 0700 x274

Published by David Curtis
Publishing Group
Printed by Times Ltd
Publication of any material without
permission is strictly forbidden

If an
advertisement
is wrong
we're here to
put it right.

If you see an advertisement
in the press, in print, on
posters or in the cinema
which you find unacceptable,
write to us at the address
below.

**The Advertising
Standards Authority.**

ASA Ltd, Dept 3
Brook House, Torrington Place,
London WC1E 7HN

