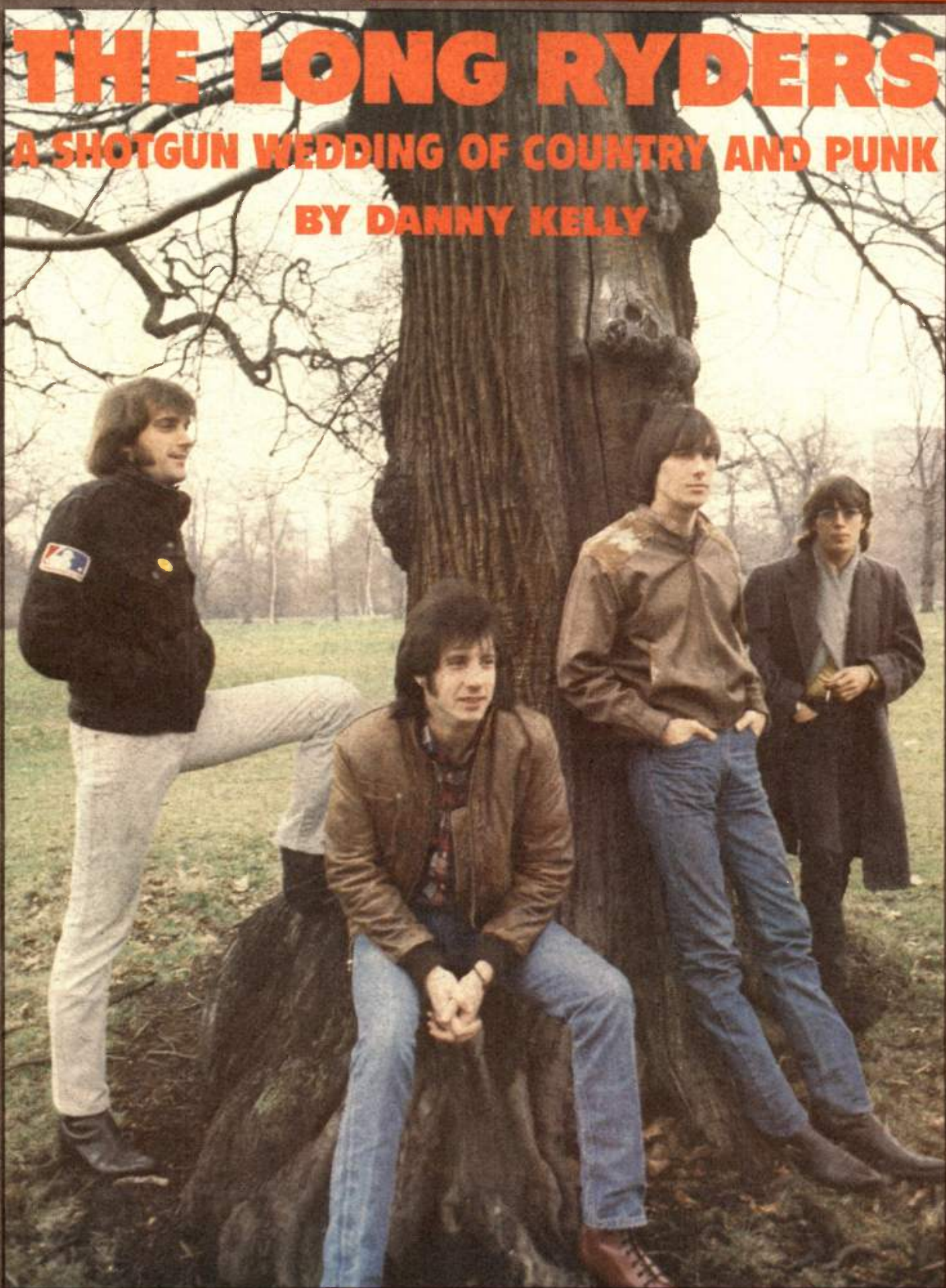


NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

**SPOOLS RUSH IN (AGAIN)
TRIPLE TAPE OFFER - PAGE 41**

Hot cross fun



Branching out with The Long Ryders. Photo: Lawrence Watson.



PHILIP BAILEY LUTHER VANDROSS
FAITH BROTHERS MAX HEADROOM
EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN BILLY BRAGG

SPRINGSTEEN TO PLAY DUBLIN?

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN will play an open-air concert at Dublin's Slane Castle on Saturday, 1 June, according to Ireland's *Sunday News*—though the paper later pointed out that the date is still subject to confirmation. It will be a logical venue for Springsteen, Bob Dylan having performed there last year, and if correct it narrows down the likely period of his UK visit.

As *NME* has already reported, dates are being held for him at London Earls Court in June and September (not as a double, but as a choice), and it's understood that he may also play Birmingham NEC and Edinburgh Ingliston.

Latest reports from US sources suggest that he now wants to play an open-air concert in London at Wembley Stadium. Should this materialise, it would probably be in early July because of prior refurbishing at the stadium and subsequent preparations for the 1985/6 soccer season. There are even suggestions that he could play a string of Earls Court dates, plus Wembley.

However, this is all speculative as long as Dublin remains unconfirmed, and CBS Records say they know nothing about the Slane Castle event.



Asked when we could expect an official announcement about Springsteen's British dates, promoter Harvey

Goldsmith said he had no idea. But following his recent visit to New York, it seems likely that a deal has already been struck.

AND SUDDENLY WAS THERE A HYPE?

THE FIRST book from ZTT, *And Suddenly There Came A Bang*—the story of Frankie Goes To Hollywood's first year of success—suffered the same fate as the label's first record when it was banned by distributors Magazine Marketing And Distribution last week.

Incensed author and ZTT director Paul Morley compared the decision taken by MM&D chairman Jim Burns to the furore over D H Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* calling it "one man censorship, he just doesn't like the work fuck".

Paul claims that the book was proofed and accepted last November after it had been given a new cover and offending photographs were removed.

Paul said, "There's no way we would have printed 65,000 copies if we thought this was likely to happen."

Jim Burns—the Mike Read styled villain of the piece—has a different story however. He says the decision not to distribute the book was taken because it had been totally misrepresented to his company.

"ZTT approached us for distribution last year having been turned down by Argus. At that stage they presented us with 50 per cent of the booklet which was acceptable. It wasn't until they delivered the finished product that we saw all of the damn swearing in it."

Back at ZTT Morley claims, "there was never any deception" and says the matter has now been put in the hands of ZTT's solicitors.

"It was quality not sensationalism we were after here. The idea was to show up Proteus and Omnibus and this is another irritation. Being independent or underground, it's like the hippy thing: it's scruffy. This is a delay: pop music is about the moment so it doesn't do us any favours."

This may be so but the marketing of FGTH has already shown how hype extends "the moment". The publicity from this little fiasco can only do likewise. At £2.50 a go Morley and his partners are sending out mail order copies complete with a poster of the original banned cover. Arfur Daley never had it so good.

Relapse, don't do it anyone?

Gavin Martin

ATHREE day reggae festival featuring a host of Jamaican acts flown over especially for the occasion takes place in the Queen Elizabeth Hall complex on the South Bank over Easter weekend.

The event, which is sponsored by the GLC, is described as a three day family carnival of music, poetry, dance, fashion and other entertainments including photography, art and craft displays, and special Jamaican food. Among those appearing is U Roy for his first British appearance since the '70s, plus two of his best known protégés Ranking Joe and Charlie Chaplin, the latter of whom is currently the island's most popular toaster. Other JA artists billed are Anthony Johnson, Earl 16, Edi Fitzroy, Sassafras, Jennifer Lara and acrobat Wondernose. A number of homegrown acts also take their place in the proceedings.

Schedule of events is Saturday, 6 April at the Queen Elizabeth Hall: Session 1 from 11am to 1pm Roy Shirley & Doublevision, Satellite Dancers, Lorna Goodison, Sandra Edwards, CMC Steelband, R Roy Alton; Session 2 from 1.30pm to 3.30pm Anthony Johnson, Ras Messengers, Sassafras, Wondernose, Earl 16, Anum, Hazel Noel; Session 3 from 4pm

AFTER HEARING Stevie Wonder dedicate his Oscar for Best Song to Nelson Mandela at the Hollywood awards ceremony last week, the South African equivalent of the BBC—the SABC—has banned all Stevie Wonder records from airplay for an indefinite period.

The ban apparently extends to TV performances as well.

The reason is because Wonder publicly declared support for Mandela, the imprisoned leader of the ANC who has spent the last 20 years in jail.

However, the ban would seem to be having an ironic reverse effect. On the morning of the SABC's announcement, two independent radio stations—Radio Station 700 and Capital Radio—gave Wonder intensive airplay while some record stores have already reported an upswing in sales of his records.

And Mr Irving Schonberg, managing director of RPM Records who handle the Motown label in South Africa, said "The restriction will have no effect on sales. We are very upset with the SABC decision but we are going to do everything in our power to liaise with the SABC to make them rescind their decision".

Observers are already claiming that the Wonder ban will have a similar effect to that of the SABC's ban of The Beatles after Lennon's claim that the group were bigger than Jesus Christ.

As Cape Town's *Evening Argos*, reporting on the Wonder incident, commented, "If it (the SABC) believes that the ban on the airwaves will harm the superstar, look again at the boost it gave to the sale of Beatles records after a similar ban in the 1960s."

Paolo Hewitt

to 6pm fashion show with guest DJs and PAs; and an evening concert from 7pm with Ras Elroy And The Team Band with Keith Drummond, Linette Tee, Lorna Gee, Charisma, Abacush, Pato Banton, Ranking Joe, Edi Fitzroy.

Sunday, 7 April at the Purcell Room: Session 1 from 1pm to 3.15pm Jean Breeze, Natural Touch, Velvet Pearl, Earl 16, Anthony Johnson; Session 2 from 3.45pm to 6pm Charisma, Natural Touch, Sister Paula, Hazel Noel, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Jah Screechy, Satellite Dancers, Ranking Joe; and an evening concert from 7pm with Beehara, Trevor Hartley, Carol

Thompson, Bongo Herman & Jah Bunny, Wondernose, Sassafras, Jennifer Lara, Charlie Chaplin.

Monday, 8 April at the Queen Elizabeth Hall: Session 1 from 11am to 1pm Double Vision, Satellite Dancers, Sister Paula, Hazel Noel, Wondernose, Trevor Hartley; Session 2 from 1.30pm to 3.30pm CMC Steelband, Wondernose, Linette Tee, Earl 16, Anthony Johnson; Session 3 from 4pm to 6pm James Singer, Velvet Pearl, Sandra Edwards, Jean Breeze, Bongo Herman, Coxsons Outernational Hi-Fi and DJs; and the evening concert from 7pm stars Bonnie

Prince Charlie, Ras Elroy And The Team Band, Carol Thompson, Pato Banton, Sassafras, U Roy, Jennifer Lara, Ranking Joe, Edi Fitzroy, Charlie Chaplin and Leroy Smart.

There are both daytime and evening concert tickets, and admission to foyer and auditorium events is by ticket only. Daytime tickets cost £3 on Saturday and Monday and £2 on Sunday. Tickets for individual sessions are £1.50 each. The evening concerts are priced at £4 each. All available from the box-office on 01-928 3191.

Penny Reel

MEET

Andy Gill meets the creators of Max Headroom—the ultimate TV talking head who proves all the others are a bunch of dummies too.

MEET MAX. Max Headroom. A swell guy, and quite a smoothie on the side, I'd imagine. OK, so he stutters a bit, but nobody's perfect, are they? And if you were the sole linkman for Big Time TV, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, well, your diodes might get a little over-excited too.

Max is the world's first computer-generated TV show host, unless you count Timmy Mallet, and he'll be introducing some of the best promo videos from the past few years in his own series *The Max Headroom Show*, on a screen near you real soon. And if you're wondering how Max came to be working for Big Time TV, you can follow the whole grisly story in a one-hour film, *Max Headroom*, this Thursday on Channel Four (of course).

Yes, you too can find out how Network 23 developed the Blipverts—condensed three-second semi-subliminal adverts—and how their unfortunate side-effect was almost uncovered by daring investigative TV reporter Edison Carter, and how Edison fell into the hands of Breughel and Mahler, spare body-part suppliers to the surgical industry, and how, ultimately, ageing anarcho-punk Blank Reg of pirate station Big Time wound up with Max. And how Big Time's ratings soared...

Max is the brainchild of Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, better known as Cucumber Studios, makers of state-of-the-art commercials—the Quatro is-it-a-credit-card-or-what? soft drink ad, the Pirelli one in which the road

becomes a snake and 'Riders On The Storm' plays, the United choccy biccy ad, and most recently the "New Man" affair—and the world's best pop promos.

Among their award winning videos are those for Elvis Costello's 'Accidents Will Happen' (which effectively originated the idea of a video having a meaning beyond purely marketing functions), Tom Tom Club's 'Genius Of Love', Miles Davis' 'Decoy', and—my favourite—Donald Fagen's 'New Frontier'. In its combination of live action, animation and computer graphics, and its use of allusion and suggestion rather than straight depiction, this last is probably the best example of their work.

"It's a bit like a sketchbook of ideas before you actually do the finished painting," says Rocky of their technique, "where you've got all these different ideas and roots and possibilities, and you can drift from one to another, away from the narrative. Like the music inspires you to think in abstract ways, the vision should help you to do the same thing. It's nice to get a story that just drifts in and out of imagination and back to reality."

The atmosphere and subject matter of 'New Frontier', of a quaintly archaic version of the future derived from the past, is developed further in *Max Headroom*, where the future has become a kind of comic dystopian nightmare. The pair themselves liken it to *Eraserhead* and *1984*, and especially to Terry Gilliam's

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MAD MAX 625

Brazil.

"It's a feel at the moment," says Annabel. "Everybody's in this pre-apocalyptic state of high anxiety. We were shocked, when we went to see *Brazil*, and the subtitle came up 'Somewhere in the 20th century'. *Ours* says '20 minutes into the future'. It's the same statement, really, it's just pre-apocalyptic paranoia."

There seem to be quite a few TV in-jokes in *Max*...

"That's because we're completely obsessed with TV, really. We're not the Blank Generation—they're going to be ten years younger than us and have watched TV since the word go—but our whole lives are based round TV, and what interests us is the way that TV and life can get so completely confused."

"There's one particular sequence (in *Max*) that we didn't expand, which was the 'Hollywood Wars', whereby you're not sure whether what's actually happening in Hollywood is a *real* war, whether it's a war for TV and the media, or whether it's a political war, or whatever, because all you ever get fed is information on TV, so you've got absolutely no judgement about reality."

"Anyone that watches *Max Headroom* will realise that we're talking about TV and the people that watch TV and the people that make TV, and the way that TV is infesting all our lives."

One thing that will surprise viewers is the way that Max himself, for all his *literal* inhumanity, has more of a personality—is more *human*—than most of our living TV presenters.

"All characters, whether they're just a dot on a piece of paper that moves around, or Terry Wogan, they've all got to have some personality that can withstand constant exposure. The idea of Max Headroom, in the context of the film, is that he's on 24 hours

a day, day after day, and the reason he's such a great notion to Big Time TV is that he's cheap, he doesn't need feeding or paying—you just plug him in and off he goes.

"He sums up the robot age, really. He inherently malfunctions, because as far as technology goes, there is no such thing as a machine that doesn't break down. And Max Headroom represents the state-of-art in computer-generated TV hosts, but unfortunately the technology is just hopeless, and it breaks down, and *he* breaks down. Just like human beings break down confronted by technology that breaks down!"

It may sound odd coming from someone who makes a living working with some of the highest technology around, but Annabel has few illusions about the shortcomings of technology: it's largely to blame for all recent "futuristic" conceptions being so dystopian, after decades of utopian hope.

"It's becoming more and more apparent that the technology *isn't* going to save us, it's going to be the thing that brings society down, because technology is basically a pile of useless junk. People think it's there to make their lives easier, with less decision-making, whereas in actual fact it just confuses everything, because people stop communicating, they stop making their own decisions, they come to depend on the machines, and all the bloody machines go and do is break down!"

"There's only *one* thing you can do with machines, and that's *kick them!*"

Max Headroom (The Film): this Thursday 9.30–10.30, Channel 4.

The Max Headroom Show: 13 half-hour programmes, starting this Saturday 6.00pm, Channel 4.



Max—the new TV star who'll be on your screens this week.

AN "EXCLUSIVE" splashed across the front page of last Thursday's *Daily Mirror* revealing The Police have officially split has been strenuously denied by the so-called source of the story—the band's drummer, Stewart Copeland.

Credited to John Blake (although "his young protégé" conducted the interview), an inside item quoted Copeland as saying, "The belief that we have taken a sabbatical is utter rubbish. We officially broke up at the end of our 1984 tour of America. I signed an agreement and there is definitely no decision to get back together again".

But speaking to *NME*, Copeland claimed: "Some of the quotes are actual quotes, and some of them are completely fabricated."

"The only accurate line in there is, 'there is definitely no decision to get back together again'; which there isn't. We haven't got any studios booked, we haven't got any tours booked... but we will get back together again sometime. The whole point is to have it completely up in

the open, and fate will bring us back together again. I'm sure it will; we're all still very keen on the group, although we're involved in other stuff."

According to Copeland The Police will be recording again at the end of '86 for release the following year.

Quite how Copeland was so blatantly misquoted is not explained. But with Blake's self-confessed collusion with name groups in fabricating stories to raise their profile, the cynic can't help but wonder whether Copeland hasn't deliberately staged this gambit just to attract even more publicity.

"That's why I'm not upset," Copeland replied philosophically. "When I first read it I thought, the little, rotten swine, then my phone started ringing and, shit, I got a plug on Radio 1 and here I am talking to the *NME*."

"I'm also touched that people could give a shit about what The Police are doing. We haven't done anything for months now, and I would've thought that everybody would have been more interested in Wham!"

"It wasn't a colluded deal."

Tony Stewart

SIoux DATE

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES interrupt rehearsals for their upcoming album to play their first London date since last September—at St James's Church in Piccadilly on Wednesday, 10 April.

It's being presented by The Anti Heroin Campaign in association with Dimension Music, and is the first in a series of projects to raise funds for Pete Townshend's Double-O venture (as previously reported, a concert at Charlton Athletic football ground is planned for May on behalf of the same cause).

Siouxsie says she and the band have chosen to play this date as they wish to be counted among those who are concerned about the increasing use of heroin. Tickets are £10, available from today (Wednesday) only at the Premier Box-Office in Shaftesbury Avenue.

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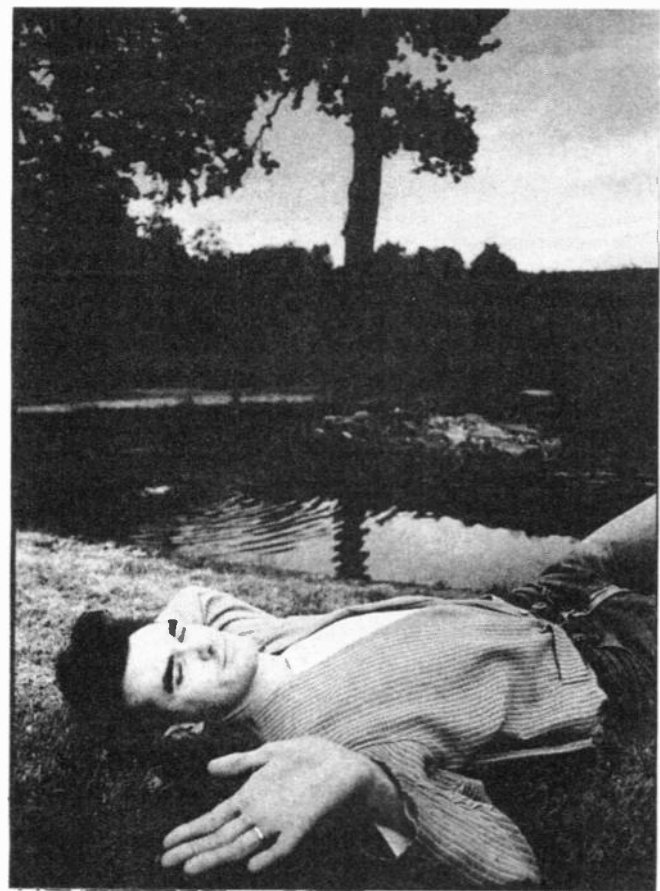
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NME CHARTS



A midsummer night's dream Pic Kevin Cummins

45s			INDEPENDENT			LPs		
1	3	SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	1	1	MEAT IS MURDER	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	1
2	6	AIKEA - GUNEA EP	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	2	2	TREASURE	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	2
3	1	UPSIDE DOWN	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Creation)	3	5	HATFUL OF MELLOW	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	3
4	4	THIS IS NOT ENOUGH	Conflict (Mortahate)	4	4	SHOULDER TO SHOULDER	Test Department (Some Bizzare)	4
5	2	HYMN FROM A VILLAGE	James (Factory)	5	6	GOOD AND GONE	Screaming Blue Messiahs (Big Beat)	5
6	17	TAKING A LIBERTY	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)	6	21	HIP PRIEST AND KAMERADS	The Fall (Situation Two)	6
7	19	SHE GOES TO FIND'S	Toy Dolls (Volume)	7	7	NEW DAY RISING	Hüsker Dü (SST)	7
8	5	PROMISED LAND	Skeletal Family (Red Rhino)	8	3	MINI ALBUM	Sex Pistols (Chaos)	8
9	9	LOVE ME	Balaam And The Angel (Chapter One)	9	13	PEACE	Various (Crass)	9
10	10	GREENFIELDS OF FRANCE	The Men They Couldn't Hang (Demon)	10	15	VENGEANCE	New Model Army (Abstract)	10
11	8	ST SWITHIN'S DAY	Billy Bragg (Go! Discs)	11	14	RETROSPECTIVE	Vic Godard And The Subway Sect (Rough Trade)	11
12	11	CLOTHES SHOP	Terry & Gerry (In Tape)	12	17	HOLE	Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel (Self Immolation)	12
13	12	I HEAR NOISES EP	Vibes (Chainsaw)	13	11	SMELL OF FEMALE	Cramps (Big Beat)	13
14	21	RAPING A SLAVE EP	Swans (Kevin 422)	14	10	RUMBLE	Inca Babies (Black Lagoon)	14
15	15	SWEET MIX	Sweet (Anagram)	15	16	IT'LL END IN TEARS	This Mortal Coil (4AD)	15
16	7	HOW SOON IS NOW	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	16	8	SCATOLOGY	Coil (Some Bizzare)	16
17	23	CHANCE	Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)	17	12	TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER	Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)	17
18	20	YU-GONG	Einsturzende Neubauten (Some Bizzare)	18	18	WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR	Various (Fight Back)	18
19	(-)	IN THE WORLD	Microdisney (Rough Trade)	19	9	CURSE OF THE MUTANTS	Meteors (Dojo)	19
20	22	YOU	Chakk (Fon)	20	23	WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING LAW	Various (Fight Back)	20
21	16	FUNNERY IN A HUNNERY EP	Hagar The Womb (Abstract)	21	(-)	BAD MOON RISING	Sonic Youth (Blast/Homestead)	21
22	25	UNAMERICAN BROADCASTING	Win (Swamplands)	22	(-)	THIS IS YOUR LIFE	Adicts (Fall Out)	22
23	14	SACROSANCT	Playdead (Clay)	23	RE	SWEET SIXTEEN	Sweet (Anagram)	23
24	13	PRICK UP YOUR EARS / BIAS BINDING	Yeah Yeah Noh (In Tape)	24	22	THE SMITHS	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	24
25	27	DON'T TURN YOUR BACK EP	DOA (Alternative Tentacles)	25	25	BAM! MUSTAPIAS PLAY STEREO	3 Mustaphas 3 (Global Style)	25
26	18	LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY	Ex Pistols (Cherry Red)	26	27	ZEN ANCAE	Hüsker Dü (SST)	26
27	(-)	SHOUT !!	Gents (Lambs To The Slaughter)	27	(-)	HEADS AND HEARTS	The Sound (Statik)	27
28	(-)	IGNORE THE MACHINE	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)	28	(-)	THEY SHALL NOT PASS	Various (Abstract)	28
29	24	FINELY NAMED MACHINE	Foetus Over Frisco (Self Immolation)	29	(-)	FANCY MEETING GOS	Marc Riley And The Creepers (In Tape)	29
30	29	NEVER MIND THE JACKSONS HERE'S THE POLLOCKS	Various (Abstract)	30	(-)	HORROR EPICS	Exploited (Konexion)	30

45s			UK TOP FIFTY			LPs					
THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST IN WEEKS	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST IN WEEKS	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			
1	1	EASY LOVER	Phil Collins/Phillip Bailey (CBS)	5	1	1	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED	Phil Collins (Virgin)	6	1
2	2	THAT OLE DEVIL CALLED LOVE	Alison Moyet (CBS)	4	2	2	2	DREAM IN ACTION	Howard Jones (WEA)	3	2
3	11	PIE JESU	Sarah Brightman & Paul Miles-Kingston (HMV)	2	3	(-)	3	THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION	Paul Young (CBS)	1	3
4	21	WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE DOME	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	2	4	4	4	ALF	Alison Moyet (CBS)	20	1
5	3	EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY	Paul Young (CBS)	5	3	5	5	BORN IN THE USA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	11	1
6	7	WE CLOSE OUR EYES	Go West (Chrysalis)	5	6	6	3	SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	4	2
7	6	DO WHAT YOU DO	Jermaine Jackson (Arista)	5	6	7	14	REQUIEM	Various (EMI)	2	7
8	12	WIDE BOY	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	4	8	8	6	BEHIND THE SUN	Eric Clapton (Warner Bros)	3	6
9	4	MATERIAL GIRL	Madonna (Sire)	5	3	9	10	PRIVATE DANCER	Tina Turner (Capitol)	40	3
10	14	COVER ME	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	3	10	10	9	RECKLESS	Bryan Adams (Capitol)	6	6
11	44	EVERYBODY WANTS TO . . .	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	2	11	11	8	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna (Sire)	15	8
12	16	SOME LIKE IT HOT	The Power Station (Parlophone)	4	12	12	12	DIAMOND LIFE	Sade (CBS)	36	1
13	17	HANGIN' ON A STRING	Loose Ends (Virgin)	6	13	13	7	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST	Don Henley (Geffen)	6	6
14	13	BETWEEN THE WARS EP	Billy Bragg (Go! Discs)	4	13	14	11	SHE'S THE BOSS	Mick Jagger (CBS)	4	4
15	5	YOU SPIN ME ROUND	Dead Or Alive (Epic)	10	1	15	17	MEAT IS MURDER	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	7	1
16	10	THE LAST KISS	David Cassidy (Arista)	5	6	16	13	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	20	1
17	29	SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	2	17	17	19	PURPLE RAIN	Prince (Warner Bros)	5	17
18	9	KISS ME	Stephen "Tin Tin" Duffy (10/Virgin)	5	4	18	40	WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE DOME	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	21	1
19	33	COULD IT BE I'M FALLING IN LOVE	David Grant & Jaki Graham (Chrysalis)	2	19	19	15	HITS OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	10	3
20	23	MOVE CLOSER	Phyllis Nelson (Carrere)	4	20	20	(-)	CHINESE WALL	Philip Bailey (CBS)	1	20
21	22	DANCING IN THE DARK EP	Big Daddy (Making Waves)	3	21	21	16	FIRST AND LAST AND ALWAYS	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	16
22	20	WON'T YOU HOLD MY HAND NOW	King (CBS)	3	20	22	(-)	THE POWER STATION	The Power Station (EMI)	1	22
23	34	THE HEAT IS ON	Glenn Frey (MCA)	4	23	23	(-)	WORKING NIGHTS	Working Week (Virgin)	1	23
24	19	MR TELEPHONE MAN	New Edition (MCA)	5	19	24	18	NIGHTSHIFT	Commodores (Motown)	6	14
25	8	THE BELLE OF ST MARK	Sheila E (Warner Bros)	5	8	25	(-)	THE NIGHT WE FELL IN LOVE	Luther Vandross (Epic)	1	25
26	42	GRIMLY FRIENDSH	The Damned (MCA)	2	26	26	(-)	20/20	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	26
27	26	AIKEA - GUNEA EP	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	2	26	27	28	LIFE'S A RIOT	Billy Bragg (Go! Discs)	9	26
28	(-)	NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	1	28	28	20	NIGHTTIME	Killing Joke (EG)	5	9
29	15	NIGHTSHIFT	Commodores (Motown)	10	2	29	38	SECRET SECRETS	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	8	9
30	(-)	CLOUDS ACROSS THE MOON	Rah Band (RCA)	1	30	30	(-)	THE VERY BEST OF . . .	Brenda Lee (MCA)	1	30
31	27	SPEND THE NIGHT	Cool Notes (Abstract Dance)	3	27	31	22	MAKE IT BIG	Wham! (CBS)	21	1
32	43	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)	2	32	32	24	STEPS IN TIME	King (CBS)	5	5
33	18	I KNOW HIM SO WELL	Elaine Paige & Barbara Dickson (RCA)	11	1	33	21	THE AGE OF CONSENT	Bronski Beat (Forbidden Fruit)	14	5
34	25	DANCING IN THE DARK	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	12	4	34	(-)	BIRDY	Peter Gabriel (Charisma/Virgin)	1	34
35	48	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	2	35	35	29	CAN'T STOP THE LOVE	Maze (Capitol)	4	29
36	(-)	KINGS AND QUEENS	Killing Joke (EG/Polydor)	1	36	36	35	LEGEND	Clannad (RCA)	2	35
37	(-)	SOMEBODY	Bryan Adams (A&M)	1	37	37	23	CHESS	Various (RCA)	6	11
38	(-)	LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN	Dream Academy (Blanco Y Negro)	1	38	38	26	NO PAULEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	3	26
39	(-)	A PAIR OF BROWN EYES	The Pogues (Stiff)	1	39	39	37	BEVERLY HILLS COP	Various (MCA)	5	29
40	31	THE BOYS OF SUMMER	Don Henley (Geffen)	8	9	40	(-)	REGGAE HITS VOL 1	Various (Jetstar)	1	40
41	30	LET'S GO TOGETHER	Change (Cooltempo)	2	30	41	45	THE BAD AND LOWDOWN WORLD OF . . .	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	8	5
42	45	SHE GOES TO FINDS	Toy Dolls (Volume)	2	42	42	25	THE SONGBOOK	Barbara Dickson (K-Tel)	11	12
43	32	METHOD OF MODERN LOVE	Hall & Oates (RCA)	5	18	43	31	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	4	31
44	(-)	CRY	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	1	44	44	46	STOP MAKING SENSE	Talking Heads (EMI)	3	38
45	36	MYZTERIOUS MYZSTER JONES	Slade (RCA)	2	36	45	32	BEYOND APPEARANCE	Santana (CBS)	2	32
46	(-)	BAD HABITS	Jenny Burton (Atlantic)	1	46	46	33	THE RIDDLE	Nik Kershaw (MCA)	2	33
47	(-)	BLACK MAN RAY	China Crisis (Virgin)	1	47	47	(-)	POWER AND PASSION	Mama's Boys (Jive)	1	47
48	(-)	GUN LAW	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	1	48	48	(-)	HOW WILL THE WOLF SURVIVE?	Los Lobos (London)	1	48
49	(-)	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Meatloaf (Arista)	1	49	49	50	WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON	Matt Bianco (WEA)	2	49
50	28	BELFAST	Bambrick (Homespun)	3	28	50	(-)	HIP PRIEST AND KAMERADS	The Fall (Situation Two)	1	50

DANCEFLOOR		20
1	GOT TO BE REAL	Cheryl Lynn (CBS 12")
2	PUMP ME UP	Trouble Funk (Sugarhill 12")
3	HARVEST FOR THE WORLD	Isley Bros (CBS 7")
4	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown 7")
5	BOOM BOOM	John Lee Hooker (Charly 7")
6	MICHAEL THE LOVER	Geno Washington (Soul Supply 12")
7	SIXTEEN TONS	Tennessee Ernie Ford (Capitol 7")
8	BUSTIN' LOOSE	Chuck Brown (Source 12")
9	DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT	Huey 'Piano' Smith (Kent 7")
10	BOOGIE DOWN	Mann Parrish (Polydor Promo 12")
11	WICKY WACKY	Fatback Band (Polydor)
12	GOOD ROCKIN' DADDY	Etta James (Ace)
13	SHAME SHAME SHAME	Jimmy Reed (Charly 7")
14	BACK IN STRIDE	Maze (Capitol 12")
15	THE FREAKS COME OUT AT NIGHT	Whodini (Jive 12")
16	SIDEWINDER	Lee Morgan (Blue Note Promo 12")
17	Ms FINE BROWN FRAME	Syl Johnson (Epic 12")
18	HONKY TONK	James Brown (Polydor 7")
19	LOVE HAS COME AROUND	Donald Byrd (Electra 12")
20	USE ME	Bill Withers (CBS)

Compiled by Quentin, DJ at Beatbox (Tuesdays), the Brighton Belle.

FUNK		20
1	FEELS SO REAL	Steve Arrington (Atlantic) (US)
2	FAN THE FLAME	Barbara Pennington (Record Shack)
3	I WANT YOUR LOVING	Curtis Hairston (Pretty Pearl) (US)
4	YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER	T. C. Curtis (Virgin)
5	BAD HABITS	Jenny Burton (Atlantic)
6	THIEF IN THE NIGHT	George Duke (Elektra) (US)
7	HANGING ON A STRING	Loose Ends (Virgin)
8	WATCHING YOU	Joanna Gardner (Philly World) (US)
9	COULD IT BE I'M FALLING IN LOVE	David Grant & Jaki Graham (Chrysalis)
10	TOO MUCH TOO FAST	Vera Brown And The Rich Girls (Palace) (Neds.)
11	LET ME BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Touch Of Class (Atlantic)
12	TAKING OFF YOUR HANDS	Mahogany Watkins (4th & Broadway) (US)
13	RHYTHM OF THE STREET	Debarge (Motown)
14	DO YOU WANT TO GET AWAY	Shannon (Mirage) (US)
15	PEEPING TOM	Rockwell (Motown) (US)
16	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Atlantic) (US)
17	SKINTIGHT TINA	Prince Charles (Arista) (US)
18	POINT OF NO RETURN	Expose (Motown)
19	IN MY HOUSE	Mary Jane Girls (Arista) (US)
20	LOOP	Tom Browne (Total Experience) (US)

Chart by Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1.

SOCA DISCO		45s
1	SEE ME THE TING	Lord Kitchener (Charlie's)
2	THERE'S AN ISLAND	Eugene Paul (Hot Vinyl)
3	WALK THROUGH THIS WORLD WITH ME	Tropic Amber (Tropical)
4	MASS FANTASY	Protector (Charlie's)
5	WE SHALL OVERCOME	Roy Alton (Sun Burn)
6	DON'T MAKE WAVE	Belinda Parker (BB)
7	SOCA TAKING OVER	King Austin (Charlie's)
8	THEY WINEY	Byron Lee And The Dragonaires (Dynamic)
9	GYPSY BOY	Jodie & Sherri (Splendid)
10	SOCA RUMBA / BILLS BILLS BILLS	Arrow (Hot Vinyl)

REGGAE PRE		LPs
1	BARRINGTON LEVY MEETS FRANKIE PAUL	(Arrival)
2	BE MY LADY	Frankie Paul (Joe Gibbs)
3	RYDM	Sugar Minott (Power House)
4	OUTCRY	Mutabaruka (Shanachie)
5	HOT BUBBLE GUM	Toyah (Power House)
6	SLICE OF THE CAKE	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
7	ALL FOR YOU	Eddie Lovette (K&K)
8	LOVE'S GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
9	ACROSS THE BORDER	Freddie McGregor (Ras)
10	PARADISE	Carlene Davis (Orange)

Courtesy Jet Star

US45s

1 ONE MORE NIGHT

2 MATERIAL GIRL

3 CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING

4 LOVER GIRL

5 WE ARE THE WORLD

6 TOO LATE FOR GOODBYES

7 PRIVATE DANCER

8 HIGH ON YOU

9 CRAZY FOR YOU

10 NIGHTSHIFT

11 THE HEAT IS ON

12 JUST ANOTHER NIGHT

13 SOMEBODY

14 I'M ON FIRE

15 MISSING YOU

Phil Collins (Atlantic)

Madonna (Sire)

Reo Speedwagon (Epic)

Teena Marie (Epic)

USA For Africa (Columbia)

Julian Lennon (Atlantic)

Tina Turner (Capitol)

Survivor (Scotti Bros.)

Madonna (Geffen)

Commodores (Motown)

Glenn Frey (MCA)

Mick Jagger (Columbia)

Bryan Adams (A&M)

Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)

Diana Ross (RCA)

(Courtesy Billboard)

USLPs

1 NO JACKET REQUIRED

2 CENTERFIELD

3 BORN IN THE USA

4 BEVERLY HILLS COP

5 PRIVATE DANCER

6 LIKE A VIRGIN

7 MAKE IT BIG

8 WHEELS ARE TURNING

9 AGENT PROVOCATEUR

10 RECKLESS

11 NEW EDITION

12 BREAK OUT

13 BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST

14 SHE'S THE BOSS

15 CRAZY FROM THE HEAT

Phil Collins (Atlantic)

John Fogerty (Warner Bros.)

Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)

Soundtrack (MCA)

Tina Turner (Capitol)

Madonna (Sire)

Wham! (Columbia)

Reo Speedwagon (Epic)

Foreigner (Atlantic)

Bryan Adams (A&M)

New Edition (MCA)

Pointer Sisters (Planet)

Don Henley (Geffen)

Mick Jagger (Columbia)

David Lee Roth (Warner Bros.)

(Courtesy Billboard)

USJAZZLPs



The lush life lover

1 STRAIGHT TO THE HEART

2 HOT HOUSE FLOWERS

3 20/20

4 HIGH CRIME

5 FIRST CIRCLE

6 INSIDE MOVES

7 OPEN MIND

8 WHITE WINGS

9 SECRETS

10 ONE OF A KIND

11 BOP DOO WOP

12 STEP BY STEP

13 DECEMBER

14 LUSH LIFE

15 AUTUMN

Pic Peter Anderson

David Sanborn (Warner Bros.)

Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)

George Benson (Warner Bros.)

Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)

Pat Metheny Group (ECM)

Grover Washington (Elektra)

Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)

Andreas Vollenweider (Columbia)

Wilton Felder (MCA)

Dave Grusin (GRP)

Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)

Jeff Lorber (Arista)

George Winston (Windham Hill)

Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)

George Winston (Windham Hill)

(Courtesy Billboard)

BUZZCOCKS10



The Brilliant Buzzers

1 ORGASM ADDICT

2 EVER FALLEN IN LOVE

3 BOREDOM

4 WHAT DO I GET?

5 EVERYBODY'S HAPPY NOWADAYS

6 AUTONOMY

7 YOU SAY YOU DON'T LOVE ME

8 MOVING AWAY FROM THE PULSEBEAT

9 PROMISES

10 NO REPLY

(Ultimate United Artists 45)

(U.A. 45)

(off 'Spiral Scratch' EP)

(U.A. 45)

(U.A. 45)

(off 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen')

(U.A. 45)

(off 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen')

(U.A. 45)

(off 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen')

(Chart by us, we won't forget!)

ELECTRONICS10

1 THE BIG WHEEL

2 SHUNKWRAP

3 THE TERMINAL KALEIDOSCOPE

4 SOMETHING STIRS

5 THE SOUNDS OF NAKAJIMA

6 MAKING WAY FOR THE RUMBLER

7 LIQUID LUNCH

8 HOPE

9 SCATOLOGY

10 NOTHING IS SOMETHING

Stress (Adventures In Reality LP)

Attrition (Third Mind 12")

(Ding Dong Discs cassette)

Various (Adventures In Reality LP)

Bushido (Third Mind LP)

Smersh (SM cassette)

Band Of Holy Joy (Pre-release 12")


Bourbonne Qualk (Reeloose LP)

Coil (Some Bizarre LP)

Sue Anne Harkey (CNLF cassette)

(Compiled by The Bottomless Pit, Ilford, Essex)

LEST WE FORGET



What have they done with Big Buzzer? Pic Barry Plummer

5YEARS AGO

1 GOING UNDERGROUND

2 TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL

3 DANCE YOURSELF DIZZY

4 TURNING JAPANESE

5 WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU

6 ECHO BEACH

7 DO THAT TO ME ONE MORE TIME

8 TAKE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE

9 STOMP

10 POISON IVY

The Jam (Polydor)

Fern Kinney (WEA)

Liquid Gold (Polo)

The Vapours (United Artists)

Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)

Martha And The Muffins (Dindisc)

Captain & Tennile (Casablanca)

Marti Webb (Polydor)

Brothers Johnson (A & M)

Lambrettas (Rocket)

10YEARS AGO

1 BYE BYE BABY

2 THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF LOVING

3 FOX ON THE RUN

4 FANCY PANTS

5 GIRLS

6 WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU

7 I CAN DO IT

8 SWING YOUR DADDY

9 FUNKY GIBBON/SICK MAN BLUES

10 ONLY YOU CAN

Bay City Rollers (Bell)

Guys & Dolls (Magnet)

Sweet (RCA)

Kenny (Rak)

Moments & Whatnauts (All Platinum)

Barry White (20th Century)

Rubettes (State)

Jim Gilstrap (Chelsea)

The Goodies (Bradley)

Fox (GTO)

15YEARS AGO

1 BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER

2 CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE

3 KNOCK KNOCK WHO'S THERE

4 WANDERING STAR

5 THAT SAME OLD FEELING

6 YOUNG GIFTED AND BLACK

7 LET IT BE

8 NA NA HEY KISS HIM GOODBYE

9 DON'T CRY DADDY

10 SOMETHING'S BURNING

Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)

Andy Williams (CBS)

Mary Hopkin (Angel)

Lee Marvin (Paramount)

Pickettywitch (Pye)

Bob and Marcia (Harry J)

Beatles (Apple)

Steam (Fontana)

Elvis Presley (RCA)

Kenny Rogers And The First Edition (Reprise)

20YEARS AGO

1 THE LAST TIME

2 CONCRETE AND CLAY

3 THE MINUTE YOU'RE GONE

4 FOR YOUR LOVE

5 IT'S NOT UNUSUAL

6 SILHOUETTES

7 COME AND STAY WITH ME

8 GOODBYE MY LOVE

9 CATCH THE WIND

10 THE TIMES THEY ARE CHANGIN'

The Rolling Stones (Decca)

Unit 4 Plus (Decca)

Cliff Richard (Columbia)

Yardbirds (Columbia)

Tom Jones (Decca)

Herman's Hermits (Columbia)

Marianne Faithfull (Decca)

The Searchers (Columbia)

Donovan (Pye)

Bob Dylan (CBS)

FRED FACT

So Andrew Lloyd-Webber, perhaps the most overrated pop composer ever to put clef to paper, has done it again. From around the country come reports of clashes at local diskeries as coachloads of W.I. members and allied pensioners, on their way back from party bun-fights at Cats and Evita, storm the ramparts in order to lay their mitts on copies of 'Pie Jesu'.

Meanwhile, at a doggy graveyard, now under a bank, in Kingston-upon-Thames, the ghost of Nipper, the world's most famous fox-terrier, has been having a booze-up to celebrate the return of the HMV label to the pop charts. It was in 1909 that Nipper first got his phizog onto the snazzy, new HMV label. By then, the posing pooch of the Barraud painting was long gone, having snaffled his last dog-biscuit back in 1895, four years before his portrait was purchased by the Gramophone Company (now EMI) and five before making his first on-record appearance, in the USA, for the Consolidated Talking Machine Co (now RCA).

Though mainly classically orientated at first, by the early '20s the HMV label could boast a healthy pop catalogue. And so things continued right through to the birth of rock, when Nipper found himself decorating the first UK releases by one Elvis Aron Presley. Through the '50s and much of the '60s he cocked a leg alongside releases by Johnny Kidd, Fats Domino, Dizzy Gillespie, The Swinging Blue Jeans, The Impressions and others, but was forced to go highbrow once more in '67, shortly after Ray Charles provided the last HMV pop label hit with 'Here We Go Again'.

And so Nipper's label headed into a world inhabited only by such names as Boulton, Barenboim and Berglund, forsaking the everyday world of the often Brahms and Liszt pop punter. But now the HMV logo is back among the proles once more. And for that, at least, we should thank Andrew Lloyd-Webber, even though, with Sarah Brightman aboard his hit, we can only think of the label as representing His Missus's Voice.

Fred Dellar

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Saturday 25th May

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I GET THE feeling from your music that you've been hurt quite a bit in love.

"Yeah, that's happened a few times. It's ugly too, ugly in the emotional sense. But, hey!, listen, *c'est la vie*, such is life."

I bet you don't say that at the time.

"You're right, all I can say then is *pass* the chocolate cake."

A huge grin exposes flashing, perfect teeth.

"That's *all* I can say and do at those times. Please, *another* bowl of ice cream. So that's how I cope. Crazy, but all that will change. Eventually."

DOWNTOWN New York: Luther Vandross, tightly wrapped in his fur coat, sits in a tiny TV studio room thinking about Marvin Gaye.

"I've never made an album that makes the point like . . ." He struggles for the sentence. "It's more an assemblage of songs that suit me well than, for example, Marvin Gaye's 'What's Going On' album, which makes a specific point song to song. Whatever the mood is I like to wear the song in a certain way."

Would making a modern 'What's Going On' interest you at all?

"Yeah, at some point for sure. Absolutely. I don't know about the subject matter. It depends on what interests me at a given point."

Which at the moment seems mainly to be relationships. The majority of your songs are all about the getting and losing of love, joy and pain. Don't you ever tire of that and feel you should be writing about something else?

"No, I haven't yet. That's what I want to write about, that's what I want to talk about. Everybody has to do what they've got to do. I'm not going to do anything for the wrong reasons. When I do, believe me, I'll make that time. When I see the fork in the road I'll make that choice, but for now I think it's an important thing to talk about, it's important for me. I was never one to need to have a podium to speak from. Music is not an expression for me of my values in life. It's more about the relationships between people because those things are important."

Luther Vandross is a consummate soul singer, a master craftsman in the art of singing. Amidst a growing number of male black vocalists he has set himself, and others, a standard that can best be summed up by his following assertion.

"I'm not saying that I'm without competition but I think what I have is unique. I think that when you hear a record of mine on the radio, you instantly know it's me. The minute I open my mouth and sing the first word, you know? And that's so important. One of the things I'm most thankful for in my career is that I was never heralded as the new Sam Cooke, the new Donny Hathaway, the new Peabo Bryson. I've always been acknowledged for my own sound."

Vandross has that sublime ability to capture the innate mood of his music, be it an exhilarating tumble on 'I'll Let You Slide', or the extreme tenderness he exposes when he tackles a ballad such as 'A House Is Not A Home.'

It's this kind of vocalising which has elevated Vandross into the same position of respect and awe that his childhood heroes still enjoy. But of more interest is the way Vandross has slightly altered the perspective of things.

Traditionally, the male soul singer has always been seen and sold in terms of sex. From the sweat of Redding, and the tears of Al Green to the gruff, understated machoism of someone like Teddy Pendergrass. These singers, along with a thousand others, have all trodden the same ground, presenting themselves through their music and imagery as desirable objects.

Vandross is different. When he sings of love he does it in such an intimate manner, it's as if he's letting you in on the secret. He has personalised the joy and pain of his songs to such a degree that when he confesses, he's doing so as a friend, a *confidant*, rather than as a predator.

Vandross is vulnerable and trusting. But there can be no doubt that, because of his voice's power and grandeur, he actually wastes, lyrically speaking, a lot of his material.

The importance of lyrics to a song — just *how* effective are they — is a debate that can never be resolved. Realising that he is unable to compete with the elegant pen of, say, Smokey Robinson, Vandross can get away with writing in the most simplistic manner — you can spot the rhymes and reasons in his songs a mile off — because he knows that his voice is both strong and pure enough to overcome this defect. It's his sound that seduces, not his wit.

"It's amazing. People tend to see me platonically, very fraternally. They don't lust. I don't get that, I don't get the feeling that's what it is. I can be in a store or a restaurant and people will come over and talk like they're talking to their brother. And I love that. Very seldom do they come over with the real promiscuous, flirtatious type of approach. Very seldom does that happen."

Vandross's reputation lies in his ability to interpret ballads; the way he soothes and caresses, throws in delightful vocal tricks against lush backdrops of strings. Alternately, he can go right to the other extreme, strip things right down to bass and drums and display a power, drilled home by his band, that is heady and intoxicating.

This is the Vandross, the Vandross of such stompers as 'I Wanted Your Love', 'Never Too Much', 'I've Been Working' and the new single, 'Till My Baby', which I admire. Most people don't.

"There's no accounting for taste," he says with a grin, "I'm glad you like *something*. I think maybe the people who made my albums platinum don't necessarily think that way. I think 'A House Is Not A Home', 'Superstar' and 'Since I Lost My Baby', those covers, and 'Forever, For Always,' they're the big reasons why the records sell to that degree."

ANOTHER ASPECT of the man's music is the quality of the musicians he surrounds himself with.

"I don't spend my every day thinking about breaking records or sales figures," Vandross asserts. "I'm enjoying my career and I use the absolute best talent around. Because there is no band, *no* band, to touch my band, no group of singers who can touch my singers. And we *enjoy* it."

He speaks with pride and so he should. The combined forces of talents like Yogi Horton, Doc Powell and Marcus Miller have so much to do, not only with the songwriting, but with the clear, precise sound that Vandross revels in.

They met years ago. Vandross was singing on jingles for Kentucky Fried Chicken and they were providing the music. Vandross had already worked with the likes of Bowie on 'Young Americans' and Roberta Flack, but in the late '70s, as he tried to get things moving for himself, jingle singing was his main source of income.

"Naturally," he recalls, "when I'd saved up enough money to make my first set of demos I wanted them to play on it because those were my friends. When the success happened they were only too glad to stick with it. Because we'd all done the session thing, we'd all spent from nine in the morning to midnight doing sessions all day for years upon years. So when the time came for one of us to break out, we said 'hey, do you know how much fun we're going to have on this bus?'"

To many people a past which included jingle singing would prove, at the least, a major source of embarrassment. Not so for Luther.

"Embarrassed? Hell no! Are you kidding? Let's talk about the part that isn't important. First of all the money is tremendous. Tremendous. You have to sell an awful amount of records to make as much money as I did as a jingle singer. It's a very lucrative profession. A lot of people don't turn solo because they much prefer the money and the anonymity of it. But there's nothing to be ashamed of, it's a wonderful thing. Background singing is an art that not everyone can do."

When did you learn the art of singing?

Vandross tuts disapprovingly.

LUTHER VANDROSS used to sing jingles for Kentucky Fried Chicken. Now he links his voice round painful love lyrics. **PAOLO HEWITT** hears his confessions about the other love in his life — singing. **Photo LAWRENCE WATSON**

LABOURS MADE

"You don't learn the art of singing," he says, a trifle impatient. "You learn the art of mathematics but singing is something a little more innate, a lot more natural. Of course you have influences throughout your career but there's no one place that you can stop and say you've learnt how to sing."

He's a large man, over 300 pounds, and there is a definite vulnerability that surrounds him. His taste reflects this. The AOR sound of Dionne Warwick, Diana Ross and Barbara Streisand — that mellow, easy-going softness — attracts him like no other.

Their names often pop up in conversation. Women singers, he says, have always been his favourites and perhaps in that revelation lies the key to his own unguarded projection. Certainly, on his new LP, 'The Night I Fell In Love', the big ballads tend to dominate. And who else but Vandross could be driven to write a song with a title like 'My Male Sensitivity'?

I can't say for sure but money doesn't seem to be the driving force behind him. The best songwriters are those who are still *fans* of music, not just it's practitioners, and Vandross, easy listening preferences aside, is most certainly that fan. Since his Stateside success, his finest hour was producing two Aretha Franklin LPs and so resuscitating the career of a singer he grew up in love with.

"I can say why it was so wonderful," Vandross says tetchily, "to make it sound nice and capsulized for what you're going to write. But you know the best part of why is inexplicable and unspeakable. I can find the words alright but it ain't what I want to do."

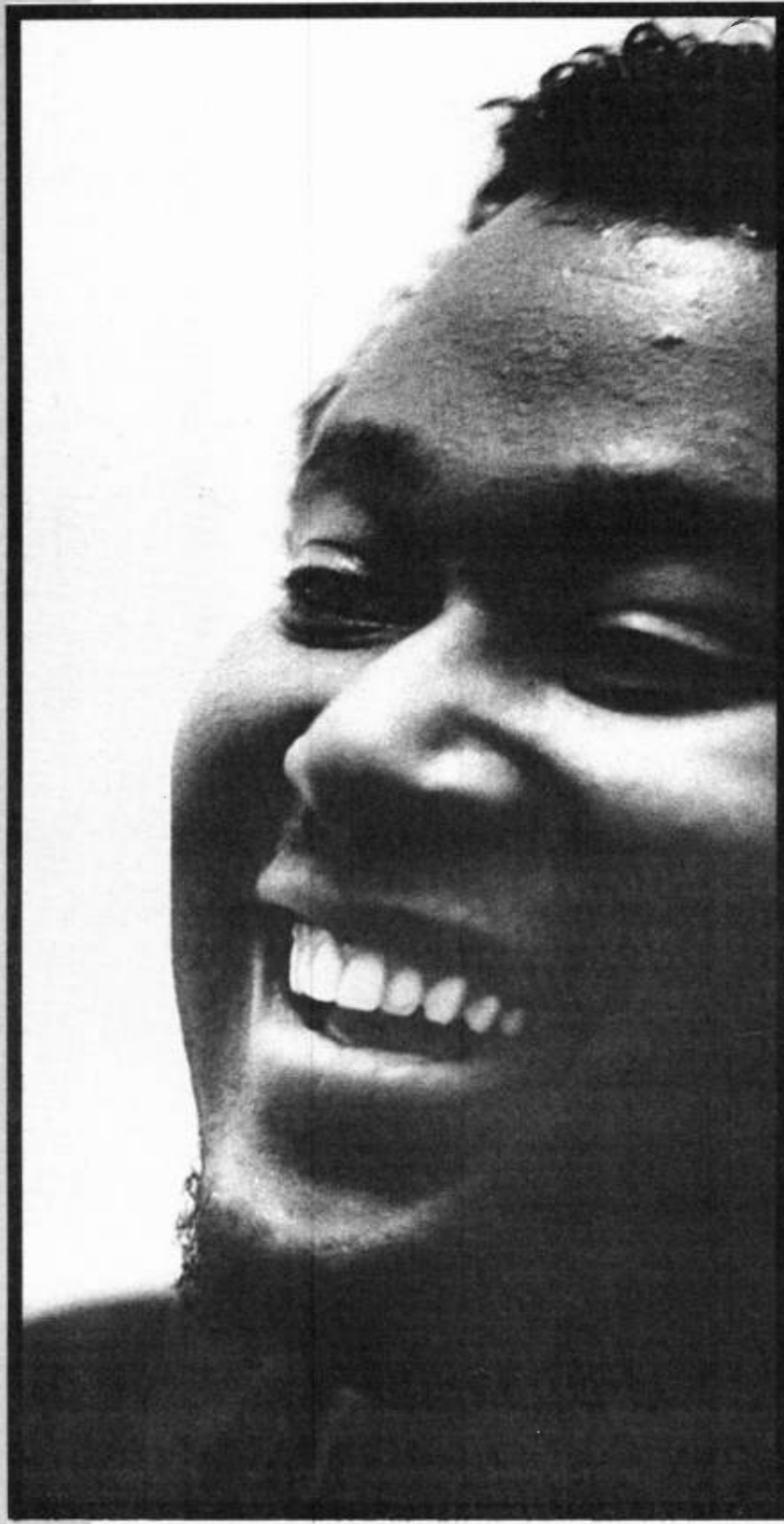
What Luther Vandross does want to do is be your best friend.

ASIDE FROM the obvious things like the money and recognition, what is the most you can expect out of your music? What is it that would make it all worthwhile?

"It would be nice to meet someone who is listening to the music . . ."

Again, that struggle for the correct words.

"It would be nice to meet someone backstage who in listening to the music could sift out something that was maybe on my mind. Not some surface thing that anyone could figure out from listening to the lyric, but I mean for someone to know my *feeling*. That would be great, that would give me my personal reward from the music."



PHILIP BAILEY used to sing with Earth Wind And Fire. Now he's teamed up alongside Phil Collins to reach Number One with 'Easy Lover'. **SIMON WITTER** hears about the other love in his life — the gospel.

OF LOVE EASY



IF AN angel could sing, he would probably sound like Philip Bailey.

Bailey's voice is one of music's unique sounds. With phrasing as instinctual as Billie Holiday's, but devoid of that rough, stunning pain, it is a soaring, celebratory sound. It's the sound of a man who loves to sing.

As heavy-handed and indifferent as 'Easy Lover' is, I welcome the success of the Two Phils for exposing a completely new audience to the pleasures of that uplifting voice, and to two of the finest LPs of this last year. In contrast to the high throw-away percentage of many funk LPs, Bailey's new solo albums, 'Chinese Wall' (CBS) and 'The Wonders Of His Love' (Myrrh/Word UK), are consistently varied and excellent records.

Stunningly well produced by Phil Collins, 'Chinese Wall' is not only the most distinctive sounding soul album in recent years, it also blows away most of the competition in the pop arena. Bailey's 'gospel' album, 'The Wonders Of His Love', is a churchy, operatic jazz-funk masterpiece, though not a patch on 'Chinese Wall' in sound, it showcases some of Bailey's most blissful singing, and proves conclusively that the devil doesn't have all the best tunes.

PHILIP BAILEY was born in Denver, Colorado. Unlike so many soul singers, he never sang in a gospel choir, and doesn't have six brothers (just a sister and a mother). At the age of 21, he joined Earth Wind & Fire. Until the 'Thriller' phenomenon, Earth Wind & Fire were the world's biggest-selling black act, and it was Bailey's swooping falsetto that fronted many of their hits like 'Fantasy', 'Reasons', and 'After The Love Is Gone' (which won a Grammy for best vocal performance).

Though ridiculed for their bombastic excesses and mumbo jumbo mysticism, EW&F were responsible for the most sophisticated soul/jazz fusion music ever created. While their concept of universal love and positivism occasionally seemed like a hippy hangover, they were making super-tough, ecstatic dance music like 'Shining Star', 'Getaway' and 'Jupiter'.

In the get-up-and-get-down disco era, they were singing songs that were actually about something. 'Saturday Nite', a harsh criticism of escapism, was a million miles from *Thank God It's Friday*: "Our visions show a stormy past. When we gonna wake and see the sun,

stop wasting time and having fun?" In 1982 US national radio banned 'Freedom Of Choice' (from 'Powerlight') simply because it suggested that black people should vote.

In 1981, EW&F came out with 'Raise', a big-band funk epic with a production to match Trevor Horn's, but after the world tour in '82, things went downhill. The next two albums failed to bring in the customary double platinum discs, Maurice fired The Phoenix Horns — the band's trademark, and one of the punchiest horn sections around — and they stopped playing live.

Philip Bailey's emergence as a solo artist was inevitable, since Maurice had started singing almost all the lead parts (Philip was given one song on each of the last two EW&F LPs). The man who had sung half the songs before, was now reduced to the status of backing vocalist.

In '83, hot on the heels of EW&F's last LP, Bailey's solo debut 'Continuation' appeared, featuring big-names contributions from George Duke, Deneice Williams and Sister Sledge. Despite four real scorches, and that voice, it was a disappointingly conventional album, and caused little excitement. To ensure that he didn't make another typical US R&B album, Bailey came to London to work with Phil Collins. 'Chinese Wall', the result of the two months he spent here — "working out, riding the tube and drinking a lot of lager and lime" (rock 'n' roll, phew!) speaks for itself.

In 1975 Philip 'saw the light', and has since become deeply religious, in the least hypocritical and self-righteous way. He didn't disown his past or leave EW&F, didn't appear on evangelistic platforms or US Christian TV, and there were no revelations about 'My Sordid Sinful Past By Sanctified Singer Philip Bailey'.

Ten years later, 'The Wonders Of His Love' is Bailey's testimony to his faith.

A COUPLE of months ago, when Phil Collins was rehearsing at Shepperton Studios, I exchanged a few words with the man who helped make 'Chinese Wall' such an impressive record, and he explained how he came to produce it.

"I'm a great fan of EW&F, and when Phil came to my concert in LA, he liked the show and asked me if I'd produce him. I was very flattered that a big black R&B singer wanted me to produce an album for him, so I did it as a challenge."

Did you have specific musical ideas for the album?

"Yes, but there were a few hiccups at first. Phil was told by black radio in America that if he didn't come up with a black album — they didn't want no pretty album — they wouldn't play it. He was faced with wanting to do something different, but having that enormous pressure from black American radio, and I was confused and annoyed that it had all come to that.

"He had the courage of his conviction to say, 'Let's forget what black radio wants, and do an album that's different. There are a couple of traditional R&B songs, slow, soulful ballads, but the sound is definitely English.'"

HE'S ELUSIVE, is our Philip. Over the last month I've been promised phone interviews with him from LA, Barcelona, and Hawaii. Finally last Saturday I got him on the phone, at home in Denver. He began by explaining his roots in singing.

"I sang in a group called The Echoes Of Youth, here in Denver, that had some incredible singers. At college I studied operatic baritone. My range is from baritone to first soprano."

Your voice seems to convey joy more than the pain and heartbreak usually associated with soul singing. Do you think that's a fair comment?

"Yeah, I really do. Fortunately a lot of the dues that were paid for me come before my time, so I haven't had a really bad life. My life is full of joy and happiness, and my voice probably reflects that. It's an unprejudiced sound, because I relate to all sorts of people, and my belief in God, and that my voice is a gift, allows me to sing uninhibitedly. I think I get more fun out of singing than the audience does out of listening."

What do you think made EW&F different to other groups?

"We always fought so desperately not to be categorised as a 'soul' group. A lot

of us were heavily jazz-influenced, and there was a great depth of musical expression in the band. Very few people cover EW&F songs, unless they can really play. The music is very intricate, but it's made to sound simple. We called it spectral music, because it appealed to black and white, South Americans and Africans. It was more universal."

Is it true that Maurice sacked The Phoenix Horns because he was sick of hearing them on Phil Collins' records?

"Yeah, and I think that was a mistake. The Phoenix Horns still love Maurice, so nothing's beyond repair."

Is it true that EW&F have split?

"More or less. We're talking about doing another album, but for the most part nothing's happening. Maurice is doing solo projects also."

Why did you go solo in '83?

"Well, when EW&F stopped touring, and we were recording an album every 16 months, I still wanted to do what I love most, to sing. It was simpler to have my own songs and solo platform, cos I couldn't sit around waiting for EW&F to work. And Maurice was doing most of the songs, so it made sense."

Did you have any musical ideas that were different from EW&F?

"Yes, but the pressure of what was expected of me was so great, it inhibited me. That first project was not as adventurous as I would've liked it to be. It was a very safe record, and EW&F were never to be safe, until the last few years I guess. The audience always expected EW&F to do something different, which was intriguing, and I think that's why they've endorsed 'Chinese Wall', which is a very unpredictable record."

Has black radio played 'Chinese Wall', even though it's not a 'black' album?

"They played 'Children Of The Ghetto' a lot. 'Easy Lover' reached No 2 in the US national charts before they played it, which is the opposite of the way it's supposed to happen. It was very fortunate for me, cos it offers me the possibility of busting out of that stigma, and just doing the music the way I feel it."

YOUR GOSPEL album didn't initially sound like gospel to me at all. What made you go for that soul sound?

"It's contemporary gospel, basically just artistic freedom to let the songs dictate what they are. A couple of songs are traditional, just organ, piano and drums, then you have some real contemporary ones like 'I Want To Know You' or 'The Wonders Of His Love'."

Is there any overlap between your secular and Christian music?

"The gospel album is what I believe in, but at the same time, the whole pop area is a part of me. It's just music, like Duke Ellington doing his jazz concerts and sacred concerts."

Can you tell me a bit about your Living Epistle Outreach Ministries?

"It's just a name we use to identify ourselves, when we go about to do Christian-oriented things. It's not a big organisation."

It's a banner we go out and play under, and there's a weekly Bible study that's been taught, for the last three years, in Donna Summer's studio in LA."

You've been criticised by some sectors of the Christian community for not leaving EW&F.

"I'm a Christian, but I don't think that means I have to live in a cave. Whatever your faith, you work in the environment you're in, and I happen to be a musician. I'll work with EW&F until they decide not to be anymore. Egyptology, mysticism, and all that stuff, those are Maurice's views. It's his band, so he exploits that on the logos and covers (the sleeve of 'All 'N' All' featured the cross, the Star Of David, the all-seeing eye of Osiris, alongside Buddhist and Hindu deities). It wasn't something the whole band was into at all."

People like yourself, Al Green and Little Richard, who've 'seen the light', had their lives turned around by a very powerful experience, talk of Christianity with the complete conviction that is meaningless to people who haven't had that experience. Can words alone convince people?

"No, I think all the words do is express what has happened in our lives."

I love your gospel LP, and I get a lot out of it as an atheist, without having any interest or belief in the Christian message you're trying to convey. How do you feel about that?

"I still love you!" he replies with a laugh.

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FANZINES

RICHARD NORTH and PAOLO HEWITT go from
Committed Suicide to B Side . . .

DESPITE THE moaning letters, fanzines, in general, have vastly improved over the last year or so. In quality and quantity. Most are no longer sycophantic Q/A workouts with the local cult group. Wider issues / subjects are often explored, various lifestyles are examined and imaginatively promoted. It is, once again, becoming a pleasure rather than a duty to spend 30p or so on a homemade magazine.

COMMITTED SUICIDE—No 1, 25p plus large SAE to 76 Hillmorton Rd, Wood End, Coventry, CV2 1FU. A no-bullshit anarcho-rag with a nice line in investigative journalism via an article on Lloyds bank and fascism.

DREAM TIME, LOVERS ARE THEY WORTH IT, IS YOUR LIFE . . .—Nos 1, 10p, 6p and 10p respectively, plus SAE, to 5 Park Rd, Stony Stratford, Milton Keynes, MK11 1LF. All of these are from the typewriter of the prolific Cupid. Collectively they deal with the interaction between love, death, sex, pain, the will and magic. Illuminating. Buy the lot.

FEMZINE—No 2, 40p plus large SAE to 4 Morna Rd, Camberwell, London, SE5. A magazine that features female bands with a huge retrospective on the fabulous Avengers. It's about time that someone re-released their peak experience single 'We Are The One'.

54321—No 1, 15p plus large SAE to 169 Murray Rd, Ealing, London, W5 4DD. An entertaining scrabble around in the trash can. The Stingrays, Sunglasses After Dark and The Vibes are featured.

INCENDIARY—No 1, 35p plus large SAE to 40 Lady Somerset Rd, London, NW5. Contains in-depth articles on democracy ("the sham"), the ultimately bisexual nature of wo-mankind plus various rock 'n' roll rants. Youthful, anarchic and fun.

JUNIPER BERI-BERI—No 3, 45p plus large SAE to Greenacres, Branshill Rd, Sauchie, Alloa, Clackmannshire, FK10 3BP. The takes the kewpie doll for the cover of the month which is in the style of a Czechoslovakian cartoon. Inside there's an interesting essay on the Angry Young Writers of yesteryear—Osborne, Sillitoe, Waterhouse, etc.

THE KEROUAC CONNECTION—No 4, 40p plus large SAE to 19 Worthing Rd, Patchway, Bristol, BS12 5HY. Obviously this one's all about

Jack Kerouac. It includes a rare(ish) article by the man himself and an interview with one-time associate Seymour Wyse.

MUSIC BATTALION—No 1, 45p plus large SAE to 17 Humber Rd, Kirkliston, EH29 9AN. Twisted Nerve, Napalm Stars plus reviews etc.

A 'SEX' HAT DANCE—No 1, 20p plus large SAE to 130 Common Edge Rd, Blackpool, FY4 5AZ. Asks the question, "What ever happened to wonderland?" Then answers it.

— R. N.



STRAIGHT—No 6 c/o The Complex, 10 Woodlands Road, Charing X, Glasgow G3 6UR. Freebie fanzine that crosses everything from a report on the recent American Superbowl final to an all out attack on the 'religious' beliefs that politicians hold and fail to translate into action. Varied but little depth in the writing.

SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE—No 1. 35p + S.A.E. 65 Chelsea Park, Easton, Bristol, Avon B55 6AH. Only a fairly humorous satire on the masons saves this. Otherwise, Birthday Party, The Membranes and The Cure interviewed with some pretty dull wordage.

CAPITAL LETTERS—No 9. 20p 131 Kingsdown Road, Chase Terrace, nr. Wallsall, Staffs. Get it right by keeping their interviews—The Cult and The Three Johns—to a sharp, brisk pace. Supporting acts are poetry and an enthusiastic live review of King . . . Hmmm.

GEL—No 2. 50p + S.A.E. A. Hulme, 33, Shelebroke Place, Leeds LS7. Branches out by ditching 'pop' stuff mainly for a cautionary guide to S + M and an examination of Leslie Crowther's "performance" on *The Price Is*

Right. Both move the earth. **DISGRUNTLED NOISES**—No 1. 30p 20, Fenton Road, Lockwood, Huddersfield, HD1 3TX. Fairly interesting attempt let down by a boring layout. New Model Army interviewed but are allowed to do all the talking.

VIZ—30p 16, Lily Crescent, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE2 2SP. One of the best. A cartoon comic that works visually with some great humour. Best bit is where they fail to land a Morrissey piece and so ring up all the Smiths in the local directory and interview them instead. Fun, fun, fun.

MONITOR—c/o Simon Reynolds, 31 Warnborough Road, Oxford 50p. Heavy-going fanzine already slagged off in *Jamming* for apparently being too brainy. Articles are interesting in theory but occasionally need lightness to bring them to life. And you're wrong about the funk theory, Simon.

A NEW ENGLAND—No 2. 40p Richard Murrill, 9 Gainsborough Close, Folkestone, Kent CT19 5NB. Same review as before—OK, but could be better—but why the male-only slant by concentrating on football? And what would they rather storm? Millwall or the Winter Palace?

B SIDE—Nos 8 + 9 PO Box 166 Broadway NSW 2007, \$1 + post. Australian fanzine tailor-made for the Mat Snobs and David Swifts of this world as the Go-Betweens, Scientists etc are all rigorously grilled. Print's a bit small but worth your time if an Aussie underground is what you dig.

— P. H.

Many of these also available from
Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Road,
London W.11. Send S.A.E. with
enquiries.



95 WAYS TO SAY,

There's nothing better than variety in life; and what greater could there be than a 95-track double LP of tracks by Henry Rollins, Exene Cervenka, poetess Wanda Coleman, and rapper Phast Phreddie (and about 80 others) 'Neighborhood Rhythms (Patter Traffic)' is such an album. It is of course a spoken-word type of thing, and may be acquired from Freeway Records of Los Angeles (PO Box 67930, Los Angeles, CA 90067, USA).

The project was organised by one Harvey Kubernik. *Thrills* gave him a trans-Atlantic bell to enquire of his motives for creating such a vast, fascinating thing.

"Gee", says Harvey, "I think I'm going back 10 or 15 years. I grew up in the '50s in South Central Los Angeles, near Watts, where a lot of legendary black performers started out . . ."

It transpires that Harvey has had a more than regular exposure to the spoken-word



Workin' on a groovy double-album thing about L.A., from left—Exene Cervenka, Wanda Coleman, and co-ordinator Harvey Kubernik. Pic Suzan Carson

artiste than most. Who else can boast that Phil Spector was in the habit of playing him early Lenny Bruce

recordings? Harvey's contacts are also a tad well-spread. Anyone can quote a Bruce Springsteen lyric on



The Ol' Bill and 'non-moody' social realism backdrop. Can't see it catching on with the Sisters Of Mercy...

Pic Adrian Boot

B. BRAGG IN 'JOBS FOR YOUTH':

HOW TO GO ON TOP OF THE POPS AND STILL BE SUPER-HIP . . .

Billy Bragg's profile—a substantial item at the best of times, but let's leave his nose out of this—became considerably higher last week, with his debut appearance on *Top Of The Pops*. The same night saw him in Essex fleshpot Southend-on-Sea, for the final night of his "Jobs For Youth" tour as sponsored by the Labour Party.

Thrills was on hand to record these momentous events, and gauge the lad's reaction to his sudden elevation from underground cult acclaim to political presence in several million living rooms.

Apparently indifferent to the fact he'd become about 50 times more famous in the few minutes it took to screen his live performance of 'Between The Wars', the Bard of Barking took it all in his Hush Pupples'd stride. Top pop personality-dom remains a long way down his agenda; politics comes very much higher, as the lyrics of all his current EP suggest.

"You can write a song like 'Between The Wars'," he reasons, "which goes up the charts and that's all very well. But you have to ask yourself, what *action* did you take? Well, I went on *TOTP* and I got me piccy in *Smash Hits*. But what did I do? So at least I can say,

I wrote these lyrics, and these lyrics were backed up with *this* action."

By action he means a gig like tonight's, at which there were Labour MPs in attendance to answer the punters' questions, and maybe generate some real involvement in the fight to banish Thatcherism. While support acts Porky The Poet (funny and great and see him) and The Sid Presley Experience (mean, murderous rock 'n' roll) played in the main hall, the two MPs faced a queue of young interrogators in the foyer. I went out to quiz them myself, but found they'd slipped in to catch Billy Bragg's set.

Has the tour been of any practical value, Bill?

"As far as the Labour Party goes, we'll just have to see whether it's just been one geezer pissing in the wind, or what. Nobody who's come along has been put off by the politics, which has been a relief to me, but I'm looking more to the way the Labour Party react to it. . . The MPs have been intrigued by what people are asking them: really tough questions on the miners, racism, but mostly, 'What are you gonna do for me?' They don't have all the answers, and they admit they don't, but I'm encouraged to see

they're prepared to try out something like this.

"I don't want to be up there being people's conscience for them, singing 'Between The Wars' and they go out and buy it and feel as if they've done their bit. They might as well listen to Howard Jones, in that case. . .

"So much was learned from the miners' strike about music and politics, it'd be shameful to let it all drift away. We don't have to have charts full of political music—I'd hate that cos then The Redskins would get to number one—but so much politics in music is just imagery. Y'know, the clashing Stakhanovite bodies, red flags and moody Russian backdrops. And what are they trying to say?"

As for 'Between The Wars' itself: "It's about using history as a lesson. The phrase *between the wars*, well, we might be *between the wars* now. When you think of it that way, you might wanna do something about it, if only turn up at Molesworth this Easter and stare at the fence."

The EP marked a break from BB's albums-only pattern, spurred by his urge to get something out—and quickly—that reflected events in Britain in early '85. He's accordingly

keen that the main track doesn't overshadow the other three: the Kentucky miners' song 'Which Side Are You On?'; the Fleet Street flattener 'It Says Here' and Leon Rosselson's socialist folk polemic 'World Turned Upside Down' which tells of 17th century radical sect, the Diggers.

Interestingly, the record's caused as big a stir in folk music circles as in the fab fun hit parade itself: "I certainly couldn't make the records I'm making today without having heard The Clash, The Jam and Elvis Costello. But you hear something like 'World Turned Upside Down' and it's *just as potent*. I think the trouble with folk clubs is they've taken it out of its context, away from people and into those tiny clubs, the real ale finger-in-the-ear brigade."

Late that night we take the A13 from Southend back to London, and Bragg calls in to his mum's house. Yes, she says, she'd watched him on *Top Of The Pops* and yes, she'd liked it—he had a nice shirt on.

"Marvellous, innit? They'll be asking her in work tomorrow, 'Ere, wasn't that your son on telly, singing about International Socialism?' 'Yes,' she'll say, 'didn't he have a nice shirt on?'"

— Paul Du Noyer

JAZZ ON THE EAR

Britain's first jazz pirate station, K-Jazz, is now broadcasting. LYN CHAMPION reports.

Whilst journalists prevaricate over the existence of a 'jazz revival', the punters flock to the jazz nights around London, and letters surge through the door of inimitable French Jazz DJ Gilles Peterson, affirming his enthusiasm for London's first all-jazz pirate radio station—K-Jazz—which he launched on air three weeks ago.

Gilles DJ's in the Belvedere in Richmond (Sun), the Electric Ballroom (Fri) and several other gigs around London, and presents regular jazz slots on Solar Radio (one of the, er, 'huge' soul stations in London), with consistently excellent and interminably varied selections of sambas, mambas, boss-novas, scat and Tito Puente type latin jazz. Up front jazz with a low-key delivery that the crowds evidently can't get enough of.

"Really young people are writing in now—it's great. When I started, it was all students taking medicine, but now the jazz following is on a parallel with the soul scene four years ago. The kids then would have been getting into jazz-funk at Caister, but now really young kids want Hank Mobley and Wayne Shorter. I seriously think this summer will be massive—everyone dancing the samba."

For K-Jazz, Gilles has cobbled together the best set of jazz DJ's in the country with a hardcore from London's clubs, like Paul Murphy, Jez Nelson, Bob Jones and To'Mek (the last three also on Solar), Baz Fe Jaz, and regular slots from others like Manchester's estimable Colin Curtis. Labels like Blue Note, Palladin, Riverside, the American Landmark Records and EMI are all either promoting new jazz or re-issuing old gems (like EMI's Lee Morgan 12").

Rather than play selections too esoteric for anyone to get their hands on, K-Jazz aims to promote the new stuff, along with an enormous cross section of South American, bossa-novas, swing and experimental jazz. Slim Gaillard is lined up for a slot and Working Week's Simon Booth and other UK jazzers have pledged support.

Gilles Peterson says K-Jazz will be more off-the-wall than other pirate stations, more spontaneous and geared to truly specialist audiences.

"Jazz programmes on air now (pirates excepted) are outdated. They're playing music to people who are dying, but we're playing jazz that's just coming up—it's up front and more danceable. But the real reason the kids go for it is that DJs like the ones on K-Jazz are young. I'm young and I'm learning about jazz, and young people can relate to it. The fact is that the music is strong. It means a lot—it means what you want it to mean. To me it's the ultimate . . ."

Gilles drifts off, and K-Jazz drifts over London in stereo every Sunday, on 94FM.

WE LIVE L.A.

their LP sleeve, but few are in the habit of ringing the man up for verbal permission; but then, when you attended the same school as Spector, Herb Alpert and the legendary Wild Man Fisher, you probably get used to that sort of thing.

So how do you decide who's going to be on your records, Harvey? ('Neighborhood Rhythms' by the way being the end-piece in a trilogy, its counterparts being 'Voices Of The Angels' and 'English As A Second Language').

"I used to go up to people in bands I liked for voice or lyrics. . . I initially approached poetry houses; they didn't want anything to do with the concept. Racism, sexism, elitism—every kind of—ism. . . we have degrees, you don't. . . these doors were shut in my face."

From Rollins' 'We Are The Parents Of LA' to Rodney Bingenheimer's seven-

second 'Are There Any Girls Here?', from the big names like Charles Bukowski to people like Dick Whitney, elevator operator, 'Neighborhood Rhythms' runs the gamut of life in Los Angeles, the serious to the oddball, the reasoned to the unreasonable.

Kubernik remarks, "'Neighborhood Rhythms' will dispel any feeling that people in Los Angeles are lacklustre."

Future product includes a collaboration between Wanda Coleman and Exene Cervenka, and Black Flag and Kubernik have already worked together on their 'Family Man' album. While Kubernik has only "meekly sought" European distribution for the LP, he seems happy with the way it's doing. Truly, 'Neighborhood Rhythms' does feature the parents of LA.

— David Quantick

CLASSICS OF COMMUNIST THOUGHT



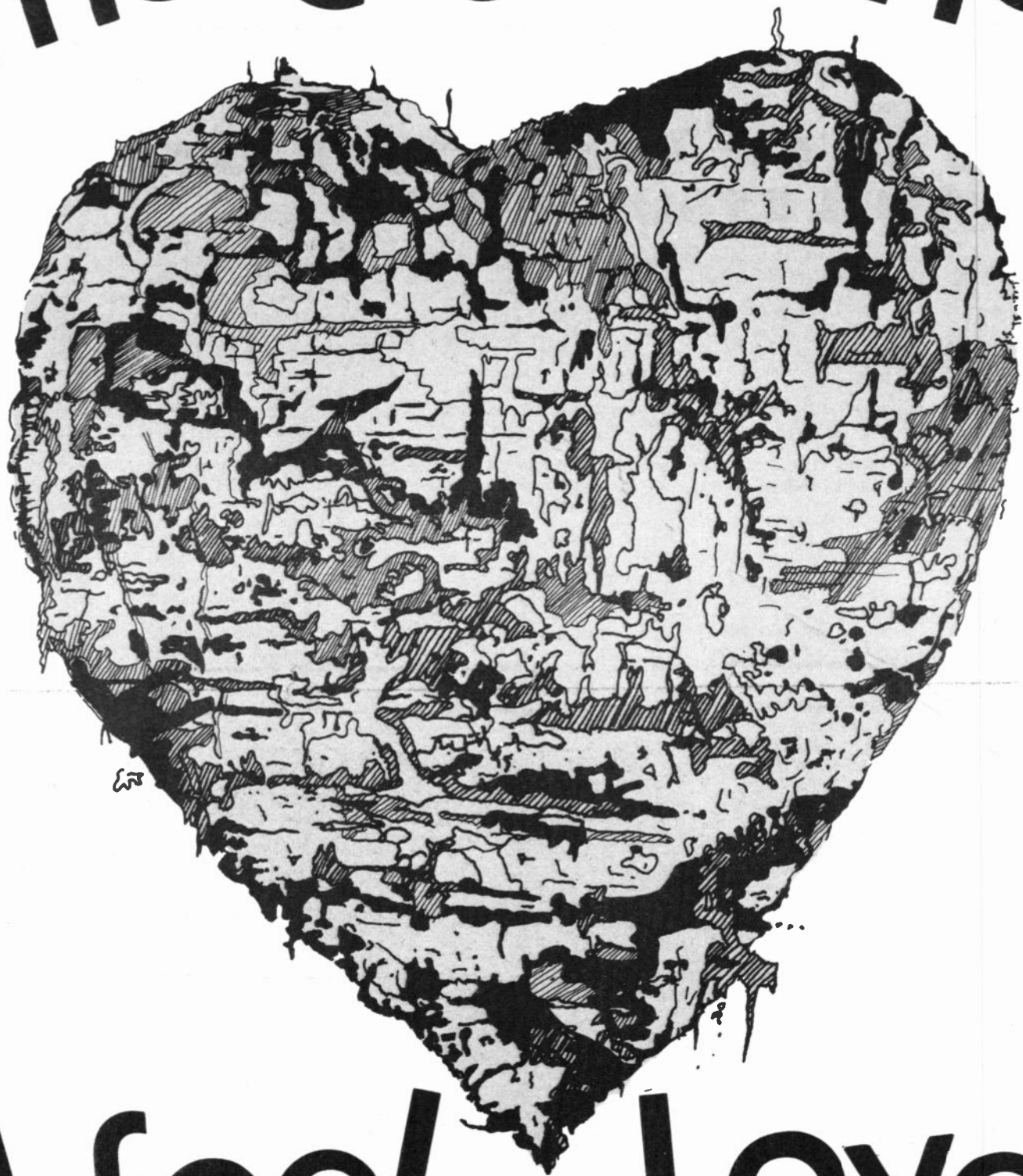
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PRINCE
Steven Ivory (Bantam, £1.75)

175 PAGES on Prince Rogers Nelson, several quite pleasant photos, and a somewhat cheerful prose-style, *Prince* is a 1980s George Tremllett-style biog. George, Tory GLC councillor and inveterate searcher for truth and cliché, cornered the market in '70s pop star stories. Unlike most of his modern equivalents, he seemed at least to interview the odd person connected with The Star.

To his credit, Mr Ivory — an obvious American — has done the same, lots of people have passed through Prince's life, and Mr Ivory struggles to keep a smiling face throughout the enormity of Prince's treatment of those who Helped Put Him Where He Is Today.

Prince is a fairly informative, if ultimately rather dull book; this combination arises from the fact that, if one packs a book with detail about a man who's only started to do Interesting Things in the last seven years or so, then one must either lay on the nasties with a trowel, or write a book that reads like any other 26 years old *This Is Your Life*. This book falls into the latter category; read it in the bookshop, then buy something else.

David Quantick

ZAP!! 156 VARIETIES

WHO'S NEW WAVE IN MUSIC: An Illustrated Encyclopedia 1976—1982 (The First Wave)
Compiled by David Bianco (Pierian Press, Ann Arbor USA)

THIS MASSIVE tome (over 400 large format pages) is number fourteen of this American company's rock 'n' roll reference books, designed, at a guess, for libraries and incurable fanatics. Up to now they've covered thirteen aspects of The Faded Four (of whom Americans just can't get enough, even now) and Surf, and have been largely forgettable. This volume, however, by dint of its scope and, it must be said, its craziness, merits closer attention.

The book's core is an alphabetical list of over 850(!) 'new wave' bands with details of personnel, place of origin (many are listed as 'New York, New York', to save confusion, presumably, with all the other New Yorks), US articles about them, brief chronologies and supposedly complete discographies. Like all such works, it's an odd amalgam of mindbogglingly painstaking research and daft mistakes.

Thus congratulations to Mr Bianco for escaping the usual Anglo-American blinkers and remembering Sweden's finest, The Rude Kids, but brickbats for failing to list their greatest vinyl moment, 'Raggare Is A Bunch Of Motherfuckers' (Sonet, Sweden) among their singles. There are many slips like this, balanced by wondrous info like the existence of an LA punk band called Vom, whose sole EP (1978) led off to the strains of 'Electrocute Your Cock'! I could go on; this is an almost bottomless treasure trove of mad names, bad places, sick minds, huge talents and speedspend losers. But the highlight of the show is the 'Glossary Of New Wave Music Terms'. This, children, is where sanity takes a back seat. Included are no less than 156 gradations of 'new wave'. Could you, for instance, differentiate between bands playing Hard Core, Hard Core Punk, Hard Folk Rock, Hard Pop, Hard Rock Pop and Hard Rock? No? Shame on you. This book lists every band as playing one or more of the 156 types of new wave. We're talking academic cra-zee here!

It's all just typical of this book's approach to its topic. Sure, the punk scene needed a detailed bio-discography but we've already got one in B. George and Martha DeFoe's 'International Discography Of The New Wave'. Bianco's book could have done with some of the volcanic flash and fierceness and humour of the subject matter.

Danny Kelly



A ZTT on the side

PAP!!

AND SUDDENLY THERE CAME A BANG!

Paul Morley and David Frost (ZTTetc. £1.95)

... IN WHICH a whole slew of statistics sits alongside one of the least revealing interviews of all time (by Frost, with Frankie), and snaps with typically elliptical captions (by Paulie, I guess), and a bunch of life-line portraits done very helpfully in *German*, and a line or ninety of explicatory guff (from Paulie) which makes everything as clear as snow ...

... and a series of interviews with each of the "lads" which serves as a form of anakalypsis:

"A lot of people have said that ... there's much more to me than there appears to be."

There has to be
"Not really ..."

(Paul Rutherford)

"I'd rather be childish and silly than serious."

Do you want to be silly and childish all through your life?

"It's lasted me up to now so I hope that it does ..."

(Peter Gill) (no relation)

Who has Walter Mondale chosen as his running mate?

"What?"

Do you know Walter Mondale?

"No."

(Mark O'Toole)

"It's just boring, sitting in a cupboard doing an interview."

Why are you doing it then?

"Because it's for a book about us, I hope, unless it's turning up on a fucking B-side."

(Brian Nash)

... and in a week in which the group have strenuously denied that they think that killing one's lover during sex is the greatest orgasm of all, and that furthermore they've never even read any De Sade, this provides perhaps the second biggest laugh.

Andy Gill

SHARE MOMENTS IN LOVE



anybody and everybody who has everything and anything to do with Art Of Noise would like to announce at this point that... "the past is an immense heap of materials to use at will." The Art Of Noise themselves would adore to add... "immature pop musicians imitate: mature pop musicians steal."

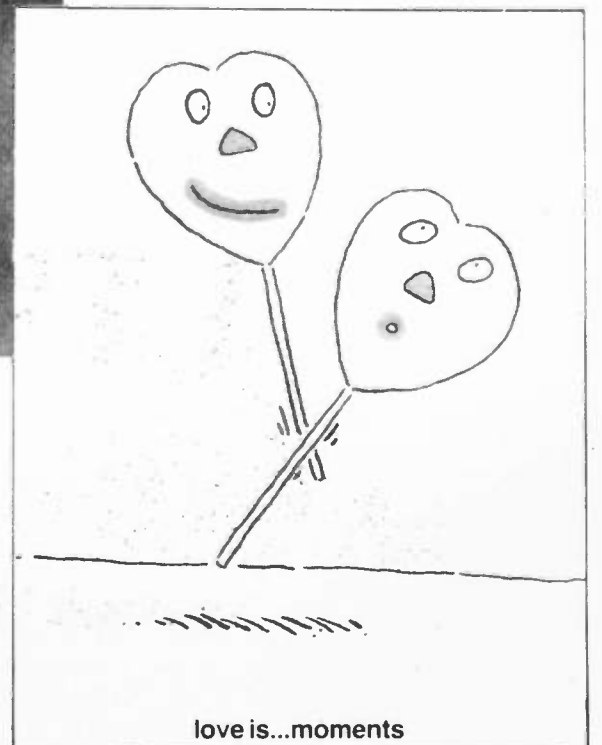
1 Moments In Love coupled with BeatBox (ZTPS02)

2 The Art Of Noises LoveBeat 12" (12ZTPS02)

3 'The Tortoise And The Hare' — singlette featuring Moments In Love (CTIS 109)

WITH HE(ART) OF NOISE

ZTT
MCMLXXXV



love is...moments

Left to right: GREG SOWDERS, STEPHEN MCCARTHY, SID GRIFFIN, TOM STEVENS



FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE

THANK GOD for R.E.M.!

Not just because the four skinny Georgians have treated us to two LPs or eerily timeless songs fanned by airy sweeps of guitar – real, *played* guitar – but because the first of them, 'Murmur', opened our ears, our eyes, and our minds.

Here was a music that was undeniably, defiantly, American – drawing on its past to inspire its present – that wasn't reeking of leather-trousered stadium rock or fixated with narrow-tie pop, the wretched residue many Americans gleaned from punk. Had we been lied to?

Had bands like this been beavering away all the time in cellars, bars, and backroom studios the length and breadth of the Newish World while we had REO Speedwagon, Journey and Benatar shoved down our throats as America's finest? Or was it the first whisperings – the Murmur – of something new?

Whatever the truth, we were soon receiving regular broadcasts from cells of resistance, from people reclaiming, reshaping, and reusing their previously abandoned heritage to mould music that defied the coke-encrusted megagods in their

aircooled 24 track Valhallas.

On the eastern seaboard, Boston's The Del Fuegos; in the heartlands south of the Macon-Dixon line, the Scorchers, R.E.M., Lets Active and Rank And File; and, in Los Angeles, a host of new bands, the best of which comprises Greg Sowders (drums), Tom Stevens (bass), Stephen McCarthy (guitars, vocals, steel guitars, autoharp) and Sid Griffin (vocals, guitar and mainman mouthings); in short, The Long Ryders.

THANK GOD for the Paisley Underground!

Not a band or a movement, or a club or a manifesto. Just on off-the-cuff catch all description, a tongue-in-cheek bolthole for a hack-pressed musician, to describe the curious amalgam of groupies who formed in, or gravitated to Los Angeles in the last three years; those who share this hope – vision is too strong, too organised, a word – of fusing half-forgotten noises with reformed energy – some provided by their studio bound compatriot sloths, some by the spiky haired speedfreaks who crossed the Atlantic six or seven years ago – to produce vital new music.

"There never was a Paisley Underground as such," explains Sid Griffin. "That was something journalists picked up on because they love *tidy* things. What you had was a whole lotta bands organising,

incubating in LA at the same time. It was a social thing. Some of us had been to college together. We shared houses, dated, played on each other's records, fought over bass players, that sort of thing."

And from this incestuous tumble-dryer of activity, from the ashes of several no-hope post punk Anglophile conglomerations, has emerged a plethora of groups playing some of the best of this rediscovered treasure – American rock untainted by the synthesiser, free from the dead hand of overproduction and disgusted by the supertax bracketeers, the musically brain-dead.

The Dream Syndicate, The Beat Farmers, Green On Red, True West, The Rain Parade, Three O'Clock and The Leaving Trains – some now familiar in this country on vinyl and in person, others known only through hand-passed, hoarded, cassette – have sprung forth. And so – "though we were always more buckskin than paisley" – have The Long Ryders.

THANK GOD for The Byrds and The Sex Pistols! Thank God for George Jones and Chuck Berry!

The noise that The Long Ryders make – on their US only EP '10 5 60' and on their more widely available 'Native Sons' album – is a sometimes awkward, sometimes beautiful and, live especially, sometimes awe-inspiring bastard hybrid of two apparently opposed, logically irreconcilable forces; the hicksville

conservatism of country and the revolutionary rocket fuel of rock.

It gathers up the country and folk music of two American generations – from the tear soaked bar room laments of Hank Williams and Merle Haggard to the flights of The Byrds, Buffalo Springfield and Gram Parsons' Flying Burrito Brothers, from booze OD to acid KO, from Hank's heap of well sucked bottles to Gram's lonely, windswept grave in the Joshua Tree desert. And to this, as central to America and as American as the Mississippi, they've added the noise, the passion and the unwillingness to accept the status quo that is rock's cutting edge, the energy they heard in Chuck Berry and saw in punk.

"The Pistols were an amazing influence on all the bands I've played in." It's Sid Griffin again. "They had such sass, such verve. What do you guys say? Over the top! Banzai! Hence when we do 'The Bells Of Rhymney' it's not half as reverential as the versions by The Byrds or Robyn Hitchcock. "When people call it country rock,

it's . . ."

"Bullshit?" offers Stephen McCarthy.

"Right. Country rock bands were *boring* rock bands with a steel guitar player who sat around all day smoking pot; no ideas, no energy. That's not us at all."

Indeed it's not. 'Native Sons' is a collection of sounds you thought you'd never hear gainfully employed again – echoes of Byrdman Roger McGuinn's celestial guitar, of long rusted harmonies, of country tones and folkie flecks – and basic rock that draws on less ethereal sources, guitar players who *didn't* hold back.

The record is not full blown brilliant, failing to do justice to their dazzling, draining, live incarnation. But it *does* hint at greatness to come: it is classically American – not the beer, bumperchrome and brotherhood that is Springsteen's vision, or the desperate urban wastelands of the hardcore bands, but the America of endless, ageless, horizons, a million *Last Picture Show* towns and ancient, stoic

miss church if you caught *Sing Ye*.

"She used to say that Mahalia Jackson, Ethel Waters and Duke Ellington would all go to hell because they played for Italian mobsters in the speakeasies of the '20s and '30s, played for the Devil. But when Ellington died, she cried puddles. It destroyed her . . ."

"I listened to all kinds of music, 24 hours a day on the radio."

Stephen McCarthy came from a similar background in Virginia, genteel capital of the Confederate South, but his church was Catholic and his home wasn't furnished with a live-in minor Gospel legend.

Before McCarthy came West in 1981, Griffin – whose arrival in Los Angeles coincided with that of The Sex Pistols – was already in famed wacko LA psychedelic revivalists The Unclaimed (with Shelly Ganz).

"It was totally crazy after a while. If Shelly found out that a certain band wore green and purple underwear in 1966, then we'd have to wear them too. I had to get out of that."

The tall Virginian McCarthy arrived steeped in traditional country musics and, more importantly, able to play them too. Drummer Sowders was found playing with a Two Tone type ska band called The Box Boys. For a few weeks Steve Wynn dabbled on bass before stunning Griffin, McCarthy and Sowders by openly preferring the feedback and fallout of The Velvet Underground to the influences being bounced around by the nascent, still unnamed, Long Ryders. Wynn left to indulge his preferences by forming The Dream Syndicate.

Bass players came and went before the diminutive Tom Stevens landed and the final, definitive version of The Long Ryders – named after a Stacey Keach Western, the 'y' a homage to The Byrds (what else?) – bedded in and cut 'Native Sons'.

ARE THE Long Ryders aware of being part of something new – not a movement, but a

rivers – and it *is* uniquely The Long Ryders!

Thank God for Gram Parsons and The Clash!

First impressions gained in a hotel before The Long Ryders London debut at Dingwalls, this is the *niciest* band in rock n roll. Griffin and McCarthy are from the Southern states of Kentucky and Virginia – not the "arsehole of America" South of Alabama and Mississippi – where politeness and geniality are inbred. The band talk of their happy marriages, their drug-free lifestyle, and their disgust with the groupie troupes that haunt the gig circuit. They're too good to be true, surely

SID GRIFFIN and Stephen McCarthy – the rhythm section would be the first to admit – are the twin driving forces behind The Long Ryders, and Griffin is probably the most articulate spokesman a band has ever had. Owner of an "unhealthily large and fanatical" record collection, biographer of Gram Parsons and addicted to buzzsaw guitars, he is encyclopaedic and passionate about music – his own and much else besides.

He was born and raised in St Matthews, Kentucky, a tiny town (near Louisville) like thousands of others in the Southern states – except that film makers D. W. Griffiths and John Carpenter both hailed from there.

"I had a Southern Baptist upbringing. Church every Sunday come rain, shine or act of God. I hardly missed until I was 14. Our maid – she died in 1978 – had a TV gospel show called *Sing Ye*. It was OK to

confluence of kindred spirits – and of the renaissance of guitars in rock?

Steve McCarthy's answer comes in a voice that exudes unforced pleasantness, an impression backed up by his flutey accent.

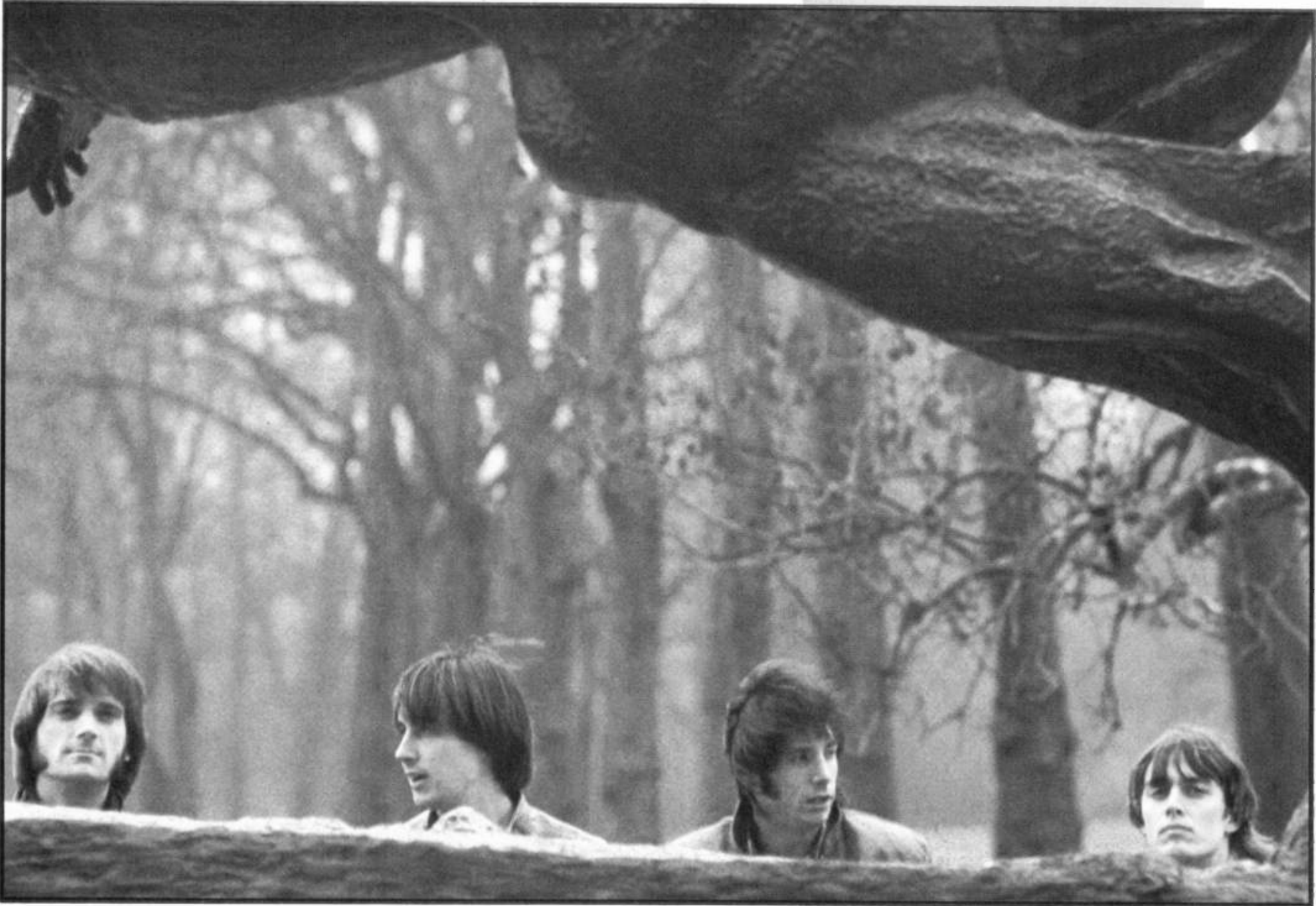
"I don't remember a moment of realising that something was going on but we're obviously aware of bands who are like-minded."

"But I'm not sure about the guitars bit." Sid Griffin talks faster, his accent a notch harsher. "For me they never went out of fashion. The sound of Roger McGuinn's 12-string Rickenbacker – not The Byrds, or his voice, just the guitar noise – is one of my favourite things in the whole world. It's right up there with girls, love of your family, cars or whatever. Mind you, I know that guitars are not the be all and end all. Let's be fair, they won't help the people of Ethiopia or the Welsh miners."

"I remember when Pete Townshend said that the rock guitar would disappear in five years, I was scared to death. Not because there wouldn't be any more guitars but because a person that I used to really care about had obviously got brain damage!"

What exactly is it that The Long Ryders are actually trying to rebel against musically, to replace?

"The new Perry Comos. That's Spandau Ballet, ABC and that sort. And the new progressive music which is as bad as the old progressive music. That was a bunch of assholes who thought that listening to



PAISLEY APOCALYPSE

Defying the coke-encrusted megagods of mainstream US rock, along comes a new wave of American bands who play a bastard coupling of country and punk. And at the forefront – THE LONG RYDERS. But are they just hick traditionalists jumping into Roger McGuinn's snakeskin cowboy boots? DANNY KELLY thinks not. Photos by LAWRENCE WATSON.

'Just Like Romeo And Juliet' by The Reflections or Gene Chandler's 'Duke Of Earl' was childish and stupid. They loved mellotrons and Moogs, they loved The London Symphony Orchestra backing Deep Purple. It was disgusting!"

Quite right, Sidney, quite right, but isn't there a contradiction in The Long Ryders' chosen forms? Isn't punk's zealous, cleansing fury at odds with your obvious respect for musics of the past?

"The Pistols threw out the baby with the bath water. It's just as much a mistake to have no respect as it is to have too much.

"That happened because Lydon is maladjusted to the great scheme of society. He's a malcontent and doesn't fit in, whereas I do. That doesn't make me a better person than him or anything, but you've got to remember that Glen Matlock got thrown out of the band for liking a great band like The Beatles. That was a mistake."

There's another problem too. Isn't it fair to say that most white American rock (and most of what passes for soul and funk) is either avowedly conservative, born again right wing or, just as uselessly, determinedly apolitical?

Again it's Sid Griffin who takes it upon himself to answer.

"Yeah, that's fair. We don't sign people up for the Socialist Party or the Peace And Freedom Party after our gigs. However, there were six of us in the van touring during the last election and not one of us voted for Reagan. That sucker lost The Long Ryders van zero to six!"

"The rootsy bands who take something from blues, Tex-Mex, gospel or country and western, bands like X, The Blasters or The Beat Farmers tend to be disgruntled, politically left of centre.

"Our songs *do* talk about certain social issues but we'd never write 'Racist Friend'. We keep things a little less literal, which can be done. The first Rank And File LP sounds on the surface like it's all about trains, but it's a heavy political record".

It's worth noting at this juncture that the best song on 'Native Sons' ('Wreck Of The 809') concerns the struggle to raise a family under the crippling yoke of Reaganomics, while the most powerful moment of The Long Ryders live set is often provided by a snarling trundle through Dylan's 'Masters Of War'.

Second impressions gleaned from the sardine can trip back to the hotel after the Dingwalls bash; this is more like it! The complement on this return journey has increased by two, both young and female. They're from Finchley and one is perched precariously on Greg Sowders' knee. The other holds his hand across the table. The halos had to slip.

IT OCCURS – talking to him and seeing him onstage – Sid Griffin is living out a fantasy, that he really wants to be Roger McGuinn or Gram Parsons. The suggestion does not please him.

"McGuinn is very reserved. I wouldn't want to be like that! Look at The Jam. Their first two LPs were Who influenced, nobody

would deny that. But that doesn't mean to say that Paul Weller actually wants to be Pete Townshend, does it?

"I admire Gram Parsons' music but I don't slap women around like he did. He had a horrible personal life. If you were gonna use him as a role model, you might as well go down to Wormwood Scrubs and pull out one of the really guilty guys, and use him! Do I wanna be those guys? Of course not!"

Not too long later, I regret ever having got The Long Ryders onto this tack. They're no saints – who is? – but their contempt for the whole venal, carnal, rock'n'roll circus, a circus synonymous with much of the music they hold so dear, is remarkable. I've opened the floodgates.

Steve: "Our songs and our attitudes are positive. We don't go for all that anti women stuff, and we ain't gonna kill ourselves with drugs either."

"That's right!" Sid is again warming to his motormouthed task. "The day we come up with an 'Under My Thumb' or a 'My Sharona', that's the day I quit! I'm not even at ease with some of Elvis Costello's songs. I don't feel that a failed relationship is excuse enough to pull out the verbal daggers for the whole of womankind.

"The Stones stuff is not just offensive, it's embarrassing. I mean, just who the hell does he think he is?"

"Drugs," Steve McCarthy continues, "have been the downfall of rock 'n' roll. People like Hank Williams and Gram Parsons are six feet underground because

of them."

His lament for lost loved ones is interrupted by Sid again. He's angry now, needled by the number of his heroes who have let him down, who have let themselves down, who have put themselves down.

"Cocaine is for assholes! In LA it's a toy for the rich, supplied by the poor. They sell it 'til they're killed in some pathetic back alley shoot out or get slung in the slammer. If you do cocaine or heroin in the States you might as well send the money direct to the Mafia chief of your choice, that's all you're supporting.

"All those drugs, and the screwing whoever you feel like – the Stones in their huge mansions, cut off from society – is just stupid rock star bullshit. Energy and fear can have a more galvanising effect anyway. We play wild but sober. This ain't no Dean Martin trip! We owe something to the people who part with hard earned cash to watch us."

AND THAT debt is paid in full. At Dingwalls, as at Portsmouth Poly the previous night, The Long Ryders play a set the like of which I'd long since despaired of seeing again.

With Sid dressed in a jacket cut from a Confederate flag (echo of and answer to John Entwistle's classic 1965 Union Jack job) and playing Elvis Costello's 12-string, his own having sundered under the pressure the previous evening, they turn a

drab old beer club into a heaving sea of incredulous, pogoing bodies with their paintstripping country/punk cocktail, Molotov rather than Bucks Fizz as it turns out.

I should've been warned that something special was afoot when I saw the soundcheck. It isn't every day, or even every year, that you see a pedal steel guitarist soloing wildly while his mates are clattering through a note-perfect 'Anarchy In The UK'!

I honestly haven't heard guitars hammered like this since the heyday of The Clash. The recorded versions of these songs – for all their haunting, dustblown finery – are pale, effete shadows of their hyper-revved live counterparts.

I, along with the wall to wall humanity cruelly packed into the stagefront confines, am transported, and Sid Griffin's bizarre notion of a shotgun marriage between things bright and beautiful from the musical heritage of the big country, and the speedrush helter skelter of punk, is totally, thrillingly vindicated.

Third and last(ing) impression gained while waiting to depart The Long Ryders' hotel at some inhuman hour of the morning: I can barely believe this . . . Greg Sowders and his lady friends have sat around the deserted hotel bar for four hours *talking*. He's stood in the foyer now trying to persuade them to accept the price of the taxi fare back to Finchley. This truly is the nicest band on Earth.

Thank God for The Long Ryders!



A SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM

SUSAN WILLIAMS says — TOXIC SHOCK are not what you think!

"Sexual politics is about ninth on my list . . ." says X, putting his penis in a pigeon-hole and his boxing boots in his gob. "We don't want to be categorised as a 'rad-fem' band . . ." say Toxic Shock — two boisterous young women who, a year ago, were the cosy closet heroines of the 'Women Only' circuit. They take a certain pleasure in perversity, playing right-on feminist gigs in nice dresses. One song starts off as yet another 'daring' public avowal of affection for one's 'sisters'. On the lefty cabaret scene such subject matter is strictly cringeville. Thus, when the song is turned on its head and actually expanded to include men (shock horror), the howls of moral indignation from the political ghettoists obliterate any suspicions that Toxic Shock adopt

the soft option of preaching to the converted. The Birmingham-based duo have had a weird press — accused of selling-out by early fans because they no longer dress in Viet-Cong chic and look constipated on stage; of unbridled dogmatism by the ignorant and of musical incompetence by a 'music journalist' with the brain of a stoat. Between the two of them, Toxic Shock can play every 'rock' instrument adequately and the bass and sax with absolute confidence. Now signed to the impressively non-uniform Vindaloo Records alongside "top comedian" Ted Chippington, The Nightingales and, until recently, Terry & Gerry — how do the Toxics fit into the whacky Brum rock scene? Heff: There were a lot of people



Shockers Heff left and Al. Say what?

Pic De Nasty

from the music scene in Birmingham backstage last night. People who've been ignoring us for months were suddenly incredibly nice and respectful. It's taken us a lot longer to get to that stage than if we'd have been 'some of the lads'. Although Toxic Shock are without doubt an agitational band, their acknowledgement of the many shades of grey that exist within any ideological tapestry sets them aside from boy-bands like, say, The Alarm or The Redskins. They avoid the

elephantine blusterings of the former and feel far from cocksure enough to employ the emotional sloganeering blitzkrieg of the latter. Their choice of weapon is music that is tight, sparse and calculating, drawing on jazz and folk traditions as well as the odd smattering of punk. So what is the message? Al: A lot of the points made in our songs, as far as sexual politics goes, are about the choices that you have. Relationships don't have to be

heterosexual, they don't have to be "I'm in love with you for ever and ever". We are *not* saying "HETEROSEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS ARE WRONG!" — just that there are other options . . . Heff: I don't know, it seems really arrogant to say "Right! We're going to change the world!" and then sit back and clock up the number of people that you've reached . . . Al: We did used to do this song about the pill and kept a record of a number of women who'd come up to you afterwards and say "I'm coming off the pill". We had quite a good score! Heff: The song was about the idea that fucking was the only way of having sex that is 'correct'. It's also preached that if you are going to have sex with a man — sex between women doesn't happen of course and sex between men is disgusting — then it must involve fucking and that involves the risk of getting pregnant and that means taking the pill. The pill is downright dangerous, it hasn't even been researched properly. So the song is saying "There are choices!" Al: And all the time the billboards and the girls magazines and the television are pushing the same conformity . . . Perverse is the word.

HERE

After 23 years, Pete Best has recalled by book how he was sacked from moderately successful combo The Beatles. Paul Du Noyer meets him.

"I missed the bite of the cherry by that much . . ." The day The Beatles made their first record, 'Love Me Do', George Harrison had a black eye. He had it because an angry fan had socked him one, and the fan was angry because The Beatles had just sacked their drummer. Pete Best was angry too — he was that drummer. Booted out of The Beatles on the brink of their success, he's been called the unluckiest man in the world. Now, in a book called *Beatle! The Pete Best Story* (Plexus £4.95), 23 years later he recalls his premature exit from this century's biggest real-life fairy tale. Nowadays Pete Best is a middle-aged civil servant; he leads a quiet family life in the Liverpool suburbs. Casual-smart, with neat mustache, he'd pass for an ex-footballer, or . . . anything, really. But 23 years ago, many said he was the handsomest Beatle and the favourite of the fans. "Mean, moody, magnificent," he was billed, mostly because he didn't say much. For three or four years of his teenage life he'd shared the dreams of this struggling

TOXIC
CHRIS LONG

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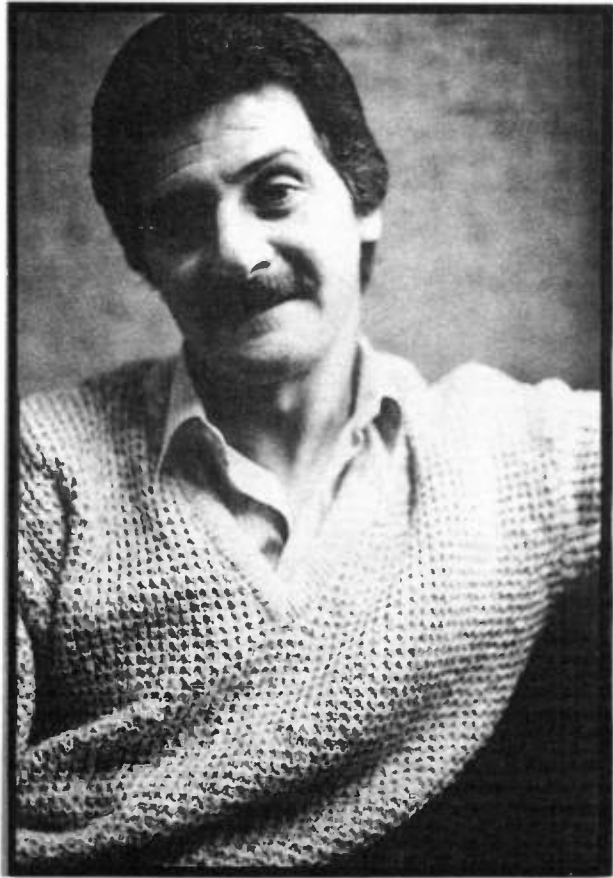
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Pete today, long after the suit was traded in. Pic Pennie Smith

bunch of scruffs. He set up the Casbah Club in his mother's basement, where they played their earliest dates. Then he joined them, enduring stints in the gruesome dives of red-light Hamburg, where the raw quartet thrashed out the bones of a Beatle sound. He was there one sweaty afternoon in Liverpool's Cavern Club when they first teamed up with nervous

young Brian Epstein. Then suddenly, just as EMI invited them to London, Pete Best was out. He was called to Epstein's office, told he was to go and a bloke named Ringo was in. Pete Best was devastated. So were the local fans: there was minor rioting in Liverpool, pickets on the Cavern. Brian had to hire a bodyguard, George got bopped in a stagedoor demo.



The question on Thrills' lips – who are the three blokes with Pete Best?? (second left). Pic Jlm Hughes/Cavern Mecca

The fuss died down in time, of course. Within a year the world was lost in collective hysterical frenzy – Beatlemania – gawping in awe at success on a scale beyond imagination. It was a bad time to be pop's forgotten man, and Pete Best had a grim '60s. There were scrappy attempts at new careers in new bands, finally abandoned for a dead-end job in a bakery. He even tried suicide. And The Beatles just kept getting bigger.

Even then, he got offers for his story: "They'd say, c'mon, make a fast buck and clear out. But I didn't want to jump on the bandwagon." Sick and bitter still, he sat back and let two decades pass; time

enough for time to heal, and clear him of looking like he wanted cheap revenge. Meanwhile he read the books that did appear, and finally decided there was a gap in the accounts.

So, the bulk of Best's book is about the days before the sack, a period of Beatle history he recounts in more detail than any previous biog. "Those are days that are engraved on my mind," he explains. "They were my growing up."

So why was he axed? He's sometimes been described as an outsider, never as much of a Beatle as John, Paul and George.

"No, I disagree. How can you be an outsider when you

spend two years of your life with them, living abroad, living in grotty digs with them, playing on stage for seven hours a night? It was always The Beatles en bloc, getting bevied together, crawling round the record shops for a free listen to the songs we wanted to copy . . ."

The fact is, Best still had no decisive explanation for his sacking, and nor does anyone else. Most agree, though, that his dismissal was handled badly. The plan was hatched behind his back, and the group ordered a reluctant Epstein to break the news.

"Yeah, that was one of the worst things. I didn't get a chance to myself, it was cut and dried. Ringo had already

been fixed up to replace me. They weren't there, there'd been no premonition. In a way, Epstein became the fall guy for the dirty deed."

It's known that George Martin wasn't keen on Pete's drumming style. But another view holds that Best was ousted because the rest were jealous of his popularity. The man himself is uncommitted.

"If there was any jealousy, it was well disguised. It may have been in their thoughts that if they did make it big, was this guy gonna be singled out? But all I was concerned about was the four Beatles."

Ironically, or maybe aptly, Pete Best now works as an Employment Advisor, helping Liverpool's jobless. He says his own experiences come in useful. Showbiz, he feels, is still in his blood, though it would take a lot to tempt him back. Meanwhile, he looks with some benevolence on Liverpool's third generation pop. Frankie are his favourites: "Down-to-earth guys, our paths have crossed."

Is he a man with a grudge? "No. Even now I reflect that I've lost my heritage. You push it into your subconscious but something will trigger it off, like some story about Paul or the news of John's death. But time has mellowed. And over the course of 20 years my lifestyle's changed. I've had to make the best of what's available."

"There's a lot of fond memories. In four years I saw a lot of life. I can say I did it, it was great to be part of it. And no one can take those memories away from me."

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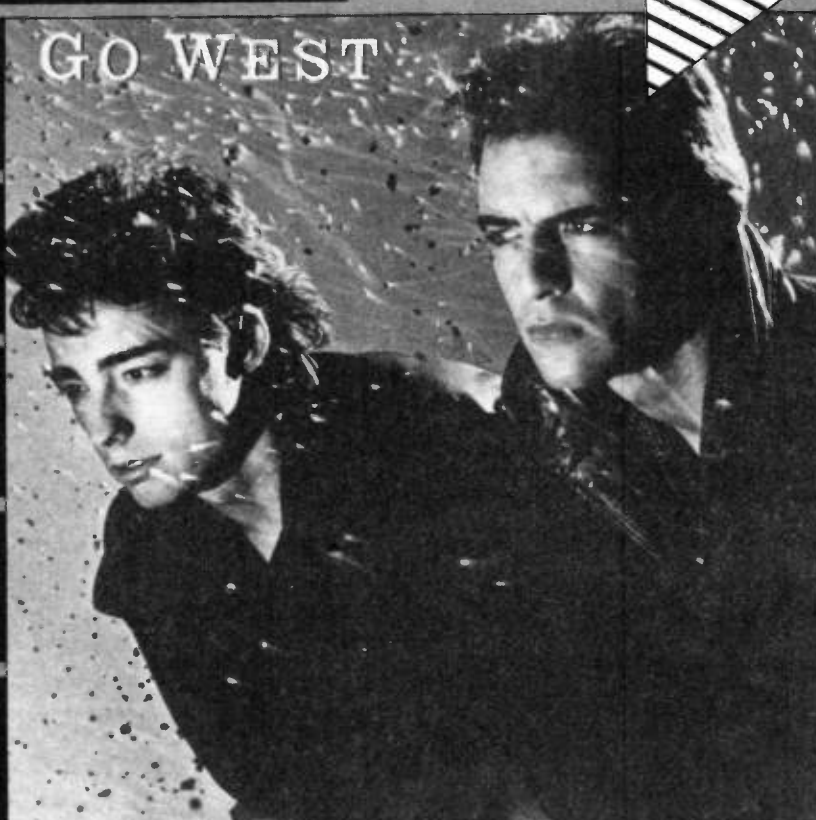


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REVIEWED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK — TAKE ONE!

THE RED GUITARS: *Be With Me (One Way)*

A magnificent comeback in which Humber-side's finest put their marimbas in limbo and venture forth into almost transcendental territory. The abdication of former vocalist Jerry Kidd and recruitment of new boy Robert Holmes has completely changed the character of a band who were already one of the most inventive and accomplished forces in British rock.

Even those who found their propulsive, abrasive singles from 'Good Technology' to 'Marimba Jive' essential purchases will be staggered by the range of 'Be With Me'.

It is a record primed to caress rather than bludgeon the listener into sweet submission, a penetrative bass riff and some taut Afro-psychedelic guitar provide the perfect cushion for a

breathless, but marvellously controlled vocal performance from the previously unheard of Holmes.

Ian Broudie's dub-hinged production has given the band an engulfing, undeniably physical fullness that was sometimes hinted at but never quite acquired in the past. Swathed in this *sensurround* sound, the song itself is a mysterious account of a human obsession, although the subject never quite glides clearly into focus: "*Be with me in everything I do/The thought of you, the very thought makes me surrender/Other men only take you out/Other men only leer at you . . .*" A beguiling 'Lady Grinning Soul' of the '80s.

Abandoning their previous label Self-Drive, The Red Guitars have launched another provincial independent. They call it One Way. And it is up.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK — TAKE TWO!!

ECHO BASE: *Puppet At The Go-Go (Dep International)*

Another winner from the slow but sure Dep stable. The label, run by the UB40 collective, makes no great claim for itself, sensibly leaving signings to sing for themselves. Echo Base do just that.

I remember reviewing this Birmingham brigade on one of their early London sorties a good three years ago and they have come on impressively since that dark, dubwise night at the Barracuda Club. Formerly just junior Second City Skankers they are now fully-fledged members of the Soul Patrol, pausing only to outgun the gaffer Jerry Dammers at his own game of utilising the muzak

mode in a pop format.

Enlivened by some blazin' northern soul brass and a touch of vintage vibraphone, there is a light and frisky urgency to 'Puppet' that would indeed go down a treat with the backflipping gyrators at any decent go-go.

Like Manchester's Simply Red and their fellow Brummies The Fine Young Cannibals (remember where you read it first), Echo Base signify a vital new wave of blue-and-brown-eyed provincial soul that will keep the white socks 'n' loafers flying for some time to come. Mucho impressivo maestro!

COOK DA BOOKS: *You Hurt Me Deep Inside (10)*

Scally charmers who hit the jackpot with 'Piggy In The Middle Eight', a Bovell-produced and Costello-recommended independent single, Cook Da Books were unaccountably massive in France a couple of years back, scoring a number one hit and recording a movie soundtrack that sold a million.

In an effort to reproduce such success on the home side of the English Channel, they have abandoned loping white reggae in favour of a dense, chugging Britpop production, one of the sure-fire symptoms of the loser band. If there is a place for intense young men wallowing in the pain of heartbreak, it is surely the solitude of their own bedrooms.

Not to be completely written off — the inclusion of a re-recorded 'Piggy' on the flip emphasises as much — Cook Da Books currently appear to be selling themselves short.

ABC: *Be Near Me (Neutron)*

Though that likeable lad Martin Fry would no doubt claim to have been the first sequinned mole to get his mitts on that now well-leaked official document A Blueprint For British Pop, the spectre of his successors Frankie Goes To Hollywood hangs heavily over ABC these days.

A gaudy pantomime that began to grow ludicrous with the hollow realism of 'Beauty Stab' reaches a nadir of complete irrelevance on this flimsy web of half-hearted hip-hop.

There are suspicions that Fry is still capable of crafting an instantly infectious melody, but only Mark White's staccato bass stabs now stand as a testimony to the more adventurous days of Sheffield's radical dance faction. As shields and spears go, 'Near' is not enough.

CHARM SCHOOL: *Life's A Deceiver (Zarjazz)*

Fearless Feargal, a couple of Finks, the all-star famine fighters and now these paragons of pop-soul sophistication. The new Madness *meisterwerk* might still be in the proverbial pipeline but the folk at Zarjazz Central have wasted no time in establishing their label, counterpointing a fine sense of pop quality with a rootsy

awareness and finally burying for good the 'nutty' nuances that the Cream of Camden outgrew long ago.

Charm School, fresh from the wine bars of Islington, are the first proper Zarjazz signing and their debut single — produced by that ole devil Peter Wingfield — is perhaps the oddest Zarjazz release to date.

Many have tried but few have come close to such a successful homegrown interpretation of the white soul vision of Hall & Oates. If those swining horn figures and layer-cut vocals are pure Daryl and John, there is still an unmistakeably British stamp to the song.

MASS EXTENTION: *Happy Feet (DETT)*

The tumbling drums, clipped horns and yelped yowsas of Washington go-go music are in severe danger of being penned back by media suspicion in some quarters (radio) as much as by saturation in others (press).

Tunes like 'Happy Feet' — an ideal companion piece to Redds And The Boys' fierce 'Movin' And Groovin' — make ideal radio records but, Peel once again notably expected, they are getting almost totally ignored on the national network. Come on Broadcasting House, let's have more of this fine fire-cracking funk curdling up through the cobwebs of the airwaves.

MARILYN: *Baby U Left Me (Phonogram)*

Bearing a distinctive Don Was production hallmark and starring a seven-strong vocal chorus led by the impressive Sweet Pea Atkinson, the most startling thing about this twirling funky workout is just how sparsely it features the artist whose name it bears. Although this is supposedly the moment that Marilyn loses the mannequin and becomes the

man, he seems to be taking a leaf from the book of his mentor Big Mal McLaren in remaining virtually anonymous on his own records. Saving a few snorts and giggles underneath some neat timbale thrashing, there is little evidence of the real Peter Robinson on this effort. Some would have this as a good thing.

AL GREEN: *Never Met Nobody Like You (Hi)*

Laudably licensed for the home market by the devotees at Demon, 'Never Met' finds the Reverend Al in flightily ecstatic fettle. The greatest Green will still always be the one painfully dogged and pursued by Ole Man Trouble, but those chords still charm at even this more carefree, countinified gait. In spite of a wafer-thin song, this is still my idea of light relief.

EXPLAINED EMMA: *Unnecessary Strain (Pig Posse)*

Six boys searching for self-satisfaction rather than massive commercial success, Warrington's Explained Emma are fast and furious scat-skiffle merchants whose debut single is fragrant with wit, warmth and subtle northern humour.

According to a fair share of the writers on this paper, we are currently riding on the watershed of an American rock renaissance that should shake our cultural preconceptions from the roots upwards. There are still some of us to be convinced, however, maintaining faith in pockets of British resistance as the firmest antidote to the gutless wonders of the singles chart. Nuggets like this only emphasise that faith.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: *Don't Come Round Here No More (MCA)*

That familiar nasal whine, chiming introduction and mid-tempo rockist jog can mean only one

thing — the return of old Sheepdog Fringe. But this is not so much another stone cast in the aforementioned Stateside rock 'renaissance' as a sitar-laden throwback to those wild and wonderful late '60s. Despite the involvement of Eurythmic Dave Stewart — who co-writes, produces and supplies a few electronic burrs — this is basically a Yankophilic rock critic's record. I'll stick with homegrown defiance.

TEARS FOR FEARS: *Everyone Wants To Rule The World (Mercury)*

Curtsie and Rolobabs serve up a rolling manifesto marginally more palatable than the maudlin moodiness that has become their trademark. They might never make another 'Change' but at least this is one soggy step up from the abysmally dire 'Shout'.

PRINCESS TINYMEAT: *Sloblands (Rough Trade)*

A very rude cover complete with a free censorship sticker and a Dublin-recorded disc boasting a tortuous web of snarling guitars and strange echoes that would be too slow if it were played as an old 78. The most important band to emerge in the last ten years according to the press release. Good job they were only joking. Conceptually, of course.

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY: *Chance (Red Rhino)*

A guitar sound that is too relentlessly resonant and open to allow this band to maintain their status as Third Division (North) Joy Division copyists, 'Chance' is a strong slice of independent hard rock — there is really no other word for this Leeds band — more likely to catch the disillusioned Killing Joke vote.

FOREIGNER: *That Was Yesterday (Atlantic)*

More soft American trad rock from the Jones, Gramm and Sadkin team that gave these mellowing amp straddlers their first British number one single earlier in the year. Par for the chart course.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: *My Time (CBS)*

A fair effort from a trouper who still stops short of succumbing totally to the comforts of blandorama. There's still a depth and defiance to the voice, although it is a little latent these days with the formularised scratch ingredients and obligatory rock guitar doing little to provide an enhanced musical setting for the former Motown goddess.

HEYWOODE: *Then You Give Me Roses (CBS)*

Britfunk *femme* weighed down by a ham-fisted and heavy production of the saga about a cheating man who tries to win her love back through Interflora. She has a fair voice, but if the roses in question were anything like the sound of this record then they would be paper.

FIONA FRANKLYN: *Busted Up On Love (Virgin)*

More hypnotic and steamy funk from the Don Was stable with a dense electro mix by sidekick John Potoker. Fiona Franklyn is Virgin's latest stab at the female torch singing market that CBS have practically sewn up. Her account of romantic despair is rather too well-mannered to tug too heavily on the heartstrings though. Even the sharp contours of the Was' n' Tokes team production are unlikely to propel this one much further than the odd dancefloor play.

CRUSHACH: *Love Is Gonna Getcha (Mm-Wuh!)*

Foxy games set against an

insipidly undulating electronic throb. Crushach is "a beautiful, determined and tenacious Scotswoman who is not afraid of the power of her sexuality" according to the release that accompanies this single. The fact that she is being marketed in such an insultingly regressive manner is a rather pathetic disguise for a song that is simply mediocre.

THE WAKE: *Of The Matter (Factory)*

This Glaswegian trio are so shameless regarding their New Order fixation that there is something quite touching in their increasingly assured attempts to recreate the opaque majesty themselves. The song in their heads here is undoubtedly 'Procession'. It is practically an obsession, but at least they do it justice.

THE DREAM FACTORY: *Wine And Roses (Inferno)*

The scooter boy cartoon on the sleeve suggests something more like modish blood and thunder, but there is an evocative simplicity to this Birmingham independent. The organ sound is pure Peddlers, the sax solo unabashed Beat, and yet the overall sound remains well clear of the anticipated stereotype.

TOY DOLLS: *She Goes To Finos (Volume)*

Level-headed Georgie snottiness and a similarly cheap 'n' punky caricature to the one that gave the band their surprise seasonal hit. Second time around they try one of their own songs, a bitter attack on the door policy of a Durham wine bar that is unlikely to repeat their chart coup.

JAH SCOUSE: *Merge (Better Things)*

Throwaway cod reggae jam with the once young, large and marble Moxham clan — Stuart, Philip and Andrew — getting together with Mersey toaster Jah Scouse on a beery exercise in UK skanking. This is quite probably the first talkover record to have any connection with Liverpool FC, a picture of the late great Bill Shankley adorning the sleeve in a blatant bid for Peel pickup. One thing though . . . if Anfield Red is suddenly so dread, how come Jah Crooks scored such a stunning winner against Joe Fagin's lads a few weeks ago?

TEN MORE BLASTS FROM THE HOME FRONT

LESS IS MORE
YOU SUPPLY THE ROSES
THE LAST FOND GOODBYE
A PAIR OF BROWN EYES
EASTER PARADE
SCARECROW
LIFE'S RIDDLE
HEARTS AND MINDS
DON'T BURN DOWN THE BRIDGES
MELT THE SNOW

The Filps (*Midnight Music*)
Memphis (*Swamplands*)
Grab Grab The Haddock (*Cherry Red*)
The Pogues (*Stiff*)
Faith Brothers (*Siren*)
The Wolfgang Press (*4AD*)
Ambassador (*Dubplate*)
The Farm (*End Product*)
Alison Moyet (*CBS*)
Virginia Astley (*Rough Trade*)

EDITED BY ANDY GILL ●

silver
screen

- Another dud for Dud
- Marleen Gorris sexual self-imagery
- Motown video competition
- Clapped out Captain Comic-Strip

movies



Dud fumbles for a belly laugh.

MIRTHLESS & MAUDLIN

MICKI & MAUDE

DIRECTOR: Blake Edwards
STARRING: Dudley Moore,
Ann Reinking, Amy Irving
(Columbia)

YOU COULD, were you so inclined, call *Micki & Maude* a *Prudence & The Pill* for the post-Herpes generation. Where that venerable farce concerned sexual adventure and the avoidance of the screaming tiny tonsils, this veritable (erm) failure concerns lurve and the having of babies.

High on fidelity, but unfortunately low on laughs. If I didn't have the faces of Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy looking down on me, I'd argue that security ain't conducive to comedy. Whatever, this film from a man who has been known to be funny in his time (not just the Pink Panther films but the criminally under-rated *Victor Victoria*) flops when it comes to belly shakers.

This most Californian of tales revolves around Dudley Moore's disaffected TV journalist, whose deepest desire is to settle down and propagate the species, while high-flying wife Micki consistently puts

career first. His grumbling contentment is shattered, though, when the violins sound on first sight of generic cello player Maude.

Maude gets pregnant, with a little help from Dud, and divorce looms, until wifey, discovering herself also pregnant, decides to forsake the law courts for nappy-changing bliss. Scared of hurting Maude, or being hurt by her all-in wrestler Daddy, he goes ahead and marries her anyway—resigning himself to a life of homeskipping, from one pregnant wife to another.

From here on it's the usual, fairly tedious, farcical procedure of struggling to postpone the awful day, the progress toward discovery, dejection and resolution livened up only by the laconic presence of Richard Mulligan (Burt of *Soap*) as station boss/bemused observer.

Really only one question to ask—how does Dud pick 'em? This film may have his name written on it, but only in a manner of speaking.

Don Watson ●



Sad to say, but the road to mediocrity is paved with good intentions. Charles Burnett's new (very) low budget offering, *MY BROTHER'S WEDDING*, is a case in point. Shot on old Dallas stock, it was conceived as a tragi-satirical glimpse into the enclosed world of LA's black ghetto, Watts. It emerges, victim of its tiny budget, as little more than a vaguely dramatic home movie.

In structure it's not unlike a black version of *Mean Streets*, with Everett Silas (as Pierce Nundy) doing a Harvey Keitel, desperately trying to balance decency and hip, small-time action and conscience. All this in the teeth of the maelstrom of petty crime and hair-trigger violence whipped up by his friend Soldier (Ronald E. Bell), half Johnny Boy, half Viv Richards. But where *Streets* engulfed its flimsy plot in a dizzying rush of conversational, sonic and kinetic energy, *Mr Brother's Wedding*, even allowing for the paltry production funds, the good intentions and the special problems of black independent film makers, is one snailpace dull mother. (*Blue Dolphin*).

Danny Kelly ●

DANGER: FLYING TURKEY

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN INVINCIBLE

DIRECTOR: Phillipe Mora

STARRING: Alan Arkin, Christopher Lee, Kate Fitzpatrick (Media)

THE BASIC premise: Capt. Invincible is a clapped-out, alcoholic ex-super hero living rough somewhere in Australia. This dreadful state of affairs is the result of his fall from grace, during the McCarthy witch-hunts, for "flying without a pilot's license, wearing underwear in public and owning a red cape".

Thirty years later the evil Christopher Lee, aka "Mr. Midnight", is implementing his most fiendish masterplan—to rid the world of all immigrants. The President of the United States sends out a worldwide message to his childhood hero to come back and save the world, for all is forgiven...

The actual film: well, it's a right crock of shit, actually. Aiming to be

a mixture of fantasy, political satire and nostalgic, old-fashioned entertainment, it manages to combine all the worst aspects of each form: so we have some passable special effects, some god-awful acting and a script that, at every available opportunity, allows for the inclusion of a bevy of tarted-up molls who cavort about clad in their underwear. Oh—I almost forgot—it's also a musical, but the actual songs are so dreadful that I have wiped all but the merest traces of them from my brain.

The verdict: I'm sure our misguided film editor (Hi Andy) had great hopes for this being a surefire goofball comedy hit—otherwise he wouldn't have sent two hacks along to review it. Anyway when I woke Don Watson up at the end of the movie, he concurred that this was one bad film—as in dire, dreadful and utterly boring. We take it that the lone groover who seemed to be laughing throughout was actually making turkey noises...

Sean O'Hagan ●



Reaching breaking point.

THROUGH THE GENDER
LOOKING GLASS

Marleen Gorris, director of the feminist classic *A Question of Silence*, tells JANE SOLANAS about her new film *Broken Mirrors*, and suggests that life is but a brothel...



MARLEEN GORRIS looks like Martina Navratilova and is about as deadly serious. Not for her belly-laughs over the tea-pot re the idiocy of men, or shrieks of injustice resounding round the hotel lounge re women film directors' lot.

Marleen Gorris arrived at film after training in drama and discovering that the theatre was too limiting for what she had in mind. The climate in Dutch Cinema is healthier towards independent feature films than it is in Britain, and Gorris was able to raise funds for her first film-script, *A Question of Silence*, and choose to direct it. She did not find her lack of technical knowledge daunting.

"There's a bit of a myth about it, that it's so terribly difficult. It isn't really. What is difficult is, of course, making a good film..."

She is coy about specific influences on her work, mentioning only Chantal Ackerman as a director she admires, and classical music as "an inspiration". Certain feminist texts, which one might have expected her to acknowledge, were not mentioned.

But wherever it's coming from, Marleen Gorris' feminist viewpoint is one of the most potent in cinema today, refusing the clichés of badly shot film and lesbian stormtrooping that alienate audiences from much of so-called Women's Cinema.

Gorris "invented" the brothel in *Broken Mirrors*, but it is only a more demure set in an Amsterdam famous for its licensed sex; where prostitutes (as depicted in *Broken Mirrors*), working under a regular roof, have to surrender half their earnings to the club's boss/pimp. What was the reaction of Dutch prostitutes to the film?

"Actually, all of those reactions were very good, and I think the main reason for that was it has rarely happened that prostitutes in film have been portrayed as 'normal' women. Usually, they are

portrayed either as absolute bitches or the whore-with-the-golden-heart, and she's become the cliché figure in films..."

"There is not one type of prostitute. There is not one type of woman either... But I must say that I don't really consider this to be a film about prostitution. It goes via prostitution to show that there is more of a parallel with the life we lead than we care to admit".

What was the reaction of men (depicted as walking time-bombs of warped desire) to *Broken Mirrors*?

"Of course, it's a pretty bleak look at society. A look at us really, that we're not as fantastic as we tend to think. The human race is really not something to be proud of..."

"It is obviously a film with women as the main characters and that is still very difficult for men, that women are the main characters and that it's about the emotions of those women and from a very definite feminist point of view. It's not a psychological analysis of the way men are, but an analysis of a pattern of behaviour... and the way they behave is not very nice, and the film is about the consequences of that behaviour for women."

"What most of the men in the film are doing, is coming up the stairs, doing their thing, and going down again. To be seen that way, without explanation, is something that disturbs those men. I wasn't thinking about why they do it—which to them would have been more interesting—but I was just showing that what they're doing... You know, people can say so many things, and they can think so many things, and you can lie about that, but what you actually do is what you do. That really shows more than words can".

Jane Solanas ●

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1: David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks both pursued successful solo careers after leaving The Temptations. Which other former Tempts singer had a hit last year with 'Don't Look Any Further'?

2: Name the original lead vocalist with the Four Tops

3: Which Motown singer was once Stevie Wonder's wife?

4: Three of the following have been related to Motown boss Berry Gordy. Tick which three?

- a) Marvin Gaye ☐
b) Rockwell ☐
c) Prince ☐
e) Michael Jackson ☐
f) Jermaine Jackson ☐

5: Which former Motown bassist later played with Kid Creole And The Coconuts?

Name

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Tick format: VHS ☐ Beta ☐

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This competition is open to all residents of the UK and Eire, other than employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, EMI Records, and the printers of NME. The editor's decision in all matters will be final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding this competition.

Closing Date: April 24 1985.

video

THE SOUNDS OF MOTOWN
Various (Picture Music International)

WHAT YOU need is some of this royal jelly. It's cool and sweet and feels like heaven to all of us hope nubs here in New Gold Gilead...

These 21 heart-stoppingly modest performances were recorded at the *Ready Steady Go!* studios in March 1965. Motown effectively arrived in Britain with this revue; all the featured artists—The Supremes, Smokey Robinson And The Miracles, Stevie Wonder (15 at the time), The Temptations, Marvin Gaye, Martha Reeves And The Vandellas—went on to European chart successes soon afterwards. It's been exactly 20 years since 'Baby Love' was number one. What's the difference? We shall see.

Catch just one of these gold-toothed smiles, or witness the studio lights drench down upon some celestial traffic known as The Miracles. Faint a little or a lot over 'Nowhere To Run', experience a strange sensation during 'Ooo Baby Baby', and then just wisp

through the plaster as the Tempts execute a few of their don't-touch-my-dime-brother spins and drops. If you have one spirit to lose tonight, lose it to these people.

After a killing initial medley, *The Sounds Of Motown* really gets going when Dusty Springfield appears as emcee and makes no sense whatsoever. Rushing on stage in a state of blind happiness, her introduction is pure rubberised gargle, during which you can pick out the words "Detroit" and "their first appearance". The girl is plainly too infatuated to talk. I couldn't either, not with all those angels backstage.

Behind Dusty is a deep and sharp-dressed set; the lights spell out Marvin and Martha, the dancers look best-Parisian, and the Earl Van Dyke Band clump bald-headedly in the darkness, probably longing for a cigarette. The audience, being English, look like someone's promised them a ferry ride down the Congo. They also have that pre-Dylan look around the eyes, unaware that This Is Art.

From then on it's capital letters all the way. Dusty screams please welcome THE TEMPTATIONS

and there they are, five-man 'exotic coloured entertainment' (as soul used to be called). They do 'My Girl' and 'The Way You Do The Things You Do' in white ties, white ducks, and the trademark too-big white cuffs. Following the cuffs are rings like cake cherries flared just so to pulverise the girls. After this mystic professionalism—during which hardened teens become dreamy molluscs—comes



Little Wonder

STEVIE WONDER (lascivious), MARTHA REEVES AND THE VANDELLAS (invincible) and THE SUPREMES (doing 'Stop! In The Name Of Love'), whoever forced these girls to perfect their traffic-cop routine should be given a special whistle.

But it is Marvin who will most likely alter your week. In 'How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You' he's down on the floor, surrounded by a radiant press of fans and quite obviously the most brimful man in the universe. Here are two sentences lifted from a book on soul: "He was such a beautiful man and I guess those kind of people don't stay here too long. They come here and do their work and then they leave." (Mrs. Coltrane on the death of her husband John.)

Still, it's 1985; there's been a lot of leaving. Watching this tape is like watching the baby snaps of a bulbous Teen Star; the Star has Left The Building under a load of cookies and smack, and you're thinking "this is the same person who wrote 'the bees envy me'?"

Dessa Foxe

on the box

WEDNESDAY APRIL 3.

Pride of place must go to the new series of **WIDOWS (ITV)**. The first series, recently reshown, was not, by Euston Films' Olympian standards, totally convincing—a touch too much of the highly-strung squabbling for soon-to-be hardened criminals, methinks—but where it gripped, it gripped tight. Equally, Euston's follow-ups have often been superior to the (usually fine) pathfinder. The new series has the triumphant quartet getting ready to blow the readies on facelifts, toy boys and the like, with only the arrival in Rio of Dolly's dangerous looking husband—the man's face shrieks Bastard—to cloud the horizon. Might turn out to be compulsive viewing.

After that we turn our minds to the vexed question of just what is going to destroy our society? The Bible goes for Fire, while Marxism relies on 'the contradictions inherent in the structure of capitalism'. Fave with the bookies are the trades unions, football hooliganism, The Mary Chain, Mrs T or maybe even Mr T but **THE TROUBLE WITH DRINK (BBC2)** will seek to prove that alcohol—like all those previously mentioned, a distinctly working class opiate—is The Big Danger. At the very least, it should offer some insights into the layout of *Sounds*.

THURSDAY APRIL 4.

At one end of the evolutionary scale, **POOKIESNACKENBURGER IN RESTORATION COMICS (C4)** gives us failed pop star busker types trying to make a name for themselves as failed comedy actor busker types while, at the other end, **SAMUEL BECKETT: SILENCE TO SILENCE (C4)** is Sean O'Mordha's elegiac documentary about the man whom we have to thank for works of genius like *Waiting For Godot* and *How It Is*, and lorryloads of copyists dumping lorryloads of spiritless tracts about desolation and bleakness onto our hapless heads. Thanks, Sammy.

MAX HEADROOM also sees the light of day for the first time (see Andy Gill's story page 2).

FRIDAY APRIL 5.

Two music marathons. **BBC1** has the annual British Turkey Federation Awards masquerading under the name of **A SONG FOR EUROPE**. Terry Wogan—a man getting some first-hand knowledge of our gobbling friends from his own fifteen-times-a-week show—guides us through the heartstopping excitement as a bunch of desperados seek to prove that, yes, it really is possible to come up with something worse than even last year's excretion.

Meanwhile **THE TUBE (C4)** is A Special with every band in the English-speaking world appearing except Richard Cook's Amoral Seven.

SATURDAY APRIL 6.

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA—FILMMAKER (BBC2) is a documentary film (a conversation piece follows tomorrow) about one of the giant talents of the American cinema. His monsters include *Apocalypse Now*,

One From The Heart, and *The Godfather* and he shares initials with Fulham Football Club. The BBC are running a season in celebration of the former distinction but, thankfully, doing little or nothing about the latter.

SUNDAY APRIL 7.

Religious festivals—our blatant godlessness means that this country is now reduced to two—are an excuse for the TV companies to fill our screens with four-hour films starring Charlton 'Athletic' Heston and wiggled out 'religion as art' productions. This Easter Sunday's most surreal, and interesting, example of the latter is Alec McCowan, dressed in a Harris tweed jacket, reciting, from memory, the whole of **ST. MARK'S GOSPEL (C4)**. And you thought Christ suffered!

MONDAY APRIL 8.

As if stung by recent criticism, we now have the unifying sight of a corpse thrashing about at what is supposed to be its funeral. **CORONATION STREET (ITV)** has become a little too lively of late for the comfort of the burial party, what with all sorts of aggro in progress, highlighted by the struttingly detestable Brian Tilsley laying down the law to jollyfish Gail like some feudal Andy Gill! (If only!—Ed.) Having said that, **BROOKSIDE (C4)** has upped the realism ante still further and the race is on between Sheila Grant (Sue Johnson) and Marie Jackson (Anna Keaveney) to be the first female to burst a blood vessel on screen, a feat achieved several times by David Coleman during Boat Races.

TUESDAY APRIL 9.

A bit of an acid (!) test here. **THE OLD GREY (BBC2)** is devoted this week to one Mick Jagger. If this fact causes you the slightest flicker of interest (given that you don't know that there's some rare, vintage footage on offer) then the chances are that you a) are reading the wrong music mag, or b) are related to Mick Jagger, Mark Ellen, or both.

A more important star—and, I shouldn't doubt, a better dancer—is featured on **OFF THE RECORD (BBC1)** when the great fruit bar herself, Irene Handl, discusses her record collection which, you won't be surprised to hear, features Elvis Presley heavily (how else...?).

Danny Kelly ●

FILMS ON TV

When seasons change... This week see the end of the Marcel Carne binge, the continuation of America At War on Channel 4, a sharp trio of Will Hay rides and the opening of a Francis Ford Coppola series.

THURSDAY APRIL 4.

America At War has not been the hoped for treat but **Battle For Russia (Emil Zohre 1943)** is the best of the bunch. Largely documentary, and less



Gloria in Excelsior

jingoistic than many in the series, it reiterates the point that the threat to Russia has come, historically, from the West and has already been repulsed. Valuable lessons, n'est pas?

FRIDAY APRIL 5.

Gaslight (George Cukor 1944) with Charles Boyer as a wicked foreign stereotype and Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotton as gooey goodies, this Victorian melodrama was once fated as a cinema classic but it's faded now to a merely interesting curio period piece. (C4)

Totally and enduringly classic, however, is **Les Enfants Du Paradis (Marcel Carne 1944)** which is a tragicomic (accent eventually on the tragic) evocation of love in the theatre land of Victorian Paris. Staked with great things, it's constantly voted best film of all time by French film critics, and while it's fair to say that Les Francais don't know their arse from their elbow when it comes to rock—the same critics probably voted Little Bob Story Rock Act Of The Century—they do understand cinema. Miss at your peril. (C4)

SATURDAY APRIL 6.

All About Eve (Joseph L Mankiewicz 1950) is an Oscar encrusted and vitriolic sneer at theatre politics (an obvious target for cinema). The director's script is dazzlingly acidic (Bette Davis gets her sharpest claws out) and the cast (Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders, and a walk-on Monroe) thoroughly enjoy carving one another up. (C4) Much vaunted on its release, and much copied until *Animal House* upped the crudity ante for American comedy, Mel Brooks' spoof Western **Blazing Saddles (1974)** has its moments (anything with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor would) but the farting and the seemingly endless ending is actually rather tiresome. (BBC1) An infinitely better tinkering with the buckskin genre is Arthur Penn's brilliant and sprawling **Little Big Man (1970)** in which an inspired Dustin Hoffman, along with Martin Balsam, Faye Dunaway, Chief Dan George and Richard Mulligan (the fabbo Bert from *Soap*) guffaw and weep their way through Thomas Berger's enormous and unheroic Injun epic. Bookended by *The Chase* (1966) and *The Missouri Breaks* (1976), this is the meat in the

sandwich of Penn's slightly anarchic trio of remarkable films. (BBC2) **The Ghost Of Saint Michaels (1941)** is the first of the Will Hay vehicles being shown over the Holiday period. Hay, one of the few to successfully make the quantum leap from music hall to cinema, is now recognised (especially by our very own goofball comedy squad) as one of our comic greats and the three films being shown are among his best, even if very much variations on a theme. (BBC2)

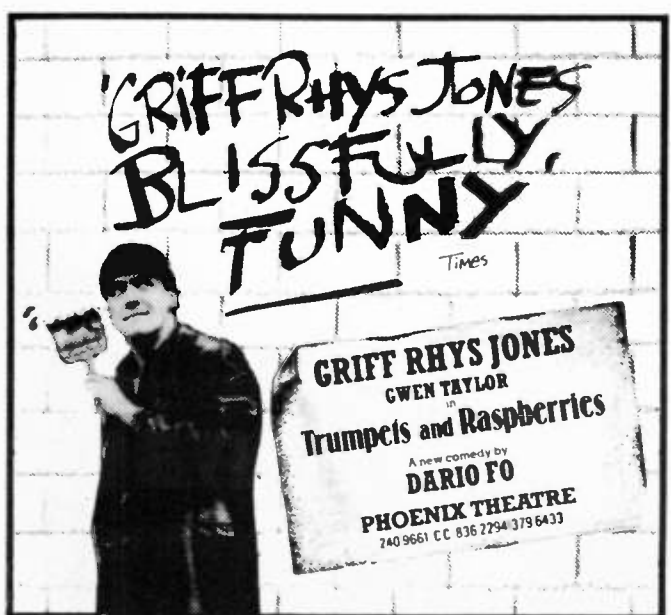
SUNDAY APRIL 7.

Ask A Policeman (1938) continues the Haydays but the big event is **The Conversation (Francis Ford Coppola 1974)**, a labyrinthine, worrying, modern thriller (with the crumpled Gene Hackman playing an unhappy, obsessive surveillance expert) that asks questions of its audience and the society that it mirrors. Almost uniquely among films, what you hear is more important than what you see—you'll struggle if you miss even one syllable—so best of order for the duration. Such is its complexity, second or third time viewers will enjoy it better than newcomers. (BBC2)

MONDAY APRIL 8.

Last of the Hays is **Old Bones Of The River (1938)**, an entirely justified debunking of the imperialist nonsense peddled by the then popular *Sanders Of The River*. The sophisticated backchat between Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll was the most lasting feature of Alfred Hitchcock's renowned **The 39 Steps (1935)**, the archetype of spy films for years to come and—distantly—James Bond. If you haven't got fed up with it through overfamiliarity, watch out for the cameo appearance by the late John Laurie, practising the 'we're all doomed' persona that he was to perfect decades later in *Dad's Army*. (BBC1) **Gloria (1980)** is probably the best film made by the mercurial and eccentric John Cassavetes. Gene Rowlands is a woman hounded into a seemingly impossible corner only to respond like some avenging angel from our darkest, fondest fantasies. She comes out shooting. The body of the film is oppressively tense, the climax cathartic and shattering. Gena Rowlands' guns don't argue! (BBC2)

Danny Kelly ●



STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE



DEBUT LONG PLAYER

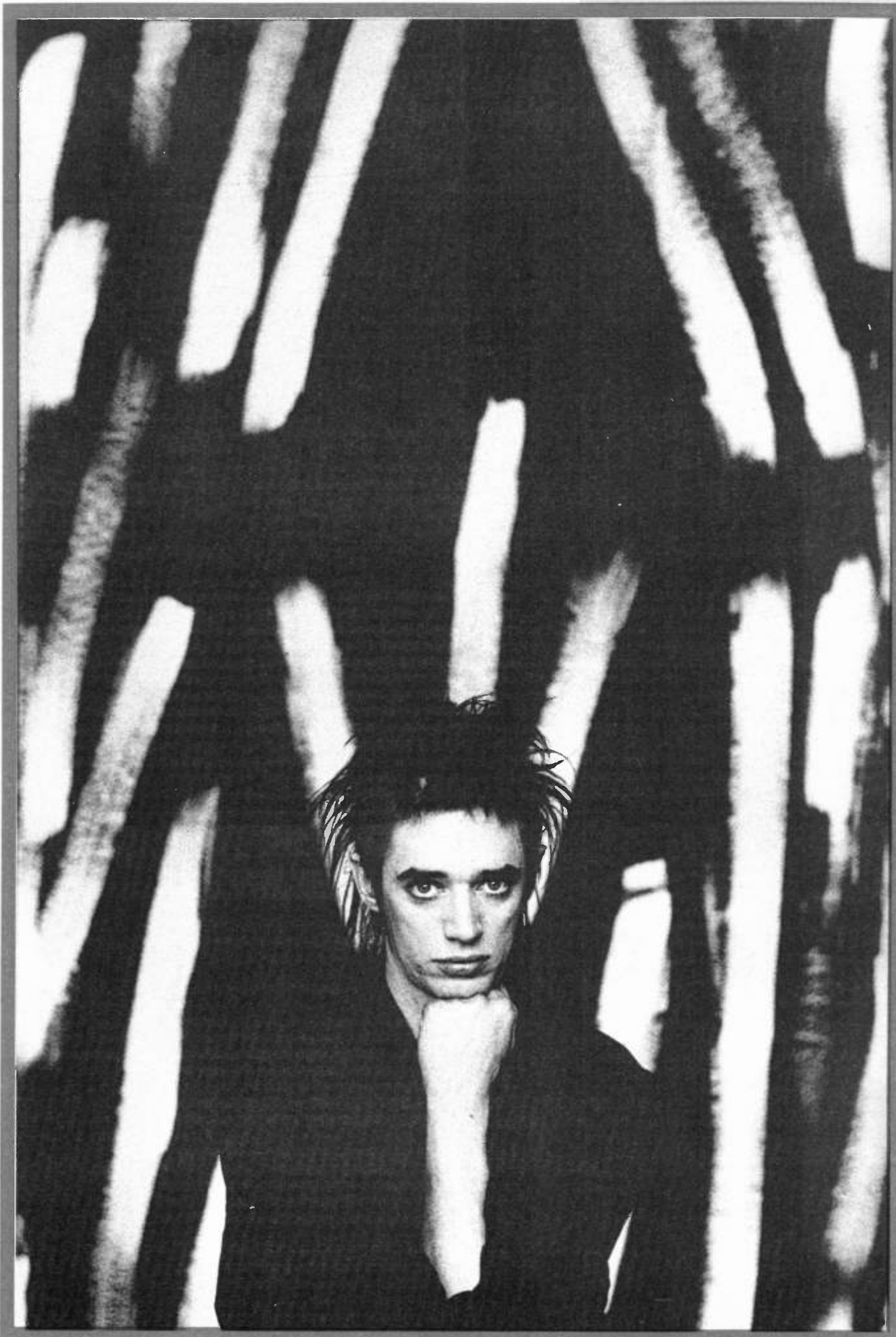
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● "Memory is not the opposite of forgetting, it is its lining — we rewrite memory much as history is rewritten."

Chris Marker (from the film *Sans Soleil*)

I WAS to have been a fly on the wall for Neubauten's guerilla swoop through Eastern Europe. Right now I'm more of a fly in the ointment.

It's now six o'clock in the morning and we've driven ourselves from Hungary, through Czechoslovakia and beyond all barriers of tiredness, only to have the border shut in our face.

That one word 'Journalist' in my passport has sent the authorities off on one of those bouts of illogical, bureaucratic awkwardness even more frequent in the East than the West. As they insist that we pass through East Germany between the two barbed wire fences of a transit border, we sit helpless inside our van, and watch the distance between us and Berlin stretch by a four hour drive.

I don't feel dangerous — more infectious.

Just a few yards forward is East Germany, the border guards' grey uniforms now standing out distinctly from the snow. A few hundred back it's now possible as the light spreads to make out the Czech army green on the far figures.

Travel seems so often to be its own justification, its own reward, that it takes such an unexpected dead stop to make you think, not only of where you are, but of why the hell you're doing this anyway. Neubauten may be, as their human battery Mufti puts it, a travel agent, but it's one that pays scant regard to conventional notions of comfort.

Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Berlin. Four countries in four days is no superhuman odyssey in these times when the girth of the world spans a mere 40 hours or when, as Neubauten's Chung points out, the distance from Washington to Moscow is measured as the flight time of a cruise missile.

But to slog half way across Europe by frozen roads, negotiate the time delay of borders and the undeniable time gap of the East/West border, in order to perform one draining concert per night . . . well we're talking here of a perverse way to spend your time.

After 36 hours and only shadows of sleep, the miles covered over the constant white terrain begin to give way to a personal test — just how far can you go? A masochism by miles? Well, not exactly, what the masochist seeks is the subjugation of self in the domination of others. Neubauten, whose motor-drive beats to the sound of lashing egos, desire its vindication. Their journeys, outward and inward, may flirt on the edge of self-destruction — but that which does *not* destroy them makes them stronger.

In 11 hours time Neubauten will arrive in Berlin just in time to sound-check. Somehow fired by our experience and by the challenge of a Berlin show, they will play a set of devastating self-immolation. Turning all remaining energies inward they will burn white-hot.

Right now we're setting off through the mountain roads towards a transit border, driving past kids on skis who stop and stare at this strange collection crammed into one white van. The sun glinting off the snow stabs the back of the retina.

Looking out of the van window, I reflect on what happens to a full circular spectrum when revolved fast enough. It fades to white.

"Going back, back, backwards/Thirty frames a second . . ."

S O IT begins in Vienna, the first of four once great cities to which Neubauten provide the theme. Here, where the crumbling grandeur set against the

As EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN's bacterial pop spreads across Europe, DON WATSON hitches a ride in the band's van and finds himself trapped in a nightmare ride through the night of the living germ! Photo by ANTON CORBIJN.

snow takes the fading tinge of an ageing molar, is a fitting place to start.

Vienna, its complacency bred amongst a sea of the most denticidal of confectionery, was in the '60s the base for the original hardcore art group. Known simply as the Vienna Group they inflamed the imagination of Blixa Bargeld, who found in their bacterial culture of cruelty a certain perverse inspiration.

The Vienna Group employed the same derision as the Dadaists and the Futurists, but theirs was an art of further extremes. They veered sometimes towards the outer edges of cruelty — pouring hot wax on pigeons to capture their death throes as sculpture — but ultimately the degradation of their extremes was turned inwards.

"Dear God we are all epileptic" was the by-word of the final show, whose displays of masochism in front of a captive audience (the door was barricaded from the outside) brought arrest for all and imprisonment for some.

The Vienna Group never balked at the conclusion of their pursuits, particularly Konrad Beyer whose last work was his own suicide. Why top that, you may argue, when you can top yourself?

It was from such a spirit of disruption that the first incarnation of Neubauten sprang. Their experiments could not go further out, so they went further in, striking on a sometimes startling knowledge of the sights and sounds that can start the adrenalin rush.

"I don't want to make music," N.U. Unruh was to tell Mufti at Neubauten's baptism by fire, "I just want to torture people."

"All great music," retorts Mufti, four years later, "is torture of some sort."

While the random element still pulls strongly at Neubauten, the means of their torture are becoming more refined — from their chaos a structure is beginning to rise. A new 12 inch, produced by Adrian Sherwood who was responsible for the Depeche Mode special mixes, brings them to the edge of accessibility.

Blixa Bargeld, eyes bulging with a feverish enthusiasm, is, it seems, planning to take his bacteria on a trip towards the centrefield.

"I started off outside of Pop culture and am currently playing myself in," he emphasises with fervour, "because it is much more effective to play from the inside — even if you play to the edge of what is possible."

"In Eastern Europe more avant garde culture may have a point, because it acts as a centrepiece for dissident elements. In the West all you have is the fool's freedom — no one really cares."

In the wake of an undignified scramble for the mainstream by SPK, such words set off warning signals. Neubauten, though, are not interested in taking on the sheep's clothing. The new EP sounds more solid than the diverse 'Drawings Of Patient OT' LP, but its core is as inflamed as a collection of love songs should be.

Strongest of the three tracks is 'Seele Brennt' (Scorched Soul) with a cane's swish cutting at Bargeld's tortured whisper.

"What we are doing with songs such as that is fashioning something that could be a future mainstream. It's not a matter of concentrating on what is happening now and trying to replicate it — if you do that, by the time it's done it's already old fashioned, already nostalgia. Someone like SPK are orientating on patterns and structures that are already hopeless, we are trying to invent new ones."

It's a boost to Bargeld's ever-hungry ego that what Neubauten started has spawned so many imitators. The prospect of bringing their infection to a broader audience is something he contemplates with glee.

"It's a great success with the current work that we have brought ourselves just to the edge of current pop sensibilities. At that point you can start influencing and whirling the whole thing up."

"And so, bolder than a professional

musician could be, unconcerned by my apparent incompetence and convinced that all rights and all possibilities open up to daring, I have been able to initiate the great renewal of music by means of the Art Of Noises."

Luigi Russolo, *The Art Of Noises: Manifesto Of Futurist Musicians* 1913.

FROM A barn-like building on the outskirts of Vienna the swell of Neubauten's Armenian theme music echoes — the sound of an exile's yearning for his lost homeland. Outside a billboard bearing a polio warning poster screams: THE GERM IS STILL ALIVE!

The first flurries of the Neubauten live show pulse through the bloodstream like an old favourite stimulant. Alternately mocking and arousing the audience, they cut through to the most basic instincts: fear, panic and excitement.

On the left, the lumbering figure of Mufti provides the percussive motor, sparked by Chung's slick and spiky bass. At the back of the stage, Unruh provides the random factor: "We don't know what he's going to do," comments Mufti, "that's the whole idea about Unruh." On the mixing desk, the sound is channelled, if never quite controlled, by a deranged Joe 90 lookalike, Alexander Von Borsig.

The centre of this system of perpetual flux is Blixa Bargeld, the front man in negative, visibly drawing the energy in towards an internal implosion.

"Mein SeeeeeeeeeeeSUCHT!"

In the final climax, Mufti rushes from the stage, back into the dressing room, returning with a malicious grin and a red plastic container. Flinging it into one of the fire-spewing oil drums at the side of the stage, he proceeds to pummel it with a long stick. Just why he maintains the distance of a ten-foot barge-pole becomes quite clear as a 20 foot high petrol flame erupts, licking up the side of the speaker stack.

Had it been a planned theatrical trick, it might have been a cheap shot. With Neubauten there's always the tantalising suggestion of real danger involved.

The destructive spirit, as Bargeld attests, is a basically gleeful one — it's also highly infectious. The memory returns to the metal concerto, performed by members of Neubauten and assorted reprobates at London's ICA. On that occasion an exhilarated audience joined the performers in a wrecking spree, the violence crackling in the atmosphere.

Through the brutality of their performance, Neubauten seem to have developed an ability to break through the outward facade of control, tapping a source of primal energy in themselves and in their audience.

"The best moments of Neubauten concerts," says Chung, "are when you get beyond the capability of rational thought, when you just act without your active mind altogether. At that point you're not thinking of any arty concept you might have or any interesting intellectual idea, you just have a direct connection with what you're doing."

With Neubauten, though, there is no sense of the members dissolving in the concentration of their work. Where Test Department at their most powerful become the emulation of the unity of perfect totalitarianism, Neubauten's art is not of holding together, but of falling apart.

Distanced by the power and the self-absorption of their own desires, Neubauten will always be outsiders — dissenters on either side of the East/West barrier.

Early the next morning a vanful of bleary eyes is en route to Budapest. The sun sends sheets of light skittering off the hard frozen surface of the snow-topped terrain. The flat white of the landscape seems to lend a sense of greater speed, tightening the grip of the clutching excitement of travel.

Pictured the morning after (left to right) Alex, Mufti, Blixa, Andrew and Marc.



Mufti remembers nothing of the petrol canister incident.

"I was too pissed to know what I was doing," he reflects ruefully. The audience's panicked reaction seems more and more justified.

"That's nothing," grins Chung, "in Frankfurt it was Molotovs. There was a gap between the audience and the stage, so Unruh was flinging these things into it. They'd move back, so he'd fling them further. He ended up chasing them round the room, it was quite funny."

Unruh, in the back of the van, just laughs, and the white miles rush past.

There's a unique thrill in the experience of travelling through an Eastern block barrier. The imagination, fuelled no doubt by Cold War notions of the Iron Curtain, can create flickering fictions of 'journeys into the unknown', as isolated villages and fascinating factories, uniformed soldiers and propaganda posters flash past. Hopeless romanticism of course, but what, after all, is the function of travel if not to fire fantasies and furnish memories?

"In many ways this is an exploratory trip," explains Chung, whose unenviable task is to organise Neubauten's chaos, "because we really want to play these places, we're going to go ahead and try — if anything goes wrong we'll know better next time."

Hungary doesn't seem too much of a risk, the concert is official and will take place at Budapest University. Czechoslovakia is another matter — even as we approach Budapest, there's already a telephone chain set up in Prague, as 200 people wait to hear if the concert is on.

"That's somewhere that the term underground really means something," comments Chung, "I mean, what's the underground in London? Secretaries dressing up to go to the Batcave."

"The important thing as far as we're concerned is to place ourselves within an interesting context, because Neubauten as an entity always feeds on and reflects its surroundings."

So although they use hammers, they insist that art is a mirror?

"No, we are a mirror, art is business."

EVERY TRAVELLER compiles their own list of images that quicken the heart, a mental catalogue of sights that excite, from grand-scale scenarios to intriguing banalities.

On the grand-scale, there's a place amongst mine for the statue-lined bridge that spans the Danube, its stone gate opening out on Budapest. In this and in the baroque architecture of the city facing, there's the inbuilt shock of history petrified.

But it's in the wide, clean streets that stretch out, apparently endlessly, beyond this facade, in the fragile lighting and the full cafes that the real scenes are stored. It's in these incidentals that the picture of the place is contained.

Walking the streets the traveller soon loses what East German writer Heiner Müller calls the "misery of comparing". Amongst these sights and smells, comparisons are not so much odious as impossible, due not to culture but to time shock.

The experience, for someone like me born in the '60s, is like walking through scenes that span from your very earliest memories back to ten years before, until a Culture Club LP cover, displayed in a hairdresser's window, hurtles you back to the present day.

Electrical goods displayed in shop windows can play disturbing tricks on the memory — ghosts of machines long wiped out of existence in the West by rampaging progress. A cafe where classical cut hats and coats are hung fastidiously on the wooden coat stands at the end of each table has a sense of dated limbo that could place it in *Brief Encounter* if it wasn't

for the language and the uniforms.

Down one of the dark little alleyways that serve as sittings for display cases, a yellow, painted pierrot sign appears for five seconds, disappears, appears again under a flashing bulb. Its caption ('Boutique' and an arrow) marks it as a surreal minor leakage from the swinging '60s.

Back at the University, there's a similarly broad timespan displayed in the styles adopted by the audience — from sartorial psychedelic survivors to flaxen-haired Afghan hangers, post-modernists to universal students.

Backstage one lone skinhead wanders into Neubauten's dressing room and scrawls 'Sieg Heil' on the blackboard.

There's nothing eager about the audience, no suggestion that a concert like this is the rare event that it would be in Prague.

"Oh there's a concert about once a month," says an *NME* reader in the audience indifferently. "If something causes too much of a stir, things tend to quieten down for a while, but the Government doesn't have anything to do with it."

A stir? With this audience there's some chance. The atmosphere is casual, bordering on catatonic. Neubauten played first — the audience sat and watched, apparently attentive but totally static. The support band, a Hungarian unit called Art Deco influenced equally by Joy Division and their own sizeable smack habits, followed. The audience sat and watched. They came and took the stage down and *still* the audience sat and watched.

The reason for some of this becomes clear when one of a particularly starry-eyed bunch offers Blixa a handful of magic mushrooms.

Later at a private party, in a curiously old-style, book-laden china-decked apartment, it's a similarly danceless story. The 23 Skidoo tape, provided by Neubauten lighting man Tony Francene, elicits a frantic, flaying dance from one guest but it's soon rejected in favour of their own Hüsker Dü collection. The rigorous, danceless themes of hardcore seem to make more sense here.

AS WE set off from Budapest on the longest leg of our journey, 200 people in Prague wait for the ring of the telephone to bring confirmation or cancellation.

As we sit freezing for hour after hour at the border, it becomes increasingly unlikely that we will ever get there.

As we run out of petrol, just inside Czechoslovakia, the telephones are already ringing. By the time we discover that we haven't the necessary coupons to get the diesel we need, the concert is already cancelled. It's like swimming through setting wax.

Disappointment is taking shape. Prague was the place Neubauten felt most drawn to play, but the time difference between us and Kafka's city (ie, the time it takes to get there) is stretching by the hour.

Music has a great history as a resistance, however token, to repression in Czechoslovakia, perhaps because the nation has been controlled so completely so often, that the token is all that is left.

Perhaps the most poignant tale is told by the great Czech writer Josef Skvorecky (Skvo-ret-ski), of a band called The Ghetto Swingers, formed on death row in the Jewish ghetto at Terezin, during Nazi rule.

"... there is a photograph of them, an amateur snapshot, taken during the brief week that they were permitted to perform ... They are all but one of them already condemned to die, in white shirts and black ties, the slide of the trombone pointing diagonally up to the sky, pretending or maybe really experiencing the joy of rhythm, of music, perhaps a fragment of

Continues page 34



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Wrangler

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SOFT-PLY SATIN

DOLLY PARTON
Real Love (RCA)

DOLLY PARTON once explained the appeal of country music as rooted in its reality—ordinary stories of ordinary people—familiar enough. "But," she added with a high camp flourish, "in my case they're told in a rather extraordinary manner."

Here, on her first collection proper since 1983's masterpiece 'Burlap & Satin', she claims to sing of real love, but for the most part it's the form of song love that, in Lee Hazelwood's words "rides the white horse and votes the straight pacifist ticket". She who once sang of her life as used merchandise in a bargain store now sings of a more rarified state—and by singing of the less ordinary, she seems herself less common, not exactly commonplace, but at least a little less ordinary.

Live, Parton is one of the truly great performers, her 'Dolly Live In London' set being one of the few worthwhile concert videos. Her appeal lies in a perfect balance of the real of her country roots and the surreal of her super-glam imagery—singing 'Coat Of Many Colours' while flowing with silk takes skill. Here, though, she seems to have tipped over, into the side with the most comfortable landing. If 'Burlap And Satin' was just what it said, this one is made of finer fabrics.

From the neon light and red liquid lips of the last LP, Dolly's been bleached out and hand-tinted, displaying an altogether softer beauty, and showcasing a more cushioned sound that pads the country mettle with soft-ply pop arrangements. Of course that voice still tears through, but the chosen songs seem to deal with more cursory observations and emotions. Type-casting or no, I



Just Dolly. Pic Chalkie Davies

find her at her best as the country girl who's sifted through the dregs looking for diamonds and come up with rhinestones. There's nothing here as touching as the tragi-comedy of 'Gamble Either Way'.

The first track on side two invites the inevitable comparison between 'Real Love' (sung with Kenny Rodgers) and 'Burlap & Satin's 'I Don't Really Want To Know' (sung with Willie Nelson). Where last time round the couple were stretched by suspicion and desire, this time they're held together by real love ("not just infatuation"). Just? It's a more solid basis, perhaps, but one short on the voyeuristic thrills of the earlier song.

The only times when the nails begin to sink in is in Dolly's own songs (alas only three), particularly in the closing 'I Hope You're Never Happy': "I'm just not like those heroes in books and on TV / I hope you're never happy with anybody but me / Yes I'm possessive and jealous / At least I speak honestly."

Not as often here, sad to say, as on occasions in the past. Simply a good LP from one of recent greatness. Buy 'Burlap And Satin' first.

Don Watson

KEEPS UP WITH THE JONES

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE
Strawberry Switchblade (Korova)

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE! What a great name for a group, slamming into the consciousness contradictory images of summery sweetness and neon-lit danger, tarts and cold steel. Yeah, great name, rotten group.

That image! Now there's nothing intrinsically wrong with dressing up to shock, to excite, to titillate or to sell pop records. In fact, it's a time-honoured pop tradition. But why oh why do they have to look like they've been designed by a committee of pubescent males at a single-sex school—perfect masturbatory fantasies for the immature—or like victims of some *Blue Peter* contest to clothe a pop group from the detritus of your mum's sewing basket?

As I say, there's a long history of sartorial attention-grabbing in pop and that's fine, but there's something about these cuties' smug ragamuffin Liberty look that grates before the stylus even nestles in the groove.

Oh, the record? You want to know about the record? Well that's another problem. People with shredded clothes, magenta hair, PR-inspired amputations or any other eight-miles-high gimmick always squeal and squawk 'listen to the music, listen to the music!' So you listen, and listen carefully, to SS—and what do you hear? A decent idea; the tiny, reedy cooings of Rose McDowell (the one with the red and yellow ribbons) and Jill Bryson (the one with the yellow and red ribbons) set to that modern electric beat thing. The Cocteau's' trance dance stance in a less imposing frame. A confection of candyfloss and icing sugar. But great pop music? Even good pop music? I'm afraid not.

Sometimes it's not bad. The self-consciously ethereal 'Being Cold' and 'Another Day' work



The 'ragamuffin Liberty' look? (Danny is now on hols.) Pic Lawrence Watson.

best, being the least chart-aimed and thus allowing the girls' voices more scope to gurgle rather wistfully around in producer Phil Thornally's shifting flower beds of soft noises. Elsewhere though, it's terribly unappetising fare. Those unchanging vocal mannerisms reproduced to the gleeful phut-phut-put of toy drums and keyboards. If it's sometimes hard to survive a whole Switchblade without thinking

about making the tea, imagine the captivating effect of 11 of the buggers one after another!

A nadir and a sharp focus of the ethos of this hapless pair is provided by the two versions of this LP's worst song. With whom, I ask you, do they share a penchant for eccentric clothing, keyboard noodlings, la la choruses and songs with earthshatteringly meaningful titles like 'Who Knows What Love Is?', the above

mentioned offender? Yes, it's our old mate Howard Jones.

Strawberry Switchblade get their songs into the middle reaches of the charts, appear a lot on *Saturday Superstore* and the like, and get their faces staring from the windows of a lot of record shops. Therefore they make very good pop stars. And very average pop records.

Danny Kelly

PULL THE PLUG, NOW

THE POWER STATION
The Power Station (EMI)

HERE IT IS. The album which proves that John 'Duran' Taylor is every micrometre the *nouveau riche*, styleless, vain young shitball he always hinted at. The Power Station, named after the studio where this specimen was committed to tape, seems to have been the baby of Taylor and Duran's guitar-abuser Andy Taylor. Somehow Robert Palmer was enticed over to sing with them. The only good idea the two Taylors are ever likely to have.

This product is disgusting. "Conceived in Paris, London, Nassau, and bars throughout the world"... coming with many additional glossy extras (Power Station bios, 'the story',



'Prog. rockers' + Palmer. (Cath is now on hols.) Pic Brian Aris.

quotes...), as if their every mega-stellar movement has to be preserved in platinum aspic. These artists—bar Palmer—are boring and rich and bored and it shows.

The single 'Some Like It Hot'

is misrepresentative for it's light and very Palmerified—except for that typical high-cholesterol 'axe' solo from A. Taylor—barely hinting at the simplified progressive rock that massacres the low-key crooning

of Palmer. It appears the next single is to be Marc Bolan's 'Get It On'. It might just as well have been 'Smoke On The Water' for all the consideration they gave it.

It's easy to go on and whine on about progressive metal since the Taylors and former Chic drummer Tony Thompson cite rancid influences in print; but the fact that Robert Palmer's talent is stomped upon by his fellows' musical size 12 clodhoppers is revealed in the one wonderful track, 'Lonely Tonight'. OK, it contains the obligatory P.S. grafted-on guitar interference and it seems to be based on a direct lift from Rufus' 'Ain't Nobody'—but the feel is there and it's the track that the grisly Taylors had least to do with.

God, I'd rather sit and peel stickers off the censored cover of the Princess Tynymeat LP than sit through another spin of 'The Power Station'. The only thing to look forward to is the Robert Palmer solo LP—to be done with the help of Bernard Edwards and Tony Thompson. Hmm. Maybe they'll gang up on Andy and John, tie them to their platinum discs and dump them in the Caribbean. Hope so.

Cath Carroll

IN 'STRACT TIME

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Never Mind The Jacksobs, Here's The Pollocks... (Abstract)

ONE OF the wittiest album titles ever. Abstract expressionism—geddit?

Herewith find eight jewels in Abstract's glittering tiara, which spans Yorkshire, Kilburn and the Republic of Ireland. Biggest name here is New Model Army, recently defected to EMI in a cloud of Clash-style righteousness. Their Peel-session version of 'Small Town England' rails against Little Englander tunnel-vision with a snarl uncomfortably closer to brutishness than Rut-ishness. Where NMA should dramatise and burn, they are coldly judgemental.

Blighty's malaise is further skewered from a variety of angles. Hagar The Womb half-sing, half-chant a nagging 'Song Of Deep Hate', a hippy-punk manifesto of needling charm but preciously oblique meaning. The Gymslips' 'Empire Song' ditches the Renee millstone but thankfully retains the knack of a fetching bubble-glam tune...

Enter The Three Johns, whose thorough mastery of T. Rex's '20th Century Boy' has launched them on a meteoric career where they've repeatedly put their livers on the line in the cause of a revolution fit for Ray Lowry. In 'Fruit Flies', Leeds' drink-prole-threats swagger through more delirium tremens re. worker exploitation in fine though not crucial style. Second Div Johns— but once they bridge the gap between Dennis Skinner and The Ramones, government will fall.

'Often' by Five Go Down To The Sea?. Rotherhithe-based Irish surrealists, is the best song here. A sad, sad, rickety melodrama sung plaintive straight over melancholy chords not to far removed from Beefheart's blues collection. Worth £2.49 alone.

Mat Snow

SILENCE IS A RHYTHM TOO!

EVAN PARKER, GEORGE LEWIS, BARRY GUY AND PAUL LYTTON
Hook, Drift And Shuffle
(Incus)

SAY, IS this a private conversation or can anyone join in? Sure, so long as you check in your prejudices at the door.

Saxophonist Evan Parker might have been running these conversations with various

partners long before this listener got here, but it is not impossible to pick up their threads. For his instructive way of breaking the silence achieves results not unlike those of destructive characters like Einstürzende Neubauten, The Birthday Party, and anyone else who has found the grammar of music as restrictive to reflexive thought as hardened arteries are to the blood flow to the brain.

If the destructive characters mentioned frequently begin from a position of noise, the instructive characters of free music here scratch away at silence, test its surfaces, tweak sounds from the endrangs of their instruments that can barely be heard above silence's roar. The listener strains to hear at first, thereby finding himself drawn into the accumulating excitement of spontaneous composition.

In these endrangs the characteristics of their chosen instruments — Parker (saxes), Lewis (trombone), Guy (bass), Lytton (percussion) — merge, the characters of the players subordinate to the strength of the ideas emerging with the shaping composition. Once an idea loses its state of flux, it must be dropped, else the possibility of eventual release — presumably the desire entertained by these musicians — is irrevocably lost.

In the 34-minute improvisation 'Drift' it seems a long time coming. The four musicians shift from one chirruping interchange to the next, making little progress into the subconscious, least not until the listener gives up to its relentless athenatic nature and enjoys each asthmatic interplay for what it is.

'Shuffle' is easier to take up, due to one of those extraordinary circulating sax riffs so complete any intrusion is a welcome momentary relief from its hypertensity. Its memory illuminates the final short 'Hook', which locates some primary grunting noises and holds an instantly recognisable conversation without recourse to conventional musical grammar.

At which point the private conversation goes public and the listener confesses to be caught up in it. So much so he forgets to pick his prejudices up when he leaves.

Biba Kopf

LIGHTNING STRIKES



Andi: some Pretty Heavy Stuff you're laying on us here, babe. Now toddle off...

ANDI SEX-GANG
Blind! (Illuminated)

WHO, I wonder, was it that told Andrew Sex-Gang he could sing, and was it intended as joke, or purely a mistake? Whichever, the joke (if it was) has now backfired, as the fey little fellow actually inflicts his tuneless, whining larynx over twelve deeply daunting inches and eleven seemingly endless tracks. Lyrically, the songs run the entire gamut of shocking subjects from sex to death and back to sex again, whilst musically the post-Banshees wail is augmented by all manner of thumping, droning noises such as are the preferred ear-tipple of those who wear large amounts of black eye make-up.

Blind? Naah. Not even deaf. Just dumb.

Andy Sex-Gill

MERLE HAGGARD
It's All In The Game (Epic)

FAINTLY HAGGARD indeed is Merle's granite complexion on the cover of another leisurely Epic album, though I suspect he's weller than Willie or Waylon or pal George Jones. Nice to see this weatherbeaten stalwart gracing the Live pages the other day, pity his records are getting so respectable.

This is MOR Nashville corn with maybe four semi-decent songs and a lot of comfy kitsch like the awful 'All I Want To Do Is Sing My Song' and even worse yoking of 'Thank Heaven For Little Girls' to 'All The Girls I've Loved Before'. Merle redeems himself slightly by turning the Tommy Edwards/Four Tops title track into an enchanting Aaron Neville-ish lullaby, and 'A Place To Fall Apart', co-written with Willie Nelson, is redolent of that curious man's eccentricities. But the record is a long way from the treasured spirit of Bob Wills or Jimmie Rodgers, and occasional wisps of fiddle and mandolin cannot hide the spirit of lethargic commercialism at heart.

Barney Hoskyns



Tuxedomoon boogie on, unaware of the LP verdict. Pic Bryn Jones.

WHAT USE?

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ralph Before '84, Volume 2 (Korova)

IT COULD, of course, be a simple case of bloody-minded obscurantism on Ralph's part, but whoever it is that makes up their compilations could hardly be said to be busting their balls to sell Ralph acts to the estimated 50 billion people out there who still haven't heard, let alone bought, an album on this most absurd of labels. One wonders what the point of putting out a sampler is, if the majority of tracks seem specially picked to put off prospective purchasers?

Volume One of this series featured a so-so selection of stuff by The Residents alone, some of which was, admittedly, hard to find elsewhere; this follow-up, featuring pieces by Snakfinger, Fred Frith, Tuxedomoon, MX-80 Sound and Renaldo & The Loaf, has no such collectibility quotient working for it, and precious little else. The two more "commercial" acts (insofar as such a classification has meaning here), Snakfinger and Tuxedomoon, get only a couple of tracks each, only one of which — the latter's 'What Use?', a former NME Single Of The Week — could be reasonably hummed after one listen, whilst the more avant Fred Frith and Renaldo & The Loaf get three apiece. MX-80 Sound's version of John Carpenter's theme from *Halloween* is just as awful as everything else they've done.

A nation speaking unto itself, I fear.

Andy Gill

UM... 'SEX-FIEND', SHADES, ALL THE USUAL STUFF...

SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK
The Untamed Culture
(Anagram Records)

ANY BAND that writes songs with titles of the calibre of 'Rubber Mask', 'Sex-Fiend', 'Flesh-Eater' and 'Queen Of Flies' is ALRIGHT with me. I'm pleased to see that the nucleus of young Trash bands is approaching Triffid-like

proportion, and that soon our nation's pop-obsessed teenies will be exchanging their copies of *Smash Hits* for *Tales From The Crypt*, sticking skulls and bats in their freshly-pierced ears, and rowing with parents over why they can't shave the cat...

Sunglasses After Dark's members have so far suffered two collapsed lungs, a heart attack and a broken wrist (how effete) in the cause of returning

psychotic silliness to an '80s rock scene drowning in sterile but oh-so-commercial 'style'. If they could only be as fat and ugly as some of the audience pictured at the gig their debut album is take from... Alas, I caught a gay man drooling over the inner sleeve, and Sunglasses After Dark's credibility as slime was blown. Still, the music is repulsive.

Jane Solanas

The music is great — muscular, varied, unquenchable. If you thought the blues had been all burned out, all the best licks played, all the done-me-bad songs done to death, then hear Son Seals put a new twist on them and think again. Los Lobos appreciate what Seals is doing, they call it keeping the wolf alive. Mention his name to them and in awe they'll say, "He's a monster man". Sounds like it too.

Gavin Martin

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FORTHCOMING RELEASES

Hybrid



Charles takes a break to admire review.

THE RED-NOSED MING DYNASTY

CHARLES MINGUS

The Clown (Atlantic Jazzlore)

THE FIRST example of what used to be designated 'modern jazz' that your correspondent ever heard was by Charles Mingus: it was 'Pithecanthropus Erectus', the title piece from the album which he made directly before this (and I'd like to state my parenthetical gratitude to Atlantic for reissuing that one as well as this; secondhand copies in reasonable nick go for around £8.50). It was awesome in a way that this music isn't, but then not all of Mingus' music from his late '50s/early '60s heyday was that primordial.

Charles Mingus, who died just over six years ago, was not only a ferociously talented composer and a sexual braggart who made Little Richard seem coy by comparison, he was one of the principal architects of modern standup bass playing. He could play bebop with the best of them (check him with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach and Bud Powell on the legendary 'Jazz At Massey Hall' album), but the major well-springs of his music were Ellington and church music, the influences which dominate classics like 'Mingus Ah Um', which introduced classics like 'Better Get It In Your Soul', 'Goodbye Pork Pie Hat' and 'Fables Of Faubus', 'Blues And Roots', with the astonishing 'Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting' . . . and this album.

'The Clown', cut in 1957 but not released until '61, teams Mingus with some of his most loyal sidemen, including trombonist Jimmy Knepper and the ever-loving Dannie Richmond on drums, and it features some of Mingus' best – and

best-recorded – bass playing. Nesuhi Ertegun produced, and the leader's mercurial bass (a contradiction? Wait 'til you hear it!) is right up front, whereas on the Teo Macero-produced 'Ah Um', the man is occasionally overwhelmed in the ensemble passages. In Nat Hentoff's liner notes, he claims that some of the music made him shout out loud, and the opening 'Haitian Fight Song' explodes with the kind of intensity absent from pop except in its finest and least inhibited hours. (Jazz = instrumental music in which people try to tell you something. Pop = vocal music where they generally don't bother.) Shafi Hadi's slippery, passionate alto and Richmond's lashing drums frame the leader's statements and act as his (respective) voice and muscle. 'Fight Song' leaves you tingling.

It's followed by a looming, reflective blues and a sumptuous, sensuous Parker tribute, and the album closes on the title piece: a 12½ minute free-jazz-and-narration piece featuring a monologue by Jean Shepherd which finds this listener, at least, scratching his head a lot of the time. A rather laboured analogy between a clown trying to make his audience laugh and a jazz musician trying to get them to feel *anything*, it falls down because almost any spoken word fails to capture the magic of Mingus' music.

Still, no home should be without 'Haitian Fight Song', the kind of tune that music was invented for. And if you see a copy of the original issue of 'Pithecanthropus Erectus' going in good condition for £6 or thereabouts, call me . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

NEXT WEEK IN NME

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS – **RICHARD COOK** sees Scotland's incredibly talented (© T. Stewart) balladeer and band play before two cocker spaniels and a used-kebab salesman at a venue in Providence, Rhode Island!

SONIC YOUTH – drag **BIBA KOPF** into their own deafening Death Valley for a little 'conditioning'.

KENNETH ANGER – Hollywood babble on (Pt. 2) every grubby little activity of the movie stars of the last 40 years, as told to **KRISTINE McKENNA**.

LAST POETS – **SEAN O'HAGAN** wishes to inform all his friends and relations that his tense audience with Harlem's hardest men is finally going into print!

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RECORD NEWS

REGGAE FOR ETHIOPIA

BRAFA is the latest organisation dedicated to alleviating the problems in Ethiopia, the initials standing for British Reggae Artists Famine Appeal. It was formed in January by Leon Lieffer (of The Blackstones) and solo singer Gene Rondo who, together with fellow Blackstone Tony Douglas, wrote 'Let's Make Africa Green Again'. It was recorded on 24 February with over 200 singers and musicians taking part, and it's released this week by Island (7" and extended disc 12"), with EMI handling distribution. All proceeds will go to the Save The Children Fund.

Just a few of those involved in the session were Chosen Few, Misty In Roots, Mikey Dread, Jah Warriors, Undivided Roots, Black Slate, The Instigators, Trevor Walters, Winston Reedy, Dennis Brown, Aswad, The Pioneers, Janet Kay, Gene Rondo and The Blackstones.

THE £3-PLUS 12-INCH

THE 12-INCH single is about to crash through the £3 barrier. Already it is hovering just below that mark, with the standard retail price now at £2.99, although some 12-inchers carry a special price of £2.49. However, NME understands that one major label has instigated moves which would lead to the standard over-the-counter price for a 12-inch being increased to £3.29 — and rather like the cost of petrol, when one company puts up its prices, the others are sure to follow. Latest word at press-time is that the increase is on "hold" — so it remains to be seen if the label concerned has had second thoughts, or is merely waiting for the most suitable moment.

CHICAGO aim for a hat-trick of hits with a new single titled 'Along Comes A Woman' which, like its two predecessors, is a remix of a track from the 'Chicago 17' album. It comes in 7" and 12" forms, and is on the Full Moon label (through Warners).

KENNY ROGERS has his classic 1978 single 'The Gambler' reissued this week by EMI. It ties in with a Western mini-series of the same title, coming up shortly on ITV, in which Rogers plays the role of a professional gambler.

CHAKA KHAN looks for her third consecutive hit with the single 'Eye To Eye', a remixed version of a track from her album 'I Feel For You', issued by Warners on 12 April. The B-side is 'La Flamme' from the same LP.

HOWARD JONES currently on the road in Europe, releases his new self-penned single 'Look Mama' on 12 April on WEA. It's taken from his hit album 'Dream Into Action', but the flip side is a brand new track called 'Learning How To Love'. There's also an extended 12-inch which features the bonus of a live version of the A-side, recorded at Manchester Apollo.

GRAHAM PARKER who's been working with session musicians since he parted company with The Rumour, now has an official new backing band called The Shot — including no less a luminary than Brinsley Schwarz on lead guitar. He's also signed to Elektra Records, and this weekend that label issues an album by Parker and the band called 'Steady Nerves', comprising ten Parker originals. It's also the first time he's acted as co-producer (with William Wittman).

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE, who've just released their new single 'Let Her Go', now offer their debut album. It has their name as its title, and consists of 11 tracks written by the duo (Jill Bryson and Rose McDowall), including their smash hit 'Since Yesterday' and the latest single.

OTTOWAN enjoyed a string of British chart entries a few years back, and now Carrere Records (distributed by PRT) are reissuing two of their biggest hits as a double A-side single — they are 'D.I.S.C.O.' (No.2 in 1980) and 'Hands Up — Give Me Your Heart' (No.3 in 1981).



SCARY THIEVES release their new single 'The Waiting Game'/'Life Is Another Day' this week on Parlophone, in both 7" and extended 12" forms, the cover having been created from the design of a competition winner. The group's debut album follows later in the year.

MULTI-STORY have their debut single 'Carrie' issued next Tuesday (9) by FM, a division of Heavy Metal Records, and their album 'East-West' follows on 29 April. The Welsh band will be touring next month.

CHASAR, the Scottish three-piece who have a vast following North of the Border, have signed to American Phonograph International and their debut self-named album is out this week. The band will be playing in and around London this month.

FLACO JIMENEZ Tex-Mex Band with Peter Rowan, currently touring Britain, release their LP 'San Antonio Sound' and single 'Open Up Your Heart' on Waterfront Records this week. Both were recorded live at London Putney Hall Moon on their last UK visit.

MEL ALEXANDER, who's appeared in such West End musicals as *The Rocky Horror Show* and *Godspell*, this week releases her debut single 'My Baby Drives A Ford Cortina' on Big Boy Records (through PRT). It's described as "electro-twist-rock'n'roll".

JOOLZ, the queen of new wave poetry, has an eight-track mini-album released on 15 April by Abstract Records — who claim it to be of the highest artistic quality and the first of its kind. It consists of live material and studio tracks, and should sell at around £3.49.

ABC's new Phonogram single 'Be Near Me' is now also available as a limited edition double pack. In which the extra record features US remixes of 'Poison Arrow' and 'The Look Of Love', together lasting over 14 minutes. A standard 12" with an extra track is also available.

MARI WILSON sings the title song 'Would You Dance With A Stranger?' in the new British film *Dance With A Stranger*, starring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, and the soundtrack album is released this week by The Compact Organization. It's part of the label's new Showroom series, selling at £3.99.

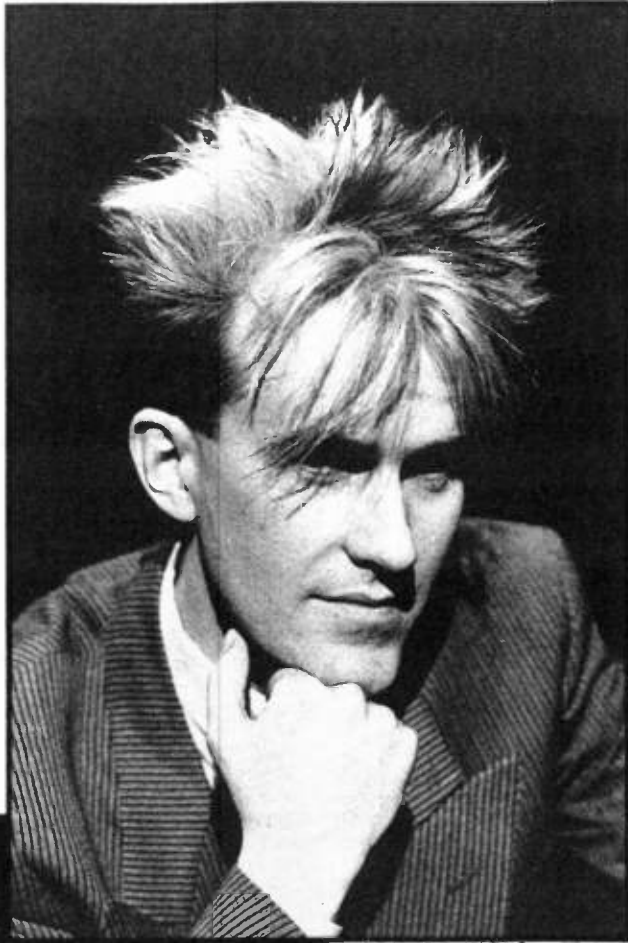
ALVIN STARDUST will be one of eight performers taking part in this year's 'Song For Europe' contest next month, the first major star this decade to risk doing so, with a place in the Eurovision Song Contest at stake — that's in Sweden on 4 May. His song is 'The Clock On The Wall', penned by the Leeson & Vale team who also wrote his seasonal hit 'So Near To Christmas' — and unless it's a total flop, we can expect it to be his next single.

THE FALL have a compilation LP called 'Hip Priest And Kamerads' issued this weekend on the Situation Two label (through Beggars Banquet), consisting of nine tracks taken from material released on Kamera Records, plus the 1983 live track 'Mere Pseud Mag. Ed.' The group's music is also showcased in 'Hall The Classic', a new dance created by ballet star Michael Clarke, which was premiered at the Royal Scottish Ballet in Glasgow last weekend.

DEVO's new single is 'Shout'/'C'mon', both tracks taken from their current album 'Shout', and released by Warners this week. It's available for a limited period as a double pack, in which the extra cuts are two of their best-known songs, 'Jacko Homo' and 'Mongoloid'.

ALPHAVILLE, the German trio who last year scored in the UK charts with 'Big In Japan', have a new single issued by WEA this weekend — 'Jet Set'/'Golden Feeling'. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter also containing a dub mix of the A-side.

GARY NUMAN this week releases his live double album 'White Noise' on his own Numa Records label, recorded at Hammersmith Odeon last December during the final concerts of his 'Berserker' tour. He has another single due out on 26 April with two or three more to follow prior to his next studio album in September.



BIG HEAT, the trio who supported Elvis Costello on his 1984 UK tour, now have him as producer of their debut single — 'Watch Me Catch Fire'/'Loveboat', issued by A&M next Tuesday. The 12-inch format contains two extra tracks, 'Heaven On Earth' and 'One Good Reason'.

THE BANGLES, the Los Angeles girl group who were over here recently, release their second Epic single this week — titled 'Going Down To Liverpool' — and there's also a five-track 12" available. Plans are being laid for a return visit by the band, details to follow.

CHINA CRISIS have their current Virgin single 'Black Man Ray' available as a limited edition shaped picture disc this week. It comes in the shape of two separate hands (fingers and all), with the A-side across the palm of the right hand, and the B-side 'Animalistic' on the left hand.

ELAINE PAIGE has her debut album 'Sitting Pretty' reissued by EMI this week, following her success with the 'Chess' project. It was originally released in 1978 before she shot to fame in *Evita* and *Cats*, and it will retail at a budget price of around £2.25.



STAN RIDGEWAY, former vocalist and founder member of Wall Of Voodoo, releases his first solo single 'Big Heat'/'Drive She Said' this week on IRS (through A&M). An album follows in June, and one of the tracks 'Salesman' appears as a bonus on the 12" version of the single.

THE BOOMERANG GANG were formed last year, and this week sees the advent of their debut single on Survival Records (through PRT). Called 'Rock Out', it comes in 12-inch form only, and features three different mixes of the title track.

VICE SQUAD, Chaotic Discord, The Expelled and Abrasive Wheels are among the bands featured on 'Life's A Riot With Riot City Records', a history of the Riot City label since 1980. It's out this week through Cherry Red.

AHA are a Norwegian trio who signed to Warners last year. They have a self-penned single issued via that outlet this weekend, titled 'Take On Me'. It's coupled with 'Love Is Reason', and it comes in both seven-inch and extend 12-inch format.

C-CAT TRANCE, the Nottingham duo known for their exotic blend of third world music with funk, release their single 'She Steals Cars'/'Rattling Ghosts' next Tuesday (9) on the Ink label (through Nine Mile and The Cartel). Their LP 'Khamu' follows on 7 May.

10,000 MANIACS, the New York group widely rated by the UK music Press and by John Peel on Radio 1, have signed to Elektra. Their releases will be on their own Myth America label, through WEA, and the first can be expected shortly.

GEORGE BENSON follows his recent hit '20/20' with a new single 'Beyond The Sea (La Mer)', the English version of which was a smash hit for Bobby Darin 25 years ago. The flip side is 'Breezin'', the bonus on the 12-inch is 'This Masquerade', and it's issued by Warners on 12 April.

GERARD KENNY's self-penned song 'No Man's Land' is being featured as the end theme in the new series of ITV's drama series *Widows*, and it's released as a single by WEA this weekend in 7" and 12" forms, the latter also containing the *Widows* main theme as a bonus track.

GO WEST, currently enjoying a smash hit with their debut single, have their first album released by Chrysalis this weekend — with their name as its title. They'll be touring abroad during the spring and summer, but their major UK tour won't be until November.

TOUR NEWS OVERFLOW

EASTER JAZZ FESTIVAL takes place at London Woolwich Tramshed Theatre over the four days of the holiday weekend. It features the National Youth Jazz Orchestra and the Will Michael Trio with Dave Quincey (5 April); renowned US guitarist Tal Farlow with Dave Green & Alan Ganley and the Will Michael Trio with Don Rendell & Art Themen (6); the Pete King Quintet with Henry Lowther and the Terry Smith Blues Band with Jo-Ann Kelly (7); and the Stan Tracey Quartet with Art Themen and the Mick Collins Big Band (8). Nightly admission is £3 (£2.50 members), or it's £10 for all four shows (£9 members).

FOOD FOR THOUGHT is a two-day benefit concert being staged this Saturday and Sunday (6-7) at London Dominion Theatre. It's organised by the Foundation For African Arts to raise money for water drilling equipment for Eritrea and Tigre. Among those taking part are Aswad, Maxi Priest, Jah Warriors, Benjamin Zephaniah, Misty In Roots, Blackstones, The Instigators, Merger, Abacush, Ekome, Kabbala and Uthingo. Tickets are £7.50 (day) or £12 (weekend).

JOHN COGHLAN's Diesel — comprising Jackie Lynton (vocals), ex-Whitesnake Mick Moody (guitar), Johnny Gustafson (bass), Mike Simmons from Joan Armatrading's band (keyboards) and Coghlan (drums) — are back together and will be gigging this month, starting with London dates at the Marquee (this Thursday) and Fulham Greyhound (Saturday).

ROBIN HITCHCOCK & The Egyptians are playing more dates before their first US trip in May, and the first to be confirmed are at Bath Moles Club (23 April), Brighton The Richmond (25), Poole College of Further Education (26) and London Marquee Club (27), with more being set. They have a new 12-inch single titled 'Heaven' released on 12 April by Midnight Music (through The Cartel), this being a remixed version of a track from the LP 'Fegmania' — and the two tracks on the flip side are 'Dwarfbeat' and 'Some Body'.

THE SUBTERRANEANS, Nick Kent's latest musical coalition, and The Jasmine Minks play a special Easter Monday show at London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield (8pm). It's in aid of Chilton St. Residents Association, a co-operative endeavour intent on re-housing the young, single and homeless of North London's Somerstown. Admission is £1.50 and special guests are promised.

BOB GELDOF — who, having ditched Wembley Stadium, is still seeking an alternative venue for his projected all-star Band-Aid concert in July — has his second movie role (the first was in *The Wall*) in the film *Number One*. He plays a snooker hustler, who graduates from the seedy clubs in South London to the world championships at Sheffield Crucible. The gala premiere, in aid of Ethiopian relief, is at London Haymarket Classic One on 18 April — and it opens to the public the next day, as well as going on release to selected cinemas.

TOUR NEWS



ALEXEI SAILS ON

ALEXEI SAYLE steps out of his role in *Doctor Who* (which, we're told, he considers as the peak of achievement!) to begin a national tour at Chatham Central Hall on 12 April. His first dozen dates were reported exclusively by *NME* five weeks ago, and they still stand — except that his Lincoln gig on 3 May switches from the Drill Hall to the Ritz Theatre. But he's now added further dates to his schedule, including a major London show, and those newly confirmed are at Dublin Olympia (19 May), Belfast Whitla Hall (20), Croydon Fairfield Hall (24), Norwich East Anglia University (25), Nottingham Theatre Royal (26), Northampton Derngate Centre (1 June), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (2), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (3), Sheffield Crucible (9), Bristol Hippodrome (14) and London Dominion Theatre (15) — and there's still more to come. Tickets are £4 maximum, except in London where it's £4.50, and the promoter is Phil McIntyre.

CHAMPAGNE MAGNUM

MAGNUM are headlining a major UK tour next month, taking in some of the country's leading venues, including a prestige London concert. With their new single 'Just Like An Arrow' now on release, they have their album 'On A Storyteller's Night' issued on 13 May by FM (through Heavy Metal Records) to coincide with their schedule, with comprises: St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (10 May), St. Albans City Hall (11), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (18), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Nottingham Rock City (20), London Dominion Theatre (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (24), Bradford University (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27), Glasgow Mayfair (28), Stirling Albert Hall (29), Whitehaven The Whitehouse (30) and Newcastle Mayfair (31).

EEK-A-MOUSE extra dates

EEK-A-MOUSE has now confirmed more dates for his UK tour, in which he'll be supported by Bristol reggae band Talisman. They are Cardiff New Ocean Club (16 April), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (18), Penzance Demelza's (19), Liverpool Bier Keller (24), Coventry Warwick University (25), Reading Central Club (27), Dunstable Queensway Hall (1 May), Swansea Marina (2), Torquay 400 Club (3), Portsmouth Polytechnic (4) and Leeds Cosmo Club (5). Previously announced were London Lyceum (21 April), Brighton Top Rank (22) and Bristol Studio (28). Talisman will be re-promoting their 1984 album 'Takin' The Strain' on Embryo Records, with a new LP to come during the summer.

THE FUZZTONES, the New York band whose UK debut album 'Lysergic Emanations' is released this weekend by ABC Records, begin their previously reported UK visit with a date at London Camden Dingwalls on 29 April — and after touring around the Continent for the next four weeks, they return to play London Marquee on 27 May. They then join a major nationwide tour as special guests (full details expected next week). And their final UK date will be another headliner, still to be set.

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER keeps on the move at Chester Rendezvous (10 April), Manchester Gallery (17), Manchester Ashton Pitt & Nelson (18), Telford Madeley Court Centre (19), Harlow Square One (20), Peterborough Key Theatre (21 lunchtime), Newcastle University (3 May) and Cardiff University (4), with more being set.



Philip Bailey, Deniece for Greenbelt festival

PHILIP BAILEY — a founder member of Earth Wind & Fire for ten years, whose current 'Easy Lover' single with Phil Collins has brought him chart-topping success — is coming to Britain in the summer for an exclusive appearance in the 1985 Greenbelt Arts Festival. Other US artists already set include Deniece Williams, whose 1984 hit 'Let's Hear It For The Boy' has now sold over five million worldwide, and George

Hamilton IV.

The Greenbelt event regularly attracts some 30,000 people over August Bank Holiday weekend — and in fact, Bailey also appeared there last year, though that was before he had achieved his present level of UK success. Many more names await confirmation for the festival, which takes place from 23 to 26 August at Castle Ashby Park in Northants. For more information, phone 01-740 0433.

Dury, King, Cocker, Rats in all-star Glastonbury bill

GLASTONBURY CND Festival this year promises to maintain its reputation as the UK's leading overnight event, with a string of major names confirmed this week by organiser Michael Eavis, and the promise of many more top attractions and several surprises still to come.

As reported last week, The Thompson Twins headline on the Saturday night, and other acts announced just before *NME* closed for press were King, Ian Dury & The Blockheads, Joe Cocker, The Colourfield, The Boomtown Rats, Sound Authority, The Pogues, Clannad, Maria Muldaur, Hugh Masekela and Australia's Midnight Oil. Still subject to confirmation being received from Jamaica are Gregory Isaacs and Third World.

All the above will be appearing on the main stage, but no less than seven stages will be in operation this year, featuring a host of up-and-coming bands — for instance, The Polson Girls will be appearing on Stage Two. And Robin Williamson will be among the acts to be seen on the classical stage.

● Ian Dury will be giving his only performance of the summer, meaning that previously reported plans for him to appear at Hammersmith Odeon on 24 and 25 June have been scrapped. Eavis says he's been promised that Dury will be playing with all the original Blockheads.

● Reports elsewhere stating that The Style Council will be at Glastonbury are incorrect. It's understood that they'll be touring for promoter Harvey Goldsmith at about that time.

● Killing Joke were in line for a spot at the festival, but Eavis refused to book them after a row with Jaz Coleman. Said Eavis: "I saw Coleman quoted in print as saying that all CND members are wallies. Hardly the sort of act we want at a CND Festival!"

Just to re-cap on the arrangements for Glastonbury, which takes place over the weekend of Friday to Sunday, 21–23 June, at its usual Worthy Farm site in Pilton, near Shepton Mallet. Advance weekend tickets are £16, including camping and



DURY: festival exclusive

parking, and are available from Virgin shops — or by post from the CND Office, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ (making cheques and POs payable to "Glastonbury Festivals Ltd" and enclosing SAE). And a reminder that all tickets are expected to be sold in advance.

Glitter hits the trail again

GARY GLITTER, who toured extensively before Christmas, sets out next month on another 15-date tour — culminating in two nights at Hammersmith Odeon. His schedule comprises Liverpool Empire (1 May), Manchester Apollo (2), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (3), Gt. Yarmouth Ladbroke's Holiday Village — details were announced last week (4), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Birmingham Odeon (8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Crawley Leisure Centre (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Bristol The Studio (12), Sheffield City Hall (14), Hull City Hall (16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (17 and 18). Tickets

are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, generally priced £5 and £4.50, with additional £5.50 seats at Hammersmith.

A new Glitter single is released by Arista on 19 April in both 7" and 12" formats — titled 'Love Comes', it's coupled with the title track from his recent album 'Boys Will Be Boys'. And on Easter Monday, he can be seen in the TV play *Ligmalion*, which is transmitted in BBC-2's Arena series — it also stars Tim Curry, Sting and Alexei Sayle, and Glitter plays a shoe-shine whose vivid imagination takes him into a world of fantasy.



FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN headline the first-ever gig at London Hackney The Blue House (Homerton High Street) on Good Friday at 7.30pm, supported by Blyth Power, Bloodsports and The Splatter Babies. It's a benefit for the venue itself, a recently squatted National Trust property, which plans to stage gigs, late films and possibly plays at very cheap prices. Admission to this show is £1.50.

STARS OF THE SIXTIES feature in a "Rock'n'Roll Silver Jubilee" event at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, 21 April (7pm). Among those involved are Dave Berry & The Cruisers, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders, Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas, Brian Poole & Black Cat, Herman's Hermits, Swinging Blue Jeans, The Equals, The Troggs and Ricky Valance. Tickets are on sale now price £10, £9 and £8.

ROSA KING — the noted US female saxist who's worked with the likes of Little Richard and Lionel Hampton, and has released four albums of her own — makes her UK debut next month by way of two London concerts, promoted by TSAfrika. Together with her five-piece band Upside Down, she's at Kentish Town The Forum (11 April) and Oxford St. 100 Club (12). Tickets for the Forum show are £5 (or £4 concessions).

THIS WEEK'S ROUND-UP

THE FIRM — the new supergroup fronted by Jimmy Page and Paul Rodgers, whose self-named debut album recently hit the Top Ten — are understood to be in line for a guest spot in Deep Purple's open-air comeback concert at Knebworth Park on Saturday, 22 June.

NEW ORDER have added another date to their latest short series of one-nighter appearances — at Swansea Mayfair on 10 April. All tickets are £4, available from Derek's Records (Swansea) and Virgin (Cardiff).

TEATRO VIVO, who were forced to flee their native Guatemala in 1980 by the military regime, are touring Europe and have London dates at Kensington Commonwealth Institute (16–18 April), Highgate Jacksons Lane Centre (19), and Battersea Town Hall (20 afternoon).

SHY, the Birmingham band whose debut album 'Brave The Storm' is issued by RCA in early May, have added three more gigs to their current tour — Birmingham St. Anne's Community Centre (this Wednesday), Cardiff Bogies (Saturday) and Tonypandy Naval Club (13 April).

WINSTON REEDY plays a one-off date, prior to his upcoming tour, at Birmingham Mohammad Ali Centre on Easter Monday — tickets £5 from all local record shops. His tour proper starts later in April, and the schedule will be announced shortly.

RENT PARTY, who recently recorded their live six-track mini-LP 'Honk That Saxophone' (for release by Waterfront in mid-April) at London Camden Dublin Castle, return there for two shows on 14 and 15 April. They've also added Brighton The Richmond on 28 April.

THE PLAYN JAYN, who've been touring to promote their A&M debut single 'Juliette', have had to cancel several recent dates because singer Mike Jones was suffering from a throat infection. They are being re-scheduled for April or early May.

LW5, the new Virgin soul-funk band who've recently been supporting The Commodores on their UK tour, have now landed the support spot on the Maze concerts at the end of April.

THE LEAGUE had to cancel their show at Leeds Adam & Eve's on 20 March, as vocalist Nick 'Animal' Karmer was a victim of laryngitis. It's now been re-scheduled tonight (Wednesday), and existing tickets remain valid for the revised date.

THE END OF FRIARS

AYLESBURY FRIARS, one of the best-known venues in the country, is to close. Virtually every top act in the business has appeared there during its 16 years of regular concert presentations, and its closure will come as a great blow to the 70,000 Friars members, who are left with no other comparable venue in the vicinity. Explaining the decision, organiser David Stopps commented:

"Friars has made substantial losses in the past year, due to the uneconomic situation in which it's found itself. The main

reasons are that the Maxwell Hall has become very expensive to hire and operate, and its capacity has become too small to compete with venues in other areas. The final straw came last month when a popular British band pulled out because they could earn substantially more money elsewhere.

"Also, there's a shortage of good working bands in the UK at present due to the very high cost of touring, and there are no signs that this situation will improve. It's a very sad day for me, but I hope that the memories live on."

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Jerry Lee rides the sunset trail

Pic David Redfern

NOT exactly a scintillating Easter in terms of special holiday shows. In fact, the only event falling into this category is the annual C&W Festival at Wembley Arena (Saturday to Monday), long regarded as the highlight of the country calendar. This year's line-up brings together such established favourites as **JERRY LEE LEWIS**, **TAMMY WYNETTE**, **BOXCAR WILLIE**, **BRENDA LEE**, **RITA COOLIDGE** and **THE OSMOND BROTHERS**—but you can find the full bills under the appropriate days in the listings. Several of the stars are also touring in their own right—Jerry Lee and The Osmonds both kick off in Dartford, on Monday and Tuesday respectively.

It's only a few weeks since **KING** completed their first headlining tour, but they obviously believe in striking while the iron is hot, so they're setting out on another month-long jaunt from Coventry (Saturday) and Belfast (Tuesday) . . . As far as other new tours are concerned, reggae star **FRANKIE PAUL** arrives for his first UK date series, starting at Birmingham



Frankie Paul—him never get wet!

Pic Bleddyn Butcher

(Friday), Cardiff (Sunday), Nottingham (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday)—and **HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS**, who've been enjoying an abnormal amount of TV exposure recently, begin another trek around these sceptred isles in Belfast on Saturday.

Several of the major acts already on the road reach the climax of their schedules. As a result of heavy ticket demand, both **PAUL YOUNG** (Thursday and Friday) and **FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** (Saturday and Sunday) have added extra shows at Hammersmith Odeon, while **THE SMITHS** also complete their itinerary in the capital with a prestige concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday. But **MILLIE JACKSON** and **TEARS FOR FEARS** still have quite a way to go before they finish.

The total number of gigs continues at a low ebb with the colleges on vacation, and many clubs are closed for at least one day over Easter.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 3rd

Belfast Opera: **Harvey & Wallbangers** (until Saturday)
 Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Red Lion: **Stigma**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Millie Jackson**
 Birmingham Peacocks: **Rouen**
 Bolton Space City: **Ocean**
 Bournemouth International Centre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Bradford Coach House: **Haze**
 Bradford Market Tavern: **Yeah Yeah Noh/The Bomb Party**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Brighton The Centre: **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Gene Clark**
 Chesham Whispers: **Precious Few**
 Coventry Pilgrim Club: **The Great Outdoors**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Major 5**
 Glasgow Maestro's: **The Hitchcock Touch**
 Guildford Merrist Wood Agricultural College: **The Reactors**
 Hastings The Electric Grape: **Piledriver**
 Hull Troggs: **Seducer**
 Leeds Adam & Eve's: **The League**
 Liverpool The Venue: **The Fuse**
 London Acton Kings Head: **The Brewery Tappers**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Chariot**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Balham Alligators**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Duck You Sucker/Most People**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Morrissey Mullen/Fever**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Subhumans/Blyth Power**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **One Garden Doesn't Make A Summer**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Accident**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Thrashing Doves/Illustrious Cutlery**
 London Hippodrome: **Mojo Reunion**
 London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
 London Islington Three Johns: **Wet Paint Theatre Co/The Alibi**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Kailma/Compared To What?**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Total Recall**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Marquee Club: **Cardiacs**
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **Ron Mathewson Six Piece**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Willie & The Poor Boys**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
 London Piccadilly International House: **Barflies**
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Cedar Walton Trio/Elaine Delmar (until 13 April)**
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Bill Stickers Will Be Band**
 London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **The Frank Chickens/The Millies/Catch Frazz**
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **On The Pulsebeat**
 London W.1 (Cavendish Sq) The Phoenix: **Skint Video/Jeremy Hardy/Ian Saville**
 London W.1 (Greek St) Jean Pierres: **Asylum**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Cheaters**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Flaco Jimenez Tex-Mex Band**
 Norwich Santanas: **Gee Mr. Tracy/Ruby**

Rockett & The Retrogrades
 Reigate On The Rocks: **Russ Alaska**
 Romford The Rezz: **Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Pyewackett**
 Stoke Shelley's: **Tobruk**
 Winchester The Royal Oak: **Abandon City**
 Worthing Carioca Club: **Kalenda Maya**

THURSDAY 4th

Basingstoke Vegan Centre: **Andrew Erskine & His Organic Vegetables**
 Bedford Corn Exchange: **Tobruk**
 Birkenhead Stairways: **Seducer**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: **Back Street Slide**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Millie Jackson**
 Birmingham Peacocks: **Accident**
 Bournemouth International Centre: **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Wilko Johnson Band**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **The Smiths**
 Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Slaughter Tradition/Earth's Epitaph**
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie And The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**
 Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **The Equators**
 Coatbridge Club De France: **Rhythm System**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Catch The Never**
 Darlington Arts Centre: **Empty Sea**
 Darlington Coachman Hotel: **The Expozez/The Investigators/The Suicides**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Broken English**
 Edinburgh La Sorbonne: **Bobbin' John**
 Feltham Riverside Club: **The Impossible Dreamers/Indigo Swing**
 Halesowen Combo Hall: **Flaco Jimenez Tex-Mex Band**
 Halifax Ziggies: **Dorian Gray**
 Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: **Violent Blue/Veni Vidi Vici**
 Hastings The Crypt: **Campfabulous**
 Hastings Pier: **Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers**
 Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes: **Fair Exchange**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Basta Roc**
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Brian White's Magna Band**
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Room**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
 Liverpool Pen & Wig: **The Fuse**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Gene Clark**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tex Maniax**
 London Camden Palace: **One O'Clock Gang**
 London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Barflies/Lazy Dog**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Tantrum**
 London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **The Syndicate**
 London Clapton Dougie's Dine & Dance: **Somo Somo**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Terry & Gerry/Cat Talk**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **And Also The Trees/The Wild Flowers**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **The Shrew Kings**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dayz/The Fifteenth**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Paul Young**

London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Frankie 'Sea Cruise' Ford**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **New York New York/Beat The System**
 London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Word Of Mouth**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Manor House Attic Club: **Yeah Yeah Noh**
 London Marquee Club: **John Coghlan's Diesel**
 London Mile End The Three Cranes: **The Surfadelics**
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **Pat Crumly's Strata/Roland Perrin Sextet**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Posford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Safe In Bed**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **One Way System/Urban Dogs**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Get Carter**
 London Thornton Heath Lord Napier: **Mike Daniels Big Band**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
 Maidstone Royal Star Hotel: **Mad Dog**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tal Farlow**
 Manchester The Phoenix: **Splitz**
 Mansfield Horse & Jockey: **Chamel House**
 Northampton Arts Centre: **Pinski Zoo**
 Northampton White Elephant: **European Toys**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples**
 Nottingham/Ray Gunn & the Lasers
 Nottingham Vinos: **Haze**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Forger**
 Penre Hotel: **Kick The Echo**
 Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
 Plymouth Ziggy's: **TV Personalities**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Brenda Lee**
 Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
 Romford The Rezz: **Poor Boys**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Dig Vis Drill**
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Boxing The Compass/Wake The Giant**
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Complaints**
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 5th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Alone Again Or**
 Basildon Roundacre: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Millie Jackson**
 Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **Frankie Paul**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **The Miller Family**
 Bury St. Edmunds Merry-Go-Round: **Seducer**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Monday Band**
 Edinburgh George Square Theatre: **Flaco Jimenez Tex-Mex Band**
 Feltham Riverside Club: **The Bolshoi/Beauty Without Tears**
 Glasgow The Venue: **The Lloyd Langton Group**
 Harrow The Headstone: **The Kingbeats**
 Hull Barton-on-Humber Club: **Swift Nick/Three-Action/96 Tears**
 Langley Labour Club: **Ocean**
 Leicester Croft Club: **The D.T.'s**
 Llanbradach De Winton Hotel: **The Nightshift**
 London Brentford The Brewery Tap: **The Brewery Tappers**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The**

Radical Shells
 London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **Ray Carlos Quartet**
 London Clapton Dougie's Dine & Dance: **Ray Carless & Friends**
 London E.14 (Isle of Dogs) Marshall Keate: **Barflies**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Moondance**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Chelsea**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Dave Kelly Band/Take 5**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Paul Young**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Yeah Yeah Noh/The Tears**
 London Islington Hare & Hounds: **J.J.'s Flyers**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Terry & Gerry**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Artificial Intelligence**
 London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six-Band**
 London Lewisham Riverdale Centre: **GLC/ILEA Search for a Star Contest**
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **Kailma**
 London N.W.1 (Munster Sq) M & M Jazz Bar: **Mix/Del Rae & Gareth**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **A Bigger Mercedes**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Divers**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **The Ya Ya's**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra/Will Michael Trio with Dave Quincy**
 Manchester (Didsbury) Old Grey Horse: **Touch Vogue**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Fuse**
 Newcastle Corner House: **Arthur Mowatt Big Band**
 Northampton Black Lion: **Haze**
 Nottingham Vinos: **China China**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tobruk**
 Peebles Cross Keys Hotel: **The Government**
 Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
 Preston Clouds: **Accident**
 Sleaford Nag's Head: **Phase 8**
 Southend Top Alex: **Mad Dog**
 Wisaw Heathery Club: **Chasar**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Laverne Brown Band**

SATURDAY 6th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
 Aldershot West End Centre: **Blowzabella**
 Barnet Earthmovers Club: **The Popular Front/Thursday's Child/Crack Of Dawn**
 Barnford Marquis of Granby: **Flaco Jimenez Tex-Mex Band**
 Birmingham (Earlswood) Blue Bell: **Red Shoes**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Millie Jackson**
 Birmingham The Northfield: **Taaga**
 Blackpool Opera House: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Cockersdale**
 Bristol Granary: **Larry Miller**
 Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Seducer**
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Statues Of Us**
 Chesterfield Top Park: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Coventry Apollo Theatre: **King**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Heart & Soul**
 Cumbernauld Theatre: **Valerie & The Week Of Wonders/Hal Hal/Playing Soldiers**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Room**
 Feltham Riverside Club: **The Piranhas**

Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 Hebbden Bridge Trades Club: **Zoot & The Roots/Snake Davis**
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Magic Mushroom Band**
 Liverpool Captain's Cabin: **The Chase**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson Band**
 London Camden The Monarch: **The Charts**
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: **One The Juggler**
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Poor Boys**
 London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **Sue Shutlocks & Friends**
 London Covent Garden Piazza (12.30pm): **Chisza**
 London Ealing Town Hall: **Billy Bragg/Swift Nick/The Brilliant Corners**
 London E.1 Lord Nelson: **Respect**
 London E.C.1 The Three Compasses: **The Dirty Rats**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Tex Maniax/Dog Ends**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Newtown Neurotics/Action Pact**
 London Fulham Lost Theatre: **Mood Six**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Radio Radio/Siren Years/Little Things**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Scientists/Frenzy/Demented Are Go (upstairs); Yeah Yeah Noh/The Bomb Party (downstairs)**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frankies Goes To Hollywood**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Gymslips/Dollhouse**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Happy End**
 London Islington Rising Sun: **Adrian Legg**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
 London Leicester-Square Jive Dive: **The Rhythm Men**
 London Marquee Club: **John Coghlan's Diesel/La Host**
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **Somo Somo/A Bigger Mercedes**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Legal Rebob**
 London Old Kent Rd. Ambulance Station: **The Dynamics/The Astronauts/Blyth Power**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Eddie C. Campbell & His Chicago Blues Band**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **The Smiths**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Food For Thought benefit with Aswad/Maxi Priest/Jah Warriors/Benjamin Zephaniah/Misty In Roots/Blackstones/Instigators/Ekome/Abacush and many more (also on Sunday)**
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London Walthamstow Out Club: **The Killer Elite**
 London Wembley Arena: **Loretta Lynn/Conway Twitty/Moe Bandy/Joe Stampley/Freddy Fender/Nat Stuckey/David Houston/Susan McCann/Ronnie Prophet/John Brack/Tokyo Matsuo/Bjoro Haland**
 London Wood Green The Starting Gate: **Steve May's Trance Band**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tal Farlow with Dave Green & Alan Ganley/Will Michael Trio with Don Rendell & Art Themen**
 London W.C.1 New Marlin's Cave: **Camarillo Brillo**

CONTINUES OVER

Manchester Band On The Wall: **Special 20**
 Manchester The Gallery: **The Hot Dogs/Blues**
Affaire
 Newcastle City Hall: **Tears For Fears**
 Norwich Premises Arts Centre: **The Popticians**
 Oldham Oddy's: **Chaos UK/Disorder/Lunatic**
Fringe/Concrete Sox
 Orpington West Coombe RFC: **Rent Party**
 Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Frankie 'Sea Cruise'**
Ford/Johnny & The Roccas/The Invaders
 Southport The Grape Escape: **The Fuse**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wishaw Heathery Bar: **The Lloyd Langton**
Group
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Smutt Brothers**

SUNDAY 7th

Bedford Gordon Arms: **Pink On Pink**
 Birmingham (Solihull) The Harvester: **Red**
Shoes
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Tredegart**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott**
& Ian Ellis
 Burgess Hill Martlets Hall: **David Houston/**
Tilman Franks/Hickory Lake
 Cardiff New Ocean Club: **Frankie Paul**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches**
 (lunchtime): **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 (evening)
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
 Glasgow Lucifer's: **Rhythm System/The**
Crows
 Glasgow The Doune: **Bobbin' John**
 Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **Dumpy's Rusty**
Nuts
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
 Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave**
Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kettering Rising Sun: **Haze**
 Liverpool Pickwicks: **The Lloyd Langton**
Group
 Llanharan Rugby Club: **La Host**
 London Battersea Bridge Lane Theatre: **Kafo**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **The**
Albion Band
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Ian**
Campbell Group (lunchtime)/Gypsy
Fingers (evening)
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Flaco**
Jimenez Tex-Mex Band
 London Euston Rd. Portlands Basement: **Mark**
Hewins' F.F.
 London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Irish**
Mist
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club (lunchtime):
Dudu Pukwana & Friends
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frankie Goes**
To Hollywood
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Glory**
Boys/Perfect Strangers
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Radical**
Sheiks
 London Lewisham Theatre: **Syd Lawrence**
Orchestra
 London Marquee Club: **The Room**
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **Ian Pearce Big Band**
 (lunchtime)/**Don Weller Quartet (evening)**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour**
Band (lunchtime)/Szygy (evening)
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tal Farlow**
 London Paddington Abbeys: **The Charts**



Paul Young: a moving stare case?

London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith**
Band
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion
 Theatre: **Food For Thought benefit (see**
Saturday)
 London Wembley Arena: **Tammy Wynette/**
Jerry Lee Lewis/Rita Coolidge/Bellamy
Brothers/Lloyd Green/Paul Richey/
Hargus 'Pig' Robbins/Terry McMillan/
Ronnie Hawkins/Derek & The Sounds/
Hank Wangford Band
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Pete King**
Quintet with Henry Lowther/Terry Smith
Blues Band with Jo-Ann Kelly
 London W.1 Partman Hotel (lunchtime): **Eggy**
Ley's Hotshots
 London W.11 Tabernacle Community Centre:
Stardust
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Fuse**
 Newcastle Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side**
Torpedoes
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winnrs**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
 Nottingham Palais: **Alton Ellis/Undivided**
Roots
 Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Shakin'**
Stevens
 Southampton Riverside Club: **Steel 'N Skin**
 Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Billy Bragg/The**
Three Johns
 Winchester Theatre Bar: **Abandon City**
 Wokingham Angie's: **ICQ**

MONDAY 8th

Brighton Pavilion: **Rubella Ballet/**
Shadowland/Gotham City Wreckers
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Millie**
Jackson
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The Review**
 Dartford The Orchard: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
 Glasbury-on-Wye Maessliwch Arms Hotel:
Blake III/Little Big Stuff/Missing Airmen
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side**
Stompers
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Liverpool The Tavern: **The Fuse**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **The**
Albion Band
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Odd**
Sox
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Dave**
Kelly Band/The Whippets
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cold**
Pharaohs/Pet Dolphins
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Beautiful**
Strangers/Russ Alaska
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Pogues/**
Hank Wangford Band/The Men They
Couldn't Hang/Duckbill Patterson
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Shrew**
Kings/Birds Of Tin
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Twenty**
Flight Rockers

Pic Derek Ridgers

London Marquee Club: **The Lloyd Langton**
Group
 London N.1 The Entertainer: **Boyside**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Fear Of Flying**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Don Weller**
Quartet
 London Wembley Arena: **Boxcar Willie/**
Brenda Lee/Osmond Brothers/Tompall &
The Glaser Brothers/Bill Monroe/Gail
Davies/Billy Walker/Narvel Felts/Johnny
Russell/Tom Gribbin/T.R.Dallas/John
Greer
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Stan Tracey**
Quartet with Art Themen/Mick Collins Big
Band
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Craters**
 London W.1 (Greek St.) The Korova: **Legion Of**
The Sacred
 London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred**
Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yes Sir**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R**
& B All Stars
 Newport El Sico's: **Kick The Echo**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Frankie Paul**
 Oxford Jericho Tavern: **De Capo/A Day In The**
Life Of Ivan Avocadovitch
 Preston Clouds: **The Skeletal Family**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Tears For Fears**
 Southend Palace Theatre: **Flaco Jimenez**
Tex-Mex Band
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**

Wachet Go Sports Leisure Club: **David**
Houston/Tilman Franks/Hickory Lake
 York Roxy Club: **Terry & Gerry**

TUESDAY 9th

Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre: **King**
 Birmingham Loft Club: **The Great Outdoors**
 Birmingham Mr. Bill's: **Stigma**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Harding**
 Birmingham (Tysley) the Greet: **Back Street**
Slide
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tommy**
Chase Quartet
 Brighton Escape Club: **The Room/Funeral Of**
Fools/Diamond
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Millie**
Jackson
 Cork Opera House: **Harvey & The**
Wallbangers
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Tabboo**
 Dartford The Orchard: **The Osmond Brothers**
 Dover Louis Armstrong: **Mardi Quartet**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Tears For Fears**
 Hastings The Crypt: **Strumpet City**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Leamington Spa Kelly's: **Amazon's Hound**
 Leeds Central Station Hotel: **Toby Le Rone &**
The Acid Drops
 Leominster Greyhound: **Missing Airmen**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
 London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **Billy Bragg/Sid**
Presley Experience/Spartacus R
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The**
Wreckangles
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Flaco**
Jimenez Tex-Mex Band
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Corporal**
Henshaw/In-Transit
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue**
Jazzband
 London Islington Three Johns: **Wet Paint**
Theatre Co./Ashes of Passion/Blyth
Power
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Automatic**
Slim
 London Leytonstone Plough & Harrow:
Hobsons Choice
 London N.1 Bass Clef: **The Chosen Three**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Booze**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter & The Tube**
Babies
 London Richmond Derby Arms: **Brian White's**
Magna Band
 London Soho Beat Route: **Pet Dolphins**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star**
Jazzband
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monolith/Mike**
Morgan
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys:
Richard Green & The Next Step
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Biting**
Tongues
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne/**
Sid Warren Sextet
 Newport Labour Club: **Chumbawamba/Swift**
Nick/No Choice/Three-Action
 Nottingham Charlie's Barn: **China China**
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Hula**
 Sheffield Octagon Centre: **Frankie Paul**
 Southampton The Angel: **Abandon City**
 Surbiton The Southampton: **Georgia**
Jazzband
 Widnes Deacon Rd. Labour Club: **Vendetta**

EINSTURZENDE EXCESS

From page 23

hopeless escapism."

They have, however, developed an official pop whose banality is in tune with the government's demands of passivity. (Hey, now that sounds familiar.)

In *The Book Of Laughter And Forgetting*, another Czech exile, irreverent humorist Milan Kundera, quotes a letter from President Husak to pop singer Karel Gott, who had left the country.

"Dear Karel,

We are not angry with you. Please come back. We will do everything you ask. We will help you if you help us..."

"Karel Gott," concludes Kundera, "represents music minus memory... The president of forgetting and the idiot of music deserve one another."

Of course music cannot perform any useful political function, what it can do is embody a certain spirit of resistance. Neubauten, for all their rejection of traditional means, create a music that is veined with memory. From the Armenian wailing with which they open, to the inflamed emotion of 'Seensucht' (translated as the desire for a love or a country lost), to their new material the common theme is the aching longing of the exile. Even the Lee Hazelwood/Nancy Sinatra song 'Sand' that they cover on the new EP contains the line "I am a stranger in your land."

Where the memory of Czech exiles stretches towards the days before 1968 when "the Russian chariots swung low", Neubauten reach back to the era of German Romanticism that has been pushed into the background by Germany's own rewrite of history/memory.

"A lot of what we do," says Mufti, "is concerned with breaking through what is superficially German and getting to something deeper."

"Schweremudt," says Chung, "which translates as emotional gravity."

"It seems proper that those who create art in a civilisation of quasi-barbarism, which has made so many homeless, should themselves be poets unhoused and wanderers across language."

George Steiner

RIGHT NOW we are wanderers reluctantly grounded. Our driver Uva spends the next two hours, standing in sub-zero temperatures, trying to syphon diesel from the tanks of co-operative truck drivers.

Apart from the quantity of the volatile liquid that is accidentally swallowed, there's the problem of spirit being absorbed through the membranes of the mouth.

By the time he's finished we have half a tank full of fuel and a half-tanked driver. He proceeds to chase the diesel down with a bottle and a half of Czech rum, and spends the next six hours lolling around on the back seat, as Mark Chung takes the wheel.

We arrive in Prague too late by far for Neubauten to play, but in time at least for a quick chat with the organiser. We talk of Kundera and Skvorecky — he shows us the painstakingly hand-typed illegal volumes that keep their memory alive. We even talk of the *NME* and the Hardcore issue.

"It means something over here," he says, "people want to know. When it comes to English pop — who cares!"

They have their own banality.

Before setting off once more, to drive overnight to Berlin, we drive into the centre, to take a walk through Prague in the mist. We undertake a search for Kafka's birthplace which, from a previous visit, I know to be just around the corner... or perhaps the next corner... or maybe the one.

Appropriately enough, we never find it. Having finally negotiated the Czech/East German border at the second attempt, we're on our way to Berlin — a city of exiles if ever there was one.

There's high spirits fuelled by cheap spirit inside this white van. On either side there's just the barbed wire and the snow.

In four hours time, Neubauten will arrive in Berlin just in time to sound-check. Somehow fired by our experience and by the challenge of a Berlin show, they will play a set of devastating self-immolation. Turning all remaining energies inward they will burn white-hot.

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23-27 Maze
30 King
MAY
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3 Triffids
3 Skeletal Family
4 Steve Taylor
9 Rick Wakeman
10 Maze
11 Alarm
14 Tears For Fears
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18 Rickie Skaggs
19 Uriah Heep
20, 21, 22 Ashford & Simpson
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AN ISOLATED council tenancy in the middle of one of the capital's trendiest residential areas, Fulham Court is a remnant of an old London that is gradually fading from the cityscape.

A close-knit community standing firm against threats of demolition, redevelopment and Tory-prompted privatisation, it has been home for Billy Franks and Lee Hirons for nearly 25 years.

The pair once played football on its pavements. Now, as the songwriting hub of The Faith Brothers, they rehearse and record there in a 16-track studio they built with friends in a disused launderette and point to the estate that surrounds them as a prime songwriting inspiration.

It might sound like a lame attempt to resurrect the punky spirit of 1977 with phoney tower block chic, but there is a purposeful honesty to these Faith folk that should allay the fears of the most steadfast cynic.

Words like 'integrity' and 'commitment' have already been used in relation to this band, but we don't want to burden everyone with debased clichés here.

Far better to let the Brothers speak for themselves.

"I can't think of a place where I'd rather have been brought up," says Billy of his background. "The community that I come from is one of the most beautiful things in my life. It's those people who have always kept us going."

"Lee and I got our first band together with kids from the flats when we were about 14. We started with 12 members and whittled it down to five. In the end that spawned six or seven different bands. Punk bands, reggae bands, rock bands, all from the same two acres in Fulham."

"But we never saw the band as a way of escaping from the situation. The community was so worthy that it was never something that I wanted to get out of."

"Even now we try and encourage that close-knit spirit. The people we're working with have all been with us for ages in one way or another. We're trying to keep that intact, working with friends rather than music business professionals. It's a great opportunity to get everyone together and do something."

Actively involved in a campaign to stop the local council from selling off their homestead, Billy and Lee see their community's problems as a microcosm of the wider struggles so admirably reflected in their songs.

"The land is worth a fortune, so the council want to move the residents out," explains Lee. "They just want to sell the place and allow the property developers to move in and turn it into a new Hampstead. It's a tragedy! One of the greatest crimes of capitalism is the damage it has done to community life."

"When you have a sense of community, you can retain your hope. But the moment you start dividing and isolating people, you start creating loneliness and eventually hopelessness."

The Fulham faithful are clearly dealing with something more substantial than the fairytale and fantasy of pop escapism.

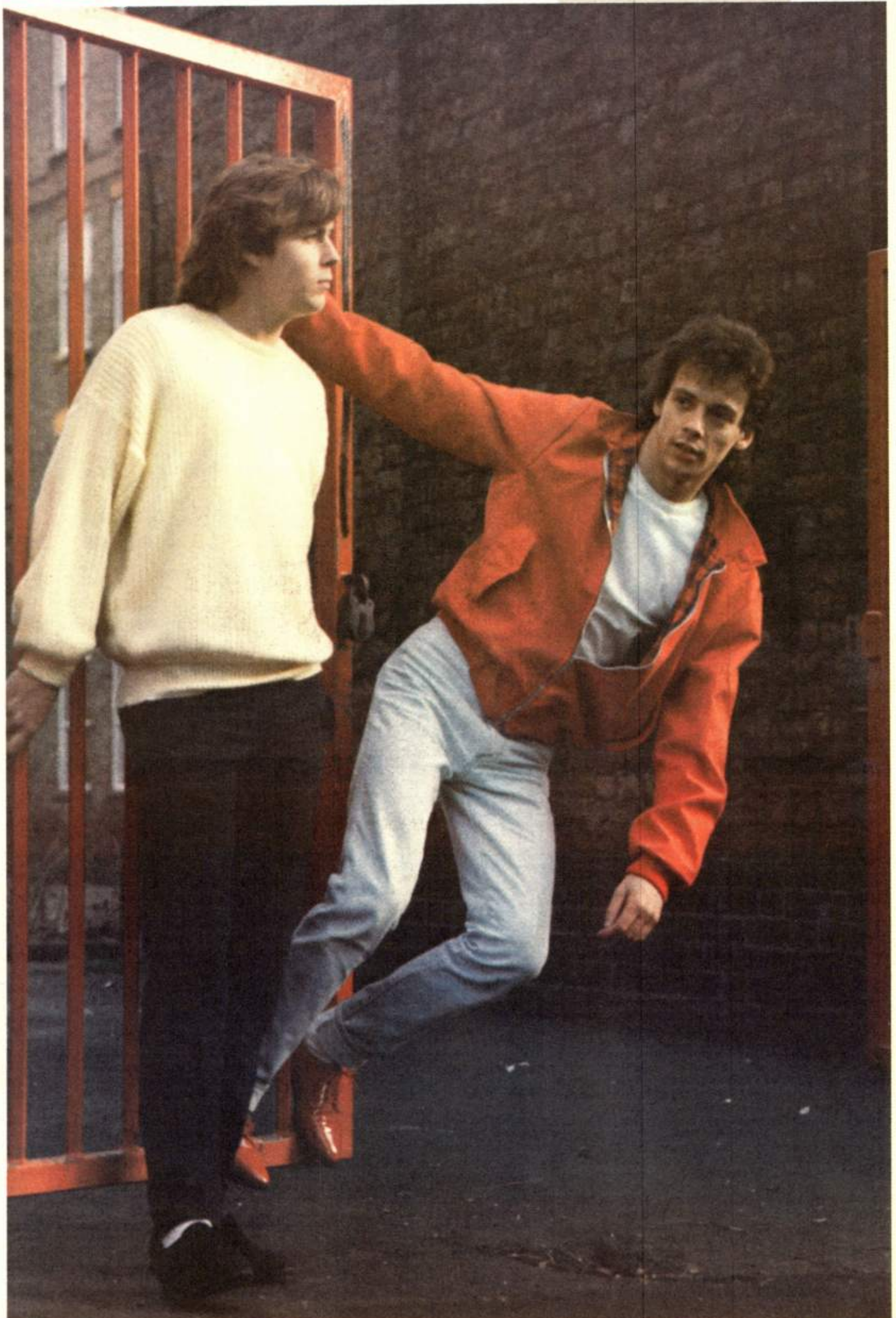
UPON the stage of the Coventry Apollo, The Faith Brothers are taking their fiery evensong to the hearts of Britain's teenies, a support slot on The Boomtown Rats tour giving them a platform to reach a wider audience than they have ever played to.

It is a tour they are undertaking on the strength of 'Country Of The Blind', their remarkably broad and eclectic debut EP on the new Siren label.

Given a firm thumbs-up in a recent Danny Kelly singles column, the record is a compassionate and

Continues page 42

SING A SONG OF



Guardians of the faith, Lee Hirons (left) and Billy Franks.

SLAUGHTER

Faith Brothers have created a stir with their hard-hitting pop attacks on Thatcherism, from the break up of community life to the sinking of the Belgrano. **Adrian Thrills** comes face to face with the hi-fidelity socialism of the Fulham Faith healers. Photo by **Peter Anderson**.

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LOS LOBOS

Harlesden Mean Fiddler

I'LL POOP the party later but first note: Los Lobos are the worst dressed and physically most unappealing group I've ever seen. As the lead singer lets his check shirt flap over his amply waisted trousers one wonders the extent of the excess baggage tariff airlines must surely impose on his stomach.

Their music ranges from the electric blues riffing of 'Don't Worry Baby' – which enlivens the senses on first hearing but slides into plainness after several – to the softer but no less lively acoustic material which occupied the bulk of the second half of the set.

Such sounds are undeniably enjoyable, their very evolution from dances and parties decrees that it be so. Yet, oddly, I felt like an embarrassed gawper.

Los Lobos play the music of blue skies and wide open spaces. Obviously the Mean Fiddler can provide neither and, while it may seem an extreme case of contextual snobbery, I failed to succumb to Los Lobos' bountiful charms while choking on cigarette smoke and being surrounded by a posse of pseudo-cowboys who whooped and yelled "ARRIBA!" every few minutes.

It struck (and hurt) me then that the Los Lobos 'phenomenon' is a game of sorts. As they escalate into the record industry, the music and emotions that run in their blood are being presented to those sections of the comparatively mainstream rock audience ready and willing to gorge themselves stupid on anything remotely 'ethnic'.

I thought better of tugging Cesar Rosas' beard, I'm sure it is as genuine as he and his band are. What really troubles me are the number of punters who sprinkled chilli powder on their muesli the following morning.

Mick Sinclair■



Hail Cesar! Leader of the Lobos pack Pic Kenji Kubo

LAX SAX!

ARCHIE SHEPP

London Forum

A LARGE, enthusiastic crowd, a rare UK appearance by an American jazz giant – yet this gig still went off like a damp squib. The first problem was Shepp himself, who simply didn't play well; the second problem was his band who, judging by the fact that he had to keep calling out their chord changes, were ill-acquainted with the repertoire.

Travelling the globe, using a different pick-up band for every gig, may be the only way many jazzers can make a living these days, but it's hardly ideal for the music. It shrinks what is essentially a collective art into a vehicle for star soloist plus makeshift support; *rapport* flies out the window.

Restricted by these circumstances to familiar material like 'Lush Life' and 'The Girl From Ipanema', Shepp blew both tenor and soprano horns like his heart was somewhere else (and kept walking offstage to look for it). His own rap/poem 'Mama Rose' raised a cheer for its radical content, but frequent repetition in recent years has blunted its angry edge; tonight it sounded less a protest than a party piece.

With his recent LP 'The Good Life' also a lacklustre affair, the great saxophonist is really in the doldrums right now. Let's hope his next project, the 'Sechaba' LP with Julian Bahula's Jabula, due out in May, will bring a turn of the tide.

Graham Lock■



Shepp: no beau peeps

Pic Nick White

Any port in a storm? Weird and wonderful Andrew (above and below right) flexes his nostrils

Pics Steve Callaghan

ASHES TO ASHES

THE SISTERS OF MERCY

London Lyceum

THE CLOSING bars of Led Zeppelin's tense-as-tripwire classic 'Kashmir' fade away. Through the billowing dry ice and piercing spotlights we can just make out the figure of Andrew Eldritch. Slim, clad in leather, satin and felt. A Sandeman hat is perched rakishly askew his head. The crowd erupts. The Sisters Of Mercy deal in dreams.

Eldritch leans on his microphone stand, the drum machine (Doktor Avalanche) begins its insistent beat and the group are into their first number, 'First And Last And Always'. The dream quickly fades.

All rock bands reveal in creating fantasies or visions. Through their visuals, attitude and various peripheral associations The Sisters construct theirs. The chimera: The Stooges, black leather girl/boy on a motorcycle, Art, seedy psychedelica, The Doors, speeding through the night, doing things, anything, chainsmoking, sex, Hendrix, Morrison, Lou Reed, death, *Ciao! Manhattan* ('65-'72), smiles, madness.

A thankfully, uninhabitable and impossible world of wildness. But as a dream the images portrayed remain potent, vivid and powerful: alive, and therefore inspirational. In this respect The Sisters are a cut above the other cult rock

bands who are either tepid or a crass joke, who idealise suffering and romanticise despair, dissolution, torture or terror.

The Sisters Of Mercy are important, not musically, but as a liberating influence. Musically, they are, frankly, a damp squib. Basically the band don't have any real songs or tunes. There is little to distinguish one number from another. And for a band like The Sisters, who operate in the traditional rock format, the result is boredom.

Where *Flesh For Lulu*, say, take virtually the same input and carve out a medium that includes movement, The Sisters of Mercy stick to static atmospherics. The mystery quickly palls.

In the mix: the guitars are buried whilst the drum machine THUMPS on. This idea may produce semi-great proto-tack-funk numbers ('Temple Of Love' etc) for the people at the Palace or Playground but it cuts no ice here.

Eldritch's vocals don't help. His monotone, 50 gaspers a day-and-heading-for-the-big-ashtray-in-the-sky voice is beguiling for a while but then becomes merely tedious.

I'd love to see The Sisters Of Mercy make a film, but another gig like this I can do without. The encore is 'Sister Ray'.

Richard North■



WET BEHIND THE YEAR

ROY HARPER

Cambridge Clare College

LOU REED once summed up the relationship between rock star and audience thus: *they think the performer knows something they don't*. As a rock concert, that's not particularly serious, or even necessarily true – the audience pays admission to subscribe to a sham so blatant it's always ultimately possible to deflate it.

In that apparently much more innocent of settings, the folk club, the situation is much more insidious. Softened up by beer and floor singers so apologetic their act is drowned out by the crunch of pork scratchings, the audience sits reverent and attentive, lambs to the slaughter. The performer comes to encapsulate lived experience, authenticity and artistic holiness in a way even the most arrogant pop star would never aspire to.

It's the air of complicity that's most disturbing here – that anyone would happily sit through Roy Harper's interminable between-songs ranting, his incoherent yarns of police harassment, his facile shipes at "them", his vapid historical analysis ("It all went wrong in the 14th century"). Harper is a wise wayward old uncle, a certified and muted rebel, scapegoat

and war hero all in one – an outlet for the conscience of the wet.

It's true, Harper has some gems of shimmering melody in his catalogue, and when he got round to playing them he displayed some hypnotic virtuoso guitar work on a heavily-echoed acoustic. But the beauty is undercut by earnest lyrics, the facile rhyming and hollow metaphors ("as the steel crow flies" – it's an aeroplane, you see?), and the ugly hectoring that comprises 'I Hate the White Man'.

Harper possesses a classically pure English voice, and it's the purity which hurts most; with such an instrument it's so easy to signify beauty, so easy to signify pain or anger, but he doesn't seem to consider what else it might do. Harper's art strains tirelessly to convey intense lived emotion, the Sincerity of his self. That's why it tend towards the hollow; at worst towards a sentimentality that smacks of the greyest cynicism. There's little humour here, except for the complicitous tired and emotional smirk of the man who knows his audience loves him.

It doesn't matter one jot that Harper is unfashionable or anachronistic. What matters in the long run is that this is music in bad faith.

Jonathan Romney■

HARVEST OF THE WORLD

**THE FARMER'S BOYS
RED CARTOON**
Cambridge CCAT

THEY SHOOK me up a bit at the door, questioned my motives. What could be worse than novice bouncers? Cambridge has never really got wise to gigs, in the same way that Cambridge United have never really learned how to play football. We have to make the most of what we've got, and also learn not to get over-excited.

It's hard going, making the most of Red Cartoon. If there are melodies hidden away, they don't give them up easily or give us very much to clutch on to. Each song is treated like it's a difficult situation they somehow have to get out of, and they're not giving each other much help. One man nags away on four strings and another on six, while the girl smears her histrionic voice over the top. Is she pretending to be Toyah or is she pretending to be Tracy Ullman pretending to be Toyah? It's a mystery (Ho! Ho! — Ed). My guess is probably as good as hers.

Whatever happened to The Farmer's Boys? At one time, they looked the perfect combination; witty but not too pretty, political but not too polemical. And they were from the sticks, right out there in village-idiot land, writing all these ingenious, clever, gawky little songs. The vocalist had found the exact mid-point between Costello and The Milky Bar Kid. But nobody, not even people who liked them, bought their records.

Live, these charmers give us the album they're plugging, 'With These Hands', plus a bit of the old stuff and a load of between-song banter, which is the thing they do best. It looks to be the old FBs plus a bit of suss and a bit of songwriting muscle, slightly too full of the beginnings of good ideas, but empty when it comes to producing anything that really sticks.

They're neat and punchy and sometimes they stumble across a brilliant ending halfway through a song which they should make more use of. If this all seems like approach-work, though, you can be pretty sure that The Farmer's Boys are approaching something good. My verdict? I felt affectionate towards them. Go up to the counter of your record shop and say, 'I Built The World'. Maybe it's a hit.

William Leith ■



Get down Shep: Ricci and Lacquient in the car wash

Pic Lawrence Watson

HOT! HOT! HOT!

**WET WET WET
MOROCCAN COCO**

Shotts Prison

SELF CONSCIOUS. Something about being one of four women in an all-male prison makes me feel that way. John Logan's depressed because the warders took his camera away and Pete Lyon of the Coco's is angst-ridden, sharing the stage with himself, his new songs — 'Johnny Saturday' and 'The Girl Two Doors Away' — and a growing resentment from a restless (if captive — groan) audience. By the time the technical problems, which had kept the rest of the Cocos offstage, were solved he is so shaken as to be... well, unconvincing. The band lack the cohesion of the other Precious acts and, after stumbling through some of the great Lyon perverted pop classics I'm relieved when they quit the stage.

Just when I thought the whole idea of playing this prison was one of the worst that Elliot Davis has ever had, Wet Wet Wet saved the day. They have youth, energy, fun, enthusiasm, sexuality and chord changes that count on their side. In one corner a three piece horn section dressed in Village People leather with handcuffs hanging from their belts blast away. In the other corner Neil is hunched over his keyboards, Tom roars into his drum kit and Graeme sweetens his bass playing with backing vocals — yes, you could say that The Wet Boys don't know the meaning of self conscious.

Centre stage is Marti, grinning his way through 'Something Special', hamming it up on his newfound performance feet, gesturing to the crowd, leading them on with startled eyebrows and laughing eyes, throwing his head back, crouching forward and — among all the dancing, mimicry and facial contortion — every note pours out as clear as a bell. On top of that come the songs — 'Home And Away', 'Keen For Loving', The Isley's 'Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight' and the new 'I Remember' with a typically WWW dramatic key change midway. The assorted hard cases in the audience (including yours truly) yell for more with the best impression of a female teenage audience that I've ever seen a bunch of middle-aged cons muster.

Wet Wet Wet — hype hype hype? Hype my left nostril you dummies — people talk about this band because they are good! Scoff if you will, my dears, but it will not be much longer till you hear WWW with your own sweet ears. Until then you'll have to take my word for it.

Andrea Miller ■

A1 FUNK

ROSE ROYCE
London Hammersmith Odeon

WHATEVER THE FUNK is, Rose Royce have got it. Excellent musicians though they are, what really sets them apart from all those second-division cabaret soul acts is their mastery of nitty gritty fatback funk, a back catalogue of killer ballads and grade A hits, and two thrilling lead singers. Even in the atmosphere-killing confines of the Odeon they really turned it on, despite the intrusive presence of star DJ Steve Walsh (a man with the charm of Leon Brittan).

From start to finish the Odeon resounded with the kind of ear-splitting hysteria normally reserved for teenypop bands. In dodgy red leather suits and wet-look sheepdog perms (come back technicolour flares and afros, all is forgiven!), the band kicked, sweated, howled and oozed their way through the hits old and new, though for the first ten minutes the PA rendered them indistinguishable. Any attempt to recreate the desolate beauty of 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' was doomed to histrionic failure, but nothing could dent 'Wishing On A Star', beautifully performed, then curiously interrupted by 'Car Wash'. The new single 'Love Me Right Now' sounds very promising.

Female lead Ricci Benson's energetically versatile voice is both innocent and angry, and from trumpet player Kenny Copeland's huge frame soars the most exciting falsetto this side of Philip Bailey. He ended 'I Wanna Get Next To You' with some held notes that made David Bowie sound breathless, and had the Odeon up and screaming. The other stunning performer was Lacquient Jobe, the most dextrous slap bassist I've ever seen.

The complacency of the crowd, content to sway from side to side in their seats, became maddening when the almighty loping rhythms and P-funky horns of 'It Makes You Feel Like Dancing' demanded a riot. Slipping judiciously into a Go Go groove for some audience participation, the old pros worked the crowd into such a frenzy that they sang much of the 'Magic Touch' encore completely acapella.

Rose Royce bid us a tearful farewell within an hour of their arrival which, considering what fun everyone was having, was nothing short of criminal.

Simon Witter ■

LATIN QUARTER
Liverpool Irish Centre

DESIGNED ALONG the lines of The Alamo, Liverpool's Irish Centre squats in the funnel-shaped shadow of the sci-fi Catholic cathedral that's known colloquially as Paddy's Wigwam. Most nights, its stage sways to the Guinness-moist strains of country'n'western, Fenian rebel songs and throat-lump laments for fair colleens across the sea.

The music of Latin Quarter is frankly lacking in any of these elements, though its range takes in nearly everything else. Heading a special night here in support of the miners' dying strike, LQ are an odd, unclassified group. A sprawling seven-piece, girls/boys, black/white, their styles span a seamless web, spun from black rhythms, rugged rock and clean white pop.

If there's a common denominator, it's in the lyrical invention of eighth (non-playing) member Mike Jones, whose word-craft lends intrigue to all the band do, from songs for John Lennon ('The Truth About John') and John de Lorean ('Snowblind') to the spooky lilt of debut single 'Radio Africa' (a recent resident of NME's reggae chart).

Pacing proved the set's only serious deficiency: they've easily got the competence to see them through, but need the confidence to build an attack more quickly. As it was, their sheer variety made for a stop-



Vox popular Carol

Pic Jayne Houghton

go tempo that couldn't quite carry the crowd when the dancing had to stop, such as the subtly epic 'America For Beginners'.

Vocal and focal attention rebounds around a front-line trinity of Steve Skaith, Yona

Dunsford and Carol Douet, while the instrumental team constructs a shifting pattern of sensual textures. There's a Latin Quarter album on its way, which should be a welcome chance to see it all in focus.

Paul Du Noyer ■

TOY DOLLS

SHE GOES TO FINOS

new single

A WYRD TO THE YS GUYS

THE PLAYN JAYN

Glasgow Queen Margaret Union

"THEY'RE A heavy metal band, they must be! Look, anyone with not one, but two completely unnecessary 'ys' in their name has just got to be..."

Wrong. Playn Jayn are not mesmerising, innovative, heart-stopping, not different enough to make me want to sell my record collection and replace it with their new single 'Juliette'... but at least they are not a heavy metal band.

Born in the '60s, we were, and still cursing our luck for missing all that fun. PJ are not a revivalist band but they are '60s influenced from the trash thrash of 'Chamber Door' to the Doors-esque 'Dig My Own Grave'.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee, sorry, Mike and Craig bop, scream, shout and rave through a set nodding in so many directions it makes my head spin.

There's REM punk country in 'I Love Love Your Love', dippy-hippy psychedelic peace signs



Jayn ayrs

Pic Valerie Rosner

and Gene Pitney throat vibrato in 'I'm The Only One'; and gothpunk melodrama in 'Rockin' Hearse'.

This A-Z of musical references is not as bitty in reality as it might sound, as it is bonded together with a constant barrage of vocals from Mike (the lanky John Otway look-alike) and Craig (stocky blond melodic mod-ette) who have an unnerving empathy—turning a dual performance into a singular one.

That sort of telepathy is intriguing to watch even when the songs—as far as '60s-type rock goes—are playn fayr indeed. (Sorry, couldn't resist it any longer.) But not as much fun as playing spot the influence.

Andrea Miller ■

SWAMP FLOWER VEGETABLE SECTION

Bradford Checkpoint
THE DEEP-EYED willow-woman who sings for Swamp Flower has a voice like the mad axeman in your average Americak mass-murder movie. Every now and then it bursts forth screaming from behind the woodwork of strictly-for-the-earthworms Siouxsie-style imagery and lops a few heads off.

Grim, chinsucking, frowning, snarling, looking heavy, Vegetable Section are not a jolly band. Maybe they are a bit nervous. Maybe they are dying from painful diseases. Maybe they are just making the usual and all too common mistake (one perpetuated by our leading 'fashion' magazines) that looking constipated is in some way inherently stylish. Maybe they're just a bunch of posy bastards. All in all it becomes rather difficult really to enjoy their rather naughty cross-fertilisation of frenzied Afro-drumming and limping HM geetar when the whole band looks on the verge of breaking into hysterical tears. Grunted I am not.

Susan Williams ■

JIMMY JIMMY

Nottingham Royal Centre

IT'S THE revenge of the skiffle snatchers. The soft shoe slide sideways, downways anyways. Jimmy Jimmy opt for the strenuous strum technique with a smile, a wink and a quiff included for extra exhibition. Jim et Jim take the nostalgia kick and call it kitsch, rolling the jam into a sticky pop concoction with their peculiar brand of strollalongastum.

Their acoustic attack strikes the curious note of distance like listening to a thunderstorm under the bedclothes.

Underpowered pop is the upshot of their twang thang, too slippery and superficial for some but smooth enough for the rest. Pleasant to the ear, avoiding any unnecessary wear and tear, pleasing to the eye, with not pock or a pimple in sight. J. J. take an easy hike down, not exactly the middle of the road, but down it they certainly go with another smile, another wink and that obligatory rakish quiff. Their single 'Silence' is due for imminent release.

Well, silence is golden, or so they say.

Claire Morgan Jones ■

RAM JAM BLAND

BIG SOUND AUTHORITY FRUITS OF PASSION

Hammersmith Palais

COLD AND cavernous it was in the Hammersmith Palais that night As Level 42's odious LP floated like a chocolate milk-shake from the PA, couples wandered aimlessly about the ballroom floor, like a dance-hall wall-flowers' convention. Myself and Adrian Thrills, drawn to one another's company like lost souls in a wilderness of C & A clothing, pondered the nature of a Big Sound Authority fan; as we surveyed the incipient moustaches, the sensible shoes, and the well-washed haircuts, we came to that most awful conclusion; the damn place was full of *Melody Maker* readers. Thus shaken, we turned our attention to The Fruits Of Passion.

It must not be fun to travel from Glasgow to entertain a big half-empty hall at eight o'clock on a Monday night, so my sympathies are extended to the Fruits. On such a night, any cracks will out; initially, all I could see in them was an Orange Juice-styled backing and a rather strident "soul" voice, an interesting combination if not an entertaining one. The single, 'All I Ever Wanted', did however muster an agreeable dynamism. It didn't exactly steam, but it persuaded me to consider further investigation. 'Ambition', the B-side, uses the Collinsian spikey-fretwork to great advantage, and Sharon's voice shows signs of overcoming his problem of being powerful, but without focus. Tonight, I thought they were scrappy but cocky, not brilliant but interesting. We shall see.

After some uninspiring comedy from The Oblivion Boys and some incredibly uninspiring music from Latin Quarter, the band a thousand *Terry and June* fans had come to see appeared. Big Sound Authority. Julie and Steve, a brass section and rhythm section (you can't say we don't give you the hard facts). They fill the stage quite nicely. They have a very good PA. They have an impeccable brass section, albeit one that is massively derivative of the TKO Horns—I actually had to check to see if it was Big Jimmy Paterson playing trombone. The rhythm section fairly crunches. Julie has a naturally good singing voice. And the whole thing is one of the biggest loads of rubbish I have ever had to watch.

I've seen people use the soul medium to wonderful ends. I've even seen Weller and Dexys use the '60s version of that medium brilliantly. This is not the case with Big Sound Authority. Have they really come this far (from Reading, I suspect) to find an old soul cliché? Every old dead-end trick in the book, every inflection, every idea, every horn line, every bloody tune was enthusiastically nicked off something better and 15 years older. To see a lot of twaddle like this being presented as a new, or valid, or even *interesting* entertainment is extremely annoying. I mean, I thought bands who'd been on Respond were supposed to crawl away and die somewhere, not get signed up by a major and make expensive-sounding records. Big Sound Authority are as much a pile of dead, rotting wood as Judas Priest or The UK Subs. Take them away, someone, take their instruments from their hands, throw them into the sea, and give them all minor posts in local government. They deserve nothing less.

David Quantick ■

SPOOLS RUSH IN

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Only the *Little Imp* can solve the mystery of who ate Messy Bessy and Shtiggy Boom and why Jimmy Liggins insists, 'I Ain't Drunk, I'm Only Drinkin'!

The Long Ryders pictured with an enthusiastic Japanese tourist without a camera. No, Lawrence Watson hadn't borrowed it!



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FAITH

incisive mixture, from the haunting 'Easter Parade', an acoustic lament inspired by the Falklands war, to the spirited care-over-cruelty poetry of the title track.

The band, a punchy sextet onstage, are self-confessed musical traditionalists. But they play with such unabashed fire and fluency that the snatched hints of Weller and Springsteen, the odd Staxwise Dexys horn riff and even a suggestion of early 70s mock operatics are pardonable in their overall sonic scheme.

Billy Franks, windmilling arms clad in a red Harrington jacket (seen that one somewhere before), is a forceful singer and a jittery, inventive guitarist. His surplus nervous energy is offset by Lee Hirons, the archetypal strong, solid bassist and an ideal foil to the frontman.

Behind them are pianist Henry Trelise—whose deft embroidery is a vital ingredient in shaping the crescendos of their songs—and drummer Steve Howlett with the two-man brass section of Will Tipper (trumpet) and Mark Waterman (sax) completing the brotherhood.

Though their tight, direct and melodic pop rush is never done full justice by a piercingly tinny sound mix, the Apollo pop-pickers eventually bow to something a bit special and give the Faiths a noisily enthusiastic reception.

There is still work to be done, but they deserve the cheers.

THE EARLIEST musical ventures of Franks and Hirons back in Fulham Court were limited largely to cover versions. Bands came and went. There was The Shout. There was Scruff, who released a daft power-poppish single through Track Records in 1978. There was The Legendary Luton Kippers, who plugged relentlessly away on the fringes of the London pub circuit for

meagre reward.

By last summer, temporarily disillusioned with the band format, the duo were approaching their music as writers. They had one song in particular that they wanted to be heard. Titled 'The Tradesman's Entrance' it was a tale of the human cost of Thatcherism and the tragedy of individuals and communities motivated only by fear.

Managerless and figuring that the only way to attract attention was with a finished record, they pressed up 500 promotional copies and circulated a plain-sleeved single around the closed corridors of the music business. It was a ploy that had also been successfully used six months earlier by Lloyd Cole And The Commotions. All they were short of was a name, finally deciding on The Faith Brothers as it inspired the "right reaction" in people.

Reviews were scarce, half of the music papers being on strike and the others dozing through the long hot summer, leaving only the diligent *Jamming* to pick up on the single. But record company reaction was swifter, and by the end of 1984, Billy and Lee were picking their way through handbills of tempting contracts, suspicious of a "spoilt" industry that sought to make them stars. They eventually opted for Siren as a new company that would give their fledgling band the greatest encouragement.

Darting back to Fulham to assemble their recording cast, they went into the studio with producers Steve Lovell and Steve Power to record the four tracks—'Country Of The Blind', 'Easter Parade', 'Thrill Of The Kill' and 'Evensong'—that would comprise their current EP.

Undoubtedly flawed in parts, 'Country Of The Blind' is still a fine introduction to the power and pertinence of The Faith Brothers.

"It's just a few words of encouragement, nothing more and nothing less," says Billy. "It's two minutes and 48 seconds of optimism. We are more concerned with the feelings behind political

struggle than we are with sloganeering. If you can introduce some feeling into the issues, then you can also introduce people to the struggle.

"It's always encouraging to see people opening their eyes to the fact that they are being taken for granted and abused. It is great when people get a sense of the injustices that they are suffering. There are struggles and people need to take part in them."

But aren't The Faith Brothers just another sweet pop 'n' soul band singing about struggle rather than doing anything to further it?

"In the past, I don't think pop music has had a great effect politically. It is only people in struggle that really have an effect. But pop songwriters can encourage people and help to keep their spirits up. They can have an influence in that respect, just as poets did in the '30s."

"I've always been more influenced by literary writers than by pop people. I didn't get my education in school, I got it through reading, starting with George Orwell and graduating to people like Bernard Shaw and William Morris. There is a section of socialist writers who were basically pure visionaries. They understood things on a basic human level, not just on political and philosophical planes."

"I don't think many pop writers could claim to have that kind of political vision but they do have the chance to join in the arguments. I think it's the least they can do. I'm honestly not bothered about the rewards of hit records. It's far more important to communicate to the people that buy your records."

JUST AS his angry songwords are not always set to loud music, Billy's lean and dark idealistic thoughts are articulated softly rather than with a rant. As we sit in a hotel room after the Coventry show, however, it is literally impossible for bassman Lee to get a word in through his singer's monologues. As a talker, this boy makes Bono Vox sound as if he never kissed the Blarney Stone.

If his political outpourings occasionally hint at a glib oversimplification, his sincerity can be in little doubt. His songwriting, too, hangs on an instinctive human socialism rather than any complex political theory.

"There's no doubt about it. Conviction politics are the only thing that will lead to a socialist revival. When you've got a government as blatantly cruel and uncaring as the current one, people will begin to ask themselves about the alternatives."

"If anything good will come out of

the current mess, it will be people rediscovering a real understanding of what the socialist cause is. It's got very little to do with Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley. All they are asking for is the chance to manage the same system that the Tories are managing. But it's been proved that it is a system that does nothing for people in real terms."

But aren't Labour the only genuine alternative?

"The choice isn't so much what the Labour Party can do. It's what people can do through the Labour Party and outside it. But unless a great mass of people, and young people in particular, are willing to get involved in trying to understand the circumstances under which they live then nothing is going to change."

"In some ways this is the most critical age in human history. We're living on a knife edge because the people in power are redundant economically and philosophically. Unless there is a real upsurge of interest in civil rights, women's rights, worker's rights, we are going to be in a very dangerous situation."

"I really do believe that this generation, the people under 40, are possibly the last that are going to have even the chance to change things. I find it that serious."

INTERESTING THAT Franks should cite the women's struggle as one of the areas in which activism should be encouraged. Everything about the band, Faith Brothers after all, appears male orientated, all lads together and not a Faith Sister in sight. It is something that Billy is well aware of.

"It is a bit strange. On the road, the band do tend to reflect the male side of our community, although we are thinking of getting in a couple of women as part of a string section. The music business generally is very sexist, and being male probably has been an advantage for Lee and myself."

"To be a woman and be doing what we're doing must be awful. But that's just a reflection of society's attitude to women generally. The male attitude to women is derogatory and you are almost made to feel un-male if you don't go along with that. The struggle against this is one of the most important battles in Britain today."

Feminism is not a subject touched on directly in the songs of The Faith Brothers, but the aftermath of the Falklands war is, most poignantly on Billy's solo effort, 'Easter Parade'.

"As time goes by, it will gradually dawn on people what an important event in British history the Falklands war was. A lot of the consequences are only surfacing now, like the fact that it was a secret war. When people

in America saw Vietnam on TV, pressure grew on Nixon to stop the war, but the Falklands were never shown in close quarters like that.

"The media portrayal was about people in camouflaged jackets taking back British territory, but in reality it was about the slaughter of 16 and 17-year-old kids. It was the first attempt by a Western government to deliberately conceal the realities of war from its own people. It was an attempt to delude them as to what war was about."

"That whole campaign brought out all the worst instincts in the British people. In 'Easter Parade' I was trying to question the morals and incentives that arose during the conflict. Basically our society is mediocre and offers absolutely nothing to most people. The Falklands gave them the chance to express something and what they expressed was the worst of human nature."

"Why does society offer people so little that they need something as murderous as that to actually feel that they are alive and give themselves a focus? It is a blatant abuse of people's emotions, a sign of the complete contempt with which the government treats their subjects."

AT THE core of this band there lies a sense of morality and an eagerness to confront Real Issues that is sadly rare in pop. They do it on record, they do it in interviews, they even do it via their promotional material, one of the posters for the single bearing a press agency photo of the sinking Belgrano and the phrase 'Country Of The Blind'.

But to have any real impact and achieve the level of communication that Billy Franks craves, The Faith Brothers need to be a commercial success and that is the prime aim of Siren Records, a label with the distribution muscle of Virgin behind them.

But how will the record industry react to this potentially volatile combination?

"I think initially they didn't quite understand us at the record label. But if they start getting feedback from things like the poster then maybe they will start to worry. There have been a few rows already, but to be quite honest, I'm not for sale. I'm not up to change my mind or my opinions or write something just to please the record company."

"I didn't come in here to help anyone else's career. I came in here because there are things I want to say."

As a band who go some way towards breaching the gap between Wham! and The Redskins, there is every chance that people will listen.

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EGGAE UNNINGS WEEKENDERS

WINSOME WINSTON

THE SECOND solo album from Winston Reedy is released this week on the Dep label and entitled 'Crossover'.

Recorded at Hillside and Easy Street studios in London, the set is a Jackie Mittoo production of ten titles composed by Winston Reedy himself or in association with Mittoo and includes his latest hit 'Baby Love'. Other titles similarly pursue lovers themes for 'Romantic Girl', 'Love Is A Treasure' and 'Rumours Of Love', interspersed with reflections on 'World Crisis' and 'Ambition' plus a summary of 'Judah's Dream'.



Winston Reedy: Interpretation of dreams. Pic Bladdyn Butcher.

EARLY RISER

THE MAN Earl Neil better known as Early B (the Doctor) has his debut LP newly released on the pre Sunset label.

Entitled 'Sunday Dish' and produced by veteran DJ Jah Thomas, the LP's title track reiterates a familiar theme in Jamaican music—pace Roman Stewart's 'Rice And Peas' and the Alton Ellis 'Sunday Coming' song—with Mr B pictured on the sleeve preparing a meal of snapper fish together with grain, and pulses of the red kidney kind.

Also included on the set, which is recorded and mixed at Harry J and Channel One studios, is a reworking of the surgeon's discourse on the 'History Of Jamaica', plus his current 7" side 'Pedestrian'.

A NIGHT of entertainment is celebrated in St Albans this Friday from 10pm until late with in the area for the first time Gemi Magic of North London spinning reggae, lovers and soul at the International Club, Bricket Road, off Victoria Street. Food and drink available.

FRIDAY NIGHT is a party night at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed Street, London, W2 with non stop raving every week to the sounds of Sir Coxson and JB International.

EVERY FRIDAY at the West Indian Cavaliers Sports And Social Club, Marcus Garvey Centre, Lenton Boulevard, Nottingham is held a funk and reggae spectacular grooving to Edgar & Calvin from 9pm until 2am. Admission £1.

RASTAFARI! A famine appeal fund raising dance takes place at the Ethiopian World Federation HQ at 28 St Agnes Place, Oval, Kennington, SE1 this Saturday night. Music by Jah Sir Zima sound system and the lyahbingi Drums Of Rasta. Admission £1.

REVIVE SESSIONS every Saturday evening from 5pm at Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, Soho, W1.



Alton Ellis: Sunday coming. ALL-NIGHTER at the Nottingham Palais in Parliament Street on Easter Sunday starring live onstage Alton Ellis with support from Undivided Roots. Sounds by Wassifa Hi-Power and Sir Coxson. MC Neil Naturalites. Soul roadshow in downstairs disco. Midnight until 8am. Tickets £4.50 on BO: (0602) 501075.

LATEST DISCOMIX on Greensleeves is Michael Prophet coupling 'Bubble Down Bubble Down' and 'Touch Me Back' on a George Phang production.

And on the company's UK Dubblers imprint Lesley Lyrics debuts with 'Blind Date' c/w 'Put Back Your Truncheon'.

GOING DUTCH

AMSTERDAM REGGAE septet Inity have their debut LP released this week on the city's Circo Do label, a six track showcase set entitled 'Right Time'. The band, who have built up a reputation on the local circuit during the past year, comprise Paco (acoustic guitar), Bro Patrick (lead vocals and rhythm), Bro Peps (bass), Bro Eder (lead guitar, keyboards and harmony), Mr Box (percussion), Prince Winston (toasting and percussion) and Bro Drummie (drums).

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Bingo's by arrangement after a list of events—just a part of ZZ Top's talent (5-7)
 7 Stirling member of Culture Club (4)
 9 + 13 down Well the sun didn't last long did it, and it looks like rain again—how's that RYL? (4-5-3-7)
 10 Membranes pronounce a death sentence to this rock (4)
 11 + 26 across So long as she isn't laying her hat anywhere, Paul, I wouldn't worry (5-4-3-2-4)
 14 'New —', first Damned single (4)
 15 (see 28 down)
 16 A relative comeback for the wide boy (3)
 18 'Sleeping —', first Teardrop Explodes single (3)
 19 Which other holds The Triffids label? (3)
 20 Maybe it was the sting of Sting that made a king of aching (4)
 21 + 27 across Lose a very new version of a current hit (4-5)
 23 Notes a different look for the 'modern girl' (6)
 25 On reflection he's man enough for the Human League (6)
 26 (see 11 across)
 27 (see 21 across)
 29 You'll find them with Alternative Tentacles—so don't turn your back (3)
 31 Americans who had a one-off instrumental hit in 1963 with 'Wipe Out' (8)
 33 Make it upstairs with Steve Harley and give him a look of contentment (5)
 37 Five in air return with Rod Stewart's record company (4)
 38 This is where Hamilton Bohannon did the stomp (5)
 39 Little Bob —, from France (5)
 40 (see 5 down)

CLUES DOWN

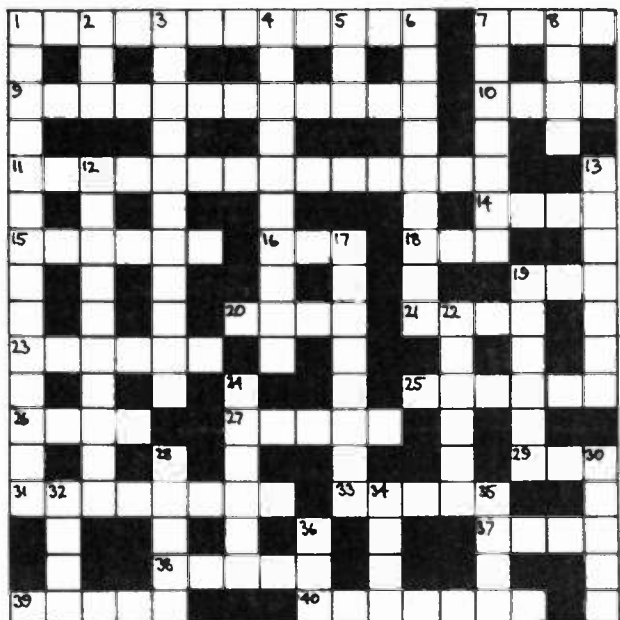
- 1 Straight into the charts with a bullet—during peacetime! (7-3-4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. We Close Our Eyes 9. Dooley 10 + 19D. Ignore The Machine 11 + 37A + 29A. Behind A Painted Smile 14. HKM 15. Yesterday 16 + 25A. Clyde McPhatter 20 + 21A. John Lennon 23. Delta 27. Ivy 28. Ash 31 + 18D. Yankee Dollar 32. Byrne 34. I Love To Boogie 36. Yell

DOWN: 1. Wide Boy 2. Clothes Shop 3. One In Ten 4. Otis 5. Random 6. Yard 7. Satisfy 8 + 13A. Steve 12. Andrew Taylor 14. Hymn 17. Lady 20. James Kirk 22. Noise 24. Farewell 26. Run To Me 30. Ivory 32. Beki 33. Riot 35. Gap

PRESSWORD



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- 2 Left nothing, left out of the Cure (3)
 3 'Pick Up Your Ears'!! Now is that really possible? It is? It is? Oh, it's not (4-4-3)
 4 Dance favourite that will upset you bald men (4-6)
 5 + 40 across Keeping well away from the Vice Squad three years ago (3-2-5)
 6 Bow Wow Wow have a view on heavy growth in tropical parts (3-6)
 7 Indie label band take measure of TV rock show (7)
 8 One of Johnathan King's many

- aliases—this one for his rendition of 'Loup-De-Love' (4)
 12 He fought Frankie's 'War' first of all (5-5)
 13 (see 9 across)
 17 Davie Jones And The —, Bowie's first band (4-4)
 19 Associate label of Statik, to who Flesh For Lulu recently signed (6)
 22 This is the Anti Nowhere League and I'm Alan—well, not really (6)
 24 'Heaven Must Have Sent You'—smash single (6)
 28 + 15 across Composer of such songs as 'Short People' and 'Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Bear' (5-6)
 30 You'll find them in the usual armchair (5)
 32 — Four Plus Two, circa early '60s (4)
 34 Am returning the Rolls Royce for The Smiths (4)
 35 Owner of a Liverpool venue? ... (4)
 36 ... another Liverpool venue which labelled Teardrop Explodes from the beginning (3)

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RECORDS, TAPES, VIDEOS

Adrians

Ref. N. 38 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX

Live music in the bar on Wednesdays only 10pm-12pm

Good Friday 8-8, Easter Sat 8-8, Easter Sun 10-11, Easter Mon 10-12

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RECORDS FOR SALE

A BARGAIN Pot Luck assortment of 100 used LP's & 12" singles for £12.00 or 500 used 7" singles for £30.00 (No's approx - our selection). Music & Video Exchange, 28 Pembroke Road, London W.11 (01-727 3538).

ALBUM HIRE, widest choice, excellent condition, s.a.e. Taw Records, Calver, Sheffield.

ALL CURRENT independent label releases plus punk/new wave rarities. S.A.E./I.R.C. for April catalogue: 'Rythm', 74 Lissong Grove, Mitley, Plymouth 0752 266798.

COLLECT RECORDS?? Large s.a.e. brings bargain fortnightly lists: Record Revival, PO Box 165, Haring, NR12 8RR.

DAMNED IMPORTS Promos, White Labels. S.A.E. 167 London Road, Redhill, Surrey.

DIVISION/ORDER vinyl rarities. 0484 850267.

F.G.T.H. COLLECTION s.a.e. - Dave, 9 Swanston Gardens, Newtonabbey, Co. Antrim BT36 8DR.

FLAMIN' GROOVIES albums, S.A.E. John, 15 Merton Road, Histon, Cambs, CB4 4JW.

JAM LIVE, 4 live LP's (2 doubles), autographed single, £40 the lot (0926) 316261 after 5pm.

JOY DIVISION - Box set - Warsaw, Komackino, Le/Terne (0538) 723460.

LAST CHANCE! Once in a lifetime 2 Part list: (Singles/LP's Cassettes-12"). Now ready. Precious collection reluctantly for sale for ex-record shop owner (New-s/hand). Amazing promo's / demo's / limited editions / p/x/vinyls / indies-majors / oneoff obscurities / wide taste guarantees at least one record per reader of massive list; 1958-1984. Rock / synth / punk / soul / reggae / folk & more...

Bigger selections of favourites - Free / Mayall / Van Morrison / Bryan Adams / Eno / Ferry / Roxy / Zappa / Doors / Badco' / Who / ZZTop / Rez(Villlos) / J J Cale / Coyne / Cooper / Calevelts / Harper / Squeeze / T. Turner / Undertones / Halen specials / Wangchung / U2 / Foreigner / Eddiemoney / Maiden / Numan / Damned / Hendrix / B-52's / Armatrading / Alan Price / Springsteen / Beatlesolo / Sahb / Joe Millie Jackson / Zeppelin / Benetar / Twotone / Manfreds / Stones / Alrodave Stewart / Cat / Spencer Davis / Traffic / Winwood / Tull / Mott / 9 Below 0 / Bebop / Kinks / Albertos / Trex / Zevon / Martyn / Heads / Wrepton / P Shelley / R Palmer / Queen / Bush / League / Dylan / Dowie / F. Mac / Echo / Steve Frankie Miller / Costello / Family / N. Young / Taste / Softboys / Santana / Blondie / Ayres / Creedence / Donovan / Elton / Jadewarrior / Chris Rea / Incredible String / Saxon / Genesis...

OBSCURE GROUPS such as Dr Strangely Strange / Wasps / Mrs Miller / XL5's / Suicide / Snafu / Rentals / Heavijelly / Fleerekkers / Electric Prunes / Cannibals / Standells / Misunderstood / Eireapparent / Viceversa / Tennishees - hundreds more. UK send s.a.e. 20p stamp. Overseas 3 x IRC's from your post office. Freddie, 244 Oxford Gardens, Stafford, ST16 3JG., England.

NESMITH BLONDI set sale list s.a.e. Foster, 5 Nesfield Avenue, Perth Street, West Hull, HU5 3UW., North Humberside.

NEW-WAVE OLDIES. Cheaply prices. S.A.E.: 32 Whitehead Crescent, Wootton, I.O.W. PO33 4JF.

NEW WAVE set sale. Singles 25p-90p; albums £1.50 - £2.90. Also many rarities. s.a.e./ 2 IRC's; 172 Kings Rd, Reading N5.

RECORD FINDING SERVICE Deleted indies, 70's rock, Punk. Requirements + s.a.e./IRC: Elista Records (N) 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts.

RECORD SEARCH Service. Free details S.A.E. Box No. 6340.

ROLLING STONES, Police, Gabriel, Petty, G Parker, Springsteen, Dylan, Lennon, Costello, collection for sale. S.A.E. to list to John, Pokey Hole, Packington, Ashby-De-La-Zouch, Leics.

SILOUSIE - Hong Kong Garden gatefold Sleeve - (0538) 723460.

UNLIKELY RECORDS New sample tape of music extraordinaire. Send 2x13p stamps (overseas 2xIRC) for catalogue + sample tape. Unlikely Records, 25 Constable Road, Felix-towe, Suffolk IP11 7HN.

10,000 TITLE singles list S.A.E. 5 College Street, Lampeter, Dyfed.

PERSONAL

AMERICAN FEMALE, tall, black hair, 21, vocalist, bisexual, looking for person to help me discover London. Interests U2, Kate Bush, travel, moving in June. All letters answered. Box No 6335.

ANYWHERE! GAY businessman (39) seeks younger person, 5'5" - 5'8" (21-25) for cuddles, companionship and a sunshine holiday. I am London based but will meet you anywhere. Swop photos. Write in confidence. All letters answered. Box No. 6347.

BIRMINGHAM MALE seeks punk-ish female for friendship, nights out or possible musical collaboration. Box No. 6349.

DAVID LONGISH hair, beard sometimes, **SEEKS** non-smoking long-haired HM (slim herself) rock **GODDESS** (agbostic)!!! O.N.O. Age/ Nationality unimportant. Preferably London/Wales. Box No. 6342.

FOR FREE list of pen pals send stamped self addressed envelope to Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton, Manchester M34 1ER.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE Postal intro to all areas, ages. Write **ORION INTRODUCTIONS**, Dept. A12 Waltham, Grimsby, DN37 0UJ.

GAY BIKER own pad seeks biker/ non biker mates. Write with photo Roy 26 Barry Road, Stonebridge, London N.W.10.

GAY GUY young 30 handsome into music, clothes and a lot more seeks similar guy in Birmingham area for relationship. Photo. Box No. 6339.

"GAY-LINK INTROS" Exclusively gay male/female introductions. Nationwide, 01-639 4599 Write G.L.I. P.O. Box 662 London SE15 4UB.

GAY? LONDON Gay Switchboard, 24-hour advice and information 01-837 7324.

GAY? SLOUGH area? Make friends and socialise - write Windsor/ Maidenhead A.G.G./DB, P.O. Box 488, Maidenhead SL6 3YF.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BM1 3GJ.

LONDON PENPALS (N) List £1 + S.A.E. 4B Hartham Rd, London N7 9JG.

MUSICIAN MALE 28, seeks girl for gigs. Box No. 6343.

PENFRIENDS - USA, Canada, Europe. Send age & interests for details Hi Society Transglobe, P.O. Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

PENFRIENDS 153 Countries, Guaranteed Service, S.A.E. IPF, (NM1) P.O. Box 596 London S.E.25 6NH.

PHOTOGRAPHER SEEKS young models, semi-nude. (01) 582 6479. 24 hours.

ROMANCE, DATING, Friendship, Introductions. FREE MEMBERSHIP. Exciting contacts of the opposite sex (18+). All areas **THE NEXUS MESSENGER** (12), Bridge Chambers, Bridge Street, Leatherhead, Surrey.

SEEKING MALE only or female only introductions etc? Long standing service, all areas/worldwide. Stamp please Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

TRAVELLING EUROPE? Do it with us! Send suggestions, details, anything! Photo appreciated. Box No. 6336.

WRITE NOW! - Glasgow male seeks lovable female. Like music, gigs, pubs, camping. Box No. 6337.

YOUNG GUY needed. Willing share life, travel with gay householder 42 A.L.A. Photo's returned Box No. 6344.

PUBLICATIONS

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN fanzine "Jackson Cage" No. 6. 50p + s.a.e., Paul, 23 Phyllis Street, Barry Island, S. Glamorgan CF6 8UX.

RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.'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-8p.m. - 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.).

NEW WAVE records - sends lists Repo Records, 49A Park Street, Hordsham, Sussex.

TWELFTH NIGHT "Cunning Man", "Eleanor Rigby", "First Tape Album". Phone 6pm - 9pm 051 638 8603 (Mark).

SITS. VAC.

AGENTS WANTED liquid aroma. £15.00 per dozen bottles. Good profits. Buzz. For music appreciation. Sample bottles £1.80 J. Carter, PO Box 10 Liverpool L12 5LA.

DISC JOCKEY with outgoing personality and promotional capabilities required for established Nottingham City Centre venue. Must be experienced, enthusiastic and professional, and willing to work daytimes as well as 3/4 evenings per week. Salary negotiable, £120-£150 per week. Commencing early April. Tel. Nottingham 470398 to arrange interview.

JOBS GALORE Overseas. Enjoy a new and exciting lifestyle. Send 2x16p stamps for FREE brochure Direct Business Publications (NME8) 9 Selborne Avenue, Herefield, Southampton.

RECORD FAIRS

BIRMINGHAM - EASTER Monday April 8th - Central Hall Corporation Street. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. 50p (10 a.m. - £1.)

CARDIFF - FRIDAY April 12th - Central Hotel, St Mary Street. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. 40p (10 a.m. - £1.)

CARLISLE, APRIL 27th Saturday. 051-334 3156.

GIANT WEST MIDLANDS RECORD FAIR, Saturday 13th April. Simply the best doo for collectors and bargain hunters alike. All the country's best dealers selected for you. Everything from 505 - 805. Stalls details - 0533 704090.

HALIFAX SATURDAY 6th April, Civic Theatre. (10.30 - 4.00 p.m.) Details 0532 892087.

HEREFORD SATURDAY 6/4/85 Shire Hall. Pre-entry 10am £1, 11am - 4pm 30p.

IPSWICH RECORD fair - Saturday 13th April - Manor Ballroom, St Margaret's Green, 9.30 a.m. - 4.30 p.m.

RECREATION CENTRE 22 Elephant and Castle SE1. Sunday, April 21st. 10.30 - 4.00 p.m. 50p. Info 01-699 9834.

RHYL, WESTMINSTER Hotel, (Sea Front) Easter Monday 8th April. 10.30/4.30. 40p. 051-334 3156.

ROMFORD RECORD fair - Saturday 6th April - Wykeham Hall, Market Place 9.30 a.m. - 4.30 p.m.

SIDCUP RECORD Collectors Fair - Sunday 7th April 1985 in the Marlowe Rooms, Sidcup, Kent. Opposite Sidcup Railway Station. By car the A.2, A.20 and then A.222. Just follow the signs to Sidcup Station. Large Car Park. Refreshments all day. Bar 12.00-2.00. Early Preview 11.00-12.00 Noon £1.50 or bring this advert it's a quid. 12.00-5.00 - 50p. Accompanied children free. Next Fair: - Croydon Record Fair in the Imperial Suite, Aerodrome Hotel, Purley Way, Croydon, Surrey on Sunday 12th May, 1985.

SOUTHPORT ROYAL Clifton Hotel, Promenade (opposite fair) Good Friday 5th April. 10.30/4.30. 40p.

SWANSEA - SATURDAY April 13th - Dolphin Hotel, Whitehalls. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. 40p (10 a.m. - £1.)

SWINDON, 8.4.85, Bank Holiday Monday, St John's Hall, Corporation Street, Pre-entry £1, 11 a.m.; 12-4 p.m. 40p.

3RD NORTH NOTTS Fair, Retford Town Hall, Friday 12th April (10-7). details (0777) 705273.

SPECIAL NOTICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE Songwriting booklet from International Songwriters Association (NME 2), Limerick City, Ireland.

BANDS, CLUBS groups, promote yourself with your own screenprinted T-shirts. Special offer: free screen origination, free artwork, minimum five. £3.25 + 50p % each! Style, 1 Rectory Lane, Barham, Canterbury CT4 6PE, enclosing chest sizes, rough layout, cheque/P.O.

FROM STOCKHAUSEN TO STARTLED INSECTS - Record Search Undertaken. Obscurities new and old found fast. Send list and S.A.E. for Magnus Discs 7 Clareville Grove, London S.W.7 5AU.

HUNT SABOTEURS SAVE LIVES! Non-violent direct action against all bloodsports, Nationwide group network. Donations, enquiries, P.O. Box 19, London S.E.22.

MARC BOLAN Convention - 7th June '85, The Place, Edinburgh, £1.50, S.A.E. Janis, 160 Mayfield Road, Edinburgh.

PSYCHEDELIC FRUITJUICE: new non-profit making fanzine. Big Hawkwind feature. Dreams. Video Censorship, Personal Experiences. Full-page artwork. Only 75p. Money to Simon Bostock, 18 Gallows Inn Close, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

DISCOS

DAVE JANSEN 01-690 7636. **TWO DJ's** seek disco premises Fri/Sat nights, West End area Box No. 6346.

WEEKEND MOBILE 01-328 6424.

STUDIOS

8-TRACK (NOTTS-DERBY AREA) Free use of Simmons Kit Drumulator, Fender, Gibson, Ovation guitars, digital reverb, digital delay, many effects BBK Studio. Phone 0773 812626 or 0977 559976.

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CAN'T GO FOR THIS

Re: your article concerning Hall & Oates.

What the hell do you mean "they hit a creative trough which continued until 1980's 'Voices' . . ." and "from there, each album got better . . ."?

Having been a staunch follower of the duo since 1976 (and often ridiculed for my trouble) I would beg to differ with you that 1980 heralded the 'better' period of Hall & Oates's creative life. It was precisely the period *before* 1980 that saw their best work; 'Along The Red Ledge' and 'Beauty on A Back Street' containing deeper, more heartfelt stuff on it than the commercial, trite stuff at present dispensed by the duo. I myself have their 'Voices' LP down as a marker for the start of the bad times — I don't in fact think I've ever bought any of their LPs since then — friends and relations continue to buy them for me ad nauseam. OK, so 'Bigger Than Both Of Us' (the LP not the track) was pretty duff, and did happen to come after the 'Silver' album. But we can't just have new correspondents running around willy nilly saying things like you said — just obtain those two LPs and listen . . .

Bob Hope, Manchester.

Dear Robert: A Gill is not a "new correspondent", far from it. In fact, so versed is he in the art of interviewing that when he put his opinion of Daryl's work to the man himself, he promptly agreed with him. That makes it two against one. Sorry. — PH.

ON YOUR BIKE!

After your recent views on YTS I would just like to say that I was on a YTS. My duties included the famous brushing up, cleaning sinks, going to the chippy, painting doors and filling in a log of book with details like, "what new skills have you learnt?"

I was sacked for looking for a permanent job elsewhere. The Lone Star.

I had a friend who was on the YTS and he too was sacked for seeking full time employment. They dismissed him for "wasting time". — PH.

OSCARS!

What the hell do you think you are playing at allowing a pillock like Danny Kelly to review the TV films section? The piece in question is his idiotic review of *Death Wish*.

Quote: "chilling, influential and the last word in film as emotion sculpting." Total bollocks. Chilling? Well the acting in *Space Cats* better than Bronson's pathetic efforts. Influential? Well, personally, Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* epitomised the uselessness and horror of present day gun rule.

What takes the cake is the line, "last word . . ." Anyone who thinks a total fool like Michael Winner should have the last word on such a serious topic, by glorifying murder, makes me, and I'm sure countless other people, run cold.

One other worrying point is he seemed 'concerned' that the rape scene had been cut out, as if this was some justification for murder.

He ought to try checking out some of the other films that tackle the subject more objectively, ie *Taxi Driver*, *Southern Comfort* and last year's excellent *The Survivors*.

R. Belben, Gwent.

1) If you don't find over a dozen people being beaten up or gunned down in the space of two hours 'chilling', then you're a tougher cookie than me.

2) Of course *The Wild Bunch* is a better film than *Death Wish* but I know which one's been the more influential over the past decade.

3) If you don't think *Death Wish* is the last word, as I said, in emotion sculpting then please inform me of another film.

kiddle stuff like *Raiders* apart, where cinema patrons cheered out loud at cold blooded murder.

4) My worry about the cutting of the rape scene was based on the fact that it completely unbalances the film, robbing old stoneface Bronson of much of his motivation, a different thing, you'll note, from 'justification'. — DK.

A PAUL MAN'S MORLEY

And Suddenly There Came A Bang. The first pop souvenir to treat you seriously for 17 years? Have these people never seen *The Bumper Book Of Yeah Yeah Noh* and surely Mr Morley, of all people, must remember *The Bumper Book Of Swell Maps?* Tommy Opposite, Leicester

And let's not forget *Wham! In Their Own Words*. — PH.

In the course of advertising Frankie's new single, the usual dollop of ZTT drivel claims to "hate all American AOR". So tell us — just what was 'Power Of Love' — Blue Beat? Punk Rock?

It would be useless trying to slag off a No. One record, even though it was the most depressing four minutes of last year — however this ZTT wraddical and wrevolutionary angle is no more than an optical sewer.

Graham, Jacked Up And Really Achin' Fanzine, Smethwick, West Midlands.

THE NAUGHTY BITS

On the question of pornography — would the legal showing of males

in an aroused form shift the emphasis from the nearly all girl books and magazines? I'm led to believe that love making is an act performed by both sexes so why is a plonker an offence in print? It wouldn't solve the 'Fox' type problem but surely it would create a less demeaning, fairer, more realistic view of the seedy world of sex.

A Chap Called Sark, Derby. I don't think so. There are far too many pricks around as it is. — PH.

This week's *T-Zers* has David Coverdale as a 'Geordie'. My dears, he may have a big wang but that does not make him a Geordie. He's from Teeside not Tyneside your berks! Holly Wells, Tyne And Wear.

AN EAST SIDE STORY

J. Willet's long-winded, turgid letter completely misses the point about the *East Enders* review — and the point is this, that unlike *Dallas* or *Crossroads* it was the stated intention of the programme's producers to present a "realistic" view of the area. And if this is realistic, then we're all a nasty, brutish, ignorant breed who condone racism. And if that's the case why do the trendy rick left (like the producers of this programme and its intended audience) come to live in our area — after all we're not nice people to mingle with.

Terry Malloy the reviewer was born in Wapping, E1 and I've lived here all my life — and I thought his review was not only authentic but a damn good piece which all real East-Enders would agree with.

Because what sort of impression will people over the rest of the country have of us — cardboard cut-out racists strutting around and no-one standing up to them? a grandma prepared to throw her own daughter out on the street!? All with horrendous grating accents. But then what do East-Enders know about the East-End?

I do not give a toss for the convoluted theories and opinions of trendy soap-dodgers like John Willet esquire. He must like this kind of out-of-touch anti working-class show because it shows us as people who need to be educated, civilised and used by the liberal left. His letter was a smokescreen to the real issue — that this nasty programme (you can't even treat it as a comedy) is an insult. And I do consider it an insult to my family, relatives, friends like Terry Malloy and all the decent hard-working people I know in the East-End.

Yours that nasty, violent, racist East Ender Jim Wolveridge (64).

Better must come — but *East Enders* has started off about as apt as a comedy about the Kray twins. Viva Only Fools And Horses. But what's going on? Cable Street can't have happened; Dalston is now called the East-End; You can't review a series without a Soap Opera theory degree; and for sheer libel I'm accused of sharing a bed with Norman Tebbit! I can take it. — TM.

NORMY'S LAMENT

I find it rather sad that during the

last few weeks you haven't seen fit to mention the death of Nicholas Colosanto aka coach Ernie Pontusso of *Cheers*. He may not have had anything to do with rock 'n' roll but he was and will remain an actor of real depth and talent. Cheers! Jon Carr, Fenlaine Corner, Grainthorpe.

BODS AND ROCKISTS!

Oh God, no! 'Rockism' again, eh? Well Sean O'Hagan baby it would be pretty difficult to imagine anything more 'rockist' than writing for the *NME*. I seem to remember that the term was coined in the Morley/Penman era when the vogue was to talk of "pouting, primping, bubbling, tantalising new pop" — y'know the lamented golden age of Spandau Ballet and — er — all those other rilly memorable people.

Woodstock to the Roxy was seven years. The Roxy to Sean O'Hagan is nine years. Like it or not 'rock' is the ONLY white popular culture. Everything else is leeching off the black man — something pseuds like you have been doing ever since John Mayall unveiled the 12 bar down The Scene and The Flamingo back in '66.

Sus, Birmingham. You don't think rock music has been the guiltiest party when it comes to (ahem) "leeching off the black man"? Also, wasn't the Roxy and all that meant to overthrow rock? — SO'H. Do we have any takers for football, beer, movies, TV and pigeon racing as "white popular culture"? — NS.

CONTRIVED? US?

Re: The front-piece report on The Jesus And Mary Chain performance at North London Poly — "Jesus & Mary: A Riot" Neil Taylor, is guilty of the worst kind of *Daily Mail* sensationalism, to create his own version of events, to support his interpretation of the band itself. His chinese-whispers are not the worst, we are all willing to do that, but how he uses them scares me. Did you not have another person there for a second opinion?

His impressions of the arrival of the group and the inspiration for the smashing of the PA are specifically constructed to support his belief that the band is a rip-off.

Charlatans etc. A standard charge throughout history levelled at the pure and essential; the re-workers of form, made by those who are unsure of themselves and wish to hedge their bets. The 40 odd who turned their self-hatred on PAs and roadies, hated the band and that was why they were there: to hate. That specific performance did not inspire their action. The existence of The Jesus And Mary Chain is responsible for the surfacing of the fear of the unknown in those people. That is what Neil Taylor does not know. He is unable to believe beyond his shallow world and his grasp at anything solid or potentially challenging. The rest of his fabrications were macho/wimp posturings (The crowd vs police, volatile crowd, half the audience involved) and will all serve only to continue polarisation of opinion until the bubble bursts.

Steve Double, Reading.

Hey! Nice one, Steve. That really clarified the situation — like spot on, right? — PH.

Is this the end of the civilised world as we know it? I am, of course, referring to the features on The Jesus And Mary Chain, not only in *Just* (1)7, but also in that (toe) rag *No 1*, one of the best selling (out) teenybop magazines in Britain. How could the JAMC sink so low?? What next, I ask myself? Sex Gang Children and Nick Cave in *Smash (s)Hits*? Duran Duran in *Kerrang*? The mind staggers.

Boskat, W. Sussex.

Probable answer from JAMC: "Look, man, we're not in it to be a cult. We hate those papers as much as you do but we got to spread the message, get it across to as many people as possible. See, we're destroying the system from the inside . . ." In other words, every rebel needs a damn efficient press officer. — PH.

The Jesus And Mary Chain facts.

Any band that wants to can incite crowd violence. It is not difficult. Their stance is tired and uninspired and indulgent. The Jesus And Mary Chain/Alan McGhee peddle secondhand anarchy and chaos for university students. Would you not agree? Dee Dee, Bradford. Just about sums it up, I would say. — PH.

IN THE CLOSE

So that's where Gordon Collins has been hiding all these months — in the closet . . . Mac the Wit, Swansea.

Now that *Brookside*'s "social realism" moves closer to Sodom and Gomorrah, will the new dance craze be Gay Gordons? Harry & Edna (very) Cross.

Was I on a trip or did I see Billy Bragg on *Top Of The Pops*? Bit of both by the sound of things. — PH.

Your paper is the biggest load of amateur rubbish I have ever seen. Do we, the public, not deserve better than this shit? G.L. Edinburgh. They do, you don't. — PH.

-ZERS

MICHAEL Jackson comes to Britain and what happens? He sets off another damn weirdo fashion trend. After the glove on one hand look comes the jacket worn over the whole head and shoulders. Mike unveiled, as it were, the cover-up look whilst furtively shopping around London. It has not been made clear whether or not he had to submit to the removal of the aforementioned glove when he was searched for naughty medicines on his arrival at Customs...

Was it or was it not Wham!'s Andy Ridgely who staggered about twanging ladies' suspenders, organising Big Boobs competitions, taking peoples' bras (can't he afford to buy his own?) and fondling men in drag???? The scene was at a rugby club party and yes! That's surely the biggest scandal of all, that he was there in the first place. Does Andy deny this? No. All he denies is suspender twanging and boob judging. Perversely he admits to helping judge a mens' sexy botty competition. Meanwhile over in China, the pop-starved youth are eagerly awaiting the fun-loving band. Parents have been warned not to let their children out to performances in anything less than twang-proof woolly combinations...

And meanwhile young Ridgely has been teaming up with Rod Stewart with a view to starting up a celebrity football team. They confess to sharing a common love of football and sexy bottom judging...

Performing astrologer Russell Grant has predicted that Wham! will split by the end of the year. At least we think he said Wham!, it might just as easily have been George Michael's trousers. Hey, this astrology business is easy!...

We don't need Russell Grant to help us wonder if John 'Duran' Taylor's current drinking binge has anything to do with him being unhappy with what musos term the 'direction' of his current band and long on to play at being 'serious' with his new project The Power Station? Or maybe he's just been consuming too many salty snacks...

HOLY MACKERAL! Good Cod! Shells Bells! Yes, these awful puns can only mean one thing. Adrian Thrills? No, a Grab Grab The Haddock T-Zer. The big news is that Hatfield's hottest have just secured the main support slot on The Colour Field's upcoming tour and will be hooking up with Old Trafford Tel and the boys from May 2nd... Fishy pop's finest would also like to thank Caroline Distribution for their (her?) efforts in promoting their last single...

One dot who struggled to the Sisters Of Mercy gig at the Lyceum on Monday (but only to see the wunnerfull Scientists)

Did You Know? Part 777

This week we could be telling you a few more fascinating truths about the Gavin Martin family tree. For instance, did you know Gavin is godmother to a host of popular personalities? More of them next week. This week we bring you the news that the PA The Smiths have been dragging about on tour with them is the biggest since the Castle Donnington HM festival?

had to leave in severe distress after the Sisters came on to the sounds of a mid-period Red Zeppelin number which was booming out over the P.A. It is alleged they played 'Stairway To Heaven' at one gig last week. It's a bit too close to the Sisters' musical home for it to be funny. Look out, we're going to vomit...

A band who will hereafter remain nameless in these pages for evermore recently gave a quick demonstration of how not to clinch the front cover of the NME. A young masked man, identified by witnesses as the slob in the band's hand-out, entered the reception area and pointed a gun at our young and innocent Marcia. Keeping her head admirably she asked if the intruder wanted money (so this is what you have to do to get



Will the real Michael Jackson please stand up? Oh, you've both stood up. Hmm this is going to be tricky. OK, we'd like the real Michael Jackson to make his hand inflate. Oh dear, both their hands are inflating. This is going to be impossible... Anyway, it's Michael at Madame Tussauds last week. One of the two will be there for good now. Pic Richard Mann

U.S. Diesel Habit Hits U.K.

Thurston of Sonic Youth, over on a brief tour of the UK, was spotted sucking diesel out of the band's transit van's petrol tank outside a northern venue. Has yet another vile scourge from the States hit our shore? Nopey-no, it was the only way they could syphon out the diesel fuel that their manager had put in by mistake. Three gallons of the

stuff later, the band played a scorching set. They would also like to warn other bands not to use a PA service run by a speeding mohican from Hersham'. This charming character turned their PA off at 11.00 pm during their Thames Poly gig - because he wanted to go to a party. Thing is, he didn't invite the band...

paid). In reply he dumped his scummy pamphlet on the desk, fired the gun - although it only contained a blank, the noise was sufficient to stun a wombat at 50 yards - and left. The band have since bombarded the members of the reception club with red roses by way of apology. They are going to have to make the place look like the Chelsea Flower Show before anyone will ever utter their name here again. Never mind, naughty popsters, at least it'll give you the incentive to succeed...

THE RECENT deaths of kingpin drummers Kenny Clarke and Kenny Clare weren't enough to

stun the jazz fraternity, we are sad to relate that last week, US tenor titan, Zoot Sims, finally lost his battle with cancer. Zoot was the first American to play Ronnie Scott's, befriended Marilyn Monroe when they were just kids and she was lonely Norma Jean and treasured the time when a Zoot fanatic from Manchester organised a gig in said town and offered to put Zoot up for the night. The spare room was decorated in honour of the great man, the linen renewed and in the morning the fan's wife spoilt it all by inquiring 'How do you like your eggs, Toot?'...

Whilst settling down to watch the video one night, mum-to-be

Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders went into labour. Soon after she gave birth to her second daughter, only the father of the latest one is Simple Mind Jim Kerr...

Tony Parsons has been signed to Virgin Books for a mini-fortune with four up and coming books included in the deal... The Pogues' video for their new single will be directed by a fan, Alex Cox. It will be Alex's second venture into the big baaaad world of film. His first was a little number called Repo Man...

IS THIS what they call a Tonic For The Troops? The United Service

Organisations are about to be entertained in style by their rock'n'roll Good Buddies. Budweiser are sponsoring Toto's 16-date jaunt, whilst Europe, Africa and The Middle

East will be visited by The First Airborne Rock n' Roll Division: a Steve Stills fronted mob featuring members of Cheap Trick, Santana etc. Bet the old veterans over here are glad they only had to put up with Vera Lynn, eh? Heh, heh...

Those well-livered chemical company shareholders the New York Dolls are reportedly reforming for a couple of gigs in New York next week. All those, that is, that didn't die in the bath. But can you afford to fly over and see the moderately popular leather trousers...

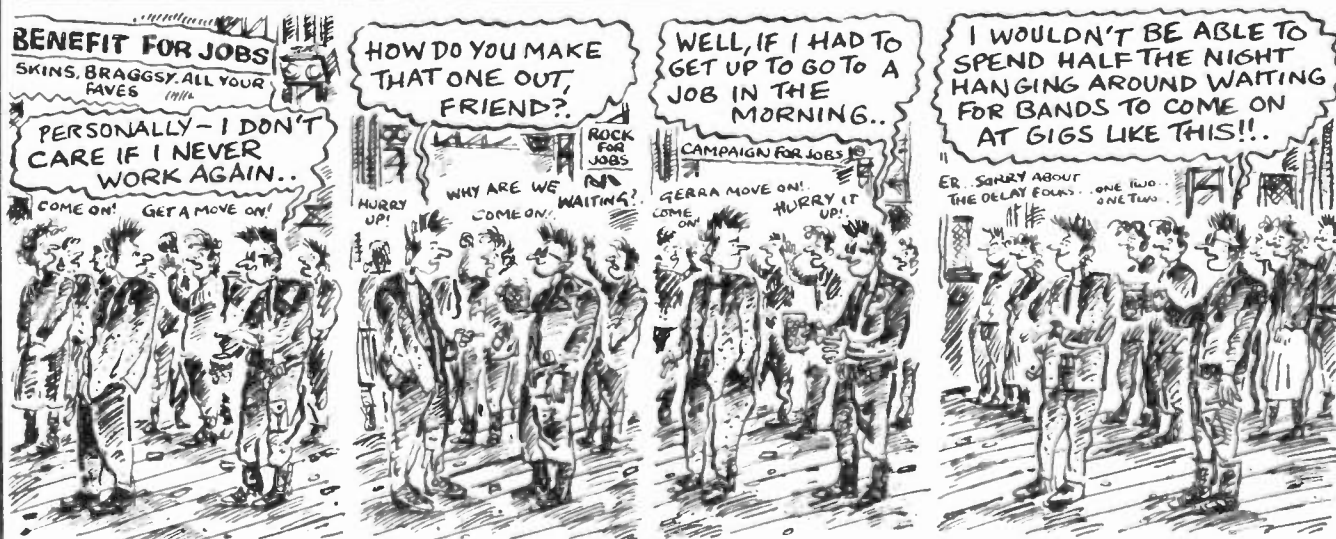
Carrying the Dolls' mutilation-glamour a whole step further are the Poison Girls. At a recent gig in Oslo, Norway, guitarist Richard Famous was subjected to an onstage attack - when a dog jumped out of the audience and bit him...

Change Of Address

Merrie Mat Snow, late of the 'Live' parish, wishes all his many friends and admirers to know that he has left the high-pressure world of concert-reviews-editorship to govern the

studious books section. The 'live' pages will be taken over by Merrie Danny Kelly. No-one is quite sure what kind of offence could have brought such punishment...

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