

# NEW NME MUSICAL EXPRESS

Bob-a-job

## LIVE AID FAME AGAINST FAMINE

WORLDS APART  
CAN BOB BRING THEM ANY CLOSER?



THAT PETROL EMOTION CHER  
TALKING HEADS THE DAMNED

Photograph by David Bailey



## COVER STORY

**T**HIS WEEK's *NME* cover comes from David Bailey's book *Imagine* which is a collection of photographs taken during a seven day trip to the Sudan famine area. Bailey was asked to go for publicity purposes by Band Aid director Kevin Gendon and when he returned he decided there was enough material for a book.

"Of course it was depressing but you can't let that get on top of you or else you end up moping up instead of getting the photographs," said Bailey. Although renowned for his model and fashion photography, Bailey had done work similar to this when he took photographs of Bangladeshi and Vietnamese refugees.

"I tried not to make all the pictures depressing, some journalists just go for the worst imaginable pictures but there is glimmers of hope there, the people have an enormous natural dignity."

"Some people have accused us of bandwagon jumping, well that's the whole point of the exercise, to make people jump on the bandwagon. Some liberal, left-wing idiots seem to want an exclusive on starvation. The idea is to get everyone on the bandwagon."

*Imagine* with foreword by William Golding is published by Faber & Faber.

● The photographic fee for this week's front cover will be donated to Live Aid.



X Moore blinkered?

**X. MOORE and BILLY BRAGG** hold a party political broadcast of their own at the University Of London Union. The subject: Politics Of Pop. Report: SEAN O'HAGAN



Bragg open-eyed

## MOORE POLITICAL BRAGGING?

**I**N THEORY it was a great idea. Amidst a week of heavyweight left wing debate trading under the title *Marxism '85* was a two hour seminar come debate on 'Politics And Pop'. Paul Weller, Billy Bragg and Redskin X Moore were to provide the inside opinions on how to stay true to one's socialist principles whilst operating at the very core of this tainted and tarnished world of unbridled hedonism.

Whilst Bragg and Moore are well versed in the art of polemic, how would the Woking Wonder shape up to an audience who were mainly composed of comrades from the revolutionary left? Depending on where you stand he either bottled out or did the sensible thing and passed up the pleasure of being buried under a deluge of rigorously right on questioning.

It was left to X Moore/Chris Dean (as SWP member) and the redoubtable Bragg (Labour Party with reservations) to carry the show. The packed hall thrilled to Moore's opening salvo on the catalysing effect of The Miners' Strike "as a concrete example of a struggle, a way forward" which he then contrasted with the "fiasco that is Band Aid: Egos For Ethiopia". Weller, in his absence was referred to continuously: the pressure he was under to be roped in. Geldof was "the Third Division International Statesman Of Pop" with "the political perception of a dead slug".

He went on. And on. Along the way some valid points were made: the racism of the pop media, the general passive nature of the music and the industry's innate ability to transform anger into commodity. "You can make all the gestures you want: smash hotel rooms, swear on TV... but if you are specific about your targets they'll fuck you up..."

Then it was Bragg's turn. After X Moore's motor mouth overdrive Billy's nervous, low key delivery came as something of a relief. Again the Miners' strike was cited as an example of commitment and inspiration as well as being a factor in his decision to join the Labour Party and crusade for them: "I was afraid that once the strike ended and *NME* stopped writing about it, political gigs would quickly become last year's thing. People say that I'm just being used by the Labour Party

and I hope I am otherwise I'm wasting my time." On the Militant Tendency: "If I agreed with everything they said I'd join the SWP!" — the very party who organised the event.

Like the speaker before him Bragg's analysis of the music business concentrated on the obvious: chart rigging, the capitalist ethos that stokes the industry and the powerlessness of the pop song to effect change. We should never forget, said Bill, that "pop music is only a manifestation of prosperity" which grew out of the "post war baby boom when kids had a bit of money". What right had we to expect democracy from something that's so utterly and obviously corrupt?

Both participants agreed that pop music in itself was little more than a diversion. A capitalist tool that, whilst occasionally seeming to promote rebel rock, only helps keep young people's minds off what is really going on. The difference lay in their respective methods of putting over this not altogether profound idea. Bragg is, he admits, a confused individual whilst X Moore is tied to the discipline of the SWP, certain that his way is the right way.

Although there is a definite consistency in X Moore's philosophy, his whole manner (and image: macho working class) has an undercurrent that makes me suspicious. The skinhead uniform, the loud motor mouth delivery, the certainty that his dogma is the right dogma; it's all a bit too aggressive, too loudly and insistently masculine. I'll take Bragg, with all his inconsistencies and self-confessed confusion, any day.

Strangely enough they did agree on some key points: the Class of '76 are still the blueprint for action and commitment in music with The Clash providing the key inspiration and the classic example of how not to pull it off. It was apparent that Billy Bragg and The Redskins had already come up against the industry imposed barriers that confront any artist with an openly left wing attitude yet, as X put it, there was a line of compromise which, if crossed, would negate everything they stood for. For now it is enough that they battle on, backing up the polemic with action and insisting that pop and politics are inextricably linked.

**B**RUCE SPRINGSTEEN may be returning to the UK for more concerts, in 1987. And that's not just wishful thinking, but straight from The Boss himself.

Throughout his European tour, he was at great pains to avoid the Press, adamantly refusing to talk to journalists — so maintaining the mystique with which he surrounds himself. But our reporter caught him in an unguarded moment at Heathrow Airport last week when, posing as an autograph hunter, he found the great man relaxed and chatty as he waited to board the plane home.

Springsteen expressed himself "overwhelmed and exhilarated" by his triumphant progress around Europe, particularly the reaction of his audiences, which he regarded as even more spontaneous and enthusiastic than in the States — "where they've gotten to know me now".

In view of what he termed "the sensational experience of the past five weeks", he said he wanted to return to Europe as soon as was practical. He thought that next year would be "a bit too soon", but reckoned that 1987 was "a real possibility".

"But that," he added, glancing over his shoulder as he headed into the departure lounge, "is if you still want me then."

**T**HE FULL line-up has now been confirmed for the Harp Rock Week at London's ICA Theatre, from August 6 to 10, which, as reported last week, is presented as "Max Headroom Patronises The Arts". Max will make his live debut on the opening night, and the rest of the season — which he has helped select — comprises:

Simply Red, Mathilde Santing and FSK (Wednesday, 7); The Triffids, Nyam Nyam and Big And Beautiful (Thursday); Chakk, Del Amitri and The Snakes Of Shake (Friday); and 400 Blows, Nocturnal Emissions and Startled Insects (Saturday, 10).

As announced, Max's musical guests on the first night (6) are Shella Smith, Anthony More and The El Trains — and The Pet Shop Boys have now been added to this list, with Rent Party closing the evening. We're told that Max will be including among his interviewees Mikhail Gorbachov, Ronald Reagan, Joan Collins and Boris Becker, though he also has a number of lesser luminaries up his sleeve.

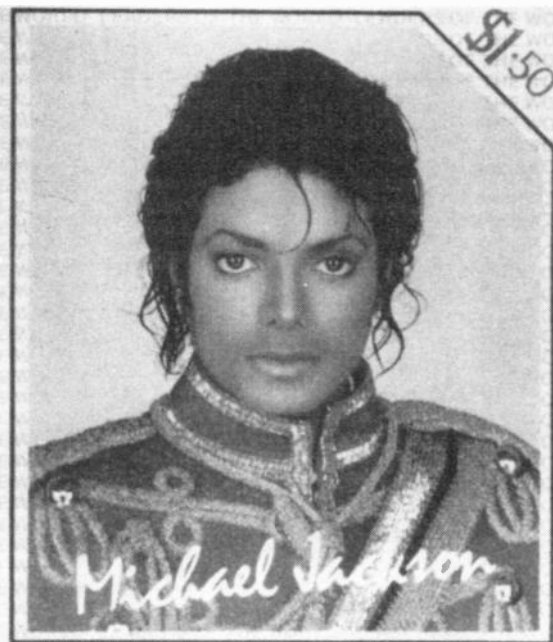
Nightly admission is £4, with a 50p day pass required by non-members. Advance tickets are available now.

**M**IRROR, MIRROR on the wall, who's the most regal one of all? It may be Prince making the chartside running this summer, but it's Michael Jackson who's won the race to get his winsome features on a postage stamp. This surely puts the seal on a career that has seen the Indiana wonder kid go from child prodigy to snake charmer to llama keeper to mannequin confidante.

Suitably, it's the Virgin Islands that have given the boy with the chaste loins his big break, and at between 60c and \$1.50 the stamps are a damn sight cheaper and more collectable than a 'Victory' tour ticket. The issue was delayed when Michael had second thoughts about his initial submission featuring portraits of himself in clown's outfit. Luckily, he returned to his senses donning a scarlet and navy military uniform complete with heavy gold epaulettes, reportedly bought from an Earth Wind And Fire end-of-season sale.

And God bless his little wisp of forelock, because Michael has asked that the Virgin Islands donate the revenue to welfare and education. Rumours that Nelson Rogers is appearing alongside a famous Protestant vicar in Northern Ireland's first contribution to the new celebrity postage stamp scam were unconfirmed at time of going to press.

Phil Ately



British Virgin Islands

**W**OMAD '85 has added another batch of names to the already extensive line-up for the festival, which takes place this weekend at Mersea Island, near Colchester in Essex. Super Diamond, who were announced last week, are unable to make it and have been replaced by Samko (from Lesotho) and Black Roots (UK). Extra Saturday attractions are Kallima and The Housemartins (both UK), Asash Papa & Graffi Jazz (Ghana) and Sir Coxson Sounds. Sunday's additions are new band 10 To 10 (featuring ex-members of The Beat), Seconds Of Pleasure, Bristol Percussion Circle and Ghana's Dade Krama Ancestral Music. The Sunday headliner had still not been finalised at press-time, but the organisers are negotiating with a major act.

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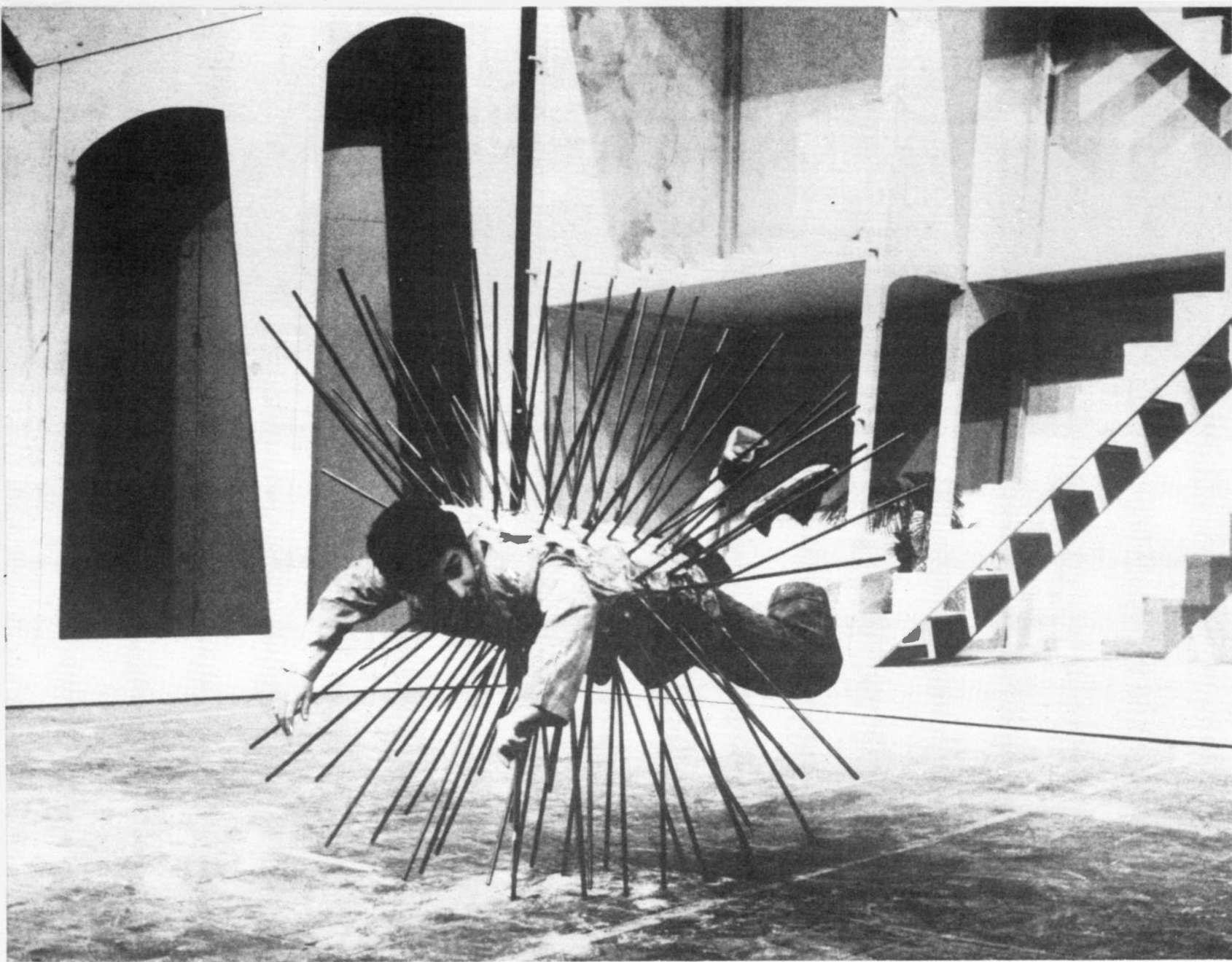
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THE ULTIMATE spikey top and bottom? No this intriguing pose is part of Italian theatre company La Gaia Scienza's performance which is tipped to be the big hit of this year's London International Festival of Theatre (LIFT), which opens this week all over the capital.

The weird and wonderful world of La Gaia Scienza includes a stage set of an imaginary Mediterranean city where sloping roofs, painted backdrops, walls and windows shift constantly, capsize and fall away. Like a cubist painting that has suddenly sprung to life, floors become walls, wardrobes become faces, stairways swing about and turn upside down revealing a strange myriad of city creatures. Heavy . . . The Young Ones aren't a patch on this!

LIFT '85 continues until August 4 and features work from Spain, Italy, China, South Korea, Yugoslavia, Canada, South Africa, US. A tent from Holland — 'De Spiegelent' at Camden Lock — will be the focal point for the festival, acting as a box office and hosting a myriad of British acts from the Happy End to Ra Ra Zoo throughout the day and evening.

● La Gaia Scienza will be performing at the Shaw Theatre in Euston on July 18-23 and 25-27. LIFT information on 01-240 9439. See page 14 for a story on Winston Tong Sings Duke Ellington, another LIFT event.

# TEN YEARS IN AN OPEN PLAN OFFICE

## NME EDITOR NEIL SPENCER SIGNS OFF

**B**EGINNINGS AND endings are important, as any journalists worth their expense account will tell you. This is the last issue of *NME* with myself as Editor, and the last of over 500 I have worked on since I joined the staff of this most singular of music papers a decade back in time and a lifetime ago in reality. So readers will I hope indulge a brief wave backwards before I empty out the editorial locker, hang up the arm bands and eye shade and saunter out of our Soho offices for the last time.

Desk drawers stuffed with Buzzcocks and Fay Fife badges; antique Stiff press releases; unreadable manuscripts on unlistenable bands; half-melted PIL promotional lollipops; garbled telegrams

demanding money from writers stranded in Kansas covering a group we didn't need in the first place; yellowing parchments of *T-Zers* so libellous they could have gutted the coffers of Reed International had they ever been printed — all await their fate.

The changes I've witnessed in the unholy brew of popular music and its accompanying 'biz', and their relations with the media, are too legion and too diverse to catalogue here, let alone make sense of. Suffice to say that there are more bands, more artists, more gigs, more records and more diversity within them than there have ever been, even though an often dull traditionalism currently holds sway over rock and pop, and the upheavals and erratic idealism of punk now seem a distant aberration.

Both *NME* and I have often been criticised for 'mixing music and politics'. In 1985 only perversity can avoid the increasing alignment of the two, with many of our best talents not only protesting in song about the kind of society and world they are inheriting but giving concrete support to those struggling to change it to something more humane and just and with less likelihood of destroying itself. Rallies and benefits — whether for CND, the GLC, ecological groups or the local housing association — have never been so numerous or well attended. In any case this week's cover story, the momentous Live Aid concert, has made it clear that music can intervene in public life in an unprecedented way.

I've enjoyed my time on *NME* immensely

and feel lucky to have worked with so many talented individuals, many of whom have gone on to greater success, infamy and drink problems elsewhere. I would like to thank them all.

Thanks too, to the *NME* readers, who have never stopped keeping me and the *NME* staff and freelance team on our toes and in our place, and especial thanks to all the musicians who provide the mysterious and elusive alchemy that keeps the whole sprawling shebang in perpetual fascinating motion, and who have kept our ears intrigued, fuelled our dancing feet and sometimes uplifted our hearts.

I would also like to welcome the Incoming Editor Ian Pye, who inherits what I still like to feel is the most challenging and authoritative voice in the music press. I hope its spirit prospers.

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# NME CHARTS



The lovable Cult—top of the indies, but just look at that bloody headscarf!! Pic Derek Ridgers.

## 45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	1	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY	The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	1	1	LOW-LIFE	New Order (Factory)
2	2	IRON MASTERS	The Men They Couldn't Hang (Demon)	2	3	GAS, FOOD, LODGING	Green On Red (Zippo)
3	6	THAT JOKE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	3	2	THE FIRSTBORN IS DEAD	Nick Cave (Mute)
4	4	VILLAGE FIRE	James (Factory)	4	4	WHAT DOES ANYTHING MEAN, BASICALLY	Chameleons (Statik)
5	19	DONZO GOES TO BIRMINGHAM	Ramones (Beggars Banquet)	5	8	ROCKIN' AND ROMANCE	Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers (Rough Trade)
6	12	MOVIE	400 Blows (Illuminated)	6	7	MEAT IS MURDER	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
7	9	ROLLIN' DAILY	The Fall (Beggars Banquet)	7	15	IMMIGRATION	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
8	3	THE PERFECT KISS	New Order (Factory)	8	5	EXPLOSIONS IN THE GLASS PALACE	The Rain Parade (Zippo)
9	22	THE BRIGHTON BOMBERS	Angelic Upstarts (Gas)	9	6	EMERGENCY THIRD RAIL POWER SUPPLY	The Rain Parade (Zippo)
10	7	HAPPY BUT TWISTED	Doctor And The Medics (Illegal)	10	9	NATIVE SONS	The Long Ryders (Zippo)
11	25	PEOPLE'S LIMOUSINE	Coward Brothers (Imposter)	11	13	GREEN ON RED	Green On Red (Zippo)
12	5	SNAKE THE DISEASE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	12	10	TREASURE	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
13	10	UPSIDE DOWN	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Creation)	13	11	CLAN OF XYMEX	Xymox (4AD)
14	8	ONE DAY	Vince Clarke & Paul Quinn (Mute)	14	18	LYSIS/EMERGENCY	The Fuzztones (ABC)
15	16	SEEING THROUGH MY EYES	Broken Bones (Fallout)	15	14	FUTILE COMBAT	Skeletal Family (Red Rhino)
16	13	VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE	Restless (ABC)	16	16	VENGEANCE	New Model Army (Abstract)
17	20	FINE AND CHROME	Folk Devils (Karbon)	17	17	NATURAL HOLLOW	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
18	14	DEATH OF THE EUROPEAN	The Three Johns (Abstract)	18	20	NEW BEGINNINGS	Pink Industry (Zulu)
19	21	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	19	19	BAD INFLUENCE	Robert Cray Band (Demon)
20	11	MOTOR SLUG	Wise Blood (Some Bizzare)	20	12	RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD	Various (Big Beat)
21	(—)	WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE	Pink Industry (Zulu)	21	(—)	LIQUID HEAD IN TOKYO	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
22	17	MOVE ME	The Woodentops (Rough Trade)	22	25	AT LAST IT'S PLATYTIME	Rubella Ballet (Dayglow)
23	24	IGNORANCE	Discharge (Clay)	23	(—)	LIVE '78-'79	Hawkwind (Dojo)
24	23	COW	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)	24	RE	BLUE SISTERS SWING	Flesh For Lulu (Hybrid)
25	15	THE FINAL KICK	Tall Boys (Big Beat)	25	21	SHELL OF FEMALE	The Cramps (Big Beat)
26	RE	MY BABY JUST CAME FOR ME	Nina Simone (Charly)	26	26	SEX AND TRAVEL	The Jazz Butcher (Glass)
27	RE	HYPOTHISED	Mark Stewart And The Mafia (Mute)	27	(—)	DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS	Delmonas (Ace)
28	18	FLY FOLLOW YOU DOWN	Slaughter Joe (Creation)	28	RE	HEAD OVER HEELS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
29	28	WILD PARTY	A Certain Ratio (Factory)	29	(—)	GRAVITY TALKS	Green On Red (Flesh)
30	29	A DAY	Xymox (4AD)	30	(—)	LOVE, BLAMING PUNK ROCK ALBUM	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Hairy Pie)

## 45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN
1	1	FRANKIE	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	1	1	BORN IN THE USA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
2	2	AXEL F	Harold Faltermeyer (MCA)	2	2	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD	Marillion (EMI)
3	4	I'M ON FIRE	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	3	5	BROTHERS IN ARMS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
4	5	CHERISH	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	4	19	FLY ON THE WALL	AC/DC (Atlantic)
5	3	CRAZY FOR YOU	Madonna (Geffen)	5	4	CUPID AND PSYCHE '85	Scritti Politti (Virgin)
6	14	MY TOOT TOOT	Denis La Salle (Epic)	6	7	SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR	Tears For Fears (Mercury)
7	24	THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL	Eurythmics (RCA)	7	6	BOYS AND GIRLS	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)
8	8	JOHNNY COME HOME	Fine Young Cannibals (London)	8	3	THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES	Sting (A&M)
9	6	DEI	Marti Webb (Starblend)	9	31	A SECRET WISH	Propaganda (ZTT)
10	9	HEAD OVER HEELS	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	10	8	LITTLE CREATURES	Talking Heads (EMI)
11	30	LIVE IS LIFE	Opus (Polydor)	11	25	BE YOURSELF TONIGHT	Eurythmics (RCA)
12	12	HISTORY	Mai Tai (Hot Melt)	12	13	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
13	7	IN TOO DEEP	Dead Or Alive (Epic)	13	16	WHEN THE BOYS MEET THE GIRLS	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
14	19	TURN IT UP	Conway Brothers (10/Virgin)	14	14	ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT	Aled Jones (BBC)
15	7	SUDDENLY	Billy Ocean (Jive)	15	15	THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION	Paul Young (CBS)
16	11	KAYLEIGH	Marillion (EMI)	16	11	SUDDENLY	Billy Ocean (Jive)
17	14	LIFE IN ONE DAY	Howard Jones (WEA)	17	26	THEATRE OF PAIN	Motley Crue (Elektra)
18	21	COME TO MILTON KEYNES	The Style Council (Polydor)	18	17	NO JACKET REQUIRED	Phil Collins (Virgin)
19	27	SMUGGLERS' BLUES	Glen Frey (BBC)	19	23	OUR FAVOURITE SHOP	The Style Council (Polydor)
20	18	II-17-NINETEEN (NOT OUT)	Commentations (Orval)	20	24	HOW DANCE	Various (EMI-Virgin)
21	23	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY	The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	21	18	OUT NOW!	Various (Chrysalis/MCA)
22	10	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	The Crowd (Spartan)	22	10	WORLD WIDE LIVE	The Scorpions (EMI)
23	22	THE SHADOW OF LOVE	The Damned (MCA)	23	37	VOICES FROM THE HOLY LAND	BBC Welsh Choir (BBC)
24	16	TOMB OF MEMORIES	Paul Young (CBS)	24	41	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna (Sire)
25	42	THAT JOKE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	25	(—)	STREETSONDS ELECTRO VIN	(Various/Street Sounds)
26	15	THE WORD GIRL	Scritti Politti (Virgin)	26	28	BORN TO RUN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
27	(—)	IN YOUR CAR	Cool Notes (Abstract Dance)	27	9	CRUSH	OMD (Virgin)
28	36	AROUND AND AROUND	Jaki Graham (EMI)	28	20	GO WEST	Go West (Chrysalis)
29	(—)	WHITE WEDDING	Billy Idol (Chrysalis)	29	32	INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY	Ratt (Atlantic)
30	(—)	LOVE IS JUST THE GREAT PRETENDER	Animal Nightlife (Island)	30	22	FAILURES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION	REM (MCA)
31	(—)	THE ZZ TOP SUMMER HOLIDAY	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	31	27	THE ALLIGHTER	Glenn Frey (MCA)
32	39	IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY	Sting (A&M)	32	12	THE BEST OF THE 20TH CENTURY BOY	Marc Bolan (K-Tel)
33	(—)	LYING ON VIDEO	Trans X (Boiling Point)	33	(—)	WILD CHILD	The Untouchables (Stiff)
34	(—)	SILVER SHADOW	Atlantic Starr (A&M)	34	21	A PHYSICAL PRESENCE	Level 42 (Polydor)
35	25	OBSESSION	Animation (Mercury)	35	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Billy Joel (CBS)
36	35	DANGER	AC/DC (Atlantic)	36	39	HITS VOLUME II	Various (CBS/WEA)
37	33	GENIE	BB&Q (Cooltempo)	37	29	FLAUNT THE IMPERFECTION	China Crisis (Virgin)
38	26	MONEY FOR NOTHING	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	38	38	LONE JUSTICE	Lone Justice (Geffen)
39	(—)	ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY	Russ Abbott (Spirit)	39	45	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
40	29	PAISLEY PARK	Prince (Warner Bros)	40	42	THE BEST OF . . .	The Eagles (WEA)
41	40	LOVING YOU	Feargal Sharkey (Virgin)	41	(—)	ROCK AMY DEAD	Heavy Pettin' (Polydor)
42	(—)	DANCIN' IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Steve Arrington (Atlantic)	42	(—)	HISTORY	Mai Tai (Virgin)
43	(—)	SEEING THROUGH MY EYES	Broken Bones (Fall Out)	43	34	DREAM OF A LIFETIME	Marvin Gaye (CBS)
44	20	KING IN A CATHOLIC STYLE	China Crisis (Virgin)	44	35	FLIP	Niils Lofgren (Towerbell)
45	28	BRING IT DOWN!	The Redskins (London)	45	46	PHENOMENA	Phenomena (Bronze)
46	31	A VIEW TO KILL	Duran Duran (Parlophone)	46	49	YOUTHQUAKE	Dead Or Alive (Epic)
47	32	19	Paul Hardcastle (Chrysalis)	47	44	KATINA AND THE WAVES	Katrina And The Waves (Capitol)
48	(—)	CONGA	Miami Sound Machine (Epic)	48	(—)	THE ARTISTS VOL II	Various (Street Sounds)
49	43	EXCITABLE	Amazulu (Island)	49	30	SHAMROCK BLUES	Chris Rea (Magnet)
50	48	STAN ON FIRE	John Foxx (Virgin)	50	36	AS THE BAND TURNS	Atlantic Starr (A&M)

## DANCEFLOOR 20

1	ALL MY LOVE	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)
2	SEX MACHINE (BOILING POINT MIX)	James Brown (Polydor)
3	SEX-O-MATIC	The Barkays (Phonogram) 12"
4	YOU TRIP ME UP	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)
5	TAKE YOUR HEART AWAY	Kleer (Atlantic) import
6	SET BACK DON'T DO IT (YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK)	Beat Dem Bongos (Fruity) 12"
7	CALAMITY CRUSH	Foetus Art Terrorism (Some Bizzare)
8	GET IT ON (REMIX)	T. Rex (Cube) 12"
9	PLANET ROCK	Afrika Bambaataa And The Soul Sonic Force (Atlantic) 12"
10	GREAT ON ICE	Portion Control (Rhythmic) 12"
11	FREAKS COME OUT	Whodini (Jive) 12"
12	WITCH DOCTOR	Don Lang (Capitol)
13	IRONMASTERS	The Men They Couldn't Hang (Imp)
14	SUBMISSION	Sex Pistols (Virgin)
15	DOOGIE DOOGIE	A Taste Of Honey (Capitol) 12"
16	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY	The Cult (Beggars Banquet)
17	THE BOTTLE	Gil Scott-Heron (Vintage) 12"
18	WHO SLAPPED JOHNNY?	Gene Vincent (Columbia)
19	LYING TO LOVE	School For Sale (Ventura) 12"
20	WICKY WACKY HOUSE PARTY	The Team (EMI)

Compiled by DJ Garry Homby, The Bivouac Thursdays Club Gemini, York

## FUNK 20

1	PLEASURE SEEKERS	System (US LP) (Mirage)
2	SUMMER BREEZE	Coconut Crew (Jap LP) (RCA)
3	BARELY BREAKING EVEN	Universal Robot Band (UK 12") (Streetwave)
4	FREDRICK	Fredrick (US LP) (Heat)
5	VARIOUS VOL II	The Artists (UK LP) (Streetwave)
6	INTIMATE STORM	Shirley Brown (UK LP) (Island)
7	YOU BLEW IT	World Famous Mad Lads (US 7") (Express)
8	GIVE AND TAKE	Brass Construction (US 7") (Capitol)
9	SINGLE LIFE	Cameo (US LP) (Atlantic Artists)
10	YOUR PLACE OR MINE	The Barkays (US 12") (Mercury)
11	DRUMMING MAN	Topper Headon (UK 12") (Mercury)
12	GREEN THOUGHTS	Ken Muramatsu (Jap LP) (CBS Sony)
13	IT'S GONNA BE REAL	Cheryl Lynn (US LP) (CBS)
14	LUXURY OF LIFE	Five Star (US LP) (RCA)
15	SOME OF MY BEST JOKES	George Clinton (US LP) (Capitol)
16	TWILIGHT	Maze (UK 12") (Capitol)
17	NOT STUFF	Dazz Band (US 12") (RCA Motown)
18	BREAK THE ICE	Michael Lavesmith (UK 12") (Motown)
19	WHY	Napoleon (US 12") (Man)
20	THIS TIME	Dayton (USA 7") (Capitol)

Chart by Dave at City Sounds, London WC1

## REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	PUT IT BY NUMBER ONE	Johnny Osbourne (Unity)
2	SENSI CRISIS	Nerious Joseph (Fashion)
3	COUNTRY LIVING	Sandra Cross (Ariwa)
4	HORSE MOVE	Horseman (Raiders)
5	SINGER WITH THE FLAVOUR	Mikay General (Jah Life)
6	WHO'S GONNA MAKE THE DANCE RAIN	Andrew Paul (Fashion)
7	WANDERING WANDERER	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
8	RAINBOW COUNTRY	Bob Marley And The Wailers (Daddy Kool)
9	OLE MAN RIVER	Dennis Brown (Maccabees)
10	THE BOSS	Pato Banton (Fashion)

## TREASURE 45s

1	DOWN ON BOND STREET	Tommy McCook (Treasure Isle)
2	HOPEFUL VILLAGE	The Tennors (Duke Reid)
3	LOVE BRINGS PAIN	The Paragons (Doctor Bird)
4	TREASURE ISLAND	Don Drummond & Drumbago (Island)
5	EVERYBODY BAWLING	The Melodians And Hugh Roy And The Tommy McCook All Stars (Treasure Isle)
6	YOU MADE ME SO VERY HAPPY	Alton Ellis (Duke Reid)
7	KING SAMUEL	Justin Hinds And The Dominoes (Ska Beat)
8	DUKE'S COOKIES	Duke Reid's Group (Blue Beat)
9	WOMAN COME	Marguerita (Black Swan)
10	LOVE IS A TREASURE	Treasure Boys (Trojan)

Duke Reid productions on UK labels  
Compiled by OBSERVER STATION



US 45s

- 1 A VIEW TO A KILL ..... Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 2 SUSSUOIO ..... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
- 3 RASPBERRY BERET ..... Prince And The Revolution (Warner Bros)
- 4 THE SEARCH IS OVER ..... Survivor (Epic)
- 5 WOULD I LIE TO YOU ..... Eurythmics (RCA)
- 6 EVERYTIME YOU GO AWAY ..... Paul Young (Columbia)
- 7 YOU GIVE GOOD LOVE ..... Whitney Houston (Arista)
- 8 VOICES CARRY ..... Til Tuesday (Epic)
- 9 GLORY DAYS ..... Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
- 10 THE GOOMIES 'R' GOOD ENOUGH ..... Cyndi Lauper (Epic)
- 11 IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY SET THEM FREE ..... Sting (A&M)
- 12 HEAVEN ..... Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 13 SENTIMENTAL STREET ..... Night Ranger (MCA)
- 14 SHOUT ..... Tears For Fears (Polygram)
- 15 CRAZY IN THE NIGHT (BARKING AT AIRPLANES) ..... Kim Carnes (EMI-America)

US LPs

- 1 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR ..... Tears For Fears (Polygram)
- 2 NO JACKET REQUIRED ..... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
- 3 AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY ..... Prince And The Revolution (Warner Bros)
- 4 RECKLESS ..... Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 5 BEVERLY HILLS COP ..... Soundtrack (MCA)
- 6 BORN IN THE USA ..... Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
- 7 THE POWER STATION ..... The Power Station (Capitol)
- 8 MAKE IT BIG ..... Wham! (Columbia)
- 9 LIKE A VIRGIN ..... Madonna (Warner Bros)
- 10 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT ..... Eurythmics (RCA)
- 11 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY ..... Ratt (Atlantic)
- 12 SEVEN WISHES ..... Night Ranger (MCA)
- 13 WHITNEY HOUSTON ..... Whitney Houston (Arista)
- 14 DREAM INTO ACTION ..... Howard Jones (Elektra)
- 15 SOUTHERN ACCENTS ..... Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers (MCA)

Courtesy Billboard

SPIRITUALS LPs

- 1 BLESSED ..... The Williams Brothers (Malaco)
- 2 LOVE ALIVE III ..... Walter Hawkins (Light)
- 3 TOMORROW ..... The Winans (Light)
- 4 HEAVY LOAD ..... Rev Marvin Yancy (Nashboro)
- 5 NO TIME TO LOSE ..... Andrea Crouch (Light)
- 6 CHOSEN ..... Vanessa Bell Armstrong (Onyx)
- 7 ROUGH SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN ..... Rev F. C. Barnes & Sister Brown (Atlanta)
- 8 I GIVE MYSELF TO YOU ..... The Rance Allen Group (Myrrh)
- 9 HUMBLE THYSELF ..... Mattie Moss Clark (DME)
- 10 MADE IN MISSISSIPPI ..... Jackson Southermaires (Malaco)

Courtesy Billboard

COUNTRY LPs



Ray Charles in the country this week—in more ways than one. Pic Jean-Marc Birraux

- 1 FIVE-O ..... Hank Williams Jr (Warner/Curb)
- 2 40 HOUR WEEK ..... Alabama (RCA)
- 3 STEP ON OUT ..... The Oak Ridge Boys (MCA)
- 4 ME AND PAUL ..... Willie Nelson (Columbia)
- 5 GREATEST HITS ..... George Strait (MCA)
- 6 GREATEST HITS ..... Lee Greenwood (MCA)
- 7 DON'T CALL HIM A COWBOY ..... Conway Twitty (Warner Bros)
- 8 WHY NOT ME ..... The Judds (RCA/Curb)
- 9 LET IT ROLL ..... Mel McDaniel (Capitol)
- 10 FRIENDSHIP ..... Ray Charles (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

BOOMTOWN RATS 10

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 .....
- 4 .....
- 5 .....
- 6 .....
- 7 .....
- 8 .....
- 9 .....
- 10 .....

Ed's note—the staff supported this chart very poorly. We apologise.

LEST WE FORGET



Dusty—In The Middle Of Nowhere in '65 and where is she now?

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 XANADU ..... Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)
- 2 USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT ..... Odyssey (RCA)
- 3 CUPID ..... Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
- 4 JUMP TO THE BEAT ..... Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
- 5 COULD YOU BE LOVED ..... Bob Marley And The Wailers (Island)
- 6 CRYING ..... Don McLean (EMI)
- 7 WATERFALLS ..... Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
- 8 MY WAY OF THINKING ..... UB40 (Graduate)
- 9 FUNKYTOWN ..... Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
- 10 BABOOSHKKA ..... Kate Bush (EMI)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 GIVE A LITTLE LOVE ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
- 2 BARBADOS ..... Typically Tropical (Gull)
- 3 TEARS ON MY PILLOW ..... Johnny Nash (CBS)
- 4 THE HUSTLE ..... Van McCoy (Avco)
- 5 MISTY ..... Ray Stevens (Janus)
- 6 EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET ..... Peter Wingfield (Island)
- 7 HAVE YOU SEEN HER ..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
- 8 JIVE TALKIN' ..... Bee Gees (RSO)
- 9 ROLLING STONE ..... David Essex (CBS)
- 10 JE T'AIME ..... Judge Dread (Cactus)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 ALRIGHT NOW ..... Free (Island)
- 2 IN THE SUMMERTIME ..... Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
- 3 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME ..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
- 4 LOLA ..... The Kinks (Pye)
- 5 UP AROUND THE BEND ..... Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
- 6 SOMETHING ..... Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
- 7 THE WONDER OF YOU ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 8 LADY D'ARBANVILLE ..... Cat Stevens (Island)
- 9 LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE ..... Nicky Thomas (Trojan)
- 10 GOODBYE SAM HELLO SAMANTHA ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 MR TAMBOURINE MAN ..... The Byrds (CBS)
- 2 HEART FULL OF SOUL ..... The Yardbirds (Columbia)
- 3 TOSSING AND TURNING ..... The Ivy League (Piccadilly)
- 4 YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES ..... Fortunes (Decca)
- 5 IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE ..... Dusty Springfield (Philips)
- 6 I'M ALIVE ..... The Hollies (Parlophone)
- 7 WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE ..... The Animals (Columbia)
- 8 THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE ..... Joan Baez (Fontana)
- 9 CRYING IN THE CHAPEL ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 10 TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU ..... Peter & Gordon (Columbia)

FRED FACT

Presumably 'Fletch', the MCA soundtrack album from Chevy Chase's new comedy-thriller which features music by the likes of Dan Hartman, Stephanie Mills and Harold Faltermeyer, will prominently feature the name of the latter on the front cover now that the one-time Moroder sidekick has done a Boris Becker and flashed from obscurity to stardom before anyone could even get through half a verse of 'Deutschland Uber Alles'.

Last time out though, MCA underestimated our 'A'old. When fashioning the sleeve front for the *Beverly Hills Cop* soundtrack—MCA's first US Number One album since Elton's 'Rock Of The Westies', in '75—the names of Glenn Frey, Shalamar, Pointer Sisters and Patti La Belle were duly listed, as were those of Junior, The System, Rockie Robbins and even Danny Elfman. In fact, the only monicker omitted was that of Herr Faltermeyer, whose 'Axel F' track has, in the UK charts at least, far outdistanced the Pointer's 'Neutron Dance' and Glenn Frey's 'The Heat Is On', the other brace of biggies from the Murphy mirthmaker.

And the whole affair seems even more odd when, on checking the actual film credits, it's revealed that Messrs Elfman, Robbins and Shalamar contributed not a note to the score, though Vanity 6, who are not included on the album, did provide 'Nasty Girl'. It's all part of what is known as marketing, I guess.

Certainly, it's worth anyone getting their name onto a soundtrack these days. Just over a third of America's Number One singles during '84 stemmed from films, these including 'Footloose', 'Against All Odds', 'Ghostbusters', 'I Just Called To Say I Love You' (from *Woman In Red*), 'Let's Hear It For The Boy' (from *Footloose*), 'When Doves Cry', and 'Let's Go Crazy' (from *Purple Rain*). And, according to Paul Grein's excellent *Billboard* "Chartbeat" column, 'Purple Rain', tied with 'Saturday Night Fever' as the soundtrack album claiming the longest consecutive run at Number One during the past 20 years, holding on to pole position for 24 weeks in a row, while 'Footloose' supplied no less than six Top 40 singles, all impressive stuff, especially if you happen to be looking for a nifty way to promote a new or flagging act.

Anyday now I suspect that we may be subjected to remakes of the *Attack Of The 50 Foot Woman*, with music by Toyah, *Carry On Camping*, featuring tracks by Culture Club and Marilyn, *The Corn Is Green*, with Scritti Politti; and, understandably, *Remember My Name*, with Harold Faltermeyer. Remember who warned you first!

Fred Dellar

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# POLITICS? FILL 'ER UP!

Forget about the past, say the two relatively-famous members of THAT PETROL EMOTION. So NEIL TAYLOR clears his mind and quizzes them on their pop-punk political theories. LAWRENCE WATSON cleans his lens.

**W**E ARE sitting in a cafe opposite the Old Tiger's Head pub in Lewisham. John O'Neill, erstwhile perfect cousin of pop, is giving me the lowdown on his former group.

"I'm sick of hearing about The Undertones, about the songs of The Undertones, and all that crap," he says. "I want to make it clear that this group is *not* The Undertones, and it is *not* the O'Neill brothers' group. It is a new group with nothing at all to do with the past."

He has gone from Subbuteo flicks and teenage kicks to terror and twanging guitars. He has gone from more songs about chocolate and girls to politics, power and pandemonium. Clearly, if there's one thing he wants to forget, it's the past...

That Petrol Emotion—Steve Mack on vocals, Claran McLaughlin on drums, Raymond Gorman on guitar, John O'Neill on guitar and Damian O'Neill on bass—formed last year when Raymond teamed up with John following the inevitable demise of The Undertones.

"We were looking for something different," explains John, "and for ages we played with just a drum machine, and then a girl singer, but they both didn't work out. We recruited Claran on drums before coming to England, then Damian joined in November last year, and finally Steve joined in March this year."

"The aim of That Petrol Emotion is to be a lot rougher than, say, The Undertones were. We're deliberately going back to basics because somewhere along its way music has gone horribly wrong. This group gives us the opportunity to start at the beginning again."

The first result of that return to basics is the band's debut release for The Pink Label, a single entitled 'Keen'. With its politically aggressive B-side ('A Great Depression On A Slum Night'), the single is a deliberate combination of power pop and explicit politics. The record blends together the roughness that That Petrol Emotion see as being integral to redefining our warped perception of independent music with a desire to make people more aware of the problems of Northern Ireland.

In The Undertones, the O'Neills made no great play on their attitudes on Northern Ireland, yet in That Petrol Emotion they and the band seem keen to present the issues yet avoid preaching in a way that Stiff Little Fingers did five or so years ago.

"The thing about Stiff Little Fingers," comments Raymond bitterly, "is that they never actually said anything. They went on about class and conflict but I'm convinced that they saw nothing of the real troubles in Northern Ireland. They used barbed wire and bomb clichés and had their lyrics written by a 28-year-old journalist. I could never understand why such a big thing was made of

them anyway..."

"And you must never forget," snaps John, "it was Stiff Little Fingers who said 'Keep the troops in Ireland'. That is a load of balls. Ireland is something which The Undertones never made a big deal of, but I want that to change now. One of the reasons we wanted to call ourselves That Petrol Emotion was so that we could present Irish issues more explicitly, but at the same time avoid preaching."

"It's a sad fact but people in England know more about South Africa than Northern Ireland. People know more about Nelson Mandela than Bobby Sands. They're not perfect comparisons, but there's not that much difference between South Africa and Northern Ireland. But then, in the papers—especially the music papers—Northern Ireland is not a trendy issue, South Africa is."

Despite their grievances about the press, it is clear that That Petrol Emotion would rather present politics through that medium than overtly through their songs. 'A Great Depression...' is a heavily loaded, political song yet live, the group still manage to maintain the bounce and liveliness that will characterise any group the O'Neills are in. Although TPE have 20 of their own songs, they do an excellent version of Pere Ubu's 'Non-Alignment Pact' and a blistering cover of 'Zig Zag Wonder' by Captain Beefheart. Unlike The Redskins or Billy Bragg, their music isn't a platform for their political ideas but an allurements to direct the listener to issues.


"The greatest disappointment for me," says John, "is that the biggest problem Britain has faced in the last 20 years has been Northern Ireland, yet so-called political performers like, say, Billy Bragg have been decidedly quiet about it. I think that everybody has a responsibility to at least bring the problem to people's attention. The typical English view is that both sides (ie. Protestant and Catholic) are as bad as each other, but really nothing will change in Northern Ireland until the Unionists give way—they are the bigots. In 20 years of troubles in Ireland the Unionists haven't budged one iota. They are the reason why the IRA exists—and there would be much more violence without the IRA—and they are also actively supported by British political parties of both persuasions. Until the ordinary Protestant realises that, the troubles are going to go on and on."

Whatever the problems in Northern Ireland, That Petrol Emotion are going to have a few musical problems to sort out. There's the inevitable Undertones connection to sever, and the inevitable comparison that Steve Mack will face between his own vocal abilities and those of Feargal Sharkey.

"But there's no malice," says John, "and I wish Feargal good luck. I just get slightly annoyed when comparisons are made."



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# HOLY JOY, BATMAN!

The spirit of European Cabaret is alive and well and living in New Cross? So says DON WATSON as he stumbles through the Messiahs, child molesters and French fairground callers of THE BAND OF HOLY JOY's lowlife serenades. STEVE PYKE stays behind the camera lens.

**S**TRANGE place, London... Here we are, six misfits, sitting in a little patch of park in one of the decaying suburbs south of the river, basking in the brief burst of summer. The lager in our clammy hand-held hands is slowly turning warm and going flat as we sit and talk of the strange city, strange people and the strange and wonderful music of The Band Of Holy Joy. Two small children and a bulging mother in overstuffed pedal-pushers are trying to extricate a kitten from underneath a rusty roundabout. A small boy is collecting discarded lolly sticks. Right now the atmosphere is all lazy euphoria, it's only later, as darkness falls and liquid lunches curdle that the tension will begin to snag.

"Here I'm afraid you will find nothing but stories of drunkenness, here riotousness and ABANDON but also the foul hangovers that follow also in this CITY OF TALES, love and I'm afraid loss then lust (LOOK SO PURE I'M NOT SO SURE)... amen..."  
(From the *Tales From The City* storybook by The Band Of Holy Joy)

Here in New Cross, The Band Of Holy Joy are in their element. While their close neighbours Test Dept were foraging around the debris that used to be London docks, The Band Of Holy Joy were watching the human flotsam and jetsam float by. Junkies, pervers, drunks, degenerates, just the usual sort of people, the type who Joe Orton wrote about in the '60s and Dennis Nielsen murdered in the '80s. Theirs are songs of the angelic statues in the park and of days abandoned to drink.

Like Orton, Britain's one great poet of park benches and public toilets, they're sometimes apparently irresponsible. But, like Orton again, their seamy tales are fuelled by an obvious 'warts-and-all' affection for people in general.

"We're not sleazebags," they're eager to point out, "we live in these conditions ourselves, it's not a voyeuristic thing at all. The people we write about are our friends and people we know. That's what all our songs are about."

Really? And to think I'd thought they were about various stages of mental illness.

"That'll tell you quite a lot about our friends."

"Whiskey and gin to make little children sin..."

So here we are, stretched out across the grass by the climbing frame, the five little fallen angels of The Band Of Holy Joy and me, plus a half a dozen empty cans of lager.

"We lost our wings a long time ago," they cry, "but then again they might be growing back again."

They're a strange bunch indeed, as far removed as you could be from the moribund graveyard of the pop business. Somewhere

between divine cantata and the cabaret toilet you'll find The Band Of Holy Joy, preying on childhood fears and praying with child-like candour.

There's Max and Martine (the girls) — the former of striking eye-liner and *Death In Venice* sailor suit, the latter round shoulders and quiet, cool Frenchness. Then there's the boys — Brett, sharp-faced and long-armed; Big John, who's all ears; and then there's Johnnie. Johnnie's the story-teller of the band — all quick flurries of Geordieness and gawky charisma.

They're all the type who'll meet someone in a park and invite them home for tea. In these apparently harmless London suburbs, where the darkest schemes breed behind the most respectable of facades, who knows he may be?

They're as innocent and corruptible as the kids in *Whistle Down The Wind* who shelter an escaped murderer under the impression that he's Christ come again.

"Something like that did happen to us," says Max, "this old hippy guy that lived down the road who had all these religious delusions."

"Remember when there was that fuss in the press about the so-called prophet who said that Jesus had come again and he was a Pakistani living in Brick Lane? Well, this guy used to leave a bed out next to his for when this new Jesus came to stay — a real casualty, he was."

"We all thought he was fairly harmless, though, he used to come round and that, then he abducted this kid and took him off to Ireland. It was all over the papers."

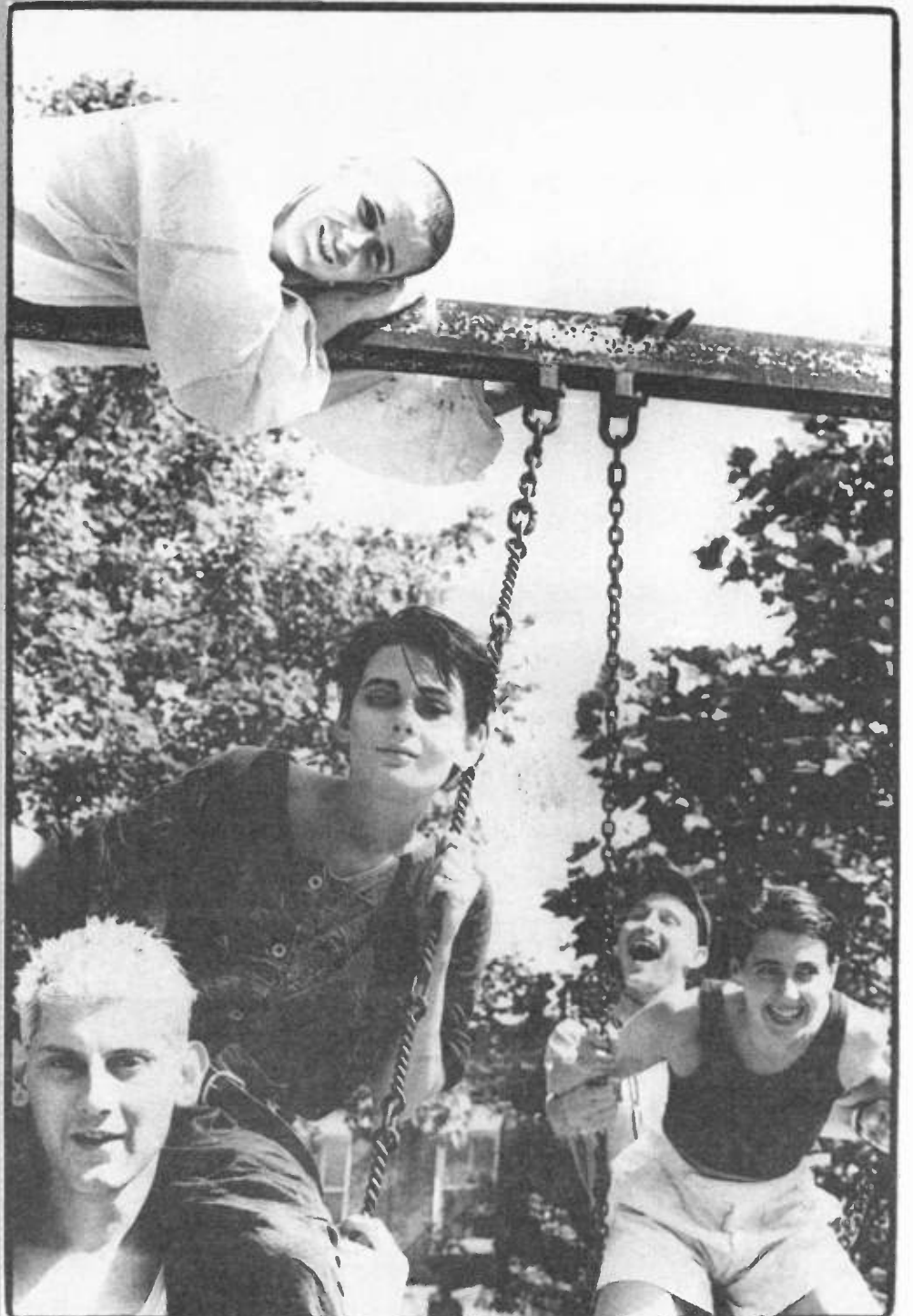
"He always used to have a Bible in his hand as well," adds Johnnie.

"Always seems the same," adds Max, "when you first meet someone you think they're really nice."

"Enter Jesus child molester  
Book in hand unseen  
Talking down to Pete the skin  
The retard supreme  
The perils of the joys of butane."

The Band Of Holy Joy see themselves as having more in common with The Pogues than any other band on this earth at the moment. Both reflect a certain facet of the shambles that is modern London, but where The Pogues tend for the moment to restrict their music to variations on a London/Irish theme, TBOHJ cast their net wider, eventually sounding more like the German cabaret songs recently revived by Agnes Bernelle on the excellent 'Father's Lying Dead On The Ironing Board'.

Essential in maintaining this European connection is the accordion playing of Martine, who was born in Lisle in the north of France, where she grew up in her parents' restaurant, learning the French cabaret tradition from the house band. On 'Into The City Of Tales', from the band's 23-track tape, she contributes a fairground vocal to



accompany the hurdy-gurdy churning of the music.

"That all came from my childhood as well," she says, "in the fairgrounds in France there was always an announcer who came out with this patter as the ride you were on got faster and faster. I just recalled it instinctively."

"Mind you, I changed a few of the words," she confesses, "it's pretty filthy really."

Sex and that tightening feeling in the pit of the stomach both have a lot to do with The Band Of Holy Joy. But what is all this Catholic guilt?

"Don't ask me," answers Brett, "I'm Jewish."

"It's not really Catholic guilt," says Johnnie, "like, people assume the name is religious but it's really like Holy Joy! When you're drunk or 'Holy Joy Batman!'"

"We're just little angels really. I mean there are angels and devils."

What's the difference?

"We're seeking redemption."

"Shall we go and play on the swings now?" asks Max.

● The Band Of Holy Joy's 23-track tape is available from: Pleasantly Surprised, 10 Keir St., Pollakshields, Glasgow GW 4100.

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 BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records  
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 BLACKPOOL: National Travel World  
 BLETCHLEY: B & A Records  
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 CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records  
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 CLEETHORPES: Peter Sheffield Coaches  
 COALVILLE: Midland Fox

COALVILLE: Randles  
 COVENTRY: Revolver Records  
 DERBY: Trent Motor Traction  
 DERBY: Way Ahead  
 DONCASTER: Fox's Records  
 DUDLEY: Concert Security Services  
 DUNDEE: Total Entertainments  
 DUNDEE: Other Record Shop  
 DUNSTABLE: F. L. Moore  
 DURHAM: Virgin Records  
 EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre Box Office  
 GLASGOW: A.1. Sounds  
 GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre Box Office  
 HALIFAX: Bradleys  
 HARTLEPOOL: Other Record Shop  
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Old Town Records  
 HINDHEAD: Alder Valley Services  
 HITCHIN: F. L. Moore  
 HUDDERSFIELD: Woods Music Shop  
 HULL: Gough & Davy  
 IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre Box Office  
 KENDAL: National Travel World  
 KETTERING: Revolver Records  
 LANCASTER: National Travel World  
 LANCASTER: Ear Ere Records  
 LEEDS: Austics  
 LEEDS: Cavendish Travel  
 LEICESTER: De Montfort Hall Box Office  
 LEICESTER: Midland Fox

LEIGHTON BUZZARD: Buzzard Records  
 LINCOLN: A.W. Associates The Box Office  
 LINCOLN: Road Car Co.  
 LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records  
 LIVERPOOL: Radio City  
 LIVERPOOL: T.L.C.A.  
 LONDON: Hammersmith Odeon Box Office  
 LONDON: All Ticket Agents (subject to more than 50p booking fee)  
 LUTON: Record City  
 MARKET HARBOROUGH: Midland Fox  
 MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Records  
 MANSFIELD: Revolver Records  
 MIDDLESBROUGH: Newhouse Music  
 MILTON KEYNES: Virgin Records  
 NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd Music Shops  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall Box Office  
 NORTHAMPTON: Revolver Records  
 NORWICH: Theatre Royal  
 NOTTINGHAM: Select-A-Disc  
 NOTTINGHAM: Way Ahead  
 ORMSKIRK: National Travel World  
 OXFORD: Apollo Theatre Box Office  
 PETERBOROUGH: Werrina Stadium Box Office  
 PLYMOUTH: Virgin Records  
 POOLE: Arts Centre Box Office  
 PORTSMOUTH: Guild Hall Box Office  
 PORT TALBOT: Derricks Records  
 PRESTON: Ribble Central Bus Station  
 PRESTON: Guild Hall Box Office

READING: Smiths Coaches  
 READING: Lazer Records  
 ROTHERHAM: Laser Records  
 RUGBY: Midland Red  
 SEVENOAKS: Furlongs Box Office  
 SHEFFIELD: Bradleys Records  
 SOUTHAMPTON: Gaumont Theatre Box Office  
 STEVENAGE: F. L. Moore  
 SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disc  
 SUNDERLAND: Virgin Records  
 SWADLINCOTE: Midland Fox  
 SWANSEA: South Wales Transport  
 SWANSEA: Derricks Records  
 SWINDON: Rimes Coaches  
 SWINDON: Kempster & Son  
 SWINDON: Cheltenham & Gloucester Bus Station  
 UPPER HEYFORD: Midlands Travel  
 WAKEFIELD: E.G.S. Records  
 WAKEFIELD: Record Bar  
 WATFORD: E.G.E.  
 WELLINGBOROUGH: Revolver Records  
 WIGAN: National Travel World  
 WIGSTON: Midland Fox  
 WOLVERHAMPTON: Goulds Records  
 YORK: Record Bar  
 AND ALL UNITED COUNTIES BUS STATIONS

## COACH OPERATORS:

If you ring the following telephone numbers they will advise you as to coach trips being operated to the concert from the specified areas.

South West & South Wales: Concert Travel Club 0271 74447

East Anglia: 0733 262125

Scotland: Total Entertainments 041-639 1502

N.E. England: Cavendish Travel 0532 444129

or Selby's Travel 0482 227434

Humberside: Selby's Travel 0482 227434

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Yorkshire: Cavendish Travel 0532 441919

Home Counties North: United Counties 0604 35661

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There will be other trips organised and your advertised ticket agent will advise as to local trips.

Tickets are also available from: Aimcarve Ltd., PO Box 123, Walsall WS9 6XY

Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Aimcarve Ltd., and S.A.E.

Tickets are £13.00 advance (+ 30p booking fee) £14.00 on the day

(People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance).

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01-741 8989 Subject to a booking fee

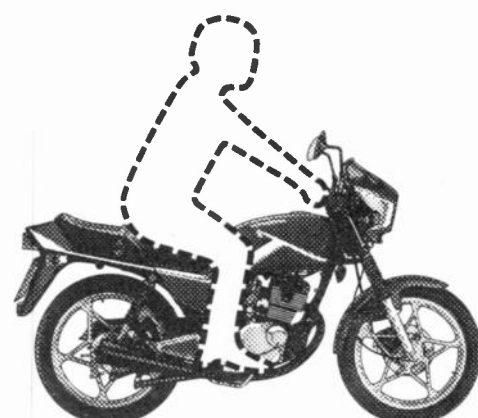


# WHAT ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY FOR YOUR FREEDOM?

*Around £500 for a commuter moped?*



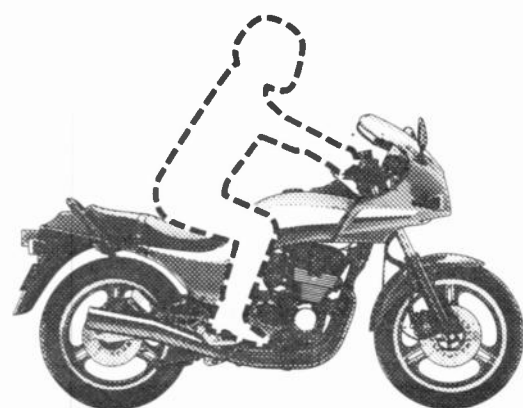
*Around £950 for a sports moped?*



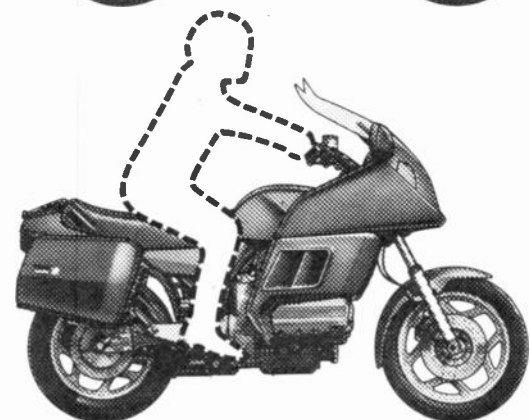
*Around £1,650 for a trail bike?*



*Around £2,500 for a sports bike?*



*Around £3,800 for a tourer?*



**FREE WITH EVERY MOTORCYCLE. YOU.**



# CREATURE FEATURE

**No big band workouts! No safari mixes! No conceptual collaborations! Yes, TALKING HEADS have rewound their musical clock, to the satisfaction of ADRIAN THRILLS. He meets Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz. Photo BLEDDYN BUTCHER.**

**I**T'S NOT that they're old. It's just that they've been here a long time.

Ten years ago, almost to the month, Talking Heads made their live debut when they supported the Ramones at CBGBs in New York, so beginning a career of white-art-on-funk adventurism that has produced as many wayward indulgent excesses as it has blue sparks of psychotic pop brilliance.

How ironic, a decade on, that the current frayed-denim resurgence of Da Brudders and their blitzkreig buzzsaw should coincide with a Talking Heads LP that is their most crisp and colourful for years.

Bright but far from bland, 'Little Creatures' is a startling return to form. It harks back to the simpler song patterns and urban folk themes that marked their early excellence, discarding the mule train of 'ethnic' musical baggage that provided the polyrhythmic backdrop for both their previous studio album 'Speaking In Tongues' and the live soundtrack for *Stop Making Sense*.

Though a wilfully eccentric streak still persists to give the band much of their character, bass-Head Tina Weymouth readily admits that they reverted to a more relaxed, traditional songwriting approach before recording 'Creatures'.

"We thought it would be nice to have songs with proper chord changes again. There was no point in trying to top what we had just done, the big band, the big production and the big movie. Where do you go from there without jerking yourself off?"

"So when David came to us with the song demos that were just him singing with a guitar, we had an itch to play like that again. So we spent three or four weeks working on the songs, arranging them properly before we went into the studio. We didn't feel any urge to pile a lot of stuff on top of them."

"It was back to basics. It was the first time in five or six years that we knew beforehand exactly where the vocal line was going to be. We actually arranged songs rather than just groove straight through."

**B**EDECKED IN black, Tina is reclining in a suite of the EMI offices in London. Across the room her husband, drum-Head Chris Frantz, sits impassively behind a desk. Were it not for the giveaway can of Red Stripe in his hand, he could pass for the chairman of the board.

They make a neat New York couple. Just as her taut basslines and his busy drumming provide a weaving rhythmic framework for both the Heads and their Tom Tom Club tributary, so his hearty humour and her more wry banter complement each other well—a good job, as they obviously see more of one another than the average married couple.

An irreverent sense of humour is also well to the fore on 'Little Creatures', from the absurd dayglo garb the band wear on the sleeve to the dry wit that punctuates the songs, as Chris explains.

"We were trying to do something that was personal to us, rather than something that was exotic. It was more

fun to do than the last album. 'Speaking In Tongues' was good to do and we learnt a lot from the musicians we played with, but 'Little Creatures' was a relief in that there wasn't too much pressure on us to be overly serious.

"Sometimes we've tried too hard to be on the cutting edge of popular music. The thing is that we're going to be on the cutting edge whether we try or not, especially with, er, *our vocalist* being the way he is."

There is the unspoken hint—nothing malicious, understand—that Frantz and Weymouth are not always on the same artistic wavelength as David Byrne. So how do the working relationships break down within the band? Is Byrne a

dictator? Are Chris, Tina and guitar/keyboards man Jerry Harrison (currently producing the Violent Femmes) just a vehicle for his fruitcake schemes? Or are the Heads a truly democratic unit?

"David is a very charismatic person and that's good in a frontman," says Tina. "But we generally write the music together. If somebody in the band doesn't want to do something, nobody pushes them to do it. Everybody has that veto power. We generally manage to convince one another of the validity of doing something. There's a special chemistry in the band, something special between the four people involved."

What about Byrne's humour? With lines about subjects such as 'baby pee-pee' not translating too readily, it is sometimes a little lost on British ears.

"It's a weird sense of humour wherever you are! But none of us have ever objected to anything David has come out with. He's never come out with garbage. Does pee-pee mean the same over here? In the States it means a little baby's penis. I thought that line was very irreverent and very funny. We've just done a video for that song which is fairly hilarious."

And the cover-shot clothes? "Those were very tongue-in-cheek. We don't own those clothes. We borrowed them from a store. It was

nothing to do with the psychedelic revival. It's meant to look like four naive people dressing up to try to be fashionable. It's funny how some people have actually taken it seriously.

"After our connection with Eno and the whole ethnic thing, we were afraid that people were starting to take us a bit seriously. I think there's a real danger in that. It's not the point of pop music."

**W**ITH A new studio LP in the shops and another already 'in the can' at Sigma Sound in New York—this sequel continuing the themes and moods evoked on 'Little Creatures', but again expanding the musical base to include a heavy metal song and even a waltz—it is a good time to re-evaluate the live film which constituted the bulk of the band's output last year.

At the time, *Stop Making Sense* appeared to be a filler project—an attempt to recreate New Year's Eve on stage with the group treading water as they replenished their creative abilities. Chris, however, sees it differently.

"The point of the movie was to put all that big band stuff—the Afro, Latin and funk thing—into one tiny capsule. If anybody wants to see that now, they can just go and see the film. It frees us to go and do something else."

Another film, this time involving the soon-to-be-reactivated Tom Tom Club, is also in the pipeline, although the timing of the next TTC LP could depend on the availability of their favourite studio, Compass Point in the Bahamas, the sub-tropical home of so many vintage early '80s dance classics.

"Compass Point is a great place to have a working vacation," says Tina. "You can go there and get away from business, allergies and pollution. There are no distractions so you can get a lot of work done. There is also something special about the musicians down there. They are in it for the right reasons. When we were there, we were influencing people like Sly and Robbie and they were influencing us. We were from a fast urban environment and they were from a more mellow, languid musical background. People would play and sing on each other's songs. It was like a little community for a while."

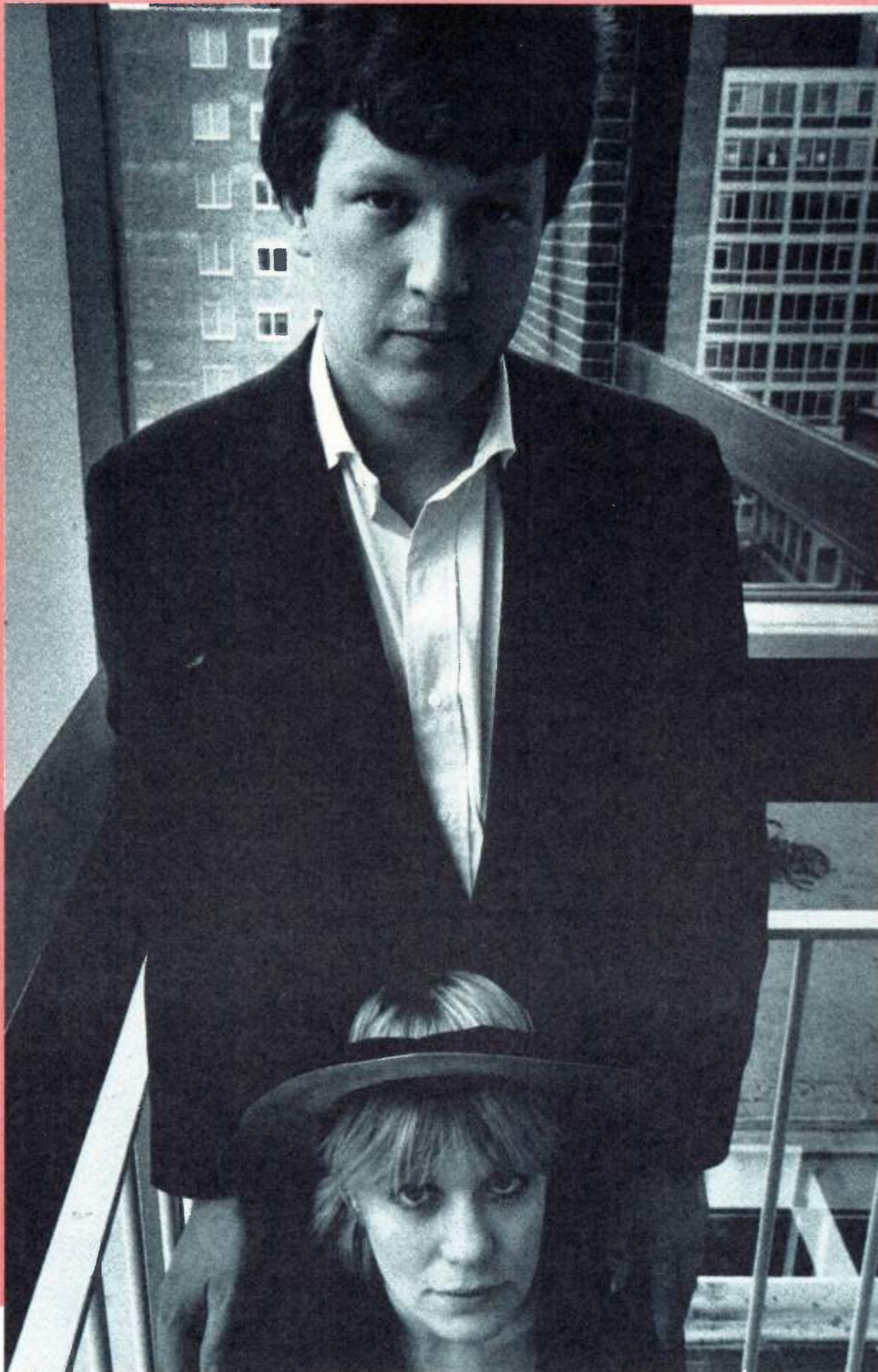
"The trouble was that it got too popular. You can't get into the studio now because it is booked out by people like AC/DC, Trevor Horn and Julio Iglesias! People book it out for months at a time and little acts like Black Uhuru and Tom Tom Club just can't get a look in."

Along with their own apartment in the Bahamas, however, Chris and Tina also have a small studio in funky Nassau. It is there that they hope to spend the rest of the summer writing and demoing the songs for the new Tom Tom Club LP. Following that it will be back to the Heads and the completion of the second studio set of what Chris calls their "new beginning".

So, as their second decade begins, what is the secret of Talking Heads' longevity?

"I think some of it is just luck," says Chris. "But it's not all luck. Maybe we've also exercised a little better judgement than some others in the people we've got in as managers and agents. We've also never over-exposed ourselves. We've never used every form of promotion available to us. When things looked like getting too hectic, we've put on the brakes."

Long may the creatures flourish.





# THRILLS PINK THINKING ON FASHION

I HAVE to admit it was pretty embarrassing. At the window table of Liverpool's super-trendy Berlin Cafe a very gigglesome Jayne Casey has just started to daub cream-cheese over my face.

We were supposed to be having a terribly serious conversation about 'style', 'fashion', and her contribution to last week's *Swank* programme from Liverpool. But things got out of hand when I accidentally recalled how, many moons ago, I described her in this paper as a "style fetishist with a dirty whip, a closet sadist with a cleverly concealed weapon of pleasure".

I was now being punished and all attempts to justify the remarks were being met by another dollop of cheese.

"Platitudes! I know you journalists with your platitudes," she laughs.

Come off it Jayne, are you telling me you don't feel sexy when you're on stage?

"I feel sexy all the time Billy, don't you?"

No, not really. Sometimes I feel half dead.

"Let me smother you in cheese then . . . ha ha . . ."

I think I'm getting into deep water here . . . er, what can you tell about people from the way they dress, Jayne?

"Well . . . (giggles) . . . from the way you're dressed Billy, I can see that you're trying really hard to be a contender . . . I can see you're really into Springsteen. This is the macho Bruce Springsteen look of the

year . . . ha ha . . . the only thing that's missing is the sock down the trousers."

Thanks Jayne, so if I told you I put these clothes on to prevent myself from dying of exposure . . .

"I'd say you were a liar because it's so hot today — this is the hottest day of the year, I'm about to do a strip in the window of the Berlin and you're trying to convince me that you put those on to keep warm?"

If I told you I ordinarily do?

"No, because that's what I say and I know it's not true."

She stops to think. "I don't feel I pay a great deal of attention to clothes and fashion as a thing bores me. It's like I was dead into it when I was young — not fashion but into expressing something through my clothes. But it's passé now and I don't think you can really do that anymore."

"But you still wear clothes that turn you on, don't you? You still think about your clothes. Don't tell me that you haven't thought about your denim Billy, because I won't believe you."

OK I won't. Don't you think most ordinary people dress to blend in rather than stand out, though?

"Yeah, I think that's a thing of the '80s actually. Like in the '70s we were all into standing out, d'you know what I mean? And it wasn't like a style or a fashion fetish. You used to be quite into the fact that nobody else looked like you and you used to go to extremes — I used to walk around with my bald head and all that business."

From Big In Japan to baring all in the Berlin, JAYNE CASEY of Pink Industry admits to BILLY MANN that it was her who gave Holly Johnson his first pair of rubber kickers. Say cheese pics JOHN STODDART.

"But in the '80s it's more about blending in. And it's a funny thing really — in '76 and '77 when we used to dress in leather and bald heads and things, I used to think it was dead non-sexual. But all I did was get followed everywhere by sexual perverts."

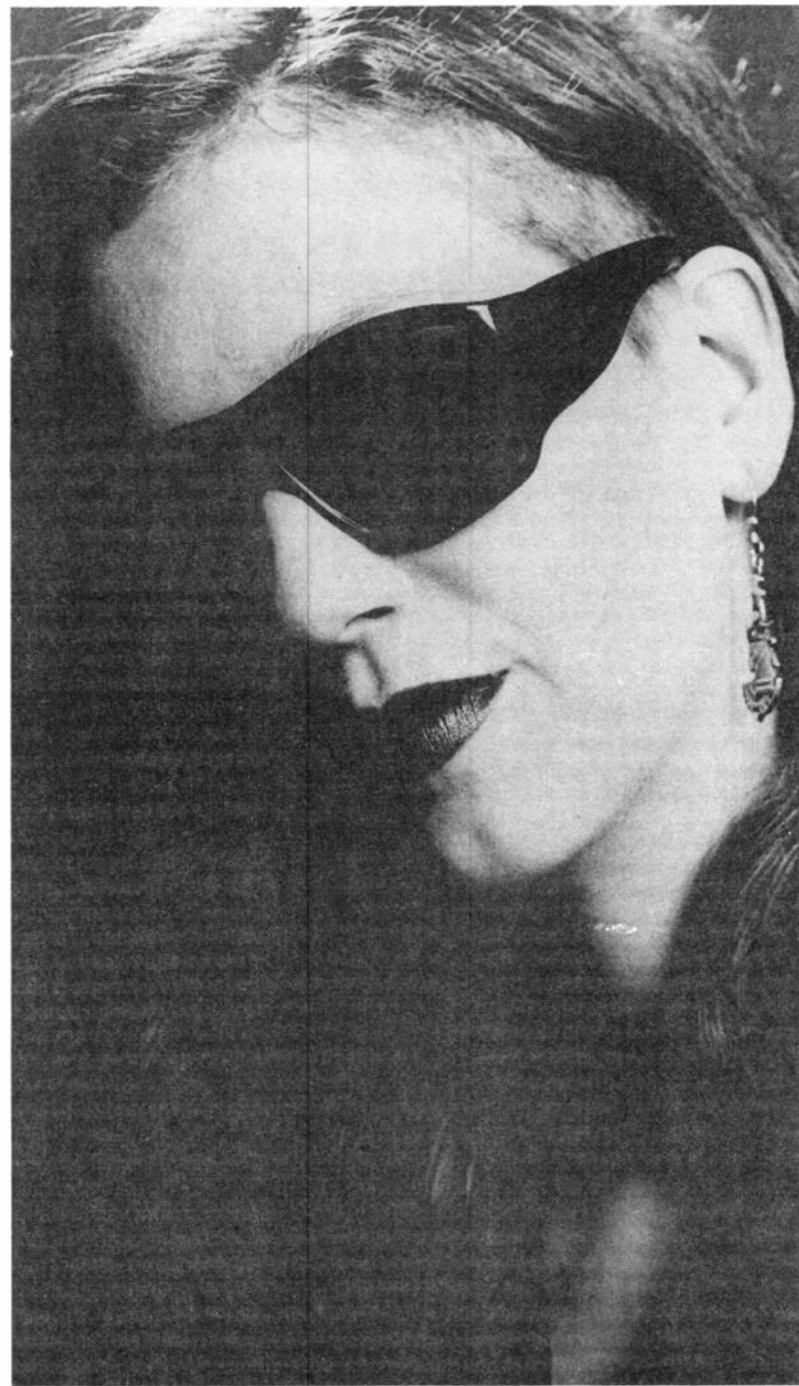
Doesn't style, fashion or what people wear come down to people in places? I mean, you'd cause a sensation walking into church wearing little more than a leather G-string, but not in Planet X or wherever.

"Yeah, the reason I stopped — I think I dress quite normal now — what I found in the days of punk when you used to really dress up was that it cut you off from a great majority of people. And I didn't like that because I found that it attracted you to a certain type of person and scared others away."

So what are your favourite clothes?

"Most probably out of laziness or whatever but I think I tend to wear the Liverpool designers — a lot of Lawrence clothes, Heidi and Lucy Jones underwear. I do like dressing up. I say I'm not into it but I love it really and I think it's great when you look around and see loads of kids dressed in Lawrence stuff in Liverpool because it's really important to support your local designer."

One final question. Would you wear something that wasn't comfortable? (Giggles) " . . . erm, for sex yes." Cheese, Jayne.



Jayne Casey, styled by Jayne Casey.

# Sparks . . .



The new single on 7" and 12"

includes a new version of

This Town Ain't Big Enough  
For The Both Of Us



# ..Change



# THRILLS

A CAJUN tune originally penned and recorded in his own front room by a veteran American accordionist is set to become the song of the summer. Come the end of August we should all be thoroughly sick and tired of people instructing us not to mess with their 'Toot Toot'.

A song with the same potential mass-consumer catchphrase appeal as last year's 'Relax' – how long before 'Toot Toot' is emblazoned in black across the nation's collective torso? – it all began with Rockin' Sidney Simien, the Louisiana composer whose home-made single spawned a wave of copyists.

First on the case was southern soul belle Jean Knight, while the two most recent 'Toot' interpretations have come courtesy of John Fogerty and Fats Domino.

But the cut currently rocketing towards the upper end of the UK singles chart is the one featuring the seriously sassy tones of Denise LaSalle, the imposing queen bitch of Memphis-style rhythm and blues.

Though she built her tough reputation as a writer and singer of strong, sexually-explicit soul ballads such as the bluesy 'You Can Have My Husband But Don't Mess With My Man', LaSalle handles 'Toot Toot' in formidable style, injecting the urgency of the electro-dance but remaining faithful to many of the cajun nuances of the original.

In the London offices of CBS, distributors of her American label Maleco, Denise nestles in an armchair, coffee in hand – "sweet, just the way I like my men" – and tells how she picked up the 'Toot Toot' route to her first British hit single after 20 years in the recording business.

"I've done quite a few uptempo tunes in the past. People look upon me as a blues and soul singer, rhythm and blues, but I've done dance records before. I turned to blues singing at the time all the young kids were getting into disco. I found it impossible to



## TOUT SWEET

ADRIAN THRILLS gets clued up about DENIS LASALLE's Toot Toot. Pic by ANNA ARNONE.

compete with them, even when I tried doing disco tracks myself, because the deejays had no interest.

"But I've still never considered myself a pure blues singer. If you pick up any of my albums you will find a little bit of blues, a bit of country, a little pop tune and some R&B. I've always been versatile. If I do a blues song, I'll do it Aretha Franklin style, which is more R&B anyway.

"But with 'My Toot Toot' I haven't had any problems with radio at all. All the jocks have been really into it."

So how does LaSalle interpret the meaning of 'Toot'? The Rockin' Sidney original takes 'toot' to be a child, the singer's daughter in his case, a young woman to be protected from the

attention of preying males. But Denise has changed the words in her version.

"I sing it differently: 'I know you got another woman, so don't mess with my toot toot.' My toot toot is something personal to me. So what can it be? In the States, the title is spelt 'Tu-Tu', a little ballerina's dress. Most people think it means something sexual. But it could mean anything. It could mean don't slap me, don't pinch me, don't touch any part of my body!

"It could be referring to my feelings. It's just a personal thing. Whatever it is you're messing with, just stop it, man, because I know you've got another woman, so just leave me alone. It's actually saying don't bother me."

Rarely the submissive female,

LaSalle is always assertive in her own songs. In a soul-serenaded war of the sexes that is often tongue-in-cheek, she pulls few punches when it comes to finding out who the boss is.

"I'm a very strong, positive woman. That's what sells records with me. I write what women want to hear. Black woman has always been oppressed. All her life she has never been fully free. First she was oppressed by slavery. Then she was oppressed by her own man who thinks he is the boss. Black woman has never been totally liberated.

"When I write songs, I base the story around a relationship. My songs are always based on true-life experiences.

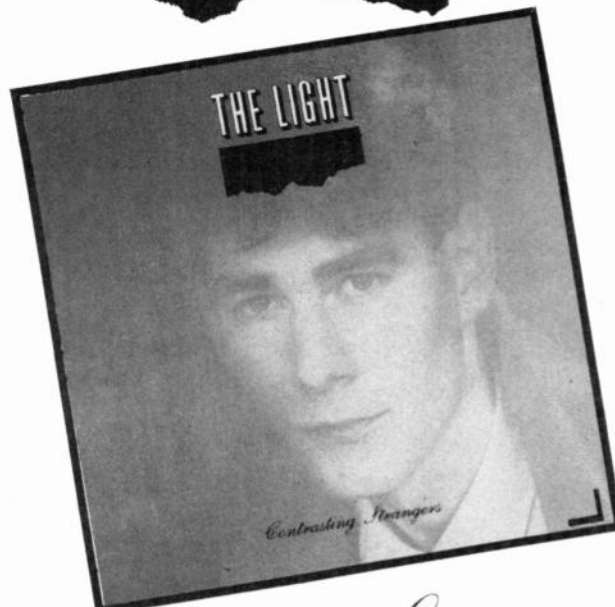
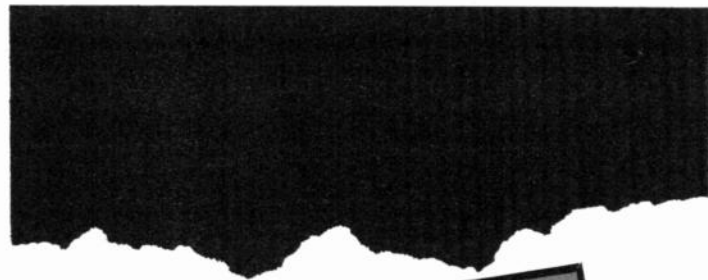
"When I play live it is different. Then I am wild. To me, playing live has to involve something more powerful than just singing songs. I always have to tell a few stories about how the feeling in a song came about. When I play the B-side of the single 'Give Me Yo Most Strongest Whiskey' I tell people that I'm not a drinking woman, but that there are some men – real so-and-sos, I even call them dirty names on stage – who can *drive* you to drink. I say all that to lead up to the song when I play live. I've even started doing it on some of my records."

Whether the raunchier side of Denise will get the exposure it deserves in the UK is another matter. Flushed by her pop hit, CBS are combining the contents from her three most recent Malaco albums – never released over here – but only releasing the softer songs in a retrospective single LP. Is the big, bad queen of southern soul dismayed at being marketed in such an apparently distilled form?

"It doesn't bother me. I've always wanted to be appreciated for all the different musics that I do. I think I do them all well and I want to be appreciated as a pop singer, just as I got accepted as a blues singer. I never used to think I was a blues singer. But I tried it and I was recently crowned Queen Of The Blues in the States. So now, what? I may be crowned Queen Of Pop one day. You never know."

And no messin'.

# THE LIGHT



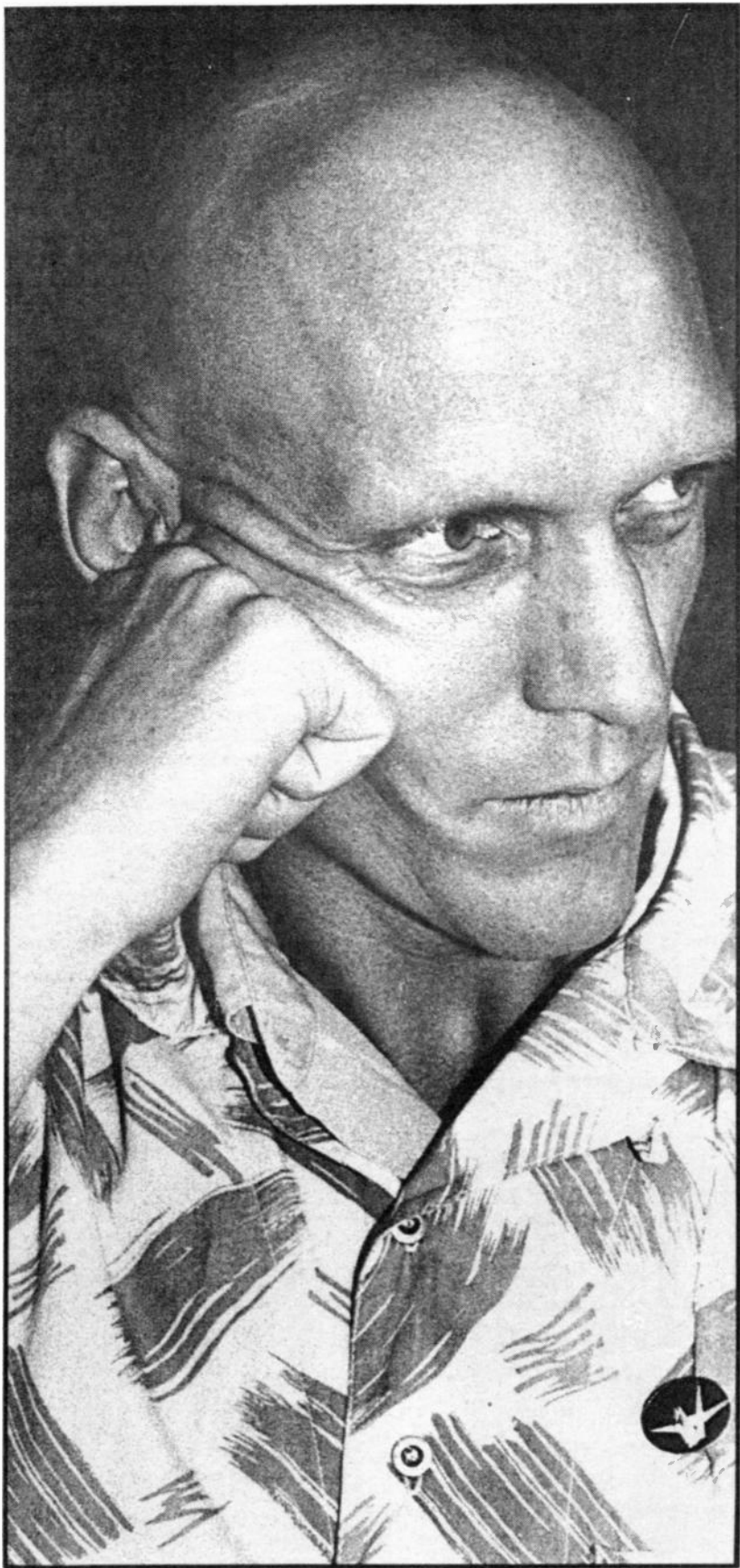
*Contrasting Strangers*

THE STUNNING NEW SINGLE ON 7" and 12" (temptation mix)

The Inevitable Label



# THRILLS • What's 7ft, bald, and a nuclear deterrent?



● The answer is **PETER GARRETT**, lead singer with **Midnight Oil**, and outspoken advocate of nuclear disarmament. ● **PAOLO HEWITT** meets the Australian pop star who last year ran for Senate. Pic by **FOUR EYES**.

LAST YEAR, Peter Garrett, a tall imposing man who is perhaps best distinguished by his gleaming bald head and calm articulacy, finally brought together two increasingly dominant strands in pop: the music of protest and straight political action.

In his homeland of Australia Garrett ran for the Senate. He did so on one single issue, nuclear disarmament. He had no other policies, just the removal of nuclear missiles from Australian soil.

Garrett's burning conviction on this issue stems from two sources. First, his strong sense of nationality – "but jingoism I draw the line at" – and secondly, his increasing anger at what he sees as America's cultural imperialism that is sweeping his country – "I believe in the international community but I don't particularly want Australia to turn into the 55th State, which it is in great danger of doing."

Garrett is the lead singer with **Midnight Oil**, a band who in their eight-year existence have turned themselves into one of Australia's top attractions. Their last LP spent over 40 weeks in the charts there.

They have achieved such a status basically on their own terms. They refuse, for instance, to appear on the Aussie equivalent of *Top Of The Pops*. And at their live shows they have been known to give the stage over to prominent disarmament spokesmen, like Colonel Hackworth, one of the world's most decorated soldiers who is now speaking out against nuclear warfare.

In fact, it was after completing **Midnight Oil's** new LP, 'Red Sails In The Sunset', that Garrett decided to stand for the Nuclear Disarmament Party.

"I thought it was important to do something," he says in his quiet whisper, "so I thought I'd stand and allow myself and the Oils to be used for that. We ran a campaign in New South Wales. An ex Labour senator who had left the Party because of their pro-uranium stance stood in Victoria. A woman in Western Australia, a Quaker, stood as well, and other candidates came in."

"It was a long election. The Labour Party, under Mr Hawkes thought they had an easy road because they were really well ahead in the popularity polls. We took it over and made it an issue. We ran really hard on it."

"We got a lot of votes but it's a preferential system in Australia for the Senate, and in order to block myself and Jean Meelter from Victoria, Labour and Liberal which is like Labour and Tory here, exchanged preferences, the first time they'd ever given their votes to other people."

"It put me down at the bottom of the list and I didn't get up. I didn't expect to."

When Garrett began his campaign, the seasoned pollsters reckoned on him grabbing 2 per cent of the vote. In the end he took over 9 per cent nationally. Because of **Midnight Oil's** low profile, political pundits had little idea of his strength, although Garrett subsequently discovered that quite a few Oil fans had deliberately not voted for him in case it meant the dissolution of the band.

Garrett might have lost but on his terms he believes that he scored a significant victory by bringing disarmament into the political arena, as well as bars across the land.

"It was the first time that many Australians sitting in their living rooms saw anyone put anti-nuclear arguments across, arguments, which as far as I'm concerned, aren't arguable against."

"They're not and I think people were shocked by that and it really clicked something inside them. We had *The Day After* and *Threads* and it was really a fortuitous time, when circumstance, coincidence and the building of something pitched."

By bringing disarmament into the fabric of everyday life, Garrett now feels that he has achieved everything he could and has subsequently left the Nuclear Disarmament Party, although he doesn't rule out acting in a similar nature sometime in the future.

"I've got a very strong belief that we shouldn't allow our futures to be controlled and our destinies taken over by people who are acting for their own short term interests. If there's a necessity to do something as outrageous as that in the future then maybe that's what will have to be done. I don't relish the idea of that particularly. It's a dirty business, politics."

One anomaly in Garrett's scheme of things is his constant contention that **Midnight Oil** are not a political band. Despite his involvement and the group's material, a catalogue full of anti-nuclear songs and the ilk, he stresses that **Midnight Oil's** own particular brand of hard conventional rock has little to do with politics per se.

"We'd never write vote for the Labour Party on our record sleeve," says Garrett in way of explanation. "Not that I'm saying that's a bad thing to do, I think it's good. I appreciate those kind of stands for people. But when I did the campaign I didn't want nuclear disarmament people handing out leaflets at **Midnight Oil** concerts. I wanted to try and maintain a barrier however artificial."

"There are five people in **Midnight Oil** and we share a concern for the same things but whether we share exactly the same ideology I don't really know. I know enough to know that we probably don't. So up to this point in time there has been a minimum of political dogma from us."

What there has been is a series of determinedly aggressive old style rock music statements from the Oils, oblivious it would seem to changing forces.

"We love it," says Garrett with a smile. "Even if it is completely defunct, it feels very much alive onstage. The corpse is very much alive and incredibly important, potent and accessible to people. There's more truth in that corpse than there is in a lot of the media people get stuck in front of them. There's more heart and soul in it and it doesn't show any signs of going away. I don't think it's going to. We still want to make records. Maybe it's just a little ant hiccupping in a huge forest but if enough ants start hiccupping then it's going to start to bring the trees down. I subscribe to that theory. We don't mind being ants."



Winston Tong sings Duke Ellington

## LES DISQUES DU DUKE

ONCE MORE it was shock-horror time in the biz this week as **Crepuscule** – once voted the label most able by those into the ways of Euro-oddities – appeared to be heading **MOR** with all the alacrity of a jet-propelled, white line demarker.

Could it be the end of the world? **Biba Kopf** mused in broken Silesian. Could **Crep** be going crap? We decided to investigate.

The rumours began when **Crepuscule** signing **Winston Tong**, once tonsil specialist with **Tuxedomoon**, announced that he intended to play a week at London's **ICA** (30 July–3 August) and that he would devote his whole programme to the works of **Duke Ellington**. Then, before **Ellingtonians** throughout the land had even began fashioning banners proclaiming "Take The A Train – And Go Home!" **Crepuscule** sneaked out a five track album of Sinatra-styled material by singing haircut **Paul Haig**. The end of the world? Or, at the very least, the end of the only Belgian label known to mankind? Well, to quote a well-known Euro-phrase, wee and non.

It seems that the Ducal-smitten **Tong's** current **Crepuscule** release 'Reports From The Heart', a contemporary effort fashioned by **Allan Rankine** and featuring **Jah Wobble**, could, along with **Haig's** 'Swing In '82' offering, be among the last titles to appear on **Crepuscule** in this country. For all future output from the company, including a single that will see **Haig** relinquishing his **Ol' Plaid Eyes** image, is to emerge on a new UK label, **Operation Afterglow**. Meanwhile, those responsible for marketing **Crepuscule** in Britain claim that they're maintaining a low profile regarding their current croon-along-a-Paul release. "After all, it was made three years ago," apologised one representative, quickly hiding his latest **Glenn Miller** acquisition behind his back.

● Ben E Grin



● CHRIS LONG ●



Paul Haig sings Sinatra



# 56 YEARS OF ANARCHY AND...ER...

**THE DAMNED ... still crazy after all these years, or what? DAVID QUANTICK discovers that Dave Vanian now lives in a frock coat, that Rat Scabies doesn't demolish his kit any more. And who are those other two? Grimly fiendish pic by PETER ANDERSON.**

SITTING IN the bar of an Aberdeen motel, decorated with caps bearing the logos of about a million oil companies, The Damned are accosted by a young man brandishing a beer-mat.

"I cannae read this!" he moans, waving the autograph-infested object at the people who've just signed it, "can ye write 'THE DAMNED' on the back so I know who it is?"

Dave Vanian, neat, polite, white as a bag of flour, obliges. The autograph hunter looks at his beer-mat.

"I still cannae read it!"

Such are the perils of life on the road. The Damned are in Aberdeen to play the seventh night of an epic 40 or so date tour to promote their imminent LP. It befalls me to stay with them in this motel, watch them play the local trendy niterie, eat their Yorkshire puddings, and ask them things. Naturally, I am filled with trepidation — will I return home with my trousers and sanity intact?

As it turns out, I do, having enjoyed their affable company, their large collection of cassettes, and even their Yorkshire pudding. Now, I'm sitting in the bar with Rat Scabies, drummer and raconteur extraordinary, and Roman Jugg, guitarist and Welsh Yugoslavian.

RAT SCABIES is a man familiar to us all. Over the years, his, ah ... well, his *rugged* face and joyous antics have amused a nation. Vanian and Scabies are the remaining original members, the great Captain Sensible having finally departed for solo pastures. So, Rat, how much would you say this is a new Damned?

Rat thinks. "Bout ..." A silence descends like a floating shaft of sunlight. "... 60 per cent," he finally adds, amidst audience amusement. Undeterred, the intrepid journalist forges on. What's in that 60 per cent?

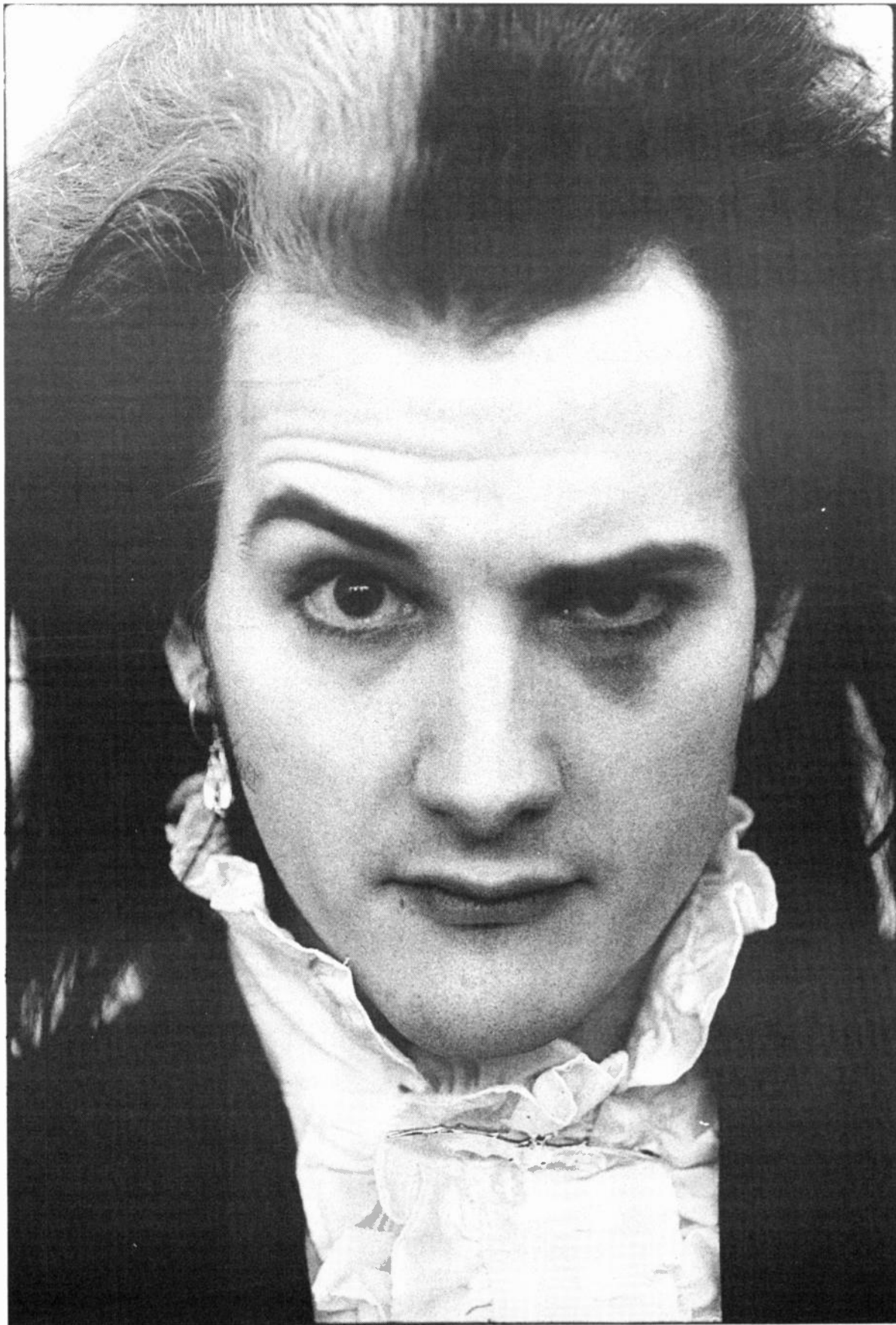
Rat says, "Well ... when you say 'new' — Roman's been in the band four years now, innit? So it's not actually a new face, but his role within the band is a new one. And the bass player, Bryn (a cheerful Welshman, now asleep in his room), he's bin with us two years."

It's all news to me; these faces in the new publicity shots seem to come from nowhere. And with even Scabies looking wistful and powder-puffed in the pics, you could be forgiven for thinking The Damned had been taken away and rebuilt quietly by their new mega-home, MCA. A lot of people who own Damned records like 'Love Song' or 'Neat Neat Neat' have never even heard of Bryn or Roman; The Damned's wilderness years have been epic ones.

Roman Jugg — he really *is* called Roman Jugg, fact fans — enters the conversation. Of the changes in The Damned, he says, "I think it's more unified now. When Captain was with us, towards the end it was always very difficult, Captain having his different record company, different management; he was very much segregated from The Damned. Now it's like we're all pulling together."

Rat: "It's like being in a group!"

Funny, that. The Damned always struck you as a group. They were never a vehicle for any one person, be it Vanian on Gothic drone, Scabies on thrashing, or Sensible on orange furry jumpers. They might have been a shambles, but ... *not a group*?



Uncle Dave, featuring the pioneering tinty hair as worn now by 1,000,000 casuals ...

Rat: "I know that now he's gone, it feels like a real group with four people that are playing very important roles in the other three's lives. Everything's kind of come together."

Later, Rat will reminisce — "The Captain's a very much larger than life person. He's very hard to hold down when he's got 15 pints inside him."

THIS IS, for better or for worse, not The Damned we knew and often reviled. If it was possible for a group like this to 'mature', I'd say it had happened — even though they may still be fond of Bacardi by the bottle and they still have an audience who greet them with a cheery "SCABIES IS A WAN-KER! SCABIES

IS A WAN-KER!"

I hear you say, don't be daft, The Damned are the biggest prats that ever walked the earth. They take their trousers off on stage and show their bottoms and play Deep Purple's 'Black Night', and, besides, their first album was recorded at 33 and speeded up to make it sound like punk, you say.

Ah, but things change. There are fewer bottoms since the Captain went, the renditions of 'Black Night' are replaced by a good attempt at 'Lust For Life' — which actually fits in a Damned set now — and, come to that, 'Damned Damned Damned' wasn't recorded at any funny speeds either. Nine years of anarchy, chaos and

destruction (remember when their label said 'three years?') have to have some effect on even the most recidivist punk rockers, and The Damned, as people, have become almost, er, sensible. Thoughtful, even.

Rat: "I think a lot of the reason why The Damned have been so ignored is people have only ever read live reviews or they saw that *Whistle Test*. Then it becomes, oh, *that's* what The Damned do, and that's it. The real problem we had was getting people to actually listen to the records we made without them having that preconceived idea of, here's a three-chord punk band that kinda sing out of tune with a drummer that plays too much. We've never been afraid to try

something. If I think, ooh, *that* might sound good, I'll do it; if it doesn't work out, too bad — but at least I've tried it, I'll never know otherwise.

"The Damned at their best are absolutely brilliant; at their worst, it's a disaster area."

'Course, it's easy to disagree with that; I do. While life would not be complete without the bi-monthly airings of 'Smash It Up' and 'New Rose' (and their accompanying LPs), and while even 'Grimly Fiendish' was a little pop gem, the first Madness album seen through the eyes of Syd Barrett on a *very* bad day, I can take or leave 'The Black Album' or 'Strawberries'.

But The Damned take what they do quite seriously. They talk proudly about their "unique" audience — and any band that has fans who come down to Aberdeen from the *Shetland Islands* must inspire some sort of weird devotion, they do talk to the punters ("time to meet the Hillmans!" says Rat cheerfully as we go into the evening's venue), and in their own cartoony, rock'n'roll way, they seem to want to give back as much as Uncle Bono.

Hey, and now they're pop stars!

"Success," draws a suddenly-arrived Vanian, "would be all the more appreciated for the nine and a half years of struggle. We know how to deal with it, and plus, we'll enjoy it ..."

"I think The Damned have come up the hard way," ponders Rat, "we're probably the Rockys of the music business. It gets embarrassing when you talk to people, 'cos they talk about the latest scam, and it's like, oh yeah, done it, that happened to me, y'know? And it's like virtually everything everyone says — 'They've run off with all the money!'"

Of the future, Rat declares, "I've always believed that The Damned can become one of the major boring bands of the world, that then becomes the dinosaur that becomes obsolete. Hopefully, I'd love it!"

Of the past, he reminisces: "One minute you were nobody, and the next you're playing to 3500 people chanting your name out, saying, God aren't you great?, and before that, all you ever got was hassled by the police and fuckin' people in bowler hats givin' you weird looks."

And what of the present?

"You get weird looks from people in bowler hats and Adidas T-shirts and designer jeans ..."

I RATHER like the idea of The Damned as chart pop-stars; it might only happen once every three or four years, but you can't have everything. Also, apart from the fact that 'Grimly' or even the new single, 'Shadow Of Love', have more humour and life in them than a thousand copies of 'View To A Kill', The Damned have another advantage over their appalling chart chums. While Simon and John vie to see who can come up with the most absurd solo project, The Damned sit about in an Aberdeen bar and simply revel in each other's company.

"He's a bleeding phenomenon, this geezer!" Rat suddenly announces, overcome after the merest glance at his chum Vanian, "I've never met anyone like him!"

Dave protests vainly, his languid Transylvanian drawl mixed with a small slice of London; "what a fang to say at this time of the afternoon!"

Scabies ploughs on wildly: "If that man was fucking puttin' a new engine in a Ford Cortina, he'd still look immaculate!"

"Yeah, well," says Vanian, languidly, "I've had a coupla hundred years to work on it ..."

The Damned as the last old-pals act of pop? Put *that* on a beer-mat and see what happens ...



# SINGLES

REVIEWED BY MAT SNOW

## SCOURGE OF THE WEAK

**SONIC YOUTH WITH LYDIA LUNCH: Death Valley '69 (Blast First/Homestead)**

Let's leave aside the rhetoric about Amerika being a death-dealing society in its own death throes. Instead thrill to a murder mystery variously bellowed and yelped whilst the band very expertly — and artfully — construct a Wagnerian thrash of consummate control and titanic excitement from the 'Bad Moon Rising' LP. Now *this* is what I call Heavy Metal.

## THINKING SINGLES, SEEING DOUBLES

Crawl off and eat worms, pop-pickers, if you are not already intimately acquainted with the LPs from which this brace have sprung fully-clothed, respectively 'Be Yourself Tonight' and 'Fables Of The Reconstruction'.

**EURHYTHMICS: There Must Be An Angel (Playing With My Heart) (RCA)**

Not since 'Right By Your Side' has Annie Lennox let rip with such joyful fervour. And Stevie Wonder's rented harmonica solo nicely pinpoints where this groove is coming from — the ecstatic uplift (Playtex, cross my heart) of Stevie and early Jackson Five. Yet 'Angel's' tune is unimpeachably Eurhythmic, an elegantly sinuous and energising blue-eyed breeze that should waft from every window from here until the Notting Hill Carnival if this summer stands a chance of being fondly remembered.

**REM: Can't Get There From Here (IRS)**

An itchy riff and a low moan hardly presage greatness, but Michael Stipe's uncorseted falsetto cry and the horn entry to the usual exalted REM chorus betoken rare success in the tricky sock-it-to-me/beat hybrid for which The Beatles' 'Got To Get You Into My Life' set the benchmark back in '66. The B-sides of both seven and 12-inch are "unavailable elsewhere", but, as IRS well know, the REM fan tends to be a completist. In this case, 'Bandwagon' is almost self-parody, so it's fine by me.

## SPRINGLE OF THE WEEK

**THE STANLEY CLARKE BAND: Born In The USA (Epic)**

Stanley, once the epitome of the rubber-fingered '70s fuzzak bass-bore, had done something rather special. His version of 'Born In The USA' doesn't do its stuff in isolation. It works precisely *because of*, not *despite*, comparison with Springsteen's immensely stirring original. He has whacked this inescapably *white* rock anthem through his masterblasting bag of funky tricks to remind us of something both Springsteen and '19' neglect to mention: American blacks stood a proportionately far greater chance of being drafted to Vietnam than whites. Fact.

And whilst we're playing the numbers game, there's yet to be a song from the "yellow man's" point of view. It is estimated maybe 2 million Vietnamese died in the war ending 1975 compared to 58,000 Americans. Again, a

fact, but one which has no voice to make it resonate in the Western imagination.

**BANBARRA: Shack Up (Stateside)**

Never before have I heard this legendary Washington DC smash from '75 that launched A Certain Ratio and thus a thousand other UK dry-funkers. Extolling the joys of unwed cohabitation ("I don't believe in alimony or divorce"), the simplest elements of bass, drums, horn stabs, piano riff, call, response and a brace of ear-singeing guitar solos proceed on the tramlines of *play* rather than overlay — an important distinction. Whilst stuff like "nimble bass lines" makes for duller reading than *auteriste* theory of production, it more likely compensates with socko listening pleasure.

This record, therefore, can shout for itself.

**JASMINE MINKS: What's Happening (Creation)**

Early Buzzcocker-style basher from the Minks who yet languish in the shadow of last year's seemingly untappable 'Think', though 'Black And Blue' on the flip actually comes closer. And even though side A is abominably sung, there's still a whole lot more shaking going on here than in most of the rest of the week's pile put together.

**HOODOO GURUS: My Girl (Demon)**

From the excellent 'Stoneage Romeos' LP, a beautifully old-fashioned (circa '78) homage to the mid-'60s beaty love song. Swell tune, somewhat atypical of this generally rowdybilly Oz band.

**THE QUICK: Down The Line (A&M)**

Foreigner in lead boots, Tears For Fears hairdos and Anthony Price suits. Vile.

**THE UNTOUCHABLES: I Spy For The FBI (Stiff)**

From the LP 'Wild Child', the Jamo Thomas stomper is here touched up with vim and vigour, crisply produced by Jerry Dammers. A cute twist on the outro echoes something of the queasy hilarity of The Special AKA's 'Gangsters'. Nice one.

**THE WATERFOOT DANDY: 14 Days (In Tape)**

**THE METAL DOUGHNUT BAND: Out Damned Spot (Veggum)**

Long lost Peel progs rattle their strange Northern bones here.

The Waterfoot Dandy stitches up The B52s, Family Fodder and maybe early Yello in a countdown to agony which is not a little mad, but somehow also quite inessential.

More, ahem, upfront are Leicester's Metal Doughnut Band, who choose to perform in the altogether, apparently enraging the good folk at the Newcastle Riverside Arts Centre in the process. If their bodies are as beautiful as their tunes I can quite understand why. Granted, there's bugger all else happening in Leicester, but the Doughnut's patrons, the redoubtable Yeah Yeah Noh, have dropped a bollock here.

**PRINCE: Raspberry Beret (Paisley Park)**

Lightweight bauble that traverses its span without rise or fall: pop-



Eurythmics: Joyful fervour and rented harmonica.

style song, disco-style structure. Nice strings, unfunky metronomic drum-machine, fraudulently lascivious vocal. Yet it's still one of the better tracks on 'Around The World', but not a velvet patch on 'Paisley Park'.

**EDEN: Free (Polydor)**

These ladies are nearly as beautiful as *wunderkind* lead balloons The Roaring Boys, but despite their Clearasil complexions and average age of 17½, Eden insist on croaking about "going to a downtown bar", as if they thought for one second they'd get served. And they hammer away at their non-tune in a manner so carbuncled that I suspect they must have some exceedingly fearsome portraits in the attic.

**SHANNON: Stronger Together (Club)**

**CHANGE: Mutual Attraction (Cooltempo)**

What was great about 'Let The Music Play' was its scintillatingly, almost violently, confident production, as if there was a song worth going at hammer and tongs. And there was. 'Stronger Together' is less of a song but even more of a production, it kitchens sinks ricocheting off every rimshot and massive crystal tone. Exhilarating, but it will fade.

Change's 'Mutual Attraction' aims more to seduce than supercharge with its silken voices and faintly reverberated snarebeat as enticingly solitary as the hearts it brings together. Not classic, but it does an awful lot with the sparsest of elements.

**ANDREW CAINE: What Kind Of World (Epic)**

Hair carefully tousled, a gilded youth plunges his hands into South Molton Street trouser pockets, his demeanour an artful bricolage of the Bohemian dreamer and the hip young washing-line. His eyes are downcast, deep in thought: "Thoroughfare of indifference. Angry streets hide the shame. A symphony of aggression. Played again and again and again..."

Fuck him.

**THE LUCY SHOW: Ephemeral (This Is No Heaven) (A&M)**

**THE OPPOSITION: Five Minutes (Charisma)**

Windswept adolescent sensitivity reinforced with po-faced rhythm's

unshakable moral conviction and the blue-eyed gaze of earnestly chimed guitars. If Bono were a little less deranged and The Edge succumbed to frostbite, U2 would sound just like any of these identically square-jawed combos. Two buttocks of the same bum.

**ANIMATION: Let Him Go (Mercury)**

Foul bunch of La losers do thuggishly narcissistic impression of equally revolting English vidband AGAIN!

**WILLIE HUTCH: Keep On Jammin' (Motown)**

**MICHAEL LOVESMITH: Break The Ice (Motown)**

**BILLY GRIFFIN: If I Ever Lose This Heaven (CBS)**

**PHILIP BAILEY: Children Of The Ghetto (CBS)**

Willie has a roughed-up, Marvinish set of pipes, so naturally the backroom boys confine it to floating and cooing above itchy disco exhortation by the yard. And despite its plentiful reference to "T and A", it's amazingly unsexy.

Michael lusts less obviously, appealing more to his lady friend's sympathies — "I can't spend another moment with my hands in my pockets", yes, billiards make you blind — and thus deserves to get his end away more than does that beast Willie. But if he really wants results, he should slip into something more comfortable, like Marvin's 'Let's Get It On', rather than his own pallid imitation.

Billy's mediocrity of a song is marred by a mediocre performance and appallingly inept production. You at least expect the pillock to be sugared.

But no sound this week is sweeter than Philip's falsetto on this old Real Thing number. 'Children Of The Ghetto' should have cleaved closer to an airy, loose-limbed Mayfield-style lament; supperclub trillings and next-door's guitar wail taint Philip's purity of expression.

**PET SHOP BOYS: Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money) (Parlophone)**

Stab at modern heartless wit with an arse-saving ironic subtext in the grand tradition of M's 'Pop Muzik' or maybe even mangy old ABC. The tune trundles without ever reaching conclusion, pausing occasionally for a squiddley-bonk comical pitstop to

alleviate gathering boredom. XL designed the sleeve, so you just know the record's a dud.

**CYNDI LAUPER: The Goonies 'R' Good Enough (Portrait)**

**MADONNA: Into The Groove (Sire)**

Cyndi gets her knicker elastic into a twist over some thumping great migraine mix ditty, the theme tune, apparently, to whatever kind of movie it is kids prefer to Mickey Mouse these days. She still has a very special way of singing "bay-bee", but it's clobbered by a melody so feeble it needed four co-writers to take the blame, plus an overcompensating autotune racket such as is considered frightfully modern in Hollywood these days.

Meanwhile for *her* movie *Desperately Seeking Credibility*, Madonna jiggles her Anita Harris-style bullet-hole to a bump'n'grinder born the wrong side of the blanket of Shannon's 'Let The Music Play'. Not that Madonna's totally unentertaining, you dig; it's just that the ongoing triumph of naked ambition over a mouse-like talent loses its charm after 15 minutes.

**TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: Make It Better (Forget About Me) (MCA)**

Tom does his Stax-shouter-with-a-banana-stuck-up-each-nostril over a brassy organ romp. This is not as promising as it sounds. One of the sub-Springsteen numbers from the throwaway end of his highly variable 'Southern Accents' LP. Over-excited, if not much else.

**EL TRAIN: Action Style (War)**

White guilt superstud leather rap put hard times fatback sex pump it up success Jay Strongman uptown downtown callisthenic cocktail action style duff record.

**THE LEATHER NUN: 506 (Wire)**

From Gothenburg, Sweden, ex-Industrial Recording artistes and would-be Motor City Madmen The Leather Nun should take lessons in heaviness from Sonic Youth for the turgid paranoia intended by their derivations of The Stooges' 'We Will Fall' to prick the nape hairs and sink the innocent heart. On the flip, 'Fly Angels Fly' and 'I'm Alive' show ramalama to be their true tempo, though even here The Leather Nun still hold back from the danger zone.

**THE COOL NOTES: In Your Car (Abstract Dance)**

Routine holiday entanglement with gear-stick, seat-belts and furry dice. A thousand blushworthy memories are triggered, but disco records like this are two a penny in the silly season.

**COLOURBOX: The Moon Is Blue (4AD)**

Less interesting than first meets the eye, this song routinely balladeers in a style that could fit into any one of the last 22 years' worth of charts. Coarse, unyielding tones batter intended pathos to death, and Colourbox's chantoozie combines Liz Cocteau and Lulu for an effect of unhinged stridency more ear-boggling than believable. Flipwise, a version of The Supremes' 'You Keep Me Hanging On' repeats the same pointless trick.

**MOMUS: The Beast With Three Backs (El Benelux)**

Momus is a Scots lad by name Currie, who's overdosed on purple poetics and brand-name bathos. It should be an intriguing combination, and occasionally is. Folkily keened Nick Drake-style over mildly dissonant strumming and a tactful angelic presence, Momus' three songs chart sexual paranoia with consumerism's cheapening jargon, learned allusions to the Bible, and his own ear for a finely-tuned phrase. So far, so studiously impressive. Purge the obfuscating intellectual flash, though, and he'll do justice to his queasy preoccupations.

**THE DANSE SOCIETY: Say It Again (Arista)**

The usual crappy Gothoid pomp swollen to an already dated Frankiebeat.

**DARK CITY: Help You Out (Virgin)**

Culture Clubby Motown thingle, borrowed Run DMC powerchords grunting away roughly — hard times, remember? Stewart Levine produces, Amos 'son-of-Erin' Pizzey sings inna Boy Elvis (really!) stylee, dreadlocks festooning punky leather jacket — still hard times, street kids. The whole enterprise assumes the Culture Club formula still holds good, if needing a tweak on the engine, just as long as a fresh face replaces the dowager we know too well.

**ZZ TOP: Summer Holiday EP (WEA)**

Four Top tracks from four Top albums, at once a summer sampler and a chart contending overture for Donington, seeing as there's no new Topper to promote. Fine, funky, open-road boogie which, if not dug already, should be seen live for its choreographed antic spirit to go gonzo all over your tight white prejudices.

**1000 VIOLINS: Halcyon Days (Dreamworld)**

**1000 MEXICANS: Criminal! (Play It Again Sam)**

All those Violins unfunnily spoof The Smiths. If, however, they're serious, they should be sued.

A plethora of Mexicans belie their chili promise with a module of grey, ghostly mantric alienation repeated *ad infinitum* until one subsides into fitful slumber. Pinch yourself, however, and you'll hear efforts at psychodramatic build-up which hint that the concept is sound even if the execution's a clinker.

**TXT: Girl's Got A Brand New Toy (CBS)**

Horrid Bowie-esque storm in a teacup.

**ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Brighton Bomb (Gas)**

Teddy Taylor MP and *The Sun* seem to think Mensi's attitude is perfectly clear: sick, sick, SICK! Well, they would, wouldn't they? Mensi's record company, on the other hand, regard 'Brighton Bomb' as "serious protest record decrying terrorism and violence in every form". As it is, the song is so vague and dull as to be unlikely to exercise too many other opinions either way. Including mine.



# The UNTOUCHABLES

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# UNMASKING CHER

From Bohemian fringe to mainstream *Mask* – Cher's career has taken in both the ridiculous and the sublime.

As her first starring vehicle opens, NIGEL MATHESON talks to the prize-winning actress. Photo by LAWRENCE WATSON.

**F**AMOUS SWINGING couples of the '60s: Jackie Onassis and John F. Kennedy, Lennon and McCartney, Jagger and Faithful.

But who could forget the kooky duo of Sonny and Cher, always on TV making eyes at each other from under their Bohemian fringes . . . topping the charts with 'I Got You Babe' . . . or miming with antique pistols to 'Bang Bang'. And what clothes! Love beads, bell bottoms and bangles. Indian headband for Cher. Eskimo boots for Sonny. Fur vests for both.

Now, at the age of 39 and a fully-fledged '80s person, Cher is over in London to promote her new movie *Mask*, based on the 'true story' of Rocky Dennis, the Elephant Man of '70s California.

She plays Rusty, his pill-popping mother and Hell's Angels pillion rider. No longer the cool '60s chick she once was, Cher still looks beautiful, an aerobicised Californian with punky Cleopatra hair, leather mini-skirt, plastic shoes and an entourage of personal assistants. Drinking Perrier water from the bottle, she is polite, cool-headed and a little distant, more than a match for all the journalists she'll meet on this heavy round of publicity.

Cher first became a singer through Sonny being a friend of Phil Spector. One day Darlene Love didn't show up to sing back-up at Spector's studio; Cher stepped in and spent a year working for Spector.

"The last thing I did was the infamous 'Christmas Album' and I was the youngest person on it. I was pretty naïve then. I just couldn't understand why everyone else could stay awake for a month without sleep . . . I was nearly dying. I didn't realise they were taking just about everything there was to stay awake. I was only 16."

Marriage to 27-year-old Sonny Bono followed, and an uncertain career.

"We were really poor, always planning how Sonny and Cher could make it. But nothing was going right for us in the States. We had these managers who lived in the prop room on one of the big motion picture company lots and they went round in prop clothing, which we had to borrow too."

"The only reason we could afford to make 'I Got You Babe' was that they hawked all this film equipment. I don't even know if it was theirs."

"So we took the song to London, which was where the music scene was really happening and maybe also because we looked a bit too weird for America at the time. When we got to England, we got famous . . . and then we went back to the States and everybody thought we were English, so we got famous there too."

"London in the '60s was the best time. We met everybody: The Stones, The Beatles, Dusty Springfield, Sandie Shaw and that drummer guy Dave Clark. It was an incredible time."

And the incredible Sonny and Cher image?

"When we first started people got really upset by it. We looked strange, but I don't think we were really outrageous. Most people at that time were very conservative: The Beatles were nice cleancut boys in their little round-necked suits and only The Stones looked really wild."

"Anyway, when Sonny and Cher began, we used to change into a suit and dress till one time our suitcase didn't turn up and we went on in our regular clothes, and people loved it. I think we used to look fabulous, and we had a good time dressing that way. You know when someone said to Dolly Parton 'Don't you think you look ridiculous?', she said 'When I get dressed up and look in the mirror, I always think how beautiful I look' . . . it doesn't matter what people think."

"But it was a problem for me when I started trying to get a job acting. People thought I couldn't be an actress because of the way I've always dressed."

Whatever happened to those famous fur vests? Cher says she still has hers in a glass case in her California home. And ex-husband Sonny? They split up in the early '70s at the time when *The Sonny And Cher Show* was top of the US TV ratings.

Cher still sees him sometimes – he's owner of two Italian restaurants, one in LA and one in Texas.

**I**N THE '60s Cher made two unwatchable films. The first was *Good Times* in '66 and then came *Chastity* in '68 – Cher and Sonny's daughter is called Chastity ("I think she can handle it").

Subsequently Cher joined Gregg Allman in a gossip columnist's dream of a marriage which lasted all of nine days and produced one son, Elijah, and much scandal, particularly when Allman turned grass after a huge cocaine bust.

Cher was constant news. Romance with pop stars. Comebacks. Selling out Caesar's Palace in Vegas. But no film parts. Not until 1982, when Robert Altman offered her a major part in *Come Back To The 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*.

Cher's a big fan of Altman. "He doesn't give a shit about what people think. He cares less about peer pressure and public opinion than anyone else I've known who is successful. Of course, I'm prejudiced in his favour, because I'd been trying for five years to get a job as an actress, which is what I've always really wanted to do. After five years, I left Hollywood and got a job off him in two days."

"It was difficult for someone my age to get started as an actress, especially as there are so many good actresses in my age group. Why bother with someone who's untried and kind of freaky looking? And no-one knows what you can do if you've never acted properly before. But Altman didn't even screen-test me, just said 'Show up in December and we can start this thing'."

Cher got great reviews for *5 & Dime* and the film was a critical, if not commercial, success. Then came *Silkwood* in which she played support to Meryl Streep's plutonium victim Karen Silkwood. Next stop: *Mask*.

**A**T THE Cannes Festival, Cher won Best Actress award for the part of Rusty Dennis, but no little acrimony surrounded the film's European launch.

Director Peter Bogdanovich made it known that he was bitter about cuts made to the finished film and the fact that Bruce Springsteen's music had been removed from the soundtrack. Does Cher side with Bogdanovich?

"Well, it's no big surprise to anybody that I didn't really like working with him. The bust up at Cannes was just a continuation of the situation on the set . . . all that stuff was really a big deal over nothing."

"Of course, it was a shame to lose Springsteen's music . . . and, believe me, I have no axe to grind on Universal's behalf, but Bruce Springsteen wanted a deal that had never been done in the movie business before. And Universal said they couldn't be the first people to allow it."

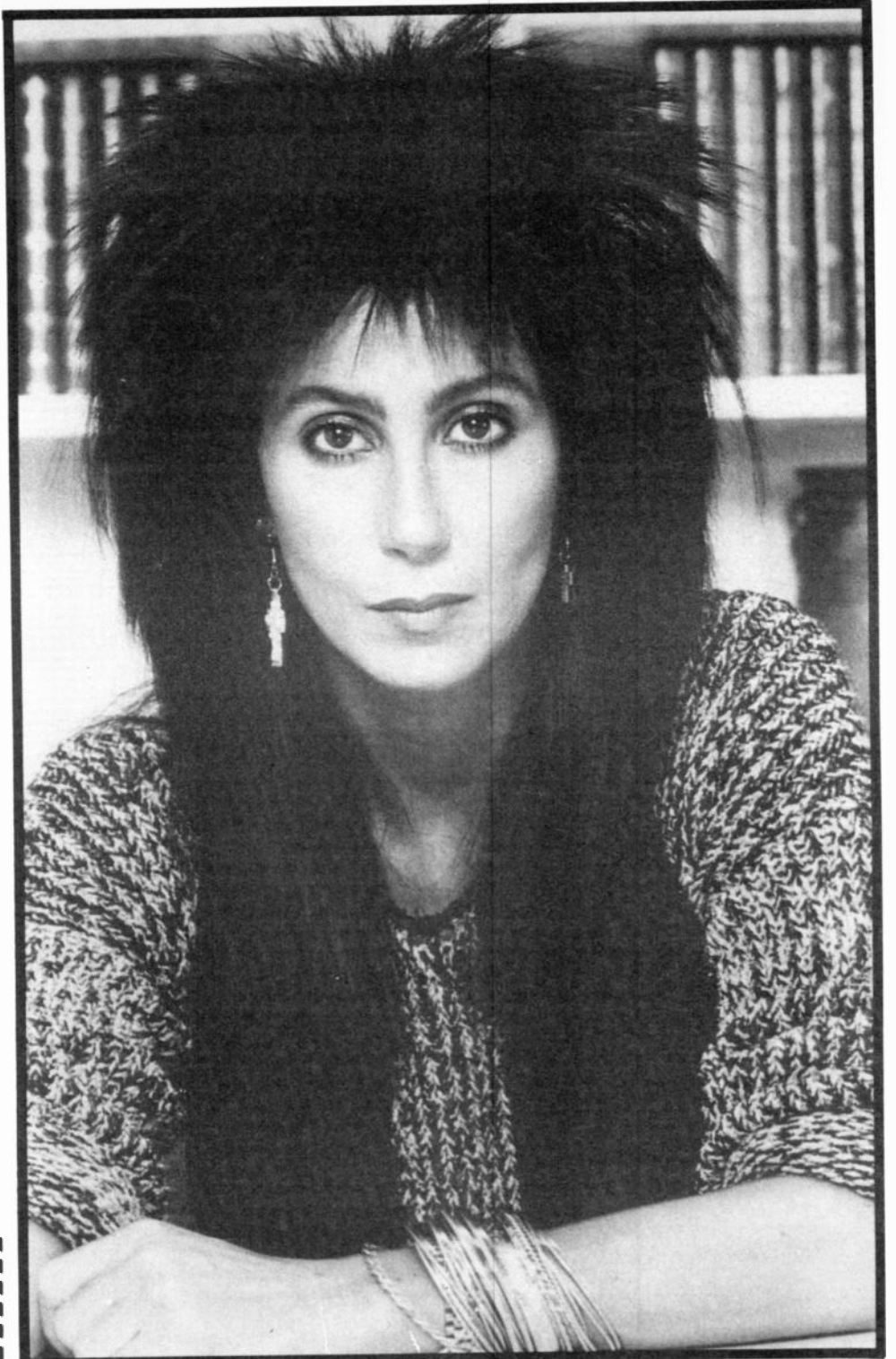
"Springsteen wanted 25% of the video cassette rights, which is a hell of a lot and nobody else has anything like as big a percent as that. And his stuff wasn't even new material. Universal were prepared to put up money but not to set up the deal he wanted and set a new precedent for others to follow."

"As for the cuts Bogdanovich complained about, it had got to the stage where there'd been so many changes in my part that my attitude was: 'You've been fucking with my work and now they're fucking with your work, and it really doesn't make any difference to me. They'd really only cut one scene and everything he said about cutting the funeral was nonsense . . . it was never in the first place.'"

So, how does she rate the finished product?

"I don't think it's a perfect movie, but it has a real sense of Rocky's life, and of how incredible he was. All the people who knew him say he was a really fabulous boy with his strange lifestyle and his crazy mother. There are lots of faults in it, but I think it's a valid film."

"One of the things I discovered was that Rusty was a vitamin salesman and a drug dealer at the same time. Halfway through filming she came on set and told me she used to deal in drugs and she was really pissed off that she was shown buying drugs,



said she'd never bought drugs in her life.

"It's also true that the Hell's Angels are shown as pretty wholesome and they've been made a little too clean, a little bit unrealistic I think. But I also think this: in most of the films you've ever seen about Hell's Angels, you're looking at them from the outside and watching them in confrontation with the rest of the world. In this movie they are on their own and that's OK."

"In real life, the Angels were very supportive of Rocky . . . they were crazy about him. While I don't think that the way they appear is more realistic than the way they are normally shown, I also don't think they go round pillaging and burning the whole time. So you go from them being like Sunday school kids in *Mask* to all those other movies where they're shown as people who don't care about anything."

After 21 years of it, Cher knows how to play the publicity game. Asked what it's like being famous, she replies: "I've been famous all my life and it's not as if I get upset if people notice me on the street. People say I've lived my life in public but that's only insofar as, when you go places, photographers take your picture and journalists put it down in their columns. After 20 years, it all piles up, so people have this fixed idea about me."

"The thing is you can ask me any question and I'll answer it. But none of it really matters to me . . . you'll never know me and the answer I give won't give you any real insight into me. You won't tap into my soul. Some African tribes used to think that if they had their photographs taken they would lose their souls, but this interview (and these photographs) won't take away any of mine. This is my job and I'm pretty well equipped to answer questions, but that's as far as it goes."



EDITED BY ANDY GILL ●

silver  
screen

- *Oz (Not What It Woz)*
- *Zen and the Art of Musical Farce*
- *Can video subvert?*

## movies



"No! You don't get any more until you try and stop talking!"

## OZZZZZ . . .

## RETURN TO OZ

DIRECTOR: Walter Murch

STARRING: Fairuza Balk, Nicol Williamson, Jean Marsh (Disney)

THE ORIGINAL *Wizard Of Oz* is what you call your basic hard act to follow.

Berry Gordy blew a large amount of money recycling it into *The Wiz* some years ago despite the presence of Richard Pryor, Michael Jackson and Diana Ross, and now L. Frank Baum's creations are reactivated with the finest movie dreamtech available courtesy of Walt (Human Popsicle) Disney and his organisation.

In the years since the original, six months have passed, but Dorothy (the protagonist of the *Oz* stories as originally incarnated by Judy Garland) has aged backwards. She is now about five or six years younger, and suffering from insomnia and funny dreams, so her parents take her to a Sinister Doctor (Nicol Williamson) who with his Wicked Nurse (Jean Marsh) has been working on an early variant of electro-shock therapy. They're going to cure her of her delusions about *Oz* and burn her brains out in the process. Eek!

During a cinema-shaking thunderstorm, Dorothy (reincarnated as Canadian tot Fairuza Balk) escapes from the clutches of the medical profession and returns to *Oz*, accompanied this time not by her faithful dog Toto (no relation to the terrible pop group, of course) but by Billina, her faithful hen.

The Emerald City is in ruins, terrorised by nasty punk/biker types known as Wheelers on account of they have wheels protruding from all their sleeves and trouser-legs, and in order to make everything nice again Dorothy has to rescue our old chum the Scarecrow from the domain of the vicious rock formation known as the Nome King (Williamson again).

*Return To Oz* is visually exceptionally inventive, with a technique called Claymation put to some startling use to animate the Nome King and his cronies, and some pleasingly magical moments which occur when a moose head on a plaque is combined with a sofa and a pair of fronds in order to form a flying creature which will schlep Dorothy and her crew around from place to place.

There's also a sequence involving Mombi (Jean Marsh), a Nasty Bad Demoness with a collection of interchangeable heads, and these scenes are redolent of an authentic horror which should scare the shit out of even the most obnoxious nine-year-old and keep him/her/it adequately subdued for a while.

The glaring weakness of *Return To Oz* is its flat, unimaginative characterisation. Dorothy's new allies are brilliant feats of animation and effects personship, but Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger and the original team had qualities of individuality and spirit which, more than its mythos or tricknology, helped make the original *Wizard Of Oz* so enduringly charming.

This time around, *Oz* is simply another endearing, forgettable fantasy: when they show the original in another 30 years time, *Return To Oz* will be lucky to get tagged on half of a double bill.

Charles Shaar Murray ●



Sho Nuff (centre), delighted with his new Gene Simmons trim, prepares to congratulate his barber.

## KUNG PHOOEY!

## BERRY GORDY'S THE LAST DRAGON

DIRECTOR: Michael Schultz  
STARRING: Taimak, Vanity, Julius J. Carry III (Tri-Star)

THERE IS something irresistibly tacky about someone who insists on making their name part of the title of a movie.

I mean, the precedents are not encouraging. There's *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline*, *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, *My Old Man's A Dustman* and probably a few more. How does *Berry Gordy's The Last Dragon* grab you? If you ask anyone if they've seen it, the reply will probably be "Oh, is he?"

Still, Herr Gordy's kung-fu farce with periodic commercial breaks for duff Motown acts definitely has its moments, and the good ones outnumber the bad ones to considerable extent. *BGTL* (if I may abbreviate so as not to offend) succeeds admirably well at two of the three tasks it sets itself: it parodies both the conventions of the kung-fu movie and the showbiz farce where the mean, vicious gangster is determined to go to any lengths necessary to make his untalented girlfriend into a star.

Unfortunately, it also attempts to be a musical, and the combined weight of all the current Motown heavies fails to add up to anything even remotely resembling a decent score.

Leroy Green (the martial-arts maniac son of the only black man in Lower Manhattan who runs a pizza parlour) is so devoted to his path that he calls himself Bruce Leroy, wears a coolie hat and eats popcorn with chopsticks.

He studies with a deep-fro-Zen master (Thomas Ikeda), runs his own kung-fu school and withstands with good-natured inscrutability the constant taunts of his streetwise smartass of a younger brother (Leo O'Brien), who is in turn obsessed with a dream-girl video jock (Vanity), who hosts a TV show out of a Manhattan megadisco.

Leroy (played with straight-faced zeal by Taimak) rescues Our Van when she is heaved by hoods belonging to Eddie (Chris Murney) who wants her to play his girlfriend's video, and thereby attracts the gangster's enmity.

He also has a problem with Sho Nuff (Julius J. Carry III), who has a whale of a time camping it up as the Shogun Of Harlem, the kung-fu bad guy who wants to trash Leroy in order to demonstrate his impeccable badness.

Director Michael (*Car Wash*) Schultz handles his material with wit and energy, though there's not much he can do with the tedious musical numbers and frequent video inserts.

The script, by Louis Venosta, is long on good jokes and snappy dialogue: the mystic sage sought by Leroy is named Sum Dum Goy (the only Jewish joke in the whole movie), and as part of this search Leroy encounters Hu Yi, Lu Yi and Du Yi (any Disney fan should be able to explain that one to you), three young Chinese bloods determined to come on as black as they can.

The spectacle of a young black man who thinks he's Chinese dealing with three Chinese who think they're black is chucklesome in the extreme. Plus any of these scenes involving either The Master or Bro' Richie positively crackle off the screen.

*BGTL* is an undemanding farce that's actually funny, but it strikes this person as peculiar that a man who made his considerable pile out of music should make a spectacular musical comedy in which the music is so staggeringly dreadful. Rockwell — my ass! Hai-yahhh!

Charles Shaar Murray ●

NOT THE  
REAL THINGTHE COCA COLA KID  
DIRECTOR: Dusan Makavejev  
STARRING: Eric Roberts, Greta Scacchi, Bill Kerr (Palace)

YUGOSLAVIAN DIRECTOR Dusan Makavejev is reputed to be an anarchist. His previous films include the hippy but enjoyable *WR: Mysteries of the Orga(ni)sm*, the hilariously bawdy *Montenegro and Sweet Movie*, which never gained a release in this country.

With *The Coca Cola Kid*, Makavejev says he has used his biggest budget yet to make a political satire. This is a somewhat dubious claim.

Cast in the title role is Eric Roberts, who plays Becker, the pathologically cleanliving monetarist apostle sent from the Coca Cola mothership to planet Australia, where the idea is that his US marketing genius will triple sales: Coca Cola must be brought to every corner of the globe, because "the world will never be free until Coca Cola is available everywhere". So far, so good.

But there's a blot on the sales

chart of *Oz* in the shape of remote Anderson Valley, where a cantankerous old bastard called T George McDowell (Bill Kerr) has an antiquated bottling plant and a fizzy drink monopoly, which Coke wants to replace with theirs.

So Becker goes in on his own and makes contact with the natives. Instead of dishing the dirt on multinationals, however, the emphasis rapidly falls on to romance between Becker and secretary Terri (Greta Scacchi), a few gratuitous nude scenes, and the mild complications caused by the fact that Terri is also T George's daughter.

Maybe Makavejev gave himself too many problems from the outset by choosing the name of such a powerful multinational for the title. The dangers of litigation were clearly immense. Why else would an "anarchist" have passed up the satirical possibilities of such a plot in favour of an amiable, rather aimless romp in which love makes Becker deviate marginally from the American Way, and Coca Cola steamrollers its way through some more of the competition?

Nigel Matheson ●



Eric Roberts wonders what he's got himself into, apart from Greta Scacchi's bed.



# on the box

## WEDNESDAY JULY 17

**Open Space: The Red And The Black.** Debate on the issue of Black Sections in the Labour Party. Me, I reckon it's about time the Party considered the special needs of the portly in our society – little things like how to get trousers to fit off the peg if you're not anorexic, or how to incorporate chips into the Scarsdale Diet. Fat Sections, anyone? (BBC2)

**Lou Grant: Take Over.** Lou and Charlie are faced with the daunting task of telling Mrs Pyncheon her new beau may be after her organ. Rather than me. (C4)

## THURSDAY JULY 18

**Miami Vice.** A trio of trigger-happy punks are terrorising the town! Oh no! Looks like a job for Honky and Tokenblack! (BBC1)

**Sing Country: Loretta Lynn Special.** Live Wembley performance from the woman who started in *The Sissy Spacek Story*, including a couple of duets with the man with a name worse than Sue, Conway Twitty. (BBC2)

**The Open – Sandwich.** An entire golf tournament taking place on a slice of bread? I don't believe it. (BBC1)

## FRIDAY JULY 19

**Swank.** Half-baked transposition of *i-D* magazine to small screen, featuring has-beens like the yawn-inducingly

"outrageous" Andrew Logan, and some bloke who used to design threads for '60s pop stars. Dawn French is suitably dyspeptic, a neat way of saving face if the series flops. As seems to be the case. (C4)

**Ready Steady Go!** More of those '60s pop stars such as used to be dressed by that bloke on *Swank*. This week, Them do 'Baby Please Don't Go', PJ Proby tries to keep his trousers together, plus The Beatles! Jerry Lee Lewis! Otis Redding! Georgie Fame! and... Lulu? (C4)

**6.20 Soul Train.** With Phyllis Nelson, 9.9, Light Of The World, Cameo on video, plus archive footage of the marvellous Little Anthony & The Imperials. (C4)

**Cheers.** Diane decides to go to Europe with Frazier – which, roughly translated, means her unmistakably infanticipating girth can no longer be concealed behind the bar. Sadly, this is the last *Cheers* with Nick Colasanto (Coach), who died shortly after. Here's to you, Nick. The way things are going, there'll soon only be Cliffie and Norm left. Which would be OK by me. (C4)

## SATURDAY JULY 20

**Hill Street Blues.** Frank gets flustered, what with this impending Presidential walkabout, Fay milking him for extra alimony, and what have you. As if that weren't enough, LaRue,

the silly sod, lets himself get set up for a bribery frame. (C4)

**Rebellious Jukebox.** Remember the ill-fated *Revolver*, with Peter Cook as the manager and A. N. Other working the burger stand? Some bright spark's resuscitated the idea and dragged in a bunch of fading celebs to kill off their careers completely. Those looking extremely embarrassed next week will be: Meatloaf, as the owner; Mari Wilson, as the bouncer; Jools High-Profile, as the manager; plus such glittering prizes as Helen Shapiro, Stewart Copeland and Barry Diamond. This week's music – I use the term loosely, as you'll see – is provided by General Public, Lords Of The New Church, Re-Flex and The Fixx. At last the 1984 show, eh? (C4)

**Saturday Review.** This week, Richard Schickel considers the concept of fame, John Lahr looks at Nic Roeg's *Insignificance*, and Beryl Cook raves about Edward Burra. (BBC2)

## SUNDAY JULY 21

**Drugwatch.** Esther Rantzen and Nick Ross watch people taking drugs for two hours. All the social-conscience programmes in the world are utterly useless unless our politicians are prepared to stop passing the buck to inadequately-financed drug relief organisations. The reason they'd rather spend the money on big posters and TV

ads featuring waster types is the same one that caused bright media light to be shone on the Falklands, law and order, etc: heroin is the new folk devil against which the country can be united – behind our glorious leader, of course. Plus, I kind of get the impression Those In Power aren't all that bothered if The Young Unemployed remain narcotised and quiescent. (BBC1)

## MONDAY JULY 22

**Fame.** With Special Guest Star: Joan Baez!!! (BBC1)

## TUESDAY JULY 23

**OMD At Sheffield City Hall.** Things have changed since I left the old town. It says here OMD play to "an enthusiastic audience". That kind of thing would never have happened in my day. Whatever happened to taste and integrity? (BBC2)

**The Avengers: Bizarre.** The last-ever episode. Worth watching for that alone, I suppose. (C4)

**Ready Steady Go!** Repeat of last Friday's show. (C4)

**Taxi.** Louie's love for blind Judy reaches a critical stage as she prepares for an operation to restore her sight. (BBC1)

Andy Gill ●

# video

## THE ENEMY WITHIN: THE DAYS AFTER

Various Artists (Doublevision)

TSK, TSK. Here we have a compilation of footage drawn largely from the miners' strike, concentrating as usual on grubby families waving at anything that might possibly be a TV camera whilst implying that the scores of big strong policemen who were working overtime to put them back in their place, were up to no good.

Typical bolshie camerawork implies that our handsome boys in blue spent most of their time bullying unarmed pickets. It's all very well bringing little lumps to our throats by showing scenes of staunch solidarity under the communities' lovingly-woven banners, but people like us got over being impressed by standing-togetherness with the Jarrold crusade. So you'd better think of a better mode of attack, you leftie twits.

My grandson luckily avoided buying the record that goes with this section, 'Strike' by The Enemy Within, because he claimed that Arthur Scargill's haircut is not as electro-friendly as those of Malcolm X or the fellows in the US's Vietnam escapade.

Gorilla Tapes 33 with their *Crimewatch UK* try other tactics to deflect our goodwill from our police force, namely the cheap ploy of making them look ridiculous in their massed and majestic blueness.

Grand charges on horseback which would have otherwise had one reaching for Tennyson and a G&T were ruined by being set to jolly marching choruses cut up by quasi-sexual moaning. And when the accompanying music took up the song 'Out Come The Freaks', all sense of fairness withered.

Listen, you lot, our poor policemen, who got used to earning a great deal of overtime during the last year, have found they have taken on mortgages they can no longer cope with... some policemen may have to forfeit owning their own homes. Wait till Bob Geldof hears.

The notorious Duvet Brothers' vision of New Order's 'Blue Monday' had one wondering if the ratio of G to T was getting a bit much. This is a wicked-minded *Alice Through The Looking Glass* version of everything socialists tell us is threatening our well-being. Old newsreel clips, the welfare state in its teething years, venerable footage of ex-national figures in top hats and tails – and a couple of seconds focusing on Lady Di as she apparently repeatedly prods a small child in the eye.

Doubtless this is all significant with a capital 'S'. All I know is that it gave me unpleasant dreams the next night.

From the Chapter Video Workshop comes *The Case For Coal*, which comes as an extract from a documentary. As far as I'm concerned, the only case for coal worth paying any attention to is the one the lazy shirkers use to carry away all the coal they steal.

Chapter Video give us the usual palaver about coal's bowing out of our future being a political rather than economic decision. Much is also made of a leaked cabinet

minute which points out that a nuclear policy holds the advantage of freeing large amounts of the electricity supply from the threat of industrial action. Well, of course it does...

To cap it all we have to suffer an overlong performance from The Redskins in concert. Chris Dean has wasted a very fine education. He has turned into little more than a soccer-style hooligan with a foghorn for a voice and an unflattering haircut. 'Keep On Keeping On', indeed. Christopher! Let the masses "keep" themselves. Turn back whilst you still can!

This leftie twaddle has done some good. It has proved that 'Mortgage Aid' could be a resounding success. If we can collect a stylish roster of popular entertainers willing to contribute profits to save the threatened second homes of police officers, we can certainly steal the riff raff's thunder.

Hmm. Wonder if Lulu and Kenny Everett are busy this month...

Old Ma Carroll ●

This valuable vid is available from: DOUBLEVISON, 30 Chatsworth Avenue, New Basford, Nottingham NG7 7EW. £11 in the UK.

## PIRATES OF THE PANASONIKS

Various Artists (Jettisoundz)

THE BEST thing about a Jettisoundz video is the camera work; never has shaky dismemberment looked so much like art.

This tape contains two star turns from Attila The Stockbroker, and in both instances he's losing valuable humanity – most of his scalp in 'Airstrip One', and about three inches off the left side in 'Radio Rap' (which the manufacturers cruelly advertise as the 'complete' version). The Membranes, on the other hand (actually, check that you still have one) get the full free-form expressionist treatment: straight up the nose, back down the bum, and last arriving at a sort of conceptual oasis of bulging leather.

Yes, these are the indie territories, an alternative video world of bloodshot electronic effects, shooting in your sister's flat over the weekend, and Sheffield mothers cautioning their kids not to speak to any member of Cabaret Voltaire lugging a Port-A-Pak ("all we want you to do is slowly jump off that high-rise"). The guest list speaks volumes: here are Suicidal Tendencies, Brian Brain, The Cardiacs, The Neurotics, Hagar The Womb, The Cult Maniax, and the Toy Dolls, among others.

But little stabs at genius are inevitable. It's worth remembering that when the indies excel, they excel in ways unknown to the multinationals. A mainstream video like Pat Benatar's 'Love Is A Battlefield', for example, is constantly lauded for its 'services to women', yet this is nothing next to the Poison Girls' 'Real Woman', in which Vi Subversa takes a blowtorch to her laundry line. The Way Out West portion is a treat, and The Zanti Misfitz simply know how to write good songs. Which is remarkable, since the Jettisoundz cameras only let them keep three knuckles each and a bit off the shoulder.

Dessa Fox ●

# films on TV

## WEDNESDAY JULY 17

**The Inspector General (Henry Koster 1949).** Classic Gogol farce in which Danny Kaye gets mistaken for a friend of Napoleon's. Recently revived at the National Theatre with Rik Mayall in the title role. (C4)

## THURSDAY JULY 18

**The Killers (Don Siegel 1964).**

Originally planned as the first TV movie, Siegel's exercise in sheer amorality features possibly Lee Marvin's best performance, as the ruthless hitman trying to find out why a victim didn't resist. Clu Gulager is almost as nasty as his sidekick, and the pair of them are given a good run for their money by Ronald Reagan in his last (but one?) screen incarnation as a mob boss. Film Of The Week, I'd say,

and a great double header with last Monday's *Point Blank*. Catch 'em both. (BBC1)

**Remembrance (Colin Gregg 1982).** Dour Britmovie about a bunch of young sailors' last night on the town before they go off on a NATO exercise. Little is revealed. (C4)

## FRIDAY JULY 19

**Four Films By Les Blank.** Four early

documentaries by the man who made *Burden Of Dreams*, the film of the making of *Fitzcarraldo*. *Christopher Tree* is a short study of said Tree, who plays a one-man orchestra in a primeval forest; *God Respects Us When We Work, But Loves Us When We Dance* covers the events of the 1967 Easter Sunday Love-In in Los Angeles; *Garlic Is As Good As Ten Mothers* explores "Alternative American Life-Styles"; and *Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe* features just that. (C4)

**Monte Walsh (William A. Fraker 1970).** Lee Marvin again, this time as an out-of-time gunslinger coming to terms with the new west, or not, as the case may be. Pauline Kael describes it thus: "A melancholy hour passes before you discover that there's actually going to be some sort of story, and then all the principal characters die off except Monte (Marvin), who is left a senile derelict, talking to his horse." Sounds like my kinda movie! (BBC1)

## SATURDAY JULY 20

**Brothers In Law (Boulting Bros. 1957).** Legal comedy charting Ian Carmichael's misadventures at the Bar, with sterling support from such as Terry-Thomas, Dickie Attenborough and Raymond-Huntley. (C4)

## SUNDAY JULY 21

**Saloon Bar (Walter Forde 1940).** A rare Ealing comedy-thriller: bookie Gordon Harker and his fellow boozers turn detective in an attempt to clear a convicted man of murder. (C4)

## TUESDAY JULY 23

**True Confession (Wesley Ruggles 1937).** Another Film Of The Week! Compared to the blistering pace of this typical '30s screwball comedy, the leaden latterday vehicles for such as Eddie Murphy are almost in reverse. Carole Lombard stars as a woman who confesses to a crime she didn't commit, and has to be defended by her upright hunkie Fred MacMurray. Buttons at the ready, video patrol! (C4) (That's enough films – Ed.)

Andy Gill ●



Danny Kaye as *The Inspector General* (C4, Wednesday) ●

**WATCH OUT!**  
They've got to clean up the worst crime district in the world.  
But that's no problem.  
They're the worst police force in the Universe.

**POLICE ACADEMY 2** PG  
**THEIR FIRST ASSIGNMENT**

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ART DIRECTOR: MARION LINDSAY, BOB WOOD, JERRY L. COHEN, BOB GAYNES as Cmdr. Lassard Music Composed by ROBERT FOLK  
Executive Producer: JOHN GOLDWYN, Producer: JAMES W. BRIDGES, Screenplay by BARRY BLAUSTEIN & DAVID SHEFFIELD  
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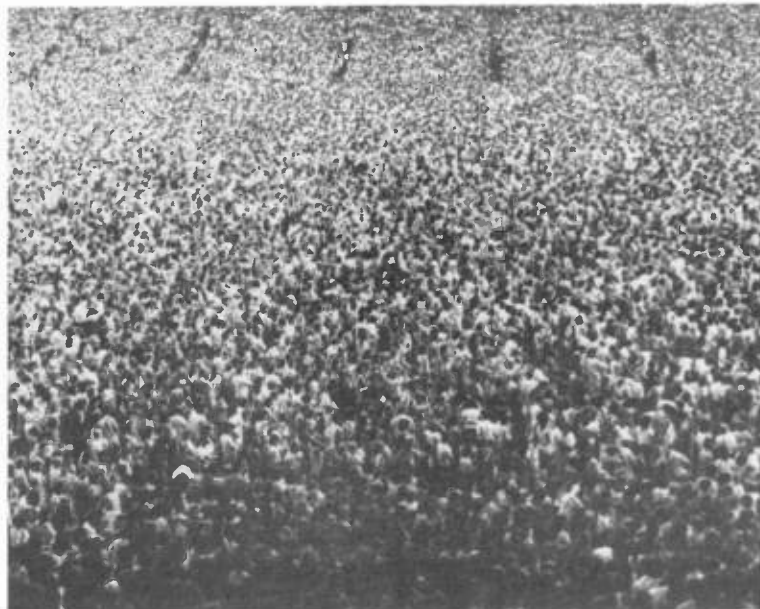
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# STAR WARS ON WANT

**THE MOST** remarkable thing about Live Aid was that it proved to be more spectacular and compelling than anybody had ever imagined, raising over £50 million for African famine relief. Beamed across the world it filled the streets and homes of millions with an unholy mix of commitment, sheer trivia and egotistical pyrotechnics.

A Woodstock for '85, Live Aid, in contrast to a previous generation's blissed out fantasies, was pragmatic and focussed; a massive celebration of Star Wars technology harnessed for a people dying in the shadow of the West's new digital gods.

Asked to stomach the most unsettling juxtaposition of images, pop prancers to slow death in a bleached out desert, it was difficult not to be shocked by the brutal contradictions inherent in such a display — people frolicked in the sun so others might live.

Only a handful of artists really seemed to understand the occasion's full significance. Elvis Costello neatly made the link with The Beatles' first

global broadcast with a moving solo version of 'All You Need Is Love', one of the many Lennon songs scattered through the shows.

Others channelled their feelings into performances that were charged with a self revealing intensity: Bowie, The Who, and an astounding Patti Labelle. A spread of black artists would have made it a real cross cultural phenomenon. It was left to the few to remind us of music's real potential — Hall & Oates jamming with The Temptations underlying what could have been.

Whatever, Live Aid was a classic example of Western charity, a temporary relief for a problem with far ranging implications, it demonstrated beyond doubt that pop music really can do more than entertain.

PAUL DU NOYER sweated it out at Wembley, DON WATSON tuned in to see if television had finally created the global village and GAVIN MARTIN asks what happens when the music's over? Live photography PENNIE SMITH. TV photography LAWRENCE WATSON.



# LIFE AFTER LIVE AID?

## KEEPING POP'S CONSCIENCE IN FOCUS

Can Live Aid really be more than a cosmetic exercise, a massive sop to the conscience of the West, or at best a temporary solution to Third World poverty? GAVIN MARTIN gets to grips with the issues behind the biggest music event ever.

**T**HOUGH IT'S impossible to deride the achievements of Live Aid there were numerous factors in its make-up that made it less than the grand display of cultural, racial and global unity it could have been.

Live Aid relied almost entirely on Anglo American MTV pop music to achieve its aims. In China, Russia and, ironically, Africa they watched as British and American acts combined with the capitalist hard sell. The West was seen to be making all the running and perhaps it was the most expedient way to organise the show and raise maximum funds.

But, in the context of white civilised involvement was it much more than a cosmetic exercise? The music industry is one of the western world's biggest money spinners and even when united for the noble purpose of 13 July it was unable and unwilling to address the furious conflict of interests and ideologies that allowed the African disaster to happen.

"It's not really pop music's job to do this and I have absolutely no illusions as to our effect on that level," said Bob Geldof last week before the show. "The French government alone could stop this with a relatively small amount of money. The politics of aid is a nonsense, all down the line you're fighting political and industrial interests."

President Nixon, 1968: "Let us remember of American aid that it is not to help other nations but ourselves." Nixon's attitude is one that informs the aid programmes of British and American governments today. When they talk of giving aid to an under-developed country they usually mean an under-exploited country.

Ethiopia is just one of roughly 30 African countries ravaged by famine. It's also engaged in a civil war as President Mengistu's Marxist ("fascist" according to a Live Aid publicist) government attempt to quell guerrilla forces. Although British relief increased when the famine came to light it was merely a redirection of funds from the allotted foreign aid budget which, on the whole, was reduced by 3% last year.

Long-term aid is only likely to come if the British and American governments think their industry will benefit and Ethiopia and similarly stricken countries reform their economies along favourably capitalist lines.

**T**he real work for Live Aid begins after the pop wonderland furore of July 13 has died down and the funds are collected. Unlike the money from the Band Aid single, 'Do They Know It's Christmas' which was used for immediate relief, this time the task is to put the money into schemes which will encourage self-sufficiency. Geldof and Live Aid are going it alone, they remain independent from the Disaster Emergency Committee set up by Red Cross, Catholic Relief, Oxfam, Save The Children and Christian Aid.

Geldof: "We have our own co-ordination in Khartoum. By not operating in the country we eliminate overheads and costs that those organizations have. If you see a Band Aid truck it's probably carrying Save The Children supplies. The same with shipping. Because the cost of hiring is so high we get three boats and fill them with supplies from all the other agencies and aid groups."

There are advantages and disadvantages to Live Aid's solo approach. On the one hand their costs are kept to a minimum, but on the other without ground workers in the famine areas they could find it difficult to administer long-term aid plans effectively in the months ahead. Whereas long-standing charities like Oxfam have field workers who work with co-operatives and peasants to target the neediest areas.

It was Live Aid's high media profile that helped to focus attention on the Ethiopian disaster and hopefully the pre features shown during the telecast will have highlighted why it was allowed to occur. The number of world leaders who took part in the broadcast showed the political importance they placed on this epochal pop event.

President Mengistu of Ethiopia asked to appear thanking Band Aid officials arriving with supplies. But contacted in London the week before the concert an Ethiopian government spokesman was reticent to discuss the wider implications and symbolic resonance of Live Aid.

"This is not organised by our government but by Bob Geldof and his friends," he said. "Obviously anything that can help the starving women and children we applaud. But we cannot really comment much on this thing, it is very difficult for us. We have been put in a humiliating position, we have to allow our starving children be seen on TV, it is negative exposure for our country."

He reacted bluntly to reports in *Rolling Stone* that trucks sent for the distribution of food were being used for military and commercial purposes. "That is not true. I feel the Americans are too far removed to know what is really going on."

**W**hat is really going on in Ethiopia remains blurred. There are rumours that local bandits plan to storm ports

where food lies stockpiled, separated from its intended recipients by mountainous, flooded or impossible-to-navigate tracks. Meanwhile boxed lunches from the capital's Hilton hotel are much in demand with journalists going to visit the famine areas.

"Either you want to send lots of food or else you want to feed the starving. In the second case what's happening now is unacceptable," stated a Red Cross official last month.

And Geldof asserts: "There's nothing you'd recognize as a road. The EEC are supposed to be rehabilitating the railways but I don't believe it will happen, they've been saying that for six months. Congestion is the other problem. People must make a leap in their conception. It's not that there's too much food getting there and rotting, even if all that food got through it would be only a fraction of what is required."

**T**ony Murphy, the Conservative spokesman on Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, confirmed that Live Aid hadn't forced an increase or new perspective on the government's aid programme: "Our position is that we've been giving aid to Ethiopia since 1983, long before the media attention of last autumn."

There are many scientific explanations and eye-bulging statistics used to explain away the fact that over 2/3 of the world live below subsistence level while there's more than enough food to go round and technology to make it possible. But none are really satisfactory when you consider that British farmers are paid £395 million a year just to store surplus grain, and the UN's annual aid budget for the whole world is a mere £500 million. Or that the average Gibraltar has 20 times the average income level of an Indian but gets 1,300 times as much assistance from Britain.

"With British dependencies there is

obviously a special responsibility," says Mr Murphy. The concept that a well-paid, well-fed person is somehow a greater responsibility than a starving Indian or African kid is one that I find abhorrent. Obviously the Tory Government is not yet ready to atone for years of Imperialist exploitation.

Live Aid is a step in the right direction — it's not too much to expect from the music industry after the well documented evidence of indulgence, waste and food fights it thrived on in the '70s. But what happens after Wembley/Philadelphia?

Ken Kragen and The USA For Africa crew weren't involved in the event because, says Kragen, "Bob said this will be the culmination of everything but I said I don't want a culmination yet, it's too soon." He envisages taking the campaign into other areas starting with publishing. He hopes it will continue for 10–15 years.

For his part Geldof sounds uncharacteristically weary.

"At the moment we're pinpointing areas we can go into but after that I don't know. I never wanted Band Aid to go on very long, then it would become an institution like ICI or the NME."

It would be a shame if pop music missed its chance to build on the impetus created by Live Aid. There are things that can be done to help alleviate the world's hunger crisis that don't have to involve mass capitalist/celebrity fund-raising.

Pop stars and their fans can lend their support to a parliamentary lobby for aid reform on October 22, led by Oxfam. They'll be arguing for localised food production, reduction of the debt burden and the arms trade, and an equalisation of the unequal trading relations between the West and the Third World — where their exports plummet and our imports flood the market.

Like Band Aid it's another small step, but put together they add up. Pop has shown it can raise funds. Now let's hear it raise its voice.



Geldof pic: Simon Fowler/LFI. Ethiopia pic: Syndication International

"The politics of aid is a nonsense, all down the line you're fighting political and industrial interests" — Bob Geldof.



# A FEAST FOR A FAMINE

REPORT BY PAUL DU NOYER. PICS BY PENNIE SMITH.

**F**OR TEN hours last Saturday, July 13, Wembley Stadium became one vast, electronic begging bowl.

Like any normal rock gig, this one was all about money. The difference lay in where the money would go. It wasn't Woodstock revisited. There was no vague talk of sending out good vibes to heal the cosmos. There was only the cold calculation of financial reality as noughts piled up on the total amount donated to Band Aid's crusade against starvation.

Bob Geldof's Live Aid spectacular was a massive exercise in choreographed compassion. By Christian tradition, charity is a furtive thing. You're not supposed to make a song and dance about it. For the present, for the sake of Ethiopia and Sudan, Band Aid has said to hell with discretion.

At the worst, and it's only a trivial thing, it means you've got some hypocritical bastards in the pop world walking round with dry-cleaned consciences, the season's smartest accessory.

At best, and this is important beyond calculation, the whole affair will stop some people dying. Will save them from slow, vile, unjust and actually unnecessary death.

All together now: Band Aid? Hmmm. Well, you can't knock it, I suppose...

Indeed you couldn't. Not at Wembley last Saturday. The sun shone as a summer sun should — blessing suburban gardens instead of scorching African pastures. And something over 70,000 young British people, in pastel cotton colours, tumbled out of trains to bask in the pleasantness of it all.

You filed through turnstiles, showing a £25 ticket (or £100 for the press enclosure, or £250 for the VIP number). Suddenly, you were inside the huge arena, another pink dot on the aerial photo. There was Tommy Vance onstage, solemnly warning us to put something over our heads. Me, I always do when his show comes on. But this was something to do with preventing sunstroke.

At midday exactly, Charles and Di took their seats in the Royal Box, followed by Bob Geldof. An almighty cheer went up and echoed around, in that strangely Wembley-ish way.

If you were in the press enclosure, you might catch glimpses of real-life pop stars as they took up the aristocrat seats a few yards away. They'd all smile and greet each other like old friends. There was David Bowie, chatting with this and that, leafing through the souvenir programme; all the while, from the public terrace beneath, two Ziggy clones with carrot hair gawped up at him and they never smiled, or blinked. I thought it was spooky.

And Wham! boys were in there, you could see them if you tried. For a while I was sitting next to Brian Tilsley of *Coronation Street*, who was wearing shorts. And just in front was him from *Minder*, but with long pants on, and Rula Lenska and all. You get to see these things, working in show business.

Everything officially began when Status Quo came on to do 'Rockin' All Over The World'. Word spread like wildfire that Prince Charles was tapping his foot.

"If you stand on your seat, you can see the top of his head!" screamed a girl next to me. Yes, Howard Jones was in the same row as us, a quarter of a mile off.

**O**F COURSE, all the acts onstage gave their services free of charge. It cost many of them several thousands of pounds just to be there. None of this is genuinely heroic; the worldwide exposure from doing Live Aid has immense promotional value for a group. Their presence might help the cause, but it does their careers a tidy bit of good into the bargain.

As for Bob Geldof, it's hard to say. He'll now be known for ever as "the man who did Band Aid". He says he'd like to phase out his involvement, get back to music and The Boomtown Rats. But the

signs are that the world would rather see him become the next Pope than leader of a fading Irish punk band.

Geldof has milked human kindness more efficiently than it's ever been milked before. It seems to be what he's best at, but he's earned a rest if anyone has.

Pop should make a habit of this kind of thing, and find ways of making people stay interested. It would be sad if Saturday's Live Aid were the climax to the Band Aid initiative. After a climax it's downhill all the way. It doesn't need to be Geldof all the time, it doesn't need to be the famine belt of Ethiopia. And if it does, then our current humane impulse must be very shallow.

**T**HE AUDIENCE saw fit to greet each act with impartial enthusiasm. It wasn't a day for taking sides. It's Nik Kershaw! Great! Oh look, Dire Straits! Magic! And who's that up there, on the screen? Bryan Adams? Tremendous. Sorry, what's he called again?

You could be Kiki Dee, bounding on to partner Elton John through 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart', or you could be the Princess of Wales, doing superbly well whatever it is exactly that the Princess of Wales is reckoned to do superbly well... the roar of acclaim was roughly equal. Whoever you were, you were all right by this crowd.

But it was a long day — the action was next to non-stop — and many decisions had to be made. Shall I watch Queen or go and queue up for a cheese sandwich? Shall I catch Howard Jones' set or go and queue up for a cheese sandwich? I seem to recall having quite a few cheese sandwiches, one way or another.

Not that you'd want to be *uncharitable* about anyone. (Goodness me, no, the worst thing you can be this week is uncharitable.) I gave the music critic in me a day off: you couldn't evaluate a performer's worth from these short, informal sets. And in the spirit of the occasion, you really wouldn't want to.

Nobody actively spoiled the affair. Some said that Udo Lindenberg, a German rock star beamed across from that country, was naughty and 'political' for mentioning the money that rich nations spend on weapons. But there can be no excuse at all for the sniggering I heard from fellow journalists when the big screen gave us "Norwegian Band Aid". Well, not a very big excuse.

Should Bob have included The Boomtown Rats? They hardly meet the strictly commercial criteria he applied in choosing the bill (ie, if you sell, you're in, regardless of merit, and vice versa). Utter cynics would say the Rats have neither sales *nor* merit in their favour. Bob would perhaps say, fuck you, I'm in charge.

As it turned out, these B. Rats were fine: a 20 minute slot, that takes in their two strongest live numbers, 'I Don't Like Mondays' and 'Rat Trap', presents the band in a favourable light. And Geldof pulled a forceful theatrical stroke during 'Mondays' by pausing the music — stock still and silent — at the line "and the lesson today is how to die..."

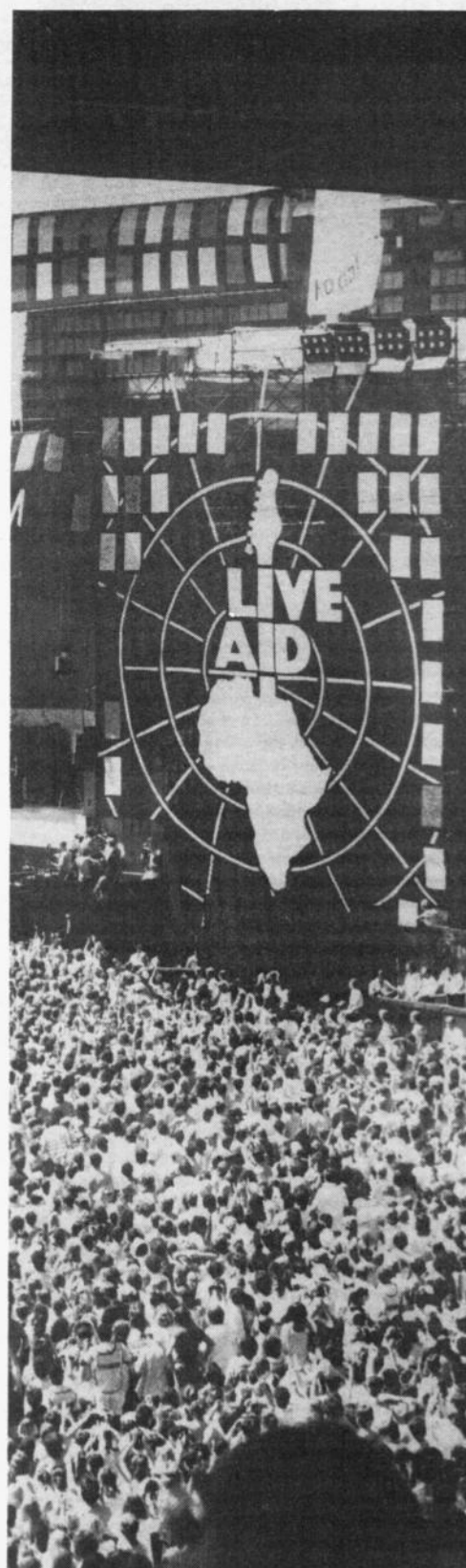
Live Aid, it has to be said — if only in passing — was far from representative of the best in pop, past or present. Even if we're only talking Top Ten records: no Kinks, no Eurythmics, let alone your more NME/John Peel types. But there were moments of certain excellence. I think no music fan on earth could have felt short-changed.

The Style Council, second on at half-past midday, were very good: maybe their bright excitement was only nervous energy, but Weller's was the only voice all day to sing lyrics that risked splitting the comfy 'well, we're all here in a good cause' consensus.

Even Elvis Costello — Fleet Street's Angry Man Of Rock — blessed out by limiting himself to what he called "an old English folk song", 'All You Need Is Love'. That was the song which The Beatles first sang on a previous worldwide TV link-up, 18 years ago. And it was nice, but is love really all you need? I would have expected a more *acute* contribution from Britain's best songwriter.

Sade, Paul Young and Alison Moyet — CBS's blessed trinity — were prime Live Aid material. They're all classy and conservative, musically speaking, with appeal for all marketing categories from 12 to 40. Each has a talent that needs to take care it doesn't get tamed and gutless.

Bryan Ferry's was a welcome return to the British stage, though he opted for newer material over old. Somehow, his dancing seems worse than ever these days, and even more engaging. I'm pleased that he did 'Jealous Guy' — that gorgeous homage to John Lennon, a star whose



broad conception of rock's potential was a direct ancestor of Band Aid — and sources closer to the stage than I was say the old poser looked more relaxed and happy than usual.

David Bowie, for sure, was exhilarated to be part of it all. I've seen him on every UK tour since 1969, but I've never seen him so free of nervous tension. 'TVC15', 'Rebel Rebel', 'Modern Love' and finally 'Heroes' — each was a celebration of closeness, instead of an exercise in distance. Interviewed later, Bowie claimed he'd join any further Live Aid project "like a shot".

And there was U2, fast getting the hang of affairs this massive. They devoted most of their time to recent song 'Bad' ('I'm wide awake!'): Bono supplying the day's most touching moment, literally and metaphorically, by climbing into the crowd and finding someone to dance with. As the band carried on, pumping out the basis of the song, they seemed to be matching the heartbeat of the whole stadium.

The Who, much later on, displayed the same stadium expertise. They were specially re-united for this occasion, but was that last windmill power-chord ('Won't Get Fooled Again') positively the last chord in the band's history? I'll believe it when I don't see it.

Elton John arrived, with his cocked hat, some time around 8.40. Half the crowd had stood on that pitch — in more sunshine than was good for them — since noon. Now the weather started raining on them.

But they roared along to 'I'm Still Standing', as if

its were written about them. Not even the emergence of George Michael (*in a beard*) to sing Elton's 'Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me' could dampen their ardour. At times like this you can understand how Britons showed the Luftwaffe where to get off.

The much-vaunted satellite link with America, specifically the concert at JF Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia, was not a great success so far as Wembley's contingent were concerned. Watching at home on TV, the UK and US ends might have looked similar — but in Wembley itself the on-screen picture was fuzzy, and the sound likewise.

With the exception of The Beach Boys, who jogged through their sunkissed greatest hits at 5.45 British time, no Stateside act made a big impact on the London spectators. It wasn't always easy to realise that those people were waving to *us*, or that what was happening there had something to do with our own here and now.

In fact the twin screens, at either end of the stage, were a bit of a puzzle throughout the day. Famous personalities of BBC TV and radio would suddenly appear, and make noises like British Rail platform announcements — you know, something like Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men — then vanish mysteriously. Followed by inexplicable footage of racing cars, or a pop song coming live from Austria, or an advert for some American multinational.

And, every so often, a flickering image of human tragedy. An Ethiopian baby reduced to a grotesque travesty of its natural form. Some in the crowd would clap, others gave a low groan; most of us just didn't know what the correct mass-response should be, and stayed silent.

Ultravox, Adam Ant, Spandau Ballet, Sting and Phil Collins were among the rest who held up the British end. There were live transmissions from Australia, Japan and elsewhere. The massive American line-up took in such as The Pretenders and Simple Minds, Mick Jagger with Tina Turner, Phil Collins (yes, him again, he got Concorde over there), Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Madonna, Plant and Page, Rod Stewart and Duran Duran.

But Wembley's climax came a few minutes before 10 pm. The now-floodlit ground watched Queen's Mercury and May do a winding-down number, 'Is This The World We Created?'.

Straight after, there was Paul McCartney — who is, in a sense, the pre-eminent figure in British pop history — singing 'Let It Be'. By some wretched bad luck, his voice-mike wasn't working at first: the crowd howled in dismay, eerie to hear at first hand, and he must have wondered what the hell was wrong. But it was sorted out — and a new generation, post-1980 kids — heard a Beatle song from Beatle lips, live, for the first time ever.

But The Beatles themselves, with Julian in place of John, did *not* reform this night. I'm glad. The legend's much better this way. And *The Sun's* front page had been proved wrong — well I never.

What did reform, however, was the entire cast of the Wembley day, with extras like Big Country; the song was of course 'Feed The World'. And Bob Geldof was held up on the shoulders of Paul McCartney and Pete Townshend. And soon fell off again, but that was okay. There were lots of people crying.

It's said there were many millions singing. I can vouch for at least 70,000 of them.

**I**T WASN'T Woodstock. The '80s differ from the '60s in that way; the vision of what's possible is far narrower, but rather more precise. If you want the world to change, you don't "free your head", you cough up some money. Realism over idealism.

Band Aid's success isn't down to idealism. Idealists dream of perfection, of the ultimate improvement. Whereas Band Aid — just as its half-cynical, pessimistic name implies — looks for small victories, making it a little better here and there.

One pound coin from your pocket is meaningless in the face of global famine. Yet the same pitiful pound coin can make a universe of difference to one person facing obliteration. The price of many mouthfuls. The difference between death and life itself.

The '60s encompassed much naivety. But there was also a generosity of spirit though it never accomplished much. The years that followed them were meaner, and looked more inward than out, and counted cost before dreaming dreams.

If the generation of 1985 is starting to look at the wider world again, through thoroughly practical eyes, then the last 15 years have not been entirely useless. Something has been learned along the way. And Band Aid is its biggest proof.



# TRANSMISSION OF MERCY



REPORT BY DON WATSON. PICS BY LAWRENCE WATSON.

**J**UST ABOUT the time that the 70,000 in the centre of the mediarena were filing, as instructed, towards the exits, I was emerging from the local tube station; returning from a dismally attended benefit for sacked miners in Brixton. Clustered around the underpass entrance, a crowd of people were huddled around a portable TV set watching the celebrations and congratulations. Summer's here and the time is right . . . for TV in the street.

In the last few months the power of the cathode ray has brought us those first shocking pictures of the human misery in Ethiopia, the sight of burning stands and flaming fans from Bradford, the images of *Clockwork Orange* Britain overflowing into a Brussels stadium and now Live Aid—McLuhan's Global Village party, the biggest media event of all time. In dramatic terms the first

three atrocity exhibitions were all just part of the build up. Live Aid was the final act—the resolution.

As a media blitz its effect was certainly devastating. Even those most alienated from the stadium mentality were pinned to their seats by the sheer size of the spectacle. I returned home to discover my flatmates, one a member of an experimental pop combo and the other the bearer of an unimpeachable pedigree of hipness, watching Robert Plant and Jimmy Page—“So this is ‘Stairway To Heaven’.”

It blared from every window, it brought TV viewing spilling out onto the streets, it brought over £50 million worth of aid to the starving and all by dangling a few pop-star shaped carrots in front of a few billion people. Some achievement? We'll see, but . . .

On the level of its ultimate achievement Live Aid is irreproachable, as we were constantly reminded throughout the 16-hour broadcast. Are we therefore expected to accept that the end justifies the means? Not to say that there's something wrong when a man of Geldof's means, a man with a daughter called Fifi Trixibelle for

Christ's sake, flings castigations into every threadbare sitting room up and down the country? Or that there's a pall of one-upmanship about the bidding for honours to bestow on him—“Nobel prize!” “Knighthood!” “Sold!”

There was always something self-defensive about the presentation of Live Aid, it seemed to be perpetually anticipating criticism, blacking in advance the name of anyone who should seek to smear in print the pristine halo accorded to Saint Bob.

**M**ICHAEL BUERK, the BBC journalist whose early reports provided the spur for the formation of Band Aid, was the one man granted the right to invective by dint of his prior involvement in the tragedy. The description of Geldof as “self-styled clapped out pop star turned media saint”, would have brought howls of derision and countless accusations of sour grapes had it come from a less accredited source.

He was also the only one allowed to make a swipe at the “justified self-righteousness” (*The Observer*) of the performers themselves. “Pop stars are egotistical,” he pronounced with the fervour of the blasphemous, “they're also rich beyond the dreams of the normal, let alone the desitute—but they are not indifferent.”

This was the key to the event. If Nik Kershaw is to exist is it not best that he should put his dubious talents to some use that is beneficial to humanity. Well yes, but there's still something sick about the juxtaposition of the preening culture of British pop, so concerned as it is with third hand notions of movie-star glamour, with sights of swelling stomachs and wasted bones. It's one step away from an eat-in for Ethiopia.

“It could have been a disaster,” said Mel Smith, making one of the most striking accidental puns of the day, and our sight of the real disaster was limited. There was Buerk's hard-hitting presentation at the very beginning, otherwise our only glimpse of the suffering these faintly nauseous proceedings were supposed to alleviate was the short clip from CBS News. “These pictures speak for themselves,” said David Bowie introducing them. And yet they weren't allowed to—tragic though these pictures were, there was something genuinely pornographic about lading over them the thick syrup of a pop song soundtrack. To the American viewer, idly flipping through the channels, it must have looked like the most sensationalist pop video ever made.

“A great use of television,” they enthused on *Breakfast Time* about the clip. People cried of course, but more because of this use of television than because of the human misery involved. Did they cry

every time the same pictures were shown on the news?

**L**IVE AID was unmistakably more about television than it was about anything else. With two giant video screens flanking a distant stage, most of the attendant thousands were only watching on-site TV. Theoretically it subscribed to one of the great misquotes of history—“The medium is the message”. Just the very fact that the medium (television) was bringing these images into five billion homes was enough to reason that the message was clear. What Marshall McLuhan really said was “the medium is the message”, and this was closer to the truth. What Live Aid did, as well as drum up money from viewers, was provide a relief conscience massage for the pop stars involved.

“You have money give it!” Geldof was heard to demand several times, with the same authority with which he would order people to sing later on. But what of those “rich beyond the wildest dreams of the normal”. Just exactly what were they giving, their time?? “These people aren't playing here for the good of their health,” he continued becoming more and more unbearably petulant. Give this man a *knighthood*?? With behaviour like this it's probably what he deserves.

Meanwhile the BBC themselves who would, under normal circumstances, have had to pay every musician a minimum Musicians Union fee, made a donation of an “undisclosed sum” to the fund. Event that information was reluctantly disclosed.

**W**HEN politics encroached on this mass media message, it was treated with conspicuous unease. The first example was the Austrian contribution, which was infinitely

harder than either ‘We Are The World’ or ‘Do They Know It's Christmas’. “*Famine is a useful method / It keeps the masters in power,*” it proclaimed “*We're giving money so we can feel better,*” it continued. This dampening of the generally celebratory procedure was prematurely foreshortened, however, as the subtitles went mysteriously missing. All that was left was a bunch of singing heads—just like the others.

It may be seen as a sign of optimism that, in a time when the English government doggedly preaches the early Geldof philosophy of ‘Looking After Number One’, the great media event is dedicated to those good old-fashioned Tory wet values of care and compassion. Yet when Germany's Udo suggested that perhaps some of the money drained into nuclear weapons could have been poured into the drought stricken land, the switchboards were apparently jammed with complaints. That's how little the real issues sank in.

“It's the Woodstock of our generation,” gushed one of the hideously nouveau bourgeois Spandau Ballet boys. Could you imagine the heir to the throne “tapping a brogue appreciatively” (*News Of The World*) to The Doors, while his wife sang along with Jim Morrison—and got all the words right. Woodstock was the innocence and ignorance of a runaway generation, Live Aid was corporate pop turned corporate charity—royal patronage and all.

Towards the early morning, images of countless stadia were superimposed, one upon another, each one flaring lights, milling people and flashing screens. Members of Led Zeppelin played ‘Stairway To Heaven’, Eric Clapton played ‘Layla’, Duran Duran played something that wasn't early Roxy Music no matter how hard it tried. It was the triumphant return of the stadium mentality.

I hope the £50 million does some good—but, I didn't like what I saw.





HEY GROOVY CHICKS,  
HOW'S ABOUT A DATE?





O.K., ABOUT 1972

**Wrangler**

THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON.



# THE CURE

## IN BETWEEN DAYS



NEW SINGLE 7" 3 TRACK 12"



# PS

● EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

## CRUDE FOOD

MIDNIGHT OIL

Red Sails In The Sunset (CBS)

ON THE SLEEVE, a parched post-holocaust Sydney stretches into the distance, while a large red fireball creeps with ill intent towards the Opera House. Garish? You bet. Midnight Oil have something to say, and say it loud, with unfashionably flamboyant gestures.

Given the group's commitment, the message isn't always as direct as you'd expect. In the last Australian election, singer Peter Garrett stood as New South Wales candidate for the Nuclear Disarmament Party, polling 330,000 votes, but losing by a hair (no pun intended, but Garrett is also famous for his shiny pate).

The only song here explicitly addressed to the nuclear issue – the lugubrious 'Harrisburg' – is also the weakest, and the album's lyrics generally err on the oblique side, albeit to intriguing effect. They also reflect a genuine engagement with Australian culture and its malaises that's missing in some of their more fashionable, internationally mobile musical compatriots. The punchy 'Kosciusko', named after a mountain in NSW, sketches out conflict between the old land and the prevailing new market forces, the situation treated in *Where The Green Ants Dream*.

Musically, Midnight Oil present a problem. A distant cousin to mid-'70s performers of 'quality' rock (City Boy *et al*), they have an impressive array of styles at their disposal, but seem to think most comfortably in the language of hard rock. Fortunately, the production, an impressively streamlined job by the band and Nick Launay, keeps pop sensibility (and saleability) to the fore. But the mix of shiny new '80s tricks with some dated mannerisms gets bewildering at times – the opening track even sounds like 10CC playing 'Pills And Soap'.

The way the band mix craft and crassness makes them comparable to Mott The Hoople (and Garrett does have a touch of Ian Hunter in his twang). Like Mott, they overplay their hand, stitching 10 interesting fragments together to make one curate's egg of an epic.

But when the continuity holds, and the song is as good as the seven-minute 'Jimmy Sharman's Boxers' – a tale of prizefighters facing a private hell in the back of beyond, with a guitar riff of chilling elegance – then Midnight Oil's highly contrived punch connects with a vengeance.

Jonathan Romney

## UGLY GRUBS

THE SHOCKHEADED PETERS

Not Born Beautiful (EI)

LOOKING FOR a nice, summery LP? One that will make your head run seasonally a-riot? Carefree heterosexual, 'Letraset' couples scampering through the canyons of your mind? Well, pervert, this could be the very piece of vinyl that's missing from your life right now – in an extremely roundabout way, that is.

This is one of the most profoundly punishing records ever released. The agonised confessions and yearnings that appear in the accompanying press release ('I have only ever 'known' one person in the biblical sense' . . . 'I'm a lonely and twisted romantic' . . . 'I'm not gay') should, I think, be taken as being tongue-in-cheek, rather than autobiographical. The side of celibacy that Morrissey never told you about . . .

"My macho's in a state of total disrepair/A single shaft of sunlight and it's shedding teeth and hair."

('The Kissing Of Gods')

The Peters, hicks from The Styx, seek to suck you into their wretched swamp of self-loathing, and the songs' plodding pace and indigestible guitar wailings can be perversely enjoyable, as long as you keep laughing with them.

"This miserable worm the others say/This forlorn and plain cake/Divested of currants/Alone on a table – cut and left."

('Miserable Worm')

Aaaah! Their first single 'I Bloodbrother Be' (not featured here, it's far too happy) is misleading in both 'accessible' musicking and lyrical content – all that prancing through Sodom with boys on their arms!

Ignoring the pun on 'fruitcakes' going begging in 'Miserable Worm', it would be fair to say that these boys are perfectly sane and quite serenely in touch with their misery.

Cath Carroll

SCORPIONS

World Wide Live (Harvest)

AMAZING – ISN'T it? – how Heavy Metal ain't so very heavy. Stuff like Hüsker Dü's 'What's Going On', Prince's 'Bambi', Pere Ubu's 'Non Alignment Pact' and Iggy Pop's 'Dum Dum Boys' alerts one far more forcibly to the joys of supermarket-looting and anal rape than do the likes of Scorpions and their weedy live double-albums.

Heavy is about *backbeat*, and, despite his almost perfect name, Hermann Rarebell does not know what to do with a big bass drum. Elsewhere, Scorpions, given they're German, do a passable impression of Spinal Tap, right from song titles – 'Another Piece Of Meat', 'Rock You Like A Hurricane', 'Bad Boys Running Wild' (hey, lock up your poodles!) – to tigerstriped support hose and matching guitars, to *de rigueur* conversational ice-breakers – "HALLO STUTT GART!" – bellowed at audiences from Fukuoka to Kalamazoo.

As for their music, we're talking third-rate Iron Maiden, cross-eyed old mannerisms cladding numbers deficient of enough clout to distract me but *once* from the washing-up.

Scorpions are as blandly featureless as day-long roadworks; by-numbers stodge for those of the brethren too studded to check out the *real* brain-surgery.

Mat Snow

# DUTCH COURAGE

MATHILDE SANTING  
Water Under The Bridge  
(WEA)

DUTCH SINGER Mathilde Santing has been on the fringes of the European music scene since the start of the decade, quietly cutting a cool and dissonant swathe through that much-abused caste 'the torch song' with a haunting voice that is equal parts Joni Mitchell and Julie London.

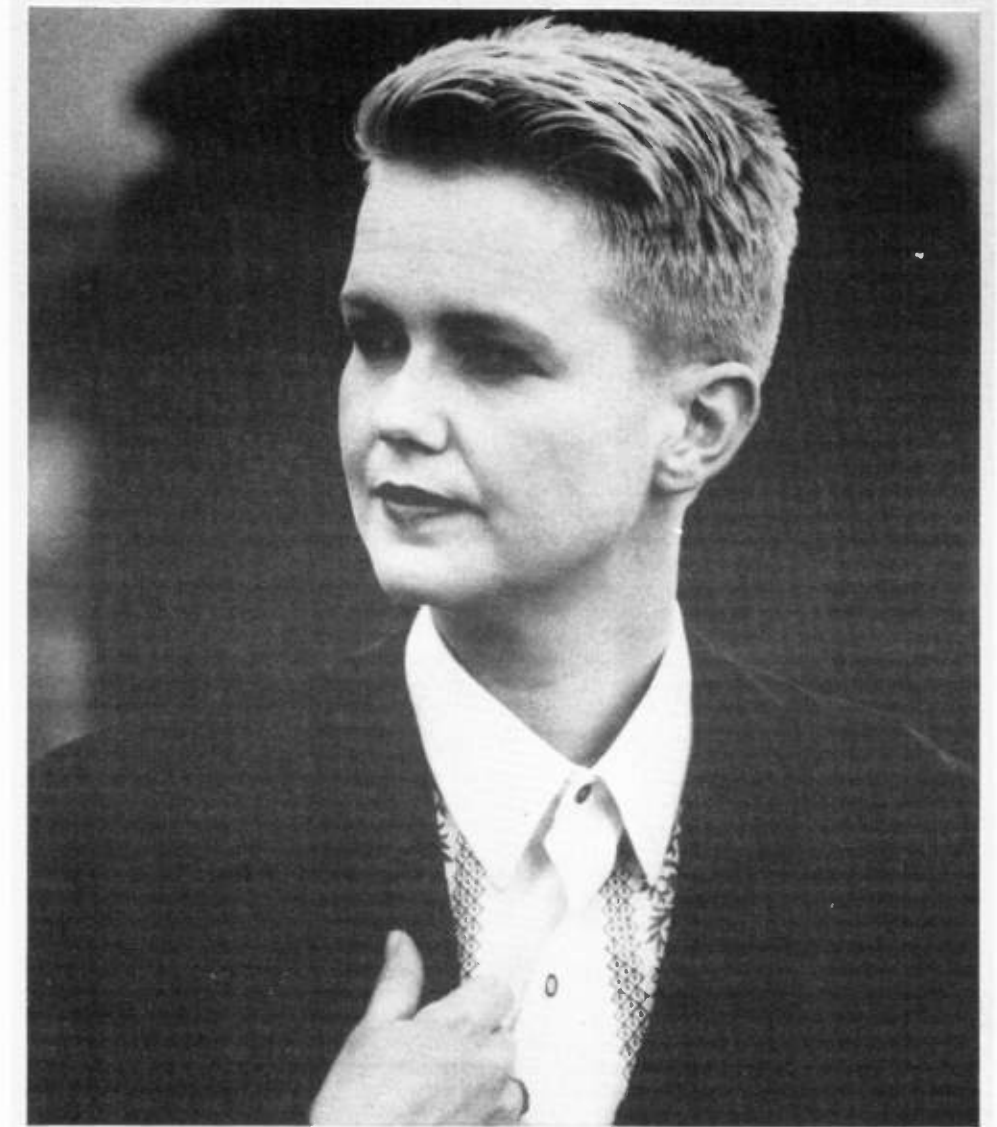
An active member of the Amsterdam feminist movement, her debut LP – a collection of seven stark cover versions from 'I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face' to 'Behind A Painted Smile' – was released to rave reviews on the local independent Idiot label over three years ago.

With the corporate muscle of WEA behind her, that album has now been followed up with a set of originals, most of them written with producer and multi-instrumentalist Dennis Duchhart.

But if her debut was flighty and playful, the mood on 'Water Under The Bridge' – though punctuated by the whimsical setting of two e. e. cummings poems to music – is far more sombre. Santing is not a new talent but one now approaching full maturity, her apprenticeship of performing everywhere from the smokey bars to the classical concert hall helping to hone a voice of startling clarity and assurance.

In love songs that are as sexually-adaptable as those of Morrissey or Pete Shelley, she advocates a spirit of strong, carefree independence, but never forgets that the price of such freedom is sometimes a melancholy sense of loss and regret. As she sings on 'Too Much', "the easy life ain't so easily found."

The simple rhythm box electronic accompaniment of her debut LP has been fleshed out by acoustic jazz and classical instrumentation – a touch of harp and clarinet here, some brushed



"Phew! I thought it was going to be *Two Lips From Amsterdam* again". Mathilde pic Anton Corbijn.

cymbals and piercing alto sax there – that re-iterate how little Santing has to do with any Anglo-American rock tradition. The sensibility on 'Water Under The Bridge' is thoroughly European, even the simple English words and phrases acquiring a newfound power and resonance through the singer's

Dutchanteuse inflections.

If the format is a traditional verse-chorus one, the overall feel is still hauntingly opaque and sometimes almost ambient; Santing's phrasing lined with a touch of disdain that shunts proceedings well away from too much dewy-eyed romanticism. She sums it up on 'I'm Not

Mending) Broken Hearts': "This ain't meant to last for life, so I'll just have you on the side."

If this is to be the age of the torch, Mathilde Santing makes the others pale to insignificance. You should grow accustomed to her voice.

Adrian Thrills

THE STANLEY CLARKE  
BAND

Find Out! (Epic)

FIRST THINGS first: Big Stan's inspired recast of Mr Windscreen's 'Born In The USA' is a masterstroke in every conceivable sense. Obviously(!) it makes commercial sense because Bruce is currently bigger than God, but the juxtaposition of those ringing guitar and piano lines – with the funk back beat and Rayford Griffin's rap – broadens the song out, adding a black groove and a black experience.

In the original, 'Born In The USA' reverberates with the sense of betrayal felt by blue-collar white America when the squeeze came on. In the hands of Clarke & Co., the vessel of the song is filled with a different, more acrid wine: the bitterness and disgust of those who had been squeezed all along.

A performance of astonishing emotional power and an impeccable groove, 'Born In The USA' (Stanley-style) is one of the most pointed performances of the year.

The rest of the album is merely nice: 'Don't Turn The Lights Out' is an anti-nuke ballad in the Imagination vein; 'What If I Should Fall In Love', 'The Sky's The Limit', 'Psychedelic' and the title tune are warm, punchy, up-tempo soul tunes. 'My Life' revisits 'School Days' and the others are pleasantly forgettable instrumentals. But the master of fusion bible has reined in those runaway chops long enough to make the best pop record of his career. His 'Born In The USA' deserves to be heard at least as often as the original.

Charles Shaar Murray



Give 'em enough rope: The Men They Couldn't Hang Pic. Dennis Morris

## BOTH ENDS BURNING!

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG  
Night Of A Thousand Candles (Imp)

WHILST MUCH ink has been spilt trying to justify the trad rock revival as some kind of re-assertion of American folk roots, right here, under our noses, The Men They Couldn't Hang have been rekindling the fires of an older, more pertinent tradition. Blending the evocative imagery of folk music with the fire and skill of post punk pop, they have forged a music that, whilst looking over its shoulder for inspiration, sounds refreshingly contemporary.

Two very different sensibilities inform the songwriting here: the folk tinted visions of Paul Simmonds (responsible for the excellent 'Ironmasters' single) offset by the sturdy blue-eyed pop outlook of guitarist Swill. They are still a group with a dual personality but their unified strength lies in the consistently imaginative approach that is applied to virtually every song.

What 'Ironmasters' shares with the shiny pop of 'A Night To Remember' is a consummate

craftmanship, an attention to detail that is rare indeed. Note the grasp of dynamic and slow chilling build-up that hallmarks the Philip Chevron produced 'The Green Fields Of France', perhaps the definitive reading of a much recorded folk anthem.

The defiant air of 'Ironmasters' is contrasted with the quiet flamenco guitar interlude that introduces 'Hush Little Baby' – '60s pop meshed with a great skanking backbeat and some lilting melodica in the best Augustus Pablo tradition. This adventure continues with the inclusion of tin whistle and uilleann pipes accompaniment on the superb 'Scarlet Ribbons', a haunting comment on the Falklands tragedy which ends the second side.

Elsewhere the energy and punky clout of many of the songs is a testament to the benefits of constant gigging.

All in all, 'Night Of A Thousand Candles' contains a host of superbly delivered treats. You'd be hard pressed to find a more inspired debut than this one.

Sean O'Hagan



# REVOLUTIONARIES AT REST

**SLY AND ROBBIE**  
Reggae Greats: A Dub  
Experience (Island)

**GREGORY ISAACS**  
Reggae Greats: Live (Island)

GREAT DUB music, to this chest cavity, has never been merely contingent on the dopey cataloguing of funny noises and echo. No; great dub music is a legitimate vivisection, cutting through to the dark heart of the reggae corpus and simply letting it pulsate. More than any other musical style, dub is all about empty space and its confinement.

So, with a typical perversity, The Great Rhythm Section is here presented ploughing up some of its finest moments in a pinched, metallic pose of funny noises and echo. In this exceedingly dull exhibition we dwell on the outer flesh of such giant rhythms as 'Fort

Augustus', 'Baltimore' and 'Unmetered Taxi', detaching and relocating slabs of surface, puncturing the circulation with jabbing synthesisers and sucking out life faster than you can say "Sly and Robbie's version of 'Billie Jean' was the rhythm statement of the early 1980s". This is dead boring.

To further compound the misery, Island present another live Gregory album to meter his decline. Admittedly, this album has more going for it than the ghastly Rough Trade release of last autumn – it documents The Cool One's '82 tour, less tainted by ennui than recent efforts, and benefits from Godwin Logie's clear recording and a voice that retains a little of its old heart. But still, this is not exactly essential stuff, despite a pleasantly languid version of Bunny Wailer's 'Sunday Morning'. **Nick Coleman**

## LIGHTNING STRIKES

**EDDIE COCHRAN**  
Portrait Of A Legend (Rockstar)

NO EDDIE Cochran compilation that doesn't include 'Skinny Jim' will ever be an ideal buy for the beginner. And this one doesn't. So there.

But the angle this time is "unreleased stereo versions and alternate takes", so I'd guess that only Cochran completists need apply in any case. It's still a brilliant set: fresh and flash blasts of whirlwind '50s rock'n'roll from a young man – Cochran was killed in 1960 – who ranks with Chuck Berry as a prophet of US Teenage Super-myth (cars, girls, parents, girls, cars, cars and girls).

**Paul Du Noyer**

**KENNY LOGGINS**  
Vox Humana (CBS)

SINCE HE parted company with Jim Messina all those years ago, Kenny Loggins has leaped into a sort of second childhood, making glossy modern pop for another generation. And, like Hall & Oates, he brings a wealth of taste and experience to the job of being 35 going on 18.

Last year's 'Footloose' brought a deft, exciting sheen to a movie which ill deserved it, and 'Vox Humana', in tracks like 'Let There Be Love', 'I'm Gonna Do It Right' and 'Vox Humana' itself, should have little trouble repeating that song's chart success. Roughly divided into one side of slick pop dash and one of blue-eyed soul, the album features the kind of names that have become chart commonplaces over the last few years: David Foster, Micheal Omartian, Greg Phillinganes, David Sanborn, Bunny & Eldra DeBarge, Paulinho Da Costa, Nathan East and The Pointer Sisters. It helps to have heavy friends, I guess. Not an album to be overlooked lightly: with a little luck, it could be a white 'Thriller'.

**Andy Gill**

**VARIOUS**  
Indiscretion In Session... (The Beginning) (Indiscreet)

'IN SESSION' is a cheap introduction to the current Indiscreet roster. "Which ever way you look at it, one if not all of the acts on this album are gonna get through", say the sleeve notes.

Julie Dennis is the one. She possesses a strong, charismatic voice that's reminiscent of Joan Armatrading's. With it she runs through a range of emotions; from the bitter – 'Domestic Situation' (dedicated to the Women's Aid Foundation), to the sweaty – 'Crawlin' The Walls'. The hues and shades in between are explored with every gesture of delight or groan of dismay that her vocals deliver.

The rest of the LP is one big relegation zone. Zoot And The Roots are the sticky gob from between the pages of an old Face. They and Black Michael's Gang spoil some exciting Northern soul ('Cooljerk') and Phillybeat rhythms with lacklustre singing and tinpot orchestrations. 625 Lines serve up some weak, unimaginative electro, while Neale Jackson crosses obvious Duran pop with LA-hippy-dude sentiments – "How did you know I was a Gemini?" Yech.

**Richard North**

**DEEP PURPLE**  
The Anthology (Harvest)

IN THE darkest hours of British rock, Deep Purple were huge. Their noise, and their popularity, was built on an unholy melange of hyperefficient Glover and Paice (phonetically apt name) rhythm, Jon Lord's laughably pseudo-classical organ, Richie Blackmore's swamping, sheetmetal HM guitar and Ian Gillan's balls-snagged parrotshriek of a voice.

Some of their stuff was actually fast and dynamic, decent enough rock by the pitiful standards of the day, but these people went on to provide the core of Whitesnake, Rainbow and Gillan. So while Deep Purple did not kill Old Father Rock, or invent the demon Heavy Metal, they were certainly unforgivably responsible for both those warty old beasts entering the late '70s severely brain-damaged.

You really don't need this record.

**Danny Kelly**

**JEFF LORBER**  
Step by Step (Club Phonogram)

THOROUGHLY naff-looking, supposedly legendary jazz-funk wizard in solidly enjoyable album shock! On his umpteenth solo outing, keyboard maestro Jeff Lorber adopts the Quincy Jones method of using a variety of songwriters and male/female singers. Produced by Mic Murphy and David Frank (The System), 'Step By Step' contains enough good tunes and stylistic variety to disguise its limited ambitions. The two tracks contributed by the producers – the single 'Best Part Of The Night', and the instrumental 'On The Wild Side' – stand head and shoulders above the rest, but anyone who liked the jazzy quirks and crispy-clean sound of Chaka Khan's 'I Feel For You' LP, should 'get off on' 'Step By Step'.

**Simon Witter**



Pic Bleddyn Butcher "I used to get really bad headaches..."

## WHY TAKE US

**MARK STEWART/WILLIAM BURROUGHS/THE CAMBERWELL NOW/MARTYN BATES & PETER BECKER**

Myths Instructions 1 (Sub Rosa)

**VARIOUS**  
Lands End (Touch Tapes)

AS MUSIC increasingly becomes something to fill the supermarket shelf, something defined by an arrangement of dots on a magazine cover, these organisations become all the more valuable. To read between the lines, the intention of both Belgium's Sub Rosa and England's Touch Tapes is to present perverse orchestrations in unsettling combinations.

The Sub Rosa collection features four pieces, by Mark Stewart, William Burroughs, The Camberwell Now and Martin Bates/Peter Becker, and forms the first part of a seven-part series "4 Myths LPs and 3 Intermyths maxis". The intention is to examine by intention the persistence of ancient myths and the perpetuation of modern equivalents. In other words it's music for Barthes time.

Sounds all too serious, perhaps? If you're suspicious of those with aims other than simply making money you may recoil, but be assured their methods can be fun.

Mark Stewart and The Mafia's contribution is the usual (i.e. exhilarating, exciting etc.) sonic wrecking squad treatment from Adrian Sherwood, featuring tape cut-ins and the odd hysterical pronouncement from Stewart himself (particularly notable is the coda of "Bastards, bastards, bastards"). Of course, this collage of conspiracy doesn't actually tell us anything, but it is more humorously angled than current single 'Hypnotised' and that

sound is inspired in a way The Redskins could never understand.

Mark Stewart could return to truly great things if he learned one lesson from old Bill Burroughs – the compelling part of conspiracy is mystery. Over a minimal electronic backing the world's greatest cynical old bugger enumerates in parched and pointed tones The Five Steps (back to Eden presumably). Again he says nothing, but like David Bowie says of television in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, he appears to tell you everything. Forget Max Headroom – take a listen to the original.

The second side deals with more abstract forms, as outlined by The Camberwell Now (including Charles Hayward, previously of This Heat) and Martin Bates/Peter Becker. Bobbing up and down in the ebb and flow of the former's piece are a church service, a radio broadcast and a series of disturbing mechanistic meshings. The latter sounds like an out-take from the hallucination sequence from Roeg's *Performance*.

The juxtaposition of different forms is of equal importance on the Touch compilation, which combines contributions from musicians on the outer edges of the conventional, with pieces from more diverse sources. So the strange and imaginative Sudden Sway, Eric Random's Suns Of Arqua and New York experimentalist Elliott Sharp share tape space with Gilbert and George, the sounds of the hot potato vendor in Yoyogi, Tokyo, a snake charmer from Pushka, Rajasthan, and a piece of moral panic from a mass media Christianity broadcast.

What you make of the sounds, their implications and the ideologies from which they spring is entirely up to you. Both these collections require more than passive consumption. Too serious? – I think not.

**Don Watson**

## A BAR, A BUD, A GUITAR

**CHARLES SHARR MURRAY taps the musical vein of America, the bar band . . .**

IN BRITAIN we have pubs: in the USA they have bars. This is why we have pub-rock and they have bar bands. According to myth – and even fact, sometime – in neighbourhood bars all over the USA, packs of good-natured rowdies hammer out the root forms that contribute to the uncorrupted American rock tradition for the benefit of drinkers and passers-by, creating sour-mash blends of r'n'b, rockabilly, cajun, Tex-Mex, jump blues, Stax, Motown, country and all that other good stuff that got swallowed up in the progressive rock boom of the late '60s and the '70s.

Bar bands tend to be long on feel and short on imagination, solid soulful players dedicated to roots and culture, and later for the innovation. In some cases, this approach is strong, satisfying and deeply felt; in others, it is merely the regurgitation of clichés. You pays yer money . . .

Some of these bands, like The Blasters, Los Lobos, The Fabulous Thunderbirds and Stevie Ray Vaughan's trio, have made the jump from local bars to concert halls and stadia around the country and abroad. Vaughan, for example, is a very big star in Japan and Australia as well as in the US, and George Thorogood And The Destroyers made this particular

transition a couple of years ago when they switched from Rounder to EMI America with 'Bad To The Bone'. The new one, 'Maverick', displays a canny sense of song choice – the title tune, which is of course a venerable TV Western theme, two Chuckleberries, a John Lee Hooker, a Carl Perkins and a Johnny Otis – but the clean, witty, galvanic approach premised on the Rounder albums seems to have dissolved into sludgy distortion. This would unfortunately seem to imply that the requirements of the big time have thickened and coarsened his lean, taut music past the point of diminishing returns. The Delaware slide wizard has gone from being the master of his pet clichés to being their slave.

The Boston-based jump big band Roomful Of Blues are in almost complete control of their chosen raw materials, switching effortlessly from swingtime jive to seriously funky urban blues. 'Dressed Up To Get Messed Up' (Demon) plays to their considerable strengths: a gang of blasting, screaming, flagwaving brass players working out on wickedly arranged horn charts with exemplary piano and guitar and a punchy, bouncing rhythm section providing the underpinning and calling the



George Thorogood – roundergain. Pic Denis O'Reagan.





... until I discovered rock-climbing with the Goths!" Pic Stoddart

# SERIOUSLY?

## GENE LOVES JEZEBEL Immigrant (Situation 2)

POUT, POUT, let it all out . . . "We're Southern boys with Western smiles . . . Our bones are thin and our lips are shrouded in mystery". Oof! The last thing you'd expect from these delicate beauties is heads-to-the-grindstone rock and roll, but damn me if it isn't right there on the first track 'Always A Flame', disproving the commonly-held belief that only beefy great lads with crop cuts like to sound like U2.

But it shouldn't be too surprising — there's a long tradition, dating from the early '70s, of high-cheekboned dark-eyed divas swathed in splash-on mystique ("I always use . . . Aloof") nevertheless deigning to get good honest turgid rock under their manicures. 'Cow' even sounds like one of those shiny new American jobs that are coming on the market, I'll swear they've been listening to REM

or something.

Generally, it's lumpy proficient stuff with widescreen production by John Leckie, with Michael Aston's whiny vocals predominating, like a South Kentucky John Lydon, always mannered but never grating enough to be really interesting.

So there's 'Stephen', drifting along with languorous charm, when a whacking great rock guitar puts its nose in. There's some fetching strumalong prettiness going nowhere, and a track like 'The Rhino Plasty' (after the celebrated Kenyan bar snack) is just longing to fall apart at the seams and into some fulfilling disorder, but that pedestrian big beat tightens the reins, and stifles the few interesting ideas in evidence here. Boys, my advice is, put down that Mick Ronson album and get a decent meal inside you, you'll be fine.

Jonathan Romney

## THE YARDBIRDS Little Games (Fame)

IN 1967, The Yardbirds were on the way down. Having lost both their unpredictable guitar whizkid Jeff Beck and their bassist/producer/musical director Paul Samwell-Smith, they replaced both men with Jimmy Page and fell into the hands of Mickie Most, who cranked out the tracks in his familiar sausage-machine style.

This album, a U.S.-only release finally available here and padded out with a few stray singles, is a peculiar mixture of psychedelic bubblegum, folksy whimsy, a few flashes of the patented Yardbirds blues surrealism and a sneak preview of some of Page's soon-to-be-unveiled Zeppelinisms. For '60s obsessives, Yardbirds completists and Jimmy Page fans only.

Charles Shaar Murray

# SOD OFF, '67 IN '85!!

## THE RAIN PARADE Beyond The Sunset (Zippo)

ALL ACROSS the nation there's a strange vibration . . . on both sides of the big pond from The

Sisters' stagnation to Prince's paisley poncing there's a whole new generation ready and willing to get fooled again, lining up for the psychedelic grinder. It's not just that groups

are using the music as a sounding board, but they're willfully embracing its ethics and kiddie mystic logic; basically an abnegation of morale and responsibility.

The Rain Parade, another of those American bands and, hey, we never promised a rose garden, are one of many outfits gazing starry-eyed and open-mouthed into the big abyss. To be fair, they have a single out called 'You Are My Friend' which is a rather good pop melody trapped in their constrictive format. But this, their first release through Island (a deal that company may soon find they have to pay for highly, not just once, but twice) is a long, turgid drone heavily laden with fuzz guitar and a singer who whines like someone whose mummy has forbidden him from burning joss sticks in his bedroom.

The advert for this LP not only claimed it was recorded live in Japan (though the space between the tracks bears no sign of Nip fever) but came complete with many silly quotes. The lyrics suffer from the same posey precociousness, it often sounds like they're trying to be as weirdly significant as Arthur Lee of Love, but Lee was a maverick who defies imitation, certainly when it's along the lines of "Call me early on Saturday it's my favourite day / I'll come out to play" or "You can't see what I see with my eyes closed".

The Rain Parade totally immerse themselves in the era they draw on, they spew out a drowsy opiate haze and borrow melodies and chord progressions shamelessly. The Beatles' 'Norwegian Wood', the crescendo from The Doors' 'The End' and Love's 'Between Clarke And Hilldale' are just some of the tunes pilfered. I could forgive all this if it was

# 'N A RECORD DEAL . . .

shots. The band's only let-down is tenorist/vocalist Greg Piccolo's voice: his singing is decidedly *rock ordinaire* and as such comes off worse against Roomful Of Blues' impeccable backdrops than he would in a common-or-garden rock band. Things get a wee bit funkier when Fab Thuns singer Kim Wilson and acapella heroes 14 Karat Soul stroll on for cameos, and ROB have an enviable reputation for live excellence. If Piccolo had an ounce more oomph, the world would be their Budweiser.

Meanwhile, over in St Louis MO, a gentleman by the name of **Rocket Kirchner** is packin' 'em in. 'Stalking Saloons' (Splinter) is Rocket's stab at immortality, and it reveals a quirky fellow with an insatiable appetite for paying musical tributes to his heroes. Shemp of the Three Stooges (naggy-pants comic rather than Iggy variety), celebrated guitar twisto Jeff Beck and songwriter Jimmy Buffett all get theirs (the latter in the Afro-Carib inflected 'Ice Cold Beer', replete with deft Congolese style guitar) but Kirchner is well over-cutesy and his long slow blues is almost frighteningly tedious.

If he came from Austin, tho' . . . one of my contacts in bar-band heaven tells me that **Omar And The Howlers** are considered the dullest band in town, but 'I Told You So' (Austin) is deft and funky,

replete with neat, tight, sardonic songs, notably the wild-eyed interstellar epic 'Rocket To Nowhere' and the Bo Diddley salaam 'Magic Man'. Omar plays a savage, understated Wilko-ish guitar and does a better-than-average Howlin' Wolf impression, and when he finally slows down the tempo and cranks up the Strat for a little blues, he manages five minutes of licks that count.

Mind you, how could anyone stand up to the manic assault of **Four Big Guitars From Texas?** 'Trash Twang And Thunder' (Demon) brings together four local pickers backed up by the original Fabulous Thunderbirds rhythm section of Mike Buck (drums) and Keith Ferguson (bass). Denny Freeman, Frankie Camaro, Evan Johns and Don Leady are all from ace local bands like the Tailgators, The Leroi Brothers and Moto-X and this collision is pure Paradise Garage, the most aptly-titled album for quite some time. If pre-metal guitar madness holds any appeal whatsoever for you, repeat after me: "Four Big Guitars From Texas, please". Now say it to the nice person at your nearest slightly off-beat record shop.

Of course, the entire trash twang and thunder genre can be traced back to one man: **Lonnie Mack**. His early '60s instrumental hits with 'Wham!' and 'Memphis'

were massively influential, and his '64 album 'The Wham Of That Memphis Man' was the first album Stevie Ray Vaughan ever bought. Now, just as Edsel reissues that epoch-making recording, Mack returns to the fray with 'Strike Like Lightnin' (Alligator/Sonet) recorded in Austin and produced by . . . Stevie Ray Vaughan! Fancy that!

As you might expect, the hits are the standouts on 'The Wham Of That Memphis Man'. Mack always claimed that his favourite singers were George Jones and Bobby Blue Bland, but he sounds a lot more like the former on most of the vocal tracks here. However, it's the instrumental side of things that counts: 'Wham!' is a heartfelt tribute to Andrew and George, set to a wallop beat, a murderer of a riff and some neat Bo Diddley-style vibrato guitar. He recuts the tune on the new album, speeding it up a taste and swapping musical badinage with Vaughan for the retitled 'Double Whammy', recasts his instrumental 'Memphis' as the edgy, pointed vocal 'Long Way From Memphis', and sings and plays with a resilient charm that indicates that he hasn't stood still once since his glory days two decades ago. Kinda heart-warming, ain't it?

Hey . . . see what the boys in the backroom are drinking, will ya?

# WANTED: CHANGE

## THE CHAMELEONS What Does Anything Mean? Basically (Statik)

AS WE are all aware, there have been momentous pop-times (at least two) when Liverpool has been all the rage. It happened last time when Julian Cope grew his hair, Ian McCulloch grew his ego, and Pete Dinklage grew boring. Inevitably, there were imitators and equals, songs and songsmiths who fell by the way.

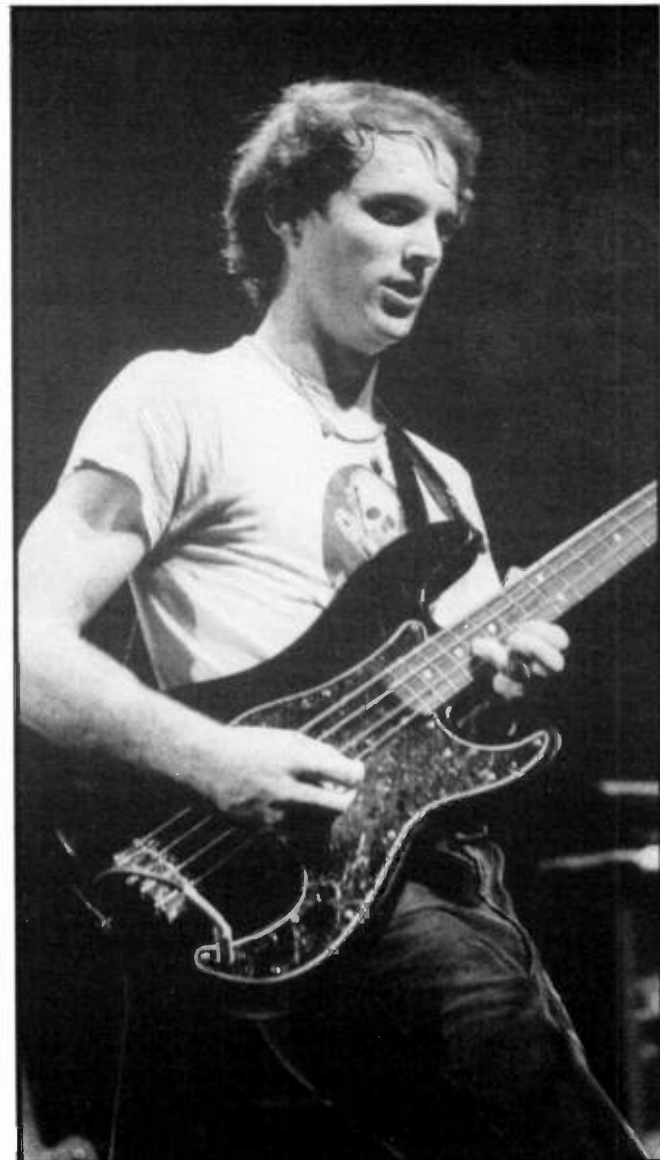
Witness, for instance, The Chameleons. Whilst all the most creative Liverpool groups, in retrospect, appeared to have been producing for the future, The Chameleons at best were always struggling to keep up with the present. Even four years on, their greatness of perfection is still trapped inside a 1980 echo unit.

'What Does Anything Mean? . . . ' doesn't provide any answers, but like its title it provokes many questions. Why, if The Chameleons are so talented, do they waste their time (and ultimately ours) writing drivel like 'Intrigue In Tangiers', a dull, drifting song whose very title places it in the

period circa '82? Why doesn't the group concentrate on its more original ideas like those expounded in 'Return Of The Roughnecks', with its delightfully fast, whirring tempo, and its polished lyrics suggesting that we live "Up and down / These days are up and down / They call it elevated living!"? And, finally, who, apart from the misguided and the insane, writes a song called 'Singing Rule Britannia', and then delivers it in a fashion that is a sort of synthesised Redskins meets The Wild Swans?

There are admirable tracks on this album but they're really no excuse for what is essentially a non-product. The Chameleons are symptomatic of that genre of groups who are talented but not quite talented enough. They are the type of band that keeps the business mediocre. They have the right name, the right elements of a sound — even the covers on their records are charming. But at the end of the day, most of what they produce leaves you wondering: what does it all mean? Basically.

Neil Taylor



A Rain Parader . . . the 'drowsy opiate haze' reigns on. Pic Kenji Kubo

used to further their own worldview, but The Rain Parade don't have much idea what they want to say or where they're headed.

Far be it from be from to prejudice their socio-economic standing, but this sounds like

spoilt American kids sated by the West Coast climate, their head just as far down in the sand as the stadium rockers they long to, let's face it, replace. If I had to choose between the two, I guess I'd rather be in Cleveland.

Gavin Martin





## GOING UMN

schedule is currently being finalised, with details expected very shortly.

Prior to this, they visit Japan at the beginning of August, then go on to the US for 12 weeks — where they'll be headlining some concerts, and guesting with Power Station and Tina Turner on others.

They have a new single released by Chrysalis next Monday (22) titled 'Goodbye Girl', again written by Peter Cox and Richard Drummie, and taken from their hit LP. The B-side is a previously unissued song called 'Dreamworld', specially recorded for this single. And the bonus on the 12-inch format is another album track, which has been remixed and is now titled 'S.O.S. (The Perpendicular Mix)'.

**MISTY IN ROOTS**, Dennis Bovell & The Dub Band and Segun Adewali & His Superstars International are among acts taking part in an Afro, Reggae & Dance Festival at Norwich Earlham Park on Saturday, 17 August. Also involved are Hi-Life International, Fan Fan & Somo Somo and The Liberators.

**THE BOOTHILL FOOT-TAPPERS** are appearing in a Peace Fair at Oxford Botley Road Recreation Ground on Sunday, 4 August, organised by the city council as part replacement for the ill-fated Peace Festival which was cancelled. Among various other confirmed acts are Attila The Stockbroker and The Neurotics.

**THE WOODENTOPS** are playing a special benefit show next Tuesday (23) at London Harlesden Mean Fiddler, on behalf of the Anti-Heroine Campaign. It will also give them the opportunity of introducing their new drummer Benny Staples.

**BUDDY CURTESS & The Grasshoppers**, currently doing the rounds with their "Rock The Nation" tour, have added extra London dates at Camden Electric Ballroom (3 August), Marquee Club (4), Brixton Fringe (9 August and 28 September) and Islington Pied Bull (10 August) — plus a show at Hastings Crypt on 27 July.

**LARRY MILLER** have confirmed their first August gigs at Hereford Market Tavern (2), Wokingham Angie's (3), London Marquee (9), Oxford Pennyfarthing (10), Guildford The Royal (29) and Gravesend Red Lion (31), with more being finalised.

**DANSE SOCIETY** are playing two nights at London Marquee Club on 5 and 6 August, to showcase their newly released Arista single 'Say It Again' / 'Fade Away' (She's In My Dreams). There'll be a special edition 12" club mix of the single issued on 26 July, containing the extra track 'Sensimilla'.

## LIVE ROUND-UP



**DEAN FRIEDMAN** stars in concert at London Duke Of York's Theatre on Sunday, 11 August. The US singer-composer guested on Dr Hook's recent farewell tour, but this will be his first headliner in the capital since 1983. Also on the bill are Mazel & Tov, featuring Rabbi Cliff Cohen and his pianist Jane Ward. Tickets are £7.50, £6 and £5.

**SHRIEKBACK** are playing two more London dates at the end of this month, before flying to America for a lengthy tour, so these will be their last UK gigs until the end of the year. They are at Bond St. Embassy Club (25 July) and Wardour St. Wag Club (31).

**LLOYD-LANGTON GROUP**, the outfit fronted by Hawkwind guitarist Huw Lloyd-Langton, play a benefit for Ethiopia at Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre on Sunday, 28 July. Support acts are The Snatch and The Other Side, and all tickets are £2.50.

**KING KURT** and The JoBoxers co-headline a charity show for Pete Townshend's Double-O anti-heroine campaign at London Brixton The Fringe (formerly the Ace Cinema) on Friday, 26 July. The Shrew Kings are the support act, and tickets are £3 (fan club members £2.50).

**THE BLASTERS**, the Californian group who've been touring Europe to promote their Slash/London album 'Hard Line', have slotted in two last-minute London gigs before returning home — at Putney Half Moon (this Wednesday) and Camden Dingwalls (Thursday). Guesting with them is New Orleans tenor-sax star Lee Allen.

**INCANTATION**, Boys Of The Lough and Pyewackett appear in this year's Kendal Folk Festival at the town's Brewery Arts Centre over the Bank Holiday weekend, 23–25 August. Among many other acts set are Martin Simpson, June Tabor, Bernard Wiggley, Steve Turner and Bram Taylor.

**THE ICICLE WORKS** have added further dates to their UK tour, announced last week. They play an acoustic set at Liverpool Beattie City (this Sunday), followed by Sunderland Seaburn Showground Big Top (30 July), Manchester International (3 August) and Southampton Riverside Club (10).

**THE COOL NOTES** return from a Dutch tour to headline at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, 18 August. They'll also be promoting their latest chart-climber 'In Your Car' at Buckingham University (23 August) and Windsor Blazers (24 and 25), with more dates being set.

## BIG DOSE OF VITAMIN Z

**VITAMIN Z**, who guested on Tears For Fears' last UK and European tour, are now setting out on their own headlining tour. They visit London Marquee (25 July), Croydon Underground (27), Newcastle Riverside Centre (1 August), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie (2), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (3), Dundee Dance Factory (4), Nottingham Rock City (8), Manchester Hacienda Club (10), Sheffield Leadmill (13), Chippenham Goldiggers (15), Bath Moles (16) and Brighton Savannah Club (17). To coincide, the band have a new single released by Phonogram's Mercury label on 26 July, 'Every Time That I See You' / 'Heal The Pain' — with an extra track titled 'Circus ring (Military Mix)' as an extra track on the 12-inch format.

## NICO'S LONDON SPECIAL

**NICO** plays a major London concert at Chelsea Town Hall on Friday, 9 August, as part of the Chelsea Music Festival. It's the first time this venue has staged a concert for many years, and it's the follow-up to her recent one-off show at Ronnie Scott's Club.

As well as established material, she's be featuring tracks from her brand new album 'Camera Obscura', released this weekend by Beggars Banquet. Tickets are £5 and £4, available from the Stephen Bartley Gallery or The Black Lion (both in Old Church St., Kings Road, Chelsea).



## After this year's bonanza . . .

### THE BIG ONES FOR 1986

● **BOB DYLAN** will not be visiting the UK or any Continental countries this year, despite having just released his first recorded work in over 18 months. But our New York correspondent reports that he is planning to do the European rounds again in 1986, playing three or four major concerts in each of several different countries.

● **THE ROLLING STONES** are still planning to hit the road again towards the end of this year, though the project is in its embryo stage. They will have their new album out shortly, and — if the idea materialises — they would commence their travels in the States, arriving in the UK in spring or early summer 1986.

● **STEVIE WONDER** is quoted in a US magazine as saying that he will be performing in Britain and Europe next year, and he has apparently already alerted his UK promoter to this fact. But as his penchant for changing his mind is unparalleled in the music business, nothing should be taken for granted.

● **DAVID BOWIE** is keen to return to the concert platform and wants to undertake a world tour as soon as possible, according to his London representative. This year would now appear to be out of the question, so it looks like 1986 — providing, of course, that the whole plan is not sidelined by some juicy film part which may be offered to him.

● **THE BEACH BOYS** announced at the beginning of the year that they would be touring Europe (including the UK) in 1985, but this now seems to have gone by the board. A report from Los Angeles suggests they have delayed their tour until next year, due to US commitments.

● **LIONEL RICHIE**'s on-off UK visit, which has been mooted at least four times in the last 18 months, now appears to be off for the remainder of this year. The word is that he won't now be coming until his new album is released and well established in the charts, which seems to indicate some time in the New Year.

## REST OF THE NEWS

**THE BLUEBERRY HELLBELLIES** reckon they've increased their artistic credibility by being booked for a four-night season at the Edinburgh Festival (11–14). Other dates for the group are Fetcham Riverside Club (this Saturday), London Greenwich Tunnel Club (25 July), Reading Paradise Club (26), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (27), Brighton The Richmond (1 August), Southampton Riverside Club (2), Leicester Phoenix Theatre (3), Newcastle Riverside Centre (10), Stirling Rainbow Rock (15), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (16), Croydon The Underground (22), London Camden Dingwalls (29) and Dudley J.B.'s (31). They're promoting their current album 'Flabbergasted' on Uplight Records.

**THE FRANK CHICKENS**, just back from a six-week tour of their native Japan, have been booked for a two-week season (9–21 August) at Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre during the city's annual International Festival. And there are further new dates for the group at Basildon Gloucester Park Festival for Peace (4 August), Glasgow Third Eye Theatre (8), Oxford Pegasus Theatre (13 September), Manchester Festival at the Town Hall (19) and London Greenwich Theatre (21). They'll have a new single out next month, details to follow.

**NICK CAVE & The Bad Seeds** — who have now reverted to the original line-up of Mick Harvey (guitar and keyboards), Blixa Bargeld (guitar), Barry Adamson (bass) and Thomas Wylder (drums) — will have The Moodists as their special guests in their one-off at London Camden Electric Ballroom on 25 July, announced last week. Support are The Folk Devils, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office, priced £4.

**MAXI PRIEST**, last seen in action at the Reggae Sunsplash in late June, is playing four dates to coincide with the release of his new single — at Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (this Thursday), Dunstable Queensway Hall (Sunday), Brighton Savannah Club (25 July) and Bournemouth Town Hall (27). The single is 'Dancing Mood', an extended remix of a track from his current debut album 'You're Safe', with 'Strollin' On' as the B-side — it's issued in 12" form this week by 10 Records, with an extra instrumental version of the A-side, and the 7" follows on 29 July.

**WHITE CHINA**, the five-piece Scottish band who've supported Big Country on two UK tours, have dates at Stirling Rainbow Rocks (this Thursday), London Marquee (23 July), Leeds Warehouse (24), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (25), Edinburgh Wilkie House (26), Inverness Pharaoh's (27), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (7 August), Manchester The Venue (8), Southampton Riverside club (9) and Newcastle Riverside Centre (15).

# TOUR NEWS

## JUMBO BILL FOR ELEPHANT FAYRE

**THE ELEPHANT FAYRE** in Cornwall has now completed the line-up for this year's event, which again takes place in the grounds of Lord Eliot's stately home at Port Eliot in St. Germans over the weekend of 26–28 July.

The evening shows on the main stage will feature Black Roots, Howard Hughes & T.W.A. and Strap On Jack (Friday); Killing Joke, New Model Army, Artistic Control, Henderson & The Rain Kings and Poetic Justice (Saturday); and The Chevalier Brothers, Juice On The Loose, Rent Party and African high life band Charlie Asaah Papa & Graffi Jazz (Sunday).

Cabaret in the big-top includes Georgie Fame, Ra Ra Zoo, The Popticians, Grand Theatre Of Lemmings, Nickelodeon, Performance Surfing, The Brighton Bottle Orchestra, Earl Okin, Sensible Footwear, Steve Edgar, Zambula and The Barneys, among others.

There are performances in the theatre by Pookiesnackburger, The Kosh Dance Co, Jake Thackray, Danielle & The Barneys, Phoenix Dance Co, Dr. Foster's and Kinetic Theatre.

A day-time reggae festival in The Quarry features Restriction, Talisman, Cool Runnings, Adrinkra Dance Co, Albion Steppers and Style & Fashion — and it moves into the Dub Tent at night. There's also a Turkish Delight Night Club — and among speakers in the debates is Xaviera Hollander, better known as "The Happy Hooker"! Also late-night films and a children's area.

Weekend tickets are £15, including camping, and accompanied children are admitted free. But it's quite possible that none will be available on the gates, so it's advisable to book in advance — ring 0503 3086 for details.

● New Model Army play a warm-up date at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall on 26 July.

## PARALLEL EXPERIENCES

### THE STORY SO FAR . . .

The original Sid Presley Experience parted company with Kevin Murphy and Del Bartle who, according to founder members Peter and Chris Coyne, were sacked because they persistently failed to turn up when they were needed. The Coynes have now brought in newcomers Mike Gibson and Kris Dollimore (guitars) and George Mazur (drums), and they announced two weeks ago that the plans of the two ex-members to form a group called The New Sid Presley Experience "are being dealt with by our lawyers".

### NOW READ ON . . .

Murphy and Bartle, together with one-time group member Tim Arrowsmith (bass), announce that The New Sid Presley Experience are setting out on a series of debut dates. So far set are London gigs at Greenwich Tunnel Club (this Saturday), Nottingham Lyrics Club (23 July), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (10 August) and Kennington The Cricketers (12), plus Brighton Escape (13). They say more dates will be confirmed next week, and they add that "anyone else using the name The New Sid Presley Experience is in breach of copyright and legal action is being taken". They have an EP coming out next month called 'The New Sid Presley Experience — Rise To The Occasion'.



## LEAVING THE ROOM

**THE ROOM**, who've built up a substantial follow-in and around their native Liverpool over the past six years, have decided to disband. They recorded for Red Flame Records, and released three albums and a string of singles, several of them enjoying indie chart success — but, in their own words, "our brand of intense music and poignant lyrics never managed to break through to a wider audience leading to inevitable frustrations within the band". Now lead singer and lyricist Dave Jackson and bassist Becky Stringer are busy putting together a new band, details of which will be announced shortly.

● **GETTING THE FEAR** have also broken up, but members Buzz and Aky are already working on forming a new group. They've recruited bassist Eddie Temple Morris, and are now looking for a singer. They invite "brilliant" vocalists to contact 0274 618306.

**THE TRIFFIDS** are back in Britain to start work on their first UK-recorded album and, while they're here, they'll be playing a number of dates — the first confirmed are London-area gigs at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (this Saturday), Croydon Underground (25 July) and Herne Hill Half Moon (27). They'll have a new single out on 7 August, a re-vamp of the William Bell classic 'You Don't Miss Your Water' coupled with the new song 'Convent Walls', and it's on Hot Records, via Rough Trade.

**ROBERT FRIPP** will be performing short pieces and talking at three independent Cartel shops this week — they are Liverpool Probe Records (this Wednesday), York Red Rhino Records (Thursday) and London W.11, Rough Trade Records in Talbot Road (Friday), with all performances starting at 6pm. The mini-tour accompanies the release of three albums — 'God Save The King', 'Exposure' and the mini-LP 'Network'.

**CHANGE** and **KLEER** are the principal bands performing at this year's Jazz 'N' Soul Picnic, which takes place on Saturday, 17 August, at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire (scene of the recent Deep Purple concert). Other British and US soul acts will also be playing, though the event is primarily a field day for DJs, with eight already confirmed. Advance tickets are £12.50, available by mail order (with SAE) from Showstoppers, P.O. Box 334 London N14 6SA.



# RECORD NEWS



**EEK-A-MOUSE** has his fifth album 'Assinator', containing ten previously unreleased tracks, issued in the UK by Greensleeves at the beginning of August. The label has licensed it for Europe from Ras Records.

**FICTION FACTORY** release their new album this week on the Foundry Records label. Titled 'Another Story', it contains ten new songs including their last two singles, 'Not The Only One' and 'No Time'.

**MURRAY HEAD**'s follow-up to his smash hit 'One Night In Bangkok' is the single 'Picking Up The Pieces', written by Squeeze's Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford, and produced by Steve Hillage. It's issued by Virgin next Monday (7" and extended 12"), with Murray's self-penned 'African Tourists' as the flip.

**MAI TAI**, who've just had a big hit with their debut single 'History' and are currently on tour in the UK, now release 'Body And Soul'/'What Goes On' on Virgin next Monday. Both tracks are taken from their current LP, and the 12-incher has an extended A-side.

**THE FLYING PICKETS** have now confirmed details of their Summer EP which, as previously reported, will accompany their August tour of seaside resorts. The tracks featured are 'Groovin'', 'Summer At Home', 'Sealed With A Kiss' and 'Summer In The City'. It's released by 10 Records next Monday in 7" form only.

**THE BEATLES** have another in their series of reissues planned for next Monday by EMI. It is 'Help'/'I'm Down', which was their tenth single and eighth No. 1, and was originally released exactly ten years ago with an advance order of 300,000. It's also available as a picture disc.

**ROY HARPER** releases his first LP on the Awareness Records label this week, with distribution by Making Waves. Titled 'Born In Captivity', it was originally issued a year ago as a limited edition. Unlike his last album 'Whatever Happened To Jugula', on which Jimmy Page guested, there are no guests on this acoustic set.



- **JEANETTE** follows her recent debut LP 'Hum' with a new four-track 12-inch titled 'Lady Blue'. The first side features two of her best songs, and the flip is a 15-minute blend of improvisation and tight arrangement, giving full rein to her band. It's on Premonition.
- **NICK TOCZEK** releases his 19-track solo cassette album 'Ultior Motives' on the Bluurg label, distributed by Red Rhino and The Cartel. It comes complete with a full colour sleeve, badge, sticker—and plastic bag!
- **THE TRONICS** return on 26 July after an absence of two years, and initially reissue their 12-inch single 'Transister Sister' on Press Records (via The Cartel). This is the first in a series of releases the group plan for summer and autumn.
- **GOATS DON'T SHAVE**, who've been going strong in the Midlands for two years, are now set to conquer the world with their debut single 'A Rumour'. It's released on 29 July by Smethwick-based Shoestring Records (via The Cartel).

**CABARET VOLTAIRE** release a double-pack single next Monday on Some Bizzare/Virgin, featuring four new Kirk-Mallinder compositions. 'Kino'/'Sleepwalking' comprise the first record, and the second contains 'Big Funk'/'Ghostalk', none of which will be included on their upcoming album for autumn release. The package comes in seven-inch or cassette form, and an accompanying video will be available shortly.

**D-TRAIN** release a new remixed version of their dance classic 'You're The One For Me' on RCA this week. It was originally a Top 30 hit for them in 1982, and the following year was covered by Paul Hardcastle as his debut single—and it's he who has remixed this six-minute version, as well as playing piano on the track. The flip is another D-Train oldie 'Keep On', and the 12" has two extra versions of the A-side—the original mix and an eight-minute version.

**GARY MOORE** follows his recent duo success with Phil Lynott by reverting to solo status on his new single. It's a completely new recording of 'Empty Rooms', coupled with a new song called 'Out Of My System', and it's out this weekend on 10 Records. There's also a 12-inch format containing two extra tracks, a long version of the A-side and the live 'Parisienne Walkways'. He'll have a new album released to coincide with his September UK tour.

**NONA HENDRYX** has her single 'I Sweat (Going Through The Motions)' released by Arista on 26 July. The B-side features an instrumental version, and the 12-inch format also includes a dance mix of the same number. The song comes from the soundtrack of the film *Perfect*, starring Jamie Lee Curtis and John Travolta, and due to open in the UK on 23 August—at which time the same label will release the album.

**VIC GODARD** is back on vinyl with a new single titled 'Holiday Hymn' on the El Benelux label. The B-side is 'Nice On The Ice', and the 12-inch format contains no less than three extra tracks—a new version of 'Stop That Girl', plus 'Ice On The Volcano' and 'T-R-O-U-B-L-E'. He's also completed work on an album, though there's no release date as yet.

**CLIFF RICHARD & THE SHADOWS** are the subject of the latest box-set compilation from Reader's Digest. The souvenir collection comprises 112 tracks on eight albums (or four double-play cassettes), and contains all Cliff's chart hits, as well as The Shadows' separate successes. It comes complete with a biographical booklet, and costs £29.95.

**AIR SUPPLY** are big business in the States, where they've acquired five platinum albums and eight Top Five singles—and they'll be touring the UK in the near future, with a view to establishing themselves more effectively over here. As a prelude to their visit, they have an album released by Arista this week, with their name as its title. Also out is their single 'Just As I Am'.

**THE COOL NOTES** follow their 'Spend The Night' with a new single released this week on Abstract Dance, through Priority/EMI, titled 'In Your Car'. The B-side is 'Secrets Of The Night', and the 12-incher also carries a remix of the now-deleted track 'You're Never Too Young'. They'll be touring again in the autumn to coincide with the release of their debut album.

**ROGER ENO** is the classically-trained younger brother of Brian, and he releases his album 'Voices' on Editions EG on 26 July, with Brian making his vocal presence felt on the set. Out on the same day and label is the LP 'Hybrid' by Canadian Michael Brook, who has toured with Martha & The Muffins, and Brian Eno also guests on this one.

**NEW YORK Vs. L.A. BEATS** is the latest in the StreetSounds series of 'Electro' albums, but this one is conceptual in nature. It's a specially mixed 23-track set, providing the definitive story of electro so far, and giving equal playing time to the two key cities in the electro movement. Just a few of the acts involved are Captain Rock, Whodini, Man Parrish and Pumpkin (New York); L.A. Dream, Egyptian Lover and Knights Of The Turntable (L.A.).

**WHITNEY HOUSTON**, daughter of famed R&B singer Cissy Houston, releases her new single 'Your Give Me Good Love'/'How Will I Know' on Arista this weekend. The 12-inch format features a remix of the A-side, plus the bonus track 'Someone For Me'.

**ODYSSEY** have signed with new London indie label Mirror Records (distributed by Priority), and have their first single via this outlet released next Monday, titled '(Joy) I Know It'. They'll be back in the UK for TV and radio spots to promote the single.

**FREEZE** release their follow-up to 'That Beats My Patience' on Beggars Banquet on 26 July. The new single is 'Train Of Thoughts' coupled with 'One Second Chance'. It comes in both 7" and 12" forms, the latter featuring extended mixes of both tracks.

**TEARS FOR FEARS**, currently hitting the high spots with their remix of 'Head Over Heels', now have it available on Mercury as a picture disc. It's in the shape of a four-leaf clover, and features some previously unreleased colour pictures of the group.

**NICK CAVE & The Bad Seeds** release their new single 'Tupelo' on Mute Records on 29 July. It's taken from the album 'The First Born Is Dead', and is coupled with a new version of 'Six Strings That Drew Blood', previously only available on a Factory video.

**THESE TENDER VIRTUES** release a six-track mini-LP called 'The Continuing Saga' on Carousel Records, via The Cartel. It's described as "a classic music hall brawl between pungent pop, Black Country politics and jazz chord changes", and it retails at £3.99.



**TRACIE** (or Tracie Young as she now prefers to be known) hasn't had a single out for a year, as she's been busy touring, both on her own and with The Style Council. But 26 July sees the release by Respond Records (via Polydor) of 'I Can't Leave You Alone'/'Wick 19', with an extra remix of the A-side on the 12-incher.

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HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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# RECORD NEWS

**NEW MODEL ARMY** have an EP released by EMI next Monday, on which the main track is a totally remixed version of 'Better Than Them' from their hit LP 'No Rest For The Wicked'. The three other tracks are the new songs 'No Sense', 'Adrenalin' and 'Trust', and we're told that the EP marks a change of style from previous releases. It comes as a limited edition 7" double pack, which will eventually revert to one 7" EP, and is also available as a four-track 12".

**TOYAH** released her first album on the Portrait label next Monday, with the appropriate title of 'Minx'. Produced by Chris Neil, it contains ten songs, including her two previously issued singles for that label. It's also available on cassette and compact disc, both featuring two extra tracks, and the inner sleeve features all the song lyrics. UK tour dates for Toyah are in the pipeline for later this year.

## SPOTLIGHT ON LABELS

**THE CHESS LABEL**, one of the most renowned for soul and blues, has ten special four-track singles released through PRT under the banner of 'Chess Mini Masters'—all featuring big hits by the artists concerned. For example, Chuck Berry's set comprises 'Sweet Little Sixteen'/'School Day'/'Roll Over Beethoven'/'Johnny B Goode'—and the Bo Diddley four are 'Bo Diddley'/'Pretty Thing'/'Road Runner'/'Say Man'. Others featured are Fontella Bass, Clarence Frogman Henry, The Dells, Etta James, Ramsey Lewis Trio and Billy Stewart, plus the Various Artists sets 'The Blues' and 'Soul Sisters'.

**NURSE WITH WOUND** feature in several releases this month. Their album 'Homotopy To Marie' is reissued by United Dairies, and they also figure in the same label's compilation 'An Afflicted Man's Musica Box' along with Foetus In Your Bed, AMM, Anima and Operating Theatre. Their new LP 'The Sylvie And Babs Hi-Fi Companion' appears on Laylah, and they're also on that label's compilation 'The Fight Is On' together with Coll, Current 93 and Sema, among others. Distribution of both labels is via The Cartel.

**IMS RECORDS** (the import branch of Polygram) this month release a brand new album by Focus under the title of 'Focus—Jan Akkerman & Thijs Van Leer'. Other new sets include 'Without Warning' by America's Everyman Band, 'Willow Creek And Other Ballads' by jazz pianist Marian McPartland, 'Out Of The Blue' by Chris Farlowe & The Thunderbirds and 'Here And Now' by Brian Auger. There's a 16-track live LP by Fats Domino and a 12-track Rod Stewart compilation, both self-named—plus a reissue of the 1975 'What A Difference A Day Makes' by the late Esther Phillips. And a budget-price five-LP set 'The Bossa Nova Years' featuring Stan Getz, Astrud Gilberto, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Joao Gilberto, Laurindo Almeida and Charlie Byrd.



THE TRIFFIDS' front man DAVID MCCOMB

**HOT RECORDS** are Australia's leading indie label, best-known for releasing The Triffids, and they're now being launched in Britain with distribution by Rough Trade and The Cartel. The first batch of albums is 'Ghosts Of An Ideal Wife' by Laughing Clowns, whose front man Ed Keuper will have a solo LP issued in the autumn; 'Tales Of The Unexpected' by The Lighthouse Keepers, a young group specialising in euphoric pop songs and fronted by girl singer Juliet Ward; a compilation of releases from the last 18 months in Australia, titled 'This Is Hot'; and on the affiliate What Goes On label, the mini-LP 'Quintessentially Yours' by The Celibate Rifles. The latter group will be touring here in September/October, as will The Lighthouse Keepers. There's also a new single by The Triffids—see *Tour News*.

**IRMGARDZ RECORDS** are Denmark's leading independent label, and they've now established a UK distribution deal with Rough Trade, with their first two albums out this week. 'The Twist' is an 11-track set marking the debut of Gangway, formed in 1982 by classically trained guitarist and songwriter Henrik Balling. And 'Mountains Go Rhythmic' is the second LP by Denmark's top synthesiser rock band Scatterbrain.

**WIRE RECORDS** make their bow this week with two 12-inch EPs. The first is 'Boys Of This Territory' by Mankian, a four-piece outfit formed by Polish-born bassist Jackie Pazda, and fronted by vocalist Carita Palmroos. The other sees the return of Sweden's The Leather Nun with 'Fly Angels Fly'/'506'/'I'm Alive'. Upcoming releases during the next six months will feature All That Jazz, Tony Curtis, Houses And Gardens and 13 Moons. Distribution is by Nine Mile and The Cartel.

**NEW ROSE RECORDS** have three new albums this month, the first being a six-track mini-LP called 'Feudalist Tarts' by the near-legendary Alex Chilton, who'll be playing some UK dates in October. There's also 'The Scarlet Plague' by Sweden's kings of reverb The Bangeters, and a solo set by Damon Edge of Chrome titled 'The Wind Is Talking'. Upcoming shortly are new albums by Rocky Erikson and The Kingsnakes, plus a new single from The Primevals called 'Living In Hell'. Distribution is via Rough Trade and The Cartel.



SONNY ROLLINS

**BLUE NOTE**, one of the best-known jazz labels of the past 45 years, has 20 albums reissued this month through EMI—all digitally re-mastered, and cut using the direct metal mastering process. They include 'Miles Davis Volume II', 'The Amazing Bud Powell Volume II', 'Horace Silver & The Jazz Messengers', 'Clifford Brown Memorial Album', 'Sonny Rollins Volume II' and 'Thelonious Monk Volume II'. There are already 25 albums available from previous supplements.

# THE QUICK



## DOWN THE WIRE

The New Single on 7" & Extended Mix 12"



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# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

## WEDNESDAY 17

Birmingham (Balshall Heath) Red Lion: **Stigma**  
Birmingham Peacocks: **The Storm/The Probes**  
Blackpool Bunters: **Mal Tai**  
Brighton The Richmond: **The Outsiders**  
Cale Green Social Club: **Mr. Fang**  
Cheltenham Queen's Hotel: **Errol Clarke**  
Croydon The Underground: **Troy Tate**  
Edinburgh Jail House: **The Government**  
Glasgow De Quincey's: **The Venetians**  
Guildford The Royal: **Joe Public**  
Hanley Roxy Roller: **Broken Bones/The Lemmings/Va-T-En**  
Hastings The Electric Grape: **Piledriver**  
Kingston Grey Horse: **Sam Mitchell Band**  
Leeds Adam & Eve's: **Blyth Power**  
Leeds Trades Club: **Al Rapone & The Zydeco Band/Zipp Gunn & The Bayou Big Shots**  
Liverpool Philharmonic Bar: **The Fuse**  
London Acton King's Head: **The Brewery Tappers**  
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Paz**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Miller Family**  
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Aunt May/Marionette**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Balham Alligators**  
London Covent Garden Cottonwood Cafe: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nightingales**  
London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **James/The Art Hammer Duo**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **De Dannan**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Blues 'N Trouble**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Bataan/The Kitchen**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Shadowland/Four Come Home**  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Exposure/Stranger Station**  
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Shrew Kings/Zimbabwe Swingers**  
London Hippodrome: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**  
London Islington Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**  
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Exchange**  
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Untouchables**  
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**  
London Marquee Club: **The Opposition**  
London Notting Hill The Gate: **The Millies (until Saturday)**  
London N.1 Bass Ciel: **Spike Robison Quintet**  
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Sunsets**  
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Acker Blik Band**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**  
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Southland Band**  
London Royal Festival Hall: **Joe Williams & The Count Basie Orchestra/Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**  
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Summer House**  
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey/Stan Greig Trio**  
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**  
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Royal Garden Band**  
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Moho Pack/Wild Stares**  
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **King Kleary & The Savage Mooses**  
London W.C.1 Yorkshire Grey: **Goff Dubber Band**  
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Groundhogs**  
Manchester Cloud 9: **Bronx**  
Manchester The International: **Prefab Sprout**  
Norwich Arts Centre: **Jon Ward & Guests**  
Nottingham The Yorker: **Haze**  
Preston Twang Club: **The June Brides**  
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: **Final Academy/Why Not?**  
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**

## THURSDAY 18

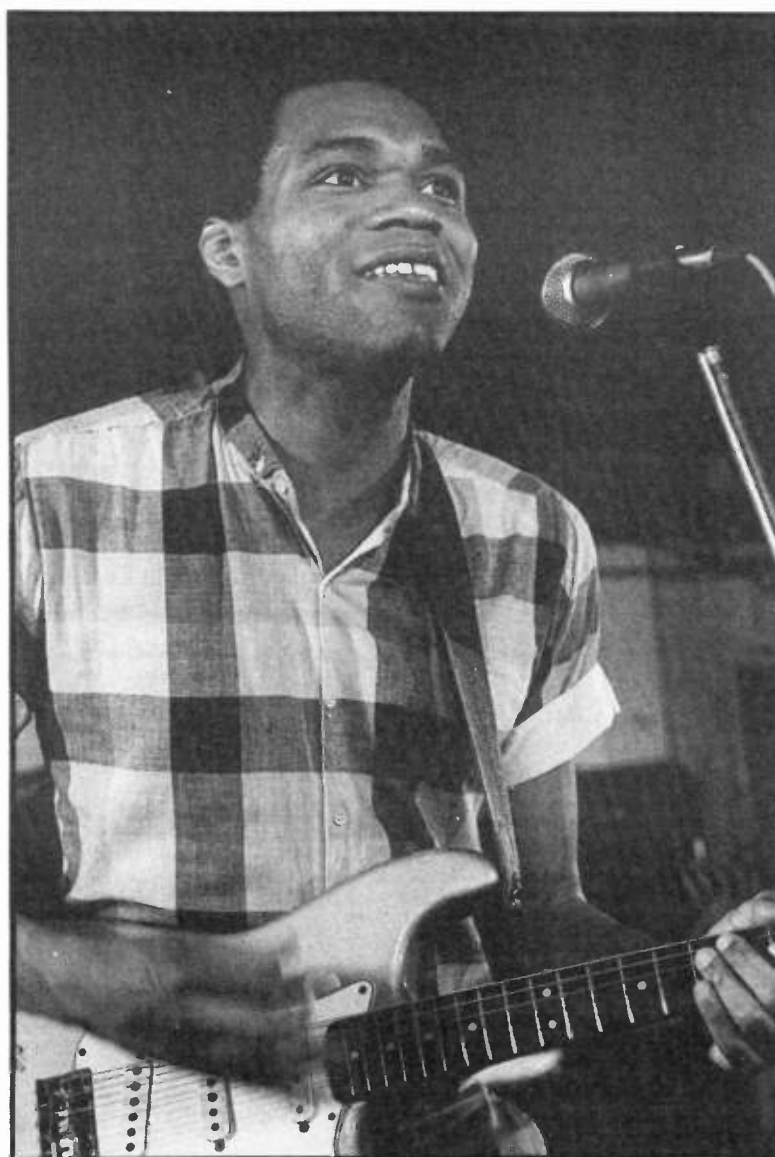
Bentley The Manor: **Big Lynne/Defected Dancer**  
Birkenhead Somewhere Else: **The Electric Morning/Lunar Apple**  
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**  
Birmingham Loonybin Music Club: **Back Street Slide**  
Birmingham Peacocks: **Totally Suspect/Hats Off To Larry**  
Birmingham The Laboratory (Powerhouse): **Nico**  
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**  
Bramhall The Keswick: **Mr. Fang**  
Bury Seyers Night Club: **The Blues Giants**

Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie and the 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**  
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Funkrew**  
Denholm The Rembrandt: **The Best Way To Walk**  
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Hell Fire Club**  
Edinburgh Preservation Hall: **Ranacanteen**  
Flint The Raven: **Tokyo**  
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **The Playn Jayn**  
Glasgow The Venue: **The June Brides**  
Halesowen The Beehive: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**  
Hastings The Crypt: **Pookah Makes 3**  
Hereford Market Tavern: **Scavenger**  
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Low Profile/Sweet Revenge**  
Hove King Alfred Hall: **The Frank Jennings Show**  
Kingston Grey Horse: **Brian White's Magna Band**  
Leeds Warehouse: **Prefab Sprout**  
Liverpool Grafton Rooms: **Tawntaw/The F.B.I.**  
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**  
London Barnes Bull Head: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**  
London Battersea Latchmere: **Kindness Of Strangers**  
London Bow The Pearly King: **The Ringing**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Eddy Armani**  
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **The Frank Chickens**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Boothill Foot-Tappers/Bad Man Waggon**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Danny Adler's Deluxe Blues Band**  
London Camden Lock Spiegeltent: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**  
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Tantrum**  
London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **The Syndicate**  
London Covent Garden Cottonwood Cafe: **Little Sister**  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cold Pharaohs/Dirtdance**  
London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Caroline Noh/Denise Black & The Kray Sisters**  
London E.C.4 Sir Christopher Wren: **Eggy Ley's Hotshots**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Irish Mist/Dingle Spike**  
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Neurotics**  
London Fulham King's Head: **From Here On/Manifesto**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Gene Tryp/4 Minutes To Moscow**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Colenso Parade/Union Of Fear**  
London Hammersmith Palais: **Roaring Boys**  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Al Rapone & The Zydeco Band**  
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Trigger Trigger/Floyd/Save Us**  
London Holloway The Victoria: **Black Velvet Band**  
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Blues 'N Trouble**  
London Kensington Cafe Emile: **Word Of Mouth**  
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**  
London Kentish Town The Forum: **Xalam/Julian Bahula/African Culture**  
London Marquee Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Engine/Mad Dog**  
London Marylebone Cockpit Theatre: **Grab Grab The Haddock/The Rubber Jennies/Playing With Faith (until Saturday)**  
London N.1 Bass Ciel: **Paul Nieman's Elephant**  
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**  
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **East-West Effect**  
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Soul Syndicate**  
London Putney Half Moon: **De Dannan**  
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Superjazz Big Band**  
London Royal Festival Hall: **Modern Jazz Quartet/Woody Herman Band/Dizzy Gillespie**  
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey Quintet with Don Weller**  
London Soho Polytechnic Theatre: **Molly Parkin (until Saturday)**  
London Thornton Heath Lord Napier: **Mike Daniels Big Band**  
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**  
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Troy Tate**  
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Vicious Pink/Jai Gray Jay**  
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Potato Five**  
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **John Rodbar Band**  
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**  
London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: **Annie Whitehead Group**  
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Munch ManShip**

**AFTER THE** excesses of Springsteen and Live Aid, what does this week hold in store? Well, we stay outdoors for the principal event, namely the annual **WOMAD Festival**, which this year reverts to its original three-day format. Artists and cultures from the world over will be in evidence at the Mersea Island (Essex) site, with the better-known names being **THE FALL** and **PETER HAMMILL** (Friday); **NEW ORDER**, **A CERTAIN RATIO** and **THOMAS MAPFUMO** (Saturday); and **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**, **JAMES** and **GENERAL PUBLIC** (Sunday) . . . Toots & Co also have a London concert on Tuesday.

Several new tours get under way, including the first-ever UK outing by Dutch group **MAI TAI**, who've recently been making their presence felt in the **NME** Charts—they kick off in Blackpool on Wednesday, and **THE ICICLE WORKS** choose the same starting point for their latest trek opening on Friday . . . **ROBERT CRAY BAND**, who've been figuring strongly in the indie chart with their 'Bad Influence' LP, hit the road in Brighton on Tuesday—and the same day, the perennial **KID CREOLE** and **THE COCONUTS** begin a new concert series in Ipswich . . . **PREFAB SPROUT** continue their tour, which includes a London Dominion show on Monday . . . and **THE REDSKINS** are in action at Nottingham (Thursday), Manchester (Saturday) and Sheffield (Sunday).

Highlight of the week's activities in the Capital Music Festival is a one-off by **THE ASSOCIATES** at St. James' Church in Piccadilly on Friday—and among those appearing in the jazz season at the Royal Festival Hall are **LEE RITENOUR** and **JOHN McLAUGHLIN** (Friday) and **MILES DAVIS** (Saturday) . . . Still in the capital, the Bloomsbury Festival continues apace, with such attractions as **JAMES** (Wednesday), **PATRICK MORAZ** & **BILL BRUFORD** (Friday and Saturday), the first London appearance for five years by **WIRE** (Sunday) and **MICHAEL NYMAN** (Monday).



Robert Cray: the hip young bluesman out on tour. Pic Denis Lewis.

Manchester Cloud 9: **Ram Ram Klna**  
Manchester Wilde Club: **The Housemartins**  
Newcastle The Coopers: **The Edge**  
Newcastle Riverside Entertainments Centre: **James**  
North Shields The Pheasant: **She**  
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples**  
Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers  
Nottingham Victoria Leisure Centre: **The Redskins**  
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Colour Project**  
Peterborough Renaldo's: **Mal Tai**  
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Gene Loves Jezebel**  
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: **Maxi Priest**  
Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**  
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Blyth Power**  
Southend Reid's: **The Shakers**  
Wokingham Angie's: **The Complaints**  
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**  
York Spotted Cow: **Blues Power**

## FRIDAY 19

Bedford The Angel: **Pink On Pink**  
Birmingham The Peacocks: **Blyth Power**  
Birmingham (Quinton) The Punchbowl: **Strap On Jack/Poor Boys**  
Blackpool Greyfriars: **The Icicle Works**  
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Cockroaches**  
Bristol Old Profanity Showboat: **Klaunstance**  
Cambridge University Arms Hotel: **Gordon Beck Quintet**  
Cheltenham Queen's Hotel: **Brian Abrahams' District 6**  
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Dagaband/Haze**  
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**  
Cranbrook George Hotel: **R. Cajun**  
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Blast**  
Edinburgh Wilkie House: **The Playn Jayn**  
Grangemouth Town Hall: **Dead Neighbours**  
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Banque**  
Kingston Grey Horse: **Ruthless Blues Band**

Liverpool Houghton Street (open-air, afternoon): **The Decemberists**  
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The June Brides**  
Liverpool The Mayflower: **On The Beach**  
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Spike Robinson/Tony Lee Trio**  
London Bayswater Porchester Hall: **Redgum**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**  
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Adrian Legg**  
London Brixton The Fridge: **Helena Springs/Pookah Makes 3**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Gunslingers/Scary Thieves**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**  
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **The Radical Sheiks**  
London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **Ray Carlos Quartet**  
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Bembeya (national band of Guinea)**  
London Covent Garden Cottonwood Cafe: **Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three**  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Come In Tokio**  
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **The City Gents/The Flamenco Guitars**  
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Sensible Footwear/Jenny Eclair/Julie Dennis & Tom Morgan**  
London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Patrick Moraz & Bill Bruford**  
London E.C.4 Sir Christopher Wren: **Monty Sunshine Band**  
London Finchley Torrington: **Man**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Moondance**  
London Fulham Greyhound: **Big Boys with Paul Fox/The Shakers**  
London Fulham King's Head: **John Coughlan's Diesel Band**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Rubella Ballet/Final Episode**

London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Exocettes/The Indicators**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Gene Loves Jezebel/The Moodists/Bone Orchard/Laughing Mothers (ballroom); The Scientists/Bad Karma Beckons (downstairs)**  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Wilko Johnson Band**  
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers**  
London Hippodrome: **Pookah Makes Three**  
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rent Party**  
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Axis**  
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**  
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six-Band**  
London Lewisham Theatre: **Grand Union Orchestra**  
London Marquee Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Engine/Mad Dog**  
London N.1 Bass Ciel: **Steel 'n' Skin**  
London N.W.1 (Munster Sq) M&M Jazz Bar: **Dwarf Steps**  
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Frontier**  
London N.W.3 Fleet Community Education Centre: **Mano Ventura**  
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Xalam/Supercombo**  
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**  
London Piccadilly St James' Church: **The Associates**  
London Portobello Rd. The Electric Screen: **Balaam & The Angel**  
London Putney Half Moon: **De Dannan**  
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**  
London Royal Festival Hall: **Lee Ritenour/John McLaughlin/Jonas Hellborg**  
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey/Dave Quincey-Jim Hall Quartet**  
London Twickenham Mulberry Tree: **Fear Of Flying**  
London Whitechapel Lord Nelson: **Time Out**  
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Mr. Clean**  
Luton Pink Elephant: **Mal Tai**  
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Triumphant**  
Manchester The Gallery: **The Inca Babies**  
Manchester The International: **Al Rapone & The Zydeco Band**  
March Griffin Hotel: **Your Dinner**  
Margate Kent Hotel: **Gypsy**  
Newcastle Corner House: **Arthur Mowatt Big Band**  
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Carrera/Tilt**  
Oxford Town Hall: **The Drummers Of Kerala**  
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**  
Reading Paradise Club: **The Shaking Snakes**  
Retford Porterhouse: **Prefab Sprout/Hurrah**  
Royston Melbourn Club: **Rebecca Wolf**  
Scarborough Elvenhome: **The Black September**  
Sheffield University: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**  
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Roaring Boys**  
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Nyam Nyam**  
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Blues 'N Trouble**  
West Croydon Star Hotel: **C.S.A.**  
Wokingham Angie's: **Traitors Galt**  
WOMAD Festival at Mersea Island (near Colchester, Essex): **The Fall/Peter Hammill/Somo Somo/Blowzabella etc.**  
York The Windmill: **The Wedding Present**

## SATURDAY 20

Aldershot West Centre (lunchtime): **Countdown**  
Aittrincham Leisure Centre: **Mr. Fang**  
Birmingham (Aston) The Triangle: **The Doctors/Chance/Ten To Ten/Masque**  
Birmingham (Earlswood) Blue Bell: **Red Shoes**  
Birmingham Peacocks: **Ghost Nation/Three Dead Crows**  
Bradford Manningham Community Centre: **The Best Way To Walk**  
Cardiff Lion's Den: **Kick The Echo**  
Chalfont St. Giles Memorial Hall: **Clive Product & Gary Williams/Jason Smart/Steve Mead/Julian Smith/Julian Turner/The Optimists**  
Cheltenham Old Priory: **R. Cajun**  
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**  
Crawley Bewbush Leisure Centre: **Bill Keith/Jim Rooney/Mark O'Connor**  
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Opposite Man**  
East Grinstead Ravenwood Inn: **Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers**  
Fetcham Riverside Club: **The Blubbery Hellbellies**  
Gravesend 1900 Club: **Haze**  
Harwich Community Centre: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Bowler Hats with Laurel & Hardy**  
Hitchin Woodside Theatre: **Rebecca Wolf**  
Liverpool Captain's Cabin: **The Chase**  
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Spike Robinson/Tony Lee Trio**  
London Bayswater Porchester Hall: **Redgum**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Billy Bremner Band**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Al Rapone & The Zydeco Band/Deaf Heights Cajun**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**  
London Camden Palace: **Helena Springs**  
London Camden The Monarch: **The Charts**  
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfie Witcher Band (lunchtime)/Poor Boys (evening)**  
London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **Sue Shutstocks & Friends**  
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Bembeya (national band of Guinea)**  
London Covent Garden Cottonwood Cafe: **The Balham Alligators**  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Heart And Soul**  
London East Sheen The Bull: **Balaam & The Angel**  
London Euston The Bloomsbury Theatre: **Patrick Moraz & Bill Bruford**  
London E.C.1 The Three Compasses: **The Dirty Rats**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Annie Whitehead Band**  
London Fulham Greyhound: **Zipcodes**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **New Sid Presley Experience/Cool Rays/One Thousand Violins**  
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Dynamics/Sayinoh**  
London Hammersmith Bishop's Park Theatre: **Sweet Substitute**

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## CONTINUED

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Triffids/Big And Beautiful (Klub Foot); Con, Joe & Danny/Famous Places (downstairs)**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Moat Brothers**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Holloway Allstars**  
 London Islington Rising Sun: **Adrian Legg**  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Wes McGhee Band**  
 London Kensington Ad Lib: **Blue Russia/The Popular Front**  
 London Kings Cross Ecstasy Club: **The Knives**  
 London Leicester-Square Jive Dive: **The Rhythm Men**  
 London Lewisham Labour Club: **Barflies**  
 London Marquee Club: **Pendragon**  
 London N.1 Bass Cleft: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight/Randy Colville's Reprobates**  
 London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**  
 London Royal Festival Hall: **Miles Davis**  
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Jack Parnell Sextet**  
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Gail Thompson Quartet**  
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**  
 London Whitechapel Lord Nelson: **Real By Reel**  
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Only Alternative/The Rave**  
 Luton British Rail Staff Ass. Hall: **Tools You Can Trust**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Mark's Most/Julius Junior**  
 Manchester The International: **The Redskins**  
 Norwich Arts Centre: **Ital Selection**  
 Nottingham Queen's Walk Community Centre: **The Sears/Blyth Power**  
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mad Dog**  
 Peterlee Argus Butterfly: **She**  
 Plymouth The Academy: **Mal Tai**  
 Plymouth Ziggy's: **The Vibrators**  
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Icicle Works**  
 Rugeley The Vine: **Cuddly Toys**  
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Prefab Sprout**  
 Taunton Wood St. Inn: **The Owl Service**  
 Wokingham Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**  
 Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**  
 WOMAD Festival at Mersea Island (near Colchester, Essex): **New Order/A Certain Ratio/Thomas Mapfumo & Blacks Unlimited/The Pogues/The Guest Stars etc.**

## SUNDAY 21

Bedford Gordon Arms: **Pink On Pink**  
 Birmingham Peacocks: **Safe As Houses**  
 Birmingham Powerhouse: **Mal Tai**  
 Birmingham (Solihull) The Harvester: **Red Shoes**  
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**  
 Brighton Escape Club: **John Stewart Band**  
 Brighton Zap Club: **Grand Central**

Bristol Old Profanity Showboat: **Flash Harry**  
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**  
 Cambridge Arts Theatre: **Stan Tracey Big Band**  
 Cheltenham Old Priory Club: **R. Cajun**  
 Croydon The Underground: **Prefab Sprout/Hurrah**  
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The D.T.'s**  
 Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie: **APB**  
 Glasgow Splash 1: **The Pastels/Buba & The Shop Assistants**  
 Glasgow The Doune: **La Paz**  
 Goldalming Three Lions: **Fear Of Flying**  
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**  
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**  
 London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Pete Smith Band**  
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Somebody Else's Problem/The Storm/Dirt Dance/After This/Helter Skelter**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapeley's Living Daylightes**  
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Ian Campbell Group (lunchtime)/Gypsy Fingers (evening)**  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Carew/Rue Morgue**  
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Winston Reedy**  
 London Duke Of York's Theatre: **Paul Brady Band**  
 London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Wire**  
 London Finchley Torrington: **Heart And Soul**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Carol Grimes Band**  
 London Fulham Ifield Tavern: **Jazz Affair**  
 London Fulham King's Head: **Don't Feed The Animals**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Angels**  
 London Hammersmith Palais: **Thomas Mapfumo & Blacks Unlimited/Benjamin Zephaniah Band**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Wire Assembly/Eddie Prevost Trio**  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Zodiacs (lunchtime)/Cayenne (evening)**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dagaband/Your Dinner**  
 London Marquee Club: **Double 'o' Zeros**  
 London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **Jim Sweeney & Steve Steen/Denise Black & The Kray Sisters/Jim Barclay**  
 London N.1 Bass Cleft: **Ian Pearce Big Band (lunchtime)/Mario Castronari Group (evening)**  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Brian Knight's Kick Out The Jams (evening)**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Happy End**  
 London Paddington Abbey's: **The Charts**  
 London Putney Half Moon: **Al Rapone & The Zydeco Band**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Sax Appeal (lunchtime)/The Balham Alligators (evening)**  
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Freddie Lonzo/Alyn Shipton Quartet**  
 London W.C.1 Yorkshire Grey: **Georgia Jazzband**  
 Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**  
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**

Northampton Racecourse: **Haze**  
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**  
 Peebles Cross Keys: **The Government**  
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Redskins**  
 Trowbridge Festival: **Redgum**  
 West Croydon Star Hotel: **C.S.A.**  
 Wokingham Angie's: **Alan Clayton & The Argonauts**  
 WOMAD Festival at Mersea Island (near Colchester, Essex): **Toots & The Maytals/James/The Boothill Foot-Tappers/General Public/The Go-Betweens/Orchestre Jazira etc.**

## MONDAY 22

Birmingham Peacocks: **Mournblade**  
 Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre: **Thomas Mapfumo & Blacks Unlimited**  
 Cardiff University: **Skint Video**  
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**  
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Little Sister**  
 Kirklevington Country Club: **Blues Power**  
 Leeds Warehouse: **Gene Loves Jezebel**  
 Liverpool The Philharmonic: **Free Parking**  
 London Barnes Bulls Head: **Cayenne**  
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Blues 'N Trouble**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Rent Party**  
 London Camden Lock Spiegelent: **The Magnificent Seven/The Vicious Boys**  
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Odd Sox**  
 London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Michael Nyman**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Redgum**  
 London Fulham King's Head: **The Angels**  
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Arnold/Cat Walk**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Leitmottiv**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Pookah**  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cat Talk/Demented Are Go!**  
 London Marquee Club: **Loud, Confident And Wrong/Silver Screen**  
 London N.1 The Entertainer: **Boysie**  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Abundance**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Spencer Davis Group**  
 London Palace Theatre (lunchtime): **Rory Bremner/Johnny Millar & The Cuties/The Popticians/Carol Grimes Band/Pulse (until Friday)**  
 London Putney Half Moon: **Bill Keith/Jim Rooney/Mark O'Connor**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Ken Barton Band**  
 London Soho Le Beat Route: **Sideways**  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Prefab Sprout/Hurrah**  
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Cuddly Toys/Carte Blanche/The Following/Walk Don't Walk**  
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Charlie Hart's 251**  
 London W.1 (Greek St) The Korava: **Legion Of The Sacred**

London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**  
 London W.1 (Wardour St) Wag Club: **Sonido De Londres**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **River People**  
 Merthyr Tydfil Dollars Nightclub: **Mal Tai**  
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**  
 Oxford Old Fire Station Arts Centre: **The Dross Bros (until Thursday)**  
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**  
 Stoke Shelley's: **The Icicle Works**  
 Thatcham Silks: **Angel Witch**

## TUESDAY 23

Birmingham Bill's: **Stigma**  
 Birmingham Peacocks: **Sharkflinn Jazz**  
 Birmingham (Tysley) The Greet: **Back Street Slide**  
 Brentwood The Castle: **Leitmottiv**  
 Brighton Escape Club: **Allen Sex Fiend**  
 Brighton The Richmond: **Robert Cray Band**  
 Cheltenham Queen's Hotel: **Ken Colyer Band**  
 Chesham The Elgiva: **Burnessence**  
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Azzeta**  
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconut**  
 Kingston Grey Horse: **Slap The Fish**  
 Leeds Central Station Hotel: **Toby Le Rone & The Acid Drops**  
 Leigh-on-Sea Crooked Billet: **Bill Keith/Jim Rooney/Mark O'Connor**  
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**  
 Liverpool The Philharmonic: **Paul Latham Quartet**  
 London Battersea Park (7.30pm, free): **Kingsdale Connexion**  
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Hurricane Jane**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Playn Jayn**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Rent Party**  
 London Camden Lock Spiegelent: **Doctor Hot & Neon**  
 London Camden Palace: **Dante**  
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Subtle Impressions/Idle Treach**  
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Al Rapone & The Zodiacs Band/Lash Lariat & The Long Riders**  
 London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Evan Parker/Derek Bailey**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Blues 'N Trouble/Ha Ha Herbies**  
 London Fulham King's Head: **The Rave**  
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Corporal Henshaw/The Shout**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Screaming Dead/Many Happy Returns**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Woodentops**  
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Six K**  
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **John Otway**  
 London Marquee Club: **White China**  
 London N.1 Bass Cleft: **Robin Lumley & Friends**  
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reactors**  
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**  
 London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**

London Richmond Derby Arms: **Brian White's Magna Band**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Alvin Roy Quartet**  
 London Soho Le Beat Route: **Mal Tai**  
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**  
 London South Bank Jubilee Gardens (afternoon): **Rent Party/Steel Pulse/The Blues Band**  
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Toots & The Maytals**  
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Unknown Colours/Fat Cat Band**  
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Exposure/Red Sails/Boyzone/Fear Of Flying**  
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Diz & The Doormen**  
 London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Here & Now**  
 Manchester Mulberry's Bar: **The Stems**  
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne/Sid Warren Sextet**  
 Norwich Ritz: **Gene Loves Jezebel**  
 Sheffield The Leadmill: **Hugh Masekela**  
 Southampton Riverside Club: **Blood Wedding/Dog To Dogma**  
 Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Glass Echo**  
 Surbiton The Southampton: **Georgia Jazzband**  
 Worcester Hopper's: **China Blue**  
 Worthing Pavilion: **Mel Hague Duo**



**Paddy McAloon of Prefab Sprout: a shave and a tour date! (Gig Guide—intimate with the stars!). Pic Bladdyn Butcher**

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 YOUR EARS!

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MUSICIANS' MAGAZINE



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Not to be taken internally



# LIVE ADS (01-404 0700 ext. 282)

**marquee**  
ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

90 WARDOUR ST W1  
01 437 6603

Thursday 18th & Friday 19th July (Adm £3.00)  
**4th Anniversary Party**  
DUMPY Plus Engine & Martin Ball  
And Mad Dog & Nick Henbrey

Saturday 20th July (Adm £3.50)  
Nigel Harris's Farewell Gig  
**PENDRAGON** Plus Martin Ball

Sunday 21st July (Adm £2.50)  
**DOUBLE 'O' ZEROS (USA)**  
Plus Then Jericho & Nick Henbrey

Monday 22nd July (Adm £3.50)  
**LOUD, CONFIDENT AND WRONG**  
(Featuring: Graham Edge, Robin Lumley, Foggy Little, Dave Ethridge, Maurice Pert, Pam Francis)  
Plus Silver Screen & Monty Zero

Tuesday 23rd July (Adm £2.50)  
**WHITE CHINA**  
Plus East Of Java & Nick Henbrey

Wednesday 24th July (Adm £2.50)  
**THE HURT**  
Plus Support & Monty Zero

Thursday 25th July (Adm £3.00)  
**VITAMIN 2**  
Plus Support & Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

**floyd**

takes his 'poverty point' club to the half-moon herne hill july 18  
physical chemistry queen  
elizabeth hall sat 1 july 20  
bull & gate kentish town july 31  
if you can't get there his atomic  
kitchen-sink pop is on the lp.  
the little man

£3.99 at all hip record stores

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

Wed 17 Heavy Rock Scene  
**AUNT MAY**  
MARIONETTE  
£2.50 or £1.50 Unwaged  
Thur 18 From USA. For one night only

**THE BLASTERS**  
Plus Guests  
Just £3 to see one of The Really Great American Bands. Tickets available on night of show only.  
Fri 19

**THE GUNSLINGERS**  
Come & Support The 'Slingers first Dingwall Headliner.  
+ DANTE  
IN THE FLESH  
£3.50  
Sat 20  
Cajun music from USA

**AL RAPONE & THE ZYDECO EXPRESS**  
DEATH HEIGHTS CAJUN ACES  
Dance all night £4.00  
Sun 21  
The Sunday Auditions (7pm-11.30pm)  
5 NEW BANDS  
Just £1 or 50p Unwaged

Mon 22 Monday package  
**DARK CITY**  
£2.50 or £1 unwaged  
Tues 23 Electricity Club

**THE PLAYN JAYN**  
Plus guests from the USA  
A BAND OF OUTSIDERS  
Supported by THE SAFEST PLACE  
Thurs 24  
Heavy Rock Scene  
**ANGEL WITCH**  
TILT Clang £2.50 or £1.50 Unwaged  
Thur 25

**BOOTHILL FOOT-TAPPERS**  
Plus Special Guests £3 or £2 Unwaged  
Fri 26 THE PRETTY THINGS  
Sat 27 Blues from the USA  
**CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE**  
Coming Soon  
Thur 1 THE VIBRATORS  
Fri 2 SONJA KRISTINA  
Sat 3 THE SWEET with BRIAN CONNOLLY  
Thur 8 RESTLESS  
Sat 10 STEVE MARRIOTT

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**BLOOMSBURY FESTIVAL**  
JULY 1985

THREE WEEKS OF NEW MUSIC AT THE BLOOMSBURY THEATRE

JULY 17 • JAMES + Art Hammer  
18 • CAROLINE NOH + DENISE BLACK & The Kray Sisters  
19/20 • PATRICK MORAZ & BILL BRUFORD  
21 • WIRE  
22 • MICHAEL NYMAN GROUP  
23 • EVAN PARKER & DEREK BAILEY  
24/25 • DAVID THOMAS & The Pedestrians  
26 • LINDSAY COOPER'S MUSIC FOR FILMS + Phil Minton  
27 • KATE WESTBROOK ENSEMBLE 'Revenge Suite'

Doors open 7.30 • Shows begin 8pm

**THE GREYHOUND**  
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

In association with CAPITAL RADIO MUSIC FESTIVAL

Wednesday 17th July £2.50  
**THE VIBRATORS** + Arch Criminals  
Sacked Miners Benefit: £2.00/£1.50 UB40

Thursday 18th July  
**THE NEUROTICS** + Clampdown

Friday 19th July £2.00  
**BIG BOYS** featuring Paul Fox + Steve Hookers Shakers

Saturday 20th July £3.00  
**LIVE BAND & DISCO**. Bar-B-Q. Open 12-12

Sunday 21st July  
**AUNT MAY** + Cold Dance

Monday 22nd July £1.50  
**THE ODD** + Resistance

Tuesday 23rd July £1.50  
Quiet Nite Out:  
**BLOODSPORT/THE OUTSKIRTS**  
+ The Lost T Shirts From Atlantis

BENEFIT 'ANTI HEROIN CAMPAIGN' FOR THE

**KING KURT** WITH **Jo BOXERS**  
THE SHREW KINGS

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TICKETS £3.00 ON DOOR  
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Accompanied Children FREE  
Camping FREE

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Killing Joke • Chevalier Brothers  
Pookiesnackenburg • Ra-Ra Zoo  
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The Kosh Dance Co • Popticians  
Rent Party and lots more

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TICKETS WEEKEND £15.00  
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JULY 26-28  
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**The Sir George Robey**

240 Seven Sisters Road  
Finsbury Park, N4  
263 4581 (Finsbury Park Tube)

Wednesday 17th July  
**DE DANANN**  
plus  
**IRISH MIST**  
Thursday 18th July  
**CLIVE GREGSON**  
Friday 19th July  
**Wes McGhee Band**  
Saturday 20th July (Lunchtime)  
**The Brett Carrero Band**  
Saturday 20th July  
**ANNIE WHITEHEAD**

Sunday 21st July (Lunchtime)  
**Moondance**  
Sunday 21st July  
**Carol Grimes With Her Eyes Wide Open**  
Monday 22nd July  
**Redgum**  
Tuesday 23rd July  
**Blues N' Trouble**  
Plus Har Har Hermann  
Wednesday 24th July  
**LASH LARIAIT**  
and The Long Riders Plus  
**THE BALHAM ALLIGATORS**  
Thursday 25th July  
Morrissey Mullen

**FAC 51 THE HACIENDA**  
11/13 WHITWORTH ST. WEST, MANCHESTER. TEL: 061-236 5051

FRIDAY 19TH JULY  
**NUDE-NIGHT**  
THE CLASSIC DANCE FLOOR SHOW  
DJ'S MIKE & ANDREW  
+ THE LATINO BEAT FROM S.T.  
DRAUGHT BEERS & LAGER 70P  
ADMISSION: £1 BEFORE 11PM, £1.50 AFTER 11PM

SATURDAY 20TH JULY  
**THE SATURDAY NIGHT**  
WILL SATURDAY EVER BE.....  
WITH DJ'S THE HAPPY HOOLIGANS  
£1.50 MEMBERS, £2.50 NON-MEMBERS BEFORE 11PM  
£2.50 MEMBERS, £3.50 NON-MEMBERS AFTER 11PM  
\*ADVANCE TICKETS AT EARLY PRICES

MONDAY 22ND JULY  
**MUSIC AND DANCE**  
FOR LESBIANS & GAY MEN  
9 till 2

TUESDAY 23RD JULY  
**RAW POWER - RAW MEAT**  
ALL THE HARD STUFF  
WITH NEW D.J. LITTLE MARTIN  
BEERS AND WINES 70P. ADMISSION £1

TICKETS NOW ON SALE FOR  
PAUL BLAKE AND THE BLOOD FIRE POSSEE  
(JAMAICA'S NEWEST STAR)  
+ EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL + THE POGUES  
TICKETS FOR GIGS ALSO AVAILABLE FROM HMV, PAPERCHASE & PICCADILLY RECORDS  
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

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JULY	AUGUST	15 Diana Ross
19 Gene Loves Jezebel	3 Guana Batz	18 Saxon
19-21 Womad Festival (New Order, The Fall)	5,6 Kid Creole	25 Adam Ant
20 Triffids	10 Meteors	26 Bucks Fizz
21 Thomas	11 Lords Of New Church/Flesh For Lulu	27, 28 Gary Moore
22 Prefab Sprout	17 ZZ Top	OCTOBER
22 Amyad Ali Khan	Donnington '85	3 Marillion
23 Toots & The Maytals	17 Jazz and Soul Picnic	30, 31 George Benson
24 The Robert Cray Band	23, 24 George Clinton	NOVEMBER
25 Nick Cave	1 Lloyd Cole & The Commotions	1 George Benson
25 Abdullah Ibrahim	10 Robert Plant	14-18 Tears For Fears
27 999	12 The Cure	21, 22 OMD
		25, 26 Everly Brothers
		DECEMBER
		16-23 Dire Straits
		23, 24 Paul Young

TICKETS WITH TRANSPORT **ZZ TOP** DONNINGTON August 17  
Special Phone Number 01-439 4061

**LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS**  
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Open Sundays 12.00 midday-6.00

**MUSIC IN JULY**

Sunday 21 **WINSTON REDDY** + Horizon Radio's Simon Goffe & Friends £3.50/£2.50 unwaged + m'ship

Doors 8.00

Tuesday 23 From USA **AL RAPONE AND THE ZYDECO EXPRESS** + LASH LARIAIT & THE LONGRIDERS £3.50/£2.50 unwaged + m'ship

Doors 8.00

BUSES 1-47-53-177-180 BR. NEW X/DEPTFORD NEW CROSS TUBE

**THE ALBANY EMPIRE**  
DOUGLAS WAY LONDON SE8 01 691 3333

**THE CROWD**

Thur 18th July  
**ONE A.M.**  
Free + Free Membership

Fri 19th July  
**DAS EUPHONEY KICKS**  
+ Bombalini Brothers  
Members Free/£1.00 Membership

Sat 20th July  
**BALAAM & THE ANGEL** + The Simon Townshend Band £2.00 (Members)

—Coming Shortly—  
**POOKAH MAKES THREE** • THE VIBRATORS •  
SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK • RING OF ROSES •

Disco + Bands - 8.30pm till 1.00am - Every Thur/Fri/Sat  
Upstairs at The 'Bull' Upper Richmond Road West, East Sheen, SW14. Tel. 01-876 2345.  
Mortlake B.R. (One stop from Richmond) Buses 33, 37, N9 - Membership (£1.00)  
+ Tickets on the door

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

**Maxi Priest**

JULY 18 THE PINK TOOTHBRUSH RAYLEIGH  
JULY 21 QUEENSWAY HALL DUNSTABLE  
JULY 25 CLUB SAVANNAH BRIGHTON  
JULY 27 BLACK ROOTS BOURNEMOUTH

MCP presents  
**PREFAB SPROUT**  
special guests HURRAH!  
TRIANGLE ARTS CENTRE BIRMINGHAM  
Tuesday 16th July 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets £4.00 (plus booking fee) Available from 8/0 Tel. 021 359 3979  
Virgin Records, Cyclops Records and Odeon Theatre (Subject to a booking fee)

**DOMINION THEATRE LONDON**  
Monday 22nd July 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets £4.00 ad, £4.50 door Available from Dominion 8/0 Tel. 01 580 9562/3  
L.T.B.; Premier, Albermarle, Stargreen & Keith Prowse CREDIT CARD HOT LINE 01 741 8989



# LIVE ADS (01-404 0700 ext. 282)

## 1985 W.O.M.A.D FESTIVAL

MUSIC AND DANCE FROM FIVE CONTINENTS

**NEW ORDER**  
**THE FALL**  
**TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**  
**NUSRAT FATEH**  
**ALI KHAN**  
**FRANCO**  
**GENERAL PUBLIC**  
**THE POGUES**  
**THOMAS MAPFUMO**

Compere - C.P. Lee

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA A.C.R.  
TARAB CHOIR RESTRICTION LENBAGA  
KESENJAN USU PETER HAMMILL  
BAGAMOYO GROUP THE GO-BETWEENS  
JAMES BOLIVIA MANTA ALPANA  
SENGUPTA PANCHAVADYAM  
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA SOMO SOMO  
MINT JULEPS  
SHANKAR, GARBAREK, GURU & VASCONCELOS  
BOOTHILL FOOT-TAPPERS SUPER DIAMONO  
LONDON SCHOOL OF SAMBA BLOWZABELLA  
BAD MAN WAGON A PRIMARY INDUSTRY  
BRENT BLACK MUSICIANS CO-OP  
ASAAB PAPA AND GRAFFI JAZZ  
THE HOUSEMARTINS KALIMA  
TABU LEY LE ROCHEREAU AND M'BILIA BELL  
DADE KRAMA BRISTOL PERCUSSION CIRCLE  
DAVE HOWARD SINGERS  
SECONDS OF PLEASURE  
10 TO 10 JAMES PHILIPS  
EDUARDO AND ANTONIO

Plus Workshops, International Cuisine, Swimming,  
Windsurfing, Sideshows, Free Camping, Flush Toilets!

**JULY 19th, 20th, 21st.**  
**MERSEA ISLAND**  
**Near Colchester, ESSEX**

TICKETS: WEEKEND £16, SUNDAY ONLY £8.

BY POST FROM:

WOMAD Festivals Ltd.,

P.O. Box 292(M), Bristol, BS99 7TE.

Cheques payable to W.O.M.A.D. Festivals Ltd.

Please send an S.A.E. with your order

TICKETS NOW AVAILABLE FROM: BATH, Music Market,  
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CAMBRIDGE, Andy's Records, Regent St., CARDIFF,  
Spillers Records, The Haves, EDINBURGH, Ripping Records,  
South Bridge, GLASGOW, A1 Sounds, The Savoy Centre,  
IPSWICH, Parrot Records, LEEDS, Jumbo Records, Merriam  
Centre, LIVERPOOL, Probe Records, Rainford Gardens,  
LONDON, any branch of London Theatre Bookings,  
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Exchange, Notting Hill Gate, Sterns African Record Centre,  
Whitfield St., Virgin Centre Point Box Office, Marble Arch,  
MANCHESTER, Picadilly Records, Parker St., NEWCASTLE,  
Volume Records, Ridley Place, NORWICH, Backs Records,  
NOTTINGHAM, Selectadisc, Market St., OXFORD, Music  
Market, Queen St., PLYMOUTH, Virgin Records, Armada  
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Fon, Division St., SOUTHAMPTON, Virgin Records, Bargate  
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TRAINS FROM LIVERPOOL ST. EVERY HALF HOUR

## WAF CLUB JULY 1985

35 37 WARDOUR STREET  
LONDON W1  
TELEPHONE: 01-437 5534

### THE LAST POETS

on WEDNESDAY JULY 17th

MONDAYS	THURSDAYS	WEDNESDAYS
The Jazz Room presents July 22 <b>EL SONIDO</b> July 29 <b>AMAZONIA</b>	July 18 <b>THE ANNIE</b> <b>WHITEHEAD GROUP</b> July 25 <b>THE JAZZ</b> <b>DEFECTORS</b>	July 31st <b>SHREIKBACK</b>

### EXCEPTIONAL ORIGINAL BANDS

required for  
SE London Nightclubs.  
Demo tapes and all  
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Lisa Danielle,  
Danielles  
The Dutch House,  
Sidcup Road, Lee, SE12

### THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19 20 Somers Street, Leeds 1.  
Phone 468287

Thursday 18th July

**PREFAB SPROUT**

Monday 22nd July

**GENE LOVES JEZEBEL**

Wednesday 24th July

**WHITE CHINA + EAST OF JAVA**

Thursday 1st August

**ICICLE WORKS + East Of Java**

LATE BAR 9-2 a.m.

Sunday Gigs Doors open

7.30 p.m. - 10.30 p.m.

**FOR DETAILS  
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*The Electric Screen*  
191 PORTOBELLO ROAD TEL. 229 3694  
FRIDAY JULY 19 at 11.15  
**LINE ON STAGE** and the  
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**PLUS ON FILM**  
ANTON ONIS' **BLOW UP**  
WITH DAVID HEMMINGS VANESSA REDGRAVE  
& THE YARDBIRDS  
ALL TICKETS £3.50 IN ADV/AT DOOR

**THE LABORATORY**  
Thursday 18th July  
**NICO & BAND**  
Thursday 25th July  
**JOHN COOPER-CLARKE**  
+ Support  
8 pm till Midnight  
The Laboratory is at the  
**Powerhouse**  
Hurst St, Birmingham, Xanadu Room  
(Queensway Entrance) Tel: 021-643 4715

**BULL & GATE**  
389 KENTISH TOWN ROAD,  
LONDON NW5  
01-485 5358  
Wednesday 17th July £2.00  
**CAT TALK**  
+ **CUT LOOSE**  
Thursday 18th July £1.50  
**JENNY + DARREN**  
(Rock & R'n'B)  
Friday 19th July £2.50  
**THE MEN THEY**  
**COULDN'T HANG**  
+ **JAMIE WEDNESDAY**  
Saturday 20th July £2.50  
**MORRISSEY/MULLEN**  
Sunday 21st July £2.00  
**DAGABAND**  
+ **YOUR DINNER**  
Monday 22nd July £1.50  
**DREAMTIME**  
Tuesday 23rd July £1.50  
**ELEVEN SONS**

## UNDERGROUND

21 High Street, Croydon 01 760 0833 Nearest B.R. East Croydon

Open Tuesdays to Saturdays 9pm-2am

Tuesday 16 July

**REIKO + CAPRICE + APRIL 16** £2.00

Wednesday 17 July

**TROY TATE + THE SCARY THIEVES** £2.00

Thursday 18 July

Very Special Guests only £3.50

Please (For Your Own Sake) Phone for details

Sunday 21 July

**PREFAB SPROUT** £3.00 Doors open 7.00pm

Tuesday 23 July

**Slippery When Wet + Sigh & Explode** £2.00

Wednesday 24 July

**RING OF ROSES +**

**THE THRASHING DOVES** £2.00

Thursday 25 July

**THE TRIFFIDS + Big & Beautiful** £2.50

with SAE from club.

Coming Soon.

Dumpy's Rusty Nuts.

Signe

**DERBY FOLK FESTIVAL '85**  
Friday 23rd (eve) & Saturday 24th August (allday)  
The Assembly Rooms, Market Place, Derby

**STEELEYE SPAN**  
**THE ALBION BAND**  
**ALAN HULL (of Lindisfarne)**  
**GORDON GILTRAP**

NO RIGHT TURN THE OYSTER BAND  
STANLEY ACCRINGTON SALLY WAKEFORD  
RAMSBOTTOM SIX HANDS IN TEMPO  
Sideshows and Morris Teams

Weekend Tickets before August 1st £9.00  
from Flat 2, 10 Arboritum Square, Derby.  
Cheques or Postal Orders to be made payable to:  
Knockdown Promotions 85. SAE please  
Then £11.00 after August 1st, Day tickets and  
camping available.  
**Limited amount of tickets available.**

# CLAIM SUPPLEMENTARY BENEFIT NOW!

The first effects of the Government's changes in Social Security will be felt next month when no new claims for central heating costs will be accepted.

Already over 1 million people claim this weekly addition to benefit and it is worth £2.10 or £4.20 each week. Existing Supplementary Benefit Claimants already getting the payment will continue to do so. If you have not claimed for it by August 4th you will not be paid the money.

So if your home has central heating and either you get Supplementary Benefit but not the extra money or you don't get Supplementary Benefit but think you might qualify we advise you to make those claims NOW.

If your claim is successful you will continue to get the money paid from the date you claim. That is why we strongly advise you to start making a claim for benefit now using the coupon below. We will forward your claim to DHSS the same day that we get it.

Also, we will send you details of all the other extra payments you can claim with Supplementary Benefit.

**Don't delay.**  
**After August 4th you will not qualify for this important entitlement.**

**Claim What's Yours**  
**GLC WELFARE RIGHTS CAMPAIGN**  
**FREEPOST, LONDON SW1V 2YZ**

TO: GLC Welfare Rights Campaign, Dept. C.H., Freepost, London SW1V 2YZ

☐ I wish to claim Supplementary Benefit.  
☐ I currently receive Supplementary Benefit/Housing Benefit Supplement.  
☐ My home is centrally heated and I wish to claim a weekly addition for this.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

POSTCODE \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

THIS COUPON IS AN OFFICIAL CLAIM FORM. YOUR POTENTIAL ENTITLEMENT TO CENTRAL HEATING ADDITION WILL BE SAFEGUARDED FROM THE DAY THAT IT IS RECEIVED BY US. THE DEADLINE DATE IS AUGUST 4TH.

NME




# LIVE ADS (01-404 0700 ext. 282)

GLC JOBS YEAR '85 & ASGARD PRESENT

## music in the park

A FREE CONCERT OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC



LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III  
PAUL BRADY · DAVE KELLY  
TERRY AND GERRY · BATTLEFIELD BAND

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS  
**THE CHIEFTAINS**

LAMPTON PARK HOUNSLOW · SATURDAY AUG. 3RD, 2-8 P.M.  
STARS PUB HOUSES & CENTRE

GLC JOBS YEAR '85

**HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

**MONDAY/TUESDAY**  
**5th/6th AUGUST**  
**7.30 pm**

**KID CREOLE and the Coconuts**

TICKETS £7.50 £6.50  
FROM BOX OFFICE (01 748 4081)  
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, STAR GREEN  
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, KEITH PROWSE  
(CREDIT CARD 01 741 8989) & USUAL AGENTS.  
(SHOW PRODUCED BY NICK LEIGH PROMOTIONS)

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

**DIORAMA**  
BLOOD ORANGE  
ROCK  
THEATRE

BRITAIN'S  
DIVISION  
SIMPLE MINDS

CAPITAL  
FESTIVAL

JULY 22 - 27

TWENTY - FIRST  
**CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL**

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WEEKEND OF 26 - 27 - 28 JULY 1985 CHERRY HINTON HALL GROUNDS

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# PRINT

EDITED BY MAT SNOW

## SORRY, WHO WAS IT WE WERE READING ABOUT?

### BOWIE: THE PITT REPORT

Kenneth Pitt (Omnibus Press, £6.95)

WHAT DO you want to know about David Bowie?

What really was his relationship with Lou Reed?

What did he really do on his first visit to Japan?

What drugs did he take?

Where *did* he get those flared trousers and would Laren Bacall

ever have worn anything like that?

Weren't those leotards painful?

Well, don't get excited, because from this book you're not going

to find out any of those things. What you will find out is:

How many siblings his great-grandfather had.

What pseudonym he used to sign Christmas cards under when

he was in his first band.

The wording of the press letter sent by his early manager to

*Melody Maker*.

What Bob Dylan said (to wit, "Wow, wow, wow") when he saw

the crowd outside his first Albert Hall concert.

Yes, I was a bit confused about the last one too. Kenneth Pitt, it

appears, was a PR for Bob Dylan. He was also the first man to be

seriously obsessed by David Bowie. The only trouble is he's

neither very interesting nor particularly literate. The one

illuminating section, dealing with David's relationship with his

brother, is allowed to peter into nothingness. We're told that the

brother suffered from some debilitating disease but we're not told

what it was, what happened to him or what David's reaction to it

was.

The remainder is a patchy hotch-potch of ridiculous trivia and

business gossip in which Pitt untrammels infinite tales of

unimportant things said to him by famous people. His only point

seems to be that Bowie was (fairly justifiably on the evidence of

the records) ignored in his early days. When things got interesting,

i.e. after the first LP, Pitt's involvement stopped and so does this

book.

What *do* you really want to know about David Bowie?

If the answer includes what his telephone number was when he

used to live in Ravensbourne, then this book is for you.

Don Watson



The late, great R. N. Marley.

Plc Adrian Boot.

## FULL BOB

### BOB MARLEY: THE COMPLETE BIO/DISCOGRAPHY

Observer Station (Omnibus Press, £3.95)

OF ALL the truly mammoth figures of modern music, none

has had a messier recorded history than Bob Marley (and his

Wailers). A series of small-time UK deals between their two

very different stints on Island, an assortment of ill-starred JA

ventures, and the plethora of solo spin-offs have left the

Marley/Wailers canon in a state of labyrinthine complexity.

This book, by NME's very own Observer Station, lovingly and

expertly untangles the web for the casual fan and

encyclopaedic completist alike.

Clearly presented, knowledgeably annotated and copiously

illustrated, this work of microscopic research details every

UK, Jamaican and American release (45 and LP) of *all*

variations of the Wailers, of Marley himself, of Peter Tosh,

Bunny Wailer, Judy Mowatt, Marcia Griffiths, Rita Marley, The

I Threes as a group, and an assortment of Tuff Gong

production oddities.

All you need to know, and utterly indispensable.

Danny Kelly

## NO BITE

### THE WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN?

Clifford D. Simak (Methuen, £1.95 each)

MAINSTREAM SCIENCE-FICTION can either gawp and gasp uncritically at the bold new technological future that awaits the brotherhood of man; or it can offer dire warnings of the fate that beckons should we let science GO TOO FAR. Either way, it often has a strong conservative thrust, not always because of any explicitly reactionary ideas expressed, but simply because bad writing and reliance on genre devices always makes for stagnation. Which is why the best SF often comes from 'mainstream', 'literary' writers – Ballard, Lessing, Burgess – using genre references as a springboard for greater imaginative leaps than those afforded by convention. Of course, they also get it wrong most of the time, which is half the appeal, and which is why purists balk at seeing their beloved genre mauled by the intelligensia.

I speak not as a snotty academic and upholder of 'literary quality' but as one who, in his formative years, had his brain pickled by an exclusive diet of mainly trashy SF and hasn't yet recovered. I gobbled up Simak books by the score, including these, but can't remember them, and can't imagine why I ever read them in the first place.

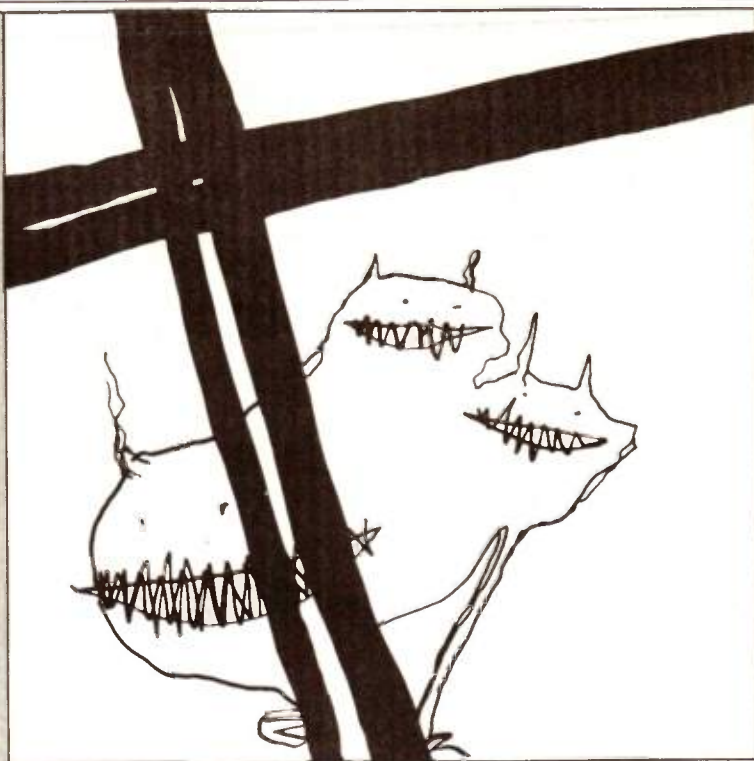
*Why Call Them Back* is basically a lame political thriller with ugly pretensions to metaphysical speculation. It paints a Utopia gone sour and warns against letting our spiritual capacities get

swallowed up in the rush for Eternal Life for All. (A couple of all-purpose 'seekers' play a clumsy symbolic part.) But it really affirms the daftest notions of what life is really about – the hero leaves the hi-tech metropolis for the country to discover the Good Things that go without saying, nature, an honest living, the 'isness of being'. There's no real sense of political paranoia as we watch him being hunted by the conglomerate that one day took over the whole world without anyone noticing – it's all down to a couple of bad guys at the helm.

*The Werewolf Principle* has more of the same, and is facetious, to boot. The 200-year-old hero wakes up in a thunderstorm and has a nasty shock ("somewhere, somehow, he had lost his shorts"). He discovers he shares his body with two alien beings, and the three selves banter in stilted dialogue, or ponder on the nature of the self. Occasionally a cute furry alien and a singularly camp talking house weigh in with their threepence worth of light relief. In a twist ending that's so lame you can hear the thump of its peg leg, love conquers all.

What really irks about these books is that they're badly-written, sloppily-plotted, tendentious, and that the characters all have an overdeveloped historical consciousness and spend most of their time relating 200 years-worth of scientific advances to each other. "Remember when we conquered gravity?" We? Gimme a break. How much longer must we fling this filth at our space cadets?

Jonathan Romney



## ROBERT FRIPP THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN G O D S A V E T H E K I N G



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# LIVE

EDITED BY DANNY KELLY

## THE COURT OF THE MOUNTAIN KING

**B. B. KING**  
Edinburgh Playhouse

THERE'S NOT many of these men left; these big, rollicking men who sang instead of weeping in voices born of black ankles shackled both literally and socially; snuffed out year by year they are. But there's still B. B. King.

In a way, it hardly matters that he is a cornerstone of blues music, that he was instrumental in the leap of the blues from down-home black music to electrified mass popularity, that he made the blues relevant and available to all, that he influenced all the guitar-wielding rock'n roll kids, or that he's an incredible 60 years of age. What matters is what he does tonight, right now. Listen.

And you'll hear an essential, ancient American music made as nerve-tingly alive as the day it was born, starting with those slow, speaking notes that hang in the air, sharp as steel-tipped arrows. A perfectly pitched selection of whispers and fragile torments ringing out a spin-tingling trail as the big face squelches up in sweat and shakes to the notes in a blue dreamland. B. B.'s work is a needle point ring, a clear chunk and then a filigree pattern of notes high and pining. Nobody makes the blues glide quite like this.

A six-piece band backs him and they occasionally bow to each other like black Sumo wrestlers before the fray. The band contains two great horn players who can fill the hall with sound or surprise the tone to a soft bed on which B. B. can play without breaking sweat.

Then there's the voice, a bellow of chocolate rust turning into a rough tenor that no white person can ever get, which comes after the guitar is swung back around the be-suited barrel body. When he's talking or singing he's half-joking but when he's playing he's making serious love.

He moves from the chugging boogie to the slow wail and you can hear the basis of the Stax soul stomp and the Motown locomotion throughout. Always there's a heavy line of gospel testifying around it all and the tinge of Las Vegas showbiz presentation detracts only slightly.

The reverential audience got most of what they wanted; 'Ain't Nobody's Business', 'It's Just A Matter Of Time', 'The Thrill Is Gone', 'Rock Me Baby' and the new 'Into The Night' were some of the ones that really moved.

But the main thing was to be present, watching and hearing a big, blue-black man who knows how to ease it down and mull it over, to let it explode and then cut it down like a guillotine at exactly the right moment. May the good times roll like this, always. Still one of the biggest, sharpest, coolest people playing guitar for living.

Bob Flynn ■

## NME CAPITAL WILD WEEKEND

**CHAKK SAVAJAZZ**  
London Albany Empire

SAVAJAZZ are too young to know about velvet suits and step-for-step stage routines, but sometimes, if you understand me, they sound that good without looking anywhere near that grotesque. This is a rich, jumpy combination, a bagful of old memories being re-jigged by a group of talented youngsters.

Here's a band who jump into everyone else's groove, just for a second, kicking a bit of life into all the old half-forgotten rhythmic gambits and hooklines, smearing the whole thing with the piping, breathy, Madonna-curdle of Sharren.

What we are talking about is a certain amount of 11 piece push-and-shove with a thick overcoat of sweetness; a snickering bassline, a gallery of brass by-play and some well-placed jazz-funk breaks. (Sure, Shakatak lack attack, but this is different, this has spirit.)

Chakk talk about furnaces but in reality they're a pretty chilling proposition as they strip off layers of kick-back percussion and rotor-thud tape effects from their tightly-ratcheted spool of possibilities. These are dancefloor morticians, (under)taking you through a musical threshing-machine, fraying and flaying your understanding of the notion 'song'.

These are songs? No, that's more like the Vietnam war going on out there. Magazine-emptying scratch-gimmicks, whirring heli-blade percussion loops, the whole spliced-up pre- and post-mortem of 'Out of the Flesh'. It catches you bodily, too, gets you stepping into unaccustomed positions, jerking and snapping and tripping you out of sequence.

This is, at its best, a texture which can dig itself into you and stop you from functioning in the usual ways. It's a few David Bowie songs put into the boot of a car, which is then put into a crusher so that no-one will recognise them.

Sure, Chakk are pushing back the frontiers. I can't see them going dry-ice and laser-show or pouncing about in velvet suits.

William Leith ■



Tired and emotional Steve Mack

Pic. Bleddyn Butcher

**THAT PETROL EMOTION**  
London Albany Empire

POUNDING compressed anger and ugly rancour; the sharp contrast between shimmering Velveten melodies and a spine cracking beat; a serious internal combustion and a desire, a need to rearrange the colours and structure of the standard rock group set up... It can't be the punk rock revival again so it must be that old Petrol Emotion coming on.

Because of the new excitement they generate it's easy to forget that That Petrol Emotion founder members John and Dee O'Neill have already put one classic pop case history to rest when they shut down The Undertones two seasons back. They have found new horizons and vigour to attack them with; the feeling of discovery and wanderlust is about them again.

But there's experience to go alongside it, the songs may build on the craft and ingenuity that is the O'Neill's chief calling card but there's a steely sensibility at the core of this new group, a ruthlessness borne of maturity and sickness at the prevailing paprot.

Two cover versions—Captain Beefheart's 'Zig Zag Wanderer' and Pere Ubu's 'Non Alignment Pact'—give random pointers towards the area TPE move in.

Immersed in the confusion

## I SECOND THAT EMOTION

and pressure of daily experience (be it the personal or political) they combat it with mounting intensity, hard jagged edges and pristine melodies attacked with all out aural violence (harmonies are now like hyena howls in a thunder storm).

The trick is to bind all this together so that it's controlled mayhem rather than an anarchic melange. In person at least TPE top their spiritual peers The Jesus And Mary Chain—both have a fascination for noise rearrangement but only the former have the graft and imagination to carry it through.

TPE have to function as a unit, each element needs to be in synch with the other, to be able to confront and reply to fresh initiatives. And that's exactly how it works between the O'Neill brothers and two Irish friends on drum and second guitar.

The only weak point, and it's one that's getting stronger with each performance, is their young American singer Steve Mack.

Sometimes TPE's bulging muscular sound can

overwhelm the listener and sacrifice their lyrical clarity. This is annoying because the single 'Keen' has a sleeve note which suggests that life in their homeland still informs their work.

A fine display for all that—when their remorseless drive and agitation seemed to be getting close to impenetrable, John introduced 'A Natural Kind Of Joy' showing that his talent for a sparse upfront betrothal is still as strong as ever.

'Downbeat' was the one that sounded most like The Undertones because it was based on one great riff rather than several ideas and ramifications. 'V2' tips the scales; their show stopper and follow up single. It moves faster and faster, fearless and unstoppable, guitars peeling off iridescent layers in the mounting heat and molten fury, voice agonised, rising and squealing, the drummer leading one insurmountable charge after another. And then they were gone. Better catch them next time.

Gavin Martin ■

## MOTHER COURAGE!

**AGNES BERNELLE**  
London Bloomsbury Theatre

AS THE theme of Brecht's 'Mack The Knife' drifts into the upper circle, the lights go down. In the darkness, the light of a cigarette glows, moving slowly onto the stage. From the direction of its red light, the theme is picked up in a whistle. As the cigarette reaches stage centre, a single, dim light picks out the face, adrift in darkness, of Agnes Bernelle.

With its folds of laughter lines, its full lips, it could be the ghost of Lotte Lenya, the wife of Kurt Weill back once more to sing the words of Bertolt Brecht. Mackie Messer, Bertha De Sade, Surabaye Johnnie, The Girl with the brown mole and the man who pulled the tales of horses. All the ghosts were indeed back in town.

Agnes Bernelle's great distinction is that she's old enough to remember. Somehow these songs, so drenched in world-weary cynicism, lined with the scars of good times past, wouldn't sound quite right these days if sung by some fresh-faced *femme fatale*. It's the Sade principle—it takes a lady or at least a tramp to sing the blues, pampered commuter belt confections don't cut ice.

There's something sad about these old refrains returning to haunt us in this spiritually bankrupt age—they sound so much like the echo of a raucous time long gone. Agnes Bernelle sings with a more wistful tone than Lotte Lenya ever did. In her hands 'The Bilbao Song', a testament to a once riotous dance hall now 'Very posh/Very dull', becomes less of a celebration, more of an elegy. To Lotte it was the recent past, to Agnes a good time only mistily remembered.



Agnes Bernelle: whole Lotte love.

Pic Nick White

"No fights," she mourns, "no beer/Just tea." The audience laughs at the contempt with which the last word is uttered, but the irony is apparently lost on them, here in the Bloomsbury Theatre where drinks are barred from the auditorium. Especially during Jacques Prevert's 'Hurdy Gurdy', with its typically mordant wit, I couldn't help yearning for a few of the rowdies from the same author's *Les Enfants Du Paradis*. For God's sake even The Pogues sat politely and clapped.

If it was beyond the powers of anyone to truly bring these songs to life in such a setting, Agnes

Bernelle conjured up their ghosts with the vivid charisma of a talented medium, supplementing the repertoire of French and German cabaret from her 'Father's Lying Dead On The Ironing Board' collection with a selection of some of Brecht and Weill's best known songs.

"In the light they're here," she sang, finishing with the neat double meaning of Brecht's 'Happy End', "but in the dark they disappear". As the ghosts fled I was left feeling glad that there's people like Agnes Bernelle to protect them from the exorcism of our age of forgetting.

Don Watson ■

**BLUE NOSE B**  
Bootle Old firestation

THE OLD Firestation would not have looked out of place in Liverpool city centre. But in Bootle (nasty people say Boot Hill) its flashy light show, huge video screen and dummy firemen sliding down poles make it stick out like little Lord Fauntleroy.

Blue Nose B aren't bothered though. The high standard of promotions and the rates of pay above the usually criminal are just what they have been looking for. As part of a youth uprising (thank god) in local music, which appears to walk and talk with a wisdom beyond its years, they're shifting the emphasis from the larks-for-larks-sake of the previous era of 'Liverpool Bands' towards a mood of realism. A determination not to run and hide in the powder room but to stand your ground and deal with things. Even if that means wearing your egg on your face.

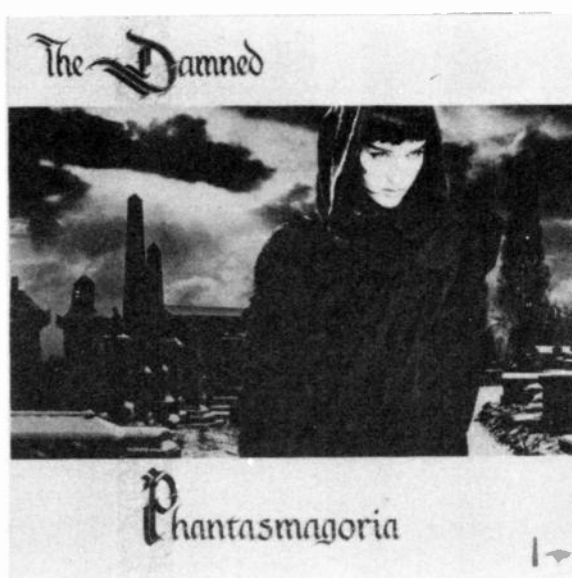
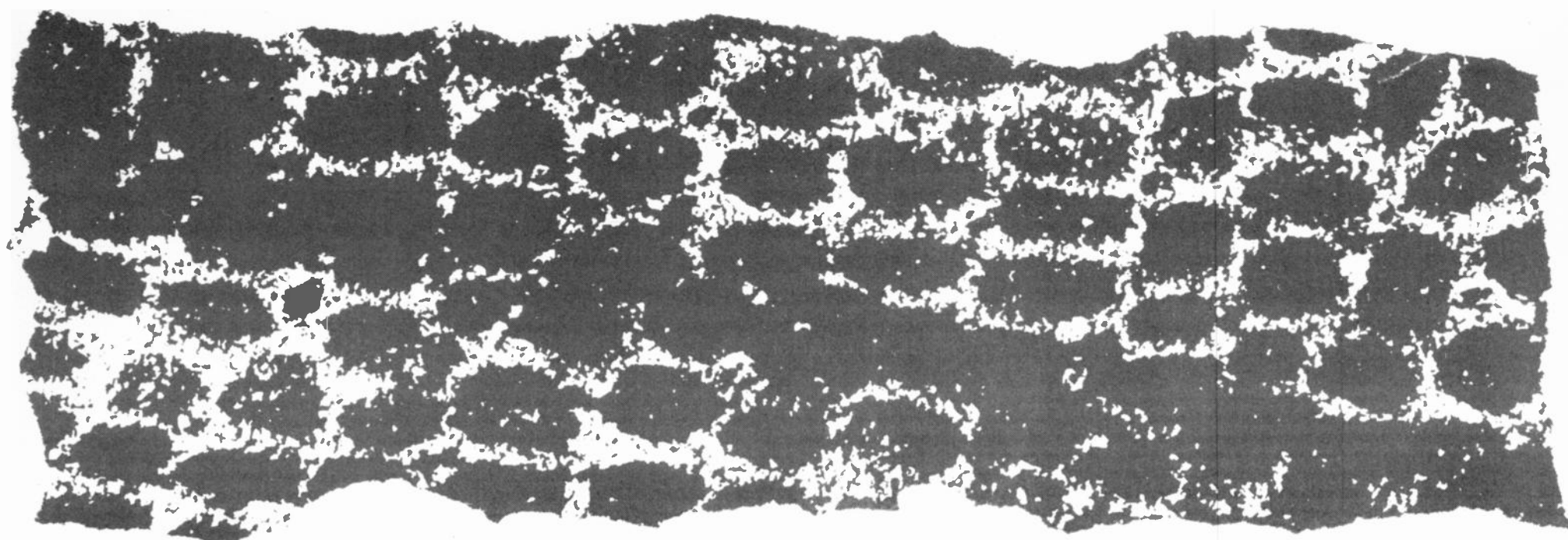
The great thing about this is that honest people always sound so innocent and innocence always sounds so young. Blue Nose B have plenty of this honesty stuff. The urgent voice of Dave Billows ranks favourably with the godatorial sounds of Bono or Wylie.

The guitars pick 'n' twang, get stropopy when it suits, leaving the drums to rumble and splash with the glee of a child at bathtime. The whole thing rides the line between anthemic pop ('Dream') through ballad—lands to the lighter side of the Gary Davies show (the very wonderful 'Summer Girl').

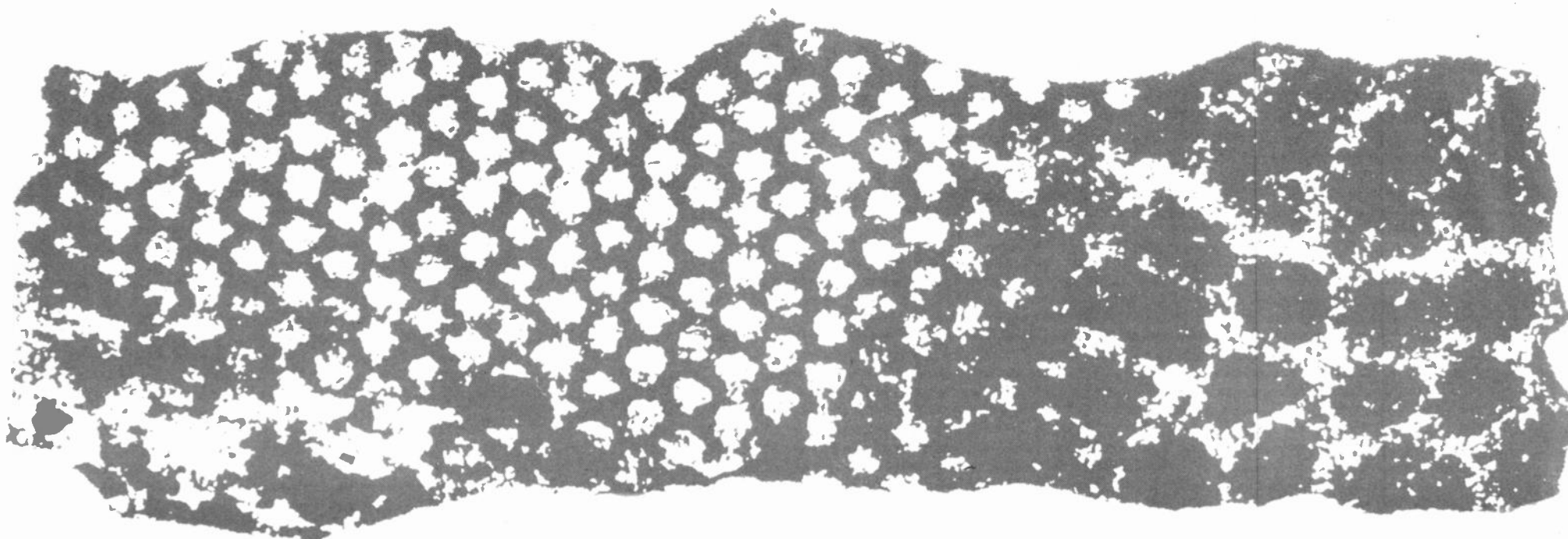
They do it with what can only be described as accidental brilliance. None of the songs holds back. They reach for the peaks fired with spirit and a healthy disregard for etiquette and style. Words like adventurous, assertive, sensitive and precise spring too easily to mind. But what's probably more important is that they stepped all over my brown suede boots.

Billy Mann ■





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# CAN RED BOYS SING THE BLUES?

## SIMPLY RED

London Ronnie Scott's

OPENING UP the box on Simply Red, it comes as a surprise to find that what is reputedly their greatest asset is in fact the proverbial black card playing against them.

We talk of Red's voice. It's a voice that lacks nothing in technical expertise. It sings and expresses itself in a sure and confident manner. It indicates a certain truth and feeling on behalf of the singer, it has an obvious sincerity even if it is prone to excess emotion on certain occasions.

NO, WHERE IT FALLS IS IN ITS *tone*, something no one can change. This is a mismatch of sounds. Red's voice, far suited to an epic Bacharach and David 45, set against the borrowed black American sound of his group. It doesn't gel. Imagine him singing Working Week's 'Sweet Nothings' and we're getting there. Imagine him

tackling James Brown (obvious I know, but the point has to be made) and the massive alterations needed are obvious.

Simply Red opened up their showcase Ronnie Scott gig with about four or five of their most boring songs. Sturdy but ultimately dull songs revealing an obsession with white boy splintered funk. No fluidity, no grooves to lock into, just another group complicating matters to spite their faces.

It was only when they reached 'Sad Old Red', a simmering blues topped off by irresistible jazzy chords, that they began to make sense. Red took his voice down into a whisper, the band pushed the appropriate atmospherics into a fitting backdrop, and Simply Red started to display a welcome cohesion.

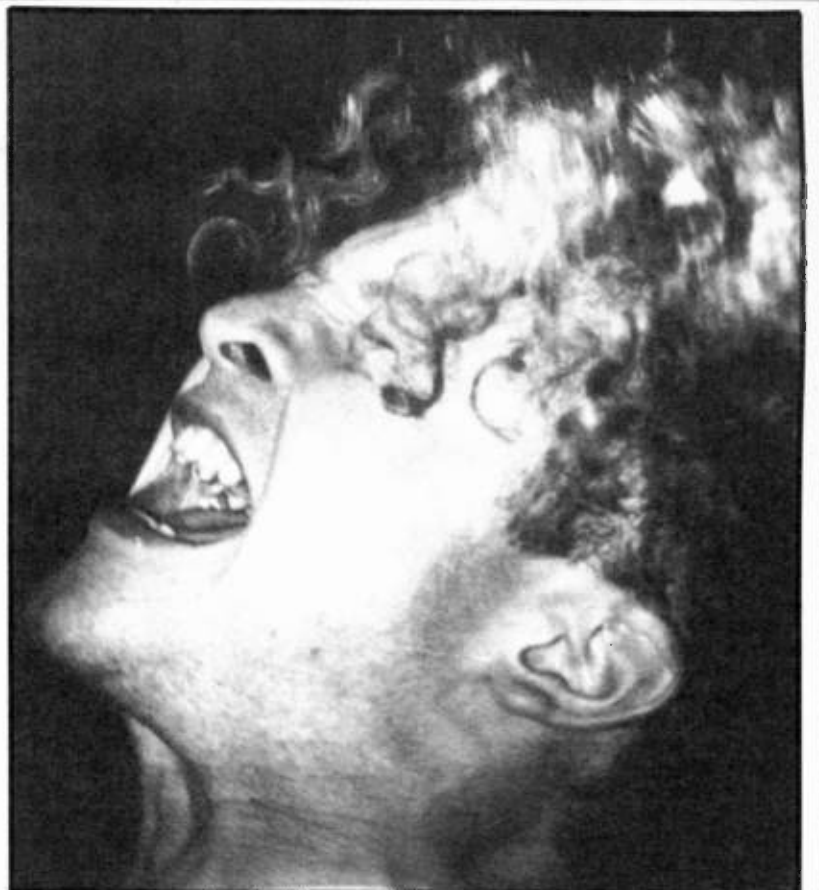
From this it became apparent that they have at least learnt something from The Valentine Brothers, the

group whose single they've covered to dent the charts. They've learnt the value of layering songs but not cluttering them, of emphasising their strengths and not hiding them. These were not special songs—they lacked that sense of abandonment that only drilled funksters can achieve—but they did resonate with touches of individuality and clarity.

Their version of 'Money's Too Tight To Mention'—incredibly weak on vinyl—achieved some kind of depth onstage. Other songs swung the same way, brimming with pleasant potential but marred by a voice that sings at odds.

This is not to say that we are raising that dread spectre of can the white boy sing the blues and retain his balance. We all know they can. Red is just suited elsewhere. In other words, I think God devised him as an '80s Gene Pitney. Not as a Junior Valentine.

Paolo Hewitt ■



Red perfects his Ronnie Reagan yawn

Pic Jayne Houghton



Oil skin Peter Garrett

Pic Bleddyn Butcher

## SLICK!

### MIDNIGHT OIL

London Hammersmith Palais

FOR AN Australian band, Midnight Oil are pretty hilarious—and usually intentionally so; even though their sober specialist subject and starter for ten, the erosion of this earth, is sometimes packaged in a horribly sobering way, ie. arrangements recalling the scourge that is Neil Young. Now, *that's* sobering.

Scar-pated, bald-pated singer Peter Garrett is a big noise in the nuclear disarmament party back home and this adds further substance to Midnight Oil's apparent descent from the House of Godspell and a hundred other 'rock operas' of conscience.

Peter's 'twixt tune patter is wackily pre-scripted, managing to retain the nimble spontaneity enjoyed by the chummy pratings of 'trendy vicars'. But, of course, even the trendiest of vicars would beg to be excused the grey combat wear and highly diverting dance steps.

With the aid of footwork and bodywork originally choreographed by the late Ian Curtis, our man makes like a preposterous marionette, his wide-spanned hands registering unmistakable, primal confusion. The bit where he hitched the front of his tunic under his chin whilst still dancing, was particularly un-vicarlite.

The music took second place to the structure of the top priority bulletins, wrapped around the little finger of each explosive theme. They're certainly no cosmic prophets of pomp. Often, an intelligent non-rock feel will start to grow, only to be pruned in its prime by a theatrical jingle scored for five voices. A typically unpredictable casio solo caused visible hair loss among several members of the audience.

In fact, more interesting than the tunes was the reaction of many late-arrivals. Upon coming within earshot, they would involuntarily dance a Garrett-style primal jig before coming to their senses. Sinister. Were they 'normal' before seeing this band? Have we all just been unsuspecting participants in a non-biodegradable experience?

Cath Carroll ■

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# THE JEFFREY LEE PIERCE QUARTET

London Marquee

JEFFREY LEE Pierce stands onstage, his keen, serious stare cuts through the heat haze that shimmers around the stage. His jungle combat jacket matches the climate perfectly. He is no longer the tragic circus puppet, face puffy with drugs, that he was in Gun Club days of old. Tonight the chubby Brando good looks shine through again. Jeffrey Lee has pulled himself together. This is the first 'proper' gig since the Club's demise (we can dismiss the 'jazz' event and the shambolic Cult support). Jeffrey means business.

Thus what we get is a 'solid', rough R&B action set, devoid of much spontaneity or wildness but with enough thrills to satisfy.

Most of the wonderful 'Wildweed' LP is aired plus a couple of tunes from 'Miami' and 'The Las Vegas Story' (the Gun Club LP in my opinion). Basically, this 'Wildweed' set is a return to the country-blues (but raw) sound that's characteristic of the 'Miami' period. Dynamic stuff.

The lyrical themes seem more objective this time around. They twist and turn around tales of 'Love And Desperation' — mostly desperation. Jeffrey howls out saga after saga of real-life. He has the vicious insight and eye for detail of a natural story teller. His often overlooked humour is tongue-in-cheek and occasionally sick ('Sex Killer'). These songs are gripping.

The standout tunes tonight are a stormy version of 'Wildweed' and a tortured 'From Temptation'. Here Pierce's rather special voice reaches a mournful peak.

A special highlight is the rockin'-trash encore. A taste of things to come? Let's hope so.



Richard North ■

Dave Vanian — cheap frills.

Pic Jayne Houghton

# DUSK OF LIVING

## THE DAMNED

Nottingham Rock City

CATCH CATCH the horror train!

A curious phenomenon is this Goth. A natural inheritor to the tinsel trappings of '70s glam, a hybrid culture born out of the weary years of blandness since those far off 100 days of '76/'77.

These rockin' psycho-acid skunk punk-a-billies (or whatever phrase takes your fancy) could possibly be dubbed the new hippies in their ragged Indian skirts and tatty keks, hair akimbo. Chains and crucifixes drip from every orifice in a sea of black lace and leather topped by mohicans that threaten to put your eye out. Caked faces and severely lined eyes are already beginning to slide in the stifling heat. Cruella De Ville is back-combing her locks

in the bogs, Herman Munster is ordering a pint of snakebite at the bar.

And so in rolls the ghost train. When in doubt adapt and adopt, seems to be The Damned's master plan. Take all the headsplitting split and venom of yore and tone it down to mainstream pap for a new generation. But a few years experience, a new hairdo (re Mr Vanian's Bride of Dracula coiff) and fresh frilly rags do not constitute a revolution. Nor does paying musical lip service to the droning style of whippersnappers such as Sisters Of Mercy.

How can The Damned be innovatory when they stumble onto the 'megaband' treadmill? Nine years have passed and

## XEROX & ROLL

### ALTERNATIVE TV

London Thames Poly

THERE ARE certain phenomena in this life which recur with the inexorable regularity of destiny itself: TV critics' appraisal of the year's Wimbledon commentaries, the new Bond film, the reappearance every five years of the Springsteen T-shirt. They must be part of a greater plan. Such a phenomenon, too, is the reappearance of Alternative TV. But what can Mark Perry be planning?

The significance of ATV eludes me now more than it did even at its time of inception — soapbox hack finds voice,

articulates the angst of a tongue-tied generation. Except that by the time Perry had found his voice in ATV Mark I, his concerns had surpassed those of his print output, with the result that there was a jarring discrepancy between what you expected him to say and the aesthetico-metaphysico-libidinous tangent the group actually veered off on. Their records are a painful, but brave, reminder of great opportunities missed.

A good three reunions on, ATV have lost the immediate cultural resonance they had at the time and gained some kind of amorphous monolithic respectability — they could be the Flamin' Groovies of art-rock for all that mattered. The new version is rough-cut, peevish Perry squeals, bawls, and scratches guitar in a very time-honoured way, still

# COLOURBOX THE MOON IS BLUE



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# THE DEAD

they're still playing 'New Rose' because there's still a crowd of young sputnik-headed bloods prepared to throw themselves around to it. The same lot who greet the opening strains of 'Grimly Fiendish' as if it were the greatest thing since sliced milk. Still, one can't argue with the joys of tribalism.

It was a sad sight to behold. Granddaddy punks playing to their grandkiddies in an oppressively sweaty club. It left a strange taste in the mouth and an empty feeling in the gut. Screaming "sell out" seems pointless when the point has been forgotten, just as a corpse is still a corpse however well embalmed it may be, best just to do the decent thing and bury it.

**Claire Morgan Jones ■**

(embarrassingly) angry, Karl Blake of the Shock-headed Peters rattles out a malevolent racket of guitar, and on drums, a woman called Alison clatters feverishly as if co-ordination were just another word—a wonderful noise, and at the moment, she single-handedly defines the sound of this band.

Served up were 'Lost In Room', 'Splitting In Two', the old rambling diatribes of The Good Missionaries, stripped down to a grating noise—the effect wore off after a while, but at moments you caught yourself thinking, yeah, essence of punk, this is almost it, back to A4 Xerox music.

ATV may turn out to be fairly worthless this time, or they may surprise us all. It's your soapbox, Mark (as you once remarked), it's up to you to use it.

**Jonathan Romney ■**

## BALAAM AND THE ANGEL THE SCARECROWS

Sheffield Limit Club

IT DIDN'T come as a complete shock. I'd had my first suspicions whilst walking through Sheffield city centre early in the evening. I mean, one doesn't normally see so many people with long hair and vacant expressions there.

Even so, I was taken aback by the sight which confronted me when I entered the Limit Club. Persons in loose-fitting clothes were sitting on the floor in tight little circles. Light was being projected through moving coloured liquids on to Balaam's stage backdrop—which bore the words "family" and "friends" in ornate lettering. Suddenly, I knew that this was no gig—this was a Hippy Revivalist ritual.

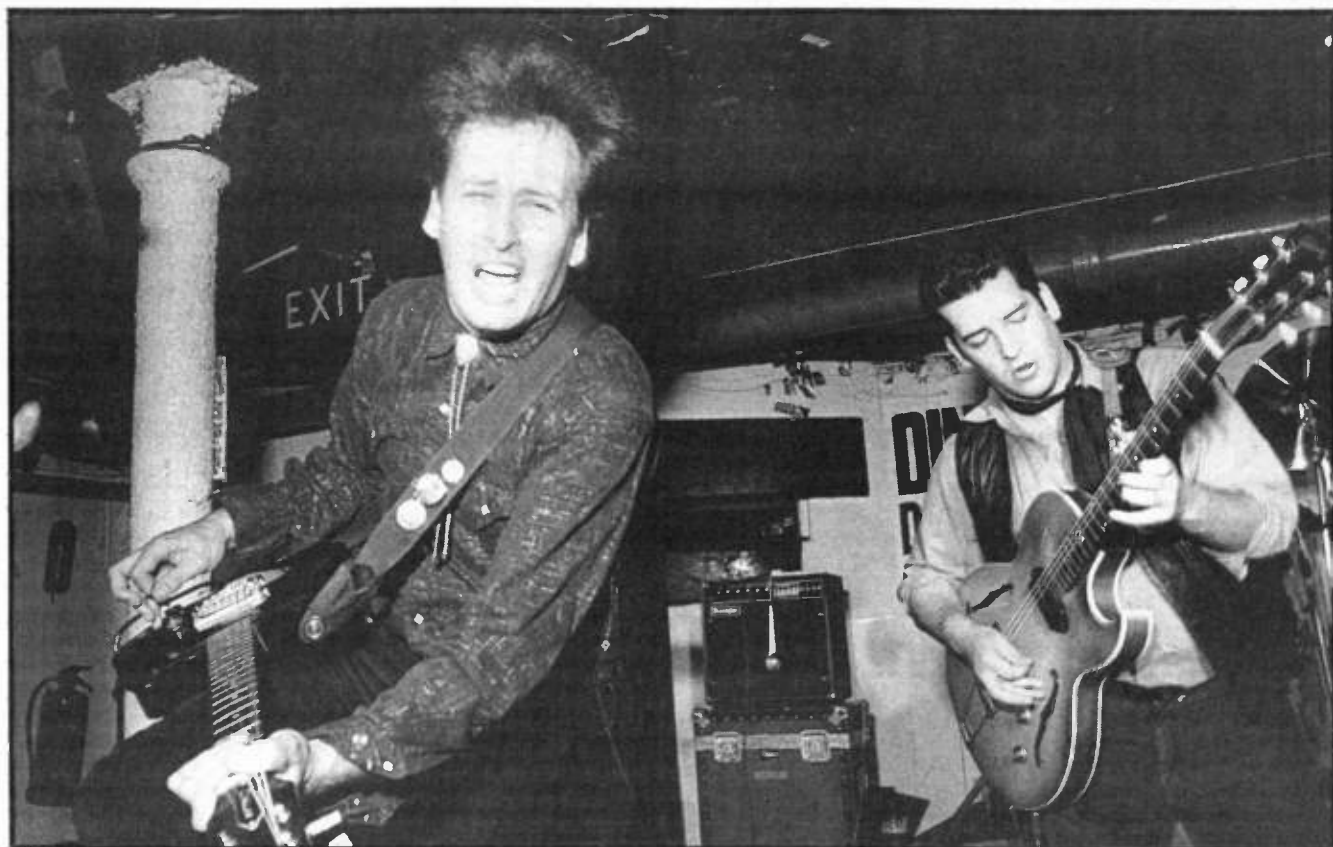
The Scarecrows interrupted the event. They're certainly not a stylistically innovative band—their sound called to mind a variety of past practitioners of tough yet sensual pop. But their songwriting is classy enough to compensate for their atavism.

The nouveau psychedelia of the forthcoming single, 'Jade', stood out as a particularly vivid sample of their craft, and the Blondiesque 'Plain Boyish' was similarly stirring.

And then The Angel descended, in a cloud of dry ice. "Love Me" it implored, and a sea of teenage arms stretched beseechingly towards it. In the eyes of the faithful, the fact that The Angel had no memorable songs to sing was obviously overshadowed by the spirit it radiated—a kind of simple-minded, undemanding amiability.

Mark Morris has what must be one of the most spectacularly ludicrous hairdos ever sported by mortal man. This may prove to be a useful distraction, since he and his brothers sound like U2 without the tunes.

**Dave Jennings ■**



Blood on the tractors? Beat Farmers

pic Denis Lewis

# PITCHFORKIN' HELL!

## THE BEAT FARMERS

London Dingwalls

HOW MANY excuses can you think of for a band like The Beat Farmers? Oh, loads, loads. After all, they're having fun out there, throwing a lot of beer over everybody, and we're having fun too, watching them clown around with their big country-boy grins. A pretty futile way to have fun, you might venture—and you have a point—but these men in their funny shirts can be pretty convincing. Look, this is Big Twangy Noise. It doesn't have to be disgusting. Hurry up, Harry—we're going down the drinker. No, we're *charging* down there. The Beat Farmers wrap their dime-store sentiments and mock-Western tableaux in a tight guitar parcel which won't come undone but nevertheless looks exciting when taken at full tilt. They step into a song like it was a pub and out of it like it was a frying-pan. More than this, we have a case of rhythm gatecrash, where the mandatory guitar-thrash and cudgel bass section seems

to have rewoundd itself a little bit too near the beginning, munching through the rest of the song at insect speed: twang twang, boom boom, the end. That's when they're at their best.

On guitar we have Ronnie Kray in some kind of Los Lobos fantasy, but the most important character is the drummer. A sort of dirty-raincoat General Custer who marches up to the front every so often and whips out his strange little songs, flicking a beer-bottle around sixgun-style. "I've got a Colt 45 in my hand," he slurs (get it?), but he's not loaded, only pretending.

No, the moment they will remember is when this guy wanders through the audience on the end of his 50-foot mike-lead singing 'California Kid'. Oh, The Beat Farmers—they encore with barber-shop versions of Led Zeppelin and then, of course, 'Carol'. They're nothing to worry about.

**William Leith ■**

## THE PASTELS THE SHOP ASSISTANTS

London Room At The Top

WHATEVER HAPPENED to all those old punk rock groups who were so fresh and invigorating, pock-marked and exciting? Well, look no further, because tonight we have...

ONE: The Shop Assistants, four girls and a boy, who come over so enthusiastically that they make anyone who's left school seem positively *ancient*. A melding in of the Ramones and all those great unwritten three-chord Velvet songs.

TWO: The Pastels, still fervent, still yearning, the hard-edge of soft-centred rock, the pointed edge in innocence. Wringing tunes from hearts of stone, blue sky through the clouds. Music's still alive and kicking vigorously in small clubs like this sweaty den; come closer—the backlash against '85 rock continues here...

The Shop Assistants contain a deadly dourish drumkit duo and a chanteuse so clear, so cool, so deadpan she makes even Nico seem alive.

A clutch of slow numbers in the middle—"you can cry to these if you want to"—with xylophone and tambourine, the calm in the midst of a manic whirling maelstrom. Fast fast *fast* ones, tumbling over one another in their excitement; a storm at the centre of that whipped-out laid-back dog-tired bland mudpool we currently call pop.

Quick before they vanish! All pop groups should be as joyful, as exhilarating, as open as these. The Pastels, so bright so bouyant, and The Shop Assistants—surf bunnies to a girl—who are simply the spiciest, most stylish, refreshing phenomenon I've seen in many a dark gloomy night. Get off your arses and see them!

**The Legend! ■**

# MINOR BURNS

## DEAD OR ALIVE

London Hammersmith  
Odeon

WITH THE strains of 'Born To Run' still ringing in my ears from Bruce Springsteen's Wembley gig, I settled down with the expectation of a further couple of footstompin' hours.

Unfortunately, this wasn't to be. Pete Burns sauntered onto the stage as if it were a cat-walk. Then with a toss of his permed locks and a sultry glance at the young audience he went into the first number. At times, Pete's vocals were muffled and distorted; a fault I suspect on the backing tapes.

The 'music' went on in its own monotonous way with a brief instrumental interlude, while Pete changed outfits. His re-

emergence on stage in a fetching yellow and purple number got the biggest applause of the night. Straight into the second set, still with no word to the audience.

Hipswaying his way through 'Lover Come Back To Me', 'What I Want' and 'You Spin Me Round'.

Sadly, Pete Burns' presence on stage lacked any magnetism or warmth, a fact highlighted by the easy professionalism of Bruce Springsteen earlier that evening. Trying his damndest not to smile in case he creased his make-up, the set suffered badly from a complete lack of humour and audience rapport. Here Pete could have taken a lesson from Divine, inasmuch as a little self-parody would have lightened the atmosphere and relaxed the audience.

**Karen Walter ■**

## SONGS FOR SWINGING LOVERS

### CRIME & THE CITY SOLUTION

Woolwich Thames  
Polytechnic

THEIR SONGS like 'At The Crossroads' and 'The Dangling Man' suggest a fascination with the morbid chill of Deep South blues whose myths are stored and shaped on a lonely stretch of songs somewhere between Robert Johnson's 'Crossroads Blues' and Josh White singing about bodies hanging from trees as in 'Strange Fruit'.

Despite these allusions to the yonder rural South, Crime & The City Solution play a music removed from the "blues" tag with which they'll inevitably be labelled.

With his hunched-over guitar stance lit up as ever by the customary cigarette drooping from his mouth, Rowland Howard still churns out that remarkably distinctive sound dictating the course of his new group's music.

His playing often seems to be the noise of two or three others locked away in some distant room where they lay track upon track of reverberating sound. At times these layers are stripped away and the guitar line seems so obviously solitary. But it is a sound that never recalls the "sobbin' an' weepin'" moan of blues.

Mick Harvey, hidden away at the side of the stage behind his keyboards for much of the set, and bassist Harry Howard provide a fittingly sparse backdrop—as they do on 'The



Simon Bonney: danglin' and dronin'

Pic Jayne Houghton

Dangling Man' EP where Harvey also adds cello and his wonderfully stiff-armed drumming. On this record Simon Bonney's voice eventually emerges as something more than the mere crossing point between Jim Morrison and The Triffids' McComb.

However, live, Bonney's voice is snared by a murky mix between self-conscious affectation and ineffectual drone. Often it seems as if Rowland Howard's own cruel snarl of a voice, as heard on some of his earlier records like

'Some Velvet Morning', would be suited better to this music.

At this dank and dark venue, with only the exit sign providing enough light to identify the 100 post-apocalyptic bingo players and occasional fanzine vendor in the crowd, this was hardly the most significant concert that Crime & The City Solution are likely to play. But it was still evident that there is a need for a colder and stronger voice to match the music's rejection of a grieving blues wail.

**Donald McRae ■**







# X PRESSWORD

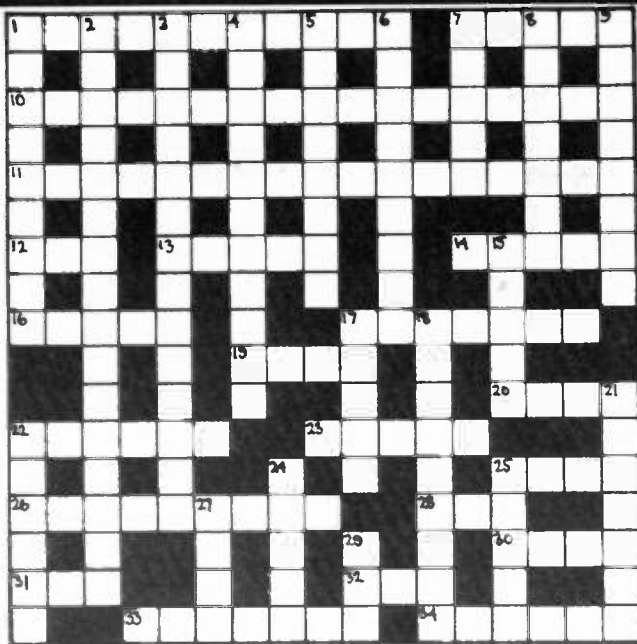
## CLUES ACROSS

- 1 They've got graduate degrees in heavy metal? Well you can't hang them for that I suppose (11)
- 7 + 21 down See how many high ranking clergymen you can find in this old Chiswick label band (5-7)
- 10 Al Green—still fed up with being a solo singer? (5-2-5-5)
- 11 + 18 down Unpretentious oriental setting for the Manhattan Transfer (2-1-6-6-2-9)
- 12 1978 Elton John flop single which did, for example, nothing (3)
- 13 —Hoppers Anonymous, who announced 'It's Good News Week' in 1965 (5)
- 14 Bruce Foxton's very unusual debut solo single (5)
- 16 Part of the world in which you would find the grave of Jim Morrison (5)
- 17 'We Take — To Bed', Gary Numan single (7)
- 19 Race around with their 'flaming sword' perhaps (4)
- 20 Alex Harvey's band as they sometimes rather unsensationally billed themselves (4)
- 22 (see 3 down)
- 23 Lester —, American critic cum songwriter who used The Delinquents as a backing band (5)
- 25 Tennessee Ernie Ford took 16 of these to number one in 1956 (4)
- 26 I hear some disturbance in

- this UB40 song (2-4-1-2)
- 28 Take a seat at Tracy's Birthday Party (3)
- 30 Where the lowest female and highest male voices meet (4)
- 31 Having taken a knock this music's now out of fashion (3)
- 32 Force used by Ginger Baker to form a band? (3)
- 33 (see 8 down)
- 34 'Take It Easy' and 'Best Of My Love', although not hits are still two of their best known numbers (6)

## CLUES DOWN

- 1 "You spin me round" said Pete Burns, but I think we spun a bit hard (2-3-4)
- 2 That's the wonder of Weller's, that's the wonder of good old Weller's (3-9-4)
- 3 + 22 across Strangers attempt at Shakespeare without being word perfect (8-6-5)
- 4 Men without hats performing as if they'd never seen men without helmets (6-5)
- 5 1973 instrumental hit from Simon Park Orchestra (3-5)
- 6 Cult-price sale now on! See girl shop assistant for what's on offer (9)
- 7 It was just a passing fad, so they soon changed their name to Bauhaus (5)
- 8 + 33 across No tape—what luck! But somehow Simple Minds still recorded this (2-2-3-7)
- 9 So Simon le Bon wriggled out



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- of doing union business, huh! (3-5)
- 15 Aussie band who have varied from six-piece to a trio, their LP output includes 'Quasimodo's Dream' and 'Beautiful' (5)
- 17 Siouxsie sent a postcard but it wasn't written on paper (5)
- 18 (see 11 across)
- 21 (see 7 across)

- 22 It's red, perhaps, for this Blondie man (6)
- 24 Nickname coined for Paul McCartney by the music press (5)
- 25 Duane Eddy was known as 'the man with the —' (5)
- 27 I've put this one in, but Art Of Noise were close to it (4)
- 29 Record label set up by Mickie Most (3)

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**ACROSS:** 1 + 4 across. Ball Of Confusion, 9 + 34 across. Up The Junction, 10. The River, 11. A Day, 12. Soldier, 13. Toots, 16. Eurythmics, 18 + 27 across. Third World, 21 + 35 across. Sisters Of Mercy, 22. Riley, 23. Lawson, 25. Soap, 26. Ivo, 29. Wee, 30. Shindig, 32. Nucleus, 36. Lydia.

**DOWN:** 1. Blue Sisters Swing, 2 + 4 down. Little Creatures, 3. One Fine Day, 5. Faust, 6. Sara, 7. Ocean, 8. Starjets, 14. Out Demons Out, 15. Scaffold, 17. Mask, 19 + 28 down. Idle Race, 20. Propaganda, 23. Low, 24 + 26 down. When I Dream, 31. Nutty, 33. Sir.

# REGGAE RUNNINGS

## ENGLISH USAGE



In an English country garden.

Pic: Vincent St Hilaire.

**BACK IN** active circulation is Harlesden singer Junior English, who has a new discmix released on his own International English imprint, entitled 'Never Too Late', and is currently at work in the Easy Street studios alongside the Undivided Roots musicians on a new album tentatively scheduled for issue towards the end of August.

With a professional career stretching back some 15 years, including two years spent working in Italy and a further six months in Tunisia, Junior English has recently been busy working the Midlands and

North East circuit.

His biggest successes have included material like 'Win Some Lose Some' and 'Loving You', and since instigating the International English label a few years ago has scored with 'So In Love', 'You Are My Everything' and a duet with Christine Joy White, 'Between You And Me'.

Joining Junior on background vocals on his upcoming LP are two young female singers he's recently been schooling, Tina Gomez and Jasmine Mitchell, the latter the younger sister of Boney M's lovely Liz Mitchell.

**VARIETY SHOW** at High Wycombe Town Hall this Friday evening—8pm to 2am—with live onstage **Maxi Priest** backed by **Caution**, PA by **Jaki Graham**. Sounds by C J Carlos with **Street Level Roadshow** and **Stereophonic International**. ANYTHING GOES in black and white clothes at the New Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC2 on Saturday

—8pm to 2am—with sounds by **Soul Incorporated** and **Sir Valdes Hi-Tech**. Special PA by **Trevor Hartley**. Tickets £5 on 01-960 1329. **SUNDAY SOUNDS** showdown at the West Indian Cavaliers Sports and Social Club, Marcus Garvey Centre, Lenton Boulevard, Nottingham this week features a clash between **Amalak** and **V Rocket** from 6pm. Admission £1.

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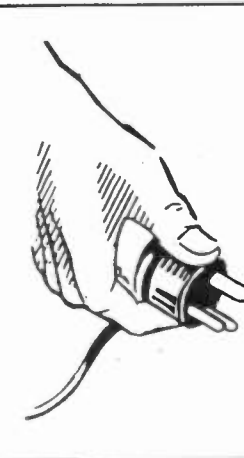
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## DISSECTED!

*NME* junkies have no doubt marked Andy Gill's card as 'nascent staff intellectual' (no bad thing), especially after his smashing refutation of that most candy-aid theoretical exercise, Scritti Politti's 'Cupid And Psyche '85'. Indeed, what is the point of professing a critical literacy in the languages of pop music (as Green incessantly does), if you're only going to speak in the most current and brashest of tongues—the 'sterile formalism', as Gill says, of electro-funk/soul.

But every insight has its blindness; every reasonable criticism expressed has an unreasonable prejudice suppressed. As with us all, so with you, Andy old son. Your R.E.M. article was classic *NME*-speak; a bravura performance before a discriminating audience, with that trouser-fly quietly but definitely undone. Isn't it a bit silly to berate "some bands" for constructing a *specific*, "extra-musical" appeal to the consumer—with a "dress code, a political dogma, or whatever"—and then ignore the fact that this is *exactly* what you're doing for R.E.M. in writing this article? The "whatever" in your quote *includes* music journalism as, precisely, "extra-musical" mortar of some form, usually stylistic or ideological"; a mortar to fix any particular band in the consuming hearts of your readership.

Let's tie a few more things together. R.E.M. can be seen as the archetypal *NME* band: just take each party's name, for a start. Unless you're an insider, hip, a music press reader, you'd never know what each of these abstract cluster of initials *means*; whereas with Wham! and *Smash Hits*, you're left in no doubt that each party is unequivocally involved in POP MUSIC!! Thus, even at this simple level, Andy Gill's separation of R.E.M. (and The Meat Puppets, The Replacements, and Husker Du) from "some bands" is explicable; this band *rides above* crass pop music and, by implication, so does the *NME*. But it doesn't, it just *don't*.

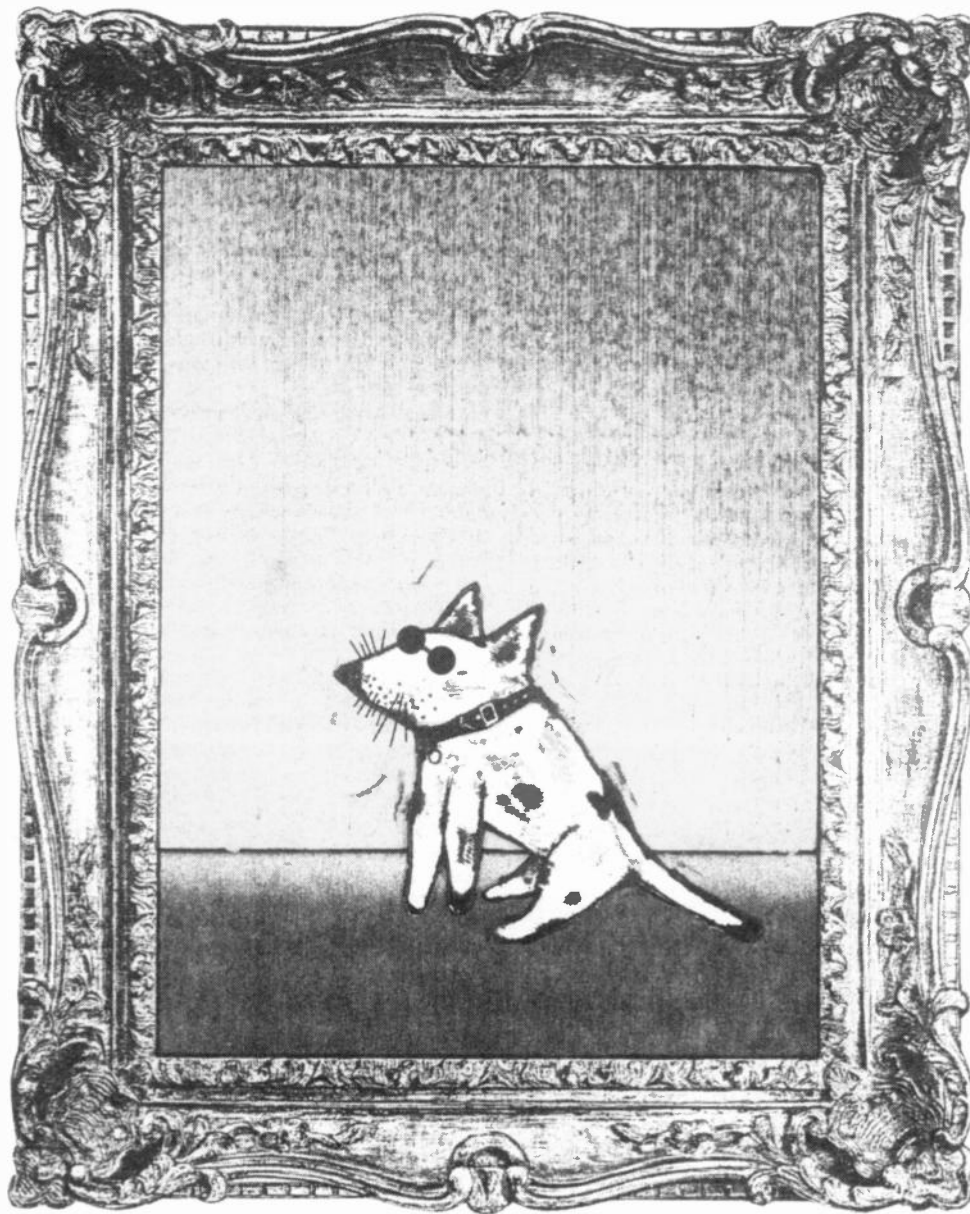
It could be said—not cynically, but analytically—that R.E.M.'s financial success, correctly noted by Andy Gill, has been ensured by the critical adulation of the 'hip' rock press (*Melody Maker*, *NME*, *The Face*, *Rolling Stone*). If, as Simon Frith says, the rock press is partly a consumer guide to the 'best' records for its readers, then R.E.M. have been getting a lot of cheap/lucrative promo from you foaming hacks. I quote R.E.M.'s Peter Buck: "I want to be vindicated through time. I don't mind making a few bucks, either . . ."

No, I'm *not* finished yet. Why does the *NME* seize on R.E.M. as cover-story saviours? Because you lot are completely failing for the whole 'New Authenticity' marketing scam—Springsteen, LA country-rock, et al. A series of grossly expensive (for the consumer) and enormously lucrative (for the producer) concerts by that REAL SQUARE ALL-AMERICAN GUY: Brooooo. Gushed over by two—two—*NME* writers who got in for nothing anyway. *Not* radical. One feels that Springsteen's donation to the miners has covered the *NME*'s rockist faux-pas by appealing to its recently explicit leftist consciousness; Real Rock can be right-on politically, too. Yet was this virtually a back-stage bung in a private-audience-with-The-Boss situation? And was the miners' strike and/or the current state of British social struggle the ideological centre of Springsteen's concerts—an ideal opportunity to bring clear political edge into a massive popular-cultural event? Yes, and No.

So. In the same issue of the *NME*, we have an exemplary page two article on the Labour-organised youth movement's activities. Barely a few pages away, we have the lead feature; an almost primitively Rockist (I unashamedly resurrect the term)

*Following the immense interest caused by our art-lovers' guide to freshwater fish, NME is proud, nay ecstatic, to announce the beginning of another series of cut-out-and-keep high quality prints.*

*This time, however, our minds turn to Art itself.*



defence of a self-consciously obscure American guitar band.

Andy Gill, your first few paragraphs are positively *shrill* in the defense of *NME*-rockism; "Some people don't even bother listening . . . Eclectic enough for you? . . . You simply haven't been bothered to listen . . . Better the few who care than the many who couldn't care less I guess."

Better the few who care than the many who couldn't care less. Will this be the *NME*'s epitaph, as *Smash Hits* gets The Jesus And Mary Chain and punk poetesses integrated in their teeny-bop hip-talk? I agree with you all, popular music must mean more than the right to consume it. But there's no need for atavism, for a desire to cling to Bruce's denim-clad arse or get into R.E.M.'s classically "difficult" rock structures, as a response to the crisis. The links with political institutions that music culture is forging, the broadening cultural appeal of the *NME*, are the most positive elements in the fight against the hegemony of *SHits* mentality. And I think that if we struggle to get the general conditions of pop culture right *here*, then we won't have to obsessively, eternally return to America to refuel our plans, hopes, dreams, schemes about popular music. It would be nice to see the *NME* continuing and developing its vanguard position. Yes, it would be *very* nice . . . Patrick Kane, Lanarkshire.

Full marks sir. Fancy a job? — PH

## OH GOD! ANOTHER ONE SAVED!

Dave—after reading your letter in last week's *NME* about The Alarm, I had to write and assure you that you are not the only one who felt like you did after seeing The Alarm in concert. I have tried before to write letters about how I felt after seeing groups such as The Alarm, U2, Big Country but I could not put down on paper how I felt, but after reading your letter I thought, "that is exactly how I felt".

These groups are a source of encouragement, energy and optimism. When you feel down, 'Declaration', any U2 or Big Country LP is the best remedy to cheer you up again. When I saw The Alarm I was in the middle of important exams and felt miserable but when I walked out of the Playhouse I felt so happy. I felt like screaming at the top of my voice and telling everyone how I felt. I felt I had found a new friend, another reason and help to fight through bad problems.

Maybe after reading your letter and this one, people will give The Alarm the recognition they deserve.

Lynne Banks, Edinburgh. *Fishbag* has been literally swamped with similar sentiments by readers relating to bands. Pete Barrett of Vauxhall found solace in Bananarama's 'Shy Boy' ("at last someone finally

understood my predicament"), Terry Hall of Coventry broke down finally and confessed to "seeing the light after Jim Davidson did a week at the local Talk Of The Town", and even our own Roy Carr came clean after "a Marillion concert that put to shame everything I've ever written about rock these last 80 years". *Fishbag* welcomes further correspondence on this matter. — PH

## DHARMA CHAMELEON

Clever of you to use buddy Bill Burroughs' cut-out technique to enhance Biba Kopf's Kerouac piece; that was the intention wasn't it, with the *Visions Of Body* quote appearing two columns on from it's cue?

Seriously though, Biba's piece needed no enhancing, it was so great to see a serious and sympathetic article on the first "soul" writer. Actually the *Body* quote was the weakest piece of the article: for a more rootsy example of Jazz Kerouac try *The Beginnings Of Bop* essay.

Every rock band should have a song about Jack Kerouac in their repertoire: whether they know it or not, Kerouac—an incredible mixture of Bruce Springsteen, Ian Dury and Nick Drake—laid the foundations for them all. Kerouac fan, Devon. You a fan or something? — PH

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## RAT-TRAP

What a shame that Bob Geldof used Live Aid as a platform to relaunch the pathetic Boomtown Rats. Doubtless Bob will say they have never been away and that it's unfair because it "all goes to charity", but it's obvious that he's manipulated the situation. You see at Wembley every one of the groups or artists are either megastars ie Elton John, Queen, The Who, Sting, or have had masses of hits in the last couple of years ie Wham!, Paul Young, etc. Elvis Costello seems to be there along with Weller's lot for their stret cred (whatever that is), so that just leaves The Boomtown Rats as the odd men out. They haven't had a Top Ten hit since 1980, practically an eternity in chartland, and their last couple of LPs sold about nine copies between them. They mean nothing to the *Smash Hits* pop kids and the *NME* readers are too busy trying to find out who Xymox are. So I'm afraid that the chief rat hasn't a leg to stand on.

Nevertheless, I wish the project well and hope it raises a great deal of money and saves many lives.

John Carr, Louth, Lincs. Actually Bob says it's his ball game and he'll do what he likes with it. One rule for some, one rule for the others. — PH

COME TO RAYMOND  
KEYNES

So Timothy J. Mickleburgh (surely not the same spotty vicar's son late of Grimsby!) thinks Paul Weller has made a proverbial boob does he? Wrong, dummy! Do you mean you don't remember Raymond Keynes? A man of rich seafaring stock, who had a dream, a dream that one day money would be gradually phased out and replaced by . . . fish. Those older *NME* readers will, of course, remember an early convert to Keynesianism, Neville Chamberlain, stepping off a plane in 1939 waving a smelly looking article and who could forget his immortal quote "plaice in our Tyne" (thought to be a reference to the hidden wealth on the North-Eastern coast at that time).

Paul, for one, certainly hasn't forgotten! But alas, the cod world saw an end to Ray's vision as bream fought bream and sole fought sole thus decimating potential fishing grounds. In fact you could say, false teeth permitting, that tay's theory was shoaled out. Arf! Arf! Bill The Rocking Docker, Grimsby.

## SOCIALIZZZZZZM . . .

Chris Tallack (*Fishbag* July 6) is wrong to assume that *NME* 'peddles' socialism willingly. Owned by a large publishing company, the *NME* is precisely as right-wing as a readership which voted Arthur Scargill 'Most Wonderful Human Being' will allow it to be. Mat Snow's spineless reply to Mr Tallack's letter illustrates this beautifully, claiming as it does that 'blood-spilling' is not 'an integral part of socialist ideology' thereby leaving a scandalous attack on Lenin to go unchallenged.

It then goes on to ask, apparently rhetorically, how many people Atlee, Wilson and Callaghan murdered when they were 'socialist' Prime Ministers. I can't give you exact figures, Mr Snow, but all three of these men happily accepted responsibility for many needless deaths during their time in office. Atlee supported the meaningless and horrific destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Wilson supported useless wars in Vietnam and Biafra. Callaghan, like Wilson before him, used the army to impose British rule in Ireland. Even that most inadequately stuffed of shirts, Neil Kinnock, is an avowed supporter of NATO, an organisation which quite openly threatens to destroy the entire planet, purportedly for one of those 'political ideals' with which Mr Snow and Mr Tallack are so loath to burden their liberal consciences.

To abstain from revolutionary violence is to acquiesce in institutional violence. Capitalism, the economic system of the entire world, is the source of all contemporary violence because it is based on the anarchy of competitive accumulation. The capitalist class, which is prepared to squander a thousand lives for a worthless lump of rock in the South Atlantic, will not hesitate to slaughter millions of people if its existence is threatened. The mass terror of Lenin's Bolsheviks against the capitalist class and its supporters was therefore unavoidable, and justified. Socialism and violence are inseparable, and those who try to duck important arguments by pretending otherwise are condemning the world to slavery, starvation and nuclear holocaust. Donald Marx, Edinburgh.

Absolute power corrupts, there's no doubt, but if you truly believe that the working class person in Britain '85—the rock on which socialism is founded—is at all interested in killing off the capitalist class, you'd better stick to hammering your knuckles against that brick wall. — PH

## LONG SHOT

For God's sake, pull yourself together! Two centre-page spreads in a row on sportsmen says more about a lack of imagination or effort on your part than the paucity of potentially interesting interviewees. Coupled with a passion for the most execrable of human activities, Jimmy White seemed to have no interest in music at all (what else from a casual), while Pat Cash's taste in music seemed that of a person hit one too many times on the bonce by a McEnroe serve.

On a more serious note, when do we get a centre page interview with that latter-day Kerouac and budding beat revivalist, Sevvv Ballesteros? Imagine the *Sun* reader-grabbing headlines—"On The Road II"—a shocking exposure of the chick-choked, pill-popping, gat glugging lives of our top golf pros who ease their draining, peripatetic existence by spending whole days on grass". Russell M. Uxbridge. Good idea, but checked trousers and dodgy sports shirts alright with you? — PH (In avoiding-obvious-Mat-Snow-joke position.)



# -ZERS

**W**ELL, GANG, next time you're jostling for attention down at your favourite local record store—or maybe even waiting hours for an omnibus to take you home with your weighty purchases—you might bear in mind the labour-saving approach to buying vinyl as patented by one **Elvis Costello**. His aide, **Andy**, from F-Beat discs made a call to Zippo's Records in downtown Clapham asking for a copy of the new **REM** LP to be seen safely into a taxi and delivered to the Honourable **El**. Three hours later, the cab driver delivered his delicate 'fare' for a fee of £25 which **Elvis** paid without batting an eyelid. His only excuse seems to be that he had no time to purchase the disc himself since he was due to jet off to Hong Kong. Next week, **Paul Weller** tries to justify why he sent out an order for the new **Russ Abbott** 45...

**Ex-Blue Rondo** person **Chris Sullivan** has a new band called **Ipsos-Facto**. Yeah! **Rilly** going for that Latin groove than this time. There'll be five percussion artists *plus* ex-Manicured Noise and solo artist **Steve Walsh** and the legendary **Moses Mount Basie**, the lost sax genius of **Blue Rondo**... And a year since its recording, **Vaughn Toulouse's** new single will shortly be out on Polydor...

**T**HE POLITICAL credibility of female duo **Toxic Shock** will self-destruct in exactly four words time: they were among thousands making the pilgrimage to Wembley to witness the hunk of hair and hunk of bone that is **Bruce Springsteen**. Both are 'big fans'. Shame on y'all, sisters. **Toxic Shocker** Heff also caused the near breakdown of delicate **Pogue Shane** whilst down at a festival in Devon. Clutching a half-empty and lukewarm can of beer, she was tempted by the offer of a dose of fresh apple juice from a PA person. She poured away the contents of the beer vessel without realising that young **Shane** was watching this apparent act of gross wastage. **Shane** was last seen trying to wring out a patch of turf with real tears in his eyes...

The 'one-off gig' reformation by **Wire** has stretched to a 'two-off'—at least. The fun four agreed to play at the Bloomsbury Festival this Sunday, on condition that the gig was *not* advertised. Those who spotted their name in magnifying-glass-sized print in the recent festival advert within these very pages have been quick off the mark. The box office has reported that the show is easily outselling all other festival happenings...

**Red Guitars** have fallen down the slippery slope and have at last signed to Virgin Records...

**S**ONIC YOUTH bassman **Lee Renaldo** and his dear sweet wife are the proud possessors of a bouncing new baby. The unlucky child has to spend the rest of his life under the title of **Cody Renaldo**. His Pa and the rest of the band are currently in some desert with **Lydia Lunch** filming the video to their new 45 'Death Valley '69'...

**Carmel** is back on the swinging scene and can be seen

live at **Ronnie Scott's** on August 18 where she will be doing two one hour sets...

Look out for the **Labour Party** broadcast this Wednesday when one of the following artists will *not* be appearing: **Jimmy Somerville**, **Working Week**, **Aswad** and **Kenny Everett**...

**Squeeze** man **Glenn Tilbrook** is producing new band **The Tempest** whose latest 45 'Always The Same' has been jumped on by fledgling Radio One DJ **Paul Jordan**. **Jordan** claims he's going to 'play it 'til it's a hit'. **T-Zers** think this will be very difficult since he's already jumped on the record...

**T-Zers** send sincere apologies to **Keith Armstrong** who was referred to as 'Kevin' in last week's issue. Indeed, no human should have to suffer the indignity of being called **Kevin**...

**L**IFE-SAVING scenes have been going on in the respective districts of NW6 and W9. Our gallant, sometime scribe **Stuart Cosgrove** has been wearing a modest halo after dragging a suicidal heroin addict off a railway track, seconds before the unhappy creature got choo-chooed to kingdom come. (*Don't mess with that toot-toot—Ed.*) Then his pal **Caesar** was saved from being locked in a building inhabited by **The Cure**. His only way of contacting the outside world was to bawl loudly across the street to the person living opposite—who just happened to be the gallant **Julie** from **Working Week**. A phone call from **Julie** to the relevant Keeper Of The Keys ensured that the panic stricken young man was free to stalk the streets again...

After the tempestuous splitting up of **The Loft**, **Peter Astor** has formed a new group with ex-**Loft** drummer **David Morgan** and they're called **The**



Pictured here (on the right, we think), Neil Spencer in the only photo on our files he didn't order to be incinerated to spare his blushing pate. Thus, dear reader, you may crayon in your own straggly moustache, tie-dye T-shirt and exotic cheroot.

**WHO WAS** he, this sober and dignified, yet eminently approachable man, whose very presence would send a wave of reassurance through the toiling ranks at **NME's** offices?

He was the man who turned up each week to unblock the urinals in the gents.

A different sort of figure altogether was **Neil Spencer** who this week relinquishes his role as **NME** editor. Seven years after his ruling House of **Loobrush** moved into a well-aspected trine with **Vertigo** and **Herpes**, our sage-like superno has divined an urge to ascend to an even higher plane of being.

Indeed, folk wisdom has it that **King Neil** has not really left us, but hovers yet in a **UFO** above a ley-line running from **Glastonbury**, through **Stonehenge**, to **Carnaby Street**—from whence he will return in his people's hour of need.

Yet the **Druid of Dub** achieved eminence from humble origins. He arrived out of nowhere (**Northampton**, to be precise). From his mohair mortarboard and weekly spankings one would never have guessed his one-time profession as teacher of bucolic poetry to the under-fives, but **Neil** retained a desire to inculcate **NME's** readership with the finest our diverse heritage has to offer. Whether they wanted it or not.

The previously-unclaimed **Bob Marley** was one of many artists to benefit by **Neil's** courageous advocacy of Jamaican music. (Indeed, he kept an affection for many **JA** folk customs, over which we must draw a smoky veil.) He leaves, as a legacy, a paper second-to-none for its uniquely authoritative coverage of **Reggie** music (a kind of calypso sound,

apparently).

In latter years, his editorial vision expanded globally (with consequent hair-loss) to embrace everything from East German salsa to Zimbabwean subway artists with chainsaws. It can now be his proud boast that **NME** contains more mis-spelt and unpronounceable names than any leading music paper.

What were the principles which guided him? He never lost his perceptive eye for "hip dudes in cool threads", and he believed to the end that footwear held the key to the soul. He might have hired some diabolical writers, but by God they had the best-dressed feet in the business.

Regrets? He had a few. One major setback was his failed bid to affiliate the **NME** to the **Labour Party**; although the Party's constitution embraces "all workers by hand and brain", the staff's collective application was refused on counts one and three.

So, what does the future hold for **Jah Spencer**? First up, about 25 demands for repayment of all the fivers he borrowed "Just till the X's come in, man". And then? Some freelance writing... er sorry, **Neil**, **Ian** says he's *not* interested in the piece on "Tai-chi, the ancient art of Chinese tea-making"... and doubtless a trip to the country to get his head together and just, like y'know, hang out with the potatoes. Seen?

As **Ian Pye** steps into **Neil Spencer's** ceremonial loafers, inheriting those goodly vibes and one unholy mess, we say "Bon chance" to one, and "You'll regret this" to the other—but to which do we say what?

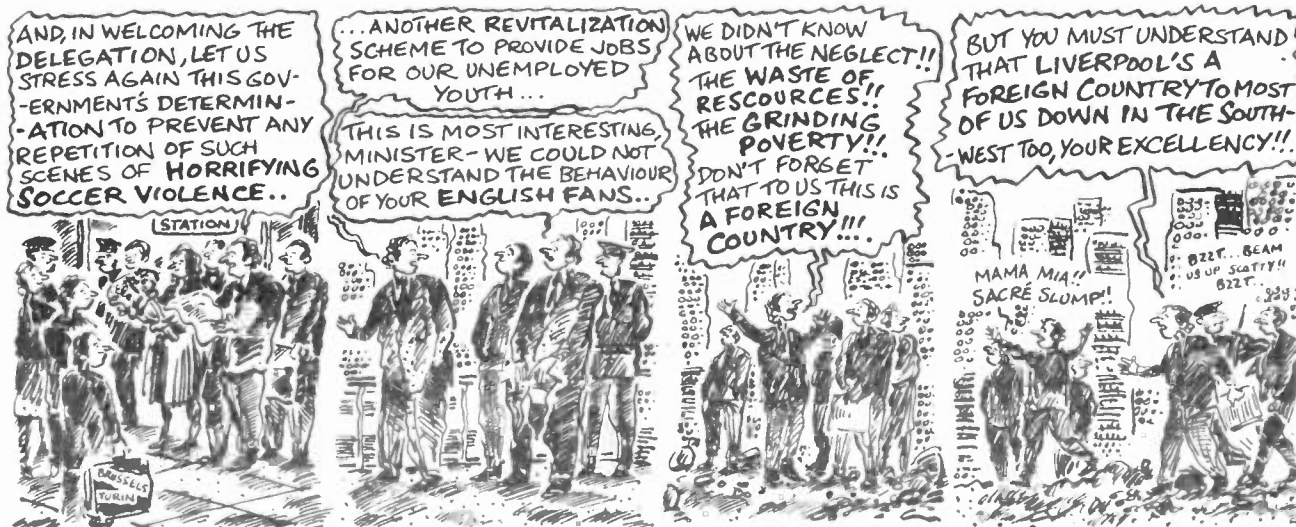
**Weather Prophets.** Concluded **Peter** "I broke the band up for something more pure. My songs needed new musicians..."

Is there a new man in the life of fun-loving **Janice Long** after the rumoured bust-up of her rumoured romance with rumoured lady's man **Peter**

**Powell**? Don't ask us mate. It certainly isn't fun-loving **Jonathan Richman** to whom she gave a red rose after **Jo-Jo** appeared on her programme. The pair go on very well and **Jonathan** played mime guitar to all the records **Janice** played... **Jonathan** made himself very popular with his fellow hotel

guests during his stay over in the UK. Not content with serenading pigeons on his balcony at 6.00 in the morning, he delighted innocent bystanders by performing pull-ups on every available door frame whilst simultaneously eating his way through three picnic hampers...

## LOWRY



## THE LONE GROOVER



## BENYON

# N'M'E

## EDITORIAL

P.O. Box 2JF  
3rd Floor  
5-7 Carnaby Street  
London W1V 1PG  
Phone: 01 439 8761

EDITOR  
Neil Spencer

NEWS EDITOR  
Derek Johnson

PRODUCTION EDITOR  
Jo Isotta

ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
Andy Gill (Films/TV)

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR  
Roy Carr

ART EDITOR  
Joe Ewart

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR  
Charles Shaar Murray

STAFF  
Gavin Martin  
Paulo Hewitt  
Don Watson  
David Swift  
Adrian Thrills  
Len Brown  
Mat Snow

PHOTOGRAPHY  
Pennie Smith  
Anton Corbijn  
Peter Anderson  
Lawrence Watson  
Derek Ridgers  
Bledyn Butcher

CONTRIBUTORS  
Nick Kent  
Fred Dellar  
Tony Parsons  
Julie Burchill  
Paul Du Noyer  
Barney Hoskyns  
Penny Reel  
Andrew Tyler  
Cynthia Rose  
Vivien Goldman  
Richard Cook  
Ian Wright  
Kristine McKenna  
Biba Kopf  
Graham Lock  
Cath Carroll  
Danny Kelly  
Sean O'Hagan  
David Quantick  
Andrea Miller  
Dessa Fox  
Stuart Cosgrove

CARTOONS  
Tony Benyon  
Ray Lowry  
Chris Long

NEW YORK  
Joe Stevens  
Richard Grabel

RESEARCH  
Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY  
Karen Walter

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT  
Room 329  
Commonwealth House  
1-19 New Oxford Street  
London WC1A

ADMANAGER  
David Flavell  
(01) 404 0700 x290

CLASSIFIED ADS  
(01) 404 0700 x287

LIVE ADS  
(01) 404 0700 x282

AD PRODUCTION  
Pete Christopher  
Barry Cooper  
Lee McDonald  
(01) 404 0700 x274

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