



THE CREATURES

SIOUXSIE & BUDGIE:
CENTRE PAGES

DURAN'S VIDEO WIZARD

MOTORHEAD
MEAT LOAF
COATI MUNDI
PAUL HAIG
CND FESTIVAL:
WELLER, MADNESS
HEARTBEATS
WATERBOYS
X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND
PLAY DEAD

ALBUMS

IMAGINATION
BOB MARLEY
ACTION PACT
STEVE MILLER

LIVE

KAJAGOOGOO
MAZE, OMD
THOMPSON TWINS
SPEAR OF DESTINY





HARTS

SINGLES

| | | | | |
|----|----|---|--------------------|-----|
| 1 | 1 | TRUE Spandau Ballet | Reformation | |
| 2 | 5 | FASCINATION Human League | Virgin | ↑ |
| 3 | 7 | TEMPTATION Heaven 17 | BEF/Virgin | ↑ |
| 4 | 12 | PALE SHELTER Tears For Fears | Mercury | ↑ |
| 5 | 3 | WORDS F.R. David | Carrere | |
| 6 | 13 | DANCING TIGHT Galaxy | Ensign | ↑ |
| 7 | 6 | WE ARE DETECTIVE Thompson Twins | Arista | |
| 8 | 16 | OUR LIPS ARE SEALED Fun Boy Three | Chrysalis | ↑ |
| 9 | 4 | BEAT IT Michael Jackson | Epic | |
| 10 | 11 | BLUE MONDAY New Order | Factory | ↑ |
| 11 | 8 | LET'S DANCE David Bowie | EMI America | |
| 12 | 5 | CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND Culture Club | Virgin | |
| 13 | - | BLIND VISION Blancmange | London | NEW |
| 14 | 19 | FRIDAY NIGHT KIDS Night From Fame | RCA | ↑ |
| 15 | - | CANDY GIRL New Edition | London | NEW |
| 16 | 21 | MISS THE GIRL Creatures | Wonderland/Polydor | ↑ |
| 17 | 22 | LAST FILM Kissing The Pink | Magnet | ↑ |
| 18 | 9 | LOVE IS A STRANGER Eurythmics | RCA | |
| 19 | 10 | TRUE LOVE WAYS Cliff Richard & LPO | EMI | |
| 20 | 29 | CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU The Beat | Go-Feet | ↑ |
| 21 | 15 | ROSANNA Toto | CBS | |
| 22 | 14 | FLIGHT OF ICARUS Iron Maiden | EMI | |
| 23 | 30 | NOT NOW JOHN Pink Floyd | Harvest | ↑ |
| 24 | 24 | OVERKILL Men At Work | Epic | |
| 25 | - | BUFFALO SOLDIER Bob Marley And The Wailers | Island | NEW |
| 26 | 18 | BREAKAWAY Tracey Ullman | Stiff | |
| 27 | - | FAMILY MAN Darryl Hall and John Oates | RCA | NEW |
| 28 | - | DON'T STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM Modern Romance | WEA | NEW |
| 29 | - | THUNDER AND LIGHTNING Thin Lizzy | Vertigo | NEW |
| 30 | 17 | I AM ME Twisted Sister | Atlantic | |



FUN BOYS keep their lips sealed as they move up to number eight.

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 BLUE MONDAY, New Order, Factory
- 2 SHIPBUILDING, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade
- 3 BAD BOY, The Adicts, Razor
- 4 TELE-COMMUNICATION, Blitz, No Future
- 5 MOONSHAKE, Can, Cherry Red
- 6 MONEY'S TOO TIGHT TO MENTION, Valentine Brothers, Energy
- 7 ANACONDA, Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release
- 8 VINTAGE '77, Johnny Thunders, Jungle
- 9 LOW PROFILE, Cook Da Books, Kteland
- 10 ANGRY SONGS EP, Omega Tribe, Grass
- 11 JENNY, Bankrobbers, Good Vibrations
- 12 PEPPERMINT PIG, Coteau Twins, A&M
- 13 COST OF LIVING, J. Walter Negro and Nicky Tesco, Albion
- 14 BREAKDOWN, Colour Box, A&M
- 15 CROW BABY, March Violets, Robbitt
- 16 ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Trapper
- 17 SOMEWHERE, Dance Society, Society
- 18 BACK TO WONDER, Section 25, Factory
- 19 OBVIOUS, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade
- 20 BAD SEED EP, Birthday Party, A&M

Chart supplied by: REVOLVER RECORDS, 1 Berkeley Crescent, Bristol.

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES, New Order, Factory
- 2 FETISCH, X-mal Deutschland, A&M
- 3 HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade
- 4 ENFLAME, The Passage, Cherry Red
- 5 MACHINE, 1919, Red Rhino
- 6 SONG AND LEGEND, Sex Gang Children, Illuminated
- 7 1981-1982 MINI ALBUM, New Order, Factory
- 8 GARLANDS, Coteau Twins, A&M
- 9 GANG WAR, Prince Charles, Greyhound
- 10 SURPRISE SURPRISE, Mazortorte, Siemar
- 11 LET THE TRIBE INCREASE, The Mob, All The Madmen
- 12 MOVEMENT, New Order, Factory
- 13 IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO, Conflict, Corpus Christi
- 14 NEW AGE STEPPERS, Foundation Steppers, On-U-Sound
- 15 GOING UP, Rab-Ad, TMT
- 16 EVERYTHING WENT BLACK, Black Flag, SST
- 17 EARTH WUSB SHOCKABILLY, Various Artists, Rough Trade
- 18 MASSACRED MELODY, Major Accident, Step Forward
- 19 NIPPED IN THE BUD, Various Artists, Rough Trade
- 20 THE WHIP, Various Artists, Kamera

Chart supplied by: JUMBO RECORDS, 102 Merrion Centre, Leeds.

HEAVY METAL

- 1 GOT THE SIX, Z.Z. Top, from "Eliminator", Warner Bros.
- 2 CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, Kiss, Casablanca 12 inch 45
- 3 GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT, Fastway, from "Fastway", CBS
- 4 POWER AND THE GLORY, Saxon, from "Power And The Glory", Carrere
- 5 SWEET HOME ALABAMA (LIVE), Lynyrd Skynyrd, MCA
- 6 FLIGHT OF ICARUS, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 7 BREAKING DOWN, Headpins, from "Turn It Loud", Atco
- 8 JUST FOR KICKS, Dumpty's Rusty Nuts, Cool King
- 9 MAKE MY NIGHT, Rock Goddess, from "Rock Goddess", A & M
- 10 HE KNOWS YOU KNOW, Marillion, EMI

Chart compiled by: T. F. MUCH ROCK ROADSHOW, Tony Sullivan and Richard Martin, updates at the Clarendon, Hemmingsmith (Friday) 01 698 8955.

NEW AGE MUSAK

- 1 LOVE LOVE, Pulp, Red Rhino
- 2 BEING THERE, Artcore, Red Flame
- 3 COMPILATIONS, Gymnaps, Abstract
- 4 LOW PROFILE, Cook Da Books, Kteland
- 5 SANDWAGON TANGO, Test Case, Backs
- 6 LIES AND PROMISES, KajaGooGoo, EMI
- 7 GREAT FIRE, XTC, Virgin
- 8 BLIND VISION, Blancmange, London
- 9 CAUGHT HEART, No Tigers, Stripe
- 10 HANGING AROUND WITH THE BIG BOYS, Bloombsbury Set, RCA

(Two titles tied for first position)

Chart supplied by: Richard Tandy, Radio Harem, Sharnford.

REGGAE

- 1 MEK WE ROCK, Moja, Ethnic
- 2 LOVELINE, Tiger, Ethnic
- 3 UNITY IS STRENGTH, Charlie Chaplin and Don Carlos, CSA
- 4 TROUBLE YOU A TROUBLE ME, Ina Kinlosa, Taxi
- 5 BAD COMPANY, Earl Sixteen, Clear
- 6 RUNNING UP AND DOWN, Rowan Bowal, GOG
- 7 NEVER LOVE AGAIN, Michael Prophet, CSA
- 8 PALAVIA SPREE, Sugar Minott, Thunderbolt
- 9 PROMISED LAND, Dimple Brown, Simba
- 10 YOUNG FREE AND SINGLE, Lovita Grahame, Intense

Chart supplied by: SIR YANK RECORDS, 49 Garsone Street, Leeds.

ALBUMS



You can't stop 'em! TWISTED SISTER blast into the albums at 20.

| | | | | |
|----|----|---|----------------|-----|
| 1 | 1 | LET'S DANCE David Bowie | EMI America | |
| 2 | 3 | TRUE Spandau Ballet | Reformation | ↑ |
| 3 | 2 | THRILLER Michael Jackson | Epic | |
| 4 | 7 | WHITE FEATHERS KajaGooGoo | EMI | ↑ |
| 5 | 6 | FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT Bonnie Tyler | CBS | ↑ |
| 6 | 5 | SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS), Eurythmics | RCA | |
| 7 | 4 | THE FINAL CUT Pink Floyd | Harvest | |
| 8 | 10 | QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK Thompson Twins | Arista | ↑ |
| 9 | 17 | THE LUXURY GAP Heaven 17 | Virgin | ↑ |
| 10 | 11 | CARGO Men At Work | Epic | ↑ |
| 11 | 12 | THE HURTING Tears For Fears | Mercury | |
| 12 | 22 | MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND Meat Loaf | Cleveland Int. | ↑ |
| 13 | 14 | TOTO 4 Toto | CBS | ↑ |
| 14 | 18 | WAR U2 | Island | ↑ |
| 15 | 21 | HIGHLY STRUNG Steve Hackett | Charisma | ↑ |
| 16 | 15 | THE KEY Joan Armatrading | A&M | |
| 17 | 13 | HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN Aztec Camera | Rough Trade | |
| 18 | 12 | LOCAL HERO Mark Knopfler | Vertigo | |
| 19 | - | POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order | Factory | NEW |
| 20 | - | YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL Twisted Sister | Atlantic | NEW |
| 21 | 23 | KIDS FROM FAME LIVE Kids From Fame | BBC | ↑ |
| 22 | 16 | PRIDE Robert Palmer | Island | |
| 23 | 19 | RIO Duran Duran | EMI | |
| 24 | - | LISTEN A Flock Of Seagulls | Jive | NEW |
| 25 | 18 | GRAPES OF WRATH Spear Of Destiny | Epic | |
| 26 | 26 | JARREAU Al Jarreau | WEA | NEW |
| 27 | 25 | LIONEL RICHIE Lionel Richie | Motown | |
| 28 | - | SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion | EMI | |
| 29 | - | STREET SOUNDS, EDITION 3 Various Artists | Street Sounds | |
| 30 | - | TWICE AS KOOL Kool And The Gang | De-Lite | NEW |

U.S. SINGLES

- 1 (1) BEAT IT, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 2 (4) LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 3 (2) TOWNE ON EILEEN, Dexys Midnight Runners, Mercury
- 4 (15) MR ROBOT, Styx, A & M
- 5 (15) DER KOMMISSAR, After The Fire, Epic
- 6 (17) SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE, Thomas Dolby, Capricorn
- 7 (13) FLASHDANCE... WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara, Casablanca
- 8 (11) OVERKILL, Men At Work, Columbia
- 9 (19) EVEN NOW, Bob Seger And The Silver Bullet Band, Capitol
- 10 (12) LITTLE RED CORVETTE, Prince, Warner Bros

© Courtesy Cash Box.

U.S. ALBUMS

- 1 (1) THRILLER, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 2 (2) THE FINAL CUT, Pink Floyd, Columbia
- 3 (1) PYROMANIA, Def Leppard, Mercury
- 4 (19) CARGO, Men At Work, Columbia
- 5 (13) LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 6 (5) FRONTIERS, Journey, Columbia
- 7 (6) BUSINESS AS USUAL, Men At Work, Columbia
- 8 (4) KILROY WAS HERE, Styx, A & M
- 9 (8) WAR, U2, Island
- 10 (26) FLASHDANCE, Soundtrack, Casablanca

© Courtesy Cash Box.

CLUB

- 1 JAM HOT, Johnny Dynell and New York 88, Acme Music
- 2 NEW YORK NEW YORK, Grand Master Flash, Supaphil
- 3 IS THIS THE FUTURE? Fatback Band, Spring
- 4 TIMES ARE TIGHT, Jimmy Young, Nightlife
- 5 SOMETHING SPECIAL, Steve Harley, Pressure
- 6 WHO NEEDS ENEMIES? Montana Sextet, PSW
- 7 YOU'RE IN MY SYSTEM, Robert Palmer, Island
- 8 SOMEBODY'S LOVING YOU, Klassique, Island
- 9 STREET DANCE, Fatback Band, Spring
- 10 CLEOPATRA, Prince Buster, Blue Beat

Chart supplied by: Storm Lewis, The Wag Club, Wandour Street, London, W1.

NORTHERN SOUL

A classic Silesia collection.

- 1 LOST SOUL, Don Covay, Bobby Womack etc., Epic
- 2 GET IT WHILE YOU CAN, Howard Tate, Force
- 3 FOR DANCERS ALSO, Mary Love, Vernon Garrett, Z Z Hill etc., Kent
- 4 A SHOT OF RHYTHM AND SOUL, Arthur Alexander, Ace
- 5 FOOLING WITH THE BLUES, Bobby Bland, Charlie
- 6 FOR DANCERS ONLY, Mary Love, Felice Taylor, Willie Hill etc., Kent
- 7 OUT ON THE FLOOR TONIGHT, Bobbie Gray, The Ad Libs, Johnny Bragg etc., Inferno
- 8 STAN'S SOUL SHOP, Stanley Winston, George Perkins, Bobby Patterson etc., Charlie
- 9 ANTHOLOGY, Marvellantes, Tania Motown
- 10 OREN SOUL, Major Lance, Billy Butler, Walter Jackson etc., Epic

Chart supplied by: Backs Records, 3 Swan Lane, Norwich, Norfolk.

SOUL

- 1 (2) DANCING TIGHT, Galaxy, Ensign
- 2 (1) MINERFIELD, Level, Virgin
- 3 (1) MUSIC, D Train, Prelude
- 4 (3) BEAT IT, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 5 (5) WEEKEND, Gladys Knight & The Pips, Atlantic
- 6 (-) LOVETOWN, Booker Newberry III, Boardwalk
- 7 (10) JUICY FRUIT, Mynne, Epic
- 8 (4) TWIST (ROUND 'N' AROUND) Chli Fae-Tor, Phil World
- 9 (6) LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 10 (-) IN THE BOTTLE, C.O.D., Streetwave

READER'S CHART

- GRAMMAR OF MISERY, The Barracudas
- YES, IT'S TRUE, The Flamin' Groovies
- S THE ONE, The Ramones
- URGENT, Foreigner
- SHADES OF TODAY, The Barracudas
- CHANGE OF HEART, Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
- FEEL A WHOLE BETTER, The Byrds
- WHAT AM I DOING HANGING AROUND?, The Monkeys
- RUSSIAN ROULETTE, Lords Of The New Church
- ST LOUIS BLUES, The Flamin' Groovies

Chart supplied by: John Hill, 17 Mattock Lane, Ealing, London W9 2DG. Send your top ten to Reader's Chart, NMT, Garbath House, 168-173 High Holborn, London, WC1V 7AU.

GABRIEL PLANS BENEFIT GIG

PETER GABRIEL - right - plays an outdoor benefit at Crystal Palace football ground on July 8. He's appearing at Selford Park, London SE25, in a benefit for the Lincoln Trust - an organisation set up to counter acidhead.

Appearing with Gabriel are bassist Tony Levin, drummer Jerry Marotta, synthesist Larry Fast and guitarist David Rhodes. Support acts will be announced shortly.

Tickets, at £8.50 (including booking fee), are available by mail from N.J. Marquee, PO Box 480, London W1A 4SL. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to N.J. Marquee and applicants should enclose an s.e. Tickets are also available from Premier Box Office on 01 240 0771.

● Genesis pianist and songwriter Tony Banks embarks on a new career as a vocalist on May 13 when he releases a single, "This Is Love" (on the instrumental "Cherry" - an album, "Single", follows shortly).



MUSIC FOR ALL AT CAPITAL FEST

ROCK, jazz, blues, folk, Afro-Caribbean, classical and brass band music and much else will be heard at the Capital Music Festival '83 which is to be spread over five weeks during June and July.

This year's ambitious event, which starts on June 24, is to be held in various London venues ranging from Hornsey to Deptford.

Among the artists billed for the festival are Rod Stewart - with three nights at Earls Court (June 25, 26 and 27), Jaco Pastorius and the Word Of Mouth Band (Hammersmith Odeon, July 2), Dollar Brand, otherwise Abdullah Ibrahim, at various venues (July 9, 10, 11 and 12), Fats Domino (Royal Festival Hall, July 18), VSOP 2 (Royal Festival Hall, July 19), and the National Youth Jazz Orchestra (Camden Lock Festival, June 24).

And the evening of July 24 will see an Unforgettable Nostalgia Concert at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, which features Freddie and the Dreamers, Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Troggs and Joe Brown.

Published by Capital Radio as "The biggest music festival London has ever seen," the five-week jamboree takes the

place of the ill-fated Capital Jazz Festival George Wein, organiser of the jazzfests since they began in 1979 at Alexandra Palace, is associated with Capital in the presentation of the jazz concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall.

They feature Fats Domino's Blues Package (July 18) and VSOP 2 (July 19). The latter group comprises Herbie Hancock, the Marsalis brothers, Ron Carter and Tony Williams.

Others associated with Capital in the festival are the ICA, Jazz Centre Society, GLC, Harvey Goldsmith, Richard Digance, Alexander Zircovitch, and the Lambeth Council.

Twenty six events have already been programmed and more are promised. John Burrows, Capital's Controller of Promotions, says that several important rock names are still to be announced.

In addition to the major rock, jazz and folk concerts, the festival will include such attractions as a steel band from High Wycombe, the Icelandic jazz-funk group, Mezzoforte, a WOMAD festival, brass band concert, the London Saxophone Quartet and even firework displays.

Further festival information during office hours via a hotline 'phone on 01-388 6137.

● MAX JONES

Edited by CAROL CLERK

NEW MOVE TO BAN RECORD RENTAL

THE House Of Lords held a debate on Friday to discuss home and pirate taping.

Peers were considering a Bill which would, under certain circumstances, ban the rental of records and cassettes and make illegal the sale of double headed, high-speed cassette recorders.

Lord Willis, who is promoting the bill, says that record rental encourages home taping, quoting Japanese statistics to back up his argument.

Meanwhile, opposition was being launched by legal advisers to the Tape Manufacturers' Group.

Mr Clive Thorne, on their behalf, said: "Lord Willis' bill represents a half, unprecedented and unjustified extension to English copyright law."

"If enacted, it would positively harm, not protect, the record industry as the trend is now to buy pre-recorded cassettes instead of records."

BANDS SPLIT, PIL LOSE BASSIST

THE musical scenery has been changing again this week with the Business and 720 splitting up, Public Image Ltd losing a member, the Exploited gaining one and line-up changes in female heavy metal band Rock Goddess.

London punk band the Business say they were forced to split up because of a conspiracy against them by certain enemies in the music business.

"Doors were shut in our faces everywhere we went," said singer Micky Fitz. "We just couldn't go any further. We're all gutted."

"We feel very sad and very bitter about it," added drummer Kevin.

"We've played straight with everybody and nobody played straight with us."

All of the members are looking for

new jobs.

Hard rock band 720 have decided to call it a day after months on the pub club circuit. They say they reached the end of their natural musical life, though guitarists Andy and Little Dave are planning to form a new band together.

Public Image, meanwhile, have lost bassist Pete Jones who worked with them in the States for seven months, live as well as in the studio. He's back in England starting work on "a new project".

The Exploited, following the departure of drummer Danny Heatley, have recruited Watie's 19-year-old brother Willie on drums, and are planning to record a new album.

On the Rock Goddess front, 19-year-old bassist Tracey Lamb has left

amid much confusion over her previous departures.

She explained this week: "I just didn't want to go on with the group any more, so I left just before their British tour with Def Leppard. Then I was asked if I'd do the tour, so I went back for that and left afterwards."

"The next thing was when I was asked if I'd go back to do the Fastway tour with Rick Goddard, so I agreed. During the tour, I had a big row with the others so I walked out for good."

"We weren't getting on any more. It was a two-way thing. I don't want to go back and the others wouldn't have me back."

Rock Goddess have recruited bassist Dee O'Malley to take Tracey's place. Dee joins Jody and Julie Turner and recent arrival, second guitarist Kat Burbula.

MORE STARS FOR MARQUEE

MEMBERS of Iron Maiden, Bad Company and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers have joined the list of celebrities taking part in the London Marquee's 25th anniversary celebrations. And Girlschool are confirmed for a three-night residency.

June proceedings kick off with the return of the Glitter Band on the second of the month. On June 6, a Paiste drum clinic features Clive Burr of Iron Maiden, Pick Withers, formerly of Dire Straits and Simon Kirke of Bad Company.

John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, with Mick Taylor, appear on June 19, 20 and 21, followed by Girlschool on June 28, 29 and 30.

More immediately, Rock Goddess are not now appearing on May 20 and 21. They'll be replaced by a specially-reformed Eddie and the Hot Rods, featuring original drummer Steve Nicholls who's now with One The Juggler. Tickets are £3 in advance and £3.50 on the night.

Finally, Sad Cafe (booked for May 25) and Terraplane (booked for May 18) have swapped dates.

● London Dingwells are promising "a very surprising evening" on Sunday May 15 when they have a special extension from 7pm until late. They're holding a benefit for the family of a young doorman at Dingwells who died recently - George Samuels. The Hank Wangford Band are appearing, but other invited musicians include members of the Belle Stars.



NEW STYLE, POLICE

THE POLICE and Style Council both release new singles on May 20.

The Police single, "Every Breath You Take" c/w "Murder By Numbers", was recorded in Monserrat. The A side was written by Sting - pictured above - and comes from the forthcoming album, "Synchronicity". The B side, written by Sting and Andy Summers, is not on the album.

The Style Council, meanwhile, are releasing "Merry Go Round (Parts 1 & 2)" in seven and 12-inch versions. A strangely worded press release says that "no one really wrote it, so the publishing royalties will therefore go to Youth CND".

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PINK POP FESTIVAL PP
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FACE OF CLUBS BUTTS DOWN

LIVE music in Liverpool has suffered another blow this week with a fire which has destroyed the Warehouse - the city's leading venue.

The fire started inside the 750 capacity venue due to an electrical fault, and quickly spread to a nightclub upstairs and a furniture warehouse on the bottom floor. No one was in the building at the time.

The Warehouse had a busy datesheet lined up for the coming weeks, with a concert by local bands Ex Post Facto and the Cherry Boys as well as a CND benefit by the Au Pairs set for last weekend.

Damage to the building is extensive, but it's hoped that the venue can be repaired. It's unlikely that the Warehouse will re-open for four or five months.

A spokesman for the venue said that there would be no chance of reopening in the near future.

"This has happened at a very bad time," said MM's Liverpool correspondent Penny Kiley. "Dingwalls closed a couple of weeks ago for 'renovation and improvement', but no one here is really sure whether it's going to re-open or not. And the Royal Court is closing in September, its lease has run out."

On the brighter side, Liverpool Rotters is organising a group talent contest which it plans to extend throughout the north of England. Prizes will range from £500 to £250 and all entrants will be paid expenses for

AP PAIRS: CND benefit lost

appearing. Anyone interested in Band Search 83 should call Rotters on 051 709 0771 for details.

● Musicians in Leicester are formulating a plan to build up a music complex for the town.

They're liaising with actors, artists and craftspeople to convert an empty factory into a 500-capacity venue with a bar, restaurant, rehearsal rooms and workshops.

The plans are set out in an Inner Area Programme application. And it's hoped that the renovation of the building would be carried out by unemployed teenagers under the supervision of redundant craftsmen.

The complex - provisionally called Multiplex - would concentrate on discovering and promoting local talent.

Edited by CAROL CLERK

JOBOXERS GET LUCKY

Me! due next month. The 12 track LP (dovetail) Agnetha's own musical direction, with songs penned by herself, Russ Ballard and Mike Chapman. Produced by Mike Chapman, it was recorded at Abba's own studios in Stockholm.

Leisure Process duo Ross Middleton and Gary Barnacle release a new single "Anxiety", on Epic this week.

William Burroughs' favourite band, SPK, release a new 12 inch EP on their own Side Effects Records label this week. "DeKommotions", and both their LPs, "Leichenschrei" and "Information Overload Unit", will be released here later this month.

Michael Fagan and The Bollocks Brothers release their alternative National Anthem, "God Save The Queen", on Charly Records this week. The B side features an instrumental version with the Queen rapping out her yearly address to the nation. The seven inch is a track from the forthcoming "Never Mind The Bollocks '83" album.

for over a year on Expulsion this week. "War Fever" was produced by Phil Brown, Tim Cross and Tim Renwick, and is taken from the forthcoming album, "Channel 5", due for release in June.

Richard Strange this week releases his first single for over two years, on his own Interlam label. The self-penned "Next" is available on 7 and 12 inch, the EP featuring "mystery guest star musicians".

Eric Clapton releases a new single this week on Duck. "Slow Down Linda", is a track from his current LP, "Money And Cigarettes".

Combie Roy-Joy, a Sheffield based band, release their first single through Virgin this week. ("Hear Me Calling") Answer Through Me" is available on both 7 and 12 inch, and was produced by Andy Hernandez for Coati Mundi Productions.

Crown Of Thorns release the 12 inch version of their indie single, "Kingdom Come", this week on legal.

ALTERED IMAGES: new single

PRIZE CROSSWORD

painful on the "Libreville" LP? (6,7)
 27. Wager E.T. returns to Bright or Midler (5)

DOWN

- Steve Diggle and John Maher's standard for the Public lout (4,2,11)
- Pied flautist at the gates of dawn (5)
- Untamed, note, like Kim and Marty (5)
- Wacks up the amp, volume and raises the morale, perhaps (6)
- Vocalist with bad manners broke, er, vein (6,11)
- K.R. act reformed for a song on an album (5)

The sender of the first correct solution will receive a £5 record token. Send your entry to Prize Crossword Number 20, MM, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AV. Closing date: first post, Monday, May 23.

ACROSS

- A Bluebell boy in blue? (5)
- Shocking keyboard - like the Rhodes (8,5)
- Redding, so it would appear (4)
- Black and white T.V. that's cast a long shadow? (10,3)
- Beat the goalie - like Seagull's Mike (5)
- Female band as stone deity (4,7)
- What the cameras do on the drumkit? (7,4)
- Starts violence with this stringed instrument (4)
- Slowhand has money and cigarettes (4,7)
- Neil, the Joker, found in the Guinness Book of Records (5)
- Dee Snider's turned nun? (7,6)
- He fiddled while Rome burnt (4)
- Making French kisses

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VOL 59 Issue 20 **IPC MAGAZINES**

HALT! We saw you sneaking past, trying to nip along to Stickboy's curious encounter with Siouxsie, or more likely checking out the lonely hearts column, you smutty creatures. Well just you hang on a minute... if we've got to spend our wretched lives writing this garbage then the least you miserable sods can do is read it.

S'pose you were conned, too, by the armada of backslapping self-promo the BBC indulged in preceding the 1,000th edition of "Top Of The Pops". We were assured a glittering history of the programme's 95-year career, full of archive gems, and mega-stars tumbling over each other, as free champagne flowed for all the long-suffering viewers.

And what did we get? A freak show designed to show us what a parade of gibbering ego-maniacs the BBC employ to spout nonsense in an attempt to fill our bleak lives. The deejays were presented two by two, like refugees from Noah's Ark, to give us the benefit of their reminiscences, and piercing interviews with ageing pop personalities. "So you're Bucks Fizz?" "Yeah." "Great." "Enjoying yourself?" "Great." That was the level of the embarrassment, while the story of "TOTP" through the Sixties and the Seventies was dispensed with in a lightning resume of potentially riveting archive flashes.

Cilla Black was wheeled on, burbling something about a nose-job. "I didn't know I was an archive," she said wittily. Even this profundity paled into significance alongside brief appearances by Bill Wyman and Gary Numan, two chaps obviously swotting for "Mastermind".

Wyman was asked for his memories of the Stones' appearance on the first-ever "TOTP". "Er... I don't think they... er... liked us." Numan imparted the revelation that he'd lost his "TOTP" virginity with an appearance wedged between David Bowie and Roxy Music. "And I've been trying to live it out ever since." Oh, very droll, Gary. On your plane, chum.

There were equally crass filmed contributions from Lionel Richie, Sting, Meat Loaf and Rod Stewart, while John Peel offered the only wit in the whole sorry business. "Hello, are you in a band?" he asked Clare Grogan sweetly. Clare giggled as Clare does. "How nice," said John, and we moved on. Quite frankly, chaps, you blew it.

TALKING OF "TOTP", it's been brought to our notice that a Men At Work video used on the show has been starring in a particularly engrossing court case in Newcastle. The video, which showed Men At Work being buried up to their necks in sand (they should have buried their heads too and left them there as far as we're concerned), was said in court to have reminded a middle-aged marine engineer of the day ten years earlier when he strangled his wife and buried her body in sand. A touching story that, we thought. Men At Work: cure for amnesia.



Wittiest man of the week: GARY NUMAN, wisecracking his way through TOTP.

MORE tales from the Crypt: the nation's newest heart-throb and personal confidante of Brenda (you know, the geezer whose hobby is shining royal drapings) has recorded his first single. Hot on the heels of his infamous appearance at London's Bat Cave as the new lead singer of the grotesque Bollock Brothers, the retiring Mr Fagan was snapped up by Charly Records. He was whisked into the studio to record a sensitive and tender version of the Sex Pistols' touching tribute to Her Majesty, "God Save The Queen", specially re-written by Michael to encompass his own personal acquaintance with the lads. Charly threaten that Micky (as he's affectionately known to his chums in the Biz) will be recording more tracks with the BBs on an album to be titled "Never Mind The Bollocks '83". Not bad Jock, not bad. Now leave us in peace, eh?

SPECIMEN, who run the Bat Cave, have wisely skiddled to New York for a while, escaping all this nonsense, but confidently state

that the Bat Cave will continue to run with all its customary glamour in their absence. Phew, that's a relief.

SO! The decade might yet prove to be worth living through... On May 4 in Los Angeles, the ridiculously reclusive John Fogerty, who swept virtually everyone into the gutter as leader, writer and guiding rock 'n' roll witchdoctor behind the obviously monumental Creedence Clearwater Revival, ended an eight-year silence with a surprise press conference.

Previously only reachable through a post office-box in a remote part of California, Fogerty informed a breathless gaggle of hacks that a law suit between CCR and their old management, which effectively prevented Fogerty from releasing any new product all this time, was finally resolved. The great man declared that he's recently been working "eight hours a day" on a new album and swore it would be out soon. Don't let us down this time, John: we can't wait another eight years...

NEW York's Glenn Branca, avant-garde performer and freak-out guitarist, makes a special London appearance on May 27-29, at the Riverside Studios. Branca will be accompanied by a 12-piece band and will perform his latest "Symphony No. 4"...

WANT to know what hip New Yorkers get up to when there are no big English hypes playing around town? At Danceteria recently, a group of local wags held a "Battle Of The Tribute Bands" in which they formed a series of unlikely outfits covering material by their favourite off-the-plaster groups... for example, would you believe a combo called the Astral Planes playing the best of Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers? Or how about a Suicide tribute duo playing all your favourite Suicide hits? Needless to say, that one was a mercifully short set...

MOST EMBARRASSING SIGHT ON TELEVISION THIS YEAR: warbling winnie Steve Taylor trying to interview Julia Walters on Channel 4's "Loose Talk".

"He's been in television two weeks and he thinks he knows it all," announced the delectable Ms W, sipping the hapless Taylor with piercing bravado.

Falling about laughing in their expensive IPC condominiums, bleary MM hacks with long and vindictive memories recalled Taylor frothing around the rag trying to persuade us to publish various features he'd written and claiming he was the most talented rock writer in the country, a fatuous boast that earned him the not altogether affectionate nickname "Shakespeare"...

ANYONE REMEMBER Budgie?

You know, they went cheap cheep... and you thought they'd been put out of their misery decades ago, right? It seems that the lambs have now really been taken to the hearts of the poor, oppressed brotherhood of Poland, where their last single, "Hold On To Love" sold 110,000 copies, topping the charts for nine weeks and only being displaced by their own follow-up, "Alison". (Not, we trust, the Elviod song.) Jeez, no wonder the Russkies moved in...

WELL-known centre of the universe and home of Southern Death Cult and Smokie, Bradford (stop sniggering at the back), celebrates the opening of a new club. Run by the Bradford Musical Co-Operative, Flexible Response, it's called Bensons and all you Bradford swingers had better get your ass down there every Thursday.

WE also hear that the Waitresses are now being joined by Holly, who used to be an Italian but is much better now, thanks. They've also infiltrated the hallowed confines of British television with their song "Square Pegs" featured on the 12-inch B-side of their current "Make The Weather" single - has been selected as the theme music for a new Channel 4 Saturday show, also called "Square Pegs". How quaint.

FAT LIP

Julian Copperthwaite, nincompoop and former leader of The Hairbrush Corrodes, talks to Himself. (Himself is a deity and a correspondent for The Observer.)

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF

JULIAN COPPERTHWAITTE

I usually get up sometime between yesterday and the day after tomorrow, depending on whether I've been to bed or not. Often, I start the day by trying on some of my old RAF flying jackets and jumping out of the window, or perhaps by stripping to the waist and diving through a hoop held by my cat Mac, who's usually tripping out because I put LSD in his Whiskas.

I love cats, I think they're brilliant, absolutely classic. I've got all these books about cats, and my favourite one has these really weird colour paintings in it of some bloke who spent his entire life in a lunatic asylum thinking he was the leader of a pop group from Liverpool. Some people are pretty daft, actually.

I have lots of heroes, and most of them are much weirder than I'll ever be. I'm trying hard to catch up, but I'm afraid the masses aren't really clever enough to appreciate what I'm doing. I have no respect for them whatsoever. Well anyway, most of my heroes are these complete basket cases who made a couple of obscure singles in about 1967 and then disappeared. They were really flaky, which is something I really admire.

Um... what else? Sometimes I like to sit and watch paint drying, or listen to the bricks in the wall talking to each other. I spend a lot of time listening to water running as well. Sometimes I just turn on all the taps in the house and then make recordings of the sound for this concept album I'm working on. I'll probably call it "Marmite Soldiers On The Chocolate Highway To Nirvana".

I wanted to get Douglas Bader to do some vocals on it but he died. I think I would have been a Spitfire pilot in the war: actually, that would have been classic, just driving around these country lanes in an old sports car and then shooting down a few Jerrys.

Just really weird - people are so bland these days, especially people in pop groups. They're just scum really, and that's why I split up my group. Well, better be going now. I'm going to rip up a few copies of Melody Maker to line the cat's tray with. I hate Melody Maker cos they kept ringing me up to ask for an interview. Journalists are all dickheads, they don't understand what being a genius is all about.

★★★★★
What the critics said about Fat Lip -
"This preposterous column... should... be banned."
(Simon Kinderergarten, Morning Haze)
"Marvellous... expert farcical performance... first class value for money... I must read it sometime." (Sunday Politron)
"They must be joking." (Marcel Proust, NME)
"A fizzing production... as bilious and nonsensical as a Welsh claret." (The Lancet)
"Mr Law... would never have been encouraged in my day." (Richard Williams, The Times)
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TROPICAL HOT DOG MAN

Ian Pye travels to the States to meet COATI MUNDI, get fit expert, a bit of a celeb, and a founder member of Kid Creole And The Coconuts. Pix: Janette Beckman

I COME across Coati Mundi sitting alone on a quiet bench in mid-town Manhattan, reading an American gossip magazine. He's so obviously lost in his own world it seems intrusive to interrupt, but I nevertheless walk over to make contact. He's wearing a pair of brightly painted basketball boots, baggy trousers tucked into his socks, a broad-shouldered gangster jacket and a huge cap that shadows his rounded features. After the introductions we walk down a block to the hotel designated for the interview. On the way he appears uncharacteristically sombre, almost sad like a clown is supposed to be. But once we reach the suite he finds an audience and everything changes. "I've gotta get in trim for this," he tells the photographer and his publicist, before dropping to the floor

and coolly pushing out 50 press-ups! "Yeah man, I've gotta be fit, fit, fit!" he yells, springing up to box with his mirror image. "You can never be too careful!" he warns, not meaning a word. We wander off to Central Park to do the p.r. thing. Coati chases the kids in the adventure playground, generally "going around" as New Yorkers would have it, and is asked back to play celebrity baseball. Somehow we get separated, but meet back at the hotel some hours later. Settling down on a settee for two he tells me his life story, complete with absurd theatrical pauses and an accent midway between Cheech & Chong and Humphrey Bogart. "I was born on the SS United States," he says, hissing out the words for effect. "A passenger ship sailing from Puerto Rico to New York. And I think I was inside New York Waters when I was born. It's an incredible tale: ship on the sea waters... I was there... my mother was delivering me... the ship kept moving back 'n' forth... they didn't know whether I would live or die!

You can see the movie soon: The Birth Of Coati Mundi! Coati's parents were escaping slavery and, through his father's good fortune in getting a job on a passenger ship, managed to leave behind the slums of Puerto Rico for a better class of slums in New York.

"They're still here in Manhattan," he says proudly, "and they're a success story in themselves. They started out in the ghetto with nothing. They came up from the ashes... a very poor family. And now they're multi-millionaires... they've got lots of hundred dollar bills!"

At school he was "very academic," well, "as much as that's possible being small... y'know being small. I have a very small brain so it was tough!"

"I was fat, you could say I was a bit of a book snake." Don't you mean worm? "Yes, now, be careful, I'm not that small!"

He graduated from high school with a degree in business studies, though it took him seven years as he dropped in and out to play with a lot of groups too long to remember.

At 16 he wishes he majored in English because his "Spanish" just doesn't satisfy his need to communicate. However, he studies his Hispanic roots to great advantage without patronising the culture he grew up in.

"Looking back I don't really know why I did business studies, but I'm very grateful for that," he adds, nodding sagely. "If I hadn't, I wouldn't be the multi-millionaire I am today!"

The truth is Coati was hardly a runaway success in the marketplace. "I had several jobs," he grandly announces.

And what were they? "Well, one was selling karate lessons, not that I do karate. I would dress up in a karate outfit and stand on the street with a board trying to get people interested in something I knew absolutely nothing about."

"Then I was a promotional director for a massage parlour. Actually, I used to stand in the street again giving out leaflets. Then by accident I got a job as a social worker. During college I also teach music in the community as a part time job."

so I had this community experience. I worked with all kinds of juvenile delinquents... things haven't changed much."

At which point an unknown group of middle-aged guests appear in the hotel lounge chattering loudly. Coati raises his voice to tell anyone who'll listen that silence is required because "a major interview is being conducted... a major interview with a major superstar in the making!" "Yes," he raves on, "it's great to be a major superstar in the making!"

THIS superstar in the making started his musical career playing vibes at college.

"Then I went to playing piano because I couldn't get enough work playing vibes. Then I couldn't get enough work playing piano so I taught myself percussion."

"I was involved with all different kinds of bands... soul bands, rock bands, whatever would have me. When I knew I couldn't play good enough to be in the band I talked my way in. I'll tell them how good I was until they believed me."

Eventually he put his own group together, The Sweet Sangria Band, but he left this behind with social work when he joined Dr Savanah's band, the forerunner to Kid Creole And The Coconuts.

"During that whole time of college and part-time bands I had been training myself as an arranger, a writer and a musician. I knew no one thing would pay the bills so I had to broaden out."

"Also, if you're in a band as a musician, just playing an instrument, politically you're not very high up in the structure. So managers and record company people think of you less. When it comes to money, opinions or advice, the songwriters, the leaders, the singers, they get all the accolades and financial considerations plus the respect from the press. That's the way it is."

Was he thinking in particular of his backstage role in Kid Creole here?

"No, not really. It goes on with everybody. But it's nothing new to say I haven't been completely happy about the way things have been handled in the band. It's



stage show. Did that kind of exploitation bother him at all?

"Well I have mixed feelings about that," he replies hesitantly. "Like it's all under the umbrella of entertainment and some people are entertained by that. Personally, the idea of The Coconuts never sat well with me. At the beginning they were very exposed and that was never my bag."

"I just figured it... it didn't mean that much to me that I wanted to make a conflict out of it. Basically it's August Darnell's trip. He feels to get it over he needs these three barely-clothed girls."

"When it all started he was really the leader and I was assisting him. So he laid down the basic concept and I wasn't about to tell him to change it. It wasn't my place. But I never liked the idea of having these girls dress up sexually and then you look at the audience and you see these guys foaming at the mouth."

"I thought it was demeaning to women and the girls, but I never got that emotionally involved that I'd say, 'I'm not going on with this kind of image.'"

"When I do solo performances I'm more sexy and less sexy. People that come to see a Coati Mundi show will never come for sex. They're better off staying home and jerking off!"

WHEN Kid Creole last toured here Coati's ridiculous scrabbling and rubber-faced contractions came near to completely upstaging his white leader. Yet Coati plays down the tensions that clearly exist within the group. "I do feel I'm a better entertainer than the girls," he admits, "but we all have our own roles to play. We've got a lot of things covered with Creole. We've got the sex and the so-called cool part, which is August, and then the comic thing, which is me a lot of the time."

And this is a role he's more than happy to fill, even though it does encourage extreme reactions. It's a cliché, but people either love or hate Coati Mundi.

"Sometimes I do feel trapped," he muses. "But then again, I wouldn't want to just go out and play an instrument. I feel I'm an entertainer first and a musician second."

"See I started the comic routines. Nobody came up to me and told me you must be this way. I developed that and I introduced it. My only role ever defined with Creole was that I should be musical director and play vibes or whatever instrument."

"If my act in with the rest of the act on stage. And August, he's like a ring master, a circus master. He coordinates it all and it works to his own benefit."

It's taken Coati Mundi two years to get his first solo album out. The Former 12-Year-Old Genius? is based on an old Stevie Wonder LP. His debut single, "Que Pasa", a rich and colourful trailer for the album, was something of a cult success on both sides of the water, but it didn't stop Michael Zilina dropping him after they argued bitterly

together — an incident Coati would rather forget.

His commitments to Creole and lack of funds also contrived to hold things up. Finally Virgin offered him the deal he was looking for.

Dipping into Afro-Cuban, salsa, pop and funk, "Genius?", confirms the promise of "Que Pasa" even if its direct descendant and long awaited follow-up single, "Como Esta Usted" (lifted off the album) is a minor disappointment.

As well as his own considerable contributions, he played everything, for example, on "Prisoner Of My Principles", the recent feature on the Creole rhythm section and ex-member Lori Eastside. Giji Dan and Beachwood Nine and acappella masters 14 Karat Soul. It might not be the album to make him a "superstar" but it has some glorious moments. "It's Rainbowbow 3D Music," he tells me, "because there's such a spectrum of music in it and if you listen closely you can see things."

PERHAPS one of the most satisfying moments, without wishing to understate his own role, was the recording of Captain Beefheart's "Tropical Hot Dog Night". Arranged to suit Coati's Latin flavours, it mixes the work of two successful and remarkable effects. "I think he could have been my father," he says of Beefheart. "He's like out of your mind. He's a real nut. He's into projecting an attitude and that's what I'm trying to do with my singing."

Not surprisingly the album is peppered with Coati's brand of melodramatic humour. "Everybody's On An Egg Trip" is a slapstick send-up of the Mr. Bad school of rap. "I'm Current" begins with a "I'm a real nut" line. In Charles Atlas and sand in the eyes stuff.

"I just let myself go on 'Bullies'," he recalls. "The end is entirely improvised. All that rap about my hands being registered with the CIA and saying I'm gonna hit you guys so hard I'll kill your whole family — well that last bit I got from the movie 'Clint'."

Coati Mundi starts to make us laugh, but he uses his talents stretching well beyond the comic. Both "Prisoner Of My Principles" and "Phantom Of The Grave" bring a more serious dimension to the album in their respective attempts to come to terms with moral odds and their agents of destruction, envy and envious.

Looking at the unacceptable face of America he says: "I can about the injustices but the trouble is I'm too busy trying to survive. That's comfortable. Because a lot of us on the street are put in a situation where we gotta be more concerned about surviving than what's going on above us — and yet what's going on above us has an influence on how or whether we survive."

As for the future he wants to broaden his production experience, already proven with an unlikely collaboration with Germany's Relais Schaumburg, and move further into acting, look out for him in the comedy "Get Crazy". He even hopes to establish himself as a comedian proper, with a view to working with the likes of Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

And as it proves his intentions this "superstar in the making" suffers me the cheque book as a reward. "Now," he says earnestly, "how much did you say a front cover costs these days?"



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DEAD MEN DON'T LIE

Steve Cross tracks the progress of
PLAY DEAD. Pix: Paul Rider

"THERE was this Radio 4 show and they got around to discussing mental illness and the like, and someone said that if they wanted to get all the looneys together in one place, all they had to do was build a bloody great wall around Banbury, and that would take care of most of the country!"

Rob peers at me myopically through his circular tinted glasses and laughs heartily. There's something unnervingly spectacular about his laugh. . . two members of his band, Play Dead, come from Banbury.

If someone ever does try to put Radio 4's theory into practice and turn Banbury into a giant modern-day Bedlam, then we should all make damn sure Play Dead shoot off into the sunset before the first brick is laid. This band (the other two members are from Oxford) create an invigorating, heady brew of music, deep, brooding and above all thoughtful. To some ears it could sound depressing, but the band

themselves don't agree. "The songs cover a wide span lyrically," says Rob (they discount surnames in order to enhance their mystique). "But they're all to do with emotions. In an abstract way, there's a connection between them. Generally speaking, people isolate themselves from deep emotions because they tend to be mournful and threatening—we hope people can listen to these songs and connect with them, and say to themselves 'There's someone out there who feels the same way as I do after all'."

Play Dead originally came together in late 1980, and after only six weeks quickly secured a deal with Fresh Records.

Rob: "It was a choice between them and 4AD, but 4AD were getting a bit snowed under then. They were going mad, signing all sorts of small bands in the wake of Bauhaus and Modern English, and when Fresh came up with the single and tour offer, we went for it. We thought they were a real record company then!"

With a mere seven songs to their knowledge, they went straight away whisked on to a tour of the nation's bogs, third on the bill to UK Decay and The Dark, garnering polite responses from bemused audiences. Just after the end of the tour (mid-1981) the line-up stabilised to its present incarnation with the recruitment of heavily-tattooed guitarist and Danny Baker lookalike Steve. A second single, "TV Eye," was released, though bassist Pete comments mysteriously: "That record is nothing to do with us. We'd just like to blot it out of our minds."

And then, just as things showed signs of gathering momentum—deafening silence. Nothing. Bugger all.

Nineteen eighty two was a year to forget for Play Dead. Their problems arose from the folding of Fresh. This, to put it poetically, cocked things up a treat. The band took their name literally as they went into enforced hibernation, playing no gigs and not even rehearsing for three months. A single recorded in April,



the new organisation, and eventually, after an eight-month delay, "Propaganda" finally limped on to the shelves, just in time to get lost in the pre-Christmas rush. Indeed, it was released to favourable reviews, including one from MM's own answer to the Michelin Tyre Man, Paul Strange, who in an unprecedented attack of good taste gave it single of the week accolade. Phew! And that brings us up to date, with our heroes waving goodbye (they hope) to a past beset with troubles and ushering in a more encouraging future. They are just starting a British tour and have an album out this week.

"In the beginning, I think things happened a bit too fast for us," says Rob. "We hadn't really established our sound, and it took us a little while to overcome that. Then things began to go wrong, which was pretty soul destroying, but all the time through the crisis,

certain people in the Fresh/Jungle operation had faith in us. They saw something that was going to come through sooner or later."

The album, "First Flower," is, in fact, a mini-LP selling at mid-price (shades of Danse Society), consisting of five newly-recorded tracks plus a beefed-up "Propaganda."

"All of our singles have been delayed for various reasons, but this actually represents the group as it is right now," says drummer Wiff, of the unruly Medusa-like thatch that could loosely be termed a hairstyle. "In fact, some of the songs probably weren't quite ready to be recorded when we went into the studio, but the pressure of not having much time has helped us to sharpen them up."

One of the immediately noticeable qualities of the single is the upfront, impressively dynamic production of Roy Rowland. All the group enthusiastically endorse Rowland's

contribution to the direct, punchy sound on the single and are pleased to have him at the helm for the album as well.

"We see him as an extra member of the band, really," explains Rob. "We work from opposite ends of the spectrum—neither of us listen to the same things and so we've got very different influences and ideas. He can get the sort of sound that has an impact even coming out of a little portable radio."

"We've used this time for a bit of experimentation as well," remarks Pete in his pleasant rural burr. "You know, unusual percussion—scaffold poles and things—and a few 'special effects', but the lack of time has restricted us a bit in that area. It's a shame, because you can only think in a concentrated way in the studio."

SUPPORTING this hive of recorded activity (they also have a track, "Blood Stains Pleasure," on the forthcoming compilation "The Whip"), the Dead ones are looking forward to the gigs. Like most bands, they enjoy live work. The only problem is trying to get it.

There's a gleam of light at the end of the tunnel, though, as the single seems to have alerted a few kindred spirits in other bands who have rung up with promises of support work. Indeed, while we're chatting, a 'phone call comes in from Southern Death Cult, who enthuse wildly over "Propaganda."

"It's nice to hear that we're appreciated by other bands, but I don't know really if their audience would be into us," comments Rob to my surprise. Play Dead, it seems, are very aware, and wary of, becoming ensnared in the tribal/positive punk traps springing up at the moment, refuting any tags applied to their own music.

Fair comment—but having seen them support Sex Gang and gain a healthy response, I think that their fears are unfounded. There's also the added advantage of being able to ride on the back of this so-called tidal wave should they



want to (what dongler invented the term anyway?), but the band have their own views on the topic.

"UK Decay were the forerunners, the influence on all these new bands, and look what happened to them. They achieved a certain amount, and then couldn't break through any further," says Rob. "We don't mind being put in that grain of music's suppose, because at least it's thoughtful, but I don't think we're necessarily similar, and categories of any sort are so restricting."

"The thing is," continues Wiff, "that people like Death Cult and Sex Gang are also only going to appeal to a narrow type of audience. I think that we're more varied."

So, nat bands do they think would best complement their intended appeal? Wiff thinks for a moment, before offering The Birthday Party and Gang Of Four. Pete's suggestion is less obvious.

"I think someone like Hanoi Rocks could suit us quite well," he says thoughtfully. "They really do get a wide cross-section of people at their gigs, and that's what we want to aim at—as many different types of people as possible. We just want people to give us a fair hearing."



Compilation Album

CATCHING UP WITH
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Colin Irwin investigates the pedigree of THE WATERBOYS with the band's MIKE SCOTT. Photograph by Paul Rider

I DON'T know about you, but it's the best damn single I've heard all year. It comes at you like an infantry of mad knife throwers, demanding your attention, your respect, your submission. Gasp as it thunders along the precipice, all but out-of-control. Thrill to its insidious sax runs, its quirky piano parts. Shriek as that strange vocal comes out of the night, haunting and taunting, chasing you down the garden.

The Sun (which supports Our Boys) this week tipped it for glory and declared it a "Sun Chaser". Me and John Blake, mate... now there's an offer you can't refuse.

The record is called "A Girl Called Johnny". It's by The Waterboys.

Mike Scott wanted to be a footballer. But they only did rugger and cross-country at his school in Edinburgh so he went to university. He decided to bunk out the day he heard the Sex Pistols.

So he ran a fanzine. Interviewed the Pistols. And formed a band. They called themselves Another Pretty Face (inspired by a line in the Parsons/Burchill book "The Boy Looked at Johnny"), modelled themselves on The Clash, and were pretty dreadful. But NME made their first record Single Of The Week, and life moved fast. Three years and five singles on, they parted company after Virgin had signed them and then rejected their first LP. They had a disastrous tour with Stiff Little Fingers, and Mike realised the bass player wanted to be in Spandau Ballet and the drummer had a yen for Japan.

Another Pretty Face became Funhouse. Funhouse splintered off into The Red And The Black. The Red And The Black died ignominiously. And Mike Scott? He moped around for a bit, nursing his frustrations, wrote some songs, cut some demos, went to New York for a fruitless session with Lenny Kaye, came home and invented The Waterboys.

He smiles engagingly as he imparts the news that "A Girl Called Johnny" has reached the dizzy heights of 109 in that week's Tab 110. It never occurred to him that it had "chart potential" and as it was recorded over a year ago he feels slightly detached about it now. It went into cold storage while The Red And The Black disintegrated, but he's nevertheless tickled by its progress since it came out on Chicken Jazz (the label originally formed by Another Pretty Face), and it's fired his determination to convert The Waterboys from a personal pseudonym into a regular gigging band.

"A Girl Called Johnny" is about Patti Smith. In fact, Johnny is Patti Smith in the song.

"There is a line about a girl called Johnny in one of her songs called 'Rodondo Beach', and I heard a tape and I noticed that Johnny is a hero or heroine on lots of her early songs. So I thought 'I'd make her Johnny because she vanished a few years ago... it's a sort of postscript.'"

He has a similar obsession with Iggy Pop. His modest assessment of Mr Pop is "the greatest man ever lived". He tried to meet him to tell him so the last time Iggy was over and went to his hotel, but was flung out on his ear.

"I'd really like to sit him in a room for a couple of days and get him to tell me everything he knows. I'm sure he knows things other mortals don't."

Mindful of the fact that some brutal critics have already dismissed "Johnny" as a Bowie rip-off, I'm interested in his views on Mr B.

"I always quite liked him but there's something not quite direct about Bowie, not quite real. He's brilliant, a genius probably, but like that song 'China Girl' on his new LP, it's a song Iggy did. And Iggy's version is really painful and hard, but Bowie's sounds calculated and seems to be going for sounds that stir nostalgia. It's that kind of manipulation of the listener I don't like. He's getting to be very popular, though, isn't he? Mega-Bowie."

When he does get his Waterboys



A BOY CALLED MICHAEL

off the ground (and there is an upcoming "Whistle Test" appearance to spur him to a specific deadline), he promises they will sound radically different to the urgent intensity that characterises "Johnny" and the other tracks on the album that's in the pipeline. "I was into jazzy chords then and I'm not into that now."

So what are you into?
"I'm trying to invent a new kind of music," he says with disarming simplicity. "Acoustic rhythm guitars with unlikely timings, funky bass, and these wild lead guitars on top, and an out-of-tune brass section, backing vocals singing the whole time so that the entire song is done by lead vocals and three back-up vocals. It could sound... wild."

"On the other hand it could be a total disaster, in which case I'll do something different."

Whatever he does it will be recorded in one take or not at all. That's how it was with "Johnny" and everything else he does - "the first version is always definitive for me" and this proved to be one of the main stumbling blocks when he tried to do some work last year with Lenny Kaye.

Mike's recent low profile is basically down to overcoming some of the knocks dished out to Another Pretty Face. They all felt bitter at the way Virgin dumped them, and the Stiff Little Fingers tour didn't help.

Scott would love to have a hit single, but he stresses it's not for the purposes of self-glorification but the power and influence it would bring.

"I'm not so much interested in music as in the world," he says rather grandly. "There was an interesting interview in NME with

Ken Livingstone recently and he said his foremost ambition is not to become an MP, but to alter the state of British society. I really like Ken Livingstone and I know exactly what he means by that. The power and recognition of being an MP is not what really matters to him, but it's something he has to get in order to go ahead and do things he thinks are right."

"I used to think the most important things in the world were whether or not your records were on a major label and whether or not you did 'Top Of The Pops', but there's much more important things to worry about. I'd really like to be ultra ultra successful because I'd like to use that success in good ways. I quite like the world."

"I used to think Another Pretty Face were a political band because we had titles like 'Whatever Happened To The West?' and all these anti-nuclear songs. We thought we were poli-rockers, but we were just naive. Dylan said this amazing thing, 'You don't change the world by changing the world, you do it by changing people.' And you change people by the way you treat them and what you reveal to them, and if my songs do anything they embody and deal with ways of thinking."

"I'm not into writing songs that say 'do this, don't do that', but anybody who listens to 20 of my songs is going to know me pretty well at the end of it. My philosophy of life and all that. 'A Girl Called Johnny' doesn't make any

statements about life, but there are certain things in the lyric that leave you in no doubt what the attitude of the singer is."

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PEACE

PAUL WELLER ON ROYAL WALKABOUT

Steve Sutherland reports from Brockwell Park on the CND rally. Pictures: Tom Sheehan

"YOU call this a peace festival? You must be joking!"

Hester ducked just in time as a clod of mud carved an impressive arc above the crowd, skimmed past her head-scarf and stuck to the drum podium with a baleful thud. "This is absurd! Absolutely absurd! Will you stop throwing cruise missiles at the stage?"

Again a rain of mud. Hester had arrived in Brockwell Park, South London, around midday with several sisters from the Greenham Common Peace Movement, to lend moral, vocal and numerical support to Saturday's CND rally. She had painted her cheeks with fresh, green fluorescent ban-the-bomb signs, rehearsed a whooping new wardance (peace-dance?) and expected, indeed had been invited by the organisers, to address the assembled crowd, most of whom had marched on the park from Victoria during the morning.

Right now, though, none of this seemed quite such a good idea.

"We've had to fight to get on this stage," she bellowed at the crowd. This, in truth, was a considerable understatement. During the day, the various pop personalities largely

responsible for drawing the 10,000 crowd had themselves, struggled to entertain the restless throng and the organisers, in their panicked wisdom, had decided that speakers, irrespective of stature or sway, would be better off lending silent support.

The sisters were having none of this. If prison, police harassment, the press, the army and Her Majesty's Government hadn't managed to deter their resolve, no petty CND bureaucracy was going to thwart them now. They'd been invited to speak and speak they were going to. Here's what they said:

"This is a peace festival. We want to live in peace and show the Government that we want to stop cruise missiles and nuclear weapons. We want to lead peaceful lives and learn to be more peaceful within ourselves and our personal relationships."

The crowd, singularly unimpressed with such sanity, showered them with mud.

"Why are you throwing things at me?" Hester pleaded. "What type of future do you want? The future is your choice. This is a peace festival, it's not just about music!"

Not even about music would have been more to the point.

Someone said that Hazel O'Connor had performed earlier in the day accompanied, among others, by Mick Karn on sax. That someone was one of the multitude wearing an organiser's badge, so the journalist was more than prepared to take his word for it

considering the small press enclosure in front of the stage had long been taken, the barriers trampled underfoot by an eager battalion of punks.

They had come to see The Damned and the seeds of the day's discontent were sown by one critical cock-up: while The Damned were doing their bit, the punks were still marching and, having tramped the seven miles to show their solidarity, they were hardly brimming with peace 'n' love when they found they'd missed their heroes. Sheehan, on the other hand, considered them all "lucky buggers" as he negotiated his way through the erratic security to collar Rat roaming around backstage.

"Is there a bar here?" he enquired optimistically. "Or a couple of tins or something?"

"Leave it out," snarled the Rat, "this lot can barely organise a stage, let alone a bar."

His thirst unquenched, the Captain's spirits, however, were admirably undampened.

"I believe in this," he insisted, for once deadly Sensible. "I won't tolerate fascism. This is all aimed at Reagan y'know, he's the man with his finger on the button and we're the only people who can disarm him. He's taking notice of the Western Peace Movement now, he's making statements in Congress about it. He's worried because people want peace and if we can make Reagan shit a brick - great!"

"It's just lunacy," he continued, uncharacteristically earnest: "An amazing fact is that Britain, per square mile, has got more nuclear missiles than any other country in the



world - little Britain! It's stupid - while we're cutting down on hospital beds, we're building more bombs, it just seems like lunacy to me."

Meanwhile, out there on the boards, Clint Eastwood and General Saint were the victims of another strain of lunacy, their witty toasting drowned beneath the batter of corrugated iron as fences, hastily erected by stewards to protect the backstage area, were pummelled back down. We got quite into it after a while - industrial rub-a-dub, heavy metal rankin' in an insane Eighties style.



E.P. THOMPSON ENJOYING JOKE WITH SHEEHAN

BY NOW Paul Weller has arrived - or so somebody said because all we saw of him was a cluster of body guards hustling straight into the concrete bunker-cum-changing room like detectives around a suspected murderer attending court. Meanwhile, Chas Smash braved the open spaces and explained Madness' involvement.

"It's definitely doing something," he enthused, "even if it's just making people wonder what it's all about. To the majority out there, CND probably doesn't mean

anything, whereas it means something to us because we remember it from the Sixties. At least this is giving them an identity, making it a thing here, today rather than a relic of yesterday."

The other Maddies weren't as convinced of the rally's effectiveness but felt that at least it was worthwhile trying. "If it makes a few people think about it, then it's worth it," said Bedders.

"Yeah, but Hessel's made up his mind," countered

Lee. "I was reading something or I heard it on TV - I dunno - where he just said 'Look, there's no way nuclear weapons are gonna go away, we're gonna keep 'em and that's that - there's nothing you can do'."

While compere John Peel announced the half-time football results and raised one of the day's biggest cheers for "Liverpool 0 Aston Villa 1", Bedders laid to rest rumours of an imminent split fuelled by Barso's absence from a TV appearance:

"He was moving house," he explained, "and, like, it was only for the Germans. I mean, if we'd sent seven stand-ins who could mime properly, they wouldn't have known the difference, would they? If it had been 'Top Of The Pops', we'd have called him back."

Suddenly, as grim-faced as everyone assumes he is and sucking a fag as if it might be his last, Weller strode by surrounded by security men and briskly climbed the steep walkway to the stage. The mutterings were that the Style Council had been prepared to play five numbers in conjunction with Tracie and the Questions, but the disorganisation had worried Weller into cutting short his set. Tracie and the boys were



HAZEL O'CONNOR SIGNS AUTOGRAPH FOR ADORING CONSTABULARY

OUR TIME



VANIAN, RAT AND CHUMS



WELLER IN FRANK BOUGH'S OLD CARDIGAN



TRACIE LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT



STICKBOY ENLISTING FOR GREENHAM COMMON



MICK KARN ON HIS WAY TO SEE HIS ACCOUNTANT

nowhere to be seen, Weller whipped through a frenzied "Speak Like A Child" and the promisingly buoyant "Money Go Round" with a sharp, nervous intensity, Mick Talbot pumping his Hammond for Stax authenticity and a couple of girl singers oohing and aahing in the time-honoured soul fashion.

Already bristling with anticipation, it took one mud missile that threatened to disturb Weller's increasingly preposterous coiffure for the Council to reach an immediate, unanimous decision. They got the hell out - straight down the ramp, into the waiting van and gone.

It was in the face of the resultant disappointment and hostility that Hester got her mud bath from the crowd.

"I think the majority of people are here for peace," she panted, undaunted after the deejay had turned up the music to force her off stage. "It's just the rowdies at the front, the yobs. Somebody said to me they're in the British Movement, and they probably are because the black band didn't last on there very long, and usually Brockwell Park's really okay. They have the Anti Nazi things here and the Legalise Cannabis things and black bands usually go down really well. As usual, it's the minority ruining it for the majority - fascists!"

"But we've got to keep trying. Once we give up, that's it, we've lost. We've got to keep going. That's why women are going to prison, that's why all this is happening - they think if they evict us from the camp the whole Peace Movement will stop, but they're not stopping making the bombs, they're not stopping constructing the silos at Greenham, they're not stopping doing all the other atrocities and germ warfare at Porton Down. They're more determined than ever, because

they know the Peace Movement is definitely growing day by day, and they know there's a lot of people behind it, so they're getting more ruthless and more determined."

A chap passing by, widely rumoured to be in the Special Branch, stopped and snapped her picture just as Hester was voicing her disapproval of the aggressiveness of some of the day's music. Then Madness took the stage, the crowd and the event. Trust them to save the day. No messing, no message, no patronisation, just two hundred CND tee-shirts tossed into the crowd and straight into "House Of Fun". Dick Cuthell adding punch on horns and a string quartet in virgin white turned the performance into a spectacle.

"Here's another poignant political song," deadpanned Chas before "Bed And Breakfast Man", the crowd joining in the collection of hits - "My Girl", "Embarrassment", "Tomorrow's Just Another Day" - cherishing Suggs' jokes ("Why have the police enforced the new safety belt laws? So you won't fall out of your car when you get shot!") and appreciating being part, belonging.

Whoever doubts the greatness of Madness should have been there to feel their infectious humour spread, should have seen Hazel O'Connor helplessly bopping to a cracking new song, "The Sun And The Rain", should have seen the Maddies take their pelting graciously, giving back as good as they got, should have joined the idiots who invaded the stage and should have cheered the loonie who scaled the scaffolding and perched above our heads.

Madness not only made the day memorable but enjoyable as well, a celebration of unity, not a duty performed. CND could do with more like 'em.



THE MADDIES LOOSEN UP

"I only hope that people will see this in the right perspective," worried Hester afterwards. "I dread to think what the press is gonna turn this into - y'know, if there's a TV camera out there, they'll show somebody bottling somebody, not the people dancing and having a really good time."

So we rushed home to catch ourselves on the news. Nothing, Jan Leeming said: "Today Harry Secombe arrived in the Falklands to entertain the troops."

They think if they ignore us we'll all go away. But we won't, will we?



POWER TO THE... UH... PEOPLE

LETTERS

EDITED BY BRIAN CASE

I REALLY must protest very strongly indeed regarding the morals of your 'paper' and the seeming lack of responsibility to your readers regarding certain contents of the 'paper'.

I refer in particular to a letter in Backlash on April 30 from an alleged FAESHVERVAMYA KULIBYAKA. Although his English wasn't very good I was led to understand that he wanted a pen friend. (The more I write this letter the more angry and indignant I become.) As I belong to various peace organizations and believe very strongly in peace and goodwill with your fellow man and woman, I decided to try and contact KULIBYAKA in Russia by letter in the belief that I could possibly enhance a more peaceful and harmonious relationship between East and West, albeit between just two people who seemed to have the same musical tastes. (As they say, music knows no barriers. As I say, in a world of trouble and misunderstanding let music be your healer, saviour and companion.)

As you hadn't printed his address I tried to contact your office by phone, but for some reason couldn't get through. Desperate to find his address I decided to contact the Russian embassy to see if they could trace him. At least you'd printed that he came from POROSYONOK, so I gave them his name and the town where he lived. The embassy said they would contact me as soon as they had any information.

What happened next was perhaps the most humiliating experience of my life, all thanks to you! The following evening, when I had just finished tea and was listening to some of my latest LPs, there was a knock on the front door. I opened it to find two rather severe gentlemen standing there. They introduced themselves as BOUBLIK GOZNIKOFF and FORSHCHIMAK BARASNEK, the Russian embassy and asked if they could come in.

I immediately enquired if they had got me the address. They looked at each other strangely and GOZNIKOFF asked me why I was trying to waste costly embassy time, make them look foolish, and worsen an already weak East-West relationship. I said I

didn't understand what he was talking about.

"Where did you get the name FAESHVERVAMYA KULIBYAKA and the town of POROSYONOK from?" he asked. I showed him the Melody Maker with JULIBYAKA's letter in.

He then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and asked me to read it.

- This is what was on the paper:
- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Russian word | English translation |
| 1. FAESHVERVAMYA | potatoes stuffed with mushrooms |
| 2. KULIBYAKA | cabbage leaves stuffed with rice |
| 3. POROSYONOK | sucking pig served with horsemeat |

I was speechless. GOZNIKOFF then said that if this was the decadent West's attitude to his people (ie, making ridiculous of their national dishes), then measures would be taken to halt the increasing influence of Western ideas on his people, particularly Western music.

So, Melody Maker, thanks to you, instead of enhancing East-West relationships the opposite has happened. I, of course, apologised to the embassy officials on behalf of the United Kingdom and the Melody Maker in particular. Yes, although I felt very let down by your 'paper', we are still both British and, to me, loyalty to fellow countrymen and patriotism came first in a situation like I was in. Well, thanks to you, I am now thoroughly disillusioned not only with your 'paper' but also with the bourgeoisie attitude of the Russian officials, who left me in no doubt as to what would happen if anyone ever tried to humiliate them again.

MM, I sincerely hope you take heed of this letter and strive for a more conscientious attitude to your readers, and in the validity of your publications because I would hate anybody to experience the humiliation that I went through. I felt absolutely stupid.

P. S. Wilkinson, Rydal Road, Heaton, Bolton, Lancs.

● **WAS that the Russian Embassy in Bolton, PS? Best letter ever.**

CAN I be the only one who really doesn't care how much money Jenny Belle Star and Annie Lennox are losing because of the counterfeit tape "racket"?

At three for a five, these tapes make it possible for the consumer to buy, own and enjoy music which they couldn't afford at the extortionate prices charged by record companies. Having bought several myself, I can say that they do not, in fact, break after a couple of plays, and that the sound quality is virtually identical to the "legitimate" tapes.

Do you really expect us to lose any sleep over the fact that EMI, A&M etc are losing 20 million a year because of this? Some of us, considering the more dubious interests of some record companies (eg manufacturing nuclear bombs), find the prospect of imminent bankruptcy threatening these organizations positively heartening.

I would urge all your readers to buy all their music on counterfeit tapes. You'll save a lot of money, suffer no inconvenience, and maybe be giving a public service by making big record companies and major pop stars go hungry like the rest of us.

MICHAEL, Willesden Lane, London NW6.

● **DEAR Michael, do you mean to tell me Paul Starz risked mortar fire, pesticides and a lynch mob for this lukewarm reaction? Well, he isn't about to send back his Duke Of Edinburgh Award, I can tell you! Still, it's a point of view.**

ONE dinner hour, whilst at work, I picked up a friend's MM and started to flick through the pages. I was quite interested in the first few pages, then I came to the Backlash page, with which I was disgusted! It started with Carabatta

complaining about Mari Wilson and her beehive hair style, and carried on about a Boy/Man (I don't know which) complaining about someone called Sutherland Esq. and calling him an "arsehole" and telling you to "piss off".

I was getting just about pig sick with the language, when I came to the letters from two of the three foreigners (Haligrimur and Ole). I have never read such trash and I think you ought to have a new editor as this one is sick in the mind for printing such "crap".

The trouble with you [editor] is that you are too brash. You have a good idea here, why not use it to your advantage? Instead of printing the low verbal rubbish any Tom, Dick and Harry can write, why not print the interesting letters which have a point?

In case you are thinking I am a middle-aged woman who is easily shocked, I'm not - I am a 16-year-old girl who has just left school and is used to swearing and such like.

JULIE, Derbyshire.

● **DEAR Julie, it's a pretty chastened desk here after your letter, I can tell you! That Stickboy/Stickman still hasn't returned from shampooing his vocabulary under the soap-bottle in the shithouse, and the vile-toned Colin Irwin has already had to put 35 pence in Carol Clerk's swearbox, poor bugger. Unfortunately for your suggestion, the letters we print in Backlash are the cream of the crop (careful, printer!). We don't have a middle-aged woman who is easily shocked to try them on, but Carol is working on it. You really shouldn't discourage foreign chaps like Haligrimur and Ole from taking part. After all, they have misfortune enough in their lives what with being born abroad.**

AFTER admiring Simple Minds for sometime now and seeing their live stage show many times, my commitment to "the wee lads" took me to Germany to meet up with the band in Dusseldorf where they were nearing the end of a European tour.

And what a night it was! After hours of travelling by boat and trains and struggling with all the language barriers, patience and temper wearing extremely thin, to experience Simple Minds in all their glory was a real treat.

The sensational lighting by Steve Pollard familiarized the situation for me and I felt I was in the middle of their home town Glasgow rather than Germany.

The German crowd rushed forward to greet their boys, and within seconds "Hello Dusseldorf!" belted Jim Kerr. "Okay?" And okay it most certainly was. Never before have I seen such an emotional crowd at a Simple Minds' show.

For over two hours the 4,500 fans danced, laughed, gazed and

reached the heights Simple Minds themselves had created. Jim Kerr controlled the audience with his every move - ducking, balancing and picking up every delicate drum beat and guitar riff possible.

The Germans relished their memories with the old songs, including "American", "Celebrate" and the powerful "Love Song", which all had far more punch than the recorded versions. The Minds' magic was climaxed with "Someone Somewhere In Summertime", full of hope and desperation.

Simple Minds are affected by their audience and are always faultlessly professional. In Dusseldorf they were positively friendly. Charlie Burchill on guitar was grinning even more than usual, Mick McNeill's keyboards were electrifying and Derek Forbes' bass was writhing. New man Mel Gaynor on drums added all that was necessary to enhance the powerful and passionate vocal of "The Messiah", Jim Kerr.

After four encores, the Minds shook their final bow in an audience of lit matches and complete satisfaction. The "New Gold Dream" was over almost as quickly as it had begun, leaving the German fans yearning for more. We all saw what Kerr saw and all felt what the band felt. Simple? Who's kidding?

DAWN LESSE, Marriott Rd., Painsbury Park.

● **GOSH, Dawn, I hardly know how to tell you, after all those boats and trains, Simple Minds had to cancel. What you saw was the Dusseldorf Fire-brigade Orchestra filling in with selections from Tales Of The Vienne Woods. As to the collective emotionalism, lit matches and yearning for more, the Germans are known for it.**



JENNY BELLE STAR goes hungry.

Mark Brenman has a chance meeting with PAUL HAIG — the man who was JOSEF K. Pix: Tom Sheehan

"When is an artist at his most dangerous? When he is drawing a gun."

IT'S a brilliant epigram, isn't it? An enticing question, a punchline that's witty enough to raise a smile... and disturbing enough to linger in the memory, long after the puzzle has been raised. A riddle of such insidious potency that it makes you wonder whether art, gun or no gun, isn't dangerous enough already.

It's an epigram that you'll find scratched into the run-off groove of an old Postcard single. It's an Orange Juice one — "Blue Boy" if memory serves — but the dark spirit and the bright clarity of it convinces me that it should have been Josef K. And if life were as simple as art is dangerous...

...then it would have been. I mention this to the artist, who draws not a gun but a chair. He and I then conquer the cold rain with a warm reminiscence: the only fun in town on a bleak Edinburgh afternoon. A single neon light-strip both heats and brightens the otherwise empty room, and

if I don't proffer it as a metaphorical portent, that's only because the artist gets there first.

The artist, in case you're wondering, is Paul Haig.

HERE is nobody around today who is to today what Josef K were to yesterday. The equivalent of Josef K, the things that are happening now, are nowhere near as important as Josef K were at that time."

These are strong words, of course, but they're articulated by a strong personality with an even stronger talent. Behind the rich, coolish tones of the voice is a self-assurance that dares to border on self-conceit because it knows that there is a body of work that acts as a solid foundation, preventing any lofty claims from crumbling; and if the destruction of that body of work provides no dust, the creation of it has thrown up many a gem.

Guitarist, singer, songwriter, Paul Haig was Josef K. Forged in Edinburgh in the late Seventies, they were one of those bands who took the spirit of punk and shot it through with a more personal vision to create a healthy alternative to... well, whatever was too healthy. They released four singles on Postcard — "Radio Drill Time", "It's Kinda Funny", "Sorry For Laughing", "Chance Meeting" — and one

album, "The Only Fun In Town". Immediately afterwards — their reputation assured, their influence beginning to grow — Haig decided to rip it up and start again.

"We'd been together for quite a while and we'd done two major tours — major tours for us. But at the end of that it got a bit played out. We'd been doing the same thing for two years and I decided to leave. When I talked to the rest of them they felt the same way. Malcolm (Ross) especially was feeling a bit played out and he wanted to move in a pop direction where he could get records in the charts. So we played our last gig in Glasgow, which was a disaster because it was the end of an era for us and we were all very sad and depressed. We should have stopped before that night."

Just as Postcard was emerging as one of the most vital of the new independents, so Josef K became a unique force to be reckoned with. The name, with its Kafka resonance, was a clue; the look — four young men in big dark suits — told us a little more; the sound revealed all... or, at least, as much as they wanted to reveal. It was a pure, classic sound in a discernible tradition — invoking the Velvet Underground not just in spirit but, for once, in quality: shards of treble on a guitar (what Haig delights in calling "our jangly noise") and a deep, commanding voice being the prime ingredients of four-minute songs that, for a while,





became the most important four minutes of your life.

The Sound Of Young Scotland" may have been the logo on the Postcard label, but it was misplaced: here was one Scottish group that looked outwards - even if it meant gazing into themselves first. For Josef K expressed the cracked smile of alienation, they merged with the pained laugh between hope and despair, and they provided the soundtrack for the gap between demotic absurdity and philosophical absurdity.

Strong stuff? Indeed. But then perhaps an artist is at his most dangerous when he refuses to draw: refuses to draw a veil between what one honestly sees and what one can decently express. And if you think all this makes them sound like a Penguin Modern Classics blurb... well then, you probably didn't deserve them in the first place.

"It just happened, the way things evolved. It all came from the books Malcolm I read and the people we were. It was all totally honest and natural, never a forced image. But I think we've changed since then, people grow up, I no longer wear baggy black suits and button-down shirts."

We gaze at my baggy black suit and button-down shirt and laugh. Sorry for laughing? Not at all:

"There's always a danger of being categorised. I suppose, in a way, Josef K evolved a certain image and we were expected to live up to it. I think people took us too seriously. They expected us to be dark, sombre, unsmiling. But really there was a streak of humour through the whole thing. It was always slightly tongue-in-cheek but people didn't grasp that."

Having made their reputation with a marvellous series of 45s - "It's Kinda Funny", especially, being up there with The Monochrome Set's "He's Frank" as arguably the finest independent single of them all - Josef K attempted to consolidate it with an album. The first attempt was never released; the second, "The Only Fun In Town", was a curious affair that went off at half-cock. Recorded in Belgium, it had all the colour and tension of a Brussels sprout, and never before (or since) had a collection of such strong material been so completely stymied by an unsympathetic production. Not just unsympathetic as in neutral (was any Velvet Underground album actually "produced"?), but unsympathetic as in flat enough to crush any spark of life.

"We were trying to do something production-wise

and it failed miserably. But I still think that record is... Well, I listened to it for the first time in years a couple of months ago and I think it's one of the most powerful, scary records ever to be made. I don't think anybody else will make a record like that ever again. It's so powerful, mysterious, scary; a very frightening record, I think."

As life itself becomes more "powerful, mysterious, scary" every day, perhaps the set has in some way matured, perhaps we're more ready for it. Whatever, we'll soon find out: Paul tells me that Rough Trade are considering a re-issue.

JOSEF K were nothing if not oblique, so let's consider their importance in an equally oblique manner. Their label-mates on Postcard were Orange Juice, and a neat dichotomy was soon established whereby the chill of Josef K was seen to complement the charm of Orange Juice. It's a dichotomy that Haig promotes ("They were a happy-go-lucky kind of group, always commercial. Josef K were never in that vein, we were always too dark and mysterious for the general public"), but it's a glib one all the same, and one that masks a more interesting, subtle truth.

For not only were Orange Juice never that twee ("Blue Boy" may be an overlooked pop classic from this same period, but it's hardly comfortable pop), but they've also, to use Paul's phrase, "grown up" - a growing that he actually attributes, in part, to the presence in their line-up of his former colleague, Malcolm Ross. This growing-up is hardly a musical toughening (is "Rip It Up", guitar allusion to "Boredom" notwithstanding, really any more edgy than "Simply Thrilled Honey"?), but rather a process of learning and maturing, of acquiring a sense of worldly-wise values, as opposed to cynicism.

With Josef K, this quality was there from the beginning, this was the point: a precocious dark knowingness that couldn't develop, that could merely be honed to an even sharper point. When such truths are perceived from the start, what more is there to learn?

"I think we got as far as we could. We achieved everything we set out to do. Josef K weren't geared for success. It was an ideal way of life. It could never have been commercially successful and we never thought it would be. I think even if it had been it would have been destroyed in some way. I'm glad it finished when we felt we still retained our dignity. We stopped at a time when we should have stopped and we didn't carry on too far."

By an almost perverse act of will, then, the very brevity of their career was built in to Josef K's *raison d'être*: better to burn out than it is to rust. Josef K had to "fail" in order to succeed. They were, above all, a brilliant gesture.

Indeed, during our chat about modern European literature (Paul, like all intelligent musicians, has an aversion towards talking about anything as intuitive as music), it occurs to me that the key to the whole Josef K phenomenon is Roquentin's pastime in Sartre's "Nausea": listening in a cafe to a particular jazz record on the juke-box - a record that has trapped forever a single vocal performance, and a vocal performance that has, in turn, effectively defined a life. Perhaps it's this subliminal understanding that has, all along, made any play of "It's Kinda Funny" so piquant.

"I think Josef K were the most important group to come out of that time. I think they were a real cult band and I hope they still live on in some people's minds for years to come. Something to look back on and think, that was really important."

AFTER the split, Haig returned to Brussels, to live this time. Though he had moved from the now-defunct Postcard to Les Disques Du Crapaud, he sent home a postcard - in the form of a charming version of Sly Stone's "Running Away". It was the only time he broke the silence... until now.

Living again in Edinburgh (which he considers looks like Brussels, anyway) Haig is once more prepared to consolidate a career that began so promisingly. An album has been recorded in New York with Alex Sadkin and a team of crack session-players. Titled "Rhythm Of Life", it has, he says, "no comparison with Josef K." He explains, with a smile: "It's pop music!"

But although Paul speaks glowingly of the production values and the modern sound, although he matches it with a hip new image of leather trousers and blond shaven hair, there is a tentative doubt in his voice. Later, off the record, there is a fear expressed that his identity is somewhat lost in the proceedings; that there was a danger of him ending up as a mere backing singer on "a Talking Heads' record". And certainly the single raises doubts: though an old Josef K title, "Heaven Sent", is hardly the strongest song Haig has written, and it wins out only through the hi-tech production... only to then lose out to the startling simplicity of "Running Away", reissued on the B-side.

However, one preview of "Rhythm Of Life" is enough to assuage any serious doubts: no matter how seemingly off-hand Haig is about it before it's even released, no matter how anxious he is to move on, the album is a fine one.

But let's leave "Rhythm Of Life" for another day. This day was spent putting it in context, assessing where Paul Haig has been coming from rather than where he's heading; we'll know the answer to that one soon enough. But wherever he travels, whatever he does, you can be sure that the postcards home will broaden your mind... and touch your heart.

"If you'd asked me about Josef K a year and a half ago I'd probably not have wanted to talk about it. I hated it because I wanted to remain detached about the whole thing, I wanted to forget it. But now I can listen to the records and enjoy them. I can look back in a romantic sort of way. The whole Postcard thing was a myth. It still is a myth."

RHYTHM OF



HEART'S ATTACK

Helen Fitzgerald discovers the band to span all barriers
Pix: Erica Echenberg

STEEP statuesque Jane Austen traditions, the stately, austere town of Bath is the last place on earth you'd expect to stumble across a Rasta do den. But here we are, in an eerie, dank and cavernous basement, with the thick, sweet smoke shrouding the glazed and soporific figures gently swaying to the heavy ethnic beat, stove-pipe hats starkly silhouetted

against the unshaded light in the corner by the window.

It takes a few minutes for the eyes to adjust to the combined sting of the glare and the acrid smoke, but even then (naive to the last!) I don't cotton on to the fact that we're also slap in the middle of the local brothel!

The pimps drift in and out, each time with a new girl on their arm. "You movin'?" says a gravelly voice to my left — and I leap in the opposite direction like a scalded cat, forging my way through the dark, and by now menacing figures, to find my co-conspirators in this apres-gig revelry. Meet the Heartbeats.

I'm not sure how I came to be here. I remember interviewing the band the previous day, seeing them live, and being swept off my feet by the out-and-out good time they and their blazing rock 'n' roll. R&B and ballads. *Real* music, melodies and riffs that take you back to the days when you went to a gig to bloody well enjoy yourself, not stand self-consciously amid a clump of gawp-mouthed twitching clones, as is now the vogue.

The Heartbeats momentum stems from the days when you'd dance with every limb, every sinew, every nerve, not shuffle mindlessly from foot to foot like a painfully embarrassed schoolboy who's just wet his pants!

New, exciting and original
because they don't give a toss

For trend or for style, this band refreshes a fading genre at a time when a musician's personal integrity and enjoyment of his or her music are important to the listener. Off dreams of stardom, the blondes, sun-kissed and swimming pools and a few Hollywood Hills mansion! But don't think that John ("call me Spunker") Wilson, whose alternately powerful and mellow voice is the driving force behind the band, lacks ambition.

Ambition seeps from his pores like the pints of draining sweat he shakes off at every gig. Ambition was never a dirty word in the Wilson household – a fact that's seen his sister Mari realise more than a few of her dreams.

But John was making music before Mari stepped into

her first pair of stilettos. Surely you recall The Dodgers?

John: "We really thought we'd done it with The Dodgers, we hung around the lower reaches of the American charts, 60, 62, we had all the *impetus*, but didn't get enough exposure. I used to blame the band when things went wrong, but of course anything good that happened was down to me! At least I've grown out of that now."


"I've just decided that it's time to shit or get off the pot, y'know? I mean, my parents ask me how come Mari made it so quickly when she's only been doing it for a couple of months? I used to feel a bit resentful, but there's no point really is there?"

He looks at me for a nod of agreement.

"It'd only make me twisted and bitter. I've come to terms with the fact that I'm not fashionable — but why should I have to be? I write and play straight eggs, no frills, no flourishes. I'm stupid enough to still believe in the lasting power of *anybody*, and I'm dumb enough to let fashion convince me otherwise."

John's offer, and justified, convinced him of his ability to write *memorable* and *moving* (sic) songs, and he formed the Heartbreakers to his ideal band.

the group, it was determined not to be eligible for second best. The only one the Heartbeats had to beat was one to take it one step further: Maria's rumour – I was the one to reach the jackpot.



The band he's given birth to are a strange combination — a British drummer who

...the Hollywood Express
...not adverse to
...drum for the
...and down Kildare
...Saturday night! Ten
...was in various
...and his
...ivories gives the
...and the rest.

John was weird. I had no
 idea he was hundreds of guitarists
 and drummers, but Tim was
 the first keyboard player I saw.
 He was in and played and
 I knew he was right! He was
 offered with... with Rena...

Douglas' guitar is a 1960s Fender Telecaster. "I've had it since I was 16," he says. "It's my first guitar. I bought it with my own money. I was a fan of the Beatles, and I wanted a guitar like theirs. I was a fan of the Beatles, and I wanted a guitar like theirs. I was a fan of the Beatles, and I wanted a guitar like theirs."

Skippy thanks to his extraordinary ability to move five foot in the air from standstill.

Their sex is a compelling mixture of Wilson's highly emotional leads and thumping bass or rap.

thumping, or rollers – all small, carefully selected items. The Walker Brothers' "Gonna Shave" Little Richard's "Lucille", the Beatles' beautiful "Let It Be" (the latter) and the

John: "I've been singing Al Jolson since I was a toddler. My mum and I would come home down to the local RSL Transport Working men's club

and I'd black my face up and belt out the ballads! I never used to think much about my voice, just took it for granted I could sing. That's the way it was in our house."

John's voice carries more depth and resonance than any transient Top 30 crooner you care to mention — it comes from deep inside his gut, like a killer on death row being told to sing for his life.

And Mari isn't the only perfectionist in the Wilson household. "I suppose I can drive people too far sometimes. I expect them to be able to keep up with me. But if I don't like something I'll say so, that's why I put the band together myself. It's my material they're playing, and I need to know it's being played the best way possible. If I don't think someone fits in then I'd audition for a replacement, but I think the combination we've got now comes well up to scratch. Mari's the same, she's got to have absolute perfection or you demand it of yourself then you expect it of others." And Mari, she fired two bands and umpteen backing vocalists before she felt it was right.

HHE Heartbeats' audience spans just about every barrier in the book, they play just as comfortably to a London university crowd as

John: "We get such a wildly mixed bunch, from teenage hipsters and scruffy rock 'n' rollers to a devoted core of the Sloane Square set, Ya' brigades! And that's what I'm aiming for. I want to open all the mindless barriers that prevent people from enjoying all types of music."

With most bands these days, once you've seen one or two numbers you might as well be 'cause you know the rest will be slight permutations of the same thing. I don't want to be like that, I don't want to have to rely on a narrowing

...both the way. If, when, I'm
...successful, I want it to be for
...voice and songs, not
...because I look like I've been
...dipped in some Technicolor
...dip!

There's really nothing else I've ever wanted — a band to make the possibility to realise a dream. When I was a kid, I wanted to be a boxer, but singing soon took precedence. It's all I can do, all I've ever

it can do, all I've ever wanted to do, and I'm determined to make a go of it. I want everyone to hear my voice—from the streets to the housewives to span the gap between the Clintons and Barry Manilow.

"I love the idea of romantic ideas of a good old-fashioned getting up there and touching skulls with people following their medieval traditions. That's what we're doing."

Heads that make it
commercially, you have to
yourself to see them **ACTING**.
They are uncomplicated
infusions with a exhilarating.
Most of them herald a return
to simplicity and emotion

to see... and emotion.
Make the time



IT'S

ALIVE

● REVIEWS

ANIMAL INSTINCT



KAJAGOOGOO

Goldiggers, Chippenham

IT'S very easy to be contemptuously dismissive of everything that KajaGooGoo purport to represent; equally, it's impossible to deny their commercial appeal. It all depends how old you are; if you're over 18, they make no sense at all, but if you're under 14 they make a lot of sense, and more, for the show is an education.

I wouldn't care to guess the average age of this audience, but it's been a long time since these ears have heard people screaming at their idols like this, and scream they did - before the band had even left the dressing room. And they didn't sound like a bunch of bull sea-lions in full cry, either.

Of course, KajaGooGoo must be well aware of this and even sworn to have planned for it, since their

very first song tells the fans how to spell the band's name, while the second, if heard carefully, gives directions on "preparing for a fall". By the time the encore comes around, the class have graduated to the more obscure subject of "Ergonomics". They're still screaming, but presumably with enlightenment.

On second thoughts it's not enlightenment, it's Linnah, the lead singer, who's getting them excited. He's a natural performer who knows how to use stage space; he's barefoot, wearing trousers like an astronaut's undershorts, an armless white vest and a two-tone band, and he leaps about the stage making of unpretentiousness. As a result, the rest of the band seem to be oversteering their visual cues, because they're just standing around in fancy dress.

Taking for granted that any artist's

age-group appeal decreases in direct proportion to the amount of glitter it contains (and this band twinkles just like stars), it would be gratifying to report that something of substance was supporting it, something that anyone could hang a hat on. I did luck, I even caught myself absently enjoying the instrumental break in "Animal Instincts" (seven five or six), but still came away with the impression that I'd been lulled by a marshmallow - it's a gift, wrapped air.

However, the wrapping is obviously appreciated, and there might be more to come: if the trend for recognising the growing spending muscle of yet younger markets is continued, it won't be long before we hear singles specifically tailored to twelve, with titles like, um, "Kajagookoo".

● FRED WILLIAMS

JOHNNY THUNDERS

Club Gibus, Paris

The wayward hero returns with a band that illustrates the incestuous nature of the New York rock 'n' roll family. Former Doll Jerry Nolan still occupies the drum seat, and bassist Billy Rath continues the role he played out so admirably with the Heartbreakers. Filling in on guitar was a mostly inaudible Henri Paul and the whole package took the stage at the civilised hour of four in the morning.

Most of Thunders' torrid career was covered, including a pretty devastating "Personality Crisis" interspaced with two or three versions of "These Boots Are Made For Walking". (Thunders tends to play what he wants, when he wants).

The set revolves around much of Thunders' newer material, written over the past couple of years under the guiding hand of former Stones producer Jimmy Miller.

"Sad Vacation", "In Cold Blood" and "Diary Of A Lover" suggest that the lost years have, if anything, added a maturity to the man's music, the first and last songs being immensely emotional ballads, and the middle a somewhat Iggy Pop-influenced pop/rock hunk of commerciality.

Thunders is serious about doing it right this time. No longer does he have that vague unawareness that was so prominent a factor in his near crucifixion from the music press during his last British appearances.

If someone with a reputation like Johnny Thunders can express a real desire to receive a much needed kick up the arse, then I think it's up to all of us to help along.

He is rock 'n' roll... looks, lives and plays it; the guy is nearing 30 and it's about time he consolidated some of the talent he's been wasting for God knows how long.

● NICK KEMP

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Ronnie Scott's, London

Ronnie Scott's has been very busy for the last couple of Sundays. The reason? The new Animal Nightlife Revue. I say "new" not because of the as-yet-unfilled vacancy for a permanent backing vocalist, but because of the changed Nightlife sound.

The band - The Mile End Philharmonic in a previous incarnation - seem to have left behind their funkier inclinations in favour of a more uptempo, energetic jazz/swing sound. They suit the music and it suits them.

Andy Polaris, lead singer, songwriter and ace dancer, was definitely on form. His melodic voice has a greater range and resonance than I first thought and the eminently suitable resonance of the bluesy Dee from Wham helped bring out the best in him.

Dee didn't sing all that much, but when she did she was good, especially when you remember that she'd only been working with the band for a week.

The addition of a piano was an obvious but welcome move, adding zest to the faster numbers and poignancy to the slower. The bulk of the set consisted of pacier numbers, a portion from the ocean called "Shark Fin Soup", the club hit "Love Is Just A Great Pretender", and "Mighty Hands Of Love".

All featured competent percussion and tough choppy guitar work that still has a slightly funky edge to it. Lead guitarist Fred has bought a wah wah pedal and he makes good use of it.

Really, it's Nightlife's bold brass section - Declan on trumpet and Billy on saxophone - that gives them a definitive trademark. As far as I know there is no one else blowing with anything like the commitment and vitality that these two East Enders have.

● WILLIAM WHITE

MAGNUM



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| 25th | SHEFFIELD | Dingwalls |
| 26th | BRADFORD | University |
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| | | |
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IT'S

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REVIEWS

DESTINY CALLING



SPEAR OF DESTINY

Lyceum, London

Of course, Kirk Brandon is, in essence, A Look. Strong without being macho, stylish without being effete, he has fashioned the image for an attitude that already existed, and has cut across many cults to provide a focus of casual cool. Indeed, if Kirk Brandon had not existed, it would have been necessary for The Face to invent him.

The Look was out in force at the Lyceum: rolled-up jeans, espadrilles, turn-of-the-century shirts worn over white tee-shirts, leather jackets slung casually over shoulders, little black caps revealing little blond tresses.

The Look holds another, more sinister, irony. It's an egalitarian one, not just in the sense that it transcends traditions (what do Kirk Brandon fans listen to when they're not listening to Spear Of Destiny?), but in the way it also undermines sexual stereotypes: the girls dress this way, too. All of which is consistent with the songs' concerns, with their praise and their strength and their searching for values.

No, the irony comes when we actually listen to the music and ignore these paraphernalia of it. Isn't it odd and isn't it sad that Brandon has chosen this kind of music to articulate these themes? This is no puritan dismissal of "rock", either, merely an acknowledgement that there is only one thing egalitarian about it: it reduces every live band to the same low level, where crushing volume replaces raw potency and painful bluster supersedes joined edges. But for the sort of cavalier rush they've fashioned (at times, oddly, reminiscent of Big Country) it could have been anyone.

Brandon's weakness is not that he has chosen this music, but that he is often unable to join it: when the stakes are as high and the profile as low, an identity is lost — never mind any subtle distinction between Spear Of Destiny and Theatre Of Hate.

If all this meant merely that Spear Of Destiny backlashed at the Lyceum (who doesn't in this hangar?) then it would be no more serious than a local criticism. Unfortunately, this mess of a performance has a wider resonance in terms of Brandon's career, and serves only to pinpoint his more general malaise.

I hope he sharpens his Spear because, blurred or not, I think we need him. And not just for his Look.

● MARK BRENNAN

JOHN MARTYN

Goldiggers
Chippenham

LIKE a battle-scarred veteran of war, John Martyn showed us all where he'd been. Tonight: a musical autobiography that took two hours to tell.

He's returned to the trio format — an electric one this time — and it's for the better, since his songs can amply maintain their space and fluidity with just bass guitar and drums backing him.

They do everything from ooze to pound, his voice sometimes curling around the hall and nestling in your ears, sometimes wrenching words with a sound like tearing wood, and always expressing pure anguish. There's the meaning of his work, look no further.

His unique qualities have the ability to generate a pervasive atmosphere of raw emotion covering a multitude of nuances and inferences, and he delivers the goods time and time again.

Inevitably, it's a feeling that you either get on or you don't, so I'll assume that I'm preaching to the converted when I say that if you catch him now you'll get more than your money's worth. You want the old acoustic numbers, or the guitar with the multiple-echo effects? You want the challenging, threatening "Dealer", or the sleazy slide "Soldier"? You get them, and more.

Neither does it sound in the slightest bit stale, perhaps because doing old songs with new musicians is enough to refresh them.

Even though he's started slipping in a drum machine on some songs to acknowledge the state of the art, it's unlikely that large-scale commercial success will ever be his; but as long as he can still perform as he did tonight, who, apart from his record company, gives a flying duck?

● FRED WILLIAMS

NEWS.SONGS.VIDEO.CHARTS.COLOUR.FUN

No.1! **No.1!**

IN COLOUR EVERY WEEK

FRANK MARINO

Odeon, Birmingham

I'VE never forgotten my awe-struck wonder at hearing the legend of Frank Marino. The story is that during a misspent youth, Frank imbibed something peculiar and his brain threw a complete wobbler causing Frank to believe he had become a tree.

Emerging from this trauma, the legend has it, Frank discovered an otherwise unknown ability to play the electric guitar with a virtuosity hitherto shown only by one Jimi Hendrix.

So what could a poor boy do, 'cept form a rock 'n' roll band and call it Mahogany Rush?

The legend, I'm afraid, took a severe hammering when

faced with the real thing.

Every song lasted for about 20 minutes, and some evolved into others converging into entire seamless wedges of crashing boredom.

Anyone who reckons that snooker coverage on TV is a test of endurance has obviously never seen Frank and the boys doing their thing.

Frank mumbled occasionally, once to inform the befuddled masses that the next offering was a track from the "Tales Of The Unexpected" album.

The delicious irony of that title made one of the high-spots of the entire evening.

The other main event was

wondering whether or not the bass volume that vibrated up my legs and "coloured" my fillings with such gusto was going to leave me in need of major dental attention.

Just to tie up the loose ends, there was a version of "All Along The Watch Tower", or something that sounded very like it, and a rare run-through of "Johnny B. Goode" that included Frank playing a short burst with his teeth, not very well though.

It was simply one more legend proving that fiction is a lot more fun than fact, and it's also a hell of a lot kinder to your ears.

● SIMON SCOTT.

EXCLUSIVE

The Jam

THEIR OFFICIAL STORY
—the unknown facts

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IT'S

● REVIEWS

IN SET AND MATCH

THOMPSON TWINS

Leeds University

STEAMY bodies, a close atmosphere, in a narrow hall crammed to capacity, and a liberating batch of storming rhythms combine to make a potent live mix. And, tonight, in the case of the Thompson Twins' current sell-out mini-jour, and these fair sales, this initial portion ensures that the tour literally starts with a bang.

For mid-way through the Twins' splendidly paced set the PA blows up, thanks to the stress thrown on it by a suffocating air pressure. The Thompsons, with red faces all round – apologetically retire to the dressing room, before re-emerging half an hour later to an

audience gasping for breath and vital resuscitation.

Previously, it was us spectators who were the ones with the flushed faces, as the band had us wiping the sweat away with an inspired procession of articulate minor pop classics. I saw the world minor with caution, not in any derogatory sense, because it seems to me that the Twins are only at the beginning of what could be an ambitious, rewarding journey.

Not that their work to date has been a disappointment.

To say that image and visuals are crucial to the Thompson Twins is like saying Phil Oakey is crucial to the Human League. But although it's obvious, it's only

when you see the Twins live that you realise how very paramount it is to their future.

Look at it this way: when you think of girls in stylish pastels, you think of Alishah. When you think of cultured deadlocks, you think of Joe – and when you think of eccentric hardos you think of Alishah and Tony. The Twins have cleverly managed to infiltrate our subconscious and to win our votes by developing a chic, international corporate identity.

While Alishah and Joe wildly sing, Tony steals your heart with that deliciously full voice. And linked with a music that is consistently bouncy, colourful and clean I can only see this group

going from strength to strength.

As an indication of the set's balance, we could do a lot worse than carve it up into two distinctive shows on either side of the PA's dramatic break-down. In the first half, the Thompsons teased and pleased with night-lyrics like "Tears" and "It's Your Lucky Day", while later on they had them roaring for more with a shimmering succession of hits.

We got a superb "Last", a slick "Detective", a marvellous "In The Name Of Love", and a sharp "Love On Your Side" as encores. Not bad for a group many have deemed as being short on inspiration, eh?

● FRANK WORRALL

MAZE

Hammersmith Odeon

DESPITE never having a hit record in this country Maze sold out four nights at the Hammersmith Odeon with ease. This was the first night and definitely something of an occasion: after all, Maze are number one in the Blues and Soul Live Act chart and they sold out four nights at the Commodores and Earth, Wind And Fire, but what makes them special – apart from the charisma of Frankie Beverly – is their ability to produce the goods without resorting to the usual gaudy, American-biz frills. Yes, they use a backdrop; yes, they use a light show; and yes, there is a touch of dry ice here and there. But it's all nicely understated and secondary to the music.

Content to stick to an inch perfect run-through of their "Live In New Orleans" set, they almost totally ignored the new "We Are One" album: still, their music was strong and subtle. It's simply impossible to fault beautifully simple songs like "Joy And Pain", "Look At California", and the uplifting "Changing Times", even though Beverly's lyrics will never be crucial listening.

Their main attraction lies in his optimistic outlook on life, but in these depressing times they make for good songs. The group still retain some of their old Philadelphia sweet soul sound – a hangover from the days when they were Raw Soul. But now there's a rich quality in Maze's music that lifts it above the gush and slush sometimes associated with the Philly sound.

They play very much as a band, each deftly played instrument coming together to create a warm funky blend. Frankie Beverly is, of course, definitely the main man and Maze are firmly based around his melodic tenor voice, charm and considerable charisma. He's an excellent singer, obvious comparisons including Marvin Gaye and Luther Vandross.

The man has an ability to create an instant rapport with his audience: every day in the place was soon dancing and singing along.

On several occasions you couldn't hear the band at all – take a bow the Hammersmith Odeon choir. It's a shame, but I can't really see Maze making a major chart impact over here, but their already-won audience will continue to support them. Maze give a significant credibility to that much maligned term "jazz-funk".

● WILLIAM WHITE

LITTLE STEVEN AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL

Hammersmith Palais

AMERICANS have a strangely distorted vision of what constitutes a rock 'n' roll band. So used to the easy option have they become that anything more moving than the music for Walkmans – Saccharine safe bets (Go-Go's, UFO, Toto) – is thoroughly alien.

Little Steven would inevitably be yet another permutation of this curious American phenomenon of a band who can seem temporarily satisfying but whose transient and forgettable excitement leaves you, in the long run, unsatisfied. Or so I thought! Seeing Steve bounding up in a tight leopardskin coat and the inevitable black bandanna, looking like a repugnantly butch and lurid Tiny Tim, did not kindle my interest. But the Disciples Of Soul delighted me by proving that they inhabit that tiny air pocket, that rare and ragged coterie of US bands who've jealously guarded the motivation, the instinct, the bloody point.

Steve's roots lie deep in the pure funk tradition of R'n'B/R&B perfection – Little Richard, James Brown and Sam Cooke, and back even further, deeper into the heart of hobo blues, to songs of sadness and dejection. He can make a guitar roar with chords of jubilant energy. He can make a guitar cry. He's excused all the theatrics, the self-indulgence, the ritualistic barter with the crowd, and the hilariously American habit of individually introducing the band.

His songs alternately caress, depress and inflame, with a gently or harshly emotive brass section adding first pathos then passion to melodies that boast lyrics of real meaning: "Men Without Women", "Until The Good Is Gone" and "Angel Eyes" are sad and sensitive ballads (no, don't laugh) played at a rock 'n' roll pace. A phenomenon pioneered by Little Richard himself – "Lucille" and "Oh Lordy Miss Clawdy" are two of the saddest songs ever written.

Little Steven has no disdain for emotion either. "I've been on the outside so long, I don't know how to treat you it's hard for me to admit that I'm wrong," cause baby, I never learned to compromise. I never have learned to apologize... But the things men without women do, you just don't understand."

He's keeping the flame alive. Bless him.

● HELEN FITZGERALD

OMD

Apollo, Manchester

First, digest this: OMD sold nearly 8,000 tickets for two consecutive nights in hard-up Manchester. Now that's hardly the sort of support you'd expect to see for a group lesser critics would tell you are just a step away from the grave, is it?

The fans haven't forgotten OMD are still alive and kicking and I, for one, have never doubted it – despite their rather inconsistent and relatively directionless new album.

In my eyes, Liverpool's finest have always been more at home in a stage where they can communicate more directly, than in the cold confines of a studio where their imaginations have often tended to get the better of initially honorable intentions. Live, OMD can be fun, warm and folksome if you will only stop looking for something that's just not there. Don't expect to see some sort of mongrel creature with a Kraftwerk nose and a Depeche Mode tail and you might just enjoy yourselves.

Paul and Andy continue to make music that effectively denies one individual pigeonhole and whether you think it sounds like anyone else is quite irrelevant. These boys never claimed to be the eighth wonder of the world.

Indeed, the current OMD tour is a splendid education in modesty, nerves and persistent self-doubts. And if you can see that OMD are, after all, only human, surely you can suss a big opportunity to be part of a deeper than usual intimacy with the artists you've paid to see.

OMD apologise and pander, offering a solid if an enterprising mixed bag of greatest hits and a sizeable chunk of "Dazzle Ships". There's nothing to shock – simply a conservative resignation that the audience are paying the wages and, therefore should not be served up anything they may find a trifle unappealing.

That's not to say we don't enjoy a shimmering "ABC", "A Fine Electric" or a bruising "Enola Gay", it's just to make a plea for turgid fodder like the dreadful "Genetic Engineering" and, even worse, "Telegraph" to be laid to rest next time round.

Visually OMD are much the same as ever, except there are more bright lights and a more determined attempt to be visual than on the "Architecture" tour. I'd say it works, but I doubt if my verdict of success would be the same as Andy and Paul's. For me OMD have always been the group you've wanted to protect and cuddle, because they seem such little boys lost in a grown-up world.

● FRANK WORRALL

SPEAR OF DESTINY

THE WHEEL B/W THE HOP

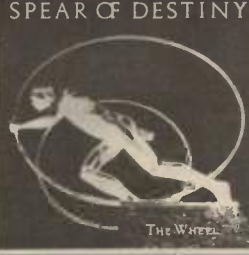
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THE WHEEL

THE HOP

THE WHEEL

THE HOP

SOLUTION

LOVE IS AGHAST

ROOF OF THE WORLD

THE WHEEL

THE HOP

GRAPES OF WRATH

THE PREACHER



IT'S ALL

THIS WEEK'S GIGS

All gig listings should be sent to **Annie Meredith, MM, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AV**

WEDNESDAY

BRADFORD St Georges Hall: Iron Maiden + Axe
BRADFORD University: Rip Rig + Panic
BRENTFORD Red Lion: Little Sister
BRISTOL Dingwells: Roman Holiday
BRIGHTON Top Rank: Clint Eastwood and General Saint
CONVENTRY Dog and Trumpet: John Cooper Clarke
EDINBURGH Dance Factory: The Questions + Tracie + Vaughn
GLASGOW Henry Afrikas: The Vortex
HUDDERSFIELD White Lion: Spiders + The Pencils
IPSWICH Albion Mills: Belinda Blanchard + Transaction 2 System
LEEDS Brannigans: The Subhumans + Anti-System + Underdogs
LEEDS University: KajaGoGo
LIVERPOOL Warehouse: Spider + Raven
LONDON Ad Lib: The Exceptions
LONDON Balzac: Seventh Sense
LONDON Brixton Ace: The End + Pendragon + Solstice
LONDON Brixton Ritz: Freddy White
LONDON Camden Palace: Jumping Belafonte
LONDON Dingwells: 14 Karat Soul
LONDON Fulham Carlos: In Johnny + Vin Ordinaire
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Brigandage + Outboys
LONDON Fulham King's Head: Basil's Bellup Band
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel: Southern Comfort + Flamence Sketches
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Thompson Twins
LONDON Hogs Grunt: Jazz Suits
LONDON Hope & Anchor: Tokyo Olympics
LONDON Marquee: Mama's Boys
LONDON Pegasus: Neoplatons
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
LONDON Putney Star & Garter: Wizz + Simeon Jones
LONDON Stapleton Hall Tavern: The Reactors
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: Yessie
MANCHESTER Gallery: Hanoi Rocks
NEWCASTLE Dingwells: East Side Torpedoes
NOTTINGHAM Asylum: Farnite
NOTTINGHAM Rock City: Mace
NOTTINGHAM University: Neil Innes

SHEFFIELD Dingwells: Bad Brains
SOUTHAMPTON Concorde Club: Long John Baldry
SWINDON Solitaire: Orders Of Obedience

THURSDAY

BASILDON Racquels: Clint Eastwood and General Saint
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: Mace
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: Vicious Pink Phenomena
BLACKPOOL Gaiety Bar: Membranes + Sign Language + The Sall
BOURNEMOUTH Academy: Roman Holiday
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: Warm Snoots
BRADFORD Benson's: Age Of Chance + Lip-Zone
BRADFORD Casars: Spider + Raven
BRADFORD Palm Cove Club: The Subhumans + Anti-System + Underdogs
BRISTOL Dingwells: John Cooper Clarke
BRIZE Norton Splinter Village Folk Club: Andy Caven
CLEETHORPES Pier Hotel: Pallas Coventry Apollo: Dionne Warwick
DERBY Old Avestry: Brian Cookman
DUNDEE Royal Hotel: The Questions + Tracie + Vaughn
GLASGOW Apollo: Iron Maiden + Axe
GLASGOW The Perfect Beat: The Kissing Bandits
LONDON Dingwells: Rip Rig + Panic
LEEDS Warehouse: Sex Gang Children
LONDON Brixton Ace: U.K. Subs + Bad Brains
LONDON Brixton Frigate: Hack Hack + Shock Corridor + Bigger Mercedes + Nirava + Goodnight Kitchen Staff
LONDON Carnarvon Castle: Wendy And The Whippets
LONDON Crouch End: Kings Head: New Age + Goodnight For Ever
LONDON Dingwells: Serious Drinking
LONDON Embassy: Spain
LONDON Fulham: Carlos + In Johnny + Baby Go Boom
LONDON Fulham King's Head: The Inside Outfit
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Apocalypse + Radio Moscow
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel: Clockwork + Five To Five
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Thompson Twins
LONDON Hogs Grunt: Radical Sheila
LONDON Kensington Ad Lib: Seducer

LONDON Lewisham, Riverside Centre: Starlight + You Two
LONDON Marquee: Skyline Drifters
LONDON Pegasus: Electric Bluebirds
LONDON Streatham, Crown & Sceptre: The Directors
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet
MANCHESTER Gallery: Sneak Preview
MANCHESTER University: Line-Up
NEWCASTLE Dingwells: Waspion Of Peace + The Pencils
NOTTINGHAM The Yorker: Fat Chicken Blues Band
PRESTON Clouds: The End
RAYLEIGH, Glos.: The Alarm
READING Target Club: Saracen
SHEFFIELD Dingwells: Moving Hearts
SHEFFIELD Leadmill: Laughing Clowns
STAFFORD Gatehouse: Neil Innes
STOCKTON ON TEES Dovecot Arts Centre: Icon
WATFORD Verulam Arms: Twelfth Night
YARMOUTH Big Apple: Willie And The Poor Boys

FRIDAY

ANDOVER Crook and Shears: Andy Caven
BASILDON Towngate: Neil Innes
BIRMINGHAM Poly: The Alarm
BRENTFORD Red Lion: Ruthless Blues Band
BRISTOL Dingwells: Pendragon + Solstice
COLCHESTER Essex University: Automatic Slim + Built Bites
CONVENTRY General Wolfe: Steve Gibbons Band
DUDLEY J.B.'s: The Vibrators
EDINBURGH Playhouse: Iron Maiden + Axe
FELTHAM Feltham Football Club: U.K. Subs + Vortex + The Skrews
GALASHIELS Digby's Disco: Combo Vito
GLASGOW Night Moves: The Questions + Tracie + Vaughn
GREAT YARMOUTH The Big Apple: Terrain/Terrain
HANLEY Victoria Hall: KajaGoGo
HITCHIN Regal: The Adicts + Rully Halczy
HULL Dingwells: Hanoi Rocks
KINGSTON Poly: Ben Watt + Marine Girls + Feit
LEICESTER Graft Club: The D.T.'s
LIVERPOOL Royal Court: Thompson Twins
LONDON Brixton Garage Club: Directors + Busy Beats
LONDON Brixton, Old White Horse: Mole's Pocket Circus +

Tymon Dog + Wild Girls + Steel And Skin
LONDON Camden, Dublin Castle: Doctor K's Blues Band
LONDON Canteen: Long John Baldry
LONDON Dingwells: Bonal Forest
LONDON Fulham King's Head: Laverne Brown Band
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Jackie Laven + The Complaints
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Dionne Warwick
LONDON Greenwich Mitre: Tony McPhee Band
LONDON Kanish Town, Forum: Tokyo Olympics
LONDON Kington: Go-Go
Between + Laughing Clowns
LONDON S.E.: Electric Guitars + Crown Of Thorns + Family Rico
LONDON Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
LONDON Queen Mary College: Pressure And The Beast
LONDON Thames Poly: Woolwich: The Climbs + The Flying Sienopas
LONDON Pegasus: The Reactors
LONDON Wimbledon, Old Leather Bottle: East The Beer
MAIDENHEAD Bell Rock Club: Saracen
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: Preview
MANCHESTER Gallery: Chris Tetley Rock Show
MANCHESTER Hacienda: Prince Charles And The City Beat Band
MANCHESTER University: The In-Live
MORECAMBE Pier Pavilion: Spider + Raven
NEWCASTLE Dingwells: Rip Rig + Panic + Shades
NORWICH Gals: Sex Gang Children
NOTTINGHAM Asylum: The Dancing Did
OXFORD Pennyfarning: Transzenn
REDDITCH Valley Stadium: Lethargy
SHEFFIELD Dingwells: Wrathchild
SOUTHPORT Theatre: The End
ST AUGUSTINE Coliseum: Eric Clapton
TWOCKENHAM York House: Ewan MacColl + Peggy Seeger
YARMOUTH Big Apple: Terrain/Terrain

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN University: The Questions + Tracie + Vaughn
BENTWATERS, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Club House: The Nashville Teens

PRINCE CHARLES - Birmingham Powerhouse (Sunday).



RIP, RIG & PANIC - Bradford University (Wednesday).

BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: Spider + Raven
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: Farnite
BIRMINGHAM N.E.C.: Rush
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: KajaGoGo
BRENTFORD Red Lion: Fast Buck
BRIGHTON Poly: Sex Gang Children
BRISTOL Dingwells: London Cowboys + The Gymnasts
BRISTOL Granary Club: Terrain
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: Andy Caven
CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hut: Destroyers + Chaos + English Dogs
CHOLSEY Social Club: Warm Snoots
COLNE Franks: New Model Army
CONVENTRY General Wolfe: Tokyo Olympics
DUNDEE Bonar Hall: Jack Bruce and friends
EASTBOURNE Boshop Barn: X Directory
HAILSHAM The Crown: U.K. Subs + Vortex
HEREFORD Market Tavern: Xpertz
HULL Dingwells: Dave Kelly Band
KINGSTON Poly: The Monochrome Set + Helen McCookerybook + Kevin Hewick
LEEDS Floride Green: Black Rose
LEEDS Pashmore: Thief
LEEDS University: The Alarm +

March Violas + The Three Johns
LOUGHBOROUGH University: Vicious Pink Phenomena
LONDON Bruton Frigate: Bonal Forest
LONDON Camden, Dublin Castle: Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON Canteen: Long John Baldry
LONDON Crielowood Pub: Moles Pocket Circus + Tymon Dog + Wild Girls + Steel And Skin
LONDON Dingwells: Bouncing Cactus
LONDON Electric Ballroom: Higsons + Farmers Boys + Serious Drinking + Popular Voice
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Amazon 2
LONDON Fulham King's Head: Tony McPhee Band
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel: Motion Lotion + West City
LONDON Hogs Grunt: The Creams
LONDON 100 Club: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
LONDON Kennington Oval House: Akimbo
LONDON Putney Half Moon: The Vibrators + Praxis
LONDON Venue: Prince Charles And The City Beat Band
LONDON Westfield College: Edifice
MANCHESTER Apollo: Thompson Twins
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: Legends
MANCHESTER Gallery: Head Flaming Dance
NEWCASTLE Dingwells: Moving Hearts
NOTTINGHAM Union Rowing Club: Wrathchild + Strangely Brew
OXFORD Pennyfarning: Jackie Lynton Band
POOLE Arts Centre: Eric Clapton
RETTFORD Porters: The End
SHEFFIELD Dingwells: Raven
SHEFFIELD Leadmill: Arsey + Patrick Fitzgerald
SHEFFIELD University: Misty In Roots
WALLINGFORD The White House: Shifting Sands
WOODBIDGE Club House: Nashville Teens
YARMOUTH Big Apple: Hit And Run

LONDON New Cross, Goldsmiths Tavern: Mel Wright's Quaggy
DELTA Blues Band
LONDON Pegasus: Ivory Coasters
LONDON Putney Half Moon: 14 Karat Soul
LONDON Rock Garden: Musaws + Bush Masters + Lucky Monkey
LONDON Torrington (lunch and evening): George Fenne And The Blue Flames
LONDON Wood Green, Brabant Rd Community Centre: Moles Pocket Circus + Tymon Dog + Wild Girls + Steel And Skin
MANCHESTER Gallery: March Violas
PETERLEE New Town Football Club: Cuban Unit + Next
STEVENAGE Bowers Lionhouse: Plastic Heroes

MONDAY

BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: Overbrook Empire: KajaGoGo
BRENTFORD Red Lion: The 45's
COLNE Franks: Jazz Workshop
FOLKESTONE Less Cliff Hall: Neil Innes
HARLOW Benny's: The End
LIVERPOOL Marquee: The Park
LONDON Camden, Dublin Castle: Dig And The Doorman
LONDON Dingwells: Yip Yip Coyote + Rhythmic Itch + Nomadika
LONDON Embassy: The Scene
LONDON Fulham Golden Lion: Spain
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Scarecrow + Beach Of The Peace
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel: Please Return My Dog
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Eric Clapton
LONDON Hammersmith Palais: Martha And The Muffins
LONDON Hogs Grunt: Demerara + Crickewood All Stars
LONDON Marquee: The Park
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Arizona Smoke Review
LONDON Putney: Rip Rig + Panic
LONDON Pegasus: The Reactors
LONDON Rock Garden: Roxfuton
LONDON Stratford: Green Man: Academic Hamiltons + Max + One Armed Barber
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: Mainsequence
MANCHESTER Gallery: The Summerhouse
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: Spider + Raven
NEWCASTLE Dingwells: The Vibrators + Red Alert
SHEFFIELD City Hall: Iron Maiden + Axe
SOUTHAMPTON Poly: Spider + Raven

SUNDAY

ABERDEEN Venue: Hanoi Rocks
BRENTFORD Red Lion (lunch): Fast Buck (evening): Roddy
BRIGHTON New Regent: Long John Baldry
BRIGHTON Top Rank: Rip Rig + Panic
BIRMINGHAM N.E.C.: Rush
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse: Prince Charles And The City Beat Band
BRISTOL Locamo: Thompson Twins
CARDIFF St David's Hall: Iron Maiden + Axe
EDINBURGH Claremont Hotel: Autumn 1904 + Overall
GLASGOW Henry Afrikas: Osibisa
HORSHAM Queen's Head: Andy Caven
LEICESTER Shearby Bath Hotel: The D.T.'s
LONDON Camden, Dublin Castle: Laverne Brown Band
LONDON Hammersmith, The Clarendon: The Playn Jayn
LONDON Dingwells: Hank Wangford Band
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Dirty Strangers + Double Agent
LONDON Fulham King's Head: Snorkels
LONDON Hogs Grunt (lunch): Pete Neighbour's Band (evening): Kick Out The Jams
LONDON Kensington Oval House: Akimbo
LONDON Lycom: Sex Gang Children

TUESDAY

BRADFORD University: Clint Eastwood and General Saint
BRISTOL Dingwells: The Flash Cats
DERBY Blue Note: Monochrome Set
GLASGOW Henry Afrikas: Ivory Coasters
HULL Dingwells: The Alarm
LEEDS Poly: Joboxers
LONDON Dingwells: James King + The Lone Wolves + The Sims
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Eric Clapton
LONDON Leicester Square: The Tribe: Vortex
LONDON Rock Garden: Billy Bragg + Games To Avoid
LONDON Wembley Arena: Rush
MANCHESTER Gallery: Weapion Of Peace + The Pencils
NEWCASTLE City Hall: Iron Maiden + Axe
PORTSMOUTH Poly: Spider + Raven

IT'S

ALIVE

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+ RENT PARTY
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51-53 WOOLWICH NEW RD. SE 18
KING KURT
£1.00 8.00 pm

FRIDAY
BULL and GATE
389 KENTISH TOWN ROAD
JAZZ SLUTS
£1.50
THE GREEN GATE
BETHNALL GREEN
CHARIOT

SATURDAY
BULL and GATE
389 KENTISH TOWN ROAD
MORRISSEY/MULLEN
£2.50
THE CRICKETERS
CHERTSEY BRIDGE
SURREY

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With departures from UK on Sat. 11th (returning June 13th) or
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MEN AT WORK
EDDIE GRANT
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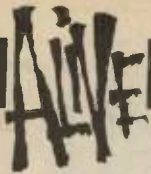
MONDAY
BULL and GATE
389 KENTISH TOWN ROAD
CITY LIT BAND
80p

TUESDAY
BULL and GATE
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DOMINO
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IT'S



● TOUR DATES

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Sat 14th May at 8.45pm
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The 13. BIRMINGHAM - WINTER GARDENS
The 14. MANCHESTER - APOLLO
The 15. NEWCASTLE - CITY HALL
The 16. NOTTINGHAM - ROYAL CONCERT HALL
The 17. PRESTON - GUILDHALL
The 18. LIVERPOOL - ESPRESSO
The 19. PORTSMOUTH - GUILDHALL
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Sat 14th **AND FRIENDS** Each Night
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SECRET SEVEN
Friday 20th and Saturday 21st
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SMOKE REVIEW

HARPER'S NEW SUBS TO SURFACE

CHARLIE Harper's UK Subs, take to the road this month for their first UK tour since their recent line-up re-arrangement. Dates: Brixton Ace (May 12), Feltham Football Club (13), Hailsham Stockport (25), Colne Franks (19), Chelmsford YMCA (20), Newcastle Dingwalls (24), Liverpool Venue, (30). Four gigs have also been announced for June - Leeds Brannigans (2), London Fulham Greyhound (3), Manchester Gallery (4), and Bridgewater Arts Centre (10). New line-up of the Subs is Charlie Harper (vocals), Captain Scarlet, (guitars, and special effects), Steve Slack (bass) and Steve J. Jones (drums). Support slots will be shared between Vortex, Debar, and Konocraft. The Gymbells go on tour next week to support the release of their new album "Rocking With The Renegades" on the Abstract Record label. Dates so far confirmed are: Bristol Dingwalls (May 14), Oxford University, Summerfield College (15); Leicester Horse Fair (25); Sheffield Dingwalls (26); Manchester Gallery (30); London Dingwalls (31); Muddersfield Polytechnic (June 1); Great Yarmouth Big Apple (9); Warwick University (11); Durham University (16). The Truth will not now be playing the London Lyceum June 8 as previously announced. They have also moved their date at Bradford University (originally May 25) to June 6.

THE Marine Girls have lined up two London dates this week, at Kingston Poly (May 13) with Ben Watt, and the LSE on May 14 (with Ben Watt). Due to the outstanding success of the Respond Poise Tour featuring Tracie and The Questions, extra dates have now been added: Redcar Coalham Bowl (May 15), Birmingham Digbeth Civic (19), Norwich University (20), Aylesbury Friars (21) and London Lyceum (22). Eddy Grant will be playing Nottingham Royal Centre on June 11 (not Leeds Queens Hall as previously announced).

JAZZ NEWS

JOHN Lee Hooker And The Coast To Coast Blues Band, The Albert King Blues Band and Budd Guy with Junior Wells will be headlining the London Blues Festival on May 21 and 22 at London's Hammersmith Odeon. Presented by Head Music in association with British Caledonian Airways, the concerts will begin at 7.30pm, and tickets are £7.50, £6, and £4.50.

THE Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, last here in July 1981, make a return visit to London's 100 Club on June 11. The band comprises Bobby Williams (trumpet), George Kelly (tenor), Eddie Durham (trombone), Johnny Williams (bass), Ronnie Cole (drums), with pianist Stan Greig deputising for the regular Gene Rodgers. On the second half of the bill is ex-Wall guitarist Al Casey.

BOB Kerr's Whoopie Band are celebrating their 15th anniversary with a party night at the 100 Club on May 14. The extended concert will feature a big band, the Mike Piggett Quartet, Barbie Wilde & Mims Over Music and Fatima the Fantastic. Other 100 club events for May include the following: The Chevalier Brothers and Tommy Chase Sextet (15); Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quartet (16); Pete Brown-Lynn Band and Lloyd Ryan-Paul Buck Quartet (23); Paz with Ray Warfield, Geoff Castle and guest guitarist Jim Mullen (30). BRIAN CASE/MAX JONES

THIS week's top ten jazz discs are:
1 COME WITH ME, Tanya Maria, Concord
2 BARBICAN BLUES, Chris Barber, Black Lion
3 CITY SCAPES, Clive Grogan and Michael Brecker, Warner Bros
4 TUBBY'S GROOVE, Tubby Hayes, Jasmine
5 MOTHER EARTH, Barbara Thompson, TM
6 SURPRISE SURPRISE, Maceo Ponce, Sleazy
7 BLUE THREE AT HANRATTY'S, Denny Davenport, Dick Wellstood, Bobby Rosengarden, Chaz Jazz
8 PROCESSION, Weather Report CBS
9 RALPH SUTTON AND THE JAZZ BAND, Chaz Jones
10 LES BROWN AND THE BAND OF REDOWN, Jasmine

Chart supplied by: John Carr, Henrys Records 116 St. Mary Street, Southampton



HARD AT WORK

MEN AT Work play their first ever British tour in July as a follow up to their two Lyceum dates this month (24 and 25).

Dates: Glasgow Apollo (July 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Nottingham Royal Centre (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10), Brighton Centre (12) and Birmingham Odeon (14). Tickets are priced at £5, £4.50 and £4, except for Brighton, where all tickets will be £5. SAXON are playing their only British date this year on May 28 at Leeds Queen Hall. Supports will be Twisted Sister, Girlschool, Anvil, and Spider, with compering by Noddy Holder. Coaches will be run from all over the country, so check local firms for details. Tickets will cost £6 in advance, £7 on the day and are available by post (enclose an s.a.e.)

from the Box Office, Leeds Queen Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds LS1 4AJ, and from all usual ticket outlets. Cheques and postal orders should be made out to Solid Entertainment.

BRILLIANT, the band featuring ex-members of Killing Joke, are releasing their new 12 inch single, "Colours" on May 27 and have announced two London gigs in May. They'll be playing the London Lyceum on May 15, supported by Sex Gang Children, and there'll also be a special anniversary gig at the Brixton Ace on May 19. There are 500 free tickets available for the night and these can be obtained by sending an SAE to Rough Trade Promotions Dept., 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11. (Maximum of four per application). Other tickets cost £2.50 and are available in advance from Red Records, Brixton; Rough Trade shop, Notting Hill; The Cage, Kings Road; and London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box Offices in the West End.

STRETCHING OUT

this year... Due to problems beyond the band's control, Bauhaus have had to cancel their date at the Durn Gate Centre in Northampton on June 19 and replace it with a gig at Leicester De Montfort Hall on June 21. The band will also play Hanley Victoria Hall on the 19th. Ticket prices for both gigs will be £3.50... Rip Rig & Panic have added another two dates to their spring tour which was announced last week. They will play Liverpool Pickwicks on May 23 and their home town of Bristol at the Locarno on the 24th. JOBOXERS have added two more dates to their previously announced tour, at Nottingham Rock City (May 24) and Bristol Locarno (June 7). The date at Chippenham on May 30 has been cancelled due to the band's prior commitment to a German TV appearance... Mink De Ville pay us a living visit next week, playing two dates at the Venue, Victoria on May 25 and 26.

C.S & N COME IN FOR FOUR

CROSBY, Stills and Nash return to the UK in July for a series of four concerts to promote their new live album "Allies". Dates: Birmingham NEC (July 8) and London Wembley Arena (11, 12, 13). All concerts start at 8pm. Tickets for the Birmingham show are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50, available by post from the CSN Box Office, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire, WA14 2JQ. Cheques and postal orders should be made out to Kennedy Street Enterprises. Please enclose an s.a.e. From May 14 tickets are also available from NEC Box Office and Cyclops Sound, Birmingham; Piccadilly Records; Manchester, Mike Lloyd Records Newcastle under Lyme; Mike Lloyd Records, Hanley; HMV Wolves; HMV Leicester; Apollo, Coventry; Way Ahead, Nottingham; Way Ahead, Derby.

Tickets for the London concerts are £8.50 and £7.80 (including a 30p booking fee), and are available now by post, from the CSN Box Office, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainment Ltd (also with an s.a.e). Write the preferred date and ticket price on the reverse side of the application envelope. There's also a special concert/travel package, giving discounts on British Rail throughout the UK, and for details of this ring St. Albans (0727) 34475/6/7

CRISES? WHAT CRISES?

MIKE Oldfield celebrates the tenth anniversary of the release of "Tubular Bells" with a one-off concert at the Wembley Arena on July 22. This will be his first appearance in this country for more than two years, and on the same day his eighth album "The Crying Tree", will be released. The concert will feature special guests, to be announced shortly. Tickets are £6.80 and £5.80 and can be purchased by post now from Mike Oldfield Box Office, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS.

LIVE AT THE HACIENDA
WED. 28th MAY
KEEP US TOGETHER
12' EXTENDED A SIDE
& TWO BONUS LIVE TRACKS
'MY CHIMMY'
'LOVE WILL SURVIVE'
NEW SINGLE
CHARISMA

XMAL UBER ALLES

Mick Mercer comes to terms with the nearly all female and Germanic XMAL DEUTSCHLAND.

WHEN first I heard Xmal Deutschland, on their debut single, "Schwarze Welt", I couldn't believe it. Finally, after all this time, we had an all-girl band who could knock spots off their worldwide male counterparts. Here was a band of unbridled power and luminosity. Here was a band to cherish and kill for. In '81 they were that rarest of commodities, a *good band*.

In 1982 I met them and took their first English gig full in the face, rejoicing in this beautiful event. They conquered The Venue (yes, that heap of a place!) as fellow Europeans KaS Product had done before them. We were all stirred for maximum overload.

WHEN we met over doughnuts and my unobtrusive tape recorder they were all there. The mysterious fringe-hidden Manuela Rickers (guitar), the self-effacing Wolfgang Ellerbrock (bass, and a recent male addition), the mischievous Anja Huwe (vocals), the upstart and blunt Fiona Sengster (synth), Zwingmann (drums). What a brilliant name! Zwingmann!

All but Miss Zwingmann speak English, with Scott exotico Fiona helping out in occasional translation. This scorching little outfit had started in late 1980 and, to date, have had two singles released, both on the independent label Zick Zack, a minuscule version of our own Rough Trade. Disregarding offers from major companies as a new movement developed within Germany, "Neue Deutsche Welle" (New German Wave), the band kept to their own course and their own ideals, coming to realize this so-called "New Wave" and taking a lot of stick from some of its main instigators. It seems that Xmal have not been as welcome as they should have been.

So they opted for an English label, popped into 4AD with a

demo tape, and there sat a man called Ivo; clearly a man of considerable taste. His ears popped. He signed them up. Talk to me.

Anja: "A load of really good bands went to major record companies and I can understand it really, because they can't make any money on independents. On a major they can. They can make music and interviews and photos and that's okay. We didn't want it." What is this "Neue Deutsche Welle"?

Manuela Rickers: "They make pop music and sing in German, not English. That's the only difference. The music's quite old."

Anja: "That's only nonsense, the 'German Wave'. It's nothing. It started when DAF became popular. They liked someone singing in German and the music's become more commercial. Silly lyrics!"

Fiona: "Da Da Da" is a good example, by Trio.

I thought that was supposed to be a joke record!

All (roaring): "NO, it's serious!"

Fiona: "Everyone knows it. They sing 'Da Da Da' in kindergarten. It's absolutely disgusting! Germans like that kind of stuff. It's a general trend, each country has started doing it's own music in it's own language. Italy, Holland,

everywhere... Germany was two months ahead, that's all."

Seems a pretty natural thing to want to do.

Manuela R: "Not for Germans it isn't."

You don't seem to like these bands. Is there any antagonism between them and you?

Anja: "There are some bands like us that we like, but there are others that we don't. Like Palais Schaumburg. We don't like them or their music. We're not interested in them. I think they don't like our music. They think we are too English."

So they treat you with disdain?

Anja: "Stain!"

Fiona translates.

Manuela R: "Not any more because now we're making an album over here; they are very jealous. I think they hate us for it."

Anja: "When we started they all said 'Oh my God, five girls!'"

Fiona: "They look alright but they can't play!"

Manuela R: "They say, 'Oh, it's an English copy, but over here they say 'Oh, you're different!'"

Fiona: "To them it's The Bushes. Christ knows who else..."

Manuela R: "Killing Joke, Desperate Mode."

Depot: Model They'd have a heart attack coping with your sound!

Did the record companies make any offers purely because you were all girls?

Manuela: The fact that we were all girls was accidental.

Anja: I think they were disappointed because we all



XMAL DEUTSCHLAND — Manuela Zwingmann (left), Wolfgang Ellerbrock, Anja Huwe, Manuela Rickers and Fiona Sengster.

Fiona: "They probably would. We almost had a heart attack when we read that!"

THE Xmal sounds is a bruising maelstrom of synthesizer, bass and drums which really do thud against your neck, that physical manifestation of sound which hardly ever appears. The guitar and synth often seem so closely aligned that the feeling of power getting out of control is hard to miss. Through all this rising excitement they have solid songs. I'll leave it to you to buy the album rather than drivel on. This band are undeniably different. They're hard.

Did the record companies make any offers purely because you were all girls?

Manuela: The fact that we were all girls was accidental.

Anja: I think they were disappointed because we all

had different hairstyles. Sometimes it's easier being in an all-girl band because all the people come to see you, but it becomes harder too because you have to make good music. If you make a mistake they go 'Typical!'

Fiona: "You have to be better than all all-boy band or it's 'Terrific! Get them off the stage!'"

Anja: "I think what the other girls do is okay because it is typical girl music. Like Malaria. But we want to make our music."

Zick Zack took you on quite readily?

Fiona: "Alfred [the label boss] would do a record with anyone so it didn't matter."

Anja: "He doesn't like our music from the beginning, but he says okay, you can do a record."

He didn't like the music?

Fiona: "Alfred's principle was anyone can make one, which means an equal chance. It also means he's got no

money now."

Anja: "We asked him if we could go to 4AD and he said 'Yes, it's better for you.'"

Wolfgang: "He brought everything up and then all the best bands left and they made money, but not he."

Fiona: "That's Alfred's tragedy."

THE "all girl band one boy!" question continues to re-appear alongside their contemporaries' ignorance of them. Xmal obviously feel relieved that now they can be free from such annoyances, but they show their teeth too.

Anja: "People know why we do this music, the older punks know. We don't forget our roots. They know where we came from, but the younger ones don't even remember The Sex Pistols! They say to me, 'Have you heard the new Exploited single?' and I haven't

even heard The Exploited!"

Manuela R: "They can't understand that Wolfgang is playing. He's playing bass, that's all we want."

Fiona: "Everyone says to Wolfgang, 'Poor boy, with all those girls, I don't envy you!'"

Whereas if we were the best boys they'd be saying, 'Christ, you lucky buggers!'"

Anja: "If there are boys in the audience they go, 'Hey, get them clothes off!' That is not the way."

"The boys now feel that they can't say anything. We did a gig where they were laying on the stage saying silly things so we said 'Get off' - but they didn't so we smashed them off!"

Fiona: "If you're not trying to be a 'girl band' and anyone annoys you then you get at them. You attack them."

Don't mess with the Xmals. They mean business.

They are the business.

REVIEWED BY DAVID 'KID' JENSEN

PREFAB SPROUT: "Lions In My Own Garden" (Kitchenware).

THIS would be my single of the week. I like it a lot. This is at least the second time it's come out. Prefab Sprout come from the North East somewhere.

Mike Hawkes, geographer, and Jensen's producer: Newcastle.

DJ: Are you sure they're from Newcastle?

MH: Sure enough.

DJ: Well, the label's certainly from Newcastle, Kitchenware Records. I guess if you had to compare the Prefabs with anybody, they sound to me like Autec Camera, and it's really that sort of music that's filtering through on night-time radio 1 and Radio 2, but you don't often hear it on daytime radio 1, which is strange. Peel and I were talking about this the other day, and I think he coined the expression "subversive MOR".

(Note: "subversive MOR" apparently coined by Peel listener Othneil Smith. Honest.)

YAZOO: "Nobody's diary" (Mute).

THIS was written by Alison Moyet, who prefers "Alison" to "Alf", and her voice sounds very different on this. She sounds a bit restrained, her voice is a bit deeper, but she has a wonderful voice and I was very pleased that she was recognised for that. I think she won the Best Female Singer category in most of the music paper polls.

I'm really tired of synthetic percussion sounds, though. There's not a lot of depth, somehow, though obviously this is why Yazoo work - she has a lot of depth and a lot of soul and the synthesized backing track doesn't have very much. I'm sure it'll be a big, big hit and I'm glad because as people they're lovely. I just can't wait to hear Alf do some of the things she was doing before she met Vince - this time people will be listening because, obviously, she's simpous now.

We've waited a long time for this - I quite like it, but I would like now to hear a different kind of backing track.

CHINA CRISIS: "Tragedy And Mystery" (Virgin)

OF all their singles, this was the one I liked least on first hearing, but after playing it a few times it's grown on me a great deal. I like the production (by Mike Howlett).

I was surprised that "Christians" was a hit, because it wasn't as obvious as "African and White", which was issued and still didn't go anywhere. That was instantly keable, for me. Actually I'd rather hear that than this if I'm really honest, cos I think that's still a great record - it has that immediacy.

in the case of these reviews, a cosmopolitan feel. For lovers of African music, it's one of the better ones I've heard.

FUTURA 2000: "The Escapades Of Futura 2000"/"FAB 5 FREDDY: "Une Salle Histoire" (Disc AZ International).

THESE are French imports I've been playing for the last couple of weeks. The Futura 2000 single is of interest because the music was composed and performed by The Clash. I remember seeing Futura at the Lyceum with The Clash, and he came on and did a rapping bit before it was fashionable to like rapping, and the punk fans were booing him and giving him a hard time. I really enjoyed what he was trying to do and I felt a lot of sympathy for him. This is one of a series of five records you can buy in seven or 12 inch form, and on the back there's a little of that New York graffiti, sort of speckled paint and wavy lines and things written on it. Apparently if you buy all five and put 'em together they actually make sense, although I've got two of them here and they don't make any sense at all.

Fab 5 Freddy first came to fame with a mention on Blondie's "Rapture", and he does this single in French. I love the noises on it, all sorts of electronic noises as opposed to the thin sounds you hear with Yazoo or China Crisis. This has depth to it.

Also his voice has been synthesized so it sounds like a girl's, and unless somebody told you you'd never know. On the B-side he sings it with his own voice, but I'm told it's... um... dirty.

APRES-TRAVEL SECTION

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: "Screaming For Emmaline" (Situation 2).

THIS record is making all the

right noises. I have a feeling I'll really grow to love it if I hear it a few more times. It sounds a bit crazed, actually. The last third of it I find interesting cos they have like a counter melody that comes through, and I like the sort of feedback and screaming guitar. I don't see it being a hit and I can't see it being played anywhere outside night-time radio. It's sort of like Southern Death Cult meets Jimi Hendrix.

JIMMY YOUNG: "Times Are Tight" (Nitelife Records).

THIS is one of several social comment records around at the moment, like "Cash Money" by Prince Charles or "Money's Too Tight To Mention" by the Valentine Brothers. It's also a little bizarre, because they sound great in clubs and of course the people dancing and singing along to them are the people who can afford to go to clubs, and for whom times are definitely not tight. But that aside, I think it's just a great record, a very good dance record. It's perfect daytime radio, it's the sort of thing I'd like to hear on the radio in the morning because it would just make me feel good, and I think we need more of that.

COCONUTS: "Did You Have To Love Me Like You Did" (EMI America).

THIS record, lyrically and musically, goes nowhere. It was written by somebody called Browder with August Darnell, and after about 20 seconds I lost interest completely. I've liked Kid Creole's stuff in the past, I've liked the humour and the production, but this is just empty. The quaintness of mediocrity.

WHAMI: "Bad Boys" (Innervision).

WHEN I first heard it it didn't have any impact at all apart

from the sound of the record. It's produced by Steve Brown and he's done a really good job. Liked the tongue-in-cheek approach of "Wham Rap", and "Young Guns" had an obvious commercial hook. This lacked both those things, but after a few plays it kind of gets into you and I don't know why. I have to be honest, though, and say I prefer the previous two singles to this one. The B-side is an instrumental version of the same song - I wonder if this indicates that they're thin on the ground for songs?

SPEAR OF DESTINY: "The Wheel" (Epic).

THIS is a double-single package, and one of them comprises two live songs, "Grapes Of Wrath" and "The Preacher", recorded in Aberdeen - listeners might remember both of them from a session the band did for us. "The Wheel" I think is much stronger than "Flying Scotsman".

MM: Some reviewers have been slagging SOD for being too "rock", which sounds a bit odd.

DJ: I dunno, what do they want? What do you want?

What is life? I liked it. It's not the most innovative or exciting thing I've heard today, that's for sure, but on the other hand of its kind I think it's done well. The band sounds and looks right. I think they're going for a primitive sound, and they've achieved it. It demands attention when you put it on the turntable. I like the arrangements, because the drums are very loud to match the voice, with the other instruments toned down slightly.

JoBOXERS: "Just Got Lucky" (RCA).

If this had been a mystery record and you'd played it to me and asked me who it was, I

would never ever have guessed, on the strength of "Boxerbeat" which I wasn't crazy about. This is a very different kind of record - it's a good sort of radio record because it's very bright. It sounds like the sort of record Elvis Costello would make - it's loud, it demands to be heard. It just kind of comes through. It's a strong song and I'm sure it'll be a big hit, cos already that whole image they have with the caps and the trousers and the boots and all that television producers like that kind of thing because it works visually. And the image is not threatening, it's not dangerous.

MM: They're quite rough boys, by the sound of it.

DJ: Come to think of it, I did read an interview in the MM...

MM: Yeah, with Steve Sutherland. They were laying into everybody left, right and centre.

DJ: Yes, that's unnecessary, that aspect I can well do without, because they're making pop records, they're not saying anything new necessarily - or not saying anything new at all with this record or "Boxerbeat". They just do what they do well. I wonder how long we'll see them under those caps? Gilbert O'Sullivan had his cap for a few years and suddenly he came out with gold medals on a hairy chest.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: "Money-Go-Round" (Polydor).

IT'S a delightfully hard record, in that he hasn't been as blatantly political as this before. To drive the point home, each of the six verses of the song is explained on the back of the sleeve.

There's some lovely trombone by Annie Whitehead, and some backing vocals by Dee from Wham!

It's very rhythmic, funky even. It's the sort of record most people find easy to dance to but I find impossible to dance to.

I like the sleeve notes - they make sure that if you don't get the point from listening to the record, you certainly will from reading them. I like sleeve notes anyway, especially if the record's a compilation of old material and you want to know a bit about when and where the tracks were recorded, and I think Weller's made good use of them here.

On the B-side, "Head Start For Happiness" is more like what you'd have expected from the Style Council - it's more melodic and quieter. "Mick's Up" is an instrumental, with maybe a bit of a Booker T flavour to it.

I think "Money-Go-Round" would have to be another joint single of the week. The order was Prefab Sprouts top, then the Style Council, with Sylvian and Sakamoto third.

JANE: "It's A Fine Day" (Available from Owain Barton, 514 Charles Barry Crescent, Hulme, Manchester).

FIRST heard John Peel play this a couple of weeks ago, and I was very struck by it because it's very different from most records you hear on the radio. It's not a million miles from the Marine Girls and Tracey Thorn, though in this case you hear Jane's voice - "standing naked in the wind", as some Islamic prophet once said, since she sings it unaccompanied.

There's an interest in poetry at the moment which seems to be gaining momentum, and the rangers are part of that too, and I wonder if the people interested in that will start picking up on this record? I noticed that when Sandie Shaw, Anne Nightingale and Alf from Yazoo reviewed it on "Round Table" recently. They greeted it with great cackles of laughter. I was disappointed because I think it's a very brave attempt. It's one of those records that could turn into a totally unexpected hit if someone like Mike Read started playing it.



TALKING about music is impossible. We can talk all around it until the cows come home, we can get visual or literary or pseud, but we can't talk *about* it and do it any justice. A bass drum is boring. The sound it makes needn't be. What does it sound like? Ah . . . now there's a question.

And so it was that Budgie and I found ourselves in much the same boat, ensconced in a Brompton Road wine bar, dying to describe the indescribable, spurred on by our undampened enthusiasm, dogged by our memories, stretching our imaginations, hoping — hopelessly — that the spark of our desire to communicate would overcome the improbability of being able to do so.

"Picture this," he reminisces purposefully. "Picture sitting at a hotel bar in Waikiki, drinking cocktails and looking out over this bay, and there's an airplane moving across and the sun's going down very, very slowly and there's brilliant gold here and red here and it's black there and it's just all shifting down and you're sitting there, drinking, like you're watching a movie. You can't believe you're there. You're sitting there thinking 'We're here. We are here aren't we? Pinch Me!' Now, how can I describe *that*?"

Picture this: an album of filtered brilliance, fertile, sensual and erotic; an album that, in its desperate naivety, attempts to articulate that moment when the monsoon ends, when the smell and the heat conspire in a perfumed mist and life sprouts instantly, green and luxurious. The album is called "Feast", the first from the Creatures, the scent belatedly picked up and pursued from the hit "Wild Things" EP.

"An eternal keep your passion alive as opposed to letting it wilt and die away," is how Siouxsie describes it.

Recorded in Hawaii during three weeks working holiday last January, it's unavailable until May 20. Imagine my impatience. I want to invite you all round to my place and make you listen to my white label now . . . no, not *make* you listen, entice you to, want you to want to. But I can't. Like Budgie, I'm stuck with words to do my wooing and words, as Siouxsie warns, are not to be trusted.

"I never want anything to be reviewed as 'my piece of art'. I feel very proud of everything I've done but I don't want to talk about my pride because that's somehow deflating it. It's like if you play a record, you can feel so much from it, but how can you explain how you felt when you were really high and felt really good about that record? You have to think about it and almost *translate* it into words. That's why I love music, because there's a lot of words in there that aren't in the dictionary and it's not exclusive to people who can read and write or know their Roget's Thesaurus or something. It's the way music is — not like if you read a book and then you see a film of that book, it's always disappointing because it's *there* visually and you'd imagined something totally different."

So . . . listen to me but don't *listen* to me. Picture this: a studio on the jungle's brim previously used by Crosby, Stills & Nash, Marvin Gaye and Japanese electronic outfits attracted by the competitive rates. Two Banshees are knocking down to work after a New Year's Eve flight that managed to encompass the midnight celebrations three times.

Budgie is recording the snap of machetted bamboo, producer Mike Hedges is burning resistors out of the mixing desk, Siouxsie's crushing ice and four Hawaiian chanters are



Voodoo Tales from Hawaii as SIOUXSIE and BUDGIE discuss the CREATURES, Cannibalism, snuff movies, breaking glass and their weird new album "Feast". Steve Sutherland listens in awe. Tom Sheehan takes photographs

standing transfixed, enchanted by the playbacks of their secret, sacred songs. Slowly, the jarring sounds gel and a song is born — not a smug, imperialistic pillage of another ethnic culture, but a wide-eyed impression of alien surroundings. Not the Banshees' notoriously considered despatches from the brink, but instant, instinctive reactions on the way over.

The atmosphere is suffocatingly humid. Budgie is sticky and wild-eyed with sweat as Siouxsie starts a

homage to the native lizards. Just then one such lizard, a baby Gecko, creeps over the carpet and onto her lap. Uncanny.

Picture this: a band of cut-throats — the sort who would promise you release on condition of some favour and then, the favour fulfilled, slit

your throat anyway — capture a young man and his fiancée. For some reason unspecified they bind the man and threaten his girlfriend with rape. Whether the brutal deflowering really takes place is uncertain, but the bandits decide to torture the captive beyond his sanity by testing and mocking his lover's affection. They litter the floor with broken bottles and stipulate his life will be spared if the girl dances and sings barefoot over the shards.

Such is her love that, despite the hopeless futility of the gesture, she dances her feet into crimson ribbons.

"Dancing On Glass" was inspired by an Indian musical televised before Christmas as a trailer for Channel 4's season of classic Indian films. A hymn to Bacchanalian abandonment, it celebrates the mad irresponsibility of a crazed carnival, oozing with guile, panting with lust. "Forget tomorrow's mess," governs Siouxsie, "because right now is the best." Why the advocacy of hedonism?

Siouxsie: "It goes back to, I dunno, you probably don't do it but if I get either really happy or really pissed off, I'll smash stuff, mainly glasses. In my own flat — I won't break anyone else's. I tend to do it when I'm really whooping it up, when I'm really happy, playing some music on my stereo and maybe getting a bit drunk and I'll dance around smashing glasses. I've cut myself quite a lot but there's no pain because I'm either really up or too aggressive to feel anything. When I get up I really do get uppy and when I get really [she knots her face into a tense scowl] . . . like that, as opposed to strangling someone, it's a real release to just smash glasses. It sounds crazy, but it works."

Budgie: "Yeah, the rest of us are really good at ducking now! To get the underlying percussion for 'Dancing On Glass' we danced on these beautifully designed mirror tiles imported from Seattle, danced on broken mirrors, just linked arms, almost like a hoe-down."

Siouxsie: "With shoes on!"

But what about all those years' bad luck?

Budgie: "That's what I was thinking while I was breaking the mirrors. Y'know, 'Oh fuck — that's 14 years already!'"

Picture this: the Creatures on "Top Of The Pops".

Siouxsie: "I think maybe a lot of people don't know who the Creatures are, they've just heard 'Miss The Girl'. There is a kind of stigma with the Banshees, a lot of people have heard of them and think, y'know, 'difficult people'. But if you're seen to be having fun a lot of the time and you get on with everyone, people think you like the music business which isn't the case. We don't feel that way and the Banshees is an attitude towards all of what we're involved in. We hate it, but we want to make this music and we want to be put in the same arena as all those lions, not separated to a cult audience or anything, but we're certainly not gonna *blend* in with that arena."

"The Creatures is not a different attitude, it's just more relaxed as opposed to having different morals or attitudes. And, to a certain extent, we've proved a point of how you don't have to be elitist to be uncompromising."

Are the Creatures a release from the burden of the Banshees' reputation?

Budgie: "Yes, we're not obliged to do anything. Having joined the Banshees somewhere along its progression, sometimes it can be a big weight. It's not a heavy weight but to get away . . . nobody knows what we should be doing, nobody can say the

Creatures shouldn't do that. There's no binds."

Siouxsie: "I can't put a finger on it. The Banshees is still the most important thing to me and maybe the fact that this is not what I'm really fighting for . . . I'm really into it, but it's not like the Banshees' let's get the bastards' kind of attitude and, in that way, it's more like playing as opposed to . . . I mean, that makes the Banshees sound like a jailer or something. It isn't that, it is the most important thing to me, it's like my life, a way of life almost, but I'm fed up with the idea that a lot of people like us for the wrong reasons — 'Ah, they've been in the business — *the business*!' (she baulks) — six years, they must be able to play their instruments by now."

"I hate that. A lot of people commented on the musical dexterity of 'A Kiss In The Dream House' and I thought 'fuck off!' Of course we've been playing a lot longer, but our attitudes towards playing haven't changed one iota, and I suppose that doing something like the Creatures, it's 'Miss The Girl' — there's no production! Damn right there isn't! That's why I wanted to release it, because I'm sick of all this wall of production coming out at you, it's really boring and predictable. People

aren't taking any risks any more, aren't pulling things out."

Budgie: "It's like me playing the marimba. I can't play a marimba to save my life if you like, but I used it. I watched a guy on television last night, on 'Loose Talk', playing a vibraphone in the known, accepted way. That's really good, really admirable, y'know. I don't want to be admirable, I don't want to be respected."

Siouxsie: "You do but not in *that* way. It's like people laughing with you as opposed to at you. I want respect but I don't want to be treated as a superhuman being. It's not that pompous at all. It's like, when we were in Australia, I couldn't stand the way it was obviously so racist against the Aborigines. It's almost like I'd feel the same way if I was a suffragette way back then, I'd be chaining myself to the walls and really screaming at those people that were being so unreasonable and pig-headed about how superior they were. I can't stand the idea that it goes on . . . that's not respect, that's just being treated like you're not senseless or you're not a primitive being."

But they don't come much more unapproachable than your image.

Siouxsie: "That works in that it cuts out a lot of the crap. I mean — can you believe it? — I've done photo-sessions



with guys going, y'know, 'lovely, lovely, lovely'. They don't do it to me anymore, they *won't* do it because they know I'll probably throw a bottle at them."

All the same, it's the fantasy element in the Banshees and, perhaps, in the Creatures, that puts some people off. They see it as an act, role-playing rather than any expression of true personality. Is what you do ever pure emotion or reaction as opposed to calculated image?

Siouxsie: "I know what you mean. I think there's an element in the Banshees of wanting to project what the Banshees are so, therefore, it's something blown up that is definitely a part of you, but it's the part you want to project. Y'know, it's the idea of, like, being in a club and cute little people come up to you and want autographs and, thinking of my reputation, the first thing I should do is slap 'em round the face and tell 'em to fuck off. And I've done that — well, I haven't done exactly that, but I've been like that sometimes, not because of an impression I wanna make, but because of a mood."

The Creatures seem to find it easier than the Banshees to laugh in public.

Budgie: "There is humour in the Banshees, we laugh up our sleeves, but this is like telling a joke almost."

"Gecko" is a carefree song, something the Banshees, as yet, seem unable or reluctant to write.

Siouxsie: Yeah, again I know what you mean, simply happy — happy for happy's sake. It's a different way of working; I'm not saying 'the Banshees ugh eek', but sometimes working within four people is like such a monster, it's become a real fuckin' 11-headed monster. But, like, I always think 'Cocoon' off 'A Kiss In The Dream House' sounds really happy but, again, the lyrics are a bit odd, they grate against the sound of the music. I think that's something we're good at, subverting lyrics."

Talking of subversion, I still marvel at your deviousness, sneaking that line about conquering orifices in "Arabian Knights" and the one about frozen balls in "Mad-Eyed Screamer" past the censors, though I hear the "Miss The Girl" video is unofficially banned. Considering your reluctance to censor yourself, our chances of seeing it seem pretty slim. Tell me about it.

Budgie: "It's just the two of us in a thing that we built which is mostly metal with nails sticking out of it, with dangerous elements in it and the play

continued overleaf

ANCIENT ON GLASS



something that I wish people would accept. I see it all around me, people tearing their hair out — 'Oh, we've split up! I knew him for so long and he just suddenly changed!' It's not negative to accept it. You shouldn't cling onto something — it's like a lot of musicians cling onto their way of doing something and they'll never change because they know that it's their hit formula whereas, in the end, they'll just die a slow death.

"It's horrible to see, whether it be when I was really young seeing other people's mums and dads or now, seeing young couples living together, how they actually really abuse each other and take each other for granted. Why can't you live it up for... be a butterfly, really be blossoming for that long and not try to make it linger and go grey? I don't think that's negative. I could think 'there's only one person I'll ever love' — fine, but then, you accept that probably you won't want to live with each other forever.

"Like, if you play a record that often, you'll get sick of it; if you watch a film that often, you'll get sick of it; if you're with that person that often, you'll get sick of it. I think if you really care about someone, even if you don't want to, you should actually put some discipline in — 'I really wanna be there but no, I wanna feel that emotion every time I see you as opposed to getting used to you.'

So you won't succumb to pop's glib illusion — kiss me quick or woe is me?

Siouxsie: "It's too black and white, it's like yes or no. I don't think it's ever yes or no."

Budgie: "It's too interesting, it's too wonderful. People's relationships are too special to be anaesthetic in that way."

PICTURE this: "I got invited to a lot of happening parties man and, at a certain party, they were showing snuff videos of cock amputations and things like that. I'd heard a lot about snuff videos, girls from the Third World being used because they're not as revered as the sons who carry on the family name, so the daughters are sold and used for snuff movies."

"I didn't want to call it 'Snuff' because I didn't want it to be that sensationalistic, but it was something that I was disgusted about. I bumped into a friend a few years ago and he told me, in Italy they're not bootlegs, you can actually go to a cinema and see a snuff film and, in this particular one he was talking about, were these young girls."

"Maybe they'd been told 'you're going to be in a bit of a saucy film' — these 14-year-old girls, bare-chested with not much on at all who couldn't understand the language anyway."

And it happened in a primitive situation, like huts and primitives with spears, and in one scene these guys invaded the camp and he said he'll never forget the total shock, the genuine shock on a girl's face as a spear is rammed up her and slit upwards, and it's all on film and it's real and it's happening and a lot of rich people, the idle rich — I'm not putting down rich people because a lot do something with their money, but these bodes, these fuckin' bodes, to get kicks, have to watch something like this. They're actually watching someone being treated like this!

"They could read about it — many fantasy things can be repellent in real life, everyone thinks of horrible things, everyone thinks 'Oh, the worst torture would be... oooh, wouldn't it be awful?' You think it, but the idea of wanting to see it is disgusting."

"Flesh" is crude, cruelly vindictive the victim's revenge, voyeuristic eavesdropping on a party pissed on punch, feigning dispassion, equating human traits with brutish animal instincts. Unbearably, relentlessly claustrophobic, it refuses to acknowledge the convenient civilised distinction between safety in numbers and dumb, easily-led mob rule.

Budgie: "Less pointedly, it's like going to a party where nobody wants to appear unhip or uncool so everybody laughs at the same jokes and goes 'ho ho, yes, because he's the host, isn't it wonderful he's doing that, shitting on the carpet.'"



PICTURE this: Budgie wakes up to a late, chill Spring morning struggling with a pounding hangover. He turns on LBC Radio and the man with the painfully muzzy voice is going on about an adoption scheme at Regents' Park Zoo where you can sponsor the upkeep of an animal for a year. The man mentions that nobody seems interested in taking up the patronage of the pectory, a bristling pig-like animal reputed to stink to high heaven.

Budgie, not feeling exactly tip-top himself, sympathises and that's how come we're standing here, just below the bear pit, making comforting noises at the much-maligned beast. Adoption duly decided and a name, Gregory Peccary, established, it seemed pertinent to point out the contradiction between Siouxsie's partiality to black leather and her obvious affection for most critters great and small.

Siouxsie: "If I had to kill my meat, I wouldn't eat it. I just can't stand cruelty. Robert Smith [full-time Cure, part-time Banshees and currently recording an album with Steve Severin as The Glove] was at home in Crawley and some guy gave him a 'horror' videotape and it turned out to be a whole film about different types of abattoir. He said he couldn't watch it — I mean, there's guys who don't just do it quick... y'know, they want job satisfaction so they toy around with the animals and cut them to pieces before they kill them, or skin them alive and laugh about them wriggling. The film also showed these Chinese tables with holes in the middle where they put live monkey's heads up through and just crack 'em open and eat their brains while they're still alive. I could never do that!"

I'm glad to hear it.

Siouxsie: "But then again, I'm not averse to being a cannibal. Y'know, there are a lot of wanky people that die or get killed... but then, if I was served up someone that I hated, I don't suppose I'd want to eat them anyway."

from previous page

off of flesh against elements of spikes and metal. You might get your hand caught in this wheel as it turns round. Plus we threw in a couple of staged slaps...

Siouxsie: "John Wayne! Really, we should have just done a horror film with my eyeball going into a nail. We could have gone to town if we'd wanted to shock people, but still one guy at the 'Switch' doesn't think it's suitable for the viewers. I hate these programmes that are supposed to be alternative music programmes, the voice of the youth. This is turning into a 'Switch' bitch..."

perpetuating, interbred flowers that tower above an old ice-house at the bottom of the garden. A new inmate, curious to assimilate his surroundings and unaccustomed to the home's routines and rituals, is perturbed by what he thinks he sees and begins to fear what he senses. He suspects the home's other inhabitants are under some strange intoxication, some spell spread by the Aphrodisiac blossoms and while browsing, feverish with trepidation, the newcomer glimpses bodies frozen in the ice. His claims are discredited as hallucinations.

After periods of will-sapping insomnia and troubled sleep-walking, the newcomer wakes shivering in the night to discover a hole in the window, perfectly flower-shaped as if a solitary bloom had somehow entered and touched him. Finally the newcomer is led down the garden to the ice-house and enters voluntarily, the door closing behind him.

By an odd coincidence, both Siouxsie and Budgie caught the same TV play at home in London and were intrigued enough to carry its germ to Hawaii where the pod slit under the strange sensory ambush of the tropical climate.

They were recording "Icehouse" before they knew what they were doing.

PICTURE this: Her eyes meet his across the crowded room and, in that instant, they are alone, oblivious to the petty chatter around them.

Helplessly drawn towards each other, they are entranced, spellbound, as if, for the first time, forever, they realise the power of love. He catches her hand and she feels she must faint as, in a dark brown voice, he says "My names' Budgie, what's yours?"

"Siouxsie," she replies in a whisper, her cheeks flaming like fire. He tells her she's the most beautiful girl he's ever seen but, as midnight tolls, she tears herself away and vanishes in the direction of the ladies. Two days later, sleepless in his search, he tracks her down to the orphanage and claims her as his bride. And they both live happily ever after.

Fat chance!

Come on Siouxsie, don't be a spoilsport. Why should "Miss The Girl" be so cynical? Why have you never written a fulfilled love song? Don't you believe that people can actually...

"Not permanently, no. It's

PICTURE this: an eerie convalescent home run by a brother and sister who dress in a certain colour identical to some extraordinary, self-

PICTURE this: innocence, energy, humility and wonder rediscovered after half a decade in the thick of the most debauched, spoiled and morally bankrupt business in the world. An insistence that there is another way — maybe myriad other ways — than selling spirit and soul to corporate taste.

If, with "A Kiss In The Dreamhouse", the Banshees made magnificent mountains out of molehills, the building of those molehills more awesome and alarming than anybody else even dared contemplate last year, then "Feast" leaps from the top, giddy and free and foolish enough to believe that, with ballast shifted, breath held and senses alert, it has chanced, momentarily, upon the secret of flight. Paradise reglimpsed.

ALBUMS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

A COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES VOLUME 2 No Future 12 01 23

WHILE it's heartening that punk activity is thriving, and not dying, at small-band level all over the country, it's immeasurably irritating that so many of today's groups are aiming no further ahead than the last album they happened to buy.

Leave the GBHs to GBH, who at least know how to do it well. Leave the terrace chants to the football supporters! Let's move ahead now or punk really will disgrace itself!

My heart sinks, you know. This sort of music doesn't have to be stereotyped or sterile, it shouldn't be. There should be young, active imaginations at work in every square foot of the country, finding ways to channel the energy and intent of punk into some sort of creative and accessible style... like the Adicts, like the Defects, like the Test Tubes, like most of the sensible and popular groups on the circuit.

I don't need to hear the same old songs, the same old words, the same old tuneless drones any more this decade. What is needed is a bit of application, old bean!

This 45 rpm 12-inch EP, with its 12 tracks, consists of demos that have been submitted to No Future over a certain period of time. Presumably the songwriters involved will broaden their scope and shape up their purposes eventually. That's about the only optimistic comment I can make.

● CAROL CLERK

STEVE MILLER BAND

STEVE MILLER BAND LIVE Mercury MERL18

"THE Steve Miller Band Live" gracefully sidesteps the pitfalls that most live albums fall into, striding along with an impressive confidence and individuality that makes it one of the year's most refreshing and intriguing releases. Refusing to pander to his audience, Miller doesn't resort to the kind of padding that sinks most live albums; he simply concentrates on the songs with no borrowed horn section to help beef up the band, no drum or bass solos to endure, and no urgid jams to clutter the straightforward, no-nonsense delivery of all the hits and a few pet favourites.

Not all the songs come off well, but those that do are treated with a surprising freshness from someone who's survived more than 20 years in the rock business. He's simply risen above them. Although "Abracadabra" whirs around a humming, jibbing synthesizer backbone, Miller's vocal adds a depth rarely found among the nightclubbing chic and the song becomes warm and affectionate while retaining its danceability. It's a welcome mixture of electronics and a human touch that explodes through the anonymously heartless techno-pop wall most currently popular bands prefer to hide behind.

The free-based "Rock 'n' Me" has all the potential of a rock rock strut, but Miller's vocal provides sweet melodic touches that contrast with the power-chords, and a renegade guitar solo rises savagely to destroy any predictable category the song could have been slung into.

"Gangster Of Love" is a delight, with the rhythm section chugging into an easy swinging sway, highlighted by a star harmonica break from Norton Buffalo, while Miller's assured vocal enhances the finger-snapping flow with a natural cool that makes Kid Creole's lover-boy chatter sound positively prissy. "Gangster" is companion, "The Joker" is a lazier number with Miller's honeyed voice crackling in all the right places, accompanied by a surge of acoustic guitars.

"Living In The USA" features more brisk harmonica from Buffalo, but Miller's vocal is less spirited, as it is on "Take The Money And Run" which sounds wearily exhausted.

A sparse, stripped-down treatment would have suited "Jungle Love" better than the attempted funk-it-up charge the band gives it here. Their big sound is too clumsy to tackle delicate rhythms and they fare better with "Fly Like An Eagle" and "Jet Airliner", where there's plenty of room to balloon into the kind of grand scale assaults of synths and clanging guitar thrashes that the American charts have been full of for years. It's typical of America to rarely recognise an artist's work in the field he loves most. John Ford never won an Oscar for any of his Westerns, and Steve Miller would never have found big-buck success with the blues. The inclusion of "Mercury Blues" finds Miller tipping his hat to his beginnings and I for one am very pleased he's still around to do so. Bless him.

● LUCY YATES



GLITTERING SOUL

IMAGINATION

NIGHT DUBBING

WHEN Lees, Ashley and Enrol first revealed their steaky "Top Of The Pops" routine for "Body Talk", included in this head spinning collection, the easily cynical assumed they were some kind of outrageous camp joke; a soulful Gary Glitter times three, with added sex appeal.

The fact that the cynical couldn't see beyond the exposed thighs and lascivious glam outfits was their problem. Behind the deliberately lurid showbiz facade, a play once taken up once again by all and sundry, was evidence of a raw British soul strong enough to take on the Americans or, in imagination's case, the whole damn world.

As the solid-out four and continuous stream of hits rolled on, it became increasingly difficult to dismiss them with a sly snigger. Imagination had stayed true to their cause and nobody, not Liza, Junior or any of the other Brit funk champions, could touch them.

And this album, though essentially aimed at the remix dance market, is a testimony to their greatness. Rather than diluting their finest moments, "Night Dubbing" is an exciting celebration of what makes Imagination such an unrivaled force.

Inspired by Larry Levan, a New York deejay who re-mixed "Chances" for the American market, Tony

Dewitt, Steve Jurell and Richard Langwell, the in-house team at the Imagination hit factory, London's Red Bus Studios, have revamped some of the group's most memorable work to date.

So in effect what you have here is not just a selection of radically restructured 12-inch mixes, but almost a Greatest Hits album too.

As well as Levan's version of "Chances", which first appeared over here on the "It's in The Mix" sampler from F.R.T., there's a new treatment for "Flashback Just An Illusion", "Music And Lights", "So Good, So Right", "Heart 'n' Soul", and "Butter Up". All prime-time Imagination, but treated in a way that develops the muscles of the rhythm tracks and enhances those leaning, irresistible pop hooks.

With few exceptions, the remix team has retained glittery in favour of a tasteful widescreen approach that, if anything, expresses Imagination's music to be more substantial than their tightly concentrated singles suggest.

Tasteful and confidently packaged - the group's name appears only in tiny letters on the rear sleeve - the album comes at a budget price, so check it out you can't afford to miss it and get yourselves converted.

● IAN PYE

R&B Records RBD UBI

COATI MUNDI

THE FORMER TWELVE YEAR OLD GENIUS

IT'S no secret that the Kid Creole And The Coconuts image owes more to contrived fashion than to innate style, but to anyone with a head and a heart it doesn't matter: choosing never to trust the artist but to trust the tale, one is left reeling by tales which, if not actually in possession of a sting, boast a swing and a wit and a beauty that transcend calculation. Without wanting to make a song and dance about it, nobody makes a song and dance quite like August Darnell.

In fact, the most puzzling thing about the Kid Creole revue is the presence, indeed prominence, of the one member who owes nothing to either style or fashion: he may have secured himself a solo career (with a different label, even), but Coati Mundi is still, to me, a short ugly man with a loud ugly voice.

He seems to sense it, too: this, his debut album, ends with a version of Captain Beefheart's "Tropical Hot Dog Night" and not only do the lyrics go "So the young girls will come out To meet the monster tonight", but even the title seems sadly resigned - a shot dog given a poor alternative to a cool cat.

But even if his pride is dented, even if his heart is aching, Coati Mundi's ego hasn't been affected. As the title suggests, "The Former Twelve Year Old Genius" is a loosely conceived, touchingly executed "concept" album: the concept being a sort of musical version of a school report, a report that suggests that, even from a tender age, Mundi's head has always been as big as his body.

The theme is developed by the incessant raps which start, finish and interrupt each song - raps which are crucial rather

than incidental to the album's effect, raps which are true to the definition that Gil Scott-Heron gave me the other week: rapping a lady with words before wrapping her with... worse. And just as "Coati Mundi" hides the real identity of Andy Hernandez, then so the raps promote the artist's own (ironical?) image of himself as a loveable rogue with a womanising vogue.

"Everybody's On An Ego Trip" sums it all up, but it does it in such a witty, knowing way that it becomes less a perpetuation of empty-headed posturing and more a comment on it. "I Am Coati Mundi, my words are profound/Serving notice on all your rappers, I'm the best in town." Better even than "Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five", it seems.

But the album is at its best on the straight songs. "Come Esta Usted" may owe more to "Que Pasa" than just a Spanish title, but "Oh! That Love Decision" wiggles with as much sexiness and irony as Marvin Monroe directed by Billy Wilder. "Hold On To That Lovely Lady" is distinguished by the presence of fourteen Karat Soul and works as a good mainstream slice of 14-karat soul; and as for the reprise of "I'm Corny" - well, it sticks out among "Tropical Gangsters" as one of the most irresistible choruses in the Creole canon, so imagine how it sounds here.

Inevitably, the whole set suffers from such comparisons, and played next to Darnell's material it offers only incidental pleasures. But pleasures they are, all the same

● MARK BRENNAN

Virgin V2269

ELLEN FOLEY

ANOTHER BREATH Epic EPC25258

SOMEBODY over the water is operating this Stepford Wives operation. I have this theory that Pat Benatar, Joan Jett, Laura Branigan and Ellen Foley are one and the same person in different wigs. Not that we need any of them now we've got our own Bonnie Tyler being Steinmanned to establish the Welsh connection and wiping the floor with the lot of them.

The music on this LP is mainly up-tempo, lavishly produced (by Vin Poncia) and sung by Ellen with a pile of vibrato and a disconcerting habit of sounding as if she has a mouthful of marbles. Her tone is emotion. She emotes like nobody I've heard since Kathy Kirby had them crying in the aisles in "Stars & Garters". Go to any corner of the room and there's Ellen Foley emoting at you until you scream for the reject button.

The material selected for her leaves plenty of scope for emoting. The title track prattles on about candles burning on window sills and getting no dimmer with the passing of time while love one way or another gets a damn good kicking. "Read My Lips" features a truly wondrous line: "Listen to me mister, Love can be a real tongue twister."

Some decent songwriters get mauled too - she does a hopelessly clumsy drag version of Robert Palmer's "Simply Deep", and the Holland-Dorner-Holland song "Come And Get These Memories" is delivered with a laughable absence of understanding or feel for the song.

She's even involved Ellen Greenwich in the whole sorry business, failing to achieve any spark or even less to give with the potentially bright "Boys In The Attic" and "Run For My Life".

To be honest I can't see the making my favourite top ten at the end of the year.

● COLIN IRWIN

BILL NELSON

CHIMERA Mercury MER B19

A SIX, six by six sum that showcases an ingenious and productive collaboration between Nelson and YMO's Yoshinori Takashi.

Master craftsmen in their own spheres, their combined talent have produced a record of subtle and fun atmosphere, propelled ever onwards by Takashi's inventive and ingenious manipulation of rhythm. Percussion is his forte, but his textural and tonal abilities fall short. "Murder By The Music" LP on Statik is proof enough. So he wrote, layered and recorded two graphically plotted percussion tracks in Tokyo, sending Bill the final product to be written into.

Nelson's subsequent interpretation, consolidation and re-structuring of the rhythms stretches their form, renders them pliable, gently bends them into more ambient surroundings. Not only concerned with a mellow melodic flow, he's also instilled with perfection in precision, a mark that he bypasses the clinical element it suggests, and seems to imbue his songs with tangential riffs and diversions, while maintaining and fueling the pace.

Nelson is a cunning master of atmospheric control, lifting the songs beyond the confines of technical mastery to a mark of the synthesis of murky and mystical expression. "Every Day Feels Like Another New Drug" maintains the particularly intricate interplay of funky bass/drum rhythm with the accelerated vocals, the synth speeding it up even further with more than a veneer of staccato beat. Nelson is a top technician, his home is his studio and his genius is his perception.

"Chimera" experiments within the varied and exciting field of technical and mechanical precision, yet is stamped with a soft-edged human element that elevates it beyond a self-indulgent experiment in electronic games-playing.

● HELEN FITZGERALD



GIRL GEORGE, the erratic kite



ACTION STATIONS

ACTION PACT

MERCURY THEATRE (ON THE AIR AGAIN)

Fall Out 4LP 013

OKAY, you dozy young sprouts, here's another great record for you. Another bristling little item that might catch you unawares and cross a few unseen boundaries. An album that you think of as punk that turns out to be pretty gritty pop. Pop with power, fusion and lyrical purpose, undeniable humour suffusing the protest aspect.

And when I say protest, I mean scathing in place of the general specious ranting and a-roaring.

Action Pact have always been this way. They've had the two fingers held aloft, but their original plans have dictated the manner in which their grimaces are laid down. When originally in dream form, the major influences were X-Ray Spex and The Revillos. That meant bouncing tunes and it meant humour. When 1980 had crept up, it also meant resolve; and thus blended together, the Action Pact core was born.

This album takes them that further step on from spritely singles. Any band can do that, but Action Pact here showcase their wide talents.

Kick off with "Drowning Out The Big Jets" and soar with the power, get caught out on the false ending and then have that smile wiped away by the anti-fascist "Losers". Wonder at the disposable "Things That Need Fucking" and roar once more at "Cowslip Blues", dance merrily inside your head to the strangely brief "Double Standards" and wince at the excruciating guitar solo. Then gloom again as "Fools Factions" states intent.

Now there's the variety, and side one isn't even finished yet. Somehow they have compressed their personalities into the music so that serious matters mix with the light and neither harm the other. That's important. Part of this strength stems from the writing talents of Kim Igoe, the only real lyricist of the second "Punk Wave". The only writer whose words stick with you and dictate melodies.

Side one finishes with a real musical surprise, "London Bouncers", completely revamped with extended drum passages and lunatic sax playing. Dreamlike, and proof that Phil Langham, producer and now the band's new bass player following Jim's departure, knows what he's about.

Side two follows a similar course, but here the humour waxes out with one tune of remarkable impact. "Currant Bun", an anti-Sun jibe, has one of the most immaculate little tunes that you'll ever chance upon. A blithe guitar line warbles happily in the distance, the drums skip and George sings smilingly in voice. "Rupert Murdoch take your face, roll it up and shove it, up your..."

And I don't think we'll go into that, thank you all the same. Three songs channel aggression with well-chosen words and strident but permanently triumphant tunes. "Mindless Aggression", "Blue Blood" and "Protest is Alive" all shout furiously against this "system", but never in quite such a contrite way that most *pernue berndes* manage. It is an obvious form of attack but again things are changing.

Closing side two, we find the title track, and Action Pact Mark III in terms of songwriting. The world situation summed up very nicely, sardonic observation well to the fore.

Much of the success certainly lies with the delivery of George, the girl that John Peel would run away with. Her individual approach, where each word often gets a distinct emphasis, is quite unpredictable, and while she often wavers erratically like an errant kite, she has a rare quality about her. You can't miss George.

Musically the band are fine and it's for you to investigate. Otherwise you'll be stuck forever with your boring old New Order records, and then where will you be?

● MICK MERCER

SHOCKABILITY

EARTH VS. SHOCKABILITY

LIKE all good novelties, Shockability tend to wear off very quickly.

Of course, it's mildly amusing to hear a song like "19th Nervous Breakdown" taken to pieces and reassembled in the most extraordinarily unorthodox manner. But the faint smile's already turning sour by the time you get to Hendrix "Are You Experienced". And that's only the second track.

Shockability? I've had more shocks on the Margate ghost train! Quite why anyone should want to compile an album that consists overwhelmingly of cover versions escapes me. Why anyone should want to bestow the most terrible fates on "Day

Tripper", "Purple Haze", "Oh Yoko" and "People Are Strange" taxes my imagination no end. And why must the vocalist insist on sounding like a Chinese mandarin trying to make himself heard through a wall lined with eggboxes?

There's bizarre and there's bizarre. There's clever and there's clever. This is neither challenging nor smart.

Undoubtedly, someone somewhere will insist that Shockability equals Art, equals Cult, equals Ambition. In my humble opinion, Shockability should've been put down at birth.

● CAROL CLERK

STEPHAN MALMSTEDT

LOOKING FOR THE RED LIGHT

Parlophone 7C 062-35976

MR Malmstedt might be looking for the red light, but I'm desperately searching for the reject switch.

For the record, Stephan Malmstedt appears to be Swedish, but unlike fellow Swedes The Global Infinites (whose mini-LP I recently raved over), Malmstedt hasn't got a clue. His music is average — fairly well played, yet undistinctive rock 'n' roll, overlaid with undistinguished slices of aggressive pop — but the actual songs, Malmstedt's irritating voice, and his kindergarten lyrics make "Red Light" a no-no.

"First light/Up all night/Anna looked so right first night. Next day it went away/but she's not letting me/Go away," sings Malmstedt in "Anna (Let Me Out)". Yuck!

There's worse to come. In true Krankies style, Malmstedt clutters the grooves with more epicramblings from "Oh Joanne", "Oh Joanne/Take My Hand/And We'll Make This Good Old Life/Like woman and man."

Stuff it, Stephan! It would be unfair to say that Malmstedt's main problem is that he's Swedish. However, after a careful study of the lyric sheet, it occurs to me that he would have been better to stick to his native tongue; then at least I wouldn't have understood the childish lines. And the music? Well, I've heard enough to convince me that the chap has no talent whatsoever. Pass me the dustbin.

Is there a doctor in the house?

● PAUL STRANGE

PHILIP JAP

PHILIP JAP
A&M AMLH 68557

NEVER liked him much in the old days when he was called Philip Gayle and contributed a few tracks to the pretty awful 101 Club compilations. Then came his re-emergence as Jap, a contract with A&M, and a dazzling, dizzy TV spectacular. Surprisingly, the show enraptured me.

Listening to this debut album, I can't understand why I was fooled. Maybe I was ill or something; certainly in the cold light of a normal day, Jap has little to offer that hasn't been said before. He coldly assimilates a variety of styles (notably Bowie), mixes 'em up, and regurgitates. To the uninitiated, Jap could sound modern, worthwhile and fresh; to anybody with any sense, Jap is as useful and as stale as rotting bread. Problem is, Jap is so clever that A&M may soon have a star on their hands.

From the frantic, busy, brassy opening of "Save Us" (which proceeds at a hectic pace, but essentially says little), to the closing track — the thumping, trick-ridden, supposedly meaningful "Total Erasure" (complete with Mott The Hoople guitar brass), Jap's debut album is a joyous celebration of a clever pop chameleon. No wonder the little tinker is prancing around half naked on the back cover photo; he thinks he's clever!

"Brave Lights" is the most obvious Bowie clone. With its "Andy Warhol"/"Space Oddity" acoustic guitar intro, Mick Ronson-styled fuzz guitar fills, and moaning "oh oh's" on the fade, this could easily be the greatest man himself on a bad day with Tony Visconti back in the early Seventies.

Thankfully, there's a small slice of tougher stuff to offset the lip-offs. On "Jump Crew" (the LP's best cut), Jap introduces us to Charlie, who looks like a cat, and a "dancing fellow". Normally I would quickly reject this childish nonsense, but Jap makes the cut imperative with slick funk bass lines, silky voice drop-ins, and aggressive, nearly stuttered hooks. Nice.

Unpleasantly obvious, Jap's written a song about himself called, not surprisingly, "Jap". It's a sickeningly introverted, semi-operatic ballad, complete with ball-pitching soprano vocals and angelic girlie back-ups. Frankly it's plain embarrassing and should never have been included. "Hey Jap, I ain't seen you for such a long time," appears to be the hook. Rubbish! Piffel! Burn the man at the stake! Feed him to Steve Cross!

It's been hard to make my mind up about this album. I do like Jap's voice — he's capable of some wonderful, wide-ranging expression and some of the vocal arrangements are magnificent — but the actual material gets right up my nose.

Pass the Scotties. File under pretentious popstar capable of turning in the goods in a few years time.

● PAUL STRANGE

MILES DAVIS

STAR PEOPLE

CBS 25395

AS his health has improved, Miles' albums have got better, and this is his best since the comeback. In fact, for jazz fans who regard the jazz-rock period as an earlier warring disease, "Star People" will rate as his best since "Filles De Kilimanjaro". There is no question that the long blues title track — most of one side — will monopolise the bet!

"Star People" is as sparse and as concentrated as a lightpipe. The leader's pre-occupation with total economy could hardly be better represented. For much of the time, muted trumpet and what sounds like the flat clash of a reverse cymbal hold the field, and what a variety of expression Miles puts on display! Without aiming for the jokey melodramatic contrasts in one of a Lester Bowie, Miles runs through the gamut of muted effects from mournful howlings to choked emotion to a hot simmering drizzle. In fact, effects is the wrong word altogether, since everything here is subservient to his narrative. It's a classic trumpet performance.

Guitarist Mike Stern and tenorman Bill Evans take brief outings along the way to release some of the pent-up tension, but the track is all about Miles and the blues, complete with highly traditional ending, and a lovely little coda. "U n" follows, toying charmingly with "Ain't She Sweet", and finding the perfect sounds for the number — clucking guitar, plaintive soprano, stealthily swaggering rhythm.

Those two make 25 minutes of what jazzers mean by jazz, plus "It Gots Better" (nearly ten minutes), totalling the total playing time for the album. Miles, however, always cuts generous albums, and there's another 25 minutes of unclassifiable music.

"Come Get It", "Speak" and "Star On Cicely" are full of precise clutter from the rhythm section, a lot of good-foot on the bass drum and brief injections of swaying synthesizer. I didn't really like any of them, but plenty will. Miles' own work, however, is so marvellous throughout — particularly on "Come Get It" — where he drills right into the wall of ensemble intensity — that I wish I could open the concept. Stern and John Scofield are fine, no guitaristic death scenes, and percussionist Mino Cinelu slides alternatives across Al Foster's chopping traps.

"It Gets Better", coming between "Come Get It" and "Speak", is particularly aptly named for jazzers. Spacious, bluesy, it lollaps along, releasing a lovely slow how-down theme, and beautiful solos by Scofield and Miles.

Purchase at once. You won't get past the title track for about a week. It's great having the hero back on the team again, and if only Sonny Rollins would bump into Max Roach in the studio I could retrieve the three-tubed Austen suit off the scarecrow in the allotment.

● BRIAN CASE



MILES: it gets better



THE FINAL CUT

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

CONFRONTATION

It's just about two weeks since the great man passed away, and Island finally declares an end of official mourning. At times irritatingly pious in their condemnation of anything that smacked of profiteering from the tragedy (check the knives going in when WEA put out that cobbled-up "Changes Are" job), they've been meticulously correct in all things Marley; and that's presumably why this final album has been held under wraps for so long.

Two years, apparently, is a respectable time in which to allow the world to judge this as a farewell tribute and not a sharp lash in. Their sensitivity in a bastard business is even quite refreshing. If even reactive. Committed Marley fans will have been busting at the seams to get

their paws on this, and nobody else gives a damn about record company ethics.

The Marley finale is not, perhaps, ideal. There's none of the jobs, the intensity that characterized his earlier works, or even the more recent magnificence of "Redemption Song." Yet while some of the edge is disappointingly absent, the album still has a distinctiveness, a gloriously uplifting spirit that belies the depression which reputedly surrounded Marley in his later days, and is even at odds with the album's aggressive title.

In optimism, its effusive brightness, is both startling and effective. There's little evidence of the brooding anger on which Marley's reputation was built, and in this respect - particularly with the almost constant support of the I Threes - it even has the feel of a gospel album. Lots of praising Jah, and tributes to the imperial

Majesty, as well as proclamations about the joys of reggae and the strength of Rastafan.

"Chant Down Babylon", for example, is a reasonably simple statement of the philosophy of the Rastafarian, but is infused with such verve and buoyancy that it's magnificently persuasive. And there's an underlying warmth, even humor, beyond the apparent austerity of "Bullfight Soldier", the single and the most powerful song on the collection.

He even comes out with a positive outlook in "Trench Town", decrying the oppression and equating on the one hand celebrating the character of the people on the other. "Say we're the underprivileged people/So they keep us in chains/Fay say any tribune in Trench Town" reaffirms his faith in his people with a style and conviction that's difficult to resist.

On the weird rhythms of "Give

Thanks And Praises" his voice scurries shot, and the backing vocals quickly become intrusive, yet even this has a hauntingly memorable theme. The only real embarrassment is "Me Up Me Up", full of allegories about recording sessions with Bob doing his Stevie Wonder hit and struggling badly.

It is, I suppose, one of the sweetest, most overtly commercial records ever put out in Marley's name. The politics is there, but if not threatening or dangerous, and is shrouded in production softness and a remarkably tame Wailers. Hard-line reggae purists will undoubtedly discount it, and it's true that in the overall scheme of Marley's career it mightn't be a game-changer. It gives you a decent run-for-your-money, though.

COLIN HYNES

Island ILPS 9750

THE B-52'S

WHAMMY
Island ILPS 9759

WHAT A waste. All that energy, all that eccentricity, all that exposure and still the B-52's haven't progressed much mentally beyond 1966. In fact, in many ways, "Whammy!" is the most alarming regression yet from their debut's disarming and discerning trash perspective towards a prematurely senile mania.

All "Whammy!" proves is that we don't need the B-52's anymore, that their days as a catalyst, as a fun-for-fun's sake tonic in the face of post-punk puritanism, as an alternative, as an excuse to let your hair down or, rather, bouffant it up and cut loose on some cartoon hedonism, are over.

They've served their purpose now, outlived their charm and finished firing the imaginations of the likes of the Human League, long since superseded by Oakey's more suave and sophisticated slogans. Today the B-52's are a redundant anachronism, a band that sounds as if it doesn't know what to do with itself and, by the clumsy way "Don't Worry" tries to ape the ape the League's "Hard Times", one that doesn't even seem to know what it should be doing.

In other words, the B-52's are just a sound adrift among others, purposeless, unremarkable and expendable. All rhythm and razzamatazz with very little rhyme or reason, "Whammy!" doesn't even have the good grace to admit it's all washed up and irritates from start to finish, either wacking gimmicks over lacklustre backdrops or fiddling half-heartedly with a puerile sci-fi vision of the future without having the savvy to admit that today's neat kids no longer eulogize "Star Trek".

What's even more depressing is the fact that the B-52's still exhibit twitching nerves of incontinence - there are unforgivable moments on "Whammy!" - "Swing to warp and wire a worthwhile song. The Keef Richard "Start Me Up" intro to "Whammy Kiss" for example, could whip any half-decent lyric into another orbit but, apart from the Floeters' parody "I'm Cindy, I'm a Paces and I like Chihuahuas and Chinese noodles" from "Song For a Future Generation" - there isn't a single line possessed with their infamous disconcerting tendencies.

Oh for one "I'll give you fish/I'll give you candy" - "Whammy!" is the B-52's at their worst ever. What a bore.

STEVE SUTHERLAND

BAD MANNERS

THE HEIGHT OF BAD MANNERS
Telstar STAR 229

LIP UP, fatty! If there's a record in the shop round your corner that can put a smile on those miserable jowls and twitch a muscle or two where you thought there was only arth-itis, it's this one.

Ideally suited to the compilation context, Bad Manners have unfailingly offered us three-minute individuality without boredom, dance without dirge, laughs without repetition and cheering instrumental diversity... all nine of them.

Bad Manners made some jumping good singles and albums, and the best of the tracks together make for one jumping good set.

This is a band who became a part of the soundtrack of life without anyone ever realising it particularly. We listened to "Special Brew" on the jukebox in the pub, we were never quite straight enough to get the words out right when we sang along with "Ne-No-Na-Na-Na-Nu-Nu" at the party, we'll never forget Buster's ridiculous Can-Can knickers.

From "Lorraine" to "That'll Do Nicely", Bad Manners have been steadily and deliberately moving ahead without ever losing their sense of fun, melody, movement or madness.

"Well-said Bully" bears little resemblance to the later, more restrained, "Walking in the Sunshine", but it's still there and it's still entertaining and it's still something that everyone can appreciate on some level, if they choose.

Bad Manners deserve all the good fortune they got. They deserve a lot more than they're getting now. They made my heart go giddy-up more than once or twice!

CAROL CLERS



BAD MANNERS: giddy-up!

GERARD McMAHON

NO LOOKING BACK
Full Moon LC 6210

GIRL trouble is a time honoured focus for singer-songwriters, but never has this theme been subjected to such a vacant, uneventful, lacklustre treatment than on Gerard McMahon's collection of ten self-penned songs, "No Looking Back." A former touring bassist with Jackson Browne, Gerard's vocals and backing band create a criminally passionless and forgettable sound, tawdry in the extreme. He makes Ben Watt's polite suburban musings sound like Elvis Costello's earlier emotional earthquakes.

"No Looking Back" has our Gerard spending most of his time doing just that: his lower flow, he wearily sings of nights spent with old photographs of the girl while lingering over her old love letters. When the stroll down memory lane is over, he shuffles out a game of solitaire and, of course, draws no aces. For a change of scene he cruises on down to the parking lot (he lives in California) and sits in his car thumbing through "dirty magazines".

Eventually he comes to some blinding conclusions about life, love, and himself. In "Talking 'Bout Girls" he shoulders a Mick Jagger/Humphrey Bogart stance and confidently asserts:

"Behind these lenses ain't the bad guy/That she thinks I am/A few wet dreams, the common cold/But sweetheart I'm a man." "When She Was Mine" is cruising for burgers in Springfield county and Gerard sadly runs his lost love with the gripping lines: "Yes, when she was mine/Oh, I could have been better, yeah." Tell it to the judge, Gerard, love is tough, this record isn't.

Don't fret, Gerard. You may have lost the girl forever, but you're a very strong contender for Wimp Of The Year.

LUCY YATES

YELLO

YOU GOTTA SAY YES TO ANOTHER EXCESS

Stiff SEEZ 48

"No More Words" they sing, and they're as reticent as the title suggests: for what they don't reveal is that on its initial release "No More Words" was merely the subtitle of the song, "Sensation" the real name.

The omission of the word "Sensation" is an act of characteristic perversity, for it would have made an appropriate title for the whole set: like no album you've ever heard before, this one aims straight at the senses - and hits.

What is even more appropriate, however, is that they didn't use that word: Yello offer no clues, make nothing easy. Confused? Good.

Yello are based in Switzerland. They comprise Dieter Meier - a business-suit clad dilettante, more at home in a stock exchange than a night club; Boris Blank - a Brylcreem, braces and 'tache wideboy who looks much too wide for Blue Rondo; Carlos

Peron - a chubbier version of Neil Arthur who looks positively normal.

Not that one can safely rely on this normality of course: the three disparate personalities are an uneasy reflection of the music they create - too maverick to be real, yet too inscrutable to be whimsical.

Their sound is like their vision: one where funny peculiar blends with funny ha-ha, and where we're left none the wiser but all the more disturbed. If none of this gives you any clue as to how the music sounds, then that's appropriate too: it's like an aural kaleidoscope where what you perceive depends on your point of view and where wherever you stand in relation to it is where you are knocked flat when you hear it.

It's synthesizer based, but it's a deployment of the synthesizer that is more intelligent and aware than we're accustomed to: where

the synthesizer is used as a synthesis. As a synthesis of: deliciously mock swing; of: fantastically electro pulsebeat; spaghetti western riffs and elephant hooting; gorilla grunts and Fay Wray screams; Boris Karloff talk-overs and "Trans-Europe Express" sound effects.

The two classics are "Swing" - a pastiche of swing that is truly decadent because we never know what is going on behind that melting voice, or just what dangerous shapes it is melting itself into - and "I Love You", which establishes an uneasy irony between off-the-wall effects like crashing cars and banal lyrics which are delivered in such a deadly deadpan tone that they don't so much grow as fester in the mind. "You know baby, ... driving is a serious game. ... You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess" is a serious game. In a word: brilliant. In two: brilliantly subversive.

MARK BRENNAN

PLAYBACK

ALLAN JONES reviews tapes sent in by undiscovered bands



ARTHUR SCOTT BRYSON

ARTHUR SCOTT Bryson could be the kind of cat who had his imagination whittled off his fingers at an unreasonably early age with no potential for recovery. This seems never to have worried Arthur, who glowingly pitches his music from a staggering post-narcotic fall-out zone where every casual sensation is a brilliant metaphor.

Art's music is an orchestrated cruciophony, where feelings and sensual atmospheres are fed through electric circuits of ornamented distortion to produce a kind of sonic anarchy. Tenses of reference are cracked and violated, sensuously fractured and pillaged, and nothing comes out the way it went in. "Lily In A Star" has Art sending the object of his affections into orbit, to take her place in the heavens so she might above the clouds of America. The whole of the work, needing up close, most probably, to the Phoenix Asteroid in the foreground. An ergonomic flood of guitars claw and scream without restraint, howling and yelping like hot hands. Arthur's voice creeps in between the lines, surrendering from the depths of a gutter growl to a slenderly tremulous whoop. The final effect is, well... imagine a barely competent Sly Stone taking on Neil Young with WOV's guitarist Marc Moreland at his most hermit and you'll have a vague idea of the places Art can take you with his guitar and his voice and his dastardly effects.

Bryson's a brutal derelict roll with guitar accents colorizing like shrapnel in an unholy noise, the mood of "Universal Woman" is dark, morose, insouciantly manic, like John Lee Hooker jamming with Davy at the edge of the world.

Been kicking around LA for a while with various musical whorls, Art writes, adding that he'd like to come over here and blow. I'd love to have the pleasure. You know, someone should sign up Arthur up so they can send me one of those letters to the West Coast for the usual three-page spread on drunkenness, debauchery and a variety of lunatic adventures in California.

Arthur hold on, we're coming!

● Contact: Arthur Scott Bryson, Box 96 Malibu, California, CA 90265. Telephone: 213 456 8170.

HOTEL TRIO

A LOVE note to rock, "I Never Listen To The Tubes" is a striking introduction to the kind of ferocious intelligence that pounds beneath the frenetic surface of the five tracks on this tape from a young Henderson group. Quickly assuming a positively epic momentum, with a rapid acoustic piano exploding percussively in a manner that recalls Steve Nieve's celebrated support at Casablanca on "Clubland", "Tubes" is gripping and memorable, pulled into shape with ingenuity and panache.

An instrumental played at a choppy pace, with sax and piano breathing fresh air into the space left by lyrics and guitar. "Question Time" is arguably the most impressive of Love's "The Castle" rolled out by the detached temperament of a group like GMD, which makes it sound like funk music on Channel 4, pretty, but rather slight.

The impressively atmospheric "Frenchie Is The Way", cheekily he-jacks the synthesized handclaps and sizzling tempo of "Dance Heaving" and matches it to a faceted, low beat vocal over. Languid and seductive, it has the melodic appeal of Chris Chris, yet, without any of the dropness. A potential charmer with a little help, you and a decent promotional push.

Vibrant enough to justify its title, but long enough to exhaust all but the fittest, "Classic" is full of joggling line percussion and acres of guitar thrashing about in a variety of directions, few of them leading anywhere. It brings to mind the worst excesses of Santana, which should appeal to Lucy Yates, but doesn't carry much weight in this neighborhood. A slush of wretched guitar behind some histrionic guitar solo, on the other hand, enough to justify a little like "Hobnobber".

Still, there's promise here, and Hotel Trio sound could enough to keep it.

● Contact: All (0922) 420591

EDUKATORS

SHAWING with the melodic reggae lilt and dreamy, reverberations of the Police's "Driven To Tears", like this

track on this cassette from a Chichester-based trio is the acting "All I Can Do Is Cry". Confident without being brash or grasping, it doesn't wait on the air, asking for an introduction, it rips straight in the air and works into the front seats, badly, making friends with practiced ease and conversational charm.

Mark Duffett's voice wraps itself around the airwaves, melting with care and conviction, betraying his fears with no hint of self-righteous anxiety. Drawing an admirable attention to detail and effect, Edukators support the song's strong melody and haunting chorus with a whole repertoire of incidental delights that keep the ears keenly twitching.

There are two versions here of "Cry", one produced by Bapine, the other by drummer Terry Gishmore. The latter is a little less glossy, perhaps, the first version has the greater attack, the most urgency, despite its stately slower, more deliberate advance.

Two better than the promissory introduction in "Up It Is". No return to the recent Orange Juice hit, this is a lovely, wonderfully melodic piece, with a touching, sliding bass line burbling beneath the affecting chorus. Light, spacious, full of felicitous touches, it's entrancing, delightful, none of its demure without lifting out its length with obvious pleasure and superfluous redundancy.

Clearly, the Edukators don't have much to learn and there's more than one group currently clinging to the charts who could be taught a thing or two by them.

● Contact: Terry Gishmore 45 Wood Street, Chichester, (0245) 555555

END

END aren't nearly as clever as they think they are and they need a quick and easy way to make their music about their own talent if they can't easily convince themselves that the five songs on this tape are all potential hits.

"Don't Look Now" (I'm second or third song), they think, already covering the bases on their contract has a typical dull but it's a dull melody and it's that's about as interesting as a geographical profile of Candi Dando. Their best song is "Mashed in June", a fairly uninteresting stilt at Duffett and Tabor's territory where themes caught here-where is obviously inspired by "Up The Junction" (just because a handful of nearly continued ideas, but End can't maintain the required concentration and the song tends to fall apart at crucial moments).

Duffett's brilliance lies in making this sort of writing sound quite effortless. It's not a lucky hand, but End are not so bad that out for themselves.

● Contact: End 49 Union Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks. MK48 8ET

PAUL STEPHENSON

PAUL STEPHENSON is an old hand, giving up everything for a life on the road, a sleeping bag in every attic and notebooks full of songs like "A Horse Called Sam" with which he probably entertains borders of ongoing fanspans throughout the coffee bars of Europe. On the dreary adolescent days "Moon Is The Glass", he records like Al Stewart who need to sing like he had a cat sitting on his mouth. "Moon" is one of those tortured boy-grow-up-man-ages, best belated of singer-songwriters. Why such a simple biological metaphor should constantly congeal these people to put pen to paper remains a unique mystery. Maybe there's a little bit of Al Stewart in me, but I don't like him.

● Contact: Cornelia Treadwell 12th, 1933 JR, Amsterdam, Tel: 020 793 544

HEAD OVER HEALS

LIKE a spring afternoon, Head Over Heals are attractive, but often a bit wet. The three songs included on this tape are attractively produced, fairly played, certainly being and arranged with a reasonable amount of ingenuity, but there remains the feeling that these melodies have been heard before while the lyrics are merely crumbly of fluff, inaudible, temporary. Head Over Heals are barking, not barking, they're barking, just too polite. This is no time for well-meaning people, let me hear them and hear.

● Contact: David Clarke (01 421 5294)

HEARTS ON FIRE

EARTHSHAKING and high-class self-conscious, there's nothing at all frivolous about Hearts On Fire. The tone of their two songs is literary rather than musical, which means the lyrics sound like excerpts from a sixth-former's speech-book notebook of protest poetry and there are no tunes to speak of. "Breaking The Wings Of Fools" is rather funny and concerned with the "Love These Schemes Tonight" is a one title, but performed with such a lack of passion it falls apart like a wet paper. The songwriters do what forms the nucleus of Hearts On Fire but, as the instrumental on their tapes was supplied by various "floating musicians", these people should really try to keep their feet on the ground.

● Contact: J. Quillen (01 885 5651)



Adam Sweeting gets into another fine mess with MOTORHEAD. Photography: Paul Rider

SO HOW come Sounds get the VIP treatment? I mean, an

afternoon out with Motorhead at a sewage plant in Rickmansworth — luxury. The Maker, however, had to be satisfied with the deep-lie corridors of the Nomis rehearsal complex dahn in Olympia, where the handsome threesome were supposed to be rehearsing for their forthcoming tour.

Rehearsing can mean many things to different people. To the remarkable Lemmy, the original renaissance man with a heart of pure noise, it means a stiff vodka always within easy reach, a heap of Marshall stacks and a pile of ten pence to shovel down the greedy throat of the Nomis Donkey Kong machine.

Our story begins with His Lemship preoccupied with the latter pastime.

"Christ!" said Lemmy, failing once again to rescue the digital Fay Wray and watching the distressing earward plunge of the protagonist, "can you play this bloody thing?"

"It's a difficult machine, that," I assured him, remembering with suppressed mirth the sight of suave John Barton cashing checks over the bar to pay for another couple of hundred trial runs.

Lemmy gave up. "This way," he said tersely, motioning the Maker faction down the corridor with a flick of his leonine locks and a brief glimpse of teeth eroded by years of corrosive sound and, well, "hard living".

We followed. Marillion were hard at it next door, discernible by a series of dull thrums coming through the wall. Motorhead, unworried by age, had huddled around a pile of flight cases and unfriendly plastic chairs near the door, as far as possible from the forbidding walls of amplification at the far end of the room. They meant work.

These days, of course, Motorhead are Lemmy, the redoubtable Phil Taylor on drums, and relatively new boy Brian "Robbo" Robertson on massed guitars. I'm not sure why, but I always had this impression of Robertson as a demented Scotsman rarely out

of earshot of a bottle of Scotch and the sort of chap liable to greet one of these effete journalist types with a crisp right hook followed closely by a low-flying knee.

I had the first bit right, but in fact Robertson on this occasion turned out to be positively garrulous, ready and willing to expound on all manner of strange topics. The sorry plight of the South Moluccans who live in Holland, for example, or memoirs of a Thin Lizzy guitarist (as he then was) trying to reach an understanding with the druggy gangs of Amsterdam.

"I grabbed this guy by the lapels, right," Robbo explained in swift Scottish, "then I gave him a slap round the mouth, stuck my hand in his pocket and took all the money he had. I said 'this is mine, see?' His mates were just standing there dumbstruck."

"Then I says to this guy with me, he was there to give me support, right? I said 'do something'. He went to hit this other guy and the geezer just punched him and he hit the deck. I thought, 'Oh that's fucking great. This guy's supposed to be protecting me and he's just decked it'..."

As Robbo got deeper and deeper into the saga, Phil Taylor curled up on the small, uncomfortable sofa. "Ask Phil

how he feels," Lemmy ordered.

"How do you feel, Phil?" I asked.

"Full of gale force winds and gases," said Taylor, belching magnificently. Had the interview begun, I wondered? Perhaps it was already over. Better press on anyhow.

I thought I'd better ask Motorhead about their new LP "Another Perfect Day", due for release in a couple of weeks. It's the first one they've done with Robertson tackling guitar duties, Eddie Clarke having deemed Lemmy's single with Wendy O'Williams to be the last straw and walking out to form Fastway.

"Another Perfect Day" might come as a surprise to some. It's different — for Motorhead, anyway. Where records like "Ace Of Spades" or "Iron Fist" were a bit like being struck by one of those things they use to knock down buildings, "Day" is sort of spacer, kinda wider-ranging. Much of this must be attributed to Robertson, a one-man guitar army who loves nothing better than to holler up in a studio and pile on layer after layer of guitars.

"Before, our records were like being punched in the teeth," said Taylor, probably awakened by the sound of loud sniffling sounds from the direction of his fellow musicians. "Now it's like being



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ANOTHER PERFECT

DAZE

punched in the teeth with an apology afterwards." He lit a Silk Cut and rubbed his eyes laboriously.

ROBBO assured me that there was more to constructing the Motorhead sound than met the ear. "I was classically trained to start with," he said. "Even with this album, I structured it as I would do if I was structuring a string section. That's why you use all the different guitars with the different sounds. You might use this guitar because it sounds thinner and leaves a gap, and it's down to light and shade — that's the way I like to work." He reckons he used 13 guitars on the album, though Lemmy reckons it was only 12.

"The first and last songs on the album are like the old Motorhead," said Lemmy with relish, "then in the middle it's all gone curly. A lot of it's more or less the same as we would have done, but the great thing with Brian is he can carry a solo, or a slightly longer solo than Eddie could or did."

"He also plays rhythm a lot different than Eddie did. Eddie was a good rhythm guitarist, but he couldn't swap over at a moment's notice. Like Brian will do a couple of chords in the riff, then stick a bit of lead in and come back to it." Phil burped sympathetically.

Could this be a more commercial record for Motorhead? Of course, titles like "Die You Bastards" or "Dancing On Your Grave" probably won't make Peter Powell's Five Forty Five slot, but there can be no denying that there's a sort of terrible majesty about things like "I Got Mine" or "One Track Mind."

I used to dismiss Motorhead as preposterous subhumans who'd think themselves lucky if they found sawdust dribbling out of their ears ("hey, there is something in here after all").

These days, I have a sort of quaking admiration for their complete absence of qualms and determination to see it through to the logical limit or beyond. People who live like this and make this noise must know something I don't.

Lemmy offered his Marlboro round. "Put that thing out," he said scornfully, indicating my soggy roll-up. He flame-threwed his cigarette and pondered. "We've had all this bitching for years, right, about being neanderthal fucking rock n' rollers, posing around with bullet belts and all this. Now that we've changed it a bit and it's more melodic, let's just see what they say now. They'll think of something."

So you expect the record to get a kicking in the papers, then?

"Oh, probably," said Lem. "We expect to get a kicking anyway — we're used to them. They've lost all their fire, that's what it'll be now."

Well, you never know, I suggested — NME even wrote quite a sympathetic piece about Twisted Sister this week (they're Lemmy's mates). "I think they're finally seeing the signposts," he said. "I mean, the NME has become like a cross between the Financial Times and the Whole Earth Catalogue. It's all 'Do you know what they're doing in Devon? They're poisoning sheep with chemicals!' I don't wanna read about that in a music paper!"

"The best thing about us is that we're laughing all the time at it all. All these bands seem to lose their sense of humour once they get above number seven in the charts. They try to say relevant things and be cool. I'm not cool. I'm really uncool, me. I really enjoy it. We're a little slack, compared to most people."

"Life would be a lot easier if you didn't have to rehearse," growled Taylor, lighting another Silk Cut.

Do you get sick of the Kerrang! approach to Motorhead, I queried, y'know, where the band always get

approached from the same angle of attack?

"The Kerrang! boys have always been alright to us," said Lemmy loyally. "But I know what you mean, the same slant. You get bored with it. But what can you do? A lot of bands have got the same thing but with a different sort of slant — each band has the slant in the way they're written about. I'm sure Marillion are sick of being compared to Genesis. I've only seen three articles about them and every one talks about Genesis and the new wave of psychedelia."

There's a lot of talk about "rock" being redundant these days, I said, but I reckon there's nothing wrong with rock, it's just the rock groups.

"Yeah," said Lemmy, adding a little orange juice to a glass of vodka purely for cosmetic purposes. "There's a lot of tales about people getting bland but that's rubbish. The kids don't say that — when they write to the papers they're always slagging off the writers for saying that. They go out and have a good time at the gigs while the writer's there getting paid for it. He goes in for the first number, goes to the bar, maybe staggers out for the encore and then writes a bad review."

Lemmy rose with difficulty to his feet. "If you'll excuse me for a moment I'm going for a shit."

He picked up a bit of magazine and tucked it under his arm. "There is toilet paper in there, you know," Taylor pointed out.

"But it's not glossy, is it?" snapped Lemmy.

LEMMY was gone for some time. When he came back, it seemed the time had arrived for the boys to do a little work. Huge roadies with beards and beerguts had begun to wander into the room, fiddling with leads and switching on mixers. Lemmy picked up a bass and plugged it into the nearest phalanx of Marshalls, then let rip on a terrible grinding riff.

Obviously he wasn't satisfied, since he soon put down the bass and punched his amplifier with a heavily-ringed fist. "Seem to be losing a bit of top on this," he said to the nearest crewperson. "Better get it sorted out before the tour."

Meanwhile, Robbo was making infinitesimal adjustments of the array of knobs on his guitar synthesizer. He scratched his copper-dyed hair, walked over to his quadruple bank of amps, turned a couple of knobs and played a resounding E major.

Lemmy sidled up to me, leering. "Silly bastard's changed all the settings," he said. "That's what you get for working with musicians." He thumped a couple of violent bass chords. Meanwhile, Taylor read a magazine behind his drum kit.

Finally they were ready. Robbo lashed into the intro of "Marching Off To War", and swiftly struck the first of many gulf hero poses, eyes glazed and his mouth compressed into a bloodless grin.

As Taylor's sticks made a tour of his enormous kit, Lemmy advanced to a nearby microphone, feet planted aggressively astride the stand and his head craning up, like he was about to take a huge bite out of something warm-blooded. In this absurdly low-ceilinged room, it was impossible to hear anything except a vast crushing roar which hammered sickeningly into your stomach like a giant piston.

Motorhead had a whole night of this ahead of them, so we decided to call it quits. Robertson, seeing us about to depart, hurried over to shake hands, much more the professional rock celebrity than the other two will ever be. To our surprise, it was still daylight outside.

OUTER LIMITS

ROEG ELEPHANT EUREKA

DIRECTOR Nicholas Roeg's films fall into two categories — the interesting mess, and the pretentiously overloaded mythologising mess. "Performance," "The Look Now," "Walkabout" and "Bad Timing" just about held together despite the weight of parallel universes projected onto their stories. "The Man Who Fell To Earth" and his latest, "Eureka", are impregnable to all but the post-acid mind.

Myth and magic are in the family-size throughout "Eureka", blowing the ballad off course like a bad Bob Dylan number. The plot concerns a lonely Yukon prospector who strikes gold, makes an immense fortune, walls himself off from the world on a Caribbean island which he refuses to sell to a Miami gangster, and is consequently killed. By the end, you're left wondering if it wasn't really a gloss on "Citizen Kane" or "Jack And The Beanstalk", and you probably won't give a damn anyway. The incoherent head movie has always been hovering in Roeg's wings. It looks like he's achieved it.

Any non-sci-fi film that tracks back to show you the whole planet has got to be too transcendently concerted for its own good. All human motives are ambiguous. "He needed someone to finish him off, and that night he found him, just as he found the gold," is the daughter's epitaph on the murdered Jack McCann (Gene Hackman), and it would've been nice to know why.

A burning bush, a lucky stone, a crystal ball, earth, air, water and metal, all come clattering down the coal chute from the Gandalf's Garden of Roeg's imagination. Really, this is head-shop schlock. There's an embarrassing simile about sex and gold from a brothel madame (Helen Kallianiotis), who foresees the prospector's lucky strike, and is later intercut in the throes of orgasm with Jack's golden gusher.

At Luna Bay on Jack's island retreat, things are no clearer and just as portentous. His wife (Jane Laportaire) boozes while Jack broods in paranoia about his daughter's marriage to the inscrutable playboy Van Horn (Rutger Hauer). Is the son-in-law plotting with the Miami hood, Mayakofsky (Joe Pesci), to kill him? Well, the court acquits him, and it may be that we're meant to think that Jack was a walking corpse anyway after experiencing his life in that one flash in the golden cave. Eskimo Nell Meets Richard Brautigan. Forget it.

● BRIAN CASE



HACKMAN: probably as confused as Roeg.

HEART OF THE MATTER

ONE FROM THE HEART

IT'S sad that the fate of Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope Studios — now in the hands of the receiver — should have seemingly been so closely tied to the fortunes of "One From The Heart", a musical romance that has unsurprisingly "bombed" in America. With both film and studio it is unsurprising, but equally it is unjust.

For while "One From The Heart" may be concocted and self-indulgent work by Coppola, it is also a neon-lit fantasy of compelling beauty. From the opening credits —

where director Coppola and photographer Storaro attempt and succeed with a shot of such complexity and longevity that even Welles and Antonioni would have balked at the challenge — the film drifts through an inspired and Disneyesque wonderland, a studio-set Las Vegas of rich and intoxicating colour and texture. Coppola rightly preferred studio to location, allowing his art director and set designers to create an (un)real life for his lovers' story.

At the heart of the matter are Hank and Frannie (Frederick Forrest and Teri Garr), a couple celebrating five years of living together, yet each resentful of the adventure and romance that they believe to have disappeared from their lives.

They make love then argue and part, chasing separate, illusory romances; Hank with Leila

(Nastassia Kinski), a beautiful young runaway from a European circus family, and Frannie with Ray (Raul Julia), a waiter with aspirations to be a singer and piano player.

Each follows his/her dalliance through an evening of glittering frivolity in a "Las Vegas" awash with July 4 (Independence Day) celebrations, and Coppola decorates the story with infinite invention — florid electric colour and fades that give the story a mystical beauty.

The night over, Hank begins to doubt that his infatuation is any real compensation for Frannie and searches her out again. She, however, is still enthralled by Ray, telling Hank that her new love sings to her where he just shouts. A touching confrontation.

The music of Tom Waits — sung by him and Crystal Gayle — is used to parallel the story, each in turn reflecting the anguish of the lovers' tale. Yet even Waits' tortured delivery doesn't detract from the story, occasionally actually rising to it, but neither of the singers, for all their professional authority, can touch the sincerity of Frederick Forrest singing just a few clumsy lines of "You Are My Sunshine".

And as Forrest captures so much in his now untrim frame, Teri Garr proves herself as much of a "hooter" as Shirley MacLaine, and as vulnerable as Felicity Kendal.

That's it. "One From The Heart" may occasionally be in need of a good editor, but most of it is... well, lovely.

● JOHN BARTON



TERI GARR (left) and FREDERICK FORREST: players in a Coppola dream.

VULTURED CULTURE

EDUCATING RITA

TWO-handed plays are popular on the stage at the moment for economic reasons, and if the recession deepens we'll all soon be down to Mr Punch. Willy Russell's "Educating Rita" may be a theatrical necessity, but it's a cinematic superfluity. It's not a good play, but a play it remains despite half-hearted attempts to open it out, and why it was made escapes me, and director Lewis Gilbert.

Married hairdresser Rita (Julie Walters) turns up in the study of university lecturer Frank (Michael Caine) intent upon getting some education. Aware of her stunted world of dull hubby, telly and pub, she hungers for the key that will open vistas of knowledge, conversation, wit and fruitful friendships, while he — who has all that, and has been unable to parley it beyond membership of the academic inbreeding club — is boozing his way towards the sack.

We know Frank all too well, having heard his articulate self-loathing in most of John Osborne's plays, "Butley" and even "The Potters' Forest" where Humphrey Bogart won my applause by shooting the character. Michael Caine, for decades a one-man recession in his own right, brings a beard to the role which already has whiskers on it.

Rita is another literary stand-by, the working class life force. She swears a lot in a Scouse accent, and sees to the very quick of all



WALTERS: learning to pose.

academic concepts. "O, you mean it's crap. Confronted with the essay about resolving the dramatic difficulties of "Rear Window" she suggests doing it on the radio. Old Frank thinks her too good to spoil, too natural and unaffected to foul up with book learning, which is the writer's point of view too, and probably most low-brow audiences'.

It's a rigged match, since the purpose and process of education is reduced to caricature, confirming the thickhead's prejudice that when it comes to higher education, plain folk want no truck with fancy muck. There are no ideas in "Educating Rita".

Well, our Rita blossoms out into different hairstyles and clothes once she's got a bit of Forster and Chekhov under the belt, and Frank starts to resent her growing independence. She goes up as he goes down, not quite as far down as bugging the Bursar, but far enough to incur an enforced sabbatical. Will they end up together, both jaundiced, or both rejuvenated?

Julie Walters is absolutely right for Rita, neither caricaturing the working-class klutz nor forcing the transitions. Michael Caine, though something of a mailbag, has entered my affections, and teeters amiably on the edge of alcoholic collapse throughout. The direction, away from their relationship, is infallibly wrong. University students today don't look in wonder at people with regional accents, don't gasp when a fellow student takes a job in a bistro, don't come on at Redbrick like something out of "Brideshead

Revisited". The working class wedding knees-up is from British Free Cinema in the Fifties — the starting point of Raisz, Richardson and Lindsay Anderson.

Lewis Gilbert and Willy Russell have found very shaky ground to exchange stereotypes, and it's not

fair on Walters or Caine, who do their level best to round out the cardboard. The worst thing of all is that it might stop people trying to find out if there's anything to this culture lark after all, and there is.

● BRIAN CASE



CAINE: mutinous.

NLY 45 minutes late, Meat Loaf and his entourage elbowed through the swing doors at CBS HQ. In best Visiting American Artist style our first two appointments had mysteriously evaporated, but suddenly here we were, face to face.

Meat ordered some sort of management hireling, all LA tan and rented smirk, out of the room, and plunked himself inelegantly in the chair opposite me. "Right," I said, "Wh...?" "Wait, I gotta tell ya," Meat interrupted loudly, "the first time ah was ever here and I played at the Hammersmith Odeon, Melody Maker..." He paused for a dramatically timed snort of laughter with a hint of Texan twang. "Ha! They ran a review of the show, right? The headline ran across two pages and it said FAT OUT OF HELL!" By now, Meat's voice had cranked up a few dozen decibels, but he didn't seem hostile. You're not bearing a grudge about this, I hope?

"Oh no no no no, you gotta understand!" bawled Loaf, eyes twinkling with carnivorous bonhomie. "I'm gonna finish... They said that I was the WORST band ever to walk on a stage. Do you know how much attention that drew? If they'd just said I was BAD that woulda drawn nearly so much attention! Either the greatest woulda drawn a lotta attention" here, he paused "...or the WORST. And they said I WAS THE WORST."

Meat relaxed, sagging back in his chair like a man surveying the debris of an enormous meal and already pondering the next one. "I was having journalists and people," he continued, "after they read that, coming from ALL OVER THE WORLD to see the WORST BAND IN THE WORLD! I played New York and because of this Melody Maker thing I personally spoke to at least 40 journalists just because of being the worst band in the world."

He leaned forward to slam the point home. "So, I'm just gettin' back at them. See what I'm sayin'? I got BACK at the fucker."

Meat Loaf is a walking soap opera. Within that curvaceous form resides almost any damn character you'd want to project on it—freak, showman, victim-made-good, thin-man-trying-to-get-out, simple poor boy floundering among greedy sharks. See him, if you will, as the embodiment of everything gross about American rock, or see him as a carnival attraction rattling the bars of his cage and bawling for attention.

TIMES have changed for Meat Loaf. Alleged puppet-master Jim Steinman is off the case, having (as far as the outside world was concerned) invented Meat with the monstrously successful "Bat Out Of Hell" album, then saddled him with what Meat now regards as a dud in "Dead Ringer". In a welter of lawsuits and serious contumely, Meat and Steinman parted company, goading Meat into some heavy songwriting for his new creation "Midnight At The Lost And Found", produced by the veteran Tom Dowd.

"I wanted to do an album that was like *straight ahead*," Meat bellowed at me from a range of some eight feet. "I don't consider the songs on this new record are as good as 'Bat'—I consider it to be a good record, I mean it's not a bad record at all. It's by no

ONE MAN'S MEAT



MEAT LOAF gets heavy with Adam Sweeting

means a classic but I think it'll sell and do okay, but I had to do something different."

It's often pointed out, Meat, that many of your songs are pure American cliché, out of date, *worthless* even. "Oh, I don't think this sounds anything like American production," roared Meat. He adjusted his centre of gravity and loomed towards a computer screen in the corner, which seemed to be showing lists of album sales for the CBS international roster. I couldn't see, Meat was blocking out the light.

"Hey, we got a good thing over here. Lessee... American productions to me are like..." He scanned down the list in front of him. "Journey, Toto, Foreigner, y'know, list away from American production like the plague." "Midnight At The Lost And Found", the song, was based on this idea like we could use BAGPIPES to do the whole track, bagpipes and drums.

"Rick Derringer walked in and I said to him, 'Rick, I want

you to play your guitar like it was a bagpipe, and if you listen to the solo that's what he did."

So is this rock'n'roll? "What, this record?" demanded Loaf. "Yeeessss! See, I consider Toto to be too slick. 'Bat Out Of Hell' was much more slick than this one. I think my vocals on this record are probably better than any I've ever done, because they're real."

"In the past the vocals were very slick and precise and this and that, and with these vocals, man, I just walked into the studio and sang the song and that was it. Like 'Fallen Angel' was just like I sang it, then I went back and did a couple lines in each chorus over again and that was it. Tom Dowd was great to work with, he really gave me my confidence back. Before 'Bat' I had more confidence than anybody I knew. All of a sudden I went into this psychosomatic thing where I didn't wanna do it, and I couldn't sing. Then on 'Dead

Ringer' I still didn't have it, then I fired my management and it was a big mess over here and people told me not to do the European tour last year. I said 'I gotta make this tour, it's like fallin' off a HORSE'—I don't make this tour I'll never do it again!"

To Meat's surprise, everything worked out fine and he collected a thick bundle of favourable reviews. Confidence restored, and his weight down by 60 pounds to a trim 16½ stone, he can now look back at the horrors of recent times without too much apoplexy. He's even forgiven the perfidious Steinman.

"I'd worked with him again," he shouted, "but if I ever do we're not gonna throw in the damn KITCHEN SINK on every song. It was a totally equal partnership between us, a working combination. I didn't stand at the piano and say 'teach me, Jim.' Hell, no, I won't kiss anybody's ASS, that's just the bottom line."

But Meat, did Steinman not try to use you as this cartoon

character, the fat guy, the freak

"...But I've always been like this!" protested Meat, pounding the desk with a chubby fist. "When Jim Steinman met me I was Meat Loaf, this wasn't the invention of some mad scientist or record company, I've been known as Meat Loaf for 23 years."

"Jim wanted to be a rock'n'roll star and he wanted the recognition for 'Bat', which I think he deserved, but it wasn't all Jim Steinman and I



wasn't Jim Steinman's puppet. He left on 'Dead Ringer'—I had nothing to do with that album other than the fact that I got stuck with the production on it, which ah will never do again because ah can't stand it, it was AWFUL. I didn't wanna do all Jim's songs on 'Dead Ringer'. I wanted to get rid of 'Peel Out' so bad I could SCREAM..."

I READ reports that you have debt problems, Meat. How can this be after all that money you earned?

"Cos ah got ripped off for a million four," he barked. "And now one of those guys is sittin' in jail for FIVE MILLION DOLLARS' BAIL."

"Now I owe the record company a million-four and the last year cost me \$400,000 in legal fees, which took away everything that I possibly saved. All I had left were my cars and my HOUSE. Now I'm finally settled with these people, but I'm having to sell mah house."

Times is hard when you're down to your last damn house. Typically, perhaps, Meat has risen to the occasion by making "Midnight At The Lost And Found" a testament to these painful proceedings, and also a requiem for his dead pal John Belushi.

"The whole album came from the concept of... actually the death of John Belushi," declared Meat, his voice faintly mournful. I noticed the windows had stopped rattling when he spoke. "Midnight" was a kind of protest song against that kinda stuff, that you can't carry away your blues.

"The original line in the song was 'hey Johnny, mah is empty, how about one fer you?' I didn't wanna say Johnny so I changed it to Ricky. And then it was 'hangin' on barely, hitch a ride away, because I'd been around John a lot and that's what it was always like. John was hangin' on barely, someone was always hitchin' him away. 'Belly up and bury, boys, all the hurt you feel today'—that's what he was doin'."

I wondered what the hell Meat was talking about. He went on: "So ah said okay, John Belushi's one of these characters inside a bar, then there must be all these other characters."

There's all that pain inside that record, except that then there's the dreamers. And I always figured that when Chuck Berry wrote 'Promised Land' that this particular person in the song never actually took this trip. He was a dreamer, he had to get out of Norfolk, Virginia."

So, "The Promised Land" became the kind of saving grace on Meat's new album, the gleam of hope at the end of that lonely human highway, the last song on side one.

Meat was back in full flood by this time. "At the end of the song he picks up the phone, and says 'tell the folks back home...'" Meat leaned forward, sat bolt upright,

punched the air with a pointing finger and drilled me with a gaze which dripped evangelical zeal. I felt like Dan's most interesting Evel Knievel.

"He didn't talk to 'em," rapped Meat, "he only said TELL them—TELL the folks back home it's the promised land calling, and the poor boy's on the line..."

His voice trailed off, and I sensed it was a good time to take my leave.

INTERVIEW VIDEO

The dream team

Tony Bacon meets the wizards behind the Duran Duran videos

DURAN DURAN VIDEOS COMPILATION

A COLLOCATION of primes shot here (London), there (Shepperton) and everywhere (Antigua, Sri Lanka). Correspondingly huge credits list roles at close. We choose two names from this:

ERIC FELLNER; SIMON MILNE

INVOLVED in Duran compilation primarily when Fellner produced Sri Lanka shoot ("Lonely in Your Nightmare", "Hungry Like The Wolf", and "Save A Prayer") and when Milne was assistant to director Russell Mulcahy on Antigua shoot ("Rio" and "Nightboat"). EF and SM since producing, directing for own Direct Productions company (recent work includes Jean Armstrong, Marillion, Kajagoogoo, plus soon-on-TV "Duran Duran Live" film).

INTERVIEW INSERT

REQUIREMENTS: insight, process and image. Myth Number One: Sri Lanka and Antigua shoots were excuses for holidays in the sun

SM: "In Antigua, we were there filming five days, and they had two days' holiday at the end of it. Because we had trouble during the shoot — we didn't get everything done — we had a meeting on the last day and said to the band that we hadn't actually got it all in the can, they'd have to give up their two days' holiday. They'd all brought their girlfriends for those two days, but they all gave up their two days and just did the video work. So they actually never had time to go windsurfing or anything, they never had their two days. Unfortunately — but in the end we got the video."

EF: "In Sri Lanka, the band worked harder than they ever do on tour... it was like six o'clock in the morning till maybe two the next morning, for six days. It just went on and on, travelling all around the country, constant travel, constant work, constant make-up, constant attention."

SM: "'Save A Prayer' is a classic example where the location is used to its full extent. That kind of video had never been done before. Location had been used for a particular scene, but had never been used as the backdrop to the entire video. The whole mood is set by Sri Lanka

really, the band are there, but what you're looking at is the country. That was totally new, a new use of location."

Myth Number Two: The Antigua/Sri Lanka videos cost an awful lot of money to make

SM: "This is a complete fallacy. I don't want to tell you the figures, but the average video budget is, say, 'x'. The Sri Lanka and the Antigua videos cost twice that. For your major bands happening at the moment, they're spending more than twice 'x' in London. I could reel off a string of videos made in London over the last two months that all cost more than the Sri Lanka or Antigua ones — they were done on a shoestring. They look money because they were shot properly."

EF: "Before that, 'My Own Way' was done on a tiny budget — maybe 'x' minus half of 'x'!"

continued overleaf



DURANNIES on location

One for the money



Shure \$18

one of the best mikes on the market for the singer who is short of the wonder wallet filler?

(MUSIC UK REVIEW)

Two for the show



Shure \$17

...we were very impressed...for back-up vocals, miking up instruments, definitely one to check.

(MUSIC UK REVIEW)

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MELODY MAKER

INTERVIEW VIDEO

from previous page

Myth Number Three: You can always do with more time when shooting a promo

SM: "One of the beauties of video sometimes is that you don't have much time. Therefore you shoot fast, and without correct lighting, say, and you get some great results. Like on 'Nightboat' you've got him standing there against the pier — we had like half an hour to shoot that. So we didn't have any light and you get this profile against the sky, you can hardly see it, but it's a great shot. Out of necessity, actually, comes great invention." EF: "Winging it is the expression used, purely

that you've got to do it, so let's try it, every which way but how. And 90 per cent of the time you come up with things a lot more interesting."

SM: "Classic example of that is 'Rio', where we said we've got another three hours in the morning, we could get something even then. So while the others were packing, we went out with John, and shot that final stuff of him playing sax up on the hill. On the way to the airport we were unloading the mags, and arrived at the airport putting cameras in cases. That's how tight it had become — every single second was used." EF: "Like in Sri Lanka, the opening and closing scene in the cafe for 'Hungry Like



DURAN's Simon Le Bon. The band's videos look expensive, but most of them were tightly budgeted.

The Wolf'. We had to get this, the whole storyline relies on this being shot. We started there at six in the morning on the last day, and the band had to get a two o'clock plane to Australia or they'd fuck up

the tour.

"So we're getting there slowly, and eventually we come to the crucial shots inside the cafe, all lit and what-have-you, we do the rehearsals and it's fine — everything's perfect. Go

for a take, and just before the take all the power goes. This is half past ten and we promised the owner of the cafe we'd be out by 11."

"So mad frantic calls to try to find a generator, we found one, but the police wouldn't let us park it outside because it was the main street. The power company said it would take about a day before power would come back on — we'd taken out about a quarter of the city's power by taking too much, over-rating it."

"I grabbed the band and put them in the coach and we rushed back to the hotel, 15 minutes away, packed everything, while trying to get the crew to see if they could work something out on the lighting side. We then dashed back to the location, by which time the lights had been sorted out, and we had 45 minutes to do the opening and closing sequence."

"We had two nuns in the background, two models that we'd taken with us, and one was still back at the hotel, so the stills photographer had to dress up as one of the nuns to retain continuity — in fact if you look closely you'll see that one of them is a male stills photographer and not a woman."

"So eventually we did the shoot, and got it all done, and rushed the band into the minibus, and off they went. They literally caught the plane with about five minutes to go — and when they got to Australia they realised they'd left all their hand luggage at the hotel or on the bus."

Myth Number Four: Videos are made up as you go along

SM: "Marcelo Anciano wrote 'Shock The Monkey' for Gabriel, that won awards last year, Fleetwood Mac's 'The Gypsy' which also won awards, and he wrote the Olivia Newton-John 'Physical' video disc that won a Grammy." EF: "He's been involved with Duran very strongly, and gets a credit as writer on the video album. That's nice because usually writers don't get credited." SM: "He writes in different ways. Sometimes he'll write a finished script scene-for-scene, shot-for-shot, and he'll storyboard it; for example 'Norman Bates' for Landscape, or 'Shock The Monkey' even. Sometimes he'll write just a page or two, like an essay, of what happens — 'Gypsy' was like that I think."

"And then others he'll write just a series of images — he'll listen to the song, write them down, and go back to the director with nothing else."

"In the case of 'Rio' he had three pages of images: 'Man gets pulled out of the sea in fish-net', say, which turns out to be

Andy. Or: 'Telephone being delivered on a tray', and that became a joke — originally it was just an image, and then it got turned into visual humour."

"While we were out there going around the location, Russell and I had the list with us, and each evening we'd sit down and look at it and cross things out. Slowly we got down to the ones we used, and by that time we'd added more — it became a foundation in a way, this should be the mood of it, little scenes, little things happening, a base."

Myth Number Five: Duran Duran will not be told what to wear on video shoots

SM: "On 'Rio', Russell said right, we're going to do some shots on the front of the boat, some lip-sync stuff, put on your Anthony Price suits. At first they said 'No, why don't we do it in some other things? Let's just wear swimsuits', and he said 'No, no, I want it in the suits.'"

"So we did it in the Anthony Price suits at the front, because Russell asked for it. I mean they were completely ruined, water went all over them, but there were no complaints: there was no sort of 'This is a £1,000 suit down the drain' they put them on and did it, that was the end of that shot, on to the next thing. And we couldn't use the suits again on the shot because we'd just ruined them."

EF: "There are very few of the top bands we've worked with over the last few years who will let you put them through whatever you say. The classic example is Spandau — they will do whatever. And Duran Duran are in the same kind of mood. If you want them to stand on their heads for five hours so that you can get a perfect lock-off shot, they'll do it, no question."

Myth Number Six: Promo videos rip off the artist/record company

EF: "Although people keep talking about large sums of money, they've got to understand that film-making is an expensive business."

"And although people may say 'Oooh, £20,000 for such-and-such a promo is an awful lot of money', you've got to remember that there's four minutes' worth of hugely intense artistic visual input for that £20,000, or £10,000. We can record an album for that, most record companies say, 'or go on tour for a month for that.'"

"Then they do a TV commercial for some other product they're putting out, and they're talking about 30 seconds for £60,000. So you see, in comparable terms, promo making is the cheapest end of the film-making market."

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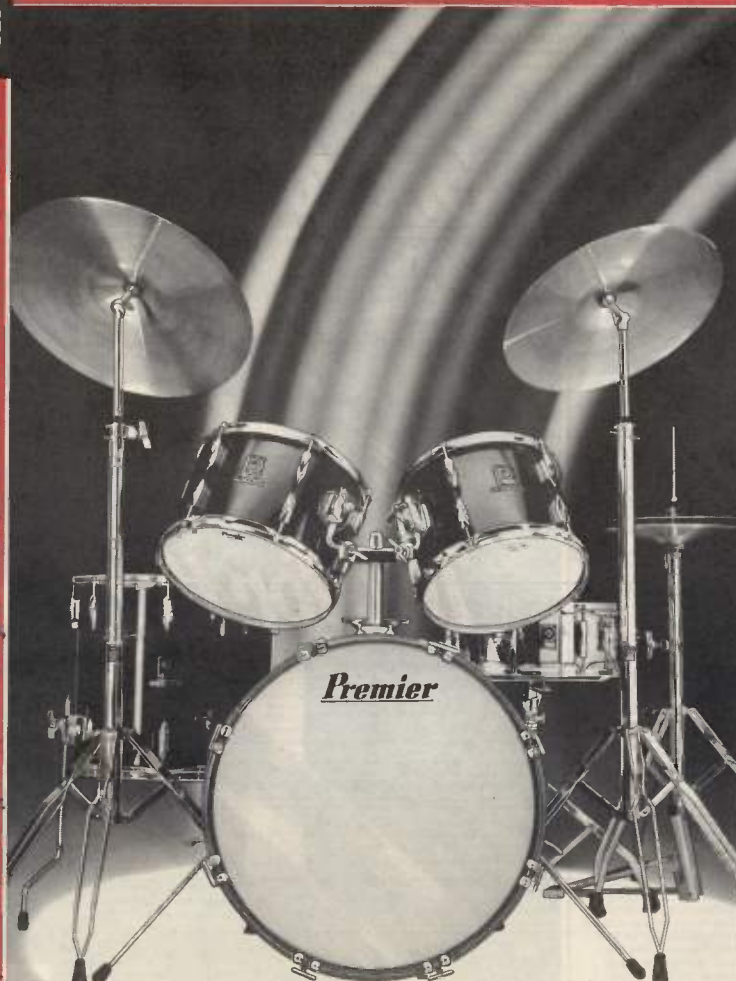
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CLOSING SHOT

REMEMBER to mention the other compilation tracks: directors: Russell Mulcahy ('Planet Earth'), 'Is There Something I Should Know?'; Ian Emes ('The Chameleon'); Perry Henne ('Careless Memories'); Godfrey & Creme ('Girls On Film').

Slip in favourite Eric quote: "It's amazing how different beaches are when you really start to look at them..." and fade on Simon's obvious closer.

SM: "People get frightened by video, they all think it's got out of hand, what's going to happen next? It's so silly. I suppose it's like silent movies in the Twenties; everyone thought what happens next? All this is opening the flood up, so if Culture Club or whoever want to run out with a hand-held camera and make a movie they can do it. If people want to fly off to the north pole and spend £300,000 they can do that too."

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