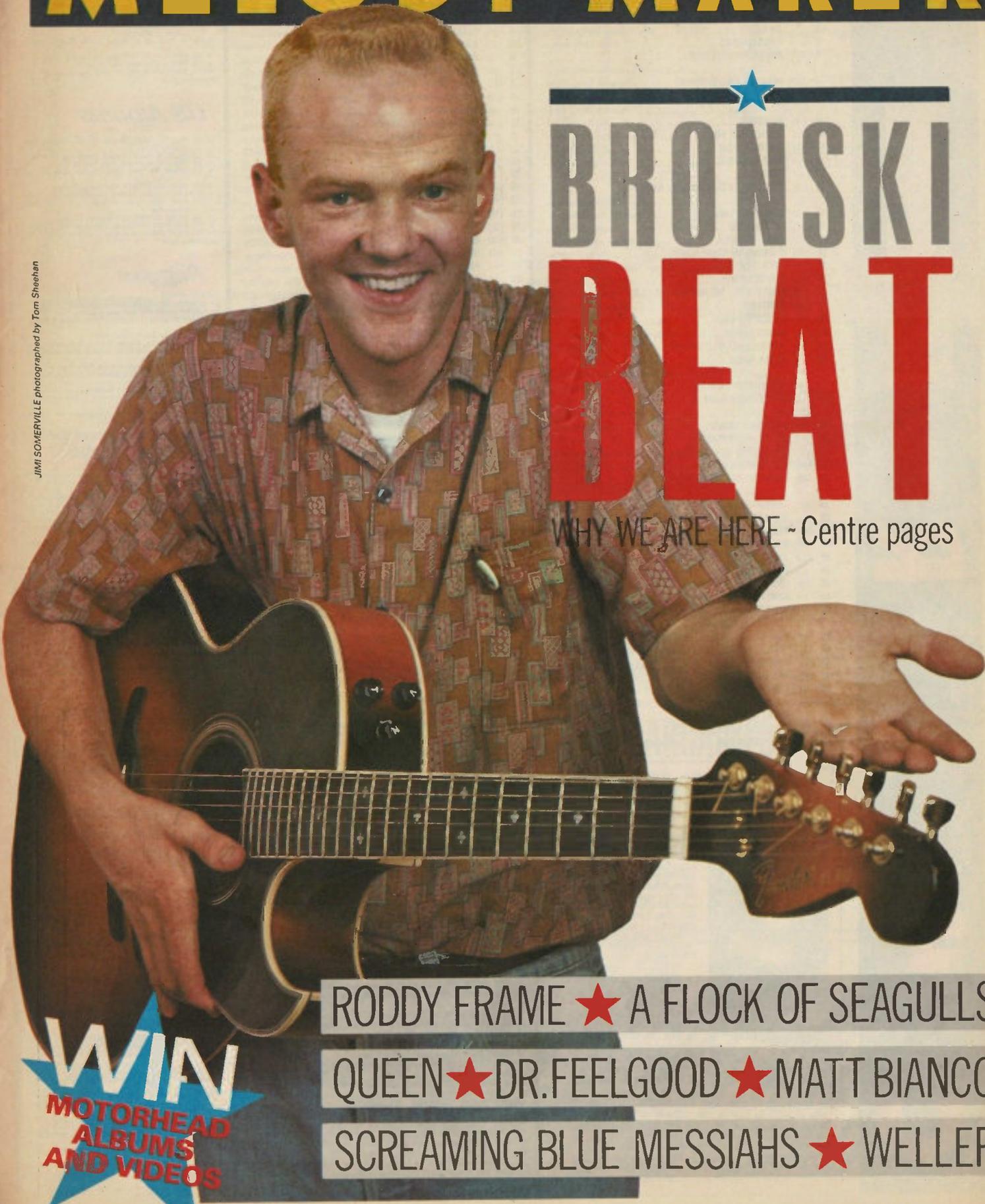


MELODY • MAKER



JIMI SOMERVILLE photographed by Tom Sheehan

★ BRONSKI BEAT

WHY WE ARE HERE - Centre pages

RODDY FRAME ★ A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

QUEEN ★ DR. FEELGOOD ★ MATT BIANCO

SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS ★ WELLER

WIN
MOTORHEAD
ALBUMS
AND VIDEOS

SINGLES-UK

- 1 (1) **I JUST CALLED TO SAY I LOVE YOU**.....Stevie Wonder/Motown
- 2 (2) **CARELESS WHISPER**.....George Michael/Epic
- 3 (8) **GHOSTBUSTERS**.....Ray Parker, Jr./Arista
- 4 (5) **OR BEAT**.....Miami Sound Machine/Epic
- 5 (7) **PASSENGERS**.....Elton John/Rocket
- 6 (14) **MADAM BUTTERFLY**.....Malcolm McLaren/Charisma/Virgin
- 7 (12) **MASTER AND SERVANT**.....Depeche Mode/Mute
- 8 (6) **LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU WELL**.....Howard Jones/WEA
- 9 (4) **AGADOO**.....Black Lace/Flair
- 10 (13) **I'LL FLY FOR YOU**.....Spandau Ballet/Reformation
- 11 (18) **BIG IN JAPAN**.....Alphaville/WEA
- 12 (3) **SELF CONTROL**.....Laura Branigan/Atlantic
- 13 (-) **PRIDE**.....U2/Island
- 14 (9) **WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING**.....The Smiths/Rough Trade
- 15 (16) **MOTHERS TALK**.....Tears For Fears/Mercury
- 16 (27) **HOT WATER**.....Level 42/Polydor
- 17 (-) **LOST IN MUSIC**.....Sister Sledge/Cotillion
- 18 (30) **TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP**.....Bucks Fizz/RCA
- 19 (11) **TWO TRIBES**.....Frankie Goes To Hollywood/ZTT
- 20 (21) **SUNSET NOW**.....Heaven 17/Virgin
- 21 (15) **WHATEVER I DO (WHEREVER I GO)**.....Hazell Dean/Proto
- 22 (39) **TORTURE**.....The Jacksons/Epic
- 23 (10) **STUCK ON YOU**.....Trevor Walters/I&S
- 24 (17) **WHITE LINES**.....Grand Master and Melle Mel/Sugar Hill
- 25 (31) **TOUR OF FRANCE (REMIX)**.....Kraftwerk/EMI
- 26 (46) **TESLA GIRLS**.....Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Virgin
- 27 (-) **SMOOTH OPERATOR**.....Sade/Epic
- 28 (19) **SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK**.....Rod Stewart/Warner Bros
- 29 (-) **HUMAN RACING**.....Nik Kershaw/MCA
- 30 (-) **A LETTER TO YOU**.....Shakin' Stevens/Epic
- 31 (23) **2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT**.....Iron Maiden/EMI
- 32 (24) **WHEN DOVES CRY**.....Prince/Warner Bros
- 33 (20) **WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT**.....Tina Turner/Capitol
- 34 (26) **I NEED YOU**.....The Pointer Sisters/Planet
- 35 (-) **HEAVEN'S ON FIRE**.....Kiss/Vergo
- 36 (25) **RELAX**.....Frankie Goes To Hollywood/ZTT
- 37 (22) **ON THE WINGS OF LOVE**.....Jeffrey Osborne/A&M
- 38 (32) **ALL I NEED IS EVERYTHING**.....Aztec Camera/WEA
- 39 (-) **LAP OF LUXURY**.....Jethro Tull/Chrysalis
- 40 (28) **CASTLES IN SPAIN**.....The Armoury Show/Parlophone
- 41 (-) **UNITY**.....Afrika Bambaataa and James Brown/Tommy Boy
- 42 (-) **WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU IS YOUR GIRLFRIEND**.....Special/KA2 Tone
- 43 (34) **YOU HAVE**.....Marc Almond/Some Bizzare
- 44 (29) **FOREST FIRE**.....Lloyd Cole And The Commotions/Polydor
- 45 (-) **C.R.E.E.P.**.....The Fall/Beggars Banquet
- 46 (49) **SHE BOP**.....Cyndi Lauper/Portrait
- 47 (44) **THE MORE YOU LIVE, THE MORE YOU LOVE**.....A Flock Of Seagulls/Jive
- 48 (-) **WHAT IS LIFE**.....Black Uhuru/Island
- 49 (50) **MR. SOLITAIRE**.....Animal Nightlife/Island
- 50 (38) **ARE YOU READY**.....Break Machine/Record Shack

READER'S CHART



JANE Kitson from Tinsley, Sheffield, is 17 and is something of a livewire on the local music scene. While studying for A-levels (psychology and communication studies), Jane also manages to find time to regularly go to gigs, write for a fanzine called Wagging Tongues and present a community access programme — "R.O.T.T." — for Radio Sheffield.

- 1 SLEEPY TOWN, The Flying Alphonso Brothers
- 2 STILL ILL, The Smiths
- 3 MEANTIME, The Cult
- 4 THE INK IN THE WELL, David Sylvian
- 5 WHIP IN MY VALISE, Adam & The Ants
- 6 DREAMER IN BABYLON, Personal Column
- 7 RUSSIAN RUFIANS, The Smiths
- 8 THE BEST WAY TO KILL, Soft Cell
- 9 NIGHT AND DAY, Everything But The Girl (LOVE IS) THE TENDER TRAP, Elia Fitzgerald

● SEND your Top 10 plus your photo and biographical details, interests, etc, to Reader's Chart, Melody Maker, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AL

ALBUMS-UK

- 1 (1) **NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 3**.....Various/EMI/Virgin
- 2 (2) **PRIVATE DANCER**.....Tina Turner/Capitol
- 3 (3) **DIAMOND LIFE**.....Sade/Epic
- 4 (4) **LEGEND**.....Bob Marley & The Wailers/Island
- 5 (5) **PARADE**.....Spandau Ballet/Reformation
- 6 (8) **PURPLE RAIN**.....Prince & The Revolution/Warner Bros
- 7 (9) **BREAK OUT**.....Pointer Sisters/Planet
- 8 (7) **CAN'T SLOW DOWN**.....Lionel Richie/Motown
- 9 (6) **PHIL FEARON & GALAXY**.....Phil Fearon & Galaxy/Ensign
- 10 (10) **THE WORKS**.....Queen/EMI
- 11 (14) **DOWN ON THE STREET**.....Shakatak/Polydor
- 12 (11) **BREAKING HEARTS**.....Elton John/Rocket
- 13 (13) **HUMAN'S LIB**.....Howard Jones/WEA
- 14 (24) **OREAM TIME**.....The Cult/Beggars Banquet
- 15 (-) **ELIMINATOR**.....ZZ Top/Warner Bros
- 16 (16) **1100 BEL AIR PLACE**.....Julio Iglesias/CBS
- 17 (-) **JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT**.....SOS Band/Tabu
- 18 (15) **STREET SOUNDS EDITION 10**.....Various/Street Sounds
- 19 (12) **THRILLER**.....Michael Jackson/Epic
- 20 (23) **BORN IN THE USA**.....Bruce Springsteen/CBS
- 21 (21) **SELF CONTROL**.....Laura Branigan/Atlantic
- 22 (-) **POWERSLAVE**.....Iron Maiden/EMI
- 23 (17) **AN INNOCENT MAN**.....Billy Joel/CBS
- 24 (-) **THE STORY OF A YOUNG HEART**.....A Flock Of Seagulls/Jive
- 25 (28) **VICTORY**.....Jacksons/Epic
- 26 (-) **UNDER WRAPS**.....Jethro Tull/Chrysalis
- 27 (-) **NO REMORSE**.....Motorhead/Bronze
- 28 (18) **INTO THE GAP**.....Thompson Twins/Arista
- 29 (27) **A WORD TO THE WISE GUY**.....The Mighty Wah!/Beggars Banquet
- 30 (25) **STARLIGHT EXPRESS**.....Original Cast/Starlight



ZZ Top

INDIE-SINGLES

- 1 WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING, The Smiths, Rough Trade
 - 2 THE JUDGE, Inca Babies, Black Lagoon
 - 3 WORK IN PROGRESS, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade
 - 4 DEAD AND BURIED, Alien Sex Fiend, Anagram
 - 5 DO WHAT YOU DO, GBH, Clay
 - 6 KANGAROO, This Mortal Coil, 4AD
 - 7 BIG BLUE WORLD, Paul Haig, Crepuscule
 - 8 SCARE CROW, Wolfgang Press, 4AD
 - 9 WESTWORLD Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
 - 10 SO SURE, Skeletal Family, Red Rhino
 - 11 HUP TWO THREE FOUR, Sid Presley Experience, ID
 - 12 BEAUTIFUL MONSTER, Folk Devils, Ganges
 - 13 GARDEN OF THE ARCADE DELIGHTS, Dead Can Dance, 4AD
 - 14 SPIRIT WALKER, The Cult, Situation 2
 - 15 WALK INTO THE SUN, March Violets, Rebirth
 - 16 MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY, Hlgsons, Upright
 - 17 ELECTRIC FITS, The Prisoners, Big Beat
 - 18 SMELL OF FEMALE (BOX SET), The Cramps, Big Beat
 - 19 ACTION, The Fits, Trapper
 - 20 MITAWIN, Lavota Iakota, Factory Benelux
- Chart supplied by John Kerfoot, Piccadilly Records, Parker Street, Manchester.

INDIE-ALBUMS

- 1 BURNING OIL, Skeletal Family, Red Rhino
 - 2 ARE WE SILENT ENOUGH?, Silent Ambition, Mate
 - 3 EMERGENCY THIRD RAID POWER TRIP, Rain Parade, Rough Trade
 - 4 BLOOD RED RIVER, The Scientists, Au Go Go
 - 5 RECORD SHACK PRESENTS VOLUME ONE, Various, Record Shack
 - 6 REVOLUTION, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
 - 7 RAINY DAY, Rainy Day, Rough Trade
 - 8 THE OIL OF SEX, Various, Syndicate
 - 9 THE EYE, K.U.K.L., Crass
 - 10 ROCKABILLIY PSYCHOSIS, Various, Big Beat
 - 11 EDSTRE, Soviet France, Red Rhino
 - 12 LAST POETS, Last Poets, Carrere
 - 13 49 MINUTE TECHNICOLOR DREAM, Various, Bam Caruso
 - 14 SWEET SIXTEEN, Sweet, Anagram
 - 15 FIRST UP, Violent Femmes, Rough Trade
 - 16 HIGH LIFE TIME, George Oarko, Oval
 - 17 OFF THE BONE, The Cramps, Big Beat
 - 18 URBAN GAMEPLAN, 23 Skidoo, Illuminated
 - 19 COLOUR APPRECIATION, Plasticland, Lolita
 - 20 AFRICA, Ijahman, Treeroots
- Chart supplied by Jumbo Records, 102 Merion Centre, Leeds.

US Singles

- 1 (4) MISSING YOU, John Waite, EMI America
 - 2 (1) WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT, Tina Turner, Capitol
 - 3 (5) LET'S GO CRAZY, Prince & The Revolution, Warner Bros
 - 4 (3) STUCK ON YOU, Lionel Richie, Motown
 - 5 (6) SHE BOP, Cyndi Lauper, Portrait
 - 6 (9) THE WARRIOR, Scandal featuring Patti Smith, Columbia
 - 7 (9) IF THIS IS IT, Huey Lewis & The News, Chrysalis
 - 8 (2) GHOSTBUSTERS, Ray Parker Jr., Arista
 - 9 (12) TWO EYES, The Cars, Elektra
 - 10 (11) ROCK ME TONIGHT, Billy Squier, Capitol
- Cash Box chart

US Albums

- 1 (1) PURPLE RAIN, Prince & The Revolution, Warner Bros
 - 2 (2) SPORTS, Huey Lewis & The News, Chrysalis
 - 3 (4) PRIVATE DANCER, Tina Turner, Capitol
 - 4 (3) BORN IN THE USA, Bruce Springsteen, Columbia
 - 5 (5) HEARTBEAT CITY, The Cars, Elektra
 - 6 (7) CAN'T SLOW DOWN, Lionel Richie, Motown
 - 7 (14) 1100 BEL AIR PLACE, Julio Iglesias, Columbia
 - 8 (9) SIGNS OF LIFE, Billy Squier, Capitol
 - 9 (11) SHE'S SO UNUSUAL, Cyndi Lauper, Portrait
 - 10 (12) NO BRAKES, John Waite, EMI America
- Cash Box chart

Reggae

- 1 REWIND, Johany Osbourne, Jammys
 - 2 UNDER ME SENS!, Barrington Levy, Time
 - 3 ABBREVIATION QUALIFICATION, Asher Sennor, Fashion
 - 4 SMILE, Barry Boom, Level Vibes
 - 5 HAIL AND RIDE, Neville Brown, Negus Roots
 - 6 ACROSS THE BORDER, Freddie McGregor, Big Ship
 - 7 RUB A DUBBING, Junior Reid, Black Roots
 - 8 PON THE STREET/BUBBLING HOT, Papa Face & Bionic Rhona, Fashion
 - 9 THROW ME CORN, Larry & Alvin, Greensleeves
 - 10 JAMAICA JAMAICA, Brigadier Jerry, Jahlove Muzik
- Chart supplied by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

Heavy Metal

- 1 KILLED BY DEATH, Motorhead, Bronze 12-inch 45
 - 2 2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT, Iron Maiden, EMI 12-inch 45
 - 3 SIN CITY (LIVE), AC/DC, Atlantic 12-inch 45 B side
 - 4 VOODOO CHILE, Stevie Ray Vaughan, from "Couldn't Stand the Weather", Epic
 - 5 LIPSTICK AND LEATHER, Y&T, from "In Rock We Trust", A&M
 - 6 SEND DOWN AN ANGEL, Bronz, Bronze 12-inch 45
 - 7 EVIL EYES, Dio, from "The Last In Line", Phonogram
 - 8 MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW, Quiet Riot, Epic 12-inch 45
 - 9 NASTY, The Damned, Damned 12-inch 45 B Side
 - 10 RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL, Van Halen, from Van Halen, Warner Bros
- Chart compiled by Tony Sullivan, with Del Stevens at the Saeon Tavern, Cardiff (Folies)

UK Soul

- 1 (1) DR BEAT, Miami Sound Machine, Epic
- 2 (4) I JUST CALLED TO SAY I LOVE YOU, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 3 (5) YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG, Cool Notes, Abstract
- 4 (-) MAGIC TOUCH, Rose Royce, Streetwave
- 5 (2) JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT, SOS Band, Tabu
- 6 (7) YOU GET THE BEST FROM ME, Alicia Myers, MCA
- 7 (-) ENCORE, Cheryl Lynn, Streetwave
- 8 (8) LADY SHINE (SHINE ON), T.S., Fourth And Broadway
- 9 (-) GHOSTBUSTERS, Ray Parker Junior, Arista
- 10 (-) UNITY, Afrika Bambaataa & James Brown, Tommy Boy

Club

- 1 MEGAMIX II (WHY IS IT FRESH), DSI, US Promo Tape
 - 2 TASTE SO GOOD, File 13, US Profile
 - 3 RUN FROM THE SHOT, Face To Face, US Epic
 - 4 MOTHER TALK/EMPIRE BUILDING, Tears For Fears, Mercury
 - 5 ECUADOR, GL & The Band, Italy Concorde
 - 6 SLIPPERY PEOPLE, Staple Singers, US Private 1
 - 7 IN THE BEAT OF THE NIGHT (Dub), Pretty Poison, US Svengali
 - 8 LOVE DREAM, Tapper Zukie, Stars
 - 9 NO ONE'S GONNA LOVE YOU, SOS Band, Tabu
 - 10 TITTLE TATTLE, Barletto, Italy Supersound
- Chart supplied by Eddie Richardson (Tuesday and Saturday), Camden Palace, London.

Synthesizer

- 1 DAWN CHORUS, Iso Tomita, RCA
 - 2 FIRESTARTER (FILM SOUNDTRACK), Tangerine Dream, MCA
 - 3 SEMI-CONDUCTOR (COMPLICATION), Synergy-Larry Fast, Passport
 - 4 HERITAGE, Neuronium, Jive Electro
 - 5 TOUR DE FRANCE (REMIX), Kraftwerk, EMI
 - 6 BEST OF JON AND VANGELIS, Polydor
 - 7 ASSASSIN (RE RELEASE), Mark Shreeve, Jive Electro
 - 8 ANGST (FILM SOUNDTRACK), Klaus Schulze, Int-Team
 - 9 CAPTURING HOLOGRAMS, Michel Huygen, Jive Electro
 - 10 SILVER CLOUD, Kitaro, Polydor
- Chart supplied by ESP Services, The Sound House PO Box 378, East Molesey, Surrey.



Pic: Tom Sheehan

U2 TAKE 10

U2 are back in Britain in November for a 10-date tour - their first live shows here since the spring of 1983.

And the concerts follow the release of the new U2 album, "The Unforgettable Fire", on October 1.

The British dates come as part of U2's world tour which started in New Zealand at the end of last month.

Shows open at the London Brixton Academy Theatre on November 2 and 3, continuing at Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Glasgow Barrowlands (6 and 7), Manchester Apollo (9 and 10), Birmingham NEC (12) and London Wembley Arena (14 and 15).

All tickets go on sale on Wednesday, September 12.

Tickets for Brixton are £5.30 from MCP Ltd, PO Box 124, Walsall WS1 1TJ. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to MCP Ltd, and fans should enclose a sae.

At Edinburgh, tickets are £6 and £5 from the box office, while in Glasgow, they're on sale at £5 each from Virgin

Records in Union Street. Tickets for Manchester are £6 and £5 by personal and postal application to the theatre, and in Birmingham they're available at £7 and £6 by personal and postal application to the NEC.

Tickets for Wembley are £7.30 and £6.30, available by postal application to Hearnweave (U2) Limited, PO Box 281, London N15 5LW. Fans should send cheques and postal orders made payable to MCP Ltd with an sae. A small number of tickets will be on sale at the Wembley box office.

The new album, produced by Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois, will be the first studio LP from U2 since "War" at the start of last year. It was followed by the live album, "Under a Blood Red Sky" which is still in the charts.

"The Unforgettable Fire" includes "Pride (In The Name Of Love)" which has just been released as a single.

U2 are currently in Australia on a month-long tour. They begin their European dates at the start of October.

FAST FORWARD

THE SMITHS IN 'MOORS' ROW

RECORD stores nationwide have withdrawn copies of The Smiths' album as well as their last single, "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now".

The Boots and Woolworths chains have refused to continue selling either record due to the lyrical content of a song called "Suffer Little Children". Featured on both the album and the B side of the single, it's been deemed offensive to relatives of the children who died in the infamous Moors Murders of the Sixties.

Although there's been controversy in the past about the lyrical content of the song, which deals with the killings, it's only recently that official complaints have been made by relatives of the murdered children - Lesley Ann Downey (aged 10) and John Kilbride (12).

Boots say: "We had a complaint from the Kilbride family, and as a result of that, we decided to withdraw both the album and single because there were words which tended to be offensive to the family."

And at Woolworths, a spokesman said: "The Manchester Evening News telephoned us to say that one of the relatives of one

of the Moors murdered children had complained that we and other stores were selling these records by The Smiths. We played the song and we had a discussion. There was an investigation and we decided to take the records off sale altogether."

However, the ban has not been taken up by other major record chains. At Virgin, a spokesman said "it hasn't been withdrawn as far as we know", and at HMV Records, the word was that "we're looking into it first".

A spokesman for the group said this week:

"The Smiths stand behind 100 per cent of the lyrics to all of their songs and 'Suffer Little Children' is no exception. The song was written out of a profound emotion by Morrissey, a Mancunian who feels that the particularly horrendous crime it describes must be borne by the conscience of Manchester and that it must never happen again. It was written out of deep respect for the victims and their kin and The Smiths felt it was an important enough song to put on their last single even though it had already been released on their LP."

"In a word, it is a memorial to the children

and all like them who have suffered such a fate. The Smiths are acknowledged as writing with sensitivity, depth and intelligence and the suggestion that they are cashing in on a tragedy at the expense of causing grief to the relatives of its victims is absolutely untrue."

"Morrissey has had a lengthy conversation with the mother of Leslie Ann Downey, Mrs West, and she understands that the intentions of the song are completely honourable. Furthermore, he's willing to speak to any immediate members of the families involved so there will be no misunderstanding."

"As for the photograph on the record sleeve which bears a resemblance to Myra Hindley, it is, of course, Viv Nicholson, whose picture was chosen to illustrate the record 'Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now'. The photo was taken in 1961 and was first published in the News Of The World years before the tragic event occurred."

"The decision to put 'Suffer Little Children' on the B side was made well after the choice of Ms Nicholson's photo had been made and although it is a chilling coincidence, there is no further connection."



DEPECHE MODE EXTRA

DEPECHE Mode have added another London Hammersmith Odeon concert to their forthcoming tour.

Three dates at the Odeon, on November 1, 2 and 3, have already sold out. Now a fourth has been set for November 4, and tickets are on sale now.

The 29-date tour of Northern and Southern Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England, opens at St Austell Cornish Coliseum on September 27, finally winding up in November at Hammersmith.

Meanwhile, Depeche Mode are releasing a special limited, numbered edition of their current hit single "Master And Servant".

The A side features "Master And Servant" - an On-U Sound Science Fiction Dance Hall Classic, re-mixed by Adrian Sherwood. The B side contains an "almost totally unrecognisable re-working" of "People Are People" entitled "Are People People" as well as the seven-inch B side "Set Me Free (Remotivate Me)".

THE 'LIVE' DAVID BOWIE

AFTER last week's announcement of a new single and album from David Bowie, news arrives now of a live video cassette.

The video ("David Bowie - Live") is out on September 26 to partner the "Serious Moonlight

Tour" cassette released last April.

Filmed during the tour at the PNE Coliseum, Vancouver, Canada, the new video contains six tracks: "Scary Monsters", "Rebel Rebel", "White Light White Heat", "Station To Station",

"Cracked Actor" and "Ashes To Ashes".

Directed by David Mallet and running for 60 minutes with exclusive interview material and other footage included, the video is available on VHS and Beta formats.

Featured musicians are:

Carlos Alomar (guitar), Steve Elson (horns), Stan Harrison (horns), David Laibon (keyboards), Lenny Pickett (horns), Carmine Rojas (bass), Frank Simms (backing vocals), George Simms (backing vocals), Earl Stick (lead guitar) and Tony Thompson (drums).

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THE STRANGLERS return from a year's exile to celebrate their tenth anniversary with a new single "Skin Deep" on September 25. Coupled with "Here And Now", the 12-inch features an extra track, "Vladimir And The Beast (Part 3)". A limited edition of both seven- and 12-inch singles will be available in grained effect leather sleeves. The album "Aural Sculptures" is released on November 5.

● **MARK KNOPFLER** releases a single, "The Long Road", on September 21. The song is the theme tune for "Cal", the David Puttnam film which won awards at this year's Cannes Film Festival and is taken from the album "Music From Cal" which is released in October to coincide with the opening of the film.

● **JOHN CALE** releases a new album this month. Titled "John Cale Comes Alive" it was recorded at London's Lyceum Ballroom. Two studio tracks also feature, "Ooh La La", just released as a single, and "Never Give Up On You". The album is available from September 17 and it's expected that Cale will play a date in London early next month.

● **AZTEC CAMERA** follow up "All I Need Is Everything" by releasing their new album, "Knife", on September 21. Produced by Mark Knopfler, the album features new Aztec guitarist Malcolm Ross (ex of Orange Juice). A new 12-inch version of "All I Need Is Everything" is also just out featuring an extended "Latin Mix" of the track remixed by Simon Boswell.

● **BILLY IDOL'S** new single "Flesh For Fantasy" hits the stands on September 21. Produced by Keith Forsey, it's available in seven and 12-inch, the latter featuring an "amazing crucial mix" (it says here).



● **HANOI ROCKS** issue their new single "Underwater World" this week in both seven- and 12-inch format. The 12-inch features two extra tracks, "Shakes" and "Magic Carpet" which won't be included on their new LP, "Two Steps From The Move", out on October 8 through CBS. The album cassette will include extra live tracks and UK copies of the album will include a free eight-page colour booklet.

OTHER RELEASES

SINGLES

TK AND TONY: "Higher Ground" (Survival) September 16.
INTAFERON: "Baby Pain" (Chrystalls) September 21.
THE BLOW MONKEYS: "Atomic Lullaby" (RCA) September 15.
JANET JACKSON AND CLIFF RICHARD: "Two To The Power" (A&M) September 10.
CHRIS REA: "Ace Of Hearts" (Magnet) September 14.
MODERN ROMANCE: "That's What Friends Are For" (RCA) September 15.
GARY HOLTON: "Holiday Romance" (Magnet) September 15.
FIVE GO DOWN TO THE SEA: "The Glee Club" (Abstract)

September 14.

MIKE OLDFIELD: "Tricks Of The Light" (Virgin) September 17.

ALBUMS

GARY MOORE: "We Want Moore" (10) October 1.
ANTHONY MORE: "The Only Choice" (Parlophone) September 17.
SHOWAY LOOK: "Sideway Look" (Virgin) September 17.
SHARON REDD: "Beat The Street - The Very Best Of Sharon Redd" (RCA) September.

● **THE ASSOCIATES** release a special 12-inch version of the single "Waiting For The Love Boat" this week. Taken from a 1981 John Peel session, the record features the original version of the song and is released in association with BBC Enterprises.

● **ELKIE BROOKS** lifts a track from her "Minutes" album to release as a single this week, titled "Orifin".

● **BLACKFOOT**, who describe themselves as "Florida based rockers" release a new album "Vertical Smiles" on September 21, their first since last year's acclaimed "Siogo" album.

● **SHADOW TALK**, a new signing to Magnet Records who recently toured with The Thompson Twins, release their debut single "You Could Be Mine" on September 14.

● **QUEEN** release a new single this week. Titled "Hammer To Fall" the song and the accompanying 8 side "Tear It Up" have both been written by Brian May (the previous three singles were written in turn by the three other group members). Released in both seven- and 12-inch formats, each is different from the track featured on "The Works" album and the 12-inch features a special remix of the A side. The video for the song has been directed by David Mallet and was specially filmed on the opening night of their current tour, in Brussels on August 24 - the first live video from "The Works" album. They also shortly plan to release the collected videos from the album through Picture Music International which will feature the videos of "Radio Ga Ga", "It's A Hard Life" and the current release.

● **A NEW Stevie Wonder** album has just been released, entitled "The Woman In Red" - the soundtrack to the Gene Wilder film - it comes in a gatefold sleeve and includes the current hit single, "I Just Called To Say I Love You".

● **TINA TURNER** follows up the success of "What's Love Got To Do With It" with a new single "Better Be Good To Me", available on seven and 12-inch. The 12-inch features a cover of the Animals' "When I Was Young", and an extended version of "Better Be Good To Me".

● **BOBBY WOMACK** releases a new single, "Surprise Surprise", this week. Coupled with "American Dream" and featuring Martin Luther King, it's available only in seven-inch to begin with.



● **FRIDA** releases a new single on September 10, produced by Steve Lillywhite and titled "Shine". "Shine" is also the title of her album due out on October 8 featuring contributions from Kirsty McColl, Benny and Bjorn of Abba, Chris Rea, David Dundas and Stuart Adamson of Big Country.

SPECIAL AKA ON THE BOX

THE Special AKA are subjects of a Channel 4 television programme on September 18.

One of the "At Home" series, it features the group in rehearsal, in interviews and on video.

The film was directed by Jeff Baynes who was responsible for The Special AKA's promo for "What I Like Most About You Is Your Girlfriend". The TV programme runs from 10.50pm to 11.50pm.

Meanwhile, a video is on its way. 2-Tone are releasing a cassette featuring all the promotional videos for The Special AKA's singles, plus shorts made especially for the TV show, based on songs from the group's "In The Studio" album.

Running order: "Bright Lights", "Lonely Crowd", "Housebound", "Alcohol", "Racist Friend", "War Crimes", "Nelson Mandela", "Break Down The Door" and "Glirfriend".

More details are expected shortly.

WAH! SHOCK!

THE Mighty Wah! have announced three surprise shows in Britain this week. They appear at Leeds Warehouse on September 13, Sheffield Limit Club (14) and Liverpool People's Festival (16).

The festival is a free concert promoted by the council on St George's Plateau in the city centre.

The performances are expected to cover songs from "Better Scream" through to "Come Back", and they'll feature the Ark Angels - the Eternal Records house band.

The band brings together Josie Jones, Redman, Phill Wylie of "Come In Tokyo, Dickie Rude (The Last Chant)", Paul (ex It's Immaterial) and Henry of It's Immaterial as well as Wah! members Joey Sausage and Jay Naughton.

A John Peel session featuring this line-up is due to be aired around this time.



THE ALARM HAVE BEGUN

THE Alarm are preparing to release a new single. "The Chant Has Just Begun", in early October.

Backed by "The Bells Of Rhymer", it's also coming out in a 12-inch version which includes an extra track, "The Stand".

The Alarm are currently recording their second album, scheduled for release in the New Year. And they're setting up a short series of British

dates for the near future. Details are expected soon.

Vocalist Mike Peters said this week: "We've set out to make a tough record that people can dance to, and that continues to deal with the important issues facing people today."

"On the other side of the seven-inch, we've recorded an original Welsh folk song taken from the poem 'The Bells Of Rhymer' by Idris Davies. The song deals

with the strong sense of community in the South Wales mining valleys. In addition we've included a version of 'The Stand' previously unreleased for the 12-inch only. This was a version of the song which was never finished in the original recording.

"We're very pleased to contrast the folk roots of the band with a modern approach to present what we consider to be a sweet song in 'The Chant'."

FAST FORWARD



FISH FOR CHRISTMAS

MARILLION have finalised plans for a Christmas mini-tour which includes three nights at the London Hammersmith Odeon.

The group, currently finishing work on a budget-priced live mini-album which will be released prior to the UK dates, open at the Odeon on December 13, 14 and 15.

Further dates have been set for Manchester Apollo (December 17), Nottingham Theatre Royal (18) and Glasgow Barrowlands (19).

Tickets are £5, £4.50 and £4, available now from box office and usual ticket agencies.

Marillion have lined up the British dates as part of their European tour which also takes in France, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland.

FREE JUICE

ORANGE Juice and Misty In Roots are heading a free concert in London on September 22.

The show, taking place at Crystal Palace Bowl between midday and 8pm, is being put on by the GLC London Against Racism campaign.

Also on the bill are Amazulu, Frank Chickens, Segun Adewale and poet/comper Martia Prescod.

'CLEAN' SHOW

THE organisers of the first annual Scottish Rock & Pop Festival are planning a similar event next year.

The festival, held two weeks ago in Calderglen Country Park, featured the Bluebells, Armoury Show, and Pallas. Police reported "no arrests and a virtual clean sheet."

RECORD NEWS

TALK TALK TALK

1

AND about time too... waddya think you've been doing messing around in the news pages for so long? Come along now, settle down... we haven't got all day, you know... places to go, people to see, pop stars to get drunk with, bingo contestants to be bribed by. We've noticed you've been getting a bit rowdy recently, so this week, we don't want to hear a peep out of you. *Understood?*

We sweat our guts out week in week out to bring you all the scam and we don't expect loudish behaviour of the sort that accompanied last week's ceremonial Golden Wally Award to Freddie Mercury. And this week the troops have pulled out the stops investigating the burning issue of the day — Tesla Girls. Yep, Tesla Girls, those enigmatic creatures eulogised by OMD in their latest fab, surefire superwaxing currently *hurting* up the charts at a rate which wouldn't disgrace the great Sir Daley Thompson. But who, what and indeed *why* are Tesla Girls?

With the help of that jolly nice Sian at Virgin Records we've managed to get to the root of the matter... Dr Nicola Tesla was a male Romanian person who invented the alternate current motor without which we wouldn't have electronic *gadgets* such as hairdryers and razors. All well and good, Sian, but why are OMD singing about him? "Well, it's a comment isn't it?"

It is? "Er... yes... about how all these girls are using his er... *gadgets*... and nobody remembers poor old Tesla..."

Quite. So remember, if you ever get lost in London don't ask a policeman (you'll only end up in a Waldorf Salad), just give a bell to Sian, the girl who knows *everything*.

FOR some unaccountable reason TTT this week fails to bring you the usual spiffing



LAST NIGHT A DEEJAY CHANGED HIS JOB

ONE of the great advantages of spinning the discs in a nightclub is that you can always force the punters to listen to your very own personal favas. A chap called Bernard, one third of Germany's latest pop import Alphaville, decided to take this process a step further and make the poor locals of Ecker listen to nothing but the output of his very own band. The crowd loved it, Alphaville grew in confidence, and two years later, they are sitting pretty in the British Top 10. Simple, eh?

"We were quite surprised at how easy it was to make our own music and for people to like it," says singer Marian, the one with the near impeccable English lingo.

"It seems as if Europe is especially good for us, and there was one week when we had two hits in the top ten in Holland. We are also quite popular in Germany, though maybe not quite on the same scale as Nena, Kraftwerk, or Peter Schilling." (*Who, he?*) Talk of Nena leads young Marian into defining exactly what he and his other Alphavilles are up to. "It is pop music, and this is quite natural for us because all

we listened to when we were growing up was English and American pop." Ah, the usual Bowie, T. Rex, Sweet, that sort of stuff? "No, the people I liked were Brian Protheroe, Jobriath, Van Dyke Parks, and especially Peter Skellern."

The name Big In Japan doesn't appear to feature in this rather bizarre selection, so what's that all about?

"The song is about two lovers who I knew in Berlin. Their love for each other was strong, but the greater drug for them both was heroin. They lived in a fantasy place and for me that was Japan. Plus, I really liked the name of that group. My other favourite group at the moment is Depeche Mode."

Unlike the Basildon boys, however, Marian is quick to admit that neither he nor his fellow artists can actually play. With an album all set for release, however, and a big European tour lined up using guest musicians, this small piece of information should not cause him too many sleepless nights. Even the Bay City Rollers were big in Japan.

THE MAKER SAYS

It's a couple of years since Our Boys steamed in and beat the daylight out of the Argies. Those greasy spics will think twice next time they consider plundering our icebergs and raping our penguins.

Now the weather has gone down the chute and phew, it's not a scorcher any more... morale needs boosting a bit. You can always go down The Shed at Chelsea, and destroy West London, of course, but there is but one lasting glory...

WAR!

If we don't have another good war again soon we'll all go bonkers. From the plains of Bannockburn to the green fields of Flanders its benefits down the centuries have been endless. Another war now will:

- Cut unemployment;
- Keep louts off street corners;
- Knock Arthur Scargill off the front pages;
- Reduce the population AT A STROKE.

The Maker hereby declares WAR!

WAR ON POP!!

Get all those wimpy pop stars, wrap 'em up in khaki and send them off to the front line. Nik Kershaw can fight them on the beaches. Howard Jones can liberate Poland. Boy George can try out a few new haircuts in El Salvador and Malcolm McLaren can lead a platoon of beat-boxes into Cambodia.

All those ageing hacks responsible for the shallowness of modern music can go out as war correspondents and pretend they're Max Hastings while we academics can stay at home and bore the pants off you with long dissertations that nobody understands.

So choose your weapons

OLIVER'S ARMY'S ON THE WAY!!

The Paper That Blows Its Top

Malcolm McLaren story. All we can offer you is the fascinating titbit that his former protege She Sherriff (who made one country single under Malcolm's auspices) has re-emerged as Pip Gillard, currently getting a bit of airplay with the pleasant country-pop blast "Why Can't You Love Me?" While She Sherriff was one of McLaren's rare failures, the current upsurge of coy British country

bands will no doubt have him claiming he was ahead of his time there too...

DEAR Boy George: Love the new hairdo. Blond makes boys always look so tartly, we think, and a blond Boy George looked a bit of a trump. But the black, spikey, macho look is a real winner old son... the very great Christy Moore, former lynchpin with Planxty and Moving Hearts, has just put out a superb solo album in Ireland, including two songs written by the late Bobby Sands MP...



HELLION ON EARTH

"It was like a dream come true," gushed delectable Ann Boleyn shortly before Henry VIII's chopper hit her from a great height. "We spent the first day or two just trying to calm down. I think we must have set a new world record for the amount of hard liquor consumed in a recording studio." A reprieve from the king? A vote of confidence from the peasants of Wessex? A

birthday card from Morrissey? Nah, Ann's excitement was merely due to the fact that her band Hellion were being produced by your friend and ours, the legendary midget, Ronnie James Dio. Dio was producing tracks for Hellion as demos for their first album. Aintcha just thrilled?

WALLIES OF THE WEEK
BUCKS FIZZ: Well, two members of Bucks Fizz, at least Mike Nolan and the most beautiful creature ever invented, Cheryl Baker, Cheryl, delicious as she undoubtedly is, doesn't appear to have got her "A" level in geography. After squandering her hard-earned profits on a 32-foot cabin cruiser, she and Mike Nolan thought it would be a damn good wheeze to mark the maiden voyage with a trip to the Isle Of Wight (which is somewhere near the Isle Of Dogs apparently). They'd barely had time to drink a toast to Long John Silver when the ol' fog came down, the Fizz went out of the sea and Cheryl and Mike didn't know whether they were in Bucks or Belfast. In their hour of crisis they were clappers. On arrival, amid much ship-shape hysteria, they noticed the other boat was not a boat at all but Brighton Pier. They scrambled on to dry land and never did see the Isle Of Wight. Which just goes to show that pop stars should keep to Thruxton and Silverstone.

TALK TALK TALK

2

GOSH, gadzooks and bless our cotton socks, but it's been celebs-a-go-go all week. All the stars were out for that spiteful "Spinal Tap" thingy, a film which is awfully rude about our lovely heavy metal cousins. Who cares if they can't string two sentences together and play guitars as if they've got terminal lockjaw, at least they're British and "Spinal Tap" has been made by those horribly cynical Americans...

EVENT of the week, however, was the world premiere of "The Hit", the new Stephen Frears' film starring Terence Stamp and John Hurt, which had a glittering first night at Shaftesbury Avenue. Inspired by some garbled plot about murder and revenge, the pop world went doolally in time for "The Hit" ... John Hurt got



NELL ON EARTH

HERE it is, then... the moment Stewart Copeland of Police has dreaded. TTT Cameras were there at the moment when fearless Brian James of Lords Of The New Church sidled up and put to Stewart the question that forever plagues him and has kept the nation on tenterhooks for years. "Hi, Stewart," said Brian, "how old are you?" "AARGGGHHH"...

married on the day of the premiere and various megastars like George Michael, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Simon Le Bon, Ringo Starr, Bill Wyman and David Sylvian, dressed up in their best frocks for the occasion. Don't remember anything of this kind when Divine's great movie tour-de-force "Pink Flamingoes" was shown for the first time... strange because the only connection with rock was the fact that Eric Clapton had composed the theme music...

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"That's the Very Things showing how to make a real crushing LP for less money than many bands spend up their noses in a week." - John Peel, Radio 1.

AS they sipped their champagne maybe they might have spared a thought for Valeri Barinov, who is not a member of Spandau Ballet, but a rock singer from Leningrad currently incarcerated by the KGB. At the Greenbelt Arts Festival, a petition involving 17,000 signatures was collected, demanding the release of Barinov. "Christian music is a valid expression of an individual's thoughts, ideas and beliefs," said the petition. "Valeri's music is a personal expression of those beliefs and is not a political act." Barinov was arrested in March for allegedly trying to "escape" from Russia and has subsequently been held in various prisons and psychiatric hospitals...

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THEY'RE BACK! Those wacky headbanging fun-loving half-witted hedonistic fruitcakes of your ever-lovin' MaxiMaker! In short, we've come up with yet more priceless merchandise for you, our beloved readers. Only recently, we waxed glowingly about Motorhead's new videocassette, "Live In Toronto". Even more recently, we gushed unashamedly about the awe-inspiring new double album comprising the best of Motorhead so far, "No Remorse". On top of that, we have 10 copies of the epic "Live In Toronto" video. This, all 65 minutes of it, catches the 'Head in prime-time form' from the vintage year of 1982. Interviews, obscene comments, even some footage of the band in action! What more could any metallic basket-case want?

Now what? Usual scheme - three questions, answer 'em, then whack your entry form into:

Motorhead Competition, Melody Maker, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AU.

Ten of you lucky so-and-sos will win not only a "Live In Toronto" video but also a copy of "No Remorse" (remember to say whether you want a VHS or Beta format video, by the way). Ten more of you can console yourselves with your very own leather-style "No Remorse", a deafening experience. 'kay?

1. What is Lemmy's real name?
2. What is the current line-up of Motorhead?
3. What band was Lemmy in before Motorhead?

Entries should reach us not later than first post on Monday, September 24, 1984. The editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

VHS BETAMAX



LADY SINGS THE BLUES?

THIS, you may be interested to know, is somebody called Oiana Ross. Oiana used to sing with a group called the Supremes until she went to Las Vegas, washed her hair and went out for a spot of jogging without drying it properly. The inevitable happened. An electric storm hit Las Vegas, and Oiana's hair was horrified into a permanent electric shock situation. She clearly needs a good dose of Lionel Richie to calm her down.

simple gig in Manchester and it triggered a series of disasters that make the fall of the Roman Empire seem like a teddy bears' picnic. They shared their dressing room with a drag artiste who spent the entire evening chasing bass player Clark Kent round Manchester. When they eventually got on stage, a full-scale brawl broke out and sax player Ray's incredibly expensive jacket was nicked in the melee. And as they completed their set, the entire building burnt down! Wisely cutting their losses and making a fast getaway, their van collapsed and died and they spent many happy hours by the roadside at the dead of night waiting for the AA (and we don't mean Alcoholics Anonymous)... Noddy Holder of Slade was decked out in false moustache and cap disguised as an underground ticket inspector for his role as mystery guest on BBC TV's "Pop Quiz". Hanging around, awaiting action, Nod was accosted by a thirty commuter, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Robert Maxwell, and demanded to know where the phones were. Noddy confessed he didn't know. "You don't know and you work here," barked the commuter. "I shall report you to the station manager." As he was whisked off by the film crew, the commuter roared "Typical! You people spend all day doing interviews about your bloody union for TV news and cannot answer a simple question." Spandau Ballet, Mike Read and Captain Sensible similarly failed to recognise Holder in his new vocation...



FREDDIE EXPOSED!

THIS is the moment Wembley had been waiting for. The crowd was at boiling point and Queen reached their climax. Up went the Mercury jumper to reveal... he doesn't even wear a bra!

without permanent damage, although all their commitments for the next week have been cancelled...

HEAVEN 17 were forced to cancel their scheduled appearance on "Top Of The Pops" last week after lead singer Glenn Gregory, careless boy, lost a cartilage in his knee while climbing into a car to drive to the "TOTP" studio. He thought it was a simple case of cramp until he noticed the offending cartilage sticking out of his leg. He is now in a London hospital convalescing.

REMINO us not to go on the road with the Chevalier Brothers. All it was was a



JONES AND BRILLEAUX IN LOVERS TIFF SHOCK!

TTT's intrepid camera crew catch MM Editor Allan Jones (right, sunglasses, Gestapo pose) and Lee Brilleaux, lord and master of Or Feelgood (left, tie, the shakes) on the Amsterdam leg of their pub crawl around Europe. We catch them at a typical moment - locked in mutual sulks after disagreeing violently over who is buying the next round. Note the Jones interviewing posture... not even deigning to spare his subject a sideways glance and keeping him a respectable table distance away. And note Lee's classic response... elbows down, surly stare in place, ready for a runner. A TV documentary of the encounter is expected to be shown on Channel 4 shortly. If you can't wait for that the unofficial account appears on Page 30/31.

THE ever-inflatable TTT takes off again with a story that should be on the front page, but you know what a miserable sod Jonesy is - he wouldn't hear of it. The rest of us were THRILLED and RELIEVED to receive a personal communique from that wonderful man of a million cheque books, Michael Jackson.

Jacko called a press conference - at which he didn't bother to attend himself - in which he furiously denied recurring rumours that he's gay. According to a statement surreptitiously dumped in The Oporto by a man in an expensive satin tour jacket, Mad Jacko is "deeply hurt" by allegations that his manhood is... well... tilting on the side of men. If the rumours persist he threatens to sue and says that one day he wants to settle down with a wife and family.

He also categorically denied that he'd ever taken hormones to keep his voice that intoxicating shade of falsetto or that he'd had cosmetic surgery to keep him forever young... he's also apologised to the Jehovah's Witnesses, who are up in arms about the violent connotations of the "Thriller" video. Never again will he make a film so luridly nasty, he says, while even his mum has leapt into the "gay" debate. "Michael isn't gay," says Mrs Jackson. "It's against his religion. It's against God."

COMMISERATIONS to Haywoode, who was rushed to hospital unconscious after falling offstage at Hammersmith Odeon. She was 20 seconds into her set as a warm-up for main attractions Kleer and started to dance around, as one does, and... toppled right over the top, landing eight feet later in the orchestra pit. She was knocked unconscious and detained in hospital overnight, but released the next morning

PRETERHU

Praterhu, a word of 11 letters, is a German word for a type of hat. It is also a name of a town in Germany. The word is derived from the Old High German 'prater' and 'hu'.

Praterhu is a word of 11 letters, is a German word for a type of hat. It is also a name of a town in Germany. The word is derived from the Old High German 'prater' and 'hu'.

P O P
TOO CLEVER BY HALF?
By Sid Chomsky (Hogwash and Mud, £14.95)

IT is possible that Chomsky has always been overrated - the notions of language he almost convinced us had been ours all along have recently been usurped by brilliant 'enfants terribles' such as Foucault, Eggar and Bushell. In their work, we can sense the creak of living dialectic, struggling to come to terms with the very sweat and heartbreak of living. Can we use the word "bum" in print, for example? Would a free trip to the Galapagos Islands really merit a front-page story on the Webbed Feet? Will the old bastard notice if I slip this restaurant bill from my girlfriend on my expenses claim?

It is against this background, then, that Sid Chomsky's new work arrives with a sickening thud in our lap. It is his now-or-never shot, and he knows it. Exiled for years in the shameful twilight of the Mojave desert, struggling to rehabilitate himself after the disintegration of a once-brilliant career following a near-fatal accident with a remaindered copy of Fowler's Modern English Usage (a book whose plain speaking was always anathema to dear old Sid), Chomsky has fought his way back from the brink, immersed himself in the intoxicating argot of illiterate migrant oil-workers from southern Mexico, and bought himself a new typewriter. "Pop - Too Clever By Half?" is the result.

After a first reading, the reviewer must swiftly conclude that Chomsky has gone completely bloody barmy. Many of his points of departure owe more to the immature fictions of a Richmal Crompton or a Capt. W. E. Johns than to the former scourge of the music press, a man whose weekly ravings were eagerly devoured by bored sixth formers while away the last few hours before lunch. He says: "Our troupes must not retreat into false clauses of 'maturity' (the excuse of lapsed tyrants from clubland and the cerebral promise alike), and we - we cannot do battle so long as Pop is treated, clutched, like a hobby horse." Surely Chomsky must realise - and the excuse of several years' absence from these shores in the company of wetbacks and madmen will no longer suffice - that this debate has been put to rest in the snug bar of the Oporto night after night? Len - a man innocent of the clinging sophistry of the dialectician, and of the nauseating hick-verbiage of the sociologist - clinched the debate only last Wednesday, as the Old Bill barged rudely through the swing doors a little after midnight. "Gents," Len roared, "pop is dead."

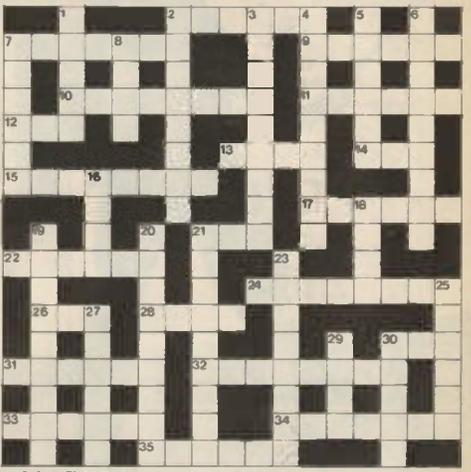
So, then, "Pop - Too Clever By Half?" is the sum total of an intellect beset by demons. Where once Sid's daredevil syntactical aerobatics - incomprehensible to all but a few well-lubricated drinking companions - enraged and frustrated an entire growth industry, now Sid Chomsky has become that most worthless thing of all, the disposable anthropologist. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le roquisme." - Kid Baudelaire.

● ROBIN FROTH

PRIZE CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Janis and Scott (6)
 - Disco-beat Moroder (7)
 - Set out with her to find Phillips (6)
 - A brave, for example (4,4)
 - She gets in the charts time after time (8)
 - Happy or glad to be of this Persuasion (3)
 - Edward de U2? (4)
 - Alaskan style (3)
 - Rereleased - is Sue in the red? (8)
 - Mandala's column (6)
 - Distress signal from band (just the way you like it) (1,1,1)
 - Band on the beat (6)
 - A flock of birds in the band (8)
 - Blue Cafe (3)
 - Sets up the lighting (4)
 - London Philharmonic Orchestra (3)
 - Connection made in film about heroin trafficking (6)
 - Get O! gal to form Bondage band (8)
 - Dean, the first and last in hell (6)
 - New musical from Carnaby Street? (7)
 - For example, about to lend a Marley record (6)

- DOWN**
- Buddy, perhaps, of Frankie Goes To Hollywood (5)
 - A banjo Ze made on the night they drove old Dixie down (4,4)
 - Romantic numbers (4,5)
 - Did he harvest after the goldrush? (4,5)
 - How Joe plays guitar in the Clash (6)
 - Van Der Graaf's power supply (9)
 - Cream babe? (6)
 - Kane's moker (4)
 - Sort of tone, but only half (4)
 - Clue within clue for Glaswegian chanteuse (4)
 - Monster AR fiasco at Air Studios island (9)
 - Tell Harry about the fun boy in



Colour Field (5,4)

21. A Nils/Gong arrangement - one we can all join in with (4,5)

23. Cut out the naughty bits in a film (8)

25. Trousers worn by Wham! and Angus Young (6)

27. Confusing even Dr John (6)

29. Sleep in a tent with Boy George, Divine, Pete Burns, etc? (4)

30. Setting for recording - 42, perhaps (5)

● THE sender of the first correct solution opened will receive a £5 record token. Post your entry to Prize Crossword No. 28, MM, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AU. Closing date: first post, Monday, September 24, 1984.

THE winner of Crossword No. 25 is John The Frog, Little Ford, Silvertown, Exeter.

Solution:

ACROSS: 3. The Byrds; 8. Two Tribes; 11. Dance Mix; 12. Allen; 13. Minor; 15. Delius; 16. Beggs; 17. Rebo; 19. Peter; 20. Ditty; 21. Flare; 23. Blues; 24. Tempo; 25. Howard; 26. Smart; 27. Bland; 28. Marimbas; 31. Seven Seas; 32. New Order.

DOWN: 1. Sid; 2. Deniece Williams; 4. Hear; 5. Buckler; 6. REM; 7. Sex; 9. Willie Nelson; 10. The Pogues; 11. Down On The Street; 14. Quadrophenia; 18. Bluebelts; 22. Drummer; 26. Sade; 28. Man; 29. Raw; 30. Red.

TALK TALK TALK

3

LOCK up your daughters, there's a new Ramones album on the way! The album, prophetically titled "Too Tough To Die", is their first since renewing their contract with Sire and should be with us next month. Our man with the exclusive preview tape reckons it's the "hardest loudest fastest Ramones album in years." Can you wait? Particular treats apparently include a Cramps flavoured number called "Mama's Boy", a rockabilly dance party song, "No Go" — wake me up before you no go — and Dee Dee bawling like a deranged hyena on "Warthog". The album is produced by original drummer Tommy Erdelyi. Leeds band Red Lorry Yellow Lorry currently working on their debut LP, and early leaks suggest it could provoke a reaction akin to that which greeted the debut Joy Division album. . . . Kitchenware band The Linkmen are working on their new single which will prove that not all the label's artists are aiming for the charts. . . . while The Daintees' new one will prove they generally are. . . .

NICE to hear David Jensen back on the radio (even if it was on that rotten Capital), an event he celebrated by turning up in the Mirror claiming to have the perfect marriage (is there such a thing?). "It would be daft to say you are not open to temptation when you are on the road," said the former blue-eyed boy of the Beeb, "of course you are. But what's the point of being married if all you want to do is play around?" Quite right, Kid. Bigwigs at Radio 1 are thought to be unable to mention Jensen's name without going into convulsions. Their anger at his sudden departure can't have been helped by the realisation that Jensen's is the face adorning the cover of the 1985 Radio 1 diary. Whoops

Good to see Holly Johnson refusing to have his photograph taken with Mike Read in publicity shots for Holly's appearance on "Pop Quiz". Holly still harbours a grudge over that ban, and who can blame him? "It's supposed to be a fun show. This is pathetic," stormed Read righteously. Holly was rather cooler about Read: "I am totally indifferent to the man. I have no feeling for him at all." We hear of strange goings-on in Cumbria. Something called the English Civil War Society were blowing each other's brains out, as these people do when they get the chance, and who should turn up in the Roundhead camp but Jimmy Page and Roy Harper. One of the regiments showed them the intricacies of 17th Century musketeering and pike-fighting, but Roy and Jimbo got their revenge and played an impromptu set in the beer tent. The Roundheads won. . . . We're a bit worried about all those pop stars suddenly taking an interest in motor racing, surely the most boring spectator sport ever invented. Motor race meetings are strictly for wallies and disc-



REFLEX ACTION

A rare and precious moment in TTT. . . a pop star loses his innocence. THRILL as Nigel Ross-Scott, bass player with Re-Flex, discover a couple of plastic lumps in his hotel room. Do they bite? Are they poisonous? Will they make him go blind? Nigel cautiously gives the mystery objects air. . . yè Gods, they inflatè! Examine them closely, Nigel. . . are they ear-muffs. . . head-phones. . . baby dinghies? Silly boy, they are merely Freddie Mercury's props. Re-Flex will probably never sound the same again.

Jockeys — one and the same in most cases — but we have disturbing news of various pop personalities being involved in Thruxton on September 28. Peter Powell and Warren Cann of Ultravox will be competing, as will — even more worryingly — Nick Heyward. Everyone knows Nick gets car-sick and drives clutching a parachute in case of extreme turbulence and we feel sure it'll all end in tears. Or at least tears for fears. For Curt Smith of Tears For Fears is also intent on racing. Which is terrifying for those of us who recall that the last time Curt sat behind a wheel he overturned his car and is currently disqualified from driving along public highways. The race, "Full Throttle At Thruxton", is in aid of spina bifida which makes the mass suicide clearly worthwhile. . . . Nik Kershaw, who's getting to be as nutty as Nick Heyward, meanwhile reckons his all-time ambition is to hitch a lift around Brands Hatch in a Formula One racing car with James Hunt. . . .

ANY Welsh readers over the age of 75 may be interested to hear that Andy Fairweather

in the hopes of finding some inspiration. . . Nigerian megastar Fela Kuti, the man with a million wives, has fallen foul of the authorities in Nigeria, jeopardising his US tour due to start this week in California. Fela had four shows scheduled, including a concert at New York's Beacon Theatre, and the Kuti entourage of 38 (including 11 wives) arrived in Noo Yawk as planned. Fela sadly didn't. He was stuck at Lagos airport, where he was detained for possessing £1,600 (it's illegal to take foreign currency out of Nigeria). Authorities also confiscated his passport and stalled his release for two days, giving concert promoters heart attacks all over America. Not without reason, because two other planned New York dates for Kuti had been cancelled at the last minute, and this was to have been his first appearances in a million years. The albums "Black President" and "Original Sufferhead" have nevertheless been released to coincide with the visit. . . .

THE incorrigible Marc Almond, who sold out the Festival Hall at the weekend, wasn't so popular in Soho last week when his pet pythons Sodom escaped into the street (Marc has two snakes — Sodom and Gomorrhah). The police were called by terrified German tourists intent on a bit of porn, and London Zoo reptile experts roared to Chez Almond by the bus-load. Armed with a cube of sugar and some sweet words, Marc coaxed Sodom home and Soho returned to its sordid ways. At the Festival

Hall various members of the audience enquired after Sodom and were relieved to hear that he was in the best of health with no ill-effects after his experience. . . . And so the New Order success story finally permits a little human emotion to crack the overwhelming aloofness that surrounds the band. The TTT gossip squad have pulled a major scoop that'll have John Blake tearing his hair out with the discovery that the outrageous sales of "Blue Monday" have allowed New Order's shadow puppets — drummer Steve and mistress of the keyboards, Gillian — to cement their growing relationship by purchasing a love-nest together in Disbury. It's not far from the Factory HQ so it should be quite easy for Gillian next time she fancies a bath with Tony. . . .

LOTS of silly money was paid for silly junk at the latest Sotheby's sale of rock trivia. . . a 1968 unopened "Yellow Submarine" kit went for £85, a Beatles breakfast service from '65 fetched £190 and John Lennon's guitar changed hands for £15,500. That's almost fair enough, but did one of Lennon's school exercise books — containing a lot of juvenile Lennon witticisms — really sell for over £17,000? Apparently so, and the chain of Hard Rock cafes around the globe were said to be responsible for many of the purchases, presumably to serve with the burgers, though the buyers tended to preserve their mystery with a secrecy of which James Bond would be proud. Sadly, a Brian Jones guitar collected a measly £3,200. . . .



LONG LIVE THE KING

HE lives, he lives! Nobody believed us the other week when we produced Johnny Thunders as Chap Of The Week and told you he was on the straight and narrow and the fittest man in London. Now, would we lie? Course not. To prove it's all true, here is the great man leaping around the squash court like a 13-year-old (and acting like one) and giving Jonah Barrington a thing or two to think about. Rock on, Johnny!

MELODY MAKER

Next Week

Depeche Mode

Level 42

Floy Joy



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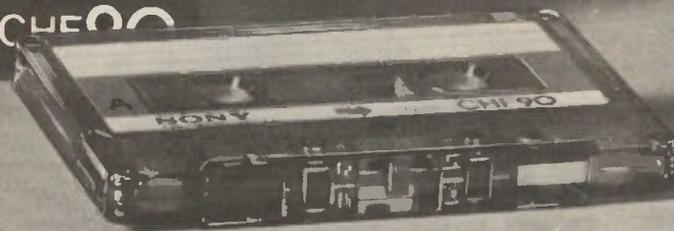
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TALK TALK TALK

4

IT was inevitable that while Channel 4 continued to give pop groups free scope to make films about themselves for their "Play At Home" series, one of them would eventually fall right on their asses.

It finally happened with Siouxsie & The Banshees' attempts at recreating "Alice In Wonderland" with a contemporary rock relevance brought new meaning to the word "embarrassing". It was as if the disaster of "Magical Mystery Tour", a similarly bizarre concept which also misfired badly, hadn't happened.

The film was set in the Wonderland offices re-enacting the Mad Hatter's tea-party with various Banshees going through their own little party-pieces, the only one of any merit being Budgie's interpretation (in a zoo) of Stanley Holloway's celebrated monologue, "Albert And The Lion" (with amended words).

We also had various close-ups on different features of Siouxsie's face (blacked eyes, bright crimson lips, etc) as she recited a ghost story while Robert Smith was incomprehensible and Steve Severin occupied several tedious minutes sitting at a typewriter supposedly writing



Karen Murphy, producer of Spinal Tap



Kid Creole



Mari Wilson



Fish

The day the stars came out to play: anybody who was anybody was frolicking at the premiere of "Spinal Tap". TTT's photographic team was there to capture the best frocks and the painted smiles...



Dawn French and Tracey Ullman



Alexei Sayle



Meat Loaf



Mike Monroe

Grace Jones

CHAP OF THE WEEK

LENNY HENRY. Given his own show at last, Lenny decorated our TV sets with immense class, highlighting his show with a hilariously accurate parody of "Thriller". It's a chilling thought that Michael Jackson spent enough money to keep the People's Republic Of China in rice for decades on his "Thriller" video and Lenny probably spent about five bob. We know which we enjoyed most.

a pulp novel. What's it all about then, John?

Wisely, if belatedly, the project was abandoned as the film went into footage of the Banshees in concert at the Royal Albert Hall climaxing with their electrifying version of "Helter Skelter". By that time there could have been few whose patience had survived the ordeal...

AND while we're on the subject of "Play At Home", no wonder Martin Hannett looked so miserable when New Order/Factory Records had their turn behind the cameras. It seems the enigmatic mop-head has been given the elbow after his production work on what was to have been the first single from Manchester hopefuls Easterhouse. So impressed were London Records - Easterhouses's label - with Hannett's work that they initially relegated it to the B-side and then dropped it completely...

TAP ON WOOD

THE stars were shining when "Spinal Tap", the movie of a thousand parodies, finally came to town. Vicious, spookily accurate and justifiably cruel, "Spinal Tap" takes the devastating rise out of every heavy-metal band that ever slook a cod-piece and uttered a banality. In Edinburgh for the preview, producer Karen Murphy had even left the sun of California to face the wrath of the NWOBHM to talk about her irrelevant spoof and her fictional monsters Spinal Tap. "The overall premise of the band is that they are not that good and they are a sort of ageing myth," says Karen, a rock fan of long standing, believe it or not. "They're a band who are a legend in their own mind, a band who are over the hill and are constantly claiming, when in the States, that they are big in Britain, and while in Britain, are huge in America. It's a loving parody." Sounds like it.

The film took only six weeks to shoot including some excellent footage - smoke-breathing Satan's head and Stonehenge stage show all included - and "research" included hanging out with the likes of AC/DC, Judas Priest and Saxon. The Scorpions are said to have walked out on the film, although Karen reckons most other heavy metallurgists have taken it in the spirit in which it was intended. The most worrying aspect, however, is that with the undoubted success of the movie, the fictional Spinal Tap are to become a real touring band, complete with spandex trousers and English accents.

"It's true," admits Ms Murphy. "They recently did an eight-night sell-out tour and are appearing in huge festivals soon. The guys who played Spinal Tap are musicians, you see, and actually write and play that stuff. Life imitates art imitates life, I think. It's sick, isn't it?" It certainly is, Karen, it certainly is.

CHEVI TO THE LEVY

WELL, you all know about the wondrous Arrow and his epic success with "Hot, Hot, Hot" don't you? Well, don't you? It's sold a mere 60,000 copies and is the hottest disco record since... ooh... "The A Yellow Ribbon Round The Old Oak Tree". Fact is, writes our resident curry chef, Arrow has opened the door for a whole tribe of faberonee Caribbean acts to bring Soca (the amalgamation of soul and calypso) to international attention. The latest and most urgent candidate for Soca mega-stardom is Chevi (Eugene Chiverton, if you prefer), whose "Give Me More" has just been released through Island and is already threatening to out-Arrow Arrow. So why has it taken Island 21 years to put out some Soca? "We tried for 'Lorraine' by The Explainer," says a spokesman, "and 'Hot, Hot, Hot', but they signed to other companies. Chevi will complement our reggae catalogue and we'll be putting our resources behind one record at a time. Jamaica is where Island's roots firmly are and Soca is really another part of the Caribbean."



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ten

SILLY POP STARS

1. SINGING NUN

A real-life nun who had a massive hit in 1963 with "Dominique" and was, even more curiously, Belgian. Life was most peculiar in 1963.

2. RADHA KRISHNA TEMPLE

Yep, those herberts who tramp up and down Oxford St in eiderdowns and sandals dingling triangles, putting the fear of God into London's feline population. But they did invent the Mohican hairstyle and championed by George Harrison they once had a hit single ("Hare Krishna Mantra"). Now that Annie Lennox has signed up maybe they'll have some more...

3. DAVID SOUL

Starsky. Or is it Hutch? Not only had several major hits in the mid-Seventies - biggest being "Don't Give Up On Us" - he played concerts and little girls screamed at him. Little girls were always daft like that.

4. THUNDERTHIGHS

To be honest, nobody here can remember anything about this all-girl British group who charted in the Seventies. But the name is indelibly etched in our memories.

5. TINY TIM

A kind of great uncle to Boy George. Tall, incredibly ugly and exceptionally silly, he sang "Tip Toe Through The Tulips" in falsetto and cleaned up. Then he married a genuine beauty on live television and cleaned out.

6. NAPOLEON XIV

The first rap artist. "They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha-Ha" he ranted right to the top. Josephine called him in for his supper and they came to take him away a-ha.

7. NEIL

A joke's a joke and all that... just don't let it happen again, okay?

8. ELTON JOHN

Nothing personal, but when you consider the facts, ol' Reg is a bit of a case... bald, tubby and a bit on the dwarfish side. He even thinks Watford are a football team.



9. GARY NUMAN

Continuing a long tradition of cartoon characters getting hits... Pinky & Perky, the Smurfs, the Archies, Pete Wylie, that sort of thing... Numan is also thought to have inspired the popular tee-shirt slogan "DEATH FROM ABOVE".

10. JONATHAN KING

Most of us wish he'd gone to the bloody moon and stayed there.

A WHITER SHADE OF

BIANCO



L to R Mark Reilly, Danny White, Basia

Mark Reilly of MATT BIANCO insists his group has depth. Jeremy Lewis (pen) isn't so sure

THE company lady looked up at Mark Reilly, her face swept up in a smile.

"Your album's gone straight in the charts at number 56!" I glanced across at him. "Oh really?" he said. "That's good."

"Haven't you heard?" she enthused.

"No," he replied in a somewhat stagnant tone. Mark has the hard oval face of a battered cherub, upon which he had slapped an expression of weary scepticism. It was a face in waiting for some amusing surprise, a face in need of the broad grin it would not betray to me — perhaps because it was a face closed to criticism.

As we sat facing one another over two cups of nondescript tea (courtesy of WEA Records), it quickly became apparent that he dislikes being interviewed. He displays a defensive reticence which told of the fear of being hurt, and he no doubt subscribes to the school of thought which maintains that talking causes damage. So to avoid becoming the casualty of any especially-sharpened

rebounding words, he says as little as possible and only very reluctantly at that.

"I've always loved music. When I was about 16 a friend introduced me to Northern Soul and I went to some all-nighters. The funk scene was just happening as well and it was still an underground thing, unlike today's funk which is played in every disco.

"The atmosphere was great, because everyone was on speed. It was brilliant. Everyone was there for the music and they were never pick-up joints.

"I always felt like I wanted to be in the music business — either that or football."

One of his soul brothers became entwined with the embryonic Blue Rondo A La Turk and Mark was quickly drawn in after him. Moving from High Wycombe into London, he immediately began rehearsing and playing with Blue Rondo who were performing a few gigs under various assumed names, in order to sidestep any interest being shown in them while they were still formative and vulnerable.

What did you learn from the time spent with Blue Rondo?

"Like anything, you learn from experience. You make a mistake and know not to do it the next time. So having learnt quite a bit

about the music business, when you join another band you're prepared for the problems."

Before they even approached WEA for a recording deal, Matt Bianco had spent nine months writing, recording and perfecting their own material.

Upon what was your success based?

"Good songs." They negotiated their own deal, set up their own publishing company and Mark believes they now have the feel of more than one of the ropes which pull the music business along.

"I used to play guitar in Blue Rondo, and when I started Matt Bianco it was the first time that I had ever sung. I got up in front of the camera and there I was, the lead singer — I felt such a prat, but you get used to it."

What about your music? "It's dance orientated. We like to use a lot of percussion and it has a Latin feel — samba and Brazilian rhythms mixed up with jazz. We like atmospherics, we like each record to have its own character.

"We throw all these influences together and mix them up . . ." To shake out that colourful Bianco cocktail, shot through with Basia's backing vocals and mixed in Danny White's synthesizer.

MARK believes the music press resented the fact that Matt Bianco precociously broke straight into the charts, deftly overstepping the more orthodox path of being "discovered" by the media, playing in small clubs with no contract.

"That's worked against us because we've put out some pretty good club records and we haven't been given any credibility for that."

Does it worry you whether or not you win over the music press?

"To a certain extent. It's nice to have a certain amount of credibility and not just be regarded as a pop band. When we start playing live we'll be able to show that — at the moment we're just something you can hear on a record."

He rather disdainfully claims that image is not important to Matt Bianco, and yet they remain a bluntly style-conscious band — as any one of their publicity shots will tell you at a glance. There are no patched trousers, ripped shirts or unkempt haircuts in this band.

"I like classic clothes from the Thirties to the Sixties, whatever takes my fancy at the time. I get a lot of ideas from films and we've got a tailor in Kentish Town who makes our clothes. We get slagged a bit for it, though. Everyone sees Matt Bianco as a pop band who put out gimmick records, which pisses me off.

"On the album there's a lot more depth. I think some of the tracks are very good songs."

The tracks on the album sparkle like fragile bubbles of translucent sugar, which contain nothing. Shoot one cold critical glance in their direction and they burst into a thousand dissolving fragments. Such great fun.

"No," he says emphatically. There is depth!

"I think there are some dance tracks on the album which get away from the pop end of it. The other side of Matt Bianco."

Other side?

"I don't consider it as pop. I think of it as more dance-orientated club music. We like it to have a good feel. There's a touch of humour in there sometimes." But . . .

"I don't like serious lyrics with something to say. They just bore me stiff. The music we do is the way we want to hear it. Just because some bits of it are laid back doesn't mean that it's just background music."

And the morality of the business?

"The charts are a bit of a joke with all the hyping that goes on . . ."

His argument trails off with a shrug. He doesn't wish to discuss it.

"I never buy pop records anyway, but there's a lot of crap in the charts. People must like it because they buy it. But that's the market, there's a place for it and if people want to buy it then it's up to them. Everyone wants to have a hit record, but you can still have a hit record and make it a good one."

He disowns the system yet plays with the machine. Someone, somewhere, is being conned. What are you in it for?

"Because I enjoy it. I haven't got any money yet. The biggest thing for me is writing songs, recording and producing. Things like interviews, I'm not that keen on, but they have to be done." You don't say . . .

"I just want to write some good songs and have career success. Just knowing that people like our music."

I went home to lie down for an hour.



Flying from the wreckage
We're going to the elephant's
graveyard. Ain't that right
son?
Left a bit,
Right a bit

The unerringly loony Mick Mercer foresees great things for A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

SEAGULLS generally deposit their load upon people. Yet in this case the whole process is reversed! A Flock Of Seagulls, with their numbing electronics, have carved quite a reputation for themselves, as men at C&A. To music they are what the SDP are to Hells Angels. Things like that.

And as I chased a futile ice cream van ("I'm giving you *nothing!*") down Caledonian Road on my way to interview the truffle sisters, my mind was whirling with sanctimonious confusion, as you will find out.

The man with the foppish hair is absent for the time being (Mike Score, vocals) but jovial drumming brother Ali Score is quite content to "prattle on", using words such as "punters" and "product" as much as he can.

So I put it to him that, with "The More You Live The More You Love" seeping into our once-proud populace and "The Story Of A Young Heart" bound to likewise, A Flock Of Seagulls would finally appear to have cracked the knack of looking normal. They are, slight as this might sound, a band, where other outfits despite profound titles have one main personality and even Mike's unfortunate hair cannot disrupt the unified status.

"We are a band, yeah," he immediately agrees. "We



FLYING FROM THE WR

started off together and the line-up's not changed. We do everything collectively so it's good you see there's a band image there."

But hasn't the idea of pushing Mike forward ever cropped up?

"He doesn't wanna do that. I think the biggest push we ever gave was sticking the keyboards out front and we got a staggering for that as well. Now everybody's doing that."

But Liverpool (AFOS domicile) bands generally have that personality per band ratio, do they not?

"The personalities switch from band to band all the time," he says, dominating his chair. "So it's natural they just take the biggest name."

"Were you never part of any scene?"

"Never." He sounds like Roger McGough!

"The thing we were part of was going to Eric's and getting drunk every night the same as everybody else. Never part of

any clique, but we knew them all. They used to walk up and down Mathew Street all day going, 'Ha Ha, I'm a rock star!, and we used to be rehearsing."

"And that was the difference, y'see — they wanted to be big stars in Liverpool and we wanted to be big stars everywhere else. So we broadened our horizons and came to London and they stayed in Liverpool being big stars, which is probably where most of them still are, apart from the obvious exceptions."

"We didn't want to get tied down to anything like that," he adds with a mixture of pride and smugness. "You can go and play Eric's twice a week and we wanted to play Madison Square Gardens twice a week. Then we wanted to come back to Liverpool and knock them off their pedestals which we did in a sense."

Whatever the truth is, AFOS came to recording studios and immediately began producing anaemic electronic drivel, the way pop is generally

manufactured, with everything in their music appearing in one myopic blend. Even Mike Score was buried in the mixes, unable to get free, for which Ali has the answer, roping Mike Howlett (producer of the first two albums) in.

"The band, yeah. I think Mike Howlett was never 100 per cent sure about Mike's voice, so perhaps he used to keep it in a bit more to disguise it. This latest album, I think the vocals are a lot more upfront. He's had his tonsils out now so he can sing a bit better."

And Mike Howlett got the bullet, to be replaced by old friend of the band, Steve Lovell, who has made drastic changes. AFOS now sound human.

"There was no really sinister reason for changing apart from Mike Howlett giving us a slugging once or twice to various people. We once heard a little rumour he'd said that we were finished as a band and we'd only done two bloody albums! Well, we'll see

who's finished! That swayed the balance, I think."

And amid the gunslinging talk it is only right to note that when a guitar is played nowadays on AFOS material it sounds like one and not half a synth.

"Yeah," he grins, "it was good in a way because in the States it got you noticed for using guitars and synths, whereas at the time we first went over you were classed as a guitar band or a synth band, so it enabled us to break that market, that stylised mould."

Stylised Mould? A fitting description of those early sounds. A band apart then, a band with no names, no calling cards. How do people relate to you?

"I see what you're getting at but I don't know the real answer. We haven't got that strong an image. We used to have Mike's haircut and who could relate to that?" Elton John in a rainstorm.

What was your first reaction when you saw it?

"You must be joking! It was like when he first came in and announced he was gonna call the band A Flock Of Seagulls. It was good at the time because it put a face on the band. We encouraged it. 'Can't you grow it longer. Hide your whole face?'"

Now, one of the most remarkable things about AFOS is their physical appearance. If you glance back past Mike's dimwitted owl cut you come to their first album, where they are accountants in a Stephen King novel. Ali appears to be a chess piece and Mike sports a rather natty Keegan cut from between the wars. Paul Reynolds (guitar) and Frank Maudsley (bass) are the only ones to look relatively balanced, but Mike's eyes really stare from the sleeve, like a man dispossessed of his soul.

At least these days, for the first time in his life, he looks

under 30. How have they managed this rejuvenation?

"Who knows?" he mumbles, probably dreaming of "riffs" and "laying down some tracks." "This album is just us as we are now and if you can see a development that's great. We can as well."

But more often that not you still serve up fairly standard and expected songs, offset by moodier atmospheric numbers which are of a far higher standard.

"Probably just a transgression between what we were doing and what we're doing now."

No. "The More You Live" is too simple and the second side of the album is nothing like it.

"I can't explain it, honest. It's one of those things."

So, you've learnt something new today, readers. But don't look now because Mike Score, only an hour late, has just wandered into the room. Up a bit, down a bit...

HOW come the new album has replaced the stuffy clinical nonsense of yore? "It's come through because the songs are about emotion instead of flying saucers. Maybe it isn't warmer but you think it is because it's about things you understand."

More weary of me than wary and not the sort of chap to wonder why he ever wrote about flying saucers (I ask you!) In the first place, young Michael nevertheless accepts I mean him no harm. He relaxes, he relaxes.

"I see it as a big step for us. We're more like a band now than people making records."

Yet the two distinct lines, set by the opposites "Modern Love Is Automatic" and "The Traveller" continues.

"Yeah. It sound stupid but artistically you're allowed to do that."

Yes it does sound stupid, because it reveals AFOS to be idle popsters of whom Kipling would not have approved. But who cares? It really isn't that important. There is one song on the new album, entitled "Remember David", which surely has to be their final single from the album. It is both emotional and exciting, as far as that goes with the AFOS camp. It sticks out a mile.

"If you look on the album as a kind of loose concept," he coolly announces to the sound of a writer slumping unconscious to the floor, "The Story Of A Young Heart" was the last song written and before that it was just a collection of songs. But "Remember David" was about a friend who committed suicide.

"This was when I was really young and I didn't want to put his name so I just wrote down things I thought of him, things like the words he said to us because I remember the things he said because he was my best mate. To me he's become a picture in my mind, because I know I'll never see him again. So I wanted to, I dunno... if there's a heaven and spirits and he can hear the record he might recognise himself but no-one else will, except me and him."

But how, I asked clambering back into my seat, do you work

their pride is totally gone. It's happened to me. It's probably happened to everybody. It's trying to relate it in some way without saying, "I've been hurt." Know what I mean?"

Sure do, Pa. "It's only when you've got time you can write things like that, masking the lyrics. You're got to get inside them without people going, 'Oh God, so what? Happens to everyone!'"

Any reason why the album gets a lot stronger towards the end? "Yeah. By the same score 'Young Hearts' we had to play down. We could have made that huge. Hopefully at the end of 'Suicide Day' you want to hear the whole thing again. That's how we envisaged it. We even took the beginning of 'Young Hearts' and tagged it on to 'Suicide', so the whole thing is life goes full circle and the album is about life... it's real deep stuff!"

He laughs like a little horse. You've had atmospheric tunes but no excursions into real noise.

"No, not really. Maybe we just don't think along those lines."

But you have the extremes between light and atmospheric on the same album, on the same sides. So why not that simple, quiet and rowdy?

"I can't see a reason for it. I'm really pleased we're developing where, like you say, a lot of bands seem to be fully developed to start with. When we got those songs recorded I was more excited than when we first got signed. It's the most sophisticated."

"It's deeper, it's stronger, it's brighter. Everything involved with it seemed to be better. It's great seeing yourself grow cos you don't notice you're growing at the time."

Remember puberty? But on emotional tunes your voice remains largely an integral sound rather than amplifying the emotion in the manner of a Prince or a Wylie. You shrink.

"Maybe that's because I haven't developed enough as a singer. I've got something to work on. I'm not perfect as a singer. The only reason I became a singer in this band was because we needed a

SHIRINK RAY



The column that straps today's pop wallahs to a couch and puts them under scrutiny by the MM quack.

HAIRCUTS

NOT one of the most important things in my life, but they seem to take on more importance when you have them in pictures and magazines and things, so I suppose you should care. I have my hair cut at Tony & Guy's.

JUMP

"JUMP" by Van Halen? It's on Warners and it's one of the most successful rock records that they've had in a long time. It's the epitome of American white rock'n'roll. Teenage life, and the lyrics are like that, so I wanted to bring all of that out. I also think of "Sweet Jane" now because I tried to make it sound more like "Sweet Jane". It was sort of trying to get something of value from a complete pile of shit.

LOU REED AND THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

OH, they're fantastic. They're everything that clever white Americans are about, sort of people with taste who actually wrote music because they liked it and not just because they'd sat at home practising scales for 10 years, y'know. It's New York music really as opposed to LA or mid-American music. I don't really like much of Lou Reed's more recent stuff.

GIBSON GUITARS

MUCH more reliable than Gretsch guitars. Yeah, they're great, Gibson guitars - they just come off the conveyor belt and they sound good. That's why there's this real sort of standard of quality about them. I'd like to have maybe a Firebird next, cos they sound great. I love the Gibson Chet Atkins, which is the new nylon-strung one, solid-bodied. Mark Knopfler gave me it as a present.

MARK KNOPFLER

WE spent like two months with Mark, recording and mixing the new album. He's really good, he's a really hard worker, that's the thing about him. He doesn't take drugs and he doesn't get drunk in the studio. He's really good for making an album cos he doesn't do all those all-night

sessions and things, which is good. Mark was good for a few reasons. For one thing, I don't think he's NME's man of the year, so it wasn't like a hip thing to do, which I liked. I think Aztec Camera should be removed from that. Also I think he's a good guitarist, and I liked the stuff he did with Bob Dylan on "Infidels". He sort of got the band together for that.

SONGWRITERS

WELL, I just think of the contemporary ones really. I like Billy Mackenzie, I like Green. Green's probably... If I have a favourite songwriter at the moment it's Green. He sort of knocks spots off all those people who talk about "the traditional song". Loads of people talk about "oh, well we only listen to Cole Porter and soul music". Green's songs are great. Cole Porter's old fashioned really, like something my mum and dad would listen to.

NEIL YOUNG

GREAT, he seems completely deranged sometimes, when he's doing things. I love his guitar playing, it's really awkward sometimes. Like the stuff on "Like A Hurricane". I like his voice, I like his lyrics. Yeah, he's great. He's really morally sound, I think. I don't find any of his music that offensive, even when he's being a bit soppy. It's better than being downright stupid.

PEACE IN OUR TIME

IT'S an important thing. I don't like the song "Peace In Our Time", it sounds like a wee carousel kind of thing, doesn't it? The idea of peace in our time is really quite important. It seems to hinge on the Americans too much, people like Reagan and Thatcher. They're sort of symbols of everything that's wrong.

BILL FORSYTH

HE'S really funny, I think he makes great films. "Gregory's Girl" was my favourite one. It's funny, cos it was set in Cumbernauld which is just like East Kilbride. The characters are very much like that - I found it

really funny. The music master and people like that.

POSTCARD

POSTCARD was fantastic cos it was a scene. Unfortunately it was completely exclusive. The only people who were a part of that scene really were Aztec Camera, Orange Juice, Josef K - and later a few people from Bourgie Bourgie, Paul Quinn, and the girl, Krishna Kaminski who did the art work. That was like the Postcard scene and you see, when Bobby Bluebell came to the door and he wasn't allowed in, Alan Horne wouldn't let him in. So it's a bit silly when you hear people talking about the Scottish scene because there was really only ever the Postcard scene and that was the best of it. And after that it didn't matter where you came from - most of these groups could come from Liverpool or wherever really. Edinburgh. The whole Scottish scene was the Postcard scene, and it was a scene. I met Edwyn and I was surprised we had so much in common, having not known each other before. I was surprised to find there were musicians in Scotland I could actually respect, get along with and really like what they were doing. Alan Horne, of course, was behind it all - his ideas were great. I saw some of his ideas last week on "Old Grey Whistle Test" when Edwyn and Paul were on - it just seemed like he'd scripted it. It was completely cynical, Postcard. That's why it was good.

ARTHUR LEE

THE first thing that springs to mind was that he was an old acid head, really. He had some great songs. I wouldn't expect many people to like Arthur Lee, it's a kind of private thing. You either relate to it or you don't. When we brought out the first single on Postcard, "Just Like Gold", a few reviewers said it reminded them of Love, so I knew that my brother-in-law had a massive collection of these sort of LPs so I just went round and listened to them, and sure enough there it was, the acoustic guitars and major sevenths and soppy vocals. And these kind of wayward lyrics. I thought 'yeah, we really have got something in common with 'Love''. In fact I use a line from a song called "Old Man" on the new album, I use it as a guitar solo.

BUCKSKIN JACKETS

I JUST think of The Alarm, really.



IAN McCULLOCH

I THINK he's good, a good singer and he's got good lyrics. The first time I saw the Bunnymen was when they first played Glasgow, and I sort of met him afterwards and he was really nice.

MCDONALDS

RED and yellow plastic - too much. Everything in McDonalds seems to be made of the same sort of solution, so as soon as you eat it it merges into one, like the milkshakes and the hamburgers. It's a symbol for me of everything which is disgusting about America, really. Some big red and yellow plastic whitey corporation. It stinks. They really try to make it seem cute - they're the kind of people who advertise food and try to animate it, like "Eat me! Eat me! Buy me! Buy me!" It's really sick. Thinking about McDonalds is like taking lots of acid - don't do it!

ECKAGE

the concept?

"It's the run of the songs. It is really loose, it's not a 'Tubular Bells' type concept. It's about someone saying, 'This is my story, I fell in love, got hurt and decided to kill myself'. That's basically it. 'Suicide Day' was written before the end, just a song about committing suicide. Then with a few changes of lines you can say, 'Well these are his thoughts when he's actually on the ledge.'"

And how does "European" fit into all this? (A song which goes a lot on 'Zulu pride'.)" "That's another one which was just a good enough song and it's like, if you're in a situation emotionally, and I can turn it to that, I can twist it a little bit, then you can say, 'I wish I was different'. I could have been, 'I wish I was a Ferrari'."

"I included the part about Africans like Zulus because they seem to have pride in what they are and you can imagine if someone has been emotionally destroyed then

singer. I was a keyboard player and guitarist. I'm getting more relaxed about singing. That's just part of becoming more confident at what you do. As you can learn to use a keyboard better you can learn to use your voice better, to speak better, to dress better."

To use a watch better? "I said to my manager, 'Well look, he's from the Melody Maker so I'm an hour late. He's only gonna slag me anyway. What does it matter?' It's okay being interviewed but I'm not particularly impressed."

"When we first did interviews I used to think, 'Oh God, I've got to say the right things' and maybe that's the way we came across, as a stupid band."

Precisely, but that melody lingers on. AFOS still think about the wrong things. However, now they've got used to wet dreams an unusual state of affairs exists.

The best is actually yet to come!

THE standard pop group interview goes something like this. Hack meets band, hands are shaken, drinks ordered, pleasantries exchanged, and then out comes the textbook. This bible of communication is particularly recommended for use on those outfits who have only recently come into the public eye.

The first question concerns the origins of the band, the second is all about those crucial influences, and by then everyone concerned should all be feeling nicely at ease and ready for the more embarrassing moments to come.

Tonight's entry for this quaint experiment is one Bill Carter, singer, guitarist and spokesman for the very up-and-coming Screaming Blue Messiahs. Bill, your starter for 10 is to tell the folks back home all about how it came together for you in the early days, how you met the other guys, a bit of human interest, that sort of thing.

"No, I don't think we should talk about that at all. I want to talk about what this band is all about. Which is . . . revenge."

Sometimes, the textbook is really better off left at home.

Anyway, Bill. Revenge?

"Yeah, and sex, and violence. It's not just all that, but there is a certain chemistry in this band which has got something to do with those things. It's a chemistry, it's what's happening, it's now. Not violence in a personal physical way, but something that's in us and a bit harder to explain."

MISTER Carter is one third of the roaring deities, the other two being the very quiet Chris Thompson on bass and a very Scottish sounding Kenny Harris on the binlids. All three are certainly no spring chickens as we would say at home, their faces showing the telltale signs of too many years of late nights, and their conversation peppered with a confidence and world-weariness seldom associated with a band who have just released their debut mini-album.

That record, "Good And Gone", arrived on a Kilburn turntable one morning and



L-R. Kenny Harris, Bill Carter, Chris Thompson

THE SWEET TASTE OF

REVENGE

Barry McIlheney, fearless pop investigator and man of a million quizzes, locates intimidating R&B men SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS. They are not amused by his allusions to Dr Feelgood, and insist that they are "revitalising the music industry". Photos (under duress) by Paul Rider

immediately stood out from the rest of the bunch through what can only be called its refreshing air of tradition. It was a very hot day, the songs sounded strong, and a good review was had by all, yes Bill!

"No, not really. You went on about Doctor Feelgood as if we are just the same as them, only it's 1984. There is nothing wrong with the Feelgoods, but I don't want to be accused of just copying them, you know?"

"The way the review and some others looked was as if we are the only people to have been influenced by the blues. Absolutely everybody nowadays takes their sources from the blues, everything being done is all originally based on the blues. Everything."

"But not everybody uses a boring guitar, drums and bass as their chosen vehicle for showing off this apparently all-embracing blues thing."

"So what? Doesn't matter. We could do it just as easily with a synthesizer or a 20-piece orchestra. I just happen to play the guitar. That is just my own particular choice, but it would be basically the same with a synthesizer. Everyone has their own talent. And the three of us have got a special talent, whatever way it is expressed, we still have that talent."

AS you may have realised at this stage, the SBMs are a little bit different from the norm, sticking out like a sore thumb in practically everything they say or do. There's the name, the undercurrent of controlled aggression, and most of all, a very rare and sincere emphasis on the importance of playing live.

"How, I wonder aloud, can anybody still take this side of the business so seriously? Bill again, naturally." The difference between us and the others who won't get up on a stage is pretty simple. They can't play. Can't play their instruments, that's the difference. Everybody in this band knows how to play, knows what they're doing.

"We've all been playing for a few years and we know how to get up there and play. It's something that you have to go and see, something that we just can't stay away from."

Never having been too hot on the distinction between those who can and cannot play, cloth ears here makes the horrible mistake of remembering something that Brother Jones said once in The Oporto. Yes. "Nick Lowe can play" are the strange words that burble out of the mouth.

"Yeah? Well, he's not bad."
Still at something of a loss without the textbook, the old intuition puts in a brief appearance to suggest that three relatively elderly chaps playing R&B influenced rock and roll in sweaty barrooms may strike some folk as being a little bit of an irrelevancy nowadays. What with the bomb and all that, not to mention the starving millions or the...

"There's nothing irrelevant about it. We might sing about the usual topics on the surface, but there are certain things in there that we are trying to say in our own style. I just write about my own reality. That may not sound relevant or political to you, but we are just as political as anyone else in our own way."

"I just don't want to use this band as a soapbox, that's all. The songs are not about anything, the band's not about anything. It's just what's happening, what's now."

Fearing that we might be about to get into a particularly vicious circle on this one, I ask Bill to use just a few words, in true television show style, to state clearly what he himself thinks the band are up to.

"Revitalising the music industry."
That statement may well have been delivered with a little bit of Carter wit in the air, but there is no doubting the fact that this band feel themselves to be very much out on a limb. Having played down the Feelgood comparison, Bill has just as little time for any attempt to stick him and the boys in with the Birthday Party/Cramps camp.

"Other people have suggested that as well, but that's the real problem. One reviewer reads what another one has to say and then he has to take that into account before he even gets a chance to judge the band himself. And anyway, the difference between us and those bands you mention is that I think they are all a bunch of miserable bastards."

"I'm not trying to lean on you, but all I

can say is that I reckon this band has got it, we are happy doing it, happy that a company has picked up on it and given us the chance to make a go of it. Whether or not it is what people really want to hear is another matter. I don't know what people want to listen to."

"There's certainly not very much going on that I want to hear. Maybe a bit of that salsa stuff, some Jamaican music, but that's about it. I've maybe got different views from other people on reality as well. I reckon everybody should carry a gun."

"I was at the carnival and everybody says what a fun time it was, but I was there, and there are things that happen that nobody ever writes about, you know? You just work out your own ideas, and that's why I don't want to get labelled or say that this song is about this, or this one's about that. It doesn't have to be about anything."

TO some, that sort of talk may sound a bit like too much confusion, to others the only possible world view to adopt as we all go rapidly down the road to ruin. To Bill Carter, it is nothing more or less than his very own opinion, arrived at after years of slogging away at various things, and now being expressed through the music and live shows of a band who are finally making quite a few people sit up and take note.

It can all be about anything, it can just as easily be nothing, and anyway, it's all on the album and that's by far the best place to go and take notes. To return to the recently discarded textbook for a second, that album is likely to be followed up by a single, a few dates, maybe another album, and all of it to be conducted in the company of Vic Maile. That's right, the producer of a band called Feelgood, among a host of others, and a man who regards the Messiahs as just a little bit special.

With all this to look forward to, and so much to say, the only thing really left to ask Bill Carter is what he will do if by any chance the whole thing disappears without a trace.

"I'll go and live in Panama."
Somehow, I don't think he should be in any great hurry to pack his bags.



Did You Know THE FANTASTIC NEW ROCK ALBUM

By

Steve Hackett



Till We Have Faces IS OUT NOW

Also Available
STEVE'S ACOUSTIC
ALBUM
'BAY OF KINGS'



Edited by Brian Case

CONGRATULATIONS! I am a young woman living in Antwerp and a regular reader of your paper. MM is supposed to offer an interesting, objective and opinionated view on contemporary music and social trends.

Now to the point: MM attacks Belgium several times and seems to enjoy it — as if everything were so wonderful in Great Britain, like the miners' strike or BBC censorship.

Why these futile attempts to insult the album "Learning To Crawl" and Belgium: "about as interesting as a road map of Belgium". I would also like to ask Chrissie Hynde what's so funny about insulting my country? I've met her a couple of times in Brussels and I can tell you she's a nice lady whenever she's in a nice mood, intelligent, really talented, a great singer and very attractive too.

But back to you, dear MM, Number 7 of 10 Fates Worse Than Death — "Being born in Belgium". Thank you. Should I develop an inferiority complex right now? We've had Rubens, Jacques Brel, and we've still got our Brussels sprouts (a famous boost to one's drive according to folklore), T. C. Matic, one-half of Brian Eno, and the Torhout-Werchter double festival. Over a hundred thousand well-behaved visitors attended this major event in rock and pop music this year.

The Pretenders would love to play Torhout-Werchter next year if, as Chrissie puts it, "no-one dies or gets pregnant".

It's perhaps the best organised music festival in Europe, GB included, for which many bands have nothing but praise, Steve Sutherland's favourite, Simple Minds, among them. Even your prestigious Reading Festival had to be cancelled this year, so we Belgians have still got something to be proud of. We're not all stupid — or behind. Please be generous to one member of my species.

MICHELE POULIART, Antwerp, Belgium

● **IDON'T** know about folklore, Michele, but I find Brussels sprouts work more flamboyantly round the back of the lap. As for Belgium, I'm sure it can support human life if given a chance and a measure of grin-'n'-bear-it. Of course there are worse places to live. I've never heard a good word about Rockall or the Dogger Bank. That Torhout-Werchter festival certainly sounds a bonanza buzz! I was tempted I can tell you when I saw that they'd booked Ronnie Ronald, Webster Booth AND Harry Carey and His Six Saki Sippers for the Son et Lumiere evening at the Slipper Baths Oh, we cancelled Reading because we heard you were coming.

I KNOW the attached poem is hardly Wordsworth, but it does put over what I want to say. I've written it as a protest at the lack of seats available to see Queen this year. Surely the organisers can find bigger venues than those at Wembley Arena and in Birmingham for a group as popular as Queen. I'm sure there must be a helluva lot of disappointed people like my fiancée and I who couldn't get tickets.

Oh well, I've had my little moan and perhaps next year they'll choose venues worthy of the Queen following Messrs Mercury, Taylor, Deacon and May, I don't know how to put what I have to say, So I wrote it like this and I hope you'll see What it is that's upsetting me.

Please do a gig in the open air Because to me it just isn't fair. Only a few will see you this year, While many like me will shed a tear. Wembley and Birmingham are too small for you.

Do it again like in '82. I know bog seats were thrown at Teardrop Explodes. And a nutter was sleeping on top of some poles. But waves of excitement floated above. An atmosphere of contentment and love. It was really great fun, please do it again. And give more a chance to hear your classic refrains.

ANNIE STEWART, Mayfield Gardens, Dover.

● **GOSH** Annie! I didn't realise Queen were too popular for Wembley Arena! All I can suggest is the Gobi Desert. Lots of room, guaranteed weather, responsive tribesmen, and little chance of any of you getting back. Your poem is closer to Wordsworth than you give yourself credit for. For example, "I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills. When all at once I saw a nutter atop some poles. Amid a host of daffodils." Then there's the Gasmere Egegist's "Ode On An Outdoor Gig" "Up! Up! O pagan pals and wench Th' seat from off this bag. And hurl it like a knightly gage I th' face of Teardrop Explodes on stage."

ALRIGHT MM — enough is enough! A little over a decade ago you sang their praises as loudly as any, but these days they're your favourite helpless victim. In your "TEN" column last month you yet again twisted the knife in the turned backs of those early Seventies pioneers: YES.

"A mere 99 albums of droning, overblown garbage." Witty, to say the least. How easy it is to poke fun at a great band whose time has



PENNY Kiley in her narrow-minded, limited opinion (some dare call it a review) of my recent brilliant show in Liverpool, stands guilty of sexual fascism! It is obvious that she is suffering from a form of sexual shortsightedness that is common in our present-day society, known as "limited sexual repression".

People such as Penny Kiley fail to comprehend those beings who have a chosen goal and place — to hold a mirror up to society and show people the human frailty of their own pride and prejudice. Her so-called review only reveals her to be a dim-witted, improperly educated little straight girl!

I cannot expect the majority of your journalists to even begin to comprehend such a complicated creature as Jayne County, if they did, they would stop hiding behind their typewriters, and have the courage to get up there on stage and do it themselves! Rock journalists are frustrated, would-be rock stars.

Penny Kiley only reinforces my pity and disappointment towards so-called "normal" society. These "normal" people pass anti-sexual laws and daily brain wash their children into conventional pre-conceived man-made roles. Yes!

You can always tell the difference between what I refer to as the real people and the non-real people. You can tell by their reactions to another person's courage to stand up in front of the whole system and say, "Your system is WRONG, and my existence is the proof!" The non-real people are people such as Penny Kiley, people who lack vision! In

plain language, they are ignorant.

Fortunately there are enough people now who have acquired enough vision to realise what Jayne County represents, and that it is just a foretaste of the shape of things to come!

In summary, my response to Penny Kiley's review is my right to reply, which I hope your paper considers as much as part of the freedom of the press as your right to print your journalists' opinions. An artist should have the right to reply to criticisms directed against their art.

JAYNE COUNTY

● **CORKS**, Ms County — how you set a body worrying at itself! It's been years since someone held a mirror up to me, and then later he tried to sell me a packet of three and a bottle of Scurf-Doom. I wonder if I've been guilty of limited sexual repression? Was I improperly educated? Would I be truer to myself as a rock star, rather than covering behind the Adler? I wish I hadn't passed that anti-sexual law now. Am I non-real?

God, I hate letters that make you tunnel into your fundament and question even your spittle on the mirror! Thank goodness some things are driven in like tent pegs in our reeling world, Jayne County total tripe, for example. The shape of things to come, by the way, was the title of Ornette's album which challenged the precepts of the Western diatonic scale.

passed and whose music is no longer current. And how meaningless!

You guys make YES your favourite target every time ritual humiliation is the order of the day. I imagine as well you not only aim for animals in the middle of the road, but back over their quivering bodies again for a good measure.

As an American that reads your rag weekly (and finds it usually witty and interesting) I fail to understand why you would draw and quarter some of the finest musicians of their day. Ten years ago they wrote music that was as acclaimed as any stuff by the darling bands of today. If you can think of no other way of proving your cutting wit or filling space on your pages, then the single bullet is indeed the preferred option.

ERIC F. GERMAIN, Lisbon, Portugal

ODDLY enough, Eric F., one of the categories on the MM staffer application form is about backing over quivering animals in the road. Our Helen FitzGerald failed every question about music, but did wonderfully well in the practical, not only mowing down every housecat and rabbit that unwisely presented itself, but backing over them until they were flatter than they would have been had she had a car. I don't hold with that, of course, and phoned the RSPCA when I first heard YES in the Seventies. I can't abide suffering.

GLAD to see that you're glad to see Gary Glitter back in the charts. I always knew that the young upstarts could not knock him off the top. It's the same with good old Danny La Rue. Transvestism is not new. Boy George, Marilyn and Pete Burns are just fads. Danny is still Queen to Gary's King.

STUART WIGHT, Maybank, Newcastle.
● **OUITE** right, Stuart! Transvestites haven't had the durability since they abolished National Service. A week in the WRENS would soon sort out these modern knickersnappers, er, whoppersnappers.

DEAR MM office person, what a joy it was to read Backlash last week, and have Limahl put in his proper place. What an utter no-mark he is — but sadly a good example of the state of music today. It's dreadful!

The best track John Peel plays these days is his theme tune. Is Mike Read a tone-deaf, spotty, bespectacled, tasteless moron, or is it just me? Am I the only one who thinks Morrissey is a pretentious, jumped-up little jerk? Was I imagining the thousands of people who were lucky enough to witness the concerts given by Stevie Wonder and Roger Waters this year? I could be mistaken, but they sounded like seasoned professionals, playing music that will stand for a long time.

It seems these days you only need two qualifications to get a record in the charts: (A) a synth, (B) homosexual tendencies. It pisses me off, reading interviews about people I've never heard of before, and probably will never hear of again. It's just a waste of ink and paper.

Mind you, the MM crossword is still up to

scratch. That's all I buy it for really, and to see who's playing in Reading.

PS: I drink immense amounts of real ale. PPS: How about an Agony Aunt column in MM. Perhaps Boy George and Marilyn could get their problems sorted out.

GOOD MUSIC FAN, Wallasey, Merseyside

● **LYMESWOLD'S** proper place is beside the Stilton under the cheese cover. I don't know whether Mike Read is seasoned or spotty, and am not on sufficiently intimate terms with you, Good, to pronounce upon your taste. Nor do I know about synthesized homosexuals. All of these are questions for our Colin Irwin, who does run an occasional Dear Colin column.

Backlash

Send your contributions to Backlash, Melody Maker, Berkshire House, 168-173 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AU.



Talking Drums: "We never think about our image". Left to right, Johnny B. Hester, Dot Reid, Carole Moore, Derek Clark, Charlie Irvine. Picture by Steve Glyn-Jones.

FOUR days of knocking on record company doors in

London . . . just to get in and see the janitor!"

If that sounds jaded, in the case of Talking Drums guitarist and songwriter Charlie Irvine it's a statement now tinged with relief. After 18 months of unremitting effort, the roller-coaster of hope and disappointment, and punishing gig schedule, Glasgow's least fashionable band face the possibility of success.

A publishing contract with Miles Copeland's Illegal Music has in turn led to the great man taking the band under his personal managerial wing. Sheep-like, record companies are flocking to the IRS door, where presumably the janitor will let them in.

Talking Drums have worked harder than almost any other group on the overpopulated Glasgow scene for the break they've now achieved. And in a local environment where commitment, determination and integrity are about as welcome as body-lice, the so-called pundits of Glaswegian "taste" are now feting the band once shunned by those who don't pay to get into gigs.

The Drums first started beating their advance forward in 1980, manifesting themselves on an indifferent public as a sloganeering pop outfit with a dubious pedigree in the mysterious sub-world of evangelical Christianity - the land of Luis Palau and other mind manipulators.

Those days are long gone: "The whole idea is a millstone round our necks," says keyboardist Dot Reid. "We are not a Christian band. We stand or fall on our talent, and what we believe personally has never been a barrier."

"I enjoy writing about the ambiguities of life," says Charlie. "We've developed a lot, and there's a degree of tension now in what we do."

Live, all traces of a propagandising past have disappeared. The band have evolved from a rinky-dink, clangy pop group with a Clare Grogan lookalike singer into a ferociously tight meshing of influences. U2, Eurythmics, The Cure and the inevitable Simple Minds are references, but the result is a fresh, yet poised rush of emotional danceability.

The lyrics now come second to the swerve and sway of Carole Moore's vastly improved voice (Carmel meets

Stevie Nicks) and the dogmatic postures of earlier days are disappearing from Charlie's writing. They're a good band, but not yet a great one.

In 1982, the group almost ground to a premature halt. After two years of self-promotion and intensive gigging, the formation of (yet another) independent Glasgow label, Sticky Music, had seen Talking Drums with an LP tape ("Fighting To the Finish") and a fast-distributed single ("Courage") selling reasonably well. But then fate, or rather the pursuit of education, intervened.

Dot and Charlie and Carole, not entirely by coincidence, found themselves in Aix-en-Provence, France, respectively teaching, studying law and designing things. And all in French, too! It should perhaps be revealed that Dot and Charlie are in fact wife and man, though this has proved something of an embarrassment in previous interviews.

"I just hate this 'oh, you're Charlie's wife' bit," grits Dot. "It's totally irrelevant. We're all in this band to do a job, and that's it."

"France proved the key to our future direction, though," intervenes Charlie. "The three of us spent nine months hearing nothing but Euro trash, completely out of touch with what was happening in the UK. And we decided then that we were really going to go for it when we came back."

So, on returning to Scotland in June 1983, began the long frustrating trail round A&R men in beautiful downtown London.

"They're all dead nice to you," says Carole, "but it doesn't mean anything," she leans forward, warming to her subject.

"I'll tell you, I wouldn't believe anything anybody in the music business told me until I see it right there in front of me. Okay, one day they say something . . . and it happens. I'll believe it. But the next day, they'll have to prove it all over again."

So you're cynical? "You've got to be cynical in the music industry," comes back the chorus. This is a band who have learned the hard way, and it's made them grow up fast. In Charlie's words, "We're not wee boys and girls anymore."

THE maturing process has not been without its pain and guilt. The sacking of founder member and bassist Stewart

McEwan is still a source of some anguish to the remaining Drums, but with tentative murmurings of interest from London, new depths of commitment were being plumbed. There were other problems. Carole:

"We saw a video of ourselves, and we were really shocked. It was so frantic, so one-dimensional. From that point on we were working to introduce some subtlety and pacing, and to bring out the vocals more."

And so along came Johnny. The rest of the group heap praise on their newest member, bass player Johnny B. Hester, as "the only real musician in the band". He's certainly a dynamic fretless bassist in the Paladino mould, with thankfully few pretensions to Jaco Preposterisms. His pigtails are quite good too.

So the band looked at Johnny, liked what they heard and almost immediately things started to happen. EMI funded one demo, liked it, took the band to London to record another, and didn't like it. Thank you and goodnight, Talking Drums.

Undeterred, the band followed up interest from I.R.S., and eventually, their unwillingness to give in paid off. A publishing deal was signed, and the redoubtable Miles, having earlier told the group that "he would have to get to know them, management being a personal thing", signed the adoption papers.

"His is a style of management which offers us what we need," says Charlie. "We want a degree of autonomy, and he's already said that he simply can't be with us all the time. Perhaps due to our back rounds, we don't like being dictated to. (Charlie, by the way, is a qualified lawyer.)"

There's an interesting postscript to the EMI saga. On a recent club appearance in London, the band were visited backstage by EMI's head of A&R. "I really enjoyed that," he said. "Have you got a demo I could listen to?"

The Drums eyed him balefully. Dot: "EMI had spent nearly £2,000 recording us, and he hadn't even heard our name mentioned. He was in the club totally by accident. Aye, it make you think."

So, Talking Drums sit in the west end of Glasgow, awaiting the call of Miles, the call to stardom . . . or a support spot on an Alarm tour? Notices have now been handed in, hard-fought for careers jettisoned, and they wait to find out if it will really be the way it is in Smash Hits.

The band have dedicated

Miles Copeland's latest proteges, Glasgow's TALKING DRUMS speak rhythmically to Tom Morton

themselves totally to the achievement of success, and can't understand the fashionable lack of ambition rife among native Glaswegian musos. Ambition has taken the Drums a long way from their dodgy beginnings in the church halls and youth clubs of central Scotland. In the process, a moderate talent has blossomed into occasional bursts of thrilling power.

They still have far to go. The well-honed ferocity of their live set, anchored on Derek Clark's solid drumming, has the spectre of over-gigged predictability hanging over it. But one or two songs thrust piercingly through with a melodic glint that bodes well for the future.

As for the lyrics, they're getting lighter, less determined to take on the major themes of existence. "Charlie's writing has really improved, I think," says Dot. "I think he's dealing now with more personal themes."

Well, she should know. As the only band who once set down the entire metaphysical rhetoric of Descartes in a three-minute song, it shouldn't be hard to get more personal.

Talking Drums. "It's an adventure," they say. Well, they have the talent and the assurance to turn it into a permanent one! But do they have the magic to make those rhythms really speak? We'll see.



Charlie and Carole: The emaciated cheekbones look.

Adventures in the

SKIN trade

For PERSON TO PERSON, success is as easy as . . . well, ABC? Frank Worrall investigates

THERE comes a time when you think "Okay, I can make a comfortable living out of doing this. But you have to have a crack at doing something yourself". It felt *right* to do it at the time and I felt *brave* enough to do it."

Making a mockery of the claim that drummers don't have brains, the erstwhile David Palmer emerges as a man with a definable, well-worked-out ambition. When he left ABC, at the time the disappointing "Beauty Stab" was beginning to take its lifeless shape, most of his friends thought he'd gone mad. How, they demanded, could a drummer do anything on his own? And why was he throwing a lifetime's meal-ticket into the dustbin?

Palmer ignored them, worked out his own plan for success and began piecing the necessary components together.

First, he plucked the genius of ex-ABC musical director, Dave Clayton, from the depths of obscurity and followed up by persuading two sizzling funk talents, bassist Jeremy Meek and guitarist Lloyd Richards, to join his team. A couple of months later Palmer stumbled upon the most crucial missing link, the dynamic Pete Eason, who boasted the most impressive undiscovered voice in Sheffield, and Person To Person were on their way.

From the start, the band knew what they wanted and how they would get it. Armed with the two Daves' experience with ABC, they had a valuable insight into the workings of the music business and used it to their advantage.

"First and foremost, we decided we weren't going to set up a four track in someone's home," laughs Palmer. "We were gonna get a rehearsal room, buy an eight-track and start in a serious way."

After knocking on a handful of record company doors, they finally decided Epic offered the best future. Signing on for an eight-album deal, Person To Person made one immediate demand — that the production team of the moment, New York's The System, should take the controls for their early work.

Within a month The System had been brought over to Britain and quickly produced Person To Person's first single, the fine "High Time", an outstanding yardstick by which British funk pop may be judged over the next couple of years.

With its daring beat, its dazzlingly uplifting emotions and Pete Eason's clean, articulate vocals, it should be at the peak of the charts — and could yet be, if the time it took Frankie's "Relax", a similar rhythmic gem, to reach the top is anything to go by.

Not that the ultra-confident Person To Person are that bothered. They already have another chart-breaker lined up, the magnificent "Right From Wrong", a song ABC might have produced after "The Lexicon Of Love", if only Martin Fry hadn't lost his creative impetus.

But Pete has something to say about the current single: "We intentionally went out not to write a hit single, with 'High Time'. We wanted it to have that bit of underlying class, that tugs on peoples heart-strings. "But we've not given up hope it'll be Top Five," he adds, smiling. "It's getting well played in the clubs and we're just starting to cross over to radio for lots of daytime play, which is a situation we've wanted all along."

Person To Person correctly describe their musical style as a delicious mixing of New York dance genius with English pop sensibility. It's a sound they've been seeking all along — and the reason why they asked for The System to make the Transatlantic trip.

It didn't take the illustrious Murphy and Franks long to knock Person To Person's massive, maybe even over-extravagant sound into a more coherent, controlled whole. Not that there was any Svengali manipulation in the vein of Frankie and Trevor Horn.

"We knew what we wanted from the start and The System just helped us achieve it," states Pete.

"Yeah, some of the sounds on 'High Time' are radical because that's what we wanted," Dave chips in. "We don't want to play everything smooth. We don't want everything to be slushy."

Person To Person reckon "High Time" represents a new direction that many bands will follow. You might think that's a mite arrogant, but they've played me a tape with three more new numbers and the overall effect is truly stunning.

As the title of the latest single suggests, Person To Person are winging in on a new optimism, which they feel people are crying out for. Their songs aren't about the Lebanon or topical issues that are splashed across TV screens every day.

They're more concerned with personal observations which may have some relevance to other individuals.

"I don't want to ram anything down anybody's throat," Pete confirms. "I just want them to hear what I'm saying and perhaps take something personal from it themselves. I mean, if someone walked through that door now it could well provide the inspiration for a song!"

As the band's major lyricist, Eason plays a significant part in nurturing the colourful images that the public will quickly identify with them when they do break through. Eason writes with "a storyboard" in mind and points out that his ideas will prove perfect material for video work.

The fact that they're not

ashamed to admit they're aiming for the commercial heartland is an indication of their refreshing honesty. As Dave says: "People get very precious about things like maintaining their artistic integrity — and so do we. But we're all after the same aims — success — and we're prepared to come clean about it. Everybody wants to sell a lot of records, so let's not beat about the bush!"

It means Person To Person hold a healthy respect for those artists who often dismiss as trivial. They're the first to admit there's actually something to learn from people like Frankie and George Michael.

"Yeah, George Michael's a brilliant singer!" Dave declares. "And he's clever with it. He always does something which sounds current and is rooted in today."

PERSON To Person also admire what's happening around them in Sheffield and the way in which the Human League, Heaven 17 and ABC have remained in their home base.

"Sheffield's great!" Dave tells me. "I really respect the likes of the League who stay here. We've no intention of moving to London. Sheffield keeps it all in perspective."

But isn't there a real danger for Palmer and Clayton that the "ABC

thing" may cast an ever-present gloomy shadow if they remain in Steel Town? "Not at all," answers Palmer. "We still get on fine with Martin and the others. They weren't upset when I left. They thought 'Okay, he wants to do his own thing really bad, so fair enough'. There was no legal hassle and I got let out of my contract without any trouble."

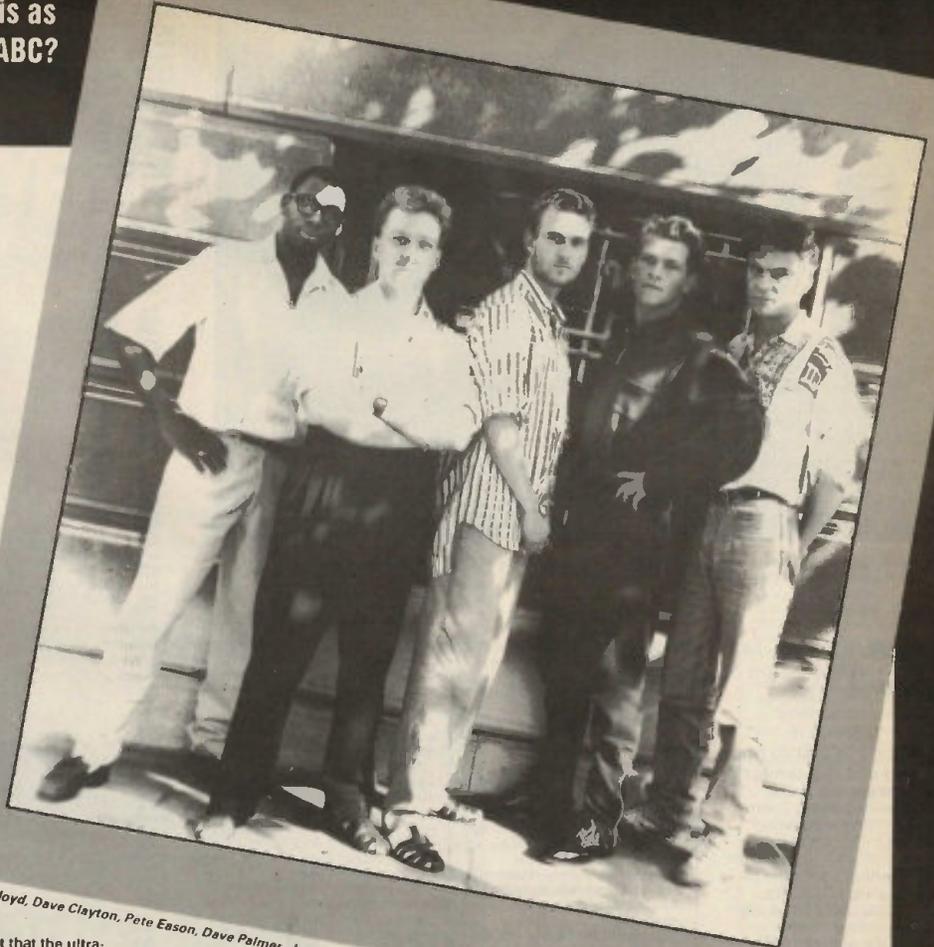
Palmer and Clayton are now happier than they've ever been. Palmer, in particular, feels he is at last doing something valuable on his own terms.

He explains: "When I joined ABC they'd already signed the deal and I felt a bit out of it. Sometimes it was difficult to put across what I felt in the music. I was a bit of an outsider but now I'm much more involved. Person To Person has given me an opportunity to express myself more."

Although they're eager for success, Person To Person are prepared to bide their time — if it means their music will become something more than a temporary product. "We want longevity," Dave stresses. "We want to be like The Police and Dire Straits in the sense we want to be around for a long time."

"Yeah, we rely a lot on personal contract," Pete interrupts. "That's what's behind the name, and that's what we're hoping will make people take to us."

And there you have it. Open your hearts now.



L to R Lloyd, Dave Clayton, Pete Eason, Dave Palmer, Jeremy Lewis

Zbysiu Rodak

IT'S A PIT-HEAD BALLET

WHAM!/STYLE COUNCIL

Miners' Benefit, Royal Festival Hall, London



Mimers' Benefit - GEORGE and ANDREW

AS I lurked round the back of the hall trying to get in, a small entourage swept past led by a short, greying man, curiously familiar... Arthur Scargill! The teenage girls hovering round the door paid no attention. They were preoccupied with the serious business of waiting for Wham!

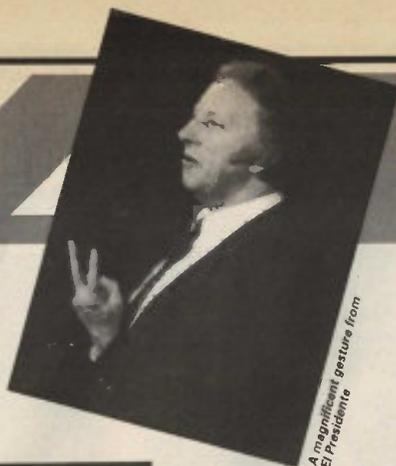
A faint aura of culture shock lingered over the evening like a whiff of cordite. The boxes and decorum of the Festival Hall seem more Midland Bank than NUM, somehow, but the place was full of determined expressions and a keenness to applaud the right sentiments however they were expressed. The critic did not feel welcome, though the event was presumably as much about publicity as anything.

Alexei Sayle kicked off, resembling a bad-tempered grizzly who's woken up to find himself inexplicably sewn into an ill-fitting suit. On TV, Sayle is a chore. Tonight, he was belligerent and very funny, "political" only by inference but scourgily provocative.

I couldn't hear much of Mike Harding because my seat was in the acoustic dead zone - still, I heard him say that the miners couldn't be beaten because they had nothing to lose, and this earned a tumult of applause.

"Kevin Turvey" was almost exactly as you'd expect, with some convoluted saga about something happening to him on the way to the auditorium. It ended with much talk of "pricks", rather rude in my view. Typecasting in a comedian is even worse than if it is for pop stars, who can at least pretend to be actors when people stop buying their records.

WELLER & Co in clubland



A magnificent gesture from El Presidente

people were saying, I was at first under the impression that the man in the dark suit who'd stepped to the mike was some sort of stand-up comedian.

However, I realised my error when I caught the bit about "this man is one of the finest TUC leaders this country has ever seen". Heavens, he was Arthur Scargill's warm-up man. Thereupon, Arthur (looking nervous) strode onstage and delivered an impassioned speech, evidently much shorter than his usual workout, thanking the artists and predicting victory for the NUM. Nothing new here, but he brought the house down.

After the interval we had the awful Nigel "Neil" Planer, mercifully brief, then it was Wham! All of Wham!, that is - backing girls, brass section,



Hippy dillard NEIL

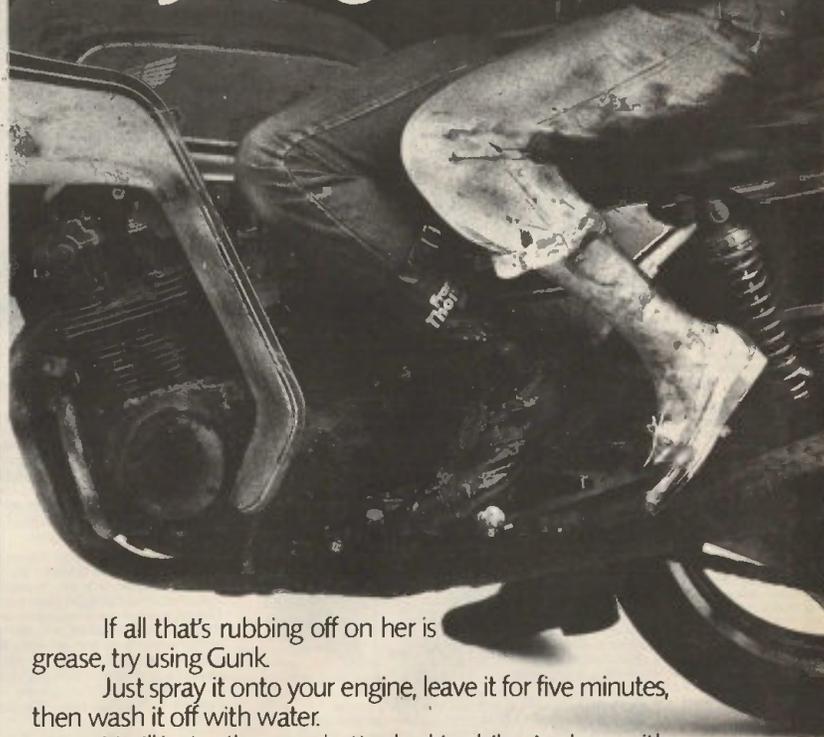
keyboards, guitars - all miming. George thought everybody had come to see them alone, and apologised to anyone who'd bought a ticket under the impression that Wham! would be playing live. He did add that this wasn't the point of the evening, but obviously Wham! were out to milk their 15 minutes for all it was worth.

We had "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go", the grim "Careless Whisper", a new song called "Everything She Wants" and the new single "Freedom". Dressed in white and posturing farcically, Wham! greatly pleased the three rows of young girls at the back of the hall and left everybody else stone-faced and baffled. I must admit, I'd never realised quite how dreadful they really are. This "performance" demonstrated no taste and less intelligence.

Working Week, dependable jazzers who've seen a thing or two, closed the proceedings with the right air of rewarding application. Ben Watt and Tracy Thorne sang the words to "Venceremos" with astounding ineptitude, but the band then lit up for the long instrumental passage and left us sizzling. It had been an odd but eventful night.

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IT'S A WAVE!



MARC ALMOND

Royal Festival Hall, London

BOUNCING on for his first encore, Marc paused, adjusted his shimmering shirt and briefly addressed his kingdom. "Do you think it was a big mistake to play here?" he enquired politely.

Gutter hearts responded with a loud and rather coarse roar which could have equally passed as a yea or a nay. "Yes," said Marc uncertainly, "I do too. Next time we'll choose somewhere we can have a bit more fun."

No pretence here, then, that this had been a great gig. But then that is Marc's style. If he has a personal crisis, it's a crisis that must be shared and his obvious discomfort at singing about sleaze in such sophisticated surroundings clearly worried him from the outset. At one point he pleaded with the audience to get out of their seats and when they rushed to the front and attempted to fondle his ankles he squealed "That's better... shake things about."

Disconcerted by the unfamiliar sight of exposed hearts and bare emotion jiggling around at the front of the Festival Hall, security began to get increasingly shifty about the whole affair and a little man was dispatched on stage to whisper in Marc's ear that unless the audience stopped getting so excited the power would be switched off.

Naturally this information was instantly sneeringly relayed by chanting "We think it sucks, we think it sucks."

All terrific fun, of course, but not really the purpose of the exercise and a worrying diversion from the point of the concert — the launch of the Marc Almond solo career. And there were clear signs that this was a **NEW BEGINNING** and not another shamboic indulgence like the Marc & The Mambas affairs. Annie Hogan was still running the band with some deliciously sensitive piano, but Marc was dripping with brand new material (not a single backward glance to Soft Cell and barely an acknowledgement to the Mambas) and the tête à tête with members of the audience and lingering confessionals from the stage were kept to a minimum. It was almost a proper gig. Almost.

Oddly there were few signs of the nerves Almond insisted were riddling him and he set about his business with an unsuspected sense of purpose; the show fairly galloped along. "The Plague" was an early highlight, saving the occasional burn note and a slightly shoddy sound.

Cole Porter's "Love For Sale" was interpreted with a salaciousness that few could have recognised in the song in its original form, possibly

not even Porter himself... but it was a rare moment of dirt. Marc's new material is crisp, bright and determinedly poppy, even when the lyric might suggest a more desperate edge — the excellent "Tenderness Is Weakness" a perfect example. The record company must have been delighted as Marc used conventional rock forms in a manner he never has before, but though they'd never admit it, his devoted gutter hearts seemed a tad disappointed at this previously unseen cleaner side to their hero.

"You Have" and "Joey Dime" were blazing finales — the manic edge happily restored — and a very large Marc Almond hit single is clearly not far away. But there are a lot of things to be resolved here before Marc's solo career can take off in earnest... one of them being that Marc's gaudy scenarios and personal confidentiality with this audience can only be effectively encapsulated in the most intimate of surroundings.

As the gutter hearts shuffled out afterwards in their blacks and their purples and their pallid faces, you sensed wariness... a confusion, perhaps, at this wholly untypical well-scrubbed entrée to his new career.

● COLIN IRWIN

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TUESDAY 1st OCTOBER

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TUESDAY 1st NOVEMBER

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BIRMINGHAM Nine Out: Sister Sledge
BRADFORD Thornton: Labour Club: Pauline Gillan's Northern Dancer
CARDIFF St David's Hall: Dio + Queensryche
DUDLEY J.B.'s: Raymond Froggatt
DUNOON EM Club: Tredegar
HAMILTON Park Lane: Baby Tuckoo
HASTINGS The Crypt: Heptet
LEAMINGTON RAOS: Dream Sequence
LEEDS Cerdigan Arms: The First International
LONDON Brixton Fringe: The Moodists + Folk Devils + Bone Orchard
LONDON Camden Dingwells: Wrathchild + The Dogs D'Amour + Blue Mask
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: Chuck Farley
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Pete King Quartet
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: August Affair + Torch
LONDON Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: The Reactors
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Eavesdropper
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: The Chosen Three Ensemble
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey, N4: The Whippets
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: The Fits + Joe Public
LONDON Fulham Kings Head: Look Book
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Hi-Jinx
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club: Clark Tracey
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: The Masons + Most People
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Bernie Leadon, Chris Hillman and Al Perkins
LONDON Kensington High Street, Cafe Emile: Sensible Jerseys
LONDON Kenish Town Bull and Gate: The Bugger All Stars + El Oso + La Chachita
LONDON Oval Cricketers: John Hegley and The Posticians
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: Hot Club of London with Die Dials
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Jazz Sluts
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince of Orange, SE16: Alan Eldon and his All-Star Quintet
LONDON Tottenham Court Road Dominion, W1: Chris Rea
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Jake Burns and The Big Wheel + Dark Lady
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club, W1: The Monkey Dive
MANCHESTER Hacienda: Little Steven and The Disciples Of Soul
NEWCASTLE The Garage: The Flakes
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: The Cult
RICHMOND Kew Road, The Hope: Blue Lighting
ROTFORD The Rezz: 80 In The Shade
SWANSEA Coach House: Wait Until Dark
TYNE AND WEAR Washington Arts Centre: The Edge + Free Zone
WELLINGTON TELFORD Town House: Phantom
YEovil Johnson Hall: Pendragon

Thursday 13

BELFAST Avonell Leisure Centre: Echo & The Bunnymen (Start of tour)
BEKILL On-Sea Shunter: Die Laughing
BISHOP'S COTTAGE Bakers: Dozen Automatic Slims
BRADFORD Market Tavern: The Edge
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: Chicago Sunsets
BRISTOL The Crown: Haircut
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: Flat Lux
CARMARTHEN Trinity College: Emerson
CRIEFF Glenburn Bar: He Said She Said
DARLINGTON Arts Centre: Yvonne Ristein
DOVECOIT Arts Centre: Reborn
DUDLEY J.B.'s: Sweet Poison
EDINBURGH La Sorbonne: Chasay
EDINBURGH Playhouse: Iron Maiden
EPPING Treetsops Hotel: Fatal Charm + Hard Road
GREENHILLS Whitehills Farm: The Primevils
GUILDFORD Royal: The Chameleons
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: Johnny G + Killerhurtz
LEEDS Bier Keller: Pauline Gillan Band
LEEDS Warehouse: The Mighty Wah!
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: Sa La Deuce
LIVERPOOL The Venue: The Reverb Brothers
LANHARAN RFC: Man + Raging Cars
LONDON Brixton Fringe: Alien Sex Fiend
LONDON Camden Dingwells: Peter Green's Kolors + Chicago Sunsets
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: Little Sister
LONDON Camden Oxford Arms: Brian Knight's Kick Out The Jams
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Bill Smeat + Vic Ash Quintet
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: Cliff Bang Pow! + Jesus + Mary Chain
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Lazy Train
LONDON Dean Street: Gosipaj W1: Gaz's Rebel Blues Presents The Skiff Skats
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: Pete Thomas and The Deep Sea Divers
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Diz and The Doormen
LONDON Fouberts Place, Valley Of The Dolls, Footers, W1: The Rejones + 20 Flight Rockers
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Winston and The Churchills + The Untouchables
LONDON Fulham Kings Head: Sam Mitchell Blues Band
LONDON Green Lanes Attic, N4: Tea House Camp + True Colours
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Excess
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club: Stage Brew + Rebel Ed
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: Brigandage + Kindergarten
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Bernie Leadon, Chris Hillman and Al Perkins
LONDON Kensington Ad Lib: Rent Boys Inc
LONDON Kensington High Street Cafe Emile: The Masked Orchestra
LONDON Kings Cross New Merlins Cove: H-Bow
LONDON Manor House The Attic: Tea House Camp
LONDON Oval Cricketers: 1000 Miles Of Sunshine + Press Gang Kit

AFTER a low-key summer, disturbed by a handful of festivals, one-offs and bizarre spectaculars from the likes of Queen, wheels of activity are beginning to turn again as the autumn tour season gets under way.

Poke through the drifts of newly-fallen leaves and you'll find signs of stirring from Echo & The Bunnymen, The Mighty Wah! and Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark - all of them back out on the road this week.

The Bunnymen launch their latest assault at Belfast Avonell Leisure Centre on Thursday, moving south to Dublin SFX on Friday and Saturday before a trip across the water to Leicester (Monday) and Nottingham (Tuesday).

The Mighty Wah!, meanwhile, has lined up three dates beginning at Leeds Warehouse on Thursday, Friday brings him to the Sheffield Limit club, while Saturday he's at the Liverpool People's Festival, a free council-promoted event on Selnet George's Plateau.

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark kick off a tour at Chippenharn Goldiggers on Sunday, carrying on to Bristol Colston Hall (Monday) and Oxford Apollo (Tuesday).

Headbangers need have no fear: the sound of thunder is never too far away, and this week, Iron Maiden get into their stride as the "World Slavery Tour" hits Aberdeen (Wednesday), Edinburgh (Thursday), Newcastle (Saturday and Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Ipswich (Tuesday).

Dio and Queensryche are still pummeling their way round the country while the outrageous W.A.S.P. and the nearly as outrageous Wrathchild start a British attack on Tuesday in Belfast Ulster Hall.

Finally, Born To Torque returns to the Marquee on Friday and Saturday. On a slightly quieter note, Lloyd Cole And The Commotions are back on the road with gigs in Edinburgh (Monday) and Ayr (Tuesday). Little Steven and The Disciples Of Soul finish a short series of gigs in Manchester on Wednesday, Nottingham on Friday and Birmingham on Sunday.

Also on the road this week are the Cult, Aswad, and The Crusaders. One-off's include Alison Sex Fiend at the London Brixton Fringe on Thursday and Friday, Fast Eddie at the 100 Club on Thursday, X-Mal Deutschland at the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday with New Model Army, Alexei Sayle at the Wimbledon Theatre on Sunday.

LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: Fast Eddie
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Cardiac
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange, SE16: Jiggs Whigham with Superjazz Big Band
LONDON Stratford Green Man: Thin Red Line
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Immaculate Fools
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club: Brilliant
LONDON West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Heretic
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed: The Syndicate + The Syndicate
MANCHESTER Gallery: Airrace
MANCHESTER Hacienda: The Cult
NEWCASTLE Anglo Asian Club: It's Crucial
NOTTINGHAM Dome: Geschlecht Akt
OXFORD Apollo: Oasis
OXFORD Pennyfarthing: Sister Chicken
PEELERS Cross Keys: Tredegar
SOUTH NORWOOD Stanley Hall: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre: Quadrant 4
SURBITON Assembly Rooms: Papa Michigan and General Smiley + Freddie McGregor + Studio One Band
WATFORD Verulam Arms: Centelle
WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: The Soul Band

ALDRSHOT West End Centre: Errol Clarke Trio
BARROWHAVEN Haven Inn: Pauline Gillan Band
BATH Moles Club: Ray Sunshina and The Moonbeams
BIRMINGHAM The Mercantile: A Witness
BRECHIN RAF Edzell: He Said She Said
BRISTOL Dome: Chris Rea
BRISTOL Colston Hall: Dio + Queensryche
BURY: Folk Festival
BURY DERBY HALL: Folk music with Alistair Anderson
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: Flat Lux
CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall: Wrathchild
CLITHEROE Swan And Royal Hotel: Big Beat
DOUGLAS Summertime: Persian Risk
DUBLIN SFX: Echo & The Bunnymen
DUDLEY J.B.'s: Wild Flowers
GLASGOW Market Tavern: Tony McPhee and The Groundhogs + Automatic Slim + Cosmic + The GB Band
GLASGOW Nitemenos: The Cult
GLASGOW Venue: Tredegar + Chasay
GUILDFORD Royal: Nashville Teens
HARROW Roxburgh: Lydrive
HASTINGS Royal Victoria Hotel: Die Laughing
HITCHIN Market Tavern: XFX
HIGH BARNET Old Bull Arts Centre: Pulse
LEICESTER Arts Theatre: Geschlecht Akt
LONDON Bidborough Street, Camden Centre, WC1: Miners' benefit with African Connection + Barrio Latio + Seething Wells + Mark Minward



LONDON Brixton Fringe: Alien Sex Fiend
LONDON Brixton Loughborough Road, Loughborough Hotel, SW9: Freakshow + The Crowdaddies
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse: Pete Nu, Paul Rodgers, Terry Ater, Tony Marsh, Ted Emmert, Simon Picard and John Presset with improvised jazz
LONDON Camden Dingwells: Chris Wilson + The Exocets
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: The Big Town Playboys featuring Ricky Cool
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: The Breakfast Band
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dream Sequence + The Screaming Blue Messiahs
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Fresh and
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: Mr Clean
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey, N4: Moondance + Rockin' Robeys
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Conflict + The Partisans + 16 Guns
LONDON Fulham Kings Head: John Otway
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Chief + Art Theman
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: The Milkshakes + Electric Grandmothers
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler: West Coast + Texas Dancers
LONDON Islington Hope and Anchor: Restless
LONDON Kensington High Street Cafe Emile: I Wish
LONDON Kings Cross Road Union Tavern: Jon Corbett, Nick Stephens and Roger Turner + The Tap Dance Group + The Bohman Brothers
LONDON Ladbrooke Grove, The Elgin, W11: Steppin' Out
LONDON Oval Cricketers: Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Chevalier
Brothers
LONDON Queensway Porchester Hall, W2: Ken Livingstone's Campaign Party with Holloway Alistair, Billy Bragg and Julian Bahula's Band
LONDON Southampton Road St Dominic's Priory: WWS: Flat-Up CP
LONDON Tottenham Court Road, Roebuck, The Living Room: Nikki Sudden + The Loft + Ivory Towers
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard: Band + Klondike Pete
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Bernie Torne
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club: Black Market
LONDON West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Sensible Jerseys + Normal Pop
LONDON White Lion Street Three Johns, N1: The Doonicians
LONDON Woolwich Thames Poly: Five Go Down To The Sea + Jesus and The Mary Chain
MANCHESTER The Whelan: Awesome Precinct
MASHAM White Bear: Blues
NORWICH Whites: Tobruk
NOTTINGHAM Palais: All-night jamming session with Freddie McGregor + Michigan + Smiley
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre: Little Steven and The Disciples Of Soul
OXFORD Pennyfarthing: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
SCARBOROUGH Elven Home: The Edge
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: The Mighty Wah!
SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: Aswad
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre: Dislocation Dance + Terraced House
SWANSEA Coach House: Wait Until Dark
TORRINGTON The Plough: Pendragon
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: Orchestre Jazira
WHITEHAVEN White Horse: Baby Tuckoo
WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: Zenith

ASHBY Country Club: Please Y'Self
BATH Moles Club: Flat Lux
BIRKENHEAD Stairways: Baby Tuckoo
BIRMINGHAM Max's: Geschlecht Akt
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre and Wilde Theatre: String Fever
BRADFORD Library Theatre: Ralph McTell
BRISTOL The Piece 'n' Fiddle: Hotwell
BRISTOL Granary: Airrace
BURY: Folk Festival
BUTTERWICK Community Centre: Prole
DARLINGTON Arts Centre: Pagan Ritual + Crucified By Christians
DERBY Rock House: Wrathchild
DUBLIN SFX: Echo & The Bunnymen
DUDLEY J.B.'s: Kissling Bandits
FOLKSTONE Leas Cliff Hall: Aswad
GLASGOW Beaconing: The Revs
GUILDFORD Royal: The Trudy + The Shuffie
HARLOW Square One: Automatic Slim
HEREFORD Market Tavern: Catch 22
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: Nashville Teens + Southside Blues Band
HUNTINGTON Str Ivce Centre: Tobruk
IPSWICH The Thrasher: Runestaff
LONDON Acton Vale Kings Arms, W3: Jeannie's Beau
LONDON Brixton Fringe: Chevalier Brothers + Graffiti
LONDON Camden Dingwells: Hank Wangford
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: The Living Daylights featuring Ian Hunt and Jay Stapley
LONDON Catford Green Man, SE8: Hit 'n' Run
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Orchestre Jazira
LONDON Covent Garden Africa Centre: James Dant
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Exocets
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Little Sister
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: Mainstream
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Luncheon Gig: George King Carles
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Kau: Tau + Sigh And Explodes

SMILEY
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre: Little Steven and The Disciples Of Soul
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SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: Aswad
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre: Dislocation Dance + Terraced House
SWANSEA Coach House: Wait Until Dark
TORRINGTON The Plough: Pendragon
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: Orchestre Jazira
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WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: Zenith

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SMILEY
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OXFORD Pennyfarthing: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
SCARBOROUGH Elven Home: The Edge
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: The Mighty Wah!
SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: Aswad
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre: Dislocation Dance + Terraced House
SWANSEA Coach House: Wait Until Dark
TORRINGTON The Plough: Pendragon
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: Orchestre Jazira
WHITEHAVEN White Horse: Baby Tuckoo
WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: Zenith

LONDON Gladesmore Road Gladesmore Hall, N15: A.B. Crensil
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Big Chief
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club: Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three + Cpl. Henshaw
LONDON Hackney Chats Palace: See You In Veges
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: In Excess + Twisted Nerve
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Terisita + Interstate 65 + Little Gimmy + Texas Dancers
LONDON Norris Street Captain's Cabin, SW1: Adrian Mitchell + Lindsay MacCree + Bonnie And Clyde + Greg Carmichael + John Knox
LONDON Oval Cricketers: Ricky Cool's Big Town Playboys
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: Blue Magnolia Jazz Orchestra + Bill Brunskill Jazz Men
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON River Front at east of National Theatre, SE1: Afternoon gig with the Breakfast Band
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange, SE16: Harry Gold and his Pieces Of Eight
LONDON South Bank Jubilee Gardens: Darts
LONDON Tottenham Court Road Roebuck, The Living Room: Mekons + The Jesus And Mary Chain + Bog Shed
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Bernie Torne
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club: Wag Metres with Hector
LONDON West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Cult Maniax
LONDON Woolwich Thames Poly: Action Pact + Flowers In The Dustbin + Toms Midnight Garden
MAIDENHEAD Leisure Centre: Africa drought benefit gig with: Magic Mushroom Band + Gadsden + The Thin Line
MANCHESTER Apollo: Chris Rea
MANSLFIELD Leisure Centre: Masquerade
NEWCASTLE City Hall: Iron Maiden
NORWICH Whites: Pauline Gillan Band + The Host
OKEHAMPTON Okehampton College: Pendragon
OLDHAM Oddies: Haggar The Womb + Dronogs For Europe
OXFORD Pennyfarthing: Emerson
PORTSMOUTH Poly: Sound System + Radical Dance
READING Hexagon: Sister Sledge
SCUNTHORPE Civic Baths: Doctor and The Medics
ST AUGUSTINE Cornwall Coliseum: Dio + Queensryche
TONYPANDY Naval Club: Llais
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
WISHAW Heather Bar: Tredegar + He Said She Said
WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: The Smutt Brothers

Sunday 16

BIRMINGHAM Odeon: Little Steven and The Disciples Of Soul
BRISTOL Colston Hall: The Crusaders
BRISTOL New Ocean Ballroom: The Cult
CARDIFF St David's Hall: Oasis
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
FALKIRK Burns Bar: He Said She Said
GLENROTHES Crown Hotel: Tredegar
IPSWICH Gaumont: Sister Sledge
KINGS LYNN The Precinct: Pauline Gillan Band
LEIS Adelphi: The First International
LIVERPOOL People's Festival: Aswad
LIVERPOOL Saint Georges Hall: The Mighty Wah! + Aswad + The High Five
LONDON Harlan RFC: Swansea Blues Bros
LONDON Battersea Arts Centre: Hi Jinx
LONDON Camden Dingwells: Sunday auditions
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Stan Robinson Quartet
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: Nea Noa + Nitzer Ebb
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Gerry McAvay Band
LONDON Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Basil's Balls-Up Band
LONDON Depledge Albany Empire: The Go-Betweens + Old Loser
LONDON Finchley: Torrington: Little Sister
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Laughing Sam's Dice + Manifesto
LONDON Fulham Kings Head: All People Are Mad
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Ocean's Eleven
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: Heretic
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Johnny Maths
LONDON Hammersmith Palais: X-Mal Deutschland + New Model Army
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Indigo Lady
LONDON Herne Hill Hall Moon: Any Trouble + A Fly
LONDON Kenish Town Bull And Gate: The Breakfast Band
LONDON Oval Cricketers: Kleg Kinye + Carol Grimes + The Crocodiles
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: GI's Brass International
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Paz
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange, SE16: John Bennett Big Band
LONDON Oval Festival Hall: Darts
LONDON Apollo: Dio + Queensryche
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: Ralph McTell
WATFORD Local Board Road, Pumpshouse Blues Club: Brian Knight's Kick Out The Jams
WILTON SALUSbury: The Saddle Rooms
Hotwire
WOKINGHAM Milton Road Cantley House Hotel: The Smutt Brothers
WORTHING Pavilion: Black Sea Cossecks

Monday 17

BRISTOL Colston Hall: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
BRISTOL Yesterday's: Ralph McTell
EDINBURGH Coasters: Lloyd Cole And The Commotions
EDINBURGH Playhouse: Bobby Womack
LEAMINGTON SPA Kellys: Tapan Zee
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: Echo and the Bunnymen
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: Bandits At 4 O'Clock + Persian Risk + Industry
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: Sugar Ray Ford And The Hotshots
LONDON Chesriston Road Entertainer, W10: Boysie
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Matt Ross (lunch)
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Rhythm Posse + Jennie's Beau
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Arena Strange
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Kool Ray + The Polaroids
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: Cult Maniax + Toxic Reasons
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Blue Rhythm Boys
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club: All Over London + Equals Three
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: Destructors V + Psycho Circus
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Johnny Mathis
LONDON Kensington High Street Cafe Emile: Tessa Niles + The Voice
LONDON Kentish Town Bull and Gate: H-Bow
LONDON Oval Cricketers: Buddy Curtis + The Grasshoppers
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: Paz
LONDON Pied Bull, N1: Agents Of Fortune
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Mark Murphy
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange, SE16: King Kleary and His Savage Mooses
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Fiat Lux
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club: El Sonido De Londres
OXFORD Apollo: The Crusaders
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: Flat Lux
SHEFFIELD City Hall: Iron Maiden
STAFFORD Gatehouse Theatre: The Cult
THATCHAM Silks: Emerson
WATFORD Bailies: Sister Sledge

Tuesday 18

AYR Pavilion: Lloyd Cole And The Commotions
BELFAST New Victoria: Elkie Brooks
BELFAST Ulster Hall: W.A.S.P. + Wrathchild
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: Dick Quessy
BRISTOL The Granary: Pauline Gill's Northern Dancer
DUDLEY J.B.'s: Chase
DUNDEE Fountain: Talking Drums
IPSWICH Gaumont: Iron Maiden
LEICESTER Palais: Munich
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: Savannah Blues Band
LEICESTER University: The Sisters Of Mercy
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: The Climb + Avenue + The Essential
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: Cut Loose
LONDON Camden Palace: The Cult
LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef, N1: Kudu
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Soft Parade
LONDON Croydon Cartoon: Cairo
LONDON Deptford Albany Empire: Test Department
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: Diz And The Doorman
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: White Linze + Jn Hill House
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route, W1: Naked Lunch + Chokum Child + Raw Ho
LONDON Green Lanes Pegasus, N16: Jennie's Beau
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club: Cpl Henshaw
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar: A Thousand Miles Of Sunshine + Parisienne Lifestyle
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: Johnny Mathis
LONDON Kensington High Street Cafe Emile: Fear Of Falling
LONDON Kings Cross The Bell: Emerson
LONDON Oval Cricketers: Direct Hits + Purple Gang
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club, W1: Big Sound Authority
LONDON Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen Band
LONDON Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange, SE16: Superjazz Big Band
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee, W1: Spider
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club: The Mid-den
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed: Sideway Look + Light Brigade
NEWCASTLE City Hall: Oasis
NEWCASTLE Tiffanys: The Membranes
NOTTINGHAM Lyric Wine Bar: A Witness
NOTTINGHAM Rock City: Echo + The Bunnymen
OXFORD Apollo: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
OXFORD Arts Centre Wessex Hall: Aswad
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: Flat Lux
SWANSEA Penryhol Centre: Ralph McTell
WATFORD Bailies: Sister Sledge

TOUR NEWS

● **SHAKATAK** have confirmed dates for their forthcoming tour in November, which kicks off at Oxford Poly on November 2 and continues at Southport New Theatre (3), Boston Haven Theatre (4), Doncaster Gaumont (5), Manchester (6 - venue to be confirmed), Paignton Festival Theatre (7), Poole Arts Centre (8), Basildon Festival Hall (9), Hatfield Forum (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (11), Northampton Derngate Centre (13), Leicester Mr Kaisers (14), Harrogate Centre (15), Slough Fulcrum Centre (16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Norwich Theatre Royal (19), Guildford Civic Centre (20), Chatham Central Hall's (21), Nottingham Theatre Royal (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (24), Ipswich Gaumont (25).

Additional dates to be confirmed soon.

● **ALIEN SEX FIEND** have apologised to fans who turned up expecting to see them at the Camden Palace on August 28. Apparently, in spite of extensive advertising, no date had actually been confirmed at the Palace and the band have no plans for playing there in the near future. They will, however, be playing the Brixton Fridge on September 13 and 14.

● **FRANK ZAPPA** has added an extra show to his London dates. He'll now also be playing Hammersmith Odeon on September 25. A new album will be released to tie in with the dates and details will be confirmed soon.

● **X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND** play a one-off London date at the Hammersmith Palais on September 16, supported by New Model Army. The band will then be touring the USA and Europe to promote their new album "Tocsin".

● **ASTRUD GILBERTO** comes in to play a series of live dates in October, following the release of a compilation album, "The Essential Astrud Gilberto", out on Polydor this month.

She'll be appearing at London Barbican Centre (October 18), Lewisham Concert Hall (21), Bournemouth New Concert Centre (22), Wolverhampton Grand (23), Sheffield City Hall (25), Brighton Dome (27), and Cork Opera House (28).

The Sheffield date will also feature Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan, and Nancy Wilson. The Four Freshmen and Buddy Greco will be guesting at the Barbican.

● **ZERO LE CRECHE** are setting up a series of dates to promote their new single "Last Year's Wife". Dates confirmed so far are London Clarendon (September 24), London Bateau (26), Bournemouth Frics (27), and London 100 Club (October 2).

● **LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS** will now be playing Coventry Polytechnic on October 3 and October 4 as originally published. The band will also be playing Glasgow Pavilion on October 16.

● Due to the proposed London Transport strike (from midnight on September 11 to midnight on September 12), Omgwalls are making arrangements for their Jamaican Reggae Special to take place earlier than planned. The Studio One Band will be on stage at 8.30pm, followed by Papa

Michigan and General Smiley at 9.30pm. The show will be over by 11.15pm, in time to catch tubes and buses from Chalk Town and Camden Town.

● **CHAT SHOW**, the Oxford band who supported Play Dead on their recent tour, have set up their own dates at Bradford 1 in 12 Club (September 20), Manchester Attic (21), Stratford Green Dragon (22), and Banbury The Mill (24).

● **THE MEMBRANES** play a few dates to promote their single "Spike Milligan's Tape Recorder" at Newcastle Tiffanys (September 18), Manchester Gallery (27), London Hammersmith Clarendon (29), London Marquee (30), Reading University (October 3), Liverpool University (12), Sheffield Leadmill (14), Oldham Odys Club (20), and Preston Clodds (November 2).

● **ROMAN HOLLIDAY**, whose latest single, "Fire Me Up", has just been released on the Jive label, play their first date this year at London Dingwalls on September 20.

● **TORME** have confirmed two additional dates at the London Marquee on September 14 and 15.

● **THE CULT** have lined up a series of dates in September prior to their European tour. They'll be playing Leeds Warehouse (September 10), Sheffield Leadmill (11), Newcastle Tiffanys (12), Manchester Hacienda (13), Glasgow Nitemoves (14), Cardiff New Ocean Ballroom (16), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (17), and London Camden Palace (18).

● German singer **GINA X** makes her first London appearance since 1979 at the Camden Palace on October 11.

● **QUEEN IDA** and her Bon Temps Zydeco Band return to the UK for two dates at London Dingwalls on September 25 and 26. To coincide with the British dates, there'll be a new album released on Sonet entitled "On A Saturday Night".

● **FIAT LUX** will be playing the London Marquee on September 17, prior to the release of their new single "House Of Thorns", out on Polydor on September 21. The Marquee date is also being filmed for Channel 4, and tickets are available now from the Marquee box office.



VERLAINE DATES

● **TOM VERLAINE** follows up his recent album "Cover" with a European tour this autumn, which includes two British dates. Verlaine and his band - Jimmy Ripp on guitars, Fred Smith on bass and Jay Dee Dougherty on drums - play Manchester Hacienda (October 3) and London Electric Ballroom (4). Further UK dates are planned and will be confirmed shortly.

● **ASWAD** start their British tour this month, coinciding with the release of their single "54-46 (Was My Number)", first recorded by Toots & The Maytals. They have now added several new dates to the tour and will be playing Liverpool Peoples Festival (September 16), Exeter Riverside (19), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (October 3), and London Dominion (21).

Tickets for the London date are priced at £4.50 and £5.50.

● **AFRICA BAMBATAA** and The Soul Sonic Force with Shango arrive in October for their first UK tour. To tie in with the tour dates, there'll be a new single released on October 12, entitled "Frantic Situation". London following up the recent "Unity" duet with James Brown. Dates confirmed so far include: Birmingham Powerhouse (October 2), Luton Bristol Studio (9), Leicester Poly (10), Brighton Top Rank (15), Southend (11), Nottingham Rock City (14), Brighton Top Rank (15), Southend Pink Toothbrush (16). Tickets are available now from the various box offices. The London tickets are priced at £4.00 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

● **GBH** headline a mini-festival at the London Lyceum on September 30. They'll be supported by Peter And The Test Tube Babies, and Angelic Upstarts, the Toy Dolls and Chaos. Doors open early at 5.30pm and tickets, available now from the Lyceum box office and all usual outlets, are priced at £3.50.

● **SISTER SLEDGE** have added a second London show to their current UK tour. They'll be playing the London Dominion on September 28 - tickets are available from the box office and all usual agents, priced at £5.50, £6.50 and £7.50.

● **NAZARETH** follow up their recent support date with Status Quo at Milton Keynes with a UK tour this autumn. A new album, "The Catch", will be released on September 21 to coincide with the tour.

Tour dates: Nottingham Rock City (October 2), Barnstable Queens Hall (4), Bath University (5), Glasgow Mayfair (7), Edinburgh Coasters (8), Ayr Pavilion (10), Whitehaven Whitehouse (11),

Newcastle Mayfair (12), Hull City Hall (13), Caister Kerrang Heavy Metal Weekend (14), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (15), Slough Fulcrum Centre (17), Manchester University (19), Loughborough University (20), Leeds Cosmo Club (21), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (22), Birmingham Odeon Theatre (23), Worthing Assembly Rooms (25), Guildford Surrey University (26), St Albans City Hall (27), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (28), London Dominion Theatre (29).

Support on all dates will be Swiss band Black Angel.

● **TOM ROBINSON** takes to the road this week with his band The Crew on a short 13-date tour. They'll be playing the Oxford Apollo (September 14), Sheffield Leadmill (15), Bristol Hippodrome (18), Guildford Civic Hall (20), London Dominion (21 and 22), Birmingham Hippodrome (23), Leeds Town Hall (24), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (25), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Hull City Hall (28), Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (30) and Loughborough University (October 1).



● **CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT** have added some extra dates to their current tour. Shows confirmed so far are: Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (September 25), London Lyceum (26), Exeter University (October 12). Way Of The West will be guesting at the London date, and additional dates will be confirmed shortly.

Dark Side BEAT

After the haunting "Smalltown Boy" BRONSKI BEAT take sexual politics right to the edge with their daring new single, "Why". In America completing their debut album, they escort Helen FitzGerald through the shady side-streets of New York. Pictures by Tom Sheehan

THREE Smalltown Boys in The Big Apple. In town for only two weeks, yet they've already notched up some mighty adventures. Jimi's been roughed-up on the subway, yesterday Larry joined in the celebrations at a circumcision, while Steve is agog with tales of jerk-off clubs and murky backroom goings on. Here to finish their debut LP — pointedly titled "Age Of Consent" — they've also been making the most of their free time.

Larry and Steve are staying at the uptown Parker Meridian Hotel while Jimi roughs it at The Chelsea.

"I wouldnae be comfortable here," he sneers, curling his lip at the tastefully expensive decor in Larry's bedroom. "All this is so false, so contrived, what with telephones in the bog and room service to wait on you hand and foot. I mean, it's like the whole rock 'n' roll myth come to life.

"From a tower block in Camberwell to this. I tell you man, I'd rather sleep in the gutter than sleep here — not like these two jessies" — he gives Larry a none too playful dig in the ribs. "They enjoy being waited on, don't you dears?"

Life in the Bronski camp can shift in seconds from being just that to painfully intense self-analysis. In between all the laughter, the camaraderie and the gossip, Jimi drops in references to suicide attempts and the psychiatric hospital his mother sent him to when he was 15. Plunged into new environments, facing pressures that mirror the agonising confusion of their adolescence, the trio are bonded by the strengths that pulled them through before. As Jimi says when you ask him how they're coping with all the attention, "If you can get through what we sing about you can get through anything."

New York, with its vivid contrasts of opulence and squalor, seems to suit their ever-changing moods. Fascinated and repulsed at its hedonistic values, they've sampled the local delights with varying opinions. Jimi's still recovering from the subway attack, but it hasn't stopped him making new friends. This afternoon, he's meeting a boy to "go around the museums".

"I want to see what they put in museums here — I mean, the country's only 200 years old yet there's a museum on every block. Getting punched on the subway was awful," he moans. "This guy came up to me and demanded my bag an' when I wouldnae give it to him he just walloped me! It was like

something out of a film, I couldnae believe it could really happen in broad daylight. I was furious about it afterwards."

"So furious that he came straight back to the studio and recorded the best, most moody vocals of the album," Steve smiles quietly. He and Larry have had a less hectic time.

After a few jaunts to the seedier gay clubs which they admit "were a bit much — even for us!" they've divided their time between the studio, hotel and The Pyramid Club where last night they went to see "This brilliant lesbian singer. She was singing really powerful songs. One of them was about the Pope, about how rich he is yet he's always condemning materialism and telling other people to combat poverty — she was great."

"Some of the clubs were really weird," Larry sighs, "there's a place called the Mineshaft, they have a backroom where they're into harnesses and trusses — all that stuff. Some of the people there were too way out for words, real posers."

"And there's the jerk-off club," Steve adds, a little bewildered, "where you can look but not touch. We went to all the places to find out what's going on here but in the end we decided it was pretty vacant — to coin a phrase!"

"The circumcision was a lot more entertaining," Larry grins, "Real vaudeville. I was invited by a friend an' it was amazing, really tacky. All these Jewish Mamas videoing the event and crying and snapping polaroids of the big snip. Then afterwards they all tuck into iced cakes and sing songs and bitch about each other's hairdos."

"I felt sorry for the poor baby. After all the indignity of the scissoring he got overlooked in the stampede for the buffet."

"Maybe we should do a song about it," Jimi quips, "We could call it 'A Baby's Right To Choose!'"

"Contempt in your eyes as I turn to kiss his lips,
Broken I lie, all my feelings denied
Blood on your fist." — "Why?"

The cover says it all really, a shot of Jimi, arms wrapped agonisingly around bowed head, a picture of anguish and desperation. It's a far, far angrier single than "Smalltown Boy", sprung taut in an aggressive beat. A step forward from the confusion and isolation of that song, "Why?" kicks back viciously at the hypocrisy and misconception that makes their sexuality so generally despised.

Written for a friend who was forced to flee the country by his young lover's parents, the song is also dedicated to the memory of Drew Griffiths, a gay playwright who was recently murdered in London.

"He was stabbed through the heart 18 times," Jimi relates sadly. "He was a great playwright, a really clever man. I met him

once when I was working on a video project and I was so angry about how his death was treated, how the police and the press handled it. It was like — 'another queer's been murdered, so what?' — it's all they deserve."

"The press really tried to sensationalise it, to dig up the dirt. I was just so disgusted by it all." He turns to stare out of the window, across central park and beyond.

"You in your false securities, tear up my life,
condemning me
Name me an illness, call me a sin
Never feel guilty, never give in."

"Oh yeah, it's angry alright," he nods, a fragile figure fired with an urge to communicate all the pent-up hurt at once as if tomorrow might be too late. "Those are the stages I went through and still feel. After the isolation — after you're made to feel like dirt, deviant and unclear, you realize that you're not alone and that's when the anger sets in."

"I didnae mix with any straight people for a long time," he quietly shrugs, "I couldnae bring myself to, I felt a kind of blanket hate. Now I suppose I've got more perspective but it took a hell of a long time."

"I think 'Why?' is going to be the decision maker for us," he muses, deftly changing the subject. "It's like — how much are people prepared to accept about what we have to say?"

There have been whispers that the single may be banned — lyrically the song is very specific — but Jimi reckons it won't happen. "We didn't write it to get banned or anything — that's too tacky for words, but we're prepared to get banned if that's how the powers that be want to play it. I'm not gonna make compromises for a bunch of wet cissies at the BBC."

"It's not like our lyrics are smut — they're very personal, I don't see how anyone could take offence at them. I'm not sure after all the Frankie furore that they'd do that again anyway — the new tactic won't be to ban songs — they just won't play them. That way they have their own way and save face at the same time."

"Mind you, the BBC aren't exactly fond of us," Larry giggles. "Not after our 'Top-Of-The-Pops' appearance." Jimi turned up wearing a tee-shirt picturing "two cowboys with their cocks hanging out" and there were a lot of furrowed brows until they realized that he was going to change for the cameras.

"Then we had some problems in rehearsal — cos we were doin' it live," Jimi continues, "an' the producer there is like GOD — you don't talk back to him, but something went wrong and Steve started yelling at him that it was his problem, not ours, an' there was this deathly hush as if we'd committed some sort of heinous crime!"

"The best thing about doing TV is picking up the gossip from the make-up girls," Larry

teases. "Like you learn who puts on their own make-up an' who they're fooling round with. We watched David Austin once — it took him an hour to get his eyeliner just right, we were in hysterics!"

So how do they get on with the "celebrities" that they have to rub shoulders with? "Most other bands just ignore us an' hope we'll go away," Jimi laughs, "like that George Michael — he's just a big screaming raver — he'll probably sue me now but I dinnae care."

"An' Spandau Ballet — they were sort of forcedly polite to us but they didn't really know what to say — I mean they're so bloody straight — they couldnae understand our humour at all!"

They've just signed a publishing deal with Elton John's company — an event that sends them into paroxysms of laughter. Larry: "Elton's wonderful — but he has no idea how real people live at all. When he played Wembley Stadium he sent a huge limousine to pick us up — can you picture it? Pulling up outside this council block in Camberwell?"

"We were mortified," Jimi howls. "All the local kids were staring so we dived out the door and into the car — I was so embarrassed, I mean imagine if anyone had seen us getting into this chauffeur-driven limo? But Elton's a great guy — when he met us he gave us all a big kiss — in front of his wife an' all!"

"That gig at Wembley was crazy," he splutters. "We had our first taste of teenage hysteria there. These girls appeared from nowhere and mobbed us — I was terrified. Then one of Elton's bouncers reached out and pulled me over the barrier by the scruff of my neck — oh, the indignity of it all!"

"He's flying us out to Colorado this week to have some publicity pictures taken with him — the whole private jet treatment, it's a whole different world."

But if the Bronskis have been inadvertently exposed to the temptations of the high life, it's made them even more determined to avoid the contaminations of success. Steve and Larry might be staying at one of the best hotels in town but it's more to ensure comfort while they're working than to display their new status. The celebrity lifestyle for them would be alien and uncomfortable.

All Jimi wants to wear on his sleeve is his heart. "I suppose people think we're really going to get into it," he frowns. "Like, most guys we meet really support us but we meet some bitchy queens who're just waiting for us to sell out, to go for the soft option because it's safer."

"If we make money I'd like to buy me mammy a wee house and get something done about her arthritis — but I don't want anything for myself. We won't be buying penthouse flats in St John's Wood — you can be sure of that."

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"SCREAMING"

My man love, my first love
 My closetness and pain
 My lying, my deceiving
 My rivers keep on crying
 My Father, my action man
 My hiding in the crowd
 My Mother, My Sister's eyes
 My seniors and their prying
 My freedom, my prison cell
 My tempting to destroy
 My fantasies, my lost control
 My confusion, disillusion
 My hero, my schoolboy
 My physical abuse
 My loneliness, my aching brain
 My pounding in the head
 Machismo, my manhood
 My wanting just to scream ...

Lyric reproduced by kind permission of William A. Bong Ltd and Bronski Music Ltd. From the forthcoming Bronski Beat album "Age Of Consent."

JIMI: "I don't really expect everyone to understand what we're singing about - all I'd ask for is for people to be neither condemning nor patronising about it. I think that everyone can identify with the emotions we sing about whether they're straight or gay - maybe we can help some of them through the 'bad times.'
 "Gay has become trendy in a horrible way - the first question people ask us is what do we think of Boy George - that infuriates me. People like Larry Grayson and Frankie Howard are tolerated as the 'acceptable' face of camp humour, but they're the really dangerous ones. They just solidify prejudice by presenting themselves in a straight, stereotypical way. It's nothing to laugh about really - people don't seem to realise how stifling and dangerous things are now. You can't even hold hands on the street without being arrested.

"If we were singing in an overtly political way I can see how we'd put people off but we're just screaming about us - about how we're feeling. We don't lie to anyone especially not to ourselves."

continued from p.25



"Our main ambition at the moment is to get our own studio together," Steve adds, "maybe put it together slowly. We'd like to have somewhere of our own to work in. It'll take a while to get it together — but that's really all we want."

Jimi springs to his feet with an apologetic gesture. "I must be away now, I'll see you later," and he disappears to a prearranged tryst.

Steve and Larry seem a little uncomfortable when he's gone. They lapse into playful camp banter to fill the gap. "Pass us the coffee then dear," Steve pouts. "Oh all right girl," Laz giggles, retreating then into the bathroom to emerge clutching a sachet of henna and placenta shampoo. He wants my advice.

"Do you think I should use it? I mean, what species of placenta do you think it is? Sheep? Well how do they collect it? Do they follow them round with buckets or what? I think I've got a right to know what I'm putting on my head after all."

He reaches into a drawer, pulling out a bag of grass. As he pores over the contents Steve explains why they've chosen to record in New York.

"We didn't have to but it seemed like a logical decision. We wanted to work uninterrupted and if we'd done it at home there'd have been interruptions all the time, phone interviews or meetings or the like, and we couldn't have handled that. We don't work like most bands, we do a strict nine to five, the whole 24 hour rock 'n' roll scene would drive us crazy — and we're bad enough as it is! This way we've kept pretty well on schedule."

"Also Mike Thorne lives here, prefers to work here and he's got a Sinclair system, a kind of digital keyboard that he uses in the production like another instrument. He's also got customised modular systems here that he's had designed specially for treating different sounds. In all, it just seemed better for us to come over here. Also the excitement of new locations seems to have given us added energy."

NO-ONE has to remind the Bronskis that they've garnered phenomenal accolades on the strength (and how) of a spectacular debut single but, despite playing a handful of gigs, they're still seen as very much an unproven commodity. The LP will be expected to prove the width of their talent.

"Aye, we're very aware of that," Steve nods. "We're aware of the fact that having a successful single so early creates an added pressure to come up with a great album. We've tried to texture it without being too 'clever'. Simplicity means a lot to us, more than technical expertise or showing off. I wouldn't even say we're wonderful musicians but I think we've done a pretty good job, wouldn't you say Larry?"

"Aw hell," Laz grins, springing off the bed to flick the tiny Walkman speakers on the dressing table. "Have a listen to this."

The voice that curves from the twin boxes has in turn been described as "unreal", "ethereal", "vibrant", "sleazy" and "electrifying" — but just wait till you hear Jimi's magnificence on "Need A Man Blues". Transfixed by sweet smoke and his hypnotic, torchy blues, we three just sit as both meet and curl around the room. The harmonies on "Ain't Necessarily So" raise gooseflesh,



pitching from gentle to swell into the backdrop of the Pink Singers, a gay male choir recruited specially for this song and the rapturous "I Feel Love".

"Pretty good eh?" Steve asks as the tap dancing chorus of "Heatwave" recedes into silence. He can't hide the proud glance at his partner and there's no reason why he should.

"Age Of Consent" is the moodiest, sexiest, most haunting collection of songs I've ever heard. Sade can eat her heart out, these guys make her look like a tuppenny busker. Jimi Somerville has a natural style that relegates the competition to amateur status. One witty scribe called him the Pavarotti of the pop world and that's not as wild as it seems.

Satiated, our little group disperses for the night. "Sweet dreams," Larry whispers as we depart to the sanctuary of our own beds, "see you in the morning."

FRIDAY. Wake up to a blue-rinsed Ronald Reagan on breakfast TV pledging his undying support for the common man. Bronski Beat rise early and saunter down to the studio where Mike Thorne's busy mixing "I Feel Love" through tiny Yamaha speakers on the desk. He's proudest of that song, admits to being "petrified" at the idea of re-working it. "Covering 'Ain't Necessarily So' was easier but 'I Feel Love' was such a classic hit and so recent that I knew we had to do something special to make it a little different."

Weaving in an eerie line of "Johnny Remember Me" injects the added piquance that's the difference between a cover and a great cover version. There's a lot of similar stylish flourishes to the album, little extras that make a difference. A cello here, an Uptown Horns sax there, never too obtrusive to interfere, they merge to bolster the Bronski Beat soul.

"The best thing about it," Jimi murmurs, "is that people will realize that not all our songs are about being gay — which is a popular misconception. The other songs aren't fillers either — we're just as pleased with songs like 'Junk' and 'No More War' as we are with the more gay orientated ones. "You know, Marc Armond's my hero?" he grins, changing tack. "I just think his voice is so pure, there's so much emotion and drama in it. My fave is 'Baby Doll' off the 'Falling Apart' album — there's so much anguish in it."

But Jimi's vocals on the LP far outrank even Marc's purity, though he's shy about admitting it.

"Och I am really pleased with how my voice turned out — I've been holding and sustaining notes that I've never got before. I'm a lot more confident now, I suppose that's why. I get a real kick out of it now — daring myself to see how long or how high I can get." He laughs and glances at the other two who're giggling and ruffling each other's hair in a corner. Has he had to have any voice care, taken any lessons to help his throat take the strain?

"Not yet, but when I get home I'm gonna find a voice trainer. Not to change my voice, just to teach me how to take care of it. That's one thing that frightens me," he whispers, "the thought of losing the ability to sing. "I'm glad you like the record," he says, shaking off the thought. "We've tried to make it as varied as possible — that's what we want to do y'know, to do things



differently every time? The next single after 'Why?' will be 'Ain't Necessarily So' — I don't want people to form a set opinion of us in any way."

But obviously there's a special pertinence in their songs of spurned affection and confused emotion. Bronski Beat will always be campaigning to change the basic misunderstandings of the realities of being gay, that will always fire the core of their songs. "It still amazes me how some people visualize gay life," says Jimi, shaking his head sadly. "They see it as being sex in public toilets and cruising nightclubs and for some reason they can't see anything beyond that. But we're humans too. We have emotions just like you..."

"When I was 15 my mammy sent me to a psychiatrist, to a mental hospital," he continues. "I'd tried doin' myself in. I was really fucked up. I stayed there for a week to see if they could change me — after that I walked out. I guess that was the day that changed my life, I just decided to hell with what anyone else thinks, I'm going to be and do what I want. My mam realised after that that I wasn't mad; she's really great now, she meets my boyfriends and she's dead proud of the band."

"You're lucky," Steve sighs, "my family don't talk about me being gay at all — but they love the fact that I'm successful."

"You think that's bad?" Larry pipes from the couch. "Mine didn't even know until they read about it in our Inter-views!"

Bronski Beat handle the politics of the music very well, they never overstate their case, always illustrate through personal experience. Sometimes listening to their songs is as painful and embarrassing as being caught reading someone else's diary. They drive their message home with a dignity that's lacking in most bands.

"You and me together, fighting for our love Can you tell me Why?"

"If we weren't singing about personal experiences it'd probably sound very contrived," Jimi nods, "but I don't think we have to convince anyone that it's done from the heart, not for some sort of political advantage. We're not speaking 'on behalf' of any movement at all — just for ourselves."

"We've got so much to do," he groans when asked about their immediate plans.

"We've got to make a video for the single — I don't want to say too much about it but though the lyric is specific the video will encompass more general oppressions."

"It's set in the future," he teases, "and in the end we all get turned into pillars of salt". Like Lot's wife fleeing Sodom and Gomorrah?

"Sort of," they grin.

"We'd like to do a small tour of the gay clubs at home — we'd intended to but then Larry got sick," Jimi enthuses. "We're not the kind of band who could do big tours but if we could find the right places to play we could do something."

Were they pleased at the success of the St James' Church gig in London?

"I enjoyed that the best — we all did," Brian replies. "I'm sure some people thought it was blasphemous — three queers screaming their hearts out in a church, but mostly the reaction to it was brilliant."

"If we play live the songs will be structured differently," Steve interrupts, "we may use a few extras, some percussion or occasional backing vocals, we've just got so much to sort out in the next few weeks."

"I'm just looking forward to going home and taking things easy while we get the chance, the next few months are going to be hectic," Jimi grins. "I dinnae think things are over going to be normal again."

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY ADAM SWEETING

U2 PRIDE (In the name of love)



BOOMERANG II

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

U2: "Pride" (Island). SOMEHOW, we've missed this one so far. Suits me, cos now I can review it. "Pride" is U2's best single ever. I think, benefiting greatly from Eno Daniel Lanois' hard hitting but beautifully shimmering production. U2/Eno was a pairing which sounded faintly absurd on paper — after all, Bono's mob aren't renowned for their art school pranksterishness or their conceptual buffoonery. Also, anybody calling a record "Pride" and adorning the sleeve with a portrait of Martin Luther King and some of his visionary verbalising is looking for trouble in the normal way of things, but they've made it happen here. "Pride" is a tribute to the great King, and isn't swept away in the comparison — praise indeed. Bono keeps a firm grip on that boyish vibrato, letting rip on the stirring chorus, while the magnificent Edge lays down a cleanly-struck box-barrage of characteristically gorgeous hanging chords and metronomic echo. Beneath, Larry and Senor Clayton provide firm, purposeful rhythmic undercarriage. The most encouraging thing about this fine record is that it finds U2 kissing off their occasionally embarrassing outbursts of quasi-metallic preaching in favour of a genuinely architectural nobility. Leadership by example. Interesting B side too — the instrumental "Boomerang II" bustles edgily through equatorial lands like a strange brew of Enoid Talking Heads and Simple Minds circa "Sons And Fascination". "Boomerang II" similarly, but with vocals marked *misterioso*. Pass me the new album, Jeeves — sounds like a renaissance coming on.

BRONSKI BEAT: "Why?" (London).

IT might be that Bronski Beat possess a deal more steel than one had given them credit for. They certainly can't be accused of making life easy for themselves, as the lyric to this new single testifies — "Contempt in your eyes as I turn to kiss his lips", "You and me together fighting for our love". All rather twisted and tragic, especially when sung by those painfully keening vocals (the song is dedicated to murdered gay playwright Drew Griffiths). Like Soft Cell before them, the Bronskings suit this frugal format better than most, basically because they've had the guts to go the whole hog and *tough shit* if you don't like their angle. What would be predictable electroredom in more ineffectual outfits here takes on the status of obsession, building

busily towards a tense and involving climax. Pretty damn good.

FRIDA: "Shine" (Epic). YIP, the one from Abba who's spent some time holed up in Paris with Steve Lillywhite at the faders. The latter has given the gal a crisp "modern" sound, though rife with echoes of Peter Gabriel for some reason, but has left the voice out in the cold a little. The bass grunts and the guitar slashes away, but Frida might as well be a Fairlight for all the personality that seeps through. Maybe it's just a rather ordinary song. Dull, really.

P. P. ARNOLD: "Electric Dreams" (10). YIMINY, not the P.P. Arnold, surely? But yes! More soundtrackery, of course, from the movie of the same name which will doubtless mean another

couple of archipelagos for Mr Branson. The song, co-written by that Boy George and somebody called "Pickett", is an efficient little stomper, produced here with panache and a steely grip by the great Don Was. Pianos clang and drums go "thwack!" in that way of theirs, and [lord] there's even a guitar solo of much bluesfulness (by Peter Frampton!). P.P. herself has one of those huge belting voices which take the cones out of speakers, complete with a great gulp in strategic places and a vibrato which would flatten corrugated iron. If this becomes a monstrous hit I will [a] not mind in the slightest nor [b] be a bit surprised. Endorse.

MTUME: "Prime Time" (Epic). BEAUTIFULLY produced major-seventh funk-slapper, kitted out with a nice sepia-like sleeve depicting classic scenes from Forties New York (alluring but

almost completely irrelevant). More atmospheric than anything — boy-girl voices are terse and faintly hunted, while there's a real tactile thrill in the lovely gritty twang of the bass and the clipped throaty clucks of guitar. Mysterious and more than a little hypnotic. . . . Mieme will make zombies of us all. There's a sense of minimalism about this record which would make the Chic boys weep. I shouldn't wonder.

SADE: "Smooth Operator" (Epic). THE feline latin pulse is very nice, and so is the greasy introductory saxophone. Sade also sings quite a bit better than pop stars are supposed to, and fits herself aptly into an arrangement featuring swishing strings and jabbering rhythm guitar. As the five-and-a-half absorbing minutes of "Smooth Operator" drift to a close, the band kick abruptly into a piece called "Red Eye", which provides scope for what I believe jazziers might term "a blow" (Piano, sax, percussion, etc). This lot are too pop-minded to be really driven by demons and their playing is stodgy and a little muffled. However, they have time on their side, as the saying goes. Sade and co certainly aren't bad people to have around in this age of plastic food and music to match.

TINA TURNER: "Better Be Good To Me" (Capitol). TINA, undergoing the obligatory mid-life overhaul for the long trek to Las Vegas, sounded exactly like Kim Carnes on "What's Love Got To Do With It". This, another culling from Tina's "Private Dancer" album, owes not a little to that old trouper Bob Seger. Her voice has been stripped down to a guttural bark in many places, while it gets tangled up in a riptide of synths and glistening guitars for the choruses. Tina is (or was) capable of real nail-biting drama, but there's a whiff of soap opera about this which suggests she may be completely white by about 1986. Tawdry.

DIANA RDSS: "Touch By Touch" (Capitol). INSTANT *deja vu* — Capitol seem to be busily "imitating" Diana too, or should that be vice versa? Diana is white already, of course. This is a slight, trivial and genuinely feeble attempt at plastic calypso, in which any identity which might have been hovering has been sandbagged by screeching guitars, idiotic synth and the sort of drumming Joe Frazier would rightly be proud of. What Diana needs most of all these days is a conscience.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: "A Letter To You" (Epic). BRIGHT, breezy and comprehensively appalling. Shaky is kitsch. Lord knows how anybody can sing a lyric like this ("I want you to know that I took a rainbow and sent it off in a letter to you") — Vera Lynn managed it, but things were different then. The empty-tummy beat is absolutely infuriating, and could play hell with many people's daily routines. Will Kid Jensen be playing this early in the morning? I couldn't bear to find out.

FREDDIE MERCURY: "Love Kills" (CBS). COME off it! "From the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack Metropolis ?!!!! Personality I can't wait to see Freddie as Rhett Butler in the brand new hip-hop style remake of "Come With The Wind-Up" (Just imagine the burning of Atlanta in Queen's next video). This is a collaboration between Freddie-baby and Giorgio Moroder, and is a 50 carat non-song suspended inelegantly over the predictable electronic blood-and-mutter rhythm track. Goshdamn. money for old rope

once you're up there, isn't it? Barney for robots, hand-built by Turkish waiters. Glurp. Frankly my dear, I couldn't give a *that's enough* — Ed.

ADAM ANT: "Apollo 9" (CBS). WELL, you have to admit he's a tryer. Here today, gone tomorrow, and back again the day after. Why, the fellow's a human yo-yo! Funny, I'd swear I saw Ant strolling along down by Regent's Park only the other morning, deep in conversation with an unknown party. Marco's still here so the guitars still sound like something Black & Decker are desperately trying to forget. Adam looks terribly cute on the sleeve, dressed dramatically in multizipped flying suit and snarling rather prettily. Oooh! The song plonks along in his familiar kindergarten style, kind of like Gary Glitter but not quite so ham-fisted. It is rumoured that Americans love this man, probably because he's so desperately tacky. Send in the cheerleaders.

SCREAMING DEAD: "The Danse Macabre Collection" (Anael Records). NOT so much a single, more of an EP. Screaming Dead (since it is they) sound like a petulant baby Clash with honking saxophone papery over any cracks which may appear in their *hectissimo* attack. "Sister Crow" is especially raucous, while "The Lovers" goes through slow'n' quicker bits. If this was about seven years ago, Screaming Dead would be hailed as revolutionary.

HANDI ROCKS: "Underwater World" (CBS). MET some Finnish people on holiday recently, and it wasn't altogether a pretty site — they had trouble choosing between floor and ceiling, and prattled on about AC/DC endlessly in terrible English. Still, I expect I'd be a bit peculiar if it was dark all the time and Russia was just down the road. As for the Rocks, their latest single comes over a trifle. Stodgish, a slow talker with disturbing guitars (massed) and guttural, aggressive vocals. Actually, it's rather good — it has some weight, something you couldn't say for Visage, for example. This one has caught old Clerly in two minds. "Actually I prefer the B side," she tells me. I don't, meself.

THE MELODY MAKERS: "Rock It Baby" (EMI America). CYNICS have suggested that this lot chose their name merely in order to appear regularly in this paper (though such a tactic could cause problems over at crusty old NME). This is a song by Bob Marley, performed by his offspring pleasantly enough but without real snap or zing. Frankly, not one of Bob's more incontinent moments.

TWO MINDS CRACK: "The Hunger And The Greed" (Sedition). TWD Minds Crack, brought to you originally on the Maker's own Playback album, here bring us their bona fide debut single and it's . . . tedious (of course, this is the sort of language which has brought about the death of pop). Spiritual guilt and matters of angst aside, this is a whining little piece which sounds too damn miserable to be taken very seriously. In all the respects which matter, a non-starter.

THIS MORTAL CDIL: "Kangaroo" (4AD). SOMEBODDY's pulled a fast one here, since This Mortal Coil doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to the "Song To The Siren" classic. But never fear, since "Kangaroo" is another weird and haunting operation, this time a song by Alex Chilton taken slowly but surely among lugubrious autumnal cello and thick dark bass. Voice is courtesy

of Gordon Sharp (of Cindytalk, apparently), and he pitches like an antelope. Intriguing little morsels like these are becoming increasingly necessary at a time when most everything has to be ratified by a lowest common consensus. Well done, yo.

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT: "Last Plane (One Way Ticket)" (MCA). CLINT and the good General seem like jolly chaps, always ready for a spill and a quick skank before opening time. Usual checklist applicable here — wailing voices, scattergun percussion, off-colour brass and unruly blurts of bass. "Last Plane" speaks in big bright daubs of colour like a travel agent's Caribbean poster, and should bring a little joy into your dull old living room. Be nice to these boys now!

CHEVI: "Give Me More" (Fourth & Broadway). YEA, a veritable riot of West Indian revelry. Percussion rattles along like a tram on ice, some sort of keyboard gives it maximum Mighty Wurlitzer, and the horns sound bent and tarnished. A hymn to Windies life and the joys of Soca. No mention of D. Gower and squad, which is very merciful of him. Phew . . . a trifle pacey for an English autumn.

THE WOLFGANG PRESS: "Scarecrow" (4AD). TITLES etc are all provisional, since details are confusing. But we know that "Deserve" is finger-pointing sub-blues (jab and clatter), notably mostly for artless voice and rising tide of rheumatically organ. "Respect" — drunken shoo-woppy girls and pink-gin backing track, like waiters caught in a crossfire. "Ecstasy" — broody organ in smoke-filled room, accusatory bassline. Ends up faster, murkier and not very enjoyable.

SHAKATAK: "Don't Blame It On Love" (EMI America). WDJLD BE punters are wracked by the question: Are Shakatak MDR? This shouldn't matter, natcho, but you know how it is . . . just a short step from slick to schmaltz. This is both a smooth hit and a classic. By cream beat, pureed vocals as characterful as the average politician. There is also a piano solo, as suave as you can imagine and probably more. I dunno . . . music for the terminally wealthy who aren't go for cheap thrills any more.

JOE JACKSON: "You Can't Get What You Want (Till You Know What You Want)" (A&M). FOR all his much-gasped-over changes of pace, location, format, style and clothes, Joe Jackson's songs still sound *exactly* the bloody same to me. Despite the chivvying funkoid rhythm guitar and rude bellows of brass, you could still transplant this dead dog of a song on to Joe's debut LP and be none the wiser. There's a long, meandering and lethally drab jazz guitar solo in the middle (as usual, jazz guitarist drops dead of asstetfulness), while on the back of the sleeve, Johtin' Joe still looks like a football with a facial hair problem about which he's none too pleased. Grrrr!

FLESH FOR LULU: "Restless" (Polydor). FLESH For Lulu — one of those names-most-likely-to-which are always hovering in the air but continue to float just out of the corner of your eye, somehow. This has a melody, while on the back before Butler "cleaned up his act" — ie, gruff bawling rock with rude-sounding girl back-ups, kicked along with a certain swagger. Apt title, oddly, since it's always itchy, can't quite settle down, won't relax. Saved from Ruttsville by intimations of humour. Hit? Doubt it, but so what. Strangely likeable.

ACTIVATE

LET'S ACTIVE

CYPRESS

SO far, Let's Active's only slender claim to fame has been Mitch Easter's production work with Georgians REM. Here, however, Easter, in partnership with Faye Hunter and Sara Romweber, steps resolutely from the shadows to stake a claim in his own right.

On "Cypress", the trio bid boldly to join the current mini-boom of American groups not afraid to plunder their shared history and to forge from it accessible weirdness more than pertinent to these fractured mid-Eighties. We all know the facts... here, we can discern a few of the shadings in between.

Production of "Cypress", by Easter and Don Dixon who were last spotted in tandem on REM's "Reckoning", focuses on layers of thick ringing guitars, both acoustic and electric, lead and rhythm. Drums splatter emphatically around crisp burping bass, with vocals (girl and boy) frequently interwoven into haunting lattices more evocative than the mere sense of whatever lyrics they might be singing.

The songs are robust affairs, frequently built on hard-hitting pulsebeats around which are deployed subtly-evolving chord patterns, alluringly melodic. One major surprise is Active's inclusion of a version of "Blue Line", an indie hit for The Outskirts what seem an age ago. Here, it's been kicked out with hectic pace, a breathy female vocal (not sure whose) and wonderful guitars which skirt and sting around the song's crisp contours. Could even be a hit single.

The group's own songs — almost exclusively written by Easter — fight a little shy of such instant contact, usually containing unexpected quirks of arrangement or structure. However, from the start there's no doubting the

IRS IRSA 7047

quality of the best of them. The opening "Easy Does" is at once sparkling and alert, the guitar layers already hovering excitedly over long overlapping vocal lines. By the fade, a distant piano is plinking insistently, like an invitation to follow further over misty horizons. And why not?

If "Lowdown" and "Ring True" get stuck in plodding tempos and too-familiar progressions, "Waters Part" is a sizzler on a slow fuse. Its menacing clench-and-release format also prefigures the twanging guitars and insistent bass thud of "Crows On A Phone Line", an ominous slice of stillness in 3/4 time.

Side two, meanwhile, is where the item really starts to hot up. "Blue Line" leads into the spacious, resonant "Flags For Everything", where spangling guitars and massed harmonies conspire to create enormous drama. "Prey" chugs along with acoustic guitar and harmonica, not a million miles from vintage Love if you're that way inclined, while "Co-Star" is faster, more aggressive but still a little eerie.

Finally the coup-de-grace, the faintly monumental "Grey Scale". Building from skeletal beginnings, "Grey Scale" ascends through noble chord sequences and a barrage of massed guitars underpinned by shuddering synthesizer into atmospheres of considerable grandeur. As the gale-force harmonies and ruthless splat of drums finally wind to a close, it's hard to believe Let's Active is merely a three-piece.

"Cypress" is a lot more than a pleasant surprise, and another chunk of evidence pointing to an American renaissance quietly gathering strength. Let's Active don't seem to have a drum machine and certainly don't have Costa Brava suntans. Their credentials, on the other hand, are all present and correct.

● ADAM SWEETING



VARIOUS ARTISTS

THIS IS SOCA '84
Oval OVLP 512

ARROW's "Hot Hot Hot" brought Soca — the musical and nominal blending of soul and calypso — to the lower reaches of the British charts this summer and is the track which kicks off this relentlessly danceable compilation.

Not every track is this year's model. "Lorraine" by Explainer is taken from the artist's 1982 album *Man From The Ghetto*, and was one of the first Soca tracks to gain the attention of British radio programmers. Calypso eclipses soul as the strongest element here, as in All Rounder's "Keep Fit Man".

Designer's "Feel'n' Nice" balances out though, with the vocals achieving a youthful intensity reminiscent of some of the early Sixties' most stylish soul heroes, like Sam Cooke and Ben E. King.

Side two, comprising Blue Boy's "Lucy", Crazy's "Ain't Boin' For You" and Black Stalin's "You Ask For It", keeps the carnival atmosphere cooking. Playing the whole album at one sitting is like enjoying the atmosphere of Ladbroke Grove within the privacy of your own home.

● ALAN JACKSON

OH YOU PRETTY THINGS

THE VERY THINGS

THE BUSHES SCREAM WHILE MY DADDY
PRUNES

Reflex LEX 3

AND Captain Cook, his multi-coloured underpants in partial defoliation, hanging in revealing shreds, played his final trump card. Utilising his natural rotundity, immaculate timing and a resilient quill he became hi-fi and provided for his Polynesian captors their first experience of The Very Things.

It is said (he said) that some unequivocal testing noise is good for one. And shouting above the Very Din he led his hosts in one determined swinging scene, from "Walk Di Fir", with its cancerous feedback and rope ladder rhythms into the bass-flayed "Word Di Difference", pointing out as best he could that it was this noise which had forced him to leave England. Having seen this band blowing Cabaret Voltaire offstage it had become altogether too exciting for a mere mortal such as he. He admitted greatly the sturdy drum build ups before the triple back-somersaults with half pike and ravaged breeches. He practically loved the guitar which constantly led the tunes upwards on a metaphorical graph into total disarray. In short, he quipped, he swore a secret devotion to a world where nothing could be dull. Where an unexploded bomb called psychedilia had endured the incestuous malingering of punk-spawned rock'n'roll rubbed down its dirty neck.

The Very Things he claimed, casting imaginative shadows with his still nimble toes, were men without equal when it came to snaring their fishing lines in the shopping

trolleys of passing reprobates. They were a bad bad band who naturally wanted their (holocaustic) double trouble to light up the national airwaves and occasionally went overboard in a slumbering dosage.

From the evil west wing their music haunted and taunted like a wrathful mattress and, in truth, Captain Cook seldom knew where he was with it. For dancing it was a shade too uncommunicative. For determined rocking it took some beating, although participants rarely lasted the course and for the history books he simply wasn't prepared to say. He knew of course that "Phillips World Service" was an impressive piece of work with those gnashing tentacles (each gripping a screaming chord pattern) but "The Conqueror" was the mightiest corset. The drums were like mad things, constantly repulsed by the raging bass and yet prepared for dominance all the time, struggling back through the mix. A lone guitar submitted only when it was futile to continue and this was what made The Fall look like school prefects.

But then, said the good Captain, I expect you realise that for yourself, his puzzled friends shifted nervously around his plump body, plainly astonished by his performance and ended everything with a strategically inserted spear.

If only he'd played them the accompanying flexi it would have explained everything.

● MICK MERCER

RAZOR BLADES

HELIX

WALKIN' THE RAZOR'S EDGE Capitol ST-12362.

HAVING seen Helix last year when they played at the awful Wembley Arena supporting Kiss, I was quite prepared to slag off this record as average hard rock after recalling that they had played a mediocre, if energetic, set of predictable, puerile, laughable heavy metal. As it turns out, "Walkin'" just happens to be a real stormer, full of raucous riffs and lovely licks played with energy and enthusiasm.

A Canadian five-piece, Helix have been together for 10 years. They graduated from the dingy clubs of Ontario to the rather larger stages of the North American circuit supporting bands as varied as Motorhead, Black Sabbath and Heart. Now Helix have come up with an album that should give them

headlining status.

Every one of the 10 tracks is a joy to the ears. From the awfully titled rock'n'roll anthem "Rock You" (track one, side one) to the last clanging chord on side two, the pace never lets up, the results being a face that aches from constant smiling (for that's how it affected me).

Helix could make a mint selling the mood that this record purveys — I've never heard a more exuberant slice of piastic.

So then, buy the record and watch the band. I'll be the one with the silly grin on me chops.

● GARRIN CROOK



DONNA SUMMER

CATS WITHOUT CLAWS

TO be honest I liked Donna better when she talked dirty to me. They may have been Giorgio Moroder records as much as they were Donna Summer records, but the likes of "Love To Love You Baby" and "I Feel Love" were rare classics, ahead of their time, and highly influential in much of the flash funk blazing out of discos today.

Donna's claws have certainly been clipped since those days and though there have been isolated exceptions — the glorious "State Of Independence" for one — much of her recent output has been pap. Her last album, the anthem to waitresses "She Works Hard For The Money", signalled an encouraging return to form and the one comfort in the years of bleakness was that however much garbage you stuck

around it, a voice as rich and true as Summer's was always capable of rising above it.

That is the case on much of the relatively mundane first side of this album. "Supernatural Love" is an uplifting, punchy opener and she sings blissfully to lend some credence to the otherwise laden re-make of "There Goes My Baby" (the single), but the Tina Turner impersonations spoil "It's Not The Way" and infuriatingly rigid arrangements butcher "Suzanna" and the promising "Cats Without Claws".

On side two, however, it's a different story. It's as if Michael Omartian, credited as producer and arranger, has suddenly started listening to what's coming out of the studio and realized this is not just another routine soul bash but one of the most evocative

singers on the planet.

She stretches herself for the first time and re-discovers her immense sexuality on "Oh Billy Please" and is even more sensual employing a strange, but hugely effective semi-rap purr on "Eyes". She also turns in a memorable ballad of her own, "Maybe It's Over", sung beautifully, which may even convince her that she can not only swim but flourish without the heavy bass backbeat and vocals mixed somewhere in next door's shed.

If she'd just stop pretending she's Diana Ross and spend less time listening to lovers rock and writing thank-you notes on the sleeve, she might one day really cut loose and make an album to crush us all. In the meantime this is a step in the right direction.

● COLIN IRWIN

WEA 250 806-1

AN OFFICER & A G

A decade ago, DR FEELGOOD came roaring out of Canvey Island like an R&B hurricane. Ten years on, LEE BRILLEAUX, now the only surviving original member, is still causing maximum havoc throughout Europe. Allan Jones reports from Holland, Belgium, France and Basildon. Tour guide and photography: Tom "Vasco" Sheehan

THE sun was over the yard-arm, but there was no sign of the Feelgoods at the airport bar, where they'd promised to meet us. The group's absence was more easily explained than our presence that morning in Amsterdam. Sheehan and I had turned up on the *wrong day*.

Schiphol Airport was a fraught carnival that Saturday morning and the jostling crowds of Dutch holiday-makers in their satin running shorts and Nike clogs treading enthusiastically on our toes and swearing at us in their garbled excuse for a language did nothing very much to improve the photographer's notorious temper.

"This is brilliant," scowled Sheehan, heading for a massive sulk. "What do we do now?"

"Panic?" I suggested, not very helpfully in the circumstances. I immediately regretted my flippancy and offered to stand the smudge a drink, but Sheehan was having none of it.

"I hate Dutch beer," he snarled through clenched teeth. I could tell by the wrinkles in his syrup that he wouldn't quickly be calmed down.

The girl at the tourist information desk was a little more sympathetic.

"Yoo hef lost all yoor frindz? This is offal," she smiled with a motherly concern, beaming at us like we were a couple of bedraggled orphans, tossed into her lap by circumstances probably too tragic to even contemplate.

"Let us see vot ve can do," she continued with matronly zeal.

"NOW! Ver are zey stayink, pliss, yoor frindz? Giff to me the nim undress of zeyer hootle and heer I vill lick it oop in my hootle directory."

She brandished a hotel directory, inches thick. I had to admit that I didn't know exactly where the Feelgoods might be staying, wasn't even sure they were in the same country, but thought they might be at a hotel called Boddy's. She flicked through the pages of the hotel directory; I smiled uneasily at Sheehan, failed signally to reassure him that I was on top of our predicament, would soon see him safely through this early hitch in the campaign.

"Zer is heer nuzzink of zat nim," the girl at the tourist information desk told us, her voice throbbing with regret. "Yoo are shoor this hootle iz in Amsterdam?"

"Well, more or less," I told her, not sure anymore of anything much. "Ver zen iz it? I heff no nim heer zat is *Bootties*. Pliss, yoo vill sink ver iz zis hootle — yoo heff bin heer beefoot?"

We had; once. With Jake Riviera and Carlene Carter, two years ago. "I know it's opposite a canal," I offered, hopelessly vague.

"C'm'ere," Sheehan glowered, grabbing the hotel directory. He was by now ready to take the matter in hand himself. He studied a street map of the centre of Amsterdam. "Right," he declared. "We'll get a taxi to this place 'ere and I reckon I can get us to Boddy's from there." We were in a taxi within seconds, heading for the centre of Amsterdam. We pulled up outside a hotel where Sheehan claimed to have taken photographs once of Tracey Ullman.

"This way, Jonesy," he barked, slinging his camera bag over his shoulder and waddling purposefully down the street, into a maze of side-streets, over bridges that spanned canals like thin, warped spines. "Down 'ere," Sheehan decided, crossing back over a canal, vanishing up another narrow avenue. "I remember this bar," the photographer decided, "so it must down 'ere." And he was off again, determined.

After nearly 40 minutes of this punishing route-march through the cobbled streets of old Amsterdam, Sheehan stopped suddenly at a street corner, pointed across a canal, stood with his hands on his hips, a proud, steadfast little figure, mightily pleased with himself. "*Thar she blows!*" he announced with a nautical swagger that quite became him.

And thar she did certainly blow. Boddy's Hotel! Otherwise known as the Hotel Weichman.

"Are we talking walking A-to-Z of Europe or what?" Sheehan demanded rhetorically, smug now in his navigational triumph.

"Well done, Vasco," I muttered spitefully, tottering after the great explorer as he strode a-bobbing over the bridge toward the hotel, where we found a contingent of Feelgoods still playing with their breakfasts.

Chris Fenwick, the group's manager, was there. Three weeks earlier we'd been drinking in The Oporto and he'd first suggested this madcap scheme. It was time, he thought, for the Great British Public to be reminded of the Feelgoods' existence. Since the new Feelgoods' line-up had been together they'd had no substantial press coverage; mostly, they'd worked abroad, coining it in on the continent, in the Far East, Australia. This autumn, however, they were mounting a concentrated campaign in Blighty; a



Brilleaux enjoys a coffee and digestive

ENTERTAINMENT

30- or 40-date tour, he reckoned. They'd signed a new record deal; by then a new Feelgoods' album would be out on Demon Records. It had already been released in Germany; it was called "Doctor's Orders" and the krauts were mad for it. He thought I might like it, too; and he was right. I did: and I liked it enough to sign up for this current jaunt.

The plan as originally outlined was straightforward. If a little eccentric. Sheehan and I would fly out to Amsterdam, where the Feelgoods are still something of a cherished institution, catch them headlining at an open-air festival in the Vondelpark, then drive across Holland, through Belgium and France, to Calais. At Calais, we'd hop a ferry to Dover, and from Dover we'd drive to Leigh-on-Sea, arriving at about, oh, thought Fenwick, hugely amused by the entire notion, at about four in the morning. We'd then put our heads down for a couple of hours, presuming that we'd made it thus far, before accompanying the group to

Basildon - of all places - where the Feelgoods were headlining a Bank Holiday blues and folk festival organised by the local council. Like a sap, I fell for it in a tumble; by the fifth round of drinks Sheehan had also enlisted, thrilled no doubt by the very prospect of working with men again after all those sessions with chaps in frocks and make-up that had seemed recently to have taken up so much of his time.

And, so there we were: in the lobby of the Hotel Weichman, with Fenwick staring, open-mouthed at our premature presence. New Feelgoods' guitarist Gordon Russell was with him; so was drummer Kevin Morris. They looked tanned and healthy after a recent stint at some posh old gaff on the Riviera. Fenwick popped a boiled egg into his mouth.

We stood there, drained by our exertions, sweating, puffing. "Jones. Sheehan," he said. "A day early, and probably thirsty." Fenwick dabbed at his mouth with a paper napkin. "Lee's already in the bar," he said. "I suppose we'd better join him..."

LEE Brilleaux, now the only surviving member of the original Feelgoods, looked like he'd been in the bar for some time.

"Monstrous" angover, this morning," Brilleaux snapped, his voice as raw as stubble. He ordered up a brace of beers.

The Feelgoods, we learned, had been in Amsterdam for a week. Based at the Hotel Weichman, they'd been making regular forays out into the countryside.

"It's a damned civilised country, Holland," Lee told us. "Nowhere's more than 150 miles away, so we can dash out, play a gig and still be back in Amsterdam for a drink before closing time. Admirable set-up."

The Feelgoods' Dutch excursion marked the climax to a six-week tour of Europe that had taken them through France, where they'd played at the Mont de Marsan festival. Mont de Marsan, of course, was the location in 1977 of Marc Zermatis'



The Feelgoods attempt to sell bicycle to pay for next round...

infamous Punk Festival. The Feelgoods had headlined that year, crowning it over younger bands like The Clash, The Damned, The Jam and The Police. I winced at the very mention of Mont de Marsan: as a survivor of that weekend in 1977, I was still haunted by nightmares of its chaos and excess, the sheer hysterical pandemonium of those three days in the shadows of the Pyrenees.

"It was much more civilised this year," Lee said, reassuringly. "Remember that old bullring we played in that first year?" I did, with a clarity that brought me out in a cold turkey sweat. "They've done it up 'andsome. All mods cons, that bullring now. They've got a chapel, an operating theatre, the lot. Very smart. It looked like an abattoir before, didn't it?"

This year at Mont de Marsan, the Feelgoods had been down-bill to Echo & The Bunnymen, but still turned the crowd, ended up with a brace of encores and demands for an early return. "We went on in the rain," Brilleaux explained, trying to attract the barmaid's attention for another round of drinks. "So we got the sympathy vote. Very nicely played, I thought."

From Mont de Marsan, the Feelgoods had travelled on to the Riviera, where they'd played a residency in Sete, on the Golfe du Lion, at a club called Heartbreak Hotel.

"It was an absolute grin," Fenwick beamed. "The gunvor said, 'Here's the bar, help yourselves.' I said, 'I hope you're serious, because we are...'"

"Very generous man," Brilleaux said, admiringly.

"He was," Fenwick said. "I could've cried when we left. I just hope he doesn't go out of business before we get a chance to go back."

The only aggravation on the entire trip so far had come on the 1500-mile trek back through France, into Holland. "The roads were packed, right through France," Brilleaux spat, "with Frogs in caravans. I ate caravans," he snapped, and it was obvious that he did. "I mean, if you can't afford to go away on holiday and stay in a decent 'otel - stay at home. I mean, it's just an absolute fuckin' nuisance to have all these bloody people draggin' these fuckin' bungalows-on-wheels halfway round Europe. They're just pests, these people."

Lee smacked his glass down on

the bar, winced as if he'd just wrenched his back.

"What's up?" Sheehan asked. "Must've pulled a muscle loading the gear last night," Lee replied, evasively.

"Bollocks!" Fenwick guffawed. "It's from where you had a go at that bloke at the job last night, nothing to do with loading any equipment."

"Oh, dear," Sheehan said admonishingly, trying hard to sound like a man who'd never got himself into a scrape after a drink too many. "have a go at someone, did you?" "As it happens, yes," Lee said. "As it happens, there was a bit of a scuffle last night that needed a bit of quelling..." Lee drained his glass. "Right, I think I've got this one under control," he said of his hangover. "Anyone fancy a drink?"

I looked at Sheehan, nodded; suddenly felt a bit of a flashback coming on.

NOVEMBER, 1974; one of those Sundays in Chalk Farm when the Roundhouse is besieged by the shambling relics of the psychedelic era. Moth-eaten old hippies in grubby kaftans and tattered headbands are staggering around the dank corridors, collapsing in piles of flesh and bones and Moroccan sandals. The air is thick with dope and sweat with the suffocating scent of patchouli oil.

Most of these squalid wallies are out to see Nektar, a group of space cadets from Germany. The group on stage right now, though, is Dr Feelgood, a sharp young outfit, up for the day from Canvey Island. The Feelgoods are currently moving out of the pubs, into larger venues; their first single, "Roxette", has just been released by United Artists. The group look as lean as whippets, sound sharp, feverish. This is maximum R&B, played with a devilish glee, dirty, rowdy, violent. The stoned-wall of hippies don't know what to make of them. The Feelgoods are just too fast, too lively, too noisy, too savage. Their music is stripped for speed, for action, for nudge and poke and stab. Then, as now, as ever, they weren't

terribly interested in taking prisoners.

During one number that afternoon at the Roundhouse, a demented little toad in a cape scales the stage, starts bawling some incomprehensible acid rant into a spare microphone. Lee Brilleaux knows exactly what he has to do. Stamping out a cigarette, he stalks across the stage and punches the idiot bastard back into the stalls, is back in front of his own microphone before the guitarist has completed his scalding, nerve-searing solo. This was a group that didn't fuck around; that much was clear.

This was also a group ready and able to carve up the porlite face of mid-Seventies rock, shriek at the walls, burn down the buildings. Their music was urgent, nasty, tough: the very stuff of legend, an anticipation of the open warfare that would be waged in '76 and '77 by The Sex Pistols and The Clash and The Damned and their punk cohorts, who streamed through the doors the Feelgoods had already kicked open

A DECADE later, much has changed. Brilleaux fronts a new Feelgoods. Only Fenwick is left to remind him of the original group, their early days at the Cloud 9 on Canvey, their first forays into London, at the Tally Ho and the Kensington. Ten long years on from "Roxette" and "Down By The Jetty" and "Stupidity", Lee is still there, though the others have long since quit the scene.

There he is now, onstage in some Godforsaken outpost named Bakkeveen, up there in Friesland in the north of Holland, working the crowd in a club called de Gearte, winding up the locals with a stream of invective, pacing impatiently between Gordon and bassist Phil Mitchell, his hair plastered to his scalp, eyes bulging, fists clenched, roaring through a selection of vintage Feelgood tunes ("Baby Jane", "Back In The Night", "She's A Wind Up", "Sugar Shaker") and equally fiery cuts from the new album, including a blistering "Close But No Cigar", a brooding "Dangerous" and a ribald version of Gordon's "She's In The Middle".

Any doubts that these new recruits to the Feelgoods' banner might not cut it with the dash of their predecessors are quickly dispelled: these boys are mustard; the Feelgoods are still the killer elite of maximum R&B.

Trooping off-stage after their fifth encore, the Feelgoods collapse into their dressing room, exhausted, all energy apparently spent. The club owner, delighted, rushes around, pumping hands, slapping backs, demanding an early return. Lee pours himself a large gin, gulps it down, harrasses the rest of the band.

"Five minutes," he insists, "and we're off."

"What's the rush?" Phil demands wearily, toweling off the sweat from the gig.

"Well," Brilleaux barks, "I reckon if we put our foot down, we can be back in Amsterdam for a swift 'alf before they put the towels up..."

SUNDAY morning in the Vondelpark. Lee is nursing another serious hangover. The group want to run through a quick soundcheck before that afternoon's show. Lee is having none of it, however.

"I ate soundchecks," he grimaces. "Pointless bloody affairs, waste of time. We'll just go on and get on with it. What I need is a livener. Anyone fancy a small coffee and a digestive?"

Sheehan and I take a stroll through the park with Lee.

The Vondelpark is a vision of decay. Derelict hippies are stretched out on the grubby lawns.

"What an ugly bleedin' bunch," Lee remarks testily as we step gingerly over the bodies of assorted flower children, most of them gone to seed; the washed up debris of a wasted dream.

"It's all a bit *Glastonbury*, this," Sheehan observes distastefully as we pick our way through a stretch of market stalls selling worthless hippy ornaments and tacky trinkets.

"What this place needs," Brilleaux snaps, "is an artillery barrage to level it up and see off this shower. Start off with a few motors lobbed in from close range, follow it up with a couple of Spitfires strafing the gaff just to create a sense of panic, then send in a hand-picked team of paras to mop up. Should do the trick."

Lee stalks off ahead of us.

"Glad to see Lee's in such a good mood this morning," Sheehan says, hitching his camera bag over his shoulder, making tracks in Brilleaux' furious slipstream.

Lee felt a lot better after his coffee and digestive (Lee's "digestive" turning out to be an extremely severe brandy), and his mood brightened again when we returned to the Vondelpark to find a massive crowd waiting for the Feelgoods.

"I do believe we're going to have it off 'ere this afternoon," he said cheerfully, changing into a sharp blue suit.

And they did, cracking through another frenetic set, whose highlight came with Gordon's punishing guitar workout on the smouldering, threatening "Shotgun Blues".

"Lay 'n' genn' men," Lee announced finally, "thank yew for bein' a wunnerful audience this afternoon in the Vondelpark. Hope to see yew again soon, either here in Amsterdam or anywhere else in the world we might meet... This is our last number - 'Down At The Doctors'..."

Backstage, Lee wasn't hanging around for the congratulations of the promoters and the group's Dutch agent. Everyone wanted to shake his hand and find out when the Feelgoods would be back, but Lee was hustling everyone onto the van for the drive to Calais and the ferry back to Blighty.

Lee edged the van through the narrow lanes between the rickety market stalls in the Vondelpark. The way ahead was packed with conspicuously glazed locals, stumbling, meandering, daydream strolling.

"It's like bloody *Mombasa* out there," Lee swore impatiently.

An egg shattered against the side of the van; Lee was furious. Dancing in the trees we could see a group of local casualties laughing, jeering.

"If we weren't in such a hurry," Lee said, "I'd stop and have a row with that lot." And then we were

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HIGH DEFINITION

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA: "Happy Day" (Beggars Banquet). WATCH music videos long enough you begin to sever them into two categories: those that step high and those that lie down and mutter. This one is a shining example of the former. Here, the sun is always bright and trends remain folded flat in the pages of fashion magazines where they belong.

"Happy Day" is best described as a send-up of a mud-hut village that never was. There's a kapok-stuffed lion dragging unwary bystanders into the foliage, chickens, goats, fish in tins and much utterly great dancing. Best of all, everyone behaves tropically instead of glacially - there's not one poser in the bunch. Owner of the giddiest smile is a certain little kid in the foreground who can't breakdance to save his life but looks great trying.

ALPHAVILLE: "Big In Japan" (WEA).

THIS one was directed by Dieter Meier of Yello, which proved a fortunate choice so far as set design is concerned. Never one to bury a lone light in a corner, Meier here has obtained something resembling an aircraft hangar and lit it up like a boxed view of the Nevada desert. The colours alone are purely magnificent.

Not so pleasant, however, are the cutaway views of the vocalist, who seems to have been dressed by Klingons with a tenuous understanding of Billy Idol. Details, details - it has to be reiterated that terrible fashion kills promos stone dead. Those little vinyl lumps keep on felling the giants.

ROD STEWART: "Some Guys Have All The Luck" (Warner Bros).

SAILING... but not very fast. We've dropped anchor again near an area beloved of video directors everywhere - the Land of Black And White Studios. In videos of this type everything is arranged in contrasting stripes/checks/op art etc etc, which conveys not only graphic classiness but also makes the performer look low-key and unpretentious. As it happens, this one is not too badly rendered.

Style note: those interested in Rod's never-flagging attempts at street cred will here be interested to know that he wears dirty shoes. They're not grossly encrusted, mind you, or splattered in gore, just dirty.

LEVEL 42: Hot Water (Polydor). A "LIVE" set-up (ie synched onstage with audience) that features some hideously inappropriate breakdance inserts. There are some areas where breakdancing should never set foot, like church services, trained animal acts, and Level 42 videos.

WIDE-EYED FANTASY

The irrepressible Dessa Fox reviews rock promo videos



THE SPECIAL AKA: "What I Like Most About You Is Your Girlfriend" (Chrysalis). THIS week, a short, quiet video sporting one or two emotional stains on its lapels walks off with all the honours. "Girlfriend" is most definitely un-smooth, un-vain, and un-perfected, and for these reasons it wins a long string of female hearts. Part of its allure is Dammers himself. In "Girlfriend" Dammers looks uncannily like all the strike-outs in all the clubs you've ever seen in your life, and he does it with such gummy style that the only sane response is to get up, go over, and drop that vital glove by his barstool.

The plot is this: a rickety spaceship (wearing Halloween sparklers on its ankles) deposits Dammers (in a shrink wrap

spacesuit) outside a nightclub. Dammers enters (where the rest of the band is playing), sits down (gingerly) and proceeds to make a winning chump of himself over someone else's girl. He does this by trying on a whole series of nervous half-smiles and looking hopelessly at the ceiling when she turns away. And all the while - through the tics, grimaces, and "erms" - Dammers cellope of a forehead goes beserk with feverish embarrassment.

Other wonderful things: (1) the band excel in the background, (2) the stylised club is more "real" than the usual promo (the patrons can actually dance), and (3) director Jeff Baynes keeps getting better and better.

Thanks to all.

ELTON JOHN: "Passengers" (Rocket).

NOTHING new here - the usual views of St Tropez, dancers dressed as wood nymphs, split screens dicing up the lush life - but Elt so obviously enjoys his work that you can't fault him without feeling utterly picky.

GEORGE MICHAEL: "Careless Whisper" (Epic).

NOT the total self-advertisement you might expect, but, equally, not very memorable. Its single

surprising aspect is the fact that the girl in the bedroom very obviously gets a grip on George her way. On the sliding scale of females in video this counts for much.

CYNDI LAUPER: "She Bop" (Portrait).

DOWN at Cyndi's burger joint we've arrived about halfway through the female Book of Revelations - everything is a holy mess, and as the android waitresses file out of the kitchen Cyndi is busy dusting her heels in the back seat of a

Chevy. Altogether, this video presents us with one girl caught up in several different kinds of distress. It works because Lauper has a certain Boop-cheeked charm, and because someone enlisted Raw Magazine's Jerry Lieverman to provide the superb bits of animation.

JUNIOR: "Somebody" (Phonogram). "SOMEBODY" is an exceptionally well-designed prison weepie, with the ghost of Elvis's "Jailhouse Rock"

looking on from the top-block. The humour in this one springs from both Junior's fantastically cheesed-off expressions and the sight of badly-coordinated lifers not doing very well with the picks and shovels. Then too, the details are a treat. "Somebody" captures this year's Ken Russell Citation for its views of prison cuisine.

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS: "Forest Fire" (Polydor).

I FOLLOWED this one everywhere it led - across the fields, behind the farmhouses, skipping stones on a beach, and at last coming to rest near an evening bonfire. It was a lovely journey, but too pretty by half. This single intimates that the possibilities of disaster are never far from even the sunniest of landscapes, and a more unconventional director would have let us smell the smoke.

DAVID SYLVIAN: "The Ink In The Well" (Virgin).

FINE-grained but not fragile; someone involved in this production has discovered the muscle inherent in understatement. This video brings you the opulence of stillness - by comparison, other, larger promos seem shrill and clumsy, like tarted-up tractors.

Director Anton Corbijn has the photographer's love of the sheer texture of things. It's an occupational passion, and the trick is to translate static details into a series of moving images. Corbijn succeeds because he has Sylvian to work with - whom quietude becomes - and because the location (a clajboard house by the sea) lends itself to some breathtaking compositional shots.

The bad news is that Corbijn has let pal Paul Morley contribute a few "poetic" inserts. Lines like "because I have dared to open my mouth at all" are about as welcome as a bat in the hair.

DONNA SUMMER: "There Goes My Baby" (WEA).

HERE, Donna plays a WWII-era working girl separated from her serviceman boyfriend. The sentiments are scrupulously well-handled, but there's something a little worrying about wartime nostalgia - all that soft-glow sorrow looks pretty appealing.

LAURA BRANIGAN: "Self Control" (Atlantic).

THERE's no getting around it - the minute an American video director decides to "get really hot with this one" a hidden chute opens somewhere in the English consciousness, and videos like this are swiftly evacuated to the other side of town. And

there, on the fringes of decent society - right next to the Club 18-30 caravans - dwell the Naff Decadents.

These people are distinguished by two main characteristics: they're wealthy and they're silly. They subsist on gauzy curtains, plastic masks, and broken china dolls. Unbelievably, they consider this stuff to be "underground", when everyone knows it's pure Hollywood. Worse, they go on about the "creatures of the night" they meet in clubs - close inspection reveals these wicked ones to be stockbrokers in leotards.

Needless to add, the truly sexy among us are alien to this place. Ian McCulloch, for example, doesn't even know it exists.

MALCOLM McLAREN: "Madam Butterfly" (Virgin/Charisma).

ON THE subject of "Butterfly", the red pedlar is right on two counts and wrong on just one. Certainly this video is free of the customary tricks and tangents. In fact, "Butterfly" is unadulterated editing pattern is its only real claim to special status. McLaren is also correct in assuming that most viewers would instantly swap lasers and storylines for anything shot in a bath-house. Pearly girls are the stuff of enthrallment every time: the females end up dying of envy over the fashion content and the males end up just dying.

But here follows the part that won't wash: "my record has a very emotive story, so I wanted to create a feeling of emotion". What, exactly, are the "emotions" on view here? Suppressed euphoria? Barely moistened grief? Boredom? Paycheked anxiety? It's not the fault of the models - mannikins are trained to look chisel-faced so you can concentrate on the clothes - but it is the height of absurdity for McLaren to suggest that this video in some way complements the opera's deep, slow burn.

Director Terence Donovan, by the way, owes large apologies to three photographers named Deborah Turbeville, Sarah Moon, and David Hamilton, who thought up this style ages ago, and, of course, did it better.

SPANDAU BALLET: "T.U. Fly With You" (Reformation).

THE views of New Orleans are picture-perfect, but the plot is a mystery - why is Tony Hadley's girlfriend under arrest? And why - whenever the brothers Kemp lower their Ray-Bans - do they keep having visions of chain gangs and cotton pickers? Where is that alligator I read about in the advance publicity?

ON THE AIR

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 12

RADIO 1
7pm: JANICE LONG, Frank Chickens, Inscrutable as ever, in session, plus Depche person Dave Gahan delivering his Collector's Choice.
10pm: JOHN PEEL. Tonight! Sessions from Inca Babies and Yeah Yeah No.

ITV
4.50pm: HOLD TIGHT! With Silent Running and Bananarama.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 13

RADIO 1
7pm: JANICE LONG. A session from the disgustingly-named Blow Monkeys. Meanwhile, slight wee Scotsman Roddy Frame previews Aztec Camera's new elpee "Knife" (could be a cracker).
10pm: JOHN PEEL. Tonight, the old groaner

has sessions from the sinister X Men and the rather more genteel Everything But The Girl.

BBC 1
6.55pm: TOP OF THE POPS introduced by Dave Lee Travis (a pipe and slippers man) and the virtually unknown Bruno Brookes.
7.25pm: THE KENNY EVERETT TELEVISION SHOW. With, er, Kenny Everett.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 14

RADIO 1
5.45pm: ROUND TABLE. Paul Gambaccini, bravely standing in for Ricardo Skinner, is joined by Marc Almond, the obscure Bruno Brookes and allegedly the Incredible Famous Boy George for the onslaught on the week's new releases.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 15

RADIO 1
1pm: MY TOP TEN. The remarkable Tony

Hadley (from Spandex Ballyhoo) talks about his choices with Andy Peebles.
6.30pm: IN CONCERT. Hair-raising Steve Blackett introduces Nick Lowe and his Cowboy Outfit.
7.30pm: JANICE LONG. The ubiquitous Ms Long brings Boomshanka and Act Fuseli to an unsuspecting public.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 16

RADIO 1
4pm: PAUL GAMBACCINI. The world's most knowledgeable broadcaster delivers a personal appreciation of Frankie Valli.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 17

RADIO 1
7pm: JANICE LONG. New sessions from old lags The Fall (currently in fine form) and newcomers Floy Joy (tipped for the top).
10pm: JOHN PEEL. A brand new session from

Ranting Peté Wylie and Wah!, and one from the Folk Devils too.

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 18

RADIO 1
7pm: JANICE LONG. Fingers crossed for a brand new session from the elusive Aswad, featuring material from their forthcoming album.

BBC 1
6pm: POP QUIZ. Mike Read in the chair, and contestants taking the plunge this week will include Ian Gillan, Andy Partridge and Dave Gilmour.

CHANNEL 4
10.50pm: PLAY AT HOME. This week, with the Special AKA, who discuss their new album "In The Studio".

YOURS IS BETTER

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS

FOLLOWING the success of "Trading Places" we are knee-deep in Forties remakes, usually of Preston Sturges scripts. "Unfaithfully Yours", which starred Rex Harrison, was Sturges' worst comedy, so there's no sense of desecration in Howard Zieff's up-date. It is, in fact, funnier in every detail, besides giving our Dud a chance to supper his ill-crowded dreamboat image and get back to falling over.

Famous conductor Claude Eastman (Dudley Moore) is married to much-younger woman Daniella (Nastassja Kinski), but suspicions begin to curdle his bliss when a private detective, hired by error, comes up with evidence of someone in Argyll's socks tip-toeing out of their apartment when he's off on the road.

After dementedly hoisting the trouser legs of his immediate circle, Claude is finally confronted with the same socks at the end of his violinist protegee, the young, handsome, horny Max Stein (Armand Assante). Unknown to our hero, however, Max has been using his gift to knock off the wife of his manager, Norman Robbins (Albert Brooks), and has not laid a glove on Daniella.

Misunderstandings proliferate, as they will in this



Dudley... back on form

sort of movie. Poor Claude is forever leaping in to confront the wrong person with accusations of whoredom and trollopbery - an old room cleaner, for example, folding sheets. His agitation grows until he can hardly leave a room without first stepping into the broom cupboard.

Claude indulges in a murderous reverie while conducting a violin concerto featuring the lecherous Max. In daydream scenario, it's the perfect crime, with sleeping pills, Halloween pigmask, carving knife, tape recorded voices and Max led off to the noose. In practice, everything goes wrong. Claude drinks the spiked drink, and releasing recorded cries of "Testing" leaps upon Max with a wooden spoon. Daniella has to drape the overtired little chap over her shoulder as if to burp him, and carts him home to bed.

One of the best scenes has Claude and Max circling each other like duellists in an impromptu cutting-contest on violins. Both Kinski and Assante, fellow graduates from handsome classes, show an unexpected gift for comedy. Dud is almost back on form, and Albert Brooks proves himself a very neat worker with a witty line. Painless.

● BRIAN CASE



"Spinal Tap" celebrate their "Tap into America" tour at a New York cocktail party thrown by Tap's record label, Polymer Records. (L to R) back row: keyboardist Vic Savage (David Kauf) and drummer Mick Shrimpton (R. J. Parnell). (L to R) front row: manager Ian Faith (Tony Hendra), bass player Derek Small (Harry Shearer), president of Polymer Records Sir Denis Eton-Hogg (Patrick Macnee), co-lead guitarist David St Hubbins (Michael McKean), and co-lead guitarist Nigel Tufnel (Christopher Guest).

SPINAL COLUMN

THIS IS SPINAL TAP

"THIS IS Spinal Tap" comes to bury rock'n'roll, and to damn it with excruciating faint praise. It's becoming ominously fashionable to pick among the solidifying remains of the once-vibrant medium with terminal academic sociobarney, or to camouflage its dessicated state with chirpy teen-white wash. "This Is Spinal Tap" eschews such crassness. Instead, by creating a straight documentary-biog of a fake group, it slaps hard at the crumbling foundations of rock with an insight both hilarious and faintly tragic. It's a little like watching cherished childhood memories willing under interrogation by Brian Walden.

Plot, sensibly, is stripped down to the story of an American tour by the eponymous Spinal Tap to promote the group's seventeenth album release "Smell The Glove". This offers

ample scope for every known rock-sitcom wheeze - the tour bus sketch, the hotel room gag, the record company reception sequence, the live shows, the meet-the-press scenario, the band-splits-under-pressure trauma and many more.

The chief coup of "Spinal Tap" is how frequently it manages to make you forget you're watching a spoof. It kicks off with a rap-to-camera by the film's ostensible and actual writer/director Rob Reiner (or Marty DiBergil, who just wanted to make a film about this group he'd admired for so long and ended up learning... a lot more. Reiner, a veteran of a lot of American TV comedy, serves as linkman throughout the movie as he tracks the band's catastrophic progress.

He has grasped the key fact that groups like Spinal Tap (and there are plenty) are already beyond parody. Really, all he's done is to select highlights from life, a kind of Greatest Hits Of Rock Idiocy. His dogged, deadpan interviewing technique is achingly funny, made more so

by the group's solemnly meaningless replies, and is placed perfectly in context by the space cadet fans trying to explain their zomboid devotion to the cretinous Tap, or by the Polymer Records functionaries who we observe en route, either fawning madly or zapped to the eyeballs.

Spinal Tap themselves, the long running band who we glimpse running the gamut from skiffle to psychedelia in exquisite mock-ups of old pop TV shows, have become Heavy Metal halfwits with a whiff of "sword-and-sorcery" bullshit. They are played with laser accuracy by Christopher Guest, Michael McKean and Harry Shearer as jaded old troupers living in an antiquated bubble. Their vanity, inarticulate pretensions and dull musical competence are probably less absurd than a lot of actual outfits - the songs, penned by the cast, sound just as convincing as anything by Def Leppard or Iron Maiden - and the characters speak volumes about rock, its faded aspirations and sheer lunatic wastefulness.

Nothing has been left to chance. "Tap" has been shot and edited like a "real" rock-documentary, from its wobbly hand-held and jaggedly cut sequences of roadies setting up equipment to the band slumped around in hotels with giggling groupies. Ancillary characters, too, are perfectly observed - Spinal Tap's manager, Ian Faith, is the classic English public school entrepreneur gone to seed (a wonderfully petulant performance from Tony Hendra), while PR woman Bobbi Fleckman (Fran Drescher) is a loud-mouthed free-loader pretending to be above her sordid surroundings.

Much of the comedy is so closely intertwined with actuality that it's impossible to "explain" it without confessing one's own long-standing gullibility. Whether you're Eno, Meat Loaf or a mere rock fan, "Spinal Tap" has your number. The film's insistence that you recognise this fact is at the heart of its success.

● ADAM SWEETING

WOLF ON THE FLOOR

COMPANY OF WOLVES

EVERYONE and his dog knows that the werewolf legend, like the vampire legend, is rooted in sex and springs from fears about the beast in man. Neil Jordan, whose "Angel" was such a promising debut, seems to have felt obliged to spell all this out with an air of discovery. Sharing neither his love of folk lore nor his glee in grappling everything to the libido, I can't help wondering who the target audience for "Company Of Wolves" will be.

It takes the playful form of stories within stories. An adolescent girl, Rosaleen (Sarah Patterson) lies sleeping

in her attic bedroom. She dreams that her elder sister is pursued and killed by wolves in the forest, a surreal landscape that includes many of the dolls from her bedroom, but swollen to threatening proportions.

After her sister's burial, she goes to her gran's home, and more tales are told. Gran (Angela Lansbury) warns her about men whose eyebrows meet, and launches into a cautionary story. After treading on a hedgehog on his wedding night, the groom (Stephen Rea) is transformed in ghastly anatomical detail into a werewolf, but happily

beheaded by a shovel. His head lands in a milk churn, and changes back.

Rosaleen dreams on, and is soon back in the polystyrene forest again, fleeing from a lecherous wildlife lad. She climbs a tree, finds some lipstick, tries it on, and a nestful of eggs crack open to reveal human babies. I crack open my timepiece and discover that there's still over an hour of this crap to go.

Now mum weighs in with a tale, and we cut to an 18th century bridal banquet. The foppish groom is about to grope his bride when a village woman bursts into the room,

and turns the assembled company into wolves, which they were metaphorically in the first place.

The final tale is Little Red Riding Hood spelled out in News Of The World headlines, and presumably plenty more where that came from since our heroine is still asleep as the credits roll. Terence Stamp and David Warner put in appearances. All the Aislings are well-trained, and probably had a better time than I did. If this is your sort of territory, seek out Borowczyk's "Immoral Tales" and wear a raincoat.

● BRIAN CASE

HIT A MISS

THE HIT

DECADES back, Hemingway wrote a very short story called "The Killers" in which two hired hitmen kill a guy who doesn't even try to run away. Ever since, screenwriters have been trying to fill in backgrounds for killers and victim - none of them as unforgettable as the original open question. When Hemingway said that the writer could leave gaps so long as he knew what went in there, he sure spilled a bitful.

"The Hit" is yet another in the long line of wild guesses, and from the look and sound of it, director Stephen Frears and writer Peter Prince haven't a clue. The tone wobbles uncertainly, the characters act uncharacteristically, and every camera shot that you notice seems to have sprung from boredom. It's a bummer.

Willie Parker (Terence Stamp) is a crook who grasses on his old mates for a free pardon and a new life in Spain. As he winds up his denunciation in court, the heavies in the dock burst into song - "We'll Meet Again" - and mean it. Ten years later, a couple of professional hitmen snatch him from his happy exile, and drive him across Spain to a planned execution in Paris.

These hitmen are hopelessly inept. Braddock (John Hurt) signals silent professional inhumanity from behind impenetrable shades, but is in fact a liability to any employer. It takes Willie to tell him he ought to bump off a witness, he gets lumbered with a demented woman (Laura Del Sol), and he can't even make a simple stop for petrol without a bloodbath. Lee Marvin he ain't.

His sidekick Myron (Tim Roth) is still an apprentice, a



Welcome back Stamp

terror-of-the-terrace type dickhead who, homicidally speaking, couldn't find his ass with both hands. He can't stop off for beer without getting out the old bike-chain and razor and duffing up a barful of peasant lads. Since he tends to fall asleep with his gun on his chest, he's lucky our Willie isn't a runner. All we learn about him is that he made his cash in hand-drafted class at school, and has the line-hold problems with his emotions that one associates with glue sniffers.

Nice to see old Stamp back again, and hope he gets a proper script next time. Hurt has nothing to do except shut up and shoot, and newcomer Roth is the standard update on Tommy Udo. Why the camera gives us a bird's-eye view of Hurt getting kneed in the family jewels remains Frears' secret.

● BRIAN CASE

REVIEW FX

Pause for effects

Gadabout Mark Jenkins searches for a push-button paradise



ARION FX from £34.00

ARION



ARION Pedals are designed by somebody called Prince Tsushinkoggo, which could lead to terrible puns about them being the royalty of effects pedals, but won't (too late — it has). Still, even the court jester could see that they're efficient, neatly constructed and reasonably priced.

One highly unusual feature is that most of the pedals — even distortion and overdrive designs — are described as "stereo". The term has been over-used recently, and perhaps it's more accurate to say that the pedals have alternative outputs which could be assigned to differing stereo positions. Still, rather than standing here splitting hairs, let's start with the cheapest pedal at £34.00, the Arion Distortion.

The Distortion is a fairly conventional little unit with a large FET-based noiseless push panel, LED operation indicator, 9v power input, clipped-on top panel for battery replacement (no fiddling with screwdrivers here) and four controls — three rotaries and a switch. The rotaries are obvious — Level, Tone and Distortion, working as you'd expect to give a toppy fuzz with lots of power. The switch selects one of two options for the "Out 2" (stereo) socket next to the main output — Direct (which gives the guitar's untreated sound whether the fuzz is on or off) and Soft (which gives a smoother, more controllable form of the fuzz sound).

The tone control is fairly effective in increasing the range of textures possible, and the Distortion Pedal as a whole gives all you'd expect from a unit of this kind. The second output is a bonus although not many guitarists in the market for this sort of unit are playing in stereo on stage these days.

The Over Drive Pedal (also £34.00) has a pretty good go at simulating valve overdrive and in many ways is a more pleasant distortion effect than the previous pedal — warm, smooth and glowing. Its three controls are Level, Tone and Drive, and the Tone control is subtler yet more versatile than the Distortion Pedal's. The soft version — again available at Out 2 as an alternative to the direct sound — is if anything even more reminiscent of a Marshall in heat, and could more than make up for the deficiencies of a transistor amp in the

overdrive line.

Next up is the Arion Metal Master at £39.95, an evil little box which follows in the footsteps of the Boss Heavy Metal Pedal and the Washburn Stack-In-A-Box in trying to encapsulate all that is Iron Maiden in an innocuous four-inch plastic box. In many ways it succeeds, by virtue of its dual frequency controls (Low and High) which enable it to produce a wide selection of metallic tones from low and raunchy to high and piercing. Other controls are Level and Distortion as before, with a softer fuzz available at Out 2.

Now it's not exactly clear why the company couldn't produce a single pedal with the facilities of the Distortion and Metal Master pedals, but that's business — the more different markets you can find, the better.

The Parametric Equaliser at £38 is a bit of a novelty, capable at the flick of a switch of picking out any tones from very high to very low frequencies and giving them a hefty boost or an equally hefty cut. Applications are manifold — removing frequencies causing unwanted feedback, boosting the bass end of cheap drum machines or keyboards, emphasising mids on guitars, even playing with vocal sounds. Not a mass seller, but the Out 2 option of Sustain EQ — which actually boosts all the frequencies most likely to feed back — is a definite plus, and worth checking out.

At £45.00, Arion's Phaser is the only apparent flop of the bunch. The usual controls — Rate, Depth and Resonance — should make it capable of all sorts of effects from Leslie speakers to manic helicopters, but in fact it makes so little impression even at full depth that all the tastiest over-the-top phaser effects are lost to you. The Rate control is very top-heavy — all the action takes place in the last quarter of its travel — and a genuine stereo effect with out-of-phase signals is possible, but doesn't actually increase your effect, just open it up spatially.

Odd that, because there's nothing the matter with the Flanger (£51.00), Chorus (£51.00) or Analog Delay (£86.00). The Flanger has the expected Rate, Depth, Manual and Resonance controls and does what the Phaser fails to do — a selection of effects from slow and subtle sweeping to manic wobbling. The Chorus has reasonable depth and should really be used in stereo to allow it to give some spatial separation, and the Delay compares well with most of the other pedal delays on the market.

Pedal delays always seem overpriced (particularly if you

know the cost of the chips in them) but the Arion doesn't offend more than any other in this respect. The effect given is quite decent in fact, ranging from a very metallic reverb to a distinct repeat echo of around a third of a second. You can play with the delay just at the point where it's feeding back and should be able to come up with some powerful performances in conjunction with the Metal Master or Distortion Pedals.

We've already reviewed Arion's Hot Watt, which is a personal amplifier with sustain, delay and tone controls. At the time we thought it a pretty good alternative to the Boss Play Bus, though not offering all the Play Bus facilities, and Arion are still plugging away at it in conjunction with their pedals. This by way of explaining why it's in the picture, although there's no reason why it should have to justify itself — it's got a living to make, it pays its rates...

Incidentally, if you switch all those pedals off for long enough to tune up, you could make use of one of Arion's two quartz tuners (£27.50 and £37.00). The Guitar Tuner has scales for guitar and bass picked out on six LEDs; a triangular button steps from one string to another and tuning is indicated on a large meter. There's a jack output so you can leave the tuner in circuit while you're playing, and a choice in operation of jack input or built-in mike.

The Chromatic Tuner has scales for guitar and chromatic instruments (keyboards or anything else) and has two modes of operation — Manual, in which you pick the desired note yourself, and Auto, in which the tuner tells you what you're closest to. Pushing both Note Up and Note Down switches together changes from Guitar to Chromatic mode, and the tuning meter is aided by red plus and minus LEDs for sharp and flat with a central green LED for hunky dory. There's a battery flat indicator and mike, input and output facilities as on the guitar tuner. The two pedals are priced competitively (in other words they do have competition) but you can give them one thing — they work.

Overall the Arion pedals offer a good deal and should give long and reliable service. Good points — fast battery changing and "stereo" or alternative outputs. Duffer of the bunch — the Phaser for at least the one I had. Best Buys — the Metal Master and Chromatic Tuner.

● Enquiries: FC&N, Morley Road, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1RA. Tel: 0732 366421.

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REVIEW GUITARS

REEVE CUSTOM HEADLESS DOUBLENECK: £450

WOULDN'T it be nice to own a guitar which wasn't mass-produced, imported or the slavish copy of an established make? Of course there's always been a market for custom guitars, built or modified to the prospective owner's specification, but it's been limited largely to the wealthy and to established stars.

No longer, it seems. If Reeve can build a guitar like this beauty for about two-thirds of the cost of the mass-produced opposition, do it to order and take about six weeks from start to finish, there's hope for us all yet.

The company started around four years ago when Jez Reeve built his first guitar as an experiment, his previous trade having been as a tool grinder. Since then, together with a guitar-playing partner, he's built around 100 guitars, ranging from electrics to semi-acoustics to violin basses. He's still surprised, considering that the customer can have any style, design or specification, to be asked for lots of Strat copies - one solution to this is a Patchwork guitar in 18 different woods, wired to a 100-way pickup combination field designed to get the customer's imagination going!

Finishes and colours are highly variable, with acrylic lacquer being used to give anything from sunbursts to confederate flags to crocodile green finishes. These were called for when Alligator commissioned a dozen

anniversary guitars and basses last year - the resulting SM1 and JM1 models coming in for some well-deserved praise in the music press.

The headless doubleneck I looked at is a beautiful, well-balanced instrument, small enough to be no heavier than a Gibson but powerful enough to blow your socks off. The double cutaway body vaguely resembles an SG, so it's easy enough to get at the higher frets of the six-string (with the obvious limitation that you're reaching around the bass to do so). No reaching for distant tuners on the bass; instead, hand-made metalwork gives fine tuning at the tailpiece end on both necks, with strings at the head end being held by grub screws rather than relying on a dubious supply of double ball-end strings as on the Steinberger.

The guitar has a scale length of 25 1/8 inches, a rosewood fingerboard and Double Eagle humbuckers from Kent Armstrong, who even makes customised coloured pickups for the company when needed. It has a very smooth and light action, and plays well as a heavy metal guitar, with a versatile five-way rotary pickup selector and bags of sustain.

The bass has a super-naturally smooth fingerboard, again in rosewood, and very delicate intonation which comes alive when you pull the passive tone control to switch on active circuitry for the bass only. Not so much a heavy metal guitar of course - in fact this model's been built for somebody who is primarily a keyboard player!

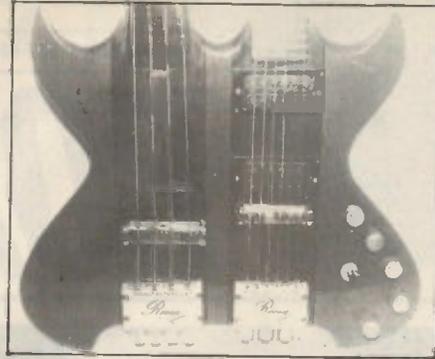
Reeve are based in Luton but plan to spread out and do more work for London-based musicians. They feel that most guitarists can appreciate a guitar designed to your

exact specification, shaped to fit your body and playing style and checked by the customer, if desired, at every stage of construction. They'll back up their guitars for life and will give estimates, with no obligation, for any specification of custom-built instrument.

Judging on the very high quality of what must be an unusually demanding design on the doubleneck, a Reeve custom could rapidly become a much sought-after status symbol. The only shame of it is that they can only turn out two guitars a week! Anybody looking for a distinctive piece of hardware should look them up - sheep need not apply.

● Enquiries: Reeve Guitars, 47 Gooseberry Hill, Luton, Beds. Tel: 0582 592334.

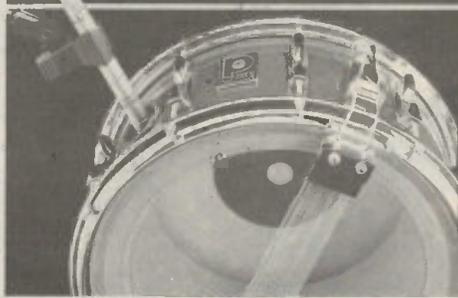
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REVIEW FX

WASHBURN STACK-IN-A-BOX: £59.95

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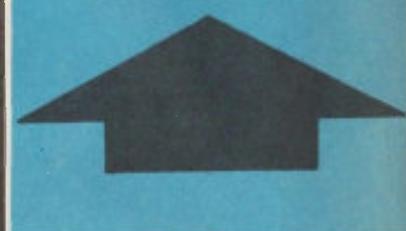
WASHBURN'S harmless-looking AD3 pedal is designed to contain all the raw power of a pile of overloading Marshall amps in the grand tradition of the Boss Heavy Metal Pedal and the Arion Metal Master. For sophisticated heavies, Washburn have another version (the Stack-In-A-Rack) which mounts in a 19inch format and features two completely independent distortion circuits and a graphic equaliser.

Back to the baby version though, which features controls for Tone, Level and Distortion as you'd expect from any other fuzz pedal. The difference is that the distortion produced resembles a typical valve effect rather than just an overloaded pile of transistors. It's warm, smooth but powerful, with the ability to turn any output from single coils to pairs of humbuckers into a convincing valve overdrive sound even if you've only got a five watt transistor amp.

The On footswitch is silent and responsive and there's an input for external 9V power with the centre pin as earth. Batteries can be changed fairly easily - there is a screw head underneath that's large enough to undo with the fingers - and the only real doubt is about the colour of the finish and control knobs. Luscious pink is not ideally suited to the life style of your typical heavy guitarist, me-thinks.

Overall though the Stack-In-A-Box does its job well, despite the use of a single tone control as opposed to the two on the Arion pedal or Boss Heavy Metal pedal. Just don't forget your shades when you're checking out those shocking pink twiddly bits.

● Enquiries: Washburn UK, 20 Victoria Road, New Barnet, Herts EN4



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THE COUNTER
Our First Under The Counter seems to have fired the public imagination to such an extent that we've had to take on two full-time ex-News Of The World staff to cope with the flood of information landing on our creaking desks every morning. But seriously...
Tim Gentle Music are applying a little of their unique brand of gentle persuasion to the Milton Keynes area with a new store in Newport Pagnell. Manager Francis McElrane (Mac to his friends) will include Fender, Yamaha, Roland, Marshall, Gibson, Peavey and Sequential Circuits products, and they're confident that the store will take off as well as its mother (father? elder brother?) in Leigh-on-Sea. Tim Gentle's mail-out continues to assist musicians everywhere - now in glorious colour and will claim 55,000 victims in August. Good luck to all the guys at Tim Gentle Music (Emporium??). 78 High Street, Newport Pagnell, Milton Keynes. Meanwhile Vroom Music In Watford are expanding their electronic instrument stock and working hard at both a synth club and an eight-track studio for jingles and commercial music. Having just launched into a rather popular sale it's surprising they've got time for hiring out Portastudios putting together tasty package deals for studio time and running regular clinics on recording and new instruments, but somehow it all hangs together... give them a call on Watford 40294 or drop in at 90-92 Queens Road for all the latest gear from Roland, Korg, Yamaha, Casio, Aria, Cutec and lots more.

Carlsbro Sound Centre are presenting a Simmons Drum Demonstration on October 17 at the Commodore International in Nottingham, 8pm. There will be a bar! They are also presenting in conjunction with Lab Tech (International) and Arlen Roth Guitar Clinic on Wednesday, October 26 at Commodore International, Nottingham and on Thursday, September 27 at Oak St, East Anglia, Oak Street, Norwich, 8pm. Free admission, but by ticket only. These can be obtained on the night or through any of the Carlsbro stores. JSG Music of 104-108B Main Road, Bingley, West Yorkshire, Tel: Bradford (0274) 588843 have just been appointed sole northern stockists of Turbo PAs.

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