

ZIGZAG

MUSIC

NEWS

VIEWS



MOTORHEAD



TOYAH

DIRTY LOOKS



TEN POLE TUDOR



THEATRE OF HATE

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



HAZEL O'CONNOR

NEW ALBUM

Sons and Lovers

HAZEL O'CONNOR



Sons and Lovers

HAZEL O'CONNOR U.K GIGS WINTER 1980

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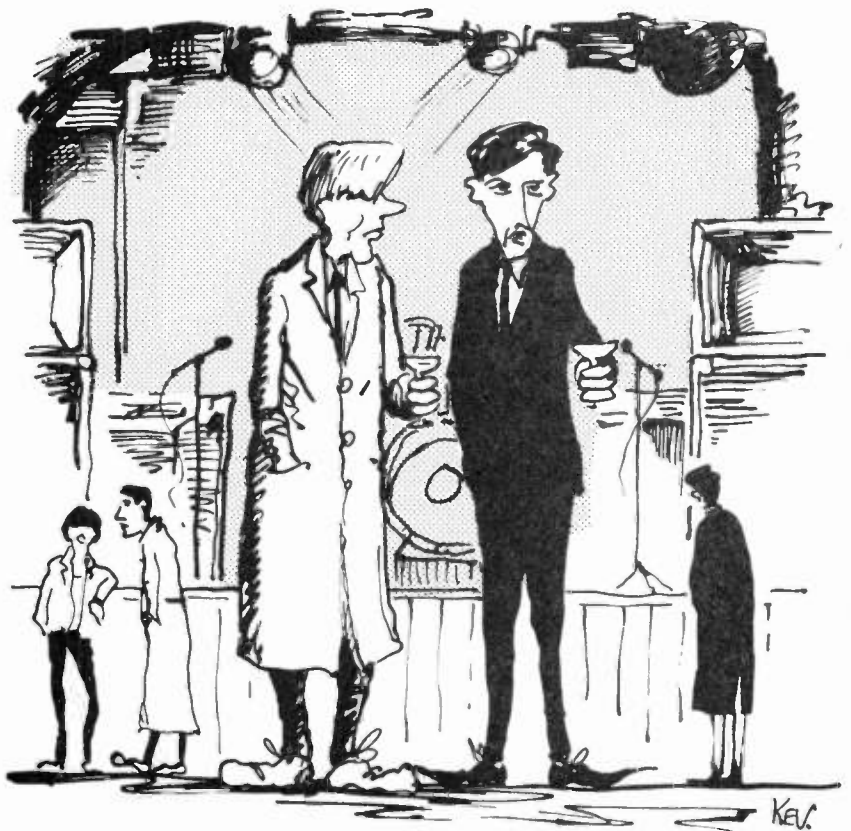
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HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Dear Zig Zag
Dear Bag Zig
Dig Baz Zag
Dear Kris

Dear Kris,

Re the letters page in your excellent November issue. I'll wager that the contributions from Weird Wendy, Norma Foster (aged 15) and Stuart Wester were all typed on the same machine, with a covering bet that a maximum of two machines were used for all three letters. Famed rock & roll publicist 'Wavie Maxie' Max Needham pioneered the bogus fan letter, but the torch has been taken up with even greater sophistication by the lads of the Wild Wax Show. These chaps are OK — they care about their music, play good records, and stand their round of drinks. But they're damned devious. I'm sure Weird Wendy is the Wild Wax Show (they have an 'interest' in the Polecats), and most of my money would go on the chance that they wrote the other two as well (one was a naked plug for Matchbox, the other a name-check for various rockabilly independent labels hidden amongst a lot of guff about 'hype'), with a side-bet that the old master Maxie had a hand in it as well. I'm not complaining, certainly not crowing — after years of dealing with these amiable teds I almost let one of their masterpieces slip through only a few weeks ago (down with Stray Cats, wot abaht the Polecats?). But the public has a right to know. As you can tell, I don't know. Quite,

Regards,



John Collis,
Time Out.

Dear Kris,

Just a word in your ear, Kristopher dear! (No. I'm not a poet!)

I think it's about time you and your intelligent rock journalists showed a little consideration for us thick, non intellectual layabouts, who, incidentally, left school at 16 with 1 C.S.E. grade 6.

Instead you spew out all this pissy rock jargon and big words, while we, the brainless minority, sit chewing the fucking dictionary up, trying to decipher the shit!

So in future, Mr Kneeds, cut the crap and get to the point!

Yours xxx

Natalie Easton
(Nat the Brat)

P.S. Keep up the good work Kris, it's a great mag! (when you can understand it!)



Thanks for the Kate Bush article in the October issue. I appreciate your attempt to give this lady the kind of favourable publicity she deserves, but it won't help. Kate's got class, brains and talent — and the public's just not buying it. Too bad.

Stateside Kate has plenty of loyal followers, folks who first got turned on by her voice then discovered the beauty of her music and the intensity of her lyrics. But, besides, musical talent, Kate's also got the guts, intelligence and sensitivity to write about the way women really think and feel. She's earthy, sensuous but not vulgar — and that's great by me.

Kate Bush's latest album is a real beauty. Keep 'em coming, Kate, those of us in the know will be waiting.

Best wishes,



Linda Lou
Wisconsin, USA

Dear Linda,

You make it sound like you are a member of some horrible clandestine club for the smüg.

P.E.

Dear ZigZag,

I didn't like your stupid comment about Kate Bush, I happen to be a good Kate Bush fan, and I suppose I don't need to tell you, But you wrote instead of The Man With The Child In His Eyes, you wrote The man with no arse in his trousers. Now I didn't like that at all. I suppose it gives you a kick doing stupid things like that, I think whoever wrote that should have his head examined. And you wrote at the top of the page fire in the bush. I think it's Just Phathetic, it doesn't make sense Kate Bush writes all her own songs, so what's the stupid comment about or remark or whatever you call it. You try and write a song you wouldn't even know where to start.

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU'S.

And I don't see Kate as piss taken or anything it's you that's piss taken putting down shite like that, I don't see any comments, any remarks nothing. So just leave of her. And I won't be buying your magazine again. Yes I think the picture on the cover was interesting it's to good for your cover. It's about time somebody told you

GOODBYE
CHEEKY SHITE

Kate has much right to be singing as any other singer you said, It sounds like you think she hasn't.

You make a fool out of yourselves the things you write.

Dear Zigzag,

Thanks for the extremely useful independant labels catalogue in the July issue which I found very interesting as a source of reference Lets hope there's another decade of ZIGZAG.

J. Cockrell

Yours sincerely

Dear Zigzag,

Thank you — Thank you. For drawing my attention to BAUHAUS. I had seen their name in the independent singles charts, but it never meant anything. But since your article on them in October Zigzag, I started listening to the John Peel show, as I knew that if anyone would play them, he would. (I have to listen with the radio up at my ear, as my mother has the television on in the evenings). Well, I think they are fantastic. I don't care what the critics say, (I've just read a bad review in 'Sounds') I think they are really different. I love their version of 'Telgram Sam', it's far superior, and so much more exciting from the original. (Didn't think much of that at all. Though I used to be a great fan of Marc Bolan in the days of Tyrannosaurus Rex. They came down here when I was a kid, and I went on my own to see them). I went on my own last year to see The Damned, being an admirer of Dave Venian, and they're the only good group we've had down here. So if Bauhaus could come and play at the same place, it would be fantastic.

I've never bought Zigzag before. I saw it in the newsagent and only picked it up to have a look through, because my attention was drawn by Kate Bush on the cover, and I happen to like her. (Though I'm fed-up with people saying I look like her. I don't! It's only her hair that's similar to mine, and even then, it's not that similar) Anyway, I would not have bought a magazine just to read an interview with Kate Bush. (You can do that stood in the newsagents — At least you can in this particular one. But I just had to have your magazine when I saw your pages on Bauhaus. Is that GORGEOUS creature in the photographs the Peter Murphy you mentioned? (And I thought that Adam Ant was the only real glamorous person around, now that Gary Newman has become ordinary. I would count Zero from the 'Zero Comix' cartoon in 'Record Mirror', but (unfortunately) he's not real!)

After hearing Bauhaus, I must get all their records. (Especially the LP; John Peel said something about someone naked on the cover. Is it too much to hope that it's Peter Murphy?! — I can't wait). I hope I'm not too late to get the Bela Lugosi single. Their new single (T. Sam) should be played on the radio all day (what a hope!) then they'd probably be on 'Top of the Pops' (HA!) because I know it would get into the main charts. Though I hope they don't become too famous, because as soon as someone I like gets really well-

known, they get boring (with the exception of Kate Bush and Lene Lovich), and I get tired of them, and I've got to have someone I can feel really excited about.

As to the rest of your magazine: I thought it was really good: EXCELLENT interview with Kate

Bush (I always knew she was intelligent. The sort of person I could get into conversation with, for hours). Nice to see features on Psychedelic Furs, (Though 'I Love You' was the best thing they've ever done — nothing so good since) And Honey Bane (Though I preferred her when she was Donna Microbe). Like to see something on Cabaret Voltaire; Kleenex/Liliput; The Normal; Robert Rental; (he still around?) Dead Kennedys; (especially Jello Biagra. The only Americans I really like) and Birthday Party, and Killing Joke.

And maybe a feature on 'Nosferatu' — Max Schreck version and Klaus Kinski. (I know it's films, but I've always wanted to see both; and everything but comes down here — stupid comedy 'Love at first Bite' been here twice). Also 'Jubilee' has been been down here, yet 'Rude Boy' has, and the cinema was downright empty! Oh well, that's the Isle of Wight. I've been writing 'BAUHAUS' all over the (Don't mention this though) over the walls down here (in brilliant green marker) to draw attention to them. (BAUHAUS that is, not necessarily the walls). It makes a change from writing 'ANARCHY for U.K.' and 'PUNK RULES' (One day we will destroy convention. Sexual stereotypes stink!) I have written to the BBC asking if they could play Bauhaus in the day. I think they're going to be the cult-thing of the '80's.

From
LUIZA LANG

Dear Zigzag,

I was pleased to read Pete Erskine's criticism of the behaviour of some people involved in the running of small suburban venues in his article on The Sound in ZigZag/107. No, I don't think it was 'irrelevant' — it makes a change to find a rock journalist showing some concern about the treatment struggling new bands receive.

His claim that Kingston only boasts one rock music venue is not quite correct, however. Besides The Three Tuns, The Swan, in Mill Street, also presents live bands. True, it doesn't have a band every night but most weekends you can find a group playing ther. The gig's seem to be organised by different people so there's a pretty wide range of music represented.

Yours faithfully,

Andrea James

P.S. I remember seeing Adrian Borland — in a band called Rat Poison — playing at Raynes Park Methodist Church Hall back in pre-punk '76! I wonder if he remembers the gig?!

P.S. What about Echo And The Bunnymen — I nominate the gorgeous, tasty, delectable Ian McCulloch 'Dreamboat of the Week' (oops, wrong magazine!)

OH BY GOSH BY GOLLY,
MISTLETOE AND HOLLY,
YES ITS THAT TIME AGAIN!
ALL I'LL SAY THIS MONTH IS
HO HO HO! (STOLEN FROM
MOTORHEAD). (I'VE GOT
THIS GREAT CHRISTMAS
LETRA SET). ANOTHER
FUN-PACKED ISSUE...
I WON'T BE HERE NEXT
MONTH COS BASEMENT 5
ARE ON TOUR WITH IAN DURY
(SEE YOU THERE), BUT I PROMISE
TO WRITE A LETTER FROM THE
TRENCHES.



PIX: SIMON REEVES

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WENT TO SEE
MOTORHEAD AT FRIARS (OH DEAR...)

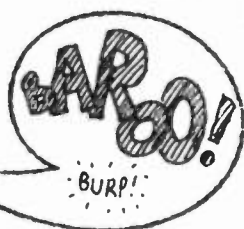
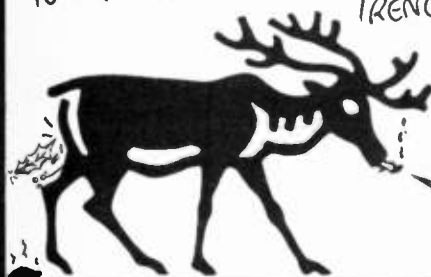
ALBUMS OF THE MONTH - ABBA, BLONDIE,
MOTORHEAD, T. HEADS, SPIKE JONES, PIL. GIGS - BASEMENT
5 AT DEPTFORD, DOLL BY DOLL AT WENDOVER MEMORIAL
HALL, MOTORHEAD AT FRIARS.

MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS NOT
BE A TURKEY.

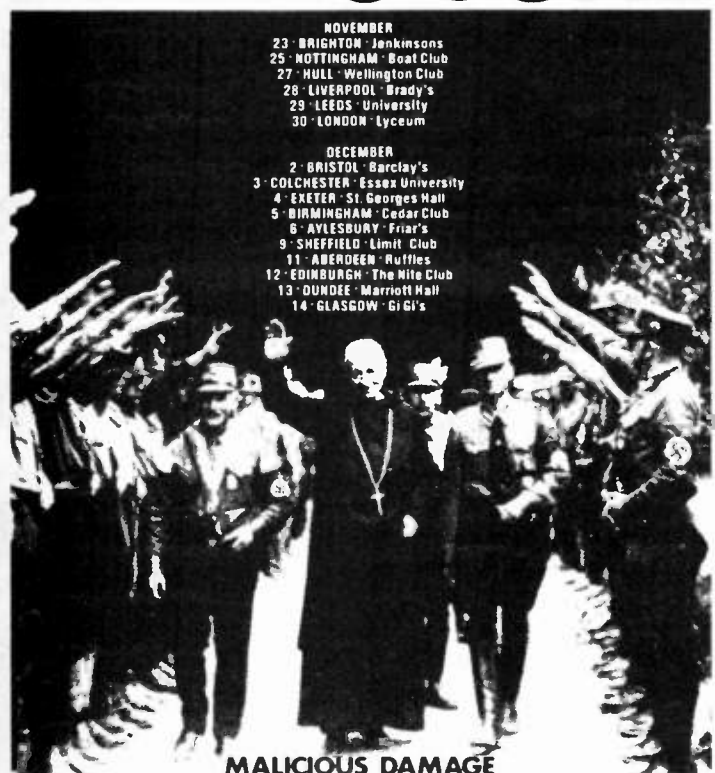
Live a kisses

Kris

GOBBLE!



KILLING JOKE



MALICIOUS DAMAGE

ALBUM/TOUR

NOVEMBER
23 - BRIGHTON - Jenkins
25 - NOTTINGHAM - Boat Club
27 - HULL - Wellington Club
28 - LIVERPOOL - Brady's
29 - LEEDS - University
30 - LONDON - Lyceum

DECEMBER
2 - BRISTOL - Barclay's
3 - COLCHESTER - Essex University
4 - EXETER - St Georges Hall
5 - BIRMINGHAM - Cedar Club
6 - AYLESBURY - Friar's
9 - SHEFFIELD - Limit Club
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THEATRE OF HATE

Consider the year 1980 as a whole and the face of punk is fairly slack. Infirmary or a sense of the casual has thrown up mainly small cross inspired bands and with the possible exception of Adam the older bands have seen their laurels disappear up one collective back passage.

Consider the graffiti at Hatton Cross tube station: "Threate of Hate live on in your dreams and they will Kill you". Slightly over the top perhaps but indicative of the word of mouth babbling that sets T-O-H head and shoulders above other newcomers.

From the various incestuous bands named Crisis, Straps, Epileptiv and The Pack, the forests of Dtanwell and the squash courts of Canada have evolved a fiery unit with a gleaming severity.

Kirk Brandon, now free of the extortion racket (a.k.a. The Pack, previously The Cane), Stan (Epileptiv, Straps) the man who had the common sense to turn down an invitation to join the U.K. Subs, Luke, the all powerful drummer who boils with excitement at the very mention of the band, Steve in his first ever guitar playing role and the peculiar saxophonist, classically trained, who was recently the number two squash seed in the land of Trudeau. Added together they form the imposing Threate of Hate.

The name represents the feelings and atmospheres surrounding us. The songs concern the more naked and dark emotions within. From the quill of Brandon they leap into vitriolic action, an uncomfortable blend of the generally unthinkable and the confusion of truth.

Space means we cannot explore the boundaries Kirk has thrown out, but they'll be in this magazine again, so until then...

Those 'previous' bands which easily enter the fine but no-big-deal category have in hindsight provided the mainstay of the band (rhythm n' voice) with the experience of grasping. Achievements were few and the future perceptively dim. Out of those straightjackets, like a bad marriage, the mistakes have been learnt and the coalescing of

restrictive. The Pack several leagues on would be the only pinpoint.

A claustrophobic yet moving sound that invokes as much alienation as it will interest, it is hard to take but there are no small measures. Domination of the London 'scene' could/should be total but they wisely set their thoughts beyond the spoilt capital and plan to play the lesser known spots around the nation.

Another important feature will be the information service they plan to instigate at gigs: with Kirk's ideas based on 'touchy' subjects the last thing they want is mis-understanding.



Pics by Simon Reeves

thought makes this unit all the more tighter in resolve.

Only a handful of gigs, but at traditionally accepted 'venues' and a single out soon, Theatre of Hate are moving in an aura of speciality. The noise is right, the image is right and the ideas and feel are right. Right for now.

Write on...

It was dagger-lobe Stan who remarked knowingly on the scary outlook on the project. When Kirk first approached him he was both bewildered and frightened at the idea but fortunately accepted for his blur is indispensable.

The potential is truly awesome. To make comparisons is laughably

The only politics featured are human politics. A suggestion to 'get worse' in today's craplands. But wariness must be adhered to, to prevent any clan gatherings at gigs, attracted by particular bared nerve endings. At the Rock Garden they drew a real mixture of people but tolerance was the common denominator and the band plan to keep it that way.

Talking to them immediately reveals how much they realise THIS IS IT. Even Kirk admits "I don't often feel happy but at the Music Machine I heard em playing and I thought..." (grins from ear to ear), surprising the others with his confession, and if this star of

the fashion parade enjoys it then it must be exemplary.

Despite the temporary set back of the Claverden closure, which would have been their biggest exposure so far, the band know the success which lays ahead providing they stick together. The central mass is stable, lets hope it stays that way.

I could ramble on at length spouting superlatives left right and centre but the amount of words signifies little. With Ski Patrol packing it in, Theatre of Hate are now the uncrowned 'Kings' around town only a cretin could say otherwise.

MICK MERCER



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SHADOW • TAKE ME BACK TO BABYLON • I'M ON HEAT • JENNY
I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER • SHE KNOWS • OUT IN THE DARK
TOTAL WAR • LITTLE OL' WINE DRINKER ME • JUST THIRTEEN
FREAK SHOW • THEN I KICKED HER • LOVE STORY • CYANIDE

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A few issues ago, you may have noted a couple of pages on *Tenpole Tudor*, in the course of which the author noted that "with a band so fine as this, widespread coverage in the monstrous pop papers is but a fashion away". That assertion may or may not be correct — my education didn't stretch as far as quantifying how long a fashion lasts — but at this point, despite several months of relative silence in the majority of the press, there will be ample opportunity for TPT to assault the public consciousness. The reason, of course, is that *Tenpole Tudor* are the mystery fifth ingredient on the latest mammoth Stiff tour. And before we go any further, a swift word about this hike for the doubters who reckon that Stiff tours get progressively less exciting each time — I don't know too much about either *Dirty Looks* or the *Equators*, but it's my confident prediction that *Any Trouble*, *Joe Carrasco* and *Tenpole Tudor* will return from their trek a great deal more popular than when they left.

Last time, little was expected and we've subsequently had hits from *Lene Lovich*, *Jona Lewie* and the *Records* (in the States), while *Rachel Sweet* and *Wreckless Eric* are much better known. Maybe there was no *Costello*, *Lowe*, *Edmunds* and *Dury*, but the results were still pretty OK with me...

Edward Tudorpole first attracted attention as the loony cinema usher in *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, to which he also contributed a couple of songs. One was a pretty horrible version of 'Rock Around The Clock', while the other was unforgettably gross, an original song titled *Who Killed Bambi?*, which long-time Pistols' watchers may recall was one of the titles originally tabled for 'Swindle'. Another notion of the time was that Eddie Tudorpole was a likely replacement for J. Rotten in the Pistols. So how did all this come about?

"I've forgotten."

Pause.

"No, well, I went along to an audition. I'd just been expelled from a group and someone said the Sex Pistols were auditioning. I didn't want to join them,

but I thought it would be a good laugh, a good way to spend the afternoon, so I got involved with the film by going along. Then Malcolm McLaren rang me up and said he wanted me to write a song called *Who Killed Bambi?*. I asked for a week to do it, and then he came round to hear it, and he said 'That doesn't sound very good. I like that little bit there, but the rest is rubbish. I'm coming back in four hours, and I want it better'. So I was writing away, and he came back four hours later and said 'I like that little bit, and the little bit before. I'm coming back tomorrow morning, and I want to hear it finished then'. This went on for a couple of days, then we got it together".

It was presumably written as a joke... "No, I didn't write it as a joke"



But the way you sing it can hardly be taken seriously. "Oh, no, the recording of the song — that's another story. That was an exercise in over-the-topness — I did the vocals to start off with, but Malcolm said he wanted them much more over the top: I sang it about a million times, and in the end, I was getting desperate because he wanted me to go more and more over the top. I can't actually listen to that track myself".

One interesting footnote, which it didn't seem politic to discuss, was that the 'Swindle' LP credits the song to Eddie, and to Vivienne Westwood (Mrs McLaren)...

But did Eddie make a lot of money out of the film and the double album and all the rest?

"I made £100, which isn't bad for a day's work".

But everyone reckons that you're the star of the film... "I just did a day's filming and got £100, which I thought was great, but we spent it the next day" — "on a new vacuum cleaner" (the voice of Bob Kingston interrupts, presumably referring to Eddie's cinematic role).

Bob plays lead guitar in the *Tenpole* band — but was there a *Tenpole* band at the time of the film, Eddie?

"No, but my dream had always been to have my own group, and I was actually very glad not to join the Sex Pistols, because then I'd have just sort of been the office junior. I wanted to have a group which was my group. The first person that I got was Gary — Gary Long, the drummer, who was a friend of mine from the band that expelled

me, and I remembered him then we found Bob.

Bob takes up the story... "I'd met Eddie previously at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square when the Modettes were playing, and June, their drummer, introduced me to him." (N.B. June is also Bob's brother) "He just totally ignored me, and I thought of a few things I'd rather not repeat about him, and I decided not to go to his bleeding audition, which was why June had introduced us.

Anyway, he rang me up a couple of days later, and I must have got over it by then, so I thought I might as well stroll down there with my guitar, and it's gone on from there. Although it was a pretty boring audition, because I didn't know any of the songs".

So had you been in bands before, Bob?

"Me and my brother formed a band called *Staprest* ages ago, but I moved back to London — 'cos I moved out of London about three or four years ago, and I finally moved back because we'd formed a Southend band, but the drummer eventually left, and the whole band fell apart. So I was sort of left out in the cold for about a year, and it was terrible, I was getting all depressed and everything, it was awful. So when I met Eddie, it was like a life saver".

So when did all this occur, Eddie?

"We formed last August, '79, completing the line up with Dick Crippen, a very amusing character and a bass player". A likely name?... "Yeah, his dad was a doctor... and then we tried to get some gigs, and here

"We formed last August, completing the band with a very amusing bass player called Dick Crippin — yeah, his father was a doctor..."

we are a year later, and we've done fifty gigs, and just sort of proceeded".

The first non-Pistols Tenpole Tudor record was a single of Real Fun/What's In A Word on the Korova label a few months ago, so how did that happen?

"I've got a publishing thing with Rob Dickens of Warner Brothers — he published 'Who Killed Bambi?', and I got some money out of that. In fact, it was through his help that I could afford to advertise in the paper for musicians wanted... but the single sold about four copies. It wasn't a very good record — a great song, but not a very good record".

For those who may feel that a great non sequitur has just been perpetrated, it may be useful to note that Korova Records is the label used by Warner Bros.

Publishing... But it still seems odd that a record with Pistols connections should sell so very few... "I don't know — I think the Pistols' fans realised we were nothing to do with the Pistols, and that's why they didn't buy it. Anyway, they haven't exactly gone overboard buying the Professionals' single, and they were the Sex Pistols".

Eddie, what's this about you being a direct ancestor of King Henry VIII of six wives fame, and if so, which of the wives are you the eventual result of?

"I won't talk about Henry the Eighth — but the name Tenpole Tudor, I didn't actually

invent. It was Malcolm McLaren who put it onto the LP, and it took me a long time before... I hated it, but it was printed up — he said 'It's too late, mate, it's all printed', and I said 'Oh hell', but we like the name now. It's two words, actually — Tenpole's one word, but my real name's Edward Tudorpole. I got a real hard time because of it when I was at school in Godalming... anyway, as I walked down to the audition, I suddenly thought that Eddie wasn't a very good name, a bit of a rock 'n' roll cliché, so I decided to call myself Ten, Ten Tudorpole, but Malcolm changed it round to Tenpole Tudor.

"But it's not my name, it's the name of the group, and my name's Eddie Tenpole".

Yeah, but are you actually related to royalty?

"Pass".

Oh, I see — just a hype, just part of 'The Swindle'... "No, it wasn't a hype, but it's a bit cheap to cash in on one's ancestry". OK, but who are these ancestors you're not prepared to cash in on?

"Well, my mum was definitely one of them, and so was my dad". So the lads are off on the Stiff tour. What do they expect from it?

Eddie: "I don't know what to expect".

Bob: "At the moment, I'm expecting a good laugh, actually. The people that we've met so far are really good blokes, all the

other bands, like Joe 'King' Carrasco and Any Trouble, they're all good blokes, and we should have a good laugh, especially as we're all travelling on one big bus. It'll be interesting to see how it turns out".

Eddie: "Yes, I'm looking forward to it immensely — form a band and see the world!"

Were you on the first part of the Stiff tour that played in America?

"No, I've never been to America" (Eddie talking) "but I think all Americans will definitely like our music, and all English people, and French and Germans and Swiss and the Japanese and the Australians, but I don't think we'll go down very well in Malaya".

As a result of signing with Stiff, the group are rushing to make an album to be released with the tour. Have they approached recording any differently from their previous studio exploits?

"We haven't, but before we were very inexperienced. We want to make records that people can listen to not only when they're drunk, late at night. It's not a different approach — we've just improved, so therefore the record will be better".

There was talk of Ray Davies producing you, but I gather he's doing this album, anyway — have you got a good producer?

It seems that the first 45 on Stiff from TPT will be 'Three Bells In A Row', a saga of fruit

machines, and another particular fave of Eddie's, which will make the album, is 'Confession', a song from the early part of the band's career. Having not heard any of their Stiff material at the time of writing, I don't feel able to comment one way or the other...

Eddie, you went to stage school, didn't you? How much of your stage show is acting?

"None, it's not acting... well, it depends what acting is. We're in a play set in real life — to me, the whole life is a play" — yeah, and all the men and women merely players. Good education, this chap...

"Every performance is different — sometimes we're abysmal, and sometimes we're great. We're very rarely mediocre, and we just want the place to go wild, which it does, a lot of the time. We certainly go wild even if no-one else does..."

'Real Fun', the only 'serious' Tenpole Tudor record I've heard, is not at all what you might expect. In fact, it's rather good (which I did expect, by the way).

Having seen the band onstage, there is a definite trace of 1977 about them, but they're not much like 'Real Fun' at all (the song, that is). It'll be fascinating to see what's happened to this bunch after the tour and the album — but I'll bet they've become much better known and considerably more widely appreciated.

John Tobler

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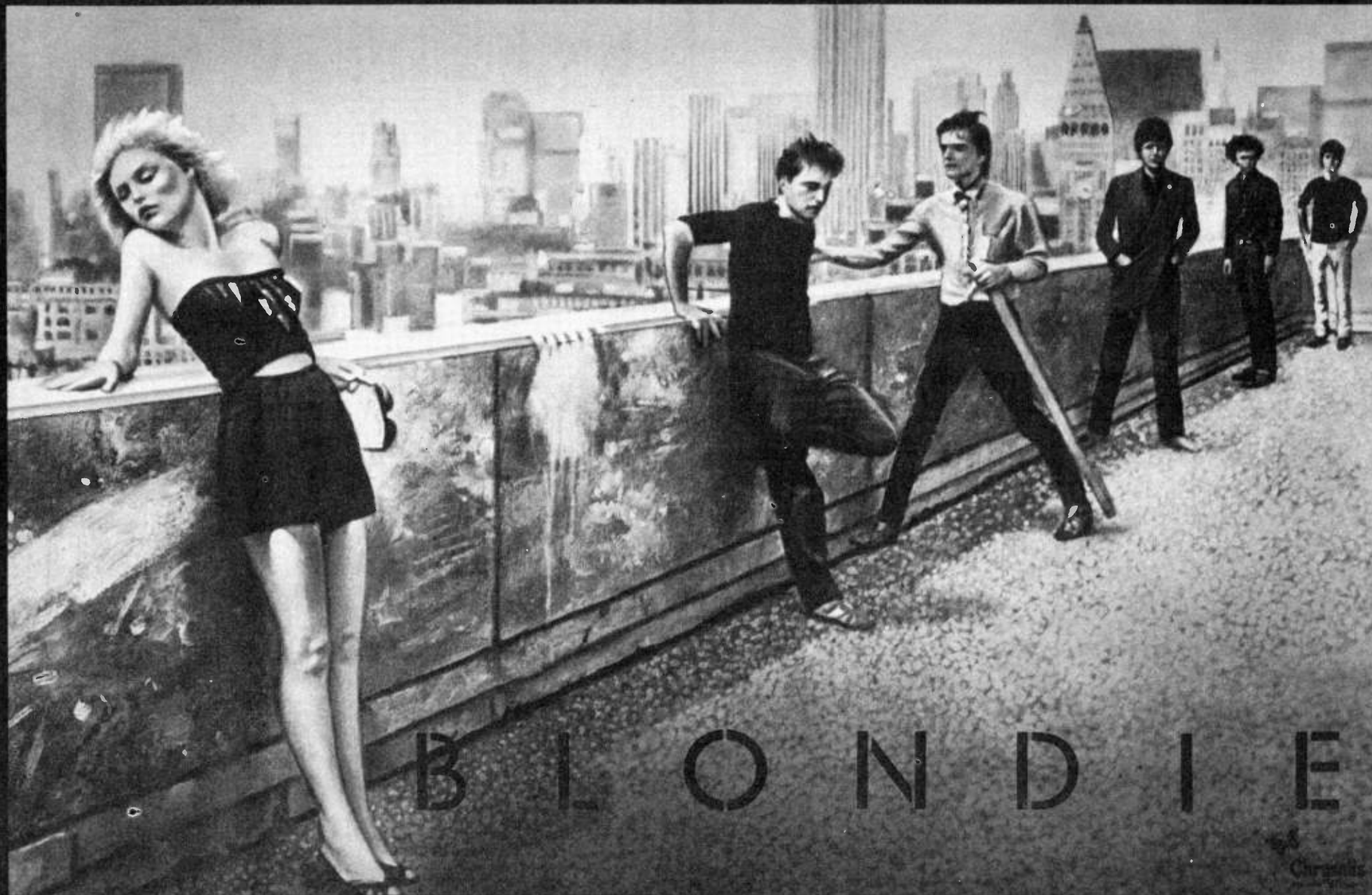
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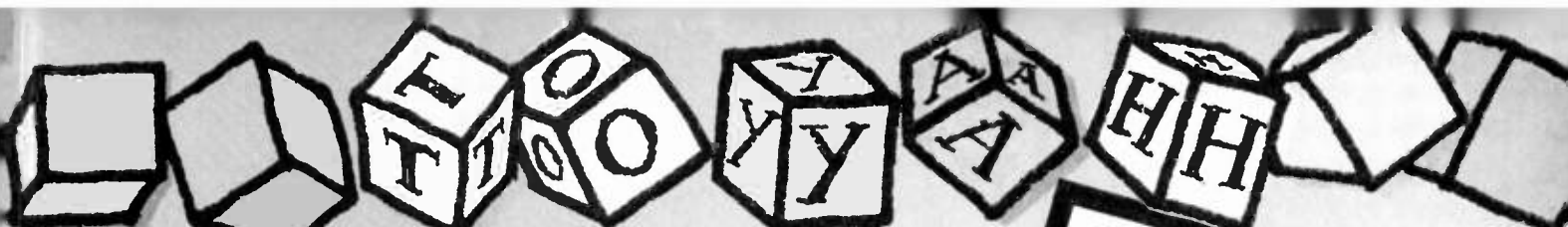
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The Oxford English dictionary description of Toyah Wilcox runs thus, "a small irascible vole equipped with contagious laughter and fiendish footwear". Her heels lay entrenched in red carpet, London S.E.1, as the toes sped busily through Whitehall streets impaling unsuspecting passers-by on the svelt felt (suede actually points like an animated kebab).

It often seems that no matter what publication you perceive there beams Toyah scowling "When I was young I masticated over helpless neighbours", and more.

So there she sits, her toes travell-

ling unindured through the Northern waste lands whilst the mind remains rooted in the interview situation. As ever she laughs easily, punctuating speech with ceaseless nodding until the subject

of music arises when she takes on a far more serious demeanour after her current thesbian involvement, "Sugar and Spice" ... ZZ ... Helluva lot of lines involved have trouble learning them? T ... Em ... not any more, I mean that's the biggest part I've ever played, it took six weeks to learn that part, I did have trouble learning em but eventually I

achieved it. The achievement is the only reason for doing it.

ZZ ... have you muffed em on stage?

T ... all the fucking time (laaaaaaugh), every night. You get to the point where if you're not concentrating I find I'm talking a load of gibberish cos I am missing certain words out, I'm not thinking about what I'm saying and the cast are looking at me in horror ... you do things like that cos there's so many lines, you forget you are talking sense.

ZZ ... did you do it cos you needed onstage experience.

T ... Yeah, I would like to do one stage play a year cos its just training, really good training.

ZZ ... better training than a film?

T ... Totally, film you can be so relaxed and you don't have to concentrate so much - I just find it a good refresher course. It just makes you think.

ZZ ... what's coming up? Tell me in ten seconds.

Jekyll and Mr Hyde, a film on BBC-2 that is, coming out about Christmas, I've done Urghh the music film, two albums coming out, one with the new band which we're working on and one live album called "Toyah, Toyah, Toyah" which I've got nothing to do with whatsoever, and a live version of "Danced" is coming out as a single, which to me, I'm just treating it as saying goodbye to the old band. I don't like the hashing of old material. All I'm interested in is the new music.

ZZ: What do you see as the perfect role to play?

T ... Yeah, but they're all men parts - the Marquis de Sade, a man who is into pornography and cruelty. He's a sadist and a masochist. Its written in verse and it is a brilliant play. Its horrific and totally about madness. I would love to play him but theres no female role I've ever been impressed with except Taming of the Shrew. I don't know ... Queen Elizabeth the First, period cost of things

does this bother you?

T. I dont really care. Whats annoy-ing me is people are writing inter-views of me, that make me look really aggressive, there was some-thing in the sunday telegraph about: "I care about so and so but everybody else can sod off" and it was a joke but they printed it as though I meant it, as though I hate everyone on this whole bleed-ing planet and I dont like the way people bend your words. I dont care what people think of me ... so what if youre nice, so what if youre horrible. They think "Shes a punk rocker and punk rockers are supposed to be nasty but we have found a nice punk rocker, and (laaaugh) so fucking what (Scocccreesech)

ZZ: Music ... whats your favourite piece, what do you regard as your most successful tracks to date?

T. Musically I wouldve enjoyed Sheep farming in Barnet if it had been produced better and fuller.

we achieved with Blue Meaning. It was definitely a band contribution, for a change rather than me bossing them about, even though the band fell apart after it. Im not really happy with anything we've done except Victims of the Riddle which was the first tune I ever wrote, but cos a certain member of the band was so stinking jealous that I had written a tune on keyboards it went out as he had written it, otherwise hed have left the band and I didnt want that cos I quite liked his keyboard playing.

Em ... but from now on I dont give a fuck about personal problems, if anyone does not like anything then they can fuck off cos Im not having my career ruined I played mother to that band for two years and they just walk out on me. Its left me a bit bitter but I know I can survive without em.

ZZ: Is the new music very different

T. Its gonna be more based on victims of the tiddle, type thing.

ZZ: Nothing to stop you doing a mans part.

T. Except the directors (screech) and the promoters (howl).

ZZ: What about typecasting, all your roles have been similar.

T. I will get round that with age. At the moment Im so young, and the young parts are usually based on the type of parts Im playing. So I wont get out of the evil type roles until Im older I dont think. Till Im more mature cos Im so small. More small and childlike ... I end up playing decriptive roles.

ZZ: Ever aware of people thinking "Is she putting it on?" when youre onstage?

T. No. I used to "act" at one point but I dont anymore cos Im a bit more independent now. Ive finished with Jem. I havent got anyone mothering me now and I have nothing to hide anymore. I used to have to hide this complete tantrum going on in my head the whole time. I used to suffer from this a lot, just explosions going on in my head. I used to hide em. I just used

to sit there being very nice, other-wise Id be running around smashing up the furniture. But now I dont have to worry about that cos Ive sorted myself out. I know who am now. When you know who you are you dont have to hide anything or prove anything.

ZZ: Do you like parties?

T. Hate em. I was made to throw one for a tv documentary being made on me, and by the time people started arriving I was so frightened at having to go out amongst them that Tom, my body guard, had to drive me off cos I couldnt go out. They really freak me out, parties, everyone wants to talk to you, you get piss artists trying to chat you up, you're just expected to be nice the whole time and all I wanted to do was go "Get out of my fucking warehouse", it gets up my nose cos you cant have a conversation. The people I invite to parties never turn up but the rest of London does.

ZZ: Your image of "niceness"

more from the heart than the head ... I dunno, I want it to be like "Dance" and "Neon Womb", the numbers with energy, but also with something that people can understand in the lyrics. I want to make it more fun with a better use of technical effects like stereo, but not going over the top. Weve still got Joel Bogen who has improved no end, hes just amazing, Im going to sneeze. Aaachoooooooooooo.

ZZ: Bless you.

Thank you. Were using the keyboard player from Blood Donor, he helped write Victims of the Riddle. I can control him and he can control me, we are quite a good writing team. The bass player is called andy and the drummers called nigel, I cant remember their surnames, and can easily say they are better than Charlie and steve. They come up with really nice, unselfindulgent rhythms. Theyre really inspiring so I am pleased. We havent had to take a step back, we are taking a major step forward.

They've got the old bands experience in front of em. They know what the possibilities are. Im going to use them at set times and when Im acting they can do what they want. Theyre free spirits. Theyre prepared to drop every-thing to work with me. Things are better already. I actually like it. Im quite impressed with the music, which is marvellous cos they know its my success theyre sitting on. They are cool mature people.

ZZ: Do you get pissed off with interviews?

T. I dont get pissed off with em. I just ... they helped me. explore myself as the interviewer. And there we left it. As I wandered off into the london bridge streets to get hopelessly lost the red haired object was scuttling about wondering who to invite on her Friday night, Saturday morning stint. After that its Blue Peter. Play school, who knows what else.





JUST DIVINE ANDREW



The first time I met Andrew Logan was around five years ago. I was going out with my best friend's girlfriend — who, at that time had aspirations towards being a tightrope-walker.

She introduced us. At the time, Andrew was working out of — and sometimes during in — a huge stygian warehouse in a semi-derelict Thameside area near Tower Bridge, called Butters' Wharf.

Night after night the lady and myself laboured over the problem of erecting this fifty foot hawser-cum-tightrope, while Andrew smashed mirrors in an adjoining room, then carefully fitted them back together with dyed araldite, in the shape of six foot high illuminated roses, doves, enormous slippers, crowns and sceptres.

His sister, Diane, designs and makes hats.

Andrew broke into the 'straight' artwork — according to his girlfriend — by suspending a pink-sprayed pantomime horse outside a very self-conscious art exhibition in Germany somewhere. As they say in "Boys Own paper", 'it stole the show'.

Since then, he has worked mainly in the areas of beautified trash earning himself a reputation in the straight press as "eccentric". His works are original, very witty — and often, particularly the more recent stuff, very beautiful.

Apart from his work, Andrew has become well known amongst the London coterie of avant-garde personalities, writers, artists and designers. Zandra Rhodes, David Hockney, Jill and Bruce Lacey, Molly Parkin are among his personal friends.

An example of his 'mirror art' may be seen surmounting the frontage of a shop adjacent to the town hall in the Kings' Road.

Anyway, to return to the aforementioned tightrope and Butters' Wharf. The reason we are attempting to erect the thing is so that my lady friend may climax Andrew's 1975 Alternative Miss World by traversing same carrying Andrew's home-built orb and sceptre over the heads of the multitudes to the winner.

That year — 1975 — a black guy, Eric Roberts, was crowned Alternative Miss World, my friend nearly killing herself and several spectators in the process.

All the contestants that year were men in varying degrees of ludicrous drag, the M.C. was a rather inebriated Molly Parkin

who harangued the audience incessantly until someone shoved her off her asroturf rostrum into "a swimming pool" (actually one of those blue plastic jobs people sink into their backyards and refer to as "the pond") — while the judges — including David Hockney — looked bemused, and the predominantly gay crowd vamped about looking like extras from 'Cabaret'.

I'm not quite sure how or why the idea came into Andrew's head to stage an Alternative Miss World — other than that he enjoys laughing and making others do the same — and, of course, he does have a pre-occupation with kitsch.

That had been the second "A.M.W." — fit, again, indeterminate reasons (money?) Andrew likes to hold them every three years — which meant that the next one took place in '78.

This time it all took place in a huge circus tent on Clapham Common — and included a few women contestants — though, as before a guy won.

The other difference was that the time the event was filmed and featured a guest artiste — the legendary multi-stone fall-drag Divine of (amongst others) "Pink Flamingoes" fame (where in an attempt to out-gross another character he/she eats a handful of dogshit). Her role this time is to ask each contestant a parody of the straight Miss World questions (eg "What is your hobby?").

Some of the more "colourful" contestants include Bruce Lacey's wife, Jill, stark naked, but for a coating of body paint and a head-dress that looks like a combination of a pair of antlers and a tv. antenna — which spontaneously combust at the touch of a taper; Miss Consumer Durables (?) who appears as both an After Eight carran and a tube of Ambre Solaire, and my personal favourite — Miss Windscale Nuclear Reactor — appearing in a fall-out-proof jumpsuit, divers boots and collander.

Judges include Joan Bakewell,

Molly Parkin (whose two daughters make debut appearances — one as a very convincing "Marilyn", Eric Roberts and Zandra Rhodes.

In fact, it is the morning after Julia Morley has slapped an injunction on the movie that myself and Simon Reeves join the interview conveyor belt round at Ms Rhodes' beautiful W.11. house (where even the radiators are works of art) to speak with Andrew and a de-dragged Divine about the movie — and this and that.

ZZ: Why use a tent, Andrew — sorry I know it's a boring question!
A.L.: Well, as you know, the '75 one was in my old studio at Butters' Wharf. Thinking about that, and remembering how cold and dark it was, it was almost the same as being outside — so the next thing was to use a circus tent.

You see, I was passing the Common one day and I saw this huge tent which was being used for skateboarding; I asked them if it was possible to hire it and they said yes.

The other reason I wanted to use a tent was to try, and instill the thing with some kind of circus atmosphere (n.b. on the night — and in the film — Andrew wears a half-and-half costume: half blonde ballerina — with — toutou and half Toytown-red ringmaster)

Anyway, four months later, we had the show.

ZZ: How do you feel about this injunction thing that, Julia Morley's taken out against the film?

A.L.: Well, it doesn't affect it too much because it'll only be shown at privately owned cinemas, which are out of her jurisdiction.

Quite why she's done it, I don't know. Personally, I would've thought that the two events running concurrently would each — by reflection — help promote the other.

ZZ: I can't understand why the censors have dubbed the movie an X, either.

A.L.: Nor can I. I wouldn't have thought there was anything "corrupting" in it. (n.b. the fact is that the few candid "tit" shots are less explicit than those within the majority of late night American tv. movies. The only excerpts I can think of that might have offended the censor were the rather — unpopular potty-clutching "Miss Piss" and a guy clad in a one-piece

swimsuit and giggles traversing the walkway with a black, stuffed, cotton phallus).

... Apparently, she also thinks it's a drag artists' show which, of course, it isn't. In fact, professional drag artists are disallowed as contestants — mainly because two turned up for the '75 show and caused some rather bad atmospheres.

... In fact, thinking about it, they're all quoting the show as an exhibition of drag artists — I could have them for misrepresentation or misquotation.

I mean my sister Diane has been in it every year and she's certainly no drag artist (laughs).

Due to the fact that my interviewing technique lacks somewhat, what follows occurs in no particular order — partly because everyone was talking at the same time — me to Andrew, Simon to Divine.
ZZ: I found the atmosphere at the '75 Alternative Miss World a bit oppressive — a tremendous contrast to the atmosphere evoked by the film of the '78 one. Am I right?
A.L.: Well, Molly was being very aggressive towards the audience in '75. She really wanted to get that audience fiery — and she did it very well — but it's a different technique to the way I'd do it (N.B. in the '78 movie Andrew assumes an almost background role, even when acting as compere and m/c).

"I think you've got to bring something else out of people — as it happened, that night turned into complete anarchy — but so what? Each one of the three has been totally different — and that is the idea.

It's organised chaos.
ZZ: Can we talk about the actual filming?

A.L.: With pleasure. Richard Gaylor — the guy who filmed that skateboard short that went out with "Grease" — had wanted to film it two years beforehand — in '75. An ex-girlfriend of his had come to it and got him interested.

He tried to raise the money for it in '76 but failed.

By '78 I was totally fed up — I wanted it filmed too — so, having had the tend idea, I went ahead and got the money.

ZZ: The quality of the photography, not to mention the editing and so forth is amazingly good — very atmospheric.

A.L.: Well, he used a handheld 15-millimetre camera, you know — that's the first time anyone's come back with a camera. That's very the quality of the film — normally, people use 16-millimetre film. It's a very expensive way of shooting.

The first take I saw it, it was rough indeed. Andrew, much, much longer, but then it was basically just a series of rushes put together.

15 or 14 hours has been added out, I think.

I had commented on Divine at the start of the interview on her performance in the movie — wearing a spontaneous mud-brown leather kilt with a shiny, black, leather number with shiny buckles — as a garment designed to reveal some roll of fat on his spacious nose. When asked, after his triumph, if either of the actresses, portrayed by Andrew, if one had any words of advice for the audience, the snatcher the milk and followed the single word "Eat!"

However, I think I sort of non-plussed him (not a drag now, but, around, with a ruffled hair, long, grey, blonde, black and grey, with a black, set off by several, out, was made in each episode by admitting that I'd never had the opportunity to check out his film.

Simon has seen "Punch" enough, and therefore spent nearly an hour talking with him.

Divine (to no one in particular): Actually I had no idea they were filming the thing for a movie — there were so many cameras about and I felt busy — I had a temporary of 100 something.

Simon: Why do you feel best under the circumstances, Divine?

Divine: Gollin — "Punch" 13" — the one with all the tape round her and the spider all down her back.

Simon: Did you think the spider was very funny?

Divine: Yes, because it was so big.

Simon: What's the best thing you've ever done? Divine: I've done a lot of things, but the best thing I've ever done is a challenge with a team of about 100 people, and a team of about 100 people.

A.L.: Actually it doesn't matter who wins that's the whole point. It gives people the chance to become opportunists, to display their talents.

Simon: How does one enter? Could I have entered?

A.L.: That's up to fate (Andrew's assistant) — should have to give your personal information, 100,000, 100,000, 100,000.

A.L.: No, really, anyone can enter. But, as long as they're not over 18, it's a rule.

A.L.: That's the thing — there's so many of them going on. Very young.

Divine: In America they have nothing like this — it would just be a mess.

Simon: Which is a really humorous.

Simon: Changing the subject, I thought the changing room that was a funny and interesting as the stuff we had.

Divine: Backstage is always a bit like that, to what goes on out there.

A.L.: That's a very good couple — very, very interesting for that reason — because she could be



Pics by Simon Reeves



hear to be in the audience and be bored to tears.

She's a very shy person, too, but she's hated every single one.

Simon: Divine, everytime the camera caught you up alone you seemed to be showing — I liked the way you did it — very tasty.

Divine: Well I'm an enthusiastic eater — I think it's fun to sit down with all your friends and eat.

I mention a piece by Robert Morley in "Punch" in which he attributes most of the world's troubles to fast food, fast eating. Divine subscribes to this heartily.

Divine: It's one of my main forms of relaxation.

The handout for the movie yetters on a bit (or was it the voice-over in the film?) about Andrew Logan's almost "childlike approach to life

and art".

A.L. Well, childhood never leaves you, does it? To me, it's more a case of surprises — life's full of surprises — like the bungalow I built in the wharf was definitely a surprise.

The new studio I have is equally surprising — it's got no walls".

PETER ERSKINE

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— it's so bad. He was good in 'On The Waterfront' but even that was bad acting.

Me: 'Apocalypse Now' was just a cool-art movie. The horror, the horror. 'The Deerhunter', which is supposed to be so uncool, was much more powerful except for some of the sentiment and that sticky music. I mean 'What's this? This is this.' is the kind of deep and meaningless message I get from you half the time.

Les: (Pattison, bass) The thing I liked about "Apocalypse Now" was it was funny. I've not seen 'The Deerhunter' but it seems something that you just sit down and get disgusted all the way through.

Mac: Hey, I thought this was about

us, this interview, not 'Apocalypse Now'.

It was, but now the Sound are off and there's Bunnyfans out there waiting. They have yet to get into Saigon Chic but they will — by which time the band will be on something else again. (No): I'm not too 'with it' as regards this fashion lark and at the time of writing I hadn't been down the King's Road and seen all the shop windows bunged up with US Army Surplus at exorbitant prices. Nor had I seen Kate Bush getting silly with a gun and a uniform on TOTPs. I thought the Bunnymen had thought up the trend themselves; the fact that they didn't means that they've fooled me too. I blame Spandau Ballet, myself. There's people out front, waiting

for figures to flit through billowing smoke, laying down sharp doom-beat rhythms that snap and cross reverberating guitars. Some will search for black messages in the words that come stark and harsh from Mac's mouth but most will dance. For the benefit of the serious few, Mac provides clues from old POP SONGS ("Rock N' Roll Music" and "Get Off My Cloud" this particular night). He delivers lines at random in an over the top croon. Have you twigged yet? "The thing is, we might think we're funny but probably we're just the most unfunny people in the world and that's why nobody laughs", he says shedding the crocodile tears of a clown... "But we're all having a laugh, aren't we?"

TOM HIBBER

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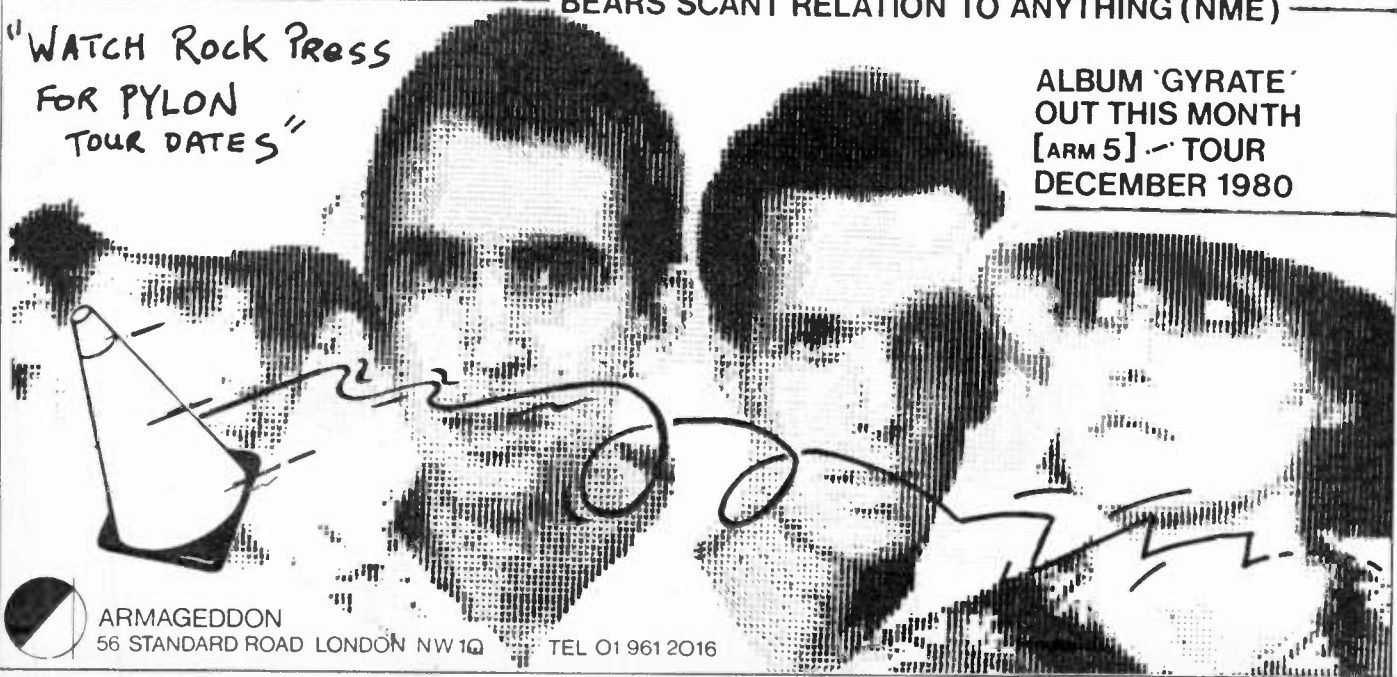
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Last issue we talked to Marty Thau about his current '2x5' album project (a sample of budding New York talent). This issue Marty dives back into his illustrious past and tells the story of his involvement with such names as the New York Dolls, Suicide, Blondie and The Ramones.

ZZ: *You've always been involved with discovering new bands.*

What was your first venture into the Music Business? The Dolls?

MT: No, I had a whole life before that, I first got a job working for Billboard magazine in the mid-60s. Worked there for a year then I went into management, some local groups, and I got noticed by Neal Bogart, who was at the time (1966) running Cameo Records. I joined Bogart as National Promotion Manager. That year we put 28 records in the charts — for a company that had not had a chart record in four years. We had Question Mark and the Mysterious '96 Tears', Terry Knight and The Pack, Bob Seger's early records, 5 Stairsteps, Curtis Mayfield, whole bunch of bands from Detroit... all through my career I've been persistently involved with young rock 'n' roll bands. That year we were so successful that Bogart, myself and a team of people, became the staff at Buddah Records. I stayed there from '67 to '71. We had all those hits with the 1910 Fruitgum Company, Ohio Express, Brooklyn Bridge, Isley Brothers' 'It's Your Thing', the Edwin Hawkins Singers' 'Oh Happy Day', some Melanie records... 20 gold records or more.

I was vice-president and head of promotion and at some point, felt the need to take an evaluation of my career and my life. I felt I knew the answers before I asked the questions: I concluded I had accidentally gone into promotion. It wasn't a natural inclination — I needed a job. So I resigned and went towards the area of the industry that always intrigued me the most, which was the music. Became partners in a production company which released Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks' and 'Moondance' albums, John Cale's first solo album 'Vintage Violence' and the album he did with Terry Riley — 'Church of Anthrax'... Some other groups. Stayed there for about two years. Had 6 months as head of A & R at Paramount Records...

Once again I'd had a taste of the other side of the desk and couldn't live in the record industry. My career was leading into some kind of executive position. I resigned from Paramount, and at a celebration one night with my wife — dinner somewhere, walking round on a nice, warm spring night, we passed by the Mercer Arts Centre. There was this little sign advertising the New York Dolls, two bucks in the Oscar Wilde room. I said 'sounds interesting, let's go'. I thought, 'these guys are either the worst group I've ever seen or the worst group I've ever seen'. I concluded they were the greatest, but very young, very inexperienced and primitive.

These were qualities I liked... they were pretty outrageous, I watched and listened to the Dolls and I heard these arrangements — I didn't hear wasted lines or excesses, I just thought it was great and to the point and somewhere in that group one or all of them have a very fine understanding of pop-rock music.

My intent was first to record some singles with them. I was going to form a label and I spoke with someone who was going to put up the money. In the course of the weeks that followed, when I made contact with the Dolls and started to get a feeling about them — I was very impressed with the mentality, sophistication, view of people and what it takes. I just shelved the record company idea and decided to take them on as manager and director of their affairs. I flashed back on Steve Leiber and David Krebs, I knew over the years, who were trying to sell me things when I was at Paramount. They had this new company Leiber-Krebs. I felt their forte was they would bring a talent in management to this,

died. We concluded after that had he been with people who were a bit more concerned what was happening to his person — he was out cold, instead of worrying about own skins, the police and the scandal and running out and leaving him... it was really a sad, tragic waste of life.

We went back to New York and they kind of disappeared for about a month. Then we all got together again and said, 'well, that was tragic, but, if it may be, we will go on. We cast around for drummers and decided on Jerry Nolan. On December 19, 1972, they played their first show at the Mercer Arts Centre. I guess, all of a sudden there was a drug-related death and the group were five times hotter than they ever were. Hundreds were turned away and it was like a record industry convention that night. It was great for the fans who knew what a Dolls show was about but the presidents laughed up their sleeves. They should've stayed for the second show, they would've seen something spectacular.

Marty Thau

because of their talent in promotions. So I figured we had it all covered — management and promotion, tremendous enthusiasm. We were getting spectacular press as well. Everything was just clicking beautifully, so up, and everyone did what they were supposed to do without egoing out. We pulled off magnificent strokes — we came over here, and for a group that'd never played in front of more than 300 people, we opened for the Faces at Wembley in front of 13,000 people. In that first trip the intention was to make a European deal and, if we could get it, a world-wide deal that was suitable.

There I was sitting with Chris Stamp, Kit Lambert, Leiber and Danny Secunda, who brought this meeting together in his flat. We were discussing a huge money deal at Track Records. We were also talking with Rolling Stone Records, EMI... it was pretty much there for us to decide. We were talking, then I got this phone call, 'Marty come quickly to such-and-such address, Billy Murcia just died'. I went there — Billy had gone to a party and

The musical climate at the time was singer-songwriters and very boring, pretentious — that whole LA mentality, which had a stranglehold on the record industry. The Dolls were just too much against the grain, too real. That coupled with all the confusion about their sexuality, which was really weird — there were people who literally thought the Dolls were transvestites. I used to say, 'well if you think they're transvestites go out on the road with them and see the beautiful young girls they attract, maybe you'll have a bit more understanding of what they're about!'

ZZ: *Did you stay with 'em till the bitter end?*
MT: From the beginning when I found them to 1975. Mercury Records didn't think they were selling as well as they should have sold. The facts were: the first album sold 110,000 copies, the second sold maybe 100,000 copies, but because of all this interest and excitement in them they thought they'd go gold. I'd say, hey I think this is pretty impressive what they've done. With all that's going against them, all they symbolise to a

whole set which won't budge an extra inch, this is only a matter of time it's pretty early. When the Dolls are gone final sales of that album will be gold, platinum, whatever. They'll all catch up. But the suggestion that the record company was just too confusing and bitter a pill to take. They really didn't know... it's hard to sell something if they don't understand it, but I accepted that. There was other confusion between Leiber and Krebs and myself. They were too strait-laced in their views. It got to such a point where I was so frustrated with my partners and the confusion amongst the Dolls, who were being torn at by every force around them, that I just said, 'I'll step back for six months, for purposes of not sinking the ship. You're not gonna phase me out cos I have my contracts as well. Let me see

if you can deliver' and they proceeded to drive the Dolls down into the clubs in New Jersey. At that point I approached the Dolls and said, 'look, we're either gonna get it straight with Leiber and Krebs and go back to our earlier working relationship and close our eyes to all the forces and opinions about us from everywhere, and do a third album, which Mercury was gonna finance, and it'll come, just relax and have faith, go by my MT: Well this is what happened: after Malcolm went back to England after, it was just impossible for him to take the Dolls thing any further — he tried, deserves A for effort. But all that he learnt, in his exposure to them, he put to very good use, the cast the band, put it together and fortunately, whether he knew it or he didn't, came up with the great Johnny Lydon. Sex Pistols really was just the void of the Dolls.

Suicide was really the first new fresh thing to come along. I know the Sex Pistols were great, but it wasn't as new as Suicide was.

ZZ: *What did you do after the Dolls?*

MT: That was the explosion in '75. At that time I was going through marital difficulties with my wife, and eventually divorced. I was crazed, in need of just word in this!

ZZ: *I got the impression the Dolls dissolved in personal conflicts.*

MT: There was that too, all the pressure and pains, certain people into tranquilisers — solutions to the pain. Malcolm McLaren, who loved the Dolls, I used to see at their shows and became a friend. Suddenly he was in New York and trying to resurrect them, but unfortunately it was a little bit too late.

If the Dolls had stayed together, and made certain personal

concessions I think they could have had all that they ever would've hoped for. They'd be around today and playing Madison Square Gardens, no doubt about it. They were one of the greatest groups of their time. *ZZ: Later everybody said the Dolls were ahead of their time. Now they're saying the same about Suicide. When did you get involved with them?*

MT: I first met Suicide in '72. When I first got involved with the Dolls I was promoting their shows at the Mercer Arts Centre. They'd done a few before I came along but I wanted to make it a regular weekly event, build it up. There's one show that I threw on New Year's Eve running into '73. The Mercer Arts Centre was a complex of little theatres under one roof, whose intention was to put on all these off-Broadway shows so you could see things that normally wouldn't be presented. We threw a New Year's Eve spectacular so that in every theatre three or four bands played non-stop. We drew 1200. I put Suicide on in what was a video workshop, then there were no rhythm machines, just an organ, it was totally freeform, wild, whatever the whim of the two lunatics at that moment. Alan had chains on and cut himself up and wore these outrageous outfits of leather and boots. Marty Rev would hit one note for 40 minutes.

ZZ: It's funny cos our Punk thing in '76 was like the grass roots Dolls — thing in New York but years later. silence. I just decided I'd stay home for about a year, review, rest up and re-evaluate. I produced a few singles. I was associated with a record that became a million seller by a group called Reunion — 'Life Is A Rock But The Radio Rolled Me'. When we were finally divorced I moved into the city. I struck up a conversation with a guy I'd known in the business for some years — Richard Gottehrer — and formed a production company called Instant Records. He was the producer, I was the talent-finder. We brought in Blondie, Richard Hell, Robert Gordon.

About eight months passed in this partnership, I was feeling an economic crunch and Gottehrer wasn't too helpful — he was too selfishly — motivated. I foresaw I was gonna end up with the short end of the stick so I sold out my interest on it. Too bad but I don't need it. So I thought I'd find another group or two and go where that takes me. First group I saw was Suicide again. So I signed them and formed Red Star Records.

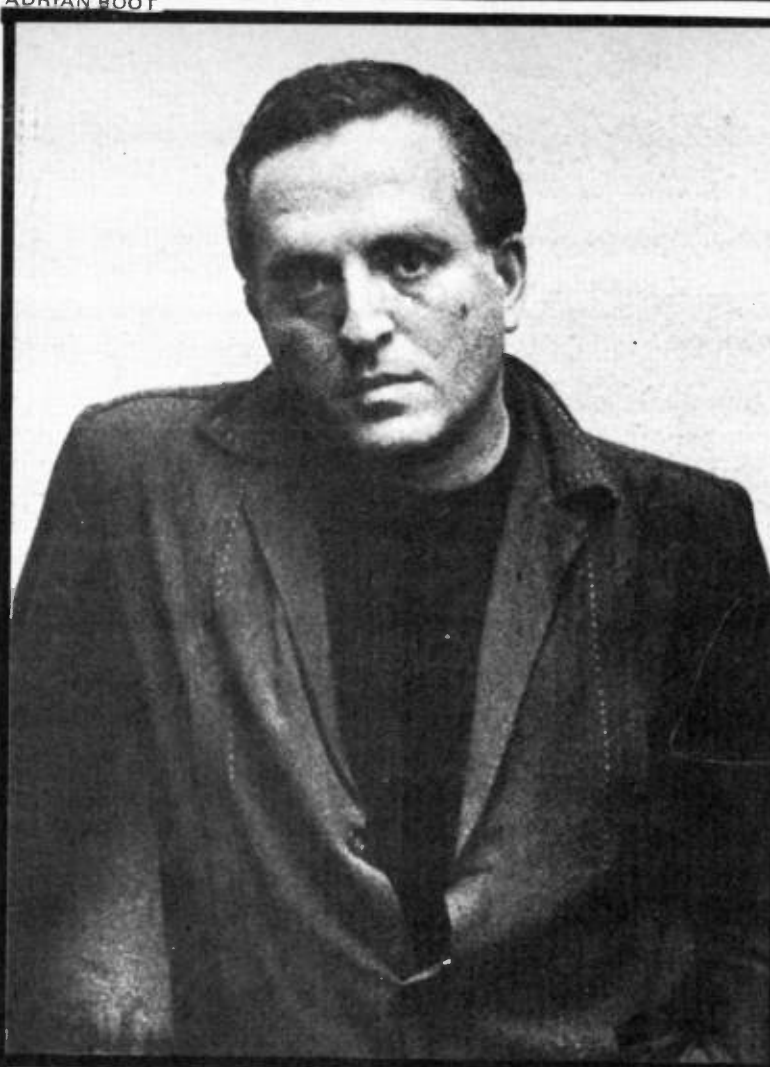
The rest you know (see last ish).

ZZ: So you discovered Blondie too?

MT: Yeah.

ZZ: Did you ever see the Stilettoes? (the group which mutated into Blondie)

MT: No, but I knew about them. I knew about the Ramones too in their very earliest days. I knew



about all the groups in their very earliest days. I always had this real fine relationship with all the different band members. I used to socialise a lot with them, so whenever they would turn to anybody, they would turn to me. I couldn't do anything with the Stilettoes or the Ramones because I was so concerned with the Dolls.

ZZ: What do you wanna do next?

MT: Uh, I don't know . . . now that I have a distribution deal and can get records out — the label with no artists! I'll start with new stuff. First one, then two, crawl before I walk. Find a great group.

When I go back to New York I'm gonna complete arrangements of the next releases and find somebody great, I hope, put a few records out in January. I have an album by Walter Steding coming out, which is a real fine album. That was produced by Chris Stein. Then I have a reissue of Suicide's first album with a few changes in the material, a different version of 'Frankie Teardrop', twice as hot as the last one. I have a version of 'Dream Baby Dream' that I recorded with them, which may be could be a hit single for them. I have a remix of 'Cheree' and there'll be a bonus flexidisc of their live bootleg.

Then the tape ran out so we finished up. Take notice of Marty Thau. He ain't been far off the mean yet.

Kris Needs



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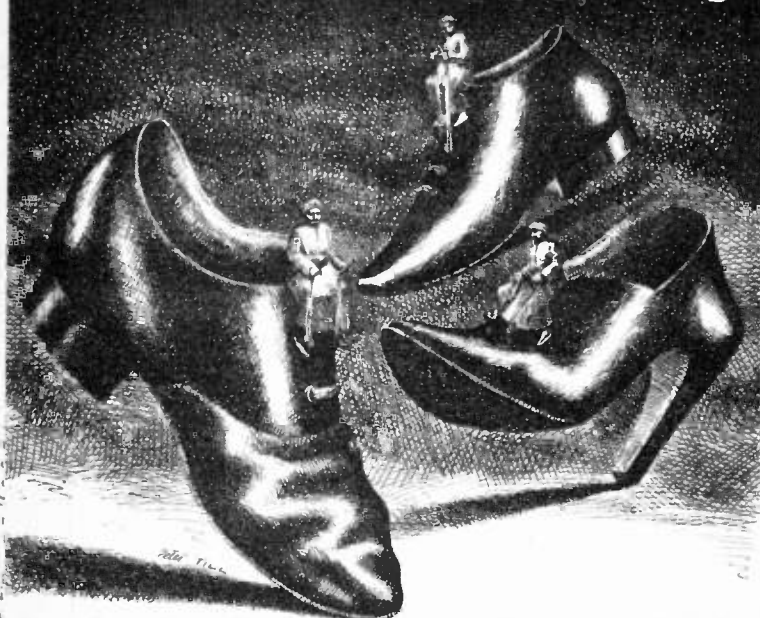
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the Christmas festivities.
ing reached a climax on
is traditionally the date given
the wise men to the manger.

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C L A W S



and the thimble was for an old maid. Whoever
found the pea and the bean led the dancing. This
was based on the tradition of appointing a Lord of
Misrule.

A Twelfth-night party would have been some-
thing to look forward to when the feasting and
present-giving was over.

laden, each with his large apron bellying out before
him stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able
to waddle under the load.

And of course there is always a rhyme or a chant
in the best tradition of children when they have
something special to celebrate. The modern child
chants:

'claws'
the hybrid kids'
christmas album

come who
ty toasts with malt w
r and many taken. The cen
the early hours of New Year

'first footer' The first man
should after midnight on New Year
imp of coal and good luck. Long
er brought a lump of salt as well. It v
he well-being of the family that they
oth these commodities for the comi
tall dark-haired man was in popula
a first footer. It would have been bad
the door to a blond helmeted Viking
to steal the cattle and the farm
darker the first footer the grea

'He's behind you' scream the children at the tops of
their voices to warn the hero against the villain of
the piece. Good triumphs over Evil and everyone
lives happily ever after.

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THE CARNIVORE CARNIVAL

The Motorhead season's here again. The carnivore carnival's back on the road and the mayhem is mounting.

Already thousands have flocked, doused in the monstrous new album, to pay homage to these three kings of over-the-top exultation.

Collectively these faithfuls are the Motorherd, a reptilian species distinguishable by its black leathery skin, shed under hot conditions (Motorhead gigs) to reveal blue legs and black underbelly emblazoned with striking white markings spelling 'Ace Up Your Sleeve Tour '80'.

When the Motorherd hear their mating roar, heads shake and antler-like cranial growths sprout and quiver. This lot are intensely loyal and breeding like rabbits as more and more realise Motorhead's infinite supremacy over such creaking ancients as the BrontoRainbow and Priestosaurus.

The three leaders look after them. In spades. Right now the Ace of Spades (and don't forget the joker!)

Can't you tell I've just come off the road with Motorhead?

This is Zigzag's annual Motorhead feature. Regular perusers will know my unashamed passion for being immersed in vats of steaming Motorhead. Each record, each gig I go mad — at the sheer raw excitement, speed, power, the whole Motorhead thing. Lemmy, Phil and Eddie also happen to be three of the soundest geezers I know (despite the appalling ridicule they delight in putting me through). They care little for the detractors who gave 'em such a hard start some years back. A handful of devoted kids stuck by 'em and that number has grown by thousands. And Motorhead know that and care for them with a vengeance. So wimpy pistakers can get off here (mind you, they seem to be gaining a new respect in the Biz/Media. What's the world coming to?)

The current activity was fettisoned with the unleashing of 'Ace Of Spades'. With this album Motorhead finally got there and matched the material with the production it deserved — courtesy Vic Maile.

It's a ferocious effort. Boasts their fastest yet song — 'The Hammer' — but most of it bombs along at lethal velocity. The sound is fat, hard and torrential but at the same time packs in subtleties, most notably, Lemmy SINGING. The material itself rides some killer riffs (try 'The Chase Is Better Than The Catch') and even includes a tribute to the unmatched men of the Motorhead road crew — called 'We Are The Road Crew'. The lyrics sum it all up.

Sleeve's good too — the three all decked out in cowboy gear.

The album shot in at four. It's title track 45 is currently bolting skywards. The tour's a sold-out triumph. It's even crazier than last Christmas when we did 'em on the 'Bomber' tour. I sampled some of the mania when I did a few days with Motorhead at the start of the tour. Two gigs — Aylesbury and Hanley — and a day off in Bradford (WOW!)

I strolled into Friars, Aylesbury, carrying the Father Christmas outfits the chaps are sporting in our pics. Even though they were soundchecking Phil insisted on putting on his beard there and then. New drum kit with double ace of spades bass drums, 'Overkill' demon backdrop, now-legendary scaffold bomber leering menacingly in the gods... and bleeding Father Christmas behind the kids!

Fans peering in and gig workers gaped as the three strode around the gig in their costumes. (I did not appreciate the sack over me head, thanks lads). Lemmy later treated the

dressings room to his impression of the Stray Cats — Father Christmas beard as quiff. Then there were the towels and beards worn Scotsman-style. These Father Christmas outfits have limitless possibilities!

The gig was stunning. I swear the 1200 in the smallish hall made more noise than the 14,000 at Bingley! Bliss as Motorhead careered through most of the new album and old faves at a searing pace. This is the biggest PA Motorhead have used — capable of 185dBs (isn't 120 the pain threshold?) But it don't hurt. The sound is big and gut-smacking, though afterwards most agree it weren't loud enough.

The morning after Friars (and it certainly was a morning after) I'm to meet the group at their London office and do the trip up to Hanley.

As we glide off in Mick 'No problem' Murphy's customised luxury van the (self-trashing which has characterised previous sorties with M. head, begins. It doesn't let up.

Hanley's Victoria Hall is large and balconied with a big old organ but no bar. There's some problems in the sound check (which due to lack of audience bodies to soak up noise is even louder than the actual gig!) That eventually over, Motorhead kill the hours till gig-time with water-pistol fights, drinks, the odd turnout and a radio interview.

They watch from high up backstage as tour supports Weapon — a high-powered outfit who could be promising, 'specially if they pruned the excess solos — go through their paces... and nearly spark a riot as 'sharp-eyed punters clock the familiar figures (but if you were there that weren't Phil you were waiving at first, 'twas I. We've just got similar barnets).

Interval over, tension mounting, lights go down and Motorhead's into tape strikes up 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly' (Lemmy: 'Eddie's the good, Phil's the bad, and I'm the...'). With all this spaghetti western drama going on you expect the group to swagger on in their desperado duds, but no. It's still the black and straight to business. 'Ace Of Spades', 'Stay Clean', 'The Hammer', taking the two-tiered Motorhead by the lobes like a mechanical earthdigger doing the up-by-the-ears bit on 'Tiswas'.

One thing I noticed — the faves go down better than the new stuff, cos back then the LP weren't out. Lemmy delicately whips back the excitement by getting the assembly to scream 'Great, big, fat, hairy bollocks!'

One hour, 17 minutes later the anthem-like 'Motorhead', is screeching to a close as smoke belches and the bomber threatens. 'That was the best one yet', says a happy Lem afterwards.

Afterwards Motorhead hold court and sign arms, legs, jackets and pics for well over an hour. They see every last kid (I swear a couple were only about nine!) Phil scrawls 'Get Stuffed Needs' on my jeans. Don't see me bed for another six hours (and a lot of it's on tape too!)

Next day's a fine one so we drive to Bradford, scene of the next gig. Who should be staying at the same hotel as the Son of Stiff tour! They're playing a local seat of learning that night.

But that was later. Earlier, the day off had provided the opportunity to capture Motorhead outside the crazy confines of the gig. I visited each as they basked in their rooms anticipating the night's festivities by playing with radio-controlled toy cars. It was good to get the three Motorheads on their Jack Jones. Group interviews are fun-filled affairs where you get many laffs but little sense. Individually, they expand more freely.

First conversation was with the redoubtable Lemmy. He may be represented as some crazed hard-man speed freak but Lem is remarkably down-to-earth and genuine, like the others, and a right laugh. But he does live it, the image is his life, and he'll never run off (more a world-weary swagger he did).

Lemmy is Motorhead's founder, lyricist (!) and singer-bassplayer, so he's often singled out for pics, etc. This gives him, Phil and Eddie the arsehole, cos they're all the sound and the fury that is Motorhead. Just thought I'd mention it. ZZ: (knock knock) Hi Lem, shall I turn it on? Oh... snffff!! What about 'Ace Of Spades'?

Lemmy: It's the best thing we've ever done by a long shot. Best production, best songs in a lot of cases. We wrote most of it in the studio. We had vague ideas — well they're usually pretty vague! We went down to Rockfield and rehearsed for two weeks, got the general riffs worked out. We used a little one-berth caravan with a four-track deck in it and recorded five or six of the numbers on it. Then we went back to London and found we didn't have enough so we went back down to Rockfield again! It was a good excuse for a holiday. Eddie had his fishing rod, Phil had a chance to work on his car. We'd do about two hours every night, get wrecked. It was quite good really. Dead easy. We've achieved a way of working now. We always write the same way. It's just we've got it honed into a finely turned machine. In fact I had a fine turn this morning when I woke up!

That was a shame about 'Bomber', because Jimmy Miller wasn't very together on that one, so we did a lot of it with the engineer, who, with the best will in the world, wasn't quite on the ball with it. Vic Maile's really good, except for a nasty foot disease.

ZZ: You can hear the words. He got you actually singing!

Lem: Yeah. I started doing the usual howling and he said, 'Lemmy, you're not really singing it, you're shouting. If you try and sing I'll bring it up in the mix, don't worry.' I stopped worrying and learned to love crooning. Bing Crosby, in the great tradition of.

ZZ: Can you talk about some of the songs?

Lem: Well I usually think of a title first then write around it, cos it's a lot easier to have a subject rather than just write — try to have a typical Motorhead title! (starts chuckling) 'Love Me Like A Reptile'!

I take the tapes home after rehearsal before I've written the words. We put down the riffs and I go home and write words. I sit there sometimes cackling me fuckin' head off, hysterical laughter writing these ridiculous words! ZZ: A lot of people take them very seriously.

Lem: That's their problem. If their sense of humour isn't sufficiently advanced. (Puts on old granny voice) Sexist! All that bollocks. Of course I'm sexist. I'm

a geezer. I'm one sex. I can't help it if I'm not two, you know what I mean? I'm a bloke and I like chicks and that's it. If I was a chick I'd like blokes! You can only see it from both sides of the board unless you're a bicycle, and I never quite got into it. I don't know, by the social mores of a lot of today's people you should obviously be bisexual. I don't fancy it really. I don't fancy a pair of shoulder blades, I'd rather have tits!

ZZ: Even the socially conscientious long-mac brigade are sometimes inclined to go 'cor, look at that!'

Lem: Yeah, really. They're all looking up stairs as the chicks go up! Nobody ever admits it. We do. We all do!

ZZ: A lot of the words make me laugh.

Lem: Hahaha! (Quotes) 'Why don't you invite me in, get yourself some original sin, I get you up but stay in bed, don't get up get down instead!' (creases up). That's a good one! That'll get 'em at it. NME next week — 'That foul sexist.

Don't you know about the H Bomb? What about the Windscale Disaster?' I don't know why they write about stuff like that. It's nothing to do with music. They think there's some social commentary or something. Music is not for that. Music is a thing you can get off on, to relax you. Make you think certainly but not make you think about the bloody Windscale disaster, or whatever it is they write about. Who needs it? I can read the newspapers if I want bad news. I read the music papers to read about music. I'm not interested in what Mrs Thatcher's doing with the fuckin' Bluestreak Missile or whatever — that's a few years ago, that's the last time I took any notice. If they're gonna blow me up I shan't even be here to whistle at the rocket anyway. I'll be sitting wherever I'm sitting at the time and it'll just go BANG! So what's the fuckin' point of worrying about it? It ain't gonna change nothing. The CND tried all that caper.

ZZ: The way Motorhead are represented by a lot of people is stupid.

Lem: Yeah. Those three morons dressed in leather. We know all about that. It's just a fact of life now. I just don't care. Fuck 'em. I know I'm intelligent. If I choose to use the intelligence I have and the way I use it. Just because I'm using it in a different way than how they want to use theirs, they fucking presume I've no intelligence. Just because I'm not the same as them. Screw 'em!

ZZ: Now, what about the Ace of Spades as the Motorhead motif.

Lem: Oh you've noticed that then? It's the loser thing again. Born to lose. It just defines us really — take something as a loser as your motif then it can't get any worse!

You have to have something to tie the thing around, it's very important to have a strong image for something. With 'Overkill' we didn't really have an image, just the front cover, which we used for the backdrop, but it wasn't really a theme. (Adopts thoughtful voice) I believe in themes you know. I'd like to do

the Eurovision Song Contest with a theme in mind!

ZZ: Now the question of Motorhead's popularity. It's still going from strength to strength.

Lem: Quite astounding really, isn't it? Some of those kids are incredible, some of the things they say. I've signed kids' arms on one tour and next time they've come along and it's been tattooed over! That's incredible. All that embroidery on the back of the jackets. I'm very impressed with them. Very resourceful people.

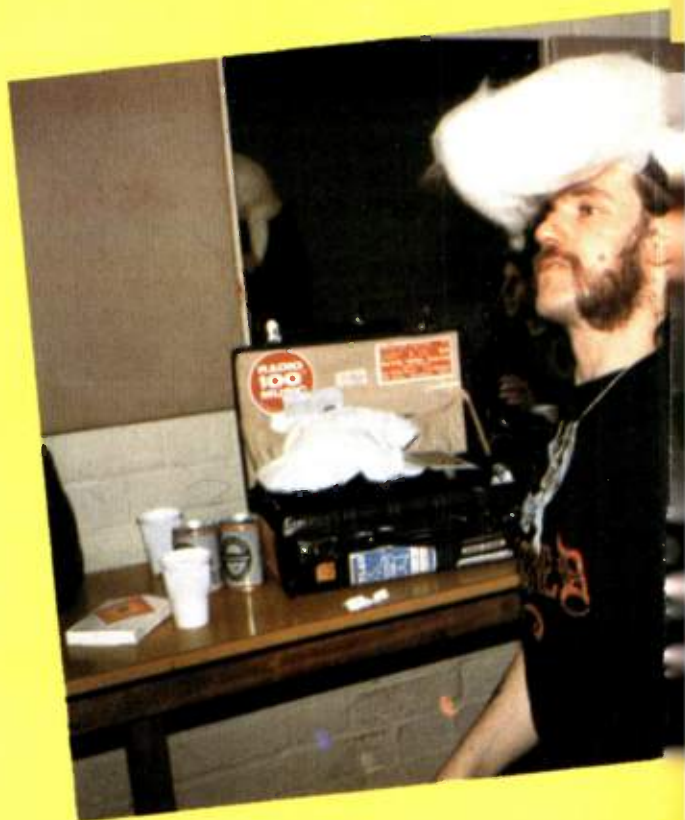
They're very good kids. A right fuckin' army!

ZZ: Bingley Hall.

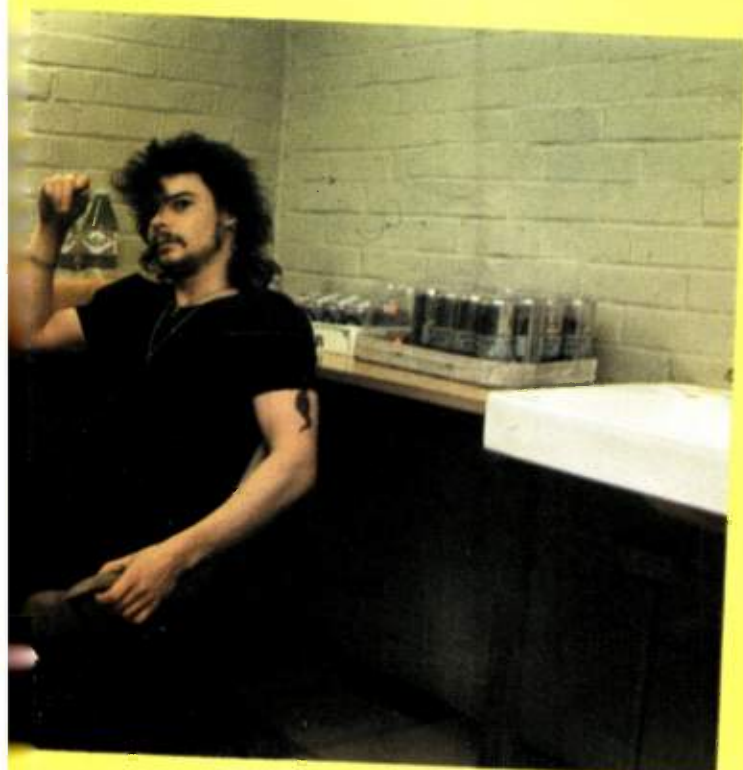
Lem: That was amazing, 28,000 armpits!

ZZ: Does it surprise you?

ZZ: Yeah. It's always a pleasant surprise when a thing takes off. It's fair to say it's taking off more than I ever thought it would. But I can cope with it! It's not hard to adapt to more people doing the same thing, cos we always had a following and I could always cope with that. It's just coping with



Pics by Simon Reeves



more of them. No problem. I really like them kids. A lot of people in this business just give them lip-service. It's really insulting to the intelligence. People like, I s'pose, Rod Steward. People who say, 'sorry kids, no autographs,' and just get in the limo and fuck off. I hate all that, I hated it when I was going around getting autographs off the Beatles and all that. The Beatles didn't do it when they could help it, but then they got a bit too big — I don't say we'll get as big as that . . . although one

hopes! Phil said last night when we did a radio thing that he can see Motorhead doing a Status Quo and carrying on. And we probably will. ZZ: *What, still doing the rounds in ten years' time?* Lem: I don't know about ten years time — I'll be 45! I could go for another seven, I'll only be 42 then and everybody knows that between the ages of 42 and 45 there's a junction in one's life where one gets varicose veins and starts feeling a bit iffy in the morning! I think I might have to get off the road in seven years! Kris Needs is only 14,

ladies and gentlemen, and he can't keep up the pace already! He's already screwed up! He's already walking round the hotel like a zombie!

ZZ: *Well you seem happy enough at the moment.*

Lem: Yeah. I wish I had more speed! I wish I could get a script for bombers, but you can't have everything.

ZZ: *What's the best bit about it?*

Lem: That's difficult because I like most of it. I s'pose being on-stage most, really. That's when you have the real contact. When you sit signing autographs after, I love all that. A lot of the kids ask you what they should do with their lives, as if you should know! I don't fuckin' know. You were sitting next to me last night, you heard all them kids, they sort of regard you as some sort of god. It does get to that stage, but I'm just a scruffy cunt from Angelsey. I don't know anything, all I do is play music, which the kids seem to like. It's very nice, but I don't know anything about how they should behave. A lot of them probably go out fighting every night and think they're behaving like me, and they're not. Obviously you like the fame. If you didn't like the fame you wouldn't be in the music business. If you weren't an egomaniac you wouldn't be there in the first place. We do tend to harp on about this, but I'm quite proud of all three of us, that we came through all that shit. Because at one time ('bout four years back), we really were a swear word in the Music Biz. Nobody wanted to know.

ZZ: *That was when I first saw you (Friars Aylesbury in mid '77)*

Lem: First thing you did about us you wrote about the relationship between the band and the crowd, whereas most of the reviews we got then reviewed our bullet belts and how ugly we were. Drunk on-stage, which is not important. If we can get the music out, it doesn't matter what condition you're in. You could have two fuckin' heads and a line of big hairy tits up your back, it doesn't matter, so long as you can play the bloody music.

ZS: *Motorhead coming up in the punk thing didn't help.*

Lem: That was a funny thing, all that crossover between punk and Heavy Metal.

ZZ: *Well now they're realising you make punk groups sound wimpy.*

Lem: That's cos they finally listened to an album. Most of the people who said they didn't like Motorhead had never heard Motorhead. Just didn't like the image. Usual crap. Still you can't expect people to be perfect, none of us are. I'm as close as you'll ever get! Hal

ZZ: *Why did you decide to dress up as cowboys on the sleeve of 'Ace of Spades'?*

Lem: That was Phil's idea, really. He said, 'let's all get dressed up as cowboys!' I thought, 'oh no, not cowboys!' There were several ideas how we could use it — be in a saloon playing cards, stuff like that. Finally came out as it is. It seemed to work out alright.

ZZ: *The outlaw thing.*

Lem: Yeah, one more time. But we

were always treated as outlaws. When I was a kid watching films I always wanted the Germans, or the Indians, or the Confederates, to win. Always wanted the obvious loser to win. So I suppose we're the most successful losers so far.

I toddle along the corridor to Eddie's room . . .

ZZ: *And how do you feel about the album, Ed?*

EC: I'm very pleased. I was quite stunned by it. Before we started it we weren't sure about it. We didn't have the material very well together. Thought we did but when we started we realised we didn't. We did about six tracks then we had to go write some more, and they didn't turn out very well. We were gonna drop all of them at one point. But when we got in the studio with Vic it started to take shape, suggestions he'd make. Like that number 'Live To Win', that's one I really like. That was a real scrappy record to start with, but by the time we'd built it up, started putting ideas on it, it made the song. There's one I'm not too keen on — 'Dance'. Bit poppy for me. I refused to do that on tour! 'Dirty Love', the 'B' side, I didn't like too much, but Lemmy likes it a lot so to appease him we put it on the 'B' side cos he couldn't have it on the album.

Doing the album turned out to be good fun. We really got into Vic Maille, great geezer. He talked Lemmy into singing. You can actually hear the words, man!

ZZ: *Did it take a lot of work, overdubs and all that?*

EC: No, not this time. Vic's not into that. What Jimmy Miller used to do fucked the sound up and made it too messy. He used to put down two of everything. It was fat but got to the point of being bloody ridiculous. I didn't think 'Bomber' was very good at all — now. It was too slow too. When we started playing the numbers on tour 'Bomber' got so fast.

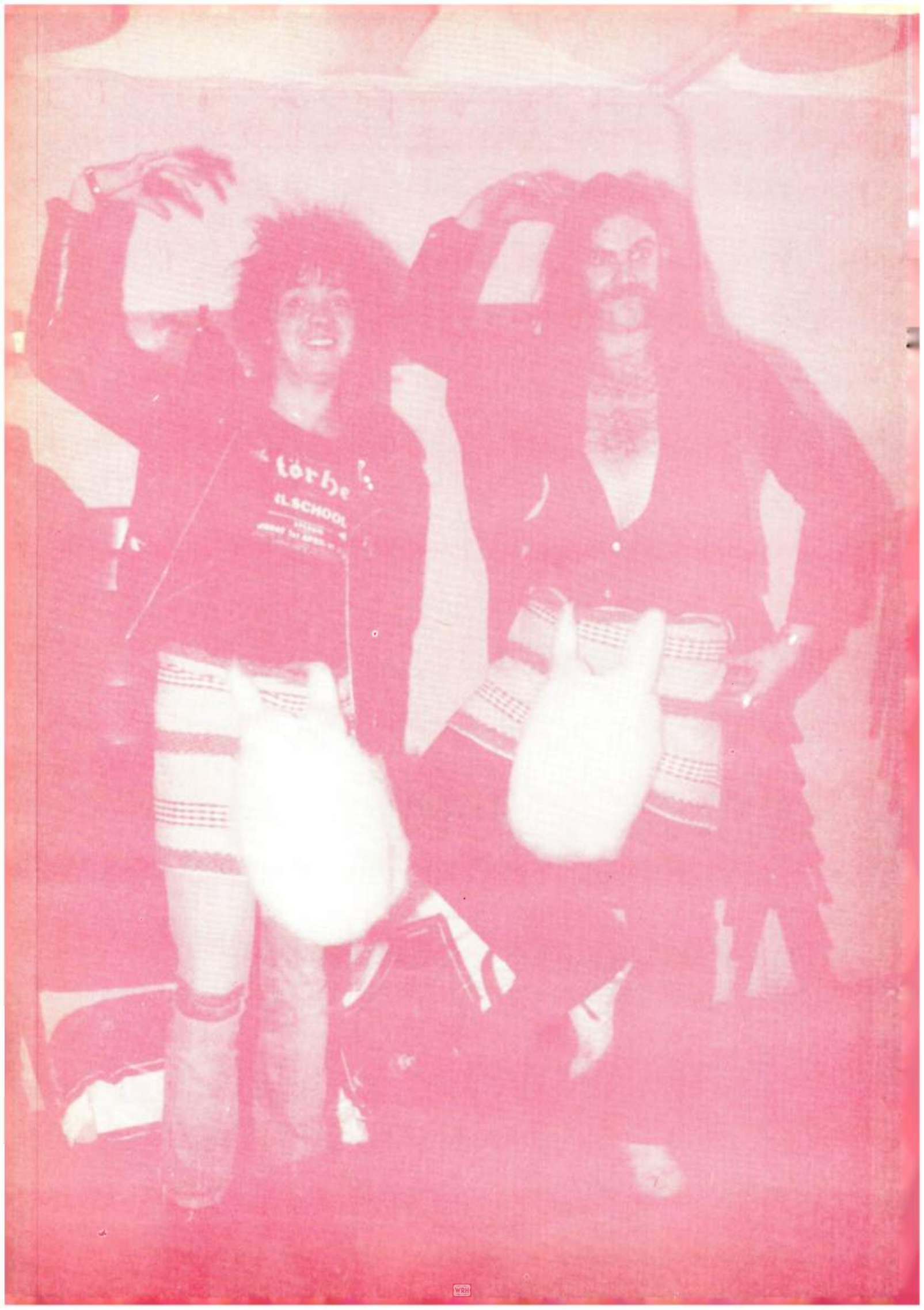
That's nice about this album. It's well fast, couldn't really play it much faster . . . well a bit at gigs.

ZZ: *How d'ya think the tour's going?*

EC: Quite well. I think the sound is probably the best we've ever had. The first gig (Ipswich) was fuckin' murder for the first half hour. I got quite nervous in the end. But now it's got to a point, where as soon as you hit the stage you're somewhere else. It's nice getting back on form. I detest one-off gigs — you don't perform your best. At Bingley we were pretty stale really. We didn't have our soundman. Top band of the day and we didn't have a soundman! We got that ironed out now. It's nice, we're getting quite successful. America's coming together. People actually do things for you now, the record company.

ZZ: *So you're going to the States?*

EC: The record will be out there soon. No-one wanted to touch us in America before. We got a deal with Polygram now. They're very keen, but only on this album. They're not gonna release the others, cos of the production I think. We went silver over here with 'Bomber', but nobody put it



out over there. That seems a bit silly, dunnit?

We might go over in January, which we really wanna do. Lemmy's the only one that's been. We can't fuckin' wait, you hear so much about it all.

ZZ: *Do you think your guitar style has changed?*

EC: Yeah. I was quite pleased with the solos on the album.

ZZ: *Do you think them out much or just peel 'em off?*

EC: 'Fast And Loose' I thought out. I took a backing track home and just laid a load of solos on it, then I found one I liked and went in the studio and double-tracked it. At the moment on the road I don't seem to be playing as well as I should. I dunno, maybe I'm getting too... you know what I mean? We've been together a long time now and the material is in the same vein. I think I'm just getting a bit weary of my own solos. On good nights I can get off, but your learning rate at this stage is slow.

ZZ: *Some of your stuff on the new album is in a different style, to say, 'Overkill'. Like the one on 'The Hammer'.*

EC: Yeah, what did you think of that one? Lem and Phil didn't like that one, it's another I did at home. I got a bit iffy about it when I heard the album, it's just I wanted to get away from the usual solo, just doing a solo, thinking up new ideas. I thought that might be the one, very sparse. It's different.

ZZ: *Well you should try new ideas.*

EC: Yeah really. We've progressed a lot in the studio. Vic had real goes at Phil. He's very strict with the drummer. To make a good album the drumming's got to be spot on and you can't do much fancy stuff. But we've always gone in there and just thrashed it out like. It must've taken a bit of the power out of it somehow. Vic simplified it — one guitar, one rhythm guitar, bass and drums. As simple as possible. It worked.

Certainly did. Well how was that for honesty, then? No 'I'm so great' here I do think Eddie's being a bit over self-critical though cos on 'Ace Of Spades' he turns in pungent stingers in droves.

Now on to the Motorhead engine room, the mighty Philthy Animal Taylor, who stumbles in as me and Eddie are finishing up.

Phil acts the goat 90 per cent of the time. "You've gottal!" he bellows. The other ten per cent he's still buoyant and spouts freely. **ZZ:** *Might as well use the same opener. How do you feel about the new album?*

PA: I think it's great! I'm really pleased with it. I think it's the best one so far really. When we started it we weren't so sure, we were really quite pessimistic about it. Then we listened to 'em a bit more and Vic Maille worked a bit harder on the ideas. He made me stop thrashing round the kit so much, which I didn't really like at the time, but the more we heard the tracks the better it sounded. Obviously live I like to have a good thrash around the old kit. I love to bash all them fucking drums, but on record I must admit it pays off

to be less cluttered. Vic helped cos he would suggest where or what to do in a certain place. You'd do the backing track first a few times before you did a take. Obviously the way a producer's mind works is 10 weeks ahead of you — he thinks of the finished thing, what he's going to do to it in the mix.

Lemmy wrote some really amazing lyrics on this album, some of the best he's ever done. Half the time he'll do 'em in the bog at the studio. When we put 'We Are The Road Crew' down as a backing track, I was thinking, 'fuck me, how the hell's he gonna write any lyrics to go round that?' And he came up with this road crew song, and it was fuckin' amazing, one of my favourite tracks. Well there you are, that's about a 15 minute answer to a 10 second question! (Phil goes off to try and find a beer. Comes back).

I didn't get a beer.

ZZ: *So you're playing simpler now?*

PA: It took a producer like Vic Maille to make us realise the more things you play while you're playing at that speed the more cluttered it gets. Even though the three members of the band know what they're doing, you've got to listen to it a few times before you can actually grasp what's going on. So I just simplified it — less tom-tom fills — and it worked. Also we had a big barney in the studio with Lemmy about his bass, cos he doesn't like any bass, on his bass. So the frequencies you're getting from Lemmy's bass and Eddie's guitar are sometimes like the same, because he has it so lumpy. That was another thing. Vic put a bit more bass on his stack, which he didn't like. Believe it or not, that slow one 'The Chase Is Better Than The Catch', Lemmy didn't like at first. That's what I'm saying — it grows on you.

ZZ: *Don't you get knackered playing that speed onstage?*

PA: No, not really. I've got used to it. It's like being a boxer. When you're a boxer your body gets trained. One round, three minutes. To anybody who's never boxed — which I have, folks, but only for a little while — the whole point of your training is so your body is so used to the amount of physical exertion that you only need a 30 second break between rounds. In 30 seconds of rest your body's completely back to normal, your heart's back to normal, everything. That's the whole point of getting in training. Playing with Motorhead for five years... apart from sweating, even ten minutes after the gig I'm alright. I don't feel ur... like that. It's just a question of being built for it, which I am — the stamina, your staying power. There's a lot of great drummers around but with Motorhead it's not so much a question of being technically brilliant or anything like that, it's a matter of being able to play all the way through at that speed. I used to get terrible cramps up to 18 months ago when I used to do a lot of speed and stay up a lot of nights on tour. It just got to a point where I realised, as I was getting cramp every night. My mind was telling me that there

were lots of things to do, 'there's no point in going to sleep let's go out and do this and that'. My mind was alright but my body was crying out for sleep. So I don't do that any more. I've got to make sure I get some sleep every night, even if it's only two hours I make sure I get it, just give the body time to relax, let your brain cut off for a bit. The odd one or two when you can't avoid it. I mean tonight I'll probably get so pissed they'll have to carry me back in a plastic bag!

ZZ: *Are you surprised how big it's got? (I)*

PA: Yeah actually. The first gig of the tour — Ipswich — something made me realise how — I hate saying that, how BIG or famous we are, it sounds so big-headed in print — but anyway, what brought it home to me was when we were going to Ipswich and bought these silly cars at a garage. Ordinary geezer, probably had three kids and a Cortina, and he said, 'you lot a group? Who are you then?' — 'We're Motorhead' — 'Are you?' And he went, 'Oy Marjorie! Come 'ere! There's Motorhead here!' That's the first time that's ever happened. Usually you only have a certain category of people who've ever heard of the band. It's little things like that suddenly make you realise. I don't really think about it. I suppose we must be quite big now.

ZZ: *C'mon Phil. A lot of geezers reckon you're God!*

PA: Yeah, it is funny. We're sitting there signing autographs, cracking jokes and all that, but if some kid will stand outside in the pouring rain for an hour to get your autograph, the least you can do is stay behind for an extra hour and a half. But I can't understand it myself, because I've never been like that. I used to see bands and think they were great, but I never got autographs or anything, so I can't understand it from that point of view. But I can understand what it means for a lot of kids to get in the dressing room and all that — I don't look down on 'em at all. If it makes 'em happy that's great. I mean, there's a great contribution to why we've stuck together. Even if the only contact with the kids is two minutes in the dressing room, at least they've realised that we're quite ordinary people really, no matter what they think. You'll get a few arseholes though. I nearly ripped one kid's fuckin' head off. I don't care — if people treat me alright I'll treat them alright. This kid was in the dressing room, and I was really patient, signing autographs, and he was sitting next to me all night, he was drunk and going (dopey voice), 'oh I suppose you think you're fuckin' fantastic now, everyone wanting your autograph. I thought it was a rotten concert, Def Leppard are better than you lot!' I said, 'if you don't like it you don't have to be here' — a few times. Eventually he got up my nose so much I just got him and pushed him out the door, — 'FUCK OFF! I don't need people like you! NOBODY needs people like you, that's probably why you're

leaving here on your own! You always get some like that. They're obviously not content with their own life — they haven't got the guts to do something with their lives so all they can do is get backstage, meet people who are doing something and slag 'em off, try and justify their own laziness, whatever. I don't like people like that.

The interviews done the evening's activities slowly get into gear. A revolting hotel meal is a false start, but, after shelving a tip to Manchester to see AC-DC (Phew!), it's decided to invade the Stiff gig. Motorhead, Weapon and assorted roadies pile into cars and head for the uni — and just stroll in through a side door!

In the bar the Motorheads chant to fans coming next night and make up for lost time with quadruples. Ironically Phil meets one of the bores we'd just been talking about. After exhibiting quite a bit of patience the problem is resolved by Phil with a swift nutting.

Inevitably Motorhead end the evening boarding the stage during the inter-group Stiff jam on 'You Can't Hurry Love', Lem on bass and Phil falling about (Eddie 'n' me content ourselves with taking the piss).

Back at the hotel the bar is attacked by both parties, most Stiffs retiring early. At one point the bar floods cos a pip's gone in the Gents. The Hotel Manager tries to get his revenge on us complaining about the food by calling The Bill and blaming Motorhead (all innocent — they were elsewhere at the time).

However, a strange turn of events. Eddie, claiming a knowledge in plumbing, explains the broken pipe and how he actually turned off the water to stop it getting wetter. Bill understands and agrees this is a waste of Police time.

Then a businessman of the sort you'd expect in a flash, expenses-paid hotel like this, who resents rock groups soiling the premises with their money, berated the officer for taking twenty minutes to arrive. The clod was already insensed by the sight of Philty splashing and wallowing buffalo-like in the bar-pool and, if Motorhead weren't gonna be pulled in, he had to take it out on someone.

He was told, in no uncertain terms, to put a sock in it. Magic.

Festivities continued in personal manager Graham Mitchell's room. Later a few bangs were heard and gherkins were found on the roofs of parked cars next morning (thanks for the loan of the couch, Graham).

I leave them outside Bradford's St George's Hall next afternoon. As the Murphy mobile swings into the car park about 60 kids swarm in and the lads launch into frantic scrawling. Ten Minutes without a hint of let's-go-in impatience.

No one cares like Motorhead. No one dares like Motorhead. There is but one Motorhead. On to the next gig!

KRIS NEEDS



dirty looks



Dirty Looks are more than aptly named; without doubt, this disparate American trio are the strangest-looking consortium since Quintessence (muffled Laughter). Like, to put it another way, I wouldn't feel presumptuous to say that they aren't particularly concerned with Image,

PICTURES BY SIMON REFVES

Peter Erskine



Dirty Looks come from Stanten Island, New York City; they're toured the US pretty thoroughly with folks like Frigg's League Of Gentlemen and Iggy (who, apparently, adored them), whilst currently having just wound up as sometimes headliners with Any Trouble, Joe 'King' Carrasco, The Equators and Ten Pole Tudor — ie the Stiff 'Son Of Stiff' tour. The attraction of the band lies within the peerless quality and consistency of their writing — which owes much to the best of late 50s/early 60s, without being in any way derivative, their excellent harmonies and unusual instrumental approach: guitarist Patrick Barnes exerts extremely rude tones from his

hollowbodied Gretsch 'Chet Atkins' (the same as the one used by the guy in the Stray Cats), bassist Marco Sin Handles his instrument as if it were an upright whilst stylistically employing it in the role of a virtual second guitar — very trebly, or, in his own words, "filling out the sides rather than the bottom."

Were you fortunate enough to have seen the UK Steely Dan tour some years back you would have noticed a guy called Jeff Porcaro augmenting their studio man on drums. Porcaro is one of the best, most individualistic drummers in the world — in particular he has this style of standing up and *leaning over* his kit; Dirty Looks' Peter

Parker is the only other guy I've ever seen do the same thing — and, in his own, very different (non jazz) way he is every bit as impressive, sending up lethal showers of shattered sticks, "although," he points out, "it's *not* a question of showmanship — I just like to be able to come down on the kit — and especially the snare — that much harder."

During the tour he went through three snare drum skins.

The rest of the band are equally visual. Bassist Marco Sin ("the fat kid who could never climb trees" — his words) wears a lurid skin-tight green suit in contrasting stripes of mohair about as wide as an average ironing board. The fact

that he insists on keeping the bum freezer jacket buttoned (over a bright yellow rubes' shirt) only goes to emphasise the man's undulating rotundity, still further pronounced by his habit, when hooking into a particularly suggestive rhythm, of cranking his hips to and fro in post-Presley pseudo-copulatory fashion (that is, when he isn't traversing the stage at speed in a tangle of wires and mike stands).

Of the three, Patrick is possibly the most visually stable, running through the usual guitarist's gamut of knee-drops, hops, skips and jumps (well, you know what I mean). His preferred visual style is greased-back d.a., white cotton

shirt with the collar up, skin tight jeans and suede brothel-creepers. Just for good measure he's cultivated a couple of zits about his chin.

Sad to report, I missed the much-vaunted Ten Pole Tudor at the Chelsea College gig the tour was playing the night I caught it, but, after having seen D.L. once before, headlining at the Marquee, and having, listened to their recorded output I'm convinced they're the hottest act to come out of Stiff since Ian and The Blockheads, an opinion obviously shared by Stiff proprietor Dave Robinson who, prior to the release of any group material, went to the trouble of flying out to New York to make a virtual half-hour video of the band performing forthcoming album material.

"Yeah, we were amazed at his enthusiasm," Parker recalls, "— and his wit. We'd had a little trouble getting American CBS (Epic) to get behind our material — they used to distribute us over there, so Dave had this flat-back truck parked right outside the big CBS skyscraper, invited the press and media along and had us run through the entire album perched up on the truck."/>

The video proves the pulling power of the band — the 'audience' (at least 500—1000) covered the entire social gamut from hookers to college kids, babes-in-arms, hard-hats and one beautiful old toothless black guy who must've been at least 70 who danced from beginning to end with a beatific grin like

a watermelon slice plastered across his face.

Musically, the 50s/early 60s thing comes through in the tight three-piece harmonies, Pat's touch, ringing guitar work and the classic build-up/chorus and middle eight and conclusion that typified so many of the old Merseysound singles; taking into account, however, the greater power, depth and sophistication of the actual playing and the absence of any form of inanity in the lyrics).

Marco was born in Queens. He claims his previous occupation was as a babysitter and that "I have been fat all my life." His heroes are Gary Cooper and Walter Kronkite. The first records he bought were all English — Cream, The Beatles and The Who, Hendrix, he claims, was a formative influence (it doesn't show).

Patrick was born in Brooklyn. He does all the writing and used to work in the docks at Staten Island "The cultural purgatory between New Jersey and Staten Island" — which, incidentally, was how he first met Peter, the drummer, who was working there as a long-shoreman.

"A much-coveted job, that," he recalls. "So much so that it's a completely closed shop. The only way you can get to be a long-shoreman is if your father was one — it kinda runs in the family . . . I mean, like the money is fantastic and I had this dream when I was very young that I'd be really rich when I was around 20 — and I was. For a while (laughs). Now look at

me . . . (adjusts battered corduroy working man's cap that he habitually wears on the back of his head).

"The best times were when they were unloading a ship and the bottom of the crate fell out — it often used to happen with Heineken crates — you wouldn't have believed the scrum on the dockside. . .

"No, as a kid I wanted for nothing — stereo, 10 speed cycles . . ."

Returning to the subject of current gags, the band express mild disappointment — not so much in reaction to their live shows — that has been uniformly great — with high points in Leeds and Bradford — more in terms of press reaction to the debut album, "Dirty Looks" — which I personally adore, whilst others have been less than kind.

"I guess it's something to do with the state of the music scene here. We don't fit into any particular category — and, more than ever before this country seems to be very category-conscious."

We all agree on this, opining that it is probably a result of post-New Wave, a period during which categorisation, delineation and artificial grouping were elevated to ridiculous levels of artificial importance. Consequently a lot of kids, particularly the younger ones, have become very conditioned to 'subscribing' to one kind of music to the absolute exclusivity of all else. In short, what we're seeing is an even greater manifestation of the kind of dumb easily-mani-

pulated fandom that used to surround the Rod Stewarts, Gary Glitters and Bowies. All in all, a very unhealthy malaise for all concerned — and, in this case, Dirty Looks.

The interview is a pretty loose affair. Patrick informs us that the band always prefers to work live in the studio, keeping overdubs to a bare minimum.

"In fact," Patrick says, "we're just beginning to learn that less is more. . ." Which sparks off a discussion on black music, before returning to discussion of the tour.

"It's amazed us really, the response we've got — despite the critics and despite the fact that each band has been taking it in turn to headline — as well as jamming together. Like, last night we had the chick keyboard player from Joe King Carrasco, the Guitarist from Ten Pole and the bassist from Ten Pole. There's been quite a crossover actually between us and the 'Poles — we've picked up quite a lot of their fans and they've picked up quite a lot of ours."

"Personally", Marco interjects, a propos of nothing in particular, my finest hour was back in the States. We'd been supporting Iggy. After the set he came back-stage and started prowling our dressing room in his most depraved four-mouthed manner, saying how great he thought we were. . .

"Yeah, I remember that," says Parker. "Iggy went up to Marco and said to him, arm round his shoulder, 'Hey Marco how many dogs does it take to lick your ass?'"

BAD MANNERS

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G magnet records and tapes

You may have noticed for sale in the Museum of Modern Art, a display of bright, powerful, witty, sarcastic, subversive? postcards (some examples are printed here). I thought they were just right, bought a few, and noticed the writing on the back: THE YOUTH OF TODAY — NARCISSISTIC — DEPRAVED — DANGEROUS. ALL OVER THE WORLD RIGHT-THINKING FOLK ARE CRYING OUT 'THIS THING HAS GONE TOO FAR — OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SICK. A NEW MAGAZINE CHRONICLES THE TERRORS OF TEEN TYRANNY. TIME IS RUNNING OUT — FINAL DAYS — EDITED BY JOHN STALIN, who also designs the cards. I decided to seek out this new-wave J. Arthur Dixon and was fortunate enough to gain access to a document from which the following is extracted:

"The artist first attracted public notice when his exhibition of woodcarvings depicting the form of Woman in terms of landscape was bulldozed by shocked Shock Troops. He fled the Soviet Union after his abstract notions of Nature were denounced as unpatriotic by the Reconstruction of War-Town Mother Russia Dam Maintenance and Hydro-Electric Plant Workers Union. Badly shaken by the confiscation of his sketchbooks by ruthless art officials, he abandoned Beauty and came to Britain. He soon found himself faced with the problem of his kinship to the eminent dictator. Surviving an attempt on his life by an unidentified assassin wielding a poisoned conch-shell, Stalin commenced the series of minor activities that still occupy his every waking moment. The cathartic denial of his own heredity is certainly evident in these tormented Goya-like masterworks, reminiscent perhaps of the type of glorious oil presented to the nation by dying industrialists. The artist is now involved in the formation of a clandestine organisation whose function will be to police London's reeking artworld and to purge it of the grizzled senators who stock Bond Street's boutiques with their pretty prints and pointless paintings."

My sources next led me to an ascetically-furnished flat in south-west London, where the artist and an assistant were completing a further set of postcards. I don't know what art is. I asked him a mildly inane question! Are you an artist?

"Yes, I'm committed to being that for the rest of my life, for the first time in my life, cos when I was a kid I didn't know I was any good at art until at school I had a schoolboy crush on a kid, and I thought 'I'll interest myself in his interests', and he was interested in model aircraft; then I got into the more esoteric realms of customising them and doing special paint-schemes, and that was the first time I'd ever done anything like that. I got really good at it, really enjoyed it, I'd spend weeks down in the potting shed . . . and tried

to join the RAF cos of getting interested in aircraft, got turned down for flight training cos of my eyesight, and then I thought 'oh well, I'll go to art school and do graphic design', cos I didn't realise you could actually be an artist, I thought all artists were either dead or famous, and there was no way of becoming one, you either were one or you were dead, so I entered a graphic design course, and at the end of the first term I dropped out.

I have got two exhibitions running on to next year, one of them's holograms and stereo pictures, and I've got two more shows which I'm working on, and they're the sort of things that I like doing best, and I'd really like to come to grips with constructing a body of work which doesn't make much sense individually, but it has a cumulative effect, and things like that take about a year to do each one. Those are the things I'm really trying to make room to do."

He is small, with a receding hairline, dressed in a brightly-coloured shirt and what I'm sure were slacks. He speaks quietly, pausing rarely. I ask him about the post-

cards.

"The postcards are pretty irrelevant to the work I did before. They came about . . . when I left college. I didn't want to do a job cos I didn't like the idea of putting my mind to work for anybody, so I just got a job cleaning in a hospital, and I used to have so much free time that I spent most of it dreaming up schemes, and myself and a friend used to do strange home-made postcards, and we decided to try and do it on a slightly bigger scale; and he petered off, so it was me on my own, and I had a set of designs which I was gonna xeroxx, but it's not very economical to do it by xerox, so I screen-printed them — and that was about January '78 — and they went quite well right from the start, and sold out. They were done as limited editions (of 500 x 16 cards), signed and numbered, so that was quite good. And on the strength of that I was asked by the ICA to do a sort of counter-exhibition to one they had there of American postcards, and I didn't actually have many designs, but I sat down to create more new

designs — they're pretty easy to produce, cos I've been collecting pictures for years and years, so I just went through them with a little window cut out of a piece of cardboard, and fitted it over likely pictures and picked the ones I thought looked nice and thought up titles and that was it.

"I finished up with about 150, after three weeks of non-stop work. I was so pleased with them I didn't really want to withdraw any of them so I insisted on either having a bigger exhibition-space or not doing it at all, and they gave me quite a good space in the ICA in the main corridor, which is the best place to have things cos everyone sees it. That was October, November, '79 and the show went down well, it got good reviews, and then everyone asked 'why can't we buy the cards?' — they weren't printed then, they were just artwork originals, they weren't meant to be ever printed, but I thought 'oh well, try and take advantage of that', managed to raise a bank-loan, printed the 25 that were most suitable, and that's how it got started.



"I DON'T GIVE A . . . ABOUT THE GOOD OF SOCIETY.

I OPERATE IN IT EFFICIENTLY, BUT I'M NOT CONCERNED WITH CHANGING IT."

And the bumf on the back of the cards is because I was imminently at the time going to produce a magazine. I know David Lichfield, he's the editor of RITZ, and over a meal he suggested it would be a nice idea to do a faction magazine, this is when NOW was just about to come out, we thought we'd do a rival to NOW, and he said 'if you edit it I'll publish it and print it'. It was going to be quite a big deal at that time, it was going to be distributed alongside RITZ, and so I went off and did a dummy, and during the process of making the dummy — again I went through piles in order to select... not original material but the type of material I wanted to use — the concept moved right away from a sort of joke faction magazine, which was going to be a bit like NOT THE TIMES, and that came out and that seemed to encapsulate the whole idea that we were talking about, and I thought it was rather dreary actually, it was just based on one gimmick, so I went beyond that, and it's called FINAL DAYS, and I took it back to him and he didn't think his distributors could handle it cos it didn't fit in with any successful genre, so I said 'we'll do it ourselves then', so he told me about the distribution system and all the rest of it. I had all the material, so the postcard venture is a sort of co-operated effort to try and raise the money, and I will be able to do it eventually. I've made quite a lot of money on it already, but I'm still in debt cos my original bank loan was £6,000. The money's coming in at a sufficient rate for me to be in the black by June or July, I've just got to make a distribution network, so I'm hoping we'd publish it ourselves in about September or October.

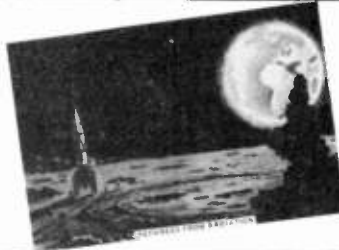
"I'm not interested in being a full-time editor of a magazine any more than being a businessman with the postcards, it can be a bit of a drag. I've had quite a favourable response from several distributors and publishers who've seen some of the dummies that I've done, so I might very well go to someone like Virgin for instance [a record company who have recently entered the publishing field] and they publish it and distribute it and I won't get so much money, but on the other hand I won't actually be doing so much work — I just make the thing and they take it over from there. I just want to bring it out and get on with my other work — I'm not a postcard type, I'm not really an editor, but the magazine idea's good cos it brings together all the kinds of things I've ever dabbled in. I did a lot of dead-end things that I stopped and thought 'I'll change direction' — I did photography, did films — I was originally trained in graphic design, taught myself to type, these things which I thought would never be useful, but now they're all coming together in one thing.

Our attitude is mainly that things are getting worse all the time, and instead of getting worried about nuclear power stations and wars and all this kind of business,

we're actually looking forward to the end of the world and suggesting that as it's becoming more and more imminent — I don't actually believe that it is, but it seems that's the general mood — we should sit back and enjoy it, well, not sit back and enjoy it, but because time's so short — we may not see the year 2000 — everyone should get up off their bottoms and start handling their lives as if there aren't

but on the other hand you have things like the effect of dadaism and surrealism on the day it came out, people became hysterical — you don't get anything like that now, and it's a shame, so it's kind of nostalgia for the days of real repression, it just seemed more exciting, whereas now you can do anything and no-one gives a damn.

A lot of it's sheer entertainment, rather frivolous, some of it's



many days left. It's very much a reaction against what we consider frivolous activities — music and the arts — very ornamental, decorative activities which have no strength; effete, introverted, decadent activities which don't reflect the realities of the world. We think we're on the brink of something and the work that we do should reflect that, whether it's pro or anti. We're not so much interested in the politics of it as the sensation.

We sort of look forward to a brave new world, the shape of things to come, that sort of business, where everyone's numbered and assigned their task, and the way we think we can help, as it were, is by taking that extrapolation even further, and postulating a future where everything is incredibly uniform, and just taking out aspects of today, projecting them into the future and exaggerating them and suggesting this is what it's going to be like, and pretending we actually approve of it, and want it to be like that, and to have a totalitarian, law-and-order, ordered society, in order to combat the holocaust, which is the reason it's called FINAL DAYS, but obviously you do that to destroy the concept rather than support it.

We've got access to things like Samizdat Publications from Poland and things like that and we're gonna publish bits that are appropriate. But despite intense government repression, the actual art is awful, it's just atrocious. I got an

quite heavy.

We're going to have a separate fashion supplement within it which is going to be called Ants And Donkeys, it's a fashion magazine produced by the jet-set and the beautiful young people of Covent Garden, places like that, the international young people, and it's going to be about their activities and their clothes and their likes and their dislikes and all their useless lives, presented for the ugly and the diligent, which is the donkeys and the ants, the people who have to work in offices, the ants of the society, and the donkeys are all the stupid rejected unwanted people who go and watch snooker at the club, conned by the media of the society [that's us], by advertising and so on, into constructing fantasy stereotypes to which they've been made to aspire quite needlessly, as it's taking that to its extreme, and presenting a whole new set of fetishistic fantasy ideals to which you ought to aspire, and fantasy clothes which you couldn't possibly ever wear, but you just think 'how wonderful' and 'how wacky' and all the rest of it, and we're actually using pictures of tribesmen of New Guinea and a feature on Mau-Mau fashions, so that's all going into the supplement and it's very bitterly sarcastic about all these city bumpkins, they're at Cannes and Tangiers, they're very famous and glamorous on their own terms, but what do they do? They're useless people — hairdressers, fashion designers,



introduction to a chap called Alexander Glazer who used to run exhibitions in the Soviet Union and he was deported and has a museum of Soviet art in Paris, and it's truly awful, and it's very strange that art produced under such conditions should be so bad. [It's interesting to note that Christianity is flourishing behind the Iron Curtain despite similar State persecution]

fashion students — parasites; the only role they play in society is a cosmetic one and the only thing they do in life is to tart up what people make in factories — so it's about exploitation as well."

Why do you think you're not a parasite? What use is an artist? "Very limited. I don't give a... about the good of society, I operate in it perfectly efficiently,

but I'm not concerned with changing it even though it is evidently bad. But the thing I want to do to prepare myself for the change in society is to make myself as aware of the mechanisms of 'population control' if you like, as I can, and I did in fact do my thesis on surveillance technology, when I was at college I spent more time on that than anything else because it became totally absorbing, because there's just so much to catalogue — it was simply a catalogue of surveillance technology, from forensic police methods all the way through to security systems and spy equipment and stuff like that, right the way to satellites and missile guidance systems. Now I know a great deal about that kind of thing, which is valuable knowledge, and I think other people should find out cos they're simply not aware of the capabilities of those sciences, and it's been shown before, that when you develop technical capability, it doesn't go for very long without being used — you only need things like the Vietnam War to actually try these things out."

He proceeds to put forward a theory that the annihilation of Nagasaki, strategically unnecessary, was no more than an experiment in America's nuclear weapons development programme.

"But things like that you don't know about unless you're gonna follow up obscure information. We're hoping to have a bit of things like that in the magazine. And I think the artist or whatever can be useful not in conveying specific technical facts like that — Duncan Campbell in TIME OUT's quite good at that — full-time researchers and journalists can contribute all sorts of directly valuable stuff, but I'm not interested in specific definite details, which I actually find fascinating, but I don't think it's of great interest, so I'm trying to find ways of presenting and using that technical background to create bodies of work which worry people either about this society or a potential society in the future. One exhibition of mine is called The March Of Science, it's an exhibition about the brave new world of science, as it was — it's set in 1960, all the satellites have just gone up, Sputnik and all the rest of it, planes had broken the sound barrier, and everyone thought science was wonderful then, cos this new technological civilisation would enable everyone to have the most wonderful electronic devices in their own houses by the year 1980 or whatever, and that's where we are now, and it hasn't been used like that at all, it's been abused. It'll all be presented in a very jingoistic 'hooray for science' way, like the Festival Of Britain style, very proud of the achievements, but all the technology actually presented will be things that subsequently have taken on very sinister aspects, and the lesson which I'm trying to point out is there's a lot of stuff that's coming out nowadays, hardware, which is going to make an immense difference to lifestyles in the next couple of decades —

that's another thing we want to speculate about in the magazine, the influence of the trends today which are still minor trends, which will become the great influence of the future — things like television in the '40s — nobody took any notice of it at all, and it's a massive influence now. There's all sorts of other examples that we're gonna point out, and I think a lot of it's going to be concerned with population control, as people become more aware of the power of individual action — once somebody's done something like taking hostages, the first terrorist action, you can't close Pandora's Box — people know you can get certain results if you take certain actions — and there are going to be more and more splinter extremist groups of all political persuasions, and the result of that is going to be inevitably grave sophistication of population control, control of dissidence within society for the good of everyone; whether that's a bad thing or not is a very tricky point, and it'll need a lot of argument. But the fact is that millions and millions of pounds are being spent on research into particular systems of neutralising people of this kind — there's a very strong situationist truism, that the way to neutralise dissidence is to actually absorb it — you do that in this country with for instance art, by encouraging it to a limited extent — if you fund people, give them grants, things like that, and you attach conditions and small print to all that and the whole thing

becomes totally harmless and it has no effect on anyone, except as a decorative harmless activity, as irrelevant as something like opera — and that's a very well-documented technique of totalitarian society. In Britain the big civil servants are far too sophisticated to indulge in very obvious repressive action, things you get in South American banana states, they're far too clever to do that, far too clever to be seen doing that; it's only relatively occasionally you get these slip-ups, but if you don't make yourself aware of how it's being done, then you won't know it's being done to you. If somebody started thinking of a way of putting out subliminal indoctrination through TV you wouldn't know about it unless you were one of the technicians who set it up or unless you had some inside information, and so I would ideally like to do work which was vaguely dangerous, I don't know if I should have the capability or the patience to technically find out things like that, so I'm more concerned with conveying the *mood* of things like that. I admit it's a fairly limited effect, through this presentation, as regards it as a whole, but with something like a magazine you're going to get a little bit further, but of course if you're going to have a real effect in society you wouldn't be doing anything like that at all, you'd go round bombing very carefully selected targets and stuff like that — you'd take direct action, you wouldn't go round trying to influence people at all. People in Britain are so

apathetic and so well-off relatively, that all they want to do is maintain the status quo at all costs, and that applies to the vast majority of the British public. Things like the Day Of Action went so feebly, it wasn't anything to do with the politics, but because most of the workers are simply too greedy to give up a day of pay."

I would have thought that the people who would identify with the magazine (and your other projects) would be the ones who were fairly 'aware' already.

"Yes, that's true, but they're only aware in isolation, like I've been going round attracting talent for this magazine for a year or so, and a lot of the places I go I find it's the same kind of mood, I keep on finding people doing the same kind of thing — they think they're doing it on their own, but there's a lot of people who don't have any kind of mouthpiece for how they feel about, well, the particular mood which our magazine will be a representative of. It's not performing a service to a community of any kind, but it's performing a service, if you like, to individual people. But I find loads of people who've independently arrived at the same sort of conclusions, and have the same sort of feelings. For instance, when I did this set of a hundred cards, I'd previously tried to do a set which I thought would be commercially interesting, playing down to the rather naff tastes of people who buy a lot of postcards, and the thing bombed disastrously. But because I wasn't doing these designs with a view to publication, I just did exactly what I wanted, I thought 'oh well, people won't understand most of these, but who cares' . . . I mean of course these aren't politically . . . they're very frivolous, but they do sort of draw on the vocabulary of the things that I'm interested in. But I didn't think that a lot of people would respond to it, because I didn't think that many people thought like I did, but I was very surprised at how many people did get the references, and all the captions were deliberately designed to be non-specific; they didn't need captions, in a way, but I thought I'd put them on to give a hand to whatever theories people might construct about what is going on in the pictures. I realised that I wasn't unique in my ideas, so why not try and do something like this magazine.

The most important thing about the method of production for me, is to have complete independence and complete editorial control, which extends not only to the publishing part but to the actual editorial office part of it. I want to be completely dictatorial about what goes into it, and I'll be setting all the content and various people will 'treat' the ideas that I have, people who are much better than me at writing. And I'm doing it entirely to please myself and I hope that once again there will be a response. This magazine doesn't have a convenient genre-hook to hand it on. It's just full of the things I've always wanted to

get out of my system.

My biggest literary influence is encyclopaedias — you look at the old '40s, '50s ones, there's tons of pictures and explanations, with very worthy moral objectives, to educate, and they're actually intensely fascinating, and that work is entirely anonymous. And the same with this — we just wanna present information we think is very interesting and we think people ought to know about, and we present it boldly and strikingly. And a lot of the information we present will be wilfully distorted, in a journalistic sense, and we'll take stuff that was intended in one way and present it in a completely different manner, by attaching different contexts. There's a lot of stuff we've lifted from things — why should we bother to write it ourselves when other people have done it so much better? — it's the xerox ethic — why should we bother to draw or paint pictures when you can get them done much better by other people, put it through a machine, transform it, attach different labels to it and all the rest of it, and count it your own work. So a lot of it's going to be pinching things, but it doesn't mean it's plagiarism, because it won't be straight pinching. If we pinched a Reader's Digest article, it wouldn't be printed as a Reader's Digest article, it would become something completely different in the process, reflecting both the Reader's Digest and its readership, and our interests.

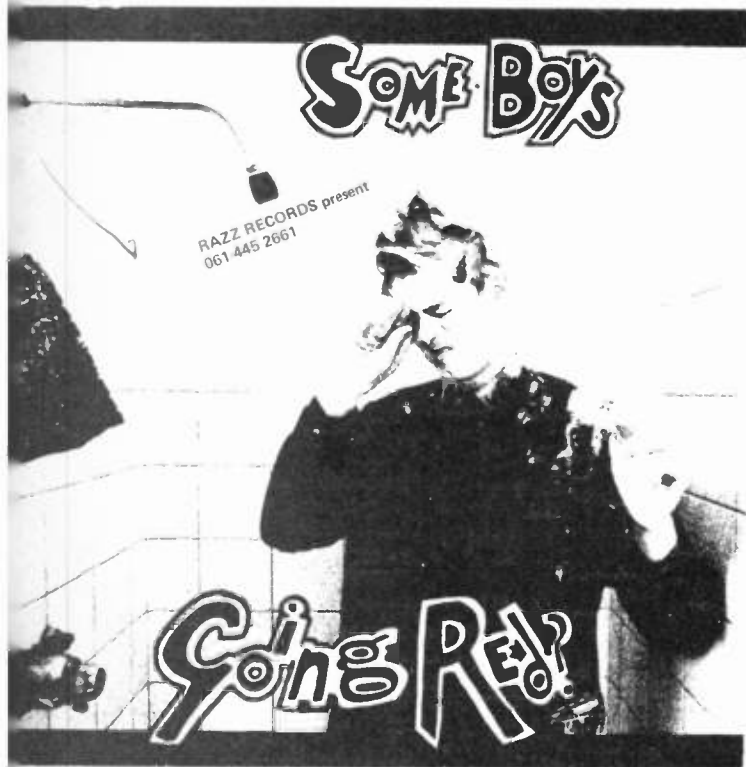
I'm sure it will be accused of being a fascist organ by some people, simply because there's things attacking life in Soviet Russia and things like that, but on the other hand we're attacking life in all sorts of different places, in various kind of whimsical ways, and you shouldn't get the impression that it's going to be wildly hard-hitting journalism — I don't really care about that side of it either."

He seems afraid of admitting that he actually *cares*, and the fact that he is an artist and not a terrorist betrays that he knows very well, that any real change in society must come from a change in each individual. I'm rather sceptical about this population-control business, but I'm also rather ignorant about this population-control business, which is just the way THEY would want it, if THEY exist.

Another of his projects is the 'clandestine organisation' previously alluded to, ATOM AGENCY, which, "committed to the downfall of decorative art . . . and . . . determined to establish a reign of terror . . . will tirelessly seek recognition for the regime's disobedient heirs". It intends to achieve this by organising an independent production and distribution system for work which "combines the dynamism of provocative new statements with certain ageless and classic qualities".

Art which *does* something. I think John Stalin is in touch with the modern world.

ANDREW HOBBS



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Review 'No One Here Gets Out Alive — The Biography of Jim Morrison'

by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman,
published by Warner Books, New York

In 1964, young Jim Morrison went to the University of California, Los Angeles, where he took courses in film-making and studied Greek and Latin classics. He also met keyboard player Ray Manzarek. Later, when Ray was living in Venice, California, the pair ran into each other again. According to the legend, Jim sang the first few lines of 'Moonlight Drive' — "Let's swin to the moon/ Let's climb through the tide/ Penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide" — and Ray was suitably impressed. "I'd never heard lyrics to a rock song like that before," he later recalled. "We talked for a while and decided to get a group together and make a million dollars."

That was the start of it.

Jim and Ray subsequently teamed up with guitarist Robbie Krieger and drummer John Densmore and went on to find fame as The Doors. They released a string of brilliant albums (and one duff one — 'The Soft Parade') and made their million dollars.

Several times over. They also stirred up a lot of controversy. The most notorious event of their entire career was undoubtedly the Miami Flash, when Jim allegedly gave around 12,000 Doors' fans an unexpected view of his dick. But there were many other run-ins with the law, and most of them were Jim's fault. He was always violently opposed to all forms of authority. Now, with the advantage of hindsight, it seems that his entire career was conceived and carried out as a kind of grand gesture of rebellion — a way of spitting in society's face.

'No One Here Gets Out Alive', is written in the style of a lurid 'True Confessions' magazine — a very American style. The authors recount all the details of Jim's private life with a kind of prurient, voyeuristic glee. The book contains dozens of sleazy anecdotes — Jim threatening to cut a girlfriend's stomach open with a carving knife; Jim "butt-fucking" a casual pickup; Jim taking the piss

out of a wheelchair-bound paraplegic; Jim lying on the floor of a recording studio "in a spreading stain of urine," Jim pulling American rock writer Patricia Kennedy's diaphragm out and throwing it around like a frisbee.

And so on.

In their determination to present a 'true' picture of Jim — warts and all — Hopkins and Sugerman bring to mind a passage from 'The Lords', one of Jim's books of verse: "... most of the press were vultures, descending on the scene for curious America aplomb. Cameras inside the coffin, interviewing worms."

Well, what did I want, — some kind of phoney, pseudo-romantic whitewash job? Yeah, in the final analysis, I suppose I did. Jim's been my hero for as long as I've been seriously listening to music. I wanted a book that would reinforce my view of him as a tortured genius, forever shaking his fist at the sky. The last thing I wanted was a catalogue of his scatological obsessions; his interest in "butt-picking and masturbation" (!); his habit of pissing all over the place; and his drawings of men with pricks

as big as baseball bats and slime running from their anuses (these drawings "were imbued with a sophistication and subtle humour unusual in someone just fourteen," the authors assure us).

Visually, 'No One Here' traces Jim's gradual decline from a handsome young sex symbol into a fat, broken-down alcoholic. I have an extensive collection of Doors memorabilia, but even so, some of the pictures are new to me. There's even one of him simulation fellatio on Tobbie's guitar — a trick later stolen by David Bowie.

If nothing else, 'No One Here' paints a vivid and frightening picture of the rigours of stardom. But as a biological work, I personally find it very unsatisfactory. In his foreword, Sugerman states unequivocally that in his view "Jim Morrison was a god." Nevertheless, 'No One Here' makes him seem more like a spoiled brat with a colossal personality problem. If you're a Doors fan you'll want to see a copy. But be warned: reading it can be a very disillusioning experience.

Pete Scott

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JOHNNY THUNDERS

"A lot of people don't think

they can count on me,

but I've never missed a gig in my life."

Since last issue's drug piece — referring to the perfidy of turn-of-the-century European governments in their hypocritical attitude to raising revenue via the burgeoning opium trade — and the eventual synthesis of heroin, I have abandoned any further attempts to elaborate on the problem's escalation to present-day standards because the welter of conflicting and expansive information — plus my own thoughts on the matter are simply too damn hard to delineate — not for myself — and in the light of the welter of reference books I should never have picked up in the first place.

The point is, where to start? It's an impossible subject to get a handle on.

Apart from the fact that a) some things are best left unsaid (b) Too many vibes have been floating our way suggesting that ZigZag is becoming some sort of Notting Hill "High Times."

However, before we start in on a rather salacious Johnny Thunders' piece, written on location in New York, I'd like to leave you with a nice touch of 'curative' irony.

You may remember, in the preface I wrote to the US drugs' article (ZZ 105), I commented upon, "the hypocrisies of a National Health Service that will only provide minimal 'maintenance' treatment (ironically of a pharmaceutical nature).

Now, you may think I'm digressing, but, what follows in the interview bears directly on the above.

Drug Treatment Centres are common in their methods both here and in the US. The idea is that most potential candidates for treatment — as out-patients — only resort to a clinic when they've nothing left to borrow, steal or hock — ie they're SICK (and I'm sure you know the symptoms) — for this reason each unit has at least three Johns and a plastic sofa to write on.

Having taken this first step they are then required to take part in a half hour form-filling interview and provide a urine sample (to ascertain whether opiates are present in their bloodstream). They are then cheered with the welcoming news that they must wait six weeks (a urine sample a week) until 'Assessment Day'.

Hence, having, at last, drawn up enough courage — even in such a debilitated state — they are literally cast back on the street (just at the moment when they most need help, their final *cri de coeur*, as it were) to continue proving to an apparently sceptical staff (of psychiatric nurses) that they are bona fide junkies — to continue the daily/hourly grind of scoring.

I.e. to prove that you need help — often when all other personal attempts to come-off have failed — the law requires you to go out and commit further felonies — and since many junkies wrongly believe that the tests conducted are quantitative (ie the more junk they can consume, the better, more effective treatment they'll receive at the end of a methadone linctus bottle) they actually UP their daily intake.

'Assessment' requires that you abstain from drugs the day before, then spend the whole of the following day withdrawing in the clinic ante-room whilst nurses appear irregularly to shine torches in your eyes (to check the contraction of your pupils) look for signs of gooseflesh, the runs etc until, towards early evening you are summoned into the staff room and, quite literally, drilled, to see if you're faking it, and make sure you answer somewhat loaded questions in the approved manner.

The entire staff of around a dozen are there, along with a doctor, who does most of the questioning.

You are then dismissed whilst the panel decide on your fate — the optimum minimum maintenance dose of methadone linctus — to keep you stabilised, able to hold down a job etc — being around the 40 millilitre mark.

Methadone* was synthesised by the Germans during WW 2 as a synthetic analgesic when morphine became scarce — it's chief attributes (in its present oral form) are that it is supposed to stabilise the individual, allay needle fixations, block the effects of heroin and is a means to weaning the addict off drugs when reduced in carefully measured amounts over a long period. It's main drawback is that it's *highly* addictive and extremely difficult, in the latter stages (both physically and psychologically) to kick. Extreme depression, mild forms of heroin-style cramps, weakness, 'mood swings' and mental disturbances of an intensity that the patient, with no fore-warning from the clinic, finds quite horrifying ("Am I going mad etc?").

The only difference between the prescribing of methadone between here and the US is that UK addicts pick up their supply on a daily pre-arranged basis from a chemist, whereas, in the US addicts must "take their medicine" on the premises of the clinic — to avoid any of it reaching the black market.

Apart from requiring a certain amount of desperation to get involved in such a scheme, the addict must have a lot of guts and a genuine desire to be cured — which, in common with alcoholism demands that he first admit to himself that He IS AN ADDICT.

The following interview with Johnny Thunders illustrates this nicely. It would appear that he doesn't REALLY want to be cured (viz. his experience with Meg Patterson's electrocure) and that, as Keith Richards was saying to the press a few years back, he's coming out with all the superficial justifications: particularly the one about "it doesn't affect my work at all": as any clinic or specialist will tell you, in order to be cured you have to really sincerely *want* to be; and not just as a means to effecting a resurrection of an old lifestyle because 'the heroin life' has become repetitious.

PETE ERSKINE

* also known as phylseptone.

It's coming on for election time in the States which means that the New York police have put a big clampdown on the drug scene to show the american public what a clean place they live in — which means that about ten safe places to score had been busted in the last week leaving only the dodgy ones still in operation. Also there were police hanging round for a lot of the time ensuring a long wait and walk around down on East Houston and Suffolk Street

Johnny had just gone off to check things out and some guy in a shop started talking to me and saying it would be okay to cop off him the next morning, okay, trouble was he decided I'd been taping him talking about smack on my cassette machine and when I looked up there was a gun in his hand; Nikki makes split-second decisions etc: — either I could stand there and things would get heavy or I could walk out and see what happened — I chose the latter and luckily the guy didn't follow me — I went out and had a soda in a corner bar until Johnny reappeared; he'd been able to get some bags so we could go back to the 3rd Avenue and 4th Street apartment where he was staying. We did a lot of talking while we were walking around — most of which was covered in the interview.

From the moment the Dolls splattered across the tv screen on an early 70's OGWT I was hooked — they were one of the bands I was interested in along with T. Rex, Bowie and Mott — it took me until summer '79 to get really into the Stones and most of the other 60's bands didn't appeal to me. The whole truly chaotic shambles epitomised the pure tackiness of glam rock, bringing it home in a way that even Marc Bolan and David Bowie's their most debauched only touched. The Dolls worked cos they made it all appear so natural and uncontrived — the same way the Pistols did in the early days — disturbing and even threatening but only because the whole idea appealed so much. And in the midst of the Dolls thrashing away on late night BBC2 was a mess of black hair holding onto and desperately playing guitar.

Johnny Thunders was the hero of the Dolls and he was the one (along with Jerry Nolan) who came back with a band that lived up to all that gone before. The Heartbreakers were one of the main bands of 76/77 and then (apart from random farewell gigs still going on nowadays) they were gone to. So Johnny made a solo album, played one more London gig and then went back to New York; he formed Gang War with ex-MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer in 1979 (an ep will be out as soon as it gets mixed) — and then that folded as well. Which leaves Johnny in New York jamming a lot with friends and playing occasional Heartbreakers gigs (three in the last year), and solo sets (under the title

of the 'So Alone Revue'). And leads to me bumping into him at Max's a couple of times in October 1980 and getting to do this interview...

What went wrong with the Heartbreakers and led to the formation of Gang War?

Jerry's leaving the Heartbreakers was because of Walter, everything went to Walter's head — it was all new for him to get any kind of recognition at all, and Billy was just a fucking arsehole and he still is and Jerry just got fed up and bugged off. I mean, me and Jerry been playing together for seven years now and me and Jerry splitting up is worse than losing a wife or a girlfriend — we got Terry Chimes to play drums but it was never the same without Jerry.

Well I quit the Heartbreakers cos there was a whole fucking problem getting on with Walter and getting along with Billy — I just lost interest in working with them. I always wanted to play with Wayne Kramer — he was a teenage idol of mine when I was a kid. He came up and jammed at a Heartbreakers gig in Detroit and I ended up staying in Detroit for eight months and we started playing together but it was like from two really different generations so it didn't gel on a personal kinda magic thing on stage — musically it was great — I learned a lot from playing with Wayne. MC5 were a really good band — when they were bad they were bad, when they were good they were fuckin' great. I saw them in London a bunch of times and in America twenty/twenty-five times — they were my only teenage idols.

I wrote all new songs and we did a few oldies that I liked: 'As Tears Go By', 'I'd Rather Be With The Boys' from the Stones' Metamorphosis album — a James Brown tune 'I Go Crazy' — Fats Domino one 'I'm Gonna Be A Wheel Someday'; 'The Ten Commandments Of Love', 'Rambling Rose' and 'The Harder They Come'. And I wrote a whole bunch of new songs: 'There's A Little Bit Of Whore In Every Girl', 'Alone In A Crowd', 'MIA', 'You Call Me Gypsy' and 'Just Because I'm White (Why Do You Treat Me Like A Nigger)' — No Heartbreakers or Dolls songs — I got plenty of other material so I don't need to fall back on that.

The end of Gang War?

We did two shows over two nights and Wayne Kramer didn't wanna play the second night cos I wasn't paying him enough money. So it ended up with me and Peter Perrett and he only knew a limited number of songs that we both could do and David and Sylvain came up and helped me — the real friends and the real boys came through. Sylvain's trying to put a new band together, they (the old band) split from David then they split from Sylvain. I never want to be a guitar hero if that's what it takes to be a guitar hero (like the guitar posers who made up the Staten Island Band). All these kids

make music so competitive where music is not a competitive thing — it's there for people to enjoy.

London 69?

I went to see what was happening, check out the scene — I went with a girlfriend — I saw about sixty bands and was there for about three months: Tyrannosaurus Rex at the Roundhouse, Steamhammer, all these incredible bands, I saw the Free, Terry Reid — he was like one of my real big idols — Jackie Lomax — his first album is one of my favourite albums out. I grew up listening to music, my sister was seven years older than me so she played all the girl groups — that's how I heard all that stuff. I love sixties bands... the Stones... I mean the Stones will never be the Stones without Brian — Brian was the main driving force — Keith is a great guitar player and a great writer but Brian was the Rolling Stones sound. I hated them when they had Mick Taylor but I really hate them with Ron Wood, there were a lot better choices.

Why did you start playing guitar?

I always wanted to be a guitar player — I always wanted to be a drummer really but I could never keep a beat — who influenced me? — guys like Herbert Sornin, he's Howlin' Wolf's guitar player — Steve Cropper, Freddie King, Keith — when I started the Dolls I was the bass player and Arthur Kane was guitar player — so I played better guitar than he did so we switched. Sylvain taught me everything I know about playing rock and roll.

The singles with Billy Murcia on drums (Bad Girl, Subway Train — came out as semi-bootlegs a year or so back) — oh those were horrible. That was the first time we were ever in the studio, we'd been together about a month — they're horrible.

So what went wrong with the Dolls?

We were still playing the old songs and we'd written half a new set — me and Jerry wanted to go back to New York and do some new songs and have a whole new set instead of playing the same old stuff — and they wanted to stay down in Florida and play those dates and all these big places — and we didn't think it was the right thing to do so me and Jerry split — and Richard Hell at the same time quit Television so we joined together and got Walter — he'd been in a band called the Demons — he sure changed a lot.

Why did Richard leave?

He wanted to sing all the songs — conflicts of interest — so I quit the band and the band came with me and stayed with me — oh, it was a great band with Richard...

Admittedly a lot of ZigZag these days seems to feature drugs — but as far as the Johnny and Keith interviews go they have some relevance as far as that they have played a largish part in their lives...

The New York drug scene? — yea, its so full of shit — every place you turn now — all these kids who used to put me down for taking heroin, they're all doing it themselves — its become a really trendy thing — I mean everybody thinks its really cool to do — they don't know how it destroys ones fucking life — yea, speaking from personal experience, but knowing when to get out of it — y'know its something that I have no regrets about but its not something that I'll do forever. I mean every fucking place you go now you run into it from thirteen year old girls to fifty year old men.

All the kids think they gotta shoot heroin and play guitar and they're accepted and they're cool and they're "I", a popstar man" — they're so fucking lame — they have no conception of what rock and roll is about — they just, y'know, shoot up, think they're a popstar — then they get straight and they realise they're just the pieces of shit they were before they got high — y'know these kids get high and they live in this fantasy world.

Why did you start on smack?

Why did I start — kicks — it sure fucking kicked the shit out of me — hal — I don't advise anyone to ever take it — it's really fucking awful — all these young kids who take it nowadays — it's just so trendy to do — they don't realise what it really does to you — y'know it takes them over... yea, I'm pretty healthy considering...

Yea, I'm gonna try (to kick smack) — I want to acupuncture treatment for a couple of months — same place Keith went to — it just got a little too embarrassing at one time — they put staples in my ears and I had this little box — it's supposed to take away the sickness y'know but its a whole bunch of bullshit — and if you go for treatment you have to stick pins in here, pins in there — so much — sit down in like a dentists chair and they put this buzzing thing on you — I didn't really give it a fair enough chance but I don't think it would've worked...

I'm gonna try to be cured — I've never tried before in my life — I've been on heroin eight years and I just want to try a different style of life — it made me split up from my wife — it ruined a lot of things for me — a lot of chances. A lot of people don't think they can count on me, but I've never missed a gig in my life — it doesn't affect my musical life at all. All these people think I'm gonna die in the next week an I'll outlive all those fuckin' assholes man, cos I want to live.

A lot of people want to die for a lot of reasons. Take smack cos I enjoy it — I enjoy all it makes me feel — I don't do it to be in with the in crowd or shit like that — I do it because I enjoy it, if I didn't enjoy it I would never do it, and if it interfered with my

"All these kids think you gotta shoot up to play good guitar; they wanna be accepted and 'cool' and play the popstar — they're so lame; when they get straight they realise they're just the same they were before they got high..."

music I would never do it. I can rock out with it, I can rock out without it — it doesn't affect my performance at all. It hasn't hurt my music, it hurt my credibility, y'know, in the industry — but what does the industry understand? what they read? and how much of what you read is true? Many people love me, many people hate me — there's nobody in between — that's the way I prefer it. I mean no-one really knows me — people think they know me. People write all this shit like I'm a big heavy drug scene — fuck all that — too many people assume too many things, they'll never know the real me — except my wife — we're separated at the moment but we'll be back together real soon. I've got three boys — they look like me — they're called, Dino, Guido and little Johnny. My kids are everything to me — they're my whole life — I mean the oldest one, he's four years old, knows all the words to all my songs — won't sing 'em in front of me — he'll sing 'em with the headphones on. Kids are a lot of responsibility but they mean more to me than music, mean more than anything to me.

"So Alone"? — it's the only album that I've ever done that I'm proud of — production wise — cos I did it myself — I had no one to argue with. Anything else I did there was always someone in the band that wanted something this way. This time I had complete control, it's produced by me, Peter Perrett and Steve Lilywhite — I called all the shots. I used to write tons of ballads and I just could never do them with the Dolls or the Heartbreakers because they didn't like playing ballads and they didn't like slow songs — that's the main reason why I did the 'So Alone' album, so I could get my favourite ballads out. I recorded 'So Alone', and a Marc Bolan song 'The Wizard' — I heard Tyran Rex do that back in '69 — I played acoustic and there was Chris Wood, Peter Perret and BP Fallon playing harmonica — but I just couldn't capture the right feeling — they'll never come out.

Guitar playing? — I don't give guitar lessons y'know — I don't rehearse or nothing like that — I just write my songs and teach them to the band a couple of times, tell them what they have to play and they get it together. I play just to make the kids dance — all I wanna do is entertain — I'm going to be goin on till I die — rock and roll's my life — its the only thing I can do, its the only thing I wanna do — its the only thing I will do — and I'll never sell out — some of my best friends have but I'll never sell out.

Johnny spends a lot of the time watching television, especially baseball which he still loves: I used to play baseball from 8:00 in the morning till 8:00 the next night everyday and loved it — in Queens right out in Manhattan.

The second time I went round to his place (a friend's apartment where he's staying) we spent half an hour or so swapping clothes — Johnny got my pair of white Johnson boots and my fave shirt (a



NICKI SUDDEN

red pyjama jacket) — and me, I did okay with a white dress shirt, black jacket and two pairs of shoes (the second of which I paid Johnny \$40 for — £18).

Johnny is really okay — and very together. He just wants to get a good new record deal (Sire bought the US rights to 'So Alone' but refuse to issue it there). The blues based outfit he wanted to put together has so far proved financially impossible as all the participants would have to have been kept on a regular wage. There's the Gang War ep coming out soon

and a Heartbreakers live at Max's volume 2 which I've been told by various sources is superb — lots of new songs and all.

Then theres a new band — possibly Johnny and Jerry back together again, along with various other people that I'm not allowed to name. Johnny just says to hang in there cos he'll be back.

Ah well, we were ahead of our time (the Dolls) — its just how some things happen — I'll be around in 15/20 years — those guys'll be around a year or two — everybody gets what they deserve

in the end. (So you're a survivor?) — I had no choice — everybody has their rich suburban parents they can run to — most of 'em at least — I don't even have a guitar — my guitar just got robbed. Well, I don't try anything that isn't me; and most people try that — y'know fake whatever they do — I'm a little more realistic than most of those. I know what I am and I can play rock and roll — thats what I wanna do and thats what I'm gonna do.

Got any regrets? No, I wouldn't change a thing . . . except my bank account.

BLADES/THOMPSON TWINS/YES LP

new music news

THE INDEPENDENT ROCK WEEKLY VOL.1 NO.15 25p WEEKENDING AUGUST 17

The 'phone rang one afternoon early last May. "Hello is that **Joan Komlosy**? My name is **Mark Williams** I used to write for *Melody Maker*". I muttered suitable 'have heard of you' noises. He continued, "because of the strike and *Melody Maker* and the *NME* being out of action, I have decided to launch a new paper — and either make a quick kill, or if it's successful, continue to run it. I'm desperate for copy and **Tony Brainsby** has recommended you. He says you're good and fast." (I am, I am.). "Do you have anything we could use?" I suppose I could rehash the *XTC* feature that had just gone in *Jackie* (yes I *know* — but one *has* to eat). "Fine. When can you bring it in? Tonight? That's great."

XTC (or *TCX*) as it had now become) clutched in my hot little hand (you typing at 250 wpm YOUR hand would be hot), I headed for Rathbone Place.

Bunch Books is a small publishing company run by **Felix Dennis**.

Felix, for those not old enough to remember, was a key figure in the "Oz" trials; "Oz" and that other sadly missed "comic" "I.T." being his other publication. As one time editor of "Which Bike" (a *Bunch* publication) **Mark Williams** naturally took his idea to **Felix** and within seven days "New Music News" was launched. As **Mark** summed up in his editorial, "NMN: seven days of music in seven days." The first issue came out with a spoof cover story 'Blondie To Split?' Brilliant move. That shifted a few copies. There has been teething troubles like the typesetting had broken down, so there were rather more pictures than planned. Subheaded "Collectors Edition" and dedicated to the late **Kevin Sparrow**, NMN hit the news stands.

Mark had recruited quite a team: **Brian Harrigan**, alias **Johnny Bordello**, was News Editor. **Giovanni Dadomo** was the Reviews Editor, **Vic Lime**, senior writer; **Gracie Fields** alias **Candice B. Reel**, **Mark Ellen**, and many others. The pseudonyms were used simply to a) be stupid b) cover up their moonlighting. *N.M.* and *NME* were not amused by NMN's emergence and would not have taken kindly to seeing their own writers appearing in this despised newcomer. In fact not only staff writers were forbidden to have anything to do with it, but free-lancers also. This was supreme arrogance on the corporate papers' behalf and hardly the maverick ethic one would have liked to see.

Free-lancers, always the worst to suffer in these situations, were really hit. I was told politely by *Record Mirror* that as I was writing for NMN my services would not be required now, due to their not wishing to create 'crossover' situations. However, I was told, if I left NMN I could probably go

back! It looked as if the opportunities would be better at NMN so I had no hesitation but to swear my allegiance (and of course NMN had no objection to my writing for *Time Out* etc, as well).

For the first time there was a paper with humour. The footnotes for example were witty and often hilarious — OUR tongue in YOUR cheek — Taking up where the Monopolies Commission left off — If you can't join 'em, beat 'em —

few issues were impossible: eight people crammed into one tiny office (we know the feeling, *ZigZag*), working until one and two in the morning. **Mark** began to take on the persona of a crazed sleepwalker. He was beginning to lose his sense of humour too, I thought.

The third issue came out.

Everyone — though tired, underpaid, underfed, drugged silly — was now so involved that it had become a way of life. The paper was selling reasonably well — for early days — but money was still a problem. **Mark** and I went to "Zanzibar" for a champagne dinner (you can see why money was a problem), and he told me it was Decision Day: whether to keep the paper — which meant sinking a lot more money into it — or knock it on the head. I said he would be a fool. The paper was receiving so much praise and good wishes from people like **Roger Daltrey**, **Boz Scaggs**, **Phil Lynott** and **Jimmy Pursey** — and even the music press now (with the exception of *ZigZag* who were supportive from the start — thanks!), to lose it now would be outrageous.

Tight lipped, **Mark** said, "But we can't go on working under these conditions we're all worn out and irritable".

He then spent the rest of the night on the 'phone to the States, attempting to raise the necessary dough. "O.K. we're keeping it going, but only on the condition that we find premises this week."

Unfortunately they had to be within walking distance of *Bunch* and the typesetters, which meant finding somewhere around the Tottenham Court Road area.

Pushed, we had to take three small rooms in The Fashion Centre in Mortimer Street. They weren't ideal but for us heaven was on the fourth floor. When **Brian Ferry** was reputed to be in the Middlesex hospital opposite, **Gio** leant out of the window and shouted "give us an interview **Brian**, give us a scoop." We didn't get that one, but we *did* get others. *The Stones* and *Bowie* albums, for example. The first issue to come out of Mortimer Street was the Special 'Special' Issue and had a *Christlike Ronnie James Dio* on the cover and captioned *Sabbath*, *Bloody Sabbath*.

Mark was becoming more withdrawn, merely snapping out orders like an anorexic Sergeant Major.

"He can get run over by a bus for all I care."

"If he talks to me once more like that I'll ram my typewriter down his bloody throat."

"He can fuck off and die," were just some of the sentiments echoing round the office. We were a little coterie who cared about the paper, but resented this transmogrified, dictatorial editor. We knew how hard he was working, it was *his* baby and therefore the pressures were enormous, but we lesser hacks (also pressurised, remember), hadn't much time for compassion and understanding. The answer seemed to be to get pissed every night in the worst pub in London. Mind you it was difficult



A mere hack-sore on the fret-board of life — It may be lonely at the top but it's fuckin' crowded at the bottom etc. etc. There were also references like — The boss plays drums — Typesetter lays bass (I think that should have read 'plays'. Oh I dunno though) — Roadie plays six string — Alex plays Sax

— **Fiona** sings backing vocals on *Vangelis* album, proving that here were no ordinary inky fingered hacks but genuine music lovers, a quality lacking in so many euphemistically titled 'rock' journalists.

Working conditions for the first

getting pissed in there as they hated serving us.

Chucked out at closing time we'd stagger into Charlotte Street for a Greek (Gio's was always prettier than mine), and then it was "all back to Joans' place". I, unfortunately, lived the nearest so it was MY Scotch we hit until four or five in the morning. Does this sound a bit like the downfall of Rome? Hang on a bit.

We had been at Mortimer Street for three weeks when Mark suddenly announced his resignation. He literally pissed off saying he "had no faith in NMN anymore". Everyone was astounded and upset, although relieved.

Giovanni was particularly upset that Mark had not taken him into his confidence.

Marh was annoyed that Gio didn't decide to leave in support, but as Gio said "I believe in the paper, why should I?" Felix called a meeting with Gio, said HE was prepared to carry on and would he — Gio — take over as editor. He did — and issue eight saw the light of day.

Gio had a problem, he could not get up in the morning, so Brian Harrigan was the surrogate ed. between 10 am and 1 pm, whilst Gio got into gear later — usually about 6.00 pm in the pub. Most of his clever ideas were conceived at the fruit machine. Gio was definitely not meant to sit behind a desk reading yards of often exceedingly dull copy. Gio is a creative animal and as such was perhaps in my opinion, the wrong

choice for editor. Naturally he was not writing as much and his personal life was also suffering. Having a row with the picture editor in front of the staff is one thing, but when she also happens to be your wife...

The paper was still looking good. We had some great photographers (including Simon Reeves), and a new designer who came up with some eye-catching covers. Unfortunately we weren't catching enough advertising and our circulation was falling (a fact we were unaware of until Judgement Day). Even though we had commandeered some of "Record Mirror's" advertising we still weren't pulling in enough. Nevertheless more people joined us — Ian Birch left MM as reviews editor to take over the same position on NMN, John Tobler and Miles were writing for us. Gio was desperately in need of a holiday and decided to go on Wednesday, August the Thirteenth. On the Friday I went to the pub as usual and was greeted with long faces. "I know, the landlord's banned us all. He's decided all this buying rounds is a load of rubbish and can we go and make a nuisance of ourselves somewhere else. No?"

"The paper's folded," an ashen faced Brian Harrigan announced, then continued, "Felix passed round a memo about an hour ago — here, in the pub. He's not even bringing out next week's issue, and it's all laid out ready to go."

I found it hard to believe that NMN no longer existed, that I would not be drinking in this

ghastly pub, that my sofas would not have these bodies on them, that I would have to go grovelling back to "Record Mirror". In two seconds I saw my whole (new way of) life flash before me.

Felix bounded in — a bit too sprightly I thought — and said there was nothing else for it. The paper was losing a tidy sum every week and he could no longer sustain it. There was a chance we could be saved by an American backer. Everyone, anyway, would be paid for the work they had done. (Fuck that, who cares? Money, for us, was NOT the issue) He then played pinball for half an hour, whooping with delight at a good ball. It was depressing to watch a businessman at play. That was the difference between him and us. He was not touched by having the creative rug pulled from under our feet. His were cold facts — bank statement vs. soul statement.

Gio returned from holiday oblivious of NMN's demise. When he heard, his first reaction was to burst into Felix's office and kill him.

But being an Anglicised, hot blooded Italian, he decided against it. Nevertheless, a huge row ensued, but Felix was resolute. The paper could not survive in the current economic climate. Now that the other four were back with a vengeance, well three that is, (Melody Maker was and still is struggling desperately) there simply wasn't room for five papers. Noone denied that given more time the

paper could perhaps become the number one weekly, but time and, therefore, money was of the essence. For the next three weeks the staff turned up every day — unpaid of course — to write out proposals for potential backers, generating enough enthusiasm to convince us all we would be back in business very shortly. But slowly the realisation that NMN was slipping away hit us. And it was a sad and pathetic little group. The fight had gone out of us. We'd nothing left to say. So we finally split. I remember searching for a cynical obituary and came up with "Oh well at least I'll get the ironing done."

So where are we now? Well Gio is writing a book, Brian Harrigan has asked to be news editor of MM Ian Birch is writing for Time Out, Mark Ellen has been offered his old position back at NME (good on you Neil Spencer), Mark Williams has become a human being again and is involved with Stiff, Miles and the art director, Petty, are also working on a series of books and I'm here at ZigZag and Capital Radio (Record Mirror *wouldn't* have me back, but Sounds say they will!), and I'm sleeping more, drinking less and having a great time, but NMN will be hard to forget. It was VERY special.

P.S. Tom Hibbert — as ex-features editor is most non-plussed at having his efforts at NMN ignored (ass. ed).

JOAN KOMLOSY

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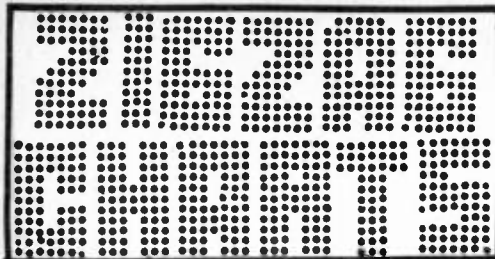
CLAY 2 PLASTIC IDOLS — ADVENTURE/REMIX
CLAY 4 DEMON (in Red Vinyl) — LIAR/WILD WOMEN
CLAY/MCA 628 GRACE — FIRE OF LONDON/BEATNIK

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3. YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS — Final Days
4. GIRLS AT OUR BEST — Warm Girls
5. RICHARD HELL — Time/Dont Die
6. THE FALL — Totally Wired
7. WAH HEAT — Better Scream
8. ADAM & THE ANTS — Kings Of The Wild Frontier
9. CLASH — Bank Robber — (Import)
10. SPIZZ ENERGY — Wheres Captain Kirk

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3. Young Marble Giants —
4. Ranking Dread — Lots of Loving
5. D.A.F. — Die Kleinen & Diebosen
6. Mikey Dread — World War III
7. Stations of the Cross
8. Cabaret Voltair — Voice of America
9. Pere UBU — Art of Walking
10. Killing Joke

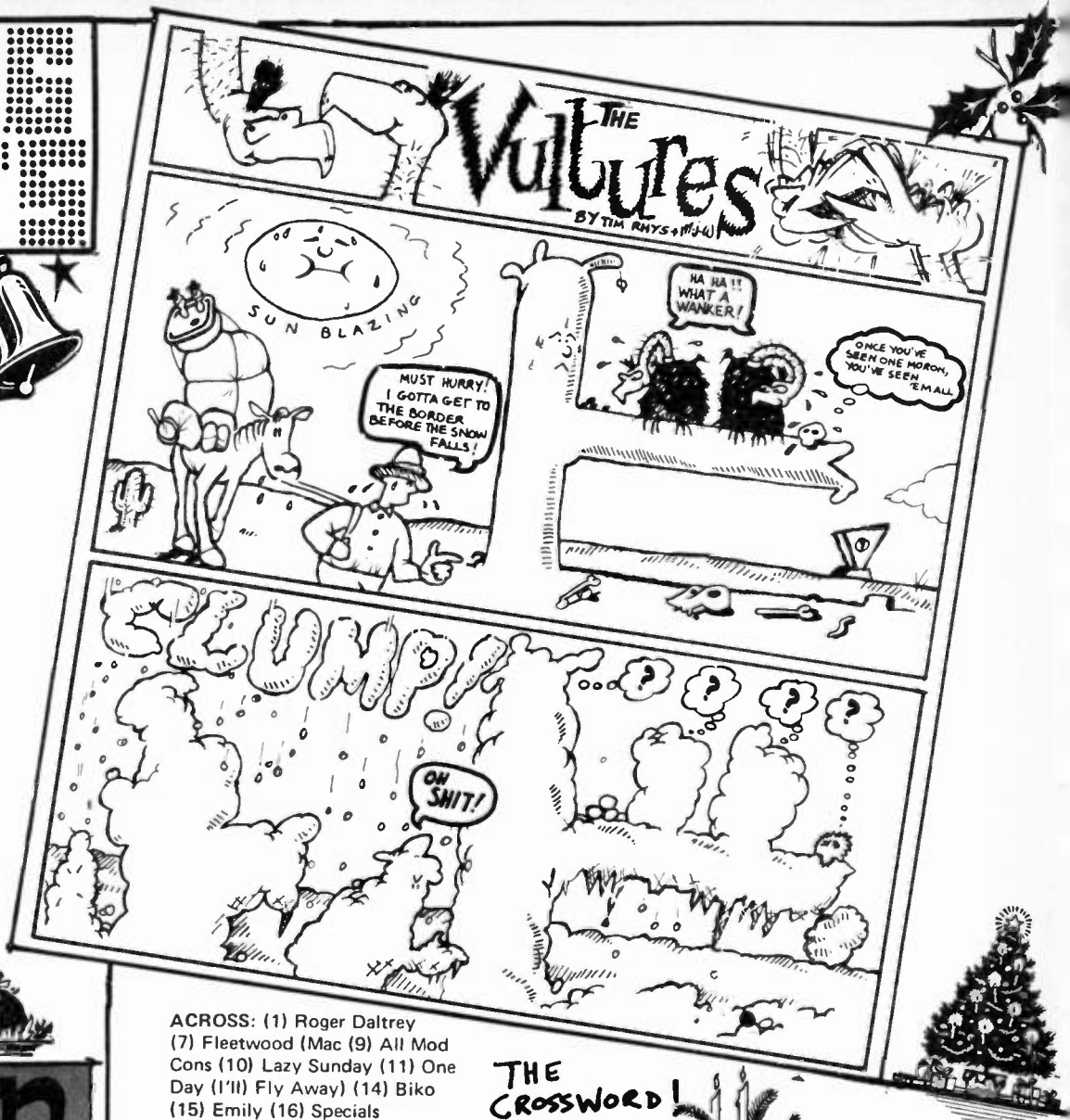
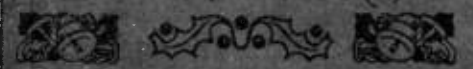


green man

CHART!

BASED ON THE NUMBER OF PLAYS ON THE JUKEBOX OF THE GREEN MAN, AYLESBURY.
(FOR OLLIE, WHO'S STILL RECOVERING FROM VISITS BY LEMMY AND BASEMENT 5-IN THE SAME MONTH! BY RAY.)

1. FASHION — DAVID BOWIE (-)
2. MR X — PAULINE MURRAY (-)
3. ACE OF SPADES — MOTORHEAD (-)
4. STROBE LIGHT — B-52'S (1)
5. MR JONES — PSYCHEDELIC FURS (1)
6. REDEMPTION SONG — WAILERS (-)
7. LEADER OF THE GANG EP — GRAY BUTTER (12)
8. TRANSMISSION — JOY DIVISION (7)
9. GYPSY BLOOD — DOLL BY DOLL (-)
10. EVENTIDE HOME — TRINITY (6)
11. ROCKABILLY GUY — POLECATS (-)
12. BOMBER — MOTORHEAD (-)
13. DRUG TRAIN — CRAMPS (3) (-)
14. HUNGRY HEART — BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
15. PRESSURE DROP EP — TOOTS (9)



ACROSS: (1) Roger Daltrey
(7) Fleetwood (Mac (9) All Mod Cons (10) Lazy Sunday (11) One Day (I'll) Fly Away) (14) Biko (15) Emily (16) Specials (18) (Kate) Bush (20) Vienna (21) EMI (25) Get It On (26) Golden Years (28) Real (30) Kate (Bush) (31) My (World) (32) Andy (33) Pretenders (34) Dizzy (35) Village People
DOWN: (2) Everynight (3) Yellow Magic Orchestra (4) (Fleetwood) Mac (5) (Brian) Jones (6) Hold Me (Close) (8) Dead Kennedys (12) (Hold Me) Close (13) Baby Love (16) Stevie Wonder (17) Union City Blue (19) Angel (22) English (Civil War) (23) (One (24) (English) Civil War) (27) Brian (Jones) (29) (My) World
CLUES DOWN

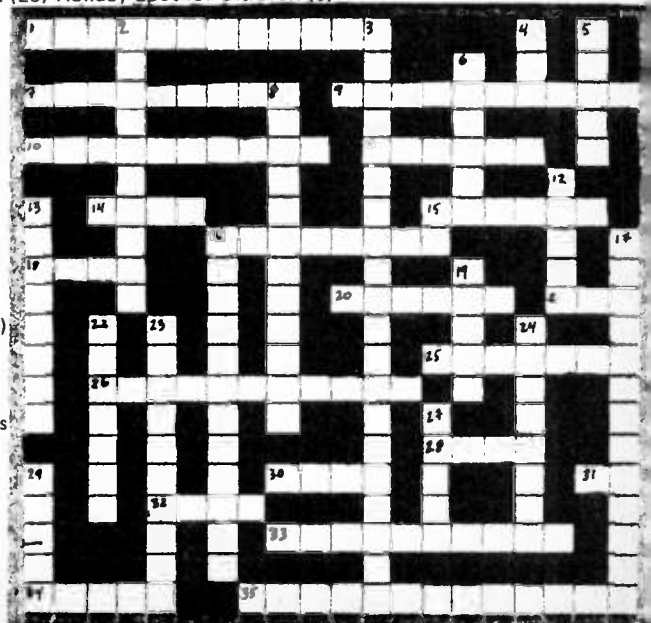
THE CROSSWORD!

CLUES ACROSS

- (1) Who's More than a Hunky Rocker? (5/7)
- (7) + 4 Down, E-Model-Fat Cow (Anagram)
- (9) Jam LP (3/3/4)
- (10) Small Faces 45 (4/6)
- (11) + 23 Down, Hit for Randy Crawford (3/3/3/4)
- (14) Peter Gabriel Single (4)
- (15) Pink Floyd Saw Her Play (5)
- (16) 15 Places (Anagram)
- (18) See 30 Across
- (20) Holiday Spot for Ultravox (6)

- (21) Record Label (1.1.1)
- (25) Old T. Rex Single (3/2/2)
- (26) Bowie Gets Nostalgic (6/5)
- (28) Record Label (40)
- (30) + 18 Across, Hut Bakes (Anagram)
- (31) + 29 Down, Secret Affair Hit (2/5)
- (32) Roxy's Mr Mackay (4)
- (33) Group with Claim to the Throne? (10)
- (34) Hit for Tommy Roe (5)
- (35) They Can't Stop The Music (7/6)

- (2) A McCartney Song put Phoebe Snow in the Charts (5/5)
- (3) Number 1 Dance Band in Tokyo (6/5/9)
- (4) See 7 Across
- (5) See 27 Down
- (6) + 12 Down, David Essex Single (4/2/5)
- (8) They Were Holidaying in Cambodia (4/8)
- (12) See 6 Down
- (13) Big Hit for the Supremes (4/4)
- (16) I've No Red Stew (Anagram 6/6)
- (17) Blondie 45 (5/4/4)
- (19) Heavenly Eyes Face or Fingers (5)
- (22) + 24 Down, Clash Single (7/5/3)
- (23) See 11 Across
- (24) See 22 Down
- (27) + 5 Down, Joe Bins Ran (Anagram)
- (29) See 31 Across



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SAFARI

Reviews

URG! GREAT O.K. RUBBISH
OH NO GOOD FANTASTIC HMMM... AWFUL WOW

The bizarre thing about doing these singles reviews is that they are written almost entirely in a kind of void. I hardly see any of the records on sale in any shop other than Rough Trade and I never get any feedback from readers who may or may not disagree with me on any record I may write about. I don't know. Write to me. Let me know what you think. Have you bought any records that I've recommended and then wished you hadn't? I wanna hear from you. This month's column is being written in Berlin, or more specifically a cosy little bar on the Kurfürstendamm where every taste is catered for...

WEST END — Fiction/The Servant (Continental TIN 001)
On the A-side of this there are two versions of 'Fiction', one normal, the other dub. A jaunty reggae beat underpins the whole thing and the song is attractive and well-delivered. A classy record all round with exceptionally good bass and keyboard work.



THE BOYS — Weekend/Cool (Safari SAFE 31)
As unfashionable as they always seem to be, I've enjoyed all The Boys' records and can't understand why they've flourished while lesser mortals have flourished. 'Weekend' is a typical jolly story of promiscuity and fun and games delivered so convincingly with melody and verve. The Boys excel with songs of a pubescent teenage mentality, they write mean tunes, their music is direct and uncomplicated, and I like them for their simple lack of pretension. Investigate all their records if you haven't already done so.

THEATRE OF HATE — Original Sin/Legion (SS3A)
Another doomy-sounding record. The standard of playing is simplistic to say the least although from the sparse opening it does build to quite an effective crescendo. The actual song isn't interesting enough though to sustain more than a couple of plays and it all sounds as if everyone concerned has tried very hard to make a lot out of what really is very little. The sleeve also bears some obviously significant word couplings like love/hate, birth/death, and sex/guilt, which should arouse your suspicions immediately.

TG — Something Came Over Me/Subhuman (Industrial Records IR0013)

Unless I'm seriously mistaken, the A-side of this waste of vinyl is a song all about wanking, the art of which TV are quite obviously extremely proficient.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX — The Robots Dance/623 (ES1)
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX — Nasty Little Green Men/Test Tube Babies (Liberty BP 378)
There seems to be an ever-increasing tendency these days to release 'follow-up' singles about 12 hours after the previous record shows the first signs of flagging in the desperate bid to clamber into the charts. Classix Nouveaux are obviously Liberty's great hope in the techno/art-rock stakes and to these jaundiced ears they sound as if they've got it all worked out nicely — mechanical beat, mechanical playing, mechanical vocals, in fact you could say that their whole approach is machine-like in its faultless performance and efficiency. Even their appearance is rigorously styled to look exactly like the prototype arty twerp-rock band — sullen, miserable-looking specimens. There is as much soul and feeling in these two records as you will find in a medium packet of cornflakes.

TUXEDOMOON — Dark Companion/59 To 1 Remix
More weirdness from those strange Ralph people. Much more palatable than previous TuxedoMoon bizarreness and even hypnotic in a muted mutant sort of way. There is at least a riff and even if the lyrics are as comprehensible as total gibberish, and even though the whole thing sounds as though it's mixed through a washing machine, I rather like it — it appeals to that part of my brain which harbours a perverse fondness for The Residents.



THE SUBTERRANEANS — My Flamingo/Veiled Women (Demon D1001)

While he was at my place the other night, drinking me out of an entire weeks supply of cheap Spanish plonk, Forlenza also thrust this at me indicating that it was the first single on Demon Records, a label with which he is associated I believe. Determined to ignore it, the striking, beautifully printed sleeve finally broke down my resistance and I played it. Staggered by its excellence I am forced to admit that it is an essential purchase for all you vinly freaks. The Subterraneans are of course fronted by one Nick Kent who I'm sure you've all heard of at one time or another, and even now, days after first hearing the record I'm completely bemused how such a powerful voice can belong to such a skimpy, wasted body.

STACEY BRIDGES

BE-BOP VERSION — Cruise Missile Blues/The Sirens (Pulp Plastic)

There's a real undercurrent of power in this record which gives it genuine tension. The chorus is a good, catchy one as well so it has 'instant accessibility' although they do overwork it a bit. I suppose the playing is what one might term 'funky' if that still has any meaning these days, and overall the whole is greater than the sum of the individual parts — which is always the sign of a good record. The B-side is a somewhat laborious semi-dub version of the A-side.



DIRTY LOOKS — Tailin' You/Automatic Pilot (Stiff BUY 89)

Very strong vocally, nice loud production, good professional-sounding record, but without the hook that it needs to make an impression amidst the zillion other releases at this time of the year. Dirty Looks were apparently the pick of the recent Stiff tour package and are probably an album band, man.

THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS — "When The Oil Runs Out pts 1 & 2" (No Wonder Records) Wonderful black and white front sleeve of mouldering 50s petrol pumps as graphical evidence of the title.

Unfortunately, as is so often the case, few concepts seem to work on all levels. To wit: the singer seems disproportionately concerned as to 'what will happen when the buses stop' in the lyrics. He obviously has a deep-seated childhood-conceived trauma — a prejudice against other fuel burners like motor mowers and paraffin heaters? Why does he offer us no solutions, either? How about running your Escort on chickenshit, for example?

Musically a bit of cleverly Duraglitpunk.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: "Seconds Too Late" (Rough Trade)
A very off-putting group name; I personally hate any group moniker that includes words like 'cabaret' allied to the bastardised use of names within the arenas of art, poetry (Rimbaud) and philosophy (eg Voltaire) — not only does it smack of artiness, but, in my mind at least, it creates implications of technological, scientific and neo-computerised learnings.

"Seconds Too Late" works on a drone rhythm and drum machine, overlaid with a chorus of crickets and cicadas specially imported by arrangement with the M.U. from the South Of France. Dream Topping is provided by anguished voices set so far back in the mix that they might've been broadcast through loudhailers from the Pas De Calais.

RIVAL SAVAGES — Get Some!/Garden Of The Damned (Savage Records VC 1968)
I was beginning to wonder when a band that sounded like early Wire would come along, and whad'ya know here they are! This record has a dirge-like quality that will presumably endure it to all of you of a serious and reflective nature, but alas, it lacks the degree of tension and a sense of dynamics essential to prevent such music from becoming interminably tedious.

THE CHEATERS: "Nuthin' Ever Happens On Saturday" Very conventional 50s/60s rock n' roll — in every aspect: ie the perfect party record for very drunk rugby club annual dinners.





THE DOGMA CATS — Experts/Choke (Leisure Sounds SRS 33) Last month I 'reviewed' a single by Ersatz on Leisure Sounds and briefly mentioned this record which I hadn't heard at the time. Having been given the opportunity to hear it now I would urge you to investigate for yourself. It's a quirky, unconventional single but consistently interesting and not without a tongue-in-cheek sense of humour which I strongly approve of. If you want to take a flyer this month, try this.

SILENT TYPES — War Economy/Surveillance By Car/Upset (Double Dose Shot 13) Shades of latterday Robert Palmer on 'War Economy' without the sense of melody or the vocal strength. 'Surveillance By Car' is, apart from the great title, reminiscent of a lot of the more interesting records being made in Germany these days e.g. Cluster and Roedelius. Ditto 'Upset'. A particularly informative press release came with this record, part of which I'll reprint here for your edification: 'In December 1979, Rob Doran, Anton Loach and Mark Beer formulated a recording project which was to become two songs for a single. Their approach was discussed at great length between them, as a democratic unit, they began work on the project in January 1980, at Mekon Studio in Brixton, London. The resultant record was completed in June 1980. It comprises not two but three pieces, mastered at 33 1/3 rpm to preserve sound quality, there being 12 minutes of music on the record. Rob Doran, apart from being engineer at Mekon Studio, has co-produced a number of records (including two releases by Mark Beer). Anton Loach, for four years, was singer and keyboard/effects man with Metabolist. His last record with them being the album 'Hamstern Klork'. Mark Beer has worked with experimental approaches to writing and recording for some years, the published results being an EP and a single. A second single is scheduled for release in November!

THE METHOD ACTORS — The Method/Can't Act/Bleeding (Armageddon AS 006). I've enjoyed everything on Armageddon so far and although this is in a way less accessible than either The Soft Boys or Knox it is worth persevering with. The drumming is all over the place, and the guitars sound out of tune, but the songs themselves are interesting and strong if unconventional. The press release says: 'the first single from Vic Varney

and David Gamble, the dynamic duo from Athens, Georgia. The Method Actors. This is it, dance music from the home of the B52's'

JOE 'KING' CARRASCO AND THE CLOWNS: "Just A Mile Away" (Big Beat)

Much as I love the refreshing quality of this record I'm not sure I wouldn't rather here "She's About A Mover" — but then that's obviously being a bit unfair: Carrasco does what he set out to do and does it extremely well — of particular note is some exemplary barrelhouse style keyboards, particularly during the fade-out. Buy it.

RIFF RAFF: "Fantocide" (Geezer)

These kind of musical notions have been around almost as long as the inception of the Meccano kit (and are put together in much the same way.) They play well. The sleeve tempts us with "the big b and sound . . . of wiggly (sic) guitar and bass." Which is to say that Riff Raff knock out a reasonable straightforward boogie with sub-standard piano and come-all-ye vocal pie-throwing. The song itself is ultra ordinary.



THE FRESHIES: "I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Megastore Check Out Desk" (Razz Records)/ **GOING RED:** "Some Boys (Razz Records) There's several lines I particularly like in "Some Boys" even if I couldn't get orgasmic over the music. A particular favourite runneth, "I used to be like this/ until Chris*/He gave me a bar of soap/ and showed me how to use it." A paean indeed to the ecstasy of scrubbed pores, underpants and 's' bends. Pop in excelsis.

The Freshies are, indeed, Jilted John's sometime backup band, whose "I'm In Love etc. . ." expounds the same dense yet busy pop mix and early Byrds derived trebly overlaid guitar style. Lyrics, though, aren't quite up to Tennyson as yet.

Should appeal to the younger listener (post-Woodentops) and djs with a penchant for "novelty" records.

FAD GADGET: Fireside Favourites (Mule) 'Ullo, Gary Numan with more balls. Fad Gadget scores over other synth-brigadiers in that there's a bit more going in the rhythm. His lyrics are warmer but he's still guilty of the deep-voice. Mr New Music fish gurgling. Alright.

ORCHESTRAL MANOUVRES IN THE DARK: Organisation (Dindisc)

Oh no, there's more! The usual. Going straight for the Numan teenties, OMITD look like insurance salesmen and make a pleasant, sparkling noise.



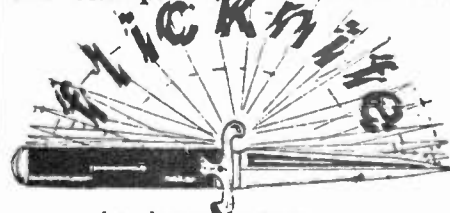
BABYLON (The Original Sound-track) (Chrysalis) Soundtrack of the new film about the conflict between young blacks and UK 'law-upholders'. Well for something so strong and dangerous — reggae club's being vigorously busted, etc — I'd expect something a bit more angry (eg. LKJ) than the woggles of background reggae contained here. Still, you get a couple of old Yabby Us, a Michael Prophet, recent I-Roy, Soft lovers from Cassandra, Aswad's contagious instrumental 'Warrior Charge' and three mood pieces from Dennis Bovell, who ventures into funk and blues. On 'Film '80' I saw the bust in all its viciousness and it was all there. Not really here (when's it coming to Aylesbury Odeon?)

THE SAINTS — Always/In The Mirror (New Rose NEW 3) Remember The Saints? Having been associated with them loosely in the dim and distant past I have reason to remember them with mixed feelings. For one minute there they seemed to be leading the whole punk brigade thrashing and yelling their way to oblivion — The Saints were as unsubtle as any band you could stumble across in your worst nightmares. But then they started to become more adventurous — expanding their arrangements, adding horn parts and generally attempting to break away from the confines of numbskull rock tactics (I overheard that phrase in Dingwalls one night by the way). Anyway The Saints died a pauper's death, broke up and vanished. This new resurrected Saints has only singer and composer Chris Bailey from the original line-up, but I've got to admit that they sound absolutely great. This is by far the best record ever to bear the name The Saints and on this evidence Chris Bailey has developed into a strong vocalist and highly imaginative songwriter. I'm lost for words . . . er, highly recommended.

Pete Erskine



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BLACK SLATE: Amigo (Ensign)
Good, a UK roots outfit fot in the charts (better than the synthetic 'token' stuff usually found on Radio One), but of course 'Amigo' was sage and commercial enough to appear on this big company with its chart-gear push. After six years' existence the North London group pop up with an album *called 'Amigo' surprisingly!) of tracks called 'Reggae Music' and 'Legalise Collie Herb'. Pleasant, mid-tempo and typical.

"SOUTH SPECIFIC" (Brian Boosters Records)
A value-for-money compilation of eight bands emerging from the hinterlands of Portsmouth and the surrounding area, namely Attic, Renaldo and The Loaf, Toxicomane, The Nice Boys, Dance Attack, The Chimes, Anna Blum and The Frames.

Most spellbinding of the bunch (which as you would expect veers from experimental to punky to pop and a right old mixture along the way) are Dance Attack, Toxicomane and The Frames all of who are 'Worth checking out' (journalistic cliché 376).

For info. write to B.B. Music, 13 Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Enclose s.a.e.)

POLY STYRENE:

Translucence (VA)
Cripes! The old-time punkies who pogoed to X-Ray Spex ('Oo? — a Crass fan) down the Roxy will love this! Poly has turned into Donovan! All flutes, limpid bongos, airy Joni Mitchell croonings and titles like 'Dreaming', 'Talk in Toytown', 'Essence' and 'Bicycle Song', Holy Mackerel!

JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER:

Are You Glad To Be In America? (Rough Trade)
Like this one too. A new slant, funky dancing jazz. Never normally too keen on tootting sax but this is shimmering parp-material. Mainly instrumental, a notable exception being the outstanding title track. 'Jazz Is The Teacher (Funk Is The Preacher)' — that says it. Good for Rough Trade on this one.

THE DIAGRAM BROS —

Construct Records
We are all animals/There is no shower

The world's one plain but the sentiments quirking: "The Budgy hops — I eat it up" The precise sound matches, its even danceable if you are into monic PAVLOVIAN disco.

PARIS AU PRINTEMPS

Image Publique S.A. (Vierge)
Il pleut sur les toits de Paris. Incessant. Les 'punks' parisiens n'arrêtent pas de cracher, confrontés par une réflexion qui ne ment pas; un crachin de l'esprit moutonnier. La pulsation les bat la tête, les oreilles, écrasés par cette attaque 'toute-puissante', leur inadaptation est apparente. C'est la begarre, dans une domaine dangereuse. L'ignorer, éperant la faire passer. Non. Ce n'est pas la bal musette.

La musique se déverse en torrents, on se laisse noyer ou nager. Pour commencer 'Theme', c'est un avertissement, la voix angoissée de Lydon au-dessus du tourbillon de Levine, le fracas des cymbales et la basse mélancolique de Wobble. L'hypnotisme. 'Psalmodie' suit, une bouchée-meurtrissant de la demance. Le guitare tortueuse et la menace délirante de Lydon s'avancent sur 'Precipitament' la fin de ce côté. Le drame et la passion de Wagner. Un coup de pied D.M. La batterie féroce ne relâche pas. Le synthésiser se métamorphose en trompette d'éléphant, la plainte d'une bête sauvage. Wobble est la précision toujours, un tatouage engravé sur le front, c'est chaud.

Tournez vite, voici le sinistre 'Sale Bebe'. 'Don't you listen ... une commande, une question. Ensuite 'La Vie Ignoble'. Levine cie et hâche son instrument le long du refrain hanteux. Lydon enragé, se prend à braver les abus, "You burned me alive ... I will survive." Wobble joue le premier de 'Timbres de Pop' un air songeur pour terminer le séance. Devant ces spectateurs; espèces de légumes dévoués; savez-vous plantés les choux, à la mode, à la mode?

C'est un dévestateur, le meilleur son enregistré 'Live' sur disque je crois, sans overdub après le fait.

Il pleut à Londres aussi.

ROBIN BANQUES



"CRAVATS IN TOYLAND"

(Small Wonder)

This album reeks! God it hums, and so will you after a couple of playings. When you hear it, the intrinsic feel of the postman (with

boils) on his beat, searching ... becomes a threat of the impotent landlord, weariness hangs heavy in the winter air. The grease and grime amongst the cravats hair provides the mental imbalance.

For versatility, variety and old fashioned value this is the perfect Christmas present. A further example of that need for deep joy. In "Toyland" the musical output is fresh and vibrant. A jock strap filled with pleasure and punk-satiated memorabilia. They tease the senses until the breakthrough is made.

Out on their own, under auspices of frant communication the bass buzzes, singers sing in choirster style. Guitars snap through the drumming until the crooning takes place. Of course due to inherent simplicity its all old notes and ideas but re-arranged to a refreshing degree. It sticks like a corpulent head in the railings.

Thirteen trax of intermediate interest that spell pure fun. Remember that word?

MICK MERCER

BLONDIE: AutoAmerican (Chrysalis)

You're gonna be a number one ... three years ago who'd have thought Blondie would be one of the biggest cannons in the pre-Xmas volley. Of course this record will be panned but millions don't care what they think. Neither do I. I love getting my hands on a new Blondie album. Especially this one, as it turned out.

'AutoAmerican' is a step out of line.

It's precessor, 'Eat To The Beat. was probably my least favourite Blondie record, being a struggle to make and an eventual rather patchy affair. This one sees the Blondies determined to break out of any formula sound and try new ideas. They sound all the better for it.

When I spoke to Chris and Debbie last January, they expressed their desire to move on and branch out. To be honest, I expected something a bit more like the art-experimentation Chris and Debbie have indulged in with violinist Walter Stedding or maybe a bit of a Contortions-style manic-panic funk expedition. Not really — the new songs are as diverse in style as you can get. Rappers' Delight mould. Jazz, a bit of 20s camp-swing, film themes, after hours cocktail crooning. . . and not forgetting the Boney M-ish soft reggae of the single.

But then I think ... these are things Blondie have always been into right from the 'The Return of Thee Giant Ants', they just never had the facilities, time of courage to take them all the way,

A rundown is definitely in order.

Chris Stein's 'Europa' opens the curtain for Side One (or Program A as the sleeve puts it). It's a windscreen fully-orchestrated cross between sun-coming-up-over Manhattan mood music and the theme for a spy movie. Nice hook.

"Live It Up" is sparse, disco-bobbing and blessed with aah-aahs from the B-Girls, Highly incisive.

First real shock is 'Here's Looking At You'. Debbie's bored waitress tones on the spoken intro turn into little-girlcutie when the song bounces into a lazy 20s-style stepper, all wheezy clarinets and strings. Smile inducing.

Next, 'The Tide Is High', which you know, and I like.

'Angels On The Balcony' is the first of three Jimmy Destri songs here. Classic Blondie — airy keyboards, a royal riff and disparate, sinister romance in Debbie's vocals.

More new ingredients on Debbie and Chris' 'Go Through It'. This time steamy Mexican trumpets under the nagging, defiant chorus. End of Side One.

Jimmy's 'Do The Dark' kicks off Side Two. More disco feeling, sprinkled with poptones and some waggling lyricon courtesy of Tom Scott (for the first time Blondie have in session geezers).

Next one of my faves — 'Rapture'. A relentless disco groove, spiked with brass and strings which is the longest track at 6 minutes. Debbie steams in with a quick fire rap about men from mars eating cars. Bloody great!

'Faces' is all Debbie's. It sounds like something Marilyn Monroe might have sung in 'Some Like It Hot' — all tinkling piano, breathy sax and string bass topped with a slurred, despondent vocal from Debbie. Real afterhours stuff.

T-Birds' is, with Debbie, Nigel Harrison's contribution. It's pretty irresistible, riding a surging spectorsque bed of tambourines and deep riffs.

'Walk Like Me' — A Destri song — harks back to that old Blondie sound — one of the ones they could do live.

The album goes out on 'Follow Me', which I know I've heard in some old musical or something. It floats on sea sound effects and a distant, echoey feel. Debbie on the beach at dusk, all that.

Well there ya go. Blondie going where the mood takes them. My only niggle concerns having to jump the needle about if you're in an extreme mood — mind you, I needed the rest during 'Faces' after tap-dancing through 'Rapture'.

All I can say really is 'congratulations'. And things like that.

IN DIE ZUKUNFT – LIVE (Konnekschen); THE GIZMOS /DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS: Hosier Hustler (Gulcher)

Two imports. The German one is live in Hamburg and features such outfits as Buttocks and Big Muff. Fast punk (surprise!). Could've been recorded three years ago. Wasn't.

The Gulcher one is vaguely wacky Yank rock 'n' roll, Dow Jones' mob leaning more towards punk and the long-running Gizmos running into the rock 'n' roll high school from their shambolic origins. Quite entertaining.

SHOES FOR INDUSTRY

"Talk like a whelk" (Fried Egg Records)

This enigmatic crew appeared at the Zigzag party but I'd left long before they appeared and have thus eluded their own brand of live entertainment. So its black plastic time only.

An enterprising bunch of snappet producing little twisters to be sure. The music lurches through sweet strains of DIY pop muso and the lyrics contain more interest in one song than most people manage in an entire album. The accompanying lyric sheet is enthralling in its own right. Forget this review and get the album, that's the way boys n girls, forge your own ideas from the new swell maps that can play and invigorate. A little masterpiece.

MICK MERCER

THE DAMNED "The Black Album" (chiswick)
The Damned are great. Make that GREAT. Always have been, probably always will. Nice cherps too. A double l.p. selling for tuppence (or thereabouts) for all their impoverished fans.

Side one and two glide away with strangely controlled excruciatingly harmonious stuff which actually comes over with moodiness and vigour, plus three faster yet still languidly infectiously dreamier blisters. Its not the Damned we know so well that's for sure and at such a brief listen comments are a little farcical. Something's going on!

Side three begins seagull infested with lilting vocals that take ages to go away as the music grows progressively faster and faster, and then returns to the same maudlin beat. Lullabies on Broadway immerse themselves in BoHanssonesque soundtrack music which eventually gives us steps in the rain and a last spirited burst of nothing in particular. Quite what side three represents in the Damned vernacular I remain at a loss to understand. A definite sixties (not to mention Joan Bakewell) influence pervades the whole rancid perfumery. Musically unfaulted, its all a mystery to me.

But so that we don't walk off in a rage muttering hippy putdowns there follows a special live recording from shepperton with old favourites like New Rose, Smash It Up and Love Song. The quintessential time bomb alliance finally strikes home, and all is salvaged.

But what does all this mean?

MEEK MERCIER

THE TEMPTATIONS: 20 Golden Greats (Tamla Motown); **GENE CHANDLER:** Just Be True (Charly); **BETTY HARRIS:** In The Saddle (Charly)

Old stuff, but good. The Temps one is a classic, all the goodies you've heard them and others do lots, on one record – 'Just My Imagination', 'I Wish It Would Rain', 'I Second That Emotion', 'I Know I'm Losing You', 'My Girl', 'I'm Gonna Make You Love Me', 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg' (and more). Then a slice of the later stuff when they moved from the sweet soul stomp to the agitating but smooth vocal arrangements of the 70's ('Papa Was A Rollin' Stone', 'Ball Of Confusion', 'Superstar'). Indispensable if you ain't got 'em already.

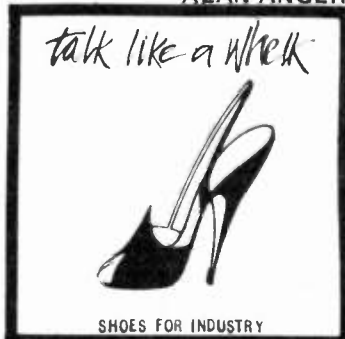
Best of the Charly reissues got nicked by the rest of the office I ended up with these. And I'm glad!

Gene Chandler's the man who did 'Duke Of Earl', the doowop classic. It's here with 15 others, stompers and slaves, all topped with his soaring voice.

Betty Harris was an American 60's soul singer, a sizzler. 'Ride Your Pony' is on here. What horn yet again by the late Menace (who weren't that bad, but somehow missed the boat when Jimmy Pursey and his boys made it). Which leaves me to the only two decent singles on Fresh Records – 'Hawaii 5-0' by The Dark and Manufactured Romances 'Time of my life'.

I featured the Dark in Zigzag a few months ago and since then the Damned/Menace loving bunch of loonies have recorded this, their second single. "Book him Danno", yells one of the band as they enter the TV theme but add all the bollocks they can to the tired old tune. The b side is 'Don't look now' and features vocalist, Big Phil at his best. A good single this. So too is the Manufactured Romance single. The Romance used to be known as 'Fourth Reich', but had to change the name for obvious reasons. They are easily far too good for a bunch of wankers like Fresh Records to handle and the vocalist, Nina's voice is improving all the time. The band recently blew The Boys and Chelsea both off their pedestals when supporting both bands in London, recently and their following is building up all the time!

ALAN ANGER



pragVEC: NO-COWBOYS (Spec)

Wonder what happened to them. Liked their EP, this album's pretty

good too. R. Trade distributed, it's the old electronic snatches and chanted vocals with bags of art. I like a lot of the ideas, 'specially in the electronics department ('My Name's Eddie' and it's blurred conversations).

THE MONOCHROME SET:

Love Zombies (Dindisc)
Invasion of the Jazz Hippies! Bit too clever for their own good. Nursery rhymes, latin, quasi-religious tones, odd time signatures and studenty humour poke their noses into the Set's irritating muzak. An embarrassment.

TEENAGE ROCK N ROLL PARTY Vol 1 (Ace Records)

I confess this rock n roll stuff to me is real "Dunno much about art, but know what I like" time. There's fourteen tracks which could grace any party without shame. Names that alude me, like Buddy Milton and the twilighters, Hershel Almond, Roy Perkins . . . the list is endless. All good sterf and highly intoxicating. Side two is slower stuff "to bring the pace down" and begins with 'Night of the werewolf' filtering then through all manner of timewarps from The Teen Queens, Chanters and Jesse Belvin. No idea about any of them but I like it. Anybody would.

MICK MERCER

TALKING HEADS: Remain In Light (Sire)

Well, a late Year's Best Album. I know everybody dissects Dave Byrne's off-the-wall-but-relevant words but I'm really too busy here with the overall sound and beat. T. Heads hitching up with the funky all-stars was a good omen. This is a GREAT album. It's like after mucking about a bit on the last one, they've dived headfirst in. The funk's always been there in the loopy Tina Weymouth bass, Chris Frantz's crisp drums and Byrne's scraped rhythms, but now they've gone in for a sort of mass orchestrated funk. Relentless, jigsaw-like and bashing, but shot with Eno touches (seems like he's a full-time member now) and complex 'vocal arrangements'. A lot of those remind me of Bowie. Some slaves like the last album, all down, and a heap of tribal feel. I know I shouldn't

write of this obviously highly intelligent piece of work like this, but I get off the sheer glorious surge of the sound, like I said, Talking Heads, though, they really are out front.

PRINCE FAR I: Showcase In A Suitcase (Pre)

The Louis Armstrong of reggae unpacks a nice little collection of artists doing his songs. Featured are Ashantie Roy, Wailing Soul, Naggo Morris and old gravel larynx. Lot of instrumental. Bit pedestrian, like a slightly dull old friend.

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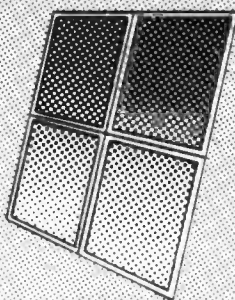
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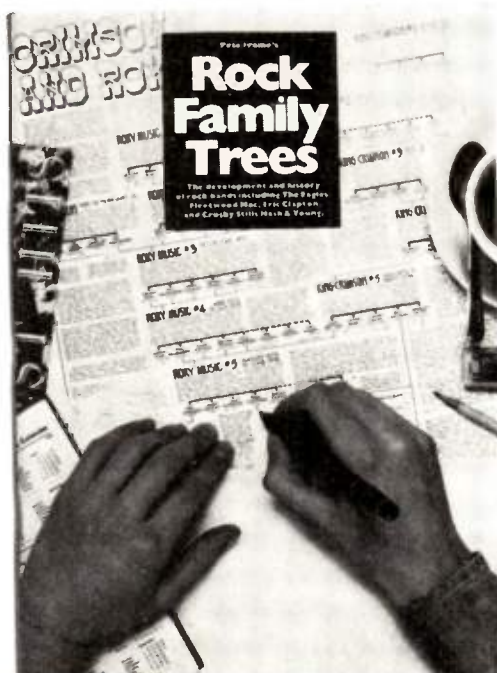
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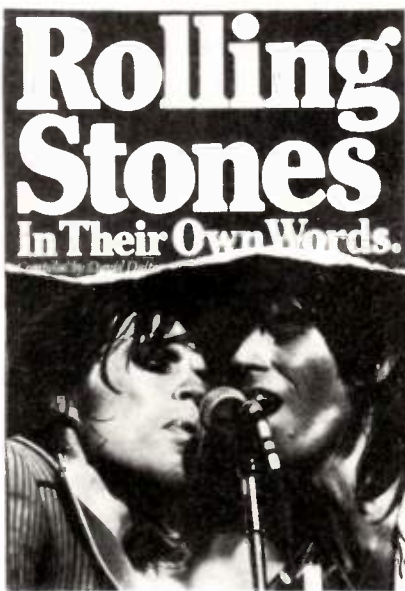
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