

ZIG ZAG

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**SIOUXSIE
& THE
BANSHEES**

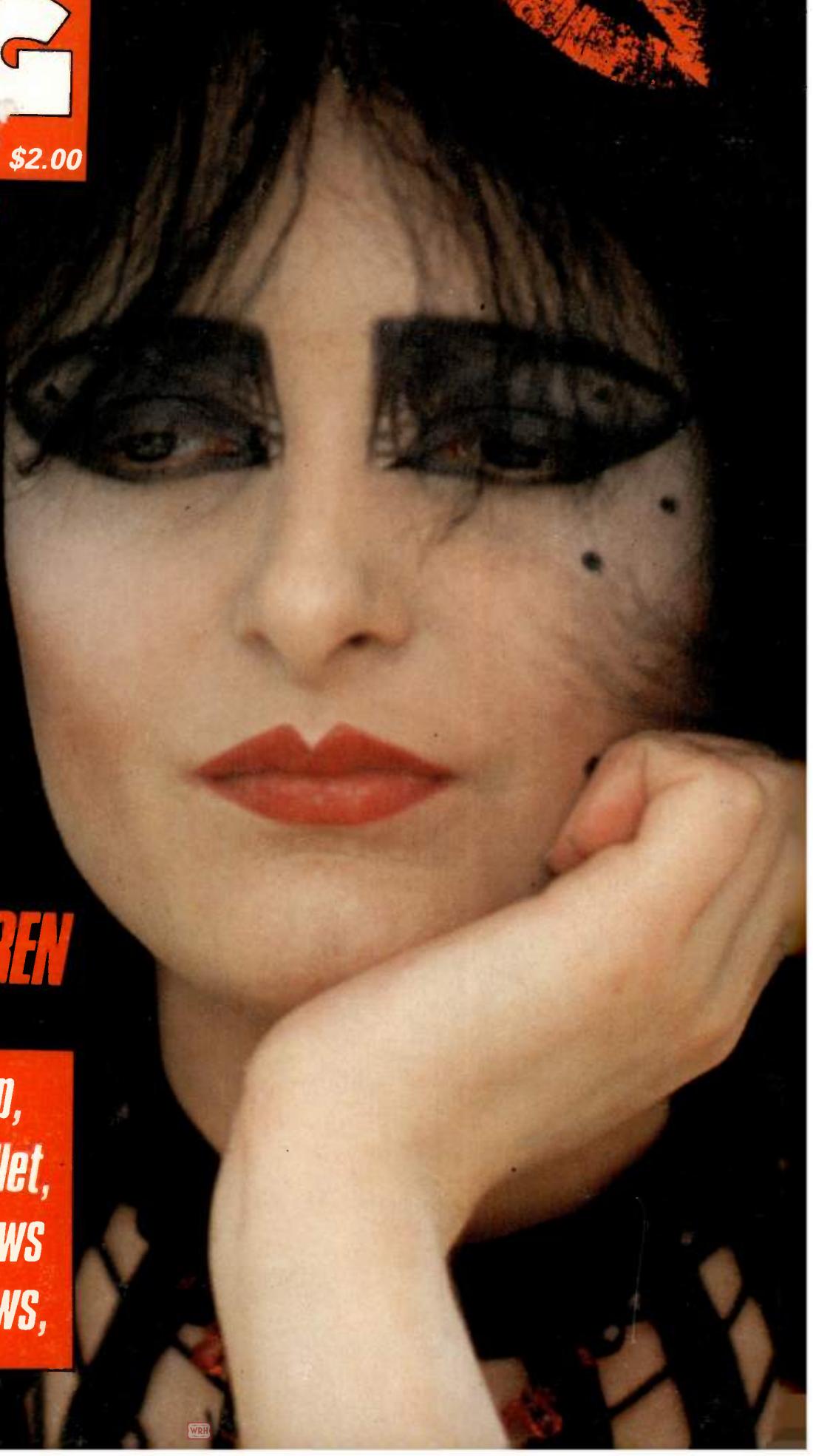
THE THE
MARI WILSON

The Queen of Soul

CAPT SENSIBLE
Talks on Rabbits!!

SEX GANG CHILDREN

**Plus Banshee pin-up,
Brilliant, Rubella Ballet,
Video & Record Reviews
Vane, Stargazer, News,**



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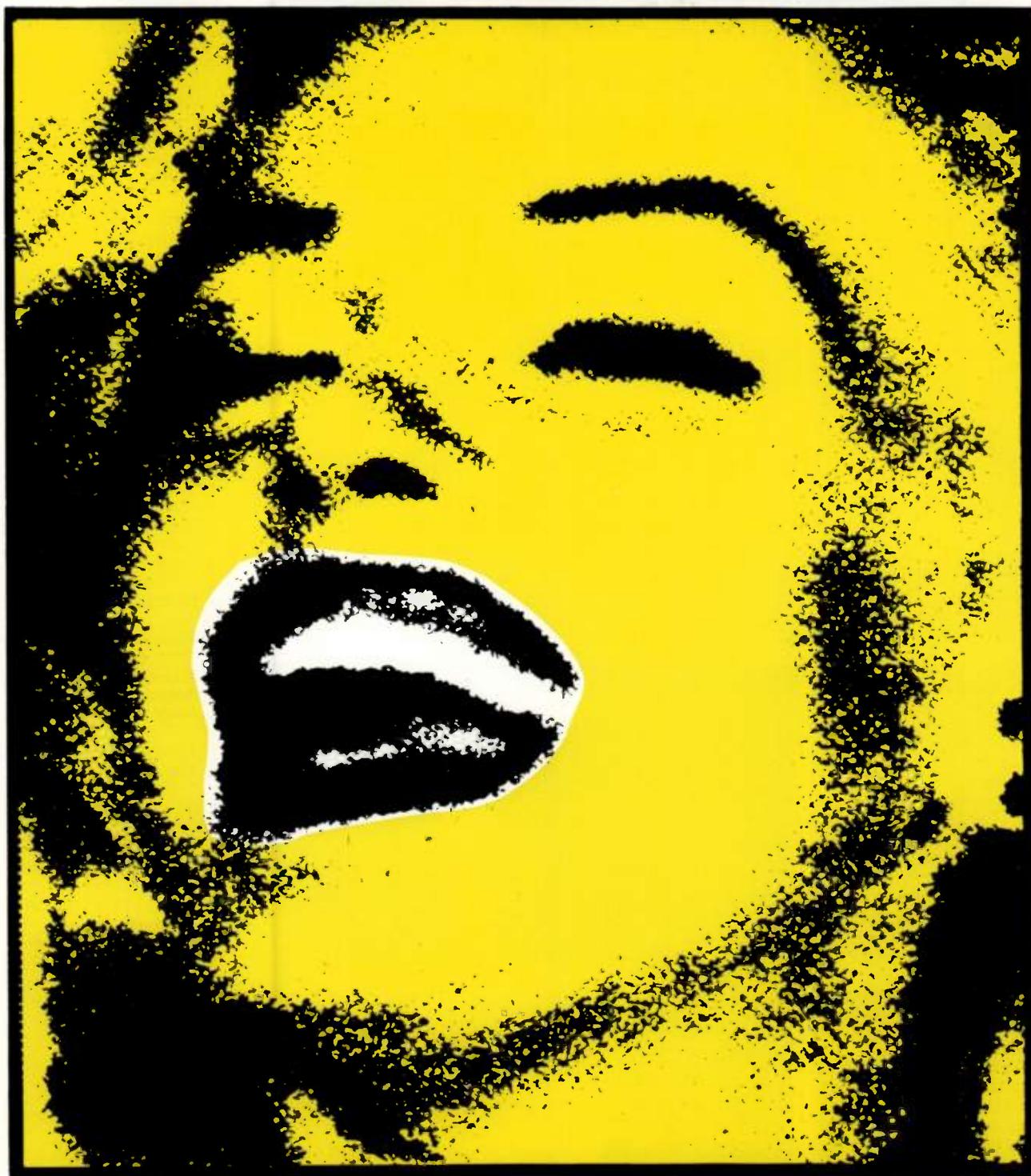
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A Needs-eye view of the month.

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Spare us 5p guy! Sorry about the unavoidable price increase but you know the old story. Anyway this issue has cover gal Siouxsie and the Banshees in the dreamhouse with Kris Needs. Matt Johnson, the multi-talented guy behind The The, the gorgeous and glamorous Mari Wilson; Brilliant who are just that as Marina Merosi found out (it seems impossible to mention them without remarking on the name); also Vane, who have just changed their name to WebCore - I'm told it has some heavy meaning! Sex Gang Children and Rubella Ballet speak to tony D on page 17, they have a single released on the Eccentrics label on the first of this month called Ballet Dance, it's a four track affair featuring the songs, *Something To Give*, *Ballet Dance*, *Unemployed* and *Krak Track*.

Oh there's Captain Sensible too, who could ask for anything more? ... What? One spelling or another that seems to be the single that I can't stop singing to myself at the moment. We're bringing back the top tens so send in yours, (to the usual address). They're fun after all. Finally the Sex Dwarf pic last month received a few angry comments about violence to women, etc. Was it that provocative? Apologies and up your too. The girls in the video were all guys who had had sex changes you know.

I suspect I have appendicitis. Argh! The pain. All get well cards sympathy cards and money to the editorial address.

The latest offering from Compact falls onto my lap. It's a wonderful (almost Vaudeville) 45 by a lady called Cynthia Scott. She looks like a bizarre secretary and sings with all the panache of a movie queen. Yes! It's show music with a difference. *The X Boy* demands a listen. I'm off to play it again ... The Club has closed this month for soundproofing, it seemed a good time to do it whilst everyone was on their hols.

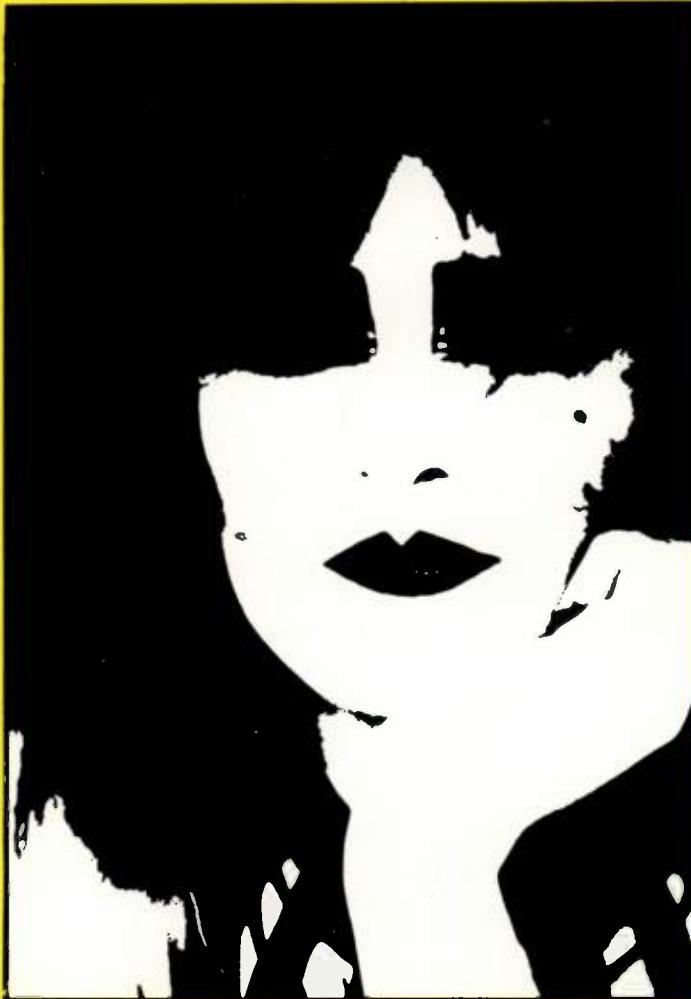
And so I'll love you and leave
you my darlings or on ya bike ya
bastards as Mick would put it.
That's his favourite word at the
moment. Mine is completely
unprintable.

Byeee for now then.

Paulio



100



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LETTERS



Dear Zigzag,

The magazine is OK and getting better in parts, but what about the written blurb?

'Hi Ziggers Hi Zaggers' July Editorial sounds more like a holiday camp newsletter for the under tens club, and that gurgling interview in the August issue with Paul Barney creaming over Marc Almond - leave it out and let's have something worth reading.

Quentin Gardener.

Dear Zigzag,

I thought the Soft Cell Sex Dwarf's photos were in the worst taste in issue 129. Pictures like these should be banned and anyone involved should be prosecuted.

Thanks very much for showing them to me it made breakfast much more pleasant.

Ms. Whitehouse
Whites
St. James

Dear Honeybuns,

FOIST OF ALL: ICH LIEBER DICH and all those other semi-JFK-isms from America, land of pigsores, band auto sales and (alas!) vast potential.

After living in New York for ten years I just wanted to write to say to U.K. ers that they can stop champing at the bit. Things are proceeding here on an invisible and structural level and 'yoot kulchur' in the land of Reagan is still digging the pit to level the dirt to lay the concrete for the ground floor of the basement for a genuine and long lasting attack.

I'm not talking big 'floppy boot (skin) stumps' and povertyempty pockets. I am talking fighting money with money. There is a large network of people in all sorts of contact positions and with a wide variety of talents who at the moment are spinning in isolated and individual zones who will soon be pulled together by Mama Spider. To shake off the artifice of empty styles and bored beers and really roll up the sleeves and begin to dig at this big, fat jellyroll of a town (country does equal town in the global slum doesn't it?)

Remember please all you who despair, pull yer spikes and punch the walls! Yoot musik that has mattered in the seventies has been exploring the illness. We've all got to remember to look forward to the new decade when

us so-called yunguns will begin to start calling some real shots in terms of diagnosis and prescription giving. Mindless humanity is a lie and I live my every second to hope to put in my five senses worth to filling in the blank of the blank generation and I know I am not alone.

Keep heart all you suicide contemplators and hang in there.(sic!) Those who feel the most desperate are among the most important to the furute. No matter what the P.F. from the people who wear the really big boots that are on all of our necks we are gonna make a dent in this fucking late twentieth century bumper and then we're gonna build a whole new energy efficient car. So please accept my own love to you, strangers, male or female. N.Y. London, Manchester, L.A., Phoenix, Katmandu: keepa bangin dat door.

Ed Miller,
American citizen.

Dear Sir or Madam.

I am interested in finding male modelling work and would be grateful for any info you could give me on where or how you choose your own clothing or hair models. The agencies I have written to only want the big butch Burton's type of which I am not.

Stephen K.W. Richardson.

What? - Paul.

Dear ZZ.

Right Now... cut the crap and let's have some stuff on the bands that are actually doing something and not moaning all the time e.g. Sex Gang Children, Southern Death Cult, Flux Of Pink Indians, The Mob, Blood and Roses and UK Decay, talking of which, you have obtained #1.20 by dishonest means these last two months! Why don't you send me next months ZZ free?

Jo.

Dear Zigzag,

I'm not too happy about this. For #10 I get an unspecified 'free' album and 12 copies of Zigzag. by my mental arithmetic this works out at something over 80p a copy, of course I mustn't forget p&p etc. this does not compare very favourable with previous subscriptions, indeed I've been a

faithful subscriber since the year dot, or at least issue 25.

In the same vein I'm also slightly wary of the free album. Now if it was the Dancing Did newee my name would be first on the list, but last year it was the Skids, which was quickly played and put aside, while some years ago it was Alan Hull's solo effort. And a mighty poor effort that was too. This year who knows? I could get Soft Cell or Depeche Mode, or to quote one of your predecessors, an LP of 'knob twiddling brain rot'.

You won't believe this but I hate moaning, but unless you clarify this free LP business I think I will be better off toddling off to some ghastly emporium like Virgin and getting my monthly 60p worth there. Nuff said for now.

A plea. Please include an article on Laura Logic, a name seldom mentioned and someone whose work needs a little exposure. I have three singles and one LP and they are all interesting and diverse. Please? And how about a look at Pink Military and their various offshoots.

Finally I am in total agreement about The Dancing Did. They are about the only band to have shook my ass in this area this year. Long may they live and prosper (especially at the Fighting Cocks).

Music is the way.

Giles Lees
27 West Road
Stoneyhill
Bromsgrove

Dear Zigzag.

Hi! Remember me? I was the girl who called Zigzag's offices all the way from America to find out some information on Southern Death Cult. I remember mentioning to you that if you knew of someone who would like to write to me then to pass my name and address along. Well I felt I should write in my own pen pal ad and have you print it.

So to start with I'm a 21 year-old female who's looking mostly for males of 18 plus to correspond with. My interests are writing, reading, dressing up, going out, music, good conversation, meeting new people, writing long letters, travelling (whenever I get the chance) and much more. My musical interests are Siouxsie And The Banshees, Theatre Of

Hate, Culture Club, Bow Wow Wow, Duran Duran and most stylish-type bands. But I'm open minded too.

So thanks a lot for printing this. I hope to get a good response.

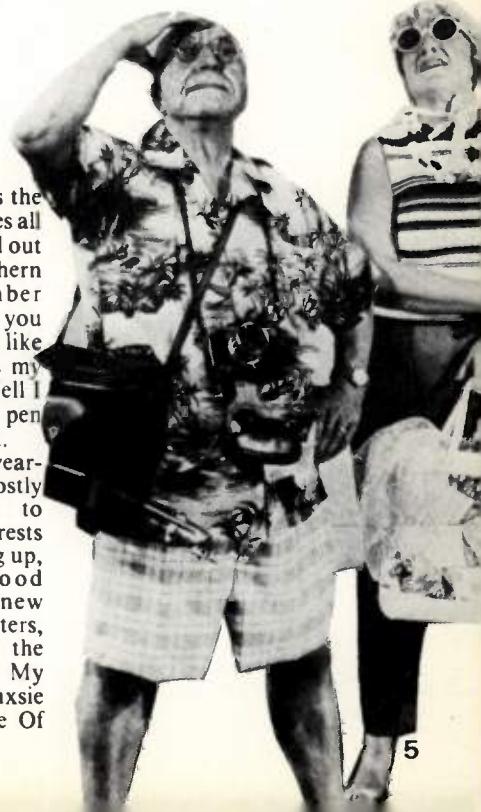
P.S. Please send photo if possible.

Vera Wilson
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Dear Zigzag Readers,

Is there any fans of Joy Division, New Order, The Fall, The Jam, Madness, The Laughing Clowns or the GoBetweens, who would like to write to an 18 year-old girl in Australia? If so please contact:

Janet Brown
3 Wimport Street
Heidelberg
Melbourne
Victoria 3084
Australia





Unrolling, unfolding from *Panic Button* to unrestrained passion called *Sex Gang Children* which rigidly refuses to slip and slide conveniently into anybody's scheme of things; *Sex Gang Children* shrug off the absurd comparisons whose oppressive, destructive lack of purpose they have suffered at the hands of - shrugging off that burden with a bemused twinkle in the eye. They willfully opt for a road of their own ... Unrolling into the abyss.

Sex Gang Children (boo!), like some truly wonderful attractions, experiences and abstractions, have a habit of disturbing the calm. From the startling, threatening challenge of the name to the sparkling array of shades in the substance of the songs, Sex Gang Children demand to be investigated. So ... on the trail.

I sallied forth, therefore, to Denmark Street Studios in the seedy backwaters of our West End to watch the band record their first single - a twelve inch, four track affair, featuring *Beasts*, *Cannibal Queen*, *Times Of Our Lives*, and *Sense Of Elation*, all of which adds up to some mighty splash of a debut, sympathetically treated by producer, UK Subber and figure of affability Nick Garrett. He successfully translates the sizzling spontaneity and vigour of live performance to record.

I arrived at Denmark Street with a few doubts that refused to subside, focussing intently on the knowing that too much music wastefully dabbles dithers and gets distressed over nothing in particular; music that delights in drearily scratching at surfaces, pretending and then ... presenting the bizarre and the banal as ends in themselves ... music generally accepted by a passive audience with wide open arms.

Sex Gang Children prove not to be one of those wasted, wasteful lost causes with 'purpose as pose', as we toyed playfully with some home truths, and I hushed as the band pushed some notions my way. All together now ... DAVE: Talking of our appeal, so many bands are surface covering ... image ... and little else - we

have nothing to do with them. hear us and I just hear Sex Gang Children. I hate the idea of movements and cliques which just do more harm than good.

Sex Gang Children opt for the outside and refuse to be drawn ... the tidy, ordered unchallenging unchallenged refuge of the twilight punk zone is not their sordid affair, so resist the temptation to lead them astray. ANDI: Sex Gang Children is less a band than a mass of ideas, in the same way that 1984 was not just a book but also ... more, a revelation of a human condition, exposing it to millions of people - so just as much as Orwell translated his ideas to paper, we translate mediumise (perhaps) through music and lyrics.

Bassist Dave threw me a reference to J.G. Ballard's conception of 'Political and Social fantasy'. so taking the hint, I sensed that his notion might quite aptly, but broadly, sum up a part of Sex Gang Children's outlook.

ANDI: Well ... the lyrics don't preach. *It is* a fantasy in the sense that it is the painting of a picture that has very serious connotations, based on real-life experience, and there is a very sinister element. Ours though is a broad vision which does not condone any violence or revel in it ... but takes a more realistic view-point, perhaps using fantasy.'

Leading to an exchange on the idea of social decay and degradation, we wandered, by chance onto Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange* which undeniably has had quite some influence on the ideas of the band. However, with 'Orange' as influence becoming a current standard reference point, it was

welcoming to find Sex Gang Children treating Burgess' chilling prophecies as genuine influence inspiration without lowering themselves to (mis) using its fearful vision of wanton destructiveness as hollow image or transparent pose, as others perhaps seem to be presently guilty of doing.

Andi, instinctively feeling that their approach might be misconstrued: 'Ours is aggressive music but in the sense that it is a passionate way of conveying something. It doesn't glorify mindlessness or anything.'

There is a positive, committed belief in the idea of Sex Gang Children as a strong, vital combination of ideas. With all the band pointing out that they have little to do with any traditional ideas of 'rock'. What is made clear is that it works as a four-way influx of ideas, the songs themselves falling together through all their many and varied influences. It is apparent that the Gang's colourful tapestry of ruin, decay and abrasive intermixing of Rob's disruptive, crashing drum force, Dave's fluid, meandering bass-lines and Jerry's brilliant rich splashes of guitar. This alone amounts to a tenesely woven stratum of sound, veering, breaking loose and rolling from one side to another, thrusting ... changing direction and lulling ... eluding, then returning for another assault. To complete the picture is Andi's frenzied, gripping, thrilling vocal.

Andi: 'My lyrics are representative of the band in that everyone identifies with them in some (individual) way. I feel, that the music is very threatening too ...'

I agreed that every element was vital to the overall effect - there is no irrelevancy.

'My lyrics work, I think, because of the way Rob attacks his drums. Dave plays bass and Terry plays guitar ... in a way, like a film and a soundtrack ... essential to each other - it works both ways. It is like my own dream. Sex Gang Children are

perfect for realising that dream.'

Rob Stroud is more quietly spoken, but like the other three, eager to explain when challenged. We discussed the syndromes that bands get caught up in ... The impression gained was that Sex Gang Children breathe a welcome air of commitment into their fresh positivism - being only too aware of the trappings of industry. They seem content with their relationship with Illuminated Records, while at the same time, being sensibly aware of the possibilities. The group's idealism could so easily be mistaken for the familiar naivete that new bands often display - that raw idealism which sets up so many improbabilities and unattainable targets (to tumble at later stages).

However, Sex Gang Children's pursuit of perfect dreams is no impulsive stance to resist against, no fleeting dance to guard, then disregard but truthfully a vision bound for dizzier days.

The Sex Gang Children's bold, self-assured faith in their control of their destiny makes me smile. Their uncompromised hopes don't glitter guiltily like other faithless platitudes while their refusal to be swept into the middle course of mediocrity smacks of an all too rare truth. It is interesting, for instance, that Rob was tempted to join a band which is now a household name (remaining nameless here!); his innovative, individual approach felt uncomfortably stifled so he eventually opted for Sex Gang vision. His pensive reflection on the past and its possibilities hints at no regrets - indeed his nerve and commitment might appear less pronounced than that of Jerry, Dave or Andi, but, it is genuinely typical of Sex Gang Children's faith in itself.

Over coffee, we moved to the substance of their set - my doubts, suspicions spilling out to question the possible ambiguity of Sex Gang Children, feeling uncomfortably unsure that their could be Days and Years left

that any misunderstanding on the part of their audience would be a reflection of their inability to grasp ... 'people might perhaps not understand the lyrics immediately, but eventually (I hope), the understanding will come through ... and good lyrics stand that rigorous test of time.' expression is always as vivid as it could be. Dave felt that any

misunderstanding on the part of their audience would be a reflection of their inability to grasp ... 'people might perhaps not understand the lyrics immediately, but eventually (I hope), the understanding will come through ... and good lyrics stand that rigorous test of time.'

Well judge for yourselves, chums on the live tape *Naked*, and on the new single. We continued the discussion with thoughts on the idea that Sex Gang Children are not a band that appeal immediately but that their effect really is established gradually. Dave feels that initial edge of inaccessibility is a positive ingredient if it has the essential essence of positive challenge and the strength to induce positive change. We agreed that sometimes, music should have extravagant demands made of it ... nothing less than that it should inspire the listener to see capability, strength, ability and instil with the active listener the hope and faith to realise those potentials.

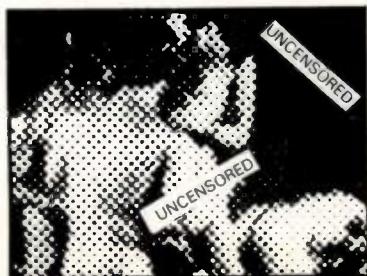
'Yeah!' added Andi. 'It was to threaten in that way, and it's only threatening when the listener actually has to partake.' He smiled wickedly before asking, 'what can you possibly say about music to dust rooms to? Try dusting a room to Sex Gang Children!'

He tensed himself for the final assault. 'The essence of good music is that it gives you strength in yourself, it's about a determined self-belief ... in your own unique individuality. I believe ... that I've always had this strength somewhere ... it's just a problem of where to channel its energy and the bands I loved made me realise that music was THE perfect channel.

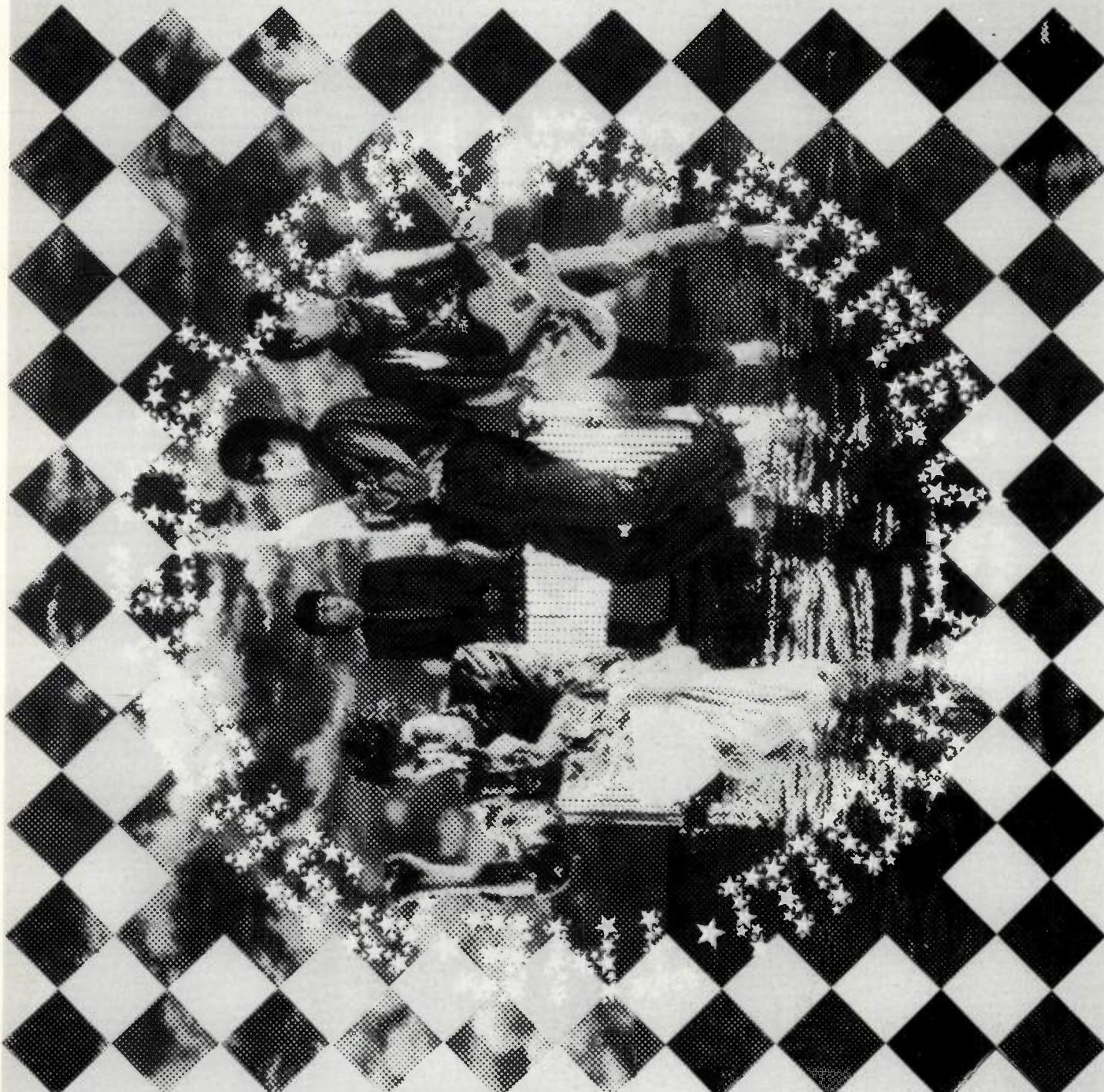
'Great music', he continued with growing conviction, 'great music will, or should help you realise those potentials ... my belief is that society dehumanises people but music's potentially subversive quality lies in the power to bring that something out in you which is repressed. That', he concluded, with a final gasp, 'is where the strength in music lies!'

Let Sex Gang Children tempt you.

JONH WILDE



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SINGLES



GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: *THE MESSAGE*: (Sugarhill)

Previous reviews have not been wrong: it is a monster. The heaviest missive of Defunkt-style urban decay vomiting over a relentless dark rhythm like footsteps in an alley. Flash takes us away from parties and boasting into the grim reality of rotting garbage, dying junkies, menacing violence and inevitable death/incarceration. A desperate sprawling gasp of a track. *Don't Push Me Cos I'm Close To The Edge*, he sings.

The instrumental version donates breathing space to dance, but it's still the year's most compulsively terrifying record and is more likely to pin you against the wall.

EVELYN KING: *LOVE COME DOWN*: (RCA)

A gorgeous, uplifting twelve inch blending, bracing beat with typically melodic vocals from Miss King. Also distinctive is the flangy keyboard slicing through the surge.

URBAN SHAKEDOWN: *WOLVES* (BIG BAD) (Respond)

From the ashes of the Basement 5, and you can tell cos it's sort of reggaefied like them minus guitar but plus squawky brass sounds. The vocals are call-and-response and miles back - rather like a gaggle of pisheads hammering at the door. Martin Honnett's responsible for the porridgey dilution of the mix.

BLITZ: *WARRIORS*: (No Future)

Surprised me I can tell you. Although the vocals still need a little sharpening it's a pretty good song with neat pacing and blistering drums and bass. The guitar could have benefitted from a little more clout but who cares? When it comes into its own half-way through it shines well enough and the production helps the whole thing along admirably. Bastards!

THE DISRUPTERS: *SHELTERS FOR THE RICH*: (Radical Choice)

It's not easy to detect the anti-corpulence of the lyrics which acts as something of a drawback to this record. All three tunes have spritely arrangements to their credit, with guitarist Paul contributing most with neat break-ups and mild power. The rhythm section are easy going ... the tunes likewise. Human punks.

Read the animal liberation-anti-vivisection involved sleeve notes and curse the day your parents were ever born. Some of them are responsible for what goes on. The bastards!

GROUP THERAPY: *ARTY FACT*: (Kamera)

Whilst the *Theatre Of Hate* rip off track starts, the resulting lumpy song is fine, the rest is a bit of an oddity. Deadpan vocals hop over the bastard-like bopping sound. I know it reminds me of someone but I remember not. Bugger! it zips along and we say it is good. Do we not?

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: *LOVE MY WAY*: (CBS)

Love My Way goes to show that what the Furs could do with six members, they can do better with four and Todd Rundgren. Their songwriting skills remain intact here and you don't even think about the lack of horns. As a quintessential pop record, *Love My Way* lends hope for the rest of a year full of Haircuts.

ONE WAY SYSTEM: *JUST ANOTHER HERO*: (Anagram)

Well produced with an equal distribution for all instruments. Nice chorus with power even though it is repeated a little too often. It roars along quite merrily with a strong drum sound (could be stronger, mind) and that bloody chorus every two seconds. I can't cut it out of my head. You bastards!

B-side's alright too.

KABUKI: *I AM A HORSE*: (Kaberet Noir)

This, be told, is simply one of the finest records ever. You really do owe it to yourself to get a copy to love and cherish. The faster you get it the hipper you're going to feel. 'Kabuki?' you will snort, 'I got that three hours ago!'

The world will be yours, but more importantly this record. Listen to that piano's trance-like way of brightening a song beyond compare. Hear those intricate vocals and choruses a-go-go. Marvel at the sheer ingenuity and thrill power of the instruments. Hear those drums skip, the bass pulsate and look at the sleeve! Just look at it!

Flip it over you toerags and ride with that bass. Shout 'Comb! Comb! Tease! Tease!' at astonished neighbours for weeks on end. This is the new dance. This is a discovery that is of national importance. This is the living end.

This review smacks of pretentiousness to me so we'll end it abruptly. Ba-Ba-Bastards!

ICON A.D.: *FACE THE FACTS*: (Eagle)

Fast but tuneful punky song with tastefully displaced rhythms and spirited performances all round. Anti-this and anti-that but in all the right ways. It almost has a pop feel as the guitar circles round upon itself and the vocals ride the tune well. This label knows what it's doing. So do the band. Great stuff. For bastards everywhere.

WESTSIDE LOCKERS: *FUSCHIA RAYON*: (Mr. Brown)

This is silly. The accompanying press clippings that I was sent claimed that the girlie singer had the sexiest voice ever heard by mankind. Imagine my surprise when, as the steal of B-52's sound became fused to an early Selector beat, my erection strained upwards and finally broke through the ceiling. I guess it's all true. Believe everything that you read. You little bastards!

GO GO's: *VACATION*: (IRS)

'Burn your schoolbooks, go on Vacation' it says here, in an attempt to make the new Go Go's record sound like a vinyl party. *Vacation* is a swift follow-up to their million-selling debut record. The production, courtesy Richard Gottehrer (who after all made his name writing and producing records for the Angels as well as his own McCoys) is the same, the sleeve better than the last and the songs vastly inferior.

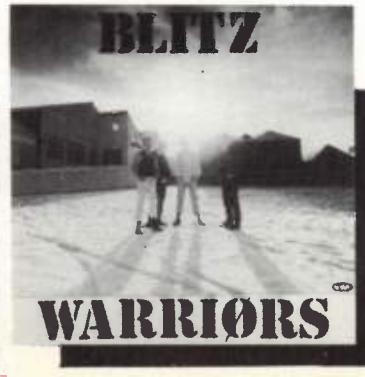
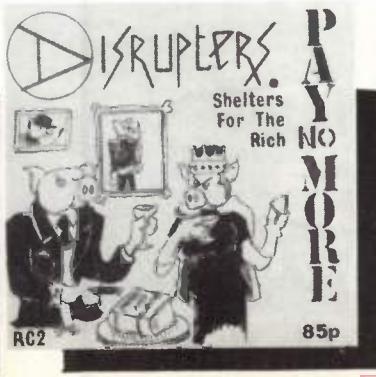
The problem is that it's so deceptive. The drum sound thuds like an historical definition of the big beat and the guitars ring like 40 Ventures albums being thrown down a fire escape. It's all fine until you get to songs. Not even all the songs. *It's Everything But Partytime* is a neat enough slice of pap, but songs like *We Don't Get Along* are too nice for their own good. Sickly in fact. And then *Cool Jerk*? Who could go wrong with *Cool Jerk*? I said ...

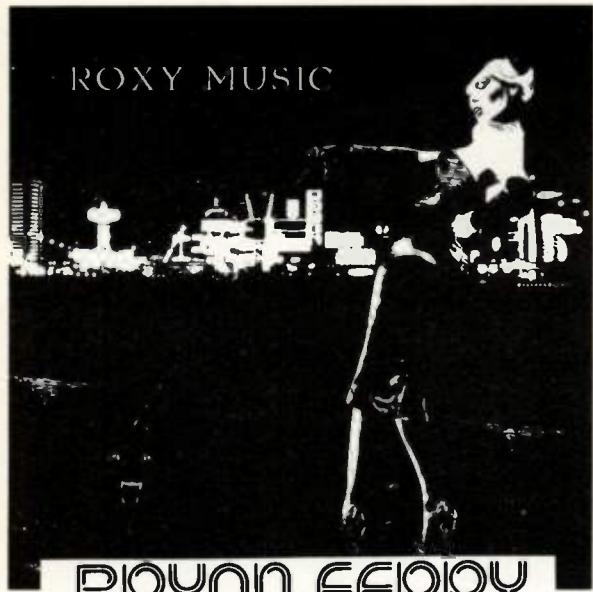
TWISTED SISTER: *RUFF CUTS*: (Secret)

With ex-Dictators sideman Mark Mendoza in their ranks and a focal point in singer Dee Snider, this American heavy metal combo seems to have everything going for it. Of four tracks on this twelve inch, the best are a hilarious rendition of *Leader Of The Pack*, complete with a dumber-than-thou Ramones style vocal tirade, and the original *Under The Blade* which pulls itself out of the swamp of garbage currently passing as 'Rock Music' with a sense of humour and a tune.

CARLY SIMON: *WHY?*: (Mirage)

With Chic backing, this extended version from the *Soup For One* soundtrack is the best record that Carly and Bernard and Nile have made in a while. Ms. Simon's voice is better than ever and with good material like this she succeeds in coming over the radio better than much new disco drivel.





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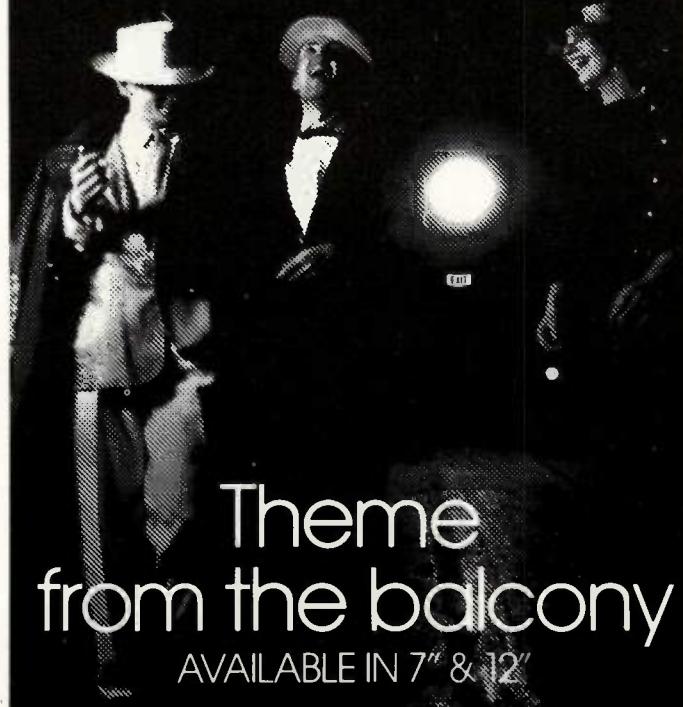
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Peter Silverton

Designed by
Dave Fudger

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"A KISS IN THE DREAM HOUSE"

About half the new songs were previewed at last

month's Elephant Fayre, where 4,000 gathered in a circus tent to witness a rare Banshees performance. Sioux and Steve took time off from finishing-touch sessions at Playground Studios, Camden, to tell me about the album, Sioux's voice problems, plans, Japan, and what are the best cocktails on the menu at the Coconut Grove. Armed with ankle tremblers, coco locos, Hong Kong gin fizzies and killer zombies, we began ...

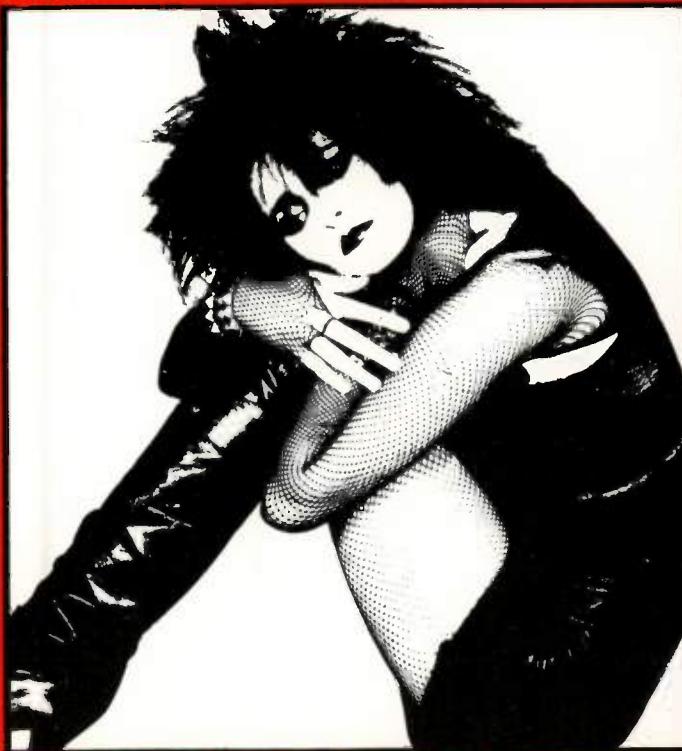
KRIS: 'You did a load of new numbers at the Elephant Fayre from the new album.'

STEVE: 'Nearly all the songs we're able to do as a band onstage about half of it we play as a four-piece. The other half has got strings, but we'll try and do them at a later date. They'll be great live.'

SIOUX: 'We can work something out, there's one track that's got just tubular bells and strings. Budgie, not playing drums just standing on a drum riser clicking his heels and clapping! That's called *Obsession*. It's a story a friend of mine told me in New York about this friend of his, who just went totally off her head about this bloke who lived upstairs. She imagined that they had a pact between each other and that it didn't matter that he didn't know she was twisted or told her to fuck off. She just said, he's got to do that in front of other people - really weird. She'd actually sit outside his door and listen to him walking about and then break into his room and touch his things there and leave a pubic hair behind. Totally over-the-top. This friend of hers was trying to get her to see someone or get her parents involved. Eventually this bloke left and she went to some country hoping she would find him. She did a whole manuscript about it to prove she wasn't insane, that she was logical about it, and sent it to him. She logically described everything and appeared totally normal, but was going crazy knowing that this bloke's never seen her before.'

'There's a song called *Painted Bird* which I picked up while we were driving through America. It's about this Polish writer as a kid just before the beginning of the second world war, when hatred against Jews, gypsies and any misfits was being propagated. It was set in a farm environment not in towns. It was just about the cruelty to this kid, it was called *Painted Bird* because it had this character in it who, out of boredom and frustration, collected birds and every now and again he'd paint it bright colours and let it go. It'd go towards its flock and get attacked by its own kind because

In the 1930's you could lose your head in Hollywood and your heart in a castle of dreams, for the right money you could spend the night with the film star of your fantasies ... or rather her perfect double. Sick or treat, they flocked until the sign started crumbling. The dream house popped up in a detective movie on the box recently and Steve Severin knew what to call the next Banshees album *A Kiss In The Dream House* will be out in October.



Sioux: Sioux - work on the new Banshees album is nearing completion.

it had different colours. It's like budgies get attacked to death if they go out with sparrows. It's pretty abstract and really violent, but some message you can relate to.'

KRIS: 'Juju had some sort of theme to it, the voodoo thing. What about *A Kiss In The Dream House*?' STEVE: 'It's not as concrete as *Juju*. We didn't really want to do an album like that. We tried to do a bit like a mixture of *Juju* and *Kaleidoscope*. The way we were working - doing half the songs live in places like Japan and Scandinavia, and then going back and doing the other half in the studio, that's worked really well because it's made us write things we'd never dreamed of unless we were in the studio. We were just working out a song and tending just to stick to using the four people almost all the time. Working in the studio you have to think backwards, work out how you're gonna keep all four people busy.'

KRIS: 'Juju seemed a bit like the end of an era. *Juju* was the first album the new group had done together.'

STEVE: 'It was a bit like starting again, but, as you say, it was a bit like closing an era. That's why we waited a long time before recording another LP, so we

could work out of that. I dunno whether it's pretty different.'

There's a lot of light and shade on it. A couple of songs that are quite lightweight and poppy and some that are totally horrible.'

SIOUX: 'There's a jazz track, sleazy with honky tonk piano and the oddest lyrics. The lyrics don't go with the sound at all. It's pretty depressing. There's one called *Circle*. It goes on and on! We put these strings through backwards and it made a completely different song.'

STEVE: 'There's a spaghetti western ballad called *Meli*.'

KRIS: 'Tell us about the strings.'

SIOUX: 'They're on two or three tracks, the People who've done the strings on this LP were great. They were these three girls. I recognised them from a programme about busking in London. She busks with her violin, playing classical music.'

STEVE: 'She got very drunk and did mad strings on the album. There's one track where we just told them to do what they want - a song called *Slow Drive* which is a bit discoey, a touch of chic strings all over the place.'

SIOUX: 'With *Circle* Budgie ends up playing retsina bottles and fire extinguishers.'

KRIS: 'What happened with your voice Sioux?'

SIOUX: 'Well I completely lost it

after the gig at Stockholm. There were only two or three dates left and wanted to finish it. So I got this top specialist, and he was totally over the top, saying change your singing, don't sing for six months, rest for six months.'

STEVE: 'For a few months after we thought it was a disaster, when the press release came out. Sioux went to see a specialist in London. It was bad but not nearly as bad as the guy in Sweden had said. She had to have a rest for while.'

SIOUX: 'I may have to have a small operation. They don't cut you or anything they just probe down your throat and clean all your vocal chords. You're under anaesthetic and everything. You have that done and you can't use your voice for a month afterwards because it will be a bit raw from being scraped.'

STEVE: 'It's just finding time to have it done.'

SIOUX: 'It means, will I be able to shut up for a month? That's high impossible! I saw a therapist as well, a couple of times. She just said there's nothing she can do - you know what you've got to do and what you shouldn't do. She was saying if you want to get the effect that you're screaming, you can't train a voice without actually doing the sort of damage that you would do. It's just the amount of work that I do.'

That's another reason we're just gonna do the events that we do, so there's no way dates are gonna get cancelled or I'm gonna endanger my voice even more.'

KRIS: 'You used to get laryngitis a lot.'

STEVE: 'Especially last year, when we were working so hard. We haven't exactly been having a holiday for the last six months either. We've done two fairly hard tours of Scandinavia and Japan. It's just got to the point where it's silly just trying to pretend we'll tour the same way as someone like Motorhead. We just can't do it.'

SIOUX: 'We don't want to do it like that either. The audience at the Elephant Fayre hadn't seen us for maybe a year and they weren't given something they could have seen every week if we'd been playing every week or something. That's how we got our audience in the beginning by doing something that they'd never heard before.'

STEVE: 'The only reason we got through the last tour was knowing that it was going to be virtually the last one of that size. We'll probably do a short one towards the end of the year once the album's come out. Twelve dates.'

SIOUX: 'Over five weeks.'

KRIS: 'How was Japan?'

SIOUX: 'It enforced it, because I knew I'd love it. What I liked about it is it's so different, you

really feel like you're in a different country. It was refreshing. They ask can they give you a present. It's a bit much at times, these little bowing heads. We were in this club - the owner kept it open and let us play records - T. Rex and stuff. We realised there were all these kids standing around watching us. Then they started with their cameras. They said - 'Kiss that one over there', so I thought, 'Oh give him a peck on the cheek', and he went running screaming out of the club - aah! Unbelievable. We went on the bullet train as well and visited Kyoto.'

KRIS: 'Do you still have much contact with your fans?'

STEVE: 'It's interesting to meet people to see what they've got to say about what you're doing. It's hard to decide how to do it. Like on the last tour we set up tables and chairs after the gig rather than let people backstage.'

There's nothing worse than letting people backstage and they start eating all your food and drinking all your drink. It's horrible. It's hard to work out how to meet people.'

KRIS: 'Has your success brought much pressure and sleepless nights?'

SIOUX: 'Yeah. Round the time of *Kaleidoscope* I was ... I'd be thinking about something and wake up and write something down. I don't ever really feel under pressure.'

STEVE: 'It's not pressure even though the record company is on your back for a new album.'

SIOUX: 'That's always something we giggle about. We don't care if everyone else is panicking when the band split up. That kind of pressure is totally laughable. I think you need to pressure yourself a bit to get the best out. Every album we've done it's like that. We take time over an album because it's gonna be the last thing we're ever gonna do.'

KRIS: 'Have your lives changed much? Do you still get the same kick out of going out to clubs like you used to at the beginning?'

SIOUX: 'There's too much going on. We're involved with the band but there's too much grouping together. You go to a rapping club to see a rapping band. I think that's taken some of the fun out of it, knowing what's gonna happen when you go to a gig. You know what to expect. The best thing I have seen recently was Laurie Anderson, because I didn't know what to expect. She's really clever, but she's enjoying herself, she had a sense of humour. The only bad thing was she had a really Time Out type audience. I'm sure a lot of people who see us would have appreciated her live.'

KRIS: 'Is there going to be another *Creatures* record?'

SIOUX: 'That's something that's going to have to be like a wait and see, because the last stuff was done after we decided what was going to be on *Juju*. *But Not Them* was going to be on *Juju*, but we'd an excess of material, plus the idea for making it into a separate thing.'

STEVE: 'We did a similar thing on this album. We've got two or

three things left over, one of them was a day when we weren't doing much in the studio so Budgie took the whole afternoon doing all these various things while people weren't looking. I'm sure that's going to end up as a *Creatures*.'

SIOUX: 'More like an idea of how we'd do it but he wanted to get it down. We wanna go away and do it. Going down to Camden every day recording the

album is a bit ... we've never been away to record. It would suit the *Creatures* to record on a beach in Bali, or something, steel drums. It would be nice to actually record in the open somewhere quite deserted on a beach with just a mike, no headphones just speakers, pick up all the sea and run around in the sea singing some things, getting out of breath and dropping the mike in the water. Hee Hee!'

KRIS: 'Bit of experimenting eh?'

SIOUX: 'I don't like to call it experimenting because it makes it sound really eggheady. I like to think of it as a fun way of doing it. If it means standing on your head in a bucket of water I'm game for that one if it's gonna work!'

KRIS: 'What about video?'

STEVE: 'There's lots of possibilities. All of the videos we've done could be twice as good if they were down to us.'

SIOUX: 'They all think they're expensive but they're all about five grand. You think that Spandau Ballet spend 30 grand? That's outrageous, they're like chocolate box adverts. I really hate the idea of making a song into a minifilm with a script and all that shit. I just think it should be more abstract and not necessarily anything to do with transcribing the song, but something you can watch and see different things in it if you watch it again and again.'

STEVE: 'The *Arabian Knights* video was like our taking the piss out of the chocolate box. We thought we'd make this one a bit wacky. We did that one really really flash. The *Fireworks* video is good. That hasn't been shown anywhere yet. It's pretty over the top - looks like the screen's going to explode at the end, all these mad fireworks going off superimposed on us while we're playing with fireworks going off around us. It's weird. It's such a young industry that all the people involved are idiots. We're gonna get virtually nothing from that video. It might get us a few opportunities because it's been at number one in the video charts.'

SIOUX: 'We actually counted that we earned fifty eight pounds between us! Actually, we've never been so poor, we plough all our money back into the band and worth every penny, say I and you should imagine.'

The Banshees have probably never been more popular, yet they've never compromised or buckled on their hazardous journey. Their music is brilliant, distinctive and never bends to short-lived fashions. Now a new chapter is about to unfold.

A review of *Dream House* next month.
Meanwhile
breathe
Obsession
can be fun.

KRIS
NEEDS.

SiOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES

Editions EG

Roxy Music Manager Mark Fenwick's EG record label has just issued a pile of releases from its Kings Road, London offices. They are reviewed on this page by Mick Mercer.

When I first received this enormous pile of albums with a daunting press release of Bible proportions, I knew I was in for a hard time. Put away those punk singles Mercer and buckle down to listening to some *real* music. The press release makes great claims for the intriguing nature of these records, which is admittedly true, but they do tend to suggest that if you fail to appreciate them then you really are a retard.

I appreciate them. Honestly! The covers were things of suspicious worldly wise suggestion. The music was a wasteland of cocktails and sin.

I stood firm, threw away my preconceptions and dived in. Much to my surprise the water was warm, and there in the distance, water wings flapping, was the ghost of Eno. He seems to be on about sixty percent of these albums. Who is he? I wonder?

The collection falls into several neat categories: obscure, ambient and general which means interesting, serene and conventional. I shall begin by delving into the obscure. Hey Jude and all that.

Gavin Bryars, John White, Harold Budd, David Toop, Christopher Hobbs, John Adams, Jan Steele and John Cage. Names to conjure with and then forget for a while.

It's very tea garden and croquet sometimes (especially Bryars and his *Sinking Of The Titanic* piece), conjuring up images of genteel self-satisfaction.

At times flippancy and Ealing comedy soundtracks lurch into action. John White (with old Gavin) heaps the cinematic principle upon us in *Machine Music*. Harold Budd, the devious merchant here, seeps slowly around the room. His *Pavillion* album is easily my favourite from the 'Obscure' job lot. Played late at night it makes you feel incredibly old, but very relaxed.

Most of these albums share an identical gentle aura that draws the listener unconsciously in rather than demanding attention. Really, on reflection, you only need one of them. Take your pick ...

The vocals tend to be ghastly affairs ... distant splintered vocals that do nothing for the hairs on the back of your neck in the twilight hours. I'll be glad to see the back of *New And Rediscovered Instruments* by Messrs Eastley And Toop; it scares me so.



The Lounge Lizards



Harold Budd

The music is all original, and when examined, strangely elusive in content and form. Deep frowns induced amongst wrinkled brows.

In the Ambient grooves lay Laraaji, Harold Budd and Eno. EG themselves have called this

music esoteric but I think that's a mistake. It's a poor term that lays badly with their suggestion that only the most narrow minded will fail to enjoy this music. Half of it is no more artistic than the average Judy Collins song, simply longer.

Some of it is an aural representation of life around us. After playing all the 'ambient' stuff one after the other, I failed to notice the records had finished and sat listening to the sounds of the street outside. Far off voices, wind in the trees, passing traffic. OK so it sounds like I'm going off my head but I tell you it all seemed to have musical connotations.

Some of the records have soporific feelings that had me entranced and I slowly slipped away. Other sections, fair enough after all, just bored me to death.

Sometimes you're so hooked on it your ciggy burns through your finger. You bastards!

Penguin Cafe Orchestra's two albums were great. Their twee twitterings convey both warmth and variety, but stylishly accomplished. It all makes good good music.

Commercialism even pops up in the *Primitive Guitars* by Phil Manzanera. Swaying melodies and finger snapping, toe tapping cabaret high class. This is an album I didn't expect to enjoy but that's the wonder of EG for you.

King Crimson waffle away with their re-released *Earthbound* album, a horrific throwback to the sounds of the early Seventies and one that I can't stand any more now than then.

Robert Fripp blunders around with some highly technical, sometimes enjoyable music, with old Eno (again!) as accomplice on *No Pussyfooting* and *Evening Star*.

His so-called solo work comes up through *League Of Gentleman* (very bouncy) and *Let The Power All* (not at all bouncy, merely detailed, provocative ramblings).

Jon Hassell's electronically treated trumpet makes *Dream Theory In Malaya (Fourth World Volume Two)* a hard nut to crack with the pestilent tropical topical sound basically for the intellectuals among us.

Edikanifo's *The Pace Setters* is a dancey disc of high-life repute. Supercharged brass gloriana.

The Lounge Lizards with their album of the same name get 'laid back' and simmer in the most charming of ways.

Oh hell, I mean the whole collection is so varied and interesting you can't really avoid any of it (apart from Bill Bruford).

It won't change your life but it'll certainly sharpen your appetite.



Matt Johnson IS The The

"THE THE"

The hottest sound being played down the Camden Palace lately has been *Uncertain Smile*, a sad throbbing dance beat by The The. It's designed to pull at your heartstrings rather than to get you moving but it is soul, only more of the spiritual.

*A howling wind that blows the litter
As the rain flows
As streetlamps pour orange coloured shapes
Through your windows
A broken soul stares from a pair of watering eyes
Uncertain emotions - force an uncertain smile ... **

It's going to be the new single and should be in the shops around the end of the month, but what about the signing?

MATT: 'I've been signed with Some Bizarre for about a year and a half, the same time as Soft Cell and B-Movie. But when they took off that took up a lot of Stevo's time and he gave me permission to do a solo album for 4AD ... I'd been doing some demos, including the single and everybody seemed to really like it. Decca offered to pay for me to go to New York and so I went over and recorded *Uncertain Smile* with Mike Thorne. When I came back Decca signed a piece of paper saying that if they were paid the money from Some Bizarre, they could have the mastertapes. Stevo played it around and the record companies went mad over it. At one time there were three or four major companies bidding against each other. The final deal is about thirty or forty times bigger than when it started off.'

'I just hope it will put me firmly on the map. It will be the third The The single so I think it will be third time lucky. Bloody hope so!'

Nothing in his manner suggests he's on the brink of stardom. He's polite, chatty and readily admits it is a strange feeling to have so much money put up. Aware he has to be good and confident, he is without any signs of cockiness. The talent is all there. His only concern is for making good music.

Of course the name The The is something of an anti name. A friend of Matt's thought it up a couple of years back and it stuck. Previously though Matt played with the Gadgets and last summer released *Burning Blue Soul* on 4AD under his own name.

Matt Johnson is a twenty one year old from the East End of London. He's the son of a publican and writes great songs. Oh and by the way CBS have just signed him for the princely sum of seventy thousand pounds. Matt Johnson is ..The The.

MATT: 'The The is an anti name. You've got THE Damned, THE Clash, THE this THE that and it's all the. There's so many ways it can be taken but it isn't a joke name, it's not self-mocking, it's sarcastic! Not a joke root like the Rockin' Berries. I also like destroying the idea of a band, Soft Cell helped do that by being a two piece, they make a big noise ... I think people tend to be put off by a solo artist and it is a screen to hide behind.'

BURNING BLUE SOUL

As the cover, a big swirl eye, suggests, *Burning Blue Soul* does lend itself to labels such as psychedelic. It certainly has all the trippy qualities of other albums by artists who adhere to that druggy culture. Matt attributes that sixties feel to his music, if indeed there is, to the fact his parents ran a pub and he spent those days listening to the music from the juke box in the bar below, drifting up through the floorboards to his bedroom. That isn't to say *Burning Blue Soul* is at all dated or harking back to an old sound, it was recorded last year and is still ahead of its time. Tracks like *Song Without An Ending* gallop along with Matt sounding close to menacing. There is a subtle uneasiness to the whole album that becomes clear only after listening closely and often, it can be both beautiful and yet disturbing.

MATT: 'I'm glad I did that album before I signed with a big company. It's a very personal and honest album and it got such a good response from people. It's contrasting, some tracks are just guitar and me singing and other tracks are huge panoramic scenes with layers of drums.'

It is tinged with that haunting sad element *Uncertain* has. *Whispering sadness like a mild form of madness*
Or a line from a meaningful song
Turn your eyes to the lord
But the churches are empty
*There is now no escape from your longing ... ***

That album still remains to be checked out by a lot of people. Matt contributes a lot of the melancholy imagery to teenage angst. So what difference will there be in the sound between the last and the new album?

MATT: 'There are no breaks between tracks, everything melts. The production quality will be a

hundred times better than *Burning Blue Soul* but that doesn't mean it's a better album to me. I'm going to use some session musicians on it, I play guitar, electric and twelve string, piano and I'm getting into drums, I also love melodica. I'm a jack of all trades, master of none. I've never been into being a technically perfect musician, you can become too perfect. I like to keep some rawness. I can pick up any instrument and get a noise out of it but the lyrics are the most important thing.'

*The faults you see in other people
Are the ones you see in yourself
Your breath is soured by the
bitterness you feel
You write poison pen letters
While crying crocodile tears
Your sun is set and your spring
has sprung
Your may feel - BLUE AS
HELL!! ... ****

I asked Matt how he felt about doing live shows or gigs (a funny little word that sounds somewhere between a dance and something a horse might pull).

MATT: 'I did a couple of gigs at the Venue and the Lyceum recently but I think The The has played only about a dozen gigs in the last three years. I do want to do some live appearances but I want to make them good and very memorable. I think the old idea of gigs is redundant anyway ... I never enjoy going to gigs, I get bored stiff and end up spending most of my time at the bar, it's a more social thing. If you're a natural performer then it's different but I'm more at home in the studio.'

The The has consisted of various people, Tom Johnson (no relation) who does the cartoon on the ad-lib page of the *Standard*, Actor Simon Turner, photographer Peter Ashworth who also drums for Marc And The Mambas and Keith Laws who thought up the name. For now though, The The is quite simply Matt Johnson.

Recently Matt has been in the studio with Marc And The Mambas, a project of Marc Almond's that started out as a single and developed into a full album. Matt composed the music to two tracks *Untitled* and *Angels* and plays guitar and piano on it.

MATT: 'I've known Marc for quite a while and we have always meant to work together because we like what each other does. I'm

used to working with my own voice but working with Marc was great, it's good discipline because you're working in a different context ... I'm just pleased I'm with a record label and I like the other acts on it. Some Bizarre is developing into the label of the eighties. It's like a party atmosphere, things do get done but it's got that easy-going atmosphere of being at school with your mates. A lot of record labels are like McDonalds hamburger stores, very clinical and white.'

When he was eleven, he played a tissue box for a guitar, in coffee bars. Now his chance has come. Matt Johnson is on his way, the only way, up.

PAUL BARNEY.

DISCOGRAPHY:

ALBUMS:

Winter 79: THE GADGETS - Gadgetree (Vinyl Solution)
Summer 80: THE GADGETS - Love Curiosity Freckles & Death (Vinyl Solution)
Spring 81: THE THE - Untitled (Some Bizarre compilation album)
Summer 81: THE GADGETS - Black Opium (Never Released)
Summer 81: MATT JOHNSON - Burning Blue soul (4AD)
Summer 81: MATT JOHNSON - What Stanley Saw (One track on Cherry Red compilation Perspectives and Distortion)

SINGLES:

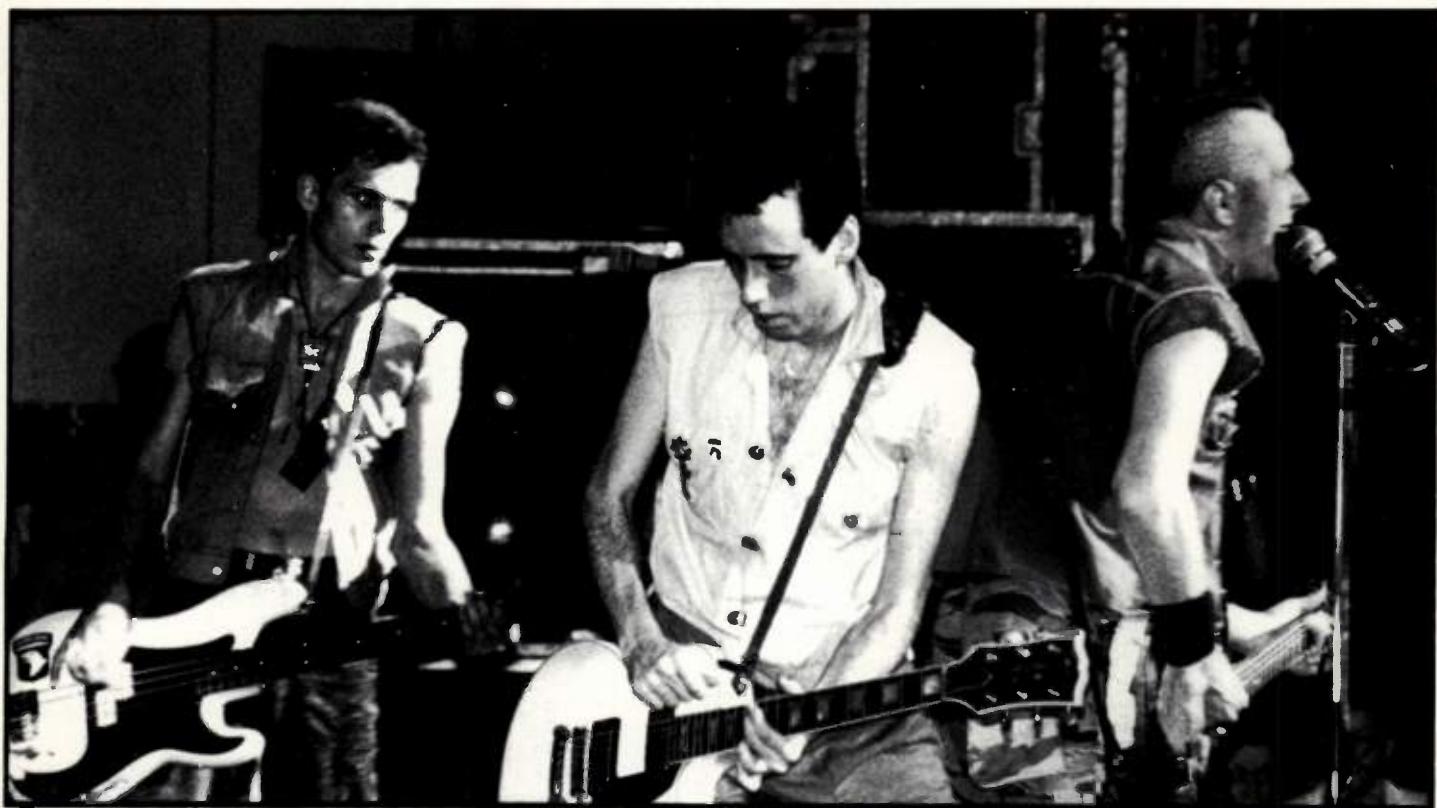
Summer 80: THE THE - Controversial Subject (4AD)
Summer 81: THE THE - Cold Spell Ahead (Some Bizarre)
Autumn 82: THE THE - Uncertain Smile (CBS/Some Bizarre)

Extracts from:

* *Uncertain Smile*
** *Delirious* on *Burning Blue Soul*:
*** *Blue As Hell* from forthcoming album:

"THE THE"

CLASH LIVE



As the Clash launches into *White Riot*, a packed Brixton Fair Deal erupts in a frenzy of movement. Their second London concert in two weeks proves the Clash are still a rock and roll power to be reckoned with. Most of their high energy, hard-edged rock songs from their first two albums maintain the raw intensity that first brought the Clash to prominence.

However, their later more funk and reggae-oriented material sounded somewhat soft in comparison with classics like *Janie Jones*, *Career Opportunities* and *Tommy Gun*. Tight and solid versions of *Sandinista* and

Rock The Casbah stood out from their more recent material.

Projected slide images behind the band added an extra dimension to the concert. Explicitly political images ranging from the Brixton Riots to Blair Peach, Liddle Tower and Ulster were a constant backdrop.

With a predominantly white audience of wide ranging social groups from punks to hippies and rock and rollers, the Clash are now using more than their music and lyrics to communicate their politics of the oppressed. For some Clash fans from the early days when shared energy and politics were a part of live

Clash, the use of basically inciting images was intrusive. But while response from new fans remains narrow and directed to the Clash's music only, we can expect their wider acceptance to result in the Clash making more use of multi-media techniques of communication.

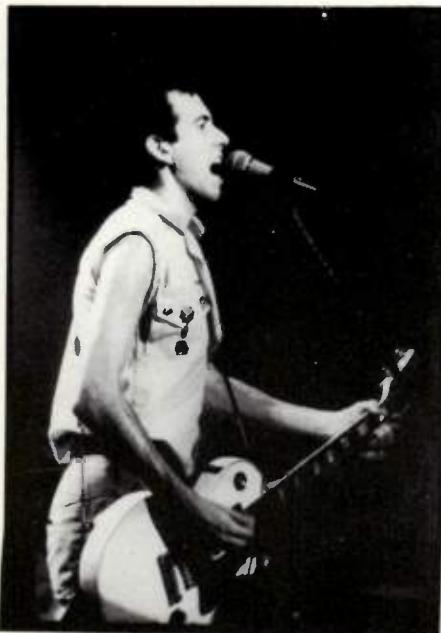
Clash have always been open to new influences and reggae star Mikey Dread toasting on stage and boogeying around with Joe Strummer on *Armageddon Time* was a treat.

What remains from this summer '82 concert is a question mark over where the Clash is going. They are stretching their

musical and political boundaries but don't yet seem to have found a combined whole or definite direction. For the frenetic dancers downstairs who found the Clash new and stimulating, the energy of their live set was enough. But seasoned Clash concert-goers tended to view the proceedings laconically from the relative safety of the balconies.

These are the old and faithful Clash fans who expect and demand something more. But nobody could question the fact that the Clash were alive and well and bringing the house down in Brixton.

Leon Morris/Carl Jones



PHOTOGRAPHY: LEON MORRIS

RUBELLA BALLET...

Will Zillah, Sid & Co. survive the attentions of EMI? Tony D talks to 'these wildly blooming flowers.'

Behind this door on the twenty fourth floor of a faceless East London tower block lies two of Rubella Ballet, protagonists of some of the most exploding plastic day-glo punk wrath and role playing this poor boy has seen since. God knows when. Standing firm alongside 'hardcore anarchist' bands like Flux Of Pink Indians, Conflict and Dirt, they make such bands fade into the furthermost shadowy corners with their gaudy dress sense, seditious little pop tunes and inflammatory catchy hooks. They're the ones who've put glam back into bam but enough of this, let's open that door a mere crack and listen in to singer Zillah talk about clothes...

ZILLAH: I've always made my own clothes, I couldn't afford to buy any punk clothes from boy or anywhere. When I was first a punk you couldn't buy punk clothes, they didn't exist unless you made them yourself. It's more 'me' if I make them myself, it's not just clothes then.

ZZ: You've always worn those colours?

ZILLAH: Yes, the brighter the better. I've always worn these even when everyone else was wearing all this black stuff.

SID: When you go and see a band that's all dressed in black, or dark dull clothes there's nothing to look at. When you've got a singer wearing a really bright coloured dress you can focus on that.

ZILLAH: The point is, I'm still wearing onstage the same as I wear offstage ... all my clothes are like that.

SID: She pays for the material and that's it.

ZZ: Do you think your audiences have changed, got anymore colour in them than before.

SID: Oh definitely, started making their own t-shirts and that.

ZILLAH: People are beginning to wear more make-up now, and putting crazy colour in their hair again. I think it's great, the more people who do it the better, it makes everyone more of an individual rather than just walk around in black all the time. People are coming to gigs in home made clothes, you can tell them apart now, it's part of yourself. I wouldn't, like Toyah, get someone to design my clothes for me.

SID: We want to put more fun back into punk, get people to see the brighter side of things. Look

at our t-shirts for instance (garish day-glo pink, yellow or green objects de kitsch), I went to the warehouse where Fans (punk memorabilia emporium) keep their t-shirts and the only ones with our colours were those leopard skin print ones - all the rest were black with some sort of logo on, with sleeves. Whenever we ring up to get some they've never got any.

any money for them either.) To get to their current line-up, their long and convoluted history winds through and round the likes of (Honey Bane's) Fatal Microbes and the Poison Girls, also on the sidelines was Ian (now singer with Southern Death Cult).

SID: The outlook of Rubella Ballet is so different from the circle of bands we were in at the



Rubella Ballet - Will the future be darkened by the wings of the circling EMI vultures?

ZZ: You've been top of their Best Selling T-shirt list for months, do you get any money from them?

SID: No, it's all to do with whoever designs the t-shirt, they re-arranged the poster thing from *Ballet Bag* a bit (their nine track, tape release only album on Xntrix. More of that later) so we don't get anything. We even have to fucking buy them ourselves! Everyone thinks we're responsible for doing it but the first we knew was when we saw them advertised in the papers.

Rubella emerged amidst a whole confusion of energy and frenzied activity about three odd years ago. They are Zillah Minx (vocals), Gem Stone (bass, vocals), Sid Atton (drums) and Pete Fender (guitar), although they have been many other line-ups. In May 1979 they supported Crass and Poison Girls at the now legendary Conway Hall gigs (on vocals then were Annie Anxiety and some chap named Womble). Sid was drumming with Flux Of Pink Indians for awhile, at the same time, till he had to decide to stay with one or the other ('I invented the name, when they wanted to change it from The Epileptics,' Sid recalls. Colin, the singer, wanted to call them Tribe Of Indians. I gave them two songs, both of which are on Neu Smell. Haven't got

time, and the colourful anarchy bit came out from there.

ZILLAH: When we were going up to Birmingham, Crass would be there and all their fans, dressed in black, then me 'n Sid'd walk in with blue hair, really bright tattered t-shirts and jeans. People'd walk past Crass and then start giving us all this abuse ...

SID: It was really good, people need that break - before when I used to follow Crass and started wearing a lot of black I felt really depressed all the time. I felt that the whole world was against me, that I was fighting everyone else, until I got out of that and started not giving a fuck about all those wankers out there. Start living your own life, laugh for a change.

ZILLAH: We still say things that are as important, punk roots and that, it's part of our lives...

SID: Most of our songs are about personal experiences or dreams, things like that.

ZILLAH: 'Anarchy' is the wrong word really, it's more like you're/we're against society. You want to do things to change it. freedom is in your head, the only thing I believe in is equal opportunity for all. For instance I could've done a law degree but my parents couldn't afford to let me go, because I come from a working class background -

whereas the parents of one of Sid's friends paid for him to go and study for four years. That's the sort of thing I'm against.

EMI have their talons ready sharpened ready to rip the soul out of the poverty stricken Ballet. Though their first vinyl offering (*Right To Live Not The Need To Survive EP*) is still on the independent Xntrix label, the question they are currently grappling with is the eternal infernal one that usually crops up in its naked form as 'shall we sell out or not?', or more cynically as 'how can we sell out without making it seem like that to the vast record buying public?'

ZILLAH: All I care about is that people don't have to pay a lot to see us, that our records aren't dear and make sure we can sing whatever songs we want - and if there's a bit of money in it, well I don't mind.

SID: At these five band gigs we play, my old drum kit gets a hell of a bashing. I've had it for over a year now and it's getting worn out. We can't afford to repair anything - if we could get a bit of money ...

ZILLAH: Half the gigs we're offered we can't play because we can't afford to get there - let alone take our equipment. If we got some money we could buy a p.a. and van that all the bands could use.

SID: The thing is, if we did sign up to EMI or one of these big companies people are gonna think we'd sold out just because we'd singed up. It's not worth taking that chance, but then The Exploited only got where they are by being on a big label, they're on EMI aren't they?

ZILLAH: Vice Squad are on EMI.

ZZ: It's through a licencing deal I think ...

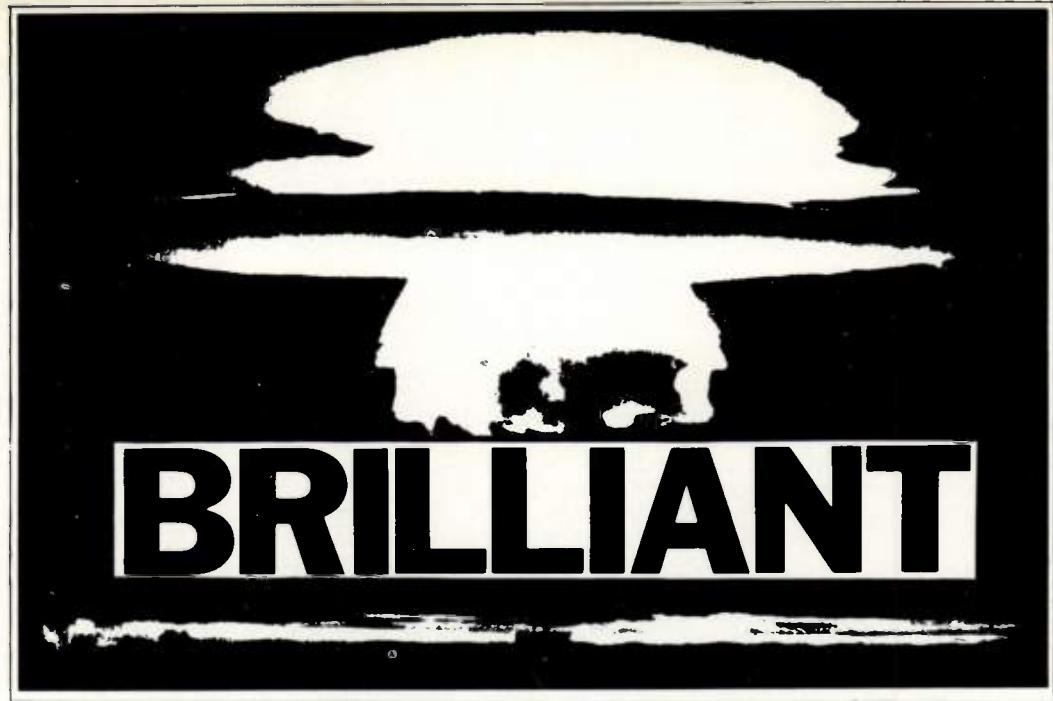
ZILLAH: That's just a way of them being 'Punk Bands' without making it look too much like they've sold out.

ZZ: I wouldn't consider them punk bands anyway.

This thorny problem took up a fair portion of the tape during this interview as they explained their (very real) poverty and such like. Let's encourage these wildly blooming flowers in society's dustbin, see them, get the *Ballet Bag*, get two, explode into colour and laugh out loud as the vultures crash into their rancid pits of filthy lucre never to smear freedom's untainted landscape ever again.

TONY D.

"Half the gigs we're offered we can't play because we can't afford to get there."



Marina Merosi gets blinded by the light.

'Obviously at first there'll be a certain amount of comparison to what I was doing before, but in a year's time that will be totally ignored because what this band will achieve by then will be far greater than that.'

(Youth on Brilliant late July 1982).

I'm pleasantly surprised:

Youth doesn't fit his cliched rock-journalist descriptions; tall, slim and quite handsome, with a clear, sharp mind and incisive wit, he listens attentively, doing his bit to be the perfect interviewee. With his assured counter-questioning he hits upon a most effective way of disconcerting this particular interviewer.

I like him, though ... I think.

The other four assortment of personalities that go to make up Brilliant sit round Youth's cluttered Ladbroke Grove basement flat in various complimentary moods: Rob the keyboard player has an aura of inner peace and thus hardly says a word. Marcus, (vocals and lead guitar when necessary) and Andy Anderson (drums) are eager to alternatively; a) discuss the band, or b) join Youth, Julianne Regan (fellow writer also present) and I in trying to decode Young Parisian bass player Tin Tin's brave but vain attempts to explain just what Brilliant means to him *En Anglais*.

In the background the sound of a mixture of American dub/funk indispersed with shots of what seems to be Abba, and what most definitely is Dollar emanates from a stereo. No, this is not what I expected.

'We're basically trying to take the idea of rhythm and melody to extremes' - Marcus.

Not so much surprising as exciting: Brilliant's first single; *Push/Good Friends* should be out about now. A vibrant fusion of aggressive funk, strident percussion and intense vocals.

The effect achieved with the help of the innovative rhythm section line-up of a drum kit and not one but two bass' (Youth and Tin Tin).

ANDY: 'There's one thing that I find that people forget when they hear straightforward pop/chart music is that basically it's the rhythm section that's making the track; people forget that there's a drumkit and bass player there, actually punching out that hook line, whereas with this, plus the fact that there's two bass players, as opposed to being in the background, it really is the crux of the band.'

It's unusual but effective.

YOUTH: 'Yeah, but it's not so unusual as to be extremely inaccessible - you don't miss the guitar either - I mean on the single you don't notice there isn't a guitar there - people just use guitars in the end because they just think they have to.'

'You can only do so much with one bass - with two you can go into so many dimensions which haven't been investigated: one bass doing a melody, the other doing a rhythm or one bass playing the pattern that a horn section would do - you can get a completely different sound.'

He explains that with this what Brilliant are doing (note - doing and not just talking about doing: 'it's just a matter of coming up with the goods') is making music which is neither a rehash of what has preceded it nor one of those pretentious 'refutations' of that heritage (so popular at the moment) and is nothing more contrived than a simple 're-evaluation', if you like, of the basic elements involved; 'It's just frustrating for me to see why people haven't done those things before' Youth's voice strains in apparent disbelief 'they're so obvious!'

Marcus wrote the majority of the lyrics.

YOUTH: 'You can interpret

them in many ways, which is why they're good, they're not preaching or anything: For instance some people interpret the lyrics of *Push* as sexual, some people interpret it as just hard work'.

And together words and music create a charged, frenetic ferocity which is quite distinct from the usual sugary, bland concept of a dance record. In this sense they're similar (in feel and effect rather than musical style) to Defunkt and though I don't question Youth on this, I think back to Youth's recommedatory comments at a Defunkt gig a couple of nights before and suspect that Defunkt may be one of Brilliant's many sources of inspiration.

Like Defunkt, danceable they are, superficial they are not. Brilliant are Extreme.

'This is a good time for us really, cause there's not a lot happening, is there?' - Youth.

...Intriguing. Brilliant are emerging onto a music scene which, with a few exceptions (e.g. the three bands that played the Zigzag Club on July 15th), is largely uninspired, insipid and complacent - nah - flabby!

YOUTH: 'There's just a lot of bad records about - a single that gets to No. 1 today, 2 or 3 years ago would only get into the top 30 - just by selling the same amount of records - there's not that many people buying not that many records; it's not down to the industry or the prices, it's down to the records - they're not that good, I don't think, and once people start making really good records again people will start buying them again.'

There isn't a lot happening - agreed, but, I wonder, could this be the lull before the storm? Julianne suggests perhaps a backlash to the new pop (pap) sensibility ... a new consciousness ... after all, it's a very similar situation to that of the mid-

seventies before the advent of Punk. However, Youth is realistic: 'but you will always get that; people are just sheep, they will buy what they're told to buy (actually this is one of my favourite pessimistic phrases! - Marina) and that's not going to change - I remember people going on about Progressive Rock man ... and then Punk Rock man, and everybody's becoming more aware - but they're not: look at the Exploited: they're worse than Altered Images! But we've got nothing to do with that - we're nothing like any other band and we're not trying to be like any other band. What we're trying to do is create a market for people who just like the music and that is it; there is no blatant philosophy.

'The fact that we are completely different people and can work together in a way that is productive and can work, that in itself is saying enough without us having to tell people what we're about.'

'The results are always more important than the reasons' - Youth.

Not wallowing in the past but looking to the future: Whether he likes it or not, Youth is still regarded as 'the ex-Killing Joke bassist' and as the band explain this has its obvious drawbacks (categorization) and its obvious advantages (press coverage-public interest), but it is very clear that this is a totally new band and not another Killing Joke. For instance that 'no blatant philosophy-idea' that Brilliant are at pains to make clear, it's very different from the old: 'Killing Joke is more than just a band, it's a way of life and that's the Killing Joke' interview fodder, isn't it? Oh it is! But I stand corrected:

YOUTH: 'But that was what journalists wrote about it; their interpretation. That wasn't what we said - well ... it might have



Brilliant - could this be the lull before the storm?

been what Jaz said (laughter) then again that wasn't the band - in that band we were all individuals there'. And besides, Youth's not the only member of Brilliant to have been in a band before; they all have, (however it's only Tin Tin who has been in a similar situation to Youth, with his involvement with the French band Magma.) So, unlike most other new bands just starting out, Brilliant will be well-aware of the problems and pitfalls which encumber the music business; what then are those things that they're going to avoid? Youth replies that it's basically down to instinct: 'It's not a matter of avoiding something; we just don't think about doing it.'

'Once you start sweating and squirming that's when it hit you' - Andy.

Proving the point: Brilliant won't play live until the single is released, but when they finally do, I'm promised it will be something special:

Youth: 'I think it's very boring when you go to a gig and it's the same thing; just a band with two P.A. stands. People like Spandau Ballet say 'oh, we won't play that sort of venue,' but a hall is a hall, no matter where it is or what sort of people are there - in the end it's still the same thing, and what we intend to do is change the P.A.'s around so that you get sounds coming from different directions; and the visual side of it's going to be completely different.'

In what ways?

ANDY: 'Just involving the audience as part of the sound - whereas conventional bands they're just blasting out at you and there's a twenty-foot drop between you and the stage: the music is a communication thing in which they're free to be involved.'

YOUTH: 'Yeah, we will feed off the audience as much as they will feed off us.'

A very interesting idea that

Brilliant have for their live performances is that of the addition of a female backing singer 'for extra range'. The female singer will not be yet another 'pretty girl' added for visual commercial effect and will only work with the band for the duration of a tour, but what the band hope is that this will help open up a whole new set of possibilities:

MARCUS: 'It's just looking at those sounds and instruments as colours which you can add to a song, rather than just being part of the normal idea of a band ... I think that particular kind of thing would add a lot of colour.'

The interview winds to a close: Kris Needs (is this an interview or a Zigzag contributors' meeting?) who had also been present earlier reappears only to be told off by a rather upset Youth for having forgotten to buy a copy of 2,000 A.D. Youth subsequently recovers from this slight disappointment and we all settle

once more into conversation; Andy wants to be taken to the pub; Tin Tin wants me to take him to a restaurant; Youth wanders into a long prosaic speech extolling the virtues of a certain famous person for whom we have a mutual disdain. Everyone falls about laughing. The joke ends here: Brilliant do have the last laugh.

MARINA MEROSE.



"Once people start making really good records, people will start buying them again."

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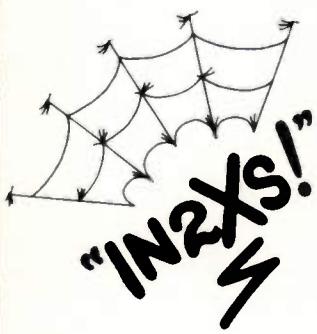


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FOREST OF VANE

JULIANNE REGAN gets lost in the trees

Seeing them live sent me off home in a trance, dazed and very confused. They straddle numerous styles and facets of music, making it an impossible and redundant task to categorise them, which should please bassist Phil Pickering ...

It is worth listening hard, for Vane do not make background muzak; what they make is worthy of anyone's full attention.

The effect the songs have can range from nagging and grating to charming and hypnotic. A song like *Wake Me* is a constant, nagging piece of sound repeated again and again, yet elevated from bland artiness by the melodic competition between the assorted phrases and rhythms.

At the other pole there's the alluring and seductive *Reality Of Fiction*, with its languid, echoed, waves-against-ship's-bow beat, its buzzing and sparkling keyboards, its splintering guitar chords which grow into a pained stretched lament and its physical, lazy, mellow bass over which James convincingly entices us ... 'Sit and relax ... Stare into my eyes ... Listen to everything I say ... And gently drift away ...' That authoritative hypnotist's voice makes drifting compulsory. A very passive reaction.

JAMES: 'We all believe in peace.'

PHIL: 'There's nothing wrong with peace.'

JAMES: 'But peace of mind of the individual. It is a passive reaction and I'd like to think that we have that hypnotic quality but I don't mind how people react. There are no hidden meanings. We don't write about anything as such. The songs aren't designed to bring about any particular response.'

PHIL: 'It's more about feelings which you can't label.'

JAMES: 'There's a certain amount of fantasy involved. As far as we're concerned, we can't change the world, but we can change our surroundings in the same way that any individual can. But no one person can make everything right for everybody. We don't claim to be able to do that. Self-expression is about one opinion anyway.'

PHIL: 'It's not a conscious thing. We just play how we feel like playing, there's no point in being in a band if you're not expressing yourself.'

PHIL: 'I don't like labels actually. What's a label anyway? I mean we've been compared to the Doors and the Cuddly Toys! JAMES: 'And anyone who compares us to Bauhaus and the

How can you sound sincere where cynicism usually prevails? Certainly not by using a tired old cliche such as 'moving'. But ... there; I've said it ... Vane are moving. Still, music should be about moving people and on that count Vane succeed.



James Vane.



Phil Pickering

gothic set can't be listening hard enough.'

Phil must put a fair amount of self-expression into his bass-playing as it is firmly stamped with its own identity. It has broken free of the usual trappings of simply being part of the rhythm section and has become almost a lead instrument, tumbling and soaring, skipping and snaking its

way through the complexity of Vane's songs.

PHIL: 'I just play ... can't you ask us questions like what our favourite colours are?'

JAMES: 'No, it's a fair comment, but we've never sat down and thought out answers. I've never said "here Phil, your bass is getting noticed". You see, we hear and feel what we are doing so we don't have to talk about it. We

can't word the feeling.'

PHIL: 'You shouldn't need to label things. You're much too analytical.'

I try to explain that being analytical is an intrinsic part of conducting an interview, but Phil ventures that there may be a personality clash causing the communication problem. Apparently it happens when three Cancerians get together.

JAMES: 'We'll answer anything you ask. Word your questions differently and you may get a different answer. I've forgotten the answers I gave you before anyway.'

They look a little careworn now like schoolboys in an exam for which they haven't done any revision. For a little light relief we talk about visuals, which shouldn't really matter but usually do. The audience they attract are a nostalgic mix of old glam and punk, but well-dressed mind.

JAMES: 'There have been times when I've felt upstaged by the audience. I've looked down and thought "I wish I had a pair of boots like his", but I don't care now.'

It's hard to imagine how James could feel upstaged. He's tall and androgynous, with all the chilling frigidity of Siouxsie or Sylvian, but with a warm charisma of his very own.

JAMES: 'You have to give people something to look at and you feel a lot better if you look reasonably well. We've worn make-up for a long time ... not before or because of anybody else but simply because it looks better.'

PHIL: 'The visuals are like the music in that they aren't contrived.'

JAMES: 'Manufacturing an image fails in all honesty.'

We get back to talking about music, trying hard not to be too analytical, but arriving at the mutual conclusion that their music speaks for itself.

In some situations you find that words are an inadequate means of communication and that music says a lot more with a lot less fuss. You can look so hard for answers that you can't see the wood for the trees and talking to Vane I got well lost in the forest.

I let them have their own way and ask some banal questions ... JAMES: 'If I wasn't doing this I might be a marine biologist ... I'm hooked on Jacques Cousteau, and as to my favourite colour ... put it this way, we're not as dark as you think.'

JULIANNE REGAN.

"Manufacturing an image fails in all honesty."

Mari Wilson

THE EIGHTIES QUEEN OF SOUL

Mari Wilson oozes glamour but then she is known as the Neasden Glamourpuss, so it's hardly surprising. That beehive hairdo is genuine and she buys all her clothes from jumble sales in and around Neasden.

For a glamourpuss Mari is remarkably down to earth. She confesses to a liking for chemists and card shops in much the same way some people become addicted to shoe shops. She's much more vivacious than her pictures suggest. Mari has all the qualities of a superstar, a technically brilliant voice that matches her image perfectly. So why isn't Mari Wilson a household name? Where is the recognition she deserves? I attempted to find out. Attempting to be the appropriate word - star quality is dazzling.

She released her first single 'Love Man' on GTO after having previously worked as a secretary for an American shipping company and as a back up singer. When GTO folded she signed to Compact and gave us such wondrous 45's as 'Beat The Beat', 'Dance Card' and 'Baby it's True', all composed for her by Teddy Johns, an incredible songwriter who helped Mari get the contract with Compact. They all sound like classics, gold discs, smash hits, whatever, but they all failed to make the top thirty.

MARI AND SUCCESS: 'I don't want to be really rich and live in a big mansion but I do want hits. Money is tight and it's not easy, but there's no way I'd compromise and go solo (there are twelve in the band). We are successful because of our stage act. The songs are treated seriously but it's also a send up. Anybody can do it and I think anybody is these days. But it's just a job and people forget. That's why they become so screwed up. It's a very enjoyable job but that's all. A lot of bands complain they just about break even on the road.'

Mari has twelve members in her backing group. The Wilsations. (they were called the Imaginations but Imagination, those three cheeky disco boys,



Mari Wilson - too long a cult figure?

put a stop to that). They have been touring almost non stop since August last year.

MARI AND TOURING: 'We don't stay in expensive hotels and we don't have roadies. We do everything ourselves, except I have a hairdresser. We've got our priorities right! I can do my hair myself but I can't get it so good. It is a beehive, but it's a 1980's beehive, it's my own creation. I will go rabbiting on, you must stop me. No, because we save on things like staying in cheap guest houses we make a good profit. When we did the David Essex Show, the BBC put us up in a hotel and we couldn't believe it. Our own bathrooms! Mari loves television and

television should love her. Visually she demands an extravaganza of her very own. It's because of her suitability as much as her ability that baffles me. Why doesn't somebody snap her up for a series or at least a few guest spots? It's through this lack of outlets that we find Mari Wilson on the David Essex Showcase. She won through to the all winners show and then lost.'

MARI AND TELEVISION: 'It was good because it meant two consecutive weeks on television but I'm glad I didn't win. It's not quite Opportunity Knocks I know, tho' Bucks Fizz still have the tag of the act that won the Eurovision contest. I'd hate to have to live with that.'

would like my own show, something like the Brady Bunch where somebody has an accident, or falls in love, or runs away from home every week. You see there are so many of us in the band, these things could really happen! I say that but I'm half joking. It's easy to get up there and be me, I've never seriously thought about acting. If I had my own show it would be for the music rather than just larking about.'

But that's the thing about Mari Wilson and the Wilsations, they do lark about. One night Mari had her back to them to do the introductions and when she turned around, they had all changed places! She once hired a gold lurex Fairy Godmother outfit complete with wings just to wear for her final bow. It's that star quality again. As one fan said 'Going to see Mari Wilson is like hearing her greatest hits' and it's true.

She has just recorded her new single 'Just What I've Always Wanted' another Teddy Johns number and made a guest appearance in the latest Soft Cell video, for their single 'What'. I discover we're both fans of Marc Almond, Coronation Street and documentary programmes on wildlife. But enough of this small talk.

Mari is a diabetic and has to have insulin injections twice a day. This has caused her minor weight problems but she's lost any sign of being overweight. Indeed she is happy with the way she looks now and so she should be. It's the hair and the personality, not to mention the voice, that makes Mari Wilson the larger than life figure she is.

MARI AND FOOD: 'I like seafood but I've gone off meat. Not because it's trendy to, I just can't look at red meat. I like chicken. Obviously there are things I can't eat anyway. I don't eat cakes.'

MARI AND MEN: 'I like big men because I'm not a small person myself. I liked Oliver Reed in *Women In Love*, before he got too fat. But the thing is I

(continues page 40)

"I don't meet many men. You can print that in big letters with my phone number!"

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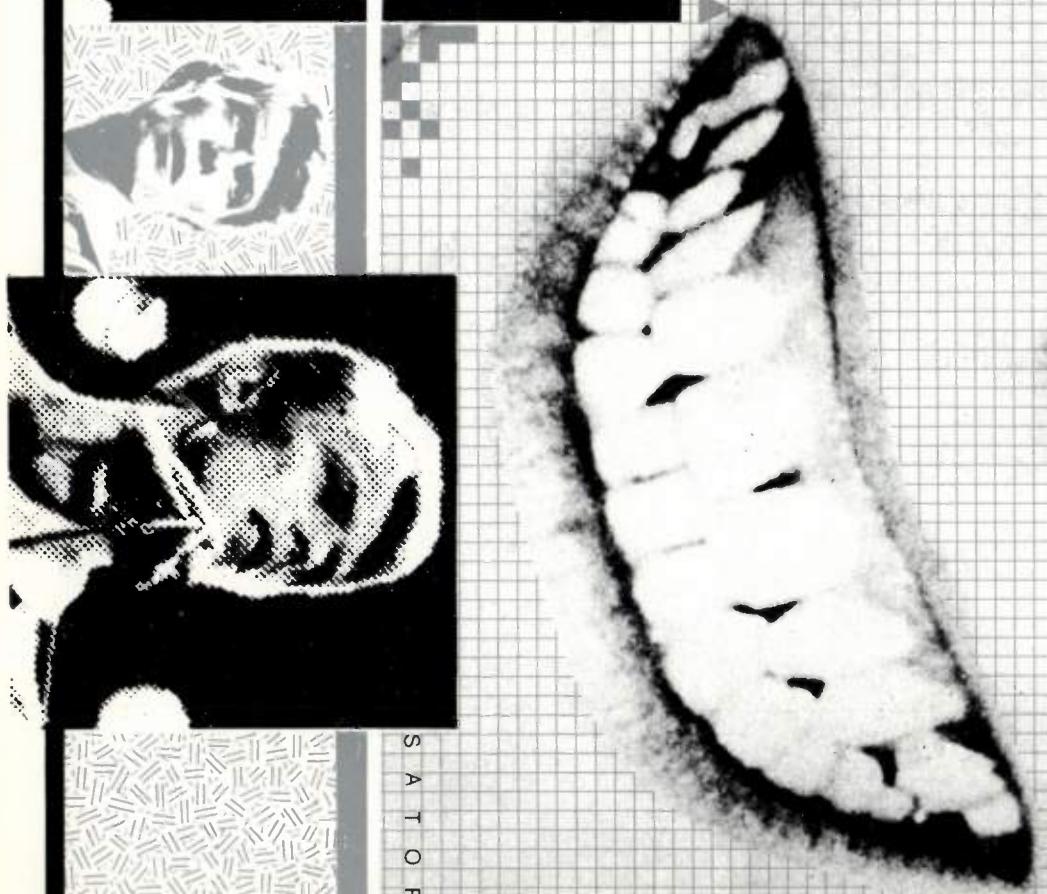
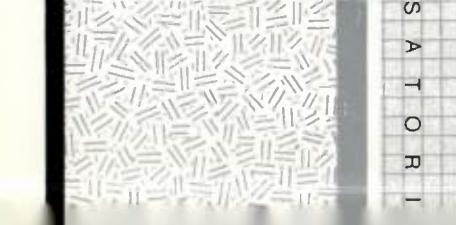
Three Cool Cats
Crying, Waiting, Hoping
Besame Mucho
Searchin'
Sheik of Araby

SIDE TWO

To Know Him is to Love Him
Take Good Care of My Baby
Memphis
Sure to Fall
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Cruisin'

Michael Hoff uncovers a veritable hornets' nest of 'street machines'.

Photos by Neil Bicknell.

The posers were aghast. Suddenly the lines of gaudy custom cars, flashy American cadillacs and growling hot rods built for speed, were held up by a cavalcade of police cars and range rovers. Sleek, customised chevrolets and 68 thunderbirds, with sequential rear lights blinking angrily, drew to a halt, their brightly painted flanks shuddering in time with the engines. How could the Old Bill do this to them on THEIR day?

Then, suddenly the answer appeared. Speeding through the ranks of cars went a jet black Bentley, carrying no less than his Holiness Pope John Paul II. He smiled benignly out of the bullet-proof windows, secure in the knowledge that when it comes to customised cars, the Popemobile still wins hands down.

They still talk about the day the Pope joined the Chelsea Cruise. It's one of many anecdotes that are swapped when the drivers of hundreds of head-turning cars gather on the last Saturday of every month to 'cruise' round the outside of London's Battersea Park. It's the biggest unpublicised event in the capital, and yet still manages to attract a crowd of thousands, who throng the Albert and Chelsea bridge walkways and all the pavement space in Battersea to watch these outlandish street machines roar up and down the roads in what must, for their owners, be the ultimate ego trip.

There are three distinct sets of vehicle in this motorised subculture: the straightforward imported American car, the custom car, which has been altered, re-painted and added to by its owner, and the hot rod, normally a thirties or forties machine that has had its engine, suspension and gearbox radically re-arranged to provide maximum speed and power.

It's surprising that so few people seem to have heard of either the Chelsea Cruise or for that matter any of the other big rallies that are always taking place in Britain. Anyone driving through Battersea could hardly fail to notice the noise, the crowds or the great clouds of smoke flying out from the backs of the hot rods as their drivers put their hand-brakes on and spin the wheels.

The cruise is completely unorganised, a fact which sends the local constabulary into something of a tailspin. 'We have to police the event, but quite

honestly it's a pain in the arse,' said one officer. 'You can quote me on that,' he added, while disappearing into a crowd that was forming round a column of acrid smoke.

The police don't allow the cars into the park anymore, ever since

'It's based on the yellow coupe in the *American Graffiti* film. It cost about four thousand pounds to build from scratch.'

'It looks rather bizarre doesn't it?'

'Well you wouldn't believe some of the looks it gets from



Cars pack the Albert and Chelsea bridges during the Chelsea Cruise.

a number of manic bikers decided they'd join the cruise and took to doing loud and lengthy wheelies which woke up half of South London. Our enterprising photographer however, managed to flag down a hot rod, and with a fine disregard for authority, diverted it into the park so we could take pictures. I chatted to its owner, Bob Staughton, while the subject of our conversation was eyed with a mixture of disbelief and horror by an elderly park keeper.

'Well what is it Bob?'

'It's a replica Plymouth; 4.6 litre engine with 4 barrel carburettor, Jaguar rear suspension and Jaguar and transit front,' says Bob.

people. A guy once fell off a ladder staring at it when I drove past. It always draws crowds wherever it goes.'

Malcolm Garret's 1960 Cadillac Fleetwood is a different proposition altogether. Looking like a cross between the Batmobile and some Flash Gordon creation, its features include electronic windows, seat adjustors, air conditioning, auto headlamp dipper, cruise control and hydraulically operated boot.

'This really was the Rolls Royce of American cars,' says Malcolm as we drive off through the traffic. 'They just simply don't make them like this any more. These cars are ridiculously well made, and when you do need

spare parts they're often easier to get than those for British Leyland machines. This one's got a seven litre engine so there's never any problem. I rarely drive over 70 - yet it's designed to cope with speeds of 120 miles an hour for three days at a time.'

'I never have any trouble driving it, (the car is almost 20 feet long!) and it really does feel like the right size car for me. I've got two others as well; a 69 Plymouth Fury and another Cadillac Fleetwood. I'd have more if I could afford them. It's like buying shirts really. I get up in the morning and think 'which one shall I drive today.'

I ask him the obvious question. 'Why are you driving around in a 22 year old American car rather than the type most of the rest of us use?'

'That's a bit of a redundant question really. I do it for the same reason that you're talking to me like this. It's an interesting car.'

Back at the cruise we spot an American police car no less, complete with red lamps, wah wah siren, black and white paint work and the legend '23rd Precinct' enamelled on the side. Sitting behind the wheel, an affable bloke called Derek talks about cruising.

'I've been doing the Chelsea Cruise for nine years now,' he says. 'It had been going for a few years before that, although in those days it was just a hundred or so standard American cars - nothing else. But over the years they've had their engines changed - you started getting Ford Poplars with V8 engines on them and Jaguar suspensions - that sort of thing. But the cars have definitely got better, you didn't used to have any of these murals on them or anything like that.'

Someone on the pavement yells 'book 'em Danno' as we drive past. Derek smiles and continues talking.

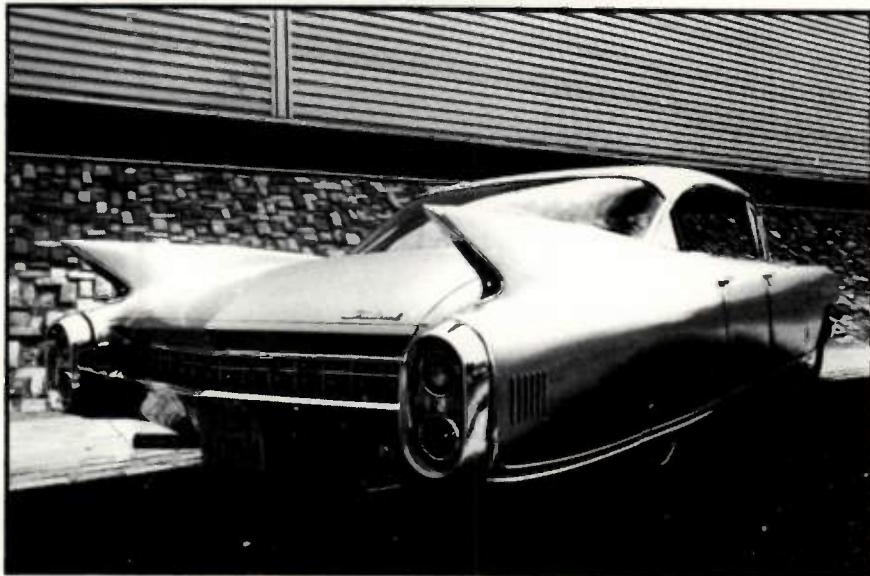
'Although there are cruises in other parts of the country, this is the big one. People drive down from as far away as Manchester and Birmingham for it. I've only missed two in eight years - that sticks in my mind. I've been on Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Day. If there's a cruise - I'll be there.'

Driving around in the back of Derek's car, I can begin to appreciate why these people drive the cars they do. Heads turn, cars stop, people smile and shout from the street ('sound the



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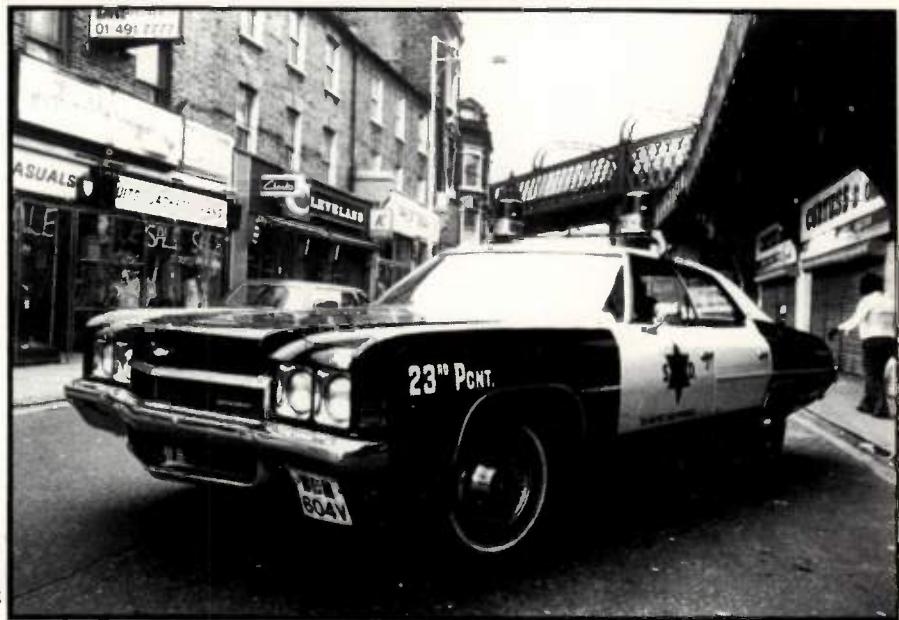
Bob Staughton's replica Plymouth poses for its photograph.



Space age lines for a 22 year old car - Malcolm Garret's 1960 Cadillac Fleetwood.



The San Francisco Police Department comes to Downtown Brixton.
'Sound the siren man!'



siren man!" yelled one black guy in Brixton). Derek remembers the time when he drove round and round a roundabout with lights flashing and siren wailing because people simply wouldn't let him off until they'd taken enough pictures.

The drivers can say what they want. But really, cruising is a pose, a vast, noisy and colourful

ego trip taking place right under the noses of millions of Londoners without them even knowing about it. As one owner of a huge, customised American Pontiac put it: 'I'm just an average bloke with an average job - you'd lose me in a crowd of two. But when I get behind the wheel of my car, people turn and look. It's as simple as that.'

SEPTEMBER STREET MEETS AND CRUISES.

4-5: Tyne Wear Cruisers 3rd Seaside Cruise-In at Gypsies Green Stadium, South Shields. Coventry Custom Car Cruisers Annual Show at Coombe Abbey. Further details - D. Bickley on 0455/46335.

10-12: Steel City Cruiser's Annual Run at Oakes Park,

Norton, Sheffield. Further details Brian (Sheffield 618449) 12: North Kent Roadsters at Footscray Meadows, Rectory Lane, Sidcup. Phone Sue (01-301-0427)

17-19: Riverside Street Cruisers Annual Showdown at Hanworth Air Park, Middlesex. Phone Paul on Camberley (0276) 33359.

25-26: Blackpool Classic and Custom Car Show, Blackpool.

MODERN ENGLISHMEN

I'm in a claustrophobic basement watching Modern English miming to their single *I Melt With You* for the purpose of making a video. It's amusing seeing them playing instruments which aren't plugged into anything. Only Gary McDowell and Robbie Grey escape ridicule on this count as they are playing acoustic-guitar and singing respectively.

To make the video 'atmospheric' several smoky flares have been fired which has started a bout of collective choking. Coming up for air, the Modern Englishmen converge on Harry's Sandwich Bar. Harry takes second glances at Gary's shock of snow-white hair and auburn pony-tail, then makes with the coffee.

GARY: I don't like those tinselstrips they've got hanging down behind the drums; it makes it look like Tiffany's or something.

ROBBIE: It's really weird miming to the single.

The single is one of the more obviously 'poppy' songs on the album *After The Snow*. Other tracks range from irresistibly danceable to very strange and sensitive, almost verging on the hazy realms of psychedelia. (but NOT the Paisley shirt variety).

STEVE: Pink Floyd were good in the early days, but they got commercial.

ROBBIE: They just got older didn't they. Honestly, I'd never listened to that stuff until we started getting comparisons, so I started listening to it and it's great.

ZZ: But the lyrics can sound a bit 'trippy', such as 'I laughed aloud at the crimson sky ...'

ROBBIE: That's no trip ... that's the end of the world isn't it? Another song people thought was about drugs was simply about laying down looking up at the sky!

There's a very pastoral feel to the album, almost as if Modern

English were part of some musical 'back to nature' movement in the wake of all the refrigerated synthetics of last year. The use of more acoustic sounds for example. In a track called *Dawn Chorus* they make a fair, if accidental, attempt at self-summary: 'A wall of sound with flutes and strings; Riding on a wave of voices ...'

The infectiously lucid *After The Snow* is a far cry from the Gothic angst of their first album *Mesh And Lace*. What brought about the change?

ROBBIE: Basically, we did an album of what's been called 'gloomy' material and it seemed that if we were going to get anywhere we should avoid getting caught up in the bracket with all those Factory, or 4AD bands. There's a big backlash on all that stuff now. *Mesh And Lace* got fair reviews at the time. This year it would've been hammered.

ZZ: So the change was a conscious one?

ROBBIE: I got better vocally. Gary got better on guitar ...

ZZ: You mean you had a growth period?

ROBBIE: Yes, both musically and as people. There's a lot to learn. We came in very naively with the first album.

I fail to understand the ignorance and indifference which Modern English come up against. There's been a 'take 'em or leave 'em' stigma attached to them like an albatross of apathy. Why?

ROBBIE: We've never gone out of our way to get people to like us. One day everyone will turn round and say: 'Shit! We should've said it first!'

Modern English having grown up in public, now emerge from a stormy but fruitful adolescence with a beautiful maturity to charm and captivate those who hear it. You see, ugly ducklings CAN turn into swans.

JULIANNE REGAN.



No longer ugly ducklings, Modern English are moving away from last year's refrigerated synthetics.

From a chance meeting

Dave Massey meets CRAZY HOUSE

Dave Luckhurst and Peter Parsons are the creative nucleus of Wiltshire's most absurdly inspired outfit: from Trowbridge take a walk round the Crazy House. The abnormal and the peculiar give the pair the basis for observing the characters and the rituals that individuals follow in their daily lives. Conversation is liberally peppered with examples of those people who don't fit into the 'normal' scheme of things - Bert who carries an empty parcel around with him that he says he will post but never does; the local cowboy decked out in his hat and six-gun but who speaks with a lisp; and the local flasher and child molester.

It is this theme, coupled with the influence of Dave's long-lasting relationship with his girlfriend, that was the background for the Crazy House LP, released on the thrusting Melksham indie TW Records. The record suffered from being compiled over a twelve month period and is consequently inconsistent. It signposts however some of the fascinating ideas and directions that will be presented on the follow-up, *We Emphatically Deny That Pigs Can Fly*. Perhaps the best indication of the new found coherence is the B side to the *Last Time* single - *We Live And We Learn* - a 'memorial for love' featuring a gorgeous vocal from Emma Royle, set over a softly undulating yet unsettling three-note synthesiser sequence, punctuated by some aching Gilmoresque guitar.

One of the most intriguing results of that single track was its use of a snatch of Norman Wisdom from the *Bulldog Breed* film. Dave sent a copy of the record off to Norman, addressed to him as 'Norman Wisdom, Famous Film Star, Isle of Man', and much to his amazement the 'star' replied, enclosing a signed photo and wishing Dave and Peter every success.

Peter admitted to the pair being very much influenced by comedy. 'We tend to get into a lot of tight situations with people because of the way we view things and because we don't seem straight down the line with them,' he said.

DAVE: 'We find that we laugh at the wrong bits in films and it's ended up with us getting thrown out of cinemas on at least a couple of occasions.'

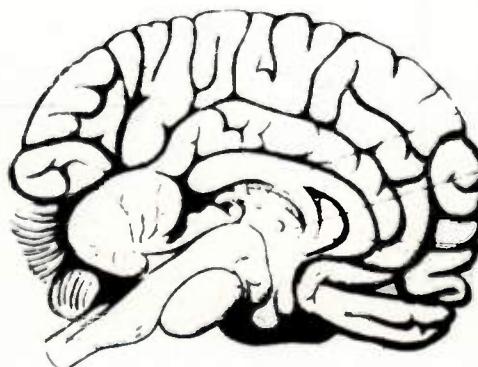
Now that both of them have finished their exams the pair are concentrating on putting together a ten-piece group, which would include at appropriate venues the introduction of a Pram synthesiser, preferably operated by one of the non-conformists that Dave and Peter are prepared to champion.

'What we're saying to people', said Dave, 'is that these "weirdos" are as normal as you or me.'

Much of Dave's beliefs on the subject stem from his study of psychology linked to the influence of his mother's work with the mentally ill. As a result, one of the avenues the duo wish to explore is the possibility of performing in those mental institutions where the patients have little or no opportunity to see 'live' music. It of course remains to be seen if the authorities are prepared to see their charges subjected to such stimuli.

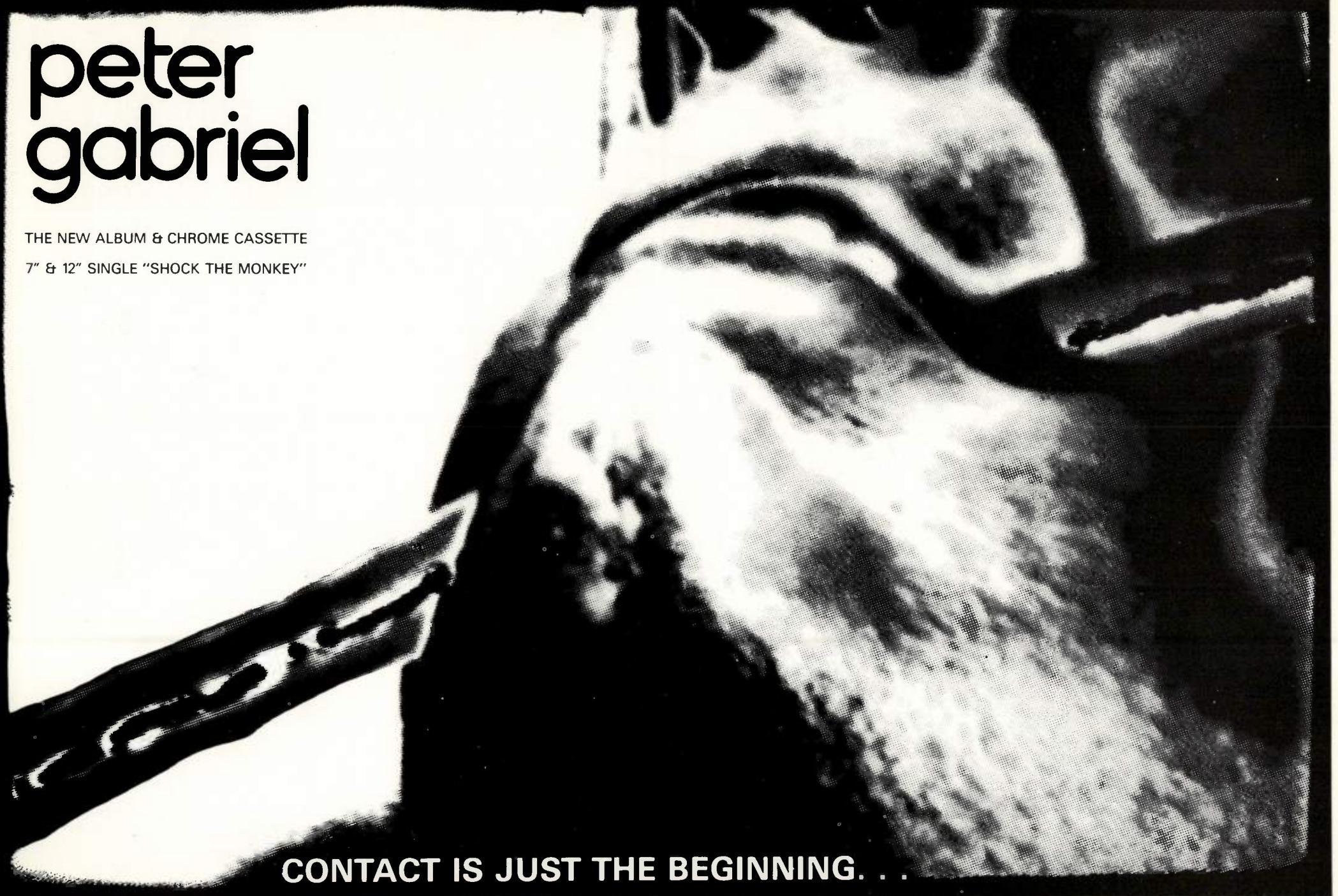
There is no doubt that considering the first time they met Dave and Peter didn't get at all it shows the unifying properties that music can hold. The pair display a closeness that has come about through the pressures which are familiar to most living beings, the main difference stemming from response to them. Crazy House is a contribution to what seems an increasingly crazy world, but then the lunatics have taken over the asylum.

DAVE MASSEY.



peter gabriel

THE NEW ALBUM & CHROME CASSETTE
7" & 12" SINGLE "SHOCK THE MONKEY"



CONTACT IS JUST THE BEGINNING. . .

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Francis Henry



CAPRICORN

21st December-19th January

September is a month of change. Capricorn men may be surprised to find themselves working for women. Don't be depressed, all the changes work out because 1982 is good for Capricorns with patience. September is great for holidays, affairs and good luck in the early weeks.

AQUARIUS

20th January-18th February

Caution from 1st to 10th. Don't let the bureaucrats ruin your month. By the 14th you can use situations to your advantage, be generous of spirit but financially cautious. From 22nd onwards, open up, the rewards may surprise you. Consider joining a team, if not the winners, then at least a good team, help make them better. Think long term and don't pass up any offers, no matter how small.

PISCES

19th February-20th March

Are you having a good year? Well, September won't change the pattern, only you can. The 2nd and 3rd weeks are favourite for career decisions and partnerships, don't try to be independent or self-sufficient. Pisces people are dreamers who need love and understanding, so don't rush to sign anything, you may be dreaming. Get good advice, you can't eat dreams.

ARIES

21st March-20th April

Grouch, grouch, grouch. What a misery you're likely to be for the first three weeks. You could be charming, but will you try? Doubtful until the 22nd, when you enter a relaxed and rewarding time, and allow those around you to enjoy life too. Don't be a drag - be a winner, ASAP this month!

TAURUS

21st April-20th May

The high life - romance and luck! Or ... a serious, conservative September. Go on, take the bull by the horns, give life a swing before you start the hard work which needs seeing too by the end of the year. All will be well, but there's a struggle coming, so if possible, relax before the final push.

GEMINI

21st May-20th June

You get on well with friends and relatives, but don't take them for granted. That smile across a crowded room could change life forever, so be kind to others involved. 'Gently does it' is your motto. 12th to 16th are the dates to watch - could it mean a reconciliation, why not?

CANCER

21st June-20th July

Look to yourself if things are going wrong. Learn not to hang onto everything. Be prepared to take advantage of new opportunities after the 9th. Clear the decks for action and concentrate all your efforts on work - day and night. Success awaits round the corner, so don't miss the turning!

LEO

21st July-21st August

From 1st to 10th life should still be going your way, financially, socially and even romantically - don't expect long term relationships, you may be disappointed. From 15th you could be counting the cost, and wondering if you've spent enough! Think about that and paws...

VIRGO

22nd August-22nd September

It's taken a long time to make up your mind but this could be it. From now on, things will change, they can be very different. It's your month - use it! Socialise, get engaged or married. Join a health or dance club. Start now, 14th to 20th the star days, and health, wealth and wisdom, the targets.

LIBRA

23rd September-22nd October

The summer is ending and life takes on a new pace. Perhaps not to your liking. Guard your health and try to be more decisive. Autumn and winter may be negative times so tread with caution. Small mistakes now loom large later. Remember your beginnings.

SCORPIO

23rd October-22nd November

How do you change your life? Many Scorpions ask this in 1982 but only time will tell. Meanwhile life goes on in a not unpleasant way. Star days - 3rd, 4th, 6th, 27th, 29th and 30th. Little by little you become stronger so try extending yourself, and the rewards will follow. Healthy body - healthy mind.

SAGITTARIUS

23rd November-20th December

An interesting month - particularly long term. Self improvement and ambition go hand in hand. 6th to 18th are good for both. 22nd is a Day of Days, if you do it right. You have a cutting tongue - careful, don't cut yourself. Use your natural wit constructively.

• S • T • A • R • S •

"ZIGZAG CROSSWORD"

BY PAUL.

CLUES ACROSS

1. THE ORIGINAL GLUE SNIFFER (4/5)
7. CARPENTERS BEING POLITE TO POSTIE (6)
8. 'ARM NOSE' (ANAGRAM 7)
10. SHE'S HAD HITS WITH OK AND ONLY WOMEN BLEED (9)
12. SHE SANG WITH THE PHOTOS (5/2)
13. C 5 DOWN C 30 ACROSS. TOM ROBINSON 45 (3/7/4)
15. HE CAME TO DANCE (4)
16. SMALL FACES - NUT FLAKE (6)
18. LAURIE ANDERSON'S EPIC HIT (1/8)
19. EUROVISION SEX SYMBOLS? (5)
20. CARLENE'S STIFF HUSBAND (4)
22. DEBBIE'S ECSTACY (7)
25. C 9 DOWN. GANG OF FOUR SWOON AT POLICEMEN AND BUS CONDUCTORS ETC (1/4/1/3/2/1/7)
26. ELVIS BIGGIE (3/5)
28. AS - USED TO SAY TO JUNIOR (4)
29. BRIXTON GUN MEN (5)
30. SEE 13 ACROSS

5. SEE 13 ACROSS
6. PIGBAG'S A BIG ONE (4)
9. SEE 25 ACROSS
11. FRESH DRIED PLUMS? (6/6)
14. ELO HERO (4/4)
17. CHAS - HITS (5)
19. — TILL YOU DROP (3)
21. — ON DANCING, RUNNING, TRUCKING ETC (4)
23. GIANT SIZED BABY — (8)
24. WHERE YOU FIND DURAN DURAN'S GIRLS ON (4)
27. MR STEWART (2)

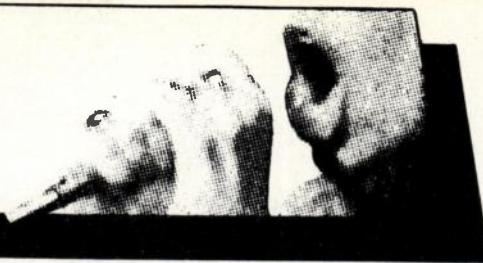


CLUES DOWN

1. 'WARM LIONS' (ANAGRAM 4/6)
2. CLARE GROGAN'S SAD LITTLE FINGER (5/4)
3. EMOTIONAL STONES LP (6)
4. 'BIND LEO' (ANAGRAM

LAST MONTHS

ALBUMS



THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS: (Mediamotion)

Twelve years ago this month he died, and still there are few experiences more exciting than Jimi in full flight. And now it seems like a new generation are coming to realise that when it comes to guitarists this man was a hundred miles in front of any then and even now. Don't forget, this was the late 60's when guitar gadgetry was only just starting. Basically Hendrix had his guitar, amp and a talent that was frightening. Love, pain, sex and anger raged through his body and out of the instrument, searing and crying as if his heart was gonna burst and the guitar was the hotline to hell. No musician has ever topped him and this live double is good proof. It doesn't matter that other versions of all the songs have been available before - they differed every time he did them, some nights *Red House* would be a whisper, the version here is awe-inspiring in its rending passion, the guitar hitting impossible heights. Two months later he died in London and set music back light years.

KRIS NEEDS.

DONNA SUMMER: DONNA SUMMER: (Warner Brothers)

Since *Bad Girls* Donna seems to have moved from miraculous moroder-pulses and sensual masterpieces to hi-gloss MOR rock. Not so good. Nothing here holds a dildo to *I Feel Love* and its smouldering dugga-dugga-

duggaring. That said her first album for over a year isn't without magic. *The Woman In Me* sees tender hotness injecting her vocal chords to sheer delight over suitably complimentary backing. *Love Is In Control* contains a meaty riff and fashionably, *Standing On The Top* a clipped beat. But the version of Jon-Vangelis' *State Of Independence* is plodding bilge and the rock ones don't really inspire. She should use Giorgio for the dance stuff, otherwise direct herself to gentle, erotic soul.

KRIS NEEDS.

X: UNDER THE BIG BLACK SUN: (Elektra)

X's first album for a major label is even better than the near-perfect *Wild Gift*. *Riding With Mary* sees John Doe and Exene singing better than ever with a production that states their case without looking too much at the studio clock. With this album amply demonstrating them as the primo US 'new' band, the next should sell in large quantities everywhere.

MARTS.

OKEH: WESTERN SWING: (Epic)

The OKEH records catalogue is riddled with great and vastly relevant US historical material. This album gives you the chance to discover Bob Wills all over again and then a host of pre-war material you never knew existed. Just listen to *Knocky Knocky* by

the wonderfully named Light Crust Doughboys and hear the essence of Cowboy music, complete with an economical violin coda. A must.

THE DARK: THE LIVING END: (Fall Out)

Gone but not forgotten. Well, not just yet. The Dark will remain one of those bands. In future years an occasional perusal of old records will throw up one of their belting singles, or possibly the fully charged *Chemical Parade*. It probably won't unearth this one but that might be just as well. Not that it isn't enjoyable ... don't get me wrong, it's probably a reasonable rendition of their live sound ... but it's not their best.

A few facts. This album is an eight track collection taken from their last ever gig at 100 Club. It's of the four piece line-up and lacks the edge of their usual sound. The P.A. can't have been too clever because the gremlins outnumber the audience, and the song's suffer accordingly. On a pleasant note, it is a lively performance and there's a good *John Wayne* (featuring great guitar from Andy Roff), a reasonable version of *Soldier Dolls* with Phil amending the lyrics and a general potency, but it's a document really rather than a testament, featuring a line-up that wasn't the best and performances that weren't either.

The Dark are gone and the stage is empty. I'll miss the noisy bastards because they were great.

Good luck lads, one and all.

Now where are those hankies?

MM.

HIGH FASHION: FEELIN' LUCKY: (Capitol)

To quote Ritzig from Bilko: 'Ooh! Ooh!'

This could be one of the year's disco albums. Jacques Fred Petrus is currently shovelling out the classiest dance delights in America (apart from Chic, of course). High Fashion are a good example - rich textures, striking light and shade dynamics. Pumping rhythm and syncopated melodies that sometimes recall the stickability of the Chic girls. So fine.

The optimistic *Feelin' Lucky* *Lately* opens, backed up by such dazzlers as *Hold On an You're The Winner*, where every instrument carries a jumping hook like a meteoric spiders web of ecstasy and light. I'm lucky to have this album.

KRIS NEEDS.

UB40: THE SINGLES ALBUM: (Graduate)

All the UB40 singles released on Graduate have long since been deleted so here they all are on one album at the low price of £3.99.

This is a must for all fans of the group. What you get is food for thought. *King*, *The Earth Dies Screaming*, *My Way Of Thinking*, *I Think It's Going To Rain Today* and *Dream A Lie*.

The lesser known are also featured, including *Tyler*, *Adella* and *Little By Little*. The album works well and the sound is ultra smooth. But you've heard it all before - buy! buy! buy!

PAULIO.



ERAZERHEAD



THE NEW SINGLE
'TEENAGER IN LOVE'/'ALL FOR ME'
OUT NOW

THEIR FIRST ALBUM
'THE RUMBLE OF THE EAST'
OUT IN SEPTEMBER



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

"Anybody who takes themselves seriously in this business is

.....
It was ten in the morning in the Sensible household. Out in the garden Rabbit happily munched at his lettuce, while Captain slept off the night before. Suddenly ...

BRRNNG!! Rude telephone tones sliced through the Captain's hungover slumber. It took a few to get him out of bed, rubbing bloodshot eyes and cursing.

'Yuh.'

It was the man from A&M, the Captain's record label.

'Yuh.'

'Eric Sensible! Go out and buy yourself some beer!'

'Oh Christ, you wake me up and tell me to buy myself some beer!!!'

'Well your record's number one. I reckon you should go out and buy yourself some beer!'

Click. Brrr....

'Cor.'

An hour later Sensible's mum and dad watched in goggle-eyed bemusement as their son cavorted and posed around the house in a rabbit suit for the benefit of an army of Fleet Street photographers.

Happy Talk was released the week Our Boys whipped back the Falklands and within two weeks was perched cheekily at the top of the charts. Sensible and Dolly Mixture, who sing back-up on the record, made three memorable appearances on *Top Of The Pops*, each more outrageous than the last. Stupid stuffed seagulls, grass skirts, rabbit suits, that parrot and the Captain's deranged grin would've been topped the next week by him donning the Dolly Mixture outfit of striped tights and silly hat and the girls doing a Sensible in fluffy jumpers and berets. But England dropped out of the World Cup and the single plonked with the nation's euphoria. Oh well now comes *Wot?*

Wot? is the follow-up to *Happy Talk*. He could've gone for the safe option with another show standard, but instead of *There Is Nothing Like A Dame* we get a grumpy, contagious rapper. Chorus: 'Hey Captain! Wot?'

It hangs on a pile driving beat. Literally, as I found out when I chatted to the Captain one afternoon in his publicist's garden.

'It's a true story. That's part of the reason we chose the song because there's actually a story behind it. On the Damned tour we were up getting drunk till about four or five in the morning, got to sleep for about an hour, and then this noise starts across



The Captain - relishing the irony of money for old rope.

the road, some huge piledriver or something. We wondered why the hotel wasn't full up - we found out.

I stuck a tape recorder out the window and taped it and took it down to reception and screamed at the manager, who reduced the bill. I played the tape to my producer Tony Mansfield, who's a bit of a whizz kid at edits and things like that. He made the thing into a drum loop - boom she! boom-she! - put guitar on, and I wrote the vocals in about five minutes.

Bingo!

Wot? - with its sleeve depicting the Captain gesticulating wildly at Zigzag Club and Birthday Party bouncer Barry - is bound to be a hit, following as it does on the heels of *Happy Talk*. It could've been the other way round - *Happy Talk* was shoved out quick-to-beat cover version post-pipping like in *Iko Iko*.

The cheery Captain, for years a self-confessed drunken slob laughing at the world and himself, shrugs off his sudden success with a snigger. He makes a sweeping v-sign and thinks of the happy housewives tossing their grins over the washing up.

I tell you, it's really funny. *Happy Talk* and this new single just came about and were recorded in about half a day each, believe it or not ... can you smell cat shit? (the culprit turns out to be a bucket of paint cleaner swiftly removed) Phew! Thought I'd shit me pants! Done that before. No, my involvement

chimchim-cheroo'. What? Get out of it!

Happy Talk and *Wot?* both come off *Women And Captainsmen And Captains First* his first solo album. No track the same, a mixed bag of stuff removed from the *Village Of The Damned*. His life story in two minutes, love songs, fun songs, silly songs.

First the title explained with typical Sensible logic - it's that old sinking ship expression, the men going down with it and all that. If I was on a sinking ship and they said women and children first I'd make sure I got in the boat. I wouldn't think twice about chucking a kid in the water to make room for me. I'd wave an axe above my head and make 'em make room!

One track's called 'Yanks With Guns' - possibly inspired by the Captain getting chased through the States by gun-toting natives inflamed by his rude onstage remarks about the President. But the words were composed by a bunch of the Captain's biker mates down the local one night when he was bereft of inspiration.

'Some of it's a bit mushy. I like Abba and old musicals, show songs, so why shouldn't I do 'em? I didn't do it to be successful. I did it because the Damned can't do it and I actually like that sort of music. You've got to do the sort of music you like otherwise you're just doing it for the cash.'

Seemingly present in everything the Cap gets up to both visually and musically - is a major desire to ridicule himself, provoke others and avoid self-importance and normality. There seems to be nothing he won't do.

Seemingly present in everything the Cap gets up to both visually and musically - is a major desire to ridicule himself, provoke others and avoid self-importance and normality. There seems to be nothing he won't do.

'You've got to take the piss. Anybody who takes themselves seriously in this business is a wanker. You meet some people and they think what they're doing is a tremendous art form highly important to the world. I just laugh at it all. When this is over and I'm skint and I've got to go out and get a job or be a tramp or whatever - cos it is all gonna finish one day - if I've got my head in the clouds and think I'm some sort of celebrity star I'm gonna come down with a bump. I know certain punk celebrities who are gonna come down with a bang. I know I'm a tosser. As long as I keep realising that I'm

fine! There's nothing wrong with being a tosser. It's a way of life.'

But Captain, what about the pressures of your new found success? 'It ain't pressure, your work rate just goes up and I always considered work one of the most obscene things in the world. Who wants to work? And I haven't had a day off since it happened. Finishing two albums (his own and *Strawberries*, the Damned's new set), all these interviews and we done a video for *Wot?*, which is ludicrously over the top, total Benny Hill! Better than working in a factory though.'

'But if I knew that day the song went to number one what I know now, I'd have gone round someone's house and hid. Within an hour of that phone call the house was deluged with photographers. They don't give you a second's peace, turned the house upside down. One of them brought down a rabbit suit because they knew I liked rabbits and said 'put this on'. I think rabbit suits are great but I wouldn't let them take my rabbit into the photographic studio cos he'd get scared'.

Ah rabbits! For years I've worshipped the innocent little furry wonders and was delighted to discover the Cap's similar

obsession (his rabbit wallpaper to my rabbit teapot).

'Mine's called Rabbit - total lack of imagination guv'nor! Rat had one called Captain. 'Captain come here!' I'd be thinking, is he talking to me or the rabbit! Don't shit on the floor Captain! I don't know much about them except they've got big ears and eat a lot. They are pleasant. In no way can you say a rabbit is malicious or a pseud.'

Indeed, and what of the Damned, the Captain's mothership formed in the earliest days of Punk, of which Dracman Dave Vanian and skinsmashing Rat Scabies remain from the original line-up. Once Sensible has explained why he thinks today's punk lot have got it pretty cushy compared to the punk-hunting witch-burning days of '76, he talks about his First Love's new deal with Bronze, hopes for a hit with *Lovely Money* ('I want us to do Top Of The Pops cos I like the bar there') and the new album.

'I tell you, Bronze can't be a bad label if they sign groups like Motorhead and the Damned. We're both considered the untouchable bands, troublemakers and all that. At least they took a gamble on us.'

Much of the Damned's

musical widenings seem to be ignored ... 'I don't care what they say. I like it and I know some of the punters like it. Can't all be bad, can it? Sod the NME and all that stuff.' Other plans include more work with the CRASS organisation - he's already released one single 'This Is Your Captain Speaking'. This odd coupling - well you couldn't get much more diverse than the Captain's unstoppable idiocy and the grim CRASS consciousness, though Sensible stresses that they do like a laugh emerged when a drunken binge led to our hero waking up in Holland and supporting the Poison Girls to earn his fare home. And he has been approached to do an ad for KP nuts or someone cos they think he looks a clean-living person.

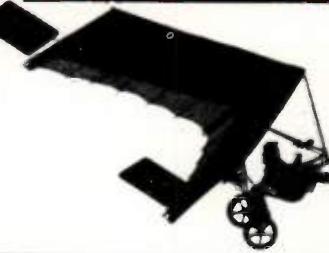
The Captain relishes the irony in this money for old rope scam and recalls the controversial Damned piece in a '77 ZIGZAG where the group described antics on their first US Tour, particularly the young lady who wilfully accommodated a Precision Bass. 'She loved it. What's wrong with people enjoying themselves? There's nothing disgusting about sex mind you I've seen Rat do some disgusting things! The disgusting

thing is people going round with machine guns shooting people.'

That's disgusting'.

And so the harmless drunken funster ambled amiably to another serious interview wishing we'd done ours in the pub. But Captain Sensible knows his luck's in. Every rabbit has his day.

KRIS NEEDS.



"I want us to do Top Of The Pops cos I like the bar there."



Guess who?

Photo: Kris Needs
Levine

Henry in 'Eraserhead'.



R · E · V · I · E · W

Sci-fi madness, cult-trash, mutants and werewolves - Michael Hoff scans his television screen.

VIDEO

ERASERHEAD

John Nance, Charlotte Stewart
Palace Video
93 minutes

In a bleak, subterranean room lit by short-circuiting electric lamps, Henry Spencer and his girlfriend contemplate their hideously mutated 'baby' while outside the sound of thunder mingles with less identifiable noises coming from the wrought-iron radiator. Is it really happening - or has Henry just got indigestion after eating his father in law's puss-riden man-made miniature roast chickens?

David Lynch's extraordinary horror film defies analysis and emerges instead as an almost voyeuristic glimpse into one man's personal nightmare. Our hero Henry, sporting an electric shock hairstyle and a constant mask of disbelief and fear, stumbles through a night of suffocating and surrealistic horror as pitiful as it is grotesque. Trapped in a tenement block with his bizarre offspring, Henry's world is invaded by creatures and visions seemingly beamed in through his radiator. From the headless figure in the vaudeville theatre, to a Shirley Temple clone complete with whining voice, the imagery flows in and out of the darkness on an uneasy stream of fear and pitch-black humour.

Although somewhat tenuous comparisons can be made with Ingmar Bergman's *Hour Of The Wolf*, this cult classic ultimately stands alone and beyond the reach of any objective explanation.

Weird, and absolutely unmissable.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

David Naughton, Jenny Agutter
Polygram Video
97 minutes

Don't be put off by the rather banal sounding title, for this was 1981's best horror film, made all the more enjoyable because it is also extremely funny in parts.

The formula works so well because director John Landis takes his accurate homage to werewolf mythology and pitches it, gore and all, into the maelstrom of 1980's punk-infested London without losing any of the underlying menace, but still managing to embellish the proceedings with lashings of black humour. This extraordinary mix of modern humour and ancient horror is never more in evidence than with Rick Baker's Oscar-winning transformation scenes, where the gruesome process is enacted with Creedence Clearwater Revival's *Bad Moon Rising* playing over the screams.

The performances are excellent too. David Naughton's energetic wolfman excites as much sympathy as it does terror, while the lissom Jenny Agutter simply excites.



A Divine finger on the trigger - a scene from 'Pink Flamingos'.

Energetically directed and with a superbly shot climax in chaotic Piccadilly Circus, *An American Werewolf In London* should leave all but the most hardened soul breathless.

PINK FLAMINGOS

'Divine', David Lochary, Mink Stole
Palace Video
93 minutes

Variously described as 'monstrous', 'sick', and 'like a septic tank explosion', John Waters' cult trash classic provokes cries of disgust and shrieks of hilarity in about equal abundance.

Sex change superstar 'Divine' stars as the head of a revolting family which revels in the title of 'the filthiest people alive', that is until Connie and Raymond Marble send 'Divine' a turd through the post in a publicity-grabbing gesture designed to knock the family off its somewhat dubious throne.

The ensuing battle between the two clans makes the aforementioned 'monstrous' tag seem somewhat mild. The Divine ensemble, which includes a mad son who uses a live chicken as a dildo, and a 250 pound senior citizen who sits in a playpen and worships eggs, is as depraved a bunch of characters as you could ever hope not to meet. The Marbles on the other hand are just plain sick. The foot fetishist husband spends his time flashing at young females, while his wife runs a charming little business kidnapping innocent girls, fertilising them and then selling their babies to lesbian couples.

When these two entourages fall out, the results are bound to raise shouts of 'shameful' and 'absolute disgrace' from anyone who's fought in the last war or regularly attends church. Personally, I think director John Waters should be soundly thrashed and then thrown into a detention centre. If this is the sort of

garbage that young people are watching these days, then I can only say that the sooner we bring back the birch the better. When I was young... (to be continued).

GALAXINA

Stephen Macht, Avery Schreiber, Dorothy R Stratton
Guild Home Video
96 minutes

Featuring a *Superman*-style title sequence and a *Blazing Saddles*-inspired climax, this sci-fi spoof is all tackiness, rip off and outright plagiarism. *Playboy* centrefold star Dorothy Stratton plays the robot Galaxina, in overall control of a clapped out police patrol craft crewed by a hapless bunch of stoned spacemen, one of whom falls in love with the android despite risking electrocution whenever he makes a pass at her.

This hopeless collection of individuals, which also includes a rock eating extra-terrestrial with a weak bladder, sets off for the galactic equivalent of Australia, where a convicted criminal has stolen an Armageddon device called the Blue Star (burst of dramatic music). It's quite obvious from the opening 'in space no-one can hear your siren' comment to the more forthright 'What is this shit?' observation from a Darth Vader look-alike, that the movie refuses to take itself seriously, either as a comedy or as anything else. The only character on the set who appears to be playing it straight is poor Miss Stratton, a fact which only serves to make this ridiculous film even funnier.

URGH! A MUSIC WAR

34 Live Bands
Guild Home Video
124 minutes

Shot on location in London, New York, California and the South of France, this two hour rock, pop and punk extravaganza tries to be all things to all men but still ends up looking and sounding rather flat. Casting its net across the whole gamut of New Wave music, *Urgh!* includes everything from the Police and Toyah to the Dead Kennedys and Splogenessabounds.

If you connected your video to the hi fi this would no doubt be an excellent accompaniment to a punk cocktail party (if such a thing exists). However as a straightforward sight and sound experience the highs and the lows on this tape are not sufficiently well balanced. That may be a reflection on my own musical tastes, but I did watch *Urgh!* in a room with eight other people of assorted genders, nationalities and musical leanings. The general consensus was that the film droops badly in the middle, hitting rock bottom with Max Splodge's rendition of *Two Little Boys*.

However, as I said it is very much a matter of taste. My advice would be rent it before you buy it. □

CHARTS

TOP TWENTY INDIE ALBUMS

1. **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**: JUNKYARD (4AD)
2. **CRASS**: CHRIST — THE ALBUM (Existencil)
3. **MALARIA**: EMOTION (Crepescule)
4. **THE PASSAGE**: DEGENERATES (Cherry Red)
5. **THE GO BETWEENS**: SEND ME A LULLABY (Rough Trade)
6. **BLUE ORCHIDS**: THE GREATEST HIT (Rough Trade)
7. **RICHARD HELL**: DESTINY STREET (Red)
8. **LAUGHING CLOWNS**: MR UDDICH-SCHMUDDICH (Prince Melon)
9. **VARIOUS ARTISTS**: SOWETO COMPILATION (Rough Trade)
10. **LILIPUT**: LILIPUT (Rough Trade)
11. **COCTEAU TWINS**: GARLANDS (4AD)
12. **CABARET VOLTAIRE**: 2 X 45 (Rough Trade)
13. **MARINE GIRLS**: BEACH PARTY (Cherry Red)
14. **LUDUS**: RIDING THE RAG (New Hormones)
15. **DISCHARGE**: HEAR NOTHING, SEE NOTHING (Clay)
16. **ALLEZ ALLEZ**: AFRICA QUEEN (Kamera)
17. **BLURT**: BLURT (Armageddon)
18. **THE HONEYMAN KILLERS**: LESTUEURS (Crammed)
19. **VARIOUS ARTISTS**: SOUND D'AFRIQUE (Island)
20. **RIP, RIG AND PANIC**: I AM COLD (Virgin)

TOP TWENTY INDIE 45s

1. **UK DECAY**: RISING FROM THE DREAD (Corpus Christie)
2. **SEX GANG CHILDREN**: BEASTS (Illuminated)
3. **YAZOO**: DON'T GO (Mute)
4. **CRAVATS**: RUB ME OUT (Crass)
5. **SCRITTI POLITTI**: ASYLUMS (Rough Trade)
6. **SUBHUMANS**: RELIGIOUS WARS (Static)
7. **DEAD KENNEDYS**: BLEED FOR ME (Spider Leg)
8. **RIOT SQUAD**: STOP FEEDING SOUTH AFRICA (Total Onslaught)
9. **MOFUNGO**: EL SALVADOR (Rough Trade)
10. **MARCH VIOLETS**: RELIGIOUS AS HELL (Merciful Release)
11. **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL**: NIGHT AND DAY (Cherry Red)
12. **BLITZ**: WARRIOR (No Future)
13. **IDON A.D.**: DON'T FEED US SHIT — EP — (Radical Change)
14. **MODERN ENGLISH**: I MELT WITH YOU (4AD)
15. **PETER SINGH**: ELVIS I'M ON THE PHONE (Scream Out For Red)
16. **DISRUPTERS**: SHELTERS FOR THE RICH (Radical Change)
17. **DEPECHE MODE**: LEAVE IN SILENCE (Mute)
18. **RAINCOATS**: RUNNING AWAY (Rough Trade)
19. **FARMER BOYS**: WHATEVER IS HE LIKE? (Backs)
20. **TWISTED NERVE**: CAUGHT IN SESSION (Playlist)

TOP TEN 45s

1. **SURVIVOR**: EYE OF THE TIGER (Scotti Brothers)
2. **SOFT CELL**: WHAT (Some Bizarre/Phonogram)
3. **KEVIN ROWLAND AND DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS**: COME ON EILEEN (Mercury)
4. **BOYS TOWN GANG**: CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU (EMI)
5. **DURAN DURAN**: SAVE A PRAYER (EMI)
6. **TOTO COELLO**: I EAT CANNIBALS (Radical Choice/Virgin)
7. **HAIRCUT 100**: NOBODY'S FOOL (Artista)
8. **YAZOO**: DON'T GO (Mute)
9. **HOT CHOCOLATE**: IT STARTED WITH A KISS (Rak)
10. **IRENE CARA**: FAME (RSO)

TOP TEN ALBUMS

1. **THE KIDS FROM FAME** (BBC)
2. **KEVIN ROWLAND AND DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS**: TOO RYE AY (Mercury)
3. **LEAGUE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA**: LOVE AND DANCE (Virgin)
4. **ABC**: LEXICON OF LOVE (Neutron)
5. **KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS**: TROPICAL GANGSTERS (Island)
6. **SURVIVOR**: EYE OF THE TIGER (Scotti Brothers)
7. **DONNA SUMMER**: DONNA SUMMER (Warner Brothers)
8. **TIGERS OF PAN TANG**: THE CAGE
9. **DURAN DURAN**: RIO (EMI)
10. **MADNESS**: COMPLETE MADNESS (Stiff)

VIDEO FEATURE FILMS

1. **FALKLANDS — TASK FORCE SOUTH** (BBC/3M)
2. **BEN HUR** (MGM/UA)
3. **BATTLE FOR THE FALKLANDS** (Thames/EMI)
4. **STAR WARS** (20th Century Fox)
5. **ELECTRIC BLUE** (Electric Blue)
6. **FAME** (MGM/UA)
7. **ON GOLDEN POND** (PRT)
8. **MY FAIR LADY** (MGM/CBS)
9. **WHERE EAGLES DARE** (MGM/UA)
10. **TOME AND JERRY VOL 2** (MGM/UA)

MUSIC VIDEOS

1. **COMPLETE MADNESS** (Stiff)
2. **TRANS GLOBAL UNITY EXPRESS**: — THE JAM (Spectrum)
3. **SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES** (Spectrum)
4. **ROCK FLASHBACK**: — DEEP PURPLE (BBC/3M)
5. **QUEEN'S GREATEST FLIX** (EMI)
6. **BEST OF BLONDIE** (Chrysalis)
7. **GARY NUMAN'S MICROMUSIC** (Palace Video)
8. **LIVE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE**: — OMD (Virgin)
9. **VIDEO STARS** (EMI)
10. **THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT**: — THE WHO (Spectrum)

MARI WILSON STAR QUALITY

Continued

don't meet many men, you can print that in big letters with my phone number! Because my show is rather camp most of the men who come to see me are gay. Of course they're ever so nice but that doesn't really help!

Finally, by the time you read this, *Just What I've Always Wanted* should be climbing high in the charts but don't be too surprised if it isn't. Mari Wilson won't be. There is no justice in the music business and for some the wait is longer. I just hope this lady won't have to wait too long. We've got all the cult figures we need and when Mari leaves that strange twilight world for super stardom her place will soon be filled, but no-one is going to outshine her. Mari is most definitely the Eighties Queen Of Soul.

The debut album will be released towards the end of October. So if you know, or are, a sixties/Motown/nostalgia soul freak, there's the perfect Christmas present. Better still, why not check out the singles on Compact? But you'll be lucky to find a copy of 'Love Man' that was deleted when GTO folded. The sleeve alone sells for around a fiver and only five hundred copies were sold. Well I hope I've wetted your appetite for this sensuous creature. Get the records, see the show. She's on the road again at the end of the month. — PAUL

0 Love Man/If That's What You Want GTO (GT274 Deleted)
 Dance Card/She's Had Enough (Compact Pink 1)
 Beat The Beat/Glamourpuss (Compact Pink 2)
 Baby It's True/You Look So Good (Compact Pink 3)
 Baby It's True (12 inch version)/You Look So Good (compact Pink 3 12 inch)
 Just What I've Always Wanted/Woe Woe Woe (Compact Pink 4)
 Just What I've Always Wanted (12 inch version)/Are You There With Another Girl plus Woe Woe Woe (Compact Pink 4 12 inch)
 Mari Sings The Standards (Compact Flexidisc: Compaflex



"I don't meet many men. You can print that in big letters with my phone number!"

FURS

PSYCHEDELIC

Kris Needs talks to the Furs' Richard Butler

I gave up drinking yesterday' said Richard Butler before a two hour lunchtime sesh.

Still, can't win 'em all!

Yet as Richard strives against liver invasions, the Furs - now playing down the psychedelic aspect of their name - look poised to become a very large noise indeed in this country. The situation is already escalating in the States, where the Furs are one of our biggest exports. This is a major factor in the construction of their new album, *Forever Now*.

Those who know and love the furs for their traditional acid train wall-of-sound will be shocked - though not so much if they've encountered the trailer-single *Love My Way*.

The Butler vocal lines are still instantly recognisable, as are the steadily-walloping drums. But the constant flow of rhythm guitar and parping sax of departed members Dog and Dunc are noticeably absent. This has allowed extra breathing space in the Todd Rundgren production for such embellishments as strings, synths and brass section, plus backing vocals courtesy of former Turtles and Zappa men Flo and Eddie (unlikely but it works). So something like *Merry Go Round* or the dreamy *Sleep Comes Down* have a feel not unlike a cross between *I Am The Walrus* and a Furs skeleton with a touch of US radio high-gloss accessibility. Richard B. is very excited by it, and now safely ensconced in a CBS office, starts by praising Rundgren (after all, an unlikely marriage when you think of his New York Dolls/Meatloaf pedigree).

RICHARD: 'I was never a big fan of his before we went but I was when we came away. I came out respecting him. He played keyboards, marimbas, and helped with the arrangements and horns.'

ZZ: 'What about this Americanisation?'

RICHARD: 'Oh yeah, but we wanted an American sound anyway. The albums we did with Steve Lillywhite were great as a wall of sound, while we still had a rhythm guitarist to do that. We didn't want that anymore. We got tired of it. We wanted a clearer sound. Todd managed to get all the sounds separate, distinct. There's a lot more melodies going on. He's good at actually getting sounds.'

'Obviously you can't go around the States a couple of times without it soaking in a bit. We've been listening to a lot of other different things, the basic



Richard Butler

tunes are still recognisable as the Psychedelic Furs, it's just the sound's completely different. I don't think it sounds like anybody else. I think we've really moved on. It's more individual.

'It's gone so much quicker in the States. We got a lot of respect for the two albums, and sales. It's like saying, if you were offered a job on another paper earning three times as much (wot, three quid a week?) would you take that job, as long as you could carry on writing what you want? We're doing well in the States and I enjoy it as well, but I'm not fed up with it here at all, we're going to tour in mid-September. I think this album will turn people round a bit.'

ZZ: 'Well the sound's certainly changed.'

RICHARD: 'That's largely because we haven't got the limitations of having a rhythm guitar. There's more room for ideas. Todd came up with all these ideas and we'd have arguments about it, which was great. Also we had a limited budget from CBS. We went three weeks overtime, but he agreed to personally underwrite it. It was his idea to use Flo and Eddie, which I disagreed with initially. He said he'd pay to get them there and then we'll try it out and if we didn't like it we didn't have to use it.'

'They were great - just like machines, when they sing they sound like computers. They're

such a laugh, they're like a stand up comedy duo. They kept insisting on bringing these girls back because they thought the band needed women. But nobody wanted them. He brought one for me and I had to make the excuse that I was going fishing!'

'Todd is weird. He's versatile. When we first got there he asked what sound we wanted. He said, if you want I can make you sound like Daryl Hall and John Oates or the New York Dolls. You have to tell me what you want. It took a lot of explaining.'

ZZ: 'It seems to be more psychedelic than you've ever been, what with all the cellos.'

RICHARD: 'Yeah, because Todd is pretty psychedelic. He's got a weird brain. It's always somewhere out there.'

ZZ: 'I was thinking of something like *Sleep Comes Down* (all swirls, and stops and strangeness).'

RICHARD: 'that was one we just made up. Tim was rehearsing - the rehearsal studio was outside where we were staying. Tim and Vince were working on this riff and I was trying to get to sleep. I had the idea of *Sleep Comes Down* so I sat and wrote the lyrics in bed while they were playing. Then I just walked in and sang it. It was one of those songs that takes five minutes. Then we put cellos on and all that - it's a bit like *Days In The Life*.'

ZZ: 'Are you playing down the

'Psychedelic' bit in the name, like on the single sleeve?'

RICHARD: 'No, we're just making it smaller. On the single it's got the Furs with Psychedelic written really little, we're not actually doing away with it, not yet anyway.'

ZZ: 'You still seem to remain outside the general 'scene'?'

RICHARD: 'Yeah, and we intend to remain so. It's the healthiest way to be. To be one of those new psychedelic bands would be a crazy idea. We were outside of punk when that came along and we were starting up. You only limit yourself and other people's opinions. We all play our things and it comes out the Psychedelic Furs. I don't have any idea who our audience are anyway. They tend to be such a cross section. I've never been able to sort it out, especially in the States where you get punks and people who are 40 years old and don't usually go to rock gigs. That's part of the thing being out of fashion, you're not aiming at a particular audience and don't get a particular audience. I don't like people being able to identify with us. I think people ought to use their own imaginations. I don't have any heroes anymore but the people I admire are the people like Dylan, who made it on the strength of his lyrics and music. Musically I'm really into the Beatles at the moment - *Magical Mystery Tour*.

'The next LP will be completely different. we needed a bit of excitement. When we go on tour we're gonna be using a light show, like the one at the Dominion except more elaborate, we'll be showing slides to accompany a song. It'll be quite abstract but you'll get the same feeling from the slides as the song. It gives you something more to watch than regular stage lights.'

Richard recently did something quite unusual by appearing at the Camden Palace, singing live over backing tracks to the new album. 'That was weird', he says, 'having no room to cover up ballsups or dark corners to hid in'.

ZZ: 'But when the Furs go on tour, they'll have to represent all these extra sounds live, but how string and brass sections?'

RICHARD: 'Well, we're going to have to settle for one or the other, it looks like. We're gonna use a synth player as well, and maybe tapes.'

The new Furs with the technicolour lining, have found their feet on the merry-go-round.

KRIS NEEDS.

ZAG ZAG ZAG ZAG

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DONNA SUMMER COMPETITION.

We've got ten copies of "Donna Summer" the sizzling new LP from (wait for it) Donna Summer. All you have to do is answer these 5 easy questions about the Queen of Soul. First ten correct replies get an album. Here we go:-

1. Who was the producer who shot Donna to fame?
2. Name four Donna singles with the word "love" in?
3. What is alleged to be Donna's former occupation by legend?
4. What film did she appear in?

5. Which of these tracks didn't she record:
 a) Once Upon a Time.
 b) Working the Midnight Shift.
 c) Loving Arms.
 d) Overkill.
 e) Bad Girls.

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BOOK REVIEWS

NEW WAVE EXPLOSION

Myles Palmer
Proteus - £4.95

According to Myles Palmer, rock is a second rate art form and rock writing is a third rate discussion of it. Quite where this leaves my review of his retrospective look at new wave I dread to think, for Mr Palmer is never anything less than forthright in his views. For instance the Jam are denied a chapter in the book because 'I refuse to listen to them until they get a singer.'

It should be stressed that *New Wave Explosion* is not an encyclopaedic look at the last ten years of pop, but is rather a series of observations - a Palmer's eye-view of the new wave phenomena - and it should be approached keeping this strictly in mind. Having said that however, I found much of it refreshingly honest, written seemingly by someone relatively untainted by publicity hyperbole.

Palmer admits to being something of a cynic, although I would prefer to call him a realist. His views on the late Sid Vicious and the dangerous myth that he kamikazed for punk are typical. 'Sid Vicious was just a poor dumb lout who couldn't compute

what was going on around him and was destroyed by events and an ugly little American girl who turned him into a junkie,' he writes.

The Sex Pistols, logically enough, are dealt with in depth, as is Elvis Costello, with whom Palmer appears to have something of an obsession, centering on the artist's inability to do justice to himself on record. Other Palmer favourites include The Stray Cats, Ian Dury And The Blockheads, The Beat, whom Palmer describes as 'the finest band in Britain'; The Squeeze, Chrissie Hynde ('the first woman to sing rock'); The Police and UB40.

The author draws some interesting distinctions between the big American bands and Britain's new wave groups. US outfits, and British super groups like the Stones and Pink Floyd, are in the rock business for a career, while British bands are in it for a laugh. The result, says Palmer, is that the UK is a major talent source but not a major source of professionalism.

Myles Palmer's honesty might extend to admitting that this effort was thrown together at the drop of a hat and probably

written during his teabreak. But his sound knowledge and fresh approach to the industry are compensation enough. 'I'm never short of a few paragraphs,' he writes in the Epilogue, in which is affection for new wave music is tempered by the observation that most of the new groups do not have enough songs, while there is a shortage of good voices and musicians who can write a good album. 'There are,' he says, 'too many minor talents and too many ifs'.

MICHAEL HOFF.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME

A fascinating insight into the motivation of pop star managers as Simon (Japan's manager) takes us for a ride in the sixties music scene. Dusty Springfield, Brian Epstein, Robert Stigwood, Kit Lambert, John Baldry — they're all here dashing from the Kilt to The Cromwellian in search of pleasure and profit. Bell also writes about discovering Marc Bolan and on Brian Epstein's last words.

It's surprising that he had time to write all this in between eating numerous lunches and collecting advances from record companies' non-existent groups.

A must for anyone interested in the behind the scenes activities in the music business.



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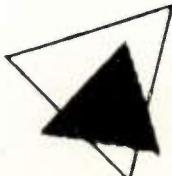
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PAGE 45

THE NIGHT VISITORS have a cassette release on Terminal Music this month. *Sale Ange* is a four track tape and features the wonderful vocal talents of Janice Johnston Howie. A single is in the pipeline but for now *Sale Ange* is available through Rough Trade for £1.45.

The Undertones, Rudi, and The Outcasts are just a few of the bands discovered by Belfasts' Good Vibration label. The last few years, however, have proved to be ones of inactivity, leaving no outlet for a generation of Northern Irish bands.

The good news is that Terry Hooley has now re-launched Good Vibes with a 'novelty' song *Drunken Uncle John* by Cruella De Ville. Terry regards this as something of a one-off and follow-ups will be returning to the original format of Ulster rock. First band in this genre are The Bankrobbers, who have been together for 18 months and have supported the UK Subs and the Kinks. Their first single has just become available in Britain, titled *On My Mind*.

Much activity in the Cherry Red camp at the moment. Bid, lead singer with The Monochrome Set is currently working on a film called *Delta*, about the relationship between a doctor and his patient. Bid was discovered by the director, Harriett Pacaud, while watching a fire-eater in Covent Garden, and even agreed to have his head shaved for the part. A busy chap at the moment, Bid's Monochrome Set has just released an album, *Eligible Bachelors*, which for no particularly good reason will have sleeves scented with wild green apple, brandy or raspberry ripple. Thankfully a limited edition.

Another two indie labels are launched this month. Liverpool's Praxis Records has just put out *Playing For Time* by Send No Flowers and *Surprise After Surprise* by The Balcony. Praxis will go through Rough Trade in London and Probe in Liverpool.

Midnight Music Records of Northolt have just released the debut (for both them and the band) single by Rickmansworth's Sad Lovers And Giants. Midnight have also acquired the rights to *Invisible Hits*, an LP of previously unreleased material by the almost legendary Soft Boys. All Midnight Music stuff goes through Stage One.

Still more news from Cherry Red, although this actually concerns their new subsidiary,

Anagram Records. *Punk And Disorderly - Further Charges*, is the label's debut album and was compiled by the same team that put together *Punk And Disorderly 1*. The follow-up

brand of American-style Rock Music, and all songs are composed by, on-the-way-to-being-virtuoso, guitarist Mark and drummer Tony. Playing at the Marquee soon.



Monochrome Set lead singer Bid in a scene from 'Delta'.

includes indie chart hits from GBH, Channel 3, Vice Squad and The Insane.

To end on a slightly sad note, Rough Trade have announced to the world that the current Zounds single, aptly titled *More Trouble Coming Every Day* will be the bands very last. Ever. They blame the split on 'Creative limitations and boredom within the Zounds structure'. Which sounds like an incurable condition for any band to be faced with.

PS. Rondelet Records would like to correct an error in their press release regarding Riot Squad's debut single. The A side is *Fuck The Tories not We Are Riot Squad*, which is now the B side, o.k?

SARAH LEWIS.

TRIDENT - a new name to the Rock scene, but once you've seen them not one easily forgotten. They play their own original

Marina's All Time Top Ten of the moment!

1. *Requiem/Change* - Killing Joke
2. *Rising From The Dead/Werewolf* - UK Decay
3. *Release The Bats* - Birthday Party
4. *Outdoor Miner* - Miner
5. *Shout And Scream* - Sex Gang Children
6. *4 Hours* - Clock DVA
7. *Saeta* - Nico
8. *So Hungry, So Angry* - Medium Medium
9. *Take Me To The River* - Talking Heads
10. *Der Mussolini* - D.A.F.

Mick's Current Top Ten

1. *Elvis I'm On The Phone* - Peter Singh
2. *Rising From The Dread* - UK Decay
3. *Beasts* - Sex Gang Children
4. *Rub Me Out* - Cravats
5. *Peasant Army* - Red Skins
6. *Suicide Bag (demo)* - Action Pact
7. *Warrior Rock* - Toyah
8. *Talking Out Of Line* - Bardo
9. *Don't Go* - Yazoo
10. *Videoteque* - Dollar



Paul's All Time Top Ten of the moment!

1. *Sixty Forty* - Nico
2. *What* - Soft Cell
3. *If You Go Away* (pre-release tape) - Marc & The Mambas
4. *Give Me Back My Man* - B-52s
5. *Justice* - Paul Haig
6. *It's Obvious* - Au Pairs
7. *Song Without An Ending* - Matt Johnson
8. *Just What I've Always Wanted* - Mari Wilson
9. *Fireworks* - Siouxsie And The Banshees
10. *Kick It In The Eye* - Bauhaus

Mari Wilson's All Time Top Ten!

1. *Cry Me A River* - Julie London
2. *For No One* - The Beatles
3. *Love Letters* - Kitty Lester
4. *Tainted Love* - Soft Cell
5. *Love Child* - Diana Ross
6. *Embarrassment* - Madness
7. *It Never Entered My Mind* - Peggy Lee
8. *The Look Of Love* - ABC
9. *There's Always Something There To Remind Me* - Dionne Warwick
10. *Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me* - Elton John

KRIS NEEDS!

The question they're all asking: will my photo sprout a beard this month after last issue's mystery hair and teeth?

Anyway not a bad month, but look at the albums on the horizon! SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES are preparing to unleash *A Kiss In The Dream House*. Expect some surprises - jazz in *Cocoon*, spaghetti Western music in *Melt*, plus more familiar terror in *Circle*, gently seething paranoia in *Obsession*, Chic-y strings in the discoey *Slow Dive* and *Budgie* playing the fire extinguisher on *She's A Carnival*. More amazing details in our Banshees interview elsewhere.

Also on the horizon, Captain Sensible's *Women And Children First*, and the Psychedelic Furs' *Forever Now*, which sees quite a change of direction for the new slimmed-down line-up.

Strings seem to be finding great favour these days - CHIC revolutionised them, of course, but the BANSHEES added an extra dimension on *Fireworks*, DEXY's became the Beverley Hillbillies and now THE FURS conjuring up the spirit of *I Am The Walrus*.

Some of the tracks on *Forever Now* were previewed at the Camden Palace recently. A few thought it was gonna be a full-scale gig Secret Gig. No so - they don't have bands at the Palace (incidentally, a far flasher place than its previous incarnation as the Music Machine - good sound, lights, bars).

Instead we got RICHARD BUTLER singing over four backing tracks. Stange, and he looked rather uncomfortable in the front room glare. This fostered a rather strange incident

... The Press reported that he laid into a girl who was annoying him as he performed. Before you yell 'PIG!' let him explain:

'Well, this girl kept grabbing at my mike and it was really off putting, so I gave her a little kick, that's all, to get her away. I'd do it again.'

Another new club - the Batcave in Dean Street. It gets a pain hanging from the ceiling with your underpants outside your trousers, but it's a worthwhile venture with interesting attractions/atrocities like men who juggle meat and throw fish. The opening night attracted such as MICK JONES, THE BANSHEES, TONY JAMES and YOOF, who witnessed comedian COLIN CROW cut off in his prime by a sudden blackout.

As I scrawl BRILLIANT are poised to sign with WEA.

And the B-52's have been hard at work on their new one, with Steve Stanley at the controls. Maybe they'll end their long hibernation and come here.

Finally finished is the new KATE BUSH opus - *The Dreaming*. This should silence her critics. It took a year but she's created a monster of many faces with sounds and moods not yet vinylly encountered. From terror to serenity. She thinks it's her best and so do I. See next month for what emerged from a couple of lovely afternoons spent with Kate ...

KILLING JOKE, touring the States with Youth-replacement Paul Rave (not Gary Glitter), turn up at their Washington gig to see gig posters splashed with ... a big pic of the leering Yoof!

Saw MOTORHEAD twice last month! First in the middle of nowhere, then at Hackney Stadium, where the Angels made their promising promoting debut. Being rather off the beaten track it wasn't too packed, but good fun. Lem in Japanese headband, Phil in top gear and Robbo in shorts, they pulverised the track faster than a speeding greyhound.

Visually, it's a slight shaker seeing familiar Lem and Philthy flanked by the diminutive carrot-haired Brian Robertson. But get over that and you realise that sound-wise he's a powerful topping, a stingingly subtle foil. Great versions of *Nadine* and *Hoochie Coochie Man*.

Meanwhile, FAST EDDIE, TOPPER HEADON and UFO-man PETE WAY have been rehearsing wildly with a suitable single even emerging - Topper's jazz-slanted shuffle meets the roar of Clarkey.

Topper also found time to play drums for WILKO JOHNSON at the Marquee.

SANDII AND THE SUNSETZ, Japan's finest, in London recently to complete their new album.

FARRAH ditched RYAN and ...oops, wrong column!

Human dynamo RUSTY EGAN reveals new plans for Palace. A tape plays a backing track, aspiring musician leaps onstage to supply suitable embellishment, behind him a huge gong. He's not too hot so ... BONG! And off. A good idea. I can think of a few I'd like to bong off.

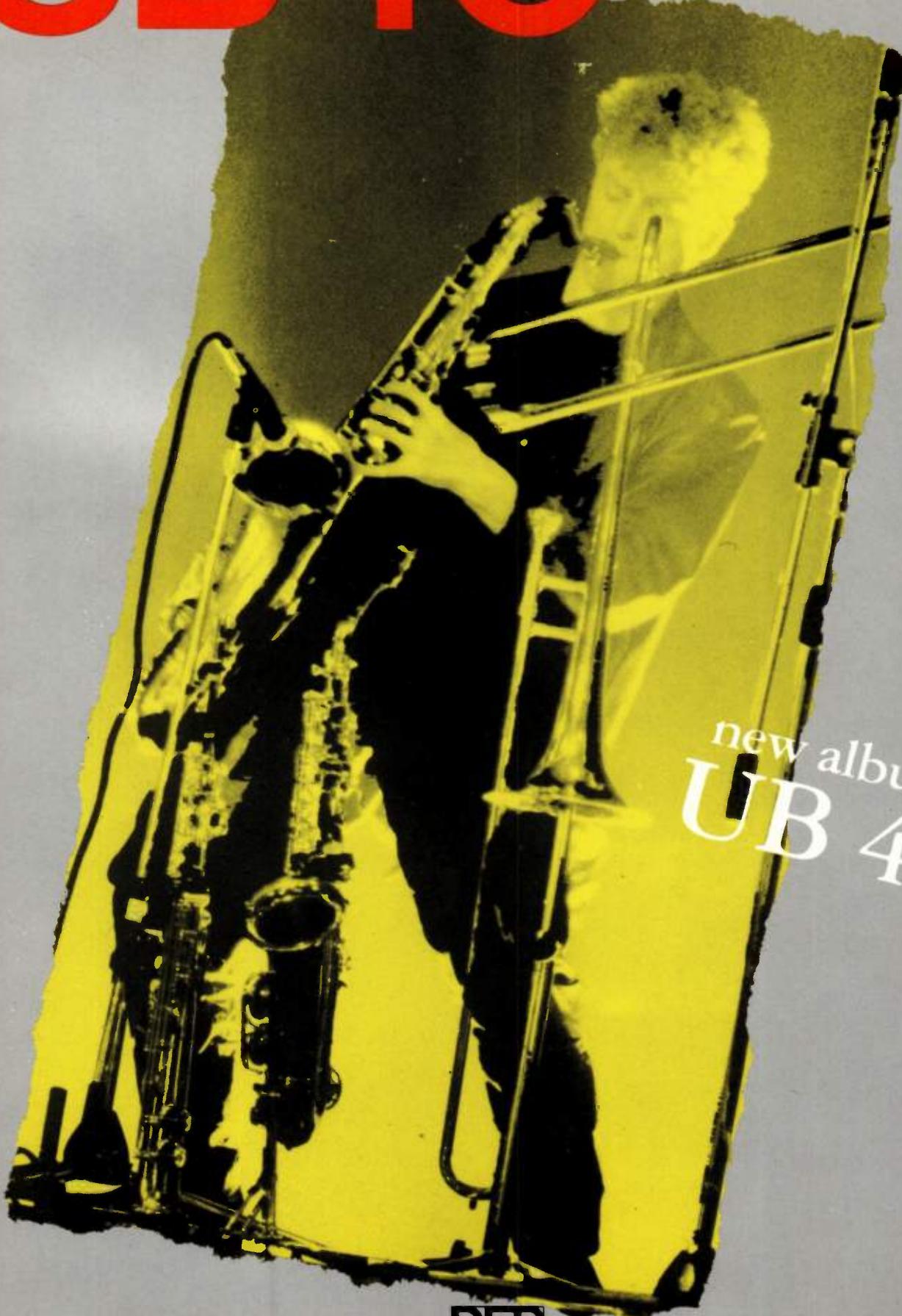
Meanwhile, I have the perfect end to August sitting right here, so I must go.

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(to quote a Lem)

KRIS XX



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