

ZIGZAG



KATE BUSH

* ROVERS RETURN

ABC

* FRY IN THE OINTMENT

JANITORS

* BROOM AT THE TOP

VIDEO

* SCRATCH AND STIFF

THE CULT

/ LOVE IS IN THE AIR

PETER MURPHY/JOHN CALE/TOM CRABTREE

DIGEST THE GOOD BOOK ZIGZAG — THE BIBLE OF TASTE

* DISMEMBER DISMEMBER ZIGZAG NOVEMBER FACEPOWDER REASON & HOT

VIRGIN

FOR

RECORDS

BOOKS

VIDEOS

T-SHIRTS

COMPACT DISCS

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BENDING

Vol. 3 No. 2 November 1985

ZIGZAG

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* "DON'T FORGET THAT BAD TASTE IS POPULAR — THE VAST MAJORITY OF PEOPLE HAVE "BAD TASTE" AND WILL INSIST ON BAD DESIGN IN ANYTHING THEY SELECT." — GOOD TASTE" AND "GOOD DESIGN" ARE ACCEPTABLE ONLY TO A TINY (AND VERY ELITE) MINORITY

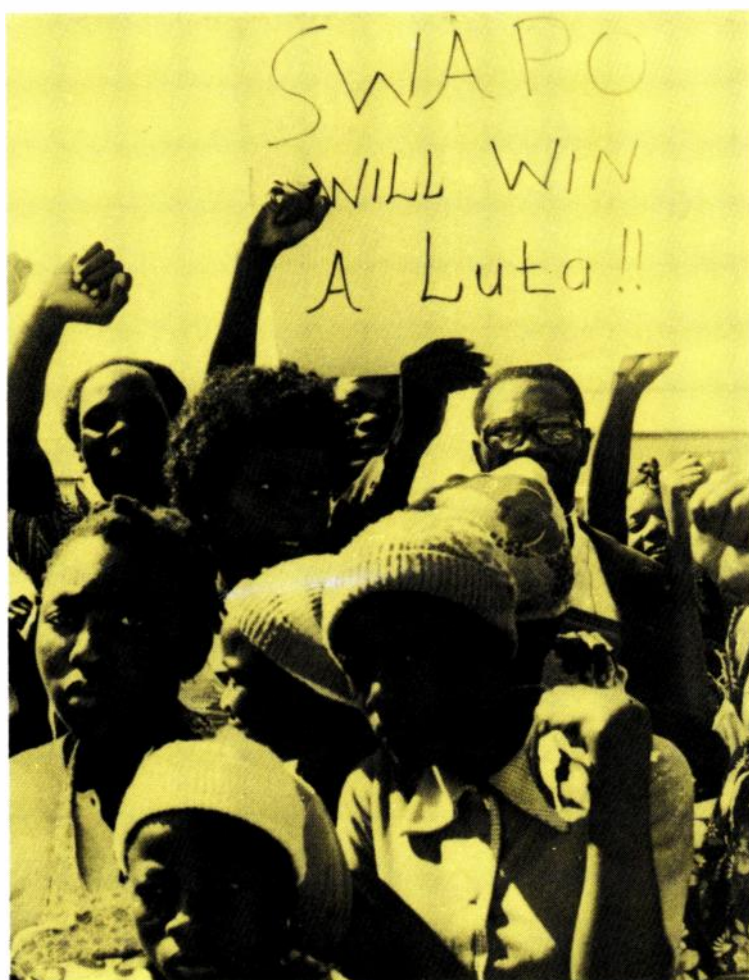
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HEARING AID

* AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR ECONOMIC CONDITIONS WERE SUCH THAT A HUGE VARIETY WAS INTRODUCED INTO BRITISH LIFE AND NO SINGLE RULE OF TASTE WAS DOMINANT

*Raising a tuneful rumpus over the illegal
occupation at NAMIBIA — ROBERT
WYATT and JERRY DAMMERS*



● IT MAY NOT EXACTLY HAVE THE SUPERSTAR PULLING POWER OF 'FEED THE WORLD' BUT 'THE WIND OF CHANGE' DOES HAVE ROBERT WYATT AND JERRY DAMMERS TO HELP IN ITS EFFORTS TO RAISE CASH FOR SWAPO — THE NAMIBIAN PEOPLE'S ORGANIZATION. WITH THE AID OF THE SWAPO SINGERS — A GROUP OF NAMIBIAN STUDENTS — THEY RECORDED IT AFTER BEING APPROACHED BY THE NAMIBIAN SUPPORT COMMITTEE. IT'S A PARTICULARLY JOLLY LITTLE TUNE CONSIDERING THE WEIGHTINESS OF THE SUBJECT MATTER. ROBERT WYATT AGREES: "I THINK THEY CHOOSE THAT TUNE BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T WANT THIS IMAGE OF PATHETIC VICTIMS — THE OXFAM POSTER IDEA OF HELPLESS PEOPLE IN THE THIRD WORLD. WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT HELPLESS PEOPLE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT

POSITIVE PEOPLE WHO ARE QUITE CAPABLE OF RUNNING THEIR OWN AFFAIRS GIVEN A FAIR CHANCE.

"THE ORIGINAL IDEA CAME FROM THE NAMIBIA SUPPORT COMMITTEE THEMSELVES. THEY WANTED TO PUBLICISE THE PLIGHT NAMIBIA WAS IN — THAT IT'S BEEN FIGHTING SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIZATION FOR SOME TIME AND IT'S GETTING INCREASINGLY BRUTAL.

"THEY APPROACHED ME BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY TUNES. LUCKILY THEY ALSO GOT IN TOUCH WITH JERRY DAMMERS WHO KNOWS HIS ONIONS. MIND YOU HE COULDN'T THINK OF A TUNE EITHER SO WHAT WE DID WAS BORROW A COUPLE OF NAMIBIAN LIBERATION RECORDS BECAUSE AFRICANS SING PLENTY OF THEIR OWN SONGS." ●

'Wind Of Change'
is released
by ROUGH TRADE.

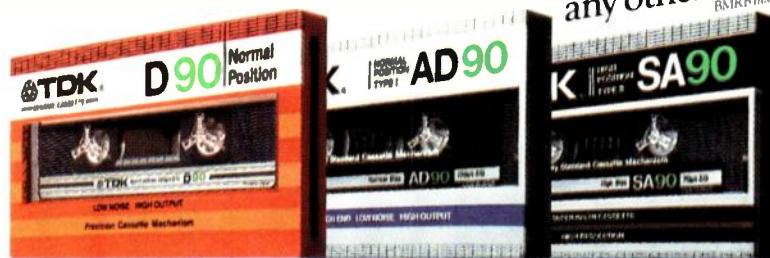


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TDK sells three audio cassettes to every one sold by any other manufacturer.

BMRR market research May 84 April 85



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USHERETTE

● SUPERGRASS Dir. Peter Richardson

Dennis Carter (*Ade Edmondson*) steel blue suit, white polo-neck and shades wants to get the love of his life into bed. Recently returned from holidaying on the coast with his Mum, he concocts his involvement with a million dollar heroin gang to impress her ... but **cop incognito** (*Michael Elphick*) overhears our Den's tale and arrests him. Edmondson's Walter Mitty character just can't tell the truth, the police believe him and think they're on to something big. Ah but poor wally Den what if your fantasies come true? Den turns 'Supergrass' and gets himself into a lot of trouble.

The vanguard of British alternative comedy assemble to **help/hinder/seduce/beat crap out of the hapless hero**. There's **Sayle** (*malevolent motorcycle cop*), **Coltrane** (*psychotic plain clothes officer*), **Peacock**, **Planer**, **French** and **Saunders** ... all doing the characters they always have (with the exception of Planer who escapes from the stupid hippy, Neil) and it works. No-one is over-used and they trade one-liners in **Richardson/Richens' economical, lively and excellent script**, and giving the film the atmosphere of an English 60's comic cop's and robbers movie. Richardson's performance as Harvey the detective with a burning passion for WPC Saunders, a tightlipped parody of every TV policeman from Juliet Bravo to Z-Cars is superb. The 'Comic Strip' tendency to go needlessly over the top rarely appears and it isn't just a case of taking the Michael out of the clichéd cretin because Denis has a heart of gold and can win.

SIMON NEVIN

● ST. ELMO'S FIRE Dir. Joel Schumacher

A no more than competent hack-work flick which stars **Emilio Estevez** (*Martin Sheen's son*) and through which **Joel** (*The Incredible Shrinking Woman*) **Schumacher** presents us with seven close-knit characters facing their first year of real life beyond college, but fails to invest any of them with the credibility of reality. The idea of examining the interplay between seven people who each have deep-seated fears of their own, is good, but unfortunately the initial idea was a lot more intelligent than its execution. The film doesn't give us characters, it gives us a series of hastily sketched clichés like Billy the unreliable rebel (*Rob Lowe*), Alec the promiscuous politician (*Judd Nelson*), Kirby the love-obsessed law student (*Emilio Estevez*), or Kevin the confused writer (*Andrew McCarthy*). Moreover, the concerns of these comic strip characters turn out to be purely cosmetic. Kevin, who it's insinuated is gay, isn't, Alec ends up renouncing his promiscuity and Billy develops into a model of mature concern. Everyone ends up on an even keel just in time to assume the burden of well-adjusted, home lovin' American adulthood. The film is worse for not being entirely bad. There's just enough intelligence at work here to litter it with shards of hope, hinting that Schumacher may turn the corner before the end and confront us with some real characters facing real issues but, of course, this never happens and hope dashed is worse than no hope at all. God Bless America.

JEREMY LEWIS

● THE BOY WHO HAD EVERYTHING Writer and Dir. Stephen Wallace

Could it be a totally unconnected coincidence that the premier press screening of 'The Boy who had everything'; starring **Jason Connery**, fell on the 30th anniversary of when the world's forgotten boy, **James Dean**, took his speed fixation to its logical conclusion? Yes, it was. On paper it looked promising enough, if not the 80's answer to 'Rebel Without a Cause' at least of interest. 'The Boy', Jason, who is seen by others to have 'everything', struggles with the ritual humiliation of an elitist public school, a serious mother problem (*played by real life mum, and Sean's missus, Diane Cilento*) and a conventional girlfriend who can't understand his frustration and identity crisis. Yeah, I could get into that I thought. But it's all done in such a crude Australian, hamfisted way, that it comes over as a gross marriage down under of 'Rebel' and 'It ...'. If that sounds awfully corny and racist, go and see it and tell me that it doesn't remind you of 'Young Doctors'.

TOM VAGUE

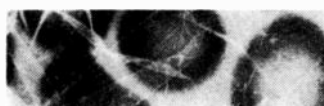
● MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME Dir. George Miller

This is the third in the series of adventures directed by George Miller starring Mel Gibson as **Mad**. 'Beyond Thunderdome' is a progression both in the heroic and mythical status of Max, the Road Warrior, and in the style of film used to describe this. From the biker movie of One and the last dependents of the black fuel in the post big bang world of Two, Max starts the third episode reduced to a camel for transport, with a didgeridoo for a soundtrack. Quickly, though, the film assumes the form of sci-fi adventure yarn, and a great one it is. The plot is based around Max's encounters with two attempts at civilisation. 'Bartertown' is run by film debutante Tina Turner looking as formidable as ever as Aunt Entity. Bikers may be disappointed with the lack of two wheeled machines (*in fact there's not a single strip of tarmac throughout*), but there's still plenty of leather and a lot more besides from the costume department. Having survived a wild night down at the 'Atomic Cafe', performing in a vaudeville presentation at local attraction, the 'Thunderdome', Max wakes up to be hailed as saviour of the second settlement of the story: a bunch of crashed Boeing 747 worshipping kids. Possibly put off by their sub Dickensian urchin-speak he tells them what's what, but is forced to return to 'Bartertown' for the showdown. With 'Beyond Thunderdome' the mean moodiness of the biker movie may have dissipated (*Max is far more garrulous than of old*) but this is in favour of even more style in the wacky character, stunt and set departments. The final western style chase (*with more than a hint of Buster Keaton*), is quite brilliant. Just as the reputation of the mythical figure of Max Max is enhanced with the narration so is for the cinema goer. Roll on part Four.

RICHARD MAYBLY



SUPERGRASS: NECKING IN THE NICK.



Returning to Los Angeles after their tour — THE LONG

RYDERS leave us with a new LP

● "A lot of people probably think we're this great pro-American band. I'd hate it if they thought we were marching along with this flag. I mean I hate McDonalds — no-one in this act voted for Ronald Reagan. I mean we like certain aspects of America; Betty Grable's legs, baseball, Chuck Berry. We don't like other things: the FBI, the CIA ... This American band thing is a bit of an albatross."

Sid Griffin, owner of Roger McGuinn's sideburns and singer/songwriter with LA's The LONG RYDERS is a little disappointed at the suspicion some people here have for their music. Last year's initial acclaim for their debut LP on ZIPPO records turned to carping about American 'authenticism', revivalism ...

It's got to be said that Griffin has something of a traditionalist outlook: reviving his West Coast youth in music, a man who will slip a chorus of 'Louie Louie' into the fade on their last single 'Looking For Lewis and Clark', a man who's written a biography on ex-Byrd Gram Parsons ...

This, announces Griffin is love, not a pose of any kind. The Long Ryders he says, just aren't like that: "I wish we were that career orientated, but then the idea of having a career in music is so stupid anyway. I mean what type of a jarhead says 'I'm going to have a career in music' anyway? What sort of an imbecile sits down and says that?" Their new LP 'State Of The Union' on Island is a step towards a brasher sound: "It rocks a little harder, to use that little cliché. It's a shade more Stooges if you like 'Funhouse'. And it's a shade less countryesque ..."



and THE REPLACEMENTS become more respectable

● Another US group like stepping off from the indie importers ZIPPO RECORDS onto a major contract are Minneapolis's THE REPLACEMENTS. They're also stepping into the firing line of criticism with their particular brand of what the buffs love to call *new authenticity*. Guitars, drums and voice and a well-mannered thrash. Another 'return to traditional values?' "Well, says songwriter and singer PAUL WESTERBERG, "we don't see it that way because we just play the instruments we know how to play. It's more fun that way ..."

Last year's 'LET IT BE' marked a change to a more reserved style of songwriting to their early garage trash attempts and this year's offering 'TIM' is being played even straighter down the line. 'Tim'?

"A good question. I sat around for ages thinking of a good like as to why we called it that. Frankly it's a dumb name ..."

An interesting fact: 'TIM' is produced by one Tommy Erdelyi, formerly one Tommy Ramone. ●



Those HOODOO GURUS

who've just released the luscious

'MARS NEEDS GUITARS' — their

first LP on Chrysalis since they

were signed with all the other acts

on Australia's Big Time label —

arrive here at the end of this

month: 22nd The Tube, 23rd Wol-

verhampton Poly, 25th Coasters

Brighton, 28th Riverside Club

Newcastle, 29th Liverpool Bier-

keller, 30th International Club

Manchester, 1st Hammersmith

Palais, 3rd Birmingham Dome,

4th New Orleans Cardiff, 5th

Bristol Granary, 6th Gloucester

College of Art And Technology.

Sixth Commandant founder PATRICK

was the last man to bail out of the

DEATH IN JUNE bunker last er ... June.

Leaving musikkorps fuhrer Doug, he's

since enlisted the aid of Stoke Newing-

ton aesthetic-terrorist GARTH SMITH

(no relation) and adopted the 'un-

dodgy' 'SIXTH COMMANDANT'

moniker. Their compulsive brand of

punk-funk, whatever (but 'not weird at

all') is aired on the newly released

official DJ bootleg cassette. They've

also got a track on the next 'CFC' EP

with 400 Blows and Inner City Unit, and

will be giggling before the end of the

year.

DECEMBER: BUNNYMEN TOUR. Be prepared: Dublin SFX (5th, 6th, 7th December), Liverpool Royal Court (9th, 10th), St Austell New Cornish Leisure World (12th), Gloucester Leisure Centre (13th), Birmingham Odeon (15th, 16th), London National Ballroom Kilburn (17th, 18th, 19th), and Glasgow Barrowlands (21st, 22nd). ECHO AND THE BUNNYPEOPLE INTERVIEWED P 42.

● TWENTY FIVE WINNERS FOR COLOUR BOX AND MEMBRANES ALBUMS.

Robin Holland — Studely, 1 Gary — Burnley, A. Cotney — Norfolk, Helen Garner — Gainsborough (the worst of all), Donato — West Didsbury (best of all), David Bell — Spondon, Mags — Camden, Peter Sayant — Fareham, Simoe Grettton — Clitheroe, Mark Glinos — Torquay, Steve Hughes — Clayton West, ANON — Tel Aviv, Mark — Moch Hoale, Bill Thackray — Addington, SUPER LIPS — Charlton, C. Brinley — Brockholes, Greta Hass — Hambury, Phil Ball — Clarence Way NW1, Tracy Nipple Gille — Billericay, Lucinda Ferguson — Bangor, Steve Wood — Redland, Black Widow — Scunthorpe, Paul Taylor — Corley, KING DAN — Blackpool, and ... John Lomax (the cheat) — Preston.



PULP, Sheffield's undiscovered sensitive souls

● After seven years of ramshackle existence in the garages of Sheffield, PULP remain the city's least famous supergroup. They've just re-emerged onto vinyl with an achingly great ballad written by their longest serving member Jarvis Cocker — a man of gaunt face and second-hand suit. He's a songwriter of rare talent — a sort of Baccarach and David of the inner city — which can be witnessed on the gorgeously sad 'Little Girl With Blue Eyes' released by music journalist Johnny Waller's Fire label ... A love song dripping with a violent fatalism ...

"It's not about physical violence," Jarvis retorts. "It's like something that builds up over years and years and gradually destroys somebody"

For the last couple of years Pulp has existed as a collective of musicians based around the songwriting talents of Jarvis and friend Russell Senior, but it's Jarvis who tends to dominate the mood of the group ...

"I'm a bit of a dictator sometimes, I surprise myself because I can be a bit obnoxious. I think because it means a lot to me, I can be a bit of a twat sometimes. In concerts I stop songs half way through. I know it's not a good thing to do, but I can't help myself. I'm going to have to go and see my analyst."

See an analyst:

Tom Crabtree p 26. ●

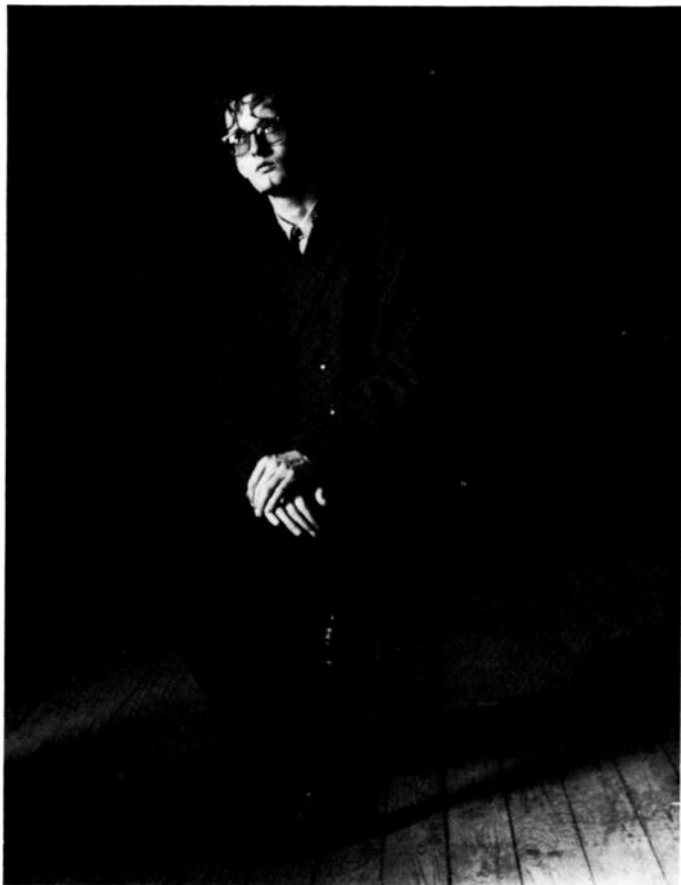


PHOTO: D. BOCKING

That other group of brash young turks from East Kilbride, MEAT WHIPLASH

● I enquire of MEAT WHIPLASH's singer Paul McDermott: has anybody ever noted the remarkable resemblance between him and Roddy Frame? "No," he answers calmly, "it's usually Marc Almond. Roddy Frame is East Kilbride's hero," he continues bitterly. "Practically every band in East Kilbride tries to sound like him. It's atrocious."

Which is a telling little sentence. Meat Whiplash have borrowed their name from a Fire Engines song and become the other group from East Kilbride, splattering onto our consciousness with the delightful 'Don't Slip Up' — cheese-grater guitars, and dubious rhythms. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.

Eddie Connolly tells the tale: "Me, Paul and the drummer had been pissin' about for a wee while but we'd never really taken it that seriously. We got asked to play on a Creation Artefact night — the Jesus And Mary Chain played too and they were quite impressed. They asked us to go along and play North London Poly ..."

And McGee signed: "I think," says Paul, "Creation is a great thing because you may as well face it, there's no other record company in the world who'd put out our records."

They've just completed the Creation tour with The Weather Prophets and Primal Scream and a new single is on the way. ● ws

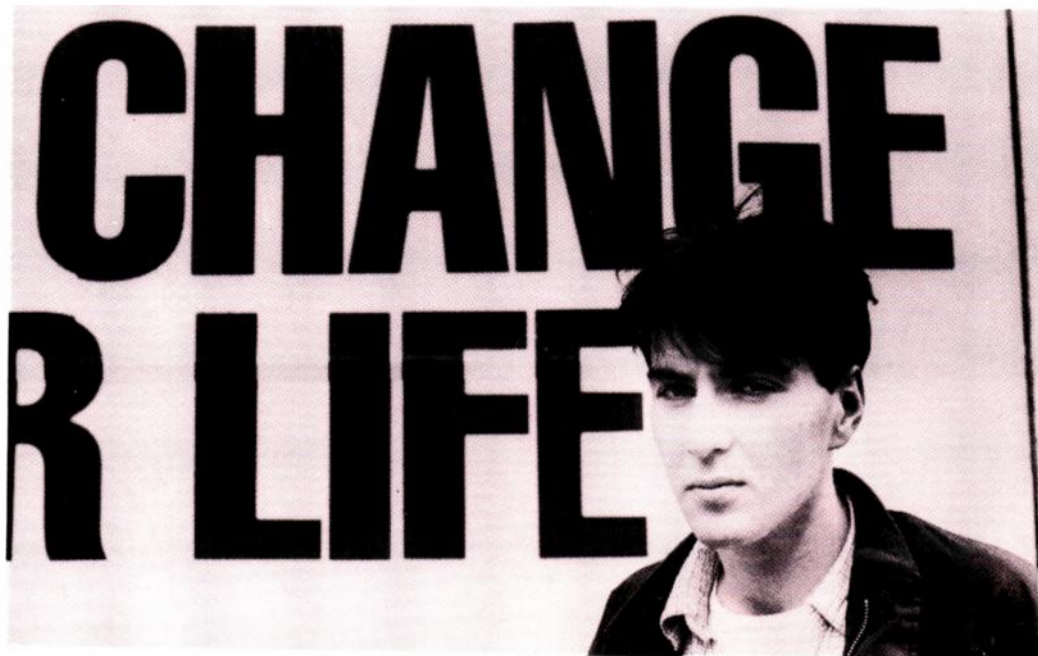


PHOTO: CONEYL JAY

UNSHAVEN PADDY McALOON continues to take PREFAB SPROUT around the country: Leeds University (2nd), Norwich UEA (3rd), Apollo (4th), Portsmouth Guildhall (6th), Cardiff University (7th), Gloucester Arts College (8th), Essex University 63/9th, Brighton Top Rank (13th), St Austell Coliseum (14th), Reading University (14th), and Hammersmith Palais (18th). Lots of Universities in there of course. PREFAB SPROUT INTERVIEWED: TURN TO PAGE 60.

Coming to Britain this month the delicious African group TOURE KUNDA, three Senegalese brothers who've been based in Paris in recent times. They're following up their excellent LP 'Natalia' with a live album recorded in Japan this month and will be appearing in London: Hundred Club (2nd) and Forum Kentish Town (3rd).

NEW MODEL ARMY,

stomping around the

world, return for a

'comprehensive tour':

Bournemouth Town

Hall (14th), Leeds Uni-

versity (15th), Coventry

Poly (16th), Chip-

penham Goldiggers

(17th), London Ham-

mersmith Palais (19th),

Hull University (20th),

Newcastle Mayfair

(21st), Queen Mar-

garet's Union Mayfair

Glasgow (22nd), Birm-

ingham Powerhouse

(24th), Nottingham

Rock City (25th), King

George's Hall

Blackburn (26th),

Queenway Hall Dunst-

able (28th), Salford

University Manchester

(29th) and Bristol Poly

(30th).

VAX label: the product entitled 'PENTH-

OUSE POULTRY'.

THE FLOWERPOT MEN go to New York to meet

a mumbling rock legend

● It's been a while since we heard from Adam and Ben, THE FLOWERPOT MEN. (See *ZigZag* Feb '85). That was with their first single, the storming 'Jo's So Mean'. They have now resurfaced with their second single 'Walk On Gilded Splinters', the second collaboration between singer guitarist Ben Watkins and the man who played the cello for the *Bunnymen* and *Adam Peters*. A generous manager re-mortgaged his house to raise the cash to fly them to New York to record the single — a cover of a song by the maniac jazz/blues legend Dr John.

Miraculously he turns up on the record as well ...

"He's got this growl of a voice and we didn't understand a word he said," remembers Ben. "He's about 40 or 50. He started in the late 50s ... I think he's been in federal prisons about four or five times. I think the first time he was in prison when he wrote 'Gilded Splinters'. He'd been playing in the Sam Cooke band at the time."

The end result is a wild and weird piece of electro tinged rock every bit as mysterious Dr John's original song. ●



VOLUME CONTROL

● "Here everyday American life is idealized and the product takes on the quality of a magic elixir." The immaculate housewife, the reassuring family man, Barbie Dolls, Frisbees, Formica — all images of from a long forgotten era? Apparently not. Whipping through the glossy, dynamically illustrated pages of 'FIFTIES STYLE THEN AND NOW' by Richard Horn (Columbus £9.95) I detect a valiant attempt to resurrect an interest in the simplicity and cute charm of fifties fashion/architecture and the rest. Well, I believe in revivals, but I'm not 100% convinced by the tenuous links that Horn draws between today's weary often diluted replicas of fifties artefacts and the real thing. Still, it's a great book for the viewer who wants a fresh look at that optimistic, seemingly affluent era. Most definitely not a 'a relegated to the coffee table' book. ● CAROLINE GRIMSHAW



As big as Julio Inglesias but not as wet, 'radical' salsa star RUBEN BLADES

● There is, we all know, more to life than Geoff Deane's bleedin' Modern Romance singing 'Everybody Salsa'. To RUBEN BLADES that unlovable tune would be just another caricature of Latin American, another version of what he calls "the notion of Carmen Miranda with the fruit on the head."



It sounds a bit like an Alexei Sayle joke but Ruben Blades is a radical salsa singer: he's also one of the biggest selling salsa artists in the world. He sings about priests murdered at the altar, policemen making arrests, the people who've 'vanished' in Latin American countries, about the drought of emotions in the west which causes famine in Ethiopia. Though you have to be told that these are his topics because since the age of 15 when 21 people were killed by the American army in his native Panama Canal Zone he has sung in Spanish.

Ruben slyly sidesteps the title of 'political singer': "The problem is that it is so unusual for performers not to touch on this subject, that all of a sudden there's a lot of emphasis being placed on such an oddity, and because of my background of having been an attorney and being vocal about Latin America and the unfortunate use of foreign policy by the US people tend to overemphasize that aspect."

"Basically what I'm doing and what I've been doing all along is writing stories about the city and those stories are sometimes love songs, sometimes humorous songs and sometimes songs that describe scenarios that are affected by political action."

Ruben's LP of polyrhythmic fireworks (making Geoff Deane look like a big sissy) is 'Escenas', released by *Electra*. ●

HEARING AID

FRY

● IN THE CASE OF MARTIN FRY AND ABC, MANY HAVE TURNED A CYNICAL EYE. MANY TOO, HAVE BEEN CONFUSED. UNDAUNTED, OBLIVIOUS, AND BEARING NO RELEVANT ASSOCIATION TO TODAY'S POP THINKING NOSTALGIA, ABC HAVE ONCE AGAIN EXCELLED THEMSELVES. NOT CONTENT WITH MERELY SEDUCING THE PUBLIC WITH THE ELEGANCE AND VITALITY OF THEIR EARLIER WORK — FROM 'POISON ARROW' TO 'S.O.S.' — THE BORN-AGAIN ABC, WITH THE AID OF 'HOW TO BE A MILLIONAIRE' AND 'BE NEAR ME', HAVE BEEN RESCUED FROM THEIR OWN PRESUMPTUOUS MANNERISMS AND THRUST FORWARD INTO AN ALTOGETHER MORE REFRESHING, REWARDING AND SEMPITERNAL DIRECTION; ONE THAT WILL HOPEFULLY BE MAINTAINED BY THE RELEASE OF THE ALBUM 'HOW TO BE A ZILLIONAIRE'. ABC — SEEMINGLY SUPERIOR. EVOCATIVE. BUT ALWAYS PERSUASIVE.

BE YOUNG — BE FOOLISH
BE ALPHABETICAL

● After a long and arduous journey across London, my arranged meeting with *Martin Fry* soon got off to a welcoming start ... in the sense that I was hit by a flying ashtray! (*Martin Fry and his pernicious tendencies?*)

'Last February, Mark White and myself found ourselves as a duo, which we didn't want to be, for a number of reasons ... you argue more if there's only two of you; and who wants to be Abbott and Costello or Tears For Fears? So, we set about looking for some musicians, and we auditioned people of varying styles and experience.'

Did you know what you were looking for?

'No, but we found out. After three weeks of auditions, we realised that we didn't want a conventional drummer and a conventional bass player — we know enough about making records to do that ourselves, either with machines or other musicians. At the time, we were toying with the idea of trying to be a self-contained group. A rock n' roll band like U2 or Big Country — self-contained. So we decided we'd pull in two people who were complete novices. Who had strong personalities. Who aren't the best musicians in the world, but have something to offer beyond that. And we hooked up with Eden, who we'd known for ages, and David Yarritu, who we'd originally met in Texas.'

What about this shared vision?

'I'd rather be in a group with people who are opinionated, or who share an opinion — who are committed to an idea. And in ABC, rather than a silent partner — somebody who falls asleep in the back on the transit van — our group has always been based around making records. It's like those moments where you try to pretend you're something you're not — it's lying, cheating. The shared vision ... you can be larger than life. It means, what you want from a record or a stage show.'

What do you want?

'Well, I like records that are big, brash, bold. I like to throw that into what we're

doing. There's not a big fundamental difference. I'm afraid I'm still there at the microphone. We've just got different things to say, to write. There's a thread in all of the records we've made, which is consistent. When we came to make the 'Beauty Stab' album, we wanted to make something that was radically different from 'The Lexicon Of Love'; because we felt that we'd perfected something and we didn't want to spend our time chasing a sequel, and sticking rigidly to a formula. 'Beauty Stab' was raw, and it was kinda flawed. We liked the idea of imperfection, and liked mixing something that sounded ugly with something that sounded beautiful.'

Did it work?

'Wonderfully. The great British public didn't go out and buy it in droves though ... The music business is a pretty conservative place — far more than I first thought. But I think we confused people. Maybe people took it as play-acting or clever clever; to transform or mutate. Being in a band can be like an adventure. It shouldn't be like wearing the same shirt or drinking in the same pub for 25 years! But 'Zillionaire' is an entirely different record. On this there's a lot of machines and flesh and bone musicians.'

What's the most important thing about ABC?

'We're always ahead of the pack.'

Are you?

'Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday — sometimes I think that. What's the most important thing?', muses Martin, casually flicking hair from his face. 'I think it's the fact that we've never lost the ability to thrill on record, and I like to think we never will. Intellectuals are unacceptable. Rock n' roll has got nothing to do with intellectualism. It's got a lot to do with intelligence, I suppose.'

What are you?

'We're smarter than the average bear ... We were at ZTT, at Sarn West, and Paul Morley was talking about doing some-

thing with Frankie Goes To Hollywood out-takes. And I thought, 'it's dry, it's intellectual' — that approach. That's not what makes Frankie brilliant, it's something else. But you can stretch pop music as far as you want to. I mean, that's probably his idea of stretching it.'

Where does that leave ABC?

'The outsiders. The family that move into Brookside Close, and keeps the curtains closed! If you're in a group and you spend a lot of time in the pop community, swapping plectrums, you lose your originality.'

'But I never think of ABC in the scheme of things; are we like Simple Minds, The Associates, Jesus And The Mary Chain or Grandmaster Melle Mel? We're like everybody else who like to think they're doing something of their own. It hurts when people compare us to someone like Scritti Politti or Heaven 17 — who make good records, but to me, never quite go all the way.'

And you do?

'I think we've made records that have made time freeze for a while. That have maybe thrilled somebody.' (*It's at this point that Martin accidentally upsets my cup of coffee, whilst trying to light a cigarette I might add ... a small feat*). 'You're really having a bad time of it today, aren't you?'

You could say that ...

'I wonder if people who like King like ABC,' ponders Martin, getting back to the matter at hand. 'Personally, I never look at it that way. It's important to be special. It's important to me because that's what thrills me about other people's records. I never see it as just plugging into a guitar amplifier. And I don't just sing on the tracks and then that's it — bye bye ... phone me in Malibu, I'll be back in a year's time and we'll do another album! It's not like that.'

How do you get to look like a zillionaire?

'We want to look like cartoon characters. We even made an animated cartoon video for 'How To Be A Millionaire'. We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

A

B

C

● **ABC** RETURN (AND HOW MANY TIMES DOES THAT MAKE?) WITH HOW TO BE A 'ZILLIONAIRE' — WILL ANYONE NOTICE? HAVE THEY BLOWN IT/ CAN THEY EVER AGAIN HIT THE HEIGHTS OF 'THE LOOK OF LOVE'? DEFENCE — **ANNA MARTIN/EUPHORIA**

* **EUPHEM** — **i s m**



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NATION

HIS WAISTLINE WAVERS

HIS RECORD SALES DO NOT

JAH WOBBLE

WONDER WHAT'S

WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

● STATELY, PLUMP Jah Wobble

came from the stairhead, bearing a bottle of lemonade from which the label was peeling. A blue jean jacket, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bottle aloft and intoned... absolutely nothing.

"How's things?" Marland, the cheeky chappie, partner in music and fun, broke the silence.

HOW INDEED? It seems that there's no room in this article for a detailed biography or analytical discography. Space is tight and a brief resume would be a disappointment for all concerned. Suffice to say then, that Jah Wobble, runner of the streets of Penzance, former core of **Public Image Limited** (*the reference point for most of you*), fueller of many shindigs at this abode, is the heartiest bass-player this side of the Atlantic. A supreme conceptionist of **stirring, imaginative, full-blooded but intricate music**. An entertainer worthy of your full attention.

What's more, he's been away for a long time but is now back. The pressing question remains: *How's things?* A voice, its accent an equivalent to Danny Baker's, stirs itself from a laughing semi-bearded face.

"I've been keeping a low profile. I don't really go out, there used to be a scene in London but everything's changed. I still play my music but there's so many people about with no soul that it knocks the stuffing out of you. It's a strict fashion business now, a lot of love's gone out of it. You used to get characters who you may not have liked but they still loved music. Now it's been reduced to a product on every level.

"A & R people tell you how to make records these days... 'Why don't you use an AMS on that break'... Urghh!

"We struggle on."

Wobble's words suggest a mood of quiet, grim, resignation but his music remains a **loud, carefree SPIT**. The latest LP called **'Neon Womb'** (*Island Records*), is a collaboration with the aforementioned Ollie Marland plus others. It's a 'mature' work that consists of many shades and hues. These range from the balmy, neatly constructed jazz-funk of **'Love Mystery'** (*featuring heart-warming vocal by Lorna Rowe*) to the surreal-country-dub of **'Despike'**. There's something for head, heart and feet here.

"We wanted something that had the production sheen but with the **guts** to make it interesting. I think we achieved that.

"**'Neon Womb'** has that jazzy feel, but not in the way that most people talk about jazz — as a superficial thing. This has a real gutsy swing at its depths. There's something quite haunting about it."

How about the lyrics?

"The important thing is to set an atmosphere. Like

Polanski said about making films, the important thing is to **captivate** an audience. I do this through atmosphere — the lyrics are a tool."

Wobble's records have steadily moved away from the throbbing reggae mood that epitomised the first few 12"ers and LP's. *Is he no longer enamoured with that side of musical influence I wonder?*

"I used to be into reggae, but not now. There's no heart in it anymore. They're going around in circles like everyone else.

"Reggae, that's where I learnt my trade though. I used to plonk about on a cheapo bass which I sold four months before joining PiL in fact. I was a typical tramp type, living in squats and that sort of crap.

"The first bass that I picked up was Sid Vicious's when he wasn't using it. It was in this squat where all the speeding punks would play nothing but Ramones bass-lines. I used to do different reggae type stuff and have continued ever since, up until now."

Considering the change in style and tempo (if not particularly feel) in your playing, do you have to practice a lot?

"No. I never practice. I find it very boring. It's like — some footballers have wonderful ball skills, others have none but know exactly where to place their passes —

that's me."

Although the latest LP is an artistic success, sales remain negligible. By now Wobble and Marland are probably without a record company.

Bitter?

"There's always people worse off than you. Folks in Africa are worrying about their next meal not their next record contract. The only bitterness that I feel is towards the system as a whole, the record industry is just one facet of that."

If all else fails, future releases will appear on Wobble's own label via Rough Trade. A helping hand (*excellent recording facilities*) will be there from the Torchforce who are based at Guerilla Studios.

There seems everything to look forward to. A new 12" that I heard being mixed sounded fine. A touch more **'off-the-wall'** than of late — heavier with lots of percussion.

But if the music should 'fail'?

"Cab driving's the only other job I could do. I know London pretty well and I always try to have a 4-door car so if I'm ever broke I can do some cabbaging."

May the 'lift' from Wobble forever be through his music. ●

* LICENSING EXCESS LEADS TO KITSCH — KITSCH IS NOT A NEW CONCEPT

* ESCAP — i s m WORDS — RICHARD NORTH



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WORDS: GRANUAILE

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A MAN IN A FUNNY JOB — AUNTIE
AND IDOL TO COSMO'S 400,000
READERS — TOM CRABTREE LIES
HIMSELF ON THE ZIGZAG COUCH
FOR A CHANGE

● Tom Crabtree's mail is the stuff that Mills & Boon are made of: *A loves B but B loves C*. As **resident psychologist** on *Cosmopolitan* he plays *Agony Shrink* to 400,000 readers. And, although the only people to recognize him are drunken football fans who think he's Jimmy Greaves, Tom has become so popular that Cosmo is constantly bombarded by readers wanting to meet him. Why? "I think they imagine that I'm 6' and very handsome; it's just as well that most of them don't know that I'm short and balding. They probably think I'm very sexy. **Tell them I AM!**"

Wearing shorts and a bright red sweater he radiates a sunny disposition; it must come in useful.

"Most of the letters are about depression, pain, loss of some sort. But I don't ever tell anybody what to do, I just say: **'Right this is your situation, these are your choices. Now choose.** And that's what one does in the clinic."

After twelve years of clinical experience Tom turned to the written word; discarding Freud in the process. **Sigmund Freud believed that everything is to do with sex. He would have had trouble explaining pop stars like Morrissey. Alfred Adler, the man who invented the inferiority complex, would not.**

"The thing about Adler is he had a face only his mother could love: he was short, stocky, the dead ringer for Miss Piggy."

Adler saw life as a quest for status: **it is power and glory (not sex or groupies)** that most people want. Tom Crabtree goes with Alfred. "He was a very practical man. He tells you to get out there and join some groups; build up a network of friends. And that, today, is very good advice."

You've often talked about paying attention to the subconscious. **How seriously do you take your dreams?**

"I'm heavily into dreams. I became a writer because of two dreams I had. In the first I was down in Mousehole, Cornwall. I had this parcel and a crowd started chasing me through the cobbled streets. They surrounded me and made me open the parcel. Inside was a little plastic rain hat; it was worthless. Dream two: I was in a museum, in uniform and medals, surrounded by statues of Hitler, Goering and all these Nazis. And I thought, 'This is terrible. What am I doing with these people?' So I jumped down, took the uniform off and walked out into a beautiful sunny day."

"Now two months after I had those dreams I packed in my job, which was very well paid. I got rid of my suits and bought some multi-coloured shoes."

Very symbolic. **The windows to the soul?**

"Well, right, absolutely."

He attempts to hide an embarrassing pair of trainers.

"Those dreams were telling me that I was living the wrong kind of life, and so that's when I started writing which I'd always wanted to do. I think dreams tell you an awful lot."

In the wake of Gender Benders, role reversal is being documented by everyone from Julie Burchill to adverts for Soft & Gentle. Tom Crabtree has written a great deal on the subject and, in particular, on the **'New Man'** (ie, intelligent, kind, non-sexist). **Is this a mythical beast or does he really exist?**

"The New Man does exist and I've met one or two of them but they're very thin on the ground. It's like looking for truffles! What I'd like to see is Wembley Stadium full of New Men, and I'll actually count them in."

In a world of bulging biceps and beer-guts, **do you really think that New Men will catch on?**

"Yes. A lot of human behaviour is based on economics and over the thousands of years men have changed. Macho crap is no longer of any survival value and that's why New Men will emerge. The future belongs to somebody who is sensitive and intelligent. But it's taking a lot longer than I thought, most of the men I know are the old type."

Isn't there a danger than New Men will become over-dependent on women?

"Well some of the New Men I've met in London are a pain in the arse and if I was a woman I'd find them absolutely **intolerable**. It would be appalling to have one of these creatures who are sensitive all the time and who are into your periods and perfume. You don't want Popeye or Tarzan but you don't want a man who is more like the woman than the woman herself."

An identi-kit?

"I've never seen a photo of the New Man and I would like to know what the sod looks like, **and** what his role is. In our house if it's poetry we're discussing then everyone chimes in, but as soon as drains are mentioned it's me that has to mend the bloody thing! The kind of bloke we want is

someone who will do practical jobs and be sensitive. At the moment it's an either/or choice for women: either they get the How-Are-Things-In-Tree-House type or some over-neurotic very **painful** man who's so riddled with problems that you can't even have a laugh.

"I know this New Man is an illusive creature but he will emerge. He's got to because women will not put up with the old."

Gisbourne puts forward the Killing Joke theory: rather than the development of a New Man we will see a return to basic primeval man.

What's to say, Tom?

"Well the danger is that while the New Men are getting themselves ready, the Old Men will blow the lot of us up and we will literally be shelled back to a state of affairs where we have cave man and cave woman. Ten years ago I'd have thought nuclear war was totally impossible."

Ronnie-Rambo and Sylvester Stallone have launched a new wave of American nationalism to illustrate the point. **In the event of war, would you order your Apple Pie with pride or be a conscientious objector?**

"I'll let you into a secret: I'm a lot older than I look and I've actually fought in a war (**not in the last one, I'm not that old!**) and I would say **do anything** but don't ever have war. Let the Russians come here: convert them! I wouldn't fight the Russians, I wouldn't fight the Americans because I don't need to prove I'm a hero. Anyone who fights in a war is merely being manipulated by people who are making a lot of money out of arms. And so you're not being clever to imitate Victor Stalloone or whatever he's called, you're being stupid. You're not even proving that you're a man, you're proving that you're a thickhead."

How would you teach people that something like Rambomania is a phallacy?

"I sometimes think that slinging out advice is useless because people have to learn it for themselves. If I can give you an analogy: in 'On The Waterfront' Marlon Brando says to his girl, 'My philosophy in life is: Hit him before he hits you', but he learns that is not true. And, in the end, the gangsters loose because the people act together. I'm not preaching any philosophical stuff, I'm just saying that **whatever** you're doing you have to act together with some sort of trust and thought for each other."

From the comfort of his couch, Tom Crabtree views the world through the Rose Window. He

TOM CRABTREE

* SEX — i s m

seriously believes that 'gratuitous kindness' is the only way to save mankind. Naive? Probably, but he has little time for the cynical.

"The bottom line with me is that one person is reading the magazine — and that person isn't Victor Staloon — that person has got some problem. And in a way all I'm doing is saying to people you'll get through it; it'll be OK. You may say that's a load of balls but I've never met anyone that sooner or later doesn't run into A1 pure-drop pain. I don't pretend to solve the problems of the world but I do know about people's inner life, and that's what I'm paid for."

Are there any changes that you would make if you were Editor of Cosmopolitan?

"If I was editing it I would be in every month instead of eight out of twelve."

(Laughs.)

"I've worked with some very grotty people in Fleet Street; some of them should be in homes for the criminally insane. But the Cosmo people are a very impressive bunch, I like them."

If you could choose one person to psychoanalyse who would it be?

After some deliberation Ronnie-Rambo and Margaret Thatcher are dismissed.

"Glenda Jackson, I'm really keen on her. It's just an excuse to get her on the couch; she could psychoanalyse me."

And music?

"You really must talk to me about music because I'm one of the few people you'll ever meet that pre-dates Frank Sinatra. I've got two records: Paul Robeson and Carmen Jones, so I'm really up to date. I've got this theory about music: everyone of us is encapsulated in a time warp, and the music of your youth stays with you the whole of your life."

God help the Class of '85.

"So current music doesn't mean anything to me, because I'm locked into music that happened twenty years ago."

Time-warped or not, a wittier chap you will never meet. Many anecdotes later we return to the macho myth: Tom's son, aged fourteen, was going on a school trip. No time for goodbyes as everyone dived for the back seat. One boy held back and — to the disbelief of the others — kissed his mother goodbye. Tom: "That boy was either of outstanding moral integrity or a total idiot!" We never did find out which. ●

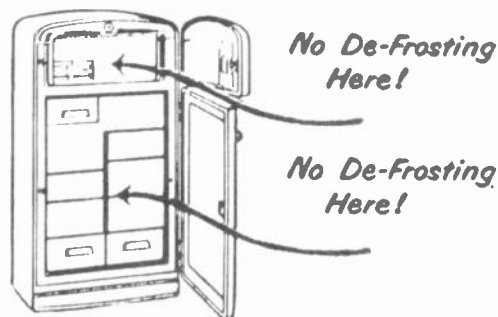
* IN THE 1950s & 1960s BRITISH TASTE WAS INFLUENCED BY THE DISCOVERY OF FRESH INSPIRATION FROM ABROAD



D I N



P L U G



* THE 'APOLLO BELVEDERE' WAS AMONG THE MOST CELEBRATED CLASSICAL STATUES FOR CONNOISSEURS ANTIQUARIES AND MEN OF TASTE

A L B U M R E V I E W S

LANCE P. ERIVAL

(BAD)

■ ZOWISO "The Lust" (*Geen*) ■ LAUGHING CLOWNS "Ghosts Of An Ideal Wife" (*Hot*) ■ THE OUTSKIRTS "Heaven's On The Move" (*Glass*) ■ VARIOUS "Cam O'r Tywyllwch" (*Recordiau Anhrefn*) ■ THE EX "Pokkherrie" (*Pockabilly*) ■ THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS "Tales Of The Unexpected" (*HOT*) ■ PERE UBU "Terminal Tower — An Archival Collection" (*Rough Trade*) ■ THE APARTMENTS "The Apartments" (*Rough Trade*)

The Apartments offer a rather erratic form of miserablism, offset by jaunty pieces, nonetheless doomed to background statistics. A cosy little ensemble, unlike *Zowiso* with their romantic fires all but doused by *Fall/Crassisms*, gushing and spitting in strictly no-time. Plotting against melody structures is hardly the way to entice people.

The Laughing Clowns are dead and gawn, and here we have the posthumous v.c. of acoustic sweetness, brittle-sweet drumming and a kind of sleazy, teasing shambolic punk! *Cure meets the Mekons*. I'm still not convinced.

The Outskirts make favourable impressions from the off, with more bright guitars and cautious displays. The vocals in particular burn with a vicious keenness over the melodies and force a sparkling whole from all but the most dubious situations. *Sixties with a kick up the arse*. The Welsh compilation manages many styles and many levies, with a welcome honesty in its favour. *Datblygo*, with their spindly and precocious sound stand out. *The Ex* meanwhile should stand down. Termite rock bulging with dense power they too, (lack the ability to structure it into anything more remarkable than a contemporary wasteland of grubby festering acres.

The Lighthouse Keepers are a breath of fresh air and should not be insulted by the description of 'nice'. It could almost have been invented for them. They too get cranky when least expected. A doltish sense of fun and mouth organs at dawn.

Pere Ubu is another collection of old material which would otherwise be hard to be track down. It makes a good overall impression, and lest you think me too hard on *The Apartments*, that was a trick. It gets better with every play.

MICK MERCER

At last **BUTTHOLE SURFING** comes to the UK. It's all the rage in hardcore acid-rock Texas and if 'Psychic ... Powerless ... another man's sac' (*Fundamental*) is anything to go by, it will be here. What it's about is some kind of crazy diseased mix-up between a tripped out Stooges, an exorcism, a barrel of ESB and sheer genius.

More music to copulate to; From the Velvet Underground comes the missing link between the Dadaists and the Birthday Party; 'Copulation' with one of them eponymous debut albums. Good continuous clicking groove at the end.

Which leads nicely into former GT hellraiser and half of CTI, **CHRIS CARTER** and his solo outing 'Mondo Beat' (*Rough Trade*) — which hasn't really got much to do with the rest of these, but has a lot to do with ravaging recording studios with various cut-up techniques, subliminals and electro beatings.

Finally some wisdom and gravy from **LIVE SKULL** — Another bunch of NY 'Speed Trials' graduates, who come out in style with 'Bringing home the Bait' (*Homestead*). Great sleeve, concept, song titles, mental eyes and a cohesive intensity that none of their contemporaries have been able to match on vinyl. My brain hurts.

TOM VAGUE

L.ESLIE P. HILLIPS

(TASTE)

1. ■ **KURTIS BLOW** America/A.J. meets Davy DMX/ (*US Mercury*) Veteran Rap-master cuts in the Presidents '19'-style over taut box and airily-poisonous chorus. Flip (*gaining most attention*) matches Bronx DJ giant **AJ** with Queens beatbox-devil **DAVY Power, skill, delirium ...**

2. ■ **MC CRAIG 'G' Shout** (Def version) (*US Pop Art*) Hardest rhythm of the month — endless and dubsattered. *Monster*.

3. ■ **Z-3 Triple Threat** (*US Beauty & The Beat*) Great subway-skyline label! Three raucous youngsters make debut produced by **DUKE BOOTE** (who co-wrote 'The Message'). Bare-pulse hauled high by two-chord scratch, human beat-boxings, bold rant. *A triple-headed sweater*.

4. ■ **HOLLIS CREW It's The Beat** (*Def Jam*) Title says it all and could be *Def Jam's* slogan. Typically stripped down to *Cavernous, crunching bone, exhortations and vicious embellishment*.

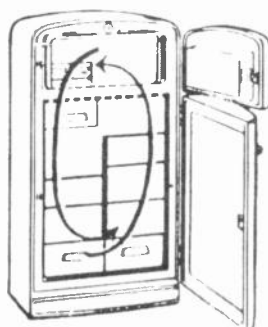
5. ■ **AFRIKA BAMBAATAA Funk You** (*US Tommy Boy*) *He's back!* Glowering full-face from the sleeve — with so many contenders it's time to show who does rule, I s'pose. Half the world are listed on the credits.

Four mixes take a mid-pace thudoramic journey while Bam's 'family' steam in and out of a dense mix.

6. ■ **BIRDSONG & THE DUGOUT BOYS Sucker MCs** (*US Singh*) Oho! **DOUG E. FRESH'S 'The Show'** is now so hot you have to wear gloves so, inevitably, the versions begin. **Edwin Birdsong** did a 'Roxanne' and now here comes the West Coast 'Show' ... though no human beat-box or squeaky bits just half the atmosphere the cheeky synth-clash between 'Three Blind Mice' and 'Peter & The Wolf', and the same beat ... but what a beat (*even without lip-fart propulsion*)!

7. ■ **COLD CRUSH BROS Heartbreaker** (*US Tuff City*) They've been around since the mid-70s in the parks and have honed their rhymes razor-sharp. Soft-spoken intro, love rap, but it bites buttock.

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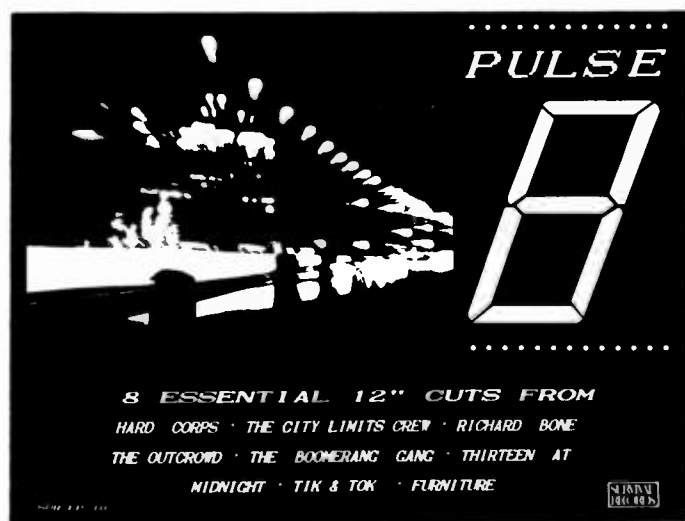
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YOU NEED HANDS

I KNOW I'M PARANOID —

BUT AM I PARANOID

ENOUGH?

● You see them in the street. In the factory, office, government department. Chances are they're the ones usually telling you what to do. **THE PINSTRIPE BRIGADE, THE SMART YOUNG THUGS IN UNIFORM, THE OLD IMPERIALIST SOULS** you see snoozing in those clubs and embassies on the way to the ICA. They are the **UNSEEN SECRET BROTHERHOOD** that really run the show. **THE FREEMASON IS THE MAN SITTING NEXT TO YOU.** He has wads of credit cards in his pockets and archaic weird patriarchy in his mind.

● The recent untimely death of author **STEPHEN KNIGHT** was not only a tragic blow to his family and friends, but also to hordes of information freaks — to whom he had become on a par

with the likes of *Pilger*, *Hunter S. Thompson* and *Paul Foot*, for sniffing out injustice, corruption and conspiracy.

After being totally absorbed by his two works, '**JACK THE RIPPER: THE FINAL SOLUTION**' and '**THE BROTHERHOOD**', I'd written to him and was in the process of arranging an interview. Then came the tragic news, via a slightly odd '*Guardian*' article, that he had died of cancer at the age of 33. The slight oddity of the piece was a press notification of his death before even his family knew — which also made much of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh of whom Knight was a follower. (*That's another story.*)

His friend and agent, *Andrew Hewson* made short shrift of this when I met him at his office (*opposite the Clerkenwell masonic lodge*). He told me how Stephen's great talent, as not only an investigative-journalist but as a novelist also, was cut off in it's prime due to natural causes. He'd been fighting cancer for many years. Fortunately the book he was working on at the time of his death '**GREAT UNSOLVED MURDERS**' will be completed by his co-author on the project, *Bernard Taylor*. There's also his '**Requiem at Rogano**' and '**The Killing of Justice Godfrey**' due to be published in paperback next year (*by GRANADA*).

Having said that his death was a great loss to journalism, he had already made his mark. '**The Brotherhood**' is one of the most essential investigative works ever written. It finally brought the nether world of Freemasonry out of the shadows of spectacular scandal and myth and into the harsh light of objective, balanced fact. But at one time it looked like it would never make it to the shelves: original commissioners, the New English Library, were forced to drop it due to the managing directors' father, *John Attenborough*, being a prominent mason. *Granada* took it up, despite the initial distribution blockages, and this is what I made of it;

As with most cliché-surrounded myths most of the ones about Freemasonry are true. At one level the Brotherhood are simply a pathetic gang of old codgers, who probably unwittingly incorporate the odd pagan ritual. Who doesn't? I know I do. On the other hand (*no pun intended*) Freemasonry is used to manipulate business deals to fellow-masons, get brethren promoted, off the hook with the Law and such like.

Freemasonry in itself is simply a *secretive environment*. To find out what goes on in that environment you have to go back a bit. Masons have cultivated dis-information pre-dating their origins right back there with the druids, pre-Christian Jewish monks and even the Egyptian Isis-Osiris death-cult. It is a fact that various religious and ritualistic aspects of it are taken out of the mists of pre-Christian history. Rosicrucianism, the Kabbala, Hinduism, some foggy notions of the occult and apparently healthy pagan beliefs are adopted — yet it is all but impossible to establish what comes from where, or a definitive mason philosophy: *because even masons themselves don't know.*



* ALL PERIODS IN WHICH VALVES DECLINE ARE KITSCH PERIODS



FREEMASONRY

IS A SECRET WORLD OPERATING AT ALL
LEVELS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE. **TOM**
VAGUE RE-ASSESSES THE WORK
OF AUTHOR **STEPHEN**
KNIGHT AND HIS MASONIC
MILESTONE **'THE**
BROTHERHOOD'.

Whether it was Solomon's Temple, Noah's Ark or the Tower of Babel, they knew what they were after. The majority of masons worship 'the Great Architect of the Universe', believing him to be the christian God — so long as they believe. In fact the masonic God, as revealed to the exalted higher degrees, has nothing to do with *Christ, Buddha, Mohammad* or any 'recognised God'. The exalted ones are told that their god is one 'JAH-BUL-ON' — a combination of *Jahweh, Baal* and *Osiris*, which is basically dualism; the unification of god and the devil!

Freemasonry's temporal roots are ironically set in a primitive trade union, set up by the stonemasons of the gothic age. These highly skilled artisans moved from church to cathedral to what have you, and therefore had no regular base like other trade guilds. So to prevent the use of unskilled cheap labour they had to organise themselves into 'Lodges' and establish a method of recognition.

As Baroque architecture replaced Gothic, towards the end of the 16th century, the craft was on the point of extinction. It was at this point that the 'industrial aristocrats' were joined by the real thing. 'Gentlemen', intrigued by the exclusivity and secrecy, began slumming it with the hip artisans. This didn't last long. They soon tired of the proles' quaint doings and set up their own 'Gentlemen's Lodges'. So 'Freemasonry' as we know it today was born, elbowing out the initial, noble unionising intentions and commencing on the road to esoteric corruption and conspiracy.

Someone likened the situation to that of a peasant's cottage ripe for development into a luxury weekend home for the rich. The wane of the King's power (after the Civil War), Catholicism and Christian Totality — due to the rise of science and the birth of that most abhorrent beast — the Middle Class — were all factors in the growth of Freemasonry.

When Grand Lodge was founded in 1717, Freemasonry had more to do with manipulating Kings and politicians than bricks and mortar. In fact trade union business had ceased altogether and Lodge ritual, oaths, initiation and sociability had become the name of the game. An 'old boy network' was forming, mirroring and re-enforcing the class system and destined soon to run the whole Shebang.

At the end of the 18th century masonic elitism was assured by a royal patronage that still remains today (Knight states that the Queen is 'Grand Patroness' of the Brotherhood, but contrary to popular belief Charlie and Phil aren't so keen). As the royals were courted, simultaneously and subtly the Brotherhood de-christianised itself. This caused a bit of a rift and Masonry became unholy for a while.

However the 'ancient' and 'modern' masons soon patched it up and settled upon what is pretty much today's structure. Also the ritual was settled upon the mythical murder of Hiram Abiff, the architect of Solomon's temple, for not revealing masonic secrets. Prospective master-masons have to 'die' and be 'resurrected' into masonry, never to reveal the masonic secrets on pain of having his tongue torn out, heart ripped from his breast or bowel burnt to ashes.

Freemasonry spread across the seas and down the centur-

ies. Fervent britmason missionaries took it to every corner of the globe, and it still sticks to every non-red patch on it.

The Americans got so into it that they've got the masonic 'all-seeing-eye' symbol on the dollar bill. 17 U.S. Presidents have been masons, including Washington, both Roosevelts, Truman, Lyndon Johnson, Gerry Ford, and you guessed it, Ronnie Reagan. The Kennedys are conspicuous by their absence from the Whitehouse masonic roll-call, and so is Tricky Dicky — fortunately for them. So far this may all appear as nothing more than people in power sticking together to consolidate and re-inforce their power-base. Mostly Freemasonry is just that (— as if that isn't enough). It doesn't start to get really weird until you get beyond the 3rd Degree, which by far the majority of masons never do and don't even realise that it's possible to do.

There are in fact 30 more degrees, bizarrely titled everything from 'the Prince of Jerusalem' to 'Knight of the Pelican and Eagle' — And this really isn't a laughing matter. The 33 degrees culminate in 'The Grand Inspector General', whose headquarters are at 10 Duke St, St. James's. Here the United Grand Lodge, in Great Queen St, Holborn, no longer has any jurisdiction. Nor does anybody or anything else for that matter.

The only clue to the true nature of the usage of 10 Duke St. is a small notice saying 'The Supreme Council. Ring Once'. Needless to say I didn't. Apparently inside is a black room, a red room and a Chamber Of Death. (Oo Ee Oo!)

The mainly military top men rank way above even the Duke of Kent, who Knight claims is current Grand Master of Craft Masonry. The 33rd Degree is where Masonry goes truly international, operating a worldwide control network of legislature, judiciary, military matters, you name it.

Stephen Knight goes into exceptionally well-researched and corroborated detail — about the origins, structure, philosophy and then specifically he turns his great powers of investigation on Masonry in the Police, the legal system, the business world, the Civil Service and the Government.

The Law is a masonic bastion. From Jack the Ripper to Operation Countryman it's been there. The whole set-up seems to be run by the Brotherhood. The structure, promotion, legal-aid and often 'justice' itself is dealt out with pro-mason prejudice.

It's also there in industry, the NCB, BR, banking, the Post Office (Get more out of your post office! Rob it!) the medical profession. Apparently it's on the decline in education and the only masonic incident I've come across in the music business was Killing Joke upsetting a worshipful brother at EG by using masonic symbols on their 'Revelations' album. The 'city' is rife with it. The heart of hi-finance capitalism still operates by medieval code and custom, and naturally Freemasonry is the corner stone holding it all up. (The Rothschilds have apparently been masons for centuries.)

As far as the government and civil service is concerned more or less every local authority has its own lodge. In London alone there are 23 such lodges (And there's a GLC lodge but I'm not sure how operative that is under Ken?) By this very

fact that old veneer of democracy begins to fade severely. Party 'hoary differences' go out the window once you're 'on the level'. However as far as can be ascertained there is no parliament lodge. There are however 30-60 freemasons in parliament. Knight believes Cecil Parkinson's one. Whitelaw almost certainly is. Heseltine, Joseph and Pym didn't answer Stephen Knight's enquiries. and Nott, Tebbit and Brittan stringently denied it.

Whatever, Whitehall and the civil service is where you really get the odd feel arrangements and the handshakes with thumb exerting pressure between the second and third knuckle. Governments come and go but Whitehall always remains. That's where the real power is and that's where the Brotherhood is too.

In the last part of 'The Brotherhood', dubiously entitled 'The KGB connection', the going gets really weird. Yes, there is a theory that the KGB have infiltrated Freemasonry. Best of luck to 'em, I say. And with all due respect Stephen Knight does miss the point on this one. Regardless of how obvious the commie plot is, it's the capitalist, patriarchal, hierarchal one, that we're slap bang in the middle of, that we've got to worry about.

The KGB scam is a long, long story, but basically it went down something like this; Ex. Fascist, partisan-torturer, mafioso, buddy of Peron, all round nasty, Italian-Argentinian, Lucio Gelli, got together this lodge in Italy, that consisted of 'everyone'. It was known as 'Propaganda Due' or 'P2'. When the PS doings hit the fan, in a rather too inevitable way, 'everyone' BUT the communists were totally discredited. In the end they just about managed to knock up some coalition instead. Close but no cigar.

Gelli himself bailed out to Argentina, where, guess what? Gelli was also there at Reagan's inauguration. And it seems that Roberto Calvi, who was found dangling from Blackfriars bridge in 1982 with £23 grand and 12 pounds of bricks in his pockets, was mixed up in the P2 riddle.

That the KGB are gunning for links within the Freemasonry would appear to be just deserts. Apparently the initial Russian uprising in 1917 was provoked by masons who were having a hard time off the Tsar. It seems that the only good thing about the Bolsheviks taking over the revolution was that they gave the masons an even harder time. (And did you know Genesis P. Orridge used to wear an cossack hat!?)

Masonic weirdness is just the beginning, it really gets going in 'THE HOLY BLOOD AND THE HOLY GRAIL'. But Stephen Knight was never baffled by the mystical complexity of it all. In fact he was so bloody objective and unbiased it's positively noble.

I myself make no such claims at objectivity. As far as I'm concerned the only healthy thing about Freemasonry is it proves that the existing patriarchal hierarchy is not any totally loathsome and obscene, but hopelessly inefficient to boot.

Anybody who gets that nagging feeling that there's a worldwide conspiracy against them, read 'THE BROTHERHOOD' then ask yourself: AM I PARANOID ENOUGH? ●

SWEETPEA

WORDS —
BABE E. FACE
INITIAL PHOTO —
DAVE TAYLOR

● WHERE TO BEGIN — WHERE TO BEGIN?

Why not take 'Thunderhead Johnny' — a Janitors number executed at such velocity, it chinese-burns the ear drums.

"I want to see these blighters do that live," enthused Peel during a session. The more fortunate of us already 'know the score'. Not that bands like **The Janitors** have always featured in my grand scheme of things; at first viewing I glibly dismissed them as a bunch of 'wasters' — and I was right. Shamelessly side-burned, they chafed their audience with slice after slice of apocalyptic lunacy — charging their way through a settlensile with scalding irresponsibility. Slinking home later that evening, I rather fancied myself to have been in at the start of something... fair-sized. Now, I'm at their pad, wriggling out of my jacket and tossing it nonchallantly into an aquarium; the fish can't believe their luck. Neither can **The Janitors** — helpless with laughter, they frogmarch me onto the roof and bounce a candle-flame underneath my chin. Should a passing hot-air balloonist have chanced upon this tableau, he would have been charmed out of the night sky; observing — as it were — an English Rose basking in the glowing admiration of her male companions. (Rarely have appearances been so deceptive.)



● "That's a really shit question," Dentover (vocals) is rasping through the gloom. "We moved purely to give ourselves impetus."

The Janitors don't care for geographical analysis: my mentioning their untimely defection to Sunderland very nearly had me cruising for a bruising — **Craig Hope** (guitar) takes his nose out of his armpit in honour of the occasion:

"Make the point that we're not local to anywhere: if you get tagged with an area — any area — you can't break out... you get stuck."

Point brandished. Earlier, **Pete** (bass) seemed only too willing to shoo his mates to the press:

"The truth is — if we weren't in **The Janitors**, I'd be driving a bus somewhere. Craig would be collecting the money on the dogdems. Dentover would be locked up and **Tim** — our drummer — would be wine-tasting in the upwardly mobile parts of the lower Midlands."

From these inglorious beginnings sprang **The Janitors** — a band that arm-wrestle with the inkier end of gutter-jive, wear their influences in a filthy sock and — somehow — contrive to make the earth move in an anti-clockwise direction for us all. Not so long ago, they were forming, reforming and creating their debut single — 'Chicken Stew' — all within milli-seconds of rubbing shoulders with the Mancunian **In-Tape** label. Too much too soon? Dentover thinks not, insisting that **The Janitors** thrive under such pressure:

"A lot of our quality comes from the one-take aspect: those things that come on the spur of the moment are the best things out because you already know how the rest of it will sound; we could never be perfectionists..."

Imperfectly formed and proud of it. **The Janitors** look set to achieve global notoriety by 'Yule-tide' — nothing else will do; for 'Chicken Stew' was seismic — a blurred, bellicose clout of sound that cackinnated with verve, smooched with slide-guitar, gargled with feedback and never returned... Impressed? I was, but not by the title (a rose by any other name...).

You could be attracting a certain brand of bopper...

"Why? What's the big deal?" enquires Craig, peeved.

"A chicken is just a chicken."

"I shot one once," volunteers Dentover. Pete looks distressed:

"The chicken on the sleeve is pretty evil."

Craig: "Its a cockrel actually!"

The song itself, what is it about?

"I've forgotten," mutters Dentover shiftily. "... something about a hanging I think."

"More to do with Jack Nicholson..." scoffs Craig. Dentover glares at him balefully.

"Stop giving the game away!"

You seem very possessive over your lyrics Dentover.

"I'M JUST NOT BOTHERED!"

It's not as if they're precious to him," explains Pete.

"Exactly. I'm not a Morrissey. I'm not a whinging prat... not that Morrissey is of course..." To his credit, Dentover is leering sarcastically at this point. "... but we don't write about shit, we're not courseless. I write about things that interest me — I'm self-centred."

Despite this — and all the attention they've been getting — **The Janitors** are not about to forget where they've come from; probably because they're still there. Craig looks back in langour.

"Somebody once likened us to a Ford Anglia stalling... that was brilliant!"

A closet garage band eh?

Dentover guffaws unrestrainedly:-

"NOBODY puts a Ford Anglia in a garage — it's not worth it — don't you know your cars?" Now he hovers above the microphone, sneering. "Here's a question for Barbara — are you embarrassed about chucking your coat into the fish-tank?"

Temporarily devastated, I appeal to **Larry** — their driver — a man who holds the key to more than the van's ignition?

"It's their music that matters isn't it?" he explains gently. "It's fucking excellent!"

"But, it's not just the music," pipes up Pete. "It's the whole thing of us being together and having a good time. You could even have a tape of us drinking together, only it wouldn't sound so good."

A novel idea nonetheless. Dentover — especially — looks bowled over by Pete's flight of fancy.

"YEAH!" he wails. "Nobody interviews bands in bars saying — Why do you come and get pissed, what are your influences?" He breaks off — racked by a sense of injustice. "You don't play Bernard Levin records just because you're an interviewer."

Unaware that the great man had made any, I hang my cultureless head in shame: reflecting upon **The Janitors** — in their own ungainly way — having clarified a fundamental truth — in that happy people have no history. Suspicious of my knitted brows, **The Janitors** decide to throw me off the roof. The ensuing rumpus rouses Tim — a man who was preparing to swap his drum-kit for a quart of nourishing broth before fate intervened in the shape of **The Janitors**. "Put that in... if you like," he allows, generously. "...as for anything else, we don't have to analyse ourselves — the press do enough of that afterwards."

Dentover lets me live. After all, I could come in useful. "My influences? OK.. mass murder. Rambo. Rambo. Rambo... I've got semi-long hair, a machine gun and I'm very laid back; so get those combat soldiers out and those machine guns rattling..." Lapsing into an unnatural silence, he ponders briefly upon **Roy Orbison**, **Captain Beefheart**, **The Ramones** and **Led Zeppelin**. "... they're not influences as such — just things we're listening to."

The Janitors jeer at my attempts to discuss their raison d'être: They'd rather swish my hair backwards and forwards through the candle-flame.

Dentover: "Stop asking us questions like that... if we got the suss on what makes us tick, we might do it again and that would be boring."

They must be doing something right: already, rival

● THE

JANITORS

● ONE OF THE NEW BREED — ONE OF THE LIVELIEST — SCATHING GUITAR NOISE FROM NEWCASTLE — GRUMPY-GUTS



* M A S O C H — i s m

THE JANITORS — L-R: CRAIG (GUITAR) / TIM (DRUMS) / PETE (BASS) / DENTOVER (VOCALS)

bands are refusing to appear with them — however, this could have more to do with The Janitors sporting an attitude that was born on the wrong side of the blanket. “You can’t help but feel domination over the people standing below you,” admits Dentover, breathing somewhat unevenly.

How do you intend to abuse this power?

“Give us a chance — we’ve only just got the power!”

“There’s only one formula,” yodels Pete, Texas-style, “and that involves the four Janitors — it’s *hot*...” he pauses, belching emotionally, “and it’s good!”

You boys seem healthily image-ignorant, I remark, dissolving the viscous silence that followed Pete’s oration.

“Skint, more like...” chuckles Larry. Craig begs to differ: “We’ve got a very strong image... you can get popular by being ugly — I enjoy being scruffy.”

“Craig lives off it,” smirks Dentover. “Me? I’ve never lived near John Justins — my mother bought me a blazer from Oxfam once...”

Ahhh... childhood memories! Any more?

“Hey Craig,” obliges Dentover, “how about the time your mother mistook you for an orangutan.”

The Janitors fidget restlessly — they want me to leave before Larry comes back with the crisps.

Would the rock and roll lifestyle suit you?... It seems ideal for a young man.

“What about a young lady?” barks Dentover, scandalized. “Are you being a sexist interviewer?”

Perish the thought, and press on regardless. *Do you — yourselves — crave guitar-shaped jacuzzis?*

“Yeah,” chorus three Janitors. Dentover is even easier to please. “A round-shaped one would do.” ●

NATIONAL VELVET

JOHN CALE

JOHN CALE IS NOT
ADVERTISING MOPEDS IN
GLOSSY MAGAZINES. "LOU
REED/I HATE HIM" SAYS
THE MIDDLE-AGED WELSH
LEGEND

WORDS: RON-ROM

THE ALARM DIDN'T WORK. DOG ATE CAT. TRAIN WAS LATE. I FELL OFF A BUS....

● Late turning up at Beggars to meet a living legend, (Ha Ha Ha) *John Cale*. There have been good moments in his solo career but the new album '*Artificial Intelligence*' isn't one of them.

A headmistress tone of voice remarks on my lack of punctuality. She knows I'm lying and ushers me off to the pub where John Cale has been using the spare time to sink a few drinks (*too many?*) and a game of pool with a fellow from a rival magazine.

Into the pub and looked around. There's a bachelor in the corner sipping lemonade, a barman with a vibrant German voice, a retired looking British Rail guard with a stomach two inches from his toes is propped up by a cue and there's the spotty face of a journalist taking aim, *but where's John Cale?* Gone for a piss? I look back to the retired British Rail guard. *Hullo John.*

"Are you from Zeigzag?..." he slurs. "Just ask yer questions then, g'head. I've just started this game so I can't stop..." Dragging his stomach with him he bends over the pool table, something creaks, takes aim. Shoots for top left pocket, misses by about three foot, comes back.

Well John, the album sounds like someone growing middle-aged ungracefully.

Swaying on the spot he replies:

"Erh... wha'... I, erh..."

Walks off before finishing the sentence and repeats the process (*as above*). Comes back.

"You don't like the album...?"

What?

"Erh..."

He goes to table, misses another striped ball. Comes back and goes to his smoking jacket, gets something out of it, comes back to me. He flashes a photograph of a pony tailed eleven year old girl. Pride pours out as he says, "That's my daughter and that's

the best part of being middle aged."

I understand now, but he ignores me and focusses on the pool table. Opponent gracefully sinks the black, the white ball goes in off. A smile forms on John's face. I know it's a smile because the most wrinkles move at this time. "Unlucky," he grins. The opponent twaddles off.

"I won, huh-huh."

Yeah John, but you didn't even pot a single ball.

"Y' wanna drink?"

Half please. *Do you see much of Lou Reed still John?*

"No."

Why's that?

"Because I hate him."

Why?

"He's used a lot of people to further his career."

What about Nico, do you like her new album?

"Yeah, well Nico had more personality than Lou ever had, it's just taken her a long time to prove it that's all. Here's your drink."

Thanks, how about yourself, what do you still want to do?

"Play at The Royal Albert Hall as a classical musician."

The album doesn't indicate that ambition.

"It doesn't mean I don't want to do it."

How do you look back at the 60s?

"Those were the 60s and these are the 80s, and roll on the 90s."

Do you think old rock 'n' rollers should take an enforced retirement?

"Well they either go to seed or go to Vegas. I've got to go now, o.k.?" Swallows his beer and leaves.

"Was that John Cale?" The bachelor with the lemonade asks.

Yes.

"Where's he gone?"

To seed. ●

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FOR A LOT LESS THAN A 12" SINGLE

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from the album (BEGGA 011)
THE SMALL PRICE OF A BICYCLE

PETER MURPHY THE LIGHT POURS OUT OF ME

PRODUCED BY JVG, PETER MURPHY & HOWARD HUGHES
from the forthcoming album (BEGGA 030)
SHOULD THE WORLD FAIL TO FALL APART
RELEASED EARLY 1986

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL WORTH WAITING FOR

PRODUCED BY JOHN LECKIE
from the album (SETTL 141)
IMMIGRANT

JOHN CALE THE SLEEPER

PRODUCED BY JOHN CALE WITH DAVID YOUNG
from the album (BEGGA 042)
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

LOVE AND ROCKETS HAUNTED WHEN THE MINUTES DRAG

PRODUCED BY JOHN A. RIVERS AND LOVE AND ROCKETS
from the album (BEGGA 047)
SEVENTH DREAM OF TEENAGE HEAVEN

THE RAMONES BONZO GOES TO BITBURG

PRODUCED BY JEAN BEALVOIR
from the forthcoming album (BEGGA 200)
RELEASED EARLY 1986



Fig. 4—Used as an advertising medium, the Robot rises majestically to his feet, fires the revolver to attract attention, and in a deep-throated voice, describes the particular goods he is advertising.

THE CULT NIRVANA

PRODUCED BY STEVE BROWN
from the album (BEGGA 010)
LOVE

THE FALL SPOILT VICTORIAN CHILD

PRODUCED BY JOHN LECKIE
from the album (BEGGA 012)
THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE

NICO WIN A FEW

PRODUCED BY JOHN CALE
from the album (BEGGA 043)
CAMERA OBSCURA

BAUHAUS SHE'S IN PARTIES

PRODUCED BY BAUHAUS
from the double album (BEGGA 044)
1979 - 1983

THE BOLSHOI FLY

PRODUCED BY THE BOLSHOI AND LAURENCE BURRIDGE
from the album (SETTL 150)
GIANTS

THE HANK WANGFORD BAND NEVER WEAR MASCARA

PRODUCED BY STUART COLEMAN
from the album (SETTL 161)
RODEO RADIO

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D I N



P L U G

* THE TUBULAR STEEL CHAIR WAS THE MOST COMPACT AND EFFECTIVE EXPRESSION OF THE TASTE FOR THE MACHINE — THE MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES WERE DESIGNED BY TEACHERS AT A GERMAN ART SCHOOL CALLED THE BAUHAUS

S I N G L E R E V I E W S

BLACK AND WHITE SLEEVES/THE FINAL RECKONING

■ VIOLET CIRCUIT "All Our Fatal Charms"

(Circuit) ■ THE CHICKEN RANCH "Hush" (Cannon Fodder) ■ JOY CIRCUIT "Don't Touch" (Pink Noise Product) ■ THE RAIN "Tom Paine" (Jive Alive) ■ THE HUNTING PARTY "Velvet Garden" (Movement).

..... They usually cop the flak because of their design, or lack of, these supposedly dour bastards, but *The Hunting Party* sound good at *both* speeds with crusty guitars and sauted vocals. But have they realised what potential they have in attack? Gentle of mood, with nicely fashioned rhythmic balance, thereby avoiding tweezeness, the modern disease.

Likewise *The Rain*, who pour (christ) forth super pop with twangy bass and sharp vocals.

Joy Circuit have a flash label and production, and spending money certainly pushes the disco-prune sounds towards acceptability, but it's fairly trivial... whilst *Violet Circuit* are crusading mess-merchants who concoct a slender pop song out of seeping splendour... the same ingredients technically, but abrim with honest soul. The *Chicken Ranch* are, the noisiest of the bunch, as was expected, haven't enough personality coming through the turbulent energy.

■ WICKED WITCH "Electric War" (Infinty Records)

Just as well as we don't print photos with these reviews as those sent included *Rick* hiding a stolen cruise missile down his spandex trews, and Michelle wearing nothing but a knife. Streuth! And then listen to perhaps the most atmospherically art/funk/metal crossover wall-bender of the year. Just what is it about? The Cocteau (remember them?) suffocated by Hendrix?

■ THE PLAYN JAYN "I Love You Like I Love Myself" (ABC)

A true corker live, this boils in the classic sense. The guitar grips, the vocals float on high, the song sinks in first time. "*Love is like a butterfly, lives one day, then it dies*". Stupid lyrics!

■ BLYTH POWER "My Lady's Games" (All The Madmen)

Charming brand of steam-powered melancholia by ably demented pop-hounds on the rampage. Stockbrokers dance in the street on the cranky noise. '*Beats punk rock!*' they chorus, as a garish steam roller turns the corner. Sappy trains on the cover.

■ IN EMBRACE "This Brilliant Evening" (Cherry Red)

As Morrissey has finally forgotten that it helps to have more than one idea on your plate, perhaps the lush pop In Embrace can slip out from under the bars. A big, big, big, beautiful song.

■ THE NIRVANA DEVILS "Secret Agent Girl"/THE LEGENDARY GOLDEN VAMPIRES "Gone For Good" (Exile)

The Devils are weird, *Pauline Murray*, *Harry/Stein*, *London Transport* and *Chris Spedding* get mentioned on the sleeve, and this single sounds even more Blondie then the last one, though the 60's beat is more quaking Cliff Richard than anything, bumbling around in an intoxicating manner.

The Vamps, despite having one of the greatest sleeves ever, lack the furious edge which makes the Devils so hot. It's an equally beat-mental thing but too rickety.

■ ROBBERY WYATT "The AGE of SELF" (Rough Trade)

Brass band on the b-side, but it's Wyatt in scathing disco mood, with delicate voice shredding pointed words that makes a dent. Classy record and all profits go to Miner's Hardship Fund. Buy ten.

■ LATIN QUARTER "No Rope Long Enough" (Rockin' Horse/Arista)

Great condemnation of South African scum, in gentle song, with superb vocals. Special double pack available also includes the unbeatable '*Radio Africa*' for any docile poltroon who missed it first time round. *Essential purchase.*

■ JUST A DRUMMER "Saturation" (Correct)

Armpit on the cover and a wandering trumpet. Bracing mixture of fullsome brass of all ages and a thudgy bass-beat that cascades through some molten ideas. *Steamy pests.*

■ Y CYRFF "Ar Goll" (Recordiau Anhrelyn)

Clearly inspired by the great Yohan Cruff and *why* did he have to receive such appalling treatment by his hometown footballing authorities? Squashy pop song that strains itself slightly, but craftily conceived with jittery guitars and excellent vocals.

■ JAZZ BUTCHER "The Human Jungle" (Glass)

Another blinder smoothie with a girdle of steel mesh. Something to do with Herbert Lom. The Butcher band, in their ascendancy, hit the velveteen shuffle and make us tingle.

■ THE INCA BABIES "Surfin' In Locustland" (Black Lagoon)

Not so harsh but increasinly potent, the Inca Babies wrap their vinyl in magnificent mauve, and emerge as *Eartha Kitt* as ever. I have my jaws wrapped round a humbug even as I type, which is entirely appropriate, because they hit the bullseye. Which is vaguely appropriate when it comes down to it. And The Incas know what *IT* is, even if we don't. ME

HALF A cup of cold coffee stands on the desk. A full night's worth of nicotine residue fills the ripe ashtray. Perhaps I should empty it? Perhaps I should go to bed? But a new dawn has risen over Camden Town and only one thought persists in my addled mind... The things you have to go through to set the scene!

New York! Finland! Scotland! Sweden! Here they are dancing in the streets. We owe them recognition.

We may begin with Sweden's prolific *Tracks On Wax* label — Box 2175, 53102 Lidköping, Sweden. They have five, comparatively new, 'hot platters' on show.

■ **THE WATERMELON MEN'S 'Blue Village'** crosses Thunders with The Yardbirds and comes away looking pretty smug. It's tougher than anything on their current LP ■ **THE BACKDOOR MEN'S 'Out Of My Mind'** has a bluesier/r'n'b feel, a sleazy mop-tops and polo-necks pic sleeve to match. People with billy quiffs and checked shirts will moan that this is nostalgia. I'd call it enthusiastic fun.

■ **'Unknown Journey'** by **THE WAYWARD SOULS** offers a more thoughtful but still gritty approach. ■ **THE PLAYMATES 'Fine, Fine Day'** is bouncy, naive pop at its best. ■ As is **CORNFLAKE ZOO'S 'Hey Conductor'**, it also has a weird'n'wired undertow courtesy of an off balance organ.

The ultimate single from Sweden is also the strangest. ■ **THE PINHEAD'S 'Live'** manages to cross The Doors, Chuck Berry and The 13th Floor Elevators. Raw, punky and unashamed. Contact: Box 343, S-901 07 Umea, Sweden.

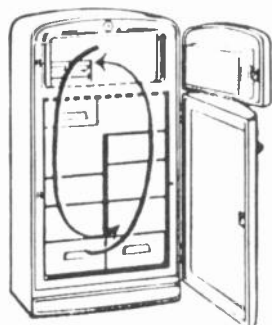
■ Finland? All we have to go on are two **BILLY BOY'S** offerings — **'Mystery Train'** and **'Lonesome Train'**. The former is an awesome (an understatement) minimalistic, rasping, undernourished slab of noise. I think of Suicide mixed with The Cramps and Throbbing Gristle, but wilder. 'Lonesome Train' sees them in a more trad rockin' mood, but it's still perverse enough to thrill. Write to *Puistolammintie 29, 95420, Tornio 2, Finland* for more information.

■ **THE SPLATCATS** are splatter movies and New York dubstn rock a-go-go. Farfisas, sickly vocals and a spikey guitar sound all impress. So do their names, Shaggy, Skeeter and Crewsy. Hi Skeeter! Hi Shaggy! Have a nice day! The Splatcat's EP **'5 Big Ones'** is available from 30 Brantford Place, Buffalo, NY 14222, USA.

■ All the way from Scotland, introducing... **THE KISSING BANDITS**. Their **'Caveman 7'** is a slice of jumpy, scratching noise. A hand jive rhythm'n's been tacked onto an Ant's 'Dog Eat Dog' sensibility. In other words it's a groovy gas, y'know? Details: *Rogue Records*, 974 Pollokshaw Rd, Shawlands, Glasgow, GH2 8A, Scotland.

Most of these records should be available at *Rough Trade* or *Vinyl Solution*. This has been a special ZigZag **World R'n'R Services Report**.

RICHARD KICK



HAIR

PART ONE TO SIR WITH LOVE

M A G I C A L M Y S T E R Y T O U R — A N N A M A R T I N

So much yet so little has already been said about The Cult. So many images and rationalisations thrust upon their undoubting followers: those who unite to pay homage to the God-like incarnation of the one they call — Ian Astbury. As the romantic and alternative (for what that word is worth) idealism behind The Cult's way of life has risen with searing momentum they (Ian Astbury, Billy Duffy, Jamie Stewart and new drummer Les Warner) find themselves battling with obsessed adversaries; their blunder a certain affinity to Led Zeppelin!

● For *The Cult* however, there are far greater things of importance to worry about ... a new and satisfying LP — 'Love', and a tour. They cannot and will not be obliterated. Not without a struggle.

A short while ago, a friend and I had decided to while away a few hours by going for a drink. As the hours and empty glasses inevitably rolled by, my friend confided in me that she unquestionably saw The Cult's *'She Sells Sanctuary'* as having been the greatest record released within the past decade. A strong declaration to make. A few days later I put this to Billy Duffy ...

'I know, a few people think that,' he replies, casually but earnestly. 'We said that all along, that one day we're going to sell a lot of records. We never set out to be a small band. It doesn't really make much sense, what we do, in an intimate environment, like some bands. But *'She Sells Sanctuary'* was a bit of an arbitrary choice. We just stuck out for that one because it was a simple idea. A bit of a weird intro and a bit of a racket. But there was nothing like it in the charts. I couldn't think of another record this year that's anything like it. To be honest, it did exceed our expectations.'

So how are you coping with your newly-found stardom?

'Stardom?' He laughs. 'Nothing's changed really. Ian gets more attention, especially when he wears his hat. In all honesty, he doesn't get recognised when he doesn't wear it! People are aware of The Cult now, but that's all we've achieved. The album will be more telling. That will be important, to see if we actually have converted a lot of people to liking us seriously, or whether it was just a fad.'

'I'm pleased with the album — that's what we sound like. It isn't too airbrushed, I don't think. For me, *'Sanctuary'* sticks out a bit as not quite fitting. I think this album is even more raucous.'

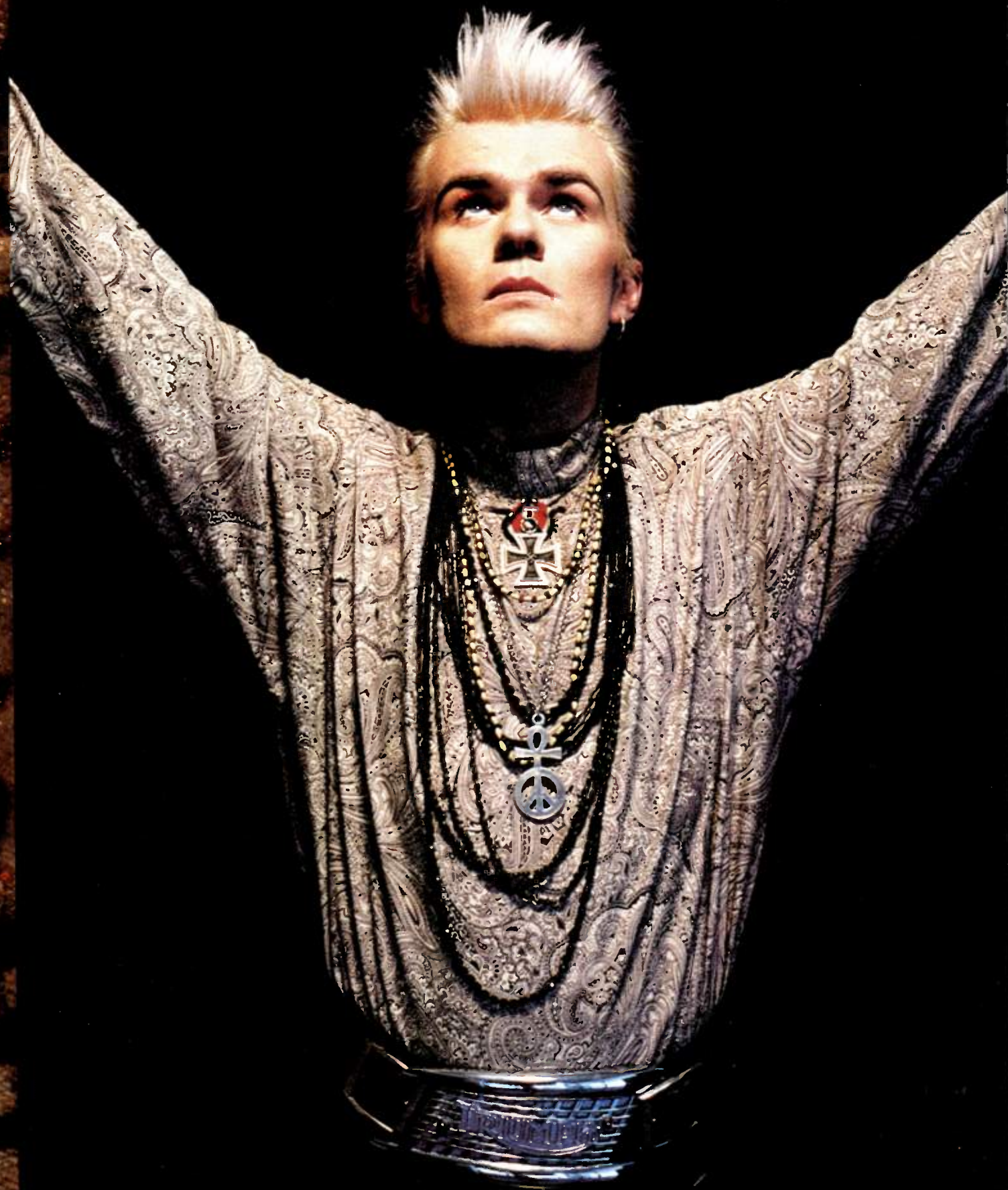
'I mean, you hear *'Sanctuary'* on the radio and you think: 'Wow! What a heavy number!'. (he laughs) 'or whatever. Or, 'What a lot of shit!'. Being accessible also has its disadvantages ...

'We're stricken to the music press! That's what annoys most of all I think. I'm not into harranguing the press. I'm not anti-journalist — we always do interviews ... but at the moment it's more of the 'take the piss', out of Ian in particular. They don't give me any flak. They daren't.

'Nobody dares to call me a hippy!

THE CULT

*EGOT — i s m



'When we started off we got favourable reviews on the basis of the notion of, the wild and wonderful Theatre of Hate meeting Southern Death Cult. That eventually died, but around 'Dreamtime' they were saying: 'Oooh, sorry we slagged you off lads — this really isn't that bad!' Now I seem to think that they know they have to write about us, because they know a lot of people like us.'

Isn't it true that Billy Duffy is the Cult's clever-dick?

'That must mean I'm ugly!'

That you appear to have an answer for everything?

'Who told you that? I've got a sense of humour but I don't know if I've got an answer for everything. I'm a bit flippant and I like to make light of things. I do take the music seriously. No, I haven't got an answer for everything. In a lot of papers I get the feeling that we're seen as coke addicted, bourbon swilling rock 'n' rollers. I mean, did you expect me to sound like I do?'

You seem ... 'friendlier'.

'Well, there you are ... We are quite friendly blokes actually, but we've learnt to hold it back a bit until your trust somebody. In some interviews I don't speak, because I get the feeling that I don't like the journalist, which I'm quite entitled to do.'

'Ian's the same. He's just a bit hurt because he's done a couple of interviews where he thought he was being really open and honest, and was hoping that the journalist would pick up on the naked honesty, but they didn't.'

Could you shed some light on Nigel Preston's departure?

'Nigel leaving ... Nigel, nice person: known him a long time ... went a bit weird on me.'

'Nigel was a man of excess, that was really the reason. He didn't want to leave, but he knew he couldn't handle it. He's the nicest bloke you could meet, when he's sober, but when he's drunk, he's like a complete idiot.'

Five days later I am *lucky/honoured/privileged/forced/tortured* to be able to watch The Cult in the making of their 'live' performance video for the single 'Rain'. Little did I know that I would have to sit and wait and wait and sit, and in the process drink about 300 cups of coffee, for an opportunity to talk to Ian. After a while, the strain becomes too much. I corner Jamie instead ... But he only states what is later (*so much later*) confirmed by Ian himself.

'Musically, I think we've grown up. What we haven't done is to contrive things.'

'It's ridiculous in that, in the past nobody would believe in us. We were knocking on people's doors saying: 'Look at us!', and they were saying: 'Piss off!' Now, everyone wants to speak to us. Everyone wants to know us, which is all very well and good, but a lot of those people weren't interested in the beginning.'

A lot of people still won't be interested, and as usual, the backlash will strike with a vengeance.

'God, we've been through so much backlash already! Anything that anybody can say in the press but can't say to your face ... I just think they're very weak and very shallow.'

But hasn't the backlash been brought on by you yourself being perhaps 'too' honest about things?

'Yeah ... yeah, too 'too' honest,' Ian ponders. 'But at the moment we 'want' to communicate. There are still people who don't know what we're about. I don't see the point in pretending I haven't got a chip on my shoulder like I used to have ... I'm not going to go round, cap in hand, saying: 'We're only human'. But at the same time it's like: 'Hey, give us a break'. The energy that comes through the band is 'not' out of a book! ... It's through *experience*. A lot of people have said all this bullshit about us being 'pseudo-mystical' and all this crap. Whatever. I'm just not really sure what 'pseudo-mystical' means!'

Does the LP fit into what The Cult are about? Will it shock?

'I think all this shock thing has gone away. We're living in pretty promiscuous days. I don't think people can be shocked anymore. What other extremes can they go to? I think people are more shocked if they see a flower on TV as opposed to seeing people mangled up.'

'There are many different emotions on the LP. I think it's going to take people's head off completely!' ●

* THE CULT/L-R: IAN, BILLY, LES AND JAMIE



PHOTO — DAVE TAYLOR

(Dashing youth bursts into Corpulent man's office wearing a 10-gallon hat and a ra-raskirt over muslin longjohns; his hair is brilliantined into a centre-parting; Corpulent man gapes, then, throwing back his head — roars with laughter.)

Corpulent man: Jeez ... if it isn't Bradford's answer to Mr Benn — in full costume too — you wanna watch the wind doesn't change son.

Youth: Cool it Corpulent man.

Corpulent man (sulky): Why should I? You called me names once.

Youth (sheepish): Put that down to youthful exuberance — the kids dug my coming from a council estate and knowing what it was like — I'm older and wiser now ... so hang loose, wear colourful clothing and grow your hair.

Corpulent man (reflective): Have a cigar son.

Youth (grinning): Ta.

● Fuelled by recollections of snigger sunsets, I — initially — pardoned the clammy clumsiness of 'Sanctuary' and it's twin 'Rain'; after all, I reasoned-riddled with micawberism, two ignobly wretched singles cannot a fine band scuttle and, for The Cult to actually sink, they would have to produce an album of quite outlandish puerility. This — to my bafflement — they did ...

Impeccably coiffured — for a drowning man — Billy Duffy death-rattles cheerily into the tangled skein of my disenchantment ...

Still think you're an alternative?

"Yeah, very alternative ... but now we're an alternative to mainstream bands like Five Star and The Cool Notes."

Yet, you once baulked at competing with "the likes of Duran Duran and Bronski Beat".

"We could never compete with them ... people laugh at us for going in teeny mags, but ... we're offering those people an alternative."

It's good publicity as well.

"Of course it is."

Has the old-style Cult burnt itself out?

"Yeah, it got so in itself ... a lot of that early stuff was really forced."

You were very brave Billy, you didn't let on you felt this way at the time.

"Well, we were confused ... 'Dreamtime' makes me want to throw up when I hear it now — there's some really good songs there, but they're too short because they're played too fast. If we'd actually had the time and the ability to play them slower, we could have sold a lot more albums."

Do you want to be pop stars or rock legends? You seem indecisive ...

"Indecisive? ... I thought people decided for you."

Decide for yourself ...

"Well, I want to be respected for doing what I do — for song writing, performing guitar and being in a powerfully good band."

You've been branded 'desperate'.

"Well, we were a while ago — we weren't selling many records and we knew we were more accessible than most bands in the Indie charts ... we're not about trying to be alternative, we're about me and Ian writing songs and performing them ..."

Freshly sprung from their longstanding alternative chart stalemate, The Cult released 'Love', a thoroughly malodorous album which abandons innovation altogether; preferring to journey towards dross at a defiant limp ...

Once so inspirational themselves, The Cult have been struck down by a sychophantic craving for the skid-marks of the great; even I — weaned semi-exclusively on Flintlock — perceived Hendrix and Morrison decomposing in the near vicinity ... worse — they were not alone.

If you can't beat 'em, purloin 'em, eh guys?

K-Tel might want them for a sunbeam, but that grisly Smiths dirge must be returned to its rightful owners before dawn — as must 'Pretty Vacant's intro, Iron Maiden's intellectuality and Killing Joke's entire repertoire (most notably 'Love like Blood') ... GREAT NEWS: Rolf Harris says they can keep the wobble-board!

Would you concede that this album is a trifle gluttoned with

influences?

"They're no more evident than any other band's ... it's just that we share our influences with most 20-odd yr olds—namely rock music, then punk rock — which is rock music played fast with an attitude — now it's come full circle."

Aren't you taking a risk indulging in your more contemporary influences? People's memories aren't that short ...

(Indeed, I have a memory so elephantine, I can even recall my romping-infant days ... 'Ring o' ring o' roses, a pocket full of poseurs ...')

(ATISHOO!)

"I don't think we're taking a risk at all."

"... We're not copyists ... you should see my record collection — or lack of it."

(THEIR SMALLS FALL DOWN!)

"I can see it sounds like Killing Joke, but why should that be a problem? Why should things not sound like anything else?"

('... Don't wanna be like, don't wanna be like you ...' — The Cult: Flower In The Desert.)

So, you're not an alternative to Killing Joke, just bands like Five-Star?

"I don't feel as though I'm in competition with Killing Joke or any other band."

Not satisfied with sucking other people's dentures, The Cult go on to spend the entire album desperately seeking fusion; with Jamie Stewart — sitting in the waiting room, Billy Duffy playing the guitar with his teeth, Ian braying like a stuck donkey, and Les ... Les should fit in quite nicely. Thank you ...

At points, they do manage to bum-walk out of the bed-pan only to collide with a low-budget western: 'Black Angel' being the kind of melody one might find exalting the trigger-happy times of sunset-bound cowboys.

(WHOA ... for when disenchantment joins with scepticism, there is always the devil to reimburse ...)

At the risk of sounding frank, The Cult weld 'Love' into so many boorish knots, your average interested bystander leaves before the final ego-stroke; at least 'Dreamtime' — for all it's teething-agonies lurched wonkily amidst a welter of listenable songs.

Maybe you've overworked this album ...

"No, it's not a fad, not a gimmick, musically, all we've done is acknowledge roots that are there, and simplify ideas ... it's where we're heading — this album is no great surprise to anybody that knows the band."

It surprised me.

"Did it? Maybe you had a different perception of us ... it's hard to discern what The Cult actually were ..."

"We're not trying to shake off all those who cared when nobody else did, just because we're in the Daily Mirror, just because we're the latest 'naughty but nice, weird but accessible' band."

Condescended to, in fact.

"Well ... the whole music business is condescending — including the independent scene."

Had any negative criticism of the new album?

"Yes — you; 'it's packed full of influences' — I call that

pretty negative ... it's obvious what's going to happen to this album — we know it's going to sell, we know it's going to be bought by people who don't even read the music papers ..."

You seem unable to comprehend negative criticism, period; Ian once blamed a bad review on a journalist, insecurity over younger writers.

"We don't like indifference, we're not indifferent ourselves ... I find it annoying when people — who don't even like The Cult — accept payment to cover a Cult Concert."

You'd rather have Yes-men?

"I'd rather have No-men ... I prefer negative comment to indifference — that tends to debate what we're doing or tries."

Do you often feel that your personalities are censored more than your music?

"Yeah ..."

Maybe it's because you contradict yourselves so much.

"Yes we do — we're normal people, we make mistakes, we're full of contradictions ..."

Why bother spouting social comment at all?

"We get led into it — some people like to bait us with political/sociological-type questions."

Can't you see it happening and resist?

"No, we're not that clever."

Ian once said "Basically, I'm just thick" — wasn't that rather a silly thing to admit?

"Not really."

Just honest?

"What I'd like to say is — we're ever so slightly tongue-in-check; everything we do have a slight element of humour in it."

GO WEST, YOUNG FAN ...

Having cringed aplenty at The Cult's — truism peddling-disquisitions in the past, I am comforted to learn that — throughout the wearisome fiasco — there existed Rollicking Black Humour Aforethought.

(BETTER RED THAN CRED)

What does Revolution mean to you, Billy?

"Living my life without fear ... general fear."

What are you frightened of?

"Everything ... not the Russians dropping a bomb, but personal ... everyday things like it's about time people stopped getting beaten up in pubs ... down-to-earth stuff like that — now sweeping statements."

Why put a track called 'Revolution' on the album; it's anything but revolutionary.

"That's your opinion; I know there's a Beatle's track called 'Revolution' — as was Theatre of Hate's compilation album — it just seemed to fit the song ... it's just another bit of provocation."

What was the last revolutionary thing you did?

"The last revolutionary thing we did? ... I can't remember really."

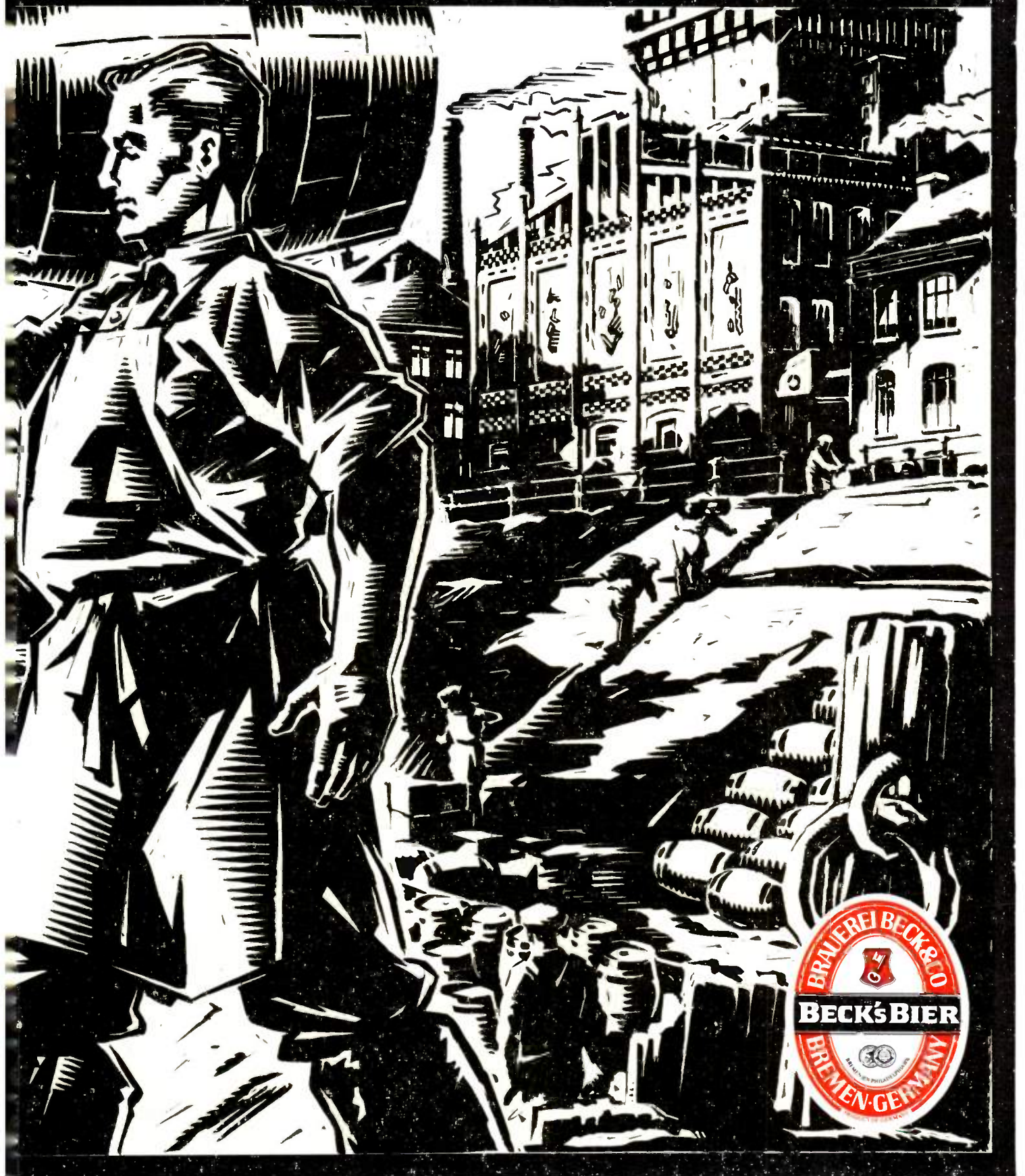
(LET THE CREDITS ROLL ...) ●

BRECK'S BEER BREMEN-DE



Barry Craddock is.

UTSCHLAND



BOG'S HEAD

ERIC BOGOSIAN IS AN AMERICAN MALE WHO INHABITS OTHER AMERICAN MALES. AT LEAST HE ACTS OUT CHARACTERS WHICH BEGIN AS STEREOTYPICAL PERSONALITY TYPES AND GROW — WHEN FULLY FLESHED OUT AND LAID END TO END (SO TO SPEAK) DURING BOGOSIAN'S STAGE SHOW — INTO AN EXAMINATION OF AMERICANS AND AMERICANISM, MACHISMO, FEAR, POWER, THE HUMAN CONDITION, EGGS OVER EASY AND A LOT MORE BESIDES.

● 10 years ago, Bogosian arrived in New York as a bright-eyed hopeful to attend acting school. He soon grew tired of *"head shots and trying to get parts in commercials — there was very little acting"*. All very un-fame. Instead he fell in with friends on the performance art scene even though he didn't understand the theories behind it (*who does?*).

"All my friends were visual artists so I got into that for a few years. I'd do a show that had slides flashing and tapes running and at the end I'd do a character. People would come and endure all the intellectual bullshit to see the character at the end."

So he gathered his cast of characters and presented them in a show called *Men Inside*. It had NYC reviewers dribbling with enthusiastic adjectives. Even if they weren't quite sure exactly *what* to call it, Bogosian had an effect.

Simultaneously he was being fired up by the local musical action.

"James Chance was a big influence on me, the risks he would take with an audience. I liked the confrontational part of all that. I've always been influenced by rock and roll, the tenor of it, the *beat* of it. The whole punk movement influenced me. Nowadays I don't look to music, it's completely idiotic and I can't see anything in it."

After *Men Inside*, Bogosian would perform the 25-minute *Voices Of America* in which he mimicked the sounds coming out of NYC radio as the dial was scanned back and forth. In other spaces he had *"research projects which were either too violent or pornographic — they were really just for esoteric audiences. But I'm leaving that JG Ballard 'Crash!' phase of my career, all the shocking stuff isn't really that interesting anymore."*

His current show is called *Drinking In America*. The press blurb yells: *'America's favourite pastime — getting high on liquor, drugs and power.'*

"I'm very interested in power, the attraction of power and how it is used and manipulated. And how it works in my life and other people's lives. The show is about

intoxication, it doesn't have to be through drink. It can be through a lot of things."

Bogosian's real *edge* comes in presenting the characters in such a way to provoke a response in the audience mind without ever defining precisely what that response should be.

"I'm not up there saying *'sit back folks, I'm going to tell you how to live your lives'*. What I'm saying is that here is a set of questions that run through my head on a day-to-day basis. I can't get to the end of the puzzle so maybe if we put them altogether some kind of pattern will evolve.

"It makes for an interesting evening of theatre. I don't go to the theatre to be taught. I'm aware of how messed up the world is and I assume everybody in the theatre is aware of it too. They don't need me to tell them Reagan should be assassinated.

"But it's not even Reagan, it's the people that put him in power that I'm interested in.

"My politics are simple, they're dumb actually. I think with extrapolation of knowledge and the application of basic humanity all the political options are very obvious. But a lot of the winos in my neighbourhood are also con men — so it isn't that easy."

The Bogosian characters begin on a list of possibles.

"A jazz musician between sets," he says off the top of his bonce as an example. He'll then develop likely candidates through improvisation.

"I might have 25 guys who are potentially okay but I don't know how things will go when I start improvising. Sometimes the characters in improvisation say things and I think wow! I'd never have thought of that, that's perfect for the guy and it reflects a whole larger attitude.

"The different characters have to interlock with each other dynamically and build to a point. I generally end up with 12 guys in a show that will knock up against each other but it's hard structuring the guys so that the show seems over when it is over, that the meditation has been completed. There's a bunch of guys sitting in the folder right now, they just weren't good enough."

I look down at his folder and immediately remove my elbows from it.

"I'm always described as focussing on *low life, the slime of human existence* but it's not the case. In *Drinking In America* there is a junkie but also that Texan tile salesman — totally middle class. Another guy is a Yuppie type on the make, there's a Hollywood casting agent involved in the power tripping of bartering people like me in and out of movies. There's a wino and another guy who comes from the kind of place Bruce Springsteen comes from, where the kids hang around, drive cars all night, take drugs and drink.

"A couple are kind of close to me. One is me reading a journal extract from 10 years ago, another is close to me doing a voice over in a recording studio on a beer ad. Both are a little bit of me which I don't usually do. I'm a pretty typical artsy fartsy kind of a person so I think I'm worth bringing into play otherwise you end up with a lot of pointing fingers at all these other types of people."

Lenny Bruce — a hip young gagslinger of the early 60s (*and far too controversial and influential a figure to muse over here*) — is often mentioned in relation to Bogosian. It's a common comparison although one which eludes me. But Eric turns his profile to the light and comments:

"He's always brought up because I think I look like him or I look like Dustin Hoffman looked playing Lenny Bruce in a movie (*a damp squib affair called Lenny*).

"I LIKE LENNY BRUCE BUT I DON'T COMPARE MYSELF TO HIM. HE WAS A COMEDIAN.

● **"I'M NOT A COMEDIAN.** I'D SAY THAT A COMEDIAN IS A PERSON WHO'S FIRST INTENTION IS TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH. MY FIRST INTENTION IS TO ENGAGE AN AUDIENCE WITH WHATEVER IS AT MY DISPOSAL. IT MAY NOT BE LAUGHTER, IT MAY BE DRAMATIC, HORROR, MAYBE A PHYSICAL THING — I DO A LIP SYNCH HEAVY METAL THING WHERE THE POINT IS NOT WHAT I SAY BUT WHAT I'M DOING — BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE A SECTION OF WHAT I DO AND SAY 'THIS IS WHAT IT'S ABOUT'. THE DIFFERENT BITS WORK TOGETHER, I SEE IT AS A PLAY FOR ONE PERSON." ●

WORDS — MICK SINCLAIR

ERIC BOGOSIAN DOES NOT LIKE
TO BE CALLED A
COMEDIAN BUT HIS ONE-MAN SHOW HAS THE
CRITICS SCREAMING 'LENNY BRUCE'

* THE WORD *KITSCH* COMES FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSION *VERKSICHEN ETWAS* — TO KNOCK SOMETHING OFF



ONE YANK AND HE'S OFF

* I M P R E S S I O N — i s m

● "THE AMERICAN PERSONA IS WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THROUGH TV AND MOVIES," ERIC BOGOSIAN EXPLAINS TO ME. "I DON'T THINK THE CHARACTERS I DO ARE WHAT AVERAGE AMERICANS ARE LIKE BUT I'M PLAYING AROUND WITH THE STEREOTYPES WE'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH."

● "AMERICANS SPEND A LOT OF TIME WATCHING THEMSELVES AND DWELLING ON WHO THEY ARE. THEY'RE SO MEDIA INVOLVED THAT THEY FIND IT HARD TO BE ANYTHING WITHOUT AT THE SAME TIME KEEPING IN MIND THE MEDIA IMAGE OF WHAT THEY ARE. AMERICANS DO LIVE THEIR LIVES THAT WAY IN THEIR LITTLE BURROWS."

● "I ALWAYS LOOK FOR CHARACTERS WHICH ARE BOTH SPECIFIC AND GENERAL AT THE SAME TIME. I'VE A CHARACTER WHO'S A **TEXAN INDUSTRIAL CERAMIC TILE SALESMAN** — THAT'S SPECIFIC BUT ON THE OTHER HAND HE'S A SALESMAN, **VERY AMERICAN** AND **MACHO**. I DON'T DO CAMP STUFF LIKE TAKING OFF J.R. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

NOVEMBER 1985 / Z I G Z A G ● 35

VIDEO

+



SEEING/SENSE

● So far video has not really served any function. It merely **SERVES**. Serves the corporations, conglomerate business empires, and producers who see it as an expansion of their existing captive audience and marketplace. A way to extend the shelflife of their dismal feature films.

THE BATTLE FOR THE MIND WILL BE FOUGHT IN THE VIDEO ARENA. THE TELEVISION SCREEN IS THE RETINA OF THE MIND'S EYE. THEREFORE THE TELEVISION SCREEN IS PART OF THE PHYSICAL STRUCTURE OF THE BRAIN. THEREFORE WHATEVER APPEARS ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN EMERGES AS RAW EXPERIENCE FOR THOSE WHO WATCH IT. THEREFORE TELEVISION IS REALITY AND REALITY LESS THAN TELEVISION.

PROFESSOR OBLIVION IN VIDEO DROME

1. SEEING RED + + + GENESIS P. ORRIDGE ON THE EFFECT OF INFLAMMABLE VIDEO

● Life revolves around twin switches that activate us. **CONTROL** and **BEHAVIOUR**. Those vested interests that derive power and income from video recognised very early its threat. That people involved in radical culture and challenge of accepted modes of thought and behaviour would utilise video to short-circuit the pre-recorded games of power. At first the equipment was prohibitively expensive. Now it's cheaper and it is no co-incidence that mass access has co-incided with suppressive legislation. Now if you want to copy and sell a privately, independently made video-cassette you must pay for a licence, and have a government bureaucratic view and approve all its content first. As there are no clear descriptions of what will be acceptable anything that threatens big companies making profits from rehashing failed movies, anything political, anything sexual, anything free in thought, words and deed will be proscribed. To sell without a licence will be a criminal offence. The most powerful of video's qualities, to be able to disseminate ideas, information and images cheaply will be lost. **UNPLUGGED AT BIRTH.**

Why should those in power wish to control video-tape so carefully and totally? Well in Iran the Ayatollah's main propaganda resource was audio-cassettes. At the peak of revolt, thousands of audio-cassettes of his speeches were spread throughout Iran and are largely accepted by observers and CIA alike as having been crucial to the rallying and resurgence of Fundamentalism and through that to the Moslem revolution. Imagine the increased potency in a Western country, weaned on television, of a similar socio-political campaign waged on video. It's not so far fetched. Think of a Western European country, even Britain, in 10 years time: *disaffected, consumerist, totally disillusioned, dehumanised, debilitated, embittered by an endless stream of obviously uncaring, utterly dishonest and weak politicians and so-called democracy.*

A video-warfare. Alternative news items, rallying calls, cut-ups of politicians to show what they are really saying. This would probably have an effect on society's psyche greater than a cruise missile.

At present, video does not engage the whole person. Our reality is already half video-hallucination. If we are not careful it will become total video-hallucination and we'll all have to learn how to live in a very strange, totally constructed and commercially supplied new world.

VIDEO LIFE IS ALL OVER THE WORLD

PROFESSOR OBLIVION

The power of video politically is its ability to be easily manufactured and copied at home, outside the network system. The agent provocateurs of the **OVER**

future will smuggle master tapes of videos, commit video espionage. If you want to try a little small scale espionage here is one possibility. There is a huge audience watching rental videos. It is very easy to cut in images and messages onto hired videos, or on the blank space at the end, and return them to the shop.

Video has many properties in its favour to the disaffected and cynical on the street. The most valuable of these will be seen in retrospect, that is video as an information and idea resource, the *Image Bank*. If you stand outside and look at what Ikon and Doublevision and Psychic TV are doing there are links. Ikon have begun by issuing music documents. Moments of time in a popular language. History. Lately they have expanded with a collaboration with PTV to release the seminal and highly influential material of Antony Balch, William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin; who, it is no coincidence, propagated and pioneered the cutting-up of tape, of image, and if inherited values and conditioning. "THE FINAL ACADEMY" document is a very important statement of the direction that video should take. Video can take a piece of reality, mutate and distort it so that the manner in which it conditions and numbs us is revealed. We live in overstimulated times, we crave stimulation for its own sake. We gorge ourselves on it, we always want more, whether it's tactile, emotional or sexual. This addictive and unfulfilling culture is expressed through the idea of style, fashion, newness. It leads to a permanent feeling of dissatisfaction of all the senses and personality. And to an ever-accelerating law of diminishing returns. This basic addiction to newness and style for its own sake results in an addictive mentality, like a hit of a drug, a mode of dress, and leaves a society peopled by ghosts unable to define or experience reality. Addiction is a state of mind, created by disappointment. Consumerism reinforces this dilemma.

IT IS NOT A STYLE. IT IS A DISEASE FORCED ON US

BY THE CATHODE RAY TUBE.

PROFESSOR OBLIVION

In a way therefore independent video-labels have to dig deeper, look at the very essence of programming and transmission. Reveal and explore the invisible language of video, that language is quite simple EDITING. It is not merely a game, it ultimately is the real battleground for the survival of the human race.

Releasing videos of concerts is not enough. That is stage one. History. Releasing cut ups of familiar material off TV and off movies is not enough. That is stage two. What Ikon and Doublevision and Psychic TV are doing is feeling out the problem, developing a network. What Psychic TV intend to do next is to go to stage three. A declaration of political, magical, and sexual war through video. Both in the search for a video method that integrates the conscious and unconscious mind, that satisfies and confuses, stimulates and questions in its construction and imagery, that does not frustrate. And to back up this research to have an encyclopaedia, a video-library in ongoing volumes that contains ANYTHING that might be of use, or lost, or suppressed by any overground distribution system. The exciting thing about video is that it can be more than music documentation. It can integrate sound, vision and action in a way never possible before. It is the nearest you'll ever get to an electronic molotov. Go out and throw one. Cause the cathode ray tubes to resonate and implode. You are your own screen. ●

* KEVIN ATHERTON — TV INTERVIEW



2. SEEING DOUBLE + + + + + PAUL SMITH OF DOUBLE VISION INTERVIEWED BY TOM VAGUE

WHO BETTER TO ASK ABOUT 'VIDEO BRATS', THAN PAUL SMITH, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT US SONIC

YOUTH. AND WHERE BETTER TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE TO THE 'VIDEO VIRUS' THAN HIS COMPANY

'DOUBLEVISION'; WHICH HAS BROUGHT US ALL THE BEST DE-PROGRAMMING EFFORTS SO FAR.

● 'DOUBLEVISION' is an audio-visual independent label, set up and run by Paul, with Richard and Mal of Cabaret Voltaire. It began as Paul looking for something more 'intimate' than rock egos, less corporate than conventional pop-videos (citing an example of RCA asking for insurance of a grand per minute against bootlegging of a loaned Bowie tape) and more far reaching than the video exhibitions he was running at the Midland group art centre. Simultaneously the Cabs were looking for an impetus to expand on their, then limited, work with dadaism and cut-up as applied to video.

* TERMINUS/PSYCHIC TV



● Rough Trade, who were at that time the independent catalyst, brought them together and the Cabs' impetus was put into an hour's worth of cut-up images. They first showed this seminal material, as support to the Cabs audio show, with people grouped around 10 monitors in a living room situation. These shows were popular enough, esoterically speaking, to in turn provide the impetus and material that became the archetypal DVI video-cassette 'Doublevision presents Cabaret Voltaire'.

"We gathered two major points during that period," Paul begins, excitedly. "First that 60% of everything you learn is from what you see — which I thought was quite interesting if you're talking in terms of the Cabs and subversive sound — obviously you could potentially put more information across in a visual thing. And the other thing was that the basis of video needed to be exploited, in that video is potentially more 'punk' than records could ever be.

"You get that potential power of manipulating moving images and the potential power of distributing that information through some colossal corporate cock-up. Someone somewhere must be banging their head in disbelief that they made these machines that are designed to bootleg off TV. They're effectively under-mining that whole western thing about ownership and re-sale."

This ludicrously obvious loophole provided the space that Doublevision and their subversive ilk needed in which to operate. It's a tricky situation for the all powerful corporations. Without undermining their own profits there's nothing much they can do. As with the ridiculous efforts the BPI are making to curtail 'home-taping', even the Bright bill and heavy censorship cannot recuperate the video situation. And already the innovative steps taken by the Cabs and TG have been taken up by a growing underground video scene.

The fundamental point of Doublevision, Ikon, PTV and some of Dessa Fox's less careerist 'scratch' buddies is that pop-promos are just the superficial tip of the television iceberg, our perception of it frozen by a lifetime's exposure to corporate TV. We've always been programmed to consume it in 'alpha-wave' state, where the electron gun scans at a certain frequency that gets your brain in a relaxed state, so you don't think much about what's coming in. So when you're exposed to something like the ambient flickering of the Cabs/TG/PTV/CTH/Skidoo your brain often rejects

it as unstructured and un-stimulating. That's a metabolic fact.

As Paul expounds, given half the chance;

"There are lots of very basic things like the fact you play your video on your TV — so you apply all the standards of watching years of TV. 'We are the TV generation'. In the broader sense I think Doublevision is challenging the normal TV concept. As far as I'm concerned it's very much 'mood-video'. I can still watch DVI and see different frames in it. But I would say, most of it I couldn't watch for more than half-an-hour or so — because I personally find it fairly intense, whereas most TV you see is like an eye-wash. It's a standard thing for TV, especially pop shows, that no shot is longer than 3 seconds — The Tube's a great example of that. They change the shot because they figure you're bored."

Paul holds the view that it's not the principle of TV, Video, Art etc. that's boring, but the rules applied to it. The technology is relative. To Paul the future for video rests with the next generation, kids that are now more into computers and TV than music. But it's a question of having something to build on; before our children start coming at us with video cameras:

"We're quite keen to educate people how to watch videos," he continues. "There's no reason why you need to watch it all. Watch 5 minutes, watch 30 minutes, watch it all, watch it without sound on, put your own sound on, what ever you want to do, play about with it and learn how to live with it."

Take the Derek Jarman one (DVI: 'In the Shadow of the Sun') is like having a 20th Century Turner picture in your living room, but it moves — very slowly but it moves. Just having it on your wall like a picture..."

The Cabs, PTV and co. have been pioneering TV sensoria or Psychic Television for many years now. And you can take it back to their forefathers; Warhol's EPL and the VU, Gysin and Burroughs and J.G. Ballard's dream that in the future everyone will live in their own soap opera — which he envisaged as more to do with 'Eraserhead' than 'Coronation St'. Now in the mid-80's, largely due to contact with one or other of the above, people's ideas about TV are changing. With something that couldn't be categorised as either TV or Film, the resulting confusion created the much bastardised term 'Video'. We're not talking about the bastards here who've become synonymous with it; Temple and Jagger's

'Miami Vice' clip. Duran Duran 'James Bond' films or Madonna promos;

"That isn't really what video is," says Paul, adding another voice of dissent. "Video is fundamentally a distribution device. Its biggest advantage is its magnetic tape like cassettes and you have pictures with it. Video in itself has no real relation to the time and space thing that you get with TV. It's more abstract than that and it's more maleable because you can control how you use it."

Richard and Mal are considering releasing a different version of DVI with different cut-up images. It isn't precious, it's just one set of images that go with the sound. Doublevision also actively encourage people to cover the tabs up and cut in latest news footage themselves — so it makes sense to you. This attitude isn't unique though — Soft-porn videos have similar instructions on the cassette, unintentionally making the point that you can't market sound and vision. Everybody's got it anyway.

Of course that hasn't stopped anybody before, but Video marketing is in its embryonic stage too. Everyone has access to a video recorder, if not actual possession of one. No one's fulfilled by what's made available. So logically everyone should create something for themselves. But then there's that old equation: Industrial decline and unemployment as a result of advancing technology: The Gulf between the haves and have-nots widens and becomes more apparent, because the have-nots aren't wasting their time working: So the gap the dearly departed 'work ethic' leaves must be filled, before something creative happens: Hence 'Leisure time' junk, both electrical and chemical. But have you noticed the chaotic desperation of it all?

Paul Smith and his chums have and they're taking full advantage of this chink in the Spectacle's armour. There's a lot to be seen through it, and now is a very visual time. "What you should learn from it is how to abuse the images," he elaborates. A lot of the Cabs promo-videos are abuses of image, by the fact that they're taken off TV. And you get the Duvel Brothers cutting-up a Reagan speech in a way that they're manipulating media. It me makes you aware of the technology available to the people who have really got power — which then makes you more critical of the way 'News' is edited. You become aware of editing. In itself editing sounds very boring — chopping from this bit to that, but there's a very, very strong psychological art to how it's done. The way things are shot can be done in a very inflammatory way — which is supposed to be the power of

cinema — but cinema in itself has become a very sedate approach."

Which brings us back to the cynical 'TV generation'; the 'us' generation. That cynicism is partly the *raison d'être* for Doublevision, Ikoni, PTV and maybe Jettisoundz. Doublevision are closer to PTV in their scant regard for nostalgic live videos, not as a noble gesture as much as a matter of course.

Paul: "The cutting edge of video has got nothing to do with cameras at a live gig, however well or badly it's done. It's to do with people learning how to manipulate the moving image — which is why most of our tapes are by people using footage they've shot themselves or cut-ups off TV. They're actually working within their own little world. They're not saying this is a portrayal of how it was but it won't be quite as good as being there at the time."

Doublevision isn't the solution, but it is an indication of what's going on. It is re-evaluating what is on TV and what TV is. Whether its the corporate bodies that control TV or whether it's a control body in itself. Doublevision had first hand experience of this, with their 'STRIKE' video, 'The Enemy Within: The Days After', which 'The Tube' dropped like an Aids contaminated cup after commissioning it. As the veneer of democracy starts to fade...

Paul ruminates on the incident: "The miners' strike was a very interesting situation just on the basis of how you watch that material, how it was manipulated, what was shot, what was shown. It was an obvious situation, so they used obvious methods. Life in itself is a less obvious situation, maybe they're using less obvious methods. It is there. It is a control and it is a device

that can be used in that way. But somehow there is something slightly twisted within the whole media thing, where it tends to eat it's own tail."

So it would seem the only good thing about conventional TV is thinking up ways of devaluing it. The only possible creative thing to do with it is re-use it, mis-use it, abuse it, muck around with it and see what comes out. The Situationists had a word for it. It went like this: 'Detournement': 'The devaluation and re-use of present and past cultural production to form a superior theoretical and practical unity'. (It says 'ere.)

Nowadays they call it 'Scratch'...

● DOUBLEVISON CATALOGUE

DVI: 'DOUBLEVISON PRESENTS CABARET VOLTAIRE'

— Earliest Cabs material £16.50

DV2: 'TG: HEATHEN EARTH/LIVE AT OUNDLE SCHOOL'

— Essential TG £20

DV3: 'JOHNNY YESNO' — Peter Care film w/Cabs soundtrack £14

DV4: 'TV WIPEOUT' — Compilation: PTV/Yello/Fall/Bowie/Warhol/Bill Nelson £14

DV5: 'CTI(CHRIS AND COSEY)' — 'ELEMENTARY 7' £14

DV6: '23 SKIDOO' — '7 SONGS/TRANQUILIZER' £14

DV7: 'IN THE SHADOW OF THE SUN' — Derek Jarman film w/TG soundtrack £16.50

(Featuring unusual performances by Jordan and Adam Ant, amongst others)

DV8: CVT1 — 'EUROPEAN RENDEZVOUS/OCTOBER LOVE SONG' £14

DV9: 'THE RESIDENTS' — 'THE MOLE SHOW'/VILENESS FATS' £16.50

DV10: 'TUXEDOMOON' — 'GHOST SONATA' £16.50

DV11: 'CRASS' — 'CHRIST THE MOVIE' — 'Autopsy'/'Choosing Death'/'Yes sir, I will' £

(3 films by Mick Duffie)

DV12: 'I' — MARK PAULINE (SRL)/J.G. BALLARD 'UNLIMITED BREAD CO!'/JIM WHITIN 'PERVY MEN' — music? what music? £14

ALSO:

'THE ENEMY WITHIN: THE DAYS AFTER' — various agit-vid inc. banned 'Strike' £17.95

'GASOLINE IN YOUR EYE' — Cabs latest on Virgin-vision — directed by Peter Cote again.

All Doublevision material available from the developing Cortel video chain. One should be developing somewhere near you soon. If you can't wait send an s.a.e. to 'DOUBLEVISON', 30 CHATSWORTH AVENUE, NEW BASFORD, NOTTINGHAM, NG7 7EU.

OVER →

* CHANOYO — DALIBOR MARTINIS/SANTA IVEKOVIC



Grey plastic sheeting $\frac{1}{8}$ " in front of cardboard

Wood corner piece

$\frac{1}{8}$ " Plywood frame

Cardboard cut to shape of tube —
Glue to wood frame

Round head wood screws adjusted to front of cabinet

● We're in the ICA cafeteria, which has been transformed into the temporary court of Dessa, the self-styled spokesperson for independent video and reluctant 'Queen of Scratch'. She's also been the best writer at the NME ever since she forsook the technical side and film school in Canada to come and write about it over here.

So is 'Scratch' just another specialist trend? Or is it an attempt to strip away television's facade? Is there substance to be had out of it? Or just a fast buck?

A walkman (pretty with it, huh?) starts picking up the tail end of Dessa delivering a monologue on the Cabs relation to it all.

⊕ "In this country it's very much the groovier, cooler thing to have an enormous emphasis on studio technology. It goes by really quickly, it's that flicker principle, very quick editing, always in motion. It's not really that different. You can see what they were experimenting with in the old days, like pushing the boundaries of the visual arts.

"The thing about the Scrabs... the Scrabs?... The thing about THEM viz-a-viz 'scratch', when Richard Kirk says 'you know these new kids', the kids are like the Duvet Brothers' age. They come out of art school and they think they've thought it all up. The Cabs call it cut-up, y'know in the literary sense, from William Burroughs and Brion Gysin. It comes from what they were reading 10 years ago and they started to put into visuals. A lot of the stuff was done years ago. Bruce Korner was doing it in 1936 on 16mm film."

Dessa's attention turns to the shabby, eccentric young artist (definitely not to be mistaken for a video brat) she'd been hawking round her media chums. He's Ivan Unwin,

3. SEEING TREBLE + + + + + DESSA FOX — 'QUEEN OF SCRATCH AND NME' INTERVIEWED BY TOM VAGUE

DOWN AT THE ICA EVERYONE'S SCRATCHING...

● I've never felt comfortable at the ICA, and I felt even less so when I first encountered DESSA FOX, the NME video-editor, there, after one of her 'Ugly Actions' sessions in the Cinematheque. I don't feel out of my depth as such, (after all, the ghosts of Adam in his leather mask and Gen nailing a tampon to the wall are there to reassure me), but especially this time I did get severely alienated by the airbrushed designer art world (I prefer to call it good ole 'bourgeois art' but you've got to move with the times). For someone who barely has a functional record player and who's idea of creative television is collecting the things out of skips and smashing the inner tubes I did find it a bit difficult to relate to these video brats and media people.

whose Ikon debut 'Flickering Shadows' has just been previewed in the videotheque. The best I could come up with would be to compare him with Mark Pauline. Dessa's a bit more explicit;

"The reason why Ivan's work is so great is because it goes against the grain of established video-work, even in the independent realm, which in some ways can get as fossilised as the above-ground stuff can — they establish their own traditions. Ivan's stuff comes out of nowhere, because all he's done is set the camera up in front of a lot of sets.

"It's sheer toil. It's full of all this diseased magic. It's like watching 'Eraserhead'. He's got some scheme and you're interested enough to keep watching but you don't get it. Even when it's over you have no ideas what he's talking about. But it involves all these thugs in a shooting arcade. Ivan's built all the sets and they look like giant hairdryers with these little clay rabbits going round and these thugs come in and sit on these big chairs and dust themselves with talcum powder and start shooting at these things! I just think that's so odd — like's who would think of that, like why?

"In this country it's all like editing suites and pushing buttons. Plus he's using really un-cool materials. He's using WOOD! Y'know like all these industrialists — they're always shooting out by chain-linked fences and belching chimneys — the whole northern industrial trip. Here's Ivan building sets out of wooden slats."

Claude Bessy flits past, teasing Dessa about being a 'media-person', as Ivan praises past and present film work as opposed to the apparently already passé 'scratch' phenomena. The genre's past doesn't seem to be some-

thing that is often acknowledged;

"I've seen the history of independent video at home," muses Dessa in her chirpy Trillion manner, "but it's quite difficult to work that into journalism, because a. it clutters the issue and b. I'm addressing kids who are 18 years old and have had no opportunity to see Bruce Korner films. Sometimes when it's necessary you can talk about it tangentially, but I think probably the key thing for me is to always encourage kids at the other end, who are reading it to go and actually do something. Because people regard it as this mystical land that they have no access to."

Yup! That's me. As talk gets technical I keep my mouth shut, hardly knowing the difference between video and film. Of course a lot of it's media-speak and I reckon a lot of the brats don't know the difference either. Dessa knows her stuff though and attempts to give me a crash-course;

"The first thing you need to know about video is you have to accept it's limitations. It looks terrible on the human face — so you have to work with the fact that it looks awful. Not like 16mm film which is very fine-grained. So quite often a lot of the videos you see, the cheesier and the chintzier they are, the better they are — because the people behind the camera know that they can make someone look like a million-bucks.

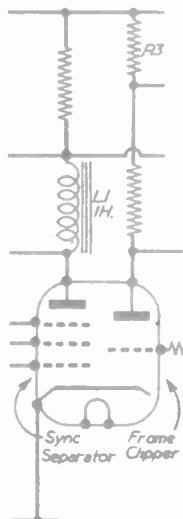
"Video always looks tinny, so quite often it's better to be humorous about it. That's another thing, the tinniness of video, that's how you get your Devo's. They make all the tinniness work for them, because they just make the whole thing like a soap opera."

The next thing is to see as many Residents videos as possible, and then blitz my way through 'CHANNEL 5': A showcase for video, the first London independent video

* CHANNEL FIVE/THE FRIDGE — L-R: SANDRA/RICK/GEORGE/TIM/PETE/KIM



PHOTO: CHRIS TAYLOR



festival. Supposedly coming out the other end with some perspective on the state of the art. Although I walked out of the launching lig at the 'Video Cafe' in disgust, as the assembled designer brats compared Channel 4 contracts and Gaultier sweaters, the largely ignored stuff on display looked interesting. Throughout September it got properly aired to the masses, via selected screenings at the ICA; ranging from 'sexual strategies' to 'hybrid poetics', 'video-window' installations at branches of DER TV around town and 3 programmes on Channel 4's 'Eleventh Hour'.

Out of the context of the careerist scum at the Video cafe, the stuff on show did give a new unconventional angle on the television scam; That of the reluctant consumer fighting back. Or as 'City Limits' Andy Lippman put it, on one of the Channel 4 broadcasts;

"Television is the great trivia machine, pumping out irrelevant desires, intangible images, feeding us with the envies to make the consumer society roll round. This is probably why some video makers choose to take television, that shop window on the world, and chuck a brick through it, helping themselves to all the goodies on display: mixing meanings and messages of their own creation."

Then it cuts into Dessa's boys 'THE DUVET BROTHERS' and their off-air work for New Order's 'Blue Monday', which certainly puts their average single in a different light. If only it was shown on 'TOTP'... Along with the Gorilla Tapes' 'Death Valley Days' and the rest of 'The Greatest Hits of Scratch Video' this is the crucial cutting edge of independent video. This is where bits of the future seep through the gunge. And bits of the present too.

But has 'Scratch' had its day already? According to Dessa the mainstream had it recuperated before the underground even knew about it;

"The Scratch people always said we'll never be appropriated by conventional TV because we're using images that are breaking the law. Well, that didn't happen. The TV people said we'll work round that. Now Channel 4's showing it, the BBC's going to do some and ITV. The thing about 'Scratch video' is it wasn't independent enough. It's a method and a style that's really easily used by mainstream companies. Scratch just showed the kids how to rapid-edit with no problem and the above-ground guys had never thought of that. Now they're scratching everying in sight — the '19' video, 'Rebellious Jukebox' — it's really hideous.

"So all Scratch did was show the mainstream boys that you can have an edit any old which way and the kids won't reject it, they'll actually like it. The gulp and swallow factor is really enormous here, because 'Scratch video' is less than a year old. Part of what we're talking about is the hunger of the media to find something new. It could be video, it could be sweaters, it could be Canadians. Any fool can be entertained by 'Scratch video', it's not like a wicked underground movement."

So 'Scratch' is dead before it started. Long live the new wicked underground movement. But don't just sit there taking in those electron gun frequencies.

As the Fox and Smith 'double-act' keep saying: Get up, trade your record collection in for a video-recorder, guitar for a camera, and start de-programming yourself.

● SOME USEFUL ADDRESSES.

LONDON VIDEO ARTS, 23 FRITH STREET, LONDON W1.
TEL: 437 2786

ICA, NASH HOUSE, THE MALL, LONDON SW1. TEL: 930 0493

GORILLA TAPES, 4 HERTSLET RD, ISLINGTON, LONDON N7 ('DEATH VALLEY DAYS' £16)

DUVET BROTHERS, 18 NAYLOR HOUSE, ALBION AVE, SW8. ('PILLOW TALK' £12 p&p inc.)

4. SEEING TROUBLE + + + + + 4. CLAUDE BESSY — COMMISSIONING MAN AT IKON INTERVIEWED BY WILLIAM SHAW

● Listen to CLAUDE BESSY talking about the next video he wants to release on the IKON catalogue: what he's describing is the product of an American video group called *The Survival Research Laboratories* in which dead cows are exploded on screen and radio controlled robots destroy each other with acid.

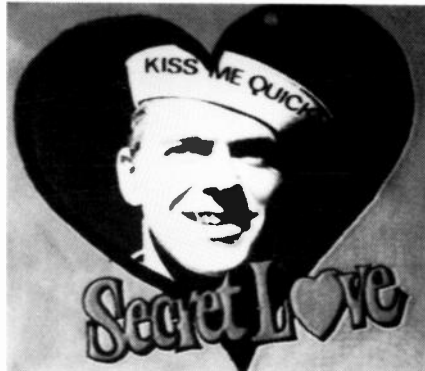
"It's so beautiful. It's so full of mayhem. It's closer to Max than to performance art. It's really insane. I don't know what people are going to make of it. All I know is that if three or four of us at IKON like it then we release it."

So many people are already bored shitless by video. Outside the world of the top forty video, it's failed to capture the imagination so far. Even if it has got the obvious strength of challenging the rigid conventions of film and television and showing us what a slim vocabulary these media have, it's developed no language of its own. Which means that most of us just haven't got a clue what's going on.

Claude Bessy gives us reason for hope: he loves the medium which leaves most of us cold. He acknowledges that most 'uncommercial' video is "crap", but he sees limitless possibilities still unexplored. When he speaks about it he's reminiscent of a small Yorkshire terrier bounding around with enthusiasm. He's a garrulous disreputable looking Frenchman who exudes love for its potential, yet who splutters with indignation over the world of 'video art'.

"They're all so PRETENTIOUS. Nobody has the right to go around calling themselves an ARTIST for at least a hundred years. History decides what's art and what's junk. Every time they push the 'record' button they think 'here's another art statement coming'. That's bullshit."

* GORILLA TAPES



Claude was involved with Tony Wilson's Factory records first as a VJ at the Hacienda club before joining the IKON

* CHAT RAP — JOHN SCARLETT — DAVIS — LONDON VIDEO ARTS



team. "I am," he announces flippantly, "their spiritual adviser. I decide what disaster they get involved in next."

IKON Factory Communications Limited had started mak spiritual adviser. I decide what disaster they get involved in next."

IKON Factory Communications Limited had started makany: "I helped them take a new direction, to do more obscure 'art' stuff and less music. In a way I put them into the financial position that they're in now because the stuff I was asking them to release was so obscure.

"Some of our videos have sold 50 maximum, but we started pleasing ourselves more and believing that history would prove us right. So we started with Genesis P. Orridge releasing that *Final Academy* double set with William Burroughs. Then we did that comedian John Dowie. Then *The Birthday Party*. Factory was appalled by some of the stuff that we were putting out. They were dead against us putting out *The Birthday Party* because Tony Wilson thought that they were the worst band he'd ever heard in his life. We said 'piss off' and it actually sold a lot.

"Then we did *The Fall 'Perverved By Language'* and some totally obscure stuff by a performance artist called Ivan Unwin — very strange."

From art to commerce: on the other side of the boxing ring is commercial pop video; it's object to, shift units. It has totally transformed pop, whether we like it or not. To get a single into the charts now costs you another £20,000 just to make the video.

It's one reason for the widening gap between the indie charts and the pop charts — to sell records costs a lot more. And it's made it much more difficult for the 'unknowns' to compete against the 'known' groups. It's increased the power of money in the role of getting a hit.

But to Claude Bessy that side of the argument is more or less irrelevant: he's only concerned by the fact that nearly all top forty video is so dismal.

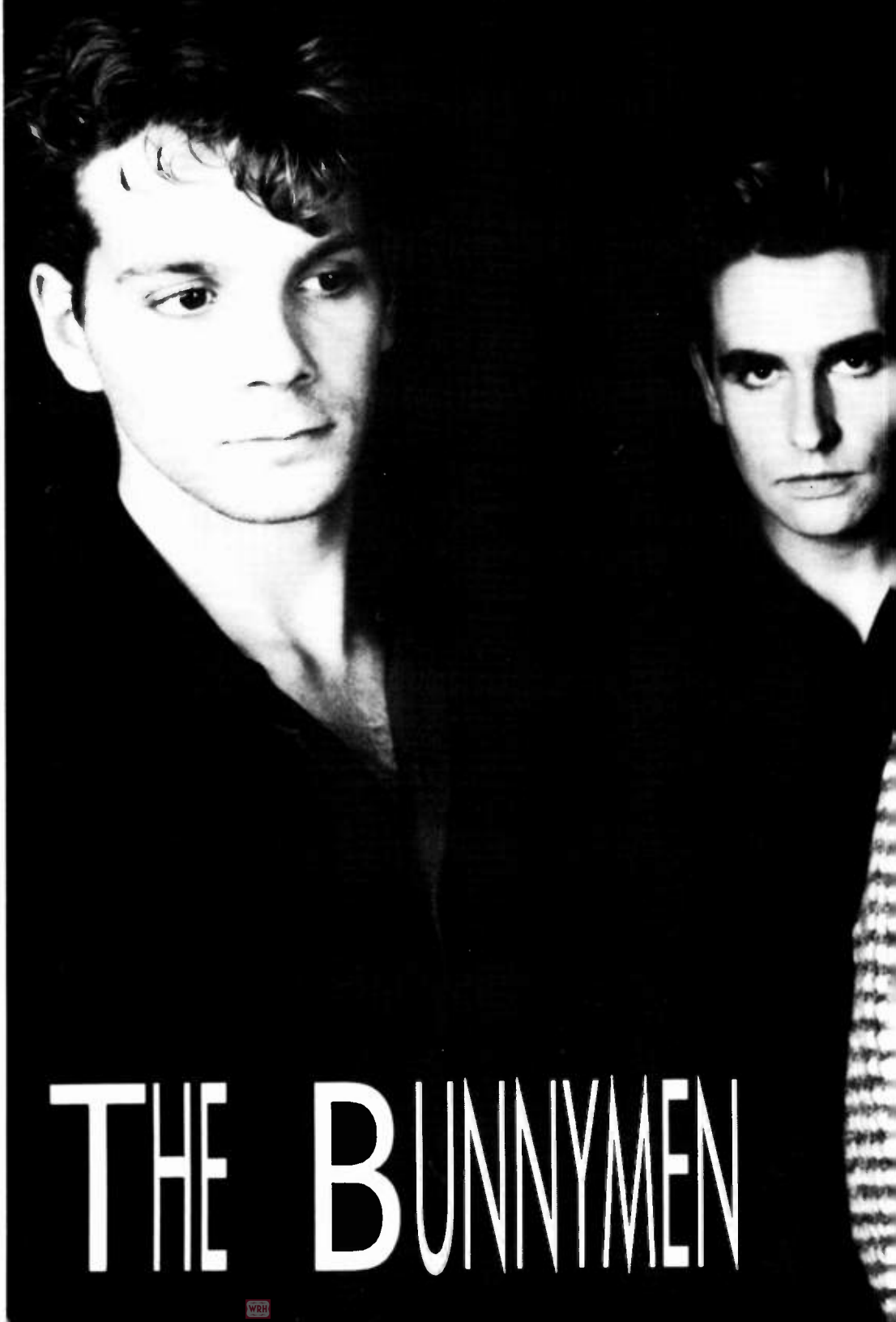
"Video isn't great by itself. If what you point it at is good then it's good. The best music videos in the world are the most minimal ones. All that flash stuff that costs a lot of money — it's basically the faster it is the less time you have to think about how vacuous the whole thing is.

"But you take some old videos that cost £500, £600, an old one of *The Cramps* doing 'Garbage Man' — tacky set, no effects — it's brilliant because the editing is brilliant and *The Cramps* are superb. Or you take Iggy Pop doing 'I'm Bored' ... Technology is just fancy wrapping and there's nothing inside."

For the same reason he's ranting at the Art School ex-students, the John Scarlett-Davis types "filming their navels": "All these people have access to such sophisticated equipment and they use it for such narcissistic purposes ...

"But listen. I'm going to sould like I'm the most negative bastard. Actually I'd rather be in my shoes than their shoes. So what? It doesn't matter. We're having a lot of fun." ●

WARREN PEACE



THE BUNNYMEN

TASTE MAKERS

● "IF YOU KNOW A BETTER 'OLE GO TO IT" — BARK ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN — BACK AFTER A YEAR IN THE WILDERNESS BUNNY HOPS — DELE FADDELE COTTON TAILS — JOHN STODDART

● 'THE PAST' IS A WARM BLANKET — CLOUDS OF NOSTALGIA SHED AN EVERLASTING RAIN OF LIES.



PHOTO: JOHN STODDART * M Y S T I C — i s m

● **WHEN THE CONSCIENCE AND SOUL LIE — A BODY'S GOT NO CHOICE.**

● **ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN TRADE IN UNTRUTH...WIND UPS, ROLE PLAYING, FALSEHOODS TO KEEP A PRECIOUS, SHROUDED MYSTERY INTACT. MAC, IMPRISONED BEHIND WORDS — PLAYING, LAUGHING, LYING THRU TEETH/LIPS ALL THE PROVERBIAL WAY TO THE BIBLICAL BANK. WISDOM ENCOURAGED BY SEVEN WORK-YEARS? SHOULD WE BLAME A SCUM-INFESTED S-HITS MENTALITY INDUSTRY THAT DELIGHTS IN FERMENTING THE BLOOD, BAKING THE OUTERSKIN, FRYING THE GENITALS, AND BOILING THE BONE-MARROW OF ITS YOUNG — PRIOR TO AN AGONISINGLY SLOW MEAL???**

● **NAH, THOSE BUNNYMEN ARE 'DIFFERENT', WEIRD, ADVENTUROUS, HATE PLOUGHING OBVIOUS FREEWAYS.**

● **SO THEY CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE ROCKGLOBE'S ODDCORNERS, AND END UP STRANDED NEXT DOOR TO THE DREADED MOR-DESERT (RE: LAURIE LATHAM'S KITCHEN-SINK, LUSH, 'BIG PRODUCTION' OF 'BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES') — WHAT STARTED AS A JOKE-CUM-PISSTAKE — 'OCEAN RAIN'S' BLUEMOODISMS — METAMORPHOISES INTO AN EVER-TIGHTENING, ASPHYXIATING NOOSE ...**

● Seated as we are — an anonymous room, a faceless 'non-rock' hovel's lobby, Central London, thoughts turn to **compromise, mediocrity, conservatism, commonsense,** and "great pop songs" — all trade marks of one Laurie Latham, Laurie — producer. Naturally ...

Why Laurie Latham?

Les: "Just something to try ... Mac looks like someone who can really sing — I think he's way into Paul Young ... We were curious what it'd sound like. The Stranglers' *'Life Shows No Mercy'*, swear that was all right ... there were one or two furious arguments to get points over on 'Ocean Rain' ..."

Will: " 'Twas Mac who wanted him — we couldn't think of any better alternatives ... just had to go along with it, basically. Also, it takes the pressure off — Y'can let the producer worry 'bout it — if it's crap, say 'its crap — we're not having any of that'. I quite like *'Jimmy Brown'* — think it's novel, for us."

(Post-interview) **Hate to keep dragging this up, but why Latham?**

Mac: "The Stranglers' *'Skin Deep'* — great pop song. Right on that one."

(Flashback to interview) ... Laurie Latham has nothing to do with surrealism — **Why not Lee Perry, or someone who isn't a standard 'rock' producer?**

Mac: "I'm sure we'd be up for trying something like that."

Les: "We thought about Eddy Grant."

Mac: "He gets weird sounds as well, any other suggestions ... I always thought the Abba people were quite good."

People wouldn't get the joke ... as long as you don't get involved with those Mike Chapman types — the ones Warners USA would want to foist on you ... Bob Clearmountain, etc.

Mac: "Simple Minds are using him at the moment ... Underneath it all — they can be good ... they just go for the obvious route all the time. I mean — Jimmy Iovine, doesn't he do Springsteen?"

Slight case of kettle calling pot green? Ponder if you will — Latham as a British Iovine. Mediocrity's little solidier — even he'll be hard trussed! to dampen bunnyspirits ... *'Dancing Horses'* glistens ... **An American Top Forty Hit perhaps?** Will and Les disagree, conceding that "should The Company 'work' on it — which is dead unusual, then perhaps" ... The new (*ish*) manager's even more insightful: informing us earlier that Warner U.S. were considering re-releasing *'Never Stop'* — *figures, doesn't it?* ... Poor Echo — the noose suffocates.

How does America strike you?

Les: "Weird ..."

Mac: "First time you visit, for the first few days it's like nothing — zero, zilch, emptiness — a cartoon or something."

Les: "... The atmosphere ... as if the Red Indians laid down a curse — to make you feel uneasy."

Mac: "... All the nosies outside windows — police cars ... the diversity, size and 'culture of 'non-culture' " get to you first time — it's neither good nor bad — just totally weird ... Second time, I just hated everything — even the bits I loved first time around ... seems to change with each visit, though."

Will: "New Orleans was brilliant last time — influenced the whole tour."

The Bunnymen are still entranced by nature: we discuss Virginia, Louisiana, drives from Washington to Boston via New York — with emphasis on daybreak, leaf-colours, lightning, snowstorms, trees and mountains. I wonder if they're prepared for stadia-rock ... and Mac lies his way out. Shrewd, that Mac. Shrewd. So we try *'song association'* ...

'Bed Bugs and Ballyhoo'

Les: "My favourite track we've done for ages."

'Broke My Neck'

Will: "The feedback was Les using an E-bow on his bass-strings."

'Angels and Devils'

Mac: "What a song!"

Will: "Great, classic ..."

Les: "... Between the sheets of Heaven and Hell — what a song — San Francisco!"

'All My Colours'

Mac: "The Burundi drummers were great — the good thing was: they wanted to do it ... that was the only point where all the WOMAD stuff 'bout cultures meeting/combining really happened."

Will: "WOMAD wanted more combinations of that ilk — but no one else did it."

Mac: " 'Twas like being on another planet ..."

Close to 'pure' music?

Mac: "Without getting too hippified." (*Don't worry!!*)

Did you stop doing drugs or something?

Mac: " 'Heaven Up Here' — which everyone thought was the psychedelic album at the time ... was made on rum and blackcurrant — with hot water."

Are you still chained to Psychodelia 'n' all that?

Will: "I like the old stuff — none of this new shit."

What's so attractive about 'the past'?

Les: " 'Twas fresh then — all that enthusiasm down on record."

Will: "A lot of the stuff I like, isn't really psychedelic — more like sixties garage band stuff ... nearest current contenders would be The Fleshtones: they don't pretend or 'dress the part' ... not like The Fuzztones."

Fave new raves?

Will: "Jesus and Mary Chain — saw 'em in Liverpool (*a chuckle with the students, who were all going 'Fucking Hell, Henry — I'm not into this'*), they were obviously just taking the piss — didn't like that side of things — havin' paid to get in and all — I was into the 'concept'. Anyways, The Mel-O-Tones make JAMC sound like Abba ... I'm also into the Art Of Noise side of things."

What are words worth, Mac?

"... Whatever you make of them. They don't have to be long or anything ... That's why I like Leonard Cohen — his lyrics: you can understand each word — it's the way he strings 'em together ..."

Mr. Cohen now, is it?

"Yeah, Leonard ... I've got his phone number — cherish that till I die, or phone him up."

D'you still think about death?

"Never did."

(Pete is present, but silent.)

A few hours prior to our 'talk' — at a farcial, mock-up

press conference for foreign journalists, Mac expressed great distaste for Biba Kopf's NME *'Ocean Rain'* review specially the Moody Blues comparison — childishly sniping at Kopf, Williams, et al for *'hiding behind Pseudonyms'*.

What you said 'bout pseudonyms earlier ...

"I just thought what Biba Kopf was accusing us of — hiding behind something or the other: it wasn't like he made up his own pseudonym — just some dodgy Fassbinder movie, Fassbinder's not even any good. I don't think."

(Alarmed) **What's Fassbinder's problem?**

"I kept watching Berlin Alexanderplatz and could only think of that review."

Are you still 100% behind 'Ocean Rain'?

"... Think it's got even better with time."

Is the end near, what with riots, natural disasters etc, etc.?

"I hope not — I don't agree with riots — they're the unthinking man's revolution."

Always torch their own houses.

"I've never felt like rioting, ever."

Not even in '76?

"No, I was into the music — 'twas more of a fashion riot in those days — which I think is more effective. Look at all these people walking around in post-punk regalia — I'm not sure if that's good, bad, or what."

When you look back to '76, was it all worth it?

"It was worth it for us 'cos we caught the bug at the right age: 16, 17 — just old enough to go into those clubs and enjoy 'the scene' ... I was always a bit detached — could never be a 'punk proper'."

Now the old 'rebels' are the new establishment — what part d'you play?

"We've always kept apart from 'the crowd'."

Will: "They've relapsed back into what punk wanted to sort out without realising it."

Mac: "Like the Thompson Twins used to be this sodding multi-cultural thing — that's what they were pretending to be anyway — I always thought they were pretty dodgy ... now, they've just a pop band."

"A lot of those who dressed up — and felt part of some kind of movement — 'twas always clothes and 'the look' that were important — the immediate effect ... I used to wear an anorak, bad (*Easy Rider*) glasses, and a polka dot shirt."

The past fucks up the mind ... How far from the 'new establishment' are Echo and The Bunnymen? Will the desire to stun, burn bridges, uplift, take chances, exhilarate, survive considerations of commerce? Will that noose strangle 'em? Anyone still care? Time will iron out dirty laundry ... Meanwhile, thirty-six lacklustre groups pass off seventh-rate Bunnymen-reject imitations as 'spiky 'n' new' — a disheartening state of affairs. What price 'experimentation'? Who will put this vampiric Industry out if it's misery? And, will anybody notice the musicbiz's bloated, festering corpse on the wayside? Will the Bunnymen make twenty-five more LPs? Will they end up in L.A.? Las Vegas? Nowheresville USA. The past is a giant blindfold.

Mac, how would you like to die?

"In Space ... or in my sleep." ●



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ABLUTION

FINAL

● A MAN CAST ADRIFT FROM REPUTATION AND PUBLIC EXPECTATIONS, WILFULLY DISREPUTABLE THROUGH A MISTAKE CALLED 'DALI'S CAR', DUSTY DELICACY INVOLVING MICK KARN. "STILLBORN, I'M AFRAID," — WHISPERED THE DOCTOR, SLAPPING THEIR LEGS. KARN, AND MURPHY WALKED OUT OF EACH OTHER'S LIVES. (WELL, THEY HAD TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT.)

PETER MURPHY

● PETER MURPHY, AND HIS TEST TUBE BAUBLES, HAVE HARDLY GALVANISED PEOPLE'S RAKISH DREAMS, SINCE BAUHAUS SPLIT. IN THE JURASSIC PERIOD, NOW THINGS CAN BE DIFFERENT. NEW PARTNERS. NEW CRIMES. NEW PAY. ELECTRODES (GENITALS FOR THE USE OF ...) MICK MERCER.

● Gills-pallor-grey but smiling, Peter Murphy ambles over to the tape machine in Beggars Banquet and slips another cassette into the slot. Already a poster for a compilation album ('*The Light Pours Out Of Me*' — Peter Murphy) has bemused. A disco inferno ransacks the room. Struggle for the link ... until, '*Final Solution*' by Pere Ubu! **The whole album isn't covers is it?** "No. Just those two."

The nightclubs won't know what's hit 'em. With the sheets now draped over the Dali estate, the mattress now conceals a lethal circus cannon. Murphy, abetted by the tie-less Howard Hughes, has come back at full throttle.

You had to do something like this, towards noise, or become Andy Williams.

P.M.: "Suppose so. That's obviously what you think. There was a sigh of relief when Dali's Car ended. Bit of a strain. It was built on the theory that marriages made in heaven work and they don't. It promised to be good, the demos were exciting but that's the only stage it reached."

At what point, looking back, did you realise?

"The first day we started recording. It was immediately apparent that a crossover between me and Mick wasn't going to happen."

Why didn't you just knock it on the head?

"Because we'd gone in so far, spent so much money. I don't think the music was *that* horrendous."

People's main impression was one of prattling around,

with an elegant lie going on in the interviews ...

"It wasn't lying, it was respect for another human being. I'm not slagging him off now. We talked about the album but evaded talking of future work."

(*Evasion is a lie I suspect ...*)

"I must admit there was an element of a conscious intellectual idea of what was different ..."

Enough! The mess was tidied up and Murphy and Hughes (previously with *The Books* and part-time pianist for *The Associates*) were then free to resume a union that had briefly begun before Dali's Dilemma.

"We fancied each other at the time," recalls Peter. "Thought, 'There's someone that looks a bit like me!'"

"So we spent the night together," dribbles Howard, staring longingly into his partner's eyes, "and thought we'd do a few things."

Why the cover version?

"One, because I was short of tracks and two, I was looking around for covers that would allow me to do a real belting vocal, which I love doing."

Belting is much evident. It's all so wonderfully noisy. Presumably you prefer this energy?

"It's not how much you spend, it's the energy that's in it. It's let your hair hang loose and have a good time. I asked Ivo to be involved because he's just got the suss I really like. He's really just stripped of the pretensions you usually come across with producers. It isn't a definitive statement. No album ever is. Lyrically there's a definite thing going on but there's no concept. As it went on, a style turned out."

The police, looking for a fifty year old Eskimo, tragically blast Howard Hughes apart. As preparations for a street party take shape I have to ask Pete's opinion. Are they good or bad?

"No, pretty sick and frustrating. Just a result of the climate and culture wars."

Would you take part in Red Wedge?

"No. I'm not a political animal. I'm more an overseer of the whole thing, more involved with what might be called a philosophical point of view. I've never been involved with mainstream society. I've always been an outsider."

Errrr ...

"I see through a lot of things in a very naive way ... other ways of approaching problems than the conventions of political thought."

Who would you say yes to?

"Some old geezer in Turkey who says, 'That's a load of bullshit ... what about trying this?' I'd say yes to that."

(**Does he mean Weller?**)

"I'm not a judge of Weller. I'd probably think, 'Why doesn't he get on with writing good music?' Society's problems can never be resolved by political means. They can certainly be changed radically but the problem of the human condition remains."

Now, if you hadn't done this new dancehall rave, wouldn't the game have been up?

"No. I could have gone on and been the big 'star' people were talking about but I didn't. It was more a thing I wanted to get away from. Part of it was intentionally trying to lay low people's expectations of what I'm gonna do next."

"Like Pete says," adds the loyal and affable Howard Hughes (*short fingernails in case you're concerned*), "there's always a big gap between preconceptions and the actual reality."

And he did *turn* down the third Maxell advert, because the "story-board sucked", instead of just pocketing a fat fee.

"If it had been as mega as the first one I'd have done it but they wanted me to go through space with this dolly bird. The sound they were getting from Maxell tapes was putting them into a state of ecstasy in space! Really daft."

Would the idea that Mike Read made love to your music appall you?

"Someone told me I'd die of AIDS in Paris. I wake up especially to watch Saturday Superstore. If I get a hit, Beggars might say, 'Listen 'ere, Saturday Superstore's up for grabs, please do it'. I'd be too embarrassed I imagine."

Wouldn't you like to answer all those phone calls?

"Would you?" ●

* REVISION — i s m

* LE CORBUSIER'S TASTE FOR THE MACHINE WENT TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THE PROPORTIONS OF HIS BUILDINGS IN THE 1920S WERE OFTEN DERIVED FROM AEROPLANES OR OCEAN LINERS

PHOTO : CONEY L JAY

FOPS AND COBBERS (SKIPPI IV)

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION

POST—DIVORCE 'BLUES' FROM THE BIRTHDAY PARTY WITH ROLAND S. HOWARD AND HIS CHUMS ALREADY THEY'RE 'JUST SOUTH OF HEAVEN'—BUT CAN THEY GO FURTHER?

DAMNED—TOM VAGUE

PHOTO—CHRIS NASH

● Despite spawning the greatest rock'n'roll band of contemporary times, and possibly (*if there's any justice*) the last, **Rowland S. Howard**, one of that band's protagonists is telling me:

"Australians have a massive inferiority complex about Australia being a cultural wasteland—even though when they come to other countries, like England, other cultural wastelands, they must realise it's not that bad really."

"It's just a young country with very little in the way of history or a back-log of thousands of years of famous painters, writers and so forth to have a culture based on."

"But I don't find anything particularly creative about England."

This is where he found himself though, after the disintegration of **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, and he's eventually learnt to live with both. Along with the ever active **Mick Harvey**; Harry his little brother, bassist and 'Junkyard' contributor; ex-Swell Maps drummer **Epic Soundtracks** and the apparently new man at the helm, **Simon Bonney**; such is **CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION**.

Rowland's attention is distracted by what's happening opposite him on Epic's plate ... "That's one of the grossest things I've ever seen!" he gasps with genuine disgust.

"Typical English breakfast," scoffs the ex-Swell Map between mouthfuls and unperturbed. "They don't understand our culture."

Indeed and it's probably a good job by the look of his egg and tomato mush and the way we treated the Birthday Party. Yet this is what English culture is all about—trying to prize poetic wisdom from the demon seeds of godfearing colonial forefathers in Italian corner coffs.

Rowland's not convinced either way and spends the next hour or so tottering between beguiling eloquence and a tortured r'n'r person. Which are similar qualities/afflictions possessed by new boy, Bonney, along with a rugged uncertainty that will go when he gets the swing of it again. *He continues the lament to his recently forsaken homeland.*

"Being so isolated in Australia gives a band a chance to develop a perso-

nalities before it gains an audience. I think *The Boys Next Door*, or The Birthday Party as they became, benefitted by being able to experiment and develop over those three or four years before they came to England. Whereas a lot of English bands seem to get pushed to the fore far too soon and perhaps inevitably you're going to have casualties from that."

Simon himself was considered a casualty after his first two near legendary CRIME's in Sydney between '77 and '79, running simultaneously to THE BOYS NEXT DOOR's progress in Melbourne. However their endemic slugtrails crossed often enough for an indelible mark to be made on the latter. After the demise of The Birthday Party, Rowland and Mick inevitably came to their former contemporary and mentor for the essential spark to get the gears of progress churning again.

Mick Harvey, the industrious driving force behind the whole venture, appears in the cafe, after seeing to some business at **MUTE**, and attempts to describe Simon's original efforts;

"They were in a world of their own. *Kind of like sludge with saxophone and singing*, it was extraordinary. Harry's guitar sound and Phil's bass were to say the least *wrecked*, they just churned out this buzzing noise

with saxophone over the top and your singing of course!"

"People will read that and know exactly what we sounded like," comments the subject.

Describing **CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION Mk. 3** poses similar problems to me, and it's supposed to be my job. How about a lingering, loaded burden of a sound, that threatens to split apart at any moment, as the Howard brothers, duel it out with steady solid basslines and jagged painful guitar slices respectively. On *'The Last Day'* and *'At The Crossroads'* on *'The Dangling Man'* EP Rowland does tear it asunder but still lurking there's that *'finger in bottle'* melancholy and bluesy feel.

Rowland's tired of this sort of thing already;

"If the music that we make has the same emotive qualities as good blues, then that's wonderful as far as I'm concerned. *But people are fooling themselves if they think we've got any relationship to Blues music* as it is known in the western hemisphere."

Mick and Rowland are quick to collectively condemn any expectations to re-create past glories, but at the same time ask for a little space to get comfortable on stage again and see what happens.

Simon, the man who has to live in the shadow of *'the dangling man'*, and is well on his way to exorcising his ghost, offers;

"I'm not particularly interested in confronting people in a very overt way, I prefer to draw people into the music and then perhaps influence or confront them in that way."

As Mick Harvey considers happily he hasn't suffered as much as might have been expected. By calling on his enigmatic past Simon has carved out a depth of personality and atmosphere of his own. By dealing with perennials like *isolation, alienation, paranoia in an uplifting manner* with a touch of romance and yes, even humour. It's early days yet but if *'The Dangling Man'* and their first London appearances are anything to go by their progress won't be as painful and self-destructive as their previous adventures. Their forthcoming 'Just South of Heaven' mini-LP on MUTE should iron out any stiffness and this could well be Simon Bonney's perfect crime. ●



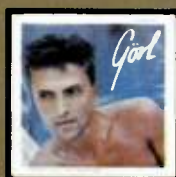
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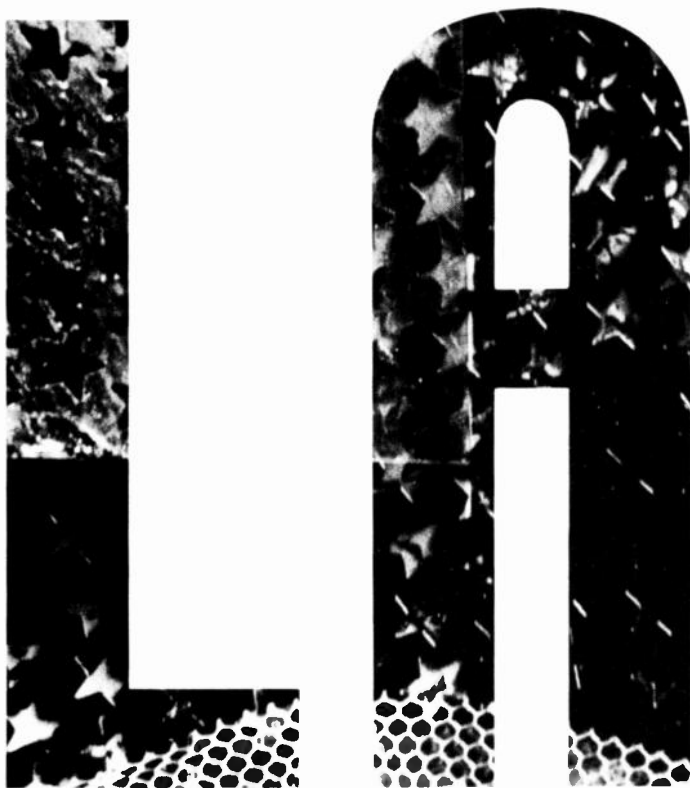
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W O M A N

PHOTO: BRIAN WALSH



STELLA IS MARRIED!

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* MATRIMONIAL — i s m

● **Lilac Champagne and Soft Silver Pink lipsticks**, a reminder to figure out how to smuggle a tattered 38 year old **chantilly lace wedding dress** and 10 foot veil from my father's house, **phone messages**, a 3-D Hello Kitty eraser, **concert ticket stubs**, **Mick Mercer dart boards** battered beyond recognition, a **cocktail glass** from the long defunct Starwood and other assorted unidentifiable objects are tangled together. In the middle of the heap is some sort of styrofoam party invitation with a hand-painted tiki and the proclamation "**We're having Beef-A-Roni**". Uh oh, that already happened *last Saturday*. Perhaps a Secretary Slave Boy would be the new fantasy as opposed to the traditional Surfer Slave Boys. After all there is a gold glitter speckled pink formica desk somewhere underneath that neverending mess. What should I do with these rediscovered notes that were never transcribed onto the pages of ZigZag?

THE SISTERS OF MERCY AT FENDER'S BALLROOM ON MAY 30, 1985. Crude Magazine's Kayle Hilliard flits about in a blond wig and boasts about his new early 1970's Plymouth that's perfect for toting his Afro Sisters around town.

Onstage quotes from beyond the fog: "Sometimes people ask us why we are so gloomy. We tell them we're not, except when we have to play here ... Excuse me, there's someone I have to yell at." (*Gorilla screech response from the depths of the audience.*) "This country's a banana republic." Kung Fu Conehead Ice Cream (*— directions to a party the Fontanelles threw afterwards.*) The scenic drive from Long Beach included a cruise around the Terminal Island Prison which is located next door to the Star Kist Tuna cannery. (*Crime really does not pay. Imagine a life sentence of inhaling omnipresent tuna farts.*)

The last stop was the Hot'n'Tot coffee shop on Pacific Coast Highway in Lomita. Dottie, the 62 year old waitress, revealed that she'd rather be cremated and have her ashes fill the pepper shakers than have to work as a waitress in heaven. Needless to say, no one

ordered tuna melts or peppered their food.

JUNE 19, 1985 THE THREE JOHNS ARRIVE IN LOS ANGELES POWERED BY THEIR AMAZING BIONIC LIVERS. Dentists or anyone with a tube of superglue were offered free admission to their gig with **Leslie Woods** at *Fender's* when their lead singer's tooth fell out onto the mixing console during a live radio interview with **KXLU DJ Nick Nax**. Later that evening, teenaged brides of Frankenstein primping in the ladies room didn't recognize the woman who trided to borrow some face powder as former Au Pairs singer Woods. In the bar area, **Bill Barminski** autographed copies of his *Tex Hitler comic books* starring such characters as *Dude Stalin*, *Marshall Mussolini*, and *Gabby Churchill*. He obviously enjoyed his vacation from Austin, Texas; he has since moved to L.A.

The **Variety Arts Theatre** stage upon which the Red Lorry Yellow Lorry performed also contained part of the original set from Johnny Carson's "**Tonight Show**".

Lindy of the Go Betweens was converted to the Diet Pepsi generation by the folks at Texas Records.

BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW ... My hands fit perfectly in Marilyn Monroe's cement impressions at Graumann's Chinese Theatre and my bare feet exactly match Harpo Marx's ... Saint Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, old maids, and fishermen.

BEERS COST 10 CENTS IN NICARAGUA. My friend learned a lot more than that when he responded to an ad in the L.A. Weekly to "**Tour Nicaragua with Abbie Hoffman and see the revolution first hand.**" The oldest participant was a 72 year old woman. (*Eric was the youngest at the age of 25.*) There was an acquaintance of Billie Hollidays' who plans to write a book about her, a woman who once lived with comedian **Lenny Bruce** for 6 months and a former tap dancing newscaster from the *Ken and Bob radio show* who currently broadcasts a summary of the current week's supermarket tabloids. Half of the 125 member group had attended Woodstock. ●

* THE BRITISH PALATE WAS BROADENED BOTH ACTUALLY AND METAPHORICALLY BY THE PUBLICATION OF ELIZABETH DAVID'S DISTINGUISHED COOKERY BOOKS

ZIGZAG'S L. A. CORRESPONDENT

* TASTE WAS HIS INTERPRETATION OF CLASSICAL REFINEMENTS AND PROPORTIONS INTO A NEW LANGUAGE OF RESTRAINED, WELL MANNERED MODERN DESIGN.

M O U T H

MOAN MOAN MOAN

Dear ZigZag,

I notice from the "Coming Soon" info in ZZ (vol. 2 no. 12) that once again we are to be treated to no Sisters interview next month. I'd like you to cast your mind back a few issues to the "Readers Poll" (vol 2 no 6), when amongst all the masturbatory "Best Fanzine" and "Best Journalist" listings there was a very worthwhile "Who I'd like to see in ZZ" section. Any half-decent paper that respects its readers would have made at least some effort to follow up the suggestions of those who, after all, pay your wages and ensure the mag's survival (or otherwise). Unless you subscribe to the old Bauhaus theorem that the audience come to be abused, your failure to do a piece on the Sisters in the past six months (they finished No. 1 in that section, as you may remember) shows either a scant respect of basic economic principles and/or what Germaine Greer would call a "Nanny Knows Best" attitude towards musical appreciation. It is not even as if the Sisters have been such regular fixtures in ZZ that you thought you'd give someone else a change — since the interview in ZZ (vol 1 no 1) two years, four singles, two guitarists, three nationwide tours and an album ago, they've barely been mentioned. Could it be that, as I intimated in my letter printed in vol. 1 no 2, Andrew was least than chuffed with the original interview and consequently now treats your entreaties with the scorn and disdain they deserve? Or is it perhaps that it would go against the magazine's oft-repeated anti-Sisters stance to feature the band which would force you to admit their extraordinary talent? A bit of both, I would suggest.

At least the September issue saved me from having to buy the TV Times — a pity though that your Brookside feature didn't include interviews with the real folk heroes — I refer of course to Harry Cross and Gizzmo. But then ZZ has always had a unique talent for misunderstanding its readers' demands. How long must we wait for a Percy Sledge feature?

Well, what have we to look forward to in vol. 3 no. 1? Not much really — S. William Bragg for the third time, the abysmal Sex Fiend (anyone who witnessed their shamolic Bank Holiday appearance at the Nottingham all-day would agree with me on that — oh sorry, I forgot, that's a bit far North for you, isn't it?) also for the third time, and the Very Things again — there's something fishy about this one Mick — are you in the band or something? I reckon that ZZ contributors, like M. P.'s, (a good chance of a "No they don't — Ed." there), should have to declare their "interests". I mean, after your earlier ZZ piece, I've recently spotted bits on the Very Things in both N.M.E. and M.M. (both by your good self), and lo and behold, coincidence of coincidences, here comes another ZZ piece. Nice try though — but it does make the anti-Sisters campaign even more obvious.

Just remember that as the very first contributor to your letters page, I think it's about time that I, as well as the Sisters were allowed to grace your hallowed columns again

Yours eternally,
Nikolas Lagartija,
No Fixed Address.

Apart from bands who've disappeared (we shall have The Prunes soon, now that they're alive again) we fared well with the 'Who Would You Like To See' category, except for Uncle Eldritch, and this was through his choice. He wanted nothing to do with us. The matter of The Very Things is remarkably simple don't you think? You mentioned different publications, which does not concern ZigZag. Therefore what are you talking about? If a writer is enthusiastic about a band, and they have no reason to protest about being interviewed, what's the problem? OKAY? Meanwhile ... good to have you back.

C L A S S W A R

Dear ZigZag,

Yes, yes, yes. You're right about William Rushton. A searing wit at times, but have you read 'The Swansong Of A. J. Wentworth' by H. F. Ellis (in a world of his own)? The tale of a final term teaching Geometry to IIA and plenty of good natured schoolboy humour. Even if the pavilion does need a lick of paint, it's good stuff all the same.

That's all I came for ...

Steve (A Pack Of Lies).
Harlow.

Dear ZigZag,

What are you doing to the credibility of Leicester? Everything's fine with The Bomb Party write-up, but The Metal Doughnut Band? They are the worst thing in Leicester you could have come in contact with. They're a bunch of Pseuds. There's lots of talent here so why don't you come and give that a look in?

We've got A Boy Called Christian, The Loveless, and the best trio since Motorhead, The Hunters Club. They've got a vicious drum machine, two noisy guitars and an even noisier singer. Who says you need a bass player to be loud? Come and do a piece on them. Show Leicester as it should be shown.

Lots of love,
Nancy Boy Potter.

P.S. Why did Lester Mercury take off his pants for your photo when he keeps them on when he hits the stage?

We have our methods.

B I G I N J A P A N

Dear Mick,
We are GROIN.

JAPAN.



SITUATION COMEDY

Dear ZigZag,

Historically speaking the British, French, American, German, Greek and Yugoslav situationist communities are alive and well — But they are very much out of contact with each other — primarily because texts are not translated and various internal rivalries.

The British situationist community is at best an invisible network, at worst a fragmented, internally waning collection of individuals — We did not have our last fling with the Angry Brigade or with the commercial cynical rationale of Jamie Reid (now working with Jayne Casey, Ambrose Reynolds, Margo McGregor — Pink Industry and 'Leaving the 20th Century' Ltd respectively) and Malcolm McLaren. At the moment, nationwide, the network shifts between 500-1000 individuals, all as usual very solipsistic to the point of being tendentially nomadic. (Sorry John? — Ed.)

The last really big situationist event was the Finsbury Park situation — where Nick Brandt (BM. Combustion) announced that he would screen Guy Debord's 'Society of the Spectacle' film. 500 plus turned up anarchists, syndicalists, anarcho-situ's, pro-situ's and new wave situationists. Brandt had baked a huge 'eat-me' cake and left it on the first floor of the squat, full of booze. Unfortunately the residents thought it was a revolutionary army gathering and someone rang the police. The rest is history. But all the situationists haven't been in one place together since.

As far as "Situationism" goes, it doesn't exist except as a recuperated spectacular ideology. I accept that Larry ('Spectacular Times') sees us, "the Situationists", as defiled Leary intellectuals, surrealists adrift in an interzone between phenomenology, revolution and living our everyday lives. (I know the feeling — TV)

The main point to stress is that we are continuing — Chris Gray may have joined Rajneesh (Not him too! — TV) and Alex Soers (BM. Mattoid) may have done the 'Time and Motion' issue of 'Class War' (That's worse than Rajneesh! — TV) — But we continue. Why no more terrorism? Well, after the Angry Brigade, the big heat was really turned on and it's not worth getting stuck on the wrong side of the wall.

As for situationist texts — at the moment I'm involved in a massive re-release, hopefully of all British/American S.I./New Situationist texts ever written. One last thing, after Guy Debord made the 'Grimus' film his whole sense of progress collapsed, culminating in the split with Snagunetti, so when 'KOYAANISQATS' came along he naturally went for it, who wouldn't after being ripped off by Resnais and Strawls. Actually I last spoke to Debord in 1981 but Michael Prigent (BM. Chvono) is in contact at the moment for a new English edition of 'Society of the Spectacle' and Nicholson-Smith is in contact with Vaneigem.

We are collectively (10-12 of us) working on a new main situationist text to look at new aspects of phenomenological Geist/Gestalt ie. the Spectacle and survivalism.

Have fun,
Mark Downham, 'Industrial Myths of the near future'

TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN — WHICH EXPLAINS WHY KATE BUSH CAN SPEND YEARS PERFECTING HER RECORDS — AND THE POPULATION GASPS AGAIN — LEANING ON THE LAMP POST — KRIS 'HOUND OF THE BASKETCASES' NEEDS

LASSIE

'SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL THE GREAT SEA HAS FASCINATED MANKIND, EVEN AS HE IS PLUCKED LIKE A LIFELESS DOLL FROM ITS CREAKING SHORES...'

(IN BBC 2 DOCUMENTARY VOICE)

SURF'S UP! MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE MIGHTY OCEAN WAS AT THE AGE OF THREE ON HOLIDAY. TOES, ANKLES, TRUNKS SLOWLY ENGULFED BY A WHITE-CAPPED SWAY. WET, WILD AND A BIT SCARY. WHERE'D MY TOY BOAT GO/ OOPOPS-SPLOSH-GLUB ... SUDDENLY I WAS IN A MUFFLED BLANKET-WORLD OF BUBBLES. PANIC! COULDN'T SHOUT OR RUN AWAY. SCREAMING HEART ON A HELTER-SKELTER INTO THE BLACK HOLE. WAS I DYING? STRONG ARMS SENT MY FIRST TASTE OF MUTE NOSTRIL AGONY AWAY BUT IT LEFT A LASTING IMPRESSION OF CURIOUS TERROR.

* THE FIRST WIDELY ACCEPTED TOKENS OF TASTE WERE CLASSICAL STATUES

● The awesome and ancient power of that great, grey beast has never been more effectively caught than in the deadly studio-hands of KATE BUSH. Her new album, 'HOUNDS OF LOVE', (no cracks about ruff mixes) is a triumphant return. Side Two's seven-song suite 'THE NINTH WAVE' cleaves the opposition and marks Kate's finest achievement to date.

So this is what she was up to! Three years is a long-time in fad-shallow Music Biz terms but Kate still manages to stay out on her own, unsullied and unbowing, creating startlingly inventive gems on her own terms.

Three years since *The Dreaming* and our last megarabbit. We meet in a faceless hotel as Kate prepares for that evening's 'Whistle Test'. And if, for some reason, you're expecting the smug piss-take species of KB feature look to your lesser organs!

1985 saw Madonna slither to the top thrusting every orifice, affair and affray up our nostrils. Meanwhile, Kate Bush was taking her time. After promoting *The Dreaming* in 1982, she moved out of London and took time off to recharge, see films and friends, sort out her behind-the-scenes team, design and build her own recording studio, write new songs and record.

Kate admits she was wondering how she'd go down after three years away (And what penis thought up the one about a 20-stone Kate Bush? Sit down man!). No problems. 'Running Up That Hill' did just that up the chart. Then comes the mother-album and it sails right over Madonna's head to Number One first week.

Did you fall off your chair, Kate?

"Yeah, I was surprised, but it's such a good reward for all that time you spent. You just do the best you can and if it doesn't work then fair enough."

Yes, Kate is 'sweet' and 'nice' but genuinely pleased

OVER →



KATE

*ROMANTIC — i s m

BUSH

that people like what she does; probably the least affected 'star' I've ever met, totally obsessed by her work, not what club she was seen in the night before. She's obsessed to the point of perfectionism, will labour lovingly for hours over one phrase. And in her own studio Kate didn't have to watch EMI's thousands tick by or dodge low-flying pizzas.

"It is frustrating for me to spend so much time over one thing. It does become tedious but you know you have to do it. I never know how long those things are going to take. Once it takes over it has a life of its own.

"The main thing for me has been evolving with the production. Now I don't have to compromise with other people, and that's brilliant because you can explore things. It can seem like what you're doing is mad, it's not until a few hours later that it seems like it could work. You *need* to be in control to get away with that stuff!

"That time I took off in '83 was reorganising everything. I've made some of the best decisions in the last two years. That's good because I really did feel that what mattered was getting the work right. You do wonder sometimes about your intentions. When you come out into the world and they're all laying different things on you — if you spend too long you can get shell-shocked and retreat, wondering who you are.

"I have to retreat and go back to the work because that's what matters. Work just obsesses my life and everyone around me is dragged into it. It's terrible really. I don't go out much or socialise — I don't have time."

Kate Bush is not a recluse, she just never felt it necessary to drape her lingerie over the front pages. Madonna's brazen strategy is met with a quiet "I don't think that's me, really". Yet despite the lack of dirt and self-trumpeting, she can still steam in at number one.

"I think it's brilliant because it's the music that's done it, nothing to do with image and doing great publicity stunts. I've been quiet for a while and I don't feel an image can sustain that amount of time."

Nevertheless, it was quite a brave move for Kate to enter the 'Hounds' party at London's Laserium on the arm of long-time boyfriend Del Palmer (who plays bass and arranged most of the exotic drum-machine patterns on the album).

Flashes flashed and hacks hacked and next week the music papers took the piss. One victim was Brilliant's Youth, there to celebrate his bacon-bass contribution to 'Big Sky's' primal undertow. Legless on the free booze, he was easy prey for star-spotting gossipers, who snickered that he'd called Del a wally. The Brillo man was outraged ("I'll sue!").

For a rare moment Kate's hackles bucked: "It surprises me that people can put such an incredible amount of energy into such negative stuff. They can be so wicked. I got the impression that that was getting at several people in one go. Definitely a bitch-off. It was very upsetting for Del as well. He never even talked to the person who quoted him. You have to accept yourself as a target but it's really upsetting when they get to people around you, because they don't deserve to get stuck.

"Del's never come out with me before. People can be very rude — but that singles out an area of this business that people really should start marching against. It's such a shame because this business is very special and so many people get hurt and abused.

"I do get a bit scared of exposure. That's the thing that frightens me — coming out of work and saying (cheesy grin) 'here's the new album'. It's a bit frightening — how exposed you are suddenly everywhere, being on the side of a bus when it goes past ... I hate that! You have to laugh at it to survive."

'The Ninth Wave' concerns a girl who's been in the water a long time staring death in its cold, watery eye. Past, present and future images mingle with her

thoughts through seven songs which crash and flow in senses-gutting layers of voices and sounds. Morbid terror is split by an Irish jig, aching reflection ebbs into the haunting astral moan of spectral friars before unexpected rejuvenation. Shattering stuff.

So donning fetching furry trunks and clinging to a slice of driftwood, I ask Kate how this massive concept originated.

"Last year we went to Ireland to do some recording in Dublin and took a couple of weeks to go out. It was brilliant because I was writing lyrics and we were right by the sea. A lot of the time I was thinking about putting this album together I was right there with the water.

"I love the sea. It's the energy that's so attractive, the fact that it's so huge. And war films where people would come off the ship and be stuck in the water with no sense of where they were or time, like sensory deprivation. It's got to be ultimately terrifying."

The sleeve quotes a chunk of Lord Tennyson's poem, 'The Coming Of Arthur'. Was that the initial inspiration for the piece?

"No, actually it was the other way round. I wanted a title for the whole thing. I was looking through some books and found this quote. In his poem he's talking about the secrets of waves working in nine — like a complete cycle with everything building up to the ninth wave and starting again. I've always liked using quotes for things."

Patti Needs — a New Yorker who recently heard Kate for the first time and totally melted — reckons 'The Jig Of Life' — a rousing-but-weird Irish whirl based on Greek rhythms discovered by Kate's delving brother Paddy — is the girl dying.

"I'm too close to it. Other people's interpretations are what it should be, but the Irish track is the Future Her coming back and saying 'don't die, because you're going to kill me as well'. Up till then everything's just so desperate. This person brings some kind of hope into the situation ..."

I ask Kate if she ever nearly drowned or had a nasty one in the drink.

"No, I never really had any bad experiences in water."

The range of personnas and emotions that Kate adopts on her albums is staggering. How much do you become what you're singing, Kate?

"It depends on how much research or knowledge I've got of a situation. It makes it more interesting to do if you've been really that inspired by a situation. And somehow want to do it justice. It's harder when there isn't a specific person to become and you can't pin down the emotional quality. The most upsetting one to do on this album was 'Watching You Without Me'. That's such a sad thought ..."

She looks wistfully into her tea. "I think all music is about emotions, trying to take people on a journey if you can ... I can't tell. I just hope it's going to get people."

Sure gets me, Patti, Oscar the Rat, and even six-month-old Daniel Lee bellows along with 'Cloudbursting', the new single. Which brings us neatly to the new video, a full-blown, seven-minute epic.

"I was putting a lot of thought into the video things even before we started recording the album. I wanted to find the right people to work with. That was the only time I got off to plan things. So I did things like find a fantastic new dance teacher called Dianne Gray. We did the choreography together for the last single. All this is very relevant to what we're doing now. The problem is, I'm still trying to work on creative things like videos and 12-inches and things but you have to let people know commercially as well. Everything's gone so well but it really is little me on the end trying to keep up with it all."

'Cloudbursting' is stately and string-driven, a sad story which Kate got from a book.

"I picked up this book nine years ago in a bookshop I

used to go in and look around. There was this book staring at me, so I pulled it off the shelf. I've never done that before. It was 'The Book Of Dreams' by Peter Reich. It was incredible. It's through his eyes as a young boy and his life with his father, who was everything to him. The book has an incredible sense of intimacy and magic. Do you know about Wilhelm Reich?"

Erm ... (blush)

"He's quite a well-respected psycho-analyst and he had a machine, according to his son, that could make it rain. They'd go out together and point the machine at the sky and make it rain. The book was so sad because the whole thing is through the child's eye about his father. But it's been written, fairly obviously, by a sad adult who, I think, had a great deal of trouble coping with his father going — he was arrested by the F.D.A., put in prison and died shortly after that. The loss to his son must have been incredible. His father always warned him that this would probably happen, but his life revolved around everything his father did.

"I rang up the guy and sent him a copy of the song. I thought it'd be really rude not to do that before it came out. He liked it, which is great cos I was really worried. I don't know what I would've done if he didn't like it."

Ever able to spring a stunner, Kate appears in the video as the little boy (in short wig). Towering over her as Dad is none other than Donald Sutherland, the tragic father in 'Don't Look Now', one of Kate's favourite films, amongst many others. Kate asked him to appear, he said yes and turns in an eccentric tour de force as the mad prof parent — a perfect foil for Kate's wide-eyed innocence. They hoist the huge old rain-machine up the hill but before it can work, Dad's arrested, leaving Kate at the controls. Does she do it? I hope you get to see it.

"I think it's the most interesting thing we've tried yet. I wanted to create a short film that told the story and looked like a feature film. There was so much to be said in the story we had to extend the track. I hope people understand the story and get the sense of emotion from it. It certainly inspired me originally to write the song from the book. It's the film of the song of the book!

"What's nice about these last two videos is I really feel I've worked with people who are receptive to my ideas and we actually work together it was frustrating on some of the other videos cos I felt I was going further away from what I should have been going towards. But you spend so much time and money on these videos and they'll probably only show two minutes!"

A logical step would be two full-scale movie, yes?

"It's a choice between two things I'd like to do next as a major project. Either a tour ... but what I'd like to do is put 'The Ninth Wave' into film. That would easily be as time-consuming as a tour. I just don't know if I'd be able to get it off the ground. It's all talk and it might never happen."

Kate Bush can inspire strange reactions in people. I mentioned our coming interview to one Jeffrey Lee Pierce of this parish and he exploded into a stream of likely questions. Thought I'd try 'what's your favourite skeleton?' (?)

Kate is tickled: "That's fantastic! What an incredible question!" she gurgles, before admitting that her research is too limited in that field for a proper answer. But she does let on she likes badgers, rabbits and horses when they've got their clothes on, and can't resist the sight of an ostrich running at 90mph.

More titanicly, it transpires that she's a big fan of the might wartime English comedian Will Hay (wahoo!) and is fascinated by the cruel side of some comedians (Benny Hill dumping his lunch on the old bloke's plate while chortling at the fat lady, etc?).

Pondering hurling a sausage roll at the Editor, I skuttle away bathed in a warm glow. Later it rains (I want one!) ●



ABC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

also made a video for *'Be Near Me'*, and in it we wanted the clothes to ... accentuate faults on the body. So if you've got long legs, you've got even longer legs! I'd wear stilts if I could walk in them!

'I think it's kinda cheating the world, to pretty oneself up — Gaultier, Yamamoto — and do the whole Brideshead trip. We did that trip (*Guffaw-World.*) in 1982.'

What are you trying to say?

'Who wants to be a millionaire? I don't. Saying that it's a crime to make people feel that they should spend 45 years of their life working for luxury items that, maybe they'll own but, once they've bought them, they'll realise that there's another luxury item to buy. Once you've bought your microwave oven, there's a compact disc player...

'I'd like ABC to be revered and ridiculed.'

Is that why you got involved in production?

'We were going to make *'Beauty Stab'* with Trevor Horn, but he was resurrecting Yes from middle-age mortgage status, and it was taking a long time. To make that album with him would have meant recording it in 1997! So we decided to produce ourselves. Producers are different things to different people, but they're like a Svengali — they had hits in 1957, so they know the rules of what it takes to make a record! But Mark White and myself have a similar view of how we want a record to sound. Record production is regarded as a star status; but you can't polish a turd! A producer is just a figure of authority who tells you to clean behind your ears, and go and sing again; so I just tell myself that.

'*'Beauty Stab'* was pretty matt; this one's gloss, Dulux. *'Beauty Stab'* was khaki and muted pastels; *'Zillionaire'* is primary colours.'

What does that make 'The Lexicon ...'?

'That for me, was always red velvet curtains — red roses and spotlights. Gold lamé. I like to think there's a bit of artistry and wit in things we do.'

What does success mean?

'Success is when they play your record on *'Coronation Street'*; Ivy Tisley's got it on, on the radio. Success is the Top 10. And hearing the window cleaner whistling one of your songs, as you lie in bed.'

Know what you want from 'Zillionaire'?

'No, I can't. It's given me a great deal of satisfaction. And a lot of sleepless nights. It's like having a baby! Just like when your record goes down the chart, it's like a death in the family. People go, 'Oh, sorry to hear about the'... and you go, 'that's life — que sera' ... He's dead now. Put him in a little grave.

'I want people to feel that they'll never be cheated by an ABC record. That there'll always be something there. Maybe some people turn them into ashtrays! But they'll be the best ashtrays you could ever buy. I'd like it to give me revenge — it's a good impulse. Retribution, to all those people who assumed we were dead and buried.' ●

BARBELLS

FOR BONZO

MID-EXISTENCE CRISIS FOR THE NOISE — MERCHANTS?

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO SONG-WRITING/MISERY IN SCUM-TOWN?

● WORDS — TOM VAGUE / PHOTO — MARIA TETE - NOIR

● *The songs of capitalism must one day be drowned in the roar of it's enemies, those who desire to live not merely to consume. In order to make the world dance one must first turn off the music.*

(Harry Harris, 'The Death of the Walrus')

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IN 1985 THAT CAN STEAL THE FIRE OF EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN ALIVE AND DRILLING. THAT'S WHEN THE REAL THING HAPPENS SPONTANEOUSLY, OUT OF THE CONTEXT OF DISNEYLAND CLUBS. AND I DON'T MEAN TOKEN TANTRUMS IN THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM. I MEAN WHEN THE COLLAPSING NEW BUILDINGS REALLY COME DOWN: LIKE THEY DID IN BIRMINGHAM, A WEEK AFTER NEUBAUTEN'S LATEST ASSAULT ON THE CAPITAL'S DESIGNER SET. 'ART IS TERRORISM' AS EXPRESSED BY THE PEOPLE OF HANDSWORTH. IT ALWAYS LOOKS MORE CREATIVE AND BEAUTIFUL IN EVERYDAY LIFE, DIVORCED FROM THE ROCK'N'ROLL SPECTACLE.

● Yet I fear the mummified souls of Stoke Newington have been too long insanesburys and ESB hostelries to sample the delights of making bacon themselves: So I was there knock, knock, knocking on Heaven's door, an hour or two later than advertised, having to submit to the petty restraints and jobsworth thugs employed by the club, and questioning the necessity of such aggression/oppression in order to feel alive/anything.

Another ambiguous warning note: *"Heaven is not the place to bring or consume drugs: Anyone found with illicit substances will be immediately ejected and barred."* (Who needs amys when you've got fuses popping every 10 minutes?)

Blow it up, burn it down, kick it till it breaks by all means. It's alright by me: a good healthy pursuit for young persons. But when the first fuse went after 10 minutes or so, and the speaker stacks started to wobble, it did all begin to have a familiar ring to it.

Still *Neubauten* did it first (*this time*), and still do it better and with more style than anyone else. So I'll let them get away with a little 'orchestrated spontaneity'. And the next day Blixa and Mufti will swear blind and more or less

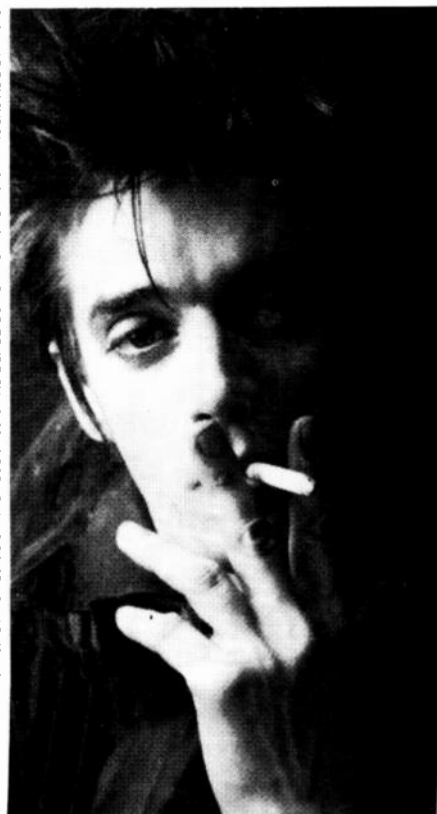
convince me that it really *was* down to fire regulations, fuses blowing, dum-dee-dum.

Anyway it just wouldn't be a *Neubauten* happening if everything ran comfortably. *'LISTEN WITH PAIN. HEAR WITH PAIN. EARS ARE WOUNDS!'* Cue re-programming scene in *'A Clockwork Orange'*, where little Alex is made to feel repulsion for his beloved *'Ludwig Van'*. Distort and fade into those grating teeth-grinding squeals Blixa makes before the melancholy wail of *'Letztes Biest'* ... I find myself more drawn in this time than by any of their previous performances. It wasn't just masochism or nihilism either. And it was despite of what they termed the *'loss of tension'* due to the fuses. As far as I was concerned the intensity didn't dissipate as much as explode all over the place. Alex Hacke (Von Borsig) appeared to be similarly affected, forsaking his sound-desk to join Unruh on shopping trolley and loll about with his head jammed into a speaker.

Which was how I felt the next day, waiting for Blixa at *'Some Bizarre'*, with a weird anxiety over the prospect of pitting wits with *Herr Bargeld*.

His colleague and physical opposite,

* DAS ANDERE WAS A SHORT-LIVED JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY ADOLF LOOS TO PROMOTE HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT TASTE



EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

lovable troglodyte *Mufti* breaks the ice and puts me at ease with gossip about his many solo projects: Covering *Brecht* and *Weil* classics with Russian expatriate *Mona Mur*, some stuff with *Christiane F.*, who he also co-stars with in *Klaus Maek's* 'DECODER' and his old *Abwärts* (now 'Rotting Sausage' apparently) — to name a few. Mufti and the others, Alex, Unruh and Marc Chung seem to be normal, healthily committed psychos. But this Bargeld fellow is another kettle of fish, as I knew from previous brief encounters and secondhand accounts.

As the following interview emphasised *Blixa* is the hook, the central personality, the flickering flame around which the others cluster like moths to make their stunning cacophony. I can embrace that noise, and find it stimulating, beautiful, whatever. I love the image, philosophy, propaganda, the works.

But as a personality I just couldn't warm to Blixa Bargeld, like I would to lovable eccentric geniuses like *Mark Stewart*, *Genesis P. Orridge*, *Mark E. Smith*: *Lydia Lunch* even.

Blixa's of a new generation of classical poet-punks. *Unapproachable, hip, young gunslingers*, that are making smoking cigarettes to the butt cool again.

They're all doing it — *Nick Cave*, *Rowland S. Howard*, *Jim Thirlwell*. And they appear even more dangerous than their elegantly wasted forefathers, because of a certain intelligence, depth and caustic wit that was found so sadly lacking in the last generation. I had Blixa Bargeld all made out as an intelligent, sharp, deep type, but also as a self-assured, conceited blighter. Not a shallow rock'n'roller by any means but a right pain nonetheless. My first impressions are proved more or less correct. But he can be quite fun to talk with, when he's not on the defensive (which isn't often). The key to this is of course, get him talking about himself.

"The reaction I like to provoke is when something happens for myself. I think after a good performance I should have the feeling that I've broken through a certain point in myself and I've had the feeling of being alive for at least a second. You should have that feeling, the memory of being alive for a moment. To break through a certain point that you haven't reached before."

Neubauten's relationship with their audience is a very unpredictable thing. The divisions aren't as clear and stable as they are with traditional rock groups. Often it results in destruction — as it did last year at their 'Concerto for Machinery and Voice' at the ICA. Or it can end up with Marc and Alex joking and poncing fags off the punters, like it did at Heaven. Blixa wasn't very impressed by either forms of inter-action;

"What we're doing is pretty coded I think," he elucidates. "I think the key to that code is in the live situation. It doesn't matter where it is so long as the attitude is there. I wouldn't say we give any clear messages, it's so far coded. But you start understanding what we are doing in a live situation. There is a certain attitude in the way we are playing. That's not talking about the instrumentation. We're not talking in simple abstract musical terms."

That attitude is something along the lines of a group of individuals striving to push themselves to personal peaks. Which although often mistaken for is diametrically opposed to Test Dept. fusing together their individualities, rejecting their egos and making the point that it's all the same thing anyway. Or as Blixa puts it "They want to be one thing that isn't possible to split into individuals."

If their aims and aspirations differ, what they do have in common is decidedly aggressive and brutal methods. But it's a matter of whose definition of aggressiveness and brutality you take. In a lot of ways I find Nik Kershaw or Madonna far more brutal than Unruh drilling a creative hole in a stage. Or as Blixa says of a suggested 'more gentle' approach:

"I haven't got that much time to do it in a gentle way. If I try to tear down this house in a gentle way it takes a long time and someone's going to build up another house while we're trying to pull down this one. *Life is vandalistic*. I think real emotions are vandalistic. I think metaphorically speaking we do kiss the audience."

It might seem like the kiss of death to some, romanticised nihilism to others? Blixa scoffs:

"I think if people see something hap-

pening which doesn't fit in with their values, their moralistic and realistic values, it is nihilistic to them."

Black Hole: Cold stars; in astrophysics Black Holes explode into 2,000 times their own size, then implode and no longer shine. They suck in all material and light around. The energy builds. "We are cold stars!" ('Kalte Sterne': 'Strategies against Architecture' sleeve notes.)

One cold star implodes further:

"I think I'm totally empty. I'm totally hollow. Sometimes I think I'm so totally hollow that I'm able to project things onto myself — which I take off the audience."

"Nick Cave's got a totally different attitude to the way he performs. He projects but he doesn't even need an audience for that. I don't want to put him down — but I don't think he's as involved emotionally in what he's doing as I am. I think he is just much more dramatic and self-parodistic. He's doing something else. He doesn't take off other people's energy to project on himself. I don't think he's trying to lose control. I think he's trying to act as perfect as possible — which is brilliant. I'm trying to be nothing. I'm trying to forget. To lose control."

Which seems to be a suitable point to halt the all-consuming Bargeld ego, and wind this up by praising Neubauten's recently released album 'Halber Mensch' (on 'Some Bizarre'), onto which they project not only their usual uncompromising, inventive apocalypse of a sound but a certain structured clarity, that if they're not careful could easily be mistaken for songs.

... And Blixa's definition of a Neubauten concert?

"The concert is over. The audience turns back, picks up their coats and walks home. Only there are no coats and there is no home..."



TIME OUT

"...The fine South London guitar-led trio return with their swelling, epic and hard edged sound..."

SOUNDS

"...The rhythm section lurches forward while the guitar sprinkles harmonics in every direction. Mark's intense vocal screams cut through the controlled barrage and Ralph Hall's drumming and Marcus Bell's swooping fretless bass lines tug and pull to create a tense interplay before shifting gear and lunging together into driving rock. Effective contrasts rather than different shades of grey..."

(PAUL ROLAND)

SOUNDS

"...Glorious guitar pop from South London's very own local heroes..."

MELODY MAKER

"...Conveying the sweeping breadth of disappointment, elation, frailty and passion, the Opposition's music is a constant struggle against mediocrity..."

TIME OUT

"I've had a heady love affair with most of their recorded work and at last to see and hear those songs live brought instant aural orgasm..."

THE GUARDIAN

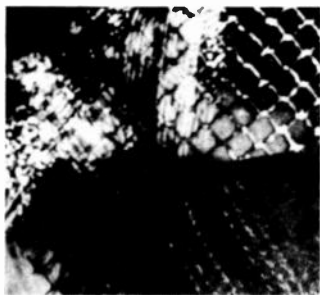
"...Opposition are a trio who play very well live..."

(ROBIN DENSFLOW)

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R

TOM MORLEY/BOLDILOCKS

● 'LAST TIME I SAW GREEN, WE AGREED TO CARRY ON WORKING TOGETHER, AND HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO CALL ME,' REMEMBERS THE ELOQUENT **TOM MORLEY** — AT ONE POINT DRUMMER AND 'FACE' OF **SCRITTI POLITTI**. LIKE A LION AFTER SLUMBER, **THE MAGNIFICENTLY DREADLOCKED TOM** ROSE FROM THE SEDUCTIVE TRANQUILITY OF THEIR SELF-INDUCED AMBIGUITY, TO FIND THAT *THE PHOENIX HAD FLOWN*. PERHAPS THERE WAS A LESSON TO BE LEARNT AFTER ALL. 'THAT WAS ABOUT 3 YEARS AGO,' HE LAUGHS, 'SO I SPENT ABOUT 2 YEARS SITTING BY THE TELEPHONE, AND WHILE I WAS SITTING THERE I STARTED *HUMMING THESE TUNES* TO KEEP MYSELF OCCUPIED. AND THEN '**WOOD BEEZ**' CAME OUT AND I THOUGHT, 'WELL, PERHAPS HE'S NOT GOING TO CALL ME AFTER ALL.' SO, HAVING WRITTEN THESE DITTIES, I THOUGHT I'D GO AND FIND MY OWN RECORD DEAL.

'Green was just in a position where he could work with the best in the world, and I was just the best in Camden Town. But he's a very sensible bloke,' he laughs, practising his rowing technique, here in Regent's Park. Tom Morley likes to live dangerously. 'In Scritti we had a big political commitment and a big political cohesion between us all, and we all thought we were doing something quite revolutionary. Now, I've approached it fairly cynically. I've worked with people on sessions and



demos, and it's quite common to work all night and at the end of it they'll buy you a pizza, because they can't really pay you, because it's a cheapo session. If I was doing the drum programming I'd end up doing the organising, so at the end of a session I almost thought I'd written the song! So I thought I'd have a go at it and get some money.

'If I hadn't enjoyed recording or if it hadn't been with Madness, what I intended to do was sign with some enormous company, and then just split with the money! They probably wouldn't even have noticed. But because it was Madness ...'

Madness and **Zarjazz** did indeed sign him, and the auspicious debut single '**Who Broke That Love?**' launched **Tom Morley** (although a little reluctantly at first) as a 'singer'.

'Most people I know are surprised that I'm singing; they usually say, 'Who's singing?' I just couldn't find anyone else to do it. But it always makes me feel as if I'm cheating,' he laughs. 'There's this Japanese restaurant where you can sing to backing tapes,' he continues, taking a break from the strenuous rowing. 'And they have this list of songs, so we all had to choose one, so I chose a **Frank Sinatra** song — '**Fly Me To The Moon**', which starts off real

slow. So I started singing and half way through it went double speed, and it was really swinging. By that time I was a bit drunk so I was really getting into it, and at the end of it the whole restaurant was applauding, which was fantastic. *So I guess I am a singer!*

'It's quite funny because I had a reputation for being a computer programmer — I worked on the new **Madness** album — and I think people really expected me to come up with something along the those lines. I'm very glad that '**Who Broke That Love?**' is a dance record.'

One burning question ... *do people still recognise you in the street?*

'All the time! It's quite remarkable the number of '**Scritti's**' that get shouted across the road every day. And out of bus windows ... It's when people started calling me Marilyn that I considered staying in a bit more often.'

So who is the real Tom Morley?

'I'm extremely shy, as you've probably noticed? I realised quite early on that I wasn't going to get over that by talking, because I'm really scared of talking. So I thought, if I look a bit odd then people'll talk to me first!'

Either that or ignore you completely! ● ANNA MARTIN



R U N O U T

GASRATTLE

● BUT IT'S BEEN **GAS-RATTLE** WHO HAVE CAUSED THE MOST FUSS. NOT EVEN HAVING DONE SIX GIGS THEY RECEIVED A FAVOURABLE REVIEW IN **NEW MUSICAL EX-CESS**. A WEEK AFTER **SOUNDS** JUMPED ON THE BANDWAGON AND ANNOUNCED THAT **GAS-RATTLE** WERE A BAND TO BE RECKONED WITH IN THE COMING MONTHS.

Five young people. Drums, Bass, Sax,

Guitar and Vocals combine to collide

on the other side.

Brothers Paul (Guitar) and Chris (Bass) started things a while ago with the same idea. Which was/is to do what no one is daring to do with music these days playing a wicked sound that just won't quit. Yowling Kevin (vocals) and big-bird Mark (Sax) are in complete contrast with each other onstage. Kevin grunts and growls making those terribly 'angst' type noises that threaten the very comfort of most people who watch them play. Mark leans wistfully into his sax solos with the utmost urgency of boredom.

Standing perfectly still is left up to stage left: Chris with his bass brush. Pinning down the bottom end of all this confusion Chris comes across all dark and moody, with freshly pressed suits and super looking haircut. Which brings us to the drummer. Another Chris, she is frequently called Krupa, giving GasRattle a precarious line on which to tread. Keeping everything distorted is Paul. Playing sometimes against the melody and sometimes playing with the beat, Paul is the guitarist who doesn't play like a guitarist. Close to a Gang Of Four sound but dismantling the limitations of that particular cacophony?

Paul is the first to admit that there isn't a lot that can be done to make guitars sound interesting, but he makes his axe screech and groan.

It's something that happens between the songs that gives you a good idea of it. They shuffle about, check a microphone, tune something, someone swallows once or twice and they peer nervously toward the audience. Not pretty music.

More like a great slab of putrid hot sticky air breathed by some great amorous mythical beast. ●

NICK SMASH

SHOCK-HEADED PETERS/EARWIG NATION

● THE BOYS WHO HAVE BEEN BANNED CONTINUE TO CONFUSE AND CONFOUND WITH **IRONY, LAUGHTER** (DOES ANYBODY REMEMBER LAUGHTER?) **AND UNMITIGATED ARRO-GANCE**. **KARL BLAKE** IS THE MAINMAN; HE SINGS, HE WRITES THE LYRICS, PLAYS THE GUITAR, LIVES IN CLAPHAM. THE MESS SCREAMS ..'GENIUS AT WORK, DO NOT DISTURB'.

A lot of press on the band has focused on the obvious heavy metal leanings they strive for.

'Well yes, but not in today's terms. I'd say more early 70's bands like Zeppelin, Vanilla Fudge and Bolan. What we are I hope

is that we're unafraid to take from whatever we wish to take from, not steal, just borrow and put to our own uses because

we're not good enough to steal and copy effectively.'



This I think is the essential problem with **The Shock Headed Peters**. They have taken some very well known **SOUNDS** and just reproduced them on their recordings ... early **Stranglers**, **Residents**, first album **Adam And The Ants** and **Wire**. They owe their brooding menace to **Black and White era Stranglers** and atmospheric textures to a handful of bands from the 78-80 period. But it's a fair cop. I can think of too many other bands who've stolen blatantly and with no interest in putting anything back as acknowledgement at all.

The John Peel sessions or lack thereof.

'Maybe Peel recognized the fact that I hated anything to do with football. I've heard from other people who've attempted to create something that was interesting and had exactly the same reaction from him. I think it's a case of having to go through some weird sort of initiation ceremony, you gotta bow and scrape in exactly

the right way. We tried to approach him at his own game, and he accused us of trying to sexually manipulate him or some damn stupid thing. But now I think sod the bastard. Tee hee.

'I know full well that people are going to be lovingly perplexed about the idea of Shock Headed Peters. They're going to say, why are they being *seemingly offensive*. This is why people see us as being *Fascist* and this is why people leave the band because I say to them, 'You play ball with me boys and I'll play ball with you but remember it's my ball.'

'The GLC have been running around giving their money away trying to buy support for their jobs that are no more or alternatively trying to find scapegoats which is what Thatcher is trying to do. I recently found myself disgusted that I was allied with Thatcher in one particular field of thought, which was, that Heroin dealers will make your life a bloody unpleasant task and I agree

wholeheartedly with her.

'I think the general working class mentality is one of abject stupidity and I believe the ruling class is one of abject stupidity and in the middle you got the middle class and their mentality is one of 'I just don't give a damn'. Overall you've got a strata of stupidity running through the whole lot and basically you're talking about **80% of Britain that's stupid** and they're stupid in the worst possible sense in that they won't lift a finger to help themselves.

'I've almost been sacked because my bosses have seen interviews and I was making subversive statements against the government.'

Blake works for the DHSS.

Karl and the rest of the Peters (now down to two original members), and **Dave Knight** display a peculiar attitude towards their live audiences.

'We believe that a lot of the audiences are ignorant bastards and we're basically out to get 'em. ●

NICK SMASH

PREFAB/FROM BRUSSELS WITH LOVE

● IN 'STEVE MCQUEEN' PREFAB SPROUT PRODUCED THE DEFINITIVE ALBUM FOR A MILLION WHITE COLLAR WORKERS AND FUN-SEEKING HOUSEWIVES AROUND THE WORLD.

I walk into, then past PADDY McALOON, proceed to the hotel receptionist and ask where I may find PREFAB SPROUT. She smiles. 'He

is standing behind you'. I look round and see a bearded, denim-clad fellow of nimble midget size with totally un-hip National Health glasses and FLARES. It's PADDY McALOON and the world falls in around me. I try to look cool.

Paddy: "We are dealing with preconceived notions ..."

You're telling me! I thought you'd be real boffin with a leather jacket and a motor-bike or a girl between your legs. "Well the motor-bike thing was to get away from the intimate little jazz band and there is that clever, clever bastard thing I know. I've got my own definition of clever clever and we are definitely not it."

I always associate Prefab Sprout with having a bad time in Spring. I look to see Paddy rolling up his chair in fits of laughter.

"That's brilliant, what does it mean?"

Can you believe it? Here I am being asked by the professor of pop what a metaphorical description of his music means. Golly, do I feel important. Well, erm ... everything sunny and starting life and some

poor fellow having a sad time.

"Brilliant ... 'Bad Time In Spring' — we have got to re-name the album for America and that's brilliant, we might have to nick that from you."

What about 'Steve McQueen'. Any failings in your mind?

"Good question ..."

I'm beginning to think he's crawling.

"... well in my mind some things that I am like don't really come out, like the lighter side of me. I would agree with people who said that album was moralistic and preachy and that side is a side that I don't particularly like. I would have enjoyed it more if there were some outright light-hearted moments in that album. I hope the new album will reflect a lighter side."

So do I as I await the time when Prefab Sprout give me a whole emotional song without the psychology lesson that usually comes with it, but I'm not alone in this hope.

"It is a personal ambition to write a song that goes directly to your heart without having to make you think." ● RON-ROM



At the tender age of five two lads from Liverpool (where else) meet at school, and as fate would have it, stick together through thick and thin, deciding on leaving school to try their luck in the big bad music biz. This is the story of *Power* — otherwise known as Richard Jackman (the boisterous bully) and Mark Lewis (his pensive partner). 'We met at school when we were five,' remembers Richard. 'It was the first day of school and I knocked Mark off the rocking horse.' Mark forgave him; and years later, and the pair would bunk off lessons while they were at college. 'We used to go off and lay down some serious tunes,' they laugh. 'Actually,' adds Richard, 'I wanted to be a footballer, but I was too weedy. And once I started smoking that was it!' Instead they concentrated on the tunes and their first release (the aptly titled '*Work Hard*') saw the duo packing a powerful punch. *Are the banks of experience wide I wonder?* 'Not really!,' commands Richard, although eventually admitting his guilt ... 'I once did a birthday ditty. It was with a guy from the Teardrop Explodes (name carefully omitted to spare embarrassment), only don't mention that or it'll kill him! It was a flexi; one of those things they send out instead of a birthday card.' *Do Power have the power to succeed?* 'Well our music is very up in sound. Also, Richard has got a distinctive voice, which helps a great deal. I suppose our songs do have a sort of theme,' Mark ponders, '... the lyrics are all the same!' Laughs. *Would they even consider leaving Liverpool?* Richard stares in disbelief. 'I'd almost feel like I was betraying Liverpool! Londoners seem to treat the place as a joke, seriously. When people visit us, they seem surprised to find that we have toilets and hot running water!' 'And we've got an outside toilet,' adds Mark. 'Yeah, actually we've got two. The one outside is for street cred.'



DEBRIS

The vicissitudes of international finance: earlier this year JOHN PEEL'S beloved LONNIE DONNEGAN succeeded in causing the dollar to drop sharply against the yen. The reason: Lonnie had a heart attack and Japanese business people misread the 'L' for an 'R' on the teleprinter. Without bothering to check they assumed that THE GREAT AMERICAN WRINKLED ONE was on the way out and rapidly sold their dollars. A true story.

Behind the dry ice and shades lurks a swot: ANDREW ELDRITCH of THE SISTERS OF

MERCY has a post-graduate degree in Chinese from St John's College Oxford which he

attended between 1976 and 1980. FOR SISTERS OF MERCY IN AMERICA STELLA P 50.

Havens for hipsters: Brighton's SUBTERFUGE Club has re-opened in what was formerly Manhattans on London Rd with lots of video screens and jollity. Thursday nights at the same venue sees the 'deviant disco' of THE TRANSFORMER and on Fridays, gay night at THE INCINERATOR... In Birmingham a new place to get groovy at: The SENSATERIA, a club apparently based on the concept of the five senses — Thursday at The Zanadu, Queensway Island.

KRIS NEEDS — the Debris regular — was discussing the subejct of tattos with KATE BUSH at the launch party for her LP 'Hounds Of Love'. Kate asked to see the tattoo on his right arm. A drunken DAVE LeMESURIER (son of John) ambled by and said in a loud voice 'You want to see the one on his plonker.' Kate politely turned away. FOR KRIS NEEDS' OTHER ENCOUNTER WITH BUSH SEE P 52.

THE MEMBRANES came up against the force of The Police recently in a Nottingham car park where they were attempting an 'Impromptu' performance. They were 'moved on'... and by the by, yes, ALAN McGEE did actually play with H20.

ORSON WELLES: "I started at the top and I worked my way down." DIED 10TH

OCTOBER 1985.

Top Soviet Art critic ART TROITSKY (sic) describing the 12TH INTERNATIONAL YOUTH FESTIVAL: "The most most subversive of them all and the premier living legend of the festival was the band called SIFLUN VELJET who played the wildest gigs I've ever seen doing all the nasty western tricks like crushing the gears, spitting in the audience, and performing fellation to the microphone. So roll over IGGY POP." (GUARDIAN). Siflun Veljet will be appearing in this country in the near future.

COIL are working on a new LP to be released in the new year: the

title was to be 'FUNERAL MUSIC FOR PRINCESS DIANA' but has

now apparently been changed to 'A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO

LAURA ASHLEY'.

Scatological toilet humour comic VIZ got itself into THE SUNDAY MIRROR'S DRUG-WATCH column the other day. For containing a photo-strip of two runaway toddlers being approached by a peddler saying 'Hey Kids! I'm a drug pusher. Wanna buy a bottle of heroin?' RICHARD BRANSON, the famous swimmer, hastily withdrew all copies from his shops.

America's MUPPET Magazine features rock star KERMIT

GREENSTEEN ('THE MOSS') wielding a guitar in front of an

American flag backdrop: a future issue is to include MISS PIGGY

as TINA TURNER.

MCA in Canada were promoting copies of the MIAMI VICE soundtrack by sending out copies to DJs with plastic bags containing a white powder. The powder turned out to be only sugar, but the authorities sensibly ordered them to stop their stupid behaviour at once.

A — RARE CLASSICS £3
B — HIGHLY DESIRABLE £2
C — COLLECTABLE £1



28



52



70



76



85



88

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BACK ISSUES

YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD ... (where have you heard that before) BACK ISSUES continue to sell at a pace previously unwitnessed! With the '77 — '82 period rapidly taking on the mantle of 'historical documents' certain issues are fast disappearing. Best hurry along with those postal orders before they vanish once and for all: prices have already been adjusted to cope with the rarity stakes (though prices have also been slashed on other highly desirable items). **BUY SOME TODAY** by filling in the order form on the opposite page.



97



98



101



102



118

27. Jimmy Page, Kinks, Free Python Flexi. (A)
28. Page, Kim Fowley, Ayers, Love, Byrds. (A)
29. Genesis, Everly Brothers, Beefheart. (A)
39. Mike Nesmith, McTell, Steve Miller. (B)
45. Springsteen, Grateful Dead, Rick Nelson. (B)
46. Ron Wood, Leonard Cohen, Ayers. (B)
47. Keith Richard, Roy Harper, Grace Slick. (B)
48. Neil Young, Arthur Lee, Tim Buckley. (B)
49. Ray Davies, Gene Clark, Nick Drake. (B)
50. Nico, Little Feat. (A)
51. Wilko, Ian Hunter, Norman Greenbaum. (B)
52. Lou Reed, Strawbs, John Cipollina. (A)
53. Genesis, Mothers (Zappa) Family Tree. (B)
54. Steve Stills, Speedy Keen, Billy Joel. (B)
55. Jack Bruce, Todd Rundgren, Tim Buckley Joe Walsh. (A)
56. Emmylou, Moody Blues, Be-Bop Deluxe. (B)
57. Sutherland Bros, Who, Feelgood, VDGG. (B)
58. Bob Dylan, Nick Kent, Kaleidoscope. (B)
59. 10cc, Gram Parsons, Kaleidoscope. (B)
60. Procul, Laigren, JJ Cale, Hot Rads, Graham Parker. (B)
61. Feelgood, Ozarks, Bonnie Raitt. (B)
63. Hunter, Little Feat, Flamin Groovies. (B)
65. Beach Boys, Nugent, Ramones, Zevon. (A)
66. Bill Nelson, Paul Kanner, Stranglers. (A)
67. Eagles, Kursaal, F Mac, Andrew Gold. (B)



121



1 (NEW)



1 (NEW)

68. Jackson Browne, Patti, Orway (B)
69. Keith Richards, J. Browne, Ry Cooder, Joni, Hillage. (A)
70. J. Browne, Nils, Iggy, John Martyn. (A)
71. Procul, Nils, Racing Cars, Clash, Heartbreakers, Vanilla, County, Ramones. (A)
72. Nesmith, Roy Harper, Lenny Kaye. (B)
76. Clash, Subway Sect, Sham, Motorhead. (A)
78. Mick Jagger, J. Richman, MCS. (A)
79. Blondie, The Tubes, Runaways, Jam. (A)
80. David Bowie, Capt. Beefheart, Crime, Eno. New Hearts, Runaways, Slits. (A)
82. Devo, TG, Blondie, Wire, Adverts. (A)
83. Patti, Sex Pistols, Avengers, Generation X, Subway Sect., Pop Group, Motorhead. (A)
84. Penetration, Patti, Rads, Nico, Lurkers. (A)
85. Siouxsie, Clash, Television, Only Ones. (A)
86. Rich Kids, X-Ray Spex, Steel Pulse, Orway, Revillos, Raincoats, Human League. (A)
87. Blondie, Jagger and Richards, Culture, C. Valtaire, Weirados, Merger, YMG. (A)
88. Ramones, XTC, Patti, Blondie. (A)
89. Thunders, Clock DVA, Ramones. (A)
90. PIL, Siouxsie, Ultravox, Worst, Vice Versa. (A)
91. Ian Dury, Jam, Tosh, Ultravox. (A)
92. Doll by Doll, Vic Godard, Costello, Gang of Four, Gloria Mundi. (A)
93. Slits, Scars, Clash, Hagen. (A)
94. Only Ones, Buzzcocks, Hunter, Fripp. (A)
95. P. Furs, Swell Maps, Cramps, Kleenex. (A)
97. Motorhead, Pretenders, Talking Heads, Gary Numan, Cook and Jones, Cravats. (A)
98. Blondie, 2-Tone, Barracudas, Swell Maps. (A)
99. P. Furs, Toyah, Ramones, Nips, Simple Minds, Clash. (A)
100. Basement 5, Spizz, K. Joke, Only Ones. (A)
101. S.L.F. Suicide, Adam and the Ants, Magazine, Siouxsie, UKJ, Raincoats, Decay. (B)
102. Cramps, U2, X, Suicide, Wobble, Fall, Townshend, Revillos. (A)
103. 8 Eyed Spy, Tenpole, Vic Godard. (B)
104. Marley, Toyah, Buzzcocks, Altered Images, Cristina, Marian Dance. (B)
105. Skids, Go-Gos, Gabriel, Human League, Wasted Youth, Motorhead, B-52's. (B)
106. Bauhaus, Honey Bane, Orange Juice, P. Furs, Steward Copeland, Nightingales. (B)
107. Keith Richards, Sound, Ramones, Gang of Four, Deod Kennedys, TV Explorers, YMG. (B)
108. Motorhead, Toyah, Tenpole, Theatre of Hate, Echo & Bunnymen, Thunders. (B)
109. Au Pairs, Damned, Ultravox, Strat Cats, Thompson Twins. (B)
110. Cramps, Pauline Murray, Riff Raff (Billy Bragg), Cravats. (B)
111. Undertones, Nico, Gen X. (B)
112. APF, Pil, Stranglers, Marian Dance. (B)
113. Simonon, Siouxsie, Private Eye, Japan. (B)
114. Duran Duran, Altered Images, Cale. (B)
115. Beat, Cramps, L. Kittens, Tenpole, D.M.S., Toyah, Tosh, UKJ. (B)
116. K. Joke, Iggy, Uhuru, Pretenders. (B)
117. Bolan, Debbie Harry, Siouxsie, Hammill, Sparks, Wobble, GAOB. (B)
118. Simple Minds, Theatre of Hate, Bow Wow Wow. (B)
119. Clash, Kid Creole, Slits, Cramps. (B)
120. Japan, Chic, Link, Sex Gang, Cabaret Voltaire, Cravats, Ramones. (A)
121. Bauhaus, Stray Cats, Leer, Lunch. (B)
123. The Fall, Weller, Fashion, Bucks Fizz, Membranes, Panther Burns, Dave Greenfield. (B)
124. Mick Karn, Danse Society, Weller. (A)

125. Birthday Party, Waitresses, TOH. (B)
126. Joan Jett, Altered Images, Clock DVA, Vice Squad, Southern Death Cult. (B)
128. Virgin Prunes, Blondie, Belle Stars. (B)
129. Almond, UK Decay, Blood & Roses, Gang of 4. (B)
133. Yearbook, The Who, A-Z Guitarists. (B)

NEW ZIGZAGS

1. Sex Gang, X-mal Sisters, Cocteau, Peel, Alien Sex Fiend, Death Cult. (A)
2. P. Furs, Death Cult, Billy Bragg, Danielle Dax, the Fall, Johnny Thunders. (B)
3. Marc Almond, The Alarm, The Cure, Flesh for Lulu, Danielle Dax. (B)
4. Eurythmics, Foxton, Danse Society, Specimen, Tracie, Spear of Destiny. (B)
5. Toyah, Redskins, Smiths, John McGeach, SPK, Waterboys, 1,000 Mexicans. (B)
6. Style Council, Poison Girls, Sex Fiend, The Glove, Test Department, VIZ. (A)
7. Clash, General Public, Ligotage, Killing Joke, Dead Or Alive, John Cale. (B)
8. Getting The Fear, Madness, Dead Can Dance, Jordan, Propaganda. (B)
9. Banshees, Spear of Destiny, Specimen, New Model Army, Furyo, New Order. (A)
10. Cramps, REM, Swans Way, Laurie Anderson, X. Thor, The Sound. (C)
11. Cocteau, Smiths, Black Flag, Green, Felt, Brilliant, Look Mummy Clowns. (A)
12. X-Mal, Rubella Ballet, Bronski Beat, Roddy Frame, Lloyd Cole, Gun Club. (C)
13. WAH!, Sex Pistols, Mark Perry, Death In June, Richman, Kathy Acker. (C)
14. Psychic TV, Stranglers, Billy Bragg, Marc Almond, Kim Wilde, Joe Orton Foetus. (C)
15. Alison Moyet, Bambaata, Sharkey, Orange Juice, Pauline Murray, GLI, Alarm. (C)
16. Nick Cave, Redskins, Membranes, Cult, Red Guitars, XTC. (A)
17. Lenny Henry, Cabaret Voltaire, June Brides, Jesus & Mary Chain, Grandmaster Flash, Inca Babies, Flowerpot Men, 3 Johns. (C)
18. Robert Smith, Ramones, Very Things, Danielle Dax, Killing Joke, Bert Hardy, Jeffrey Lee Pierce. (B)
19. Strawberry Switchblade, Robert Smith, Lloyd Cole, Johansen, Puggies. (C)
20. Sonic Youth, Zerra One, Morrissey, The Woodentops, James. (C)
21. Mary Chain, New Order, A.O.N. Propaganda, Alex Cox. (C)
22. Kirk Brandon, David Cassidy, Membranes, Last Poets, Douglas Adams. (C)
23. Depeche.. Chameleons. Violets. SB Messiahs. Simply Red.
24. Colourbox. Marc Almond. T. Twins. Brookside. RLYL. Headroom. Coil. Robin Hood.
25. Billy Bragg. Dream Academy. ASF. King. Lydia. Woodentops.

LOUD AND CLEAR.



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