

# MELODY MAKER

**PAUL QUINN &  
VINCE CLARKE**  
REVIEW THE SINGLES



# GREEN

THE WORD OF SCRITTI POLITTI: CENTRE PAGES

**LIVE!**

MARC ALMOND

MADONNA

THOR

NEW MODEL ARMY ◆ MAI TAI ◆ TROUBLE FUNK ◆ STING ALBUM



THE POLICE have issued a writ against The Mirror - claiming "substantial" damages over an article which suggested that the band had broken up.

A spokesman for The Police said this week: "Miles Copeland, the manager, estimates the potential damage following the article and world-wide syndication as very substantial indeed... well into seven figures."

Copeland also said that "similar action will have to be taken against other people, as they must realise that the members of The Police are simply doing their own thing at the moment after six hard-working years as The Police. There has been no break-up and definitely no rift, and they're all keeping extremely busy with various ventures."

Meanwhile, A&M Records are rush-releasing a 12" version of the current Sting single, "If You Love Somebody Set Them Free". Out this week, the 12-inch features two new versions of the A side - the first is a re-recorded version by Sting and William Orbit while the other is an eight-minute Jellybean dance-mix. The B side comprises both tracks from the original seven-inch.

ZEKE MANYIKA, former Orange Juice drummer, continues his solo career with a new single, "Cold Light Of Day", released on June 28. The seven-inch is backed with "We Work", while the 12-inch features an "essential" version of "Cold Light Of Day" and an extra track on the B-side, "Red Hot (Internationally)."

Manyika and his band Dr Love have lined up a series of live dates to coincide, opening at Portsmouth Basins Club on June 25, and carrying on at London Camden Town Hall (28), Oxford Lincoln College (29) and Brighton Conference Centre (30).



THE STYLE COUNCIL release a second single from their new album "Our Favourite Shop". The single, "Come To Milton Keynes", is out on June 17, and follows the end of their sell-out tour, which culminates in a headlining gig at Glastonbury Festival on June 22. Both 7-inch and 12-inch versions of the single are backed with a new track, "When You Call Me", while the 12-inch also features "Our Favourite Shop (club mix)" and "The Lodgers (club mix)".

## ALARM OVER KNEBORTH

THE ALARM have been added to the U2 festival bill at Croagh Park, Dublin, on June 29. The group are taking time off from their recording work for the event - and they'll be showcasing new material from the next album which is due out at the start of September.

Still on festivals, Alaska and Mountain have joined the Knebworth bill on Saturday. The concert now starts at 11.40am to accommodate the extra bands. Knebworth organisers have also warned fans to buy tickets only from authorised sources to stamp out a spate of forgeries. Tickets on the day are £14 each, and credit cards will be accepted. Fans are reminded that there must be no bottles, cans, cameras or tapes. Drinks should be brought in plastic bottles.

British Rail, meanwhile, has organised extra trains for concert-goers. From Kings Cross, there will be additional trains at 8.33am and at 33 minutes past the hour every hour until 1.13pm. Some services from Glasgow, Newcastle, York, Leeds and Doncaster will call at Stevenage.

In the evening, additional trains to Finsbury Park and King's Cross will leave Stevenage at 11.15pm and 11.55pm. To the north, the 10.45pm to Aberdeen and the 11.51pm to Newcastle will call at Stevenage.



Band Aid: original line-up

# 'LIVE AID' PLEA BY GELDÖF

ORGANISERS of the sensational Live Aid concert at Wembley Stadium have this week appealed to fans not to buy tickets from touts.

The show - a star-studded benefit for Ethiopia sold out almost immediately after the 72,000 tickets went on sale. The touts were quick to move in. And now Bob Geldof and the Live Aid team have asked disappointed fans to watch the live television coverage on Saturday, July 13, rather than help make the "vultures" richer.

A spokesman said: "Anyone who spent more than £25 plus the booking fee has only helped to line the pockets of vermin and unscrupulous gangsters. Any fans who could not get tickets can still help the Band Aid appeal by watching on television and making a telephone donation to the fund."

There was an enormous confusion over tickets last week when organisers first announced that London outlets would begin selling on Friday, and then later decided on Wednesday. Queues formed straight away, and it was decided that the tickets should be sold earlier still - on Tuesday.

Live Aid say: "The demand for tickets was astounding - we could've sold out three Wembleys. We are sorry there had to be some disappointed people, but we did our best to make sure that each area of the country was given

opportunity to buy tickets.

"We had to start selling the London tickets early in the interests of public safety. On Tuesday, a lot of people were queuing up outside the agencies on the street, and after consultations with the police, it was decided that the only way to stop accidents - and ticket touts - was to put the tickets on sale straight away. If we'd waited another 24 hours there would've been mayhem. There was no intention of being devious."

Meanwhile, Mick Jagger, George Benson and the Who - specially reformed - have joined the line-up.

The Who are on the Wembley bill, while Jagger and Benson will appear at the simultaneous American show at the Philadelphia JFK. Both concerts will be beamed around the world by satellite to a billion television viewers. Paul McCartney has also agreed to appear if working commitments permit.

Rumours of additional surprises were rife last week. None of these have been confirmed, although Live Aid have denied reports that Mick Jagger (in America) and David Bowie (at Wembley) will perform a transatlantic duet. This, say organisers, is "impossible".

ROBERT PALMER has dropped out of The Power Station's American tour. He's been replaced by vocalist Michael Des Barres, formerly of Detective, Chequered Past and Silverhead. Palmer pulled out of the two-month tour last week, claiming that it would disrupt work on his own forthcoming album which is already behind schedule.

John Taylor said for The Power Station: "We regret that Robert will not be with us. He is a great singer. Yet we feel excited because of Michael's participation. I think he has a great sense of rock 'n' roll style."

Des Barres' most recent achievement was a top ten US single - "Obsession" performed by Animofon - which he co-wrote with Holly Knight. Confirming The Power Station's commitment to the tour, Andy Taylor said this week: "The kids have bought tickets and we'll be there to play."

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MARILLION, whose autumn tour is detailed in full in Tour News, have announced a further five dates in September and October. The new dates are Manchester Apollo (September 25), Birmingham Odeon (27), and three additional dates at Hammersmith Odeon (October 3, 4 and 5). This brings their Hammersmith dates to a total of six. The band's new album, "Misplaced Childhood" is out on EMI this week.



FAST FORWARD

IMPROVES ZILCH TASTE

a Couldn't Get Ahead

12" B. PETTY (THIEF) LOU T

A ROLLIN' DANY

Beggars Banquet

FAST FORWARD

## HANOI ROCKS OFF

HANOI ROCKS have split — despite official denials last week from their management.

Mike Monroe is working on a solo project, while guitarists Andy McCoy and Nasty are putting a new group together — apparently with a female vocalist.

A spokesman for the band said: "Since Razzle's death and Sami's departure, the band have experimented with different line-ups, but both Andy and Mike have

now concluded that it would be best to call it a day."

In a joint statement, Monroe and McCoy said: "We had a great live years with Hanoi Rocks, but after Razzle's death and Sami's leaving, none of us felt completely happy with how it was working out. We'd like to thank everyone who stuck with us through everything."

Basist/guitarist/vocalist Rene Berg who toured Poland with Hanoi Rocks on their last dates is reforming his previous band, Idle Flowers.



Monroe and McCoy



## STRAITS TOUR

DIRE STRAITS have announced a major British tour for December — and release a new single, "Money For Nothing" on June 28.

The track is taken from their "Brothers In Arms" album and was co-written by Mark Knopfler and Sting, who also sings on the record. A special 10-inch limited edition version features "Love Over Gold" recorded live in 1983 on the B side.

The tour starts at Newcastle City Hall (December 3-6), moving to Manchester Apollo (7-10), tickets for both these venues are priced at £10.50 and £8.50. Dire Straits then play the Deeside Leisure Centre (December 11, 12) and an unconfirmed venue in Shepton Mallet (13, 14). Tickets for these venues are all £9.30. They appear at Birmingham's NEC on December 15 and 16 (£11 and £9), London's Hammersmith Odeon (17-23) (£11.50 and £9.50) and the Edinburgh Playhouse on (December 29, 30 and 31) (£10.50 and £8.50). Tickets for Deeside, Shepton Mallet and the NEC are available from local agents and the following address: Dire Straits Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LA. Enclose a S.A.E. and expect delivery no sooner than 28 days after posting. All other tickets are available from the venues and usual agents.

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD'S computer game hits the software market this week. The game will also contain a free audio-cassette containing a previously unreleased live recording of "Relax". The scheme has been masterminded by Ocean Software, Island and ZTT records and the band themselves and versions of the game for Amstrad and Atari home micros are to be released later this summer.

The scenario "is written around the Frankie philosophy and the possibility of escape from a mundane existence into the delights of the Pleasuredome."

"Frankie Goes To Hollywood" has a recommended retail price of £9.95 and is available for Commodore 64 and the 48K Spectrum machine from June 20.



THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE — featuring brothers Peter and Chris Coyne — have finalised a new line-up which made its debut at the London Embassy Club on Monday.

The brothers are joined by Mike Gibson (guitar), Kris Dolimore (guitar) and drummer George Mazur. They are now playing a series of "secret" shows around the country before their first official concert, an anti-heroin benefit, on July 6. The venue has yet to be confirmed. But at the same time another Sid Presley Experience is rehearsing for battle. This group, formed by other former members of the original Presleys, also intend to retain the name. The Coyne brothers said this week: "We would like to reiterate that Del Bartel and Kevin Murphy were sacked from the band because they weren't turning up for concerts, they weren't turning up for rehearsals and they weren't turning up for group meetings. Their plans to form a new band called the New Sid Presley Experience are being dealt with by our lawyers."

MOTORHEAD'S tenth anniversary celebrations are to be extended over two nights with a second show now confirmed at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 28. Special guest appearances by Wendy O Williams will be made on both nights, Rogue Male also appear on the 28th, with The Gunslingers guesting on the 29th. Tickets are priced at £5 and £4.50 and are now on sale from the box office and usual agents.

DEAD OR ALIVE, whose new single "In Too Deep" is out this week, have added an extra London date to their nine date tour which opens at the Edinburgh Playhouse on June 23. A second date at the Hammersmith Odeon has been confirmed for Sunday, July 7. £5.50 and £6.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS release a new album "In Praise Of Older Women (Side One)" and "And Other Crimes (Side Two)" on July 1 and have announced a UK tour to begin at the Ipswich Gaumont on July 23. The full list of dates includes Poole Arts Centre (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), St Austell Coliseum (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Manchester Apollo (30), Edinburgh Playhouse (31), Newcastle City Hall (August 2), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (4), and London Hammersmith Odeon (5 and 6). Tickets are £6.50 and £5.50 except at Poole and St Austell (£5) and London (£7.50 and £6.50), and are available now from usual outlets.

PAUL HARDCASTLE has issued a disclaimer disassociating himself from the release of a new single "Rainforest" by 10/Bluebird Records. In a letter he explains "It is a track I did over a year ago as a backing for a hip-hop video and is not my new single — I will be going into the studio shortly to record a brand new track which will hopefully be out in August."

## RECORD NEWS

LEVEL 42 will release their first live album, "A Physical Presence", on June 28. The album, a double, includes a new song, "Follow Me", and was recorded at concerts in Reading, Woolwich and Chippenham. The first pressing will sell for the same price as a single album. A single compact disc of the LP will be released in July.

KIRSTY MacCOLL, back from the birth of son Jamie, releases a new single, "He's On The Beach", produced by husband Steve Lillywhite, on June 10.

THE FAITH BROTHERS release their second single on June 24. "A Stranger On Home Ground" will be available on seven-inch and 12-inch, and will be backed by "Fulham Court" and, on the latter, a live version of "Country Of The Blind" recorded at Guildford Civic Hall. The band will be appearing at Milton Keynes on June 22 with U2, and details of their own tour, scheduled for early July, will be announced shortly.

SHY release a single, "Reflections", on June 21. The "Melodic Rockers" tour in support of the single this month.

MIAMI SOUND MACHINE, who had enormous club success with "Dr Beat" last year, this week rush release their new single, "Conga" b/w "Conga Inst '7" "Mucho Money" on June 17.

BILLY IDOL, whose "Vital Idol" mini-LP is currently charting, will be re-releasing his '82 hit, "White Wedding", on July 1. Backed with the "Mega-Idol Mix", which includes "Flesh For Fantasy" (remixed by Gary Langan) and "Dancing With Myself", the 12-inch version also includes an extended version of "White Wedding (Shotgun Mix)" and an extra track in the "Mega-Idol Mix", "Hot In The City".

THE POGUES release a new stiff single, "Sally MacLennane" (BUY 24), on June 10. Produced by Elva Costello, the song was written by frontman Shane during his "sentimental autobiographical period". The group's second album, which the band have finished recording with Elvis at the controls, is released later in the summer. The Pogues play another rowdy round of dates during June and a series of summer festivals.

MAXI PRIEST AND CAUTION this week release their first album, "You're Safe", out on June 17 on 10 Records, features Maxi's classic cuts, "Should I" (out recently on seven-inch), "Hey Little Girl" and "Throw Me Corn". To coincide with the release of the album, the band will be playing the Reggae Sunsplash on June 23, and there are plans for a single and more dates to follow.

WOMACK & WOMACK follow the release of their "Radio MUSIC Man" album with a single, "Strange And Funny", on June 24. Taken from the album, the single is available in seven-inch and 12-inch versions, with "Radio MUSIC Man" on the seven-inch flip and a bonus track of George Harrison's "Here Comes The Sun" on the larger format. Production is by Womack & Womack.

TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA will be the first act on the recently-re-launched Food For Thought Records. The label kicks off with a single, "Mated", on June 21, followed on July 5 by the new Utopia album, "Pov".

WAYSTED have their album rush-released by Music For Nations on June 21. Entitled "The Good, The Bad And The Waysted", the album, which contains the current single, "Heaven Tonight", was recorded in Wales with US producer Liam Siemering, of Rachel Sweet fame.

ROBIN TROWER releases a new album, "Beyond The Mist", on June 21. Split between studio and live material, the LP contains a 10-minute live version of "Bridge Of Sighs", recorded earlier this year at The Marquee. The studio side consists of all-new material.

APB release their first single of '85 on July 1. The double A-sided "Summer Love" and "Is The Music Loud Enough?" is available in seven-inch and 12-inch versions.

ANNIE WHITEHEAD will release her first album this week. "Mix Up", out on June 24, was produced by Mark Fregard, with the exception of "Alison Style", the LP's opening track, which was produced by Annie herself.

BB&Q (Brooklyn, Bronx & Queens) have their new single, "Genie", rush-released on June 24. The B-side is a dance mix of "Genie". Both tracks were mixed by Joe Tarisa. Other releases:

SINGLES  
HERE'S JOHNNY: "I Fall Apart" (RCA) — end of June.  
1000 MEXICANS: "Criminal" (Play It Again, Sam) — out now  
JULIUS BROWN: "Sno Nuff (Sure Look Good)" (Streetswaver) — out now

ALBUMS  
THE RAIN PARADE: "Beyond The Sunset" (Island) — out now  
KING CURTIS: "Live In New York" (JSP) — out now  
AL RAPONE & THE ZYDECO EXPRESS: "Let's Have A Zydeco Party" (JSP) — out now  
REGULAR MUSIC: "Regular Music" (Rough Trade) — June 21  
BLACK FLAG: "Loose Nut" (SST) — out now  
THE LOVED ONE: "Locate And Cement" (Metaphon) — June 21  
LIVING IN TEXAS: "Italia Live — Eighty Five" (Chain Saw) — out now  
MARIONETTE: "Blonde Secrets And Dark Bombshells" (Heavy Metal) — July 8  
LEGS DIAMOND: "Out On Bail" (Music For Nations) — July 5  
DAVID BEDFORD-URSULA LE GUIN: "Rigel 99" (Christina) — out now



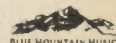
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FIONA Fullerton, who plays an enemy agent in the film, poses for the cameras while exploring the man with the golden gun. With enemies who look like this, who needs friends??



BEAM me up! Extra-terrestrial-being Grace Jones gets eyeball to eyeball with a passing stranger in order to practice her famed Vulcan neckgrip. The poor chap looks suitable worried, probably recalling the number of people Grace injured during the fight scenes of "Conan The Destroyer": it was deemed prudent to cover her rather protruding ears when meeting royalty. Blueblood or not blueblood, that is the question?



NICK Rhodes (agent 006½) smarts with pain coming from under the table, while his onlooking wife Julie-Anne giggles, having seen Grace's ears. Meanwhile Simon ponders on whether he should be the next 007, whether people really like his new haircut, and how he can lose a few pounds before he gets the part...



PRINCE Albert Of Monaco gives Simon's new haircut a 10 out of 10, but made no comment about their theme song.

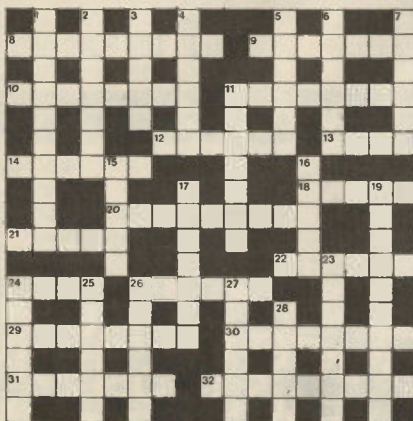
## PRIZE CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

8. Auf Wiedersehen Pet? - love don't live here anymore (5,4)
9. Is she making waves while walking on sunshine? (7)
10. Drawing accents on petty album (8)
11. Kick heroin, sick with Foot-tappers (8)
12. Python man somewhat faulty in the Towers (6)
13. Follow the dots like Mike, perhaps (4)
14. Marks sheets of written music (6)
15. Worry expressed by mutating gnats (5)
16. Regular gig for the Residents, perhaps (9)
17. Nancy Wilson's band may be in need of a pacemaker (5)
18. Sort of net for a performing high-flier (6)
19. Czaky's old band's headphones (4)
20. King Kurt character scrambled my eggs (6)
21. Superb, like the Thunderbirds (8)
22. Chart position of Hardcastle's song (8)
23. Wet weather wear for the scooter brigade (7)
24. Steve may feel so real when hit (9)

### DOWN

1. 8 notes played by under-16s with Cale, perhaps (5,5)
2. A mature outfit, but not Pro (7)
3. Winged messenger of Vangelis (5)
4. 'ellion ruined by Ritchie? (6)
5. Tapestry King or Cale, perhaps (6)
6. Mr Daley in Love with Lee? (6)
7. Everyone in dreadful narrative song (6)
8. Surfing wave or destructive street-dancer? (7)
9. This Island -- (5)
10. Clapton classic on Clay label? (5)



The first correct entry opened wins a £5 record token. Send your entry to Prize Crossword No 64, Melody Maker, Berkshire House, 168-173, High Holborn, London WC1 7AU. Closing date is first post, Monday, July 8, 1985. The winner of Crossword No 60 is Ron Quaintance, 15 Westgate Close, Canterbury. SOLUTIONS - Across: 1. AIGs, 7. Act, 9. Carnaby Street, 10. Lifetime, 11. Pigs, 12. Beats, 14. Allen, 18. Sounded, 19. Adam Ant, 22. Cocteau, 25. Imagine, 26. Laura, 28. Sarah, 32. Hall, 33. Toufiso, 34. Simon Phillips, 35. Rah, 36. Tex. Down: 1. Mulligan, 2. Scaffold, 3. Write, 4. Sammy, 5. Astley, 6. Fruit, 7. Attitude, 8. The Skids, 13. Soulful, 15. Nasties, 16. Farce, 17. March, 18. Steel, 20. Big Chair, 21. Backlash, 23. Sunburst, 24. Dance mix, 27. Da Capo, 29. Akron, 30. World, 31. Alvin.

17. Johnny's not all thumbs in the Boomtown Rats (7)
18. Gil's hot corner? (5-5)
19. Film measured in 12 inch units? (7)
20. Cat-fan wear for the hippy brigade (6)
21. Bassist Chris. Yes, he's an aristocrat (6)
22. Creepy sort of Tooth of Mick Jones extractor? (6)
23. Bobby's aristocrats sang "Ode To Billy Joe" (6)
24. Whitehead gets a nine (5)

# TALK TALK TALK

## 1

LADIES and gentlemen, please rise for that sacred part of the paper, TTT. Happy days are here again and all you whacky wonderful people out there in record company land you just keep that bubbly COMING (there's too much bubbly in TTT - Ed). Rock'n'roll is here to stay and so, darling Makerites, are WE. No TTT, no bleedin' clue, that's what we say... (there's too much swearing in TTT - Ed).

Okay, wagons roll... (there's too much TTT in TTT - Ed) and we'll get the rubbish and the apologies out of the way first... there's some nonsense here about the Faith Brothers being frightened, poor lambs, by ghosts while shooting a video for their new single "Stranger On Home

### THE KILLING FEELS

DID you see 'old Blarney on the telly the other night stumbling over Princess Di's dress? No? Well, by the time the cameras arrived for the Royal Premiere of "View To A Kill", Blarney was already on all fours talking to any stocking seam that moved (and some that didn't). Our hero then stumbled into the great outdoors for a breath of fresh air only to be greeted by hundreds of screaming Duranie fans mistaking him for John Taylor. Charles and Di left the Odeon to polite applause which stopped as soon as the great Mr Moore waved to them thinking they were his fans. Then Simon "Spudface" Le Bon and his cohorts appeared and the hordes erupted, before he disappeared three seconds later in that car of cars Loose Windscreens! The fans screamed, Blarney passed out, Loose swept the band into the night, and Bond produce? Chubby Broccoli laughed all the way to the bank. Meanwhile, TTT made a forced entry into the Hippodrome party to celebrate Blarney's performance... (There are too many parties in TTT - Ed)

# 10

## JAMES BOND THEMES

**1. FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE - MATT MONROE**  
Back in the days when men were men, pop stars were men, and women wrestlers weren't, Matt Monroe, the smart man's Frank Sinatra, crooned over silhouettes of naked nymphettes.

**2. GOLDFINGER - SHIRLEY BASSEY**  
Shirley's finest moment, and definitely the most memorable Bond theme to date.

**3. THUNDERBALL - TOM JONES**  
Back in days when Las Vegas was a Mormon capital, Wales' answer to Ken Dodd tried to find out whether the old man's grass was greener but found that it had been cemented over!

**4. DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER - SHIRLEY BASSEY (Reprise)**  
The only performer to be asked back for another crack at the whip, Shirley succeeded where Tom failed (ie, she produced a good tune).

**5. YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE - NANCY SINATRA**  
Frankie's little girl delivered one of the less memorable Bond themes.

**6. LIVE AND LET DIE - WINGS**  
A truly epic epic. Paul had always wanted to write Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and this is the closest anyone has ever come. A truly appalling 007 in the guise of Roger "Eyebrow" Moore.

**7. MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN - LULU**  
Apparently this theme was written about a man with three nipples! The Beeb nearly banned the record for its indecent subject matter, and Lulu's reputation was severely impinged through being branded as a sexual deviant.

**8. THE SPY WHO LOVED ME - CARLY SIMON**  
One of the only two good records Carly ever produced! After "You're So Vain", it took her five years to work up the energy to record the theme from a film best remembered for Barbara Bach's revealing attire.

**9. FOR YOUR EYES ONLY - SHEENA EASTON**  
Remember Sheena? You know, that Scottish housewife-cum-superstar who worked from nine to five and made us all suffer for many hours more. All America clutched our Sheena to their patriotic breasts after the release of this paean to opticians, but forgot her the next day. A week later they forgot about the film!

**10. VIEW TO A KILL - DURAN DURAN**  
His name was Bond... Basil-Don Bond... The Duranies provide conclusive proof that even when a band can only produce gerbil droppings disguised as songs, they can still have a hit with a Bond theme. The producers have also devised the only answer to Roger Moore's farcical performances - seek out Grace Jones, who's even worse!

# Scandal! Drama! International Espionage! Sex! Drunkenness! Loutish Behaviour!

Ground". Director Tim Pope staked out the location for the video at a farmhouse deep in the bosom of stockbroker Surrey and took Polaroids of all the rooms. Except that every time he took a snap of one particular room, the picture never came out. Interesting, huh? Perhaps he had the lens cap on, no? But when they came to shoot the vid a goat that was being used in the filming (and don't even ask what a goat is doing in a Faith Brothers video) arrived at the room that wouldn't be filmed and immediately went hysterical and dived out of a first floor window. Luckily the goat lived to tell the tale. How else would we have known? (Too many goats in TTT - Ed.)

**APOLOGIES?** We've made a few. But then again, too few to mention. However... our own king of the paparazzi, Maurice "Bath In Bubbly" Conroy is threatening to break our legs unless we make it quite clear that the smudge who fell out of a tree trying to shoot Sade in her bedroom was not him. Maurice wouldn't dream of trying to film Sade in her bedroom. The jacuzzi, yes... the bedroom, no. And we thought he was fearless (There's too many apologies in TTT - Ed)

**ANO** we hear that those mighty creatures The Smiths might just be on their bikes from Rough Trade. Bound for WEA or CBS perhaps... WE also hear that Phonogram have dropped their distribution deal with Some Bizzare, whose acts include Test Dept, The The and the incredible Marc Almond. With Marc about to unveil a new and doubtless brilliant album, record companies were falling over each other to see the king gutterheart at The Brbton Fridge last week... and what's all these rumours about RCA eating Arista for breakfast?

TTT presents the new soap the whole world is talking about...  
**BERKS FIZZ**



Blarney... a hot night of passion with Fay.

**A dramatic story of four people's struggle with this, that and... (especially)... the other**

**SCENE ONE: A gutter somewhere near Charing Cross**  
BLARNEY Hotspur and Prudence Replies huddle together underneath the arches when disaster strikes. They've finished the meths! "No meffs... no comment" says Blarney scurrying around for a fag-end. Then Prudence comes up with a brilliant idea... invent a pop group... win the Eurovision Song Contest... see the world... make pots of money. Enough to keep you in meths and fag-ends for centuries.

**SCENE TWO: Brent Cross Shopping Centre**  
Blarney and Prudence scour Top Shop, Boots and Sainsbury's for likely talent. Eventually they spot Beryl pushing a trolley filled with tins of Spam under Tesco's. "Goddess" breathes Blarney mysteriously. "She'll be in my group." He approaches her stealthily. "Ere darling," he says, full of charm, "you wanna be a pop star?" "Ooooh, yes, please" coos Beryl. So that's settled. He's

about to invite her back to see his mothballs when Poppy comes out of the barbers after a particularly audacious perm. He's whistling. In tune. That's enough for Blarney. Poppy is invited to be in his group too. He agrees only if his friend Mad Mikey can also join. As they discuss who's going to pay for the celebration kebab, Fay - in training for the London Marathon - comes trotting by in a leopard-skin leotard. Blarney instantly recognises that she must be a trendsetter with a brilliant future and there and then makes a fateful decision... Fay will be the focal point of his group. Prudence doesn't agree. "You berk," she screams. "Oh fizza off," shouts Blarney. And that's how the pop group he'd invented to change the face of pop music



Poppy Pea... power-crazy heart-throb.



Luscious, pouring Fay Batty... lusted after by millions - but it all went wrong.

as we know it came to get their name... Berks Fizz.

**SCENE THREE: A penthouse suite in Cannes**  
Berks Fizz are celebrating. They've been to Exeter Sidings and come back with the Eurovision Dong Contest tucked safely under Mad Mikey's belt. The bubbly bubbles. And Berks Fizz can do no wrong. Hit follows hit. Egoes soar. They buy up most of Western Europe. A Lear jet is permanently on hand to take them to the hairdressers. Luscious, pouring Beryl wins Miss World. Fay becomes official designer for Princess Di's wardrobe. A government protection order is placed on Poppy's impish grin. Mad Mikey is made Home Secretary. It seems nothing can go wrong. But fate has a bitter twist in store...

**SCENE FOUR: A seedy studio somewhere in England late at night.**  
It's been a hard day's night. Berks Fizz have been putting the finishing touches to their new album "Four Berks In A Tiff". Fay has been given detention for giggling in class. Blarney is doing some mixing... rum, vodka, brandy. Both are tired. Both are emotional. Both feel a bit fruity. "I can't keep it in no longer..." says Blarney, frothing at the

mouth. "I want you... I need you... I just after you... I... I... I... LOVE YOU!" "Blarney," says Fay pushing his hands away, "you DIRTY OLD TOSSER!" But as she does, Prudence comes leaping out of the woodwork. Insanely jealous, she blames Fay for EVERYTHING. "You HUSSY!" she shrieks. "You bin leading my Blarney on... I'll personally see to it that you stay in Berks Fizz until the last day of your contract... April 15, 1998... but you will never play an active role in this group again."

**SCENE FIVE: A hospital in Newcastle.**  
Berks Fizz have survived a nasty road accident. It's sent them all doolally and they sit around holding a truth session. Poppy says he fancies Beryl and Beryl admits she's taken a bit of a shine to Mad Mikey and Mad Mikeys after Prudence and Prudence lusts after Blarney and Blarney is too out of it to know what his name is, let alone who he fancies. The only thing they agree on is that they all hate Fay. "Pick yer window, Fay," says Prudence, "yer leaving". She runs out in floods of tears straight to The Scum. Poppy, Beryl and Mad Mikey go

running straight to the Daily Tsar. Blarney goes running straight to the nearest boozier.

**SCENE SIX: A gutter somewhere near Charing Cross**  
Blarney Hotspur and Prudence Replies huddle together



Prudence... Berks Fizz mastermind... but crazy about Blarney.

underneath the arches. "Bloody pop stars," says Blarney. "Not a brain cell between 'em." He takes another slug of meths and passes out.

**QUOTE OF THE WEEK**  
"IT won't be like the Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon film 'Some Like It Hot' - even though David always likes to get into dresses if possible." - Mick Jagger on his proposed new movie with David Bowie.

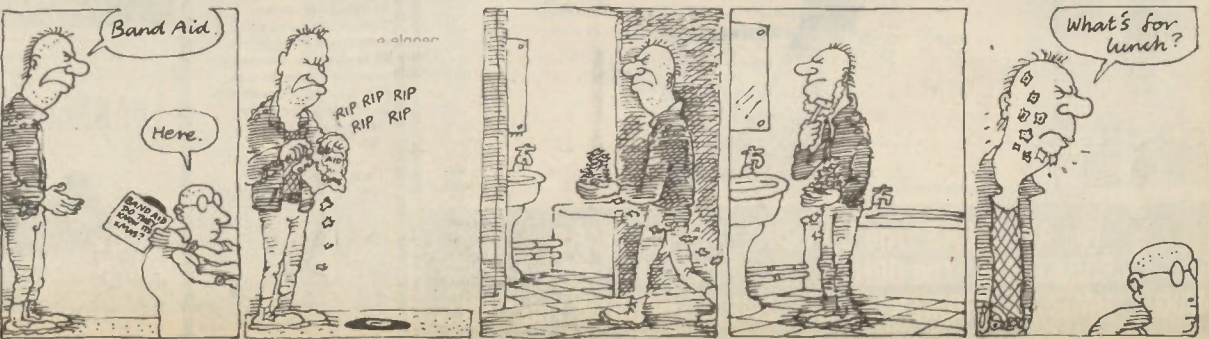
THAT Bryan Adams chap has been impersonating old John Noakes over in Memphis, Tennessee. The Canadian heart-throb was taking part in his first parachute jump from 5,000 feet when the rig failed to work and the poor boy plummeted down towards the ground. Luckily, the reserve chute did the business and Bry escaped with minor bruises and a sore arse... AH, the price of fame! Young Peter Astor, singer with up and coming child stars The Loft, was mobbed by classmates after his appearance on "ORS" and the Colour Field support slot. Funny, thought nobody watched "ORS"...

MOVE over Jesus And Mary, here comes Slaughter Joe. Creation's latest signing lived up to his illustrious stable mate's reputation by trashing everything in sight on a recent visit to Berlin. After smashing a number of bottles on stage, the man started to attack most of the security men and was eventually hauled off to the local nick for a night in the cells. Next day, Joe was deported (wonder why?) leading the long-suffering Creation boss Alan McGhee to describe him as "The biggest bastard under the sun." Charming...

THE great Gary Glitter in Royal Family snub horror shock! Old double Gee entertained the lucky students of Jesus College Cambridge on Tuesday night and was then told that he wouldn't be paid. The toffee-nosed swine proved just how right Keith Joseph is in trying to cut their goolies off by claiming that the great man's music was too loud. TOO LOUD! GARY GLITTER CAN NEVER BE TOO LOUD! A certain Paul Kohla, colleague of Prince "Goofy" Edward (the ents manager at Jesus), later told GG's manager that he wasn't too concerned about the whole affair and that "unless you have something more to say, I will get back to watching the cricket". This prat wants punched...

## DICK

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## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

FROM time to time, this newspaper is called upon to save the world. Inevitably, it behaves an organ of such magnitude, so redolent with the aroma of probity, so richly steeped in the great traditions of the democratic processes by which Britain - and how many other nations on this ever more squalid planet can lay claim to so magnanimous, so beneficent a system of government, or one so steeped in the blood of innocent savages? - is ruled, to take up the challenge. To fail to do so would be churlish, cowardly, verging on poor taste. Throughout our long and illustrious history, from the old Tin Pan Alley days of the so-called "Roaring Twenties" when a tightly-rolled copy of the Melody Maker guaranteed immediate and unhindered access to many of the scedder dives and bordellos in London's Soho, through the "Lumbering Seventies" when dinosaurs with articulated lorries full of equipment ruled the earth, to our present epoch in which even the common-or-garden man on the Clapham omnibus carries enough user-friendly technology in his thief-resistant plastic briefcase to enable him to record two or three "conceptual" solo LPs during his lunch hour, this newspaper has been at the forefront of each and every significant advance in the long march of Mankind. It was the Maker, was it not, who sent a correspondent via mule and steam-packet to cover the celebratory concert performance which followed the relief of Mafeking. Mr Archibald Woodfull-Jardine, it will be recalled by readers somewhat long in the tooth, was there, pencil and notebook at the ready, when the Kaiser's army downed tools and struck up an impromptu rendition of "Sweet Jane", having decided by mutual agreement that the Prussian High Command had been issuing - over a prolonged period of time - bad acid to the troops. And, perhaps most lustrous of all in the official records of our splendid publication, it was the man from the Maker who trekked by llama, snow-shoe and unreliable hot-air balloon into the very heart of the Tibetan mountains in order to investigate reports of a popular music ensemble, highly-thought-of in the vicinity, who would, in the fullness of time, release the spectacularly successful chart-topping hit recording "Boom Bang-A-Bang".

It will be seen, then, that there are no flies on us, buster. The latest crisis confronting our embattled globe, nevertheless, is of significant enough a magnitude to make even us think twice. Far be it from the editorial hierarchy of the esteemed Maker to shirk or evade a challenge, no matter how severe. Yet on this singular occasion, having weighed all the possibilities in the balance and considered the alternatives should we (and Heaven forbid that any such eventuality could conceivably come to pass) fail, we have, with heavy heart and immense sighs of relief, decided to tell Her Majesty's Secret Service to go suck a big one. It remains to be seen how the powers that be choose to react to our riposte. It should, at any rate, make a splendid read.

19 LAST WKT  
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OWLER OVERS  
19  
HURED OVERS  
REMAINING  
BONUS  
POINTS



### A WICKET MAIDEN

HE'S gone this time! With the battle for the Ashes well and truly under way, impressionist Rory Bremner has taken a leaf out of Paul Hardcastle's engineer's notebook to concoct the ingenious "N-N-Nineteen Not Out". Bremner, who has evidently made a lifelong study of the Summer Game, cunningly impersonates several of the best-known commentator's voices in cricket and fits them into a "19"-style electro backing (the disc is credited to The Commentators). Especially fine is the rendition of Richie Benaud, and there's a pretty good Arlott too ("Botham's last delivery was so wide you'd think the bat was a protected species"). Stomp off to your local Megastore, pronto. Note to Messrs May and Gower - don't leave Foster out next time or there'll be hell to pay. (There's too much cricket in TTT - Ed.)

# TALK TALK

2

MADE it over the page then, did you? Welcome back to TTT, the column that drinks bubbly. And lots of it. Who'll be the luscious pouting press officer that'll bubbly us up next week? We can't wait ... (There's too much bubbly in TTT - Ed.)

And speaking of snooker (There's too much snooker in TTT - Ed) Mr Dennis Taylor, World Champion - the greatest living Irishman before Sir Barry McGuigan became the greatest living Irishman - guested on Gary Davies' Radio 1 show on Sunday, revealing himself to be a bit of a disco buff. He coyly admitted he wasn't really the right shape for frugging but often shook the odd toe to a bit of disco at various functions. Internationally-famous snooker players often find themselves at ... among the artists he chose to play during his appearance were Gene Chandler, Billy Ocean, Elvis Presley, The Beatles ("I Should Have Known Better") and Gary Byrd ... because "The Crown" reminded him of one wild ol' night in a club somewhere with Cliff Thorburn when the pair of them got up on stage to do their own version of the number ... alternative wally of the week incidentally is Gary Davies for referring to the new Scritti Politti album as "Cupid And Psy-chee".

This week, of course, has been a week of the Live Aid Ramours (There's too many ramours in TTT - Ed). Now if we believed everything we heard then we could fill TTT with exciting stories



### RECORD BREAKER

FIRST the world championship, now the Top 30. Yup, Barry McGuigan, make that SIR Barry McGuigan, has not surprisingly had a song written about him by well-known fab County Monaghan outfit, the strangely-named New York Connection. It's called "Warrior", and the various members of the band are seen here rocking out with the great man himself in Barney Eastwood's gym in downtown Belfast. The flag of peace precedes him into the ring "Danny Boy" is sung by his own father Pat and Loftus Road is just BLASTING with sound. Oh, has there ever been a night of such emotion? Single of the week Harry. (There's too much McGuigan in TTT - ED.)

about all the historic events that are supposed to be happening at the Wembley/New York link-up on July 13. The big one was that Paul McCartney will climax the concert with a solo version of "Let It Be" and then bring on Ringo Starr, George Harrison and Julian Lennon for a Beatles reunion. All nonsense of course, and firmly denied by all the luscious, pouting press officers concerned ... and neither will the Live Aid concert see the rumoured duet between Reagan and Gorbachev, a guest appearance by Lord Lucas and Shergar, and the Second Coming by Mr J. Christ. A spokesperson for Him told TTT: "I know Jesus said he'd be back one day but he's not sure if he could compete with Bob Geldof." Sorry, but the nearest you're likely to get is a one-off reunion by Black Sabbath. Yeah, that good ...

AND talking of run-ins with the law, a little birdie tells us that The Cult's cancellation of their Bradford benefit gig was more to

### WALLY OF THE MEAT LOAF

BAD enough being so fat, but the Meat has gone one step further and proved to be the most accident-prone human being since Frank Spencer. The fat boy was touring Australia this week when suddenly, whoops, he disappeared off the stage and into the orchestra pit many feet below. The entire building was demolished and the tub suffered a broken leg and various cuts and bruises. He will, however, appear at Knebworth and all other planned dates with a fibrecast attached to the offending limb. At least the temporary rest might help him shed a few pounds. ...

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### BLONDE ON BLONDE

MUST we peddle this filth to our dear readers? Radio 1 deejay Slime Bates tries to look half his age by surrounding himself with three blonde dancers who are wearing funny clothes. Together, they are promoting this year's Female Disc Jockey Competition and the Babycham Road Show. It all took place somewhere in London's docklands. Pity they didn't push him in. (There's too many floosies in TTT - Ed.)

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**CHAP OF THE WEEK  
ROGER MOORE**

YOU know that there's a new Bond film on release this week, and I suppose you know who's in it. You doubtless know that Roger Moore is still 007 (and so is his IO) but here's something about those walking eyebrows that you may not know. A few years ago Roger had his prospective membership to a local golf and tennis club refused because the noble committee decided they didn't want any actors in their midst. An outraged Roger wrote back enclosing all his press clippings in order to prove that he wasn't an actor at all. The board read of his performances with avid interest, before acknowledging that he was telling the truth! They still didn't let him in though!

looks horrible - but then again what do you expect?

do with assault and criminal damage than the rumoured demand for expenses. Still, the boys made up for it with a hush-hush performance in Aid of the tragedy fund at the Frigate on Saturday night ...

**STRONG** stuff from South London radical rockers The Blood. Singer Bill Sykes (seriously) claims that no-one in the music business will touch the band's new anti-Band Aid single "Still Looking After Number One". Tell us about it Bill. "Band Aid has belched out an increasingly puke-inducing charity industry that seems more geared to generating fame than actually aiding the victims." So what are you gonna do about it? "Any profit we made from our record would go to Ethiopia, but we'd send them guns not grain." What about it Bob?

**WELL**, we know you're just waiting for this week's obligatory Porge Michael story, so here goes. The fat boy has finally plucked up the courage to leave home and move into a place all of his own-ee-oh near Harrods. It probably costs the earth and

**FLY** me to the moon. Fly me ... so says Steve Harley, who used to sing with a band called Cockney Rebel. He reckons it's time to show that polio sufferers like himself can go into space just as easily as Neil Armstrong or yer average Yankee moonman. Watch out for flying Gary Numans on the way Steve ...

**HOLD** the front page time again! Top astrologer Frederick Davies, the sick head who predicted John Lennon's assassination, has these tips for the next 12 months. Boy George (who?) will marry before the end of the year, George Michael will receive an award from the Queen (fattest pop star of all time?), Princess Di will become pregnant for the thirtieth time, and Joan Collins will get married. (Ha!) Nothing there about Blarney's blood transfusion ...

**OLD** buddies Macca and Fruitcake (that's McCartney and Jackson to you bub) are now locking horns over the rights to old Beatles songs, said to be worth around £40 million ...

**OTHER** fab pop stars at each other's throats include the Great Cyndi Lauper and the equally Godlike Madonna, currently battling it out for the official title of America's first lady ...

**ZTT** "communications director" Paul Morley, once described by London listings magazine Time Out as a "wealthy drunk", must be regretting the financial straits that prevented him from making an initial investment in ZTT when the label was launched in 1983. When Time Out had a vacancy for assistant music editor last year, one of the applicants was impoverished pishead Morley. He made it as far as the interview, but didn't get the job. John Gill says "Relax!"

**WELL**, that just about wraps it up then. Not a bad TTT this week, we reckon ... sometimes we're so good it frightens us. (There's too many big-headed prats in TTT - Ed.) Don't forget ... any egos you want crucified, any wallies you want exposed, any smut you want to fling ... this is the place to come. Character declamation a speciality. Libels no extra charge. Champagne greatly appreciated

**HOWEVER**, before we go we have saved just one precious little item. The news you've all been dying to hear ... the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Tom Bailey, is BACK. On Monday the Chancellor spoke frankly to DunnotheSun about the day he suddenly came



**A BIRD IN THE HAND**

**ALVIN** Stardust (left) with Puff The Barn Owl who features in the man's video for his new single "Sleepless Nights". The two chaps first met up on TV-AM (where else?) and have since struck up a really beautiful friendship. Pity the record's such a turkey. (Geddit?) Alvin Stardust is 86. (There's too many owls in TTT - Ed.)

over all queer and wound up having a breakdown of sorts ... "I had drained myself completely trying to keep the Thompson Twins at the top. I pushed myself until I literally couldn't take any more. My body gave out" ... In the three months since then, Bailey has been living in a £1,000-a-month apartment near the Eiffel Tower and then went off to Barbados to recuperate ... Alannah "Haircut" Currie and Joe Leeway apparently kept a bedside vigil during Tom's dark hours of crisis which, according to Tom, "proves we are close ... it proves we could not care for each other more ..." All gripping stuff, but now the bad news ... Tom is now feeling as fit as a spring lamb and the Thommo Twins are ready to resume work on the album which was so rudely interrupted. Presumably that means that the other member of the band, Jeff Thompson, will be disallowed from bowling bouncers at our heroic batsmen in the next test ... (There's too many bouncers in TTT - Ed.)

**TTT BUBBLY:** This week's TTT bubbly was supplied by the magnificent Karen at Beggars Banquet, the label that gave the world Gary ... ahem ... Numan and is now home to the wonderful Fall. This breathtaking gesture proves what we have always known - Karen is the greatest living woman known to the Western World. Her bubbly's not bad either.

**The Talk Talk Talk In Interview**

**THE TTT INTERVIEW: STEVE NORMAN'S PLONKER**

"WHEN I was just a wee thing Steve said to me one day ... 'Stick with me kiddo and I'll make you famous'. He weren't wrong were he? I mean, I always felt I was destined for greatness but I never dreamt I'd be quite so famous. Not that it's an easy job. Steve says I'm never off duty and he's right. Can't relax for a second, frankly. Just go for a stroll in the park and you think, nothin' going here, I'll just nod out for a bit ... and then it comes ... the call. You just don't know with Steve. Never a dull moment. Trouble is the bigger your reputation the harder you have to work to maintain it - you can't fake it if you're the great Steve Norman's plonker. See, everyone's always trying to catch you out ... they just want to get to know you to see if you're as good as you're cracked up to be. Not that I have any fears on that score, you understand - I happen to think I'm the best in the business and that's the end of it - but you wouldn't be human if you didn't feel a wee bit of pressure every so often especially with lots of new young guns making claims for your crown. Regrets? I've had a few. But then again, too few to mention. It can be a sticky old job at times and I do sometimes get a bit worn out, but I usually manage to raise a challenge, if you get my drift. The thing is we do a lot of travelling with the Ballet and ol' Steve he's always up for a new experience so I've got to be ready for anything. Planes is old hat. Joined the Mlie High Club centuries ago. No, it's ski-lifts and tractors and bubble cars and parachute jumps that he's into now. Sure I get exhausted but if the spirit is weak then the flesh is always willing ... and I don't think Steve is a dirty bastard like everybody says at all. He's a normal, healthy, hot-blooded male and turning 19 times an hour seems perfectly natural to me. Of course it's flattering being known as Superplonker and it's absolutely true, of course, and no, I have no thoughts of retirement yet. I'll keep it up for as long as I possibly can. What do you MEAN, have I ever contracted any anti-social diseases? How DARE you, you foul-mouthed scumbags. That's it ... interview over ... get out of my SIGHT! Get me Steve Dagger immediately. Listen asshole, that's it, NO MORE INTERVIEWS. Next week: Michael Jackson's pet llama.



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# DOUBTING THOMAS?



**Perhaps you think THOMAS LEER is one of those boffin types on an independent label. Well, he used to be, but now he's signed to Arista and has an album called 'Scale Of Ten' released at the end of the month. He talked to inquisitive Alan Jackson about the change in his fortunes and his current prospects. Photography by Paul Rider**

THOMAS Leer's quest for musical fulfillment is becoming something of a personal odyssey. Since joining the big league of the major labels our hero has embarked on an epic voyage that has already brought him face to face with the indifference of record buyers and provoked critical taunts of "commercialism". His opening shots, the singles "International" and "Heartbeat", fell disappointingly short of their target, while the fate of the new 45, "Number One", has yet to be decided.

But young Thomas, fit to slay dragons with his Fairlight if necessary, has greater ammunition up his sleeve — his about-to-be-released album, the first of his new contract, and his strongest assault yet on that mythical fortress of ringing tills and personal satisfaction.

Predictably enough, onlookers have been wondering aloud why Part Glasgow's most musical son is so set on carrying off this particular Golden Fleece. Aren't you supposed to be the archetypal indie man, we keep asking him? Aren't you the king of assemble-it-yourself technology? What are you doing among the big boys and the even bigger budgets? Isn't this some kind of sell-out? Thomas Leer just sits back and sighs.

"I'm actually quite relieved that I've started to get a bit of backlash," he says, convincingly enough, during a break in recording. "In the early days on the independents I got unequivocal support from the press, and from certain writers in particular, but I always knew that when I started to do what I wanted to do, that would change. Left field people tend to be very precious about their artists. They want you to stay exactly where you are. There's something nice and comfortable about someone who is backing against the system but not really winning. But that keeps everything at the status quo, and I've always thought that you should wheedle your way in and subvert from the inside. That's always been my view — get inside and use the situation."

That process of subversion has taken him from the DIY world of the independent labels to a contract with Arista. But it irritates Leer that those enthusiasts who thought they had him safely marked down as a perennial outsider, making music that only elitist ears would hear, now accuse him of commercialism as if it were some kind of decadent disease that he'd allowed to creep up on him.

"If I'd been the sort of person who had always been opposed to pop music and was always against commercialism and good melodies and that sort of thing, then what I'm doing now would be a sell-out," he says. "But I never have been. I've always been quite upfront about the fact that I like pop music and I like commercialism and I don't see any reason why I shouldn't use it if it's available to me and I can cut it."

He says he can find something positive in every kind of music, and is obviously proud of his catholic attitude. He maintains he could go

into the studio one day to work with Nick Cave or, Yello, and the next day with Hall and Oates, and be equally happy with both. "It's all music to me," he says.

The ease with which he has embraced a big recording budget is further underlined by the fact that he now pays little attention to the indie scene. "I'm not really in touch with all that now," he says. "I still check things out if they look interesting, but there's been nothing coming out of there that I've found interesting recently, apart from things like The Smiths that have gone overground."

When we spoke, Leer was putting the finishing touches to "Number One", the current single and

ranks of Britain's housewives joining in as they go about their chores. But then Thomas Leer's recent work has tended to be like that — it can slip past you almost unnoticed among the other smooth pop productions until one line, one note, pierces the consciousness and lets you know it's a wolf in sheep's clothing. "International", with its non-melodramatic view of the big business world of the heroin trade harnessed to a melody which, the record company wryly noted, would make a perfect jingle for a Far Eastern airline, was a perfect case in point.

Leer says that when he wrote "Number One" a year ago, it marked a definite move into what he himself terms Hall and Oates territory, and seemed

## "I'm actually quite relieved that I've started to get a bit of backlash"

the last track to be recorded for the album. It's smooth white soul sound was so different to his original conception of the rest of the material that he considered putting it out as part of a three-track soul EP, separate from the album. Arista's enthusiasm for its mainstream sound, and his own enjoyment of using other musicians on the sessions, caused a rethink. In retrospect, he even wishes that he had brought in such outside help earlier in the project. Was this further evidence of the smoothing off of Leer's cherished rough edges? Could the word "compromise" be hovering just around the corner?

"Compromise? No, on the contrary," he says with certainty. "It's actually quite interesting — more so than doing the other things even, because I have to approach it in a whole different way. There's working with musicians, getting the

for too straight for the radical move he was engaged in at the time. But isn't the fact that he's now happy to release it as a single and include it on the album evidence of a kind of corruption? Was Arista deliberately steering him towards more commercial pastures?

"They couldn't do it," he says with the weary patience of someone answering what they know is going to be a recurring question. "I do what I want to do in the end. If I get a lot of positive reaction to something I do, I may go still further towards it. But if I don't like what the company is reacting to, I just won't go any further towards it. I don't dislike this track at all. On the contrary. And it can work the other way too. If the company really like something and I do too, I'll try and use their positivism."

There was a fair bit of shapping around before

## "I wanted more money — that was the whole idea"

playing standard up to scratch. It's a whole different process. "Number One" fits in quite nicely because I wanted the album to contain a lot of different styles and techniques. I wanted to use it as a finding out album, to see how far I could go and what I could do as a producer and writer and so on. This track rounds it off nicely, as it's the most commercial and straightforward of them all."

There's no argument there. When the girl chorus does its "Ooh, Number One" bit in the background, you can almost imagine the massed

the Arista deal was signed. In the end, it was the only company that promised Leer the freedom and the kind of money and facilities he felt he needed to develop his work.

"I wanted more money — that was the whole idea," he explains. "Originally, when I was working on the independents, it was the other way round. I didn't have any money and I had to do it all myself to get any result which was anywhere near what I wanted. That was the idea of getting a major contract, so that I could have the facilities

and the money and the time, the access to other people, and so on. It was always my intention to use that."

Meanwhile, as the carping about commercialism continues, it has to be said that neither "International" nor "Heartbeat" were able to translate interest and acclaim into actual sales, and that the current single hasn't yet shown signs of reversing that trend. It's galling enough to be accused of selling out, but doubly so when those criticisms aren't justified by chart success. Leer dismisses the idea that he might feel bitter about his first two singles failing to become big hits.

"No, but it's baffling as to why they didn't happen," he says. "I think it's down to a lot of different factors. There were internal problems and upheavals within the company at the time of the first single, so it maybe wasn't properly promoted. As to the second? My stuff is so different that people tend to get an expectation when they hear one track. They hear one single and expect the next to be some kind of logical progression from that, and of course I don't take logical steps. I think possibly that alienates people, and it probably disoriented the support I got on the first single."

As a writer, he also finds it frustrating that, of the good singers who are around, many are covering old material instead of seeking out new work. Billy Mackenzie is one guy he thinks could do a good job of his work. Paul Cohen is another. And yes, if we're talking commercial, he wouldn't mind Alison Moyet or Paul Young having a crack at something from the Leer songbook. He certainly rates them both as singers.

Given that it's likely to be one of his own performances that gets their first, how easy would Thomas Leer private person find it to become Thomas Leer pop star?

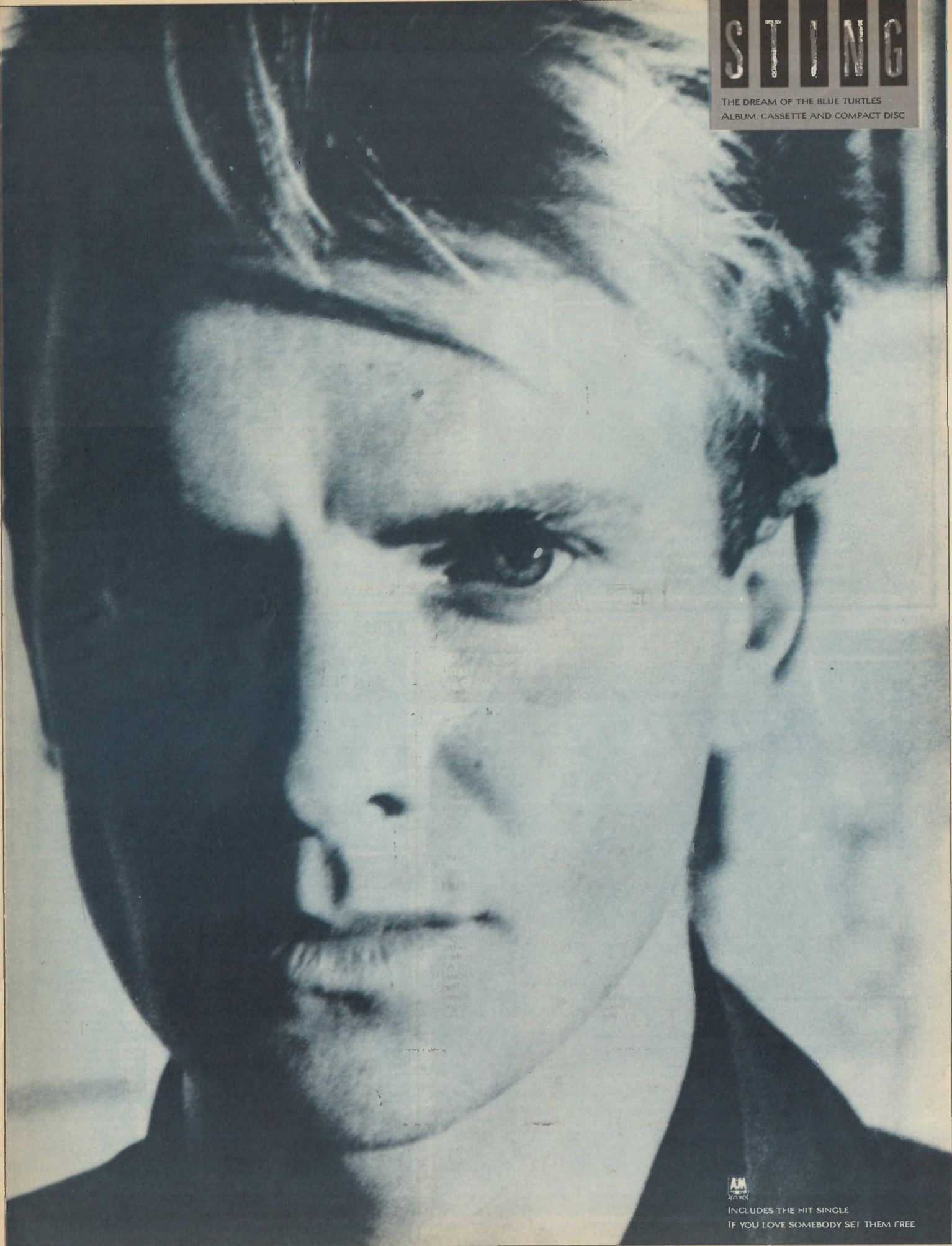
"Well, the public personality would be what I am," he says. "I'd like to try and put across the visuals on videos and sleeves and so on more in terms of acting, taking on a role for each thing. Projecting something, using the medium a bit. We did a video for "Heartbeat" using a special machine to bend and shape my jaw line and magnify my eyes. It's just my face the whole way through. The effect is a bit horrific, strange, not a glamorous thing by any means. But then I'd rather be a bit disturbing, a bit subversive."

That policy carries through to the album itself, which contains a breadth of styles not seen in his work so far. There are big, synthetic sounds, straightforward funk, some white soul and some ballads, one of them near suicidal he says.

He's not worried what the critical reaction will be — just interested. "I've never bothered much about that sort of thing," he claims. "Mind you, I used to say that years ago and my mates used to say, 'Yeah, you don't need to. They're only saying good things about you'. But to be honest, even the good reviews didn't make that much difference. It was great for a week, but then the next week no-one knew me again."

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# SINS OF THE FLESH



The Batcave is gone, say FLESH FOR LULU, who forecast a great future for themselves. Serious drinking and words by Carol Clerk. Photography by Jon Blackmore

THE poster on the wall of the pub down the road said it all: "Tonight at the Retford Parterhouse... ex-Batcave boys, Flesh For Lulu." The Batcave may well have provided Flesh For Lulu with their first real opportunity to make themselves known to the great British public. It may also have attracted the attentions of certain journalists who would dutifully go home and fill the pages of the Lulu scrapbook with columns of extravagant praise.

Since then, however, the Batcave connection has become something of an albatross. It would be all too easy to cast Flesh For Lulu among the remnants of an old and patently ridiculous "movement", to connect them instinctively with the horrifying clichés of the Gothic age, the archetypal miserable bastards draining miserable songs, all pallid skin and black clothes and dead brains. It would be easy, yes, to do all that. And it would be a terrible mistake. I should know - I made it myself.

The original purpose of my trip to Retford Parterhouse was to observe the progress of the support band Lazy Dynamite - an ingenious young pop/rock band from London. The fact that Flesh For Lulu were headlining wasn't something I'd thought too much about. And then, around midnight, Flesh For Lulu tumbled on to the stage and blew my own misconceptions to kingdom come. There's nothing solemn, nothing glum, nothing posey about this band or their music. Here we have drama, emotion, colour, melody, energy - rock 'n' roll!

The Lulu manifesto is "rhythm, sweat, sex, fun". And a conference in The Oporta was obviously in order.

"People tend to take what's

been written about us very seriously," said vocalist/guitarist/flesher Nick. "It's all been very black and white so far, the whole doom and gloom thing. People do sometimes come to our gigs and expect to see a 'Batcave band', and they've been very surprised when they get rock 'n' roll. We really do want the world to know that we're fun."

It was with "fun" in mind that Flesh For Lulu decided on a rather risqué picture, "The Heretics", for the sleeve of their current mini-album, "Blue Sisters Swing". This depicts two nuns kissing while a third, hidden, looks on. The band themselves were not expecting the controversy that subsequently surrounded the record - now banned by several major record store chains in America.

Flesh For Lulu find the ban amusing more than anything else, and they do admit to a



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Who are THE LOFT and why are they sailing up the independent charts? Martin Aston went to buy them drinks and find out. Photography by Paul Rider

THE LOFT'S first single "Why Does The Rain", released on Alan McGhee's Creation label, penetrated deep enough into the close consciousness of Broadcasting House for Janice Long to vote it 1984's second-grooviest single.

Boosted further by being elected one of the benevolent Janice's *Bydes To Watch* on the horrible "ORS", The Loft currently find themselves sitting pretty in the independent charts with their four-track EP which is spearheaded by "Up The Hill And Down The Slope". Produced by John Rivers, the EP provides further evidence of the group's knack for nailing together many of the best things from pub to punk with the aid of plangent guitars.

In a crowded pub I forced The Loft to speak clearly and politely into my tape recorder. What, I asked songsmith and voice Peter Astor, bassist Bill Prince and guitarist Andy Strickland, elevates you lot above the rest?

Peter: "I don't want to get in this thing of thinking of us as part of... not one of these bands who say 'forget everything that went before, here we are and we're knocking

all this away'. There are loads of bands who I like."

The Loft are traditional, that's a fact, but they feel no need to prove that or otherwise. But paralleled with the ongoing American explosion of all this "punk" stuff, with all this heavy acoustic wedding of love, the Loft do, by the classic hallmarks of "sixth" influences, be it quite expensively, they, the Loft, come off as a "punk" band without prompting. Television, Richard Hell...

Andy: "The influences certainly aren't a starting point. People come along with a song, and we'll work it. We don't think 'okay, we're an American band, we can't sound like the Bydes'."

Peter: "It doesn't come out of an infatuation with a particular music. Not that there's anything wrong with that either. Oh 'Why Does The Rain' for example, it's a guitar song, you listen to it as a guitar band. Apart from the arrangement on 'Time', which is very guitar based, very jangly, played like television would play the Richard Hell song, the other stuff is guitar, bass, drums, not jangly at all. I

play rhythm guitar on them. "Other bands, like Creedence, Can, The Band, they just work together very well. The band functions as a whole, it's not like a jingle, single on guitar and the bass and drums plod on behind. There's much more interaction."

It's been said that it's thrashing it out live, taking a few stretched-out chances, that The Loft really sparkle, unleashing that potent rock excitability... in the best possible sense, of course.

Peter: "You know, some bands are very good at the talking, image, manifesto side. We're better at the playing, doing side of things. I'm definitely one of those post-punk intelligent clever knowing bands like Paul McCartney or Green and all those kind of people that are very 'yes-we-understand-machines, we understand-and-use-pop'... I always find that patronising. Deep down, all Green wants to be is Aretha Franklin."

Don't just get up and use The Loft to go up and see them sometime.

certain satisfaction in being able to disturb without even trying. At the same time, they insist that this was no deliberate

attempt of outrage. Nick: "I suppose it's flattering that in this age, we can still create a controversy. But we didn't set out to be controversial with the sleeve or to make a political statement of any kind. When we started the band in

1981, we never tried to convince people we were going to be radical. We set out to rock, not to shock.

"The record sleeve, it was just fun. It was intended to counteract the doom and gloom thing. You see too many pictures of bands standing around in graveyards these days."

Rocca, guitarist, leapt in. "I'd much rather see that picture on the record sleeve than our ugly faces. We don't have to promote ourselves by putting our faces on the sleeve. There are so many more possibilities. It

gets pretty boring using people's faces. I'm sick of hearing about me being the one with the big nose."

There is, however, a certain perversity about Flesh For Lulu, despite their protestations of innocence. It's a perversity that's apparent in their music, lyrics and presentation, and it's one of the qualities I've come to enjoy about them most.

"We're never deliberately perverse," argued Nick. "If we sound perverse, it's only because we're naturally perverse persons anyway."

The by-standing rock 'n' roller who later found himself in an altercation with Rocca would be the first to agree.

AS interviews go, this one had started off very politely, the Lulus treating all enquiries with a careful moderation. But a few pints can work wonders, and as the hours passed the declarations became more forthright.

"Rock 'n' roll is to and fro and in and out." "For an illiterate, I'm quite literate." "The NME had a middle page feature about Neil Kinnock... what the fuck has he got to do with music?" "We're everything that's been good about music in the last 40 years." "Most people who've been around as long as us either crack up, give in or cop out."

Quite clearly, Flesh For Lulu are in no mood for cracking up, giving in or copping out. Their determination to do everything their own way was, I suspect, at the root of their disagreements with their former record company, Polydor.

"We've wised up quite a lot," agreed Nick. "We haven't got a bunch of bullshitters behind us saying 'Why don't you compromise on this, boys?', 'Why don't you glam up your

image a bit?'" Polydor used to say that. There's a real confidence about our band now that's overwhelming. It's like being in a boxing match. There isn't a person who can knock us out of the position we're standing in. We're the hottest thing around."

This overwhelming confidence came with the arrival in the ranks of bassist Kev, the latest recruit.

"Before Kev joined, it was like a smart, shiny red Cadillac firing on three cylinders," said Nick with a dramatic flourish. "Now it's firing on all four. The line-up is complete. We're giving less consideration to the presentation and more to the feel of the thing. Every time we play a song, it sounds different, and it gets better the more we play it."

"We know that you can do as much with two chords and two phrases with the right sentiment repeated as you can with a huge orchestrated concept. That's just not what we're about any more. We're not about any kind of concepts or orchestration. I can't honestly think of any other band around who are like us. We're not part of any movement."

"Rock 'n' roll is a kind of sound and rhythm that you can't deny. It's gonna get your hips moving. Rhythm is something you've either got or you haven't. What we've got here is a four-way rhythm. Come and see a real band play!"

IN the immediate future, Flesh For Lulu are recording a new album for Hybrid, with Craig Leon producing. The distant future for the band apparently stretches into the next century! "We're going to carry on for the next 40 years."

If their current form and confidence keeps up, they might be right.

'We're everything that's been good about music in the last 40 years'

"There's one thing I've seen missing in British rock in the last eight years. There's no love. Whatever happened to love?"

Matt Piacca, The Rain Parade  
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# HAPPY HOUR

SOMEONE took the trouble to give me the recipe for a Mai Tai but I went and lost it. However, I do remember wondering what would hit you first — the phenomenal alcohol content or the second mortgage repayments necessary to buy one. It involves dark rum, white rum, tequila and a whole lot else, and sounds like a case of stand up, throw up and fall down. A musical Mai Tai is far safer and has no such unpleasant after effects.

"A Mai Tai? Whoaa," says Jettie Wells, one third of the Guyanese trio, rolling her eyes to illustrate its potency. "It could kill you, really. We tried one last time we were here and its nice as long as you're sitting — in fact it's lovely. But don't try and stand up. You'll never make it."

Her partner Carolien de Windt breaks into a bar-room rendition of "My Way" to show just how fired and emotional it can make you feel. The third ingredient of Mai Tai, Mildred Douglas, does her "the one that got away" impression to demonstrate the bucket-like proportions of the glass in which the said drink is delivered.

None of this really explains why three former session singers from the one-time Dutch colony off South America came to form a group in Amsterdam, but some questions defy such international hopscotch. The collective hysteria brought on by a long-haul flight from Guyana to Holland to Britain while their single "History" is nudging a place in the British Top 10



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leaves little time for the minutiae.

The record's success has to be a surprise. When did a Dutch group last hit it big in Britain, let alone a black Dutch group? And if anyone wants to split hairs over place and origin — all three girls settled in Amsterdam with their families as youngsters — then let them name the last Guyanese group to fill the disco floors. Is the music scene in the Netherlands the odd mixture of leather clones and Boom Bank Tiddle Pop that Jonathan King's occasional European sorties on "Top Of The Pops" would have us believe?

"We'll just say that there are a lot of different sounds," says

It sounds more lethal than a Moi Tai, I think to myself, and venture the opinion that perhaps Dutch isn't the most immediately musical of languages to sing in.

"Not for you, perhaps, but it's fine for us," says Mildred, who has only been in Britain for six hours but who is obviously no slouch when it comes to learning the ropes. Carolien politely goes into a coughing fit to give an accurate impression of what I naively thought a Dutch language vocal sounded like.

"Actually, we've just done backing vocals for the Dutch group . . ." (here Jettie trots out a name that is unpronounceable as well as unspellable) . . . and it turned out really nicely. The record is in the Top 10 at the moment and it was a very nice song to do.

All three girls are quick to testify that the session singer network is an ideal training

about harmonies and singing together with people. It's better to start that way and develop your voice until you're ready for solo singing, than to go straight into it."

They reckon there are sufficiently few black girl singers on the Amsterdam circuit to make it a less competitive business than in Britain or America. "It's more a question of ringing up your friends and saying, 'Hey, I've got a session, why don't you come along too' than anything else," maintains Mildred.

MAI Tai came together as a collective entity two and a half years ago to record the work of their producers and writers Jochem Flustra and Eric Van Tijin, who composed "History" and all of the tracks on the soon-to-be-released album of the same name. Isn't there a danger that you simply became puppets though?

"No," says Jettie. "No," says Mildred. "Not at all," says

"They let us put our own feelings into things. We exchange ideas. Sometimes they do things that we don't like at all and we say so, but they say 'Oh no, that's it and we're not going to change it' and they're usually right in the end. I had that trouble with the ballad material on the album. I didn't like it at all and I made a big fuss because I didn't want them to release it like that at all. But they said no, and I had to admit they were right later on. I had to listen to it so many times before I heard what they meant. They have better ears than I do and I'm trying to learn from them."

After an initial flop on the Dutch scene with the debut single "Keep On Dancing", Moi Tai managed to notch up four major hits before scoring their biggest-ever success with "History". Its relentless dance beat and hard-edged vocal sounds authentically American and far removed from anything associated with wooden clogs and the Zuyder Zee. Some people I know even thought it must be a track from the forthcoming Painter Sisters album the first time they heard it.

"Oh. Oh." they say in unison, sounding genuinely thrilled to bits by the comparison. "That's

the shat in the arm it will give to Dutch music.

"Today in Holland they will know what position we are in the British Top 20 and I think people will be kind of shaking because it's so long since a Dutch group did anything here. And never a black group. Somebody from the record company told me that the guy in their Dutch office fell off his chair when he heard how well we were doing here. I hope everyone is going to be proud of us." Jettie looks round for group support.

"I hope it will inspire other people when they see what we are doing and give them hope that they can do the same thing," ventures Carolien. "England has so many stars and so much is coming from here, so it's nice that we can have the chance to show that Holland has something it can contribute too."

Yet while assuming European origin, Moi Tai can't be accused of forgetting their roots. The flight back from Guyana came at the end of a concert tour of their native land, playing 300-seater sports halls. "It was wonderful — we rode out on stage on motorbikes," says Carolien. "I hadn't been there for 17 years and I got to see so many members of my family again," odds Mildred. "We did a two-hour act with material from the album plus things we had written and some covers, like 'Ain't Nobody' and so on," says

Jettie. They report a lot of talent but little opportunity on the music scene there. "There are so many singers," says Carolien. "They don't have any of the possibilities we have over here," is Jettie's view. "The big studios, the equipment — it's too expensive. They don't have any of that."

So with Guyana and neighbouring (and larger) countries like Brazil and Mexico taking note, South American domination seems a possibility. Britain and mainland Europe is taken care of, too. What about America? Any plans to release "HISTORY" in the land which inspired it, and see how it fares? Already done, indicates the girls in the corner, jolting to attention. The single has been out for two weeks there and initial impressions of airplay are good.

So Moi Tai look like adding their weight to the attempts to rob the world of its easy view of the Netherlands as a land of jolly forming folk who eat red-skinned cheese and live in windmills. First they fill Amsterdam with pot-smoking anarchists. Then they hassle the Pope on his state visit. Now they're taking on America's block music talent on its home ground.

Where is it all going to end?

Take three girls from Dutch Guyana, fly them to Europe, give them a song called 'History' . . . and next thing you know, MAI TAI are taking a bite out of the Top 100. Chronicled by Alan Jackson, photographed by Jon Blackmore

Jettie, possibly fearful of some Dutch Tourist Board heavy hiding behind the curtain. "There's the Dutch language material, then English and American-type music, funk and disco, and light music too."

ground for would-be vocalists, just as such diverse talents as Dionne Warwick, Luther Vandross and Deniece Williams have done before them. "No question about it, it's excellent," says Carolien. "It teaches you

Carolien, all of them shaking their heads and doing their best not to look at the silent and unnamed Dutch man who is sitting in the corner of the room.

"We learned to trust our producers," Mildred continues.

a great compliment," says Carolien. "A big compliment, really," says Jettie, shaking her head at the implications. What seems to cheer the group as much as anything about their success in the British charts is

## HAPPY HOUR

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# L i f e



Bradford in the rain.

**The last time we crossed swords with the NEW MODEL ARMY, they talked about crime, punishment and the sinking of the General Belgrano. Since then they've signed to EMI, had a Top 30 hit and lost their bass player in quite mysterious circumstances. They tell Barry McIlhenny about Bradford, heroin and the joys of drinking tea. Scenic pix by Paul Rider**

A NICE hot cup of tea? Well, we cub reporters travel all over this green and pleasant land, north and south, east and occasionally even west, always being offered all sorts of mouth-watering temptations, but this really is something of a first.

It happened as the three men who make up this year's New Model Army were climbing about on the top of a hill with the increasingly daring Rider in an effort to capture that elusive moment when band and hometown become one. The rather worried hack is looking down over a magnificent view of Bradford with

Army chief lieutenant Joolz as his guide. She is talking about this Saturday's Glastonbury Festival at which both she and the merry men will make an appearance when suddenly it is revealed that she will also be helping out at the drinks tent. Go on Baz, get down to Glastonbury, it'll be really good crack and we might even be able to make it worth your while.

Champers? A crate of brown ale? A bottle of porter? "Well, we'll see you're fixed up with a nice hot cup of tea." Shock horror exclusive probe part one. New Model Army are a bunch of tea-drinking softies. Now read on for further sensational snippets.

"That last interview we did with the NME was a real joke. This guy called

Amrik Rai came up and started going on to us about how physical and macho we are. Naturally enough, when he found out that we weren't like that at all he just went off and wrote whatever he wanted. It was a shame really because we had such a lot of fun doing that interview. We all sat around in Willy Bennett's front room, a big coal fire on the go, plenty of biscuits and a big pot of tea. Great."

Chief Earl Grey-swiller Slade the Leveller aka Justin tells the sad tale of serious double-crossing with a surprising degree of good humour, and certainly appears to be in much better spirits than the last time we met some 12 months ago in a back garden near the Kilburn High Road. No sign of Stuart Morrow, bass player extraordinaire and the man who in

# N o r t h e r n





Justin's own words turned the left hand side of the stage into a very special live performance all of his own. Hey, Justin, did he fall or was he pushed?

"I don't really want to spend a lot of time talking about dear old Stuart." Oh go on, pretend I'm Amrik Rai, be a devil. "Well, Stuart is one of those people who bottles everything up and what happened was he got unhappy about a lot of things, some of which were quite justified and some of which were really stupid. But instead of sitting down and having a good old row about it, he just came up to us after the Liverpool show and said he was quitting. He said he'd thought about it for some time but he was quite definite and we weren't to try to change his mind.

"He didn't give us any reason and we still haven't heard anything direct from him, but according to other people in contact with him he was worried that the musical element which was based around his playing was becoming secondary to the lyrical content. We had always structured the band around his bass as a lead guitar, but maybe he felt he wasn't getting enough attention for his obvious talents. We did try and discuss all this with him but as you know he was never a great talker.

"Seems as if he just wanted to play the bass and go home and not face up to the responsibilities of what the group was singing about. He said it embarrassed him singing songs against heroin because he didn't know any junkies and he wasn't interested in the subject."

Rob the drummer with the very long hair? "He just wanted to play the bass and have a good time." Joolz? "He's a spoilt little prat. AND he was getting fat." Ooooh!

The man occupying the Stuart Morrow space from now on is Jason, a shockingly youthful lad of no more than 18 summers, and by all accounts a more than capable heir to a fine tradition. Say hello to your first interview, Jason.

"I had seen the band a few times and I was at the last show they did with Stuart. So I knew they were looking for a new bass player, I went for an audition and got it. Obviously Stuart was very good on stage but I've taken over now and I'm confident that I will be able to replace him and eventually do even better." Well said, young man.

Despite this refreshing confidence for the future and obvious bitterness over the recent past, there is still a lingering suspicion that New Model Army's sudden and unexpected trip into the Top 30 with EMI and "No Rest" proved too much for a band so accustomed to life on the lunatic fringe.

Slade the Tea-Drinker: "Not at all. Actually, the first six months after we signed there was no pressure on us whatsoever because we didn't release anything. The only problem was that neither us nor EMI ever expected 'No Rest' to be a hit and we certainly didn't expect it to get into the Top 30 or for us to be asked on 'Top Of The Pops'. And suddenly everything went a little bit crazy and The Sun and The Daily Mirror were ringing us up and it's all getting way out of control.

"So we decided not to bother with The Sun, because it is obviously the lowest of the low and we said we would only do 'TOTP' if they let us play live. Then they told us we had to cover up part of the tee-shirt ('Only stupid bastards use heroin'), but we did it

and in the end it was great because the tee-shirts got more publicity than we did. We also stopped doing all interviews after the NME experience and the Sounds one, which was a joke as well and bore no resemblance at all to what had actually happened, but now we reckon that we might as well talk to the press again because if you've got something to say through your music and your lyrics then you might as well try to get that across all the time and just accept that it's going to be misquoted. Sadly, it's a fact of life and we're going to have to learn to live with it."

There is also the infamous matter of the, ah, anti-drugs clause in the original contract. Seriously, Justin? "It's more of an understanding than an actual written clause. It means that employees and representatives of EMI Records know that when they come to New Model Army shows or parties they must observe the New Model Army code of conduct regarding their social behaviour. In other words, if they are paralytic drunk they can just fuck off."

That's nice talk, but likely to be seriously misunderstood in certain quarters.

"Yeah, because of that sort of attitude we have and because of the



The new New Model Army: (l to r) Jason, Slade, Rob.

way it is then presented in the press we get this reputation of being really dull and humourless, when in fact you only have to listen to something like 'Young Gifted And Skint' to realise that we DON'T take everything seriously, that we do have a bit of a laugh, but people just don't want to believe we are like that. Maybe it's because a lot of bands only do love songs or only do heavy political songs while we try to do both. People don't seem to realise that you can have passion in your work and be really committed to it and still go out and enjoy yourself.

"Why not? It's perfectly normal. Instead, we get these letters from folk asking what a song like 'Sex' is all about, like what am I trying to say, what are my sexual politics and all that and I have to say, well, it's just about really wanting someone one night and nothing more than that. A New Model Army song does not always have to be taken as a political statement." Joolz? "It's about fucking." Thanks Joolz.

At the risk of getting on the end of a similar outburst, I'd like to ask Slade the Bonker about a song called "Heroin".

"The whole anti-heroin stand is quite fundamental to what we do. Heroin has been in the news a lot recently because it is now so cheap and

therefore it spreads very fast and I thought we should do a song about it. The campaign against using the stuff has been so soft up to now that we decided to toughen it up, and put a hard edge on it because you can't be soft in this sort of situation. YOU CANNOT BE SOFT WITH JUNKIES. You can maybe feel sorry for them but it's basically a disease and they are spreading it all the time.

"I think the song was very good, probably the best thing we have ever done, although I also liked the 'No Rest' 12-inch. The album itself possibly lost a bit in the mix and ended up sounding a bit dull and relentless, no light and shade in it, but that's because it was mixed with the radio in mind. It's not an album for sitting around and listening to. It's an album for doing the housework to, for driving to, you know?"

"When Stuart left it would have been easy to get depressed because that was like the original New Model Army, but I personally made a very deliberate decision to carry on, and the main reason for that, although it may sound arrogant, is that there are simply no other decent bands around at the moment. There is a real need for the New Model Army because we have found ourselves in the position where we have the ability to play in a certain way and have a certain effect on people. If we are not filling that space then nobody will."

THE van rolls to a halt, and we get out to look over the city of Bradford, with factories that no longer work occupying the immediate horizon in the valley below. This place has clearly suffered a lot in the last few years and there is of course the ghastly image of the Valley Parade Football Ground fire still firmly stamped on the memory, with appeal boxes in every bar you go into and everyone with a there-but-for-the-grace-of-God story to tell. Not surprisingly, these three Bradford-based boys are doing their bit to try to help ease the pain.

Slade the Football Fan: "It's the one thing that I can't really find the words to describe. We are, of course, trying to help out, and last night, we did this big benefit in the St George's Hall, which was brilliant, everybody singing 'You'll Never Walk Alone' and joining in together. No guest list, no expenses, and everyone giving whatever they could. You really shoulda been there." I know, but I was watching Gerry Marsden and the Crowd on telly, and I couldn't see Rob. "I was there okay but it turned out to be really horrible. It sounded like a great idea but when I got down there the first person I saw was Bruce Forsyth signing autographs and all these girls walking around in leather skirts and stockings. Bernie Winters was there and if you look at the video he seems to have long blonde hair because I'm standing right behind him. It was turned into an attempt to revive a lot of flagging careers and just a real showbiz event."

Still, you can always say you've had a Number One single, so what else is there left to do? And who else but Justin to tell us?

"Well, we still put a lot of emphasis on our live shows, on trying to act as a vehicle for people to express their rage and frustrations in a positive way. We'll still try to keep on moving and not repeat ourselves. And hopefully we'll surprise a few people with our new stuff. Some folk probably think that I'm possessed with history but it's never really been an obsession for me. The only obsessions I have are food and cups of tea. Lots of tea."

# the Adventures



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# TOWN

# ORIGINALS IN

## THE PASTELS/FRUITS OF PASSION/WET WET WET

**CND Benefits, Glasgow**  
A THURSDAY night at the Queen Margaret Union. Primarily a fund-raising event, this gig was cursed numbers-wise by the will-they/won't-they billing of The Bluebells as headliners. Despite being emblazoned on posters scattered throughout the city, Bobby and the boys failed to turn up. That left the attendance at somewhat less than loaves-and-fishes proportions, though some £640 was raised.

The Wet boys hit the stage, crisply-attired and coiffured, discreetly sweating golden drops of Phonogram-funded sweat. Signed, sealed, and delivered to a hype-matching mega-deal, The Wets (complete with the OMD horns, a session guitarist, and several music shops' worth of neat gear) have a great singer, three good songs and some immaculate cover versions.

The Fruits Of Passion proved they're a great deal more appetising than their local Images-Altered-For-The-Eighties reputation might suggest.

In spite of the guitarist's Malcolm Ross fixation, Sharon's better of a voice does considerable (Lone) justice to some good pop songs, including the single "All I Ever Wanted" and the excellent "Devotion". If her voice is occasionally screechy, her personality is positively abrasive. One unfortunate heckler being treated to "you've got as much brains as a Liverpool supporter, PRICK!". Hmm. Grapefruit Juice.

Not half bad, these Fruits could bear rich and satisfying pickings in the future. I liked them.

Fast forward to Saturday. The Pastels have been dubbed "the most hated band in Glasgow", as is illustrated by the fact that no-one will lend them any equipment. Karen has two drums, a snare and a tom-tom, out of which she batters an effective amount of hell. Out front, Stephen does his corrupted choirboy Lou Reed/Pete Shelley impersonation, and the head-on-one-side simplicity of tunes like "A Million Tears" is fuelled by a roaring, veangeful, feedback-laden sound.

Accusations that these were "The Jesus And Mary Pastels" may have been exacerbated by the sight of JMC/Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie crouched behind an amp with a pale blue guitar. There are similarities in the noise: A post-Buzzcocks, curious healing roar; but here, the tunes are neater, the feedback less blood-curling, the drunkenness and violence absent. They played for 20 minutes. They were contrived, undisciplined, snotty, unrehearsed, pretentious and wonderfully funny. Contrary to rumour, The Pastels do not suck. **TOM MORTON**

## MARC ALMOND & THE WILLING SINNERS

Brixton Fridge, London



Pic: Andy Catlin

Marc Almond has never been ashamed to wear his gutter heart upon his sleeve. The perpetual romantic, he's never shied from expressing the whole gamut of emotions within his music. Only Elvis Costello can match him for the consistent quality of recorded output these past four years.

Live, Marc has developed into the consummate showman — having an unparalleled rapport with his audience based on a series of intimate nudges, winks and sly asides. Utilising his outrageous style, he has an uncanny knack of seducing people into his private world, creating a symbiotic relationship between himself and his fanatical fans. Despite possessing a tongue filthy enough to rival Joan Rivers', the over-riding impression is that Marc is treated as a cuddly toy by his audience — albeit one that some may wish to enact extravagant sexual fantasies upon.

In contrast to their tour last year, these dates at the Fridge gave The Willing Sinners an opportunity to play a series of intimate concerts. Although the Soft Cell faithful have grown older, Marc's entrance was still greeted with the hysteria and screeching (from the audience — not the star) we've come to expect. He ran onto the stage with his hands behind his head, pointing his pert bum in the general direction of the adoring throng — there still isn't a bottom to match it in the Top 30.

It's difficult to choose highlights from a predominantly excellent set, but the version of "Always" with its infectious chorus deserves special mention. Played at a climatic pitch, the lyric had an autobiographically poignant ring about it.

"Love Amongst The Ruined" presented us with Marc's favourite image of himself, that of the near-desolate wreck. He is virtually unique in convincingly carrying off this caricatured portrait of the artist as an emotional spelt force.

The final flourish of an acappella version of "Blue Prelude" — emphasising Marc's control over his voice — and the sexually charged "Joey Demento", with him stalking the stage like a caged panther, can hardly be bettered.

The most enduring image is Marc singing the larger-than-life anthem "You Have", possibly the best single of last year. With this, Marc Almond conclusively proves that he can still reach the emotions that other singers don't even realise exist. **ZIYAD GEORGIS**

## MARCH VIOLETS

Clarendon, London

APPARENTLY, The March Violets are the acceptable face of the ineffable Gothique movement which, even now, packs out The Clarendon on Klub Foot nights. Presumably, their respectability is associated with having a girl fronting the line-up rather than the more usual yukky Gothboy. Not, however, that one would have known from this evening that the Violets are hotly-touted prospects. The entire agglomeration of bands that fall under the aegis of the appellation "Gothic" (surely some adherent has come up with a snappier name by now?) — e.g. Play Dead, Sisters Of Murky — could prove an interesting, if inconsequential, rock 'n' roll footnote. Unfortunately, the humour implicit in the idea of (one assumes) adults wearing black-on-black and singing about the lighter side of grave-robbing, Thalidomide kids and such is soured by the invariable presence of an audience at these gigs.

One's finely-honed distaste for The Clarendon is exacerbated by having spent many a Friday night among Gothkids who seem not to possess English — or anything else — as a first language, but communicate via a series of unmodulated yelps. Everyone is entitled to pursue his tacky youth culture persuasion, but an evening among these children of no discernible reasoning ability is enough to make one understand why parents wanted to ban rock 'n' roll in the Fifties. My only previous exposure to Leeds' March Violets, a standard vox/bs/dr/gt combo, was through '83's "Crow Baby" EP, a triumphant melange of caterwauling guitar, maelstrom screech and the other components responsible for putting the "ick" in "Gothic." A line-up change has transpired since those halcyon days, I'm reliably assured, although just where the change was effected I'm uncertain, since the "Crow Baby" Violets' sound is identical to the Clarendon Violets' sound.

Those few songs which were introduced were done so in the most convoluted Northern accent since Bobby Knutt (if "This is a new song; it's called 'Midnight Oop Skreddie'" means something to you, perhaps you'd be kind enough to contact me and tell me what the rest were called).

Take these Violets and crystallise them, Please? **CAROLINE SULLIVAN**

## THE LOFT/THE VIP's

The Enterprise, London

THE VIP's might play Pop but, fortunately, lurve and a good knees-up are not their only concerns. There's a playful little number about genocide ("Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee"), one about Reagan and Thatcher, an obscure ode to John Lennon ("The Mysteries Of Life") and a rousing, optimistic finale in "Life In The Living".

Recently reformed, there were murmurings among the faithful in the audience about the Mick Ronson done in stripey tee-shirt, tight white pants and Kickers, whose faultless Seventies style guitar playing was felt to be, shall we say, an unnecessary addition to the overall sound.

Another band, another location. This time we're in a dusty garret sifting through some old Neil Young, Lou Reed and Roger McGuinn albums looking for mystical inspiration for the soulless Eighties. These are the musical artefacts you'll find in The Loft, cleverly and gently reworked but falling in the end to create the spacey, dream-like qualities of the originals.

Time and again, just as the beautiful guitar chiming and ace rhythms reached their crescendo, in came Pete to reduce the excitement to a colourless drone. Only on "Winter" and "Can't Keep My Mind Off You", where longing and passion were evoked with endearing persuasion, did the band achieve the mesmerising power they'd been promising all evening. **HENRY JACKSON**

## PIG

Fulham Greyhound, London

BELFAST 1980. All the walls, particularly on the north side of the city, bear a rather peculiar looking piece of graffiti. On closer inspection, it turns out to be nothing more or less than an emphatic proclamation of

the shape of things to come. According to the walls, the Future Is Pig. London 1985. All the bars, particularly those to the west side of the city, pay host to a series of fast-rising aggressive new bands, some of them rather brilliant and some of them no more than very good. The five somewhat

strange-looking members of the Pig Family fall firmly into the latter camp. Certainly, a song like "Pecker" is surely destined for a much wider audience than the 100 or so diehards now sweating it out at the Greyhound although it might be wise to rearrange the title if national radio airplay is taken to be the next (il)logical step along the

rocky road to God knows where. With all these exciting thoughts for the summer being shuffled around in the now scrambled brain, a girl with a boring job kicked your intrepid reporter in the stomach and told him that he talked a lot of bullshit. Probably right. **BARRY McILHENEY**

## THOR

Dingwalls, London

VISIONS of Valhalla! Who is that mighty man with long flowing locks and frightening countenance? It must be... no surely not... yes it is! It's Lemmy! What the Motorheaded One made of this fairground entertainment is anyone's guess, but his hasty retreat to the bar after the first couple of numbers might lead one to suppose that the novelty of The Man Mountain wears pretty thin, pretty quickly.

Whatever your feelings about Heavy Metal (mine equate the foul noise with the crudest forms of aversion therapy) Thor and his beefy boys do provide a couple of innovations in presentation, if not in content. Enter Thor brandishing a hammer.

His costume is decorated with studs, metal and that funny plastic armour worn by kids who want to be Sir Lancelot. It's a calculated image that's as delightfully phoney as the aggressive posturing he indulges in all night. Thor Music is pretty much your standard HM pandemonium and with titles like "Raisin' Some Hell", "Hot Flames" and the admittedly hilarious "Thunder On The Tundra", you may gain some idea of the sheer breadth of his vision.

In fact, the only things that distinguish Young Thorless from the rest of the wallies with willy problems, are his alarming muscles, an uncanny, albeit butch resemblance to Marianne Faithful, a penchant for bending metal between his teeth and blowing up and exploding hot water bottles. The Rock 'n' Roll Circus, don't you just love it? **HENRY JACKSON**

# Leave the piano in the parlour and take the beat out on the street.

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Duet  
Rhythm Section Disco, 16-Beat,  
Rock'n Roll, Shuffle, 8-Beat,  
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Synchro, Start, Start/Stop, Fill-in.

Tempo, Rhythm, Volume, Tempo  
Lamp  
Auto Bass Chord Section Single  
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# TOO FAT TO FUNK

**FATBACK**  
Hammersmith Odeon, London

AN intelligent alien crash landing to earth in the middle of a Fatback gig would have its work cut out in the old Sherlock Holmes stakes. Is it a revivalist meeting? Is it a dope smokers' convention? Is it the warm act for a sex show? And is it possible you're the only person in the whole damn universe who doesn't remember the steps to the Spanish Hustle?

No reckless claims of intelligence here, but I certainly felt pretty alien as I set loaferless feet inside a hall full of the veteran funk band's rabid fans. The Odeon's vibrations would have registered on the Richter scale as several thousand soulful shoes beat out their elaborate, between-the-seats dance routines. The air owed more to Latin America than W6, and sweat was flying in all directions from heads and arms flung this way and that, abandoned to ecstasy. All this, and they were still selling ice creams down the front. Fatback were still in the dressing rooms.

When they did take the stage, there was not one casually clad rear hovering near the velvet seats. We were there to "PARTY", to "GET DOWN" and to "REALLY LET IT HAPPEN. And when vocalist Linda Blakey stressed the point with grinding circular motions of what could well be the most prominently featured crotch in any show on the legitimate stage today, there was not one voice of dissent.

As for the music - well, Fatback have 20 or so albums to fall back on. Songs like "Looking For That Good Stuff" and "She's My Shining Star" came over well in the circumstances - those being the general mayhem caused among the male sector of the audience by Linda's over-active, lycra-clad lower regions. But newly-acquired lead singer John DeBerry lacks something of the force and charisma necessary to replace his predecessor Michael Walker - and also to compete with the part of Linda that sang loudest.

"Tighten Up" and "Back Stroke" had the disco wizards fighting each other for showing-off space in the aisles, while the mass convulsions provoked by the aforementioned "Spanish Hustle" were of the sort more usually associated with Spanish Tummy. It was on an extended work-out of the old hit "Bus Stop" that things got really bizarre, with assorted couples scrambling over the footlights to join the dancing on stage. Linda fussed over one little boy held up by his parents, then made an even greater and more lengthy fuss over one of the bigger boys who'd climbed up beside her.

With the reach-out-and-touch antics starting to extend to the auditorium, I decided to make my excuses and leave. "So Delicious", title track of the latest Fatback album, was playing as I reached the door. Looking over my shoulder I saw Linda's knees twinkling dangerously about the ears of a bemused front-row security guard - adult entertainment, I guess you'd call it.

ALAN JACKSON



# IMMATERIAL GIRL

**MADONNA**

Radio City Music Hall/New York City

NEVER has so much been said about someone with so little to offer. Even as pure entertainment, the simple transparent fun, the Madonna on stage at New York's prestigious Radio City Music Hall was an Immaterial Girl, a pale demonstration of her own media babydoll image instead of the bold sexy live-wire delight her packaging suggests.

When I first saw Madonna perform at Danceteria three years ago to support her first 12 inch single, she lip-synched to the record and waltzed mechanically through her dance steps. At Radio City, Madonna had a band behind her, but the effect wasn't the same. And there was that damn navel, staring at you all night like a third eye.

Because Madonna has become the most successful female singer since at least Donna Summer (note their similarities as well), her live performance is such a gross disappointment. Forget the cheap ELP-style instrumentals her band subjected us to during her costume changes. Never mind the crass rap she does above her "box" before bouncing into "Everybody". She has a catalogue of hits that last well over an hour and she performs them under a lighting rig that looks like a Metropolis juke-box.

But her voice is simply not up to the job - almost whiney in spots like a siren on a toy fire engine - and the dancing is lively but repetitive. When she rides around on the floor in a pseudo sexual frenzy, she looks like she's searching for lost contact lenses. Compare that limp spectacle with opening act The Beastie Boys, three foul mouth white rap punks, who pack in more X-rated giggles in their 20-minute spot with just a few toilet jokes, a ridiculous dance called the Jerry Lewis and two turntables spinning crunchy heavy metal rhythm tracks.

There is no question that Madonna's best records - "Burning Up", "Börder Line", "Like A Virgin" - neatly package the saucy gestures of disco and the artful conservatism of Eighties chart pop with smart production and beckoning charm. There is also no question that Madonna knows how to work a camera, both as a portrait model and as a movie actress.

But it was apparent from this concert that, alas, some people should be seen and heard - but not at the same time.

DAVID FRICKE

# MUSICAL YOUTH?

**SONIC YOUTH**

CBGBs, New York

FOUR years on, Sonic Youth are back at CBs on a steamy Friday night and delivering their impassioned machinations of resentment and statement to the surprisingly sober assemblage of the devoted and the curious. Their recent British press has not been matched here, but the Dingwalls-shaped club with the best P.A. in New York is nearly full.

Quite where they've come in those four years is difficult to see. Their latest album "Bad Moon Rising" is hardly a progression over earlier outings. Their hippy punk is strung somewhere between the Fall and the Doors, and they share the genre's characteristic of stubborn inflexibility and satisfaction with cult status. The compound of spartan guitar drone, rolling drum fury and stream of consciousness chant is effective enough but lacks precision and - ironically enough, given the mature ages of the band members and the adolescent acidhood of the words - quite cynical in its resistance to development.

"Ghost Bitch" touches most, a steamroller tribal beat, scratch-crunch guitar and bassist/vocalist Kim Gordon's melodramatic intonation... but its content? "And Indian ghosts from long ago - They gave birth to my bastard kin - America it is called". Sappy liberalism or druggy delusion? Take your pick.

"I Love Her All The Time", another from the new album, is a bloated ramble with strangely twee, stunted verbiage, a two-note guitar monotony with periodic bouts of distortion to stave off encroaching paralysis. Flatulent psychedelia is less in evidence on the two more uptempo numbers: the earlier "Kill Yr. Idols", hardened by singer-guitarist Thurston Moore's inflamed rasp and new drummer Steve Shelley's belligerent discipline; and the encore of "Death Valley 69", the No Wavey kamikaze sex raunch co-written by Lydia Lunch.

They're impressive and aggressive, but neither profound nor humorous. They suffer most from the inconsequentiality of their message and the stagnation of their formula; they should rub down and tighten up or get out.

DAVE KENDALL

**ADU**

Hippodrome, London  
IMAGINE a Rasta singer in a long white coat with a voice somewhere between Eddy Grant and Bob Dylan. Imagine, too, a cool cat "funkeh" bass player, two extravagantly coiffured and wonderfully raunchy-looking handmaidens on backing vocals, an off-duty Det Sgt on keyboards, a guitarist looking like a renegade from Squeeze, a percussionist in suitably ethnic African attire, and a relatively straightforward-looking drummer. Meet Adu.

Loosely reggae-based, the band simply gets into a groove for each song, and more or less stays there. It's earthy but without the grit, and... well, dammit, it's sexual. Which reminds me, when I was 17 and Yes and Led Zeppelin et al were all the rage, a Jamaican girl I met at a party showed me the proper way to dance to lovers rock. This band refreshed my memory. So who needs the Screaming Red Guitar Skins when you can have Adu? NELSON JONES

# THE BRAND NEW SINGLE FROM BILLY JOEL



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club calendar

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At the Torrington, Lodge Lane High Rd, N12 (nr Woodside PK Tube) LITTLE SISTER from Elmore James to the Eagles plus tasty originals. Friday 28: Morrissey Mullen

SUNDAY

At the Torrington, Lodge Lane High Rd, N12 (nr Woodside PK Tube) GB BLUES CO featuring Rolf Jackson Sun 30: George Farnie, lunchtime and evening

MONDAY

ANTZ AVENUE The Larchmers, 503 Banersea PK Rd SW11

BANNED FROM UNCLE NEW SINGLE CLOCKWORK ORANGE Gig Dates see page 8

LATE NITE MUSIC VENUE... CLIMAX Formerly Climax Blues Band... DOZZY, BEAKY, MICK and TICH... THE HILLSIDERS... ZIKI MANYIKA and OR LOVE... ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS + CO SERVICE... HEROES LAW & THE TEARS and DEEP JOY... SENSIBLE JERSEYS + LITTLE BOB STUBS... HEART and SOUL... RENAISSANCE + ACOUSTIC SET... SHANTY DAM Traditional Irish music... COMING SOON Mon 1st July JAZZ BUTCHER aka the JO BOXERS Wed 10th THE BEAT FARMERS Fri 19th WILKO JOHNSON ACTS ON STAGE 10am APPROX

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# TOUR NEWS

DAVID CASSIDY is to play a major UK tour for the first time in 11 years. Cassidy will be performing in 14 dates ending in two nights at London's Royal Albert Hall.

Dates are: Cornwall, St Austell Coliseum, September 21; Poole, Arts Centre (24); Brighton, Centre (26); Nottingham, Royal Concert Hall (30); Birmingham, Odeon, October 2; Birmingham, Odeon (3); Manchester, Apollo (6); Manchester, Apollo (7); Edinburgh, Playhouse (10); Newcastle, City Hall (13); Sheffield, City Hall (16); Oxford, Apollo (19); London, Royal Albert Hall (21); London, Royal Albert Hall (22).

OCTODR AND THE MEDICS announce a series of dates in addition to their dates with The Damned to promote their "Happy But Twisted" EP. They play Manchester University, June 19, Glastonbury Festival (23), East Sheen The Bull (28), Portsmouth Polytechnic (29) and Ipswich Gaumont (July 2).

THE JAZZ BUTCHER, in support of their recently-released LP "Sex And Travel", take to the road for a short series of dates. They start off at the Glastonbury Festival (t.b.c.) on June 21, followed by Turin, Italy (22), Warwick University (27), London Tom Allen Centre (28, 10pm), London Bedford College (28, 2am), London Clarendon (29), London Mean Fiddler (July 1).

NEW MODEL ARMY have rescheduled their benefit concert for the Anti-Heroin Campaign. The date will now take place at The Electric Ballroom, London, on June 25. All tickets from May 19 will be valid on this date.

HUGH MAKEKELA, whose new single, "Lady" is released June 17, is coming to Britain for several June dates. The tour kicks off at Brighton Coasters June 19, following with London The Forum (20), Manchester The International (22), and Glastonbury Festival (23).

ADAM ANT commences his first UK tour in three years with the following dates: Southampton Gaumont (September 10), Bristol Hippodrome (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Leicester de Montfort Hall (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Brighton Dome (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Nottingham Concert Hall (27), Birmingham Odeon (28).

THE ARMOURED SHOW re-emerge with a tour and a new single, "Glorious Love". Tour dates kick off at Edinburgh Coasters (June 26), followed by Aberdeen Oasis (27), Ayr Pavilion (28), Sheffield Leadmill (29), Stoke Shetley's (July 1), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (2), Newcastle Tiffany's (3), Birmingham Laboratory (4), Blackpool Greyfriars (5), Manchester Gallery (7), London Electric Ballroom (8).

GARY MOORE, currently charting with "Out In The Fields", announces his first UK tour in 18 months. Dates are: Glasgow Barrowlands (September 14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Bradford St George's Hall (18), Cardiff St David's Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Manchester Apollo (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Hammersmith Odeon (27, 28), Leicester de Montfort Hall (3), Bristol Colston Hall (October 1), Oxford Apollo (2).

JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS play a short UK tour in support of a newly-released "commemorative" EP which contains four classic tracks from the "L.A.M.F. Revisited" album. Dates confirmed so far: Crydon Underground (June 27), Edinburgh (July 2), Newcastle Tiffany's (3). More dates to be announced.

JAMES announce their summer tour. Their first two singles are due for imminent re-release on one 12-inch. Dates are as follows: Glastonbury Festival (June 22), Birmingham University (25), South Devon Hood Festival (July 7), London Bloomsbury Theatre (17), Newcastle Riverside (18), Womad Festival (21), Manchester Plattfields Festival (August 2), Bristol Ashton Court Festival (3).

THE ENID continue to promote their new album "Fand" with the following dates: London Marquee (28, 29), Leeds Cosmo Club (July 4), Slough Fulcrum Centre (5), Plymouth Academy (9).

BILLY BRAGG will be playing a free gig at the Merseyside County Council People's Festival, The Pierhead, Liverpool, on June 30. Support will be The Icicle Works. GEORGE BENSON has scheduled four major dates for autumn - his first UK shows since March '84. His new single, "I Just Wanna Hang Around You", is scheduled for release soon. Gigs coming from NEC, Birmingham (October 28), followed by Edinburgh Playhouse (28, two shows), and London Wembley Arena (30, 31, November 1). THE SENSIBLE JERSEYS start their summer tour on June 20 with a gig at the Clarendon, London, continuing at London Jubilee Gardens (21), London Mean Fiddler (27), East Sheen The Bull (28), Fulham The Greyhound (3), Brighton The Richmond (July 1). More dates to be announced.

CLANNAD have been forced to pull out of the Glastonbury Festival bill on July 21 due to recording commitments. However, they will be playing no fewer than 12 consecutive nights at Dublin Olympia (August 5-17). The band will be embarking on an extensive British tour during October and November, with dates to be announced.

THE NEUROTICS have a couple of gigs this week, promoting their mini-album "Repercussions". They are: St Helen's Bold Miners' Institute (June 22), York University (25).

LONDON Hammersmith Odeon, W6: Ian Dury And The Blockheads + Screaming Blue Messiahs + Bellane Fire  
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon, SE24: Zike Manyaka + Doctor Love  
LONDON Islington Kings Head, N1: Margo Rambeau + The Resurrection  
LONDON Labrang Rd, Auctoneers: Eddie Vincent  
LONDON Oval Cricketers, SE11: Big Chief  
LONDON Oxford Street, 100 Club, W1: Spirit Level + Keith Tippett  
LONDON Putney Half Moon, SW16: Mike Berry + Tex Maniax  
LONDON Stockwell Old Queens Head, SW2: Suja + Soul Assistants  
LONDON Stockwell Plough, SW9: Midnights  
LONDON Streamham High Street, White Lion: Juice On The Loose

## Tuesday 25

BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: Certain Girls + Surf Drums  
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse: Untouchables  
BIRMINGHAM University: James  
BRIGHTON Richmond: King Kurt + The Longall Texans  
BRISTOL Bridge: Mounblade  
CHESTERFIELD Gatham City Club: The Bride  
Wore Black  
CHESTERFIELD Victoria Hotel: Suburbia  
COVENTRY Warwick University: Blaze Troopers + Support  
CROYDON Cartoon: Chad Valley  
CROYDON Underground: L.Q.  
DUBLIN TV Club: Ramones  
DUDLEY JB's: The Great Outdoors + Verdi Splash  
DURHAM Grays College: Talking Drums  
DURHAM: Grey College  
EDINBURGH Coasters: R.E.M.  
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: The Cold Pharoahs  
GUERNESEY Bausejor: Meat Lof  
KINSTON Grey Horse: Bam Bam  
LONDON Camden Dingwalls, NW1: Hurray, Patrick + Jasmín Minks  
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle, NW1: The Chevalier Brothers  
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom, NW1: New Model Army + Jools + Folk Devil + The Opposition  
LONDON Covent Garden, Rock Garden, WC2: Das Emphoney Kids + Dyrsey Razers + Kiss + Kin + Smart Jazz Essential  
LONDON Cricklewood Hog's Grunt, NW2: The Reactors  
LONDON Deptford Albany Empire, SE9: Abacush + District 6 + Ukamba  
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar, W1: Diz & The Doormen  
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey, N4: Rent Party  
LONDON Fulham Greyhound, SW6: Lazy Bear + After This  
LONDON Greenwich Mitre, SE10: Corporal Henshaw + Fall The Shadow  
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar, W6: Zerole Creeke + Rose Of Avalanche  
LONDON Hammersmith Palais, W6: Spear Of Destiny  
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler, NW10: Heroes Law + The Tears + Deep Joy  
LONDON Kensington Ad Lib, W14: Peter Green Band + Dirty Strangers  
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate, NW5: A Close Watch  
LONDON Kings Cross New Merlins Cave, WC1: Tail Tailor  
LONDON Old Bond Street, The Embassy: Sneak Preview + This Parade + Henry Defoe  
LONDON Oxford Street, 100 Club, W1: Anglic Upstarts  
LONDON Putney Half Moon, SW15: Morrissey Muller Band  
LONDON Royal Holloway College: Skint Video  
LONDON Stockwell Old Queens Head, SW2: Inner City Groove  
LONDON Wardour Street, Marquee, W1: Mummy Calls  
LONDON Wardour Street, Wag Club, W1: T.F.V.  
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: Kim Wilde  
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: Pete Thomas + The Deep Sea Divers  
MANCHESTER Mulberry's Piano Bar: The Sterns  
NEWPORT Trades Centre: The Membranes  
NORWICH Pennies: Farmers Boys + Gee Mr Tracey + Big And Beautiful  
NOTTINGHAM Rock City: The Jesus And Mary Chain + Primal Scream  
PORTSMOUTH Basins Club: Dr Love  
PORTSMOUTH Portland: Cornflakes For Truth  
NOTTINGHAM Rock City: The Jesus And Mary Chain + Primal Scream  
PORTSMOUTH Basins Club: Dr Love  
SHEFFIELD Limt: Balazs + the Angel  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms: The Damned + Fuzztones  
WOOLWICH Tramshed: Kuru + The Magnificent 7  
WORTHING Pavilion: Camp Beans Country

## Monday 24

BRADFORD 1 in 2: Big Flame  
BRISTOL Bierkeller: New Model Army + The Opposition  
CROYDON Cartoon: Stageflight  
DUBLIN TV Club: Ramones  
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: Mounblade  
HALIFAX Percival Whitley College: Skint Video  
JERSEY Port Regent: Meat Loaf  
KEIGHLEY Kings Head: Single File  
KINSTON Grey Horse: Bill Posters Will Be Behind  
LEEDS University: Orchestre Jazzira  
LONDON Battersea Latchmere, SW11: Antz Avenue  
LONDON Camden Dingwalls, NW1: Angie Bowie + Etta James  
LONDON Camden Oublin Castle, NW1: John Onway  
LONDON Charing Cross Rd, The Hippodrome, WC2: Jess Conrad  
LONDON Covent Garden, Rock Garden, WC2: The Right Connection + Raymond  
LONDON Cricklewood Hog's Grunt, NW2: Corden Blues  
LONDON Oover Street Wine Bar, W1: The Midnights  
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey, N4: Melanie Harold band  
LONDON Fulham Greyhound, SW6: Eber + Curiosity Killed The Cat  
LONDON Grays Inn Rd, Pinder of Wakefield: Frenzy + The Rattlers  
LONDON Greck Street, Le Beat Route, W1: The Miracle Mile + This Year's Girl + Eric Goes Fishing  
LONDON Greenwich Mitre, SE10: Tim Duce Expressions + Kissing In Public  
LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Basement Bar, W6: 1000 miles of Sunshine

Edited by Paul Strange



10pm SUNDAY JUNE 23  
**FULHAM GREYHOUND**  
YOU'LL SEE THEM BUT WILL THEY BE THERE?

## EXCESS TEMPO

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27th Marquee - London (with LITTLE SISTER)  
28th Cottonwood Club - London  
29th JB's Club - Dudley

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ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK  
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WORKING WEEK  
FREE

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STAGE 2 THE PROUES - FRANK CHICKENS - RED GUITARS - POISON GIRLS - JAH WARRIORS - THE OPPOSITION. COMPERE - PORKY THE POET  
EXHIBITIONS AND ADVISE ON THE PROBLEMS OF LOW PAY.  
STAGE 3 SANKO (from Lesotho), JABULIA AFRICAN CULTURE SONHO DE LONDRES. SECRET LANGUAGE. KALABASH.  
THE JDBS MAZE - AN EXHIBITION ON JOBS AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN LONDON IN THE FORM OF A MAZE.  
STAGE 4 COWBOYS FOR JOBS - THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG - THE BOOT HILL FOOT-TAPPERS - THE HANK WANGFORD BAND - THE THREE JHONS - TERRY & GERRY - THE BEAT FARMERS  
EXHIBITIONS FROM TRADE UNIONS AND CO-OP COMMUNITY GROUPS - GREATER LONDON TRAINING BOARD - GREATER LONDON ENTERPRISE BOARD - LONDON FOOD COMMISSION.  
THEATRE LANTERN THEATRE - SNOWBALL EVENTS - NATURAL THEATRE CO. PLUS MANY STREET ENTERTAINERS AND NEW WORKS FROM - LIVE ART WORKS - EMERGENCY EXIT.  
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# TOUR NEWS





# SINGLES

**HOWARD JONES: Life In One Day (WEA)**

VINCE: I wouldn't buy it, no. I think it's very up and happy and it's quite a good song but it's not my taste really.

Paul: It's unbearable, it's horrible. I've never liked any of his records in the past but this has to be one of the worst, it's completely vacuous. The B side is nearly as good as Richard Clayderman.

**ROY ORBISON: Wild Hearts (ZTT)**

PAUL: I'm looking to see who produced it. It doesn't sound a lot different to what he's done in the past. It's not his strongest song but I still like him. Him being on ZTT is predictable in a way, because it's so unpredictable. He's made some of my very favourite records in the past - "Blue Bayou" and "Pretty Woman" - but this is not his finest hour.

Vince: I think it's a very strong song, it's emotional and that but it's not brilliant.

**DEAD OR ALIVE: In Too Deep (Epic)**

VINCE: Not as instant as their last two hits but it'll go down in the clubs.

Paul: Down at Taboo, Thursday night. The songs don't strike me but then I didn't really like their other songs when I first heard them. Pete Burns is a great character, he's very silly but he's alright. Good luck to him.

**HUGH MASEKELA: Lady (Jive)**

VINCE: I could really get down on that. I love that backing chorus.

Paul: I don't really like it a lot. I don't know a lot about this kind of music though. Zeke Manyika would know a lot more about this than I would, he's the expert on mixing traditional things with more modern forms. I know he's one of Zeke's heroes so I guess he must be good. I didn't like it much. Fela Kuti wrote the song and I don't like the sound of him from what I've read, I may be speaking from ignorance but I think he's a bit sexist.

**FEARGAL SHARKEY: Loving You (Virgin)**

VINCE: I like this a lot, I know it sounds very muso for me to say I like the production but I do. It's a very emotional song and I think it's a hit record. The 12 inch I'm just getting used to - I'm still not quite sure about whether they're a good idea all the time. Some songs you shouldn't make 12 inches out of.

Paul: We can't find the seven inch so it's a bit hard to comment on this. The best thing about 12 inch records is looking at the sleeves. I don't think songs can be improved upon by extending them or chopping them up. But I like Feargal's voice and I think it will be a huge hit.

**FAT BOYS: Fat Boys (WEA)**

PAUL: I've got a bit of a blind spot about rap music. I think this is rubbish. Occasionally a good rap record comes along but it has to be very good for me to like it, this isn't. I don't think it's very nice being rude about fat people, some of my best friends are fat and on their behalf I think this is a shockingly insensitive record.



Vince: It's horrible, there's nothing very original in it.

**THE RAH BAND: Sorry Doesn't Make It Anymore (RCA)**

PAUL: I loved the last one, "Clouds Across The Moon", it's one of the few records I've bought this year, in fact I'd go as far as to say that it's one of my records of the year.

It has such an involving storyline. They didn't look that good on "Top Of The Pops" but I think she has a really, er, affecting voice. This one is not at all as good I'm sad to say.

Vince: I liked her voice, I didn't like the record though.

**THE FALL: Rollin' Dany/Couldn't Get Ahead (Beggars Banquet)**

PAUL: I think this is great - it started off like The Subway Sect's "Watching The Devil", I couldn't really hear the words but I believe Mark Smith is famous for his words. It also reminds me of my favourite Fall song, "Totally Wired". I haven't bought a Fall record since their second single but I went to see them live a couple of months ago in Dundee and I thought they were fantastic. Just listening to those sounds man, it blows my brain.

Vince: An instant song, very poppy but I think I'd get bored with this song after a while, it reminds me of Jonathan Richman a bit.

**THE ADVENTURES: Feel The Raindrops (Chrysalis)**

PAUL: They're a dead loss, they're like all those Scottish groups who were trying to copy Simple Minds so I suppose it must be the same for Irish bands - copying U2. It's just a nothing song and it's depressing as well. A dead loss in fact.

Vince: This is Vincent now, okay? I didn't really like that very much, the sounds and the feel of the record is MOR and it's horrible. Bland.

**RED TURNS TO . . . Deep Sleep (Factory)**

PAUL: Not my cup of tea. It was quite catchy. It's not a very good tune, unmistakably Factory, the Joy

Division undercurrent, y'know?

Vince: I think this is a very nice song. It has three chords in it and I like that kind of song. It's repetitive and quite exciting. I don't think it's contrived, it's just a sound they obviously like. There's only one synth going in there, the rest is bass and real drums playing the same repetitive line.

MM: Why does the repetition excite you, isn't repetition a sign of few ideas?

Vince: No it's not. This is the kind of song I could write and I'm sticking by it. It's like early electro. There's no such thing anymore as really unprocessed music, even the simplest song recorded in a studio is subject to technology, like the Adventures single is all dolled up by its production. No-one uses guitars without putting them through 10 million effects and it annoys me sometimes that just because synthesizers are huge effects boxes, people think they're somehow insincere.

**GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Cow (Situation Two)**

VINCE: I thought that was quite good, it sounds important, as if they were saying something quite serious, it's got that edge to it. It's not particularly original but I like it.

Paul: It wasn't a complete disaster but it wasn't all that captivating. It was quite well played. A lot of what came from the Batcave scene is a lot worse, okay?

**THE JOUBERT SINGERS: Stand On The World (10)**

PAUL: Well I was brought up on religious and Gospel music, Pentecostal church music, so the thing that really annoyed me about this record was the terrible disco beat. I'm sure the idea is quite sound, trying to modernise tradition, but it's not a very

strong song. Was it William Booth who said that the devil has all the best tunes? He was the leader of the Salvation Army.

Vince: I can't think of anything to say?

Paul: Denying religion would be denying the way I was brought up and though I can see the bad aspects of organised religions, I couldn't completely disregard them. A lot of the nicest people I've met have been Christians.

**IZZY ROYAL: Coronation Street (WEA)**

PAUL: I don't watch the programme anymore, the record is awful, like a reggae version of the theme.

Vince: Yeuch.

**THE KURSAAL FLYERS: Monster In Law (Waterfront)**

PAUL: A name from the past, never one of my favourites, but the pub rock revival with Los Lobos and so on is really in full swing. This song reminded me a bit of Elvis Costello and Squeeze, two of my least favourite acts rolled into one.

Vince: Yeah, I didn't like that either. I think it's meant to be a comely record but it didn't make me laugh.

**WILLIE HUTCH: Keep On Jammin (Motown)**

VINCE: Good sounds, I like the beat but not a very good song, very normal.

Paul: Well, it wasn't stunning but it reminded me of records that I've liked. No, this is not one of Willie's best.



Photo: Tom Sheehan

# RAMONES

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# A L B U M S



## A fine crush

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

**CRUSH**  
Virgin

"CRUSH" is the finest OMD long player to date. Having at last shed their rather dour, "moderne" image (with album titles like "Architectures And Morality"), they've obviously decided to leave all that conceptualizing to the likes of Heaven 17. "Junk Culture" was an agreeable step in the right direction, and perhaps helped show Tears For Fears (who laboured under the same pained delusions) that pop was not entirely a word to be frightened of. "Crush" takes OMD out of the shade.

As a pop record it's sublime, intricate and unyieldingly persuasive, it doesn't give up its secrets lightly and the excitement is in the chase. Lyrically it's either profound or hilarious, depending on your levels of credibility. "She sacrifices her body almost every night, just like a lamb to the slaughter. And she thinks it makes him feel right." "Women 111" combines the despair and inspiration of the classic "Ballad Of Lucy Jordan" but it's got a certain edge of its own. "Bloc Bloc Bloc" exhibits a brand of very collected, compact pop with the kind of individualistic streak that OMD have never quite got right in the past. With the title track they're back to their weirdness, but it's attractive now, rather than monotonous. Andy and Paul have

obviously learned that asking questions gets you a lot further than whingeing about your lot. Which in itself is a vast development.

"88 Seconds In Greensboro" is a personal favourite, mainly because Greensboro is in North Carolina and I've been there, but also because it's a dig at the Ku Klux Klan who really weren't and aren't very nice people. To a place down South we won't forget. To be stabbed in the back by a man they met.

"The Native Daughters Of The Golden West" is sheer pomp rock, and one of Humphrey's wee indulgences with subtle sarcasms directed at the children of Flower Power which, when one considers the musical influence of the track, is rather amusing.

"La Femme Accident" is more Andy's style, fey and lyrically cutting with a piquant twist à la Francis. McCluskey is obviously bothered by the eternal dilemma of fidelity and distance yet he's always attracted to the temperamental unpredictability of it all. He can view his problems with distance but he can't find the objectivity he needs. "Crush" is an excellent development for OMD and augurs well for more of the same. I don't like the single much, but then I haven't said that they're infallible either.

HELEN FITZGERALD

## No, no, no!

YEAH YEAH NOH

WHEN I AM A BIG GIRL ...  
In Tape

YEAH YEAH Noh pluck some of the more commonplace absurdities from reality and juxtapose them to produce funny and, occasionally, pertinent compositions.

This eight-track EP of their seven-inch singles at least shows they're sensitive enough to have gathered together a competent if subjective number of impressions with which to build and display their world-view.

They sound like a fluent if austere mix of Wreckless Eric and The Three Johns with a dash of melody added.

"There's plenty of water in the tap for you and me/No problem so long as we keep quiet" seethes Derek Hammond on "Cottage Industry", but the words might have been blubbered just as easily by a bitter fat man sitting comfortably in front of the video, with a lager six-pack in his lap. I mean, why whine about the lucrative capitalist compromise you freely choose, each day of your life, to accept?

In spite of this band's moans about the 12-inch remix some young posters would say with just as much conviction that securing the deal with the big and wicked record company, is simply to obtain the logical framework within which their work should be set. And there are some very good remixes around.

JEREMY LEWIS

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

A REAL COOL TIME:  
DISTORTED SOUNDS  
FROM THE NORTH  
Amigo

The question you eventually have to ask yourself is why? Why would 14 groups (58 members in total) from Sweden choose to pretend to be low-down American punk urchins?

"A Real Cool Time" is an exercise in bizarre impersonations. Certainly the open plagiarism displayed and absolute reverence held for the American and British rebel underground is unhealthily derivative. It's a pose, sure, but what's unnerving is that they carry it off so well.

The formula is an exhilarating one, a blending of the white R&B of the Yardbirds/Pretty Things/Rolling Stones (out of Go Diddle) with the meltdown punk of the Stooges and New York Dolls.

That fuzz guitar, the snarled lazy vocal and pumped-up Farfisa, that reckless, pounding beat, and scouring existentialism. Whichever way, you will find an unexpected "Nuggets" sampler for the Eighties. You won't have lived unless you've been run over by The Preachers' "Thirty-Nine Steps" or the brilliant, whiny cover of Iggy's "Real Cool Time" by the Nomads. How about "96 Bye-Byes" (sounds familiar?) by The Pyromaniacs?

But I still can't enjoy it all without finding an answer. Just what is it about Sweden — or Scandinavia, or the greater part of Western Europe for that matter — that shackles its own rock cultural exploration but devotedly devours another? And how do bands get given names like Slobster or Occasional Dead Flies? Any sociologists out there?

MARTIN ASTON

# THE BOSS.

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**THE TRUTH**

**PLAYGROUND**  
IRS

ON the one hand, you can't really help but admire Dennis Greaves and The Truth. Just five blokes with precious little going for them in the pretty boy stakes, making no attempt at dressing the whole thing up in a glossy package, sending out 10 pop songs in an R&B-influenced mould for the world to sit back and devour.

On the other hand, it has to be said that most of the offerings here never quite make it off the floor, instead merely drifting along in a pleasant enough sort of way. Naturally enough, you've heard the same sort of thing before, particularly from the Woking Wonder.

There are touches of the Big Sound Authority, particularly on "It's A Miracle", while even old Pete Townshend gets a look-in on the powerful title track, and "Always On My Mind", despite its familiar title, manages to move along in a fairly contemporary and almost seductive manner.

Ultimately, however, "Playground" is a very average record released at a time when nothing but the very best will do.

BARRY McILHENRY



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# A L B U M S

## Manu at work

### MANU DIBANGO

#### ELECTRIC AFRICA Celluloid

AFTER recent experimental collaborations with The Last Poets and Fela Kuti, the incorrigible Bill Laswell now adds his electro-production talents to the litting be-bop brass and African dance of Manu Dibango. The Cameroons' most famous sax player and leader of the permanent shade brigade, almost cracked the streets of New York wide open with groove tunes like "Soul Makossa" and "Abele Dance" last year, and this odd couple look forward... now the idea is to ram two continents together and produce a hybrid dance that still remains true and accessible to both lands.

Dibango's sax weaves around the street-funk beat of "Pata Piya", blowing bullets through the electro-mire, while Manu chants above the pulse. Just as the neon lights of New York begin to gain an overbearing prominence, "Electric Africa" redresses the balance and swings toward the Dark Continent. Thus the experiment becomes more dangerous as the sway of tribal choruses and rufuting guitar arpeggios from the Soul Makossa Band pirouette around guest musician Herbie Hancock's light-weight jazz keyboards.

However, attention slumps throughout "Echos Beti" — a classic example of music born out of compromise. The

players only complement one another, find space to breathe, and solder an uncompromising union just before closing time, and too late to set shoes a-shuffling.

When the two cultures meet head on, the resulting fissures erupt with the excitement, but this tension is seldom maintained, and "the collision of styles" Laswell and Dibango had hoped to create often turns out to be a heavy thud with no direction.

With only four tracks to offer, "Electric Africa" may seem somewhat overpriced as an album, and in retrospect Dibango might have shortened the numbers and doubled the tracks.

TED MICO

### TOMMY CHASE QUARTET

#### DRIVE Paladin Records

HERE'S a cracker! The nostalgia kids have left bebop alone, despite its definitively hip image, mainly because it is as tricky as nuclear physics to master, and because — as this album proves — it is very much alive. O. Tommy Chase is the best Hard Bop drummer on this side of the Atlantic, a fanatic in pursuit of his jazz message. He has been playing this way for 15 years, and over the last couple has attracted the ears of the Rising Jives at the Wag Club.

Cast in the mould of an early-Sixties Blue Note session, "Drive" is unrelenting UPI All the virtues of the Hard Bop style — the ceaseless aggression, the whipcrack percussive cataputs, the snatched baton exchanges between the soloists, and the drums in the driving seat — are exhilaratingly on parade here. It's insulting to talk of a drummer in terms of his American counterparts, but if Blakey, Roach, Philly Joe and A.T. once jaught Tommy a thing or two, he now sounds very much his own man.

His playing throughout is a comprehensive

crash-course in agitational accompaniment. No one coasts on a Chase date!

He has gathered a sterling team about him, with young saxophonist Alan Barnes equally fiery on alto, tenor and soprano. This is a cat to watch. Hear him burst out of the soul call-and-response theme of "Drive" and surge against the strictures of the idiom; note too the simple, infinitely effective way that he raises the voice before charging into his improvisation on "Close Your Eyes".

Bassist Alec Oankworth would have bedded right down on a Rudy van Gelder Englewood Cliffs session, being one of those rare team players who live for tone, accuracy and prescient support. Hard Bop fielded no fair-makes-it-talk bass soloists. Mark Fitzgibbon sounds nothing like those vintage Blue Note pianists. His touch is quite different, less bluesy, at times a little like Red Garland in the choice of chords.

All in all, the best British album I've heard in years. There's enough spirit and imagination and, yes, DRIVE! to fuel a renaissance. Buy at once.

BRIAN CASE

### GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

#### IMMIGRANT

Beggars Banquet  
**OLD sulkies never die, they just turn into rock bands.** Such is the case with Gene Loves Jazbel. Fronted by identical twins Michael and J. Aston, they still look decidedly peaky in time-honoured Goth tradition, but musically have eschewed gloom, doom and garlic in favour of fire, crashing guitars and stirring whoops.

The long hard tramp from sensitive young spook to sturdy rocker is currently being tramped by many and a niche of Goth grit is firmly establishing itself. The title track fits neatly in there, somewhere near The Cult's Spiritwalker plodsong.

Gene Loves Jazbel at least show an innovative streak when it comes to song titles, "Cow", "The Rhino Plasty" and "Cole Porter" are all greatly more entertaining than the songs themselves.

"Stephen" is the best thing on the LP, a slow, moody swish about, well... Stephen, I suppose.

It'd be nice, however, to see a lesson learned; that it's not an awfully good idea to burst forth from the Gothic forests into the mountains of rock unless you're quite prepared to forego both the former's epic pomposity and the latter's inherent unoriginality.  
PAUL MATHUR



Pic: Anon

## Pipe dreams

### STING

#### THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES

A&M  
"SINCE I started this thing, people have constantly referred to it as my solo album, which, of course, is ridiculous. It's as if I had done everything myself, well I didn't. The contribution and commitment of all those involved made it far less an indulgent and personal statement than a statement about how well people can work together without diluting or compromising ideas or ideals. We also had a lot of fun."

And there, boys and girls, right there on the sleeve notes, we have the disclaimer, the nice little touch of modesty. This is not the launching pad of a solo career, not the product of a bored mega-star filling in time between films. This is *ideas and ideals and fun!* Well, that's the theory anyway.

Motives aside, the album scarcely matches the hyperbole. The jazz breeding of the outstanding musicians Sting has chosen to work with (notably Kenny Kirkland on keyboards, Branford Marsalis on sax, Darryl Jones on bass and Omar Hakim on drums) has already been vastly overstated. If this is a jazz album then Lemmy's the Pope.

And this is the crux of the problem. Sting is a one-trick pony. However eloquently you dress him up, however many false mustaches and goatees bears you stick on him, there's still that same instantly identifiable whiney voice stretching agonisingly for notes that forever seem beyond his reach. Try as he might to shake some ass, he remains locked in that mode of haunting understatement and this — despite his vigorous attempts to surprise and diversify — sounds just like you'd expect a Sting solo album to be. Which isn't too much unlike The Police.

The one time he genuinely succeeds in achieving a bit more clout with that frail voice, on "Shadows In The Rain" he growls and roars in such a contrived manner it not only sounds wholly absurd, but you fear that he'll do himself some permanent damage.

Similarly the jazz elements do seem totally gratuitous. In other less-defined

hands "Consider Me Gone" might carry some weight as an atmospheric smoking blues with its alluring bass runs... here it just sounds like a variant on "Walking On The Moon". And when the band do get given their heads with the arresting spontaneity of the instrumental title track, the idea isn't explored and the track ends abruptly in a fit of giggles. A great shame...

Not that the album is devoid of good material. "Moon Over Bourbon Street", disappointingly understated, does have the ingredients of a classic jazz/blues ballad and there's no argument with Sting's refreshingly sharp lyric. This is most impressively evident on "We Work The Black Seam", an emotive but nevertheless finely drawn reaction to the miners' strike. "One day in a nuclear age/They may understand our rage," he sings, but *rage* is the one thing sadly absent from his delivery and for that matter, the album as a whole. That's the trouble with immaculacy.

"Russians", another excellent lyric on a poignant, hopeful song preaching tolerance and sanity, has such a pretty tune it sounds positively twee. Which isn't quite the point. The most sensitive lyric of all, however, occurs on "Childrens Crusade"... "Pawns in the game are not victims of chance/Strewn on the fields of Belgium and France/Poppies for young men, death's bitter trade/All of those young lives betrayed"... here is a father of four bemoaning needless death of young people through the ages from all the wars to victims of drugs. Heavy old stuff and it would be moving, too, were it not to develop into a greatly overblown anthemic climax which instantly drowns the carefully cultivated lump in the throat.

Ultimately, then, it's as a straightforward pop singer that Sting's at his most effective. The only time he really is effective. The closing track, "Fortress Around Your Heart", a dramatic, gloriously infectious straightforward pop number, is the one that sounds most like The Police. It's also the best.

There must be a moral in that somewhere.  
COLIN IRWIN

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# IN TIMES OF TROUBLE

EARLIER that week Trouble Funk seemed to be living up to their name. While shooting a sequence for Island Records' movie on Washington DC's Go-Go scene they found themselves surrounded, not just only the eager, track-suited kids leaping towards the camera in the hope of a few seconds fame, but by an ugly posse of DC police trying to salvage their reputation.

On an average night, Cheris is four walls of cold sweat and non-stop Go-Go. Two-hour sets with no breaks and out on the street, hot and humid even in May, young blacks driving big American cars with even bigger sound systems, all playing pirate topes of hardcore Go-Go.

Take this situation and crank it up to the max with an offer of free entrance and a chance to make the crowd scene and you have ... trouble?

Ironically, a Go-Go show is usually a peaceful affair. Heated maybe, but the tales of violence and black drugs have been wildly exaggerated. It's rare to see kids out of it on angel dust, alcohol is hardly ever available, and the few whites who venture in the almost all-black Go-Gos move around with no problem. In fact the movie, "Good To Go", makes a point of putting the record straight. Yet that night with the pressure especially fierce there's a skirmish and somebody steals a police handgun.

The Washington Go-Gos are normally "policed" by Bodyguards And Bouncers, a team of immense yet god-natured giants put together by Big Al and his partner Rosie who's fur-lined customised van bears an ominous front number plate: "Nobody Fucks With Rosie - No 1 Ass Kicker!"

Looking at the size of the B&B boss, one can imagine that this is no idle boast, though Rosie himself dismisses it with the kind of low throaty chuckle that punctuates many a Go-Go soundtrack. "We don't have to be heavy," he explains. "The kids know we're there because we like the music as much as they do. And if there is any trouble they don't come back for more."

Consider 20 stone bearing down on you with another 60 behind and you can see what he means. The Bodyguards

And Bouncers crew seem to be hired as much for the size of their girth as their biceps. Against them, Mr Biggs and Afrika Bambaataa look like teddy bears.

They do a good job too. The kids respect them, treating them like old friends rather than security. When the police do come in looking for their colleague's weapon the youth club atmosphere changes and the tension builds. But Trouble Funk play on, Rosie and Big Al stay cool, and eventually the law gives up the search.

"That's the thing about the Go-Go," comments Trouble Funk's James Avery a few days later, "it can take care of itself. I know people been reading about the violence and the dust but they've got it all out of proportion. Go-Go is about having a good time - nothin' bad in that."

TROUBLE Funk came together in 1978. Since then they've taken over from godfather Chuck Brown to become the ambassadors of Go-Go music. Their status is well deserved. Not only are they one of the most consummate and experienced of all the Go-Go bands, they're also the best.

Watching a line-up of young hopefuls in Richmond's massive Close Encounters concert hall, Avery politely picks holes in each performance. "Listen to that organ, way out of tune ... and that bass, no presence at all." He says he thinks it's important that musicians should have some kind of training. The core members of Trouble - Avery, brothers Robert and Taylor Reed, and Tony Fisher - have all studied music, a legacy reflected by their recent experiments with unusual chords and unorthodox arrangements.

Yet when they eventually play their exhausting set at Richmond it's obvious that Trouble have all the commercial aspects of Go-Go refined to a level of sophistication easily the equal of their more esoteric flourishes. Bass and drums leading a rolling bank of clip-clapping percussion, cowbells, congas, timbales and, while the vocals are anchored in practised call and response routines, guaranteed to set the teenage crowd screaming their lungs out.



At the heart of Go-Go there is no violence, no black drugs, no problem . . . just TROUBLE FUNK. Ian Pye talks to founder James Avery as the band make their contribution to Island Records' film on the Chocolate City scene

They also think nothing of throwing in snatches from the current TV themes, jingles, the latest hip phrases, and even a dance workout. Tighter than tight they may be, but they clearly haven't deserted the direct appeal to the young black Go-Go followers which is the essence of the live scene.

Did they feel they were compromising themselves by pandering to the crowds?

"No, not at all," says Avery, who speaks with the kind of clipped rhythmic precision Trouble Funk bring to their music. "The Go-Go scene is quite separate for us from the records."

"See, the kids are restless here. You can play something for two or three weeks but you've always got to be introducing new things, new elements to keep their interest. So we use stuff that's familiar to them, TV themes maybe, but 90 per cent of our music is original even when we play live."

When Trouble Funk started out they were something like DC's latest raw contenders, The Junk Yard Band, a fresh crew of black teenagers hommering out the Go-Go rhythm on recycled junk.

"We used to open for Chuck Brown," he recalls. "He was doing Top 40 stuff cos that's what they wanted then, 'cept he was doing it Go-Go style. What Trouble did was to introduce certain percussive elements into the music. Then we brought in different styles. If you listen to Chuck Brown, E.U. or Rare Essence you always hear a difference, and if you listen to Trouble you'll hear we're more musical and the percussion structure is a little bit more dynamic."

Trouble cut their first record in 1978, "E Flat Boogie". Maxx Kidd, a charismatic cross between Berry Gordy and Lee Perry, put it out on one of his early labels. "After that Maxx got into promotion and we kinda got separated," Avery explains. "Eventually we started our own label D.E.T.T. (not to be confused with Kidd's T.T.E.D.) and Maxx came in again to help us promote it."

In a bid to go international Trouble Funk also had a spell with Sugarhill, the label that broke rap across the world. It was an unhappy liaison, however, and one on which the diplomatic Avery will not be drawn except to say

mysteriously that "there were differences."

Whatever, it was Sugarhill who got the finest Trouble album to date, the thunderous "Drop The Bomb".

"I think it was our most successful work because it was true hardcore Go-Go," Avery concludes. "When we recorded it we had been playing this live show for some time so when we went into record it there was this good feeling between all the musicians and that feeling was expressed in the music."

"Drop The Bomb" combined the very best of Trouble — their sure-footed grasp of that incessant, nagging beat, a measure of foreign styles like rap and contemporary funk, and some seminal Go-Go lyrics, the title track being perhaps the most notable. In Go-Go speak "drop the bomb" is when the band lay their heaviest effect on a whipped-up crowd. It's usually a sci-fi synth sloop, despite the scene's emphasis on real instruments and human percussion (New York's electro and hip hop studio wizards are scorned while heavy rap is acceptable), but knowing the intelligence behind the Trouble Funk organisation many have read more into their expression of the "drop the bomb" scam.

"Everybody asks us if it's political and how do we feel about the political situation," he says with a knowing smile. "Being in a centre such as Washington DC (an 80 per cent poor to middle class black population with a small but rich white minority) you are of course at the heart of it all. We haven't been that political but if somebody was to come in and try and take the Go-Go away from the kids I think there would be a riot."

"In DC the Go-Gos have helped the kids stay off the street. They need the Go-Go. It's the place where they can release their tensions, their anxieties, they can make everything seem right in the Go-Go."

In a city of maybe 15 nome Go-Go groups and more on the way by the minute, Trouble Funk have remained masters of the style. They've branched out into production, working on records by Slim, Hot Cold Sweat and Arkode Funk, and have their sights set on America as a whole, not to

mention Europe, but they've never lost touch with their roots.

Even their record sleeves show this. The "In Times Of Trouble" album has the band in a variety of battle dress, Zulu through to Roman, looking absurdly mean and moody. In Washington they call it gritting, a theatrical pose that was borne out of Go-Go style. Now at any major show you can find a photographer with a backstop and a Polaroid taking instant shots of the kids as they pose with their friends, often clutching wads of dollar bills, doing their meanest Trouble Funk stores.

"That's the DC pose," says Avery. "Instead of kids looking directly into the camera and smiling they store into space or make an angry look — that's the style. You know sometimes you don't feel like smiling. And that's something about Go-Go music — it's live, it's real, it's not a fake."

And there's the rub. In many ways Go-Go's strengths are its weaknesses. The fact that it is such a live phenomenon, hours of percussion-based music that sometimes seems closer to Africa than America, its unique styles that remain exclusive to one city, and the defiantly insular lyrics, all contrive to produce something that is difficult to translate to another environment.

Can it be done at all? Chuck Brown and Trouble Funk have already made some headway into the international market. Island Records' boss Chris Blackwell has signed a major deal for distribution with T.T.E.D.'s Moxx Kidd and ostutely realised that a music so heavily based on performance would best be promoted with a movie, and interest in the British clubs has finally spurred some American journalists into investigating a scene that's been happily grooving on its own for some 10 years.

James Avery remains confident — Trouble Funk he feels are part there anyway. "We know the reality," he states with assurance. "We know the ins and outs of the music business, we've run our own record company, we've produced, we've prepared ourselves for 10 years. Other bands may try and jump on the bandwagon but we've worked hard enough for our success."

# SHRINK

## RAP

### DENTISTS

THAT'S the thing I dread more than anything else. I always put it off as much as I can because the last time I was there the dentist couldn't get the anaesthetic to work and he had to give me five shots. His partner was holding my mouth open and I just felt the needle go right into the back of my jawbone. Definitely not too keen on dentists.

### BELFAST

VERY close to my heart. I would love to see the people there sort something out because it's all so great shame. The video was the first time I had been back for about 10 years but I think it's the sort of place that will always be great to go back to.

### JAPAN

THE place where everyone can think they are in The Beatles for two weeks. It's a wonderful opportunity to live out your fantasies because the locals tell every single band that they're the biggest and the best yet. And while you're there you think that you've found the secret of attracting women but that only lasts for the two weeks as well.

### PHIL LYNOTT

HAI! A crime against humanity! No, we go back so far we're like brothers. And like any family, the first five minutes together are great and then you start going back over all the old problems. It's a bit of a love-hate relationship but we do have a lot of affection for each other.

### THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY

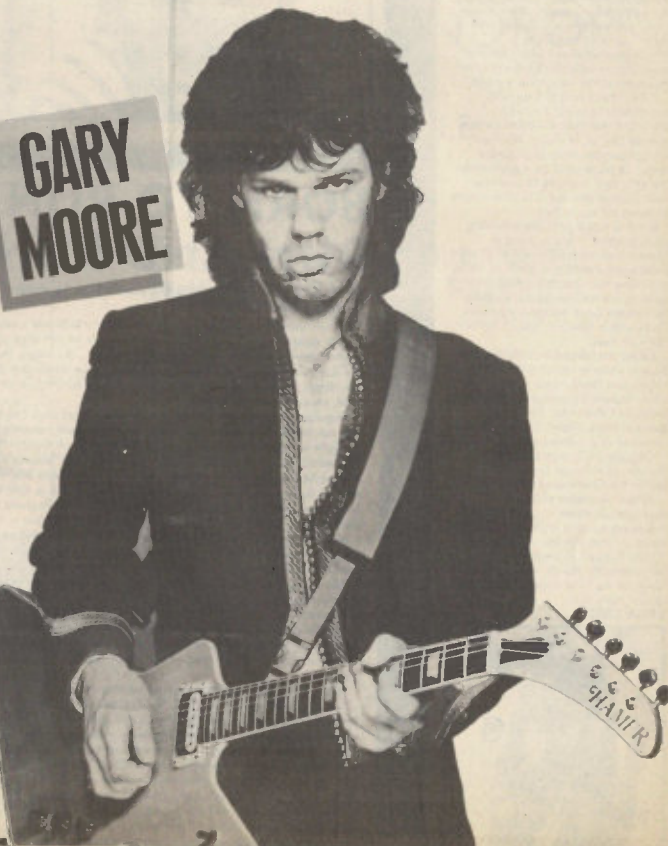
VERY good form videos! Strangely enough, it was the first time I had ever been there and it was a lot smaller and less impressive than I expected.

### HEAVY METAL

WHAT'S that? I don't listen to it and the further I get away from it the harder it is to relate to the whole thing. The basic problem with most heavy metal bands is that they make it inaccessible for outsiders to get involved. When me and Phil did "Out In The Fields" we were making it for people everywhere, not just those who were interested in one type of music or another. Most of them are so out of date and use old-fashioned keyboards sounds and sing about the same old crap. Apart from all that, I really like it.

### THE POGUES

ONLY seen them once. Sort of brings us back to the first question about the dentists.



### FLIGHT 007

I SAID everything I wanted to say about that in "Murder In The Skies". Everyone said to me that I was mad getting involved in that sort of thing, but I believe that if something moves you then you should write about it. I just regarded it as a terrible crime against human beings and that's what I said. If it gets other people thinking about it, then that can only be a good thing.

### GUITAR HEROES

THE whole idea is a bit comic, isn't it? Very out of date and quite funny. People have always called me a guitar hero but I've never really gone out of my way to draw attention to it. It just so happens that the way I play the instrument has meant that it comes out from the front a lot but I don't really regard myself as a guitar hero.

### BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

THE most overrated performer in the world. I like his songs, but all that messiah-like adulation stuff really puts me off. I think that anyone who gives off that sort of vibe is only showing a weakness in himself. I went to one of his shows but I couldn't sit through more than half an hour of this facetious band and a guy singing stuff that sounded like Dylan 10 years before him. He seems to be very sincere but the media have just tried to stuff him down everyone's throat and that really puts me off.

### ALCOHOL

YES, I like a drink every now and again. Like every five minutes. Alcohol and drugs are okay so long as you can control them but very few people can actually do that. They seem to bring out the worst in a lot of folk who would be better off staying away from such things. It's all really up to the individual.

### BARRY MCGUIGAN

I JUST hope he's around long enough to keep on doing so much good. He really is a very special person and he's made me feel proud to be from Northern Ireland. Fantastic. If he can bring two communities together and get them dancing in the streets then he must be okay. More power to him.

**FILM**

# FLYING HIGH

**BIRDY**

**BRITISH** film director Alan Parker had the chance of buying William Wharton's novel, "Birdy", while it was still in the galley proofs, but was piped at the post. "Great book. Don't know how to do it," he wrote in 1978. It became the novel of the year, hailed as a classic, and presaged a major literary output including "Dad" and "A Midnight Clear". The "Birdy" option kicked around the studio desks until 1983 when Parker was offered a treatment which solved the problem of filming the book by backpedalling on Birdy's schizophrenia and viewpoint, in much the same way that the screenplay for "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" drained off the twisted central lens.

Well, by the time that Parker started in to film, he did know how to do it, but fans of the book may feel that the literary losses are unacceptable. It's a good film, but it isn't "Birdy". They've upped the war, so that this is Vietnam and not WW2, which confers the dramatic bonus of heroes returning who are not treated as such because they lost - and explains Birdy's catatonia on a mundane level. And they've lost Birdy's mystical and poetic identification with flight.

Birdy (Matthew Modine) is the weird kid on the block. Al (Nicholas Cage) bullies him into a fight, and finds that Birdy, while not hitting back, slips away from every hold and punch as if he is oiled and weightless. They become buddies. "You like pigeons?" asks Birdy. "What's to like?" replies Al. "They fly," says Birdy. Says Al, all for weightlifting and rooky, "They fly. So what." And Birdy, "That's enough".

He recruits Al to the coop, and together they forage around the girders and plinths of slummy Philadelphia, scarfing up pigeons. Birdy makes two feathered union suits so they can pass as pigeons, but shakes his pal by giggling ecstatically as he falls off a 100-foot tower to a broken leg. Birdy is not of this world, terrestrial.

There are wonderful scenes of Birdy in the basket of Al's bike, pedalling across the municipal tip in home-made wings, coiled for flight. Scenes of Birdy naked, curled up in the coop amid seed and feathers. The film does justice to the loony lift-off factor that haunts our dreams, but it can't suck you into Birdy's world like the book. Wharton's birds-become-people, through Birdy's eyes. Parker's can't. The audience reaction is laughter.

Birdy and Al become casualties in the war. Al loses half his face, and Birdy retreats into a perched silence. Al visits Birdy to try to talk him down. The



Matthew Modine

obnoxious psychiatrist, Dr Weiss (John Harkins) is nobody's friend, and obstructs Al's attempts to break through to his buddy who is moulting at the rate of knots. There is no solution. The book runs a series of possible conclusions, but film has to opt for one, and show it. Parker's is an intelligent choice.

Both actors are fine. Matthew Modine's odd, angular other-worldiness not unlike the late Lyndon Barber at an editorial, and Nicholas Cage, the perfect get-yo-leg-over buddy. The movie won the Special Grand Prix at Cannes this year, and deserved to. Good film of an unfilmable book.

**BRIAN CASE**

IT is, as they say, back. "Ready Steady Go" that is, the pop show from the Sixties which (some say) has still never been equalled. Starting this Friday those awfully nice Channel 4 people are re-running seven half-hour shows of 5.30pm. Presenters are the improbable Keith Forde and the inexpressible Cathy McGowan, and this first show includes The Beatles playing "It Won't Be Long", Manfred Mann's daff "5-4-3-2-1", the Dave Clark Five's "Bits 'n' Pieces", the Stones with "Around 'n' Around" and the torrid "Dancin' In The Street" from Martha and her matchless Vandellas. Dove Clark, as you may know, bought the whole series after Redifusion lost its contract in 1968. ... almost as we speak, Warner Home Video are releasing Martin Scorsese's gruelling boxing saga "Raging Bull" on cassette, starring Robert De Niro as Jake La Motta. Make sure you rent it though, cos it'll cost you some 50 quid to buy the f----- in the shops. ... even more extraordinary behaviour from PM. Undaunted by the epically bad taste of their "Sexy Shorts" collection, they've teamed up with metal fatigue rackets in rock, made by such illustrious performers as Iron Maiden, Kiss, Whitesnake, the Scorpions, W.A.S.P., Bon Jovi and Morillion.



Believe it or not, you can acquire your very own copy for only about 20 quid. ... Remember Mark Williams? Thought not. Can't say the name rang much of a bell round here either, but there you go, none of us is getting any more sensible. Anyway, Mr Williams is chief of Advanced Publishing, who plan to launch a monthly magazine aimed at "prosperous young adults" in spring '85. Said to be pitched between The Face and the colour supplements, the new organ will encompass arts, fashion, sport and current affairs, with a view to grabbing a readership in the 22-35 age bracket. Williams reckons the product should ultimately achieve a circulation of more than double The Face's current 80,000. Soon, the world will contain nothing but police vans, neglecting charity concerts for people well over 40 and glossy magazines with a brain the size of a pea. ... Is Sting mad? "Dreaming is really like a psychic balancing act," he told Time Out from his four-million-pounds-a-minute suite in a Parisian hotel. "There is definitely a logic to it beyond the causal universe." We've all known this for a long time, but is it any excuse for the terribly wealthy pop singer to go about hiring jazz musicians and pontificating about politics, drugs, Russians and God knows what else? Still, as he points out, "Now no-one knows what to expect of me, whether I'm a decent bloke or a complete ego-maniac" - who is the Ian McEwan book who stars in a gruesome-sounding new movie on video called "Contamination"? "Reaches beyond 'Alien' to new extremes of terror" shrieks the blurb. Surely this can't be old cat-head Mac himself, due at Glastonbury at the weekend? Then again, he did write "The Disease" ... "a football hooligan with a typewriter" is how film director Alan Parker ("Birdy") describes sabre-toothed Julie Burchill. Meanwhile, Julie has been perorating about rock festivals in Time Out - "Festivals should have died with Meredith Hunter," she declares (Meredith was the chap hacked to death by Hell's Angels at Altamont) "Data says - don't touch the brown acid

**VIDEO**



Simon and Cleo

**THE MARCH VIOLETS**  
"THE VIOLETS VIDEO" (£15 inc P&P, Martin Guerre, PO Box HH5, Leeds LS8 5BB. Cheques payable to M. Guerre.)

BASIC (and garcon, do I mean basic) this video has great charm and vitality totally lacking in the execrable pieces of polished "product" that comes our way from those awfully big record companies.

Filmed at two (or is it three) venues that remain unnamed (details are rather sketchy on this item) with a bit of shake, a bit of blur, and mostly, through sheer common sense (and obviously lack of space) concentration on cramming the screen with people, the reverberations of the songs carry the impact through. It also makes the odd move of showing two line ups - with Simon and Cleo and with Simon and Rosie.

So you get most of the good songs (except "Walk Into The Sun") and you get endless varieties of "This is Simon's beard" as "Slow Drip Lizard" is showcased, old and new (which makes a nice touch). "Grooving In Green", "Crow Baby", "Radiant Boys", "Religious As Hell" and oh so many more. For 15 quid a snippety-snip!

It highlights their weaknesses (mainly in the vocal department, with horrendous a-la-las) and the strange change from electronics to human muscle, which hasn't so far proved itself too much, though the latter appears to be winning.

And, if only for the Rasputin stubble gyrating in all its glory, or for the sharp guitar, the Cleo slow walk, and the peculiar light effects towards the end, it's actually worth it.

**MICK MERCER**

**VIDEO EVENT**

**Third Eye Centre, Glasgow**  
THE Third Eye Centre's Video Event was planned as an extravaganza of hitherto unseen videos by local and national artists, videoed by Peter Boyd of London scratch video artists The Duvet Brothers on a bank of 24 (count 'em) televisions. Live music by the Happy Families duo Tinkenteen was also proposed.

In the Studio Theatre, there's no drink, no smoking and NO TALKING ALLOWED, as the "performance" begins. "Scratch" video deejaying seems to comprise showing a video on all 24 screens to start off with, then combining it with images from two other VCRs so that you have what amounts to three videos showing at the one time, all flicking across the bank of TV monitors under the mischievous hand of a Duvet Person. In addition, a video camera trained in the bank of screens is used to create like, uh, distanced images of images of images. Basically, it sucks.

For which ignorance, Christine statement I will doubtless be pilloried by aficionados of this "art form". But this whole concept of cut-up video manipulation is based on dodgy late-twentieth century aesthetic theories which are about as life-enhancing as a dose of herpes. The destruction of people's ability to concentrate, the removal of personal control over the images you assimilate - it could be argued that scratch video is a comment on such dislocating societal influences, but frankly, it's more of a symptom.

But among the nonsense and the drass, a few of the actual videos, none of which are viewable in isolation from the various scratch interspersions, still manage to give the impression that they might work well in a 14-inch domestic context for which, incidentally, ALL Jesse Roe's work is explicitly designed from the word go. Edinburgh-based band Laughing Academy are probably closer to the scratch concept than most, but "Suspicion" still contains some haunting scenes. Among the other pop promos, Janice Kirkpatrick's "Man At The Window" film was deceptively straightforward and refreshing, while Brian Keely's "I Can't Think Straight" for The Styng Rites was a hilarious, high-velocity revisitiation of vintage Reizillos territory. "This is a cheap and nasty pop video. It contains no serious people and radical haircuts." Thank God.

**TOM MORTON**

**FILM**

**A VIEW TO A KILL**

**BOND** again, with the ancient Burton's tailor's dummy, Roger Moore, against new forces of evil and the same old back-projection. The affable, omnibale formula has all the usual bedevile birds, double entendres, narrow squeaks and insouciance under fire. This time, the plot against civilization as we know it (no, not the title song by Duran Duran) comes from Zorin (Christopher Walken) who plans to flood Silicon Valley in California and thus control the microchip market.

Zorin, blond and droopy with irrepressible giggling fits, was devised in the concentration camps by mad Doctor Mortimer. His loyal hatchet-person, May Day (Grace Jones), is possessed by superhuman strength, and capable of pushing Rolls Royces around. She also insists on being on top in bed.

Bond is faced with the following predicaments - a ski-chase in Siberia; a hurricane-force fan in an underwater conduit; a jammed lift in a burning building; a flooded mine shaft; a hot-air balloon tethered to the Golden Gate Bridge containing Zorin with a fire-axe; loss of his no-claims bonus.

Exotic backdrops include the Eiffel Tower, while le factor gastronomique entails one Bond-made omelette and a few knowing comments about the vintage of the wine. The leg-over quotient blurs after a bit, but he has someone in a submarine, someone in a bubbleath, Tanya Roberts in a shower, plus Grace Jones on top in a bed in the Chateau of Chantilly.

Walken is rotten as the psychopathic villain - an actor with the menace of a chipmunk. Grace Jones is what the label says, and Tanya Roberts exceedingly pretty but seemingly dumb with a line. In terms of the rival Bonds, Moore has always been less.

**BRIAN CASE**



Grace Jones



Guess who?

**BOOKS**

## BORN TO RUN. RUN AND RUN

**SPRINGSTEEN - VISIONS OF AMERICA** by Adam Sweeting (IPC £2.95)

THE only thing more boring than a book about a rock star's career, is a book about a boring rock star's career. And as for yet more printed matter about you-know-who! ... a rule of thumb, the longer they are, the more insufferable they become. Sweeting's thumbnail sketch of The Boss's meteoric career eschews most pitfalls by being mercifully brief, concise, and informative.

Neatism? I think not. No-one was more surprised than I to find that our illustrious features editor had scribed a book infinitely more readable and up-to-date than the calendar account of Brucey. "No Surrender", hooked together by Kate Lynch, through "Visions ... " is nothing like as detailed as Peter Gambaccini's expanded biography - and nor is it meant to be. The whole Springsteen myth is trite and superficial, and thus the only way of addressing it intelligently is on a similar level. Throughout the 60-odd glossy pages, the text is kept to a minimum, with the usual colour shots of The Boss looking intense on stage, meaningful off stage, and New Jersey factories scattered somewhere in between.

There is no convoluted structural analysis of the blue collar king, no profound exegesis on whether "Born To Run" was inspired by an unfortunate curry, no interviews with Nils Lofgren's Auntie, and no inquiry into the man's daunting popularity. The myth is neither embroidered nor laid bare, and is impressively laid out, and enticing enough to encourage the most ardent Bruce opponent to take a wander.

What Sweeting presents is a miscellaneous collage of biography, album by album review, rare Boss quotes, and ubiquitous covers the writing to stray into whirlpools of prosaic indulgence for too long. There is, however, a wonderful lack of amusing anecdotes, though I'm not sure if this is due to Sweeting's limited supply of second-hand press cuttings, or Springsteen's more limited supply of third-rate wit. In either event, at £2.95, it's a steal for the most casual of fans - and probably cheaper than the concert programme.

**TED MICO**

**W E A T H E R**  
**FILM**  
**VIDEO**  
**TELEVISION**  
**BOOKS**  
**RADIO**

INTERVIEW



Janice turns the tables at Broadcasting House. In the background lurks Svengali-style producer Mike Hawkes

# THE LONG VIEW

WHY, it wasn't so long ago that Janice Long was bouncing around in her knickers as old men looked on, her every move chronicled by their slaving jewels-into-brainprint. All in the name of netball! Disgusted by the teeth found around the school fence (the team's displays faced the main road, she left at 18 and took to European tours with employment high on her schedule - through Paris, to Belgium and Amsterdam with just £30, two pairs of knickers and a tent for company, arriving in Amsterdam with £10.

"Enough for a ticket home on the Magic Bus. I thought, 'What do I do? If I go home I've admitted that I'm wrong'. So I tried to get a job and ended up in the Wimpy Bar (in 76). I ended up going to the Paradise and The Milky Way, listening to all sorts of stuff. I grew up there. Working for Laker (yet another excursion) was like being at school, with the uniform, but working there was being on my own. I felt very much a late developer."

She picked grapes in Germany, went to Spain and came home to the dole, a till job at Lady At Lord John and a tele-sales job on the Liverpool Echo.

"They suggested I leave because I can't sell to save my life. I can't push. An old biddy would say, 'I want to sell my fridge' and you're supposed to say, 'Put it in the Echo for seven nights and in the Daily Post for seven days'. I'd say, 'Well bung it in for one night. You're bound to sell it', and they were listening in. I can't cope people."

From there to Radio Merseyside and then that bastion of the establishment, the BBC, in Manchester. Then in 1983 she made the big move to London, where she achieved that national identity. Had she reacted immediately to punk?

"Yes, the whole thing. I thought it was wonderful. The energy was great because up until then everything was boring."

Did you ever consider being in a band?

"Oh God, yes... if someone said you could be in a band I'd like to be in Madness, because they always look like they're having fun. I played guitar when I was 14, but I never... it's like one of those dreams. I'll probably go to my grave thinking, 'I'd like to be an actress'."

Liverpudlians are usually very protective of their hometown. Does

Is Scouseperson JANICE LONG the acceptable face of Radio 1? Mick Mercer pursued her across London with a tape recorder

Janice miss the old place?  
"I miss the characters, the people, the friendliness of the place. 'The Albert' in Lark Lane is my favourite pub to this day. Mind you, I hear they've renovated it! But living here you have the choice to do things, which you don't in Liverpool 'cos everything's gone, it's not the same as it was... I go and see gigs, but it's difficult to see the big names because I'm on the air. Dingwalls is brilliant. I can always shoot down there. I still keep me gigs up. No point in doing it if you don't."

But aren't you immediately accosted by people bearing tapes?  
"You get tapes but you expect that. People talk to me but I don't know if they want to talk to me."

What about at home?  
"The other day I opened the door in my dressing gown. There was a band who'd sussed out I lived here and every night after my show. Last night there were three bands - had a gab with them, took their tapes. It's crazy, there's so many bands. With unemployment so high more people are getting involved in music, the alternative to walking round town all day."

Do you do many gigs yourself?  
"Every Friday. I get very nervous. You do it to pay the mortgage. You get a wage which isn't great at the BBC - everyone thinks you earn a fortune. I enjoy the gigs because I'm very fortunate and the people who come down listen to the show... so they know what to expect. I do play party stuff. I like loads of things. There's only two types of music I don't like: opera, because I don't know what the hell's going on, and brass band music because I find it depressing."

"I don't know anything about classical music but I like it. Quite often put Radio 3 on, because I don't watch telly, except 'Brookside' on Saturday. It's good. GOOD!"  
Let's backtrack for a story, about certain lads. One day Janice is strolling casually through Salford Park in Liverpool, having been unable to attend a Frankie gig, when a voice whispers from the underground.  
"Janice! Janice!... I thought, 'Oh my God, move away girl! Who is it?' Holly. Some woman's gonna do me for indecent exposure. I'm hiding

from the police'. He'd gone onstage in those chaps, his bum exposed, and some old biddy saw him and rang the police. I had to lend him a jumper to cover his bum." And she's never washed it since.

Is there any "us and them" feeling at the Beeb?  
"No. Not that I'm aware of. The biggest 'us and them' is they've got stereo and we haven't."

One of the main things about Janice's show are the bubbling interviews, which do encounter the occasional problem, such as the meeting with her hero Lou Reed. Eventually we got him there, with a cup of tea, and he said 'I don't want you playing any music', so I said alright, it's pre-recorded. 'Don't ask me about the Velvet Underground'. He'd said lots of things like that so I said, 'Well I wouldn't ask that because it's BORING!' which I didn't think at all. I was just fed up with the guy."

"We started the interview and he's having a stirring match and I'm not very good in situations like that. I couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag. I got embarrassed and he's getting hot under the collar. So I tried making polite conversation. Are you tired? 'NO'. We carried on and I said what do you think of people covering your songs? 'Well WHO?' Eurythmics, Simple Minds, Strawberry Switchblade. 'Who the hell are Strawberry Switchblade? Really arrogant! We had lots of letters saying is Lou Reed really a prat? It's a shame.'"

Do you make mistakes?  
"Every night, don't I? I've had times where I've said, 'Well I'm sorry, I can't think of anything else to say, so here's some music'. I mean, why lie? I'm a great believer that if you haven't anything to say, don't say it. Someone once accused me of talking too much but the talking I do is interviews or reading out people's letters. I don't talk about me. I was grooving down

here last night, hanging out with so and so...

Do deejays get paranoid about their position?  
"You could be there one day and not the next, like being a footballer, but I think you have to realise that and... not plan, because I'm not a planner, I don't know what I'm going to do next. I've never planned anything. I'm a great believer in fate."

What record have you broken which gave you the greatest satisfaction?  
"I love Frankie their first-ever session. Went to see their first ever gig, supporting Hambi and the Dance. I couldn't believe this band! I went up to Holly and said come and do a session. They did 'Two Tribes', 'Relax' and 'Wish You Were Here', which was called 'Mother's Got A Gun' then. Then we got them in for an interview and they all stripped down to their underpants, trying to shock me on air but I wouldn't give in. Next thing they're mega-stars. Holly said to me, 'You've never ever told anyone have you, that you gave us our first break... well if ever you get asked say you discovered us.' So I do!"

Anyone else?  
"Oh! Howard Jones. 'New Song'. You're responsible!"  
"I want to get more politicians in and I'm dying to get Victoria Gillick in. I can't stand the woman. She's so blinkered. Actually there'd probably be no point talking to her because you can't argue with someone who's like that and she is, but that woman is going to be responsible for so many sad, sad stories. She's got no right... and now sex education can't be taught in schools because you're telling them where to put it."

"In interviews I never tell people what I am or where I stand on every issue. I do have to play devil's advocate an awful lot."

Must be embarrassing if they don't realise.  
"I wink at them."  
Do you worry how people see you?  
"Yeah."

But on "TOTP" the overriding impression is that deejays are cretins, every record is the best thing ever!  
"HEY! Yeah. People always say I look different when they meet me. I hope they don't expect me to be like that here. 'Hey! The kitchen's over THERE!' What I don't like is if people think I'm stupid. That upsets me. I'm not saying I'm super intelligent but I'm not thick."

WEDNESDAY

JUNE 19

RADIO 1

7.30pm: JANICE LONG. Ex-Beatmen Fine Young Cannibals in session, not to mention three of the best from Nick Heyward (whose new single is, frankly, disgraceful).  
10pm: JOHN PEEL. Sensible Jerseys (silly bloody name) and Big Flame session it up.

BBC 1

7.32am: BREAKFAST TIME. The Top 20 surveyed, for insomniacs presumably.

ITV

4.50pm: POPAROUND. A brand new series hosted by super-ranting Gary Crowley, evidently replacing Razzmatazz. This is a pop and general knowledge quiz for kids, and this week's guest is Stephen "Tin Tin" Duffy. There'll be a glimpse of his "Icing On The Cake" video, plus Vicious Pink live.

THURSDAY

20

RADIO 1

7.30pm: JANICE LONG. A session from John Foxx, yesterday's boffin.  
10pm: INTO THE MUSIC. Tommy Vance with a session from the cryptic Beltane Fire.

BBC 1

7.55pm: TOP OF THE POPS. Remember this one? Hosted by Janice Long and Gary Davies. Triffically popular.

BBC 2

9pm: SING COUNTRY. A Tammy Wynette special from the Silk Cut (gasp) Festival at Wembley Arena.

FRIDAY

21

RADIO 1

5.45pm: ROUND TABLE. Guest assassins include Feargal Sharkey, Kim Wilde and Janice "Omnipresent" Long.  
10pm: THE FRIDAY ROCK SHOW. Eve-of-Knebworth spectacular, in which Ian Gillan talks to fans in between music from the acts appearing. Ugh.

## ON THE AIR

CHANNEL 4

5.30pm: SWANK. Dawn French presents "off the wall" fashion, from street to designer-styles.  
5.30pm: READY STEADY GO! See Data.  
6.20pm: SOUL TRAIN. Phil Fearon with Galaxy, Shirley Brown, Jeff Lorber, Gloria D. Brown. Archive clippage from George McCrae and The Temptations.

SATURDAY

22

RADIO 1

1pm: 30 YEARS OF ROCK - 1965. Vietnam, UDI in Rhodesia, Beatles, Stones etc. The programme that passed a generation by.  
4pm: SATURDAY LIVE. Return To Knebworth Fayre. Richard Skinner meets Deep Purple backstage... God.  
6.30pm: IN CONCERT. With The Opposition and someone called Simon F.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

7pm: STEWART AND OLLIE HENRY AND FRIENDS. Interviews with DeBarge and OMD.

CHANNEL 4

6pm: MAX HEADROOM. Penultimate prog in series, with, among others, Visage, Antony Moore and the Bonzo Dog Band. Er, wacky.

SUNDAY

23

RADIO MERSEYSIDE

4.30pm: TOWNSHEND'S TRIP. First of three conversations between the old Whomeister and Bob Azurdia, in which Townshend bares his soul once again. This one's called "Symbols Of Violence".

MONDAY

24

RADIO 1

7.30pm: JANICE LONG. In session, "Ken" Barrington Levy. The captain's name was Jardine.



### Edited by Ted Mico

WHO the hell is Adam Sweeting? Is he any relation to George Michael or Andrew Ridgeley who, I suspect, are suffering from serious neglect at the moment. I am referring to his critical review of Bruce Springsteen in Melody Maker. I can hardly believe he attended the concert at all. Maybe he is immature and thought a good piss-up was necessary before any concert — even a Bruce Springsteen concert. The whole presentation of his article sucked. He criticised Bruce for his "elusive presence", just because he is not in need of all the exposure wankers that Adam Sweeting likes. By being somewhat unobtainable, he is merely trying to preserve his image as a real person, leaving his job separate from his private life. Sweeting's research of his topic was very sparse and reminded me of my revision for my impending "A" levels.

Springsteen has so many classics that, if one or two were left out there is no room for criticism. How many other performers kick ass for three-and-a-half to four hours each show.

His verdict, which he claimed was "good but not great", is close to fucking suicidal. Tell that little wanker that if he is at the Wembley concert and wears his name tag his life is in danger. I feel I speak for thousands of Springsteen fans.

**D. HARTILL, Winchelsea, East Sussex**  
**WHO the hell IS Adam Sweeting? Speaking for the millions of people who really wish the Boss would clear off back to the States, Sweeting's review of the whole farce seemed charitable in the extreme. Most other people would have had to consume several quarts just to get near Dublin. Springsteen shuns interviews simply because he has nothing to say (for evidence read his rare orations in Rolling Stone). Take a look at your local bookstore, and you'll see that Sweeting's research is based on a book the poor chap has just written about the Boss. If you STILL want his head, he'll be sporting an MCC tie at Wembley.**

Hi there limey Scumbags in Berkshire House. Doggone it, at last you done cottoned on that THE BOSS is back in the good ole UK. I almost choked on my mess of rancid racoon rib, possum belly and hominy rick when I found our Brucie baby had ripped you suckers off for £15 a throw, three nites running at Wembley Stadium. Slap my chaps, he's done gone Jone it again, filled a stadium that used to echo to the sound of a bloodsport called football — a game of the past so I'm told... Yipeec. Long live American Football!

Meanwhile, I'll swig a swallow of moonshine and git my ass down to Camberwell for free to see that Sunday Times answer to our Brucie, somebody called Roy Harper?

Some folk in the musical know done told me that 'ol Roy pisses all over THE BOSS, and yore darn tootin' I'll find out for myself, cos Melody Maker hardly mention Brit singers no more. How's about a four-page colour spread on THE OSMONDS... Eeeeyeah!

**WILD MALC THE KNIFE, Marlow Behind Bucks.**  
**HOT dickety doo if you haven't read the Editor's mind you sly 'ol fox you. In the coming months we plan to include a free Roy Harper colour poster, and as for The Osmonds... well, "The State Of The Osmonds" is to be serialised in 34 parts in this very paper. If you write in English next time Malc, we'll even throw in a free binder to keep those lovely Donny smiles in place.**

THOUGHT you might like to know a few revealing facts about some of our pop mega-demi-gods:

- a) What is mistaken for Howie Jones' trendy coiffure, is in fact Tex-Eddie Grundy's late and much lamented prize hamper;
  - b) Marillion's epic "Kayeleigh" is meant to be Keighley — it's an ode to a fine town situated North-west of Bradford;
  - c) Nik Kirshaw was once employed as a part-time broom in a backstreet barbershop in Ipswich;
  - d) Andy Widgeley is currently learning the guitar and is reputed to have mastered the opening bars of a Status Quo record;
  - e) Contrary to media reports, George Micheal is not taking a role in "Brookside", but has been spotted by Granada officials as a suitable replacement for the late Bernard Youens as a reincarnation of Stan Ogden;
  - f) Steve Norman's sax is in truth a cunningly disguised penoid support mechanism to prevent unnecessary damage to his plonker;
  - g) Tracey Thorn had a taste of fame prior to EBGT in the title role of "Eraserhead";
  - h) Police are currently stepping up a nationwide search for the man who told Bono he should make a career out of singing;
  - i) Gary Numan won't be recording for some months as the manufacturers are waiting for spare parts to be imported from Japan.
- Libel writs to be delivered to... **ALEX SLANDER.**



Springsteen spots Sweeting's MCC tie...

**WHAT a wag you are Slender. For a small consideration we might even let you scribe a few words in TTT. Just send an open cheque to Blarney, c/o The Monserrat Police Dept.**

I RECOGNISE that you are obliged to carry interviews with cratins such as Thor from time-to-time, and understand that publicising his prejudices does not entail your approval of them (necessarily).

But I do feel that, at the end of last week's Shrink Rap, you could have pointed out that it is not possible to catch AIDS merely from being served by a gay waiter.

Such is the current state of disinformation about AIDS that it is possible that some of your readers might actually believe this.

**JIMMY SOMERVILLE'S Left Nipple, Brixton.**  
**LOOK here, Mr Nipple, it just won't do to underestimate the discerning intellect of the average MM reader! No one actually believed him. Did they? Our resident advisor took time off his transplant operation to inform us that you definitely cannot get AIDS from being served by gay waiters. He wasn't too sure what you may catch through meeting Thor — probably a cold.**

RE: Your article on Les Enfans in MM. So that bald chap thinks that Bono is running away from him does he? So Les Enfans are "romantics" who are "much more personal and direct" (and nothing like U2)? Hmmm

I suppose that is why they are called Les Enfans and not The Kids, why their album is called "Touche" and not "Touch", and why their lead singer calls himself Deric (note no second name) and not "Del-boy", and says that he's "not in this to get laid or drunk stupid every night".

Heard it all before? Certainly, only better. Come off it boys, don't criticise until you've got something more than a U2 bastard sound to offer. And you, Del-boy, should be hanged from every tree in your fair home-town for slugging off Bono. He could knock you into yesterday with one blast of his mighty tonsils.

From an angry Dubliner in exile.  
**WE'VE known that Pope Bono has had problems with halitosis, but this?**

If I supply the steamroller... will you supply the Thompson Twins?

**A Fan, USA.**  
**GLADLY, it's the best idea I've heard all day!**

IN reference to Steve Sutherland's ZTT — the value (or rather lack) of entertainment review... I'd just like to note that whomever his "bathing companion" turned out to be, she/he/it is one very lucky mother tucker, if I dare say so myself.

**A DREAMER, NYC.**  
**SOUNDS like a nightmare to me! Steve says he owes his fiendish good looks, far-ranging talent, and magnetic personality to two acid baths a day. We'd best draw a veil over the whole sordid matter.**

SO they don't want any associations between them and a "certain part of history"? What absolute crap. U-Bahn X are the most preposterous bunch of mentally-decayed Nazis I have ever had the misfortune of seeing live or reading about. If they don't want these associations drawn up, then why play on the idea? People who prance around dressed up as cretins who joyed in murdering innocent people need a good kick up the arse. When I saw them in January at the ICA, they came on stage to Nazi music, holding up two black flags and showed themselves up in being totally perverted. Adolf especially, who came on with a little Hitler moustache! It's another case of a record company changing their sound and then completely hyping a band. Justified? I somehow think not.

**LYSETTE COHEN, Borehamwood, Herts.**  
**ADOLF and his merry band of turnips are deeply ashamed of their rather embarrassing attempts to shock and generate publicity. They have promised me that they've turned over a new leaf. I believe their new mentor is a cross between Julie Andrews and Liberace.**

"THE preposterously named Paddy McAloon." Are you joking Colin Irwin or what? What the hell are you talking about? Do you like the bloody thing ("Steve McQueen"), or not? If "Swoon" was so easy to despise, why did it drag you back to it over and over with its "nagging magic"? So-called clever bastards write things like "when love breaks down, you join the wrecks who leave their hearts for easy sex". Only a daft bastard writes cobbler-like "cute, carefully crafted (great alliteration!), pop with liberal streaks of genuine eccentricity". Judging by Ian Pye's article, Paddy McAloon seems a pretty straightforward and suss character but this... this review is just bloody preposterous! However, if it's any consolation, I'm buying it anyway.

**JOHNNY SEVERIN (the extremely trendily named) of Newcastle.**  
**COLIN says: "Well, umm, you see I really liked it... sort of. Well, that's to say I liked some of it... with reservations. I mean, it's difficult to tell sometimes isn't it?" Translated this means The Prof has more reservations than the Sioux Nation, and thought the album sounded like a bunch of Aztec Camera B sides.**

**Backlash**

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



**PERCUSSION**

**Mark Jenkins takes a long, hard look at SCI's new digital drum machine - the TOM (£799 to you)**

SCI have had the top-selling digital drum machine - the Drumtraks - for a year now, a long time considering the rapid development of digital/MIDI musical instruments.

So now it's time for an update, at least - but the Drumtraks hasn't been superseded, despite the fact that the new Tom does things the Drumtraks doesn't even think about.

Tom comes in a very lightweight plastic casing, and has an external power supply. He's got eight basic sounds - bass, snare, tom 1 and 2, open and closed hi-hat, crash and claps. There's no ride cymbal, but as we'll see there's plenty of scope for adding other sounds at any time.

A cartridge which slots into the front panel can provide seven additional sounds - an excellent Latin percussion set with timbales, congas and guiro for instance - and sounds from cartridges can be mixed with on-board sounds in any pattern. Every drum in each pattern can have its tuning, pan position and volume individually programmed; some of these features were available on the Drumtraks, but the Tom allows you to control them from a MIDI synth keyboard while programming.

While the bottom octave of keys on the synth select the sound played on the Tom when connection is made by MIDI, the top octaves play all the available pitches, so you can program in an amazing tom-tom roll by running your finger down the top couple of octaves. There's also a key to duplicate the Tom's reverse button; this allows you to program in backwards sounds, and the amazing part is that you can play the forwards and backwards versions of any sound simultaneously.

In fact you can make any sound play up to four times simultaneously, so (for instance) several crash cymbal sounds with different tunings could overlap as they decay. This is referred to as Stack Mode, and has another benefit; if you place an instrument on the same beat more than once, Stack Mode produces a flanging effect, the depth of which varies according to whether you've put two, three or four sounds on the beat.

Tom can record 99 songs chained from 99 patterns and has full auto-correction facilities up to 36th beats for

tidying up your playing. In fact the only major step back on the Tom is the fact that it only has two audio outputs rather than five; and that's partly compensated for by the Panning facilities, which mean that you can even make a tom roll pan from left to right as it plays.

The rear panel has a socket for a Trigger output which can be programmed to work on any beat, and for a programmable footswitch which can control start/stop, pattern number, cartridge select, song number, tempo increase or decrease and more. The basic Tom has a 2,300-beat memory, but this can be expanded to 5,000, 7,700 or 10,400 by any service centre. The LED display will tell you how much memory is fitted (as long as you know how to select Memory Status, press INC twice and interpret 8 (K memory) as 2,300 notes capacity, 16 (K memory) as 5,000 and so on).

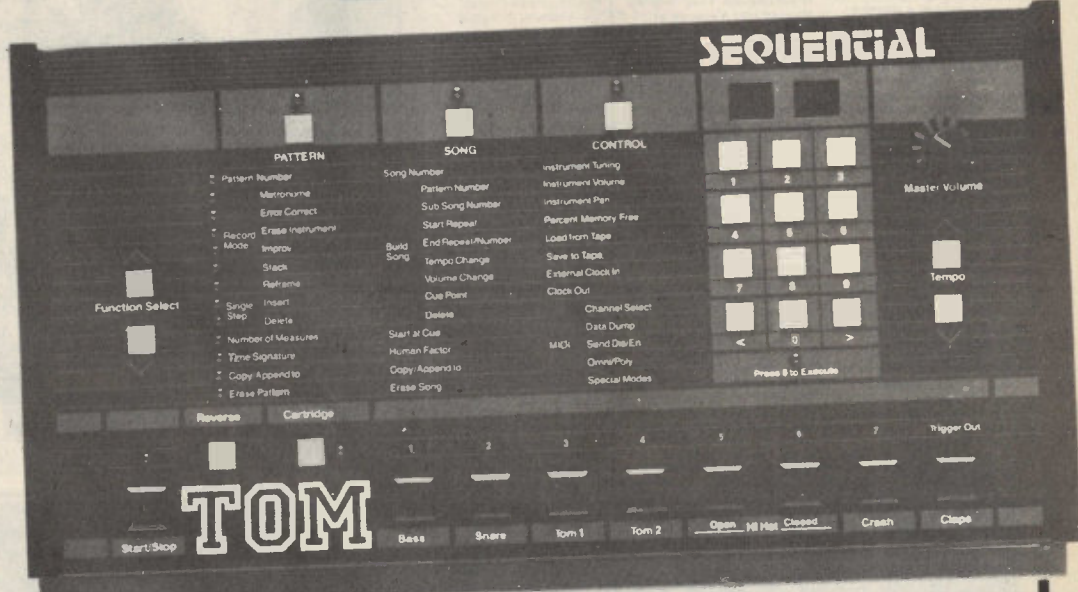
Tom's fully capable of working with other equipment, having a trigger out as mentioned, a Clock Out, a Tape Sync Out and full MIDI clock. Tom is more intelligent than most other drum machines though - it has an improvisation facility which adds in extra beats based on pre-recorded patterns dropped in at random.

"Improv" events are recorded separately from "Normal" events and if "Improv" mode is switched on they will occur a certain percentage of the time - and, as with everything else on the Tom, it's a programmable percentage. You can also cause sounds to Auto-repeat at any speed as set by the Error Correct speed, and of course there's a full complement of dump-to-tape facilities, editing facilities and front-panel indications of Percentage Memory Free, Software Revision and so on.

Of course, the most important thing about the Tom is how it sounds. The bass drum is a little flabbier than some people would like, but the snare is decent - sharper than that on the Drumtraks - and the toms are pretty powerful. The hi-hat's very good and the crash is outstanding, although it does fade quickly when it eventually dies; the clap is again better than the Drumtraks, and the Latin sounds as we mentioned are outstanding.

# T O M T O M

## C L U B



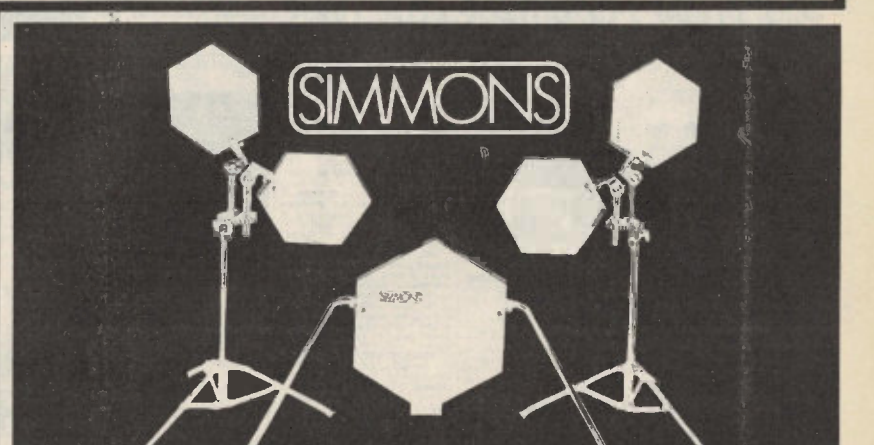
The attraction of reversed crash cymbals must be pretty limited, but it's a spectacular effect and one which is bound to turn up in the charts soon. Some of the Tom's controls reflect its budget price - they come from the SCI Max school of squashy buttons - but overall the construction is very good, in a lightweight Habitat sort of way.

Apart from the lack of multiple outputs, the Tom offers everything you could wish for on a relatively inexpensive drum machine. It may be possible to add multiple outputs (as it is on the SCI Six-Trax), but at least the programmable panning makes up for some of the deficiencies in this respect.

Tom's going to be a success, and it will be fun to see what additional cartridges turn up in the future. Hear it!

Many thanks to Rod Argent's Keyboards, 20 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8NA (Tel. 379 6690) for the loan of a Tom for review. Enquiries: SCI, 3640 AA Midrecht, Netherlands. Tel: 010 31 2979 6211.

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## 10,000 MANIACS

Clarendon, Hammersmith, London

I CAME to see 10,000 Maniacs as a relative stranger and left a strange relative. Well, a good friend then, eager to catch up on some more of their amiably eclectic years. Call it pop, call it rock - the group flutter around with their own definition, a ringing cultural dance through an unaffected academic twisting of "pop" songs. And then some.

Early on in the set, "Grey Victory" or "Katrinas" sound bouncy and straightforward, rooted in the same pounding pulse-beat and unified pop swing, but if the guitars - always employed inventively, never as polyfills or tangled fretboard workouts - feel like shooting off in a free-jazz spirit for 30 seconds or so, then why the hell not? 10,000 Maniacs aren't an ongoing booby trap, just a genuine surprise.

The calypso carnival of "Daktari" and the heartwarming waltz-time of "Colonial Wing" are just that - proof that the group recognise their intuitions, to stay true to their sources

while always moving at a tangent to conventional structures. 10,000 Maniacs don't make the concessions to radio that Lone Justice do or Blondie did. They're more plugged into a mining of folklore.

Guitars chime, ring or simply drive full throttle to the climax of the song, as in "Obsession". Anti-revivalists needn't fear though, because 10,000 Maniacs do not suffocate us with historic allusions. There is so much more at stake here, with the diminutive singer Natalie Prussletting like a loopy but formally-dressed dervish, like a truant Amish, and the eccentric lyrics, about 10,000 intellectual moves away from pop.

The disinterest in working out their egos in public will mean the excellent new "Can't Ignore The Train" single won't automatically break the ice. But the calibre of the strident "My Mother The War" or the gentler "Tide" should dissolve some barriers. Audiences, so I'm told, have gone wild every night. I'm not surprised.

MARTIN ASTON

## ROARING BOYS

### Marquee, London

YOU will no doubt recall the publicity these chaps attracted a while back when they signed a deal with CBS Records for a sum reported to be in the region of £300,000. Heavy commitment indeed. A single came out, and lo, in spite of backing and/or blessing from the Whistle Test, Paul "Grinning" Gambaccini, Smash Hits, the music weeklies, the Sunday Times col sup, not to mention Radio 1, it bombed. Much guffawing and general amusement in certain non-aligned areas of the music biz and media followed.

So I'm sure that this show at the Marquee was not in the Grand Scheme of things for this band. By now it should have been Hammersmith Odeon. But the Marquee is a great leveller, mega and unknown all got the same break, so was this latest created phenomenon going to stand up and walk off by itself, unedited and unmade-up?

Well, the short answer is that it did, though at times hesitantly. The six-piece band played a 13-strong set but only their single, "Every Second Of The Day", and the soon-to-be-released follow-up, "House Of Stone", were familiar to me. The latter was not quite given the considered treatment of the recorded version, but all the other songs were convincing enough. In fact, some of the other numbers - "Wildier For You", "Gimme My Love Back Now", and "Persuasion" - were positively ripping. At other times, it seemed the pace was running away with itself, and I was unclear what all the strutting and posturing was about.

NELSON JONES

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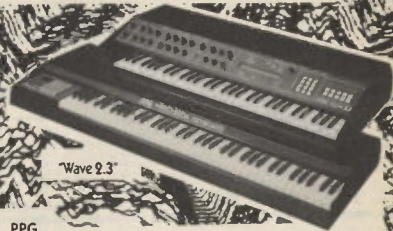
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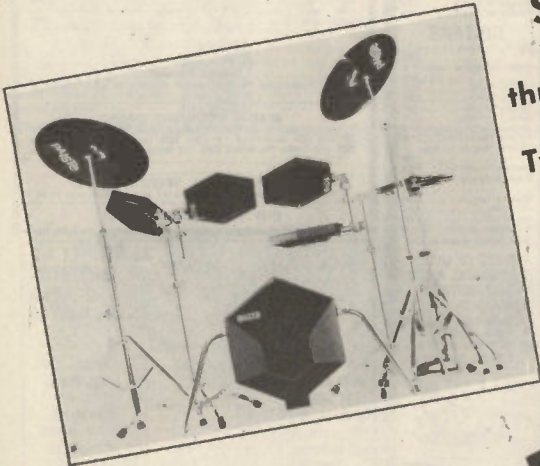
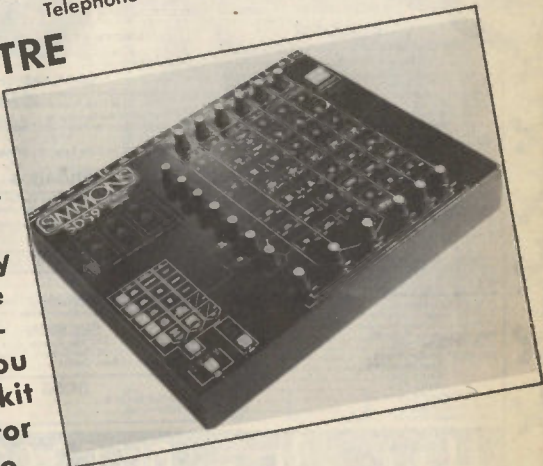
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