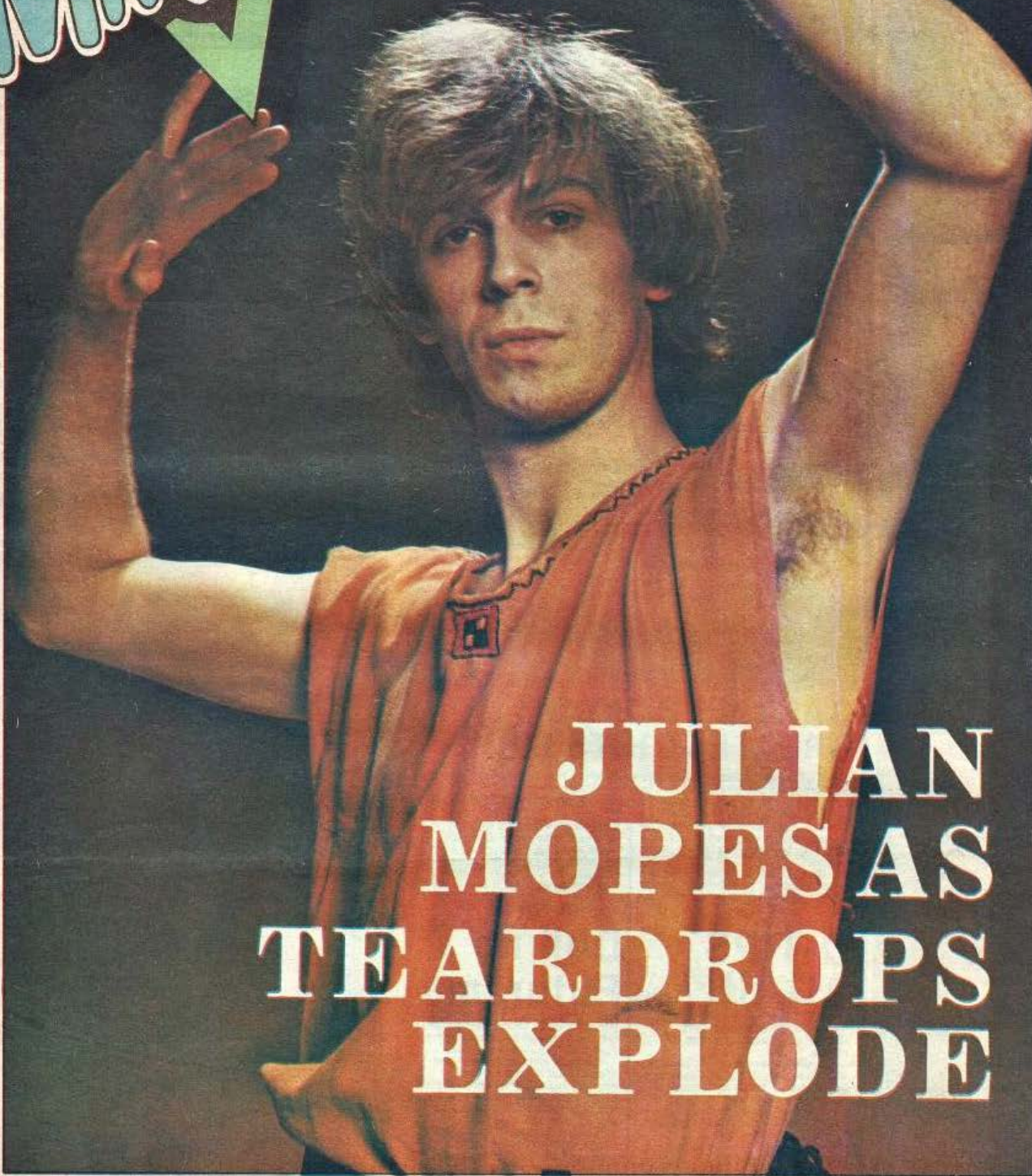


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TEARDROPS  
EXPLODE

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BONO of U2: album charts

# TEARDROPS EXPLODE

## TWO SACKED

THE TEARDROP Explodes have contracted into a three-piece working unit after the departure of Alfie Agius and Geoff Hammer.

And leader Julian Cope's latest move, which led to the sacking of the two musicians last week, has thrown plans for a Teardrops' tour in November and December into jeopardy.

Cope, along with drummer Gary Dwyer and Troy Tate, have now announced that they are the new nucleus of the group, and will begin recording a new album together this week. A spokesman for the group told RECORD MIRROR: "Alfie and Geoff weren't exactly sacked, it was more of a question of their contracts running out after the tour."

And he added: "Julian and Gary are the original Teardrops, with other people helping out when required. Troy will be joining them for the album, and for any dates which the group do play later this year."

Plans for the group, beyond the recording of the album, are still

## EXCLUSIVE

unclear. Julian Cope has said that he definitely wants to play some British dates before the end of the year, but the events of last week now seem to indicate that a full scale tour is unlikely.

"If the group play at all it's likely to be with guest musicians joining them on a non-permanent basis," said the group's spokesman. "We are hoping that some dates will take place, and we hope to announce something more definite over the next few weeks."

● Julian Cope and Gary Dwyer, together since the first Teardrops' album last year, have always remained the firm basis of the group, and in an exclusive RECORD MIRROR interview this week Cope says: "I've got a direction for Teardrop Explodes and I'm so sure of what I'm doing that I'm going to start delegating to people who don't understand that."

Read the full story of the rise of Julian Cope (and the Teardrops), on page 4.

# GARY US BONDS GREATEST HITS LP

GARY US Bonds' earliest recordings which made him an American star in the 'sixties are being released on a greatest hits album.

Following his return to favour due to his involvement with Bruce Springsteen, Ensign Records are cashing in by bringing out some of his raunchiest rock and roll songs including his 1960 Top 10 hit 'New Orleans'.

A UK tour will be arranged for the autumn and the 'New Orleans' single will be released to coincide with the dates.

Kirklevington Country Club 11, Doncaster Rotters 12, Cventry Polytechnic 15, Birmingham Aston University 16, Leicester University 17, Swansea University 20, Wales Polytechnic 21, Cardiff University 23, St Albans City Hall 24, and London City University 26.

# Q-TIPS AGAIN

THE Q-TIPS are on the road again, having had to pull out of their 'Bucket and Spade' tour due to illness.

The group, who received acclaim with their 'Stay The Way You Are' EP, take on a series of dates next month following two nights last week at the London Venue.

Dates for the tour are: Sheffield Polytechnic September 30, Hull College October 1, Newcastle Mayfair 2, Huddersfield Polytechnic 3, Norwich University of East Anglia 4, Bath University 5, Leeds Warehouse 7 and 8, Salford University 9, Bradford University 10,

# Doll no Futurama

DOLL BY DOLL made their excuses this week for not appearing at the Futurama 3 Festival in Stafford.

The band claim that it was bad organisation that meant they couldn't appear. They were offered either a 15-minute slot before headliners Simple Minds or a set half an hour after the gig had finished according to the group.

Now they are looking at other venues in the area for anyone at the festival who had turned up to see them. The new dates will be included as part of a whole tour the group are planning for next month.

# U2 ALBUM AND TOUR

ACCLAIMED IRISH band U2 are finally back on the road... just as their album 'Boy' has hit the charts for the first time. And a new LP is due out next month, almost a year after their debut offering came out. The group have just finished work on the album, which has been provisionally titled 'Scarlet'.

Fans will have a chance to hear new material on the 18-date tour which will also feature songs on the current album, now it has finally charted.

## POLICE RELEASE

THE LONG-AWAITED album by The Police, 'Ghost In The Machine', is now set for release on October 2... Sting's birthday.

Sting wrote nine of the 11 tracks, with Stewart Copeland and Andy Summers being credited with one apiece. The full track listings: 'Spirits In The Material World', 'Rehumanise Yourself', 'Hungry For You', 'Omega Man', 'Invisible Sun', 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic', 'Secret Journey', 'One World Not Three', 'Too Much Information', 'Demolition Man' (The song that appeared on Grace Jones' 'Nightclubbing' LP) and 'Darkness'.

As previously reported 'Invisible Sun' is the first single, released on September 18, with 'Chambelle', a track that doesn't appear on the album. The album was produced by The Police and Hugh Padgham in Monserrat and Montreal.

The tour kicks off at Norwich University on October 1. Then: Nottingham Rock City 2, Salford University 3, Glasgow Tiffany's 4, Warwick University 5, Leicester Polytechnic 7, Sheffield Lyceum 8, Newcastle Mayfair 9, Liverpool Royal Court 10, Brighton Top Rank 12, Portsmouth Locarno 13, Cardiff Top Rank 14, Stoke King's Hall 16, Bracknell Sports Centre 17, Bristol Locarno 18, Birmingham Locarno 19, Leeds Tiffany's 20 and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 21.

Tickets for all shows are £3, except Leicester where they are £2.50 and Nottingham where they are £3 and £3.50. Support for all the gigs except Sheffield is the Comsat Angels.

U2 will not play a London date, though. The group played at the Hammersmith Palais earlier this summer and as a result will only play provincial gigs.

The group recently played Newcastle's Rock On The Tyne Festival and the Edinburgh Festival.

NEWS EXTRA  
Page 20



TINA WEYMOUTH: new single

# TOM TOM FOLLOW UP

TOM TOM Club — who smashed into the charts with 'Wordy Rappinghoo!' — have a follow-up single released this week.

The band, lead by Talking Head's bassist Tina Weymouth, bring out a new song 'Genius Of Love'. It is also available as a 12-inch disco mix.

The single is backed by an instrumental version of a song

entitled 'Lorelei'. And the same song with vocals is due to be included on the group's forthcoming album, which is released in mid-October.

The Tom Tom Club also include Tina Weymouth's husband Chris Frantz, guitarist Adrian Belew and Lani and Laura, Tina's sisters supplying back-up vocals.



CREATURES: Siouxsie and Budge unite

## SIOUXSIE'S NEW 'CREATURE' EP

SIOUXSIE AND the Banshees are all set for an autumn shocker... with an EP featuring a photograph of Siouxsie and band member Budge naked together in the shower! The EP, entitled 'Wild Things', will be released in early October containing five as yet unnamed tracks. Siouxsie and Budge will adopt the name of The Creatures for their new project and, it seems,

their new image. The tracks are described by a spokesman as: "vocal and drums only, and a marked change from the normal Banshees style." But 'Wild Things' doesn't spell the end of Siouxsie And The Banshees just yet. "The group will carry on as before and they'll all be at John McGeoch's wedding this week," their spokesman told Record Mirror.



IRON MAIDEN: Japanese goods

## JAPANESE MAIDEN EP

IRON MAIDEN release a live 12-inch EP this week entitled 'Maiden Japan'. The four tracks were recorded in Nagoya in May and feature 'Running Free', 'Remember Tomorrow', 'Killers' and 'Innocent Exile'.

Maiden are currently in Scandinavia playing the last leg of their world tour which began in February. On their return to the UK, they will start writing and recording their next album which should be released at the beginning of next year.

Although no dates have been finalised, Iron Maiden hope to play some British gigs before Christmas, and have confirmed that they'll be playing an extensive UK tour in the new year.

## GRACE JONES DEBUT GIGS

OUTRAGEOUS DISCO queen, Grace Jones, makes her British concert debut next month.

Her dates in this country are part of a European tour called 'Grace Jones: A One Man Show' and will be the same set as she previewed in New York last month.

But the live appearances here are limited to just two concerts in London.

She plays at the London Theatre Royal on October 8 and 9. Tickets are on sale now priced at £6.50, £5, £3 and £4 available from the box office.

## Showaddywaddy British tour

SHOWADDYWADDY EMBARK on their largest ever UK tour, with over 30 dates all over the country.

The rock 'n' roll revivalists play Mavern Winter Gardens September 11 and continue at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 12, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms 13, Frimley Lakeside Club 18, 19, Croydon Fairfield's Hall 20, Poole Arts Centre 21, Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall 26, Harrogate Royal Hall 27, Derby Assembly Rooms October 2, Liverpool Court 3, Mansfield Leisure Centre 4, Slough Fulcrum 9, Chelmsford Odeon 10, Ipswich Gaumont 11, Coventry Theatre 12, Watford Baileys 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, Aberystwyth Art Centre 29, Rhonda Leisure Centre 31, Southampton Gaumont November 1, Bristol Colston Hall 2, Oxford Theatre 5, Manchester Golden Garter 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, Birmingham Night Out November 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, Newcastle City Hall December 3, Scarborough Futurist 4, Huddersfield Sports Centre 5, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 6, Preston Guild Hall 7, Leicester De Montfort Hall 8, Stoke on Trent Jollies 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

More dates are being arranged for January, February and March.

## Video hire

A VIDEO film can now be hired for £2 from high street stores now a new scheme has been introduced by a major company.

Under the scheme, operated by a firm called Video At Home, videos like 'Breaking Glass', 'Saturday Night Fever' and 'Jaws' can be rented overnight for £2.

The videos are available from the TV rental shops Radio Rentals and DER, but can be only kept for one night for the low price.

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FASHION MEETS passion when a Teardrop Explodes. MARK COOPER hears how JULIAN copes with 15 minutes of fame on page 4.

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PLUS! ALL THE summer festivals reviewed, starting page 18.

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# We can be heroes just for one day

**B**LESS my cotton socks, it's Julian Cope and Gary Dwyer, walking down Barnes High Street at eight in the evening. Julian looks like a hippy Biggles in his flying jacket. The two of them are paying serious attention to a bar of dark nut chocolate. Mutters of "classic", "awesome" and "incredible" are to be heard between munches. If teardrops can explode like atom bombs then chocky bars are worth mentioning in the kind of language usually reserved for discussions of the world's Seven Wonders.

Two months earlier in Brighton, Julian performed onstage like Lawrence of Arabia or some other boyhood adventure hero. He stands there and sings in a belt with pouches of the kind reserved for generals in jerkin and breeches that flow like a swashbuckler. Yet he's so Erroll Flynn; though he's clearly in charge, he's no natural athlete but curiously gawky as he flails his arms about like a poetic windmill, striving to be great.

Sitting in a Greek restaurant after the gig with eight dishes to choose from at two in the morning, I'm asking Julian about his many heroes, the gods he reveres. There's John Cale and Scott Walker, Arthur Lee of Love, Tim Buckley and, well, the list goes on. Julian's just brought out an album of Scott Walker solo material entitled *The Godlike Genius Of Scott Walker*; he's never met him. "I don't want to meet my heroes. I'd be scared to, they might not live up to what I've imagined about them. I might not be able to talk to them. I prefer to leave them on record."

While Julian hails his "friends" with passion and celebrates his own particular version of rock's hall of fame, he and his Teardrops have gone in one year from cult status to pop stardom. While most of his heroes remain in obscurity or have their reputations confirmed long after they've snuffed it, Julian is being feted by an increasingly large teen audience and is getting to be a familiar on Top Of The Pops. The Teardrops aren't a cult but a pop explosion and Julian is a Face.

The night before their appearance on this week's TOTP, Julian explains why he's happy to be huge, a hit while it matters: "I don't want to do this in retrospect. I want to do it right now. I don't want to wait around 10 years until people decide to realise how great the Teardrops were. The fact that we are selling now is great."

"I always assume that everybody I'm into is big. But I'm certain that all those people wanted to succeed in the public eye. They would have been just as great if they'd sold. The thing is to do work that is as great as theirs and yet to be as big as David Bowie. These people are influences in as much as they're a challenge, they've done things that I want to compete with."

"To me influences are like a minefield; you walk along and you try to avoid them as much as you can but every now and then these people just explode in your face and all you can do is say 'Wow! You've just got to acknowledge them and embrace them.'"

Julian is an undoubted original but he's more than keen to document his sense of rock tradition, to map out his own hall of fame: "The reason I initial-

ly put all those influences together was that I was fed up with all these people denying where they came from, people like the Psychedelic Furs would say 'Who?' if you mentioned the Velvet Underground. I want us to be like the Velvet Underground but when I say that, I don't want us to be like the Velvets musically. I want us to be like them in stature. I want to be as good as them in my own terms."

**T**HE Teardrops aren't playing for small stakes. Julian is one of the great fans, he knows how good a Tim Buckley or a Joy Division were and remain. But to maintain their standard, his task is not to imitate but to equal and transcend. "Despite all these people, I only want to be me, there's no one I want to be. I think of our records like a fan. I enjoy listening to them, I make them so I can listen to them. Certain people are making stuff that I want to listen to and there are certain things that people haven't made that I want to hear so I've got to make them myself."

If Julian's going to make it, it's a main desire that he should make it great: "To me, there's no reason to be doing something unless it's really great. There's so much crap around at the moment, I suppose there always was; you've got to aim for the top because it challenges you. You can't deny your influences but hopefully I'm strong enough in myself to fight above those influences and state my own claim."

While Julian remains acutely aware of the great tradition, he's surrounded by autograph hunters who see a pop idol and not a great artist. While he attempts to soar (Thor-like) into the skies to battle with the great gods of mythology, he becomes Top 20, a shooting star. "For all I know, I might be taking all these rather esoteric influences and turning them into bubblegum pop music."

What's endearing about Julian is that the dilemma troubles him, that, like an eager schoolboy, he wants so much. The lad's got an acute attack of historical consciousness: "I do see this great long line stretching right all through English poetry from the beginning to rock music and now. You can always knock any of these figures for being pretentious but that's because they, at least, are trying for greatness."

The ill side of 'Passionate Friend' is called 'Christ Versus Warhol'. In those two figures Julian marks the dilemma. Only he would be committed enough, loopy enough, overweening enough, perhaps even pretentious enough to put those two together. Pretension is an essential element of Julian's charm. Coming into the struggle for greatness a little late in the day and coming in as a fan, Julian thinks of unlikely battles in the halls of fame. Christ versus Warhol. And now that Julian's in the pop world, he must ask himself, can pop be great?

"The idea of 'Christ versus Warhol' is the difference between the two kinds of fame those figures represent. There's the Warhol pop idea that anyone can be famous for 15 minutes, and then there's the hugeness and the endurance of Christ's fame. 15 minutes is just so disposable, it's not even a whole day! But both kinds are great in their own way. Neither of the figures win out in the song but Christ does have the upper hand. I think he should do. And he does have a head start of 2,000 years. What we're trying to do is be faithful to both figures, both kinds of fame."

**J**ULIAN'S happy to make great pop singles or be screamed at as a Face: "If little 14 year old girls want to come and listen to the music because of the way I look, that's fine by me. It's not going to affect the music and I

it can also be exciting, vivacious, vital. You work within the framework but you can also extend the borders. There's no point in putting out something that's weird and esoteric and 'credible'. It won't sell and the perfect pop single sells lots." No formulas, mind. Julian is as amazed as the next person that they do.

"I don't write songs as a craft. I just want to write a song. I don't know what's going to come out. They're just cries of joy, in fact, whatever form the songs come in. It's just some kind of 'rejoicing'. Effusions and enthusiasms. Julian's songs seem to bubble out like his speech, all 'wows' and 'classics'."

**Christ, Warhol, Arthur Lee (who?), Scott Walker, JULIAN COPE. Are these the immortals of the next century and beyond? Julian Cope hopes so, after all he does have the same initials as Bethlehem's legendary failed hotel guest . . . MARK COOPER teeters on the edge of his seat in excitement.**

want to do everything that we do well. The people that get into it on the level that I do may only be one in 10,000 and that's fine. I'm not insular enough to be patronising to people or believe that they're into it for a lesser reason."

So Julian straddles pop and progressive and continues to make perfect, fresh-faced, buoyant and bouncy singles. Adventure songs that stride forth on a punch of brass like a hero across the Sahara of contemporary pop. Ah yes, the art of the single. "When you do singles you're working within a three-minute structure. You've got to be commercial but

stretching out in celebration in a punch of brass. But enthusiasm for what? Does Julian manage more than to blow his own trumpet?"

"The whole idea of the Teardrops to me is nice, nice melodies and lyrics that, while they're always sung hopefully, have dark secrets in them when you start listening to them." There's more here than Julian's charm and wide-eyed smile, more than empty claims of greatness. To claim is not enough.

"The Teardrops are like the image of The Great Dominions, the title track of the new album. It's about the

British Empire, the Raj, all beautiful and smiling with everyone in pristine condition and then you realise behind that smooth smile there's an undercurrent. You realise why they're smiling, they're all looking clean but then you see that they've just wiped out a colony of boars. Or it's Oliver Cromwell going into Ireland and wiping them all out. And the smile makes it so easy to forget that."

Julian is troubled by his own charm and his fascination for it, his love for stirring stuff, adventure tales and gung-ho English poetry and the brutal reality they romanticised. The Teardrop Explodes come on like a cavalry charge in a British epic film of the Zulu variety but they have a troubled conscience a darker side. A man can smile and smile and be a villain as Julian knows. Particularly a pop star or a middle class English boy with good manners.

"I have a new song called 'Culture Bunker' that's about the way we all reacted to other people trying to make it in Liverpool. We'd say we really want you to make it but we don't, the whole thing is so smiley, smiley, stab you in the back. David Balle is always plugging me off for smiling at people and saying hello when I'm not interested in them but it's just the way I've been brought up, I'm not one of those people who declare 'I'm honest, I'm frank, I tell people that they're shits.'"

Meanwhile the polite Julian who smiles and enthuses has a general's control of the Teardrops. It's Julian's band with Julian's soul on view: "Before we had more pretensions to being a group and more failures as a consequence, I'm doing things exactly the way I want them, there's no tokenism anymore. I just like the banner of calling it 'The Teardrop Explodes'. I've got a direction and I'm so sure of what I'm doing that I'm not going to start delegating to people who don't understand that."

So there's Julian, bless his cotton socks, a passionate fan, a general waving an English banner, smiling. A great pretender with great ambitions, a little awed by his pretensions but stretching for greatness as Christ and Warhol. And suffering the anxiety of influence, struggling with his heroes and his smile. Perhaps his gift is to make these great claims, to stretch rather than arrive. A teardrop explodes and Julian says 'Wow! What will be his reward?'



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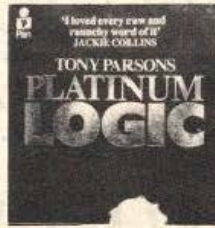
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## ONE LINERS ...

THE SUN'S out and suddenly everything looks brighter — even boring old Top Of The Pops look on a brighter air for its 'live' broadcast on Thursday, with the best studio line-up it's ever had; interesting to note that with all the young posters gathered there, visitor Gary Numan felt most at home with Dollar (they're both midgets! such a shock when you see 'em in the flesh) with whom he later went out to dinner... dreamboat Julian Cope drifted about barefoot and with interestingly enlarged pupils... ace cabaret duo Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patterson posed (the operative word) as John Fox's backing group, since the poor old chap hadn't got one of his own... Sell Cell's Marc Almond once again outshone all the other mime artists, and, confided how tickled he'd been at his appearance in Greia Snipe's diary; Phonogram were apparently not so amused... Orchestral Manoeuvrer Paul Humphreys looked a little nervous in his role as singer; still, perhaps it was just a touch of pre-wedding nerves, since he gets spliced to his girlfriend Maureen later this month... another humiliation for her majesty Steve Strange last Saturday, when he was turned away from the door of Planets club's psychedelic night... in Stafford the very same night, Bow Wow Wow's Matthew was having a smashing time: doing someone's windows, to be precise, for which the foolish lad was promptly arrested... haven't passed on any news of the lovely George, our favourite boy about town, lately, so here goes: George is currently rehearsing with his group, finally christened Culture Club, fretting about losing one of his girl singers to the Jehovah's Witnesses (what label are they on? — Ed.) and papering his bedroom with pictures of Shakin' Stevens... a clash of the titans at Rockfield studios recently, when Pete (Wah!) Wylie collided with the one and only Lemmy; the mighty Lem presented a Motorhead T-shirt to an ecstatic Wylie, and two ended up playing a piano duet (it's true!)... yah boo sucks to frock-coated ninny Adam Ant, who evicted poseurette extraordinaire Marilyn from the shoot of his video for 'Prince Charming' (he has to be kidding!)... Paul Humphreys and our very own Mike 'Ponch' Nicholson aren't the only ones making sure they'll be warm for the winter; Banshee John McGeoch is about to wed Janet, his alluring Oriental companion... Wild Men Of Rock the Strangers have mellowed out sufficiently to record their latest LP at the Manor with Tony Visconti at the controls... perhaps he was introduced to them by his old friend and client Hazel O'Connor, who seems to be playing down her 'fun-loving' image these days, she went to the premiere of the football flick 'Escape To Victory' with Steve Strange, and there's definitely no danger of a romance in the bud there... remember Richard Jobson doing a poetry LP with two classical accompanists? (remember Richard Jobson?) Well, the ladies in question now have a definite taste for our glamorous rock world; flautist Virginia has done further work with the Skids and with Tear-drop guitarist Troy Tate and plans a solo single for Why-Fi Records, while saxophonist Josephine and her group Kissing The Pink have a single out which has found high favour in the eyes (tears?) of Radio One's cuddly late night DJ, old whastisname... that's all, folks! see you next week, same time, same corner.

LOVE FROM... GLIBB SR



## ROCK BUSTER

ROCK 'N' ROLL has been crying out for an epic masterwork of trash fiction for longer than the Rolling Stones have been together. A pot boiler worthy enough to stand alongside the Harold Robbins' (the film industry), the Jackie Collins' (the living, loving jet set) and the Clive Cussler's (disaster! disaster!) of this world.

With the publication of 'Platinum Logic' (Pan Books, £1.75) this week, author Tony Parsons has at least got halfway there. Parsons, former acid-tongued rock journalist, fills five hundred pages with a plot and a selection of characters that easily pass the credibility test.

And while it's not the mammoth blockbuster the publishers claim it to be ('the most unpopular novel of the eighties!'), complete with quote from Pan stablemate Jackie Collins on the front cover) it is a well crafted rock novel... and there haven't been many of those.

Parsons, demonstrably a hater of Rock and all who sail with her after three brattish years on the NME, neatly combines a long tradition of cliched story lines and his own viciously accurate observation. 'Platinum Logic' is gory trash, he seems to be saying, but it's good gory trash.

To prove the point we have the am-



MUCH CLICKING and cursing abounded in London's Hard Rock Cafe last week when the Evening Standard held their first Ad Lib Rubic Cube competition. More than 100 entrants from the London area took part, the youngest competitor being only eight years old. Singer and actress Toyah Wilcox mediated, preferring to watch than participate for a change. She's pictured here with the winner, 15-year-old Greg Banner from Orpington, Kent. Greg flashed ahead to win in an amazing time of 39.2 seconds, though he maintains that had he not been so nervous, he might of equalled his best time of 26 seconds. Greg's tip to Toyah for fast results is to grease the cube for easy movement, and use your fingertips to rotate the cube rather than your wrists. Ad Lib plan to hold a second competition next year, so get practising!

phetamine-crazed tycoon Nathan Chasen steering his indie label to the top despite a series of attacks by a drug-funded Arab organisation. On the way he makes and breaks the ancient rocker Deuce Berner, and cures him of his heroin addiction, turns Candy Odell, a teenage junkie from Akron, Ohio into a Las Vegas star, and comes to terms with the depar-

ture of his wife (a one-time star turned alcoholic). There's sex, murder, drugs, the Mafia, greed, power and a cliff hanger every chapter — Parsons has learned the trade well and quickly. His next book, undoubtedly, will come complete with the sticker that says: 'Soon To Be A Major Film, JOHN SHEARLAW.'

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# WHSMITH

## MONDAY

**N**ATURALLY I receive many letters each week from anxious mothers and my advice to them is always the same; keep your daughters locked up. The pop world is full of drug takers and sexual perverses these days. I'm not surprised **Annabella Lu Win's** dear mater blew her curlers when she saw the disgusting **Bow Wow** album cover revealing her darling little girl in a 'warts and all' nude situation. It's enough to offend the coarsest of sensibilities. But I wonder if dear little **Rachel Sweet's** father knows about the company his errant offspring is keeping these days? **Rex Smith**, Little Miss (not so) Sweet's accomplice in her recent attempt to murder the old **Amen Corner** hit 'Everlasting Love', is hardly the best of influences for an impressionable youngster.

A spy sends me an old copy of **Him** (the magazine for men's men) where I stumble across the vile, leering and moustachiod figure of Mr **Smith** and the revolting information that he started out as a rock 'n' roller playing in bikini underwear.

## TUESDAY

**I**SN'T LIFE funny? During my weekly trip to New York who should I run into backstage at the **Jacksons'** concert, but **Rachel Sweet** in the arms of doe-eyed **Michael Jackson**. A lot of people put the boy's childlike naivety down to various bizarre reasons. Of course none of this is true, he's just a shy and sensitive lad who would rather watch **The Muppets** than an adult video.

Another lady on the loose this week is great blabbermouth **Hazel O'Connor**. A caller from England tells me that she originally sold her dismal autobiography, 'Cover Plus', to the **News Of The Screws** for £15,000 and then proceeded to blow



## By Greta Snipe

the whole gaff in a **Sunday Mirror** interview for an approximate nothing. Naturally the prestigious **News** pulled out of the deal and **Little Miss Mouth Almighty** ended up flogging the whole sorry story to the downmarket **Daily Star** for a mere £5,000. Greed just doesn't pay, but you just can't tell some people.

## WEDNESDAY

**H**OW SWEET of pasty faced superstar **Gary Numan** to dedicate his latest single, 'She's Got Claws', to me. But what a



**MICHAEL JACKSON AND RACHEL SWEET: hand-some!**

shame it's such a load of incomprehensible old rubbish. Clearly the daft wimp has gone completely off his rocker. And just to prove it he tells me he plans to fly his silly little plane around the world in 44 days. Worse, there'll even be a documentary film and he'll be phoning **Radio One** every day just to drivel about how far he's got. His only fear, he confides, is crash landing in the sea and being eaten by sharks. I suggest he wears a jacket with 'Gary Numan Is The Greatest Pop Star In The World' scrawled across the back. I don't think even a shark could swallow that.

I pop out to lunch and spot a grief stricken figure at the table next to me, blubbering into his soup. It turns out to be the **Pansy Potter** of pop, **Steve Strange**. Through the huge tears trickling down his Concoered-type probosis, he whines that he wants to wear a dress on the next **Visage** album cover but manly **Midge Ure** won't let him. The vision of paunchy **Strange** in a dress is so odious that I leave my avocado half eaten and make straight for the nearest lavatory.

## THURSDAY

**O**FF TO Top Of The Pops, even worse than usual, but after the show I accompany **Therese** and **David of Dollar** to the **Tramp** disco where we are accosted by the disgustingly overweight and tired and emotional **Gary Glitter**. It really is sad to see him prancing about like some fairy elephant godmother.

But obesity seems to be an occupational hazard with pop stars these days. **BP Hurding**, drummer with boring **New Rhythmic Classics** **Nouveaux** had to lose one and a half stones just so they could fit his vast bulk on the band's first album cover. And now, with a new album promised by the end of the year and all the flab back where it belongs, the poor boy doesn't know what to do.

## FRIDAY

**N**ORMALLY abhor public transport but this morning I find myself on a bus in Birmingham, sitting opposite the most boring and hellish man on earth, **Kevin Rowlands** of **Rexys Dimlight Bumpers**. He's slumped across the seat in his normal sloblike manner, preventing all the pensioners from sitting down and perusing **RECORD MIRROR** in a desperate bid to ingratiate himself with me. The pompous twit passes me a hastily scrawled essay which informs me that he'll soon be moving to **Brum's** poshest area, **Egbaston**. All part of his search for lost soul rebels perhaps. Unlike the vastly overpaid **Rowlands**, poor little scruff bag **Eddie Tenpole** can't find anywhere to live at all. The pile of rags has been squatting in a luxury house just off **Regent's Park** for about the past four years and now the smell's so bad he could be evicted any time. I wonder where he'll take all those young girls he tries so hard to pick up at that snotty little poseurs enclave **Club Left** every Thursday? I only hope it's got a bath.

## SATURDAY

**T**HE BUTLER wakes me just in time for the return of the most idiotic show on earth, **Tiswas**. And what a winging little ninny **Adam Ant** CSE (failed) is. I'm sick of seeing his ratty little paint splattered features all over the shop, and that outrageously over the top 'Prince Charming' video with that ludicrous old barrel of lard **Diana Dors** started up as a fairy godmother is an exercise in pure rubbish. He's off on a world tour and threatens to return for a special Christmas show "just for the kids". How noble! The fact that he's taking in the sponduliks at an alarming rate is totally irrelevant, I suppose. When ex-Ant **Kevin Mooney** tried to set up a deal for his band with **Adam's** record company **CBS**, the painted



**ADAM ANT: guess who this time?**

twit stamped his little feet and got the whole thing stopped. How nasty!

## SUNDAY

**T**HE OFFICE has been flooded with calls from young ladies this week anxious to refute our allegations that **Ultravox's Midge Ure** is not all he should be. One young lady, who described herself as **Cynthia Plastercaster** from **Stoke-on-Trent**, even went as far as to say she had concrete evidence that **Midge** is all man. All we can say is that plaster of paris was good enough in our day.

Seriously though folks we understand that **Midge** was considerably upset by insinuations in **Claws** two weeks ago that he didn't 'measure up'. We did offer, as well as our sincere apologies, the use of our centre spread for him to pose a la **Playgirl** for your delectation but he declined, muttering something about not being able to fit it in (he is a busy boy these days). **Britain's** answer to **Errol Flynn** did say however that he would be available backstage during **Ultravox's** forthcoming tour to prove his point. Come back **Sunie** the dates are all sold out.

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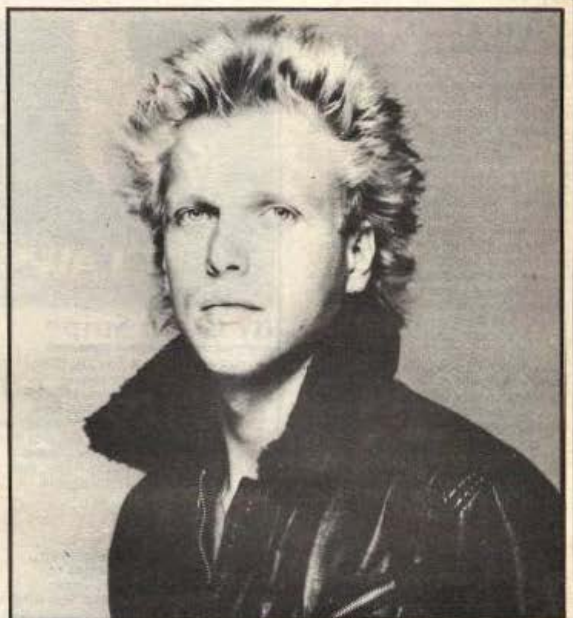
TOO BAD, DJ!



CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT: oink oink!

DEEJAYING IS climbing up a toast again and right there in front are one Clint Eastwood and one General Saint, a terrible tandem. Two bad DJs. Friends a long time since in Jamaica, the two were brought together by the ministrations of independent reggae record company Greensleeves; practice and natural panache resulted in 'Another One Bites The Dust', a grin of a love bump record, all oinks and bims. But it's the tip of the iceberg as far as the duo are concerned: "We are part of a younger generation of DJs, a new style after the heavy rasta work of U-Roy, Big Youth and such men. The younger style is singing with the rhythm of the backing track, explaining the song which we are deejaying." Now the two of them compose their own talk-over — sing-overs to backing tracks sent from Jamaica. Onstage they're a giggle and an oink, competing with each other, rapping away ten to the dozen, pure exuberance. A main influence was the man they celebrated in their first 12-inch, 'Tribute To General School'. Echo was a blues singer performing 'slack stuff' with distinctly rude lyrics with titles like 'Bathroom Sex'. He was shot dead in Kingston this year. Developing Echo's sense of and finding their own brand, Saint and Eastwood want to give the people a fun time: "We like to use jokes and gimmicks, we want our music to get people lifted and going, we want our music to be understood by everybody, black and white. We'll continue to use the roots style backing tracks but we're writing some songs in a more English style." The two are working in the studio and touring Britain now. No one talks like these two. MARK COOPER

NO OLD denims, bullet belts, or scuffed training shoes for this boy. Heavy metal's wunderkind Michael Schenker, has the classic clean cut looks of a young German officer in one of those World War Two soap operas. His tanned and lithe body is wrapped in a smart leather jacket and he looks incredibly healthy — surprising really, considering the amount of abuse his body has taken since he was 15. "I've taken every drug apart from heroin," he says disarmingly. "There isn't anything unusual in that, where I grew up in Germany everybody was doing it. Then I came to realise that apart from stimulants it's the true state of your mind that counts. I'm something of a philosopher — material things don't matter to me. The more you've got the more you want. You keep on following a never ending spiral. "I could easily be turning out disco records and make thousands of pounds but I play my kind of music because it comes from my heart. I mean that honestly." Schenker's band are celebrating their first anniversary together this week and Mike has surprised a number of critics who said it would never last this long. After he built up a reputation of being difficult when he was with UFO, some people even said he was going mad. "It's amazing how something that one person can write influences so many people," he says. "Someone says I've been going nuts and thousands of people believe them. I suppose it's all part of the mystique of a pop star, but really I'm quite a likeable fellow." "I suppose I don't look like some other personalities who perform a similar style of music, but Germans like to dress sharply. A number of other artists sing of love and screwing but they are so ugly. I mean can you really imagine all the young girls wanting to go to bed with them?" As if to emphasise his point, Schenker gazes lovingly at his



MICHAEL SCHENKER: oink oink?

SCHENKSIE'S PONY

girlfriend Pamela who wears short leather skirts and whose legs appear to go right up to her neck. But enough, the Michael Schenker Group's new album is out next week but Mike says they weren't happy with producer Ron Nevison. "We spent four months doing it and I don't think he captured the

essence of the band," says Schenke. It was costing us £70 an hour, so it cost thousands. Even Cozy Powell didn't sound like Cozy Powell. "But then perfection doesn't come easily. I have to be patient. The next album will be the one that will set the world alight." ROBIN SMITH

THE METEORS



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# CHEW ON IT



DEPECHE MODE: can you wait for Top Of The Pops?

## SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**DEPECHE MODE: 'Just Can't Get Enough' (Mute).** Bubblegum is back! OK, the title's embarrassingly banal, and its repetition throughout the song gets very wearing, but the thing as a whole is hugely enjoyable, bouncy and boppy and very close to irritating. The latter quality is essential in bubblegum; it's got to get on your nerves a bit, to be annoyingly catchy, and this record is. A hit of generous proportions — those baby faces will be back on TOTP before you can say "the Archies".

## UNSINGLES OF THE WEEK

**REVILLOS: 'She's Fallen In Love With A Monster Man' (Superville).** Very close to what little I can recall of the Cramps' last effort, crossed with a B-52's outtake. This lot had better have a drastic rethink some time in the near future; they've been flogging the same old pony for far too long. Imagine having to be Whacky for a living when you're over 30.

**MARC BOLAN: 'You Scare Me To Death' (Cherry Red).** Cleverly put together, and that's about all. This is an old vocal track of Bolan's which his ex-manager, Simon Napier Bell, has welded to a recently-recorded backing track. The end result is quite authentic-sounding, bearing a

strong resemblance to 'I Love To Boogie', but who needs it? Better to dig out 'Electric Warrior' and relive the memories than try to re-create the magic.

**MADNESS: 'Shut Up' (Stiff).** "I'm as honest as the day is long / The longer the daylight, the less I do wrong" protest the nutty ones. Cute sentiment, but the record, coming as it does from Britain's very best singles group, is something of a disappointment. The Russ Conway piano, courtesy of resident virtuoso Mr Barson, is a delight, but it's not enough to elevate 'Shut Up' to the absurdly high standard of their last few releases.

**JAPAN: 'Quiet Life' (Hansa).** Japan's old record company are jumping the gun a bit, methinks; you'd expect them to wait until the sylphs actually have a hit before they start whacking out the back catalogue in 45 form. 'Quiet life' is glossily listenable, but with no substance beneath its shiny surface. David Sylvian's Bryan Ferry impersonation is a skilful piece of work, I'm bound to admit. It does seem, though, as if Japan take themselves and their works rather seriously; you are strongly advised not to make the same mistake.

**KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: 'Latin Music' (Ze/Island).** Now here's a rum do (ho ho). After choosing 'I Am' as the first single from the Kid's 'Fresh



Reviewed by SUNIE

Fruit' LP (a dubious choice, to be sure). Ze opt for this typically tropical ting as the second. Meanwhile, the glorious 'I Stand Accused' loiters on the sidelines, waiting for the call-up that never comes. What a waste.

**LUDUS: 'Mother's Hour' (New Hormones).** "Ludicrous", this lot have been dubbed by the RM hacks collective, "Ludus for short." For once, I do believe they're right; this is an appalling mess, a hysterical rant and a must to avoid.



THE HITMEN

**THE HITMEN: 'Ouija' (CBS).** Rubbish. I'm running out of patience with this sort of well-crafted, terribly professional pop. Pop? It's not worthy of the name. Only this job could ever induce me to listen to it. The winning thing about the Depeche Mode single (and their last, and Soft Cell's) is its simple enthusiasm, its complete lack of cynicism. The Hitmen are so calculating — even down to the clever-clever name — it's unbearably; the only remotely comforting thing about all this is that they haven't a dog's chance of ever getting a hit.

**RICK JAMES: 'Super Freak (Pt 1)' (Motown).** Thoughtfully titled opus from Mr James, who was talking dirty well before the word, pretty Prince. It's quite snappy, but not particularly distinctive.

**RUDI: 'When I Was Dead' (Jamming).** This record starts "ooowaaarooooh", which isn't exactly a good sign. It's all very sub-Skids; overdone guitar, flat-sounding vocals and lots more of those silly, dated "ooowaaaroooohs". The only unSkid element is the Jam-beat. Ho hum.

**BOB DYLAN: 'Lenny Bruce' (CBS).** Bruce was famous for a harsh and bitter wit, I believe; it seems inappropriate, therefore, that he should be the subject of so dreary a 'tribute'. Wretched and thoroughly miserable — sounding, the one-time poet and Jew Mr Dylan drifts on for what seems like 20 minutes without audibly warming to his theme at all. A new low in monotony, and don't bother telling me what a genius either of them was.

**BUDGIE: 'Keeping A Rendezvous' (RCA).** This is a heavy metal record. It sounds like... err, haven't we been here before?

**SPARKS: 'Funny Face' (Why-Fli).** Ah yes, Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn in the bookshop... Actually this 'Funny Face' is no relation to the movie of that name, which was a good deal more attractive and entertaining than the Mael Brothers' latest effort. Russell's voice is still fab, but their material these days is so sub-standard.

**THE RAMBLERS: 'A Plain And Simple Life' (Smile).** A real sickie, this: Dury's 'Spasticus' was an heroic failure, but this just makes your flesh creep. Yep, it's a Cripple Song, sung by sweet li'l kiddies and intended to bring a tear to your tender, exploited little eye. Sounds like 'Gentle On My Mind', which is no bad thing, but you'd have to have a heart of stone to listen to these lyrics without laughing.

**THELMA HOUSTON: '96 Tears' (RCA).** The ? And The Mysterians chestnut, wheeled out for a fairly pointless reread by Ms Houston. Why bother? Middle-aged spread a go go; and MOR and MOR and MOR

**BUNNY WAILER: 'Rise And Shine' (Rough Trade)** Seems to me that there are three types of reggae record; there's the heavy duty JA stuff, the cool, light Lovers stuff from North London and then there's the endless, anonymous bilge that John 'Iahman' Shearlaw sends the office to sleep with on a Friday afternoon. This belongs to the last category.

**THE KEYS: 'Greasy Money' (A&M).** Following in the wake of the Records, Bram Tchaikovsky and many more... very professional though. Christ, I could just spit. Bet they're really big down at the Hope and Anchor.

**AFTER THE FIRE: 'Frozen Rivers' (Epic).** In a good week for singles, one picks out the name ones, the good ones and a few freaks for interest, then discard the boring, anonymous ones (90 per cent). This week we're so short on anything of interest that I'm reduced to doing the anonymous ones; trouble is, what do you say about records like this? If you really want the answer to this fascinating question, go back to the Hitmen and Keys reviews.

**GIDEA PARK: 'Seasons Of Gold' (Polo).** Yaaaawwnn. Yet another muddle of old hits, this time the Seasons' greatest. Can you imagine having to listen to all his dross? It's not that I'm feeling sorry for myself or anything, but when I think that if I'd taken my career teacher's advice I could have a secure job in the civil service and be on £7,500 a year by now.



**REDSTAR BELGRADE: 'Too Far' (EE).** Where was I? Oh yea, back to the job in hand. This woke me up a bit; at least it's less hideously polished than all those major label blando releases. Trouble is that like so many independent label records, it seems a mite pleased with its own amateurism. The idea is to be placed somewhere between the two stools — I think I'll just stick the Depeche Mode single back or for a mo.

**THE TIKIS: 'Surfadelic' (World Imitation).** Hey, whaddya know? The Yanks are at it too. Cutesy cute surfy record that's so amateurish it makes the bulk of Rough Trade's releases sound like Steely Dan.

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# Help

## FRIEND IN NEED

I USED to go out with a girl whom I loved very much. She left me for a woman three years ago, and at the time I was very hurt. After we talked it out I said I would be her friend if she was ever in trouble.

After a period of time she started to phone me if she needed advice or felt low, and like a fool I helped her. Sometimes I'd take her out. During this time she was still living with her girlfriend, and though I tried to stop seeing her I still loved her, and she told me she still loved me.

About four months ago, I asked her back. She said yes, but she'd need time to sort things out. Then she changed her mind and said she didn't want any more to do with me. I couldn't believe it, I was so depressed.

A month ago, she came to see me at work just as I was trying to sort myself out. She needed help and also told me she couldn't forget me. Yet three weeks later she told me that she was going out with a lovely man and how happy she was.

What a fool I have been. How do I forget her, and what shall I do if she phones for help again? I feel so mixed up, and to make matters worse she has just started work at the same hospital as me. Should I leave?

Chris, Elstree.

● You have got to get it in to your head that this woman is nothing more than a selfish little schemer who has been dangling you on a string and using you for the last three years. You've been a good friend to her and in return she has trampled all over you. Look, she obviously doesn't give two hoots for you. She knows you will always take her back, so she has no respect for you at all.

You have to be strong. You must

tell her you want nothing more to do with her. Tell her not to phone or get in touch with you in any way at all. Change your phone number, if necessary, and DON'T GIVE IN. As soon as you start becoming unobtainable she'll want you all the more, and this is where you'll have to stick to your guns. If you ever took her back, she'd trample all over you again, and you could never be happy together.

I know this will be difficult for you. It sounds as though your obsession with this woman has excluded you from having other girlfriends, but even if you don't feel much like going out and meeting people, you must make the effort or else you'll never break free. You deserve far better than her.

As for changing your job, don't be a fool. Why should you? Just steer clear of her and avoid places you know she'll haunt until you are strong enough to ignore her.

## THRUSH

I HAVE thrush and I would desperately like to get rid of it. I went to the doctor five years ago when I was 13 and he said I would grow out of it.

Naturally, I haven't and I don't want to go to the doctor again as I'm very embarrassed about it. Is there any way I could get rid of this thing? Tessa, London.

● You will have to go back to your doctor as you need anti-biotics in both cream and pessaries form. Thrush is a yeast-like fungus and even with medication can return when you are run down, causing embarrassing itching, pain when you pass water and general discomfort. Your doctor might prescribe a drug called Flagyl, which is the most commonly used medication for this affliction. Thrush always seems to be at its worst when the blood sugar content is high, so cut down on sweet foods.



PSST! wanna join a fan club

## WEDDING MEETING

I AM in despair, because seven years ago I went to a relation's wedding and met a cousin who was the same age as me. I stayed beside her most of the evening, dancing and talking and we really got on well. After the wedding she went back to Ireland and I was upset.

A week ago another relation got married and she was there, but this time I didn't have the nerve to speak to her. Now I regret it because I seem to have fallen in love with her,

but she and her family have gone back to Eire and I don't know her address. I know my mother has it but I don't want to ask her because she'll think I'm daft as I'm only 15. What should I do? Henry, Yorkshire.

● You can hardly have fallen in love with your cousin as you don't really know her but nothing ventured... Why don't you just ask your mum for the address because you quite fancy being penpals with her? If she writes back you'll get to know a bit more about her — even if she has a boyfriend. If you get on well by post maybe she'll be allowed to come and stay with your folks for a holiday, or vice versa. But for

goodness sake, if you do start writing don't scare her off by declaring your undying love too soon.

## AVID FUTURIST

DO YOU have an address for the official Ultravox Fan Club as I am an avid futurist.

Andrew Wakelam, Birmingham.

● Yes, it's Ultravox Information, 9 Disraeli Road, Putney, London SW15. Remember to enclose an sae.

## MORALITY

MY MOTHER and father have found out that my fiance and I are having sex, and have said we should not until we are married. Now they say they will tell my fiance's parents about this the first opportunity they get.

Do they have any right to do this as we are both 20 and quite capable of making up our own minds. They discovered about us when they found a contraceptive in the house. Mary, Sheffield.

● As you say, you are both adults and whether your parents agree with your views on morality or not, they don't have the right to interfere.

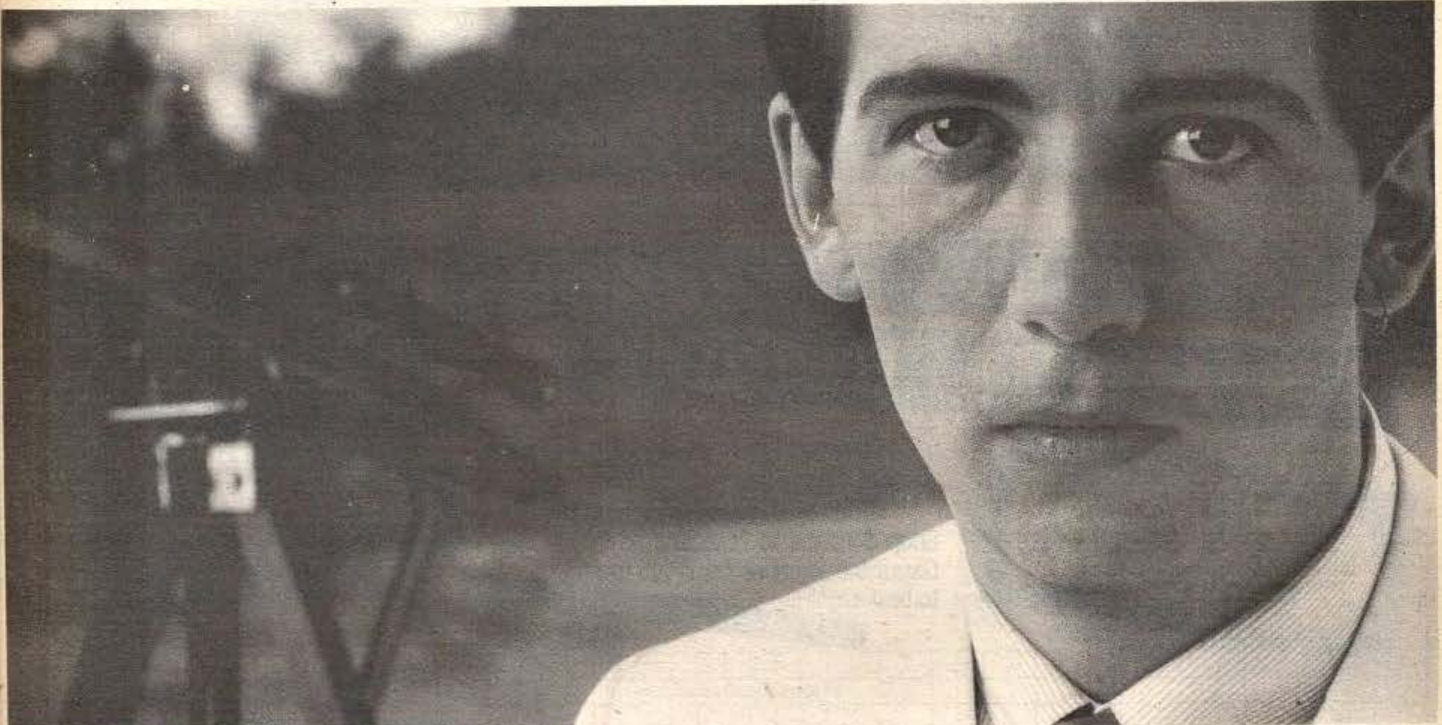
However, I feel you are being selfish. You are obviously having sex in your parents' house, and you should have a little more respect for their feelings. They should accept that you are responsible enough to make up your own minds, and you in turn should accept that their morals differ from yours, and while you are in their house you should abide by them.

Lots of parents accept the fact their offspring are living with someone, but until they get married they don't let them sleep together in the parental home. I know it's a kind of double standard, but it's one you're going to have to accept.

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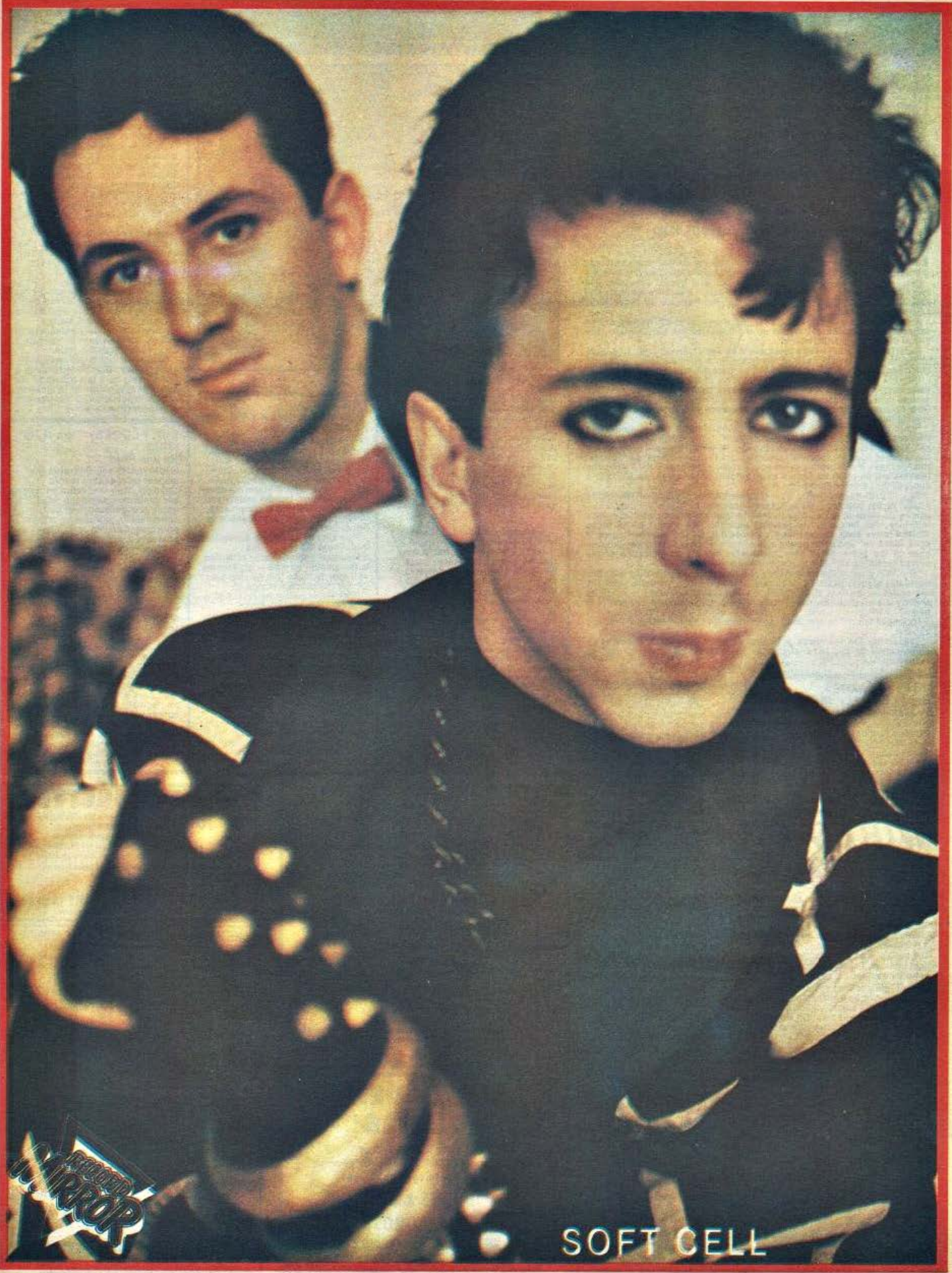
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# PASTOR JOHN

MIKE NICHOLLS unravels the gospel according to JOHN FOXX

**S**TRANGE MAN, changed man. That seems the most immediate description of John Foxx, founding father of the new electronic vogue, who's been out of the rock limelight for almost a year. Without wishing to dwell too much on the past or re-open old wounds, John launched his solo career some 20 months ago with a single which promised the start of a useful chart career.

Now he's back in the Top 40 with 'Europe After The Rain' but there are few who would argue that his progress has been eclipsed by the success of some former colleagues. Namely Ultravox, the band Foxx formed and left after three years and as many albums, whose commercial, if not artistic, significance was limited to say the least.

Since then the Vox have pursued their recognised rags-to-riches course, even their greatest detractors agreeing that the chickens have come home to roost. But how does John feel about it?

"I'm very pleased they've done well," he says, "excited even. I saw Billy (Currie) out at a club one night and we had a great time, singing along to 'Quiet Man' together."

Foxx is equally magnanimous about the rise of the likes of Depeche Mode and Orchestral Manoeuvres. In the same way as he was pleased about Gary Numan's sudden rise to power, particularly when the latter cited Foxx as a key influence, John doesn't begrudge the success of any of the synthesiser bands.

"The more the merrier, although it was inevitable, really. I'm really glad to see the Human League doing well at last, too. And in a slightly different context, Motorhead. I've always liked Lemmy. I remember seeing him plug in and play under the flyover on the Portobello Road."

Now if all this praise and enthusiasm for what are ultimately his rivals appears somewhat contrived, it should be pointed out that face to face the guy seems totally sincere. Without actually claiming so, Foxx has attained some form of inner calm. When we last met he was tense, slightly defensive and still insisting on saying things like "well, technically you are a machine".

Autumn '81 sees a different animal altogether. A suitably mellower, more relaxed individual, softly spoken and smiling. Not with the beatific grin of someone who reckons he's just seen God, you understand, but blessed with the reflective expression of one who's appreciative of the things in life which are usually taken for granted. Like films and reading, even.

"It's an amazing thing, isn't it?" he muses, sounding not unlike Kate Bush minus a few eyebrows. "All those hieroglyphs representing ideas and feelings. Because the human memory is limited, a system of writing has evolved whereby knowledge can be pooled into books and made available to everybody. That's really exciting. No other animal can do that and I find reading a great source of pleasure."

"It's the same with the pictures," he goes on, in a perfectly rational tone of voice. "Old daylight on film, seeing James Dean and Humphrey Bogart as they were then. Obviously, films and recorded music show a less serious side of self-expression than books, but that frivolity is also important."

In his own frivolous moments John has been doing some walking. A lot of walking, as it happens. Like the 30 mile hike between Fountains Abbey and Rievaulx Abbey in Yorkshire, for example. This is mainly what has been keeping him out of the musical mainstream for most of the year. Not the actual walk, rather the reasons for doing it:

"I've been taking a lot of photographs of churches and gardens," he enthuses, "especially when they're overgrown and in ruins. Rivington, Lord Leverhulme's old house, is the best. The Chinese Gardens have gone so wild they look like a jungle scene on a Tarzan set."

Fine, but what's this got to do with putting out records? Quite a lot, actually. For included with his forthcoming album, called, not surprisingly, 'The Garden', will be a lavish glossy booklet entitled 'Church'.

As well as comprising the words to his songs, 'Church' features 20 pictures of stained glass windows, crumbling statues, ivy-infested archways and other related semi-ecclesiastical images, each accompanied by verses of flowery prose.

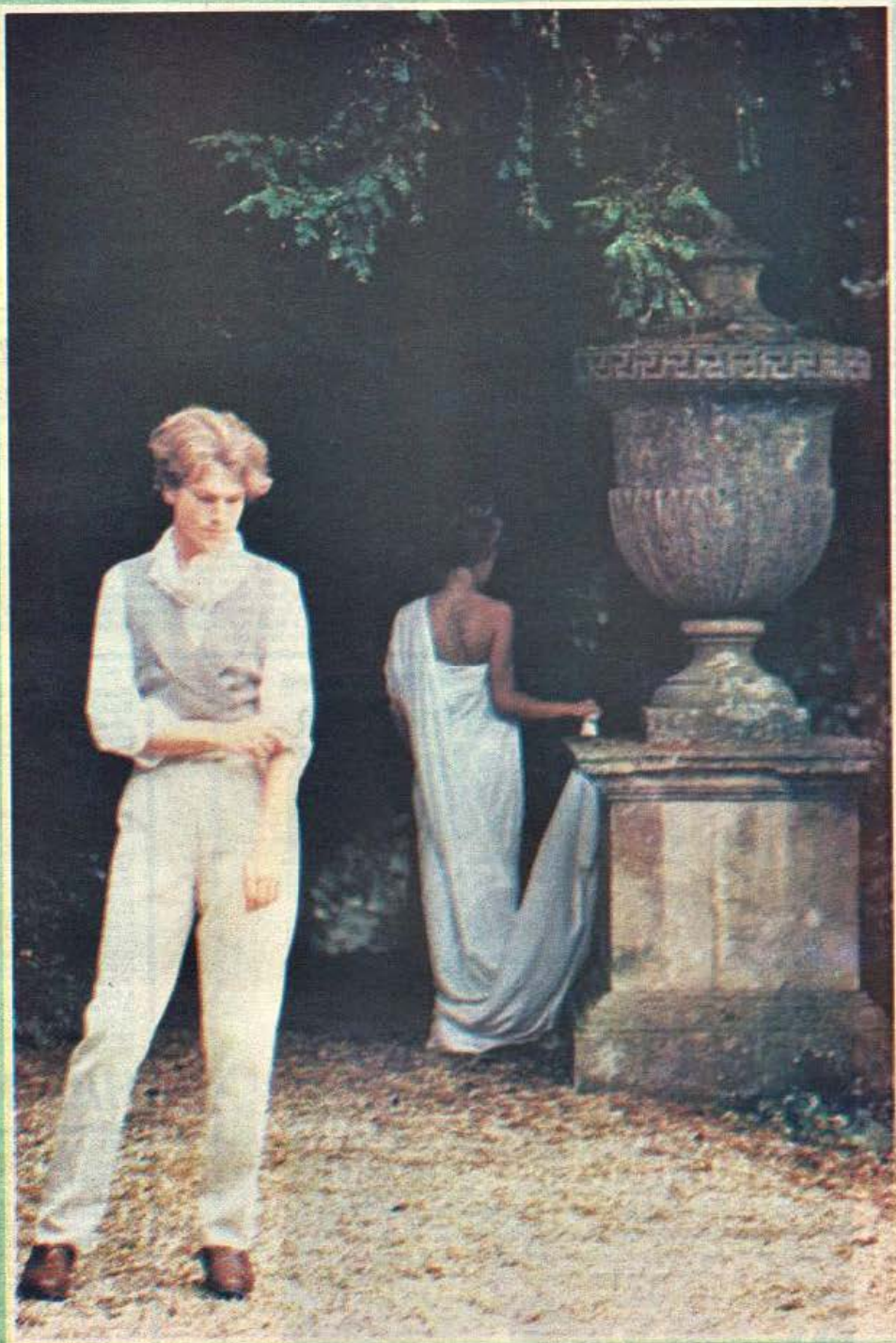
"I got the idea from the French photographer Atget," he demurs, "he was a solitary man who just took photographs of churches and gardens. Through reading a book about him I became interested in it myself."

John feels that walking around taking pictures is as great an influence on his music as anything else. Whereas many of our so-called songwriters are content to plunder riffs, lyrics and ideas from their peers and predecessors, John considers his inspiration comes from a different source altogether.

"Going out at night, talking to friends, wandering through ancient ruins and just generally walking around... it seems stupid, doesn't it?" he adds with a trace of self-consciousness, "but it was only recently I even got round to buying a radio."

Maybe it does, but here's a chap at peace with himself. Away from the temporary highs of the rock 'n' roll rat race he's doing his own thing in his own time and still scoring the odd hit. More like a country pastor than a singer, with his own gospel for these troubled times.

Except, unlike most preachers, he doesn't need to. Practising is sufficient for his founding father. Then again, he never was any old Joe — or John for that matter. Amen.



# FUTURIST FROLICS

FUTURAMA 3 (Saturday)  
New Bingley Hall, Stafford  
By Alan Entwistle

EARLIER FUTURAMA'S have hoisted many bands into the upper echelons of the rock world, and no doubt today's event will do likewise. Bands like Flock Of Seagulls, Really, My Silent War, Another Colour, Felt and Sisters of Mercury will all soon be emblazoned upon your heart and soul. Well, maybe not all!

These were the earlier bands that attracted little interest from the travel-weary crowd of punks, skins, romantics and the fashionless. But some of the later acts proved to have skill capable of generating a reserved curiosity. Crown Of Thorns, for instance, played a punchy collection of songs that had many people dancing, and were the first band to enjoy the screams for an encore.

Two other interesting bands on were Ponderosa Glee Boys and The Lines, although neither were able to sustain much interest beyond a couple of songs.

But the real joy of the night began with the arrival on-stage of those happy rhythmists, 23 Skidoo. Heavy percussion and throbbing bass set up the basis for their personal brand of Afro-Pop; with a strident miscellany of sticks, sax, whistles and guitar carving out the wonderful tune. Jive? What else could you do!

All-heads - turn again as the action is switched to the other stage, the manoeuvre common to Futurama. With two stages it's possible for continuous action - no time to get bored, no time to think. Welcome Tymon Dogg, a Donovan character whose only claim to fame is an appearance on the last Clash LP. He's an instrumentalist and plays no part in the current scheme of things. Very sixties.

OK Jive, a swing band with their roots fixed firmly in present-day trends, worked for and received a positive response, but were nothing special. The Sound were special though. They don't have an image and don't wear overt clothes. The singer is chubby and resembles a big schoolboy. But what The Sound lack in pose they more than make up for their music.

After The Sound, the Crass Discharge Fraternity could enjoy their 40 minutes of fun although boppy little Theatre of Hate boys offered their dismal array of sound and screams. I'm sure they must have left eventually, but I walked out into the moonlight, pretending that I could maybe catch the next bus home, like.

Instead The Passions, a very nice band, who can so easily be trapped by their own self-imposed restrictions, could fall by the way side, like Bauhaus who were mundane for most of the set. And so to the Gang Of Four, that wild and furious bunch. Easily the best band of the night with Andy Gill's frenzied histrionic moving everyone to dance. The punching

bass line, choppy guitar and controlled percussion all tightly creating the perfect rhythms for bopping. And perhaps if Gill hadn't drank as many cans of alcohol we could have heard the lyrics.

FUTURAMA 3 (Sunday)  
Bingley Hall, Stafford. (Simple Minds and Doll by Doll reviewed elsewhere)  
By Kevin Wilson

SWITCHING VENUES from Leeds to Stafford, the now annual Futurama looks like becoming a permanent fixture in the rock calendar. On the last day, Sunday, the main attraction is Bow Wow Wow but we have to endure mucho musico before they take the boards.

First off, I caught Ludus who seemed to depend on manic weeping and wailin' for their main attraction. Then, complete with lead intro by Steve, B-Movie came on and set about livening up things in general. 'Marilyn's Dreams', 'Polar Opposites', 'Rememberance Day' all serve notice that B-Movie are boys on film for real; as they well nigh veer towards heavy metal riffing and go ape vocals. A high.

Next up, Martian Dance, EMI's current great white hope. As it transpires, the band turn out to be bits of this and bits of that strung together in a haphazard shoddy way. No direction. The current single 'Roses To Reno' was easily the best in a set which struggled to be mediocre.

Cry follow and are the obligatory toilet / sandwich / bar band. Blue Orchids turned out to be a pretty band. Pretty tight, pretty trite, pretty dull.

UK Decay had Abbo doing his Ig, dig and action man bit. The punkists danced their way through 'Stage Struck', 'Battle Of The Elements' but not 'Everybody Salsa' (a joke).

A very pleasant surprise with the Diagram Brothers. Somewhere between Minny Pops and Squeeze, they brought humour to the proceedings. 'We Are All Animals' was simply magical.

In marked contrast, Eyeless in Gaza weren't so much clueless in Stafford as simply misplaced and lost. Nice to listen to but best not seen, hence the Eyeless perhaps?

It's Richard Strange time and the tall thin one once again displayed his ambition to be David Bowie. He'd be fine if he would only remember that the phrase reads "innovate and be great" not "imitate and be great".

As the Strange one ended so focus switched to Bow Wow Wow and How How How have they been missed. Flanked by two incredible energetic dance-worshippers, Annabella rips into 'WORK' and the whole place forgets itself as the mass moves.

'Vomo Sex Al Apache' is absolutely stunning in delivery and in effect. By now, collected mass suicide is a distinct possibility. If Annabella says jump, brother you jump! 'C30 C60 C90' closes the set and 'Sexy Eiffel Tower' is the one "allowed" encore for the attendant hordes. It could never be enough. The response was electric. The bands were magnificent. Primitive yet magical, tribal but mystical, sensual and sensitive. In a phrase; Bow WOW WOW!!!

If things could have ended there then any of the earlier mistakes might well have been forgotten as it was the Virgin Prunes and the promoters had a little conflagration (on stage) and the result was a horrid and hectic final hour.

subtract with positive results.

The Beat are... Rankin Roger tauntin', leasin' toastin'... Dave Wakeling's pure wailing... Dave Steele's bouncy bass and Everett Morton's lazy backbeats. The Beat are all these things and then some. 'Stand Down Margaret' never had more relevance than here. A thousand black and white kids as one voice on a day when the jobless went, in reality, through the three million figure. 'Doors Of Your Heart' stood out as strongly as anything else in the set proving the fact that their creative talents are far from exhausted and 'Too Nice To Talk To', though musically close to 'All Out To Get You', is in fact far superior in the flesh and probably capped the whole thing off nicely.

If, as is rumoured, the salty Saxa is jacking it all in in favour of his son, then long may he still hold sway with the rest of the band because the man's influence has been great, and that is part of the Beat's greatness. They're never too big to listen, never too great to ignore advice. The Beat goes on.

DOLL BY DOLL  
Nite Club, Edinburgh  
By Bob Flynn

THE MYSTIC guerrillas of music, forever turning in the breeze of their imagination, conceding to no style or movement. Uncompromising and not consistent enough to move beyond cult barriers, Doll by Doll leave critics annoyed by jumping out of every box they are put in.

Front man, Jackie Leven, looks like he's just undergone a 48-hour interrogation with the Iranian police. This is probably usual. He looks a dark and troubled man. 'Teenage Lighting' and 'The Street I Love' are the first stirrings of their talent and this set. Hung on dreams, the songs plunge into the mind, with lyrics a foot or so too deep for these days but buried in the harsh guitar and drive of the numbers. They tread a hallucinatory terrain with confidence.

The emphasis is on the joining of two extremes, hard and soft, natural and supernatural, into the strong and disturbing mixture of romance and rough reality. A potent hemlock that few can stomach. The songs are knocked out with the speed and immediacy of your latest nightmare. D by D are the essence of the new psychedelic strivings of younger groups. Opening other doors they are forming something finer from the raw materials of the imagination.

The chameleon sound changes back and forth, with a side-step into the new single 'Caritas', all swirling guitars and voices, aching with feeling.

All the wrong dudes are making it while they are slugged off for thinking too much. Softly, softly, the time will come for the dreams of the Doll. The timing is wrong, this is not the summer for D by D's 'Main Travelled Roads', it is the summer of mixed-up urban streets.

THE BEAT  
Imperial Cinema,  
Birmingham  
By Kevin Wilson

THE IMPERIAL is a run-down joint once called the Ritz, situated in a culturally acceptable part of Birmingham and wise heads see it as an ideal place for a gig. Tonight, with the Beat headlining, the place is bursting.

The crowd greets them with a roar that reverberates for ages, the band respond simply as you'd expect. The Beat are the best band that has come out of Brum. Period. They make pop music for the soul, soul music for the feet and dance music for the brain. Their's is the knack of playing people's music without being as overtly political as their fellow chart hitters, UB40. There is a capability to move on and up with the times, without drastic change. There is the penchant for good live music without merely translating vinyl to floorboard. They add and

SIMPLE MINDS  
Odeon, Edinburgh  
By Bob Flynn

FRESH, clean and urban-heeled, just shaken out of cellophane wrappers, emotion circuits crossing and sparking inside, they begin the first movement of their trance, building from a bed-rock of electronic noises into majestic dance-hymns. Everywhere you listen they are sculpting sections of dynamic sounds, crackling with percussion, webbed with silicon and sparkling guitar. From the bulldozer hammer blows of 'Celebrate' to the cruising, linear melody of 'Seeing Out The Angel' they form a mighty commotion.

But there is a giant flaw in the formula: everything is for the ears and nothing for the eyes. The light show is never more than bland and the five static Minds let attentions wander. The lack of projection could explain why, after firing electric dreams into the atmosphere for sons and helping create the ten commanding circuits of the electro-pop ideal, ragged automatons named Numan dummed their way past to hackneyed success. 'Changeling' thunders out, one of their instant hits that never were.

Technology, and all its noises, doesn't mean you're going anywhere. Tons of synth plus dreamy lights equals zero unless injected with feeling and movement. The Minds win through, with echoes of human passion, even in their most complex work, showing up all yer Nouveau Depeche-League combos for the frontier poseurs they are. Today's tragic dirge of tacky electronics from musical accountants has as much substance as a ping pong ball. The Minds are the true technocrats.

They end with the epic 'The American' and, as the explosions of sound die around them they quiver between stardom and disappearance into the Black Hole of public apathy. Shaping future shadows with guts and vision the final frontier is the charts. This machine feels.

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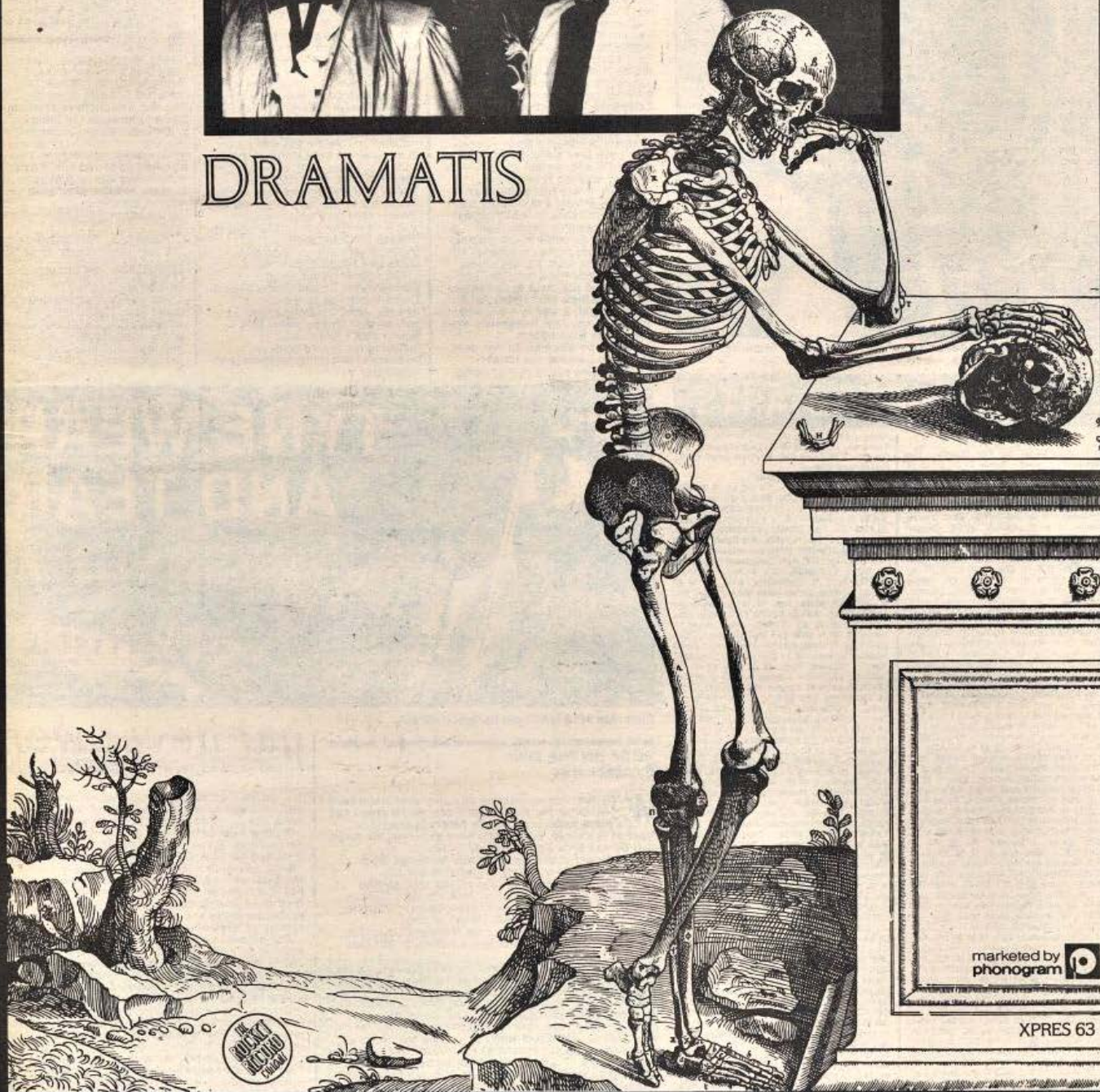
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## Ode to Greta

THIS is the tale of Greta Snipe Who was told by many, 'Up your pipe'. Because her comments were so sarcastic. Caused by lack of knicker elastic. As sarcasm is laid on thick, I feel that Greta must be sick. All she has to do is go To the nuthouse, they will know That the only cure is brains For the guttersnipe that crawls in drains. A year or two in a cell that's padded With perhaps a few books added May help her IQ rise to one This would be good instead of none And maybe then she will use wit Instead of all this senseless s--- And that's the tale of Great Snipe Who spends her time inventing tripe So sharpen your claws, you've met your match I will bite while you will scratch. Colin Smith, Birmingham PS I know where you think my pen should be rammed Quote, publish and be damned.

## Scratch

OOOOH, you've done it now. Who is this Greta Snipe? I challenge her to an eye-scratching contest. Anyone who calls the wonderful, suave, sophisticated, debonaire, seductive, magnificent Mr Ian Gillan a SCARECROW deserves to have all her important little places cut off... slowly. Mandy, the Ian Gillan thigh fetishist and the only headbanger in Shoreditch.

## Cow

WHAT a silly cow little cow Greta Snipe of News Beat is! Her silly, quite pathetic remarks about people in the pop business however scathing are never based entirely on the truth. I suggest this poison pen individual does either one of the following: pay a very overdue visit to her nearest psychiatrist or better still disappear to a desert island where she can scribble poison in the sand to her heart's content (if she's got one) and bother no one but the seagulls. Andrew, East Croydon.

● Is that the best insults you can hurt at our mistress of malevolence you pathetic toad?

## Chop

I WOULD like to say that I think that Sunie is an extremely beautiful young woman. Or am I suffering from optical illusion and brain damage?

Michael Read, The Phantom of Cardiff

● I think decapitation is the only answer.

## Slag

I'D LIKE to get that prat Sunie-prunie up against a Thin Wall in Vienna and shot. How dare she slag off the best band in the entire universe — Ultravox of course — calling them pretentious, then not even bothering to give anyone any idea of how their new single sounds musically.

Tartlett Erogenous AKA La Celeb.

● And what's the bad news?

## Monster

I HOPE the organisers of the 'Monsters Of Rock' Festival take note of this letter as I'm sure it is the sentiments of a good few thousand people. For months I was looking forward to this event and took two days off work as I had to leave home on Friday afternoon for what I was expecting to be the greatest musical event of my life. It was a shambles. The sound was worse than Black Sabbath's 'Live At Last' at low volume with a fluff covered stylus. Blue Oyster Cult had the chance to show everyone what a great band they are but the PA made them sound terrible. If there are plans for a similar show next year then I would urge the promoters to ask the Knebworth crew to give them a few tips on how to go about it.

Dean Phillip, Edinburgh PS. Thanks to Angus and Guy Fawkes for making it slightly memorable.

● Winge, winge winge. You pay your money to sit in a field, join the awesome queues for the bog, booze and grub, fight to find a spot of terra firma that's not inhabited by acne pitted visages and find that you're three miles away from these specks on the horizon that everybody's going bananas over. Did you really expect to hear the thing as well?

## UR Slick

YOU HAVE just asked for views on RM and so I felt, I must write in on the subject of your excellent 'Movies' section. Ever since the start of this column it has always been interesting and of the highest quality. Jo Dietrich is doing a great job for RM and is appreciated by all us film goers out here.

Nick Brett, Old Town Swindon, Wilts.

PS The rest of the mag ain't so bad, either!

● You can't beat a good grovel, can you?

## Too late

WHAT THE hell do I have to do to get my incredibly important opinions included amongst the ranks of the superior, intellectually stimulating contents of your page? I am not a prejudiced foreigner or a Numan freak, so just as a matter of change, please include this letter.

Janine Booth, Peterborough, Cams.

● Groveling toads were last year's thing.

## Body

HAVING watched 'Toyah At The Rainbow' on BBC 1 I was disgusted to see how the quality of her live performance seems to have deteriorated since her rise to success. The visual performance kept its excellent style, but the music sounded contrived and lacking in body. Some of the atmosphere may have been lost in the recording — compare this soundtrack to the live album 'Toyah! Toyah! Toyah!'. Why does she have to turn to large venues? They inhibit her potential on stage. Please Toyah, come back to the smaller venues and keep your good live reputation.

Rick The Brick, Farnham, Surrey.

● What do you expect if you go to see lispng short asses?

## Ho ho ho

I WOULDN'T say Dexy's Midnight Runners were bad but the staff at one venue were forming a picket line when they arrived. I'll bet you that when Kevin Rowland was a baby, he was so ugly, his mother used to blindfold herself before feeding him. I bet you that when Kevin Rowland was a little kid, he was so yellow, that he used to carry a bag of sand around with him to give other kids to kick in his face.

Michael Read, The Phantom Of Cardiff.

● I wouldn't say this letter was boring but the editor gave it to us instead of the usual 400 Valium.

## Wrong again

LISTENING to Simon Bates, (So you're the one - Mailman), I heard a magnificent record, sandwiched between two others of the old 10cc — so I rushed and ordered it. A few days later, reading RM, I discovered the Sunie review which crushed the record to the ground. Crumbs! I thought, I've ordered the wrong record. Bates's got his groups in a twist. Soon the record arrived and I nervously placed it on the turntable; I apologise to Simon Bates for thinking he'd made a mistake. But as for Sunie; how can she condemn 'Under Your Thumb'? It's a masterpiece of modern music, great lyrics and brilliantly constructed. I vote you put Sunie out to pasture, bring back Mike Nicholls, Robin Smith and Mike Gardner — please, please, I just

can't stand it any longer. Carolanne Stonefield, Horsham, Sussex ● Bring back Smith, Nicholls and Gardner !!! You must be joking. We couldn't afford to renew the batteries in their hearing aids for a start...

## Demented

NOW COME come Sunie, I'm not one to write the proverbial bitchy letter (I bet the next word is "but" - Mailman) but (told yer! - Mailman) your "reviews" are becoming a bit too much. If you stopped acting like the demented cow your picture shows you to be (Now now - Mailman) and listened to the music a bit you might just scrape past the usual 'Record Mirror' standard. (God forbid she should stoop that low - Mailman), I mean look at your Genesis review — instead of reviewing the record (which is incidentally very good) you babble on about your meagre opinion of the word "funk". As for 'crawling on the bandwagon — who's filled in Paula Yates little spot recently? I Lloyd, Plymouth, Devon ● Hell hath no fury than a woman scorned... unless it's a woman not scored (Part Two). But you'll have to support better causes than the arthritic Godley and Creme and the geriatric Genesis to get her riled.

## Applaudius

WHAT A brave gesture it is of Ian Dury to record his latest single, 'Spasticus Autisticus'. Not only is it musically superb, but the sentiments expressed are fine ones indeed, and this is the only way to get through to those people, who prefer not to take any notice of the members of the handicapped community. Perhaps now people will not shy away and realise what a mistake they've been making.

Paul Tree, Munich, Germany.

● Fine sentiments indeed.



Greta Snipe's evil mind shows what it thinks of Ian Gillan.

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