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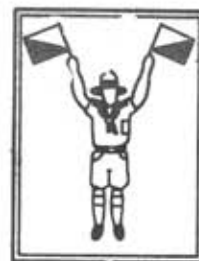
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# THE UNDERSTANDING MEDIA



The horror....the horror.....Another issue of 'Future Days' completed;a few more grey hairs or loss thereof - I can't go on like this!

This third instalment in an occasional series,prompted by external stimuli,and by Jove at the moment there's plenty of goodies to sample.As most of them have been in the immediate locale its a trio of Bristol combos that come under the ruthless scrutiny of the Siberian Mushroom Santa.As always I concentrate only on putting the magazine out when I feel I have something to say,but in spite of the riches abounding its becoming harder to do EVERYTHING involved in getting 'Future Days' together - from the interviewing, writing, hassling for advertising, typing, lay-up and the whole kit and caboodle.I'm pleased to say that correspondance is still forthcoming so keep writing, and also that I've got some copy from some scribes in the area (thank you Sarah and Judith especially).But this is an appeal of sorts for input from all of you bored/idle souls.This 'zine is open to everyone and if I don't get feed-back then there will no publication of its type in Bristol.Its up to you.

All or the final stages before going off to my wonderful printers are very painful but I have been sustained by some of the second wave of Bristol bands that will be greeting your ears more frequently in the coming months.The Escape and Cold head the pack wanting space in your tape machine, and of course its mandatory you buy the Electric Guitars, Black Roots and Talisman singles (the latter two in 12" form),Maximum Joy's new binge when released, and, in spite of their gig inconsistency, the Mouth single has something to say. But the real prize, sent to me courtesy of Fox Sinclair (Berliner supreme) is the new single from J.F.Kennedy (cover on the cover) 'Live from the Schoneburg Town Hall. This record is the inspiration for the new genre of Cold War Rock (currently R.Reagan/M.Thatcher number one in Visions chart) and features the stunning 'translation' style from an uncredited German.. Hear the crowd go wild! The new rock sensibility! Er ist ein Berliner nicht wahr?

Ah its so pleasing to see some of my old Warwick Uni and Leamington acquaintances and buddies starting to make good. Congratulations to Chris Coleman of 'Stringent Measures' notoriety for getting his organ reviewed in NME, as well as a letter and small feature published. However my praises are less positive for the antics of arch-bandwagon jumpers Mood Six (Messrs Shurey, Solomon and Morley), where of course the connection is nicely rounded by my friend Steve Rapport reviewing their gig in Sounds. It was JUST the second-hand record stall you ran with Solly wasn't it Steve? So undaunted I can reveal to the world that it was I who informed the NME of Paul's errant Tory past. And my thanks to the NME correspondent who reasserted my point. (Stand up Russ Escritt?)

Bile passed its Credits time. My thanks to Frank Passingham for his cover to issue two, which I nicked from a Max Joy gig poster and didn't credit him for. Also thanks to Marion for 'structure'; Anthony for patience in the midst of my dross; Rowan for the car and opportunity; NME for taste and wisdom; Rab for six-doors-down encouragement; Dave H and Mark H and of course for you dear reader for forking out your pennies.

Received the 'Contact List of Electronic Music', which seemed a useful publication looking at records and magazines working in that area. Available from P.O.Box 86010, N.Vancouver, CANADA.

The weather is variable and so am I, but regardless of that I still want your demo tapes and records all you bands and labels the incentive being that I have made the first small step in the direction of getting NME interested in what goes on in this city. And I can't get to know about you unless you get in touch! For these activities and those of FD I urgently need photographer(s), and also graphics. With all of the talents sitting it out at the moment I can't believe that some of you wouldn't relish the prospect of getting some of your work in print. So go to it!

And I just tried to tell you.....And I just tried to tell

**57 Belvoir Rd  
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ITS NOON and there isn't a lot happening in the dilapidated Redland house which until recently served as the H.Q. for the Electric Guitars. I had been let into the house by Rachel, who was setting about clearing up some of the debris in the kitchen - the result of five ravenous souls returning in the early hours after a recording session in London. But of the five Guitars there was as yet no sign, Rachel informing me that Andy was tucked up in bed in his flat somewhere in Clifton. Matthew was out jogging - well drummers must keep fit! - and the others were far away in the Land of Nod....

After a couple of cups of tea my patience was finally rewarded by the appearance of a haggard and drawn Richard staggering into the kitchen, followed shortly afterwards by an equally worse for wear Dick. An adequate reflection of the perils of trying to become rock stars, I take pity on their condition and wait a few minutes more before plunging into that time-honoured journalistic ritual of discussion of developments and problems. Fortunately once life-giving fluids and the first cigarette of the day had been consumed the grey matter made a brave attempt at re-assembling themselves and some form of coherence asserted itself.

Electric Guitars were formed two years ago and made their recorded debut on the first volume of the innovative and imaginative 'Bristol Recorder' disc/magazine. The four Guitars contributions were, as with the other bands, recorded 'live' and display a more jagged and XTC-style attack than the more sophisticated and varied angle they use now. (As a point of interest the record is due to be re-released this year due to the Guitars popularity). 'Magic Surfaces' and 'Dumb Words' rarely feature on current outings, but the inimitable hassle in 'Le Camping' is still a stage favourite, and 'Continental Shelf' appeared on the flip-side of their first single for local label Fried Egg - now sadly somewhat hard-boiled and dealing more with Shoes for Industry output. 'Health' is a wicked dissection of the calorie and cholesterol conscious fads of the jogging and fitness freaks and was an over-looked gem from last year and one of the reasons for its poor showing was a lack of effective promotion and distribution.

The follow-up 'Work' has of course fared far better, having figured in the lower reaches of the indie singles chart and has received a respectable volume of radio exposure - a fact that can largely go down to the efforts of Recreational Records, run from the back office in Revolver Records. In spite of its instant appeal 'Work' did create some confusion in the mind of one reviewer - yes...Barney Hoskyns - due to the split recording credits, and behind its production lies a tale of amusement and frustration.

Dick: "The single was initially recorded with Denis Bovell. He was fun to work with but wasn't the right sort of producer for our kind of music really. For one thing the bass and bass drum sound were all wrong. Things weren't helped by the studio being flooded after we'd done our first session! That delayed further recording by a couple of weeks and after that Denis seemed to lose his enthusiasm, and certainly his normal spontaneity in the studio.

It seemed to us that his energy and interest only extends to a limited period, and with the way he works it's more a question of bursts of inspiration rather than a consistent application. It was a shame, so in the end we had to finish off the single in Steve Street's SAM studio, which is where we rehearse, and the single sounds as good as it can be given the circumstances but isn't completely what we wanted."

There are several parties interested in the Guitars distinct brand of mutated reverberations, and this has led to several visits to London to record demos. Fortunately with group finances being in a perilous state the money to do this has been put up by the companies concerned, such as EMI and Pre. But in spite of this Richard wasn't altogether satisfied with the arrangements and the results. 'It was ridiculous', he said, 'in the EMI studio were given just enough time to enable us to finish putting down the music and vocals, and in the end we were left with just half an hour to mix down each track. Still we didn't pay for it and the experience won't all be to waste.'



While Richard was speaking a breathless Matthew came in and quietly sat down on a chair in the corner of the room. Even though his Feelies-style coiffure was extremely out-of-sorts he was suitably refreshed by his exertions, his mind was alert and he quickly picked up on the conversation. 'Do you want to know about one of the songs we recorded?', he asked me. 'Its called Ja-Ja and has Andy and Neil reading extracts from The Empire Strikes Back over a lot of 'star-track' voices. It really came out well and I think its one of the best things we've done.' So what were the other songs you've recorded then? Matthew continued: 'Well if my memory serves me right we did several of the newer songs like 'Lovely Statues', 'Beat me Hollow', 'Language Problems' and 'Voice of Sound'. '(These songs were also done for the Kid Jensen programme and broadcast on December 15th last year).

The Radio One session will be the culmination of processes which have enabled the Guitars to reach a wider audience than has been the experience of other talented Bristol bands in the past. One of the most significant break-throughs for them last year was supporting the Thompson Twins on their twenty-date British tour last year. This came about through Neil and Dick meeting the band at the Granary and when the Twins commented that they were pissed off with the standard of the local support bands they were getting lumbered with Neil suggested



Pic:Jo Swan



the Guitars would be interested and would be a sympathetic foil to the Thompson Twins equally energetic stage act. This tour in its aftermath led to some flak being aimed at the Guitars, the accusers saying that they had ripped off the Twins. Dick strongly disagreed and pointed out that although one or two features may have rubbed off it was a reciprocal process, and that was an inevitability considering the two bands were on the road together for three weeks. For example in a more physical form clothes and instruments were swapped round freely, and at some gigs so were the musicians! These jibes are really total non-starters and best treated with the scorn they deserve.

"What we do tends to be an anti-response; for example a lot of bands are very static on stage, so we decided to be very active. It was very difficult to break down our inhibitions at first. What you say about Neil seeming to be aggressive isn't strictly accurate. He had less of a problem because he was a martial arts instructor at one time, and he's into throwing himself around on stage. Also he's not hampered or restricted by having to hold and play an instrument. It's good fun for Neil as he likes revving up an audience anyway, particularly if their reactions to us are too sluggish!"

Matthew laughed and commented on how different the content and approaches of the two groups are, admitting there were some similarities but highlighting the emphasis the Guitars put on vocal arrangements:

"It's not so much a question of what we sing, as some of the lyrics are in a deeper sense quite banal, but it's more down to how they're sung. A similar point was made by Elvis Costello on that South Bank programme and it's an important distinction to make."

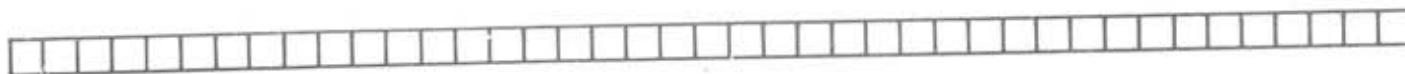
Dick: "I think we will be using Jo and Wendy a lot more too, especially on the older songs as having them singing gives the songs a new lease of life. We tried them out on stage first of all at a gig at the Venue which worked quite well and since then as long as we get the sound balance right it's been sounding better and better."

In fact the Electric Guitars are by now as familiar to London gig-goers as they are in Bristol, having spent many evenings in the capital, supporting the likes of U2 and Our Daughters Wedding, as well as headlining in their own right. The 'Wedding' gig took place at the Venue and is an evening they would sooner forget as they came up against the narcissic and hyped aspects of the biz which disgusts anyone with integrity.

Richard: "ODW were this hip synthesiser group from the States who took five hours over their sound-check, and during most of that time were sitting around eating McDonalds and generally prattling around. We were getting so fed up with hanging around that we almost decided to push off and forget about the gig. Fortunately we didn't as although we weren't able to do a proper sound check we played well and were told afterwards that we'd blown them off the stage!"

Perhaps not a surprising result considering the fact that the Guitars 'live' are a powerful combination of an invigorating instrumental capability mixed with an action-packed physical presence. It's a busyness which has spilled over into the business and right now the band are being checked out by prospective managers and involved with the never ending battle with the bank manager. But they are keeping cheerful and patient, certain that the right offer will come along. Dick wryly commented, mindful of how many other bands in the past in their position have said the same thing:

"We've not been hasty and taken the first offer that came our way. We did come very close to signing something a few weeks back and we're very glad we didn't as now we're in more of a position to take the highest bidder with the least strings attached.....I hope."







## S 'n J TAKE AIM

DURUTTI COLUMN: Trinity Hall

TO DISCERN what we really felt about this gig is difficult. Not knowing to expect from the Durutti Column this was, in a sense, an exploratory visit to Trinity. What was an immediate jolt was the absence of one 'Kevin Hewitt', the billed support, and at £2 the Durutti Column had to prove their worth.

Tonight the music over the sound system was exceptionally 'snappy'. Tracks from King Crimson, Joy Division and early Ruts reverberated round the hall and had feet tapping under tables; the reason being they had some kind of 'bite' to their brilliance - precisely what DC were to lack.

The group consists of two competent musicians, Vini Reilly having mastered the guitar and keyboards, and the drummer proving his skill on standard and improvised drum-kits. From this combo the result should have been fine, but it wasn't. The playing was accomplished but not exciting, and the diminutive stage presence of the duo did nothing to help. A static presentation in, say the New Order vein, is identical, but there is enough power in their music to eradicate the need for visual support to produce REACTION. The DC did not achieve this power and their set was boring as a result.

Most of the tracks were purely instrumental and had moments of interest and intrigue. This was not sufficient to carry a 45 minute set though. According to reports DC produce more memorable material on vinyl so perhaps it's unfair to judge them from one 'live' performance, and too easy to dismiss them. Perhaps Durutti Column are an acquired taste.



BAUHAUS: Locarno

HAVING SEEN Bauhaus on a few other occasions we knew what to expect, which, we suspect, most of the audience did not. On previous outings Bauhaus audiences have been dominated by anarchical leather-clad punks who created a heavy tense atmosphere. Bauhaus themselves respond to this by creating mood music of menace and violence, which is reciprocated by the crowd. But tonight this was not to happen.

At their best Bauhaus can be brilliant; their music pulsates with sexual energy, sensuality and violence, relying on heavy bass lines, and on Pete Murphy singing the powerfully menacing lyrics. Bauhaus music IS sex music.



At their worst - which at this gig they were - they failed to communicate with the crowd. Their set was bored; the rear stage videos flashed images of the band effective, affective and efficient, yet Bauhaus themselves lacked animation.

The material was performed faultlessly yet lacked a sense of immediacy, which is a crucial element in their music. There were a number of new songs which sounded very good, and equal to the excellent 'In a Flat Field' album. Despite this we detected little progression in the music. Bauhaus have achieved a sound and stick to it, which is all very well, but if they become complacent their Gothic horror may become clichéd - something which they should be wary of.

This said, it would be unfair to place the blame solely on the band for failing to make this a memorable evening. The crowd too showed a lack of willingness to respond, so the blame can be shared. Sadly we both left with a feeling of dissatisfaction.....Another time....Another crowd.

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# TALISMAN



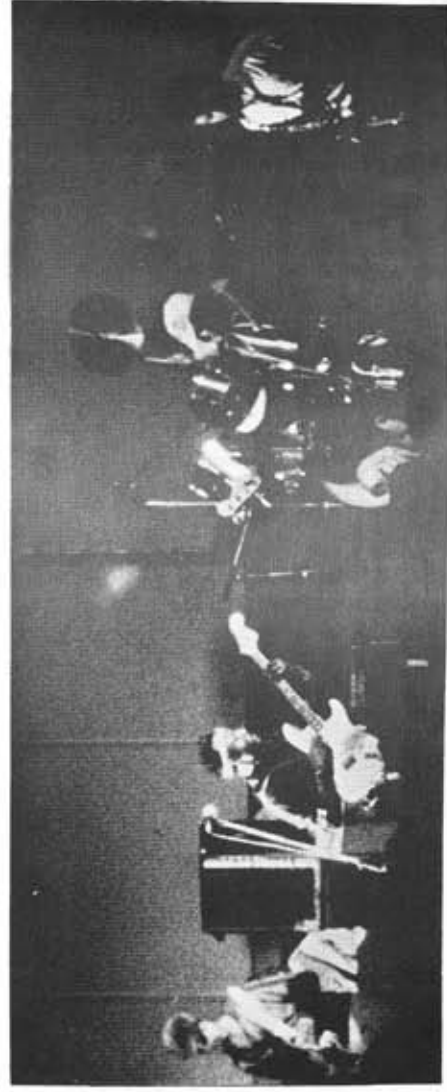
LADY LUCK smiled happily on Talisman last year: two excellent singles, 'Dole Age'/'Free Speech' setting the pace and 'Run Come Girl'/'Wicked Dem' stepping up the revs; two Radio One sessions; T.V appearances on Beeb One and Two; and an increasing gig work-load, culminating in a short, snappy and successful week of dates in Holland. But luck has been one of the ingredients in their recipe as they have been aided by the more solid pre-requisites of good material, instrumental competence, hard work and diligent management, the latter now provided by Recreational Records supremo, Chris Parker.

Talisman have moved on to that crucial stage where finally day-jobs have been given up and a professional status attained - the step forward where there can be no looking back. Its taken them two years to come to this situation and its not always been a smooth journey. Progress was interrupted by Bill Bartlett's decision to leave the band, and his replacement on keyboards, Chris Potter, is an interesting example of the YOP scheme ultimately finding an unemployed young person a full-time job. Chris was previously involved in the 'Freedom City' production, which was funded by the Manpower Services Commission and has toured all over the country. His recruitment retains the one-third white and two-thirds black balance of personnel, a feature which created some eye-brow raising from some quarters in Talisman's earlier days. Bassie Dennis explained that:

"When the band first started and we had Brendan and Bill, people in St Pauls were saying 'why have you got white guys in the band?' and between us in the band there was a period of non-communication. We would just play without trying to come together, but as we got to know each other the magic worked through."

Brendan: "Now the black and white thing doesn't come into it. We just think of each other as being in the situation where we HAVE to work together - as musicians and as people. We have a good time together and it seems to flow quite well."

Within the potent hubbub of Talisman's music they mix a range of styles. I hear a Carlos Santana feel to Leroy's liquid lead licks, complementing the wailing soul of Brendan's sax and harmonica punctuations, and a fluid jazzy inflection to some of the bass/rhythm unison phrasing. The basis of the music is very firmly in a reggae mould, but with lots of flexibility and space between the instruments. The rhythms are varied, broken down and reassembled, with the drums and guitars weaving in and out of each other, and the keyboards and sax providing the richer tone colours. This approach is accentuated by the visual aspect of the set; Brendan and Chris flanking the three front-men, while Donald stays hidden behind his drums driving the music ever FORWARD. When we were discussing how the group direction developed there was some disagreement between Desmond and Dennis about this process. 'There was a lot of conflict at first about what we were doing', said Desmond, 'and whether it was right and I don't know how we overcame that.' But as far as Dennis was concerned 'it just happened that we wanted to play something different. We didn't strive to play JA reggae and I'm glad we didn't because I think now we're in the forefront of what we are doing in England.'



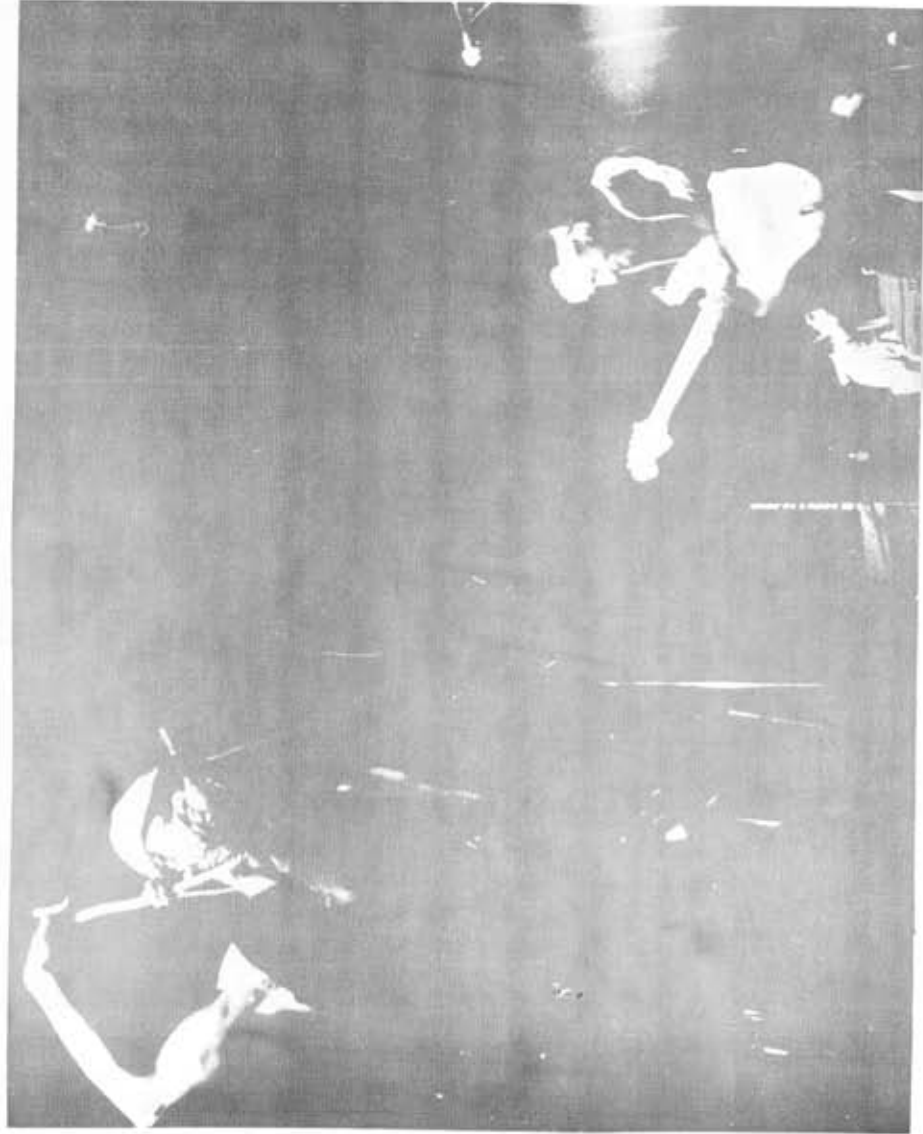


In terms of the 'new wave' of Brit-reggae?Dennis again:

"Yes.We didn't know if black people would accept it, as it was up-tempo,and then there was also the way we play our music,with the voices jumping in and out and the bass and drums doing the things they do."

Brendan took up the point:

"We didn't know how well it was going to be received or what was going to happen,but now we find ourselves going off to festivals and gigs and people have heard us on the radio and come and see us.We're now strong enough and mature enough in the band to make an impression the first time we play somewhere.People don't realise of course the background work thats gone into putting us where we are now."



Talisman have managed to overcome the perennial problem for Bristol bands:getting some attention from record company and music press personnel,in the right places,especially of course London.Matters have not moved as quickly as perhaps they would have liked but the group are quite happy for the moment with their relation with Recreational.'Its possible that our first single 'Dole Age' would have sold more if we had been with somebody bigger',said Brendan,'as it would have got wider promotion.As it was it sold 5000 copies so we're pleased with that all things considering.But the fact that Chris (Parker) has been involved with us from the start, and is WITH us,is very important.In spite of the problems we've been getting nation-wide publicity through TV and we've played all round the country supporting some big names.' (It might be added too that another useful aid will be Talisman's appearance on HTV's new 'Jangles' show starting in February,where the band will be performing 'Nitty Gritty'.)

Interest has certainly been stirring in the A @ R departments,but another factor urging caution and patience from the band is the way in which British reggae bands have tended to be treated by record companies.Dennis is quite emphatic about where Talisman stand on this question and what they are looking for.

"They (the companies) are waiting to see what kind of deal they can get.For us it can't be something like Steel Pulse or The Regulars got because in the end they got nothing.They were just taken on,signed up and nothing was done for reggae music."

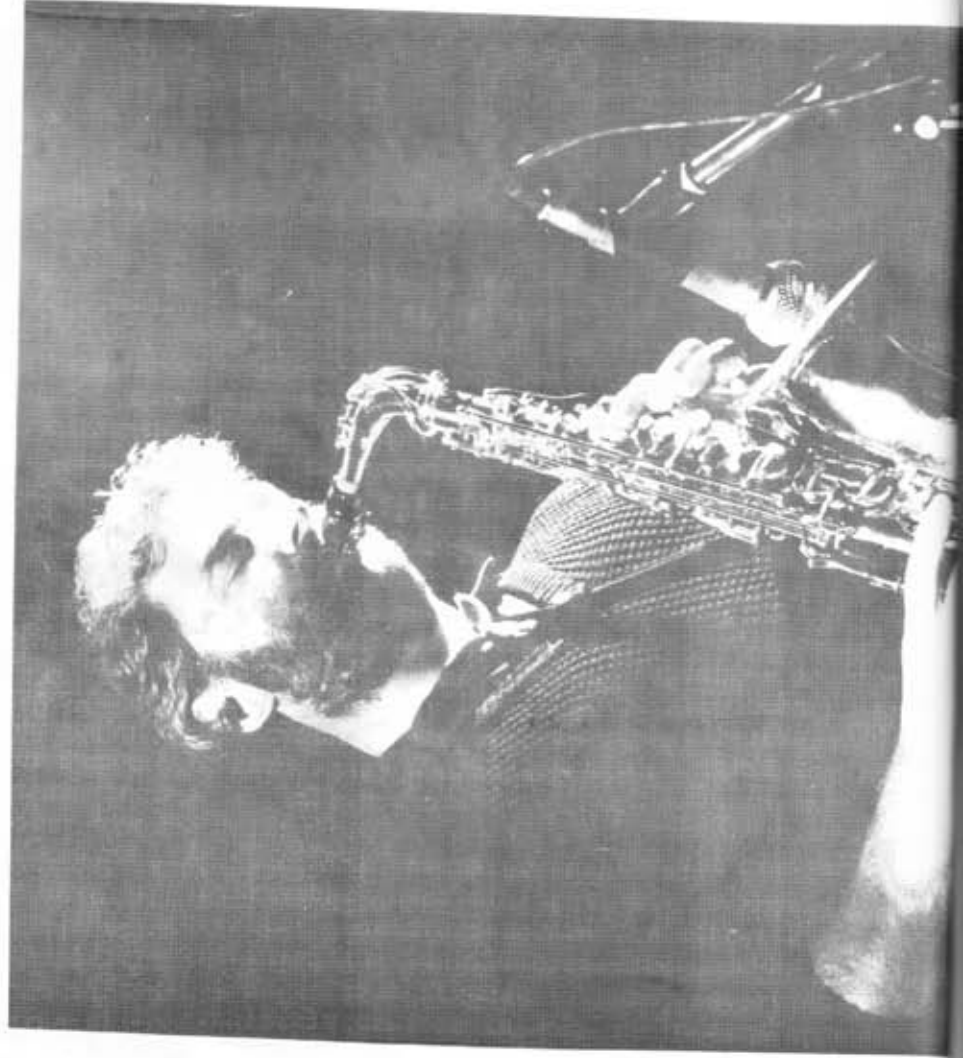
We actually want something done for the MUSIC,and we're not just in it for the money.We want reggae pushed out and say:yeah!the black music in this country has got a standing now.None of the guys in the business is willing to stand up and be the first person to put some bread behind that.Thats why I think public demand will bring us up as we're the first kind of band who are generating that kind of wider feed-back,considering the music we play,unlike say Steel Pulse,Black Slate,or even Aswad

Its this forthright and determined attitude which spills over into the content of the songs,and has caused some misinterpretations from the likes of the BBC.Brendan



explained that they considered 'Wicked Dem' to be unsuitable for radio broadcasting, when they were about to record their session for the Richard Skinner programme. 'They'd checked it out and told us that it was anti-police, which was wrong as its against authority when exercised arbitrarily and for the sake of it.' Perhaps the Beeb were being sensitive in the light of the summer riots but happily the song was recorded for a Peel session. More likely they were put off by the 'live' presentation of the song when the noose that Dennis wears on stage is used to illustrate the injustices which 'Wicked Dem' highlights. But then they might understand better.

Many of Talisman songs do convey strong feelings, like 'Dole Age' and 'Free Speech', or personal emotions in 'I Ain't', and Desmond, as chief lyricist, pointed out in the recent repeat of the BBC West documentary on the band.



All pix by Frank Passingham

"I have a message and the only way I can get it out is to write. Society isn't free and although we're told it is, the reality is different. We're governed by laws telling us what we can or cannot do, can or cannot say, and I want real free speech.

You have to keep making compromises. You can never go out and say exactly what you feel. That's what 'Free Speech' is all about, without pointing any fingers or calling any names. Its telling people what you feel about whats going on, but in a SUBTLE way."

I quite like too the positive maxims which Dennis mentioned were his by-words. He regards his role as 'trying to communicate, while others try to exterminate', and his message for politicians, and particularly the Home Secretary, in the light of Brixton, Toxeth and Scarman, is crystal-clear:

'Hey Mr Whitelaw, tell us your plan,

Do you see a future for the black man?

I see politicians, playing a dangerous game

So put your house in order, and we'll do the same.'

Its been in precisely that kind of 'problem' area, like St Pauls, that Des and Denn have lived in or near. They are well aware of the problems that community face and also the progressively harder struggle for black musicians in particular, to establish, build up and maintain a band: the lack of rehearsal space, and equally important, the lack of a focus of the sort that clubs like the Bamboo and Blue Lagoon, closed down in the last few years, used to provide. But in spite of the odds stacked against them, its encouraging that Talisman (and Black Roots) have been able to, become significant forces in the current reggae outfits pushing out.

Of the two its probably Talisman who have the greater commercial potential; certainly they have an easier field for 'cross-over', both in terms of content and stance. Their audience is as mixed as the line-up and its a rare occasion that those at their gigs can stay rooted in their chairs. The maxim which Brendan applies invariably comes true: everyone leaves a Talisman gig with a smile on their face. And Denn's experience of reaction is even more graphic. 'One girl came up to me after a gig and said - you know, you made me SWEAT!'



# DEVILISH

## TIN

## TRUMPETS



UNFORTUNATELY THIS was the second interview I'd done in a week which was smitten by the Cassette Curse, so much of the conversation was hastily transcribed from memory so bear with me. No problems in setting the scene though. Charlie's bohemian bed-sit was crammed full with people and the buzz of purposive activity; lots of telephone arrangements being made and the sound system getting plenty of use. Among the records visible and audible were platters by Roland Kirk and Odyssey - musical influence buffs take note - but the tenant of the room was nowhere to be seen so once the visitors went their own ways I talked with Janine, Tony and John.

First off I explained to them how when I first saw them, at that ill-fated Folk House gig in the summer, that I felt they smacked of a Ladbroke Grove chic and its pretensions. Janine had picked up a violin for the first number, scratched around to no useful effect, lost interest in it and spent the rest of the set wondering what to hit next, or where she could find another cigarette to smoke in between the tedium of singing duties. As far as the three of them were concerned that evening marked a watershed in the groups' history and subsequent events have proved my initial impressions to be wrong and has also seen a dramatic improvement in their fortunes.

As is known to anyone who's had their eyes and ears open Maximum Joy have released a successful debut single 'Stretch', which has attracted widespread critical acclaim, and at the same time defeated any notions that they are Pigbag clones - as has been entertained by certain individuals in influential local and national media positions. It's the classic Pop Group syndrome again, stemming from John's former connection, compounded by the fact that the band also share the same label and manager (Dick O'Dell). But Maximum Joy are a distinctive entity and stand on their own merits although this sort of confusion is one of the reasons why they are starting to be apprehensive with the 'Y' Records involvement. Tony stated his concern at 'the wrong idea being planted in people's heads', especially given the directions in which the band are heading. One of the major factors is the new bass player Kevin Evans who as far as Tony was concerned has 'made the set a lot more sensitive and supple - and a lot less intense! Our previous bass player Dan Katsis had an opportunity which he couldn't really afford to miss to do up a house which was going cheap, so off he went.

Judging from my recent experience of seeing the band 'live' at Moles club in Bath the new confidence is borne out, as the gig was a far more relaxed and together occasion, indeed the band regarded it as their best ever gig. It's a welcome development to report as the Folk House gig was reviewed by Dave Cohen for both Out West and NME and did the band personal and commercial damage, and they were less than enamoured to see the NME review in print three months after the gig happened! Concert settings are an opportunity as far as the band are concerned to try out new ideas AND instruments, and it was on this question that Janine explained her behaviour at the Folk House date which gave rise to misinterpretation on my part.

"It was just intended that I'd play it on the first number, I mean I can't play it properly anyway! The same at the Moles gig as I wanted to play some clarinet so why not? It seemed to work out for the better after we'd played at the Venue as John Peel saw us there he said that one of the reasons he liked us was that we tried playing instruments that we couldn't 'play' in the conventional sense. I mean that night I was playing trumpet which was something I'd never EVER done before."

So it wasn't just a question of the Great Man indulging in his usual fetish of having groups on the programme who had attractive women in them, though the trio agreed that it may influence things occasionally! Maximum Joy recorded an excellent session for the show and have also done their next single, due for release in the New Year, which will feature 'White and Green Place' c/w 'Building Bridges'. But things could have worked out a lot differently as the band split up for a short period during the autumn. They were due to play at Trinity but withdrew when internal disagreement boiled over. Luckily these





differences were resolved and the more immediately pressing problems and finance can receive attention. Anyone who can help on the former co OI-229-3788; but on the latter its down to the usual business priorities of touring offer little solace. Maximum Joy gig for a fee of a hundred p depending on where they are playing, and Tony explained the dilemma:

"Gig expenses are incredible if we go more than twenty miles from Bristol as there's hotel bills and meals to pay for. Going out at our price means that at end of the night there's no money left to share out amongst the six of us.

When we did one gig in Manchester we had so little money I suggested that we stayed with an aunt of mine who I hadn't seen for over fifteen years, and we ended up at her house at two o'clock in the morning. Much to my surprise she was really pleased to see me!"

By coincidence Charlie returned and made a dramatic entrance, half undressing, diving towards the sink in the corner of the room and got on with the urgent task of washing his hair! He has forged a formidable partnership with Kevin and one of the visual features of an MJ gig is Charlie's hair flying in harmony with his flailing arms and legs, battering out a power of rhythms. With no disrespect to Dan's playing but I tended to feel his style tended to dominate and as a result restrict movement within the unit. It seemed to create an internal fight for space, especially having an adverse effect on John's guitar playing, which came over like a Jackson Pollock body-painting canvas, but without any sympathetic context: all squiggles, scrawls and confusion. Now he seems to have sorted things out, even stepping into the bass slot for a couple of numbers.

The key soloist is still Tony, who in addition to saxophone and trumpet offers a little wood flute flourish now and then. He prefers a 'live' setting for getting the group's music across and has some very definite views about the role of using radio or other media:

"I have a nightmare about the double illusion present in music broadcast on the radio. When we did the session for John Peel it meant, like any other session, that it wasn't 'live'; it was twice removed from its original source of us playing it.

I'd like to see bands put on 'live' on the radio (like with the old Saturday Club) so that there's no artificial barrier. Even with something like the Old Grey Whistle Test the whole thing has been edited and cleaned up and it's all so false!"

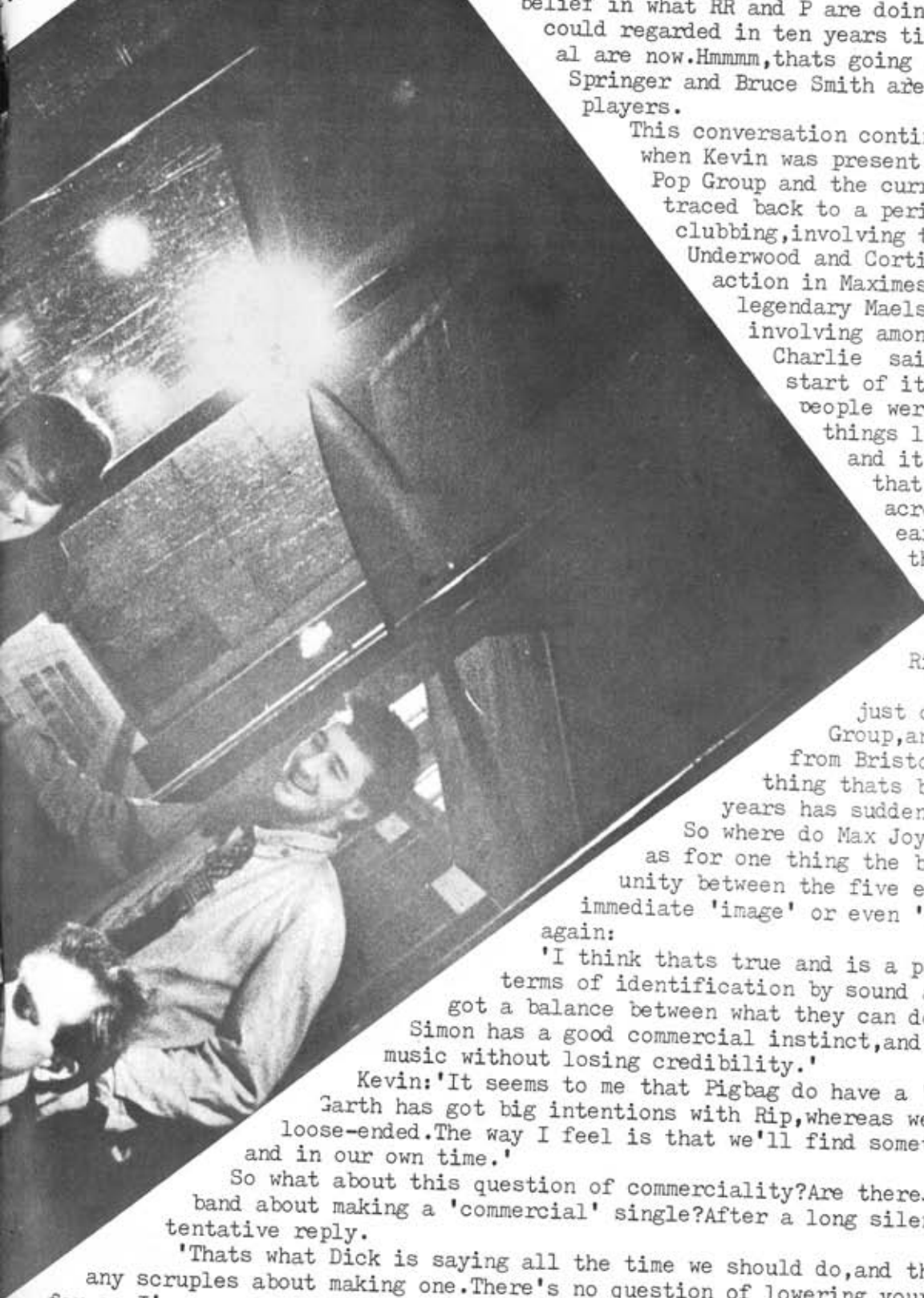
For a group who thrive on spontaneity through improvisation - a section of their set is always completely unrehearsed - any barriers in any sense are there to be surmounted. Much as I like the more orthodox songs, it's the freer outlandish wailing that sends the tingles down the spine that gives me the most pleasure. That to me represents the JOY which is at the heart of what Maximum Joy can achieve through the breaking down of inhibitions

They have a restful more muted side as well. Check out the flip-side of 'Stretch' and 'Silent Street' is a breathy restrained and slinky slide. Janine displays a husky purr as she describes one aspect of inner city desolation, that eerie feeling obtained from walking round formerly thriving and bustling parts of a community. The pulse is pushed along by a simple repetitive bass/drums figure and the



rehearsal space  
act Dick on  
and the economics  
nds or so,

Kishi Yamamoto



spaces filled and extended by the blowing bitches brew trumpet which Tony is ever-improving. Its quite reasonable that such a worthy heritage of influences have been absorbed, but they are certainly not plagiarised, nor taken lightly. I still regard the direction of the likes of Rip, Rig and Panic with some misgivings and when I mentioned this John asked me why. Its down to a feeling that what they are trying to do is honourable, but not the way they have been built up out of all proportion. 'Is it just black people that are the great improvisers then?', said John. I said no, and he re-affirmed his belief in what RR and P are doing, and reckons that they could regard in ten years time to what Coltrane et al are now. Hmmm, thats going a bit far, but Mark Springer and Bruce Smith are tremendously gifted players.



This conversation continued a few weeks later when Kevin was present too. The origins of the Pop Group and the current off-shoots can be traced back to a period in Bristol night-clubbing, involving the 'Kit Chaps' (Simon Underwood and Cortinas guitarist Dexter); action in Maximes and Fosters discos, and legendary Maelstrom in the Bear Garden involving among others, Mark Springer. Charlie said how 'that was the start of it all really. Ages ago people were starting to get into things like free jazz and funk and it takes a lot of time for that point of view to come across. Its like John said earlier about the scene then, and someone like Derek Hanham, who was around then too, dances on stage with Rip Rig.

A lot of people are just catching up with the Pop Group, and the fact they came from Bristol, and its like everything thats been going on here for years has suddenly taken off.'

So where do Max Joy fit into all of this, as for one thing the band seems to have little unity between the five elements/members, with no immediate 'image' or even 'anti-image'? Charlie again:

'I think thats true and is a possible draw-back, in terms of identification by sound and 'look'. Pigbag have got a balance between what they can do and what will sell. Simon has a good commercial instinct, and can write commercial music without losing credibility.'

Kevin: 'It seems to me that Pigbag do have a 'theme' and I think Garth has got big intentions with Rip, whereas we are more open and loose-ended. The way I feel is that we'll find something in our own way and in our own time.'

So what about this question of commerciality? Are there conflicts within the band about making a 'commercial' single? After a long silence Charlie gave a tentative reply.

'Thats what Dick is saying all the time we should do, and that we shouldn't have any scruples about making one. There's no question of lowering your talents to do it, as far as I'm concerned, as you need to be sharp to write something that will sell.' Sotto voce he added: 'Tony's weird about doing this even though he writes really good tunes.'

if four in the band say yes to the idea, and one says no, what do you do? 'That depends who it is, and Charlie. But if the one person REALLY says no, we don't.'



## DEAD OR ALIVE

AMERICANS ARE the past masters at building something or someone out of all proportion to their importance, or if a category can't be found to slot the phenomena into they readily invent one that is suitable. If you create an image then the acid test is of course to live up to it, and if a band is supposed to represent a particular stance then both their music and act should live up to the claims made.



Reachout International have so far put out two excellent cassette releases (see Future Days 2) and - a welcome feature with all their tapes - there is an entertaining liner note on their two current releases by The Dictators and Suicide. This time Richard Meltzer goes ape over the authentic/credible/realistic/attitudinal nature of The Dictators: they come from the hoots-roots tradition via Elvis and Little Richard, the Kings of rock and roll who themselves lived from the spirit of WRESTLING!! no kidding!! But for any band that's been associated with Sandy Pearlman (mentor of Blue Oyster Cult, Pavlov's Dog and producer of Clash album 2) that suggests a hard-rock connection, rather than the suggested punk/no wave affinity proposed by Mick MacMeltzer.

I'll be blunt. The music on 'Live in New York' isn't unpleasantly excruciating in the way a heavy-metal record would be, chock-full of grinding fuzzy guitars and all that, and there is an attempt in places to instill a bit of tunefulness to proceedings. But the give-away is on the cover-photo (see top of page) so no fooling about as to where this lies in the scheme of things. Its bad-ass rock and roll, nothing more nothing less. A guy in the little house I used to live in numbered Saxon, AC/DC and Rush amongst his record collection and he will appreciate this far more than I can, so it's a good Christmas present for someone like that. There isn't a total con-job going on here so if you take The Dictators (God, the name!) at face value then any pretensions surrounding them will quickly disappear. I'm not qualified (if ever) to say do or don't buy this: the decision as ever is yours.

One of my favourite contributors to NME was Lester Bangs and he gives his impressions on the living reality of Suicide. Fine they were (apparently) trail-blazers of the DAF duo format, but despite critical acclaim and all the cult blag widespread fame passed them by; why? Is it that their music is not of a type that an audience can applaud as part of the ritual of 'enjoying' a concert? What are their 'concerts'? performances, theatre, therapy, a spectacle, situation, seminar, ordeal, event or construction/destruction site? Answers on a postcard addressed to any office of Casio/WEM/Roland or Arp etc.

So these recordings span five years from mid to late 70's, in studio(s) and from gigs in London, Toronto and downhome New York. The wonders of mutated modern music have become universal and just keeps pouring out of the latest technology in your local Sound Temple. Suicide are yet another form of anti-mood music who you could easily confound or annoy your friends with; say if you wanted the unwanted remnants of a party to leave just put on "All Night Long" and watch the speed of light concept rendered redundant. The most basic of the great 'Rock and Roll Riff' is likewise transformed into a giddy romp by Martin Rev, while Alan Vega cajoles, pleads, whinnies and eventually insults the Canadian Horseshoe crowd to get up, shake and dance. Whether he was successful or not it's not possible to detect but the effect is.....

Agreed this is one aspect of 'The Sound of New York City', its harsh monotone and aggressive paranoia is central to its atmosphere, in much the same way as the muscular and athletic pulse of (Ze)bra black and white stripe disco rapping is another. It is a 'product' in the market-place, part of the commodity fetishism like anything else, and how commercial its prospects are debatable. Music and artists of this ilk tend to be influential but stay poor, faced with the old jazzmans dilemma that you can't earn money playing what you WANT to, and its the clever interpreters - plagiarists being the hip priests - upfront with

# REACHOUT 1





SUICIDE: "HALF-ALIVE"  
L TO R: MARTIN REV AND ALAN VEGA



fashion and its potential that make the real stash. As a result I tend to feel that this tape will be avidly devoured by those bedroom dentists who (a) can get their hands on it, and (b), wish to be assured that they

are following the true path to synthesised and WASPish enlightenment. But in earnest reality it's likely that few others will want to part with their cash.

Whereas Handsome Dick and his merry men, if they could find the right formula/image/wave their market is more susceptible and suspect. Would the Yanks go for their own version of loveable old Tenpole Tudor or is that too far back in history? After all built-in obsolescence is one of the gifts to mankind that American businessmen have bequeathed us. And of course the nastiness of drug culture.

Can Alan Vega really be that poor if he can afford to offer journalists free tabs of acid? Or is his timing that flawed.....

.....take a different road. Suicide: half-alive.



#### THE ESCAPE

I WAS lent this tape and by chance saw the band on two separate occasions at Trinity. I enjoyed their set the first time but when I saw them again....wow! I feel almost Paul Morleyesque about them simply because they MOVE me, and bring out the (failed) romantic in me. They make me feel like it's falling in love with that elusive German film star.

Their songs are like sound-tracks with moods carefully developed through changes of pace, volume and att...a...ck. The meticulous planning allows the full range of emotions to convey themselves purposefully. 'No-Go' allows entry and exit; 'Castin' vote' is not the final option it suggests; and a personal favourite 'Silently Runnin' is all passion and sums up the route that will get you there.

The Escape are especially effective when they are operating full steam ahead, flying open-ended, four-square into the elements and blowing aside all obstacles and doubts. There is no room for doubt. There was obviously little present in John Peels mind as when they played under the guise of Apartment he whipped them into the studio for a session pronto.

The Escape are a three-piece of guitars, bass and drums, but that standard format does not restrict them. A friend commented that he thought they were a U2 rip-off but I think that is totally off the mark. No-one has a monopoly on passion, least of all the Celtic fringe, so check this band out.

#### MAP and SUISSSE: An Instalment of Hiss (Map Tapes 7)

ROBERT MOOG has a lot to answer for! As with the confident predictions that computers and their off-spring UIM's (that's ultra intelligent machines), so the mass availability of synthesisers, drum machines and the like has led loose a whole load of bedroom baloney: so much for the claims about how good it is that anyone can play now, what about a sense of selectivity?

So I'm sad to say that this local bundle of fun is a let-down, and whether I listen to the relaxed or intense side it produces no appreciative reaction on my part. Re-writing or re-interpreting an Eagles song, Iggy Pop classic or Chrome gem sounds like the basis of something exciting, but the direction mapped out here is all hiss and no bliss.

Anyway on the principle that local activity should be given publicity, for those of you who are interested this tape, along with six others, is available from Map at 14 Westfield Park, Redland, Bristol 6. Just send a blank C60 and a stamped addressed envelope and you never know.



# REACH OUT 2

SHOX LUMANIA: 'Live at the Peppermint Lounge'  
NEW YORK DOLLS: 'Lipstick Killers'

God, was I confused when I first listened to Shox Lumania. I thought, is this a new Todd Rundgren opus? Or a bit later on during 'Russia', is this a hitherto undiscovered Mozart opera? And then again 'China' came over like a madrigal round, all jolly, jerking idiosyncracies: the ceremony goes on unabashed. This all must be an example of the untrammelled influence of 'Star Trek' on juvenile and hence impressionable minds, in the 60's I reckon.

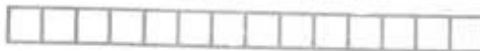
Shox don't shock - not any more after the punks path was trodden bare - but their pointy head-gear puts many of the "strange" Blitz-era kids to shame, as does the attention paid to what they are letting loose from their instruments. The detail is compact, flexible and thoroughly listenable, if a bit stodgy in places. The voices of

sound are clearly distinctive too and present an audibly emancipated view.

The technological hardware is used in a healthily funky manner and helps guidance through the S.L intentions, based around their Lumanian 'conception' - far more in fact than Lenny Kaye's indecipherable sleeve liner notes.

The one aspect of their presentation which is a bit deficient (though through no fault of their's, but that of the medium), is the visual link - the boon of video - as there is a choreographed series to go with the music and of course you miss seeing the spectacular costumes. But this tape will interest fashion fiends and futuristic fantasiers I think.

Weird streams indeed.



SHOX LUMANIA

As opposed to the B-Vamp of McLaren's former proteges, the pouting arrogance of the New York Dolls, all Rolling Stones jagged edges, but good fun for it - as the Whistle Test archive film showed.

This collection of out-takes, take-offs and doubtless then considered duff rejects is a muggy steam-bath to dust your broom by. It sounds as if it was recorded in a wine vault; like someone let out some of the barrel bungs the cymbals splash around in the most unexpected places.

In spite of this shoddy ineptitude the Dolls were no way a 'garage band' but produced from an Arts Centre mentality.

History repeats itself first as farce, then as tragedy. How true.



NEW YORK DOLLS, 'LIPSTICK KILLERS', THE MERCER STREET SESSIONS, L. TO R. ARTHUR 'KILLER' KANE, SYLVAIN SYLVAIN, DAVID JOHANSEN, MR. JOHNNY THUNDERS, BILLY MURCIA.

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS:Kleine Krieg  
•(Mirrordot Tapes MD 04)

AN INTERESTINGLY eclectic offering from a quintet who wage their own private war on doom and gloom.They take from the Englishness of their surroundings,for better or worse,so that you can have a backdrop of La Thatcher's diatribe against the hunger strikers in the Maze (remember them?),a very stoned rendering of the National Anthem,and a gentle piss-taking of our own totems and idiosyncrasies.

The music is well executed by Messrs Phil Harmonix (keyboards),Roles Anotherone (bass),Rik Chevillat (guitar),Michael NoName (keyboards) and Edward KaSpel (vocals and keyboards).My only real criticism is against the latter's voice which is a curious mixture of Daevid Allen,Syd Barrett and Johnny Rotten.But I enjoyed this tape venture,fresh from the spirits of Gong,76 and the new romanticism.Its available from Top Flat,737 Eastern Avenue,Newbury Park,ILFORD, Essex.

As a further incentive to buy,'Kleine Krieg' was number one in the Sounds 'obscurist' charts for 12th December 1981.



'Trance 81' (Silent Pocket)



THE FOUR tracks presented here give an excellent example of how Trance have progressed over the last eighteen months.They have remained a three-piece,are now utilising synthesisers,and the only constant factor is founder member Alan Ayre.The current line-up suggests it could be the strongest yet.

Opening with the chilling echo guitar line to 'Obstacle' the piece runs through its tightly arranged lengths,and then segues into the ice and fire of the 'live' recording of 'Dreams of the Dead':crisp vibrating hi-hats (an Ayre trademark);crashing syn-drum;humming runaway bass;slashing guitar and choice voice.Brrr!!Angst!!Verlust!!

The remaining two tracks are from a Peel session broadcast earlier last year.'Instincts' (once a candidate for 12" release) is more relaxed and expansive,spreading out wings of freedom so there can be no hiding place for vacuousness.'Lost in a Room' exudes warmth but still questions.Alan Ayre has very definite conceptions of what he wants from his music and he is now closer than ever to realising his aims.



THE BUILDERS:'Approach'(available from 3,Saville Place,Clifton,Bristol 8)

THIS IS one of the best packaged cassettes that I've received from a band.Participants at many an anti-nuclear or benefit gig,as well as a number of local venues,The Builders have built up (ahem!) an impressive set and local following at more recently have augmented their line-up - but more about that in future days.

'Approach' was originally recorded in March 1981 and has been available since the summer and is worth checking out.There are four intriguing songs on offer here showing the bands fascination for those things astral,mystic,social and humanistic.The arrangements are neatly structured Sue and Jake Peggs providing the solid underpinning for the guitar interplay between Mak and James Wallace.These two employ all manner of devices and effects on their guitars and its tastefully done making for a striking colouring.

My main criticism of the band on this tape and 'live' is the weakness of the vocals and that I'd like to see them 'let go' a bit more.'Rock' music is about body as well as mind and players must lose inhibitions so the audience can too.But The Builders have a lot of ideas and talent and they have plenty more surprises in store.

MUSIC FOR MIDGETS:Minatures (MFM Productions)

A SIMILAR idea to Morgan Fisher's pet project from a year or so back.A sample of music culled from 'conventional' tap releases where each group is given a minute to express themselves in a representative manner.The experiment worked well for Fisher producing some fascinating juxtapositions - fresh ideas from unexpected sources - and there's an intriguing array of sounds here too.

There's no information with the cassette to explain who the performers are,but my suspicions lie in the direction of such MFM luminaries as The Severed Heads,Eugene Cheese and Stanton Walgrave,or perhaps even Mark Perry or The Transmitters.In any event label boss Frazer Nash has so far put out a dozen compilations which on the evidence of 'Minatures' warrant investigation.

Contact said gentleman at:

**MUSIC FOR MIDGETS**  
40 Thompson Road  
Langley Green  
West Midlands





# *what is the definition of l.c.c.d.?*

'The value of Joy Division is the value of love.'

Morley/Adrian Thrills:NME - 14.6.80

Considering that Tony Wilson once said that a successful band could unbalance a small label, and considering the heights to which Joy Division rose, it's surprising that JD did stay with Factory. But in line with the perplexing logic of that organisation it's not surprising that JD should be the opening pawn in the gambit being operated in the next move from Manchester - the planned marketing of independent videos in the UK. Joy Division's music and role has been inflated into a misleading dimension (the guilty parties need not be named), and the lofty ideals to which Factory subscribe are well-known. Both are subject to a puncturing critique, exacerbated by the contradictions and mystery which shrouds some of the strategies backing Factory decisions. So the opportunity to check out the praxis came about when the Bristol Film Co-Op presented 'Vision Mix' - a collection of Factory (and Korova) videos - in the Avon Gorge Room at the University Union.

Walking into the room you had an uneasy feeling of being watched by Big Brother. Seven T.V screens perched on stands were spread round one-half of the room, sinister yet beckoning - like a set from 'The Man who Fell to Earth' - and spaced between the screens were speakers, in pairs or individually. In these surroundings the prospect of a four-hour video marathon didn't seem to ideal, but fortunately the Factory videos were shown first.

The show started with the 'Manchester - New York (direct)' series, which featured several other bands other than JD; A Certain Ratio, Blurt, Durutti Column and nameless non-entities. Tony Wilson made an appearance in an early sequence, probably taken from the 'So It Goes' programme, where he introduced JD as, 'one of the most interesting bands I've come across in the last six months.' The quartet launched into a flabby version of 'Shadowplay'; Ian Curtis lurched around uneasily on his podium, looking angst-ridden, if not positively ill. Morris and Hook looked bored, and Albrecht soon fell into his tendency to play the rockist soloing guitar hero. And so it went.



'Joy Division: The ultimate 1980's hard-rock group: eloquent, introspective, hysterical.'

Morley:NME - 1.9.79

'Warsaw are one of the many new wave functional bands; easily digestible doomed maybe to eternal support spots. Their instinctive energy compensates for the occasional lameness of their lyrics, but they seem unaware of the audience when performing.'

Paul Morley: NME - 30.7.77



In between the attempts at 'art': Simon Topping 'ravishing' a young lady, who feigned orgasm; ACR with sullen, sulking and skulking demeanour, fuelled by incessant smoking; suitably windswept landscapes of wild moorland, desolate houses and broken glass; JD managed a fairly hairy shot at 'Transmission' and 'She's Lost Control', from 'Something Else'. One of the interesting facets of the filming of the former was the chance to study the playing of Steve Morris. He's an under-rated musician, who uses his kit in a full and imaginative method, mixing rock and polyrhythms in supplying a supple and driving impetus. If you listen to something like 'Dead Souls' (featured here as a gig encore, along with 'Wilderness'), Morris eschews the use of hi-hats or cymbals, and some of the drum patterns he has developed rank him with Budgie and Bruce Smith as one of the most creative drummers from the '76 explosion.

The much vaunted 'Here are the Young Men' video shows the blitzkrieg intensity which characterised a JD concert. 'Sound of Music' is a little rough at the edges, to say the least, and when in doubt Curtis seemed to be content with lowering the octaves and clarity levels and moan meaningfully. He must have been difficult to play behind as his timing goes completely awry at times, and God knows what problems they must have had in the studio. The quality control on the sound and playing is a bit dubious too; o.k on 'New Dawn Fades' and 'Fade Away', and pretty hot on the finale 'Atrocity Exhibition'.



Dave McCullough was right in saying that 'Still' acted as a de-mythologising effect and that's a good thing, both for JD, New Order, and a sense of reason and proportion in rock appreciation. JD 'live', judging from personal experience and these videos, and occasionally on record, could be spanning the musical pits, or of course soared to an unbelievably magical height. The re-appraisals DO need to be honest and the Factory videos are a useful historical document, showing past work in progress which was tragically interrupted - but not unexpectedly; listen to the words on 'Closer' again.

Media over-kill and sycophancy to the Idea created no order to the old order. New Order are trying to urge the burial of their wealthy legacy and are charting their own canny course. Factory must do the same. What worries me is that these videos may be seen and used as part of an exercise in nostalgia; they are amateurishly made and cheaply put together; no appreciable 'situation' has resulted. The fireworks took place in the sky outside.

P.S. One favourite quote from the 'What the Papers Say' section was from Charles Shaar Murray, who said: 'given the choice between A Certain Ratio and Nazareth, I'd rather have The Clash'. For myself I'd rather have the example of Factory benevolence and listen to the all-out POWER of Komakino on the free flexi-disc. Now THATS how I'd like to remember Joy Division!



## Doing Demos

### EITHER/OR: Bedroom Bootleg

The Brothers Key, the main mainsprings of the now sadly defunct 'Various Artists', have been beaver-ing away industriously, and have produced some new directions and ideas. I got a sneak preview of what they were up to a couple of months back, and some of the work from that period has been widened, re-ordered and clarified into three tracks and a surprise - and damned good it is too.

As the duo are without a drummer at the moment, momentum and time is kept by a borrowed rhythm box. Its influence is noticeable from the opening motorik mobility on 'Still Building the Pyramids', where the guitars and keyboards are augmented by a tasty trumpet ensemble, provided by Mouth's Andy Guy (I think).

'Say Goodbye (To All This)' is more in the old Artists vein with a gentle melody and lilting lyrics. It features a beautiful 'backward' guitar, a device which few guitarists other than Fripp and Hendrix have used effectively and imaginatively. 'Tension' is an unusual mood for les Clefs to discuss as they are too of the most relaxed characters I have met, but its apparent that both music and voices seem to have acquired a new toughness. A response to these times I suppose.

Finally there is a reprise of 'Pyramids' recalling those electronic excursions John Martyn did so well: lots of echo, gurgle and percussive patterings, highlighted by lovely squiggling trumpet lines and the 'box' programmed to a tabla (tabloid?) rhythm. The whole piece is like an ACR Flight and sets a dramatic exotic gamelan air. I'm looking forward to seeing the band chaps.

### SECTION 25: Illuminus Illuminae

A tape of 'improvised studio material' which may tempt you to part with some of your doled out pittance. I can't say S.25's appearance on the Factory video did much for me, although some of the Peel session stuff I've heard as been quite good in places.

Unfortunately the 'Nazi' pre-occupation still abounds, this time on the second side of the tape with extracts from a Beeb documentary on the S.S. Other than that the music is indistinguished and unremarkable; the only tracks that rise above a bass/drums plod and congealed guitar or keyboard overlay, are 'One True Path' (no such thing),

'Inside Out' ('live' and studio choice) and 'Human Puppets'. But otherwise not recommended.

Available from: REL Music, P.O. Box 25, Blackpool, FY1 5NY for £3.03, including postage etc, as is another tape 'Live at the Melkweg'.

COLD: 'Demo Tape'

I have Rachel from the Electric Guitars house-hold to thank for this tape coming my way, from a very promising local trio. They consist of Lucy Hunt on guitar and vocals; Tim Clench on bass and vocals and the drummer from Vice Squad as a temporary permanent skinsman, dependent on I presume how their relations with EM turn out. Well Johnny Rotten did warn you punks didn't he?

Apparently all the songs were done first take in an afternoon, following a saga of broken guitar strings in the studio. As a result there's a breathless sense of urgency to the music, but it does it no harm. So here's the results.

'Just our Little Game': vocals in the best post-punk tradition, but mixing British sensitivity with American toughness. Crisp guitar breaks propelled by tight bass and drums. A good opener.

'Dream for the Day': lively with a full sound and deeper than first apparent.

'At the End of the Hallway': an oldie, eerie and unsettling from the angular chords, changes of pace and feeling of anticipation - like climbing the stairs late at night when you're all alone in a big house. Based on travelling through London and seeing from a train 'the young woman who's quite insane, standing behind the window pane'.

'Bored to Tears': muscular backing filled out with contrasting bursts of effervescent energy. I love the way Lucy slips with ridiculous ease from a tough contrast to a higher vulnerable sensitivity.

'Teenage Dream': all they can do now, but hope comes through. An effective middle passage of double-tracked High/Low vocals from Lucy and Tim.

WATCH THIS SPACE!



## KILLING JOKE:Kant Kino,Berlin

OUTSIDE THE converted cinema, which now acts as one of Berlin's prime new wave venues, a number of disappointed punks are mooching around listlessly: they are some of the many unlucky punters unable to get into tonight's sell-out gig. No preferential treatment was available to the press either, and some of them got short thrift from the burly door-man and were bundled away from the door unceremoniously.

German punks are a good natured lot and accept the position with good humour. There are a lot of punks in Berlin and one of them, Hermann, is still at school and was patiently squeezing passers-by for 'spare change' so that he could get fifteen marks and try and bribe his way in. The doors were open to those with the money and later for those with ten marks. Then coinciding with the arrival of three young lovelies offering free promotional samples of tobacco the door was flung open to all-comers.

The hall was jammed packed to over-fill and over-kill. I was right by the entrance and was only able to see KJ cuz of my height. At regular intervals a shell-shocked dazed figure would sprawl from the crowd, having successfully struggled through the mass of writhing bodies. Heat; claustrophobia; tension; solvents; all start to take their toll, exacerbated by the raucous brutality of KJ's stark aggression. I'm at first appalled but in a perverse reversal of reactions I can now understand the attraction they have.

They, in their own clumsy and misguided way articulate the frustrations of those who believe in their message.

To analyse the music, its monaural repulsion one-dimensional to the extreme, its an unedifying task for the ears. Thud, boom and scratch, hoarse chants and amateur theatrics - I begin to wonder if Youth has suffered an over-exposure to Peter Gabriel videos? There is a power in the performance, but its with all the subtlety of a caveman conquest. Kant appealed to a critique of pure reason, KJ appeal to the mystique of lure and treason.

Conclusions, statements and performance is all black and white illustrated by the two banners in those colours overlooking the band on stage. During the penultimate 'Requiem' the top left-hand corner of the 'Killing' banner started to become detached. With the concluding of the mandatory encore it had fallen to the stage floor leaving 'Joke'.

No guesses needed to know who the suckers were that it was played on.

## DEPECHE MODE:Paradiso, Amsterdam



ITS EASY to get taken in by the surface gloss of the high-style, 'liberal' Amsterdam approach to living. Underneath that glamorous idealistic individualism lurks a massive superficiality which for the many wide-eyed and frivolous visitors leads to a restrictive and really plain boring social outlook. Its easy as well to get fooled by the apparent innocence and purity of intent guiding the progress of 'loveable popsters' Depeche Mode, but they too suffer from the same deficiency.

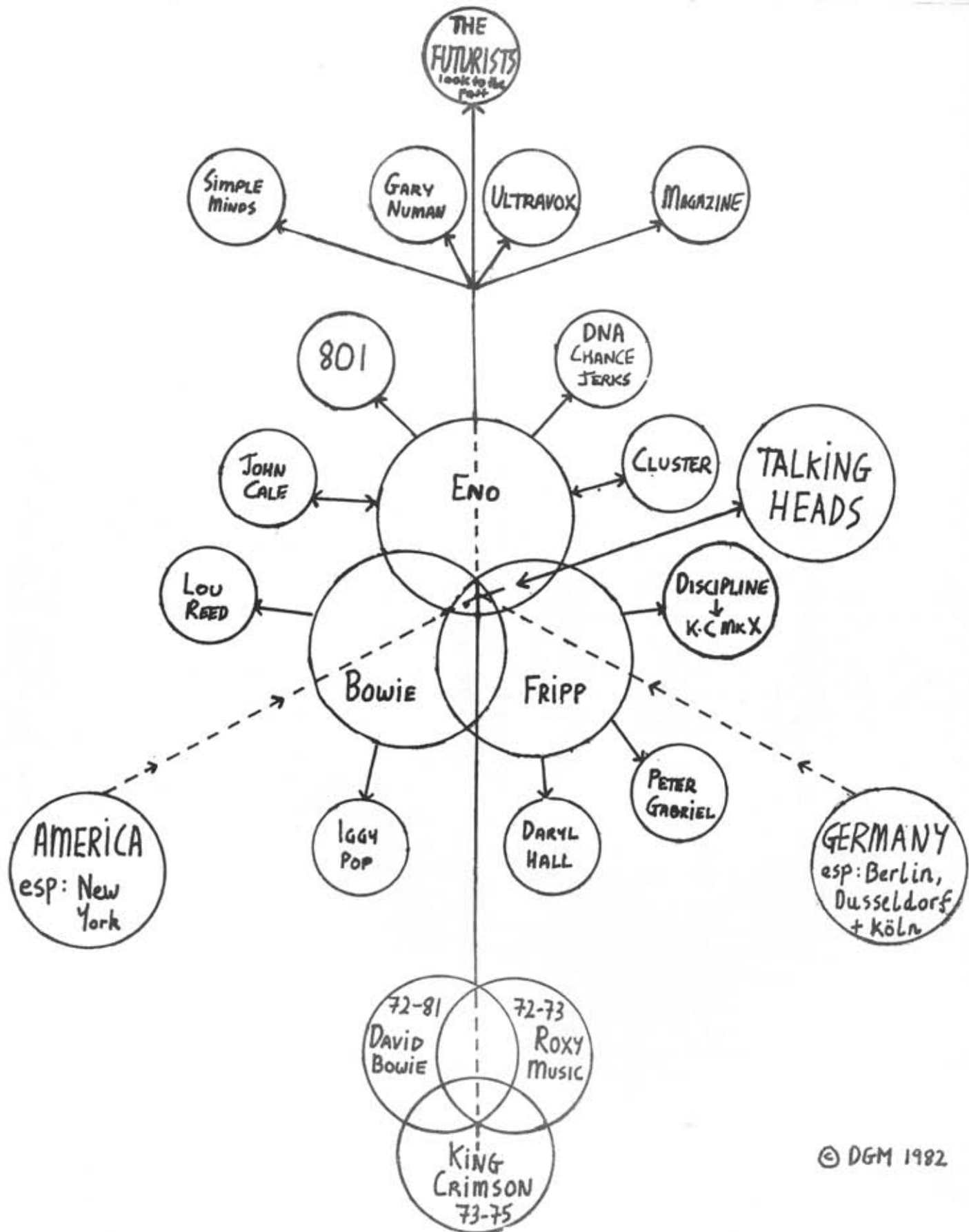
Fresh-faced and rosy-cheeked, three-quarter decked out in braces, they reflected not a trace of the real world. Fickle fantasy unable to get enough of its own sycophancy and self-dreams. A claim to be in control yet while Daniel Miller lounged lumpily over the mixing desk they are directed by his wishes, the revolving doors he produces and the revolving spools in the middle of the stage.

Yes, the Basildon Boys are prettily photogenic so they can afford to state their suitability right from the first 'song' in the set - preceded by a twee instrumental - 'Bright Light/Dark Room', all candy-floss and thump. Inoffensive and danceable, a new thing (do the Cute Mute!) and potential drama as the heat increases and...the top button of a shirt is undone!

DM stand 50 per cent stage right, hats and braces; centre fop and pose; stage left guru grin and mechanical movements - the antithesis of what the silly near-skinhead attired Mode is decked out in. Oh the machines! and yet its a dance of the machines rather than a natural dance, for the initial impact of the whoosh-bash cannot be sustained. There are no roots in this rhythm.

Depeche Mode are really inspired by a long-lost boys love of trains: the destination can be pre-planned; the set changed and fixed into a new mould (new life); and an illusory control exercised - but see what happens if the electricity is turned off! The attraction might be in the shiny train and carriages and the gaily painted accessories but I get more inspiration from the rhythm of the train itself than I do from DM's music.

To each to their ratatapan. DM are on a continuous Top of the Pops programme, happy to be pinned up on bedroom walls and marketed manageably. What a shame it will be when somebody tells them the truth.



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Another, and far more influential version of a British Electric Foundation. From their individual career starting points of mid-60's or early 70's BEF have permeated into many of the musical minds since the mid-70's, and its arguable that Fripp's contribution is the one least acknowledged.

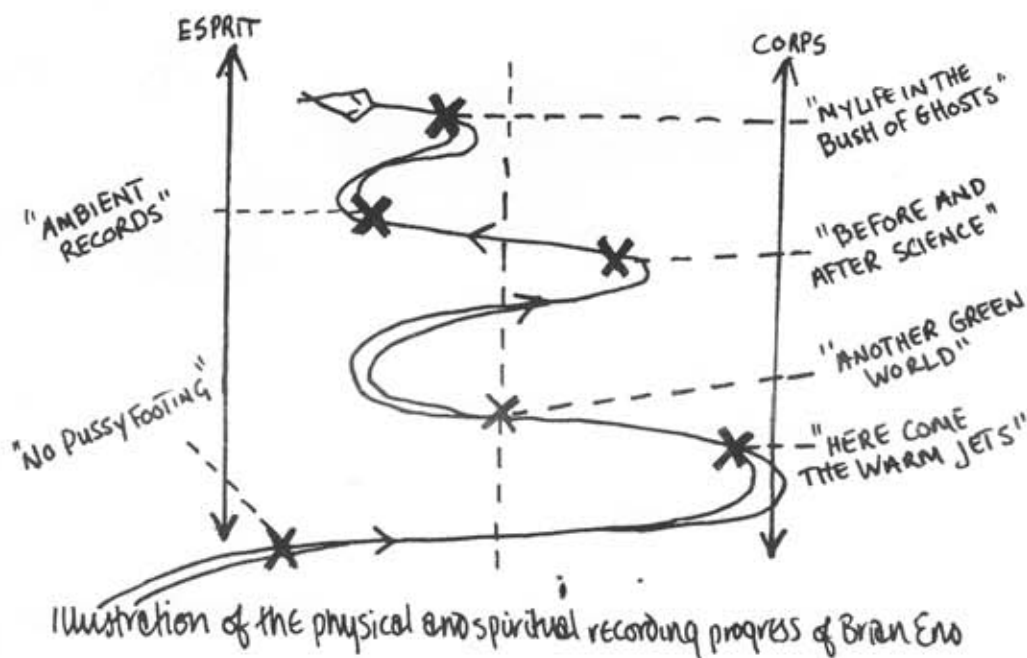
The discography shown overleaf shows the range of inputs and output, the battleground for the struggle between technique and emotion, hot and cold. The steps taken along this road have been filled with baffling Z-turns and inconsistencies and progress will be charted in future issues.

# THE FRIPP DISCOGRAPHY

## L.P's

- 1968 - Giles, Giles and Fripp: 'The Cheerful Insanity of' (Deram)
- 1969 - King Crimson: 'In the Court of the Crimson King' (Island)
- 1970 - King Crimson: 'In the Wake of Poseidon' (Island)  
Van der Graff Generator: 'H to He Who am the Only One' (Charisma)  
King Crimson: 'Lizard' (Island) Keith Tippett Group: 'Blueprint' (Deram)
- 1971 - Keith Tippett Group: 'Ovary Lodge' (Deram)  
Van der Graff Generator: 'Pawn Hearts' (Charisma)  
Peter Hamill: 'Fools Mate' (Charisma) King Crimson: 'Islands' (Island)  
Centipede: 'September Energy' (RCA Meon)
- 1972 - King Crimson: 'Earthbound' (Island)  
Matching Mole: 'Little Red Record' (CBS)
- 1973 - King Crimson: 'Larks Tongues in Aspic' (Island)  
Fripp and Eno: 'No Pussyfooting' (Island)
- 1974 - King Crimson: 'Starless and Bible Black' (Island)  
Eno: 'Here comes the Warm Jets' (Island) King Crimson: 'Red' (Island)
- 1975 - King Crimson: 'Red' (Island)  
Eno: 'Another Green World' (Island)
- 1976 - Fripp and Eno: 'Evening Star' (Island)  
King Crimson: 'A Young Persons Guide To' (Island)
- 1977 - David Bowie: 'Heroes' (RCA) 'Peter Gabriel' (Charisma)  
Eno: 'Before and After Science' (Polydor)
- 1978 - Peter Gabriel 2' (Charisma) Eno: 'Music for Films' (Polydor)  
Blondie: 'Parallel Lines' (Chrysalis)
- 1979 - Hall and Oates: 'Along the Red Edge' (RCA)  
Robert Fripp: 'Exposure' (Polydor/EG) 'The Roches' (Warner Bros)  
Talking Heads: 'Fear of Music' (Sire)
- 1980 - Robert Fripp: 'Under Heavy Manners/God Save the Queen' (Polydor/EG)  
'Peter Gabriel 3' (Charisma) 'Walter Stedding' (Red Star)  
David Bowie: 'Scary Monsters' (RCA) David Byrne and Brian Eno: 'My Life in the Bush of Ghosts' (Polydor/EG)  
Daryl Hall: 'Sacred Songs' (RCA)  
Various Artists: 'Minatures' (Pipe)
- 1981 - Robert Fripp: 'The League of Gentlemen' (EG)  
Robert Fripp: 'Let the Power Fall' (EG)  
King Crimson: 'Discipline' (EG)

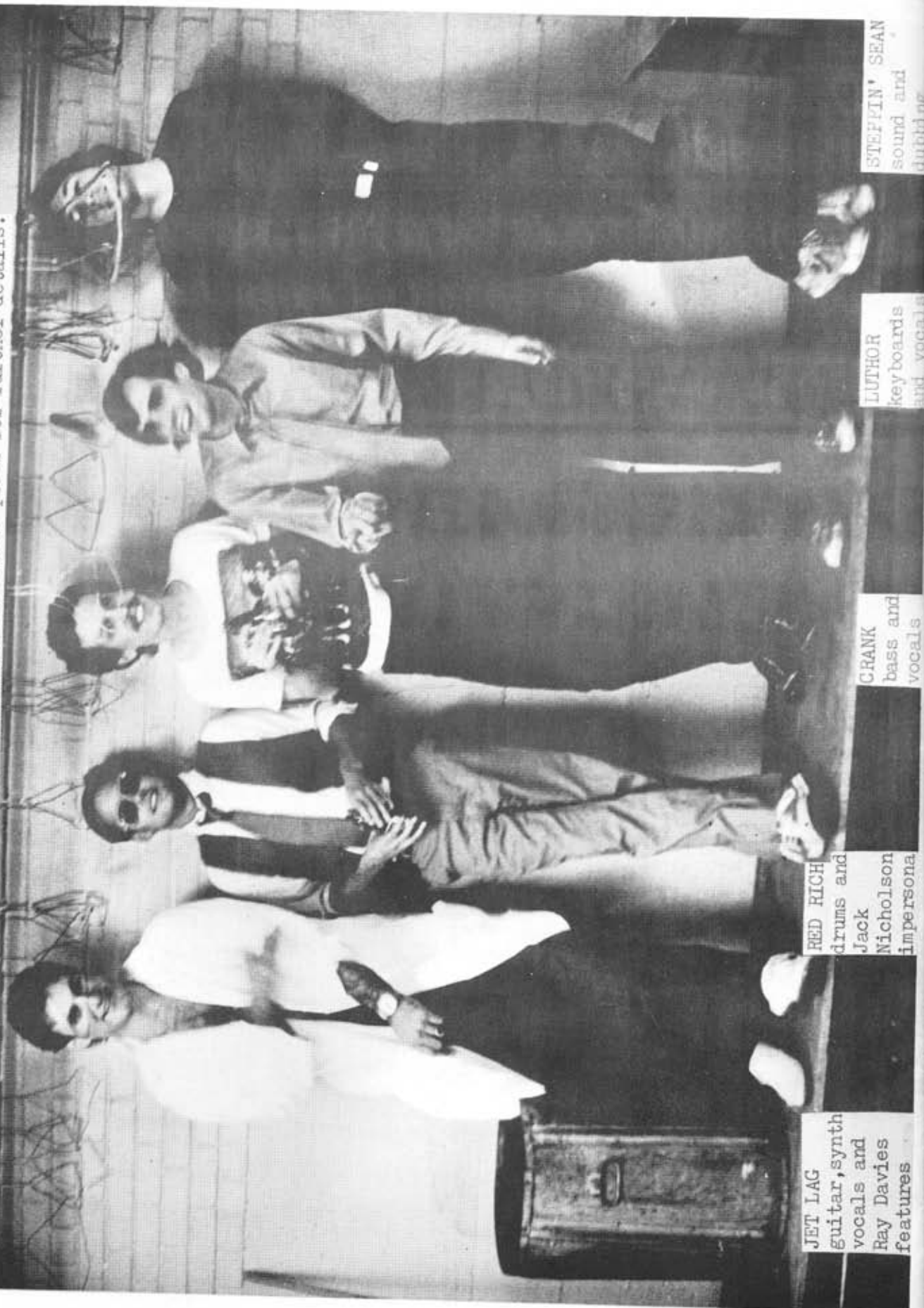
The above is based upon Fripp's contribution as composer, instrumentalist and/or producer.





# THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You now have before you the re-vamped, re-kindled, hedonistic, impressionistic quintessential quintet version (version) of Amherst, Mass., USA numero combo - the Scientific Americans. They should be hitting Thatcherland in April and as a foretaste of what you can expect Reachout International will be releasing a cassette which Future Days reckons will top even the Chance/8 Eyed Spy goodies. So keep your eyes tuned to the better sections of the music press for further details.



JET LAG  
guitar, synth  
vocals and  
Ray Davies  
features

RED RICH  
drums and  
Jack  
Nicholson  
impersona

CRANK  
bass and  
vocals

LUTHOR  
keyboards  
and vocals

STEPIN' SEAN  
sound and  
drums