

JULY 2, 1983

EVERY THURSDAY 35p

NO.1!

HERE COMES SUMMER!

**Duran Duran
in Cannes**



**Midge & Mick
in Egypt**



**Bananarama
Soft Cell
H2O The Truth**

**FUN BOY THREE · STEVE NORMAN
BAUHAUS · IMAGINATION · DEXYS
IN COLOUR**

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EURYTHMICS
Who's That Girl? (RCA)

If you'd fed the last two Eurythmics hits into a computer and asked for a follow-up, this is what you'd get. It doesn't stray an inch from the blueprint. It's cold and calculated.

In a way, though, that is what we love about so much British pop. When you buy a record by ABC, Wham, Yazoo, Eurythmics, you know that every detail, every nuance has been weighed to perfection. It's the best.

'Who's That Girl?' expands Annie Lennox's twin images: the hard, icy lover and, in the video, the challenger of sexual roles. But that's all it is: image. And in the great game of pop manipulation The Eurythmics currently lead the field.

D TRAIN
Keep Giving Me Love (Prelude)

Despite its success, D Train's clichéd 'Music' did them an injustice. 'Keep Giving Me Love' sets the record straight. Hubert Eaves' battery of funky keyboards hits you like... well, like a train, while singer James Williams delivers a power-packed vocal performance. Don't get in their way, they'll flatten you.

MIDGE URE AND MICK KARN
After A Fashion (Chrysalis)

No sniggering at the back there, we are in the presence of Artists. I'm not

sure what our heroes are getting so worked up about, but it's obviously Very Serious.

Sad to say, Midge will never top his great debut with Silk and 'Forever And Forever'. Let that be his requiem.

TOM ROBINSON
War Baby (Panic)

Not many hits records start with the word "Only the very young and very beautiful can be so aloof."

But then, Tom Robinson isn't your everyday pop star. Tom's dabbled with more music than most, and finally sounds comfortable with this big loose band behind him.

'War Baby', which bears a very faint resemblance to the old Hall & Oates song, concerns war in the bedroom. It's all about guts.

The guts needed to stick with a wobbly relationship—reflected in Robinson's gutsy performance—and the guts he's shown in dragging himself back from obscurity.

THOMAS DOLBY
She Blinded Me With Science (Venice In Peril)

AFTER THE FIRE
Dancing In The Shadows (CBS)

LOZ NETTO
Fadeaway (Polydor)

These young Englishmen share the distinction of breaking America before their home country. This is the techno-rock arm of the new British invasion, and most of it

doesn't deserve to succeed here.

Radio One has already bored us all to death with **Thomas Dolby's** gimmick-ridden 'She Blinded Me With Science'. Unfortunately, I don't think they'll put us out of our misery until it's a hit.

After The Fire had a U.S. smash with the slightly more listenable 'Der Kommissar'. As the Beeb have now given up on that one, CBS have released this effort. It's just as noisy but not so clever.

One record I won't mind on the car radio, though, is **Loz Netto's** 'Fadeaway'. Who Loz is I've no idea, but 'Fadeaway' is a great dance track produced by Duran man Colin Thurston. Neato, Netto!

BANANARAMA
Cruel Summer (London)

Producers Swain and Jolley give the Bananas a bit more muscle by watering down The Gap Band's brilliant 'Burn Rubber' riff for the girls to chant their sweet nothings over. The effect is as bland as ever.

These days it seems anybody can have hit records. Generally this is a good thing. With Bananarama, I'm not so sure.

MUSICAL YOUTH
Tell Me Why? (MCA)

THE SHORTS
Comment Ca Va (EMI)

'Heartbreaker' was Musical Youth's best record to date. It was also their least successful.

'Tell Me Why'—a lively version of

an old song by reggae veteran John Holt—should stop the rot, but the formula's wearing thin. Mind you, I said that about 'Pass The Dutchie'.

Talking of Dutchies, **The Shorts** are Holland's answer to Musical Youth. They obviously don't get the question.

THE CURE
The Walk (Fiction)

Unlike his contrived Banshee cohorts, Robert Smith is a real enigma. Five years on from 'Killing An Arab', he and Laurence Tolhurst still seems like kids experimenting in the basement. What emerges is

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Everyday I Write The Book (F-Beat)

How does an Angry Young Man grow up?

Obviously Elvis Costello can't keep spitting vitriol like 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea' when in rock terms he's nearly a pensioner, but his low-key '80s image just doesn't excite us record-buyers.

It's taken the radical politics and radical musical departures of Robert Wyatt's 'Shipbuilding' and The Imposter's 'Phills And Soap' to drag him back into fashion.

So now Elvis tries again with a more familiar sound. 'Everyday I Write The Book' is a clever, wordy song set to a stiffly tight soul rhythm. Like much of Elvis' recent material, it's very good but very boring.

Six months ago it wouldn't have got a sniff at the charts. Now it should get to number eight.

EVERYDAY · I · WRITE · THE · BOOK

Don't tell me you don't know what love is
When you're old enough to know better
When you find strange hands in your sweater
When your dreamboat turns out to be a footnote
I'm a man with a mission in two or three editions

Chorus:

And I'm giving you a longing look
Everyday everyday everyday I write the book

Chapter one we really didn't get along
Chapter two I think I fell in love with you
You said you'd stand by me in the middle of chapter three
But you were up to your old tricks in chapters four five and six

Chorus

The way you walk
The way you talk and try to kiss me and laugh
In four or five paragraphs
All your compliments and your cutting remarks
Are captured here in my quotation marks

Repeat Chorus

Don't tell me you don't know the difference
Between a lover and a fighter
With my pen and my electric typewriter
Even in a perfect world where everyone was equal
I'd still own the film rights and be working on the sequel

Repeat Chorus

Words and music Elvis Costello
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Elvis Costello & The Attractions

BLACK HEART

sometimes sinister, sometimes sleep-inducing.

When last sighted, The Cure were in one of their sinister phases – and judging by the striking poster of Rob and Lol as green-faced ghouls wrapped round the record, I expected 'The Walk' to be pretty gripping. In the event it's scary but no monster.

SENSE

Three Minutes Later (Carrere)

It's not Soft Cell's week. 'Three Minutes Later' was produced by Marc's other half Dave Ball, and it's pretty ordinary.

Sense are a young synth unit from Nottingham and – as yet – the only thing that distinguishes them from all the other synthesiser duos is that there's three of them.

MARY JANE GIRLS

All Night Long (Gordy)

The Mary Jane Girls are soul superstar Rick James's idea of a girl group, and this single is Rick's equivalent of the Sun's page three – only not quite as classy.

Maxi, Jojo, Candi and Cheri try terribly hard to sound seductive, but when Rick writes lines like "Come upon the land of honey/What I've got is sex and money", it's a hopeless task.

ZZ TOP

Gimme All Your Lovin (Warner Bros)

Some groups shake their waist-length hair. ZZ Top shake their waist-length beards.

That's not the only good thing about them. Their music's pretty neat too – and this is a typical mean, macho example of their hard-rockin' Southern boogie.

ICEHOUSE

Great Southern Land (Chrysalis)

MIDNIGHT OIL

Power And The Passion (CBS)

Some Australians were quite upset by Men At Work's mickie-taking 'Down Under', especially Icehouse's matinee idol Iva Davies. So here are two Aussie groups giving their versions of down-under.

At least, I think that's what Icehouse's record is about. It's unlikely that 'Great Southern Land' means the Isle of Wight, is it? No, can't be – the Isle of Wight wouldn't sound so romantic. Or so bland.

Midnight Oil, on the other hand, are anything but bland or romantic in their view of Australia. 'Power And The Passion' is a scathing rant against the Aussie consumer society, delivered with refined fury. Power and passion.

JONI MITCHELL

Chinese Cafe/Unchained Melody (Geffen)

How to grow old intelligently: 'Chinese Cafe' is a brilliant commentary on the passing of time. A middle-aged woman sees her kids growing up and remembers her own wild youth down the Chinese Cafe, playing 'Unchained Melody' – itself one of the most nostalgic sounds you could imagine.

Often Joni Mitchell seems as irrelevant as Fine Art, but this record

MARC AND MAMBAS

Black Heart (Some Bizzare)

Marc Almond should have been the Bowie to Boy George's Bolan, but at the moment he's threatening to sink into the second division. The Mambas are a slightly interesting diversion, but they're not a patch on Soft Cell.

'Black Heart', I regret to say, is a tedious dirge. Compare it to 'Heat' on Soft Cell's underrated 'The Art Of Falling Apart' LP. 'Heat' achieved precisely the emotional climax 'Black Heart' aims for, because it was created with care and skill.

Like much of the first Mambas LP, this new single sounds too casual, as if Marc believed his emotive singing was enough. Sorry Marc, it's not.

sets her genius in the real world and the effect is devastating.

THE CALL

The Walls Came Down (London)

A great surging guitar pop record by four American boys plus bizarre keyboards injected by former Band maestro Garth Hudson. Singer Michael Been sounds a bit like Talking Heads' psycho David Byrne; fortunately, his group's somewhat better.

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Whenever You're On My Mind (Warner Bros)

Despite a residency on the *Old Grey Whistle Test* and the solid backing of the rock press, Marshall just can't arrest the attention of the Great British Public. This is typically tuneful, punchy guitar rock: good intentions, bad sales.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS

Between The Sheets (Epic)

Not the best Isley Brothers single ever, but proof that they are still unrivalled when it comes to languid sexuality.

Incidentally, if you get the 12-inch you'll find three '70s classics, 'Summer Breeze', 'That Lady' and 'Harvest For The World' on the B-side. If you haven't got an Isleys record in your collection, you haven't got a collection.

BARRY MANILOW

Some Kind of Friend (Arista)

A couple of singles last year made me think Barry Manilow might secretly be really good. I've got over it now.

THE BARRACUDAS

House Of Kicks EP (Flicknife)

Forget the unfortunate similarity in name to The Piranhas – these guys are real killers. This is garage rock as it should be played: loud, high octane, vulgar and venomous. Make The Milkshakes sound like milkshops.

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Just Fascination (Some Bizzare)

Why are Sheffield groups so fascinated by fascination? Is this Cabaret Voltaire's tribute to The Human League?

I only ask because I have to admit this record means nothing whatsoever to me. This has been the effect of every 'Cabs' record I've had the misfortune to hear – yet I know lots of people think they're jolly good and Very Important. I'm sure they are.



MARC AND MAMBAS

Playing
With little pictures that my mind sends
Counting
The moments that my world ends
All I've remembered are the bad times
And it's chewing away at my insides

Chorus:
When you looked that way
Oh I knew you wanted to hurt
You killed all of my dreams
With your black, black heart

Night creeps
Its wicked way just like a spider
Stealing
The feelings that hide
Black heart and wild
You were so like an angry child

Chorus
Pushing
Your icy fingers always crushing
Your jealous mind so disapproving
You laughed at all my ideas
And encouraged my fears

Chorus x 2
Leave me alone, stop pushing at me
You've got your revenge for the love that I lent
You're destroying my mind,
You're destroying my soul,
Black heart.

Written by Ann Hogan and Marc Almond
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On Some Bizzare/Phonogram