

Time Out

LONDON'S WEEKLY GUIDE APRIL 29-MAY 6 1987 No.871 80p

Summer
Sartorial
Special

'THAT SUIT IS YOU, SIR!'

The Suit Is Back In Fashion
— A Tailor-Made Guide To This
Summer's Snappiest Whistles

Plus

CLASSIC CLOTHES PEGS

From Lauren Bacall To Jonathan Ross

SUIT PURSUIT

The Hunt For The Cheapest Threads In Town

+

PRYCE FIGHTER

The Battles Of Being Macbeth, By Jonathan Pryce

COLOMBIAN GOLD

Shooting Marquez On The Cocaine Coast

EIGHT
DAYS
A WEEK

... stripped down, hard-
bought than its precedes-
nothing to fashion and
on integrity. There's a
wens-Merle Haggard Ba-
feel to it, with a nod to
Yoakam's great strength
ism that gives no hos-
carrying a tradition for-
trying to reconstruct it.



passed Yoakam over
compare his 'Readin',
with Randy Travis'
'On The Other Hand'
ference between the
erficial, the genuine
d.

Y' (Capitol).
rd album and if and
ve a piece of advice.
ide first, 'cos the first
in the middle. Like
' is well-crafted pop-
short of the sensa-
i hooks, catchy riffs
and feels to give the
to work. The riff to
is out of the Cameo
Wanna Make Love'
ie Jackson ballads,
I arrangement to
and 'I'm In Love'
rry and danceable.
um, then, but one
ly classy singing.
y side two first.

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(Mercury)
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arently) with all-
fingered dawn.
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quite as good as
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2 (without the
ate any number
with a certain
wart Levine is

(Blue Note). **Tony Williams:**

'Civilization' (Blue Note import)
Old and new Notes. 'Baptist Bear' is the
third of Gilles Peterson's DJ-friendly soul
jazz compilations and draws on familiar
sources: organists Jimmy Smith (actually
a cut from '86), Freddie Roach and Big
John Patton, saxists Lou Donaldson and
Stanley Turrentine. Two selections up the
ante considerably, though: pianist Horace
Silver's 'The Jody Grind', a peerless exer-
cise in funk thru' stealth, and tenor man
Hank Mobley's title piece, which nods
past the genre's formalities before kicking
them aside and letting trumpeter Freddie
Hubbard bid to blow down the city walls.
Alliterative, if excitable, liner notes by
Roy Carr. One for the young beret about
town. Drummer Tony Williams's 'Civi-
lization' is a very different beast — in
fact, like 'Foreign Intrigue' before it, this
is a persuasive manifesto for the new
mainstream, busying itself about tying up
at least some of the ends Miles and his
'60s Quintet left loose. Williams, of course,
was a charter member of that quintet and
his polyrhythmic time-keeping still
sounds as seismic as it did then. His
young lions, pianist Mulgrew Miller and
trumpeter Wallace Roney among them,
play just as hard. File next to Wynton,
Branford and Blakey and enjoy.
Angus MacKinnon

Patrice Rushen: 'Watch Out' (Arista)
Every couple of years Patrice Rushen
sticks out a new album. The specialist
shops do brisk business, the single lurks
inconspicuously in the lower reaches of
the charts (the brilliantly grooved 'Forget
Me Not' being the exception) and I spend a
week or two with my already wildly sexy
walk heightened to irresistible by the
subliminal clickety-clicking of the Freddie
Washington/Ricky Lawson rhythm-section
in the dark bulb of my Sexy Walk
lobe. True, Patrice ain't no Anita Baker —
another recent beneficiary of Fred and

you mean when you think of that strange-
ly imprecise acronym 'R&B'.
Nick Coleman

Tommy Chase: 'Groove Merchant'
(Stiff)

A straight-ahead, no-left-turn convoy
through the enduring territory of hard-
bop, good-timin' its way through eight
numbers, five of them covers, that evince
a convincingly firm and funky night club
feel, all sweat, smoke and solid jamming.
Chase's drums are exemplary and ably ac-
companied by Mark Edwards's eloquent
piano and Martin Klute's safe-as-houses
bass; best, though, is Kevin Flanagan's
sax — strong, sinewy and spiralling into
logical but imaginative offshoots of the
main melody. Sometimes the bop is a mite
too hard: Dizzy's 'Night In Tunisia' loses
its balmy exoticism and gives way to a
less subtle, more claustrophobically air-
less heat. But the overall feel is one of fun,



thanks not at all to the so-called jazz re-
vival flexing its besuited muscles around
the late-night London circuit in recent
years: with the quartet members clearly in
unison about the direction they've taken,
this is jazz that lives, rather than museum
music dusted off for the latest fashion
shows.
Geoff Andrew

Lately mediocrities like **Husker Du, Stump**
and **Trouble Funk?** And one shudders to
think what sort of designer atrocity that
over-dressed fop **Courtney Pine** will be
wearing as he attempts to tip-toe nimbly
through the cow-shit and screwed-up, un-
read copies of **NME** (Armani doublet and
hose, perchance?). Really, one despairs of
the revolution when only **Van Morrison,**
Richard Thompson and **Elvis Costello** are
there to represent the dwindling corps of
True Sensible Hippies amongst teeming
hordes of ghastrly, fashionable young
popsters with short hair, bank accounts
and no cod-pieces. One notes with an in-
creasing sense of horror that on this gar-
gantuan bill the only combo popular with
the kids of today conspicuous in its ab-
sence is **Cameo**. One begins to suspect a
conspiracy.

And talking of conspiracies, burly
Mean Fiddler supreme **Vince Power** was
recently overheard mumbling strange and
dire warnings of the imminent birth of a
Son of Mean Fiddler!!! The location? Balmy
Islington, so next time you get run over
trying to cross Upper Street, don't be sur-
prised when a bow-legged oaf in a Stetson
climbs out of the bloodied **Deux Chevaux**
and shoves a Colt 45 up your hooter for
jay-walkin', y'all! Mind you, it's high time
civilisation reached NI.

And this is definitely not funny. Spot-
ted by **Artists Against Apartheid** in the
Johannesburg Star of March 19 was a
small item detailing the intention of the
South African government's Department
For National Education to sponsor 'cre-
ative and performing groups such as
bands, choirs and theatrical groups' to the
tune of R80,000 (about £25,000) to tour
abroad. The article went on to emphasise
that groups will be chosen not only for the
'quality of their performance', but for the
'ability of the groups to make cultural
contacts and to strengthen bonds of
friendship.' Hype suggests that all this
complexity of meaning might be better
conveyed by one economical little word:
propaganda.

Following our profile a couple of weeks
back on the curtain-hopping activities of
one **Joanna Stingray** — an American



singer/songwriter of some initiative who
has single handedly wrought a total de-
nuclearisation of the pop world by smug-
gling tapes of top Soviet pop combos out
to the impatient West and consequently
suffered a severe grilling at the hands of
the **CIA** (do we believe this? Of course we
do) — well, following our report that the
resourceful Joanna had managed to drag
top Soviet astronaut **Yuri Kasparian** to the
altar in Leningrad, a panic-stricken
phone-call was received from her publicist
saying that no such wedding had taken
place (visa problems, wouldn't you just
know it) and that all is confusion and
postponement and blimey it's a sensitive
situation (by the way, Yuri is not an astro-
naut, he's a lead guitarist — *Ed*). Now
how about loading up Joanna's turn-ups
with **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** product for sale
on the black market. Hype has always be-
lieved in cultural exchange.

SINGLES

Nothing but the best of the
week...

The Jesus And Mary Chain: 'April Skies'
(Blanco Y Negro)

Although the feedback howl that is their
sonic trademark is here replaced by a
more conventional jangle, albeit a dense
one — 'the Velvet Underground by Phil
Spector' — the group still sound inimita-
bly like themselves, like no others. 'The
sound of a warming melody spikes
through the cracks in a bank of swiftly
scudding clouds.' Shiver of the week.

King Sun-D Moet: 'Hey Love' (Rhythm King)

A great hip hop ballad rapped, but inti-
mately, over a pinch of the Art Of Noise's
'Moments In Love', speeded up and
stretched out. Sun's narrative, part en-
treaty part soliloquy, is long, enlivened by
detail and rich in believable contradic-

tions; proud pleading, honest insinuation,
cool heat. Terrific twist in the tail too.

James Brown: 'How Do You Stop' (Scotti
Brothers)

Sixties-style ballad arrangement beefed-
up by '80s technology. The vocal storm is
as invincible as it is inevitable as it is
awesome.

Tackhead: 'The Game' (4th & Broadway)

Possibly the first hip (hop) football record,
and perhaps a novelty hit of some propor-
tion. Witty rhythms by the *avant* Sugar-
hill Gang, chiches rapped by wicked Brian
Moore, produced by Adrian 'On-U' Sher-
wood: I didn't know that 'You'll Never
Walk Alone' was written by Rodgers &
Hammerstein II, did you?

UB40: 'Watchdogs' (DEP International)

Natty Russian Constructivist-ish sleeve
housing a bubbling bass synth and some
cheery horns that carry a typically ambig-
uous lyric; something about the comforts
and fears attendant on political irrespon-
sibility, or 'Star Wars'. Or 'God'. Or some-
thing like that.

Mark Cordery