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AFTER **AFTER DARK:**

TOM PETTY

GETS LUCKY!

OZZY OSBOURNE

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BLACK UHURU

NO SPEAK ENGLISH!

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

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JOHN CALE

BUCK DHARMA

CHIC

YAZ

OZZY OSBOURNE



CONTENTS

FEATURES

- PURE MAD PEOPLE LIVE A THIS PLACE**
Black Uhuru's Revolution Reggae21
yoo-hoo rue by Richard Grabel
- WIN A LES PAUL GUITAR**25
- TOM PETTY LONG AFTER MATURITY:**
Life With The Heartbreakers26
petty larceny by Sylvie Simmons
- GRACE JONES' INTEGRITY DANCE:**
Are You Ready For A Brand New (Disco) Beat?32
shave me now by Iman Lababedi
- KEITH RICHARDS POSTER & CALENDAR**34
- OZZY OSBOURNE'S NO BOZO ON THIS BUS:**
Clarabelle Talks Back36
satan's pigeon plucked by Toby Goldstein
- LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH JUST WANNA TESTIFY**
Psychedelics In The Garage40
it's about time! by Richard Riegel
- WHO NEEDS THE BEATLES?**
And What If They Did?42
why don't we do it in the road? by Rick Johnson & J. Kordosh

DEPARTMENTS

- MAIL**6
- THE CHRISTGAU CONSUMER GUIDE**11
- ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS**13
- THE BEAT GOES ON**15
Yaz They Is!; BOC's Mega-Buck Dharma; Diver Down Again; Clash Line-up Expands and more!
- LETTER FROM BRITAIN** by Cynthia Rose18
- EXTENSION CHORDS** by Allen Hester22
- CREEMEDIA**46
Boy Howdy's Ten Worst Movies Of 1982 by Edouard Dauphin; *Drive-In Saturday* by Edouard Dauphin and that's about it, folks!
- CONFESSIONS OF A FILM FOX**48
- THE CREEM DREAM: MICK JAGGER**50
- RECORDS**52
BOB SEGER by Mitchell Cohen; **NEIL YOUNG** by Jim Farber; **GARLAND JEFFREYS** by R.A. Pinkston; **PAT BENATAR** by Gregg Turner; **RIC OCASEK** by Joe Fernbacher and more!
- BACKSTAGE**66

Cover photo of Tom Petty by Chris Walter; Ozzy by Ebet Roberts.

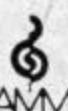


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TOM PETTY

Long After Maturity -

Just looking at me, I bet you'd never guess I'm the kinda guy that defrosts his fridge with a hatchet and sunglasses.

*Life With The
Heartbreakers!*

by Sylvie Simmons

STAR TRECK. Scene One: Writer meets Star.

Okay, lights, cameras. *Take One.* Winter in Hollywood, sun beaming like a Moonie, friendly guard at the Universal Studios gate points out the path to Soundstage Four. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are rehearsing there for a tour. Writer gets walking, turns the final corner, and *there he is!* Heading in her direction, waving as if he knew her, loved by millions, larger than life (actually barely larger than five foot two) *the star.* AL PACINO!

Okay, okay, cut. Wrong star. *Take two.* Writer gets dragged away from the Italian actor, sees the massive number 4 over a door, walks in, looks around. Empty. No, there's a female guard on the verge of nervous collapse. Some rock star's coming in to rehearse—Tom someone, never heard of him, now Al Pacino she's heard of—and she's got to check the writer's name off her list. Naturally it's not there. Saved by Bugs the Roadie who escorts the writer in and gets back to work. The band hasn't arrived yet. The soundstage is as big and cold as an aircraft hangar in winter.


Cameras move to door. A skinny, good-looking blond bloke is ambling slowly through it. The guard looks up from her *People* and eyes him up and down. Scruffy jeans, black leather jacket, shirt hanging out underneath, furtive, vulpine face. Hmm. Can't come in here, she says, unless his name's on the list. Naturally it isn't either. Lord knows whose is. Bugs to the rescue again, and Tom Petty is allowed into his own rehearsal. That's him? The guard whispers to the writer? Is he English? Really, American? Maybe, her face says, they'll promote her to guarding Italians one day. The writer, meanwhile, searches for a devious way to write about them.

Yes, Al Pacino and Tom Petty have got something in common. Both have managed to get along fine in the colossal, mindless American mainstream without becoming an embarrassment. Both jump at challenges (While Al took on the gay leather boys, Tom took on his record company to lower album prices for instance). Neither gets that much stuck in a rut. When *Damn The Torpedoes* made Petty a household name (everywhere except Soundstage Four, Hollywood) the follow-up, *Hard Promises*, wasn't a *Son of Damn* but a softer, mellower, excuse me, "mature" album that nicely confused the critics. And when they were poised this time with 30 ways of saying "sensitive", out they come with a new LP, *Long After Dark*, their most straight-forward, forget-the-trumpets- and-synthesizers, all-American rock 'n' roll record yet.

"I wanted to make a more guitar-oriented peppy album than the last one", says Tom. Film *that* bit slowly. He talks in a leisurely Southern drawl, probably something to do with his coming from Gainesville, Florida. His leather jacket creaks much louder than his voice. "Maybe I did get the mellowness out of my system, I don't know. That *Hard Promises* album was a pretty moody album, though in a lot of ways I really think it was the best stuff

Wur kin ah get uh haircut
lahk that Joe Strummah?

**I
just see myself as
a person, not the Last
Great Rock 'N' Roll
Romantic.**



Tom never say
"Please, Louise"!

we've done. But for some people it was hard for them to understand us doing that. It always plays with people's heads if you do something they don't expect." Tom Petty chuckles. He does that a lot.

Anyway, those who've already got the thing know there's still the basic Tom Petty sound, the chiming Byrdsy guitar, nasal Roger McGuinnish vocals and more idealism than you'll get in anyone this side of Springsteen, but some of the lost-love-and-loneliness bedsitter lyrics have given way to ballsier stuff. What we've got in this skinny blond singer and his faithful sidekicks (drummer Stan Lynch, guitarist Mike Campbell, keyboardist Benmont Tench and new bass player Howie Epstein) is one of the painfully rare reasons to like American mainstream rock.

"I love being called mainstream", Tom chortles. "There's not any point in being underground nowadays. Because it's much more of a challenge to be mainstream. It's easy to be underground, be a hip cult band. I mean I could do it again tomorrow! I could do it 10 times a week!" Whoa. "Really, it's so simple anyone could do it. All you gotta do is just be outrageous and whatever the trend is at the moment you go 100 degrees to the left of it. And you're underground."

"I've never been interested in trends very much. I do try to hear as many of the records as I can, but I don't think there's any challenge being trendy. It's not like the '60s, when being underground was chic. Now all the underground bands are dying to be mainstream bands, and most of them would just sell out—as you've seen—sell it out down the river to be mainstream."

Come on, isn't there anything you miss about being a cult band?

"Not in the least. It's a really limited trip, man. You get bored with it in a year. I don't know any group that wants to be a cult group. They say, 'don't you want to go back and play the bars, man? Don't you miss it?' I don't miss it! I've spent my whole life playing bars, since I was 15 years old, you know. I like playing in bars and we still do it sometimes. But to be honest, I think most of those people are being a *little false* when they say they really wish they were back playing those joints."

Doing the "US" Festival, the technological be-in for overprivileged Californians last year, was going from one extreme to the other, of course. But as Petty chuckles, "For that much money I'll play anywhere! I'd be a fool not to do it. But I wouldn't want to do it every day. I like having some hint of intimacy."

We haven't got any here in the Soundstage, stuck in a corner of the massive echoing edifice, trying not to talk above a whisper. At least those cameras are off somewhere, filming some background footage: Petty's Hollywood house, with the guard outside the front gate stopping the little girls from camping in his front garden; a Hollywood magazine stand where all the rock rags seem to have Tom's face on the cover.

"I don't know if I've gotten used to it yet," laughs Tom. "I think you just get to where you take it for granted that the rent's paid and things like that. When I didn't have any money I used to think, if I could just have a place to stay and didn't have to

worry about paying for it, it would be great. It's funny, you know, when you're broke no one gives you nothing, then as soon as you're doing OK and you don't need anybody..." He drifts off in thought. "You have to learn how to deal with that and try not to take it very seriously."

The only things Tom Petty takes seriously, so I gather by the end of our interview, are (other than his wife and two kids who like Devo and Olivia Newton-John but hey, they'll grow out of it) his songs, his singing and his guitar playing. Tells me he walks round the house with a guitar strapped on all the time. "People that come over sometimes think I'm strange or it's hard to talk to me. I've done interviews where I was playing the guitar and they'll say, 'will you stop that, it's going all over my tape and I can't hear what you're saying.' It's what I like to do. You'd think I'd be better than I am," he chuckles, "from playing all that much!"

Flashback: Florida in the '50s. The son of an insurance man is listening to country music on his parents' radio. Likes it, but hey, that's no way to rebel. Goes with an aunt to watch them filming *Follow That Dream*, 30 miles out from Gainesville. His uncle's working on the set. Elvis Presley is starring in it. Splice in some old footage. The girls were going bananas over El, this being his pre-donut days. Says Tom: "I just thought it was the coolest thing I'd ever seen". He bought Elvis records, slicked his hair back, moved slowly (as Southerners do) on to the Beatles and the Stones, and got songbooks with chords in. He learned "Little Red Rooster" and "Twist and Shout," which he played at his first gig—a school dance—at 13. He was sent to a psychiatrist. "I was having general conduct problems at school and a general lack of attendance." Basically he liked rock better than academia. He was on the road by the age of 15.

"Once the ghost got into me, or whatever it was," says Petty "It's never left yet. It's very strange, you know. I'm consumed with it. It's all I do. People ask me what I do now in my spare time, and I say 'what spare time?' I don't have any time to develop any hobbies, never did. I can be here 'til two or three in the morning and then go home and play the guitar for another two hours. It's just a habit, like reading or something. It's all I do."

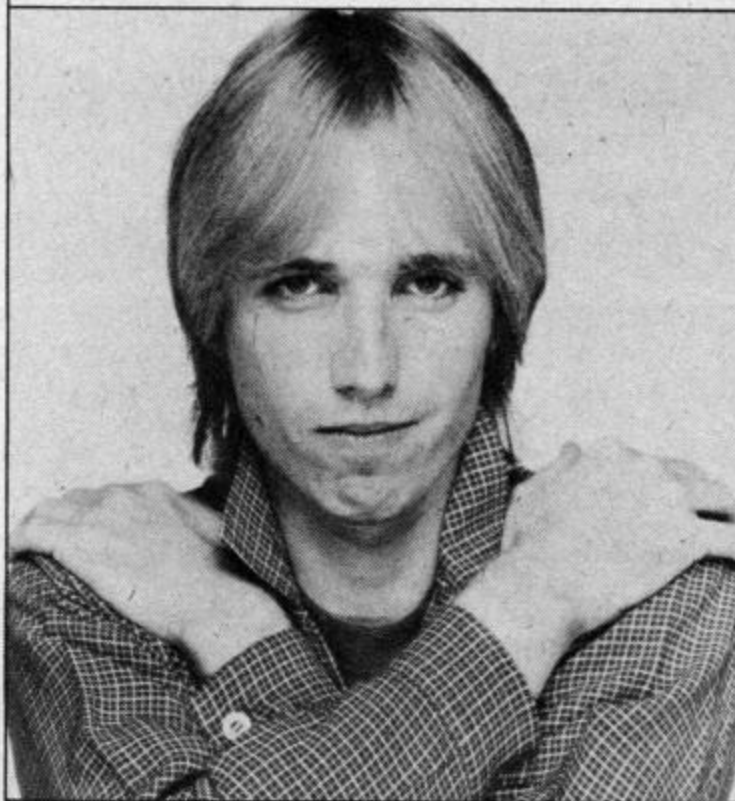
"From the moment I got a guitar, it was like a fascination. I felt, *this is the way out*. Once we'd seen the Beatles and the Stones, those guys on Ed Sullivan in sweatshirts, you know, once we'd seen that and it looked like so much fun—it's the same thing that happened to millions."

There wasn't much happening in Gainesville at the time that didn't sound like Lynyrd Skynyrd or one of Cher's old men. And though Tom liked them, he wasn't like them. He headed for Los Angeles with his band Mudcrutch, piling their equipment and leather jackets into a VW van and driving 3,000 miles across country. The band broke up, Tom was about to do the solo singer-songwriter California thing, until he happened upon fellow Southerners The Heartbreakers.

"I played bass almost all the time before the Heartbreakers. I think I was just the worst guitar player, so they put me on

bass. I was pretty good at the bass though, until this group, when I changed over to playing the guitar. When I met the Heartbreakers I hadn't been in a band for a while, and when I ran into them they were almost formed, they had a bass player, the

" I enjoy seeing a little of the money thrown around. "



Bras are great!

whole thing. So if I was going to be singing lead, it was just convenient for me to play rhythm guitar too. So I really had to get that together. I've always had my own style—which is kind of bad. If you play as out of tune as me... Really, when I started playing with Mike Campbell, who's really the guitarist, when the two of us play together it makes that sound that people really come to call the Heartbreakers. Probably be-

Hallucinations frequently "are boss," says Tom!

cause he's just a little more melodic and proficient on the instrument, and I'm more distorted, and it makes that jangly sound when the two of us play.

"I have this real fascination with guitars where I just like them. I think a lot of them are real works of art in themselves, just to look at them, the designs. I just like to hear the sounds. I get real ethereal with them..."

So let's float back to the present. *Hard Promises* was reviewed by everyone as "mature". Is *Long After Dark* a second childhood? And what happened to the Heavy Metal album you threatened to put out?

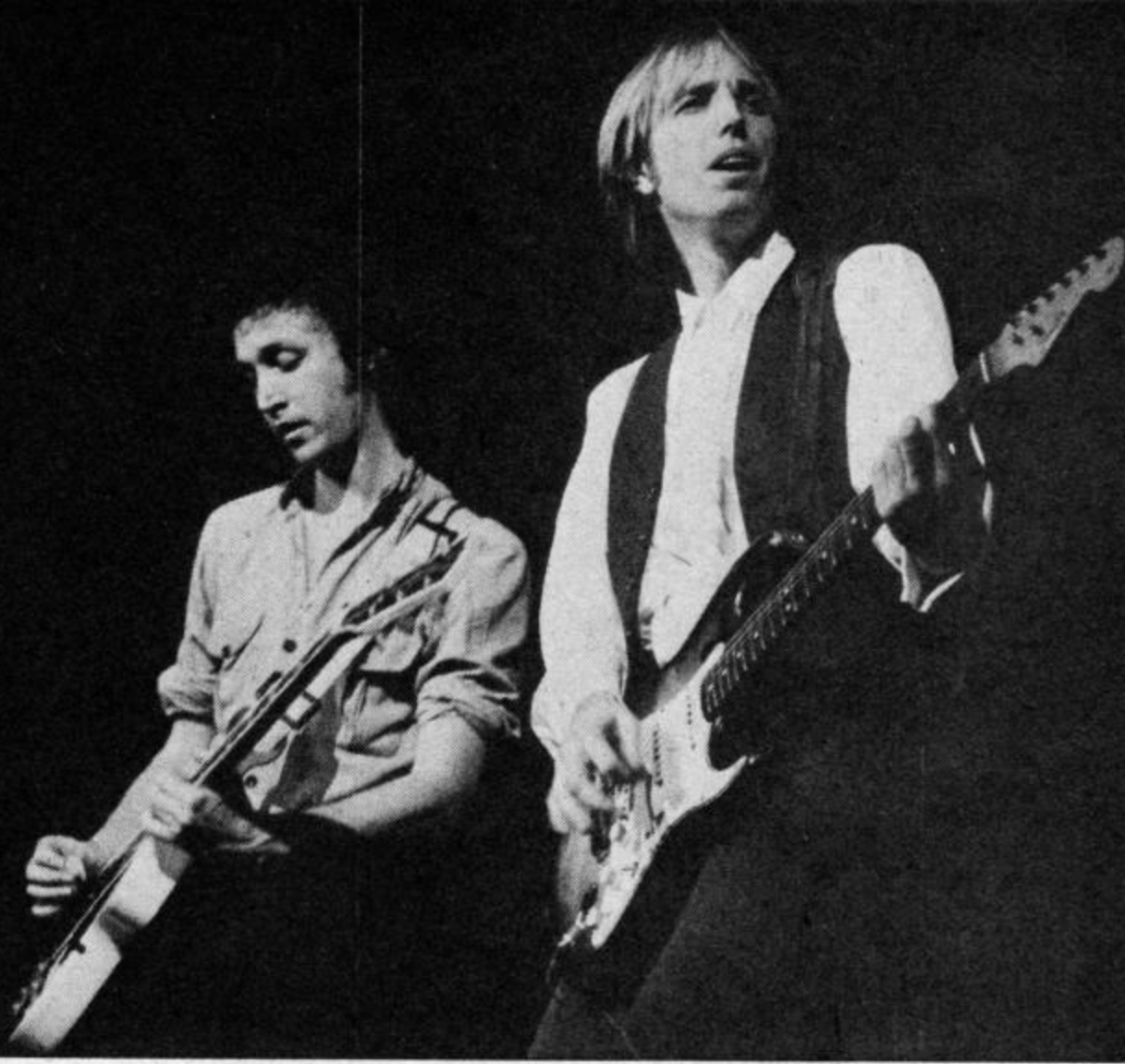
"We've been around a good six, seven years now and we are past adolescence. But we're not really trying to mature. 'Mature' is a scary word, isn't it? I just wanted to show there's more sides to the group than 'Refugee.' I just wanted to do something different. I guess it was just a lighter album in texture than most of our stuff. Anyway, we're back to the loud amps, which I think will shock people too, because I think a lot of people thought we were going to drift out further into the acoustic stuff. Maybe next year..."

"Heavy metal—I love the power of the music but I don't think most bands do very much with it. It's usually such a boring macho trip, you know. Songs like 'I'm going to get you and you're going to love it.' I love the power. The first Led Zeppelin album was one that I loved; all the Hendrix albums. I think Eddie Van Halen is an amazing musician. But most of the new heavy metal groups I don't really pay much attention to. It all sounds alike to me."

What were the last records you bought?

"Roxy Music, *Avalon*, and I always go back and buy more old records. I wear them out. Roy Orbison and that kind of stuff, George Jones. I love this double album I've got of George and Tammy."

So that's why you and Stevie Nicks did that duet? You want to be the George and Tammy of the '80s, right?



"Probably, yeah! I love those country duets, Gram and Emmylou and people like that."

But Stevie? Cosmic tablecloth Stevie?

"I was pretty hard on her when I first met her, because she comes from a different place than me. She sees things differently than me. Don't get me wrong, because we're very good friends, but some people can't see what we have in common to be friends. But I really think the world of her now. When I was first hanging around with her I would get angry sometimes, you know. But deep down she really was the most dedicated singer-songwriter. That's all she does, that's all she lives for. So maybe that's why she makes so much money!"

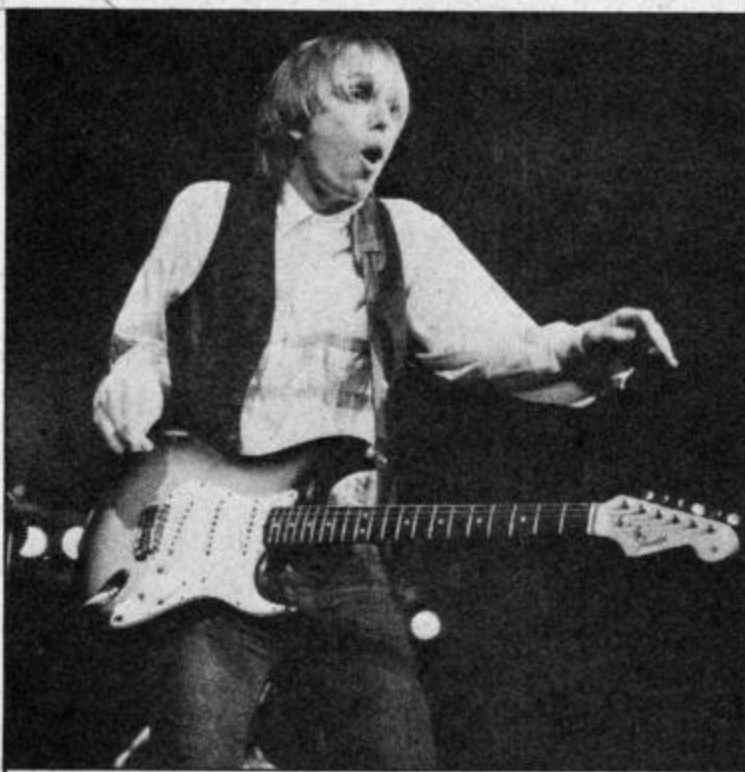
Is there an album of double-crooning in the offing then?

"I don't know, because I've promised the band that *this* is what I'm going to do for a year. I'm not opposed to it. I'm really glad I did it in a way. For a while I was a little nervous, that maybe they're not going to understand this. I think if she had her way we'd do it a lot."

This band's always off playing, singing or producing other people. Does that interfere with working together?

"No. Usually once their tracks are done, which is the first stage of the album, after that there's not much for them to do while I sit and fiddle with the knobs for the next six months. They have to keep themselves amused somehow, I guess! But we kind of all made a decision. We're going to devote all our time to the Heartbreakers for at least a year. We've all turned down other projects and we're all dedicated to this. We haven't done this for a long time really. It's been a good year or more since we've been out on the road."

It didn't take them long to break in a new bass player, Tom reckons. He found Epstein in Del Shannon's group (Petty, you recall, produced the man's comeback) and "He knew all our old tunes better than we did." Ron took off because, like most reasonable humans, he was sick of the music business. "He just had it. He didn't want to



Tom sees Adam Ant! Nude!!

Eventually, Tom plans to replace his head with a dome!

Tom sees pal Stevie N. doing her Dumbo imitation and just doesn't understand!

play anymore—not in the music business anyway."

But back to Petty. Does he still hate his singing voice?

"My voice has always bugged me because it sounded strange. But lately I've come to realize that if it wasn't such a weird voice, I probably wouldn't have been noticed as much. So now I can sort of live with it. Each album I think I get a little stronger and a little more confident about singing. This is the first band I've been in where I was the lead singer all the time, so it took me a couple of albums just to get comfortable singing all the songs."

Speaking of songs, most of his are autobiographical. And they're pretty much the only way rabid fans get to know anything about his private life. He's rarely in the gossip mags. Now if he'd only date Britt Ekland...

"I have so little privacy anyway. I'm not moaning, but it's such a ridiculous state now that the less of my life I have to live out in public, the better. I guess it's a kind of country-western attitude. I just don't care to discuss what goes on after the stage too much." Like little girls crawling into his house?

"I could write a book! But I won't, because there's nothing more boring than hearing someone go on about how famous they are. It's just something that's nice on the one hand and a drag on the other, so you try to dwell on the positive side."

So everything isn't a doddle once you're a STAR?

"It's a lot harder! It's not as bad as being broke, obviously. At least you're bummed out in a comfortable room or whatever. There was a time—1976, in England I think—when people really felt guilty about having any money and being successful. But now I've gotten to where I feel guilty, and that's wrong too. Someone said the other day, 'well should we take a limo over here?' and they said 'no, a limo's too posh.' And I said, 'ah, take the fucking limo!' It's also stupid to pretend you can't

TURN TO PAGE 59



The songwriting substantiates actual *clever* twists and turns of beat, while the tunes build on some authentically groovy vocal calisthenics. Traces of "new wave" notwithstanding (from the alb cover's Toni Basil "look" to the cagey, sparse guitar wanderings that are very different from past brute-force metallics), the package steers clear of gratuitous rock-star pukery and all its trappings. Most arrangements, for ex, are conspicuously lean (as opposed to heavy)—credit the tasteful Geraldo/Coleman production in this regard. Could-have-been non-entities (tunes) shine with some sorta self-aggrandized importance.

Like side one's "Fight It Out" and "The Victim." Keyboards and guitars egg on the vocal to higher dimensional planes of spiritual angst. In the best tradition of Pats (Smith), she's *wailing* on these two—and in a feelingly perceptual disposition/times, these, but that's not what it's backing track.

"Anxiety" 's OK too. Anxious times, these, but that's not what it's all about:

"I'm picking up the telephone
there's no one I can call
I need somebody bad tonight
can't fight this thing at all
I wish I could relax
I just can't stop my mind
I wish I could relax
But my body's not that kind..."

Terse synthesizer hooks snag guitar and vocal into the rousing chorus: "Anxiety's—got me on the run/ Anxiety—spoils all the fun..." The song smartly sidesteps the ordinary with atypical type changes and an almost self-amused *passiveness* v-a-v topic matter. Goofy melodrama ("get nervous, get nervous, get nervous" she hisses in cadent synch w/intro-mutes/synth-notes) spars with the subject at hand in a romping (by way of Disney) fashion. Benatar's reading of the song's pain comes off playful and jocular in the vein, say, of "Ballad Of Dwight Frye" and/or Napoleon XIV.

Speaking of veins (jugular), "Tell It To Her" and "I'll Do It" re-vamp the first side's sharp formula (verse-bridge-chorus/ soft- loud-louder) with overextended anthemic slaps in the face. At least half of the record's songs earmark this M.O. for effect (presumably) which sorta gets annoying, but on the other hand it's pulled off so well—Benatar's whining, pleading, Ronstadtian turns of emotive range—that repetition and uniqueness (distinct lack of) count only if you're keeping score.

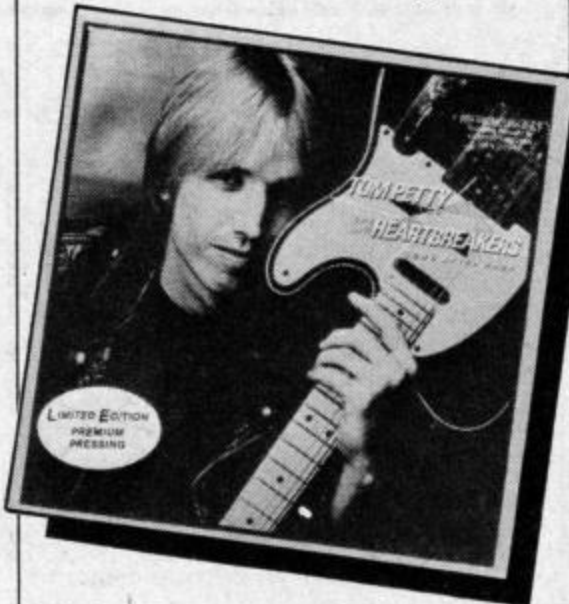
Oh yeah, "Shadows Of The Night" (the one they play on the radio) is listenable but not nearly as frenetic and humanly off-balance as the rest. Makes more sense when you see the video (no kidding) of Pat in a WWII fighter-bomber way



...Soon she took to screaming "I want my Maypo" hours at a time...

way up there—flying, singing (into a mike), doing it all.

Gregg Turner



**TOM PETTY AND THE
HEARTBREAKERS**
Long After Dark
(Backstreet)

Why not, just let it blurt? Tom Petty's static, impregnable doltishness has made his recent LPs—starting with the alleged "breakthrough," *Damn The Torpedoes*—so heartbreakingly DULL that I wring my hands, gnash my teeth and fall asleep. The glassy-eyed, undifferentiated vervelessness continues unabated on the latest, *Long After Dark*, and perhaps the public is catching on. *Hard Promises* is now filling cut-out bins, *Long After Dark* did nothing to revive slumping holiday record sales and as one who found *You're Gonna Get It!* absolutely wonderful, I've been trying to figure out what happened.

I think the present dreariness began when Tom Petty became TP, when he started his tireless drive to

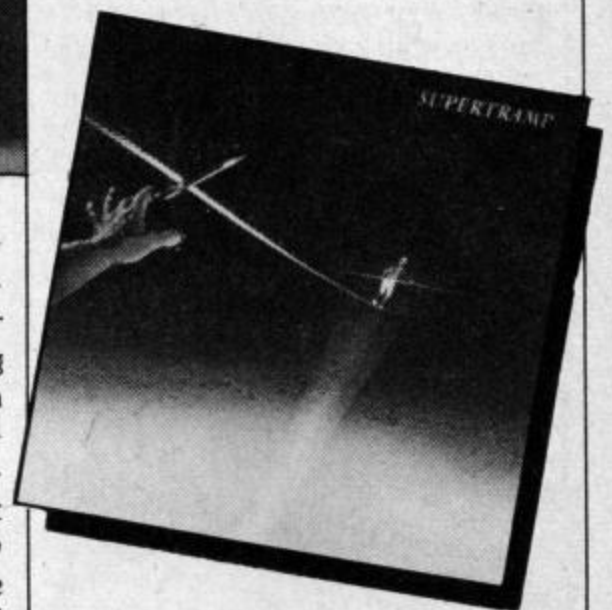
polish and perfect himself as a marketable commodity. *Long After Dark* once again raises the telling question: How far can you roll a carefully crafted signature style uphill before you get stultified, exhausted, or crushed? Tom Petty, it would seem, has been victimized by his own albatross formula. On the inner sleeve Petty gives special thanks to co-producer Jimmy Iovine and engineer Shelly Yakus, for their "immeasurable dedication and contribution to this project." Would Mark Lindsay have said that? Would Duane Eddy have called a rock 'n' roll record a "project"? All of which reminds one that the last three albums have had *exactly* the same sound—a cool, glistening, distanced FM blend that could be the Eagles at their most arch and that, for FM purposes, a great LP needs a couple of memorable tunes and lots of immediately recognizable filler. Sound familiar?

The songwriting suffers, too, from the rigidity of the overriding concept, the stiffness of the expected TP pose. "One Story Town," the lead-off cut—a crucial TP choice (Refugee, "The Waiting")—is particularly depressing. A churlish, predictable few verses of lifeless anamie, it showcases Petty's ongoing confusion of credibility with charmlessness. "Between Two Worlds," a churning urn of burning funk that is well crafted but too long, reaches new heights of lyrical fogginess. Obviously depicting the torments of the flesh it could be about one woman, two women, or Tom's secret struggle with transsexuality. I don't remember having to

read anything to understand "Listen To Her Heart."

"Deliver Me" is the one song to love on *Long After Dark*, set in the pleading middle of Petty's attenuated snarl-to-a-whine emotional range, and graced by a lovely floating bridge and energy that, if not exactly light-hearted, is at least momentarily not DEADLY EARN-EST. But finally, Petty's limitations conspire with his singlemindedness to betray him. It's hard to tell, for example, that "Finding Out" is a happy song without looking at the lyrics. It certainly SOUNDS the same as the sad songs or the ornery ones. In fact though the songs may attempt to say different things, TP's voice and the cool, filtered radio-ready mix seem always to be saying pretty much the same thing. If that's your idea of a good time, good luck. It ain't mine and it didn't used to be Tom's, either.

Jeff Nesin



SUPERTRAMP
...famous last words...
(A & M)

Many fine nouns come to me whenever I think of Supertramp, and most of the printable ones can be found in the section of my thesaurus which begins with "toady" and "sycophant." I once credited James Taylor and Seals & Croft with the most obsequious, spineless "pop music" ever whined into my face (and into America's record-buying hearts), but at least *they* had excuses for their jellyhood: Taylor had already suffered the twin-filletting indignities of prep school and heroin addiction, while S & C were apparently whining in synch with some religious fanaticism centered upon folkie jai-alai and secret bald-pates.

But Supertramp, who are seemingly free of any of those routine axes to whine, are fawning crybabies nevertheless, well beyond the call of duty (and all the way to the bank, per the X-million copies of their four-year-old *Breakfast In America* still oozing through the cash registers). Supertramp relentlessly remind me of a yippy, masochist little Maltese "fart dog" (the generic term) who used to live with us, and

white-striped minidress and tights.

Stiv Bator stands there in his leathers and his shades, between his Youngstown parents and his London wife, and he looks a bit sheepish at being caught, not with the meat in his mouth, as some ancient Dead Boys song had it, but with the nuclear family we never suspected. What's punk rock coming to these days?

GRACE JONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

final connection, the dubby "My Jamaican Guy" and angry "Nipple To The Bottle" are nothing else or less than original Grace Jones. Their success in America—among blacks or whites—has yet to be seen, though their overall success is assured. Grace feels, "There's too many American charts, I'm not necessarily worried about the pop charts. For me there are a lot of things that go pop which are so really mediocre. I'm not about mediocrity, you see, so when I do a record I don't think of doing a pop record ever. Otherwise I would say to my record company 'I don't want to do albums, let's bang out a lot of pop singles'. I like to do albums, that's where it's at."

"It could be good, but then you're dealing with a whole political system that people aren't even aware about. You're dealing with selling beer, really. You're dealing with a black and white thing first of all, then you're dealing with advertising. It's really involved but a lot of people don't even know that, a lot of entertainers don't even realize it. There they are, beating their heads against the wall, and they don't even know that it has nothing to do with whether the music is good or not. It's to do with somebody in mediocre city thinking whether the music is good or not. It's to do with somebody in mediocre city thinking whether it'll sell some mediocre beer. I won't give up my music for that. Why should I? I'm fine, I'm selling records all around the world. I don't need to be average in order to sell more records."

"I think in the end being a pop artist is like Diana Ross—if you sell that much it doesn't matter what color you are. But all of that is completely distracting to me. I just keep working, that's all. I know my direction. I know what I want, and if being a pop artist was what I wanted then fine, but it's not really what I want. I want to do good work. I don't want to look at some work later and say, 'Well, I had to make a compromise in order for that to go pop'; I'd rather do something that's good and I'm proud of, that I can listen to and like."

Grace's music is a tangled interlocking of roots and rebellion under a gauzy tinsel town rapping. It is truly rebellious, because it subverts from the inside out and converts from the outside in. She is a singular person, spreading the wings of fashion into the winds of style in a way I once thought Chic might, an innocent like Evelyn King never will, and Change might have, if Luther Vandross hadn't left to make millions for Columbia. Greil Marcus once wrote about how complicated having simple fun was—he was referring to Elvis Presley. Grace Jones is the converse of that: how complicated the times might be and yet still remain fun. The reggae isn't entrenched (Sly 'n' Robbie do their very

best work with Grace—including Black Uhuru), the rhythms are polypercussive yet straightforward. The ideas are dirty and hard, they provoke—not demand—thought. Just as Diana Ross defined the black pop woman in the '60s, so Grace does in the '80s. Uncompromised. Self-reliant and right, right, right. And it doesn't much matter if America wakes up, there are enough fans everywhere to keep the LPs coming.

BLACK UHURU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

world outside Jamaica into his music, and this makes it more universally appealing than a lot of other reggae. He has a sharp eye for detail and a fine sense of word play.

To interview Black Uhuru you have to get over a language barrier. Puma's Jamaican patois isn't so strong because it was adopted later in life. But Rose and Duckie lay it on thick—speaking Rastaspeak is a matter of honor.

I ask Rose how he feels about Brooklyn, where he sometimes lives.

"Is a thing they're sodist people, pure mad people live a this place. Full of maggot so I and I have to trod it with care. Everyday life the youth naw know a heap of things. So I and I publish certain things, make the youth know, like 'save it for the good fight,' 'cause enough youth just die for a worthless cause, seen? And no say we have a you' a come them have fe go a school and if you pass out and leff all the you' them a suffer too."

You mean black youths shouldn't get an education in white school systems?

Duckie: "Education? Education only brainwashing."

Puma: "Alright, practically, them go through, because we know this is how them fight, still."

Rose: "Them a teach you the biased thing, them naw tell you the right thing. Them come half way, and you have to reap the other half yourself."

Talking to Black Uhuru is an experience fraught with surprises and ideological arguments. Their logic takes unexpected turns. In a song called "Youth of Eglinton" they prophesized the riots that took place in the slums of Britain, but when I asked the group about that they said they were against both riots and political action in white countries, believing instead in the Rasta ideal of repatriation of black people to Africa.

Duckie: "Me ne see it right, 'cause me say you can't come look dominion in a man's yard. A man's yard a fe him yard. Wa dem have fe do is praise Rastafari, and lick out de boy dem out of Africa, and free dem so."

Whew! Obviously there is a lot in the philosophy of Rasta that your average white middle class music lover is going to have a hard time swallowing. Luckily for both the group and the average white etc., the philosophy in Black Uhuru's music comes not in hard-to-swallow chunks as it does in their interview but in delectable bite-sized morsels. Rose's poetry plants his beliefs in a garden of words you'll want to go digging through just because of the way they feel on the tongue. And with the

sauce of Dunbar and Shakespeare's rock-hard production and the backing of Jamaica's best musicians all over it, the meal is delicious.

TOM PETTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

afford the limo and ride in a pick-up truck. To a certain extent I think the fans enjoy that. I do. I enjoy seeing a little of the money thrown around."

You don't appear to spend yours on coke and starlets. At least I don't recall seeing you hanging out at Le Dome with Rod and Alana and falling over drunk.

"I never really thought much of that. Actually I do eat at Le Dome occasionally! And I probably do all of those rock 'n' roll things, but I don't think much of it. To tell you the truth, I've been down that road a little, and the result for me was always that the music suffered. And when the music suffers, it's not really worth it, because it will all go away if the music goes away. So you just have to keep a balance of vices and responsibilities—though I hate to think of myself as being responsible."

He wasn't too much at the time of their second album. All manner of reports of doped, arrogant rockstars surfaced.

"I think that everybody that gets successful goes through a period of extreme disorientation. It's a scary thing when all of a sudden it's really happening and every door is open. Usually that's when the group survives or doesn't, depending on how well they handle that. But after a year, or however long, all of this isn't such a big deal. The only thing that matters is records and shows and music. If you want to fall over drunk and you can play great, then fine."

Is there anything in your past you'd like to forget?

"No, rough as it's been, I think it's done me some good. Without going through some of the things we've been through, I think it wouldn't have worked out so well. I wouldn't change a bit of it. I've really enjoyed all of it...I'm very happy with the way the music's gone and all that. I'm not walking around on cloud nine all the time, but I'm pretty happy. I mean, what can I complain about?"

Happiness. California has got to him. Wasn't he thinking of going back to Florida at one time?

"I probably should have. I wasn't going to leave, but I wanted to go back and make a record in the South, just to get away from Hollywood. But it turned out to be such an incredible expense to take a year in a hotel that we could never really work it out. I still swear I'm going to do it, because I'm just tired of working here the whole year. But I like L.A. a lot. I really think it takes a bad rap."

Do you jog 10 miles a day—to get in shape for the tour and all that, like Mick Jagger does?

"Well, maybe when I'm as old as Mick Jagger...! I can't jog because I injured my knee on a trampoline two years ago. I do a lot of swimming, a couple of hours a day to get into shape, and once the tour's started I don't do anything because the show itself is pretty physical. I probably should do more, but I'm just not prone to physical fitness."

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Uh-uh. The film crew's back. They want the final shot: the Romantic Scene. OK. Tom, you've been described as the last great rock 'n' roll romantic. Sound like you?

"It's hard when it's you and you read stories about you to even think of it as you, because I just see myself as a person, not the Last Great Rock 'n' Roll Romantic. But I can see where it comes from. I'm romantic in some ways. Some ways I'm not. I think I'm cynical, that's what my friends tell me, and getting more cynical. But I still like to think that good conquers evil and all that. Yeah probably. I don't know whether I'm the Last Great Romantic. But I'm one of them."

OSZY OSBOURNE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

'oh, blackface, black magic, voodoo!' " No wonder Ozzy's single from *Speak Of The Devil* is "Paranoid."

Rather than stew in the rancid juices of religious persecution, Ozzy chooses to concern himself with his fans, the people who really matter. No longer issuing the scathing denunciations of Black Sabbath that used to punctuate his interviews, Ozzy is willing to let his former colleagues try to match his success with their own *Live Evil* LP. He doubts they can do it. Sure, Ozzy could relax, having solidified a healthy solo career in just three years, but he won't.

"I'm hoping to go on for as long as I can, as long as I have the following." Ozzy doesn't care that his beer belly bulges through the spandex stagegear! "People tend to lay off, thinking, 'oh, I've cracked it, now I'm there. I can just sit in my big luxury house, smoking marijuana, sniffing cocaine, drinking champagne, all the chicks in the world, partypartyparty.' And suddenly one day they go, 'I wanna go on tour,' and think, 'of course I'll be able to do it. Four years ago, I was the biggest thing in the world.' And then they find half-empty halls. Because this business changes around so quickly, that if you forget them, they'll go somewhere else."

It's no cloisters for Ozzy Osbourne. Insisting that he can separate the down-to-earth guy from the nutsy rock 'n' roller, he mingles with his faithful, signs autographs, and tries not to think about being loved by someone too much—which can be just as lethal as being hated. "I'm always afraid," says Ozzy, unsmiling now and mentally imagining the trap of some real-life boogeyman, "that some guy's gonna try and be more insane than I am by killing the insane man. That's a side I have to live with, but I can't let it totally freak me out, 'cause I'd never go outside. I don't want to be a prisoner because of my position in this world. I just have to take it as it comes." So Ozzy Osbourne sets off into the New York night, arriving at a photographer's studio, where he'll dress up just like the cutest little devil you ever did see.

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

"discovered"—and he's the real mascot of the New Dirt. (Though Swanky Modes, a consortium of female "designers," are also long-time rock groupies; their part-time

salesgirl Bette Bright finally married into Madness and succeeded in transferring her employers' design enthusiasm from spandex to "poor-look Russian greatcoats").

Even Vivienne "Fashion is and emotion" Westwood, partner of M. McLaren, has dived into dirt—only it's Bloomingdale's money from Manhattan behind her new store in snobbish St. Christophers' Place. It's called Nostalgia of Mud (no kidding!), and it features a bubbling pool in the centre of the floor, plus battered paintings and rubble wrapped in plastic and strewn about. For spring, Vivienne says she envisions rock-steady clients like Bow-WowWow's Annabella or Malcolm's Buffalo Girls in NoM's "hobo look": again, top hats. The Nostalgia of Mud top hats are made of straw and have had their giant tops ripped off; the loose string sweaters which accompany them are going to set American buyers back \$250 each when Westwood exports them to New York.

George Dowd and Culture Club's designer, Susan Clowes, graduated from South London's Camberwell Art College in 1979. Her specialty is screenprints—the kind you see on many a concert-going chest as well as on Culture Club. Clowes says she designs for England's new dolly birds as "dollymops." That's Dickensian slang for the seamstresses who once slaved by day over silk clothes for the rich, but were forced by their low wages to prostitute themselves come nightfall. (Channel Four just told us all about them in a docu-drama entitled *Song of the Shirt*, which may have inspired Ms. Clowes).

What does pop's Princess Di, Clare Grogan, have to say about all this Victoriana? (We already know the real Princess of Wales favours Victorian velvets, chokers and lace to the tune of \$250,000 in taxpayers' monies per annum). "Oh," says la Grogan. "I still buy from Top Shop; I just wish they'd let me endorse something."

Clare, of course, favours England's Other Alternative for women: sugar and spice and everything nice—get your ya-yas from a rah-rah. Just like Banarama before Ms. Clowes got hold of them; thank God for the few female toasters like Rankin' Nancy or Sharon from Lewisham (or even the all-woman reggae band Amazulu). Those Human League tootsies have set British womankind back a good hundred years before Dickens and not everybody here thinks it's so cute to play poor.

As for the hype about hangouts, it says something when Nightclubbing king Iggy Pop spends Christmas in town and can't find a decent spot to step out to (he finally resorted to have an ear pierced). And for suppositions about synthesizer superiority, just refer to Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' pre-Christmas sellout/wipeout of Wembley Arena, where a full house rioted to the refrain of "Refugee" without benefit of airplay, current chart hits or a sympathetic press. *Somebody* out there still likes the sound of guitars—and that means more than just three chords and a grudge.

"I feel almost guilty when I think I may have helped start all this garbage," grinned Pop, appalled at the prospects of the "new punk," and having coasted in on two equal-to-the legend sellout shows at London's Venue. Petty, on the eve of his