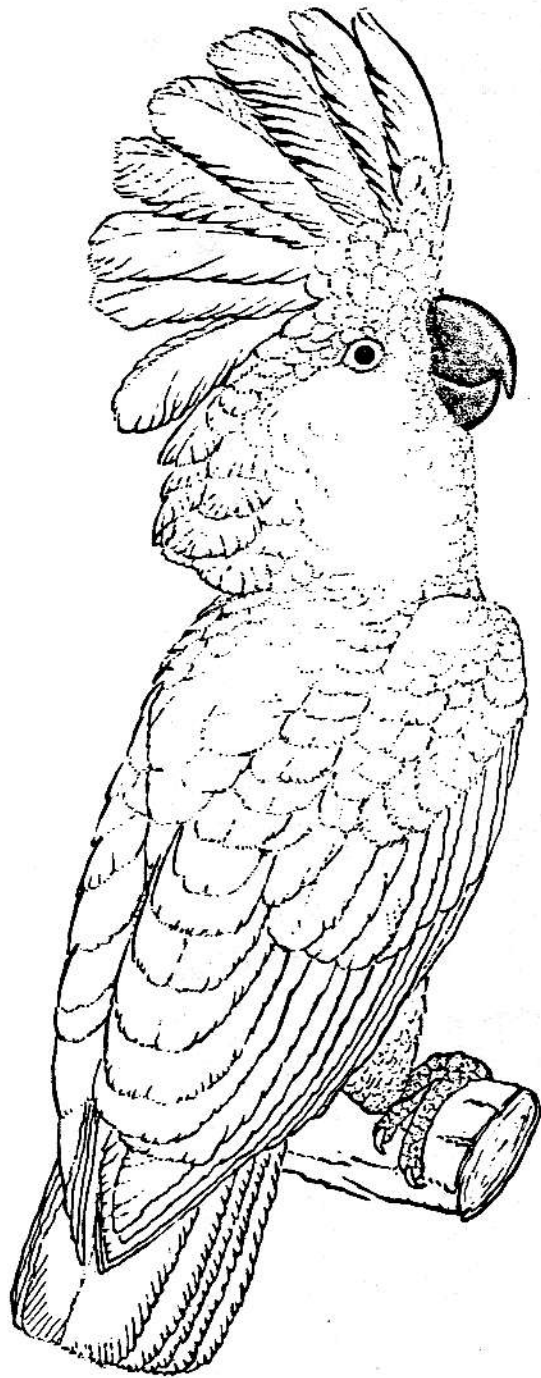
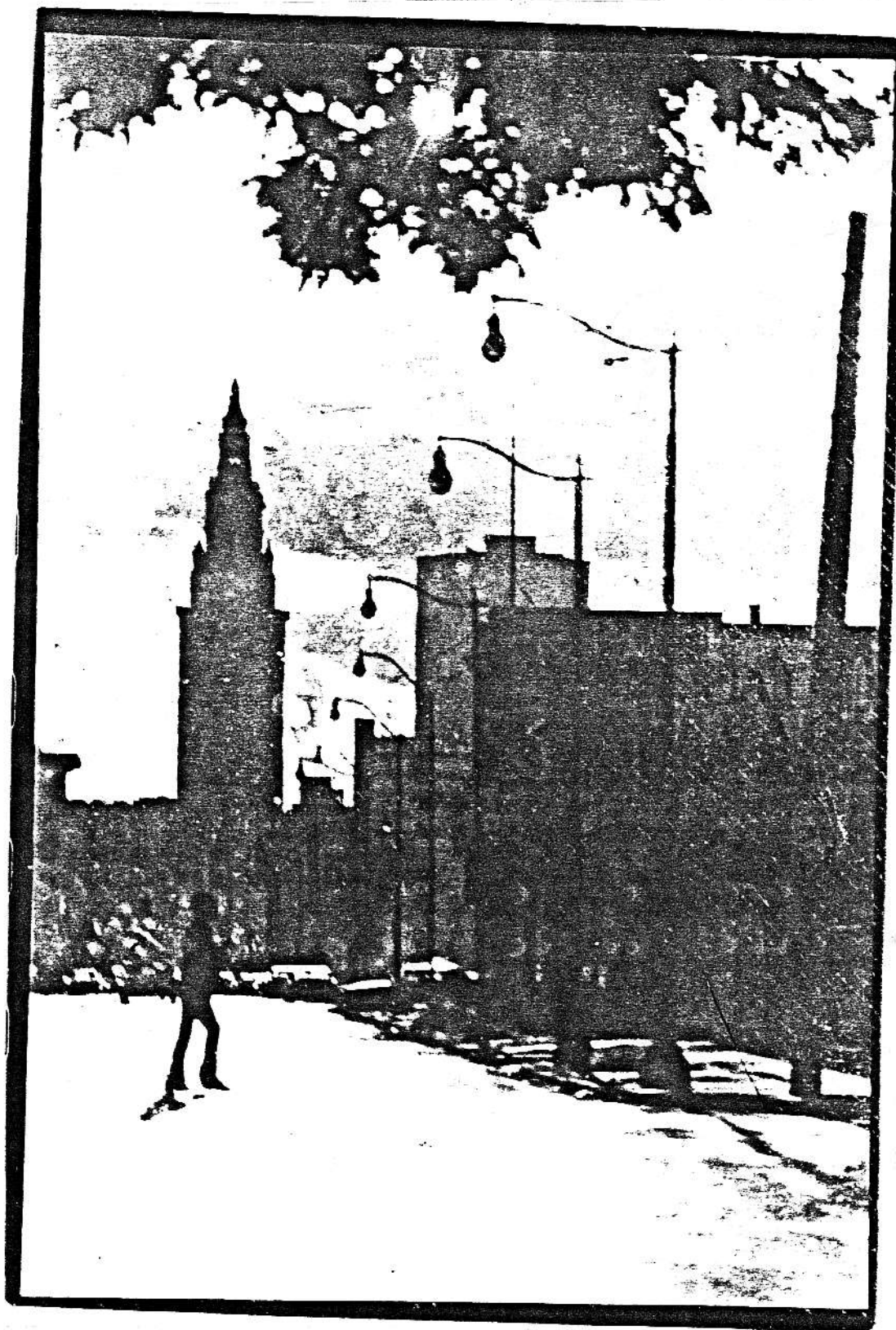


# PERE UBU



# PERE UBU



390 DEGREES OF SIMULATED STEREO

PERE UBU Live in: Cleveland/London/Brussels  
(Recordings from 1976/7/8)

UBU LIVE : VOLUME 1

Cat.No. ROUGH 23 (U.K.)

ROUGH US 10 (U.S.A.)

## PERE\_UBU'S\_CURRENT\_LINE-UP

DAVID THOMAS vocals  
ALLEN RAVENSTINE synthesizer  
MAYO THOMPSON guitar  
TONY MAIMONE bass  
SCOTT KRAUSS drums

# ROUGH RECORDS & DISTRIBUTION LTD. TRADE

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## CURRENT\_RELEASES

THE ART OF WALKING Rough 14  
THE MODERN DANCE Rough 22  
UBU LIVE:390 DEGREES OF SIMULATED STEREO Rough 23

Not Happy/Lonesome Cowboy Dave RT066

Final Solution/My Dark Ages RT049

(Re-release of 'Dub Housing' & 'New Picnic Time' albums  
is currently in the works.)

## DISCOGRAPHY

THE MODERN DANCE Original release:Jan.'78 on Blank Records.  
DUB HOUSING Original release:Nov.'78 on Chrysalis Records.  
NEW PICNIC TIME Original release:Sept.'79 on Chrysalis Records.  
THE ART OF WALKING Original release:Sept.'80 on Rough Trade.  
390 DEGREES OF SIMULATED STEREO Original release:May'81 on Rough Trade.  
DATAPANIK IN THE YEAR ZERO (Ep) Original release:Apr.'78 on Radar.

30 Seconds Over Tokyo/Heart of Darkness HEARTHAN (Dec.'75)  
Final Solution/Cloud 149 HEARTHAN (Mar.'76)  
Street Waves/My Dark Ages HEARTHAN (Nov.'76)  
The Modern Dance/Heaven HEARTHAN (Sept.'77)  
The Fabulous Sequel/Humor Me (live) & The Book Is  
On The Table CHRYSALIS (Sept.'79)  
Final Solution/My Dark Ages ROUGH TRADE (June '80)  
Not Happy/Lonesome Cowboy Dave ROUGH TRADE (Jan.'81)

## THE\_REMAINDER\_OF\_1981:

Pere Ubu plans to record their fifth studio album at Conny Planck's studio in Germany in September, or thereabouts. A brief American East Coast tour will precede the recording sessions. A full UK & European tour will coincide with the album's release late in the year.  
A Rough Trade re-release of the DUB HOUSING and NEW PICNIC TIME lps is anticipated before the end of the year, in addition to Volume 2 of the Ubu Live series.

April 1981

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## AN OUTLINE OF EDITIONS OF THE BAND

### First Edition

Duration: September '75.

Personnel: Tom Herman-gt,bs; Scott Krauss-dr; Peter Laughner-gt,bs; Allen Ravenstine-sy; David Thomas-vo; Tim Wright-gt,bs.

Recordings:

30 Seconds Over Tokyo/Heart of Darkness

Notes: This version of the band never performed and was assembled for the sole purpose of recording.

### Second Edition

Duration: November '75 to May '76.

Personnel: Tom Herman-gt,bs; Scott Krauss-dr; Peter Laughner-gt; Dave Taylor-sy,or; David Thomas-vo; Tim Wright-gt,bs.

Recordings:

Final Solution/Cloud 149

Also, see 390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo

### Third Edition

Duration: June '76.

Personnel: Alan Greenblatt-gt; Tom Herman-bs; Scott Krauss-dr; Allen Ravenstine-sy; David Thomas-vo; Tim Wright-gt.

Recordings:

Untitled; see Datapanik In The Year Zero

Notes: This version of the band never performed and was assembled for the sole purpose of recording.

### Fourth Edition

Duration: July '76 to September '79.

Personnel: Tom Herman-gt; Scott Krauss-dr; Tony Maimone-bs,gt; Allen Ravenstine-sy,sax; David Thomas-vo,horn.

Recordings:

Street Waves/My Dark Ages

The Modern Dance/Heaven

The Fabulous Sequel/Humor Me(Live) & The Book Is On The Table

THE MODERN DANCE

DUB HOUSING

NEW PICNIC TIME

Also, see 390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo

Notes: For a brief period Anton Fier played drums.

### Fifth Edition

Duration: December '79 to present.

Personnel: Scott Krauss-dr; Tony Maimone-bs; Allen Ravenstine-sy,sax; David Thomas-vo; Mayo Thompson-gt.

Recordings:

Not Happy/Lonesome Cowboy Dave

THE ART OF WALKING



# ROUGH TRADE MUSIC LIMITED

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## LYRICS TO

### THE ART OF WALKING

All lyrics are written by David Thomas except those noted as being the work of Mayo Thompson.

#### GO:

Here's to the small things. Here's to the small things that give pleasure.  
Here's to the every day things, the every day things that bring a smile:

Uh, my hands are complicated thoughts.

My hands are complicated.

My feet, but my feet are my special friends.

My feet just want to go.

Here's to the finer points. Here's to the fine lines that mean everything.  
Here's to the details, the details that so often get overlooked:

The way one day fades into another;

The way simple desires get expressed.

And here's to the best things. Here's to the things that make God smile.

Here's to the things that bring God pleasure.

The small victories can be the big ones.  
And as one day fades into another,  
as the past fills with failure,  
As one day fades to another, the details  
and the small victories all add up.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr; TM-bs,pi;  
AR-sy,pr; DT-vo; MT-gt.

#### RHAPSODY IN PINK:

I spent the day under the water. I spent the day under the water, today.  
I was a big pink ball, a big pink ball at the bottom of the sea,  
the bottom of the broad green sea.

The little fishies came and looked at me; oh, there I was for the fish to see.  
There I was sitting on the sand, sitting on the sand at the bottom of the sea,  
the bottom of the broad green sea.

The sea's a big green lens, a big green lens.

The birds would fly overhead and look down at me. Look down at me at the bottom of the sea,  
the bottom of the broad green sea.

(R.I.P. con't.)

The waves rolled in, and I would roll in;  
The waves rolled out, and I would roll out:  
back & forth, and back & forth at the bottom of the sea,  
the bottom of the broad green sea.

I SPENT THE DAY UNDERWATER.

I SPENT THE NIGHT ON THE BEACH.

I WAS BEACHED.

I was beached, and then I got bleached.

I was washed up.

Yup, washed up, and bleached white as a bone, white as a bone.

So, that's my story.

That's my story for tonight.

Sad but true.

Kinda makes ya wanna cry.

Let this be a lesson to you.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-pr; TM-bs,or;

AR-sy,pr; DT-vo; MT-pi,gt.

#### ARABIAN NIGHTS:

Once I was not so happy, and once I was not, not so sad.

I never looked down.

I never looked down, and saw the little things under my Big Fat Feet.

There's a whole world of things there.

And plenty of good things to know & learn.

And, sometimes, you can even find quarters there.

You can even find quarters there, enough to buy a little thing to take home to the wife.

But, back to the ground now.

Ants.

There's ants.

And they work very hard.

They work very hard all day. They work very, very hard.

But there's some things that are not, not so considerate.

And, so, on to next week, and we will see. We will see what has come of this boy who has sat around and looked at the trees and little birds that sing.

The ants.

They save up.

They save up and collect things, and they work very, very hard.

(continued)

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(R.I.P. con't.)

But, the grasshoppers.  
The grasshoppers hop about, and hop  
about and jump in the pool.  
They jump in the pool and just want  
to have a good time.  
They just want to have a Good Time.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-pr; TM-pr; AR-sy,pr;  
DT-vo,or,pr; MT-gt,dr,pr.

#### YOUNG MILES IN THE BASEMENT:

There's no place like home.  
\* There's no place like home cause it's  
homey.  
\* There's no place like home cause it's  
humble,  
and it's  
homey.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-drum machine, horn;  
AR-sy; DT-vo; MT-or.

#### MISERY GOATS:

Don't fret now, baby.  
Don't be so tired.  
No mope mope mope-a-dope.  
Now it's not as bad as all of that.  
No, it's not as bad, not as bad as that.  
DON'T BE A MISERY GOAT.

I could cry.  
I could just cry.  
"What's wrong? What's wrong ickle boy?"  
OH, THE TEARS FALL DOWN.

(The chorus sings:)  
I've got one bright hope.  
I've got one ride home.

I sang 3 songs and marched around.

I sang:

Looky here;

Here comes the poetry:

"I'm a cave with a wind inside.

"I'm a shell with the sound of the  
surf inside."

What?

What's the point, hunh?

DON'T BE A MISERY GOAT.

(The chorus sings:)

I've got one bright hope.

I've got one ride home.

Herd 'em up, Tex.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr; TM-bs,bkv;  
AR-sy; DT-vo; MT-gt.

#### LOOP: (Lyrics by Mayo Thompson)

Are things clouds or clocks?  
What's a warm of gnats got to do  
with a pile of rocks?  
What have a bucket and a clean slate got  
in common?

Let's go straight over.  
What are we waiting for?  
We should be able to get there easy.  
What are we waiting for?

Let's go.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-or; TM-bs;  
AR-sy,dulcimer; DT-bkv,pr; MT-vo,gt,pr.

#### ROUND REGGIE:

I tore myself up, and I ripped  
everything out.  
It was a storm that went by:  
It had the sound of the winter wind;  
It had the sound of the frozen lake.  
I tore myself up inside.  
Only the walls were left.

I tore myself up.  
"I'm a Big Success"  
I could not hear.  
"I do a Good Job"  
I could not feel.  
"Poor Boy"

I tear myself up inside.  
"Tough Luck"  
It works out that way.  
"Some Excuse"

I heard the Voice of Reason:  
"Don't Upset Yourself"  
I didn't listen.  
I heard the Voice of Reason.  
I didn't listen.  
"Yeah, I know it all; I'm a Big Boy now  
"Big Boy now."

I heard the Voice of Reason way far away.

I tore myself up inside.  
I ripped everything out.  
Only the walls were left.  
Then, I looked around for something  
else to tear out.  
I reached deep.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr; TM-bs; AR-sy;  
DT-vo,or,bkv; MT-gt,bkv.

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### BIRDIES:

I've got t'get ahold a'myself;  
I've got to pull myself up by my socks;  
I've got to grab me by the collar & shake.

The birdies are singing.  
The birdies are saying what I want to say.

Now, watch this close  
Oh, I should say 'close-lee'  
Here we go:  
The foot goes up, and the foot goes down,  
and so I move along, and actually  
get somewhere.  
And, when the Big Feet get tangled, and  
I go 'BOOM' down on the ground, well...  
well...  
I GET RIGHT BACK UP.

Look at me.  
Look at me; I've got my feet on the  
ground, and I've put my head in the air,  
and I'm moving along.  
I'm going.

And the wind, the wind's going through.  
My hair.  
My hair's stringing out behind.  
Look at that.

I'm standing.  
I'm standing up, and I'm going.  
I'm going.  
I'm going somewhere.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr; TM-bs; AR-sy;  
DT-vo,bkv; MT-gt,bkv.

### HORSES: (Lyrics by Mayo Thompson)

In my heart,  
If that is where one feels,  
I surely feel  
Your head lying back  
Sending peals of laughter  
To ring a bell,  
The bell I ring to call you here to me:  
Telephone, telephone, please bring me news  
When I'm alone if it can be done.  
I would be very grateful.

(Horses con't.)

Is that a horse,  
Whose footsteps I hear approaching,  
On the run  
From an unknown danger?  
Or just my heart  
Beating so noisily?  
One never really knows,  
But it's not too late to see.

It's the sun  
I wait for in the morning,  
And the moon  
I long to see- setting in the evening.  
When night lies ahead  
And day is through,  
I'll spend some time with you.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr; TM-bs; AR-sy;  
DT-bkv; MT-vo,gt,pi,pr. Paul Hamann  
whistled.

### NOT HAPPY:

Can't we be happy?  
Oh, can't we be happy like the swimming  
turtles, the swimming turtles?  
Can't we be happy like the bumble bees  
on the River Tees?  
The bumbles bees on the River Tees buzz  
in harmonies.  
Can't we be happy like them?

I am happy when you are happy,  
and you are happy when I am happy,  
so, let's be happy.  
Let's be happy.

Oh, can't we be happy?  
Can't we be happy like the tiny mice,  
the tiny mice?  
Can't we be happy like the odd-ball birds  
of South America?  
The odd-ball birds of South America  
are happy.  
Can't we be happy like them?

Oh, I am happy when you are happy,  
and you are happy when I am happy,  
so, let's be happy.  
Oh, let's be happy.

INSTRUMENTATION: SK-dr,pr; TM-bs,bkv,  
glockenspiel; AR-sy; DT-vo; MT-gt,bkv.

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Who are you calling a skeleton, skinny?

# Skeletons of angst come alive

**Pere Ubu**

New York

THE INAUGURATION of Pere Ubu, phase three. Or is it four? Even the band members say they've lost track.

The latest phase shift is marked by Mayo Thompson on guitar replacing Tom Herman, who's gone off to work the oil rigs in Texas. This steaming night in Hurrah is their first performance with Thompson, and their first gig in ten months. There's no sign of rust.

Each phase of Pere Ubu has had a distinctive shading. The early singles emphasised a guitar-crunch sound of the apocalypse, courtesy of the late Peter Laughner. The albums brought the importance of Allan Ravenstine's synthesizer work forward, developed a gloomy, stylised sense of atmosphere. 'Dub Housing' was a pinnacle of rhythmic inventiveness. 'New Picnic Time' got spacey.

Now, David 'Crocus Behemoth' Thomas taps the mike, gazes out at the audience with amazement, as if we were the alien visitors from another dimension, not him. The band strikes up with a sure-footed crash and the song 'Navy' lurches forward. Thomas is telling us he's got these arms and legs that flip-flop, flip-flop. He can't fit in this world, and not just because he's so big. The place just wasn't built for a man like him.

Mayo Thompson, on the other hand, looks very much a man of this world. Intent and serious, businesslike and efficient, he tosses off delicious licks with a determined expression. Don't bother him with any rock and roll nonsense about giving good visuals please. He's got a job to do.

His presence produces minimal alteration in the Ubu sound. He fits in. One notices, here and there, an extra intelligence being applied to what the guitar does, deliberation (unexaggerated) and restraint.

A lot of new material, from a forthcoming album, is introduced. The rhythms are strong, direct and insistent, funky in a subtle way. Bass, drums and guitar are upfront. Ravenst's synthesizer keeps up a running commentary from further in the background than ever before. From there, he translates electronics into ethnic musics, wind instrument sounds echoing African, Chinese and Middle Eastern influences.

This has long been a part of the Ubu method (check 'Chinese Radiation' on the first album). But their integration of far-flung sounds is now much more effective, well surpassing the heavy industrial murk and invocation of the machine-chained

landscape they first trademarked. As the rhythms become simpler — some even reggae and blues-derived (Tony Maimone playing slide bass!) — the songs become better vehicles for these travels further out into the real world bazaar.

The things Ubu find, rummaging around out there, seem to make them sad. This is serious music, interpreting a world seen through jaundiced, disconsolate eyes. It shakes us, but then we wake up from bad dreams into nightmares.

Thomas is the perfect figure to front this vision. His voice, pitched somewhere between a squeak and a moan, speaks worlds about pain, longing and indecision. Thomas knows he will never "belong". His dilemma is that while he suspects this is to his advantage, how can he ever be sure?

He shouldn't need to go out of his way to deflect the games of ritual star-worship. The very incongruousness of his presence should be enough. But his little routines between songs — humming "this magic moment", trying out a few jokes — are cheered on by the assembled Ubu following in a way that suggests a self-congratulatory cult. Not that there is anything I can think of for Thomas to do to avoid this. Everyone, it seems, loves a freak.

"Now let's see if I can regain my composure," Thomas said at one point. "Oh, don't do that," answered someone from the crowd. We are, after all, laughing with and not at him. But that's such a thin line.

There are moments of celebration in the set that break through like sun through clouds. On '(Pa) Ubu Dance Party' Maimone switches from bass to guitar, and his and Thompson's double-guitar parts propel a motion in which the undercurrent of dance-trance funk becomes explicit. Movement and sweet for all.

Ubu's modern dance is part dance macabre, the skeletons of angst and industrial waste, part Thomas' cracked, off-kilter jig, and part genuine body-party rhythm. A fellow writer said he thought of them as "Pink Floyd for graduate students". But besides a willingness to live up to their intelligence, other things separate them from Floyd — Ubu have compassion and a real sense of humour. With Thompson on board, they should continue to get even better.

They are one of the important bands.

Richard Grabel



Pic: Anton Cor

## FOUR

### Gang Of Four Pere Ubu Bush Tetras

Hammersmith Palais

"TOO MANY creeps!" someone is howling, but this Monday night it just looks like a crowd of thoroughly nice people milling about while The Bush Tetras do their stuff, sounding for all the world as if they are at the bottom of a rather large hole.

The bass is a muffled boom, one note indistinguishable from the next, the vocals a clouded rant from which only the above quoted line emerges. Even granted that the sound mix is singularly unflattering, The Bush Tetras sound less than appealing: their unvarying modal thrash is irritatingly one-dimensional. They close with John Lennon's 'Cold Turkey' and leave the stage: a draw.

Conversation in the bog:

"Who was that?"

"The Bush Tetras."

"They're from New York, aren't they?"

"Yeah. What you reckon?"

"Shit."

Pere Ubu stroll on in their wake, a decent interval having

## BETTER OR WORSE?

elapsed. David Thomas is unutterably huge, but astonishingly light. His bulk seems almost weightless: he has the globular grace of a balloon. He floats to the microphone, comically flustered, scratching his head, already apologising for some imaginary infraction. He launches into a long, confused explanation of something or other: an account of why he wishes to open a restaurant. He reaches the end of his defensive tirade, asks, "Any questions?"

Voice from crowd: "Yeah. Why are you so fat?"

Pere Ubu answer with music. Everything about the group is big and fat. Mayo Thompson looks like a more streamlined version of Thomas. The sound is unutterably huge, richly comic, vastly tragic: the expression of an attitude towards existence and not simply the subsuming of ideas and personalities of the musicians into some abstract notion of Style. Thomas' voice rolls shockingly from basso to falsetto, forever in the limbo between treading on the banana skin and hitting the ground. It is a performance in the fullest sense of the word: Thomas 'flustered'

monologues and even the final "I'm Sorry!" with which the band leave the stage are part of a total account of the world which completely transcends the normal level of attitude dancing served up by your customary run-of-the-(anti)rock mill band.

Pere Ubu seem weird because they are — at least in the rock world, which has shed far less of its standard

assumptions than it currently deludes itself that it has. Rock music — and I use the term in this context merely to irritate those who do not — is not

accustomed to encompassing work of this much humanity, which is why I felt acutely uncomfortable for a lot of the time that the Ubus were on.

Still... hey! Rock and roll

Step right up for the main attraction! It's been a year since I last saw Gang of Four, and in that time they've performed a lot more and added material from 'Solid Gold' to a set that was at one time in danger of becoming as standardised as those of Linton Kwesi Johnson or The Who. Their music has become louder and thicker; their textures heavier and their rhythms heavier and their onstage demeanour far more

extreme. Andy Gill appears both more Serious (he is, after all, the Gangster who caricatures Seriousness most ostentatiously) and more agitated, rocketing all over the stage as if he cannot quite believe that he is actually doing these things, while Jon King's behaviour verges on the foolish. Ciad in an exceptionally baggy suit, he cuts the most ludicrous capers, resembling nothing and no-one so much as a hyperactive drunk who has decided to mimic a young James Brown on speeded-up film. The net results are quite delightful.

Their new material lacks both the frenzied dynamics and the ferocious self-righteousness of the original 'Entertainment' set, and when 'oldies' were interspersed into the programme the energy level of the audience rose an appreciable several notches, but such is stardom. This is what they want, to coin the phrase, and the reception garnered by the devastating final-encore double-header of 'Tourist' and 'Ether' proved a point that the Gang may not have wanted to make.

Where do opinions come from anyway?

Charles Shaar Murray

David Thomas does the funky Oliver Hardy. Pic David Corio.

**LIVE!**





# AND THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO!

## Pere Ubu

North London Poly

MAYBE HE'S jumbled up, maybe he's losing his touch, maybe he never really had it anyway but that Crocus Behemoth — *Fatman*, singer and sometime percussionist with Pere Ubu — sure is restless, flippant and uneasy. As an American rock'n'roll figure he's totally without precedent — illogical, radically innocent and boisterously happy.

Close to the front of the stage, I couldn't help falling for this bumbling and frustrated beached whale of a performer. He writhes with his genuine coyness while satirically prodding the suppositions and expectations history has created around the comic/sad fatman figure. The songs he sings take seemingly insignificant pictures and make them daringly relevant. Centring on themes like sadness and wonder, they swoop up from nowhere and 'old Crocky' — aka David Thomas — absorbs them with infatuation.

But tonight he keeps failing to zero in on the music's vortex and is embarrassed by his seemingly misplaced excitement. Hence a falsetto wail, typically charged with pious exhilaration, is castrated halfway towards its extraordinary tonal peak and he tells the audience, the band and himself, "I got carried away, I'm sorry, OK? Don't be angry with me."

Is he mocking or being serious? Both — this is where Lenny Bruce meets Oliver Hardy.

Crocus and Pere Ubu have found themselves a creative space which is far from the confines of history and rationalism and totally relinquishes the conventional linear physics of rock music. As such their performance is a buoyant, multi-levelled experience of unceasing humour, frankness and compassion.

To see Pere Ubu live is essential to understand the true nature of their meaning — i.e. a series of tangential observations,

fables and foibles which are unique in their admissions to confusion, pretensions to whimsicality and gleeful acceptance of the absurd. An Ubu performance is not an opportunity to follow the development of a duly considered thought process or to soak up a frigidly constructed narrative. They care enough about the listener to encourage involvement with their process and if, like me, you find your attention drifting it's easy to pick up the thread after a few minutes' lapse.

But usually they rise so high above rock's leaden limitations that it's shameful and frightening people should be deprived of the stunning imagination and realisation they can engender. Certainly, Pere Ubu are the direct antithesis of the cold, weird and distanced tag hung on them by a lazy peabrain group of critics and a large section of the public.

I'm unfamiliar with Pere Ubu's recorded work, but live they prove preposterously accessible. I really don't see what all the cold feet and fuss is about! These songs are crowded with so many ideas and understandings of pop throughout the last 25 years that the only problem appears to be an embarrassing wealth of riches.

Each song is ebullient and dynamic, bulging with the sort of riffs and motifs that most bands would make a meal out of: Ubu chew them up and spit them out. When they offer too much and there's nothing to latch onto, the waste is due as much to generosity as disorganisation.

Pere Ubu are akin to a rock'n'roll hall of mirrors; reflecting the music's surface tensions and obsessions and throwing back images which though distorted and convoluted are presented in a manner which unearths new 'meanings' and stronger more genuine emotions than common rock language would ever be able to articulate. They are benevolent musical terrorists, guaranteed to shake you up and tear you apart. If I said they were the originators of the elixir some people attribute to the B52's, maybe you'd know what I mean.

'All The Time' is a gorgeous love song, purely obsessive. 'Animal Farm' is representative of their rhythmic freedom — swirling with jerky fairground lilt which work with the manic animal noises to make for a thrilling and exuberant experience. And close to the final encore — a joyously spontaneous version of 'I'm So Happy' — came a tone poem rife with deep sea imagery.

"How many people think this is a silly song about seaweed and fishes? How many think it has deep inner meaning?" asks Crocus.

Abstention is out of the question so my hand shoots into the air on both counts.

I think that says something very important about Pere Ubu. They are, y'see, crude democrats and these days that's the only sort of democracy — in rock'n'roll, in anything — that's totally honest and sensible. Love them for it.

Gavin Martin

**VIC GODARD/PERE  
UBU**  
Heaven, London.

**H**AVEN — opulent yet refreshingly civilised — can now claim to have staged the best two shows of this year under its dazzling archways.

First there was the debut of New Order, and then, even more breathtaking, two revitalised masters deliberately juxtaposed in one glorious night of subliminal music.

What a revelation Godard and Ubu turned out to be! After his fascinating but flawed solo album and a one-off single for Rough Trade, Vic Godard has been ruthlessly rehearsing his new band eight hours a day in preparation for launching a new kind of music altogether.

Somehow he has fused urban rockabilly with big band swing and the result is so successful, so natural, and so effortless, it's hard to believe that nobody has ever really played music like this before.

Wearing a suit as sharp as his voice, Godard whipped the band through a selection of dextrous dance numbers fascinating for their clipped, crisp melodies and carefully arranged structures.

In addition to his more recent material he even took on Cole Porter's "Anything Goes", to thrilling effect — his tight, rhythmic band swinging along while



PERE UBU

looking like greasy, dance band rockers.

By drawing on the best traditions of the crooner style — see Sinatra or Bennett — Godard has merged his special talents to create a rock cabaret concept of the sort Bettie Midler once threatened to do before she went full tilt into show-biz.

It was asking a lot of Pere Ubu to follow that.

But anyone who thinks this collection of inspired maestros are weirdo, left-field avant-gardists, spiced with whacky humour, had better reconsider. On the evidence displayed at Heaven, Ubu must be contenders for the most exhilarating, individual DANCE group in existence. Yes, *dance*, and that's exactly what the audience did throughout the set.

David Thomas has refined his bizarre visual antics into a strict range of choreographed motions reflecting the music's emotional swirls and leaps with a mime artist's precision. Ebullient as ever, the man is almost an act in himself as he holds his head, frantically waves both arms or reels his ample figure across the stage.

Back in the ranks Mayo Thompson takes the band through the kind of delirious lines and phrases most only dream exist and men like Fripp base a whole side of music around. Concentrated, sensitive, startling, fiercely energetic — it was an awesome occasion obviously appreciated by the warmly enthusiastic crowd. — IAN PYE.

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# Some bizarre evening

## Gang Of Four/ Pere Ubu/Delta 5 Edinburgh

THE MODERN Dance in three movements. Move to Delta 5! Breathless ecstasy! The bass-line to 'Mind Your Own Business' drives like the Slits' 'Grapevine' as the stun-guitar bursts in, shattering, clattering, mattering a great deal.

Then they encore only once. The intriguing 'Make-up' — 'do you wear it/does it wear you?' is due totally to audience preconceptions. Without doubt, they are the most effervescent, compulsive group around — dance yourself sensible!

Or be moved by Pere Ubu. A unique aggregate of musicians/people, they veer from the bizarre to the awesome. Uncomfortably close to the edge (of sanity, of rock 'n' roll — who knows?) David Thomas is a wondrously child-like performer whose innocence is entrancing. I felt scared for him, worried they would laugh when he was serious but not realise when

he was funny.

The music was often anomalously light and happy, though the half-formed encore shambles left me as confused as ever.

As did the Gang Of Four, moving further away from the sharp focus displayed by 'Armalite Rifle', which contrived to be lyrically concise and hypnotically danceable. The new material — typified by the dreadful, harsh heavy metal(lic) guitar drone on 'Poverty' — simply lacks the energy and cultured aggression which originally put them in this goldfish bowl. But times change.

'Paralysed' is a keen opener, a mid-paced loping semi-instrumental with vocal snatches courtesy of Andy Gill, but no Jon King. When the singer appears, it's noticeable that his vocal chords are somewhat croaky, but this soon passes. The whole band, in fact, seem rather ragged and sluggish, almost as though they're trying too hard to prove their worth as bill-toppers. 'In The Ditch' is a welcome improvement, the messy fussiness of other songs dropped in favour of a lean,

skeletal backbeat and overlaid repetitive chant. Which leads, unavoidably, to 'Love Like Anthrax', emerging out of a sheet of guitar cacophony and exploding with the joyous, celebratory drum/bass pattern so beloved by early fans and tonight's dull, staid crowd — Edinburgh audiences have definitely lost their spark, becoming far too zomboid and spoilt to react with either honesty or integrity.

The Gang Show winds up with two rushes of encores, featuring near-misses and almost-hits from yesteryear. Quite why such a forward-minded band should regurgitate their own history in this manner baffles me completely — maybe they just love playing the songs.

Whatever, extra-time produced a couple of late winning goals through the striking partnership of Gill and King. 'At Home He Feels Like A Tourist' is undeniably, unsurpassably, uncontrollably a dream-vehicle for emotional remembrance — I danced, screamed and jostled for space.

Climaxing with the cross-vocal middle section — 'big jump for me, big jump for me, BIG JUMP FOR ME!!' — the audience surges as the Gang leap and soar through and into 'Damaged Goods', the final cathartic jubilation.

Somehow I found myself at the exit. I knew just which way to go, but couldn't resist looking back.

JOHNNY WALLER

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