

# NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

The absolute end

## youth suicide

: lucy o'brien on the tragic rise in self-destruction

felt: pop goes the weirdo : paul rutherford: frankie's wild years

kurtis blow : the mission : lone justice : radar in a bikini



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PHOTO: STEVE MYKE

After Hollywood, it's 'Liverpool'. **FRANKIE** return to the pop heartland with a "hard" LP and a dream of Thatcher-less Britain. **JOHN MCCREADY** parties with the poopers on

**PAGE 11**

Why is **YOUTH SUICIDE** on the increase? Investigating the many reasons—heartbreak, unemployment, threat of the Bomb, pressures of the modern world etc—**LUCY O'BRIEN** meets someone who attempted suicide, talks to the Samaritans and reflects on the relationship between suicide, music and literature.

**PAGE 22**



PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

**NME** invades the curious sanctuary of the mad beauty from **FELT**—that Lawrence happy—and discovers that this sumptuously hospital-style chalet once saw the remnants of a turkey roast strewn on the floor! Boy, this guy takes some beating, even if his LP is a cracker.

**PAGE 26**

# CONTENTS



PHOTO: TIM JARVIS

We're gonna hear . . . the California girls: **LONE JUSTICE's** Maria McKee anticipates a smasheroonie hit. **MAT SNOW** agrees.

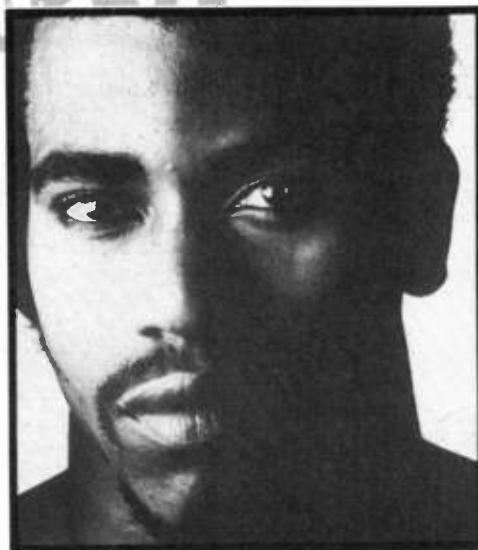
**PAGE 25**



PHOTO: CHRIS CLUNN

**THE MISSION** are a truly great rock group. They will soon dominate the world. They are fantastic lovers. And really great guys. Who says so? Well, not **NEIL TAYLOR**, that's for sure, and he did the interview.

**PAGE 14**



**KURTIS BLOW**, self-appointed first King of rappin' style, chills a little under the withering pen of **SEAN O'HAGAN**. But them's the breaks . . .

**PAGE 40**

5 Are you a **COSMO MAN**? **LUCY O'BRIEN** wants to know

6 **BOMB CULTURE**: Go Go, hip hop and flip flops by **JAY STRONGMAN**

7 **YO CAMPERS**: **SHERYL GARRATT** goes on a Butlin's Soul Weekend

8 **TRULY TASTELESS VIRGIN**: will Richard Branson clean up the garbage in his own publishing company?

9 **THE HOOK AND PULL GANG**: the Glasgow chain massacre. **ANDREA MILLER** falls victim

13 **SINGLES**: 45s fireworks set off by **MICHELE KIRSCH**

16 **RADAR**: gets a little sand in its shoes at the Beach Movies. Deck chair attendant **JIM MORTON**

20 **PRINT**: the Zim gets Butchered!

28 **LPs**: Cocteau Twins, Nick Cave, Kraftwerk, Aretha Franklin

32 **RECORD AND TOUR NEWS**: absolutely no pictures of bombed Libyans

35 **GIG GUIDE**: an unbiased selection by Norman Tebbit

36 **X-WORD**: every clue has the Tebbit stamp of approval

36 **CASSETTE PETS**: the **NME** tape offer—

go on, be a devil!

41 **LIVE!** Hurrah!, Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam, The Residents, Suicide

48 **CHARTS**: The week's top sounds, as bought by Norman Tebbit

50 **FLAK BAG**: John McCready deals with The Letters From Hell

51 **DICK NIETZSCHE**: in 'no picnic for teddy bears' shock horror



# BREAKING BOTHA

**ANTI-APARTHEID** campaigner Dr Allan Boesak, a co-founder of the United Democratic Front, visited London last week to launch an appeal to set up an independent news agency in South Africa.

A packed meeting in Westminster organised by the National Union of Journalists raised £2,000 towards the NUJ's target of £10,000 for the Cape Province-based news agency which will provide news and views on the South African situation from a black point of view. A weekly black newspaper and a training course for black journalists are also planned.

The news agency project, of which Dr Boesak is a trustee, will remain independent of existing news media in the country. It aims to break the Botha regime's suffocating grip over news and information and let black voices be heard. Many foreign newspapers rely heavily on the South African Press Association, which itself depends on official

and semi-official sources, and local newspapers, all of which are white-owned.

At the meeting Dr Boesak called on British and South African news organisations to defy the censorship imposed by the Botha regime under the state of emergency. The British media should hire black journalists to report on events in the townships, and South African newspapers should tell blacks' side of the story too, even at the risk of being shut down, he demanded.

Dr Boesak said the reporting restrictions had reduced already-limited news coverage from South Africa by 60 per cent, and gave the security forces an even freer hand to harass, terrorise and kill black people with impunity.

"When I think of what happens in the urban areas, where things leak out, I shudder to think what happens in the rural areas," he said.

Dennis Campbell

**THE SMITHS** were forced to call off their concert at Preston Guildhall last Monday just two minutes into the set when Morrissey was hit on the head by a sharpened coin. The band were halfway through 'The Queen Is Dead' when Morrissey fell to the ground, the side of his face bleeding. He was rushed to hospital but had to wait more than two hours for treatment and the show was cancelled with ticket holders receiving refunds. Tuesday night's concert in Llandudno also had to be called off.

The incident follows Morrissey's injury a week before in Carlisle when he was pulled off the stage and ended up with a black eye.

"He was cut quite bad at Preston, he was bleeding for an hour," said a spokesperson for Rough Trade. "Morrissey was fairly shaken up. Newport was more of an accident but at Preston he knew someone was out for him."

The spokesperson hit out at the national press for exaggerating the Newport incident and giving the public the impression that Smiths concerts are battlegrounds.

"They have planted the idea into people's minds and that's what's really sick about the whole thing. We could get troublemakers at every concert. Morrissey was really upset. The whole thing frightens him a bit."

**IGGY POP** has added a second date at the Brixton Academy on December 18 following the demand for tickets for the previous night's show. He also releases a new single on November 21, 'Real Wild Child (Wild One)', taken from the A&M album 'Blah Blah Blah'.

## NO CRACK WITH JACKO

**RUN DMC** have collaborated with Michael Jackson on his new album due out soon. Epic, Jackson's record company, would make no comment but London, who handle Run DMC, say the band have contributed to an anti-crack song on the LP. Run DMC played an anti-crack benefit at Madison Square Gardens, New York, last Friday.

**STUMP** have added another handful of dates to the current tour in support of their mini-LP 'Quirk Out' and play London Haringay Community Centre (November 7), London Central Poly (8), Croydon Underground (13), Sheffield Leadmill (15), London Kennington Cricketers (18) and London Chelsea College (28).

**RICHARD BERRY** has won a seven year court battle to regain the royalty rights to 'Louie Louie' after singing them away to Limax Publishing 30 years ago. The case was fought on Berry's behalf by Artistic Rights, a New York based group founded to help artists who unwittingly sign bad publishing deals or relinquish the rights to their material.

"I had resigned myself to 'Louie Louie' being a total loss as far as financial gains are concerned," said Berry who recorded the song himself in 1956. "I feel great, I feel blessed."

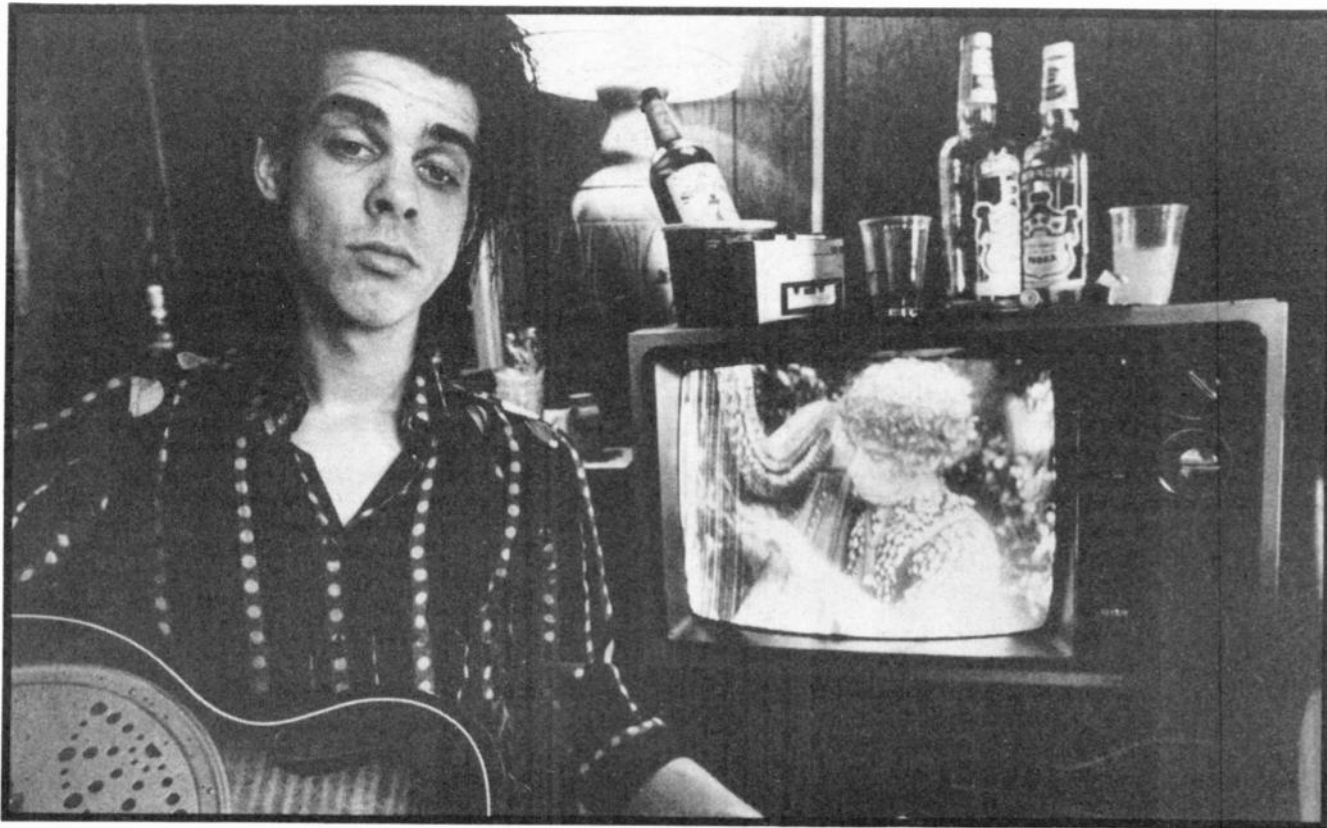
There have been more than a thousand cover versions of the song selling over 300 million records. Perhaps the best-known version is The Kingsmen's 1963 cover which chalked up 12 million sales (it's also featured on the NME tape 'We Have Come For Your Children').

## BILL MEETS OLD BILL

**Billy Bragg** was arrested last weekend at Baw Barch military base near Norwich after he had hacked his way through part of the perimeter fence as part of a CND-supported wire-cutting campaign.

He spent five hours in a police cell and will appear before Norwich magistrates on November 14, charged with criminal damage. Annajoy David from Red Wedge also had her collar felt at Baw Barch. More than 500 people were arrested at 33 bases throughout Britain as part of the disarmament wire-cutting campaign 'Operation Snowball'.

**SOUL ON SUNDAY** is the name of an event taking place at London Shaw Theatre on November 23, sponsored by Red Wedge and featuring live music from Yes No People and the Philip Bent Quartet, plus one other band to be confirmed. Records will be spun by Style Councillors Paul Weller and Mick Talbot, ably supported by our very own Paolo Hewitt. Tickets are £5 and £3 and the whole bash gets underway at 7.30pm.



Nick Cave at Groucho's: after the funeral, before the trial. Photo: David Arnoff

# NICK CAGED

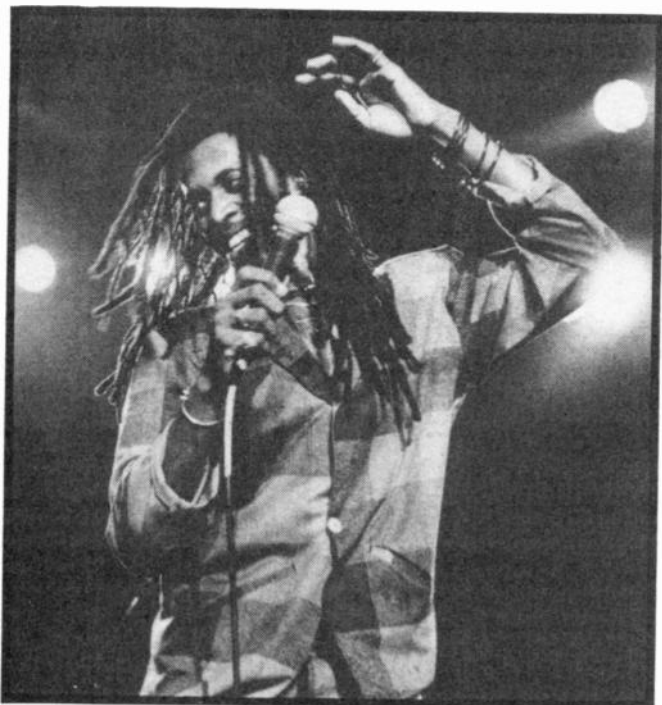
**NICK CAVE** spent two days in a New York jail last week after being arrested as part of a clean-up operation. After 48 hours behind bars, Cave made a 30 second court appearance and charges against him were dismissed — although it is still unclear what the actual charges were.

"He just got caught up in a police plan to clean up the street. They were picking up anyone who looked slightly like a vagrant," said publicist Chris Carr.

Cave and his band, The Bad Seeds, are currently on tour in America and this week release their

second album of the year, following the cover-loaded 'Kicking Against The Pricks'. The eight tracks on 'Your Funeral . . . My Trial' (Mute) are spread across two 12 inch records and were recorded in Berlin in July. All the songs were written by the group, who are expected back in Britain by Christmas.

# TAXI RANKIN'



Ini Kamoze. Photo Adrian Boot

**THE TAXI CONNECTION**, a two hour reggae revue put together by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, arrives in Britain later this month for ten shows, including two dates in London.

Ini Kamoze, Half Pint and Yellowman also feature in the show which has already toured America and is currently playing in Europe.

The tour opens at Exeter University on November 26 and moves on to St Austell Coliseum (27), Bristol Exhibition Centre (28), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), back to the Town & Country Club (December 1), Norwich East Anglia University (2), Manchester International 2 (3), Leeds University (4), Belfast Whittier Hall (5) and Dublin Stadium (6).



**JON MOSS** elected jury trial when he appeared before Marylebone magistrates last Tuesday charged with possessing cocaine. The Culture Club drummer was remanded on unconditional bail until November 25. He is accused of possessing 13 milligrams of cocaine at his flat in Clifton Hill, St John's Wood on July 8.

## END OF THE REVOLUTION

**PRINCE** has disbanded his backing group The Revolution, who have played with him for four years, and is currently putting together a Mark II version. Hidden away at his Minneapolis headquarters, he is experimenting with new line-ups, although it is rumoured that Maserati — who released a Prince-produced album on Paisley Park earlier this year — will provide the backbone of the group.

As for The Revolution, Bobby Z, who has been drumming for Prince for ten years, will resume his production career which started with an album by The Suburbs, produced under the pseudonym of Robert Brent. Guitarist Wendy Melvoin and keyboard player Lisa Coleman are planning an album together and are currently being courted by half a dozen record companies and several big name producers. They are also poised to write a major film score, set for release in 1987.



# thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

## the big fix

**CAMPBELL STEVENSON meets THE FLATMATES, a group whose guitarist runs the label they happen, just coincidentally, to be signed to.**

THE SUBWAY boss beamed at me from behind his glasses. "The Flatmates could be the biggest band on the label, because even when they fail, they do it with style."

Spoken in April before a gig at Bristol's hip Bunker Club, this verdict had to be taken with a big blue bag of sodium chloride. Martin Whitehead fills more roles than McDonalds, and on that night he was also club promoter and band guitarist. DJ and co-promoter was Rocker, drummer for The Flatmates. This band isn't DIY but DEY: Do *Everything* Yourself. It certainly cuts out the middle man.

So when the first single 'I Could Be In Heaven' drops into the indie charts for an extended stay, I get to meet the band at Martin's flat-cum-office and question number one is the obvious one. Aren't you just a shade fortunate since your guitarist...

"I know what's coming, he owns the label. *We don't want this question. Cut!*" Debbie Flatmate

doesn't need a PA to decimate tape levels. Suggestions of nepotism, self-aggrandisement and favouritism are deeply wounding to all four Flatmates. As we progress it becomes clear that although Martin is the boss, writes the songs, all that jazz, the others are crucial to the embodiment of his well-formulated pop ideas.

Flatmates songs are one part calculation to four parts enthusiasm. They consciously betray Martin's rigorous influences. There's The Shangri Las ("perfect! Sex, death and cars all in one song"), Buzzcocks ("five of the top ten singles ever and all in one year") and Ramones. 'I Could Be In Heaven' is heavily in hock to Da Brudders' cover of 'Lets Dance', and most Flatmates material has the tingle of a distant favourite jukebox. That's the calculation.

The *really* crafty bit is yet to come. Where a Peter Astor demands exactitude in recreation, The Flatmates can only bring enthusiasm to these concise pop histories. No one, including Martin, is much cop as a player, so what could become prissy indulgence turns into a riotous trashing of the past into one big exuberant *now*. The Flatmates will never be as dull as The Weather Prophets can be. But then they'll never write anything as good as 'Almost Prayed'.

Above his typewriter Martin has

a photostat of a Warholian dictum on the essential trivia of pop. On the assumption that trivia is meaningful (quite a big assumption actually) I can tell you that Flatmates fans wear red jumpers: Rocker is a dentist: they have a song called 'Sarah Flatmate's Knees': their favourite HM band is The Shop Assistants: they hate anoraks and cuties.

There was only one other necessary question. Who is your ideal flatmate, Flatmates?

Martin: "Brix Smith, but I couldn't share a flat with Mark".

Rocker: "I prefer staying guests to Flatmates".

Debbie: "I'd have a cat".

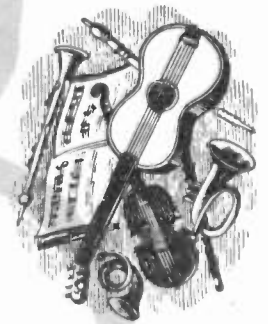
Sarah: "I don't like cats, how about a tortoise?"

I've finished now, send in the one from *My Guy*.



## COSMO-NURDS

Strong but sensitive? Stylish but smug? Do you react to advertising come-ons like the following *Insignia* soft-sell: "... the last thing you want is for underarm wetness to spoil the effect of a perfectly good Paul Smith shirt."? Then YOU could be the elusive Cosmo Man. Urgh. LUCY O'BRIEN sets the credentials



### 1 IS YOUR boy toy:

- a) A Sony WMF107 water resistant battery-backed up Solar Walkman with collapsible headphones?
- b) A radio-controlled indoor Bob Hope Golfer?
- c) Underwater personal compact disc player complete with Paul Simon's 'Graceland' album?
- d) Customised sheath (Midnight Blue or Pulsating Purple shade).\*

### 2 Is your sport:

- a) A bicep-pumping workout at the Fitness Centre?
- b) Stationary cycling?
- c) Telephone directory tear-ups?
- d) Trivial Pursuits?

### 3 Where do you shop:

- a) Man at BHS?
- b) Paul Smith?
- c) Next (for that South African connection)?
- d) Dewhurst (Wood Green Shopping City)?

### 4 Is your Cosmo Woman:

- a) Amanda (Heather of Brookside) Burton?
- b) Elizabeth Taylor?
- c) Jan Leeming?
- d) Robert Elms?

### 5 Is your lager technique:

- a) Aspiring Grolsch?
- b) Experimental Castlemaine XXXX?
- c) Car-owning Carlsberg?
- d) Cult-consumer Red Stripe?

Mostly a)s A sensible Try Hard, though Consumer goods not quite right.

Mostly b)s An alternative Cosmo Man — almost New.

Mostly c)s The Business. Mostly d)s A bit too SEXY to qualify.

Mostly e)s An anomaly.

\* The Sheath must not have joke nobbles on the end.

FROM OVER 3,000 auditions (including those by the sons of Donovan and Mike Nesmith) a dubiously Fab Four — Jared, Dino, Marty and Larry, average age 20 — have been chosen for the US Columbia Pictures TV show *The New Monkees*, scheduled to air next September. All previous burger-flipping, table-waiting, small-town gigging unknowns, their shunt to stardom is encountering a hiccough in the shape of the original Monkees.

Most unhappy about the upstart competition, Dolenz and Co have set their manager Dave Fishof on to Columbia Pictures. A deal over the moniker is being negotiated, though balmy coexistence remains debatable. At a recent New York City launch for the show, producer Steve Blauner diplomatically suggested new get together with the old on stage. "Yeah," Fishof said, "they can be the support slot."

## JERRY BUILDER

**SIMON NAPIER-BELL, enfant terrible of the Swinging '60s and the man who turned Wham! into mega-sellers, may be dropping a clanger with his latest project, a musical based on the life and times of Jeremy Thorpe. Liberal knee-jerk by TERRY STAUNTON.**

SIMON NAPIER-BELL's spacious home is a tribute to good taste, a mirror of all those ideal homes which adorn the pages of the magazines on his glass coffee table. He welcomes me into his terribly tasteful lounge to talk about the various irons he has in the fire, one of which has already been labelled *tasteless*.

Four years ago his kick-and-tell book of '60s recollections *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me* left a nasty taste in many mouths by revealing truths / half truths / untruths (decide for yourself, reader) about, among others, Keith Moon and Brian Epstein. Two stiff who couldn't answer back. Now Napier-Bell has turned his attentions to a body still drawing breath; Jeremy Thorpe. With a

script by Python Graham Chapman, he plans to stage a musical about the former Liberal leader's fall from grace, complete with murder plots, homosexual inferences, warts and all.

As we sit down and natter generally about music, I get the impression Napier-Bell knows exactly why I'm here. For a start, he records our conversation ("Hope you don't think I'm a paranoid pop star") and every answer is carefully worded and fairly non-committal; he knows what questions I'm going to ask. Surprisingly, he is the first to mention the musical but waves his hand in the air casually, as if Thorpe is just another project.

Question one: Why?

"It's just a very funny idea. I've no axe to grind, nothing for or against Thorpe, but good taste is very boring. The original concept was to do it with Nixon because the stories aren't really all that different. It's a very moral tale, a very important fable about how power corrupts and ineptness costs. I don't feel sorry for Thorpe — when you push for power you have to assume responsibility and accept its consequences.

"If Thorpe was genuinely a man of public service, he lost nothing but the opportunity to serve the public."

Precise details about the Norman Scott involvement and other particulars are fielded very nicely by Napier-Bell explaining the script isn't complete and the music has yet to be written. A perfect interview get-out clause. Has Thorpe heard of the plan?

"He talked to his solicitor and tried to have it stopped, but there's nothing he can do. He can hardly sue for libel when we maintain he's not guilty.

"There has been some bad press about the idea. It's been slagged off by all the same press who slagged Thorpe off himself which is strange. The only real criticism has been that Thorpe is not a well man. I wonder what would happen if he died. Would it be OK for us to do it then?"

The musical sounds as if it's in bad taste, but who can tell when it's not finished? Napier-Bell is aiming to stage it in the spring of '87 and would like to see John Cleese in the lead role, but it's early days yet.

Bad taste has never bothered Napier-Bell before and as we say goodbye I feel he is actually enjoying the attention and notoriety of it all.

"If the papers run enough pieces about how distasteful the whole thing is, we'll have full theatres for years!"



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# BOY GUTTER

AFTER A brief lull on the Hip-Hop scene the beat is back with a vengeance and a crop of heavy-duty releases from the heart of the Big Apple itself. Following the Beastie Boys single comes the latest from Def Jam and it's a monster from the Original Concept, whose 'Can You Feel It?' was one of the most under-rated, underground hits this year. Their new one is 'Pump That Bass' b/w 'Bite'n My Style' and while the flipside is a rather cak-handed attempt at a New York/Trenchtown crossover (Americans just can't seem to get the hang of that reggae thang) 'Pump That Bass' is destined to be a club classic. Starting with that typical bottom-heavy Def Jam rhythm this throws in some understated heavy metal guitar-work, a real catchy sing-a-long chant and a great live drum break which really kicks the whole thing along. State-of-the-art dance music and at only three explosive minutes, not long enough by half. If the crowd don't move to this they ain't going to move to anything!

The early beginnings of rap and hip-hop are celebrated in J. Scott La Rock's 'South Bronx' (B Boy Records) which is where the whole hip-hop scene actually developed

and appropriately enough Scott La Rock's brash rap lifts its rhythm track from James Brown's B-boy classic 'Funky Drummer' to create an irresistibly busy groove that occasionally breaks into a crazy homeboy chant that makes this a belated, vinyl repay to Cutmaster D.C.'s 'Brooklyn's In The House'. Speaking of Cutmaster D.C. his latest 12" is already out and looking likely to be a serious contender in the dancefloor stakes, called 'Bum MC's (Zakia) its go-go beat, wicked scratching and nagging cowbell give it so much energy that it has more bounce to the ounce than anything the rock world has turned out in years.

Final contender for the grand groove of the week is 'Mr Big Stuff' by Heavy D. and The Boys (MCA) which takes Jean Knight's Stax classic and shakes it into the drum-machine '80s.

It might seem like sacrilege to some but Heavy 'D' has created a well powerful slab of funk by cutting snatches of what sounds like the original 'Mr Big Stuff' with his own rap and a massive electro-drum sound that really has to be heard over a full-blooded club sound system to do it justice.

Those Chicago House tracks also come across better when heard at full volume, but as the 'old' favourites like 'Jack Your Body' and 'Move' continue to get played more and more in the pop clubs so good, new releases seem to be getting fewer and further between. The best from the Windy City this week has to be 'Everybody Do It' by the House Rockers on Underground Records which pounds along fairly predictably but has the added bonuses of an above-average percussion break and a chorus of that old disco favourite, the funky whistle. Different enough to be a minor hit with the more upfront, funk crews but unlikely to cross over to your average Top 30/soft soul crowd.

A long time favourite on the alternative funk scene that's now become massive with the mainstream soul audience is the Younger Generation's 1979 rap epic 'We Rap More Mellow' (Brass). Starring Melle Mel, Kid Creole, Rahim, Mr Ness and Cowboy (a.k.a. The Furious Five) this is nine and a half minutes of rap at its simple, infectious best that gets better and better as it goes on. Currently only available as a hard-to-find import, rumour has it that this should see the light of day on a UK label soon.

Meanwhile back on the Go Go scene Island have just brought out 'Say What' which is two sides of Trouble Funk live in London, and while it's a great and valid reminder of their great live gigs at the Town and Country Club it's about time the Bomb Boys got together a new studio release!

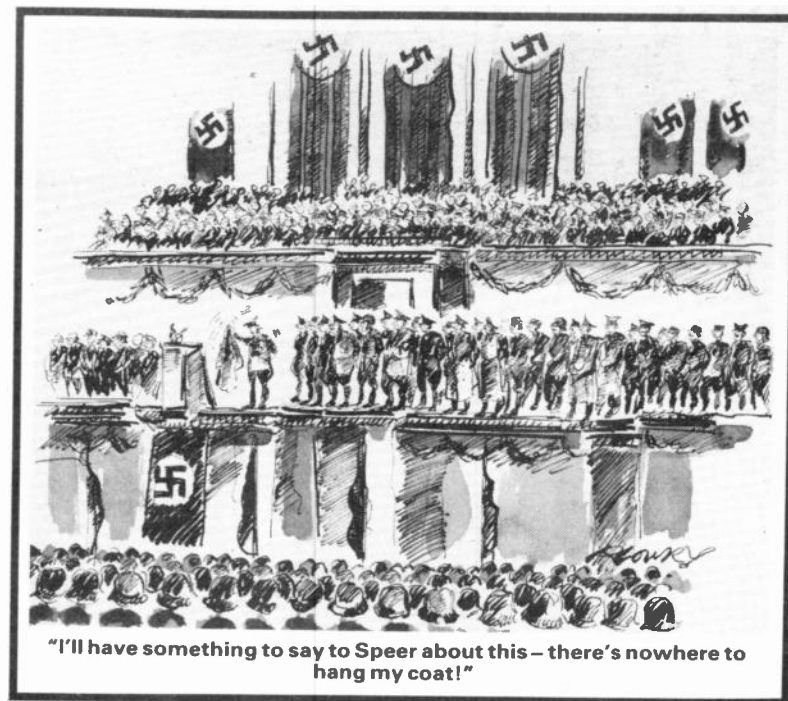
Jay Strongman



Tot thrice on the tot.

"POSTMAN PAT... that's a weird song, isn't it? That's very strange." Tot Taylor knows his song-writing. When not whiling away the years considering the peculiarity of the Postman Pat theme, Tot sits awhile polishing his craft. He's a man who's had to contain his ambition on occasion—his desire to write for Jack Jones may never be consummated—and sometimes he has achieved BIG FAME.

As the Svengali behind the Compact Organisation, Tot wrote, produced and directed one of the oddest successes of the '80s—he was The Power behind Mari Wilson. And lower down the charts (quite a lot lower down) were Tot's other machinations... the Walker Brothers formica heaven The Beautiful Americans, Swedish spy soundtrackiste Virna Lindt and hordes of others. "I did it for fun... I got fed up with it in the end, so I



"I'll have something to say to Speer about this—there's nowhere to hang my coat!"

# WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

moved on," says Tot, retired giant of pop.

Tot has moved on to make a slightly odd solo LP with the sellable name of 'Box Office Poison'. It's a quirky affair, ranging from good old love songs to the acerbic 'Sir Tot', wherein Tot reasons that he is as deserving of a knighthood as any other recipient of that fraudulent honour. There's the utterly splendid single 'Australia' too, in which Tot decides that Mrs Thatcher has driven us so near to the brink of nuclear war that he must needs dig down to the Antipodes and live there.

Tot's individual vision is one not forged through conventional channels. "I come from Norfolk... I use to save up and buy records, but my parents weren't big music fans. The big thing to do in Norfolk was go and look at the land. On Sundays my Dad would say, "Let's

go and look at Harry's turnips" and we'd go out and look at these turnips."

Not a rock'n'roll childhood then. Tot will willingly talk about rock music, but the mere mention of Cole Porter or Frank Sinatra sends him into conversational overdrive. Perhaps it is for this reason that he feels unhappy in the world of contemporary pop. "I go and see publishers and the first thing they all always say is, how would you feel about writing a song for Samantha Fox? Writing songs for Samantha Fox is where the money is right now."

Ah, cruel fate. Investigate Tot Taylor. His next project will be a double album. One looks forward to it. It will contain nothing aimed at the dubious Ms Fox. Nor will it contain the Postman Pat theme but you can't have everything, can you?

David Quantick

# STANLEY CLARKE

## HIDEAWAY

### THE NEW STUDIO ALBUM

## OUT OF THE RUT + INTO THE GROOVE!

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STEWART COPELAND  
STANLEY JORDAN  
ANGELA BOFILL

Epic

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CASSETTE · 40-26964



# BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"The streets were full of footballs."

(Samuel Pepys in his diary)  
"If Graeme Souness were a chocolate drop, he'd eat himself."

(Archie Gemmill, Scotland team mate)

"I just opened the trophy cabinet. Two Japanese prisoners of war came out."

(Tommy Docherty, Wolves manager)

"Two months ago Rossi was over the moon. Now he is asking for it."  
(Juventus official on Italy's World Cup hero)

"Have you noticed how we only win the World Cup under a Labour Government?"

(Harold Wilson)

"There are more hooligans in the House Of Commons than at a football match."

(Brian Clough)

"John Bond has blackened my name with insinuations about the private lives of football managers. Both my wives are upset."

(Malcolm Allison)

"Our football is like our inflation. . . 100 per cent."

(Brazilian newspaper headline)

"What they say about footballers being ignorant is rubbish. I spoke to a couple yesterday and they were quite intelligent."

(Raquel Welch)

"Conjugate the verb *done great*: I done great. He done great. We done great. They done great. The boy Lineker done great."

(Letter to *The Guardian*)

All verbal gems above extracted from the excellent *Book Of Football Quotations* by Peter Ball and Phil Shaw (Stanley Paul, £5.95). Revised to include the '86 World Cup, this exhaustive tome chronicles soccer's most lucid puking parrots from Shakespeare The Bard through to Socrates The Brazilian.

# COSTA DEL SOUL

**SHERYL GARRATT reports from THE ISLAND WEEKENDER – a Butlin's southern soul extravaganza.**

THEY CAME from all over and descended on the Severn Bridge, clad in clean, pressed Bognor T-shirts from the April weekender and supping Tenants. They came on the Soul Train from Paddington or in minibuses up the M4, and they came bearing whistles and wearing shorts.

For though their bodies were destined for a wet Wales weekend, their minds were in Majorca. Three bewildered Wag types – all flat-topped and red-tagged with nowhere to go – wandered round the decaying camp like aliens beamed down to the wrong planet as The Eastwood Pissheads passed in lovingly painted matching shirts. Huge home-made sound systems pumped out soul from chalet balconies, radios were tuned in to the weekender's own 24-hour station, foam and water fights raged and there were chips and beer for breakfast, dinner and tea.

For 48 hours, the Pig & Whistle holiday pub at Butlins, Barry Island became Superbowl, where 6000 Southern soul wallies could chuck

beer and pull down their pants to their little hearts' content. Here you see girls in swimsuits and stillettos, boys in bowler hats, bow ties, and nothing else but pathetic little pouches. Here you watch DJ Chris Hill singing about screwing in chalets when everyone knows there ain't nothing going on but the booze – too much going down for many to get it up.

In the Butlin's kiddie club, hung with banners from London's Raw club and temporarily christened The Garage, you got the Chicago House, Washington go go, hard funk and hip hop and on Saturday night, it's just your body and the bassline and all the bare burns and beer bellies seem a dead culture away. Meanwhile, in the Gaiety Theatre, the Fatback Band run through their greatest hits like a faultless, soulless CD hologram.

At the finale the DJs did the conga onstage and everyone in the audience reached out and touched somebody's hand and the floor sagged menacingly under their weight. The faces at the front registered pure joy – they had stood THIS close to Robbie Vincent, they had danced Friday into Sunday, they had *endured*.

An hour later, and the fantasy was over.



PHOTO NICK WHITE

'NOT JUST Mandela' is a compilation album from Davy Lamp Records featuring Billy Bragg, The Housemartins and a collection of forthcoming attractions from that increasingly active bed of music, Harlow.

Formed at the time of the miners' strike 20 months ago, the label aims to combine raising vast amounts of money for pertinent causes with promoting the increasing wealth of local talent.

And this 10-track album, a culmination of the label's work, unites artistes dedicated to bringing an end to the apartheid regime in South Africa with all profits going to the Anti-Apartheid Movement.

This profile-raising release should ensure Davy Lamp – Graham Bell, Julie Rogers and Steve Lamacq – achieves recognition as an

effective "political label", having already contributed hundreds of pounds to the miners and Anti-Apartheid through their previous single and cassette releases and benefit gigs.

Distributed by Jungle and The Cartel, the album teams Bragg and The Neurotics on the anthemic 'Africa', and The Housemartins weigh in with 'You'.

Meanwhile Porky The Poet continues the Go! Discs trait with a couple of rants, and there's the previously unreleased 'Airstrip One' from Attila The Stockbroker, as well as popular Harlow acts Real By Reel, Some Other Day, The Internationalists, The Sullivans and that Brendan Behan of the '80s, Paul Howard.

'Not Just Mandela' is released on November 10 and retails at £3.99.

Helen Mead

# thrills!

## dominate tricks



PHOTO TIM JARVIS

### WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES tie STAN BARTON to a chair

FACE IT. The majority of the deadheads that make up this scuppered nation desire, by the time they're 30, if not extremes of material wealth, then at least – a certain certainty.

"He might say yes but he might mean no."

Which is what keeps people working in jobs, that logically, are an anathema. The security of knowing where the next H.P. or mortgage payment is coming from. Or that when you reach the austere age of 60, or so, you'll have at least a pittance to rely on. And which is what coaxes people, in general, to keep up appearances day after day, year after year. It's that screaming fear, that omnipresent dread, LEFT ON THE SHELF.

"Fuck you," smiles Keith Dobson's sole, gold tooth, as he opens the door leading into World Domination Enterprises.

Keith is still a ragamuffin at 29. He lives in a style that would have most of his peers tearing their hair out, gasping for air. The four-storey town house he shares with fellow Domineers Steve Jameson and Digger is a junk museum belonging to a housing co-op and situated somewhere between Ladbroke Grove and the Portobello Market. A more captivating environment would be hard to find.

It came as a bit of a shock that one of my favourite singles of last year was not produced, as I supposed, by a group of young tear-aways, but by this group of average age 28. 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos'.

"Poisons, they're both poisons,

that sink to the bottom where we are."

Keith writes all of their songs and 'Asbestos' is a perfect example of tortured noise, a cynical cant, that takes fundamentals by the balls.

"Am I an anarchist?" he asks of himself. "If you're talking about an ideal situation, you have to be talking about greater individual freedom. I think the more you trust someone, to a degree, the more trustworthy they become. For example, if you're in a shop and the guy behind the counter says, 'I'm just going out back to get something, you'll be alright won't you?', you'd think twice about ripping him off."

"Whereas," interrupts 29-year-old Steve, "if it's got a sign saying, 'Only two school children at a time', you want to go in there and ransack the sweet counter."

One of the funniest tales WDE tell, is of their 100-gig busking tour on four days last year. As a kind of protectress, they went under the banner of 'Live Aid', and played at key centres of "political intrigue" throughout London.

"We wanted the list to crack you up just looking at it – Freemason's Hall, Bank of England, Buckingham Palace, Houses of Parliament." Plus assorted business centres and department stores.

Although they took a lot of stick, the police never arrested them. Even when they had the audacity to park up on the pavement beneath the New Scotland Yard triangle and, in front of all those big boys in buttons, finish a three-song set.

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## JAZZ IN GAOL

WHAT IF Gorbachev threw a "relax" party for the Warsaw Pact and the Czechs never got their invite? Contrary to the trend towards cultural liberalisation rocking the bloc, Czechoslovakia has stepped up its ruthless repression of music.

This autumn, police swooped down on the homes and offices of officials of The Jazz Section, one of the last remaining organisations dedicated to keeping contemporary music alive inside the republic. After their rooms were thoroughly turned over, 800 books and magazines were seized and seven men remanded in custody—Karel Srp, Josef Skalnik, Vladimir Kouril, Tomas Krivanek, Cestmir Hunat, Milos Drda and Vlastimil Drda.

All have been charged with trumped-up "swindling" offences, which outside experts adjudge absurd, given Jazz Section's non-profit making activities. Their brief is simply to nurture interest in contemporary music, be it developments in rock, new wave, jazz or experimental. Since they are

presently refused any chance of promoting concerts, their activities are mostly confined to publishing and talks.

This latest sequence of arrests follows that of Jazz Section activist Vlastimil Marek, a guiding spirit for independent music and a renowned oriental musicologist, who presently faces the serious charge of damaging interests of the republic abroad. The offence? A news item in the American *New Age Journal* announcing his forthcoming lecture tour of the US to discuss unofficial rock in Czechoslovakia. The specialist news agency Palach Press speculate that his detention is more likely down to his hand in the planned, then banned, Prague event, called Gong For Peace.

The variously charged Jazz Section officers are now faced with the impossible task of defending themselves against laws as adaptable to the needs of the prosecution as those facing Joseph K in Kafka's *The Trial*.

Clem Snide, Private Asshole



PHOTOGRAPHER CINDY Palmano, a regular contributor to the *NME*, is the lenswoman behind 'Palmano Man', a 1987 calendar containing 13 images of stylish fellows like Gaultier-clad Mark, and friends (left). Published by Shoot That Tiger! and available from 33/41 Dallington Street, London EC1V 0BB, it costs £15 plus £1.75 post and packing. Phone 01-251 8331 for details of regional stockists.

## HYPOCRITES' CORNER

ON THE shelves of Britain's many Megastores, the frontline bastions of the Richard "let's clean up Britain" Branson Virgin empire, rest three volumes of a tome entitled *Truly Tasteless Jokes*, published by Virgin Books. For intellectual stimulation, this book takes some beating. Indeed so informative is it, that it has, as the blurb testifies, become a "massive US bestseller". The blurb also includes the "warning" that "this book contains jokes that will offend everyone". This much, at least, is true.

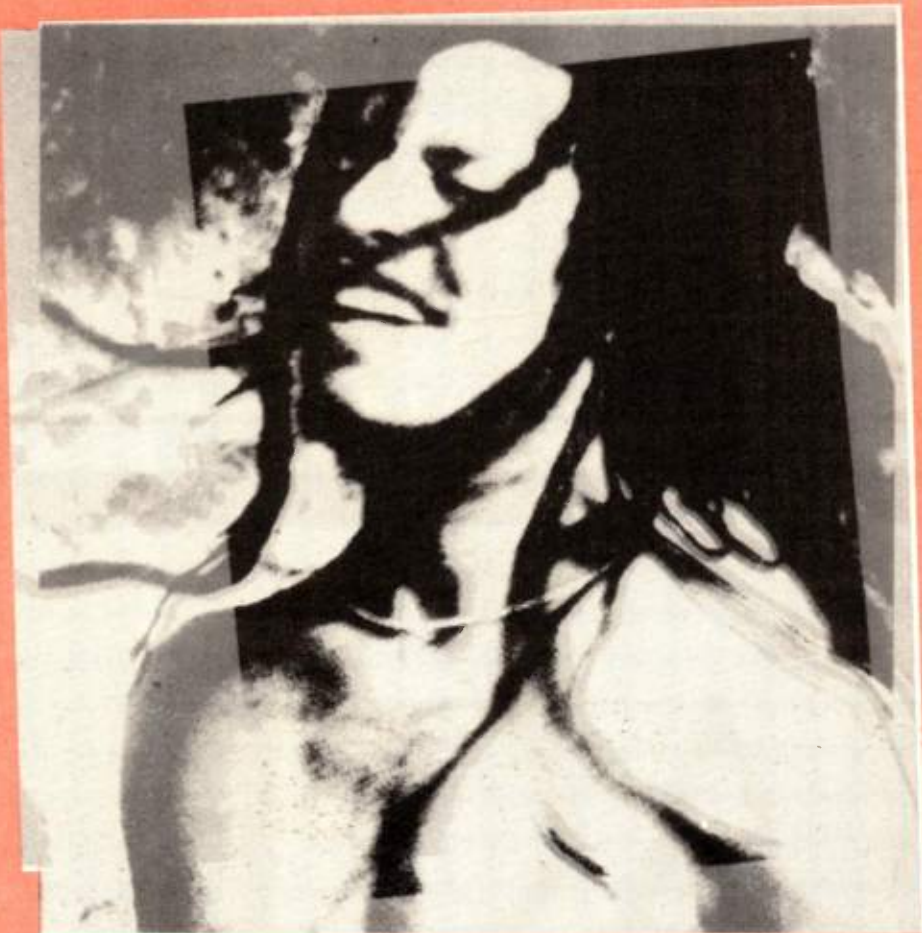
*Truly Tasteless Jokes* is the work of one Blanche Knott and is dedicated to her mother. The contents page lists chapter headings; Dead Baby, Handicapped, Homosexual, Female Anatomy, Black and sundry other witty labels. So far, these books haven't met with the wrath of our nation's moral guardians; no broadsides from Sir John Junor in *The Sunday Express*, no complaints from The Responsible Society. We, at the *NME*, wonder does Dickie



Branson, a clean living, athletic, stout upholder of the Great Brit tradition that says "Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness", know what "fifth" (c Mary Whitehouse 1886) is being peddled under the good name of his book company?

At time of going to press, the people at Virgin Books couldn't locate their managing director and a spokesperson ("I'm just a humble editor") was making no comment. The *NME* understands there have been complaints from Megastore customers and there is a possibility of the book being withdrawn. But that was last week and the book is still on sale. Never mind cleaning up Britain, Dick old boy, get to work on your own backyard.

**W**ANT TO know how and where to spot the wallies who've been boosting Samantha Fox's album sales figures? Look out for males aged 16-24 from the D/E skulking furtively demographic group between the racks in John Menzies branches in the south. And who's been helping Aled Jones into the charts? A/B matrons of 45-plus, pushing their shopping trolleys through Welsh outlets of Smiths. Pointing the accusatory figure is market research group Gallup, who've uncovered some horrific facts in their investigation into Britain's record buying habits— for instance, one third of all "young men" have bought a Dire Straits album in the past year. And strictly for fun (they say), they're come up with typical profiles for the fans of individual acts, defined by age, sex, social class and favourite record shop. Consider yourself smart and well-off? Well, you've got too much money and too little sense because you're buying Chris De Burgh, Chris Rea, Genesis and Neil Diamond. Better to be poor and flunk school *Thrills* says: that way you get to listen to Sam Cooke, Madonna and Marvin Gaye. But it's a special 'Hello' to all those C2 males, 16-24, who're queuing up at HMV in Newcastle and other points north-east for their copies of 'The Queen Is Dead'. Mozzer would be proud of you.



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## METAL SUCKERS

**THE HOOK AND PULL GANG** are a real horrorshow! **ANDREA MILLER** meets a band with nothing to lose but their chainsaws.

"TAKE A bath in gasoline/Take a bath and wash her clean."

"Burke and Hare are our heroes," says Eileen, dragging blood red lips on a smeared cigarette stub. "I'm obsessed with murders and murder cases."

The Hook And Pull Gang's entrancing, violent and diabolical sound became my soundtrack to the late, late summer of '86. And that is a chilling wind.

So, I am exorcising an obsession, and in the process, discovering what obsession sounds like when accompanied by the most powerful, anguished female vocal and the heaviest most evil guitar. Despite looking like hick-town goths, they produce music which is achingly soulful. The Hook And Pull Gang aren't quite like anything you've heard before, but if you could imagine two Alice-Cooper-obsessed, murder-enticed Shangri-Las concocting a denser wall of sound than Spector you might be getting there.

Forming this legion of sound are only three people. Bassist Alan McDaid who denies all knowledge of anything all the way through the interview; Rita Bazzyca, a radiantly beautiful and dignified/destructive guitarist who makes JAMC's guitar power sound like The Farmer's Boys; and Eileen McMullan, a tiny, be-dangled Patti Smith lookalike.

The driving force of the band as both the drummer and vocalist, she's a connoisseur of horror and translates that terror into her immensely powerful vocals. It seems impossible that this bizarre vocalstyle has been languishing in heavy metal and blues band for years—in The Hook And Pull Gang, she says, she has at last found what she has always been looking for.

The Hook And Pull Gang got their name from cult horror movie *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and plan to release their first single 'Pour It Down Yer Throat' independently with a picture of Leatherface and the rest on the cover. Horror is their mainstay

inspiration and discussing the subject matter of the songs with them fails to make me feel any more at ease—tales of paedophilia unfold in 'The Ride', hysterical madness in 'Let's Go Shopping With Burke And Hare', and all-too-sweet revenge in 'Gasoline'.

Most of the Hook And Pull songs, Alan says briefly, are love songs. They just don't sound like it.

"Ye ken the guy with the chainsaw (in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*)," says Eileen. "I'll marry when I meet a man like that. He's beautiful, everything I've always wanted."

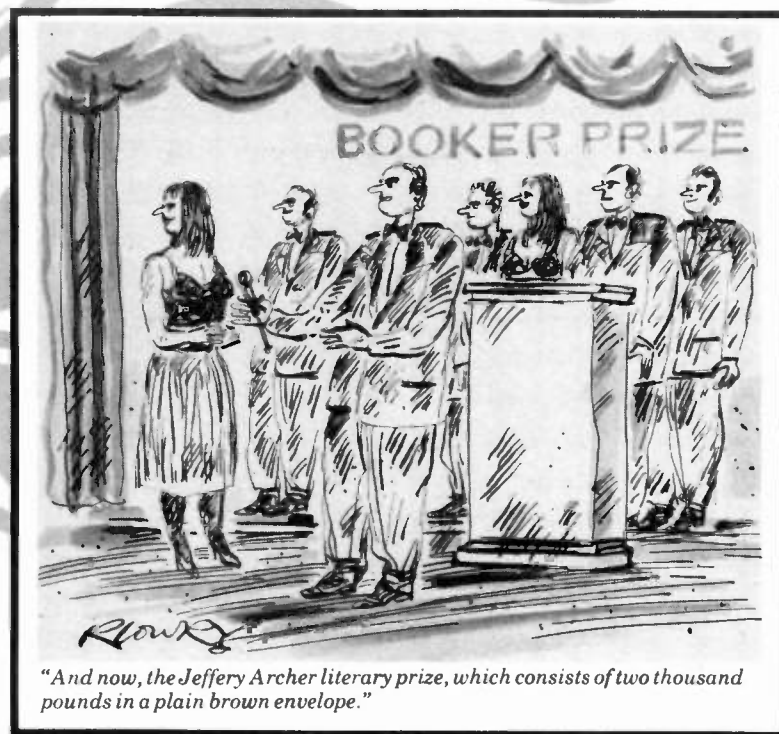
But he is grotesque and violent? That'll do me."

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# EEK-A MOUSE



IMAGES — IAIN MCKELL



The Mouse got The Biz: the Yamaha Studio Box, a complete system with multi-track recorder/mixer, synthesiser, sequencer and rhythm programmer. More praise is in order. Words like 'crucial' and 'serious'.

“Laying it down is easy as picking it up.”

“6'6" above sea level,” Eek-A Mouse aka Ripton Hilton has a voice to match and it's his “main instrument”

Right now The Mouse is in London, but tell the truth it doesn't matter where he is. You see, The Mouse has a portable recording studio.

“I can lay down tracks and overbuild,

you know. Even got synchro sequences and mix down and really really digital styling.”

In Kingston, Jamaica, they used to call him Tall Man till he took to betting on one horse all the time. As a matter of fact, the only time the horse came in Ripton didn't bet on it. But anyway, the horse was called Eek-A Mouse. Ripton got the name and it stuck.

Then one morning in 1980, the Mouse Style was born.

“Just woke up and started going beedie beedie beedie beedie beedie beedie beedie bong bong beedie bong.”

While the horse went to stud, the man went on to make “six or seven” albums.

Sure, the portable studio helps.

“It's wicked, you know.”

Yeh, Eek-A, nice.

**YAMAHA** SOUNDS LIKE YOU MEAN IT.





# “MAD BASTARDS”

**FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** danced in the heat of decadence until they got sick of it. **JOHN McCREADY** meets The Lads who have gone beyond The Pleasure Dome (but still remain The Elephant Men of Pop). Photo **STEVE PYKE**.



**W**ITH A LITTLE help from his friends, Frankie went to Number One. He found that Number One was more exciting than Hollywood ever could be. The bars stayed open all night, and he discovered that singing about delayed ejaculation and inciting furious discussion on all the possible meanings of one little word bought you a season ticket to the biggest roller-coaster ride capitalism could offer.

It was all too easy.

So Frankie went up and down and round and round over and over again. From the Northern diamond mine to the capital pop factory; from club to club, from bitter to Bollinger, from the laughing stock of Liverpool to The Laughing Stock Of London. Frankie was in the limelight; dancing at the heart of decadence. In the end you get sick. And sick of it.

Someone called it The Bang. Peter Gill who played drums for Frankie during the explosion makes it sound like a nightmare. He remembers The Bang like it was yesterday. Brian Nash sits next to him in an empty room we've found at this backstreet rehearsal den. He looks like he can remember it too.

"We were animals. One minute you're on the dole and the next you're Number One. And everyone's screaming about yer and every one's got a 'Frankie Say Bollocks' T-shirt. And you're walking down Church Street in Liverpool and everyone's looking at yer, and you come back here and they're all going 'Party! Party!', you've been invited to a party, special guest!' Oh yeah, *Top Of The Pops*, birds, money it was just like, 'yeah, go for it'. And we thought anyone from Liverpool who got that, they wouldn't say no, they wouldn't turn it down. No way.

"We just thought, this is the life, we're pop stars now, let's just go. And all of a sudden we went, I'm knackered all the time, I've had enough of this . . ."

So now Ped and Nasher watch *Bullseye* with Jim Bowen and *Every Second Counts* with Paul Daniels. But The Lads haven't gone soft. They've just discovered moderation. Ped is at pains to point out that they're still "Mad Bastards".

"We still have a go and all that but we pick the right times. Otherwise we'd do no work at all. And we wanna keep this thing. It's our living. And if it flops we're gonna be well worried and we're gonna be sick."

The Lads are learning the value of discipline. They're learning that those who applaud the dropping of trousers and the downing of full bottles won't miss you when you're back in the New Claims queue.

**P**AUL RUTHERFORD dances like a dream and talks like a machine gun. This is the same Rutherford who has just bought a studio flat which overlooks Fortress Wapping, the same Paul Rutherford who is on the verge of spending £1,200 on an arty chair sculpted from glass. He tells me it wouldn't be the end of the world if he had to go back to his dad's house in Cantril Farm with only a glass ashtray to remind him of the way things used to be. I know, I know. I laughed too.

"I always say that if I lost all of this I'd just

get up and start again. I'd cut my losses, cry for a day and then say fuck that; start again. Basically I've always felt the same — get it, spend it and have a brilliant time. When it's gone it's gone."

Paul is eating Italian in a Soho restaurant. There's wine if you want it. On the wall over there is one of Frankie's gold discs — Paul won't have them in the house — so we're treated like Duran Duran. Today is a good day.

"I can yap 'til my heart's content on a good day. Other days I'm the most ignorant bastard in the world. I don't have to please anybody. And when I don't talk I'm not just playing up, it's because I can't. I have to be honest."

Paul knows nothing of the second album caution The Lads are suffering from. Paul lives like there is no tomorrow because he believes there isn't going to be one.

"The bomb might go off tomorrow. I actually think like that. I'm sure it can happen that simply. It's in my mind all the time . . ."

What would you do if you knew it was going to happen today? Would you be worried? Depressed?

"No, I can't be that way. If they said 'Right, now we're gonna drop it', I know exactly what I'm going to put down my throat."

What?

"Quite a lot . . ."

Quite a lot of what?

"Quite a lot of anything I can get my hands on. I'm gonna be out to fucking lunch, I swear . . ."

For the moment, this means drink. What does drink do to you, Paul?

"It doesn't help, it just loosens my tongue . . ."

Do you drink a lot?

"Sometimes you have to. When we're together there's no other way — nothing else to do. When you're sitting round waiting in some depressing European TV studio it's like, 'Sorry, we'll have to have some ale cos this is winding me up so much. What a bunch of idiots these people are, they're getting on my tits . . .'. So the only thing to do is to get pissed."

Paul makes getting pissed sound like part of the routine of pop life. Like signing autographs or making records. Is it a boring life, then, Paul?

"It can be. That sounds really terrible but I just want to run away, sometimes. I know I didn't expect it to be this way. I never thought it would be like this when I used to listen to my David Bowie records."

"But, like it was great at first and then it gets really tedious; worse and worse. I suppose a lot of people would tell you that. Maybe it's to do with us being unsettled with it all. So we drink . . ."

And what happens?

"We have a laugh! There are so many people who can't cope with us. Especially not The Lads, no way."

Are you part of all that, the famed, if a little exaggerated, rampages?

"I'm a little older than them. I've seen a bit more. Sometimes I think spewing up in a pint glass isn't very funny and other times I think it's hysterical. I don't know. Ask them about it. I can sit down and drink with them but I never used to go for the tits and ass."

He laughs at this.

"Maybe that's what it is. It's mostly what I haven't got in common with them. But I do swing more towards The Lads these days. And me and Holly are alike in a lot of respects . . . we've known each other now for nearly 12 years . . ."

**CONTINUES OVER**



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"She's evil — second only to the Anti-Christ, whoever he may be..." Paul Rutherford reveals the truth about Margaret Thatcher.

### FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

So are you bored with each other?

"No, not at all."

Do you and Holly still go out and drink together?

"He doesn't go out much, Holly."

Is that a recent thing?

"Er, no..."

Is that a Wolfgang thing?

Paul laughs: "Don't make me say these things, please. Yes, I suppose it is but Holly's changed, we've all changed..."

The flow stops momentarily. Paul remembers the roller-coaster.

"We're the only people that understand each other. We're the only people that it happened to three Januarys ago."

**A** LOT OF water has passed under the bridge since then. And the madness can't last forever. Frankie Goes To Hollywood are learning to live again. Learning to live with the money, learning to walk down the street and ignore the staring game. They're finding ways to wind down and ways to get by. It must be hard when all the world still sees you frozen; a freshly exploding champagne bottle in hand, the star turn at life's pop cabaret.

Holly has his antiques and his quiet life. Ped has his 2.8 injection Capri with real leather seats and The Lads have learned that getting pissed is even more fun as the exception and not the rule. Paul Rutherford has formed The Laughing Stock Of London.

"That's what they called me and my mates so we had a party at the Limelight for ourselves. It was great, I wore a wig. I like wigs... I don't give a fuck what people think. A lot of people I know have mellowed out now. They say, 'We're not into this, we're not into that, and it's like when I get to 40, I'm not going to be able to lift me legs so I might as well wear them out right now. You've got to have a great time. Especially when there are all these people above you planning your death.'"

What, you mean like pop people?

"No. Governments, leaders, politicians."

So why not try to change things instead of waiting for The Last Voice You Will Ever Hear?

"You can try but it never works. And it feels like there's no way out. It's going to take a second coming to get us out of this shit..."

At this point Paul's infectious positivism drops down dead. He has two solutions to the problems of this land, or at least his own problems... The first is to set up a commune on the coast of Scotland where the Laughing Stock can sing and dance and draw and paint and have the time of their privileged lives.

It's alright if you've got the money, isn't it Paul? Some people can't afford to run away.

"No, it's just a question of priorities, of what you really want. Some people want a car and a house. I'd sooner have a video camera or this glass chair."

"But now that I can have all of those things, I don't know if I really want them. I don't like the 20th century, I don't like what's going on. There's too much trouble and I've been thinking of blotting it out. We came up with the idea when we were stoned one night. It's such a hippy ethic but, who cares. I think we all revert to that. We're all casualties of the '60s. We don't need this constant flood of hatred that keeps coming through our doors and windows. It really is starting to freak me out. And then again, I'm quite happy. I don't want to sound like a complete paranoid. But I think it would be a really nice way to live."

The second solution would be the removal of Margaret Thatcher.

"I just feel complete hatred for her. I'm into violent protest. We have no options left, we've tried everything else. She's evil — second only to the Anti-Christ, whoever he may be..."

Paul scrabbles in his bag. He pulls out a copy of Roald Dahl's *The Witches* and points out some lines on a page: "Look, that's what she is, she's a witch. When I was reading this I kept thinking of her." He reads

from the book: "Real witches dress in ordinary clothes and they look very much like ordinary women."

The book is closed.

"She's a complete bastard. I see the hate in her eyes. It's like she's got a blackboard and she's scrubbing them out; people and places, one by one. I know a lot of people who feel this way. I don't think I've gone mad."

Why not do what you can, why not speak out? As he does it Paul denies its value.

"It doesn't work. People don't want it shoving down their throats. The only people I can think of who did it were John and Yoko — they made the thickest Yanks sit up and listen. And then there are people like Weller. I've sat through years of Paul Weller's blurb. I think it's depressing, his blurb. I think he's completely guilty — guilty of being rich and he can't cope with it."

But hold on, Paul, you're not short of a few bob yourself...

"I'm not rich, not as rich as him. It's a hobby for him and I don't like that. People don't want to hear that from pop musicians. They can get better stuff elsewhere. They want to go down The Grafton (a Liverpool nightclub famed for its Grab-A-Granny-Night), have a drink and a laugh."

"But I don't expect any sense from pop music. I've never really listened to it apart from Bowie and singers like Sade and Chrissie Hynde."

"And the charts are the f\*\*king worst. I'm really disappointed in English people for settling for such shit. I think we should drop the bomb on pop, it's not relevant, we don't need it."

Like we don't need Frankie?

"I know, we're up there with them aren't we? But I'm still going to slag 'em down. I thought you had to be nice to them all but you don't owe them a f\*\*k. They need a Luger in the head. It's all been stolen from us."

**T**HE CAB is waiting outside to take us to The Lads' King's Cross den. It's time to talk about drugs. Why didn't you take part in that anti-heroin thing with Holly, Paul?

"Me and Nasher were supposed to go but I was completely smacked out of my head, that's what it was..."

He laughs. I think this is a joke. So you use drugs?

"In moderation..."

And your favourite substance?

"No... I'm going to walk into something here, aren't I? No. I don't use dangerous drugs at all..."

The cab barges through all that traffic. It's noisy outside. Inside there's silence...

"... I think there are people who are bright enough to use drugs..."

So you use them sensibly?

He laughs cautiously: "I have done."

Tell me about Ecstasy, Paul.

"What have you been reading? ... there's a bit of a witch-hunt going on at the moment isn't there? I've taken acid and shit like that but I think it's the best. Once you've taken it I swear you will never forget. Margaret Thatcher should have a tab of that... last night I drew a flamenco dancer, you know?"

And what were you on then?

"I was just bored. I saw a red pencil, a yellow pencil and a black pencil and those are the colours of flamenco, aren't they?"

Yes, they are, Paul.

**I**T'S TIME we talked about 'Liverpool', the reason why all these words are here.

'Liverpool' is big, barbed responsible pop music. It's a kind of cross between 'What's Going On' and your favourite Van Halen album; a cross between Holly's Fire and Brimstone (all those angels and devils!) and all the firepower The Lads can provide.

For Paul it's "the hardest record I've heard for ages. There's all this wet shit going round by people like The Mission. They're just not up to scratch. It's the biggest record around. No contest."

For Nash it's a question of pride.

"We're really proud of it because it's the product of a year's work. So it's called 'Liverpool' but we'd have been proud of it if it'd been called 'Stratford-On-Avon'."

For Ped, just back from the Hyper-Olympic game in the alehouse round the corner, it's more than just a racket.

CONTINUES PAGE 39



REVIEWED BY MICHELE KIRSCH  
BONFIRE BARNET BY CHRIS LONG

5 STAR: If I Say Yes (RCA)  
5 TA: Heaven (Arista)

If a moment of pleasure can ruin a lifetime of happiness, it's usually wise to say no. But 5 Star's boppy, funky subjunctive, 'If I say Yes' is too life/love affirming to consider saying anything but.

The rhythm conjures up that tidy choreography and flash gear that makes 5 Star as cool as their music. Inspires sort of a productive restlessness that provokes you to rearrange the furniture whilst chewing large pieces of bubble gum. Scrub away the S R way and you get another squeaky clean pop package, 5 Ta (Geddit?) Their 'Heaven' is full of dead noise and recalls the Doobie Brothers circa their 'Gee I wish I were black' period. And so few tunes these days inspire you to put the furniture back where it belongs and stick your gum underneath it. Useless.

JASON AND THE SCORCHERS: 19th Nervous Breakdown (EMI)  
Good God. They've out pubbed the Stones. An enormously and importantly awful single, as opposed to a slightly and superficially bad cover by an otherwise excellent band. Rubbishing the Stones went out with '77, and though most of these new American guitar hero types have more humour than talent, this single evoked more of a wince than a grin. This is from the new album 'Still Standing' and I pray it's the comic relief track.

LULU: My Boy Lollipop (Zomba)  
THE BLACK CILLAS: Sebastian (Cillagram)  
Lulu is loco. Songs about lollipops are notoriously bad and usually destined for kiddie breakfast cereal jingledom. Those schoolgirl days, of soaring sales and teen fan mail are gone, sister, and that one tepid harmonic break does not a pop song make. If it were 'My boy, your lollipop is stuck to the wall and I'll smack your bottom, etc . . . ' it would be far more credible coming from this rockin Mum. And speaking of smacked bottoms the Black Cillas, whom I took for some rappin Merseybeat group, disappoint in a major way with a fourth rate Smiths bopping melancholy beat: "Put your hand in your pocket and pull out a scar . . . " but you'll never be Johnny Marr. All this public school/ Brideshead angst is the stuff of creative writing classes, not pop songs.

DISCO AID: Give Give Give: (Zomba Music)  
PEOPLE IN PROGRESS: This Is My Song (Polydor)  
Do they know it's disco time? I think not. Disco has come to represent all that is excessive: designer drugs, gold chains round the neck, the castrated strains of the Bee Gees, wilted Jheri curls and all manner of thngs that offend. Take take take. Happily, the only faults of this record are its misnomer (for this is bedroom soul, not disco) and its typical aid format insipid lyrics. The solos are like all the good bits (read: soul bits) of 'We Are The World', though the chorus is more functional

and droning, than inspirational. This week's politically correct file also has PIP singing in aid for sickle cell anaemia (not to be confused with Hammer and Sickle Cell anaemia: see SWELLS AID) and boasts a large spillover of Disco Aid superstars. This is the better one by virtue of its tolerable lyrics and danceable beat.

BRILLIANT: 'The End of the World' (Warner Brothers)  
PLEASURAMA: 'Temptation' (Sedition)  
Jaz Coleman was right. There is life after apocalypse. But are Killing Joke apocarock, there is . . . more apocarock. That wacky ex-Joker Youth predicts the end of the world as most of us know it: breaking up with our boyfriends. We've got a wimp version of K.J. thunder chord progressions and a lethargic vocal that promises nothing more than a good 40 days, er, winks. Mother said there'd be singles like this. Quiet K.J. keyboardist Dave Karecivic of Pleasurama should have stayed that way.

KING KURT: America (Polydor)  
TONY BRAINSBY: The Story of Gone With the Wind (Hippidrome)  
The trashing of epic films reaches an all time high with King Kurt and an all time low with newcomer Tony Brainsby, who is meant to look like Clark Gable. Now King Kurt don't even claim to look like Chita Rivera, but it's easy, somehow, to imagine them clubfooting about the roof tops of New York's new West Side, the Lower East Side, and delivering their tremendously pafish version of the Puerto Ricans' light hearted lament, with bits of 'Maria' and 'The Jet Song' mixed in at random. This is high comedy. 'Clark' Brainsby writes his own epitath for this dreary treatment of the GWTW film score (you know the tune, just plug in the four words): "When she finally gives in, he replies 'Frankly, My dear, I don't give a damn.' I've always admired that attitude." Puleez!

PIA ZADORA: I Am What I Am (CBS)  
Pia is perhaps the most under rated drag queen this side of Judy Garland. And she's dead. 'Iyam what Iyam,' a highly unsavoury account of the Popeye philosophy, doesn't hold a candle to 'Over the Rainbow,' though the diminutive 'Pee,' as I shall call her, might have made some sort of luscious, pouting munchkin. Few have picked up on this Garland/ Zadora connection, so bear in mind the following points: 1) Judy sang about little butterflies. 'Pee' was in a film called 'Butterfly' 2) Judy married an Italian. 'Pee' eats rich Italian pastries. 3) Everybody thought Judy was a real woman (except hip cabaret actors) Everybody says of 'Pee' "Is she for real?"

BILLY BRAGG: Greetings To the New Brunette (Chrysalis)  
For weeks I've been humming Woody Guthrie's 'Deportees' in

anticipation of my own deportation back to a country neither Mr. Bragg nor myself are in love with at the moment, so it's cruel but fitting that this platter offers the most plaintive, poignant version of the very same song. Dylan never did much with it, and even Arlo Guthrie didn't manage to evoke the bittersweet mood of his father's song, but Billy Bragg and Hank Wangford made me cry with this version. 'New Brunette' is from the 'Taxman' LP, with Johnny Marr on guitar and Kirsty Macall on backing vocals. This bargain £1.99 'single' also includes a mandolin ridden instrumental of 'There Is Power In A Union', a minimalist take on Ry Cooder's done her wrong song 'Tatler', and even more maudlin Morrissey song 'Jeanne.' Gosh. How brilliant irony is, until you're a victim of it.

RAZORCUTS: Sorry To Embarrass You (Subway)  
A promising whisper to Primal Scream, Razorcuts are slicing up their own brand of indie pop with a near distinct swirl of guitars that has a more than vague to-do with early Beatles and a less vague vocal to-do with those 'Love Bites' boys. Not a deplorable combination. They're spot-on with the lyrics: "Somehow both ends of this bridge look far away tonight." Course, the middle of a bridge is a far, far better place to be than the middle of the road, but the Cuts could use a vice or two to give them a stronger edge in the war of the shamblin' roses.

THE GO-BETWEENS: Lee Remick (Abel Label/Situation Two)  
Oh gosh. Extraordinary, and what's more, interesting. Cuff link mania. Never before has one band so deftly captured the pure pop spirit of 'Tracy' and meshed it with some Anglican Ricky Ricardo riffs. "She's in the The Omen with Gregory Peck, She got killed, what the heck." Indeedy. An uncluttered guitar lesson which could wreak havoc at a slumber party for librarians.

JERMAINE STEWART: Jody (10 Records)  
Course, I wouldn't take my clothes off either if I weren't quite certain what I'd find underneath. The logical progression of the chastity syndrome is curiosity: "Everybody wants a piece of Jody" — a typically sexless name, and, so, well, what do the pieces look like? Could it be Miss Foster again? When's the next presidential election anyway? Quelle enigma!

14 ICED BEARS: Inside Blue Suit (Cartel)  
FORCEFIELD: Smoke On The Water (President)  
The Paddingtonesque chappies' candy-floss-pink shopping bag lady chic packaging might endear some shamble fans to this barrage of Bunnymen strumming — Bunnymen with sore wrists, that is. The singing is strictly post-nasal depression, but the



peculiar noise that is 'Blue Suit' is good for one anaemic round of 'name that Telecom sound effect'. Fabless. Gearless madness. On the other end of the band most likely to play at Carrie's senior prom spectrum are those iced beer, rollin', rawkin' Forcefield. A straight up version of the increasingly excellent sounding song. Play the two back to back to break the ice at Legend! parties.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Because I Love You (Epic)  
Slow motion amble on the rocky shores of time, kite in the air, dog in the water, greeting card poetry spouting from lover's lips, two cups of cold Nescafe in the window of the peeling beach house, Shakin' lonely as a cloud. One would think the world has had enough of silly love songs, wouldn't one?

THE LARKS: All Or Nothing (Exaltation)  
A bit like an uninspired drowning, in which the most unimportant events of one's new wave life flashes before bloodshot eyes. This is half nuked Knack, half cack, with a hefty side of bassy Cars. Produced by Vic 'New Wave' Maile, who might not even exist except in the simple mind of punk rocker chipmunk Nick Cash, who used his name on a 999 album credit to cover up the fact that the Eagles produced it. Which brings us to the oft ignored Eagles/Larks connection. . .

MATT BELGRANO & ROY GAYLE: Here's Lookin' At You (Music UK)  
What hath this post Wembley Simon Napier-Bell wrought? By popular demand, it says here, he's giving us Matt and Roy, Kings Road fashion victims who get down to a flaccid Wham! backbeat groove of impossible vanity: "Here's lookin' at you lookin' at me." Strictly for visual type people who enthuse over tacky music for all its camp and daring. Of course, it is neither.

THE DAMNED: Anything (MCA)  
Broocie's "woa woa woa" seizure at the end of 'Born To Hike' works its gasping way into the intro of this atrocity, which uses the same chug chug beat of 'Eloise', and might be as funny if Dave could cough up the amazing colossal phlegmball.

ANTI HEROIN: Live In World (EMI)  
R. JUSTICE ALLEN: Crackin UP (Catawba)  
Now that the modern world is divided into people who do drugs and people who do Nautilus, and anybody who wants to do a decent song on the latter has to surpass the excellence of 'Lets Get Physical,' we've a plethora of

drug songs. Actually they're anti drug, but how could they exist if people didn't do drugs in the first place. The ten thousand voices of the anti heroin project don't shock or terrify with 'Live In World' — how junkies tend to stay home a lot and don't feel very well. Oh. 'Cracking Up' while hardly addictive, is more effective with its lone rapper, and it tidily addresses both the ghetto and affluent abusers. The Justice also puts Ronnie on the stand with: "Now he president wants to send aid to the same old country where the coke is made." If all rap were as didactic as this we could forgive the monotony.

MELBA MOORE AND FREDDIE JACKSON: A Little Bit More (Capitol)  
JAKI GRAHAM: Step Right Up (EMI)  
CHAKA KHAN: Watching the World (WEA)  
Melba and Freddie waver between competition and compliment, as their counterpoint alternates between sweet soul harmonies and I-can-drag-out-that-phrasing-longer-than-you-routine that's meant to highlight drama in these deep pile carpet dialogues that have deteriorated steadily since Deniece Williams and Johnny Mathis set the standard. Not so wacky Jaki rocks out and cleverly combines the joys of sexual intercourse and running away to the circus as she demands: "Step Right Up, hurry, hurry, I'm yours tonight." Ah . . . Life under the big top. 'Course, Judy Collins had the same idea ages ago with 'Send in the Clowns.' Chaka Kant top that with her messy remix of 'Watching the World' which might be about the deterioration of our environment, or perhaps the view from the space shuttle before, as one Deep South headline put it, 'It Done Exploded.'

DEBBIE HARRY: French Kissin in the USA (Chrysalis)  
Truly pornographic. "Lips are in motion and . . . Oh I can't go on. Yuk. Yuk in the USA.

AFTER TONIGHT: It's Getting Harder and Harder (IDK)  
The sleeve is laid out American highschool yearbook style, with 'Great Personality' type mug shots showing us what post 2 Tone Coventry has to offer. Not tons, actually. Basic techno funk mega mixed plea for a change that this lot aren't capable of making. Young, gifted, and slightly boring, but they might move faster if Fun Boy Three father figure Lynval Golding would cultivate one specific talent rather than giving equal volume to slapping bass, eternal guitar solo, boisterous bass, etc. Everybody wants a shot at stardom, but it's getting harder and harder to muster enthusiasm for pet sub groups of sub groups.





# BRAZEN HUSSEY

And now, your ever caring  
**NME** presents . . .

1) A limp little man and his  
turgid sidekicks (that's  
**WAYNE HUSSEY** and **THE**  
**MISSION** to you).

2) A rampantly righteous  
**NEIL TAYLOR** bravely  
exposing the sort of tripe that's  
being fed our helpless pop  
kids.

3) Loads and loads of special  
'isn't Wayne just the  
naughtiest' asterisks . . . and

4) A misleadingly pleasant  
picture of the old bores by  
**CHRIS CLUNN**.

Read on and *sneer* . . .



ONE of these men is a dork. On second thoughts . . .

**"H**AVE YOU GOT ANY  
DRUGS, Neil?"

HELL! The caveman of  
rock and roll has actually  
managed to say something!

He's drunk eight bottles of wine  
during the afternoon and for the last  
15 minutes I've been wondering  
whether he's going to make it to the  
second floor interview room without  
the aid of an oxygen tent and a mobile  
de-tox unit. He's so full of liquid, you  
could pour him into a beaker and the  
pills in him would still float on top!

Less than a year into the career of The  
Mission and Wayne Hussey looks like he's  
been keeping some pretty hard company  
lately. He looks gaunt and artificially alive,  
and better with bins on than off. While he  
rips into the *NME* I don't even bother to  
turn on the tape.

"Admit, you're here because we make  
good music," he threatens me.

I could be here because you're in the  
charts, Wayne.

"Yeah, there's that too, but the fact that  
we're in the charts must mean, however  
superficially, that we make good music."

Indeed, The Mission are in the charts, but  
nobody I've spoken to seems to know why.  
My peers are unanimous in condemning  
them as awful, and even their record  
company, Phonogram, can't understand  
how their single 'Stay With Me' has  
ascended the charts. Only Wayne seems to  
know the answer.

"We're going to be world famous because  
we've created a sound that is original, and in  
ten months we've leapt from obscurity to  
Top 40. In another ten months we'll be  
massive."

**T**HE MISSION—Wayne on vocals,  
Simon on guitar, Craig on bass, and  
Mick on drums—rose mainly out of the  
ashes of two groups: the shambolic  
Sisters Of Mercy and the insignificant  
but entertainingly named Wed Lolly  
Yellow Lolly. Wayne also spent some time in  
Dead Or Alive, a band he parted with after a  
series of clothing clashes with the lion-like  
frontman Pete Burns.

"He wouldn't let me wear my own frocks. I  
had to have all his hand-me-downs, and as  
you know, well Pete's rather fat, and they  
were very loose on me! I left though because  
we never played live much and I like the  
feeling you get from live performances."

Clearly, being allowed to play live has  
piloted The Mission on a crash-course of  
self-destruction. In short, the band likes to

get out of their heads, and they see as a  
significant asset the fact that they can  
perform totally and excessively under the  
influences of drink and drugs.

Why do you get out of your heads,  
Wayne?

"Because we enjoy it, Neil"

How do you get out of your heads,  
Wayne?

"By drinking and taking drugs! At  
Reading, I arrived and I didn't bother seeing  
any of the support bands. I'd already been  
drinking on the way and the first thing I did  
there was a load of speed. Then I drank a  
bottle of wine, then I went to the hospitality  
tent and met my mates, then I drank a load  
more. We went on and I can't remember a  
thing after that"

Wayne admits that to be in The Mission is  
to live The Mission—get pissed, fall over, be  
sick, then get up and get pissed again. If God  
hadn't intended it to be this way he wouldn't  
have invented sex, drugs and rock and roll,  
there'd be no such thing as Keith Richards  
(refer later) and 'Eight Miles High' simply  
wouldn't exist.

And Wayne is the first to admit that the

lifestyle of The Mission says very little about  
their music.

"It's so difficult to articulate," he says,  
presumably referring to his music and not  
life generally. "We say the most by letting  
the music speak for itself."

The Mission's music speaks for itself—in  
an indecipherable tongue, some would say  
—but their lifestyle speaks easily-read  
volumes. But Wayne is keen to point out that  
there's more to The Mission than rock 'n' roll  
and getting out of their heads. There's also  
sex. And when it suits them, The Mission are  
heavily into sex.

**W**HO WOULD you like to have sex  
with then, Wayne?

"Oh, I dunno. Yasmin le Bon,  
Donna Ridgely, Oxo Mum . . .  
Anyone that's sexy!"

The audience?

"Most of them, yeah. I'm playing a gig and  
the audience are with me, and I think, yeah,  
this is f\*\*king wonderful! This is a reciprocal  
rock and roll love feeling!"

**TO PAGE 49**



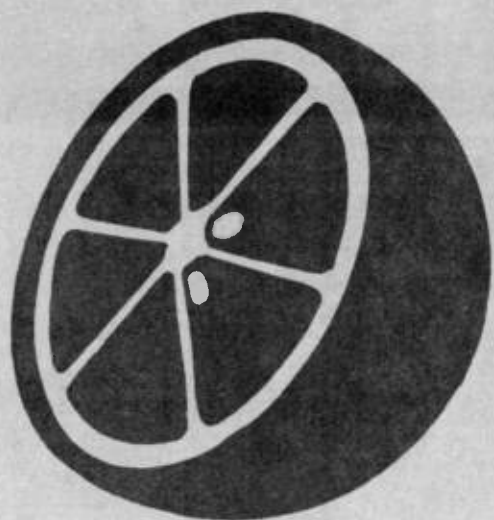
NEW ALBUM

# NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS

*Your Funeral ...  
... My Trial*







# TWO PIECE SWEET

## radar on the beach

TANNING BUTTER APPLIED BY DOCTOR COSGROVE

Where the sand gets into your shorts and the sun slips under your bikini, that's where Gidget and Erich von Zipper hang out – the territory of the beach movie. JIM MORTON recalls the first and last waves of the genre.



Radar's test pilot waits it out on a Limelight-designed board . . .

IN THE early '60s teenagers were bored with the grease-and-leather look spawned by Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*. The new look was clean, scrub-faced and wholesome, with bikinis, bright colours, hula shirts and bleeding madras pants. Amid a prospering economy these kids weren't the social misfits of the previous generation; they all planned to go to college and settle down into well-paying jobs some day. But before they did they wanted to have One Last Fling.

The hedonistic happiness and antics of this new breed of teenager did not go unnoticed by Hollywood. Teens composed a sizeable portion of the movie-going public, so Hollywood scrambled to find the type of film these new kids would flock to. They came up with "Beach Party" movies. But why? Let us backtrack to August 21, 1959, when Hawaii became a state. The entire country went Hawaiian; women took hula lessons in dance schools across the nation. Albums of Hawaiian music sold out in record stores and supermarkets. People held "luaus", and suburban backyards filled up with tiki gods, tonga torches, hula hoops and women in muu-muus and

leis.

Along with this came a sport that had long been popular in the islands: surfing. There had always been a few eccentric devotees on the California coast, but now surfing was *hot*. Kids took to it with a fervour formerly reserved for cars, sex, and rock 'n' roll . . .

A new culture headquartered on the beaches of America sprang up. Spurred by songs of the Beach Boys and other California bands, the kids of America went surf-mad, and Southern California became the place to be. Strange new words like "gremmy", "ho-daddy", "hang ten" and "cowabunga!" crept into the language.

An early film examining this phenomenon was *Gidget*, starring Sandra Dee as a young beach bunny caught between childhood and maturity. In the airheaded plot, Gidget becomes a kind of mascot to a group of beach bums whose strange ideas and lingo she finds intriguing. *Gidget* was so popular it spawned several sequels (each with a different woman playing the lead), a TV series starring Sally Field, and at least one parody (Jonathan Demme's *Gidget Goes To Hell*).

In the east, meanwhile, thousands of college students on Easter vacation would head south to Fort Lauderdale for some fun in the sun. The streets of this small Florida beach town would overflow with boisterous students drinking, staggering around, shouting, singing, throwing up, trying to overturn cars or taking their clothes off in public. Ten or 12

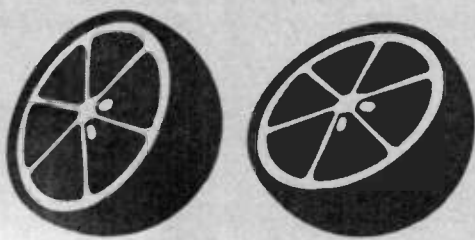
occupants to a motel room was not uncommon, and sex – or at least the desire for it – was rampant. As usual, the news media proclaimed outrage at the unrestrained antics of these drunken youths.

In 1960 MGM decided to capitalise on this annual Florida pilgrimage with *Where The Boys Are*, the story of four female students (played by Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss, Yvette Mimieux and Dolores Hart) who head south during spring break to meet boys and have fun. Some do, some don't, and Connie Francis sings a few tunes.

*WTBA* wasn't a musical, but it seemed like one. It had a happy-go-lucky air that many people found appealing. Paula Prentiss and Jim Hutton were so popular in this film that they – as a kind of lowbrow Myrna Loy and William Powell – were teamed again in *Bachelor In Paradise*, *The Love Machine*, *The Horizontal Lieutenant* and *Looking For Love*.

However, it took American-International Pictures (AIP) to do it *right*. In 1963 AIP hired pop idol Frankie Avalon and former Mouseketeer Annette Funicello to play Frankie and Dee Dee in *Beach Party*, the story of a breezy young couple whose entire life is spent on the beach. With them was the rest of their gang: Deadhead, Animal, Candy, Donna, Johnny, and others. Together they would twist their lives away, existing in a world of perpetual summer.

Into every life a little rain must fall, and in the lives of the Beach Party kids it appears in the form of Erich Von Zipper and his gang of backdated motorcycle



## bikini wax massage



hoods, "The Rats" (and their girlfriend auxiliary, "The Mice"). The Rats do everything in their power to disrupt the lives of the beach people, but they aren't very successful; The Rats are a bunch of morons, and their fearless leader, Erich Von Zipper, is a monument to ineptitude.

Von Zipper (as played by Harvey Lembeck) is an inspired invention. With his black leather jacket, motorcycle (with trophy tied to the handlebars), and tough-thug way of talking, Von Zipper effectively parodied the rebellious style of the '50s—a style the surfers totally rejected. Von Zipper was *The Wild One* gone to seed: Marlon Brando played as a stuttering cretin. The most memorable moments in the Beach Party films can be attributed to Von Zipper and his cronies, with lines like "You—stupid," and "Uh-oh, the Boss gave himself the finger." The character of Von Zipper appeared in no less than seven of the Beachy Party movies, outlasting Frankie, Annette, and the whole surfing crew.

After the initial success of *Beach Party*, Hollywood scrambled to imitate this new breed of film. In 1964 no less than seven films were released, all dealing with the joys of partying in the sand. Three, produced by AIP were sequels to *Beach Party*. In *Pajama Party* Frankie Avalon was replaced by another ex-Disney star, Tommy Kirk, who played Go-Go, a Martian sent to spy on earthlings in advance of a future invasion. (Strangely, Kirk would play an almost identical character in another film, *Mars Needs Women*.) 1964 also saw the release of the first Beach Party horror film, *Horror At Party Beach*—a logical synthesis, since the two genres appealed to largely the same crowd.

Along with AIP's films came a host of imitators and also-rans. For surfing, the best of the bunch was *Ride The Wild Surf*, filmed in Hawaii at Waimea Bay where waves occasionally reach heights of 100 feet. For sheer zaniness, though, *Ride The Wild Surf* couldn't compare with the AIP films. When the characters weren't surfing, the action stopped cold.

United Artists attempted to join the fun with an uneven film starring James Darren and Bob Denver, entitled *For Those Who Think Young*. Aside from Denver's clever ho-daddy routine and the routine appearance of Nancy Sinatra, the film has little to offer.

Director Lennie Weinrib attempted to recreate the ambience of AIP films with his film *Beach Ball*, a movie about an all-guy band pretending to be an all-girl band. By using pop stars in guest appearances, Weintraub felt he could improve on the Beach Party formula. Whether *Beach Ball* is an improvement is arguable, but the film does provide an opportunity to see some now-established stars in their formative stages, including a young and nervous-looking Diana Ross and the Supremes.

Producer-Director Maury Dexter tried to infuse the beach genre with drama and relevance—almost a contradiction in terms. The results was films like *Surf Party* and *Wild on the Beach* and though

they're worth seeing, they lack the pop-giddiness of their predecessors.

Action in the AIP films was, to put it mildly, wacky. Scripts were like something out of *Mad* magazine, bordering on the edge of surrealism. For example, dancer Candy Johnson has the power to knock men over just by shaking her hips. Erich Von Zipper learns the secret of "The Tibetan Finger Technique" and constantly puts himself—accidentally—into a state of suspended animation. Frankie Avalon often turns to the camera and addresses the audience concerning events in the film. A derelict sitting in the corner of a local coffeehouse turns out to be none other than Vincent Price, exclaiming, "Where's my pendulum? I feel like swinging!"

None of this seems to bother the beach kids. As long as the sun keeps shining, the music keeps playing, and the supply of Dr. Pepper doesn't run out, they're happy. The only thing bothering Annette is Frankie's bohemian outlook and resistance to marriage. The ensuing problems form the backbone of the beach-film plots. The issue of marriage is never resolved, but they do manage to sing a few songs about their dilemma.

Most of the singing is done by Frankie and Annette, either as a duo or separately. The rest of the singing chores were mostly handled by Donna Loren, truly the forgotten star of the Beach Party movies. Her happy-go-lucky air epitomises the spirit of these films. Her singing was not so bad, either; firmer and less breathy than Annette's. Donna achieved some popularity during the mid-'60s, appearing regularly on TV shows such as *Hullabaloo* and *Where The Action Is*. Unfortunately AIP wasn't interested in promoting her career, and aside from singing one or two songs in most of the Beach Party movies, Donna did little more than stand in the background and smile on cue.

Most of the AIP Beach films were directed by William Asher, a fine low-budget director who is best known for *I Love Lucy*. The rest were directed by a diverse line-up of people including horror director Mario Bava (*Dr. Goldfoot and the Girlbombs*), sleaze filmmaker Stephanie Rothman (*It's A Bikini World*), classic 'B' filmmaker Norman Taurog (*Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine*), pedestrian hack Don Weis (*Pajama Party* and *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*) and Don Knott's favourite director, Alan Rafkin (*Ski Party*). It is Asher's films, however, that remain the most lively and engaging of the lot.

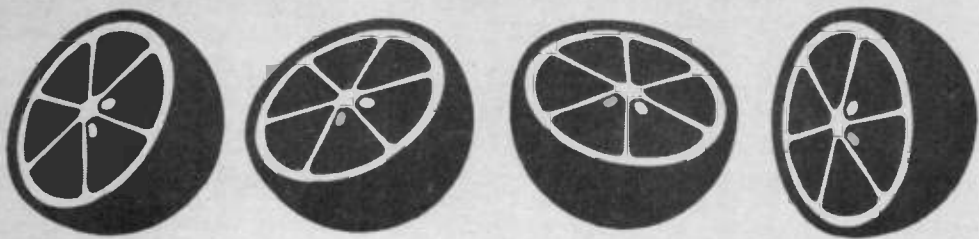
By 1967 Beach films had just about died out; surfing no longer held the magic for the younger generation it once had. The times were changing; the ultra-clean look was a thing of the past, replaced by the shaggy and the unkempt; colours went from bright to back-light and Day-Glo; stripes and plaids changed to paisleys and wild patterns; the trebly sound of the surf guitar was replaced with wah-wah and fuzztone. The action moved from the beach to smoky dance halls with loud bands and light-shows on the walls. Surfing had been replaced by pot and LSD.

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## THAT'S ALL FOLKS



**ANIMATION SYNCOPATION**  
**THE HARD CELL:**  
**ANIMATED POLITICS & PROPOGANDA**  
DIRECTORS: Various  
STARRING: Lines and shapes and colours in pure affective play (BFI)

**FAMOUS CARTOON**  
Characters are weird enough, when you think about it. With no off-screen antics to flesh them out, their entire lived being is sketched into a wiggle or a walk. We know Wile E. like a brother, but there's no more to him than a bunch of lines and shapes slimmed or slammed into emotive motion. No surprise, then, to find there were animators working in European obscurity who punched through to the nerve-centre of cartoon-adrenalin with purely abstract shapes in motion, likewise. Oskar Fischinger's *Unit One, Study No. 6* is a whirling ballet of B/W cut-outs, dizzy and

wicked. And in the States, in natural temperamental opposition to Disney's state-of-the-art prettiness, the city hipster Fleischer Brothers cram Ms Betty Boop into a certain well-known fairy-tale, only to find that 'snow' means something else to their Jazz-age fan-club: *Betty Boop in SNOW WHITE* is a sinuously jerky scramble of nonsense and sweet drugged flow. Best of all, the music's by Cab Calloway ('St Louis Infirmary Blues', with Cab's own dancing rotoscoped into immortality...)

The propaganda shorts put together for *The Hard Cell* are more fascinating than convincing, on the whole. The early Soviet selection are curiosities, the Steve Bell/Bob Godfrey collaborations a deep disappointment. Only Daffy Duck's wartime morale booster really flows into any sort of inner logic. You wonder why it was that any of these were OK'd

as adequate persuasion. But there it is—the demands of animation are really to keep the paying face in the stalls glued, rapt, to the glow of the screen. And the end of a great cartoon, the watcher wants to burst into sprays of zig-zagging colour, not submit to collective revolutionary organisation.

**Mark Sinker**

(*Animation Syncopation* and *The Hard Cell* form part of an Animation Festival at the London's Everyman Cinema from November 2 to 8: tickets £2.00, £1.50 concs, or £12.50 for a season ticket.)

### TELEVISION 50 YEARS ON

THIS WEEK we celebrate the 50th birthday of the cathode ray tube and, in true blue mediocre style, the Beeb hits us with a few past "classics". You can

afford to miss THE BILLY COTTON BANDSHOW (Wednesday November 5, 7.20, BBC1) unless you're (a) geriatric, (b) masochistic and/or (c) dead from the neck up and hips down. You can also pass on Z CARS (Thursday November 6, 6.30, BBC1) 'cept for the great James Ellis as Sergeant Lynch. In fact, the only unmissable repeat from the glory days is Bleasdale's social surrealist BOYS FROM THE BLACKSTUFF (Friday November 7, 9.45 BBC2) about which there is very little left to say except watch! Sadly, there is no sign of the most awesome moment in Brit drama, Dennis Potter's PENNIES FROM HEAVEN with Bob Hoskyns in excelsis. Seems the rights were flogged off to Hollywood for the inferior Steve Martin pic. Tragic.

**JEWISH SOUL MUSIC**  
Sunday November 9, (4.20, Channel 4)

GIORA FEIDMAN is the mainman, using his clarinet to speak of history, folklore, tradition and culture. Jewish folk music has been called "the mirror of the Jewish soul" and, according to those in the know, is as "recognisable as Dixieland or Calypso". Tune in and groove to such classics as 'Mother in Law's Dance' and 'Coachman's Muddy Boot Dance'. With 2,000 years of testifyin' behind it, this has got to be the oldest soul, yet spontaneous improvisation still reigns supreme. Intriguing.

**SEAN O'HAGAN**

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## in step

### GINGER AND FRED

DIRECTOR: Frederic Fellini  
STARRING: Giulietta Masina, Marcello Mastroianni (Recorded Releasing)

THE TROUBLE with a satire about the media being shallow, intrusive, anti-intellectual and exploitative is that you have to spend too much time watching it being shallow, intrusive and anti-intellectual in exchange for 20 minutes of excitement. In other words, by dismantling conventional narrative forms in order to satirise them, Fellini shows us how much we are at their mercy. In other words, this film's very accuracy threatens to stultify you. It's a dangerous game to play, but, as always, Fellini wins.

The film is all about what would happen if Italian TV was de-regulated and programmes had to compete for advertising space in a new-age ratings-war. What would happen, of course, is that the programmers would press the Noel Edmonds button and we'd end up with wall-to-wall freakshows. And on the freakshow which is the film's central pivot we have everything: a levitating vicar, dancing midgets, Reagan's double. There is one weeping woman who has been the victim of a terrible experiment:



"Heil, the power of positive TV!!"

she has had to go without television for a month. "It's all right", the oily host soothes, "you'll never have to do it again".

And the counterpoint to all of this is two of the freaks themselves: an old couple who used to do wartime impressions of Astaire and Rogers have been dredged out of the annals to make an arthritic comeback. Here they are, two sweet oldies who haven't seen each other for years, surrounded by mutants and Kojak lookalikes. As the story progresses, they become more and more nervous about their act. Will they fall over? Will they make fools of themselves? Of course they will – Fellini's *schadenfreude* is unabated. This makes a poor trailer but a constantly titulating film.

William Leith

### MEN

DIRECTOR: Doris Dorrie  
STARRING: Heiner Lauterbach, Ulrike Kriener, Uwe Ochsenknecht (Artificial Eye)

ITS ALWAYS 1968 in West Germany. A watershed year of crazy schemes and high ideals that ended up sour. Even those 'radicals' on the fringes love ascending that corporate ladder. And this three way voyeurism of sorts – we spy on Dorrie framing Julius while he looks in on Paula's (wife) extra-martial liason with Stefan (drop-out artist) – unfurls into a comedy of manners, situations and role-reversal in which lessons of eventual conformity are cemented in kind.

The city of men is a conquered one; license for

Dorrie to ridicule those strange clannish rituals of an endangered species; sustained to the strains of 'When I Was Young' but hindered by shot/reverse-shot logic – the curse of convention – and linear narrative drive. We're forced to concentrate on dialogue and what it denotes. Jealousy is green. From the moment Julius finds a hickey (lovebite) on Paula's neck onwards everything is seen through him. He connives to move in with Stefan and it all shadows around their relationship.

It's accurate. Her screenplay brims with finely-tuned, revealing, one-liners as if by an insider, though the execution leaves doubts – she hasn't taken on the cinematic asset of fucking with Time, or even viewing a world of heightened realism topsy-turvy. Camera angles all go by the book. Yet it scores as an enervating yarn or a reasoned reversal of both 'buddy-buddy' genre pieces and the *typisch* male fantasy. Most of all as a comedy of ridicule, the knowing leer, King Kong masks, irrational acts and snores.

Dale Fadele

### THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW

DIRECTOR: Christopher Cain  
STARRING: Emilio Estevez, Craig Sheffer (Miracle)

OVERPASS SHADOWS flicker, cars shark out of lane, hamburgers are eaten. Feuds are declared, drugs taken, people shot, buddies hugged, mothers hospitalised, generations gapped and bridged, squares baited. Will the boys get off with the girls? Will the girls enjoy it? Who will die? And who will deal the drugs? It's another celluloid translation of another S. E. Hinton novel.

If that was then and this is now, now is exactly the same as then except for one thing – it's getting middle aged, overgrown, harder to avoid triteness and cliché with it. I don't want to sound churlish, but there are times when you look at a character from this film as the camera picks out the fist he is bashing on the table and there's no question about what he's going to say, or what the reply will be, or exactly how long he'll pause before he says something like "We were brothers" or, "I love you, Bryon". But for all this formulaic unconvincing-ness it's not a bad little film and you

walk out vaguely wondering how responsible you're being to your immediate friends.

The central pivot around which all the happenings and fables accumulate is the progressively crumbling Estevez-Sheffer friendship. Sheffer is Bryon – sensible, straight-backed, scrupulously normal. Estevez is Mark – weird, frightened, adopted, shiftless, the rebel without a handbrake who is destined always to skid in front of him and provide him with a fresh and intractable moral dilemma. The boys are growing up. They are growing up differently. Every so often they look at each other and sigh. "That was then, Mark," Sheffer will say, and Estevez replies, "Yeah, and this is now".

But the trouble with the film is that it seems to fall towards the finish with too little gravitational pull: there is no central narrative whirlpool to suck all the events together. People get smashed in the mouth, or crowned with broken bottles, or fried with LSD, or caught by the police, but the effect is diluting, soap-operatic, rather than intensifying. It starts. And then there is more of it. And then it ends, with a silly little flourish.

William Leith

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Fri. 14th November LEICESTER Princess Charlotte  
Sun. 16th November COLCHESTER Works Club  
Wed. 19th November BRIGHTON Richmond  
Thu. 20th November OXFORD Polytechnic  
Fri. 21st November LONDON Goldsmiths College  
Sat. 22nd November BATH Moles Club  
Sun. 23rd November LONDON Ronnie Scotts (acoustic)  
Mon. 24th November LEEDS Warehouse  
Thu. 27th November PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic  
Fri. 28th November LONDON Imperial College  
Sat. 29th November WENDOVER Well Head Inn  
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## SLOW TOME COMING

### NO DIRECTION HOME: THE LIFE OF BOB DYLAN

Robert Shelton  
(New English Library, 573pp, £14.95)

THIS IS not the book I'd hoped for. It is a work of painstaking diligence, cautious intimacy and amiable perception but it adds little to the fund of received wisdom. For 25 years now, Robert Shelton has been admirably placed to construct the definitive biography. As reviewer for the

New York Times, he gave Dylan his first influential notice back in 1961. Unfortunately, his long-standing relationship with his subject may be construed as both advantage and handicap. Getting in on the ground floor does, of course, win Shelton enormous benefits. His participation in the Greenwich Village scene of the early '60s helps him to present a plausible, familiar portrait of the beginnings of the folk boom. His partisan account of Dylan's rise reminds us that his eventual pre-eminence was an achievement not an

award. In a fascinating 1966 interview, conducted in mid-air over Nebraska and Colorado, a free-associating Dylan acknowledges guile, despair, ruthlessness and exahaustion. There is something infallibly alluring in both his candour and his equally artful evasion. This conversation dramatises the philosophic imperative which fills his work with such resonance. Shelton's part in the discussion illustrates the nature of the book's inadequacy: he is neither disagreeable nor provocative, taking his cue from the flux of Dylan's mood. His prudent unobtrusiveness ensures that he never again comes so close to tapping the source which feeds Dylan's torrential outpour. This is a major drawback, especially when viewed in tandem with Shelton's disappointingly conventional plotting of the career. Most everyone agrees that the incandescent fountainhead of surrealism which flowed through the 65/66 albums is the finest flower of Dylan's muse. Unanimity is an incurious cat. I had expected an apologist of Shelton's stature to offer a more

vital interpretation of Life and Art since the accident. Instead, he devotes a cursory 120 pages to the ensuing 20 years. He is as frustrated by Dylan's espousal of Domestic Utopia as other commentators, finding it difficult to embrace the homilies of '69 with the same enthusiasm he brought to the era of epigram. For a student of myth Dylan's withdrawal is a period rich in symbolic potential. Both Alan Bleasdale and Albert Goldman have examined Elvis' Fat period. Their projections, at times outlandishly Rabelaisian, did not noticeably diminish the King's mythic power. Elvis' feet of clay still cavort in Blue Suede Shoes. It is a pity that Shelton hasn't bucked tradition by rendering the early '70s a little more imaginatively. A sceptic reserve, civility, also pervades the discussion of the post conversion albums. Shelton's praise is expert but polite. He recognises the power of 'Slow Train Coming' but is too distracted by Dylan's fundamentalism to be moved by the singing. Later, he notes the naked wonder of songs like 'Every Grain of Sand' and 'Dark

Eyes' but not their majesty. These songs compare with the lambent piety of 'Chimes of Freedom' and 'Love Minus Zero'. A keener dramatist might have detected cathartic possibilities in this rejuvenation. Shelton simply abandons his narrative with matter-of-fact loyalty. A more contentious plot of the trajectory of Dylan's career is provided by 'Biograph', a similarly hefty five-record set released last

Christmas but ignored in these pages. Authorial intent is denied by Dylan. No matter. The track selection and sequencing display an instinctive grasp of the breadth of his achievement. The persistence of his vision is stressed subtly. His whimsical and apocalyptic tendencies are both indulged – thank you, thank you, THANK YOU! ladies and gentlemen, Mr

Bleddyn Butcher!

### TOO MUCH (ART AND SOCIETY IN THE SIXTIES 1960–75) Robert Hewison (Methuen £14.95)

I'VE LOST count of the number of bands who have built their careers around a bastardised '60s sound and image; I've ceased sneering at the '60s nostalgia casualties I see walking down London streets; I'm no longer surprised that hallucinogenic drugs are once again popular. In darkest '80s Britain, people are desperate for escapism. So, certain kids and certain shrewd capitalists look back to the Britain of the '60s – using old record collections, magazines, paperbacks, films, and television repeats – and see a land of fascinating spectacle: of novelty, spontaneity, colour and energy, of happiness. On with the paisley shirts and patchouli oi! Out with the barber and the Right-wing Ad-man's wash & brush up propaganda! Culture that, I-was-up-all-night-getting-stoned-to-The Avengers look! At least if the bomb drops, you will have made damn sure you weren't aware it was coming. And if you are a player rather than an observer in this '60s resurrection, you will die with a fat wad in your pocket.

"... quick money, quick fame, quick sex ...", was how Francis Wyndham chose to comment on the real 1960s in his text for gawdblimey photographer David Bailey's '65 opus, Box of Pin-Ups (a book of snaps of all the best-looking nouveau riche, which included the Kray Twins). The '60s were quick indeed. A rare era of economic surplus, which gave birth to a chronic materialism that scarred Britain, with the result that – 20 years on – British society is experiencing a class war that the more optimistic of '60s sages thought had finally been held in check. The swinging '60s was an image-conscious exercise in consumerism: line your bunker with Pop Art, Beatles LPs, Habitat furniture, grass plants, and Underground posters. Revolt into sterling! Its a dead shame '86 youth are choosing to re-live their parents' bad trip. But, as I said before, some of the brats have smelt the ackers in this neo-hippy shit. Robert Hewison's book is a dour, academic exposé of '60s culture. No wacky celebration of mini-skirts, kinky boots, and student flag-burning; 'Too Much' fills in the gaps which the allure of '60s pop music and '60s pop imagery has too frequently obscured: issues about politics, morality, and the psyche. It's a valuable source-book for hack harbingers of Style's doom, and another tome for clever new hippies to consult in search of the '60s. Cash from chaos!

Jane Solanas

## YO! GIRLS!

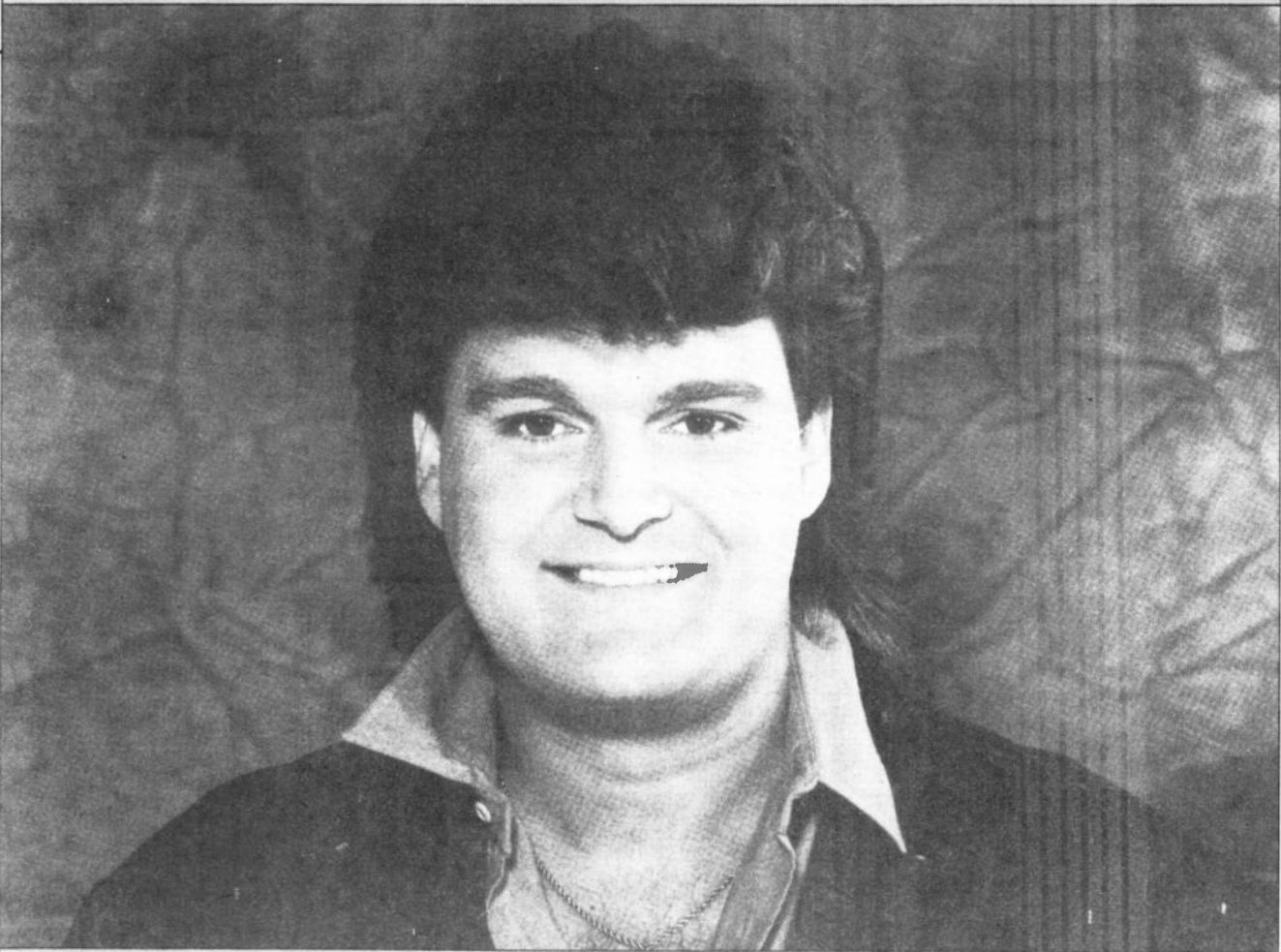
### THE GIRLS IN THE GANG Anne Campbell (Blackwell £7.95)

FIFTY-FIVE per cent of black families in New York are headed by women. Most are on welfare – 70 per cent of pregnant New York teenagers will be jobless after giving birth. Under the 'man in the house rule' applied by the state, they will be denied all benefits if an 'employable' male is living with them. So when Gwen Guthrie sings "There ain't nothin' goin' on but the rent", she's not a heartless cow – she's taking a pragmatic look at choices for a lot of black women living in New York City today. Anne Campbell's study of gang girls is published as feminist criminology. But it's also a brilliant urban novel and an oral history which allows fly girls like the Sandman Ladies, the Sex Girls and the Five Percent Nation to speak out about their lives. In doing so they fill in gaps left by male subcultural sociologists who have previously only mentioned them in footnotes, as deviants who do not sit well into their class relations group cohesion theories. Without this knowledge, we will continue to misinterpret the songs of assertive ladies like Gwen – romance a la West Side Story does not make a good street survival mechanism. In New York there are around 400 street gangs with a total membership of up to 40,000. Ten per cent of these are women like Connie, Weeza and Sun-ray, living by a system of values where by night they will

accompany their men to the rumble, concealing pistols beneath brassieres, while next morning they are concerned parents, tackling the local schoolteacher on their child's education. Most of them are used to double standards though. Academics file them into negative categories based on the information they receive talking to the young guns on the streets. First there is the 'good wife': she's the woman who betrays her roots by adopting aspirational values; she's bad because she tries to separate her man from his mates, thereby attacking gang unity. Then there is the 'independent woman', who supports her family by herself – racism means it is easier for a black woman to obtain service work than it is for a man, but she is considered castrating. The 'sex object' is used and abused by most gang members, though often the prerequisite of membership is to sleep with one of the boys. Lastly, the woman who tries to gain acceptance on male terms is the 'tomboy'; she is made to look ridiculous and sexless. American street gangs invented rap and break dancing and are uncritically regarded by most leftist observers as the embodiment of radical, youthful opposition to mainstream cultural values. The Girls In The Gang gives us first hand evidence that this is not the case – the crews of N.Y.C. are just as hamstringing on misogyny as any gentlemen's club in Mayfair.

Joan McAlpine

# RICKY SKAGGS



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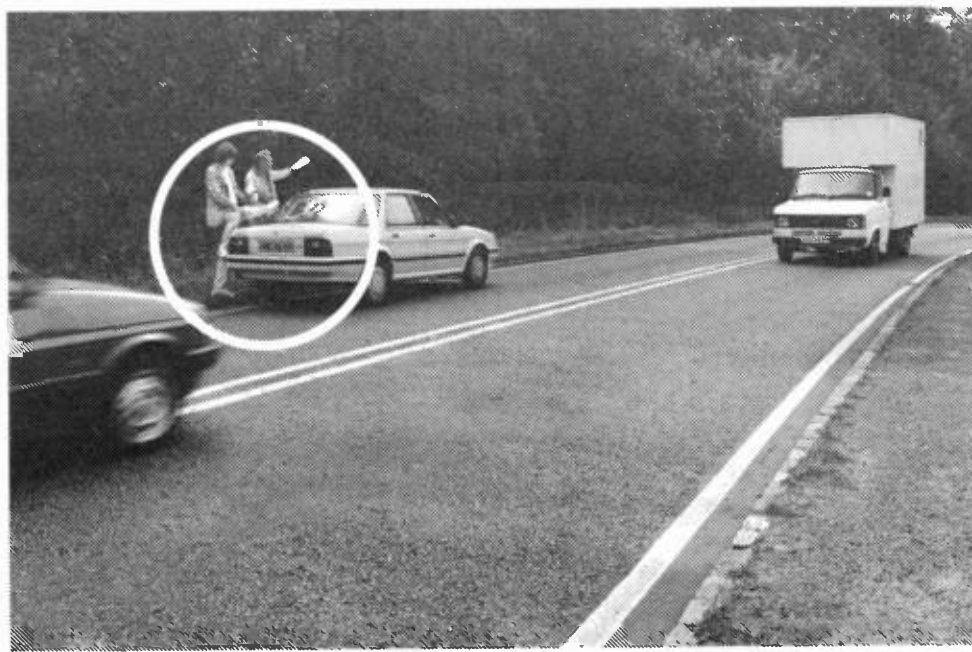
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# SING ME TO SLEEP

**"To kill oneself intentionally." (OED) In Britain, the SUICIDE rate among under 25s is steadily increasing. LUCY O'BRIEN investigates the personal reasons and social pressures which cause an individual to choose death above life, and reflects on the heroic relationship between literature, music and self-destruction. Illustration by MX @ Ai.**

*"When Nancy was 12 years old, she'd walk around summer camp with The Bell Jar under her arm. Sylvia Plath at 12 years old! You got a serious case there. Like, you can see how some punks toyed around with the skulls and crosses — all the imagery and paraphernalia of death. She was different. Punks used the death symbols in a lively way... but she really wanted to die." Chloe Webb on Nancy Spungen*

*"Wherever I sat... I would be under the same glass bell jar, stewing in my own sour air". Sylvia Plath*

SINCE HER suicide in 1963, many thousands of young women (and men?) have identified with Sylvia Plath. *The Bell Jar*, her blankly written, crushingly concise semi-autobiography of breakdown, attempted suicide and hospitalization has often been acclaimed for its non-sensationalist tone, its air of reality, because its key character is the 'norm' against which her "wreckage of a life" asserts itself.

From its opening line — "It was a queer, sultry summer, the summer they electrocuted the Rosenbergs..." — and because of its unhysterical logic, *The Bell Jar* has become a bible, an accompaniment to depression, an articulation of feelings continually repressed in our society.

In 1986 the number of young people under 25 committing suicide is steadily increasing. Although it hasn't reached the 'epidemic' proportions of high risk areas in America, where in a 12 month period between 1983-4, seven teenagers killed themselves in smalltown Plano, Texas, or this year, three Omaha Bryan High School pupils took their lives within five days. In Britain over the last decade, the suicide rate for young males has increased by roughly 39 per cent. Whilst 70 per cent of young suicides are male, a massive 90 per cent of young parasuicides (or recorded deaths by misadventure) are females. In the last three years, calls to the Samaritans have increased by 23 per cent. The statistics superficially probe a mesh of concrete factors — social, cultural, personal — which contribute to a problem often left unidentified and undiscussed.

And with the actual suicide of Plath herself, the poet has acquired mythical, almost cult status, in that we manufacture heroism out of our 'tortured artists'. In dislocated heroism, art and creativity begin to equal destruction, and turn death into high art, a risky connection that fails to confront the physical reality of killing your body. Yukio Mishima's ritualised suicide may present death as a heroic act, but what about a housewife dosed up on valium, a passenger under a train; stasis, emotional numbness, solitary tension?

From the insidious vocation of medieval martyrs, to 18th century romantic poetry, to

the determined nihilism of Dadaism, there has always been a perverse aesthetic meaning attached to suicide, a gesture sometimes seen as artistic liberation, or even bravado.

History has seen suicide pass from being a mortal sin against God, to a lay criminal offence, to a 20th century phenomenon, an unpunished and major cause of death. But what experiences link the romanticism of Keats' "to cease upon the midnight with no pain" to the reality of modern day statistics and the suicide soundtrack of pop?

UNITED STATES research into youth suicide has resulted in new developments, spurred on by the Ozzy Osbourne 'Suicide Solution' suit, where the Los Angeles parents of John McCollum (19) sued Osbourne (unsuccessfully) alleging that his song was a major factor in the suicide of their son. The Washington Wives claim rock'n'roll has exerted influence to such a degree that our teen generation is switching off, dropping out and stating the ultimate in 'f\*\*k you'. While it is a crass interpretation to say that teenagers act out the lyrics of their rock heroes, music can bring to the surface trapped feelings that become difficult to deal with alone.

On May 18 1980, Ian Curtis hanged himself. Since then, the interpretation of Curtis' stark imagery and lyrics crystallised in Britain a continuing myth of rock heroism. Via NME three weeks later, Paul Morley said: "Joy Division make art." And in the disturbed, disappointed, throwback years of 'post punk', Ian Curtis' death — a traumatic and personal affair — was seen as a definitive statement. His lyrics, a desperate exploration, became soundtracks to teen philosophy, teen angst that was darkly chic: "I never realised/ The lengths I'd have to go/ All the darkest corners of/ A sense I didn't know/ Now that I've realised/ How it's all gone wrong/ Got to find some therapy/ This treatment takes too long/ Deep in the heartland/ Where sympathy held sway/ Got to find my destiny/ Before it gets too late." ('Twenty Four Hours' Joy Division)

These bleak images matched the early '80s, where recession bit, and adolescent intensity plus mournful black became *de rigeur*. A Cambridge band named Sylvia Is Dead welded the icons of Plath and Curtis — four experimental young men described by a friend as "the leading lights of a scene consisting of junkies, bohemians and repressed Roman Catholics. The singer Julian read Artaud, was existentialist and saw suicide as a gesture". It wasn't so much their PiL-type music as the method which is significant, an embrace of severe alienation and absurdity.

In a macabre fashion, the resounding effects of Curtis' death meant that not only was suicide condoned but celebrated; associated with needle-point sensitivity, depth, wisdom — understanding through suffering. Six years later, the Queen is Dead, Punk is Dead, but the ethic lives on in Morrissey. Amongst the constant fan mail he receives, some comes from people who are "incredibly depressed", and there were two recent instances of young suicidal people who wrote to him on a daily basis and afterwards killed themselves.

"Morrissey admits to being intrigued and enthralled by suicide," Smiths' press officer Pat Bellis told me, "and he *did* get some serious letters from people who later committed suicide. Although he had empathy for the individuals, he never wrote back because he would have become involved and they'd have started leaning on him."

What about the families, do they attach any blame to Morrissey's songs?

"In two specific instances relations wrote in confidence that the people involved had found his records a great source of comfort during bad times, and they were grateful for that".

Talking to NME's Ian Pye earlier this year, Morrissey said: "Although it's very hard for many people to accept, I do actually respect a suicide because it's having control over one's life. It's the strongest statement anyone can make and people aren't really strong. You could say it was negative leaving the world but if people's lives are so enriched in the first place than ideas of suicide would never occur. Most people, as we know, lead desperate and hollow lives... So many of the people that I admire took their lives... Stevie Smith, Sylvia Plath..."

"Sing me to sleep/ Sing me to sleep/ And then leave me alone/ Don't try to wake me in the morning/ For I will be gone/ Don't feel bad for me/ I want you to know/ Deep in the cell of my heart/ I will feel so glad to go/ Sing me to sleep/ Sing me to sleep/ I don't want to wake up on my own anymore/ Don't feel bad for me/ I want you to know/ Deep in the cell of my heart/ I really want to go/ There is another world/ There is a better world/ Oh there must be." ('Asleep', The Smiths).

KEY factor leading to suicide is isolation, a belief in the person that s/he cannot get help from anyone. Recently The Samaritans released a commercial featuring a foetal-like figure struggling through a suffocating latex sheet. The soundtrack is overlaid with screams and Pink Floyd singing "Is there anybody out there?". The answer appearing on the screen is, of course, "Yes... The Samaritans". An emotive and disturbing piece of film, is it a graphic bid to get hip?

"If we've had a middle-class, middle-aged, middle-brow image we want to do away with it and say to young people 'look here we are'," says Simon Armes, Assistant General Secretary of The Samaritans.

Did you get a lot of response from the advert?

"Yes we did. The message doesn't get across to an intellectual level. We want to get into the feelings, the bit where it hurts inside, enable people to feel how it is to be trapped and lonely, not being able to get out."

Isn't there a danger that, like the anti-heroine ads, the subject is glamorised?

"I hope not. There's a balance we've got to maintain between being low profile, which is what we've traditionally been for 30 years, and high profile, more controversial — the advantage being we get more attention, more generally known about."

Samaritan initiatives for young people include a National Youth Officer, young



*"I got hysterical, going to get the pills thinking 'There's got to be an end to this, some peace of mind'. I remember lying on my bed dropping 20 or 30 in. I put this Motown music on really loud – crazy mad dance stuff. . . Strangely it emphasised how removed I felt from life"*

**Margaret, 23**

volunteers, a branch solely dedicated to being at rock festivals "where young peoples' needs might be very high", talks in youth groups, and a teaching pack for distribution in the educational network.

So what are the factors attributing to a rising suicide rate?

"Relationship problems, high parental expectations, pressure to achieve academically and get a job in a very difficult climate, problems with the peer group, being seen to be OK amongst your mates, experimenting with drugs or alcohol. Then there's the problem that's been around since time began, the transition from childhood to adulthood. But the pace of life, the level of expectation, is such that a number of young people feel unable to cope."

Do you see it as a political issue, in terms of unemployment?

"No, I don't. It's certainly not party political. Some people encourage us to say suicide and unemployment correlate very highly and therefore there must be a relationship. It'd be too simplistic to take that view."

Is it common for unemployed people to call you?

"Yes it is . . . but unemployment is a precipitating factor. There could be other problems."

In contrast, a young volunteer working for the charity in Central London has a more radical view, which she stresses is her own, rather than Samaritan, policy.

"It's no coincidence that suicide rates are rising, given the fact that hard social conditions are far more common. Normal support systems don't exist so much anymore; there is not the same extended family or community network, in school the teacher/pupil ratio is appalling, under-resourcing is high, so teachers don't have time to talk to a depressed teenager even if they are aware of it."

In addition to the isolation of the young person, there's the isolation of the 'nuclear family'.

"One of the factors of this present government is that the family unit is the only one given credibility or status, and as a healthy unit it doesn't necessarily work very well. With constant pressure on relationships between parents and children, when that breaks down it's particularly damaging."

Suicide is still a forbidden subject, taboo – surely it would be in government interests to provide information, or does it work for them to keep people scared of mental illness?

"Think about a society in which everyone was healthy, in control of what they were doing with a sense of purpose and conviction. What place government? I don't think people in Parliament think that consciously, but because they're set up to feel vulnerable about their position, they'll control and legislate to ensure that position."

The social structure becomes reflected in a person's response, when in depression they feel powerless to change or make choices, control coming from the outside.

"They opt out, unimpressed by authority, decisions or jobs – ultimately they're saying 'what's the point? more fool you!'"

There are also 'rational suicides' – people who abdicate personal responsibility for a world dominated by the threat of the Bomb. It's their statement of futility in a society which has extracted personal power to such

a degree that they see no point in staying alive to support it. A more pragmatic slant than the romantic suicide legacy.

"I just know so many people badly depressed who *aren't* writers or musicians."

**G**INNIE AND Antonia Murphy – whose sister Olivia (a 25 year old, ex-drama student) committed suicide four years ago – note the 'artistic' connection.

"Olivia read all that literature when she was ill." Apart from underlined sections of Plath, Olivia left sheaves of paper containing brief poems, and an eclectic collection of "quotes of hopelessness" stretching from Simone de Beauvoir through Anais Nin to Woolf and Hemingway. Bound up with a self image of creative importance is an obsessive fear of failure and non-achievement, though Antonia sees literature as a solace rather than cause of her sister's depression. Their reaction to her death?

"No matter how much we said to Olivia 'I love you', she still did it," says Ginnie, "and my first reaction was anger".

Antonia: "Mine was relief. I felt very guilty about that – though it's not the same as *gladness*. Just recognition that the weight was off my shoulders. It had been a drain on my thinking and energy for about four years; all I could see was it getting worse and worse, like caring for someone with a terminal illness."

In Western society images of impossible perfection are set up, 'norms' are established on how a person is supposed to be, and failure to match up has a particular identity-collapsing effect. Suicide is one way to ensure that you are up there with 'the Biggies' – Plath, Monroe, Joplin, Dean etc etc, making a decisive impact with premature death. With reference to rock music, the pop culture is one that elevates youth, transience and easy consumerism, and within this context there is nothing worse than growing old, fat, or *decaying*. It's a social neuroses which effects the arbitrary delineation of 'adolescence' – an artificial bridge between 'childhood' (where you have no rights or responsibilities) and 'adulthood' (where you are expected to suddenly assume them). The transition is tricky, and with the emotive connection of youth, hipness and death, notions of suicide can set up a 'copycat' effect, and dangerously offer a sense of release and immortality.

**M**ARGARET, a 23 year old music fan, left college and moved to Sheffield. Part of the city's attraction for her was "the illusion that it was a community of people intensely involved with art". The reality was one of living on the dole in run-down housing, isolated and far from the town centre. Six months ago she took an overdose and was lucky to survive. She emerged from the experience with a determined awareness and perception that cuts through the former confusion.

"My troubles started really when I was about 13 – suicidal feelings had always been with me, but it wasn't until this year that a

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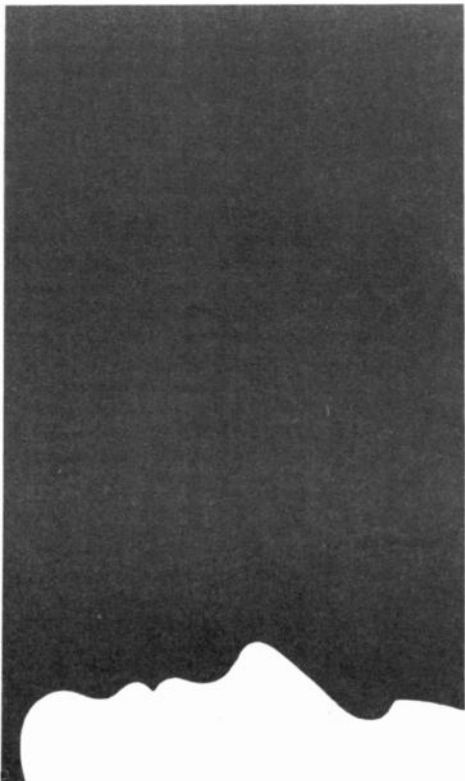
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*"Although it's very hard for many people to accept, I do actually respect a suicide because it's having control over one's life. . . You could say it was negative leaving the world but if people's lives were so enriched in the first place then ideas of suicide would never occur"* **Morrissey**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

combination of circumstances drove me to the edge. When I moved to Sheffield I started having delusions about a bloke. I fell in love and became totally obsessed with him even though he wasn't interested, and had a girlfriend anyway. My behaviour became quite strange: I'd ring his house four times in a row and, when he answered, put the receiver down. Or I'd sit outside his house on a wall for hours on end. Things got worse, and in the month prior to my overdose I isolated myself from everybody and completely lost my confidence. My phone was cut off and I was incommunicado to the rest of the world.

"I did it on a Sunday". (If ever a day was a planned spot for suicide it's the Christian Sunday, and if you want a month see this line from an 18th century French novel: "In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves . . .")

"I remember waking up Sunday morning, thinking I was rocketing towards some conclusion. I was locked into it and couldn't stop. My head was crammed with noise, it wouldn't keep still. I went for a long walk into the hills, trying to walk it out. I came back and felt worse. I tried to work; couldn't concentrate. I eventually started drinking, which made me more depressed. The final point before I snapped I was in the kitchen smashing empty bottles to smithereens in an attempt to physically purge myself, dispel the energy.

"I got hysterical, going to get the pills thinking 'there's got to be an end to this, some peace of mind'. I remember lying on my bed and dropping 20 or 30 in. I put this Motown music on really loud - crazy mad dance stuff."

It seems odd to play music so pulse-driven, danceable and life-affirming as the soundtrack to a suicide attempt.

"Yes, but I put it on to distract myself from what I was doing. Ironically enough it was The Temptations' 'Ball Of Confusion'."

One would have expected Joy Division! "That's the classic thing. No, the music I chose, The Four Tops, Stevie Wonder, was more joyous. Strangely it emphasised how removed I felt from life.

"I phoned for the ambulance, and they took me, gibbering, to Emergency. A nurse came towards me with a funnel, a piece of red tube and an enormous plastic bag. 'What are you going to do' I said. 'I'm going to pump your stomach out'. 'Oh no you're not'. 'Unless you want to die - if you want to poison yourself you can refuse it, but we can't allow you to die.' I was persuaded. They lie you on your side, on plastic, stick the tube down your throat and your reaction is to retch and retch. A lot of fluid comes out. I could feel liquid slopping in my stomach and being drawn up and down. It was horrendous.

"They got all the contents out and most of the drugs. The doctor said the combination I'd taken was enough to kill me at least once. I was in the general hospital for three days and then they sent me on to a psychiatric ward. I didn't so much want to die as make a

point, to change something. I couldn't make the change myself, I wanted someone to come in and say 'all right, we'll help you now'."

Margaret spent six weeks on the ward, undergoing therapy and building up relationships with the other patients. She has since gone back to a new flat and is working again, but with an awareness of what led to her suicide attempt and of her own danger signals. Before she used to career on regardless "not knowing when to stop. I feel I can 'cope' now, whatever that means, and I'm a lot more positive about my life."

*"At my departure (from the asylum) . . . I thought there ought to be a ritual for being born twice - patched, retreated and approved for the road."* **The Bell Jar**

**USEFUL CONTACTS:** The Samaritans Inc., 17 Uxbridge Rd, Slough, SL1 1SN. Lines open 24 hours nationwide, including: Glasgow 041 248 4488, Liverpool 051 708 8888, Manchester 061 834 9000, London 01 283 3400.

Open Door, Youth Counselling Service, c/o 12 Middle Lane, London N8 8PL. 01 348 5947.

**SELECTED READING:** A. Alvarez, *The Savage God* (Penguin)

Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*, *Collected Poems*, *Letters Home*, *Johnny Panic And The Bible of Dreams* (Faber)

Anne Sexton, *The Death Notebooks* (Houghton Mifflin)

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# SWEETHEART OF THE RADIO

So, what's it to be then? Is **MARIA McKEE** of **LONE JUSTICE** last year's pretty thing or next year's Queen of the airwaves? **MAT SNOW** makes a plea for justice. Blonde having more fun by **TIM JARVIS**.



**G**REEN MAGMA. You'd hate it. Maria McKee hates it—and she should know.

Every day she tears open a Japanese plastic sachet of what looks like powdered Astroturf (but in fact claims to consist of 'dried young barley plant and cooked brown rice'), dissolves it in a glass of mineral water, and downs it in one.

"It gives you all this energy because it makes you feel so sick," she unconvincingly explains with a grimace.

But then again, it does give her the cutest little green moustache...

Maria McKee. You'll love her. I do—and I should know. Two days in Rotterdam with the divine Ms M and Lone Justice, the band of which she is both jewel and cornerstone, convinces me that if the radio is in the market for a new sweetheart, then she is the girl most likely to.

Mind you, they said that *last* year upon the release of Lone Justice's debut LP. Yet despite the corporate muscle of Los Angeles' Geffen Records and some

heavyweight press plaudits, no miracles were forthcoming. It *did* sell 250,000 copies worldwide, however, which offered a good foundation on which to build a mega audience and so a fruitful career in the music industry.

Yet of the band that cut the debut LP, only one remains. Maria McKee. Does one detect a behind-scenes night-of-the-long-knives to transform a *group* whose rootsiness inevitably limited commercial potential into a *star* surrounded by sympathetic sessionmen?

My suspicions seemed misplaced. Yes, one or two *were* pushed, but most jumped. And it was a gradual process, not a record-biz backed coup (although today's Lone Justice have been taken under the wing of big name producer Jimmy Iovine, most noted for his work with Tom Petty). Apart from managing the group, Iovine co-produced with Miami Steve Van Zandt their second and superior album, 'Shelter', which significantly features only the tiniest black-and-white photograph of Maria on the back of the sleeve. If today's Lone Justice is no more than a star vehicle, then what kind of marketing strategy provides the roadmap?

Yet I also overhear drummer Rudy Richman rapping to a Dutch journalist in the purest psychobabble about how it is her musicians' mission to be "supportive" of Maria, described in gushing terms as a natural prodigy whose sensitivity must at once be protected, nurtured and compensated for. Yet translated out of lotusland-speak, Rudy tells the truth. Lone Justice are akin to a family of four fond brothers and a precocious, beloved younger sister. And, to forestall vulgar enquiries, all relationships are platonic.

"Keeping the band concept is the real key. It keeps a certain organic quality to the music when the band is very tight and very close as friends," explains Maria with an entirely straight face. "It's very spiritual."

So two cheers for Lone Justice as both a sound business proposition and an organic, nay *spiritual* whole. But why dig the *music*.

**L**ONE JUSTICE preserved in studio aspic make perfect sense when cruising down the superhighway's fast lane with the top down, va-va-voom. But in drizzly, ration-card Thatcherland, something a little less layered, levelled off and polished is called for to blast away the blues. The performance the band turn in at Rotterdam's Lanterna Club is, thank goodness, the proverbial beast unbound. Left to right, Shane Fontayne wields a succession of ever-costlier guitars at hard-on height and wows the chicks with his spray-on trousers and lewd gyrations, the very epitome of the West Coast rock Apollo. In fact he hails from Muswell Hill, London N10. Earnest shrink-spiel aside, drummer Rudy also plays the fool and is thus the butt of the band's gags. Gregg Sutton sports leather pants, a beret and a bass. On keyboards, former Patti Smith sideman Bruce Brody beady-eyes from behind a curtain of drongo hair, his sense of humour hanging out to dry. And Maria herself, in bagged-out jeans and blouse dressing down from her off-stage dustbowl-era waif magnificence, works up a sweatstorm with one of rock's most thrillingly *loud* voices since Janis Joplin. Except Maria does it on half a bottle of beer, salt-flavoured chewing-gum, Green Magma, and whatever else her nutritionist recommends.

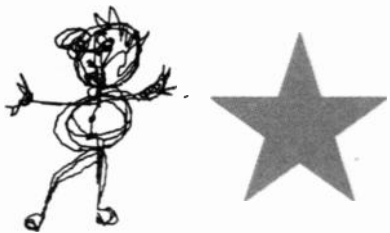
Lone Justice's records leap into barnstorming life tonight, and if proof be needed of both the band's deeply traditional ethos and their ability to electrify their sources into contagious relevance to today's head, hips and heart, it comes in the bayed-for encores. Abetted by the rockin' side of evocatively schizo songsmith of Americana, Peter Case, they rage through three of the beergut-circuit's hoariest favourites—The Velvet Underground's 'Sweet Jane', Lou Reed's 'Walk On The Wild Side' and the Stones' 'All Down The Line'. We are reminded of just why the hell we love this kind of noise in the first place. Brilliant stuff.

**B**UT 'TWAS not always thus... "That was my initial concept—a full-on Western Swing band. But my ideas change like I change my underwear—every day, ha ha! My ideas are constantly, *er, growing*, like the band's. I'm so young I can change my ideas."

Maria is 22, yet sometimes wishes she had been born around 1914. Her grandfather came to Hollywood from the impoverished badlands of Wyoming, becoming an extra in '30s movies including John Wayne's debut. Maria was brought up in a family which curiously combined a hippy lifestyle (her half-brother and early mentor is former Love guitarist Bryan

TOP PAGE 47





Put your masks and gloves on please, for this is the wonderfully frightening world of Lawrence from FELT, a guy who knows his air fresheners and who also has a wicked way with a tune. Deodorised DANNY KELLY intercepts the lone maestro at home. LAWRENCE WATSON hides behind the shutter.

**N**O DOUBLE CHINS," the voice pleads with that hint of recurring desperation to which only the monotone drone of the West Midlands accent can do full justice. "No double chins . . ."

The voice has kept up this mantra for close on two hours. It belongs to Lawrence, mainspring of Birmingham's finest pop group, Felt, and is aimed at the band's other members as he fretfully directs them through a particularly arduous photo session at his Moseley flat.

When its turn beneath the lights arrives, the voice does not relent — "have I got a DC?, have I?" There's really no danger because Lawrence punctuates every one of something approaching 100 shots with a sideways glance into a mirror that never leaves his grasp. It had, after all, taken him fully half an hour to manoeuvre his baseball hat, and the fringe that flops from beneath it, into an arrangement that he considers optimum!

But spectacular as it is, this performance, this War On Chops, turns out to be a mere overture for a symphony of *Wonderland* weirdness, a crack-pop crackpot story to match the best of 'em.

**L**AWARENCE'S DEEP dread of excess face is being exposed, I should explain, because Felt have, with their new, Creation-issued LP, 'Forever Breathes The Lonely Word', finally justified six years (and four previous albums) of slog and, it must be said, tantrum, wilfulness, indulgence and a notoriously erratic marshalling of obvious talent.

In some ways 'Forever' has come out of the blue, following, with indecent haste, their equally snappily titled 'Let The Snakes Crinkle Their Heads To Death'. That, Felt being Felt, was a perverse, difficult, collection of instrumentals. The band loved it, the critics laughed nervously and Felt's fans cast it the determinedly averted gaze usually reserved for a neighbour's mentally retarded offspring.

The new arrival, by distinct contrast, is being cooed at and tickled under the (correctly shaped) chin by all who've heard it. It's a lattice of gloriously gloomy language clinging to an almost celebratory, Hammond-fuelled, music that ought to be Jarringly Inappropriate but politely declines the role.

It's all in there — beat poetry, Biblical wildcats, fawnish innocence and neon-bright pretension combining in a small triumph of literate pop. Its lyrical dexterity equals anything on even The Go-Betweens' 'Liberty Belle . . .' and the opening, non-comedy, side

of 'The Queen Is Dead'. One of the year's absolute élite, it advances Felt to the very threshold of the door marked Restricted Area — Pop Stars Only.

Knowing which, of course, in no way prepares you for the triple-decker oddness of a day with Lawrence. You turn up tooled with your blurred mental polaroids of half-finished shows, aborted interviews, unnatural fastidiousness and a reported sensitivity that'd make Liz Fraser, by comparison, a twin of the Kray variety. You know too that the blow-up doll on the cover of Creation's recent 'Purveyors Of Taste' compilation belonged to Lawrence. But really these are mere splinters off a Giant Redwood of *strangeness* that, if 'Forever . . .' gets its just desserts, will see *The Sun* tag this boney Brummie bundle of intensity as 'Britain's Wackiest Star!'

**L**AWARENCE (SO desperate to jettison his past that he's long since forgotten his surname) lives in a first floor flat whose new-pin spickiness and chintzy furnishings immediately distinguish it from the habitat of every other known rock species.

It smells different too; a platoon of Airwick Solids stoically occupy strategic vantage points; the toilet bowl harbours not the usual one, but a breeding pair of those Cartland-pink sanitisers; a wicker basket provides a mass grave for spent aerosol air fresheners. The post-pub curry 'n six pack is, evidently, a ritual yet to desecrate this domain.

Later, I'll be shown hidden cachés of classic records and a startling collection of first edition Kerouac paperbacks, but initially the only clue that escapes the fierce tidiness are the 20 or so LPs stood neatly beneath the (dead giveaway, this) music centre. Judy Collins, Tim Hardin, '60s doomies Lee Hazelwood and Fred Neil, assorted obscurities on the Elektra label, and the compulsory Scott Walker. Here, Leonard Cohen would be considered too popular, Nick Drake too frivolous.

The ordeal by flashbulb survived, and his cronies (organist Martin Duffy, bassist Marco Thomas and drummer Gary Ainge) departed, we begin to talk.

Punctuated by panoramic pauses for thought, and imparted in a churchily quiet version of that toneless Birmingham whine, Lawrence's conversation is shockingly honest, by pop's standards almost guileless. In a single statement, sweetness, charm, stupidity and brilliance will jostle for space; acute instinctive insight will become over-read naivety in a sentence. Half the time you want to lean across his gleaming coffee table and pat him on the head — the rest, you'd gladly throttle him . . .

And within 15 minutes I've abandoned realms of carefully prepared questions and am pinballing wildly between dumbstruck disbelief and impolite laughter at the stream of undiluted eccentricity washing 'round me . . .

He has already, we learn, composed the next three Felt LPs (knows the titles, knows the running orders), has decided, after a recent major "Think Day", to cauterise any lingering trace of the past he left behind in the village of Water Orton, and that he worries constantly about how his every move will look in the book that'll one day be written about his band — "only it's not the Felt story; it's the Felt legend . . ."

But even this unfolding directory of dottiness pales as he describes a daily regime, the aim of which is to avoid contact with the outside world, to keep him hermetically sealed in his profoundly unsmelly living room . . .

"I'm trying to give up even the little bit of shopping I do, but, do you know, shops don't deliver anymore," he deadpans, utterly serious. "I think that's really bad. If I could get all my stuff brought 'round on a Friday night, and my milk delivered — I need never go out . . ."

This self-imposed isolation — "in the city, but separate from it too" — is part of Lawrence's determined campaign to dedicate himself to "Art".

Lawrence talks a lot about "Art". He talks about it in a way that insists upon the capital 'A'. And he talks about it in subjective, abstracted, sort've Elizabeth Barratt-Browningish ways long since discredited by the wars and harshnesses of the 20th century, and liable, I tell him, to render those still spouting them laughing stocks.

The flame of unworldliness doesn't even flicker. "Really? How odd. It all seems really credible to me, to be in an Art band. That's how I'd describe Felt . . ."

And what, then, constitutes a typical day for an Art band's leader?

"Basically, the day is very traumatic 'cos I have to fill in the time . . . see, if I can waste the day 'til six o'clock, 'til the television comes on properly, then everything is fine . . ."

"I don't go to bed 'til really late — and recently I haven't been sleeping anyway — so, I suppose, on average, I get up at about ten. Then I just . . . erm . . . read. I read for as long as I can stand it."

"And then I wash my hair. I wash my hair every day 'cos that takes up quite a bit of time . . ."

Tactical hairdressing in the pursuit of untainted Artistry! Why hasn't anyone thought of it before? And aren't there drawbacks? Doesn't this lifestyle get lonely?

"Loneliness usually comes about every six months, usually on a Friday night. It just really gets you; you can't do anything to occupy the time, you know you have to survive, but you don't go out. You have to suffer."

Don't be so bloody stupid. There's no 'have to'. Just get up and go out!

"I'm not saying I'm a great person or anything — I never boast — but you just don't come across many interesting people, do you?"

"I think my behaviour is like those people who used to torture their bodies. I think that maybe, subconsciously, I'm torturing myself because I haven't done, achieved, all that I want to out of life."

"It's as though I feel I've done nothing to deserve comfort. Years ago, I used to eat sweets. It sounds cracked, but, really, I used to eat a lot of sweets. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't do drugs, but I used to devour these sweets in front of the telly. But then I stopped. I just decided to stop, and that was the day I sort've realised that I was torturing myself."

What you appear to be suggesting is that you are, in fact (and it's probably something of a rarity for modern Birmingham), an *aesthete*.

"Yes, that's it! That's *exactly* the word I've been searching for. How do you spell it?"

Capital 'N', 'u', double 't', 'e', 'r'.

**Y**OU END up uncertain whether to admire or pity him — the man's dedication to, well, to the things he does, is apparently limitless. Less motivated mortals inevitably search for flaws in the artistic monasticism.

What did you do last Christmas Day?

"Oh, it was wonderful," he begins before skidding to a mental halt, "but it'll mean the *NME* I'll get hate mail directed at me — it's like the bloke from *Sounds* who wanted to punch me 'cos he thought I was so glum . . ."

What did you do last Christmas Day?

"I stayed here . . ."

On your own?

"Yes."

Did you have anything special to eat?

The day's longest pause and deepest blush coincide. "Yeah, I did . . . I had a whole . . . do you know those turkey roast things? . . ."

The other (*NME* photographer) Lawrence and I abandon all effort at social niceties and convulse into agonies of giggling. Serenely unconcerned, and completely uninterested in sympathy, Felt's Lawrence witters on drily.

"I should add that there was no veg. I don't

eat vegetables. I've never eaten a vegetable in my life . . ."

Did you pull a cracker?

"No, though I think I bought myself a present . . . can't quite remember . . . definitely got one for my birthday, though, from a girl I see . . ."

AAAAHHH!! Four *NME* ears prick up in formation. So, in the midst of all the air freshener, Art, Kerouac, shampoo and self-denial, there's . . . A Girlfriend!

Lawrence blushes anew. "Well, yes . . . but considering I don't leave here," the voice trails off to a whisper's shadow, " . . . and she lives in Windsor . . ."

We really *did* try, earnestly and often, to talk about Felt's lovely new album, but it didn't work out. The record Lawrence recorded is not the one I hear . . .

*His* is a totally unique new music, without precedent; mine owes much to, among others, Bob Dylan. Mine appears to be dripping with religious references; *his*, apparently, features just a single mention of Jesus. Both records are brilliant, mind, we agree on that, they're just not the same.

So we really *did* try to talk about Felt's lovely new album, but it didn't work out. Altogether more successfully harvested (and, given that notorious reticence regarding interviews, I suppose we should be thankful) were the (surprise, surprise) idiosyncratic thoughts of Lawrence on . . .

FAME: "That'd be fine, really. I have some of it now, but this place makes it OK. There's no door to the street so I just pick up the Entriphone and if I don't want whoever it is to come up, I'll just say 'sorry, I'm busy' . . ."

FUN: "Yeah, honest, I *do* have a good time. When? When we play . . . Well, not actually onstage . . . but *going to the concert*, in the van, is great. When we get there, and on the way back, it's terrible . . ."

NEWS: "I never, *never*, watch the news. I hate . . . I just refuse to know about world matters. I'm not one bit interested. And I *never* read newspapers. Tell a lie; I bought one when George Best went to prison. I know nothing about football, but I'm really interested in him. I've got a Manchester United shirt in the cupboard . . ."

HOBBIES: "If you don't put your whole life into the music, it's not right. I mean, my whole life is Felt. I do nothing else, apart from read, which is an extension anyway. I love Art. I don't have a hobby. I hate *all* hobbies . . . *except* Vic Godard playing golf. That's OK, spot on . . ."

**I**CAN understand people finding it funny, and I don't mind provided they realise the most important thing, that I'm not superficial about it, I'm deadly serious. I'm deadly serious about my life, about what I do, about Felt."

Y'see, Lawrence knows that by the home-owning, twin-set, multiple-orgasm standards of most of his contemporaries, he's an oddball, maybe a freak; he's been informed by no less an authority than myself that he exhibits all the signs of being in a condition we on the fringes of the established medical mafias call Stark Raving Bonkers; and, provided his music, his precious Art, is taken Seriously, he doesn't much care . . .

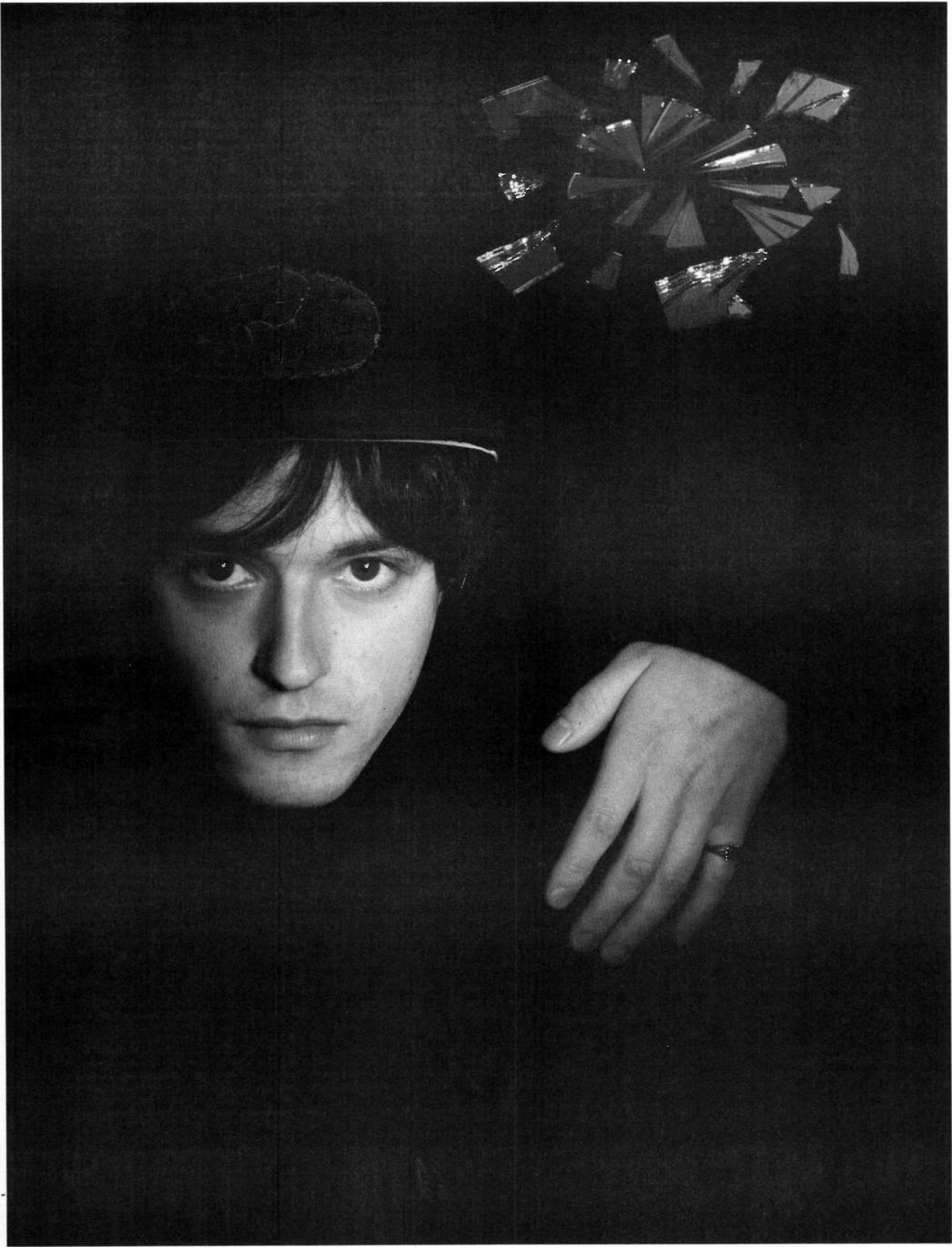
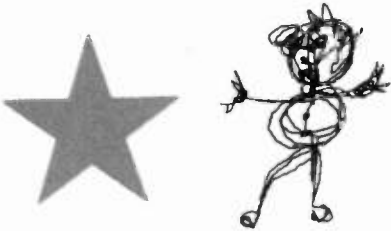
But we *should*, because we can make use of his very *difference*; it, and Felt as a whole, can throw into violent relief the vast majority of the rest of Pop's writhing, grasping circus.

In his (cultivated) innocence he betrays Pop's habitual contrivance; in his determined Artiness, he spotlights Pop's callous courtship of the lowest common denominator; in his masochistic search for perfection he points up Pop's slavering lust for mediocrity; and through his latest music he devastatingly demonstrates the craven, facile, illiterate, avaricious and ossifyingly *dull* nature of most mainstream music.

Felt are in love with, and *neqd*, real, pure, Pop. And Pop, as surely as Queen's next brainrot video-jingle smasher, needs Felt.

# RUMBLING THE ANTISEPTIC BEAUTY









EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

### THE OYSTER BAND Step Outside (Cooking Vinyl)

MERRIE ENGLAND folkies The Oyster Band have demonstrably toughened up and their tendency to olde worlde quaintness has been thoroughly jugged. They've come out spoiling for a showdown and the burgeoning English folk

scene may never be the same again.

Ironically, really, that though they've probably been encouraged by Billy Bragg, they neatly avoid The Bognosed One's tendency to cliché. They're irreducibly English liberals, but there's a sting in their multi-levelled tales combining grey distant myth with cryptic modern observation.

At the other end of the scale, 'Molly Bond' is slow, and indubitably the weakest thing here. Violet flavoured vomit hokum. And 'Bully Alley' has them erring on the side of heavy handedness. Elsewhere, The Oysters produce a good few pearls — 'The Day The Ship Goes Down' is a neat lampoon of impending doom. 'Flatlands' traverses several terrains, a song of levelling, acceptance — here comes the nuclear age, just like the old age.

The common parlance of folk dance tunes is rent asunder by the shifting rhythm pound and weird spirals of 'The Old Dance', a performance which underlines the genuinely bizarre and inspired concoction this group can produce. 'Bold Riley' provides both a moving and hilarious requiem for an old lecher. But their best shots come from the rousing reworking of the traditional 'Hal-an-Tow' and the stealthy, storming 'Another Night In England' — empty streets, broken bottles, new money moving from old factories; the land left gutted, soulless.

OK, it's not The Fall but it's still pretty fine.

Gavin Martin

### THE POLICE

#### Every Breath You Take (A&M)

I'VE NEVER BEEN one of those naive people who saw The Police as selling-out as they rose through the fall-out of post-punk to the stages of Stad rock: their early dabbings were merely incidental to the band's true desire, which was quite simply to become enormous.

This collection contains all of the songs that helped The Police notch up 40 million sales worldwide. In retrospect many of them sound similar — 'Every Little Thing' could well be 'De Do Do Do' with lyrics — but this record does highlight the distinction between the group's earlier 'Roxanne'-ish harshness and their later, smoother material like 'Spirits'.

So who will buy this album? It will make a superb Christmas present, or excellent in-car playing if you happen to own an XR31. Or maybe another 40 million will buy it for the not so different 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' 86 mix?

Neil Taylor



A Witness: we're getting there

## BLOOD & GUTS

### A WITNESS

#### I Am John's Pancreas (Ron Johnson)

A WITNESS nag and chafe away until you're worn down into believing that this record is something like the sound of a Stockport launderette. Because the backdrop to 'I Am John's Pancreas' is that town rather than New York or Berlin, there's no smack of intellectual glamour to underline the relevance of these songs' claustrophobic despair. This is a noise of sorts but, rather than being a Diamanda Galas primal scream about AIDS or a purging Neubauten scrape against decay, this is the grind of grubby hands shovelling soiled smalls into a groaning machine.

It's difficult to listen to because A Witness seem so wrapped up in the incessant "reality, reality, reality, reality, reality" moan which closes their 'Loudhailer Song'. But this is hard-edged, rather than just worthy, "honesty". A Witness are pissed-off and grime-streaked, but despite the insignificance of their/or gripes against life they retain some edge of purity. These are songs about small, insular worries and yet they're made to matter because A Witness don't distort the debris by searching for any

profound meaning in pettiness. There're some days when living in Britain is not that different to listening to 'I Am John's Pancreas' — both are bloated with Witness words like "boredom", "bastard", "bloody mess" and by Pancreas questions like "what's left to throw away?"

Much of 'Pancreas' is trapped by that analogy and the songs jar and whinge with muttered spleen. But on 'Car Skidding' they allow space and melody to open up the obligatory discord, making a crashing despair all the more frightening. In stark contrast, the record's most staggering moments are heard on '4.49 Stool' where everything besides a swollen hum of noise is obliterated. '4.49 Stool' might sound contrived during the first few listens, and even more dodgy when it's described so vaguely on paper, but this is as striking and compulsive a noise as Neubauten's 'Das Schaben'.

'I Am John's Pancreas' is too consciously ugly and too willfully scarred to require any "great record" description, but there's such serious disdain for polite wackiness here that this might just mark the start of a scathing assault on everything that A Witness consider to be puny and mediocre.

Donald McRae

### GANGWAY

#### Sitting In The Park (Irmgardz)

WHAT'S ON THE mind of the bespectacled, philosophic-looking cove puffing away on the sleeve of this record? Squalor! Discard! Sudden death! Premature ejaculations! And bad breath! All human strife is here! Oh yes!

But 'Sitting In The Park' isn't quite the catalogue of Reasons to be Doleful this suggests. True, Henrik Balling's songs paint the glummiest picture of the human condition since Jesper Olsen's backpass in Mexico last summer, but then that other illustrious son of Copenhagen didn't have quite the same sense of humour, nor the same flair for Real Pop.

This is a lovely record, each song a gorgeous sugar wedding-cake cathedral, a glutinously lovely confection.

Like Microdisney in their own way, these Danes are reclaiming the classic virtues of Real Pop — craft, poise, even, dare I suggest, *prettiness* — and achieving wonders. Rippling keyboards! Hovering chords! Angelic choruses! It's all here! And in the lyrics, black little psychodramas that make me dread to imagine how it is to be young and sensitive in Denmark. Allan Jensen's deadpan vocals, with heavy overtones of that kitchen-sink Caruso Terry Hall, wistfully recount tales of despair, drink-sodden domesticity, and the grisliest little vignette this side of *Blood Simple*.

And others just about defy comprehension. Gangway are

like a big box of Milk Tray with all your favourite fillings ('Penny Lane', the Turtles, Madness) and wrapped up with a big pink ribbon. If you listen carefully, you'll hear it ticking malevolently.

Jonathan Romney

### ATLANTIC STARR

#### Secret Lovers — The Best Of Atlantic Starr (A&M)

I HAVE PROBLEMS with Star groups: Atlantic Starr, Five Star, Midnight Star. I mean, put them in one aural line-up and not only the names would bear a resemblance. All these units make well-produced, well-performed, often melodic and always danceable records. But their lack of any true individual identity sparks some warning light at the back of the brain.

Atlantic Starr are no underdogs when it comes to emoting in best black music tradition. 'Send For Me' and the Chic-styled 'Am I Dreaming' are magic moments. Given low lights, a warm brandy and the right sort of company, I'd probably find additional praises for this Star-set mixture of rhythm 'n' romance.

But when the only attachment is to a set of stereo headphones then the head rules the heart and clinical critical assessment is all that counts for much. So be it.

Fred Dellar

## LP EXTRA: 33 and 47

Strange Fruit

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JOHN, MATUMBI, THE 'O' BAND, ELTON JOHN, QUE BONO, NUCLEAR SOCKETTS, RESTRICTED CODE, VIBRATORS, TWINKLE BROTHERS, LAUREL AITKEN, WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS, FURIOUS PIG, JOHN MARTYN, MODERN EON, MICKEY TUPP, HONEYMOON KILLERS, ICON A.D., ELLERY BOP, IN EXCELSIS, MISSING PRESUMED DEAD, LAUGH, POSITIVE NOISE, CHARK, SUS, THE PERSUADERS, MATTHEW'S SOUTHERN COMFORT, THE PETTICOATS, REBEL DA PE, SHILLELAGH SISTERS, THE WAKE, BONE ORCHARD, CLOCK DVA, ANIMAL, MAGIC DORMANUS, CIMARRONS, STEVE GIBBONS BAND, HAPPY MONDAYS, FREIWILLIGE SELBSTKONTROLLE, JOHN'S CHILDREN, THE DISTRIBUTORS, THE HIGH FIVE, EDDIE AND THE HOTRODS, NAZARETH, GONG, FRANK CHICKENS, DOWNLINERS SECT, JUICY LUCY, FIVE HAND REEL, KING CRIMSON, DCL LOCOMOTIVE, BANDOOGS, CRAIG CHARLES, JOHN MAYALL, BRITISH LIONS, ADICTS, I'M SO HOLLOW, MEL O-TONES, RESISTANCE, NATIONAL HEALTH, THE KINKS, ORIGINAL MIRRORS, VIRGIN DANCE, SEAN TYLA, SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS, LED ZEPPELIN, THE MEMBERS, LAURA LOGIC, LONE STAR, GYMSLIPS, THE BALCONY, AGONY COLUMN, CITY LIMITS CREW AND THE MUTANT ROCKERS, BLURT, BLACK ROOTS, ANY TROUBLE, CHEFS, HERE'S JOHNNY, DRONES, LINDISFARNE, DAWN CHORUS AND THE BLUE TITS, EXPELARES, THE FMT TRIBE, LOTUS EATERS, LANDSCAPE, MAXIMUM JOY, MANFRED MANN, THE NEWS, OUTCASTS, THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE, ROOGALATOR, BLUE POLAND, MCGUINNNESS FLINT, THE WOLFPHONDS, WHITE AND TORCH, XYMOX, YACHTS, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH, SEBASTIAN'S MEN, VITUS DANCE, MOTT THE HOOPLE, WESTERN PROMISE, BASKING SHARKS, ERIC BOGOSIAN, APOLLINAIRES CARNASTOAN, CRISPY AMBULANCE, CORTINAS, THE MOVE, FUZZTONES, THE FIVE, IN CAMERA, MARTIAN DANCE, DIE ZWELMERTON PARKAS, LITTLE BOB STORY, METHODACTORS, RIOT OF COLOUR, ONWARD INTERNATIONAL, PERFECT VISION, PENTANGLE, MEMBRANES, PINK INDUSTRY, RED BEAT, BOURGIE BOURGIE, FINGERPRINTZ, CRISIS, LAUREL AND HARDY, CHRISTINE PERFECT, LEISURE PROCESS, JASMINE MNKS, JUNIOR GEE AND THE CAPITAL BOYS, SKIP BIFFERTY, MINIMAL COMPACT, DUANE EDDY, CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, LEONARD COHEN, TIM HARDING, SONHOUSE, IMRAT KHAN, JUNIORS EYES, BIG GRUNT, ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR, FOREST, CADO BELLE, STONE THE CROWS, RONNIE LANE, THE SHADOWS, PRINCEFARI, ARTHUR CRUPP, WIDOW MAKER, CHIEFTAINS, JOAN ARMSTRONG, ARGENT, BRANDX P.P. ARNOLD, ETCHINGHAM'S TEAM BAND, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS, NA FILI, DAVID BOWIE, EAST OF EDEN, KILLING FLOOR, CHEVYOT RANTERS, ROXY MUSIC, JOHN CALE, TOMORROW, RICHIE HAVENS, BOXER, PSYLONS, ACE, TIM HART, SANDY DENNY, PURPLE HEARTS, GERRY RAFFERTY, RUDDIES, PETE ATKIN, ROG ARGENT, MADDY PRIOR, ENO AND THE WINKIES, BMOVIE, RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON, FISH CITY FIVE, BUDDY KNOX, LOL COXHILL, JOHNNY SHINES, HEAD OF DAVID, SWAN ARCADE, CLIMAX BLUES BAND, FAT MATTRESS, HARD CORPS, AFORMAL SIGH, SMIRKS, BILLY BOY ARNOLD, HEADHUNTERS, KICK PARTNERS, BLACK, LAUGHING CLOWNS, STRETCH SUPERCHARGE, NOTSENSIBLES, BOOTHILL FOOT TAPPERS, MAXI-PIRIST, UT, ROCKS, THE LINES, ZTV, SHRUBS, DOLLY MIXTURE, AUTUMN 1904, PAPA LEVI, PASSMORE SISTERS.

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WATCH FOR REGULAR MONTHLY RELEASES



## NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

**Your Funeral... My Trial**  
(Mute)

MANSON KILLED a woman. Burroughs killed a woman. Nicholas Cave, performance artist, amoral Baal-like poet and tortured balladeer, sings of killing a woman.

His is a dark brooding world of madonna/whore extremes, where the first vinyl mix in the gatefold sleeve deals with (mother?) Mary "hair of gold and lips like cherries" who seduces his soul, takes him hostage and makes him a prisoner of her ribs. She is the "little girl", casting a shadow across his heart. "Once a woman, Baal says, gives her all / Leave her; that's as far as she can go." Cave enacts Bad Baal the Anti-social Man, 'The Carny', the sly trickster who sheds the dead weight of sorrow and responsibility he can't afford to carry.

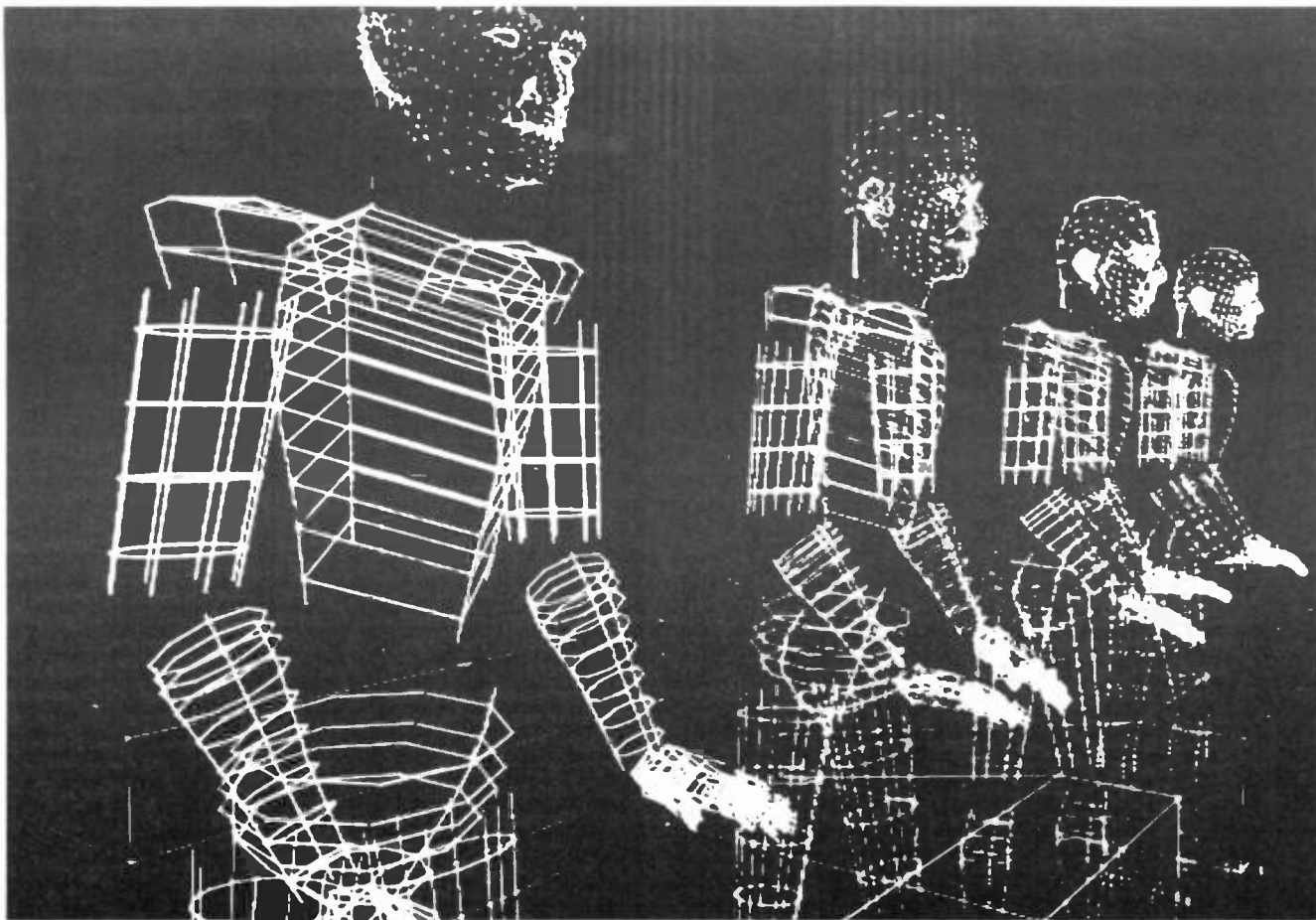
With glockenspiel, xylophone and hurdy gurdy effect he resurrects an archaic medium — cabaret sizzle plus the cheapest opera in town — a fairground freak show of misfits and malformed, celebrating death. In this grotesque underworld woman is a central pivot, a figure of treachery — stranger than kindness, a stranger to tenderness, the sadistic soft touch. On 'Your Funeral... My Trial' "a thousand Marys lured me", and woven around the funeral lament is a sense of resignation, cut-out Catholic ritual — Cave, lamb to the slaughter.

His embrace of sleaze and tragedy aspires to poetic awe, his moan and literary tone demand appreciation, excuse, an understanding of irony. Irony? Cultural murder myths are misplaced by the constant Freudian allusion to woman as voracious, consuming, the enclosing crocodile's teeth.

'Jack's Shadow', presumably from the story of John Henry, a black man in an impoverished '20s Southern steel town who killed his family, is shed of historical sophistication and presented bleakly, as straight murder. With a rumbling drawl punctuated by Bargeld's scratchy guitar, knife is taken to wife, the burdensome "shadow" eliminated. 'Long Time Man' likewise adopts the steamy motif of the swampland South, where the shooting of a woman "she was laying in a pool right there on the kitchen floor" becomes a fetishised crime of passion.

From a phallic weapon to an organ of attack, 'Hard On For Love' outdoes Judas Priest in its repetitive misogyny — where Cave (ironically?) shoves his "rod... staff... sceptre... shaft" upon the gypsy-lipped temptress — a mixture of "heaven and hell". Studded with religious reference, this is rock's sanctified "shadow of death". Experimenting with form, a killing fascination and avant pulp, Cave represents the ultimate in Yo boy. Theatrical, maybe; blameless, no.

Lucy O'Brien



The Werk ethic

# THE BIG BOING

**KRAFTWERK**  
**Electric Cafe (EMI)**

IT BEGINS with a word that sounds like BOING! The BOING! triggers a controlled BOOM!, blanketed by a downbeat TSCHAK! In case you didn't catch it, a deadpan voice intones it again. And again. And yet again.

So this is how it begins, their first LP in five years. Just when you're thinking Ralf Hütter's wires have been well and truly scrambled, the three-words hit, not through their appeal to the intellect, but by entering the nervous system direct and leaving you with Kraftwerk's discoid variant of the St Vitus Dance. Well, onomatopoeia sounds like a disease and Kraftwerk have proven to be its most infectious virus this past decade.

With the release of 'Autobahn' (1974) they signposted the direction of synth pop and motorik disco to come. Later, when they fed the measured pulse of 'Trans Europe Express' to the beat-hungry boys of the Bronx, they helped cultivate a whole new strain of footsore music. For their part, the hip-hop practitioners transcribed K's electronic pulses for the human voice and transmitted the message back to Düsseldorf, since which time K have been working on a European variant.

Which is where 'Electric Cafe' begins. With K's computerised barbershop quartet mouthing the opener 'BOING BOOM TSCHAK' with an absolute seriousness marked by an absence of exclamation marks. To a sensation hungry world outside their Kling Klang Sound laboratory the void of blaring emotion is initially difficult to assimilate.

**THE COCTEAU TWINS**  
**WITH HAROLD BUDD**  
**The Moon And The Melodies**  
(4AD)

I SIT staring at the pendulum moving across my field of vision. It seems to be getting further and further away. My eyes are fighting waves of fatigue. A humming, chiming noise is swelling and entering me at a subliminal level. A voice in the distance is saying "back, back". I have a strange certainty that I am being taken to revisit the most primal of scenes.

Not birth.

Something else. Something more primal than that. A past

life beckons me. The inexplorable yet infinitely gentle tidal pull of this prehistoric sound pours into me. Everything else cuts out. SNAP. I emerge, reptilian. I am surrounded by tranquillity. The noises stop. Gradually. The little lights on my amplifier stop flashing. Dare I play side two?

This is the new Cocteau Twins album. It makes all the other Cocteau Twins albums sound like they should be mimed along to with cardboard guitars and curled upper lips. I would say that this record was incredibly ethereal. This is the sort of record that it is difficult to describe without swearing. I

But this record has been soft-machine tested over and over and round and round the dance halls of Düsseldorf until its beats have been thoroughly perfected, forcing the listener to respond to its imperatives. In the process, every ounce of excess is removed, reducing the group character to its barest essences. Its economy is as stunning as it ever was. From the slightest of foundations — a BOING, a BOOM, a TSCHAK — the three-part first side is built. Though K give little away, their generosity is overwhelming. Their absolute command of the electronic medium, which remains inseparable from their soul, is encoded in its simplicity. The totality of K is locked into a single beat there for the taking.

As with their technique so with their subject matter. If the first side usefully supplies a diagram of the dance circuit connecting themselves, hip-hop and Japanese techno pop, side two's ballads reveal their essential sweetness. The novelty-fixed montage of operator messages and ping-pong jingles of 'Telephone Call' is undeniably affecting, once Hütter connects with lines about the distance between lovers. Similarly his declaration in 'Sex Object' — "I don't want to be your sex object/You turn me on and you forget" — unearths feelings beneath its bald statement.

K's great ability is to reduce words to a weightlessness that places the onus of meaning on the listener. You can invest in them as much or as little sense as you want. The economy of Kraftwerk's expression has become their signature. In a world given over to the illegible scrawls of B-Boy Braggards, their modest autograph is something to be cherished.

Biba Kopf

rather like it although I can't imagine what I'm going to do with it.

'The Moon And The Melodies' is, as far as the Cocteaus are concerned, an outpost. Like all of us, in this plague-ridden age, they are continuing to live with old relationships rather than risk new ones and the resulting tensions are not always a bad thing. The vague spectral drift is more tidal than ever: 'Sea, Swallow Me' might be an excellent parody. Liz Fraser's voice with its petrified wavelets of gentle urgency is sometimes hardly used at all.

Enter Harold Budd, a middle-aged Eno-collaborator, who

offsets the denseness of this music with a few well-placed out-of-key plinks and trills. This is attempted profundity which is, at least at first, not an obvious sham. If you're the drug-taking type of person I wouldn't let it anywhere near your record-player.

William Leith

**ARETHA FRANKLIN**  
**Aretha (Arista)**

LAST YEAR, one of Michigan's official natural resources made her most commercially successful LP after a career spanning over a quarter of a century. 'Who's Zoomin' Who' was an elated exercise in dancefloor technology. It was Aretha stepping back to renew her right to The Crown, proving that she can play and win by any rules. 'Aretha' bobs pleasantly in its white-hot wake. It bears no roaring champions like 'Free-way' or 'Zoomin'. But for devotees of La Franklin, it will cause reams of affection to well up.

This happens by way of cross-references to her work in the '60's. 'He'll Come Along' hints at a re-working of 'Think' with a funky piano loosely grooving in the background. The rather melodramatic epic 'Look To The Rainbow' has Aretha starkly soaring over silvery tinkles and resounding bass piano chords, somewhere between 'I've Never Loved A Man' and her early interpretations of standard showtunes. The nostalgic spell is broken by the slumping duet with one Larry Graham, 'If You Need My Love Tonight', an unexceptional ballad which sounds a little too much like a 'soul legend' adapting herself to a 'commercial' recording rather than letting the song drape itself around her personality.

'Rock-A-Lott' is another prime dose of '60s Franklin. Her voice sounds a little older, husky and a touch breathless, but it still possesses formidable body. God willing, she will still be cutting this sort of blood-curdling groove in another 20 years to come.

The choice of 'Jimmy Lee' as a single is a disappointment. It plumps along bouncily enough but sounds irritatingly like 'Jimmy Mack'. 'I Knew You Were Waiting' has a rousing churchy feel to it, with Aretha and George Michael singing to each other across canyons of crescendos. It starts off sounding brilliant until you notice that all the standardised Wham! pyrotechnics are in there too. Thus does it fall short of wonder.

'Do You Still Remember' is lushly sentimental, an unnecessary re-tread of 'The Greatest Love Of All', too lightweight to absorb the amount of latent energy that Franklin is capable of putting into a song. It gets to sound frightfully Christmassy, a hint of a single to come.

As for the horrid 'Jumping Jack Flash'... Franklinites can appease their consciences by blaming it on the mummified rock'n'rolling of Keith Richards. The only good point about its inclusion is that the words are written out on the inner sleeve: "I was raised by a toothless, bearded hag!" hollers our heroine.

Well I never!

Cath Carroll

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MORE DATES TO FOLLOW





# THE WEATHER PROPHETS Diesel River (Creation)

I'M TOLD 'Diesel River' is designed specifically for our teutonic friends. But considering that many of our "biggest record stores in the world" are hotching with copies of this reasonably-priced mini-LP, a cynic might suggest it's a bit of a filler; perhaps a story-so-far compilation to weather the winter while Astor and co. bumble towards that awaited debut long player.

No doubt those who missed 'Almost Prayed' (pull yourselves together) and were delighted by the (absent here) follow-up 'Naked As The Day You Were Born', will snap this up and take it to heart. After all it does contain the four shots from the seven-inch double pack (the wondrous '... Prayed' and 'Your Heartbeat ...' and Chuck Berry's 'Downbound Train'). And two from the '... Prayed' 12-inch—the Bonanza-riffed 'Wide Open Arms' and Astor's pale blue idea of 'Like Frankie Lyman'.

So what's new, Propheteers? Well, unless you're happily in possession of that Creation sampler, there's 'Worm In My Brain'—the most emotive composition here, bleakly haunted by Nick Drake's "black-eyed dog"—and the (to my mind) brand new 'Head Over Heels' which is poor by Weather Prophet standards.

If nothing else this collection/composition illustrated the variety of their talent, of their direct R&B rock roots, and proves that Astor's men are more than Velveteens. But progress in terms of output remains slow and, for all its usefulness in keeping the Prophets in our ears, 'Diesel River' should be strictly for Germans and the uninitiated.

Len Brown



ACR: purpose built

## NIK KERSHAW Radio Musicola (MCA)

UNG DUNG ding doing dung ... there's a curious twang to Nik Kershaw's voice, like Bugs Bunny imitating a didgeridoo, which reduces his otherwise unremarkable vocals to a weird drawl. I mention this because it's probably the only thing "noticeable" about Nik. His music is less noticeable; it has all the originality and excitement

ment of some paper cups.

Twango Man does, however, have a way with a lyric. Ho yuss! Give Nik Kershaw a pen and he's off! "Why tolerate this numismatic polity?", Nik has written—he probably wrote that on postcards and sent it to all his pals. And I am indebted to him for the knowledge that "It's what the papers say/You know it's right/It's down there written in black and white". The man is clearly a complete ninny

# MINISTRY OF POWER

## A CERTAIN RATIO Force (Factory)

IT WAS AFTER 'Sextet' that we shook hands and went our separate ways.

A Certain Ratio didn't have enough fingers to be a jazz group and the groove was sounding like it needed a change or a rest. From time to time, we bumped into each other on some interminable 12-inch single. It was the sound of trainers marking time. A Certain Ratio had lost it; lost the whiplash wonder of those early performances just after Donald Johnson's percussive cavalry had arrived; lost the promise that made them more than just another shadow on the Factory floor.

A Certain Ratio are now back on speaking terms with the world. 'Force' is bright, brilliant and as hard as nails. From the stop-watch bass and drums of 'Mickey Way' to the startlingly optimistic snap and crackle of 'Only Together' and 'Bootsey', 'Force' almost dispenses with the expected melancholy and puts some of the euphoria of the funk to work. Of course there are moments when Jeremy Kerr still sounds like a kid who's just had his Smarties stolen and the words can be a bit dot-to-dot-paranoia, but the steel-sharp rhythms, the carefully deployed technology and the sense of purpose which runs right through this record make it nothing short of essential.

Try 'Force' before or after the dense grumble of 'Brotherhood', and you'll see that Factory is once again more than just New Order.

A Certain Ratio, once a forced laugh, have contracted a smile and it suits them. Rock the house! Or at least The Hacienda.

John McCready

## LOUIS PHILLIPE Appointment With Venus (el)

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S appointment with the Goddess of Love leaves him racked with all the usual emotion of a regretful romantic; desire, anger and misery. But he transforms these feelings into songs of candle-lit gentleness. 'Appointment With Venus' opens with an arrangement of 'La Pluie Fait

Des Collquettes', a minimalist jazz classic sung in French to the accompaniment of dripping water. In itself 'La Pluie ...' is one of the most undeservedly ignored singles of the year, but it's a misleading guide to this particular LP; all the other songs are sung in (a bizarrely half-strangled) English to the more orthodox sounds of strings, guitar and piano. Louis Philippe is quite at home with English, his second language, but a language of simplicity and restraint.

The songs shine bright with a thoughtful idiosyncrasy; the product of his uniquely offbeat life-style (drinking too much wine, reading too many books, teaching philosophy in Paris and cooking in a Brussels cafe). And in spite of a heavy debt to Scott Walker and The Beach Boys (especially on 'Heaven Is Above My Head') you soon feel you're getting to know Louis Philippe well.

It's not that you're hearing heavy confessions, it's more that you sense a complete honesty in the songwriting. And while Louis Philippe just occasionally lets you down ('When I'm An Astronaut' is a particularly low point on the LP), his songs are always intriguing and captivatingly melancholy.

Dave Haslam

## BLACK ROOTS All Day All Night (Nubian)

THE PASSWORD is not 'Forward' but 'Sideways'. On their third album the Bristol sextet are supplemented by horns, ably marshalled by Vin Gordon, with The Mad Professor at the controls. The group's music has always been more conservative than their lyrics and this is a broadening rather than a progression on that sound.

'Pin In The Ocean', by far the strongest track, features a

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seamless dovetail, between brass and sweet vocal harmonies that has Aswad written across it in indelible ink. The horns add zip to each of the five tracks to which they contribute, but the rest sounds flat in comparison.

An ideal time to send for The Mad Professor, you might think, but the Ariwa boss is mainly restricted to a clean-up operation, sanitising the sound when he could be corroding it with his hallmark sonic dub. This might be due to a too careful ear being kept on the cross-over market, but as there are no potential singles here, the minimal use of the Professor must go down as a missed opportunity.

**Campbell Stevenson**

are up and stomping, and Maria's telling us, "The power's got me and it won't let me be." It's a great opening track, but I expected more from what followed. Once the inspirational stuff is left behind, the rest of side one falls on stony ground. And on side two 'Belfry', the slower, moaning 'Dreams Come True', and the lilting piano of 'Dixie Storms' slightly rectify the situation.

'Shelter' has powerful songs, but there's too much average American guitar rock. This is a shame. They almost converted me.

**Deborah Sippitts**

**KIM WILDE**  
**Another Step (MCA)**

EQUIPPED WITH the bare necessities of sound, one could imagine your younger sister would produce a more sonorous noise than this. Free-form tunes bandied together in the vain hope of discovering a corporate chord, cossetted in the (trouble) funk coating that the pressures of chartdom forces upon its stalwarts. Only 'You Keep Me Hanging On' is memorable after three plays; and only because it deviates not from the original. A sultry pout excuses *nothing*. Nothing need excuse a sultry pout.

Lame lyrics abound, maimed and tamed in a seemingly bottomless pattern of love-menots and pastoral settings. A weary wearied world view, me thinks! The message becomes lost in the all-pervading need for a medium, any medium where the unit-storage counts. Kim Wilde turns plastic (into plastic), replete with navel and map, over for a chart of the chart, a sign of the times. This is formulaised disaffectedly so; as the need for inspiration is re-

dundant. To inspire would be to disturb, to disturb would be to be displaced and the only filling your ears'll receive is that a woolly mammoth, a pill to pep up the '80s. Another step in the right direction.

**The Legend!**

**THE JASMINE MINKS**  
**Sunset (Creation)**

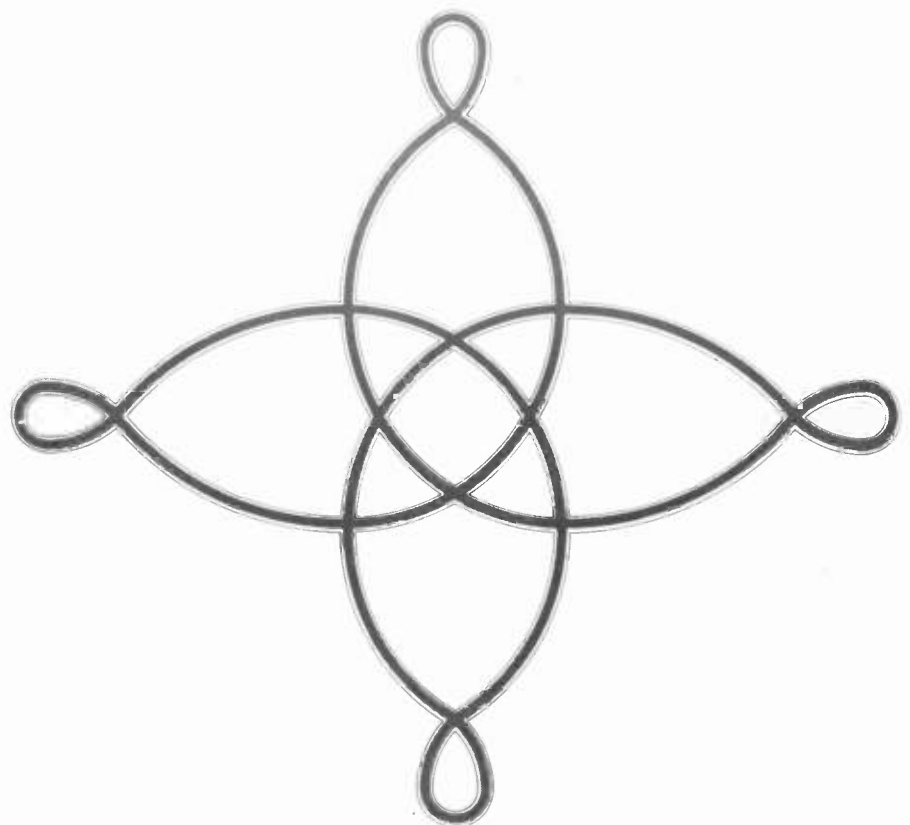
WHO COULD seriously call the Jasmynes a 'forgotten' pop group when they've recorded two songs of the astonishing brilliance of 'Where The Traffic Goes' or 'Cold Heart'? Now that the corporations are prone to ring up any band with half an anorak or the complete works of Roger McGuinn stuffed behind the guitar amp, it might be as well to give the Jasmynes credit for re-routing this stuff two years ago, doing it best, and then quitting before the cheques came out (although they have just reformed, I'm told).

In infuriating style, Creation compile the best of the Jasmynes' cheaply-recorded catalogue behind a sleeve that cost £5.87 to produce. Nevertheless the core sounds – thick harmonies, '66-smart choruses and a sweetly-strung brew of riffs and tambourines – are a benchmark for the decidedly sub-Jasmynes twee popsters of this month. I seriously urge those nice young men in The Mighty Lemon Drops to get acquainted with this LP, they could use the songs.

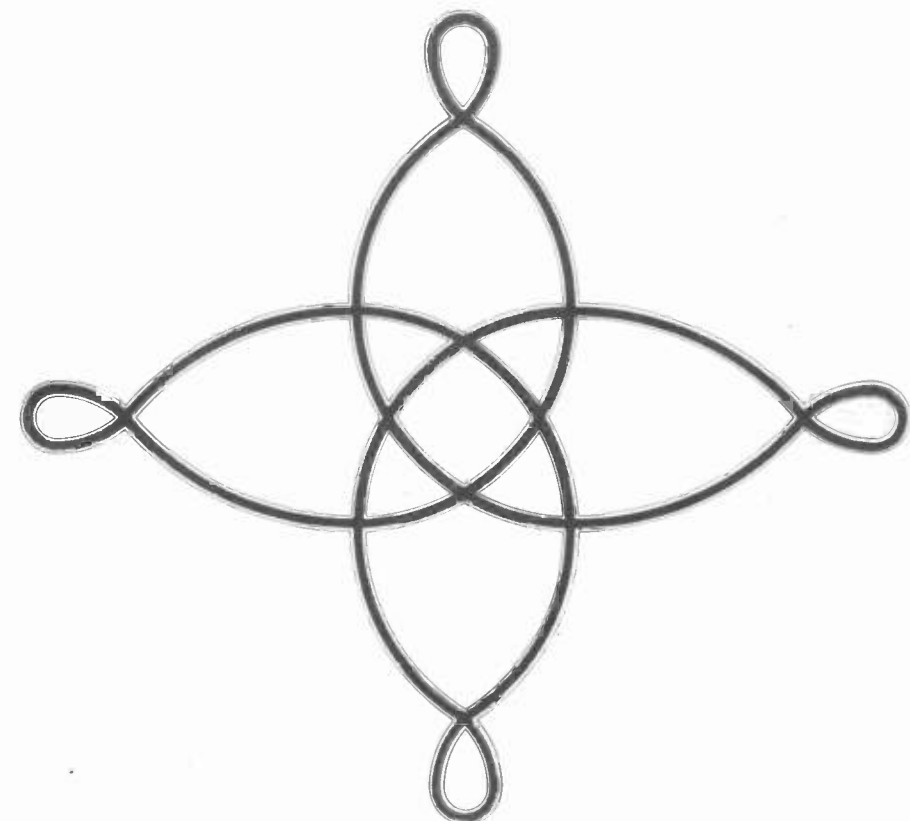
All these Jasmynes ever wanted was a budget.

**David Swift**

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# TOUR NEWS

**JOHN MARTYN** has confirmed a short series of dates culminating in two London shows to be recorded for a live best of... album to be released next year. The schedule comprises **Manchester International** (November 7), **Nottingham University** (8), **Bideford Halley's Leisure Centre** (9), **London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town** (12 and 13).

**THE WISHING STONES** promote their new Head single 'Beat Girl' at Brighton Pavilion with James (November 8), Liverpool World Downstairs (14), Manchester Boardwalk (15), Bristol George & Railway (19), Plymouth Ziggy's (20), Middlesbrough Albert Hotel (27), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club (28), Glasgow venue to be confirmed (29).

**FELA KUTI**, already confirmed for a show at the **Brixton Academy** on November 20, has added another date. He now brings his 35 piece band to the **Manchester Apollo** on November 19 for a gig promoted by **Factory Records**. Watch out for a *Tube* special soon.



**LIGHT A BIG FIRE**, who support **The Pogues** on their December tour, headline **London Harlesden Mean Fiddler** on December 6... **STATUS QUO** have added **Leicester De Montford Hall** (November 28) and **Edinburgh Playhouse** (December 8).

**THE GUANA BATZ** have a new album 'Loan Sharks', and dates at Lancaster University (Thursday), Manchester University (November 7), Geordanstown Ulster University (11), Belfast Queens University (12), Coleraine Ulster University (13), Preston Poly (19), Canterbury Arts College (20), Aberystwyth University (21), Oxford Poly (22), London Hammersmith Odeon, with Killing Joke (23), Liverpool Poly (26), Wolverhampton Scruples (27), Treforest Poly (28), Bolton Poly (29), Sheffield Limit Club (30), Coventry Poly (December 1), Kingston Poly (3), London Chelsea College (4), Uxbridge Brunel University (5).

**LIVING IN TEXAS** have confirmed half a dozen dates at Kingston Poly (November 13), London UCL (22), Nottingham Mardi Gras (December 5), Birmingham Mermaid (7), London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway (13) and London Deptford Crypt (19). More dates to follow.

**CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT** set out on the road this week as support to Alison Moyet, at St Austell Coliseum (November 6 and 7), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Brighton Dome (17), London Royal Albert Hall (19, 20, 21, 22).

**MARC ALMOND & THE WILLING SINNERS** have lined up seven shows for November at **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (16), **Burton-on-Trent Central Park** (17), **Birmingham Powerhouse** (18), **Manchester International** (19), **Bristol University** (21), **Kingston Poly** (22), **London Palladium** (23).

**LATIN QUARTER** take a break from recording their second LP to play a series of semi-acoustic concerts at Canterbury Kent University (November 11), Portsmouth Basins (12), Egham Royal Holloway College (14), London Bass Clef (17), Norwich Premises (18), Liverpool Unemployed Centre (22), London Ronnie Scotts Club (23).

**THE SHAMEN** have rescheduled their tour and now play **London City Poly** (November 6), **Bolton College** (8), **Hull Adelphi** (19), **Blackburn Top Hat** (20), **London Central Poly** (22), **London Timebox** (24), **Canterbury Kent University** (25), **Romford Rezz Club** (26), **London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63** (27) and **Paisley Technical College** (28).

**QUICKIES**... **ROBERT CRAY** has slotted in an extra London show at the **Mean Fiddler, Harlesden**, on Saturday... **ANNETTE PEACOCK** and her band **I BELONG TO A WORLD THAT'S DESTROYING ITSELF** play **Ronnie Scotts Club, London**, on Sunday... **THE FALL** tour now opens at **Bristol University** on Thursday, replacing the date originally scheduled for Wednesday... **HUGH MASEKELA** has added **Cambridge New Hall College** on November 15... **TWO PEOPLE** are special guests on the **OWEN PAUL** tour... **THE GO-BETWEENS** will be playing a Christmas show at the **London Astoria** on December 14... **DEAD CANDANCE** play **London ULU** on November 21 and **Bristol St George's Hill** (22)... Boston's finest **BARRENCE WHITFIELD & THE SAVAGES** fly in to play **London Camden Dingwalls** on December 3 and 13.

**MOOD SIX** promote their **Cherry Red** album 'A Matter Of!' with dates at **London Harlesden Mean Fiddler** (November 10), **London Kennington Cricketers** (12), **London Fulham Greyhound** (25), **Manchester Boardwalk** (January 10).

**THE SINISTER CLEANERS**, who are about to release their second 12 inch EP on the Leeds based AAZ label, 'Goodbye Ms Jones', play **London Covent Garden Rock Garden** (November 12), **Bradford Royal Standard** (13), **Manchester Boardwalk** (15), **Luton Switch Club** (December 6).



**PAULINE MURRAY & THE STORM**, whose new single 'New Age' has just been released, play **Glasgow Rooftops** (November 14), **Manchester Boardwalk** (20), **Bristol Tropic Club** (December 12), **London Central Poly** (13), **Barrow Bluebird** (18). More dates may be added.

**DUCKS DELUXE**, the reformed **Seventies** pub rockers who released the minor classic album 'Taxi To The Terminal Zone', have London gigs at **Fulham King's Head** (Wednesday), **Putney Half Moon** (November 8), **Finchley Torrington** (9), **Herne Hill Half Moon** (13), **Camden Dingwall's** (14), **Hitchin Swan** (16), **Harlesden Mean Fiddler** (22) and **Croydon Cartoon** (23).

**THE LARKS** play their new single 'All Or Nothing Girl' with dates at **London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey** (November 8), **Poole Institute of Higher Education** (14), **Birmingham University** (15), venues to be announced in **Leicester** (December 4) and **Oxford** (5), **West London Institute** (6), **Hampstead Westfield College** (8), **Canterbury Christchurch College** (12) and **Coventry Poly** (17).

**BUCKS FIZZ** have announced details of their Christmas tour, again sponsored by a well-known hi-fi firm. Anyway, less chat, more dates. They play **St Austell Coliseum** (December 2), **Margate Winter Gardens** (3), **Brighton Dome** (4), **Portsmouth Guildhall** (6), **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (7), **Newport Centre** (8), **Newcastle City Hall** (9), **Nottingham Royal Centre** (10), **Aberdeen Capitol** (11), **Edinburgh Playhouse** (12), **Manchester Apollo** (14), **Preston Guildhall** (15), **Birmingham Odeon** (16), **Harrogate Conference Centre** (18), **London Palladium** (21). Their first album for two years, 'Writing On The Wall', is out later this month.

# RECORD NEWS

## SINGLES

**BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST**: 'He Said Love' (Polydor) — out on Friday ● **BEASTIE BOYS**: 'It's The New Style' (Def Jam) from the forthcoming album 'Licence To Ill' — out now ● **MATT BELGRANO & ROY GAYLE**: 'Here's Lookin' At Ya' (Music UK) Belgrano's the punk whose barnet is featured on one of

Britain's best-selling postcards — out now ● **DUKE BOOTE**: 'Broadway' (Hardback) the man who rapped on **Grandmaster Flash's** 'The Message' — out on Monday ● **CLAIR OBSCUR**: 'Smurf In The Gulag' (Cathexis) remix of a track originally featured on **Abstract Audio Visual** magazine — out now ● **DRAND THE MEDICS**: 'Waterloo' (IRS) yes, the Abba hit, with Roy Wood guesting — out on Monday ● **DOLBY'S CUBE**: 'Howard The Duck' (MCA) culled from the

movie soundtrack — out next week ● **PHIL FEARON**: 'Ain't Nothing But A House Party' (Chrysalis) a revamp of The **Shostoppers'** classic — out now ● **AGNETHA FALTSKOG**: 'The Way You Are' (Sonet) Aggie from Abba returns to duet with one **Ola Hakan** — out on Monday ● **FIVE STAR**: 'If I Say Yes' (RCA) from the album 'Silk & Steel' — out on Monday ● **GENE LOVES JEZEBEL**: 'Desire (Come & Get It)' (Beggars' Banquet) remixed version of their new single which is, in fact, an old single, coupled with 'Heartache', another old single, although not as old as the new one. 12 inch only — out now ● **GENESIS**: 'Land Of Confusion' (Virgin) from the album 'Invisible Touch', the sleeve features *Splitting Image* caricatures of Messrs Banks, Collins and Rutherford — out on Monday ● **A GIRL CALLED JOHNNY**: 'Hello It Isn't Me' (10) second single from the **Edinburgh** band — out now ● **HERMAN'S HERMITS**: 'There's A Kind Of Hush' (EMI) reissued to tie in with **Schweppes** TV ads, the 'B' side is another biggie, 'No Milk Today' — out on Monday ● **HUMAN LEAGUE**: 'I Need Your Loving' (Virgin) from the album 'Crash' — out on Monday ● **THE INVISIBLE**: 'Love St.' (Midnight Music) features ex-Monochrome guitarist **Lester Square** — out now ● **TIPPA IRIE**: 'Panic Panic' (UK Bubbler) — out now ● **IRON MAIDEN**: 'Somewhere In Time' (EMI) — out next week ● **KIN KELLY**: 'To You' (Gipsy) Britain's likeliest challenger to the **Springsteen** crown, according to his press blurb — out now ● **KOOL AND**



SHINEHEAD: cool cap

**THE GANG**: 'Victory' (Club) likely to be the Gang's 20th consecutive hit — out next week ● **PATTI LABELLE**: 'Something Special' (MCA) from the album 'Winner In You' — out on Monday ● **THE LARKS**: 'All Or Nothing Girl' (Exaltation) 12 inch contains two extra tracks — out now ● **J. C. LODGE**: 'Someone Loves You Honey' (Greensleeves) — out now ● **LULU**: 'My Boy Lollipop' (Jive) **Adrian Mole's** new mum blows the dust off another old chesnut after her recent revival of 'Shout' — out now ● **PAUL McCARTNEY**: 'Pretty Little Head' (EMI) — out now ● **THE MONROES**: 'Cheerio' (EMI) from that wonderland land that

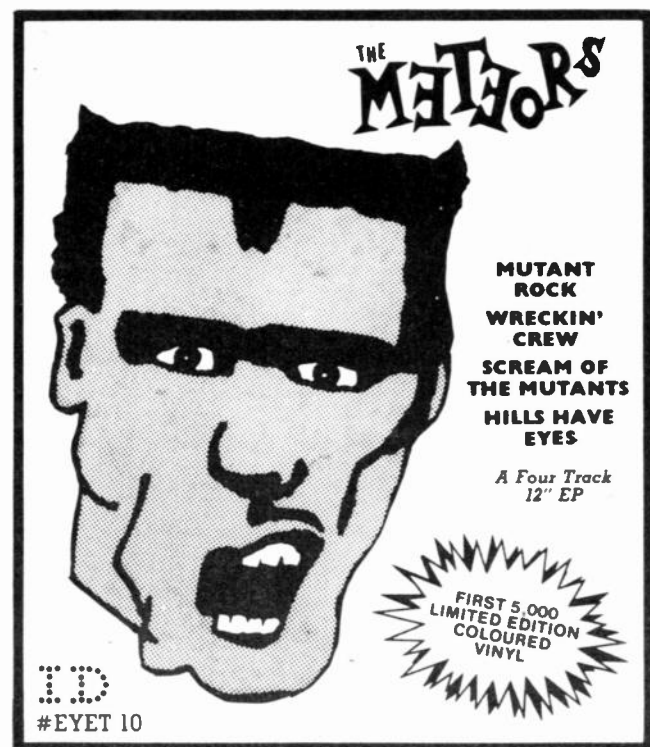
brought you A-Ha — out on Monday ● **PRESSURE POINT**: 'Mellow Moods' (Hardback) first release from a new label — out on Monday ● **SHARP**: 'Entertain Me' / 'So Say Hurray (The Emperor's New Clothes' (Unicorn) band featuring **Jimmy Edwards**, **Bruce Foxton** and **Rick Buckler** — out next week ● **SHINEHEAD**: 'Who The Cap Fit' (Virgin) the 'B' side features **Shinehead's** own readings of **Michael Jackson's** 'Billie Jean' and **Junior's** 'Mama Used To Say' — out on Monday ● **THE SINISTER CLEANERS**: 'Goodbye Ms Jones' (AAZ) actually a 12-inch four track affair — out next week ● **TAMING THE OUTBACK**: 'Blue Heart' / 'Fire & Smoke' (Black Sun) — out now ● **TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB**: 'Mixed Up World' (Cooltempo) the follow-up to 'Rumors' — out now ● **WYOMING**: 'Outside Looking In' (CBS) debut from a **Glaswegian** three piece — out now ● **YEAH JAZZ**: 'She Said' (Upright) a clear vinyl affair that contains (we kid you not) pressed confetti! — out now

**ROUGH TRADE** have signed a deal with L.A.'s **Enigma Records** and are immediately releasing nine albums; **Game Theory's** 'The Big Shot Chronicles', **The Flaming Lips'** 'Hear It It', **The Dead Milkmen's** 'Eat Your Paisley', **The Wipers'** 'Land Of The Lost', **Agent Orange's** 'This Is The Voice', **TSOL's** 'Revenge', **The Descendents'** 'Enjoy!' and 'Can't Get Lost When You're Goin' Nowhere' by **Gone Fishin'**, a band formed by **Matt Pucci** of **The Rain Parade** and **Tim Lee** of **The Windbreakers**.

**AGE OF CHANCE** release their version of the **Prince** classic 'Kiss' on **Fon Records** on November 5. A six track mini-album is expected soon and will include 'Kiss' and a rendition of **The Trammps'** 'Disco Inferno'. **Fon** also release the new **Chakk** 12 inch 'Timebomb', now that the band are no longer with **MCA**, and a **Chakk/Swanhunters** collaboration 'Bloodsport' is also out soon with all profits going to **Artists Against Apartheid**.



**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S** five album set 'Live 1975-1985' is released worldwide on Monday after more than a year of planning. As well as live versions of the best of **Springsteen's** studio cuts, **Bruce** sings songs he wrote made famous by others, like 'Fire' (**The Pointer Sisters**) and 'Because The Night' (**Patti Smith**) and there's also a cover of **Tom Waits'** 'Jersey Girl'. The material spans **Springsteen's** last four American tours and includes a 36 page booklet with lyrics and photographs.





# LPs EXTRA

## DIED PRETTY Free Dirt (What Goes On)

DIED PRETTY's credentials come sound-stamped by Rob Younger, who used to wear one of the best armbands any side of Detroit, and his production job on this year-old collection is thick and beefy enough for anyone searching for a recharge post-'Candy Apple Grey'. In truth 'Free Dirt' is only partly successful, being more of a rock-solid advert for the life style than bona fide shelf-filler. 'Blue Sky Day' surges to perfection on the outer edge of side one, with busy, busy drumming and a forest of horns and bouzouki(?) swaying on the horizon. But, such is its mark that, disappointingly, nothing further in fires quite like it. Yes, there's no end of hair-pulling, string-tying true blue rock swashbuckling, but it comes across as a bit of a headless chicken, slightly self-conscious at that, as on the supposed classic, 'Next To Nothing'. 'Laughing Boy' and 'Just Skin' would be better with the guitarist on a leash, and the singer given a glass of milk between verses, but on the credit side, 'Through Another Door', and 'Stoneage Cinderellas' smooth the ruffles with a beautifully weighted keyboard drifting past Dylanish phrasing and a rock more mellow.

Died Pretty have all the ingredients. 'Free Dirt' is half of them. See you down the front.  
**David Swift**

## HELIOS CREED X-Rated Fairy Tales (Subterranean Records) US Import

LOUD GUITARS have a very special place in pop music. Turned up at exactly the right time, in exactly the right place, they can make it all seem as essential as Charles Hawtrey,

ice-cold orange juice and *Coronation Street*. Think of Eddie Van Halen's flame-thrown belch during Michael's 'Beat It'. Think of Steve Diggle before he got the hang of things. But don't think of Helios Creed. 'X-Rated Fairy Tales' has so many guitars on it that old Helios (ex of Chrome) must have worn his fingers to the bone. Guitars are used with mindless immoderation. They do not stop for breath. And try as they might, they fail to mask the truth — a minor imagination out to play in a landscape which is flat for as far as the eye can see. I've been to more frenzied coffee mornings.

**John McCready**

## CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION Room Of Lights (Mute)

A TREMELO quavers as 'Six Bells Chime' and order is restored. Promises are finally kept. Old misgivings that draw concern from some miserly voice or recurring Deep South scenery or hammed-up blues should be shelved. These recollections from after the flood are their best yet.

Muddy water here refers to bedroom tussles where a protagonist is deprived of the will to act. It's not miserable, though; more like sifting through dog-eared letters and being unable to separate requests from actions that seemed right at the time. Mostly 'Room Of Lights' is slower than a diesel engine, removed from bravado and adept at the intuitive. Structures seem disconnected and yet there's usually melody nearby.

These are renegades, brushing aside past efforts like the paving stones they are and surprising again.

**Dele Fadele**

**CHATSHOW** have a new label, a new drummer and dates at Wolverhampton Scruples (Thursday), Peterborough Tropicana (November 12), London Timebox (13), Dudley JB's (14), British Tropic (15), Burnley Circulation Club (19), Manchester Legends (20), Birkenhead Stairways (27), Glasgow Rooftops (28), London 100 Club (December 2), Brighton Ship Inn (3), Oxford Poly (4), Colchester The Works (5), Hull Adelphi (10), Birmingham Sensateria (11), Bournemouth Town Hall (13), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (14), Leicester Studio (21), Manchester Ritz (22). Their first single for the Federation label, 'Shake It Down' is released next month.

**SMILEY CULTURE** has added another four dates to his tour schedule and now crops up at **Newcastle University (November 13), Oxford Poly (14), Southampton University (15) and Bradford University (17).**

**STUMP** have added another handful of dates to their tour in support of their mini-LP 'Quirk Out' and play London Haringay Community Centre (November 7), London Central Poly (8), Croydon Underground (13), Sheffield Leadmill (15), London Kennington Cricketers (18) and London Chelsea College (28).



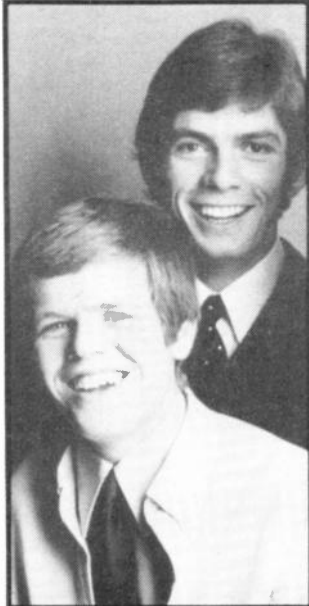
**PETE SHELLEY** goes out on the road to plug his third solo album 'Heaven And The Sea'. Dates confirmed so far are **Brighton Zap Club (November 7), Kingston Poly (8), London ULU (13), Bristol University (14), Dudley JB's (15), Newcastle Poly (21), Glasgow Strathclyde University (22), Dundee Dance Factory (23), Blackburn King George's Hall (24), and Huddersfield Poly (30).** Dates for December are expected soon.

**ADDITIONS. . .SIMPLY RED** play Manchester Apollo (December 4), Hanley Victoria Hall (5) and Newcastle City Hall (6). . .**ERIC CLAPTON** has slotted in two more nights at London's Royal Albert Hall (January 8 and 10). . .**THE MISSION** have extra shows at London Kilburn National Ballroom (November 25), Dublin Top Hat (28) and Belfast Queens University (29). . . **ALICE COOPER** plays a third show at Birmingham Odeon on December 5.

# ALBUMS

● **ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS:** 'Artists Showcase' (StreetSounds) 12 track compilation — out on Monday ● **BLOODFIRE POSSE:** 'Are You Ready' (CBS) originally released last December but reissued to coincide with support dates for UB40 — out now ● **BRIGANDAGE:** 'Pretty Funky Thing (Gung Ho)' debut set by an outfit that plays, according to their press handout, "uptight rock'n'roll" — out next week ● **LOL COXHILL & STEVE MILLER:** 'The Miller's Tale' (Recommended) It's the British Steve Miller, of course, not the 'Abracadabra' merchant — out now ● **JACKIE LEE COCHRAN:** 'Rockabilly Legend' (Magnum Force) released on November 28 to tie-in with the veteran rockabilly's forthcoming UK visit ● **COMMODORES:** 'United' (Polydor) includes the single 'Goin' To The Bank' — out next week ● **CHARLES DE GOAL:** 'Double Face' (New Rose) his fourth album in six years, it's a double by the way — out now ● **THE ETHIOPIANS:** 'The Original Reggae Hitsound Of The Ethiopians' (Trojan) 21 gems on the LP, two bonus instrumentals on the cassette — out soon ● **GONE TO EARTH:** 'Folk In Hell' (Probe Plus) are we allowed to publicise such things? — out now ● **EDDY GRANT:** 'Born Tuff' (RCA) — out now ● **I CAN CRAWL:** 'Desert' (Hybrid) ten track set including contributions

from Colourbox and Hugh Jones — out now ● **KILLING JOKE:** 'Brighter Than A Thousand Suns' (EG) their sixth — out on Monday ● **KING KONG:** 'Trouble Again' (Greensleeves) KK's first full solo album, produced by Prince Jammy — out on Monday ● **LIMAH:** 'Colour All My Days' (EMI) produced by Giorgio Moroder — out on Monday ● **LITTLE RICHARD:** 'Ooh Ma Soul' (Magnum Force) early gospel shots by the man kissed by Danny Kelly — out now ● **MEGADETH:** 'Peace Sells . . . But Who's Buying' (Capitol) a band fronted by Dave Mustains, ex-Metallica — out on Monday ● **EDDIE MONEY:** 'Can't Hold Back' (CBS) his first album in



**HERMAN: and a Hermit**

three years, includes a guest appearance by Ronnie Spector on the single 'Take Me Home Tonight' — out now ● **ONE WAY:** 'IX' (MCA) — out on Monday ● **THE OUTFIELD:** 'Play Deep' (CBS) debut from East End three piece, big in America — out now ● **THE POPULAR FRONT:** 'A Heartbeat For Laughing' (Midnight Music) — out now ● **MICHELLE-SHOCKED:** 'The Texas Campfire Tapes' (Cooking Vinyl) debut from Manhattan singer-songwriter — out on Monday ● **FRANK SINATRA:** 'The Capitol Years' (Capitol) previously only on vinyl, now a set of 20 high quality XDR cassette tapes. Buddy can you spare seventy quid? — out on Monday ● **MEL SMITH & GRIFF RHYS JONES:** 'Scratch 'n' Sniff' (10) — out now ● **BILLY SQUIER:** 'Enough Is Enough' (Capitol) features two tracks co-written with Freddie Mercury and Danny Kortchmar — out on Monday ● **CHRIS SUTTON:** 'Chris Sutton' (Polydor) debut including the singles 'Prince Of Justice' and 'Don't Get Me Wrong' — out on Friday ● **VARIOUS:** 'Howard The Duck — Soundtrack' (MCA) mainly Thomas Dolby, George Clinton and John Barry, with a vocal assist from Tata Vega — out November 17 ● **VARIOUS:** 'Massive 2' (Virgin) sixteen reggae tracks including contributions from Aswad, Maxi Priest and Tippa Irie — out on November 10 ● **X-MEN:** 'Lillies For My Pussy' (Media Burn) a six-track mini-album featuring versions of songs originated by Jefferson Airplane, Love etc — out now ●



**THE DOC: "Abba do,do,do"**

**BLUE NOTE** release a dozen soul jazz albums on November 17, including a previously unissued LP by the label's leading piano trio The Three Sounds, an album of unreleased songs by Hank Mobley who died this year, and other sets by Duke Ellington, Horace Silver, Jimmy Smith, Stanley Turrentine and Ike Quebec.

**klubFoot** CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR. \*BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM\*

**the STAYS**

**My Bloody Valentine** **the PURPLE THINGS**

**the Wigs**

Saturday 8th November at 7.30pm, £4

CAMOUFLAGE CONCERTS PRESENT

**THE DAMNED**

With Guests **restless** Blue in Heaven

Sunday 9th November, 7.30pm  
Hammersmith Palais

TICKETS £5.50 IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812.

**HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

Wednesday 12th November, 7.30pm

TICKETS £5.50, £5.00 IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081.

CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 8771, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT

**klubFoot** CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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**BATMOBILE**

**TORMENT**

**THE FRANTIC FLINTSTONES**

SATURDAY 15th NOVEMBER at 7.30pm, £4

CAMOUFLAGE CONCERTS & WORLD SERVICE PRESENT

THE DOUBLE FEATURE WORLD TOUR 1986/87

**LENE LOVICH** **NINA HAGEN**

Tuesday 18th November at 7.30pm  
Hammersmith Palais

TICKETS £5.00 IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 8771, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT

CAMOUFLAGE CONCERTS PRESENT

**KILLING JOKE**

with guests **GUANA BATZ** **RED** (LORRY YELLOW LORRY)

Sunday 23rd November, at 7.30pm  
Hammersmith Palais

TICKETS £5.50 IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 8771, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £6.00 ON THE NIGHT

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

THE TAXI CONNECTION

**SLY & ROBBIE & THE TAXI GANG**

**YELLOWMAN**

**INI KAMOZE**

**HALF PINT**

**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NWS

SATURDAY 29th NOVEMBER at 7.30pm

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm  
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ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

<p>Thursday 6th November (Adm £3.00)</p> <p><b>PERSIAN RISK</b> Plus Zero Zero and Martin Ball</p> <p>Friday 7th November (Adm £3.50)</p> <p><b>GODFATHERS</b> Plus Support and Nick Henbrey</p> <p>Saturday 8th November (Adm £5.00)</p> <p><b>THE BOLSHOI</b> Plus Very Special Guests and Martin Ball</p> <p>Sunday 9th November (Adm £3.00)</p> <p><b>STERLING</b> Plus Mad Hatter and Martin Ball Free Entry With This Ticket Before 8pm</p>	<p>Monday 10th November (Adm £3.00)</p> <p><b>SKIN GAMES</b> Plus Year Seven and Monty Zero</p> <p>Tuesday 11th November (Adm £3.00)</p> <p><b>WELL, WELL, WELL</b> Plus Support and Monty Zero</p> <p>Wednesday 12th November (Adm £3.00)</p> <p><b>WILD FLOWERS</b> Plus Support and Nick Henbrey</p> <p>Thursday 13th November (Adm £4.00)</p> <p><b>STATETROOPER</b> Plus Support and Martin Ball</p>
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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

**DINGWALLS**  
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

<p>49 SCREAM — Thurs 6</p> <p>CASH North London's Finest £3 (£2 concessions)</p> <p>Chevalier Brothers LINO &amp; THE YOW CITY EXPEDITION Fantastical Choir's This Best £4</p> <p>GENO WASHINGTON &amp; THE RAM JAM BAND ROOT JACKSON UNFINISHED BUSINESS SUPPORTED BY THE TOUCH Soul Double Header £4</p> <p>*The Sunday Showcase (7pm-11.30pm) 5 NEW BANDS See Em First Here £1.50</p> <p>RAY CAMPI &amp; HIS ROCK 'A' BILLY REBELS DJ MOUSE Rock 'N' Roll Jump Live Music £2.50</p>	<p>Tues 11 Videodrome Club Presents <b>VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE</b> MULTICOLOURED SHADES Host &amp; DJ Krys Videodrome Every Tuesday £3 (£2 concessions) Wed 12 From Denmark</p> <p><b>GANGWAY</b> And From Belgium <b>NEON JUDGEMENT</b> Euro Double £3 (£2 concessions) Thurs 13 Caribbean Nights in Camden Sponsored by CARIB LAGER</p> <p><b>BLOOD FIRE POSSE</b> CARIB HOMERS ODYSSEY IN CONJUNCTION WITH CAMDEN COUNCIL Reggae &amp; Soul Calypso £5 (£3 concessions) Fri 14 DUCKS DELUXE Sat 15 PHIL GUY (Blue From USA) Mon 17 1 2 3 (From Sweden) Thurs 20 FREDDIE MCGREGOR Fri 21 MCCLUSKEY BROTHERS Sat 22 BOOGIE BROTHERS BLUES BAND Wed 26 RED WEDGE NIGHT</p>
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DNA ENTS. PRESENTS

## THE MISSION

TUES. 11TH NOV. MANCHESTER RITZ  
SAT. 15TH NOV. GUILDFORD SURREY UNI.  
MON 17TH NOV. BRIGHTON TOP RANK  
TUES. 18TH NOV. BRISTOL THE STUDIO  
SUN. 23RD NOV. BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE  
MON. 24TH NOV. AYLESBURY CIVIC CENTRE  
TUES. 25TH NOV. KILBURN NATIONAL

TICKETS FOR ALL DATES  
£4.00 ADV. £4.50 DOOR  
(EXCEPT LONDON £4.50 ADV. £5.00 DOOR)  
AVAILABLE FROM USUAL AGENTS  
OR BY POST FROM: —  
DNA ENTERTAINMENTS, P.O. BOX HP2  
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**Sunday Music**

9 November 8pm  
BENEFIT FOR GUY'S HOSPITAL SCANNER  
**PYEWACKETT**  
with special friends  
Tickets: £5 (£3.50 unwaged)  
MEMBERS £1.00 OFF

16 November 8pm  
**RENT PARTY**  
and  
**THE DELTONES**  
Tickets: £5 (£3.50 unwaged)  
MEMBERS £1.00 OFF

**THE ALBANY** DOUGLAS WAY, LONDON SE8  
01-691 3333

**SHARP**

RICK BUCKLER — drums & percussion  
JIMMY EDWARDS — lead vocals, guitars & keyboards  
BRUCE FOXTON — bass & vocals

**BAY 63**  
12 Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove, London W10. Tel 960 4590

Thursday 6th November  
**THE CREEPERS + THE JANITORS + GAYE BIKERS ON ACID**  
Adm £3.00 £2.50 Doors Open 8pm  
Friday 7th November  
**3 MUSTAPHAS 3**  
— DJ Dave Hucker 8-11pm Adm £3.00

Saturday 8th November  
**THE JIVING INSTRUCTORS**  
— DJ Dave Hucker 9-11pm Adm £3.00

Sunday 15th November  
**SONIDO DE LONDRES**  
THE JAZZ DEFECTORS  
THE PASTELS

JAZZ LEGEND

## miles davis

IN CONCERT

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 16th — 5.00 & 8.30pm  
MONDAY NOVEMBER 17th — 8.00pm

**Wembley Conference Centre**

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SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

## GREENWICH LEISURE

**Pentangle**  
Thursday 6 November 8pm  
Greenwich Borough Hall Royal Hill SE10  
£4, £3.50 (Concessions £2.50, £2)

**The Fall**  
Promoting their New Album "Bend Sinister" Out Now  
Saturday 8 November 8pm  
Woolwich Coronet (By Woolwich Ferry) SE18  
£4 (Concessions £2)

**Boxcar Willie**  
Plus  
**Johnny Russell**  
Country Giants in concert  
Thursday 27 November 6.45 and 9.45pm  
Woolwich Coronet (By Woolwich Ferry) SE18  
£8, £6, £4 (Concessions £6, £5, £3)

**The Drifters**  
Plus  
Disco  
Thursday 4 December  
Doors open 8.30pm.  
Flamingo's Wellington Street, Woolwich SE18.  
Smart casual dress — no jeans or trainers  
£5 (Concessions £2.50) Over 25's

ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900  
Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18  
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HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

## ANOTHER STEP INTO BRITAIN

# KIM WILDE

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**  
MONDAY 8th DECEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS £5.50 IN ADVANCE  
FROM BOX OFFICE & LOCAL AGENTS

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# JAKI CARTER

ON 01-829 7816.

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LIVE MUSIC  
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Weds 5th FROM AUSTRALIA Adm £3

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Thurs 6th **INDUSTRY** Adm £2.50  
NO PURE REASON BACK 2 BACK

Fri 7th **PLAZA + THE TOUCH** Adm £3

Sat 8th EXTRA LONDON SHOW Adm £5

## ROBERT CRAY BAND

Sun 9th **RADICAL SHIEKS** Adm £3.00

Mon 10th **BLOOD BROTHERS GO FURIOUS** Adm £2  
YELLOW LIFETIME MOOD SIX

Wed 12th and Thurs 13th ONLY LONDON SHOWS Adm £3

Tues 11th **MY LIFE STORY** Adm £2.50  
LOVES YOUNG NIGHTMARE THE LADY KILLERS

Fri 14th and Sat 15th Adm £5

## THE BLUES BAND

PAUL JONES TOM MCGUINNESS DAVE KELLY GARY FLETCHER HUGHIE FLINT ROB TOWNSEND

Tues 18th Adm £3.00

Thurs 20th FROM USA Adm £4

Fri 21st and Sat 22nd Adm £4.00

FROM IRELAND **BRUSH SHEELS**

Fri 28th and Sat 29th FROM USA Adm 5.00

**COMMANDER CODY**

Sun 23rd **LORE AND THE LEGENDS** Adm £4

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THE MEAN FIDDLER IS A LIVE MUSIC VENUE WITH 2 BARS A BALCONY RESTAURANT AND DANCE FLOOR—OPEN 7 NIGHTS A WEEK—9pm-2am. FIRST ACT ON 10pm. NIGHT BUS 1

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## Microdisney

### Stars of Heaven

MONDAY 10TH NOVEMBER

TICKETS: £4 ADVANCE, £4.50 ON THE DOORS

AT THE BOSTON DRS. 7.30 PM.

(opposite Tufnell Park Tube Station)

GAZ'S ROCKIN' BLUES

WINTER WARMER featuring **POTATO 5**

MASH IT UP!

**Forest Hill BILLIES** **THE DELTONES**

27 MATOIDS & Special Guests

SATURDAY 8th NOVEMBER

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town  
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB  
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5  
tickets: £5 advance, £5.50 on the doors, doors: 8.30-2am.  
Box Office: 261 3334, Stargreen 734 8912, Rough Trade Records, Rock On Records  
Keith Prowse: 741 8989, 240 0771, Rhythm Records

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM

FRI 7TH NOVEMBER

## THE LEATHER NUN

Fields of the Nephilim  
Bomb Party  
Gaye Bikers on Acid

Clarendon (opening hours) / L.T.B. 439 3371  
Rough Trade Records / Stargreen 734 8932  
Keith Prowse: 741 8989 / Premier 240 0771  
TICKETS: £4 Rhythm Records / DRS. 7.30 PM

**ASTORIA**  
157 CHARING CROSS ROAD  
Saturday 22nd November

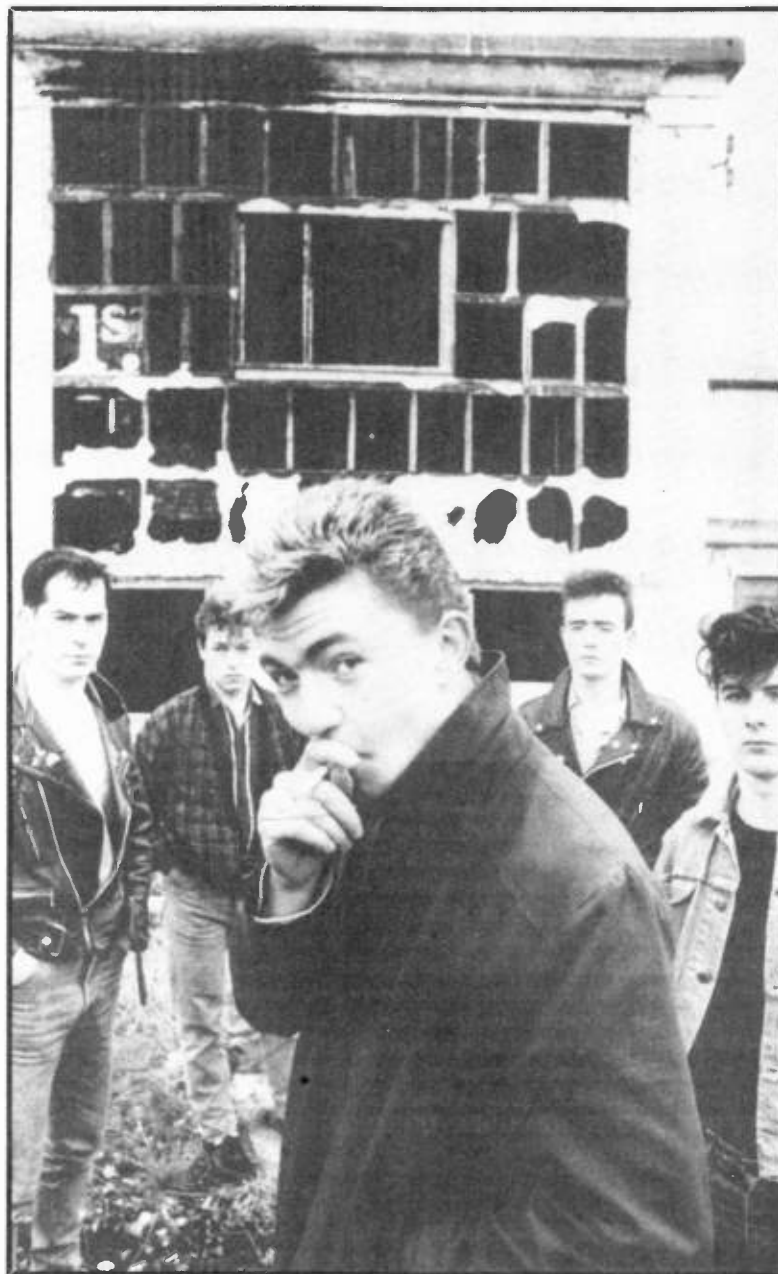
## the mighty lemon drops

MY BIGGEST THRILL

**The Wild Swans**  
FREIGHT TRAIN  
doors 7.30pm  
£4.50 advance, £5 doors



# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



*Easterhouse: sorry Moscow, not this week. Photo A. J. Barratt.*

**BONFIRE NIGHT** looks to be a bit of a washout this year, but if you're still smokin' for the following six days here's some other hot stuff. However, readers of a certain other publication will be disappointed to hear that **EASTERHOUSE** play Warwick (Thursday), Uxbridge (Friday) and Portsmouth (Saturday) – not Guy Fawkes as they had been led to be believed. No wacky Parliamentary pseudonyms where **COCTEAU TWINS** are concerned. They play Portsmouth (Thursday), Nottingham (Friday) and Liverpool (Saturday). **EDWYN COLLINS** turns up in Sheffield (Thursday) and Kentish Town (Friday) while **THE BAND OF HOLY JOY** make a rare appearance at London Players Theatre on Monday. Elsewhere, take your pick from **THE FALL**, **HUGH MASEKELA**, **LENNY HENRY**, **HURRAH!**, **STUMP**, **THE MISSION**, **BILLY BRAGG**, **A CERTAIN RATIO & THE DAMNED**.

## WEDNESDAY 5

Aberdeen The Venue: **Curtis Mayfield**  
Barrow 99 Club: **Delicious Poison**  
Belfast New Vic: **Loudon Wainwright III**  
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Owen Paul**  
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **UB40**  
Bournemouth Dorset Institute: **The Looking Glass**  
Bradford Matelots: **Doo J**  
Bradford University: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**  
Brighton Conference Centre: **Rod Stewart**  
Brighton Zap Club: **Hidden Intention/Cha Cha Bar**  
Bristol Colston Hall: **Wasp**  
Bristol George & Railway: **The Passmore Sisters**  
Cardiff Mars Bar: **Fields Of The Nephilim**  
Cardiff University: **Billy Bragg**  
Chatham Churchills: **The Discords/Back From The Dead**  
Colchester The Works: **The Meteors**  
Croydon Cartoon: **Mandrake**  
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Panic Brothers**  
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **King Kurt**  
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Big Audio Dynamite**  
Exeter Arts Centre: **The Screaming Abdabs/Kevin McAleer/Sheila Hyde**  
Halifax Piece Hall: **The Gardeners**  
Harlow The Square: **Thin Yogurt/Family Of Noise**  
Hull University: **The Guana Batz**  
Keele University: **Beki Bondage & The Bombshells**  
Leeds Adam & Eves: **Government Issue/Depraved/Heresy**  
Leeds Coconut Grove: **Freestyle**  
Leicester Haymarket: **Hugh Masekela**  
Leicester Poly: **The Highlanders**  
Liverpool Crackers Club: **Pendragon**  
Liverpool Philharmonic: **The Da Vincis**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Papa George**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Three Colours**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Miaow/Rumblefish/Coming Up Roses**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Ducks Deluxe**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Phoney American Accents/Catatonix**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**  
London Haresden Mean Fiddler: **Died Pretty**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **The Mighty Caesars/The Delmonas**  
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate Timebox: **The Locomotives**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Paz**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **Kalahari**  
London Queen Mary College: **The Wedding Present**  
London SE15 Walmer Castle: **Grim Facts/Regulator**  
London School of Economics: **The Word Association**  
London ULU: **Webcore**  
London Wembley Arena: **Ultravox**  
London Wimbledon William Morris Club: **The Pulse Corporation**  
Manchester Corbieres: **Side FX**  
Manchester International: **Leather Nun**  
Newcastle City Hall: **O.M.D.**  
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Railway Children**  
Newcastle Tiffans: **The Mission**  
Northampton Derngate: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
Nottingham Fletchergate Old Vic: **District Six**  
Preston Raiders: **The Macc Lads**  
Rayleigh Peers: **The Shakers**  
Warrington The Stocks: **AK's Groovy Dog**

## THURSDAY 6

Aberavon Raffles: **Co-Stars**

Barrow Bluebird: **Perfect Circle/The Valley Forge**  
Birkenhead Stairways: **16 Tambourines/Barbel**  
Birmingham Glory Hole: **Surf Drums**  
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **UB40**  
Birmingham Sensateria: **Psychedelic Dungeon**  
Bournemouth Third Side Club: **Thatcher On Acid**  
Bradford Royal Standard: **Civilised Society/Boilerhouse**  
Bradford University: **The Railway Children**  
Brighton Conference Centre: **Rod Stewart**  
Brighton Richmond: **The Crack**  
Brighton Zap Club: **Died Pretty**  
Canterbury Marlow Theatre: **Incantation**  
Chatham Churchills: **Rocket 88**  
Croydon Cartoon: **Bad Influence**  
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Lenny Henry**  
Derby Rockhouse: **The Meteors**  
Dudley JB's: **Ice Cold & Alex**  
Dundee University: **Delicious Poison**  
Edinburgh Coasters: **The Mission**  
Glasgow Blackfriars: **The Fraugs**  
Greenwich Borough Hall: **Pentangle**  
Harlow The Square: **Mad Dog**  
Harpenden The George: **The No Nos**  
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **School For Scandal/Hookline & Silverfish**  
Ipswich Gaumont: **The Damned**  
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Friends**  
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Primitives**  
Kingston Queen's Head: **Caddyshack**  
Lancaster University: **The Guana Batz**  
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Railway Children**  
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Robert Calvert**  
Liverpool Crackers: **Cardiacs**  
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Peter Hammill**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Steve Whalley/Razoredge**  
London Brixton The Fridge: **Joolz**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dave Kelly Band**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Jackie Daly/Jimmy Crowley**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Stand Back**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Fire Next Time**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Step Aside/This Is Emily**  
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Hurrah!**  
London NW3 Ye Olde Swiss Cottage: **The Big Town Playboys**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **Peppermint Players**  
London Shepherd's Bush Green Wellington: **Jagged Edge**  
London Stoke Newington Three Crowns: **Two Lost Sons/3 Action/Swift Nick**  
London Town & Country Club: **Lone Justice**  
London W1 100 Club: **The Mighty Caesars/The Daggers**  
London Wembley Arena: **Ultravox**  
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Bible**  
Manchester International: **Chakk**  
Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Wedding Present**  
Newcastle Mayfair: **Big Audio Dynamite**  
Newcastle University: **Robert Cray**  
Northampton Nene College: **XS/Jerod**  
Nottingham The Garage: **The Leather Nun**  
Omagh Knocknamo: **Loudon Wainwright III**  
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **The Particles**  
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Pendragon**  
Portsmouth Grannys: **King Kurt**  
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Cocteau Twins**  
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **James**  
Rotherham Assembly Rooms: **Conflict**  
St Austell Coliseum: **The Screaming Abdabs/Kevin McAleer/Sheila Hyde**  
Scarborough Salisbury: **Network**  
Selby Gaffers: **The Stiffs**  
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Owen Paul**  
Sheffield University: **Edwyn Collins**  
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **The Mamas & The Papas/Martha Reeves/Gary U.S. Bonds/Lou Christie/Scott McKenzie**

## FRIDAY 7

Aberdeen Capitol: **Billy Bragg**  
Aberdeen Venue: **The Mission**  
Aberystwyth University: **The Man Upstairs**  
Ainwick Playhouse: **Split Crow**  
Aylesbury Wellhead Inn: **Wes McGhee**  
Bath Moles: **After Tonite**  
Birmingham NEC: **Ultravox**  
Birmingham Odeon: **Wasp**  
Brighton Zap Club: **Pete Shelley**  
Bristol Colston Hall: **Box Car Willie**  
Bristol Polytechnic: **Shark Taboo**  
Bristol Tropic Club: **Unity Station/Murder Burger**  
Buckinghamshire College Of Higher Education: **The Railway Children**  
Burton-On-Trent Central Park: **King Kurt**  
Canterbury Kent University: **The Creepers**  
Cardiff Sam's: **Co-Stars**  
Cardiff Wales Polytechnic: **Pendragon**  
Chalfont St. Giles Buckinghamshire College: **The Railway Children**  
Chatham Churchills: **The Hyacinth Girls**  
Chesham Elgiva: **The Heathcliffs/Culture Vultures/The Low Gods/DIY Lobotomy**  
Coventry General Wolfe: **Robert Calvert**  
Coventry Hand On Heart: **Surf Drums**  
Croydon Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**  
Derby College of Further Education: **Cardiacs**  
Dudley JB's: **The Vibrators**  
Edinburgh Napier College: **Delicious Poison**  
Exeter Arts Centre: **The Wolfhounds/Roy Is Angry**  
Exeter University: **The Screaming Abdabs/Kevin McAleer/Porky The Poet**  
Fort William Gregory's: **Nervous Choir**  
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Mission**  
Greenock Subterranean: **The Chesterfields**  
Harlow The Square: **Deviant Amps/Crystal Planet/Gamekeepers**  
Haslingden Winker's Bar: **The Noble Kind**  
High Wycombe Bucks College: **Crash Landing/Akasha**  
Hull Adelphi: **Yeah Jazz**  
Kingston Polytechnic: **Hurrah!**  
Leatherhead Riverside: **Demented Are Go!**  
Leeds Astoria: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Out Of The Blue**  
Leicester Haymarket Theatre: **Freddie McGregor**  
Leicester Polytechnic: **Curtis Mayfield**  
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Gardeners**  
London Acton Bumbles: **The Beach Bums**  
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Peter Hammill**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**  
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Attila The Stockbroker/Nickleodeon/Mark Thomas**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chevalier Brothers/Lino & The Yow City Explosion**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**  
London Catford Green Man: **Kokomo**  
London City University: **But...?**  
London Cricklewood Hotel: **Some Like It Hot/Ian McPherson Georgina Lock/Owen Oneil**  
London Dalston Junction Crown & Castle: **The Touch/Moonlighters Music**

London Deptford The Crypt: **Full Moon**  
London Deptford Royal Albert: **Juice On The Loose**  
London E14 Buccaneer: **The Reactors**  
London East Ham Town Hall: **Ken Turner Big Band**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Wilko Johnson/Split Crow**  
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kingfishers Catch Fire**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Deep Sea Jivers**  
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Leather Nun/Fields Of The Nephilim**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**  
London Haringay Dead Dog Club: **Stump**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **The Fingertips**  
London Kentish Town Wolsey Tavern: **The Gasworks Gang**  
London NW3 Ye Olde Swiss Cottage: **Bolo Bolo/Pigeon People**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **No Pearls No Passion**  
London Queen Mary Collage: **Bogshed/Pop Will Eat Itself/Buick Circus Hour**  
London SE15 Walmer Castle: **Raw Timber**  
London Shepherd's Bush Green Bush Hotel: **Arnold Brown/Jung & Parker**  
London Thames Polytechnic: **Skint Video**  
London Town & Country Club: **Edwyn Collins**  
London ULU: **23 Skiddoo/Slab/Joy Of Life**  
London W1 100 Club: **Blues 'N' Trouble**  
London WC1 New Merlins Cave: **Razorcuts/The Flatmates/The Bambi Slam**  
London WC1 Union Tavern: **Lo! Coxhill/Mike Cooper/Roger Turner**  
London Wembley Arena: **UB40**  
Manchester Boardwalk: **Dance Hall Daze/The Stark/Johnny Dangerously**  
Middlesborough Town Hall: **Lenny Henry/Panic Brothers/Mint Juleps**  
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**  
Newton Theatre Hafran: **Incantation**  
Northampton Roadmender Centre: **The Elusive Curios**  
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Damned**  
Norwich Premises: **The Bridge**  
Nottingham Royal Centre: **The Cocteau Twins**  
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **The Janitors/Heart Throbs**  
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Caddyshack**  
Penzance Demelza's: **Conflict**  
Portsmouth Basins: **Big Town Playboys**  
St Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind**  
Sheffield Limit: **Robert Cray**  
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Easterhouse**  
Walsall Crest Hotel: **The Wimpletodes**  
Walhamstow: **The Fall**  
Warrington Peppermint Gardens: **AK's Groovy Dog**  
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Beki Bondage & The Bombshells**  
Workshop Royal Centre: **Pentangle**  
York Windmill: **Tough Guys Don't Dance**

## SATURDAY 8

Aberdeen Capitol: **Lenny Henry/Panic Brothers/Mint Juleps**  
Aberdeen The Venue: **The Mission**  
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **New Niteshade**  
Aylesbury Wellhead Inn: **Jasmine Minks**  
Banbury Ex Servicemens's Hall: **The Macc Lads**

Bedford Midland Hotel: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**  
Birmingham Mermaid: **Government Issue/Depraved/Napalm Death/Shrapnel**  
Birmingham Odeon: **Hawkwind**  
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Hunters Club**  
Brighton Hairy Dog Club: **The Bridge/A Tune Day**  
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **James**  
Bristol Moon Club: **After Tonite**  
Cambridge College Of Art: **A Certain Ratio**  
Cork Connolly Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**  
Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic: **Beki Bondage & The Bombshells**  
Croydon Cartoon: **No Spring Chicken** (lunchtime)/**Mungo Jerry** (evening)  
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Owen Paul**  
Exeter St. Georges Hall: **Conflict**  
Gillingham Woodlands: **The Bell Boys**  
Glasgow Barrowlands: **Billy Bragg**  
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Mission**  
Harlow The Square: **Between The Lines/Up In Arms**  
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Caddyshack**  
Hull Adelphi: **Gargoyles**  
Hull Humberstone College: **The Gardeners**  
Huntingdon Waterloo: **KGB**  
Ilfracombe Carousel Bar: **The Wolfhounds/Roy Is Angry**  
Leeds Trades Club: **Tony Coe/Stam Tracy/Tony Oxley/Chris Lawrence**  
Liverpool The Munro: **The War Office**  
Liverpool Royal Court: **The Cocteau Twins**  
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Dinner Ladies/Kevin McAleer/Jeremy Hardy**  
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Peter Hammill**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**  
London Brixton The Fridge: **Bolo Bolo**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Geno**  
Washington/Root Jackson's Unfinished Business  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays**  
London Catford Green Man: **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**  
London Central Polytechnic: **Stump**  
London EC1 The Horehoe: **Marc Matthews & Marc Ramphal/Cynthia Roomes/Sarah Jane Morris & Friends/Zolan Quobbe**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Larks/Timothy London**  
London Fulham King's Head: **The Pirates**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Well Well Well/Street Legal**  
London Hackney Lord Cecil: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**  
London Hounslow Lord Palmerston's: **Deviated Instinct/Ripcord/Active Conspiracy/Atavistoc**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **Blues 'N' Trouble**  
London NW3 Ye Olde Swiss Cottage: **EI Sonido De Londres**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **Hey Day**  
London SE15 Walmer Castle: **Gismo/Grim Facts**  
London Swiss Cottage Abbey Community Centre: **John Hegley/Andrew Bailey/Two Fingers Cabaret/Georgina Lock**  
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **The Potato 5/The Deltones/The Forest Hillbillies/27 Matoids**  
London WC1 Union Tavern: **The Flatmates/Yes Men/Radio Satellites**  
London Walhamstow Royal Standard: **The Nashville Teens**  
London Wembley Arena: **UB40**  
London Wembley The Flag: **Bela Lugosi Returns**  
Luton Switch Club: **24 Colours**  
Malvern Festival Hall: **Great American 60s**  
Manchester Apollo: **Wasp**  
Manchester Boardwalk: **Brilliant Corners/The Desert Wolves/The Aubergines**  
Manchester International: **Curtis Mayfield**  
Manchester Poly: **The Waltonons/The Chesterfields**  
Manchester Raffles: **TV Slaves**  
Middlesborough Teeside Polytechnic: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**  
Newport Centre: **Box Car Willie**  
Newton Theatre Hafran: **Incantation**  
Oxford Jericho Inn: **Surf Drums**  
Oxford Polytechnic: **Hugh Masekela**  
Portsmouth Basins: **Wolfe Witcher Band/The Vulcans**  
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Easterhouse**  
Reading University: **The Damned**  
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Railway Children**  
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Ronald Rimram & The Rimram Rammers/Custom Software/Four Design**  
Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond Club: **The Suicide Stars**  
Swansea St Philip's Community Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/The Glam Organs/Shrapnel/The Dodgey Jammers**  
Treforest Polytechnic: **Hurrah!**  
Warwick University: **The Wild Flowers**  
Wokingham Angie's: **The Wallflowers**  
Wolverhampton Scruples: **Pallas**  
Woolwich Coronet: **The Fall**

## SUNDAY 9

Ayr Pavillion: **The Mission**  
Birmingham Powerhouse: **The Fall**  
Brighton Richmond: **Conflict**  
Bristol Studio: **Big Audio Dynamite**  
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **James**  
Chester Gateway Theatre: **Incantation**  
Croydon Cartoon: **Roy Peters** (lunchtime)/**Steve Whalley** (evening)  
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Hawkwind**  
Dublin Olympia: **Loudon Wainwright III**  
Dudley JB's: **Steve Gibbons**  
Dundee Rep Theatre: **Boo Hooray & Mick Marra**  
Edinburgh Kings Theatre: **Lenny Henry/Mint Juleps/Panic Brothers**  
Glasgow Barrowlands: **The Cocteau Twins**  
London Astoria: **King Kurt**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Living Daylights** (lunchtime)/**John Otway** (evening)  
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Charlie Don't Surf/Altered States/Beyond The Looking Glass**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Energy/Willie Smith Beanfield/Caught In The Act/Strange Men With Guns/Silent Arcade**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Living Daylites**  
London Charing Cross Road Wispers: **Sparks Will Fly/Brazil**

**CONTINUES OVER**



## CONTINUED

London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dave Walters/Martin Simpson/Pyewackett/Roger Watson & Anonyma**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Iggy Quall (lunchtime)**  
London Fulham King's Head: **All Crucial British Soul Band**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**  
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Damned**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **Alias Ron Kavana (lunchtime)/Saatchi (evening)**  
London Putney Half Moon: **GB Blues Company**  
London Ronnie Scott's: **Annette Peacock**  
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Curtis Mayfield**  
London Wembley Arena: **UB40**  
London Wood Green Brabant Road Trade Union Centre: **Some Like It Hot/Daniel Roval & The Barnies/Ian McPherson/Liam Vincent**  
Manchester Boardwalk: **Hurrah!**  
Newcastle City Hall: **Owen Paul**  
Newcastle Mayfair: **Billy Bragg**  
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers (lunchtime)/Dealer (evening)**  
Nottingham Boulevard Hotel: **R Cajun & The Zydeco Brothers**  
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Alison Moyet**  
Oxford Apollo: **Boxcar Willie**  
Portsmouth Ritz's: **Robert Cray**  
Swindon Arts Centre: **Respectfully Yours/Boo To The Goose**  
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Attila The Stockbroker/Nickleodeon/Felix**  
Wellingborough Red Lion: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**

## MONDAY 10

Bath Moon: **The Wallflowers**  
Bournemouth Rooftop Hotel: **Conflict**  
Bradford University: **Easterhouse**  
Brighton Richmond: **Wes McGhee**  
Bristol Studio: **Claytown Troupe**  
Canterbury Kent University: **Pendragon**  
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Ultravox**

Chester Gateway Theatre: **Incantation**  
Croydon Cartoon: **The OT Band**  
Glasgow Pavilion: **Lenny Henry/Mint Juleps/Panic Brothers**  
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Meteors**  
Leeds University: **Billy Bragg**  
London Camberwell Timebox 2: **Thatcher On Acid/Catatonics**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**  
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Vulcans**  
London Charing Cross Road Stallions (Head Club): **Razorcuts**  
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Irish Mist**  
London Fulham King's Head: **Another Man's Poison/Looking Glass**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Van Morrison**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **The Multi Coloured Shades/Iron In The Soul**  
London Players Theatre: **The Band Of Holy Joy**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Mara**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **Sahara**  
London W1 Le Beat Route: **Radio Activity/Yahoo Trumpets/Dance On Glass/The Chase**  
Manchester International: **The Eye Dance**  
Middlesborough The Outlook: **Friends**  
Newcastle City Hall: **Alison Moyet**  
Newcastle Corner House: **Phil Guy**  
Newcastle Riverside: **The Wedding Present**  
Nottingham Garage: **The Hunters Club**  
Nottingham Rock City: **Big Audio Dynamite**  
Oxford Apollo: **Hakwind**  
Peterborough Norfolk Inn: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**

## TUESDAY 11

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Reason Is**  
Birmingham Diamond Suite: **Samuri Rose**  
Birmingham Powerhouse: **Big Audio Dynamite**  
Brentwood Castle: **The Shakers**

Brighton Escape Club: **Screaming Sirens/Swimming In Sand**  
Brighton Richmond: **Targa**  
Canterbury Christ College: **Delicious Poison**  
Croydon Cartoon: **The Flametops**  
Dublin SFX: **The Cocteau Twins**  
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Alison Moyet**  
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Fall**  
Glasgow Blackjacks: **The Thieves**  
High Wycombe Morning Star: **Akasha/Crash Landing**  
Kingston Polytechnic: **James**  
Leeds Adam & Eves: **The Fifteenth/Original Sin**  
Leeds Warehouse: **Len Bright Combo**  
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hawkwind**  
Leigh Woody's Wine Bar: **AK's Groovy Dog**  
London Brentford Red Lion: **Cry No More**  
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **Unity Station**  
London Camden Dingwalls: **Voice Of The Beehive/The Multi Coloured Shades**  
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Real Macabre**  
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Real Macabre/Persuasion/Sound Asleep**  
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Van Morrison**  
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Love's Young Nightmare**  
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Dinner Ladies**  
London Kennington Cricketers: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**  
London Putney Half Moon: **Meantime**  
London Putney Zeeta's: **Funktion**  
London W1 100 Club: **The Exploited**  
Manchester Apollo: **Owen Paul**  
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Phil Guy**  
Manchester Ritz: **The Mission**  
Northampton Old Five Bells: **His Wife Refused/Out Of Bounds/Bone Idle & The Layabouts**  
Norwich East Anglia University: **Pendragon**  
Reading Majestic: **Magic Mushroom Band/Ozric Tentacles/Voodoo Child**  
St. Austell Coliseum: **Ultravox**  
Sheffield Art College: **The Junk/Rollin' Thunder**  
Stockton-on-Tees Arches: **Friends**  
Stoke Shelley's: **The Meteors**  
Worthing Pavilion: **Norman Mourant & His OTT Band**

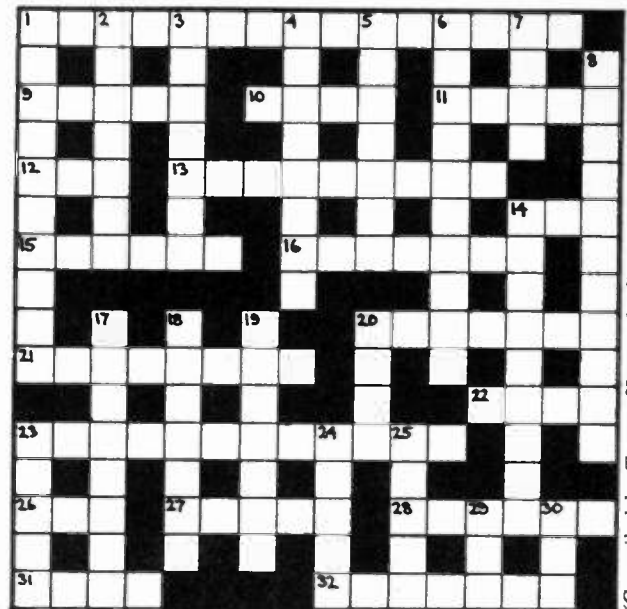
## CLUES ACROSS

- 1 And my next contestant tonight on *Every Second Counts* is Paul — such a nice name — who comes from Hull. It says here you like table-tennis, is that right? Paul? Er... Paul? Say yes, Paul... (5-3-1-6)  
9 + 21 across Alien identity of the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band? (5-8)  
10 'After The ———', Magazine compilation LP (4)  
11 Anti-Nowhere League record? Am now outside to return it (5)  
12 Just the way you'd expect The Slits to make an album, as they did back in 1979 (3)  
13 + 8 down An odd title for Harold Melvin's first hit, as he was a total stranger then to our charts (2-3-4-4-2-2-3)  
14 Italy's top rock band of the '70s, they came to Britain's attention via added lyrics of King Crimson's Pete Sinfield (1-1-1)  
15 + 23 down Sister Sledge — beaten at their own game? (4-2-5)  
16 Happy together? Elenore? She'd rather be with me! (7)  
20 + 32 across Couldn't your dot be repositioned, just for Elkie Brooks? (4-3-3-4)  
21 (see 9 across)  
22 Trombonist recruited by Jerry Dammers to help form Special AKA (4)  
23 Folk singer, with Watsons and Steeleye Span, his solo albums include 'Because It's There' and 'Byker Hill' (6-6)  
26 Abba record which cost nothing — two dollars at the outside to make (3)  
27 '——— Or Void', single by Shrink in 1979 (5)  
28 A clever person who was once into new boots and parties (6)  
31 Cannot lose these last two letters written by someone from Ultravox (4)  
32 (see 20 across)

## CLUES DOWN

- 1 As seen on TV — especially on Cyndi Lauper's hat during *Wogan* (4-6)  
2 Ties knot around a bit for them (2-5)  
3 The name of a raft used in a famous expedition, which later became the title for a Shadows hit (3-4)  
4 + 18 down 'Knowing that you

# PRESSWORD



(Compiled by Trevor Hungerford)

lied straight-faced while I cried, still I'd look to find a ———, Tim Hardin

- 5 Recent Xmal Deutschland single, produced by Hugh Cornwell (7)  
6 'I loved the words you wrote to me, but that was bloody yesterday', song written in 1984 (3-7)  
7 There's a Culture Club record in this lot I'm exchanging (4)  
8 (see 13 across)  
14 'Force The Hand Of Chance' and 'Dreams Less Sweet' were their first two albums (7-2)  
17 A name to be found in the line-ups of both Blondie and

- Talking Heads (8)  
18 (see 4 down)  
19 Originally prefixed by 'Young', these Americans came 'Groovin' to Britain in 1967 (7)  
20 'Captain Fantastic And The Brown ——— Cowboy' (4)  
23 (see 15 across)  
24 Atmospherics helped Tom Robinson to give this a listen (5)  
25 Beat single which, contrary to the title, gave them their lowest chart placing (3-2)  
29 In 1983 he found himself 'Working Backward' to 1973 with an 11 album re-issue (3)  
30 Dexy's Midnight Runners number double A-sided with 'Let's Get This Straight' (3)

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Peel Sessions 7. Pig 8 + 20A. One Black Night 10. Laibach 12. Woman 13. Sonic Youth 15 + 33A. Tainted Love 17. Sassafras 19. Can 24. Head 26 + 8D. Dave Gahan 27. Roger Morris 30. Blah 32. True 34. Victims.  
DOWN: 1. Protest Singer 2 + 5D. Elements Of Light 3. Sulk 4. Suck 6. Slim Whitman 7. Plasmatics 11. Hula 14. Chant 16 + 25D. Don't Be Cruel 18. Slider 21 + 23A. Gregory Isaacs 22. Geno 26. Debut 28. Rule 29. Rudi 31. Aim.

# FEARSOME FOURSOME

Seventy tracks on four cassettes!

## WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN

Mayhem! Psychedelic punk trash, garage band goodies from the '60s, from the America Ronnie'd like you to forget. **WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN** (NME 024) is the indispensable bastard cousin of our celebrated best-sellers 'POGO A GO GO' and 'C86'. 20 cranium-crushing classics on one cassette — if you want to discover what madness inspired THE BARBARIANS' 'Are You A Boy Or Are You A Girl?', COUNT FIVE'S 'Psychotic Reaction', The Cramps to later cover THE NOVAS' 'The Crusher' or why ZZ Top were originally known as THE MOVING SIDEWALKS, this tape tells all!

## WHAT'S HAPPENIN' STATESIDE

SPECIAL FREE BONUS — THE CASSETTE THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY!!!  
For NME cassette completists, 17 cherry-picked club classics from one of soul's greatest catalogues — EMI's legendary STATESIDE label. And, it's yours absolutely free.

So, **WHAT'S HAPPENIN' STATESIDE?** (NME 027) Plenty. Like IKE AND TINA TURNER's hit 'Nutbush City Limits', THE ISLEY BROTHERS' original of 'Who's That Lady', and the song that Van Morrison used to open his show with, ZZ HILL's 'Ain't Nothin' You Can Do'.

## LOW LIGHTS AND TRICK MIRRORS

The noise that starts when the Big City sleeps — a sliver of sleaze, a touch of torch and a breath of bop. **LOW LIGHTS AND TRICK MIRRORS** (NME 026) is how the *Absolute Beginners* soundtrack *should* have sounded.

From the most influential of all movie themes 'The Man With The Golden Arm', the cool 'n' crazy notions of Chet Baker and Mark Murphy, the midnight blues of Billie Holiday and Peggy Lee to the steam heat of the Jazz Messengers and Cannonball Adderley.

## THE LATIN KICK

Quite simply the ba'adest collection of bossa, bop, salsa, fania and latin-licked jazz and soul ever squeezed onto one tape. **THE LATIN KICK** (NME 025) gives you the authentic barrio beat with such hits as RAY BARRETTO's 'El Watusi', JOE BATAAN's 'Subway Joe', TITO PUENTE's original version of 'Para Los Rumberos', TANIA MARIA's 'Yatra-Ta' and everyone's favourite, 'Cisco Kid' by WAR.

Get **THE LATIN KICK** for the biggest-ever selling Salsa single from WILLIE COLON and RUBEN BLADES 'Pedro Navaja', a FANIA ALL-STARS drum battle between Ray Barretto and Mongo Santamaria on 'Congo Bongo', plus hot action from CANNONBALL ADDERLEY with SERGIO MENDES, THE JAZZ CRUSADERS, EDDIE PALMIERI, and STAN KENTON's 'Viva Prado'.

Just collect two of these vouchers, then, when used in conjunction with the purchase of all three of NME's other great tapes, redeem them for your FREE copy of our classic soul compilation, **WHAT'S HAPPENIN' STATESIDE**. Remember, you can't buy this cassette. It's free for the taking!

HOW TO ORDER  
UK and Eire: Cheque or postal order payable to: IPC MAGAZINES LTD or Post Office Giro payable to IPC MAGAZINES LTD a/c number 5122007.  
Overseas (except USA): International Money Order payable to IPC MAGAZINES LTD.  
ADDRESS: Send your order form and remittance to NME CASSETTE OFFER c/o ALBEX AUDIO VIDEO, HARCOURT, HALESFIELD 14, TELFORD TF7 4QR.

ENQUIRIES: If you have not received your cassette(s) within four weeks, please write to the address in Telford (Please not NME), stating which tapes you ordered, cheque or Giro number and when you posted your order.  
OVERSEAS: Cassettes will be posted first class surface mail, so please expect some delay.

## VOUCHER 7

NME

### PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING (TICK THE TAPES REQUIRED)

- ☐ **WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN** £2.99 (UK); IR £3.75 (Eire); £3.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **THE LATIN KICK** £2.99 (UK); IR £3.75 (Eire); £3.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **LOW LIGHTS & TRICK MIRRORS** £2.99 (UK); IR £3.75 (Eire); £3.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN & THE LATIN KICK** £5.50 (UK); IR £6.90 (Eire); £6.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN & LOW LIGHTS AND TRICK MIRRORS** £5.50 (UK); IR £6.90 (Eire); £6.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **THE LATIN KICK & LOW LIGHTS AND TRICK MIRRORS** £5.50 (UK); IR £6.90 (Eire); £6.50 (Overseas)  
☐ **ALL THREE CASSETTES PLUS FREE COPY OF WHAT'S HAPPENIN' STATESIDE** £7.95 (UK); IR £10.00 (Eire); £9.50 (Overseas)

### PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POST CODE..... AMOUNT ENCLOSED £.....

NB WHAT'S HAPPENIN' STATESIDE CANNOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY  
Please print your name and address on the back of all cheques



# LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

**FRIDAY NOV 14 10-3am**

**TOMMY CHASE QUARTET**

**BOLO BOLO**

**DANIEL TAKES A TRAIN**

**DJ CHRIS BANGS**

**ASTORIA THEATRE**

**157 CHARING CROSS RD WC2**

**TICKETS £5 FROM B.O. 434-0404 OR**

**GAT CHELSEA FARMERS MKT(KINGS ROAD) 352 7277 • RHYTHM RECORDS**

**PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245 • KEITH PROWSE TEL 741 0909 • LTD TEL 439 3371**

**STARGREEN TEL 437 5282 • CITY SOUNDS • CREDIT CARD HOT LINE 734 8932**

**THE BAND OF HOLY JOY**

**AT THE PLAYERS THEATRE**

**UNDER CHARING X STATION**

**VILLIERS STREET**

**MONDAY**

**10th NOVEMBER 86**

**8.30-12 £3.00/£2.50 concessions**

**THE ASTORIA**

**CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON W1**

**JLP PRESENTS**

**KING KURT**

**SUNDAY 9th NOVEMBER 8.00pm**

**TICKETS £4.00 IN ADVANCE**

**from Box Office (01 434 0403) Keith Prose**

**Star Green (CREDIT CARD 01 734 8932)**

**London Theatre Bookings, Premier, Rough Trade and Rhythm**

**PLUS THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES HAMPSHIRE HOGS**

**THE GREYHOUND**

**175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6**

**Wednesday 5th November £2.00/£1.50 UB40**

**ROYTERS** ex. Flock of Seagulls, ex. Crown of Thorns + The Alternative Cabaret

**Thursday 6th November £2.00**

**DOWNBEAT** + The Second Attempt

**Friday 7th November £2.00**

**ZIPCODES** + Kingfishers Catch Fire

**Saturday 8th November £2.00**

**THE NEUROTICS** + The Price

**Sunday 9th November £1.50**

**I CRIED II** + Two Lost Sons

**Sunday 10th November £1.50**

**COUP DETAT** + The Beautiful Strangers

**Sunday 11th November £1.50**

**I CAN CRAWL** + The Great Unwashed

**Special Guest DJ every lunchtime and evening. Hot & cold food always available.**

**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**

**JLP PRESENTS**

**SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY**

**and the JUKES**

**ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE**

**IN CONCERT**

**THURSDAY 11th DECEMBER**

**DOORS OPEN 7pm ARTISTS ON STAGE 8pm**

**TICKETS £7.00 IN ADVANCE**

**BOX OFFICE 267 3334 CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 734 8932 & KEITH PROWSE, PREMIER, L.T.B., STARGREEN, RHYTHM & ROUGH TRADE**

**FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON THE LIVE PAGE RING 01-829 7816.**

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES present

## HAWKWIND

plus support

### UK TOUR

**NOVEMBER 8 BIRMINGHAM Odeon**  
**NOVEMBER 9 DERBY Assembly Rooms**  
**NOVEMBER 10 OXFORD Apollo**  
**NOVEMBER 11 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 13 EDINBURGH Playhouse**  
**NOVEMBER 14 NEWCASTLE City Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 15 MANCHESTER Apollo**  
**NOVEMBER 16 LIVERPOOL Empire**  
**NOVEMBER 17 CARDIFF St. David's Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 18 BRISTOL Colston Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 20 BRADFORD St. George's Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 22 HANLEY Victoria Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 23 SHEFFIELD City Hall**  
**NOVEMBER 24 IPSWICH Gaumont**  
**NOVEMBER 26 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall**  
**NOVEMBER 27 HAMMERSMITH Odeon**  
**NOVEMBER 28 HAMMERSMITH Odeon**  
**DECEMBER 3 PRESTON Guild Hall**

**All tickets: £5.50 and £4.50**  
**Except: Hammersmith: £6, £5 and £4.50 Derby and Hanley: £5 only**

**RONNIE SCOTT'S**

**47 FIFTH STREET, LONDON W1**

**Sunday Nov 9 at 8pm £6**

## ANNETTE PEACOCK

**Sunday Nov 16 at 8pm £4.50 ADV**

## THE BIG SUPREME

**Sunday Nov 23 at 8pm £5 ADV**

## LATIN QUARTER

**THE BIBLE**

**(ACOUSTIC SETS)**

**BOX OFFICE 439 0747 AND USUAL AGENTS**

**BROADWAY**

**Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6**

**Wednesday 5th November**

**THE PHONEY** "Sounds By Henry"  
**AMERICAN ACCENTS** + **THE KATATONICS**  
 Lights by Vitez and Suite Creamcheese

**Thursday 6th November**

**STEPSIDE** + This Is Emily

**Friday 7th November**

**THE PURPLE THINGS** + **AUNTIE VEG**

**Saturday 8th November**

**THE LONDON LOSERS** + Support

**Monday 10th November**

**THE PRICE** + 1926

**Tuesday 11th November**

**THE SHINE** + The Inquiry  
 Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm.

**FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON THE LIVE PAGE RING JAKI CARTER ON 01-829 7816**

# FEELA

# ANIKULAPO

# KUTII

**AND THE EGYPT 80 BAND**

**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 20 AT 7.00**

## ACADEMY BRIXTON

**TICKETS £7 FROM BOX OFFICE 326-1022 OR**

**GAT CHELSEA FARMERS MKT(KINGS ROAD) 352 7277 • IN ASSOCIATION WITH**

**KEITH PROWSE TEL 741 0909 • PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245**

**STERNS 387 5550 • CITY SOUNDS • STARGREEN TEL 437 5282**

**LTD TEL 439 3371 • ROUGH TRADE • ROCK ON • RHYTHM RECORDS • LIMITS**

**CREDIT CARD HOT LINE 326 1022 OR 734 8932 OR £7 AT DOOR • MAGAZINE**

**WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 19 AT 7.00**

## APOLLO THEATRE

## ARDWICK MANCHESTER

**TICKETS £6.00, £7.00, FROM B.O. 061-273 3775**

**PICCADILLY RECORDS 061-236 2555 OR USUAL AGENTS**

**ENTERTAINMENTS**

**Tickets £3.50 Doors 7.30pm.**

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION MALET STREET WC1**

## 23-SKIDOO SLAB!

**JOY OF LIFE**

**FRIDAY 7TH NOVEMBER**

**NEAREST TUBES: GOUDGE STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, RUSSELL SQUARE & EUSTON SQUARE**

**U.L.U. 080 9501 • PREMIER 240 0771**

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**ROUGH TRADE RECORDS • ROCK ON RECORDS**

**SPONSORED BY NATIONAL WESTMINSTER BANK**

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH T.O.M. & WORLD SERVICE

PRESENT

## NEW MODEL ARMY

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

**TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB**

**TUESDAY 23rd DECEMBER**

**7:30 pm**

**TICKETS £4.75**

**AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE AND LOCAL AGENTS**

**ROCK GARDEN**

**THIS WEEK**

**WEDNESDAY NOV. 05. 1986**

**the multicoloured shades**

"Their German guitars blend and shape just half a step ahead of some masked Voodoo Ranger on the big white horse..." SOUNDS.

**THURSDAY NOV. 06. 86**

**the doctor's children**

"Obtuse, erratic but never boring."

**FRI DAY NOV. 07. 86**

**gangway**

**CAFE & VENUE**

**COVENT GARDEN**

**01 - 240 3961**

**POP WILL EAT ITSELF**

**BRILLIANT CORNERS**

**TALULAH GOSH**

**MIAOW - A STRANGE DESIRE**

**Thursday 6th November 7.30**

**Timebox 2**

**Union Tavern**

**140 Camberwell New Rd**

**OVALL Tube**

**£2.50**

**£2.00**

**FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER**

## NEW MERLINS CAVE

**Margery St WC1**

**(nearest tube KINGS CROSS)**

## RAZORCUTS

**+ THE FLATMATES**

**+ THE BAMBI SLAM**

**Doors 8.30 till 12.00pm.**

**Admission £2.00**

**Queen Mary College**

**Students Union**

**432, Bancroft Rd, E1 Tel: 980 4811 x3344**

**Wed 5th November 8pm £2.50/£2 conca**

## THE WEDDING PRESENT

**+ RIOT OF COLOUR**

**+ THE DEPTH CHARGE SOULS**

**Fri 7th November 8pm £2.50/£2 conca**

## BOGSHED

**+ POP WILL EAT ITSELF**

**+ BUICK CIRCUS HOUR**

**THE HUNTERS CLUB**

**DEAD BY CHRISTMAS TOUR**

**NOVEMBER DATES**

**8th ROYAL STANDARD, BRADFORD.**

**10th THE GARAGE, NOTTINGHAM.**

**12th TROPICANA, PETERBROUGH.**

**13th TIME BOX, LONDON**

**15th POLYTECHNIC, COVENTRY.**

**17th UNI BAR, THE MAZE, SHEFFIELD.**

**18th BARREL ORGAN BIRMINGHAM**

**27th FAN CLUB, LEICESTER.**

**29th SPRINGFIELDS NORWICH**

**DEBUT 12" E.P. RELEASED ON 10th NOVEMBER**

**FROM TRASHCAN RECORDS. (SONGS FROM INSIDE THE BIG DUSTBIN)**

**Distributed by Nine Mile and Cartel**

**\* LONDON BOOKINGS \***

## 439 3371

**TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING**

**NOVEMBER**

5th 6th Ultravox

6th Lone Justice

7th The Leather Nun

7th Edwyn Collins

7th 23 Skidoo

7th The Fall

8th Robert Cray

8th Potato 5

8th The Singrays

9th King Kurt

9th Curtis Mayfield

9th The Damned

9th Van Morrison

10th 11th Billy Bragg

12th John Martyn

12th 13th Pete Shelly

13th Wes McGhee Band

14th 60's Revival

14th The Blues Band

14th Batmobile

15th Patti Labelle

15th Miles Davis

16th 17th Cocteau Twins

16th 18th Lenny Henry

17th 18th Susanne Vega

18th Nina Hagen + Lene Lovich

18th Owen Paul

19th Alison Moyet

19th Easterhouse

20th Richard Thompson

20th Fela Kuti

20th 23rd Alexander O'Neal

21st Ben Elton

21st Dead Can Dance

22nd Mighty Lemondrops

22nd George Benson

23rd Marc Almond

23rd Killing Joke

23rd Men They Couldn't Hang

24th Bob Calvert

24th 25th Bon Jovi

25th The Mission

25th Hawkwind

27th 28th Harvey and the Wallbangers

28th Sly & Robbie

29th Furrys & Davey Arthur

29th Dream Syndicate

**DECEMBER**

1st Cutting Crew

1st Communards

4th Petrol Emotion

6th Woodentops

6th Reckless

6th Level 42

7th Shakin Stevens

7th Redskins

7th 8th Psychedelic Furs

8th UB40

8th 9th The Pogues

11th Big Country

11th Southside Johnny

12th Katrina & the Waves

12th Rose of Avalanche

12th Pendragon

13th The Meleors

13th 14th Kool & The Gang

14th The Go Betweeners

14th Andreas Vollenwider

17th Iggy Pop

20th Fela Kuti

21st Spear of Destiny

21st 24th Status Quo

22nd Dr & The Medics

22nd 24th Spandau Ballet

28th Chris Rea

29th 30th 31st A-HA

**JANUARY**

3rd Lindisfarne

6th 7th Eric Clapton

12th 13th Human League

22nd 24th 26th 28th Elvis Costello

**MARCH**

1st 2nd Meat Loaf

**APRIL**

5-6 8 9th Go West

**\* LONDON BOOKINGS \***

## 439 3371

**OPEN SUNDAYS 12.00 MIDDAY 6.00PM**

**PHONE NOW FOR CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS & QUERIES**

**42 CRANEBOURNE STR**

**LEICESTER SQUARE WC2**

**WE ARE OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK!**



# LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

**FRIDAY NOVEMBER 7 9-3am**  
**RUBY TURNER**  
**+ 5TA + DJ DAVE DORRELL**  
**ASTORIA THEATRE**  
 157 CHARING CROSS RD WC2  
 TICKETS £5 ADVANCE £5.50 DOOR  
 FROM BOX OFFICE 434-0404 OR  
 G&T CHELSEA FARMERS MKT(KINGS ROAD) 352 7277 • RHYTHM RECORDS  
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2245 • KEITH PROWSE TEL 741 8989 • LTB TEL 439 3371  
 STARGREEN TEL 437 5282 • CITY SOUNDS • CREDIT CARD HOT LINE 734 8932

ASGARD PRESENTS  
**THE RICHARD THOMPSON BAND**  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS  
 THURSDAY 20TH NOVEMBER  
 Box office: 01-748 2812  
 BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL  
 FRI 21ST NOVEMBER  
 Box office: 0272-291768  
 MANCHESTER APOLLO  
 TUES 25TH NOVEMBER  
 Box office: 061-273 3775  
 BIRMINGHAM ODEON  
 WED 26TH NOVEMBER  
 Box office: 021-643 6101

JLP PRESENTS  
**JOHN MARTYN**  
 WITH HIS FULL BAND  
 THESE CONCERTS ARE BEING RECORDED FOR A BEST OF JOHN MARTYN LP  
**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**  
 KENTISH TOWN  
**WEDNESDAY 12th / THURSDAY 13th**  
**NOVEMBER 8.00pm**  
 TICKETS £6.50 in advance. FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334 CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 734 8932

MCP presents  
**LONE JUSTICE**  
 Plus Special Guests  
**WORLD PARTY**  
**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN**  
**THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-267 3334, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), LTB, Premier, Ticket Master & Stargreen

MCP presents  
**KILLING JOKE**  
 Plus Special Guests  
**RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY**  
**NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR**  
**WEDNESDAY 19th NOVEMBER 8.00 pm**  
 Tickets £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 081-232 3109, Old Hitz Records, Volume Records, Virgin Durham, and Sunderland Virgin Newcastle & Pink Panther Carlsale  
**MANCHESTER APOLLO**  
**FRIDAY 21st NOVEMBER 7.00 pm**  
 Tickets £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775, Piccadilly Records (Tel: 061-236 2577), Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester  
**LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT**  
**SATURDAY 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 051-709 4321 and usual agents  
**BIRMINGHAM ODEON**  
**SUNDAY 30th NOVEMBER 6.45 pm**  
 Tickets £5.00  
 Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101

Outlaw present  
**Coffee and Wine**  
 plus support  
**NOVEMBER**  
 6th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall 7.30  
 tks. £5, £4.50 box office 0705 824255 plus agents  
 7th NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre 7.30  
 tks. £5, £4.50 box office 0602 472328 plus agents  
 8th LIVERPOOL Royal Court 7.30  
 tks. £5, £4.50 box office 051 709 4321 plus agents  
 9th GLASGOW Barrowlands 7.30  
 tks. £5 from Virgin Glasgow, The Other Record Shop Glasgow, Ripping Records Edinburgh, Sleeves Records Falkirk, Concorde Records Perth, Virgin Dundee.  
 16th/17th LONDON Town & Country 8.00  
 18th LONDON National Kilburn 8.00  
 tks. £5.50 from box offices, Keith Prowse, LTB, Stargreen and Premier.

ENTERTAINMENTS  
 Tickets: £4  
 From Australia  
**DIED PRETTY**  
 SPECIAL GUESTS  
**Friday 14th November**

**THE HALF MOON**  
 93 Lower Richmond Road,  
 Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387  
 Thursday 6th November  
**RAY CAMPI & THE ROCKABILLY REBELS**  
 Friday 7th November  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND**  
 Saturday 8th November  
**DUCKS DELUXE**  
 with SPECIAL GUESTS  
 Sunday 9th November  
 Luncheon **THE NEW DIXIE SYNCAPATORS**  
 Evening **GB BLUES COMPANY**  
 featuring **BOBBY TENCH**  
 Monday 10th November  
**MARA** (on tour from Australia)  
 Wednesday 12th November  
**BOB KERR'S WHOPEE BAND**  
 Thursday 13th November  
**LONDON BLUEGRASS CLUB**  
 feat Downcountry Boys & Bluegrass Ramblers  
 Thursday 27th November  
**COMMANDER CODY AND THE AIRMEN** (USA)

**THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY**  
 240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD  
 LONDON N4  
 (opp. Finsbury Park Tube)  
 Tel: 01-263 4581  
 Tuesday 4th November  
**KHAN**  
 Wednesday 5th November  
**MIAOW**  
 + THE RUMBLEFISH  
 + COMING UP ROSES  
 Thursday 6th November  
**JACKIE DALY**  
**JIMMY CROWLEY**  
**THE MCCARTHY SISTERS**  
 Friday 7th November  
**WILKO JOHNSON**  
 - SPLIT CROW  
 Saturday 8th November  
**THE LARKS**  
 - TIMOTHY LONDON  
 Sunday 9th November  
 (Luncheon) **IGGY QUAIL** plus Friends  
 (Evening) **MANIC DEPRESSIVES' DISCO**  
 Monday 10th November  
**IRISH MIST**  
 - PADDY GALLAGHER & BRICK O'CONNOR  
 - FINKEL STREET  
 Tuesday 11th November  
**BOGSHEED** - Support  
 Wednesday 12th November  
**THE DOONICANS**  
 - SHIT CREEK - Press Gang  
 Thursday 13th November  
**THE ZIP CODES**  
 - Wavin' Not Drownin'

**CRIME + THE CITY SOLUTION**  
**THE CREEPERS**  
**MY BLOODY VALENTINE**  
**THE BOSTON ARMS**  
 Junction Rd.  
 Tufnell Park  
 London N19  
 WED NOV 19th  
 doors open 7.30  
 Tickets £4-  
 Available at:  
 Boston Arms 272 3411, Rough Trade 229 8541,  
 Rhythm Records 267 0123, Premier 240 0771,  
 Stargreen 734 8932, L.T.B. 439 3371.

**WAR ON WANT**  
**'A NIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA'**  
 IN ASSOCIATION WITH **CITY LIMITS**  
**SUNDAY 16TH NOVEMBER AT 7.30PM AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON WC2.**  
 A widely varied bill of music, poetry, comedy and drama in support of the tens of thousands of South African refugees now living in the Front Line States.  
 Those contributing include:  
 Hope Augustus • Craig Charles • Pauline Melville • Alan Ayckbourn  
 African Connexion • Stephen Moore • Howard Barker  
 Andy de la Tour • Hugh Quarshie • Norman Beaton • David Edgar Wally Serote  
 Brenda Blethyn • Malcolm Frederick • Josette Simon The Vicious Boys  
 Paul Freeman • Maggie Steed • Jim Broadbent Dusty Hughes • Skint Video  
 Valerie Buchanan • Kelly Hunter Roger Woddis • Simon Callow • Accabre Huntley  
 Snoo Wilson Anna Carteret • Jack Klaff • John Matshikiza • David Yip  
 Carlton Chance • Mustapha Matura  
 The show is being presented by BEVERLY ANDERSON  
 Tickets available from the box office, tel: 01 379 5399  
 Prices: £12.50, £11.50, £10.50, £8.50 & £6.50. Credit card bookings only:  
 TICKETMASTER, tel: 01 379 6433  
 All proceeds will go towards supporting War on Want's work with South African refugees in the Front Line States.  
**HELP TODAY! TO BUILD A NEW TOMORROW FOR THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA!**

MCP presents  
**BILLY BRAGG**  
 Plus Special Guests  
**TED HAWKINS**  
 and **Brendan Croker**  
**& the 5 o'clock Shadows**  
**PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL** Δ  
**MONDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets: £4.50  
 Available from B/O Tel: 0705 824255 and usual agents  
**BRISTOL STUDIO** Δ  
**TUESDAY 4th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets: £4.50  
 Available from B/O Tel: 0272 276193, Virgin Records, Revolver Records and Rival Records Bristol & Bath  
**CARDIFF UNIVERSITY** Δ  
**WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER 9.00 pm**  
 Tickets: £4.50  
 Available from the Shop, Students Union Tel: 0222 396421, HMV & Spillers  
**Δ ABERDEEN CAPITOL**  
**FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets: £4.50  
 Available from B/O Tel: 0224 563141  
**Δ GLASGOW BARROWLANDS**  
**SATURDAY 8th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm**  
 Tickets: £4.50  
 Available from other Record Shops, Virgin Records Glasgow 2001 Ave, Stereo one Paisley, Rhythmic Records Greenock, Impulse East Kilbride  
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"Yeah, it's hard like, but it's not just this big heavy backing track and 'H' singing about pulling chicks and riding his cycle into hell or whatever. The lyrics are important, too."

Ped and Nasher have done so many interviews — from Paul Morley to yours truly — that they've had time to formulate some ideas on one of pop life's little chores.

Ped puts it like this: "If the feller comes in and he's alright then we'll be nice back. But if he starts talking through his arse then we'll have a go back."

"So you've been warned," says Nash.

Oh yeah, I say.

"They just pick out all the worst quotes. Things like 'Yeah, let's smash the winder' " (Nash approximates a heavy Scouse accent) "It always comes across bad in print. As if you're being a yob when you're just having a laugh."

And what happened when Paul Morley started talking through his arse. Why didn't you give him a hard time?

"How d'you know we didn't?" says Ped.

Nasher elaborates: "Have you noticed there's no sleeve notes on the album? We said, 'No one wants to read your pretentious bullshit so leave it out'. It got to the stage where 'The Pleasure Dome' single came out and it was like 'Dionys; us — Greek Gods-bullshit-bullshit-bullshit' and everyone just switched off."

So the oil rag strangled the engine driver. The bullshit had to go. And so did the clothes.

"We've sorted it all out now," says Ped. "Maybe we got sucked into it all at first. We were standing there with all this gear on and we were looking at *Smash Hits* and the telly and saying, 'What prats we look'. All that designer crap, it got flung."

And no designer drugs, either.

"We've had all that as well. 'Do you want some Argentinian Flake, then? It's £200 but it's worth it.'"

They are both creased up at this.

"If you put your foot down they won't come back to you," he adds.

"But don't get us wrong. We still have a laugh. We're still the Elephant Men of pop. When we're out we still get followed by the papers," Ped assures me. "They say, 'Ah, the lads are out, they're gonna flip us off, drop their kecks, end up with some dodgy slags and get pissed'. They're all expecting it like. So we behave ourselves..."

Today, The Lads will rehearse for 12 hours. At least that's what they told me. They are unlikely to get completely pissed or drop their kecks.

"You see," says Ped, "you've got to have something, some songs to get anywhere. You can nose-dive from a plane and land on your arse, you can dress up in rubber kecks and stiletto heels like Tony James, but you've got to have some songs."

"What happened to us was just a fluke and then you get someone like him trying to fake it and it just backfires. But you've got to have something real. Otherwise it doesn't mean a thing."

'Liverpool' is a serious step in the right direction. I think it means something. And The Lads know you can't live in The Pleasure Dome; on champagne and Argentinian Flake forever. Paul Rutherford says that Frankie used to be about kids having a great time. "But we're not singing about having fun anymore. Definitely not. Then, it was hedonistic, it was right, it was exactly what people needed."

So what do people need now, Paul?

"I don't know. I really don't know."

And why should he? Like Ped and Nasher he's just trying to make sense of his own crazy pop life. God knows that's enough to cope with.





# KURT'S KINGDOM

After chillin' the world with a string of rappin' classic singles, has KURTIS BLOW's wild style mellowed a little? Kurt, of course, ain't messing with that question at all. SEAN O'HAGAN stands firm in the line of fire.

## WHAT ARE WORDS WORTH?

**I**N CASE you haven't noticed. Kurtis Blow is back. With a beef.

The man that rapped his way through 'If I Ruled The World' and created the instrumental stutter-funk of 'Super Sperm': the cat who poses by the poolside surrounded by bikini-clad honeys on his new LP sleeve; the guy who's working on a movie that sets out to be a "black Rambo" is back with a moral message for the macho MC mob.

'I'm Chillin'' is — groove-wise and dance-wise — a killer, matching the bossman's strut with some serious T-Funk clout.

But, its *rap-is-misogynist* message seems a bit like the pot calling the kettle black. Of course, the guy may have wised up.

I hit him with the question that has bedevilled the finest intellects of the litero-pop world: is rap too macho for liberal consumption? Does its intolerant male ideology render it unfit for serious intellectual stimulation? Are the hip-hop hitlers goosestepping to a music that is anti-women?

"Say What?!" says Kurt.

Are you criticising rap music for being anti-women?

"Wow. That's a strong one. Hmmm. Let's see. I guess you said it. I guess so. Dunno. I mean, I wouldn't have put it as strongly as that."

Well, to these ears, 'I'm Chillin'' is a pretty strong attack on the macho-rap merchants, no?

"Erm... I'm just saying that some of them make records that aren't cool. That's all. It get's too much sometimes. But, the women usually answer back anyway."

Too true. Even old Kurt got his come-uppance with the excellent 'Girls Ruling The World' retort from Celebrity Club. It's that kind of discourse that renders redundant the bleeding heart *male-lib-let's-help-our-sisters-in-peril* patrol. Kinda renders 'I'm Chillin'' redundant as a message, as well. Never mind, Kurtis, good record all the same — words aren't everything. Shame about that new LP sleeve, though. Such a vulgar image. Must do better.

## THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING OF RAP?

**K**URTIS BLOW raps like he's still the boss: check 'If I Ruled The World', 'Respect To The King' and the new LP entitled 'Kingdom Blow'. He thinks he's the King but he's really a survivor. And he's made some great records — 'The Breaks', 'Party Time', 'Hard Times', 'If I Ruled The World' and the current single. In rap's rich tapestry of redefinition and abundant invention, Kurtis has carved out a special place for himself and his reputation. In the history books, he'll

be noted as the first crossover success — both 'Christmas Rappin'' and 'The Breaks' topping the half million sales mark. He was also almost the first hip-hop casualty...

Back then, in the embryonic days of rap culture, you had house parties and sound clashes and Cool Herc was the original ruler. There was Bambaataa and Flash and Melle Mel and, in there, *somewhere*, a college kid with a major in Communications (perfect!). It was his degree in street suss that kept him cool, however: watching and waiting, hanging out and copping the moves that would take him to the top. First.

After his first two hits, Kurtis blew it. The boy with the fastest mouth on the block turned into the man with the biggest head. Same old story: 20-year-old home-boy traipsing round town with an ever-expanding entourage of fly-boy hangers-on and fly-girl floosies. With a head full of cocktails and cocaine, Kurtis took some more education — a crash course in wising-up. The hard way. With his street-cred in the red, he set to work putting his bank-balance in the black. Ever since, Kurtis Blow has been a dab hand at bouncing back when everyone thinks he's been written off. Now, following the success of last year's 'America' LP, 'If I Ruled The World' and his celluloid triumph in the controversial *Krush Groove*, Kurtis Blow is the undisputed king of the rap-rebound.

## BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL

**K**INGDOM BLOW' is a strange LP. As Kurtis explains it, a *reaction*.

"Everyone's been tryin' so hard to be mean and hard-core and tough, so I just went the other way. Tryin' to cross over into the pop charts, more melodies and stuff."

Shit, he's even got Bob Dylan in there lending his not inconsiderable crossover clout to 'Street Rock' — "We met in the studio and I asked him if he'd like to rap." And guitars a go-go. Not Run DMC half-inched, metal cut-ups but real rock, MOR, guitars. Solos and stuff. Doesn't seem right, somehow, Kurt.

"Well, you gotta try something different. I been listening to a lot of rock lately — Jimi Hendrix and Led Zeppelin — but I didn't want it to be that heavy."

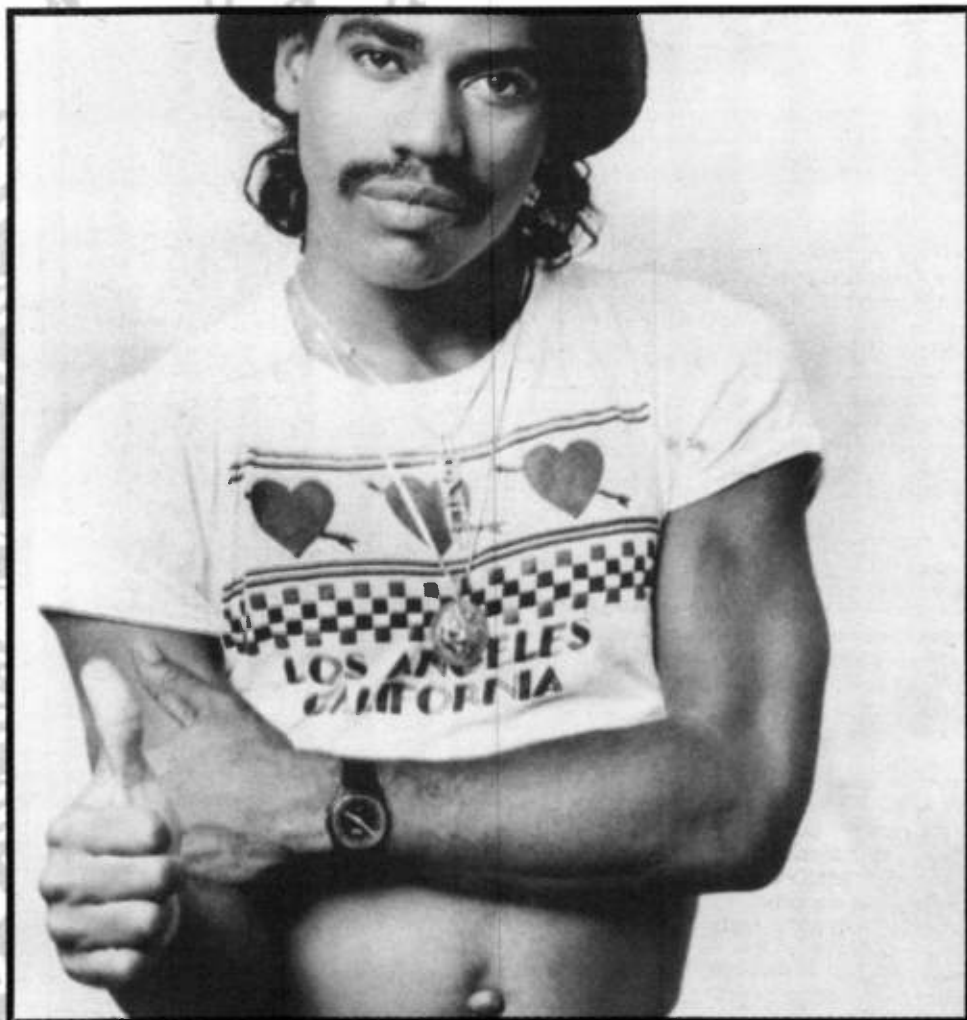
And I thought he was talking bout the good old days of *rap*, not bleedin' heavy metal rock. And cock-rock, more to the point. I guess his move from New York to LA last Christmas has meant an inevitable softening of the brain. He keeps on about "getting back to the old days", though. What's wrong with now?

"Too much technology. I like the new stuff but, really, it's just the old stuff modernised. I'm trying to get back to a different style, more melodies, less technology, more pianos."

And more guitars.

"Not all the time. I mean 'I'm Chillin'' has a go-go feel that's like 'Party Time' a few years ago. And 'The Bronx' and 'Unity Party Jam' are sorta house-party stuff, continuous, jammin' just like the old days, parties on the corner. That sorta feel. Real rappin', I call it."

While, to balance the ghost of Bob Dylan, the larger-than-life spectre of George Clinton flits across 'Magilla Gorilla'. Kurtis



Kurtis approximates that 'Highway 61 Revisted' look.

trying to cover all the angles?

"Nah, he's just a big hero of mine. I saw him walking towards me on Hollywood Boulevard and I just had to introduce myself. I mean what else do you do if you meet George Clinton on the street?"

Indeed.

## GUITARS, DRUGS AND GUNS

**E**VEN WITH Clinton's impromptu appearance and a few fine cuts, 'Kingdom Blow' seems pale in comparison to the meanest beats of '86. Has LA life mellowed you out, Kurtis?

"No way. I like it here but it ain't got the edge that New York has. Different kind of scene. Ain't as cold, either. I'll give it a few years then I'll be back."

What brings Kurtis Blow to LA is the film world; he's here to wheel and deal and try and enter the movie supermarket on the back of his success with *Krush Groove*. His old manager, Russell Simmons, has departed the Blow fold but, alongside crossover success in the pop charts Kurtis' own business head is fixed on movie-stardom:

"I'm auditioning for a part in the Hendrix biog (which maybe explains the guitars). They want me to play the young Jimi but we'll see how it goes."

And what about the current work-in-progress, described to me, by your London press agent, as a "black Rambo"?

"Sort of, yeah. It's similar territory. Three black Vietnam vets come home and hitch up with these three girls who are actually CIA secret agents. Then there's this North Korean general who's operating in the States and the mob hire him to eliminate the goodies. So the black vets get involved and basically they kill everybody. It's called *Bamboo Cross*. Yea, it's in the *Rambo* vein, I guess."

Sounds well original.

Ever the all-round B-boy, Kurtis has been keeping his hands busy at the console,

producing for the likes of The Fat Boys, Oran 'Juice' Jones and Lovebug Starski. Now he's working on Blue Magic — "the original creators of B-boy ballads, sorta like Full Force or The Force MDs only they're all in their mid-'30s, been around for 15 years now."

What Kurtis really wants to do, what he's been thinking about for a few years now, is to make "an all-drug album". Say *what?* says I. You mean an all *anti-drug* record, don't you?

"Yea. Right! Hey, you coulda really quoted me on that one. Nah. Like, you heard that 'Crack Killed Applejack' record in Britain? Well, that stuff is one big problem over here. Run DMC doing a whole anti-crack tour. I tell you, that stuff is gonna take over the world. Big problem. See, crack is to coke, what the atom bomb is to a regular bomb, right? So the time is right — within the next few years — for me to make this LP. Different drug for every song, let people know the score."

"I've always been a political analyst," Kurtis tells me, "right since the old days: 'Hard Times' and stuff." This is true. Up to a point. He's done a few socio-political raps, alright, but a political analyst? Hell, no. Kurtis Blow is the survivor — one eye on the street, the other on the market place, always covering his tracks. One minute, an anti-misogynist rap, the next an ultra-violent "black Rambo" movie; Bob Dylan for the MOR appeal, George Clinton and Trouble Funk for the right rap cred; New York and LA and a WRAP-around sound that straddles both ends of America. In Kingdom Blow, success is the be-all and end-all. Kurtis Blow is rap's first and foremost ALL-AMERICAN BOY.

"'Kingdom Blow' is real rappin' coming from one of the thoroughbreds", is his parting shot. But, 'Kingdom Blow' sounds like a place where pedigree has been traded in for apple pie appeal: too far from the street, too close to MTV. The Macdonaldisation of rap starts here.





**EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON**

**SUICIDE**  
LONDON CAMDEN  
PALACE

A LITTLE hipper than they were when Clash fans bottled them a decade ago, the cult New York duo Suicide have reformed for some select transatlantic appearances. For anyone attuned to their seminally strange and disturbing sound this is welcome news, and a reasonable crowd gathers at the once-fashionable Camden niterie.

And yet the execution of Suicide's pre-electropop barrage of noise tonight proves less than felicitous. If one cheers them on for so stubbornly refusing to adapt to the programmed slickness of the times – for making machines sound so savage and animalistic – then one also laments the sloppy chaos of the set. Alan Vega, the streetwise baboon of lofts and subways, is too wired by half, while Martin Rev's primal pulses hammer on to the point where all shock/amusement value is dispelled. One yearns for a measure of discipline.

Some strong additions to the Suicide catalogue – a lovely Rev lullaby called 'I Surrender' and a mutant disco song reminiscent of 'Cool As Ice' – do not compensate for the messy mauling 'Cheree' and 'Rocket USA' receive. OK, so Frankie Teardrop never went to Hollywood; never sold out. Did he fare a lot better staying around the Lower East Side garbageheads, we ask ourselves? And hey man, at under one hour this was, in no uncertain terms, fast money music.

**BARNEY HOSKYNS**

**ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE**  
LONDON RONNIE  
SCOTT'S

PLAYING JAZZ-pop before it was the thing, moving on when it was, and then going underground for a year – pop stardom doesn't seem to rank very highly on Animal Nightlife's priority list. Which is

why, when it inevitably arrives, they'll doubtless remain untouched. For, whilst their more high-profile friends from the Blitz/Beat Route scene have died sudden deaths, got lost and started wearing silly hats, Nightlife have just got better and better.

This homecrowd – shoehorned into a more than sold-out Ronnie Scott's – were rewarded with a new line-up, new songs and a brand new vigour. Far from the face and sessioneer formula of so much '80s pop, Nightlife are a band, honed by a year of European shows to a peak of elasticated, swinging confidence.

Opening with 'Bittersweet', the overlooked gem of their first album, they played for 90 minutes relying on only five songs familiar to the audience, each of which they'd radically reshaped. New numbers like 'The Last Hotel In The World' (hey! rock 'n' roll on the road), 'The War I Lost' and 'Always Your Humble Slave' breathe a joyous melodic perversity that is... simply Nightlife.

I'm not pretending they've suddenly become The Ohio Players – there's still too much polish – but this is a band that's fun to watch. And, for once, quality will out.

**SIMON WITTER**

**GOODBYE MR  
MACKENZIE**  
DUNDEE DANCE FACTORY

THE SINGLE is, if not extraordinary, a busy strident step in the correct direction, just on the right side of raunch and the reasonable theft of Byrne's whiplash rhythms. To ears lulled into sleep by Scot pop's increasingly tiresome trendiness, 'The Rattler' is a swinging, acoustic attempt at commerciality without compromise to the all-conquering trigonometry of trends.

So I was more than anxious to see what the new Edinburghers did on stage. The shock registered slowly and then suddenly that what they were doing bore little resemblance to anything on the record and that the live sound



Taf the headless chicken guitarist

## SWEET HONEY IN THE R\*\*K

**HURRAH!**  
LONDON ULU

**ALARM BELLS** ring. My fears are fuelled by the U2 tour-date T-shirt posturing next to me, quaffing Guinness. Then Taf and Dave take the stage by storm, punching the air and dispersing the blood red dry-ice. Meanwhile Paul – in Springsteen vest, Mission hat and codpiece – brandishes the flag of peace. He screams "Can you hear me London?", and then "This is not a rebel song this is..."

Let's face it, you'll believe anything. In truth, if Hurrah! have been zapped into crotch-thrusting stadium plonkers then Edwina Currie is Mother Theresa. (See me – Norman Tebbit) The many hackles raised on hearing 'Sweet Sanity' – monikered like a Minds anthem, over polished, and available on exciting Arista plastic – tonight returned peacefully to sleep. Here 'Sanity' is a glorious swirling pop song; uncluttered, direct, addictively imperfect.

And it's this clash of opposites, of rawness and sweetness, that preserves Hurrah! as a great hope in (pardon my language) white r\*\*k. Obviously quality of musicianship comes into it, but I can't help feeling that their origins, their popular roots, grant them this self-effacing unpretentious sense of enjoyment. R\*\*k theatricals take a backseat to the music. Okay, so Taf may fly about like a chicken with no head (complete with Joe Walsh-gob

gymnastics) but Paul and Dave pour their energies purely into the songs. And throughout the difference between Handyside's and Hughes' lyrics – personal, spiritual, natural – is matched by Hurrah!'s vocal versatility; the way Paul's stretching larynx on 'Sweet Sanity' varies from Dave's on 'Walk In The Park' or Taf's on 'True Stories'.

Behind them – now that Mahoney's bowed out – Ric Martinez, of the solid sticks and bar-room barnet, orders the Hurrah! rhythms. He's only been there a week and knows but ten songs, so they're forced to curtail the set and reprise two numbers for the encore – the single again (*sales reps*) and the brilliant 'Big Sky'. Hurrah! worked together for the first time on this tour; "last five gigs we've been going down like a bag of shite", mused Paul, modestly.

Given the disparity between in-the-flesh excellence and vinyl mediocrity, it was appropriate that someone should donate a Tack Head cap to the fab four. Only an Adrian Sherwood-style production could control this live magic, without taming it, and graft it onto plastic.

"So are they as good as U2?" I enquire of the now-Guinness tour-date T-shirt.

"Say what, pal, they're not in the same league."

"Thank God for that," I respond, much relieved.

And with that he punched the air, hugged a butt and took it to the nearest bridge.

**LEN BROWN**

**THE STRANGLERS**  
BIRMINGHAM ODEON

ONE OF the things The Stranglers have going for them these days is the fact that The Legend! gave their new LP such a crap review last week. Now they won't have to put up with clutches of spotty youths in baby anoraks shouting Faster! Louder! at every date on their lengthy promo tour. Of course, they'll still have to suffer the attentions of the Real

was over-synthesised, full of near-heavy guitar and frequently dirge-like in the extreme. The songs only prove that the single's washed-out wonder is a quirk in a line of swish deepness and sometimes excruciating lyrics.

The impression was of early Bowie, the Cars and (cringe) Ultravox vying for attention and meaning in a barren landscape. Goodbye Mr Mackenzie want to be a riddle but the components are dubious and the solution blatantly obvious.

**BOB FLYNN**

Punk (haven't bought a record for six years") and the Yuppies who filled the Odeon practically to capacity.

Actually, 'Dreamtime' isn't as bad as it sounds – an air-brushed, ethnic-y drinks coaster with 'additional percussionist' and shitty lyrics on the subject of Global Political Economy. The new songs were a lot less laid-back live, and I couldn't really argue with The Strangler's choice of oldies: 'Duchess', 'Strange Little Girl', 'Nice And Sleazy', 'Toiler On The Sea'. All great.

Huge (sic) Cornwell may be getting on a bit, but he's still a menacing bugger. I noticed no one booing too loudly at his smirking reference to our Glorious Olympic Bid. Legend! quake in thy boots at the prospect of kidnap and terrible torture with Jet Black's colostabag.

Contrary to my expectations, I found The Stranglers witty, noisy, and undeniably... alive. Subject yourself to Huge's mighty aura at a Rank theatre near you – but mind who you stand next to.

**D J FONTANA**

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## THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

MISS MY flight to Reno, where I'm gonna shoot a man, just to watch him die. Wind up in Kentish Town, loitering with intent. And if just one of these sniveling rockaWilliam types calls "What's the word?" and just one of their denim, gin-soaked barroom girlfriends drawls, "Thunderbird," in response, I quit.

Do your worst, Fab T birds; just one bum note, one skipped beat, or one sorry pub rock gesture and this live reviewer will become livid. I'm not wild about this band, and I've got a cob on, besides. Everybody else is in such high spirits, such ardent fans of this pubbilly, that the Fab Tees can do Gerry Marsden covers all night and they'll willingly lap it up.

"Expect a J Geils sound, say, 10 years ago," advises one hack, who seems unnaturally pleased at the prospect, just as a vague clatter from the general direction of the stage erupts into a honky tonkin, foot stomping etc etc song about somebody's babe (Good God, I was just joking about the Marsden covers!)

Only three numbers later and I find my foot tapping, by accident; I'm in a far less criminal state of mind, and nary a Geils reference point has reared its ugly head. Moments later, it's blues time, in which one member wolfs down a harmonica, and other wails that he's got him a part-time woman. By 'Amnesia' I've forgotten why I hated this band in America, years ago, when they might have been more derivative than defined.

Semi-strong pseudobilly factor notwithstanding, the Thunderbirds have aged gracefully, at least better than J Geils.

MICHELLE 'DEPORTEE' KIRSCH

## THE RESIDENTS

LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

IF YOU often wondered what fate befalls ex-members of that most teenage of teenage groups, Menudo, don't. Their hearts are left in San Francisco where one Cryptic Corporation lends out eyeballs, skulls and stockinged masks before turning them loose on the vaudeville path. This is done in rotation. They're then Residents: straight out of those roaring late-'20s, software above all: absurd theatre.

It's a revue. There would be an intermission soon, after which things would fall apart in an attempt at upbeat chaos. But right now, at the tail-end of the first and better section, a singer pleads on his knees. 'It's A Man's Man's Man's...' is up for treatment, up to be shredded and masticated in a groundswell of string-laden crudities; re-writing JB's memoirs.

The covers were best. This because they weren't in league with prevalent analingus styled brush-overs, weren't so faithful,



The Residents - top hats and tall tales

## VAUDE-VILE

weren't so easily seen through as easy access to Hitsville. Redefinition is what they were - all transformations taking place without fuss, filling up blanks and hollows with more of the same, yet better; once again away from the hopeless snags of hair, of, say, 'Don't Leave Me

This Way'. It swung. It waltzed. 'It' being the first section, of course, which was strangely at odds with the venue as it was probably better suited to a seated one.

There were no ornaments to speak of; each capsule was "about" the baring of essentials; for each note on Snakefinger's guitar there

were nuances to be discovered in the shedding of skins and methods like snakes at dizzy altitudes and deeps. All of which did fit well with the general pre-r'n'r atmosphere. In that first half, again that better half, you could jitterbug, jive or just wonder. The Residents are tethered up in the turmoil of a self-created world, their 'alternative universe', years behind and ahead simultaneously.

Thirteen years pass by. Then the cover-encore: "Poor Old Kaw-Liga... never got a kiss... is it any wonder that his face is red... just stood there and never let it show... wishes he was still an old pine tree". Slightly - ever so much so - less remarkable live, this Hank Williams excavation is still the 'transcendent' one. Again, it's simultaneous 'Billie Jean' samples and Hank - and also their most accessible, conventional, deadly perhaps, avant Pop yet. And, like any Sphinx or pyramid, it's a lesson in superimposition without letting the seams show.

DELE FADELE

## THE MEKONS

CARLTON B. MORGAN LONDON CRICKETERS

THIS WAS an evening of twisted music - traditional forms taken and treated with Essence Of Surrealism. Carlton B and Co play a kind of mangled, ill-treated R&B. The keyboards emit either a low, ominous hum or a seedy, sick '60s sound while the rhythm section clatters and shudders with a restless intensity.

Grotesque, often incoherent and always bizarre, they veer from the brilliant to the unlistenable in a matter of seconds. One is left with the impression that Morgan finds the world simultaneously horrifying and hilarious.

Tony Benn has remarked that the main shortcoming of Marxism is that it fails to address itself to the deeper, non-material needs of humanity. He's right, as usual, and The Mekons seem to share this insight.

There's not the slightest doubt whose side they're on - these are songs for hard times sung from the point of view of the people having the hardest times - and yet they mercifully avoid sloganeering of any kind. Mekons songs often consist of a nightmarish series of images of fear, alienation and loneliness sung over lurching, stumbling, mutant country music.

But this doesn't mean that The Mekons are a group of profes-

sional miseries. Far from it; indeed, guitar-picker and occasional bawler Jon Langford is possibly one of the world's least boring drunks. This was demonstrated by tonight's second encore; a bellowed, booze-fuelled vandalism of 'Good Year For The Roses'.

Alienation, beers for fears, anger, sharp wit and a damn good tune. The Mekons' brilliance encapsulated in two lines.

DAVE JENNINGS

## TOM ROBINSON

LONDON SHAW THEATRE

TOM IS a man in love, it's obvious. How else could he bear his soul on a song like 'Tattooed Me', a no-holds-barred confessional about someone who left a mark on him? He's marked for life. The song says more about a lover leaving a lasting impression than most. It says 'I've Got You Under My Skin' with more potency than Cole Porter could ever muster.

It's easy to be cynical about Tom, especially when you look at his track record. He was a man with a "message", political or social, waving so many banners at one time you'd think he was an octopus. Many began to doubt his sincerity.

The new album, 'Still Loving You', carries many "messages" but it's more personal these days. More sincere. The cynics will say he's "gone soft", I say he's become more honest, not targetting his music at any particular market, just making music for himself - or rather for someone very special.

There's no such thing as a "gay" love song, and I for one (the dull hetero that I am) feel fairly knocked out by 'Tattooed Me', as Tom sings of sadness and bewilderment brought on by the imminent departure of someone who has left an everlasting impression. Maybe I've "gone soft".

Tom has also been tattooed by his past. A large section of his audiences are inevitably there for 'Power In The Darkness' or 'Glad To Be Gay', treating him like a mild, slightly socialist right-on cabaret act. On the strength of his recent recordings, Tom will win few new admirers, but does he really care? He's writing for one special person and that means so much more than a million record sales. Any day of the week.

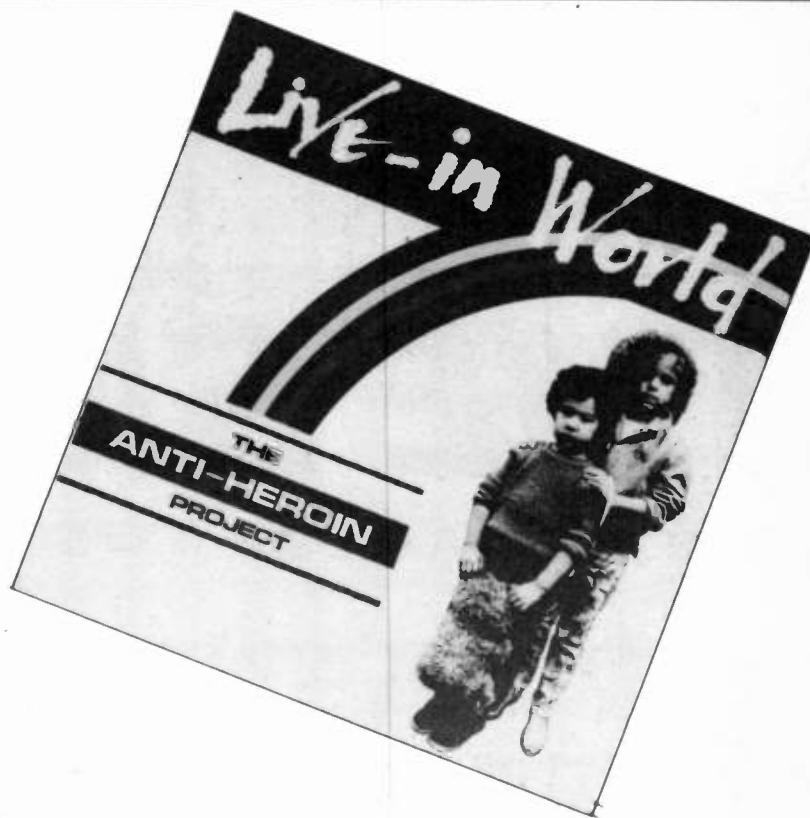
TERRY STAUNTON

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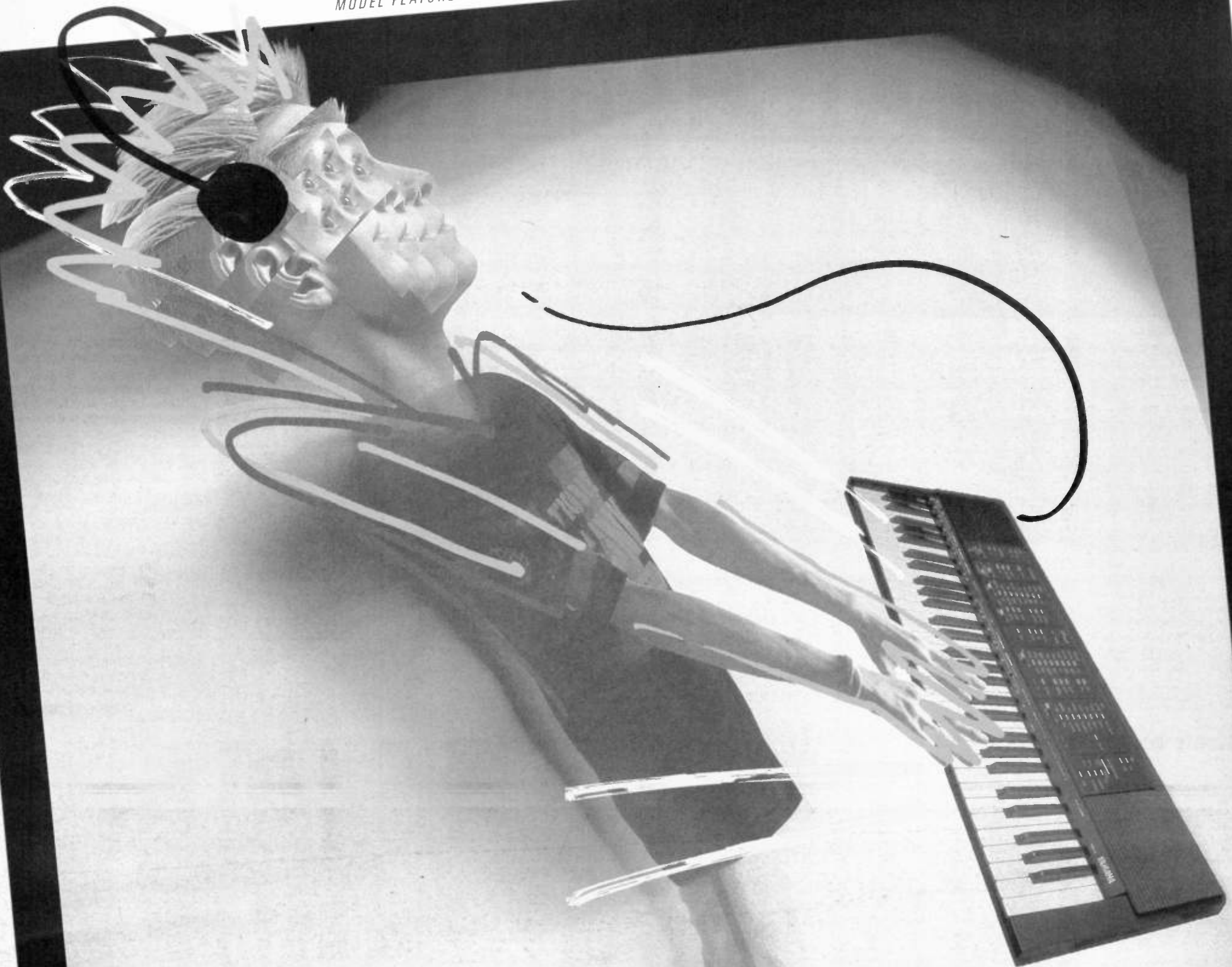
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# The CAPITAL RADIO NME FLATSHARE LIST

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The Capital NME Flatshare list is entirely free and it works. Over the years well over a million London rooms and shares have appeared on the lists—a list that's first stop for thousands of young flat hunters.

The list is published here each week and is also available from 11am Tuesdays at the Capital Radio foyer, Euston Tower, London NW1, just opposite Warren Street underground.

If you think you've spotted the home of your dreams, why not take along a mate to give it the once over? Four eyes are always better than two when it comes to spotting potential drawbacks.



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**SOUTHFIELDS SW18.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit £173. Phone Linda, 788 3977, home. Very near Tube. Garden. Garage. C.H.

**EALING W13.** Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit £120. Phone Ms. Gaffey, 567 6890 Wednesdays, home. 5 mins Tube. Excl. bills.

**HARINGEY.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £37 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone Philip, 800 7245, home. C.H. Washing machine. Early 20s. Non-smoker.

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**HERNE HILL SE24.** 2 males/females for shared room in flat. Rent £125 p.w. each. Deposit £50. Phone Karen, 671 0375 after 6pm, work. Near BR. Prof. person. 20s.

**WESMBLEY.** Male/female for shared room in house. Rent £57 p.w. Phone Miss Vamboekel, 903 1230, home. Large house. Garden. Garage. Near 2 Tubes. Incl. bills.

**MITCHAM.** Female for own room in house. Rent £185 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Martin, 685 9049, home. 10 mins Tube. Excl. bills. Garden. Non-smoker. Age 22-35.

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**CAMBERWELL.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit 4 weeks. Phone Miss Barnes, 737 4718, home. Home. Incl. gas and electric. Share all facs.

**ST JAMES' PARK SW1.** Female for shared room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Gillian, 222 4381, home. Very central.

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**HIGHGATE.** 2 males/females for shared room in large flat. Rent £27.50 p.w. each. Deposit £110 each. Phone Lynn, 340 0027, home. Prof. preferred. Non-smokers. Highgate Tube.

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**HARRINGAY.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 incl. C.H. Deposit 1 month. Deposit plus 1 month. Phone Fiona, 340 1321, home. Manor House Tube. C.H. Sharing with 3 others.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £100 p.w. Phone Tina, 373 1672, home. Large flat. Dishwasher.

**ARNOS GROVE N11.** Female for own room in house. Rent £43 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Nicola, 361 8080, home. Amos Grove Tube. C.H. Lounge in attic conversion. Sharing with 2 girls.

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## PERSONAL

Personal advertisements are accepted on the assurance of advertisers that they comply with the law. Gay advertisements are only accepted from advertisers over 21. NME is unable to vet all advertisers and readers are advised to bear this in mind especially when replying to personal advertisements. NME reserves the right to refuse any advertisement without explanation.

**ADULT BOOKS.** magazines, stamp brings list. Gaylinks Dept. NME, PO Box 102, Bristol BS19 7PQ.

**ATTRACTIVE GUY 24**, straight acting seeks friends (21-27) straight/Gay, interests keeping fit, pubs, messing about, travelling, fancy hitching/ Interail through Europe? Lichfield/ Birmingham Anywhere. Box No. 7422.

**BOY 22** Yearns girl to quell his sighs. Box No. 7414.

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**FENCHURCH STREET** Dream meet me Sunday 9th November 4pm. Barking Station.

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**GARCON 23** Cherche Ami Meme age ou plus Jeune intelligent riche independent et Beau Comme Moi Habitant Londres Pour Amitie Sorties etc. Photo + Phone Humour Sup. Box No. 7413.

**GAY/BISEXUAL?** Wanting fun, friendship, understanding? successful London Guy, 40, straight looking, slim, in good shape, looks for that special younger friend (21+) to share winter evenings weekends. Out of Town Guys welcome. Photos exchanged. Box No. 7427.

**GAY MALE 21** likes Siouxsie Bush/Eurythmics seeks boyfriend. Photo. Box No. 7412.

**GAY MALE 20's** seeks young friend. Discreet, homeloving. Photo please? Box No. 7421. London Liverpool

**GIRL 26** seeks intelligent Male 25+ for sincere friendship and hopeful mature relationship. Fed up with De-generates Photo please Box No. 7418.

**HANDSOME BOY.** Blond good-looking 21, non-camp but inexperienced seeks similar lad. Photo please. Box No. 7420.

**HANDSOME SINGLE** Englishman. Television Producer. Artistic. Affluent. Wants beautiful girl, 18-25 for winning, dining, romancing, world travelling. Everything for the right girl so photo please to Box No. 7417.

**ITCHY FEET?** Interested in globetrotting, exhilarating lifestyles overseas - but short on cash? Then why not Work Your Way. Seasonal work, casual work, working holidays throughout the world any time of the year for a few weeks to a few years. Low travel costs, good pay, great opportunities. 2x17p stamps brings free full colour brochure on excitement worldwide from Club International, 414 Corn Exchange Buildings, Manchester M4 3EY.

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**LONDON LESBIAN** and Gay Switchboard. 01-837 7324.

**LOST AT** Smiths Concert Kilburn, Lorus Watch, Sentimental value. Ring St. Albans 66933 or 52389.

**MALAYSIAN GIRLS** wish marriage to Englishmen. S.A.E. Liew Introductions. P.O. Box 23 Clevedon, Avon BS21 5LW.

**MALE BODYBUILDER** seeks enthusiastic training partner. Belfast area. Box No. 7426.

**MALE MODELS** for Amateur Physique 8mm Films. Alan, Great Harwood 887652.

**MALE 18** Degree student, socialist, seeks female 17-18 for friendship. London area only. Letter with photo, please. Box No. 7425.

**MALE 19** likes concerts, pubs, nights out, most music, have transport, seeks female with similar interests, Manchester/Lancs area. Box No. 7416.

**MASCULINE GAY 37** seeks relationship with slim quiet guy, A.L.A. Box 7369.

**MODELS URGENTLY** required. (Male and Female) by artist. Possible work in France no experience needed. (Under 18 with Parental Permission) Genuine. Apply with recent photo. Alliance Cottage, Brookland, Kent. TN29 9RZ.

**PAULO AN** Inspiration to us all. Happy Birthday on the 15th! Gerald The Mouse says "Mine's A Lager".

**PENPAL MAG** for lonely people. Approval copy from MATCHMAKER, (A.25), CHORLEY, LANCs.

**PENPALS 153** countries. Free details (S.A.E.) I.P.F. (NM) P.O. Box 596, London SE25 6NH.



## PERSONAL

**SEEKING SINCERE** gay new friends etc? Male or female, all areas and worldwide. Stamp to Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

**SHY, LONELY** Boy 21 no sense of humour, likes nothing. Seeks similar girlie. Box No. 7411.

**SMITHS FANATIC 20**, Male, seeks lonely female 18+ for meetings/relationship. Greater Manchester area. Box No. 7410.

**TYNESIDE MALE 22** seeks female for weekends out, the Smiths and the rest of the world. Box No. 7423.

**WYLIE/WATERBOYS?** Communicate. Richard, 10 Belgrave Place, Brighton.

**YOUNG CURVY** Girl seeks young girl (No Males). For fun and friendship. Shyness? Don't Worry. I'm genuine, Can Accommodate, Central London. Box No. 7424.



## RECORDS FOR SALE

**ALL INDEPENDENT** Label releases, imports, Punk New Wave rarities S.A.E. or 2 IRCs for November catalogue. Rhythm, 194 Cromwell Road, Cambridge (0223) 244018.

**BANSHEES PISTOLS** Clash etc singles 12" albums. Andy 4 Grey Close, Wakefield WF1 3HJ.

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**DEPECHE RARE** LPs 0752 229588.

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**GHOST WHEN** You're Dead LP 0752 229588.

**GIANT LIST** Over 200 rare records S.A.E. to Bob 55 Buckingham Road, Tring, Herts. HP23 4HF.

**KATE BUSH** Bird LP 0752 229588.

**NUMAN, SPRINGSTEEN, BOWIE, JAM, STRANGLERS, JAPAN, COSTELLO, U2, KATE BUSH, POLICE, SHAKY, OLIVIA, PHIL COLLINS, GENESIS, IRON MAIDEN, QUEEN, DURAN, E.L.O., PISTOLS, CLASH, DYLAN, JOEL, MADONNA, SHEENA, DAMNED, QUO, CULTURE CLUB, MADNESS, ULTRAVOX, BENETAR, SIMPLE MINDS, ABBA, BLONDIE, O.M.D., KISS, JETT, PETTY, AC/DC, WILDE, SIOUXSIE, STRAYCATS, SQUEEZE, LEAGUE, FRANKIE, RAMONES, SPANDAU, ADAM, STONES, BEATLES, FUTURIST, METAL, FUNK, WORLDWIDE RARITIES - PIC SLEEVES, PROMOS, DEMOS, PIC DISCS, SHAPES, HUNDREDS MORE. STATE INTERESTS. S.A.E. - R CLAYTON, 35 ORCHARD AVENUE, AYLESFORD, MAIDSTONE, KENT ME20 7LX.**

**POP-TONES** Records. You Want It? We'll Find It. Punk/New-Wave Service, S.A.E. to P.O. Box 846 NW1 2TN.

**PUNK/NEW WAVE** Record Finding Service & Auction Listing. SAE/IRC Elista Records, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts.

**RARE ALBUMS** good albums at good prices Mission Skies £12 Sisters Possession £18, many more available. Phone 0530 223656 for details.

**RARE LPs** List. Please state preference 1. Soul, Jazz, R&B, 50s+60s or 2. 70s N.W. + Heavy Metal. Please send LONG S.A.E. to NME List - Rave LPs 6 Yield Hall Place, Reading, Berks RG1 2JN.

**RECORD COLLECTION** for sale, Beatles Let It Be Book, Bowie, Queen, Springsteen, J/D, N/O, Marillion records, videos, tapes. S.A.E. P. Baker, 17 Holborn Street, Cattedown, Plymouth.

**SHOP TO** be demolished, clearout list all stock at ridiculous prices. Please send LARGE S.A.E. to Rock, Soul, New Wave, Heavy etc, singles from 25p. LPs from £1.00, to NME Clearout, 172 Kings Road, Reading RG1 4EJ.

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## INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

**ANDY'S GUITAR CENTRE** - American and Vintage Secondhands, also amps, effects etc. Pro guitar repair workshop, making - customising. **GUITARS AND AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION** - 27 Denmark St. WC2. 01-836 0899 01-379 3491 Open 6 Days 10am-6.30pm.

**DRUM MACHINE** Korg DDM-110 £160 Yamaha DX 100 Synth £360 Fostex X-15 Multitrack MN-15 Mixer Compressor £50 brand new 589 2573 mornings.



## VIDEO

**ALICE COOPER** Fantastic Video List. S.A.E. 27 Burghill Road, W.O.T. Bristol.

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**BOWIE TOPPOP 77** superb interview with unique footage 60 mins £16.00. S.A.E. Box No. 7415.

**CLASH, CURE** Talking Heads. P.I.L. Magazine VHS S A E 228 Old Shoreham Road, Southwick, Sussex BN4 4LT.

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**IRON MAIDEN** - Sheffield City Hall 15.10.86. Sheffield City Hall 16.10.86. **MAGNUM** Sheffield City Hall 2.10.86. All complete concerts. £20.00 each. Any 2 for £35.00. All 3 for £50.00 VHS Beta State format. Cheques/P.O.s - Steve Plant, P.O. Box 295, Sheffield S1 1JH.

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**NEED** A promotional video! Give Aphra Video a call on 935 5365.

**NTSC TP** Pal Video transferring. "Optical" Method. The Service for the Private Collector. Send for Details. Bul (T), 53 Mead Avenue, Langley, Slough, Berks. SL3 8HS.

**NUMAN, NEW Order, Spear,** Theatre, Cult, Damned, Clash, U2, Almond, U2, Mission, Pii, Cramps, Japan, Jamc, Minds, Country, Smiths, Cure, UB40, Depeche, SAE/IRC's stating interests. Box No. 7419.

**THE DAMNED** Sheffield City Hall 23-10-86. Full concert £18.00. VHS/Beta - State format. Cheques/P.O.s - Steve Plant, P.O. Box 295, Sheffield S1 12JH.

**U2 SIOUXSIE** Damned Clash. S.A.E. Steve 32 Moor Lane, Bramcote, Nottingham.

**U2 2HR** Compilation VHS tape interviews, sessions - rare American and European Footage '80-'85 £15. Also huge U2 collection. Paul, 12 Birch Close, Lancing, Sussex.



## SPECIAL NOTICES

**ABSOLUTELY FREE** Songwriting booklet from International Songwriters Association (NM2) Limerick City, Ireland.

**VIP/TOUR** Security Arrangements. 0908 615442.

Who the hell does

**JANE SMITH**

think she is?



"Everybody say: BLEUCH!!" Full Force one (above) and Lisa Lisa.

PHOTOS CHRIS CLU

## TAKE ME HOME

**FULL FORCE**  
**LISA LISA AND CULT JAM**  
**WORD OF MOUTH**  
**D. J. CHEESE**  
**NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY**

**TESTING TESTING** one two, one two, in the place to be ... It's a steaming collision of colour, sweat, noise and shuffling feet, all intent on jamming that sucker to death. "Yo! London Posse in the House?", bawled DJ Simon Smith. "Zulu, Zulu, Zulu, Zulu," babbled the reply, with a multitude of index and little fingers stabbing the air. "Birmingham Posse in the House?" "Wheeeezzz", go 100 whistles, picking the innards of my eardrums. DJ-wise, from Smith's rabble-rousing through Edgar and Calvin to Colin Curtis' stylish last hour, one thing is true of Midlands dancefloors: House is still HUGE.

But, Homeboys and Flygirls, I digress. On stage are rap duo Word Of Mouth, who had obviously analysed a few Run DMC records. I'm sorry, but rhythmic boasting is just not enough anymore. D. J. Cheese only finds his form for about 20 seconds,

when some real magic is injected into the traditional 'Good Times' cutting routine. He does it one-handed and blindfolded. Beat that, suckers!

Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam, on the other hand, well, say What? Having neither remarkable voice nor a decent song to her credit, Lisa is somewhat handicapped (although she is in the US Top Ten "Eat your heart out Janet Jackson," she squeaked during a limp dance routine). Well, Ms Jackson need never fear from this quarter. Lisa Lisa was just plain BAD and I won't waste another word.

Full Force get busy one time is the hypothesis, and indeed they do. I love all the teeth, trousers, hip-swings and crotch shots, the Big Bad-Mutha voices, the macho pantomime ... In contrast to Lisa Lisa, there's a certain amount of comic book humour. It's not serious (hope), but it certainly ain't frivolous. Full Force are just self-conscious enough to be credible. "Can't you see I want you just for ME?" They took me to the moon. Almost.

CLAIRE MORGAN JONES

## LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY

London Town And Country Club

**SOMETHING REMARKABLE** would surely happen at this hallowed electric tabernacle. You could sense the impending presence of a, hem, 'jazz' legend - his shadow leant long over the auditorium in the shape of an ominous announcement: *Lester Bowie had been delayed at Customs.*

An hour or more ticked by and the shadow grew palpably shorter. Under the blue lights, the stage itself was quaking in mutual anticipation.

And he made it. Wearing a giant

white box of a coat, shoulders bespattered by some kind of spangled dandruff, he presented his back to the audience and waved his trumpet like a leaden orb at his eight-piece Brass Fantasy.

The sound of a balloon slowly giving up the ghost, a bull elephant with asthma, led to a communal intake of breath. The (almost) big band visibly *dropped* into 'The Great Pretender', the musicians dragging each other along through the mammoth undertow. The bright white suits and smoochy Old Standards spoke of Big Band Cabaret, but with the immaculate bandleader squatting down low and making like a finger-popping windmill, this would be no ordinary swingtime.

The all-embracing waltz tempo would subside and the horns would project themselves into a space way beyond Kentish Town and would then wend their way home, mouthpieces dripping and trombones unzipping. With the tuba formidably marking out the bassnotes, we were dragged into the brass abbatoir of 'The Emperor', which in turn melted into some mellow minor crying.

Sliding, disintegrating brilliantly, he oozed into the adulterous shadows of 'Saving All My Love For You'. Then, interpreting Patsy Cline and Fats Domino through a variety of moose calls and looming foghorns, the history of popular music was being rewritten as Kentish Town stood still.

CATH CARROLL



## RECORDS WANTED

**ABSOLUTELY ALL** your LPs singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged 1p-£1.50 each paid. **NONE REFUSED!** Bring ANY quantity in ANY condition to Record Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (shop open 7 days 10am-8pm - 01-243 8573) or SEND any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash - none returned once sent. We decide fair price.

**AMBROSE SLADE** Beginnings LP £75 Offered. 0752 229588.

**ARTWOODS JAZZ** In Jeans EP £35 Offered. 0752 229588.



## RECORDS WANTED

**EARLY FALL** Play Dead, Sisters, singles wanted plus any Rose of Avarance Vinyls. Krys, 8 Bennett Street, Rugby, Warks.

**GENEVIEVE WAITE** Romance is on the Rise LP desperately wanted. Ring Roger 242 5523 (10-6).

**KINKS** ANY EP 0752 229588.

**RIPOFF RECORDS, Maesycloed** Road, Lampeter, Dyfed. SA48 7JE. Albums, cassettes, singles, C.Ds, videos wanted. Absolutely top prices paid! Send direct, or S.A.E. for quote.

**SANDROSE SANDROSE** LP £30 Offered. 0752 229588.



## RECORDS WANTED

**TREES** ANY LP £20 Offered. 0752 229588.

**UP TO £2.00** Cash or £2.40 part exchange against ANY Brand New Items. Double offered for CDs. Send list + S.A.E. for offer. Only A1 condition items accepted. Inland & Export Sales catalogue 10,000 titles - 50p Cob Records (W/L/S), Porthmadog, Gwynedd, U.K. (0766) 21703185.

**VASHTI BUNYAN** Diamond Day LP £12 Offered. 0752 229588.

**VERTIGO LABEL** Obscure LPs wanted. Top prices paid. 0752 229588.



MacLean) with a penchant for the 1930s Depression style.

"When I was very small, eight or nine, my Mom used to dress me up in a little plaid coat and beret, and everybody used to say, 'You look like Deanna Durbin!'"

Judy Garland was the first singer Maria loved, and gradually her taste has expanded to cover an extremely erudite appreciation of country's highways and byways, most audibly Rose Maddox and Kitty Wells. So keen is she on the authentic feel that she used to play records by the 'Whistling Brakeman', Jimmy Rodgers, on a gramophone she'd shut in her wardrobe for that old-time radio sound.

Apart from The Replacements, she can't get too worked up about today's musicians. Going back awhile, Dylan, Them, the Velvet, Doors and Stooges—and especially Patti Smith—warm her ears; she gleefully shows off her force-ten piers with operatic renditions of 'Search And Destroy' and similar incongruous fare in the back of the van. Lacking the attention span to handle whole novels—even *The Grapes of Wrath*—she delights instead in poetry, counting amongst her favourites Dylan Thomas, Rimbaud, E E Cummings, W B Yeats, Pablo Neruda and Rainer Maria Rilke—a taste she shares, believe it or not, with Madonna.

But she'd probably sooner rap about her country heroes—George Jones, Merle Haggard, Bill Monroe, The Blue Sky Boys—and the musical "hog-heaven" she discovered recently at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, especially cajun: "I have some of the really early stuff from the '20s. It's really almost ethereal. But it's also organic."

Maria McKee. Almost ethereal. But also organic.

Love you tons, Maria. And keep taking the Green Magma. . .

## LPs extra

FROM PAGE 33

### REDDIE JACKSON

Just Like The First Time

(Capitol)

### GENOBIA JETER

Genobia (RCA)

AT ON our backs are we, aring up from our Slumber-nds into the mists of the rrored ceiling? Good—then e're Ready For Freddie. epine self-absorption is prob-ly the best pose in which to eather the man's own absurd-upright bedroom man-uvres. He's the extra-sensi-e stud, slippery but safe, aking a meal-and-a-half out romance yet sounding angely unconvincing. This cond album doesn't offer ything to rival the title treat of s '85 debut, 'Rock Me ight'. It does share the same lentless preoccupation with e minutiae of the high-gloss ve affair though, and I'm

beginning to lose patience with the Black Yuppie notion that real lurve is defined by designer clothes, soft lights and Dom Perignon. Someone point the boy in the direction of the nearest cold shower.

Whereupon in bursts Genobia Jeter, fresh out of church and singing in praise of sunshine. Like Jackson's, it's the follow-up to a highly acclaimed debut, and it boasts a bewildering array of production credits. The difference is in the delivery. Genobia doesn't hold any truck with Freddie's twilight world—she's a girl who goes to bed early then jumps up at five for matins and muesli. The love she sings about is celestial, not carnal, and while that's no recommendation in itself, she approaches real heights of gospel-infected glory on 'All Of My Love' or the sublime 'Sunshine'. Its five minutes and ten seconds are sufficient to rouse even the deepest sinner from their Freddie-induced sleep.

Alan Jackson

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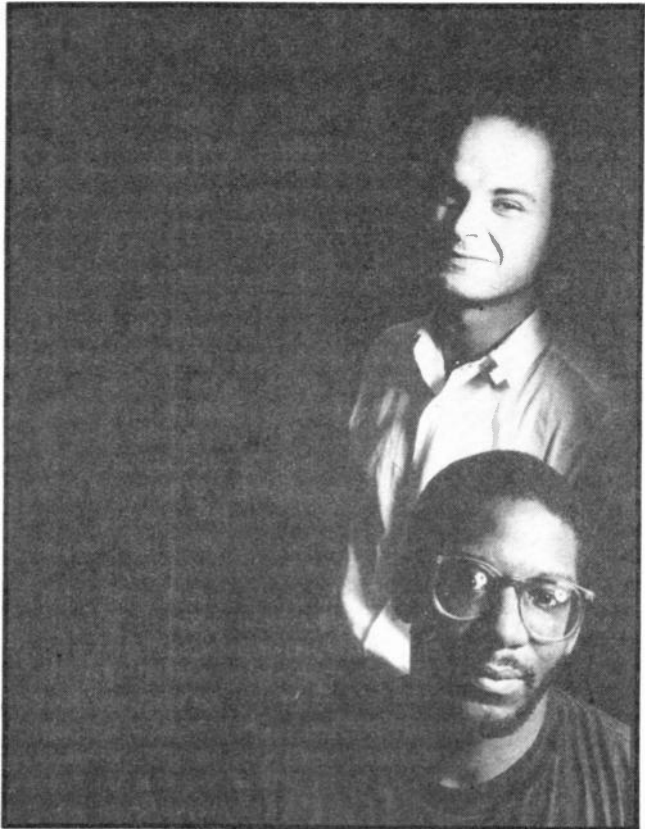
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# NME CHARTS



AC/DC - the 'Force' is with you. Photo Bleddyn Butcher

## 45s

1	2	ASK	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	3	LOVE'S EASY TEARS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	5	DICKIE DAVIES' EYES	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
4	16	REALLY STUPID EP	The Primitives (Lazy)
5	1	HANG TEN JUST MIND YOUR STEP	Soup Dragons (Raw)
6	4	STATE OF THE NATION	New Order (Factory)
7	6	STAR POWER	Sonic Youth (Blast First)
8	9	SUN ARISE	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
9	13	THE GRIP OF LOVE	Ghost Dance (Karbon)
10	15	ROCKET MISS USA	Sci Fi Sex Stars (Who M I)
11	(-)	PINK HOUSE	The Leather Nun (Wire)
12	26	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
13	12	VELVETEEN	Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)
14	8	PEEL SESSIONS	New Order (Strange Fruit)
15	7	EVERYDAY LIVING	The Woodentops (Rough Trade)
16	18	THIS IS MOTORTOWN	The Very Things (DCL Electrc)
17	25	SMELLS LIKE SMT	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
18	17	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
19	11	NAKED AS THE DAY YOU WERE BORN	The Weather Prophets (Creation)
20	24	CUT DOWN	Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)
21	19	THE ANTI-MIDAS TOUCH	The Wolfhounds (Pink)
22	23	LIKE A HURRICANE GARDEN OF DELIGHT	The Mission (Chapter 22)
23	22	THE PEEL SESSION	The Damned (Strange Fruit)
24	(-)	POPPYCOCK	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
25	(-)	INTO THE GROOVY	Ciccone Youth (SST)
26	(-)	THE RATTLER	Goodbye Mr Mackenzie (Precious Organisation)
27	28	RED SLEEPING BEAUTY	McCarthy (Pink)
28	14	I COULD BE IN HEAVEN	The Flatmates (Subway)
29	(-)	OH NO IT'S GBH AGAIN	GBH (Rough Trade)
30	(-)	10 NOTES ON A SUMMER'S DAY	Class (Crass)

## INDEPENDENT

## LPs

1	1	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
2	3	FILIGREE AND SHADOW	This Mortal Coil (4AD)
3	2	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (Imp)
4	4	LP	Head Of David (Blast First)
5	9	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
6	10	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
7	(-)	FORCE	ACR (Factory)
8	8	WHO'S BEEN TALKING	Robert Cray Band (Charly)
9	12	MINI-LP	The Leather Nun (Wire)
10	11	WATCH YOUR STEP	Ted Hawkins (Windows Of The World)
11	6	FOREVER BREATHES THE LONELY WORD	Felt (Creation)
12	5	UNGOVERNABLE FORCE	Conflict (Mortarrhate)
13	7	KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
14	(-)	LONG SHARKS	Guanabatz (ID)
15	22	SUICIDE	Suicide (Demon)
16	15	ELEMENTS OF LIGHT	Robyn Hitchcock (Glass Fish)
17	21	BACK IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
18	19	DISTRESSED GENTLE FOLK	The Jazz Butcher (Glass)
19	25	SOMEWHERE IN THE LAND OF NO RAP	Schoolly D (Rhythm King)
20	(-)	ROOM OF LIGHTS	Crime & The City Solution (Mute)
21	(-)	PRINCE IVOR	Ivor Cutler (Rough Trade)
22	24	HEADING FOR A TRAUMA	Scientists (Augogogo)
23	16	I AM JOHN'S PANCREAS	A Witness (Ron Johnson)
24	29	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys (Discafrique)
25	(-)	NOT THE CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY?	The Damned (Demon)
26	(-)	COMMERCIAL SUCCESS	Colin Newman (Crammed Discs)
27	17	HOLY MONEY	Swans (K422)
28	26	ATOMIZER	Big Black (Homestead)
29	13	GIANT	The Woodentops (Rough Trade)
30	(-)	MORE LOVE SONGS	Loudon Wainright III (Demon)

## 45s

## UK TOP FIFTY

## LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	EVERY LOSER WINS	Nick Berry (BBC) 5 1
2	4	IN THE ARMY NOW	Status Quo (Vertigo) 6 2
3	2	ALL I ASK OF YOU	Cliff Richard & Sarah Brightman (Polydor) 5 2
4	19	AND YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY	Berlin (CBS) 3 4
5	5	WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN	The Bangles (CBS) 8 5
6	9	DON'T GET ME WRONG	The Pretenders (Real) 4 6
7	3	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire) 6 1
8	6	YOU CAN CALL ME AL	Paul Simon (Warner Brothers) 8 4
9	11	MIDAS TOUCH	Midnight Star (Solar/MCA) 5 9
10	27	NOTORIOUS	Duran Duran (EMI) 2 10
11	32	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	Kim Wilde (MCA) 2 11
12	25	ASK	The Smiths (Rough Trade) 2 12
13	7	SUBURBIA	Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone) 6 7
14	10	TRUE COLORS	Cyndi Lauper (Portrait) 7 10
15	10	YOU ARE EVERYTHING TO ME	Boris Gardiner (Revue) 2 10
16	18	TO HAVE AND TO HOLD	Catharine Stock (Sierra) 2 16
17	8	RAIN OR SHINE	Five Star (Tent) 9 2
18	24	LIVING ON A PRAYER	Bon Jovi (Vertigo/Phonogram) 3 18
19	34	DON'T GIVE UP	Peter Gabriel/Kate Bush (Virgin) 2 19
20	43	SOMETHING OUTA NOTHING	Banned (BBC) 2 20
21	28	ALWAYS THE SUN	The Stranglers (Epic) 4 21
22	(-)	BECAUSE I LOVE YOU	Shakin' Stevens (Epic) 1 22
23	(-)	THIS IS THE WORLD CALLING	Bob Geldof (Mercury/Phonogram) 1 23
24	50	SHOWING OUT	Mel & Kim (Supreme) 3 24
25	21	BE A LOVER	Billy Idol (Chrysalis) 6 20
26	44	FOR AMERICA	Red Box (Sire) 2 26
27	15	THE WIZARD	Paul Hardcastle (Chrysalis) 4 15
28	23	GIRLS AIN'T NOTHING BUT TROUBLE	D J Jazzy Jeff/Fresh Prince (Champion) 5 23
29	14	I'VE BEEN LOSING YOU	A-Ha (Warner Bros) 6 6
30	17	STAY WITH ME	The Mission (Mercury) 4 17
31	20	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	The Communards (London) 12 1
32	22	THINK FOR A MINUTE	The Housemartins (Go Discs) 6 22
33	16	ALWAYS THERE	Marti Webb (BBC) 7 14
34	31	(THEY LONG TO BE) CLOSE TO YOU	Gwen Guthrie (Boiling Point) 3 31
35	13	WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH	Julian Cope (Island) 7 12
36	42	ANOTHERLOVERHOLENYOHEAD	Prince (WEA) 2 36
37	(-)	THROUGH THE BARRICADES	Spandau Ballet (Reformation) 1 37
38	49	BREAKOUT	Swing Out Sister (Mercury) 2 38
39	(-)	THE GHOST TRAIN	Madness (Zarijazz) 1 39
40	(-)	DESIRE (COME AND . . .)	Gene Loves Jezebel (Beggars Banquet) 1 40
41	(-)	WHEN THE WIND BLOWS	David Bowie (Virgin) 1 41
42	(-)	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	Europe (Epic) 1 42
43	(-)	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute) 1 43
44	(-)	I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE	Cutting Crew (Siren) 1 44
45	(-)	PRETTY LITTLE HEAD	Paul McCartney (MPL/Parlophone) 1 45
46	(-)	DON'T FORGET ME	Glass Tiger (Manhattan) 1 46
47	(-)	INFECTED	The The (Epic) 1 47
48	(-)	JACK THE GROOVE	Raze (Champion) 1 48
49	(-)	THE NIGHT	Communards (London) 1 49
50	36	WE DON'T HAVE TO	Jermaine Stewart (10/Virgin) 12 2

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	GRACELAND	Paul Simon (Warner Bros) 8 1
2	18	WHYPLASH SMILE	Billy Idol (Chrysalis) 2 2
3	6	GET CLOSE	The Pretenders (Real) 2 3
4	7	LIVERPOOL	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZZT) 2 4
5	2	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire) 18 1
6	3	SCOUNDREL DAYS	A-Ha (Warner Bros) 3 2
7	5	SILK AND STEEL	Five Star (Tent/RCA) 11 2
8	13	BETWEEN TWO FIRES	Paul Young (CBS) 2 8
9	17	TOP GUN - SOUNDTRACK	Various (CBS) 3 9
10	15	LONDON O HULL 4	The Housemartins (Go Discs) 6 10
11	8	THE CHART	Various (Telstar) 3 7
12	(-)	EVERY BREATH I TAKE - THE SINGLES	The Police (A&M) 1 12
13	36	GIVE ME THE REASON	Luther Vandross (Epic) 2 13
14	12	WORD UP	Cameo (Club) 4 8
15	(-)	NO. 10 UPPING STREET	BAD (CBS) 1 15
16	21	TRUE COLORS	Cyndi Lauper (CBS) 5 16
17	(-)	DREAMTIME	The Stranglers (Epic) 1 17
18	9	REVENGE	Eurythmics (RCA) 18 2
19	10	SOUTH PACIFIC	Various (CBS) 4 7
20	19	FORE	Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis) 8 5
21	4	SOMEWHERE IN TIME	Iron Maiden (EMI) 5 3
22	34	CONSTRUCTOR	Alice Cooper (WEA) 2 22
23	28	THIRD STAGE	Boston (MCA) 4 15
24	(-)	INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS	Wasp (EMI) 1 24
25	(-)	NOW DANCE	Various (Virgin/EMI) 1 25
26	(-)	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Freddie Jackson (Capitol) 1 26
27	14	U-VOX	Ultravox (Chrysalis) 3 13
28	(-)	UPFRONT III	Various (Serious) 1 28
29	11	ONE TO ONE	Howard Jones (WEA) 3 10
30	22	BROTHERS IN ARMS	Dire Straits (Vertigo) 73 1
31	33	IN THE ARMY NOW	Status Quo (Vertigo) 10 8
32	32	THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF . . .	Supertramp (A&M) 4 31
33	38	DANCING ON THE CEILING	Lionel Richie (Motown) 12 2
34	47	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	Bon Jovi (Vertigo) 8 4
35	20	BREAK EVERY RULE	Tina Turner (Capitol) 8 1
36	16	THE COMMUNARDS	The Communards (London) 1 7
37	25	PLEASE	Pet Shop Boys (EMI) 2 25
38	(-)	REMINISCING	Foster And Allen (Stylus) 1 38
39	(-)	SHELTER	Lone Justice (Geffen) 1 39
40	(-)	HOW GREEN WAS THE VALLEY	The Men They Couldn't Hang (MCA) 1 40
41	23	A KIND OF MAGIC	Queen (EMI) 23 1
42	27	TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY	Billy Bragg (Go Discs) 6 5
43	39	THE FINAL	Wham! (Epic) 4 39
44	RE	THE PAVAROTTI COLLECTION	Luciano Pavarotti (Stylus) 1 44
45	45	WHITNEY HOUSTON	Whitney Houston (Arista) 1 45
46	31	ZAGORA	Loose Ends (Virgin) 4 10
47	RE	PICTURE BOOK	Simply Red (Elektra) 1 47
48	24	INTO THE LIGHT	Chris DeBurgh (A&M) 23 1
49	(-)	SIMON BATES-OUR TUNE	Various (Polydor) 1 49
50	(-)	AN IMITATION OF LOVE	Millie Jackson (Jive) 1 50

## DANCEFLOOR

## 20

1	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKENHEARTED	The Wedding Present (Peel)
2	HANG TEN!	The Soup Dragons (Raw-T.V.)
3	EIGHT MILES HIGH	Husker Du (SST)
4	SAFETY NET	The Shop Assistants (53rd & 3rd)
5	EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL	Sonic Youth (Blast First)
6	MOTOR CITY	Age Of Chance (Riot Bible)
7	HELL ON EARTH	Big Stick (Blast First)
8	TWO RIVERS	Meat Puppets (SST)
9	YOU SHOULD ALWAYS KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FRIENDS	The Wedding Present (Reception)
10	WILLIAM SHATNER	The Bodines (Creation)
11	STEPPING OUT	The Fall (Short Circuit E.P.)
12	ARCTIC FLOWERS	Rubella Ballet (Ubiquitous Records)
13	CUT THE CAKE	The Wolfhounds (Pink)
14	JUNCTION SIGNAL	Blyth Power (All The Madmen)
15	STARPOWER	Sonic Youth (Blast First)
16	CAMERA	A Witness (Ron Johnson)
17	DOGS BREAKFAST	Mackenzies (Ron Johnson)
18	PART TIME PUNKS	T.V. Personalities (King's Road)
19	UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE	The Loft (Creation)
20	NAILS OF THE HEART	Flowers In The Dustbin (Mortarrhate)

Chart by Echoes, Indie Dance Night, Occasional Tuesdays, Birmingham University.

## FUNK

## 20

1	FEELS LIKE FIRST TIME	Freddie Jackson (EMI) LP
2	GO SEE THE DOCTOR	Kool Mo Dee (Indie) US 12"
3	IN THE LIFE	Geoff Young (Jump Street) US 12"
4	AMOUR PUETRO RIQUENO	Raz (Underground) US 12"
5	YOU'RE THE ONE	Henry Johnson (MCA) US LP
6	I'M CHILLIN OUT	Curtis Hairston (Atlantic) US 12"
7	OBSESSION	Bob James (Warner Bros) US LP
8	I DON'T KNOW	Reggie Walker (Indie) US 7"
9	JOY RIDE	Dawn (Skyline) US 12"
10	JOURNEY TO WITHIN	Courtney Pine (EMI) UK LP
11	COME SHARE MY LOVE	Miki Howard (Atlantic) US LP
12	PRIME TIME	Prime Time (Indie) US LP
13	MEMORIES	Carolyn Harding (Emergency) US 12"
14	I FOUND LOVE	Darlene Davis (Tubotone) US 7"
15	ROBIN	Robin Angel (Columbia) US LP
16	TIME TO PARTY	Gary L (Sensations) US 12"
17	IX	One Way (MCA) US LP
18	GIVE ME THE REASON	Luther Vandross (CBS) UK LP
19	WATERMELON DANDIES	Naoya Matsuoka Japanese LP
20	WAITING FOR YOU BABY	Unique Blend (Clique) US 7"

Chart by Nigel & Dave at City Sounds, 8 Procter Street, London WC1.

## REGGAE

## 45s

1	MAN SHORTAGE/BABYLON BOOPS	Lovindeer (TSOJ)
2	WHAT THE HELL	Echo Minott (Jammys)
3	BEST THING	Audrey Hall (Germaine)
5	YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME	Boris Gardiner (Revue)
6	SHOBEEN	Frankie Paul (Pioneer Int.)
7	CRAZY/WHAT THE POLICE CAN DO	Andrew Paul (Digikal)
8	RAGAMUFFIN AND RAMBO	Dixie Peach (YD)
9	DANCE HALL VIBES	Mikey General (Digikal)
9	I FOUND LOVE	Annette B (UK Bubbler)
10	I'LL GET OVER IT	Aston Esson (Fine Style)

## REGGAE

## LPs

1	ALL I HAVE IS LOVE LOVE LOVE	Gregory Isaacs (Tads)
2	ROUGH AND RUGGED	Shinehead (African Love)
3	BERIS HAMMOND	(Chimes)
4	REGGAE HITS VOLUME 3	Various (Jet Star)
5	FIVE THE HARD WAY	Various (Live & Love)
6	ECHO MINOTT MEETS FRANKIE PAUL	(Powerhouse)
7	HOLD TIGHT	Dennis Brown (Live & Love)
8	PRESENTING THE POSSE VOLUME 3	Various (Uptempo)
9	RETROSPECTIVE	Bob Andy (I Anchor)
10	HISTORY	Dennis Brown (Live & Love)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11





Cyndi: not unusually, No.1.

1	TRUE COLORS	Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
2	TYPICAL MALE	Tina Turner (Capitol)
3	I DIDN'T MEAN TO TURN YOU ON	Robert Palmer (Island)
4	AMANDA	Boston (MCA)
5	HUMAN	Human League (A&M/Virgin)
6	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire)
7	WHEN I THINK OF YOU	Janet Jackson (A&M)
8	SWEET LOVE	Anita Baker (Elektra)
9	TAKE ME HOME TONIGHT	Eddie Money (Columbia)
10	ALL CRIED OUT	Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam with Full Force (Columbia)
11	YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
12	WORD UP	Cameo (Atlanta)
13	THE RAIN	Oran 'Juice' Jones (Def Jam)
14	HEARTBEAT	Don Johnson (Epic)
15	THE NEXT TIME I FALL	Peter Cetera With Amy Grant (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

1	THIRD STAGE	Boston (MCA)
2	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
3	FORE!	Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
4	TOP GUN	Soundtrack (Columbia)
5	BREAK EVERY RULE	Tina Turner (Capitol)
6	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE	Steve Winwood (Island)
7	DANCING ON THE CEILING	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	TRUE COLORS	Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
9	RAISING HELL	Run DMC (Profile)
10	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire)
11	THE BRIDGE	Billy Joel (Columbia)
12	CONTROL	Janet Jackson (A&M)
13	GRACELAND	Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
14	INVISIBLE TOUCH	Genesis (Atlantic)
15	SOMEWHERE IN TIME	Iron Maiden (Capitol)

Charts courtesy Billboard

1	CANDY APPLE GREY	Hüsker Dü (Warners LP)
2	CANDY SKIN	Fire Engines (Pop Aural 45)
3	PSYCHOCANDY	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro LP)
4	CANDY'S ROOM	Bruce Springsteen (from 'Darkness . . .', CBS LP)
5	CANDY SAYS	The Velvet Underground (from 'The Velvet Underground', Verve LP)
6	CANDY DIOSIS	Pop Will Eat Itself (Desperate 45)
7	SOME CANDY TALKING	The Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro 45)
8	I WANT CANDY	The Strangeloves (Stateside 45)
9	CANDY FOR MR DANDY	The Kinks (PRT LP)
10	CANDY MAN	Roy Orbison (London American 45)

Chart compiled by Kandy Nelly

1	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave LP)
2	THE RATTLER	Goodbye Mr Mackenzie (Precious 45)
3	HOLD 'EM JOE	Sonny Rollins (Impulse LP track)
4	LAXME	Delibes (EMI LP)
5	SCUM	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (flexi) (you sure about this one? — Ed.)
6	ORCHID IN THE STORM	Aaron Neville (Demon EP)
7	THE BEST OF PEGGY LEE	(MCA LP)
8	PETER CASE	Peter Case (Geffen LP)
9	LIFES RICH PAGEANT	REM (IRS LP)
10	I WANT YOU	Elvis Costello And The Attractions (Imp 45)

Writer's chart by Mat Snow

1	WHO THE CAP FIT	Shinehead (from the 1p <i>Rough And Rugged</i> on ALM)
2	WRONG GIRLS TO PLAY WITH	Papa Austin with The Great Peso (Tuff City)
3	ROCK THE HOUSE	Pressure Drop (Tommy Boy)
4	LITTLE BAD JOHNNY	Just Ice (Fresh)
5	FIRE (VERSION)	Shinehead with Sly And Robbie ('Urban Beats' LP on Island)
6	STRONG ME STRONG/DISCO REGGAE	Yellowman with Sly and Robbie (CBS)
7	GO DEH YAKA	Monyaka (Body Street)
8	UP AGAINST THE BEAST	Brother D Meets Silver Fox (Roir Cassette)
9	ROCKERS CHOICE	Xanadu And Sweet Lady (Joe Gibbs)
10	ODE TO JOHNNY DRUGHEAD	Mutubaruku (Alligator)

Compiled by Shinehead O'Hagan & M. C. Scots Rogue Rat



Four Tops: three hits.

# 5 YEARS AGO

1	HAPPY BIRTHDAY .....	Altered Images (Epic)
2	IT'S MY PARTY .....	Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (Stiff)
3	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS .....	The Jam (Polydor)
4	EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC .....	The Police (A&M)
5	OH SUPERMAN .....	Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)
6	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES .....	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
7	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS .....	Toyah (Safari)
8	BIRDIE SONG .....	The Tweets (PRT)
9	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL .....	The Four Tops (Casablanca)
10	LABELLED WITH LOVE .....	Squeeze (A&M)

# 10 YEARS AGO

1	IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW	Chicago (CBS)
2	MISSISSIPPI	Pussycat (Sonet)
3	WHEN FOREVER HAS GONE	Demis Roussos (Philips)
4	HURT	The Manhattans (CBS)
5	HOWZAT	Sherbet (Epic)
6	SUMMER OF MY LIFE	Simon May (Pye)
7	DON'T TAKE AWAY THE MUSIC	Tavares (Capitol)
8	DANCING WITH THE CAPTAIN	Paul Nicholas (RSO)
9	PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC	Wild Cherry (Epic)
10	SAILING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

# 15 YEARS AGO

1	MAGGIE MAY	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	WITCH QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS	Redbone (Epic)
3	TIED OF BEING ALONE	Al Green (London)
4	SULTANA	Titanic (CBS)
5	SIMPLE GAME	The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6	THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN	Joan Baez (Vanguard)
7	TILL	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	FOR ALL WE KNOW	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
9	'COS I LUV YOU	Slade (Polydor)
10	TWEEDLE DEE TWEEDLE DUM	Middle Of The Road (RCA)

# 20 YEARS AGO

1	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE .....	The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2	STOP STOP STOP .....	The Hollies (Parlophone)
3	I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF .....	The Troggs (Page One)
4	DISTANT DRUMS .....	Jim Reeves (RCA)
5	WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL .....	New Vaudeville (Decca)
6	GOOD VIBRATIONS .....	The Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	SEMI-DETACHED SUBURBAN MR. JAMES .....	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
8	HIGH TIME .....	Paul Jones (HMV)
9	NO MILK TODAY .....	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	GUANTANAMERA .....	Sandpipers (Pye Int)

## FRED FACT

HAVE YOU boogied to any good movie titles lately? The question's not as loony as you might first imagine. Y'see, recently, there's been a growing trend for film makers to name their dreambabies after musical oldies of the golden kind. For example, the latest in the long line of "kids growing into knowing people" flicks — a genre that has generally headed well downhill since Robert Mulligan did everything right in *The Summer Of '42* — is dubbed *Stand By Me*, in remembrance of the song that has proven a hit for everyone from Ben E King and Spyder Turner through to John Lennon and the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart's cousin, Mickey Gilley. Additionally, the new Frances Coppola up-and-comer, apparently a winner that could see Kathleen Turner grabbing an Oscar for best actress, bears the moniker *Peggy Sue Got Married*, a title that was also a posthumous success for Buddy Holly. Jazzers will recall that *Round Midnight*, the title of the highly praised film featuring tenorman Dexter Gordon, was originally a Thelonius Monk instrumental that achieved extra kudos when someone decked it out with a lyric and every hip singer in the business fell over themselves in the hurry to record it. In those days, it was the rule rather than the exception that a hit record provided fodder for others. Ray Livingston's 'Mona Lisa', which provided a title and a theme song for Handmade's Cannes Festival triumph, was, for instance, not just a hit for Nat Cole as everyone generally supposes. In reality, at the same time as the Cole single was in the top 30, it was accompanied by no less than six rival versions — all of them by white artists.

These days black acts are more likely to jump onto a white hit, this being the case with the theme to the new Whoopi Goldberg movie *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, a Stones special that has provided Aretha with a title song release. Oddly, Aretha's version won't be on the soundtrack album. Something to do with her being signed to Arista while the album is a Phonogram affair, that's the story. A better tale is the one about a would-be Hollywood tycoon who loved Bobby Vinton's 1963 No.1 'Blue Velvet' so much that he vowed that if he ever got around to making a movie he'd name it after that made-in-Nashville success, which he recently did. But neither 'Blue Velvet' nor 'Mona Lisa' is the oldest song currently lending its name to a film. That honour belongs to Richard M Jones' 60-year-old blues 'Trouble In Mind', a title now shared by a less illustrious movie starring Kris Kristofferson and Keith Carradine. I wonder if they'll be screening a laservid called *Walk Like An Egyptian* or *World Shut Your Mouth* at the Venus Apollodrome in 2046?

Fred Dellar

# THE MISSION

FROM PAGE 14

When in the presence of Wayne Hussey, women tend, Wayne Hussey thinks, to turn into penis-craving animals. Wayne explains to me how he nearly clicked in the toilets of Leed's seedy Warehouse. Unfortunately, in the next cubicle there were 400 Fleet Street gossip columnists.

"I got a load of flak for that. But you wouldn't have said no, would you? . . .

No.

"Anybody in their right mind would have done it! You just go for it!"

Going for it is what The Mission are all about. At some point we're going to get down to the music. For the moment Wayne has other things on his mind. He's already nicked me a Primitives T-shirt from the A&R Man's office we're in, and now he's turning the place over in a wild search for drugs and drink.

The telephone rings.

"F\*\*K OFF!" he hollers into it.

It rings again.

"WHERE'S THE F\*\*K DRINK!" he answers, then slams it down. He's annoyed.

Hey Wayne, let's talk rock and roll!

Wayne thinks I'm taking the piss.

"Look, we wear our heritage on our sleeve. We say, yeah, we like all those old hippy groups. Fine. But we don't make records like them. The Cult make records like them!"

The Mission have a huge sound which has taken them into the Top 40. Heavy guitars cruise through their songs, Wayne's vocals are anthemic, and they cover "classics" like '1969', 'Like A Hurricane', and 'Wishing Well'. They must be true rock and rock because they sound slightly like The Cult.

"That's bollocks," claims Wayne. "'We're totally different. 'Sanctuary' is the only good record The Cult have made. Sure, we're all friends, and ok, I said I'd like to f\*\*k Ian Astbury — he's got a nice arse, but that's as close as I'll get to The Cult."

It's pretty close, Wayne.

"It was a flippant comment, Neil"

So was that, Wayne.

"There's more to us than sex, drugs and rock and roll.

We're a sexy group. We appeal to teenage girls, you know". What benefits can you offer them, Wayne?

"More bonking!"

That's a stupid comment, Wayne.

"Oh, it was a flippant one, Neil."

THIS MUSIC — which gives me almost as much trouble to describe as Wayne — motors on oblivious. The singles that The Mission have put out have been (rubbish, but on the bootleg tapes songs like 'Wasteland' are a towering monument to rock and roll, its guitars lifting Hussey's vocals onto an ethereal plane that promotes him as the classic rock-and-roll-and-sex idol.

"People say to me what's it like to be a sex idol? I say, you get into the Top 40, nothing changes. You can go out every night and get pissed. Sex — yeah. We're down to earth people. We're from up North, Neil, where people take no shit from no-one."

The Mission's new album is called 'God's Own Medicine'. It culls the best of the live mission songs, and throws in a few surprises, like 'Garden Of Delight', which is converted into a ballad complete with orchestrated backing. But all of the best of The Mission is there: the pulsating 'Sacrilege', the symphonic 'And The Dance Goes On', and the excellent guitar washed 'Wasteland' with its opening *I still believe in God/But God no longer believes in me!*

Whatever antics The Mission launch their music on, at the end of the day, they have powerful tunes and good songs. Think of the deadbeat journalists that lined up to cream themselves off over trivia like the Sigue Sigues and Zodiac. The same people run a mile from The Mission.

"We loved Zodiac and Sputnik, but neither had the songs to back up what they were doing. We have. You know, I'm supriised the *NME* bothered with them or us. Your paper's full of shit these days. I hate all that funky shit! . . ."

So what's going to happen to The Mission between now and World Domination time? Who do they idolise? What drug-crazed rock 'n' roll zombie?

"I like Keith," snorts Wayne.

He's death on legs.

"That's right. I like him for his lifestyle. I'd rather be Keith Richards than the Managing Director of our crappy record company!"

I'll plump for the Phonogram job, Wayne.

"You would Neil, you work for the *NME*."

So what will you do in the next 24 hours, Wayne? Drink?

"We're going to get drunk out of our f\*\*king heads, of course!"

Drugs?

"We've run out".

Sex?

"Sex is always available for us boys, Neil! Why don't you come and try it?"

Sorry Wayne, it was a flippant comment!



# FLAK



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## TOP YERSELF TEN

I am moved to write you a letter after reading Stuart Cosgrove's piece on the Parent's Music Resource Centre. I want to talk about the suicide/rock connection. Due to personal experiences of failure, I tried suicide three times. Obviously, I failed. At no time did I find an appropriate track to go out on. But during my first serious attempt in 1974, I tried 'When Will I See You Again?' by The Three Degrees, this made me cry and I felt better. In 1976 I tried the Ramones' 'Leave Home' LP while having a go. Shock treatment is not all it's cracked up to be. It did not make me happy for longer than a couple of weeks. While having a go in 1981 I tried 'Talking Heads '77'. This seemed highly appropriate and I left my copy in the loony bin for the other poor sods to listen to. I also tried 'King's Lead Hat' by Brian Eno. This mentioned the drug I was on (moderate). It was partly about me and cheered me up. Hence it did not help my leave-life attempt – the tranquilisers certainly did.

'Up The Hill Backwards' by David Bowie summed the whole thing up really well. This is recommended as good theme

music for falling apart experiences. Joy Division, current at the time, was too gloomy. No wonder he made it. Andrew Mayfield, Edinburgh. Looking to pop musicians for the incentive to top yourself will inevitably be a thankless task. Most of the music you mention wouldn't persuade me to put my head in a shoebox, let alone a gas oven – JMc

## GOBBERS

The people who took great pleasure in spitting at Morrissey during The Smiths concert at Newport Centre were probably the same idiots who complained when they didn't continue. The one and only cause of the trouble was drink. It seems that after destroying football as a spectator sport, these people are intent on destroying the concert as a social evening out for one and all. People can do without drink so why have the bars open at all? I know they have to make some extra money from the fans but at what cost?

Outside Newport Centre before the gig, this was overheard, "I've only come to spit at the band". To this person and all others who find it a laugh to spit and heckle bands,

fuck off and die! *Misery Guts.* Anybody who pays five or six pounds to spit at an innocent like our Stephen wants their bumps feeling. Go and play in the traffic – JMc

## THE IMMORAL MAJORITY

As a Satanist of over 15 years' standing, and having no knowledge whatever of the contemporary popular music scene, I was both amazed and pleased to read in several of last week's Fleet Street dailies that your publication has a strong streak of the black arts running through it. My problem now, of course, is that I have no way of getting hold of the articles I would like to see. Do you do back issues, or is there any chance of their being repeated? I believe that I should get hold of a story about The Folk Devils, and my 19-year-old son has also pointed me, somewhat reluctantly, in the direction of people called Richard Hell, The Damned, and a lady who goes by the charming handle of Screaming Joy Hawkins. I shall be paying much closer attention to your magazine from now on. Yours From The Inner Darkness, *Veronica Kemp (Mrs).* Sorry to disappoint you but all

of our offending back issues have now been incinerated and those responsible have been consigned to the fires of hell – JMc.

I have been reading recently in the national press several mentions of your paper and I must say that I feel very disturbed that the NME, along with several other papers, is being subjected to a kind of Moral Majority censure. I thought we were safe from that sort of nonsense these days but no, the nights are drawing in and it seems you can no longer report pop music in realistic terms. Thousands of people buy youth-oriented magazines because they reflect what's going on, not because they offer a sanitised teen world where drugs are not taken, sex is not had, and naughty words are not uttered. Should these people persist, I trust you will be turning your mighty talents to Cliff Richard's excellent views on the world.

*Alan MacDonald, Bristol.*  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord and pass the blue pencil – JMc.

I read recently in *The Sun* that the NME carries more swear words than any other paper. I

don't care one way or the other, but what does make me mad is your silence about these accusations. What right has a junk sheet that advocates war and racism got to hold up another paper to ridicule. In the run up to a general election, at the very moment that the NME should be attacking *The Sun*, you have stopped running the *Gotcha* column and have backed off from the fight. Shape up.

*Jim Townsend, Berwickshire.*  
What the f\*\*k can we say in these squeaky clean days? – JMc

You just wouldn't let up, would you? You just had to go and blow it! NME used to be a great music paper (with other bits chucked in) – that was fine. But you clowns had to keep pushing it with your shock horror social probe bloody issues and now the nice people from the loony Right are coming to take you away-ha-ha. Now you'll be watched, probed and censored – you'll be *Melody Maker* with A levels, that's all. And then you'll be out of business.

Get back to some music, you wallies, at least until Mrs Whitehouse can spare the time to take up her new job as editor. *Madame Guillotine, Nottingham.*

Never mind the *Melody Maker*. If we let b\*\*\*\*\*s like that exercise their prejudices in an area they know f\*\*k a\*! about, we may end up as *The People's Friend* – JMc.

Who do you think you're kidding? After an excellent sex issue, you have go and spoil it all with the logical follow up – violence – which provided great advertising for W.A.S.P. Isn't NME accentuating the importance of their sexist trash by giving it coverage? *The Blood Beast Terror, Little Mellor.*

So what do you do, brush it under the carpet and hope it goes away? – JMc.

## CHRISTIANS

Why is Andy from Planet Earth (NME October 25) so narrow-minded to assume that all Christians conform to a fixed stereotype. I'm a Christian but I can't say I'm into Cliff Richard. Why must Christians only like Gospel music? I also liked Bauhaus, though I didn't notice Peter Murphy preaching the message.

*Jez, Pembroke.*  
Be sure your sins will find you out (Egyptians 10-25) – JMc.

A more balanced choice of letters for publication, please. Let's have less of your 'I like NME because' crawly bum lick. We could do with more intelligent comment on what a bunch of bastards NME writers are and what a load of shit they sometimes write. You shouldn't be afraid, you always get the last word. But less of the Barry Took approach.

*Ted Phillips, London*  
Barry Took is the compiler of *Max Miller's Blue Book*, he is therefore invincible. As for the NME writers, some were quite definitely born out of wedlock

while others entered the world about three weeks after the parents got hitched. So I suppose, technically, 'we' are all bastards – and swiftly on to ... JMc.

Before you crucify Paul Young, I have a few comments to make about his new LP. (a few comments follow) Paul is the best as a singer and definitely a nice sensitive feller. *Margaret Tapin, Morebattle, Roxburghshire.*

Paul Young is a new age Good Bloke, a kind of Rod Stewart in 501s. Good or bad reviews in NME are neither here or there to him. And can we get this straight – anybody who is stupid enough to scan the record racks looking for records that get the thumbs up from NME is not with us at all. Record reviews are cruel, unreliable and irresponsible. At least, mine are – JMc.

John McCready's 'review' of the new Pretenders LP was pathetic. He's put as much effort into this so called review as Margaret Thatcher puts into being genuinely compassionate. He couldn't even bother to think of the appropriate superlatives to apply to Chrissie Hynde's impeccable vocal performance. 0 out of 10 for effort, must try harder.

*Angela Eagle, Walworth, London.*  
'Impeccable', eh? That's one I've never heard before. Maybe you should have done it. You certainly have a way with words – JMc.

## NUTTERS

I have slept with Mat Snow, Gavin Martin and (sigh) Paolo Hewitt and have the designer Boxer shorts to prove it. Unless you give me an inch-thick wad of British Rail timetables, I'll take the aforementioned garments to *Sounds* or *Melody Maker* and sell them for vast amounts of Shop Assistants and Fuzzbox LPs.

*Sizzle Parkinson*  
You won't need to take them, tell them the way and they'll walk there on their own – JMc.

I thought of writing a letter to NME but I then realised I had nothing to say. But why should this stop me? It doesn't seem to stop anyone else.

*Martin Malcolm, Erskine, Renfrewshire.*  
That's a really funny letter, Martin. You should be writing scripts for *Little And Large* – JMc.

Get This!!! The Other One in the Pet Shop Boys wears Doc Marten boots but they're only eight-hole ones and he ties the laces twice round the tops. *Damien The Backlash, Peking* Only eight holes! How untrendy. What will the Panninero think? – JMc.

It has been said that The Wild Man Of Rock, Bill Wyman has slept with over 1000 women. I find this figure way over the top, nobody has a bed that big. *Nigel The Mysterious, Wembley.*





SAYS "BE KIND TO OUR DUMB FRIENDS"

A black and white illustration of a woman in a long dress and braided hair, carrying a large basket, being held up by a giant hand. The woman is looking down at the basket with a concerned expression. The giant hand is holding her by the back of her dress, lifting her into the air. The woman's hair is in a long braid, and she is wearing a patterned dress. The basket she is carrying is large and has a handle. The illustration is done in a simple, sketchy style with bold lines.

Avant Garde (ie. crap) 'noisemaker' (ie. *really* crap) BOYD T. RICE (what do you mean you've never heard of him? Don't be so '70s!) has been forbidden to make any more visits to ex-hippy mass murderer and Beatles fan CHARLES MANSON after prison guards found a bullet in his back pocket. If you take drugs, kids, be warned, you could end up like Mr. Manson. If you *don't* take drugs, however, you could end up like KATE BUSH.

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