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NME


86

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THE WORD IS UP! LARRY LACKMON and his wicked oddpiece are flying high despite racism, censorship and record company disinterest. PAOLO HEWITT learns all in Las Vegas on PAGE 40

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GO ONTENTS

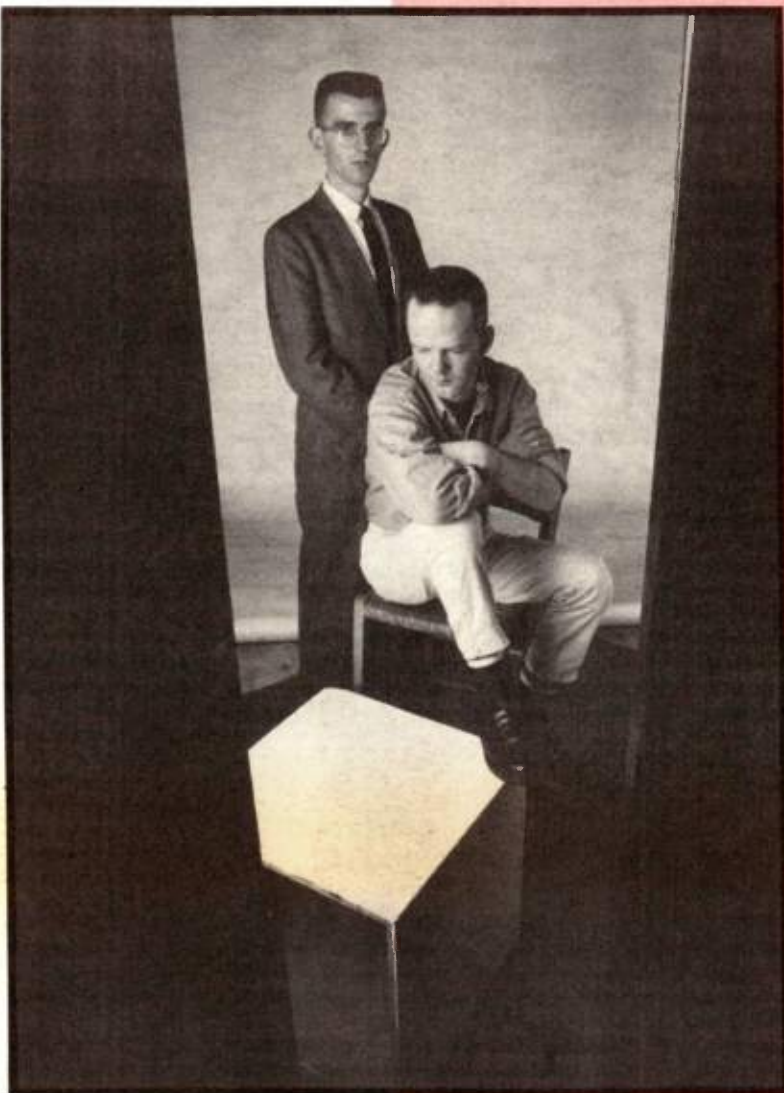


PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

PET SOUNDS: Neil Tennant doesn't want to be a star and calls **THE PET SHOP BOYS** "the last synthesizer duo from 1980". ALAN JACKSON meets a man who's glad to be grey. PAGE 50

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THE COMMUNARDS — Britain's most influentially political pop act — celebrate a great year for GAY DISCO, consider the campaigns to combat AIDS, and criticise The Pet Shop Boys for not coming clean. STUART COSGROVE and JOE EWART, with Jimmy and Richard, chart the gay takeover of *Top Of The Pops*. PAGE 52

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62 NEWS: Santa Claus to tour! (And goodwill greetings to all you fact-fans from our cheery news desk.)



PHOTO: A. J. BARRATT

The world is calling to say thanks to 'Sir' **BOB GELDOF** — for Band Aid, for Live Aid, for saving many lives, maybe even for *Is That It?* But why-oh-why must he remind us of the 'greatness' of the Rats and continually inflict his music on us? DANNY KELLY faces the wrath of Bob's gob on PAGE 24



PHOTO: STEVE PYKE

HOLY NIGHT: England in the grip of Thatcherism and '50s nostalgia; DON WATSON in the grip of **THE BAND OF HOLY JOY**. Not such a silent night... PAGE 72

Under the headline "The House Of Hate", a notorious *Sun* hack depicted **THE HOUSE-MARTINS** as Royal-bashing, women-arming, Scargill-loving, *Sun*-loathers. Reasonable guys in a pathetic paper, but did they really talk to Murdoch's ragmag? LEN BROWN talks to the band who put Christ back into Christmas. PAGE 58



PHOTO: STEVE PYKE

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79 DICK NIETZSCHE dons his anorak and finds a dead dog in his Xmas pudding.



MADNESS: The lunatics have left the asylum! Pop's nicest nuts explain why they cracked. PAGE 7

PET SHOP BOY Neil Tennant is recording a duet with his favourite female singer Dusty Springfield for release in 1987. The song in question is 'What Have I Done To Deserve This?' which we wrote with partner Chris Lowe, who will also appear on the record. Neil has been a lifelong fan of Ms Springfield and names 'Dusty In Memphis' as his favourite album of all time. Dusty's last stab at the charts was with the release of 'Just Like Butterflies' on Peter Stringfellow's Hippodrome label. (Pet Shop Boys interview, page 50.)

LUTHER VANDROSS, the legendary 'bedroom soul star' is scheduled to play three nights at Hammersmith Odeon on February 11, 12 and 13. His arrival in Britain is seen as something of a personal statement after rumours that the now streamlined Vandross' rapid weight loss was caused by AIDS. The rumours have understandably upset Luther and his family; he has taken legal proceedings against one American based magazine and told the *NME* "I refuse to dignify that kind of low journalism by even passing comment".



The man who was everywhere in '86. Here's his gob. His bum's on Page 79

RETURN OF ST. BOB

BOB GELDOP has finalised details of his first solo tour since disbanding The Boomtown Rats. He plays Glasgow Pavilion (February 28), Aberdeen Capitol (March 1), Newcastle City Hall (3), Nottingham Royal Centre (4), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Manchester Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Hammersmith Odeon (10 and 11). Tickets are £7.50 and

£6.50 at all venues, except Hammersmith (£8.50 and £7.50). Geldof's album 'Deep In The Heart Of Nowhere' features an all-star cast including Eric Clapton, Midge Ure and Annie Lennox, but it is unlikely any of the same musicians will be joining him on the tour and auditions for band members are currently being held. (Interview, page 24.)



Anti-contra protesters outside the "Conference For A Free Nicaragua".

CONTRAS BACKED BY BRITISH FAR RIGHT

FAR-RIGHT BRITISH youth leaders were behind last week's heavily-criticised conference to rally support for the CIA-backed contra rebels in Nicaragua.

The "Conference For A Free Nicaragua" — organised by former Federation of Conservative Students' vice-chair David Hoile and other young Right-wingers — brought together about 150 members of conservative youth groups from Europe, South Africa and America.

They ran the gauntlet of a 300-strong protest demonstration to hear Right-wing academics and foreign policy analysts — many specially flown in for the event from the ultra-Right American think tank Heritage Foundation — debate how best to overthrow Nicaragua's democratically-elected Sandanista government.

Guest speaker at the conference was Arturo Cruz, leader of the contras' political wing, the United Nicaraguan Opposition. Unlike many contras, Cruz opposed the former dictator President Somoza, and took part in the 1979 revolution. Formerly Sandanista ambassador to the United States, these days Cruz is presented to the media as the "liberal, respectable" face of President Reagan's illegally-funded 'freedom fighters'.

There was widespread opposition to the conference. The Labour Party spokesman on Latin America, George Foulkes, urged the government to refuse Cruz entry to Britain. The management of the prestigious Barbican Centre venue came under pressure from the Royal Shakespeare Company, War On Want and

the Dean of St Paul's Cathedral to withdraw facilities for the event. And the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign organised an alternative press conference at which playwright Harold Pinter and Alf Lomas MEP documented contra atrocities.

Conference organiser Marc Gordon refused to disclose who was footing the bill for the event, believed to run to tens of thousands of pounds.

The conference is the first proof that the CIA's concerted campaign to enhance the contras' tarnished image in Europe has reached Britain. It also shows that the pro-contra modern media-grabbing techniques, learned by the dozen specially-selected FCS young believers on their recent trip to the Heritage Foundation in Washington, are being put into practice.

Denis Campbell

THE DOTTED LINE is the title of then next ICA Rock Week at The Mall, London, with Voice Of The Beehive, Goodbye Mr Mackenzie and Pop Will Eat Itself among the headliners. The week focuses on 24 bands who have not been signed to major labels and each show is being recorded for a pair of live albums to be released by EMI later in the year.

The week runs from Monday to Friday, January 26 to 31 and the provisional line-up is Goodbye Mr Mackenzie, Asian, Giant, The Wishing Stones (Monday); Pop Will Eat Itself, The Jack Rubies, Ralf Ralf (Tuesday); Voice Of The Beehive, The Dave Howard Singers, Blue Aeroplanes (Wednesday); Head Of David, The Bambi Slam, Crazy Head (Thursday); The Primitives, The Fun Patrol, The Wild Flowers, The Crows (Friday); Tallulah Gosh, The Brilliant Corners, The Favourites, We Free Kings (Saturday).

DRASTIC PLASTIC

CHANNEL FOUR TV bosses have refused to screen a 14-minute youth video on the use of plastic bullets in Ireland. *They Shoot To Kill Children*, made by the Belfast Independent Video Group, was due to be screened as part of the *Turn It* series, which has also included the award-winning gay documentary *Framed Youth*, featuring Communards Jimm Sommerville and Richard Coles, and The Red Wedge tour special *Days Like These*. The Belfast programme was pulled off air on the day of transmission.

The censorship was apparently justified under Section 4 of the Broadcasting Act which prohibits any programme which may offend "good taste or decency, is likely to encourage or incite to crime or to lead to disorder".

They Shoot To Kill Children featured rehearsal scenes from a play which toured Belfast, an interview with a 12-year-old plastic bullet victim whose injuries required plastic surgery, and an ex-British soldier who provided the video with its most chilling quote; "when the adrenalin flows we'll zap them". The programme ended with the names of those who have died in plastic bullet incidents over the last five years.

Gerry McLaughlin of Belfast Independent Video told the *NME* he resented the IBA's actions "whether republican, loyalist, political or not, we believe the major feeling in the S. Counties is opposed to plastic bullets". He particularly objected to a Channel Four link-announcer referring to the video as "republican cabaret". The silencing of *They Shoot To Kill Children* is the latest incident of TV censorship within a climate of fear brought about by Norman Tebbit's much publicised attack on the BBC's alleged Left-wing bias.

Stuart Cosgrove

KENNEDYS CENSORED

THE DEAD KENNEDYS, figureheads of the Say No To Censorship campaign, have slapped a ban on HMV record shops. The group has instructed its label, Alternative Tentacles, to withdraw all product from the chain store following HMV's decision not to give out a giant 12 page newspaper with copies of the new album 'Bedtime For Democracy'. The newspaper gives details of the Kennedys' involvement in the United States censorship debate.

Alternative Tentacles mogul Bill Giam said: "This is blatant censorship and as a result HMV will not be given any more Dead Kennedys records. The store was quite happy to take the customers cash for the record without giving away the newspaper which is an integral part of the package."

An official response from HMV was not forthcoming at the time of going to press.

THE COMMUNARDS and Tom Robinson will be playing at an Action Against Aids benefit at the Barbican Centre, London, on January 26. Details of ticket prices and supporting acts will be announced in the New Year.

THE FALL, currently appearing at London's Riverside Studios in Mark Smith's play *Hey! Luciani*, have lined up a one-off at Manchester Free Trade Hall on December 22 — and admission is free. The cor is meant as a thank you to fans and features an impressive line-up of guest acts, including A Certain F Courtney Pine, The Jazz Defektors and Pauline Black.



TINA TURNER plays her first British dates in over two years in June as part of her 'Break Every Rule' world tour. The dates are Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre (June 3), Birmingham NEC (5 and 6), London Wembley Arena (11, 12, 13 and 14). Ticket details are — Glasgow: £10, £9 and £8 plus 50p booking fee from usual agents or by post from PO Box 180, Head Post Office, Edinburgh. Birmingham: £12.50, £10.50 and £9.50 plus 50p booking fee from usual agents or PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. London: £14.50, £12.50 and £10.50 plus 50p booking fee from usual agents or PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Tina Turner Box Office. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and allow 28 days for delivery.

GIMME SHELTER

REPRESENTATIVES from youth, voluntary and tenants organisations nationwide converged on London last week to launch the Housing Rights Campaign, which aims to secure "decent housing for everyone" by promoting a Housing Rights Act.

Ken Livingstone (for Red Wedge), and members of the Labour (Chris Smith MP) and Liberal (Simon Hughes MP) parties gave their support to the campaign. Conservative MPs who were approached for support declined to attend.

As well as demanding accommodation for the young homeless — usually given lowest priority on council housing lists — the campaign will also fight for the rights of minority groups in society.

"The housing needs of students are frequently overlooked," said Vicky Phillips, president of the National Union of Students. "There are 1.4 million students



and yet only 180,000 live in halls of residence. The remainder are frequently forced to suffer squalid conditions, as well as harassment and lack of security."

"Since 1980, young people have lost £200 millions in benefits due to cuts inflicted on them," commented Paul Lewis, Director of Youth Affairs. "We are campaigning for an Act of Parliament to counter this current trend that denies young people independence."

BILLY BRAGG
PROS: Labour's nuclear arms policy, Beardsley's goal, Red Wedge tour, going to the USSR, coming back from the USSR, touring with Amandla cultural ensemble of the ANC) in the DDR.

LARRY BLACKMON (CAMEO)

PROS: 'Word Up'.
CONS: Lack of privacy.

**DR ROBERT
(BLOW MONKEYS)**

PROS: Whitney Houston, Truman Capote on *The South Bank Show*, *Absolute Beginners* Ian Botham, *The Westland Affair*, 'Hey! Luciani' – The Fall, 'Panix' – The Smiths, Trouble Funk at the Town and Country Club, Curtis Mayfield at the Piccadilly, Mike Tyson, Red Wedge, *9½ Weeks*, *The Singing Detective*, Paul Weller's haircut, Madonna, Ecstasy.

CONS: House music, the demise of the GLC, anything by Sting, John Hollins, The 'Sid' Campaign, Crack, Miss World, American football on Channel 4, Frank Bruno.

**WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND
WE'RE GONNA USE IT**

PROS: *Blind Date*, *Play Yer Cards Right*, *Pole Position*, Marc Almond, Pink Windmill Show, the re-introduction of the word "bostin'" into the English language, *Spitting Image* puppets (especially Ronald Reagan), Borax Crystals. Soz, but *wish* something progressive/constructive had happened, so we could've mentioned it in this column.

CONS: *Night Thoughts*; Barry Manilow not playing Birmingham; us lot all going bald (sob); journalists who quote you out of context or blatantly lie; night clubs which only allow those who are white, heterosexual, able-bodied, brown permed haired (tans on inspection); the usual Thatcher/South Africa, etc stuff along with sexism and the total stagnation politically, ideologically and sociologically; politics of the music biz.

GWEN GUTHRIE

THE GOOD: (and I quote!) Since we live under the constant threat of thermal nuclear war, the fact that we still exist and Planet Earth remains in one piece is one of the best things of 1986. On the personal side, it is very pleasing that I have had great success in my career and made great strides both at home and particularly in the UK.

THE BAD: As a woman of African descent I find the situation in South Africa both sickening and saddening and just hope that something changes soon. I was also touched deeply by the Challenger disaster because certain precautions that should have been taken were not and so those people's lives were wasted. I find the whole space programme ridiculous the money should be

spent down here where it is needed for housing, hunger, education and health care.

THE HOUSEMARTINS
(Hugh & Paul)

PROS: Hearing 'Sheep' on the radio (we were in a cafe in Edinburgh, and when it came on we all stood up and cheered. One of the serving girls said 'Who wants to listen to that crap'). Recording 'I'll Be Your Shelter'. Gigs at Glastonbury, Birmingham Powerhouse (like walking out at Wembley), Dublin (exciting but frightening, Stan was shitting himself). Hull K. R., Sheffield United, Tony Currie's testimonial, seeing Tony Bennett.

CONS: Tories, German television (over-the-top daft-looking high society people telling you how wonderful you were), *The Sun*.

THE MISSION

PROS: Eskimos, reading, Missionaries, world crusade, 'God's Own Medicine', Mat and Neil, Speedy Keane, Tim Palmer, All About Eve, 3000 Revs, Birmingham Powerhouse, prayers being answered, *NME* feature, law suits, manipulation, Top 30 single, Top 20 LP, love, sex, speed, Mission crew, hype.

CONS: NME, bigotry, fascism, indoctrination, The Smiths, Dr. And The Medics, David Quantick, Don Watson, single reviews, hype.

HOLLY JOHNSON (Frankie Goes to Hollywood)

PROS:

1. *NME*
2. Paul Morley
3. People like you and I

4. The summer
5. *EastEnders*
6. Peter Gabriel album
7. *Highlander* (The Movie)

8. 'Liverpool' (the 2nd F.G.T.H. album)
9. Gilbert and George
10. The opening of Charleston House as a museum
11. The return of Vivienne Westwood
12. Leigh Bowery's hair clip Levi jacket
13. *Ginger And Fred* (by Fellini)
14. Billy Idol
15. *Witness* (the movie)

NASHER
(Frankie Goes to Hollywood)

PROS

1. Finishing the 'Liverpool' album
2. The Housemartins
3. Cheap booze in Jersey
4. Recording in Amsterdam
5. Sledgehammer video
6. 'Colour Of Spring' LP
7. Sique Sique Sputnik
8. Tina Turner's wig
9. Ped and Mark's cars
10. Montreux Festival
11. Returning in April

12. Bill Wyman's affair
13. Got married (Cant)
14. Rehearsing for tour
15. Our press officer's dog having puppies

IVOR CUTLER

PROS: Marilynne Robinson replied to my fan letter. If you seek good chocolate, Hachez edelbitter is 64% cocoa. Feodora edelbitter is 60%. Have stopped listening to music. Listen to the wind in the chimney. It's subtle, wild and thoughtful—and doesn't hurt the ears. So many brilliant women novelists. Been dishing out 'Campaign Against Arms Trade' leaflets to cheer myself up.

CONS: I reckon that on average, you get one good teacher per school. Sold half my library – outgrown them. What happened to democracy right in front of our eyes? Haven't met anyone inspiring in a tête-a-tête. Help!

THE BEASTIE BOYS

PROS: 'Fastburger' moving to New York City. Chuck ED and MC Flavour. Samantha Fox. New York Mets - world champions in '86! Red Stripe Crucial Brew. Free contraceptives in NY schools. Larry Davis (vigilante who shot crack dealers and six cops). Sigue Sigue split.

CONS: Don Watson. Larry Davis.
Macon, Georgia, on a Sunday.
Bruce selling more records than
us, just because it's Christmas
and all the grannies are buying
his boxed set as presents.

CONS

1. *NME*
2. S. S. Sputnik
3. Jealous critics who have no talent and contribute only waste paper to society
4. *EastEnders* records
5. Chernobyl
6. Arms dealers
7. Margaret Thatcher's little brown nose
8. Neil Kinnock's bald patch
9. The English rain
10. Trivial Pursuit
11. The failure of the disarmament talks in Iceland
12. The imminent demise of Ronnie Reagan
13. The death of Pat Phoenix
14. Mary Whitehouse
15. People still wearing black

CONS

1. The album stalling in the UK
2. Z.T.T.
3. Getting pissed in Jersey
4. Recording in Amsterdam
5. Reagan bombing Libya
6. Sputnik getting a deal
7. Pink rubber boots
8. Tina Turner's dresses
9. I can't drive!
10. All singles getting slagged
11. 'The Final Countdown' by Europe
12. Mandy Smith not getting a deal
13. Flight to the honeymoon
14. Rehearsing for tour
15. It should have been her!

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PS

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BLIND DATE



PHOTO: ANTON CORBIN

Chris: "‘Er chuffin’ language wuz terrible. Every time she opened ‘er mouth they ‘ad to insert beeps."

CHRIS DEAN: I was a bit surprised by her at first. She had a real punk sort of haircut, you know? And I’ve nothing actually *against* punk girls but I reckon . . . well, I reckon that the mass marketing of popular culture styles eventually leads into a kind of denigration of the original proletarian roots of that style. Plus we were going for tea at the Ritz and I reckoned she wouldn’t get in looking like that.

ROAD RUNNER: Beep beep!

CD: Still, she was a good listener, I will say that. I mean, my friends tell me I do tend to monopolise conversations a bit, I mean, I like to talk about politics quite a bit, which



Road Runner: "B**p B**p!"

some girls find a real turn-off, but she seemed quite interested, actually. Anyway, we did get let in the Ritz, after I’d had a bit of a row with the feller on the door, ‘cos he said I looked like a prat and I said, ‘well, at least I’m not a traitor to my chuffing class, mate’, am I?

RR: Beep beep!

CD: Then we ordered our dinner, at least we tried, ‘cos the waiter was another chuffing pillock and he said, ‘you can’t bring that bird in here’. ‘Bloody Cockney prat!’ I said, ‘she’s not a bird, actually, mate, she’s not a *chick*, she’s not a *bit of stuff*, she’s a woman’. And he said, ‘no she’s not, baldy, she’s a bird’.

Anyroad, the bloke from the telly said it was all right and I had chips and a bottle of stout and some dripping. It were lovely. She didn’t eat anything, I suppose she’d bin put off by the bastard lackey.

RR: Beep beep!

CD: Oh, tell a lie, she had some sort of food, some poncey *nouvelle cuisine* London bollocks, but she didn’t eat much. She just sort of pecked at it. Then it was really odd . . . I was having a bit of a natter about dialectical materialism and how it related to 12" singles, when she buggered off to the bog. Which is fair enough. I mean, girls do, don’t they? You sort of expect it. But what I didn’t expect was this bloody great wolf which hurtled through the chuffing ceiling and landed in me dripping. That was enough! I pissed off home without her.

RR: Beep beep!

"And here’s your hostess, CILLAAAAA BLACK!"

"Evening boys ‘n’ gurlz. An ‘ave we gorra show for yous tonight. If yer remember, last week we met PATSY ‘n’ SCHOOLLY, ‘nd BILLY ‘n’ SAM, ‘nd CHRIS ‘n’ ROAD RUNNER. Smashing cupples, lerrus now see ‘ow they gorron t’gether . . ." (cue atrocious diddlediddlediddle LWT muzak)



PHOTO: BOB BROMIDE

Bill: "Dear Sam, you totally misunderstood my remark about the proliferation of ballistic missiles."

BILLY BRAGG: We were s’posed to go for a day in the country, and she said I could choose where, so the first headache I had was thinking of somewhere major enough to take her. I mean, she’s a girl who’s used to noise and excitement and lots of media attention, and she’s not going to be too impressed if there aren’t loads of reporters and TV cameras and coppers holding back the crowds. Then I remembered this big anti-Cruise demo up at Molesworth . . .

SAMANTHA FOX: He told me to dress for action and so I did. I had me hair done special and put on this slinky black number I’d worn on *The Joan Rivers Show*. It took me and me mum half an hour just to get the shoulder straps up above me waist. Then he turns up on the doorstep in this scruffy old jacket with a funny sign painted on the back. ‘CND’, he says to me, pleased as punch. Blimey, I thinks to meself, looks more like bleeding C&A . . .

BB: It wasn’t so much a dress she was wearing as a black bandage — it took her 10 minutes to totter down the garden path and out to the van. Well, I held the door open for her and she says, ‘well gimme your jacket then’. I was dead chuffed with that. But next thing I know she’s trampling all over it in her high heels. ‘Well you don’t expect me to muck up me stilettos just to get into this old crate do you’, she says?

SF: I was beginning to think I’d made a big mistake. For a start he wouldn’t tell me where we were going. I mean, how many discos do you know up the A11. Then he kept chattering on about how he couldn’t wait to get his hands on these missiles. ‘Look mate’, I told him, ‘if you think you’re getting your hands inside my blouse on the first date you’ve got another think coming . . .’

BB: She seemed a bit sniffy about things as we were driving along so I pulled out the present I’d been saving for her. I’d done it up properly with a bow and everything and her face really lit up. ‘That’s better’, she says. ‘What is it? Chocolates?’ ‘Better than that’, I tells her. ‘It’s your very own pair of wirecutters’. I could tell she was thrilled from the way she took ‘em out the box straight away and tried to pierce my ears . . .

SF: Well, we finally get there and



Sam: "‘E ‘ad terrible acne, reeked of booze, and kept calling me a scab. Give me Rupert Murdoch anyway."

there’s this big wire fence with all these police and American soldiers round it. This must be some place, I thought, they’ve got more bouncers than The Hippodrome. Anyway, I tried telling this geezer that me and Bill was on the guest list but he didn’t seem to click, and there was Bill on his hands and knees chopping at the wire. Then someone said that Nick Kamen was filming a video inside, and that did it for me. Sod this for a lark, I thought, and I was off, climbing up over the fence . . .

BB: My opinion of her shot up 100 per cent when I looked up and saw her straddling the perimeter fence. I’ve never seen anyone shin up the wire so fast. ‘Let me at him, let me at him’, she kept shouting, like she thought Reagan himself was on the other side. It took about 20 of them to get her down and into the police van. Last thing I heard, before they drove off, was Sam shouting ‘I only wanted to get me hands on his 501s’. I think she meant his F1-11s. But no, I think she’s a great girl, lots of spirit. She can come on a demo with me anytime . . .

SF: The next time he sees me it’ll be in court . . .



Schoolly: "I don’t take no shit from nobody, least of all *her*. DON’T TOUCH THAT STEREO."

PATSY KENSIT: Weeeellll . . . it started out nicely enough. I mean, I’d never been pony-trekking before, and Dartmoor’s supposed to be terribly scenic, or so I’d heard, so I was dead looking forward to it. Plus I hadn’t done any telly before, so I thought it would be a break for me. Schoolly was a bit odd, though. We had a lovely lunch on the train, I just had sandwiches, for my figure you know, and he just *sat there*. Toying with his MaxPax . . .

SCHOOLLY D: It was total shit, man. *Total shit*. There was all these *fat* guys sittin’ there, filling their *slob* faces with *slob* Limey food. And there was this jerk with a camera . . .



PHOTO: LFI

Patsy: "Mr Schoolly was the perfect gentleman. He only ‘blew away’ three people all day."

PK: Oh, yes, there was one really embarrassing bit. The man from LWT, he had to take pictures of us on the train, you know the sort of thing. Smiling and having our lunch and looking at the scenic views from the train and things like that. But Schoolly wouldn’t even look at him . . .

SD: This jerk says to me, ‘Schoolly, smile for me. Or look at the ponies.’ I said, ‘F**k the ponies, creep’. And the girl kept giggling. She said, ‘Schoolly, don’t talk to the man like that’. I thought, *bullshit*. *Bullshit*. I-am-going-to-take-him-OUT. So I reached in my pocket for my piece . . . only I’d put it in my jacket and it was on the f**kin’ luggage rack . . .

PK: And when the train got to Newton Abbot, Schoolly just *glowered* at everyone for ages. I mean, I *tried* to be nice to him. When they took us to the pony farm, I said, ‘Gosh, ponies! Do you fancy a crack at riding one of those?’ I think he misheard me, or maybe it was my accent. It was really embarrassing!

SD: The girl offered me some *crack*! I mean! What is this shit? They told me I was gonna be doing family entertainment. ‘Good for the image, Schoolly’, they said, ‘you don’t even have to see her again, you just go out and be nice to the little horsies and go home and be on TV again’. Then it turns out it’s a f**kin’ drug set-up. No way is a recording artiste like me gonna get involved in this shit. Especially on prime time TV. So I say to the girl, ‘who’s the man in charge? Who set me up?’ And she points at this fat slob . . .

PK: I thought he wanted to talk to the man who was looking after the ponies, so I introduced them. And then he took out a gun and shot him!

SD: I says ‘you ain’t gonna mess up no more kids’ lives *no more*, shithead’, and I wasted him. Man, they freaked out!

PK: No, I don’t think I’d like to see him again. Well, if it was a *platonic* thing, perhaps . . .



Cilla: "You’ve all been smashing sports . . . and did yous all ‘ave it off afterwards?"

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

Loony tunesmiths MADNESS bid a fond farewell to the world that adored them. ADRIAN THRILLS reflects on their final year of insanity. DAVID QUANTICK plugs in as the utterly nutty Woody, Carl, Chris, Bedders, Suggs and Lee sign off.

FEW KNEW it at the time, but a spectacular TV appearance exactly 12 months ago was to be one of the last occasions that the nutty boys went *One Step Beyond*. Madness entered 1986 on the stage of Hammersmith Odeon, playing buoyantly to a television audience of millions as part of *Whistle Test*'s live New Year celebration.

The beaming of their skilfully-crafted and now refined *monster-sound* into the festive heart of a nation at hogmanay seemed to confirm their justifiable status as one of Britain's most treasured pop institutions.

The next six months were as busy as any over the previous seven years. Their ill-advised cover of Scritti Politti's 'Sweetest Girl' became the third single to be lifted from 'Mad Not Mad' and it was promoted via dates in Britain, Europe, Australia and North America. The band's political and social leanings were honoured with appearances on the first nationwide Red Wedge tour, a spot at the Glastonbury CND festival and a special Artists Against Apartheid show at Brixton Academy in June.

But what had looked like a whole new chapter in the *Encyclopedia Nuttanica* — with unreCORded gems like 'Winter In Wonderland' in the pipeline — was, in fact, the epilogue to a brilliant career. On Independence Day, July 4 1986 Madness played their last British concert at a docklands festival in Hartlepool, their final curtain call coming the following evening in Copenhagen. A couple of weeks later, singer Suggsy announced the split of Madness on Radio One's *Roundtable*.

The Cream of Camden, however, still had a few salvos to fire, recalling Barson for their fine 'Waiting For The Ghost Train' farewell single as well as releasing the commemorative 'Utter Madness' compilation.

The 'best of' set, a companion to 1982's 'Complete Madness', provided a fitting final step to a career that began seven years ago when a young North London pub band changed their name from the Invaders, discovered ska-king Prince Buster and cut their first single, 'The Prince'.

There followed a string of singles and accompanying videos that established the Insane Seven as the zaniest hitmakers since the glam stars of the early '70s. Beneath the plastic noses, however, there was always a knowing, even macabre *realism* that was strangely and often brilliantly at odds with the sound of happily skanking fairground feet. In spirit, they never really moved away from the playgrounds, pubs and inner-city housing estates that featured so heavily in their videos. Perhaps the madness was really schizophrenia all along.

Now they are yesterday's men. But, oh what fun we had!

AT

WOODY

THE FIRST hint of fame or being famous was going on *TOTP*... but the thing is that the BBC and *TOTP* was nothing new to me, 'cos me mum happened to work at the BBC for years. She was an assistant floor manager on *Top Of The Pops*, and she was transferred off it when we were on. Which is strange 'cos there's no way an assistant floor manager could turn on the influence at the BBC. She *did* go round with stickers on and badges and the single under her arm for a good few weeks tryin' to plug it though. She knew a lot of the pluggers and before we actually chose the name Madness, there was a hell of a lot of chit-chat about us, and she was gettin' inside information on what the record companies thought of us. And I told her that we'd finally found a name for the band and it was called Madness, and she went 'Oh, all right, I'll see what people think'. And the reply was 'Forget it, what a shame, they were such a nice bunch of lads'...

But the least accurate thing ever said about us was articles written and any attitudes in respect of the band being prejudiced in any way against race. I think it got even worse when we refused to even answer that, because why the hell should we answer a question that shouldn't even be asked? None of us have any kind of race prejudice at all and it's something that I don't think any of the band think about.

The most accurate thing? The spelling of the band's name... And a final message for the world? I don't know, believe in your heart! Don't believe what you read!

CARL

I'D SAY that most of the things that pleased me about Madness are selfish things, like having a good time. One of the great benefits was the travel, seeing the world; if we didn't continue doing music, I'd miss that the most — not so much the gigs but seeing different countries was the best thing. Being with everyone else, enjoying it collectively, having that kind of relationship. Being away and coming home... coming home was the best bit, 'cos you appreciate home more when you've been away.

And all that stuff the press used to say about us being The Great British Institution, it inspired laughing mostly... I mean, it's quite nice, I suppose, but it doesn't mean you're much of a threat. Also I think Stiff capitalised on us coming from an area like Camden Town, and we didn't really stop that. "Seven Lads From Camden Town" and all that...

I don't listen to much Madness, I spent more time trying to write, 'cos I don't think I'm that good. But

most of the songs I liked were ones I liked doing live or because of the videos. 'Grey Day', I suppose, 'It Must Be Love', and 'Tomorrow's Dream'...

The older you get, the more you look back and think, 'God, look at that'. The way we were. It's almost embarrassing at times. But the four of us who are continuing the band, I think we all feel that we're continuing Madness. Madness hasn't really ended yet. The name'll be different but... it can't sound that different because of the people writing the songs.

A message for the readers? Oh, er... What are you doing next year?

CHRIS

I NEVER expected that we would get anywhere at all. We were good, but I thought we were really *different*. I knew we were all right when we got Mark and Woody in and we played at the Acklam Hall, but the first time I knew we were *good* was when Mike started writing loads of songs. But when we started out, it was like we were just trying to learn how to play reggae; I listened to those first two albums the other day and they were terrible. It wasn't really until the third album that we started to get serious. Then when Mike left, we all tried to learn the piano and had to write the songs ourselves...

I liked our lyrics. We were never a group that was known for its lyrics, which is a pity, because Suggs wrote great lyrics, and so did Lee. Lee's were a bit... obscure, but we knew what they were about when he showed 'em to us.

Best moments? I liked the travel... seeing Australia and things. And me and Carl won an award, an Ivor Novello award, for 'Our House'. We were rehearsing on the night of the awards, and we didn't go 'cos we didn't think we'd won. I'm quite proud of that award now...

Have I got a message for the world? Er... feed yourself! No, er, a Merry Christmas to all your readers... when's this going in? Oh right, Merry Christmas everyone then.

BEDDERS

I REMEMBER... when the wheel fell off the van in Helsinki... The only shame for me is that we haven't outlived the Tory government, which I thought we'd be able to do. We played the night of the General Election, May 3 1979, at the Hope & Anchor, and at the last election I thought, 'Oh, we'll get 'em this time'. But no!

The first time I thought we'd be good was the first time I met Mike Barson. He had a kind of tunnel vision. I came home from the first

rehearsal thinking that we were going to be really good, 'cos I'd never met anybody who was so determined. We rehearsed religiously for 18 months... 23 Skidoo said we were the band that rehearsed like the West German football team.

When we started, we had one set of songs and we went out and played 'em each night and it was great. When we made the second album, we recorded it in about six weeks — whack! — because of our innocence. And when it came to the third album, that started to wear off. Then Mike leaving, and us leaving Stiff, were two massive jolts that we nearly didn't survive. It was a challenge, though.

Favourite songs... 'Embarrassment', because that was the first time we were lyrically really good and it set the style from then on. 'Grey Day' was a waypost, a different-sounding Madness record; 'Our House' and 'Yesterday's Men' for the same reason; and maybe 'One Better Day' as well — that was almost like a complete diversion... That's how I would remember the past seven years, with each single that came out and what it did and how different it was...

I hope as we got more political we made the people who bought our records look towards those things that we supported. I'm quite proud that we made people get involved with CND and Greenpeace and Red Wedge. I think bands generally should use their influence to draw attention to certain things; pop and all the arts are a good place to show that. A final message to the world? None at all!

SUGGS

IT SEEMS like all we ever have is nostalgia. The best of our reviews always start off with a load of nostalgia... I was pleased that we made something of it, that it didn't all end up as it could have done, a mess; that we made a career of it. It could have just been an enthuse, y'know? It's funny, I was listening to some of those old songs recently and they really sounded bad. Well, not bad... naive. A lot of our songs that were supposed to be in the great traditions of songwriting weren't, they were naive really.

I'm pleased that we never really compromised. There was a time when we could've become a bit more Showaddywaddy, carried on in a vein that we didn't carry on, like 'Baggy Trousers' and 'House Of Fun' and stuff... I enjoyed most of it until the last couple of weeks, really. And we all got on really well.

On the useful level, I'm pleased with those things that we did towards the end, like the Anti-Apartheid benefits. On another level, the fact that we were number

CONTINUES PAGE 71



EURYTHMICS



THE REVENGE TOUR 1986



INCLUDES WHEN TOMORROW COMES • THORN IN MY SIDE • MISSIONARY MAN
MIRACLE OF LOVE



INCLUDES WORK OUT TO RUN • THERE MUST BE
AN ANGEL (PLAYING WITH MY HEART)
SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES
IT'S ALRIGHT (BABY'S COMING BACK)



INCLUDES WHO'S THAT GIRL • RIGHT BY YOUR
SIDE • HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN



INCLUDES SWEET DREAMS • LOVE IS A STRANGER



INCLUDES BELINDA • NEVER GONNA CRY AGAIN

ALL TITLES AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC

Nuclear disasters, terrorism and AIDS dominated the headlines of 1986. "AIDS, more than terrorism, more than the threat of nuclear armageddon, has invaded the collective consciousness like fear itself." SEAN O'HAGAN looks at the threats to life itself, and at those who prey on the ignorance fear instills.

IN 1986, all our worst fears almost came true. Fear itself became the dominant state of mind, collectively and individually, as we all became victims of a society under siege. Chernobyl, AIDS and global terrorism combined to alter the way we live, to alter our perception of the everyday. No one is immune. No longer is fall-out, disease and violence *someone else's problem*.

If, as Fassbinder assures us, "fear eats the soul", what can resuscitate the collective soul of a nation, a globe existing on the edge of anxiety? It is difficult to gauge the psychological cost of the collective state of fear, but our reactions to each new invisible threat only seem to betray our sense of (self-imposed) helplessness.

Long before Chernobyl we had been warned of the cost of nuclear living, yet our ostrich-like capitulation to a hysterical media and a moribund government left us shanghaied in a state of unalterable anxiety. Now, having been faced with a taste of the unspeakable, the unimaginable—having lived for an unknown time, in the shadow of an approaching nuclear cloud—we can do nothing but turn in on ourselves. In the post-nuclear age, we have capitulated, handed over the responsibility for our future, cossetted ourselves even from fear itself.

"As long as politics fails to take up the nuclear issue in a determined way, it lives closer than any other activity to the lie that we have all come to live—the pretence that life lived on top of a nuclear stockpile can last. Meanwhile we are encouraged not to tackle our predicament but to inure ourselves to it: to develop a special enfeebled vision, which is capable of overlooking the hugely obvious; a special, sluggish nervous system, which is conditioned not to react even to the most extreme and urgent peril; and a special constricted mode of political thinking, which is permitted to creep round the edges of the mortal crisis in the life of the species but never to meet it head on." (Jonathan Schell, *The Fate Of The Earth*, Picador)

As we learn to live with Chernobyl, with the possibility of another invisible fall-out from Sellafield or Dounreay, the quality of everyday life inevitably suffers, is cheapened and diluted. An alarm bell sounds in a British plant but no one outside hears it till months later. Over breakfast, the late news bulletin curdles the milk in our breakfast tea. The fear of fall-out—and learning to live with the lie—infests us all, and all our reactions to all our other fears.

Jonathan Schell speaks of how we "compartmentalise" fear: "placing our daily doings in one compartment of our life and the threat to all life in another". But rationality cannot contain self delusion.

"Since we have chosen to live on the edge of extinction... our situation is one of uncertainty and nervous insecurity rather than absolute hopelessness... Accordingly, we have begun to live as if life were safe but living as if is very different from just living... Before long denial of reality becomes a habit—a dominant mode in the life of society—and unresponsiveness becomes a way of life." (Jonathan Schell)

THE IMAGINATION IN POWER

OUTSIDE OF Northern Ireland, Britain is an island unused to fear; terror and "nervous insecurity" have always been someone else's problem—uncivilised, unBritish. Times change. Now Europe is the terrorist's battlefield, the inner city their lethal playground. Cloaked in the anonymity of the city, the terrorist is as invisible in his/her way as the nuclear dust cloud. If we have embraced the unthinkable and learned to live with the Bomb, how then can we cope with smaller bombs?

This year, Paris became a city under siege from the enemy within. The capital city of romance was thrown into a state of fear:

"Terrorism is the imagination in power. We can't even discuss it in terms of ideology, only of experience. The experience of fear and physical pain... *The Imagination In Power*—terrorism gives a fresh meaning to the old slogan of May 1968 because the witnesses to these explosions really do change their relationship to the city." (Paul Virilio interviewed in *Liberation*, 22.9.86)

Terrorism thrives on outrage; imagination on images of outrage. The media acts as judge, jury and catalyst: replays, revulsion, reaction. *Holy Terror* offers us a succession of unholy images: this year a crippled man was beaten, shot and dumped overboard from a captured ship; a young fanatic sent his pregnant girlfriend on holiday with a bag full of explosives. The clamour of reaction—moral, outraged but ultimately impotent—deafens us. Unable, and unwilling, to make sense of the terrorist act, the media lends it a dramatic subtext in the language of reaction. "Mad dogs" and "vermin"—the screams of a cornered prey. On street level we remain uninformed and unprotected.

"The terrorist can strike at anyone, anywhere, at any time. Nothing will eliminate terrorism: defeating it is a pipedream." (Stephen Segaller, *Invisible Armies*, Michael Joseph)

Paul Virilio compares terrorism to a viral disease, "a contagion" that spreads beyond political causes and Holy War into "ordinary crime" and into communities where fear makes everyone a potential victim and suspect. The state, itself, is not immune yet, unlike the "mad dog", our world leaders are unanswerable, seemingly beyond responsibility.

Now, it seems the state must employ the aims of those it vilifies. Has anyone called France a nation of "mad dogs" following the sinking of Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior and the death of a crewman? Or replayed Reagan's infamous castigation of his enemies: "... we are not going to tolerate these attacks from outlaw states run by the strangest collection of misfits, looney tunes, and squalid criminals since the advent of the Third Reich". Reagan was speaking, back in July '85, of Libya, Cuba, Nicaragua and Iran. Iran who he now sells arms to in a "high risk gamble"; Iran whose Holy Terror cells, have—according to Amir Taheri (*New Statesman*) been directly responsible for "the deaths of 500 French and American citizens... in the last four years".

Whilst the individual within the state compartmentalises his fear, the media compartmentalises its reaction to state terrorism—no language of outrage here. Only a reasoned collusion in the cover-up, the lie. So, the contagion spreads...

"We already have political terrorism and 'criminal' terrorism. Warfare, in fact, is breaking through its former limits in both directions: upwards into Star Wars,

THE YEAR OF FEAR



The AIDS virus

downwards into terrorism. No more rules." (Paul Virilio)

Virilio sees terrorism as "the privatisation of war" and sees its cumulative result in a state of total fear: "... the insecurity induced by terrorism is inevitably going to speed up a new and very different transformation of urban life: the return to the bunker, the dug-out and the ghetto (which is of course a defensive structure)... And with the privatised war of terrorism comes permanent insecurity..."

THE FEAR FALL-OUT: MORAL PANIC

PERMANENT INSECURITY": a collective state of mind for the rest of the 20th century? In 1986, even pleasure became synonymous with danger: AIDS-fear infected our private life making sex something more than a national obsession. AIDS, more than terrorism, more than the threat of nuclear armageddon, has invaded the collective consciousness like fear itself. In 1986 AIDS became fear and no one was immune.

Between the polar extremes of media hysterics and governmental inaction, AIDS ate its way into the hypocritical heart of a homophobic nation: the invisible enemy within turned blood—the life force—into a creeping death. Fear meant first fooling ourselves, keeping this "plague" at bay, confined. Homosexuals and haemophiliacs. But not us.

"Those who have developed AIDS are in a position unimaginable to most of us. Press hysteria has combined with prejudice to make victims feel outcast and rejected, facing death in a most humiliating manner... Our popular press, with its salacious pandering to anti-gay prejudice has ensured that much of society has completely failed to understand the nature of AIDS..." (Archy Kirkwood, 'AIDS And

The Late Late Show Of Hands' (*The Guardian*)

AIDS has shown how a society that lives in a state of "uncertainty and nervous insecurity" is unable to inure itself sufficiently to the fall-out of fear (and prejudice) a potential emergency brings. Fear eats into a society's will to tolerate difference. Amidst moral fervour and Right-wing hyper-morality, the media, the government and assorted pressure groups from Church and State have contrived to prey on the ignorance fear instills. AIDS-outrage has been a catalyst for reaction against, yet has left us grounded in terms of action for; for education, prevention and simple understanding.

LIVING WITH FEAR

THE INVISIBLE dust from Chernobyl, the spectre of the urban terrorist, and the virus that haunts even our fantasies, have made fear a constant state: *psychological deadlock*. On a late night radio phone-in, a woman worries about her forthcoming holiday on the continent: she's heard that mosquitoes can carry infected blood and spread AIDS: she's worried about straying close to parts of Europe where the radiation levels from Chernobyl still make the milk unsafe: she's worried about the threat of plane hijacking. She knows she's "being silly" over-reacting but—deep down inside—she knows that the state of fear has even made escape a high-risk business.

The next caller tells of a tourist being mugged in New York by a gang wielding blood-filled syringes—*The Slow Hand-Gun* and the threat of infection. Each new horror story trades on nervous laughter. Uncertainty and a constant state of nervous insecurity. Until we stop capitulating our collective responsibility, until we stop fooling ourselves, we will have to learn to live with this shadow. As if life were safe...

NME

WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH

1986



PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

You'd never contemplate a life of celibacy though they say it's good for the soul?"

Jimmy: "I'd rather commit suicide."

The Communards

"If you're taking this seriously you're a bigger fool than I am."

Prince onstage at Wembley

"Her bra looks like the business end of a Roman catapult. That wasn't a very nice thing to say, was it?"

Spider Stacey on former Pogues bassist Cait O'Riordan

"I'm a top model now. Glenda Jackson is a top actress. She goes topless in a film and it's arty. I go topless in the paper and it causes rapes. I've never heard so much crap in all my life."

Samantha Fox

"Yes, it is true that if your body fat is below a certain percentage coupled with heavy training you can stop menstruating."

Carolyn Jones, female body builder

"I feel they're women who want control of their lives and particularly their careers. If you want to call me a feminist for wanting these things, that's fine by me."

Janet Jackson

"I suppose what annoys me most about Madonna is her lack of responsibility. All the little girls who like her and dress like her aren't going to grow up rich and famous like her, they're going to grow up to be treated like tramps."

Suzanne Vega

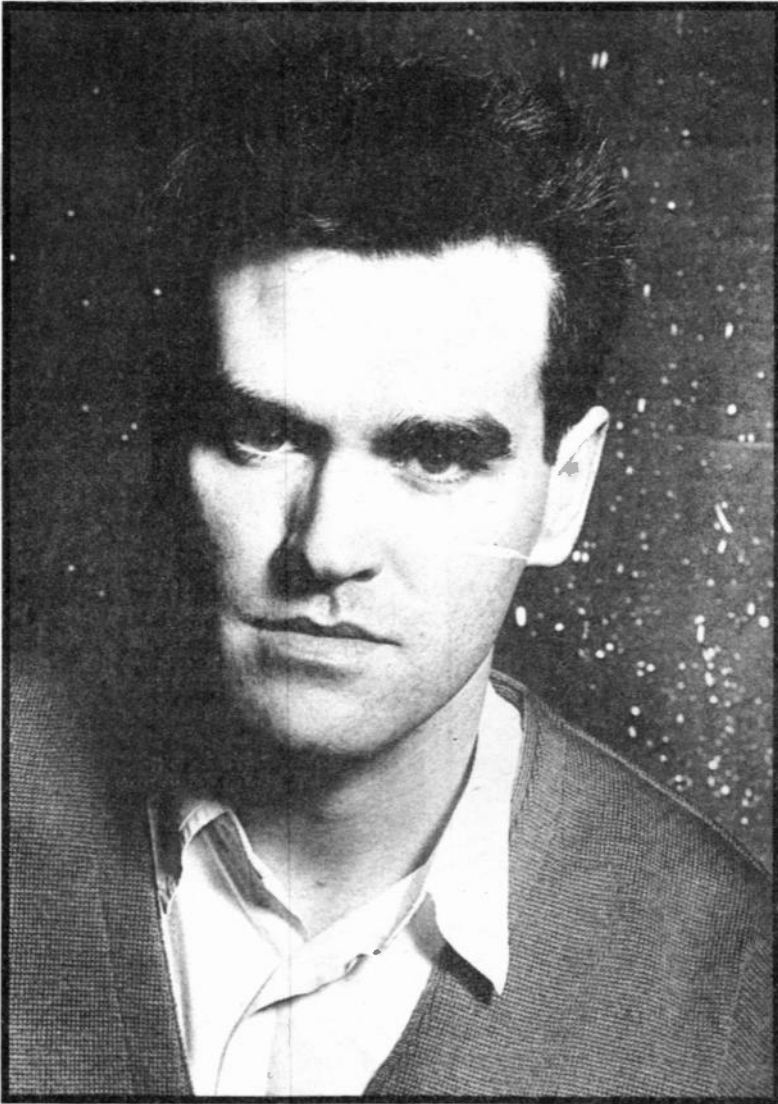


PHOTO: CINDY PALMANO

SEX

"People change, the human race evolves. Every time somebody comes along and says they've got the answer, some kind of tyranny or dictatorship follows. I am very wary of people coming up with isms coz I think they're assholes."

Zodiac Mindwarp

"Man must not take woman matters seriously, he must not put women matters in his head. If you do you will be sick. I've seen myself having pains in my stomach, shitting, going through the syndrome people call jealousy. That cannot be a good thing. So you must see woman as something you sleep with, not something you let go to your head."

Fela Kuti

"I watch TV, cook, line up shoes. I'm very boring. I don't go out to clubs, don't dance, don't do drugs. I drink wine, drink Heineken, try to make love whenever I can."

Patti Labelle

"Because there's Aids I must not fuck? Okay very soon people will not fuck. But I will fuck because I do not believe I use sex wrongfully. When you are reincarnated and you have been using sex for evil purposes you'll be reincarnated as a homosexual."

Fela Kuti

"Periods are a relief, any woman will tell you that. If men had periods everybody would be talking about them."

Chaka Khan

"Woman is the superior sex, indubitably. What makes them

superior is that they have to have a man."

Captain Beefheart

"I'm not saying that I need a man, it's just that Ben has become necessary to me."

Tracey Thorn

"I was mortified totally. I got a taxi home, went straight out again and drank loads. I got so pissed, took every drug offered and ended up in this strange man's flat - at five in the morning - minus my drawers! I felt better after that."

Richard Coles (Communards) on his first single reviews

"We've never had groupies ever. Never been offered one. We say to our support bands, 'We've got no groupies, back to the hotel and bend over the table you bastards'."

Doctor of The Medics

"I love Madonna, she shakes her things! That's how women want to be treated: they don't want to be told lies; they want you to be yourself because then they can be themselves. I've only learnt that lesson recently."

Zodiac Mindwarp

"The only reason I'm cuddling the cat is that I could hardly fuck it in front of you."

"Bloody hell Robin, for goodness' sake, do you always have to embarrass yourself?"

At home with the Cocteau Twins

Richard: "All the Aids thing has changed people's sexual habits. It doesn't stop them going out and looking, thank God. We were a bit worried about that, weren't we?"

"This will be a very good interview, my periods have just come on."

Chaka Khan

"I have made love in so many ways. It's a need I have at certain times, it has turned me into pimp and prostitute. I was so in need of someone to share love with I didn't care if I paid for it. I know that's not right."

Chaka Khan

"My contribution has been to bring back macho-ism. I feel that the music industry was missing a tall, black stand-up man to represent fantasy and desire."

Alexander O'Neal

"Believe it or not I never set out to be a political songwriter. My love songs probably mean more to a wider range of people, regardless of their political views."

Billy Bragg

"How often have you seen a black man and a black woman kiss on the screen? You don't see Eddie Murphy or Richard Pryor in any sexual situation. Hollywood has a lot of trouble with black sexuality."

Spike Lee, hip-hop director

"I have a 13-year-old kid; when we were filming I met a 12-year-old kid who was a junkie and had been on the game for a year. A lovely little kid with holes in her arm and no drawers on. You just think 'shit'..."

Bob Hoskins

"Saturday afternoon is set aside for the cast orgy. We all have sex with each other and we all take drugs."

Garth Potter, Eastenders

"The whole idea of womanhood is something that to me is largely unexplored. I'm realising things about women I've never noticed before. The fact that I've scuttled through 26 years of my life without ever noticing that the contours of the body are different is an outrageous farce."

Morrissey

"I want my hair to look flat - the level-headed lesbian."

Phranc

"I shat in a street in Hertford," Spider says gleefully. "Didn't you have thingy's daughter up against a wall there?" asks Shane. "She came from Harlow new town and she was 15. I didn't fuck her but I did have my hand up her skirt. I said I was looking for drugs."

Ladies and gentlemen - The Pogues

"Certainly after reading it I felt - in the words of the old Obscene Publications Act - corrupted and depraved."

Vicar Peter Mullen on the NME

"Pilgrims came to this country in the 1600s and burned people; in the '50s you had witch hunts. The truth is a lot of these people are doing it now because they seek fame. If they truly cared for kids they'd stop child porn, they'd have hostels, communication lines, they'd really reach out. What they're into is dramatic publicity."

Cyndi Lauper on the PMRC

"People believe in the bible and all that damp bedsheet crap but I'm not convinced. I think it was a real thoughtless hot night in the sheets that put me here. The world is just pure biology and we're deluding

ourselves with all these spiritual notions."

Captain Beefheart

"Many of today's rock stars have exceeded the bounds of decency by singing about incest, sado-masochism, bisexuality, bondage, even necrophilia."

Parents' Music Resource Centre Newsletter.

DRUGS

"In the early '80s I grew increasingly curious as to what it would like to be sober... really... it became almost an obsession with me. I thought, Christ, how would that feel, could I do that?"

Iggy Pop

"It was obvious with Boy George that every interview he ever did he made a point of denying drug use. Now it's going to be *My Struggle Against Evil*, some dickhead spoiling it for everybody else. I don't mean him any harm but he's had all the good stuff, hasn't he? They always get it."

Mark E Smith

"I don't think heroin is any good, it's crap, a horrible drug. But I've got to say it - if someone want to smoke themselves to death or drink themselves to death with whisky, jump out of windows or whatever, then it's their basic right."

Mark E Smith

"I phoned George last Friday and said to him, me Mum's crying and you haven't even picked up the phone and he said, Well, what are they crying about? I just said bollocks, y'know and did it."

David O'Dowd on his decision to reveal all to The Sun



PHOTO: A.J. BARBATT

Conservative Students document Campaign To Smash The Red Menace

"*National Enquirer* is my favourite magazine of all time. I believe that stuff. I'd rather believe that than believe all the stuff printed in *The Guardian* everyday."

Alan Moore, comic writer

"There has been a video shown at the Hacienda which included some shots of Nuremburg – it was a film on the history of western civilisation. Somehow the *Jewish Chronicle* picked up on it and plastered headlines over the city – "GRANADA MAN OWNS NAZI NIGHTCLUB" It was incredibly upsetting: I mean most people say their best friends are Jewish but mine really are."

Tony Wilson

"The great irony about all this American ownership thing is that it was only when Thatcher decided to sell Land Rover to the Americans that everyone in England got so upset about everything. Typical of the

discourse."

Simon Booth, Working Week

"We went to America after the Libyan affair and things were fairly hysterical. On the radio they were saying things like 'Prince has cancelled his European dates and Lionel Richie's not going and why should we, THE EUROPEANS ARE A BUNCH OF COMMUNISTS'. We said 'Allah be praised' and a bloke's head exploded."

A John, Three Johns

"Progress I find essential. I'm bored stiff with people complaining about the French and never going over there. They have no conception of what the French are like. I do and they are awful."

John Lydon

"The Libyans? Don't even talk to me about those scum, those towelheads."

Dee Dee Ramone

"The derivation of that word (*bigot*) comes from the martyrs going to the

think dumb work is worth anything."

Michael Gira, Swans

"It's very tough to be romantic in New York City nowadays, there's no money and a lot of bad feelings. Love songs don't get it for 15 year olds anymore. They like aggressive music because that's the way they have to live."

Southside Johnny Lyon

"I should have been down the Comedy Store, but I was in Bournemouth doing Max Bygraves impressions."

Lenny Henry

"It's about getting a political discussion going now. I think a lot of young people can't be bothered to get involved in politics because they don't think it affects them. But it does affect them."

Billy Bragg

"When I'm not working people should keep their fucking noses out of my life."

Elvis Costello

it takes 20 minutes to get an answer. Chuck Brown and The Soul Searchers – they can keep on searching. I hate them."

Just Ice

"When I hear the music I hear archetypes of human species. We are trying to build something perfect in music. We try to better ourselves. I believe in the warrior and essentially we are predators."

Jaz Coleman, Killing Joke

"The Jesus And Mary Chain supported us on some of their earliest dates. I remember thinking what's that bloody awful feedback noise and trying to do something about the mix."

Mekon Kevin Lite

"You don't have to, y'know, prance around and run five miles 'round a stadium in a poofy football suit to prove anything. There's no point pretending to be Peter Pan."

Keith Richard, on Mick Jagger

"Bobby Womack himself told me that

'A lot of people I know are dead because of him.'

Chrissie Hynde on Keith Richards

'If you were going to buy dope in New York in the '70s and you wanted to get out the front door so you could get home and get high, you had to have some weight behind you to get out of the door. Come down with a hooter in your hand shouting Fuck off, I'm leaving, alright? OK, so it was like *High Noon* but fuck it, that was the old days.'

Keith Richards

Richard Branson made a statement that I was treating Boy George and requested the media to leave him alone until the treatment was completed. They didn't stick to the agreement, it was very unhelpful."

Drug Doc Meg Patterson

POLITICS

Look at me. I'm 24 and the son of Africa's greatest musician, and where am I? I can't do anything until my father is released from jail. Some nights I can't even go out and play."

Femi Ransome Kuti

I just feel complete hatred for her. I went 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 Rutherford of Frankie on Margaret Thatcher

I'm sitting in the lap of luxury while it's available. While stocks last. Nice work if you can get it. I've not got enough money. Guilt? Who needs it?"

John Lydon

Reagan? I like him. A President to me would look good. I like the fact that he dyes his hair and wears make up seriously! He's not supposed to have a hair, he's supposed to look good."

Paul Westerberg, The Replacements

As for Red Wedge it sounds like a cock. Is that what it's intended to be? It sounds like a big cock, red cock, now what I mean?"

Terry Hall

I followed a very western looking gent accompanying five or six singers in the piano. They did this real country flavour number like Bucks Fizz or The Brotherhood Of Man. I thought, aye, aye The Commievision Song Contest. But I heard the song translated and the verses were entirely composed of Gorbachev's speech promising to rid the world of nuclear weapons by the year 2000!"

Billy Bragg on East Germany

'They dribble out totally meaningless phrases like 'a basket of other currencies' and they don't change the tone of their voice between some lie about the miners and some crap about a cat up a tree. Psychobabble! Everything is reduced to a bland stream of shit designed to keep you ignorant.'

Steve Bell, cartoonist, on talking heads

'Always be provocative. A true naster should be able to provoke elf-righteous Leftists into prolonging a two minute speech into a quarter of an hour orgy of chaos.'

Extract from Federation of

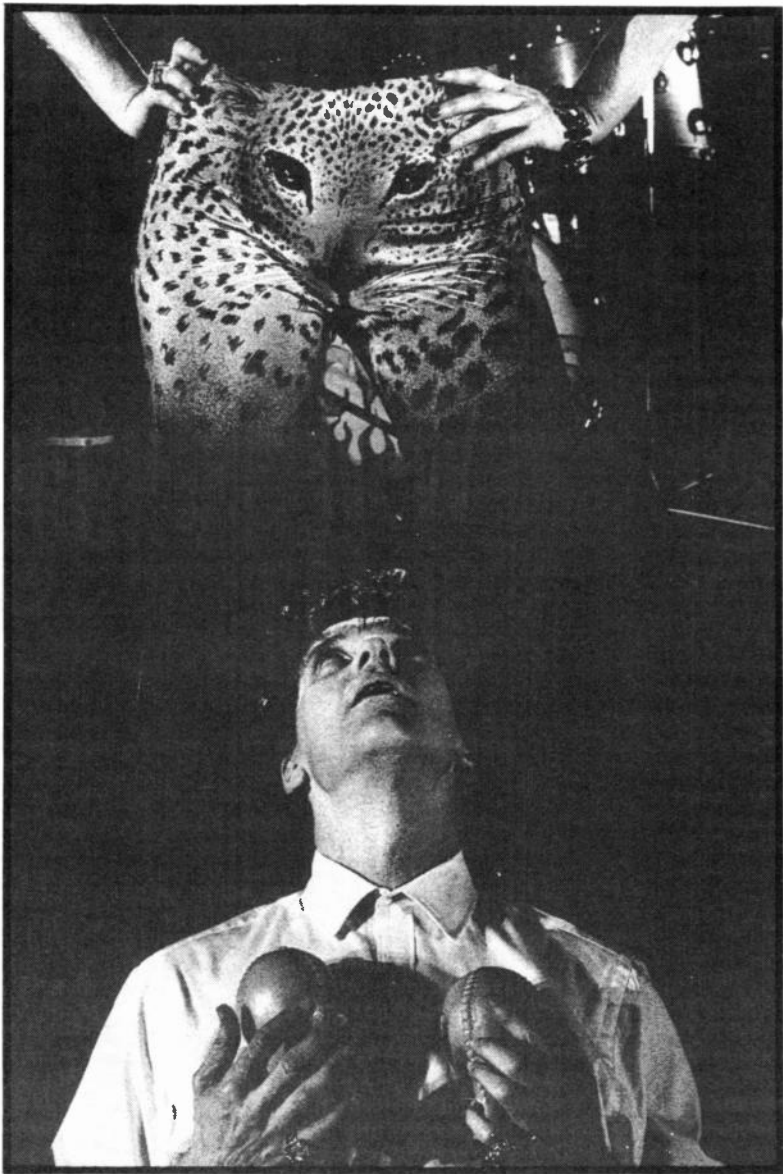


PHOTO: ANTON CORBIN

British to get so worked up about a car."

Matt Johnson

"I don't want to slag Red Wedge off, I don't want to go up before the firing squad but if I was to be true to myself I'd have to say I find it a little boring."

Joe Strummer

"I think Red Wedge will probably persuade a lot of people to vote Conservative. Why? Because the country doesn't like pop groups."

Phil Oakey

"There is an element on the left who simply see it as their inalienable right to earn money for the cause. That's one of the reasons Red Wedge is important; it's attempting to create a culture that involves band, audience and organizers in an organic stake and the derivation is 'by God' so in the Ecclesiastical and original use of the term I don't shrink away from it."

Peter Robinson DUP MP for East Belfast

"For many families there is a feeling of being under seige, a constant fear that your wife or kids will be the next. It's a very destructive feeling, it really does destroy people."

Kumar Murshid, East End community worker.

"Rockabilly should have inspired something to happen that was so great, so great, so passionate, so sexual that it should have taken us to another place. But it was all so dangerous no one wanted to know about it. Most people on this planet are very scared. Rockabilly scared them to death. It was the height of modern culture, the 20th century thing."

Lux Interior, The Cramps

IT'S A JOB, INNIT? THE TRADE

"Can you imagine five real stars actually being the directors of a multi-national company? I think we have the intelligence and ability to deal with the bigger world beyond rock."

Tony James

"He really is immersed in a creative state of mind all the time."

Suzanna Hoffs of The Bangles, on Prince

"I don't think anyone is worth anything unless they work. But I don't



PHOTO: ANTON CORBIN

"The virulent anti-American racism in this country makes me sick and sad. That a country's foreign policy and an admittedly idiotic president can damn 200 million people is mad, utterly mad. Those ideas that they're all stupid and have too much money are just crap."

Elvis Costello

"I'd love to have been born into a very wealthy family. I might have ended up even more marvellous than I am now."

John Lydon

"I have nothing to apologise for."

Madonna, to Fleet Street hacks.

"Talking of animals, why isn't Sean Penn here today?"

Fleet Street hack, to Madonna

"Most jazz musicians, real jazz musicians, died penniless. So the term jazz for me symbolises poverty."

Lester Bowie

"The bagpipes are an African instrument. They predate everything. In ancient Africa you had goat herders playing the bagpipes."

Lester Bowie

"In Washington they're all on dust. You say, 'Yo, what's happening' and

as far as modern music's concerned, there's only three soul men left: himself, me and Prince. Prince came to Brisbane and took his whole act, the colours, the moves, everything from me. It's true, it's true."

Robert Forster, The Go-Betweens

"Realistically I can't see me playing a duchess, but I can do it. I can lose my accent when I want to but should I have to? Nobody asks Rupert Everett if his accent is a problem."

Margi Clarke

"Morrissey once said to me that my songs, my entire lifestyle, was positively vaudevillian. When I got home I looked in the dictionary and agreed he might be right."

Billy Bragg

"Hey man! I'd wear my pants backwards if they'd fit. I can't even conform to rock'n'roll."

Blackie Lawless, WASP

"I don't know what the people who come and see me are like. I don't know the reason for the boy down the front who comes to each of our shows and screams 'You're a fucking arsehole', pays every night to scream at the group and, if he gets the chance, to punch me. He's not there to pick up a girl, that's for sure."

Nick Cave

"It amazes me people can die of starvation, people can get shot in the head, and you belt an animal around the head—which is not cool, I'm not saying it is—and people will be more shocked than if a bloke walked into a shop and blasted four people's heads off."

Ozzy Osbourne

"What you must realise is that a large percentage of people like me are idiots. I sit in a room and write ditties while others are on the vodophone selling stocks to Malaysia. It's easy to manipulate people like me, what I do best is write doggerel so a part of me must be very childish."

Joe Strummer

"In *Tougher Than Leather* people will be getting shot in the face, it'll be a cross between *Rambo* and *48 Hours*."

Jam Master Jay, Run DMC

"Ultimately the comic is reliant on his writer. Or, if he's Jimmy Tarbuck, he's reliant on other people's writers."

Mel Smith

"If someone came to me and said oh, you're not as good as John Coltrane I'd say yeah that's true because I'm not trying to be as good as John Coltrane, I'm trying to express myself in the best way possible."

Courtney Pine

"There are no scripts at all. Though there is a good deal of rehearsal."

Gill Stribling-Wright, *Blind Date* producer

"They will sell artists if they're white but not if they're black... when you're finished buying that product, you're finished with the artist. That is the traditional way of selling black music."

Spartacus R

"I'd go in the ring with Marvin Hagler tomorrow. As long as they gave me a hatchet."

Barry McGuigan

"Has anybody noticed the difference between Bob Dylan's 'Chimes Of Freedom' and Billy Bragg's 'Ideology'? There isn't any."

Gasbag letter

"They don't go to see me. Some people think they're going to see me, but it's unfortunate that they don't think more of themselves, y'know, because they should be going to see themselves, because they are the very image of whatever beauty they think I am inherent in themselves."

Cracked actor William Hurt

"I hate those brat pack movies, they're disgusting because they encourage people to behave like dum preppies and act out the most stupid prejudices. The theory behind *St Elmo's Fire* and *The Breakfast Club* is that the audience is collectively stupid. I don't think that's true. People turn up to see those movies because they're there."

Alex Cox

"The biggest statement I'm trying to make through my promotion is that I am the best."

Kool Moe Dee, November 1986

MAD NOT MAD

"The whole idea of what being human means has deteriorated. We mean less than we ever used to. We can't take it for granted anymore. It's something you have to work on."

Martin Amis

"When you're 12 you shouldn't be thinking about things like that (*AJP Taylor and Stalin*). I did and it just made me completely miserable. It gave me nightmares. I've slept with the lights on ever since."

Julie Burchill

"Forget about fancy things, just eating, drinking and going out costs. I mean, come on—blow your nose, somebody's gotta buy the tissues."

Gwen Guthrie

"The warehouse was a madhouse, three stories of wall-to-wall dancers, people in zebra outfits, punked out glasses and the most serious music. It went on all Saturday night and lasted until late into Sunday afternoon, it was church for people who had fallen from grace."

Frankie Nuckles, Chicago House DJ

"I actually respect suicide because it's having control over one's life. It's the strongest statement anyone can make and people aren't really strong. Most people as we know lead desperate and hollow lives."

Morrissey

"We were born free and have the right to live and die free. Why should we be restricted by laws made before we were born?"

Member of The Peace Convoy

"I have no belief in the bible or religion but I think Armageddon was a lucky guess. I honestly think it's going to happen."

George Michael

"Most people think I don't know what the hell I'm talking about, but our food is being zapped by gamma rays."

Angela Bofill



PHOTO: KENJI KUBO

"There's so much money in London, and little real unemployment that it must be difficult to imagine what it's like to live in Dundee where youth unemployment is over 20 per cent. If you're a yuppie living in Finchley how do you relate to that?"

Alex, Shop Assistants



PHOTO: A.J. BARBATT

"London's tinseltown to me; this is plastic society. Go in the pub it's just plastic machines. Everywhere you go they've got things with little squiggly men running up and down. Then they kick you out at 11, like you're in a lunatic asylum."

Steve Berkoff, playwright and actor

"I'm trying to give up even the little bit of shopping I do, but, do you know, shops don't deliver anymore. 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..."

Lawrence, Felt

"I've got everything I need in LA, 50 TV channels. The sun's outside, I hate the sun but it's nice to know it's there. I rise at 4.30 in the afternoon, in bed by 12. Watch films all night. I enjoy it, I absorb culture through my backside."

John Lydon

"You've got to have a great time especially when there are all these people above you planning your death."

Paul Rutherford, Frankie Goes To Hollywood

"There's all sorts of ways you can make money. It's a slimy world, you can get it, it's out there. All you have to do is decide you're gonna walk through the slime to get it. Sell drugs, be a prostitute. If you're willing, these things are there and you can have them. It's not like it used to be."

Chrissie Hynde

"The mind is a very dodgy implement to understand the world with and personally I wouldn't trust it at any level."

Tim Booth, James

"'Sanctuary' is the only good record The Cult have made. Sure we're all friends. OK, I said I'd like to f**k Ian Astbury—he's got a nice arse. But that's as close as I'd get to The Cult."

That's pretty close, Wayne.

"It was a flippant comment, Neil."

Neil Taylor meets Wayne Hussey, The Mission

"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."

Wayne Hussey, The Mission



"We want to wind everybody up. EVERYBODY."

Tony James

"Frankie Paul has so much talent that he should be competing with George Michael, should, by rights, be a millionaire. Every music should get a chance to be successful but truthfully a lot of radio producers just don't check for reggae."

Tippa Irie

"Sometimes I think how can I be more famous than I was? What could I do? I could go back to Canada and have thousands of people at the airport and so what? It's not going to be thrilling. It sounds funny but a flower, once it's really good, it dies."

Boy George

Jesus Christ has been followed and preached about for 2000 years and people seriously think that this little group making a fairly obscure little record called 'Jesus Suck' is going to do anybody harm whatsoever."

Jim Reid, The Jesus And Mary Chain

"I believe war is the enemy. I don't believe Germans are the enemy or the English or the Vietnamese or whatever. I think war, the very conception of war, is the enemy. Historically, it's the biggest insanity man can get into."

Bob Hoskins

"I've never hit anybody in my life, not for any unknown reason. Working class people don't do things like that. Paratroopers do, they drink their own vomit to show they're men and glass

each other and all that. But we don't. We're workers and we're civilised. We have to be workers, have to get on with each other."

Andy And Ivor Easterhouse

"When you think of it boxing is a very dangerous sport."

Martin McGuinness, Sinn Fein councillor.

"Because of the weight of history, a modern Irish person tends to define his or herself in terms of their past heritage. It often seems like it's impossible to have a cultural reality in or of the present."

Neil Jordan

"In London town a man gets mugged every 20 minutes. He's getting very sick of it."

Suggs, Madness

"I'm not a mad genius. I'm by no means insane. I'm bordering on insanity but I have sanity in my life."

Brian Wilson, Beach Boy

"It's no accident that in Britain, the aristocracy are the worst perverts. When I left school in 1968 I got a temporary job cleaning toilets. There were different toilets for each class, the ordinary class; no problem. But as soon as you got to the ones for millionaire farmers and lord this that... They would sit perched above the cistern so that all the faeces would go down the wall and across the floor."

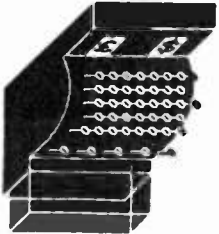
Genesis P Orridge

"This is certainly a five pipe problem," I remarked putting aside my magnifying glass. "Not a word from The Council for months. And don't tell me it didn't matter." Yet I knew the case was about to be cracked.



JACKSONVILLE U.S.A.

The family that plays together stays together, as the everyday goings-on in Jacksonville, California show. A soapy entertainment for Xmas by JOHN MCCREADY. Illustration: JOHN GEARY



IN A spacious office halfway up some steel-glass Californian sky-scraper, Joe Jackson, Chairman of Beige Holdings Inc, removes his glasses. Warily he rubs his eyes and pulls Tito's leg, setting in motion a desk-top toy which has five Afro-headed young men in flower-spotted loons knocking each other from side to side. The room is tiled with gold discs. Lighting up yet another cigar he smiles faintly.

The intercom crackles. A confident female voice pipes up.

"Mr Jackson. There's a Mr Pearson on the line from London, England. He says he'd like one of his daughters to marry Michael. . . ."

Joe Jackson: "Hell, that guy just don't give up. Can those girls cook a nut cutlet? Can they saddle a llama? Tell him I'll call him back. . . ."

"Oh, and ring Michael and tell him to meet me for lunch. The usual place. Two o'clock. Oh and ask him *not* to wear that ET mask again. . . . It makes me nervous."

ACROSS A moat, through three security checks, over a wall, and an electrified fence or two; breathless after being chased by a pack of baying hounds, we peer through a window. This is Jacksonville. All chandeliers, white pianos and regency reproductions. This is what money looks like.

Tito, Jermaine, Marlon, Jackie and Randy pack a sofa before the television. MTV glows and blares at them.

Tito: "Man, these guys just cannot play. What are they called? *RUN* what? There's no melody. I can't get into that. . . ."

La Toya enters the room. Dressed like Toyah Wilcox; the sound of Schoolly D seeps from the headphones around her neck.

La Toya: "Tito, what are you talking about? As you get older, that name seems to suit you better. . . ."

Jermaine: "Hey, La Toya, this is boys' talk. This is *musicians* talking here. Can you play bass? Have you ever made a record with Stevie Wonder? Top Ten in England. . . . Go and help Janet fix coffee. . . ."

La Toya: "Jermaine, Go shoe a giraffe, you has-been. Just *look* at your *boots*. Ain't nobody wears gold platform boots anymore, Jermaine. Not even George Clinton. . . . And anyhow, pop said he was going to get me sorted out. He promised. With Jimmy and Terry producing. . . ."

The boys laugh derisively.

Marlon: "Girl, you can't go to the top just like that. Who d'you think you are—Sheena Easton? There'll be duets with Cliff Richard first. . . ."

More laughs. Janet arrives with a tray full of cups. She puts it down on the floor. The boys reach for them.



Janet: "Now hey—hands off. I'm in control, right. Now, who wants a cookie? I baked them myself just this morning."

A plate of biscuits is passed around. Michael's 'Thriller' spews from the set. Several biscuits hit the screen. Jermaine reaches for the remote control and switches off. Nobody complains.

Randy: "Hey, anyone like to come and see a movie. Michael gave me the key to the projector room. He said we could use it while he's out to lunch."

Jermaine: "Michael's been out to lunch for a long, long time."

Marlon: "No way man. What's in there anyway? *ET*? *The Wiz*? *Dumbo*? *The Million Dollar Duck*? The guy is getting on now. . . . Ain't he got any blue movies?"

Jermaine: "OK, OK. Let's take a limo into town and sign some autographs. . . ."

AT THE Encino Zoo Cafe Joe Jackson checks his watch. It's 2.25. He sips his coffee. From behind, beige hands cover his eyes.

Michael: "Guess who. . . ."

J.J.: "Michael, where the hell have you been?"

M: "Oh, just talking to the animals. That elephant over there reckons that maybe I shouldn't work with Quincy again. He says two albums are enough. He told me he'd like to produce. Maybe I'll give him a try. . . ."

J.J. (warily): "Tea, Michael?"

M: "No thanks. I've just had some. . . with the chimps. The keeper lets me in to see them. They sure make a great cup of tea. Though it'd sure do them no harm to learn some table manners. . . ."

J.J. (firmly): "Michael. I have some important things to say to you. I'm not getting any younger, and. . . ."

M: "I sure am. That oxygen chamber seems to work wonders, Pop. . . ."

J.J. (smiling in an attempt to keep his temper): "And. Well, I'm thinking of. . . going away for a little while. . . . You've always been my favourite and. . . ."

M: "Ah, Pop, you're just upset. Come and watch some movies with me. Come and meet the fellas. I wish Jermaine and the guys wouldn't call them *mannequins*. . . . Hey! Come and have tea with me and Diana. Yeah, that'd be swell. She's always asking about you, Pop. . . ."

J.J.: "Michael, don't mention that woman to me. Keep away from her. She's driving you mad. . . ."

M: "Ah, Pop, Y'know, she's such a sweet lady. If she wasn't my mom, I guess I'd fall in love with her. . . ."

J.J.: "Michael, look, will you please listen to me. I'd like you to take over as head of

Beige Enterprises. It'll bring you out of yourself, help you to *grow up*."

M: "Gee, Pop, sounds like a swell idea. Can I bring the snakes and the llamas? Hey! They can help me run this business. . . . I only wish Muscles had been here to see me now. . . . Hey I'm a director, I'm a grown up!"

Joe Jackson puts a briefcase on the table. He gets out a sheaf of papers. "Michael, sign. . . here. . . here and here. . . then it's all yours."

Michael scribbles excitedly. He laughs. Joe Jackson studies the signatures on the documents. . . .

J.J.: "Mickey Mouse. Fred Astaire. Diana Ross. . . . Oh, they'll have to do. . . ."

M: "See, ya Pop. I gotta go. I have an appointment. Just a couple more tucks in my nostrils and I think. . . ."

"*Ain't no mountain high enough*. . . . Ha ha. Hey! I sound just like my mom. . . ."

He dances off. Joe Jackson rises, a briefcase in one hand, a suitcase in the other. He will not be seen again.

ASWISH vegetarian restaurant. Michael is having dinner with Paul McCartney.

M: "Paul, it's good to see you again. How are the guys. . . . John, Ringo, Sgt Pepper, George. . . ."

P: ". . . Oh, er. . . they're fine Michael. . . . They send their regards."

M: "And England? Does the Queen still live there? Y'know I love England. It must be great to ride a llama through the forests where Robin Hood once lived. . . . Or up in Scotland. . . . riding through the glen on the Mole Of Kintyre. . . ."

P: "How's the family?"

M: "They're just fine. Although I think it's Jermaine that keeps depressurizing the oxygen chamber while I'm asleep in it. . . . Janet's going to sing with that little guy. . . . er, what's his name? . . ."

P: "Ronnie Corbett?"

M: "No Prince, that's it. I told her to stay away from him. He's not wholesome. Songs about *kissing* and grown-up stuff like that. It's not natural. . . ."

P: "How's your dad?"

M: "He was acting a little strangely today. He told me to sign these papers and said I was director of *Beige something*. . . ."

P: (Choking on a forkful of brown rice) "He's what?"

M: "Yeah, so I'm in control. Just like Janet. Ha ha ha. . . . But y'know, Paul, I haven't got the time to run a business. I've got to dance. I've got to feed the animals. I've got to talk to my friends. . . ."

P: "What, er. . . the *mannequins*. . . ."

M: "No, my friends, Paul. Don't talk about the guys like that."

P (Whispers): ". . . Listen, Michael. . . . I think I can help you out here. So you can feed your animals and stuff. . . . remember those other old Beatle songs you wanted to buy. . . . well. . . ."

NEXT DAY at Jacksonville. A car purrs in the driveway. Janet Jackson leans into the driver side window.

Janet: "Janet DeBarge, you *really* must go now. Before the boys get back. Yes, yes, you can collect your washing on Thursday. Of course I'll be careful with the gold lamé 'Y' fronts. Just go. . . ."

The car rolls down the driveway to the first checkpoint. Half a dozen removal vans bearing the legend Thumbs Up Inc make their way up to the house. Michael waves from the cab of the first one.

Michael: "Hey, Janet!"

They stop outside the house. Michael gestures to the drivers.

M: "It's all in there guys. But leave the Supremes records. And the Mickey Mouse telephone. And the oxygen chamber. Paul says that's OK. . . ."

A limousine screeches through the checkpoint and brakes noisily outside the house. A Jackson Four tumble out.

Jermaine: "Hey, what's happening. . . . What's going on. . . .?"

Michael: "Oh, hi, Jermaine. You know I love that song of yours. . . . *Let's get serious and fall in love*. . . ."

Jermaine: "What the f**k is going on?"

Michael: "Oh, Pop's gone and I've sold it."

Jermaine: "Sold what?"

Michael: "Everything. . . . For these Beatle songs! Gee, I'm so excited! I get 'Eleanor Rigby'. . . (waves some papers). . . 'I Am The Walrus'. . . 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer'. . . I'm so happy."

Tito: "What the. . . ."

Another limousine pulls up. Paul McCartney steps out.

Paul: "Oh, hi, Michael. Jermaine. Tito, Janet. Looks like I'm in control now. Listen. . . . How'd you like to sing with me on The Royal Variety Performance. Maybe do a medley. . . . 'I Want You Back', 'ABC', 'Venus And Mars', 'Band On The Run', 'Jet'. . . . Maybe you could make a record with Five Star. . . ."

He heads for the door humming 'Ebony And Ivory'. Michael, surrounded by his brothers, sings. . . .

M: "Coo coo ca choo. . . . Janet, where's Bubbles? . . . He'll be so pleased. . . . I know he just loves 'I Am The Walrus'. . . ."

The brothers look as if they are about to strangle him but appear to think better of it. Tito walks to the door, calling out.

Tito: "Hey I've heard these Five Star ladies are pretty neat, Paul. . . ."

Every time you put pen to paper you give away the innermost secrets of your character and personality – even your sex life. Graphology, the science of handwriting analysis, is becoming ever more widely accepted in Britain, with many companies using experts to screen job applicants. Broad-nibbed ALAN JACKSON armed himself with a sheaf of famous scripts and headed for the depths of stockbroker-belt Surrey to meet one of the UK's leading practitioners GLORIA HARGREAVES. (PS. We regret to inform you that you don't get the job, Shane.)

WRITE TO REPLY

Thank you for the note you sent me, I was pleased and I must say surprised. -It's extremely rare that an artist ever hears from a journalist after an interview (and vice versa I presume!) I look forward to reading your piece on June - judging by the way you conducted our conversation I'm sure it will be an honest, interesting & probing article.



SHEENA IN Sex Shock Rumpus. The wide variation in the old lower zones – those naughty 'g' and 'y' loops – suggests that it's not just on Fridays in the Easton household. Sensitive and initially cautious, she's a good communicator who works on a healthy balance between logic and

intuition. The unusual double-crossed 't' shows Sheena to be the sort of person who'll go back and check that she's locked the door or turned off the gas, while the 'l' (more like a figure 2) suggests she may have grown up in an elder brother or sister's shadow. She's got a good head for business now though, and could be viewed as a tough cookie by some.

Blaker's
David Byrne
OFFICIAL BANK STYLE

THIS GUY CALLED JEREMY WANTS THIS SIGNATURE.

SO HERE IT IS IN A FEW DIFFERENT STYLES.

DAVID BYRNE
AUTOGRAPH STYLE



THE WRITING's on the wall for any over-emotional women in David Byrne's life – the script reveals he'll be shot of you pretty quickly. Mental energy and

aggression show through, despite attempts to write in a number of styles. The angular movements which predominate show a forceful, self-disciplined and persevering character, one who seldom gets sidetracked from his intended goal. An excellent strategist, he demands all the facts in any situation and will argue rather than compromise. But the skills of analysis and logic that his hand display are matched by another, more negative trait – the complexities of human emotion baffle this Talking Head. Any plea to star in the next *True Stories* must be based on logic, not heartstring-tugging.

This is my handwriting. It is so weird the way I hold my pen that I think graphology irrelevant & companion –

HOWEVER, THE THING IS, I ALWAYS TALK IN CAPITALS. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

AL



OUR MAN in the director's chair Alex Cox emerges as rather a complex personality, what with his high upper zones and small nether bits. He's highly

intelligent for sure, but careful and cautious behind his mask of extroversion. The narrowness of his script suggests he can become uptight when encountering opposition to his ideas, and that he sets very high standards for himself (those towering up-strokes) that cannot always be met. Attentive to detail, he can use sarcasm as a tool to subdue others. There's a lot of mental activity in evidence here (though some neglect of day to day responsibilities), and while he can be great fun on his relaxed days, the verdict is that he doesn't allow himself enough of them.

SHE IMAGINES that people will expect some kind of fairground fortune teller with a crystal ball, so told me she'd be the tall blonde in the white car waiting in the station car park.

Gloria Hargreaves isn't the sort of woman you'd find offering character analysis from within some shawl-draped tent at a fair or village fete. She drives confidently through this world of narrow roads and large houses, a ski-panted professional who has been studying graphology for 23 years now and practising it for something like 15.

Entering the field when it was still widely dismissed as cod psychology or, at best, some kind of mildly-entertaining party trick, she is now one of Britain's foremost handwriting experts, one of a very small number to have been granted an honorary degree by the British Institute of Graphology.

America and continental Europe have traditionally been more receptive to the idea that a detailed and reliable assessment of an individual's character and psyche can be made through the study of their script, but in recent years Britain has woken up to the potential. Now a surprising number of firms and institutions retain the services of a graphologist to help them in job recruitment, either to draw up shortlists for interview where there has been a large response to an advertisement or to give more information about applicants under consideration for (usually) senior posts.

We sent Gloria a selection of handwriting samples to look at two days before I met her. Some had been gathered specifically for the purpose – Shane McGowan's cheery "Fuck You" was one such response – while others were just letters written to members of staff at various times. At her request each was numbered and a key supplied giving the sex and approximate age of the writer. Some samples were little more than two or three words, possibly with part of a signature (not being a follower of the rock world, these gave no added clues to Gloria), while others were complete letters.

So where exactly do you start? "Handwriting analysis is based on the dominant movements in the script," she explains. "By these I mean the size of the letters, the degree of slant, the amount of pressure applied, the connection or disconnection of individual characters, the general lay-out . . .

"Nothing can be taken in isolation though – it's a combination of many movements. Individual letters are the icing on the cake, not the cake itself."

Although some practitioners will claim to be able to determine both the sex and age of a writer, Gloria sees this as unreliable, more evidence of a graphologist's need to look clever than any useful part of character assessment. Although such judgements can be made with a fair degree of certainty, she points out that we all have elements of masculinity and femininity within our characters (persona and on the page) and that stress, strain and general health can also distort, although not alter unrecognisably, our normal hand.

The myriad complexities of handwriting cannot be reduced to a simple, do-it-

yourself formula, but Gloria does point out some basic ground rules. People whose writing is generally upright tend to be emotionally well-balanced and controlled – although many of us adopt this style when writing to our bank managers apparently, indicating that we're not telling him all he needs to know. A slope to the right and the emotions are less well-controlled; to the left and there may be evidence of repression.

The upper zone of your script – the tops of your 'h', 'k' or 'f' for example – is the key to your ideals and aspirations. The middle zone ('n', 'm', 'o', 'a' . . .) represents your day to day activities, while the lower zones, the below-the-line of your 'g' or 'y' for instance, tell all about your sexual activity. Narrow loops here suggest a lack of fulfilment, straight down strokes executed without force suggest a selfish lover and so on . . .

Looking through the *NME's* samples it becomes obvious that some writers had deliberately attempted to mislead – David Byrne's selection of styles for example, or Shane's aggressive capitals. But although a short sample or uncharacteristic style can make things difficult for the graphologist, longer and more detailed study will lead him or her to the right analysis – and Gloria maintains that any number of experts examining the same script should, if they are properly skilled, reach the same conclusions.

And what about your choice of writing implement? Can that affect or even cloud the judgement?

"It's the very first decision you take, before you even make a stroke on the paper," says Gloria. "A naturally warm person will tend to use a broader nib or a felt tip. Those who hate sex will probably use a very fine pen. I would guess that you use a fairly broad nib yourself . . ."

I choke on my coffee with modesty and surprise at this point and make a mental note to buy a really jumbo pen for future use. But wouldn't such a ploy render a graphologist's ground rules useless? Apparently not.

"Using the wrong sort of implement for your personality would throw up evidence of a neurosis in the handwriting – the movement would give it away."

You'd better believe it. This is the woman who floored one businessman by correctly guessing he'd had a vasectomy (it was something a little strangulated in the 'g' and 'y' loops), who spotted a brain tumour a year before it became medically evident, and who has a steady trade from divorced men anxious to check if their potential second wives are the sort to screw them for half their empire should things one day go wrong.

Doesn't this mean that people, friends, are afraid to write to you?

"Oh, no one writes to me if they can help it. I even get typed Christmas cards. If I see the words "I love you" and the word 'love' is a different slant or is in a lower position, I know that person is lying. If a friend writes to me and the 'D' of 'Dear . . .' is bigger than the 'G' of Gloria, I know they're just being polite and aren't really feeling warm towards me."

How accurate are her assessments of *NME's* motley crew of celebrity pen-pushers? They alone can tell. Meanwhile Gloria's more than likely to invite Cait O'Riordan or Paul Weller in should they turn up on her doorstep Christmas carolling . . . but as for Shane. Well, he's hardly likely to turn up in Surrey's des. res. and double garage-land anyway, is he?

Even though I know
you were being paid for
it, I still admire any-
one who can put & take
my ranting until his
ears are on fire!
Perhaps I've become the
boss I always feared
of in counselling myself.



CHRISSIE HYNDE writes with a starboard slant, the 'i' dots flying far off to the right and with every letter connected. This shows her to be quick-thinking, positive and energetic, at her best when communicating her feelings and ideas to others. She's strong-willed, systematic, logical and

highly efficient. But before you write and ask her to manage your band, remember that she's self-protective and defensive (it's those curled up 'i's), and is liable to become angry if you interrupt her work or waste her time. There's the suggestion of a number of unhappy or broken relationships in the past too, but the overwhelming impression is of Ms Efficiency.

LoLama
Bob Jones
Lettie



HE MAY be veteran rock'n'roller, but Little Richard's an actor, a born showman, at heart. The wildness and breadth of his writing show him to be a highly imaginative man who likes to create a stir wherever he goes. Generous, extravagant and an excellent host, he can also be boastful, restless and lacking in concentration. But there's courage, adventure and a desire to excel too. And any clues to the well-documented sexual excesses of youth? Well, he's only used one lower zone letter here—the 'g' and 'y' loops that reveal sexual attitudes—but the all-round wildness of the script suggests his autobiography was no work of fiction.

Peace & love to you
Paul



PAUL WELLER's tall and light, upright writing style won him *muchos* admiration from Gloria. "A gentle and delightful character—oh, I liked him very much. Is it you Alan?" Alas, not. Instead it's someone with potential psychic powers, with a sense of drama (those wild flourishes give him away, style councillors) and a definite need for praise. Tolerant, genial, a practical joker, he's generous, responsive and a good listener... impressionable... highly creative... Could Gloria have fallen in love? Any clue to political motivations in his script? "Yes, in so far as there's a definite concern for his fellow man." Would you vote for him, Gloria? "Oh yes—why, is he involved with a party?" But the damning truth is, Paul, that she rather thought you must be a Conservative!

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife. (Jane Austen)
Tracey Thorne.



HONEST, DIRECT and determined, that's our Trace. She's got a critical and investigative mind which searches around for knowledge—she's always asking questions (which must get on Ben's wick after a while). The upright script shows her to be

someone with leadership qualities whose emotions are very much under control. But getting to know her can be difficult; she's happy to be by herself at times and can appear aloof. Underneath all that beats a warm heart though—she's not likely to be a thorn in anyone's side with such positive down strokes and pointy 'n's.

In Between the lines of our destiny
EP



THE DISCONNECTED lettering and even nib pressure of jazz warrior Courtney Pine mark him out as a highly intuitive individual who is always open to the influences of the moment. His opinions are based on feelings more than reason, and he can form

strong likes or dislikes on the basis of first impressions or even appearances. An extremely observant man, he can be moody and unreasonable at times, and has difficulty in seeing himself critically—despite an ability to be highly critical of others. He's very attentive to detail and will work hard, but in fits and starts.

... HAVING INTRODUCED THE YOUNG SPROGS OF ITALY TO THE CONCEPT OF A NORTHERN SOUL—DEMOCRATIC CENTRALIST CROSS POLLINATION, WE ARE FINALLY BACK IN ENGLAND'S GREEN & PLEASANT... THANKED FOR MAKING THE 25TH CLINE AT THE MEAN FIDDLER THE HOTTEST HOOTENANNY SINCE VI. LENIN'S BASH AT THE FINLAND STATION CIRC. 1917... TA VERY MUCH & A FUNKY YOW (AHAM)...
Martin Thorne

AS KARL MARX MORE FAMOUSLY PUT IT:
"LET'S CUT THE CHICKENSHT & GET STUCK IN!"



WOULD YOU mark X Moore down as the sort of man who'd stand in line to view a fine art exhibition or some cultural collection? It's the highly simplified

letters, the straight bass line and regular spacing that give the clue to Chris Dean's softer side. He's thorough, exacting and precise too—a clear-thinking individual who sees what's needed and acts accordingly. Highly reliable himself, he won't suffer fools gladly and can put great energy into projects that involve or interest him. There's a materialistic streak here too—and can it be true that some phobias, possibly a fear of lifts, lurk behind his positive exterior. Oh, and the flattering news is that the preference for a broad-nibbed pen suggests a certain confidence *between the sheets*... of Basil Don Bond?

HELLO
XSHANE
FUCK
YOU



NOT THE sort of message to endear you to a graphologist, but the trained eye spots more than just the insult. It's a case of 'I love me' here, suggested by the size and

pressure of the letters. There's little respect for authority—this is a man who's very direct and will call a spade a f***** shovel, even if it will cause offence. Aggressive, imaginative and impatient, there is however a definite insecurity underlying the outward display of confidence—a brash exterior, a caustic sense of humour but a warm heart too. And any visual clues to the state of Shane's dental work? "Well, the whole thing looks like a rather nasty set of choppers, doesn't it?" ran the expert reply.

Here is what
I write like
Kinda but I
am trying to
write really,
quickly so
it reveals all
the dirty hidden
secrets of my
subconscious



JOE STRUMMER's erratic script marks him out as a lover of the limelight (well, someone's got to go there), who'll do the unexpected just to shock. He's a hard worker with a

vivid imagination and plenty of original ideas, but can be unpredictable and hard to pin down. He's got a big ego, finding criticism difficult to take, while the style of his 'I' shows him to be independent with a need to be noticed. But... and it's *oh, shock horror* readers... he's not yet totally fulfilled in the, er, sexual sense. So you'll be off down The Limelight again tonight, will you Joe?

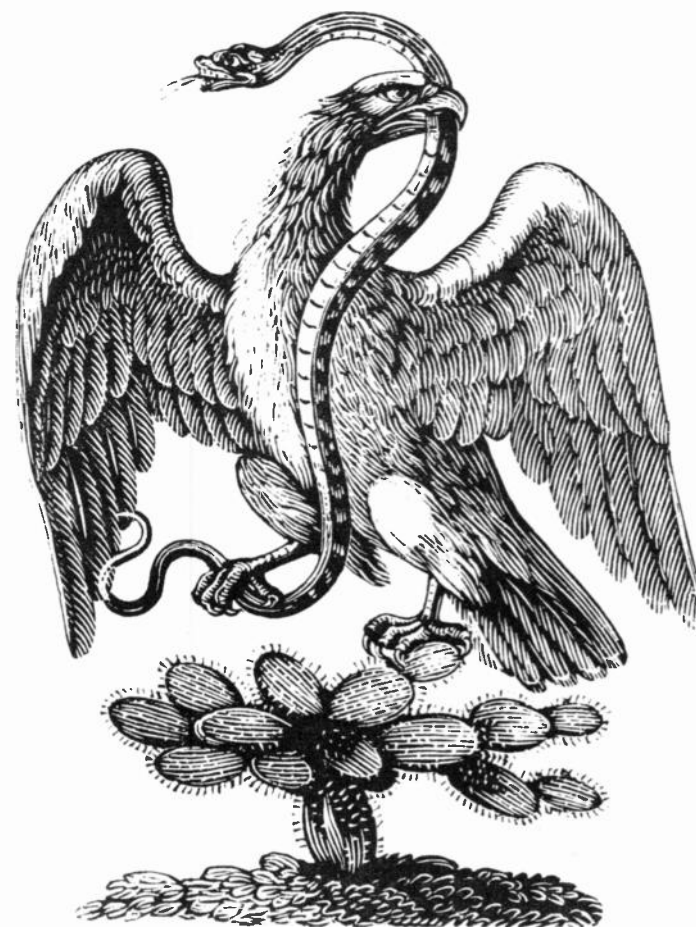
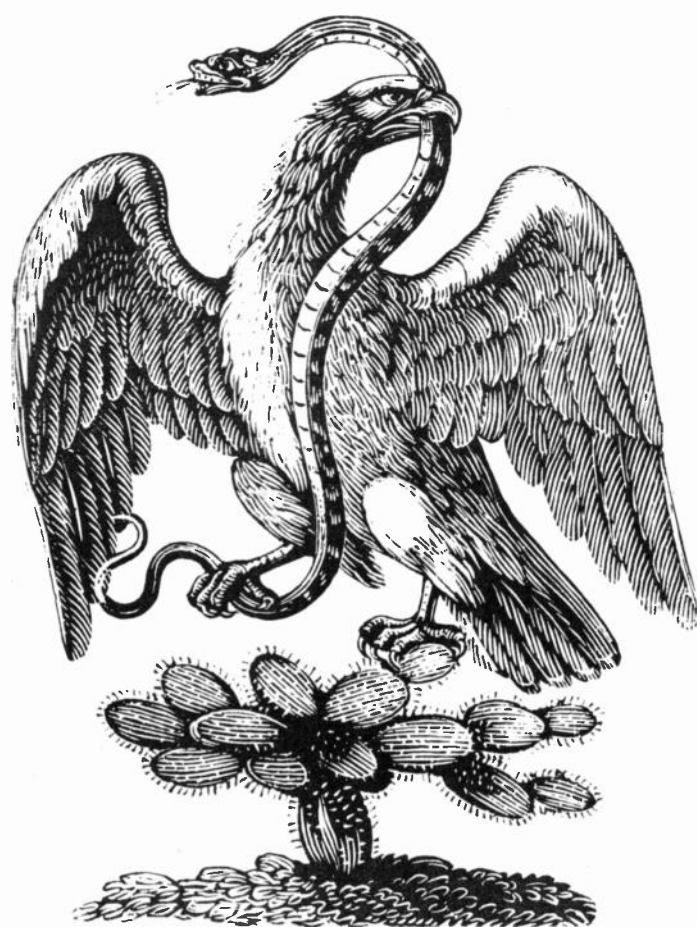
What's so funny bout
Peace
Love
& understanding?
Cait O'Riordan
Frank & Murray
625 552
(Poque Manager)



THE ROUND, almost threadlike movements of Cait O'Riordan's pen won her instant plaudits... "She's a charming lady with a delightful personality. I like her."

Word is that she's sensitive and emotionally healthy, adaptable and flexible socially with a natural enjoyment of people. She pushes herself hard, and will try to maintain a pleasant front even when exhausted. She thinks in an original manner, believes in 'Live And Let Live' and is quite broadminded, but needs security too and can feel threatened when faced with too many changes in her immediate environment. And, despite recent career moves, she has a strong dislike of friction or arguments of any kind. Nice one, Cait.

1986 saw an unprecedented number of attacks on rock by parents' concern groups and right-wing fundamentalists. *NME* itself was castigated as "grossly explicit and mostly immoral". STEVEN WELLS talks to JELLO BIAFRA and JIMMY LEE STEWART and examines the contradictions in the moralists' arguments.



REVENGE OF THE PARENTS

IT WAS discovered in 1986 that rock music causes abortions, suicide, drug abuse, underage sex, VD, AIDS, homosexuality, atheism, communism, satanism, witchcraft, bestiality and graverobbing.

Every moralistic tub-thumper from the fuddy-duddy smothermummies of the English home counties to the smug humbuggers of American TV evangelism has leapt on the speeding bandwagon. It's not a matter of being mildly gummed by Toothless and Disgusted of Tunbridge Wells, this new wave of moralists is out to *kill* rock music—and so far they've had it all their own way.

The slickest of these groups is the American 'Parents' Music Resource Centre'. They come across as slightly 'out-of-touch' but well-meaning politicians' wives keen to do their bit to stop filthy and depraved rock music reaching the ears of the innocent.

"Have you seen John Denver's video? Since he divorced his wife he has a whole new image. You should see him. He's kissing this woman and his shirt is open. That's what happens, this Heavy Metal thing is infecting the mainstream performers and pushing them to change their acts in order to make money," gushes Senator's wife Tipper Gore. Shucks!

The PMRC does well to avoid and deny any close relationship with the more rabid and intolerant religious anti-rockers of the bible belt. What is seldom publicised, however, is that the bulk of PMRC propaganda is written by one Rev Jeff Ling, a preacher who's been fighting depravity in rock for the last five years.

I rang another of these TV crusaders, the Rev Jimmy Lee Swaggart, and asked him why he is so violently opposed to rock music.

"It's one of the most degrading and debilitating seams in America and the world. It propagates drug abuse, alcohol abuse, illicit sexual behaviour and perversion. I don't like rock music. I think we'd all be better off without it."

How does this affect the Rev's relationship with his cousin, Jerry Lee Lewis?

"We're still very close. He was 'round here yesterday. He knows how I feel and I love him but I detest what he does. Basically you

could say that I'm trying to put him out of business."

Adopting an even more extreme stance against what he calls "Murder Music", the Rev Christian A Brothers claims that Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video advocates "demonism" and that The Beatles were "communist revolutionaries". He condemns Yes, Carlos Santana and George Harrison for being tainted with Hinduism; criticises John Denver for having undergone EST; and slams Stevie Wonder and Donna Summer for believing in astrology.

"It's a matter of the beat. If you actually go to any rock concert all you can hear are the pulsating drums. I see the devil in rock music in a literal sense, yes sir, I do. . . . I tell the kids, I tell them that when your life's in the sewer, when your brain's scorched out on drugs—try ringing your favourite pop star then and see if he gives a flip!"

But what of Christian rockers like Cliff Richard and Stryper? How does he feel about Gospel music?

"I totally oppose Christian Rock. I think it sets up a real confusion. They can change the lyrics but the attire and the gyrations and everything else stays the same. . . . I think there's a great difference between gospel and rock. I know a great many black preachers who would be deeply insulted if you said they were the same. You can't put Amy Grant and the Dead Kennedys in the same category."

The Rev Brothers is no ageing fogey, he's 38 and an ex-Mamas And The Papas fan.

"But it wasn't all devil worship and suicide then."

The Rev runs a home for "troubled children"—"the term 'prison' is 190 per cent off base"—in which inmates are placed by their parents. Here they are straightened out, partly by complete isolation from rock music.

ANOTHER ORGANISATION that seeks to rescue children from the damaging influence of rock is the Los Angeles Back In Control Centre. They are not bashers of bibles but instead build on the legacy of '50s child psychology ('Why Little Johnny Can't Read').

For a minimum of \$250 they claim to be able to turn the most obnoxious punker or the most rebellious Heavy Metaler back into a loveable all-American child. In the Los Angeles area, parents of juvenile offenders can be ordered to attend Back In Control meetings under threat of imprisonment. Parents of kids corrupted by punk or HM are told to impose a total ban on rock music, to

conduct random room searches and to confiscate "black clothing". This process, known as 'de-punking' or 'de-metaling', is aimed at those kids who "when a mother says—Clean up your room!—turn around and say—Fuck you, bitch!"

As with the PMRC the image is authoritative and respectable, using statistics and 'common sense' rather than chunks of metaphysical jargon. However, a quick glance through Back In Control's guide to parents—*The Punk Rock and Heavy Metal Handbook*—reveals some pretty stunning gaffes from these supposed experts.

Hard Core or "O.I." (sic) is defined as "original punkers found in England in the early '70s who were followers of Sid Vicious, lead singer of the Sex Pistols. . . ."

Under the heading "POLITICAL PUNK" they list the UK Subs; under "OCCULT PUNK" they put The Cult and 999; defined as punk "WEIRDOS" we find Billy Idol, Fad Gadget, The Fine Young Cannibals, Strawberry Switchblade and Echo And The Bunnymen. Most bizarre, however, is the definition of the CND symbol as a "broken cross, upside down with arms broken to denounce Christianity". Author Darlyne R. Pettinicchio also informs us that "punk fans see themselves as victims of society who indulge in violent acts such as throwing cats and rabbits against walls. . . ."

IT IS CURIOUS that all these groups target, almost exclusively, the music of white suburban youth. It seems that rock and roll, with all its evil and debilitating effects, is OK as long as it stays in the non-white ghetto.

Adding their voices to those of the PMRC, the Evangelists and the child psychologists are some radical feminists and Right wing legislators—a formidable alliance.

The main battleground in the US is the courts. Twelve states have legislation pending that will severely restrict the availability and range of music. Democrat politician Judith Roth ("rock music is the major cause of incest in the home") states: "Wait until we start court cases under existing laws. The purpose isn't to win, the purpose is to keep them so tied up that they won't know what hit them."

Los Angeles Deputy City Attorney, Michael Guarino, said in a TV interview: "This is the most *cost effective* way of sending out the message to those people who wish to profiteer from the distribution of harmful matter to minors that we're not going to look the other way—that we're going to prosecute."

The "harmful matter" he's talking about is the now infamous Penis Landscape poster given away with The Dead Kennedys' album 'Frankenchrist'. The prosecution of lead singer Jello Biafra and four others on obscenity charges has already borne witness to the success of the "censorship through prosecution" tactic. The Dead Kennedys have split up under the pressure.

Speaking from his San Francisco home, Biafra reiterated his total opposition to censorship of all kinds, including "the degrading and sexist side of rock".

"The point is that when you start to censor somebody else, sooner or later the gag will be on your mouth."

I asked him if he wouldn't be offended, if he had a four-year-old daughter, to find her mulling over something that disgusts him—a WASP or Sammy Hagar LP. Wouldn't he take the offending material off her?

"No, even with a four-year-old child.

Taking the record away from her isn't going to convince her that it's harmful or suspect. In the long run all it's going to teach her is that Daddy is a fascist. I would sit the child down and I'd ask—Why do you like it? What do you think it is? What do you think it's saying?—Then I'd tell her why I didn't like it. . . . That's the reason we're being busted, because some parent is too chickenshit lazy to sit down with their child and discuss it."

And so Biafra becomes the "punk Dr. Spock", assuming that every family has Waltonesque role models who have both the time and the social skills to sit down and thrash out their differences with little Johnny. If only they weren't so *lazy*. He becomes more than a little offended when I suggest that he sounds like Thatcher with her talk of "the family" and "responsibility".

Of course he's right, parents *should* sit down and talk to their children. But 'bad' ideas—racism, sexism etc—are the *dominant* ideas in society. Most parents will be nearer to Sammy Hagar or Jimmy Stewart than they are to Jello Biafra.

Stuart Cosgrove's article on the PMRC in the *NME* earlier this year highlighted the flaws in the American Left's almost universal reaction against censorship—"It's wrong, all of it, we have the *right* to free speech." It puts committed radicals like Biafra in the invidious position of defending the rights of pornographers, the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party too. But is there an alternative? Perhaps not this side of Lenin: "What aids the revolution is moral, what hinders it is immoral". But Lefties in the UK are well aware of the dangers of

putting powers of censorship in the hands of the state, I myself have been busted under the Race Relations Act for drunkenly chanting anti-Tory slogans in the street. As Don Watson has pointed out – and as we have seen in practice in the USA – there is a dangerously thin line between the anti-porn stance of some feminists and the attitudes of the Right wing moralists.

In Britain we've had over seven years of Thatcher. Doom-mongers predicted that she'd bring in her wake a savage moral clampdown. She talks and walks like a stereotypical Sunday School killjoy, despite her hardened political arteries, whilst on her right hand side sits Uncle Norman, *pince nez* agleam with moral superiority. Yet morals and manners follow the economic fact – the permissive '60s were fuelled by the economic boom of the previous decade. It looks as if the latest recession has finally crept from our purses to our pants.

The most obvious target for the Tories has been young working class women and Gays. From Gillick to HM Customs, from the *Sunday Express* to the Responsible Society, the morals of the 'average' suburban Tory voter have been imposed on a society still mindlocked on the idea that the liberalisations won in the '60s were cast in stone, never to be repealed. The right to strike has already been severely curtailed as has the right to demonstrate and to organise. Under threat are the rights to abortion on demand, to easily available contraception and the right to choose and practise your own sexuality. Also under attack is the right to read or write anything that approves of the above activities.

THE RESPONSIBLE Society report on "teenage magazines" published in October – "The Seductive Sell" – made some bizarre moral assumptions. What disgusted its researchers most about the *NME* was not the Barclays Bank advertising or the grossly sexist National Express ads but, wait for it, **HOMOSEXUALITY**...

"...pride of place goes to homosexual activity – it seems that discos and pop

magazines now expect to cater on a regular basis for the 'gay scene'. We were nauseated to find columns of advertisements for homosexual and lesbian partners in *New Musical Express*..."

Nauseated! This *hatred* the smothermummies have for homosexuality is shared by their US counterparts. Hear Swaggart on AIDS.

"In America AIDS started in the gay community because of the terrible, filthy lifestyle with its filthy, rotten, unclean sexual acts. If homosexuality was back in the closet we wouldn't have AIDS."

The fact is that Thatcher's "Victorian values" and Tebbit's attack on "the permissive society" are desperate attempts to bridge a massive gap in Tory ideology. The libertarians who have made the running on the Right, stress "self-interest". In practice the 'freedoms' that the Tories have brought us have economically *undermined* the family. Self-interest is incompatible with Christianity as a philosophy of caring.

Libertarian magazines like the Federation of Conservative Students' *New Agenda* often make quite savage attacks on the likes of Mary Whitehouse and the "fuddy duddy" right.

The Right wing libertarians are correct; economic 'free enterprise' and censorship are incompatible. Under a totally free system – as envisaged by the likes of the FCS – heroin, cocaine, child and adult prostitution, and pornography *should* be easily available to all who want them and can afford them.

An example of the contradiction in practice is the vast array of services now offered via the de-nationalised Telecom by porno-companies. Thatcher and Tebbit have a foot in both the libertarian and the fuddy-duddy camps. They seek to build a more materialistic, a more selfish society and at the same time to hold on to a moral code that belongs to a more patriarchal, culturally sterile and less technological age.

In a perfect world there would be no censorship.

In this imperfect world the people who scream loudest about censorship are the very ones who would fight to the death to defend the system that causes the ills they seek to eradicate.

greetings from **UP HERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND**

SOMETHING OLD...

The Icicle Works return for a lost weekend to their independent roots

SOMETHING NEW...

A song from the sessions for the forthcoming Icicle Works album *'Up here in the North of England'* a view of the hometown '86 when you've been around the world /

PLUS a solo track from bassist Chris Layhe entitled *'Waylaid'*

SOMETHING BORROWED...

from The Band *'It makes no difference'* from Robert Wyatt *'Sea Song'* / from Spirit *'Natures Way'* / three solo interpretations by singer Ian McNabb originally scheduled for release under the alias *'Melting Bear'*

SOMETHING DUE...

out this week on the **SITUATION TWO** Label / a five track single on 12" only

greetings from **THE ICICLE WORKS**

Note for record shops...

THE ICICLE WORKS / UP HERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND can be ordered from Pinnacle or The Cartel / catalogue number is **SIT 45T** / no excuses, phone!

GARY MOORE **THE NEW SINGLE** **OVER THE HILLS** **AND FAR AWAY**

U.K. TOUR DATES FOR 1987 **MARCH**

THURS · 26: **EDINBURGH** · PLAYHOUSE
SAT · 28: **BIRMINGHAM** · NEC
SUN · 29: **SHEFFIELD** · CITY HALL
MON · 30: **NEWCASTLE** · CITY HALL

APRIL

WED · 1: **LONDON** · HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURS · 2: **LONDON** · HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TEN 134



TENT 134



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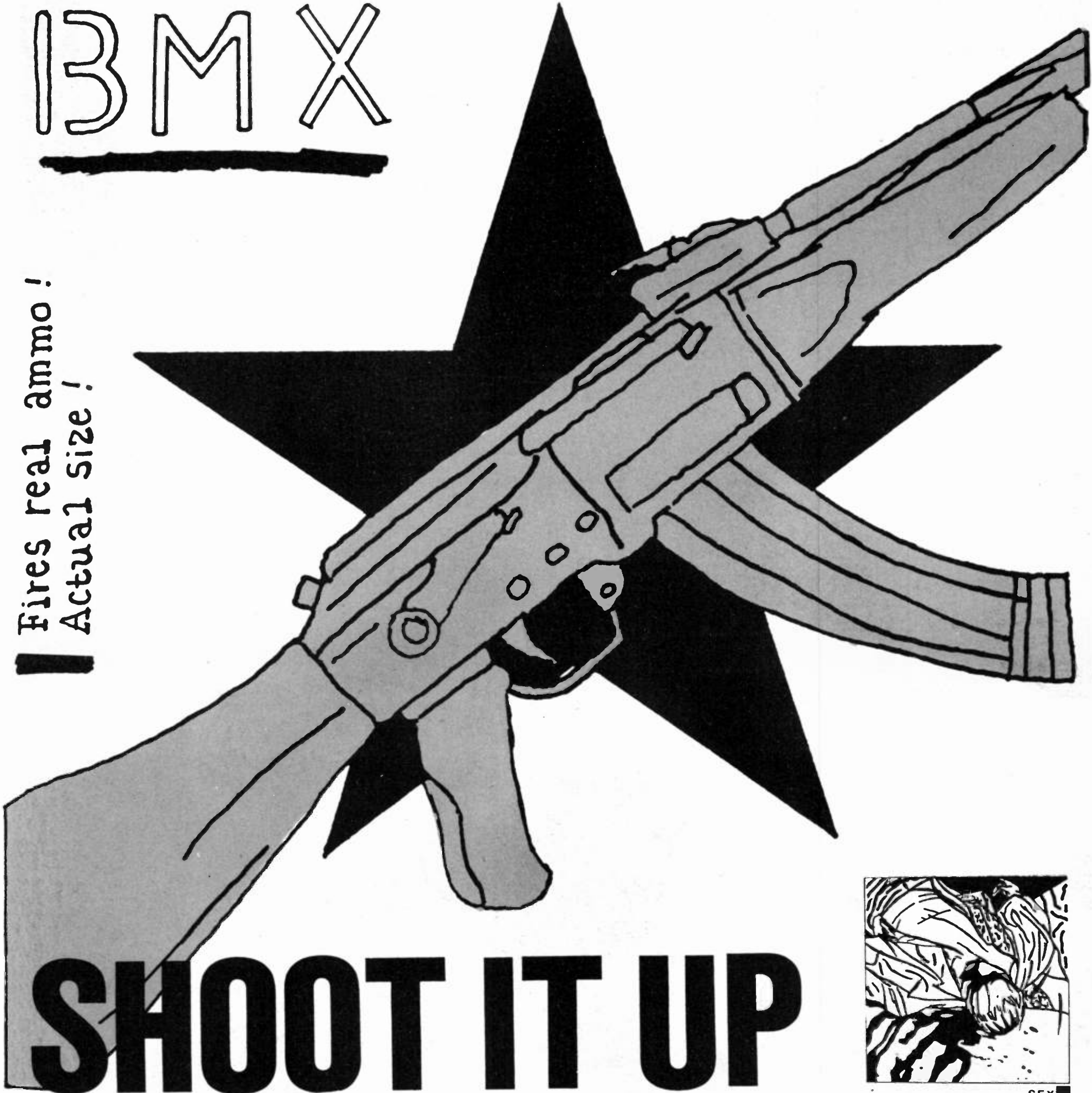


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THE MAN WHO TOLD THE WORLD



"TO BE TOTALLY honest with you, Paula hates the *NME* even more than I do! If she was here you wouldn't be doing this interview . . . *you wouldn't even be allowed in the house!* . . ."

The world's most famous Dublin brogue is in frighteningly animated overdrive. Each word—and there are, naturally, hundreds—gives off an acrid aroma; it's the unmistakable smell of *vitriol* . . .

"But honestly, you have no idea just how much I hate it. Really *hate* it. I would love to *destroy* it; it hurt me so much, to the point where it curdled my soul . . ."

"I can understand people not liking me—my dogmatism gets mistaken for arrogance—but I could never understand the *vehemence*, the way the Rats were *systematically* vilified and I was made out to be Rod Stewart Mark II or something . . ."

Weird interview this, *weird*. Bob Geldof is purging himself of gallons of something disgustingly green and treacly, a bile that he's evidently tended, like some demented wine-keeper, for years. And I—too amazed to argue, too polite to laugh—haven't spoken for 15 minutes.

" . . . I think the hatred stemmed from the fact that the Rats didn't fit the political *gestalt* the *NME* operated at the time; I would sneer openly at the ridiculous, assinine, undergraduate corny politics of Punk. Something called 'street cred' was the unquantifiable commodity you *had* to have, so we were never, *ever* cool . . ."

"But if you look back there were only ever eight important people in Punk—the Pistols, The Jam, The Clash, The Stranglers, Elvis, the Damned, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and the Rats. Those eight . . . that was *it* . . ."

But that, I mentally calculate as he careers on, is *nine*, eight important figures *and* the Rats. Never mind close examination, Bob Geldof's rewrite of Punk doesn't even stand up to elementary arithmetic! I really don't have the heart to disillusion him . . .

"Take The Clash; they represented the agitprop aspect, while the Rats espoused *Top Of The Pops*, singles, fame, all the things they were supposed to rebel *against*. I explained it 'til I was blue in the face; you needed money to be independent—Humphrey Bogart's 'fuck you' money—and

you needed fame to use as a platform to talk about the things that actually concerned you, not to make the crass statements the rest spouted . . . rubbish like . . . rubbish like . . ."

Rubbish like . . . ?
" . . . like 'we're not going to appear on *Top Of The Pops*!'"

He is literally *shrieking* now. "That's *it*? The world reduced to 'we're not going on *Top Of The Pops*? Are you fucking mad?'"

"And because we wouldn't do the things it wanted we were destroyed by a Jesuit institution, the *NME* . . ."

And so on and so on he goes, ranting and raving about the *NME*, his hatred of which he seems to have infinite means of expressing.

" . . . the *NME*, my hatred of which I still find it difficult to express . . ."

WHAT ARE we to make of time man Geldof—saviour, saint and failed pop star? How do we deal with the last two of his 33 years, except to note that Christ, by tradition, died at 33, and to say that they defy logic, mock analysis and stretch credulity beyond pulp fiction's most lurid rantings?

Just two years ago, you'll recall, Bob Geldof was a loser, a hit-free zone, leader of a band whose records could only be shifted with the aid of dynamite. All that Bashful Bob—the original Bigmouth—had left was Paula and an obsessive bitterness over what he saw as the press-orchestrated commercial nosedive of the Boomtown Rats. And then, like mortar bombs in our cosy living rooms, came the TV reports on an unthinkable vast human tragedy, a famine in some place called Eritrea . . .

The rest, you know. In just 24 inhumanly hyper months he conceived, organised and willed into reality the most ambitious and successful charity record of all time, the first truly global pop event and an Olympics-dwarfing convulsion of sport; he kicked complacent political butts, harangued the United Nations, got married (twice) and became a best selling author; he got knighted by public demand, just missed a Nobel, but scooped (in the last month) the equally prestigious Third World Prize; and . . .

He saved lives . . .

Yes, Presley provided a groin-swivelling outlet for a generation's repressed desires; yes, Dylan gave voice to an America previously dumb; yes, The Beatles set the young's agenda for the best part of a decade; and yes, Springsteen may well personally embody the last vestiges of decency surviving in the industrialised West. But none of them had quite the impact of the man who wrote 'Mary Of The Fourth Form': *he saved lives* . . .

A cert for deification, an incurable

He's angry. BOB GELDOP—the honorary knight who literally saved thousands of lives; the best-selling author who this year was deservedly awarded the Third World Prize; the popstar . . . is f-f-f-furious. And what's the root of the great one's wrath? Is it because *NME* ambassador DANNY KELLY refuses to accept the indisputable fact that The Boomtown Rats were one of the eight (or nine) great Punk acts of all time? 'Nowhere' man by A. J. BARRATT.

publicity junkie . . . brilliant enough to channel the outrage of an entire world, stupid enough to worry about a pop weekly . . . capable of switchblade-sharp (economic, political and logistical) insight, utterly deluded about the place of his tatty old band . . .

What are we to make of this man Geldof?

HIS CHELSEA town house is furnished in a slightly jarring combination of Victoriana and *Around The World In 80 Days*. A sideboard groans beneath the weight of a forest of trophies ("only the smaller ones, we keep the rest elsewhere"), institutional recognition of Geldof's work. There's a little 'un—Irish Peacemaker Of The Year from a Tipperary newspaper—in the loo as well.

Geldof himself is tall and lean. He lives in constant peril of actually cutting quite a presentable, not to say imposing, figure. The anarcho-jungle hair and that millimetre-perfect stubble go some considerable way to averting that particular danger, but the *clincher* is that dress sense . . .

He's just back from doing some TV. His assistant says "Bush House, *Breakfast Time*"; his suit says "Assault Course, *Krypton Factor*". The red rose motifs on the instep of each black suede slip-on is too little too late, the definitive case.

He takes the phone off the hook, extricates himself from an ankle deep carpet of official looking papers, arranges his limbs on a large settee and (12 months after we first asked him—when the cat's away . . .) begins to do what he does as well as anyone, better than most. Talk.

"The success was easily measured. Without a shadow of a doubt, thousands and thousands of people were helped to stay alive. That was the point of it, and without it those people would certainly have died . . ."

Eighteen months on from its dizzying and contradictory public zenith Live Aid, Geldof still gauges the success, or otherwise, of the entire project by a single, ferociously incorruptible yardstick—Starving People Saved.

But the passage of those months, and the settling of Live Aid's sense-numbing dust cloud, has meant that other perspectives have emerged.

"I think it brought home the incredible *proximity* of suffering to a generation of people who grew up in the '70s—a very selfish and cynical time. It went beyond guilt—it showed our *incredible* luck at being born here, rather than there!!"

That's true and commendable, but falls short of recognising the depth of Live Aid's impact-crater on youth both sides of the Atlantic, on people who *weren't* "helped to stay alive".

America's young are inheritors of a

passive, hopeless gospel passed on by a parental generation that had its faith (in themselves, in the Big Country) and its optimism shredded by Kennedy's slaying, Nixon's crookedness and defeat in Vietnam. Europe's youth live with the missiles in their hedgerows and window boxes, with the precarious balance of terror real enough to taint the morning milk.

Live Aid hit those bleak mental scapes, hit us, like a train. It showed that sometimes things *can* be done; it wafted the addictive idea of *change* into heads previously resigned to impotent rage in the face of apparently immutable stasis. And, perhaps most importantly, it provided the millions whose respect (for self and others) had been eaten away by *submersion* in a foul soup of monetarism, new moralism and who-gives-a-fuckism, with something that was pure and worthwhile, something to believe in. It gave a whole generation a change—fleeting, perhaps their first and last—to see itself wearing the white hats, *to feel good about itself*.

Geldof asserts that "if those people grew up realising that the people of Africa do *not* normally go 'round in rage, that there is something between us that transcends all the nonsense about skin and stuff, then it's a worthwhile bonus", but it goes deeper than that. Without getting too Woodstock about this, it's fair to say that Live Aid cut a clearing in the dense mangrove swamp of our numbskull nihilism, and if we let that clearing become overgrown again, the face of Bob Geldof will come to haunt us. *He'll* make sure of that.

IN SOME ways Live Aid hasn't changed Geldof one iota. The gab is still very much intact, and the emotions are still worn on the sleeve. *On both sleeves*. He beams at his personal highlight (stepping into a pool of light on that Wembley stage, a feeling no other human being could ever have felt), and, when I wonder what the worst moments were, the first real silence for an hour descends and his eyes fill with the unmistakable glister of tears.

"The worst things? . . . The camps in the desert . . . Just having to view things that human eyes should never have to see . . ."

It's hard staring across this room, to equate the voiciferous but identifiably in-control streak of hair, creases and opinion opposite me with the whirling dervish Geldof of 18 months ago. Then, as he jetted around the world, the motormouth on raging automatic pilot, I sincerely believed that he was going to blow a fuse, that one day the head beneath that increasingly familiar mop would turn purple, begin to swell and crack, and then, like something from *Scanners* or *Videodrome*, explode in a revolting slop over some bewildered bigwig.



"People would say 'god, you look awful'. But they soon realised that that was my normal state."

"I collapsed twice—quite literally, one second talking, the next BANG! Just before Sport Aid, the second time, I blacked out and was unconscious for two days. I woke up and felt like I wanted a piss. Went to turn over and get out of bed and . . . nothing . . . nothing moved! Not my arms, not my legs, not my head. Nothing! I thought I'd had a stroke, I thought I was crippled. That was really frightening. But it was just tiredness."

Was he ever under any pressure to calm down, to quit? From Paula maybe? Or his family?

"Well, people would say 'god, you look awful'. But they soon realised that that was my normal state."

In other ways the experience of the last couple of the last couple of years has changed him profoundly. He still beavers prodigiously away for the Band Aid Trust, but there's a new, hard-headed, realism to his work.

Check this: a few months ago the

excellent American magazine *Spin* carried a massive article by a French writer which alleged that much of the Band Aid funds were going wildly astray. My subsequent investigations suggest—despite a solid wall of "no comment" from the offices of *Spin*—that the piece may well have been run to provoke Geldof into a responsive interview in the magazine, thus ensuring it a coup in its circulation rivalry with *Rolling Stone*. Whatever the motivation, the accusations cut to the bone . . .

A year ago they would've set Geldof going like a lighted match thrown into a firework box. He'd have held press conferences, flown here and there, kicked doors, slammed phones, effed, blinded, and fattened lips. But not now. Instead he quietly flexed his organisation's newly-acquired muscles and instigated legal proceedings against the errant journalist.

The case has yet to be heard, and Geldof can't talk about it, but similar charges

against Band Aid have been conspicuous by their absence from the pages of the world's press.

A LITTLE Christmas game: Complete the following popular lyric—*What the world needs now is . . .*
a) love sweet love
b) nuclear disarmament and a radical redistribution of available resources

or c) a new Bob Geldof LP?

So he's gone and done it. After three years off the case, and much egging on from Dave Stewart, Bob Geldof has gone back to the music making. To me this doesn't look like too good an idea . . .

I mean, he was never any good at it in the past, was he? And why be a boring old musician anyway, when his fame and popularity would allow him the pick of the jobs. He could waltz into his own TV chat

show—he's already got the required Irish accent . . . He could have another crack at the journalism, maybe even get *NME* to publish his alternative history of pop (Chapter Seven: The Eight Great Punk Bands, And The Rats) . . . He could set up as a Consultant Folk Hero . . . He could do anything, but has chosen instead to grace us with 'Deep In The Heart Of Nowhere', an LP that's got all Geldof's trademark approximations of this or that classic style (laced now with a few celebrity squares and an extra veneer or two of charisma). An LP that thousands of you will be getting from Santa because when Auntie Betty goes into Our Price the first name that'll spring to her lips will be that of the only pop star she knows. I suppose the carrier of that name's got a good reason for inflicting this on us . . .

"Band Aid was never meant to continue, to become an institution. It is the aberration in my life, not music. I've just gone back to doing my job."

And nice work it is too, if you can get it, particularly after not having a hit for A Very Long Time. The good folk at Phonogram have obviously signed you on the strength of your name.

"My last contract ran out on the very morning of Live Aid. We weren't having hits so I wasn't under any illusion that it would be renewed. As it happens, I didn't have any time then to seek another label . . . I think it would have been an academic exercise anyway . . ."

Noticeably absent from Bob's brave new world are the five other members of the Ninth Best Band In Punk.

A long, interesting kind of silence falls when I casually wonder if a certain amount of, erm, vermin control had occurred. That silence become very long and very interesting . . . Then . . .

"Our breakup wasn't acrimonious—we're too old to let small things worry us, and we all played at my wedding . . . but . . . I'd be less than honest if I said that there wasn't . . . a sort of . . . frissance . . ."

"We're still mates . . . but there cannot but be friction . . . the thing has acquired a certain 'et tu Brute' quality . . ."

"The thing has acquired a certain 'et tu Brute' quality! Bloody priceless! Geldof's months of shuttle diplomacy have obviously left their mark."

"The thing has acquired a certain 'et tu Brute' quality! Translation: 'there was a carve up; I'm the big cheese now; exit Msrs Fingers, Briquette, Crowe, Cott and Roberts, muttering darkly about dirty Rats . . ."

It also occurs that a career move which sees the job description on your tax forms changing from 'Saviour Of Africa, Friend Of Humanity, Scourge Of Despots, Freelance Messiah' to 'Pop Star' must present something of a PR problem. Geldof's

CONTINUES OVER

BOB GELDOF

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

resurrection into the pop life can't fail to look anything other than a comedown.

"It can *only* be a comedown," he reckons realistically. "People's perceptions of me are now so extreme—St Bob and all that stuff—that I can only let them down."

"I thought the book might deflate some of the ridiculous personality cult but it didn't; people used it to say what a great guy I was for being so candid..."

It's tempting at this juncture to become involved in some heavy duty sarcasm about being *too* wonderful, *too* popular, but there's an edge in his voice that people usually reserve for The Serious Stuff.

"Look", he continues, edge and all, "it's like this... Who remembers the day Reagan got shot? Nobody. And if President Kennedy had survived nobody would've remembered that date—November 23, 1963—or exactly what they were doing at the time. But he died and they *do*. In the same way, Live Aid is now so fixed in the psyche of our generation, because it transcended pop concerts—that's the last thing it was—and I'm the guy who put it together. So anything I do can only be less. I *cannot* live up to

people's expectations. I'll always let them down. I'll try not to, but..."

BOB GELDOF: I say, I say, I say... what's the secret of great comedy? Midge Ure: I dinnae ken, Bob, what is the...

Bob Geldof: Timing! Actually, there was *no* good time for The Return. It wouldn't have mattered whether Geldof'd scampered back onto the treadmill before the last Live Aid curtain call or waited 'til he was drawing his pension, he was going to be branded with the words 'Cash In' anyway. The told-you-so sneers had been practised for too long to let them go to waste...

"I'm in a very difficult position. I actually expected to be ruthlessly attacked for the book, which was done for the money because I had none at the time, and no means of support..."

"I also knew that whatever I did would be massively scrutinised. After all that's happened people would be expecting a lot of integrity and gravitas, but what if my

mind doesn't want all that, what if my mind just wants to forget? What if my mind just wants to write *yummy yummy yummy, I've got love in my tummy*?" People would say it was about starvation!"

Yes Bob, but you *didn't* write 'Yummy Yummy Yummy', or 'Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep', or 'Little White Bull'. You wrote 'This Is The World Calling'. *This. Is. The. World. Calling. Heavee...*

"I think people have deliberately misconstrued that. There's a story about that song..."

Naturally...

"It was at the Amnesty International concert in LA. Me and Dave Stewart were waiting to go on as the Brothers Of Doom—I was Dick Doom and he was Roger Doom. Actually he didn't like 'Roger' because for some reason he's always wanted to be called *Raymond*. But 'Raymond Doom'?"

"Anyway, as we waited to go on, all I could hear was Peter Gabriel doing 'Biko'. That huge drum beat was all I could hear, boom... boom, which suggested a heartbeat. Simple as that."

"But of course I foresaw people reading all

sorts of stuff into it. *What can I do?* Mark Ellen said the whole LP seemed to be about what went on in the last two years..."

And?

"It's obvious... he must be fucking mad!"

IT'S A FOUR-LETTER word, beginning with F. "Don't be naïve! All groups want it. Whether they admit it or not, they want it *bad*. I stood out because I never made any bones about it..."

FAME! Not for Bob Geldof that X directory, the dark glasses, the 24-stone 'security advisor' or the electrified fences.

Fame, fame, fatal fame! Bob Geldof absolutely *adores* it, always *did* adore it, and sorely missed it when it went away for two years or so. The assorted Aids, of course, brought it back bigger and brighter and more beautiful than even he could've dreamed. And, unlike tea, the second helping has tasted even sweeter.

But fame has also precipitated one of the more obviously unattractive aspects of Geldof's Life, namely his membership of pop's nauseating new royal family.

"I don't see the problem."

What? Not the obligation to be seen at the correct scummy night clubs? Not the compulsory sex (it can never be love) with the tripe of Fleet Street? Not having to hang 'round with the twits from Spandau, Duran and the rest?...

"Those people are basically decent. What are you getting at?"

I'm getting at ostentatious displays of wealth, at people out of touch with any recognisable reality, and at 'weren't-supergroups-and-Glam-great-let's-pretend-it's-1974-again'. I'm getting, truth to tell, at the sort of people who'd turn their own wedding into a full house, big top, three bloody circus...

"Oh come off it. We had a second wedding so our friends could share it with us. The small number of stars who were photographed were the only ones there, and they were *my friends*. We didn't want the media there, didn't invite them and hired security to keep them out. That's why they made up a load of malicious lies."

I'd have thought that you, like The Beatles in the '60s, are so popular that you're a protected species as far as the press are concerned, immune.

"You must be joking! Surely? There's been a contract out on me—y'know, Dig The Dirt On Bismouth Bastard Geldof—for a year now, but basically I lead a very boring life so they've got a problem..."

Yeah, That's what another member of the elite used to say. *That's* what George O'Dowd used to say...

SO THAT'S what we're to make of this man Geldof. That he's the star of the '80s most outrageous folk saga; that he's a tough, touchy taskmaster with an instinctive nose for the organisationally lunatic, the institutionally dishonest and the morally indefensible, and a tongue to make public his findings; that he is probably, in a world very low on such things, some sort of hero.

But despite all this, there runs through him—like the writing through seaside rock—a core-deep flaw, a central source of sadness. It's his almost manic need to be accepted as a musician, and worse, as a rock star.

Geldof's *fame* is copper-bottomed, lasting. If the impact of Live Aid is as deep as currently seems likely then that fame is probably something approaching *immortality*. For the rest of his life he will be in huge demand for chat show appearances, and before the start of each and every one—before the audience has even been allowed into the studio—he'll sneak onstage and, with thumping heart, secrete his trusty acoustic guitar behind the interviewee's chair.

But not one host—not Terry Wogan, not Russell Harty, not Michael Parkinson or Johnny Carson—will still that heart, will take the bait; *not one host*—not Frank, not Des, not Noel, not Gloria, Selina, Ann or Cilla—will ever ask him to take out that guitar and give us a few of the old ones...

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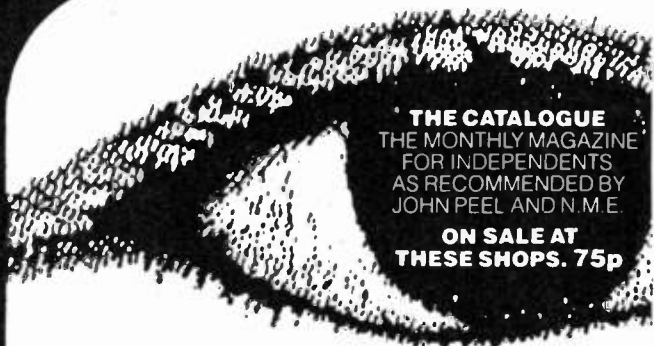
THE Return of...

Independent, in-dē-pend'ent, *a.* Not bound or subject to another; free from control; bold; resenting authority; not influenced by or related to anything else.

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NORWICH **BACKS** 3 Swan Lane
NORTHAMPTON **SPIN A DISC** 19a Abington Square
NOTTINGHAM **SELECTADISC** Bridlesmithgate
NOTTINGHAM **SELECTADISC** Market Street
NOTTINGHAM **ARCADE RECORDS** 26 West End Arcade
NOTTINGHAM **BASEMENT** 18 St James Street
ORPINGTON **ELPEES** 271 High Street
PERTH **GOLDRUSH** 9 Kinnoull Street
PENZANCE **SOUNDCHECK** 28 Causeway Head
PLYMOUTH **MEAT WHIPLASH** 25 Market Avenue
PRESTON **ACTION** 47a Church Street
READING **LISTEN RECORDS** 131 The Butts
ROMFORD **DOWNTOWN** 3 Lockwood Walk
RUGBY **DISCOVERY** Rugby Centre
RUISLIP **LIGHTNING** 108 High Street
SCARBOROUGH **STUDIO ONE** Station Forecourt
SCUNTHORPE **RECORD VILLAGE** High Street
SHEFFIELD **FON** 71 Division Street
SOLI HULL **DISCOVERY** 24 Regent Street
STAFFORD **LOTUS** 1 Salter Street
STOKE-ON-TRENT **LOTUS** Piccadilly Arcade, Hanley
STOKE-ON-TRENT **MIKE LLOYD** Brunswick Street, Hanley
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON **DISCOVERY** 3 Bell Court
TUNBRIDGE WELLS **CLASSICAL LONG PLAYER** 3 Grosvenor Road
WICKFORD **ADRIANS** 36 High Street
WINSFORD **OMEGA** Woodford Lane
YEOVIL **ACORN** 3 Glovers Walk
YORK **RED RHINO** 73 Goodramgate



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THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE
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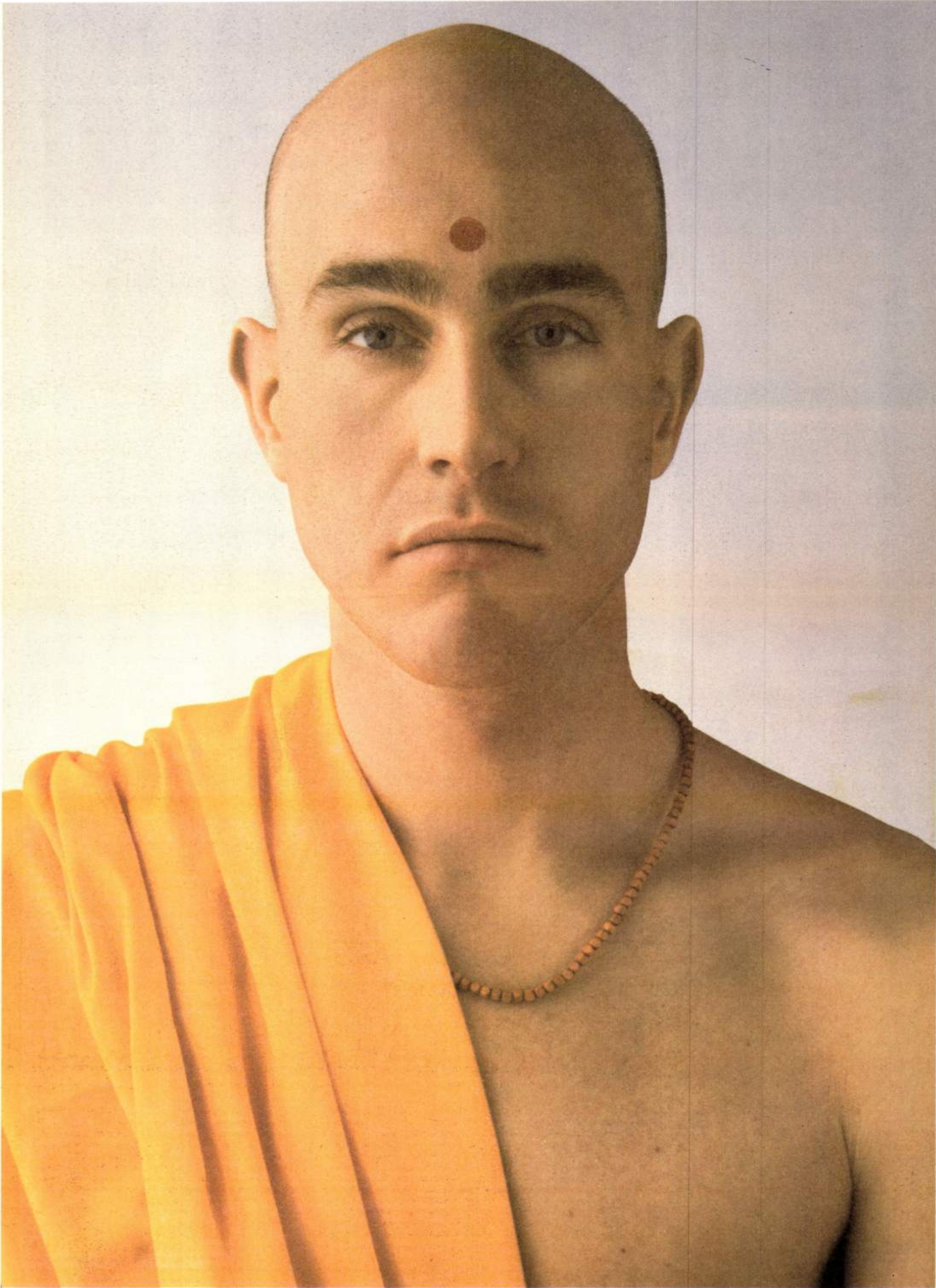
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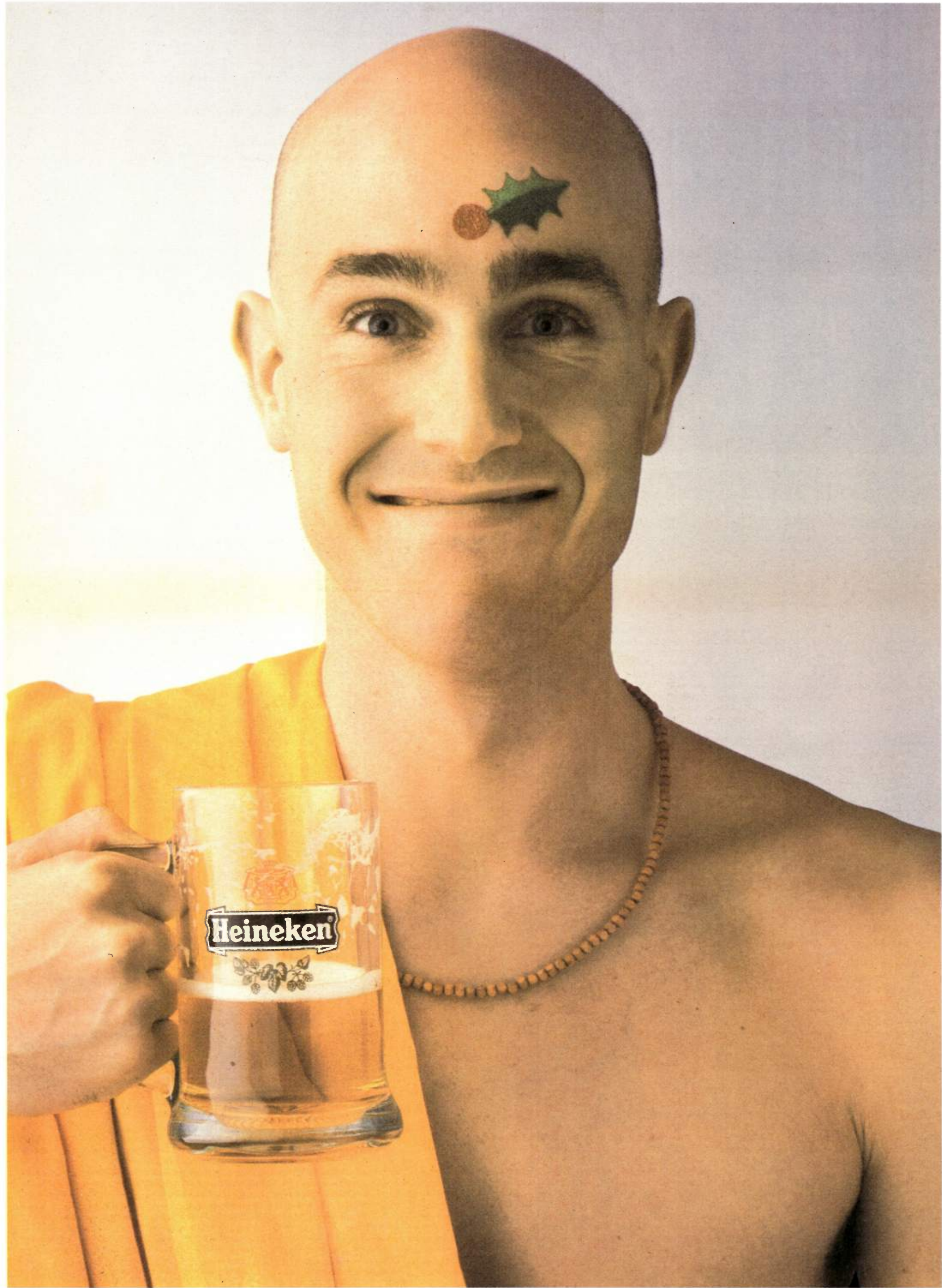
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C A R T E L - T H E V I T A L L I N K

Cartel, kār'tel, n. A written challenge to duel.

Vital, vī'tal, *a.* Pertaining to life; necessary to life; indispensable; essential.





NME'S 86



SCANDALS OF '86

MAD DOGS & ENGLISHMEN

HE KEPT Europe free of loud, fat bolshy American tourists and over-paid entertainers, precipitated a major row between Norman Tebbit and the BBC. Even the controversy over American arms sales to Iran leads back to the spectacular power and effect of Libyan leader Mummur Gadaffy.

In this the 17th year of his reign, Gadaffy became the fully fledged media ogre, a mad-eyed Arab more dangerous than the curiously benign Russian leader Gorbachev. We hear little about life in Libya itself, where Gadaffy inspires a zeal and devotion which in the West is usually reserved

for rockstars. At the beginning of the year these youth were called The Generation Of Wrath, supposedly banded together in suicide squads and under the spell of their leader's prophetic revelations. This was before their anger was galvanised by the American slaughter of the 14th-15th April.

The term "state organised terrorism" quickly came into usage, though how any alleged Libyan examples of this practice differed from that carried out by Botha in South Africa or Reagan in Central America (or indeed Libya), commentators were unable to



"Woof."

explain. I'm sure Gadaffy is no angel, but to hear him described as a mad dog by Ronald Reagan, to see hundreds of innocent women and children murdered — with Margaret Thatcher sacrificing any vestige of British national honour left after the Falklands — inspires feelings of shame and disgust.

Such was the reaction nationally — 66% disapproved of F1-11s being allowed to fly from English US bases on their dreaded mission. Frighteningly, America seemed to give the action blanket approval. If so, their populace is more alien and easily

manipulated than they'd have us believe Libyans are.

It was America as a nation that came out of the whole affair the most badly tarnished — the richest nation in the world, but still never satisfied with its wealth; Europe used as a playground, left at the mercy of inflammatory American actions.

Perhaps the best thing that could come out of "the Libyan crisis" is for European countries to re-assess exactly what constitutes an ally.

Gavin Martin



TEMPLE OF GLOOM

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS was, perhaps, the greatest media con of 1986: a perfectly pre-peddled artefact, that sold itself on gloss and offered, in the end, nothing short of absolute dross. As films go, *Absolute Beginners* was nothing less than an extended and utterly vacuous pop promo video. It had neither the brevity nor instant charm of a four-minute wonder.

Instead *Absolute Beginners* — and most of the blame must lie at the door of Goldcrest and Palace pictures putting so much faith in the supremely talentless Julian Temple — was the utter tyranny of style over content. As such, it remains the (im)perfect image of the media-obsessed, style-fixated '80s, looking back and tainting an era when style was synonymous with innocence and fun. Or so they'd have us believe.

Absolute Beginners was the absolute pits as a musical because it didn't contain one good song and most of the dance routines were distinctly naff.

Absolute Beginners was the worst ever celluloid representation of a novel because it took all MacInnes' wit and weary wisdom and turned it into patronisingly bland and spoon-fed moral fable. Even that didn't work.

Absolute Beginners was one of the worst mistakes the British film industry will ever make because it trusted a charlatan media brat, Julien Temple, and his lamebrain, second-hand ideas about "the street" and "energy". Worse still, they then messed him about to the point of collapse through reckless editing and the withdrawing of money and faith. At one stage Temple was on the verge of collapse. That would have been a killer — the director dying for the biggest stinker in film history. What a hoot! It could have been re-released as *Temple Of Doom*.

Absolute Beginners failed because it tried to make Patsy Kensit a star but her absolute lack of anything approaching talent left her grounded as an absolute non starter.

Absolute Beginners as a project had everything going for it: the book, the Brit love of nostalgia, the imagery and iconography of the late '50s; the violence, the sex, the pills, the riots, the sharp dressers, the cool cats, the jazz, the love story... In the end it took all this potential and turned it into absolute pretension. As I said, a perfect parable for the swinging '80s.

Sean O'Hagan



Maradona: "Gotcha!"

A STOCKY Argentinian bearing a striking resemblance to soul brother *numero uno* James Brown this year laid indisputable claim to the title Godfather Of Footie.

More so than any previous tournament, the '86 World Cup in Mexico belonged to one man and that man was Diego Armando Maradona: while Argentina emerged triumphant, beating the durable but deathly West Germans in a tense final, their stocky skipper emphatically stamped his supreme skills and Latin cunning across the entire *Mundial*.

Equipped with a sprinter's speed, the strength of a *pampas* bull, a vicious body swerve and a sabre-sweet left foot, Maradona's natural gifts gave him an enormous advantage over adversaries and, at times, he made Mexico matches look like playground kickabouts, scoring

gollllllllls of breath-taking individual brilliance.

Of course, it will be his 'volleyball' goal in the quarter-finals by which many will remember Maradona; that fateful moment when the 'hand of God' punched a leather spheroid past a sluggish Peter Shilton to push a Boy Lineker-revitalised England team over their Aztec precipice.

Was it the most outrageous act of cheating ever to crucially swing an important international sporting event or just the crafty application of a little ghetto-child guile? The Buenos Aires daily *Cronica* had little doubt, celebrating the incident under the heading 'Malvinas dos, Ingleses uno' as a restoration of national pride lost in the South Atlantic four years earlier: "We blasted the English pirates with Maradona and a little hand. He who robs the thief has a thousand years of pardon..."

The downside for Diego came on

his return to club football in Italy. Napoli, who had paid Barcelona £6 million for his services, were expecting footballing feats similar to those witnessed by millions in Mexico. But the World Cup hero temporarily lost his touch and even asked for a break from football.

Recently, however, his form has dramatically returned, goals from the DM boots taking Napoli to the top of the Italian league and silencing those who thought his exceptional talent had burnt out. The odds are that he will be helping Argentina defend their title in four years' time.

If the puma-like poise of Pele stood supreme over soccer in the '60s and the athletic grace of Johann Cruyff the '70s, the precision and power of Diego Maradona leave him unchallenged as the current decade's finest footballer.

Adrian Thrills

THE HAND (AND FEET) OF GOD

TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH

WILL 1986 be remembered as the year when pop music wised up and faced hard facts?

Wearing badges and chanting slogans is just not enough. If that one simple lesson has been learned, then Red Wedge has a head start on anything that went before. Following its launch in '85, this year was stage two for Red Wedge. The bottom line was Vote Labour: come in from the cold. Or, as Billy Bragg put it in *NME*: "... what's the alternative? Sitting back and saying, 'Oh what a pity, I'm working in a vacuum'."

When the Red Wedge tour went on the road back in January, the protagonists attempted a break with the usual, clichéd one-way dialogue of the benefit circuit. Local politicoes, young unemployed video makers and activists met and merged with the audiences. It was a learning process, not least for Bragg, Weller, The Communards and the rest. Many people — from the hard left and the new right — waited for Red Wedge to trip up on its own ambitions. Many more accused the organisation of being too London-centric, but these growing pains are being slowly (some would say, *painfully*) dealt with. Their Comedy Tour and involvement in the Edinburgh Festival may well be pointers to a different kind of extra-musical activism.

On a more important level, Red Wedge's role as a galvanising force for young Labour voters can only be gauged at the next election. Red Wedge needs money to organise and agitate properly: this is the hard fact on which a great part of its future success depends. Where are the fund-raising LPs or singles? Agit-pop has to compete in the chart arena as much as anywhere else.

Artists Against Apartheid kicked off the year with the 'Sun City' compilation album, a transatlantic all-star line-up that managed to enlist the support of everyone from Bambaata to Bono. On ground level, in Britain, Dali Tambo — son of Oliver, the ANC president — hooked up with Jerry Dammers and launched Artists Against Apartheid with a huge rally and concert on Clapham Common. AAA united Gary Kemp and Maxi Priest, Sade and Sting on an open air stage before 200,000 people. More importantly, it put pressure on record companies — via their artists — to stop



Jerry Dammers in Italy — Gums Against Apartheid

selling their product in South Africa. Numerous bands fought to have clauses inserted in their contracts to this effect. Indeed, one George Michael admitted that part of his reason for quitting Wham! was manager Simon Napier Bell's involvement with a huge South African leisure company operating in Sun City.

Toward the end of the year, both AAA and Red Wedge visited Reggio Emilia in Italy to promote their joint causes, meet ANC leaders and local left-wing activists. The agit-pop network is spreading out across the

globe: Rock For Chernobyl showed that anything is possible.

Against this left wing activism, the SDP Youth Office's *non-profile* and the *embarrassing antics* of the Young Conservative Bootboys look about as jaded and reactionary as their respective party's policies. It's easy to be cynical about '80s agit-pop or write huge articles about its supposed 'death'. And it's easier still to sit on your butt and do nothing but moan.

Come in from the cold: it's no fun being in a vacuum.

Sean O'Hagan

STARS OF '86



Frank Miller — the man who brought Batman back to life

PHOTO: TIM JARVIS

SUPER HEROES OF THE NEW COMIC AGE

IF THE man-on-the-street happens to chance by when you're perusing a comic and demands to know just WHY you still bother with all those ridiculous two-bit child fantasy scraps of paper at YOUR age, try hitting him with these two words: MILLER and MOORE. Between them, Frank Miller and Alan Moore have finally made buying comics an acceptable pastime. Before 1986, and in particular the advent of *Dark Knight* and *Watchmen*, you'd never've been seen DEAD reading a comic in public; now everyone's doing it.

In 1986, through their work on *Dark Knight/Elektra/Daredevil* (Miller) and *Watchmen/Swamp Thing/Halo Jones* (Moore), they have grabbed the tried old beast of superhero comics by the neck, wrenched it round so severely that the head's dropped right off, and replaced it with a monstrosity of their own design.

Literate! Compelling! Exciting! ADULT!!! These words have been freely bandied about throughout the history of superhero comics and yet have rarely been so applicable. Even a 50-year-old Batman, torn by wracking pains and media persecution, SNAPPED villains' bones in a vicious, uncompromising vendetta. What Alan Moore is attempting to achieve through *Watchmen* is to create the last superhero comic, making all others superfluous. By killing all the book's heroes off, he is symbolically trying to kill off the medium's over-bloated, long-since-relevant superheroes, one by one.

One unfortunate side-effect of the realistic violence in *Dark Knight* and *Elektra* and on the dirty mean streets of *Watchmen*, is the growth of two particular types of comic books.

there are the semi-pornographic titles which figure that using gory battle-scenes and a preponderance of swear words equates, almost magically, with 'realism'. Then there exists a wake of totally juvenile trainspotter-orientated comic book parodies, wherein the medium attempts to imitate itself, with titles like 'The Teenage Mutant Ninja Pig-Chuffing Pathetic Turtles From Outer Space' (the comic book equivalent of Half-Man Half-Biscuit), as the 'fans' try to get in on the act.

Frank Miller and Alan Moore are both reactionary, their feet planted firmly in the '60s — hippy liberal humanitarians. Yet unless you're willing to search a little further (try *Fantagraphics Books*, or our own *Escape Magazine*), they are as revolutionary as anything superhero comics have yet come up with, simply because they refuse to pander to their audiences.

Frank Miller, from that side of the Atlantic, and Alan Moore, from this, are the first comic book superstars of the '80s. This accolade would've been unthinkable a couple of years ago, but for the springing up of a direct sales network which deals exclusively in comics. The anachronistic 'Approved By The Comics Code' symbol of censorship is now virtually meaningless, and many books (including *Swamp Thing*) have taken to leaving it off altogether, and finding sales unaffected. Comics in 1986 — through the work of these two men and a smattering of others — have finally attained *media* (if not quite *public*) acceptance. One can only wonder how the publishers will exploit the situation.

The Legend!

SCANDALS OF '86

SATELLITES OF LOVE GO PHUT!

"WITH MY ability I can offer people hope. I don't want to live off the success that other people give me, say thanks for the money, fuck you and goodbye."

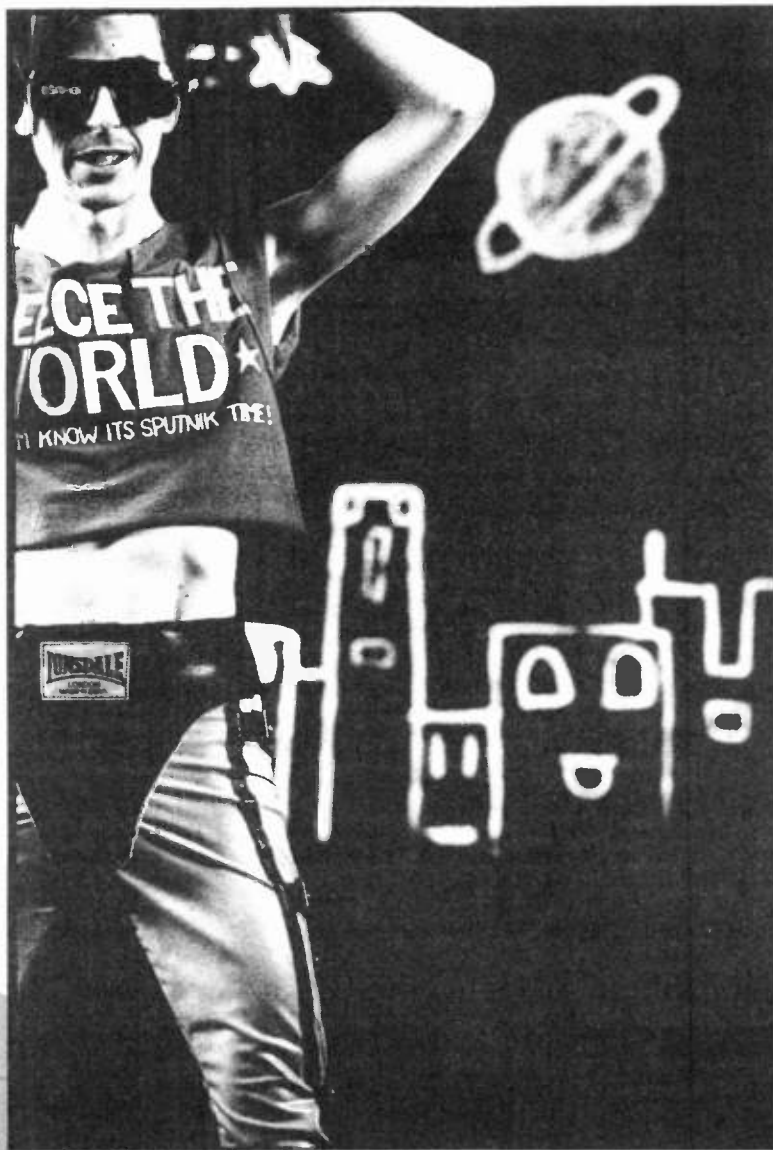
That may have sounded like Uri Geller but it was Martin Degville. "This group will be massive without records," said Tony James. "There'll be films, books, TV..."

From those two quotes come two big reasons why SSS's blue touchpaper failed to ignite. They should never have made a record. They could only exist as a promise. It was like someone making a film of your favourite book. They'd set themselves an impossible task by first telling the media that they were out to manipulate. You don't charm people by telling them they are being charmed.

In what was SSS's first interview

with the music press, Tony James, their demos, videos and the unconsummated relations between their hairdos and faces seemed fun enough to yours truly. 'Love Missile Fi-II' had many virtues, the best being its simplicity. I thought they were going to be fun. Something went wrong.

They tried to better the achievements of McLaren, but such things can only happen once and I hadn't expected them to be outrageous in such a witless way. Their 'Fleece The World' T-shirts amounted to a self-parody. Degville's was a two-dimensional conceit, satisfied with giving us nothing more than this appearance and trotting out facile insults about the fat and ugly. John Lydon got away with being vile in '76 because he was ultimately self-deprecating (and loveable).



Sput-nixed!

PHOTO: ANTON CORBIJN

The LP 'Flaunt It', as a state-of-the-biz-concept went *phut*: the much-trumpeted adverts between tracks were only taken up by *non-global* media rags and their record company. As just another LP, however, it sounded pretty neat.

All the hoo-hah surrounding the tours (A Clockwork Sputnik, The Next World War, etc, etc) came to nothing. After the initial curiosity, ticket sales lessened and gigs became an excuse for drunken yobs to cause trouble. Their TV 'arrival' on *The Tube* flopped – or rather failed to live up to impossible promises – but James battled through hostile press conferences with unflagging bravado.

Few artists can have their demands granted, especially *nouveaux arrivees* with mealy mouths. The '£4M' advance from EMI was a big fib diplomatically explained away by an EMI spokesman as being a sum they *might* make. Even a minor case like that first interview where they *demand*ed that no quotes were used was a fabrication: their manager, the immensely charming Magenta, merely told me "It would be nice if..." SSS's failure to fulfil their threat is nothing to crow about. Tony James had something his fellows lacked. Charm. He should have let everyone realise that for themselves.

The way I wanted SSS to make me feel was usurped by the Masters Of The Universe toy manufacturers. In the middle of TV AM, when my back was turned, I heard a raunchy voice over: "It's Stinkor! Evil Master of Odours!" An off-camera voice belted "HE REALLY STINKS!!!" Thrilled, I set off to find Stinkor hoping that he really didn't exist. I was disappointed in Stinkor's puny and treacherous reality.

Ah. Sique Sique Sputnik. Shall I compare thee to the Big Bang?

Cath Carroll

EYELINERS FROM HELL

1986 WAS a year in which Wayne Hussey's mouth (and, if we are to believe the man himself, several other parts of him) got everywhere. Which begs a question – why do he, and his horrid group, The Mission, actually exist? And why, while we're at it, do The Sisterhood, The C**t, and all those other death 'n night 'n blood bands that carry the mark, however cleverly disguised, of the dreaded Goth, exist?

The answer – they exist because people want them – is no revelation, but itself begs another string of whys – why why why? The story goes something like this: as the very last embers of punk turned to ash, two clinkers popped out of the grate to flare anew. One was the teeth-clenched sonic it-shall-not-die storm of Hardcore, the other – taking its cues from bits of the Banshees and the leftovers of The Birthday Party – was Goth.

And Goth has rules, *strict* rules. Down to the very last howling guitar and the minutest detail of black eye-liner, there is a code that cannot be violated. The people who consume this pantomime, who demand its continuation, don't give a flying Alistair Crowley novel about the music provided it confirms to the black 'n blueprint. Hence all the groups are entirely interchangeable – The Banshees fade away and are replaced by the Sisters Of Mercy who give birth (death) to The Sisterhood and The Mission and The C**t... and no one can see the join.



Wayne and his little willy

Goth, you see, has become the Heavy Metal of the '80s (real Heavy Metal is still in the '70s), a safe haven for those who want to buy records but don't much like music, who want to wear the uniforms of rawk but wouldn't be seen alive in patch-smattered denim jacket.

Punk – listen to those grinding old Pistol riffs – was born of Heavy Metal (Mark 1); Goth has returned to its birthplace. Ashes to ashes...

Danny Kelly

PHOTO: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

WE'D BEEN warned about the Washington Wives and America's religious crazies but it all came back home in 1986. *NME* was first under fire in John Junor's egregious column in the *Sunday Express*.

After a piece attacking Prince Charles's one-time aide for being gay – "are courtiers expected by tradition to be queer?" – Junor launched his assault on *NME*. Seizing our 'Sex' issue he quoted Lydia Lunch's self-effacing comment on her excellence as a sexual performer – something about doing it better with more interesting people – noting that this was "just about the cleanest quote I was able to find".

Of course Ms Lunch's boasts numbered amongst the most provocative. Strange that Junor's eye should have been drawn to this instead of, say, Boy George's celebrated 'tea not sex' remark.

And naturally this offending Lunch missive just had to be repeated so upright *Sunday Express* readers might understand the terrible filth they were missing, sorry, their kids were suffering.

As a pillar of the Tory Government and all they represent, Junor concluded with a note about degradation. Not the degradation caused by millions unemployed, the national assets looted and the European environment devastated, but the degradation caused by reading the *NME*. He even dared to question the notion that cash from exploitation was perhaps wrong. One could only



ART: CHRIS LONG, WHO HAS COME FOR YOUR CHILDREN...

force a choked laugh.

Still you'll never see a nipple in the *Sunday Express*.

Just weeks later, in October, the richly named Responsible Society published a report on teenage magazines called *The Seductive Sell*. It rounded on such media nasties as *Loving*, *Just Seventeen*, and *Jackie* then turned to the pop press singling out *NME* as the devil itself.

"Extreme vulgarity... fascination with the occult... underlying violence... scowling seems to be popular... homosexual contact groups." For weeks visitors to the office came equipped with garlic and crucifix.

Encountering the report's editor, Joanna Bogle (ruff, chiffon top and patent leather shoes) on *Radio Four's Today*, she emerged as a woman obsessed with the fact that we carried

WHO IS FLINGING FILTH, THEN?

gay ads in our personal pages and seemed totally uneducated about the paper's real content.

Evidence cited to prove we had a hotline to hell included mention of diabolical Neil Taylor's ageing piece on The Folk Devils. The headline "Hellzapoppin'" was thought to be particularly significant. Clearly Mrs Bogle and her colleagues' knowledge of the cinema was as poor as her knowledge of the *NME*.

Stuart Cosgrove had recently argued for the self-regulation of media images in an *NME* cover story but this had passed her by completely. Yet there's nothing rational about a campaign like theirs, it springs from the kind of fear and prejudice some naively believed vanished in the fake revolution of the '60s. In the event, The Responsible Society's ridiculous nonsense proved more of a comment on the rest of the media than *NME*. They lapped it up.

Devilry, sex, violence – all ingredients to ensure widespread coverage no matter what the legitimacy of the report itself. "Music Mag Muck" screamed *The Sun* in one of its more eloquent moments.

The Responsible Society's report would have been funny had it not revealed a more sinister undercurrent. That a group of confused middle-aged housewives could be given so much space and airtime to publicise their homophobic, poorly researched and uncomprehending junk is the real outrage.

Ian Pye

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH SOAP

BROOKSIDE STILL appeals to the folks that like to think they think. But *EastEnders* gets the ratings. The denizens of Albert Square are the nation's darlings. And the Fowlers are the pure distilled spirit of the Square, the ruling family.

So Michelle, sweet 16 and left in the lurch, needs a Mass Media Wedding in the grand old style. And then, after weeks of expensive (and ill-afforded) preparations, she bottles out at the altar rail. Weeks of will-she-won't-she are finally ended. Lofty Holloway is the perfect vacant patsy for either outcome. The country holds its breath...

The fact is, the resuscitation of dreamy soap-motion stems from the re-invention of teen — that's the *real* way through to reading this classically symbolic ceremony.

In older days, teens were the great unmentionable, the potentially destabilising presence who had to be kept out of soap-universe. When Sharon trailed her social worker — and Joy Division — into *Coronation Street*, the murderous shafts of daylight that followed her into the snug began killing off Rovers Return regulars at an irreplaceable rate. Youth — in those days — was far from correctly soap-user friendly.

Susan Tully was once a *Grange Hill* girl, a Redmond ranger, all pelvis and shoulders at aggressive angles, permanent sneer and untameably independent tousled hair. When *EastEnders* inherited *Corry's* crown, that fairy-ring of unreal realism, it had to accede to a major teen-presence (*Brookside* had determined that) but it had to find a way of rendering it undisruptive.

Suzanne/Michelle needed to be domesticated, softened into mother-housewife, flattened into standard shape of popular consumer pleasure. But not quickly and not willingly.

Brookside, for all its faults, is turned out to the world. Over on the alternative channel, things happen off-stage, plausibly. Teenagers? It can handle them. *EastEnders*, gothic and baroque in its intensity of Grand Guignol cockney-babble, is utterly sealed off from the social institutions that actually affect young lives.

Months after all the fuss, in understandable secrecy, they've properly sliced the knot. After her high-profile refusal of her socialised role, she meekly falls in line. And Dirty Den gives one last twirl of his villain's waxed mustachios, and leaves her and the series for ever: "Every loser wins... when the dream begins."

Mark Sinker



ART: JOHN GEARY

HOLY DOUGHNUTS

"AT THE centre of most urban doughnuts is a hole," says David Byrne in the introduction to his *True Stories* book. For years Byrne has been sticking his finger in that hole while simultaneously nibbling away at the edges, but in 1986 more people than at any other time made the effort to appreciate his vision.

The year started well with two Top 20 hits ('Road To Nowhere', 'And She Was') but Byrne wasn't happy. He wanted to show us that it was more than just his vision, his interpretation of the decaying world in general, and the United States in particular. He wanted to tell us that it's not just fanciful ideas in his songs, things really are like this and he chose the cinema as the medium to illustrate his argument, to tell us the *True Stories*.

On first hearing the 'True Stories' album seems a perfunctory collection of Byrne-isms, a diluted distant cousin of 1985's 'Little Creatures', but all falls into place when judged alongside the puzzling evidence of the book and film. *True Stories* (the movie) is a tacky combination of a tabloid scrapbook and holiday snaps with Byrne using the fictitious town of Virgil, Texas, as a microcosm of America. Its collection of decidedly off-beat characters (the woman who never gets out of bed, the couple who never speak to each

other, the man who advertises for a wife on television) Byrne sees as the saving grace of a country going to the dogs despite the brash patriotism espoused by its leaders.

"The new patriotism is a trick," writes Byrne. "It's a real frightening, scary trick that everyone wants so badly to believe is true. The government is selling the country down the river. The real wealth of the country is in the people."

"Empires in retreat get into some pretty weird stuff. Egypt, Rome, England, Japan, Spain, and now the United States. They get this intense pride and nostalgia for what they imagine they are and what they imagine they were because they can see it slipping away."

Virgil's "celebration of specialness" is Byrne's celebration of ordinary people in a faceless automated world, simple people in a city of dreams made up of metal box shopping malls and cold, clinical computer centres. His hero Louis Fyne sums up a kind of dual defiance and acceptance of his surroundings in 'People Like Us': "We don't want freedom/We don't want justice/We just want someone to love."

David Byrne says welcome to Virgil. I wouldn't live there if you paid me.

Terry Staunton

JUST LIKE GOLD

CATHY TYSON acts. She is also black. And yet, those thoroughly modern Filofaxes of the film industry see these two facts in reverse order. Cathy Tyson isn't an actress, she is a young black woman who can deal with a camera. The postman struggles under the weight of scripts, most of which see her as an African princess.

Cathy isn't having any of it. She'd like to do something "involved with language and ideas". A presence as Simone, an executive tart with a heart and a clutch bag full of secrets in Neil Jordan's *Mona Lisa* shows she can afford the luxury of pick and choose.

Cathy Tyson was born 21 years ago in Liverpool's Dingle district — not quite Toxteth, though some over-zealous writers have decided to doctor the birth certificate in the interests of a better story. There was a normal childhood; no ballet and tap lessons, no parents dumping their daughter on the stage. When school was over, Cathy found herself YOPping it at the city's Everyman Theatre.

Naturally, she drifted towards the stage and began playing "Optimistic young people, full of Scouse cheek. A bit like myself only more so..." Wanting more, Cathy moved to London — a town which is full of actors. She worked and waited, taking part in Shakespearean shenanigans which the critics dubbed 'wild' and 'experimental', simply because her face wasn't white. She played an athlete in

Louise Page's *Golden Girls* and Neil Jordan, out looking for his *Mona Lisa* knew that he had found her.

The rest you will have seen. Cathy shouting louder than Michael Caine and Bob Hoskins without saying much at all.

And soon Barry Norman will be saying nice things about *Business As Usual*, an everyday story about sexual harassment in a Liverpool clothes shop which also stars Glenda Jackson and John Thaw.

After limousines in New York and standing ovations at Cannes, Cathy says: "Things are moving so fast, it all seems to blur..." In 1987, things will get faster and other young performers who happen to be black will find less of the world expecting them to act like African princesses.

John McCready



The inscrutable Cathy Tyson

STARS OF '86



ON THE BOMB BEAT

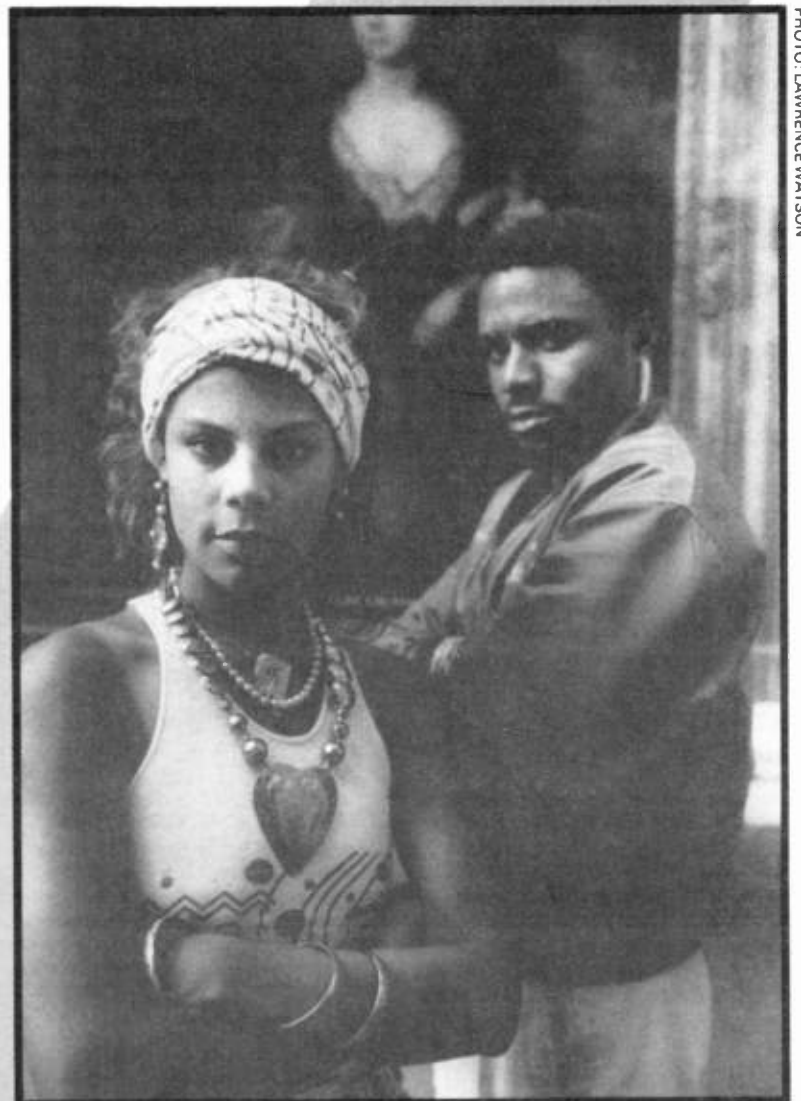


PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

The Real Roxanne with her Hit Man Howie

TO CRAM into this small space the urban beat events of 1986 is not easy: the new wave of Stateside Hip Hop assaulted us via the sparse technological workings of Mantronix, the cheeky crossover veteran Kurtis Blow chasing ladies and ruling the vainglorious world, and LL Cool J tuning into his radio, switching on an urban rap that chilled: all this in preparation for the summer adventure of 'UK Fresh' which tried to lambast Wembley, encountered sound problems and brought street heroes to these shores — everyone from old style Grandmaster Flash and Bambaataa, wild ones Whodini and Aleem, to Roxannes Real and Shante, super bitches, super rappers taking on male presumption with cool delivery.

It preceded the the emergence of a Brit Hip Hop scene on vinyl — the sleepwalking *Streetwave* signing Family Qwest (with white girl Mystery MC), plus Faze One, Hardrock Soul Movement, Three Wise Men; freaky deakys experimenting, bursting out of the woodwork.

September came and the rap/rock giants walked this way: Run DMC, the Hollis crew complete with gold chains, cold stares, homepride hats, a refuelled Aerosmith and 'Raising

Hell'. The Beastie Boys proved the new Sex Zeppelin, and then came rumours of Baltimore b boys shooting to thrill — sensationalism or glorification? Half-assed fantasy versus reality came with Schoolly D 'Put Your Filas On'. Autumn highlighted the NY/JA connection — Shinehead with the 'Rough And Rugged' record of the year, plus Just Ice hi jinx 'Back To The Old School'.

And lest we forget Go Go, Trouble Funk dropped the bomb in Britain for the first time, pumping live and promoting the percussive beats of the drama/documentary disaster *Good To Go*... note the EU smasher 'Sho Nuff Bumpin'...

The hi-energy groove of Chicago House, another proclaimed new thang, dressed up in former disco seasons, was spearheaded by heel-kicking, and *TOTP* transformed by Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk's 'Love Can't Turn Around'. And chart funk was cleverly touted by Cameo, their outrageous codpiece workout 'Word Up' invading mass consciousness. The P-funk Clinton factor, finally, was resurrected in one mother of a compilation 'Uncut Funk: The Bomb'... too much... too much... too much...

Lucy O'Brien



PHOTO: BBC

Michelle: Lofty's gel

SCANDALS OF '86



PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

Sam — sex goes to stud

MEAT IS MURDER

OLDEST NEWS of 1986 is that sex sells records. And it's been this year's models, Samantha Fox and Nick Kamen, who have provided the most resounding proof. They began the year as silent ciphers, she a pair of breasts, he a pair of boxer shorts, but will see out December noisy and rich, as famous as the products they were originally hired to endorse. It's talent rewarded in a business where the most remarkable commodities are a bump and a grind, a pout and a sneer. Fox cornered the male adolescent fantasy market with the former, while Kamen stole its female equivalent with the latter.

Sammy sailed into '86 aboard a tank with News International boss Rupert Murdoch, a fulsome figurehead for his campaign to quash the Sogat revolt at Wapping. Her popularity as *The Sun's* foremost Page Three pin-up made her the ideal candidate for The Acceptable Face (and figure) of Union-Bashing, but Sam had more ambitious ideas... by mid-summer she'd hidden her breasts behind a leather T-shirt and was strutting the heavy-metal-meets-hieroglyphics of 'Touch Me (I Wanna Feel Your Body)' on *Top Of The Pops*. NME photographer Derek Ridgers parodied her new direction by dressing her in skin and studs for our cover feature — she like the look so much, she used the session for her album cover. The nation lapped all this up — so did Europe and Australia. By late Novem-

ber she was scaling the US singles and album charts with speed, a *bona fide* pop star who'd met Princess Anne and Joan Rivers and made a mint. School-girls everywhere were queuing to copy her; singlehandedly she'd altered the value system of the upwardly-hopeful working classes. The qualifications that would get you The Good Life were now written on a tape measure, not on a school examiner's report.

Nick Kamen took a different route to Sam, but ended up in the Top Ten too. As the star of the Levi 501 launderette commercial he'd lost his trousers but kept his mouth shut, keeping a low profile to maintain interest while WEA engaged Madonna to co-produce his debut single. Unlike the garrulous Ms Fox, he declined to talk to the *NME*, saying he preferred to wait until he was established as a *bona fide* artist and not in a position to be mistaken for a denim-unclad piece of meat. It could be a long wait then — 'Each Time You Break My Heart' revealed him to be the latest wearer of the emperor's new clothes, with its shallow vocals and hi-tech beat. But then it's the look and the implications that are important with Nick and Sam, not the sound. What they're selling is a promise, an approximation of sex, and in 1986 (as in any other year) plenty of us are buying.

Alan Jackson

SCANDAL IN THE WIND

NO PUBLICITY is bad publicity. 1986 was a cracking year for the Tories in terms of headlines; they bumbled from one scandal to the next, hogging front pages and presenting Thatcherism with a human, "born to make mistakes", face. Of course, SEX is the key ingredient in selling newspapers and every successful political party, desperate to seduce the masses, needs saps of it.

"Spanking Tory Gets The Boot" kicked it off for the Conservatives when Anthony Earl-Williams departed as head of Hampstead ward. He was followed into print by Billericay MP and Monday Club member Harvey Proctor, who allegedly held "gay spanking" Trivial Pursuits sessions. Go easy on the science and nature, Harv.

But the political "sex" scoop of the year fell to *The News On Sunday* when it caught Jeffrey Archer, trash novelist and Deputy Chairman of the party, allegedly trying to pay £2,000 to a "vice girl" he'd never met to keep quiet about Ugandan Affairs that had never taken place. Sadly, for the Tories, true blue Jeff — a pin-up *NME* wide-boy of Xmas '85 — resigned.

And tragically, sexy Cecil Parkinson's comeback was shattered once again by Sara Keays; the "jilted lover" of the former party chairman and mother of his "love child", stated: "What I can't really forgive is the hypocrisy and the lying... Conservative politicians prepared to destroy me to protect themselves".

But there's more to political life than sex, you know. There's the presentation of the party image to think of; using the media to portray the caring sharing face of capitalism. Take tasty Trade Minister Geoffrey Pattie who claimed, in June, that "council housing breeds slums, delin-



The Archer — an everyday story of Tory folk

quency, vandalism and social division". Or Peter Clarke, prospective parliamentary candidate for East Lothian, who described Scottish prison officers as "incompetent, brutal and stupid", suggested the abolition of pensions (vote winner or what?), and expressed admiration for General Pinochet's social security system.

And what about Piers Marchant, the Tyneside Tory MP who swapped homes for a week so he could mix with the commoners, rough it on the dole, and do without his avocados. Admirably, after seven days of struggle, Piers admitted that one couldn't live on dole alone and that perhaps one should be allowed to *earn* a few extra quid on top. Sensible stuff Mr Marchant, particularly in a marginal constituency with high unemployment and an election looming; wouldn't want to lose that seat, would we?

Another Tory headline that had them frothing over papers and pints in decimated pit villages and steel towns, was the knighthood — for Services To British Industry — awarded

Ian MacGregor. As British Steel supremo he'd cut the workforce from 102,900 to 71,100; as chairman of the National Coal Board he closed 56 pits, got rid of 58,000 miners with the axe hanging over 24,000 more. (Meanwhile 30,000 tonnes of cheap *South African* coal was imported into Britain every month.)

But Tory tact reached its annual peak with the arrival of Health heroine Edwina Currie, South Derbyshire MP, in the cabinet. Dismissing the high incidence of unemployment and poverty in Northern regions, edible Edwina blamed the higher death/poorer health rates on beer, fags and ignorance about diet. Avocados all round, I say.

While these national solo efforts attracted national publicity, the Tories also showed Labour how to grab headlines with boring political controversies; ie, escalate them into astounding soap operas in which ministers resign and the Prime Minister's integrity is questioned. The Westland plot initially looked old and tired; two consortiums — American and European — angling to takeover an old helicopter firm. Yet, on the eve of the traditional American victory, Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine stormed out of the Cabinet. Worse, or better in terms of public profile, Industry Secretary Leon Brittan soon followed him — accused of siding with the Yanks and leaking a "confidential" letter to weaken Tarzan and the Euro package. Strangely — unlike Tisdall and Ponting, who were charged with a breach of the Official Secrets Act for leaking "confidential" documents — Brittan, the PM's Press Secretary Bernard Ingram and Cabinet Secretary Sir Robert Armstrong merely received slapped wrists from the Commons Defence Commit-

tee for their "improper act". And Sir Robert, of course, stepped out of the Westland frying pan into the M15 fire of the New South Wales Supreme Court. Unheard of by the salivating masses pre-'86, he's now an international symbol of British flannel. Check this for woffle: "It contains a misleading impression, not a lie. It was being economical with the truth."

Although the Westland, M15 and "selling the family silver" (British Telecom, Gas etc) scandals kept the press spotlight on the Conservatives, there were moments when the media moaned too loudly and for too long. And if it's not the Trots in CND or the Loony "Eastern European" councils, then it's pinko bias at the unprofitable BEEB. Party chairman Norman Tebbit put his weight behind two Tory MPs who sued the BBC after allegations, in *Panorama*: *Maggie's Militant Tendency*, that they had extreme Right-wing connections; in court the BBC settled the libel case, paying £20,000 to the politicians — Neil Hamilton and Gerald Howarth — amid rumours of pressure on the Beeb management. And Hamilton, who'd denied ever making a Nazi salute, later admitted that he had once given a salute but only in fun. Ho ho!

Count Tebbit went on the warpath again over a BBC news report which had questioned the wisdom of the Anglo-American bombing of Tripoli and shown Libyan civilian casualties. But spiky Norman's real wrath of '86 fell on the hoity-toity head of Harry Phibbs, editor of the Federation of Conservative Students' rag mag *New Agenda*. Harry was sued by Tory chiefs for alleging that former PM Harold MacMillan (now loveable Lord Stockton) sent 40,000 Cossacks to their deaths by handing them over to the Ruskies after World War Two.

Of course, the issue that should have toppled the Conservative Government was South Africa. Europe, the Commonwealth (even the Queen?), Africa, the Third World, the Church, in fact every bugger but Botha, demanded economic sanctions to bring down apartheid. And yet Mrs Thatcher, before the world's press, stuck to her guns and refused, arguing for the "protection of minorities" such as white South Africans who faced danger if the country switched to black rule.

With the real level of unemployment at over four million, and with nine million on or below the poverty line (double the figure for '79), surely the real SCANDAL of '86 was the failure of Labour to take advantage of all these Conservative cock-ups. No publicity is bad publicity, and the press clearly judged Labour's common sense, unsensational, ideologically sound approach too boring for mass consumption; only the disastrous "Boot Out Militant"/muddled nuclear policies hit the headlines. Surely Labour should've gained more than the odd byelection victory, Kilroy-Slik's resignation, a Red rose and a Green minister?

The sad fact is that in '87, to compete with the Tories' soapbox operatics and win the next election, Labour must get SEXY and SCANDALOUS; must outflank tax-cut bribery with Shadow Cabinet Casanovas; must become OUTRAGEOUS and start playing DIRTY. Unleash the Beast of Bolsover once again and grab the limelight. But for God's sake, Neil, don't mention that plan to take £3.5 billion from the rich to give to the poor; strangely it doesn't go down too well with the wealthy proprietors of Fleet Street and Wapping.

Len Brown

NASTY IS NICE

FOR TWO Minneapolis musicians, 1986 was the year they went public, and in the process produced, with a member of the world's most famous family, not only their finest work, but a blueprint for one major area of modern black music.

Jam and Lewis are currently the world's most in-demand producers. Through their work with the SOS Band, Alexander O'Neal and Cherrelle, they have fashioned a distinct and all powerful sound that has pervaded so many other areas of music making.

Janet Jackson, on the other hand, was simply another Jackson with a recording contract. Her two previous albums had made about as much impact as a fly on an elephant and there was no reason to suspect that this state of affairs would ever change.

Then she was paired with Jam and Lewis. What made 'Control', the resulting LP, so special wasn't just the music, which in itself moved with a force and brilliance that was overwhelming, but the way in which Ms Jackson took herself and her public life into the spotlight with such vigour and courage.

Soul has always been about making the private common knowledge and Jackson did exactly that. She avenged herself against one night stands on 'Nasty' with the memorable line, "My name's Janet, Miss Jackson to you" and publicly told off her parents with 'Control'.

She had behind her the best beat in the world, and, as her third single, 'When I Think Of You', testified, she also had the most delicate and graceful melodies.

In the interim, Jam and Lewis spent their time turning down the likes of Lionel Richie and instead matched themselves up to the Human League. Apart from the single, the project was not an artistic success, though it was an enterprising one.

For all their success, Jam and Lewis remain unaffected but clever operators. They say they only want to work with groups who are struggling or just starting off. There have been rumours of them reforming their old group, The Time, working with Cherrelle's backing singers, writing a new Alexander O'Neal LP and signing a deal for a solo project.



PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

There's a Jackson in the house

Then again, perhaps they've retired. Meanwhile, Janet Jackson has gone a long way in shaking off the experience of being a shadow Jackson child. She is an artist in her own right. And next year she's booked to do a follow up LP. With Jam and Lewis, two names that are up there with the best of them.

Paolo Hewitt

PRINCE CUPID

NEITHER BLACK nor white, boy nor girl, Prince returned to Britain and showed us what we sort of knew already. A polychromatic, polysexual Cupid, Prince fires matchmaking arrows at opposing camps and, whilst stinging like a bee, he also floats like a butterfly above it all.

Yet the odd thing is that what Prince does is still considered radical, daring even. Thirteen years after Jeff Beck snarled into Stevie Wonder's 'Superstition', three after Eddie Van Halen splattered Michael Jackson's 'Beat It', and in the very year Run DMC disinter Aerosmith for 'Walk This Way', Prince's far more harmonious hybrids enthrall by their taboo-breaking as much as they jar a few diehards. Why?

Perhaps because Prince is so obviously camp. And camp is something black performers are only allowed to be when viewed retrospectively after a decent interval, like Little Richard or Barry White. To some whites — thankfully a declining minority — black musicians should still carry the torch, and bear the burden, of the field song, the blues and soul-pride tradition. Real dispossession, authentic feeling. No room for the rôle-playing and mockery of camp, which is after all the luxury of the complacent.

Things have changed a little, however, since Prince played to about 300 people at the London Lyceum in 1981. He thrilled that predominantly white audience of curiosity-seekers with a lean and steeled para-rock show, sort of updated Marc Bolan. His



Prince licks it!

preoccupations — incest, troilism, blow-jobs — mystifyingly failed to pull the punters: perhaps his sound was just too New York skinny-tie robo-funk at a time when Earth, Wind And Fire's brassy swing ruled the world.

And it is EW&F that their show most closely resembled when, over four nights this summer, Prince And The Revolution were the hottest ticket in town. Among the most dynamic, comic and brilliant shows I've ever seen, Prince projected a carefree lasciviousness and thrill in his own body which left me sated.

Did I miss the fact that the man who wrote 1979's heartrending 'It's Gonna Be Lonely' can only now impersonate the ballad form in the mawkish 'Sometimes It Snows In April'? Did I breathe a sigh of relief when 'Kiss' came out, celebratedly his blackest single for years? No and no.

If it took 'Pop Life', the third-single-from-the-album, to click 'Around The World In A Day' for me as the most brilliant pop LP in ten years, then it took the hilariously self-mocking bass saxophone and synth-quack of 'Girls & Boys' for 'Parade' to join my turntable in unbreakable wedlock.

Patti Smith once said the only thing that kept her from suicide was the toothsome prospect of a new Rolling Stones LP. If I was of the self-destructive bent, the only thing to stay my hand would be the delirious expectation of how Prince is going to follow that. An album collaboration with The Bangles would do me fine. . . and no, I didn't see *Under A Cherry Moon* either.

Mat Snow

STARS OF '86



KING DYNAMITE



PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

Elvis — get happy!

"HERE COMES Mr Misery," Costello sings on 'Home Is Anywhere You Hang Your Head' from 'Blood And Chocolate', "He's tearing out his hair again / He's crying over her again . . . He's contemplating murder again / He must be in love."

A wry chuckle at himself perhaps, another to his list of pseudonyms but also a razored tongue in cheek reminder that in 1986 Costello returned to doing precisely what he does best — being brilliantly miserable.

It was no mistake that he began the year by donning an undertaker's hat and adopting the middle name of Anthony St John Aloysius Hancock. He continued to present us with two whole galleries of poetic moaners.

The introduction to 'Brilliant Mistake' from 'King Of America' strikes the same opening chords as Dylan's one adult masterpiece 'Blood On The Tracks'. Conscious or unconscious, the comparison holds strong; there's very little of the anger that once marked the young Costello, but what seems to have flooded in in its place is a skill at balancing sentiment with bitterness. It's the LP of a once angry young man coming to terms with his past, his ability and with the world.

In his year of inactivity, Costello further broadened his musical base and stepped back to take a look,

finding he takes himself a little less seriously and sees others with a sense of sympathy. 'Our Little Angel' with the "white dress she wears like a question mark" is a blurred figure painted with a sense of feeling, the old Costello would have shone the white light straight at her wrinkles; the ageing GI Brides of 'American Without Tears' are rendered with weeping Celtic sentiment; while the heartbreak of 'Indoor Fireworks' and 'I'll Wear It Proudly' are tearful regret rather than spitting vitriol.

But if Costello has calmed down it hasn't affected his verbal sharpness, even if the usual virtuosity is replaced by an evocative economy: "Were your arms and legs wrapped round more than my memory tonight". The concerns of the latter are stretched out on 'Blood And Chocolate' into what is possibly his finest song, 'I Want You', the title first caressed, then squeezed then crushed to death. If the rest of the songs — 'Battered Old Bird' excepted — are a return to denser lyrical games, it's a relief in comparison with this tendon-stripped nakedness.

In 1986 Costello gave us two collections of bruised and beautiful songs, black of humour, blue of mood. Here's to Mr Misery.

Don Watson

SCANDALS OF '86

TAKING THE RAP

WE POLISHED our Smith and Wesson and sipped Colt 45. No controversy visited *NME* quite like the Yo Boys. Remember the cover, a young black b-boy touting a gun beneath the sensationalist cover line: "They're black, they listen to nothing but rap, and they'll shoot you for the hell of it." It came a week after *The Washington Post* had been censured for a similar feature on hip hop star Just Ice, who at the time was embroiled in an erroneous murder charge. The accusations flew from every direction and the *NME* was criticised for glamorizing violence: most people admitted that a mistake was made, but it was a mistake of inflection rather than direction.

Simmering beneath the Yo Boys controversy was another infinitely nastier exchange of bullets. The real controversy took place off the cover, and in the offices of the paper, where a long, contentious and highly emotional disagreement was being waged. What direction should the *NME* take? And what privileges, if any, should be granted to the paper's more traditional areas like the indie rock scene? Jokes were cracked, blood vessels burst and charges of racism and counter-racism ricocheted round the office.

It all began back in March, when a relatively unknown hip hop group, Mantronix, were on the cover of *NME*. Within a few weeks they were in the Top 30, they'd appeared on the *Whistle Test*, were scheduled to headline UK Fresh above other more illustrious rap acts, and eventually rubbed shoulders with Billy Bragg, Elvis Costello and Miles Davis on the *NME*'s 'Fourplay' compilation. Mantronix were the first of many black dance covers — RUN DMC, Chicago House, Janet Jackson, Jam and Lewis, Shinehead, Just Ice and The Year Of The Raggamuffin — and they signalled a new and urgent commitment to an area of music.

Retaliation came with more than a passing whiff of hyperbole. "This is war," declared Don Watson and as the pressure mounted Danny Kelly laid into the future funk alliance calling us "funk fascists", "Go Go Goebbels" and "Hip Hop Hitlers". Rap was at the centre of all sorts of strange metaphors: "It doesn't stimulate me intellectually" (William Leith); it was "gibberish" (Don Watson); an "illegible scrawl" (Biba Kopf). At last, to everyone's relief, the *NME* was back in business: the action was factions.

NME legend tells of an infamous meeting in the '70s when the senior editors were forced to choose between punk and pub-rock. They chose the latter, then changed face a few months later when it was obvious they'd got it wrong. In 1986 there was no need for a meeting; it was blindingly obvious that black dance music was everywhere. If The Year Of The Yo Boy led to one indiscretion, forgive us. There's always a few stray bullets when war is declared.

Oberfuehrer Stuart Cosgrove



ART: CHRIS LONG

IN THE end, they deserved each other.

The unwritten pact, created in the early '80s and signed by pop's cognoscenti and Fleet St's editors, finally came home to roost in 1986, the most obvious victim being Boy George.

As John Blake pointed out in *NME* "they all want to do interviews because they're all bleeding ego maniacs. They all want to see their mush staring out of the paper."

Most human beings cannot resist gossip and Fleet St exploited that fact ruthlessly in 1986. In fact, they exploited it so much that *The Mirror* ran a cover story on Marilyn desperately trying to sell his story to ... *The Mirror*. Double standards, or what?

This focus on the leading lights of pop (ha!) had a very insidious side effect. Hard news was relegated to the back pages and, as Britain and its government lurched from crisis to crisis, *The Sun* and its ilk were able to create a pop worldview.

They managed to persuade their readers that British society revolved around nothing more than *EastEnders*, the chat shows and pop stars. They told us that although so-and-so is cheating on his wife or forming a drug habit, the prominence given to these characters gave them a status in society far above the paper's readers.

It was the politics of envy, mixed in with a set of morals that adapted itself daily to whatever 'crisis' this famous person was going through. Therefore, you are nothing without a hit record or a TV show. And if anybody had the affrontery to try and use that position in a Left Wing manner — Red Wedge, CND etc — then they were quickly shot down in a hail of loony Left adjectives.

Fleet St is immoral, vicious and totally hypocritical. It will stop at nothing. Pop stars are now being created by the media — Nick Kamen, Samantha Fox — and being murdered by it — Boy George.

What these panting, young, upwardly mobile people fail to remember is that long after they've been killed off, Fleet St will still be alive, well, and kicking very hard indeed.

Paolo Hewitt

PAPER TIGERS



Boy George: being murdered by the media in '86

PHOTO: CINDY PALMANO

WHO ASKED YOU?

As somebody who always appreciated the definitive media outrage, I'm sure Morrissey would raise those sensuous eyebrows to approve his entry in this year's scandals.

Yet it wasn't so much what he did or said that caused so much fuss, but what he represented.

When Morrissey revealed that the notorious celibacy had been broken we merely tittered or yawned; when he moaned about the hell of fame and fortune we sighed knowingly at such unmanly misery; when he rubbished the monarchy we'd already heard it before; and when The Smiths finally left Rough Trade after months of plotting it was swallowed as a foregone conclusion — even Smithies were too tired of it all to shout sell out!

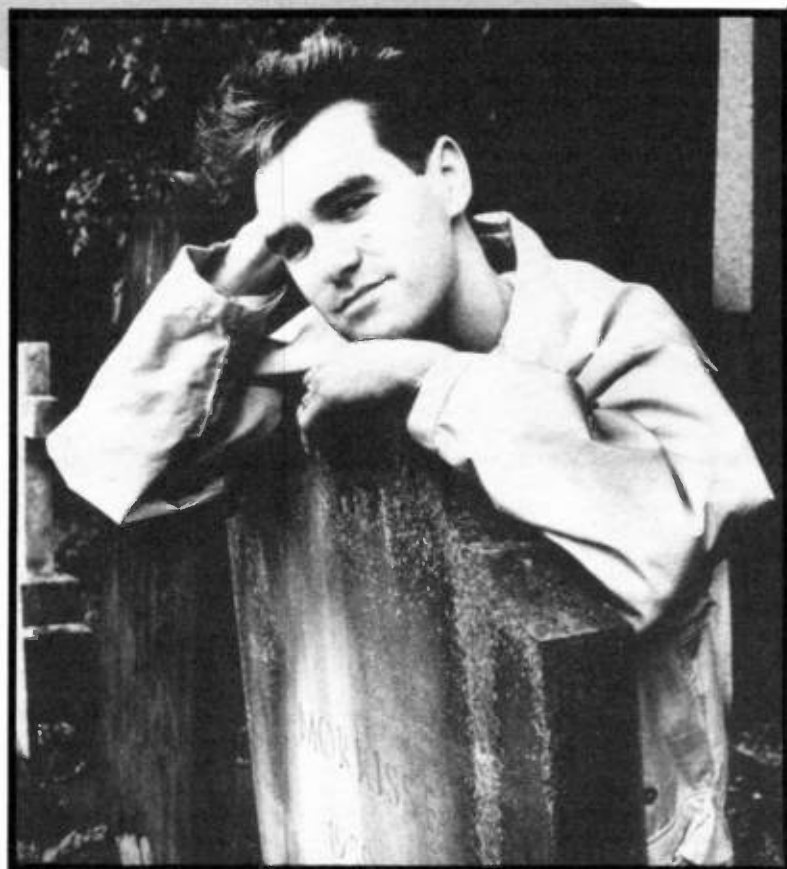
No, what really made Morrissey the centre of attention was his elevation to the Pope of white pop, the defender of the faith. From his Vatican in Manchester the hallowed one spoke of his vision of purgatory: charts packed with the bang zoom of hip hop, funk and go go. Oh the horror, the horror!

For the soul boys and their tougher offspring the Yo Boys, the big M came to stand for everything they hated most. The ultimate in tortured young men, and the man they'd most like to torture.

The fact that 'The Queen Is Dead' was one of the most moving and funny LPs of the year was conveniently ignored in the hysterical furore that followed the release of 'Panic', a consciously singalonga pop single with lyrics that drove grown men wild with anger.

Methinks the Pope's advice to hang the DJ was meant as a comment on the miserable state of daytime radio, who significantly rarely played Smiths' singles even when they were high in the charts.

But Morrissey's dislike of modern



Moz meanz: "don't quote me on that!"

PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

dance music virtually led to him being branded a racist, something of which I am sure he is not guilty. It was all reminiscent of Lennon's 'The Beatles are bigger than God' — at least Morrissey could claim divine right.

For me it was something else that let The Smiths fall a step from grace. Something almost undefinable but there nevertheless, looming nastily in the background. Nostalgia, clung to like a worry blanket, the fervant '60s

orthodoxy, the tangible fear of the future. It culminated with the addition of a Smiths drug habit, an extra guitarist, and Johnny Marr coming on like Keith Richards. God forbid The Smiths were mutating into The Rolling Stones.

I may have been dubbed a Go Go Goebels but I can put my hand on my heart and say please Mr Pope, let's have some more miracles.

Ian Pye

COURTNEY, MY MAN!



PHOTO: MIKE OWEN

AND 1986 was the year of the closet, the year you could come out and come clean, the year you could admit you'd been leading a life suppressed by an ignorance of jazz. At last Britain had a young jazz musician who everyone seemed to know, ignorance evaporated with every passing chat-up line. All those nights of knowing jazz was important but having nothing more than the thought of Acker Bilk to help you out were finally over. Breathe in. Send out a serious sax solo: "Jazz. Yeah it's really happening, I'm into Courtney Pine".

Courtney Pine has everything and nothing to do with jazz. He has proved, beyond reasonable doubt, through every track of his intriguingly titled debut album 'Journey To The Urge Within' that he is a massively gifted soloist, and precocious composer. But the album, from its sepia tinted brush-strokes and severely

hinted aesthetics, is a constant reminder that it is more than a musical creation. Let's face it, Courtney Pine is a commodity, a perfected product of the mid '80s and our fetishised need to buy a 'lifestyle' that's cast in the craven image of good looks and good taste. Courtney belongs in the same symphony of style that gave us the commercials for Levis 501s and imported lite beer. He just happens to have substance beneath the image.

As an *NME* cover star in October, Courtney Pine's style was disentangled by Paolo Hewitt. Was he a jazz star for the future or just the Emperor's New Clothes? Courtney responded with an inimitable rejection of commodity style: "Just because you put on a £200 suit, it doesn't mean you're going to play a good solo. It's got to the point where people think that you dress good and that's what jazz is all about. But it isn't. You have to

work long hard hours to attain that skill of improvisation."

Courtney Pine spent years practising those solos, days of disillusionment dragging his skills round the London reggae circuit and long nights upstairs in his Paddington home, then finally he made it: as a soloist, as a leading figure in the 19-piece Jazz Warriors, and lest we forget his Jamaican roots, he co-led another quartet, The World's First Saxophone Posse.

The strange thing about that commodity called Courtney Pine is the effect he has had on those like myself, who have never quite cracked the enigmatic codes of jazz. He has acted as a figure of democracy, someone who has spread awareness beyond the music's normal franchise, allowing access to a new world that otherwise seemed closed. Many people were rightly cynical about the media noisily greeting the year of the jazz revival, but let's not forget about the importance of the re-alignment. Courtney Pine was yet another victory in the struggle to drag jazz away from the middle-brow elite and replace it at the screaming centre of popular music.

So celebrate. *Absolute Beginners*, disaster or not, allowed many jazz records to be released into an unprecedented commercial context. Giles Peterson got his own radio show. And, lest we forget, the jazz all-nighters at the Scala Cinema in Kings Cross regularly reminded London that the buses arriving from Manchester, home of Kalima and The Jazz Defectors, would be carrying fans that could leave the capital for dead. If 1986 was the year of the jazz revival then a city off the M62 was Britain's New Orleans.

But more than that, 1986 was a year for coming out. I know nothing about jazz. Last year I thought Blue Note was a flash term for a fiver, but slowly I'm beginning to understand. I can namedrop with a growing sense of confidence: Jazz. Yeah it's really happening. I'm into Courtney Pine.

Stuart Cosgrove

STARS OF '86



OUT TO GRASS



IF PRODUCTIVITY – the sheer occupation of column inches – is the measure of the modern (anti) hero, then Ian Terrence Botham is Achilles, Alf Tupper and Superman rolled into one. Or, depending on where you take your guard, a combination of Attila, Rasputin and Darth Vader. But even by his own roller-coaster extremes, this last 12-months have been exceptional.

Having footslogged the length of Britain in aid of leukaemia research, he spent the latter half of last winter getting his ample rump kicked by the seemingly invincible West Indies, and, if Fleet Street was to be believed, lazing, lounging, sulking and humping retired beauty queens 'til double beds crumpled to piles of matchwood.

By late spring, back in Britain, the air was thick with accusations of drug-taking (published, naturally, by the same people that paid Botham £40,000 a year for his ghosted insights). Botham denied them; his agent confirmed them. With friends like that...

Serving the inevitable competitive suspension, he passed the summer kicking his heels, learning to fly a helicopter, and insulting his bosses – "gin swilling dodderers" – before returning to an England team that, without him, had performed like drunken, blindfold jellyfish, and electrifying it. The wicket he took with his very first effort of that comeback match was the one he needed to break the existing world record for such feats – Botham business as usual.

Between then and now he's managed to fall out with his employers of ten years, Somerset, threatened to damage his former captain Peter Roebuck, and, yeah, on cue, smashed the Australian bowlers to a slope-shouldered pulp.

Botham's (highly profitable) love/hate relationship with the press, the public and the cricket establishment is unique in its intensity, its ferocity and its seemingly bottomless renewability. But it's also following a path that's both well worn and peculiarly British...

It's all to do with class; and it's all to do with a green-eyed monster, and it's all to do with the hoary old Protestant work ethic – but we cannot stand genius. At least not British genius. It's OK for foreigners like Ali, McEnroe, Mandlikova, Maradona or Ballesteros to be temperamental, unpredictable, essentially mercurial, but in these islands we prefer the grunt 'n' groan, silk-purse-from-a-sow's-ear achievements of the sweat-encrusted trier to those of the effortlessly brilliant, the *naturals*.

We prefer Steve Davis to Hurricane Higgins, Kevin Keegan to George Best, Henry Cooper to John Conteh, Bobby Robson to Brian Clough and Fatima Whitbread to Zola Budd.

The triers smile bravely, talk modestly and thank us for our recognition; the naturals turn their backs, carry chips on their shoulders and have big heads, big mouths and big boots. Botham has all these, and (to the fury of the trier-loving puritans) a big arse and stomach for good measure...

But there is a final ironic layer to Botham's case; undoubtedly his tormentors in the press are opportunist, mendacious and irredeemably hypocritical sharks, but Botham himself is a nasty, boorish, selfish piece of male-sexist humbug.

He, and the pack of mangy hounds that eternally bay at his training-shod heels, deserve each other...

Danny Kelly

ANORAK 'N' ROLL

NME C86



WE POLISHED the sleeves of our anoraks and sipped strawberry milkshakes. No controversy visited *NME* – or the rest of the music press – quite like the so-called 'shambling bands'. Remember the 'C86' tape, a cassette that captured a raw surge of new independent pop groups in their nascent splendour.

Beyond a Big Four that comprised The Smiths, New Order, Depeche Mode and Cocteau Twins, the independent chart of the early '80s was little more than a stagnant scrapyard for the decaying fag-ends of goth-rock, anarcho-punk and the gaudy gallery of billy variations. With the emergence of a new generation of British bands, all that changed dramatically. From the jangling fugues of The Shop Assistants to the sonic brutality of The Age Of Chance, young groups on small labels like Ron Johnson, 53rd & 3rd, Subway, Pink and Dreamworld injected a new vigour and resonance onto the independent stage. Embryonic and derivative some of the music might have been, but at least it was moving. Often very fast.

In putting together 'C86', *NME* conspicuously supported new bands rather than sneering at them as our rivals did. What is more, the tape sold over 20,000 copies on mail order, becoming the third most successful spool in the paper's history. It was quite an achievement considering the relative inexperience of the bands concerned, some of whom were being put into the studio for the first time. Now available on vinyl, the cassette also spawned a week-long summer showcase, selling out the ICA

in Central London. Eventually the rest of the media began to take notice, their grudging debates having been conditioned by our agenda.

Naturally, there were doubters, from the beat bigots, who can see no further than the next expensive American import single, to the shambling sociologists, who tried earnestly to tailor the 'C86' team to their tenuous academic theories. One such pseudo-intellectual tract, thankfully not from these pages, concerned the supposed search for a lost childhood innocence, making a ludicrous link between the rise of the baggy anorak as a fashion extra with a disdain for the hedonistic pleasures of the flesh. Did anyone concerned check the opening line of the 'C86' cassette? It concerned a certain velocity girl: "here she comes again, got vodka in her veins..." Yeah, very cute.

Another point worth remembering is that 'shambling' – an unfortunate

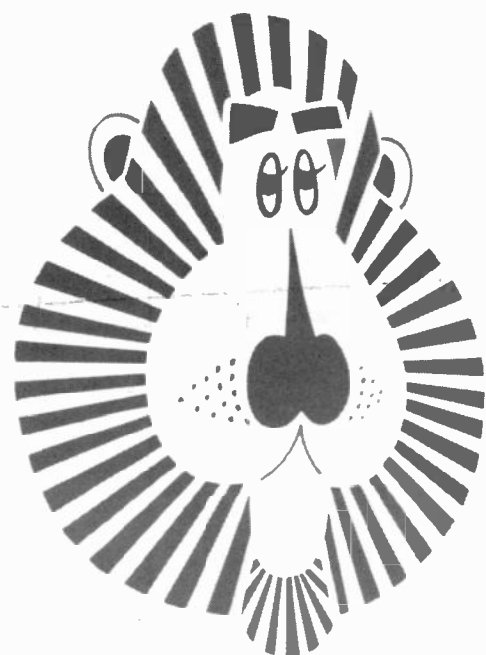
term coined by the otherwise-admirable John Peel – never really constituted an identifiable musical genre like hip-hop or even early punk. The groups are simply too diverse for that.

Since the spring, many of the better indie stars – The Shop Assistants, Bodines, Mighty Lemon Drops – have signed to major labels, while others like The Age Of Chance, Mighty Mighty, Stump and Miaow seem certain to follow. In moving out of an independent chart that has still to lose its odious 'ghetto' associations, they are clearing the way for the rise of a post-'C86' wave.

And so the process will continue next year. Like any broad musical vista, the independent scene throws up as much worthless drivel as it does the genuinely inspired. In 1986, at least, it was re-established as one of the fronts where the favour was at its fiercest. It will take more than a few stray bullets to dampen that spirit.

Adrian Thrills

THE MUZAK OF SWEAT AND BLOOD



Just what is the SWANS' ferocious slugbeat all about? Is their new four-sider — 'Public Castration Is A Good Idea' — liable to be turned into a TV sitcom? And are we missing the jokes? Swan Hunter: DELE FADELE. Photo by STEVE PYKE

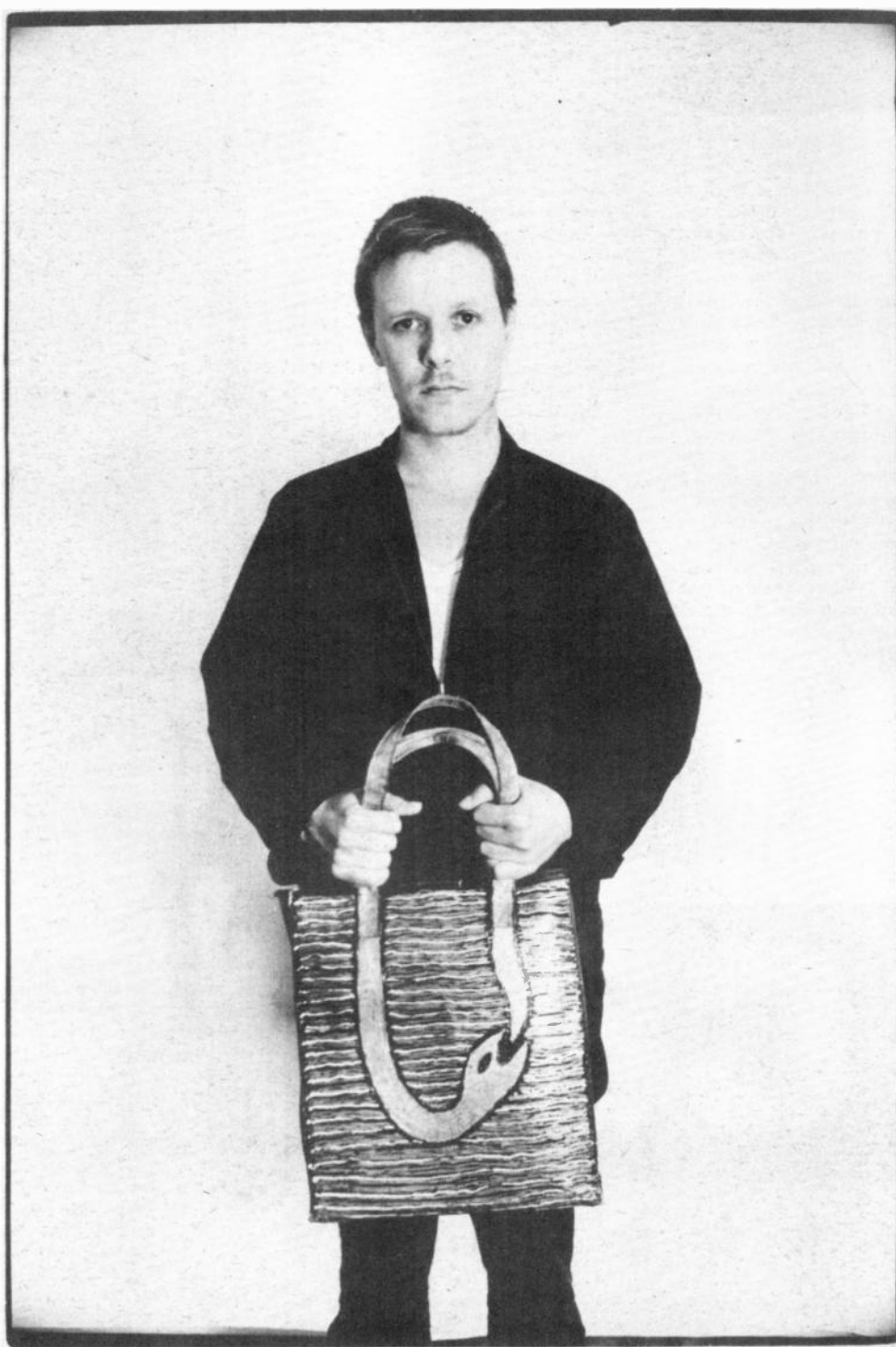
YESTERDAY IN New York, today in Limbo, and piped tomorrow into elevators and circulated through the aluminium-plated decors of burger franchises. What Swans make is New Age Muzak. Muzak that soothes and calms and never disturbs.

It's been a good year for lullabies and so what if theirs are about screwing and being screwed, finding yourself in some corner of an airless room, or wearing someone else's skin? They've been gently sung by a patient, kind, caring and sensible . . .

BASTARD. And a polite one at that. Michael Gira is one polite bastard who hides his contempt for others all too well. The main thrust of any discussion entailing his group's work would seem to be contradiction. Swans have dug their own personal hole in the no-man's-land nether reaches of Muzak, surrounding it with a fence of spears to keep trespassers out. It's their hole. They own it.

" . . . As some kind of negative harbingers of doom. I would hope that people would gain strength or feel better after listening to us; or even use us for constructive purposes. It would be frivolous and ridiculous, a panty-waist idea, to thrash around trying to attack people or create negativity. It's not our intention and never has been. We're not out to help either, but . . . I hope the product can be used positively. All this talk about violence gets wearisome to me."

What Swans do, live, is an essay in studied violence, with silence as punctuation; as an exclamation mark. Gira thinks it's just "good sex", and claims to lie only when it's useful and would stress more lying's inevitability than its importance. Anyways, calling an official bootleg — which you don't care much for, yet see as marking the end of a certain



phase — 'Public Castration Is A Good Idea' seems more hardcore-chic rather than anything else.

"In America, hardcore means something different: stupid punk rock bands. We're certainly nothing to do with them. It's harder, yeah . . ."

YOU ARE lying spreadeagled. Face down. In your cell. Can't recall what you did to get there, you've been there so long. And you're always lying. To others. To yourself. Your actions define who and what you are. They finally put a name on what you suffered in solitary confinement: *sensory deprivation*. Your behaviour has been altered by scientific means. You can't remember. Your perception (having taken in everything within the finite confines of the hole,

including yourself) passes through the monotony . . .

Amnesia, loss of memory, has been one of the main pointers sneaking through this year's essential quintet of Swans releases. Asked why he's haunted by this, Gira's friendly enough.

"I guess that has to do with simply being reduced to a blob. Which is a state I'm often in and isn't an uncommon one either. It's vaguely related to saturation with both television and mass-media; the way they black up History in an immediate present. I haven't analysed it clearly enough. The thing I often return to is an empty physical present, without a sense of how you developed or where you could possibly go."

Stranger than known is what he is. Laugh as he might at being treated as some weird S/M freak-cum-pervert by the "bloodless

English race", only a maladjusted person would crawl in dirt, intentionally place itself in the scummiest of situations if only to come out cleansed afterwards. Our first talk, strewn with pauses as it was, forced one to watch everyday goings-on four floors down from a West London office where neither squalor nor grime was present.

"I don't find myself on the ground, in dirt" he declaims. "I take two baths a day, usually. Really, all I try is to distil what I can from my observations and my life into a lyric that I think is relevant to others. 'Suffering for your art' is really clichéd territory."

Alright, alright. What lurks behind what they're trying to get across?

"Would you ask Frank Sinatra that? It's not polemical. I give the audience an opportunity to feel something they haven't before. There's too much stuff around that's pretentious and nauseating. I'm a musician, a singer. That's my whole *raison d'être*."

WHEN THE cell door slams, I walk to the wall. Secretly glad of the way prison has finally caught up with me. Not surprisingly, he won't discuss a supposed jail-sentence out in California a few years back — that which 'Cop' exorcised perhaps.

Anyway, again, they've cruised further since *that*. Leaving no signposts or clues, just some kind of inverted and extreme Love — as it was irrigated and dwelt upon in this year's 'Greed' and 'Holy Money' LPs, the 'A Screw' 12-inch, and the sum-up precis 'Public Castration . . .'. There's nothing, *nothing*. You're forever numbed by these, by their brutality, by their theatrics, albeit overturned, by their redefinitions of rock musics, their measured pacing. There's nothing sinister, oppressive or painful about these — nerves are deadened — excursions through the depths of worshipping someone else, of becoming someone else. But I could be wrong. Swans have often been misconstrued, misread and misused. Cut. What's your most galling misrepresentation, Jarboe? (another Swan).

"The word Noise. When you really listen to people that are doing, or have done it, people like Boyd Rice, it's absurd. They do it well. That's what they're trying to achieve. With Swans, there's none. Tunes. It's very musical, very grand, deep and it can be opened up."

"The LP we'll record in January," adds Gira, "will certainly have a lot of melodic elements in it, a lot of gentleness — not the vapid sort — there's nothing wrong with making music that isn't an act of *aggression*."

"Music speaks for itself. Everything else is advertising."

We're admitting things now, are we? "I try very hard not to develop a practice or an advertising dialogue in order to describe the work. The typical professional thing would be to present a clear image so the band could be marketed clearly, etc."

Those were the words of success expectation, always at the ready. Swans aren't concerned with Pain, more with that instant when pain ceases and a peculiarly prickling stillness, as if a wound were healing, takes hold.

Yet those with tastes for the mainstream baulk when all they ever need to do is

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PHILIPS



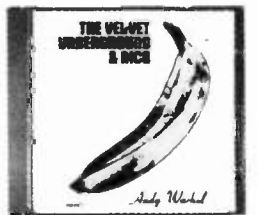
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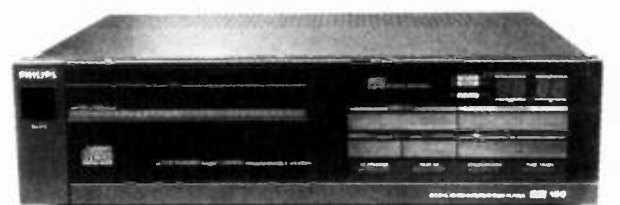
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PRODUCT OF AMERICA

His codpiece was banned from *TOTP*, his new single 'Candy' has been banned by Radio One, but LARRY BLACKMON has still led Cameo to the heights of chart success. PAOLO HEWITT flies to Las Vegas to chew the funk with the mon. Photo NICK WHITE.



THEY DID it to Elvis in 1956 on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, and now, 30 years later, they're doing it to Larry Blackmon.

They're standing in Cameo's dressing room at the BBC's *Top Of The Pops* and they're telling him that he cannot wear his bright red codpiece on the show tonight. They are also telling him that he must cut down on his physical gyrations when performing his number three single, 'Word Up'.

Larry Blackmon isn't stupid. He knows that if he rubs these people up the wrong way, the massive advances of popularity that Cameo have made in this country over the last two years will be entirely wasted. If he ignores these people's demands, all his records will be totally ignored by this powerful organisation in the future. It's a risk he can't afford.

On the other hand, Blackmon is a proud person and one who doesn't like having to doff his codpiece to *anybody*. So a compromise is reached and that night, in front of millions of viewers, Larry Blackmon is filmed, like Elvis was before him, from the waist up. Word up, waist up, perfect.

Two months later they're back on his case. Cameo's new single, 'Candy', a lithe, clever record, and one of the best pop hits of the year, has been blanked by Radio One. They think it's about drugs.

For once in his life, Larry Blackmon is speechless. Word off, no less.

ANYONE PASSING room 123 of Las Vegas's Sheffield Inn, at precisely 1.19 am on Sunday, November 29, would have been stopped in their tracks, caught by the sound of Larry Blackmon singing a country and western song, in a peachless redneck accent, that will soon be found on his forthcoming solo album, 'Product Of America'.

"Well I work real hard," he warbles, "but I get real peeved, when I see a black guy in a Mercedes. . ."

He finishes the line. "Just making fun of the rednecks," he says with his customary winning smile.

"There's another song that I wrote" he continues, "which I decided to submit to Mick Jagger and I'm going to do the song on my album if he doesn't do it. It's called 'Oh Libido' and if he did the song it would really take him. . ." he points dramatically to the ceiling, "up there. It's got the feel of the old Stones stuff with that hard beat that only I can get. If people want to call it funk, or call it this, they can, they can call it anything they like. It is what it is."

Fighting stereotypes has been a pre-occupation of Blackmon's for some time now. Up until two years ago, Cameo were regarded purely as a streetfunk outfit, specialising in heavy back beats and juicy horn riffs. Blackmon's character, at the start of this journey, remains unknown.

All he will say about himself, as a teenager, is "I was just experiencing, just

learning. I got interested in music and I was serious about putting bands together since the eighth or ninth grade."

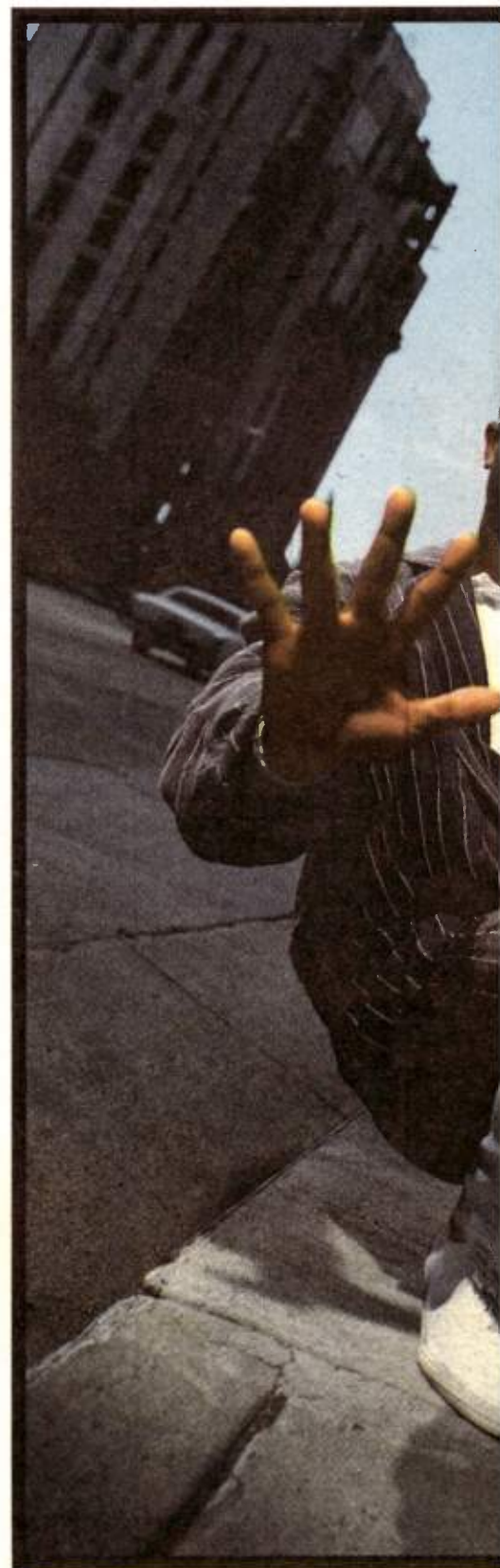
Blackmon was based in New York and it was here that he made his first record, teaming up with Gwen Guthrie to do so. "I was playing with a group called Willie Feaster And The Comic Freak Wall and I was put out of that group because Willie called me a troublemaker. I spoke my opinions about things. I would set up a lot of routines and a lot of what was going I would set up. There was no acknowledgement of that at all. So he put me out and Gwen was rehearsing in the same place at the time, so we got together."

Cameo stayed in New York until the late '70s and then moved to Atlanta. They were a successful group, in America at least. Over here in Britain, their records could only be found on import, selling anywhere between 6-10,000 copies.

That was a drop in the ocean compared to the half a million American homes that took a Cameo LP into its living room each year. When they arrived in Atlanta, it was at the height of that city's infamous series of child murders. The police had nailed a young black man and charged him with the crimes. He was duly sent to jail.

Six years later, America's *Spin* magazine ran two articles investigating the slayings. These firmly suggested that the murders were the work of the Ku Klux Klan and brought to light many unsavoury aspects that pointed to the innocence of the man charged. Blackmon wasn't at all surprised. He suspected the guy was innocent and that the Klan had been protected to avoid a major racial outburst.

"I thought it was pretty much the way *Spin* magazine said it, that it was a group of





people and this guy was just a scapegoat. I thought the police handled it really awful. As a matter of fact, a woman who is our partner and working with us was married to the mayor at the time and when I read the article I gave her a copy. She read it and didn't make too much of a comment. . . .

I tell him that racism is still a force that we haven't learnt to deal with and he nods his head in a languid and slightly sad fashion.

"I think in this country nowadays, the mood, the Reagan Revolution so to speak, has given the people the option of being racist. I think it is more covert now than ever before. I think racism is still very prevalent in our society, in America especially, and it's become fashionable to be that way, to be a racist and not really care. Economically, they've given the minorities a bad beating and we need to take on more, what some might call socialist policies, at least some, because if you take care of people, they in turn will take care of you."

He glances over at the silent TV flickering in the corner. Some kind of crazy game show is going on, made even more ludicrous by the lack of sound. The room we're in is strangely anonymous and that suits the mood of Las Vegas, where tall gaudy buildings grow to enormous size out of the infertile desert ground.

"A country is no stronger than the people who inhabit it," says Larry, seizing back my wandering thoughts. "You can't think as one and deal as one if you make it convenient to discriminate against certain people. I think a lot of our leaders have been silenced and Corporate America has offered a lot of the kids in the colleges jobs, big cars and money and we now have this onslaught of yuppies."

"I think they've made it convenient to be that way whereas a long time ago it was

convenient to be liberal, or *fashionable* to be liberal and righteous. Nowadays it's like . . . money."

Which all, of course, makes you a bit of an oddball in the scheme of things. There are few American musicians, that I can think of, that speak out on such matters.

"Unfortunately no, but that's how they want to live their lives."

Are you ever worried that your views might affect the success of Cameo?

"How do you mean?"

Well, in Britain, we have groups heavily concerned with politics of some kind or another. Yet all they seem to gain is a very large, but cult, following. They rarely emulate the success of Wham! or groups of that ilk, who steer decidedly clear.

"I think that what comes from a lot of the groups there, is anger. I was working with a group, I won't mention any names. . . ."

Black Britain, I say, interrupting him. He gives me the kind of glance which says shut up and then re-iterates, very slowly, "I won't mention any names, I just felt a lot of anger and I thought it was being taken out on the structure of the music business which is not the place for that."

"I don't think it should be so much to the point that it starts affecting business because that's not smart any more. It's like trying to work out your psychological problems at your work place and if you want to do that then pay a guy a hundred dollars an hour and talk to him."

"There's this attitude of it might not sell but that's okay. Well I don't want to be a part of that. It can't be on those terms. When we make music we make it to sell and we happen to like the music we make. See, if you don't want to sell records, why make them?"

"Why don't you just play gigs? Nobody's saying you've got to do it. But if you're going to do business in Russia, you do business like Russians do."

And that philosophy is something Larry Blackmon knows all about. It pulls us back to three years ago when Blackmon flew into London to talk his British record company into releasing Cameo records.

His last LP had not met the sales of the previous records and, in many ways, had left Blackmon at the crossroads, wondering what to do next. Blackmon played Phonogram his new single, 'She's Strange' and Phonogram finally issued a Cameo record in the UK.

It eventually landed up in the Top 20. Since then, a couple of singles apart, Cameo have featured regularly in the British charts. But, unlike their label mates, Kool And The Gang, who also enjoy massive British approval, Blackmon is forever changing.

There is no one Cameo style, it ranges over lots of musics. 'Attack Me With Your Love' is pop, 'Word Up' a brilliant amalgamation of rap, streetfunk and rock, 'Hanging Downtown' a superior ballad.

Blackmon is the first to agree. "Very eclectic," he says, "and all of what we do is very original. There are sounds, or suggestions of sounds, and there is no way that any artist from any group could be so original as to not be familiar with something else, because we're all the sum and total of our musical experiences."

"But I think that our next album, 'Tacky Guy', will be monumental also, that we are hitting the nail on the head every time as far as expression is concerned. We're not doing anything halfway."

His gaze returns to the TV. A contestant has just hit the jackpot.

THE GRIM rumblings of a man about to drop his trousers could be heard distinctly from where we are standing in the Thomas Mack Center, Las Vegas. There are three of us here and at Cameo's LA show the previous night we had been subjected to Full Force's support slot.

The climax of the show finds one of the group asking the audience if they want to see his fellow vocalist drop his trousers. This unfortunate specimen had already exposed his vast chest and was now, to American screams of delight, busy unbuttoning his trousers.

One couldn't help feeling that if the whole of the country, from the President downwards, had shouted, "don't do it" to him, to this muscle-bound musician, he would have taken not one bit of notice. He would simply flash his glittering Y-fronts for all to see.

Regular visitors to Hammersmith Odeon soul shows will know this is no rare occurrence. Cheap sexual innuendo, playing with a member of the audience (and in some cases, the audience's member) have ruined numerous events there.

I am now a firm believer that in every contract there is a clause somewhere, probably buried on the third page, which says, "I will make a real prat of myself tonight".

If this does exist, and I truly believe it does,

then Cameo haven't read it yet. Their show is best summed up by one of their songs, 'Fast, Furious And Funny'.

Everything is done with humour and panache, from the opening lines — "In a world where such terrible things as unemployment and South Africa exist, it's good to know that you can always rely on that good old Cameosis. . . ." — the show just gathers momentum.

It differs from a lot of other shows simply because it bends the rules. Who else, for instance, would incorporate ballet-dancing and then present it to macho America? Who else doesn't drag up giggling members of the audience either to indulge in simulated intercourse or to ridicule their singing?

Back in room 123, Blackmon is explaining.

"We do it tongue in cheek," he says. "We don't consider ourselves stage artists in the way other groups do, it's an *ungroup* if you know what I mean. If you want to be a group you can come out like Kool And The Gang — who incidentally have been copying Cameo for years — or you can come out like we do and try and find different ways to appeal to those same senses."

It is now four hours after such an event and Larry Blackmon is clearly tired. Although he's been incredibly cordial every time I bump into him on this tour, the *scheduled* interview keeps getting put back. Meanwhile, it's hard to keep track of Cameo. All you tend to see are people rushing around them. Managers, tour managers, roadies, drivers and all the other musicians are highly visible. Somewhere in the middle of this chaos are three tired people by the name of Cameo.

When we finally do meet up, Blackmon's well-developed physique, (he is something of a health freak) is slumped in a hotel armchair. He sports sunglasses but behind them you catch the eyelids drooping. He is wearing a striped T-shirt, blue Levis and cowboy boots, a distinct difference from the Jean Paul Gaultier clothes that he models on the cover of the new Cameo LP.

Yet behind this colour lies a brain interested in Eastern religion, ("philosophy," he snaps at me, "Eastern philosophy,") that includes, rumour has it, the group, prior to performing, gathering around a candle and chanting.

"Just past lives," he says of his interest, "the law of Karma, very basic, general, things that we learnt in our late teens and have served us right as far as not being into dogma, and believing in Jesus Christ and God as well. All of it makes sense in some kind of way; I don't totally understand it all, but I do understand that the principles we've learnt work for us."

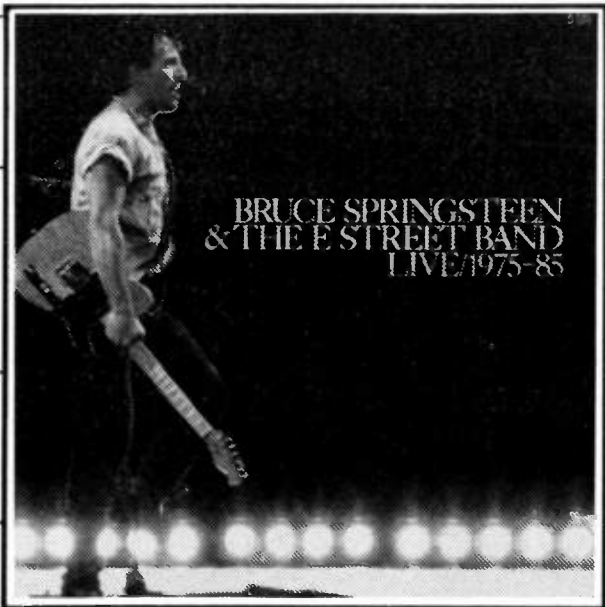
One practice that Cameo haven't deviated from is thanking God on the back of their covers. So is there a contradiction between Blackmon's religion and his songs, such as 'Single Life' wherein he expresses his desire to "tie you up for a while"?

"A lot of what we write is suggestive," he asserts. "People could misconstrue, 'I'll tie you up for a while' in 'Single Life', but that's 'tie you up' meaning take your time or possess you for a length of time."

It wasn't of human bondage that you

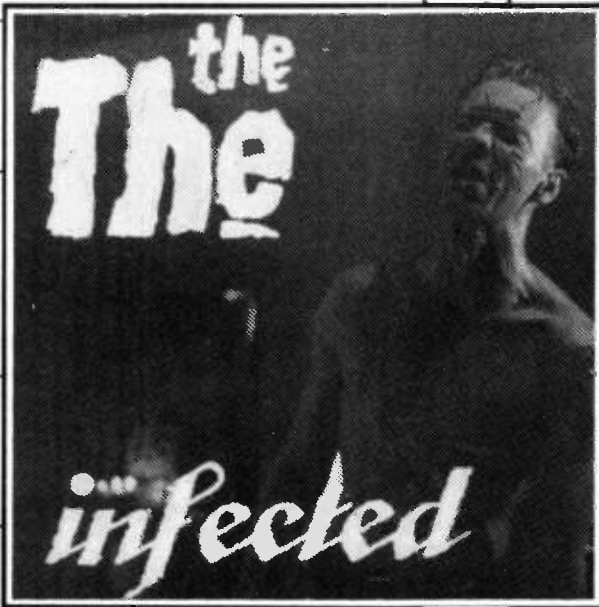
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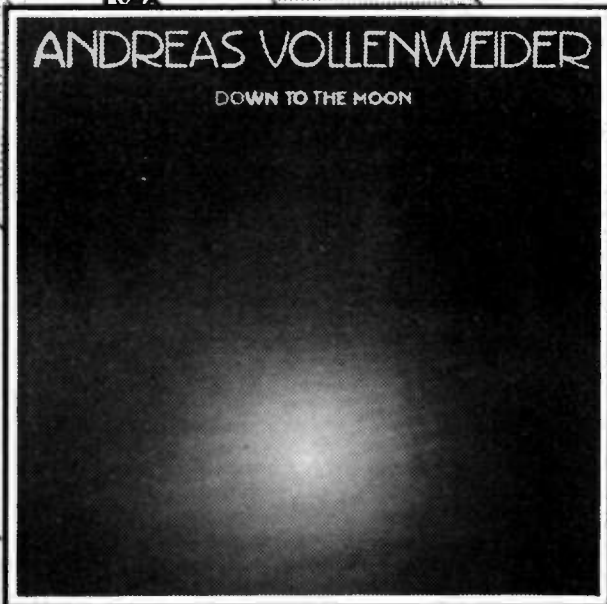
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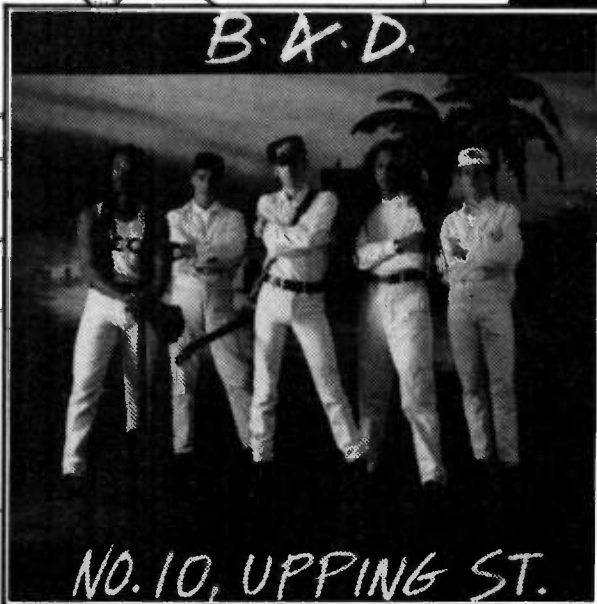
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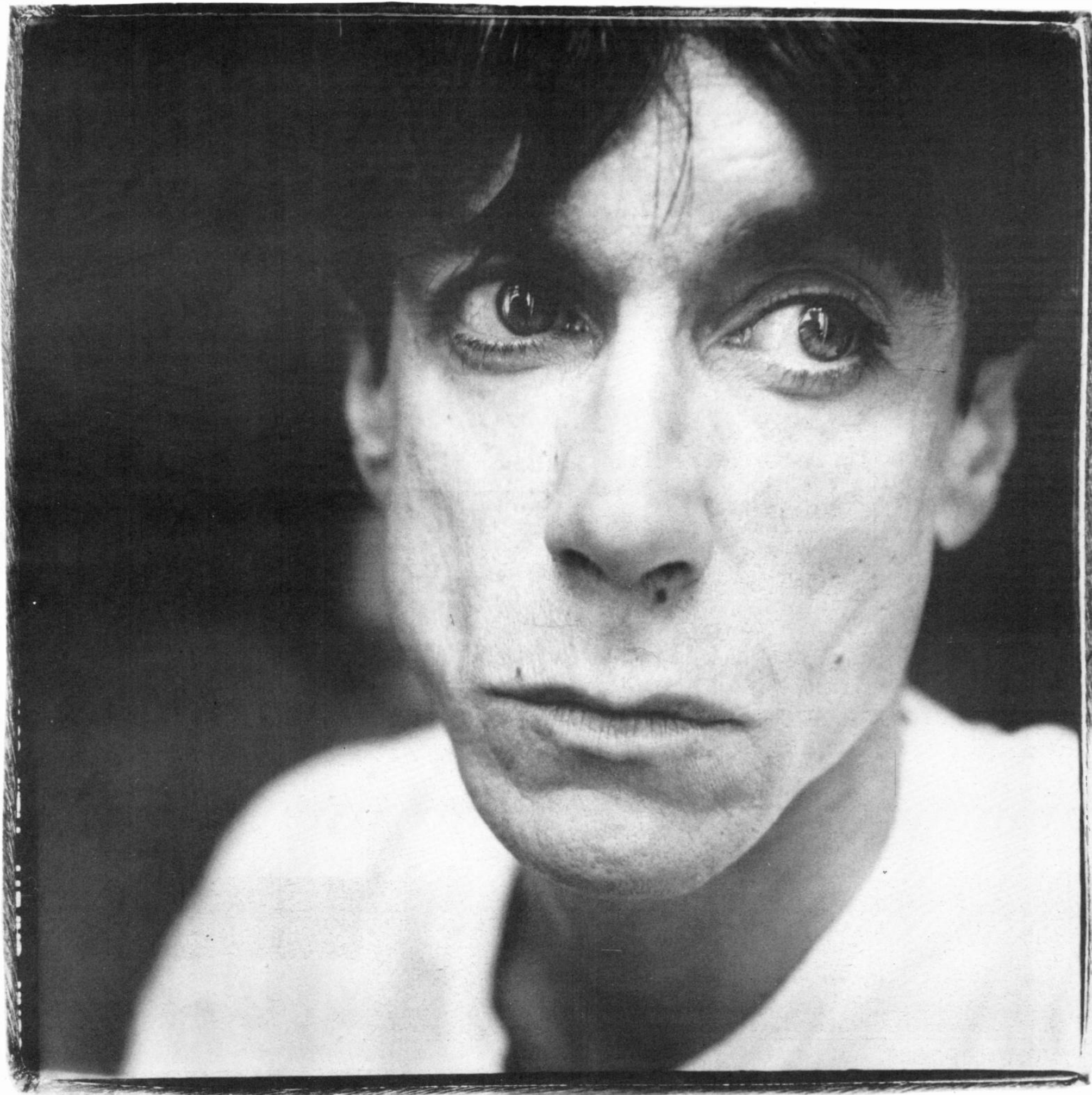
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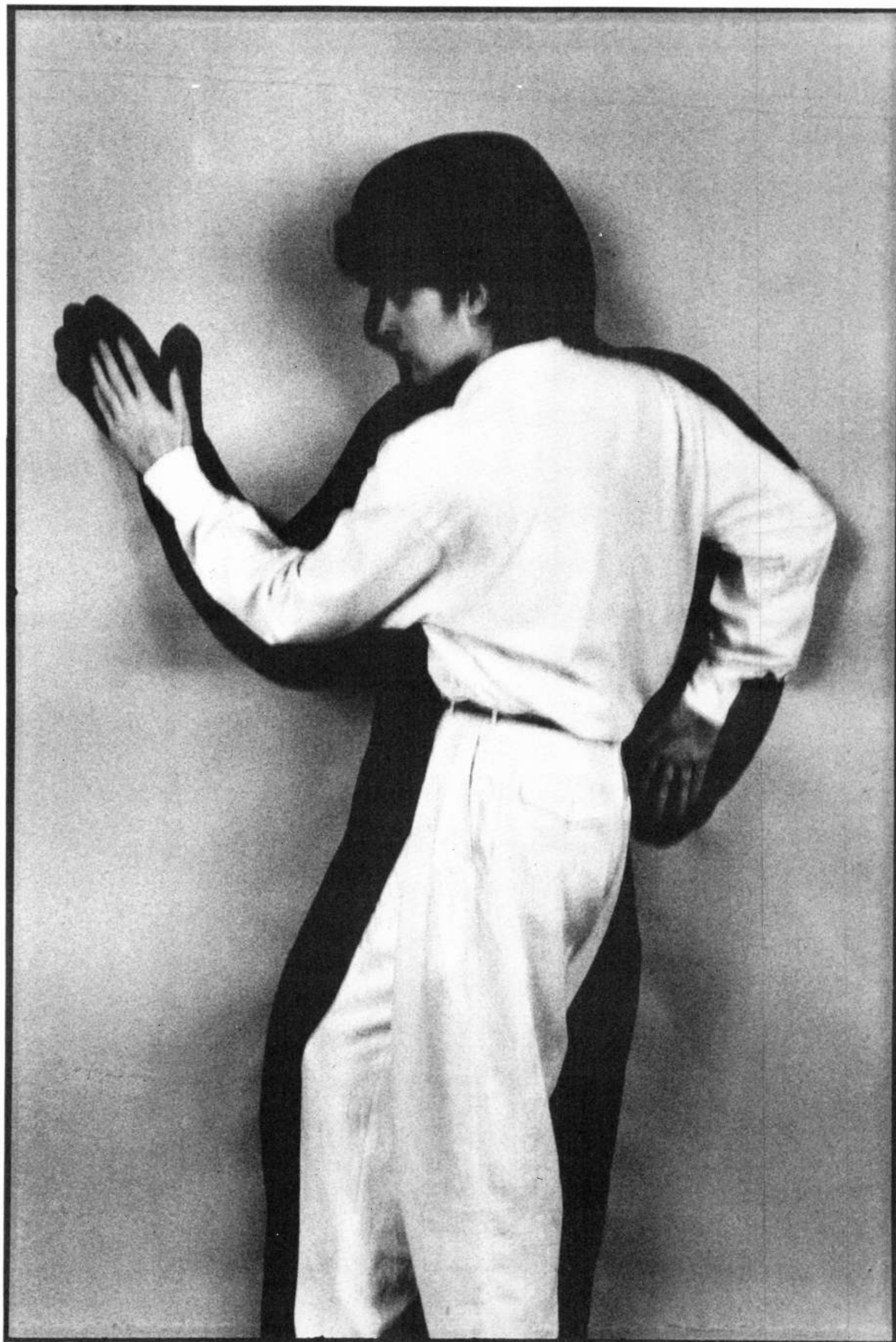
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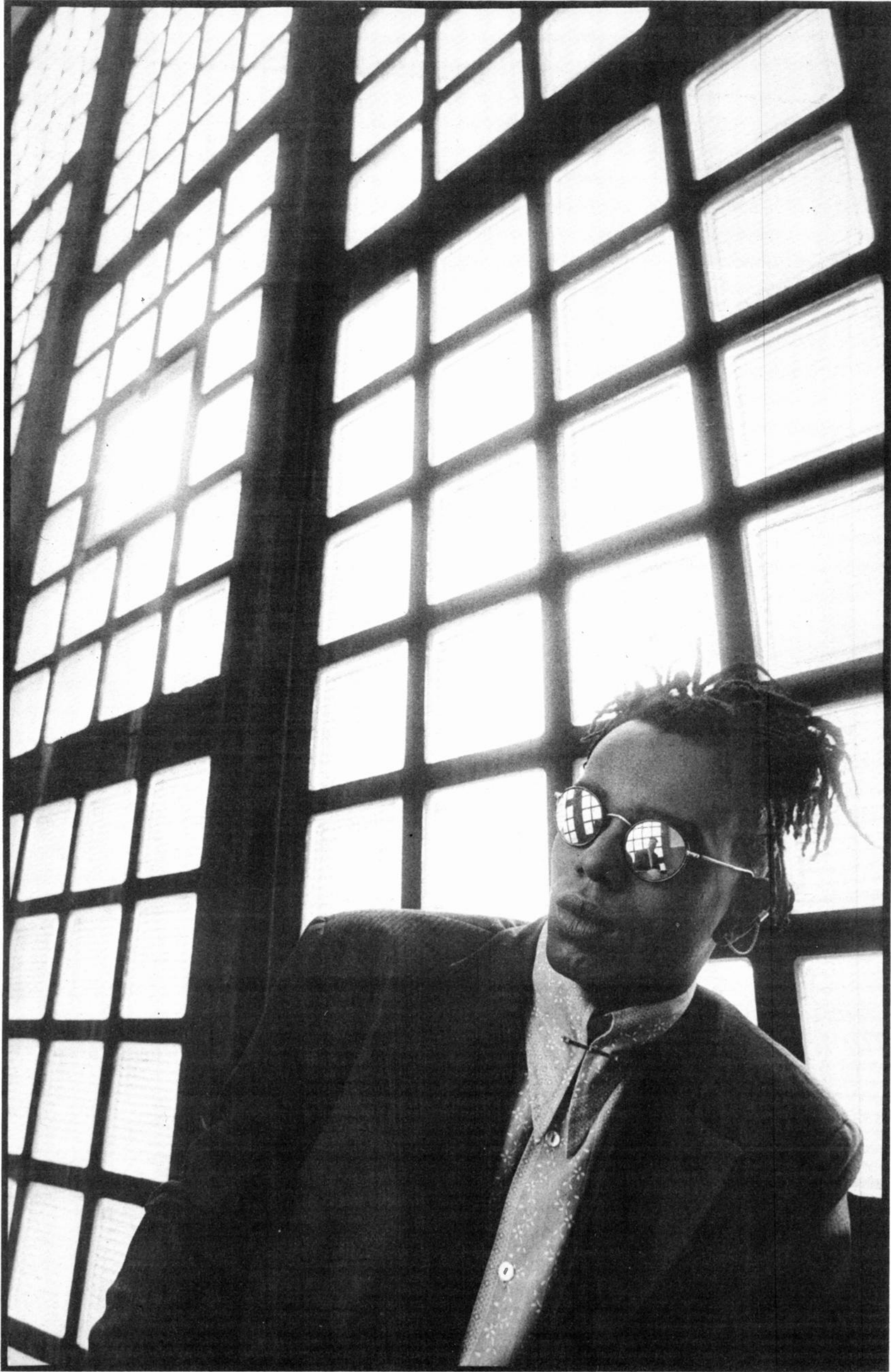


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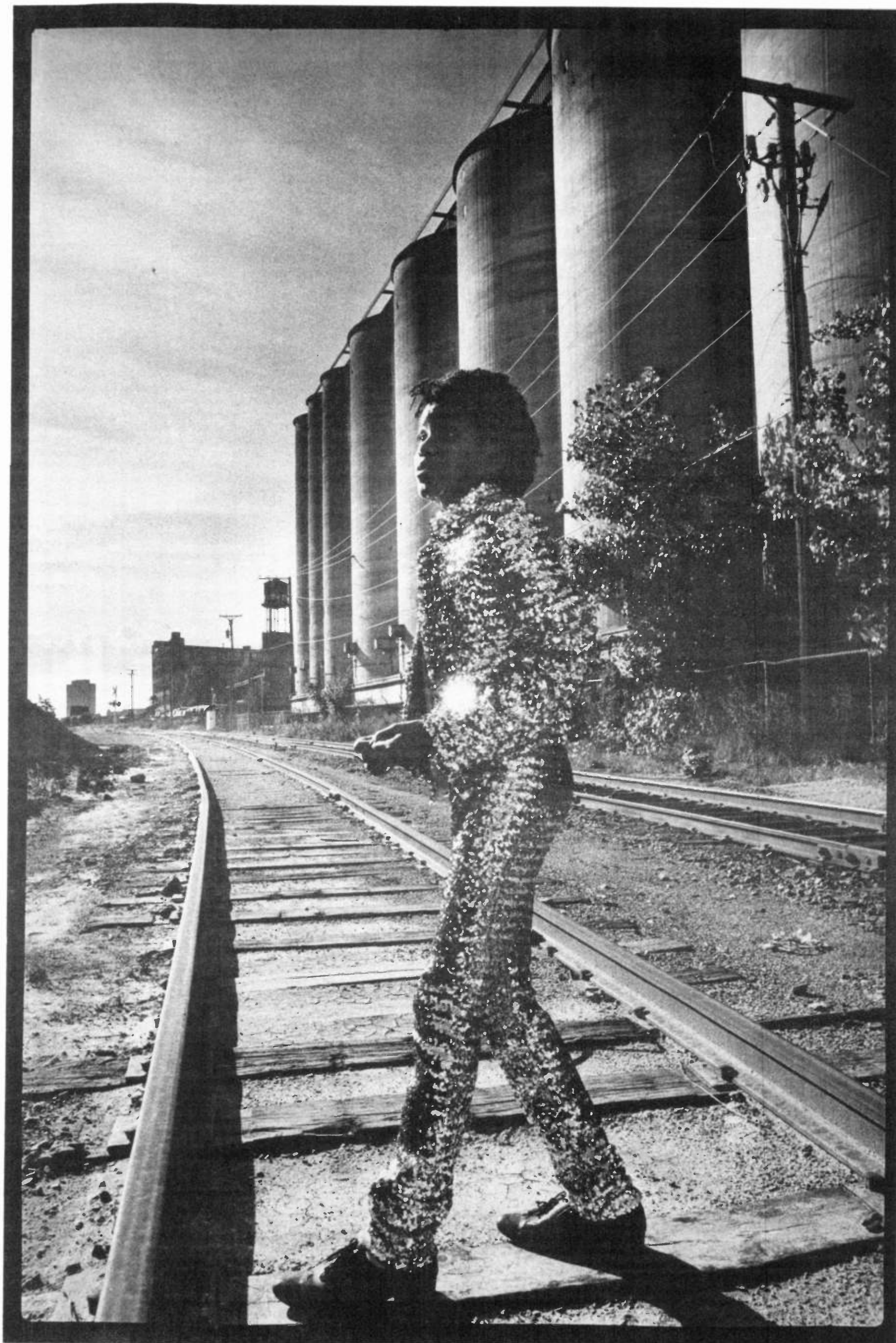
MARK ROGERS BY DEREK RIDGERS

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B.A.D. BY LAWRENCE WATSON

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KHALID (CHICAGO HOUSE) BY A.J. BARRATT



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON



Papal bull

HEY! LUCIANI LONDON RIVERSIDE

THERE'S A play in every one of us, even Ernie Wise. And perhaps Mark E. Smith. In fact, most of the ingredients are here, maybe even a plot: was Pope John Paul 1 poisoned for trying to revolutionize the papacy and stamp out its ungodly involvement in gun-running and organised crime? MES has also got some key "alternative" props, — toytown papal balcony, igloo, deathbed, Michael Clark (quick twirl and "the Devil get ready"), and overhead screen. Onto the last he projects images of everyday life: mouths, puke, hands in chains, mutilation, fire and, naturally, maggots munching on cows' eyes.

He bares his dramatic influences before us: The Wooster Project for day-to-day deadpan delivery (but this cast sadly lack thesbian skills): *Josie And The Pussycats* for terrorists (glam commandos led by the gun-crazy body-stocking Brix); the *Crackerjack* pantomime for *élan* and *éclat* (sorely lacking Peter Glaze but Leigh Bowery went close). And while the Hip Priest's dialogue is only tenuously connected with the Vatican, it allows him moments of irreverent and irrelevant splendour: "The rear view mirror became a credit card", or "I squeeze the leech-wondrous thingies out of the porthole", or, classically Mark, "Caterpillars, full and wriggling, with translucent suckers and tall hairs, about my size". There are clearly plenty slates missing from the Smith roof.

"What's this pig-shite script?" demands one of the pussycats, trussing up a shaded and tea-towelled terrorist (racial stereotype or what?) and reassuring a dummy of Martin Bormann (fine performance that). Clearly MES' complex plot — riddled with nuances that only his pharmacist understands — was too much for her. I have no problem with Fall songs — that bass-driven sinister sound is a good vehicle for Mark's philosophy — but here his lyrical obscurity merely adds to our confusion.

Hey! Luciani typically flaunts all the laws of theatre (and I accept that they are there to be broken) through pathetic acting and incomprehensible narration. Fall fanatics will no doubt argue that Mark's a god, much misunderstood and that insights such as "The earth is made up of Terylene patches" have clearly sailed way over my badly permed pelmet. But, all I can say is that, the play wot Mark E. Smith has wrote is a heap of shite. No doubt it's a metaphor for the modern world.

LEN BROWN

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

LOVE IS the slug. Love is Maz, Tina, Jo and Vix, the nicknames, The Shadows footwork, the uplifted eyes of iconographic madonnas at prayer. Love is playing at playing.

Fuzzbox aren't a group attempting to play "together", and couldn't look tough if they tried. And despite being a chart act, their attitude to their material is mainly casual and throwaway, with the exception of 'Rules & Regulations' which is played with significant ire, rather than irony. Fuzzbox's success looks almost accidental, with the result that this group, (more than any other in this age of aged stars), fulfill the requirements that pop in stereotype ideally demands — to be adolescent in every way, from performance and product to audience.

In their purest form Fuzzbox are contradictory — an awkward meeting of absurdly impractical costume/hairdo, with songs constructed out of coincidental collaborations of various simple, good noises. Except at one point: "*Summit's gone naughty! It's the fuzzbox!*" But even the panic is a bit of a put-on. Mistakes, accidents and heckling are dealt with like they're a laugh. Anything musical is fair game for a send-up, from 'Walk This Way' to 'High Hopes', done a cappella. But the send-up is always reflected back at themselves. Their off-handedness is a constant cue to a dread of what might happen if they grew up to be real pop stars.

Behind every rendition of 'Console Me' you hear an imaginary second version, seriously performed. Behind their version of 'Spirit In The Sky', you can't help hearing Doctor And The Medics, seriously and emptily impersonating. The fascination of Fuzzbox is the fear of their identification. Whoops, there goes another kilowatt dam.

BOB DICKINSON

THE CUTTING CREW LONDON ASTORIA

BEEP, BEEP, beep... "THIS IS THE BBC WORLD SERVICE", hams Radio One's Richard Skinner. Hey! We're going out live all over the world. Links a two-thirds full audience, let's whoop it up — we're making history.

The truth is you can set your watch by bands like The Cutting Crew. They appear as if from nowhere, release a couple of reasonably successful singles, a vaguely successful album, and then they're gone. It's like one of those Chain of Gold letters. With a bit of luck you get to the top of the pile, collect your money and get the hell out while the going's good. Phew!

I could think of a lot of horrible things to say about The Cutting

KIM WILDE LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

WHAT'S WRONG with Kim Wilde? Not a great deal. Technically she's an androgynous pop star who for six years (and with some impressive career gaps) has made a string of attractive singles: 'Kids In America', 'Water On Glass', 'View From A Bridge', 'Cambodia'.

For most of '86, Kim Wilde was lurking in Marc Bolan-land (as in: "I know it's not hip, but her singles were bloody brilliant"), the forgotten child of the post-Punk '70s. Like Deborah Harry of Blondie, she achieved success by making sexual inanity seem threatening. I always liked her for this. Wilde was a gauche performer with a classic early '60s voice, who actually took a lot of risks with her single

releases. From 'Kids In America' to 'Cambodia', Wilde created an intriguing pre-Yuppie angst; her brother and musical arranger, Ricky Wilde, was the master of the minor chord.

But in late '86, in a pop coup which none of us music biz historians dreamt could come off, Kim Wilde re-launched her career with a trivial cover version of The Supremes' 'You Keep Me Hanging On'. Like every other single Kim and Ricky Wilde have released it's extremely insidious. One day you hate it — the next day you're singing it.

I really didn't think Kim Wilde could go wrong in a live setting. All she had to do was get a competent band behind her and drone out her angst-ridden white pop... alas, she blew it. Her band appeared to think they were Bon Jovi, while Wilde herself showed a disdain for her audience bordering on the

objectionable. She is colder than ice, which is what makes her such a bleedin' Yuppie. Only her peculiar sexuality (ie. the just-a-bit-weird-girl-next-door number), kept Wilde from instigating a full scale riot of boredom.

I was very disappointed by this concert. It was truly awful. But I still see a consistent future for Kim Wilde. She has a remarkable instinct for modern pop music, and a real ability to survive via an image which is really not at all in keeping with the rest of the WASP women in pop. It's no coincidence that both Wilde and Deborah Harry are back on top in late '86. Both these women turn desire back on their audiences, thus surviving with the minimum of personal involvement. The result is as successful as a Calvin Klein advert, and just about as demanding.

JANE SOLANAS

TRIUMPH OF THE SWILL

THE POGUES KILBURN NATIONAL

OK 1986, you win! Just when I was sure your goodie bag must be exhausted, you pull out one last mindshredder performance. Not by the band, mind, but who's quibbling at this late stage?

After six stormy months at sea — including the loss overboard of the cabin boy Cait — Cap'n Shane has guided his pirate junk Pogue Mahone to her home port, to familiar bars and a guaranteed welcome. And now, as the sheer extremity of that welcome begins to dawn, his face becomes a shifting combination of his habitual bewilderment and the devilish grin of the long-stay loonie who a malfunctioning computer has just put in charge of the asylum. Unfolding below his feet, is the craziest ceremony currently legal; The Pogues' very own army, a sweating, swaying wheatfield of abandoned decorum.

It's a Hlronymous Bosch hellscape come to noisy life, a Ken Russell wet dream of a thousand rioters trapped in a phone box, a people-filled giant glue-pot boiling madly away on a monstrous gas ring. In this manic mnes-trone you only catch flecks, of the music, of the myriad green-'n-white-hooped Celtic shirts, of an Irish tricolour through a perspiration heat-haze, and of an infinite variety of shamelessly uncool dance spasms. A single word to sum up this atmosphere?

Crew, but they're quick to defend themselves against such an attack. They play a song called 'One For The Mocking Bird', addressed to "those who said we weren't good enough" (me, you) and "those who believe that if you're good enough and work hard enough, you get what you deserve". (The band, the fans.)

There I was, beginning to wish they were all standing there toggled out in dirty vests, brandishing power saws and oxy-acetylene torches as their names suggest; that would be fun, much easier than these mellow, easy-going chaps before me.

Huey Lewis, Go West and Glass Tiger (a typical cross-Atlantic band) they're extremely slick. You can hum that brand of low-tar AOR till it comes out your ears. It won't kill you. Will it?

MIKE PATTENDEN



PHOTO: KENJI KUBO

The face that launched a thousand sips

How about 'delirium'?

Or 'love'? Or, as much as anything, 'sex'? The band find themselves being serenaded (seriously, *passionately* serenaded) in the six-swig gaps between songs; and they respond by leading the 1,500-part-harmony version of 'Dirty Old Town'. It should've been a sickening sentimental sing-along-asixpack, a joke. 'Cept here, in the private darkness of this self-contained world, no-one's laughing...

How, or even *what* The Pogues played is irrelevant, as surplus to requirement as The Beatles ditties in the Hollywood Bowl; their mere presence is enough, crude oil poured neat onto the raging fire of their audiences' expectations. Band and fans

have entered into a forged-steel pact of unquestioning loyalty. Their attitudes, aspirations and mutual requirements interlock with a microscopic accuracy not seen since the shangalang summer of the Bay City Rollers and their hormonally-crazed hordes. The hysteria at a Pogues gig is just the celebration of this once-in-a-blue-moon coincidence; the music the party's lubricating bubbly.

And so, for the foreseeable future, The Pogues will remain in fanatically fierce favour. For Shane McGowan — punk reject, social deviant, and dental disaster area — this must be a sweet, if strange, feeling. His has been the triumph of the swill.

DANNY KELLY

STATUS QUO HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TWELVE GOLD BARS. It isn't a joke or a simplification — it's nothing more or less, than the way Status Quo (or QUO, QUO, QUO... ad inf, stomp, stomp, clap, clap, as they were repeatedly called throughout their one and a half hours on stage) play.

Live, it's more than just song after song of Quo boogie. They lean heavily on a blues riff, take it through the earliest rock'n'roll, on past The Doors, wrap it tightly around the guitars of Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt, who then convert it into that Quo boogie. And that's it. Song after song after song. Contrary to popular opinion, Status Quo are the most original band in the world because no one else sounds anything like them.

As this is the first of seven sell-out shows at the Odeon, there's no getting around it: Status Quo are a popular band. A popular chart band. Never having been a compulsive buyer of Quo records I couldn't, by any means, be called

an authority on the band. That didn't stop me recognizing 70 per cent of their set. 'What Ever You Want', 'In The Army Now', 'Rocking All Over The World'... God I knew them all. My only source? *Top Of The Pops*.

Rossi, Parfitt, and new bassist "Rhino" Edwards, do put on a good show and behind thousands of waving hands they look like superstars. Move a little closer, to the front, and they appear as they are — sweating, middle-aged men having a laugh. They were enjoying themselves so the crowd enjoyed them. This was pure family entertainment, certainly not heavy metal. All in all, despite the ease of listening, not my cup of tea. But then I never did want to be Prince Charles.

STAN BARTON

BIG COUNTRY THE BIG DISH EDINBURGH

IT WAS like a descent into a particular hell where the clans of darkness had gathered. By the time I had churned through a car-park mire and queued under the roaring arrival of Edinburgh Airport planes, waded through the hurriedly finished beer cans and been herded into the gates where stout men waited to body-search, I was ready for the chainsaws and the ovens.

In the huge concrete hangar, it was dark and claustrophobic. The Big Dish squared up and played their melancholic music, topped by that stately anguished voice, but did little for those with scarves around their wrists and the wee boys with tartan shirts sneaking sinful cigs by the toilets. If these boys were there to actually see Big Country they must have been disappointed for much back-of-the-hall struggling left all those below six foot four without a look-in.

Adamson's rovers came on to the predictable hysteria. It's back to the ancients and the myths of the highland as they launch into their programmed-to-rouse rhythms; chords building and breaking. But the venue turns it all into corned beef, muffling and making it into an empty bowl of nothing. Slowly, the sound-man gets the music discernable so that the cross-fire guitars and the red-faced raging Adamson voice become clear, and the steel-works, the hills, the sea and the romanticised past swirl forth in the eerie twangs and high twirls.

As a show, this is about as good as stadium gets and unlike others, when Adamson shouts and raises a hand you still believe him. Big Country keep the songs fast and concise, avoiding the over-extended thunderings that such large gatherings tend to encourage, and should be praised for that alone. Their celebration of Scottishness is more uplifting and effective than most but they've been dancing over the same set of crossed Claymores for far too long. Their popularity may extend from the Tennant's lager clan to the wine set but they have regimented their talents around a now ragged flag of dubious pathos and old, faded glory. Adamson has sailed along the same tack for over three albums and has hardly anything left to say.

BOB FLYNN

BARRENCE WHITFIELD AND THE SAVAGES LONDON DINGWALLS

"COME ON down the front, don't be so flamin' cool," demands Andy Kershaw, our host for the evening, and the shy, suspicious, reluctant, or just plain pissed among us obey. We're all here to check out a band who have created a "buzz" in the "biz". We're just a room full of cats out to kill our curiosity and hopefully have a good time to boot.

Were it not for Kershaw's championing of the small man from Boston, Dingwalls would not be standing-room-only tonight, Robert Plant would not have made the trek down from his Worcestershire retreat and I would be at home doing my ironing. Hell, if it wasn't for Kershaw, Barrence wouldn't even be in Britain.

And what have we got? A sharp blast of Stax, a Junior Walker sax and the kind of screaming voice Little Richard lost when he found religion. Whether it's blistering R&B like 'Stop Twistin' My Arm' or his subtle reading of Otis Redding, Barrence is breaking his heart over his girl but beaming at the audience.

In an age when Paul Jones' latest reunion or Steve Marriott's wide boy white soul passes as rock 'n' roll, Barrence Whitfield is reminding everyone how it should be done, making pub rock respectable again.

TERRY STAUNTON

OF MICE AND MEN

I'd rather have privacy than stardom – so says Pet Shop Boy NEIL TENNANT, and tells ALAN JACKSON that, despite all the rumours, he and his hamster are just good friends. Photo DEREK RIDGERS

HIS BEDSIDE manner could calm even the most frightened of rodents.

Relaxed, open, gently self-deprecating, it encourages the tensed-up joints to soften and sag beneath their thin covering of flesh and baby fur. And the voice, with its blend of north-east burr and cultured, media-world ennui, its hypnotic emphasis on one or two *key words* in each sentence, soothes the nerves still further.

The little pink eyes open wider in trust, the little pink paws flex and point, then fall into repose. There can be no threat here . . . he's almost sweet enough to be Saint Francis of Assisi. It's true. A hamster can rest easy when Neil Tennant's around.

The man beside me on the beige Dralon couch in this disused office at EMI's London headquarters seems an unlikely target for sexual speculation and controversy, be its nature animal, vegetable, mineral or whatever. Expensively but anonymously dressed, hair greying at the temples and thinning at the crown, friendly and unfailingly well-mannered, he doesn't even make a very convincing pop star.

But as the more high-profile half of the Pet Shop Boys (and what health warnings that name should carry, the *cognoscenti* will gleefully tell you), Neil Tennant finds himself both these things. He's obviously an astute and highly intelligent man, so mustn't the former be something deliberately contrived and encouraged to help engineer the latter? In anticipation of denials-a-go-go, let's marshal the evidence . . .

Firstly there's that name. "Something to do with putting hamsters up your bum," he's conceded under duress in previous interviews. Well, until the reality was spelt out to me recently, it had been a case of conjuring up the worst possible interpretation and then doubling it – and even then I'd fallen woefully short. But I digress.

And then there's the studied ambiguity of just about everything else: the sullen insouciance of Neil and partner Chris Lowe as they stare out from album sleeve or poster, from TV screen or video; the homoerotic possibilities of much of the material on their album 'Please'; the steady refusal to rise to the bait of journalists on their "Are they lovers?" quest. We could go on.

"We've never said anything about our sex lives to the newspapers or to magazines and we don't intend to," says Neil, "and that's not a clever ploy to appear mysterious – although if it has that effect I don't mind."

"I've always been a very *private*, even *secretive* person, and Chris is as well . . . I find it weird talking about it all. Obviously people are going to look at our songs and read this or that into them, but the end result of people just speculating about things is far more accurate than them thinking one thing or another."

How more accurate?

"Because they think hazy things about you, and maybe things *are* hazy, you know what I mean? I just don't know why people want to bracket you in one way or another. It's not what I want."

Ah-ha. But if that's true, haven't the Pet Shop Boys only themselves to blame by sailing so close to the wind, exploiting the commercial cachet of their ambiguity without answering the questions that it inevitably raises? After all, groups like The Communards and Bronski Beat have proved, thankfully, that being open about your homosexuality needn't harm your marketability – in Britain at least, if not in the more homophobic US. So isn't all the *Are They? Aren't They?* preoccupation just the hoped-for reaction to a calculated sales ploy?

Neil maintains not, opening his defence by stressing again the innocent manner in which the group's name was chosen. "Chris had these friends who worked in a pet shop and who were known as the Pet Shop Boys, so when we needed a name . . . I was *quite horrified* when I found out what it means. Then we thought 'Who cares what people think?' I think it's quite good in a way if people think that." He then moves on to a more general exposition of the British star system.

"If you decide you want to be a star, you have to be prepared to share your private life with the public . . . however if you decide you *don't* want to be seen as a star there's loads of things you don't do. You *don't* do lots of interviews, you *don't* do lots of cosmetic photo shoots for *My Guy* or whatever, you *don't* do glamorous videos, and you *definitely* don't talk about your own life."

HE SEES it as a simple equation, almost a fair one. The bottom line is that if you court the papers for good publicity, you have to accept the inevitability that one day the pendulum will swing back at you and you'll get bad publicity. We can all fill in our own examples.

"It goes back to the do's and don'ts of being a pop star," he says, shifting on the sofa. "You bring it upon yourself if you play that game. I bet, for example, George Michael would be the *first* to admit that. You play that game, being in the tabloids, being super-sexy soaraway George Michael and the down side is that there'll be people offering £30,000 for some *scuzzy* story on you. If you haven't had the up side, you're less likely to get the down side. . . ."

"The Fleet Street papers have a cast of characters – it's Britain as a *soap opera*. You're either in the series or you're not, and we're *not* really in it, you know? There's Wicksie, Dirty Den, George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley, Sam Fox I suppose is the ultimate example . . . even people who aren't that successful any more. People who were a member of the cast can *always* make a reappearance."

He's right, of course. In tabloid-times like these, when the characters created by

stylists and strategists in PR companies and ad agencies can oust the real world from the front pages, courting the media has to be a conscious decision. Neil draws a parallel between Rod Stewart, who gets press out of all proportion to his record sales, and Mark Knopfler, who sells millions with Dire Straits but chooses to avoid the popular press.

"It proves people can still like your records without knowing *everything* about you. Being in the papers all the time, the ups and downs of it all, can actually put people *off*. I'm sure. I'd rather be a kind of Kate Bush, you know, who comes up with a really good record every three years or so that sounds like no one else and may or may not be popular."

That kind of attitude to privacy and career longevity is fine on a personal level – in many ways it seems the only sensible policy for personal and public survival. But someone like Jimmy Somerville would surely argue that a pop performer is in a unique position to reassure young people who may be facing crises of sexual identity by providing them with a role model – even a hazy one.

"But at the end of the day that comes down to the kind of person Jimmy Somerville *is*, you know," Neil maintains, "and I quite admire him for it. But it does reflect the kind of person *he* is, and this reflects the kind of person *I* am."

He smiles a kind of "so that's that then" smile and scratches an eyebrow. It's odd the way the world works – if he's not thinking it, I am. If we turned the clock back two years it would be Neil Tennant, *Smash Hits* journalist, a man whose private life could stay private and unquestioned, quizzing some other star about their *modus operandi*. Now here he is, former London editor for Marvel Comics, former mastermind behind the best-selling book of the '80s, *The Dairy Book Of Home Management* (just £1.95 from your milkman, plus three bottle tops), fielding the questions.

He acknowledges the strangeness of the situation, and admits that his major legacy from an earlier career as a pop hack is a general self-consciousness about the role thrust upon him by success. The contrast between the two states is something that intrigued him long before it came to have a personal application.

"I was always *fascinated* by this idea that one day people are on the dole and the next they're swanning around in a limousine. It seemed particularly relevant to the kind of music *Smash Hits* is dealing with. So you'd ask famous people if they ever did *normal* things. You'd ask Simon Le Bon if he ever did the washing up or the Hoovering and so on . . . then you actually have success and you find you *do* still do the Hoovering."

Stardom, it seems, is as much an attitude of mind as anything else. Neil quotes the example of a recent German TV extravaganza on which the Pet Shop Boys shared guest honours with half the British and American charts. He and Chris stood at Number Two in the *Deutsch* hit parade and arrived on set alone, carrying their own

suitcases. Other artists like Billy Idol, despite being without a current hit, turned up in full star regalia with their own entourages. You can walk down the road unrecognised and unmolested if you want to and if you go the right way about it, he would argue.

BECAUSE OF his experience as a pop scribe, much has been made of Neil's ability to engineer the duo's success through referral to other case histories. It's a theory he dismisses, saying the Pet Shop Boy approach to pop was sparked by the interplay between his own post-punk, singer-songwriter-ish aspirations and Chris' interest in dance music and disco. The mutant child of their twin enthusiasms was almost aborted the day they heard New Order's 'Blue Monday'. "I thought, 'Damn, this is what we're supposed to sound like'. I thought we might as well *give up* then. I thought we'd missed the boat."

The steamer was yet to sail though, as we now know. After false starts and contractual hassles, 'West End Girls' emerged as one of the most unique pop debuts of the decade so far, establishing a sound that synthesized influences left, right and centre into one detached and ironic whole, scornfully topping charts the world over.

But then, given that he also had the skill, luck and application to create hit records, Neil Tennant was certainly blessed with the correct pop sensibility to sell millions of records. Given the encouragement, he'll tell you that 'Dusty In Memphis' is his favourite, *most brilliant* album ever, will analyse Abba's Bergmanesque period of *après-divorce* angst, and will say this about Madonna's 'Into The Groove':

"When she sings '*Only when I'm dancing can I feel this free*' . . . 'that to me is almost a profound statement, although a lot of people would think it's just a banal *disco record*. It touches your emotions without referring back to other records. It's not about sounding like The Velvet Underground or The Buzzcocks – all of that's irrelevant. It's about *feelings* and physical sensations. It's about feeling happy, unhappy, in love, out of love."

I know what he means. But then that kind of personal response to the commonplace can never really be measured – someone, somewhere is bound to find your record meaningful, no matter how uninspired it sounds to everyone else. And a not uncommon charge against the Pet Shop Boys, and one I have some sympathy with myself, is that their music is essentially cold, a clever pastiche of other moods and styles that never really engages the emotions. Are any of the songs on 'Please' written from the heart?

"A lot of them," says Neil, shifting position again. "Almost *all* of them. Many of them are about running away . . . they're about someone brought up in a middle-class background in Newcastle, who doesn't want to have a normal job, who doesn't want to get pinned down to bourgeois values, even though he could do that quite

successfully and quite easily."

Universal emotions then, even if Neil does recall them within the specifics of North Gosforth, Gateshead and the Haymarket bus station in Newcastle. A second recurrent theme, stated most forcibly in the song 'Suburbia', is that of the boredom, frustration and petty cruelties associated with the average British street.

"To me there's something very *poignant* about the English suburban street," he says, almost wistfully. "The bored kids, the people waiting for a bus, the way nothing's like it was . . . I think I have almost a *morbid* fascination with that kind of thing. I think it's unhealthy, but I *definitely* have it. The boredom and the excitement. I find it romantic and interesting . . ."

"But then to me suburban streets are also frightening. When I lived in Newcastle in the early '70s the skinhead thing was very strong . . . you'd be waiting for the last bus home and there'd be all these skinheads about. It was *terrifying*. For years I was scared of the dark, scared of walking down the streets at night. I've completely got over it now—I can even do it in New York. But I always *feel* the threat of violence on English streets, to be honest because it's *there* I think."

THIS FAR into a career launch, it would seem not unreasonable to wonder when these disparate Pet Shop Boy preoccupations (flight, fancy and urban paranoia, perhaps?) are going to be translated into live performance. After all, the luxury packaging that swathed review copies of 'Please' way back in March promised an "extravagant stage presentation" before the end of this year, and yet December is about to blow out without even a hint of a microphone and two guitars in some crummy club. Could there be a problem here?

Neil says not. In fact, the carrot of those glamorous nights in red plush theatres was just one of those self-fulfilling prophecies that snowball along without ever self-fulfilling. Journalists kept asking if there were plans to tour. The Pet Shop Boys kept saying yes. Journalists then asked when, where and what like, and the Pet Shop Boys started coming up with bigger and better plans until even EMI believed them. Then they noticed the professed tour was just a month away and no real preparations had been made.

Now plans are advanced for the second half of next year, when Neil and Chris will star in what amounts to their very own "production" designed and directed (gulp) by luminaries from the English National Opera. Pretension, contrivance and a total lack of spontaneity will be the order of each evening, we are promised. Given the nature of the Pet Shop Boys' art and their extremely limited experience of live work (some 55 minutes spread over three venues, two years and two continents), it should be the

ideal setting.

"We don't want it to be the authentic *rock experience*, with sax players, a horn section, three black backing singers, a bass player and a brilliant session drummer. It'll all be programmed, sequenced, more electronic, and the presentation is going to be *dead contrived*, it's going to be *arty* . . ."

But won't this degree of art and artifice just be handing a stick to their critics with which they can be beaten?

"You mean, won't it be pretentious and contrived?" asks Neil wilfully. "Well yeah, I think we *are* pretentious and contrived. I'm being the devil's advocate a bit here, but I *like* contrived music, I *like* pretentious

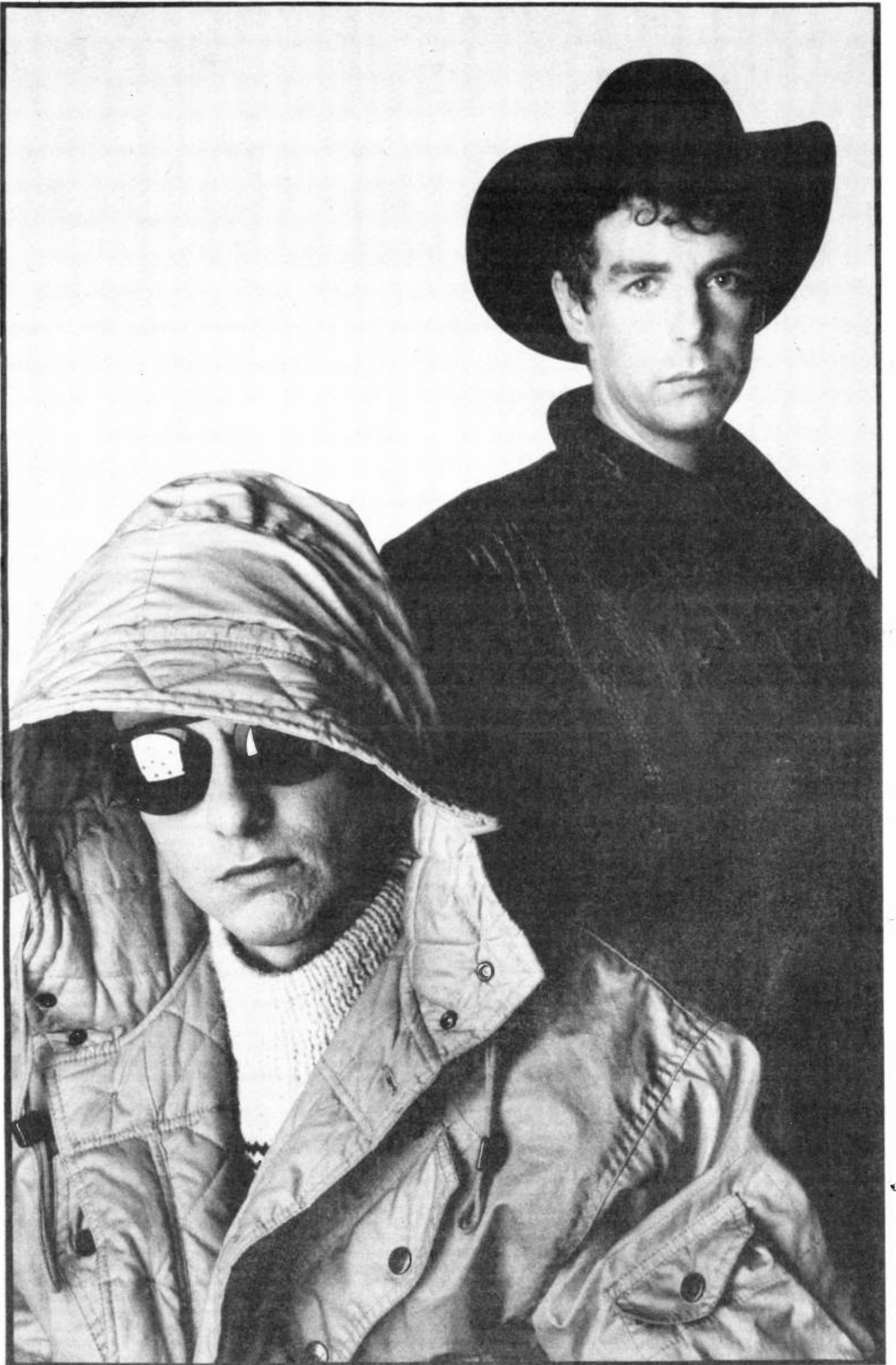
music . . . I think the Pet Shop Boys are the last of the 1980 synth duos, that's the tradition I see ourselves in."

He also admits to another inducement to take to the road—it's the easiest way of finding out just who their fans are. He anticipates screaming 14-year-old girls at the front, dodgy characters in raincoats at the back, and he might not be too far adrift. Any band that is runner-up to A-Ha in the *Smash Hits* best group poll while coming second to The Smiths in the *RM* equivalent can justifiably claim to inspire a schizophrenic following. Any band that follows its whim to put out a low-priced set of dance re-mixes so that it can call the

record 'Disco' and which aims to feature collaborations with Dusty Springfield and Larry Blackmon on its next album probably deserves such a following.

"I often have the feeling that we're under-rated," says Neil Tennant, settling back into the beige upholstery, "but then I don't really like the *B-Plus* school of rock criticism anyway—rated, under-rated, over-rated."

Whatever way you decide to complete your Pet Shop Boys scorecard, let me tell you this. When you go on your holidays and none of your friends are around, you can safely leave your hamster with Neil Tennant—and what higher endorsement can you offer a Pet Shop Boy?



Private lives – Chris (left) and Neil keep their options covered

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY

"In 1986 GAY POP colonised the charts, AIDS officially arrived in Britain and popular taste forced the music press to re-evaluate DISCO." Leading the Top forty takeover were THE COMMUNARDS — Jimmy Somerville and Richard Coles — who believe that "if there was never a gay disco scene there would never have been a gay community as we know it". STUART COSGROVE and JOE EWART report on condoms, coming out and the AIDS information campaigns. Photograph by DEREK RIDGERS.

MOST PEOPLE think *fellatio* is an obscure Italian composer."

Richard is the tall one, he's wry, intelligent and always reflective.

"We're not getting involved unless we can use words like fuck and blow-job."

Jimmy is the small one, he's forthright, dynamic and in the words of his native Glasgow he's as gallous as a pair of braces. They are talking about the government's campaign to combat AIDS. They are The Communards and, hyperbole apart, they are the most influential political pop group Britain has produced.

At the height of the national panic about AIDS and in full public view of the most morally Right-wing government since the war, The Communards stood at Number One in the pop charts with a modern disco version of the Thelma Houston classic 'Don't Leave Me This Way'. They are gay, outwardly gay, generous in their support for Left-wing and libertarian causes, and unlike nearly every group around them, they draw on sweeping orchestral instrumentation provided mostly by women musicians. All other contenders, from male guitar bands like The Clash to black singer-songwriters like Gil Scott-Heron, exist in an *alternative* political vacuum. The Communards exist on *Top Of The Pops*: in the uncool but decidedly more effective arena of populism. And as The Communards appear on *Top Of The Pops*, B.A.D. do *The Tube* and insinuate that homosexuality isn't cool in '86.

Whatever way we look back at the year of fear, one irreducible fact keeps announcing itself — 1986 produced more 'visible' gay pop music than ever before. And most of it was visible in a comforting way. Glam, camp and limp-wrist posturing was conspicuous by its virtual absence. The Pet Shop Boys made Number One with 'West End Girls' and later in the year, their remixed and customised 'Disco' album gate-crashed the charts; Erasure confounded critical coolness to emerge as one of the year's unexpected successes with 'Oh L'Amour' and currently 'Sometimes'; House music broke out of the black gay clubs of Chicago into mediated international attention and a black opera singer, Daryl Pandy, retrod the stages of glam in a lime-green lurex top. 1986 was the year of The Communards, the Left's unstately homos, who never strayed far from the charts and ended the year with a triumphant British tour.

A thousand explanations have been offered — "the pink pound", "a new underground", "club music getting its just rewards", "people feel sorry for gays" and even "thick people like Hi-Energy and there are a lot of thick people around". Ask a cross-section of the *NME* office and you'll get wisdom thinly wrapped in a gossamer of prejudice. Somehow, the success of gay pop has managed to bypass analysis, and whatever clues exist are to be found on the dance floor, where celebration takes place.

In 1986 gay pop colonised the charts, AIDS officially arrived in Britain and popular taste has forced the music press to re-evaluate DISCO.

If gay pop is roughly caught up in the politics of dancing, then we should probably begin with The Pet Shop Boys, the ironic duo who seized a golden opportunity in the slipstream that once was Wham! and made lots of money. Their 'Disco' album — New York versions of their British hits remixed for the clubs by disco producers like Shep Pettibone, Arthur Baker and the Latin Rascals — seems on the face of it to be a public chronicle of the importance that disco has in the lives of gay men. Jimmy Somerville, the small one, is less convinced.

"I don't associate myself with The Pet Shop Boys. I've got a much closer sense of association with Erasure. The Pet Shop Boys still haven't taken that one step, publicly admitting they're gay, and that's the important thing. Until they do, their music will always seem calculated and economic. When they come out, when they dae that, I'll reassess The Pet Shop Boys. I still listen to their music, but I don't respect them. They have to be more upfront, it's their duty. I don't want to sound moral, but it *is* their duty."

BURN BABY BURN

MOST PEOPLE have problems with the word DISCO. The Americans, always first on the block when it comes to over-reaction, headlined the disco sucks campaign by burning 12" versions of The Salsoul Orchestra. The word suddenly re-entered the language alongside *hippy* as a general term of abuse used by those who hated The Trammps 'Disco Inferno' in the '70s then did a complete U-turn in 1986 when Age Of Chance got their hands on it.

Let's be honest, DISCO has never been accepted as a musical genre; its sense of emotional melodrama and plastic popularity is too common, too obvious for those of us informed enough to listen to The Smiths. You see DISCO is not allusive: it is what it is: and therefore makes mighty bad material for bedroom contemplation. DISCO is too popular to be poetic: it's what *they* listen to, and *they* buy chart records whilst we buy the *NME*. DISCO afflicts you like a medical condition. Remember the enraged reader from Sussex who was shocked by the *NME*'s high profile coverage of black music and blamed his ruffled comfort on "a bunch of disco obsessed paranoics". Well my analyst begs to differ (he still thinks I fancy my mum) and Jimmy Somerville begs to differ too.

"Disco has a totally different meaning for gay men. It has a totally different set of historical values. You have to be proud of what it means and you have to make it known. The Pet Shop Boys' 'Disco' album doesn't admit its relationship to gayness."

But maybe young closeted gays find satisfaction in The Pet Shop Boys without fear of discovery. Maybe they see Disco in different ways?

"Disco is about identification first and then it's about celebration. If there was

never a gay disco scene there would never have been a gay community as we know it. It brought a movement of people together, it gave them strength, and anyone who dismisses disco is either ignorant of that history or worse still they're homophobic."

And how could we kiss goodbye to 1986 without one final visit to the disco controversy of the year, the squabbling that surrounded one Pierrepont Morrissey, *hangman extraordinaire*, the sensitive singer who wanted to burn down the discos. Surely his campaign, and his much respected 'gay sensibility' were in open conflict? What did Jimmy make of it all?

"Morrissey should get his fucking act together instead of sitting in his bedroom pretending he's Oscar Wilde. He's entitled to his point of view, but that burn down the disco shit is nothing to do with gayness or supporting the gay community. 'The Queen Is Dead'? That's a fucking joke. This queen is very much alive thank you."

The Communards ended their devastating set at Glasgow's Barrowland Ballroom with a version of the Gloria Gaynor disco anthem 'Never Can Say Goodbye', as the crowd threatened to demolish the ballroom, as if an old dance hall had no right to exist in the era of rejuvenated DISCO. There was a feeling of collective pleasure bordering on mayhem and the roof had every intention of collapsing on the heads of Scottish CND, whose table was doing a brisk trade near the Mars Bar shop. Jimmy Somerville told Glasgow he was glad to be home and dedicated songs to an ever-extending family.

But in the coach heading south to Newcastle he admitted to suppressed feelings of animosity towards Glasgow, the city that tried to terrorise gayness out of him during his school days.

"When I lived in Glasgow I took refuge in discos. It's impossible to underplay the importance. When I think back across the history of gay disco right back to Stonewall in New York and what that meant — gay pride and fighting police brutality — then I think about some of the commercial gay clubs in London it makes me sick. Like the Hippodrome, on a Monday night. I'd rather see that place shut down than be advertised as a gay night. I hate the idea of Peter Stringfellow stinging all them gay men for their money, just so they can escape for a night. It's great to escape but does it have to be on such tacky terms? Part of the problem is that none of the really big gay clubs are owned by gays. The day we get a big club owned by a gay that will be the climax... the ultimate orgasm."

Even the mere mention of London's Hippodrome sends feelings of polarised disagreement through the gay community. The club quickly organized gay nights on a Monday, a notoriously quiet night in the capital, hoping to cash in on the 'pink pound' economy. Yet, on a particularly tasteless Thursday earlier in December, the Hippodrome advertised a Bad Taste Ball, complete with their very own Rock Hudson Memorial Bar: pink gin and the worst AIDS joke of the year. And the same Hippodrome once sacked a bar waiter for being suspected of being a carrier of the AIDS

virus HTLV3.

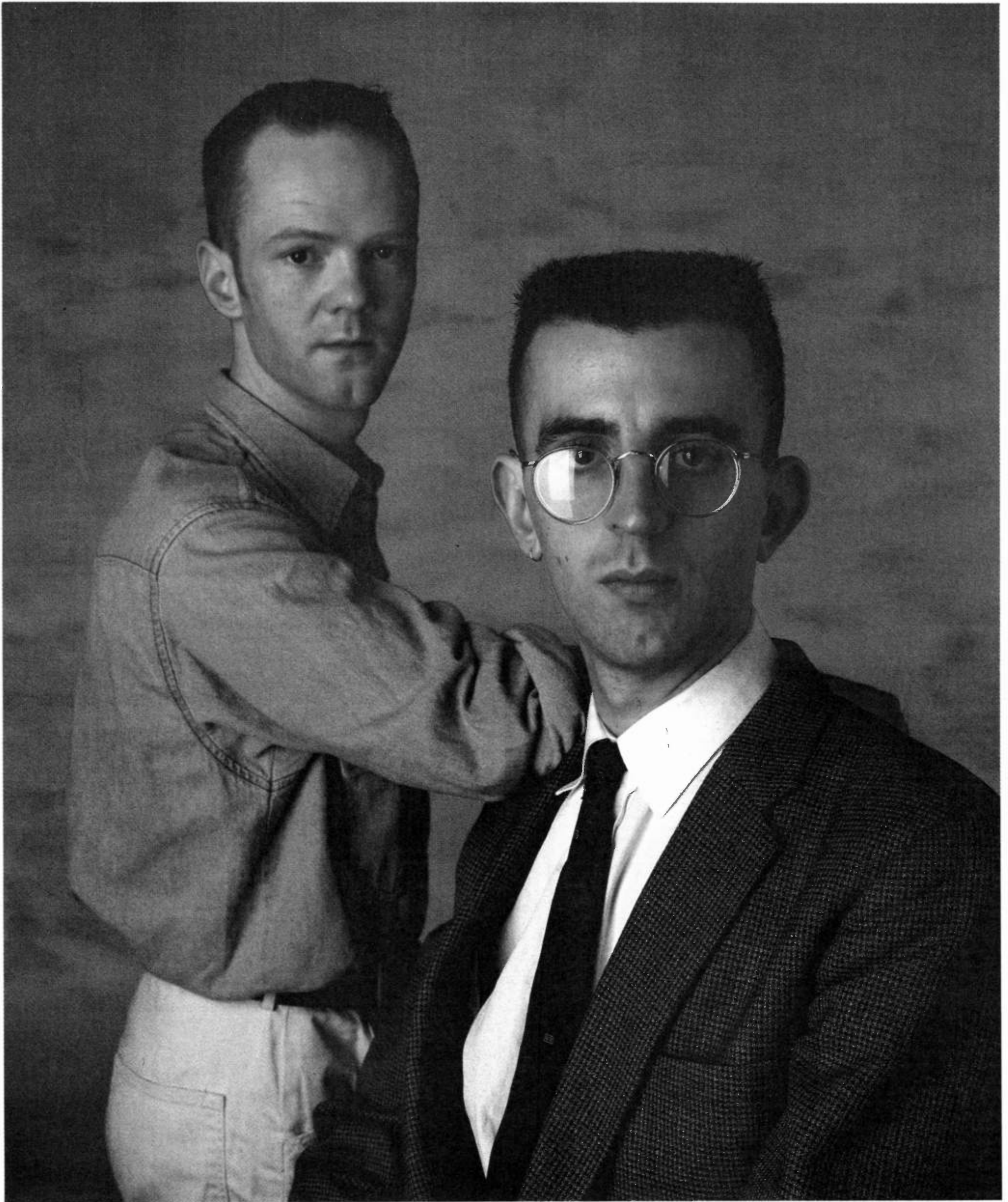
AIDS and DISCO connect like inseparable partners. The death of the DISCO producer Patrick Cowley, an early victim of AIDS, seemed to signify a special relationship between a musical style ("the sound of abandon"), a recreational space (metropolitan discos) and an oppressed community (the gays of New York and San Francisco). Public ignorance of the AIDS virus, and general unawareness of the disease in Africa or its transmission through human blood, led the world to go blindly along with the born-again theory of "the gay plague", a moral revenge in which DISCO played a Hi-Energy version of Sodom and Gomorrah.

BOLSHEVIK DISCO

THE SPECIAL relationship that exists between DISCO and the gay community is enshrined in two classic books from gay America. Andrew Holleran's *Dancer From the Dance* celebrates the lives of a group of young gays who meet in the early '70s, before the AIDS epidemic gathered momentum, a group "bound together by a common love of a certain kind of music, physical beauty and style — all the things one shouldn't throw away an ounce of energy pursuing, and sometimes throw away a whole life pursuing". And *Faggots* by Larry Kramer — author of the award winning AIDS play *The Normal Heart* — takes a more cynical and worldly view of DISCO narcissism and a mockingly critical look at the bitchy world of gay penis contests.

In a book populated by surreal characters like Randy Dildough and Mr Long Dong, Kramer hints at a widening fear of promiscuity and unsafe sex, alerting us to the unspoken belief that the disco — a place of gay pleasure and celebration — was also a place of casual sex where a virus could spread. Almost inevitably, AIDS and DISCO met in public confrontation. Donna Summer, undisputed queen of the Munich Disco Machine, turned to fundamental Christianity and described AIDS as god's visitation on the gay community, a theological revenge for lives lived in promiscuity. Meanwhile, another DISCO star, the black San Franciscan Sylvester, dug deeper into the communal resources of the west coast gay community and headlined countless benefit concerts in support of AIDS research. Jimmy Somerville looks back on both of them with the tolerance usually reserved for heroes.

"She's got a new audience now, all them bible thumpers in the American South. She just spouted a lot of shite about gays, but her records exist in some sort of isolation from all that. I could never pretend that I smashed my Donna Summer records. I thought about it and I was angry enough. But I couldn't do it. Smash 'I Feel Love'? *Please*. Gay records have more importance than the people who sing them, like Sylvester's 'Mighty Real'. When I saw him sing that on *Top Of The Pops* I was sitting in my mum's house in Glasgow. He was brilliant. I thought, this queen is going to influence my life. He probably did. Naw. He *definitely* did."



"The day we get a big club owned by a gay that will be the climax . . . the ultimate orgasm."

The Communards fly to Boston this week to appear at an AIDS benefit concert and then return to Britain after a short US tour to begin work on AIDS information here. The media coverage of AIDS – "I'd Shoot My Son If He Had AIDS, Says Vicar" – scorched Britain like a blindingly ignorant sun and brought the group to a higher and more urgent realisation of their gayness. It smashes *The Daily Mirror* which grotesquely referred to AIDS as "the disease of Sodom" and to homosexuals as "Sodomites". Richard Coles sees being out as of more historic importance than ever.

"When people are blaming gays for AIDS

and the end of civilization, you are under an obligation to be counted. It's no good taking a stance like The Pet Shop Boys. No matter how private a person you are, AIDS has forced gays to be public people."

And what of the public space of DISCO? Are The Saint, Paradise Garage and Heaven part of the problem rather than the celebration?

"AIDS must never be allowed to de-sex the community. It must never be allowed to force a retreat from clubs. I'm worried about the way people are pushing celibacy – 'stay in at night, you never know what you might catch' – it's an issue about safe sex not

celibacy. It's about sensible precautions."

The Communards have an exemplary record as a gay political pop group. Their music connects outwards to other struggles and other forms of social liberation. But anti-apartheid records like 'When The Walls Come Tumbling Down' and the deliberate use of Bolshevik tongue-in-chic images on their current album cover, refer less convincingly to political movements far from home.

The *real* tension comes on songs like 'Forbidden Fruit' – a whispered tune about sexual otherness – and 'So Cold The Night', their current Top Ten hit. As Jimmy stands

centre stage, with Sarah Jane Morris providing both vocal and moral cover, he is singing about a secret love back in Glasgow, a boy he watched undressing through a council house window on a cold Strathclyde night. 8.65 million Britons, mostly straight, regularly turn on their television sets to watch a young gay watching his fantasy lover. If you are thinking Channel 4 and some ghettoised slot after the eleventh hour, think again. You have just watched *Top Of The Pops*. The Communards take gay imagery to the most populist stage: where

CONTINUES PAGE 71

PROS & CONS OF THE INFAMOUS

LEN BROWN

DOWNERS: No sanctions, Paisley, Fowler, the old Cracked Actor (*still*), London, Scotland in Mexico, the confidence of the famous, AIDS, nuclear power, style without content.

UPPERS: Gil Scott-Heron, Tony Benn, Howard Barker's drama, *Ran* by Kurosawa, Nevin and Speedie, Maradona and Beardsley, CND and Greenpeace, *Hannah And Her Sisters* (and mine), *The Monocled Mutineer*, Durham and Tutu and Huddlestone. More Morrissey (less Marr), Hesse, Nick Drake. "The world is made by the singer for the dreamer" (Wilde). Raw carrots and extra strong mints.

ROY CARR

PROS 'N' CONS: The pathetic spectre of the *Carry-On* team of Senator Joe McCarthy and The Witchfinder General may well be a minor (headline grabbing) irritant, but when revered US record moguls—those who once placed artistic integrity before blatant commercial consideration—attempt to persuade the industry to take into account whether or not an act will shift 250,000 LPs first time around before putting pen to contract, then surely the well has truly become poisoned.

Once again, responsibility is thrust upon the indie labels as keepers of the sacred flame. Meanwhile, the majors polish the company car and cherry-pick the resulting crop.

CATH CARROLL

PROS: Wapping resistance, Go! Discs, The Locomotion, Ken Livingstone and Billy Bragg on the last night of the GLC, St Jude, Hairshirts, an Age Of Chance gig, triumph of *Gay's The Word*, Fac 161's car maintenance course, discovering Neu, Tony Blackburn, daydreaming.

CONS: Anti-union legislation, Washington Wives, Public Order Act, George Gale, Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell, South Africa, yobs, Xmas, 'Cards For Aids Victims'.

STUART COSGROVE

PROS: Hip-Hop and Go-Go and The Sucker MC/Red Wedge and Labour and Youth CND/Dancing in NEZA with a Mexican hat/Discovering my anagram: SCOTS ROGUE RAT/ Staying alive with northern soul/ Maradona, and the day his hand scored a goal/Anti-Apartheid and Friends Of The Earth/And going back home to the city of Perth.

CONS: Every story that Fleet Street made up/About four legless Scots at the last World Cup/Tommy McArdle and getting called 'Jock'/And the latest excuse from that graveyard called rock/Watching Tebbit and Thatcher lie through their teeth/As they hand the country wreath after wreath/The ballistic missiles surrounding the Fens/And the prick in my office who's been stealing my pens.

FRED DELLAR

DOWNERS: The manner in which record companies are increasing the price of albums by means of CD releases, the booting of Michele back to Reaganland, the increase in boxed-sets that nobody can really afford, most soundtracks to made-in-America youth movies.

UPPERS: An independent label—Charly—making its biggest profit ever, Alan Jackson's one week of attempting to play the hard man!

DELE FADELE

PROS: Words. All points on the noise-map, an endless freeway that spans NY beats, Lagos effervescence, JA toasts, great European cities and their noises. Punctuation. SPK's 'In Flagrante Delecto (Innovation)'. Self-abuse and self-hatred in extremis. Brussels. Mighty Diamonds' 'Mr Chin Slippers', short sentences. Swans—'Holy Money'. Sampling as a way of bringing tomorrow closer still by stealing. Two nights with an Age Of Chance. Amnesia. Live Trouble Funk. One month; June. On-U-Sound and its varied offshoots. The Spoken Word.

PAOLO HEWITT

PROS: Amongst others, Jeremy Brett for Sherlock Holmes, Jam and Lewis for production, Larry Blackmon for Cameo, the Town and Country Club for Trouble Funk's debut show, Tim Roth for his acting, Jerry Dammers and Oliver Tambo for Clapham Common, Stuart and Sean for their energy, The Shaw Theatre for its record decks, Fulcrum Productions for *Jerusalem*, the Wapping pickets for their bravery, Pearl for her love, British soul and American dynamism for restoring the faith, and the friends who rang true everytime.

CONS: Writers placing themselves above politics or unforgivably adopting certain poses in print which their actions totally failed to correspond with, as Murdoch rushed their words into print. Sickening.

ALAN JACKSON

PROSE: from John Cheever. Spiritual guidance from Morrissey, Mitchell and the Bishop of D. *The New Yorker*. Happy to meet you Easterhouse, Nick Heyward, Simply Red and Angela Boffill. Northern skies and lights that never go out. Betty White on *The Golden Girls*. 1987.

CONSERVATIVE: policies on South Africa, employment, health, housing and everything else. The orchestrated greed of government share issues. *AIDS*. Style fascism. RIP the GLC and the metropolitan councils. The Sellafeld PR push. Anti-Asian (and every other kind of) violence. Being a humourless git when it comes to lists.

DANNY KELLY

PAINS: Bizarre bedfellows—New Right censors and blinkered music crits—declaring holy war on pop; Promo violence, promo sexism; The plight of *Spin* and the Kennedys. Laziness, complacency and defeatism.

PASSIONS: Writing, reading and ranting People's English; 45s (Shoppies, Primals, Sonics, Shiny, Prophets, Pressies 'n Colourbox); Redskins split; Girls whose names begin with 'K'; TV (Sherlock, gridiron, Oxo goddess, and *World At War*); Tea, dry bread, mushrooms; Trouble Funk live 'n lively; LPs (Huskies, 'Tweens, Smiths, REM, Fall, Sonics (again), Shiny (again); World Cup (Power Corruption Lies); *NME* records and tapes; Family (loving new Michael), Friends (Living Hell types), and Colleagues (erm... 'yol!); Creation and On-U Sound—tip top pop and hap hip hop feeding stations; New (and re-born) *NME* writers.

BIBA KOPF

PROS: Speed and politics.

CONS: Accelerating middleground spread.

THE LEGEND!

PROS: *C86*/Age Of Chance LIVE/ 'Before I Wake' (version)/ Troublefunk T&C/Polish Membranes/Pastels Bay 63/*Diana Rigg*/Beat Happening/Hobgoblins/Talulah Gosh, Chalk Farm Enterprise/*Room With A View*/'Once More'/my children/53rd and 3rd/Les Calamities/Kent re-issues/Ronettes, Aretha, Otis/Dele F./Bedford George and Dragon/Gregory Razorcut/Shangri-Las/*Are You Scared To Get Happy?*/the 83/monos/Chuck Jones videos/Wolfhounds, ICA/*Constrictor*.

CONS: *C86*/bully-boy chicken dancers/insipid tastemongers/chart music/the 183/late nights/formula writing.

WILLIAM LEITH

PROS: The World Cup, which was such a BREATHTAKING display of SKILL and DRAMA that I fully intend to become a sportswriter in time to cover the next one... being BOWLED OVER by Victoria Wood's magnificent sketches... PRACTICALLY WETTING MYSELF when I heard some music by an extraordinarily bad group called New Model Army... being TITILLATED TO HELL by the whole brilliant Jeffrey Archer affair... and meeting all my favourite authors, etc, etc.

CONS: Snobbery and inverse snobbery meeting in the middle, with nothing inbetween.

GAVIN MARTIN

PROS: Nephews and family, Lake District and Sheffield, Mighty Fall, Cameo, pissed up with Strummer, Smith, Hoskins and the New Jersey brigade, Titan Bruce, Michael Powell, Pub lock-ins and anti-dogma liquored logic. Denmark, Russia, Brazil and France. *The Singing Detective*, David Cronenberg's *The Fly*, Prince.

CONS: *Brookside* teaching lessons to the masses. The signs on Islington dust carts that say "People who live in Islington wouldn't live anywhere else," are a lie and a damned liberty, the work of the enemy. Ireland's usual horrors and the inability to learn from them here and elsewhere. English football, give me a break for Chrissake—I think these guys are onto a bigger con than musicians.

JOHN MCCREADY

PROS: Getting into TROUBLE Funk, meeting Kenneth Williams, laughing with Victoria Wood and Paul Morley (Ask). Watching *Coro* (still) *Brookie* and *Blind Date*, seeing the Lake District, drinking Ribena in cans, driving in my car, *Fairly Secret Army*, *Golden Girls*, *Budgies*, *She-Devils*, *Monocled Mutineers*. Facassettes, golf, money, sleep, scoring with your hand. Harry and Ralph. Jam and Lewis. Music (still) Pop (always).

CONS: Eastend 'pop'. Paula Yates. Passports. Empty packages at Bournemouth. Designer London. No Terry and June. Michael Clark. Media accents. Jimmy Tarbuck. Fire at t'Rovers. Alec Gilroy. People wearing overcoats (still). Duster coats. *Absolute Beginners*.

DONALD McRAE

'86 was swallowed up by so many cons—from the 279 bus service to that painfully wistful wait for the end of apartheid. These were the good things: 6,000-mile phone calls from

home; Kath; hip hop; Scotland; interviewing Thomas Mapfumo; Arsenal; Film—*Ran*; TV—*Singing Detective*, one in four *Brookside* episodes; Book—J. M. Coetzee's *Foe*; Music—seeing T. Funk, B. Spear, S. Youth, Swans, N'dour, Fall, Triffids. Listening to all of those as well as Mantronix, Sonny Rollins, Ornnette Coleman, Art Pepper, Cave, Shinehead, REM, and singles like 'P.S.K.', 'I Want You', 'Into The Groove(y)', 'Cold Gettin Dumb', 'Broadway', 'Kiss' (AOC), 'Pain'.

LUCY O'BRIEN

PROS: Cycling caps, Eve's Revenge, Delirium, *Desert Hearts*, Shinehead. Reshowing of *Edna The Inebriate Woman*, Trouble Funklive, meeting Schoolly D and realising he was a nice boy. Patti Labelle, Gwen Guthrie. My red eye (rather fetching at the time). More women writers on *NME*.

CONS: Non-government funding for cervical screening tests, bus service cuts to Streatham, Sellafield whitewash tactics, Tory-buying off nationalised industries, Swear words in the *NME* (disgusting, should be banned). The required invisibility of Dykes in Pop.

SEAN O'HAGAN

PROS: Answer records; B boys and Brillo instant shoestring; Cod pieces; Derry City FC; Entropy; Fly girls; Greenpeace; House; Illing; Just Ice and Janet J; 'Kiss' (Prince's); Lester B live; Mantronix and Maradona's hand); Noise leakage; Orton's diaries; Poontang; Quotes ("Big Mouths"); Raggamuffin Reggae Rap; Shinehead; Truscottism; (being an) Uncle; Paul Virilio; Watchmen; Mister X; Yo!; Zitheadgeekfaces.

CONS: *Absolute Beginners*; *Blind Date*; C86 and Compact Bloody Discs; Designer Diseases; Elton, Ben; Fuzzbox; Godsquads; Hill, Jimmy; Ireland's divorce disaster; Jennings' retirement; 'Kiss' by Age Of Chance; *Lexicons*; Militant; Nannies; Overdrafts; Paranoia (justified esp); Q; Responsible Socks; Trainspotters; Unionist whingers; Virgin Books; Wapping; Xenophobia; Youth culture; Zitfacedgeekheads.

IAN PYE

PROS: The smiling faces of Trouble Funk as they triumphed at last in Britain; the great LPs: Shinehead's 'Rough And Rugged', *NME*'s 'Good To Go', The Smiths' 'The Queen Is Dead', Matt Johnson's 'Infected'; *Static*; *The Lives And Loves Of A She Devil*; *The Golden Girls*; Greenpeace; Peter Wright.

CONS: Rampant pessimism and the year of fear; a new meaning for acid (rain); Sellafield is safe; second hand Malcolm McLaren's—let's have the real fake; The World Cup; snooker TV over dose; Radio One's unofficial bans on records they deem unfit for human consumption.

DAVID QUANTICK

PROS: Homelessness—special thanks due to Bleddyn, Jude, Ian, Carolyn, Cath, William, Steven, Marie, Nic, Jackie and Spook. *Spitting Image*. Going to Hungary and America. My sister's wedding. Oh, and records—'Please', 'The Queen Is Dead', 'Musique Non Stop', 'Graceland', 'When It All Comes Down', 'Poguetry', 'In The Pines' and the McComb Brothers in general. All the records everybody else is voting

for except the crap ones. Glasgow.

CONS: The usual shit.Plus this year's flavour; the PMRC comes to GB. The retirement of Madness from popular music. The retirement of popular music from popular music. Sigue Sputechnik not being incredibly successful. Soundtrack and TV pop.

MAT SNOW

PROS: Flipper; *Floyd On Food*; *Hill Street Blues*; *Cheers*; *Family Ties*; Ted Hawkins; Prince; Trouble Funk; Peter Case; Run DMC; Throwing Muses; Three Johns; Mahler; Stravinsky; Sibelius; old Bob Dylan records and the people who like them; *True Stories*; 'Scum'—my flexible epitaph; Pogues in America; Dave Howard in Valencia; Lone Justice in Rotterdam; Goodbye Mr MacKenzie in Glasgow; my features on Keef, Cramps, Chrissie and Zodiac Mindwarp; Andy Kershaw, man and radio noise; SWells, Solanas, Staunton and McCready; Ray Lowry.

CONS: Stylinism; Nick Cave.

TERRY STAUNTON

PROS: A farewell to Wolverhampton, a new career in a new town, Stan Ridgway, Martin Stephenson, Elvis at the Royalty occasionally and on vinyl always, Michele Kirsch (An Amercian Weirdo In London), five live Godfathers, Fred Dellar, family, *Desert Hearts* on the big screen, *The Singing Detective* on the small one, George Graham, Geldof's book.

CONS: inability to quit smoking, humourless leaders, the disappearance of trust, airports, Noel Edmonds, immigration laws, two-year YTS, British Rail, George O'Dowd, Geldof's record.

DAVID SWIFT

PROS: Hanging out with St Julian in Paris. 'World Shut Your Mouth' and 'US '80s '90s'—God bless Cope and The Fall. Sonic Youth. The Beastie Boys. The 'Raisin' Hell' show. Tackhead. Culture and Burning Spear—reggae still fires outside the dancehall. The Triffids. *Pravda*. Great movies. Making the indie Top 20 (personal satisfaction dept).

CONS: Ramones. Bad '70s disco reupholstered as 'House'. Anyone with an anorak. Karl Burns leaves The Fall. No arson at *The Sun*, yet.

ADRIAN THRILLS

PROS: *NME*'s 'C86' and 'Good To Go'—for the beats with zest, we were the best!; *NME*'s new blood—Debris Dave, Michele, Lucy, Johnny Mac, Legend!; *NME*'s office move—at last!; albums—Bragg and Bland, Smiths and Shinehead, Cameo, Cocteau and a double Declan; singles—'Bang Zoom', 'Safety Net', 'Kiss', 'Pain' and 'Panic'; club—The Locomotion; label—Go! Discs; drink—Rolling Rock; cities—Glasgow and Barcelona; footie (domestic)—Nevin's dribbles and Mitchell Thomas's haircut; footie (world)—Denmark 6, Uruguay 1; hobby—trainspotting.

CONS: *NME*'s YOUTHPRINT rivals with the honorable exceptions of *Spin*, *Blitz*, *Hot Press*, *Off The Ball* and *When Saturday Comes*; the spurious, blinkered, divisive anorak vs. adidas debates; footie (domestic)—Arsenal top of the league, Chris Waddle's designer stubble and Maggie's terrace meddling; footie (world)—Gordon Strachan trying to vault the advertising hoarding after scoring a lonely Caledonian goal.

1986 READERS' POLL

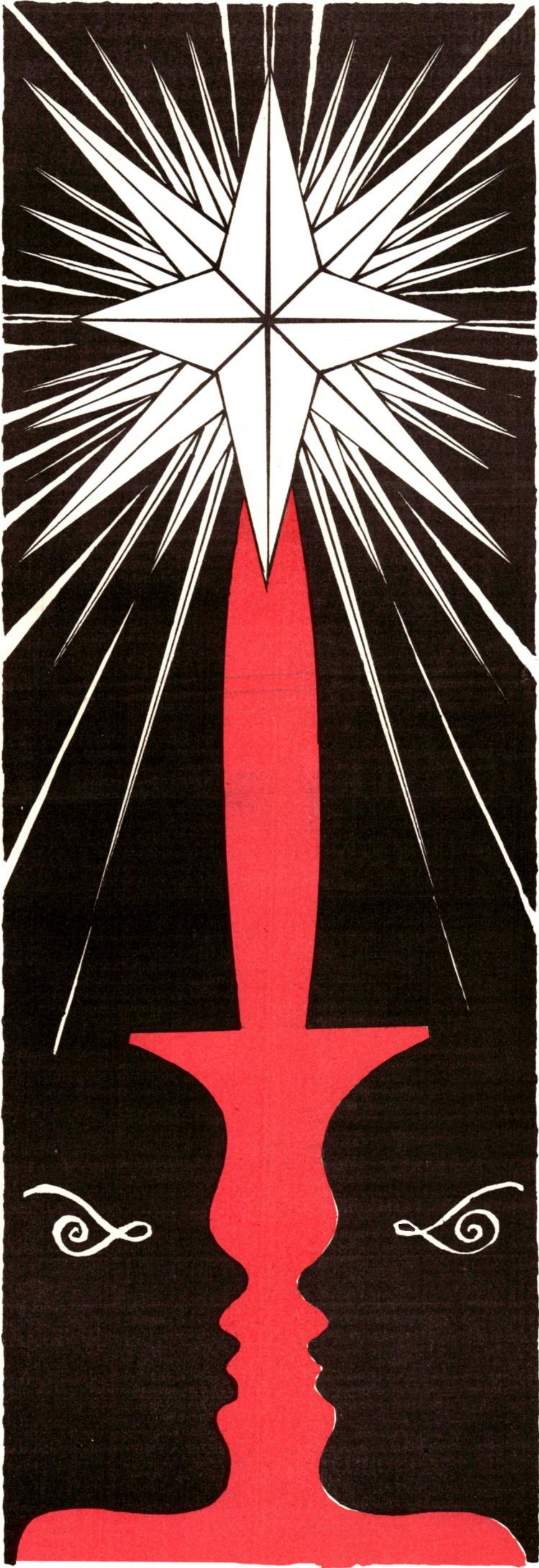
- BEST GROUP
- MALE SINGER
- FEMALE SINGER
- BEST NEW ACT
- BEST SINGLE
- BEST LP
- BEST DANCE RECORD
- CREEP OF THE YEAR
- MOST WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING
- TV SHOW
- RADIO SHOW
- FILM
- EVENT OF THE YEAR
- TOP SEX SYMBOL
- BEST STIMULANT
- THREAT OF THE YEAR
- BEST CLUB OR VENUE

Cut this page out, and send it, completed, to NME (Readers' Poll),
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AGE



ART: JILL MUMFORD

ROASTED BY THE TWO WISE MEN

RUDOLPH

THE RED NOSED RADAR



Fairly secret habit

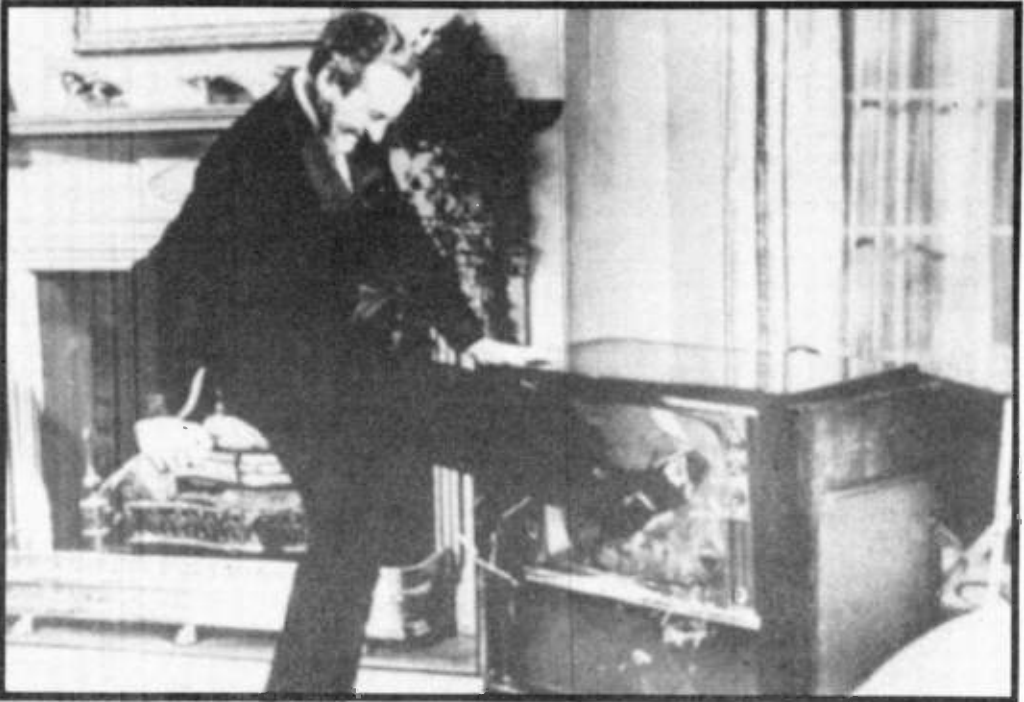
REWIND '86

ONE IMAGE to capture TV '86? A grief stricken father kissing his dead daughter's vibrator? Nah, *Edge Of Darkness* made Troy Kennedy Martin's plutonium nightmares a little too real for Chernobyl year. How about a dismembered head in a blood soaked bag? Too bleak. Anyway Brenton's *Deadhead* stumbled on its own pretensions though Dennis Lawson's Eddie could easily be a composite hero for '86. Maybe the ultimate anti-image could be found in Michael Gambon's scared and peeling face. The eyes had it in Potter's *The Singing Detective*. Again, too bleak. Even the humour had clenched teeth. Something positive needed? How about a huge post-feminist Amazon venting her revenge on a seriously miscast Dennis Waterman. Yes, with Bobbo as victim, Julie T. Wallace's vengeful metamorphosis in *The Life And Loves Of A She Devil* was the nearest quality Brit-drama came to a positive

Face Of '86. On the sad and sorry sitcom front, only one figure ruled supreme. Major Henry Wellington Kitchener Truscott's barmy army stole the show. Literally no contest. Geoffrey Palmer was the soft, illiberal underbelly to the She Devil's belligerent righteousness. . . . TV Match Of The Year: Cloughie's total trouncing of Mad Mike Channon including put-down of the year—"I never discuss tactics with mere players." Yo! Cloughie. . . *Solid Soul's* half-hour drew three times the audience of *The Tube's* two hour of trivia. . . Audience participation reached out and touched all and sundry with Cilla's dreadfully compulsive *Blind Date* and the 'late' in *The Late Late Breakfast Show* took on a grim resonance. . . Over on Channel Four we had our tolerance tested with a triangle and a succession of naff art-house movies. Between them, *Brookside*

and *EastEnders* tied up the loose ends of public morality: drugs, suicides, sex, gay rights and marital wrongs, muggings, rape, revenge and lashings of infidelity. . . The government ads said "We can handle it", but "*Heroin* turns you into Heather's hubbie" would have been more chilling. Right To Reply became TV's first serious, unworthy, non-patronising, unflippant answer back. . . Casualty told the truth about the nurses' lot and Edwina Currie wielded the usual red herring of left wing bias. . . BBC news reported Libya and got it in the eye for anti-establishment propaganda. . . Greenpeace had their ad censored, British Nuclear Fuels had theirs blithely accepted. . . we end the year with some more propaganda in the guise of *The New Enlightenment*: a Raving Right retort that deserved the old triangle: Special Discretion Compulsory.

Sean O'Hagan



Tebbit: Booting the box

FAST FORWARD '87

RADAR TAKES a trip through the next 12 months of Cathode Ray madness and offers a projected tour of cross-channel interference, future fantasy, surreal soaps and the possible alternatives to square-eyed squalor. . .

1. **POLITICAL CENSORSHIP** will cease to be a TV issue in '87 as the powers that be make programme vetting as regular a feature as the *Nine O Clock News*. Tebbit remembers the Falklands' factor—that no news is good news—and puts the boot in. Again and again. . .

2. **MORE DEATHS** amidst the dangerous games of audience participation shows. A family will make television and legal history by suing a producer who they hold responsible for their child's death. The defence council take the "no-one is innocent" line citing huge

viewing figures as proof of collective responsibility. The trial will be televised live.

3. **BLIND DATE** will become embroiled in the ever-widening AIDS scare and accused of encouraging permissiveness and casual close encounters. Their first all-gay show is cancelled at the eleventh hour. Cilla appears in advert for condoms singing 'Step Inside Love'

4. **SURPRISE SUCCESS** for a welter of post-Network 21 TV pirate companies. The BBC attempt to retaliate in kind but Michael Grade's memo is misinterpreted by *Breakfast Time* and Frank Bough appears in eye-patch and wooden leg. Knee-capped by Tebbit after a sympathetic Michael Foot interview, Frank is left without a leg to stand on. The viewers' verdict: limp.

DECEMBER 17

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK SOHO 7.45pm (C4) AN UNEVEN overview of the first Soho Jazz Festival staged back in October. Music by Tommy Chase, Courtney Pine, Yes/No People, Stan Tracey, A Man Called Adam, The Clark Tracey Quintet and El Sonido Des Londres. Watch out for Georgie Fame and modern jazz pioneer, Marc Almond. Well bohemian or what? **UP POMPEII** 10.20pm (BBC 1) *SEXUAL INNUENDO* meets *The Fall Of The Roman Empire* as Lurcio, played to perfection by Frankie Howerd, acts as slave to the philandering Ludicrus Sextus. Lance Percival throws-up alternative humour as the sickening Bilius and Adrienne Posta plays a pre-feminist bint called Scrubba? **VANISHING POINT** 11.30pm (ITV) FROM 1971, a road movie that combines amphetamines, car chases, sex and speed. Barry Newman's Kowalski is the perfect anti-hero for the post hippy early '70s: watch and wonder at what drives a man to flaunt law and order across several states. Amphetamine psychosis through rose tinted spectacles.

DECEMBER 18

ELVIS: HIS '68 SPECIAL 9.00pm (C4) FROM DECEMBER 68, Elvis in excelsis. Videos at the ready for a vision of black leather badness: 'Hound Dog', 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Don't Be Cruel', . . . pure pre-cheeseburger pelvic pandemonium but not a patch on the earlier snatches of hip shaking, orgasm inducing mayhem from the '50s. Still, worth comparing with the later televised Las Vegas embarrassment of fluffed lines, slurred songs and general cholesterol induced brain fatigue. For some reason this '68 show is shown in edited form.

DECEMBER 19

INSPECTOR GADGET 4.25pm (ITV) THE CARTOON crimebuster that launched a thousand hip-hop homages in '86. Inspector Gadget isn't a patch on Dangermouse but, personally, I pine for the days of Mutley and The Ant Hill Mob. These days cartoon dogs get called Brian. Sad. **THE TUBE** 7.50pm (C4) PRE-CHRISTMAS Tube featuring the usual ragbag of the cream and the crap. Long on Aha analysis and interviews, short on the required cynicism and deflation. Plus Nik Kershaw, The Womacks, Run DMC and some people calling themselves Small Town Elephants. Paula interrupts the Eric Clapton Xmas concert (it says here) and chats with the legendary guitarist. See if you can stay awake through a whole Tube.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA 11.20pm (BBC 1)

SAM PECKINPAH directs this classic hybrid movie set in Mexico which precariously straddles western and melodramatic styles. Torture, obsession and the inevitable lust in the dust.

DECEMBER 20

MUD AND GUTS 7.30pm (C4) **SMALL PEOPLE** from Scotland take on huge meatheads from America. A story of football fanaticism only this time it's the American type. Fifty would-be William 'The Fridge' Perry's form the Musselburgh Magnums, make the Brit-American League and head down to Wembley to face the US Hunley Wolverines on the day of the Dallas Cowboys-Chicago Bears showcase. Will Scotland defeat the U.S. Navy elite? Would Bill Shankly have approved? **OLIVER** 5.55-8.15pm (BBC 1) A PRETTY blond boy astray from his rightful place in the bourgeoisie falls in with a rum bunch of proletarian tea-leaves. Oliver Reed is immaculate as Bill Sykes, a Victorian version of Tebbit. Hundreds of people sing about food. Bob Geldof directs. **A SPACE ODYSSEY** 11.50pm (BBC 2) AT THE dawn of mankind, a tribe of apes discover a mysterious monolith. Graeme Souness becomes their manager and in the year 2001 they are still looking for a win. Kubrick's future and tense vision of all our tomorrows still cuts it. Space is the place.

DECEMBER 21

THE SINGING DETECTIVE 9.05pm (BBC 1) THE FINAL episode in Dennis Potter's multi-layered drama in and around the head of hospitalised writer Philip Marlow. All clues point to some Freudian conclusion linking political intrigue and eczema. Joanne Whalley applies the betnovate and Bill Patterson acts as the investigative Scottish shrink. Whose that cheapskate in shadows? And why did Mark Binney shit on the teacher's desk? Essential viewing toots. **SUNDAY EAST** 9.25pm (C4) . . . GOES TO a Bhangra Disco in the Hammersmith Palais. Intriguing glimpse of Asian youth culture which should, at least, touch on the impact of the hip-hop phenomenon. **ALL THAT JAZZ** 10.25pm (BBC 2) FIRST BRITISH TV showing for Bob Fosse's highly choreographed musical, featuring Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange and Ben Vereen. Apparently a near autobiography, it follows Joe Gideon, a Broadway dancer from music theatre to operating theatre. **LITTLE CAESAR** 10.45pm (C4)

MELODRAMATIC GANGSTER drama starring Edward G. Robinson as the 'Little Caesar' who attempts to muscle in and take over the Chicago underworld. Perhaps the first film to fracture the usual one-dimensional portrayal of the hood: here, Robinson stars as a man with more than his share of psychological hang-ups, driven to psychomania by forces beyond his ken.

DECEMBER 22

THE ELEVENTH HOUR: TURN IT UP 11.15pm (Channel 4) FORTH IN the mini "Youth" series, features 'Girl Zone', a film made by 11 to 15 year old girls from the West Midlands. Advertising, agony aunts and pirate radio come under scrutiny. With musical interludes from Ranking Miss P and Sophia George. Despite censorship from above the *Turn It Up* series carries on regardless.

DECEMBER 23

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA 12.50pm (BBC 2) A MAD disfigured musician haunts the sewers of Paris, a hopeless victim of his own ugliness, in this silent biopic of the rise of The Pogues. Lon Chaney, the man of a thousand faces, is Shane. Impressive supporting cast. **GUYS AND DOLLS** 8.30pm (C4) BRANDO, SINATRA and the very wonderful Jean Simmons sing and dance their way through Mankiewicz's adaptation of Damon Runyan's compendium of gangsterdom. Sinatra is wise guy, Nathan Detroit, Brando is Sky Masterson and Stubby Kaye looms large in the background. Apparently there was mucho tension behind the scenes as Brando and Sinatra's massive egos battled for star billing. It doesn't show in what is a classic, still stylish musical. Marlon manages a song or two without moving his top lip. **NORTH BY NORTHWEST** 10.00 (BBC 1) AS GARY retires to that great casting couch in the sky, so the BBC politely presents a retrospective season. The highlight is Alfred Hitchcock's celebrated thriller, the story of Roger Thornhill and a high espionage kidnap. Watch out for the much seen scene in which Heseltine does a runner through the wilds followed by a scary helicopter. North By Northwestland: a must for all seasons. **COMEDIANS DO IT ON STAGE** 11.15pm (C4) **SUBLIME** AND ridiculous parade of has-beens, might-have-beens and human beans. Amongst the latter; Smith and Jones, French and Saunders and Victoria Wood. The Housemartins appear in their former guise as The Flying Pickets and sing a song with Richard Stilgoe—a man for whom the term 'Utter Crap' was invented.

CHRISTMAS EVE

WIZARD OF OZ 2.25 (BBC 1) JUDY GARLAND, tinsel city's most alluring dipsomaniac, staggers down the yellow brick road meeting a tin man and scarecrow en route. Automatic

vaudevillian Bert Lahr, father of author John Lahr, plays the cowardly lion. Don't miss the wicked witch of the West, repeated 5.40 Christmas Day. **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH** 4.45pm (BBC 2) BILLY WILDER's comic classic beloved by semiologists and psychoanalysts alike. Notice the complex chain of metonymic visual signifiers as over educated critics get to look up Marilyn Monroe's skirt. **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS** 11.45pm (BBC 2) JUDY AGAIN, reeling further into alcohol city, but this time with husband Vincente Minelli to lend a directional hand. Family life gives way to the tensions of American ideology. Ding. Ding. Ding. Went the trolley.

CHRISTMAS DAY
HELLZAPOPPIN 1.25pm (C4) SURREAL LUNATIC farce featuring Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, a vaudeville duo often credited as being the forerunners of Pythonian madness. Described in Variety as having "no connected continuity, no romance and no exterior locations. Alas, this was an inaccurate description and the show was tailored in true Hollywood style to fit the more conventional narrative form complete with love story. Nevertheless, something of a left-field cult movie and watch for Frankenstein in a walk-on part. **ARK ROYAL - THE ROCK SHOW** 2.00pm (ITV) PAUL YOUNG, Alison Moyet, Bob Geldof, Cyndi Lauper, The Pretenders and Go West play a concert for servicemen and their families on the rock of Gibraltar. Nice to see our responsible pop stars giving their support to militarism. No doubt, the brave lads at Greenham and Lakenheath will feel a bit miffed at being left out of the proceedings. A rum do, indeed. **THE QUEEN** 5.40pm (All channels) TEN MINUTE royal rap for

BOXING DAY
SOME LIKE IT HOT 10.05pm (BBC 2) PROHIBITION AND racketeers provide the *raison d'être* for Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon to imbibe in a spot of transvestism. They meet up with M.M. as the dizzy blonde aboard a train bound for love junction. A drag drama that drags even slower the more you see it. Another inspired repeat from the BBC's *deja-vu* department.

DECEMBER 27
THE ITALIAN JOB 10.30pm (BBC 1) A MUCH loved heist movie in which Noel Coward curiously stars as Mr. Bridger, an incarcerated old crook who backs the crime of the decade. Benny Hill plays an eccentric computer-hack doubtless confusing software for underwear. The crime is conducted under the guise of some England football fans travelling to a big game in Italy. The Heysel fiasco has put paid to that old plot-line. It ends with rousing chants of 'England England' inside a jail cell. Rough justice. **DOCTOR STRANGELOVE** 12.05am (BBC 1) AS B52s set out to bomb Moscow, President Merkin J. Muffley has to sort things out. Fiction hopefully doesn't precede fact. With Roland McDonald's hand on the real bomb, this Christmas might see the ultimate silent night. Refuse cruise.

DECEMBER 28
CARRY ON JACK 12.25pm (BBC 1) NAUTICAL JINKS on the high seas as the Carry On team indulge in the usual celebration of innuendo: she was only an Admiral's daughter but they loved her navel base. Charles Hawtry is there as the impotent Walter but Sid James is sadly missing. **TOOTSIE** 7.50pm (BBC 1) SYDNEY POLLACK directs Dust-

of old lags: one whose spent 40 years in the nick, another whose doing life for murder. Hank returns in the New Year for his no doubt unique A-Z Of Country Music.

DECEMBER 29
BUGSY MALONE 7.00pm (BBC 2) CHILD EXPLOITATION rears its head, as pre-Brat Packers Scott Baio and Jodie Foster lead a gangster musical—a wunnerful Hollywood world where hoodlums, showgirls and precocious dreamers perform stage school numbers and tap routines. A glossy Californian *Junior Showtime*. **1986: REVIEW OF THE YEAR** 10.25pm (BBC 1) A NEWSNIGHT special presented by Peter Snow skimming over the events, images and scandals of the year. Chernobyl, Westland, Cory Aquino, the Royal Marriage, Run The World, dissidents, shuttle diplomacy and banana skins. For those who like to consume fast flowing entertaining media froth, dine here. **INTERNATIONAL SWEETHEARTS OF RHYTHM** 8.30pm (C4) POTTED HISTORY of an all-women, multi-racial big band who achieved a short-lived celebrity during the war years. When the war ended, however, they were forced—due to the influx of hungry male-musicians—to disband. This programme attempts to set the record straight. **THE BEST OF SPIKE JONES** 12.00pm (C4) ONE OF the Yuletide highlights and a must for the video. Spike and His City Slickers were infamous in the '40s and '50s for wrecking havoc on popular hit songs. Sound affects, speeded up vocal gymnastics and general irreverence mark such classic stitch-ups as 'Cocktails For Two', 'William Tell Overture' and 'You Always Hurt The One You Love'. And check out those suits. A must.



"Who are you calling a bastard, sonny?"

BASTARD SQUAD
TV IS the cathode-ray residence of the family BASTARD. And in 1986 the *Illegitimate Stakes* got off to an exciting start. **DIRTY DEN**, the ubiquitous cad from the Queen Vic started well but faded in an uncharacteristic bout of tetchy parental care. **MIKE BALDWIN**, the cockney spiv who once threatened to wreck poor Ken Barlow's marriage, complicated his image with his own controversial bethrothal: marrying Ken's daughter. "Do you take this bastard to be your awful wedded husband?" But Mike failed to realise that matrimony is a dangerously good deed. We threw confetti and cried as another bastard turned nice. Scotland's vociferous football fans usually know a bastard when they see one and they dutifully celebrated the TV coverage of the World Cup by reminding viewers of Jimmy Hill's parental status. But *el beardo*, for it was he, failed to live up to his promise. Despite rampant xenophobia and the tactless sexism of "Football isn't a game for girls" he floundered in the dying seconds and barely sickened the parrot fraternity. **DAME ALISTAIR BURNETT** polished his knighthood with more unction but a real bastard would have given the Palace a miss. Without a shadow of doubt, the TV bastard of 1986 was **TOMMY McARDLE**, Brookside's cheap villain. He keeps budgies, breaks legs, smokes cigars, sets up dodgy trips to Barbados and has a minder who once played the infamous Shake-Hands in *Boys From The Blackstuff*. What a bastard? Stitch that.

TOMMY McARDLE KNEW MY FATHER

sycophants and Windsor watchers nationwide. In various corners of this sceptic land—our house, for instance—this will be ten minutes of anti-Monarchist ribaldry. All and sundry will join together in the massed blowing of raspberries, singing of anti-royalist ditties and general bouts of highly treasonable innuendo concerning corgis and range rovers. On that very subject: what's the difference between a range rover and a hedge hog? A hedge-hog has pricks on the outside. Available on all channels just to ensure you have freedom of choice. **THE SNOWMAN** 5.50pm (C4) BAFTA AWARD winner and variously described as 'delightful', 'enchanted' and 'charming'. If all that doesn't put you off, watch. **EDUCATING RITA** 10.40pm (BBC 2) JULIE WALTERS stars as the irrepressible scally who seeks knowledge from the dubious font of Dr. Frank Bryant, a drunken academic played by 'My Name Is Michael Caine'. Willy Russell's award winning comedy does little to dispel the government's malevolent view of lechers in Higher Education. Drink, debauchery and romancing with students. The good doctor is innocent.

Bin Hoffman in the first TV screening of the much respected tran comedy. Writer Larry Gelbart reputedly said, "Tootsie taught me never to work with someone whose smaller than his Oscar". A bit size-ist don't you think? **TINA TURNER BREAKS ALL THE RULES** 10.15pm (ITV) IT TAKES a modicum of imagination and an aggressive floor manager ("Would that girl in the low-cut gold dress please get down the front now . . ." etc. etc.) to turn a well-known Camden niterie into Le Club Zero, hot-spot *Parisien*, M. C. Monsieur Max Headroom. But soaring effortlessly above the antics of the professional party-going audience during this one-hour special is La Turner herself, voice more miraculous than anyone has a right to expect. Restricted here to the promotion of material from her 'Break Every Rule' album, plus covers like 'Addicted To Love', she nevertheless shines, a classic rock performer for once not distanced by her usual stadium habitat. **HANK WANGFORD AT STRANGWAYS** 11.25pm (C4) REPEAT SHOWING for a concert staged, a la Johnny Cash, in Manchester's Strangeways prison. Interviews with a couple

DECEMBER 30
THE CHART SHOW: CHRISTMAS SPECIAL 5.25pm (C4) THE BEST videos of '86 showcased in a 90-minute special. Plus a round-up of the best Heavy Metal / Indie / Dance records of the year. Most interesting bit will probably be the 'Worst Of' categories and the 'Most Sexist Video' of the year. Trivial and, no doubt, totally addictive. **NEW YORK, NEW YORK** 11.25pm (C4) SCORSESE'S TRIBUTE to the ending of the big band era and the arrival of be-bop is mirrored by the film's central relationship, a doomed but charmed affair that pits De Niro's hip, wisecracking but reckless character against the straighter but ultimately more honest Minelli. Jazzers single it out as one of Hollywood's more credible attempts at portraying life on the road and Scorsese's obvious affection for both the music and the cinema of the time is brilliantly engaging. Great clothes, sublime acting and superb music, the film's initial failure at the box office remains one of life's great mysteries. A must.



"I've got you under my eczema"

1. THE SINGING DETECTIVE
2. VICTORIA WOOD AS SEEN ON TELEVISION
3. BILKO
4. RIGHT TO REPLY
5. BROOKSIDE
6. EDGE OF DARKNESS
7. THE MONOCLED MUTINEER
8. CHEERS
9. THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
10. LIFE AND LOVES OF A SHE DEVIL

WATCHING THE DETECTIVE

(A socially democratic referendum proportionally represented by INVADERS ON RADAR)

HOWK!

IF YOU LOVE JESUS

Who'd have thought it would be those **HOUSEMARTINS**—leaping 30 places a week—to claim a Christmas hot-spot in the last Top 40 of the year. What happened to the original 'Caravan Of Love'? And are these boys really too rugged and tuff for Red Wedge? **LEN BROWN** puts their kettle on, **STEVE PYKE** adds vision.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, stop and think. When Christmas Day first strikes again—when you're reeling in the aisles, cock-eyed and carolling, desperate for a leak during Midnight Mass—just think to yourself 'What's it all about?'

All too rarely in this pagan place called Pop, religious emotions fuel a mighty moment, a divine sound of music, that reminds us of uncorrupted, uncommercial Christmas truths. You see, we've been dabbling in the occult for too long; the charts are choc-a-bloc with combos wallowing in anti-Christian sentiments and monikers (The Damned, The Primitives, Willing Sinners . . .) or taking God's names in vain (Madonna, The Mission, The Leather Nun . . .) But this year could be different.

For surely the spirit of Christmas present lies in The Housemartins' version of 'Caravan Of Love', Isley Jasper & Isley's gospel-tinted love supreme, now converted into an acappella tree-topper. It's proudly presented for "YOUR listening pleasure and spiritual regeneration", supported by the tub-thumping 'We Shall Not Be Moved', 'When I First Met Jesus' and 'Heaven Help Us All'.

For at this special time of year—while their fellow men, women and choirboys are knocking out stocking fillers—devotional thoughts and religious questions cross Housemartin lips. Is there a God? Is She a socialist? Is He a dead-ringer for Terry Waite?

"Heaven help the black man if he struggles one more day/Heaven help the white man if he turns the other way/Heaven help the roses if the bombs begin to fall/Heaven help us all"

JESUS' FAVOURITE word is 'Come', preaches the huge placard outside a church in The Housemartins' Hull. And what better way to introduce their granny-seducing sound, or to discuss the 'Joy Joy Joy' of being a Housemartin. "Take Jesus—Take Marx—Take Hope" proclaimed the inner sleeve of their debut LP, 'London O Hull 4'; "Power to the people. Respect for the steeple", states the cover of 'Caravan Of Love', with a nod to Curtis Mayfield. But how can we be sure it's not another festive season cash-in? Oh Housemartins, give me a sign.

First there's Brother Hugh, the loveable drummer with the cauliflower ears, who religiously refutes *Smash Hits* bizarre revelation that he's related to Sir Francis Chichester.

"I used to sing in the church choir so I do have something of a church history, and when I was in the sixth form at school I started doing an A-level in Religious Studies because I felt I ought to know *The Bible* as a whole rather than in snippets taken out of context. At that time I was either going to become a campaigning Christian or a

communist. In the end I became a communist because Christianity's so abused; the church often becomes just another agency of oppression. The problem with being an atheist, is having no one to pray to; you wish there was some greater-than-human agency to provide you with strength when you need it."

Step forward Brother Paul, with his ill-fitting trousers and angelic acne; he who sings like a proverbial cherub and worships Sheffield United.

"I wasn't christened or baptized or anything. I was asked to sing in the church choir but it would've meant missing football with the Cub Scouts team on Sunday mornings. We had a church parade once a month which was disastrous cos it meant missing *The Big Match* on Sunday afternoons.

And there's Brother Norman, or DJ Ox as he likes to be known; the happy-go-lucky Brighton bassist, who's fond of doing 'burners' (spraying old walls with graffiti).

"My family belonged to a nutty Christian faith, the Kosmon, which is really tiny in this country. Looking back it was a pretty good church; there was no dressing up, we worshipped in a meeting house like the Quakers, you had to be vegetarian and the password was Unity. It was all about unity, like helping agriculturally in Africa. I left when I was 14, but I'm happy about it now cos it's just the moral thing; I still don't like churches and dressing up and not being allowed to drink, smoke and swear. I think a lot of the things that the church endorses are far more evil than fornicating."

So far, so bad. The evangelic upstarts with the love-divine-all-love-excelling Christmas single are practically trashing the tabernacles, gobbing at the Godsquad, and forsaking the Sabbath to play footie. Can Brother Stanley Cullimore save their souls? Perhaps he can, but he doesn't. You see it's, aw shucks, embarrassing to talk about religion. In an age when only the mad are totally sure of God's existence and only idiots/scientists totally deny it, people are reluctant to speak out for or against. Apart from a chorus of Paul Simon's 'Homeless' and a head-aching question—"If you can't believe in an absolute God then why believe in an absolute truth?"—Stan sits like a Trappist monk, devoted to his tea and bikkies.

But what of the use and abuse of God, the whole idea of having a State religion which, too often, endorses the status quo and reacts against forces of change?

Norman: "People like Paisley or the Moral Majority in America saying 'If you believe in God you've got to do what I say 'cos God's on my side', I think it's really sick. It scares people into believing things that are completely untrue; they use God for power and finance."

Paul: "I don't think there's anything abusive when someone like Bishop Desmond Tutu says God's on his side. If there is a God he's definitely on his side. It's when wankers say God's on their side, that's when it's offensive."

Hugh: "But does God change sides throughout history? Cromwell claimed God was on his side when he was bashing up the others, but his political descendants, the bourgeoisie, are still claiming God's on their side. But is he?"

Give us a sign for God's sake, or this'll go on for an eternity. Anyway, I thought you

were practising Christians?

Paul: "As soon as we get rid of our bank balance, that's when we'll be practising Christians. Until we do that this band's just like any other scummy band; that's something I want to achieve soon. We've got too much money to be talking about Christianity."

MONKEYS FROM OUTER SPACE

WHEN THEY'RE not perfecting the Windy Miller walk—head forward, bottom out, timed to avoid the sails of the *Camberwick Green* windmill—The Housemartins seem to be merrily letting their imaginations run riot. The smallest thing can set them off.

A phonecall from Channel 4 wanting to "know what their childhood friends are doing now" somehow develops into a mini episode of *This Is Your Life*, complete with appalling Irish accents. "Do you remember dis voice?" "No, it can't be, it can't be . . ."

And Norman's recollection of arguments with Jehovah's Witnesses—who insisted that sex before marriage results in venereal disease—naturally spark off a discussion about the scaremongery and quack theories surrounding AIDS.

Stan: "Someone reckoned that lesbians are the blessed ones cos they're the ones who aren't going to get done."

Paul: "Vegetarians are least likely to get it. Apparently AIDS was in monkeys and African people caught the virus from eating the monkey meat."

Hugh: "I heard it originated from the poverty and unhygienic conditions that people lived in . . ."

Norman: "The papers the other day said it came from Outer Space, came down in the rain, and it hit people in Africa first 'cos they don't wear shoes. They were getting cuts on their feet and absorbing it from the rain water. The headline was 'Martian Plague Hits Africa'."

And when I ask them if there'll be an acappella follow-up to 'Caravan Of Love', it's typically hard to get any sense out of them.

Paul: "We were thinking of covering 'My Way', 'Dancing In The Street' . . . no, nothing crap like that."

Norman: "We're thinking of doing an Alison Moyet song."

What, 'Only You'?

Norman: "No, the whole band."

GARRY BUSHELL ATE MY HOUSEMARTINS

I ASSUME that you all refuse to buy News International's publications, and therefore that you missed Garry Bushell's "House Full Of Hate" article on The Housemartins. It revealed, to reasonably minded *Sun* readers, that The Housemartins want to kill the Queen and to arm women (except the Queen?), that they love Arthur Scargill and hate *The Sun*. But how did Bushell get Paul to "reveal all"? Yep, you've guessed it.

Paul: "The Housemartins have never done an interview with *The Sun* newspaper, we've never met Garry Bushell, no one in the band has spoken to Garry Bushell. The 'interview' was lifted from *NME*, *Melody*

Maker and No 1. We basically refuse to deal with a paper whilst it refuses to recognise workers' rights and trade union rights. It's basically a scab paper, so we'll never be, in the history of the dispute, working with *The Sun*."

The Housemartins are having to live and learn from their mistakes; they've been punished for their frankness and honesty in other publications. It's very easy for journalists to bend their views, place them out of context, misrepresent their good intentions. I could tell you that "Norman Housemartin Wants To Chop Up The Queen", but he didn't say that. So don't nick it, Gaz.

Norman: "We said we hated the Queen after someone had made the point that royalty are a big tourist attraction, but the tongue-in-cheek spirit in which it was said didn't come across in the papers. By the time it got to *The Sun* it looked like we were plotting to kill the Queen."

Nevertheless, the publication of the band's strong anti-monarchist sentiments and the predictable outbursts of Tory MPs has affected The Housemartins' relationship with Go! Discs. Hugh and Paul feel that the strong political beliefs and commitments of the band have been deliberately watered down, even dissolved, in the record company's plans to promote them as fun, fun, fun.

Paul: "There's been promotion of the happy Housemartins not the serious Housemartins, they've pushed the trivial and jokey and wacky side of the band. I'm convinced we were politically censored; I've tried to put it down to accidents but I don't think it is really. There've been a few convenient capitalist cock-ups. The first god-knows-how-many thousands of albums went out without lyrics and the Christmas message was left off. (It reads: "For too long the ruling class have enjoyed an extended New Year's Eve Party, whilst we can only watch, faces pressed up against the glass" and "Don't try gate crashing a party full of bankers. Burn the house down!") I think that was deliberate. I don't know whether it was Go! Discs or above, Chrysalis or whatever. I don't like their excuses, that's what annoys me. Having said that, we'd probably have been worse off with another company... they'd have probably tried to get us in flat caps."

ARE YOU READY FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE?

GIVEN THE Left-wing lyrics of their early singles, such as 'Flag Day' and 'Sheep', there are those who feel that 'Caravan Of Love' is too soft, too sweet, too Flying Pickets for The Housemartins; that the themes of love and unity expressed in the song are vague and unlikely to alter perceptions. There are also those who regard this reworking of a soul classic as sacrilege, a calculated stab at easy success.

In The Housemartins' defence it must be said that they've been performing the song since last May; it wasn't just a question of 'Hey, here's a cracking song, let's slam it out for Christmas'. But why wasn't Isley Jasper & Isley's version successful last year?

Hugh: "Maybe it was a bit too subtle?"

Paul: "We'd been riding on a high commercially and they hadn't."

Norman: "Most black records break in the clubs and, because it's slow, maybe it didn't go down too well."

Stan: "As you well know, the actual song can have very little to do with it. It could well have been a host of other reasons, like poor record company interest or lack of promotion. We don't know why it wasn't a commercial success but *artistically* it was a success. It was subtle, an aromatic blend of teas, talking of which, why doesn't somebody put the kettle on?"

Of course, the original's failure can't be blamed on The Housemartins. Isley Jasper & Isley were beaten by a system which decides that the public want what the public get; perpetuating a chart game in which safety steals success. The Housemartins—judging by their own admissions, and their lifestyles—are not here to make a fast buck; their caring sharing brand of Christianity-cum-socialism is stamped indelibly on their songs, and determines their support for causes such as Miners' Hardship Funds, Labour Party Young Socialists, and CND...

But it strikes me as odd that these four inmates of Billy Bragg's at Go! Mansions haven't been signed up by Red Wedge. If they're hell-bent on kicking over the statutes, abolishing the monarchy and inspiring the collapse of capitalism, then

surely they should work with the Wedgers to bring down the Conservatives?

Paul: "I appreciate the work Red Wedge are doing. We've had meetings with them but they were unable to give us any policies. We really want to challenge them to policies; unless the musicians in Red Wedge actually come out and say they want the music business nationalised, which we most certainly do, we can't support them. I think that, at the crunch, when it comes to giving away their riches they'll be against nationalisation. They enjoy their hotel lifestyles, their chauffeur lifestyles. They're more interested in telling other people how to live their lives."

"I was really disappointed by the last Red Wedge tour. I never went to the gigs but I went to one of the parties afterwards. And if the people at the workshops could've seen the privileges that those artists were affording themselves they wouldn't have gone to another Red Wedge concert in their lives. The place they were staying was disgustingly rich, a dreamtime place for any working class person. And this is where things about us that have been taken as a joke become serious policy... like staying on friends' floors and Adopt-A-Housemartin. It's a statement against the luxurious lifestyles that musicians afford themselves."

But surely, if The Housemartins are so anti-Tory, it would be worthwhile working with Red Wedge at least until the next election?

"The time has come to present a united front, yeah I'd go with Red Wedge on that, but not a hypocritical united front, not a trendy united front. It should be a proper Red Wedge, a Red Wedge which wants to do away with the Royal Family, to nationalise the music industry, to withdraw imperialism from Northern Ireland once and for all. Clear policies. But you see they're in a difficult position because they use Labour Party headquarters—which means that if there was any revolutionary input it'd probably be kicked out—and they aren't really a Wedge, they're a wedge of varying ideas, people from the Right wing of the Labour Party through to communist and revolutionary sympathisers. They need to clarify what they stand for. I don't like having a dig at fellow socialists because I can't dig enough at the Tories, but to be honest we're now

finding more political allegiance with bands like The Redskins and Easterhouse."

As we all know, the broad church of the Left is prepared to rally round an ambiguous, all-accommodating manifesto; the less specific and wider the goals, the greater the support. The Housemartins' policies are agreeable enough, but if everyone demanded that their chosen causes be prioritised above others things would, as too often happens, fall apart. I'm not challenging their commitment, or Red Wedge's broad intentions, it's just depressing that they can't work together. After all, the birth of Red Wedge was the major political development in music in 1986.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

THE HOUSEMARTINS may not exactly be honking for Jesus this Christmas, but—if success is God-given (ho! ho!)—'Caravan Of Love' will see them on top of the world as we enter 1987. This time last year their star began to rise—'Flag Day' was voted number ten in Peelite's Festive Fifty—but whether they can combine this stardom with their own brand of socialism is a different matter.

The pressures are already beginning to mount. Perhaps the Bushell/*Sun* article has angered Stan more than the others; before the end of the interview he leaves with a tragi-comic "See you again... probably in court after you've misquoted us". Now the *News Of The World* wants their addresses, their telephone numbers and the names of their girlfriends. And there's also the ridiculous rumour that The Housemartins are not really working class but pretenders from the petit bourgeoisie; surely the fact that Paul's parents are called Horace and Doris and that he shouts "Knob off Lee" to A Kid In The Street is evidence enough of his Hull roots.

Aside from the gutter-press sniping it's been quite a year for Paul, Hugh, Stan and Norman, and Hugh summarises it in a message to you, dear NMElings.

"One thing that we've all learnt, one of life's lessons, is that professional success and personal happiness may overlap, but they're not the same thing... And all the success in the world won't cure a broken heart, readers."



Crossing the bridge over troubled waters on the way to paradise where all men are created equal, etc, etc... Paul, Hugh, Norman and Stan.

NME VINYL FINALS 1986

1986 ENDS in a purple haze as the collected *NME* ears place the Godlike genius of PRINCE at No. 1 in both the 45s and LPs category in the most eagerly-awaited poll of the year, the writers' VINYL FINALS. And stand tall, America! (© Mr President), for Blighty was beaten fair and square in the best platters of the year, according to our tastes. Only the homegrown AGE OF CHANCE (themselves cracking up a storm on the maestro's 'Kiss') and BILLY BRAGG tipped into the singles ten, while the eternally wonderful Mark E Smith combo THE FALL stood alone for the Empire in the top echelon of albums.

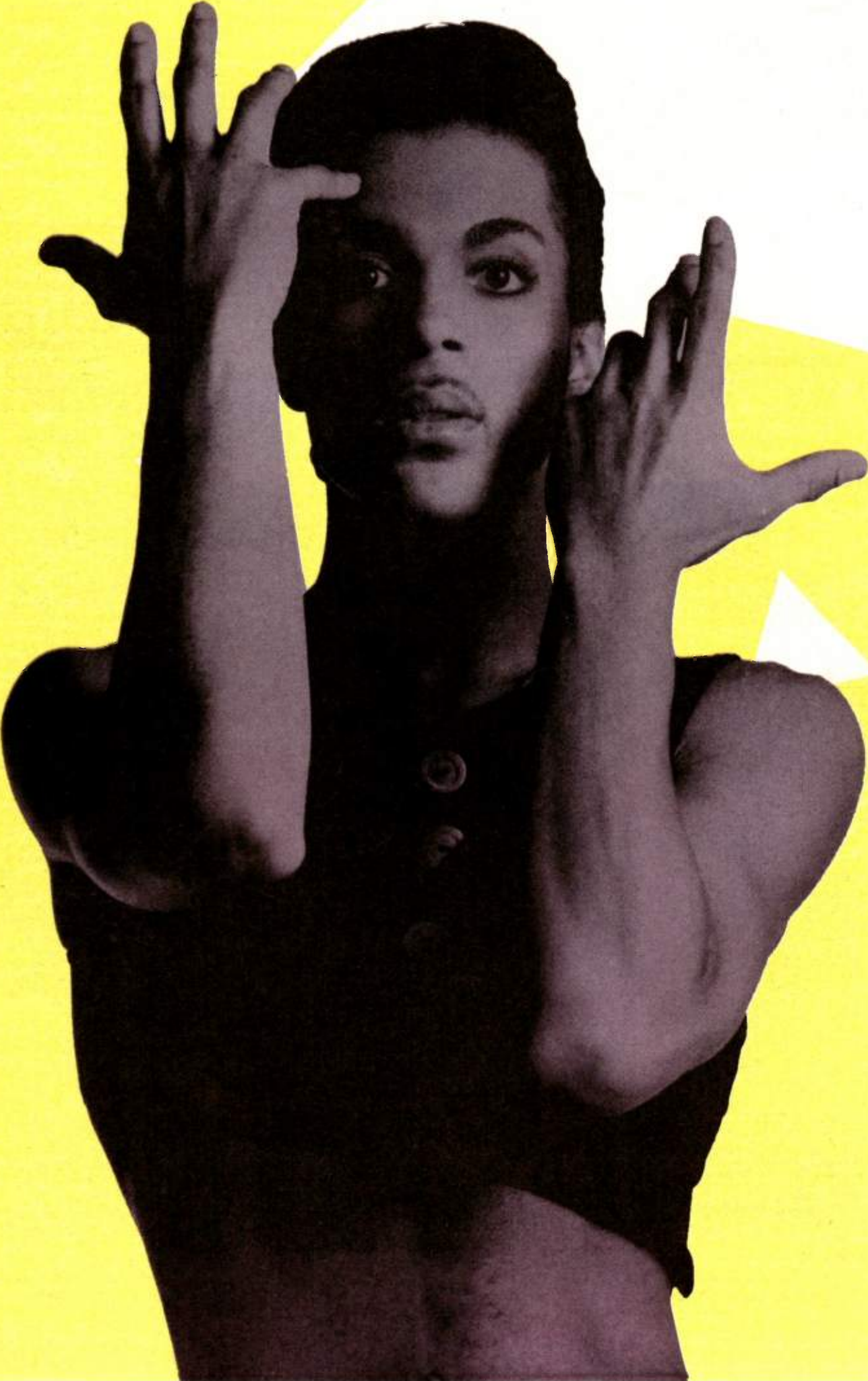
Sweet soul music was big in our hearts, with ANITA BAKER and JANET JACKSON filling out the top of the LPs tree, while CAMEO, RUN DMC and MANTRONIX dealt sturdier blows to our collective dancin' conciousnesses. In

45s, the word was UPI and we walked this way. And go-go was GREAT! Best rock group in the world? SONIC YOUTH, no contest. Down the ratings a bit, the viral strains of NICK CAVE, THE THE, SWANS and TEST DEPT made good showings; YOUSOU N'DOUR, HALF PINT and SHINEHEAD did great things for their respective world musics, and we all welcomed the massive return to form of old Napoleon himself, ELVIS COSTELLO.

Old soul swept the compilations/re-release listings, good booty for PARLIAMENT 'n SLY fans. DWIGHT YOAKAM nussed us all with his hillbilly roots, and MILES was second only to PAT METHENY and ORNETTE COLEMAN in the jazz cats' corner.

A year of lip-smackers, to be sure.

TOP 60 45s



- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|--|
| 1 | KISS | Prince And The Revolution (Paisley Park) |
| 2 | WORD UP | Cameo (Club) |
| 3 | INTO THE GROOVE(Y) | Ciccone Youth (Blast First) |
| 4 | WALK THIS WAY | Run DMC (London) |
| 5 | BANG ZOOM! LET'S GO GO! | The Real Roxanne with Hitman Howie Tee (Cooltempo) |
| 6 | AIN'T NOTHING GON' ON BUT THE RENT | Gwen Guthrie (Boiling Point) |
| 7 | PAIN | Betty Wright (Cooltempo) |
| 8 | KISS | Age Of Chance (Fon) |
| 9 | LEVI STUBBS' TEARS | Billy Bragg (Go! Discs) |
| 10 | STILL SMOKIN' | Trouble Funk (Island) |
| 11 | ALMOST PRAYED | The Weather Prophets (Creation) |
| 12 | BABY I LOVE YOU SO | Colourbox (4AD) |
| 13 | NASTY | Janet Jackson (A&M) |
| 14 | WHO THE CAP FIT | Shinehead (Virgin) |
| 15 | RISE | PIL (Virgin) |
| 16 | I WANT YOU | Elvis Costello and The Attractions (Imp) |
| 17 | GALVESTON BAY | Lonnie Hill (10) |
| 18 | POX (WHAT DOES IT MEAN?) | Schoolly D (Flame) |
| 19 | HUMAN | Human League (Virgin) |
| 20 | A SCREW | Swans (K422) |
| 21 | NO CONVERSATION | View From The Hill (EMI) |
| 22 | SWEET BIRD OF TRUTH | The The (Some Bizzare) |
| 23 | PAINC | The Smiths (Rough Trade) |
| 24 | SWEET LOVE | Anita Baker (Warners) |
| 25 | STAMPDOWN EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL | Sonic Youth (Blast First) |
| 26 | SOME CANDY TALKING | The Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco y Negro) |
| 27 | WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH | Julian Cope (Island) |
| 28 | LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND | Farley Jackmaster Funk (London) |
| 29 | ASK | The Smiths (Rough Trade) |
| 30 | LYING TOO LATE | The Fall (Beggars' Banquet) |
| 31 | SAFETY NET | Shop Assistants (53rd & 3rd) |
| 32 | MIR PHARMACIST | The Fall (Beggars' Banquet) |
| 33 | TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) | Swans (K422) |
| 34 | YOU CAN CALL ME AL | Paul Simon (Geffen) |
| 35 | SRO' HUFF DUMPM' | EU (Island) |
| 36 | DIGGIN' YOUR SCENE | The Blow Monkeys (RCA) |
| 37 | HAND LEFT | Gary Clail (On-U Sound) |
| 38 | WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY? | Janet Jackson (A&M) |
| 39 | SATURDAY LOVE | Cherrelle and Alexander O'Neal (Tabu) |
| 40 | SORRY SOMEHOW | Husker Du (Warners) |
| 41 | ROCK THE BELLS | LL Cool J (Def Jam) |
| 42 | WIDE OPEN ROAD | The Triffids (Hot) |
| 43 | GREETINGS | Half Pint (Powerhouse) |
| 44 | I'M CHILLIN' | Kurtis Blow (Club) |
| 45 | HEARTLAND | The The (Some Bizzare) |
| 46 | DO FRIES GO WITH THAT SHAKE? | George Clinton (Capitol) |
| 47 | LADY SOUL | The Temptations (Motown) |
| 48 | RUBBERBAND MAN | Youssou N'Dour (Rough Trade) |
| 49 | ONCE MORE | The Wedding Present (Reception) |
| 50 | SHE'S ON IT | The Beastie Boys (Def Jam) |
| 51 | POGNETRY IN MOTION EP | The Pogues (Stiff) |
| 52 | THERESE | The Bodines (Creation) |
| 53 | MIND AT THE END OF THE TETHER | Tackhead (On-U Sound) |
| 54 | E=MC ² | Big Audio Dynamite (Epic) |
| 55 | BASSLINES | Mantronix (10) |
| 56 | JUMP BACK (SET ME FREE) | Dhar Braxton (4th & Broadway) |
| 57 | BAHIA GIRL | David Rudder (Ice/London) |
| 58 | HUMOURS | Timex Social Club (Cooltempo) |
| 59 | VELOCITY GIRL | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 60 | WHISTLING IN THE DARK | Easterhouse (Rough Trade) |

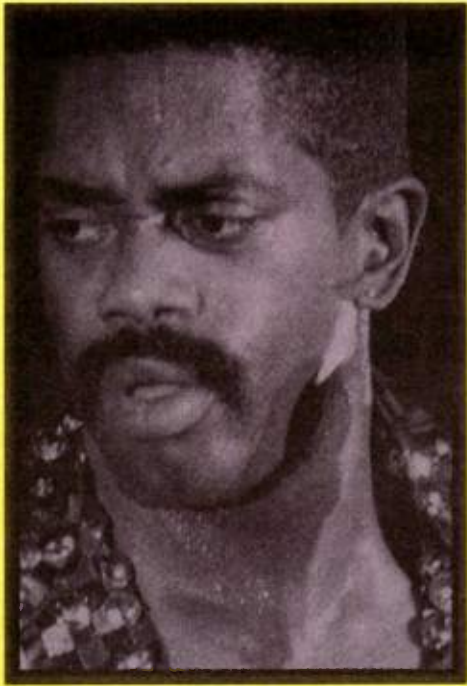


PHOTO: CHRIS CLUNN

Cameo's Larry: mark my word!



PHOTO: CHRIS CLUNN

Shinehead fits the bill

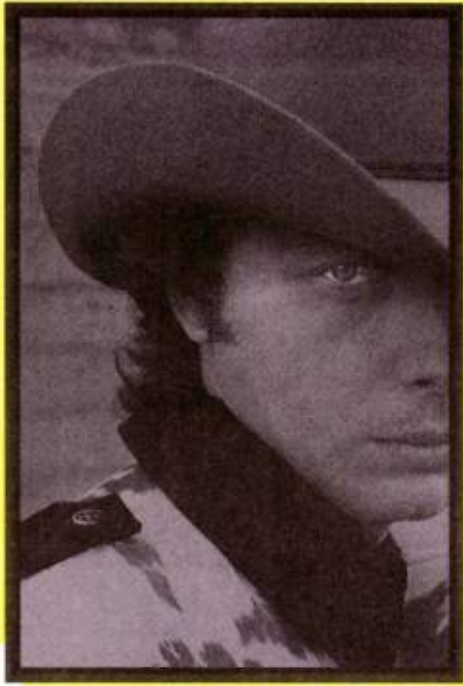


PHOTO: A J BARRAIT

Dwight: this guitar says, "eat shit, Nashville!"



PHOTO: KENJI KUBO

Kim (Sonic Youth): incredibly groove(y)

TOP 60 LPs

- 1 PARADE Prince And The Revolution (Paisley Park)
- 2 RAPTURE Anita Baker (Warners)
- 3 CONTROL Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 4 EVOL Sonic Youth (Blast First)
- 5 WORD UP Cameo (Club)
- 6 GRACELAND Paul Simon (Geffen)
- 7 BEND SINISTER The Fall (Beggars' Banquet)
- 8 RAISIN' HELL Run DMC (London)
- 9 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths (Rough Trade)
- 10 THE ALBUM Mantronix (10)
- 11 NELSON MANDELA Youssou N'Dour (Rough Trade)
- 12 LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT REM (IRS)
- 13 BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE Elvis Costello And The Attractions (Imp)
- 14 KING OF AMERICA The Costello Show (F-Beat)
- 15 YOUR FUNERAL ... MY TRIAL Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
- 16 SCHOOLLY Schoolly D (Flame)
- 17 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead (African Love)
- 18 TUTU Miles Davis (CBS)
- 19 SAY WHAT! Trouble Funk (Island)
- 20 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens (Beggars' Banquet)
- 21 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids (Hot)
- 22 TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY Billy Bragg (Go! Discs)
- 23 CANDY APPLE GREY Hüsker Dü (Warners)
- 24 BOAT TO BOLIVIA Martin Stephenson And The Daintees (Kitchenware)
- 25 LONDONO, HULL 4 The Housemartins (Go! Discs)
- 26 ATOMIZER Big Black (Blast First)
- 27 ELECTRIC CAFÉ Kraftwerk (EMI)
- 28 HOLY MONEY Swans (K422)
- 29 TRUE STORIES Talking Heads (EMI)
- 30 THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM Test Dept (Ministry Of Power)
- 31 GRAVITY James Brown (Scotti Bros)
- 32 INFECTED The The (Some Bizzare)
- 33 NO GURU, NO METHOD, NO TEACHER Van Morrison (Mercury)
- 34 I LOVE MY RADIO LL Cool J (Def Jam)
- 35 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)
- 36 GIANT The Woodentops (Rough Trade)
- 37 KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
- 38 SONG X Pat Metheny And Ornette Coleman (Geffen)
- 39 GUITARS, CADILLACS, ETC Dwight Yoakam (Reprise)
- 40 COMMUNARDS The Communards (London)
- 41 ALBUM PiL (Virgin)
- 42 FORCE A Certain Ratio (Factory)
- 43 FLAUNT IT! Sigue Sigue Sputnik (EMI)
- 44 QUARK OUT Stump (Stuff)
- 45 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE The Butthole Surfers (Touch And Go)
- 46 ON THE BOARDWALK Ted Hawkins (American Activities)
- 47 SHOP ASSISTANTS Shop Assistants (One Blue Guitar)
- 48 BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL Just Ice (Fresh)
- 49 OBEN IM ECK Holger Hiller (Mute)
- 50 R 'N' B SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET George Clinton (Capitol)
- 51 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins (Gull)
- 52 FOLKSINGER Phranc (Stiff)
- 53 GREED Swans (K422)
- 54 AVANT POP Lester Bowie (ECM)
- 55 MAJIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion (Demon)
- 56 THROWING MUSES Throwing Muses (Mute)
- 57 CONTENDERS Easterhouse (Rough Trade)
- 58 PETER CASE Peter Case (Warners)
- 59 ROMANTICALLY YOURS Marvin Gaye (Motown)
- 60 STUTTER James (Sire)

COMPILATIONS

- 1 UNCUT FUNK/THE BOMB Parliament (Club)
- 2 GONNA TEAR YOUR PLAYHOUSE DOWN Ann Peebles (Hi)
- 3 ORIGINAL REMIXES '80-'85 Yello (Phonogram)
- 4 UTTER Madness (Virgin)
- 5 LES MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various (4AD)
- 6 25th ANNIVERSARY Diana Ross And The Supremes (Motown)
- 7 THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush (EMI)
- 8 HIP HOP 13 Various (Streetsounds)
- 9 GOOD TO GO! Various (NME)
- 10 DEMONOCRACY The Three Johns (Abstract)
- 11 JB'S PEOPLE Various (Polydor)
- 12 BLUE BOP Various (Blue Note)
- 13 TUATARA Various (Flying Nun)
- 14 TU KAN GURU Big Flame (Ron Johnson)
- 15 FRUIT TREE Nick Drake (Hannibal)
- 16 C86 Various (NME)
- 17 25th ANNIVERSARY The Temptations (Motown)
- 18 THE SOUND OF CHICAGO HOUSE Various (London)
- 19 MORE BLANK THAN FRANK Brian Eno (EG)
- 20 RETROSPECTIVE Bob Andy (Trojan)

REISSUES

- 1 THERE'S A RIOT GOIN' ON Sly And The Family Stone (Edsel)
- 2 SUICIDE Suicide (Demon)
- 3 CHECK IT OUT Bobby Womack (Stateside)
- 4 THE BELLE ALBUM Al Green (Hi)
- 5 CAUGHT UP Millie Jackson (Important)
- 6 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke (RCA)
- 7 RADIO CITY Big Star (Demon)
- 8 ROOTS The Everley Brothers (Edsel)
- 9 NO. 1 RECORD Big Star (Demon)
- 10 THE GILDED PALACE OF SIN The Flying Burrito Brothers (Edsel)

AFRICAN LPs

- 1 NELSON MANDELA Youssou N'Dour (Rough Trade)
- 2 JALI MUSA JAWARA Jali Musa Jawara (Oval)
- 3 ANCESTRAL VOICES Dade Krama (Akoben)
- 4 CHIMURENGA FOR JUSTICE Thomas Mapfumo (Rough Trade)
- 5 ERE MELA MELA Mahmoud Ahmed (Crammed)
- 6 GWINDINGWI RINE SHUMBA Thomas Mapfumo (Rough Trade)
- 7 MALINGA Kanda Bongo Man (KBM)
- 8 PABLO PABLO! Pablo (Globestyle)
- 9 ADIJA TI DE Kubara Alaragbo (Leader)
- 10 HADA RAYKOUN Cheb Khaled (Triple Earth)

Chart compiled from personal lists of DELE FADELE, JAK KILBY, DONALD McRAE and MARK SINKER

REGGAE 45s

- 1 GREETINGS Half Pint (Powerhouse)
- 2 BOOP'S/CRY FOR THE YOUTH Supercat (Techniques)
- 3 WHO THE CAP FIT Shinehead (Virgin)
- 4 SHU BEEN Frankie Paul (Pioneer Int)
- 5 MUSIC LESSON The Original Wailers (Tuff Gong)
- 6 MR CHIN SLIPPERS The Mighty Diamonds (Hot Heat)
- 7 RAGGAMUFFIN YEAR Junior Delgado (Rockers/Island)
- 8 TROUBLE AGAIN King Kong (Greensleeves)
- 9 DANCE HALL VIBES Mikey General (Digikal)
- 10 OWN THEM, CONTROL THEM Misty In Roots (People Unite)

REGGAE LPs

- 1 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead (African Love)
- 2 BATTLE OF ARMAGIDEON (MILLIONAIRE LIQUIDATOR) Lee Perry (Trojan)
- 3 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry (RAS)
- 4 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD Burning Spear (Greensleeves)
- 5 TO THE TOP Aswad (Simba)
- 6 GREETINGS Half Pint (Powerhouse)
- 7 IS IT REALLY HAPPENING TO ME? Tippa Irie (UK Bubbler)
- 8 FEVER Supercat (Blue Mountain)
- 9 BRUTAL Black Uhuru (RAS)
- 10 IN CULTURE Culture (Music Track)

Reggae charts compiled from the personal lists of STUART COSGROVE, DELE FADELE, DANNY KELLY, DONALD McRAE, SEAN O'HAGAN and DAVID SWIFT

COUNTRY LPs

- 1 GUITARS, CADILLACS, ETC Dwight Yoakam (Reprise)
- 2 STORMS OF LIFE Randy Travis (Warners)
- 3 RHYTHM AND ROMANCE Rosanne Cash (Columbia)
- 4 WHOEVER'S IN NEW ENGLAND Reba McEntire (MCA)
- 5 7 George Strait (7)
- 6 GUITAR TOWN Steve Earle (MCA)
- 7 GIRLS LIKE ME Tanya Tucker (Capitol)
- 8 ROCKING WITH THE RHYTHM The Judds (RCA)
- 9 BLOODLINES Terry Allen And The Panhandle Mystery Band (Making Waves)
- 10 LOVE'S GONNA GET YA Ricky Scaggs (Epic)

Chart compiled from personal lists of FRED DELLAR, ALAN JACKSON and GAVIN MARTIN

JAZZ LPs

- 1 SONG X Pat Metheny And Ornette Coleman (Geffen)
- 2 TUTU Miles Davis (Warners)
- 3 ROYAL GARDEN BLUES Branford Marsalis (CBS)
- 4 AVANT POP Lester Bowie (ECM)
- 5 J MOOD Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
- 6 ALTERNATIVE TAKES Sonny Rollins (Boplicity)
- 7 THE SNAKE DECIDES Evan Parker (Incus)
- 8 JOURNEY TO THE URGE WITHIN Courtney Pine (Island)
- 9 STRAIGHT NO FILTER Hank Mobley (Blue Note)
- 10 COMPOSITION 17 Anthony Braxton (Sound Aspects)

Chart compiled from personal lists of ROY CARR, NICK COLEMAN, ALAN JACKSON, GRAHAM LOCK, DONALD McRAE and MARK SINKER

LEST WE FORGET 45s

- 1976: 'The Boys Are Back In Town' by Thin Lizzy
1977: 'Pretty Vacant' by the Sex Pistols
1978: 'Ever Fallen In Love ...' by Buzzcocks
1979: 'Eton Rifles' by The Jam
1980: 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' by Joy Division
1981: 'Ghost Town' by The Specials
1982: 'The Message' by Grandmaster Flash
1983: 'Billie Jean' by Michael Jackson
1984: 'Love Wars' by Womack & Womack
1985: 'Never Understand' by The Jesus And Mary Chain

LEST WE FORGET LPs

- 1976: 'Desire' by Bob Dylan
1977: 'Heroes' by David Bowie
1978: 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' by Bruce Springsteen
1979: 'Fear Of Music' by Talking Heads
1980: 'Closer' by Joy Division
1981: 'Nightclubbing' by Grace Jones
1982: 'Midnight Love' by Marvin Gaye
1983: 'Punch The Clock' by Elvis Costello
1984: 'Poet II' by Bobby Womack
1985: 'Psychocandy' by The Jesus And Mary Chain & 'Rain Dogs' by Tom Waits

45s LPs, Compilations and Reissues compiled from the personal lists of: LEN BROWN, BLEDDYN BUTCHER, ROY CARR, CATH CARROLL, NICK COLEMAN, STUART COSGROVE, FRED DELLAR, JOE EWART, DELE FADELE, DESSA FOX, RICHARD GRABEL, DAVE HASLAM, PAOLO HEWITT, BARNEY HOSKYN, JO ISOTTA, ALAN JACKSON, DANNY KELLY, BIBA KOPF, THE LEGEND!, WILLIAM LEITH, GRAHAM LOCK, CHRIS LONG, DONALD McRAE, JOHN MCCREADY, GAVIN MARTIN, CLAIRE MORGAN-JONES, LUCY O'BRIEN, SEAN O'HAGAN, IAN PYE, DAVID QUANTICK, NICOLA ROBERTS, JONATHAN ROMNEY, MARK SINKER, MAT SNOW, JANE SOLANAS, TERRY STAUNTON, CAMPBELL STEVENSON, DAVID SWIFT, ADRIAN THRILLS, KAREN WALTER, DON WATSON, NICK WATT, STEVEN WELLS and SIMON WITTER.

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LIVE

THE CHRISTIANS LONDON WAG

CLAD IN black with dark glasses, The Christians are a chillingly austere sight, belying the great passion and compassion which all real Christians should exude. Yet they're suitably named in that this could well be the Second Coming as far as Black music is concerned; they put all that sexist macho

drivel, that we've been inundated with of late, into its rightful place, and could well be to black what The Smiths are to white. Prepare for a breath of fresh air.

Here we have a seven-piece which bears all the hallmarks of prime-time soul, particularly The Temptations. With three vocalists across the front and the hardness of an '80s funk band behind - it's a wicked combination. I was secretly praying for a version of 'Ball Of Confusion' but no, this band need no covers; there's more than enough of their own quality on show tonight. Every song, without exception, not only has a brand name, but also comes from the source of all true soul - where the heart is. What we're experiencing here is a commitment all too rarely seen: 'Forgotten Town', 'She's Gone' and, especially 'Ideal World', to name but three, reflect their pedigree and I'm sure time will confirm this given the prom-

otional support.

There's a musical edge and urgency that's a joy in itself, but special reference must be made to the striking visuals and wonderful harmonies that belong to the three centre-stage. This trio set The Christians apart from run-of-the-mill soul outfits and, at last, give us something to weaken America's vice-like hold on Black music.

What could be more pure than a Christian soul?

ANDY MARTIN

DAGMAR KRAUSE LONDON QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

IT'S DIFFICULT to describe the effect this wispy woman's performance has on a swelling, diversified QEH. Bottoms comfortably planted in seat, two septuagenarian Germans behind me rock back and forth to Danny Thompson's

plunging bass, faces held in a single grimace of pleasure/pain that reeks of memory. Me, I'm probably gaping, but certainly wondering how this voice can find poetic expression for Brecht's stoney words, yet remain so utterly free of the sham theatricality which usually reduces things like 'Surabaya Johnny' and 'Moritat' to the glib softness of the appropriated 'classic'. I'm wondering what exactly it is we mean when we use the word 'poetry'.

Brecht's songs and poems are known for their dryness, their furious shaving-off of the linguistic fripperies that conventionally make a song's passage easier. Eisler's sombre tones and the knowing vulgarity of Weill turn debates 'On Suicide' into dramatic excrescences, tales of the sea's treachery into little ironic mini-operas that explode off page or stage with a certain rigorous charm. But to convert mere charm into lucid argument is another matter and Dagmar's voice is perhaps the only third force I've ever heard that can get inside the grain of that stoniness without detonating the apparently inevitable chain reaction that goes: Oh, that's a nice tune, these are good words, and don't I feel better! This voice, stoney-soft, will not let you off the hook. It grips you, in English or German, and animates each dialectic with the force of poetry that in other quarters is often called soul.

NICK COLEMAN

PHIL WILSON THE ARTISANS LONDON NEW MERLIN'S CAVE

THE GOOD THING about The Artisans is that their music is restless; it runs on nervous energy. Guitars make shuddering, jittery sounds, and there's a lovely reedy, needling keyboard sound scurrying all over the place. The good thing about The Artisans is the accurate way they sing about intangible things, the gravity of which can only be measured by the way they weigh on people's minds.

Either Phil Wilson doesn't think that audiences as small as tonight's (roughly 40, if you count the bands and Phil's Mum) are worth taking seriously, or else The June Brides' recent divorce has had a terribly debilitating effect on him. He strummed abstractedly on an out-of-tune 12-string acoustic guitar, dispassionately singing wistful, whimsical songs over country-pop playing and attempted harmonies. The effect was like a kind of shambling Eagles; bewildered, bewildering and above all simply sad.

DAVE JENNINGS

THE BHUNDU BOYS BRISTOL TOP SPOT

'SHABINI' is as welcome at a party as a six pack of Red Stripe. On stage The Bhundu Boys are closer to Crucial Brew, a touch punchier, sweeter and much, much stronger. And you don't get a hangover.

Since their first UK visit earlier this year, Zimbabwe's formidable five have added a batch of new songs with specific political content. On the album the translation 'Landlords and tenants - the same the world over' was enough to convey the sentiments of 'Kuroja Chete', tonight Biggie Tembo speaks more of the struggle in South Africa than the struggle to pay the rent.

Their strengths lie in a guitar interplay which would have had Roger McGuinn beaming and a refusal to slacken the tension of their tightly-constructed songs. It takes only 10 minutes for the hall to loosen up and for bodies to twitch, even around the bolt-hole area at the bar. Another two minutes and I realise that the best pop double bill of '87 will be this band and The Housemartins.

I came to take notes, I had to dance. Language may be a barrier - rhythm and melody cross all frontiers.

CAMPBELL STEVENSON

CORNERED BEEF

SPANDAU BALLET GLASGOW SECC

DECKED OUT in enough black leather to have caused the demise of at least three cows (how many died for the audience - thousands?) Spandau do their yuppie image proud, with Hadley mincing round the stage like Bassey or La Rue amid a stage set suited more for Las Vegas cabaret than arena rock.

But then Spandau do represent the sort of Bondesque fantasy world that has always been so endlessly attractive to the upwardly-aspiring young. It's a world of appreciation by association, and the music has always seemed less, much less, important to the Spandau fan than the designer clothes, the stance and the quiet bit you can light a Zippo and wave your arms to. A sort of pop equivalent to *Miami Vice*, two interchangeable images.

Outwardly Spandau haven't changed a bit. Hadley still poses like a haddie and sings like the fine young man my mum swoons over every time they're on TV. I can still sing either 'Gold' or 'True' along to practically every song they have, even the new ones. The only ex-



PHOTO: JAIN WHITE

ceptions are 'Chant No. 1', 'Sweet' and 'Through the Barricades'.

What has changed is the message behind the music. The shallow glitz of Spandau has always been an excuse for ridicule, but the latest songs plumb new depths. Kemp has found his social conscience (no doubt on the stage at Wembley) and treats us to some right old nonsense. 'Socially aware' buzzwords crop up a lot, with much talk of souls, chains

or would you prefer turkey Tone?

and sins, all swathed in a veneer of boy-meets-girl to keep the trendy couples happy.

Spandau will probably grow up to be either Julio Iglesias or Queen. I left with the eerie feeling that 'Through The Barricades' is actually a Queen song the Spands wrote by accident - I'll put my money on them turning into Freddie Mercury any day.

ANDREA MILLER

FLUX ANNIE ANXIETY LONDON ULU

EVACUATE THE premises, make way, it's Tackhead once again at the controls. A curtain of garbled effects disperses fashion casualties as Annie Anxiety stalks the stage, jittery but with design. There's never any need to rhyme, save the accidental one. It's a feast of clouded-up meaning that you could almost mistake for gossip or reminiscences until she sticks the oar in. As scary as confrontations get.

To think of Flux as passive seen-it-all-befores after tonight is quite ludicrous. Atomic terms are better - atoms resemble points and as points mean intersections, the comers of shapes, so these atoms are shrewdly arranged. 'Twas a riot up there, watched over by figurehead Lenin. Looped-out rhythms of that 'step forward' LP were here frazzled and splintered and scattered in a million directions. Always great, it is, to absorb the efforts of four percussionists

who can't and voices that convey unease, not by what's being put across (which you can't hear anyway) but just in tone, in texture, in fibre, in the wealth that screams bring. Who knows why they choose to remain outsiders. It's lonely out there.

They weren't suppressing anything though, especially when dubbed, and their big-band city-swing was impressive.

DELE FADELE

KING TUBBY FATMAN SUPER POWER LONDON LAMBETH TOWN HALL

IN WHICH local government goes dub-hall for the night and plays host to the raggamuffin sound-plash between two of London's finest, Fatman and King Tubby. So fine that the rumbling network of bass reverberations forces a Conservative Party meeting out into the streets.

Back in the dance, the Fatman Crew jealously hide the labels on

their precious dub plates and position others to guard the plugs to their speaker stacks. Meanwhile a sea of hats - leather caps, berets and furry bowlers - line the perimeters of the hall like moody wallflowers waiting to decide which sound to pledge their allegiance to.

Winning an audience to join the lines of slow skankers at the side of a system is a hard job. Weight is all-important here. The dub has to be heavy enough to penetrate both the clouds of smoke that fill the air and the attraction of Lucozade bottles full of white rum. Fatman makes the running with a mixture of two-ton dub and fearsome electronic echoes and droplets that lies heavy in the pit of my stomach.

But it's King Tubby who eventually steals the rhythm; with fast-chat MC's like Gee, Cultureless and Juby Roy ('I sing like Apache Indian'). Tubby's dub waves swept away the opposition, reducing them to a rumbleless rubble, while the chorus of airhorns and whistles testified to Tubby's boast: 'Tonight, we shall rule the hall'.

LOUISE GRAY

TOUR NEWS

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON comes out of semi-retirement to play an ANC benefit at the Brixton Fringe on December 22. The concert, funded by Camden and Lambeth Councils, is being billed as a celebration of the unity between South African and British youth and the bill also features Jay Strongman, Boilerhouse, District Six, Bolo Bolo, Zila plus surprise guests and ANC speakers. Tickets are £4 on the door and the money raised will go to fund education and health projects run by the ANC for exiled South Africans in Tanzania.

BARRENCE WHITFIELD AND THE SAVAGES have added London Putney Half Moon on Thursday, sharing the bill with The Oyster Band. . . **MICRODISNEY** play London Harlesden Mean Fiddler on January 8. . . **FM**, who have just finished support dates with Bon Jovi, headline London Marquee on December 21 and 2. . . **BB&Q, THE JAZZ DEFEKTORS** and **FIFTH OF HEAVEN** play London Astoria on December 30.

MICHELLE-SHOCKED, currently in the independent charts with her debut album 'The Texas Campfire Tapes', comes to Britain to play her first dates next month. So far confirmed are Brighton Richmond (January 13), London Queen Elizabeth Hall (14), London Kennington Cricketers (15), London Apples And Snakes (17) and London Deptford Albany Empire (18). The Queen Elizabeth Hall date is a Cooking Vinyl showcase night featuring other acts on the label like Clive Gregson and Christine Collister and Rory McLeod. Michelle also appears on *The Tube* on January 16.

HOWARD JONES plays his first UK date for 15 months when he headlines London's Royal Albert Hall on March 24. Tickets for the show, Howard's first since completing his Dream Into Action world tour at Birmingham NEC in December, 1985, are £8, £7, £6 and £5 from the box office and usual agents or by post from PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing a 50p booking fee per ticket. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Howard Jones Box Office.

MANTRONIX, who have just released their second album 'Music Madness', are playing three British dates in the New Year, at Nottingham Rock City (January 18), Manchester Hacienda (19) and London Astoria (20). Tickets are £6 for London and £4 for Nottingham and Manchester. The handful of dates will coincide with an appearance on *The Tube* on January 9 and the release of a new single.

SHRIEKBACK, currently touring America, play their first British shows since supporting Simple Minds in the spring at Uxbridge Brunel University (Wednesday), Bristol Bierkeller (December 18) and London Astoria (19). The band has signed to Island Records and an album 'Big Night Music' should be out in February. The single 'Gunning For The Buddha' was released on Monday.

RENT PARTY are going back to their roots by playing a series of shows around the London pub and club circuit where they first made their name. The discerning pub rocker can catch them at Camden Dublin Castle (Wednesday), the 100 Club (December 18), Kennington Cricketers (19) and Kentish Town Bull & Gate (2).

THE JUDDS, the highly-acclaimed mother and daughter country duo, make their British concert debut when they play the London Palladium on February 1. The visit will be part of a ten day European tour by the Judds, Wynonna and Naomi, and a new album is expected to be out to coincide with the show.

WOMACK & WOMACK are playing a one-off show at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on January 15, which will feature a reunion between Cecil and some of his brothers playing together as The Valentinos—as exclusively revealed in the *NME* in October. It will be the first time the family has played together in 15 years and they will be joined by their backing band Womystic Rhythm. Tickets are on sale now from the box office and usual agents, priced £10.50, £9 and £8.50. A new Womack & Womack album, 'Starbright', will be released by Manhattan Records to coincide with the show.



QUICKIES . . . GOODBYE MR MACKENZIE stay north of the border for their last two shows of the year at Glasgow Pavilion (Sunday) and Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club (December 26). . . **THE GODFATHERS** return to London Marquee (December 23), the scene of two sell-out shows by the band in the autumn. . . **CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS** play London Paramount City Club, formerly the Windmill Theatre, on Friday. . . **THE GUANA BATZ** play London Hammersmith Klub Foot on December 27. . . **NIK KERSHAW** has cancelled Basildon Festival Hall on January 31, but has added Southend Cliff Pavilion (February 1) and Oxford Apollo (8). . . **SLAB!** play London Camberwell Union Tavern on Thursday.

ROBERT PLANT will be taking part in a benefit concert at Stourport Civic Centre in Worcestershire on Friday, in memory of Kidderminster guitarist John Pasternak who died recently. The bill will also feature The Big Town Playboys, The Hayriders, Pictures In A Dark Room, The Beastly Boys, The Clones, Billy Bowel & The Movements, D Block and The Visit. Pasternak was a member of Bronco with Jess Roden and also appeared with the likes of Van Morrison, The Who and The Rolling Stones.

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE, the London outfit who can count BB King and Robert Cray among their biggest fans, wind up a busy year with dates at Edinburgh Coasters (Thursday), Glasgow University (December 19), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (20), Glasgow Roof Top (22), Alloa Town Hall (23), Wick Rosebank Hotel (27), Thurso Features (28) and Tain Duthack Centre (29). The group start the New Year with a five-week six country tour of Europe and plans for a new album, the follow-up to 'No Minor Keys', in the spring.

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HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

JAKE BURNS AND THE BIG WHEEL: 'Breathless' (Jive) now on the right label for duets with Sam Fox and Lulu—out early January. ● **CHATSHOW:** 'Shake It Down' (Federation)—out this week. ● **BING CROSBY:** 'White Christmas'/'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' (MCA)—out now, and next year, and the year after that. . . ● **DEAD OR ALIVE:** 'Something In My House'/'DJ Hit That Button' (Epic) their first since 'Brand New Lover'—out on December 29. ● **DIED PRETTY:** 'Blue Sky Day' (What Goes On)—out this week. ● **DRUM THEATRE:** 'Eldorado'/'Jungle Of People' (Epic) currently supporting the Human League, the band have now trimmed down to a three-piece—out on December 29. ● **HANOI ROCKS:** 'Until I Got You' (Lick)—out this week. ● **MAX HEADROOM:** 'Merry Christmas Santa Claus (You're A Lovely Guy)' (Chrysalis) from Max's TV Special *Max Headroom's Giant Christmas Turkey*—out now. ● **GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS:** 'When You Love Someone (It's Christmas Every Day)' (MCA) costs a bloody fortune in pressies, though—out now. ● **KOOL AND THE GANG:** 'Throwdown Mix' (Club) hits

medley including 'Get Down On It', 'Ladies Night', 'Fresh' and 'Celebration'—out this week. ● **BARRINGTON LEVY:** 'Struggler' (Time)—out this week. ● **THE LOCOMOTIVES:** 'From The Finest Rolling Stock' (Media Burn)—out now. ● **WIM MERTENS:** 'Hirose' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)—out now. ● **MIGHTY MIGHTY:** 'Ceiling To The Floor' (Chapter 22)—out now. ● **LEE PERRY:** 'Merry Christmas, Happy New Year' (Trojan)—out now. ●

SWANHUNTERS, the white South African three-piece, have collaborated with Chakk on a new Fon Records 12 inch called 'Bloodsport' which is out this week. The record comprises three tracks: 'State Of Emergency', 'Too Little Too Late' and 'Full Report'. All proceeds from the record will go to the Artists Against Apartheid campaign. The Durban group are notorious in their home country for expressing their disenchantment with the South African regime, which has somewhat hampered their chances of playing live or releasing records there.

FELT have their first two albums, 'Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty' and 'The Splendour Of Fear' released on compact disc by Cherry Red this week. The CD will include an eight-page booklet on the band and a complete discography. The whole package was designed by Felt frontman Lawrence.

ALBUMS

BAD KARMA BECKONS: 'Mutate And Survive' (Meida Burn) eight track mini-LP—out now. ● **DENNIS BROWN:** 'Smile Like An Angel' (Blue Moon) a 'best of' collection repackaged—out now. ● **KENI BURKE:** 'Artists Showcase' (Streetsounds) a 'best of' spotlighting the best of his 1977–1982 Philly output—out now. ● **LUIS CARDENAS:** (Animal Instinct) (Car) includes the single 'Runaway'—out now. ● **CASSIBER:** 'Perfect Worlds' (Recommended) an Anglo-German outfit—out now. ● **CHICO DEBARGE:** 'Chico DeBarge' (Motown) includes the single 'Talk To Me'—out now. ● **DURUTTI COLUMN:** 'Valuable Passages' (Factory) a compilation that includes 'Danny', previously only available on the French Sordide Sentimentale label, plus a new song, 'I.f.o. m.o.d.' Available only on a double-cassette or as a CD. The end of an era?—out now. ● **SAMANTHA FOX:** 'Touch Me' (Jive) a remixed version of her already available album—out this week. ● **DAVID GARLAND:** 'Control Songs' (Recommended) would you believe an American avant funkster?—out now. ● **THE GATHERING:** 'The Gathering' (Damaged Product) debut from

the band who supported Erasure on their October outing—out now. ● **MAGGIE HOLLAND AND JON MOORE:** 'A Short Cut' (Rogue) a mini-album featuring reworkings of songs by Dylan, Teymynn Dogg etc—out now. ● **STACY LATTISAW:** 'Take Me All The Way' (Motown) featuring the single 'Nail It To The Wall'—out now. ● **MAGIC CARPET:** 'Guided Naffi Missile' (Probe Plus)—out now. ● **MAGMA:** 'Offerings' (Recommended) yes, they're still going!—out now. ● **MELTABLE SNAPS IT:** 'Points Blank' (Recommended) a Bill Laswell-John Zorn project—out now. ● **WIM MERTENS:** 'A Man Of No Fortune' and 'Instrumental Songs' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule) two albums from the man who was once Soft Verdict—out now. ● **THE STYLE COUNCIL**, whose February tour was announced at the end of last month, have a single out in the New Year. It's called 'It Didn't Matter' and is backed with 'All Year Round'. The A side was previewed on the *Rock Around The Dock* TV show in September. Late January also sees the release of the fourth Style Council album, 'The Cost Of Loving'. Initial copies will have the eight or nine tracks spread over two 12 inch records playing at 45 rpm and is split into one half fast songs, the other half slowies. Paul Weller takes the credit for production, but Curtis Mayfield and The Valentine Brothers get namechecks for their mixing duties.

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GASWORKS GANG (Xmas Set)

Tues 23rd Adm £4.00
THE BIG BANG
SUN 24th CHRISTMAS NIGHT 8pm-2am
FIVE HOURS OF HOT DANCE MUSIC
WE HAVE IT TAPED

Sat 27th Adm £4.00
SUPERSTITION
SUN 28th Adm £4.00
THE POORMOUTH XMAS PARTY
+ DEBOIZ

Mon 29th Adm £2.50
PRIMERY WASP FACTORY
Tues 30th Adm £3.00
DIRTY STRANGERS
+ LAZY

Wed 31st NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY Adm £5.00
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BUDDY CURTESS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS

CHRISTMAS SHOW
WITH
SATURDAY DEC 20 8-2am
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+ GATECRASH HEAVEN
SUNDAY DEC 21 7-30 12
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Balloons, Confetti etc.

WEDNESDAY 17th DECEMBER
TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
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DOORS 8pm (SHOW 8.30pm)
TICKETS £6.00
BOX OFFICE 267 3334 plus all usual agents

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

'TIS THE season to be jolly, yes indeedy! And what does Christmas mean to you? Chestnuts roasting on an open fire? Walking in a winter wonderland? Inane records by Aled Jones in the top ten? Well, to us at Gig Guide Towers it means a fairly thin date sheet as most pop stars nip home to see their mums and forsake the live stage. However, IGGY POP makes his first British concert appearance in four years at Brixton (Wednesday and Thursday) and STATUS QUO start a seven-night run in Hammersmith on Sunday. No doubt the rest of us will find something to suit our tastes, be it FUZZBOX, A-HA, KOOL & THE GANG, SPANDAU BALLET, GARY GLITTER, THE POGUES, THE ICICLE WORKS or SPEAR OF DESTINY.

Let's hope they all come out to play again in 1987. Have a really cool yule and gear New Year.

WEDNESDAY 17

Birmingham NEC: **Spandau Ballet**
Brighton Richmond: **The Unbelievables**
Bristol George & Railway: **The Dentists**
Burton-on-Trent Central Park: **The Pogues**
Colchester The Works: **Huw Lloyd-Langton**
Coventry Poly: **The Larks**
Croydon Cartoon: **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Chris Rea**
Ipswich Corn Exchange: **Dr Feelgood/**
Wooden Forge/Lacy Street Blues Band
Leeds Adam & Eves: **UK Subs/Instigators**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Witch Farm**
Liverpool Planet X: **The LA's/3-Action**
London Astoria: **Fuzzbox**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Miller Family**
London Brixton Academy: **Iggy Pop/Balaam & The Angel**
London Camden Caernavon Castle: **The Word Association**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Claw Boys Claw**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Rent Party**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Willie & The Poor Boys**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Zoot & The Roots**
London Fulham King's Head: **Street Arabs**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **A-ha**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Mood Six/Raindance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Sad Lovers & Giants/The Popular Front/The Invisible**
London Maida Vale Truscott Arms: **Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Attila The Stockbroker**
London Palmers Green The Fox: **Hondo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
London W1 100 Club: **Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band**
Manchester Apollo: **Lindisfarne**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Soul Finger**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Newton Aycliffe Youth Centre: **Vital Spark**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gary Glitter**
Sheffield City Hall: **Phil Cool**
Surrey University: **Barrence Whitfield & The Savages**
Uxbridge Brunel Academy: **Shriekback**

THURSDAY 18

Barrow Bluebird: **Pauline Murray & The Storm**
Bath Moles Club: **Brother Brother**
Birkenhead Stairways: **The Hunters Club**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gary Glitter**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Huw Lloyd Langton**
Brentwood Essex Arms: **The Diabolical Liberty Cellidh Band/Send Help**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Black Roots/Adinkra/Independence Day/Glaxo Babies/The Flatmates**
Cardiff New Odeon Club: **Culture**
Croydon Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Dudley JB's: **The Mighty House Rockers**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Edinburgh Moray House: **Peter Nardini**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Hastings Cherry's: **The Wait**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Monday Band**
London Brixton Academy: **Iggy Pop**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **City Giants**
London Camden Palace: **Balaam & The Angel**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **1000 Mexicans**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Zoot & The Roots**
London Ealing Westfield House: **Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Blythe Power**

London Fulham King's Head: **Shev & The Brakes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **A-ha**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Barrence Whitfield & The Savages**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Roy Harper**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Blubbery Hellbellies**
London North London Polytechnic: **The Wild Flowers/Pop Will Eat Itself**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Oyster Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Incantation**
London SW9 The Plough: **Hot Club**
London W1 100 Club: **Chat Show/Pride Of Passion/Rent Party**
London W1 Gossips: **Laurel Aitken**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Bertice Reading**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Ausgang**
Manchester Hacienda: **Felt**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Chris Rea**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **Hondo**
Pontypool Forge Club: **Peruvian Hipsters**
Portsmouth Basin's: **The Meteors**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **John Otway**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Status Quo**
St Albans Pineapple: **Rich For A Day**
Sheffield City Hall: **Phil Cool**
Southampton Hollies Hole: **Surf Drums**
Wellington Baron's Club: **Desolation Angels/Briar**
Wrexham King's Arms: **The Suicide Stars**
York Arts Centre: **The Len Bright Combo**

FRIDAY 19

Alfreton Shirland Club: **Gah-ga**
Baldon Roundacres: **The Shakers**
Bellingham Moly's: **MGM**
Birmingham NEC: **Kool & The Gang**
Birmingham Odeon: **Chris Rea**
Brentwood Hermit House: **20,000 Lemmings**
Can't Be Wrong
Brighton Pavilion: **The Oyster Band**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Mel Smith & Griff Rhys Jones**
Croydon Cartoon: **Steve Marriott & The Official Receivers**
Dublin Olympic Ballroom: **The Pogues**
Dudley Hen & Chickens: **Trevor Burton Band/Marx Brothers**
Dudley JB's: **Weeping Messerschmitts**
Dursley Prema Arts Centre: **Skint Video**
Edinburgh Moray House: **Yer Tea's Oot**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Dr & The Medics**
Glasgow University: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Hull Adelphi: **Pink Noise/3-Action/Log Men/Death By Milkfloat/Company**
Huntingdon Waterloo: **Hondo**
Leeds Woodhouse Community Centre: **Chumbawamba/Astronauts**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Cry No More**
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Mogden Raiders**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Happy End**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Potato 5**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **Coming Up Roses**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Team Ten/Blackjazz Orchestra/Jah Revelationmuzzik/Take Five**
London Deptford Crypt: **Living In Texas**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **Juice On The Loose**
London EC1 The Surgery: **Bell & The Ocean**
London East Ham Denmark Arms: **Major Flood/The Surfadelics**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **John Otway**
London Fulham King's Head: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Hackney Glasshouse: **The Wild Flowers/Pop Will Eat Itself**

Get your gig on the page! Tell us all about your band, your venue and what we can expect in the way of live entertainment for 1987. Entries for the guide should arrive at least nine days before publication, ie the previous Monday, and should be sent to NME Gig Guide, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.



Iggy: festive spirit!

London Hammersmith Odeon: **A-ha**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Blues Band**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Rent Party**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Storm The Bastille/A Bigger Mercedes**
London North London Poly: **Barrence Whitfield & The Savages**
London Putney Half Moon: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
London Putney Zeeta's: **ICQ**
London Stoke Newington Golden Lady: **The Herbbeats**
London SW9 Plough: **Poorboys**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Junior Walker & The All Stars/Bill Hurley**
London W1 100 Club: **Meantime/Art Hammer**
Manchester Apollo: **Gary Glitter**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Life**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Wild Swans/Pure**
Manchester G-mex Centre: **Spandau Ballet**
Manchester International: **Culture**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Huw Lloyd Langton**
Nottingham Mardi Gras: **Psycho Surgeons/Every New Dead Ghost**
Portsmouth Basin's: **Ricky Cool & The Taxas**
Ripon St. John's College: **Zoot & The Roots**
St Alban's Horn Of Plenty: **The Rapiers**
St Austell Coliseum: **Status Quo**
Southampton The Cliff: **The Cropdusters**
Stourport Civic Centre: **Robert Plant/The Big Town Playboys/The Hayriders/The Beastly Boys/Pictures In A Dark Room/D Block/The Visit/The Clones/Billy Bowel & The Movements**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Darkness & Jive**
Washington Arts Centre: **Flight 19/Harvest/Phil & His Ukelele**
Whitby Metropole Hotel: **Indian Dream/Le Underground In Experiment/MOD/Burning Passion**

SATURDAY 20

Aberdeen Music Hall: **Courtney Pine**
Aberdeen The Venue: **King Kurt**
Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Countdown**
Birkenhead Stairways: **MGM**
Birmingham Mermaid: **Omnia Opera/Depraved/Dan/Indecent Assault/Incest Brothers**
Birmingham Muhammed Ali Centre: **Culture**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Eek-A-Mouse**
Brighton Art College: **The Electric Circus**
Brighton Cliftonville: **Who's In The Kitchen?/The Fence**
Brighton Hairy Dog Club: **Splatt & The Knobby Troop**
Bristol George & Railway: **The Pastels/Talulah Gosh/Vaseline/Bubblegum Splash**
Canterbury Wesgate Hall: **The Oyster Band**
Colchester The Works: **The Glitter Band**
Croydon Cartoon: **No Spring Chicken**
(lunchtime)/Mungo Jerry (evening)
Dublin SFX: **The Pogues**

Dudley JB's: **Red Beards From Texas**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Mel Smith & Griff Rhys Jones**
Greenock Subterraneans: **The Shamen**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**
Harrogate Lounge Hall: **Zoot & The Roots**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Suicide Stars**
Liverpool Everyman: **Barrence Whitfield & The Savages/The Lawnmower**
Liverpool Royal Court: **Iceicle Works**
London Acton Bumbles: **Bad Karma Beckons**
London Brentford Red Lion: **John Otway**
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Anton Kirkpatrick**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The A Class Girls**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Junior Walker & The All Stars**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Highlanders**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Baba Koto**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Female Boss**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
London Fulham King's Head: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom: **The Meteors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **A-ha**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Blues Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Rapiers**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Wilko Johnson**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Rent Party**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **The Shamen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Marriott & The Official Receivers**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Tamhchi**
London W1 100 Club: **Alex Welsh Reunion Band**
Manchester Apollo: **Chris Rea**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Mighty Houserockers**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Three Johns/The Danny Boys**
Manchester The Gallery: **Surf Drums**
Manchester G-mex Centre: **Spandau Ballet**
Manchester International: **Barrence Whitfield & The Savages**
Merthyr Tydfil Cefn Community Centre: **Rory McLeod/Circus Of Poets/Memphis Seven/Arnold Brown**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Roadmender Centre: **Sound System**
Oldham Hurricans: **Jive Alive**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Hondo**
Portsmouth Basin's: **Ricky Cool & Texas**
Turkeys
Sheffield Leadmill: **Brother Brother**
Wolverhampton Scruples: **Huw Lloyd-Langton**

SUNDAY 21

Bradford St Georges Hall: **Gary Glitter**
Brentwood Hermit House: **Meantime/Jim Mullen/Flybinite/Ian Saville**

Brighton Richmond: **The Fence**
Bromley Old Tiger's Head: **Easter & The Totem/Cultural Thugs/Cidilla Daze**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Dr Feelgood/Geno Washington/Cats Eyes/Dynamic Pets**
Colchester The Works: **The Toy Dolls**
Corby Juicy Lucy's: **Play The Joker**
Croydon Cartoon: **Roy Peters** (lunchtime)/**Mud** (evening)
Croydon Underground: **Fields Of The Nephilim**
Dudley JB's: **Red Beards From Texas**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Courtney Pine**
Gravesend Leds Red Lion: **Huw Lloyd-Langton**
Leatherhead Riverside: **Hohokam/Deep Joy**
Leicester Studio: **Chatshow/The Hunters Club**
Liverpool Everyman: **The Lawnmower/The Beach Bastards**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Living Daylights** (lunchtime)/**Fat Profit** (evening)
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Dutch Kitchen Bounce**
London Camden Dingwalls: **My Baby's Arms**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Pete Neighbour's Jazz** (lunchtime)/**Syzygy** (evening)
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **The Screaming Abdabs/Porky The Poet/Sheila Hyde**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Shakers**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Otway**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Spear Of Destiny/Ghost Dance**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Shanty Dam** (lunchtime)/**Boogie Bothers Blues Band** (evening)
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Coming Up Roses**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Hershey & The 12 Bars** (lunchtime)/**The Jazz Renegades**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bryce Porteous/Wolfie Witcher**
London Leytonstone Plough & Harrow: **The Catholic North/Naked Next To Sheep**
London Palladium: **Bucks Fizz**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London SW9 The Plough: **Charlie Hart/Spasm**
London W1 100 Club: **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Phil Cool**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Scarlet Town/The Lstest/Bradford/Freezing Idiots**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Sheffield City Hall: **Mel Smith & Griff Rhys Jones**

MONDAY 22

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Surf Drums**
Brighton Centre: **A-ha**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Culture**
Croydon Cartoon: **Lend Us A Quid**
Dudley JB's: **The Blue Toys**
Glasgow Roof Top: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Leicester The Cooler: **Brother Brother**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Central Poly: **The Shamen**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Avanti**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Rave**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **On The Air/And So To Bed/Pride Of Passion/Under Ice**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Screaming Abdabs/Arnold Brown/Gas Mark Five**
London Leicester Square Comedy Store: **Fields Of The Nephilim**
London Kennington Cricketers: **John Otway**
London Putney Half Moon: **Man**
London Wag Club: **Piccadilly Yellow**
London Wembley Arena: **Spandau Ballet**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Courtney Pine**
Manchester Ritz: **Chatshow**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Oxford Dolly Club: **Huw Lloyd-Langton**
Preston Guildhall: **Gary Glitter**
Portsmouth Basins: **The Len Bright Combo**
St Helen Royal Alfred: **Poisoned Electric Head**

TUESDAY 23

Alloa Town Hall: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Birkenhead Stairways: **Jegsy Dodd & The Sons Of Harry Cross**
Birmingham Powerhouse: **Balaam & The Angel/The Mighty Lemon Drops**
Blackburn King Georges Hall: **John Otway**
Colchester The Works: **The Babysitters/Perfect Days**
Croydon Cartoon: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Dudley JB's: **Little Acre**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Rouen**
Leeds Adam & Eves: **The Macc Lads**
Leeds Astoria: **Zoot & The Roots**
London Astoria: **Potato Five/Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays/The Trojans/Luddy Samms & The Deliverers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **King Cotton**
London Camden Palace: **Love Parade**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **The Shine**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Flowers In The Dustbin/Vertical Hold**
London Fulham King's Head: **Big As The Ritz/Hol Polol**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Lords Of The New Church**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Crayfish Five**
London Kennington Cricketers: **The Len Bright Combo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Paz**
London Putney Zeeta's: **But...?**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Guest Stars**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **New Model Army**
London W1 100 Club: **The Jet Set/Direct Hits/The Moments**
London Wembley Arena: **Spandau Ballet**
Manchester Withington Mulberry's: **Fifth Of Heaven**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newport Stowe Hill Labour Club: **The Membranes**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Vicious Circle/Blues Sisters**

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DRUM THEATRE

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Wednesday 7th January
Tickets £6 & £5 7.30pm
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CARDIFF ST. DAVIDS HALL
Friday 9th January
Tickets £6 7.30pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 0222 371236

THE CORNWALL COLISEUM
Saturday 10th January
Tickets £6.00 8.00pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 072681 4004 & usual agents

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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Tickets £7, £6 & £5 7.30pm
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L.T.B. Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741 8989)
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NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Thursday 15th January
Tickets £6 & £5 7.30pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 091 261 2606

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
Friday 16th January
Tickets £5.50 7.30pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 051 709 4321 & usual agents

MANCHESTER APOLLO
Saturday 17th January
Tickets £6 & £5 7.30pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 061 273 3775
Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury, U.K. Travel Chester

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
Sunday 18th January
Tickets £6 & £5 8.00pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 0602 472328

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Monday 19th January
Tickets £6 & £5 7.30pm
Available from B.O. Tel: 0742 735295/6

REPRODUCTION—TRAVELOGUE—DARE—LOVE & DANCING—HYSTERIA—CRASH

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 17th December £2.00
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
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Thursday 18th December £2.00
PURE PRESSURE
+ The Galley Slaves

Friday 19th December £2.00
RUBELLA BALLET
+ Benjamin Lampshade

Saturday 20th December £2.50
UK SUBS + Intensive Care
Christmas Beach Party

Sunday 21st December £2.00
THE SURFIN' LUNGS
+ Tinsel Town

Monday 22nd December
Closed for Private Party

Tuesday 23rd December £1.50
LAUGHTER CASTLE
+ All The Mad Men
Christmas Eve Party with

Wednesday 24th December £2.00
PADDY GOES TO HOLLYHEAD
+ Support

Thursday 25th December
Happy Christmas To All Our Customers

Friday 26th December £2.00
DOG'S D'AMOUR
+ The Bounty Hunters

Saturday 27th December £2.00
ON THE AIR feat. Simon Townsend + Support

Sunday 28th December £1.50
I CRIED II
+ Honeymoon Killers

Monday 29th December £2 after 9pm, £1.50 before
SHADOWLAND
+ Manifesto + Kazan

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WRATHCHILD + April 16th

Wednesday 31st December £3.00
THE POISON GIRLS
+ You + I + That Famous Subversa + Party Guests
Special Guest DJ every lunchtime and evening. Hot and cold food always available.

Division One

Saturday 20th December £2.50

MIGHTY BALLISTICS

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THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
LONDON N4
(opp. Finsbury Park Tube)
Tel: 01-263 4581.

Wednesday 17th December
JOHN OTWAY
Thursday 18th December
BLYTH POWER
+ THATCHER ON ACID
Friday 19th December
IRISH MIST
Saturday 20th December

BOOGIE BROTHERS
BLUES BAND
Sunday 21st December
Lunchtime Jazz with
IGGY QUAIL
Sunday 21st December

BARRENCE WHITFIELD
Monday 22nd December

JAZZ RENEGADES
Tuesday 23rd December
VERTICAL HOLD
+ FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
Wednesday 24th December

JAMIE WEDNESDAY
+ A MONTH OF SUNDAYS
+ MARGIN OF SANITY
Friday 26th December
Lunchtime Festival with

HACKNEY FIVE O
PEACE ON THE PANDHANDLE
Friday 26th December (evening)

GENO WASHINGTON
& THE RAM JAM BAND
+ REDNITE
Saturday 27th December

STEVE MARRIOTT
& THE OFFICIAL RECEIVERS
+ NOT THE HOLLIES
Sunday 28th December
Lunchtime Jazz with

IGGY QUAIL & FRIENDS
Sunday 28th December (evening)
MANIC DEPRESSIVES DISCO
Monday 29th December

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ THE FRIDGE
Tuesday 30th December
THE LOCOMOTIVES
+ LAZY DAZE
+ THE EX MEN
Wednesday 31st December

WILKO JOHNSON
+ STORMED
+ STEVE HOOKER'S SHAKERS
Thursday 1st January
Skirt & Hungover Night:
THE EX MEN
+ THE BEDBUGS
+ TONGUE

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387

Tuesday 16th December
RENT PARTY XMAS SHOW
Wednesday 17th December

BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND
XMAS SHOW
Thursday 18th December

BARRANCE WHIFIELD
+ THE SAVAGES
+ THE OYSTER BAND
Friday 19th December

BOOGIE BROTHERS
XMAS SHOW
Saturday 20th December

STEVE MARRIOTT'S
OFFICIAL RECEIVER
Sunday 21st December

STEVE GIBBONS
BAND
XMAS SHOW
Monday 22nd December

THE ORIGINAL MAN
(Reunion Xmas Show)
Tuesday 23rd December

PAZ XMAS SHOW
Wednesday 24th December
CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL

THE FULL MOON BAND
Friday 26th December

THE G B BLUES COMPANY
with **BOBBY TENCH**
Saturday 27th December

BALHAM ALIGATORS
Sunday 28th December

CHICKEN SHACK
Monday 29th/Tuesday 30th December

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Wednesday 31st December
New Years Eve Special Presentation
THE HANK WANGFORD BAND

THIS WEEK

Rock GARDEN

THURSDAY 18 DEC 8.30-10.30
1000 mexicans
Welcome return the quality music

FRIDAY 19 DEC 8.30-10.30
sideway look
Somewhere in the middle of BIG COUNTRY and up the streetish outfit offering a set of guitar based dance music

SATURDAY 20 DEC 8.30-10.30
who the hell does june smith think she is?
Published soul and pop from the very promising new place signed to Influx Records

SUNDAY 21 DEC 8.30-10.30
the hollywood killers
TO

WEDNESDAY 24 DEC 8.30-10.30
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FROM PAGE 65

WEDNESDAY 24

Birmingham Railway: **Briar**
Bournemouth Int Centre: **A-ha**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Fingertips**
Glasgow Barrowland: **Gary Glitter**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Dirty Work**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Wish**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey:
Jamie Wednesday/A Month Of Sundays
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Big Bang/The Gasworks Gang**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Full Moon Band**
London SW9 The Plough: **Ya Ya's**
London Wembley Arena: **Spandau Ballet**
Manchester International: **Zoot & The Roots**
Portsmouth Basin's: **The 27 Matroids**
Southend Palace Bar: **Famous Potatoes**

FRIDAY 26

Kirk Levington Country Club: **Blues Burglars/After Midnight**
London Brixton The Fridge: **23 Skidoo**
London Cricklewood Production Village:
Frontier
London SW9 The Plough: **Midnights**
London Wembley Arena: **Spandau Ballet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nutley Shelley Arms: **The Chase**
Romford Rezz Club: **The Shamen**

SATURDAY 27

Aylesbury Maxwell Hall: **Marillion**
Bradford St Georges Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Carlisle Front Page: **Fifth Of Heaven**
Croydon Cartoon: **Bad Influence**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Miller Family**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Coup D'Etat**
London Deptford The Crypt: **The Magic Mushroom Band**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Pirates**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Glitter**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hackney Five-O/Dalston Family/Tip-On-In**
London Putney Half Moon: **Balham Alligators**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Chris Rea**
London W1 100 Club: **Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Men/Brian White's Magna Jazz Band**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Jazz Defektors**
Middlesborough Newport Club: **After Midnight**
Portsmouth Basin's: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Zoot & The Roots**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **Blues 'N' Trouble**

SUNDAY 28

Aylesbury Maxwell Hall: **Marillion**
Bolton Dance Factory: **Fifth Of Heaven**
Bradford St Georges Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Bromley Old Tiger's Head: **Keeping Up With The Reagans/51st State/Cynika Project**
Croydon Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard** (lunchtime)/**The Monday Band** (evening)
Liverpool Everyman: **The Bingo Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Mandrake** (lunchtime)/**Kokomo** (evening)
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Pete Neighbour's Jazz** (lunchtime)/**Slip Stream** (evening)
London Kennington Cricketers: **Allas Ron Kavana** (lunchtime)/**Wee Willie Harris & The Class Of '58** (evening)
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Under Ice**
London New Cross Harp Club: **Beki Bondage**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chicken Shack**
London W1 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Ignition/The Moon/Some Now Are**
Paisley Technical College: **The Shamen**
Thurso Features: **Blues 'N' Trouble**

MONDAY 29

Croydon Cartoon: **Second Sight**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Zoot & The Roots**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Marillion**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Life Sentence**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chevalier Brothers**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **The Word Association**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ravenna**
London Kennington Cricketers: **One Fell Swoop**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Das Psycho Rangers**
London W1 100 Club: **Julian Bahula & The Electric Dream**
Nottingham Royal Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Tain Duthac Centre: **Blues 'N' Trouble**

TUESDAY 30

Birkenhead Stairways: **Erogenous Zones**
Carlisle Front Page: **Hang The Dance**
Croydon Cartoon: **Out To Lunch**
Dublin SFX Hall: **Simply Red**
Leeds Adam & Eves: **Chicken Ranch/Legion Of Sin**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Marillion**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Closer Apart**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dr Feelgood**
London Camden Palace: **Gunslingers**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Antz Avenue**
London Fulham King's Head: **Veto**
London Kennington Cricketers: **One Fell Swoop**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Putney Zeeta's: **My Brilliant Career**
London W1 100 Club: **The Fingertips**
Nottingham Royal Centre: **Lindisfarne**

CAMEO

FROM PAGE 41

spoke?

"No, no, no. And if it was about that it would have been so clear, but there was nothing else in the whole song that related to anything about pain or bondage. I thought of it in the way that I meant it and then I saw immediately that it would be taken that way, and I found that fun.

"That was to the song's advantage. But believe me," he says, noting my sceptical expression, "because I have a conscience and I have to live with myself. I find some people don't. Some people are into that stuff and I particularly am not."

Have you heard about the BBC's reaction to 'Candy'? Blackmon quickly perks up, as if someone just shoved a needle into his arm.

"That is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life! I could not believe my ears. Occasionally, like the 'Single Life' song we just talked about, you know how things will be taken: I knew that possibility was there. But I was surprised about hearing that about 'Candy'.

"See, we're known for something in the States and it's this: if we find anybody backstage, no matter where they're from, selling cocaine or dealing in drugs of that nature, I'll have two people make an example of that person so that he can tell everyone else what happened. We don't have that around us at all. There is no one in the organisation that does that."

That organisation, entitled Atlanta Artists, is a fast-moving smooth operation that encompasses not only Cameo, but a variety of artists (such as Cashflow), all of whom will be given, Blackmon tells me, a higher profile next year.

"We're also talking to major artists as well," Blackmon reveals, "but it would be unfair to give out names at this stage."

Success seems to spur Blackmon on. The more he gets, the more he becomes involved in other projects, such as his solo LP, or as producer for his Atlanta artists. There's no resting on laurels here.

"It has presented the opportunity," he confirms about his current high popularity, "for certain goals to be reached. Everything that is happening now, the script was written for a long time ago.

"Now we're just doing some of the things according to plan. We know what the next move is because we planned for this for so long. All we do now is get down into details.

"The way it has affected me is that it has made me appreciate a lot of things in my life; at the same time I can do what I want to do. All I have to do is believe in it and want to do it badly enough."

What's the best thing about your life in Cameo?

"The camaraderie, the determination, the relentless pursuit, the intensity, because we're giving of ourselves as much as we can."

So what frightens you? What upsets that balance?

Blackmon emits a low whistle and searches his tired brain for an answer. After a long while, he starts speaking very slowly, in a whisper.

"Fright is something that comes in fleeting moments which determination and purpose snuffs out so fast that you can't even remember what you were afraid of. I can't think of anything that would truly frighten me."

"What I don't like," he says, changing tack a little, "is the lack of privacy and personal freedom. Yet it's *Catch 22* because it's what you're after when you begin. It's like people are always around and they all want your time and it's enough to make you go stir after a while.

"But I will deal with it and I really feel that I'm going to be more successful because of that. Anyone can say what they want to about Larry Blackmon or anyone else in this organisation, but there is not an organisation that exists on the face of this earth that works harder or is more committed than we are."

Over on the television, the ending credits for the game show are being run over the smiling faces of the winners. Larry Blackmon glances at the picture, and sees himself reflected.

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The CAPITAL RADIO NME FLATSHARE LIST

A serious problem at the best of times, London's accommodation shortage automatically assumes critical condition during September when a fresh influx of homeless students join the queue. If you have a spare room in your house or flat, chances are there's an academically-inclined NME reader who'd like to give you cash for the privilege of occupying it. 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.



OSTERLEY/HOUNSLOW. 2 males/females for own rooms. Rent £50 p/w. Deposit neg. Phone Brendan, 577 5115 after 7pm, home.

HERNE HILL. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £110 p/m. Deposit 1 month. Phone 737 5939, home. Plus bills.

WEST HAMPSTEAD. Male for own room in flat. Rent £40 p/w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Tania, 328 5046 after 7.30pm, home. Non-smoker.

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RAYNES PARK SW20. Couple, males/females, for shared room in house. Rent £40 p/w excl. Deposit £180. Phone 330 2644 after 6pm, home. Available now until end of January.

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CAPITAL PROGRAMMES

Sunday's *Live in London* concert is an hour-long celebration of super-slick transatlantic soul. Opening the show it's Alexander O'Neal and he's followed by this year's star-of-a-million-turntables, Whitney Houston, and they're both on stereo CFM from 4pm.

A festive-feeling Fluff Freeman presents a tinsel-decked *Rock Show* on Monday night at 8pm. His present to the bedevilled hordes is the first playing of Status Quo's opening set from July's Queen concerts at Wembley Stadium.

Ebony and Ivory reaches week three this Sunday at 9pm on stereo CFM. Adding their ingredients to the mix of black and white music this week are Wilson Pickett, Procol Harum, Aretha Franklin, the Rolling Stones, Otis

Redding and the Staple Singers. The series is introduced by Alan Freeman.

Richard Skinner sits in for Roger Scott on weekday Capital between 1 and 3pm, keeping the chat to the minimum and playing the best new releases and class oldies. That's Skinner for Scott Monday to Friday this week.

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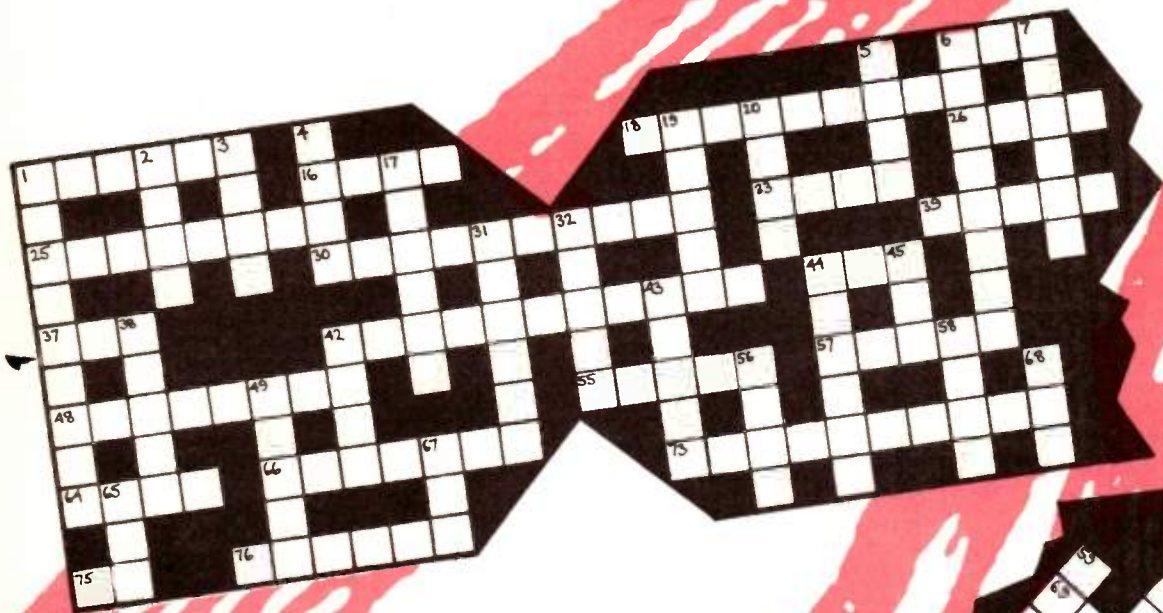
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NME CHRISTMAS CRACK-UP 1986



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 The coveted X-Word Award for 'Single of the Year' goes, for 1986, to the performers of 'What's Inside A Girl' (6)
 6 Funk popsters from Aberdeen, their singles all featured this year on a compilation LP 'Something To Believe In' (1-1-1)
 8 + 49D. "You make me wanna smile and sing like _____", Weather Prophets (7-5)
 13 (see 34 across)
 16 (see 72 across)
 18 (see 1 down)
 21 This is money to the Swans... oh, nearly forgot... Bastard! (4)
 23 (see 61 down)
 24 Formerly a Ron Johnson label band? (2)
 25 Loans I am arranging to complete a movie (4-4)
 26 'Love Is The _____', Grace Jones' turn to be caught in possession (4)
 27 _____ Video comedy outfit who undertook an 'Absolute Grinders' tour (5)
 28 + 51D. In the film *Sweet Dreams*, Jessica Lange played the part of this C&W star who was killed in a 1963 plane crash (5-5)
 30 "It's only 39 miles and 45 minutes to _____ and that's my birthplace you know", from 'Driving Away From Home' (10)
 33 + 17D. Born 20 August 1951, died 4 January 1986 (4-6)
 34 + 13A. To whom it was put on *The Tube*, very succinctly, that "you've been doing very well so far, why spoil it all now by bringing out a record?" (5-5-7)
 37 Mr Palmer was otherwise engaged, but Mr Powell obliged instead for the good of the company name (1-1-1)
 39 + 57A. 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes' was a four-album set featuring the work of this Fairport Convention/Fotheringay vocalist who died in 1978 (5-5)
 40 Nigerian, 48; with Egypt 80; albums 50 (approx) (4-4)
 41 "The tears I cry aren't tears of pain, they're only to hide my guilt and shame", Top Ten hit Sept. (5)

- 42 Soul star from Miami, she sang of 'Pain' early in the year (5-6)
 44 + 6D. Celluloid setting for Joe Strummer's 'Love Kills' (3-3-5)
 46 (see 62 across)
 47 Yearn for a young promising British jazz musician (4)
 48 We've got a takeaway and we're going to take it away with Ted and Rob (8)
 50 _____ Mindwarp, of Love Reaction (6)
 53 _____ Spark of The High Heeled Boys', Traffic number revitalized by Stevie Winwood (3)
 55 Where, in July, you could have seen Youssou N'Dour, Hugh Masekela, Siouxsie and many others (5)
 57 (see 39 across)
 60 The 'Kick' NME tape 025 gives with its collection of bossa, bop and salsa (5)
 62 + 46A. With his Five O'Clock Shadows he cut 'A Close Shave' LP (7-6)
 64 How it was and where it was for The Stranglers (4)
 66 Brilliant! Unless I'm wrong this was on Elvis Costello's 'King Of America' LP (7)
 69 One Pil LP (5)
 72 + 16A. Half Man Half Biscuit posed the question we'd all half wondered, "Why is _____ alive, and getting paid as well?" (3-4)
 73 American documentary film centred on two Seattle waiters, soundtrack by Tom Waits (10)
 74 Both departure and arrival point for Howard Jones LP; wishful thinking chartwise it turned out (3)
 75 + 20D. Home for Janitors, June Brides and Terry & Gerry (2-4)
 76 How Molly Ringwald could look pretty as Andie Walsh (2-4)
 77 The annual UK Reggae Awards show in March saw him take the title of Best Male Vocalist (4-6)
 78 No room for movement, so he left The Thompson Twins in May (6)
 79 MC Miker G and _____ Sven (1-1)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 + 18A. Their 'Take The Skinheads Bowling' came a very close second to The Cramps in X-Word's single of the year (6-3-9)
 2 _____ Puppets, who released the 'Out My Way' LP (4)
 3 "Your time has come, your second _____, the cost so high the gain so low", PIL's 'Rise' (4)
 4 They played in the Final at Wembley Stadium on 28 June (4)
 5 Come back love and listen to Sonic Youth (1-1-1-1)
 6 (see 44 across)
 7 + 42D. From Zimbabwe, they made inroads to the indie charts with 'Shabini' (6-4)
 9 Not such a good year for Elvis Costello, with one poisoned on 'King Of America' (4)
 10 The art of getting a hit with Duane Eddy? (5)
 11 Publishers comment on finally being presented with Bob Geldof's literary work? (2-4-2)
 12 (see 68 down)
 13 (see 52 down)
 14 Van Morrison lacked his guidance, but then he should have looked to the Big Country (7)
 15 Not one for Blues 'n' Trouble if it's minor—better make a note of that (3)
 17 (see 33 across)
 19 'Gone To _____', David Sylvian LP (5)
 20 (see 75 across)
 21 Miles Davis LP, or what the vicar wore according to Smith's 'Queen Is Dead' LP (2-2)
 22 Our parents always told us and now The Meteors agree—it's horrible nowadays... well theirs is anyway (5)
 29 How embarrassing for Mick Hucknall! (6-3)
 31 Track from Nick Cave's 'Kicking Against The Pricks', originally by—no that would be too easy—Tim Rose also did a version in 1967 (3-3)
 32 Educated Swans do it! (5)

- 35 'Giving _____', Sisterhood 45 (6)
 36 Watford based band who went 'Full Steam Into The Brainstorm', presumably watching football at Vicarage Road (6)
 38 From which came the cry 'burn down the disco, hang the blessed DJ' (5)
 40 Or you could shorten their name to Vicky, Jo, Tina and Maggie (7)
 42 (see 7 down)
 43 'Lust _____', as played by Leather Nun (5)
 44 _____ Sway, their early Peel sessions have been released. They also recorded this year eight versions of the same song (6)
 45 Anyone can fall in love _____ what, with him? (3)
 49 (see 8 across)
 51 (see 28 across)
 52 + 13D. She starred along with Robert Redford in *Out Of Africa* (5-6)
 54 'Better Dead Than _____', a single... well, it would be, wouldn't it... from Class War (3)
 56 (see 65 down)
 58 Young man 'Landing On Water' during the summer (4)
 59 Liverpool band whose drummer Andy McVann died tragically in October (4)
 61 + 23A. Some Bizzare label band, they pulled some 'Faces Of Freedom' at us (4-4)
 63 _____ Howard Singers (4)
 65 + 56D. He played the part of Elastoplast Sammy in BBC serial *King Of The Ghetto* (3-4)
 67. Smiths with a form of ska? (3)
 68 + 12D. Tour which commenced at the Manchester Apollo on January 25 (3-5)
 70 Ex Swell _____, Nikki Sudden's LP 'Texas' wasn't favourably reviewed this year (3)
 71 Big _____ Billy Bragg declared his existence to the taxman (3)

COMPILED BY
TREVOR HUNGERFORD
 ANSWERS ON PAGE 77

MADNESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

one in the charts once, and certain songs like 'Our House', which started off really shambolic... we did all really work together. I'm proud of that.

Of all the funniest moments of the group, I think Lee would probably figure in most of them. He was a real natural comedian, as near as you can get to being mad without the clichéd image of madness. Of real madness, that is. Mind you, it's not just remembering the memories, it's remembering the stories in the right order.

A message to the readers? Um... I'd like to say thank you to all the people who liked Madness.

LEE

THE BEST thing is that we haven't fallen out with each other. The only person that I ever had physical contact—aggression with was Chris, the only person I ever hit. That was when the wives, the then girlfriends, came on tour for the first time and that was very tense. A door was pushed in my wife's face and Chris came in, and he'd had a few and I hit him. We shook hands afterwards...

But we all got on and still do get on. Just being with a group of people like Chris. Especially Chris. 'Cos whenever you're away from home and feeling down, Chris is always there to bring you back up; we all looked out for one another,

and whenever someone was feeling down, I'd tell one of Chris's jokes...

The most exciting thing was when we used to meet at Archway to go up and do various gigs just before the 2-Tone thing. And the single arrived, 'The Prince', and we was all given one each. Just to see the 2-Tone label with 'The Prince' and a little name below it, that's when I thought, 'yeah, I like it...'

At the other end, the day Mike left, that's when I decided I really wanted to pack it in. That's it, the heart had gone out of it. But as time went on and I couldn't bring myself to say I wanna call it a day as well... that's when I thought I wanted to prove to the public and to Mike that we could do it, with 'Mad Not Mad'.

But it didn't crack it. We took far too long over it... Suggsy described it as a polished turd. It seemed really false. A lot of people praised it, but it just never had any mood or feeling about it. Clive and Alan did a really good job on it, but it was moving away from us. As it had been for some time. I enjoyed the last UK tour, but the actual record I'm not particularly pleased with myself. I liked the track 'Mad Not Mad'... that appealed to me. It summed the boys up at the time.

A message for the world? Keep young and beautiful... um... try not to rush, try not to be pushed. Try not to let people push you, I suppose. Love and good health, ta-ra!

COMMUNARDS

FROM PAGE 53

Jimmy Saville stoops to conquer.

Television and gay imagery will be less codified when The Communards work on a series of AIDS public service announcements for Scottish Television as part of the national campaign to raise consciousness about the virus. Somerville—hey Jimmy—is still a staggeringly authentic image of the young Scot on the rampage:

"STV is doing this series of public adverts about AIDS and we're getting involved. But I hate the government's campaign. I think it's awful. You open up a paper and it's all screaming melodrama... 'Who are you going to give AIDS to this Christmas?'... It's not about getting people's compassion or sympathy. It's typical of the Tories, it's all about scaring people. As two gay men it's important that we get involved. We come to AIDS from a totally different viewpoint: not exactly victims but certainly scapegoats."

THE ITALIAN BLOW-JOB

AIDS HAS turned language into something of a national issue again. Should words be liberated in the interests of national health? Should morality take precedence over the flow of information? Should condoms (great name, shame about the smell they leave on your fingers) be advertised on

television? Should cock-sucking be mentioned in the tiny space between *Hi-De-Hi* and *The Paul Daniels Magic Show*? And if so, who gets to hold the wand? Richard sees the campaign as a victory that still has to be fully secured:

"It's good that they've got it together to target the campaign at the age group it should be targeted at. When people open a paper, they don't want to be warned about *fellatio* or any other Italian composers, they want everyday language. It's not a question of morality, it's one of humanity, saving peoples lives is much more important than whether we offend Mary Whitehouse. The word is blow-job."

And should the campaign be extended to include pop videos and the multiple screens of uptown discos? Richard, sensing another opportunity to send up even the most serious subject, takes on the persona of a classical musician.

"Frankly, you'd have to ask Jimmy about discos. All those hectic nights at Heaven. I was indoors at the time learning my scales and reading about Italian composers." Jimmy Somerville couldn't imitate a classical musician if you paid him. Yet again the Glasgow accent nails him to the real world.

"He means *fellatio*. When I was dancing matits offat Heaven he was at hame getting a blow-job. Nae wonder society is collapsing."

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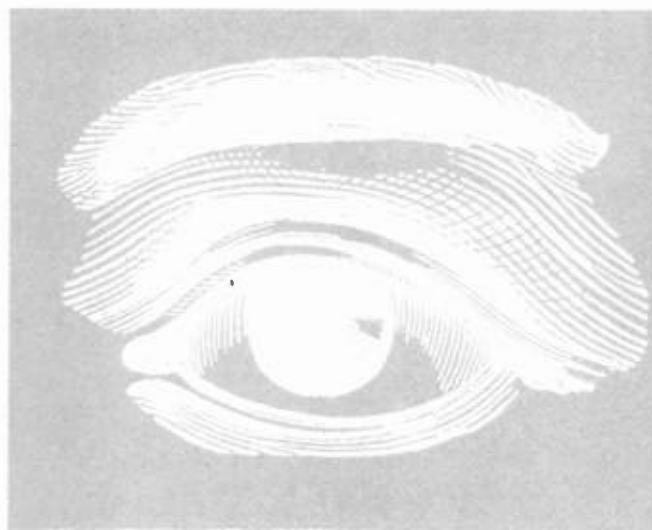
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THE LONELINESS OF THE LATE NIGHT DRINKER

1986 was the year that Englishness made a comeback, and no one caught its multi-faceted moods of gloom and nostalgia better than THE BAND OF HOLY JOY. Max and Johnny accompany DON WATSON for a midnight prowling through the heartland of our gutted welfare state. Photo STEVE PYKE.

FROM WATERLOO to Charing Cross past the bland concrete galleries and concert halls of the South Bank, old cultures rotting quietly in a modernist shell. The smell of expensive perfume wafts across stinking, sleeping piles of bogging cloth. "Had a mother who was proud," slurs one, "and look at me now." Johnny Brown raises a toast, drinks and passes the bottle. Cheers Johnny.

"Oh listen!" Max's fallen angel face breaks into a broad, serpentine grin as the sounds of a busker waft across from the iron bridge. Instead of the tediously predictable Beatles (fill your hat with dollars) he's picked the English drenched tones of The Kinks. Plaintive and minor, the chords of 'Waterloo Sunset' hang in the air, sentiments damp as the atmosphere. Behind him a train rolls past, bearded faces sober in stained yellow windows.

As one, Max and Johnny join in on the chorus, their voices drowned in the train noises rattling around the rusty structure. As the sounds echo off towards the council block morass of South London, the words belt out across the water. "Chilly chilly is the evening time/Waterloo sunset's fine." Two voices ring with Holy Joy. Over the river it looks like the lights are going out. The bridge resounds with laughter.

"We're going to do a cover of 'Waterloo Sunset'," Max enthuses, "it's the perfect song for Holy Joy, it's got all the sadness and all the joy of life and all the hope and the romance."

Max exults to the night air as we walk up Villier's Street past the glare of the flower stall. Late-home husbands buy bunches for wives who'd rather have their Valium back and check their clothes for the stains of another "late night at the office"; a quick nip of whiskey make her think I've been drinking, and another morose face floating in a window across the river.

And here we are, The Player's Theatre, a mausoleum of Englishness, an old Victorian Theatre. Curling photographs line the walls, curling sandwiches stale as station waiting rooms sit sad and neglected on the counter in the middle of the hall, a red plush bar looks down on the stage where a ghost in bright red lipstick wails away at the songs of yesterday.

Johnny's looking misty-eyed through the bottom of a pint of snake-bite.

"It's all very well saying it's a sad sight or it's pathetic, but there is some feeling there,

at least those old songs tried to come to terms with life and the way people live it, which is something most pop songs don't even bother about."

Tattered Union Jacks hang above our heads as pennants. To England, our England.

The Player's Theatre is the perfect venue for The Band Of Holy Joy. It was here, amidst the dust and the decay, that they played the best concert of 1986; a theatrical mystery play, parading through an English landscape of fish wives and mad dogs, angels, drunks and derelicts.

"There are sad scenes I suppose," says Johnny Brown, "but they are real in the sense they're about people that I know or that I've met. I don't pretend that the London I write about is all there is and I don't deliberately write about poverty because I've got some sort of slumming fascination, I write about it because it's the situation I'm in, it's the situation my friends are in."

The NME buys Max and Johnny a drink. Max grins broadly, Johnny's beady eyes twinkle brightly.

Although they've become the public face of The Band Of Holy Joy, Max and Johnny are not the band's only stars. One of the things that makes them so special is the sheer theatrical rightness of the whole band on stage.

Trombone player Adrian is overbearingly large, fingernails like coal shovels, and plays with gregarious bluster, innocent of techniques. Violinist Karel, a one-time member of SPK, has an aristocratic grace, he is known to have been rude to people in high places.

Bill bulges powerfully from either side of a huge Sally Army bass drum. Keyboard player Marlou, from Berlin, exudes a severe strength. Big John, who plays accordion, xylophone and banjo and who, with Max, is responsible for the music, takes a clown's delight in hiding his intelligence beneath an endearing facade of daftness.

Put together on a stage they seem to burst out in every direction. Max meanwhile casts an aura of dreamy beauty while Johnny, wrapped in an old trenchcoat, looks corrupt and charismatic, compelling as a teller of forbidden tales.

Even more so than Morrissey, Johnny's songs capture the pathos of Englishness. While Morrissey teeters on the edge of slewing into fey self-obsession, Johnny is always looking outwards; his characters live and breathe and cry, curse and fall over drunk, they're touched with an inner spark, painted with a skilful and sympathetic hand. Johnny Brown just loves people.

"And people love him," says Max, "particularly women. I remember one time we were at a club together and he was so drunk he couldn't even talk, the last time I

saw him he said 'I'm going home' backwards and fell down the stairs. I went round his house the next day and he was in bed with not one girl but two. I still don't know how he did it."

And you?

"Me?" asks Max, "Oh I'm just mad and bad." She falls off her chair.

To appropriate John Arlott's description of Dylan Thomas these are extrovert, athlete drinkers, masters in the art of living.

THERE ARE reasons why The Band Of Holy Joy were the band of 1986, their delirious panoramas of Englishness capture a mood and a moment but they also seem to fit in with a certain undercurrent of English revival. If 1985 was the year of Americana, 1986 was the year in which Englishness made a return of sorts. The Smiths, on 'The Queen Is Dead', once more borrowed their grainy images from the English films of the '50s and '60s. The face of puffed-up English pomposity, Tony Hancock, stared from television screens and magazine covers. The Fall jangled away at the nerve of England with their usual electrifying force. Matt Johnson's 'Heartland' crossed a romantic vision of London in changing seasons with a cold-eyed look at the English disease: "This is the place where nothing changes/ The land of red buses and blue blooded babies/ This is the place where pensioners are raped/ And the hearts are being cut from the welfare state."

Unfortunately remembered as the vehicle that launched the utterly talentless Patsy Kensit, *Absolute Beginners* was nevertheless a well observed and detailed painting of a '50s England torn apart between optimism and fascism, with the advertising image rising Phoenix like from the flames. Bleasdale's *No Surrender* was a bleak and brilliant portrayal of the lighter side of religious sectarianism and the darker side of the English wide-boy/gangster. Arthur Daley may be a slightly iffy diamond geezer, it pointed out, but most of his breed employ knuckle-dustered bruisers in place of the sterling Terry and are known to do extremely unpleasant things with Black & Deckers. *Mona Lisa* meanwhile was a touching picture of English eccentricity balanced nicely between romanticism and scepticism.

What they all shared was a fascination with the smallness of England, the big fish in tiny, stagnant pools and the creatures from under the surrounding rocks. Even those who came to bury England betrayed a certain affection — Matt Johnson dismisses it as the "Fifty-first state of the USA" but there's still a glow to his description of the



Joyous imbibers, John (left), Karel, Max and Johnny.

rusting iron bridges and the old Victorian parks.

What it comes down to is that London is now a schizophrenic city, torn between the stubbornly clinging remnants of a bygone age of Britishness (the age of Hancock, the age when *Absolute Beginners* was shot) and the steamrolling of universally flat Yuppie culture. Now, more than ever, it's easier to love the place and hate it at the same time.

The other significant point is that the past is no longer the enemy when compared with the bland future vision of Yuppieness. If The Band Of Holy Joy look back it's only to look for another way forward, looking deep into the rot as a potential breeding ground.

There are elements of schizophrenia in the band themselves: they look back in order to look forward, steep themselves in sadness in order to value hope. The tunes have the same late-night drinking melancholia as vintage Tom Waits and yet, again like Waits, there's an optimism in the delivery, sometimes wryly humorous ('Who Snatched The Baby'), sometimes direct and honest ('The Boy Sailor'), sometimes deliciously hilarious ('Yo Ho Ho And A Bottle Of Rum').

Their melancholic optimism is best described by the latest addition to their set, sung in German by Marlou. They were taught it by an old German musician who took a shine to them in a late-night bar somewhere in Bavaria. Titled 'Alone In The Big City', its sentiment is, 'I may be sad, but I'm happy being sad because if I was happy I'd miss being sad'.

Their songs take on the sadness of England, but they present them with an involvement and emotion that's uplifting.

As London regenerates itself in glass and chrome, forever staring at its own reflection, Holy Joy would prefer to be sitting in late night cafes staring through misted windows at the other side of life.

"Do you remember that summer, the one that was full of drugs and drunks like something out of the worst film you've ever seen. Casuals, casualties, mad hicks from the sticks, psycho Turks and Italian kleptomaniacs, with one hand on your purse, one hand on your neck, one hand drawing blood and one hand GOD KNOWS WHERE!"

(*'The Great Binge', The Band Of Holy Joy*)

COME CLOSING time the fashion victims are on the streets. Outside the Limelight a cluster of people are quite ready to be treated like cattle under the mistaken impression that there's *something going on inside*.

"It's frightening isn't it?" asks Max, "the thought that there are people in this world who really think that access to the VIP Lounge is all that's important." She pauses to fling an obscene gesture in their direction.

"There was some idiot from *Melody Maker* recently accused us of being depressing because we didn't reflect the reality of Yuppiedom," says Johnny. "If that's reality forget it, people taking a few seconds off staring at the video screens to stare at one another. That really is the blank generation, God if that's not depressing I don't know what is."

If Johnny Brown's lyrics reflect a reality, it's very much a personal one—he's a storyteller, not a newscaster. Like Tom Waits he took a lot of early inspiration from the American artist Edward Hopper, who painted the loneliness of the late night cafe and the sadness of the Chop Suey bar.

"I always thought you could do something great if you took that kind of vision and applied it to England. Nobody's really ever tried it."

Well, not quite nobody, there was always Joe Orton whose plays were sprayed with the odour of the toilets of the Holloway Road, splattered with the detail of liaisons in the gents at King's Cross. Or even early Soft Cell who swam in the undercurrent of Englishness, the sewer. But there's plenty of seams left to mine. The underside is always there, no matter how many shiny restaurants burst open in Soho.

In a little late night cellar bar in Frith Street we revisit the scene of The Band Of Holy Joy's summer concerts; five weeks of mortal madness, captured on the slurred magic of 'The Great Binge' on the B-side of the seven inch of 'Who Snatched The Baby'. Like everything the band does the concerts were events, a series of nights of drunken madness which the band enhanced and amplified. Observers steeped in the rock and roll world of image making have accused them of a contrived appearance of dissipation, anyone who attended the early Soho concerts would attest this was something from beyond the image factory.

"They were just concerts for our friends at

first," says Max, "just like parties. They ended up being so manic just because most of the people we attract tend to be a bit manic. We attract people that just don't buy records usually, people who couldn't give a toss about intellectualising about music, they just identify with us directly."

"A lot of them aren't posers or anything like the people you see outside the Limelight," says Johnny, "the people with chandeliers in their hair who are desperately trying to be stars, they just look like normal kids but they're the real stars."

"Like this lad Ratcatcher who came with us to Austria," says Max, "he hitched out to meet us and spent the rest of the journey supplying us with champagne courtesy of the local supermarkets. There's this huge turreted building in New Cross and when he's drunk he climbs it and swings off the spire."

"It's brilliant," adds Johnny, "that's what that song 'Living Legends' is about on the ten inch, the people most people might call wasters, to me they're not wasters, they're the ones who live up the place."

In the bar an out of tune piano plays. A couple of middle-aged men are waltzing, Max has got into an altercation with a rent-boy.

"These are the sort of places that you get ideas from," says Johnny, "not sitting in a chrome finished club with a bunch of fashion cases. People here are just more interesting, they've all got a story behind them. I spend hours just sitting around in places like this, talking to people, making up stories."

The argument with the rent-boy ends amicably. He kisses us all on the cheek.

"Gawd, he was a right one," says Max and the evening spins into another round and another yarn.

ENGLAND IS . . . memories of getting out.

Earlier this year I accompanied The Band Of Holy Joy on their trip to Austria, where they appeared at the Styrian Autumn Festival in Graz to an audience of dignitaries, including controversial Austrian President Kurt Waldheim.

I saw them become the stars of the dissipated literati, with Wolfgang Bauer, Austrian playwright of international repute strutting round the Festival chanting "Holy

Joy! Holy Joy! Holy Joy!" Mistaking me for a band member, he shouted as I passed:

"Band Of Holy Joy! One bottle of whiskey!"

What you shouting that at me for? I asked. "Because it is your style!" he replied with a tombstone grin, "and it is my style too!"

I saw Karel excel himself first by tugging Waldheim on the sleeve and asking him where the drink was as he greeted the guests, next by placing himself at the right-hand of the president. As the rich of Austria trooped in they were first welcomed by Waldheim and second insulted by Karel.

"Hello madam, your dress is perfectly foul. Greetings sir, I think it displays great courage to walk around with a face like that."

Particularly after Karel had followed this by approaching the president's table at the banquet and proposing the toast: "Ladies and gentlemen Fuck You!" there was a certain inclination on behalf of the Security Police to show us the Exit at great speed. The problem was that to get to our table, they would have had to fight through half of Austria's leading literati.

And remember how we couldn't find Johnny the next day, and when we did he was with Austria's leading poet, looking through his photo-album?

"And I'd spent half the night trying to seduce his wife while he was in the next room."

To Austria! ("Drink, drink, drain your glass/Have another drink", 'The Great Binge'.)

And the evening ends, swaying down the New Cross Road singing Tom Waits at the top of our voices.

"And the PIANO has been drinking/The PIANO has been drinking not me."

"You know," says Johnny, "the rate of street mugging has actually gone down around here. The latest thing is what they call 'Continental Mugging'. They stand around by traffic lights waiting for single women to drive past, smash the windows and make off with their handbags."

We're interrupted by a squeal of brakes as a white van pulls to a halt in front of us. The rest of the band appear at the windows displaying large bottles of spirits and waving us in.

A tramp, lying at the bottom of a lamp-post watches us drive off. The red rear lights cast garish, fairground reflections on the wet roads.

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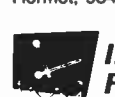
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BFB LOVE Ya Dogbreath! Groucho.

BI-GUY MALE 21 handsome body-builder with mass seeks girl friend. Write to Box No. 7494.

BI-SEXUAL LAD 22, seeks masculine guy 21-40 for genuine relationship/friendship Berkshire/London area, photo please. Discretion assured. Box No. 7489.

CHARMING MAN wanted. Female, 22, into Smiths, Housemartins, Arts, Nightclubbing, and Morrissey, seeks Kindred Spirits in the UK and BFG. Enclose pic if possible. Petra, Buschkamp 30, 3012 Langenhagen, Germany.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE Postal intros all areas/ages. Write Orion, P12, Waltham, Grimsby.

GAYLINK/GAYPEN The easy way to meet new friends, partners, worldwide penfriends, discretion assured. 01-582 4433 9"x6" S.A.E. BCM-GLI (N), London WC1N 3XX.

GIRLS! PUNK/Psychobilly/Outrageous needed for Nude/Topless Photo Session for magazine publication. No previous experience required. £500 + One Day's Work. No Strings. Photo - Box No. 7500.

GROUCHO, Y'KNOW What I'm Saying! Raah Haaaa!!! BFB.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Tubsy! Hugs, Kisses and All My Love Forever, Fluffy. XXXXX.

I DON'T have anything but you can have half of it. Male, Indian, independent, good looking seeks female for friendship and fun. London area. Box No. 7502.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BM1 3GJ.

LAD 21 5'5" seeks mates. Interested weights, wrestling, sports. Photo Please. Box No. 7496.

LONDON LESBIAN and Gay Switchboard. 01-837 7324.

MALE 21 trendy, smart, friendly, quiet, shy and boned seeks boy penfriends to write to and later meet under 23 in Birmingham and around. So get writing please. Box No. 7499.

MASCULINE GAY 37 seeks relationship with slim quiet guy. A.L.A. Box No. 7369.

PENFRIENDS - USA, Canada, Europe. Send age and interests for details. Hi-Society Transglobe, PO Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE S.A.E. free details. Aquarius (NM) PO Box 596, London SE25 6NH.

SEEKING SINCERE gay new friends etc? Male or Female all areas and worldwide. Stamp to Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

SEWAGE, TANX for the best Year Of My Life. Love You Always And Forever, Mac.

THANKS PAUL For Being Around In 1986. You Made The Year Worthwhile. May Our Spaceships Collide In 1987. Fiona. XXX.



RECORDS FOR SALE

ALL INDEPENDENT Label Releases, Imports, Punk/New-Wave rarities. S.A.E. or 2 IRCs for December Catalogue. 'Rhythm', 194 Cromwell Road, Cambridge. (0223) 244018.

AMAN CAN Get Lost 7" £20 o.n.o. 0602 393262 8pm + Also Soft Cell 12" £4.

BEATLES - "SOUND Of The Stars" Rare 60's Flexi Disc £10. "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

BILL NELSON Northern Dream, Gatefold, 'Smile' Mint. £20 Zeppelin One, Turquoise Sleeve £10. Shane, 16 North Street, Castlethorpe, Milton Keynes.

BOWIE "RECORD MIRROR" 12" Test Pressing of 1973 Flexi Disc £20 "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

BUZZCOCKS EVERYBODYS Happy Acetate. £20, Harmony Demo £6.50. P.I.L. M.Box, £11.50. Police Bottle Promo £6.50, 999 Emergency Demo. £6. The Face (Magazine) Issues I.U. Offers. (0623) 652870.

CASSETTE/COMPUTER Hire. Send for bumper free catalogue, additions bulletin every 2 months. Soundbox Software, Box 12, Renfrew, Renfrewshire, Scotland PA4.

CULT RARE LP's 0752 229588. **EURYTHMICS CHRISTMAS** Fan Club Flexi Disc £6. "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

JAMES BROWN "Funky Drummer" £4 + Bobby Byrd, J.B.'s Maceo, S.A.E. List - "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

KATE BUSH Autographed Singles 0752 229588.

KATE BUSH Live LP's Etc. 0752 229588.

LARGE COLLECTION Punk/New Wave Singles includes rarities. Anarchy EMI, Ideal Joy Division, Capital Radio, V.G.C. S.A.E. For List. Norman, 23 Eastwood Road, South Woodford, London E18.

NEW ORDER Christmas Flexi Disc £10 "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

NUMAN JOHN Peel EP's 'Rox' 'Photograph' LPs 0752 229588.

NUMAN 1ST LP Blue Vinyl £40 0752 229588.

PUNK/NEW WAVE Record Finding Service & Auction, S.A.E./I.R.C. Elista Records, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts.

RARE FLEXI DISCS - CURE "Lament" £7. **BAUHAUS** "God InanAlcove" £6. **Robin HYTCHOCK** "MysticTrip" £4, **ORANGE Juice** "Poor OldSoul" (Live) £5 XTC "Footprints" £4, - **SOFT CELL** "Metro MRX" £6, "Discipline" £6, "Your Aura" £4, "My Death" £2, **ALICE COOPER** "Slick Black Limousine" £3 - "O.T.B." 22 Hanway Street, London W1.

REM RARE LP's 0752 229588.

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees/ Hong Kong Garden - Gatefold Sleeve/Excellent condition. £50 0538 754319.

SISTERS "HALLOWEEN" Double LP 0752 229588.

SISTERS "SPIRITS" 'Emma' 'Damage' 'Sister-Ray' 'Jolene' 'Teachers' 'Barefoot' (Mission) Singles £15-£20 each. 0752 229588.

SOFT CELL 12" Boxed-Set 0752 229588.

SPRINGSTEEN "ALL Those Years" 'Happy New Year' 0752 229588.



RECORDS FOR SALE

SUNDERLAND PET SOUNDS Basement Sale Monday December 29th 11am-4.00pm. Free Admission 36 Frederick Street, Sunderland. Enquiries 091 2610749 loads of rare records etc.

ULTRAVOX, JAPAN, Foxx + Strangers Records Tapes + Videos many rarities. S.A.E. John 18, Eriskay House, Bransholme, Hull. HU7 4JR.

U2 PIC Disc LP's 0752 229588. "YOUNG-ONES" 2-Hr Video Outakes 0752 229588.

60's-80's New/Secondhand Records, Rarities, Deletions, Cheapies for latest list. Send SAE/2IRC's to Rumble Records, P.O. Box 24, Aberystwyth, Dyfed.



VIDEO

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Milan Italy 1985 (0827) 251096.

BUDGET PRICED VHS pre-recorded music videos. Many rare titles, artists include Presley, PTV, Philip Glass, B-52s, Kraftwerk, Supremes, Jerry Lee, X-Ray Spex, Golden Earring, E. Insurzende, Smiths. Large S.A.E. to Box No. 7495.

DAMNED SHEFFIELD '86 (0827) 251096.

DAVID BOWIE. Probably the best video list in the world! S.A.E. Ian Lockhart, 5 Margam Avenue, Southampton. Telephone (0703) 442787 (before 4).

DYLAN AUSTRALIA '86 (0827) 251096.

JACKSON BROWNE Live! Amnesty International 15/6/86 £12.00 S.A.E. 35 Bamburgh Close, Washington, Tyne + Wear NE38 OHN.

JULIAN COPE Italy '86 (0827) 251096.

LOU REED in concert Amnesty International. 15/6/86 £12.00. S.A.E. 35 Bamburgh Close, Washington, Tyne + Wear NE38 OHN.

MASSIVE SELECTION D. Harrison, Hamlet, 2b Addington Road, Reading, Berks.

NEIL YOUNG + Crazy Horse in Concert San Francisco November 21st 1986. Full show 2 1/2 hours long! £15.00. S.A.E. 35 Bamburgh Close, Washington, Tyne + Wear NE38 OHN or Tel. 091 417 0433.

NEW ORDER Albert Hall, Kentish Town, (0827) 251096.

PIL 'ANARCHY' In Pil Movie (0827) 251096.

PIL EDINBURGH '86 (0827) 251096.

PRINCE PROMO Tape (0827) 251096.

RARE VIDEOS Bunnymen, New Order, Smiths, R.E.M., Dylan, Dire Straits, U2, Talking Heads, Simple Minds, Simply Red, Long Riders, Lone Justice, lots more. State interests. Box No. 7497.

SMITHS NEW Order latest concerts. Many more. 223 9828.

THE SMITHS 1986 Full Concerts, Wolverhampton, Brixton, Salford, Palladium, Nottingham, Kilburn (0827) 251096.

X-MAL, COCTEAU'S, Birthday Party, Specimen, Sex Gang, Violets, Sputniks, Prunes, Marychain, Sisters, Mission, Spear, T.O.H. Bauhaus, Death Cult, Siouxsie, Clash, P.I.L., Cure, Damned, Japan, Soft Cell, Minds etc, for the best alternative video list around. Send S.A.E. to 25 Clarence Place, Devonport, Plymouth PL2 1SF, Devon.



RECORD FAIRS

BIRMINGHAM SATURDAY December 27th - New Imperial Hotel, Temple Street. (Off New Street) 11am-5pm 50p. (10am-£1).

CAMDEN ELECTRIC BALLROOM SATURDAY 3rd JANUARY. Over 1,000 dealers + collectors attend this event regularly. Organised by the promoter that's taking record fairs into the 1990's - so there's stall after stall with your kind of music.

DUNDEE SATURDAY December 20th - Maryat Hall, City Square. 11am-5pm. 40p. (10am-£1).

GLASGOW SUNDAY December 21st McLellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street. 11am-5pm. 50p.

KINGSTON SATURDAY December 20th at The Richard Mayo Hall Kingston Town Centre. Admission £1 11am 50p 12-4pm.

LEDS SATURDAY 27th December. The Corn Exchange 10.30am-4pm. Don't Miss The Big One! Trans-Pennine. 0532 892087.

LONDON FOR RARE RECORDS - CASSETTES - Rock-Country-New Wave-Blues + Soul and lots more. Visit The Collectors Record Fairs.

Saturday + Sunday, December 20th + 21st. At the Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, London WC1. Open 10-4pm. each day. Admission £1.00 per day or 2-day special at £1.50 (different dealers Sunday). All enquiries. 01-659 7065. Nr. Tubes Holborn/Russell Square.

MERRY CHRISTMAS + HAPPY NEW YEAR. **SUNDERLAND PET SOUNDS** Basement Sale. Monday December 29th 11am-4.00pm. Free Admission 36 Frederick Street, Sunderland. Enquiries 091 261 0749 loads of rare records etc.

SUTTON SUNDAY December 21st at The Secombe Centre. Sutton Town Centre. Admission £1 11am 50p 12-4pm.

TEESIDE RECORD Fair Saturday December 20th. 10am-4.30pm. Town Hall Crypt, Middlesbrough 1000s of records to buy sell or exchange. Enquiries 091 261 0749. Merry Christmas to everyone who attended the fairs over the year.

TYNESIDE MINI XMAS RECORD FAIR SPECIAL Saturday December 27th 11am-4.00pm Upstairs in The Rendevous Cafe, Pink Lane, Newcastle. Find Pet Sounds on Clayton Street West. Then it's Just Around the Corner. Enquiries 091 261 0749 or ask in the shop. The next regular Tyneside Fair is January 31st.

YORK SATURDAY 20th December Assembly Rooms. Blake Street. 10.30am-4pm. Trans-Pennine. 0532 892087.

20TH DECEMBER LEICESTER this Saturday Six Years Old and getting better every time. Starts 9.30. Check it out as there's stall after stall with your kind of music. Venue - YMCA - East Street.



FAN CLUBS

"CRY TOUGH" Nils Lofgren Fan Club, Fanzine with English Translation, Information Susanne Cernic, Koenigsberger P1.6, 7034 Gaertringen, West Germany.

MUSIC THAT You Can Dance To. Sparks International Official Fan Club. Secretary Mary Martin, c/o 33d Waterworks Street, Gainsborough, Lincs DN21 1LA.

PAUL SIMON Appreciation Society. S.A.E. Ref 1, P.O. Box 32, Kendal, Cumbria LA9 7RP.

THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS "Official Junk Collection" S.A.E. - The G.R.I.P. Organisation, 202c Camberwell Grove, London, SE5 ("Please - I've Got Alimony To Pay!") D.H.).



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SWANS

FROM PAGE 38

readjust, as we all must, to their naked lies. In an estranged world, with its simple laws and controls and power-relations, opportunities are scant for the nourishment - development even - of the self. It keeps on retreating, retracting, until left in an empty room, a cell, in ground, in dirt, with nothing but a vicious desire to stay that way - on its own, ostracized, far removed from self-centred New York.

"I don't like the city; don't care about it. I think it's a piece of shit and would like to move. Our music would be the same if we were living here, which we may be."

But don't you enjoy the degradation of it, those skyscrapers, its inhumanity, don't you revel in that?

"Like anyone, I've experienced a lot of humiliations, so I can talk about it. But I discuss strength as well, if it's idealised."

Come on, we want nihilism. *Nihilism!* Here comes the (edited) torrent.

"Just because one deals with that subject matter, doesn't mean that the outcome is necessarily negative, or that you're nihilistic. . . nihilism is 90 per cent of the pop-music on the radio. That's pure cynicism, which means exercising mass hypnosis via hooks and nonsensical lines. I'm not discounting the fact that there's a lot of good regular pop-music. There is. But mostly, especially now, it seems really futuristic in the way it's become so. . . not allowing for the fact that people have the ability to think and feel any more, or any further, than what they've been prodded or conditioned to."

WHAT SWANS make is modern-day classical music, by turns both primitive and sophisticated, as if one thousand years had been spent chafing away at notions of what constitutes that which is known as Muzak. Prior to the two conversations, we were introduced in a W1 public house. Most striking was Michael Gira's smile - ostensibly a forced grimace, usually saved for someone who'd just prescribed electro-shock therapy. It would be tough going. Which it was. But with results, like the final, telling, throwaway answer.

What type of landscape would you liken Swans Muzak to? "A sea of sweat, sperm, blood and perpetual orgasm."

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Large Posters

CURE Boys. Close to me. Head on Door. NEW ORDER Low Life. THE MISSION 86 Tour. THE FALL Bend Sinister. SMITHS Pacific. DOORS Morrison. American Prayer, 1st Album. L. REED Translormer. HOUSEMARTINS London O'Hull 4. CRAMPS Elvis, Bone. SISTERS Reptile. CULT Love Sanctuary. PISTOLS Hippy. Bans. PSYCHIC TV. J. DEAN Face. MARLEY Face, Uprising. S. MINDS Once Upon, Sparkle, 86 Tour. WATERBOYS Sea. U2 Collection. SADE 86 Tour. T. REX 20th Century.

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

ALAN BURUE - The Wittiest Pen-friend Stamps Can Buy. Love Clayton Farlow.

ALICE, HAPPY Xmas. Keep Smiling. Lots Of Love, James. XXXX.

BABY PIGGLE, Her Loves Him Even More than Stay Away Joe - And Him Know What That Mean. Steggy. Merry Xmas.

BEN DEARDOG Dearman Happy Christmas. Love Wendy And Gemma.

DAVID POWELL of Ultimate. The Alternative. Wishes Everyone a Merry Christmas. And a Prosperous New Year.

DAVE FROM London beware of the mistletoe and leave Rudolph Alone! Have a Jolly Sexy Xmas (Okay Ya) Love (Why) SR.

DAWN Our First Real Christmas Together. Enjoy It! Love You Forever. Sime XXXX.

DEB AND JUE Compliments of The Season. From Chicken Town. "Get Down!!" Thank You and Good Night. SOPHIE.

ENJOY CHRISTMAS, Piggy Paterson, It's Your Last! Lots of Love. P.P.

FAT SAM Just Stomping on Crewe Station at Xmas Tom.

FIENDY SAUSAGE Snuzzle Me This Xmas. Love Wuzzle. XXXX.

GRAHAM CANNON, Love Jon. Our Of Order!!

HAPPY EASTER To All Species at Oswald Treacem from Billy The Bunny Williams.

HELLO BAKER! I'd Just Like To Say That Your Feet Are Even Nicer Than Your Savoury Rice. Lots of Love And Merry Xmas From Little Horse, Albert and Piggy.

HOWDY DOODY Pittsburg Pussy-cats Merry Xmas From Big Moffat and The Gang in Blighy.

MERRY CHRISTMAS Bill, (Meet You At Wilsons), Mary, Mike, Peter, Michael, Jefferson, Curtis, Chris, Trump! Cindy, Belinda, Peggy, Caryn, Julie, Simon, Paul, Gail, Sanna, Claire, Bill Sullivan, Replacements, Laurie George, Linda, Paul, See Y'all in 1987. James (This saves on postage).

MERRY XMAS To Darling Marie Love Mark. Love and Simone XXXX.

NIGEL!!! BIRTHDAY and Christmas Images from Mistress. Fantasy Is Reality If One Desires. Break Or Use The Machine to Transport Unreality Into Method. Love Sue XXX.

PAUL LESTER, I Love You Lots And Lots Happy Christmas Darling Missing You. Love Claire.

PEABRAIN FORGET December 25th and New Year's Eve. January 28th is going to be all the celebrating you'll need in 1986 and 1987. Can't wait to get my belated Christmas and New Year cuddles. Missing you but loving you lots. MUSHIE. XXXX.

PORKY PETE Merry Christmas Tubs! Love Lindy Lou.

REPTON SCHOOL Housemasters. Happy Xmas And Thanks For Everything. Love DJJ.

REX HAIRSPRAY, Happy Christmas - Where Are You Now? Jon Lissa.

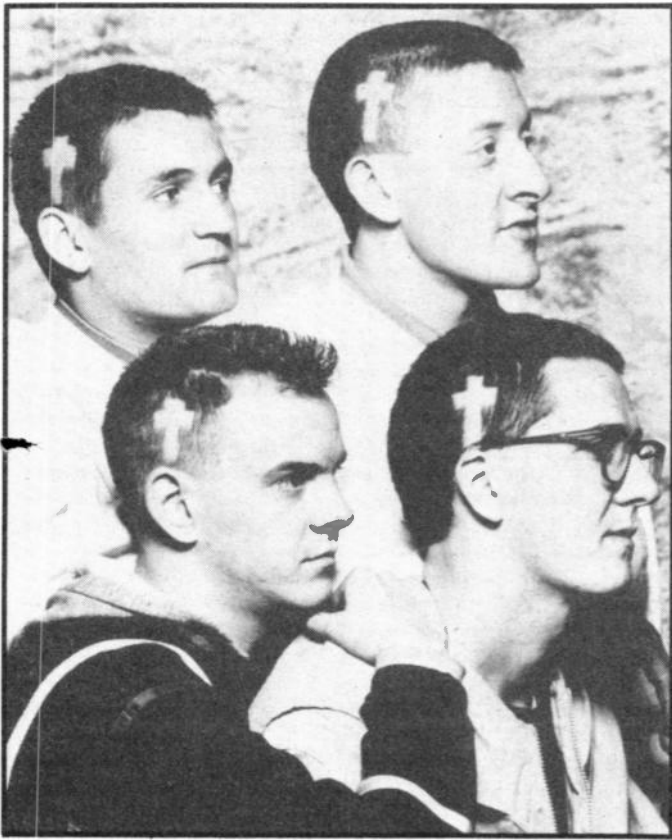
SEASONAL SALUTATIONS John, I'm Home For You - Jo.

STEVEN DYMOCK You're Reading Your Present, Where's Mine? Merry Christmas. Palo.

SUSAN Do You Mind If I Do Something Uncontrollable. Nigel.

VATSIN BABY Boodah, Doolboy, Merry Christmas from Coxy Forfar.

NME CHARTS



Housemartins (2): all of us have a cross to bear, lads. Photo Neil Matthews.

45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	1	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
2	2	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
3	6	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
4	19	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division (Strange Fruit)
5	4	STEAMING TRAIN	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)
6	3	POPPYCOCK	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
7	7	SHAKE DRILL EP	Wire (Mute)
8	14	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
9	(-)	THROWAWAY	Mighty Mighty (Chapter 22)
10	5	BEATNIK BOY	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)
11	15	COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY	The Chesterfields (Subway)
12	9	BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE	New Order (Factory)
13	(-)	GOING TO HEAVEN TO SEE IF IT RAINS	Close Lobsters (Fire)
14	(-)	INSIDE OUT	Into A Circle (Abstract)
15	8	ASK	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
16	26	HANG TEN/JUST MIND YOUR STEP	Soup Dragons (Raw)
17	(-)	JUSTINE	Batfish Boys (Batfish)
18	23	10 NOTES ON A SUMMER'S DAY	Crass (Crass)
19	18	SORRY TO EMBARRASS YOU	Razorcuts (Subway)
20	1	I WANT YOU	Elvis Costello (Imp Demon)
21	12	LOVE'S EASY TEARS	Cocteau Twins (4 AD)
22	(-)	SUDDENLY ONE SUMMER	Thirteen Moons (Wire)
23	27	LEE REMICK	The Go-Betweens (Situation Two)
24	25	PEEL SESSION	The Ruts (Strange Fruit)
25	16	PEEL SESSION	The Wedding Present (Strange Fruit)
26	20	PEEL SESSION	The Undertones (Strange Fruit)
27	28	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bikers On Acid (In Tape)
28	13	REALLY STUPID EP	The Primitives (Lazy)
29	30	PLEASE DON'T SAID BLAST MY HOUSE	1000 Violins (Dreamworld)
30	22	WONDERFUL LIFE	Black (Ugly Man)

1	2	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
2	1	YOUR FUNERAL... MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
3	5	QUICK OUT	Stump (Stuff)
4	7	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
5	3	THE MOON AND THE MELODIES	Cocteau Twins/Budd (4 AD)
6	10	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
7	11	MISERABLE SUMMERS	The Creepers (In Tape)
8	14	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
9	4	SUN FAMILY	Balaam And The Angel (Chapter 22)
10	13	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
11	8	CBS	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
12	17	MEDUSA	Clan Of Xymox (4 AD)
13	6	STOMPING AT KLUB FOOT VOL 3 & 4	Various (ABC)
14	(-)	WONDERLAND	Erasure (Mute)
15	9	LOVE SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
16	18	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
17	12	SEWERTIME BLUES	The Metrons (Anagram/Cherry Red)
18	29	VIRGIN KILLERS FROM HELL	Chaotic Dischord (Not Very Nice)
19	(-)	SAINT OF THE PIT	Diamanda Galas (Mute)
20	21	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
21	16	HAMMER PARTY	Big Black (Homestead)
22	15	FORCE	ACR (Factory)
23	19	FILIGREE AND SHADOW	This Mortal Coil (4 AD)
24	(-)	50,000 GLASS FAIRS CAN'T BE WRONG	Various (Glass)
25	20	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN	Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
26	25	SNOKE SIGNALS	MDC (Radical)
27	22	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
28	(-)	THE RETURN OF MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD	The Accused (Cor)
29	(-)	GEOGRAPHY	Front 242 (Mask)
30	30	THE FAD GADGET SINGLES	Frank Tovey (Mute)

45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN	45s
1	16	3	1	CARAVAN OF LOVE The Housemartins (Go! Discs)
2	1	7	1	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe (Epic)
3	2	7	2	SOMETIMES Erasure (Mute)
4	27	2	4	OPEN YOUR HEART Madonna (Sire)
5	9	5	5	THE RAIN Oran "Juice" Jones (DefJam)
6	10	3	6	SHAKE YOU DOWN Gregory Abbott (CBS)
7	13	3	7	SO COLD THE NIGHT The Communards (London)
8	42	2	8	REET PETITE Jackie Wilson (SMP)
9	3	9	1	YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY Berlin (CBS)
10	5	9	5	LIVING IN AMERICA Bon Jovi (Vertigo/Phonogram)
11	4	5	4	EACH TIME YOU BREAK MY HEART Nick Kamen (WEA)
12	6	5	6	FRENCH KISSIN' IN THE USA Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)
13	24	3	13	CRY WOLF A-Ha (Warner Bros)
14	8	5	8	THE SKYE BOAT SONG Roger Whittaker/Des O'Connor (Tembo)
15	7	8	3	BREAKOUT Swing Out Sister (Mercury)
16	19	3	16	SHIVER George Benson (Warner Bros)
17	11	8	2	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON Kim Wilde (MCA)
18	21	4	18	LAND OF CONFUSION Genesis (Virgin)
19	(-)	1	19	BIG FUN The Gap Band (Total Experience)
20	12	9	3	SHOWING OUT Mel & Kim (Supreme)
21	26	4	21	IS THIS LOVE Alison Moyet (CBS)
22	17	4	17	WAR (WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR) Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
23	30	3	23	STEP RIGHT UP Jaki Graham (EMI)
24	46	4	24	BECAUSE OF YOU Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
25	15	8	11	FOR AMERICA Red Box (Sire)
26	14	5	10	SWEET LOVE Anita Baker (Elektra)
27	23	3	23	CANDY Cameo (Club/Phonogram)
28	25	3	24	THE MIRACLE OF LOVE The Eurythmics (RCA)
29	(-)	1	29	ON MY FATHER HAD A RABBIT Ray Moore (Play)
30	18	5	13	IF I SAY YES Five Star (Tent)
31	36	3	31	DREAMIN' Status Quo (Vertigo/Phonogram)
32	44	2	32	ONLY LOVE REMAINS Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
33	32	11	2	ALL I ASK OF YOU Cliff Richard & Sarah Brightman (Polydor)
34	28	5	25	ANYTHING The Damned (MCA)
35	22	7	7	THROUGH THE BARRICADES Spandau Ballet (Reformation)
36	(-)	1	36	NIGHTS OF PLEASURE Loose Ends (Virgin)
37	20	4	20	WARRIORS Frankie Goes to Hollywood (ZTT)
38	43	3	38	HYMN TO HER The Pretenders (Real)
39	29	6	13	GHOSTDANCING Simple Minds (Virgin)
40	31	7	17	BECAUSE I LOVE YOU Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
41	(-)	1	41	BIG IN AMERICA The Stranglers (Epic)
42	(-)	1	42	THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
43	(-)	1	43	OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY Gary Moore (10)
44	(-)	1	44	I'M ALL YOU NEED Samantha Fox (Jive)
45	(-)	1	45	A SPACEMAN CAME TRAVELLING Chris De Burgh (A&M)
46	(-)	1	46	LAST CHRISTMAS Wham! (Epic)
47	33	8	6	DON'T GIVE UP Peter Gabriel & Kate Bush (Virgin)
48	35	4	29	HOLD THE HEART Big Country (Mercury/Phonogram)
49	45	5	28	LOVE IS THE SLUG Fuzzbox (Vindaloo)
50	47	14	2	WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN Bangles (CBS)

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN	LPs
1	1	3	1	NOW VII Various (EMI/Virgin)
2	3	5	1	HITS V Various (CBS/WEA/RCA)
3	2	5	2	THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush (EMI)
4	4	7	1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE - THE SINGLES The Police (A&M)
5	11	2	5	LIVE MAGIC Queen (EMI)
6	7	14	1	GRACELAND Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
7	5	14	4	SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi (Vertigo)
8	10	24	1	TRUE BLUE Madonna (Sire)
9	6	9	3	TOP GUN - SOUNDTRACK Various (CBS)
10	9	5	4	LIVE 1975-85 Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band (CBS)
11	12	17	2	SILK AND STEEL Five Star (Tent/RCA)
12	26	2	12	DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles (CBS)
13	30	24	2	REVENGE The Eurythmics (RCA)
14	14	3	14	AUGUST Eric Clapton (Duck)
15	21	3	15	LOVERS Various (Telstar)
16	-8	4	6	THROUGH THE BARRICADES Spandau Ballet (Reformation)
17	22	79	1	BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits (Vertigo)
18	25	7	18	REMINISCING Foster And Allen (Stylus)
19	48	2	19	SOUTH PACIFIC Various (CBS)
20	17	2	17	ANYTHING The Damned (MCA)
21	38	2	21	FORE! Huey Lewis and the News (Chrysalis)
22	34	2	22	NOW - THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM Various (EMI/Virgin)
23	24	4	10	INFECTED The The (Some Bizzare)
24	37	2	24	SIXTIES MANIA Various (Telstar)
25	20	6	11	THE GREATEST HITS OF '86 Various (Telstar)
26	15	5	10	HIT MIX '86 Various (Stylus)
27	44	9	2	SCOUNDREL DAYS A-Ha (Warner Bros)
28	19	7	5	NOW DANCE '86 Various (Virgin/EMI)
29	13	3	11	DISCO Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)
30	18	5	16	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe (Epic)
31	27	3	19	NOTORIOUS Duran Duran (EMI)
32	29	4	29	RAPTURE Anita Baker (Elektra)
33	39	3	30	IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo (Vertigo)
34	46	2	34	THE FINAL Wham! (Epic)
35	36	5	12	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE The Mission (Mercury)
36	RE	1	36	LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins (London)
37	33	4	19	SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
38	(-)	1	38	MUSIC MADNESS Mantronix (10/Virgin)
39	(-)	1	39	BOSTON STEVE AUSTIN Fuzzbox (Vindaloo/WEA)
40	16	4	15	ROCKBIRD Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)
41	(-)	1	41	MOTOWN CHARTBUSTERS Various (Telstar)
42	43	4	25	WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston (Arista)
43	RE	1	43	COMMUNARDS The Communards (London)
44	(-)	1	44	THE CAROLS ALBUM Huddersfield Choral Society (EMI)
45	(-)	1	45	WOMAGIC Bobby Womack (MCA)
46	28	6	17	SO Peter Gabriel (Virgin)
47	(-)	1	47	AN ALBUM OF HYMNS Aled Jones (EMI)
48	23	3	23	UTTER MADNESS Madness (Zarjaz/Virgin)
49	(-)	1	49	TOGETHER Various (K-Tel)
50	(-)	1	50	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)

BLACK XMAS 15

1	CHRISTMAS RAPPIN'	Kurtis Blow (Mercury)
2	SILENT NIGHT	Mahalia Jackson (Apollo)
3	PLEASE COME HOME FOR CHRISTMAS	Charles Brown (King)
4	WHITE CHRISTMAS	The Drifters (Atlantic)
5	CHRISTMAS (BABY PLEASE COME HOME)	Darlene Love (Phillys)
6	BOOGIE WOOGIE SANTA CLAUS	Mabel Scott (Exclusive)
7	THE CHRISTMAS SONG	Nat Cole (Capitol)
8	SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN	Jackson Five (Motown)
9	CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN	Billy Ward & The Dominoes (King)
10	HOW I HATE TO SEE XMAS COME AROUND	Jimmy Witherspoon (Supreme)
11	LET'S MAKE CHRISTMAS MERRY BABY	Amos Milburn (Aladdin)
12	LOVELY CHRISTMAS	Lowell Fulson (Swing Time)
13	MERRY CHRISTMAS BABY	Chuck Berry (Chess)
14	RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER	Sugar Chile Robinson (Capitol)
15	CHRISTMAS SPIRITS	Julia Lee (Capitol)

Chart by Santa Fred

NUTTY XMAS

1	CHRISTMAS GOT RUN OVER BY A REINDEER	Elmo'n Patsy (Soundwaves)
2	CHRISTMAS TIME AT PUMPKIN CENTRE	Cal Stewart & Ada Jones (US Columbia)
3	SANTA AND THE DOODLE-LI-BOOP	Art Garney (US Columbia)
4	I WANT ELVIS FOR CHRISTMAS	Holly Twins & Eddie Cochran (Rock Star)
5	DEATH MIGHT BE YOUR SANTA CLAUS	Rev. A. W. Nix (Vocalion)
6	I WANT EDDIE FISHER FOR CHRISTMAS	Betty Johnson (New Disc)
7	THE BEBOP SANTA CLAUS	Babs Gonzales (Bruce/Essex)
8	PUT CHRIST BACK INTO CHRISTMAS	Red Foley (US Decca)
9	I YUST GO NUTS AT CHRISTMAS	Yogi Yorgesson (Capitol)
10	SANTA BABY (HURRY DOWN THE CHIMNEY TO ME)	Eartha Kitt (RCA)

Chart courtesy of Herod's Hip Hot Hotshots

FUNK 20

1	JANICE	Janice McLain (MCA) US LP
2	GOOD MORNING KISS	Carmen Lundy (Blackhawk) US LP
3	DEVASTATION	Prince Philip Mitchell (Ichiban) US LP
4	FACE IT	Master C and J (State Street) US LP
5	PERFECT TIMING	Donna Allen (Atlantic) US LP
6	BIG FUN	Gap Band (RCA) UK LP
7	WOMAGIC	Bobby Womack (Polydor) LP
8	CAN YOU FEEL IT	Mr Fingers (Trax) US LP
9	IT'S TOO LATE	Stardom Groove (Underground) US LP
10	TO MY HEART	Deana James (Elite) LP
11	RISQUE RHYTHM	Risque Rhythm (Indie) US LP
12	MORE I SEE YOU	Chris Montez (A&M) LP
13	MUSIC MADNESS	Mantronix (10) LP
14	CHASIN' A DREAM	Tashan (CBS) LP
15	FALLING IN LOVE	Hamilton Joe Frank and Reynolds (Indie)
16	NAJEE'S THEME	Najee (EMI) US LP
17	HIP HOP HUMPHIN' IN HOLBORN	(Pull the other jingle bell, you guys - Ed) Bob and Dave (Smooth Boys) 7"
18	EVERY DAY WILL BE LIKE A HOLIDAY	William Bell (Wilbe) US 7"
19	MOVIN' IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION	Steve Parks (Dance Floor) US LP
20	SONGSTRESS	Anita Baker (Beverly Glen) US LP

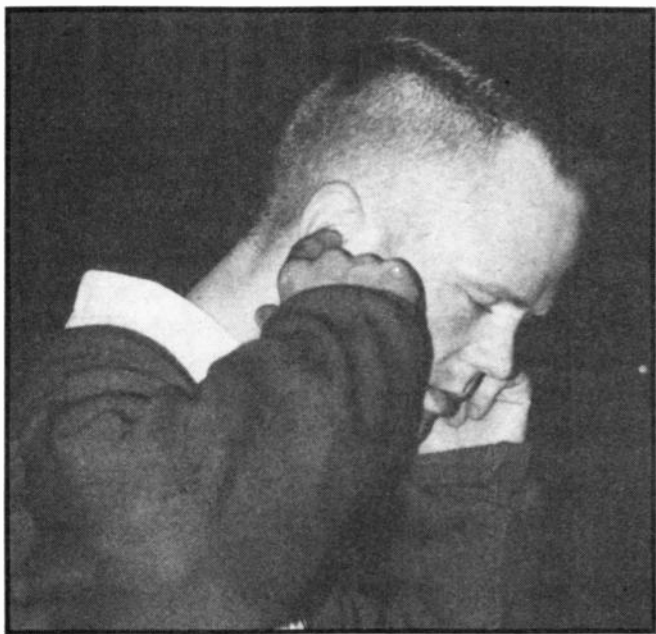
Chart by Nigel and Dave at City Sounds, 8 Procter Street, London WC1

REGGAE LPs

1	COUNTRY LIFE	Sandra Cross (Ariwa)
2	INTENTIONS	Maxi Priest (10)
3	REGGAE HITS VOL 3	Various (Jetstar)
4	PEOPLE OF THE WORLD	Burning Spear (Greensleeves)
5	THE EXIT	Dennis Brown (Trojan)
6	SOUND BOY BURIAL	Andre Paul and Mikey General (Digikoi)
7	RAGGAMUFFIN YEAR	Junior Delgado (Island)
8	BORN TO CHAT	Asher Senator (Fashion)
9	THE ORIGINAL	Smiley Culture (Top Notch)
10	JAMMING IN THE STREET	Sugar Minott (Wackies)

Chart by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

STAR CHARTS



Jimmy: not too impressed with that Degville 10, we see. Photo: Chris Clunn.

JIMMY 10

- 1 SHAME..... Evelyn 'Champagne' King (RCA)
- 2 HIT AND RUN LOVER..... Carol Gianni (Rams Horn)
- 3 WAS THAT ALL IT WAS?..... Jean Carn (Phil. Int.)
- 4 LOVE HANGOVER..... Diana Ross (Motown)
- 5 NO ONE GETS THE PRIZE..... Diana Ross (Motown)
- 6 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL)..... Sylvester (Fantasy)
- 7 DISCO INFERNO..... Trammps (Atlantic)
- 8 NEVER CAN SAY GOODBYE..... Gloria Gaynor (MGM)
- 9 I FEEL LOVE..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)
- 10 I'VE BEEN LONELY FOR SO LONG..... Frederick Knight (Stax)

Chart by Jimmy Somerville (The Communards): "All the records I have in my collection are my favourites but here's a selection of 10."

NEIL 10



Neil prompts mud-slinging for including horrid Bee Gees disco squawker. Photo: Paul Rider.

- 1 GIVE ME TONIGHT..... Shannon (Epic)
- 2 20th CENTURY BOY..... T. Rex (EMI)
- 3 I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN..... Dusty Springfield (Philips)
- 4 TRAGEDY..... Bee Gees (RSO)
- 5 THIS IS NOT AMERICA..... David Bowie with Pat Metheny (EMI)
- 6 BUILD ME A BRIDGE..... Adele Bertel (Chrysalis)
- 7 SINGLE LIFE..... Cameo (Mercury)
- 8 CHRISTINE..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)
- 9 SLAVE TO THE RHYTHM..... Grace Jones (Island)
- 10 WINNER TAKES IT ALL..... Abba (CBS)

Chart by Neil Tennant (Pet Shop Boys): "These are my favourite singles, though I wouldn't care to place them in any true order."

MARTIN 10

- 1 FRANKIE TEARDROP..... Suicide (Demon)
- 2 GHOST RIDER..... Suicide (Demon)
- 3 CHEREE..... Suicide (Demon)
- 4 BEBOP A LULA..... Alan Vega (Celluloid)
- 5 DREAM BABY DREAM..... Suicide (Ze)
- 6 JUKEBOX BABE..... Alan Vega (Celluloid)
- 7 ROCKET USA..... Suicide (Demon)
- 8 SPEEDWAY..... Alan Vega (Celluloid)
- 9 HARLEM..... Suicide (Ze)
- 10 DANCE..... Suicide (Ze)

Chart by Martin Degville (SSS): "Some of these are singles and some are album tracks"

MICK 10

- 1 ON BABY BABY..... Smokey Robinson & The Miracles (Tamla Motown)
- 2 AUTUMN IN NEW YORK..... Tal Farlow (Verve)
- 3 DON'T SMOKE IN BED..... Nina Simone (Bethlehem/Charly)
- 4 YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER..... Bo Diddley (Chess)
- 5 SOMEBODY'S WATCHING YOU..... Sly & The Family Stone (Epic)
- 6 CAROLINE NO..... The Beach Boys (Capitol)
- 7 LOOK AROUND..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
- 8 THIS HERE..... Cannonball Adderley (Riverside)
- 9 YOUR MIND IS ON VACATION (BUT YOUR MOUTH IS WORKING OVERTIME)..... Mose Allison (Atlantic)
- 10 I WALK A LITTLE FASTER..... Tony Bennett (CBS)

Chart by Mick Talbot (The Style Council): "These are in no particular order"

LEST WE FORGET



It must have been... a classic nutty hit.

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 DON'T YOU WANT ME?..... The Human League (Virgin)
- 2 DADDY'S HOME..... Cliff Richard (EMI)
- 3 ANTRAP..... Adam And The Ants (CBS)
- 4 ONE OF US..... Abba (Epic)
- 5 BEGIN THE BEGUINE..... Julio Iglesias (CBS)
- 6 IT MUST BE LOVE..... Madness (Stiff)
- 7 WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE..... Diana Ross (Capitol)
- 8 UNDER PRESSURE..... Queen & David Bowie (EMI)
- 9 LET'S GROOVE..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
- 10 WEDDING BELLS..... Godley & Creme (Polydor)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE..... Showaddywaddy (Bell)
- 2 MONEY MONEY MONEY..... Abba (Epic)
- 3 WHEN A CHILD IS BORN..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)
- 4 SOMEBODY TO LOVE..... Queen (EMI)
- 5 LIVIN' THING..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- 6 LOVE ME..... Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
- 7 IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW..... Chicago (CBS)
- 8 PORTSMOUTH..... Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
- 9 STOP ME (IF YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)..... Billy Ocean (GTO)
- 10 LEAN ON ME..... Mud (Private Stock)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 ERNIE..... Benny Hill (Columbia)
- 2 JEEPSTER..... T. Rex (Fly)
- 3 TOKOLOSHE MAN..... John Kongos (Fly)
- 4 THEME FROM SHAFT..... Isaac Hayes (Stax)
- 5 NO MATTER HOW I TRY..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
- 6 GYPSIES, TRAMPS AND THIEVES..... Cher (MCA)
- 7 COZI LUV YOU..... Slade (Polydor)
- 8 SOMETHING TELLS ME..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- 9 BANKS OF THE OHIO..... Olivia Newton John (Pye)
- 10 SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU..... Congregation (Columbia)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME..... Tom Jones (Decca)
- 2 WHAT WOULD I BE..... Val Doonican (Decca)
- 3 MORNINGTOWN RIDE..... The Seekers (Columbia)
- 4 GOOD VIBRATIONS..... The Beach Boys (Capitol)
- 5 MY MIND'S EYE..... The Small Faces (Decca)
- 6 WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED?..... Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
- 7 YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON..... The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
- 8 SUNSHINE SUPERMAN..... Donovan (Pye)
- 9 GIMME SOME LOVIN'..... The Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
- 10 DEAD END STREET..... The Kinks (Pye)

FRED FACT

SO 1986 is drawing to a close. I wonder if anyone's going to write a song about it? Maybe they already have. I'm not really sure. Certainly Zager and Evans wrote a song called 'In The Year 2525' in 1969 and not only gained a No.1 but also ensured life-long fame by getting their names onto a *Trivial Pursuit* question, so maybe once there was some musical Nostradamus penning ballads about the joys of '86, who knows?

I do remember the Four Seasons also grabbing the US No.1 spot in 1976 but rendering a ditty called 'December, 1963 (Oh, What A Night)'. Seems the song was originally set in 1933 and was about the repeal of prohibition but the Gaudios, who wrote it, plus Frankie Valli and Co., later thought the lyric a bit naff and so opted for a move forward in the time machine. Thus are great hits made.

Prince, being a man ahead of his Time, elected to sing about '1999' when he became a date-rocker in order to log his third major hit. One issue of the '1999' album even came replete with a calendar for the year in question. Then Prince was always big in calendars, his 'Little Red Corvette' single being accompanied by a similar line in freebies.

Another who's latched onto success via a date-stamped single is Mississippi's Paul Davis. Although virtually unknown in Britain, he's had over 15 major hits in the States, ranging from 'A Little Bit Of Soap', for Bang in 1970, through to 'Love Me Or Let Me Be Lonely', on Arista in 1982. Recently top of the country charts in tandem with Marie Osmond, at one point he could boast the longest stay in the US singles charts (40 consecutive weeks), till Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' (43 weeks) nicked the title in 1982. But since releasing '65 Love Affair', also in '72, Davis hasn't logged any further Top 20 pop entries. So maybe he picked the wrong year. It can happen to anyone. Everybody has a time they remember, a event, a place, a name linked with a particular year. Neil Sedaka was obsessed with 'The Queen Of '64', Biddy warmed to 'The Summer Of '42', Al Stewart, who actually made a track based on the predictions of the aforementioned Nostradamus, went Chinese for 'The Year Of The Cat', while The Ex recently recalled 'The Spanish Revolution 1936' on behalf of Ron Johnson. And, funny though it appears now, even Eurythmics' seemingly futuristic 'Sexcrime (1984)' is now set in the past. Holding back the years isn't easy. We'll all be one year older in 1987.

Fred Dellar

FROM PAGE 70

XWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS 1. Cramps 6. APB 8 + 49D. Frankie Lyman 21. Time 24. Ex 25. Mona Lisa 26. Drug 27. Skint 28 + 51D. Patsy Cline 30. Manchester 33 + 17D Phil Lynott 34 + 13A. Sigie Sigie Sputnik 37. ELP 39 + 57A. Sandy Denny 40. Fela Kuti 41. Human 42. Betty Wright 44 + 6D Sid And Nancy 47. Pine 48. Vindaloo 50. Zodiac 53. Low 55. Womad 60. Latin 62 + 48A. Brendan Croker 64. Nice 66. Mistake 69. Album 72 + 16A. Rod Hull 73. Streetwise 74. One 75 + 20D. In Tape 76. (Pretty) In Pink 77. Maxi Priest 78. Leeway 79. DJ.

DOWN 1 + 18A. Camper Van Beethoven 2. Meat 3. Skin 4. Wham 5. EVOL 7 + 42D. Bhundu Boys 9. Rose 10. Noise 11. Is That It 14. Teacher 15. Key 19. Earth 21. TuTu 22. Music 29. Simply Red 31. Hey Joe 32. Screw 35. Ground 36. Shrubs 38. Panic 40. Fuzzbox 43. Games 44. Sudden 45. Don 52 + 13D. Meryl Streep 54. Wed 58. Neil 59. Farm 61 + 23A. Test Dept 63. Dave 65 + 56D. Ian Dury 67. Ask 68 + 12D. Red Wedge 70. Map 71. Boy.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+19A. Bizarre Love Triangle 10. Edge 11. Cyndi Lauper 13+31A. Albert Collins 14+15A. Ric Ocasek 17. Kiss 21. Wytie 22+6A. The Tide Is High 24. Argent 26. Paris 28. Soweto 30. Boss 32. Yeah 33. Omen

DOWN: 1. Break Out 2. Zagora 3+34A. Rock Lobster 4. Lonely 5+22D. Voices In The Sky 7. Imperial Bedroom 8. Here Comes The Sun 9. Hart 16+12D. Blue Jean 18. Swords 20. Active 23. Scarlet 25. Jocko 27. Inner 29. Wham

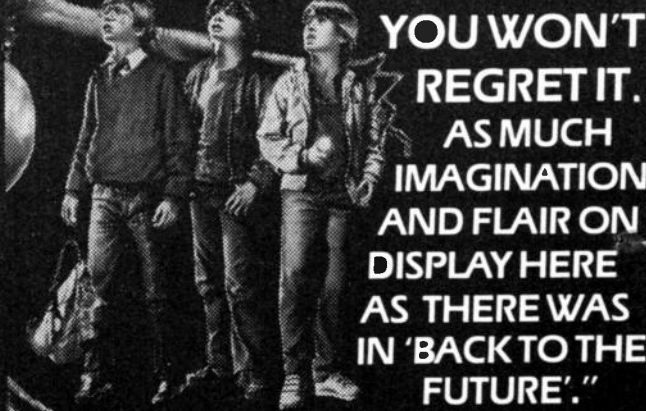


Hurrah!
For '87

From the director of 'Gremlins'
JOE DANTE'S

EXPLORERS

"A FILM TO DELIGHT ANY ONE. PLEASE SEE IT ON THE BIG SCREEN.



YOU WON'T REGRET IT. AS MUCH IMAGINATION AND FLAIR ON DISPLAY HERE AS THERE WAS IN 'BACK TO THE FUTURE'."

Alan Jones, Starburst Magazine.

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

FROM FRIDAY DECEMBER 19

The Screen at the Electric METRO CANNON
Rupert Street W1 437 0757
Shaftesbury Av 836 8861



FLAG BAG

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

I can't make up my mind whether the questionnaire in this week's *NME* is born of a genuine attempt to 'improve our fave weekly' or of a panic at falling sales and mid-decade identity crisis. Whatever the reason, it seems as good a time as any to jot down a few thoughts on the sad decline of what used to be a great magazine.

I started buying *NME* at the beginning of 1980, partly out of disaffection with *Sounds* and its moronic espousal of Heavy Metal. When I look through various clippings from this period, writers as diverse as Mark Ellen, Paul Morley, Angus Mackinnon, Julie Burchill, Ian Penman, Max Bell and Charles Shaar Murray, I'm struck by the level of literacy, the real desire to communicate, the vibrancy of the writing.

This standard continued, indeed improved through 1981 (perhaps *NME*'s annus mirabilis) and 1982, coasted during 1983-84 and since 1985 has been on a steady downward spiral. The reason for this seems all too obvious: the good writers have gone, to be replaced by a variety of patently inferior talents. A chasm of difference separates the 1981-2 *NME* and this year's model. The departure of Richard Cook and Ian Penman has left a yawning gap, which is bad enough—but to replace them with the likes of Steven Wells, Neil Taylor and Dele Fadele seems like wilful negligence.

While quite prepared to believe that Paolo Hewitt is a diamond geezer with great taste in music, it astounds me that one of such meagre talent has risen to such heights. Here is a man who writes in slogans rather than sentences, rallying some kind of style-and-integrity movement that just isn't there, and touting the hoariest of platitudes as if they were keen political insights. The only young writer of any worth at the moment is John McCready, who's clear proof that irony—often as much an affliction as a weapon—doesn't necessarily preclude enthusiasm, a quality signally lacking in your people at the moment.

Time was when *NME* didn't have to try to outdo its rivals. It was always better, always more challenging and informed, simply because it was the *NME*. Perhaps it's futile to recall the likes of Paul Morley on Joy Division and ACR; Paul Du Noyer on Liverpool; Chris Bohn on things Teutonic; Ian Penman on everything from Rickie Lee Jones to Robert De Niro (and those epic

TV columns!). Yet when I look at the number of writers who CAN'T WRITE it's hard to resist.

Maybe I'm just getting old, or perhaps I've read the *NME* too assiduously for my own good. If this should reach the letters page, I dare say there'll be a super-snide reply to put me in my place—the black type has to vent its spleen. What the hell—I felt like writing it anyway. Here's to an improvement.

Anthony Quinn, London N1.
And a Merry Christmas to you! I'd agree with some of your comments—but not all. First of all, your cherished clippings will not record the fact that a great deal of the early '80s *NME* was pedestrian hackery. Having read the paper for even longer than you—since 1973—I'd say that the general standard of writing has never been higher nor more wide-ranging in its coverage than in 1984-6. It was in this period that *NME*'s downward trend in circulation was more or less halted. Ironically, that decline actually started in your "annus mirabilis", 1981. Though the teen-pop explosion as amusingly documented by the rapid growth of *Smash Hits* parallels a drop of no less than 70,000 in *NME*'s circulation that year, I don't think you'd find many to disagree with the assertion that the Morley/Penman domination of *NME* also contributed. I for one found their brilliant shafts often came couched in reams of tedious obfuscation.

Today, so fragmented is the music scene, so profuse and ambiguous are its overlapping subcultures, that more energy is expended on championing individual favourites and knocking everybody else's than is channelled into genuine internal debate, the products of which might find themselves on the printed page.

Take *NME*'s Steven Wells. This Prince of Prose is the funniest pop writer since Danny Baker, his exquisitely wrought diatribes being as provocative of uncontained mirth as they are wholly unreliable guides to both music and politics. But occasionally the Bard of Bradford is spot on to a scrotum-clenching degree: his word strike on The Style Council's live LP I especially treasure as *NME*'s best moment of 1986.

As an *NME* reader of great venerability, what I want is variety, where information, authority, critique and laughs are borne on the wings of entertainment. Reading should never be a chore; it should be at worst fun, at best inspirational. At *NME* we have the team to unleash just such goodies—MS.

SCROOGE!

I am a mother of two teenage children and I like to think that I am abreast with modern trends. I have been a regular reader of *NME* since I was a teenager myself.

I and other concerned mothers and some ex-addicts have formed a group. We are hoping to organise an event here in Stratford-upon-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, entitled 'Crack the Smack' to launch a 'Say No to Drugs' campaign in the heart of England.

We were, in fact, very encouraged by the Westminster City Council's campaign launch 'Say No to Drugs'. We heard full details about it from my estranged husband who works for the WCC and who was partly responsible for organising the hospitality at this event. By all accounts—that is, apart from Mr Quantock's—a wonderful time was had by all. Princess Diana is a lovely young woman who has done well for herself and her commitment to the anti-drugs cause cannot be disputed and it ill behoves the *NME* to be associated with this kind of knocking copy. Anyone who scoffs at efforts to fight drug dependency deserves a kick in the . . .

Is Mr Quinlock, in arriving home drunk and saying 'No to publicity campaigns', really saying to his kids, 'Yes, to drink and drugs'? I hope not!

When we have confirmed that Whispering Eric and the advisors will be appearing at our event, we would like to invite Mr Quintack along to sign a few things. But perhaps he wouldn't be so popular as that well-loved actress, Wendy Richards, whom a great many of our concerned mothers' group admire.

Meganaffoff Mr Quintuck!
Deena Thropweel, 39 Halliwell Cres, Toron Rise, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Having devoted my entire life to the abuse of hard drugs and alcohol, I have had no time in which to have children. Had I some of the little devils, then I doubt that the fact Princess Diana is opposed to heroin would influence them in the least. And much as I admire Wendy Richards, the fact that she cannot keep her depressive husband in order bodes ill for her influence on the kids. May I just say that "Denana Thropweel" is the best anagram I have read this week—DQ.

THAT POLL

If *NME* is such a 'right on' political paper, why, in your

EDITED BY MAT SNOW. ART BY HELEN JONES.
HOIST YOUR VOICE TO FLAG BAG. NME EDITORIAL,
COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-19 NEW OXFORD
STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

survey, did you omit the *Morning Star* from the daily papers list? And why also omit such good weekly papers as *Socialist Worker*, *Militant* etc? Is it that you don't take politics seriously enough whereas most of your readers do?

Jim Cooke, Nottingham.

No *Sporting Life*, *Scottish Daily Record* nor *Jewish Chronicle* either. My guess is that the point of our enquiries about what newspapers you read is not to do with politics at all, but rather to ascertain your, ahem, marketing profile. I would further venture, Jim, that whereas I am a downwardly-mobile toff, you are nothing but some whingeing rentamob firebrand hiring of the lumpenproletarian Loony Left. Bought any CDs lately?—MS.

FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA . . .

You said in your article that this is not America (Stuart Cosgrove's 'Return to Sender', *NME* 6/12/86). Why don't you go and live in my hometown of Newquay in Cornwall, just five miles from St Maugan Air Force Base, for a taste of what America at its best is really like? Your sympathetic view of the plight of these poor misunderstood GIs "just doing a job" shows how little you bothered to research some of the real reasons why their presence here is resented by so many people.

Just go into town on any Saturday night and enjoy the spectacle of gangs of smacked-out Yank meatheads patrolling the streets looking for "faggots" (read: anyone with an earring, dyed hair, etc) to trash, or crashing parties looking for a bit of innocent fun (eg throwing people down the stairs for having the wrong "attitude"). Some of the local pubs (the ones they weren't banned from going to) were no-go areas for any 'Brits' apart from the local slags who were after their money and a free ticket to America.

Take a stroll to the local swimming baths and take in the hysterical sight of non-swimmers jumping into the deep end of the pool on order, because they

were more scared of their sergeants than they were of drowning. Ha ha ha. They used to use the quaint old custom of offering habitual petty criminals the choice of the Marines or a prison sentence, and then they fly these all-American boys over here to protect us from the Red Menace. I felt so secure that I could walk the streets without fear that I came to live in London. But then, so you say, if they were naughty they had their own form of punishment: they were flown home. I bet that had them quaking in their size 11s. What a deterrent, something to reassure the locals, what? That and the fact that they have in their hands the means to blow us all off the fucking face of the earth.

God bless America! Some of them could even write!
Glen 'Some of my best friends are American' the Bass, London W11.

I agree with almost all you say, go back and read the article. It's a massive indictment of the GIs who are above the law in Britain and as the piece points out, in control of the biggest arsenal of nuclear weapons in what is more and more desperately called the free world. You obviously mis-read my comments on the disjuncture between real GIs and the way they have been romantically portrayed in 40 years of Hollywood cinema. If you read it this time, I'm sure you'll nod along as our country falls further into the sometimes invisible clutches of American control. Some of my best friends are English—SC.

TOYS IN THE ATTIC

Thanks to Roy Carr, Mat Snow and yourselves. The 'We Have Come For Your Children' compilation is excellent. I speak as a real lover of music (without trendy bias), and as one whose endless quest to obtain 'Liar Liar' by The Castaways has finally ceased. I could have bought the 'Nuggets' compilation at record fairs, but at £15 I can think of better ways of spending my money.

I do however wish that there had been some sort of information available on these

bands, the same sort of thing that was given with the *NME*/Rough Trade 'C81' cassette. I do hope more of these compilations are forthcoming.
Ian Haunted, Yorkhill, Glasgow.
Thank you for your kind words. Roy and I had a lot of fun doing it, and regret that licensing problems precluded the inclusion of such gonzo gems as Mad River's 'Amphetamine Gazelle'—MS.

Dear Legend! Re Iggy single review.

So, Jerry, his real name—Ed.) Iggy's trying to be controversial? Jerry, the nearest you ever got to being controversial was when your parents weren't paying the fees and they nearly kicked you out of public school.

So The Clouds, BMX Bandits, Pig Bros and Palookas are all more worthy of a good review than Iggy Pop's 'Real Wild Child'? FUCK OFF, Jerry, Iggy Pop, 17 years on and he's still the king of Rock'n'Roll. You and your kind, Jerry—pathetic, snivelling, short-sighted, indie-ghettoised people—never learn. Chocolate and sweets? You epitomise the new conservatism. Give me Wayne Hussey 25 million times before The Soup Dragons. At least he's honest, eh Sean? Face facts: it took Iggy 17 years to get on Radio One daytime and it's still a good record—maybe not '1969', but still goo.

Very unpredictable of you to put Bruce Springsteen as Single Of The Week, Jerry, yeah, really unpredictable. Lastly, for the record, The Pig Bros are utter garbage along with all the other farcical crap you write about. Iggy Pop is a god. You are a prick. Alan McGhee, Creation Records, London EC1.

Hardly the spirit of Christmas, Alan you old tease! Far from being a prick, Jerry is a charming youth whose taste, yeah, is way off beam. Though the soundscape of Iggy's latest waxings bears ironically manicured resemblance to those of his more commercially successful imitators, the clockwork carcass still commands his territory with a grandeur guaranteed to warm the cockles of we old-timers, eh, Alan?—MS.





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